

**THE FAULT IN OUR STARS**

Written by

Scott Neustadter & Michael H. Weber

Based on the novel by

John Green

May 1, 2012

**FIRST DRAFT**

HAZEL GRACE LANCASTER (16) lies in the grass, staring up at the stars. We're CLOSE ON her FACE and we hear:

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

You have a choice in this world, I believe, about how to tell sad stories.

CUT TO a SERIES OF QUICK IMAGES:

- Hazel and the BOY we will come to know as AUGUSTUS "GUS" WATERS (17) at an outdoor restaurant in some magical place. [They look very much like the perfect Hollywood couple.]

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

On the one hand, you can sugar coat  
- the way they do in movies and  
romance novels.

- "Perfect" Hazel and "Perfect" Gus sit on a BENCH overlooking an incredible seascape in some foreign country. She rests her head on his shoulder.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

Where villains are vanquished  
and... heroes are born and...  
- "Perfect" Hazel and "Perfect" Gus kiss in a dark room.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

... beautiful people learn  
beautiful lessons...

- "Perfect" Hazel and "Perfect" Gus fall onto a bed  
together.

They look deep into one another's eyes.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

... and nothing is too messed up  
that can't be fixed with an apology  
and a Peter Gabriel song.

BACK TO Hazel on the grass, still watching the stars. Were  
those dreams or were they memories? Still unclear.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

I like that way as much as the next  
girl, believe me. It's just not the  
truth.

Hazel closes her eyes.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

This is the truth.  
And EVERYTHING GOES BLACK. We HEAR:

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

Sorry.

**FADE IN ON:**

**2.**

**INT DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY**

The real Hazel is no less beautiful than the one we just  
saw.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

Late in the Winter of my 17th  
year...

There are, however, some key and obvious differences.  
First, you'll notice the OXYGEN TUBE in her nostrils which  
help her to breathe.

Second, you'll notice her hair - which we couldn't see in  
the

grass. It's much shorter than the "Perfect" version, the  
result of someone whose head was completely shaved a few

years before.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

... my mother decided I was depressed.

**HAZEL**

I'm not depressed.

Hazel's legs dangle over the side of an exam table. Her mother FRANNIE (early 40s, younger than she feels) explains to the DOCTOR:

**FRANNIE**

... she eats like a bird. She barely leaves the house,

**HAZEL**

I'm not depressed.

**FRANNIE**

... she reads the same book over and over...

**DOCTOR**

She's depressed.

**HAZEL**

I'm not depressed!

Off her look, CUT TO:  
QUICK SEQUENCE, which play over:

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

The booklets and web sites always list depression as a side effect of cancer...

- A SHOPPING MALL. Filled with TEENAGE GIRLS - gossiping, laughing - being teenage girls, basically. And here's Hazel. With her Mom. And her oxygen tank. Just another day.

**3.**

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

Depression's not a side effect of cancer...

- HAZEL'S LIVING ROOM. She sits watching game shows in the middle of the afternoon. Her Mom brings her a sandwich. A

glass of water. And then a whole host of prescription meds.  
Hazel eyes them with indifference.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

... it's a side effect of dying.

Peter  
of  
beat

- A STARBUCKS. Hazel sits alone reading a dog-eared, heavily underlined copy of a novel ("An Imperial Affliction" by

Van Houten). She only looks up when distracted by a squeal

delight. A YOUNG GUY has lifted a YOUNG GIRL over his shoulder playfully. He spins her around. Hazel watches a

- goes back to the book.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

Which is what was happening to me.

And we CUT BACK TO:

**INT DOCTOR'S OFFICE - SAME**

Frannie continues to talk to the doctor. Hazel continues to dangle her feet.

**FRANNIE**

... some days she won't even get out of bed.

The Doctor scratches his beard, thinking.

**DOCTOR**

I may switch you to Zoloft. Or Lexapro. And twice a day instead of once.

**HAZEL**

Why stop there?

**DOCTOR**

Hmm?

**HAZEL**

Keep `em coming. I can take it. I'm like the Keith Richards of cancer kids.

The Doctor looks at Frannie who just shakes her head.

**DOCTOR**

Have you been going to that Support

Group I suggested?  
Instead of answering, Hazel looks at her Mom.

**4.**

**FRANNIE**

She's gone a few times.

**HAZEL**

I'm not sure it's for me.

**DOCTOR**

If you're depressed --

**HAZEL**

**(EXASPERATED)**

I'm not de--

**DOCTOR**

**(IGNORING HER)**

-- support Groups are a great way  
to connect with people who are...

**HAZEL**

What?

**DOCTOR**

**(BEAT)**

On the same journey.

**HAZEL**

"Journey?" Really?

**FRANNIE**

Hazel.

**DOCTOR**

Just give it a chance, ok? For me.  
Hazel rolls her eyes, knows she's lost this battle.

**DOCTOR**

Who knows? You might even find  
it... enlightening.

**SMASH CUT TO:**

**INT CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY**

CLOSE UP on PATRICK (30s, pony-tail). He has a guitar.

**PATRICK**

... we are gathered here today -  
literally - in the heart of Jesus.

ANGLE on Hazel who just shakes her head. This is the lamest  
thing she could be doing right now.

**PATRICK**

Who would like to share their story  
with the group?  
The basement is filled with SICK PEOPLE. Hazel among them.  
Most are under the age of 18. QUICK CUTS:

5.

**SPEAKER #1**

Jillian. 15. Lymphoma.

**SPEAKER #2**

Angel. 17. Ewing sarcoma.

**PATRICK**

Patrick. 34. Testicular. It started  
a few years ago, when I was...  
As Hazel watches, bored, and Patrick continues, we hear:

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

I'll spare you the gory details of  
Patrick's ball cancer. Basically,  
they found it in his nuts, cut most  
of it out, he almost died, but he  
didn't die, and now here he is -  
divorced, friendless, addicted to  
video games, exploiting his  
concertastic past in the heart of  
Jesus - "literally" - to show us  
that one day - if we're lucky - we  
could be just like him.  
They all say:

**ALL IN UNISON**

"We're here for you Patrick."  
Hazel says it the least enthusiastically. She locks eyes  
with  
her only friend in Support Group, a blonde kid with an eye  
patch, ISAAC. He's also shaking his head.

**PATRICK**

Who else would like to share?

**(NO RESPONSE)**

Hazel?

Oh no. Patrick gestures for her to speak. Reluctantly she stands, sighs...

**HAZEL**

I'm, uh, Hazel. 16.

**(BEAT)**

Thyroid originally but with quite the impressive satellite colony in my lungs.

Not much more to say, Hazel is about to sit down.

**PATRICK**

And how are you doing Hazel?  
Hazel has no idea how to answer that.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

You mean besides the terminal cancer?

6.

But that's not what she says. She says:

**HAZEL**

Alright? I guess...?  
Isaac tries not to laugh at this. Hazel sits back down.

**ALL IN UNISON**

"We're here for you Hazel."  
Hazel exhales. This is not at all helpful. A few more beats.

**PATRICK**

Maybe now I'll play a song...

**EXT CHURCH - LATER**

Frannie sits in the car in the parking lot, reading from a book, waiting for Group to be over. She sees the church door open and puts the book away. Hazel comes out. Frannie looks at her like "well, was it great?" Hazel just exhales and

gets

in the car. CUT TO:

**INT HAZEL'S LIVING ROOM - ANOTHER DAY**

"America's Next Top Model" is on the TV. Hazel sits on one side of the L-shaped couch, flipping through her novel. Frannie and Hazel's dad MICHAEL (40s, kind, doing his best

to

stay positive) sit on the other side, watching her - but trying not to make it seem that way. After a few beats:

**FRANNIE**

It's Friday night.

**HAZEL**

Hmm?

**FRANNIE**

I was just thinking... you should call your friends, see what they're up to.

**HAZEL**

**(DISINTERESTED)**

That's ok.  
Frannie and Michael look at one another, don't say anything.

**MICHAEL**

Wanna see a movie?  
Hazel looks up from the book. Sees her parents. Gets an

idea.

**HAZEL**

Why don't you guys go to a movie?  
(off their look)

**(MORE)**

7.

**HAZEL (CONT'D)**

You haven't been out in a while.  
Go. Have fun. Take the night off.  
Frannie and Michael look at one another again.

**MICHAEL**

This is a really good show.  
Hazel sighs. And just like that, everyone goes back to what they were doing. CUT TO:  
QUICK SEQUENCE, which plays over:

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

And that was my life.

- Hazel watching TV, book in hand.
- Hazel in another doctor's office.
- Hazel popping pills.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

Reality shows. Doctor's appointments. Eight prescription drugs, three times a day.

**INT HAZEL'S KITCHEN - ANOTHER DAY**

Hazel and her parents in the kitchen.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

And worse worse worst of all... support group.

**HAZEL**

Ugh. You can't make me.

**MICHAEL**

Of course we can, we're your parents.

Hazel frowns.

**MICHAEL**

Hazel, you need to get out of the house. Make friends. Be a teenager.

**HAZEL**

If you want me to be a teenager, don't send me to Support Group. Buy me a fake ID so I can go to clubs and drink gimlets and take pot.

**MICHAEL**

You don't take pot.

8.

**HAZEL**

See, that's the kind of thing I would know with a fake ID.

**FRANNIE**

**(BEAT)**

Get in the car.

Hazel mock stabs herself in the stomach with an invisible

sword. CUT TO:

**EXT CHURCH - ESTABLISHING**

A small Episcopalian sanctuary in suburban Indianapolis.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

And so I went...  
Frannie's car pulls up close to the back entrance.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

Not because I wanted to or because  
I thought it would help. But for  
the same reason I did anything  
these days...  
Frannie's Hazel, oxygen tank in toe, gets out of the car with  
assistance.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

... to make my parents happy.

**HAZEL**

Are you gonna sit here and wait the  
whole time?

**FRANNIE**

Of course not, no. I...  
(she totally is)  
I have errands to run.  
Hazel knows she's not planning to run any errands. She  
doesn't press the issue.

**HAZEL**

Ok.

**FRANNIE**

Love you.

**HAZEL**

Love you too Mom.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

The only thing worse than biting it  
from cancer - is having a kid bite  
it from cancer.  
As Frannie gets back in the car, she shouts to her daughter:

**FRANNIE**

Make some friends!  
Hazel just shakes her head. CUT TO:

**INT CHURCH - SAME**

Hazel walks towards the elevator. An EXTREMELY SICK LOOKING KID holds it open for her. Hazel thinks better of it.

**HAZEL**

I'll take the stairs.  
The KID nods. The doors shut. Hazel is reminded - it could always be worse. She turns to go, walking right into:

**GUS HAZEL**

Ooph. Sorry!

A SUPREMELY BEAUTIFUL BOY (we will come to know him as GUS). Tall, lean, muscular, straight short mahogany hair, blue eyes. Hazel has never seen a better looking kid in her life.

**GUS HAZEL**

My bad. No, it's...

For a brief moment, the Earth stops. They stand looking at one another. Hazel is speechless.

**HAZEL**

Excuse me.  
With the Beautiful Boy watching, a wan smile on his face, Hazel shuffles off as fast as she can, ducking into:

**INT BATHROOM - SAME**

Hazel catches her breath. Shakes her head. Surprised at herself.  
She looks in the mirror. So doesn't like what she sees. The Earth starts moving again. CUT TO:

**INT CHURCH BASEMENT - LATER**

Hazel sits in the Circle of Sick.

**PATRICK**

same

Who would like to begin?  
No volunteers. Hazel catches sight of the Beautiful Boy,  
sitting next to Isaac. He seems to be watching her, that  
flirty smile on his face. She self-consciously looks away.

10.

**PATRICK**

Isaac, I know you're facing a  
challenging time. Perhaps you would  
like to say something...  
Isaac nods, rises.

**ISAAC**

Yeah, um... I'm Isaac. 17. Eye  
cancer.

**(BEAT)**

It's looking like another surgery  
in a couple weeks. After which,  
well, I'll be blind...  
Hazel tries to focus on what Isaac's saying but it's  
difficult. She still feels the Beautiful Boy's gaze on her.

**ISAAC**

Not that I'm complaining or  
anything. I know a lot of you have  
it way worse but, still, I mean,  
you know, being blind's gonna  
suck...  
As Isaac shares, the Beautiful Boy doesn't look away from  
Hazel. Hazel finds this intimidating. And intimidation  
irritates her. So she decides to play the game with him,  
meeting his gaze and holding it just as firmly.  
A staring contest.

**ISAAC**

...My girlfriend helps. And friends  
like Augustus here...  
Isaac nods towards the Beautiful Boy who now has a name -  
AUGUSTUS. He still doesn't look away from Hazel.

**ISAAC**

So... yeah. That's what's up.

**ALL IN UNISON**

"We're here for you Isaac."  
The staring contest continues another few beats until:

**PATRICK**

And does your friend want to speak?  
This causes the Beautiful Boy to momentarily look away. Aha, he's lost the contest! Hazel smiles, flicks her eyebrows up as if to say "Victory is mine!" He smiles back at her, the most radiant smile on the planet. He turns back to the

Group.

**GUS**

Hi. I'm Augustus Waters. 17. Had a touch of osteosarcoma bout a year and a half ago - lost this baby as a result...

**11.**

Gus holds up his right leg - a prosthetic.

**GUS**

But really I'm just here at Isaac's request.

**PATRICK**

And how are you feeling Augustus?

**GUS**

Me? Oh I'm grand. I'm on a roller coaster that only goes up, my friend.

Hazel smiles. Gus catches this. Embarrassed, she stops smiling and looks away.

**PATRICK**

Perhaps you'd like to share your fears with the group, Augustus.

**GUS**

My fears?  
Gus thinks about this.

**GUS**

Oblivion.

**PATRICK**

Oblivion?  
ANGLE ON Hazel, intrigued.

**GUS**

Yeah, see... I intend to live an extraordinary life. To be remembered. If I'm scared of

anything it's... not doing that.  
Patrick doesn't quite have the tools to deal with that.

**PATRICK**

Would, uh, anyone like to speak to  
that?  
And Hazel's hand goes up. Even Patrick is surprised by that.

**PATRICK**

Hazel! That's unexpected.  
Hazel stands, takes a second to gather her thoughts.

Augustus

watches her, waits for it.

**HAZEL**

I just wanna say... there will come  
a time when, you know, all of us  
are dead.  
Gus is now even more fixed on her than before.

12.

**HAZEL**

It might be tomorrow. Might be a  
million years from now but... it's  
gonna happen. And when it does,  
enough generations will come and  
go, there'll be no one left to  
remember Cleopatra. Or Mozart. Or  
Muhammad Ali, let alone any of us,  
right?  
The look on Gus's face is unreadable.

**HAZEL**

Oblivion's inevitable. And if that  
scares you, well, I suggest you  
ignore it. God knows it's what  
everyone else does.  
A beat. And then an enormous smile spreads across Gus's  
face,  
not a flirty smile but a surprised one, a real one. CUT TO:

**EXT OUTSIDE THE CHURCH - LATER**

Hazel waits for her Mom's car to appear.  
Across the parking lot, she sees Isaac going at it with a  
redhead, MONICA (17), sucking face like there's no tomorrow  
against the door of her green Pontiac Firebird. Between  
kisses, we can hear:

**ISAAC MONICA**

Always. Always.

And Hazel hears:

**GUS**

Literally.

Hazel turns to find the Beautiful Boy, Augustus, standing right next to her.

**GUS**

I thought we were in a church basement but apparently we were literally in the heart of Jesus. Hazel smiles.

**HAZEL**

Someone should probably tell him, don't you think? Jesus? Seems kinda dangerous keeping all these kids with cancer in your heart. Gus laughs.

**GUS**

What's your name?

**13.**

**HAZEL**

Hazel.

**GUS**

No your full name?

**HAZEL**

**(CONFUSED)**

Hazel Grace Lancaster. Gus nods to himself, smiles. Still fixated on her.

**HAZEL**

What?

**GUS**

I didn't say anything.

**HAZEL**

Why are you looking at me like

that?

**GUS**

Because you're beautiful.  
Hazel is taken aback. No one's ever said that to her before.

**GUS**

I enjoy looking at beautiful people  
and I decided a while back not to  
deny myself the simpler pleasures  
of existence. Particularly given  
that, as you so astutely pointed  
out, we're all gonna die pretty  
soon.

**HAZEL**

**(BEAT)**

I'm not beaut --  
A CUTE YOUNG GIRL walks past them.

**YOUNG GIRL**

Hey Gus.

**GUS**

Hey Alisa.  
Hazel isn't surprised that other girls know Gus. Of course  
they do. She turns back towards Isaac and Monica pawing at  
each other. She hears:

**ISAAC MONICA**

Always. Always.

**HAZEL**

What's with the "always?"

**14.**

**GUS**

"Always" is their thing. They'll  
"always" love each other and  
whatnot. Must have texted "always"  
to each other at least four million  
times this year.  
They continue to watch the show. It's pretty gross. Isaac  
squeezes Monica's breast like a clown horn.

**HAZEL**

He's gotta be hurting her boob.

**GUS**

Let's watch a movie.  
Hazel is again surprised.

**HAZEL**

Oh. Um. Uh...  
(yes!)  
Sure. Yeah. I'm... pretty free this

**WEEK--**

**GUS**

No I mean now.

**HAZEL**

What?

**GUS**

Hmm?

**HAZEL**

What do you mean "now?"

**GUS**

I've got a car.  
He shrugs. Hazel has never seen someone so confident.

**HAZEL**

You could be an axe murderer.

**GUS**

There is that possibility.

**(BEAT)**

Come on Hazel Grace... take a risk.  
As Hazel mulls this over, Gus reaches into his pocket and pulls out, of all things, a pack of cigarettes! Hazel is in disbelief. He flips the box open, puts a cigarette between his lips.

**HAZEL**

Oh my god. Oh. My. God. You're kidding right?  
(off his look)  
You just ruined the whole thing!

**GUS**

Whole thing?

**HAZEL**

What, you think that's cool? Oh you idiot! There's always a hamartia, isn't there? And yours is - even though you had FREAKING CANCER you give money to a corporation for the chance to acquire EVEN MORE CANCER!? Ugh. And you were doing so well.

As she rants, Gus continues to look at her with that smile

on

his face. Hazel does not find it so amusing.

**HAZEL**

Let me tell you... not being able to breathe? Sucks. Totally sucks.

**GUS**

Hamartia?

Hazel folds her arms and turns away from him.

**HAZEL**

A fatal flaw.

Gus takes a beat and then moves to face her, the smile still etched on his face.

**GUS**

They don't hurt you unless you light them.

**HAZEL**

Sorry?

**GUS**

I've never lit one.

Hazel turns back to him.

**GUS**

It's a metaphor. See? You put the thing that kills you between your teeth. But you don't give it the power to do the killing.

Hazel is floored. And impressed.

**HAZEL**

Metaphor.

Gus holds her gaze. And it's at this point Frannie pulls up.

**FRANNIE**

Hi sweetheart. Ready for some  
"Model?"

16.

as Hazel looks at Gus, cigarette dangling from his lips. Cool  
anything. Handsome as hell. She looks back at her mom.

**HAZEL**

Can't tonight.  
(off her confused look)  
I've made plans with Augustus  
Waters.  
And with that, she walks off. Frannie looks at the boy with  
the cigarette in his mouth. This could be trouble. Or  
awesome. Or both. And we CUT TO:

**INT GUS'S CAR - LATER**

Hazel is terrified. Turns out, Gus is the world's worst  
driver. When he brakes, her body flies forward against the  
seatbelt. And when he hits the gas, seconds later, her neck  
snaps back in the seat. Gus sees the look on her face.

**GUS**

I failed the test a couple times.

**HAZEL**

You don't say.

**GUS**

Most amputees can drive with no  
problem but... yeah. Not me.

**HAZEL**

I'm surprised you have a license.

**GUS**

Tell me about it!  
Another brake forces Hazel against the seat belt.

**GUS**

The fourth time I took the test...  
it was going about how this is  
going... and when it was over, the  
instructor looks at me and goes,  
"your driving, while unpleasant..."

is not technically unsafe."

**HAZEL**

Aha. Cancer perk.

**GUS**

Total cancer perk.  
A few beats of silence.

**GUS**

So what happened to you?  
Hazel takes a deep breath. She's told this story before but somehow this seems different.

**17.**

**HAZEL**

I was 13 when they found it.  
And as she speaks, we see it unfold. SMASH CUT TO:

**INT HOSPITAL BED - FLASHBACK**

13-YEAR OLD HAZEL has a biopsy.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

Stage IV thyroid cancer.

**INT OPERATING ROOM - FLASHBACK**

13-YEAR OLD HAZEL on the operating table. It's a nightmare.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

I had surgery first.

**INT SEVERAL MORE HOSPITAL ROOMS - FLASHBACK**

This poor little girl is taking a beating. And it's just getting started.

- Radiation treatment.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

Then Radiation...

- Having her head shaved by Frannie.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

Then Chemo...

- With a PICC line in a chemo chair.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

All of which worked for a while.

- A RADIOLOGIST looks at an X-ray. He's not pleased.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

And then stopped working.

- 14-Year Old Hazel lies in bed, struggling to breathe.  
Frannie runs her fingers through her hair. Dad calls 9-1-1.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

And then my lungs started filling  
up with water.

- In the ICU, her parents standing over her.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

That should have been the end.

18.

**FRANNIE**

(through the tears)

Are you ready, sweetie?

14-Year Old Hazel nods. Michael can't keep it together any  
longer. He completely breaks down.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

But it wasn't.

**INT ICU - THE NEXT MORNING**

The sun shines in the room. 14-year old Hazel eats ice  
chips,  
the color has returned to her cheeks.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

The antibiotics kicked in. They  
drained the fluid from my lungs.  
And in time I got better. Stronger.

**INT YET ANOTHER HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Slightly older Hazel is getting more intravenous medication.  
It's never ending.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

I even found myself in an  
experimental trial. You know the

ones that are famous in the  
Republic of Cancervania for not  
working.

- A SECOND RADIOLOGIST examines a second X-ray.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

It's called Phalanxifor. Didn't  
work in over 70 percent of patients  
but, for some reason...

The Radiologist looks surprised.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

...it worked in me. They called it  
"The Miracle."

And finally, BACK TO:

**INT GUS'S CAR - SAME**

Gus has one eye on the road, the other on Hazel. He was  
impressed with her before. He's totally dazzled now.

**HAZEL**

Tumors shrank, my mets have hardly  
grown since...

**(MORE)**

**19.**

**HAZEL (CONT'D)**

Of course my lungs still suck but,  
theoretically, they could continue  
to suck in just this way for, I  
dunno, a while maybe.

**GUS**

Wow.

**HAZEL**

Yeah.

**GUS**

So are you back in school or...?

**HAZEL**

Can't.

**GUS**

Why not?

**HAZEL**

Got my GED.

**GUS**

A college girl! Well that explains  
the aura of sophistication...  
He smiles at her. She smiles back. Shoves his upper arm  
playfully. They're easing into each other.  
Eventually Gus's car pulls into his driveway.

**GUS**

We're here.  
He's as good at parking as he is at driving. CUT TO:

**EXT/INT GUS'S HOUSE - SAME**

Hazel follows Gus inside. She quickly notices all sorts of  
engraved plaques and framed signs with phrases like "Home is  
Where the Heart Is" and "True Love is Born from Hard Times."  
Hazel looks at Gus quizzically.

**GUS**

My parents call them  
"encouragements."  
(rolling his eyes)  
Don't ask.  
Gus's MOM and DAD (40s) are in the kitchen making dinner.

**GUS**

Hey guys.

**GUS'S MOM**

Augustus, hi. New friend?

20.

Gus's parents don't seem surprised to see Gus with some  
random girl in their house. Hazel takes note of that.

**GUS**

This is Hazel Grace.

**HAZEL**

It's just... Hazel.

**GUS'S DAD**

How's it going, Just Hazel?

**GUS**

**(ABRUPTLY)**

Downstairs if you need us!  
Gus drags Hazel to the next room. As she's pulled:

**HAZEL**

Nice to meet you!  
They walk down the carpeted stairs - Gus having an easier time with his one leg than Hazel is with her oxygen tank and weak lungs.  
Eventually they arrive at Gus's basement bedroom. There's a TV with a video game console, a few band posters, and a host of basketball memorabilia (autographed sneakers, school trophies, framed images etc.) Gus sees her looking at them.

whole

**GUS**

I used to play.

**HAZEL**

Must have been pretty good.

**GUS**

These are mine. And these. The rest of it's just cancer perks.  
Gus grabs a DVD from his stack of DVDs. Hazel sits down on the bed, her breathing noticeably heavier.

**HAZEL**

Need to sit.  
Gus sits down next to her on the bed.

**HAZEL**

Don't get any ideas.  
(catching her breath)  
All that standing... and stairs...  
and then more standing... lotta standing for me.

**GUS**

I understand.

**21.**

**HAZEL**

I'll be fine in a minute. Unless I faint. I'm a bit of a Victorian lady, fainting-wise.  
Gus smiles. He waits for her breathing to slow down. In

time:

**GUS**

You ok?  
Hazel nods, smiles.

**GUS**

So what's your story?

**HAZEL**

I already told you my story. I was

**DIAGNOSED --**

**GUS**

Not your cancer story. Your story.  
Interests, hobbies, passions, weird  
fetishes...

**HAZEL**

Um...

**GUS**

Don't tell me you're one of those  
people who becomes their disease.

**HAZEL**

No. I'm just... I don't know... un-  
extraordinary.

**GUS**

I reject that out of hand.  
(beat, Hazel shrugs)  
Think of something you love. First  
thing that comes to mind.

**HAZEL**

"An Imperial Affliction."

**GUS**

Ok. What's that?

**HAZEL**

It's a novel. My favorite novel.

**GUS**

Does it have zombies?

**HAZEL**

**(LAUGHING)**

What? No.

**GUS**

Stormtroopers.

22.

**HAZEL**

Seriously?

**(HE SHRUGS)**

It's not that kind of book.

**GUS**

Sounds horrible.

**HAZEL**

It's not, it's... kind of my bible actually.

**GUS**

Interesting. What's it about?

**HAZEL**

Cancer.

(off his look)

But not in that way, trust me. The guy who wrote it, Peter Van Houten, he's... well, the only person I've ever come across who seems to a) understand what it's like to be dying and b) not have died.

**GUS**

**(INTRIGUED)**

In that case... I am going to read this horrible book with the boring title that does not contain zombies or stormtroopers. And in exchange...  
Gus pulls a book from his bookshelf.

**GUS**

... all I ask is that you read this brilliant and haunting novelization of my favorite video game.  
Hazel looks at the slim, ridiculous novella. She laughs. She's adorable when she laughs. She takes the book from him and as she does, their hands get tangled together for a brief, charged moment.

**GUS**

Your hands are cold.

**HAZEL**

Not so much cold as under-oxygenated.

**GUS**

Ooh Hazel Grace...

**(BEAT)**

I love it when you talk medical to me.

Hazel blushes. And off her completely smitten smile, CUT TO:

**23.**

**INT HAZEL'S BEDROOM - ANOTHER NIGHT**

Hazel sits in bed reading Gus's novella. Frannie stands in the doorway, notices the new book.

**FRANNIE**

That's different.  
Hazel shrugs. Frannie looks intrigued.

**FRANNIE**

Did he give it to you?

**HAZEL**

By "it" do you mean herpes?  
Frannie rolls her eyes. Hazel's phone buzzes. She excitedly checks it - only to be disappointed. Frannie notices.

**FRANNIE**

I'm sure he'll call, don't worry.

**HAZEL**

I'm not worried. Please. It's not like I'm waiting for him to call or anything. I just... we hung out. No big deal.

Frannie says nothing to that. Her silence says it all. Hazel rolls her eyes. CUT TO:

**QUICK SERIES OF SCENES:**

Hazel continues "not to wait" for Gus's call. We see her:

- Brushing her teeth. And checking her phone.
- Watching TV. And checking her phone.
- Eating breakfast. And checking her phone.
- Looking out the window on a rainy day. Trying not to check her phone. Willing herself to not check the goddamn phone. And checking the phone.

Where is he?! Did he forget about her?

**INT HAZEL'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Hazel at the dinner table with her parents. She's a little sullen, barely touching her food.

Hazel's phone buzzes. She tries not to seem too eager to check it, what with her parents watching and all. She subtly looks down at her lap. And sure enough: a text from Gus! Her eyes bug out. We see:

**24.**

"Tell me my copy is missing the last ten pages or something."

Hazel smiles. Goes back to eating. Frannie and Michael share a quick glance. A second later, there's a follow-up text.

"Tell me I have NOT reached the end of this book!"

Hazel smiles again.

And then a third text:

**GOD'S**  
**"A BOOK CAN'T END IN THE MIDDLE OF A SENTENCE?! WHAT IN**

**NAME IS THIS MADNESS! AAAAHHHH!"**

Hazel now laughs out loud. Michael clears his throat. Hazel looks up.

**MICHAEL**

Would you like to be excused?

**EXT HAZEL'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

Hazel sits down on a patio chair and dials the phone. Gus answers on the first ring.

**GUS (O.S.)**

Hazel Grace.

**HAZEL**

Welcome to the sweet torture of reading "An Imperial --"

At which point she hears a loud WAIL coming from the other end of the phone.

**HAZEL**

What the -- are you ok?

**GUS (O.S.)**

Me? Yeah. I'm excellent.  
INTERCUT between Hazel on the patio and:

**INT GUS'S BASEMENT BEDROOM - SAME**

Isaac's head is buried in Gus's couch. He's wailing like a banshee, having some kind of nervous breakdown.

**GUS**

**(INTO PHONE)**

I am, however, with Isaac.  
Hazel hears more wailing. Has no idea what to make of it.

**25.**

**GUS (O.S.)**

**(TO ISAAC)**

Dude! Hey! Does Support Group Hazel  
make this better or worse?  
Hazel genuinely has no idea what the hell is going on.

**GUS**

Isaac! Focus. On. Me.  
Hazel waits a few beats for Gus to come back on. Finally:

**GUS (O.S.)**

**(TO HAZEL)**

How fast can you get here?  
Hazel thinks about this. And on her face, CUT TO:

**INT GUS'S BASEMENT - LATER**

Hazel descends the steps. She hears an ungodly moan before she sees anyone. What has she gotten herself into? Gus appears at the base.

**GUS**

(calling to Isaac)  
Isaac, Hazel from Support Group is  
coming downstairs.  
Gus waits for a response. None comes. He gestures for her to  
follow him into the room. Before he does:

**GUS**

A gentle reminder: Isaac is in the

midst of a psychotic episode.

**(HAZEL NODS)**

You look nice, by the way.  
Hazel blushes, follows Gus into the room to find Isaac  
sitting upside down in a gaming chair. Tears are flowing

down

his reddened cheeks. Empty soda cans and bags of junk food  
lie around him.

**HAZEL**

How ya doing Isaac?  
Again, no response. Hazel looks to Gus for an explanation.

**GUS**

Seems Isaac and Monica are no  
longer a going concern.

**HAZEL**

Oh I'm sorry.

**(BEAT)**

Do you want to talk about it?  
Isaac starts to sob again.

**26.**

**GUS**

He just wants to cry and play video  
games.

**HAZEL**

Fair enough.

**GUS**

It doesn't hurt to talk to him,  
however. If you have any sage words  
of feminine advice...

**HAZEL**

I actually think his response is  
appropriate.

**GUS**

"Pain demands to be felt."

**HAZEL**

(lights up at that)  
You're quoting my book!  
Gus winks at her. At which point, Isaac lets out another

howl. Gus gestures for Hazel to sit. The two of them flank Isaac. He finally speaks.

**ISAAC**

She didn't want to do it after the surgery. Said she couldn't handle it. I'm about to lose my eyesight and she can't handle it.  
Hazel rubs his shoulder in sympathy.

**ISAAC**

I kept saying "always" to her. Always, always, always. And she just kept talking over me and not saying it back. It was like I was already gone, you know? "Always" was a promise! You can't break promises.

**HAZEL**

Sometimes people don't understand the promises they're making when they make them.

**ISAAC**

Right, sure, but you keep the promise anyway. That's what love is. Love is keeping the promise anyway.

**GUS**

That could be an "encouragement."  
It's silent for a beat. And then Isaac stands up, a funny look on his face.

27.

**GUS**

Isaac...?  
Suddenly Isaac starts kicking his chair across the room.

**GUS**

Here we go...  
The chair lands against the bed. Gus hands Isaac something else to throw, a pillow. Isaac grabs the pillow and slams it against the wall. He dives on it and begins pummeling the pillow like a maniac.

**GUS**

That's it! Punch that thing.

And so he does. As he continues to, Gus looks at Hazel, cigarette dangling from his mouth.

**GUS**

I've been wanting to call you on a nearly minutely basis but I have been waiting until I could form a coherent thought in re: "An Imperial Affliction."

**(SHE SMILES)**

I can't stop thinking about it.

**HAZEL**

I know, right?

**GUS**

The only problem is the ending.

**HAZEL**

It is rather abrupt.

**GUS**

It's torture! I mean, I totally get that she died or whatever - Anna. But there is an unwritten contract between author and reader and I think ending your book in the middle of a sentence kind of violates that contract.

**HAZEL**

But that's part of what I like about it. It portrays death truthfully. You die in the middle of your life, in the middle of a sentence. But I do - God, I do want to know what happens to everyone else.

**GUS**

Yeah like her Mom.

**HAZEL**

The Dutch Tulip Man...

28.

**GUS**

Sisyphus the Hamster...

Hazel beams. Gus totally gets the book. A bond between them.

**GUS**

Have you tried contacting this...  
Peter Van Houten?

**HAZEL**

I've written letters. He's never  
responded. Apparently he moved to  
Amsterdam, became a recluse. Hasn't  
published anything. Doesn't do  
interviews.

**GUS**

Sad.

**(BEAT)**

Hang on.  
(turns to Isaac)  
Isaac!

Gus stands and takes the pillow out of Isaac's hand.

**GUS**

Pillows don't break.  
Gus hands Isaac one of his basketball TROPHIES.

**GUS**

You need to break something.  
Isaac looks at it, then back to Gus as if asking permission.  
Gus nods. Isaac holds it over his head and SMASH! The trophy  
breaks into a million pieces. Isaac almost smiles. Gus hands  
him another.

**GUS**

Go to town, my friend.  
And Isaac does. Smashing them one by one. Hazel looks at

Gus.

**GUS**

I've been looking for a way to tell  
my Dad that I kinda hate  
basketball. Think maybe we've found  
it.  
Isaac grabs more of the TROPHIES, smashing them to pieces.  
Gus and Hazel enjoy the spectacle. When there are none left  
Isaac is panting, standing over the bronze carnage.

**GUS**

Feel better?  
Isaac thinks about it. Shakes his head no. Gus puts his arm  
around him but looks at Hazel.

29.

**GUS**

That's the thing about pain... it  
demands to be felt.  
Hazel smiles. And on her face, we CUT TO:

**INT LANCASTER HOUSE - DINING ROOM - ANOTHER NIGHT**

Where Hazel is having dinner with her parents.

**FRANNIE**

Dr. Maria called today. The PET  
Scan is set for the eighth.  
Hazel nods. This could be a source of worry but she's not  
going to think about that right now. She's upbeat. And she's  
actually eating, which her parents can't help but notice.  
Frannie and Michael look at one another, pleased.

**FRANNIE**

I told you Support Group was a good  
idea.  
Hazel's phone buzzes. "Augustus." She looks to her parents.

**MICHAEL**

By all means.

**EXT HAZEL'S BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

Hazel lays on the grass in her backyard staring up at the  
stars. She rings him back and as she does SPLITSCREEN w/  
Hazel in the grass and:

**INT GUS'S BASEMENT BEDROOM - SAME**

Gus (upside down) in bed, a laptop on his chest.

**GUS**

Hazel Grace.

**HAZEL**

Hello Augustus.

**GUS**

So I read it again. And I just kept  
feeling like... like it was a gift.  
Like you'd given me something

important.

**HAZEL**

**(TOUCHED)**

You're welcome.

**GUS**

On the other hand... we need closure, don't we?

**30.**

**HAZEL**

What we need is a sequel.

**GUS**

Yes. We need to know what happens to Anna's family after she dies.

**HAZEL**

That's what I kept asking Van Houten for in my letters.

**GUS**

But he never wrote back.

**HAZEL**

That's correct.

**GUS**

Because he's a recluse.

**HAZEL**

Yeee-up.

**GUS**

Utterly unreachable.

**HAZEL**

Unfortunately so.  
Gus clears his throat, smiles. Hazel waits.

**GUS**

"Dear Mr. Waters... I am writing to thank you for your electronic correspondence received this 6th of April.  
Hazel sits up. Could it be...?"

**GUS**

"I am grateful to anyone who sets aside the time to read my book..."

**HAZEL**

Augustus!?

**GUS**

I found his assistant. I emailed her. She must have forwarded it to him.

(Hazel is stunned)  
Shall I continue?

**HAZEL**

Keep reading, keep reading!

**31.**

**GUS**

"I am particularly indebted to you, sir, both for your kind words about 'An Imperial Affliction' and for taking the time to tell me that the book, and here I quote you directly, 'meant a great deal' to you."

Hazel pays attention to every word.

**GUS**

"To answer your question: No, I have not written anything else, nor will I. I do not feel that continuing to share my thoughts with readers would benefit either them or me. However thank you again for your generous email. Yours most sincerely, Peter Van Houten.

**HAZEL**

You're making this up?

**GUS**

Hazel Grace, could I, with my meager intellectual capabilities, make up a letter from the great Peter Van Houten?

**HAZEL**

Holy hell.

**GUS**

Indeed.

**HAZEL**

Can I... would you mind...

**GUS**

**(SMILING)**

Go check your in-box.  
Hazel jumps up as fast as her lungs will allow. CUT TO:

**INT HAZEL'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

blank  
Hazel sits at her computer, Van Houten's assistant's email address staring her in the face. The cursor blinks on a page. And then Hazel starts writing...

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

"Dear Mr. Peter Van Houten, my name is Hazel Grace Lancaster. My friend Augustus Waters, who read your book - at my recommendation - just received an email from you at this address. I hope you will not mind that he shared that email with me."

**32.**

While Hazel reads the letter, we see a SERIES OF SCENES showing the next several days. They include:  
- Hazel and Gus drinking coffees at a cafe. He's enthusiastically telling a story and she's enjoying every moment of it.  
- Hazel helping Gus become a better driver. It's no use.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

"I was wondering if you wouldn't mind answering a few questions I have about what happens after the end of the book. Specifically, the

**FOLLOWING: "**

- In his kitchen, laughing, trying to make omelettes.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

"Does Anna's Mom marry the Dutch Tulip Man; is the Dutch Tulip Man

up to something - or is he just  
misunderstood? What happens to  
Anna's friends?  
- Watching TV. Their bodies almost touching. But not quite.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

Lastly, I was hoping you could shed  
some light on Sisyphus the Hamster.  
These questions have haunted me for  
years. And I don't know how long I  
have left to get answers to them."  
And finally, back in Hazel's bedroom. She finishes reading  
this letter into the phone.

**HAZEL**

"I know these are not important  
literary questions and that your  
book is full of important literary  
questions, but I would just really  
like to know."  
INTERCUT w/ Gus bouncing a ball against the wall, listening.

**HAZEL**

(reading it aloud to him)  
"And of course, if ever you do  
decide to write anything else, even  
if you don't want to publish it,  
I'd love to read it. Frankly, I'd  
read your grocery lists. Yours with  
great admiration, Hazel Grace  
Lancaster. Age 16."

**GUS**

Not bad.

33.

**HAZEL**

You think?

**GUS**

Bit pretentious. But then again,  
Van Houten uses words like  
"tendentious" and... "bacchanalia"  
so I think he'll like it.  
Hazel smiles, looks at a clock.

**HAZEL**

Is it really almost 1?

**GUS**

Guess so.

**HAZEL**

I gotta get to sleep.

**GUS**

Ok...

**HAZEL**

Ok...  
Neither one of them want to hang up the phone.

**GUS**

Ok...

**HAZEL**

Ok...  
They both laugh at this.

**GUS**

Perhaps "ok" will be our "always."  
Hazel smiles.

**HAZEL**

Ok.

**GUS**

Ok.

**HAZEL**

Ok.  
Gus hangs up. We stay with Hazel. Is it really possible this Beautiful Boy likes her? She thinks about it. She's not convinced. CUT TO:

**INT HOSPITAL - RECOVERY ROOM - DAY**

Isaac lies in bed, bandages covering his eyes, now  
officially blind. A NURSE attends to him while Hazel sits by his side.

**34.**

**ISAAC**

She hasn't even visited. Fourteen months we were together. What kind of person...

**ISAAC'S NURSE**

You'll get over her Isaac. Just takes a little time. You'll see.  
The Nurse exits the room.

**ISAAC**

Is she gone?

**HAZEL**

Yeah.

**ISAAC**

Did she really just say "you'll see?"

**HAZEL**

(shakes her head)  
Qualities of a Good Nurse. Go.

**ISAAC**

Doesn't pun your disability.

**HAZEL**

Gets blood on the first try.

**ISAAC**

That is huge. I mean, seriously, is this my freakin' arm or a dartboard? Three - no condescending voice.

**HAZEL**

(lays it on thick)  
"I'm gonna stab you with this needle now, so there might be a little ouchie."  
They laugh and then lapse into silence for a moment.

**HAZEL**

You doing alright, Isaac?

**ISAAC**

I don't know. To be honest, I think a hell of a lot more about Monica than my eye. Is that crazy? That's crazy.

**HAZEL**

It's a little crazy.

**ISAAC**

But I believe in love, you know? I don't believe that everybody gets to keep their eyes or not get sick or whatever, but everybody should have true love. Don't you think?  
Hazel thinks about it as Isaac presses the button on his  
pain pump, self-administering morphine.

**ISAAC**

Gus was here earlier.

**HAZEL**

(trying to be nonchalant)  
Was he?  
Isaac exhales as the pain pump starts to kick in.

**ISAAC**

Mmm... that's better.

**HAZEL**

The pain?  
(off his slow nod)  
Good. Good, Isaac.  
(Isaac closes his eyes)  
What about Gus?  
But Isaac is already asleep. Whatever he was going to say about Gus is gone. Hazel nods, pats his hand. CUT TO:

**INT HAZEL'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

Hazel rolls out of bed, stumbles to her computer. She casually checks her in-box and is shocked to discover - he's written her back!

**HAZEL**

Holy shit!

**(READING ALOUD)**

"Dear Ms. Lancaster... I cannot answer your questions, at least not in writing, because to do so would constitute a sequel, which you might publish or otherwise share on the internet. Not that I don't trust you, but how could I trust you, I barely know you."  
Hazel's jaw hangs open as she reads the next part:

**HAZEL**

"Should ever you find yourself in Amsterdam, do pay a visit at your leisure. Yours most sincerely,  
Peter Van Houten" Son of a - WHAT

**IS THIS LIFE!!!**

**36.**

Frannie races in, clearly expecting a health problem.

**FRANNIE**

What's wrong?!

**HAZEL**

(realizing she scared her)  
Nothing. Sorry.

**FRANNIE**

**(CONFUSED)**

Nothing?

**HAZEL**

Everything! Look!  
Hazel shows Frannie the note. Frannie reads it.

**HAZEL**

Can we go to Amsterdam? Please?  
Frannie thinks about how to respond for a beat.

**FRANNIE**

Hazel, I... I love you and... you know I'd do anything for you, but we don't...

**(PAINED)**

We don't have the money. The expense of getting equipment over there - love, it's just not possible...

**HAZEL**

**(DEFLATES)**

No, yeah, of course.  
Clearly Frannie feels awful. Which makes Hazel feel awful.

**FRANNIE**

I mean, I could talk to your father

**OR --**

**HAZEL**

Mom, no. Please. Don't do anything.  
Forget I mentioned it.

A beat between them. Frannie walks out, sadly. Hazel sits on the bed, totally bummed now for two reasons.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

Guilt is definitely a side effect  
of cancer.

**EXT SUBURBAN STREET - LATER**

Hazel and Gus walk together on the sidewalk.

**37.**

**GUS**

Just use your wish.

**HAZEL**

I've used it already. Pre-  
"Miracle."

**GUS**

What'd you do?  
Hazel doesn't want to say. Gus realizes.

**GUS**

Not Disney.

**HAZEL**

I was 13...

**GUS**

Tell me you did not go to Disney  
World.  
(Hazel looks away)  
Hazel Grace! You did not use your  
one dying Wish to go to Disney  
World!

**HAZEL**

**(FEEBLE)**

And Epcot Center.

**GUS**

(hands in the air)  
Oh my God!

**HAZEL**

**(DEFENDING HERSELF)**

We had fun on that trip.

**GUS**

That is the saddest thing I've ever heard!

**HAZEL**

I met Goofy...

**GUS**

Now I'm embarrassed.

**HAZEL**

Why are you embarrassed?

**GUS**

How can I have a crush on a girl with such cliché wishes?

**HAZEL**

Wait, what?  
The word "crush" has taken Hazel totally by surprise.

**38.**

**GUS**

What?  
She looks at him. A beat. She quickly looks away, blushing. Gus continues on about Disney but all Hazel can think about is "CRUSH". She tries not to seem too excited. CUT TO:

**INT PET SCAN ROOM - DAY**

Hazel, in a hospital gown, is slowly fed through the machine.

A TECH explains that she should hold still, try and relax, etc. But Hazel knows. She knows all about these procedures. She's a pro. CUT TO:

**EXT HAZEL'S HOUSE - FRONT**

Gus is waiting on the front stoop when Frannie's car pulls up. They're home from the hospital.

He wears an Indiana Pacers JERSEY and carries a bouquet of bright orange TULIPS.

Michael gets out of the passenger's seat to help Hazel out of the car. Gus rises to assist them.

**MICHAEL**

Is that a Rik Smits jersey?

**GUS**

It is indeed.

**MICHAEL**

**(BEAT)**

Man, I loved that guy.  
Hazel sees Gus, wasn't expecting him.

**HAZEL**

Gus?

**GUS**

Hi Hazel.

**(BEAT)**

How would you like to go on a picnic?

**INT HAZEL'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Gus is with Frannie and Michael downstairs.

**FRANNIE**

Something to drink?

**GUS**

I'm great Mrs. Lancaster.

**39.**

Meanwhile, upstairs, Hazel gets ready for the date. She's put the orange flowers in a toothbrush holder and is putting on LIP GLOSS. She can faintly hear the conversation downstairs. ANGLE ON Gus sitting on the stairs. Michael next to him.

**MICHAEL**

You're a survivor yourself?

**GUS**

(taps his leg)  
Didn't cut this fella off for the hell of it. Though it is an excellent weight-loss strategy. Legs are heavy!

**MICHAEL**

How's your health now?

**GUS**

N-E-C for fourteen months.

**MICHAEL**

That's fantastic.

**GUS**

I'm very lucky.  
ANGLE ON Hazel, checking herself out in the mirror. Seems to like what she sees a lot more than before.  
BACK ON Gus and Michael, downstairs:

**MICHAEL**

Son, you have to understand...  
Hazel's still pretty sick. She will be the rest of her life.  
ANGLE on Hazel, who can hear all of this. She stops what she's doing and listens.

**MICHAEL**

She'll want to keep up with you - she's that kind of girl - but the truth is, her lungs --

**HAZEL**

You ready Gus?  
Hazel appears, silencing her Father mid-sentence. CUT TO:

**EXT PARK - LATER**

Gardens Behind the Indianapolis Museum of Art is 152 Acres of  
and Grounds. Hazel and Gus walk together.

**HAZEL**

Is this where you bring all your romantic conquests?

40.

**GUS**

Every last one.

**(BEAT)**

Probably why I'm still a virgin.  
Hazel laughs, elbows him.

**HAZEL**

You're not a virgin.  
(off his look)

Are you really?

Gus picks a STICK up from the dirt. Draws a BIG CIRCLE in

it.

**GUS**

See this? This circle is virgins...  
Now Gus draws a much smaller circle inside that circle.

**GUS**

And this... is 17 year old dudes  
with one leg.

Hazel laughs. Point made. He grabs her hand, helps her walk  
up a tiny hill. Once up there, Gus lays a blanket on the  
ground. They sit, looking out over a rather odd SCULPTURE -

a

set of GIANT WHITE BONES where children can jump and play.

**GUS**

**(EXPLAINING)**

"Funky Bones" by Joep Van Lieshout.

**HAZEL**

He sounds Dutch.

**GUS**

And he is. Much like Rik Smits. And  
tulips.

Hazel raises an eyebrow at Gus. He's sure taking this  
Amsterdam/Dutch thing pretty far. He removes some sandwiches  
and orange juice out of a basket.

**GUS**

Sandwich?

**HAZEL**

Let me guess --

**GUS**

**(NODS)**

Dutch cheese. And tomato.

(she takes one)

The tomatoes are Mexican. Sorry.

They eat for a second, their eyes watching the children play on the bones.

**41.**

**GUS**

How cool is that? A skeleton being used as a playground.

**HAZEL**

You do love your symbols.

**GUS**

Speaking of which...

Gus stands up, takes a cigarette, puts it in his mouth. He clears his throat.

**GUS**

You're probably wondering why you're sitting here eating a bad cheese sandwich and drinking orange juice with a guy in a Rik Smits jersey.

**HAZEL**

It has crossed my mind.

**GUS**

Hazel Grace, like so many before you - and I say this with great affection - you spent your Wish... moronically.

**HAZEL**

I was thir--

**GUS**

Hush! I'm in the midst of a grand soliloquy here.

**HAZEL**

Sorry. Please, continue...

**GUS**

You were young. Impressionable. The

Grim Reaper staring you in the face. And the fear of dying with your one true Wish left ungranted led you to rush into making one you didn't really want, for how could little Hazel Grace, having never read "An Imperial Affliction" ever know that her one TRUE wish was to visit Mr. Peter Van Houten in his Amsterdamian exile.  
Hazel nods in agreement.

**GUS**

If you were smart, you would have saved your wish til the time in your life when you really knew your true self.

**42.**

Gus stops talking. Hazel is confused.

**HAZEL**

But I... didn't save it.  
Gus smiles.

**GUS**

Good thing I saved mine.  
Hazel cocks her head to one side. What is he talking about?

**GUS**

Got it in exchange for the leg.

**(BEAT)**

And I still have it.  
She starts to realize.

**HAZEL**

Are you saying --

**GUS**

I'm not gonna give you my Wish or anything. But I too have an interest in meeting Peter Van Houten and it wouldn't make much sense to meet him without the girl who introduced me to his book, now would it?  
(Hazel's eyes widen)  
I talked to the Genies and they're in total agreement.

**(BEAT)**

We leave on May third.  
Hazel is so excited that she grabs Gus and pulls him into a hug. Their faces close, lips inches apart, and just when it looks like something might happen --

**HAZEL**

Wait a minute.

**(BEAT)**

Are you only doing this so I'll  
kiss you?  
A beat. Gus blinks a few times.

**HAZEL**

Cause I'd totally kiss you either  
way.  
And kiss him she does. He's surprised. And when it's over,  
they sit back, look at one another. A magic moment.

**HAZEL**

Seriously... why are you doing  
this?

**43.**

**GUS**

Because Hazel Grace... I found my  
Wish.  
And Hazel is beyond touched. We hear:

**FRANNIE (OVERLAP)**

Are you out of your mind?

**INT HAZEL'S UTILITY ROOM - DAY**

Frannie folds laundry while Hazel pleads her case.

**FRANNIE**

It's too much, Haze. We can't  
accept something like that from a  
virtual stranger.

**HAZEL**

He's not a stranger.

**FRANNIE**

Really?

**HAZEL**

Don't be gross.

**FRANNIE**

It's still "no," I'm afraid.

**HAZEL**

Can we at least ask Dr. Maria?

**INT DOCTOR'S OFFICE - ANOTHER DAY**

Where Hazel's oncologist DR. MARIA shakes her head.

**DR. MARIA**

That's out of the question.

**HAZEL**

You said the PET scan was encouraging!

**DR. MARIA**

The PET scan is encouraging. We just don't know how long it'll stay that way. What if you get sick in a foreign country?

**HAZEL**

They have doctors in Amsterdam. And cancer. Someone will know what to do.

**44.**

**DR. MARIA**

Be that as it may, without someone familiar with your particular case, I can't --

**HAZEL**

(turns to her Mom)  
So you'll come too.

**FRANNIE**

What?

**HAZEL**

The Genies can hook it up. They're loaded.

**FRANNIE**

I --

**HAZEL**

You've never been to Amsterdam,  
have you Mom?  
And judging from her face, seems she'd kinda like to. Dr.  
Maria looks at Frannie, shrugs - kid's got a point.  
Hazel smiles. And on that smile, we SMASH CUT TO:

**BLACK.**

Over which, we HEAR:

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

And then this happened.

**INT HAZEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

[Note: There's no sound in this sequence. Just images.]  
Hazel wakes up screaming in the middle of the night, shaking  
and holding her head.  
Frannie and Michael burst in. Mom grabs her crying daughter,  
frightened beyond belief, waves to Michael to call for help.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

People talk about the courage of  
cancer patients. And I do not deny  
that courage...  
He leaves the room to do so and Fran stays behind, rocking  
with her daughter, promising her it'll all be ok. Whatever  
nightmare this is, it's going to end. CUT TO:

**INT FRANNIE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Still silent. Michael drives, trying to keep it together.  
Frannie's in the back with Hazel's head in her lap.

45.

Hazel continues to scream in silence, whether from pain or  
terror, we do not know.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

I'd been poked and stabbed and  
poisoned for years and still I trod  
on.

**INT EMERGENCY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Michael carries Hazel into the chaotic emergency room. They're practically running. There's still no sound.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

But make no mistake...

The doctors rally to assist the screaming, crying child. She's wheeled away from her family who can only watch. We stay with her and WE HEAR:

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

In that moment I would have been very, very happy to die.

**END SEQUENCE.**

**INT HOSPITAL ROOM - ICU - MORNING**

The sound returns. And it's the sound of a heart monitor. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. It's also the sound of a working heart. Hazel has made it through. Her eyes open. A NURSE is there.

**HAZEL'S NURSE**

Hello.

**HAZEL**

Hi.

**HAZEL'S NURSE**

You're ok, Hazel.  
Even Hazel seems surprised by that.

**HAZEL'S NURSE**

Would you like to see your parents?  
Hazel nods. The Nurse goes to get them. Soon they come bounding in, crying and kissing her repeatedly. So much relief. CUT TO:  
LATER. Hazel's bed has been raised up so she can talk to her parents "comfortably."

**FRANNIE**

They thought it was a brain tumor.

**MICHAEL**

It wasn't - thank god --

**HAZEL**

So what happened?

**FRANNIE**

The usual. Fluid in the lungs,  
preventing oxygenation. They put  
that in...

There's a TUBE in Hazel's side draining fluid into a plastic  
bladder that hangs off her bed.

**FRANNIE**

Drained a liter and a half last  
night.  
(That's a lot of fluid.)

**MICHAEL**

The good news is... no tumor  
growth. No new tumors in your body.  
Hazel nods. That is a relief.

**MICHAEL**

We're all so relieved.  
Frannie embraces her daughter.

**FRANNIE**

This is just a thing Hazel. It's a  
thing we can live with.  
Hazel nods again. Only in the universe of Hazel Grace  
Lancaster is something like this just a thing. Meanwhile:

**INT HOSPITAL ICU - WAITING AREA - LATER**

Here's Gus, his foot tapping nervously on the floor. It's  
unclear how long he's been waiting there. He sees Michael  
walk down the hall. Races after him.

**GUS**

Mr. Lancaster! How's she doing?

**MICHAEL**

Better, thank you. Much better.  
Gus nods, as relieved as the rest of them.

**GUS**

They won't let me in. Family only.

**MICHAEL**

I'm sorry --

**GUS**

No I get it. Will you just... will you tell her I was here?

**47.**

**MICHAEL**

Of course I will.  
Gus smiles. And sits back down. Though he won't get to see her, he still wants to stay.

**MICHAEL**

Gus.  
Michael really likes this kid.

**MICHAEL**

Why don't you go home, get some rest?  
Gus looks up. That might be for the best. CUT TO:

**INT HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAYS LATER**

Hazel and her Parents sit at a very large conference table along with Dr. Maria and THREE OTHER ONCOLOGISTS - her whole "Cancer Team."

**ONCOLOGIST #1**

The great news is... Phalanxifor continues to control your tumor growth.

**(BEAT)**

The not so great news is we're still seeing serious problems with fluid accumulation.

**(BEAT)**

So how should we proceed?  
Silence. Hazel looks around the room, waits for someone to answer. No one does.

**HAZEL**

Um, I feel like I'm not the most qualified person to answer that.

**ONCOLOGIST #1**

I was talking to Dr. Simmons.  
DR. SIMMONS (late 60s, white beard, old school) speaks next.

**DR. SIMMONS**

It's a strange case. Normally the tumors start resisting the treatment. But that hasn't happened here - yet.

Hazel hears the "yet" the loudest.

**DR. SIMMONS**

Unfortunately, the drug may be worsening the edema.

48.

**DR. MARIA**

But if we stopped it entirely, we're likely to face even graver dangers.

**MICHAEL**

So we're gonna do nothing?

**DR. MARIA**

That's what we have to decide. The truth is... very few people have been on Phalanxifor as long as Hazel has. We don't really know the long term effects.

That comforts no one.

**HAZEL**

Can't I just get like a lung transplant or something?

The Doctors look at one another like "who wants to take that one?" Eventually:

**DR. MARIA**

You would not be considered a... strong candidate for a transplant.

Hazel takes that in, nods, tries to pretend it didn't bother her. Sensitive Michael on the other hand starts to cry a little bit. He grabs Frannie's hand.

**DR. SIMMONS**

We're trying to prevent endothelial growth while at the same time preventing immunosorbent...

As Dr. Simmons drones on with some cancer gobbledygook, Hazel's eyes remain firmly fixed on her parents. She hates what she's doing to them. And seeing them holding hands, crying but trying not to cry - it jogs a memory. CUT TO:

**INT HOSPITAL ICU - FLASHBACK**

We saw this once before. It looks like the end for 13-year old Hazel. Her father is weeping off to the side while her mom stands over her, holding her hand, and asking:

**FRANNIE**

(through the tears)

Are you ready, sweetie?

13-year old Hazel nods. The doctors get to work. The anaesthetic takes hold and Hazel goes under. But not enough. Cause she totally hears her mother say:

**FRANNIE**

I won't be a mom anymore.

**49.**

She falls into her husband's chest. And we're BACK TO:

**INT HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM**

Hazel comes out of the memory when her parents see her staring at them. She tries to shake it off. Dr. Simmons is still talking nonsense when:

**HAZEL**

I have a question.

**DR. MARIA**

Yes Hazel.

**HAZEL**

Can I still go to Amsterdam?

Dr. Simmons can't help himself. He laughs. Everyone looks at him. He clears his throat.

**DR. SIMMONS**

That would not be wise at this juncture.

**HAZEL**

Why not?

**DR. SIMMONS**

Excuse me?

**HAZEL**

Why not, Dr. Simmons?

**DR. SIMMONS**

**I --**

The doctors are trying to be delicate here.

**DR. MARIA**

It would... increase some risks --

**HAZEL**

So does going to the mall --

**DR. MARIA**

Yes but an airplane?

**HAZEL**

They have oxygen on airplanes.

**FRANNIE**

**HAZEL --**

**HAZEL**

It's my life, right?

**DR. SIMMONS**

You're Stage IV --

50.

**HAZEL**

I have this opportunity I may never have again. If the medicine's working, I don't see why --

**DR. SIMMONS**

Because, Hazel.

**(BEAT)**

Look, I don't know any other way to say this... You're just too sick. And this is like a punch in the gut.

**DR. SIMMONS**

I'm sorry.

Everyone feels horrible now. Dr. Maria, Frannie and Michael, and even Hazel. This meeting couldn't have gone worse. And

we

**CUT TO:**

**EXT HAZEL'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY**

Hazel parent's bring her home from the hospital. She looks miserable. It's clear the last few days have been a big emotional set back. CUT TO:

**INT HAZEL'S BEDROOM - LATER**

Her parents tuck her in.

**FRANNIE**

We'll be right outside.  
Hazel nods. Her phone buzzes. She looks at it. A text from Gus that reads: "ok?" Hazel looks at it.  
And she doesn't write back. CUT TO:

**INT HAZEL'S KITCHEN - ANOTHER NIGHT**

Hazel sits staring at nothing. The house phone rings.

Michael

comes in from another room with the phone in hand. Whispers:

**MICHAEL**

Gus again.  
Hazel thinks about it - silently shakes her head, no.

Michael

says into the phone.

**MICHAEL**

I'm sorry Gus, she's asleep.  
Hazel stands and goes into her bedroom, clearly depressed.

**51.**

**INT HAZEL'S BEDROOM - LATER**

Hazel reads from "An Imperial Affliction." Her phone buzzes again. "Augustus." It just says "hello?" Again she ignores it.

And then a second text. She looks at it. "The silence is deafening." She puts the phone back down.

Hazel's heart breaks. She can't take it anymore. She picks the phone back up. She texts the following:

"I don't know if you'll understand this but I can't see you anymore. I mean I want to. I just..."

She thinks about the rest. She writes:

"I'm a grenade."

She sends the text. Waits.  
And then there's more to say. She sends a second text.  
"When I look at you, all I can see is what I'm going to put  
you through. I can't have that. I'm sorry."  
She sends that text. Waits.  
He writes back.  
"Ok."  
Hazel reads it. Writes back: "Ok."  
A beat. Gus responds: "oh my god, stop flirting with me!"  
Hazel smiles - she can't help herself! - but she must. She  
gets her emotions in check. Puts the phone away. CUT TO:

**EXT HAZEL'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING**

An ugly day in Indianapolis.

**INT HAZEL'S HOUSE - SAME**

Inside, Hazel is about as miserable as the weather. The sky  
and the circumstances - have cast a grey pall over the day.

**EXT HAZEL'S HOUSE - BACKYARD**

Hazel walks out back. Looks up at the clouds, threatening  
rain but not yet delivering it. She sits down in the grass,  
on the verge of tears. She looks at the old rusty SWING SET  
that's been in her backyard for years.

52.

And starts to cry. Just for a few brief moments, she lets  
herself cry.  
Then she wipes the tears. Becomes strong again. And makes a  
decision.  
Hazel dials her phone. We hear:

**GUS (O.S.)**

Hazel Grace!

**HAZEL**

Hi Augustus.

**GUS (O.S.)**

Are you crying, Hazel Grace?

**HAZEL**

Kind of.

**GUS (O.S.)**

What's the matter?

**HAZEL**

I don't know. I want to go to Amsterdam. And I want him to tell us what happens after the book and I don't want my particular life and also the sky is making me sad and there's this old swing set that my Dad made for me when I was a kid.

It's just... everything.

Hazel is on the verge of losing it again. A few beats of silence pass by.

**GUS (O.S.)**

I demand to see this swing set of tears.

Hazel can't help but smile and we CUT TO:

LATER. Same backyard - only now Hazel is with Gus. Which makes everything better.

They both look at the swing set.

**GUS**

I see your point.

**(BEAT)**

That is one sad swing set.

Hazel nudges her head onto his shoulder.

**HAZEL**

Thanks for coming over.

53.

**GUS**

You do realize... trying to keep your distance from me will in no way lessen my affection for you. Hazel says nothing.

**GUS**

All efforts to save me from you will fail. Hazel looks at him. He's sure not making this easy.

**GUS**

Is this about Amsterdam? Cause we

**DON'T --**

**HAZEL**

It's not about Amsterdam. It's about me. It's about...

**GUS**

Grenades.  
Hazel nods.

**GUS**

I get it. One day you're going to explode in a huge ball of fire and everyone close to you will die in your wake.

**HAZEL**

Exactly.

**GUS**

There's already two people in your life you're going to destroy. Why add a third to that list. Am I right?

**HAZEL**

**(NODS)**

That's why I don't have a hamster.  
Gus is silent. He can't argue. They stand there quietly a few more beats, looking out at the swing set. Until:

**GUS**

We have got to do something about this frigging swing set.

**INT HAZEL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Hazel sits at the computer screen writing a Craigslist post. Gus stands next to her.

**54.**

**HAZEL**

**(TYPING)**

"Swing Set Needs Home."

**GUS**

"Desperately Lonely Swing Set Needs Loving Home."

**HAZEL**

"Lonely, Vaguely Pedophilic Swing Set Seeks Butts of Children."  
Gus laughs.

**HAZEL**

No?  
Gus laughs harder. Hazel laughs with him.

**GUS**

That's why.  
Hazel looks at him, not understanding.

**GUS**

In case you were wondering...  
that's why I like you.  
(beat, off her look)  
You're so busy being you that you  
have no idea how utterly  
unprecedented you are.  
Hazel absorbs that. Her feelings for this boy in a tangle.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT HAZEL'S HOUSE - BACKYARD**

Gus and Hazel watch as a TOWNIE finishes loading the swing set into the back of his PICK-UP. Gus salutes the swing set as the truck drives off.  
Then he sneaks a quick kiss on Hazel's cheek. She shoots him a look. Gus throws up his hands.

**GUS**

Friendly.  
She playfully elbows him away.

**EXT CHURCH - ANOTHER DAY**

Hazel walks with Isaac out of Support Group.

**ISAAC**

Do you like him?

**HAZEL**

Of course I like him.

55.

**ISAAC**

But you don't want to hook up with  
him?  
Hazel doesn't know what she wants.

**HAZEL**

It's complicated.

**INT HAZEL'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Hazel is at her computer reading a new email from Lidewij  
Vliegthart. Clearly Hazel was not expecting this.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

"Dear Hazel, I have received word  
via the Genies that you will be  
visiting us with Augustus Waters  
and your mother beginning on the  
4th. A week away! Peter and I are  
delighted and cannot wait to --  
Hazel is confused. She stands and walks into the hallway.

**HAZEL**

Mom?  
No response.

**HAZEL**

Mom!

**(STILL NOTHING)**

**MOM!!!**

Frannie races out of her room in a towel, dripping wet.

**FRANNIE**

What is it, what's wrong?!

**HAZEL**

Sorry, I... I didn't know you were  
in the shower.

**FRANNIE**

**(EXHAUSTED)**

Bath. I was just... just trying to  
take a bath for five seconds.  
What's the matter?

**HAZEL**

Did you ever call the Genies to tell them the trip is off? I just got an email from Peter Van Houton's assistant. She still thinks we're coming. Frannie purses her lips and squints past Hazel. Clearly unsure what to say.

56.

**HAZEL**

What?  
Frannie can't keep a straight face.

**FRANNIE**

I'm not supposed to tell you until your father gets home.

**(BEAT)**

We're going to Amsterdam.

**HAZEL**

(still not believing)  
Really...

**FRANNIE**

Dr. Maria called last night and made a convincing case that you need to live --

**HAZEL**

**(YELLING)**

**I LOVE YOU SO MUCH!!**

Hazel can't move all that fast to hug her Mom so Frannie comes to her and they embrace. After:

**FRANNIE**

I'm getting back in the tub now.  
When she leaves Hazel grabs her cell phone. ANGLE ON IT.  
Hazel sends Gus the following text: "STILL FREE MAY 3? :-)"  
A moment later Gus responds: "EVERYTHING'S COMING UP

WATERS!"

Hazel is over the moon with excitement. She smiles, then tries to calm herself, knowing it's the best thing.

**HAZEL**

(whispering to her lungs)  
One week, lungs. Keep your shit  
together one more week...

**INT KITCHEN - ONE WEEK LATER**

medical  
Luggage waits by the door, including oxygen tanks and  
equipment. Frannie makes breakfast as Hazel enters, now  
dressed and excited for the trip.

**HAZEL**

Amsterdam!

**FRANNIE**

Amsterdam!  
And a moment later Michael joins them.

57.

**MICHAEL**

Amsterdam!  
They're all going crazy with excitement! CUT TO:

**EXT HOUSE - LATER**

goodbye.  
Michael finishes loading up the car. Kisses his wife  
He embraces Hazel. She hugs him back and of course he starts  
to cry.

**MICHAEL**

**(WHISPERING)**

I love you. I'm so proud of you.

**HAZEL**

at  
For what?  
Michael lets go of her and wipes away his tears. They look  
each other. Unable to help himself, he grabs her for another  
hug. Hazel lets him, laughing.

**INT / EXT CAR - LATER**

The car is packed with oxygen tanks, a suitcase for clothes,

etc. another for medicines and back-up medicines just in case

Frannie pulls up to Gus's house. They get out of the car and head to the front door, buzzing with excitement. As they get close, they can hear a commotion inside. A WOMAN'S VOICE yelling something unclear, followed by:

**GUS (O.S.)**

**BECAUSE IT'S MY LIFE, MOM. IT**

**BELONGS TO ME!**

Frannie immediately puts her arm around Hazel and quickly spins her back to the car.

**HAZEL**

Mom?

**FRANNIE**

We can't eavesdrop, Hazel. Back at the car, far out of earshot, they wait. Hazel unsure what that was about. Frannie politely honks the horn. A moment later Gus emerges from the house, smiling. A travel bag over his shoulder and a cigarette dangling from his

lips.

**GUS**

**(TO FRANNIE)**

Always a pleasure to see you ma'am.

**(BEAT)**

Hello, Hazel Grace.

58.

**HAZEL**

Ok...?

**GUS**

Ok.

**HAZEL**

Ok.

Frannie doesn't know what to make of any of that. She just says, when they stop and look at her:

**FRANNIE**

Amsterdam!

**EXT AIRPORT - ESTABLISHING**

and  
A SKYCAP helps Hazel, Gus and Frannie with all their bags  
equipment.

**INT AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER**

They wait in line for the security checkpoint. When it's  
Hazel's turn she unhooks the plastic nubbins from her nose.  
Gus places the oxygen tank on the conveyer belt.  
Hazel takes slow, careful steps through the metal detector.  
She seems determined to get through this without any help.  
But upon reaching the other side it's clear that even these  
few steps without oxygen were a struggle.  
Hazel holds on to the side of the conveyer belt to steady  
herself. As soon as her tank reappears she puts the cannula  
back in place. Still light-headed, Hazel closes her eyes and  
focuses on her breathing. She catches her mom looking at  
her,  
nervously.

**HAZEL**

(with some difficulty)  
Amsterdam!

**INT AIRPORT GATE - LATER**

Arriving at the Gate area they draw curious looks from the  
OTHER PASSENGERS: Hazel with her oxygen tank, Gus with his  
noticeable limp and Frannie helping with the equipment.  
A YOUNG COUPLE gets up so that Hazel and Gus can sit.

**HAZEL**

Oh that's not necessary.  
But they give up their seats anyway. Hazel and Gus take  
them.  
We see various Passengers watching. Hazel ignores the  
attention until a LITTLE GIRL (6, cute braids) appears.

59.

**LITTLE GIRL**

What's in your nose?

**HAZEL**

It's called a Cannula. These tubes

give me oxygen and help me breathe.  
The GIRL'S MOTHER swoops in, a little frantic.

**GIRL'S MOTHER**

Jackie... Oh, I'm sorry.

**HAZEL**

**(SINCERE)**

No, no. It's alright.

**LITTLE GIRL**

Would they help me breathe too?

**HAZEL**

I dunno. Wanna try?  
Hazel removes her cannula and let's the Little Girl try it.

**LITTLE GIRL**

Tickles.

**HAZEL**

Right?

**LITTLE GIRL**

I think I'm breathing better.

**HAZEL**

Well... I'd love to give you my  
cannula but... I kinda really need  
the help.  
The Little Girl nods, hands it back to Hazel, who quickly  
reattaches it.

**LITTLE GIRL**

Thanks for letting me try it.  
They smile at each other before the Little Girl walks back  
to  
her family. She waves. Hazel waves back.

**AIRPORT ANNOUNCEMENT (O.S.)**

We will now begin pre-boarding  
Flight 144 to Amsterdam. For those  
passengers in need of extra  
assistance...

**HAZEL**

I think that's us.

**INT AIRPLANE - MOMENTS LATER**

Hazel sits in the middle with Frannie on the aisle and Gus  
at the window. He looks around, antsy.

**HAZEL**

Have you never been on a plane  
before?

Gus shakes his head, he has not. And he's nervous. He pulls  
a cigarette out of his pocket and puts it in his mouth. Within  
seconds a FLIGHT ATTENDANT rushes over.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT**

Sir, you can't smoke on this plane.  
Or... any plane.

**GUS**

(cigarette in his mouth)  
I don't smoke.  
The Flight Attendant shoots him a look.

**HAZEL**

It's a metaphor. He puts the  
killing thing in his mouth but  
doesn't give it the power to kill  
him.

**FLIGHT ATTENDANT**

**(NO NONSENSE)**

That metaphor is prohibited on  
today's flight.  
Gus nods and puts the cigarette away.

**PA SYSTEM**

"Flight attendants, prepare for  
departure."  
The engines roar to life and the plane accelerates towards  
take off. Gus is getting more worried by the second. He  
grabs the arm rest, his eyes wide.

**HAZEL**

Ok?  
Gus doesn't say it back. Hazel laughs.

**HAZEL**

This is what it feels like to ride  
in a car with you.  
Gus grabs Hazel's hand as the plane lifts off. He looks out

the window - they're flying! - and then back to Hazel.

**GUS**

We're flying! Look!  
Hazel smiles at his enthusiasm.

61.

**GUS**

Holy -- look at that?! NOTHING HAS

**EVER LOOKED LIKE THAT EVER IN ALL**

**OF HUMAN HISTORY!**

over He's adorable at this moment. Hazel can't resist leaning  
to give him a kiss on the cheek.

**FRANNIE**

(not looking up from her

**MAGAZINE)**

Just so you know, I'm right here.  
Sitting next to you. Your mother.

**HAZEL**

We're just friends, Mom.

**GUS**

truth." She is. I'm not.  
Hazel shoots him a look. Gus shrugs - "what, it's the

Hazel Hazel just shakes her head. CUT TO:  
LATER. Mid-flight, the plane is dark, Frannie's asleep.

and Gus watch the same gory action movie. Actually, he  
watches the movie. She just watches him watch it. He watches  
it with gusto.

falling Hazel continues to watch him. Try as she might, she's  
in love. CUT TO:

SFX: the PLANE touching down. CUT TO:

**EXT/ INT AMSTERDAM HIGHWAY - TAXI CAB - MORNING**

Hazel, Gus, and Frannie ride in the back of a YELLOW CAB.

**CAB DRIVER**

Americans?

**FRANNIE**

We're from Indiana.

**CAB DRIVER**

Indiana. They steal from the  
Indians but they keep the name, yes?  
Hazel and Gus share a look.

**HAZEL**

Something like that.  
Meanwhile, the landscape outside is flat and dusty, with  
dirt  
tracks and the occasional concrete building. In other words,  
it looks more like Indianapolis than Holland.

**HAZEL**

(to the Driver)  
This is Amsterdam?

62.

**CAB DRIVER**

Yes and no. Amsterdam is like the  
rings of a tree. It gets older as  
you get closer to the center.  
Soon enough, the cab takes an off-ramp and turns a corner  
and  
suddenly, it's as if they're transported - not only to  
another universe but to another time as well.  
We see MULTI-COLORED ROW HOUSES lined on both sides of a  
windy CANAL. HOUSEBOATS float against the edges and everyone  
rides BICYCLES down cobblestone streets. They're astounded.

**INT HOTEL - LATER**

Gus helps Hazel and Frannie bring their stuff into the room.  
We see a WICKER BASKET of gifts - presents from the Genies -  
welcoming their arrival. Hazel, exhausted, sits on the bed.

**GUS**

I'll be right down the hall.  
Hazel nods, already drifting off to sleep. CUT TO:

**INT HOTEL ROOM - HOURS LATER**

Some time later. Hazel stirs. Her Mom is seated in a  
sagging,

paisley CHAIR across from the bed reading a TRAVEL GUIDE.

**HAZEL**

Good morning.

**FRANNIE**

Actually, it's five o'clock.

**HAZEL**

How was the park?

**FRANNIE**

Never made it.

**HAZEL**

Mom!

**FRANNIE**

What? I like watching you sleep.  
Hazel shoots Frannie a look. Even in an exotic city, her Mom still can't enjoy herself.

**FRANNIE**

I promise I'll do crazy Mom stuff tonight while you and Gus are at dinner.

**HAZEL**

What do you mean?

**63.**

**FRANNIE**

You have reservations at a place called Oranje. Mr. Van Houten set it up. Very fancy according to the Book. And romantic.

**HAZEL**

Mom...

**FRANNIE**

I'm just saying...

**HAZEL**

A 16 year old girl running free with an older boy on the streets of a foreign city famous for its vice and debauchery... is totally cool with you. Is that what you're

saying?

**FRANNIE**

(beat, excited)  
Let's get you dressed!  
Hazel just shakes her head. CUT TO:

**INT HOTEL ROOM - LATER**

Frannie opens the door to find Gus in a perfectly tailored BLACK SUIT, cigarette dangling from his mouth.

**FRANNIE**

(calling to the bathroom)  
Hazel! Gus is here.

**(TO GUS)**

Looking sharp.

**GUS**

Thank you ma'am.  
A few beats later Hazel emerges from the bathroom. She wears a knee-length, pale blue SUNDRESS. And she looks...

**GUS**

Wow.

**HAZEL**

I...

**(BEAT)**

Am I under-dressed?

**GUS**

You look gorgeous.  
Gus offers Hazel his arm. She takes it. They're ready to go.

**64.**

**INT/EXT AMSTERDAM - ON THE TRAM - LATER**

Hazel and Gus ride the crowded tram through the city. ELM TREES line the canals, their pale petals blowing into the wind like a spring snowstorm.  
An OLD COUPLE stands to give up their seats - this happens all the time. Hazel again tries to protest and again it

falls

on deaf ears. She and Gus sit. They look out the window onto the city. Excited. The night just beginning.

**EXT ORANJEE RESTAURANT - LATER**

At the edge of the canal, near an ancient bridge. Hazel and Gus are shown to a TABLE right next to the water.

**HOSTESS**

Your table, Mr. And Mrs. Waters.  
Gus pulls out Hazel's chair for her. A WAITER brings them a bottle of CHAMPAGNE as they sit.

**HOSTESS**

The champagne is our gift.  
Hazel and Gus look at each other. Is this a dream? The champagne is poured and Gus raises his glass.

**GUS**

Ok.  
Hazel raises hers.

**HAZEL**

Ok.  
They clink glasses and sip.

**HAZEL**

Wow that's good.

**WAITER**

Do you know what Dom Perignon said after he invented champagne?

**(BEAT)**

`Come quickly,' he said. `I am tasting the stars!'  
Hazel and Gus smile.

**WAITER**

Welcome to Oranje. Would you like a menu or will you have the chef's choice?  
Gus looks at Hazel. She shrugs.

**65.**

**GUS**

The chef's choice sounds lovely.  
(the Waiter nods)  
And can we get more of this?

**WAITER**

We have bottled all the stars for  
you this evening, my young friends.  
The Waiter leaves. Hazel and Gus look at each other.

**GUS**

Thank you for coming to Amsterdam.

**HAZEL**

Thank you for letting me hijack  
your wish.

**GUS**

Thank you for wearing that dress  
which is like whoa.  
Hazel shakes her head, trying not to smile but unable not  
to.  
The Waiter brings two more glasses of champagne and a plate:

**WAITER**

Belgian white asparagus with a  
lavender infusion.  
Hazel takes a bite.

**HAZEL**

Oh my god.

**GUS**

Yeah?  
Gus takes a bite.

**HAZEL**

I mean...

**GUS**

That is just...

**HAZEL**

There are no words.  
Meanwhile, down on the water a BOAT passes, filled with  
merry, drinking LOCALS. One of them raises a glass to them  
and says something in Dutch.

**GUS**

**(SHOUTING BACK)**

We don't speak Dutch!

**ANOTHER LOCAL**

She says, "the beautiful couple is  
beautiful!"

66.

Hazel and Gus smile. This night could not be going any better

so far. CUT TO:

LATER. Hazel and Gus enjoying their second courses.

**GUS**

I want this dragon carrot risotto to become a person so I can take it to Vegas and marry it.

Hazel leans back in her chair, in need of a breather.

**HAZEL**

I like your suit.

**GUS**

Thanks. First time wearing it.

**HAZEL**

That isn't the suit you wear to funerals?

**GUS**

Oh no. That one's not nearly this nice.

(off her look)

When I first found out I was sick - I mean, they told me I had like an 85% chance to be cancer-free. Great odds, sure. But that meant a year of torture, the loss of my leg, and still a 15% chance it might fail.

**(BEAT)**

So right before the surgery I asked my parents if I could buy a suit, like a really nice suit, just in case I didn't make it.

**HAZEL**

It's your death suit.

**GUS**

That's what it is.

**HAZEL**

I have one of those. Bought it for my 15th birthday. Don't think I'd wear it on a date, though.

**GUS**

Are we on a date?

**HAZEL**

(cocks her head)

Watch it.

Gus winks. CUT TO:

LATER. Dessert on the table. As they euphorically eat:

**67.**

**GUS**

God?

**HAZEL**

Maybe.

**GUS**

Angels?

**HAZEL**

Undecided.

**GUS**

Afterlife?

**HAZEL**

No. Well...

**(BEAT)**

Maybe I wouldn't go so far as to say no. I just... I'd like some evidence.

**(GUS NODS)**

What do you think?

**GUS**

Absolutely.

**HAZEL**

Really?

**GUS**

Oh for sure. I mean, not like a heaven where you ride unicorns, play harps, and live in a mansion made of clouds but, yeah, I believe in something.

Hazel is surprised.

**GUS**

Something becomes of us. It has to.  
Otherwise what's the point?

**HAZEL**

Maybe there is no point.

**GUS**

I refuse to accept that.

**(BEAT)**

I won't accept it.  
Hazel thinks about it. She appreciates his conviction but is still not sure she agrees. The hand they've been dealt too unfair. Hazel looks out at the water as she says:

**HAZEL**

I hope you're right.

**GUS**

I'm in love with you.

**68.**

That gets her attention.

**GUS**

You heard me.

**HAZEL**

**AUGUSTUS --**

**GUS**

I'm in love with you. And I know that love is just a shout into the void, and that oblivion is inevitable, and that we're all doomed and that there will come a day when all our labor has been returned to dust, and I know the sun will swallow the only earth we'll ever have, and I am in love with you.  
(shrugs, matter-of-fact)  
Sorry.  
At which point, the Waiter reappears.

**WAITER**

More stars?

Hazel is still too speechless to respond, her eyes fixed on Gus. Eventually Gus answers for them.

**GUS**

Just the check, please.

**WAITER**

No, sir.

**(BEAT)**

Your meal has been paid for by Mr.  
Van Houten.

Gus raises his eyebrows at Hazel. This Van Houten guy is something else.

**EXT AMSTERDAM CANALS - LATER**

Hazel and Gus on a park bench, his arm around her, looking out over the water. Seeds blow from the elm trees and the reflections of the city ripple in the water below them. Hazel leans into his body, just a little. They stay like that, savoring the best night of both of their lives. CUT

TO:

**EXT AMSTERDAM - HOTEL - ESTABLISHING**

A crisp Spring morning in Amsterdam. The buzz in the air outside is equalled by the buzz in:

**69.**

**INT HOTEL ROOM - SAME**

Where Hazel excitedly paces through the room.

**FRANNIE**

I really don't get that shirt.  
Hazel wears a screen print t-shirt of Magritte's "Ceci N'est Pas Une Pipe." (A painting of a pipe with words below that mean "This is not a pipe.")

**HAZEL**

Van Houten will get it. Trust me.  
There are like fifty Magritte references in "Imperial Affliction."

**FRANNIE**

**(READING)**

"This is not a pipe."

**HAZEL**

Exactly.

**FRANNIE**

But it is a pipe.

**HAZEL**

No it's not. It's a drawing of a pipe. See?

**(SHE DOESN'T)**

All representations of a thing are inherently abstract. A drawing of a thing is not the thing itself. Nor is a t-shirt of a drawing of a thing the thing itself.

Frannie is still at a loss but she's impressed.

**FRANNIE**

When did you get so grown up? I feel like it was yesterday I was telling 8-year old Hazel why the sky was blue. You thought I was a genius back then.

**HAZEL**

Why is the sky blue?

**FRANNIE**

**(BEAT)**

Because I say so.

A knock on the door. Gus pokes his head in.

**GUS**

Who's ready for some answers!

70.

**EXT. VONDELSTRAAT ROW HOUSES - LATER**

Gus and Hazel stand outside Van Houten's white house.

**HAZEL**

I'm so excited I can barely breathe.

**GUS**

As opposed to other days...?  
She playfully hits him. He takes her arm, picks up the  
oxygen tank, and up they go towards his front door.  
As they approach, there's a noticeable NOISE coming from  
inside the house. It's the deep thump of a BASS BEAT. Loud.  
Like, obnoxiously loud.  
Hazel grabs the brass ornament and knocks. They wait.  
There's no response.

**GUS**

Maybe he can't hear over the music?  
Gus tries again, this time with more force. Still nothing.  
He tries a third time. Finally, the music stops. They wait.  
Still excited.  
A moment later the door swings open.  
It's a MAN IN PAJAMAS (60s), with a huge potbelly, thinning  
hair, and a week-old beard. All he says is:

**MAN IN PAJAMAS**

What?!  
Gus and Hazel look to one another. Could it be?

**GUS**

Mr. Van Houten?  
At which point, the Pajama Man slams the door in their  
faces.  
Hazel and Gus are too stunned to react. Through the closed  
door, they hear this:

**MAN IN PAJAMAS (O.S.)**

**(SHOUTING)**

**LEEE-DUH-VIGH!**

**WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)**

Are they here, Peter?  
So it is PETER VAN HOUTEN. Gus and Hazel can't believe it.

**MAN IN PAJAMAS (O.S.)**

There are two --

**(BEAT)**

Who the hell's "they?"

**WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)**

They are Augustus and Hazel, the young fans with whom you've been corresponding.

will

Gus and Hazel smile at hearing their names. Perhaps this help things take a turn for the better.

**MAN IN PAJAMAS (O.S.)**

The Americans?

**WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)**

You invited them, remember?

**MAN IN PAJAMAS (O.S.)**

You know why I left America, Lidewij? To never have to encounter Americans. Get rid of them.

Hazel and Gus can't believe it. This is terrible!

**WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)**

I will not do this Peter. Be nice.

At which point, the door opens - opened by the Woman whose voice they'd been hearing - Van Houten's assistant LIDEWIJ (30s, Dutch, pretty in a bookish way). She virtually shoves Van Houten towards a stunned Gus and Hazel.

And they are again face-to-face with Van Houten. One beat, two beats. No one knows what to say. Finally:

**VAN HOUTEN**

Which of you is Augustus Waters?

Gus raises his hand tentatively.

Van Houten sizes them up. Without another word, he turns and walks inside - at least this time, leaving the door ajar.

**LIDEWIJ**

Please. I am sorry. Come in.

Hazel and Gus share one more awkward glance before Gus takes a step. Hazel follows. They walk:

**INT VAN HOUTEN'S HOME - SAME**

Lidewij leads Gus and Hazel into a living room so sterile it's creepy. The walls are empty and white, there's a single couch, a small ottoman, and a single lounge chair. That's

it.

Van Houten sits in the chair.

Off to the side are two large black garbage bags, full and twist-tied.

**HAZEL**

Trash?

72.

**LIDEWIJ**

Fan mail. 18 years worth. He never opens it.

Van Houten kicks his feet up on the ottoman and crosses his slippers. He motions for them to sit on the couch.

**VAN HOUTEN**

Yours are the first missives to which I've replied and look where that got me.

Hazel and Gus take their seats.

**VAN HOUTEN**

Scotch?

**HAZEL**

Um, no thanks.

**VAN HOUTEN**

Augustus Waters?

**GUS**

It's 11am.

**VAN HOUTEN**

Just me then, Lidewij. Scotch and soda.

**LIDEWIJ**

Perhaps some breakfast first Peter?

**VAN HOUTEN**

She thinks I have a drinking problem.

**LIDEWIJ**

I also think the Earth is round. Nevertheless, Lidewij pours Peter half a glass and hands it to him. He takes a sip, then sits up straight.

**VAN HOUTEN**

So you like my book.

**HAZEL**

Yes. We - well, Augustus, he made

meeting you his Wish so that we  
could come here and talk to you.  
Van Houten says nothing. Takes a long pull on his drink.

**VAN HOUTEN**

Did you dress like her on purpose?

**HAZEL**

(looks at her shirt)  
Kinda.

**73.**

Van Houten says nothing to that.

**VAN HOUTEN**

I do not have a drinking problem. I  
have a Churchillian relationship  
with alcohol: I can crack jokes and  
govern England and do anything I  
want to do. Except not drink.  
He glances over at Lidewij, who dutifully refills his glass.

**GUS**

Incidentally, thank you for dinner  
last night.

**VAN HOUTEN**

**(TO LIDEWIJ)**

We bought them dinner last night?

**LIDEWIJ**

It was our pleasure.

**VAN HOUTEN**

**(SIGHS)**

You've come a long way so... what  
is it I can do for you?

**HAZEL**

We have some questions --

**VAN HOUTEN**

Uh-huh...

**HAZEL**

About what happens, you know...  
after... the end of your book.  
Specifically to those who Anna

leaves behind. Like her Mom, the  
Dutch Tulip Man, Sisy --

**VAN HOUTEN**

**(INTERRUPTING)**

How familiar are you with Swedish  
hip-hop?  
Hazel looks at Gus. Is he kidding?

**HAZEL**

I would say... limited?

**VAN HOUTEN**

But presumably you know Afasi Och  
Filthy's seminal album "Flacken."

**GUS**

Um...

**VAN HOUTEN**

Lidewij! Play 'Bomfalleralla'  
immediately.

**74.**

Lidewij sighs but she does as she's told. A few seconds  
later, some loud Swedish rap song blasts from the speakers.  
Hazel and Gus sit through this, totally baffled.

**HAZEL**

(yelling over the music)  
I'm sorry, sir. We don't speak  
Swedish.

**VAN HOUTEN**

**(YELLING)**

Who the hell speaks Swedish? The  
important thing is not what  
nonsense the voices are saying, but  
what the voices are feeling.  
The song continues another awkward ten seconds or so before  
Gus has enough. He gets up and turns off the music.

**GUS**

Are you messing with us?

**VAN HOUTEN**

Pardon?

**GUS**

Is this some kind of performance?

**VAN HOUTEN**

Rudolf Otto said that if you had not encountered the numinous then his work was not for you. And I say to you, my friends, if you cannot hear Afasi Och Filthy's bravadic response to fearfulness, then my work is not for you.

Hazel is really getting worried at this point. They came all this way for this?

**HAZEL**

So anyway... when the book ends, Anna's mom --

**VAN HOUTEN**

(raising a hand to silence

**HER)**

Let us imagine that you are racing a tortoise.

Hazel and Gus fidget in their seats. Lidewij frowns, clearly feeling bad for them. Van Houten continues.

**VAN HOUTEN**

The tortoise has a ten yard head start. In the time it takes you to run ten yards, the tortoise has moved maybe one yard. And so on, forever.

**(MORE)**

75.

**VAN HOUTEN (CONT'D)**

You are faster than the tortoise but you can never catch him, you see, you can only decrease his lead. Now certainly you can run past the tortoise as long as you don't contemplate the mechanics involved but the question of how turns out to be so complicated that no one really solved it until Cantor's proof that some infinities are bigger than other infinities. Hazel and Gus have no idea how to respond.

**VAN HOUTEN**

I assume that answers your questions.

**GUS**

**(TO HAZEL)**

I don't know what's going on.

**VAN HOUTEN**

And yet you seemed so intelligent in print, Mr. Waters.

(under his breath)

Must be all that cancer in your brain.

**LIDEWIJ**

Peter!

Gus could throw a punch right now. Hazel tries to calm the situation.

**HAZEL**

Can we please, maybe, talk about Anna for a sec? I mean, I understand that the story ends mid-sentence because she dies or she becomes too sick to continue --

**VAN HOUTEN**

I'm not interested in talking about that book.

**HAZEL**

- but that doesn't mean her family and everyone she loves doesn't have a future, right?

**VAN HOUTEN**

I said I'm not interested --

**HAZEL**

**(GETTING UPSET)**

But you promised!

**(CALMS HERSELF)**

**(MORE)**

76.

**HAZEL (CONT'D)**

Mr. Van Houten, you said you would tell us what happens and that's why we're here. We... I need you tell me. Surely you've thought about it. I mean, as characters --

**VAN HOUTEN**

Nothing happens to them! They're fictions. They cease to exist the moment the novel is over. This is not what Hazel came all this way to hear. She won't accept it.

**HAZEL**

They can't!  
(again, has to calm

**HERSELF)**

I mean, I understand. In a literary sense. But it's impossible NOT to imagine some future --

**VAN HOUTEN**

I can't do this. Lidewij, get rid of them, please.  
(Lidewij doesn't move, he turns back to Hazel)  
I won't indulge your childish whims. I refuse to pity you in the manner in which you're accustomed.

**HAZEL**

I don't want your pity --

**VAN HOUTEN**

Of course you do. Like all sick kids, your existence depends on it.

**LIDEWIJ**

Peter!

**VAN HOUTEN**

(on a roll)  
You are fated to live out your days as the child you were when diagnosed, the child who believes there is life after a novel ends. And we, as adults, we pity this, so we pay for your treatments, for your oxygen machines. We give you food and water though you are unlikely to live long enough --

**LIDEWIJ**

**PETER!**

**VAN HOUTEN**

You are a side effect of an evolutionary process that cares little for individual lives.

**(MORE)**

**77.**

**VAN HOUTEN (CONT'D)**

You are a failed experiment in mutation.

**LIDEWIJ**

**I RESIGN!**

Lidewij has tears in her eyes. Gus has balled his fists. But not Hazel. Van Houten's words have not phased her one bit. She rises from the couch.

**HAZEL**

Hey listen douchepants. You're not gonna tell me anything I don't already know about illness. I need one thing and one thing only from you before I walk out of your life and that's for you to tell me what happens to your goddman characters!

**VAN HOUTEN**

**(BEAT)**

I cannot tell you.

**HAZEL**

Bullshit!

**VAN HOUTEN**

I cannot --  
Van Houten goes to take a drink but...

**HAZEL**

Make something up.  
... Hazel smacks it right the fuck out of his hands, surprising everyone.  
After a beat:

**VAN HOUTEN**

Lidewij. I'll have a martini  
please.

**LIDEWIJ**

I have resigned.

**VAN HOUTEN**

Oh don't be ridiculous.  
No one moves. Van Houten realizes he's alone in this.

**VAN HOUTEN**

I'd like you to leave now.

**HAZEL**

You're really not gonna tell us?

**VAN HOUTEN**

I would like you... to leave.

**78.**

Hazel is furious. Gus stands next to her, touches her arm is  
if to say "come on, enough of this guy." CUT TO:

**EXT VAN HOUTEN'S HOUSE - SAME**

Gus and Hazel come out of the house, practically shaking. As  
they get to the street, Van Houten has one more thing to  
say.

**VAN HOUTEN**

Have you ever stopped to ask why  
you care so much about your silly  
questions?  
A beat.

**HAZEL**

Go fuck yourself.  
Van Houten doesn't have a response to that. He just shuts  
the  
door. And when he does, that's when Hazel gets emotional.

**GUS**

Hey. It's ok. It's ok...  
(beat, an idea)  
I'll write you a sequel.  
(she cries harder)  
I will. Better than any shit that  
drunk could write. With blood and

guts and sacrifice. You'll love it.  
Hazel nods, then wipes away tears. She fakes a smile and Gus gives her a hug. Afterwards:

**HAZEL**

I spent your Wish on that asshole.

**GUS**

You did not spend it on him. You spent it on us.  
They embrace once more.

**HAZEL**

I wanted...

**GUS**

I know... I know. Apparently the world is not a wish-granting factory.  
This gets a real smile from Hazel. That's when Lidewij comes outside. Clearly she's been crying too.

**LIDEWIJ**

I'm so sorry. Circumstance has made him cruel. I thought meeting you would help him, if he would see that his work has shaped real lives, but... I'm very sorry.

**79.**

Hazel says nothing. Gus holds her in a very protective way.

**LIDEWIJ**

Perhaps we can do some sightseeing.  
Have you seen the Anne Frank House?

**GUS**

I'm not going anywhere with that monster.

**LIDEWIJ**

He is not invited.

**EXT ANNE FRANK HOUSE - LATER**

Lidewij walks back from the ticket kiosk with more bad news.

**LIDEWIJ**

I'm afraid there's no elevator.

**HAZEL**

Oh, um, that's alright.

**LIDEWIJ**

No, there are many stairs. Steep stairs.

**HAZEL**

I can do it.

**GUS**

**HAZEL --**

**HAZEL**

I can do it!

Hazel is not going to stand for any more disappointments today. They are going inside. CUT TO:

**INT ANNE FRANK HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER**

A VIDEO plays on a MONITOR showing the Nazi invasion of Holland. Hazel and Gus stand with Lidewij in a pack of BACKPACKERS and TRAVELERS about to take the tour. Many of them begin to walk up the first flight of stairs.

**LIDEWIJ**

Shall we?

Hazel nods. Both Hazel and Gus walk slowly up the stairs. So far so good. They find themselves in an office space.

**LIDEWIJ**

This is the bookcase that hid the Frank family and four others. The BOOKCASE is half open. Behind it is an even steeper set of stairs, only wide enough for one person at a time.

**80.**

Some of the Travelers begin to walk up the stairs. Gus looks at Hazel - are you sure we should continue? She begins the climb, determined. Lidewij trails behind, carrying her

oxygen

tank.

Hazel moves very slowly. We are aware of her labored breathing the entire time.

ANGLE ON OTHER TOURISTS, watching and quietly commenting. Just like at the airport, except now in foreign languages. Hazel arrives on the NEXT FLOOR - an empty room. She's

definitely starting to struggle. She leans against the wall to catch her breath. Gus comes to her side, wipes her brow.

**GUS**

You're a champion.  
Hazel smiles. When she's feeling up to it they walk into the next room, also empty. And another staircase, even more narrow and steep - practically a ladder. When Gus sees this he looks at Hazel:

**GUS**

That's enough --

**HAZEL**

**(RESOLUTE)**

I'm ok.  
Hazel very slowly begins the climb. Again we're aware of her every breath. It's dark. And it's becoming very difficult. Near the top Hazel stumbles but is finally able to pull herself through.  
Once there, she falls to the floor, slumping against the wall, trying to catch her breath. Gus crouches next to her.

**GUS**

We're at the top. That's it.  
Hazel becomes aware that TOURISTS look at her with concern. She smiles, stands up, nothing to see here.  
And now they're in the final room - a long, narrow hallway. This is where Anne Frank and 7 other people lived in hiding for as long as they could. There's a TIME LINE detailing their story.

**LIDEWIJ**

The only member of the whole family to survive was Otto, Anne's father.  
Gus takes Hazel's hand.

**LIDEWIJ**

I don't know how you go on, without your family.

**81.**

Lidewij stays behind to study part of the exhibit. Gus leads Hazel into the room at the end of the hallway where a VIDEO details the last days of Anne Frank's life. Over it, we hear a YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE reading from the diary.  
The Travelers stand to watch and listen. Gus and Hazel do

the

same. The room is dark.

**GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)**

"At such moment's, I don't think  
about the misery..."

Gus and Hazel stand very closely together. The video is the  
cherry on top of a very emotional day. Hazel watches it.

**GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)**

"...but about the beauty that still  
remains."

Gus, meanwhile, is just watching Hazel, the same way she  
watched him on the airplane. After a beat, she catches him.  
Their eyes meet. The emotions build...

**GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)**

"Try to recapture the happiness  
within yourself. Think of all the  
beauty in everything around you...  
and be happy."

me- And Hazel KISSES Gus. A most passionate, intense, you-and-

against-the-world kind of kiss, better than any they've  
experienced or could even imagine. It seems to last for a  
small eternity.

quickly Eventually, they break away and open their eyes. They

second, notice all the Travelers staring at them. For a brief

the they wonder if that was a very inappropriate thing to do...  
When suddenly everyone starts clapping for them, moved by

blushes, whole thing. One EUROPEAN even shouts "bravo!" Hazel

Gus smiles, bows, he grabs her hand. CUT TO:

**INT GUS'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER**

They fall onto Gus's bed, kissing. Hazel is very in the  
moment and now it's Gus who seems nervous. As they kiss:

**GUS**

It's above my knee.  
She ignores him, more kissing. She takes off his shirt.

**GUS**

It tapers a little and then it's  
just skin --

**HAZEL**

What?

82.

Hazel pulls away from him.

**GUS**

My leg.

**(BEAT)**

Just so you're prepared --

**HAZEL**

Oh get over yourself.

Hazel kisses him again. Now he tries to pull her shirt off but it gets tangled in with her oxygen tube. He can't figure it out. Eventually the whole thing is hilarious to them.

They

shake their heads - laughing - certainly not your typical Hollywood movie moment. And yet, for them:

**HAZEL**

I love you, Augustus Waters.

**GUS**

I love you too, Hazel Grace.  
They resume kissing. And we CUT TO:

**INT HOTEL ROOM - MORNING**

Gus wakes up in the bed. He looks around for Hazel but she isn't there. On the bed is a piece of paper. A note.

It reads: "Dearest Augustus..."

Beneath that is a BIG CIRCLE, labeled "Virgins." And in that circle is a SMALLER SECOND CIRCLE labeled "17 year old dudes with one leg." We'll notice part of that circle is now outside the bigger circle. Gus flashes that signature smile.

**EXT CAFE - DAY**

Hazel and Gus sit with Frannie drinking coffee in the sun at an outdoor cafe. They're re-enacting yesterday's events.

**HAZEL**

"Get up you fat bastard."

**GUS**

"I can't stand up, I'm too drunk."

**HAZEL**

I said "get up."

**GUS**

"Standing is for fools!"

**HAZEL**

God, what an asshole.  
They both giggle at the whole thing.

**83.**

**HAZEL**

It was awful, Mom. You can't  
imagine.

**FRANNIE**

And then what happened?

**HAZEL**

Then we went to the Anne Frank  
museum.

**FRANNIE**

And after that?  
A quick glance between Hazel and Gus.

**HAZEL**

We just... walked around.  
Hazel and Gus smile, thoroughly in love but trying to keep  
it in check in front of her Mother.

**FRANNIE**

Sounds lovely.  
A few beats later.

**FRANNIE**

Listen... I'm gonna stretch my legs  
a little. Give the two of you some  
time to talk.

**HAZEL**

**(THAT'S WEIRD)**

Um... ok...  
As she stands up to leave, Hazel thinks she catches Gus and  
Frannie making eye contact for a brief second. Once Frannie  
has left them:

**HAZEL**

That was weird.

Gus doesn't respond except to say:

**GUS**

Shall we?

**EXT AMSTERDAM STREET - LATER**

They start to walk. Gus takes a cigarette out of his pack, sticks it between his lips. Hazel notices he's struggling with something.

**HAZEL**

Augustus?

**84.**

**GUS**

There's something I have to tell you...  
They walk in silence a few beats.

**GUS**

Just before you went into the hospital... There was this... I felt this... ache in my hip.  
Hazel grabs onto his arm, a lump already forming.

**HAZEL**

Oh no...  
Gus takes the cigarette out of his mouth, clenches his teeth tightly, trying not to cry.

**GUS**

I had a PET scan.  
Gus sits down on a BENCH. Looks up at her. Tries to smile. Before he even says it, she knows.

**GUS**

It lit up like a Christmas tree,  
Hazel...

**HAZEL**

Oh god.

**GUS**

The lining of my chest, my liver...  
everywhere.

**HAZEL**

Oh my god no!  
Hazel loses it in that moment, falling on top of him,  
hugging him for dear life, her head in his lap.

**HAZEL**

I'm so sorry, Augustus. I'm so so

**SORRY --**

**GUS**

I'm sorry too --

**HAZEL**

It's so unfair --

**GUS**

I should have told you --

**HAZEL**

It's so fucking unfair!  
A beat. Gus still trying not to cry.

**85.**

**GUS**

Apparently the world is... not a  
wish-granting factory.  
And at that point, Gus lets it go, lets himself cry and be  
sad and feel awful.  
But just for a second. Then he shakes it off, pulls Hazel's  
face up to his, tries again to smile through the tears.

**GUS**

Don't you worry about me, Hazel  
Grace. I'll find a way to hang  
around and annoy you for a long  
time.  
She hugs him, perhaps a little too tightly. He winces.

**HAZEL**

Does it hurt?

**GUS**

It's ok.

**(BEAT)**

I'm ok.

**HAZEL**

Ok.

**GUS**

Ok.

But of course it's not ok. Not by a mile.  
Hazel takes a moment to look at him, touches his cheek.

**GUS**

What?

**HAZEL**

I'm just... I'm very fond of you.  
He grabs her hand and holds it.

**GUS**

I don't suppose you can forget  
about it, treat me like I'm not  
dying.

**HAZEL**

I don't think you're dying,  
Augustus. You've just got a touch  
of cancer.  
Gus nods. Squeezes her hand.

**GUS**

Would it be absolutely ludicrous to  
make out right now?

**86.**

Hazel doesn't answer. She just kisses him, hard. And on the  
two of them, so in love, we CUT TO:

**INT AIRPLANE - LATER**

Hazel lays on Gus's shoulder as he stares out the window,  
leaving Amsterdam behind.

**INT INDIANAPOLIS AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY**

As they ride down the escalator, Hazel sees Michael standing  
amongst the livery drivers. He holds a sign that says -  
instead of someone's last name - "My Beautiful Family (and  
Gus)."

Upon seeing them, he immediately starts to cry of course. He  
kisses his wife, gives Hazel a big hug. Gus goes to shake

his

hand but Michael hugs him as well. CUT TO:

**INT HAZEL'S LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT**

Hazel sits with her father on the couch.

**HAZEL**

Gus had a recurrence.

**MICHAEL**

**(NODS)**

Mrs. Waters told us the night  
before you left.

**(BEAT)**

I'm sorry Hazel.  
They sit for a beat. Tears form in Michael's eyes.

**HAZEL**

You're not gonna say it?

**MICHAEL**

What's that?

**HAZEL**

The usual. "Everything happens for  
a reason..."  
Michael shakes his head.

**MICHAEL**

I don't know, Haze.

**(BEAT)**

I always thought being an adult  
meant knowing what you believe...

**(BEAT)**

... that has not been my  
experience.  
Hazel understands exactly. CUT TO:

**87.**

**INT GUS'S BASEMENT BEDROOM - DAY**

through  
Gus lays in bed, eyes open, a PICC line now being fed  
a port in his chest. Chemotherapy at work.  
Hazel and Isaac are keeping him company.

**HAZEL**

How are your eyes?

**ISAAC**

Great. Wonderful. I mean, they're not in my head is the only problem.

**GUS**

I hate to one-up you but... seems my entire body is made out of cancer now, so...

Isaac nods. Tries not to get emotional but it's happening.

He

goes to touch Gus's arm and accidentally touches his thigh.

**GUS**

Whoa, I'm taken.  
Isaac laughs.

**ISAAC**

(to Hazel, re: Gus)  
Did you write his eulogy yet?  
Hazel is confused.

**GUS**

Dude.

**ISAAC**

What?

**GUS**

I haven't asked her.

**ISAAC**

Oh.

**(BEAT)**

Oops.

**HAZEL**

What are you talking about?

**ISAAC**

My bad.

**HAZEL**

**(STILL CONFUSED)**

Augustus?  
Gus looks at her, grows a little serious.

**88.**

**GUS**

I need speakers at my funeral. I thought maybe you and Isaac... but especially you --

**ISAAC**

Hey!

**GUS**

Would you be kind enough to whip something up?

**HAZEL**

(touches his hand)  
It would be an honor.  
They hold holds.

**ISAAC**

You guys are adorable.  
Hazel play slaps Isaac on the arm.

**HAZEL**

How's your love life? Anything from Monica?

**ISAAC**

Not a word.

**HAZEL**

She hasn't even like, texted to ask how you're doing?  
He shakes his head. Gus gets an angry look on his face.

**HAZEL**

That is so messed up!

**ISAAC**

I've stopped thinking about it.  
Moving on. There's a new girl in Support Group with these humongous -  
Isaac gestures to his chest. Hazel is confused.

**HAZEL**

How do you even know that?

**ISAAC**

I'm blind but I'm not that blind.

**GUS**

Hazel Grace!  
They turn to him.

**GUS**

Do you happen to have four dollars?

**89.**

No one knows what that means. CUT TO:

**INT HAZEL'S CAR - LATER**

Gus is in the passenger's seat. Isaac sits in the back.

Hazel

returns to the car. With a CARTON OF EGGS.

**HAZEL**

Ok now what?  
Gus smiles. CUT TO:

**EXT SUBURBAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

Hazel, Gus, and Isaac lean against Hazel's car staring something down.

**ISAAC**

Is it there?

**GUS**

Oh it's there.  
REVEAL they're looking at Monica's green Firebird.

**ISAAC**

She's in the house?

**GUS**

Who cares where she is? This is not about her. This is about you.  
(sticks out his hand)  
Hazel...  
Hazel nods, opens the egg carton, hands Gus an egg. Gus puts it in Isaac's hands. Positions Isaac - who, of course, can't see a thing - towards the Firebird.  
Isaac winds up and tosses the EGG.  
It misses the car by a mile. After a beat:

**ISAAC**

I didn't hear anything.

**GUS**

A little to the left.

**ISAAC**

My throw was to the left or I should aim to the left?

**GUS**

Aim left.  
Isaac turns his shoulders.

**90.**

**GUS**

Lifter.  
Isaac turns some more.

**GUS**

Yes! Excellent! And throw hard.  
Gus hands him a SECOND EGG. Isaac winds up and hurls it - missing the car again but hitting the HOUSE.

**GUS**

Bullseye!

**ISAAC**

Really?

**GUS**

No you missed it by like 20 feet.  
(hands him a THIRD)  
Try one more time.  
Isaac hurls it, this time smashing the car's taillight.  
Isaac's face lights up.

**HAZEL**

Woo hoo!  
Isaac grabs for ANOTHER EGG. Throws it. Then ANOTHER. He's a throwing machine. Most of them miss but at least he's enjoying himself. Finally there's a DIRECT HIT on the car door, triggering the alarm. Isaac pauses.

**GUS**

Keep throwing, keep throwing!  
Isaac does. Gus smiles, putting an unlit cigarette in his mouth. Hazel watches him, enjoying this moment.  
Eventually, MONICA'S MOM opens the front door and comes out.

**MONICA'S MOM**

What in God's name --

Seeing Hazel, Gus, and Isaac, she stops in her tracks.

**GUS**

Are you Monica's mom?

**MONICA'S MOM**

**(CONFUSED)**

I am.

**GUS**

Hello ma'am. Your daughter has done an injustice and we've come here seeking revenge. We may not look like much. Between the three of us, we have five legs, four eyes, and two and a half working lungs.

**(MORE)**

91.

**GUS (CONT'D)**

But we also have two dozen eggs. So if I was you, I would go back inside.

Monica's Mom is very confused. A beat. Without another word, she turns and goes back inside. The three of them celebrate. As Isaac picks up where he left off, Hazel gently kisses Gus on the cheek. And over we hear:

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

A few days later, Gus landed in the hospital with chest pains.

**INT HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY**

Hazel bounds in to find Mrs. Waters in the waiting room. She stands to hug Hazel. They both sit down.

**HAZEL**

How's he doing?

**MRS. WATERS**

He's had a tough night, Hazel. His blood pressure's low. His heart -- Mrs. Waters starts to cry.

**HAZEL**

What about the chemo?

**MRS. WATERS**

(shakes her head)

They're gonna stop the chemo.  
They both know what that means. Mrs. Waters gathers herself.

**HAZEL**

Can I see him?

**MRS. WATERS**

**(BEAT)**

We have to be a family now.  
Hazel nods. She understands.

**MRS. WATERS**

We'll tell him you were here.

**HAZEL**

If you don't mind, I'll just hang  
for a while.

heavy  
chair

Mrs. Waters nods, hugs her again, walks out through the  
doors towards Gus's room. Hazel sits in the chair. Same  
Gus sat in while waiting for her. They've switched places.

92.

**EXT INDIANAPOLIS MUSEUM OF ART - DAY**

spot

Hazel pushes Gus, now confined to a WHEELCHAIR, to their

on the hill overlooking "Funky Bones." A second picnic, this  
time with champagne. Hazel pours some for them both into  
little Winnie the Pooh cups. She's trying to be upbeat - but  
it's difficult. Gus watches the kids play on the bones.

**HAZEL**

What are you thinking about?

**GUS**

Oblivion.

**HAZEL**

Augustus...

**GUS**

I know it's kid's stuff but... I  
always thought I'd have a grand  
story to tell, you know? Something  
that would run in all the papers. I

always thought I was special.

**HAZEL**

You are.

**GUS**

Yeah but... you know what I mean.  
Hazel, annoyed finishes her cup, tosses it to the side. Gus  
can tell he's said something wrong.

**GUS**

What?

**HAZEL**

I do know what you mean, I just...  
I don't agree.  
Hazel stands up, anger building.

**HAZEL**

This obsession with being

**REMEMBERED --**

**GUS**

Don't get mad --

**HAZEL**

But I am mad!

**(BEAT)**

I think you're special, is that not  
enough?

**GUS**

**HAZEL --**

93.

**HAZEL**

You think the only way to live a  
meaningful life is for everyone to  
love you, for everyone to remember  
you. Well guess what, Gus, this is  
your life. This is all you get. You  
get me, and your family, and this  
world. And if that's not enough,  
well I'm sorry, but it's not  
nothing. Cause I'll remember you,  
I'll love you --

**GUS**

You're right --

**HAZEL**

And I just wish... I just wish  
you'd be happy with that.

**GUS**

You're right. I'm sorry.  
(pulling her back down)  
I'm sorry.

Gus hands Hazel another Winnie the Pooh cup. Raises his to  
hers in a toast.

**GUS**

It's a good life, Hazel Grace.  
She softens. They toast.

**HAZEL**

It's not over yet, you know.  
Gus nods. Of course it isn't. And yet they both know there  
isn't much time. CUT TO:

**INT HAZEL'S BEDROOM - ANOTHER NIGHT**

Hazel is asleep. Suddenly, her phone buzzes. She looks at it

"Gus" - then she looks at the clock - 2:35am. A pit grows in  
her stomach. A quick panicked beat before she answers:

**HAZEL**

Hello?

**GUS (O.S.)**

**(WEAKLY)**

Hazel Grace.

**HAZEL**

**(RELIEVED)**

Oh, thank God. Hi. Hi, I love you!

**GUS (O.S.)**

I'm at the gas station --

**HAZEL**

What?

**GUS (O.S.)**

Something's wrong. You gotta...  
please come help me.

**INT/ EXT HAZEL'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Hazel drives like a maniac down the street, eventually finding herself at the Speedway gas station. Gus's car is alone in the parking lot and she pulls up next to it. She gets out of her car, opens his driver's side door, and finds him sitting there, his shirt stained with vomit and blood. She gags from the smell.

**GUS**

**(MUMBLING)**

Hi.  
Hazel looks down at his hands which are pressed tightly to his belly. She sees something is leaking from the TUBE sticking out of it.

**HAZEL**

**(PANICKED)**

Oh, God, Augustus, I'm calling 911.

**GUS**

No! Please! Hazel, listen to me. Do not call 911 or my parents -- I'll never forgive you -- Don't, please. Gus starts to cry.

**GUS**

Please just look at it.  
Hazel lifts up his shirt. His ABDOMEN is bright red.

**HAZEL**

I think it's infected...  
Hazel feels his forehead, he's burning up.

**HAZEL**

Gus, what the -- why are you here?  
Why aren't you home?  
Gus throws up. He doesn't even have the energy to turn his mouth away from his lap.

**HAZEL**

Oh, sweetie...

**GUS**

I wanted to buy some cigarettes. I lost my pack. Or they took it.

**(MORE)**

95.

**GUS (CONT'D)**

I don't know. They said they'd get me another one but I wanted... to do it myself. Do one little thing myself.  
Hazel doesn't know what to do.

**HAZEL**

I can't fix this. I have to call someone. I'm sorry.

**GUS**

No, Hazel, please!  
But she must. She gets out her cell phone and dials. At  
point, Gus really loses it, weeping like the poisoned, dying  
teenage boy that he is. As Hazel dials, we hear:

which

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

I wish I could say Augustus Waters kept his sense of humor till the end, did not for a moment waiver in his courage and his spirit soared like an eagle to the sky...

**GUS**

(to himself, shaking)  
I hate myself I hate myself I hate this I hate this...

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

...but that is not what happened.  
LATER. An EMT loads Gus into the back of an AMBULANCE. Hazel is allowed to ride with him in the back. As the car starts moving, Gus grabs her hand.

**GUS**

Read me something.

**HAZEL**

Read you something?

**GUS**

Do you know any poems?

**HAZEL**

I know one.

**GUS**

Read it to me.

**HAZEL**

"The Red Wheelbarrow" by William  
Carlos Williams.  
(beat, tries to remember)  
"So much depends / upon / a red  
wheel / barrow / glazed with rain /  
water / beside the white /  
chickens."

96.

**GUS**

**(BEAT)**

Is that it?  
That is it. But there's another ten minutes of driving to  
do.  
Hazel thinks fast.

**HAZEL**

No of course not. Um... what  
else...

**(THINKS)**

so much depends/ upon a blue sky/  
cut open by the branches/ of the  
trees./ So much depends/ on the  
transparent G-tube/ erupting from  
the belly/ of the blue-lipped boy.  
Gus smiles, weakly, barely conscious. Hazel cradles his head  
in her arms. And continues...

**HAZEL**

So much depends upon this observer/  
of the universe...  
As Gus is drifting off to sleep, WE HEAR:

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

One of the less bull-shitty  
conventions of the cancer genre is

the convention known as the "Last  
Good Day..."

**EXT GUS'S HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY**

but Gus comes home from the hospital. He does not look good -  
he lives. Hazel is there to help get him inside.

**INT GUS'S HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY**

Gus no longer sleeps in his basement. Nor does he sleep in his own bed. He sleeps in a HOSPITAL BED set up in a guest room. Hazel is with him. They're watching sports on TV.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

This is where the victim of cancer finds himself unexpectedly with some hours...

**EXT GUS'S BACKYARD PORCH - ANOTHER DAY**

Hazel and Gus getting some fresh air. She sits there reading a book. Gus just sits there. His eyes staring off into nothing. Hazel waves to him. Gus looks over, as if waking from a dream. She manages a smile. He manages one back.

97.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

... when it seems like the inexorable decline has suddenly plateaued, when the pain is for a minute bearable.

**INT HAZEL'S DINING ROOM - ANOTHER DAY**

touching Hazel sits at dinner with her parents. She is barely  
her food.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

The problem, of course, is that there's no way of knowing that your last good day is your "Last Good Day." At the time, it's just

another decent day.  
The phone buzzes and Hazel answers it.

**HAZEL**

Hi, Augustus.

**GUS (O.S.)**

Good evening, Hazel Grace.  
His voice is strong today, and Hazel is happy to hear it.

**GUS (O.S.)**

Quick question for you. Did you  
ever write that eulogy I asked you  
to prepare?

**HAZEL**

I may have...

**GUS**

Excellent. Do you think you could  
find yourself at the Literal Heart  
of Jesus in 20 minutes.

**HAZEL**

Um... sure. Is everything --

**GUS (O.S.)**

I love you Hazel.  
The call ends. Hazel, confused, stands to go.

**HAZEL**

I gotta go.

**FRANNIE**

Finish eating first.

**HAZEL**

I can't, I have to meet Gus.

98.

**FRANNIE**

You haven't eaten a thing.

**HAZEL**

I'm not hungry.

**FRANNIE**

You can't not eat, Hazel.

**HAZEL**

I am aggressively unhungry, ok?

**MICHAEL**

**HAZEL --**

**HAZEL**

I have to go.

**FRANNIE**

Sit down.

**HAZEL**

No!

**MICHAEL**

Hazel, listen to your mother.  
Hazel tries to push past her but Frannie grabs her  
shoulders.

**FRANNIE**

You have to eat, Hazel. You're not  
gonna starve yourself to death just  
because Gus is sick. You have to  
stay healthy --

**HAZEL**

I can't! I can't stay healthy  
because I'm not healthy, Mom. I am  
dying. I am going to die and leave  
you here alone and you won't have  
me to hover around and you won't be  
a mother anymore, and I'm sorry,  
but I can't do anything about it,  
ok?! Just leave me alone!  
Upon seeing her mother's face change, Hazel immediately  
regrets this.

**FRANNIE**

You heard me?  
Frannie has tears in her eyes. Hazel looks away, feeling  
terrible.

**FRANNIE**

You heard me say that to your  
father?  
Frannie sits down on the couch with her daughter.

**FRANNIE**

Oh god, sweetie. I'm sorry. I was wrong, ok? It wasn't true. It's not something I believe.  
Michael sits across from them.

**FRANNIE**

As long as either of us is alive, I will be your mother. Even if you die, I --

**HAZEL**

When.

**FRANNIE**

Even when you die, I will still be your mother. I will always be your Mother.  
By now Michael is crying too. They all are.

**HAZEL**

I worry that you won't have a life. That you'll sit around all day with no me to look after and stare at the walls and be miserable or off yourselves or something.

**FRANNIE**

We're not gonna off ourselves. It's gonna hurt like hell to lose you

**BUT --**

**MICHAEL**

Hazel. You of all people know it's possible to live with pain.  
She takes that in. It rings true to her. Hazel nods.

**FRANNIE**

I don't just sit around, you know.  
Hazel is confused. Frannie looks at Michael like, "should I say something?" She goes for it.

**FRANNIE**

I'm taking some classes. Online. To get my master's in social work.

**HAZEL**

You are?  
Hazel is stunned.

**HAZEL**

So when you're waiting for me  
outside Support Group or whatever,  
you're always --

**100.**

**FRANNIE**

Working or reading. If I get my  
MSW, I can council families in  
crisis or lead groups dealing with

**ILLNESS --**

**HAZEL**

Why didn't you tell me?  
Frannie and Michael don't quite know what to say.

**MICHAEL**

We didn't want you to feel

**ABANDONED --**

**HAZEL**

Are you kidding? Mom, this is  
awesome! This is fantastic! Oh my  
god!  
Hazel grabs her Mom for a hug.

**HAZEL**

I'm so excited! You're gonna be so  
great, Mom!

**FRANNIE**

Thank you. That means everything to  
me.  
Mom and Daughter hug. And when it's over:

**FRANNIE**

I'd still really like you to eat.

**HAZEL**

I know Mom. And I will. I promise.  
But right now... I really gotta go.

**INT CHURCH - LATER**

Hazel enters the Literal Heart of Jesus room which is now  
empty except for Isaac, up on a dais, and Gus, in his

wheelchair. Gus is thinner than we've ever seen him, thinner than any young man should be. But for now, he's happy.

**GUS**

Hazel Grace, you look ravishing.

**HAZEL**

I know, right?

**(BEAT)**

So, um, what's going on guys?

**ISAAC**

You're late.

**HAZEL**

Late for what exactly?

**101.**

Gus gestures for her to sit next to him and she does.

**GUS**

I wanted to attend my funeral. By the way, will you speak at my funeral?

Hazel looks at him like "of course, silly" and then kisses him on the mouth.

**GUS**

Sweet. I'm hopeful I'll get to attend as a ghost, but just to make sure, I thought I'd - well, not to put you on the spot, but I thought I'd arrange a pre-funeral.

**HAZEL**

Why now?

**GUS**

No time like the present.

**HAZEL**

(looks around the room)  
How did you even get in here?

**GUS**

Would you believe they leave the door open at night?

**HAZEL**

Um, no.

**GUS**

As well you shouldn't.  
He smiles and for a brief moment it's old Gus. Hazel laughs.  
Isaac clears his throat.

**ISAAC**

"Augustus Waters was a self-aggrandizing bastard. But we forgive him. We forgive him... not because he had a heart as figuratively good as his actual one sucked, or because he got 18 years when he should have gotten more."

**GUS**

17.

**ISAAC**

I'm assuming you've got some time, you interrupting bastard! I mean seriously...  
(back to the speech)  
"Augustus Waters talked so much that he'd interrupt you at his own funeral. And he was pretentious.

**(MORE)**

102.

**ISAAC (CONT'D)**

Sweet Jesus that kid never took a piss without pondering the resonances of human waste production. And he was vain. But that comes with superhuman handsomeness."  
Gus nods - that part is true.

**ISAAC**

"But I will say this: when the scientists of the future show up at my house with robot eyes and they tell me to try them on, I will tell the scientists to piss off, because I don't even want to see a world without Augustus Waters."  
Hazel smiles - but it's one that triggers an immediate emotional waterfall.

**ISAAC**

"And then, of course, having made my rhetorical point, I will put my robot eyes on because, I mean... robot eyes!"

Gus has a big smile on his face.

**ISAAC**

"So anyway, Augustus, my friend... Godspeed."

Gus nods a couple times.

**GUS**

Thank you Isaac.

This causes Isaac to lose it. He clings to the lectern.

**ISAAC**

Goddamn it, Gus.

**GUS**

Hey don't swear in the Literal Heart of Jesus.

**ISAAC**

Shit! Ass! Balls!

Isaac sighs. Wipes away the tears. And another beat passes.

**ISAAC**

Can I get a hand here, Hazel?

Hazel remembers Isaac can't see. She rises, goes up to get him, walks him back to her seat.

**GUS**

Hazel Grace, it's down to you.

**103.**

Takes

Hazel takes out a piece of paper, walks up to the dais.

a beat to ready herself.

**HAZEL**

"Augustus Waters was the great star-crossed love of my life. Ours was an epic love story, and I won't be able to get more than a sentence into it without disappearing into a puddle of tears.

**(BEAT)**

Like all real love stories - ours  
will die with us, as it should. I'd  
hoped that he'd be eulogizing me,  
because there's no one I'd rather  
have..."

lets

And that's all she can get out before falling apart. She  
it out for a couple beats and then pulls herself together.

**HAZEL**

(beat, composing herself)  
"I can't talk about our love story  
so instead I will talk about math.  
I am not a mathematician, but I  
know this: there are infinite  
numbers between 0 and 1. There's .1  
And .12 And .112 And an infinite  
collection of others. Of course,  
there is a bigger infinite set of  
numbers between 0 and 2, or between  
0 and a million. Some infinities  
are bigger than other infinities. A  
writer we used to like taught us  
that. I want more numbers than I'm  
likely to get, and God, I want more  
numbers for Augustus Waters than he  
got. But, Gus, my love, I cannot  
tell you how thankful I am for our  
little infinity. You gave me a  
forever within the numbered days,  
and for that I am eternally  
grateful. I love you."

Gus smiles, nods, and closes his eyes. CUT TO:

**BLACK.**

Over which we hear a RINGING TELEPHONE.

**INT HAZEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Hazel turns on the LIGHT by her bed. Her HOUSE PHONE is  
ringing and it's 4am.  
She knows instantly.

**104.**

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

Augustus Waters died eight days  
later in the ICU...  
Hazel's head falls into her chest.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

... when the cancer, which was made of him, stopped his heart, which was also made of him.

Her bedroom door opens. It's Frannie and Michael. This only confirms her worst fears. She starts to cry. Her parents embrace her in the bed.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

It was unbearable. The whole thing. Every second worse than the last.

**EXT HAZEL'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - SAME**

Hazel sits in the car in the dark. She's blaring the loudest music she can possibly blare - a means of drowning out the horrors of the world. Over which we hear this:

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

One of the first things they ask you in the ER is to rate your pain on a scale from 1 to 10. I'd been asked this question hundreds of times and I remember once, early on, when I couldn't catch my breath and it felt like my chest was on fire, and the nurse asked me to rate the pain and though I couldn't speak, I held up 9 fingers.

The loud music isn't protecting Hazel as well as she hoped. She falls apart nonetheless.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

Later on, when I'd been feeling better, the nurse came in and she called me a fighter. "You know how I know," she said. "Because you called a ten a nine."

**INT HAZEL'S BEDROOM - ANOTHER MORNING**

Hazel puts on her funeral dress. She looks in the mirror.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

But that wasn't the truth. The reason I called it a nine was... I was saving my ten.

**INT CHURCH - DAY**

The place is filled today with mourners for Augustus Waters. Hazel comes in with her parents and stands in the back, watching people she's never seen before approach the Waters family and extend their deepest condolences.

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

And this was it. The great and terrible ten.

When Mr. and Mrs. Waters see Hazel, they open their arms.

**MRS. WATERS**

He loved you so much.

Hazel nods. Hugs them back.

**HAZEL**

He loved you so much too.

More MOURNERS approach the family, leaving Hazel stranded in the receiving line. Her eyes turn towards the COFFIN. She's not entirely sure she wants to go there but she takes a deep breath, wills herself to walk towards it.

Gus is there in the same suit he wore to Oranje.

Immediately, Hazel breaks down. And immediately, she catches herself.

**HAZEL**

It's ok, you hear me? It's ok.

She leans forward and kisses his cheek. She looks around. Once in the clear, she pulls out a hard pack of Camel Lights and sticks them in the space between Gus and the lining of the coffin. A MINISTER approaches at that moment.

**MINISTER**

I think we're ready to begin.

Hazel nods and walks back to her parents, taking her seat in the middle of the room.

**MINISTER**

Augustus Waters fought hard for many years. His battle was a courageous one and his strength was a source of inspiration for each and every one of us...

Hazel frowns. This is all such bullshit. And she hears:

**MALE VOICE**

What a load of shit, eh kid?

Hazel recognizes that voice. But it doesn't make sense. She turns around and, sure enough, it's Peter Van Houten.

106.

**MINISTER**

Let us pray.  
Everyone clasps their hands, closes their eyes. Hazel keeps staring at Van Houten, too shocked to do a thing.

**VAN HOUTEN**

We need to fake pray now.  
Van Houten bows his head. Hazel, still stunned, slowly turns back to the Minister, trying to make sense of this unexpected appearance.

**MINISTER**

Now I call on Augustus's close friend Isaac to say a few words.  
Isaac stands, walks up to the podium with someone's help. Hazel sneaks one more look at Van Houten. Yup, it's really him. That makes no sense to her. Isaac starts to speak.

**ISAAC**

Of all the things I've lost in my life, this hurts the most.  
And Isaac stops talking. It's unclear if that was the end or if he just can't go on. He returns to his seat. The Minister walks back up.

**MINISTER**

And now we'll hear from Gus's... special friend Hazel Lancaster.  
Hazel stands, walks up to the podium. A few titters in the room at the words "special friend."

**HAZEL**

I was his girlfriend.  
Some laughter from the crowd. She takes out her notes.

**HAZEL**

There's a beautiful quote in Gus's home that reads "if you want the rainbow, you gotta deal with the rain."  
Hazel continues to speak but we over it, WE HEAR instead:

**HAZEL (V.O.)**

I didn't believe a word, of course.  
But that was ok. Funerals, I'd decided, aren't for the dead.

They're for the living.  
Gus's Parents, arm in arm, nod along with every word. CUT

TO:

107.

**EXT CEMETARY - DAY**

Everyone is watching Gus's body be lowered into the ground.  
Everyone but Hazel. She looks off into the distance.  
Off to the side, we see Van Houten, also not watching the  
burial. He's watching Hazel. CUT TO:  
LATER. Ceremony over, we see Hazel with her parents.

**HAZEL**

I'll be fine.

**FRANNIE**

Are you sure? We can drive you --

**HAZEL**

No, I'd... I'd like to be alone for  
a while.  
Hazel hugs Mom and Dad, walks alone towards the parking lot.  
As she gets to the car, Van Houten approaches.

**VAN HOUTEN**

Could I hitch a ride?  
Hazel doesn't want to help this man.

**VAN HOUTEN**

Just to the bottom of the hill.  
Hazel exhales. Fine. Once they're both in the car:

**HAZEL**

How did you even --

**VAN HOUTEN**

The internet.

**HAZEL**

And you just... bought a ticket?

**VAN HOUTEN**

The drinks are free drinks in First  
Class.  
Van Houten removes a FLASK from his coat pocket. Takes a  
swig. Hazel shakes her head in disgust. Starts driving.

**VAN HOUTEN**

Omnis Cellula e cellula.

Hazel ignores him.

**VAN HOUTEN**

Your boy Waters and I corresponded quite a bit in his last --

**HAZEL**

You read your fan mail now?

**108.**

**VAN HOUTEN**

I would hardly call him a fan. He despised me. But he was quite insistent I attend his funeral and tell you what became of Anna and her mother. So here I am and that's your answer: omnis cellula e cellula.

**HAZEL**

I'm so not in the mood --

**VAN HOUTEN**

"Life comes from life."

**HAZEL**

Goodbye Mr. Van Houten.

**VAN HOUTEN**

You don't want an explanation?

**HAZEL**

Nope. Thanks though. Have a great life.

**VAN HOUTEN**

You remind me of her.

**HAZEL**

**(BEAT)**

I remind a lot of people of a lot of people.

**VAN HOUTEN**

She was eight, my daughter. She suffered... beautifully. For so long.

Hazel starts to understand Van Houten - and softens.

**HAZEL**

She had leukemia? Like Anna?

**VAN HOUTEN**

Just like her, yes.

**HAZEL**

Were you married then?

**VAN HOUTEN**

Not when she died, no. I was insufferable long before Anna, my dear. Grief doesn't change you, Hazel, it reveals you. Hazel takes that in.

**HAZEL**

Well I'm sorry for your loss.

**109.**

**VAN HOUTEN**

And I'm sorry for yours. I'm sorry for everything, for being so rude to you two, for ruining your trip --

**HAZEL**

You didn't ruin our trip, you asshole. We had an awesome trip.

**VAN HOUTEN**

Hazel, I'm trying. I'm trying! You asked me to tell you what happens and I wish I could do that. I wish that I could. But I can't. No one can. No one knows, Hazel. They don't talk to us. Unless...

Van Houten takes out a typed piece of paper. He hands it to Hazel who grabs it - and immediately crumples it into a ball.

**HAZEL**

You think I care about that? I don't give a shit, Van Houten. Hazel throws the piece of paper at Van Houten.

**HAZEL**

You're a drunk and a jerk and a failure. And I'd like you to get

out of my car right now so I can go home and grieve.

**VAN HOUTEN**

**(STUNNED)**

**BUT --**

**HAZEL**

Get out of the car!  
Van Houten knows he's too late. He does as he's told, stepping out of the car onto the side of the road. He stands there as Hazel peels out. In the rearview mirror, she sees him raise the FLASK, as if toasting her. She blinks away some tears and drives. CUT TO:

**INT HAZEL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Hazel lies in front of the TV. "Top Model" is playing but she's lost in her own world. Tears fall from her eyes and

she

can't do anything to stop it. Hazel gets up.

**INT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Hazel sits against the tub on the floor and weeps. Soon there's a knock.

**110.**

**HAZEL**

**(THROUGH TEARS)**

Occupada.

**MICHAEL (O.S.)**

Can I come in?  
Hazel leans over and unlocks the door. Michael kneels down next to her, putting her head on his shoulder. Hazel presses her face into his shirt and cries some more. Michael squeezes her tightly. And this time, he doesn't cry.

**MICHAEL**

I'm so so sorry.

**(BEAT)**

It was a privilege to love him,

though, wasn't it?  
Hazel nods into his shirt. Then looks up at her Dad.

**MICHAEL**

Gives you an idea how we feel about  
you.  
Michael smiles at Hazel. And he doesn't cry. Hazel draws  
strength from him.

**EXT ISAAC'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Hazel and Isaac have climbed through his open bedroom  
window.

They sit on the roof.

**ISAAC**

Do you know if it hurt or whatever?

**HAZEL**

He was really fighting for breath,  
I guess. He eventually went  
unconscious, but it seems like,  
yeah, it wasn't great or anything.  
Dying sucks.

**ISAAC**

**(LONG BEAT)**

It just seems so impossible.

**HAZEL**

Happens all the time.

**ISAAC**

Are you angry?

**HAZEL**

Very.

**111.**

**ISAAC**

Me too.  
(a few beats)  
Gus really loved you, you know.

**HAZEL**

I know.

**ISAAC**

He wouldn't shut up about it.

**HAZEL**

I know.

**ISAAC**

It was annoying.

**HAZEL**

I didn't find it that annoying.  
They sit there in silence a few beats.

**ISAAC**

Did you read the note or whatever  
from your author friend?

**HAZEL**

He is not my friend and -- how do  
you know about that?

**ISAAC**

We talked at the cemetery. Said he  
came all this way to give you that.

**HAZEL**

Yeah well I'm over it. I never want  
to read another word of that  
asshole's again.

**ISAAC**

Yeah but he didn't write it - Gus  
did.

**HAZEL**

**(STUNNED)**

What?

**ISAAC**

That's what he said. Gus had  
written something, sent it to Van

**HOUTEN --**

Hazel sits up. Her heart is racing.

**ISAAC**

What?

**HAZEL**

I... I have to go. I... Are you...?

112.

**ISAAC**

I do it all the time. Go.  
As quickly as possible Hazel leaves. Isaac stays behind,  
enjoying the cool night. A new day is coming.

**INT/ EXT HAZEL'S CAR - DAY**

Hazel is inside the car, rummaging crazily through the trash  
in an effort to find what Van Houten gave her. She's about

to

give up when she sees it - crumpled up into a ball beneath  
the passenger's seat. She reaches under, pulls it up, and  
unwraps it. As she reads, WE HEAR:

**GUS'S VOICE**

Mr. Van Houten, I'm a good person  
but a shitty writer. You're a  
shitty person but a good writer.  
We'd make a good team. I don't want  
to ask you any favors but if you  
have the time, and from what I saw  
you have plenty, please fix this  
for me. It's a eulogy for Hazel.  
Hazel is overcome with emotion.

**GUS'S VOICE**

She asked me to write one and I'm  
trying, I just, I could use a  
little flair. See the thing is...  
we all want to be remembered.  
She smiles to herself, remembering:  
- That first time Gus and Hazel ran into each other.  
- The staring contest in Support Group.

**GUS'S VOICE**

We all want to leave a mark.  
- Driving (badly) in Gus's car.  
- Their first kiss at the picnic by "Funky Bones."

**GUS'S VOICE**

But not Hazel. Hazel is different.  
Hazel knows the truth. She didn't  
want a million admirers, she just  
wanted one. And she got it. Maybe  
she wasn't loved widely but she was  
loved deeply. And isn't that more  
than most of us get?

- And BACK TO HAZEL reading the letter, tears in her eyes.

**GUS'S VOICE**

When Hazel was sick, I knew I was dying. But I didn't want to say so.

113.

**INT ICU - FLASHBACK**

Gus stealthily sneaks into Hazel's single room in the ICU. She sleeps. He kneels by her side.

**GUS'S VOICE**

She was in ICU and I snuck in for ten minutes and sat with her before I got caught. Her eyes were closed, her lungs were intubated...

Gus takes her hand and holds it.

**GUS'S VOICE**

... but her hands were still her hands, still warm, and the nails painted this dark blue back color and I just held her hands and I willed myself to imagine a world without us and what a worthless world that would be.

- AND BACK TO HAZEL reading the letter. She never knew that story, never knew he was there. CUT TO:

**EXT HAZEL'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER**

Hazel walks out to the grass behind her house, the oxygen tank dragging behind her. She lays down on the grass and looks up at the stars - the same IMAGE that opened the

movie.

**GUS'S VOICE**

She's so beautiful. You don't get tired of looking at her. You never worry if she's smarter than you cause you know she is. She's funny without ever being mean.

**SHE REMEMBERS:**

- The magical dinner at Oranje.
- The bench in which they sat overlooking the water.
- The passionate kiss in Anne Frank's house.

- Falling onto the bed together.

we [All of these are images we saw at the beginning of the movie, only now, we SEE the oxygen tank, we SEE Gus's leg, SEE the fumbling and the difficulties etc. They don't make these images less beautiful. They make them twice as beautiful - because they're real.]

**GUS'S VOICE**

I love her, god I love her. I'm so lucky to love her, Van Houten.

**(MORE)**

**114.**

**GUS'S VOICE (CONT'D)**

You don't get to choose if you get hurt in this world but you do have a say in who hurts you.

her - AND BACK ON Hazel in the grass. She holds the letter to chest. A single tear falls onto her cheeks.

**GUS'S VOICE**

I like my choices. I hope she likes hers.

Hazel CLOSES HER EYES.

**GUS'S VOICE**

Ok, Hazel Grace?

A beat. Another.

Hazel OPENS HER EYES. And she says to the universe:

**HAZEL**

Ok.

**BLACK.**