

1 EXT. HAZEL'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT 1

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:

2 EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 2

Hazel and the BOY we will come to know as AUGUSTUS "GUS" WATERS (17) at an outdoor restaurant in some magical place. [*Though we DO NOT SEE HIS FACE, the impression we get is that the two of them look very much the perfect Hollywood couple.*]

HAZEL (V.O.)
On the one hand, you can sugar coat - the
way they do in movies and romance novels.

3 EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT 3

"Perfect" Hazel and "Perfect" Gus in a GONDOLA in some foreign country. She rests her head on his shoulder. Again, we cannot get a good look at him.

HAZEL (V.O.)
Where villains are vanquished and...
heroes are born and...

4 INT. ANNE FRANK HOUSE - DAY 4

"Perfect" Hazel and "Perfect" Gus kiss in an unmarked room. The CAMERA favors Hazel. Gus remains unseen.

HAZEL (V.O.)
... beautiful people learn beautiful
lessons...

5 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 5

"Perfect" Hazel and "Perfect" Gus fall onto a bed together. Though we still don't see Gus, the love in her eyes for him is unmistakable.

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

6 EXT. HAZEL'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT 6

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:

7 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY 7

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 oncologist, DR. MARIA:

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

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

HAZEL
I'm not depressed.

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

DR. MARIA
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...

8 INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

8

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

HAZEL (V.O.)
Depression's not a side effect of
cancer...

9 INT. HAZEL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

9

She sits watching game shows in the middle of the afternoon.
Her Mom brings her a sandwich. A glass of water. And a whole
host of prescriptions. Hazel eyes them with indifference.

HAZEL (V.O.)
... it's a side effect of dying.

10 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

10

Hazel sits alone reading a dog-eared, heavily underlined copy
of a novel ("An Imperial Affliction" by Peter Van Houten).
She only looks up when distracted by a squeal of delight. A
YOUNG GUY has lifted a YOUNG GIRL over his shoulder
playfully. He spins her around. Hazel watches a beat - goes
back to the book.

HAZEL (V.O.)
Which is what was happening to me.

And we CUT BACK TO:

11 INT. DR. MARIA'S OFFICE - DAY

11

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

FRANNIE

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

Dr. Maria scratches her face, thinking.

DR. MARIA

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

HAZEL

Why stop there?

DR. MARIA

Hmm?

HAZEL

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

(ALT)

I'm like the Charlie Sheen of cancer kids.

Dr. Maria looks at Frannie who just shakes her head.

DR. MARIA

Have you been going to that Support Group I suggested?

Instead of answering, Hazel looks at her Mom.

FRANNIE

She's gone a few times.

HAZEL

I'm not sure it's for me.

DR. MARIA

If you're depressed --

HAZEL

(exasperated)

I'm not de--

DR. MARIA

(ignoring her)

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

(CONTINUED)

HAZEL

What?

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

DR. MARIA
(beat)
On the same journey.

HAZEL
"Journey?" Really?

FRANNIE
Hazel.

DR. MARIA
Just give it a chance, ok? For me.

Hazel rolls her eyes, knows she's lost this battle.

DR. MARIA (CONT'D)
Who knows? You might even find it...
enlightening.

SMASH CUT TO:

12 INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

12

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

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

Patrick gestures above, to the rafters of the church, which is in fact shaped like a cross. (Thus they are - metaphorically - 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 (CONT'D)
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:

SPEAKER #1
Jillian. Lymphoma.

SPEAKER #2
Angel. Ewing sarcoma.

SPEAKER #3
Sid. Astrocytoma.

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

SPEAKER #4

Tamra. Neuroblastoma.

PATRICK

Patrick. Testicular. It began a few years ago when I was a perfectly healthy, strapping young man of 31. I'd just gotten married...

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...

13

INT. PATRICK'S BATHROOM - DAY

13

Patrick is urinating. We stay on his FACE as he finds something off. It's alarming to him.

HAZEL (V.O.)

...they found it in his nuts...

14

OMITTED

14

15

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

15

Patrick, terrified, is wheeled into an OR.

HAZEL (V.O.)

...cut most of it out, he almost died, but he didn't die. And now here he is --

16

INT. PATRICK'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

16

Patrick plays GUITAR HERO on XBOX. He's really into it.

HAZEL (V.O.)

...divorced, friendless, addicted to video games...

17

INT. PATRICK'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

17

Patrick sits on the couch watching an inspirational program on TV while knitting what looks like a RUG of some kind.

A18

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY

A18

Patrick has laid the elaborate (and badly sewn) rug of Jesus Christ on the ground in the middle of the basement and is placing chairs on it for the group to sit.

(CONTINUED)

A18 CONTINUED:

A18

HAZEL (V.O.)
...exploiting his concertastic past in
the heart of Jesus - "literally" -

18 INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

18

And as Patrick finishes up his speech, we hear:

HAZEL (V.O.)
...to show us that one day, if we're
lucky, we could be just like him.

PATRICK
... which is why I believe every day is a
blessing. Thank you for listening.

Patrick smiles broadly when he finishes. And everyone says:

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
Now 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.
(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?

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

HAZEL
Alright? I guess...?

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

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...

19

EXT. CHURCH - AFTERNOON

19

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, disappointed to see her Mother waiting there.

HAZEL
You didn't go to the movies, did you?

FRANNIE
(caught)
Maybe next time.

Hazel is a little bummed by this, the lack of life being lived by her parents. But what can she do.

FRANNIE (CONT'D)
(re: support group)
So... was it amazing?

Hazel just rolls her eyes, exhales, and we CUT TO:

QUICK SEQUENCE, which plays over:

HAZEL (V.O.)
And that was my life.

20

INT. HAZEL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

20

Hazel watching TV, book in hand.

21

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

21

Hazel in another doctor's office.

22

INT. HAZEL'S BATHROOM - DAY

22

Hazel popping pills.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

Hazel mock stabs herself in the stomach with an invisible sword. CUT TO:

24

EXT. CHURCH - AFTERNOON

24

A small Episcopalian sanctuary in suburban Indianapolis.

HAZEL (V.O.)

And so I went...

Frannie's car pulls into the parking lot.

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...

Hazel, oxygen tank in tow, steps out, helped by Frannie.

HAZEL (V.O.)

... to make my parents happy.

She turns to go. Quickly realizing that her mother isn't going anywhere.

HAZEL

First, you wouldn't let me drive myself. And now you're gonna sit 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.

FRANNIE (CONT'D)

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!

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 24

Hazel just shakes her head. CUT TO:

25 INT. CHURCH - AFTERNOON 25

Hazel walks towards the elevator. A GAUNT LOOKING KID holds it open for her. Hazel thinks better of it.

HAZEL
I'll take the stairs.

The KID nods. The doors shut. 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 (CONT'D)
Excuse me.

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

26 INT. BATHROOM - AFTERNOON 26

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:

27 INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - AFTERNOON 27

CU The Beautiful Boy. He's staring at Hazel. That same flirty smile on his face.

CU Hazel. Feeling his eyes. She meets them - then quickly, self-consciously, looks away. Around her, the rest of the GROUP take their seats.

PATRICK
Who would like to begin?

An eager Support Group Member, JULIE stands and begins sharing the weekly battle she's won and lost.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

Hi. I'm Julie. 15. Hodgkin's Lymphoma. It's been an ok week I guess. I've been sleeping better. More energy. I don't feel as sluggish as I used to. So far, everyone seems pleased with my results. But it's hard, you know. My friends are at school, they have parties on weekends. I can't help but feel I'm missing out. I should be grateful, I know that, I just... it's hard, that's all. It's hard.

Hazel tries to concentrate on the share - but she still feels the eyes of the Beautiful Boy. It's intimidating. And intimidation irritates her. Hazel decides to play the game, turning towards him and meeting his gaze.

A staring contest.

The eager Support Group Member's voice recedes into BG along with the rest of the universe as the acoustic, guitar-picked intro to Josh Ritter's "Change of Time" fills their world.

The staring contest continues for several more beats. The Beautiful Boy smiles, enjoying this. Hazel raises her eyebrows - not looking away, intimidation be damned.

Patrick's voice eventually swims back into focus.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Thank you Julie. Isaac, I know you're facing a challenging time. Perhaps you'd like to say something.

TWO SHOT of Isaac, sitting next to Gus. We can see that Gus continues to stare at Hazel.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Or maybe your friend would like to.

Which causes the Beautiful Boy to look away. Aha! He's lost the staring contest. Hazel smiles to herself. Gus, who does not want to share, looks over at Isaac. Isaac stands.

ISAAC

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

(beat)

It's looking like another surgery in a couple weeks. After which, well, I'll be blind... Not that I'm complaining or anything.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC (CONT'D)

I know a lot of you have it way worse but, still, I mean, you know, being blind's gonna suck... My smokin' hot girlfriend helps. And friends like Augustus here...

Isaac nods towards the Beautiful Boy who now has a name - AUGUSTUS. Hazel stores that in the back of her mind.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

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

ALL IN UNISON

"We're here for you Isaac."

PATRICK

Ok Augustus. Your turn...

Hazel looks at Augustus. He definitely doesn't want to speak. But he'll do it. With one more radiant smile in Hazel's direction, he stands:

GUS

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

Gus holds up his right leg - a prosthetic.

GUS (CONT'D)

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. Hazel, immediately embarrassed, 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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

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.

The look on Gus's face is unreadable.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Oblivion's inevitable, dude. 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:

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
Always.

MONICA
Always.

And Hazel hears:

GUS
Literally.

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

GUS (CONT'D)
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?

HAZEL
Hazel.

GUS
No your full name...

HAZEL
(confused)
Hazel Grace Lancaster.

Gus nods to himself, smiles. Still fixated on her.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)

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

Always.

MONICA

Always.

HAZEL

What's with the "always?"

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.

(CONTINUED)

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?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HAZEL (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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. "Top Model" time?

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

HAZEL

I 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:

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 (CONT'D)

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.

29

CONTINUED:

29

GUS (CONT'D)

So what happened to you?

Hazel takes a deep breath. She's told this story before but somehow this seems different.

HAZEL

I was 13 when they found it.

And as she speaks, we see it unfold. SMASH CUT TO:

30

INT. HOSPITAL BED - FLASHBACK - DAY

30

13-YEAR OLD HAZEL has a biopsy.

HAZEL (V.O.)

Stage IV thyroid cancer.

31

INT. OPERATING ROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

31

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

HAZEL (V.O.)

I had surgery first.

32

INT. ANOTHER HOSPITAL ROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

32

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

HAZEL (V.O.)

Then Radiation...

33

INT. HAZEL'S KITCHEN - FLASHBACK - DAY

33

Having her head shaved by Frannie.

HAZEL (V.O.)

Then Chemo...

34

INT. ANOTHER HOSPITAL ROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

34

With a PICC line in a chemo chair.

HAZEL (V.O.)

All of which worked for a while.

35

INT. ANOTHER HOSPITAL ROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

35

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

HAZEL (V.O.)

And then stopped working.

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:

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

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

GUS
So are you back in school or...?

HAZEL
Can't.

GUS
Why not?

HAZEL
Already 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, knocking over a
GARBAGE CAN in the process.

GUS (CONT'D)
We're here!

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

42 EXT/INT. GUS'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

42

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 (CONT'D)
Hey guys.

GUS'S MOM
Augustus, hi. New friend?

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!

43 INT. GUS'S BASEMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

43

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 whole host of basketball memorabilia (autographed sneakers, school trophies, framed images etc.) Gus sees her looking at them.

(CONTINUED)

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

GUS
I understand.

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 (CONT'D)
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.

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 (CONT'D)

... 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.

GUS (CONT'D)

Don't laugh, it's awesome! All about honor and sacrifice, bravery and heroism, embracing your destiny, leaving a mark on the world.

HAZEL

(beat)

But mostly it's things blowing up.

GUS

Hell yeah!

She laughs again. She's adorable when she laughs. He holds the book out for her and she takes it. And as she does, their hands get tangled together for a brief, charged moment.

GUS (CONT'D)

Your hands are cold.

HAZEL

Not so much cold as under-oxygenated.

GUS

Hazel Grace...

(beat)

I love it when you talk medical to me.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (4) 43

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

44 EXT. HAZEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING 44

A LIGHT on in an upstairs window. Hazel's Bedroom.

45 INT. HAZEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 45

Hazel sits in bed reading Gus's novella. Frannie enters carrying folded laundry, notices the new book.

FRANNIE
That's different.

Hazel shrugs. Frannie looks intrigued.

FRANNIE (CONT'D)
Did he give it to you?

HAZEL
By "it" do you mean herpes?

FRANNIE
A mother can dream, can't she?
(ALT)
Feisty! I like it.

Hazel rolls her eyes. At which point, her phone buzzes. She excitedly checks it - only to be disappointed. Frannie notices.

FRANNIE (CONT'D)
Don't worry. I'm sure he'll call.

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:

46 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 46

Brushing her teeth. And checking her phone.

47 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 47

Watching TV. And checking her phone.

HAZEL

Hello?

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

GUS

Hazel!

(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 (CONT'D)

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.

ISAAC

I just want 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...

(CONTINUED)

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 break it off 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 (CONT'D)

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.

GUS (CONT'D)

Isaac...?

Suddenly Isaac starts kicking his chair across the room.

(CONTINUED)

GUS (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

That's it! Punch that thing.

And so he does. As he continues to, Gus looks at Hazel.

GUS (CONT'D)

I've been wanting to call you for days now but I've been waiting until I could form a coherent thought re: "An Imperial Affliction."

(she smiles)

I can't stop thinking about it.

HAZEL

I know, right!?

GUS

Hang on.

(turns to Isaac)

Isaac!

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

GUS (CONT'D)

Pillows don't break.

Gus hands Isaac one of his basketball TROPHIES.

GUS (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

Go to town, my friend.

ISAAC

Are you sure?

GUS

I've been looking for a way to tell my
Dad that I kinda hate basketball. Think
maybe we've found it.

Isaac thinks about that. Grabs a trophy. Gus nods. Isaac
smashes it. Grabs another one. The smashing is just getting
started. Meanwhile, Gus sits down next to Hazel. They ignore
him as:

(CONTINUED)

GUS (CONT'D)

So. "An Imperial Affliction."

HAZEL

I'm glad you liked it.

GUS

But that ending, Hazel...

HAZEL

It is rather abrupt.

GUS

Are you kidding!? It's evil!

Isaac continues loudly smashing the TROPHIES to bits. Gus and Hazel try to talk over the noise.

GUS (CONT'D)

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...

GUS

Sisyphus the Hamster...

Hazel beams. Gus totally gets the book. A bond between them. They're barely noticing Isaac's rampage now.

GUS (CONT'D)

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.

HAZEL

Yeah.

Having smashed all the trophies, Isaac stands there panting, bronze carnage all over the floor.

GUS

Feeling better, Isaac?

Isaac thinks about it. Shakes his head no. Gus walks over to him, puts his arm around him, looks at Hazel.

GUS (CONT'D)

That's the thing about pain... it demands to be felt.

Hazel smiles. And on her face, we CUT TO:

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 (CONT'D)

I told you Support Group was a good idea.

Hazel's phone buzzes. "Augustus." She looks to her parents.

FRANNIE (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for? Go!

HAZEL
Unfortunately so.

Gus clears his throat, smiles. Hazel waits.

GUS
"Dear Mr. Waters..."

HAZEL
Huh?

GUS
"I am writing to thank you for your
electronic correspondence."

Hazel sits up. Could it possibly...?

GUS (CONT'D)
"I am grateful to anyone who sets aside
the time to read my book..."

HAZEL
Augustus!?

GUS
What?

HAZEL
What are you doing?

GUS
Mmm.... I might have found his assistant.
Emailed her. She might have forwarded
that email onto Van Houten. Shall I
continue?

HAZEL
(stunned)
Oh my god!

GUS
Ahem.
(clears his throat)
"I am particularly indebted to you, sir,"
he called me sir...

HAZEL
Keep reading, keep reading!

GUS

"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 and your friend, Hazel."

HAZEL

You did not.

GUS

Of course I did.

Hazel is stomping her feet in excitement.

GUS (CONT'D)

"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."

Silence.

GUS (CONT'D)

So... yeah... That happened.

More silence. Hazel is entirely speechless.

GUS (CONT'D)

Hazel Grace?

HAZEL

If you're making this up, I'm going to hurt you. You know that, right?

GUS

Do you really believe, with my meager intellectual capabilities, that I could just make up a letter from the great Peter Van Houten?

HAZEL

Oh my god!

GUS

I've been trying to tell you, I'm... kind of awesome --

HAZEL

Can I... would you mind if I...

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (3)

56

GUS
(smiling)
Check your in-box.

Hazel jumps up as fast as her lungs will allow. CUT TO:

57 INT. HAZEL'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

57

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

While Hazel reads the letter, we see a SERIES OF SCENES showing the next several days. They include:

58 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

58

Hazel and Gus drinking coffee. He's enthusiastically telling a story, cigarette dangling from his lips. Hazel is enjoying every moment. But that damn cigarette. She snatches it out of his mouth and they both share a laugh. Huge contrast from when Hazel was in the very same spot. All alone.

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:"

59 OMITTED

59

60 INT. GUS'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

60

Sitting on the floor. Wearing separate headphones but listening to the same song. Sharing something magical together. Close. Their knees almost touching.

HAZEL (V.O.)
"Does Anna's Mom marry the Dutch Tulip Man;
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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.

A few more beats of silence, the both of them brimming with the giddiness and swoon of being 17 and in love. We stay with Hazel. Is it really possible this Beautiful Boy likes her? She can't quite convince herself yet. CUT TO:

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

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
One: doesn't pun your disability.

HAZEL
Two: gets blood on the first try.

ISAAC
Yes! That is huge. I mean, seriously, I'm not a voodoo doll. Poke with precision please.

HAZEL
Three...

ISAAC
No condescending voice.

HAZEL
You mean...
(lays it on thick)
"I'm going to insert this extremely sharp object into your skin now so you might feel a tiny, little pinch."

They laugh and then lapse into silence for a moment.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)

Mmm... that's better.

He exhales as the pain pump starts to kick in.

HAZEL

Good. Good, Isaac.

Hazel sits with him as he drifts off to sleep. CUT TO:

64 EXT. HAZEL'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - MORNING 64

65 INT. HAZEL'S BEDROOM - MORNING 65

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."

(again aloud)

Holy shit!

Hazel's jaw hangs open as she reads the next part:

HAZEL (CONT'D)

"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!!!

Frannie races in, clearly expecting a health problem.

FRANNIE

What's wrong?!

(CONTINUED)

HAZEL
(realizing she scared her)
Nothing. Sorry.

FRANNIE
(confused)
Nothing?

HAZEL
Everything! Look!

Hazel shows Frannie the note. Frannie reads it.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
Can we go to Amsterdam?

Frannie thinks about how to respond for a beat.

FRANNIE
Hazel, I... I love you and... I want
nothing more than for you to have
everything in the world but I...
Amsterdam? I mean...
(pained)
How would we do that? You know money's
tight around here and... getting the
equipment there alone would cost --

HAZEL
(deflates)
No, yeah, of course...

Clearly Frannie feels awful. Which makes Hazel feel awful.

FRANNIE
There might be some way --

HAZEL
Don't do anything. Ok. Seriously. Forget
I mentioned it.

FRANNIE
I'm sorry Hazel.

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.

66

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

66

Hazel and Gus get out of his car and walk towards the entrance to Support Group.

GUS

Just ask the Genies. Use your wish.

(CONTINUED)

HAZEL

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

GUS

What'd you do?

Hazel doesn't want to say. Gus realizes. Stops walking.

GUS (CONT'D)

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!

Gus starts walking again. Hazel follows.

HAZEL

(defending herself)

We had fun on that trip.

GUS

That is the saddest thing I've ever heard!

HAZEL

I met Goofy...

They get to the entrance.

GUS

Now I'm embarrassed.

HAZEL

Why are you embarrassed?

Gus opens the door for Hazel.

66

CONTINUED: (2)

66

GUS

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

Hazel stops in her tracks. The word "crush" taken her totally by surprise. She looks at him. Then 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:

67

INT. PET SCAN ROOM - DAY

67

Frannie and Michael watch through glass as 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:

68

EXT. HAZEL'S HOUSE - DAY

68

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. Frannie, carrying Hazel's belongings, smiles as she passes Gus on her way inside.

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?

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED:

68

GUS

Hi Hazel.

(beat)

How would you like to go on a picnic?

69

INT. HAZEL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

69

Gus is with Michael downstairs.

MICHAEL

Something to drink?

GUS

I'm great Mr. Lancaster.

70

INT. HAZEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

70

Hazel puts on LIP GLOSS at her bedroom mirror. She can faintly hear this conversation downstairs:

71

INT. HAZEL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

71

Michael and Gus on the couch.

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.

72

INT. HAZEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

72

Hazel checks herself out in the mirror. Seems to like what she sees a lot more than before. She hears:

(CONTINUED)

72

CONTINUED:

72

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Son, you have to understand... Hazel's still pretty sick. She will be the rest of her life.

Hazel stops what she's doing, listens.

MICHAEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

She'll want to keep up with you - she's that kind of girl -

73

INT. HAZEL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

73

BACK on Michael and Gus.

MICHAEL

... but the truth is, her lungs --

HAZEL (O.S.)

You ready Gus?

Hazel appears, silencing her Father mid-sentence. She takes Gus's arm. Off they go and we CUT TO:

74

EXT. PARK - AFTERNOON

74

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

HAZEL

Is this where you bring all your romantic conquests?

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.

(CONTINUED)

GUS (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

(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 (CONT'D)

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.

GUS (CONT'D)

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

HAZEL

You do love your symbols.

GUS

Speaking of which...

Gus stands up, clears his throat.

GUS (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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

Gus stops talking. Hazel is confused.

HAZEL

But I... didn't save it.

Gus smiles.

GUS

Good thing I saved mine.

(CONTINUED)

Hazel cocks her head to one side. What is he talking about?

GUS (CONT'D)

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 in a month.

Hazel is so excited that she grabs Gus and pulls him into a hug. And then:

HAZEL

Wait.

(beat)

Why are you doing this?

Gus thinks about this.

GUS

Because Hazel Grace... I found my wish.

Hazel is beyond touched. She leans in to him, their faces close, lips inches apart, and just when it looks like something might happen, they hear:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Gabriel!

And there's a CUTE YOUNG KID watching them.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Get back over here!

The Young Kid scurries back to his Mother. Hazel looks at Gus. They burst out laughing. Romantic moment not to be.

(CONTINUED)

74

CONTINUED: (4)

74

At which point, we hear:

FRANNIE (PRELAP)
Wait, he did WHAT?!

75

INT. HAZEL'S UTILITY ROOM - EVENING

75

Frannie, in the midst of folding her laundry, cannot believe what she's hearing.

FRANNIE
That's incredible! That's like the most beautiful... it's actually kind of insane.

HAZEL
I know but --

FRANNIE
Didn't you just meet this guy? I mean you barely -- wait a minute...

HAZEL
Mom...

FRANNIE
Oh my god Hazel! Tell me everything! Did you kiss him? Is he your boyfriend?

HAZEL
Mom, focus. Amsterdam.

FRANNIE
Amsterdam. Right. Well...
(beat, she sighs)
Look, as your mother, I would love to say yes, but... I'm just your mother Hazel.

AND WE CUT TO:

76

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - ANOTHER DAY

76

Where Dr. Maria shakes her head.

DR. MARIA
I don't know...

(CONTINUED)

HAZEL

You said the PET scan is encouraging!

DR. MARIA

The PET scan is encouraging! But we don't know how long it'll stay that way.

HAZEL

I'm not seeking political asylum. It's one week. A vacation.

DR. MARIA

How can I -- What if you get sick? In a foreign country!

HAZEL

They have doctors in Amsterdam. And cancer.

DR. MARIA

(still unsure)

Not all cancers are alike. And yours is particularly unusual, Hazel. The only way I could ever authorize a trip like this is if someone familiar with your case --

HAZEL

(turns to her Mom)

So she can come too.

FRANNIE

Wait, what?

HAZEL

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

Frannie had not considered that to this point. It's kind of the best idea in the world.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

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:

(CONTINUED)

76

CONTINUED: (2)

76

HAZEL (V.O.)
And then this happened.

77

INT. HAZEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

77

[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...

Michael grabs a phone, frantically dials 911. We see (but do not hear) him call for help.

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.

HAZEL (V.O.)
I'd been poked and stabbed and poisoned for years and still I trod on.

CUT TO:

78

OMITTED

78

79

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

79

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.

80 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - ICU - MORNING

80

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. Frannie and Michael by her side.

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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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:

81 INT. HOSPITAL ICU - WAITING AREA - MORNING

81

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?

(CONTINUED)

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?

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 (CONT'D)

Gus.

Michael really likes this kid.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Why don't you go home, get some rest?

Gus looks up. That might be for the best. CUT TO:

Hazel and her Parents sit at a very large conference table along with Dr. Maria and THREE OTHER ONCOLOGISTS - her whole "Cancer Team." DR. SIMMONS (late 60s, white beard, old school) speaks.

DR. SIMMONS

Normally the tumors start resisting the treatment. And that hasn't happened here - yet.

Hazel hears the "yet" the loudest.

DR. SIMMONS (CONT'D)

On the other hand, the drug may be worsening the edema.

DR. MARIA

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. Sensitive Michael starts to cry a little bit. He grabs Frannie's hand. Dr. Simmons continues...

DR. SIMMONS

What we're trying to do is prevent endothelial growth which, if overexpressed, can contribute to disease, decay, vascular inhibition, and the spread of the cancer cells we're working so hard to eradicate. The survival rates of patients with severe endothelial growth decreases exponentially the more...

And as he drones on with some cancer gobbledeygook, Hazel's eyes remain firmly fixed on her parents. Holding hands, Dad in tears, she hates what she's doing to them. And seeing them like this - it jogs a memory. CUT TO:

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)

You can let go, sweetie. Don't be afraid.

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 (CONT'D)

Oh Michael...

(crying into his shoulder)

I won't be a mom anymore.

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

84

INT. HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

84

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?

The doctors look at each other, trying to be delicate here.

FRANNIE
Is there any way...?

DR. SIMMONS
It would... increase some risks --

HAZEL
So does going to the mall --

DR. SIMMONS
Yes but an airplane?

HAZEL
They have oxygen on airplanes.

DR. MARIA
Hazel --

HAZEL
It's my life, right?

DR. SIMMONS
You're Stage IV --

(CONTINUED)

HAZEL

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

DR. MARIA

(to Dr. Simmons)

Perhaps there's a scenario --

DR. SIMMONS

No. Look...

(beat)

I don't know any other way to say this, Hazel. You're just too sick.

And this is like a punch in the gut.

DR. SIMMONS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

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

85

EXT. HAZEL'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

85

Hazel's parents 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:

86

INT. HAZEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

86

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:

87

INT. HAZEL'S KITCHEN - MORNING

87

Hazel sits staring at nothing. Soon enough, the house phone rings. Hazel ignores it. Michael comes in from another room with the phone in hand.

MICHAEL

(whispers, to Hazel)

Gus again.

Hazel thinks about it - silently shakes her head, no. Michael says into the phone.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry Gus, she's asleep.

Hazel remains sitting there, sullen.

Michael hangs up the phone. Sits down at the table. Doesn't say anything. Eventually Hazel looks at him.

HAZEL
What?

MICHAEL
Nothing.

More silence. Michael isn't going anywhere. Hazel launches into it.

HAZEL
It's not fair to him.
(Michael doesn't react)
It's not.
(still no reaction)
He doesn't need this in his life. Nobody does. It's... more trouble than it's worth --

MICHAEL
You're right.

Hazel looks at him, surprised.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Mom and I we were just saying the same thing. Could be time we toss you out on the street. Drop you off at an orphanage somewhere, make you their problem.

Michael stands.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I'm serious... We're not sentimental people.

Hazel shakes her head, smiles. He walks off, leaving her alone. She sits there another beat. Exhales.

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. Receives a text message from "Augustus." It just says "hello?" Again, she ignores it.

In the backyard, there's an OLD RUSTY SWING SET that's been there for years. Hazel looks at it.

And starts to cry. Just for a few brief moments, she lets herself cry.

Soon she gets another text. "This silence is deafening." Hazel's heart breaks. She can't take it anymore. She picks the phone back up. And dials.

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...
(beat)
I mean, I do know. It's a lot of things. It's... I want to go to Amsterdam. And I want Van Houten 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, pathetic 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:

And now they're on the swings.

GUS

I see your point.

(beat)

This is one sad swing set.

Hazel doesn't say anything. They swing for a beat as Gus looks at Hazel. Knows what she's going to say.

GUS (CONT'D)

You do realize... trying to keep your distance from me will in no way lessen my affection for you.

Hazel says nothing.

GUS (CONT'D)

All efforts to keep me from you will fail.

Hazel looks at him. He's sure not making this easy.

HAZEL

Look, Augustus, I -- I like you. I like hanging out with you. But I can't let it go any further.

GUS

Why not?

HAZEL

Because.

GUS

Because why?

HAZEL

Because I...

GUS

Tell me - tell me what the problem is --

HAZEL

I don't want to hurt you --

GUS

I wouldn't mind --

HAZEL

You don't understand --

GUS

No you don't understand, Hazel Grace --

HAZEL

Augustus --

GUS

It would be an honor to have my heart --

HAZEL

(loudly)

I'm a GRENADE!

That silences him.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

I'm a grenade. And at some point I'm gonna blow up, and everything in my wake will be obliterated and I really... I just... I need to minimize the casualties. Do you understand?

GUS

(beat)

A grenade.

Hazel nods, sadly.

HAZEL

That's why I don't have a hamster.

And now she's on the verge of losing it again. Gus remains silent. Exhales. All he can say is:

GUS

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

Hazel is grateful for his understanding. And off her face,
CUT TO:

91 INT. HAZEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

91

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

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 (CONT'D)

No?

Gus laughs harder. Hazel laughs with him.

GUS

That's why.

(CONTINUED)

91

CONTINUED:

91

Hazel looks at him, not understanding.

GUS (CONT'D)

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 perfectly unprecedented you are.

And Hazel processes that. Then looks away.

HAZEL

You can't say things like that.

GUS

What? That's how I speak to all my friends.

Hazel shoots him a look. He gets it.

GUS (CONT'D)

I know. I know... Friends.

Gus puts his hand out to shake. Hazel smiles, shakes it. It pains her but she's made her decision and she's sticking to it - for both of their sakes. CUT TO:

92

OMITTED

92

A93

INT HAZEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A93

Hazel is about to go to sleep. Before she does, she sends Gus a text: "Thank you for understanding."

She waits. Gets a text back.

"Ok."

Hazel reads it. Writes back: "Ok."

A beat. Gus responds: "oh my god, stop flirting with me!" Hazel smiles at this. It turns into a sad one. Her decision is made and it's final. She turns off the light and goes to sleep. CUT TO:

93

INT. HAZEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

93

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

(CONTINUED)

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 (CONT'D)

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.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

What?

Frannie can't keep a straight face.

FRANNIE

I didn't want to tell you until Dad got home but...

(beat)

We're going to Amsterdam!

HAZEL
(still not believing)
What are you talking about?

FRANNIE
We spoke to Dr. Maria. It's 3 days
instead of 6, I have the contact numbers
of three different oncologists --

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.

Hazel smiles. Frannie leaves. Once alone, Hazel grabs her
cell. ANGLE ON IT.

Hazel sends Gus the following text: "STILL FREE ON THE 3RD?
:-)"

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...

94 EXT. HOUSE - A WEEK LATER - DAY

94

Hazel tries her best to help Frannie and Michael carry
everything outside - oxygen tanks, a suitcase for clothes,
another for medicines and back-up medicines just in case etc.
They're all crazy with enthusiasm.

HAZEL
Amsterdam!

FRANNIE
Amsterdam!

And then, as if on cue, a LUXURY SUV pulls around the corner.
Gus pops out of the sunroof, huge smile on his face.

GUS

Like I said to the Genies, I travel in style or I don't travel at all.

Hazel, smiling, can only shake her head. The DRIVER helps Michael load up the car. Gus gets out to greet all of them.

GUS (CONT'D)

(to Michael & Frannie)

Always a pleasure, sir, ma'am.

(beat)

Hazel Grace. Ok?

HAZEL

Ok.

GUS

Ok.

The two of them are beaming. Michael finishes loading the bags in the car, kisses his wife goodbye, turns to embrace Hazel. She hugs him back and of course he starts to cry.

MICHAEL

(whispering)

I'm so proud of you.

HAZEL

For what?

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

They wait in line for the security checkpoint. Hazel with her oxygen tank, Gus with his noticeable limp and Frannie helping with all the equipment. A LITTLE GIRL (6, cute braids) eyes Hazel curiously. When it's Hazel's turn:

TSA AGENT

Miss, are you sure you are able to walk through without oxygen?

HAZEL

I'm good. I got this.

Hazel unhooks the plastic nubbins from her nose. Gus helps place the oxygen tank on the conveyer belt.

While walking through the WTMD, the Agent offers Hazel a helping-hand. Hazel refuses the assistance by nodding no.

Hazel takes slow, careful steps through the X-RAY SCAN MACHINE. She seems determined to get through this without any assistance. And she does.

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. When her tank reappears she puts the cannula back in place. Still light-headed, she closes her eyes, focuses on her breathing. Catches her mom watching, nervously.

HAZEL (CONT'D)
(with some difficulty)
Amsterdam!

Hazel sits on a bench on the other side, waiting for Gus and Frannie to go through. The cannula is working its magic again and Hazel can breathe. We see various Passengers watching her. She ignores the attention until the Little Girl appears.

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 FATHER swoops in, a little frantic.

GIRL'S FATHER
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?

By this point, Frannie and Gus have joined Hazel by the bench.

LITTLE GIRL

I think I am 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.

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 (CONT'D)
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.

GUS (CONT'D)
Holy -- look at that?! NOTHING HAS EVER
LOOKED LIKE THAT EVER IN ALL OF HUMAN
HISTORY!

He's adorable at this moment. Hazel can't resist leaning over
to give him a quick, chaste kiss on the cheek. Immediately,
she catches herself.

FRANNIE
(playful)
I'm right here, remember. Your mother...

HAZEL
We're just friends, Mom.

GUS
She is. I'm not.

Hazel shoots him a look. Gus shrugs - "what, it's the truth."
Hazel just shakes her head. CUT TO:

103 CONTINUED:

103

FRANNIE

I'm just saying...

HAZEL

You're saying a teenage 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. That's what you're saying?

FRANNIE

(beat, excited)

That is exactly what I'm saying!

Hazel just shakes her head. CUT TO:

104 INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

104

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 (CONT'D)

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.

105 EXT. RIVERBANK - LATE AFTERNOON

105 *

Hazel and Gus in a GONDOLA, his arm around her. It really couldn't be more romantic. But she's still fighting it. *

Hazel leans into his body, but only a little. They stay like that, expectation of the evening building. CUT TO: *

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 it's hard.

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.

*

106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

Hazel and Gus smile. This night could not be going any better *
so far. CUT TO:

107 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

107 *

LATER. We FOLLOW a tray of food from the KITCHEN, through the *
restaurant, until it lands on Hazel and Gus's table. Gus *
takes a bite. If it wasn't already clear on his face: *

GUS

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

Hazel also marvels at the deliciousness. After a few bites, *
she leans back in her chair. *

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 - 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.

A long beat.

GUS (CONT'D)

So anyway 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.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

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
Watch it.

Gus winks. CUT TO:

108 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

108 *

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

GUS
God?

HAZEL
Maybe.

GUS
Angels?

HAZEL
No.

GUS
Afterlife?

HAZEL
Nah. 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?

(CONTINUED)

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 (CONT'D)

There has to be something. 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.

That gets her attention.

GUS (CONT'D)

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.

109 EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT 109 *

Hazel and Gus sit, soaking in the beauty of the city - and the evening. *

110 EXT. AMSTERDAM - HOTEL - MORNING 110

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

111 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING 111

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.

111

CONTINUED:

111

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!

A112

INT/EXT. AMSTERDAM - ON THE TRAM - MORNING

A112 *

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 into the city. Excited. *

112

EXT. VONDELSTRAAT ROW HOUSES - DAY

112

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...?

(CONTINUED)

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 (CONT'D)

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. And then,

Through the closed door, they hear:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

LEEE-DUH-VIGH!

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Are they here, Peter?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

There's a knock on the --

(beat)

Who the hell's "they?"

Gus and Hazel share a look. Uh-oh. Is he not expecting -- ?

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).

LIDEWIJ

Please. I am sorry. Come in.

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

Lidewij leads Gus and Hazel through a corridor. We see HUGE BAGS of what looks to be garbage lined against the walls. The Man is still shouting to her.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I said who the hell is "they," Lidewij.

Lidewij smiles to Gus and Hazel as they walk, shakes her head, nothing to worry about. She shouts back to him.

LIDEWIJ

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

Gus and Hazel smile at hearing their names. Perhaps this will help things take a turn for the better. Hazel accidentally trips over one of the BAGS, spilling out, not trash, but FAN MAIL. All of these bags contain unopened, unread letters from fans.

MAN IN PAJAMAS (O.S.)

The Americans?

They follow Lidewij until they find themselves entering a living room so sterile, it's creepy. The walls are empty and white, there's a single couch, a small ottoman, and a lounge chair. That's it.

And in the chair, a MAN IN PAJAMAS. Huge potbelly, thinning hair, a week-old beard. This is PETER VAN HOUTEN.

LIDEWIJ

You invited them, remember?

He looks them up and down a beat. Then turns to Lidewij.

VAN HOUTEN

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

(beat)

Get rid of them.

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

LIDEWIJ

I will not do this Peter. Be nice.

She virtually shoves Gus and Hazel in the couch near Van Houten. They all sit there. One beat, two beats. No one knows what to say. Until finally:

VAN HOUTEN

Which of you is Augustus Waters?

Gus raises his hand tentatively. Van Houten looks him over. Grunts. The awkwardness returns. Eventually, Hazel says:

HAZEL

Mr. Van Houten.

VAN HOUTEN

Hmm...

Van Houten kicks his feet up on the ottoman, crosses his slippers.

HAZEL

Thank you. For writing back to us.

VAN HOUTEN

Clearly an error in judgment. Yours are the first missives to which I've replied and look where that got me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VAN HOUTEN (CONT'D)
(raising his GLASS)
Scotch?

HAZEL
Um, no thanks.

VAN HOUTEN
Augustus Waters?

GUS
It's 11am.

VAN HOUTEN
Just me then, Lidewij.
(downs the drink)
Another scotch and soda, please.

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.

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, takes another drink)

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."

(CONTINUED)

GUS

Um...

VAN HOUTEN

Lidewij! Play 'Bomfalleralla'
immediately.

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)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VAN HOUTEN (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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. 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 (CONT'D)

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)

Has the cancer found its way to 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)

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!

(CONTINUED)

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, that's enough!

VAN HOUTEN

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

Lidewij throws her apron on the ground, tears in her eyes. She's done with this. Gus as well has balled his fists, ready to fight. But not Hazel. Van Houten's words have not phased her one bit. She rises from the couch.

HAZEL

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 goddamn characters!

VAN HOUTEN

(beat)

I can't tell you.

HAZEL

Bullshit!

VAN HOUTEN

I can't --

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.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (8)

113

LIDEWIJ

I don't work here anymore.

VAN HOUTEN

Oh don't be ridiculous.

No one moves. Van Houten realizes he's alone in this.

VAN HOUTEN (CONT'D)

I'd like you to leave.

HAZEL

You're really not gonna tell us?

VAN HOUTEN

I would like you... to leave.

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

114 INT. VAN HOUTEN'S HOUSE - DAY

114

Gus and Hazel tearing towards the exit. When they get to the door, Van Houten calls to them, 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.

And with that, they go:

115 EXT. VAN HOUTEN'S HOUSE - DAY

115

Both of them are practically shaking. Hazel especially. Gus hugs her tight as he sees her breakdown.

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:

(CONTINUED)

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.

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

LIDEWIJ (CONT'D)

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

GUS

Cause that'll totally cheer us up...

LIDEWIJ

It's a beautiful place.

HAZEL

I'm not going anywhere with that monster.

LIDEWIJ

No.

(beat)

He is not invited.

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

LIDEWIJ

I'm afraid there's no elevator.

116 CONTINUED:

116

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:

117 INT. ANNE FRANK HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - AFTERNOON

117

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 (CONT'D)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.) (CONT'D)

"...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.) (CONT'D)

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

And Hazel KISSES Gus. A most passionate, intense, you-and-me-against-the-world kind of kiss, better than any they've experienced or could even imagine. It seems to last for a small eternity.

Eventually, they break away and open their eyes. They quickly notice all the Travelers staring at them. For a brief second, they wonder if that was a very inappropriate thing to do...

When suddenly everyone starts clapping for them, moved by the whole thing. One EUROPEAN even shouts "bravo!" Hazel blushes, Gus smiles, bows, he grabs her hand. We hear:

HAZEL (V.O.)

I fell in love with him the way you fall
asleep. Slowly. Then all at once.

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 (CONT'D)

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

HAZEL

What?

118

CONTINUED:

118

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 (CONT'D)

I love you, Augustus Waters.

GUS

I love you too, Hazel Grace.

They resume kissing. It's heating up. Hazel stops for a beat, inserts the cannula, gets some much needed oxygen. Smiles. Gus smiles back.

And when she can breathe again, kissing continues. CUT TO:

119

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

119

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.

120

INT. HOTEL CAFE - DAY

120

Hazel and Gus sit with Frannie drinking coffee, re-enacting yesterday's events, having a great time.

GUS

You called him "douchepants."

HAZEL

I know!

GUS

What is that?

(CONTINUED)

HAZEL

It just came out! I was angry.

GUS

Douchepants.

They both giggle at the whole thing.

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.

They're all still smiling. Hazel has truly never been happier. Gus can't take his eyes off of her. Loves seeing her like this. And yet the image stirs something sad in him as well. We can start to see it brewing...

HAZEL

(checking her watch)

There's still a few hours till our flight. Should we check out the Rijksmuseum? That's pretty close to here. Or the Paradiso. Or the Oude Kerk. God there's so much to see. We'll never hit everything.

FRANNIE

You'll just have to come back is all.

Hazel shoots her a look. As if.

FRANNIE (CONT'D)

What?

Hazel just shakes her head at her mom.

HAZEL

Could you not be ridiculous right now?

And by this point, the sadness in Gus's eyes is unmistakable. But Hazel and Frannie are too engaged to notice...

FRANNIE

I'm not being ridiculous. I'm being positive --

HAZEL

Oh boy --

GUS

(interjecting)

Mrs. Lancaster.

Both Hazel and Frannie stop talking and turn to Gus. They both can see in his face - something big is weighing on him.

GUS (CONT'D)

Is it alright if Hazel and I have some time alone?

Frannie doesn't know what's going on. But something is.

FRANNIE

(nods)

Of course.

She stands. Hazel looks at Gus. Also can't quite read the situation.

FRANNIE (CONT'D)

I'll meet you back in the room.

And with that, she walks off. Hazel turns back to Gus, still not sure what's happening. He gives her his best Gus smile.

GUS

Wanna take a walk?

They stroll across a footbridge. Hazel notices he's struggling with something.

HAZEL

Augustus?

Gus takes a cigarette out, sticks it between his lips.

(CONTINUED)

HAZEL (CONT'D)

What is it?

GUS

There's something I have to tell you...

They walk in silence a few beats.

GUS (CONT'D)

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.

Gus takes the cigarette out of his mouth, clenches his teeth
tightly, trying not to cry.

GUS (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

It lit up like a Christmas tree, Hazel.
The lining of my chest, my liver...
everywhere.

Hazel loses it in that moment, 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.

GUS

Apparently the world is... not a wish-
granting factory.

(CONTINUED)

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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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?

121 CONTINUED: (3) 121

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

122 INT. AIRPLANE - DUSK 122

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

123 INT. INDIANAPOLIS AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY 123

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:

124 INT. HAZEL'S LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT 124

Hazel sits with her father on the couch. All he can say is:

MICHAEL
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.

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC

My bad.

HAZEL

(still confused)

Augustus?

Gus looks at her, grows a little serious.

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)

I would love to.

They hold hands.

ISAAC

You guys are adorable - makes me sick...

Hazel play slaps Isaac on the arm.

HAZEL

How's your love life? Anything from Monica?

ISAAC

Nope. 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 (CONT'D)

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 -

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (2)

125

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 (CONT'D)

Do you happen to have five dollars?

No one knows what that means. CUT TO:

126 INT. FRANNIE'S CAR - DAY

126

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:

127 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

127

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

GUS (CONT'D)
Lefter.

Isaac turns some more. Hazel leans in to Gus:

HAZEL
Shouldn't we wait until dark to do this?

GUS
It's all dark to Isaac.

ISAAC
How bout now?

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 (CONT'D)
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 --

An EGG whizzes by her head, causing her to flinch dramatically.

MONICA'S MOM (CONT'D)

Aaah!

She sees Hazel, Gus, and Isaac. Tries to make sense of this.

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. 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.

GUS

Oblivion.

HAZEL

Augustus...

GUS

I know it's kid's stuff but... I always thought I'd be a hero, you know, with a grand story to tell. Something that would run in all the papers. I 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 (CONT'D)

What?

HAZEL

I do know what you mean, I just... I don't agree.

Hazel stands up, anger building.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

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 --

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: (2)

129

HAZEL (CONT'D)

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 cup. Raises his to hers in a toast.

GUS (CONT'D)

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:

130 INT. HAZEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

130

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?

(CONTINUED)

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Oh, sweetie...

GUS

I wanted to buy some cigarettes. I lost my pack. Or they took it. 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 which point, Gus really loses it, weeping like the poisoned, dying teenage boy that he is. As Hazel dials, we hear:

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.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

An EMT loads Gus into the back of an AMBULANCE.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Hazel is allowed to ride with him in the back. As the car starts moving, Gus grabs her hand. We ride with them:

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."

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...

Hazel thinks on her feet. She wants so badly to distract this
boy she loves from his agony. She looks out the window. We
CUT TO what she describes:

135

EXT. HAZEL'S BACKYARD - DUSK

135

CU the sky at dusk, billowing clouds up above.

HAZEL (V.O.)

... a blue sky...

136

EXT. HAZEL'S BACKYARD - DUSK

136

CU BRANCHES on trees, their leaves blowing with the wind

HAZEL (V.O.)

... cut open by the branches of the
trees.

137

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

137

BACK ON HAZEL, looking at Gus, trying to smile, weak, barely
conscious.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

HAZEL

And so much depends...

CU the G-TUBE, protruding from Gus's stomach.

HAZEL (V.O.)

on the transparent G-tube/ erupting from
the belly...

CU Gus's lips, impossibly blue, desperate for oxygenation.

HAZEL (V.O.)

...of the blue-lipped boy.

BACK ON Hazel, tears falling from her face as she cradles
Gus's head in her arms.

HAZEL

So much depends upon this observer/ of
the universe...

And as Gus is drifting off to sleep, WE HEAR a different VO:

HAZEL (V.O.)

One of the less bull-shitty conventions
of the cancer genre is the convention
known as the "Last Good Day..."

138 EXT. GUS'S HOUSE - DAY

138

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

139 INT. GUS'S HOUSE - DAY

139

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...

140 EXT. GUS'S BACKYARD PORCH - DAY

140

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

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

HAZEL (V.O.)

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

141 INT. HAZEL'S BEDROOM - EVENING

141

Hazel on her bed, staring at nothing. Her eyes fall on the dog-eared copy of "An Imperial Affliction." She frowns.

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."

She stands to retrieve it. Opens it up to find a FLOWER from the restaurant in Amsterdam, pressed inside. Smiles at the memory. Puts the book back. Places the flower on the night stand by her bed.

HAZEL (V.O.)

At the time, it's just another decent day.

Her phone buzzes - Augustus. She answers, cheerfully.

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.) (CONT'D)

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

Hazel looks at an ENVELOPE resting at the edge of her desk.

HAZEL

I may have...

GUS

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

HAZEL

Um... sure. Yeah. Is everything --

GUS (O.S.)

I love you Hazel Grace.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: 141

And with that, the call ends. Hazel, confused, stands to go.

142 INT. HAZEL'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT 142

Frannie and Michael are bringing plates of food from the kitchen to the dinner table. Hazel comes down from upstairs.

HAZEL

Can I have the car keys?

FRANNIE

What, we're just sitting down to eat--

HAZEL

I have to go --

FRANNIE

(disappointed)

Hazel...

HAZEL

I'm not hungry.

FRANNIE

You barely ate lunch today--

HAZEL

I said I'm not hungry.

MICHAEL

You can't not eat--

HAZEL

I am aggressively un-hungry--

FRANNIE

Hazel, just because Gus is sick--

HAZEL

This is not about Gus.

FRANNIE

--you can't starve yourself. You need to stay healthy--

HAZEL

But I can't, Mom! I can't stay healthy because I'm not healthy. I am dying. I am going to die and leave you here all alone and you won't have me to hover around and you won't be a mother anymore and I'm sorry but there's nothing I can do about it, ok? So just SHUT UP!

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Hazel!

Hazel immediately regrets what she said. But at the same time...

FRANNIE

What do you mean "I won't be a mother anymore?"

(Hazel looks at her)

Why would you say that?

HAZEL

I heard you. That night in the ICU before "The Miracle"...

FRANNIE

I said "I won't be a mother anymore?"

Hazel nods sadly. Frannie takes that in.

FRANNIE (CONT'D)

Oh god I did, didn't I?

(beat)

I was so scared. And I really though once you were gone, it would...a part of me would never...

Frannie grabs hold of Hazel's shoulders.

FRANNIE (CONT'D)

It's not true, Hazel. I know that now. I was wrong. I know that even if you die--

HAZEL

When.

A beat. Another beat. This isn't easy for Frannie to accept. But she must.

FRANNIE

Even when you die - I will always be your mother. It's the greatest thing I will ever be. It's who I am...

(beat)

Hazel, listen to me... it's gonna hurt like hell to lose you but... you of all people know it's possible to live with pain.

Hazel takes that in. She sits down, exhales.

HAZEL

My biggest fear in the world is that...
when I am gone you won't have a life.
That you'll just... sit around all day
staring at the walls or just... off
yourselves or something.

MICHAEL

We're not gonna do that.

FRANNIE

I don't just... sit around.

Hazel doesn't understand. Frannie looks at Michael like,
"should I say something?" He nods. She goes for it.

FRANNIE (CONT'D)

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

Hazel is stunned.

FRANNIE (CONT'D)

It's a way for me to take what I know
and... maybe help people, council
families --

HAZEL

Wait so when you're waiting for me
outside Support Group or whatever, you're
actually...

Frannie nods. Finally able to "admit" it.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

That's amazing! Mom, I don't -- why would
you keep that from me?!

MICHAEL

Because, we --

Frannie and Michael don't quite know how to say it.

FRANNIE

We didn't want you to feel abandoned --

HAZEL

Are you kidding? This is great! You'll be
great!

142 CONTINUED: (3)

142

Hazel pulls Frannie into a hug.

FRANNIE

Thank you. That means everything to me.

HAZEL

I just want to know you'll be ok.

FRANNIE

And we will.

(taking her face in her
hands)

We will, Hazel. I promise.

And Hazel believes it. They've both had things they needed to say and they've finally been said. We CUT to:

143 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

143

As Hazel enters the empty sanctuary, a wheel-chair bound Gus is directing Isaac up to the podium.

GUS

A little to the right. Your other
right... There. That's it. Perfect.

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

GUS (CONT'D)

Hazel Grace, you look ravishing. Doesn't she look ravishing, Isaac?

ISAAC

How would I know?

Gus nods, fair enough.

HAZEL

So, um, what's going on guys?

ISAAC

You're late.

HAZEL

Late for what exactly?

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

(CONTINUED)

GUS

I wanted to attend my own funeral.

(beat)

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 cocky son of a bitch. But we forgive him. We forgive him... not because he had a heart as good as his real one sucked, or because of his superhuman handsomeness... 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. Sweet Jesus I never understood a word out of that kid's mouth. I mean who talks like that?!"

Gus nods - that part is true.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

"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 (CONT'D)

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

Gus has a big smile on his face.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

"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 (CONT'D)

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.

(CONTINUED)

Hazel takes a piece of paper from the envelope, walks up to the dais. She takes a beat to ready herself. And begins.

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..."

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

HAZEL (CONT'D)

(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.

Hazel turns on the LIGHT by her bed. Her HOUSE PHONE is ringing and it's 4am.

She knows instantly.

144 CONTINUED:

144

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.

145 EXT/INT. FRANNIE'S CAR / MALL PARKING LOT - RAINY DAY

145

The rain falls hard on Frannie's car as Hazel sits in the
driver's seat. The loudest music she can possibly blare
turned up to the max. She's trying to drown out all 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...

146 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

146

Young Hazel sits with a NURSE in her hospital bed. She's
looking as ill as she feels. We hear:

HAZEL (V.O.)
...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. Though I couldn't speak, I held up
9 fingers.

Young Hazel weakly holds up both hands, but tucks her thumb
in, holding up only 9 fingers.

HAZEL (V.O.)
And later, when I started feeling better,
the nurse came in and she called me a
fighter.

147 INT. FRANNIE'S CAR - RAINY DAY 147

BACK TO: Hazel in the car.

 HAZEL (V.O.)
 "You know how I know," she said.
 (beat)
 "You called a ten a nine."

The loud music isn't protecting her as well as she hoped.

148 INT. HAZEL'S BEDROOM - ANOTHER MORNING 148

Hazel puts on her funeral dress. She looks in the mirror.

 HAZEL (V.O.)
 But that wasn't the truth. I didn't call
 it a nine cause I was brave. The reason I
 called it a nine was... I was saving my
 ten.

149 OMITTED 149

150 EXT. CEMETARY - DAY 150

Hazel sits with the gathered MOURNERS as Gus's COFFIN is about to be lowered into the ground. Michael and Frannie by her side.

 HAZEL (V.O.)
 And this was it. The great and terrible
 ten.

GUS'S PARENTS sit in the front row, crying. Frannie is especially upset. Hazel sees this - her mother watching another mother bury a child. Hazel reaches out and takes Frannie's hand. They hold on tight as a MINISTER stands to address the mourners.

 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.

(CONTINUED)

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, is trying to make sense of this unexpected appearance, when she hears:

MINISTER

And now we'll hear from Gus's... special friend Hazel Lancaster.

Hazel stands, walks up towards the casket. When she gets there, she removes a pack of Camel Lights, places it on the coffin where other mourners have left dirt and rocks.

She turns to face everyone.

HAZEL

I was his girlfriend.

Hazel clears her throat. Reaches into her pocket. Takes out her notes.

CU - the eulogy she already read. We see, in her handwriting, "Augustus Waters was the great star-crossed love of my life."

BACK ON Hazel. She looks up. Sees Gus's parents in the front. She looks back at her notes, one last time. Folds it up.

And instead, she says:

HAZEL (CONT'D)

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. I knew this was the right thing to do.

Gus's Parents, arm in arm, nod along with every word.

HAZEL (V.O.)

Funerals - I'd decided - they're not for the dead. They're for the living.

Van Houten watches as well. It's impossible to know what he's thinking at this moment. And we CUT TO:

HAZEL

Nope. Thanks though. Have a great life.

VAN HOUTEN

You remind me of her.

HAZEL

I remind a lot of people of a lot of people.

VAN HOUTEN

My daughter was eight. She suffered beautifully. For so long.

Hazel wasn't expecting this.

HAZEL

She had leukemia? Like Anna?

VAN HOUTEN

Just like her, yes.

And now Hazel is beginning to understand Van Houten. Her attitude softens.

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... it reveals you.

Hazel takes that in.

HAZEL

Well I'm sorry for your loss.

VAN HOUTEN

And I'm sorry for yours. And for ruining your trip.

HAZEL

You didn't ruin our trip. We had an awesome trip.

VAN HOUTEN

Are you familiar with the Trolley Problem?

HAZEL

What?!

VAN HOUTEN

There's a thought experiment in the field of ethics known as the "Trolley Problem."

HAZEL

You've gotta be kidding me --

VAN HOUTEN

Phillipa Foot was a philosopher--

HAZEL

I don't give a shit, Van Houten!

VAN HOUTEN

Hazel, I'm trying to explain something to you! I am trying to give you what you wanted--

HAZEL

What I want is for you to get out of my car so I can go home, by myself, and grieve for a while. Can you do that for me please?

Van Houten takes out a FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER. He holds it out to Hazel.

VAN HOUTEN

You'll want to read this--

Hazel snatches the paper from his hand, crumples it up in a ball and throws it at him. It lands on the floor at his feet.

HAZEL

Get out of the car!

He does as he's told, stepping out onto the street.

Hazel is about to drive off. But before she does, she takes one last look at the sad man by the side of the road.

Swallowing her anger, she rolls down her window.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

Hey Van Houten...

(beat)

The sunshine agrees with you.

(beat)

You should get out more.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: (3) 152

And with that, she drives away. In the rearview mirror, she sees him raise the FLASK, as if toasting her. Maybe, just maybe, he will try to change. Hazel blinks away some tears and drives on. CUT TO:

153 INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON 153

Hazel sits on the floor against her bed and weeps. Soon there's a knock.

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 (CONT'D)

I'm so so sorry.

(beat)

It was a privilege to love him, though,
wasn't it?

(CONTINUED)

153

CONTINUED:

153

Hazel nods into his shirt. Then looks up at her Dad.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Gives you an idea how we feel about you.

Michael smiles at Hazel. And he doesn't cry. Hazel draws strength from him. We hear, from downstairs:

FRANNIE (O.S.)

Hazel! There's a friend here to see you.

Hazel looks up. CUT TO:

154

EXT. HAZEL'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATE AFTERNOON

154

Hazel and Isaac sit on the grass, near where the old swing set of tears used to be, talking.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

HAZEL

Oh my god.

ISAAC

What?

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:

155 CONTINUED:

155

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 (CONT'D)

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:

156 INT. CHURCH - FLASHBACK - DAY 156

That first time Gus and Hazel ran into each other.

157 INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - FLASHBACK - DAY 157

The staring contest in Support Group.

GUS'S VOICE

We all want to leave a mark.

158 INT. GUS'S CAR - FLASHBACK - DAY 158

Driving (badly) in Gus's car.

159 EXT. PARK - FLASHBACK - DAY 159

The near 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?

160 INT. FRANNIE'S CAR - MAGIC HOUR 160

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.

161 INT. ICU - FLASHBACK - NIGHT 161

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 (CONT'D)

... but her hands were still her hands, still warm, and the nails painted this dark blue black 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.

162 INT. FRANNIE'S CAR - MAGIC HOUR 162

AND BACK TO HAZEL reading the letter. She never knew that story, never knew he was there. CUT TO:

163 EXT. HAZEL'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT 163

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:

164 EXT. RESTAURANT - (ORANJEE) - FLASHBACK - NIGHT 164

The magical dinner.

165 EXT. RIVERBANK - (AMSTERDAM) - FLASHBACK - NIGHT 165

The romantic GONDOLA in which they sat overlooking the water.

166 INT. ROOM - ANNE FRANK HOUSE - FLASHBACK - DAY 166

The passionate kiss which we now see is happening in Anne Frank's house.

167 INT. HOTEL ROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

167

The two of them falling onto the bed together.

[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, we 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. You don't get to choose if you get hurt in this world but you do have a say in who hurts you.

168 EXT. HAZEL'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

168

AND BACK ON Hazel in the grass. She holds the letter to her 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 (CONT'D)

Ok, Hazel Grace?

A beat. Another.

Hazel OPENS HER EYES. And she says to the universe:

HAZEL

Ok.

BLACK.