

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.

(CONTINUED)