

128 INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - MORNING 128

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

HAZEL  
How's he doing?

MRS. WATERS  
He's had a tough night, Hazel. His blood pressure's low. His heart --

Mrs. Waters fights back the tears.

HAZEL  
What about the chemo?

MRS. WATERS  
(shakes her head)  
They're gonna stop the chemo.

They both know what that means. Mrs. Waters gathers herself.

HAZEL  
Can I see him?

Mrs. Waters doesn't want to say no but in her brief hesitation, Hazel understands completely. This is his mother. She needs to be with him too. Hazel nods.

MRS. WATERS  
We'll tell him you were here.

HAZEL  
I'm just gonna hang out for a while. If you don't mind...

Mrs. Waters smiles, hugs her again, walks out through the heavy doors towards Gus's room. Hazel sits in the chair. Same chair Gus sat in while waiting for her. It's as though they've switched places.

129 EXT. INDIANAPOLIS MUSEUM OF ART - DAY 129

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

HAZEL  
What are you thinking about?

(CONTINUED)

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)

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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)