

INT. WILLOW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Willow sits in a hippie-style room, legs crossed as she perches on her bed. She's scrolling on her phone.

There are a few duffel bags and a suitcase strewn across her bedroom floor.

WILLOW

I was supposed to get my own
bedsheets? I am NOT prepared...

Suddenly, there's a bright light in the corner of her room. Willow scoots back out of fear.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

What the-?

A PERSON steps out of the bright light.

They have Willow's dirty-blond hair and green eyes. They're a little taller and more mature looking, but have the same aesthetic.

They look around.

OLDER WILLOW

Aww, our Fleetwood Mac poster. I
lost it in our twenties.

WILLOW

Who are you?

Older Willow looks down and gestures to herself.

OLDER WILLOW

I thought it would be obvious.

WILLOW

Yeah, well I fear you just entered
my room Biblical angel-style and
I'm one second away from peeing my
pants.

Older Willow lets out a laugh.

OLDER WILLOW

We were funny. I forgot how funny
we were.

WILLOW

We?

OLDER WILLOW

I'm you.

WILLOW

You can't be me. I'm me.

Older Willow shakes her head.

OLDER WILLOW

And we were cringe. I forgot about that, too. Come on, that's the most cliché time-traveler movie line.

WILLOW

So I'm a time traveler in the future? Pretty far off from being a potter.

OLDER WILLOW

Well, it's not time traveling, per se...

Willow gives Older Willow a long up-down.

WILLOW

Did we go back to sniffing Sharpies?

OLDER WILLOW

WHAT? NO, we did that in kindergarten and stopped! YOU don't even do that. Why would I?

WILLOW

I don't know. You seem a little jumbled. And twitchy.

Older Willow gets comically defensive.

OLDER WILLOW

I'm not jumbled. You're jumbled. And blame the twitchiness on your addiction to double mochas.

WILLOW

It's not an addiction. And if we're still drinking double mochas at, like, fifty, I think we have bigger issues.

OLDER WILLOW

I am THIRTY-FIVE!

They both stare at each other, the same brow raised in a mirror image judgmental look.

After a moment, Older Willow lets out a long sigh. She moves over to Willow, sitting down next to her.

OLDER WILLOW (CONT'D)
I'm here because you are TOTALLY
freaking out.

WILLOW
I'm not freaking out. I'm ecstatic.

She does not look or sound ecstatic whatsoever.

OLDER WILLOW
Uh-huh. Well, I wouldn't have been
brought here if you weren't.

There's a long pause.

WILLOW
Okay, maybe I might possibly be
totally freaking out.

OLDER WILLOW
I know.

WILLOW
I just don't think I'm ready.

OLDER WILLOW
Everyone thinks-

WILLOW
"That at first." Yes, I know. I
know the same five lines every
adult tells a teenager about going
to college.

OLDER WILLOW
Yes, but it's different this time.

WILLOW
How?

OLDER WILLOW
Because it's me. You. I'M telling
YOU everything is going to be okay.

WILLOW
I just... I don't know how to get
older.

OLDER WILLOW

Nobody does. It's terrifying. But it's also the time of your freaking life.

WILLOW

It is?

OLDER WILLOW

Oh, absolutely. We have some of our best adventures in college. I won't spoil anything, though.

WILLOW

Actually, if you could spoil everything so I know exactly what's coming, that would be great.

Older Willow laughs.

OLDER WILLOW

We were so paranoid. I forgot how it felt to feel this anxious.

WILLOW

Wish I could relate.

OLDER WILLOW

You will. Once you get out of your head, out of this town, and start living your life.

Older Willow takes Willow's hands. She rubs her thumbs over her inner wrists.

WILLOW

The same trick mom does to calm me down...

OLDER WILLOW

It doesn't stop working when we turn eighteen.

She squeezes slightly.

OLDER WILLOW (CONT'D)

And the world doesn't end when we turn eighteen. It begins.

WILLOW

You sure?

OLDER WILLOW

Promise.

They stare at each other for a long moment.

WILLOW

I think I'm ready to go to college.

OLDER WILLOW

You always were.

Off in the distance, a voice calls out. Willow turns to face the door.

WILLOW'S MOM

Honey, come down! I made your tofu chicken parm!

WILLOW

Coming, mom!

She turns back. Older Willow is gone. All that's left is a sticky note on her bed.

It reads: Life is just beginning.

She looks around, but Older Willow is nowhere to be seen.

Willow looks back at the note and smiles.