

WHOLE LIFE'S AHEAD

Written by

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EXT. CITY WALK - DAY

Two guys walk together down the concrete path.

STAN walks a bit behind. He's in his early (reaching mid) twenties. His attire involves well worn sandals, cozy shorts, and a spring time Henley shirt.

TAYLOR walks a little ahead of his companion. Constantly looking back towards Stan, he wears a Vuori Three-Button tucked into a pair of Khakis.

STAN

Look, Taylor, congrats on your new job with a "living wage" and all, but what are you going to do without your precious "one free coffee per shift?"

TAYLOR

The break room has a Keurig, Stan.

STAN

Oh, so you're a fascist now.

TAYLOR

Don't give me that, Stan.

INT. TAYLOR'S CAR - DOWNTOWN - LATER

Taylor drives down the street, stressfully looking for meter parking. Stan is in the passenger seat munching on trail mix in a zip-loc bag.

TAYLOR

I think it's going to be good for me, don't you? Getting my foot in the door. All my professors said marketing would be a great outlet for creative freedom. There won't be any fascist vibes at all, right? Right? Is there any parking here?

STAN

Probably not.

TAYLOR

What, the parking or fascism?

STAN

Huh?

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Stan and Taylor close the car doors and walk down the lot.

TAYLOR

Who am I kidding, foot in the door?
When I went in for the interview,
everyone that worked there was
twice my age. I'm sure they thought
"foot in the door" too.

STAN

Well then prove them wrong, man.

EXT. CANELLA GELATO PATIO - MOMENTS LATER

Stan and Taylor sit at a table outside the shop (trying) to enjoy their Gelato. Stan's trail mix sits on the table.

TAYLOR

But it's stability, right? That's
what I've been missing and that's
why I went to college in the first
place, you know? No offence.

STAN

Taylor, you don't need to worry
about my sensibilities, man. I'm
happy with the bed I've made. But
look at you! You should be proud.
You've got your whole life figured
out for you now.

TAYLOR

Right, my whole life. The rest of-

Stan's words of "whole life" echo in Taylor's head.

INT. DREAM-LIKE SOUND STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Taylor is transported to a dark cavernous space. There is
nothing definable around him.

Suddenly, Taylor turns as a spotlight shines on ANOTHER
TAYLOR tucking a ROCKER TAYLOR into a bed just behind him.
Rocker Taylor gives a righteous scream then pulls out a
guitar to do a sick lick.

Taylor is startled for a moment but quickly becomes amused.

ANOTHER TAYLOR

Funny, right? 'Cause it's too late
to make this bed.

TAYLOR

Huh?

The spotlight cuts out in sync with the toll of a bell. Five
more beds are lit up, each with a different version of
Taylor.

A video streaming Taylor pogs in bed.

STREAMING TAYLOR

Chat is this real?

Their light goes out and the bell tolls. A doctor Taylor
says a bunch of jargon.

DOCTOR TAYLOR

Quick! We're losing him! Nurse, ge-
Where's a nurse?

The bell tolls. A banjo-playing Taylor plucks away. The bell
tolls. A park ranger Taylor yells at an imagined tourist.

PARK RANGER TAYLOR

Don't you dare touch that
arrowhead!

A shirtless Taylor lays in his bed.

SHIRTLESS TAYLOR

You can't tell but I'm an Olympic
swimmer.

The bell *tolls*.

Taylor is in utter darkness, the only noise is his breathing.
A single light comes back on. Another Taylor holds the
blanket open for Taylor to hop on in, a Kurieg with a
swastika waiting for him.

Taylor screams.

EXT. CANELLA GELATO PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Taylor gives a one-thousand yard stare as Stan enjoys his
Gellato.

STAN

Hey, man, you want some?

Taylor gives a puppy-like yelp, startling the Gellato right out of Stan's hand.

He quickly retrieves it.

STAN (CONT'D)
None for you!

Taylor gets up and runs.

STAN (CONT'D)
Woah, Taylor?

Stan leisurely gets up and follows him.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Taylor jogs towards his car. His hair, his shirt, hell even his groin if it's within the budget is covered in sweat.

He runs up to a sun-baked car and rests his hands on the top of it. He immediately swings his hands off of the metal surface. He sits down, his back resting on the tire as he tries to catch his breath.

Footsteps approach. Stan's shadow shades him. He looks up to see Stan eating his trail mix.

STAN
You want some? I made it myself.

TAYLOR
Forget that. We should go on a road trip.

STAN
Dude, that's an awesome idea. When?

TAYLOR
Now!

STAN
Right now? That's not very much like you.

Taylor stands.

TAYLOR
Well it's very much like you, Stan so why don't you eat your trail mix and get in the car?

STAN
I feel as though I should be
concerned-

TAYLOR
I won't skip Jojo Siwa.

Stan gets in the car without a word. Both doors close. The car starts.

STAN
Oh! Let's pack at my place first. I
need my special m&ms.

TAYLOR
Let's just go now! Who needs modern
comforts to hold us down?

STAN
I'm not wiping without toilet
paper, Taylor.

TAYLOR
You make a valid point.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

Taylor's car rips down the road. Hooting and hollering stream from the open windows of the car, the radio blaring what sounds like Jojo Siwa.

The car drives further and further down the road. Doc Watson's "Sitting on Top of the World" plays.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Taylor is at the check out with the CASHIER, giving them a candy bar and water bottle. Stan plops down a bag of granola, raisins, almonds, and honey onto the counter. He proceeds to fiddle with a coin bag.

INT. TAYLOR'S CAR - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Stan is already sitting in the car mixing his recently purchased ingredients into one giant mason jar as Taylor sets down into the driver's seat.

Taylor gives Stan a look. Stan holds the jar up to him in offering. Taylor declines. Stan shrugs and pours a clear bag of m&ms into the jar.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - DAY

Stan is dressed in minimalist hippy attire holding a stick he obviously found on the ground while Taylor's hiking outfit screams "overly prepared."

They hike through the forest, staring at how the light gets caught in the canopy of trees.

EXT. WOODED FIELD - MAGIC HOUR

Stan is sitting next to a rock circle, drilling a stick onto a flat piece of wood with his hands. The trail mix is at his side.

In the background, Taylor is fumbling with tent poles. Stan notices and stops drilling. He gets up and walks over to help Taylor.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

Taylor and Stan hike down a trail. They come upon a decently sized stream. Stan looks enthused and says something to Taylor. Taylor shakes his head. Stan shrugs and takes his shirt and shoes off. He places his trail mix next to his pack.

Stan jumps into the water, splashing a bit on Taylor who watches as Stan has fun floating a bit downstream. Taylor takes a look at the trail mix.

INT. TAYLOR'S CAR - DAY

Taylor is driving while Stan sleeps with a blanket in the passenger seat. The bag of trail mix sits open in Stan's lap.

Taylor takes a glance at the trail mix before tentatively reaching his hand out to the open bag. Stan suddenly shuffles in his sleep, making Taylor take his hand back and continue driving.

EXT. TAYLOR'S CAR - RURAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The car drives off into the distance.

Doc Watson's "Sitting on Top of the World" ends.

INT. OPEN FIELD - DUSK

The sun is just about to clear the horizon, causing an orange purplish glow all around. A lantern sits on the ground next to Stan who is manning a Coleman grill propped up on a rock, his trail mix right next to him.

Taylor walks up to Stan from the background. He's hauling a large bundle of sticks.

TAYLOR
Tent's set up by the way.

STAN
Good! The veggie burgers should be ready soon.

Taylor unloads his haul and sits next to Stan.

He eyes the trail mix.

TAYLOR
What's so good about that anyway?

Without moving his head away from the grill, Stan looks at Taylor, a big smile on his face.

STAN
Simple. The m&ms. You want some?

TAYLOR
I tried to deny it but the heart wants what the heart wants.

Stan snickers and hands the jar to Taylor.

Taylor grabs the jar with both hands and hugs it under his arms. He munches on the trail mix. His eyes widen.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Oh, Stan! This is amazing! How did you make trail mix taste this good?

STAN
Whatever recipe I found online.

TAYLOR
Hmm.

Taylor lays down and looks up at the sky. Stan follows him.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Thanks for indulging me in this.
I'm not trying to rub the new job
in or anything but it's been
weighing on me so...

STAN
I promise you're not rubbing it in.
You can't hurt my feelings that
easy.

Taylor takes another crunch of some trail mix.

TAYLOR
Okay, sure.

STAN
Man... It's so cool that your new
job doesn't do drug testing.

TAYLOR
What? How do you figure that?

Stan sits up and reaches for a veggie patty. He snacks on the
patty in his hand.

STAN
You're eating my special m&ms.
They've got to be my best batch
yet.

Taylor shoots up.

TAYLOR
Wait, Stan. Am I high right now?

STAN
I don't see how you could be high
right now.

Taylor gives a sigh of relief.

STAN (CONT'D)
Don't worry, though. In thirty
minutes you're gonna be high as
fuck.

Taylor absorbs this news.

He casually gets up and starts a pitiful jog to the car.

TAYLOR
No no no no no no no no...

STAN

Taylor?

Stan slowly gets up still munching on his patty. He watches Taylor pull at the car door handle to no avail. Stan watches Taylor search his pockets. He pulls out his keys and fumbles with them, accidentally turning on the car alarm.

TAYLOR

... no no no-No!

He throws his keys at the car and starts running.

Stans head slowly scans after Taylor as his fast footsteps get drowned out by the car alarm. He finally snaps out of it and jumps into action after his friend.

Stan finds the keys and turns off the alarm.

STAN

Taylor!

Taylor is yards away, closing in on a lone tree in the middle of the field.

Stan unlocks the car and gets in. The headlights come alive and the car drives off towards Taylor.

Taylor gets to the base of the tree and attempts to climb it, but he struggles to get a good grip.

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

Taylor!

Taylor looks back at Stan. He's gaining on him.

His attempts to climb quicken.

STAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing, my man? You don't climb. You're very sedentary, you know this.

TAYLOR

That changes today!

Taylor finally gets a grip of a branch above his head. He beams with excitement as he begins to climb. Taylor get's bathed in angelic light, triumph written on his face, before he loses his footing on the second step and slides back down to the ground. Stan stands over him. The car headlights harsh on Taylor's eyes.

STAN
Your new job drug tests?

TAYLOR
(out of breath)
Probably?

STAN
Probably? Is "probably" why we're doing this trip? Are you okay?

TAYLOR
No, Stan. I'm not okay, because what if I'm stuck at this stupid job for the next thirty years? I don't even know if marketing is what I want to do any more! I mean, was all that higher education all for nothing!? I'm sorry I should stop bringing that up-

STAN
Woah, man. Why do you keep trying to avoid the fact you went to college like it's some kind of dirty little secret? I promise you I'm fine. I've made my bed just as much as you have. You just don't know you can get up any time.

TAYLOR
What? That's not how that metaphor works at all. The point of that phrase is-

STAN
I know what the point of the metaphor is, Taylor. You'd be better off if you didn't. Do you get my drift?

A beat.

STAN (CONT'D)
Brother, you are twenty-three. If the rest of our lives started right now, we'd all be doomed. You okay?

TAYLOR
I think I am now.

Stan pulls Taylor to his feet.

STAN

Nice. Let's finish this trip,
you've got work in a few days.

They walk back to the campsite.

STAN (CONT'D)

Assuming they don't drug test you.

TAYLOR

I don't need to hear that right
now.