

Mushroom Daze

Written By

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First, OVER BLACK.

MUSIC CUE: "Redemption" - Serpenthwithfeet

FADE IN:

1 INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

The air hums with stillness.

CLOSE ON: A cluster of mushrooms, their caps glistening with moisture, subtly swaying like they're breathing.

A TREMBLING HAND enters the frame. Fingers hover—then pick a single mushroom.

SLOW MOTION: The mushroom nears lips. A pause. A breath.

CRUNCH.

The world exhales.

Colors pulse. Walls ripple. A low hum grows.

The room fractures into motion—light bending, shadows stretching. Mushrooms spiral through a dark void like constellations.

MONTAGE - HAZY, SURREAL:

Mushroom spores drift like golden dust

A figure floats, suspended in shifting darkness

Patterns emerge and vanish—eyes, symbols, spirals

The void breathes

VOICEOVER
(optional, dreamlike)
This is not a trip. It's a crossing.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

A forest, suspended in time. Sunlight filters through thick branches.

In a ring of mushrooms, a LONE CHAIR smolders gently.

Everything feels poised. Breathing. Waiting.

A mushroom pulses, grows, then flops—

POOF. Spores fill the air, twinkling.

FADES TO BLACK VOID:

3 INT. BLACK VOID -

An endless black canvas stretches in all directions.

Scattered across the ground are bioluminescent mushrooms, their soft glows forming constellations beneath our feet.

VIBRANT FLOWERS bloom unpredictably from the darkness—wild, rich, and unnaturally saturated. Their petals twitch faintly, as if breathing. The air hums with hypnotic, low-frequency pulses.

It feels alive.

A beat of silence.

FADE BLACK:
TITLE CARD: MUSHROOM DAZE:
CUTS IN:
SONG END:

4 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The midday sun as the camera pans down. HAZEL (16) walks toward Libby's House. She looks at the paper of the address. She starts talking to herself.

HAZEL

(softly, with a nervous smile)

This is the right address. Okay, Hazel, mom says to have fun.

This is my first day. Don't be weird.

Hazel walks toward the front door, nerves fluttering behind her smile.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. LIBBY'S HOUSE - DAY

Hazel stands alone in the driveway.

She exhales slowly, grounding herself.

Shouldering her bag, she walks up the stone path to the front door.

Her finger hovers, then presses the doorbell.

A soft ding-dong echoes inside.

A beat.

The door swings open to reveal LIBBY (16), warm and energetic.

LIBBY

(excited)

Hey, Hazel! You made it—come in, come in!

Hazel smiles—nervous tension giving way to a flicker of relief—as she steps inside.

HAZEL

Thanks. It's so nice to finally meet you in person.

LIBBY

Totally! Everyone's already here—we're just getting snacks set up.

Hazel enters. The door closes gently behind her, sealing her into this new world.

CUT TO:

6 INT. LIBBY'S ROOM - DAY

Libby's room is alive with color and nostalgia. Posters of '90s pop queens—Aaliyah, NSYNC, Missy Elliott—line the walls. Fairy lights hang like constellations from the ceiling, casting a soft golden hue over everything.

A spread of pizza, soda cans, and a stack of VHS tapes rest on the bed.

Hazel steps in, eyes wide, taking it all in. She sets her backpack on the edge of the sofa.

HAZEL

Wow. Your room is... really cool.

LIBBY

(grinning)

It's my little shrine to everything fun.

(teasing)

Wait—did you say this is your first sleepover?

HAZEL

(nods, shyly)

Yeah. I never really... had one before.

(beat)

Didn't really have friends either. Not like this.

Libby pauses. Her teasing fades into something genuine.

LIBBY

You've got one now. And once the other girls meet you?

(smiles)

They're gonna love you.

A beat of quiet warmth passes between them.

DING DONG.

The doorbell chimes from downstairs.

Libby perks up.

LIBBY

That'll be them. Are you ready?

Hazel

(deep breath, then smiles)

Yeah.

The two head downstairs, laughter and the buzz of something new already blooming.

CUT TO:

7 INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

The door swings open wide.

CRYSTAL, AUDREY, and GEORGIA tumble in, all vibrant energy and loud laughter. They're loaded with duffle bags and armfuls of snacks—chips, candy, soda bottles rattling with each step.

They rush toward LIBBY, engulfing her in a flurry of hugs and excited squeals.

CRYSTAL

(grinning)

Libby! We're here, babe!

AUDREY

(excitedly)

I brought five kinds of snacks—and mystery gummies.

GEORGIA
(smirking)

And I didn't tell my mom what we're doing tonight.

The chaos dies down as they notice HAZEL, standing quietly near the doorway. The air shifts, just for a beat.

GEORGIA
(tilting her head)
Wait—who's this?

CRYSTAL
(sizing Hazel up)
New girl?

LIBBY
(quickly, warmly)
This is Hazel—she just moved here. She's cool. Be nice.

HAZEL
(softly)
Hey.

A beat. AUDREY's eyes sparkle with curiosity.

AUDREY
(grinning)
Ohhh... does she know about the trip?

HAZEL
(confused)
Trip?

CRYSTAL
(teasing)
Might be more like a... voyage.

GEORGIA
(smiling, sly)

It's tradition.

Libby senses Hazel's uncertainty and gently places a hand on her shoulder.

LIBBY

Don't worry. You're gonna be fine. Trust us.

GEORGIA

(leaning in)

First time?

Hazel nods slowly, eyes wide.

AUDREY

(beaming)

Then this is gonna be perfect.

Laughter erupts again—loud, carefree, like a wave crashing over Hazel's nerves. She finds herself smiling, just a little.

LIBBY

Let's go set up. Come on!

The girls race up the stairs, bags bouncing behind them. Hazel follows, heart pounding with nervous excitement.

8 INT. LIBBY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room glows golden from fairy lights. The girls lounge on pillows. A 90s rom-com flickers on mute in the background. Half-eaten pizza and soda cans scatter the floor. Hazel sits still as CRYSTAL applies eyeliner.

AUDREY

Girl, you're about to serve rockstar realness.

Hazel laughs—nervous but touched.

CRYSTAL

You're up, Hazel!

She reaches for a Truth or Dare spinner in the center of their circle.

GEORGIA
Dare.

AUDREY
Okay—Georgia, text your ex: "I still think about it."

The girls shriek. Georgia plays along. Laughter fills the room.

CRYSTAL
Your turn, Hazel.

Hazel spins. It lands on: Truth.

AUDREY
Ooooooh, first timer. Be gentle... or not.

CRYSTAL
Have you ever been in love?

Hazel hesitates. She tries to speak. Her chest tightens.

AUDREY
What about kissing someone?

The girls lean in. Smiling. Curious.

Hazel opens her mouth—but nothing comes out.

LIBBY
Guys...

Hazel suddenly stands.

HAZEL
I—I need a sec.

Hazel leans over the sink, gripping the porcelain. Her breath comes in shallow bursts. Her reflection stares back—flushed, panicked.

HAZEL
(whispers)
Why can't I just be normal?

A knock.

AUDREY (O.S.)
Hazel? It's me. Can I come in?

A beat. Hazel opens the door.

Audrey slips in and closes it behind her. The mood softens.

AUDREY
Sorry. We weren't trying to push you. That game just... gets dumb sometimes.

Hazel exhales shakily.

HAZEL
It's not that. I just—I don't know who I am. Or what I want. Sometimes I feel like I'm watching everyone else live and I'm stuck inside myself.

Audrey leans on the counter beside her.

AUDREY
I feel that. More than I say out loud.

A quiet beat.

HAZEL
(smiles faintly)
You're really cool. And intense. And... confusing.

AUDREY
(confused but intrigued)

Confusing how?

Hazel doesn't answer—just looks at her. A long beat.

Then—

HAZEL

I think I need some air.

Audrey nods. No judgment.

AUDREY

We'll be here when you're ready.

Hazel gives a small smile. Then she turns and steps back out, heartbeat still high—but something new blooming beneath it. She calms down and gets out of the bathroom.

10 INT. LIBBY'S ROOM - A MINUTES LATER

The room has shifted. The girls sit cross-legged in a circle, the lights dimmed. A foil bundle lies open in the center.

Inside: mushrooms. Gnarled. Earthy. Alive. Hazel stands just outside the circle, hesitant.

AUDREY

(grinning gently)

These are shrooms.

HAZEL

Psychedelic... right?

CRYSTAL

Yep.

GEORGIA

You don't have to if it feels wrong. But... It's kind of magic.

The room is quiet. The air is full of tension—not peer pressure, just a moment charged with possibility.

Hazel's eyes flicker to Libby. Then to Audrey.

LIBBY
(sincerely)

You don't have to be anyone but you. But if you want to open a door... this is one.

Hazel crouches near the bundle. Her hand hovers.

HAZEL
(quiet)
What if I get lost?

AUDREY
Then we will find you. Together.

A long beat.

Hazel looks at her trembling hands. Then up—at these girls, this circle, this new version of belonging.

HAZEL
I'm gonna use the bathroom again.

The girls nod, giving her space.

11 INT. LIBBY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Hazel stares in the mirror, her breath uneven.

HAZEL (V.O.)
You're scared. That's okay. But maybe this time... you don't run.

She closes her eyes. Inhales. Exhales.

She opens her eyes again—clearer now. Her fear is still there, but so is something else.

She turns and walks out.

12 INT. LIBBY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hazel returns. The girls all look up.
She sits.

LIBBY
Ready?

Hazel nods. A flicker of a smile.

The girls sit in a tight circle on the floor, the mushrooms laid out before them like ritual offerings. A mix of excitement and hesitation hangs in the air.

LIBBY
(grinning, holding up a mushroom)
Alright—on the count of three. One... two... three.

Together, they eat. Laughter rises—nervous, giddy, uncertain.

The lights flicker.

Reality begins to breathe.

The fairy lights pulse—subtle at first, then brighter.

The air hums. Posters on the wall begin to breathe.

The lava lamp stretches into impossible shapes.

Hazel blinks. Her hand leaves trails in the air.

HAZEL
(whispers)
Is it supposed to feel like this already?

CRYSTAL
(laughing)
Just wait. It gets weird in the best way.

Their laughter warps—slows—echoes like ripples.

The room bends. The colors melt.

Hazel closes her eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. PSYCHEDELIC FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

Hazel blinks and stands alone.

She's barefoot on a glowing, mossy path. Trees tower around her, their trunks luminous with deep purples, electric pinks, and greens that shimmer like oil.

The sky above is liquid light—stars swirl and fold like slow explosions.

HAZEL

(calling out, uncertain)

Libby? Crystal? Audrey? Georgia...?

Only silence.

The forest responds—not with sound, but with movement. Leaves twitch. Branches curl slightly, as if listening.

She steps forward. The moss beneath her pulses softly, like a heartbeat. The air tastes like honey and static.

A soft, haunting laugh echoes far off. She turns—but sees nothing.

Symbols form in midair—glowing eyes, flowing lines. They blink out as quickly as they appeared.

Hazel presses her hand to a tree. It's warm. It exhales.

A sudden flicker—

A flash of her childhood bedroom.

Gone.

Then—

Her friends. Seated in a glowing circle deeper in the woods, completely still. Their bodies relaxed, eyes wide, dream-drenched.

And standing in the center—

THE MUSHROOM FIGURE.

Tall. Serene. Its head is crowned by a glowing, kaleidoscopic mushroom cap.

It smiles—not sinister, not kind. Just... knowing.

It lifts a hand.

Invites her in.

Hazel takes a slow step forward. The forest leans in with her.

14 EXT.PSYCHEDELIC FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Hazel steps closer.

Her friends sit in an enchanted circle beneath towering, vine-draped trees. Their faces glow—peaceful, awestruck. Their bodies seem to blend with the forest, almost like they've been here forever.

At the center stands the MUSHROOM FIGURE. Tall, still. Its enormous mushroom cap pulses with color—stars, nebulae, galaxies blooming across its surface. It watches Hazel with wide, unreadable eyes.

LIBBY
(softly)

Hazel! You made it.

CRYSTAL
(laughing)

Took you long enough. This is our new friend.

Hazel looks around, breath shallow. Everything is too alive. Too much. But beautiful.

HAZEL
Who... what is this?

The Mushroom Figure lifts a hand.

MUSHROOM FIGURE
(voice like music)
A place between places. A dream made of you.

The forest pulses. Light spills from the canopy. Flowers bloom midair.

Hazel's eyes widen. Her heartbeat slows.

She walks to the circle and sits. Her friends lean into her like magnets—connected, whole.

The Mushroom Figure raises its hand again. Mushrooms float upward, spiraling in rhythm.

A symphony of sensation begins—sounds, lights, memories.

Hazel's fear melts into awe.

HAZEL
(whispering)
This is... amazing.

The forest inhales. Then exhales with her.

She looks to her friends. They glow.

MUSHROOM FIGURE

In this place, you don't perform. You remember. You become.

Hazel closes her eyes. The music of the forest swells.

She lets go.

15 INT. BLACK VOID - MOMENTS LATER

Hazel now stands alone.

Endless darkness stretches in all directions—except for the soft glow of floating mushrooms, drifting like jellyfish. The space breathes around her. Alive.

A mirror rises from the ground. Ornate. Silent.

Hazel approaches it.

Her reflection appears—but shifts. Flickers. It's her, and it's not.

Behind her reflection stands the Mushroom Figure, glitching—flickering between mushroom god, memory, mother, myth.

Hazel stares.

Her face in the mirror fragments—

—a laughing child.

—a crying teen.

—a fierce woman.

—versions of herself she hasn't met yet.

HAZEL

(quietly)

What am I supposed to see?

The Mushroom Figure doesn't answer—only watches.

Hazel reaches toward the mirror. The glass ripples.

Her reflection moves a beat behind her.

Suddenly—

She's pulled in.

16 EXT. TABLE SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Hazel stands before a long, moss-covered table. Her friends sway at its sides, trance-like. The Mushroom Figure waits at the head, grander now—its crown of caps shimmering like stars in motion.

MUSHROOM FIGURE

Step closer... and witness.

MUSHROOM FIGURE
What do you seek?

Hazel stares into the swirl, trembling.

HAZEL
I want to understand. Myself. And... all of this.

The Mushroom Figure nods.

Mirrors rise again. Dozens.

Inside: Hazel, multiplied.

Each one holding an emotion she's kept buried.

She doesn't flinch.

She steps toward them. And leans in.

17 INT. BLACK VOID - CONTINUOUS

Hazel floats now—weightless.

Below her, GEORGIA stands in a ring of mushrooms, glowing.

Then AUDREY. CRYSTAL. LIBBY.

Each girl is surrounded by color and motion—fractals blooming around them like living memory.

They become echoes of the Mushroom Figure—then back to themselves. Then light.

Hazel watches, stunned.

The Mushroom Figure reappears. Reaches for her.

Hazel lifts her hand.

Their fingers touch.

A SUPERNOVA—

Colors explode. Shapes collapse.

Time fractures. Hazel disappears—

Not erased.

Absorbed.

18 EXT. PSYCHEDELIC FOREST - CONTINUOUS

A pulse of light.

Hazel reappears—on the glowing forest floor.

The world shimmers around her.

Trees stretch toward a neon sky.

Leaves glisten like stained glass.

She breathes—deep and full.

She's back. But changed.

In the distance—laughter.

Hazel turns.

Her friends:

- Libby, dancing beneath rainbow beams.
- Crystal, spinning with joy.
- Audrey, arms out, face to the stars.
- Georgia, drawing constellations in the air with her fingers.

Hazel walks barefoot across pulsing moss.

Every step echoes in color.

She reaches them. They turn and smile—glowing.

LIBBY
You made it.

Hazel smiles back. And means it.

HAZEL
I'm really here.

She sits with them. A quiet warmth spreads among the group—something felt, not said.

Around them, the forest pulses. Time folds. The world exhales.

An ornate mirror stands among oversized mushrooms.

Hazel approaches. Her reflection wavers—then shifts:

Mushroom caps crown her head. Her skin glows.

She looks... radiant. Otherworldly. Whole.

Hazel doesn't recoil.

She smiles.

Behind her, her friends—now transformed too—sit in a circle.

Their new forms are surreal, beautiful, strange.

Each one a reflection of who they are, inside and out.

Hazel joins them. They lean together.

A quiet joy rises—soft giggles, shared looks, glowing hands held.

The forest breathes with them.

They've become part of something larger.

The camera pulls back—

The glowing circle of friends framed by bending trees, swirling skies, and a melody only they can hear.

FADE TO:

20 INT. LIBBY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The transformation is seamless.

The room is quiet now.

Blankets. Pillows. Half-eaten snacks.

The golden hue of late-night stillness.

The girls lie together in a soft sprawl.

Still glowing. Still smiling.

GEORGIA

Let's make this a tradition.

They all nod—no need for words.

Outside, the world is quiet.

But inside?

They've gone somewhere together.

And they won't forget it.

FADES TO COLOR PALLETE OF THE PSYCHEDELIC VISUALS:

MUSIC CUE: "MAGPIE" - LAVA LA RUE & NIA ARCHIVES:

CREDITS ROLL:

SONG END:

CREDITS END:

THE END: