

AN AMORPHOUS AI MIXED MEDIA MONTAGE

Screens within screens within reels within reels within
PODCASTS droning on, melting within online shopping carts,
within a finger swiping all WELLNESS focused content.

The phone battery dies and the cracked screen goes dark. In
the black screen we see the ghost-like reflection of ELSA.

INT. ELSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elsa, 28, highly intelligent yet neurotic, sits plump in a
giant T-shirt and ill fitting glasses. She plugs her dead
phone in on her night stand and turns the light off.

Her eyes are sharp and impatient in the shadows. She clutches
a very tattered teddy bear to her chest.

The phone turns back on. She jumps right back to searching,
the screen light halos her determined expression.

SUPER: THE IMPECCABLE ART OF NEVER-ENDING WELLNESS

INT. ELSA'S WORK DESK - DAY

Elsa swirls a green powder packet into a glass of water, and
adds herbal tincture drops. Her face is illuminated by a Red
Light Therapy panel as she digs into a spreadsheet.

ALLEN, 20s, an elegantly styled gay yuppie snickers a few
desks over.

ELSA
Sound travels.

ALLEN
It's next level girl. And what does
this one do?

Elsa turns the panel toward Allen, cascading the Red Light
Therapy his way.

ELSA
Do you feel it's powers?

ALLEN
I can't see. Stop. It's blinding.

ELSA
41% of our population is vitamin D
deficient and don't even know it.

Elsa swings the panel back to herself and basks.

ALLEN

What are the symptoms?

ELSA

Everything I have. So, shortness of breath, dizzy upon standing, a loss of--

ALLEN

Shit. It's 2 PM.

Allen grabs a folder from his desk and hustles past Elsa.

ELSA

Save me a seat!

Elsa chugs her green juice and stands. She collects papers into a folder when CREAK her lower back erupts in pain. She doubles over, recovers, grabs the folder, and hobbles away.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Sleek furnishings and bright contemporary art where seven stylish CREATIVE TECH EXECUTIVES, 30s and 40s, concentrate on the presentation by CEO BRANDON, 30s, a child of the 1% and an A class douche bag.

Elsa, Allen, and the Tech Execs watch intently.

BRANDON

So basically the SEO biomarker compounds against the interest rates of the machine learning prototypes amplifying our crypto proficiency well beyond quantum computings tactical particulates.

He concludes to the rooms applause, Elsa and Allen perplexed, reluctantly clap.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Thank you. Ok so let's go over to the Q1 market trends.

Allen steps up regally while Elsa gathers her papers and stands. She SHRIEKS and freezes as immense lower back pain JOLTS through her spine. Everyone GASPS.

ELSA

I'm fine. I'm fine.

She slowly straightens up, her breath catches in her throat. The Execs watch with disgust.

She tries to take another step toward Allen. CRACKLE her back seizes and lurches her forward. She freezes hunched over.

BRANDON
Do you need medical attention?

ELSA
No, no. I'm fine.

She tries to step again. But SCREAMS. Brandon looks at her with disdain.

BRANDON
We'll raincheck.

Brandon nods at the team. The Tech Execs pack and quickly exit, leaving Elsa and Allen in the dust.

ALLEN
What the fuck...

ELSA
I don't know.

INT. OFFICE HALL - DAY

Allen helps Elsa hobble down the hall away from the conference room. They speak in hushed tones.

ELSA
I stood up at my desk and it just went out like boom.

ALLEN
Maybe it's your mattress. Or your pillows? When's the last time you got new pillows?

ELSA
Few years... like ten years...

ALLEN
Ew. Get new pillows.

ELSA
I just need an Advil. I'll be fine.

INT. ELSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elsa stands with two new pillows under her arms. She carefully stuffs them into pillow cases, eases into bed, grabs her Teddy Bear and gingerly tucks under the blankets. She gets her phone out and begins to scroll wellness content.

Her pain flares. She adjusts to get comfortable, but fails. Frustrated, she sits up and whips the blankets down, which accidentally flings her phone onto the floor. Fuck.

She attempts to stand, but is struck by agony.

Officially stuck in bed. Elsa glides her hands over her mattress searching. She discovers a large lump and runs her hands back and forth over it.

ELSA
God damn it...

Elsa carefully positions the pillows to curl herself around the mattress lump. She tucks in and turns off the light.

INT. ELSA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Elsa wakes up, and sleepily stretches. She is limber! She sits up triumphant, swoops her legs off the side of the bed and stands. CRACKLE.

It's SO BAD that Elsa crumbles to the ground and becomes stuck on her stomach face down. She manages to roll to her side. She see's her phone across the room and drags herself toward it.

Phone in hand, she calls her neighbor.

ELSA
Hi Mrs. Santos, I'm so sorry to bother you, but I need your help. I threw out my back-- I can't get up. Can you come over?

INT. ELSA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

MRS. SANTOS, 60s, a congenial doting grandmother type with a sassafras edge delicately lowers Elsa to the couch as she GROANS. Mrs. Santos tucks pillows to cocoon her.

MRS. SANTOS
There you are honey, how's that?
Like a little sushi roll...
(MORE)

MRS. SANTOS (CONT'D)

All tucked in. I brought some pain medication. Where's your cups?

Elsa points across the room.

ELSA

The cabinet on the left. I can't believe this is happening on top of everything else I'm already dealing with health wise...

Mrs. Santos exits and rummages around in Elsa's cabinets for a glass while Elsa tries to move but fails.

MRS. SANTOS (O.S.)

Maybe you just need to rest more... make you feel a little better. All that computer time, not healthy you know...

Mrs. Santos returns with water and pills. Elsa takes them.

ELSA

I think I need a new mattress.

MRS. SANTOS

Oh get the sleep number! I love my sleep number. Never been more comfy.

ELSA

New mattresses are so expensive. Are there mattress repair people?

MRS. SANTOS

Probably depends on the problem.

ELSA

It has a lump. Can't they cut the lump off?

MRS. SANTOS

You just rest up-- worry about all that later.

Mrs. Santos gathers herself to leave.

MRS. SANTOS (CONT'D)

You're ok now honey right?

Elsa drearily nods.

MRS. SANTOS (CONT'D)
Let me know if you need anything. I
can pop back over. Those were
Percoset, you may get drowsy. Bye!

ELSA
Bye.

Elsa stews impatient. She tries to reach for her phone on the
coffee table. She can't reach.

ELSA (CONT'D)
Hey Siri.

SIRI
Yes Elsa.

ELSA
Search mattress repair shop.

SIRI
Searching mattress repair shop. No
results found.

ELSA
Search repair mattress yourself.

SIRI
Searching repair mattress yourself.
Results indicated.

ELSA
Top result please.

SIRI
Playing top result.

Siri begins to play the top result about mattress repair
while Elsa listens.

YOUTUBE VOICE
Welcome to Pachamama workshop where
we take back our earth based
sovereignty. Today we are diving
into handmade mattress design using
materials like duck feathers, wool,
recycled tires...

Elsa closes her eyes and drifts off to sleep.

INT. ELSA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hours later Elsa jolts back awake. She sits up, and realizes she feels no pain. She stands drunkenly triumphant.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elsa traipse's into the room holding garden sheers and heavy gloves. Her phone continues to drone on about how to DIY repair a mattress.

Elsa pulls the pillows and blankets off her bed, and then pulls the sheet down. The lump looks especially pronounced under the mattress pad.

She caresses the lump, then pulls the mattress pad down with gravitas. But instead of a lump of mattress stuffing, she discovers a tiny ornate wooden door with a small doorknob.

Bewildered, she slowly crawls onto the mattress to get a closer look. Elsa studies the door.

ELSA
Hey Siri?

SIRI
Yes Elsa.

ELSA
What causes a small door to grow on
a mattress?

SIRI
Inconclusive results.

Elsa touches the ornate design of the woodworking with the tip of her finger.

ELSA
Hey Siri.

SIRI
Yes Elsa.

ELSA
Can Percoset cause hallucination?

SIRI
Yes. Hallucinations are a potential
side effect of ongoing opioid use.

ELSA
I only took two...

Elsa ponders the door and her sanity.

She turns the door knob and opens the small door. ETHEREAL music and shimmery purple light stream out of the door enveloping Elsa. She is entranced as she looks down into the gaping hole.

ELSA (CONT'D)

Hello?

Her voice echoes and modulates into the expanse beyond.

ELSA (CONT'D)

Can anyone hear me?

She cautiously lowers her hand through the doorway. Purple mist envelopes it and the music swells. She rips her hand out to find it is now perfectly manicured, glistening with moisturizer, and jeweled with rings.

She holds her fancy new hand up against her calloused old hand with it's chipped nail polish and broken nails, comparing them to one another in terrified awe.

INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Allen vogues in a swirl of club goers, his body intertwined with differing partners as he undulates in the crowd. His phone alerts him of a call. He digs it out of his pocket.

ALLEN

Elsa honey, you good?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

ELSA

There's a door in my mattress. I don't know where it goes to.

ALLEN (O.S.)

Excuse me what?

ELSA

My back-- it was thrown out by a lump in my mattress, but the lump is a small door that goes somewhere... else. I'm on Percoset.

ALLEN (O.S.)

How much?

ELSA

Not much.

INT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

ALLEN

You thought you could handle
opioids? You get uncomfortably high
from green tea...

ELSA (O.S.)

It's real Allen. There is a door in
my mattress.

ALLEN

I'm coming over.

Allen hangs up his phone, stuffs it into his pocket, leans
over to his closest dance partner.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

My work wife OD'd on pain pills, I
gotta go get her sorted...

INT. ELSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Allen and Elsa are entranced as they stare into the hole of
the door, the purple light and music envelopes them.

Allen breaks out of the trance.

ALLEN

I'm closing it.

He shuts the door in a snap, and the room goes dark.

ELSA

No wait!

Allen grabs Elsa's hands and gets stern.

ALLEN

We don't know what this is. We
don't know where it came from. And
we don't know where it leads. What
we need to do is figure out how to
get this demon portal out of your
bedroom before we both get killed!

Elsa pulls her hands away, opens the door and basks again in
the mystical light and sound of the gateway.

ELSA
If it was evil, it wouldn't feel
this good to be around it.

Allen closes the door again.

ALLEN
Don't you know anything about
evil?!

Elsa fidgets.

ELSA
I think we should drop something
in. See how deep it is.

Allen backs away from the bed disgusted.

ALLEN
If you want to do that-- you're on
your own.

Elsa begins to open the door again.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
Ok bye bitch!

Allen grabs his bag and coat and makes for the exit. Elsa
closes the door.

ELSA
Ok fine, fine, fine, I won't.

Elsa holds out her hands displaying them for Allen.

ELSA (CONT'D)
But I really don't think it would
have done this to my hand if it was
dangerous.

Allen approaches and reluctantly inspects her fancy hand.

ALLEN
I'll pay for your next manicure.
Get up. Get up!

Elsa gets off the mattress as Allen grips the corner of it
and heaves half of it off the bed frame.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
Come on, grab the other side.

A stare down as Elsa hesitates. She gives in and grabs the other side of the mattress. They struggle to flop it up before moving it toward the door.

ELSA
Where am I supposed to sleep
tonight?

ALLEN
Anywhere other than this mattress.

EXT. ALLEY NEAR DUMPSTERS - NIGHT

In the dank shadows of the alley they heave the mattress against dumpsters and step back. They stare at it entranced. Elsa steps up and flops the mattress over to see the door once more.

But she discovers that it is missing.

ELSA
It's gone Allen. The door's gone.

Allen whips over to investigate. He flops the mattress back and forth. No door. He drops the mattress with a THUD.

ALLEN
Probably for the best. Went back
to whence it came. It's 3 AM. I
need to go to bed. You're ok?

ELSA
I'm ok.

Allen kisses Elsa on the forehead.

ALLEN
Goodnight. Next time take Advil.
Motrin. Tylenol. Anything other
than opioids...

Allen walks away as Elsa calls after him.

ELSA
Thank you for helping me!

INT. ELSA'S CLOSET/HALL - NIGHT

Elsa pulls blankets off of a stack and tucks them under her arms. Her back PANGS. The pills have worn off.

Disheartened, she carefully hobbles out of the closet and slowly starts down the hall toward her living room.

But. She hears the gateway MUSIC. Disturbed, she looks back to see her bedroom door ajar. Purple light streams into the hall. She drops the blankets and creeps toward the door.

INT. ELSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elsa cautiously enters her room. The small door is now in the floor boards beneath her bed frame. The door is open, the MUSIC and purple light stream out.

Elsa creeps up and kneels down to gaze into the gateway.

ELSA

What do you want from me?

The echo of her voice is LOUD, emphasizing her question. A wind kicks up from the door, and a VOICE emerges.

PORTAL VOICE

I want to help you.

ELSA

How?

PORTAL VOICE

I can heal everything that's wrong with you.

Intrigued, yet uncertain, Elsa picks up her tattered teddy bear nearby. She contemplates his missing eye, and torn arm before dropping him into the gateway.

POOF! The purple light expands and MUSIC swells.

The bear vanishes deep into the portal momentarily before popping back up and into her arms.

The bear is now fully repaired. Fresh. Fluffy. As if he never aged. Elsa studies his perfect form in awe.

PORTAL VOICE (CONT'D)

Now you.

A black liquid casts over the doorway revealing Elsa's own reflection warped in the eerie black mirror. The reflection speaks back to her.

BLACK MIRROR ELSA

I know exactly what you want.

ELSA
What do you think I want?

BLACK MIRROR ELSA
To always feel good.

Intoxicated and drawn in, Elsa touches her finger tip to the surface of the black liquid. An ELDERLY version of herself takes shape in the reflection. It speaks to her.

ELDER BLACK MIRROR ELSA
I'll make sure you'll never get
sick. You'll never get old. You'll
always be beautiful. You'll never
die.

Elsa stares deep into the eyes of her elder self as the words slide across the depths of her soul

SNAP, she shuts the door and the room goes dark.

EXT. MRS. SANTOS DOOR - NIGHT

Else bangs on the door, a weary Mrs. Santos in hair rollers and pajamas opens the door.

MRS. SANTOS
Oh honey it's you, everything ok?

ELSA
No. Not really.

INT. ELSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Santos and Elsa kneel at the portal, the light and music cascade as the portal finishes it's pitch.

BLACK MIRROR ELSA
...and everything you have ever
wanted.

Mrs. Santos closes the door. In the darkness she reaches for Elsa's hands and holds them tenderly. They gaze at one another in the shadows.

MRS. SANTOS
However this got here, and whatever
this all is, you don't need it
honey. Understand?

Elsa solemnly nods in agreement.

MRS. SANTOS (CONT'D)
You are just fine exactly as you
are. Now how do we close this
fucker up forever...

Mrs. Santos stands to rifle around the room seeking objects that might close the door. Elsa's phone LIGHTS UP with a message.

POV ELSA'S PHONE

The message reads "Don't listen to her. You need me."

BACK TO SCENE

Elsa squirms disorientated from the text, while Mrs. Santos brings an armful of supplies back to the portal.

MRS. SANTOS (CONT'D)
I think we could mix nail polish
remover, glue, and dirt to create a
paste that will--

ELSA
No. I know what I need to do.

Elsa opens the door, again the music, the light, their expressions of awe.

Elsa picks up her phone and drops it into the portal.

WISP! A stream of smoke, a FLASH of light, and the portal vanishes. Stunned, Mrs. Santos graces her hand over the floor boards to feel for any signs of the portal. It's gone.

ELSA (CONT'D)
I'm going to need a new mattress.

MRS. SANTOS
Let's get you one of those sleep
numbers, they really are the best.