



# NAMASTE ALIVE!

by

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FADE IN

CLOSE ON: An ancient leather-bound **tome** of parchment opens, ornate artwork interspersed with Hindi language revealed.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

In the final days of Kali Yuga,  
Kali, Goddess of time, creation,  
destruction, and power struck down  
all who opposed her along with her  
army of Thuggee followers.

Artwork comes to life. KALI, a giant **blue** four-armed woman with jet black hair, necklace of bloodied skulls around her neck, slays man after man with her sword. Vengeance. Wrath.

An ARMY OF THUGGEE followers CHANT as blood drips from her sword and blue fire burns in her eyes.

THUGGEE ARMY

Kali Abhava Atyanta. Kali Abhava  
Atyanta. Kali Abhava Atyanta.

A page turns. Another painting begins to move. A man dressed in white on a white horse holding a flaming sword overhead. Men bow around him in worship, hold up **three amulets**.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

All was lost, until Kalki arrived  
and vanquished the spirit of Kali.

As KALKI raises his flaming sword upon his braying steed, Kali shields her face and eyes from the bright light.

The Thuggee army retreats as the light disintegrates them.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

Kali's spirit chakra was trapped  
inside three stones protected by  
Sidhu holy men.

The page turns. Illustrations animate as monks close three boxes, each containing a different colored amulet with a brilliant **stone** at the center. **Red. Yellow. Blue.**

The sun rises as shadow is chased off the page.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

The wheel of time turned and  
brought in the golden age of love  
and light called Satya Yuga.

FADE TO:

EXT. SATYA YOGA STUDIO - PRESENT DAY

Ornate gold trimmed lettering spells out **SATYA YOGA** above a store in a strip mall outside Torrance, California.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)  
But the wheel always turns.

A black BMW races into the parking lot as Journey's "Wheel in the Sky" BLASTS behind it like noise pollution.

Screeches to a halt outside the studio. The music continues.

INT. SHRUTI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

SHRUTI (26, Indian-American, jet black hair, perfect makeup) screams the lyrics at the top of their lungs in a quick karaoke session.

SHRUTI  
WHEEL IN THE SKY KEEPS ON TURNIN'  
DON'T KNOW WHERE I'LL BE TOMORROW  
WHEEL IN THE SKY KEEPS ON TURNIN'!

Then the obligatory air guitar riff and monster jam. She chuckles at herself and looks at the time.

SHRUTI (cont'd)  
Shit.

Shuts off the car and heads inside.

INT. SATYA YOGA STUDIO - LATER

Shruti, five-seven (but only because of her four-inch platforms) enters the small studio decked to the nines in designer gear from head to toe.

Not much space but plenty of ambiance, as soothing sounds of waterfalls linger with aromatic incense. A large windowed meditation room to the left, changing rooms to the right.

As a BOOMING voice yells at her.

SAI (O.S.)  
Where have you been?

UNCLE SAI (mid-50's, Indian-American, mustache) pops out of the back room, his gold necklace and chest hair hidden behind a neon warm-up jacket, points at the meditation room.

SAI  
I don't own this anymore, you do!

SHRUTI  
I never wanted it to begin with!

SAI  
It is your future! Your destiny!  
Your class starts in three minutes!

SHRUTI  
Mindfulness, Uncle. Stay in the  
present moment.

SAI  
Well, your present moment is always  
thirty minutes late! I can't stay  
here all day. I have errands!

Shruti rushes behind the counter and waves him off.

SHRUTI  
Then go! I got it. But I'm not  
keeping it, you hear me?!

Sai mumbles as he leaves.

SAI  
Kids today. Dishonor the family.

Shruti pops her head into the meditation room and addresses  
the class. All six of them. Mostly seniors.

SHRUTI  
Start your mantras. Be right there.

She leaves toward a dressing room next to an ornate case.

We stay on the case. Next to the class schedules and  
bulletins, elaborate artwork surrounds a statue adorned with  
a gold necklace with a dark radiant blue stone.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

CLOSE ON a blue stone pendant, as text fills a description  
field next to it. For an online auction. The text pauses.

CALLIE (25, Valley girl, long blond hair), stares at the  
laptop underneath a gray hoodie. Stands and paces. Easily  
six-one in sandals. Face in shadow beneath the hoodie.

A voice from that shadow. Wordsmithing it out.

CALLIE  
 ..this royal blue pendant,  
 retrieved from ancient lands, is a  
 rare gem...find...jewel...

Stops, turns to the laptop, sits. Types.

CALLIE (cont'd)  
 Find. Find it at \$250. Click here.

She hits enter and the online ad for SYLMAR SUPERNOVA AUCTIONS goes live.

Callie gets up and does a quick celebration dance as her phone CHIMES. She answers and puts it on speaker.

CALLIE (cont'd)  
 Hey Shrute! What's up?

SHRUTI (O.S.)  
 You're coming out with me!

CALLIE  
 I can't, I'm working late.

SHRUTI (O.S.)  
 You're dancing alone in your  
 apartment in your pajamas.

Callie stops, looks around.

The door opens as Shruti lets herself in, as usual, and heads to the kitchen. Opens the refrigerator. Winces.

CALLIE  
 I should've never given you a key.  
 How long have you been out there?

SHRUTI  
 (waves her off)  
 You really need to go to the store.

CALLIE  
 Why are you here again?

SHRUTI  
 You're coming out with me. The  
 party is gonna be fire tonight. And  
 I can't wait for you to meet Rich.  
 He's so *U-nique*, you'll love him!

CALLIE  
 You know I don't fit in at those  
 things. I'm not like you.

SHRUTI

You need to find your light and let  
it shine, girl! Let yourself go!

CALLIE

Yeah, well we can't all be gurus.

Shruti walks over to Callie, places her hands on her  
shoulders, sits her down at the table. Now eye to eye.

Complete seriousness.

SHRUTI

I have been your best friend since  
college. I am wisdom, you must  
obey. It is written. In any case, I  
bet Doug will be there.

CALLIE

He doesn't even know I exist.

SHRUTI

I can help you with that.

CALLIE

(surrenders)

Fine, but you need to help me pick  
out something to wear.

Shruti beams.

SHRUTI

You'll take his breath away!  
(looks at laptop ad)  
Ooh, that's pretty!

INT. RICH GUY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An expansive home overlooking Rancho Palos Verdes and the  
ocean below as the party rages in full swing.

RICH GUY (28, short blonde hair, brilliant ice-blue eyes  
behind Elvis Costello glasses) walks the rooms, greeting and  
scolding guests as he passes.

RICH

Good to see you, Jeff!  
(points across room)  
Coasters, people! Jeesus!

Shruti BURSTS through the door garnering all the attention.  
She loves the spotlight.

SHRUTI  
Heyya Dick! How's it hanging?

RICH  
Tap-rooot!

They hug and Shruti gives him a model's twirl, showing off her designer outfit.

RICH  
On fire, as always. You sizzle!

SHRUTI  
Dickie boy, let me introduce my bestie, Callie Evans.

Rich gasps as he sees Callie, then rushes to her. Squares her shoulders, gives her two enthusiastic air kisses, then gives her an enthusiastic up and down, arms waiving about.

RICH  
Oh my god. I could eat you up!  
(to Shruti)  
Can I keep her? Please?

SHRUTI  
Callie, this remarkable hunk of a human is Rich. Rich Guy. And yes, that's his real name.

Callie chuckles in mild embarrassment. Extends her hand.

CALLIE  
Your home is incredible.

Rich puts his arm around her and rushes her through the crowded rooms, part tour-guide, part color commentary.

RICH  
I'm a hugger! A friend of Shruti is always welcome in my home. How about a tour?  
(points to left)  
Game room and theater over there.  
(looks off shoulder)  
Gary! So glad you could make it!  
(whispers)  
He's horrible. Didn't invite him.  
(points to right)  
Powder room is that way.  
(eyes wide)  
And here we are at the bar.

The tornado tour ends at the bar, next to the massive open-concept modern kitchen. Somehow, Shruti got to the bar first and already has the martini shaker working.

She pours pink cosmos into three glasses.

SHRUTI

Just the way you like it, Captain.

RICH

You, dear, are heaven sent. Big red carpet premiere for The Express on Friday. Seth Rogan! You're coming?

Each pick up their own glasses, as Shruti toasts.

SHRUTI

Wouldn't miss it.

(toasts)

Karma is as karma does. Cheers!

Rich gulps his down in one long pull as he notices an atrocity in the making across the room. Shruti takes the glass from him as he storms off.

RICH

Francis! Don't you even think about touching the music...

Callie takes a long slug and winces, then puts the glass down, as Shruti eyes the room.

CALLIE

Rich is really something.

SHRUTI

He's the fucking patron saint of awesomeness is what he is.

CALLIE

Why haven't we hung out before?

SHRUTI

He just moved back from Europe.

CALLIE

How can he afford all this?

SHRUTI

Budcoin.

CALLIE

Budcoin?



SHRUTI  
 Yeah, he invented crypto for  
 dispensaries, some e-coin thing.  
 Can you believe that shit? Started  
 it all in Amsterdam.

CALLIE  
 Damn.

SHRUTI  
 Amster-DAMN!

They both take another slug from their drinks, Shruti's shot going down much smoother than Callie's.

Just then, GARY (30, all smarm, no charm) walks up and leans against the bar. Eyes Callie up and down. *Gross.*

GARY  
 Gin and Tonic. Rum and Coke. You  
 and me. Perfect pairs, am I right?

Callie takes a step back as Shruti perks up.

CALLIE  
 I'm not bar tending.

GARY  
 No, no. I was just...never mind.  
 I'm Gary. Gary Garcetti. I'm in  
 real estate. Saw you come in and  
 had to come over. And you are?

SHRUTI  
 Get bent, Gary.

GARY  
 I'm sorry?

SHRUTI  
 Not yet, but you better hurry.

Shruti steps in front of Callie, stares him down.

He tucks tail and heads out to the patio. Gives Callie one final leer. *So Gross.*

Shruti looks at Callie, shakes her head.

SHRUTI (cont'd)  
 He's such a douche.  
 (eyes wide, points)  
 Ohh, Doug. Ten o'clock.

Just then, they watch DOUG (25, blonde hair, athletic) head outside to the patio.

Callie's eyes go wide as Shruti calms her. Then grabs a bottle of tequila. Pours two shots.

SHRUTI (cont'd)  
Deep breaths. Stay in the present.

They each down the shot and Callie GASPS out loud. Points.

CALLIE  
One more.

Surprised, Shruti pours two more. Toasts.

SHRUTI  
Namaste!

They clink and down the shot, then Shruti grabs Callie's hand and leads her outside to--

EXT. RICH GUY'S PATIO - LATER

The view from the patio is out of this world. The Pacific is spread out in a 180 degree overlook, town lights far below.

Lounge music as chill as the night air sets the mood, as does the electric blue pool the length of the massive house.

Callie mouses her way through the crowded patio, past the couples and groups of people talking, as Shruti looks for--

CALLIE  
Oh shit, there he is.

She sees Doug standing alone admiring the overlook, then walks over, her gait unstable. Three feet away, she panics.

CALLIE (cont'd)  
Fuck. What am I doing? Oh shit. I'm going to be sick.

SHRUTI  
Just breathe. It's fine.

Shruti stops her just as Doug turns around.

DOUG  
Callie? Is that you? Hey, Shruti!

She turns around with a shy smile, as Shruti gives him a quick hug. Plays it up.

SHRUTI  
 Hey, Doug. What a surprise!  
 (whispers to Callie)  
 I'll be over there. You got this.  
 (to Doug)  
 See ya later.

Doug waves Shruti off, as Callie looks over the railing (*not a good idea*), grabs the railing, then looks at him.

CALLIE  
 Hey...Doug.

DOUG  
 Amazing view, huh?

CALLIE  
 Didn't realize we were up so high.

Beads of sweat form on her forehead, her cheeks flush. She wipes her head and sways a little.

DOUG  
 You and Shruti come together?

CALLIE  
 Um, yeah. How about you? You come  
 with a date?  
 (flushed)  
 Shit. You don't have to answer.

DOUG  
 Yeah, no.

CALLIE  
 So, is that 'yeah, you did' or 'no  
 you're not going to answer', or...

Callie blinks several times, teeters and almost loses her balance. Her world spinning as the tequila kicks in.

Doug reaches out to steady her.

DOUG  
 Are you okay?

CALLIE  
 I don't feel so-- *Oh, shit...*

She feels it coming...*please God, not on Doug*. She spins around quickly and covers her mouth. *It's coming*.

She bobs and weaves through a maze of guests, too many people, each step a balancing act that she's losing.

A hand SMACKS her on the butt as she passes and then...

GARY (O.S.)  
Gin and Tonic. You and me. Perfect  
pairs, am I right?

...she spins around and PROJECTILE VOMITS down the front of Gary's pink polo shirt and white linen jacket. Chunks spray upward onto his chest and bottom lip.

GARY  
--WHAT THE FUCKING HELL!!

The crowd quickly opens up, as Shruti looks toward the commotion and sees Callie. Crosses the patio in moments.

CALLIE  
I'm so sorry...Larry, right?

GARY  
LOOK WHAT YOU DID, YOU BITCH!

Shruti steps between them.

SHRUTI  
Cool off, asshole.

She gives him a push, sending him backward INTO the pool.

Shruti leads Callie away, who looks over her shoulder at Gary in the pool, and then at Doug looking on. *Worried.*

SHRUTI (cont'd)  
Come on, let's get you home.

INT. SHRUTI'S CAR - LATER

Callie reclines in the passenger seat, window open.

CALLIE  
I can't believe I yakked all over  
that guy. Right in front of Doug!

SHRUTI  
It's my fault. I shouldn't have  
given you those shots. Gary's a  
douche, anyway. And don't worry  
about Doug. You'll both laugh about  
it next time you see him.

Callie rolls over.

CALLIE  
Next time? Yeah, right.

SHRUTI  
You know what will help? You lead  
hot mindfulness class tomorrow.

CALLIE  
How the hell is that going to help?  
I hate leading. And I thought you  
were selling that place anyway.

Shruti turns her head away, sullen.

SHRUTI  
I don't know yet...maybe. But in  
any case, all the better to cleanse  
your spirit. Rest up. Tomorrow we  
get your chakras straight.

Shruti looks over at Callie...her eyes closed.

Looks out to the road ahead. Nothing but darkness ahead.

INT. SATYA YOGA STUDIO - DAY

Callie sits in front of the room and stretches as the rest  
of the class mingles about. Shruti turns and addresses them.

SHRUTI  
Alright class, we'll get started in  
a few moments. Take your positions.

The full class rolls out their mats and gets seated in lotus  
position as Shruti approaches Callie up front.

CALLIE  
My head still hurts.

SHRUTI  
Let's clear it, then. Do you  
remember your mantra?

CALLIE  
Ugh, no.

SHRUTI  
Start with your name, *Callie*, then  
focus on clearing your head,  
*Abhrama*, and healing it, *Agadya*.  
Callie *Abhrama Agadya*.

CALLIE  
Callie Abhrava--

SHRUTI  
--Abhrama

CALLIE  
Abra Cadabra.

SHRUTI  
Come on, be serious.

CALLIE  
Why don't you just do this and--  
Shruti puts her hand on Callie's shoulders.

SHRUTI  
Take a deep breath. And let it go.  
Callie inhales. Calms.

CALLIE  
Callie Abhrama Agadya.

SHRUTI  
Good. Get class started.

Callie, beads of sweat forming on her forehead, clears her throat and starts class. Looks at Shruti, nods.

CALLIE  
Hello class. Repeat after me.  
Callie Abhava Atyanta.

CLASS  
Callie Abhava Atyanta.

Shruti, eyes closed, chuckles to herself as she hears Callie butcher the mantra. *Fuck it, just go with the flow.*

The **blue** stone visible in the display case in the other room through the glass partition. It **GLOWS**.

The class is in a state of total bliss and hot sweat as a constant monotone mantra comes from Callie. *Almost a song.*

CALLIE  
Callie Abhava Atyanta.

CLASS  
Callie Abhava Atyanta.

Through the windows of the class, in the lobby display case, the blue stone in the necklace **PULSATES**. A heart beat.

Radiates **BRIGHTER** with each chant. Breathing.

CALLIE (O.S.)  
Callie Abhava Atyanta.

CLOSE ON the stone...it **CRACKS**...and a **blue ether** slithers across the floor and slips underneath the door of the mindfulness studio. Closes in on Callie like a serpent.

CALLIE  
Callie Abhava Atyanta.

The ether encircles Callie, then inches up her body above her skin. She inhales and the ether rushes inside of her.

Callie tosses her head and shoulders back violently. Her voice DEEPER now. Stronger.

CALLIE/**KALI**  
KALI ABHAVA ATYANTA.

With each repetition, a stronger voice. Arms raised over head. Eyes open, looks to the sky. **Blue flames** in her pupils. Her voice unrecognizable, an animalist growl.

**KALI**  
KALI. ABHAVA. ATYANTA!

Shruti opens her eyes a moment too late. *What the fu--*

And with that final incantation, a **blast** of energy races outward from Callie and knocks everyone unconscious, including Shruti.

Callie lays prone on the floor up front, passed out.

INT. SATYA YOGA STUDIO - LATER

Shruti cracks open her eyes, winces. The room is sideways.

SHRUTI  
(tries to get up)  
My head....what happened?

Sniffs.

SHRUTI (cont'd)  
Oh, shit...gas.

Shruti gets her senses and crawls over to Callie. Pats her face. Harder.

SHRUTI (cont'd)  
Callie... wake up. Hey, Callie!

Callie groans and gets up slow. Rubs her head.

CALLIE  
Jesus, what happened?

SHRUTI  
Not sure. Do you remember anything?

CALLIE  
What stinks?

SHRUTI  
Help me get the class outside.

Callie gets to her feet slowly and they work to revive the rest of the class. Callie guides a WOMAN out through the lobby toward the front door.

CALLIE  
Let's get some fresh air. Careful.

As Callie passes the display case, we stay on it. On the gold necklace around the statue.

The stone **CLEAR** as glass.

EXT. SATYA YOGA STUDIO - LATER

A fire engine idles outside as EMTs tend to the last of the class members while personnel exit the studio in full garb.

The CHIEF approaches Shruti as Callie sits nearby. Sai hurries from his car across the parking lot.

CHIEF  
No gas leak. The odor could be manmade, some kind of pyrotechnic nearby. Maybe a prank like a smoke bomb or something. Fucking kids.

SHRUTI  
I didn't smell anything beforehand.  
Did you, Callie?

Callie, in a blank stare, snaps out of it.