



# NAMASTE ALIVE!

By

Rich Orstad

Laughing O Productions  
305 Penn Way  
Los Gatos, CA 95032

[richorstad@laughingo.com](mailto:richorstad@laughingo.com)  
954-305-0692

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 followers called Thuggees.

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.

The army of Thuggees 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 stallion holds a flaming sword overhead. MONKS 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 intense 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 brilliant amulet with a different colored 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 out the lyrics 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 notices the time.

SHRUTI (cont'd)  
Oh, shit.

Shuts off the car and hurries inside.

INT. SATYA YOGA STUDIO - LATER

Shruti, five foot-seven (due to her four-inch platforms) struts into the cozy studio decked to the nines in designer gear from head to toe.

A large windowed meditation room to the left, changing rooms to the right. Peaceful sounds of a waterfall interrupted as a BOOMING voice yells at her from the back room.

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

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

SAI  
I don't own this place anymore, you do! You need to be here on time!

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 things to do!

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 the studio.

SAI

Fucking kids today. No honor.

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

SHRUTI

Start your mantras. Be right in.

Shruti heads toward a dressing room next to an ornate case.

We stay on the display case. Next to the class schedules and  
bulletins, elaborate artwork surrounds a statue adorned with  
a gold necklace and 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 hood.

CALLIE

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

Stops, turns to the laptop, sits. Types.

CALLIE (cont'd)  
 ...is a rare find. Find it for \$250  
 at Sylmar Supernova. Click here.

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

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

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

CALLIE  
 I never should've 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. Rich's  
 party is gonna be fire tonight. And  
 I can't wait for you to meet him.  
 He's so *U-nique!*

CALLIE  
 You know I don't fit in at those  
 things. I'm not an outie 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've been your best friend since college. I am wisdom, you must obey. It is written. And, I bet Doug will be there.

CALLIE

I'm a total geek at parties. And Doug doesn't even know I exist.

SHRUTI

I can help with that, you know.

CALLIE

(surrenders)

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

SHRUTI

You'll take his breath away!  
(looks at laptop ad)  
Ooh, that blue one'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 Dan Levy glasses) walks the rooms, greeting and scolding guests as he passes.

RICH

Good to see you, Jeff!  
(points across room)  
Coasters, you animals! Jeesuz!

Shruti BURSTS through the door garnering all the attention. She owns 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  
Rich, my boy, this is 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 a thorough 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 hugs her hard, then rushes her through the crowded rooms, part tour-guide, part color commentary.

RICH  
Sorry, I'm a hugger! Let me show  
you around the way--  
(points to left)  
Game room and theater over ther--  
(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 massive open-concept modern bar. Somehow, Shruti already has the martini shaker working and pours pink cosmos into three glasses.

SHRUTI  
Just the way you like it, Captain.

RICH

You, dear, are heaven sent. Dead concert this weekend at the Vegas Sphere, baby! Got the jet already fired up. You're coming, right?

Each pick up their own glasses, as Shruti toasts.

SHRUTI

Wouldn't miss it for the world.  
(toasts)  
Karma is as karma does. Cheers!

Rich gulps his down in one long pull as an atrocity takes place across the room. Shruti takes the glass from him.

RICH

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

Callie takes a sip and winces then puts the drink 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 all hung out before?

SHRUTI

He just got back from Europe.

CALLIE

Nice. How can he afford all this?

SHRUTI

Budcoin.

CALLIE

Budcoin?

SHRUTI

Some kind of crypto thing for pot dispensaries. He just smokes and parties non-stop. Can you believe that shit?

CALLIE

Damn. Nice gig.



SHRUTI  
I'll drink to that.

They both take another slug from their drinks, Callie coughing hers up while Shruti finishes hers smooth.

Just then, GARY (32, all smarm, no charm) leans against the bar. Ogles Callie up and down as he picks his teeth. *Gross.*

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

CALLIE  
Sorry, I'm not bartending.

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  
Damn right you are. Now, move that sorry ass outta here.

Gary slithers off toward the patio, but not before giving Callie one final leer. *So gross.*

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

Just then, they spy DOUG (25, blonde hair, athletic) heading outside to the patio overlook.

Callie's eyes go wide as Shruti 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 at the bottle.

CALLIE  
One more.

Surprised, Shruti pours two more. Toasts.

SHRUTI  
Namaste bitches!

They clink, drink, then Shruti leads Callie outside.

EXT. RICH GUY'S PATIO - LATER

The view from the patio is out of this world. The Pacific 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.

Shruti pulls Callie through the crowd, who slows suddenly.

CALLIE  
Oh shit, I can't do this.

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

CALLIE (cont'd)  
Fuck. I'm going to be sick.

SHRUTI  
Just breathe. It's fine.

CALLIE  
No, the shots--

Shruti stops her just as Doug turns around.

DOUG  
Callie? Is that you? Hey, Shruti!

Callie turns around with a shy smile, as Shruti walks off.

SHRUTI  
Hey, Doug. See you two later!  
(whispers to Callie)  
You got this.

Shruti leaves as Callie peers over the railing (*not a good idea*), grabs it hard to recover, then glances over at him.

CALLIE  
Oh, heyyy...Doug.

DOUG  
Amazing view, huh?

CALLIE

Didn't realize we were so high up.

Beads of sweat pool 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 here with anyone, like a date?

(flushed)

Shit. Don't have to answer that.

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

Are you okay?

CALLIE

I don't feel so-- *Oh, no no no...*

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 almost lost.

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 fans out, 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 at Doug looking on. *So embarrassed.*

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  
Gary's a dick. And don't worry about Doug. You'll both laugh about it next time you see him.

CALLIE  
Next time? Yeah, right.

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

CALLIE  
I can't lead, I suck. And I thought you were selling that place anyway.

SHRUTI  
I don't know...maybe. Anyway, all the better to cleanse your spirit. Rest up. Tomorrow we get your chakras aligned.

Shruti looks over at Callie...already asleep.

Looks back out to the road ahead.

Nothing but darkness.

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 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. Eyes locked.

SHRUTI

Take a deep breath. And let it go.

Callie inhales. Calms.

CALLIE

Callie *Abhrama Agadya*.

SHRUTI

Good. Now get class started.

Callie clears her throat and starts class.

CALLIE

Hello class. Repeat after me.  
Callie Abhrama Atyanta.

CLASS

Callie Abhrama Atyanta.

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

The class in a state of total bliss and hot sweat as the mantra slips from Callie's lips like a chant.

CALLIE

Callie Abhava Atyanta.

CLASS

Callie Abhava Atyanta.

Through the window, the blue stone PULSES like a heart beat. Radiates BRIGHTER with each chant. As if it's breathing.

CLOSE ON the stone...it CRACKS...and a **blue ether** slithers across the floor, slips underneath the door of the studio, and slithers toward 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. Dualistic tones from within.

CALLIE/**KALI**

KALI ABHAVA ATYANTA.

Arms raised over head. Eyes open, she looks to the sky. **Blue flames** in her eyes. Her voice an animalist growl.

**KALI**

KALI. ABHAVA. ATYANTA!

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

And on that final incantation, a BLAST of energy shoots from Callie and knocks everyone out, including Shruti.

Callie lays prone in the front, totally passed out.

INT. SATYA YOGA STUDIO - LATER

Shruti cracks open her eyes, winces. The room is sideways as she tries to get up.

SHRUTI  
My head....what happened?  
(sniffs)  
Oh, shit...is that gas?

Shruti crawls over to Callie. Pats her face. Smacks harder.

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

Callie groans and gets up slow. Rubs her head.

CALLIE  
Jesus, what happened? 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  
Careful. Let's get some fresh air.

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  
There's no gas leak. The odor could be manmade, some kind of nearby pyrotechnic. Maybe a prank like a smoke bomb. Fucking kids.

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

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

CALLIE

Uh, I'm sorry. What? Umm, no.

Sai leads the Chief away as he passes out coupons to the older class members wearing oxygen masks on the sidewalk.

SAI

It's not a gas leak! Just a bunch of fucking kids. Fire Chief said so! Take a coupon! Free class!

SHRUTI

You sure you're okay?

CALLIE

So much for clearing my head.

SHRUTI

Go home and rest. I gotta rein in Sai but I'll check in on you later.

Callie hugs her and walks off, as Shruti watches her go.

INT. BLACK VOID - NIGHT

A faint blue light GLOWS brighter to reveal Callie surrounded by darkness.

CALLIE

Hello? Who's there?

Flaming blue eyes come into focus but that's about it.

**KALI**

Kali Ma, my child. Let me help you.

CALLIE

Help me? How?

**KALI**

To be who you always wanted to be. Just repeat my mantra, child. You have said it already.

CALLIE

Kali Abhava Atyanta.

**KALI**

Yes...again.

Kali's eyes GLOW brighter with each incantation.