

Crystals & Rainbows to You

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BEACHSIDE PARK - DAY

SANJAYA (30s), in blissful meditation, the azure Pacific behind him. An ethereal soul, he might float away if not for his tunic and Thai Fisherman pants.

DEBRA (O.S)
Sanjaya? Sanjaya?

He doesn't answer. Facing him, his two workshop attendees fidget on picnic blankets:

DEBRA (50s, old-money Santa Barbara) squinches at him. Next to her, LOUIS (50s, pudgy) shifts his legs.

DEBRA (CONT'D)
Yo Sanje! Let's go, I have to be at my hairdresser's in an hour!

LOUIS
Yeah, can we get started please?

Sanjaya opens his eyes and smiles at them.

SANJAYA
I invite you to be patient. We're on kairos time, not chronos time.

DEBRA
Pablo's booked up two months out. I don't know what that is in *kairos*, but hell if I'll be seen parading around with this rat's nest for that long.

LOUIS
Come on, Sanjaya, looks like it's just going to be us today.

A young COUPLE meander toward them, giggling at their phones.

SANJAYA
See, our circle wasn't complete.
(to the couple)
Welcome, friends. Please leave your donation in the basket and we may begin.

Sanjaya gestures to a small wicker basket next to him. The couple ignore him.

GIRL
Got 'im!

BOY
Aw, it's just a weedle.

GIRL
Hey look, there's a gym over here!

The distracted boy kicks over the donation basket.

BOY
Ooh! Sorry bro!

They rush off, giggling.

DEBRA
How come I can never see those
little pokey men when they come
through here?

Sanjaya sighs.

SANJAYA
Alright. Let's open our hearts and
breathe in for a count of six...

EXT. SEASIDE PARK - LATER

Sanjaya and his two students roll up their blankets; Debra makes haste. A third student, JOAN (Middle-aged, heavy-set) walks up to him.

JOAN
That was wonderful Sanjaya. Sorry I
missed the invocation.

SANJAYA
Don't apologize. But I invite you
to explore where being late shows
up in your life.

She sulks.

JOAN
Well, I'm usually not late to
things, but...

SANJAYA
(playfully)
No stories...

JOAN

But the office threw me a surprise party. I couldn't just leave the caramel mud cake AP brought me...

SANJAYA

Mud cake? You mean...

Debra and Louis gape at each other then gesture for Joan to clam up. She doesn't get the hint but gleams.

JOAN

Today's my birthday...

Debra and Louis drop their shoulders.

SANJAYA

Your post-natal anniversary?! Well we all know what that means!

Debra and Louis groan.

SANJAYA

Come on!

(singing)

Love and light and crystals and rainbows, crystals and rainbows to you...

He waves on Debra and Louis. They surrender and sing.

SANJAYA / DEBRA / LOUIS

Harmony and frequency and sacred geometry. Crystals and rainbows to you.

Joan beams a bright smile.

SANJAYA / DEBRA / LOUIS

Crystals and rainbows, crystals and rainbows, crystals and rainbows to you!

Joan claps in utter glee and hugs each of them.

JOAN

Oh thank you! Thank you!

Debra checks her watch and slings her mat over her shoulder.

DEBRA

Okay, thanks Sanje. See you kids next week.

Debra runs off. Sanjaya does the namaste gesture

SANJAYA

Blessings Debra! Love and light!

JOAN

I'd better be off too. My husband's taking me up to Solvang for a smorgasbord.

She exits as well.

SANJAYA

Blessings Joan! Crystals and Rainbows to you!

Louis watches as they both get out of ear shot and turns to Sanjaya.

LOUIS

Hey Sanjaya, um, great class.

Sanjaya places a hand on his shoulder. Louis recoils.

SANJAYA

Thank you, brother. Are you feeling centered?

LOUIS

Sure. Look, I need to let you know I can't continue with the coaching sessions.

Sanjaya steps away.

SANJAYA

Oh. May I ask why?

LOUIS

Well, thing is, my wife says it hasn't made much difference and she's not comfortable with me parting with a hundred dollars a month for this.

SANJAYA

I hear you. But have you considered that staying in a place of comfort might be what's holding you back in your life?

LOUIS

Puh! If you were married to my wife
you'd know some serious discomfort.

Sanjaya smooths his hair back.

SANJAYA

Come on Louis, give it some more
time.

LOUIS

Chronos or kairos? I'm sorry,
Sanjaya, but I'm out of both. See
ya around.

Louis walks away. Sanjaya watches him go.

SANJAYA

Okay. Be well, Louis.

INT. NATURAL FOODS CAFE - DAY

A bustling eatery teeming with FIT DINERS. Sanjaya stands in
line for the register. Before him, his friend CHARLES (30s),
fit, friendly, a glint of mischief in his eye, chats up the
COUNTER GIRL (22, nose ring).

CHARLES

And in your upper vortex...
(massages her neck)
... is where you keep all that
energy.

COUNTER GIRL

Wow, that feels amazing.

CHARLES

Of course, I'm a body worker. Gimme
your number and I'll work your body
real good.

The girl scribbles on a pad of paper.

COUNTER GIRL

Okay!

She hands him the paper. Charles grabs a cup and an order
tent. He smiles at her and turns to Sanjaya.

SANJAYA

You sell real estate.

CHARLES

One of my many talents. I'll find us a spot.

Sanjaya nods and steps up to the girl.

SANJAYA

Hey so, I was thinking I could--

COUNTER GIRL

Come on, Sanjaya, we've been over this. We can't accept trade here.

Sanjaya smiles at her.

COUNTER GIRL

Besides, I don't need any life coaching. I'm only twenty-two.

Sanjaya nods.

SANJAYA

I'll just have the lentil soup then.

The counter girl turns and grabs a bowl.

SANJAYA

A cup, please.

INT. CAFE - LATER

Charles and Sanjaya face each other at a table. Charles eats a big salad with quinoa, veggies and other fixings. He watches his friend dabble at his soup.

CHARLES

So how's your workshop going?

SANJAYA

As it should be.

Charles rubbernecks a passing YOGA GIRL.

CHARLES

They may not admit it, but I think the ladies prefer a man with a little cash in this town.

Sanjaya gazes at something over Charles's shoulder.

SANJAYA

Material possessions are not part
of my yatra, Charles.

Charles takes a big bite of salad and turns around. Behind him, he sees a poster of JACK CONWAY (60s), a smarmy guy on stage in eastern garb, sporting a wireless mic headset, with the text:

"CONSCIOUSNESS EXPO WITH SANTA BARBARA'S OWN JACK CONWAY --
MARCH 21"

CHARLES

I take it you're going?

SANJAYA

Not just going. They're opening
break-out sessions for local
speakers. He's even picking someone
to open for his keynote.

CHARLES

So you're signing up?

SANJAYA

Naturally.

Charles scoots a morsel of food around his bowl.

CHARLES

Your workshops are neat and all,
but don't you think they're looking
for people with a little more
experience?

SANJAYA

I have solid life experience. It's
all envisioned right here.

Sanjaya taps his forehead.

CHARLES

I'm not sure that's gonna fill
seats.

SANJAYA

Look, your life path is to travel
the county and sell rich peoples'
mansions, mine is to travel the
world and enrich peoples' lives.

Charles looks out the window to see a HOMELESS MAN (50s)
rooting through a trash can.

CHARLES

You really have to travel the world
to do that?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sanjaya and Charles, with a to-go box, walk the street.

CHARLES

Seriously, isn't it time you just
got a real job? A real apartment?
Do something worthwhile, while
you're waiting for your dream?

SANJAYA

Everything I do is worthwhile. I
practice disciplined, radical
self-reliance.

He ogles Charles's to-go box.

SANJAYA

By the way, do you think you'll
be--

Charles sees a FIT GIRL approaching and hands the box to the
homeless man. She smiles. Sanjaya slumps.

CHARLES

Well your radical self-reliance
aside, you sure I can't spot you a
hundred or so?

SANJAYA

I appreciate that, but I'll neither
a debtor nor debtee be.

They approach the din of a:

EXT. SPORTS BAR - CONTINUOUS

FRAT BROS and the GIRLS who love them mingle in the yard,
smoking cigarettes, guffawing, etc.

Sanjaya coughs into his hand.

CHARLES

You okay? Want to cross the street?

SANJAYA

I'll be alright. Just wish they'd
pass that smoking ordinance. Ugh.
This all reminds me too much of--

A loud, boisterous guffaw booms through the crowd, followed by a phlegmy cough. Sanjaya pauses.

CHARLES
What's wrong?

SANJAYA
(to himself)
No... It couldn't be.

He picks up his pace. Charles catches up.

CHARLES
Need an inhaler or something?

SANJAYA
No, I just thought I heard--

TONY (O.S.)
Stapes?!

Sanjaya halts and closes his eyes.

SANJAYA
... someone.

He and Charles turn around to see burly, sweaty TONY (30s) approach them wearing a loud Flyers jersey and Eagles baseball cap. He's smoking a cigarette.

TONY
STAPLETON!!

He charges at Sanjaya and envelops him in his sweaty, smoky bear arms and chest. Charles grimaces.

TONY
I knew you were out here somewhere!
But no one knew how to find you!
The *Schtaplerrr*!!

Sanjaya wriggles out of his embrace.

SANJAYA
Tony, please. You're a little
sweaty.

TONY
Oh, sorry man. We just got done
playing a round of *smear the queer*
out on the beach.

A PASSERBY throws a dirty look. Sanjaya fidgets. Tony takes a good look him.

TONY

Well look at you all dressed up
like Ghandi! So skinny too! Let's
get you a hot dog!

SANJAYA

I don't eat meat anymore, Tony.

TONY

You don't eat meat?
(to Charles)
Can you believe this guy won the
Greek Week weenie-eating contest
three years running?!

Charles grimaces.

CHARLES

Really.

TONY

Yup. We're a long ways away from U
of D, aren't we buddy?!

(singing)

*Theta Pi! Theta Pi! We bang your
chicks and pee in your eye!*

(talking)

Come on, sing it with me!

Sanjaya backs up, his eyes darting around him.

SANJAYA

No, Tony.

Tony tosses the smoke on the ground, stubs it out.

TONY

Well, won't you guys come in for a
drink? There having a playoff
special: half-off shots for every
slapshot. You have to let the
bartender slap you though.

CHARLES

Sounds equitable.

SANJAYA

No, thanks. I don't drink anymore.

TONY

You don't drink? And you don't eat
meat? Wow, Stapes, things sure
change in ten years don't they?

SANJAYA

Indeed... Well, I'm feeling complete with this encounter. It's good to see you, old friend.

Sanjaya gives the man a rushed handshake.

TONY

Don't you want to watch the game at least? I seem to be the only Flyers fan around here. How about some back-up?!

An awkward pause. Tony's smile fades.

SANJAYA

I'm not available. Have a great visit, Tony. Be well.

He turns and continues on the street. Charles makes a quick bow and follows along. Tony scratches his head.

TONY

But Stapes, I live here now.

Sanjaya's eyes burst open. He pretends not to hear and keeps walking. Charles peeks behind them.

CHARLES

You went to a state school?

INT. SANJAYA'S VAN - NIGHT

Sanjaya's propped up in bed, next to a small window with a tiny lamp. Sacred geometry tapestries adorn the adjacent walls.

He peruses a "Consciousness Expo" pamphlet while eating a banana. He reads over workshop details and pauses at "Apply for Breakout Sessions".

He takes a bite of the banana and holds it aside. His pet IGUANA crawls up and takes a bite.

SANJAYA

This is our big moment, little one.

A clacking at the window and a Flashlight shines through.

OFFICER (O.S.)

Move it along, Sanjaya.

REVEAL: Sanjaya as he rises out of his quarters -- the tricked out hull of a minivan.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The van sits on a desolate mountain roadside, overlooking a breathtaking coastal valley. The OFFICER walks back to his patrol car.

The van starts up and pulls away. A sticker on the van's bumper reads "OM-power Yourself"

INT. CRYSTAL SHOP - DAY

A new-age bookstore. Prayer flags all over, Sanskrit greeting cards, heavenly music playing, etc.

Sanjaya shuffles through a bin of rose quartzes, picks one up, holds it to his chest, clamps his eyes, puts it back and tries another.

He hears shuffling at an adjacent rack. An angelic store clerk, ANYA (20s), stocks the shelf with Quan Yin statues.

His tongue drops. She looks over. He pretends to sneeze.

ANYA

Bless you, Sanjaya!

She walks over and gives him a warm hug.

SANJAYA

Thank you, Anya, and blessings to you too.

She giggles.

ANYA

Haven't seen you around Dance Journey lately. You been sick?

SANJAYA

No, just been very busy with my workshops. I'm thriving actually.

ANYA

Well that's good. Watcha looking for?

He studies a crystal, tosses it back and picks up another.

SANJAYA

Empowerment. For a breakout session at the Consciousness Expo.

ANYA

Wow! Things must be going really well for you!

SANJAYA

Well, I actually haven't been selected yet.

ANYA

Oh. You know the line to sign up for that is out the...

She notices Sanjaya fidget with the crystal.

ANYA

Rose quartz is good for empowerment.

Sanjaya moves to drop it in the bin.

ANYA

And attracting love.

He blushes and holds onto the crystal.

SANJAYA

Um, I think just the empowerment will do for now.

ANYA

Of course. Come over here. I have something else you might like.

She leads him to another display, shuffles through a collection of hemp-twined necklaces and pulls one out.

ANYA

Here.

She holds up the necklace for him to see an elephant deity on the pendant.

SANJAYA

Ganesha?

ANYA

Guardian of entrances.

She places the necklace in his hands, puts her own upon his and peers into his eyes.

ANYA
 May Lord Ganesha remove all
 obstacles from manifesting what you
 seek.

Sanjaya takes that in, then stammers and hands the necklace
 back to her.

SANJAYA
 I only have enough for the crystal.

Anya leans in and puts it on him.

ANYA
 It's on me. See? It's working
 already.

Sanjaya gives her a coy smile.

INT. JACK CONWAY'S OFFICE - DAY

A posh, downtown office. Sanjaya approaches a reception
 desk, where a harried RECEPTIONIST (50s, female) types
 something into her computer.

To her side, a big poster cut-out of Jack Conway. Words
 printed on the cut-out read: "All you need to manifest
 happiness is already within you".

SANJAYA
 Good morning. I'm here to see Mr.
 Conway about the breakout--

The receptionist slides him a clipboard and resumes typing.

RECEPTIONIST
 Fill this out.

Sanjaya checks the breasts of his pocket-less tunic.

SANJAYA
 May I borrow a pen?

RECEPTIONIST
 They have 'em all.

She nods toward a waiting area full of hippie, yogi and
 yogini APPLICANTS filling out their own forms.

WAITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Sanjaya peruses the application. Next to him, the staff of a wiry, man-bunned FIRE DANCER (20s) slides from behind his chair, smearing ash on Sanjaya's shoulder.

Sanjaya grabs the staff, brushes himself off and hands it to back the man.

SANJAYA

Do you mind? Your fire staff is in my personal space.

FIRE DANCER

Well you don't have to be so invalidating about it.

He snatches the staff and resumes filling out his form.

Across from them, a white, long-haired, middle-aged SHAMAN in a tribal leather vest and feathers looks up from his form.

SHAMAN

How's it going with that, brother?

Sanjaya looks up.

SANJAYA

They set the standard pretty high.

SHAMAN

I can help you with that.

SANJAYA

Oh, you have a pen?

SHAMAN

No. What's holding you back?

SANJAYA

I need a pen.

SHAMAN

What's holding you back in your life?

SANJAYA

Huh? Nothing. I just need a pen.

SHAMAN

That's a limiting belief.

SANJAYA

Look, this conversation isn't serving me. If you don't have a writing implement I could use, then would you mind?

SHAMAN

Sure brother.

Sanjaya looks around for a free pen. Nothing. He resumes looking at the form.

SANJAYA

Testimonial?

SHAMAN

You need credibility, son.

SANJAYA

I just want to talk about Ayurvedic breathing.

(resumes reading)

Fifty dollar application fee?
Website?

The man gets up and hands Sanjaya a card. Sanjaya doesn't bother to look at it.

SANJAYA

What's this, you a web developer?

SHAMAN

No. But I can help you unblock whatever's in your way of getting one.

Sanjaya feels for his Ganesha necklace.

SANJAYA

I have that covered, thank you.
That's my work anyway.

SHAMAN

I figured that.

He nods at the card. Sanjaya takes a look.

SANJAYA

You're a life coach for life coaches.

SHAMAN

There's no cap to the mentorship pyramid. *My* life coach taught me that.

SANJAYA

I'm my own pyramid, thank you.

He hands back the card.

SHAMAN

But you'll need a testimonial.

Sanjaya gets up.

SANJAYA

I have that covered too.

Sanjaya rushes away. The man calls after him.

SHAMAN

I could build you a website then. I know some Weebly!

EXT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Sanjaya and Charles scan the bar crowd from the sidewalk. Sanjaya wears a light hoodie over his tunic.

CHARLES

So you're risking your sobriety just to get a testimonial out of this guy?

SANJAYA

You could've just written me one.

CHARLES

Ethics, my man. We're just yoga buddies.

Sanjaya takes a final look around.

SANJAYA

Well I have two weeks. Doesn't look like he's out here. Guess we'll have to go in.

CHARLES

Good luck with that.

SANJAYA
You won't go with me?

CHARLES
This cesspool? No thanks, I have a date. Intimacy workshop.

SANJAYA
Maybe I should just go with you then.

Charles nudges Sanjaya back toward the gate.

CHARLES
Sorry, intimacy as in couples only. Watch out for falling Jager bombs and bar wenches.

Sanjaya waves his friend off. He studies the crowd and gulps. He pulls out his rose crystal and clutches it.

SANJAYA
Guide my path.

He crosses a gate into the beer garden. Cigarette smoke wafts toward him. He coughs. PATRONS give him odd looks. He zips his hoodie up over his tunic.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

A dark, crowded bar. A hockey game plays on the roomful of monitors. Sanjaya enters, eyes darting around. The PATRONS erupt in response to a play.

TONY (O.S.)
Slap shot!!

Sanjaya spots Tony, again in a loud Flyers jersey. A BARTENDER (jocky male, 20s) pours a shot for him.

TONY
Hook me up!

Tony takes the shot, lets out an *aaahh* and leans his cheek to the bartender who slaps him.

TONY
Woohoo! That's what I'm talkin' bout! Slaptastic!

Sanjaya shudders, then takes a breath. He walks up and gives Tony a weak shoulder-punch.

SANJAYA

Hey... what's up, bro?

Tony doesn't respond, but drinks his beer. Sanjaya takes another breath then punches Tony again, a little harder. His beer sloshes over the bar. He turns with a scowl.

TONY

Oh, well look who it is.

He turns back to the game. Sanjaya fidgets and the bartender walks up.

BARTENDER

What can I get ya?

SANJAYA

Umm, what kind of tea do you have?

BARTENDER

Whiskey? We got bourbon, rye and Fireball.

SANJAYA

No. Tea. I'd like a cup of tea.

The bartender shakes his head and walks to Tony.

BARTENDER

Another beer?

TONY

Sure.

Sanjaya sulks. Tony resumes watching the game, takes a swig, rolls his eyes.

TONY

Well?

SANJAYA

I apologize. I wasn't in the headspace for a reunion.

TONY

Uh-huh.

SANJAYA

I'm a different person now, Tony. Seeing you again kinda threw me off.

TONY

Well you blew me off. That wasn't cool.

SANJAYA

Please... forgive me.

TONY

Forget it.

Tony looks back to the game. Sanjaya fidgets.

SANJAYA

Thank you.

Tony turns and studies Sanjaya.

TONY

Aw hell. So you done groveling or are you gonna watch the game with me?

Sanjaya smiles. The bartender returns with a beer for Tony and presents a coffee cup with a teabag to Sanjaya. Sanjaya frowns.

BARTENDER

Sorry bro, we're all out of monkey-picked oolong.

SANJAYA

I don't condone the exploitation of animals anyway.

The bartender squints at him and paces off.

SANJAYA

So... how're you liking Santa Barbara?

TONY

It's cool. Weird though. I hear around here it's not uncommon for millionaires to have lunch with people who live in their cars.

SANJAYA

The social lines are blurred, sure.

TONY

And I've seen guys older than us flying around on skateboards. Grey-haired people wearing Vans is kinda trippy, I have to say.

SANJAYA
Generational lines are blurred too.

TONY
It's a lot of getting used to, but
I like it.

SANJAYA
Yeah.

Tony quaffs his beer and claps at a play. Sanjaya takes a breath and fondles his pendant.

SANJAYA
You know, adapting to a new place
can be challenging. I could help
you with that.

TONY
Oh yeah? Like how?

SANJAYA
By helping you find your center.

Tony looks back to the game.

TONY
Find my center? The only center I'm
concerned with is Claude Giroux.
Maybe you can help him find the
puck. Aw come on!

A hard-edged female KINGS FAN (30s) wearing a team jersey
walks by.

FEMALE KINGS FAN
Flyers suck!

TONY
Yeah, well the Kings swallow!

The girl gives him the finger and continues on. Sanjaya
glowers. Tony watches her disappear down the hall.

TONY
Ah well she looks like she needs
that treatment anyway.

SANJAYA
Treatment?

TONY
Yeah, what's that pharmaceutical
called again?

SANJAYA
I don't subscribe to western
medicine.

TONY
Noassitol?

SANJAYA
Noassitol?

TONY
Yeah, because the girl has *NO ASS*
AT ALL!

The bartender hears, burst out laughing and high-fives Tony.
Tony launches into his coughing laugh. Sanjaya sits quietly.

SANJAYA
Have you considered cutting down on
your tobacco medicine?

Tony regains composure.

TONY
Funny coming from you. I hadn't
even touched a cigarette until you
offered me one sophomore year.

SANJAYA
Those manufactured cigarettes are
filled with chemicals. You should
at least try rolling your own
organic tobacco.

Tony resumes a coughing fit.

TONY
Maybe you're right. {cough} They're
not too friendly to smokers in this
town anyway. {cough}

Sanjaya leans in.

SANJAYA
Here. Close your mouth.

Tony closes his mouth and suppresses a cough. Sanjaya raises
a finger to his nostril.

SANJAYA
And close your left nostril, like
this.

Tony does as instructed.

SANJAYA
Now breathe in through your other
nostril.

Tony takes in a deep breath.

SANJAYA
Hold it...

Tony suppresses another, less acute cough.

SANJAYA
Now breathe out your mouth.

Tony heaves out a deep breath. Blinks his eyes and clears
his throat.

TONY
Wow. That really works.

SANJAYA
It's called pranayama. Breath of
fire.

TONY
And here I thought only tequila and
chorizo tacos gave you that.

Sanjaya chuckles.

TONY
Tell me more about this work you
do...

INT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY

A perky YOGA TEACHER (30s) leads a CLASS of mostly women.
Sanjaya and Charles are set up in the rear. They and the
rest of the class hold a plank pose.

CHARLES
You signed him up at a hundred
bucks a session?

SANJAYA
With a discount on my workshops.

YOGA TEACHER
Chaturanga...

The men lower into a push-up position.

CHARLES
But your workshops are
donation-based.

SANJAYA
He's renting a house in the
Riviera. He's not gonna miss it.

YOGA TEACHER
You two in the back, essential
silence please. Cobra...

They shift into an upright chest position. Charles takes in
the clenched female buttocks of the WOMAN in front of him.

CHARLES
The Riviera? What's he do?

SANJAYA
I don't know. I guess he's an
engineer or something. That's what
he studied in school.

CHARLES
You don't know what he does for a
living?

SANJAYA
I never ask people of their
professions. It's egocentric.

YOGA TEACHER
In the back, save your conversation
for after class. Downward dog...

They shift to sticking their butts upward.

CHARLES
But isn't knowing a client's
profession an essential part of
telling them how to live their
life?

SANJAYA
Not really. He also said something
about publishing a book.

CHARLES

A book? What about?!

SANJAYA

I don't know! Thermodynamics or something!

YOGA TEACHER

You two in the back! Shut your friggin' corn holes!

Charles opens his mouth again but shuts it.

YOGA TEACHER

Sage pose...

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Sanjaya sits at a table with a mug of tea. Across from him, a large paper to-go cup before an empty chair.

Sanjaya checks around him. Rolls his eyes. Sighs.

A toilet flushes. Tony emerges from the bathroom drying his hands with a paper towel.

TONY

Hey sorry about that. Taco Tuesday did a number on my number two. Talk about a one-hundred wiper!

He sets the paper towel on the table.

TONY

Okay, now where were we? Setting intestines?

Sanjaya grimaces at the paper towel.

SANJAYA

Intentions.

TONY

Oh right! Intentions! You know where my mind's at right now, huh, Stapes?!

SANJAYA

Tony, again, I am called Sanjaya now. I need you to respect that.

TONY

Well sure. It just takes some getting used to, I guess.

SANJAYA

I get that. Look, with this work one can experience tremendous personal growth. Name changes are not uncommon. Now are you ready to let me guide you through your own transformation?

TONY

Yeah, totally. But I'm not changing my name to *Vishnu* or *Rimjob* or whatever.

SANJAYA

That's fine. You'll change in other ways -- and how we get there is through breathing into our intention. Do you feel ready?

TONY

Sure.

SANJAYA

Close your eyes.

Tony closes his eyes.

SANJAYA

Breathe...

Tony takes in a breath.

SANJAYA

Through your nose, remember the fire.

TONY

Okay...

Tony takes in another breath through his nose.

SANJAYA

Now how do you envision your way of a higher state of being?

TONY

Uhhh... not sure how to put this.

SANJAYA

That's okay. You don't need to use words, but can you give it a sound?

Tony thinks for a moment, opens his mouth but lets out a greasy fart. Sanjaya looks around, wincing.

TONY

Sorry.

SANJAYA

It's okay. Keep breathing. Keep visualizing. Does it have a color?

TONY

Uhh... yeah. Brown. It's definitely brown. Or maybe a yellowish brown.

SANJAYA

Ugh... Okay. Umm, now what is your heart telling you?

Tony cringes.

TONY

I don't know what my heart's saying, but my stomach's telling me to go back to the john.

He opens his eyes and gets up.

SANJAYA

But you just went.

TONY

Sorry. Fecal sequel.

Tony rushes back to the men's room. Sanjaya grimaces.

INT. CRYSTAL SHOP - DAY

Sanjaya rummages through the crystal bins. He holds one to his heart, squeezes his eyes shut, tosses it back, picks up another, repeat.

Anya approaches and puts a soft hand on his shoulder. He relaxes.

ANYA

Hey! What's wrong, the rose quartz not effective?

SANJAYA

I think I need something stronger.
Maybe Kaopectate.

ANYA

Hmm. Not familiar with those. How
about an agate?

She plucks an agate out of the bins and hands it to him.

ANYA

For strength and inner stability.

SANJAYA

Inner stability. Got it...

INT. NATURAL FOODS CAFE - DAY

Sanjaya sits with Tony at a bar with empty wooden bowls in
front of them.

SANJAYA

What did you think of the acai
bowl?

TONY

Well, I feel a little dizzy
actually. Haven't had granola since
eighth grade.

SANJAYA

With a new diet, it's natural for
toxins to stir up inside you.

TONY

Something's stirring up inside me
alright.

Two YOGA GIRLS (20s) approach the bar looking for seats.
They spot an unused stool next to Sanjaya.

YOGA GIRL 1

Excuse me, are you using this
stool?

SANJAYA

Please, feel free.

YOGA GIRL 1

Thank you.

TONY
Speaking of stool, I'm gonna hit
the bathroom. Excuse me.

Tony rises and pulls the stool out for Yoga Girl 2.

YOGA GIRL 2
Hello?! TMI!

Yoga Girl 1 giggles. Sanjaya stammers.

SANJAYA
I'll wait here.

Tony walks off and calls over his shoulder.

TONY
You know, to poop.

The girls exchange a disgusted look.

YOGA GIRL 1
Eew!

SANJAYA
Okay, got it.

Tony calls over his shoulder again.

TONY
Out of my butt.

Yoga Girl 2 snorts.

SANJAYA
Got it!

Tony yells across the room.

TONY
Into the toilet.

The girls burst out laughing.

SANJAYA
Have mercy!

The girls lose it. Tony saunters off with a smirk.

YOGA GIRL 1
Hahaha oh my God!

YOGA GIRL 2

So charming!

Sanjaya scoops up the dirty bowls and hurries off.

INT. CRYSTAL SHOP - DAY

Anya presents an amethyst to a harried Sanjaya.

ANYA

Amethyst. For eliminating
impatience.

SANJAYA

Eliminating impatience. Got it.

EXT. SEASIDE PARK - DAY

Sanjaya stands outside a public restroom with a yoga bag slung over his shoulder. He taps his foot.

A toilet flushes and Tony emerges.

TONY

Wow, I think I lost a good six
pounds in there. All that salad and
gerbil food is moving stuff from
the Obama administration.

SANJAYA

I'm pleased to hear that.

They walk along a path. Tony checks his pocket and pulls out an empty cigarette pack.

TONY

Mother effer! I'm out of smokes.
Can we go to a Seven-eleven or
something?

SANJAYA

Please don't feminize your anger.

TONY

Huh? What do you mean by that?

SANJAYA

It dishonors the sacred feminine.

TONY

Oh, okay, well son of a bitch, I
like to have a cigarette after I
take a shit.

Sanjaya rolls his eyes and reaches into his bag. He pulls out a pouch of tobacco and presents it to Tony.

SANJAYA

Here. Should be some papers in it.

Tony grabs it.

TONY

I thought you didn't smoke.

SANJAYA

I don't. I use it for prayer.

Tony narrows his eyes at him.

TONY

Some strange Gods you pray to.

Tony fumbles through the package, pulls out a paper and prepares a cigarette. Sanjaya leads him off the path and sets a blanket down. They sit.

TONY

Never rolled tobacco before, but
'member the fatties I twisted us up
back in college?

SANJAYA

Sadly, yes.

Tony finishes rolling the cigarette and lights it.

TONY

Man we got so blasted! Remember
that bong we built out of Legos?

SANJAYA

How could I not.

Sanjaya pulls a sage bundle from his bag and lights it. He sits, eyes closed, and wafts the smoke about himself.

TONY

Some great people watching around
here.

SANJAYA

Mmm-hmm.

TONY

Ever notice you could tell the type
of car someone drives, just by
looking at them?

SANJAYA

I'm not in the habit of judging people.

Tony spots a petite JOGGER soaring down the path.

TONY

This one probably drives a Honda.
Maybe a Prelude.

He looks at a prissy GAL chatting on her phone.

TONY

That one, Mercedes. SL
five-hundred.

He looks at a HUSKY WOMAN with a german shepherd.

TONY

And that one, Ford Explorer all the way.

Sanjaya heaves a sigh and opens his eyes.

SANJAYA

Tony, I'd like you to know that although a lot of thoughts are coming up for you right now and you would like to speak to them, silence is also an option and it's available to you.

Tony scratches his head.

TONY

Is that your new age way of telling me to shut up?

Sanjaya smirks and looks off to the ocean.

A woman in a flowing eastern gown and silk scarf, KENDRA (40s) flutters down the path, walking a bichon frise.

TONY

Well hello. This one looks like she might drive a unicorn.

Sanjaya looks over to see her approach.

KENDRA

Hey Sanjaya!

SANJAYA
Hello Kendra.

Kendra kneels down and gives him a warm embrace. Tony pets the friendly dog behind the ears.

TONY
Heya buddy! *Hoozagooba?*

KENDRA
Haven't seen you around dance
journey lately. Where you been
hiding?

SANJAYA
Nowhere. Just-

Kendra struggles to keep the excited pup at bay.

KENDRA
Ooh, I think she likes you. Is this
your friend?

SANJAYA
Kendra, this is Tony. He's new in
town.

Kendra surprises Tony with a warm hug.

KENDRA
Welcome to Santa Barbara, Tony.
Ooh, smoking in the park, rebel!

TONY
Yeah, I'm a naughty boy.

KENDRA
Ooh, I bet you are!

She rummages into her bag, pulls out a flyer and hands it to Tony.

KENDRA
Come to my workshop... get naughty
with us!. Ta ta!

She skips off with her puppy. Tony watches her go.

TONY
Hey, I think that chick digs me.

SANJAYA
She's polyamorous. She digs
everyone.

TONY
Poly-- what?!

SANJAYA
She has multiple partners.

Tony's jaw drops.

TONY
Multiple partners?! You mean, she's
into DP? A good spit roasting?!
God, I love this town!

SANJAYA
No, not like that. She-- Forget it.

He rolls up his yoga blanket.

TONY
Did you hit that? You hit that,
didn't you? Tell me you didn't hit
that shit.

SANJAYA
No, Tony. And I'm going to request
that you not make references to my
female friends as "that shit", let
alone "hitting" them.

He stuffs the blanket into its bag and slings it over his
shoulder.

TONY
Come on, tell me you had at least
some success with the ladies around
here!

SANJAYA
That's not my journey, Tony.

Sanjaya rolls his eyes and sets off down the path. Tony
stubs out his cigarette and follows.

TONY
Not your journey? But with all the
juicy tail around-- Wait a minute.

Tony stops. Sanjaya turns around.

SANJAYA

What?

TONY

Oh. Huh! I'm such an idiot!

SANJAYA

I gathered that, but what?

TONY

That dude you were with when I first ran into you.

SANJAYA

Charles?

TONY

Yeah! Charles!

SANJAYA

What about him?

TONY

Well... he's your boyfriend!

SANJAYA

No.

TONY

No? You mean... he's your husband?
Oh my God, congratulations!

He rustles Sanjaya's hand and pats him on the back.

SANJAYA

No. No...

TONY

Hey, I'm totally cool with it! I had the rainbow flag on my social media pic. I got your back, *scrotumlicious!*

SANJAYA

Tony...

Tony puts an arm around Sanjaya and they resume walking.

TONY

This is so weird! No, not you being gay is weird. But hell, we went to college together. That's weird, right? And at the spring mixer when

TONY
you held me up for a keg stand? I
had a feeling you were enjoying the
view up my toga...

INT. CRYSTAL SHOP - DAY

Sanjaya stands defeated in front of Anya.

ANYA
Aventurine?

SANJAYA
Tried it...

ANYA
Selenite?

Sanjaya shakes his head.

SANJAYA
Mmm-hmm.

ANYA
Black tourmaline?

Sanjaya shakes his head again.

SANJAYA
Yep.

Anya scratches her chin.

ANYA
Sanjaya, I don't think what you
need is in this shop.

SANJAYA
You're probably right about that.

ANYA
But I know just where to go.
Come...

She takes Sanjaya by the hand. He balks.

SANJAYA
I don't drink anymore. Not even
kombucha.

ANYA
We're not going to a bar...

SANJAYA
I don't even drink coffee.

ANYA
Coffee's for kooks. Come on...

INT. KAVA LOUNGE - NIGHT

A chill, Polynesian-themed spot. PATRONS lounge on cushy sofas and chairs. Sanjaya sits with Anya at the bar, each holding a coconut shell. Sanjaya studies the shell.

ANYA
You've never had kava before?

SANJAYA
Just the tincture once. Downed a whole dropper before my first workshop and threw up during sun salutation.

He gulps and raises the shell to his lips.

ANYA
Wait.

She holds up her shell.

ANYA
Bula.

Sanjaya does the same.

SANJAYA
Oh, right. Bula.

They sip from the shells. Sanjaya winces.

ANYA
Dry finish, huh? Here.

She reaches into a cup of fruit and hands him a piece of pineapple. He coughs. Anya leans away.

ANYA
You're not going to throw up, are you?

SANJAYA
(clears throat)
No. No, I'm good.

He bites into the pineapple and chews. Relaxes his shoulders.

ANYA
How's that?

SANJAYA
Wow. That really helps.

Anya sips her kava. Sanjaya eases back with a head roll.

SANJAYA
I feel like I'm floating.

Anya suckles a strawberry. Sanjaya's mesmerized. She looks away.

ANYA
So what's going on with this client
of yours?

SANJAYA
Oh, he's a helpless case.

ANYA
How so?

SANJAYA
He's crass, he's crude and has
absolutely no filter whatsoever.

Anya sets the strawberry stem on a napkin.

ANYA
Wow. That's quite a judgement.

SANJAYA
What do you mean?

Sanjaya grabs another piece of pineapple and takes a bite.

ANYA
Would you be so triggered if those
weren't things you saw in yourself?

SANJAYA
Triggered? I couldn't be more
different than him. For one thing,
I don't suffer from explosive di--
atribes.

ANYA
Maybe you once did.

Sanjaya sets the pineapple rind down.

SANJAYA

Not since I've adopted a clean diet. Anyway, I don't concern myself with my past.

ANYA

But your past drives what's in your present.

SANJAYA

Not for me. My future drives what's in my present.

He takes another sip of his kava.

ANYA

I think you're holding onto something.

SANJAYA

Please. Like what?

ANYA

Your ego.

Sanjaya leans back, eyes her.

SANJAYA

My ego?

ANYA

You're pretty self-conscious.

Sanjaya leans back even further.

SANJAYA

Self-conscious?

ANYA

Wow, you really are triggered.

She sips from her shell.

SANJAYA

You're mistaken, dear sister. I'm not self-conscious. I'm *fully* conscious. I left my ego behind when I entered the ashram. I'll bet I'm more conscious than any man you've ever met.

ANYA

Okay, okay. But how long ago did you do leave the ashram?

She bites into another strawberry.

SANJAYA

Two years. Why?

ANYA

And how have things gone since?

SANJAYA

Well, great. I have clients and people come to my workshops...

ANYA

So you're in abundance?

SANJAYA

Not exactly. But what does that have to do with anything?

ANYA

Well if you're truly doing what you love to do, and you're truly your higher self, the universe will conspire for you to thrive. As long as you've...

Sanjaya massages his chin.

SANJAYA

Let go of my ego.

Anya raises her shell with a smile.

ANYA

Bula.

Sanjaya raises his own and they down them.

SANJAYA

Alright, then what about you? Are you in abundance?

ANYA

Hell no.

Sanjaya raises an eyebrow.

SANJAYA

And why not?

ANYA

Hello?! I'm pushing thirty and working minimum wage in a crystal shop!

SANJAYA

Wow, and here I thought I saw you shopping for a prom dress last week.

They share a laugh.

ANYA

Speaking of egos, I'd say you might be stroking mine.

They share a moment of eye contact.

SANJAYA

I'd say you might be right.

Anya casts her eyes down. Sanjaya makes a stiff smile.

SANJAYA

(to offscreen)

Another round, please?

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Tony stands at the front door in his Flyers jersey and rings the bell. He's holding a twelve-pack of light beer and a bag of cheese puffs. Kendra opens the door.

KENDRA

Tony! So glad you made it!

She gives him a warm embrace. Tony hugs back, the snack bag makes a loud crinkling sound. Kendra steps back and looks at his contributions.

TONY

The flyer said to bring an offering. Is this cool?

KENDRA

Oh, I'm sorry this is a non-alcoholic, vegan gathering.

TONY

Duh! That's why I brought light beer!

KENDRA

Hmm... well I guess the cheese puffs are vegan. Come on in.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kendra leads Tony into the house.

KENDRA

Everyone, this is Tony. He's new to the circle... so play nice.

Tony takes in the intimate setting: candles, incense, statues, and pillows arranged in a circle on the floor.

Flanking the circle, middle-aged WORKSHOP PARTICIPANTS, in ceremonial garb, robes, gowns, scarves, jewelry, etc. send polite smiles and nods to Tony.

Tony's smile in return is more of a wince.

INT. HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

The male guests all sit in the circle of pillows, situated with bowls of offerings: chocolates, flowers, crystals, body lotions, etc.

Tony sits at his station with a bowl full of cheese puffs and his beer carton with a flap ripped open.

Kendra holds court in the center of the circle.

KENDRA

Now, I invite each Goddess to remember that you are at choice to participate with the sacred masculine before you.

Tony darts his eyes around the room.

KENDRA

Should you choose to decline the offerings of your puja partner, you may sit in quiet meditation.

Kendra walks to a stereo system and turns up the volume of seductive Middle Eastern music.

KENDRA

We'll begin our first tantric
teaser with an interpretive dance
to express your Shakti Fire to your
Shiva counterpart.

Tony's ears perk up and he gazes in awe at Kendra. The women
all find spots before a man and sit.

Tony turns back to see an UPTIGHT WOMAN (50s) sitting across
from him. She glances at his beer and junk food and narrows
her eyes at him.

UPTIGHT WOMAN

If you don't mind, I think I'll
choose to--

TONY

Sit in quiet meditation. Yup.

The woman closes her eyes and lets out a dissatisfied sigh.
Tony looks around to see all manner of interpretive dance
from the women:

- DANCE WOMAN #1 performs a playful flowing movement
- Debra performs a competent belly dance
- DANCE WOMAN #2 does the pop and stop
- Joan does a nervous two-step
- Kendra writhes on the floor, caressing herself. Her
PARTNER (male, 50s) gets hot-and-bothered himself. Tony's
jaw drops.

She checks her watch, then hops up. Her partner checks his
crotch and puts a pillow over it.

KENDRA

Okay, Goddesses! Please find
completion and advance to your next
Shiva.

The women all stand, advance a position and sit before a new
man. Tony looks up to see a pensive Joan take a seat before
him. He offers her some cheese puffs as he scarfs down a
handful himself.

KENDRA

For this round, the Goddess will be
honored with a devotional foot
anointment.

Tony looks at Joan, to her feet: toes twitching. Then to his hands: fingers coated in muddy cheese dust. He looks back to her.

TONY

I suppose you want to sit this one out?

JOAN

(sighing)

I suppose.

Tony senses her disappointment. He licks his fingers, smears them on his jeans and looks to the GUY next to him with a big bottle of lotion.

TONY

Hey man, could I borrow some of that?

The guy gestures to it without taking his eyes off his partner.

LOTION GUY

You may.

TONY

Thanks.

Tony grabs the bottle, squeezes a glob into his palm and slaps his hands together.

TONY

Alright, let's do this!

He reaches for Joan's foot. She withdraws, shaking her head. Tony leans in with a friendly leer.

TONY

I know you want to.

Joan shakes her head, even faster.

TONY

Come on, when's the last time your husband gave you a foot rub?

JOAN

(stammering)

Never.

Tony offers a warm smile and holds his hand out. She inches her foot to him. He takes it and caresses it.

JOAN

Ooohhh!

Others glance at her and let out pleasurable sounds of their own. A giggling fit spreads around the room. Tony and Joan share a friendly smile.

MONTAGE: THE TANTRIC PUJA

- Tony crouches over ANOTHER WOMAN, who lies with eyes closed. He tickles her neck with a large peacock feather. She giggles along with other titters from around the room. Tony sneaks a sip of beer.

- Tony gives a neck rub to a blissful Debra, struggling to keep his beer from spilling. He sneaks another sip. Soft oohs and ahhs fill the room.

- Tony lies down with a HEAVY-SET WOMAN, cuddling. She's in total bliss as well. The oohs, ahhs and giggles build to a crescendo.

END MONTAGE

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

The group surrounds Tony as he releases from a hug with Debra, while juggling the beer box and cheese puffs.

DEBRA

That thing you did with the beer
can was amazing!

Joan is next to squeeze him tight.

JOAN

And you've given me a whole new
meaning to cheese spread! My feet
smell so yummy right now!

The group lets out a chuckle.

DEBRA

When can we expect to see more of
you?

TONY

Well, how about Sanjaya's kick-ass
breath meditation tomorrow?

The guests all light up.

THE GUESTS (VARIOUS)
 Ooh yes! / That sounds marvelous! /
 I'm in! / See you then!

The group disperses. Tony makes to go.

KENDRA
 You know, you don't have to leave
 just yet.

Tony turns around.

TONY
 Oh?

The lotion guy sidles up to Kendra and waves the lotion bottle. Tony recoils, then lets out a fake yawn.

TONY
 Oh boy. Early day tomorrow! Six
 a.m. cross-fit class. See ya!

Tony splits.

EXT. BEACHSIDE PARKING LOT - DAY

Sanjaya walks with Charles through the lot. Sanjaya totes his yoga bag and donation basket. Charles eats an apple.

CHARLES
 And then what happened?

SANJAYA
 Nothing. I walked her back to the
 shop then drove... home. I almost
 didn't make it up the pass, I was
 so blissed out.

CHARLES
 Three kavas will do that to you. So
 no smooch, no nothing?

He takes a final bite and tosses the core toward a trash can. He misses.

SANJAYA
 Please. You're beginning to sound
 like Tony.

He picks up the apple core and deposits it into the can.

CHARLES

Whatever. How's it going with the Philadelphia philistine, anyway? Any closer to that testimonial?

SANJAYA

Not really. Unless progress could be measured by stool consistency.

CHARLES

Gotta start somewhere.

They approach a clearing on the grass where Tony and several of the puja participants assemble. Several other ATTENDEES mill around as well. Sanjaya's shocked.

EXT. BEACHSIDE PARK

Tony breaks from the crowd and walks toward Sanjaya.

TONY

Hey man, hope you don't mind, I invited a few people.

Sanjaya takes in all the guests. Tony takes some cash out of his pocket and stuffs it into Sanjaya's basket.

TONY

Twenty-five, right? I threw in a extra ten for the tobacco. Good stuff!

Tony rejoins the group. Charles glowers at Sanjaya.

EXT. BEACHSIDE PARK - LATER

Sanjaya leads the class and everyone is at peace. Eyes closed, he raises his head and arms to the sky and lets out a deep breath as his hands drop into a 'namaste' gesture.

SANJAYA

And we close, breathing out gratitude.

He opens his eyes and smiles to the group.

SANJAYA

Namaste.

GROUP

Namaste.

SANJAYA

Thank you all for taking this blissful journey with me. That concludes our class. I wish you all well.

The attendees assemble their things, roll up their mats, etc.

TONY

Wait a minute...

Sanjaya and Charles exchange an "oh boy" glance. Tony looks around the group.

TONY

What about that crystals and rainbows song I hear so much about? Anybody's birthday today?

SANJAYA

Tony, we don't need to--

A LADY (60) in the back raises her hand. Debra and some others groan.

LADY

Mine's tomorrow!

TONY

Well alright! A one! A two! A one two three four!

He cues to Sanjaya, who shrinks.

SANJAYA

Okay.

He clears his throat.

SANJAYA

(singing meekly)
Love and light...

Tony looks around. No one's singing.

SANJAYA

... and crystals and rainbows...

Tony narrows his eyes then joins in.

SANJAYA / TONY
... crystals and rainbows to you.

Tony looks around again, then pops up.

TONY
 Come on! Everybody!

Tony struggles to keep up, a word behind the lyrics.

<p>SANJAYA <i>Harmony and frequency and sacred geometry...</i></p>	<p>TONY <i>... harmony... frequency... stapled... me on a tree...</i></p>
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Laughs break out in the group. Tony approaches the lady in a serenade. Others join in.

SANJAYA / TONY / GROUP
Crystals and rainbows to you!

More people join in. Tony breaks into a less-than-graceful interpretive dance.

SANJAYA / TONY / GROUP
*Crystals and rainbows, crystals and
 rainbows...*

Everyone's joined in. The lady beams in delight.

SANJAYA / TONY / GROUP
Crystals and rainbows to you!

Tony ends his dance in a deep, majestic bow. The lady wipes a tear from her eye and gives him a big hug.

LADY
 Oh thank you! Thank you!

Tony looks over the lady's shoulder and shares a smile with Sanjaya who holds a hand over his heart.

Charles stands stunned -- with a tear of his own rolling down his cheek.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sanjaya and Tony walk down the sidewalk. Tony drags on a hand-rolled cigarette.

TONY
 And Joan, well she's such a
 sweetheart. She's gonna bake me a
qui-no-a pie.

SANJAYA

Well it looks like you're fitting
in well around here. Since you had
a breakthrough, I feel called to
ask a favor of you.

The homeless man approaches them. Sanjaya veers course.

HOMELESS MAN

Hey Tony, spare a smoke?

SANJAYA

Sorry sir, we have nothing to off--

Sanjaya does a take.

TONY

Sure, George. If you don't mind
rolling.

He pinches a large wad of tobacco out of his pouch and
deposits it into the man's hands. He rips out several papers
and hands them to him as well.

TONY

Now remember, smoke it--

HOMELESS MAN

With intention.

TONY

My man!

HOMELESS MAN

Thanks Tony.

TONY

Later George.

The man hobbles off.

SANJAYA

Yeah, you really are fitting in
around here. But you really
shouldn't support people's
unhealthy habits.

TONY

Well to some people, cigarettes and
junk food are the only thing
keeping them going.

They approach the sports bar.

TONY
Speaking of unhealthy habits. Let's
do some day drinkin'.

SANJAYA
Tony...

TONY
Come on.

Tony enters the gate. Sanjaya sighs and follows him.

INT. SPORTS BAR - DAY

Sanjaya sits with Tony at the bar. Tony slugs a beer.

TONY
I'm actually celebrating. Not just
my breakthrough, that's great and
all, but I have some big news!

SANJAYA
Let me guess, about your book? I
told you, it's not relevant to our
work.

TONY
Fine then.

The bartender delivers a cup of tea to Sanjaya.

SANJAYA
Thank you.

He sips his tea. Narrows his eyes.

SANJAYA
Monkey-picked oolong?

TONY
I put in a special request.

SANJAYA
Wow. Thank you.

TONY
You bet. So what did you want to
ask me?

Sanjaya relaxes.

SANJAYA

I have a... business thing coming up.

TONY

Oh yeah?

SANJAYA

Yeah, and I uh, I'm collecting testimonials from my clients. You know, to help with marketing.

TONY

Oh, I see. So you want me to write one up for you?

SANJAYA

If you wouldn't mind.

TONY

Sure.

SANJAYA

Really? Oh, Tony, thank you.

TONY

One condition though.

SANJAYA

Sure, okay. What's that?

TONY

Have a drink with me. You know, for old time's sake.

SANJAYA

But I am having a drink with you.

Tony gestures to the bartender to bring a round of shots.

TONY

A real drink.

SANJAYA

Tony...

TONY

Come on, you're so uptight these days. Can't the Sanjaya I once knew come out and play?

The bartender delivers a couple shots to them.

SANJAYA
Rumplemintz.

TONY
Well real men don't drink schnapps,
but in your case I'll make an
exception.

Sanjaya looks at the shot and frowns.

SANJAYA
We went through a lot of this back
in school.

TONY
We weren't real men back then.

Sanjaya smiles to himself.

TONY
Come on, how much do you want that
testimonial?

Sanjaya grabs the drink and holds it up.

TONY
Atta boy!

He clinks Sanjaya's glass and downs his shot. Sanjaya is
about to follow, but looks his glass over and sets it down.

SANJAYA
Sorry. I just can't.

He grabs his hoodie and rushes out. Tony watches him leave,
shrugs and takes the shot himself.

EXT. ROSE GARDEN - DAY

Sanjaya and Charles wander along the flower beds.

CHARLES
Oh, brother, you're on shaky ground
here.

SANJAYA
I know.

CHARLES
You know what spirits do to you.
Roll the tape.

SANJAYA

I know.

He leans in to smell a rose.

CHARLES

You need to go back to the rooms?

SANJAYA

No.

He sneezes.

CHARLES

Maybe you should get a sponsor and study the big book again.

SANJAYA

Too much indoctrination.

CHARLES

I don't know man...

SANJAYA

I'll be alright. We're going up the pass today.

He sniffs at another rose.

CHARLES

I wouldn't do that.

SANJAYA

Why? There are no bars up there.

He sneezes again.

CHARLES

What if he brings a bottle? You're better off just cutting him out of your life so you can stay in integrity with yourself.

Sanjaya wipes his nose with a handkerchief.

SANJAYA

I need that testimonial.

CHARLES

Well I hope it's worth it then.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Sanjaya and Tony walk along a riverbank. Tony plunks a rock into the water. An annoyed EGRET takes off.

SANJAYA

The summer after graduation I was a mess. No job prospects. No direction. Just a ship without a rudder.

TONY

No kidding, I went sailing in the Caribbean that summer!

Sanjaya rolls his eyes.

SANJAYA

One night I went to a Phish show and got wasted. On the way home, I totaled my dad's Hyundai. Was very lucky the old lady I hit walked away with just a broken hip.

TONY

She was able to walk?

Sanjaya heaves a sigh.

SANJAYA

At the hospital they told me I stopped breathing and the EMT had to do CPR.

TONY

No way! Was she hot?

Sanjaya scowls at him.

SANJAYA

Tony, would you please be present?

Tony grovels.

TONY

Sorry. Please continue.

SANJAYA

The breathing thing freaked me out. But one of the doctors, this Indian guy, told me about Ayurvedic breath work. I practiced it, detoxed and committed myself to becoming the

SANJAYA
 best possible version of... me.
 When I got my license back I made
 my way out here.

TONY
 Wow. I didn't know about any of
 this.

SANJAYA
 I don't look back on it. I only
 look to the future. And try to help
 others improve their own lives --
 but I seem to be failing miserably
 with you.

TONY
 Hey, why would you say that?

SANJAYA
 Have you learned anything since we
 started working together?

TONY
 Yeah man. Look, a pretty flower...

He reaches into his tobacco pouch and sprinkles a pinch onto
 the plant before plucking a flower.

TONY
 (rehearsed)
 Nature's not our rummage bin.
 Always give it an offering before
 taking from it. Here.

He hands the flower to Sanjaya.

SANJAYA
 Thanks. But what else?

TONY
 That you've turned into a sissy.

Sanjaya scowls and throws the flower into the woods.

SANJAYA
 Why, because I won't get wasted
 with you?

TONY
 A couple brewskies with your bro
 won't kill you.

SANJAYA

You just don't get it. My off-switch is broken. Get a drink in me at four pm and I end up in seedy dive bars hanging out with meth-heads till four am.

TONY

That actually sounds kinda fun.

SANJAYA

Oh forget it.

TONY

I'm sorry. Look, what can I do to make things better?

Tony pulls out a flask and takes a belt from it. Sanjaya watches with quiet envy.

SANJAYA

Not drinking in front of me might be a good start!

Tony stashes the flask away.

TONY

Done.

Sanjaya simmers.

TONY

What else? Please.

Sanjaya peers at him.

SANJAYA

The testimonial.

TONY

Oh. Yeah, I'm working on it. Just need a little more time.

SANJAYA

How much time?

TONY

I don't know. Kairos is a new unit of measure for me.

Sanjaya sighs.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sanjaya walks along the sidewalk, amongst strolling TOURISTS, COUPLES, etc. going in and out of shops and restaurants. His cell phone pressed to his ear.

SANJAYA

No, I didn't drink any.

(beat)

Yes, I'm headed up to his place to get it now.

(beat)

No, I haven't been there before.

(beat)

Yes, I'm sure it's pimpin'.

Sanjaya looks ahead and sees Jack Conway's Receptionist rushing toward him with a box.

SANJAYA

Charles, let me call you back.

Sanjaya puts his phone away and approaches the woman.

SANJAYA

Oh, hello!

RECEPTIONIST

Afternoon.

She skirts by Sanjaya but he walks alongside her.

SANJAYA

I'm Sanjaya, remember? I'm putting my application in today for the break out session. You know, for the expo?

RECEPTIONIST

Too late.

(taps the box)

Just printed out the programs.

Sanjaya's mouth drops.

SANJAYA

But applications weren't due till next week!

The lady sighs.

RECEPTIONIST

(rehearsed)

Mr. Conway feels a vibrational
match is in alignment. Excuse me.

Sanjaya watches her march down the sidewalk. He lets out a
whimper.

EXT. TONY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sanjaya's van rolls up to a dilapidated apartment complex at
the top of the hill.

INT./EXT. SANJAYA'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Sanjaya checks a piece of paper against the apartment
building, then double-checks. He steps out of the van.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Sanjaya stands in the doorway of the studio apartment
looking in, mouth agape. It's a sparse mess:

Beach chair by the window; a sheet-less futon with an afghan
and case-less pillows piled upon it; Creed blares from a
portable CD player sitting amidst old pizza boxes and dirty
clothes on the corner of the linoleum floor.

Tony steps into view wrapped in a towel, drying himself off.
Sanjaya makes a disgusted face.

TONY

Sorry about the mess. Still getting
settled -- waiting for a check from
the agency. So *undignifying*.

SANJAYA

The agency. I didn't realize you
were on...

TONY

Meh. That stuff's not relevant to
our work anyway, right?

SANJAYA

I suppose. But--

TONY

Hey could you do me a favor?

SANJAYA

Sure.

Tony tosses him a pair of boxer-briefs. Sanjaya catches them.

TONY

Smell those. I'm not sure if they're clean or not.

Sanjaya slams them to the floor and looks at his hands.

SANJAYA

Tony!

He marches to the sink.

TONY

Haha! I was just kidding -- only wore 'em once!

Sanjaya tries the hot water know but nothing comes out. He rinses his hands under the cold water.

Tony picks up the underwear, slides them on under his towel, drops the towel. Tony just in his drawers.

TONY

Sorry about the hot water. Cold showers work for the Russians though. Good for the ol' capillaries.

Sanjaya shuts the water off and looks for towel. He pats his hands dry on his shirt. Looks at Tony, gasps.

Tony slides on a t-shirt and picks up a pair of jeans.

TONY

So what's up? Why you so glum? I got your testimonial.

He drops the jeans, goes to the kitchen counter and hunts through a stack of papers.

TONY

That should cheer you up... if I could just find it.

Sanjaya averts his eyes.

SANJAYA

It doesn't matter.

TONY
But I worked on it all afternoon.

SANJAYA
I don't need it, Tony.

Tony stops rummaging and looks to Sanjaya.

TONY
Wah, hell then. Okay. What do you
wanna do? Wanna just kick it here
for a bit? Remember this song?
(sings along)
With arms wide o-pawn...
(talks)
Here, have a seat...

He plucks a dirty shirt off the beach chair.

SANJAYA
No. I should get going.

TONY
Well what're you doing tonight? I
hear there's a cool party--

SANJAYA
I have plans with some friends.

Tony drops the shirt back on the beach chair.

TONY
Oh. Well that's cool.

SANJAYA
Be well, Tony.

Sanjaya turns and exits.

TONY
Sure. Peace out, Sanjaya.

Tony watches him go as the nineties power ballad plays on.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

A GROUP of mostly 20-30-somethings sit around a camp fire. Several play bongos and djembes. The surf rumbles just yards away. A FIRE DANCER (female, 20s) spins poi while another HULA GIRL (20s) plays with her hoop.

Tony sits at the fire, strumming a guitar. The jovial group observes him in rapt attention.

TONY
Well, I'm still kinda new here, so
I wrote a little song to help me
remember the weird street names in
this town.

The group chuckles.

GROUP (VARIOUS)(O.S.)
Let's here it! / Yeah! / Come on!

TONY
Okay, here goes.

He clears his throat and strums a chord.

TONY
(singing)
Mitchel Torena and Ana Capa...

The group chuckles again.

TONY
*Went up to State Street with Harry
Yaga...*

Another group chortle.

TONY
*Quarantina, De La Vina, De La
Guerra, Las Positas!*

The group's applause grows. Sanjaya approaches the group,
and freezes upon seeing Tony.

Tony sees Sanjaya, and breaks a friendly smile... that turns
into a sneer. He changes key. The drummers get into it. The
rest of the group claps along.

TONY
*Carillo, Cabrillo and good ol'
Castillo...*

Kendra grinds to Tony's vocal stylings. Charles gives a neck
rub to his euphoric DATE (20s).

TONY
Sola and Cota and Pedregosa...

Anya takes in the performance with a bright smile. Sanjaya
notices. Tony notices Sanjaya.

TONY
*Portesuello, Arguello, Los Olivos,
 Cuñado...*

Tony shoots a devilish sneer at Sanjaya.

TONY
... Perdido!

The group erupts in applause and laughter.

GROUP (VARIOUS) (O.S.)
*Cuñado Perdido?! / It's Canon
 Perdido!*

Tony takes them home with a sick riff then bows, nods, etc. to the group.

Sanjaya takes another look at Anya. She looks smitten.

A SURFER DUDE (30s) sidles up next to Sanjaya.

SURFER DUDE
 Your friend's cool brah.

Sanjaya gives a half-hearted nod.

SANJAYA
 You're entitled to that opinion.

SURFER DUDE
 Whoa. Sounds like someone could use
 a beer. Want one, dude?

SANJAYA
 No thank--

Sanjaya does a take, then turns back to the guy.

SANJAYA
 Know what? Sure.

The surfer pulls a bottle out from his 6-pack, uncaps it with a lighter and hands it to Sanjaya.

SURFER DUDE
 Here ya go, brah. Bottom's up!

They clink bottles.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Sanjaya stands away from the jovial crowd, sipping his beer, watching from the shadows. Eyes fixed on:

Tony, as he gets a lesson on the djembe by a couple of DJEMBE DRUMMERS (20s-30s). He's having a ball.

Charles approaches with his feisty date clawing all over him. He notices Sanjaya's beer.

CHARLES
Sanjaya, what's this?

SANJAYA
Let it go, Charles.

CHARLES
Are you okay?

SANJAYA
Yeah, I'm okay. Are you okay? You look to be just fine to me.

Charles furrows a brow. His date rubs his chest.

CHARLES'S DATE
Oh, he's fine alright. Aren't you Charlie, baby?

CHARLES
(playfully)
As long as you don't call me Charlie.
(to Sanjaya)
You sure you're cool? Need a ride?

SANJAYA
Have a nice night.

CHARLES
(dirty look)
Okay... Hope you feel better.

He and his date disappear into the night.

CHARLES
Come on, baby.

CHARLES'S DATE
Don't call me baby, Chuckie!

CHARLES
Don't call me Chuckie,
sugar-tits...

Sanjaya finishes the beer and tosses the bottle aside. Anya sees him and approaches.

ANYA
Hey!

SANJAYA
Hey.

ANYA
I've never been on this beach at night. I collect seaglass here though.

SANJAYA
There you go.

Anya comes closer, takes a look at the bottle.

ANYA
You been here all night?

SANJAYA
Yeah.

ANYA
Why didn't you say hi?

SANJAYA
I didn't want to disturb you.

He nods a stink-eye toward Tony. Unaware, Tony bangs out an impressive drumroll.

ANYA
Your friend? Turns out he's actually pretty cool.

SANJAYA
Pfft! Have him sing at your next kirtan then.

Anya stammers a moment, puts a hand on his shoulder.

ANYA
Sanjaya, what's going on?

Sanjaya shakes her off.

SANJAYA
Nothing. I gotta go.

ANYA
Okay... Are you just going to leave
that bottle there?

SANJAYA
Yup.

He turns to go.

ANYA
Eww. Not cool, Sanjaya.

Sanjaya stops and comes back to her. He rips off the Ganesha necklace and hands it to her.

SANJAYA
Know who isn't cool?

She takes it, confused.

SANJAYA
Stupid elephant-face here.

Anya gasps. Sanjaya picks up the bottle, pauses, then throws it down the beach. It shatters in the distance. He disappears into the night. Anya scowls at him.

ANYA
Sanjaya what the hell?

SANJAYA (O.S.)
Some more seaglass for you.

ANYA
You shouldn't talk that way about
deities you know!

Tony appears next to Anya and they watch Sanjaya leave.

TONY
Looks like homeboy's lost his
center.

Anya nods.

EXT. SEASIDE PARK - DAY

Sanjaya sits in quiet meditation as WORKSHOP STUDENTS arrive and lay out their mats. Tony approaches.

TONY

Sanjaya.

Sanjaya opens his eyes and rolls them upon seeing Tony.

TONY

Everything alright buddy?

SANJAYA

Everything's fine.

Tony looks around.

TONY

Then why'd you ignore me the other night?

SANJAYA

It's not all about you, Tony.

TONY

It never is! I can't even tell you the big news about my book.

SANJAYA

Never mind, Tony.

TONY

No, no never mind. Why you being such a dick to me, Stapes?!

Some of the group take notice of their energy. Sanjaya glances around uneasily.

SANJAYA

I can't hold space for this right now.

Tony stammers. Debra arrives and her fresh-painted fingers float a five into the basket.

DEBRA

Hey Sanje, gonna be a little short this time around. Just got my nails done. Hey Tony!

She prances off. Tony looks into the basket and takes visual stock against the group.

TONY
That's a little sparse for
twenty-five a pop.

Joan arrives and drops a ten in the basket.

JOAN
Oh, thank goodness for sliding
scale. You're a peach, Sanjaya!

She hobbles off to find her own spot.

TONY
Sliding scale, huh? That's some
real authentic higher self you got
going on there, buddy.

Sanjaya fixes his gaze in the distance.

SANJAYA
I'm not your buddy anymore. Things
have changed.

TONY
I'll say. Look what kind of jerk
you turned out to be.

SANJAYA
Enough, Tony. You're being a... a
douchebag.

TONY
Douchebag, huh? You have no idea.

Tony leans in to make eye contact. Sanjaya averts him.

TONY
You really don't, do you?

Sanjaya maintains a plaintive gaze.

Tony grabs some bills out of the basket, counts them, then
throws a five back in.

TONY
Yeah, here's some change for you.
I'm complete with this experience.

Sanjaya sighs. Tony storms off. Some of the crowd make
curious looks. Others get up to leave.

INT. CRYSTAL SHOP - DAY

Anya wraps items in tissue for a lady CUSTOMER (50s).

ANYA

Now remember, ruh gulab packs a punch. Just a little dab on the wrists and behind the neck.

CUSTOMER

That's not where I'll be using it.

She darts a look down. Anya cedes a nervous smile.

ANYA

That'll be eighteen-fifty.

The woman goes into her purse and hands Anya a twenty. Sanjaya enters.

SANJAYA

Hey Anya.

She looks to him and her smile fades.

ANYA

I'm a little busy right now.

She rings up the sale and hands the lady her change.

ANYA

Thanks for coming in. I hope you enjoy it.

CUSTOMER

And I hope it's edible, for my husband's sake.

The woman exits. Anya cringes, then grabs a box and leaves the counter.

SANJAYA

Please, can I talk to you about the other night?

ANYA

I can't. Really, I'm busy.

She carries the box to the greeting card station. Sanjaya follows her.

SANJAYA

I had a lot to process.

Anya sorts through the box, stocking the cards.

ANYA

I'd say you had a lot to drink.

SANJAYA

I know. I slipped okay? Something terrible happened to me.

Anya stops and gives him a concerned look.

SANJAYA

The expo went with someone else.

Anya snorts, shakes her head and resumes her work.

ANYA

Sorry to hear that.

SANJAYA

That's it?

Anya sets the box down and turns to him.

ANYA

What do you expect? We all experience shattered dreams. And with the way you strung your friend along, you deserved it!

SANJAYA

Tony?

ANYA

Yeah. He told me how you were using him.

SANJAYA

If it weren't for him, I would've had a chance!

ANYA

You can't pin all your hopes on one person, Sanjaya.

She picks up the box and marches to the back.

SANJAYA

Yeah, especially when he's an obnoxious, vulgar and destructive obstacle to intentions!

Anya stops short of the back room, turns.

ANYA

At least he knows who he is.

She disappears behind a tapestry curtain. Sanjaya huffs and looks over at one of the greeting cards: Ganesha.

SANJAYA

Oh, what's it to you?!

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

A government-type building with double glass-pane doors. Electronic music wafts from inside. By the door, a large sandwich sign reads: "DANCE JOURNEY -- 11am-1pm".

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER

An open space, lit by EL lights, lasers and disco balls. Sanjaya performs a lonely, heart-wrenching interpretive dance to the slow music. Eyes closed in concentration.

Tony and some new FRIENDS approach the DJ's table and gesture for him to pick it up. He abides and mixes into thumping bro-step.

Sanjaya's eyes snap open and reveling DANCERS box him out.

EXT. BEACHSIDE PARK - DAY

Sanjaya struggles to keep still on his yoga mat. He looks down at his donation basket. Empty.

He looks in front of him. No one there. In the distance, the homeless man pushes a junk-laden shopping cart.

Sanjaya checks his phone and slams it down. He simmers... then cocks his head.

From the direction the homeless man heads: an unintelligible group vocal response.

EXT. BEACHSIDE PARK - OTHER END - MINUTES LATER

Sanjaya follows behind the homeless man. The man parks his cart and takes a seat in the grass.

TONY (O.S.)

... and when you tell yourself
you're not good enough, let that
new voice in your head step up and
say...

GROUP (O.S.)

No bro! I AM good enough! I'm the
shit!

Sanjaya takes in the spectacle before him: a CROWD of eager participants from all walks of life fixated on Tony who speaks from atop a literal soap box.

Sanjaya's face makes all manner of grotesque contortions.

TONY

But no, you just can't do it!

GROUP

No bro! I can do anything! I'm the
shit!

Sanjaya scans the crowd. He sees Charles and makes his way over to him. Tony continues his presentation.

TONY (O.S.)

You might live in a dingy
apartment. You might drive an old
clunker. But that's your crib and
your whip...

SANJAYA

Really Charles?

Charles looks up.

CHARLES

What...

TONY

You have them because YOU choose
them! You don't want anything else.
Your shit is the shit!

He makes a sweeping gaze toward all the PRETTY WOMEN throughout the crowd, all enamored with Tony. He looks back to Sanjaya, shrugs.

CHARLES

I see a lot of value here.

Sanjaya huffs and marches off. He passes by an ornate sign leaning against a tree that reads:

"EMBRACING YOUR INNER DOUCHEBAG"

EXT. BEACHSIDE PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Sanjaya enters the parking lot, looks across. His eyes burst open.

SANJAYA

No!! Wait!

A beeping tow truck backs up to his van. Sanjaya dashes to the TECHNICIAN applying the wheel gear.

SANJAYA

What are you doing?

TECHNICIAN

City's cracking down on transient vehicles.

SANJAYA

Transient vehicles?

He looks down the lot and sees an RV getting the same treatment. He turns back to the guy.

SANJAYA

Can I at least get something real quick?

EXT. BEACHSIDE PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Sanjaya totes a red backpack and cradles his iguana.

SANJAYA

Looks like it's just you and I,
little one.

The iguana wrests free and disappears into the bushes.

SANJAYA

Fine. Be free. Just don't come
crawling back when you can't find
any bananas!

EXT. RIVER - DAY

A GROUP from the beach party cavorts along a river bank. Kendra and a few others splash in the water while others picnic ashore.

Tony smokes a cigarette away from the group, near the plant he picked the flower for Sanjaya from before.

KENDRA

Tony! Get in here! The water's delicious!

GROUP (VARIOUS)

Yeah! / Come on! / Join us!

TONY

I'm good.

KENDRA

You don't know what you're missing!

Kendra lifts her top and flashes him. The group hoots, hollers, meows, etc.

Tony dismisses her and takes another look at the plant and its flower. He sighs to himself.

TONY

I guess I don't.

He rips off his shirt and charges toward the river, to everyone's laughter and cheer.

TONY

Cannonball!

He trips over himself and pulls off a slappy belly flop. The group guffaws, groans, applauds, etc.

EXT. FANCY HOTEL - DAY

Sanjaya mopes along the street toting his backpack. He looks disheveled in his dirty hoodie. He glances into the lobby of an elegant hotel and his mouth drops.

INT. FANCY HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Jack Conway and his ENTOURAGE -- sharp-dressed conscious business people with accessories of beads, silk scarves, etc. -- make their way through the lobby.

Sanjaya stands in the doorway, mouth agape. He locks eyes with Jack. Jack approaches and pauses.

JACK CONWAY

Well, what can I do for you son?

Sanjaya freezes and stammers.

SANJAYA

I... uh...

Jack turns to one of his cohorts, a BUTTONED-UP BUSINESSWOMAN in a hijab.

JACK CONWAY

Something needs to be done about the lost souls in this town. Give him a flyer.

Jack skirts by him and the woman hands him a freshly-printed expo flyer. The group follows Jack out.

Sanjaya watches them go. He looks at the flyer... then lets out a scowl that resolves into a whimper.

INSERT: A panel with a picture of Tony reading: "TONY D'ORIO -- AUTHOR OF 'EMBRACING YOUR INNER DOUCHEBAG'"

MONTAGE: SANJAYA'S DESOLATION

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sanjaya trudges along the street, whimpering. He feels his belly and looks toward the door of the natural foods cafe. A sign reads: "TODAY'S SPECIAL: QUINOA WRAP -- \$10!"

He looks across the street to a fast food joint and sees another sign: "DOLLAR VALUE MENU!".

INT. FAST FOOD JOINT - NIGHT

Sanjaya picks at a trayful of fried foods and sips a soda.

EXT. KAVA LOUNGE - NIGHT

Sanjaya walks up to the darkened entrance. "CLOSED"

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Sanjaya trudges past the entrance of a liquor store. A moment later he backtracks and enters the store.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sanjaya slogs along, taking a belt from a small schnapps bottle, then drags on a cigarette. A group of young PARTY PEOPLE pass him. He pays them no notice.

EXT. CRYSTAL SHOP - NIGHT

Sanjaya gazes through the window of the closed store.

INSERT: Flashback of Anya placing the Ganesha necklace in Sanjaya's hands and peering into his eyes.

BACK TO SCENE

He looks around more to see a statue of Ganesha staring back at him. He groans.

He averts his eyes to a poster of Hanuman. Text at the bottom reads "JOY & LEVITY". He looks at the goofy, laughing face of the Monkey Man... it transforms into Tony's.

Sanjaya growls, wipes his eyes, turns away and moves on.

EXT. FREEWAY OVERPASS - NIGHT

Sanjaya skulks along the vacant underpass. His ethereal gait becomes more of a strut.

END MONTAGE

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Sanjaya broods in a booth with a half a pint of beer in front of him. Classic rock plays over scratchy speakers. He's joined by a trio of DODGY GUYS one would never think to encounter in an upscale resort town.

SANJAYA

I like this place. Reminds me of home.

A homie in a Cypress Hill t-shirt sips his Hennessy.

DODGY GUY #1

Oh yeah? Where that at?

SANJAYA

Delaware.

The groups burst out laughing. Another dude with a neck tattoo chimes in.

DODGY GUY #2

Damn, you a long way from home son!

SANJAYA

Don't I know it.

The third man hangs back in the shadows, his hands stowed in his hoodie pockets.

DODGY GUY #1
That douchebag fool wit all the
fecal sequels from there too?

SANJAYA
Yup.

DODGY GUY #2
Damn! Now that mofo cuttin' in on
your jam. That ain't right! Uh-uh.
I say that ain't right. You feel
me?

Dodgy Guy #1 clinks his glass.

DODGY GUY #1
Mmm-hmmm.

He turns to the third man still hanging back in the shadow.

DODGY GUY #1
What do you think, shawty?

The man leans in from the shadows revealing his face riddled in lip, nose and eyebrow piercings and tattoos. He barely opens his eyes. He's clearly plastered.

Sanjaya doesn't bat an eye, but awaits his response.

The man reaches behind himself and clunks a handgun on the table. He slides it toward Sanjaya.

DODGY GUY #2
Aw, snap. That's justice right
there, dawg.

DODGY GUY #1
For real.

Sanjaya glances at each man, then makes a drunken grin to his benefactor. He slides the gun toward himself.

SANJAYA
For real.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Sanjaya stumbles onto the convention center grounds toting his backpack and finishes a small bottle of schnapps. He tosses it toward a trash can. Misses by a mile.

He approaches a group of ATTENDEES -- the end of a long line to get in. He simpers and strides past the line.

AT THE DOOR

A DOORMAN checks tickets and allows guests through. Sanjaya approaches him.

SANJAYA

Blessings, brother. I'm with Tony
D'Orio.

DOORMAN

I'll have to check your bag.

The doorman sniffs.

DOORMAN

Man, that's some strong mouthwash
you been using.

ANYA (O.S.)

Sanjaya?

The doorman turns his back and Sanjaya slips around him and through the door.

DOORMAN

Wait! You need a pink quartz pass!

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Anya tends a coconut water station. She watches Sanjaya march through the lobby toward the main hall.

ANYA

Sanjaya! Wait!

She makes a start but a tall, thin James Taylor-y GUEST (50s) approaches her.

GUEST

Miss, I see it's served in a shell,
but is this real coconut water?

Other GUESTS line up and she's swamped.

ANYA
 (distracted)
 Yes. Yes it is.

Anya watches Sanjaya disappear. A Carly Simon-y GUEST (50s) is next.

GUEST #2
 No artificial colors or GMOs?

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - THEATER BACKSTAGE/STAGE

Sanjaya arrives backstage. A maze of road cases block the wing. He traverses through them.

MC (O.S.)
 Please welcome to the stage, author
 of the international bestselling
 self-help phenomenon 'Embracing
 Your Inner Douchebag', Mr. Tony
 D'Orio!

The audience applauds. Some let out loud whistles.

Sanjaya scowls and squeezes through a pair of large cases.

TONY (O.S.)
 Thank you! Thank you! Wow, I think
 I just peed myself a little
 there...

The audience laughs. Sanjaya huffs, steps over a sandbag.

TONY (O.S.)
 Who'd ever thought a Cheezewhiz
 lovin' dude from Philly would be
 standing before a room of new age
 health nuts?

Sanjaya grits his teeth and steps into the wing. The stage is just feet away, where he sees:

ON STAGE

Tony: clean-shaven, hair combed. Crisp shirt and fitted suit. Mic headset. This isn't the Tony he knows.

TONY
 Man, this book's been a wild ride.
 But it all kinda happened by
 accident. My first impact on the
 world was actually with a patent in
 thermodynamics.

BACKSTAGE

Sanjaya in the shadows. Fire in his eyes. He creeps closer to the stage.

TONY (O.S.)

I was working for a manufacturer of HVAC equipment. Following orders and earning a paycheck.

ON STAGE

Tony gesticulates like a seasoned Tedx speaker.

TONY

Just a cog in a corporate wheel. But deep down I knew I would not live a fulfilling life until I took control of my own destiny.

BACKSTAGE

Sanjaya growls. Behind him, the doorman and a portly SECURITY GUARD appear.

DOORMAN

There!

The security guard starts toward Sanjaya. Sanjaya darts behind the backdrop curtain and scampers away.

TONY (O.S.)

I proposed a design that cut entropic loss by eight percent thereby raising overall efficiency by three percent.

ON STAGE

Crickets in the audience. The curtain wriggles behind Tony from stage left. He doesn't notice.

TONY

I know, fascinating stuff, right? They didn't think so either. The axe fell down hard.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN

Sanjaya huffs and puffs, scuttles behind the curtain.

BACKSTAGE

The doorman shoulders the large road case aside as the security guard struggles to squeeze through.

TONY (O.S.)

So I set out on my own. Literally.
No one had my back. My wife even
left me.

Sanjaya pauses but pushes on.

TONY (O.S.)

I was told I wasn't good enough,
wasn't smart enough, I just
couldn't do it. And that's when I
embraced my inner douchebag.

The audience applauds.

ON STAGE

Sanjaya's curtain form continues. The applause dies down to murmuring and chortling.

TONY

I told myself I was good enough, I
was smart enough and I could do it,
even when I had doubts, and pushed
the patent through.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN

Sanjaya pushes on.

TONY (O.S.)

Now on my own, I picked up and
moved here to California. I mean,
why not with the beautiful climate
and the mild women, right?

The audience chuckles.

Sanjaya seethes, unzips the backpack and pulls the gun out.

BACKSTAGE

The security guard reaches the backdrop curtain. Catches his breath, studies the tiny space. He clicks his radio.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Behind the curtain, come in from
stage right.

ON STAGE

The form behind the curtain approaches stage center. Another form appears from stage right. Murmurs in the audience continue to build.

TONY

But there was something else... An old friend.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN

Sanjaya perks his ear.

TONY (O.S.)

One who would end up teaching me how to live better. How to eat better. How to breathe better.

SECURITY GUARD #2 appears from the other direction.

SECURITY GUARD #2

(loud whisper)

Freeze!

Sanjaya turns toward him, brandishing the gun.

SECURITY GUARD #2

Oh shit!

The guard darts back.

ON STAGE

The forms of Sanjaya and the second security guard tear in opposite directions.

TONY

Even how to poop better.

The audience roars in laughter.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN

Sanjaya stops, sees security guard #1 trying to squeeze through. He hangs his head.

TONY (O.S.)

I learned how to respect nature and other people. I also learned that the word douchebag, a term I use in my very book, actually dishonors the sacred feminine.

BACKSTAGE

Security Guard #1 shakes his head at the tiny space. He looks up the curtain rigging and makes a "wind up" gesture to the doorman.

TONY (O.S.)

I could've perhaps used the term
'asshole', but wouldn't that
dishonor all people who have
assholes?

The crowd gushes laughter.

TONY (O.S.)

Why not honor every being that has
an asshole for that matter?

The crowd erupts in applause.

ON STAGE

The applause dies down. Tony paces the stage.

TONY

I'm hoping he's here today.

He scans the crowd, blocking the house lights from his eyes.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN

Sanjaya stands still, on the verge of bawling.

TONY (O.S.)

Sanjaya? Are you here buddy? Please
stand up...

ON STAGE

Tony continues looking. Audience members look around as well and the crowd noise wells.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN

Sanjaya stays put and looks at the gun in his hand.

TONY (O.S.)

If you're out there, I just want
you to know that I'm sorry for the
impact my behavior had on you...

ON STAGE

TONY
And that I love you.

The crowd lets out a collective "Awww!".

BEHIND THE CURTAIN

Sanjaya puts the gun in his hoodie pocket. He stares at his feet. The curtain begins to rise. He shuffles his feet and darts his eyes, but nowhere to go.

ON STAGE

The curtain continues rising, reveals Sanjaya cowering. The audience erupts in applause.

Tony turns around.

TONY
You made it! Come on out here
buddy!

Sanjaya demurs. Security guard #1 and the doorman step on stage from the wing.

TONY
Stand down, fellas. He's with me.

They shrug and walk off stage. Tony waves Sanjaya over.

TONY
Come on!

Sanjaya skulks toward Tony, hands in pockets. Tony puts an arm around him and leads him downstage.

TONY
My mentor! My life coach!

The audience roars in applause. Sanjaya looks out to the crowd in shock. Tony clutches him closer and gives him a big, bright smile.

The applause dies down. Tony looks to him.

TONY
What do you say? Wanna drop some of
that ol' Sanjaya wisdom?

The audience quiets. Sanjaya just stands there.

TONY
Lead us in a breath exercise?

Sanjaya's smile fades as he surveys the crowd.

TONY
(sotto)
Come on! Breathe!

Sanjaya's face turns blank, stares into space.

TONY
This is your big moment!

Sanjaya slowly turns to Tony.

SANJAYA
Yes. It was.

Security Guard #2 appears from the other wing.

SECURITY GUARD #2
He's got a gun!

Gasps fill the auditorium.

Tony looks at the bulge in Sanjaya's hoodie.

TONY
Sanjaya?

Sanjaya breaks free, exits stage left in a mad dash.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - BACKSTAGE - DAY

Sanjaya storms down the hall and hears people cavorting from the green room. He stops.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack is coddled on a couch by a gaggle of SPIRITUAL GROUPIES adjusting his vestige, etc. He raises his head.

Sanjaya bursts into the room. The groupies disperse. He sneers at Jack with bleary eyes then looks down: Kendra giving Jack a foot massage. She raises an oily hand.

KENDRA
Hey Sanje.

The hijab lady steps in Sanjaya's way.

HIJAB LADY
You can't be in here. Staff only.

Jack waves her off.

JACK CONWAY
He may pass.

The lady steps away. Sanjaya stares back. He clutches the gun in his pocket.

SANJAYA
You're nothing but a big phony.

Jack scoffs and looks him dead in the eye.

JACK CONWAY
We all wear a mask, young man.

Sanjaya grips the gun even tighter. His face reddens.

JACK CONWAY
Question is, how well does yours
fit?

He offers a sympathetic smile.

Sanjaya takes a few breaths. He relaxes his grip on the gun, breaks the stare and storms off.

The groupies resume tending to Jack. He looks down, sighs.

JACK CONWAY
Please, my dear, put some more
heart into it.

Kendra holds his foot close to her breasts.

KENDRA
Better?

Jack lies back and lets out a big sigh.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Sanjaya bursts through the door. He whips out another schnapps bottle and takes a long pull.

Behind him, Anya follows him out.

ANYA
Sanjaya!

Sanjaya turns around and whimpers.

SANJAYA
I'm nothing but a phony, Anya.

ANYA
No you're not! You left your ego
behind at the ashram, remember?

SANJAYA
Oh right! The ashram! And you know
where that was?

ANYA
India?

SANJAYA
Indiana. And I never made it past
the gift shop.

He turns and dashes off. Anya rushes back inside.

EXT. SEASIDE PARK - MINUTES LATER

Sanjaya takes another pull of schnapps and throws the gun
into a trash can.

SANJAYA
(whimpering)
Nothing but a phony.

He approaches his old workshop spot where a YOGA CLASS is
being held.

OUTDOOR YOGA TEACHER
And activate your fire breath...

Sanjay stomps and swerves through the class. Heads turn.

SANJAYA
Yeah! That's it! Breathe!

OUTDOOR YOGA STUDENTS (VARIOUS)
Hey! / Watch it! / What are you
doing?

SANJAYA
Breathe in death!

He stomps on the teacher's donation basket.

SANJAYA
And breathe out destruction!

He takes a swig of schnapps and blows into his lighter,
making a billowing flame.

SANJAYA
Be Godzilla!! Hahahaha!!

The students scramble. Sanjaya storms off.

BACK AT THE TRASH CAN

A VAGRANT roots through the trash. He pulls out the gun, inspects it, smells it, places the barrel in his mouth, cocks the hammer, whips out a lighter, smokes it.

EXT. PIER - MINUTES LATER

Sanjaya slogs along the pier. He spits at a seagull. It flies away. A family of TOURISTS keep a wide berth.

He finishes the schnapps and throws it over the railing.

INT. PIER - WHARF BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Sanjaya slumps onto a stool at the bar. He counts ones out of his pocket.

A couple seats over, a hip, young INDIAN-AMERICAN guy (20s), relaxes with a pint. He looks over to Sanjaya.

INDIAN-AMERICAN
What's up, bro?

Sanjaya looks up and whips his head to the young man.

SANJAYA
Hey bro! How's it going, bro? How 'bout a Jager bomb, bro?

The guy shrugs.

INDIAN-AMERICAN
Sure.

Sanjaya blinks, then looks down the bar.

SANJAYA
Hey, can we get a couple shots over here?

He turns his gaze to the surface before him.

INDIAN-AMERICAN
Having a good day?

SANJAYA

No.

The guy sips his beer.

INDIAN-AMERICAN

Can't win 'em all, I guess.

Sanjaya struggles to keep his eyes open.

INDIAN-AMERICAN

Just have to get back on the ol'
horse, you know?

Sanjaya calls down the bar again.

SANJAYA

Hello?! We're thirsty over here!

INDIAN-AMERICAN

Tomorrow's a new day, right?

Sanjaya sighs, resumes staring at the bar.

SANJAYA

Screw tomorrow.

INDIAN-AMERICAN

I wouldn't say that. Maybe you
could just be thankful for the
blessings that are yet to come.

SANJAYA

What's the point.

The guy takes a swig of his beer.

INDIAN-AMERICAN

Being you.

Sanjaya looks up and notices his disheveled self in the
mirror. He stares. The guy holds out his hand.

INDIAN-AMERICAN

Sanjaya.

Sanjaya blinks, shakes his head, looks over.

SANJAYA

What?

The guy keeps his hand out. Sanjaya waffles.

INDIAN-AMERICAN

I said my name is Sanjaya. What's yours?

Sanjaya wobbles. He steadies himself. A BARTENDER walks over to Sanjaya's new friend, cleaning a glass.

WHARF BARTENDER

Can't serve your friend.

(to Sanjaya)

This is a family establishment here, drunkie.

Sanjaya eases himself up. The guy motions to help him, but Sanjaya shakes him off and stumbles out.

INDIAN-AMERICAN

Yup. Something really needs to be done about the lost souls in this town.

EXT. PIER - MOMENTS LATER

Sanjaya staggers out of the bar and meanders down the pier. TOURISTS and FISHERMEN step out of his way.

He pulls out his cigarette pack, opens it. It's empty. He tosses it aside. He continues whimpering.

He slogs straight ahead: a clearing at the pier's end. He stumbles into a fishing line.

FISHERMAN (O.S.)

Hey, watch it!

Sanjaya makes it to the railing and looks out to the ocean. The late afternoon sun kisses the swells.

He climbs over and steadies himself. Tears stream down his face. He looks down. The surf roils below him.

He releases the railing. Closes his eyes. The sea calls to him. He takes a deep breath. Holds it...

CROWD (O.S.)

(singing)

Love and light and crystals and rainbows...

Sanjaya opens his eyes. A large CROWD eases behind him.

CROWD
Crystals and rainbows to you...

He turns around. A wall of humans, all for him. Tony, Anya, Charles and Kendra lead the crowd.

CLOSE ON ANYA:

ANYA / CROWD
Harmony and frequency...

CLOSE ON TONY:

TONY / CROWD
And positive energy...

CLOSE ON CHARLES AND KENDRA:

CHARLES / KENDRA / CROWD
Crystals and rainbows to you...

Sanjaya gazes at them with a slack jaw.

Tony leaves the group and approaches Sanjaya. The crowd collectively hums the next few verses of the song.

TONY
 I taught them your song.

SANJAYA
 You changed it.

TONY
 Just a little.

Sanjaya cedes a smile through a sob.

SANJAYA
 I like it.

Tony smiles, fixes his eyes on Sanjaya. Sanjaya looks away.

SANJAYA
 I wanted to kill you.

Tony shrugs.

TONY
 I know.

Sanjaya looks back to him.

TONY

But who hasn't wanted to kill me?

Sanjaya cocks his head. Shrugs. Tony steps closer.

TONY

You changed me, you know.

Sanjaya sighs.

SANJAYA

Just a little.

They share a smile.

TONY

They like it.

Tony crooks his neck back. Sanjaya looks beyond to see the wealth of support in the crowd. Debra. Charles. Kendra. Joan. Louis.

TONY

You've touched their lives.

SANJAYA

No... you did.

TONY

Not if it weren't for you.

Sanjaya cedes a sheepish grin. Tony holds out his hand.

Sanjaya pauses. Anya steps forward, clutching the Ganesh necklace.

He turns back to Tony. Another smile between them.

Sanjaya holds his hand out, Tony grabs it and whisks him over the railing.

TONY

Optional sign of affection?

Sanjaya goes in for a hug. Tony pulls him in tight.

TONY

There's my bro!

The crowd cheers. They release and Tony peaks over the railing. The water is only feet away.

TONY

You know that drop wouldn't have
done anything, right?

SANJAYA

I was hoping a whale or a dolphin
would come along and take me away.

Tony pats his buddy's back.

TONY

Sorry buddy, you're just gonna have
to slum it with us humans.

Anya rushes over. Tony steps away and she pulls Sanjaya into
a hug. She releases and puts the necklace on him.

ANYA

Sri Ganesh forgives you.

Sanjaya feels the pendant against his chest.

SANJAYA

And you?

ANYA

My prayers were with you the whole
time, Sanjaya.

They share a smile... then Sanjaya backs away.

SANJAYA

Please, call me Tim.

ANYA

Tim?

He holds out his hand.

SANJAYA

Tim Stapleton.

She takes it.

ANYA

Hello, Tim.
(guiltily)
Mildred.

They perform a cordial handshake.

SANJAYA

Hello Anya.

Anya burst out a laugh and hugs him. Sanjaya looks out at the crowd smiling and waving back at him:

- Joan and her astute HUSBAND (50s)
- Debra and her flamboyant HAIRDRESSER (40s)
- Louis and his domineering WIFE (50s)
- The Shaman from registration
- Charles holding hands with his beach date
- The outdoor yoga teacher with basket in tatters
- The Indian-American guy
- Jack Conway and his entourage
- The homeless guy, all cleaned-up

Kendra pulls up in Sanjaya's van, leans out the driver's side, waves. Next to her, Tony props up the iguana.

Sanjaya's eyes burst open. He waves back.

SANJAYA

Little one!

Anya leans into Sanjaya's ear.

ANYA

I've seen the way you've looked at me, Tim...

Sanjaya raises a brow.

ANYA

And I like it.

She kisses his cheek. Sanjaya reels, lets out a bright smile and the crowd resumes the song into its finale:

CROWD (O.S.)

Crystals and rainbows! Crystals and rainbows! Crystals and rainbows to you!

FADE OUT

THE END