



jijo appachan &lt;jijomary@gmail.com&gt;

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**First draft: Thiruvaazhithan**

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**Varghese Antony** <jbm102000@yahoo.com>  
To: jijo appachan <jijomary@gmail.com>

Fri, May 31, 2013 at 10:59 AM

Dear Jijo

I have completed the first draft of Thiruvaazhithan as attached. I have attempted this time in the next 3 pages to cut down the visualization and focus on the story line. We can meet and discuss on Sunday if you are free. Will call you after sending this to you.

Babu

--- On **Fri, 31/5/13**, jijo appachan <jijomary@gmail.com> wrote:

From: jijo appachan <jijomary@gmail.com>  
Subject: Re: reposting Ora Pro Nobis  
To: "Varghese Antony" <jbm102000@yahoo.com>  
Date: Friday, 31 May, 2013, 7:26 AM

babu  
i got stuck at scene 2  
but it shall continue

one of the male members (with humble origins) of the pop group, after attaining celebrity status ends up like shaji purushothaman (when out of thin air he is gifted a new merc by thiru-vaazhithan and put on the driver's seat). to save himself from the police case following a crash, he leans again towards his benefactor/ savior and gets further embroiled in muck. A RANDOM THOUGHT.

jijo

On Thu, May 30, 2013 at 11:56 AM, Varghese Antony <jbm102000@yahoo.com> wrote:

Dear Jijo

Made a few modifications to the two pages I wrote and am attaching it as below. Will write the remaining parts today evening and tomorrow morning and send it to you.

Babu

--- On **Thu, 30/5/13**, jijo appachan <jijomary@gmail.com> wrote:

From: jijo appachan <jijomary@gmail.com>  
Subject: Re: reposting Ora Pro Nobis  
To: "Varghese Antony" <jbm102000@yahoo.com>  
Date: Thursday, 30 May, 2013, 7:48 AM

i thought i shall be receiving by now a synopsis on 'thiruvaazhithan' from you, babu?  
jijo

On Mon, May 27, 2013 at 9:27 PM, Varghese Antony <[jbm102000@yahoo.com](mailto:jbm102000@yahoo.com)> wrote:  
Got it, thanks..  
Babu

--- On **Sun, 26/5/13**, jijo appachan <[jijomary@gmail.com](mailto:jijomary@gmail.com)> wrote:

From: jijo appachan <[jijomary@gmail.com](mailto:jijomary@gmail.com)>  
Subject: reposting Ora Pro Nobis  
To: "Varghese Antony" <[jbm102000@yahoo.com](mailto:jbm102000@yahoo.com)>  
Date: Sunday, 26 May, 2013, 7:08 PM

ATTACHED  
jijo



**Story2.docx**

22K

## **PART 1- The DISMEMBERING OF THIRUVAAZHITHAN**

He woke up with a sense of foreboding. His amulet had fallen off while asleep and he had to search amidst the bronze kitchen vessels to find it. The cat must have run away with it. It appeared again in front of him to lap up the milk that he had set for it last night, but just as it was about to; he made a sleight of hand and the milk disappeared and he watched it mew piteously. Time anyway to get ready for the daily Raja Durbar he thought, while absent mindedly starting to comb his long flowing locks, a little grey flecks here and there: but not still not bad looking for a 50 year old of his generation, in this year 2013 BC in the reign of the great King Raja Raja Marthanda. The door reverberated with knocking, the king's sentries were outside and were silent and downcast. He knew then he was finally in disfavor. All his earlier mistreatment of Marthandan's courtiers must now have come home to roost. He sighed. He picked up his tin staff and allowed himself to be led by the chief sentry – a tall bulky youth whom he had seen playing since his childhood- he knew his mother too – ah those were the days- his reverie broken when they reached the huge cavernous judgment hall that was the lot of all petty and grand larceny thieves, murderer's, swindlers and adulterer's- all subject to the judgment now of the great Marthanda. Standing outside in front of the small door inset into the hall, he could hear within a muffled sound of chanting. What would be his crime he thought idly: the disappearance of Lady Ashwini's emeralds, or the broken engagement of Lord Kanishka's elder son, or the sudden sickness of Lord Gowthaman's cattle, he now did not care. Why he always undid the good that he originally did, he could not fathom, as all that he gave he also took away through the power that he knew coursed evilly through him. Or was it evil, more like a dark prankster he thought, that was it he was a dark prankster

awaiting his judgment. The chief sentry gestured roughly to him to go in, the door opened and he was pushed in. As he shuffled in, leaning on his staff, he now knew by this abrupt treatment, that he was already prejudged. There were always the murmurings among the courtiers that he had the dark powers and that was a bad omen for the king and this year the drought only seemed to confirm that. And what of the pox on the king's face that had suddenly come up – was it not due to the closeness of Thiruvaazhithan to the Marthanda. On and on the rumors spread, he knew of it and could do nothing, he was powerless, he could no more control his misdeeds as he could stop the sun from rising. Maybe he could stop the sun, he thought, as now he found himself being bound by the sentries and carried aloft into the vast cavernous inner chamber of the hall where the chanting had started to become deafening and he now saw why. A thousand dervishes had been assembled standing on a series of raised platforms that stretched upwards and upwards and were chanting the Marthanda chant of death, and there right in the front of the lowest tier platform stood the high priestess Chandini on a raised mound of earth swaying to her own beat, her hair swirling around her. The noble Lords and King Marthanda stood at a distance on the other side of the hall as if washing their hands of this whole affair. Thiruvaazhithan then knew that he was going to be subjected to something more than death as Chandini levitated him directly on to the raised mound where she stood. The chanting reached a crescendo and he could see that in the midst of her frenzy, she still retained her essential beauty, her limpid eyes though now arching to the sky as she brought down her sword on him and he watched himself being collapsed into a dwarfish tin metal figure not more than 2 feet high. He felt nothing, just that he seemed to be made of metal and now saw that she was raising her sword again and again, cutting him to pieces and he felt nothing more.

Chandini gestured to the king that it was over and then addressed the 1000 dervishes there. She asked them all to throw the quartered remains of Thiruvaazhithan in all the four corners of India so that his spirit never rejoins his body and the name of Thiruvaazhithan is buried for all posterity.

## **PART 2: THE AUDITION & RETURN OF THIRUVAAZHITHAN**

The fan whirled lazily but did nothing to dispel the humidity of the day. Lakshman, Ramesh and Ajit were sweating profusely- partly from the heat and partly from the strain of having to audition in front of the world famous composer and music director AG Burman. They lacked a fourth in their band, they knew that and currently Lakshman was doubling up as the lead singer and guitarist, with Ramesh and Ajit on Key board and drums respectively. They waited in the hall outside the small recording studio for Burman to arrive and Lakshman nervously fingered the cross like headless tin figurine that he had around his neck. His dying aunt had given to him as a token of good luck. She said it came from her great grandfather whose great grandfather in turn given it – anyway he never listened to these family folklore – only that he remembered this cross figurine hung on the wall behind her bed as she lay gasping for breath in her final days in the old ancestral home. For that matter the other two guys also had some form of good luck charm or the other – Ramesh had a one foot long two legged tripod which he seemed to carry in his key board kit and Ajit never left home without the head shaped pendant that he wore around his neck. They continued to wait, Burman was over 2 hours late now and they now saw him finally coming in with a very attractive girl alongside him. Must be one of his latest girlfriends, Lakshman thought rather enviously, she was rather good looking with long swirling hair and large limpid eyes. They

all trooped into the studio following Burman and the girl and the audition commenced. The three of them knew that it was going rather poorly as Burman looked bored and the girl looked even more bored.

**(FILL IN THE SEQUENCE WHERE THE FIGURINE BECOMES WHOLE AND THIRUVAAZHITHAN REAPPEARS)**

When the smoke ebbed, there stood an exultant man in his 50's, with a strong suave face, with flecks of grey in his shoulder length hair and with a manner used to command. He held a tin staff with him which he waved towards the flabbergasted group. Burman was apoplectic and wanted the security to throw this intruder out of the studio. The man waved and Burman suddenly became still, incapable of moving. The man came up to the remaining four of them and thanked them for the great service that they had done. They had not the least idea of what he was talking about. He introduced himself as a famous musical agent who could transform them into a musical powerhouse provided that the girl also joined them. It transpired that the girl was a classical singer and was originally to audition separately for Burman. The four of them found themselves dumbly agreeing, transfixed due to his hypnotic tone and manner. They also agreed to meet the next day at a public park the next day to discuss next steps.

**PART 3 :THE GROUP BECOMES FAMOUS**

Gayathri waited in the park with a pensive look, twirling her flowing hair. Already this new entity she had met just once had begun to touch her emotional being. He was not her type she thought, she always gravitated to some one emotionally lighter – not this dark brooding menace that seem to periodically emanate from him. Gayathri had a happy childhood and her parents had always indulged her over her two younger siblings and hence she had never felt want or opposition to whatever she wanted to do. She wanted to study music from an early age and was encouraged by her parents and the results of the competitions that she had attended at both the school, college and now national level seemed to bear the trust her parents had in her early musical talent. Of course she had to put up with the sometimes annoying ministrations of the Burmans or the Chopra's but she knew that she was pretty and knew how to handle them and still maintain the joie de vivre that was essentially her nature. She disliked dark deeds and those who professed in them, she was essentially an open soul, taught to be that way from her early years. She laughed easily and often and wondered why her other music student colleagues seem to take life so seriously. Her 3 new friends also seemed to be in the same vein, with Lakshman alone showing the signs of strain of having to make a breakthrough in his musical career – else it was the white collar for him he said.

All three of them arrived together and found her gazing at the opposite side high rises opposite the park. Lakshman suggested that they practice while they waited for Mr T (as they had started to call him)

and Ramesh and Ajit started setting up their equipment. Soon they were jamming away when again suddenly Thiruvaazhithan appeared in front of them seemingly out of nowhere. They stopped, but he asked them to continue and listened to them in a seeming trance. It was as if he was not there with them in sunny Chennai, but somewhere far away. Once they stopped jamming after a couple of hours, he complimented them all profusely and said that they had the talent to become famous. Hearing this the four youth burst out laughing and told him that they were strugglers and had not even recorded a full album. Hearing this Thiruvaazhithan again made a sleight of hand and produced a vinyl record that seemed to have their music recorded in a way they had never heard before. It seemed world class and even otherworldly. Ramesh and Ajit being more impressionable, became ready fans of Thiruvaazhithan and Lakshman alone was wary of his motives and asked him when did he record them as they had just met now and in the studio. Thiruvaazhithan did not answer him directly, but fixed his glance on Gayathri and asked her whether she had ever heard her voice that beautiful. Much against her wishes, Gayathri found herself coyly agreeing and at the same being internally furious at herself for being that way. Thiruvaazhithan then told them that he would make them all world famous and he would completely manage their career. Again under his hypnotic speech and mannerism's they agreed to leave the business end of affairs to him.

The group was christened as the "T Birds" and within a few months 4 of the 8 singles in their album went to the top of the charts and the T Birds were in great demand in concert halls all over the country. Ramesh and Ajit being still in their late teens became complete disciples of Mr T as they started openly calling him. Evenings would find Ramesh and Ajit literally at the feet of Mr T practicing the keyboard and drums. Lakshman alone stayed aloof and used to leave with Gayathri after every recording or jamming session. Soon it started being the case that Lakshman was being sidelined for singing roles and Gayathri seemed to get all the songs to sing. In fact Lakshman being the main composer of songs in the group found his creative output had become so prolific, but that his vocal cords had progressively deteriorated. A visit to the doctor confirmed his worst fears that he had developed cancer of the larynx and conveyed this news to the group. While the Group wanted Laskhman to accompany them Thiruvaazhithan objected to this and forced him out of the group.

With Gayathri as the main singer, the "T Birds" became the # 1 group in the country. They were in great demand for live concerts and 2 of them in Chennai and Mumbai were great hits with over 10,000 fans screaming the 'T Birds" name. Due to the constant travel and logistics, tempers were frayed and it was Ramesh who always provided the comic relief with his one-liners on life and on all things in general. Ajit had acquired a girlfriend who was so annoying that all the other band members and support crew would flee at the sight of her.

#### **PART 4: GAYTHRI GETS ATTRACTED TO THIRUVAZHITHAN AND THIRUVAZHITHAN ABANDONS THE GROUP**

Gayathri in the meantime seemed to get progressively attracted to Thiruvaazhithaan. At the same time Thiruvazhithan also is attracted to her but does not show this but only provides helpful hints on how to improve her songs and seemed to produce snatches of tunes that she had never heard before but sounded positively ancient. On the evening of one of the concerts Thiruvaazithan came to her room and

they discussed on the commercial arrangements for the next show. She tried asking him about his background and was then transported in her mind to an ancient time and swooned. While she awoke, Thiruvazhithan had left and she blushed at the thought of what had occurred in the time she was transported.

Thiruvaazhithan in the meantime had used his pedestal as the manager of India's most successful band to get connected to the political firmament. In a chance meeting with a young fan named Ganesh whose aunt was a close relative of the Home minister, Thiruvaazhithan managed to get invited to a party where both the Home minister and Prime Minister was present. Thiruvaazhithan managed to get a word in with the PM and forecast that there would be riots breaking out in Telengana the next day, though no such event had been forecast by the Home Minister who sneered at this. The next day, thanks to Thiruvaazhithan's powers the riots did occur and now an impressed PM invited Thiruvaazhithan to his inner circle. He became a predictor of events and also provided witty humour to an otherwise drab set of politicians. Soon he was seen along with the PM's entourage travelling within the country and abroad. Under Gayathri's influence and goodness he goes against his normal nature and also provided astute guidance to the Finance Minister as a result of which prices dropped and a Thiruvaazhithan cult figure started throughout the country. For the first time in the Ages, Thiruvazhithan actually becomes beloved by the people and the media and he attributes this to Gayathri.

However as a result of this media attention, Thiruvaazhithan lost interest in the band and his inner nature causes him to create an accident on stage where Ramesh suffered serious burns. Ajit's girlfriend also dies in a tragic manipulated accident and Ajit loses interest in the group. A saddened and puzzled Gayathri is at her home when Lakshman calls her and wants to meet with her urgently. Lakshman had apparently been to his ancestral home where he had stumbled on papers that described the ancient tale of Thiruvaazhithan. What he told her seemed to gel with what Gayathri had experienced when she was transported to the past in the dream she had. Gayathri now agrees to go to the ancestral house with Lakshman. There it is conclusively proven that Thiruvaazhithan is indeed the same Thiruvaazhithan of the ancient age.

## **PART 5: THIRUVAAZHITHAN IS KILLED AND PROMISES TO RETURN**

Thiruvaazhithan in the meantime continues to go back to his old dark self and enables a drug cartel to operate and flourish in the country which is manipulated by Pakistani terrorists whom he helps. All the band members except Gayathri also succumb. While he is speaking to these terrorists, Gayathri hears him speak and now her worst fears are confirmed and she now knows that Thiruvaazhithan is a disaster for her and for the country. With conflicting feelings running through her she acquired the sacred sword from Lakshman's ancestral house and kills Thiruvaazhithan in the same way that she had read about in the ancient tale. (Prior to the killing Thiruvaazhithan maintains his innocence and tries to appeal to her romantic feelings and also says they could rule the country together)

A saddened and dishevelled Gayathri stumbles out of Thiruvaazhithan's house and finds herself near a TV shop where she sees a bank of TV Screens and an image of him now directly speaking to her. He is

saying that they could have made a good team and while she hears him now in sadness, the screen fades and he laughs and promises to return to her life.

**NOTE:** Right through out there must be episodes where the conflict of Thiruvaazhithan's good and bad self need to be portrayed so that the audience identifies with him. In the current portrayal Gayathri's influence alone seems to have some influence on him. However his goodness needs to come out so that the audience also feels sad that he is killed despite all the evil deeds that he does.