

THIRU VAAZHITHAN

title for the film in all South Indian language versions

YUGAPURUSH

a corresponding title in Hindi language



a musical fantasy in 3D



**confidential
eyes only**

Preamble

The purpose here is to produce a narrative for a fantasy film
- pan India/ global audience/ musical/ mainstream commercial.
This is based on a known local myth/ legend.

After *My Dear Kuttichathan/ Chotta Chetan 3D (1984)*, all through the last two decades there were suggestions to make a sequel to it. All of us in the creative team felt that merely repeating a 3D may not be advisable - having shot almost all the 'off-the-screen' bolts in the first one. But the idea of a fantasy film was always appealing. We had even attempted a few storylines to do a sequel.

- (1) by *Raghunath Paleri* - When the children grow up to become teenagers, they bringback their old friend - *as a teenager like themselves*.
- (2) by *Rajeevkumar* - A teenaged girl (not the one in the original) discovers the talisman and requests Kuttichathan/ Chotta Chetan to come *in her own split image*.



Once (I think it was in 1997), Mr. Manirathnam honored me with a request to see *Kuttichathan* in 3D again. He said that he was considering the idea of doing a children's subject, and since *Chotta Chetan* was then the benchmark for children's film (!) he wanted to have one more look at it. After the screening he asked me why I never attempted the genre once again. The answer I gave him was "*Mani sir, did you notice that 'Jurassic Park' - the Spielberg film in which dinosaurs terrify humans, is the most celebrated children's film of the times? ... and that today children's literature has moved on to 'Harry Potter' ? ... There has happened a loss of innocence, I don't mean it as negative, but the fact is today a children's film has to have a different attitude than that in the years your 'Anjali' or my 'Kuttichathan' were made. This is my reading. Maybe, I am wrong*"

Having filed the above caveat, I move on to the mythical roots of this subject
Thiru Vaazhithan - a fantasy film for the grownups.

Since the narrative is visual and in many places non-linear, a person used to reading novellas may find it a bit frustrating. Yet, I have tried to keep the flow intact. Hope you enjoy reading this.

Jijo, Chennai, August 2013



THIRU VAAZHITHAN

- A LEGEND, REBORN.

PART ONE



Prologue



The Dismembering

A title opens on the dark screen

Sangam era, *pre Saka 66 / A.D. 15*

The Barn

In scorching noon sun, a huge square building - 'The Barn', is seen standing on an empty landscape. A rhythmic chant made by load carriers 'Hoi - Ha', 'Hoi - Ha' is heard in the background.

subtitle

The Kaveri Delta

We see feet of a group of warriors approaching the barn. Carrying a palanquin they raise dust on the barren fields.



From inside the emptiness of the huge dark barn, giant doors are furtively inched open. A voyeur's eye peeks out through the slit. He sees distant dust raised by the ones approaching.



From outfield, an authoritative feminine voice asks "Is he coming?"
The voyeur (voice of an old man) whispers "Yes, ***he** is!"

** he , his , him denotes a special awe in sound rendition*

The King's Assembly

It is a royal structure that could one day evolve into Chettinad architecture

The Assembly in session is discussing a matter of grave significance.

subtitle

A Royal Court, Kaveri Delta

Approaching the royal court are the feet of a group of *poojari* (priests). One of them - a feminine pair of legs, is adorned with anklets made of fresh jasmine flowers.

The King waiting anxiously for their arrival asks in exasperation "Come again, who is she?"

An elderly voice (the same we heard before) whispers "An Enchanted Woman from beyond Vindhya mountains"

In surprise the King asks "You mean, a Visha Kanya! another one to snare **him**?"



The elderly Manthri (Minister) shakes his head *"No my majesty, as you know, nobody can entice **him**. It is **he** who always seduces from peasants to the King from village maids to the Queen"*

That made the King's eyes flare with anger and then close in despair.

"What's a Visha Kanya?" the question was from the 14 year old boy prince seated near the King. The question hangs uncomfortably in the assembly.

Like an indulgent parent, an Enberaayan (Provincial) ventures to answer the prince's question. *"A Visha Kanya ... dear prince, is a poison virgin! ... a girl brought up on erotic arts, toxic diets, seduction techniques and deathly mating skills".*

As Enberaayan explains, we *see what goes inside the Minister's mind.

**visuals One such Kanya - the Queen's handmaid, had been deployed to ensnare him in the Queen's own chamber. Unfortunately, the tryst had become very morbid for the Kanya to survive, and too seductive for the Queen to withstand!*

The Minister cuts in to stop Enberaayan dwell on the uncomfortable topic *"(cough, cough) .. but, coming here today, is a different sort of Kanya ... one brought up in purity and abstinence. She is the descendant from an ancient Aryan clan".*



As the Minister is explaining, we see close details of the female with her priestly entourage walking towards the assembly. Like her anklets she also wore flowers as bracelets. She had a fresh white water-lilly worn as pendant around her neck.

"To seek their help, noble Enberaayan here - our kingdom's provincial at upper-kaveri, had taken me to the north-most mountains".

Himalayan foothills. A Hermitage

subtitle

[An Ashram at Rishikesh](#)



Voice of the Enberaayan overlaps.

"Yes majesty, we went there because I heard that this Aryan sect is very ancient one that arose in the mesopotamian plains and migrated during Vedic times to the tibetan plateau.... they are very powerful in magic & exorcism said to be pure Shivites (vegetarians), none of the members wear ornaments, nor cosmetics ... won't indulge in vanities of the world ... or pleasures of the flesh".



Against the backdrop of snow-capped himalayas, a huge tibetan style building. They enter it to the distant wafts of *tibetan dungchers*.

The Enberaayan and the Mantri are now seated on a divan in the hall. Squatting on the floor in ritualistic fashion are some elderly tantriks (priests).

The chief among the tantriks ask

"Noble visitors from distant Dravidian lands what brings you here?"

The Enberaayan "There has been a devastating civil war in our kingdom ... and also a famine. ... Its all over now. But, ... the cause of the problem remains".

The Tanthrik is apologetic

"Look, at this Ashram, we chart the course of '**the good & the evil**' ..

our Panchang (calendar) weigh the balance between '**the Cosmos & the Chaos**'

our Kundaliyan (horoscopes) track the trajectory of '**the human & the inhuman**'.

Sorry noble visitors, in matters of '**statecraft & governance**' ...

we cannot help you".

The voice of the Minister overlaps "So, I had to tell them that the problem was caused by a person of extraordinary powers and I presented them with **his** hair sample"

visuals in fragments In that failed mission, the Queen's handmaid *Kanya* was giving an ayurvedic oil massage bath to *him*. Furtively, on a false notion that his strength was located in the flowing locks, she was assigned by the Minister to shear *his* hair. He had been lured to the Queen's chambers on pretext of a tryst with the maiden. He turned the tables on them by seducing the Queen in her chamber, and smothering the maiden in the bath.

From a cistern that collects melted glazier, Tantrik takes some holy water and sprinkles on the hair. He observes bad omen.

visuals Here, in his point of view, we see the civil war. Old woman, child crying in misery.

The Tantrik to others "This is most serious. We have to send somebody over there quick".

The King's Assembly

The Enberaayan completes the narrative "And, they are here. ... If anybody can subdue **him**, its them ... I mean, this person here ... a **Tantrik Kanya** there she is"

The priestly cavalcade enters the hall and branches out into two wings.



A tall lady (about age 28) emerges from the midst to be divested by her attendants of her thick outer garbs. As she stood robed in pure un-embroidered flowing white cotton flax, the grace permeating the hall was such that the King without realizing it, arose from his seat and folded hands in obeisance.

Her attendants spread a straw mat on the floor.

There she sits down lotus position. A small crown of flowers is placed on her head.



Through the thin white linen veil that covered below her eyes, she addresses the king
"Forgive me Sire; It is a vratha (religious observance) that makes me keep my face covered. Please don't consider it an affront".

There is an awkward pause as to how the conversation could be opened. Palace maids quizzically look at one another as to whether refreshments could be served. With the king sitting dumb, the Minister was wondering how to initiate the subject.

After giving a warm smile (with her eyes, blinking rapidly) at the boy prince who was staring at her in wondrous awe, the Tantrik Kanya turns serious and puts an end to the silence
"Now, who is this person so powerful and evil, it warrants my beckoning, all the way here from the plains of Ganges?" (she talks in rhymes, with a touch of music)

The Barn

The rhythmic 'Hoi - Ha', 'Hoi - Ha' chant.

From inside the darkness of the barn through the slit between the doors, we see the ones who are approaching. It is a group of priestly warriors and they come to stop about 200 yards from the barn. A tall charismatic man seated on the palanquin had signaled for the halt.

*"Thats **him** on the palanquin"* It was the elderly Minister's voice (from outfield)

Tantrik Kanya's voice *"You mean, he's?"*



The man gets down.

The Minister's voice, in awe *"... yes, **he's Thiru Vaazhithan!**"*

Though youthful in physique, he definitely is not young. But one can't say he is old either. If asked to guess, he would be identified anywhere between 30 to 50! His eyes are hypnotic ... and hand gesticulations, mesmerizing. Elegantly dressed and bejeweled as per gemology, he wove his hair into an ornate knot on his head.

He is Chanakya/ Rasputin/ Casanova - all of them rolled into one.

His powers are focused in his eyes and seem to flow to the staff he holds in his left hand.

Thiru Vaazhithan gets down to survey the barn. Resting chin over his palms on the staff top, eyes shut, he muses ...

"Children, why it took this long to concede my request? Oh! why are humans sometimes so difficult?"

His entourage remained silent since they were not sure how to respond.

"Belated, by the cosmic calendar But apt, in the choice of venue

the ceremony must occur here the largest building on earth ah, my own creation ...

the great kaveri granary ... ah!"

The man looks up, caught up in memories of creative bliss.

Suddenly, the sky becomes filled with dark clouds. Lightning flashes. It is the start of a summer thunderstorm.



As rain drops fall, his warriors make haste towards cover. But the man dismisses a palm leaf umbrella above his head. "This is an omen". He walks towards the barn's doorway. A torrent of water cascades down on us. It is a waterfall.

An Adivasi village deep within the lush forests of Sahyadri hills

A spectacular waterfall is seen cascading beyond the settlement. A huge tree crashes down in the distance. Nearby, dozens of elephants are seen hauling huge logs for timber.



subtitle

The Sahyadri Forests

"Ambay! " it was an exclamation from the speaker "**He** is an architect.... I tell you !! a great builder and a magician!" ardently says the Mooppan (chieftain) of the jungle dwellers.

Royal visitors from the civilization - the elderly Minister, the Tantrik Kanya and their attendants are seated at the porch of a large hut. They sit huddled around some drawings made on palm leaves and engravings on copperplates spread around on the floor of the hut. Those were the architectural plans to 'The Barn'.

With her eyes shut Tantrik Kanya muses "How could he achieve the stupendous project?"

The Mooppan answers "238 moons ago, **He** came one day with plans drawn on these leafs here. It took 50 moons to cut the trees and haul the logs downriver to the site. And you won't believe ... **he** erected it in one moon. Ambay! Imagine!!... a mere 7 days!"

Eyes still remaining closed Tantrik Kanya murmurs "Moopparey, my question was 'how did he achieve the construction' ?"



"Enthoru chodyam? (Why need ask?).... Ambay! **he** is a magician!! " the Mooppan started answering, suddenly to be cut off by a voice from behind him ...

"..... **but an evil one I would say**".

It is the village oracle - emaciated old man, sitting unobserved in the corner, deeply engrossed at his fire and a hearth full of charms. He seemed to be conjuring up the verses he spoke.

Tantrik Kanya's eyes flutter open to listen to the oracle.

"He did it with evil & magic. He burst an anai-kattu (bund) and washed-off the scaffoldings

that's how he did it" in rasping voice the oldman spoke.

As the Minister and Tantrik Kanya listen, from behind them we see the boy prince looking wide-eyed over their shoulders and listen to this newest of revelations.

visuals As the oracle narrates, we see the construction of four sand slopes (earthen ramparts) outside the four vertical facets of what shall become 'The Barn' walls.

Under *Thiru Vaazhithan's* instruction, mammoth granite stone pillars are then erected.

The huge logs that make the roofing rafters are put in place.

Then, in the darkness of the night magically a series of lightnings strike.

There occurs a deluge. It washes away the sandy ramparts.

'The Barn' emerges in full glory to stand monolithic in the delta.

Entire populace is seen cheering. The King comes to applaud the great feat.

Thiru Vaazhithan is royally rewarded with high honors.

"I tell you, it cost the blood and tears of multitudes a cost, everyone calculated only much later He is an evil man .. so my charms do say" concludes the oracle.



The gaze of the Minister and the prince is riveted on the oracle. They turn in surprise to her as Tantrik Kanya murmurs "Yet, I appreciate him ... a genius, surely".

At the Moopan she mimes "Ambay!"

The Hermitage at Rishikesh

Fumes arise from the sample of hair that was burned.

Studying it the chief Tantrik comments "... He seems **ageless!**

...Attained eternal youth... by Ayur-sidda? Possibly mahendrajal!"

A muted consultation occurs with his colleagues. One of them accuses the visitors "It seems this man, ... on him you did sometime confer a title ... 'Mahapurush' (superman) ... a term we reserve for one among the gods?" Another tantrik "Or worse even .. ever address him as '**Yugapurush**' .. an ominous word that could denote the apocalyptic avatar - KALKI?"



With a deep sigh the Minister gets up explaining "Yes reverend. To the King **he** had first come promising two miracles. ONE - to quadruple the rice produce in the kaveri basin! ... TWO - to construct the greatest granary in the world to store the produce!! Both **he** fulfilled. So **he** became a ... 'Darling Of The Masses' ... for us living down-river but to those in the north" gesturing towards the Enberaayan, he stops.

The Enberaayan "But, for us living up-river, **he** proposed destruction. We told you reverend, there has been a civil war in our kingdom it was a dispute for WATER".

With candour, the Tantrik retorts "I don't understand your rice production and river basin. We are mountain dwellers".

The elderly Minister gesticulate expansively

"**His** greatest achievement was not 'The Barn', but the annual floods that kept coming and coming the ensuing years. That multiplied the yield and kept 'The Barn' filled for a few years".

visuals Here we see Thiru Vaazhithan observing the granary getting filled.

It was just after one of those Pongal (harvest) festivals.

The farmers come in droves to prostrate before him.

He is utmost gracious to everybody.

The old woman cajoles (tamil style) him affectionately "**He** is a god! ... sent from heavens! Our Anna-Daada (bread provider), may you live long for centuries!"

Thiru Vaazhithan does a heartfelt exultation "I've Done It!"

A Penal Servitude (prison) near the sea



With childlike fascination Tantrik Kanya asks "How could he do that?" Suddenly, an oceanic wave crashes and explodes before us.

subtitle

The Gulf of Mannar





"How could he??... He is a most fabulous vidushakan (comedian)! His sense of humor is riotous! ... Ha! .. ha! ...ha, ha, haaah!! " laughs a prisoner. As if in chorus, dozen other prisoners join him in a hysterical laughter.

Seen from outside of the cell we understand that it is an open prison surrounded by sea.

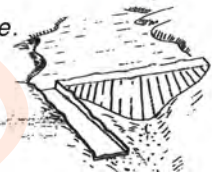
With charcoal on the cell floor, now we see the diagram of an ancient irrigation dam being drawn.

"This was once the 'anai-kattu' (bund) that stood up-river".

It is the prisoner who is drawing.

Enberaayan, Tantrik Kanya and the boy prince are sitting attentively on the floor.

"I was the overseer in charge of it's maintenance. It was during one repair season oh, the day be cursed! those agents of the devil came to distract my labor while we were shoring up a crucial seepage"



visuals In the distance against the setting sun, hundreds of laborers toil (*singing & working*) on the earthen bund.

As dusk falls, in the foreground we see hooded figures in silhouette sowing glistening objects out of straw baskets.

As the laborers come to understand that it is pure gold coins that are being sown, they abandon their work and come running. Tumult & chaos.

The overseer comes shouting and screaming

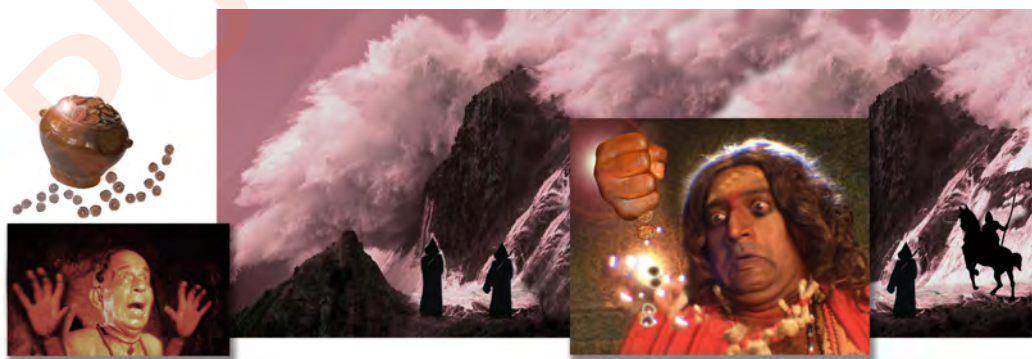
.... and, here he meets *Thiru Vaazhithan*.

Smiling benevolently, he hands the overseer a bag full of coins.

A reward for abandoning the work.

When the overseer is gloating over the fistful of precious metal, lightning strikes behind them and the bund collapses.

There starts the deluge!!



To the overseer's added horror, the gold coins in his palm starts turning to ... cinder ... and then to ... ash! His laborers also realize the deceit.

There are screams of disappointment all around him. He too howls in fury then starts laughing hysterically.

To the disgust of Enberaayan and the boy prince, laughs of mass hysteria spread all around.

"I tell you, he is a comedian! what sense of humor! ... ha!ha, ha, ha" laughs the overseer. Tantrik Kanya "Of course! ... quite a personality" She also laughs, mirthfully.

The Hermitage at Rishikesh

A crude map/ diagram (as above) has been drawn on the floor before the *Tantriks*.
Minister "*More water yielded more grain and filled the granary ... year after year*".
Enberaayan comments wryly "*Sounds wonderful! Except that ... what was given down south ... was taken from up north at the cost of droughts in upper delta*"

visuals We see the civil war again. This time the visuals end on the face of *Thiru Vaazhithan*.
There is a morbid fascination in his eyes.

Tantrik muses "*Primordial Evil ...* "
"*Robbing Syham, to gift Ram'.. ...'Looted you tomorrow, to 'daavat' (banquet) you today ...* "
"*A seduction now .. payback comes later! ...*"
"*He epitomes the primeval darkness ... Evil, a new Avataar*".

The King's Assembly



"*The fight for WATER caused the civil war ... it took him merely the sowing of some fool's gold*"
observes Tantrik Kanya
"*I am amused*".
She shakes head in disbelief.
"*When was he seen last?*"

It was the King who answered
"*He left, with an ultimatum ... after the famine had come*"
Tantrik Kanya "*Oh yes, the Famine*".
The King "*Of course, ... with all my subjects occupied in conflict, the cultivation neglected, ... no need for the gods to curse, ... a famine had to come!*"

visuals We see the great granary empty.
Thiru Vaazhithan arrives on horseback. Starving peasants cry out to him. At people's plight he breaks down and then suggests
"*Make me the Lord of the Land! Allow me to redeem the Kingdom!! The granary shall be full again!!* "
As he turns his horse to gallop away from the granary, he stops to declare
"*In the land's interest,... let the King send me a decision quick its for your sake I say Crown me King!!* "



The empty interior of the huge Barn

Thiru Vaazhithan's shout "*.... Crown me King!!..... Crown me King!!*" keeps echoing.
"*Got him!!*" With eyes closed, in triumph of solving the riddle Tantrik Kanya snaps her fingers. She mutters "*There he is the one who is to comewith fiery dominance .. to rule the earth one day... the whole earth ...to it's extinction! Oh **Yugapurush**, now I have found you*".

The Minister and Enberaayan exchange looks ... alarmed at the probability that she too was joining his fan club!



With the boy prince seated at her right side, *Tantrik Kanya* is facing the Minister & *Enberaayan*.



They sit on a platform in the centre of the building, looking diminutive, surrounded by the vast emptiness. As per norm, her attendants were removing her bracelets of wilting flowers and replacing them with fresh ones. The boy prince catches hold of one meant for the right hand ('let me do it ... let me do it') and helps in tying it on her wrist. She ruffles his hair affectionately.

To prevent her from getting any wrong notions about their nemesis, as a matter of caution the Minister finds himself saying

"Reverend Kanya, your present status, age & experience in life is such .. I doubt you understand **him**. What has not been divulged to you .. is **his** greatest power a seductive charm most women ... forgive me .. (cough, cough), do find **his** masculinity irresistible".

That message brought a kind of strange fire (erotic?) in her eyes.

The King's Assembly

With a deep sigh the *Tantrik Kanya* arose to her full height. She announces to the whole assembly.

"Send messengers far and wide in all directions ... with all urgency. We have to organize a Maha Yaga the Greatest Yaga ever we need poojaris "

The Minister asks "The ones here are not enough" ?

Tantrik Kanya "No, it would take (eyes closed) 10,000 of us"

Enberaayan in exasperation "Bhagwaney!! You won't find them in all of Kaveri Delta"

The King "Impossible!! even if you sift the entire Kaveri, Godaveri, Ganges & Indus plains it may just about come up to that many poojaris!"

Tantrik Kanya "**Then do it, Sire !!** ... if you value your kingdom. As for the rulers of other deltas, ... the message to them should be clear their fate tomorrow shall be that of yours lest we join-up if we delay to act ".

The assembly is stunned.

With gaze fixed on the King she says "And also, Sire Do accept it Concede his demand .. Ask him ... to come, to be crowned a King!!"

While saying this, she was caressing the crown of the boy prince who stood by her.

The Barn

Thunderstorm. As the summer showers start to pour, from within the building we see *Thiru Vaazhithan* with long strides coming towards the barn's entrance.





He stops at the doorway and peers into darkness.

A very long way inside ... he sees the terrified boy prince walking slowly towards him with the King's crown ceremoniously held outstretched in his hands.

With a sparkle in his eyes the man takes two steps into the barn and suddenly, the doors close shut behind him. The trap was sprung!

Though startled, he doesn't look back ... just a chiding smile appears at a corner of his lips.

But he knows he has been deprived of escort - who now can be heard banging hard on the doors outside.

To the booming strokes of huge *perumbara* (timpani) drums, one by one large bonfires come alight within the boundless dark space of the barn.

As the entire interior becomes lit as the day, the trapped man sees 10,000 priests seated shoulder to shoulder, one behind the other on the vast spread of it's floor. The number of their arrays & columns goes on and on ... to recede unto infinity.

At the command from a female voice, the 10,000 start chanting mantras.

The *Yaga* has started.



As drums keep the beat, the lead verse was sung -*(shouted out) by a solo female voice. The chant was taken up and repeated in chorus by the 10,000. This went on in cycles and the priests kept swaying - like stalks of rice in the wind, to varying drum syncopation. The *Yaga* seemed like a choreographed ritual - rustic in origin, rehearsed to perfection.

* Comprises only of Human Voices and Percussions (can deploy diverse drums - from *damaru* to *chenda*, on individual variations during close shots).

The effect of this on the trapped man was immediate. He seemed to lose his bearings.

The lead verse - in shrill solo soprano, disoriented him. The verse's thundering bass-baritone repetition chant, slammed into him like battering ram.

And, it looked as if the timpani beat was taking over his heart's rhythm.

Gathering himself, the man rushes back towards the door.



Seeing Minister & Enberaayan who had shut the door now blocking his path, in anger he was about to tear at them.

Immediately, the solo soprano lead changed chant. It was a signal to block him from his intended victims.

On that, wave after wave of priests arise and closes around him.

With blow-like gesticulations by their outstretched arms, they now start 'hammering' the chants upon him. Though the blows were falling on thin air, it seemed to strike the man violently and push him back.

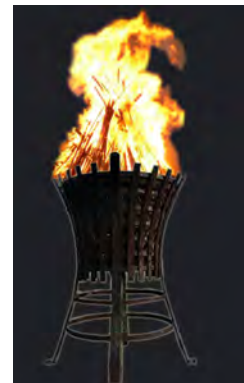
And all this took place upon exact beat of the drums. It was being directed from an elevated platform - a command centre at the centre of the vast barn.

As the circle of humanity came closer and closer, to ward them off with his staff he makes a wide sweep towards left.

Forks of lightning emanate from the rod to strike down members of the chanting mob.

Then he makes a sweep to the right. At the staff's end turn up many snakes, and the serpent heads snap & rip at the priests.

Thus, for sometime the solitary man could hold his ground against the 10,000. But he found he was slowly being pushed back away from the exit.



Realising that he was losing out against an unseen mastermind, he turns around seeking the source of this outlandish outrage. Through the incense fumes he could see the central platform. There, the King and the prince stood. And there also stood *Tantrik Kanya*, commanding and orchestrating the events.

For the first time when *Thiru Vaazhithan's* gaze meets and locks with that of *Tantrik Kanya*, there builds up intense magnetism in both their eyes. An electric discharge seem to spark and flow across the expanse between them.

While appraising his adversary, a fascinating smile escapes the lady killer's lips. In response, she couldn't overcome an erotic resonance coming into her eyes. She flutters them, dreamingly. It was a duel in seduction - offense & defense.

Catching everybody off guard, suddenly he makes a quick dash towards the central platform. His primary intent was to break the chant - which he could, when *Tantrik Kanya* quickly springs back. Then, there on the platform like two wrestlers poised to pounce, they both circle each other. His was a feint. For, suddenly breaking off the confrontation he lunges sideways towards the drums and slams into the *percussion master*, sending him flying in air and throwing the rhythm beat into discord. His ruse worked - the drum beats wind down to an uncertain stop.

At this, she makes the boy give a substitute beat. Fingers-in-mouth he 'whistle-blows' the beat.

And then, the entire priesthood was up and around him, striking with waves of orchestrated hand



strokes, blowing him down with mantras ... chanting in ad-lib, when the beat gets drowned out.

Sensing power completely ebbing away from his veins, a last furious lunge he does towards the prince who had the crown draped on his hand. Anticipating the move beforehand, *Tantrik Kanya* jumps towards the cringing boy, kicks martial arts style the assailant back, lifts the boy in mid-air to pivot around and land within the shelter of a field of vertical *translucent slabs of ice*.

Now, there were numerous such ice slabs brought from the himalayas and erected upright on the square platform. They were sections (5' wide X 8' high X 1' thick) hacked out from glaziers - pristine pure *holywater*, frozen! *It would scald an evilone, if ever he came too close to it.*

These free-standing panels gave multiple reflections of *Tantrik Kanya* & the boy as they kept moving behind the ice protection to evade the sharp stabs from *Thiru Vaazhithan's* staff.

With the chant's tempo pacing upwards and the chorus of voices rising to a crescendo, the man was coming to his wit's end. Finding an opening, drawing a last reserve from his ebbing strength *Thiru Vaazhithan* drives his staff at *Tantrik Kanya* and the boy through a gap he saw in the translucent ice. Caught unaware, at the point of instant death she fearfully hugs the boy close, shuts her eyes tight in reflex - then opens them in triumph!

Too late the man comes to realize that the image behind was an illusion.

As he pulls his staff back, the slab of ice cracks clean at the bottom and crashes forward towards the man, knocking him back and flattening him down onto the platform floor.

After the crash, there was silence.... deafening silence!!

The only sounds heard were the spurting and sparkling inside the fumes where *Thiru Vaazhithan* lay wreathed in swirling smoke.

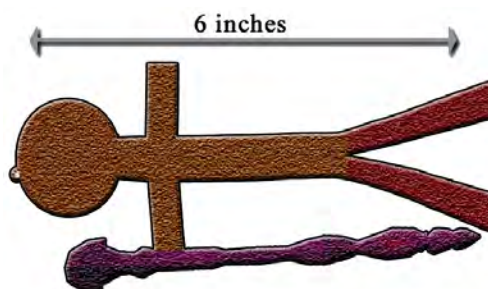
The throngs of priests had stopped their chant, to crowd around and stand breathless.

As the fumes sizzled and cleared there! ... they behold a flattened piece of metallic figurine lying at the spot where the man had fallen.

It was spurting and sizzling

..... from its full 6 feet man-size, it started reducing shrinking smaller ..

..... and smaller down to a diminutive half foot.



There is a roar as 10,000 men cheered the success of their endeavor.

The good has prevailed over the evil. They just subdued the most dangerous individual known to the ancient world.

"Wait !! " That was a shout from the *Tantrik Kanya*.

Keeping her hand flat on the figurine she whispers "*I sense heart beat. He is alive! He can come back anytime!!* "



A pall of disbelief descends inside the barn.
Thinking fast, the lady comes up with a solution.



She breaks the high tempered metal into 4 pieces.

She calls out "Hey, those of you who come from extreme north? ... the land of 'Mahapdamsara'?" In response, a thousand hands went up.



She flung them the head piece and said "Take this back home with you, and throw it onto the mountains. **GO!!**" There was a roar as they rushed off.

"Who are those from the five rivers? the Sind?" Around 2000 hands went up.



She tossed the legs piece and instructed "This should go deep to the bottom in the Gulf of Kutchch **GO!!**" More of uproar is heard from those leaving.

"Those from 'Gangadirai' ... ? land of Padma, Meghna?" 3000 hands rose up.



She tossed the staff to them "Sink this where Ganga meets Brahmaputra **GO!!**" Again, a surge.

"And finally, who's from the southmost? the kona (cape)?" Another 500 hands volunteer.



She tossed the torso piece "Throw this exactly where the three seas meet ... **Quick, BE OFF !!**"

As horns announce dispersal of the priest army, *Tantrik Kanya* observes "That shall ensure the pieces remain apart for the next 2000 years."

- fade out -



- fade in -

CREDIT TITLES

This is a Chronicle in sequential order (with dates) the artifacts are disposed of.

The background visuals of the film title sequence are as below -

With their mission now accomplished, the dispersal of multitudes as seen in an arial view from high above the barn. Each group of priests pack and leave on their homeward 'exodus'.


The voyages are narrated as a musical saga (may involve wind instruments diverse as *manipuri punghi* to *tamil nadaswara*).


The carriers do have adventure & fun on their way.

To their fascination, they discover new utilities and strange properties of the artifacts they carry for disposal.

1. How the piece - now identified as  **a cross**, reaches the seabed off Kanya Kumari.

2. How the piece - now identified as  **a V sign**, arrives at the Raann of Kutchch.

3. The piece identified as  **a key** does not reach the riverbed at Bangala. Instead, requesting further instructions on disposal, it is returned back.

4. How the piece - now identified as  **a pendant**, gets thrown by a shepherd boy into a dark cave at Kashmir. Inside the cave, the screen goes dark.

(the credit titles end)

THIRU VAAZHITHAN

END OF PART ONE screen time now approximately 20 minutes



THIRU VAAZHITHAN

- A LEGEND, REBORN.

PART TWO



The Rejoin

PUBLISHED

PART TWO The Rejoin duration 25 to 30 minutes

Quick exit backward from the cave (now it is a tunnel).

With its horn sounding in doppler shift, a high speed train streaks out from the mountain railway tunnel. It is the **Srinagar - Bengaluru, Super Fast Express** running on the newly commissioned Baramulla - Kanyakumari line. Inside, traveling by a 1Ind class compartment is aspiring musician

Asleem Zyyed (age 24), on whose neck hangs a pendant.



subtitle

Saka Varsha 1038 / A.D. 2014



till here, written as screenplay

from now, as sequence description - at times, nonlinear

The City of Bengaluru

The 24 years old uneducated **Asleem Zyyed** - singer/ wind instrument player, belongs to a Muslim community of Kashmir who are Zushti Pandit converts. He meets with a 27 year old Iyengar youth named Venkit *alias Venketachar*. **Venketachar Vasantu** is a member of the famous business house of '*Vasant & Sons*'. Though rich & affluent he is disgraced for his lack of business acumen. Venkit has further been expelled from home due to his inordinate love for

percussions. In fury, he had purloined the *vishnavite* **V** sign kept as a trade emblem on his uncle's office desk. This artifact was a heirloom held in his family for generations.

Both Asleem & Venkit then meet with a 19 year old boy Chris *alias Christopher*. This Anglo-Indian

guitarist/ keyboard player **Chris Adneal** happen to have **T** a cross above his dying aunt's sickbed.

Our three male members are aspiring musicians. They come together accidentally by a series of comical errors. But, we know that it is the magic of the talismans - head, torso & leg segments of the *Thiru Vaazhithan* figurine, in possession of each of these characters that brings their union to fruition. The union of the three characters happens in quick succession - one meeting immediately followed by the next.

In the first instance, both their cellphones start ringing simultaneously when Asleem & Venkit cross each other on M.G. Road. Strangely for each, the phone call which connects him to the other for the very first time in life, seems to have originated from the other's phone.



Desperate & struggling, the three do come across as pathetic losers. It is evident to us that they have absolutely no chance to succeed in life - leave alone become celebrated musicians someday! They bumble consistently, and that should bring out humor in their survival attempts. Being a most unlikely group with disparate individual origins, they do have the best of misunderstandings and the most ferocious of fights. It is the force between the talismans that keeps them together.

At the peak of their shouting matches, whenever Asleem & Venkit storm away from each other ... "*never ever I shall see your dirty face again*" ... their cellphones again do ring simultaneously and they have to stop and turn back.

Also, when attention of the others get drawn to the talisman in one's possession, the owner explains how the artifact has come down to him. There seem to be some enchanting effect associated with each of the talisman - thus making it of sentimental value for its owner.

These enchantments below come to light when the person holds out the artifact for the others to behold - the narrative in nonlinear and visuals in fragments.

A.



The **V** amulet was used by Venkit's ancestors as a lucky charm for gambling - card games, placing bets & rolling of dice. In fact, their present family business was won in 1935 when Venkit's great-grandfather made a wager while playing poker with an *English Lord* owner of the famous *Harrison & Sons* retail chain. (Hence now, *Vasant & Sons*)

If one holds the amulet **V** concealed in his hand and draws a card from the pack, it would be the card of his desire!

Venkit demonstrates this while treating his starving friends to a banquet after it took him such a poker game to earn money for their meal.

There is a flip side to it ... a gambler can get addictive. His own father had ruined himself with this amulet.

B.



Asleem has a different phenomenon to narrate about his **●** pendant.

His ancestors were '*water diviners*'. His father had told him that the pendant was used to locate subterranean water streams before wells could be struck.

Asleem demonstrates this to his friends holding the pendant over a glass of water.

But today he finds it very bothersome since it makes alarms on metal detectors go screaming in every public space! ... and imagine when this happens in a militancy ridden place like Kashmir !

C.



The cross **†**, his aunt had told Christopher, was used in their family to relieve body pain. One has to merely rub over the area of pain with it, and the pain disappears!

Since this is true only for this particular cross, it was considered 'miraculous' in his family.

But then, Christopher wonders whether it's overuse had caused his aunt her cancer.



We come across our 3 'strugglers' while they are on their way to auditions. Instead of impressing talent scouts and agents, with their disastrous performances they get thrown out from every venue. They then focus attention on **Tinlas Ad-Agency** headed by a famous literary & stage personality - 'Mr.Creative' **Palek Dabholkar**. The format for a reality show was being conceived in hush-hush by the brilliant senior Palek - an egomaniacal, mercurial oddball. Venkit - 'the most intelligent and mature' among our 3 aspirants, comes up with a plan to sneak into the rehearsals of Mr. Palek. The trio foolishly hope that once they come face to face with him, they can catch Palek's attention and impress him with their talents.



Of the many assistants to Palek helping in the execution of his "Mother of all Reality Shows - WHO CAN BOTTLE THE GENIE?" is a girl of age 25. Unremarkable in comparison to many of the glamorous ones around Palek, she goes unnoticed in the bee-hive of stage activities. The girl suddenly catches our attention when she accidentally comes across our trio. This meeting also echoes the magical resonance (?) between the talismans. But, here we don't see the reason (the fourth piece is unseen). Serious in temperament, librarian-ish, she has come recently from Uttarakhand to work as a copywriter.

Addressed by Palek as 'hey, you girl-poet' this woman is the only sane character we see standing in contrast to the clumsy male trio and the moony Mr. Creative.

The girl-poet sort of 'mother' the trio out of an acrimonious situation when for trespassing into the entry-restricted auditorium our three friends are nabbed by the beefy guard. She feels an instant soft corner for young Chris - the first to get caught, as he panics and breaks down to tears.

"Akka, ... please akka!" he pleads. The puzzled girl asks "Akka?" Venkit translates "Deedi". The girl



catches on "Oh!"

She becomes protective to him - reminiscent of *Tantrik Kanya* taking the prince under her wings.

Despite the trio using the added powers of their talismans to access the heavily guarded building, they had got caught. While she had been busy assisting Palek during the stage rehearsals, at the corner of her eyes *girl-poet* had observed the clumsy talents during their break-in act. Hence she was being quite frank in telling the 3 friends politely but firmly that they lack the necessary brilliance to make it big in showbiz ("*Why don't you guys just go home*"). But, "*Wait! ... hold it!*" That is her boss the creative Mr. Palek screaming for '3 extras' needed in a short opening scene he has just improvised. He wants the scene executed in a hurry since 'MNC clients' are on their way for a 'sneak preview'. To the skepticism of *girl-poet* and the exhilaration of our 3 friends, Palek 'commandeers' the talents of 'The 3 Idiots' (thats how he addresses them) for a quick performance hastily rehearsed.

Mr. Palek hurriedly explains the plot to them -

The trio - Asleem, Venkit & Chris are to play the role of 3 marooned mariners who find a 'genie bottle' on the seashore. While they fight among themselves for its possession, one of them stabs the other. Since the one at the receiving end was holding the bottle close to his chest, the bottle falls down, breaks, and activating the stage smoke machines on cue, ...voila! ... **A Genie Emerges to Compere The Show!!** That much was the intro for the show - "*WHO CAN BOTTLE THE GENIE?*" which was being meticulously rehearsed during the past month. It is a Quiz Show. The Genie poses questions - which if answered correctly gets the participants to win prizes. If not correctly answered then the genie would turn malevolent and hence it needs to be bottled back.

The intro scene is Palek's instantaneous formulation.

It is applauded by his fan-club within the Ad-Agency.

They hail it more brilliant than *Shakespeare's Hamlet* ... where there is a '*Three Witches opening scene*' that sets the tone for the play.

Whatever had been Shakespeare's design then, ... now in this era imagine the possibilities of Palekji's design! .. each episode can have a different opening scene every time to introduce the Genie! .. *Now Palek-ji, Sir ... That's what we call Creative!!* assert the sycophants.

Today, for the time being, the genie's role is performed by Palek himself.

He is a stand-in for the Bollywood Megastar who shall assume the title role once the TV program is commissioned. Palek merely wants 'the 3 idiots' to perform their act in whatever stupid way they possibly could - so when the bottle breaks, exuding his supreme intelligence, Palek can make a grand entrance onto stage as **The Genie**.

Palek instructs *girl-poet* to write the dialogues and compose it as musical lines for the 3 new recruits ... and also to have them rehearsed in a jiffy.

"*Hurry, hurry, the MNC moneybags are on their way*".

While she executes a quick and hurried composition with her new enthusiastic wards, *girl-poet* knows that a disaster is sure to happen. The performance of the 3 novices leaves no margin for anything else. Once on stage, their dramatic skills and music knowledge seem to have deserted them suddenly.



The *girl-poet* keeps prompting their lines to them and tries her best to make our trio at least an apology for 3 marooned mariners. Trousers torn-off, shirts discarded, they are drenched by splashes of water. With Palek cursing them for looking insufficiently 'ship-wrecked', each has to remove (stage by stage - to enhance the developing drama) the talisman worn with chains and threads on their person.

Just before the final call, Chris collects them all (†+v+●) in his hand towards safekeeping ... and suddenly, there is a scream from the boy as he drops them!



With a hot flash that singed his palm, the pieces have joined to become one!! The chains and threads having fallen off, it has become a 6 inches tall figurine now lying on the stage floor. Venkit and Asleem crowd around Chris to gape at the strangest of happenings occurring at the worst of hours. The 3 are snapped out of their trance by an alert from *girl-poet*. Stationed at the stage curtain she calls out "*Palek-ji, listen! hey .. gang, the clients have arrived*". At Palek's hoarse command "*Positions Everybody*" Asleem quickly picks up the figurine from the floor, hides it by dropping it inside his torn vest/ banian. He then takes position for the act by holding with both hands the genie bottle - the one for which he shall be stabbed by Venkit.


That was when the question occurred ... "Where is the knife to stab?"

[till here, written as sequence description](#)
[from now, written as screenplay](#)

"Dimwits,... ≈ ☆ ✨, ☹%oo ...all of you !! Ψ ☹" screams Palek "Two dozen ☹ ☆ Ψ ✨'s hanging around me and why didn't one s.o.b or b. think of that?"

Turning to Venkit, Palek spits out "You, idiot #1, go! .. get a kitchen knife ... while I sweet talk and keep my 3 moneybags occupied. And, I tell you make sure you stab to kill both the other idiots. I have no more use for you after this. Get a Knife. GO!"

When Venkit turns towards *girl-poet* to enquire the route to the nearest kitchen, she calmly points him to stay put, and hurries towards her cabin.

She opens her desk and from the inside of her purse comes out  sort of a long key. It is affixed to a ring and a key chain.

Meanwhile at the auditorium, Palek was keeping his 'moneybags' seated and entertained. In *girl-poet*'s cabin, the japanese chimes hung above her desk start to tinkle at the key's presence. Not surprised, since she was quite familiar with this occurrence, she makes sure her key can serve the purpose of a knife - at least visually. She then removes the artifact from its retaining ring and rushes out.

visuals in fragments The key has strange properties. *It opens almost any lock!*



In the past, with this key *girl-poet* had helped people open accidentally locked cars, apartments, etc. On the flip side, people tend to misuse it ... the least of which to her irritation is her boss Palek picking up her key to use it sometimes as a letter opener ... and sometimes as a martini stirrer!



Reaching the stage, holding it knife-fashion, she hands it to Venkit with a caution to be careful with her favorite artifact.

There is a stern announcement to switch-off cell phones, which everybody complies with. And then, ... the curtain riseth!

Before the mariners could discover the genie's bottle upon the sands, they had to walk around on stage looking marooned.

That is when Asleem notices two familiar faces among the audience. In the vast auditorium which was otherwise empty, on the front row were seated four men & one woman. One was the CEO of a Consumer Products MNC and another, Chairman of a Financial Corporation. With them sat a Media Mogul. He was accompanied by two media advisors - one was a lady who had this habit of polishing her nails whenever she got bored, and the other was a fat guy who munched subs whenever he got disinterested.

The fat guy had once thrown out our 3 friends during a music audition. The lady had once walked out from a skit the 3 were trying to impress upon a radio programmer.

Since Asleem gives this discovery more priority than the bottle they are supposed to find, he fumbles his first line. Chris with his guitar and Venkit with his bongos were brilliantly on cue. But when they too discover the subject of Asleem's attention, the 2 remaining mariners also get lost!

From the stage wing where she was positioned, *girl-poet* had to stick her neck out and sing the first line (and then some subsequent ones too) which Asleem had missed. Then pulling them up with her insistent prompting, she somehow manages the trio reach the dramatic point at which the stabbing has to take place.

While Asleem clutches the bottle close to his chest and pleads (musically), knife in hand Venkit shrieks bloody murder (again, musically) ... Palek readies himself for the grand entrance by alerting the stage automation controller to activate the smoke ...

"...Just when the bottle hits the floor.." He whispers hoarsely "No sooner, nor later"

And then, Venkit stabs!

But the knife comes too close to the figurine within Asleem's vest and there occurs a brilliant white flash an explosion on stage!

Even without the machines operating, smoke starts bellowing! For a few seconds the silence is stunning.

Asleem had given out a stifled scream, making *girl-poet* wonder whether the knife had injured him.

Merely been startled by the unearthly flash, Asleem was wondering how his vest had suddenly got a burn hole in it and where the figurine had fallen off.

Venkit was looking for the knife that disappeared from his hand.

Palek and his team members were wondering whether the changeover had got wrongly timed.

The boy Chris was wondering when he should be starting the next piece on his guitar.

But for the seated audience, this unexpected turn of event does indeed have their attentions captured

For, the lady had put away her nail polishing kit.

The fat guy had discarded the sandwich he was stuffing himself with.

As everybody watch in rapt attention there ... on the stage ... from amidst the smoke appears **a tall man with a staff in his hand.**



Everybody - including *Thiru Vaazhithan* himself, seem surprised at this dramatic occurrence. But for him it took only a few moments of studied glance to take in the situation ... and the man quickly reacts to the environment.

To change his attire now archaic by 2 millenniums, he does a wistful turn-around and transforms himself to suit the times.

And suddenly, there he is ... wearing a stylish tuxedo, tall victorian hat and looking like a modern day stage magician!

His staff has turned into a short walking stick that he wields like a magic wand.

He looks sharply at young Chris who in panic had started playing the intended melody on his guitar.

"That sounds uninspiring, dear boy" chides *Thiru Vaazhithan*.

He then instructs "♫ Hmmm.... Strike a Melodic Minor .. ♪ hmmmD,... give me  D Minor..
**Christopher!* NOW."

In a trance the boy obeys.

* denotes a magic spell, with hand gesticulation.

He then turns to Venkit

"You are good!....try beat 

He snaps his fingers, giving a rhythm timing "this tempo **Venketachar!* BE DIFFERENT."

Venkit eagerly rises to the challenge and improvises it on his bongos.

Facing the audience and turning on the full charm with his mesmeric eyes, he raises his arms to cast a spell on all beholders.

With a sly smile he whispers "Folks, Watch! ... the Magic starts .. NOW."

At this, sparks emanate from his wand to take over controls of all stage systems. Triggered by an unseen force, the choral voices in the music sequencer kicks on, the stage lighting and animations come alive, and

thus commenceth an unearthly song number - "***The Genie is out of the Bottle***"

On the last phrases of the song's overture, he does an about turn and face the one behind him.

With hypnotic gaze he commands " **Asleem!* LET YOURSELVES GO."

Suddenly an 'aalap' emanates from the very heart of Asleem.

He converts that into a yodel and holds rendering it with full confidence and vigor.

The performance now moving onto top gear, Chris with Venkit and Asleem are caught up in a trance. They become electrified and become transformed into vibrant performers who with phenomenal magnetism could now hold the attention of any audience. At the stage wing the girl was standing surprised - observing 'an unexpected variation in the quiz show' and the unrehearsed transformation of the trio. Yet she doesn't look overawed like the others.

With a facial expression saying that there was something still lacking, *Thiru Vaazhithan* turns to seek out ... the girl! Their eyes meet.

When their eyes lock with each other, it reminds us of the electric charge that had flowed between *Thiru Vaazhithan* & *Tantrik Kanya* when those two had faced each other for the very first time.



"Come out, girl-po ... **Poetic Creation**, Play your part!"

He whispers across the divide between them. She can sense that there is something supernatural at play, and that holds her back. For, beyond the aspect of the male trio's electrifying music performance, there is this mysterious factor that the three have actually been levitated - floating 10 inches above the stage floor!!

Noting the skepticism in her eyes, he casts upon her... a spell!

"***Mrunalini** !" (that was her name!) "Come, ... with your heavenly voice, SING."

That breaks her reluctance.

She closes her eyes dreamingly as her name echoes in her ears .. "Mrunalini" "Mrunalini" ... on which, unaware of herself she starts humming the melody.

Picking-up the song's first vocal verse on cue, the girl Mrunalini leaps forward to break out singing, and then dancing. She does dance, floating on a cushion of air 10 inches above the stage floor!

The musical number moves on to full throttle.

For the next two exhilarating minutes, in the forefront we see Asleem singing and Mrunalini dancing - both are caught up in pure ecstasy. With the programmed automation of the soundstage rolling out (mounted on mechanical rigs) myriads of musical instruments ranging from Grand Pianos to Latino Drums, Chris and Venkit are right behind the singers - both of them having a field time vigorously banging away on the accompaniments.

Thiru Vaazhithan recedes to the background and there appear fascinating backdrops for the song. On the stage happen Showers of Flowers, Explosions of Laser fireworks, Cavalcades of Chorus Dancers and Flights of Migratory Birds. These illusions he accomplishes by borrowing some from Palek's armory, and some from his own bag of *mahendrajajal*.

The item number ends with the 4 performers 'bottling the genie' back into the container. The music raises to a crescendo, *Thiru Vaazhithan* comes to the fore, stands amidst the four, takes a bow and disappears in a puff of smoke.

As soon as the 4 performers drop and their feet touch down on the stage floor, the 5 member audience are up and standing, clapping and cheering. "Bravo! Marvelous! Awesome!"

At this, Palek Dabholkar rushes forward from backstage yelling "Wait a minute, ... wait, wait! .. I am yet to begin ... It is not over ... Stop, Don't leave, I say!"

The CEOs, the MM and his advisors, all of them look up and laugh ...

"Palek, you rogue! You have already done it". ... "Hey man, lets now put it on air". ... "Come and sign the contract tomorrow " ... "Boss, Bye for now".. "Good Show" "Be seeing you sir".

Everyone sounded happy that the experience was more than what they had expected.

The vexed Palek, before he could talk them from leaving, has a crisis on the stage.

There is tumult on all fronts.

Members among a group of schoolchildren brought for the program and made to wait expectantly so as to 'answer genie's questions and win prizes' are disappointed. They have been told that the program is over and they are not needed! It is Palek's assistants who bear the



brunt of the children's parents' wrath.

Palek barely evades the umbrella whacks directed at him by a cranky elderly woman who for realism's sake was asked to bring her pet poodle along. The angry poodle nips Palek's hand - because it didn't get the opportunity to show off the talents it was trained to perform.

[spoofs related to reality shows & 'rigged show participations' can be used here](#)

As the production managers pacify the furore and lead the public out, Palek has to answer acidic questions from product sponsors who had hauled in their stuff and couldn't get any display or exposure.

In despair, Palek was about to pull out his hair ... when he stops, ... and slowly turns around to face the ones who had caused his worst day in life (*Worst till that day. He doesn't know that still worse is yet to come*).

Mrunalini had recovered from the 'musical high' as soon as her feet touched ground.

Now seeing the daggers coming out of Palek's eyes, she has to snap Asleem, Venkit & Chris fully out of their trance.

With Palek advancing towards them, the three wipe away their blissful smiles and slowly recede to find shelter behind Mrunalini.

Obviously they are dazed and do not fully comprehend what had occurred.

Palek gestures Mrunalini to move aside and directs his first salvo at the trio

"You scums! ≈ ☆ ✨... come here to set me up ... didn't you? .. Ψ 卍 ☆ ... I swear, you won't be working in this city ... never, ever! Now get dressed up, and .." he screams *"Get Out!"*

Turning to Mrunalini he says *"Poet-b****, .. ungrateful wretch! ... you ruined my program"*

pointing to her he yells *"You are fired understand? F.I.R.E.D. !!"*

As Palek walks off in huff, the four of them stand perplexed.

The four performers, disgraced by the irony of having done a hit number, stand facing each other with a mixture of fear, bafflement and .. (mutual) suspicion!

Mrunalini, to get on with life, suddenly remembers her key and looks around the floor searchingly. Chris joins her to search for his own crucifix, and to make amends by helping her. Chris voices apologetically *"Sorry akka (deedi/ elder sister), .. on account of us .. you lost your job"*

Mrunalini responds in calm *"You could have told ... that there was a 4th person with you"*

Chris stared at her and blinked.

Mrunalini *"Your man was good .. in fact, great!"* A dreamy eyed remembrance makes her sigh.

"My boss could've used him as the genie ... but now, Palek-ji has lost face lost his cool" eyes rolling, she gesticulates *"... and his marbles"*.

Chris *"You mean ... **the genie**?!!"*

On that, Venkit kicks him on his butt. *"Payale (buddu/ kid), ... so its you who allowed that oldman in?"* asks Venkit.

"What oldman?" Chris is wide-eyed in all innocence *"The genie? .. Hey, it was Palek-ji himself come in a different makeup! You mean, it was somebody else?REALLY? ... and, whatdya mean 'Old'? He looked young as you Venkit-bhai"*

Venkit was about to give him a whack, upon which Asleem interferes. There they resume an old ritual and start arguing between themselves as to who was responsible for the bad turn of events.

"Bad? .. Cumon, who said bad? LOL, .. wasn't all of us on cloud #9 when the going was good?"



"Sure! OMG, .. the song was great! "

"The audience loved it!"

A pause.

One of them hums the song melody. Then one after the other all four of them join - relishing the experience they have had.

"Wow, that is haunting!"

"Oh, yes! I felt .. I was on top of the world!"

Venkit, taking umbrage "So there you are! .. What is your gripe?"

Asleem, turning acidic "You mean, what has Palekji-ji to gripe .. don't you?"

Now it was Chris "But, bhaiyas .. You both heard akka ... your genie ruined their program .. her career ... what made you two to bring him in here?"

Venkit & Asleem together pounce on him "Hey, hey, bacha (kid) ... mind your words .. nobody came here with us ... except you!"

By now Mrunalini realizes that the argument is over a mysterious character completely unconnected with their break-in.

She wades into their altercations...

"Calm down, calm down boys ... the question now is ... where is he? ... Any idea where he has gone?"

There is a clamor "You ask him" "No, ..Him! him" "Don't look at me .. It was he" "Who? me! ..it was his idea" .

Suddenly everybody's cellphones start ringing simultaneously ... which meant, the instruments got switched-on by themselves!

The 4 musicians stop arguing, and in wonder look to their devices (except Chris, who doesn't have one), and then they hear a soft, slow clapping of hands way back from the hindmost row of the empty auditorium.

There they see the mysterious character who had played the genie - sitting smiling, relaxed and slouched on a chair.

Thiru Vaazhithan was clapping his hands to attract their attention.

The four of them slowly with utmost curiosity walk down the aisles towards him.

It is Mrunalini who takes the lead in asking him "Who are you?"

With a flourish feigned with surprise the man gestures towards himself with both hands ...

"Moi? moi-même? Well, I am your manager your talent organizer I am here to make you **the greatest music group this land would ever see!**"

As they listen dumbfound, he turns to each. Laden with charm, he gesticulates ...

***Asleem!**, vocalist & flautist! I see you, handsome & charming, racing fast cars and chased by faster girls"

***Venketachar!**, percussionist! Epitome of dynamism, ... I see corporate heads queuing at your doorsteps for product endorsements"

***Christopher!**, master of strings & keyboard! Young Prodigy, I see the day, parents and children come out in hordes to mob you. ... Oh, your hand shall ache ... signing autographs not, from playing music"

His words leave the boys' eyes wide open in awe. Turning to the girl, he pauses.

His mind goes blank in comprehending her ... for, she had the same skeptical look in her eyes as before. Hence, with enhanced charm he casts his spell ...

***Mrunalini !**, poet with a sweet voice! ..." Here he does hesitate ...

"No, no,you are not merely that .."



With eyes locked magnetically onto each other, kind of an electric charge* keeps on building up between them.

* from now on, this do keep occurring always, whenever their eyes meet.

Gazing into her eyes, flicker of an awe comes over him.

visuals in fragments Certain events - that which are to happen in the near future, flashes on screen when he reads her eyes**. Here he sees her in a marwari bridal garb, tearing away from his embrace.

** this do keep occurring always whenever he reads into her eyes.

Reading her eyes ... as if in a divination ... he prophesies *"In you, I foresee ... a surprise-in-waiting ... a surprise ... for both of us"*

He quickly turns casual and tells everybody *"Children, by the way, I am Thiru Vaazhithan ... for brevity, call me TeeVee "* He shakes hands with them.

THIRU VAAZHITHAN

END OF PART TWO screen time now approximately 45 to 50 minutes



THIRU VAAZHITHAN

- A LEGEND, REBORN.

PART THREE



The Seduction

PUBLISHED

PART THREE The Seduction duration 35 to 40 minutes

visuals The next monday morning Palek is traveling by his chauffeur driven Rolls Royce. With malicious intentions two bikes are seen tailing him. One of the bike riders is having the wand/ staff that was held by Mr. *Thiru Vaazhithan*.

The next morning dawns on Mrunalini with a realization that something has changed irrevocably. The previous evening event .. was it a hallucination? Oh, no! ... she has lost her job. Having come all the way from Dehradun to make an independent life of her own, she has lost out on her first attempt! She got over the daze through the weekend. On monday morning she is at her office at the agency to clear her desk and disappear. But, there was happening some top level changes at the Ad-agency

At the conference room of *Tinlas*, scheduled that morning were two major board-cum-client meetings. When the Board quorum of *Tinlas* is completed, the members are told that Creative Director Mr. Palek Dabholkar had got (surprisingly) held up. His cellphone is (again, surprisingly) not reachable.

For the first meeting of the day, their second biggest clients *Khemka Group* were already being ushered in.* Listed in the agenda was an urgent campaign for *Khemka Mineral Corp*. "Where is my *jigri dost (bosom pal) Palek?*" yells Billionaire Nand Khemka as he sits-down heavily "Only that devil can clean up my name ..." turning to his youngest son Rajnat Khemka, senior Khemka barks "Tell them.."

Suddenly the conference hall doors open, but it is a certain Mr. *TeeVee* who walks in to announce the agency chief's delay in arrival, and meantime offers his expertise to fill in for Mr. Palek's absence. Mr. *TeeVee*'s ways are so enchanting, nothing seems amiss in Palek missing the meeting.*

Rajnat Khemka explains the problem "With the *Mining Scandal* becoming nasty, *Abbu* here feels *Palek-ji* can organize a P.R. cleanup just like he had helped my *Abbu* during the ... errr ... *Indo-USSR Rupee-Rouble Trade Exchange Scam*"

Mr. *TeeVee* with eyes closed, muses "Come clean, ... there's no better cleanup!!"

Rajnat looked shocked at the implication. *TeeVee*'s eyes fly open "I mean ... Clean Energy! ... Diversify into energy sector!" He claps his hands. Suddenly lights dim, on cue an AV presentation commences.



"Super Heated Steam - that's what the towertop outputs to the turbines"

As the projectors throw images onto the video screen, *TeeVee*'s voice fills the conference room " **The largest solar power farm in the world !!**



..... From the K.E.P.C. Khemka Power Corp (yet to be constituted)
 Built to rehabilitate the areas now ravaged by mining
 A huge solar farm on Deccan .. spread 5000 acres"



As he talked, Design drawings, Project timeline, Economic viability & Financial charts were being spread on the conference table.* "... these, on anticipation to your need, I had personally prepared today morning". With expansive gestures, prancing around proud, **TeeVee is now the very same Thiru Vazhithan who once built The Great Kavery Barn.**

The Khemkas are impressed.*

"Just announce this, ... and you shall see KHEMKAs become the patron of the GREENERs, ... and, they shall make the public forget the mines" TeeVee pats Jr. Khemka's shoulder. "Also in this, you shall find tax shelters to hide profits from those mines" TeeVee winks at Sr. Khemka.

For the second meeting, their biggest clients *Thummoot Chits & Finance* headed by its Chairman Shri *Chachappan* are ushered in. Also joins Media Moghul *Mulgund* from *KTV (Associated Networks Group)*. These people are the ones who previewed the show "*WHO CAN BOTTLE THE GENIE?*"

To the shock of everybody, *TeeVee* junks the 'quiz' of the show and turns the program around on it's head!

"... any unimaginative programmer today jumps onto the *QUIZSHOW BANDWAGON*. It needs more than the genius of *Palek* to come up with something different ..." *

"Instead", asserts *TeeVee* "Make it a Real Estate Reality Show" !!

And further to the amazement of *Tinlas* board members, Mr. *TeeVee* sells the venerable Shri *Chachappan* a brilliant *property loan financing scheme* that can catapult his company to a top position in the country!

"Look here, ***Sir, Chachappan!** , the common public has more 'mortgagable' land than gold with them. It makes business sense to add Real Estate to your 'Gold Schemes'. The value of earth rises faster than that of precious metal" !

Turning to the feared Media Moghul *Mulgund* - who spared valuable time just for his friend *Chachappan*, *TeeVee* says "In fact, ***Sir, Mulgund!** , you should start a channel dedicated solely to Property ... **A RealEstate TV Channel !** I shall have the specs & workings send to your office.

*visuals at these places above, Mrunalini's packing up & Palek's predicament (a bike-chase) are interspersed. The intercuts are also meant to economize on the boardroom narrative.

Bike Chase Sequence.

Palek's Rolls breaks down (Thiruvazhithan's magic staff, plus some mischief from Asleem). Since he has to get to office quick, he gets onto the hind seat of Venkit's bike. Palek loses his phone (Thiruvazhithan's magic staff, plus some mischief from Venkit). When Palek realizes that he is being kidnapped by Venkit, he yells for help. Asleem gives chase on another bike - as if to save Palek from Venkit. An accident ensues. The only one injured is Palek. The good samaritans Asleem & Venkit take him to have his broken arm mended.

At the point of adjournment of the meetings, when the delayed Mr. Palek with his hand in plaster cast finally makes his entrance, he is told that all listed agendas have been taken care of ... and, oh! the *Tinlas* Board of Directors have appointed *TeeVee* in Palek's position.

The thunderstruck Palek finds himself relieved of his duties at the Agency. To add insult to injury, the entire staff at *Tinlas* queue up to cover his plaster cast with scrawls "DISMISSED".

As Mrunalini prepares to leave, she finds Chris waiting at the reception of *Tinlas*. With a staff in their hand, Asleem & Venkit also appear. There, their new mentor Mr. *TeeVee* joins them, retrieves his staff, saying "*Come up children, the work today was nothing. We have greater things to do*".


Here starts a musical narrative. A medley song, interspaced. This is a series of montages.



- * To start with, *TeeVee* goads the foursome to compose songs.
- * Then, hiring the best of experts, he pushes them through punishing rehearsals to perform in public.
- * He disciplines them in a pop-culture that awes groupies & fans.
- * He provides the media management, devises the hype and make them undergo PR rituals
- * He designs image make-overs for each of them - starting with changes in their stage names to **AsaL, VenKi, Chris & MiLi** .. attire .. makeup ... language ... diction with all these done, the "**F4**" (that is how he names the group - **The Fabulous Foursome**) is ready to face the world.

Meanwhile, we become aware of the pursuits of a team of archaeologists/ astrologers.

The notes in the diary entries



At the Sumerian excavation site of Kalibangan, Rajasthan. We found some texts related to Sufi saint Mian Kaliali.

He had used a 'holy amulet' to dig wells in the deserts of Multan.

The 'Konark piece' which we had lost track of, was found at Dwaraka archives. It had reached Kutchhi!

Their songs straightaway hit the top in charts. Their performance is imitated in all reality shows. Their melodies - elders hum, youth sing, teenagers scream and children won't stop listening to. FM talks and airwaves are full of "**F4**".

Some experts in sociology and a few religious leaders speak out against this mass hysteria and value-loss to the Indian ethos ... which further increase the popularity of our pop group.

During her visit to Hong Kong, the Prime Minister of Britain sings '*Tawang Bash*' - a **F4** song, in public. The English Lady didn't know that the Mandarin verses within that song of Indian origin (penned in context of 'Sino-Indian dispute of *Arunachal Pradesh*') were actually abusive to China ... and, the resulting controversy makes the video the highest seen on youtube - next only to *PSY Gangnam*.


- * In short, "**F4**" becomes true to HIS promise, "*the greatest music group this land would ever see!*" Which also means that ..
- * Asleem gets his fast cars and faster girls.
- * Venkit gets the privilege to rebuff his billionaire uncle's entreaties to sponsor *Vivek & Sons* brand.
- * Chris on an autograph signing spree becomes the darling of family audience.
- * The male trio become the faces of Young India. And their personal lives, lifestyles & antics (penned by P.R. experts and planted through ghost reporters) become the subjects of discussion and analysis in social media.
- * Having become the voice of the young in 'nation building', the group is invited to a performance at Gujarat by CM *Veerendar Modi* to promote wind energy.
- * Mr. *TeeVee* dabbles them in environment activism (fight against GREEN movements and the support for *Kundankulam Nuclear Power Plant*).
- * As a celebrity music troupe concerned with social issues, verses reflecting these ideas find their way into **F4** songs (like '*Tawang Bash*' on *Arunachal Pradesh*).

Meanwhile, the pursuits of archaeologist/ astrologist.

The diary entries.

The '**KEY**' which we thought had never reached Bengal, had in fact been sighted.

Two corroborative evidences confirm that it was returned to Rishikesh as floods in the region prevented transit to the intended destination.



According to the natives, the Jesuit Roberto De-Nobili had used this crucifix which miraculously healed ailments. This narrative is consistent for the area between Tutocorin, Madurai and Palayamkottai - the mission centres of the Italian during the 18th century.



And their mentor Mr. *TeeVee*, though he remains unseen to the public eye and is unheard beyond the media's top echelons, doesn't do quite bad for himself. Growing out of Tinlas - having become too big for the agency to hold him, he has cultivated contacts among the *polity. In an act of rare magnanimity, *TeeVee* reinstates Palek Dabholkar to the position at Tinlas from which the man was ousted.

*The most notable being the wife, young son & teenage daughters of the Indian Prime Minister. *TeeVee* had the privilege to personally escort them, when those V.VIPs came to the biggest performance of **F4** at Delhi's JN Stadium. It was attended by a crowd of 100, 000+ music lovers. AsaL, VenKi, Chris & MiLi signing autographs for the Premier's kids was done at the beset of *TeeVee*. Their mother, wife of the PM, was heard requesting *TeeVee* to provide career guidance for her children too.

Now, coming to the female member of the group, it was a bit different. Mrunalini is the only member of the **Fabulous Foursome** whose private life was not splashed in gossip columns. Despite *TeeVee's* master plan, this was because of her strong insistence.

She has not added even a single new acquaintance in her Facebook. And, she never held a Twitter account. Her reason for shunning the limelight ? She belonged to a puritan clan. as we shall come to know later Also, the normally reserved Mrunalini finds herself becoming a different personality - a vibrant girl, whenever motivated to perform for the group by *TeeVee*.

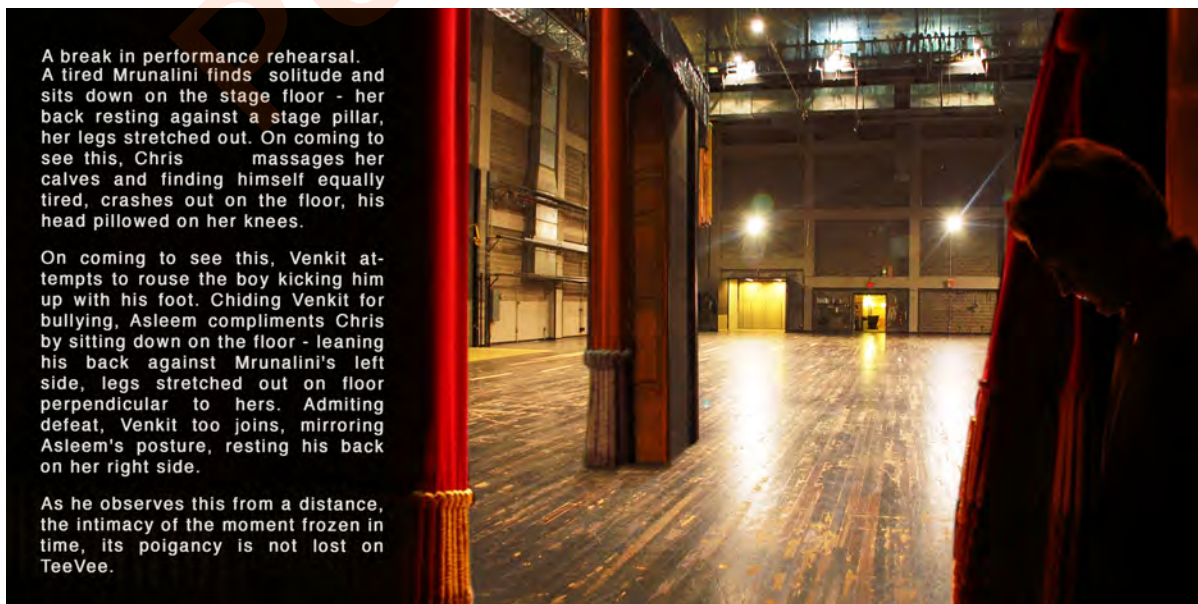
Even visually her transformation is such, the famous singing girl on stage is hardly recognized by people as the Mrunalini they cross everyday on the street.

Every time a different 'effervescent person' comes out of her, Mrunalini is surprised at herself ... and though the beholders awe at her exuberance, she is uncomfortable at the transformation.

Once back in her privacy, she feels guilty "I don't know why I'm doing this ... initially, I said to myself it is for helping you guys but now, I have to admit ... it is fascinating to be famous, adulated, rich & glamorous" ... she confides to her dear *thampi* (younger brother) Chris - who is the only person in the male trio to hold Mrunalini on a higher esteem than *TeeVee*.

Christopher "Oh Akka, *TeeVee* says your fan following can rival Rihanna or Shakira ... you can one day become a Lady Gaga or Madonna if you chose ..."

Mrunalini "No! because, an inner voice tells me that this is contrary to what I am destined for!"



A break in performance rehearsal. A tired Mrunalini finds solitude and sits down on the stage floor - her back resting against a stage pillar, her legs stretched out. On coming to see this, Chris massages her calves and finding himself equally tired, crashes out on the floor, his head pillowed on her knees.

On coming to see this, Venkit attempts to rouse the boy kicking him up with his foot. Chiding Venkit for bullying, Asleem compliments Chris by sitting down on the floor - leaning his back against Mrunalini's left side, legs stretched out on floor perpendicular to hers. Admitting defeat, Venkit too joins, mirroring Asleem's posture, resting his back on her right side.

As he observes this from a distance, the intimacy of the moment frozen in time, its poignancy is not lost on *TeeVee*.

Chris would have preferred to remain under her wings.
 And Mrunalini would have preferred to provide guidance to the other two immature 'boys' Asleem & Venkit too ... but, headlong they dive into uncharted waters in the newfound 'pleasures of life'. This is because the dazzling power that *TeeVee* wields over everybody is such, it forcibly drives away logic, moral and reason.
 Mrunalini herself could barely resist the magnetism she feels towards him ... and *TeeVee* tries his best to break her resistance. The enchanter almost achieves that ...

For the **International Beauty Pageant 2015** conducted in Mumbai, *TeeVee* conceives an opening tableaux for the event. The depiction of a 12th century legend *



Alauddin Khilji
 glimpses reflected in a mirror
 the famed beauty of
 Rani Padmini



*According to legend, Muslim Emperor Alauddin of Khilji desperate to have a look at the legendary beauty of Queen Rani Padmini, ***crossed many miles and borders*** with his army and came to the Kingdom of Chittaurgarh. The Emperor puts a demand that the Hindu Rajput Mewari King Ratan Singh show him his wife. Ratan Singh saw a chance to evade war and retain his kingdom. On being persuaded by her husband, Rani Padmini consented to allow Alauddin to see her reflection only in a mirror.

Even while singing during music stage performances where she had to dress up in designer wear, Mrunalini shunned the use of any ornament on her person.

It was a tradition in her family, insisted by her mother. Now, in *TeeVee's* Khilji-Padmini tableaux, ***Mrunalini is the one*** who is goaded to do Rani Padmini's role.

Adorned with the best of Mewari jewelry and costume, she becomes a regal beauty quite unrecognizable to her original self.

Even *thampi* Christopher does a double-take!

As the tableaux goes live on worldwide TV networks, for Mrunalini the experience turns hallucinatory and takes a dreamy flight into trance.

It borders between reality and fantasy. *A short song.*

She sees *TeeVee* in place of Alauddin Khilji!

And once the show proceeds, there .. contrary to the historical depiction (and unlike in the rehearsals too) he comes out from the reflection in the mirror to possess her physically*.

"I am an Emperor, ... come across eons ... not just miles & borders, ... to mate with you"

She could barely resist the embrace ... ***"Adorn My Throne ... Till The End of Times, .. Share the Badshahat (Dominions) with Me"*** At the point of consummation, with great effort she pulls herself away.

nonlinear narrative *"Almost had you there ... almost ..."* He would comment later.

This conversation occurs when a horrified Mrunalini on seeing the nail marks and laceration Rani Padmini had caused upon Alauddin Khilji while tearing herself away from the Emperor, makes amends by playing nursemaid to dress *TeeVee's* wound.

It brings up the realization in her that what had occurred, or rather what was about to occur, was not a hallucination or dream at all.

While she tends the wound on his body, he muses into romance ... *"See this strand of jasmine flowers? .. Fell off Rani Padmini's hair as she flew from the stage. I keep this as a memento!!*

..... And, if you won't consider it distasteful, in memory of the event please keep my bloodstained cotton you have there in your hand ... It proves that I am of wholly flesh and blood, not a demon. Be gentle, the next time" He laughs silently.

That was the only time in her life Mrunalini remembers her blushing.



visuals in fragments *Certain events - that which are to happen in the near future, flashes on screen when he reads her eyes. Here, when Alauddin Khilji embraces Rani Padmini, he sees a vision of her pulling Christopher along, and fleeing from him.

Meanwhile, the concern for the public was a most enigmatic question **"Who was that woman?"** ... that woman in the opening scene who played Rani Padmini of Chittaurgarh even the winning contestants of the pageant can't hold a candle to her!"

Mrunalini just wouldn't allow it to be acknowledged or publicized as her.

"You have the world at your feet Mrunal!" gathered around, her teammates cry in chorus. But she doesn't budge.

"Arrey Crishtu, ... " that is Asleem "Tum hi samjhavo hamaari deedi ko ... wo tumhe manenge .. (Hey Chris, make our sis understand .. you are the one she would listen to)"

He spells out the benefits "I have a mere 80 lakh twitter followings in India ... she shall get 800 .. duniya bhar"

"What is wrong with you Mrinal?" that is Venkit

"30 thousand Miss Galaxy aspirants from which 100 selected, 3 won ... every one of them were pining to be crowned ... you lady, didn't even attempt! ... Yet, a greater crown is offered to you on a platter ... " He shakes his head in disbelief.

"Can you imagine the excitement when the world connects the mysterious woman **Rani Padmini** to singer **MiLi**?" Vekit pauses to let his words capture her imagination

"You were the highest Google Searched Personality worldwide ... entire last week!"

Rank #	Pic	Celebrity	Twitter ID	Followers*	Growth 7 days*	Category
1		Asleem Zayyad	@Asleem	8,144,269	-	Music
2		Priyanka Chopra	@priyankachopra	4,041,756	-	Bollywood
3		Aamir Khan	@aamir_khan	3,991,476	-	Bollywood
4		Deepika Padukone	@deepikapadukone	3,495,685	-	Bollywood
5		Sachin Tendulkar	@sachin_t	3,415,657	-	Sports

Asleem "Oh girl, what rewards if you would just say YES. The **throne** of celebrity awaits ... Entire **kingdoms** at your feet! TeeVee projects 700 crores in sponsorship contracts ... highest ever for Hindustan!"



Mrunalini winced.

The terms Asleem had used for 'throne' (*raaj-gaddi*) and 'kingdoms' (*baadshahat*) were the same she heard during the embrace of Rani Padmini by Alauddin Khilji in the tableaux.

"Adorn My Throne .. Share the Dominions with Me"

The visuals that accompanied the words - the *baarat* of Mewari King's wife now as a Hindu Empress to the Muslim Emperor, she recollects. Such alliances were considered glorious and greatly celebrated in ancient India. But, she



finds the correlation distasteful.



Since now it became clear that TeeVee is behind this, she decides that she wouldn't allow him to crown her with a glorious seduction - as he had accomplished in the *male trio. This decision eventually proved fortunate for her because, the fantasy world in which they were crowned as princes, suddenly like sand castles crumbled around the other three.

* Speaking in metaphor, a 'glorious crowning' for Asleem happens when TeeVee gifts him the key to a yellow sports ferrari (this was in a series of cars sponsors keep bringing him). With TeeVee insisting that he celebrate his birthday with a date, Asleem pulls inside a reluctant boy Christopher and zooms off for a party - with one hand on the steering, and with the other SMS-ing a groupie to provide Chris companionship for the evening.

Hot Searches

Sunday, September 15, 2015

1 VenKi - Sneha
100,000+ searches
Related searches: GFT Home Appliances, Hot South Pair
VenKi/ Sneha : Highest Sponsor Contract
Chennai based MNC G.F.T.'s sponsorship coup

2 Barfi Sangaa
20,000+ searches
Related searches: Sports Council Aircraft Video
Barfi/ Sports Minister Affair : Sports Scandal
Will Ms. Sangaa reveal what took place inside the aircraft's private cabin?

Saturday, September 14, 2015

And the high point in Venkit's ascend occurs when TeeVee partners him with 'Sneha' - glamorous young television actress and talkshow hostess, and organizes a contract signing ceremony with the pair as brand ambassadors to one of Chennai's biggest Business Houses.

During the 6th month of its formation, when it looked as the team has reached a pinnacle from which nothing could dislodge them, the celebrated **F4** broke apart.

The first rumblings came when in a social networking site some smart kid discovered that **F4**'s very first hit number "*The Genie is out of the Bottle*" has an interlude phrase exactly reverse of the musical notes in the Indian National Anthem - "Jana-Gana-Mana".

As parodies of the song went viral, outcries of national defame and plagiarism mounted. In defensive mode, Asleem and Venkit started tweeting to their fans against each other and then to the boy's devastation and public disgrace, they pin the blame on young Christopher (since he was the one on the keyboard when TeeVee formulated the melody).

Tweeting while driving, with Christopher in his sideseat on way to the party, a speeding birthday-boy-Asleem runs his Ferrari over some pavement dwellers asleep on the pedestrian walk, and crashes the car. Asleem escapes unhurt, but an injured Chris had to be hospitalized. TeeVee's influence could help in a cover-up and keep Asleem from going behind the bars - temporarily. But, this evasion of justice then snowballs to become a greater furore!



Again, tweeting at the IPL stadium when the final cricket match was in progress - for which he was the brand ambassador, Venkit gets booked by the police for spot fixing. This happened because *Sneha the actress, his brand partner* was caught with a recorded cellphone call instructing the bowler "**concede 3 no-balls, 4th over**". On questioning, she names Venkit as a beneficiary to the largesse from the betting mafia! There arose a dispute between Venkit and *TeeVee* on the phone. Venkit accusing *TeeVee* that he was in cahoots with the mafia and had set him up on this with the actress as a honeytrap.



Pop Star Asleem Zyred, who was arrested in connection with a drunken driving case that led to the death of one and injured four was not granted relief with the Madras High Court on Monday denying his release on conditional bail.

The prosecution's case was that the petitioner drove a car in a rash and negligent manner under the influence of alcohol and ran over people who were sleeping on the pavement near a hospital on Pantheon Road, Egmore. AsaL had been in jail for more than 45 days. The judge said a substantial portion of the investigation was over, except for the receipt of laboratory reports, for which a person could not be detained in jail continuously. The prosecution's apprehension that he would abscond again.

Keywords: Fa. AsaL, Egmore car accident case, Group of Companies, Ferrari speeding case, hit-and-run case, Madras HC



Calling for truce, a fatherly *TeeVee* entreats his wards to come back to his fold. The catch being that, he alone had the cure to set everything right for them - while they remained under his wings.

Their compromise meeting doesn't go well at all. Actually, it is a disaster!

Accusing his mentor as an 'evil magician', Venkit storms off westwards.

Ranting that his cure is worse than the malady - "*Blast You ≈ TeeVee, ☆ * !! Ψ ☹ You are the disease!*", Asleem storms eastwards.

As he turns to console a sobbing Chris, *TeeVee* finds the boy withdrawing from him to take shelter in Mrunalini's arms.

There was pain & hurt in TeeVee's eyes "*After all that I have done for you my children how could you all ... ?*" he is really shattered

Mrunalini feels for him as the broken man looks longingly towards her, pleading "*..... Mrunal, you too?*" It reminds her that he had been her emperor, almost her mate, in their fantasy tableaux! For a moment, she would have cuddled the grieving *TeeVee* rather than the weeping Chris in her arms. But there occurs an introspection "*... is his pain genuine? ... is his affection true? ... does he really long for me?*"

Sensing flicker of a *deception in the man's eyes, quickly she recedes from him, packs up and goes north. *visual fragment* *Once again, he reads into her eyes. In there flickers a future event of her 'dropping his staff onto floor'.

Chris, having nobody to go for in the south, accompanies his *akka Mrunal* to Dehradun.

A short song, evoking nostalgia, starts here >>>>

* Mrunalini had only one relative who would empathize with her. That is her uncle whom she called "*Chachuguru*" - Retired Brigadier Ranjish Duggal, 70, now in Dehradun.

Like herself, in youth he too was a rebel who ran off to strike his own path away from a clan that necessitated a *life centered in Ascetic & Vedic tradition*.



Having come to realize the futility of his nonconformist temperament, uncle Ranjish had retired early from armed services and gone back to reside in his hometown. After a triple bye-pass, he had to settle down and spent a bachelor's life in *tantrik & yogic meditation*.

One result of a life spent in various cantonment postings was his acquired knowledge on archaeology and its significance in *vedic* phenomena. His favorite niece Mrunalini he had always kept posted through emails the findings he made at places such as The *Temple of Konark*, The *Seabed at Dwaraka*, and excavations at *Kutchch, Sind*, etc.

He had discovered that there were correlations in the centuries-old cosmic calendars of these places. As in the Mayan calendar, all of them predicted the '*Manifestation of a Worldwide Evil*' during the first half of 21st century.

He knew he would be dismissed as a crank by everybody except Mrunalini.

His last communications to her were on a theory he had recently arrived at, a discovery by him ... that an equivalent to *KALKI* - the very last of the 10 Hindu Avatars destined to come and destroy the world, *has already been sighted in his vedic chart!*

*nonlinear narrative We did see the following in her inbox during her days in Bengaluru.

From: ranjish duggal <randugg@gmail.com>
Subject: newfound items

To: "MrunaliniD" <copykitten@tinlas.org> i'm hawt reading manuscripts from konark. Fri, Jul 5, 2015 at 9:46 PM

found today a manuscript on **an ancient key that can unlock 'my kalki' !!** lol. Mon, Jul 10, 2015 at 8:41 PM

Mrunal, the key, my dear! ... it looks exactly the one we had in our *poorvaj haveli*. your mother once told me she had given it to you. a good luck charm as parting gift to her wayward child who won't stay home! meanwhile, happy independence day Fri, Aug 15, 2015 at 9:06 AM

HEY< THIS IS IMPORTANT CAN YOU SEND THE KEY HERE FOR STUDY? Sat, Aug 16, 2015 at 12:46 PM

On the last message, she had some difficulty explaining it to her uncle.

The second outcome of his life-experiences was his never ending advices to Mrunalini, spoken over phone mostly, to make her temperate towards goals in life.

He did indeed appeal to her to come back, just as he himself had done a bit late in life.



"You don't know the treasure trove of vedic knowledge stored in our *poorvaj haveli* (ancestral mansion), Mrunal" he would tell her "I have collected all the ancient manuscripts stored there in our *khandaani* (clan's) archives. Restored & preserved them. Come, discover that ... instead of ending up a poet .. a darling of the publishers"

Like all her relatives and friends back home, uncle Ranjish too never knew it was she who had become a star in the celebrated pop group **F4**.

[till here, written as sequence description](#)



from now, as screenplay

Their flight lands at Jolly Grant Airport.

With Chris on tow Mrunalini enters a cottage in Dehradun town. <<<< The nostalgia evoking song ends. They were meeting after along gap.

Uncle Ranjish was sitting tantrik fashion on a floor mat, contrary to her expectation that the ret'd. brigadier would sit sipping whiskey in his armchair.

He welcomes her with his characteristic affection "So, the prodigal daughter is back, a little brother is her only acquisition ..."

"This is Christopher ... the music keyboard prodigy" she introduces him warmly

"Chri ..? of that .. F4? .. Oh, how did you get to know him?" uncle's question has Chris searching Mrunalini's face in puzzlement. She indicates to him with her eyes to let the matter go.

"Congratulations my boy, you have got probably the best deedi (elder sister) one can get in this world though definitely the worst niece ever" uncle jested.

She punches his belly affectionately.

Uncle Ranjish "Welcome dear, you have returned to the fold ... just like me"

As they hug each other, he is inquisitive "Disillusioned with the outside world are you?

Hmmm ... not lovesick, I hope"

"Not exactly, it has to do with my karma ... I've come seeking " Mrunalini stops abruptly, to stare at an illustrative drawing which in anticipation to her arrival uncle Ranjish had kept spread before him.

It catches Chris's attention too.



A question for her was scribbled in it by her uncle ...

"Mrunal, where is this?" Returned to Sender 1st A.D. **KEY**

The key to my KALKI

The question evokes in Mrunalini's mind certain visuals. Flashes of memories about her cherished talisman key. The event relating to her losing the key. It also reminds her that whenever she was in close proximity with the enchanter, she had associated her key with the wand in Genie's hand, the sword in Alauddin Khilji's hand, and the walking stick in Mr. TeeVee's hand.

With all innocence it is boy Christopher who jumps in to identify the objects within the drawing. He starts explaining the recent events and happenings behind each of the talismans.

Visuals - while this explanations by Chris happen, we see the current situations of Asleem & Venkit.

"All of these went missing at the time Mr. TeeVee appeared on stage to play the genie" concludes Chris. The boy could never make the connection between the two phenomena.

Uncle Ranjish "TeeVee?"

Mrunalini "Short for **Thiru Vaazhithan**, a dravidian name ... archaic"

Uncle Ranjish becomes pensive "That name, according to my theory ... remember, I told you" his eyes close in concentration "the name resonates ... like KALKI. Hmmm ... what sort of



person is this ... TeeVee ?"


As Chris becomes verbose in characterizing their mentor, Mrunalini had already connected the dots and realized the significance of the events that has brought forth the evil avatar. Uncle Ranjish's KALKI was their mentor *TeeVee*! And her talisman, the key, had already opened the pandora's box - six months ago.

While Chris kept chattering away, Mrunalini's attention shifts towards the television set in the drawing room which (with volume turned down) was tuned to a news channel. Intrigued by some news fragment that falls on her ears, she picks up the TV remote and raises the

volume. 

It was about the demise of the Indian Prime Minister that had occurred a couple of days back. On that day of funeral and national mourning, among the national and international leaders come to pay homage, there she sees Mr. *TeeVee* standing besides the grieving first family. As the visuals move on, he is seen constantly being held onto by a distraught young Harshad - the Late PM's son.

"Uncle, look! thats *TeeVee* there .." cries Chris

She surfs channels to find him again on another. 

Here it is *TeeVee* who as spokesperson for the first family, responds to a question from the TV reporter

"... as we all know, it is for the party and the cabinet to decide on the next PM. What I can tell you is ...Harshad is young .. as of now, he doesn't have any plans to contest the next elections nor he, to use your words, ... 'harbor ambitions' to take up party leadership"

A meaningful exchange of looks occurs between uncle and niece.

This is the very first time the enchanter is seen on a public medium.

The cable channel news now continue with the anchor at the news desk *"... That was Mr. Thiru, family friend and advisor to Harshad"*

From now, he is to be known as Mr. Thiru

The news continue *" Meanwhile, on the IPL spot fixing scandal, the Chennai High Court has granted anticipatory bail to pop icon Ven-Ki .."*

The visuals on the TV was of a bitter Venkit addressing the media during a news conference.

In the past, he would always be seen on TV with celebrity women around him.

Now, standing by his side we see only a girl, quiet and sober - his second cousin Parimala, daughter of his Uncle the Vasant & Sons Chairman.

His fiancée Parimala was the only one to support him during his days of estrangement with his relatives ... the girl whom Venkit had quickly dumped once he became a celebrity.



Mrunalini and Christopher help a limping uncle Ranjish mount the steps to enter an ancient mansion in the himalayan foothills.



Their *poorvaj haveli*, a joint-family of many houses, constructed and reconstructed over the past two millenniums, is an evolved structure of **the original hermitage we have seen in the prologue.**

Uncle Ranjish divested of his western attire is now sitting in a central hall as the chief among a group of tantriks. Mrunalini and Chris are observing the ritual. **A replay of the vedic hermitage scene**

While the group chants prayers, the chief extends his hand to Mrunalini.

Into his palm she places the cotton with *TeeVee's* bloodstains - his romantic memento forced on her from the tableaux of *Rani Padmini & Alauddin Khilji.*

The tantriks repeat the same tests and come up with the same results **"Eternal Youth" .. "Transcends time, ... Ageless" "Evil Incarnate"**

"Its HIM!" concludes uncle Ranjish with an exultation.

With anxiety yet hesitant, Mrunalini enquires in a soft voice **"Can can he be redeemed? ..."**

Uncle Ranjish Duggal looks sharply at her. That question from her was a giveaway. It exposed to herself the true feelings of her heart.

With eyes full of pity he gives a sorrowful smile and shakes his head in negation.

A deep sigh of determination escapes from her flaring nostrils as she gets up

"Chachuguru" she requests **"Show me the khandaani archives ... the vedic manuscripts, please."**



In one musty room within the *haveli*, to get back to a family tradition she had couple of years ago rebelled against and run away from, Mrunalini opens and sets before her the brittle and fading parchments of leather, papyrus scrolls and palm leaves. **A musical treatment. Song starts here >>>** She did it with a vengeance - to her own self.

She started practicing the vedic rituals of her clan brought down to her by many generations of her forefathers through centuries.

.. the chanting of mantra ...

.. immersed neck deep in freezing lake waters ..

.. long before the dawn breaks ...

Breath regulation.

Strict dietary control and fasting.

Yogic meditation for mind control.

Tantrik meditation ... for thought projection.

All these were rigorous punishing exercises. Uncle Ranjish helped her in these. And to her amusement, boy Christopher enthusiastically joined the sessions to give her company.

The mountains would wake up to the morning aalaps (music solos) of Mrunalini and Christopher. They would be



sitting on misty grass slopes. This visual would be an encore of that in the prologue - *Tantrik Kanya & Boy Prince*.

Her time was spent mostly in reading at the archives ... only distracted by Chris's attempts on local stringed music instruments ... drumyin, snyan ... whatever he could lay hands on.

To tone her body and mind, there were some martial art practicing too. These physical exercises border on the *paranormal.

* visual She does a martial arts kick and levitates herself to pivot around on thin air - as *Tantrik Kanya* did when confronting *Thiru Vaazhithan* in the prologue.

And through these, we see her slowly undergo a subtle transformation - mostly in attire & stride. Now her gait is such, we would identify it with that of *Tantrik Kanya*.

On an evening during a trip to the town, while walking through the market, it was Chris - ducking his celebrity identity, who brings to Mrunalini's attention the visuals running on a TV screen within a store window. "Akka, look, look ... " <<< The musical treatment ends here.



It was a news item in a local channel about their teammate Asleem. Bold letters were scrolling beneath the picture ..

POP STAR ASAL CLEARED OF HOMICIDE CHARGES BUT HAS TO FACE TRIAL FOR NEGLIGENT DRIVING

The visuals in the news had Asleem coming out of the court with his lawyer on one side, and on the other side an elderly woman. It was his mother Saira who had joined him recently from their native place.

"Akka, I would have to go back, no? to defend him" That was Chris's voice from behind her as she watched the news.

"No need of that" Mrunalini says, cut and dry.

"But, .. but ... anyway, the police will summon me to give evidence" Chris whines.

Next, on TV (now with audio) is seen an election debate.



The ruling national coalition at Delhi had collapsed after the demise of the earlier PM. It was the opinion of the debaters present there, that if scion & crown prince young Harshad would take over party reins, his party could win enough parliament seats of its own whenever a next election was conducted.

On the basis of a national opinion poll, Harshad's party could storm to power.

The program was now being watched by Mrunalini & Chris in the drawing room of Uncle Ranjish's cottage.

When surfing channels, **BBC HARDtalk** they are startled to see their mentor *TeeVee*, a.k.a. *Thiru*, appear on the TV screen. It was the prestigious program 'HARDtalk' which was being seen worldwide. As they come to it, the program was almost towards the end.

The interview was done by none other than Stephen Sackur of BBC. His subject Mr. Thiru - the man on the hot seat, was responding to a question.



" ... Either Energy .. or; ... hmmm Defence ... yes, Defense is a portfolio I may be interested in". Mr. Thiru finished answering.

" and not puppeteering a young Prime Minister?" interjects the interviewer.

"Dixsti quiz unus. Stephen! Non me" pointing at Stephen Sackur the enchanter exclaims in proficient latin and then he bursts out laughing ...
"You said that. Stephen! I didn't"

Both of them have a good laugh.

Stephen, becoming serious "Defense, you said? ... Well, shouldn't your country's neighbors get alarmed at that prospect? ... With India's nuclear arms I don't mean Pakistan, but China .. I think alarm bells should start ringing in Beijing this very moment ... as they listen to you".

Mr. Thiru, surprised "Why China?"

Stephen takes out a paper from his pocket and reads lines from one of pop group **F4** 's hit songs - 'Tawang Bash'. "When the British Prime Minister sang these lines in Hong Kong, the world laughed"

Putting the paper back into his pocket the interviewer asks
"Now that the bellicose man behind this song could one day be behind missiles aimed at China, should the world still keep laughing?"

With the face expression of a boy caught with his hand inside the cookie jar, the man whispered "Touche! Stephen, ... done your homework well ... most people don't know that part about me ..."

Then as he goes on to answer the question posed to him ... there was a ferocity in Mr. Thiru's eyes "Keeping the song aside, ... as I said 'Why China', ... India is a Super Power. It is time all our neighbors I repeat, all neighbors of India take our military strength with the seriousness it deserves On this topic, I am merely sharing with you the view of our party and that of our young Prime Ministerial candidate"

Mrunalini's eyes were locked onto the expression in the man's eyes.

Trying to peer into his mind, she never heard much of the interview after that. Mr. Thiru, having made a veiled threat on behalf of his country towards the entire international community, went back to charm the interviewer and the audience.

She was woken out of her trance when Chris shakes her "Akka, see this ... see this". He was showing her something that had come up on his iPad.

It was a financial report on '**Reality Loan Collapse**'. It had caught Chris's attention because advertisement agency **Tinlas**'s name figured boldly in it.

When she clicks the link, a video report **The Rise & Fall of India's Loan Finance Giant** starts playing

It was an expose - how over time with a fraudulent finance scheme, **Tinlas** and **Thummoot Finance** had elaborately woven a web to mislead investors.

And, there he was ... a broken old man, Shri. **Chachappan**, the once venerable giant of Indian Loan Finance! ... he, who in disgrace had to resign the Chairmanship of the **Thummoot Finance**. It is not strange that **Media Moghul Mulgund** or his **RealEstate TV** (gone extinct in ignominy) did not figure in the expose. The report belonged to **Mulgund** owned **Associated Networks**.



When she turns her attention back to the HARDtalk, the end credit titles were running with Stephen and Thiru shaking hands.



Mrunalini switches the TV off, and gets up determined "*You are right Chris, ... we have to go back*"

Now the expression on her face is such, it is clear that her transformation to **Tantrik Kanya** is complete.

THIRU VAAZHITHAN

END OF PART THREE screen time now approximately 80 to 85 minutes



THIRU VAAZHITHAN

- A LEGEND, REBORN.

PART FOUR



The Fragmentation

PART FOUR **The Fragmentation** duration 20 to 25 minutes

We see Asleem maneuvering his bike through a field of solar reflective panels *"Ammi, where did you say you are? I am still searching ... I can't find the building"* he is talking over his cellphone to his mother as she guides him to the place where she presently is.

Then we see Venkit in a car driving through another side of the same maze while talking on phone *"Have you gone mad Parimala? Why did you come here in the first place? ... And, if you are not in danger, why need call me here? yes, yes, one more turn to the left ... I can see the central shed ... what crazy place is this?"*

He could then see a board saying **"K.E.P.C. Solar Farm, Powerhouse"**

It was Teevee's dream project - *World's Largest Solar Energy Farm* built at the vast Nandi Valley 50 km from Bengaluru city, once a showpiece for his technocracy, now defunct.



Screeching to a stop both of them meet head-on in front of the powerhouse gate. As Asleem and Venkit dismount and recognize each other, in animated fury both prepare to get back onto their vehicles and drive away. Thwarting their withdrawal suddenly, reminiscent of their attempted about-turns during old meetings, both their cellphones ring simultaneously!

No, this time the calls were not from each other's phones. Asleem's mother tells him *"Beta, unther aa ..."*. Parimila requests Venkit *"Don't get angry at your friend. I'm inside ... Please come in"*. He sees her waving at him from inside the building.

As they walk together into the reception of the powerhouse building, they see Mrunalini sitting between Venkit's fiancée Parimala & Asleem's mother Saira. The three women were holding hands.

Due to neglect and disuse the hall in which they have now assembled looks dilapidated. Mounted on its walls were huge photographs of the glorious opening ceremony of **K.E.P.C. Solar Farm** by the late PM. There were also other photographs taken during construction phases. Prominent amongst the persons surveying the construction development were *promoters* Nand Khemka & Rajnat Khemka, *consultant* TeeVee (Thiru), and playing second fiddle to TeeVee surprisingly there was Palek Dabholkar!



The backyard of the powerhouse.

The place is deserted except for Chris. He is experimenting a setup Mrunalini had asked him to devise. He has connected his music keyboard through the sequencing computer to some of the solar panels.

The hinge-mounted panels constitute of highly polished mirrors. Turned by servo motors, they are programmed to track the movement of the sun across the sky, so as to keep reflecting the incident sunlight directly at the central tower throughout daylight hours.

After completing the connections, on his keyboard Christopher strikes chords & drumbeats. The solar panels resonate to his music. This in turn fluctuates the light these panels focus on the central tower. He notices that he can make the brightness of the tower dance to his beat.



He shouts "Akka, it works ... it works!"

Christopher enters saying "... it should work better with Venkit-bhayya's drum machine .. and Asleem-bhai singinguh!" he stops in surprise as he sees Asleem and Venkit sitting there holding hands and talking to the three women. The ice had been broken.

Chris stares, unsure whether to laugh or cry. Venkit smiles "How are you kid? Venkit-bhayya is already here with the drum machine, and Asleem-bhai shall sing whenever you want" Asleem and Venkit get up and take turns to hug a sobbing Chris happy to see his teammates after a long time.


"Sorry, kiddo" a remorseful Venkit adds "... I realize I had always been harsh on you feel like a skunk myself whenever I think of it" His confession makes Parimala smile.

"I have to tell you something of grave importance" Mrunalini addresses the five persons seated before her.

audiotrack The exorcism rhythm beat heard in the Barn Yaga prologue, starts here >>>>

With her audience listening, Mrunalini reveals a destructive phenomenon known to the ancient people. An **ancient evil** they had suppressed. the visuals in montage, only relevant parts of her discourse is heard.

Meanwhile we see Thiru at the height of his glory - he is devising poll campaign strategy, with the young PM hopeful listening. A confident Thiru by citing opinion poll data & vote bank charts, refutes and lambasts a sullen looking **Party General Secretary**.

With ancient vedic charts, Mrunalini shows how $\dagger + \vee + \bullet$ their 3 talismans and  her key had roused the **ancient evil** - benevolent in overture but malevolent in hindsight, to attain a modern day avatar. her dialogues and visuals are rendered in fragments.

Meanwhile we see Thiru examining relief operations at Assam deluges. It is Media Moghul Mulgund - slated to become the next I&B minister, who is holding an umbrella over Thiru when the skies open up.

One after the other, a series of photographs pops up on Mrunalini's laptop - AsH, VenKi, Chris & MiLi (members of **F4**), Chachappan, Sneha - the young actress, and finally Rajnat Khemka - Venkit's companion in debaucheries during his celebrity days. Mrunalini is establishing the pattern of 'rise-to-fall-to-ruin' of everyone who at onetime was a beneficiary of this avatar's



favor. Both Rajnat & Sneha had in unrelated events following their disgrace, committed suicide.
 Mrunalini's lines and visuals are rendered in fragments.

Meanwhile we see Thiru seated in the pilot's seat of a new nuclear-armed strategic bomber. After inspection, as he steps down to the deck of aircraft carrier INS Virat, it is Palek Dabholkar who helps him take off the flight gear.

"Also, .. just see this! ... " An expansive gesture with her arms, she was emphasizing the defunct solar plant around them as one another of those in a pattern of devastating track record. Mrunalini completes her discourse and sums up ".... at the cost of devastations to the lives of many, this phenomenon today has risen to take central stage.
 ... **Why?** well, its aimed by a single minded predisposition towards destruction
 but very cunningly & intelligently executed ... step by step
 **For What?** .. To bring Chaos - Final Complete Destruction hence it is termed **the ultimate evil**".

Like the Tantrik Kanya, she now talks in rhymes, with a touch of music

Here, Mrunalini pauses for her words to sink in. So far, she was talking in metaphors.

"Now, it so happens we know the evil we know him as TeeVee - our TeeVee*. If he is not stopped now, he shall destroy the whole world. *visuals photo on her laptop turns live - Thiru is seen taking torpedo aim through the periscope of Nuclear Submarine Arihant.
Nobody can stop him, except us we, **F4** ... the four of us here".

<<<< The rhythm beat of the Barn Yaga in the prologue, ends here.

His hot headedness resurfacing, a furious Venkit blurts out "S..O..B, I'll tear him apart and all of us can take our talismans back!"

That comment invites a sharp look of reprimand from Parimala. Venkit murmurs "sorry".

A long pause, Asleem says "Mrunal, ... aapki marzi, mera hukkam (you can count on me)"
 Observing Parimala's gaze still resting on him, Venkit has to say "You are akka & deedi to us I should have listened to you long back from now, Mrunal I shall do anything you tell me"
 Mrunalini turns to Chris to ascertain his participation.

Teary eyed, the boy starts singing the **F4 title anthem**. Others join in. All 4 of them hold hands in solidarity.

Mrunalini touches Asleem's mother's feet in obeisance. An emotional mother places her hands over Mrunalini in blessing "jeete raho ... beta" and hugs her.

"Now, how do you get in touch with TeeVee?" It was Parimala urging an action plan "None of you have any contact with him. So, any suggestions? ... Twitter? Facebook? email id?"

Nobody has an answer. Mrunalini closes her eyes in contemplation.

With a sly smile, Parimala "Wanna takeout a classified? 'F4 calling TeeVee .. Please come, we want our talismans back Oh meanwhile, can we take you apart?" It draws snickers from the boys. Even with an E&C Engineering degree & MBA, Parimala still retained her girlish demeanor.

Looking back and forth between his iPad & iPhone, Christopher says "TeeVee never had a personal number or ID he always worked through assistants at Tinlas"

Parimala "Now that Tinlas is no more, can you get to Palek, your old boss, akka Mrunal? ..."



Mrunalini appeared in deep thought, in a trance. Eyes closed, she says "I see a path give me a phone one that has been least in operation" Chris hands her his iPhone 'this has a fresh SIM, akka'



Eyes still closed in meditation she takes the phone, dials on the touchpad. It shows 9842787874.

" Y-U-G-A-P-U-R-U-S-H "

Mrunalini opens her eyes and warns "Once this call goes through, we have exposed ourselves everybody, realize ... no more hiding!!"

Getting no negative feedbacks from her team, she presses  call.

(complimentary news on page one)

Statesman Thiru at IISM today

You know what you are,
not what you can become!
At IISM they had promised to
Discover the Diamond in You.

Thiru-ji is there today to help
make that promise become true.



16/12/2016 pages 8 & 9 The Hindu

We see an 'interference secured' phone placed on a podium top. It flashes in silent mode within the auditorium of the prestigious private university IISM (Indian Institute of Success & Management).

A guest lecture was in progress.

At the invitation of IISM owner & dean - billionaire Amalesh Roy, Thiru-ji the multifaceted genius had come down to interact with *the best of the best in B-school* (the organization motto). The assembly was being charmed by the guest speaker on whose honor IISM had taken out double-spread ads in all major print media. Listening to him students occasionally burst out in laughter.

While on the subject '**Naive Parents & Savy Kids**', one female student raises a question "How old are you, sir?" to which his answer is "In truth, 2000 years old. But the fact is, I was born yesterday".

The silently ringing phone attracts the attention of his aides. Remembering that he had switched-off the instrument, puzzled, Palek ventures towards it, but halts! Alerted by a sixth sense, Thiru stops the speech in mid-sentence and turns to look sharply at the phone. There is a strange glow in his eyes.

Thiru apologizes to his audience and walks back from the stage front, with directions to take over the talk he hands over the microphone to Palek, and picks up the phone himself.

It says 'unknown number'.

An expression of distraught - which can occur only with a long expectant wait, is seen coming onto his face. Suddenly he seems to have lost his bravado, and become vulnerable.



Mrunalini realizes the phone at the other side has been picked up a long pausethere is only silence at the other end.

Before she could prompt a 'hello?', Thiru's husky voice falls on her ear "I knew you would call me someday **today**, ... everyday I would say to myself it would be **today!** ***Mrunalini!**" His calling her name echoes within her. Overcome with passion she winces. She flutters her eyes* to help herself from becoming overwhelmed by the emotions transmitted through his voice. The matter was getting out of her control. Having lost the words she had prepared, she remains silent.

*Tantrik Kanya

Getting no response, he asks anxiously "Are you there?" Still, only silence from her.

Thiru "I was searching for you ... everywhere" his voice was getting choked "... your home address on Tinlas records was nonexistent were you hiding? why hide from me? ... why do you evade me? ***Mrunalini!**"

'Mrunalini' .. 'Mrunalini' the voice keeps echoing inside her a desperate plea.

She is forced to respond his call, a bit loud she says "Yes?"

On the other end Thiru's eyes brighten it was not just because of what fell on his ears, but also what he was shown on a call-source-display-tablet by one of his security aides.

"Exquisite!" his voice sounded relieved "Please don't run away dear ... stay there, I shall reach you within an hour" saying that he terminates the call.

As she hands the phone back to Christopher, he says nervously "Akka, he would know this place my phone's GPS location the tower position has been tracked by now".

Mrunalini nods at him, meaning "That's the idea".

Getting up with Mrunalini, Parimala whispers "Everybody, One Hour"



On the powerhouse mezzanine floor, while the F4 members stood looking through the large glass panes out towards the vast fields of solar panels, Mrunalini was wondering how her visitor shall make his appearance. It was 10 minutes to the designated hour when they hear chopper rotors! A big Westland copter flies past the building.

The tracker display on Thiru's aide's tablet keeps showing that source of the phonecall hasn't moved.

Located about 1/2 KM away was the powerhouse's landing pad. The copter reaches that yard, but doesn't land. As it ominously hovers above, dozens of white SUVs with beacons flashing emerge suddenly from side roads to swarm the landing yard.



"Oh, my God, we are done!" it was a hoarse cry from Venkit.

They see numerous armed security personnel jump out from the vehicles to sanitize the premise before the bird is cleared for landing.

Chris "They are going to storm this place! just to nab us?"

"Dosthon, hathiyar hai kissi ke pas? ... crowbars .. steel pipes anything, quick" that was Asleem.

"Parimala, hide!" "Ammi, dushman! bhaag!" With war cries, two chivalrous males stampede down mezzanine stairs in search of weapons to defend themselves and protect womenfolk from the oncoming assault. Mrunalini holds Chris's hand tight, preventing him from panicking.

At the helipad, Thiru steps out of the copter.

After a quick deliberation Thiru overrules anybody escorting him. He then starts a lone long walk towards the building fearlessly, with no weapon except for the 'Thiru Vaazhithan staff' - now become a walking stick, held in his left hand.

Assured that no such storming as feared was to take place, Chris runs off to pacify the brave ones "Bhaaii....., bhayyaa calm down its only him coming ... listen, only TeeVee is coming ... " Mrunalini keeps watching her visitor approach.

His footsteps reverberate across the empty expanse of the generator floor as Thiru walks into the abandoned plant ... his eyes searching.

After moving around the place seeking, he was about to call out to her when his attention falls on the gear brought by Asleem, Venkit & Chris and now kept in a corner of the generator floor.

He took them for her belongings.

"So this is where you have been hiding? ... No wonder you couldn't be located"

The thoughts that came to him, he was voicing them out loud, because he knew she was around there somewhere "A wonderful place to be in ... **the largest solar power farm!**"

He turned about, arms dramatically outstretched in an expansive gesture "This, is one of my triumphs most heartening that this place has given you shelter much glorious than the purpose this was intended for."

His words are met with silence. But he was sure she was listening.

In one of the corridors he was about to call "Mrun..." when he notices her reflection on a big glass pane ahead of him.

Reluctant to face him, she had sheltered herself, her back pressed close against a wall just behind him.

Their eyes meet in the mirror in an encore of the *Khilji & Padmini tableaux*.

He turns around to face her.

After the tableaux, this is the first time they meet alone. The one instance in-between, was the *F4 breakup scene*.

"So there you are ... " Obvious was the contentment on his face of finding what he had desperately sought. She maintained her silence, trying to remain detached.

" ***Mrunalini!** "

That call and its echoes bring about a change in her. Suddenly now, just as in many previous instances, their eyes lock magnetically onto each other. An electric charge, its potential if crossed a limit could trigger one explosive discharge, keeps on building up between them.



"You know, all four of you suddenly left me! Left me lonely ... a very lonely man" his voice started breaking. "But now, since you are here come back into my life, I realize how much I missed you ..."

With misgiving and longing she was gazing intently as he closed the few inches gap between them.

"I can understand the grouse of the other 3 But, why did you leave? ... How could y.. lea.. me?"

There was so much agony in that choked questions, she cannot but answer ...

Mrunalini "I got con .. confused about you when the team broke up ... when the boys went away it was traumatic I thought my destiny lay elsewhere ..

.... it took me the last three months to get hold of myself before I could call for help ...

I realize, I need ... now I need ~~yo-~~ .. help"

Thiru cut in ".. and I need you Mrunal"

He is very close to her "Nobody invigorates me as you do" Now almost touching her "You just won't understand, ... **I have great .. still greater triumphs in mind ... You have to be part of that ..**

.... and I tell you, ... I was crushed when I found I had lost you ... I ... I was seeking you ... to this day"

With his deep breaths now felt on her face, she started searching his eyes as to how much of what he was professing is true. She sees utmost sincerity in there.

As if to remove any apprehension in her, with his left hand that held the staff, he pulls aside his vest and from an inner pocket takes out a bunch of dried jasmine flowers strung together. That was the strand of flowers fell off Rani Padmini's hair, which he had promised to keep in remembrance of the event.

She was touched. And, she sees tears in his eyes.

Feeling pity, responsive to his passion, she brings up her hand to touch the dried flowers ... and then raises it further to caress his face.

Then, with a strange mixture of suspicion, warmth, curiosity, concern ... and *awe* on her face, she ventured with her hand to slowly push his kurtha collar aside and look for the injury she had caused him at the tableaux.

The marks are there on his chest. She caress it fondly.

He was heaving and that made the staff slip down from his hand ... she stops the slide by holding it against his chest. It was her talisman she becomes nostalgic when she recognizes her once treasured possession her KEY!

While she was holding it in her hand, random thoughts about the powerful talisman's potentials flashes through her mind.

There it was! Her Key. In her hand. What should she do with it use it to quickly subdue him ... **now?** But then, why should she contemplate his destruction ?? He was standing so close to her ... in full sincerity ... professing his longing for her !!

She flickers her eyes and in her vision the injury marks on his chest is suddenly not there! The dried flowers in his hand is not there either!! *Babu's cat and the pan of milk scenario

Yet, in her vision the staff she holds against his chest still remains visible.

That brings about a change in her ... subtle. She is now on guard.



Suddenly, he grabs her by her shoulders. Startled, she looks up into his eyes and finds that his expression also has now changed. Where there was erotic passion & longing, now there is a curious puzzlement.

"Wait a moment. How did you find me? the phone closest to me, today!"

Thiru's question remain unanswered.

As if to find the answer, Thiru gazes further deep into her eyes.

In intense concentration, he is now talking to himself *"There's something about you ... about you alone that I could never fully understand ... sometimes I feel we two are meant to be team-mates or, maybe .. is it that both of us are destined towards cross-purpose!"*

In her eyes he attempts to read the future....

He whispers almost inaudible *"nemeses to each other?"*

visuals in fragments Events that which are to happen in near future, he reads in her eyes.

Still whispering .. *"My nemesis? No! you are that innocent poet-girl ... no femme fatale!"*

visuals in fragments Here, a vision of her face. Her eyes look violent as she gesticulates with both her palms.

Staggering as the blow hits him, he was getting more intrigued in what he could see ... and what he couldn't understand. *"That cannot be! .. You aren't meant to extinguish me!*

Because, both our destinies seem linked without me, the purpose of your existence also shall cease... Yet, in you ..." Gazing into her eyes, an awe comes over him.

Unaware of himself, he repeats his old prediction *"...in you, I foresee ... a surprise-in-waiting*

::: a surprise ::: for both of us" these last words she joins with him to say, and laughs silently.

Finding him taken aback, Mrunalini whispers mirthfully, disarmingly *"You had said that on the very first time we met".*

Her taunt had a tang of flirt to it.

Becoming animated with a strange passion, he lets go of her shoulders and in an act of possessiveness cradles her face in both his hands.

She was remaining pressed flat against the wall. Bringing his face close to hers emphatically he says ...

"You have to be mine on my side .. not against me. There is only one way to make sure of that"

What was left unfinished at the climax of *Khilji & Padmini tableaux* was about to happen here now.

But Mrunalini is a *different kanya* today.

The staff in her hand she drops to clatter loudly (!) on the floor. Three pairs of feet can be seen approaching from the distant end of the hall.

Seeing a sudden shift in her eyes, Thiru follows her focus of attention and turns around to see Asleem, Venkit & Chris approaching.

visuals TeeVee separating from Mrunalini. We see this here as viewed on a CCTV monitor *

Surprised, Thiru looks back at her sharply on which, under her breath Mrunalini whispers to him *"After I called you ... I had called them also here ... for help. But you ... it was really you I wanted. Our shared destiny ...we shall talk ... later"*

*nonlinear narrative

Later, while Mrunalini would be preparing the visuals for an **alternative media release**, we discover that the above interaction between TeeVee & Mrunalini had been recorded through a revived CCTV (amidst many other defunct ones) of the power plant's security system.

With Ammi Saira praying with her prayer-beads nearby, Parimala had been watching anxiously.

Later, Parimala would comment to her *"Akka Mrunal, ... I was afraid for you he almost got you then .."*

And Mrunalini would mutter to herself *"Yes, .. for the second time ... but never again"*



With their faces sullen when the male trio nears them, Mrunalini steps forward to address *"I just told TeeVee what I told on phone to each of you that it was disgraceful on our part to spite him after all that he has done for us"*

Walking away from Thiru towards her friends, she says *"Like I have just done .. Aslee,Venk, ... Chris, each of you tell him your problems ... only TeeVee can help you"*
Her behavior seem to coverup the embarrassment of being caught during an intimate situation. Hence, Thiru also catches on and says *"Before we move onto anything, ... aren't we forgetting some traditions ...?"*

Thats when the disciples remembered their practice to touch in veneration the feet of their guru. While they jointly do this, Thiru embraces them *"My children"*. He has a lingering doubt whether this *'coming together - hasn't it been too convenient?'*
Still, this is an emotional union for all 5 of them.

audiotrack A sentiments-evoking melody.

the following is narrated in a nonlinear interspersion [as seen through Mrunalini's eyes](#). >>>>

Boy Christopher starts with a problem common to all ...

*"Our **Genie Bottle Song**, TeeVee ... every other blog or music portal ... they kick us around on the Jana-Gana-Mana goofup only just last week, someone called 'Partiotic (sic) NGOs' has filed a PIL against F4"*

As always, the brilliant Mr. TeeVee (Yugapurush Thiru) has solutions for each and every one of their problems. Now with his rise to national prominence, he has so much clout.

"Relax, .. kid .. ." while assuring Chris, over phone (?) TeeVee speaks *"Palek-ji, please come in ...I want you to help my children ... somebody known to you."*

Palek starts his car drive towards the powerhouse.

"I am meeting the National Cricket Board Chairman tomorrow. He shall see your spot fixing charges dropped" Thiru tells Venkit *"You know, his daughter... that MTV hot girl VJ, ... she is a fan of yours.. always enquires about you Venkit"* Thiru winks at Mrunalini when he notices her observing his patronizing.

Mrunalini sees her former boss Mr. Palek enter the hall.

Their common vexing problem - *plagiarism and deformation of the national anthem*, which Thiru had dismissed with a backhand slap, he addresses now.

"Palek-ji, get these 4 to address a press conference announce that F4 had meant the musical phrase to be a compliment to their country as a goodwill gesture, let them dedicate the song to the nation, and contribute the song proceedings to the 'Partiotic (sic) NGOs' ... I tell you, you shall find the problem disappear!!"

Ad-agency (Tinlas revived. Thiru is absent in these sessions. Parimala & Saira are present)

The planning of a press conference is in progress.

"Can we sing the song together once again at the conference? It was our first!" it is poor Chris - in all innocence and desperately nostalgic of old times, who suggests this.

"That would make it quite newsworthy, dear boy" appreciates Palek.

"Why stop at that? Why don't we perform all our songs?" It was Asleem.

"Wow! Palek-ji, make it an event then not a conference" It was a girl from the P.R. ThinkTank



group. The youngsters were now getting excited.

"Hey, tell you what! ... If you F4 guys announce a reunion, the event could attract at least 100thousand people!" That was another bright ThinkTank.

"Sure, we'll do that ... the issues between us were never personal" asserts Venkit and turns to Mrunalini for her response. She concurs, but is silent.

Powerhouse. The reunion point.

"He shall do it" Thiru declares after closing a call and handing the phone back to Palek

"That was the Home Minister ... I've asked Asleem's 'negligent driving' charges to be dropped."

A relieved Asleem he pulls aside and whispers "Have you seen the new Hummer SE? ... I am being offered ten ... to have the import duties reduced".

Thiru glances to find whether Mrunalini has overheard the conversation.

Mrunalini was not tuned-in to Thiru's words. She was studying the play of sunlight - bright hotspots, falling on Thiru's body.

Ad-agency Tinlas.

"Lets aim sky high, Palek-ji! A great musical event! .. The Greatest!"

The group is chattering ... everybody throwing in ideas of how great an event this can be made into.

With raised hands, demanding attention, Palek gets up "The most anticipated event of our times! The Reunion of F4!! ... Fans from all parts of India. A great gathering of music lovers ... A sea of humanity! .. our target is 'One Million Audience' !" shouts of aye! aye! yahoo! goes around.

Mrunalini remained silent, she hears only "One Million Audience!" "One Million Audience!"

"One Million Audience!" ... something tingles her antenna.

Powerhouse. The reunion point.

"One Million Music fans! ... The reunion of F4 members happening at the behest of their mentor Thiru!!" Palek completes his grandiose conceptual speak to Thiru "There, with Thiru's blessings the song shall be dedicated to the nation"

"Palek-ji, Palek-ji ..." Thiru in a pampering tone "I know you can get your One Million ... but, as I said, I was born only yesterday ... so enlighten me ... which auditorium can pack your One Million? no stadium can hold a million!"

That's when it occurred to all that even the new Indira Gandhi stadium in Bengaluru - the largest in India, had a capacity below 300, 000.

Mrunalini "Oh, then lets do it out in the open ... daytime .. like a political meet ..." Surprised, everybody looks at her as she says this ... she, who always was the last to embrace grandiose schemes!

"Oh Yess! ... lets make it a Desi Woodstock" Palek sounds relieved as he says this.

"Hmmm ... that is something!" remarks Thiru "But, where?"

Mrunalini "Here ... right here ... this solar farm is big, empty, unused ... and ideal".

With his hand close to his chest Thiru smiles "And, ... close to my heart, dear girl!"

With sunlight playing on his body, Thiru stoops to pick up his staff that was lying on the floor. As he turns to Mrunalini, she is seen looking upwards. He too looks up to notice that he was standing right under the tower. The spots of light upon him were those reflected from the tower top. Their eyes returned to each other and locked for a few moments after this seemingly frivolous occurrence.

<<< the nonlinear narrative ends here.



With preparations for the **Musical Reunion Event** (A Stage Show) going into top gear, Mrunalini gets turbocharged. She starts by demonstrating a 'levitation & kick' to the rest of the gang.

We see details of her preparations

A Musical treatment

- ▣ Along with Venkit & Chris, she perfects Solar Farm Panels' *'dancing to the beat'* . The panels are hooked to their music sequencing system.
- ▣ Along with Asleem, she trains the dance performers of the show, on how with an orchestrated move they have to *'block a fleeing man'*. This is during stage rehearsals at Tinlas auditorium.
- ▣ Along with Parimala, Mrunalini prepares an **alternative media release** to be handed out *after* the Reunion Event.
- ▣ The Solar Farm Powerhouse gets converted into a central stage and the sides are opened up so that One Million Audience can sit/ stand all around and watch the performance. The stage design & drawing plans gets discussed at Tinlas.
- ▣ Along with Parimala, Venkit & Chris, Mrunalini converts the Tower base - positioned right above the stage center, into an electrode. Directly below on the stage floor is fixed a 'grounded' bottom plate onto which the electrode shall discharge.



This happens while the stage construction takes place. To ascertain the correct positioning of a 'subject' on it, a 'target' is painted on the ground and Asleem does a dummy-run by lying over it.

- ▣ **One Million pamphlets** - thick large size A4 cards, were being printed for distribution to the Event Attendees. Behind the printed program was a mirrored melamine surface. It was as reflective as a hand mirror so as to show the viewer's face in it.



- ▣ **One Thousand mini USB Flashsticks** (Thumb Drives) were being prepared to be given away



to the **F4** fans after the event. MP3 songs of the live program were to be burned onto them during the event.

Palek is in charge of the organizing. Because of his busy schedule, only for one of the sessions Thiru could join the discussions. As before, he patronizes Asleem, Venkit & Chris. Speaking to them separately, he revives Asleem's interest in new cars. He arranges an interview for Venkit with the hot MTV VJ.

After arranging a meeting with Brothers Dan & Sam Houser in London, Thiru gets Christopher to endorse a character in **Rockstar's Video Game Grand Theft Auto VII**.



Thus Thiru once again assumes his mentor role for the boys.

Now, Thiru's attempt to talk privately with Mrunalini somehow doesn't happen. This is because either Parimala or Saira was always around her. The one instant he could corner her, he mentions to her "I have something important to tell you ... For sometime I am being asked to make this presentation bidding to the Olympics Committee ... **City of Delhi to host 2024 Olympics** I knew that I wouldn't be able to carry it off without you, hence haven't accepted it as yet. But, now that you are here"

Thiru presents her with the concept
 *THE REENACTMENT OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S CORONATION



* According to historians it was prime minister Disraeli who persuaded Queen Victoria to adorn the Sovereignty over the Indian Dominion - The Jewel in Her Crown. The scandalously lavish celebration in Britain and **The Delhi Durbar** in India was the greatest event of mid-19th century.



"I want you to depict Her Majesty Queen Victoria!!"

"It would be kind of provocative ... to remind everybody once again the colonial hegemony ... but, with an Indian woman - you Mrunalini, ... along with this depiction **if that mysterious beauty Rani Padmini is also revealed to the entire world**, ... I can pull it off." Assures Thiru.

"That Aussie IOC Chairman would be floored ... Yet, we shall still be one up over the erstwhile colonial masters" He smiles furtively.

visuals From what had actually occurred in Khilji-Padmini tableaux, Mrunalini could foresee Thiru as Disraeli crowning her with the greatest glory of a lifetime ... sovereignty over dominions - **glamorous dominions**. With her as Empress and him her prime minister, the implications were obvious. No woman on earth would resist the offer!

"Spare some time alone with me, and be my muse ..." requests Thiru while standing close to her, gazing into her eyes.

visuals in fragments In her eyes he was trying to read the future.

Suddenly, the earlier vision of her palms' blow-like gesture repeats.

But before the vision could reveal any further (her attire), she flutters her eyes and blocks the vision.

"... after the business of this Event is over" Mrunalini whispers to him.

As the Event D-day nears, the group starts asserting on program details.

Coming to the topic of 'Media Coverage of the Event', though Mr. Mulgund was close to both TeeVee & Palek, the group vetoed the idea of granting exclusive rights to Mulgund's KTV. Instead, Parimala organizes an in-house team.

Parimala also elbows out Palek in matters relating to stage executions.

Thiru cautions Palek to be watchful.

That is when Palek notices that there were elements unknown to him being planned for the event.

The **alternative media release** prepared by Mrunalini & Parimala comes to Palek's attention.

Puzzled at the purpose of the group's secret planning, on the morning of the event Palek drives out to warn Thiru of a conspiracy.

*Here we see a repeat of the previous **Bike Chase**.*

First, Palek loses his cellphone. Next, when Asleem & Venkit waylay his Rolls car, he loses his transport.

Palek lands up in casualty with his both arms & jaw fractured. He can't communicate to Thiru.

Asleem & Venkit get on stage with just seconds to spare.

till here, written as sequence description
from now, as screenplay



The Event

It was a bright winter day. The sun high in the sky.

The program starts with *One Million strong crowd* roaring - as fans witness their favorite pop group reunite on stage.

Song performances follow the reunion act. The decor of the stage backdrop and the costume of the dancers keep varying according to the theme of the music.

In place of Palek, at the control room Parimala is in command. She has teams of technicians attending the video feeds and stage automations. Amidst the beehive of activity sits Ammi Saira rolling her prayer-beads, praying incessantly.

From the control room Parimala informs Mrunalini on her earphone that Thiru's entourage has arrived.

Over the vast sound system, Mrunalini announces the welcoming of their mentor.

Dancers strut along the ramp that extends into the audience, and they escort Thiru onto the stage. In the process, either by design or by oversight, he gets separated from his security escort. Thiru nonchalantly waves them away.

When Thiru gets on to the stage platform, Asleem, Venkit & Chris come to touch his feet. Mrunalini is not seen on stage. With the mic handed to him, Thiru has to do a short introductory speech, blessing *The Fabulous Four* and dedicating their controversial song to the nation.

"Where is Palek?" asks Thiru. He is a bit suspicious when no answers come.

"Where is Mrunal?" asks Thiru. "She has a surprise for you, TeeVee" answers Chris.

Along with 100 dancers dressed as *poojaris*, Mrunalini makes a dramatic entrance.

This is almost identical to *Tantrik Kanya*'s introduction in the prologue.

Seeing her in plain white flowing linen robes devoid of frills, sans ornaments, just with flower bracelets, anklets & crown, everybody is enchanted - everybody except Thiru.

She makes an announcement "We have a special composition dedicated to our mentor Thiru-ji a new song we want all of you to sing with us and participate" their fans cheer

On a signal from her, Venkit strikes a peculiar drum beat. Startled, Thiru recollects the beat.

The same exorcism beat that was heard in the prologue.

Chris begins the melody on his keyboard. Now Thiru is on full alert.

Before Thiru can react, Mrunalini sings out a chant in tune to Chris's melody the same which the *Tantrik Kanya* had sung two millenniums before! Thiru feels a disorientation.

Asleem while taking up the verses, encourages the audience to repeat it after them. The entire crowd starts repeating the chant **the verses were printed on the front page of the program card** distributed to the One Million Audience now in attendance. (The backside of the card was the mirrored surface).

By now he has realized the conspiracy. Suddenly grabbing a stage mic, Thiru gets up to interrupt the song/ chant.

Anticipating this very move, alert in the control room, Parimala mutes his microphone.

Parimala, on the earphone channel "The subject has become active .. Akka Mrunal, watch out!"

Mrunalini turns to face Thiru for the first time. Their eyes lock magnetically. But Thiru is now seeing before him a different Mrunalini - determined and purposeful.

Just as he was about to call "Mruna ...", she wards off his powerful gaze with the fluttering of her eyelids. As he accosts her, Mrunalini continuing with the music chant, joins with 100 dancers (*poojaris*) to make blow-like gesticulations at every beat of the drum, towards Thiru.

This was like hammering him with the verses.



When the chant strikes him, for a few moments his attire transforms to his *Sangam Era* dress. Thus he, the *Poojari Dancers* and Mrunalini as *Tanrik Kanya*, together make a 2 millennium visual throwback for the chant/ song.

Thiru feels energy being sapped from him. The hand gesticulations fall on him like body blows. Stepping back, stumbling and raising his hand as if seeking help to steady himself on Venkit, he suddenly pushes Venkit violently aside and pulls out the power chords of his drum pad. The machine conks off yet the beat continues!

"Rhythm Generator has taken over" shouts Parimala through the earphone feed.

Realising that his every move has been anticipated beforehand, in surprise Thiru looks at Mrunalini. Evoking the original *Tanrik Kanya*, she increases fury of the chant & ferocity of the hand gesture by another notch.

Thiru staggers. Jumping off stage and seeking an escape route, he runs into the audience.

Mrunalini suddenly changes the chant. On cue, the dancers follow Thiru into the crowd.

Asleem prompts the crowd to follow the verse variation.

When Thiru reached the outer cordon and was about to jump over towards a sure escape, a blast of blinding light hits him!

With the backside of the card - which is a mirror, the audience flash sunlight directly at him **exactly on the music beat** - the beat which was fed from Venkit's rhythm generator, now reverberating through hundreds of high-power speakers for many square miles around the venue. ***Venkit was demonstrating to the crowd how to reflect the sunlight.***

The dancers now surround him and block him. Their hand gesticulations continue. On this, to wards them off, he lashes out with his staff. Lightning Forks emanate from it! Audience take this enactment of '*Thiru & The Dancing Poojaris*' as part of the performance to that music number and loves it!



visuals Meanwhile, seen from high above the solar farm, a good number of reflective panels - once nonoperational but now revamped, are resonating to the music beat.

Sunlight reflected off thousands of them makes the glow on the central tower '*dance to the beat*'.

This in turn charges the electrode positioned beneath the tower.

Parimala is keeping track of the **static electric charge** building up on the electrode.

"Showing 28% of discharge potential, Akka Mrunal" she informs.

With that ritual also in place, a modern day reenactment of the *Yaga* witnessed in the prologue, is complete. The delirious chant by the music fans is same as the mantra done in trance by the priests.

Sunlight flashing at him from thousands of handheld mirrors, chants blaring from a million mouths all around him, hand gesticulations from a hundred arms hammering on him, Thiru is slowly pushed back towards the stage. He has become completely disoriented.

Wringing her palms open and shut, Parimala is urging the electrostatic potential to rise *"55% ... go up, go up, please! ...ooh! 65%"*

With Chris on the keyboards, the music was rising towards a crescendo.



Thiru turns towards the stage. Surprising everybody with a surge of strength drawn from within, he makes a dash towards Chris at the instruments.
Mrunalini comes in between them to shield the boy.

"85% ..." Parimala announces on the earphone feed "... now, 88% Mrunal "

Panting, Thiru locks eyes with Mrunalini. She continues with the chant, gesturing blows with her hand.

Agitated, he raises his staff to strike violently ... at Chris!

Mrunalini does a '*tantrik levitation*' and coupled with '*martial arts acrobatics*' she pulls Chis up into thin air and evades those deathly blows.

It was a series of lashes and she has to flip lithely around. She lands bang on her feet upon the bull's eye marked at stage center. 🎯

The crowd cheers at what they thought to be a pyrotechnic performance.

As a result of this acrobatics, Mrunalini's singing and Chris's accompaniment had ceased.

Also, the exertion has Thiru exhausted. "*Ramp up Tempo.... Venkit*" Mrunalini hisses.

The beat gradually becomes faster. So does the chant.

Thiru with faltering steps walks towards Mrunalini who now stood at the very centre of the target.

Parimala "96% ... Akka, move off from there!" She doesn't budge "Mrii..naa..ll "

She retreats two steps ... wielding staff, Thiru advances wobbly towards her.

Palms open, she stretches both her hands towards him ... in a gesture meant to cast a spell.

Maybe because of that, or maybe not ... the hairs on his head stand upright!

He lowers the staff held in left hand to convey 'no offense intended'.

Then, with pleading eyes, he extends his right hand towards her

Parimala "100% !! ... DISCHARGE coming any moment now ..."

Mrunalini was looking intently at him. Thiru mumbles "*Please, I .. wanted ... to tell you*"

Slowly, she lifts her face and looks upwards.

Taking her action for another diversionary gesture, he hesitates for a moment. Then he senses something above his head. He follows her gaze and looks up



Thiru Vaazhithan alias **TeeVee** alias **Thiru** alias **Yugapurush** gets vaporized by the explosive condenser discharge. Music stops with the explosion. When echoes of the thunderclap die down and the fumes clear, audience are on their feet applauding the performance for which they also were participants. They never understood the significance of the drama.



Like fireflies floating around, there lingers an eerie glow upon the target mark where he had disappeared.

Mrunalini, anxiously *"The electrostatic charge ... has it dissipated? "*

Parimala *"No, ... despite the grounding .. it is not earthing away ! "*

Mrunalini sits down to touch the floor and discovers that the eerie glow 'pulsates'.

To Asleem, Venkit & Chris huddled around her, Mrunalini whispers *"He is still alive!"*

Parimala didn't hear Mrunalini. She was observing the CRT monitor. It showed the charge started earthing ...

*She calls out "OK, OK, ... Now it is dissipating earthing
UH,OH! The charge is flowing into those Recording Drives ...
..... through the earthing wire ...*

*fragmenting ...
Oh my God! ...Look, its entering the MP3 song thumb drives Hey, gang ...
it has got into your USB memory sticks ! .. all 1000 of them as Data
Fragments !! "*



Realising what had happened, thinking fast, Mrunalini gives out instructions

*"Pull out the sticks! Start distributing the mementos, **now!!** ...*

*Guys, make sure to spread them out ... far and wide **Quick**"*

With Chris hurriedly pulling them out, Venkit & Asleem start handing out the USB sticks to the 'poojari s'.

Each collecting ten-ten of the sticks, their 100 dancers to go out towards different parts of the One Million crowd, so as to make sure that *Thiru Vaazhithan* fragments are well spread out.

"Fans from Rajasthan here take this" "Mana valu .. Mana valu" "Punjabi bhangra ke deevanon.... "

Mrunalini could hear the tumult on the grounds as she hurries off the stage.

As Mrunalini walks into the control room, technicians and personnel were rapidly moving from station to station. They were preparing delivery of designated visuals, news, audio, etc, to different Media Networks.

*"That has to be a MTV exclusive ... was promised to them" "Remove that product display
.... not needed on this version"*

"Yes, all live media feed had already carried the Event slug ..."

"from NDTV? yes sir, you can download the requested clips the link has been sent to you"

Mrunalini negotiates a path through them, sits at Parimala's console, puts on the headphones and says *"Now remaining .. **alternative media release** "*

*"Yes!" concurs Parimala "... also-known-as **Thiru's Farewell Declaration!** ... Just finishing."*

Completing the edit on the system, Parimala sits back *"Done! Akka, watch"*



Playing on the large video screen, (heard only on headphones), is the recording of that short toast Thiru gave after stepping onto stage ... He is seen addressing Asleem, Venkit & Chris

*"My children, for me this is a cherished moment my dream to bring you **The Fabulous Four** back together has come to fulfillment today"*

- cut to wide shot -

** "Now, before I move to my next dream ... the dream to take up the reins of this nation I am confiding to you ... to you alone, that I am planning a vratha - an intense deep meditation ... I won't be seen for sometime sometime, till I am ready for my great task then, I shall be back. You don't know where I come from so, you won't understand where I am going now. Just inform the people concerned. If I tell them myself, they won't let me go I shall be back. ... till then, Goodbye"*

** The words from this point were taken out of Thiru's other audio recordings and spliced-in to match his lips. The job was painstakingly done to avoid detection of a manipulation. But still there were imperfections which were masked by background noise and resorting to 'wide angle camera' takes.*

Mrunalini *"Sufficient for now"*

Parimala getting up from the desk *"I shall forward this first to his party-office ... to that Party General Secretary who hates him and ask, whether it can be released to the media"*

Before leaving she turns around to remind *"Oh, one last thing Akka"*

Mrunalini *"I know, .. destroy the evidence I shall do that"*



Epilogue

Mrunalini shuttles through the stage recordings of the event. She selects all media contents from the point whence Thiru gets up to grab the microphone till the very end - when Thiru gets vaporized. All recordings end there ... *should end there*.

She 'lasso selects' all multiple camera video tracks and associated audio files. With a sigh she presses 'DELETE'.

Prompt comes up on the computer monitor

Are you sure you want to remove all media? This operation cannot be undone!

With lips pursed in determination, she presses 'DELETE'.

While 'DELETING MEDIA CLIPS' process bar advances on the computer screen, she notices that there is a balance to one of the clips ... and it starts playing on the big video monitor.

visuals From the ground painted with the target mark, from the fallen position HE gets up wobbly with pleading eyes, HE extends right hand towards her looks directly into her eyes from the video monitor and continues the last words HE was speaking ...

"Please, I .. wanted ... to tell you something Why did you have to do this to me? If you couldn't become mine, .. be with me on my side, then, I could have become yours! ... been with you ... by your side! Oh, together ... what a team we would have made! ... Think about it sometime."

HIS body fragments into charged particles and flows away into the ground.

With a strange fascination she kept looking at the video. Into her eyes now comes a sense of loss.

- fade out -

END CREDIT TITLES

The background visuals for the end titles comprise of the One Million dispersing after the Event. We see details of the individuals to whose possession have come the 1000 USB Sticks.



THIRU VAAZHITHAN

END OF PART FOUR screen time approximately 100 to 115 minutes - depending on detailing & songs treatment





To establish the contexts of the original myths and trace the course of their adaptations

The *Kuttichathan* myth is known in all parts of South India. When subjugated, this spirit - a poltergeist full of pranks, can bring your desires to fruition. If crossed, it can also turn malevolent! Having no physical form, there is nothing 'childlike' about it. Except that the pranks are similar to that of a spoilt kid's. So in adapting the story it was our idea to make him come in the form a boy. With that request by the children fulfilled in the story, the fantasy takes off. Raghunath Paleri characterized the demon-boy well. Master Aravind portrayed it to perfection.



"Chris strikes keyboard and the panels dance to the beat" (page 43)



Likewise, *Thiru Vaazhithan* is a spirit known in some parts of South India. A fantasy story based on this character we had considered (in 1983) even before the *Kuttichathan* film. It was while exploring the possibilities of having fun with 'a depraved spirit' or 'a genie with spelling mistakes', that Fazil told me the *Legend of Thiru Vaazhithan*. Panikkar sar had a musical stageplay based on this character.

Unlike the spirit *Kuttichathan*, this personality had started off as a 'living human character'. *Thiru Vazhithan* was once a rich landlord powerful in the art of ancient indian magic. HE was always **more than eager to help others** with advice, money, material and magic. To a recipient of HIS favor, HE would be heaven-sent ... or the divinity itself! For, who else would help you so selflessly? However, there is a sting in the tail. HIS every benevolent act, given due time, backfires.



"The talismans were traced to archaeological sites" (page 36)

Last confirmed sightings

Sufi mian Saint Kairali 1200 Multan

Tutucorin De Nobili 1718

Konark 2.A.D

Mrinal, where is this? The key to my KALKI

Returned to sender 1st A.D

KEY

A recipient of HIS favor would beget larger problems, and end up cursing for accepting the gift from HIM. Yet, since the person would be dependent on HIM to solve the resultant problems, the person would again get tangled in larger webs. (A modern day analogy to this, at least for some people, would be the magic wands known as Credit Cards, EMIs & Gold Loan Schemes).





Returning to the legend, the king once sought HIS help when during one harvest season a 'maravar gang of marauders' from across the Sahya mountains raided their land. Instead of casting a spell on them as the sovereign expected, HE suggests bribing the gang with chest full of gold coins and make them go away. HE himself provides the bullion!



Y-U-G-A-P-U-R-U-S-H
98427 87874

"Thiru was giving a talk at the IISM when the call came in" (page 45)



The king and his subjects are very grateful, of course. But then to their horror, the next season those marauders return furious. The gold had turned into dust by the time the gang had crossed the mountains! Incredulous, the king asks the purpose behind HIS deceit.

"Oh, any magician can cast a spell to bring pestilence on marauders any rich man here could have contributed real gold. I wanted derision to come on their faces when they opened the chest ... hah ... hah .. her .. hee!!! Taught them a lesson!" HE just couldn't help roaring with laughter.

"But, but ... what about us? What do we do now?" the king was baffled.

"Oh, I have more such tricks up my sleeve" HE said snickering. Those tricks got the king and his subjects into further troubles.

After many such misadventures for the people and roaring laugh sessions for HIM, at an old age we find a broken man on HIS death bed - alone in a mansion, abandoned by all - even by spouse, offsprings and servants. *Thiru Vazhithan is dying.* HIS predilection for practical jokes and the sadistic* pleasure in devastating those receiving HIS favor, finally bring just deserts. *One would never see villainy on his face. In fact HE would look deeply deeply hurt if HIS good intentions are doubted.

Alauddin Khilji
glimpses reflected in a mirror
the famed beauty of
Rani Padmini

"Opening Theme for
Beauty Pageant Mumbai 2015"
(page 31)



continued on page VI >>>





**CORONATION
OF
QUEEN VICTORIA
AS EMPRESS OF INDIA
1877**

Thiru's concept
City of Delhi
to host 2024 Olympics
bidding presentation



The Reenactment of
Queen Victoria's
Coronation



"Mrunalini could foresee Thiru crowning her
with the glory of a lifetime
... sovereignty over the glamor dominions.
An Empress!
No woman on earth would resist the offer!" (page 53)

**Rockstar Adopts Indian Character
- Musician Chris**

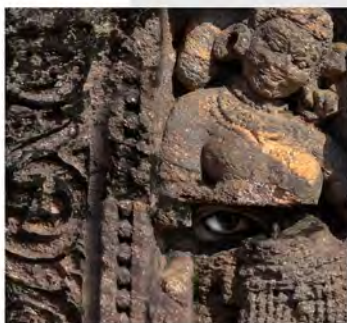
by Joe Juba on September 19, 2015 at 11:01 AM
5,994 Views Aiming the Indian Video game market, this is a
first after Barbie made her debut in a local avatar
....

[Source: Rockstar Games via CVG]



"Meeting with Brothers Dan & Sam Houser in London, Thiru gets Christopher to
endorse a character in Video Gamer Rockstar's **Grand Theft Auto VII**" (page 53)

From inside the huge barn, giant doors are furtively inched open. A voyeur's eye peeks out through the slit. He sees
distant dust raised by the ones approaching.
A feminine voice asks "Is he coming?" The voyeur whispers "Yes, he is!" (page 1)





Pop Star Asleem Zayed, who was arrested in connection with a drunken driving case that led to the death of one and injured four was not granted relief with the Madras High Court on Monday denying his release on conditional bail. **JHC denies Asal conditional bail** The prosecution's case was that the petitioner drove a car in a rash and negligent manner under the influence of alcohol and ran over people who were sleeping on the pavement near a hospital on Pantheon Road, Egmore. He had been in jail for more than 45 days.

"TeeVee gifts him with a yellow Sports Ferrari. Asleem runs it over some pavement dwellers asleep on the pedestrian walk, and crashes the car". (page 34)

Indian celebs / Bollywood Celebs rankings on Twitter

Twitter IDs of Indian Celebrities - Bollywood celebrities on Twitter, TV, Sports, Celebrities

"Adorn My Throne .. Share the Dominions with Me"

The baarat of Mewari King's wife now as Hindu Empress to the Muslim Emperor. Such alliances were considered glorious and greatly celebrated in medieval India. (page 32)



EXCLUSIVE
GOSSIP WITH MISS MALINI
Is puppy boy Christopher still a minor?
A juvenile who can't get into scandals ?? Boy, take lessons from Miley Cyrus

"Zeitgeist, Hot Trends, Twitter Followings & YouTube Hits"

The mere volume of these numbers were considered as the benchmark of success and hence greatly celebrated in the 21st Century. (page 32)

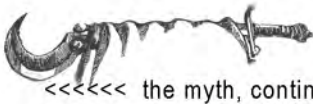


".. the pendant would make metal detectors scream" (page 17)



"He did it with evil & magic. He burst an anai-kattu (bund) and washed-off the scaffoldings so my charms do say" in rasping voice says the old oracle (page 6)





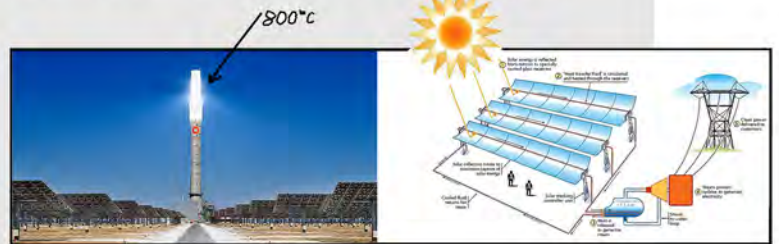
<<<<<< the myth, continuation.

The youngest of HIS sons, against the warning of others, out of mere sentiments, peeped in to look at his dying father. The son finds that HE is full of remorse for the troubles HE had caused others. HE has only one dying wish as per horoscope, to be buried in a particular corner of that compound. Assured that no other tricks are forthcoming, the other three sons one after the other visit their father. They too separately promise HIM to honor the burial wish HE expresses to each of them. And then, HE dies.

More out of relief than grief, the king and his subjects come for the funeral. There they witness an intense feud between HIS four sons. Each had promised their father that the burial shall be in a particular corner but the promise HE had extracted from each of the sons were four different corners northeast, northwest, southeast and southwest! All four were bent upon executing their commitment. Realising that even on deathbed HE had pulled a last and lasting one, the king offers a solution - cut up the body into four.



Thiru Vazhithan was still laughing as HE stood before Yama, the lord of death. Yama has a problem ... how could one categorize the evils of this man? Sure, HE deserved hell. But admitting HIM into hell would be unfair even to the worst of the inmates there. While Yama discussed the issue with his assistants, without wasting time Thiru Vazhithan was getting acquainted with the inmates who had wandered out to the gates.



"The Largest Solar Farm" (page 27)

When Yama turns around, he sees a riot breaking out at the gates of hell Thiru Vazhithan's words had already created divisions among the inmates ... and by now they were at each other's throat. And there HE stood, aside from the tumult, smug like a boy who had successfully completed his first assignment on day-one at school. Yama has no choice other than return HIM back to earth.

Reaching home, HIS spirit cannot enter the body - since it was now in 4 separate pieces buried at four corners of the compound. Hence to this day HIS spirit roams around seeking human forms to enter.



"The enchantments associated with each of the talisman...."

"... of sentimental value for its owners" (pages 17 & 20)



In parts of South India, mischievous boys - the ones prone to naughtiness, are faulted by grandmothers to have become possessed by the spirit of Thiru Vaazhithan. That's the Legend.

I remember that day in the summer of 1983, while shooting film '*Ente Mamattikut-tiyammakku*', Fazil and myself commenced an elementary treatment to the above topic. In about 10 minutes we devised the following .. In ancient times, a crowd of tantriks by chanting mantras, suppress this great 'mischievous evil', dismember to 4 pieces and dispatches HIM. The pieces come together in modern times through 4 youngsters. *Thiru Vaazhithan* is reborn!
Then what? then Fazil and me went back to complete the film under production.

I remember that day in the summer of 1988, during a break while shooting '*Chanakyan*', I mentioned to Rajeevkumar what Fazil and myself had devised. It was Rajeev who suggested that the 4 youngsters coming together should be a modern day pop-group. A dismembering should happen again in the climax - by chorus chants from the audience during a live music program. Kamalhasan, who was listening nearby, made an observation that the main character was negative - as in his film '*Vayanadan Thampan*' (1978).
Then what? .. then the lighting setup was ready and everybody returned to the shooting floor.



"Generator Floor in disuse"
(page 46)



Coming to the negativity of the character, .. yes, it has similarities with 'Joker' of the Batman stories. 'The Joker' in all his pranks has a pathological bend towards evil. But for *Thiru Vaazhithan*, HIS favors cannot be pinned down as 'evils' .. nor do we go into the psychology of the malice. It is never explained why HE is predisposed to chaos.

"Venkit's forefathers used the talisman
for gambling"
(page 17)

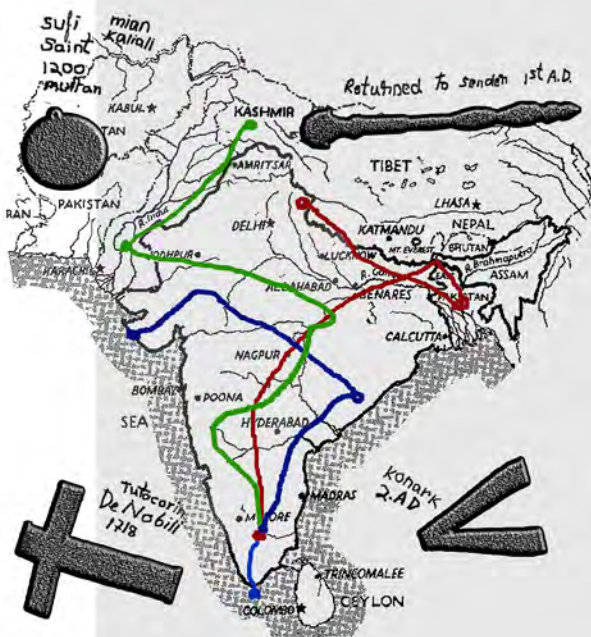


Maybe, HE by himself is not aware of the outcome. The enigma is in keeping the audience guessing ... keeping alive, on knife's edge, an illusion or hope '**maybe HE shall turn out to become good** ... because HE seems to be so sincere!'

The subject has always been at the back of my mind and it sort of developed by its own (like a few other stories - *Chundan*, *Anmol Moti*, *Orapro Nobis*, *Croc Munro*). Last month I mentioned it to Babu, my brother in law, who liked it and to encourage me penned a narrative brief himself. I told it to Najeeb and Balajee who also were enthusiastic. A few of my kids - Ajjjo, Namrata & Tiju were thrilled. Considering to write it out, I discussed possibilities with Sheker, Madan Karki, Raghunath Paleri, Prakash Moorthy, Satheesh Paul and Rajesh Abraham. All of them gave valuable suggestions.



Rajesh told a story from modern day U.P., which has a similar overtone as the *Thiru Vaazhithan* legend. There was a landlord who was a pest to the society and did all sorts of deeds to make life hell for his enemies. On being struck down by a terminal illness, he in an act of repentance calls a meeting of those with whom he had the maximum feuds. He apologizes to them and requests a favor. He tearfully tells the group that a *Spiritual Acharya* had assessed his lifelong misdeeds and had proclaimed that his soul won't receive salvation afterlife. So, as soon as he is dead, to prevent his soul from roaming the earth and haunting them, a ritual of 'driving a bamboo stake through his heart' has to be performed as recommended by the Acharya. He wanted his erstwhile enemies to do him this favor. They agree, he dies. No sooner they drive the stake through the corpse, having received a complaint from the dying man that he was being murdered by his enemies, the king's guards arrive to catch the accused redhanded.



Meanwhile, the pursuits of a team of archaeologists/astrologers - in diary entries

Two corroborative evidences confirm that the 'KEY' was returned as floods in Bengal prevented transit to the intended destination.

At Kalibangan, found some texts related to Sufi saint Mian Kaliali. He had used a 'holy amulet' to dig wells in the deserts of Multan.

The 'Konark piece' which we had lost track of, was found at Dwaraka archives. It had reached Kutchhi!

According to the natives, the Jesuit Roberto DeNobili had used this crucifix which miraculously healed ailments. The area between Tutocorin, Madurai and Palayamkottai - the mission centres of the Italian during the 18th century.

Another similar character in history is Vlad Dracula - a ruler in Hungary during the 15th century (the inspiration behind Bram Stoker's novel). One of his many atrocities include a mammoth charitable act - Inviting the entire gypsy population of his land to a great feast! While the banquet was in progress he had them burned to death by setting fire to the halls. Pre-dating even the Nazis, the benevolent act was a ruse to get rid of the plague pestilence wrongly attributed to the gypsies.

- The myths & legends, completed.



rudimentary photoshop/ 3dmax illustrations by jijo, balaji & tony to enthuse scriptwriter, production designer artdirector & illustrator/ animator



