

Hijra
by
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EXT. RUNDOWN HOME, INDIAN CITY - DAY - 21 YEARS AGO

A troupe of HIJRA dressed in bright colours clap with spread fingers and smile outside of the front door. A nervous man fidgets in the open doorway.

HIJRA
A dance for the new child?

A WOMANS VOICE from inside.

WOMANS VOICE (O.S.)
I do not want them here!

MAN
I am sorry, please, leave us,
please.

He doesn't meet their eyes as he hurriedly shuts the door. Angered, the Hijra mumble among themselves. One points at the door with an outstretched arm.

HIJRA
Then your child is destined to be
just like us!

They laugh haggishly.

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT, INDIAN CITY - NIGHT - PRESENT

Down the street light spills from the large windows where those with money show their wares, but here is where the less well off turn their tricks.

A man fucks one of the "ladies" against a dark building. Her glitzy red high heel sparkles in the dregs of street light as it bounces in mid-air.

Other whores lure johns with their most practiced seductions. KISHORI, 21, a young woman with strong features slinks toward two young men, her hands held together, spread fingers pointed down.

KISHORI
Come sleep with me mister?

One of the men is ANGRY, the other is FRIGHTENED. Frightened tugs at Angry's sleeve. Angry yanks his sleeve away and shakes his fist at Kishori. He slurs as he speaks.

ANGRY
Fucking Hijra bastard!

Kishori's smile tightens. Frightened puts his arm around Angry, protecting him from his temper and then whispers.

FRIGHTENED
You idiot, she will curse us.
(to Kishori)
Please. He is drunk.

KISHORI
He is insulting.

Angry tears away.

ANGRY
They pissed in my Uncle's store!

And he spits in Kishori's face. With a cold stare Kishori licks his spittle from her lips then rolls her eyes in fake ecstasy.

KISHORI
Mmmmmmm. I can not wait to taste
the rest of you.

Both men stare wide eyed. Kishori runs her hands along her sides as she squats down to a crouch. She grabs the bottom hem of her sari then she looks up at them seductively. Frightened trembles.

FRIGHTENED
Oh shit! She is going to lift her
robe!

Frightened runs off but Angry remains, transfixed.

WOMANS VOICE (O.S.)
Amal!

Kishori's head snaps toward the call.

EXT. RUNDOWN HOME, INDIAN CITY - NIGHT - 8 YEARS AGO

A worried WOMAN stands outside of the doorway.

WOMAN
Amal!

Her voice echoes around town until it stops at an

ALLEY

AMAL(13), with a blackened eye, looks longingly toward the voice, then full of rage he punches and kicks an empty box.

TRAIN STATION - DAY

A FOOD VENDOR serves another customer. Amal, his black eye nearly healed, stares at the pakoras and licks his lips. He reaches toward some golden battered goodness but the Food Vendor smacks his hand and shoos him away.

Amal runs.

He stops as the train arrives. The beggars congregate around the train's exits. He joins them, pushing into the crowd he holds his hand out and pleads for Rupees.

Most of the beggars are ignored by the detraining passengers, with one exception. A group of strong featured women who clap their hands with open fingers. They seem to do a brisk business.

Amal tries their clap. One woman notices and she elbows another and soon the group of women are tittering at his parroting. The women are, of course, Hijra.

HIJRA
Are you hungry, boy?

Amal nods.

INT. HIJRA HOUSE - NIGHT

A crowd of Hijra sit around the floor, eating. Amal scoops up the last of his dahl and washes it down with the last of his drink.

An elderly woman, their GURU, sits as a perfect lotus at head of the room. She raises her hand and there is silence. She smiles at Amal.

GURU
Did you enjoy your meal, Amal?

Amal nods.

GURU
Good. I understand you have no home and are looking for a place to live. We can offer this to you. Do you want to be part of our family and live with us?

A more vigorous nod.

GURU
Good. To be a part of our family you must give up all that you have been and follow me obediently into this new life. Are you willing to give up all that you have been to follow me?

Amal scans the room looking at the expectant faces, ending with the Guru's. He smiles and then nods.

GURU
Then there is no reason to wait.

The Guru raises her hands in a jubilant expression.

GURU
Let the celebration begin!

SERIES OF SHOTS

The music swells and the Hijra fill the floor in a dance fitting a Bollywood musical.

Amal watches the dancers as his glass is again filled. He toasts the air.

Sari's billow as dancers twist, bend and turn.

Two women whisper and point at Amal. Amal is having difficulty sitting upright.

Dancers seduce him with their snaky arms and wriggling hands.

Drunk, Amal leans against woman next to him. She lovingly pets the side of his head. His eyes close.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE TO:

INT. HIJRA HOUSE - NIGHT

Amal awakes, still apparently drunk. He sits in a chair. Hijra on either side of him stroke his arms and legs. One strokes his brow. The Hijra chant. Amal smiles.

Each of the two Hijra at his sides grab one of his knees. They ease his legs apart, his robe rides up his thighs.

The Guru smiles down at him. She pulls a taut line of string between her two hands. Amal is perplexed.

She kneels before him, between his spread legs and rolls his robe up even further. Then her unseen hands are at the nexus of his legs and Amal throws his head back with a throaty moan.

Two pieces of string are pulled upward, then twisted and tied. Amal looks down at the Guru, questions in his eyes. The Hijra at his brow pulls his head back gently.

AMAL

What...?

The Guru glances up at him and smiles, her shoulder moves as she massages.

GURU

Shh!

And Amal's eyes close as he emits a soft groan. She ties the string once more and then the Guru nods at the Hijra massaging Amal's brow.

A block of wood is stuffed in his mouth. Amal's eyes open wide. He tries to escape but the arm and leg Hijra hold him tightly to the chair.

A glinting knife in the Guru's hand slices down, down to Amal's most private parts. Then a muffled scream from Amal as blood spatters on his robe and his teeth crunch into the wood. Then

BLACK

FADE TO:

INT. HIJRA BEDROOM - MORNING

Amal lies in bed, thin lipped, turned on his side, one hand stuck between his legs. The Guru sits on the bed next to him. He winces as the bed settles. She rubs his arm.

GURU
How do you feel?

Amal shrugs her hand off but does not speak. She gently plays with his hair.

GURU
You make a beautiful Hijra?

AMAL
I want to leave.

GURU
Where will you go? Who will have you? You are one of us now. Just as you wanted.

Amal's eyes tear.

GURU
You will stay. You will need a new name. Kishori, I think. It means a young pretty girl.

Kishori sits up face full of rage and hurt.

KISHORI
I am not a girl!

The Guru pats Kishori's soft flushed cheek and smiles.

GURU
No, you are not, but you will learn to be. I will teach you.

A tear drops from Kishori's eye.

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT, INDIAN CITY - NIGHT - PRESENT

A tear drops from an older Kishori's eye.

A foot kicks her square in the face knocking her sprawling to the ground. Angry lumbers above her.

ANGRY
Filthy whore!

Some other Hijra run to her rescue. They beat and kick at Angry, holding him back.

Kishori sits up, her face full of rage and hurt. She wipes the tears and dirt from her face with the back of her arm and she points at Angry with a shaking finger.

KISHORI
You are destined to never have the
pleasure of children.

She turns her face away in disgust, then to herself she whispers.

KISHORI
Just like me.

FADE OUT.