

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

Black

We see nothing. Every thing is dark; at least where we're looking. After a while of staring into a dark surface we see a speck of white emerging in the dark. The speck turns into confident lines and the lines start forming something that one would start trying to make sense of.

As our vision becomes clearer we understand that we're looking at a digital canvas that is being scribbled on. We see the creator.

1. INT BEDROOM - DAY

We see ABHIJEET (21) staring towards the screen. We see the light from the screen shine on his lifeless eyes staring without blinks to say otherwise. We see his hands working on a vacom with a vigour starkly contrasting with his blank face.

We see the screen again, this time there's a form on the screen that we can understand.

Abhijeet's face nods with the content of a successful analysis. After a quick glance at the time his eyes set on something else in the bottom of the screen and he squints his eyes bracing for something unpleasant. We see the pointer slowly move towards the task bar and after a hesitant pause click on the browser tab.

A blast of white light slaps Abhijeet's face furrowed ready to embrace the impact.

He turns towards the bright screen to look at a white text heavy page which reads 'brutalism'. As he's reading we see multiple pages pop up and down. We see Abhijeet's linearly pacing iris suddenly stop and look towards the time. He opens a whatsapp chat. The group name reads 'GD UG 2020'. We see a part of a message that says "result @ 6:30 AM". Abhijeet anxiously stares at the screen for a few more seconds hoping to magically find the non-existent message he's looking for. His pointer moves to check his internet connection which seems to be working fine. He goes back to whatsapp one last time before he gets back to working, reading and taking notes. Suddenly his momentum is broken by a notification sound. It's a whatsapp message. We see the notification read " packaging course results ". A chill runs down Abhijeet's spine. He sits still in the centre of the dark expanse surrounding him. His epiglottis dips. A cold sigh pierces it's way out of his lips. He folds his hands in prayer and his entire body curls in, out of innocent desperation. He opens his eyes and clicks on the whatsapp tab. He sees an image in the chat and clicks on it.