

BLACK SCREEN

TEXT ON SCREEN: "Depression is living in a body that fights to survive and with a mind that tries to die."

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

GAGAN (late 20s) sits on the floor beside his bed, laptop in his lap. He's drenched in sweat, anxious, and visibly shaken. His breath is uneven. Panic attacks. Depression. He types something on Google. The camera zooms in.

ON SCREEN: "Suici..." Before the rest appears, the camera shifts back to Gagan. He clicks a link.

Suddenly, the door opens. ADITYA (early 20s) enters, dressed sharply. He's holding a cigarette pack, already smoking. Clearly heading out somewhere. Gagan panics and quickly shuts his laptop.

ADITYA

Bro, have you seen my belt?

GAGAN

No... (pauses, then thinks)
Maybe it's behind the door.

Aditya finds the belt, continues puffing smoke in the room. Gagan shifts uncomfortably.

ADITYA

I know, I know... I'm not supposed to smoke in your room. Relax.

He walks to the window, flicks the cigarette outside. He gathers his stuff – phone, keys, cigarette box – and puts them on the table while buckling his belt.

ADITYA

You sure you're not coming?

Gagan silently shakes his head.

ADITYA

Alright. I've put rice on the stove. Just turn it off after a while.

Aditya exits. Gagan goes to close the door. As he turns around, the emptiness hits him. He freezes in place. His breath quickens. His hands tremble. He walks toward the stairs.

EXT. ROOFTOP - EVENING

Gagan steps onto the roof. He looks around. Then slowly walks to the edge. He peers down... Three people stand below. One girl looks straight up at him. Their eyes meet. Gagan panics. He stumbles backward, breathing heavily. He rushes back downstairs.

INT. HALL - EVENING

He slumps to the floor, shaken. Suddenly – the cooker whistles. He jumps up, startled, and runs to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

He switches off the gas. Removes the cooker from the stove. Then – his eyes land on a KNIFE. He picks it up. Places it on his wrist. His hand shakes. Breath rapid. He tries – twice, maybe thrice. But he can't. He throws the knife away. Leans against the slab. Eyes shut. Silence. Then – he turns. Turns on the gas. We hear the HISS of leaking gas. He just stands there, staring at the flame switch. Suddenly, he hears the sound of HIS OWN SCREAM in his head. He jolts. Realizing the pain, the fear – he turns the gas off.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Gagan sits on the floor by the window. Looking at the sky. Empty. Then, he lies down slowly. His eyes land on the CEILING FAN. He stares. Gets up. Opens the cupboard. Pulls out a long cloth – a dupatta or a bedsheet. He ties it to the fan. Places a chair underneath. Stands on it. Breathing fast. Eyes closed. Hands gripping the cloth. He has made his decision. Suddenly – he sees something. THE CIGARETTE BOX. Aditya's. Left behind. Gagan stares. He lowers the cloth. Steps off the chair. Picks up the cigarette box. Takes one out. First time ever holding a cigarette. He smells it. Puts it near his lips. Looks around. No lighter.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

He picks up the gas lighter. Turns on the stove. Lights it. Puts the cigarette to the flame. Takes a puff. EXHALES. Smoke drifts into the air. Silence.

BLACK SCREEN: Text- "And that's how he chose to die."