

FADE IN: A LINE APPEARS.

(In a shady black
background and white
font.)

"Life is full of uncertainty and chemical substance jammed
with toxic reactions."

1 INT. METRO - AFTERNOON

1

(Weather so pleasant it
could take your feet in
the air and drop you to
heaven. Cheerful air,
inimical noon, never-
ending daylight.)

MR. SINGH

FADE IN: VOICE OVER

I am a Neophyte of this generation.
Being social is good but being
"Socially Active" is bad. Online
facilities and never-ending days on
devices are really boring. The
paucity of external gaming has
evolved its direction towards
phones. It's obvious though you
know, I have lived through the
pornographic age too. It was good.
Awesome actually!!

(Metro curves via tracks)
It's transitory for a few teens,
nothing to worry about! Actually, if
you check the data, they...Okay,
never mind... I am an eater, a death
eater. The chicken, the Raan, The
meat, It's the best. The smell and
the watery flesh, (inhales deeply
and says)
it's top of the world. Ever wondered
what other flesh tastes like?

FADE OUT: CAMERA ANGLE CHANGES

(While gazing another guy)
Do you see that?? That idiot, he
used to be my friend once, our
friendship broke recently,
YESTERDAY!

DIMPSY

CUT TO: CAMERA CHANGES AND FOCUSES ON DIMPSY'S LIPS.

FADE IN: VOICE OVER

Don't listen to him, he is just, as usual, an idiot as we are. And he talks about flesh the entire time you talk with him, the same as he confessed to you all. This guy ate a bird, A BIRD! (With a pause) Never mentioned the breed but he snatched the hell out of it and burned it to the ground and ate like a hound who is eager to eat a raw corpse. Normal human eats, He swallows Blood. He snarls like an animal; he sleeps like an animal. Only pure evil would do that. Memeing, faking, and showing off to some dead animal shit. That's you, bro.

MR. SINGH

(Camera shifts to the 3rd guy in the corner.)
Look at that half-wit! 100% pure asymptomatic numskull. Total overhead spike. Assuming the quantum analogies they acquire, and the possibilities. He must have been dedicated to his work. His clean eyes, that perfect knot of his tie, nose just being perfect for two minutes straight.

METRO STOPS AT ANOTHER STATION

CUT TO:

(While peeking out)
That lady in the white dress. She looks like heaven. My hell got empty. (Breeze of air duct increases and soothes people with a clicky sound.)
These unrealistic inauthentic people have consumed me. Around like puppet masters, pseudo behavior. (Camera focuses on his eyes while he glares.) This hope for tomorrow made me cry like an infant!

3.

CUT TO: METRO'S TRACK