



THE BORROWED VOICE

A Psychological Thriller 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: Nisha claims Adil has been unknowingly using a voice that belongs to someone else, and she has the recordings to prove it. As she plays back his own broadcasts, Adil begins to hear a second voice hidden beneath his words—one that knows the secret he buried years ago.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Adil (37)

LOCATION: A soundproof radio booth with dim console lights, red on-air indicators, and acoustic foam walls. The room is intimate and sealed off from the world, with the glow of equipment creating a tense, controlled atmosphere.

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INT. RADIO BOOTH - NIGHT

Dim console lights. Red ON AIR indicator off. Acoustic foam walls trap every breath. ADIL (37), crisp shirt, headphones around neck, stares at the mic. A polished radio host with a flicker of exhaustion.

The booth door opens.

NISHA (33), dark blazer, jeans, recorder in hand, notebook tucked under her arm, steps in like she owns the silence.

ADIL

(half-smile)

Madam, live show khatam ho gaya. Autographs next week.

NISHA

Main autograph nahi, evidence leke aayi hoon.

She sets the recorder on the console. Click. A playback starts.

ADIL

Aap kaun hain?

NISHA

Voice coach.

(beat)

Aur aaj se tumhari sabse badi listener.

On the recorder: ADIL's broadcast voice.

RECORDED ADIL (V.O.)

...aur yaad rakhiye, raat jitni bhi andheri ho, awaaz raasta dhoond leti hai.

NISHA freezes the audio.

NISHA

Sunna?

ADIL

Sun liya. Mera show hai.

NISHA

Nahi. Neeche suno.

She rewinds a few seconds and plays again. A faint SECOND VOICE hides under Adil's words.

SECOND VOICE (V.O.)

Yaad hai?

Adil's smile disappears.

ADIL

Kya bakwaas hai yeh?

NISHA opens her notebook, flips to marked pages.

NISHA

Tumhari last fourteen broadcasts. Same breath pattern. Same micro-pause. Aur har baar ek hidden phrase.

ADIL

Editing artifact hoga.

NISHA

Har baar? Same artifact? Wow. Studio ka ghost bahut disciplined hai.

Adil forces a laugh. It dies quickly.

ADIL

Dekhiye, agar aapko koi complaint hai, station manager se baat kijiye.

NISHA

Station manager se nahi.

(leans in)

Tumse.

She plays another clip.

RECORDED ADIL (V.O.)

...kal subah milte hain.

Under it, the second voice again.

SECOND VOICE (V.O.)

Nisha ko mat batana.

Adil's face drains.

ADIL

Stop it.

NISHA

Ab pehchaan aayi?

ADIL

Maine kisi ka naam nahi liya.

NISHA

Par tumhari voice ne liya.

A beat. The room seems smaller.

ADIL

Tumhe kisne bheja hai?

NISHA

Kisi ne nahi bheja.

(soft, dangerous)

Mera bhai bheja hai.

Adil goes still.

ADIL

Main tumhare bhai ko nahi jaanta.

NISHA

Jhooth mat bolo, Adil.

(holds up notebook)

Teen saal pehle, tumne uski voice use ki thi. Uski delivery. Uska cadence. Aur phir apna show bachaya.

ADIL

Mainne kisi ki voice use nahi ki.

NISHA

Toh yeh kya hai?

She hits PLAY. A longer recording.

RECORDED ADIL (V.O.)

...aur agar koi pooche, toh bolo main akela tha.

The hidden voice cuts through, clearer now.

SECOND VOICE (V.O.)

Nisha ko mat batana.

Adil grips the console.

ADIL

(whisper)

Yeh edit hai.

NISHA

Nahi. Yeh memory hai.

ADIL

(angry now)

Tum kya chahti ho?

NISHA

Sach.

ADIL

Sach?

(beat, cracking)

Sach yeh hai ki us raat tumhara bhai alive tha. Main usse hospital le gaya tha. He was panicking. We were both scared.

NISHA's eyes sharpen.

NISHA

Aur phir?

ADIL

Aur phir... usne mujhe bola show karne ke liye uski voice copy karne ko. Temporary.

NISHA

Temporary became your career.

ADIL can't answer.

NISHA

Mera bhai gayab nahi hua tha, Adil. Tumne usse chupaya.

ADIL

Mainne usse bachaya tha.

NISHA

Jhoot.

She presses a final file.

RECORDED ADIL (V.O.)

...agar Nisha ko pata chal gaya, toh sab khatam.

The second voice comes in, almost a confession.

SECOND VOICE (V.O.)

Maine usse blackmail kiya tha.

Adil looks up. Nisha smiles for the first time—cold, victorious.

ADIL

Tum...

NISHA

Voice coach sirf cover tha.

(beat)

Maine tumhari recordings isliye collect ki, taaki tumhari guilt nahi... tumhara fear use karun.

Adil stares at the recorder, then at the mic. A decision.

He reaches over and flips the ON AIR switch.

The red light BLOOMS.

NISHA

Kya kar rahe ho?

ADIL

Broadcast.

He hits a button. Nisha's confession is routed live.

NISHA

Adil—

ADIL

(into mic)

Good evening, listeners. Aaj ki kahani meri nahi...
hamari hai.

Nisha lunges for the console, but Adil blocks her with the headphones cord.

ADIL (CONT'D)

Aur ek naam jo आपको पता होना चाहिये...

(looks at her)

Nisha.

Nisha's mask cracks. Panic. Rage.

NISHA

Cut it. Abhi.

ADIL

Nahi.

(softly)

Ab tumhari voice bhi borrow ho gayi.

The recorder slips from her hand and clatters to the floor.

Silence.

The ON AIR light glows red.

Adil removes his headphones slowly. In the dead quiet, a faint whisper seems to live under the console hum.

SECOND VOICE (V.O.)

Yaad hai?

Adil and Nisha both turn toward the same invisible source.

CUT TO BLACK.