



THE GREEN LIGHT

A Sci-Fi/High-Concept 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: Two scientists stay behind during a power test when a strange green signal begins pulsing from deep space in perfect sync with their heartbeats. One believes it is a discovery that could change humanity, while the other suspects the signal is a trap tailored to their shared past. The twist: the signal is coming from tomorrow, and it contains only one message—do not let the other woman leave the room.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Dr. Alia (35)

LOCATION: A small observatory control room at night with monitors glowing green, a large window to the telescope dome, and dim instrument lights creating a futuristic hush.

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INT. OBSERVATORY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

A small control room glows in soft green light. Monitors hum. A large window looks out to the dark telescope dome. The air is still, futuristic, and tense.

DR. ALIA (35), lab coat over casual clothes, tired eyes, tablet in hand, studies data.

MIRA (35), jumpsuit, headset around neck, practical and amused, sips coffee.

MIRA

Power test ke liye itni raat? Tum log astrophysicists
ya punishment department ho?

ALIA

Bas ten minutes. Agar kuch unusual hua toh main
dekhna chahti hoon.

MIRA

"Kuch unusual" tumhare liye hobby hai.

Alia ignores the jab. She checks the tablet.

ALIA

Signal stability tight rakhna.

MIRA

Haan, madam.

Mira flips a switch. The monitors FLICKER.

A low GREEN PULSE appears on the main screen.

MIRA

Uh... ye normal nahi tha.

Alia freezes, then leans in.

ALIA

Printout.

Mira grabs the SIGNAL GRAPH PRINTOUT. Another pulse. Then another.

The green waveform syncs with their HEARTBEATS.

Alia presses a hand to her chest.

ALIA

Mira... isko dekh.

MIRA

Main dekh rahi hoon. Aur mujhe bilkul pasand nahi aa
raha.

ALIA

It's matching us.

MIRA

Great. Universe ko bhi rhythm chahiye.

ALIA

Interference nahi hai. Pattern hai.

MIRA

Haan, aur shayad ye pattern tumhari coffee se inspired hai.

Alia glares, then returns to the tablet.

ALIA

Deep space source. Perfect sync.

MIRA

Deep space se sync? That's not science.

ALIA

It is if the source is intelligent.

MIRA

Or if somebody's messing with us.

A beat.

A printer CHATTERS.

Mira snatches the paper.

MIRA (CONT'D)

Oh, wow.

She turns the page to Alia.

ON THE PRINTED PAGE:

"DO NOT LET THE OTHER WOMAN LEAVE THE ROOM."

Silence.

MIRA

Okay, that's new.

ALIA

Tell me this is your idea of a joke.

MIRA

Mere paas itna budget nahi hai.

Alia takes the paper, scans it. Her eyes narrow.

ALIA

Timestamp...

MIRA

Kya?

ALIA

This is from tomorrow.

Mira steps closer to the monitor.

MIRA

Impossible.

ALIA

The signal isn't traveling through space. It's traveling through time.

Mira lets out a short, disbelieving laugh.

MIRA

Of course. Bas yehi baaki tha.

ALIA

Mira, listen—

MIRA

Nahi. Tum listen karo. Pichhle project mein bhi tumne bola tha, "Trust the data." Aur phir kya hua?

ALIA

Woh alag tha.

MIRA

Haan. Us din bhi kisi ne room ke bahar jaa ke galat decision liya tha.

Alia absorbs that. The old hurt surfaces.

ALIA

Tum mujhe blame karti ho, par tumne bhi warning ignore ki thi.

MIRA

Kyunki tumhari warning hamesha "trust me" hoti hai, and that's not a plan.

Another pulse. Faster.

The printer CHATTERS again.

Mira grabs the new page.

MIRA (READING)

"DO NOT LET THE OTHER WOMAN LEAVE THE ROOM.
SHE DOESN'T KNOW SHE WON'T COME BACK."

Mira slowly lowers the page.

MIRA

Okay.

ALIA

Okay?

MIRA

Tumhari face dekh ke lag raha hai ye definitely not okay.

ALIA

It means if one of us leaves...

MIRA

...toh woh wapas nahi aayegi.

A heavy beat.

ALIA

Or worse.

Mira looks at the door, then back at Alia.

MIRA

Tum sach mein believe karti ho ye warning hai?

ALIA

I believe it's from us.

MIRA

Future us?

ALIA

Most likely.

Mira laughs once, nervously.

MIRA

Future us has terrible handwriting.

ALIA

Shut up.

MIRA

No, seriously. If tomorrow's me sent this, she must've been panicking.

ALIA

Mira...

MIRA

What?

ALIA

Don't leave this room.

Mira meets her eyes. The sarcasm drops.

MIRA

You asking or ordering?

ALIA

I'm... asking.

A long, charged silence.

The green pulse on the monitor steadies, almost like a heartbeat.

MIRA

Fine. But if we die in here, I'm haunting you professionally.

Alia almost smiles.

ALIA

Fair.

Mira reaches for the telescope remote and locks it into place.

Alia shuts the tablet, holding the signal graph printout like evidence and a warning.

They stand together, not quite friends, not quite enemies, staring at the green glow.

Outside the window, the telescope dome sits in black silence.

Inside, two heartbeats sync with a message from tomorrow.

FADE OUT.