



SIGNAL LOST

A Sci-Fi/High-Concept 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: Three men monitoring a deep-space signal notice it begins responding to their private conversations before they speak them aloud. The technician thinks it is a system fault, the astronomer believes it is intelligent contact, and the operator suspects a prank from inside the facility. The twist reveals the signal is not from space at all—it is a message from their own future selves trying to prevent the room from ever opening the next transmission.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Dr. Ishan Rao (42)

LOCATION: A remote observatory control room at night, lit by monitor glow, blinking equipment lights, and moonlight through a narrow window. The room is packed with radios, screens, and cables, creating a dense technological cocoon.

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FADE IN:

INT. REMOTE OBSERVATORY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Room monitor glow, blinking equipment lights, aur narrow window se aati moonlight se lit hai. Cables, radios, screens, signal logs, aur ek coffee mug har jagah bikhre pade hain.

DR. ISHAN RAO (42), rumpled shirt, tired eyes, tablet haath mein, ek screen par deep-space signal logs scan kar raha hai.

NEIL (34), practical jumpsuit, grease on hands, console ke neeche cables check kar raha hai.

VIVEK (29), casual jacket, skeptical expression, headphones neck par, radio headset ke saath frequency tune kar raha hai.

VIVEK

(dry)

Agar aaj bhi same static nikla na, main resign kar dunga.

NEIL

(without looking up)

Tu har raat resign karta hai.

VIVEK

Haan, par aaj seriously.

Ishan tablet par waveform zoom karta hai. Ek low, distorted SIGNAL burst speaker se aata hai.

SIGNAL (V.O.)

Neil, left relay ko mat chhedna.

Neil freeze.

NEIL

(startled)

Maine chheda bhi nahi hai.

VIVEK

(grinning)

Haan haan, aur main moon ka landlord hoon.

Ishan ne screen dekhi. Uski eyebrows knit hoti hain.

ISHAN

Waveform... human speech ke pause jaisa hai.

SIGNAL (V.O.)

Vivek, abhi joke mat kar. Tumhara headset on nahi hai.

Vivek instantly headphones pehenta hai.

VIVEK

(uneasy)

Okay. This is not funny.

Neil console se uthta hai.

NEIL

System fault hoga. Main antenna reset karta hoon.

SIGNAL (V.O.)

Mat kar. Reset se next transmission open ho jayegi.

Silence.

Teenon ek dusre ko dekhte hain.

VIVEK

Theek hai. Ab ya toh facility mein koi hidden prankster hai...

(beat)

...ya hum teenon pagal ho rahe hain.

ISHAN

(calm, but tense)

Aur kaun hai is room mein?

Neil satellite maps kholta hai.

NEIL

Source deep space se nahi aa raha. Dead satellite cluster se bounce ho raha hai.

VIVEK

Toh aliens sharmile hain ya prankster bahut hi advanced hai.

Ishan signal logs ko rapid scroll karta hai. Ek old entry dekhta hai.

ISHAN

(confused)

Yeh entry... six months purani hai.

He squints. Margin note.

ISHAN (CONT'D)

(whisper)

"Don't open the next transmission."

Neil leans in.

NEIL

Doctor?

Ishan ke haath kaanp jaate hain.

ISHAN

Yeh handwriting meri hai.

Vivek ka skepticism ab fear mein badal raha hai.

VIVEK

Main bas night shift kar raha tha. Time travel ka EMI nahi bhar raha.

Suddenly, SIGNAL becomes clearer. Multiple voices, slightly delayed, are heard—same voices, older, exhausted.

FUTURE ISHAN / FUTURE NEIL / FUTURE VIVEK (V.O.)

Agar tum ye sun rahe ho, toh room abhi tak khula nahi.

Neil steps back.

NEIL

Who the hell—

FUTURE SIGNAL (V.O.)

Hum future se bol rahe hain.

VIVEK

(shaken)

Nahi. No. Nope.

FUTURE SIGNAL (V.O.)

Next transmission open mat karna. Is room se signal nikalte hi observatory loop mein phans jayega. Har reply tumhe aur facility ko erase karta jayega.

Ishan stares at the monitors, horrified.

ISHAN

Erase... ka matlab?

FUTURE SIGNAL (V.O.)

Tum lost ho jaoge.

Vivek, trying to stay practical, points at the console.

VIVEK

Proof?

A beat.

FUTURE SIGNAL (V.O.)

Coffee mug ke neeche dekho.

Neil grabs the mug and lifts it. Underneath, a tiny metal key is stuck there.

NEIL

(stunned)

Manual override key?

Ishan takes it, reads the label.

INSERT SHOT - KEY LABEL: TRANSMISSION LOCK.

On Ishan's tablet, a hidden indicator blinks: ROOM 7 - NEXT TRANSMISSION BAY - SEALED.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Humne kabhi ye room dekha hi nahi.

VIVEK

(low)

Aur future wale hum hi itne desperate kyun hain?

Ishan looks at the key, then at both men.

ISHAN

Kyunki jo bhi next transmission hai...

(beat)

...woh warning nahi, trigger hai.

The SIGNAL returns, gentler now.

FUTURE SIGNAL (V.O.)

Because if you open it, signal lost nahi hoga. Tum lost ho jaoge.

Neil swallows hard.

NEIL

Toh ab?

Ishan steps to the control panel.

ISHAN

(steadying himself)

Ab hum future ko trust karte hain.

Vivek removes his headphones.

VIVEK

Aur agar future galat nikla?

Ishan inserts the key.

ISHAN

Phir kam se kam... apni galti apne aap se suni.

He turns the key.

CLICK.

All monitors go BLACK.

The room lights dim for a heartbeat.

The door lock engages with a heavy metallic THUNK.

Total silence.

Neil, Ishan, and Vivek stand frozen.

Then, from the dark speaker—

FUTURE SIGNAL (V.O.)

(whisper)

Good. Ab kabhi mat kholna.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE OUT.