



THE TAPE RECORDER

A Mystery/Crime 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by
Story Dil Se Team
(storydilse.in)

LOGLINE: An inspector arrives at a late-night radio station because a murder confession was aired live on a call-in show, and the host and taxi driver each claim the voice was not theirs. As the taped call is replayed, tiny details reveal the speaker knew the room better than either man should. The twist is that the confession was recorded earlier by someone inside the booth, meaning the real killer has been sitting in the room the entire time.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Inspector Hemanth (45)

LOCATION: A cramped radio booth with soundproof walls, one microphone, a mixing console, and a red on-air sign glowing in the dark. The only outside light comes from the city through a narrow window.

USAGE LICENSE: 100% Free for Every Filmmaker & Creator. Shoot it, direct it, share it anywhere?no licensing fees, no paperwork, no barriers. Whether you're making your first student film, a festival entry, or an independent project, all scripts on Story Dil Se are completely free to adapt.

All we ask: Give credit where it's due with an on-screen mention in your credits:

'Story & Screenplay by Story Dil Se (storydilse.in)'.

INT. RADIO BOOTH - NIGHT

Cramped radio booth. Soundproof walls. One microphone. A mixing console. A red ON-AIR sign glowing in the dark. Outside, city lights leak through a narrow window.

A TAPE RECORDER sits on the console.

INSPECTOR HEMANTH (45), plain shirt, shaved head, unreadable face, stands in the doorway.

RAJAT (32), stylish casual wear, nervous charm, quick hands, freezes near the mic.

FAISAL (39), worn jacket, guarded eyes, tired jaw, sits by the console.

HEMANTH

Kaun tha live call pe?

RAJAT

Sir, main host hoon. Call aaya tha. Main ne bas on-air liya.

FAISAL

Main taxi driver hoon, sir. Main station ke bahar tha. Call maine bhi suna.

Hemanth looks at both of them.

HEMANTH

Murder confession live gaya. Aur tum dono bol rahe ho voice tumhari nahi thi.

RAJAT

Kyunki thi hi nahi. Voice distorted thi. Koi prank bhi ho sakta hai.

FAISAL

Prank nahi tha. Usne body ka zikr kiya. Exact.

Hemanth picks up the caller log.

HEMANTH

Anonymous line. No name. No number. Bas late-night slot.

He notices the TAPE RECORDER.

HEMANTH (CONT'D)

Ye record kisne kiya?

RAJAT

Main live karta hoon, sir. Record kyun karunga?

FAISAL

Main? Main toh mic ke paas bhi nahi gaya.

Hemanth presses PLAY on the tape recorder.

A DISTORTED VOICE plays.

TAPE RECORDER VOICE (V.O.)

Maine usse maara. Maine body ko shift kiya. Aur jo bhi sun raha hai... woh samajh jaaye – main abhi bhi usi room mein hoon.

Rajat swallows hard. Faisal glances at the door.

HEMANTH

Interesting. "Usi room mein hoon." Kya yahi booth hai?

RAJAT

Sir, aise line koi bhi bol sakta hai.

HEMANTH

Haan. Par "mic ke left side wali crack" koi outsider nahi bolta.

Rajat goes still.

RAJAT

Woh... common detail ho sakti hai.

Hemanth crouches near the mic stand. Sees a tiny CRACK on the left side.

He looks at the mixing console. A faint ASH mark. Under the console, a TAXI RECEIPT.

HEMANTH

Faisal. Ye receipt tumhari gaadi ka hai?

FAISAL

Sir, main bahar wait kar raha tha. Receipt kahaan se aaya, pata nahi.

Hemanth lifts the receipt. Checks the timestamp.

HEMANTH

Same minute jab call aaya.

He notices a small TAPE STRIP under the console.

HEMANTH (CONT'D)

Console se signal manually route kiya gaya. Live call ke saath splice.

RAJAT

Matlab?

HEMANTH

Matlab ye confession live nahi tha. Pehle record hua tha. Phir broadcast. Kisi ne booth ke andar baith ke.

Silence.

Rajat and Faisal exchange a look.

RAJAT

Sir, main toh yahin tha.

FAISAL

Aur main bahar.

HEMANTH

Exactly. Tum dono yahin the jab recording bani. Aur jo detail tape mein hai... woh sirf booth mein baitha aadmi jaanta.

He points to the caller log.

HEMANTH (CONT'D)

Page corner fold hai. Jaise kisi ne baithkar log palta ho.

Rajat's hand twitches near the console.

HEMANTH (CONT'D)

Quick hands. Nervous charm. Radio host ka perfect mask.

RAJAT

Sir—

HEMANTH

Nahi. Tum nahi.

Hemanth turns slowly to Faisal.

HEMANTH (CONT'D)

Tired jaw. Guarded eyes. Taxi driver ka mask bhi achha hai.

FAISAL

Sir, main killer nahi hoon.

HEMANTH

Main ne bola bhi nahi.

The red ON-AIR sign flickers.

A mechanical CLICK from the tape recorder.

A NEW VOICE whispers from the speaker.

NEW VOICE (V.O.)

Inspector... aap late ho gaye.

Hemanth freezes.

Rajat and Faisal freeze too.

Hemanth stares at the tape recorder.

HEMANTH

Kaun hai?

No answer.

Only the red light.

Only the city outside.

Only the tape spinning.

FADE OUT.