



THE WRONG PASSWORD

A Mystery/Crime 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: An IT technician and security head accuse each other of trying to access a restricted file, while an HR executive claims she only came to retrieve an employee's resignation letter. The password keeps failing, and the file appears to move between devices as if someone else is inside the system. The twist: the resignation letter is a trap, and the woman is exposing a fraud ring run by both men from inside the company.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Cyrus (33)

LOCATION: A glass-walled office cabin after midnight, lit by monitor glow, emergency strip lights, and city reflections on the windows.

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FADE IN:

INT. GLASS-WALLED OFFICE CABIN - MIDNIGHT

Monitor glow. Emergency strip lights. City reflections shimmer on the glass walls.

CYRUS (33), hoodie, laptop open, multiple USB drives spread like poker chips.

PRAVEEN (41), bulky, flashlight in one hand, keys jangling in the other.

MEGHA (29), blazer, calm eyes, holding a sealed envelope.

A tense silence.

CYRUS

(■■■■ ■■■■)

Aap logon ko idea hai kitni mushkil se main yeh access kar raha hoon?

PRAVEEN

Haan. Aur mujhe idea hai kitni aasani se tum log cheezein chura lete ho.

MEGHA

Calmly. Main sirf ek resignation letter lene aayi hoon.

CYRUS

Raat ke do baje?

MEGHA

HR mein timing se zyada kaam important hota hai.

Praveen steps closer, flashlight on Cyrus' laptop.

PRAVEEN

Restricted file ka naam kya hai?

CYRUS

Project Blackbox.

PRAVEEN

Suspicious.

CYRUS

Aapka face bhi.

Megha almost smiles. Almost.

CYRUS types fast. Opens login page.

INSERT ON SCREEN: PASSWORD REQUIRED.

CYRUS

Bas ek second.

He enters password.

BEEP. ACCESS DENIED.

PRAVEEN

(taunting)

IT technician, par password yaad nahi?

CYRUS

Security head, par security ka matlab bas keys hilana nahi hota.

Praveen raises the keys.

PRAVEEN

Yeh keys bina tumhare system ke bhi kaafi kuch khol sakti hain.

CYRUS

Wahi toh problem hai.

Megha places the sealed envelope on the table.

MEGHA

Mujhe bas yeh file chahiye thi.

CYRUS

Kaunsi file?

MEGHA

Jiska naam aap dono ko already pata hai.

A beat.

PRAVEEN

Tumne access kaise kiya?

MEGHA

Maine nahi kiya.

CYRUS

Toh file move kaise ho rahi hai?

MEGHA

(looking at both)

Jaise koi aur bhi system ke andar ho.

That lands.

Cyrus opens one USB drive, then another.

CYRUS

Mirror transfer. File ek device se doosre device mein jump kar rahi hai.

PRAVEEN

Bakwas mat karo.

CYRUS

Bakwas? Aapki flashlight se zyada logic meri USB mein hai.

Megha leans in, eyes on the laptop.

MEGHA

Try again.

CYRUS

Password kya hai?

MEGHA

Mujhe laga tum dono ko yaad hoga.

CYRUS

Kya matlab?

MEGHA

Try your birthdays.

Praveen freezes.

CYRUS

Kya?

PRAVEEN

Nahi.

CYRUS

(typing, nervous)

Yeh kaise—

He enters the password.

BEEP. ACCESS DENIED.

MEGHA

Don't use your own first.

Cyrus looks at Praveen. Praveen looks away.

CYRUS

Wait...

He types again.

BEEP. ACCESS GRANTED.

A folder opens.

ON SCREEN: PROJECT BLACKBOX - CONFESSIONS / PAYMENTS / ACCESS LOGS.

CYRUS

What the—

Praveen lunges forward.

PRAVEEN

Yeh fake hai!

MEGHA

No. This is real.

She opens the sealed envelope.

Inside: a printed confession file and a hidden USB card.

MEGHA (CONT'D)

Resignation letter nahi tha yeh.

CYRUS

Then what is it?

MEGHA

Trap.

She inserts the hidden USB into the laptop's side port.

PRAVEEN

Meri keychain—

MEGHA

Mini drive. Very convenient for someone who likes hidden access.

CYRUS stares at Praveen.

CYRUS

You?

PRAVEEN

I don't know what she's—

MEGHA

You both know.

She taps the screen.

MEGHA (CONT'D)

Fake vendor payments. Ghost employees. Forced resignations.

CYRUS

That's not—

MEGHA

Your logs say otherwise, Cyrus.

To Praveen:

MEGHA (CONT'D)

And your keys opened the floor after hours, Praveen.

PRAVEEN

You can't prove—

MEGHA

I already did.

She points to the folder.

MEGHA (CONT'D)

Your birthdays were the password. Cute, right?
Arrogant people always leave patterns.

Cyrus and Praveen are stunned.

CYRUS

You set us up.

MEGHA

No.

(beat)

You set yourselves up.

She takes out her phone, already uploading.

PRAVEEN

Wait. Stop that.

CYRUS

Megha, listen—

MEGHA

I'm not HR tonight.

She looks them dead in the eye.

MEGHA (CONT'D)

I'm internal audit.

A notification chime.

ON SCREEN: UPLOAD COMPLETE.

Praveen steps forward, but Megha calmly picks up the sealed envelope and places it between them.

MEGHA (CONT'D)

Termination notices.

Cyrus and Praveen stare at each other.

The city lights pulse in the glass.

PRAVEEN

(quietly)

Password galat nahi tha.

CYRUS

Haan.

(beat)

Galat hum the.

Megha turns to leave.

MEGHA

Good night, gentlemen.

She exits.

Cyrus and Praveen remain frozen, trapped in their own reflection.

FADE OUT.