



THE MEMORY TAPE

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

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LOGLINE: Aman agrees to test a device that can replay one forgotten hour, but the memory it extracts shows two women arguing with him over a death he cannot remember. As Saira pushes for scientific accuracy and Tia pushes for the truth, the tape reveals that Aman isn't the subject—he's the memory itself, reconstructed from the minds of the other two.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Aman (39)

LOCATION: A compact research lab office with a reclining chair, monitor screens, and a small recording console. Cool white lighting reflects off glass and metal, while a single red recording light gives the space a tense, experimental feel.

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FADE IN:

INT. RESEARCH LAB OFFICE - NIGHT

Cool white light. Glass, metal, monitors. A RECLINING CHAIR with STRAPS. A small RECORDING CONSOLE blinks. A single RED RECORDING LIGHT glows.

AMAN (39), soft-spoken, cardigan pehne, ink-stained fingers, chair ke paas khada hai. DR. SAIRA (42), lab coat mein composed aur intimidating, console check kar rahi hai. TIA (28), casual clothes mein, alert eyes, chair ke armrest par bethi hai.

SAIRA

(precise)

Aman, aap bas relax kijiye. Hum one forgotten hour replay karenge.

AMAN

(nervous smile)

Bas ek ghanta? Doctor, meri life ka sabse embarrassing ghanta nikla toh?

TIA

(deadpan)

Phir bhi aapke regular hours se better hoga.

Aman hansi rokta hai. Saira pen uthati hai.

SAIRA

Form sign kijiye.

AMAN

Mujhe bas yeh samajh nahi aa raha main yahan volunteer hoon ya evidence.

SAIRA

Dono ho sakte hain.

Tia suppresses a smile. Saira headphones uthati hai.

SAIRA (CONT'D)

Chair straps.

Aman sits. Saira straps him in.

AMAN

Yeh thoda dramatic nahi ho gaya?

TIA

Memory pe kam, drama pe zyada bharosa hai lab ko.

Saira places headphones on Aman.

SAIRA

Recording on.

She hits a switch.

RED LIGHT ON.

ON MONITOR - STATIC. Then a BLURRED CORRIDOR. DISTORTED VOICES.
Aman's eyes widen.

AMAN

Yeh... main hoon?

On the monitor, two WOMEN'S VOICES argue through distortion.

SAIRA (V.O. / MEMORY)

Data ko twist mat karo, Tia. Accuracy ke bina kuch
bhi rescue nahi hota.

TIA (V.O. / MEMORY)

Rescue? Tum usko yaad dila rahi ho ya erase kar rahi
ho?

Aman jerks against the straps.

AMAN

Ruko. Ruko! Yeh main hoon? Aur yeh death kiski baat
kar rahe ho?

Saira rushes to the console, adjusts knobs.

SAIRA

Artifact hai. Emotional contamination.

TIA

(quiet, firm)

Nahi. Artifact nahi.

(to Aman)

He's reacting because he remembers the feeling, not
the facts.

AMAN

Main kaun sa feeling? Mujhe kuch yaad kyun nahi aa
raha?

Saira turns to him.

SAIRA

Because you are not the subject.

A beat.

AMAN

Kya?

SAIRA

Aap construct hain.

AMAN

(lets out a laugh)

Construct? Main aadmi hoon, file nahi!

TIA points at the monitor.

ON SCREEN - waveform. A label blinks:

RECONSTRUCTED MEMORY NODE

Aman stares.

AMAN

Yeh kya bakwaas hai?

SAIRA

It's not bakwaas. It's the only stable version we could recover.

AMAN

Of what?

Saira hesitates. Tia answers.

TIA

Of you.

Silence.

AMAN

Meri death ka experiment tha?

SAIRA

No. Your death was the accident.

AMAN

Aur main?

TIA

Tum us accident ke baad bache hue fragments ho.

AMAN

Fragments?

SAIRA

Aman, your memory exists in both of us. Individually incomplete. Together—

AMAN

Together what?

TIA

Together, you.

Aman's breathing gets shallow.

AMAN

Toh main memory hoon?

SAIRA

You're more than memory.

TIA

You're guilt, denial, and truth—packed into one hour.

Aman yanks at the straps.

AMAN

Kiski death?

Saira and Tia exchange a look.

SAIRA

Yours.

Aman freezes.

AMAN

Nahi.

TIA

Haan.

SAIRA

The system failed during the test. We edited the recall to keep the project alive.

AMAN

Project?

TIA

Aapko wapas laane ka project.

AMAN

Wapas?

Saira steps closer, controlled but shaken.

SAIRA

We reconstructed you from our minds.

AMAN

Toh main tum dono ka confession hoon?

TIA

(soft)

Haan. Aur maybe alibi bhi.

The monitor suddenly FLASHES.

ON SCREEN - a final memory burst.

Aman's face appears in fragments across two different brain scans.

Aman watches, stunned.

AMAN

Agar main memory hoon...

(beat)

...toh mujhe jhooth mat banana.

Saira reaches for the console, but stops.

SAIRA

Red light off.

She switches it off.

The room remains cold.

TIA removes Aman's headphones.

For the first time, her calmness cracks.

TIA

Humne tumhe test nahi kiya, Aman.

Aman looks at both women.

TIA (CONT'D)

Humne tumhe wapas laaya tha.

Saira looks away.

AMAN

(whispers)

Taaki kya?

Saira answers, barely audible.

SAIRA

Taaki sach kisi ek body mein na phanse rahe.

A long silence.

The monitor hums.

The red light is off, but its reflection still glows in the glass.

FADE OUT.

THE END.