



SIGNAL LOST

A Psychological Thriller 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: Eshan takes shelter while waiting for a delivery confirmation, but a video call with Dr. Naina and Rupa begins to reveal details about his life he never shared online. As the connection glitches and the questions become more personal, the final twist shows he has been trapped in a behavioral experiment designed to predict violence before it happens.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Eshan (29)

LOCATION: A tiny apartment living room during a storm, lit by laptop glow, a single tube light, and intermittent lightning flashes through the window. The space is boxed in by a sofa, coffee table, and closed curtains, heightening isolation.

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FADE IN:

INT. TINY APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tez baarish. Window ke bahar lightning. Ek chhota, boxed-in living room: SOFA, COFFEE TABLE, band CURTAINS, ek single TUBE LIGHT jo kabhi jalti, kabhi dhundhli padti.

Laptop ka blue glow room ko aur thanda bana raha hai.

Eshan, 29, rain jacket mein bheega hua, cracked helmet ek haath mein, delivery bag dusre mein, darwaze ke paas khada hai.

PHONE SCREEN: SIGNAL LOST.

ESHAN

(annoyed)

Bas yaar... ek confirmation hi toh chahiye tha.

Rupa, 31, pale aur anxious, laptop ke paas khadi hai. Woh Eshan ko dekh kar jaise relief aur fear dono feel karti hai.

RUPA

Aap aa gaye.

ESHAN

(confused)

Main... haan. Kya aapko delivery thi?

RUPA

Nahi. Matlab... haan. Baitho, please.

Thunder. Tube light flicker.

Eshan hesitate karta hai, phir sofa ke edge par baith jaata hai.

Laptop screen on. Dr. Naina, 37, calm, composed, almost too still, video call par.

DR. NAINA

Good evening, Eshan.

ESHAN

(half-laugh)

Madam, good evening? Storm dekh rahe ho?

DR. NAINA

I am. And you're late.

ESHAN

Main delivery rider hoon. Late hona mera hobby nahi.

Rupa screen ke paas thoda aur jhukti hai.

RUPA

(softly)

Usne aaj subah lift mein kisi se jhagda kiya tha.

Eshan looks up sharply.

ESHAN

Kisne bola?

DR. NAINA

You didn't mention it online.

ESHAN

Online? Main apni lunch bhi online mention nahi karta.

DR. NAINA

But your pulse says otherwise.

Eshan glances at his own wrist instinctively.

ESHAN

Aap log kaun ho?

RUPA

Eshan... please, bas baitho.

ESHAN

Main baitha hua hoon.

(beat)

Aap dono mujhe jaanti ho?

Dr. Naina's image glitches for a second.

DR. NAINA

Eshan, tell me—when the lift stopped, did you feel anger first or humiliation?

ESHAN

Kya?

DR. NAINA

Answer the question.

ESHAN

(irritated)

Main koi patient nahi hoon.

DR. NAINA

No. You're a subject.

Silence.

Thunder cracks.

Rupa quickly picks up a GLASS OF WATER from the coffee table and offers it.

RUPA

Paani lo.

ESHAN

Nahi chahiye.

RUPA

Please.

ESHAN notices her hand shaking.

ESHAN

Aap kaanp kyun rahi ho?

RUPA

Main... thodi thak gayi hoon.

DR. NAINA

Eshan, your route today included three unscheduled stops.

ESHAN

Delivery app glitch tha.

DR. NAINA

And two verbal confrontations.

ESHAN

What is this? Tracking?

DR. NAINA

Behavioral observation.

Eshan stands abruptly.

ESHAN

Meri privacy ka kya?

RUPA

(blurting)

Tumne privacy kabhi maangi hi nahi.

Eshan stares at her.

ESHAN

Main aapko jaanta hoon?

RUPA can't meet his eyes.

RUPA

Tum mujhe... pehchaanoge.

Laptop glitches. Naina's face freezes, then returns.

DR. NAINA

Open the file on the desktop.

ESHAN

Main kyun karun?

DR. NAINA

Because it has your name.

Eshan steps toward the laptop. Rupa shifts aside, guilty.

ON LAPTOP SCREEN: "SUBJECT E-29 / AGGRESSION RESPONSE TRIAL"

Eshan freezes.

ESHAN

Subject?

RUPA

Eshan...

ESHAN

(boiling)

Main delivery rider hoon! Main koi test sample nahi hoon!

DR. NAINA

You were selected because you are predictable under stress.

ESHAN

Predictable?

DR. NAINA

Rain. Isolation. Delays. Perceived disrespect.
Unknown woman. Locked room.

(beat)

We wanted to see what comes next.

Eshan looks around. Door locked. Curtains closed. No escape.

ESHAN

Yeh sab... setup tha?

RUPA

(teary)

Mujhe bola gaya tha tum dangerous ho sakte ho.

ESHAN

Main dangerous lagta hoon?

RUPA

Mujhe nahi pata tha tum itne... normal hoge.

That lands harder than insult.

DR. NAINA

Rupa, stay on script.

RUPA

(angry, to screen)

Script? Tum logon ka script! Mera bhi? Uska bhi?

DR. NAINA

Rupa, do not interfere.

RUPA

Main interfere nahi kar rahi. Main guilty ho rahi hoon.

A beat.

Lightning flashes. Tube light goes full bright.

ESHAN

(quiet, dangerous)

Kis cheez ka experiment?

DR. NAINA

We are building a model to predict violence before it happens.

ESHAN

Aur main?

DR. NAINA

You are the data.

Silence.

Eshan slowly picks up his cracked helmet. The helmet visor reflects the laptop screen.

In the reflection, a RED RECORDING DOT blinks.

ESHAN

(whispers)

Main yahan shelter lene aaya tha...

DR. NAINA

No, Eshan.

(beat)

You entered Stage One.

Rupa starts crying silently.

RUPA

Mujhe maaf kar do.

Eshan's phone BUZZES.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN: NEW NOTIFICATION - "STAGE 2 APPROVED"

Eshan stares at it.

ESHAN

Stage two?

DR. NAINA

Observed response: elevated heart rate, confrontation avoidance, then compliance.

ESHAN

Compliance?

DR. NAINA

You're still holding the helmet.

Eshan looks at his own hand. Tight grip. White knuckles.

Outside, thunder roars.

Inside, total stillness.

ESHAN

(low)

Signal lost ka matlab yeh tha?

DR. NAINA

Signal lost means you thought you were watching the room.

(beat)

The room was watching you.

Eshan slowly turns toward the door.

Rupa and Naina watch him in silence.

The red dot keeps blinking.

FADE OUT.

THE END.