



SIGNAL LOST

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

Written by
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LOGLINE: When a citywide signal outage traps them in the control room, Sana and Zoya discover that Mira has been secretly receiving transmissions from a future version of the same room. As they race to restore the grid, the messages predict personal choices they have not yet made. The twist: the outage was engineered by one of them to prevent a disaster that only the oldest woman remembers.

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

LOCATION: A small underground control room with blinking monitors, metal shelves, and cold fluorescent lighting. The room is dense with cables, old radios, and a single red emergency lamp that creates a tense sci-fi atmosphere.

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FADE IN:

INT. UNDERGROUND CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Cold fluorescent light. Blinking MONITORS. Metal shelves full of old radios, cable bundles, circuit boards. A single RED EMERGENCY LAMP pulses like a heartbeat.

DR. SANA (33), utility jacket, tablet in hand, wire cutters clipped to her belt, crouches near an open panel.

ZOYA (26), headset on, sleek ponytail, checks readouts on a monitor with nervous energy.

MIRA (58), cardigan, calm and eccentric, sits with a RADIO RECEIVER pressed close, listening to silence.

ZOYA

(to Sana)

Citywide blackout. Main grid dead. Backup bhi weirdly... breathing jaise kar raha hai.

SANA

Grid breathe nahi karta, Zoya. Tumhara anxiety karta hai.

ZOYA

Funny. Main toh bas data dekh rahi hoon.

Mira tilts her head, listening to the room.

MIRA

Shh.

SANA

Kya hua?

MIRA

Kuch nahi. Isi liye sun rahi hoon.

Zoya rolls her eyes, then freezes.

ZOYA

Wait. Yeh readout... impossible hai.

She points at the tablet screen.

ZOYA (CONT'D)

Signal gaps are repeating. Jaise kisi ne outage ko... edit kiya ho.

SANA

Koi edit nahi karta power failure ko. Koi fuse udta hai, ya cable jalti hai.

MIRA

Ya message aata hai.

Sana looks up.

SANA

Kaunsa message?

Mira slowly lifts the radio receiver.

A crackle.

Then a DISTORTED VOICE, faint but clear enough.

VOICE (V.O.)

Red lamp ko mat chhuna. Cable bundle ko left port
mein mat daalna. Aur Sana... third file mat kholna.

Beat.

ZOYA

...Kya tha yeh?

SANA

Interference.

MIRA

Nahi. Transmission.

Sana snatches the tablet open.

SANA

Third file?

She taps. A file opens.

ON SCREEN: CITY RELAY CASCADE MODEL. Timestamp: 17 MINUTES AHEAD.

ZOYA

Future timestamp?

SANA

Fake metadata.

ZOYA

Sana, I'm data analyst. Fake aur impossible mein
difference hota hai.

Another crackle from the radio.

VOICE (V.O.)

Mira, unhe abhi tak nahi bataya?

Mira closes her eyes.

MIRA

Ab batana padega.

SANA

Batana kya?

Mira stands. Calm, but heavy.

MIRA

Outage maine start kiya tha.

Silence.

ZOYA

Excuse me?

SANA

Tumne poori city ka signal cut kiya?

MIRA

Signal nahi. Grid ko lock kiya.

SANA

Why would you do that?

MIRA

Kyunki agar aaj full power restore hota, relay core overload hota. Basement ke neeche pressure line phat-ti. Hospital wing, metro tunnel, north block... sab jhatke mein jaate.

ZOYA

That's... not in any current report.

MIRA

Current report likhne wale log zinda the. Main thi. Tab bhi maine bola tha. Kisi ne nahi suna.

Sana looks at the tablet, then the monitors.

SANA

Future transmission... real hai?

MIRA

Main radio technician hoon thi. Silence bhi kabhi-kabhi line pakad leti hai.

The radio crackles again.

VOICE (V.O.)

Sana, manual bypass karo. Zoya, 12-second window.
Mira, knob at 3.

Zoya stares at the radio.

ZOYA

Okay, no, this is officially insane.

SANA

Yet accurate.

She scrolls through the file. Her face changes.

SANA (CONT'D)

Oh no.

ZOYA

Kya?

SANA

If we restore automatically, relay explodes. File says... manual bypass only.

ZOYA

Then do it.

SANA

If I do, system logs blame someone.

MIRA

Mujhe.

ZOYA

Why would it blame you?

Mira gives a tiny, tired smile.

MIRA

Kyunki future ko ek villain chahiye hota hai.

Sana looks at her, suddenly understanding more than she wants to.

SANA

You engineered the outage to prevent the disaster.

MIRA

Haan. Aur kyunki aaj tak kisi ne old woman ko seriously nahi liya.

ZOYA

Honestly? Fair point.

Despite herself, Sana almost smiles.

SANA

Focus. Zoya, timing. Mira, radio.

Zoya moves to the monitor bank, fingers flying.

ZOYA

Manual bypass route open kar rahi hoon. But if I miss by even one second...

SANA

Then don't miss.

Mira holds the radio, listening.

MIRA

Silence bol rahi hai... ab.

The RED EMERGENCY LAMP flashes faster.

VOICE (V.O.)

Ab.

Sana yanks the cable bundle, reroutes it to the correct port.

SANA

Left port nahi. Right port. Of course.

She cuts an insulation strip with the wire cutters.

ZOYA

Twelve... eleven... ten...

Mira turns an old relay knob with surgical precision.

MIRA

Teen.

ZOYA

Two...

MIRA

Ab.

Sana hits the circuit board latch.

A beat of total darkness.

Then MONITORS flicker green.

A city grid map comes alive.

ZOYA

It's back.

A warning flashes on one screen:

DISASTER AVERTED.

SOURCE OF OUTAGE: MANUAL INTERVENTION.

ZOYA

Wait... source logged as S.K.

Sana stiffens.

SANA

They'll blame me.

Mira leans in, serene.

MIRA

Nahi. Tumne choice ki. Bas itna hi kaafi hai.

The radio crackles one last time.

VOICE (V.O.)

Mira, thank you. Sana, you chose right. Zoya, next time headset pe mute mat rakhna.

Zoya bursts out laughing, half-shocked.

ZOYA

Oh my God.

Sana exhales, finally letting go.

SANA

Future version of us has jokes.

MIRA

Future version of us has scars.

She closes her eyes and listens to the room again.

The RED EMERGENCY LAMP keeps pulsing.

But now, it feels less like a warning.

FADE OUT.

THE END.