

SIGNAL LOST

A Sci-Fi/High-Concept 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Sci-Fi/High-Concept	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Neel (35)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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)'.

Raat ka andhera hilltop ko nigal chuka hai. Tez baarish se bachne ke liye Neel, ek delivery app rider, apni rain jacket tapkate hue bus shelter ke neeche aa khada hota hai. Helmet ek haath mein, doosre haath mein phone ki blue roshni se uska chehra chamak raha hai. Thodi der baad Mira bhi wahan pahunchti hai — wool coat, scarf, aur haath mein ek chhota radio aur star chart. Dono ajnabi hain, bas mausam ki marzi se ek hi chhat ke neeche aa gaye hain.

Shelter ke andar ek purana radio pada hai, jo pehle se hi faint hiss kar raha hai. Neel usse ignore karne ki koshish karta hai, par jaise hi woh bolta hai, radio se bilkul wahi line teen second pehle sunai deti hai — exact same words, exact same tone. Pehle dono sochte hain koi prank hai. Phir Neel “Yeh kya bakwaas hai?” bolta hai aur radio usse pehle hi wahi bol deta hai. Mira, jo astronomy lecturer hai, pehle scientific calm maintain karti hai, par uski aankhon mein curiosity ke saath darr bhi aa jata hai. Woh apna star chart khol kar dekhti hai, jaise koi pattern mil jaaye. Neel practical hai; woh phone se recording on karta hai, timing check karta hai, aur prove karne ki koshish karta hai ki radio delayed echo hai. Par radio delay nahi, prediction karta hai — ya phir kuch aur.

Dono ke beech sharp, funny banter shuru hoti hai. Neel kehta hai, “Mujhe late delivery se zyada late prediction ka tension hai.” Mira reply karti hai, “Tumhari zindagi already app ki tarah lag rahi hai — route pe chal rahi hai, par control kisi aur ka hai.” Baarish aur fog ke beech, shelter ka glass un dono ke reflections ko sky ke saath mila deta hai, jaise reality toot rahi ho. Har baat jo woh bolte hain, radio teen second pehle repeat karta hai. Phir ek aur layer khulti hai: radio sirf unki baat nahi, kabhi-kabhi unke aadhe sentence ko bhi complete karta hai — jaise koi dusri jagah se unhe sun raha ho.

Mira apni star chart aur radio ko compare karti hai. Woh batati hai ki kabhi-kabhi radio signals time-delay se distort hote hain, but yeh pattern impossible hai. Neel, jo pehle mazaak uda raha tha, ab genuinely unsettled hai. Woh kehta hai ki uska phone network bhi dead hai, phir bhi screen par ek unknown audio file auto-play hoti hai: same conversation, same shelter, same voices — par thoda sa different. Wahan Neel ka ek line hota hai jo usne abhi tak bola hi nahi tha. Mira freeze ho jaati hai. Woh samajh jaati hai ki radio future predict nahi kar raha; woh kisi aur version ki baat replay kar raha hai.

Climax tab aata hai jab radio se ek line aati hai, “Agar tum sun rahe ho, toh abhi mat mudna.” Dono ek saath piche dekhte hain — kuch nahi. Phir radio se Mira ki awaaz aati hai, lekin us version ki jo yahan wali Mira se thodi alag, thodi zyada thaki hui lagti hai: “Neel, agar tumne yeh suna, toh woh version pehle hi chala gaya.” Neel aur Mira ek doosre ko dekhte hain. Unhe ahsaas hota hai ki yeh shelter unke liye sirf waiting spot nahi, balki crossing point hai — jahan alag timelines ka overlap ho raha hai. Jo conversation ab ho rahi hai, woh kisi aur reality mein pehle ho chuki hai, aur radio usi ka echo hai.

Twist emotionally tab land karta hai jab Mira apne star chart par ek mark dhoondti hai — ek date, ek coordinate — jo usne lectures mein hamesha “theoretical anomaly” ke roop mein discuss kiya tha. Neel ke phone par delivery app ka map glitch karta hai aur ek address flash hota hai jo us shelter se milta-julta hai, par “closed route” ke saath. Dono ko samajh aata hai ki woh ek aise moment mein khade hain jahan choice ka illusion hai, par har choice kisi aur timeline mein already ho chuki hai. Neel, jo hamesha destination pe focus karta tha, pehli baar ruk kar sunta hai. Mira, jo hamesha stars ko dekhkar order samajhti thi, pehli baar chaos accept karti hai.

Aakhri beat mein radio ek final line bolta hai: “Ab jo bhi bolo, woh yaad rakhega tumhe.” Neel halka sa muskura deta hai. Mira apna star chart fold karti hai. Dono kuch seconds tak chup rehte hain, phir Neel bas itna kehta hai, “Theek hai.” Radio usse pehle hi bol chuka hota hai. Aur is baar dono nahi darte — kyunki unhe pata chal gaya hai ki kahin na kahin, kisi aur raat, kisi aur version mein, woh dono pehle hi mil chuke hain.