

THE BORROWED VOICE

A Psychological Thriller 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Psychological Thriller	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Adil (37)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Adil ki duniya ka sabse safe jagah tha radio booth. Bahar ki duniya noisy, messy, unpredictable thi; andar sirf red on-air light, console ki halki glow, aur uski smooth, confident voice. 37 saal ka Adil crisp shirt mein, headphones neck par latkaye, mic ke saamne aise baithta tha jaise har lafz uska apna ho. Us raat bhi woh live show ke baad notes dekh raha tha jab booth ka door khulta hai aur Nisha andar aati hai—dark blazer, jeans, recorder aur notebook ke saath. Uski aankhon mein politeness kam, certainty zyada thi. Woh khud ko voice coach batati hai, par uska tone kisi inspector jaisa tha.

Nisha seedha bolti hai ki Adil jis voice ko apni samajh raha hai, woh uski nahi hai. Adil pehle hans deta hai—thoda defensive, thoda amused. Radio host hone ke naate usne bahut weird callers dekhe the. Lekin Nisha recorder on karti hai aur uske recent broadcasts play karna shuru karti hai. Pehle clip mein Adil ki familiar baritone voice hai, polished, warm. Phir Nisha slow down karke waveform aur pauses point out karti hai: ek second, ek breath, ek consonant ke neeche ek aur texture. Adil ko pehle lagta hai woh over-analysis kar rahi hai. Par jab Nisha ek aur recording chalati hai, Adil ko sach mein kuch ajeeb sunai deta hai—uski voice ke neeche ek dusri layer, bahut low, almost buried, jo same sentence ke beech mein alag rhythm se saans leti hai.

Adil ka confidence crack hone lagta hai. Woh kehta hai ki editing artifact hoga, ya studio feedback. Nisha calmly notebook khol kar dates, timestamps aur patterns dikhati hai. Har broadcast mein ek repeated hidden phrase tha—har baar almost inaudible: “Yaad hai?” Adil irritate ho jata hai, phir nervous. Woh bolta hai koi prank hai. Nisha ka response sharp hota hai: “Prank nahi. Pattern.”

Jitna woh recordings sunte hain, utna room ka air tight feel aur heavy hota jata hai. Adil ki body language change hoti hai—pehle shoulders tight, phir fingers console ke edge par white-knuckled. Nisha usse seedha poochti hai: “Teen saal pehle jab tumne apna show restart kiya tha, tumne kiski voice borrow ki thi?” Adil ka face freeze ho jata hai. Usse yaad aata hai woh purana incident—ek accident, ek night, ek dead friend jiska voice test he had copied during a desperate replacement shift. Usne kabhi officially admit nahi kiya. Usne bas us tone ko apna liya, phir success milti gayi. Lekin Nisha ka claim aur zyada dangerous tha: jis voice ko Adil ne borrow kiya, woh sirf technique nahi thi. Woh kisi aur ki identity ka residue thi—aur us identity ke saath ek secret bhi chipka hua tha.

Nisha recorder se ek final clip chalati hai. Is baar Adil ki own broadcast ke neeche hidden voice clearly ■■■■■ hai—hushed, intimate, and unmistakably male, speaking directly: “Nisha ko mat batana.” Adil ka blood cold ho jata hai. Wo samajh jaata hai: hidden voice uske purane self ka nahi, balki us aadmi ka tha jiske naam par woh show mein aaya tha—aur Nisha us aadmi ko jaanti thi. Nisha ka notebook ka page ek line par rukta hai: “Mera bhai.”

Twist yahin aata hai. Nisha voice coach nahi, victim thi. Woh apne bhai ki recordings compare kar rahi thi—bhai jo teen saal pehle gayab hua tha, aur last known contact Adil tha. Adil ne us raat kisi accident ko cover up kiya tha; bhai zinda tha, par uski voice records mein trapped reh gayi. Adil ne uski signature tone use karke apna career bachaya. Nisha ka aakhri mission Adil ko expose karna nahi, balki bhai ki last words recover karna tha.

Par jab Adil finally toot kar confess karta hai, booth ke red light ke neeche ek aur truth nikalta hai: bhai gayab nahi hua tha—Nisha ne hi usse silence kar diya tha, because uske bhai ne Adil ko blackmail karne ki koshish ki thi. Hidden voice mein jo secret tha, woh Adil ka nahi, Nisha ka tha. Nisha ne recordings isliye collect ki thi taaki Adil ko guilt se nahi, fear se control kar sake.

Climax mein Adil mic on kar deta hai aur live broadcast par Nisha ka naam le leta hai, uski recorded confession ko on-air chala deta hai. Nisha ka face pehli baar break hota hai. Woh recorder drop karti hai, lekin booth sealed hai; bahar ki duniya tak sach pahunch chuka hai. Last shot mein Adil headphones utar kar silence mein baithta hai, aur console ke low hum ke neeche ek faint voice phir se sunai deti hai—“Yaad hai?”—is baar dono ko yaad dilate hue ki borrowed voice kabhi bhi fully borrowed nahi hoti; woh apne saath purana khoon, purana crime, aur purani pehchaan bhi le aati hai.