

THE GREEN LIGHT

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: Dr. Alia (35)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ka observatory control room ek chhota sa, zyada tar khamosh universe tha—green monitors ki roshni, instrument lights ki feeki humming, aur side mein telescope dome ka bada window jahan andhera jaise saans le raha tha. Dr. Alia apni lab coat ko aur tight karke tablet par data scroll kar rahi thi, aankhon mein thakaan thi par focus mein koi kami nahi. Mira, jumpsuit aur headset mein, coffee mug ko desk par rakh kar testing panel ke paas khadi thi, jaise poori duniya ka burden usi ke kandhe par ho aur usko us par thoda sa mazaak bhi aa raha ho.

Aaj ki raat sirf power test ki thi. Bas routine. Bas boring. Bas ek aur night shift jisme Alia ko “kuch naya mil sakta hai” aur Mira ko “kuch bhi nahi hoga” prove karna tha. Dono ka past bhi room mein unke beech invisible third person ki tarah baitha hua tha—ek purana project, ek adhura rishta, aur woh baat jo kabhi properly khatam hi nahi hui thi. Alia ko hamesha lagta tha Mira uski ambition ko samajh nahi paayi. Mira ko lagta tha Alia ne science ke naam par sab kuch risk pe laga diya, including log.

Phir test start hua. Lights ek baar flicker hui, monitors ne green trace mein ajeeb sa spike dikhaya. Telescope remote khud-ba-khud activate hua, aur signal graph printout par ek pulse ubhar aaya—phir ek aur, phir aur. Alia ne tablet uthaya, pulse compare kiya, aur uska chehra pal bhar ke liye safed pad gaya. Signal deep space se aa raha tha, lekin timing... timing unke heartbeats ke saath perfect sync mein thi. Alia ne apna haath chhati par rakha. Pulse. Monitor pe pulse. Mira ne apni headset utaar kar sunna, phir khud bhi freeze ho gayi.

Mira ka pehla reaction tha: “Nahi. Ye koi interference hai.” Alia ki aankhon mein woh chamak aa gayi jo discovery ke waqt aati hai. “Interference nahi, Mira. Pattern hai. Intelligent pattern.” Mira ne hansii mein chhupa darr nikala: “Haan, aur shayad ye universe ka way hai bolne ka ki tum coffee kam peeti ho.” Alia ne bina dekhe bola, “Mazaak mat karo. Ye signal... humare rhythm ko track kar raha hai.”

Jaise-jaise minutes gaye, signal aur clear hota gaya. Green waveform ek message mein convert hua. Pehle simple numbers, phir coordinates, phir ek line of text—par language koi normal language nahi thi. Alia ne tablet par algorithms chalaye, Mira ne backup systems check kiye. Dono ki voices sharp hoti gayi, par unke beech ka tension sirf science ka nahi tha. Mira ko yaad tha kaise Alia ne pichhle mission mein uski warning ignore ki thi. Alia ko yaad tha kaise Mira ne uske data ko “wishful thinking” bola tha. Ab dono same room mein the, same signal ke saamne, aur

dono ko lag raha tha dusra ya to galat hai ya dangerous.

Tab printout ne ek naya line spit kiya. Alia ne paper uthaya. Us par sirf ek sentence tha: “DO NOT LET THE OTHER WOMAN LEAVE THE ROOM.”

Room thanda ho gaya. Mira ne dheere se bola, “Great. Universe ne relationship advice dena shuru kar diya.” Alia ne uski taraf dekha, gussa aur confusion mix. “Ye tumhari koi prank nahi hai?” Mira ne seedha jawab diya, “Mere paas itna budget nahi ki main deep space ko prank karun.”

Ab twist aur bhi gehra hua. Signal ka next pulse unke heartbeats se thoda pehle aaya—jaise signal unhe predict nahi, remember kar raha ho. Alia ne printout ko ulta seedha dekha, phir ek line notice ki: timestamps future ke the. Kal ke. Tomorrow ke. Mira ne monitor pe date verify ki. Nahi—ye signal aaj receive ho raha tha, par source time-stamp mein kal likha tha. Matlab message aaj ka nahi tha. Kal ka tha. Ya shayad kal se aa raha tha.

Alia ki voice dheemi ho gayi. “Ye... future se aa raha hai.” Mira ne uski taraf dekha, pehli baar bina sarcasm ke. “Future se kaise?” Alia ne tablet screen par waveform point kiya. “Because it’s not traveling through space. It’s traveling through time.”

Ab un dono ke beech woh sab kuch khul gaya jo kabhi openly nahi bola gaya tha. Mira ne kaha, “Aur agar ye trap hua toh? Agar kisi version of usne ye bheja ho?” Alia ne jawab diya, “Kisliye?” Mira ki aankhon mein ek purana dard chamka. “Because hum dono ek dusre ko room se bahar nikalte hi galat decisions lete hain.”

Phir ek aur pulse. Is baar monitor pe ek final message blink hua—same sentence, but with a tiny addition: “DO NOT LET THE OTHER WOMAN LEAVE THE ROOM. SHE DOESN’T KNOW SHE WON’T COME BACK.”

Silence.

Mira ne coffee mug ko dheere se uthaya, phir wapas rakh diya. Alia ne apni saans roki. Dono samajh gayi: “other woman” koi enemy nahi thi. Message unke future selves ke through bheja gaya warning tha. Jo bhi woman room se bahar jaayegi, woh kal tak zinda nahi rahegi. Ya worse—woh future ko collapse kar degi.

Mira ne softly kaha, “Toh hum yahi raat bhar phanse rahenge?” Alia ne, pehli baar, uski taraf dekhkar sach bola: “Agar iss room mein rehna tumhari jaan bachata hai... toh haan.” Mira ne hichkicha ke phir ek half-smile diya. “Wow. Tumne finally mujhe importance de di.” Alia bhi almost smile kar gayi. “Don’t make it weird.”

Dono ne telescope remote ko lock mode mein dala, door panel ko override kiya, aur monitors par green pulse ko dekhte rahe. Bahar dome ke andhere mein universe chup tha, par room ke andar do heartbeats ek nayi, fragile sync mein aa rahe the. Signal ab bhi bhej raha tha—par ab wo warning nahi, witness tha. Jaise tomorrow ne aaj ko bas itna kaha ho: jo bhi ho, is baar ek dusri ko mat khona.