

SIGNAL LOST

A Sci-Fi/High-Concept 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Genre: Sci-Fi/High-Concept	Format: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor)	Runtime: 4 - 6 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) Character: Remote Weather Technician (Male, 27-33)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ka aakhri quarter chal raha hai, aur ek remote weather station ke control room mein sirf ek aadmi jaag raha hai—Aarav, 29 saal ka weather technician, thermal hoodie, utility pants, headset aur windblown hair ke saath. Room metallic hai, practical hai, thoda cold hai, aur har kuch second baad monitors ki blue-white glow uske chehre par phail jaati hai. Bahar reinforced window ke us paar andhera, bijli aur hawa ka jang chal raha hai. Distant thunder se poora station halkasa kaanp raha hai.

Aarav routine checks kar raha hota hai. Wind speed high, pressure dropping, storm map par red zone continuously expand ho rahi hai. Uske haath mein insulated mug hai, jismein thandi chai ab almost useless ho chuki hai. Radio console par static ka shor hai. Sab normal se zyada unstable lag raha hai, lekin yeh station ka normal hi hai—isolated, lonely, aur kisi bhi urban comfort se koson door.

Phir radio par ek transmission aata hai.

Pehle static. Phir ek awaaz. Aur woh awaaz Aarav ki khud ki hoti hai.

“Darwaza mat kholna.”

Aarav freeze ho jaata hai. Pehle woh sochta hai koi prank hoga, ya signal reflection, ya storm interference. Lekin awaaz mein jo breathlessness, jo urgency, jo familiarity hai—woh uski apni hi hai. Future self? Glitch? Ya dimaag ka koi cruel loop?

Woh mic ke paas jhukt hai, almost hansne ki koshish karta hai. “Kaun hai? Kaun bol raha hai?” Static ke beech se wahi awaaz phir aati hai: “Main hoon. Tu. 17 minute baad. Aur jo bhi ho, darwaza mat kholna.”

Room ka emergency light blink karta hai. Ek monitor flicker karke black ho jaata hai. Aarav ke haath kaanpne lagte hain. Bahar door ke paas kuch metal par halki si thokar ki awaaz aati hai—ya shayad hawa ka jhatka. Storm aur tez ho raha hai. Station ke systems fail hone lagte hain; backup power, map calibration, radio frequency sab ek ek karke

gir rahe hain.

Aarav apne aap se baat karne lagta hai, kabhi practical, kabhi scared. Woh door ki taraf dekhta hai. Woh reinforced door, jo is station ka sirf entrance nahi, uski safety bhi hai. Radio se future self ki voice phir aati hai, ab aur low, aur broken: “Aarav, sun. Main jhoot nahi bol raha. Agar tu darwaza kholega, tu samjhega storm bahar hai. Par storm bahar nahi hai.”

Ye line uske andar ka sab logic tod deti hai. Kya matlab? Kya storm station ke andar aa chuka hai? Kya pressure seal compromise hua? Kya koi anomaly? Ya yeh bas fear ka poetic version hai?

Aarav flashlight uthata hai, door ki taraf slow walk karta hai. Har step par floor ka vibration zyada feel hota hai. Woh peephole ke paas jaata hai, lekin bahar sirf white haze, rain streaks aur lightning ka distortion. Koi insaan nahi. Koi silhouette nahi. Phir bhi usko lagta hai jaise koi andar se dekh raha ho.

Uski breathing heavy ho jaati hai. Woh radio console par wapas aata hai aur almost pleading tone mein bolta hai, “Agar tu sach mein main hai, toh bata—main kyun darwaza na kholun?”

Answer delay ke baad aata hai. “Kyuki maine khola tha.”

Silence.

Aarav ka chehra blank ho jaata hai. Uske liye time jaise fold ho gaya ho. Future self continue karta hai, “Aur jo andar aaya... woh storm nahi tha. Woh signal tha. Ek aisa signal jo insaan ki awaaz use karke ghar dhoondhta hai.”

Ab room ke monitors par abnormal waveforms dikhne lagte hain. Storm map ke red blots ek perfect circle bana rahe hain—station ke around. Aarav ko samajh aata hai ki yeh sirf weather event nahi; yeh response hai. Jaise station kisi cheez ko call kar raha ho. Ya kisi cheez ne station ko listen kar liya ho.

Door handle khud-b-khud ek baar hilt hai.

Aarav piche hat-ta hai, mug haath se chhoot kar floor par gir jaati hai. Chai ka stain metallic floor par fail jaata hai, jaise koi faint map. Woh radio ko pakad ke chillata hai, “Agar main darwaza nahi kholunga, toh kya bach jaunga?”

Future self ki awaaz bahut dheemi ho jaati hai. “Main nahi keh sakta. Main bas itna bol sakta hoon—agar tu apni voice sun sake, toh yaad rakhna: tu akela nahi hai. Aur jo bhi tu abhi sun raha hai... woh test nahi hai.”

Thunder ek massive crack ke saath room ko hila deta hai. Saare lights ek second ke liye off. Darkness. Phir red emergency glow.

Aarav flashlight on karta hai. Beam door par padti hai. Door ke neeche, floor ke paas, ek patli si condensation line dikh rahi hai—jaise koi bahar se nahi, andar se saans le raha ho.

Uska haath door handle ki taraf jaata hai.

Phir ruk jaata hai.

Woh khud se whisper karta hai, “Agar main main hoon... toh main kya choose karun?”

Radio se bas static aata hai. Phir uski hi awaaz, ek final whisper mein: “Signal lost.”

Aarav door se haath hata leta hai. Woh monitor ke paas jaakar emergency lock engage karta hai. Bahar storm garajta rehta hai, lekin ab room ke andar ek aur sound hai—bahut halki, almost human breathing, jo kisi bhi direction

se aa sakti hai.

Film isi uncertainty par khatam hoti hai: kya Aarav ne khud ko bachaya, ya khud ko andar lock kar diya? Kya future self warning tha, ya storm ka pehla successful imitation? Aur sabse badi baat—agar signal lost ho gaya, toh jo ab room mein reh gaya hai, woh kaun hai?