

PROTOTYPE 9

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

Genre: Sci-Fi/High-Concept	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Dr. Pranav Mehta (44)	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 waqt hai. Ek compact garage-lab, jahan fluorescent tubes ki thandi roshni aur workbench par rakhe prototype device ki neeli glow poore room ko future aur failure ke beech latka deti hai. Shelves par purane tools, circuit boards, soldering iron, tangled cables—sab kuch ek aise ghar jaisa lag raha hai jo science ke sapne dekhte-dekhte thak gaya ho. Dr. Pranav Mehta, 44, lab coat ke upar casual shirt pehne, aankhon mein neend aur zidd dono liye, apne device ko final time calibrate kar raha hai. Uske haath ki ungliyon par ink aur grease ka mix hai. Uske saamne khada hai Eshan, 19, hoodie mein, wired earbuds ek kaan se latke hue, face par woh skeptical expression jo sirf beta hi baap ko de sakta hai. Aur un dono ke beech aata hai Ritesh, 38, polished suit, expensive watch, aur unnerving politeness ke saath—investor representative, jo har sentence ko smile mein wrap karke threat bana deta hai.

Pranav ka pitch simple hai: Prototype 9. Ek aisi machine jo kisi bhi insaan ki last ten minutes ki memory replay kar sakti hai. Company doob rahi hai, investors bhaag rahe hain, aur Pranav ko ek hi raat mein proof chahiye. Ritesh cool tone mein kehta hai ki “proof” aur “miracle” mein difference hota hai. Eshan taana maarta hai ki dad ki inventions hamesha ya to overhyped hoti hain ya smoke se bhari. Pranav, thoda hurt, thoda desperate, machine on karta hai. Blue light aur hum ke beech Ritesh pehle test ke liye haan bol deta hai—bas yeh dekhne ke liye ki old man ka last gamble kitna real hai.

Ritesh device par haath rakhta hai. Screen par memory replay start hota hai: ek conference room, ek deal, ek handshake, aur phir... Pranav ko memory mein clearly dikh hai ki Ritesh uski invention ko “breakthrough” bolkar fund karne ka promise de raha hai. Pranav ke chehre par relief aa jata hai. Eshan ka expression aur zyada confused. Kyunki usi replay mein Ritesh ko lagta hai ki Pranav ne usse pehle hi fraud ka proof de diya tha—jaise machine keh rahi ho ki Ritesh yahan invest karne nahi, expose karne aaya hai. Ritesh polite smile ke peeche se sharp ho jata hai: “Interesting. Mere hisaab se main aapko ek last chance de raha tha.”

Pranav, panic aur pride ke beech, Eshan ko next test ke liye bulata hai. Eshan mana karta hai—“Mujhe aapke science fair ka beta-version mat banao.”—par Pranav ki aankhon mein kuch aisa hota hai jo usse chup kara deta hai. Eshan device pe haath rakhta hai. Replay start hota hai. Ab memory uske hisaab se chal rahi hai: woh dekhta hai ki dad usse bachpan mein school ke bahar pick up kar rahe hain, phir ek accident se pehle uska phone bajta hai, aur

Pranav usse message bhejta hai—“Main late hoon, par aa raha hoon.” Eshan ki aankhein moist ho jaati hain. Lekin Pranav usi moment mein apni version dekh raha hota hai: us memory mein Eshan ne kabhi reply kiya hi nahi, aur Pranav ko lagta hai ki uska beta usse hamesha door jaata raha. Ritesh, jo dono ko observe kar raha hai, ek step peeche hota hai. Uske face par pehli baar fear aata hai.

Phir twist unfold hota hai. Pranav laptop kholkar logs check karta hai. Memory drive ka signal clean hai. Device memory replay nahi kar raha. Woh “interpretation layer” generate kar raha hai—har user ke emotional bias ke hisaab se reality ko re-render kar raha hai. Matlab machine fact nahi, wish dekhati hai. Jo insaan believe karna chahta hai ki usse support mil raha hai, woh support dekhta hai. Jo prove karna chahta hai ki usse dhokha diya gaya, woh dhokha dekhta hai. Jo apne guilt se bachna chahta hai, woh apni innocence dekh leta hai. Pranav ka face gir jaata hai. Usne jo banaaya tha, woh truth machine nahi—self-delusion machine nikli.

Ritesh, unnervingly polite tone mein, slowly taali bajata hai. “Brilliant. Aapne ek aisa device banaya hai jo har investor ko wahi dikhata hai jo uska ego dekhna chahta hai. Aur har inventor ko wahi jo uska dil.” Eshan suddenly samajh jaata hai ki is machine ka sabse dangerous use company bachana nahi, logon ko unki convenient reality mein bandh karna hai. Pranav, broken but lucid, device ka power switch dekhta hai. Ritesh aage badhkar bolta hai ki is technology ko market kiya ja sakta hai—therapy, interrogation, politics, everything. Eshan usse ghurta hai: “Aapko invention nahi, addiction chahiye.”

Climax mein Pranav final choice leta hai. Woh prototype ko laptop se disconnect karta hai aur memory drive ko soldering iron ke neeche pighla deta hai. Blue glow flicker hoti hai. Ritesh ka smile first time crack hota hai. Eshan, jo ab tak skeptical tha, apne dad ko dekhta hai—aur pehli baar usse inventor nahi, insaan samajhta hai. Pranav bas itna kehta hai: “Sach dikhana aasaan hota hai. Sach sehna nahi.” Device dead ho jaata hai. Room mein sirf fluorescent buzz aur teenon ki saans bachi rehti hai.

Ant mein, Ritesh apni polished sleeve seedhi karta hai, ek last polite line bolta hai: “You’ve just destroyed a billion-dollar future.” Pranav thak ke muskura deta hai: “Nahi. Maine sirf us future ko destroy kiya jo jhooth pe khada tha.” Eshan earbuds nikaal kar device ke burnt shell ko dekhta hai. Blue light band ho chuki hai, par room mein pehli baar koi aur roshni hai—uncomfortable, human, real. Aur isi silence mein samajh aata hai: Prototype 9 ne memory nahi replay ki thi. Usne har aadmi ko uski sabse mehngi kahaani dikhayi thi. Aur kahaani khatam hote hi, sach se zyada khatarnak kuch nahi bachta.