

BROTHER'S SIGNAL

A Mystery/Crime 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Mystery/Crime	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Inspector Dev (41)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ka waqt hai. Ek chhota sa police interrogation room, metal table, ek ceiling fan jo dheere-dheere kaat raha hai hawa ko, aur ek harsh overhead light jo chehron par seedhi roshni kam aur kaale saaye zyada daal rahi hai. Table ke ek taraf Inspector Dev baitha hai—plain clothes, notepad haath mein, pen se baar-baar page par tap karta hua. Doosri taraf Inspector Kabir khada hai, radio belt par clipped, beard neat, aankhon mein woh skeptical look jo har jawab ko pehle jhooth samajhta hai. Beech mein Sana baithi hai, simple salwar suit mein, haath mein cracked phone ko aise pakde jaise wahi uski akhri himmat ho.

Sana batati hai ki usne murder apne neighboring apartment se dekha. "Main directly nahi dekha," woh slow bolti hai, "reflection mein dekha." Dev turant poochta hai, kis reflection mein? Kabir beech mein cut karta hai—window ya mirror? Sana ek second ke liye dono ko dekhti hai, phir apni story thodi badal deti hai. Kabhi kehti hai window ka reflection, kabhi TV screen ka, kabhi balcony ke steel glass ka. Dev note karta jaata hai, Kabir ka expression aur tight hota jaata hai. Room mein tension ke saath ek strange, almost comic rhythm ban jaati hai—Sana har answer par thoda sa rukkar, jaise un dono detectives ko test kar rahi ho.

Dev ko lagta hai Sana kuch chhupa rahi hai. Kabir ko lagta hai Dev kuch omit kar raha hai. Dono ek dusre ke statements ko cross-check karte hue, ek point par almost brotherly taunt mode mein aa jaate hain. Kabir kehta hai, "Aapka notepad itna khali kyun lag raha hai, Sir? Ya likh rahe ho, ya mita rahe ho?" Dev muskurata nahi, bas pen ko aur tight pakad leta hai. Dev ulta Kabir ke radio ki taraf ishara karta hai: "Aur tumhara radio? Itna chup kyun hai? Kya signal aaj kal sirf select logon ko aata hai?" Sana dono ko dekhkar samajh jaati hai ki room mein murder se zyada kuch aur chal raha hai.

Phir Sana ek naya detail deti hai: "Killer ne face nahi chhupaya tha. Face reflection mein tha. Aur reflection mein jo dikha... woh saamne wala nahi, uske peeche khada tha." Yeh line room ko aur thanda kar deti hai. Dev ka pen rukta hai. Kabir ka jaw tight ho jaata hai. Sana cracked phone table par rakh deti hai—screen pe ek damaged, half-glitched video still dikh raha hai. Woh keh hai ki usne murder ke waqt recording on ki thi, par awaaz aayi, "Recording band karo." Phir screen par jo bhi tha, woh blur ho gaya. Usne phone ko protect karte hue chup rehna behtar samjha.

Ab twist ki direction badalti hai. Dev evidence envelope table par laata hai—woh envelope jo case file ka hissa hona chahiye tha. Kabir us par nazar daalta hai aur pehli baar uske face par panic flash hota hai. Sana turant pakad leti hai. Woh bolti hai, “Aap dono mein se kisi ek ne is envelope ko khola tha. Kyunki isme woh item tha jo murder site se nahi mila tha.” Dev dheere se envelope kholta hai. Andar ek chhota sa blood-stained cloth aur ek keychain. Kabir ka radio crackle karta hai, aur uski breathing change ho jaati hai. Dev seedha Kabir ko dekhta hai: “Yeh tumhari gaadi ki keychain hai.” Kabir deny karta hai, lekin uski aankhon mein guilt aa chuka hai.

Sana finally apni asli move karti hai. Woh kehti hai, “Main witness kam, test zyada thi. Main dekhna chahti thi kaun pehle jhooth bolega.” Phir woh Dev ki taraf phone ka cracked back dikhati hai, jahan tape ke neeche ek micro-SD chip chhupi hoti hai. Dev ka face hard ho jaata hai. Kabir samajh jaata hai ki uska planted evidence expose ho chuka hai. Twist yahi hai: murder ke baad evidence one detective ne plant kiya tha—apne brother ko bachane ke liye, jo us apartment block mein tha aur actual suspect se connected tha. Murder khud ek cover-up tha, lekin asli crime evidence ka tampering tha.

Ant mein, Dev Kabir ko arrest nahi karta turant. Woh bas notepad band karta hai aur ek line bolta hai: “Crime murder se pehle hota hai, Kabir. Aur kabhi-kabhi family ke naam pe.” Kabir khamosh ho jaata hai. Sana seedhi baith jaati hai, cracked phone ko apne seene se laga leti hai. Ceiling fan phir bhi ghoom raha hai, but room mein ab hawa nahi, sirf sach ka pressure hai. Har koi jaanta hai ki ab jo signal aaya hai, woh case ka nahi—ghar ka hai. Aur uska jawab kisi ke paas nahi.