

THE WRONG PASSWORD

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: Cyrus (33)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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MIDNIGHT. Glass-walled office cabin mein sirf monitor ki thandi glow, emergency strip lights aur bahar shehar ki neon reflections. Cyrus apne laptop ke saamne jhuka hua hai, hoodie ka hood aadha chadha, ungliyan tezi se keyboard aur USB drives ke beech darting. Praveen, office security head, bulky body ke saath darwaze ke paas khada hai, flashlight ek suspect ke jaise idhar-udhar ghoom rahi hai, keys ka bunch uske haath mein jangling sound kar raha hai. Aur phir Megha enter karti hai—blazer crisp, expression calm, haath mein ek sealed envelope. Woh kehti hai ki woh sirf ek employee ka resignation letter lene aayi hai. Cyrus turant bolta hai ki HR ka kaam raat ke do baje? Suspicious. Praveen aur zyada suspicious ho jaata hai, kyunki uske according restricted file tak access sirf IT aur security level par possible hai. Teenon ek dusre ko dekhte hain jaise koi film ka climax already shuru ho chuka ho.

Cyrus laptop screen par login page kholta hai. Restricted folder ka naam flash hota hai: "Project Blackbox." Password dalta hai—failed. Phir dobara—failed. Praveen taana maarta hai ki IT wale hamesha bolte hain system glitch hai, par asli glitch khud Cyrus hota hai. Cyrus palatkar bolta hai ki security walon ke bina keys ke company mein kuch bhi move nahi hota, aur Praveen ke keys ka bundle dekhkar usko aur doubt hota hai. Megha dono ko dekhkar shant awaaz mein kehti hai ki agar dono itne innocent hain, toh phir file har baar device change karke kaise dikh rahi hai? Jaise koi unke beech hi se access kar raha ho. Ye line room ka temperature aur gira deti hai. Cyrus apne multiple USB drives table par faila deta hai, bolta hai ki file ek drive se doosri drive mein "mirror" ho rahi hai. Praveen flashlight se laptop, envelope aur Megha ke hands scan karta hai, jaise sab par fingerprints dhoondh raha ho.

Megha sealed envelope ko table par rakhti hai aur bolti hai ki uske paas ek resignation letter hai—employee ka naam bolne se pehle woh ruk jaati hai. Cyrus aur Praveen ek saath poochte hain, "Kiska?" Megha ek second ke liye un dono ko dekhti hai, phir calmly kehti hai: "Jo bhi is company mein fraud cover kar raha hai." Room mein silence. Cyrus ki smile ek second ko freeze ho jaati hai. Praveen keys ko aur tight pakad leta hai. Cyrus bolta hai ki ye blackmail hai. Praveen bolta hai ki ye HR drama hai. Megha envelope kholti nahi. Instead, laptop ke side mein ek chhota sa hidden port dhoondhkar ek USB insert karti hai—par woh USB uski nahi, Praveen ki keychain ke andar chhupa hua miniature drive hota hai. Cyrus ka chehra palat jaata hai. Praveen bhi first time genuinely unsettled lagta hai.

Megha unke beech ki truth ko ek-ek karke kholti hai. Company ke fake vendor payments, ghost employees, aur data access logs ka pattern dono ke devices se match hota hai. Cyrus IT logs edit karta tha. Praveen after-hours access provide karta tha. Dono milkar employee resignations ko “voluntary exits” bana kar records clean karte the. Jo resignation letter Megha laayi thi, woh trap tha—andar us employee ka handwritten statement nahi, ek scanned confession file thi, aur uske back page par hidden timestamped screenshots. Password fail isliye ho raha tha kyunki woh file ka password un dono ke birthdays ka combination tha—ek cruel little joke from the woman they underestimated. Cyrus aur Praveen ke faces par panic aur betrayal ek saath ubhar aata hai.

Climax mein Megha calm, almost polite tone mein kehti hai ki woh HR se nahi, internal audit task force se aayi hai. Usne kab se un dono ko observe kiya tha. “Tum log fraud ring ho,” woh bolti hai, “aur aaj raat tum dono ka access khatam.” Cyrus laptop band karne ko badhta hai, Praveen keys se uska haath rokta hai, par Megha already file cloud par upload kar chuki hoti hai. City lights window mein blink karti hain jaise kisi police siren ka distant reflection. Last beat mein Megha sealed envelope table par unke beech rakh deti hai—upar likha hota hai: “Termination Notices.” Cyrus aur Praveen dono ek dusre ko dekhte hain, samajh jaate hain ki password galat nahi tha. Galat the woh. Aur cabin ke glass walls ke bahar, midnight office ab unke liye ek aquarium jaisa lagta hai—jahan shikaar bhi wohi hain, aur fish bhi.