

THE CALL THAT WASN'T

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: Eshan (31)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ka call center, AC ki sarsarahat, neon sign ka thanda blue glow aur monitors ki halki si chubhan—jaise poora room kisi aadhi neend mein ho. Eshan apni seat par baitha hai, headset pehne, rehearsed smile ke saath calls handle kar raha hai. Mudit, night shift supervisor, clipboard aur coffee ke saath uske peeche chakkar laga raha hai, har cheez ko numbers mein todne ki aadat ke saath. Tabhi ek call aati hai, aur Eshan ke kaan mein ek female voice bolti hai: “Tum abhi left side pe jo pen giraane wale ho, mat uthana.” Eshan ruk jaata hai. Pen waqai girta hai. Mudit isse prank samajhkar has deta hai. Lekin voice rukti nahi. Rhea—jo khud ko “kal se call kar rahi hoon” kehti hai—room ke tiny details pe exact predictions dene lagti hai: Mudit ki coffee spill hogi, call log mein ek purana entry galat time se marked hai, aur Eshan ke monitor ke corner mein ek dead pixel aane wala hai. Sab sach hota hai.

Pehle Mudit usse script, scam ya stress-induced hallucination maanta hai. Eshan bhi defensive ho jaata hai, lekin Rhea ki voice mein ek emotional precision hai jo prank se zyada personal lagti hai. Woh batati hai ki Eshan hamesha calls ke baad apna headset table par ulta rakhta hai, aur usne aaj subah apni maa ko call karne ka plan banaya tha, par kiya nahi. Eshan freeze ho jaata hai—yeh baat kisi log mein nahi hoti. Rhea dheere-dheere reveal karti hai ki woh customer nahi, future se aayi hui Eshan hi hai. Mudit ko yeh aur bhi absurd lagta hai, par Rhea kuch aise details bol deti hai jo sirf Eshan jaanta hai: ek bachpan ka nickname, ek purani scar, aur woh fatal mistake jo kal subah hone wali hai—shift ke end par ek faulty routing machine ko bypass karna, jisse ek human on-call operator ki jagah automated test line open reh jayegi. Kal wahi line ek emergency call ko delay karegi, aur kisi ki death ho jaayegi. Rhea ke hisaab se woh “kisi” Eshan ki maa thi.

Room ka tone badal jaata hai. Ab yeh prank nahi, warning hai. Mudit, jo pehle sabko laugh off kar raha tha, ab clipboard par notes bana raha hai aur call log ko ulat-pulat kar dekh raha hai. Usko ek odd pattern milta hai: last 17 minutes ke call logs mein ek entry already exist karti hai—same time stamp, same caller ID, par voice note blank. Jaise call pehle hi record ho chuki ho, sunne se pehle. Rhea explain karti hai ki company ke basement mein jo “voice optimization machine” install hui hai, woh calls ko future ke microseconds se route karti hai—voices ko bolne se pehle capture karke predictive loop banati hai. Isliye uski call “aaj” nahi, “kal” ki recording hai. Eshan aur Mudit dono ko lagta hai ki system ne unki reality ko glitch kar diya hai, lekin Rhea ki voice ab emotionally crack hone lagti hai. Woh future se sirf isliye aayi hai kyunki Eshan ne kal apni maa ko call nahi kiya tha, aur us delay ki wajah se ambulance

gate pe rok di gayi thi. Ek chhota sa decision, ek fatal chain.

Climax mein Mudit machine room ka access code bolta hai—jo Rhea ne exact pehle hi predict kar diya tha—aur screen par ek hidden routing path khul jaata hai. Wahan call log mein Eshan ka naam future timestamp ke saath flash karta hai. Eshan samajh jaata hai: Rhea koi stranger nahi, uski aane wali version hai jo guilt aur loss ke baad is loop ko todne aayi hai. Woh headset utarta hai, pehli baar rehearsed smile ko todta hai, aur apni maa ko abhi call karta hai—on speaker, same room mein. Rhea ki voice dheere se fade hoti hai, jaise timeline shift ho rahi ho. Mudit ka coffee cup table par rukta hai, clipboard se ek page girta hai, aur monitor par dead pixel ek second ke liye star ki tarah chamakta hai. End mein Eshan ko ek last whisper milta hai: “Call mat kaatna. Is baar sun lena.” Aur room mein sirf AC ka hum reh jaata hai—jaise future ne apni saans rok li ho.