

THE MEMORY TAPE

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: Aman (39)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Aman ko lab ka cool white light hamesha clinic jaisa lagta tha—saaf, sterile, aur thoda sa judgmental. Us din bhi woh cardigan ki sleeves kheenchta hua reclining chair ke paas khada tha, ungliyoon par ink stains, jaise kisi purane archive ki yaadein abhi bhi uske saath chipki hui hon. Dr. Saira, lab coat mein bilkul composed, recording console ke buttons ko ek surgeon ki tarah check kar rahi thi. Aur Tia—casual clothes, seedhi nazar, aur woh ajeeb si calmness jo ya toh bahut brave logon mein hoti hai ya bahut dangerous logon mein—chair ke armrest par halka sa baithi thi.

Saira ne bina smile ke procedure samjhaya: ek device, ek memory tape, aur ek forgotten hour. “Aap bas relax kijiye,” usne kaha, “hum sirf ek ghanta replay karenge.” Aman ne nervous hansa ke saath poocha, “Bas ek ghanta? Doctor, meri zindagi ka sabse embarrassing ghanta nikla toh?” Tia ne turant bola, “Phir bhi aapke regular hours se better hoga.” Saira ne pen se form sign karwaya, chair straps lagwaye, aur headphones Aman ke kaan par set kar diye. Red recording light on hui, aur room ka mahol ekdum thriller ban gaya.

Pehle sab normal tha. Monitor screens par static, phir dheere-dheere ek blurred corridor, metallic sound, aur teenon ki voices ka distorted echo. Aman apni hi memory dekhkar confuse ho gaya—lekin us memory mein woh khud ko nahi pehchaan pa raha tha. Do auratein usse argue kar rahi thi. Ek Saira jaisi awaaz: “Data ko twist mat karo, Tia. Accuracy ke bina kuch bhi rescue nahi hota.” Doosri Tia jaisi awaaz, zyada soft, zyada hurt: “Rescue? Tum usko yaad dila rahi ho ya erase kar rahi ho?” Aman ka chehra safed pad gaya. “Ruko... yeh main hoon? Aur yeh death kiski baat kar rahe ho?”

Saira ne turant console pe knobs adjust kiye. “Artifact hai. Emotional contamination.” Tia ne uski taraf dekha, bilkul calm. “Nahi, artifact nahi. He’s reacting because he remembers the feeling, not the facts.” Aman ne chair straps ko kheench kar bola, “Mujhe yaad kyun nahi? Aur aap dono mujhe dekh ke aise kyun lag rahi ho jaise main koi missing file hoon?” Saira ne sachchai ko ek scalpel ki tarah use kiya: “Kyunki aap subject nahi hain, Aman. Aap construct hain.” Aman hansa—pehle confusion mein, phir panic mein. “Construct? Main aadmi hoon, file nahi!” Tia ne monitor ki taraf ishara kiya. Screen par waveform ke neeche ek label blink hua: RECONSTRUCTED MEMORY NODE.

Uske baad jo reveal hua, woh lab ke temperature se bhi zyada thanda tha. Saira aur Tia ne Aman ko test karne ke liye nahi, balki ek dead patient ke memory-fragment ko stabilize karne ke liye reconstruct kiya tha—aur us dead

patient ka naam Aman tha. Ya tha? Ya hai? Tia ne dheere se kaha, “Humne tumhe isliye banaya kyunki us din koi ek sach nahi bacha tha.” Saira ne pehli baar voice lose ki: “Tumhari death ke baad, do alag minds mein tum alag tarah se survive kar rahe the. Main data thi. Tia emotion. Humne tumhe joda.” Aman ki aankhon mein gussa aur dard ek saath aaya. “Toh main memory hoon?” Saira ne jawab diya, “Tum unki memory se zyada ho. Tum unki guilt, unka denial, aur unki incomplete truth ho.”

Tia ne recording console ka red light dekhte hue kaha, “Aur jis death ki baat ho rahi thi... woh accident nahi tha.” Room mein silence itni tez thi ki monitor ka fan bhi guilty lagne laga. Saira ne finally admit kiya ki Aman ki death ke waqt experiment fail hua tha, aur us fail ko cover karne ke liye unhone yaadein edit ki thi. Aman—ya uski reconstructed presence—gusse mein khada hua, chair straps snap karte hue. “Toh main tum dono ka confession hoon?” Tia ne bina jhijhak kaha, “Haan. Aur maybe tumhara alibi bhi.”

Climax mein tape rewind hui aur ek final flash aaya: Aman ka asli chehra screen par nahi, balki dono women ke mind-scans mein alag-alag fragments mein tha—ek memory, do versions, ek dead man, aur ek truth jo kisi ek body mein fit nahi hota. Aman ki voice, pehle shaky, ab almost clear, boli: “Agar main memory hoon... toh mujhe jhooth mat banana.” Saira ne console off kiya. Red light ab bhi jal rahi thi. Tia ne headphones utare, aur pehli baar uski calmness mein dar dikha. Ending mein room ke andar teenon khamosh the, lekin audience ko pata chal chuka tha: Aman ko test nahi kiya gaya tha—usey wapas laaya gaya tha taaki ek death ka witness, victim, aur proof ek hi chehre mein mil sake.