

AUNTIE'S TIME MACHINE

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: Auntie Jaya (57)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Aaj raat, purani garage ki tang si duniya mein sirf ek bulb jhool raha hai. Neeche table par wires ka jungle, ek khula hua circuit board, do purane suitcases, aur beech mein ek ajeeb sa homemade machine—jaise kisi ne mixer, radio aur pressure cooker ko milake future ka sapna bana diya ho. Jaya, 57, practical kapdon mein, haathon par grease, aankhon mein shararat, machine ke aas-paas ghoom rahi hai jaise kisi stage magician ki tarah. Uski niece Sana, 31, neat shirt aur laptop bag ke saath, har cheez ko logic se naap rahi hai. Aur Tia, 19, streetwear mein, phone on, har second record kar rahi hai, kyunki uske liye har family drama ek potential viral content hai.

Jaya kehti hai ki yeh time machine hai. Sana has deti hai—“Auntie, yeh time machine nahi, jugaad ka museum hai.” Jaya phir bhi full confidence mein batati hai ki discarded appliances aur ek “phase-shift coil” se usne woh cheez banayi hai jo waqt ko fold kar sakti hai. Sana, software engineer hone ke naate, machine ke wires, battery, aur circuit board ko dekh kar prove karna chahti hai ki sab fake hai. Tia bas excitement mein hai—use bas ye dekhna hai ki auntie ka naya stunt kitna cinematic hai.

Phir Tia, phone se angle adjust karte hue, galti se ek loose wire ko touch kar deti hai. Machine ek low hum ke saath roshni mein phat padti hai. Bulb flicker karta hai. Suitcase ka lid khud-ba-khud khul jata hai. Teeno ke phones par ek hi unknown number se message aata hai: “Mat roko. Agar tumne use roka, toh hum kabhi family nahi banenge.” Sana ka chehra safed pad jata hai. Tia ka phone record karte-karte haath mein kaanpne lagta hai. Jaya, jo ab tak mazaak mein thi, ek pal ke liye bilkul chup ho jati hai.

Messages aane lagte hain—alag-alag phones par, lekin text same: future se. Ek message Sana ke naam: “Tu sach bolne se daregi, aur isi wajah se sab tootega.” Tia ke naam: “Camera band mat karna. Truth dekhna mushkil hoga.” Jaya ke phone par sirf ek line: “Machine sirf ek baar chalegi. Aur jo bachaega, woh khud ko kho dega.” Ab comedy ka tone dheere-dheere raw emotional tension mein badal jata hai.

Sana finally confess karti hai ki usne aaj hi mother ke old voice notes delete karne ke baare mein socha tha—family ke ek purane jhagde ki wajah se. Jaya aur Sana ke beech pehli baar sach ka pressure aata hai. Tia, jo ab tak lightweight thi, bolti hai ki usne kabhi family ko seriously nahi liya, par messages dekh kar lag raha hai jaise koi unke

future ka final cut unhe bhej raha ho. Jaya batati hai ki machine ka real purpose time travel nahi tha—woh bas ek “second chance generator” thi, ek aisi device jo unresolved regret ko signal mein badal deti hai. Machine future nahi, unke andar ka future dikhati hai.

Twist tab aata hai jab ek aur message flash hota hai: “Family breakup tumhari galti se nahi, tumhari chup ke wajah se hoga.” Sana ko realize hota hai ki jis tragedy ko woh prevent karna chahti thi, woh actually ek upcoming lie se judi hai—ek aisa decision jo woh sab milkar ek dusre se chhupaane wale the. Jaya kehti hai ki machine ka one-time charge ab khatam ho raha hai. Agar woh is moment ko change karna chahti hain, toh kisi ek ko machine ke core mein apna phone rakhkar last signal lock karna hoga—aur phir machine permanently shut ho jayegi. Future ka warning bach jayega, par machine dobara kabhi nahi chalegi.

Climax mein Sana, jo hamesha proof aur control mein jeeti thi, apna phone core mein rakh deti hai. Woh future ko preserve karti hai, lekin usse ek personal fear bhi face karna padta hai: ab woh apni family ke saamne sach bolegi, no more technical excuses. Tia recording chhod kar un dono ke beech khadi hoti hai aur pehli baar apni impatience ko maturity mein badal deti hai. Jaya machine ko off karti hai. Bulb ek last baar jalta hai, phir sab andhera. Sirf ek suitcase ka latch band hone ki awaaz aati hai.

Aakhri beat mein, teeno ek dusre ko dekhte hain—thaki hui, embarrassed, lekin strangely closer. Koi time travel nahi hua, ya shayad hua tha sirf utna jitna unhe ek sach bolne ke liye chahiye tha. Jaya halki si muskurahat ke saath kehti hai: “Time machine ka nuksaan yeh hai, beti... future se zyada, present se darr lagta hai.” Sana pehli baar has deti hai. Tia camera on kar ke bolti hai, “Title mil gaya. Auntie’s Time Machine. Aur ending... emotional thi.”