

# ODT Prompt Outcome

Abhinav & Zoya

**TITLE: STILL ON THE SAME FREQUENCY**

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## **INT. OLD RADIO REPAIR SHOP – EVENING**

A narrow shop tucked between shuttered stores. Dust floats in warm orange light. Shelves stacked with broken radios, cassette players, forgotten tech.

**AARAV (24)**, quiet, observant, fixes a transistor radio behind the counter.

The door BELL rings.

**MIRA (24)** enters, hesitant. She holds an old WALKMAN like it's fragile memory.

They lock eyes.

A beat too long.

They know each other.

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### **AARAV**

(soft, unsure)

You're... early.

### **MIRA**

(smiles faintly)

I was always bad with timing.

She steps closer, placing the Walkman on the counter.

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### **MIRA (CONT'D)**

It stopped working.

I thought—

(if she stops herself)

I thought you might know how to fix it.

Aarav nods, careful. He opens the Walkman, hands steady despite everything unsaid.

---

**AARAV**

You kept it.

**MIRA**

You made me that tape.

Kind of hard to throw away.

Silence. The radio on a shelf CRACKLES to life — a distant, nostalgic song.

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**INT. RADIO SHOP – LATER**

The shop feels smaller now. Night presses against the windows.

Aarav clicks the Walkman shut and hands it back.

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**AARAV**

Try now.

Mira puts on the headphones. Presses PLAY.

Her face softens. The music plays — imperfect, warm, alive.

She removes the headphones.

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**MIRA**

It still skips...

(on a smile)

But I like that part.

Aarav exhales, relieved.

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**AARAV**

You always did.

A beat.

---

**MIRA**

I'm leaving tomorrow.

There it is.

Aarav doesn't look surprised — just quietly wounded.

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**AARAV**

I figured.

You don't come back unless it's goodbye.

Mira looks around the shop — the dust, the memories, him.

---

**MIRA**

I wasn't brave enough before.

I kept thinking love should be... louder. Bigger.

But it was always just this.

She gestures between them.

---

**MIRA (CONT'D)**

Quiet.

Steady.

Waiting.

Aarav finally meets her eyes.

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**AARAV**

I waited.

Not because I thought you'd come back—

but because this place made sense when you existed somewhere in the world.

Silence stretches. Heavy, honest.

---

**EXT. RADIO SHOP – NIGHT**

They stand outside under a flickering streetlight.

Mira hesitates, then presses the headphones into Aarav's hands.

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**MIRA**

Keep them.

**AARAV**

You sure?

---

**MIRA**

(smiles, resolved)

Yeah.

I don't need the tape anymore.

I remember it now.

They share a final look — not desperate, not rushed.

Complete.

Mira steps back.

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**MIRA (CONT'D)**

Some things don't end because they fail.

They end because they finish.

Aarav nods, accepting.

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**AARAV**

Then... have a good life.

Mira turns, walks down the street. Doesn't look back.

Aarav puts on the headphones.

The song PLAYS — skipping, imperfect.

But whole.

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**INT. RADIO SHOP – CONTINUOUS**

Aarav returns inside, flips the OPEN sign to CLOSED.

He sits at the counter, listening.

Not waiting anymore.

**FADE OUT.**

**THE END.**

make a prompt that is reusable every single time i put it and also include Inputs - Genre  
Example works 1 line Wordcount No. of actors

Here's a **clean, reusable master prompt** you can paste **every single time** and just change the inputs.

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## Reusable Screenplay Generation Prompt

### Prompt:

You are an **Emmy Award-winning screenwriter with 20+ years of experience**. Write an **original screenplay** in the **[Genre]** genre, inspired by the **tone, pacing, and emotional sensibility** of the following example works: **[Example Works – list up to 3]**.

Expand the following **one-line scene setup** into a complete cinematic scene:

**[1-line scene]**

The screenplay must:

- Be approximately **[Word Count]** words
- Feature exactly **[Number of Actors]** speaking characters
- Follow **standard screenplay format** (INT./EXT., action lines, dialogue, character names)
- Be **clearly structured and easy to read like a Word document**
- Maintain **strong narrative clarity and emotional continuity**
- End with a **resolved, unambiguous conclusion** (no cliffhangers)

Write with **cinematic visual storytelling**, restrained but impactful dialogue, and a clear beginning, middle, and end.

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### Inputs to Replace Each Time

- **Genre:**
- **Example Works:**
- **1-line Scene Setup:**

- **Word Count:**
  - **Number of Actors:**
- 

If you want, I can also:

- Convert this into a **2-line ultra-compact version**
- Add **P.A.R.T.S** labeling
- Tune it for **film-school / competition / LLM fine-tuning use**

Just say the word.

using this prompt create the romance story again

**TITLE: STILL ON THE SAME FREQUENCY**

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#### **INT. OLD RADIO REPAIR SHOP – EVENING**

A narrow, dimly lit shop squeezed between closed storefronts. Dust hangs in the air, glowing in amber light. Shelves overflow with broken radios, cassette players, forgotten machines.

**AARAV (24)** sits behind the counter, repairing a small transistor radio. Calm hands. A quiet life.

The DOOR BELL rings.

**MIRA (24)** steps inside, hesitant. She carries a worn WALKMAN, clutched carefully.

Their eyes meet.

A pause — loaded, unfinished.

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**AARAV**

(low)

Hey.

**MIRA**

Hey.

Neither moves.

---

**MIRA (CONT'D)**

I...

I heard you were still here.

**AARAV**

Some things don't change.

She walks to the counter, places the Walkman down.

---

**MIRA**

It stopped working.

I thought maybe—

(stops herself)

I thought you'd know.

Aarav opens the Walkman. Studies the tangled tape.

---

**AARAV**

You kept it.

**MIRA**

You made that mix for me.

I didn't know how to let it go.

A RADIO on the shelf suddenly CRACKLES, releasing a soft, nostalgic melody.

---

**INT. RADIO SHOP – LATER**

Night presses against the windows. The shop feels closer now, more intimate.

Aarav snaps the Walkman shut and slides it back to Mira.

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**AARAV**

Try.

Mira puts on the headphones. Presses PLAY.

The music plays — slightly distorted, imperfect.

Her eyes close.

She takes them off.

---

**MIRA**

It still skips.

**AARAV**

(smiles)

It always did.

---

**MIRA**

So did we.

A beat.

---

**MIRA (CONT'D)**

I'm leaving tomorrow.

Aarav absorbs it quietly.

---

**AARAV**

I figured.

You don't come back unless it's something important.

Mira looks around — the radios, the dust, him.

---

**MIRA**

I used to think love had to feel like a big moment.

A choice you shout.

A leap.

She meets his eyes.

---

**MIRA (CONT'D)**

But it was always just... showing up.

Again and again.

And I didn't know how to do that back then.

Aarav nods. Honest.



---

**AARAV**

I stayed because this place made sense.  
Because knowing you existed somewhere was enough.

Silence. Not awkward. Complete.

---

**EXT. RADIO SHOP – NIGHT**

They stand under a flickering streetlight.

Mira removes the headphones and places them gently in Aarav's hands.

---

**MIRA**

Keep them.

**AARAV**

You sure?

---

**MIRA**

Yeah.  
I don't need proof anymore.  
I remember how it felt.

A final look — no urgency, no regret.

---

**MIRA (CONT'D)**

Some love stories aren't meant to continue.  
They're meant to finish properly.

Aarav nods.

---

**AARAV**

Then... goodbye.

Mira smiles, turns, and walks away. She doesn't look back.

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**INT. RADIO SHOP – CONTINUOUS**

Aarav flips the sign from OPEN to CLOSED.

He puts on the headphones.

The song plays. It skips.

He smiles — not waiting anymore.

**FADE OUT.**

**THE END.**