

ODT Prompt Outcome

Abhinav & Zoya

TITLE: STILL ON THE SAME FREQUENCY

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.

AARAV

(soft, unsure)

You're... early.

MIRA

(smiles faintly)

I was always bad with timing.

She steps closer, placing the Walkman on the counter.

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.

INT. RADIO SHOP – LATER

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

Aarav clicks the Walkman shut and hands it back.

AARAV

Try now.

Mira puts on the headphones. Presses PLAY.

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

She removes the headphones.

MIRA

It still skips...

(on a smile)

But I like that part.

Aarav exhales, relieved.

AARAV

You always did.

A beat.

MIRA

I'm leaving tomorrow.

There it is.

Aarav doesn't look surprised — just quietly wounded.

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.

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.

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.

MIRA (CONT'D)

Some things don't end because they fail.

They end because they finish.

Aarav nods, accepting.

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.

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.



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.



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

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.

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.

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.

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.