



TOMORROW'S WEATHER

A Sci-Fi/High-Concept 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: A local radio meteorologist starts receiving weather forecasts that are accurate one day early, including a storm no one else believes will happen. When the predicted disaster begins to unfold exactly as described, he realizes the voice on the line is not forecasting the weather—it is trying to warn him about the future of the town itself.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Small-Town Radio Meteorologist (Male, 48-55)

LOCATION: A tiny radio booth with soundproof foam, a microphone, weather maps, and a glowing 'On Air' sign, lit by warm amber practicals. Through a small window, the town is barely visible in darkness, as if the booth is floating above the world.

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FADE IN:

INT. TINY RADIO BOOTH - NIGHT

Warm amber practicals hum softly. Soundproof foam walls. A glowing ON AIR sign. A weathered MIC on a stand. Weather maps pinned unevenly. A small window reveals a dark, barely visible town floating in blackness.

ARVIND BHATIA (50s), casual button-up with rolled sleeves and suspenders, sits alone at the radio console. Friendly face. Serious eyes. He flips through a notepad, sips from a coffee thermos.

ARVIND

(to mic, easy professionalism)

Namaskar, doston. Main hoon Arvind Bhatia, aur yeh hai aaj raat ka weather update. Thandi hawa hai, sky clear hai, aur agar aap kal subah market ja rahe hain, toh light jacket le jana.

He glances at the weather map, then freezes.

A faint STATIC crackles through the studio speaker.

VOICE (V.O.)

Light jacket nahi. Kal rain aayegi.

Arvind straightens.

ARVIND

(half-laughing)

Wah. Call-in segment toh abhi start bhi nahi hua, aur prank bhi aa gaya.

VOICE (V.O.)

Prank nahi. Kal 4:12 par baarish. Wind west se. Temperature 18.

Arvind looks at his notes. The exact same figures are written there—except he hasn't said them yet.

ARVIND

(quietly)

Yeh... yeh kaise?

The speaker crackles again.

VOICE (V.O.)

Agli line bhi suno. Town square, 7:40. Transformer fail. Log niche aayenge. Mat rehne dena.

Arvind's hand tightens around the pen.

ARVIND

Kaun bol raha hai?

Only static.

He leans into the mic, trying to sound calm.

ARVIND (CONT'D)

Doston, technical issue hai. Thoda wait kijiye.

He mutes the mic, stares at the radio console.

ARVIND (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Main itne saal se weather sunata hoon... aaj weather mujhe suna raha hai?

He checks a wall clock. Ticks. Silence.

VOICE (V.O.)

Trust the second forecast.

Arvind jolts.

ARVIND

Second forecast? Kaun sa second forecast?

The speaker hums. Then:

VOICE (V.O.)

Kal subah school ke paas sinkhole. Dopehar market road par gas leak. Shaam river embankment crack.

Arvind stands abruptly, knocking his chair slightly.

ARVIND

Nahi. Nahi, nahi...

He flips through weather maps like they might explain the impossible.

ARVIND (CONT'D)

(frustrated, to mic)

Sun rahe ho jo bhi ho—agar tum mazaak kar rahe ho na, toh yeh town ka mazaak nahi hai.

Static.

Then, softer.

VOICE (V.O.)

Tumhari awaaz hi unhe roke gi. Par sirf agar tum sach bologe.

Arvind goes still.

ARVIND

(a beat)

Sach?

He looks through the tiny window at the sleeping town.

ARVIND (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Agar yeh future hai... toh future ko warning chahiye.

He opens his notepad with resolve. Writes fast. Breathes.

He flips the ON AIR switch back on.

ARVIND (INTO MIC)

Suno, town ke logon. Main Arvind bol raha hoon. Aur jo ab main kehne jaa raha hoon, us par hansii mat udaana.

He swallows, then continues—steady, urgent.

ARVIND (CONT'D)

Aaj raat town square ke paas mat jao. Agar tum wahan ho, turant ghar jao. Water tank ke paas koi metal ka kaam mat karo. Aur agar tumhe lag raha hai ki main overreact kar raha hoon...

(beat)

...toh bas ek baar khidki se bahar dekho.

The speaker emits a low, approving hum.

VOICE (V.O.)

Better.

Arvind closes his eyes for a second, then opens them.

ARVIND

(softly)

Kaun ho tum?

No answer. Only a long, eerie static tone.

He looks at the coffee thermos, the maps, the mic—his tiny booth suddenly feeling like a control room for time itself.

ARVIND (CONT'D)

(to himself, determined)

Theek hai. Agar kal ka weather aaj aa raha hai... toh main kal ka nuksaan aaj hi rokunga.

He leans into the mic, voice growing stronger.

ARVIND (CONT'D)

Repeat kar raha hoon. Yeh sirf forecast nahi hai. Yeh warning hai.

The ON AIR sign glows red as the static swells.

CUT TO BLACK.

SUPER: TOMORROW'S WEATHER

FADE OUT.