



THE BABY MONITOR

A Horror/Supernatural 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: The baby monitor begins transmitting a woman's voice singing a lullaby no one in the house recognizes. Anjali thinks the house is haunted, Kiran blames exhaustion, and Devi insists the voice belongs to the child's true guardian. The climax reveals the baby monitor is picking up a message from a child who was never officially born in the family records.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Anjali (32)

LOCATION: A dim bedroom at midnight, lit by a night lamp and the blue glow of a baby monitor screen. The cot, prayer shelf, and curtained window make the room feel intimate but increasingly haunted.

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MIDNIGHT

Dim room. Ek NIGHT LAMP ka peela glow. BLUE BABY MONITOR SCREEN ki thandi roshni. COT, PRAYER SHELF, aur CURTAINED WINDOW room ko tight, intimate, aur suffocating bana rahe hain.

ANJALI (32), loose nightdress mein, baby blanket pakde khadi hai. Aankhon mein neend nahi, bas anxiety.

KIRAN (58), house sari, severe face ke saath PRAYER PLATE liye khadi hai.

DEVI (80), faded shawl mein, almost blind, lekin strangely alert. Woh empty corner ki taraf whisper kar rahi hai.

DEVI

(whispering)

Haan... haan... aa gayi kya?

ANJALI

(startled)

Maa... aap kis se baat kar rahi ho?

DEVI

Jo sun raha hai, usi se.

Kiran prayer plate ko thoda aur kas ke pakad leti hai.

KIRAN

Anjali, bas. Raat ke do baje hain. Neend nahi aayi hai, isliye har cheez badi lag rahi hai.

ANJALI

Main pagal nahi hoon, Kiran ji. Monitor se awaaz aayi thi.

Monitor se sirf STATIC.

Anjali baby monitor ka volume dheere se badhati hai.

STATIC ke beech ek WOMAN'S VOICE—soft, old lullaby.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(singing)

Nindiya aa... nindiya aa... Chanda mere paas aa...

Anjali ka chehra safed.

ANJALI

(whisper)

Yeh... yeh kaun hai?

KIRAN

Signal hoga. Ya battery.

ANJALI

Battery se gaana kaun gaata hai?

KIRAN

(sharp)

Exhaustion se log bhookh bhi bhool jaate hain. Tumhe bas rest chahiye.

Devi slowly cot ki taraf mudti hai, jaise awaaz ko dekh rahi ho.

DEVI

Yeh gaana ghar ka nahi hai.

KIRAN

(irritated)

Aapko dikhai kam deta hai, yaad kam rehti hai, aur raat ko drama zyada.

DEVI

(calm)

Aur tumhe yaad zyada chhupani aati hai.

Silence. Lullaby continues.

ANJALI

Devi, aapko lagta hai... koi hai room mein?

DEVI

Room mein nahi.

(beat)

Ghar mein.

Kiran prayer plate ko prayer shelf par rakhne jaati hai.

KIRAN

Bas. Main mantra bolti hoon. Sab theek ho jayega.

ANJALI

Please plate mat rakho. Pehle monitor dekho.

Monitor par lullaby suddenly clear.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Aaja beta... aaja... Maa yahin hai...

Anjali ka breath atak jata hai.

ANJALI

"Beta"?

KIRAN

(defensive)

Maybe someone in the neighborhood.

DEVI

(to empty corner)

Nahi. Woh apne ko bula rahi hai.

KIRAN

Kaun?

DEVI

Jo is ghar mein tha... par likha nahi gaya.

Kiran freezes.

KIRAN

(low)

Aap phir se shuru mat kijiye.

DEVI

Main shuru nahi kar rahi. Main yaad dila rahi hoon.

Anjali steps closer.

ANJALI

Kya matlab likha nahi gaya?

Devi's blind eyes seem to lock onto Kiran.

DEVI

Bahut saal pehle... ek bachcha hua tha. Zinda tha.
Par kagaz mein kabhi aaya hi nahi.

Kiran's jaw tightens. Prayer plate trembles.

KIRAN

(angry, shaken)

Bas karo.

DEVI

Tumne box mein cap dekha tha. Chhota sa woolen cap.
Phir bhi tumne poocha nahi.

Kiran looks away. Guilty.

ANJALI

(soft)

Kiran ji...?

KIRAN

(breaking)

Main... mujhe bas yaad nahi karna tha.

Monitor crackles louder.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Maa... dar mat... Main yahin hoon...

Anjali recoils.

ANJALI

Yeh... mujhe bol raha hai?

DEVI

Nahi. Tumhari taraf se bol raha hai.

A beat.

The monitor screen flickers.

For one second, the reflection in the screen changes: an OLD ROOM, same cot, same lamp, but EMPTY.

Anjali stares.

ANJALI

Main... main is room ko pehle kabhi nahi dekha.

DEVI

Rooh room nahi dekhti. Woh ghar dekhti hai.

Kiran finally sets the prayer plate down.

KIRAN

(almost a whisper)

Agar koi tha... toh humne use bhulaya kyun?

DEVI

Kyunki dukh ko family records mein jagah nahi milti.

Anjali slowly moves to the cot. She picks up the BABY BLANKET and holds it to her chest.

ANJALI

(to monitor, gently)

Jo bhi ho... tum akeli nahi ho.

The lullaby stops.

Silence.

A tiny BABY GIGGLE comes through the monitor.

The blue screen flashes a MESSAGE:

THANK YOU, DIDI.

Anjali's eyes fill.

Kiran is stunned.

Devi smiles faintly at the empty corner.

The LULLABY TOY on the cot JOLTS twice by itself.

The night lamp steadies.

Then, from the monitor—one final whisper.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Ab ghar yaad aaya.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.