

DEAD AIR

A Horror/Supernatural 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Horror/Supernatural	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Ritesh (29)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ke 2 baje ka radio booth kisi chhote se aquarium jaisa lag raha hai—bahar city ki halki roshni, andar red ON AIR sign ki jalan, console ki blinking lights, aur static ka sookha sa shor. Ritesh, 29 ka late-night RJ, casual shirt aur headphones mein, apni usual forced cheerfulness ke saath mic ke saamne baitha hai. Uski smile trained hai, lekin har minute ke saath thodi aur toot rahi hai. Woh listeners ko jokes suna raha hai, coffee ka last sip leta hai, aur khud ko busy dikhane ki koshish karta hai. Tab phone line par ek call aati hai. Caller ka naam display par blank sa hai—sirf ek hisseदार crackle. Ritesh sochta hai prank hoga, aur apni radio-wali playful tone mein call on-air le leta hai.

Caller X ki awaaz normal nahi lagti. Woh bahut calm hai, jaise kisi aur room se nahi, kisi aur jagah se bol raha ho—jahan hawa bhi bheegi hui ho. Woh kehta hai, "Tum abhi kehne wale ho, 'Aaj raat kaafi thandi hai, aur aap hain mere saath'." Ritesh ek second ke liye freeze hota hai, phir hansi mein uda deta hai, "Arre wah, aap toh writer nikle." Lekin agle hi pal caller exactly uske agle do sentences predict kar deta hai. Ritesh ke jokes, uski pauses, uska nervous word choice—sab pehle se usko pata hai. Booth ka mahaul halka sa shift hota hai. Console lights blink karte hain, static ke beech awaaz aur saaf hoti jaati hai.

Ritesh pehle ise elaborate prank samajhta hai. Woh line cut karne ki koshish karta hai, par caller har baar uske action ko pehle se bata deta hai. "Tum abhi mute button dhoondhoge. Left side pe. Nahi, thoda aur neeche." Ritesh ka gala sookh jaata hai. Woh laugh track ka sahara lena chahta hai, par ab audience ke bina bhi uska show chal raha hai—sirf uske aur us unknown voice ke beech. Caller dheere-dheere personal hone lagta hai. Woh Ritesh se uske bachpan ki chhoti details poochta nahi—woh unhe bolta hai. "Tumhari aadat hai, gusse mein mic ko zyada pakadte ho. Jaise kisi ka haath pakadna chahte ho, par pakad nahi paate." Ritesh ki aankhon mein pehli baar panic aata hai.

Phir caller ek line bolta hai jo booth ki hawa ko thanda kar deti hai: "Tumne us raat bhi aise hi kaha tha, 'Bas ek minute.'" Ritesh ka chehra safed pad jaata hai. Uske kaan mein static se zyada kuch aur bajne lagta hai—yaad ka shor. Ek accident site, ek gaadi, rain-soaked road, aur uska chhota bhai jo uske saath tha. Woh raat jab Ritesh ne panic mein car roki thi, aur phir... phir kuch aisa hua jiske baad usne mudkar dekhna avoid kiya. Caller ki awaaz ab aur bhi gehri ho jaati hai: "Tum mujhe wahin chhod aaye the."

Ritesh deny karta hai, phir ghabrahat mein justify karne lagta hai. “Maine help bulayi thi... main wapas aane wala tha...” But caller interrupt nahi karta; woh bas sunta hai, jaise radio par koi purana signal. Phir reflection mein—console ke dark glass aur booth ki window mein—ek pal ke liye soaked suit wala man dikhai deta hai. Blank expression. Bilkul seedha khada. Ritesh ka saans ruk jaata hai. Woh peeche mudta hai, lekin booth khaali. Sirf mic, headphones, console, aur ON AIR sign ka red glow.

Caller ab naam leta hai—Ritesh ke bhai ka naam. Ritesh ke hosh udd jaate hain. Woh pehli baar sach bolta hai, awaaz toot jaati hai: “Maine dar ke maare ruk gaya tha.” Yeh confession nikalte hi line par static kam ho jaata hai, jaise kisi ne uski saans sun li ho. Caller ka tone ab gusse ka nahi, bas thaka hua hai. “Main wahin broadcast kar raha hoon,” woh kehta hai. “Jahan signal nahi aana chahiye. Par tumhari awaaz aayi. Har saal. Har raat. Tumne sunna nahi.” Ritesh samajh jaata hai—yeh prank nahi, punishment bhi nahi; yeh ek aisi presence hai jo usse usi jagah laakar khada kar rahi hai jahan se usne apne guilt ko kabhi khatam nahi hone diya.

Climax mein caller Ritesh se ek simple sawaal poochta hai: “Abhi bhi bhagoge?” Ritesh mic ke saamne hil nahi paata. Uski nervous smile finally gayab ho chuki hai. Woh aansuon ke saath, bina dramatic banne ki koshish ke, bas itna kehta hai, “Nahi.” Booth mein static ek lambi saans jaisa uthta hai. ON AIR sign ek baar jhalakta hai. Phir line dead ho jaati hai—dead air. Ritesh headphones utarta hai, console ki taraf dekhta hai, aur pehli baar apne aap ko sunta hai: silence. Bahar city chal rahi hai, par booth ke andar kuch chhoot gaya hai. Ya shayad kuch wapas aa gaya hai.