

THE CANDLE CALL

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: Sameer (28)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Sameer ko blackout bilkul pasand nahi. Uske hisaab se darkness ka ek hi kaam hota hai: logon ko dramatic aur stupid banana. Isi liye jab Nandini uske apartment mein candle, matches aur ek purani ritual notebook ke saath aati hai, Sameer pehle toh has deta hai. Nandini, jo paas ki occult bookstore mein kaam karti hai, seedhe bolti hai ki yeh ek harmless candle ritual hai—bas atmosphere check karna hai, koi bhoot-shhoot nahi. Sameer apni camera on karta hai aur bolta hai ki theek hai, content bana lenge. “Par agar kuch nahi hua toh tu mera review dekh ke offended mat hona,” woh mazaak karta hai. Nandini uske sarcasm ko ignore karke candle jala deti hai, aur room mein peeli roshni ke saath ek ajeeb si khamoshi basne lagti hai.

Pehle kuch bhi nahi hota. Dono ek dusre ko taunt karte rehte hain—Sameer kehta hai ki ritual books sirf overpriced self-help hoti hain, Nandini kehti hai ki skeptics ko sabse pehle apni hi aankhon pe bharosa nahi hota. Phir notebook khulne lagti hai. Hawa nahi chal rahi, phir bhi pages khud-b-khud palatne lagte hain. Sameer phone flashlight point karta hai, camera mein frame set karta hai, aur tabhi deewar ke paas teen halki knocks sunai deti hain. Dono freeze ho jaate hain. Sameer bolta hai, “Building purani hai, pipe noise hoga.” Nandini uski taraf dekhti hai, bilkul serious: “Teen knocks. Same timing. Notebook mein likha hai.”

Uske baad apartment ka mood badal jaata hai. Candle ki flame kabhi seedhi, kabhi lambi, kabhi almost blue si lagne lagti hai. Curtains ke paas thandak itni badh jaati hai ki Sameer ko apne haath ragarne padte hain. Nandini ritual ke words padhne lagti hai, dheere aur saaf. Har line ke baad same room se response aata hai—kabhi ek knock, kabhi shelf se halki si thud, kabhi bilkul kaan ke paas ek whisper jaisa “haan.” Sameer ka confidence crack hone lagta hai, lekin woh camera band nahi karta. Uska professional instinct aur ego dono usse rok rahe hote hain. “Yeh sab coincidence hai,” woh baar-baar kehta hai, par uski awaaz ab pehle jaisi nahi lagti.

Nandini usse poochti hai ki kya usne ritual se pehle kuch unusual feel kiya tha. Sameer gussa ho jaata hai. “Main yahan teri paranormal HR screening ke liye nahi aaya.” Par uske phone ki screen blink karti hai, battery 3% pe girti hai, aur room ki khidki ke glass mein candlelight ka reflection hilita hai—jaise koi aur bhi wahan khada ho. Sameer piche mudta hai, kuch nahi. Phir window ke bahar andhere mein ek second silhouette dikhti hai. Lamba, still, bilkul unke beech ki line mein. Nandini ka chehra safed pad jaata hai. Woh notebook ke last page par likha ek line padhti hai: “Ritual summon nahi karta. Ritual reveal karta hai.”

Sameer ab bhi deny karne ki koshish karta hai, par jab candle ki flame ekdum seedhi ho kar window ke glass mein do reflections banati hai, uska face hil jaata hai. Ek reflection uska. Dusra... kisi aur ka. Nandini dheere se camera uske haath se le leti hai aur lens window ki taraf ghumati hai. Screen par bhi wahi second figure dikh raha hota hai—sirf reflection nahi, presence. Nandini ka voice almost whisper mein aata hai: “Ye spirit summon nahi hua, Sameer. Ye pehle se yahin tha.”

Sameer ka gala sookh jaata hai. “Kis ka?” Nandini usse nahi dekhti. Woh notebook ke cover ke andar chipka ek faded note nikalti hai—us par likha hota hai: “Jo pehle se possessed ho, woh ritual mein raasta ban jaata hai.” Sameer ko yaad aata hai: bookstore se aate waqt usne ek old charm coin pocket mein daala tha, mazaak mein. Nandini ki aankhen us coin ki taraf jaati hain. “Tu kya lekar aaya tha?” woh puchhti hai. Sameer pocket check karta hai—coin ab garam ho chuka hota hai, almost burning. Wo use floor pe gira deta hai. Coin girte hi window ke bahar wala silhouette seedha unke beech khinch aata hai, aur room mein ek saans jaisi awaaz goonjti hai.

Ant mein, Nandini candle ko sameer ke saamne hold karti hai aur usse seedha dekhti hai. “Ab jo bhi hai,” woh kehti hai, “camera mein capture kar. Kyunki ab woh tujhe dekh raha hai.” Sameer lens raise karta hai, aur uski screen pe uska apna chehra nahi, balki uske shoulder ke peeche khada woh doosra figure dikhai deta hai—bilkul usi height ka, usi hoodie mein, par smile ke saath. Sameer ke haath kaanp jaate hain. Candle flame ek baar zor se jhukti hai. Blackout ke beech ek sharp whisper aata hai: “Call accepted.” Screen cut to black.