

MOTHERBOARD

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: Sangeeta (46)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

100% Free for Every Filmmaker & Creator.

Shoot it, direct it, share it anywhere?no licensing fees, no paperwork, no barriers. Whether you're making your first student film, a festival entry, or an independent project, all scripts on Story Dil Se are completely free to adapt.

All we ask: Give credit where it's due with an on-screen mention in your credits:

'Story & Screenplay by Story Dil Se (storydilse.in)'.

Raat ke do baje hain. Ek chhota sa bedroom, laptop ki neeli roshni, bedside lamp ka peela dhoop-jaisa halka glow, aur kone mein ghana andhera. Closet ka darwaza thoda sa khula hua hai, jaise kisi ne bas abhi-abhi andar jhaanka ho. Sangeeta, 46, cardigan aur nightwear mein, haath mein phone ko aise pakde hue hai jaise woh koi defense weapon ho. Neha, 19, oversized hoodie aur pajama pants mein, bed ke edge par baithi hai, shoulders jhuke hue, neck ke paas headphones latke hue. Dono ke beech ek phone par chalti ek voice note hai — dead grandmother ki awaaz.

Neha ka kehna hai ki use yeh message abhi-abhi mila, aur voice note mein dadi ki awaaz hai: “Neha, beta... jo sach hai, usse bhaagna mat.” Sangeeta pehle usse prank samajhti hai. Woh thak chuki hai, irritated hai, aur uske liye yeh sab internet ka bakwaas lagta hai. Lekin Neha ka chehra dekhkar uska tone dheere-dheere badalta hai. Neha zyada baat nahi karti, bas phone screen Sangeeta ki taraf ghumati hai. Sender unknown hai. Timestamp purana nahi, bas kuch minute pehle ka hai.

Sangeeta voice note dubara sunwati hai. Dadi ki awaaz mein ek ajeeb si clarity hai. Woh keh rahi hoti hai, “Sangeeta, darwaza band kar de.” Sangeeta ka chehra pal bhar ke liye freeze ho jata hai. Yeh line koi aur nahi bol sakta. Yeh woh line hai jo uski dadi sirf un private raaton mein bolti thi, jab ghar ke sab log so jate the. Neha notice karti hai ki maa ka haath phone par kaanp raha hai. Woh pehli baar seedha maa ko dekhti hai, jaise uske andar koi suspicion jag chuka ho.

Tab laptop khud-ba-khud wake ho jata hai. Blue screen par cursor hilta hai. Bedside lamp flicker karta hai. Closet ke andar se halki si tapping aati hai. Dono ek saath chup ho jati hain. Sangeeta phone ko aur tight pakad leti hai, phir bhi practical rehne ki koshish karti hai. “Battery low hai. Bluetooth connect hua hoga. Kisi ne mazaak kiya hai.” Neha, jo hamesha se mother ke control aur denial se tang rahi hai, is baar bas ek line bolti hai: “Mere paas dadi ka number nahi hai, Maa. Toh maine bheja kahan se?”

Yahi se room ka tension badhta hai. Voice note phir play hota hai, is baar bina touch ke. Awaaz bolti hai, “Neha ko sach mat chhupa.” Sangeeta ka chehra safed pad jata hai. Neha ki aankhon mein pehli baar gussa aata hai—khamosh, puraana gussa. Woh poochti hai, “Kaunsa sach?” Sangeeta jawab nahi deti. Lamp aur laptop ke

beech uska shadow lamba aur toot-ta hua lagta hai. Closet ka darwaza aur khul jata hai, bas thoda sa, hawa ke jhonke se nahi—jaise kisi ne andar se dhakka diya ho.

Sangeeta finally confess karti hai, lekin aadha sach. Woh batati hai ki dadi ke marne se pehle usne ghar ke maintenance ke liye kuch files, old recordings aur “family backup” ek purane laptop mein save kiye the. Neha ko lagta hai yeh bhi koi distraction hai. Tab Sangeeta ka phone vibrate karta hai. Screen par ek file name flash hota hai: “motherboard_backup.final.” Neha us naam ko dekh kar confuse hoti hai. Sangeeta ke hosh ud jate hain. Uska chehra guilt se bhar jata hai.

Woh admit karti hai ki “motherboard” sirf computer ka part nahi tha. Yeh uske ghar ka code word tha—woh jagah jahan ghar ke sabse dangerous secrets store hote the. Dadi ki recordings, hospital reports, aur ek purani adoption file. Neha ka naam us file mein tha. Neha ka birth certificate nahi, uski asli pehchaan. Sangeeta ne use apni beti banakar paala tha, lekin uske biological family ka sach kabhi nahi bataya. Dadi ko pata tha. Isi liye voice notes mein dadi ki awaaz aati hai—kyunki woh recordings usi ne banayi thi, aur purane laptop ke auto-backup ne unhe aaj Neha ke phone par forward kar diya hai.

Neha stunned hai. Woh poochti hai, “Toh main kaun hoon?” Sangeeta ki aankhon mein aansu aa jate hain. Woh kehti hai, “Meri beti. Bas itna sach main kabhi jhooth se upar nahi rakh paayi.” Phir voice note ek aakhri line bolta hai: “Sangeeta, ab bol de.”

Is climax mein room ke saare electronics ek saath jag uthte hain—laptop screen par purane files khul jaate hain, phone par recordings auto-play hoti hain, bedside lamp steady ho jata hai. Closet se koi bhoot nahi nikalta. Wahan bas ek old file box hota hai, jise Neha khud khinch kar bahar nikaalti hai. Andar dadi ki handwriting mein labels hain: “For Neha, when she is ready.”

Twist yeh hai ki ghar haunted nahi tha. Ghar mein jo awaaz thi, woh dead grandmother ki spirit nahi, balki family secret tha—technology ke through finally bolne laga tha. Sangeeta ne jo sach dabaya tha, usne hi system mein apni jagah bana li. Neha, pehli baar, phone ko weapon nahi balki evidence ki tarah dekhti hai. She looks at her mother, not as an enemy, but as a woman who has been carrying a lie like a coffin. End mein closet door slowly close hota hai, jaise house ne bhi confession sun liya ho. Aur room mein sirf laptop ki blue light reh jaati hai—cold, honest, unforgiving.