

TOMORROW'S WEATHER

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

Genre: Sci-Fi/High-Concept	Format: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor)	Runtime: 4 - 6 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) Character: Small-Town Radio Meteorologist (Male, 48-55)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Chhote se town ki raat mein, radio booth ek alag hi duniya lagta hai—bahar andhera, andar amber light, aur On Air sign ki laal chamak. Main, Arvind Bhatia, pichhle 22 saal se yahin baitha hoon. Log mujhe weather uncle bolte hain, lekin sach yeh hai ki main hawa ka aadmi hoon. Main baadal padhta hoon, pressure sunta hoon, aur iss town ko roz subah batata hoon ki aaj chhat le jana hai ya nahi. Zindagi seedhi thi. Routine mein izzat thi. Phir ek raat, jab main normal forecast bol raha tha, radio line par ek ajeeb sa voice aaya—khurdura, halkasa metallic, jaise kisi purane speaker ke andar se bol raha ho. Usne mera aaj ka forecast, kal ke words mein suna diya. Same temperature, same wind, same rain. Main has diya. Socha koi prank hoga. Lekin agle din subah, jo us voice ne bola tha, wahi hua. Exact. Minute by minute.

Pehle maine data ki galti samjhi. Phir coincidence. Lekin jab teesri baar forecast one day early aaya, mera haath thoda kaanp gaya. Voice ne bas weather nahi bola—usne ek line kahi: “Town square, 7:40. Transformer fail. Log niche aayenge. Mat rehne dena.” Maine us warning ko joke samjha, lekin notepad mein likh liya. Main apni hi hansa se bachne ke liye coffee pi raha tha ki bahar se bijli ka brief flicker hua. Maine window se dekha—town toh so raha tha, jaise kuch hone hi wala na ho.

Phir exact 7:40 par, pehle transformer ka low hum badla, phir ek sharp crack suna, aur radio console ke neeche lights ek second ke liye gir gayi. Bohot door nahi—bas itna door ki main samajh jaaun, yeh mere booth ka prank nahi hai. Voice phir aayi. Is baar aur dheere, aur zyada insaani: “Aaj ki hawa nahi, Arvind. Kal ka nuksaan suno.” Meri saans ruk gayi. Maine mic ke saamne baith kar khud se poocha—agar koi future se bol raha hai, toh mujhe kyun?

Uske baad forecasts aur bhi ajeeb hone lage. “Kal subah school ke paas sinkhole.” “Dopehar ko market road par gas line leak.” “Shaam ko river embankment crack.” Har baar main town ko warn karta, lekin log mujhe overcautious bolte. Unke liye main wahi purana weather man tha jo kabhi kabhi barish zyada bata deta hai. Main akela booth mein gusse aur darr ke beech phans gaya. Phir ek line aayi jo sabse alag thi: “Tumhari awaaz hi unhe roke gi. Par sirf agar tum sach bologe.”

Tab mujhe samajh aaya—yeh koi weather forecast nahi tha. Yeh town ka future tha, aur koi ya kuch mujhe usse pehle dekhne de raha tha. Maybe koi emergency system, maybe koi glitch, maybe time ka koi crack jo is booth mein khul gaya tha. Lekin jo bhi tha, woh mujhe choose kar chuka tha. Maine notepad khola, pen uthaya, aur pehli baar script nahi, warning likhni shuru ki. Main radio par bolne laga—seedha, bina polish ke, bina shakk ke. “Jo log abhi sun rahe hain, sun lo. Aaj raat town square ke paas mat jao. Agar tumhe meri baat ajeeb lag rahi hai, toh bhi mat jao. Apne bachchon ko ghar ke andar rakho. Water tank ke paas koi bhi metal ka kaam mat karo. Aur agar tumhe lage main pagal hoon, toh bas ek baar khidki se bahar dekho.”

Us waqt mujhe pehli baar laga ki meri voice booth se bahar ja rahi hai—sirf airwaves mein nahi, waqt mein. On Air sign jal raha tha, maps mere saamne the, aur coffee thermos thanda ho chuka tha, par mere andar ek naya temperature tha: responsibility ka. Mujhe pata tha kal ka disaster ab bas forecast nahi, deadline hai. Aur jab agle din town ne wahi dekha jo maine bola tha—main chhoti si radio booth mein khada tha, lekin aisa lag raha tha jaise poora shehar meri awaaz se bacha ho. Tab mujhe samajh aaya: kabhi kabhi future batane wala insaan nahi hota. Kabhi kabhi future khud madad maangta hai.