

THE ROOFTOP WITNESS

A Mystery/Crime 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Mystery/Crime	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Sanjay (39)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ka waqt hai. Ek purane apartment ke rooftop par sirf ek floodlight jal raha hai, baaki shehar ki roshni door se chamak rahi hai. Potted plants, sukhti hui laundry, water tank ke paas latakti bulbs, aur ek locked gate—sab milkar rooftop ko ek chhota sa maze bana dete hain. Isi maze mein Inspector Nidhi apni notebook aur flashlight ke saath khadi hai. Neeche building ke kisi flat mein ek suspected fall hua hai. Kya woh accident tha, ya kuch aur? Nidhi ka kaam simple hai: sach nikalna.

Sanjay, 39 saal ka ek apartment resident, plain T-shirt mein, tense aur defensive, baar-baar apni bruised knuckle ko chhupa raha hai. Woh kehta hai ki sab accident tha. Koi dhakka nahi, koi jhagda nahi. Bas ek slip, ek galti, aur bas. Lekin uski awaaz mein woh confidence nahi hai jo sach bolne wale mein hota hai. Har jawab thoda late aata hai, har nazar kisi aur side bhaag jaati hai. Nidhi ko turant lagta hai ki Sanjay kuch chhupa raha hai.

Tabhi Bina, 61 saal ki rooftop gardener aur neighbor, faded house dress mein, potted plants ke beech se aati hai. Woh chatty hai, thodi mazaakia, aur bilkul underestimated type. Nidhi usse seedha poochti hai—kya usne kuch dekha? Bina pehle bolti hai, "Main kuch nahi dekha." Phir turant add karti hai, "Par main sab sun leti hoon." Yeh line rooftop par ek thandi hawa ki tarah girti hai. Sanjay irritate ho jaata hai. Nidhi ka interest double ho jaata hai.

Interrogation tight hoti jaati hai. Nidhi flashlight se rooftop ke corners check karti hai—laundry line ke paas ghisai ke nishaan, water tank ke paas ek mudra hua key ring, aur ek plant pot jo thoda sa hilaya gaya lagta hai. Sanjay ke bruised knuckle par uski nazar tik jaati hai. Sanjay kehta hai, "Main bas gate khol raha tha." Nidhi poochti hai, "Toh knuckle kyun phata hai?" Sanjay bolta hai, "Raat ko kaam hota hai, madam. Har chot ka crime scene mat banaao." Bina side se bolti hai, "Crime scene toh tab banta hai jab koi jhooth bolta hai, beta." Uska tone halka hai, par line seedhi chhuri ki tarah.

Nidhi ko pata chalta hai ki building ke terrace gate ki keys sirf kuch logon ke paas hain. Sanjay ke paas bhi. Bina ke paas bhi, kyunki woh plants sambhalti hai. Nidhi notebook mein timings likhti hai, aur Bina se poochti hai ki raat ko rooftop par kaun aata-jaata hai. Bina pehle tal deti hai, phir ek chhota sa pause lekar bolti hai, "Main dekhne se zyada sunne wali aurat hoon. Har floor ke logon ki chappal, har aadmi ki chaal, sab pehchanti hoon." Sanjay uspar hasne ki koshish karta hai, par uski hansi phat jaati hai.

Twist tab aata hai jab Bina batati hai ki woh “kuch nahi dekhi” isliye bol rahi thi kyunki usne kisi ka chehra nahi dekha—sirf footsteps sune the. Us raat rooftop par teen alag footsteps the: ek bhaari, ek ghise hue soles wali, aur ek aisi chal jo thodi drag karti hai, jaise koi left leg ko sambhal ke rakhta ho. Bina bolti hai ki building mein sirf ek aadmi aise chalta hai—Sanjay nahi. Woh ek aur resident ka naam leti hai jo ab scene mein nahi hai, kyunki woh already neeche police ke saath hai. Nidhi ki aankhen narrow ho jaati hain. Sanjay ka chehra safed pad jaata hai.

Ab sach ka shape alag hai. Sanjay ne jhooth isliye bola kyunki woh kisi ko bachane ki koshish kar raha tha—ya apne aap ko. Bruised knuckle ka reason bhi saamne aata hai: fall ke waqt usne victim ko pakadne ki koshish ki thi, ya usse gate ki taraf dhakka diya tha—yeh ambiguity Nidhi ko aur alert kar deti hai. Lekin final blow Bina deti hai: “Main buddhi hoon, andhi nahi. Log mujhe notice nahi karte, isliye main sab sun leti hoon. Aur jab aadmi jhooth bolta hai, uske pair sach bolte hain.”

Nidhi keyed notebook bandh karti hai, flashlight ki beam Sanjay par tikati hai, aur bolti hai, “Ab tumse pehle tumhari chaal bolegi.” Rooftop ki bulbs halki si jhilmilati hain. City glow ke beech, teenon characters ek dusre ko dekhte hain—ek cop, ek darra hua aadmi, aur ek underdog witness jo saalon se sabka aadha sach sunte-sunte poora sach pehchaan chuki hai. The Rooftop Witness ka twist yahi hai: sabse kamzor samjhi gayi Bina hi woh insaan nikli jiske kaan crime scene se zyada reliable the. Aur is rooftop par, raat ke andhere mein, footsteps hi sabse bada confession ban jaate hain.