

THE BABY MONITOR

A Horror/Supernatural 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Horror/Supernatural	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Anjali (32)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Midnight ka waqt hai. Bedroom ka lamp peela sa, thaka hua sa glow de raha hai, aur baby monitor ki blue screen par chhoti-chhoti lines kabhi stable, kabhi hilti hui nazar aa rahi hain. Cot mein baby so raha hai, ya kam se kam aisa lag raha hai. Anjali, loose nightdress mein, ek haath mein baby blanket pakde hue, dusre haath se monitor ko baar-baar check kar rahi hai. Uski aankhon mein neend se zyada darr hai. Kiran, house sari mein, prayer plate lekar khadi hai, aur har dusri minute bolti hai ki "yeh sab overthinking hai." Devi, faded shawl mein, almost blind hone ke bawajood room ke kone-kone ko dekh kar kuch na kuch whispered si baatein kar rahi hai, jaise kisi aur ko room mein mehsoos kar rahi ho.

Pehle monitor se sirf static aati hai. Phir achanak ek aurat ki awaaz, bilkul saaf, ek purani si lullaby gaane lagti hai—aisi dhun jo kisi ne bhi pehle kabhi nahi suni. Anjali ka chehra safed pad jata hai. Woh Kiran se kehti hai ki house mein koi hai. Kiran usse daant deti hai: "Nayi maa ho, neend nahi mil rahi, isliye har awaaz mein bhoot sun rahi ho." Devi, jo pehle se hi empty corner ko dekh rahi thi, dheere se bolti hai ki yeh awaaz bhoot ki nahi, "bachche ke asli rakhwale" ki hai. Kiran gusse mein usse chup karne ki koshish karti hai, par Devi ka tone ajeeb tarah se shaant aur sure hota hai. Woh kehti hai ki monitor sirf awaaz nahi pakad raha, woh yaad pakad raha hai.

Anjali, darr ke saath-saath gusse mein bhi, monitor ka volume badhati hai. Lullaby ke beech mein ek aur layer ubhar aati hai—jaise koi aurat kisi bacche ko naam se bula rahi ho. Par naam koi samajh nahi aata. Kiran bolti hai ki signal next house se aa raha hoga, ya battery glitch hai. Lekin Devi achanak cot ke paas jaakar baby blanket ko haath lagati hai aur bolti hai, "Is ghar mein ek baccha tha. Likha nahi gaya." Room mein silence jam jati hai. Kiran ka prayer plate kaanp jata hai. Anjali poochti hai, "Kya matlab?" Devi, aankhen band karke, batati hai ki bahut saal pehle family mein ek delivery hui thi jo records tak nahi pahunchi—ek aisa bachcha jise zinda mana gaya, par kabhi naam, kabhi photo, kabhi jagah nahi mili. Kiran pehle inkaar karti hai, phir uske chehre par ek purana, daba hua darr ubhar aata hai. Woh yaad karti hai ki ghar ke purane box mein ek chhota sa woolen cap mila tha, jise sabne "galti se rakh diya hoga" keh kar band kar diya tha.

Monitor par lullaby aur clear hoti hai. Ab usmein words samajh aane lagte hain: "Maa... dar mat... main yahin hoon." Anjali ki aankhon se aansu nikal aate hain. Woh cot ki taraf mudti hai, aur baby monitor ke screen par ek second ke liye nursery ka reflection nahi, balki ek purana sa room dikhta hai—same cot, same lamp, par khaali. Devi softly kehti

hai ki jo bachcha kabhi officially duniya mein aaya hi nahi, uski rooh ghar ko chhodti nahi, jab tak koi uska naam le kar usse maan na le.

Kiran ka tough exterior crack hota hai. Woh prayer plate neeche rakhkar pehli baar almost whisper mein kehti hai, “Agar koi tha... toh humne usse bhulaya kyun?” Devi bas itna bolti hai, “Kyunki dukh ko family records mein jagah nahi milti.” Anjali cot ke paas baith kar baby blanket ko seene se laga leti hai aur monitor ki taraf dekh kar dheere se bolti hai, “Jo bhi ho... tum akeli nahi ho.” Isi pal monitor se lullaby ruk jati hai. Static ke beech ek chhota sa baby giggle sunai deta hai—par room mein koi hansa nahi hai. Blue screen par signal strong ho jata hai, aur for a split second ek message flash hota hai: “Thank you, Didi.”

Last beat mein room bahut shaant ho jata hai. Kiran ki aankhon mein guilt hai, Anjali ke chehre par relief aur horror dono, aur Devi ek empty corner ko dekh kar halka sa muskurati hai. Cot ke paas rakha lullaby toy khud-ba-khud do baar jhatka leta hai. Lamp ki roshni steady ho jaati hai. Aur baby monitor, jo ab tak sirf sound pick kar raha tha, ab ek final whisper transmit karta hai—“Ab ghar yaad aaya.”