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A Psychological Thriller 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: A customer support specialist becomes convinced that an anonymous user is messaging him from every device in his apartment, predicting his next move before he makes it. As he scrambles to prove he's being watched, he discovers the messages are coming from his own account, scheduled by someone who knows his worst secret.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Paranoid Customer Support Specialist (Male, 33-39)

LOCATION: A small apartment kitchen converted into a late-night home office, lit by a single desk lamp and the cold blue glow of multiple monitors. The room feels claustrophobic, with blinds casting slatted shadows and a faint hum from electronics.

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN / HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

A cramped kitchen converted into a late-night workstation. A single DESK LAMP throws a yellow pool of light. Multiple MONITORS glow cold blue. Blinds cast slatted shadows across the walls. The faint HUM of electronics fills the silence.

ARJUN (36), a paranoid customer support specialist, stands over the counter. Neat button-down shirt, sleeves rolled up. Tie loosened. Hair slightly unkempt. Dark circles under his eyes. He is tense, obsessive, barely holding himself together.

On the counter: a LAPTOP, SMARTPHONE, HEADSET, STICKY NOTES, and a half-finished COFFEE MUG.

Arjun stares at his phone.

PHONE SCREEN

Anonymous Message: "Ab right dekho."

Arjun freezes.

ARJUN

(softly)

Nahi... nahi, ye coincidence nahi ho sakta.

He slowly turns his head RIGHT.

Nothing.

A beat.

His laptop CHIMES.

LAPTOP SCREEN

Anonymous Message: "Cup uthao."

Arjun looks at the coffee mug like it's a bomb.

ARJUN

Kaun hai?

He snatches the mug, checks inside, under it, around it. Nothing.

His smartphone VIBRATES again.

PHONE SCREEN

Anonymous Message: "Peeche mat mudna."

Arjun's breath catches.

ARJUN

(whispering)

Main peeche nahi mudunga.

He doesn't.

He starts pacing in a tight circle. He grabs sticky notes and a marker, slaps them on the wall.

ARJUN

Okay. Okay. Timeline. Pattern. Device sync. Koi prank, koi bot, koi glitch—

He writes furiously.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

Nahi. Nahi, sab devices pe same message kaise?

His headset sits on the counter like a dead witness.

A soft NOTIFICATION PING.

TABLET SCREEN (OFF TO SIDE)

Anonymous Message: "Router mat chhuna."

Arjun turns sharply toward the tablet.

ARJUN

Tablet bhi?

He laughs once—dry, humorless.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

Theek hai. Theek hai. Matlab tum room me ho.

He scans the kitchen. The blinds. The sink. The dark corners.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

Ya phir... main room me akela nahi hoon.

He grabs the laptop, opens it wider, fingers flying.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

Agar tum dekh rahe ho na, toh main bhi dekh raha hoon.

He disconnects the Wi-Fi.

Then immediately—

PING.

LAPTOP SCREEN

Anonymous Message: "Ab laptop kholo."

Arjun recoils.

ARJUN

Nahi.

Another PING.

PHONE SCREEN

Anonymous Message: "Abhi bhi late hai."

He stares, horrified.

ARJUN

Late? Late for kya?

He begins opening apps, checking logs, swiping through notifications.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

Okay, okay... system logs. Session history. Device permissions.

He stops.

A realization creeps in.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

Wait...

He looks at the screen again.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

Log in? Apne account me?

His hands tremble as he types.

The screen loads.

A dashboard. Activity history.

Arjun's face drains of color.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

No...

He scrolls faster.

Scheduled messages.

Future timestamps.

His own username.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

Ye... ye mera account hai.

He laughs in disbelief, then abruptly stops.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

Mera account kaise?

A new message appears.

LAPTOP SCREEN

"Tumne mujhe khud diya tha."

Arjun staggers back, hitting the counter.

ARJUN

Maine? Nahi. Nahi, maine kisi ko kuch nahi diya.

He swallows hard. His eyes dart to the sticky notes, the mug, the headset, the phone.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

Main bas support specialist hoon. Tickets close karta hoon. Escalations handle karta hoon. Main—

He stops. A memory hits.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

Oh.

Silence.

The hum of electronics grows louder.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

Us raat ka case...

He looks at the laptop, almost begging it not to answer.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

Confidential complaint. Anonymous user. Escalation.

He starts pacing again, faster now.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

Maine file close ki thi. Policy ke naam pe. Maine bola tha follow-up nahi hoga.

A message flashes.

PHONE SCREEN

"Tumne suni thi. Phir bhi ignore kiya."

Arjun's face twists.

ARJUN

Nahi...

Another.

LAPTOP SCREEN

"Tumne call record ki."

Another.

TABLET SCREEN

"Tumne ticket close ki."

Arjun backs into the wall.

ARJUN

Kaun ho tum?

He grabs the smartphone, holds it inches from his face.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

Koi hacker? Koi insider? Koi prankster? Bolo!

No answer.

Only a final notification.

PHONE SCREEN

"Ab bolo, Arjun. Read receipt on hai."

Arjun goes still.

He slowly turns toward CAMERA.

For the first time, he looks directly into it—as if the watcher is there.

His voice is barely a whisper.

ARJUN

Maine jo kiya...

He can't breathe.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

...woh bas ek ticket nahi tha.

A beat.

The laptop screen reflects in his eyes.

READ RECEIPT: SEEN.

Arjun stares at the word like it's a verdict.

The room hums. The lamp flickers once.

CUT TO BLACK.**END.**