



KNOCK THREE TIMES

A Horror/Supernatural 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: A tenant hears three knocks on his door every night at exactly 3:13 a.m., but no one is ever there when he looks. When he finally answers the knocks with a question, the voice on the other side tells him it is not trying to get in—it is trying to warn him about what is already inside his apartment.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Curious Apartment Tenant (Male, 31-37)

LOCATION: A small apartment hallway outside his front door, lit by a single hallway bulb that flickers intermittently. The door, peephole, and adjacent walls create a tight, unsettling frame with silence broken by occasional knocks.

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{  
  "title": "Knock Three Times",  
  "format": "SHORT FILM SCREENPLAY",  
  "genre": "HORROR / SUPERNATURAL"  
}
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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

A narrow, claustrophobic hallway outside a small apartment door. One flickering BULB above. The door has a peephole and a chain lock. Silence hangs heavy.

ARJUN (34), sleeveless undershirt, pajama pants, messy hair, unshaven, tired eyes, stands barefoot in the hallway with a SMARTPHONE in one hand and APARTMENT KEYS in the other. He looks like he hasn't slept in days.

A beat.

Then—

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Arjun flinches.

ARJUN

(whispering)

Nahi... phir se.

He steps closer to the door, staring at it like it might breathe.

ARJUN

Kaun hai?

Silence.

He leans toward the PEEPHOLE.

POV THROUGH PEEPHOLE - HALLWAY

Empty corridor. Flickering bulb. No one there.

BACK TO SCENE

Arjun exhales, half-laughing at himself.

ARJUN

Bas? Itna hi?

He checks the chain lock, then the handle. Tight.

He raises his phone and starts recording.

ARJUN

(to phone)

Night three. 3:13 a.m. Again.

He glances at the wall, then back at the door.

ARJUN

Agar koi prank hai na... toh very bad timing hai,
bhai.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Arjun jerks back.

ARJUN

Arre yaar!

He quickly turns on the PHONE FLASHLIGHT and sweeps it across the hallway.
Nothing.

He unlocks the chain a little, then stops himself.

ARJUN

Nahi. Nahi, nahi.

He takes a deep breath, tries to steady himself.

ARJUN

Main kal subah landlord ko bol dunga. CCTV lagwa
dunga. Sab pakad lunga.

A faint SOUND from outside the door.

Not footsteps.

A voice.

VOICE (O.S.)

Main andar aane nahi aaya.

Arjun freezes.

ARJUN

Kaun... kaun bol raha hai?

VOICE (O.S.)

Main tumhe warn karne aaya hoon.

Arjun stares at the door, stunned.

ARJUN

Warn? Kis cheez ka?

A long, terrible pause.

VOICE (O.S.)

Jo tumhare apartment mein hai.

Arjun lets out a nervous, disbelieving laugh.

ARJUN

Akele rehna hoon, boss. Mazaak mat karo.

VOICE (O.S.)

Abhi tak.

The hallway bulb flickers harder. The light nearly dies, then returns.
Arjun's face drains of color.
He slowly turns his head toward the apartment door, then back.

ARJUN

(quietly)

Andar...?

A low, unsettling SOUND from inside the apartment.
A chair leg dragging across the floor.
Arjun's eyes widen.

ARJUN

Nahi... nahi, nahi.

He grips the keys so hard they cut into his palm.

ARJUN

(to phone, shaking)

Okay. Okay. Record kar raha hoon. Agar kuch bhi hua
na—

His phone DINGS.

UNKNOWN TEXT MESSAGE ON SCREEN: MAT KHOLNA.

Arjun stares at it.

Another message arrives.

UNKNOWN TEXT MESSAGE ON SCREEN: WOH DOOR KE SAAMNE NAHI HAI.

Arjun slowly looks down the hallway.

Empty.

He swallows.

ARJUN

Toh... kahan hai?

Another text.

UNKNOWN TEXT MESSAGE ON SCREEN: KNOCK KA JAWAB MAT DENA. AGAR USNE TUMHARI
AWAAZ SUN LI, TOH WOH TUMHARI AWAAZ SEEKH LEGA.

Arjun's breath catches.

ARJUN

Meri awaaz...?

A beat.

Then, from INSIDE THE APARTMENT, in Arjun's exact voice:

ARJUN (V.O., INSIDE APARTMENT)

Arjun... darwaza mat kholna.

Arjun goes rigid. His eyes fill with terror.

He is standing in the hallway.

The voice came from inside.

ARJUN

(whisper)

Main... main yahan hoon.

A second voice, still his voice, but closer now, from inside the apartment:

ARJUN (V.O., INSIDE APARTMENT)

Haan.

Arjun slowly raises the phone, recording his own face, the door, the chain lock.

ARJUN

Kaun hai tu?

The apartment door handle inside the flat begins to TURN.

Arjun backs away in horror, trapped between the hallway wall and the door.

ARJUN

No... no, no, no...

The flickering bulb goes almost dark.

In the darkness, one final KNOCK.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

CUT TO BLACK.

SILENCE.

Then, from the blackness, Arjun's own voice—calm, close, smiling:

ARJUN (V.O.)

Mat kholna.

FADE OUT.

THE END