



THE QUIET HOUR

A Psychological Thriller 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: A night security guard begins recording voice notes to account for missing minutes in his shift, only to discover that every gap aligns with a door he never remembers unlocking. As the building's cameras reveal a second version of him moving through the lobby, he must determine whether he is losing time or being replaced.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Night Security Guard with Memory Gaps (Male, 41-47)

LOCATION: An empty office lobby after midnight, lit by security monitors, motion-sensor lights, and the cold glow from a vending machine. The polished floor reflects the guard's movements, making the space feel larger and lonelier than it is.

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FADE IN:

INT. EMPTY OFFICE LOBBY - NIGHT

Cold blue glow from SECURITY MONITORS. A VENDING MACHINE hums in the corner. Motion-sensor lights create sudden patches of brightness across a polished floor that reflects everything too clearly.

RAGHAV (44), a night security guard in a worn uniform and cap, stands alone with a FLASHLIGHT, a KEY RING, and a VOICE RECORDER. Tired eyes. Slight five o'clock shadow. His posture carries long hours and quiet anxiety.

He looks at the lobby like it might answer back.

RAGHAV

(softly, to recorder)

Note one. 1:13 a.m. Main lobby mein hoon. Sab... theek hai.

He clicks the recorder off, then on again.

RAGHAV

(trying to sound normal)

Note two. Agar main subah tak normal raha na, toh matlab bas thakaan thi. Agar normal nahi raha...

He stops.

RAGHAV

(beat)

...toh mujhe khud ko yaad dilana.

He checks his wristwatch. Then the monitor time stamp.

RAGHAV

Arre yaar... watch 1:07 dikha rahi hai, monitor 1:13.

He glances around. Nothing.

He picks up an ACCESS CARD from the desk. Looks at it.

RAGHAV

Mera card.

He turns it over.

RAGHAV

Mera photo. Mera naam. Mera badge number.

He squints, troubled.

RAGHAV

Par main yaad nahi kar raha ki yeh kab nikala.

He notices the KEY RING. One key has red tape on it.

RAGHAV

Aur yeh extra key...

He raises it to the light.

RAGHAV

Red tape wali.

He swallows.

RAGHAV

"Emergency ke liye," bola tha manager ne.

He looks toward a dark corridor.

RAGHAV

Bas ek door ke liye.

The monitors flicker.

RAGHAV steps closer.

ON THE SECURITY MONITOR: the BACK CORRIDOR.

A SECOND VERSION OF RAGHAV appears on screen—same uniform, same cap, same tired face—but moving with eerie steadiness.

RAGHAV freezes.

RAGHAV

(low)

Nahi...

On screen, the second RAGHAV SWIPES an access card.

A DOOR OPENS.

The second RAGHAV walks through.

RAGHAV stares, pale.

RAGHAV

Main yahan hoon.

He points at himself, then at the monitor.

RAGHAV

Toh screen pe kaun hai?

He grabs the voice recorder and speaks faster now.

RAGHAV

Recording. Main lobby mein hoon. Main abhi yahan hoon. Agar koi gap mile na... us gap ko ignore mat karna.

He laughs once, sharply, without humor.

RAGHAV

Wow. Main apne aap ko instructions de raha hoon.

The motion sensor light CLICKS on near the dark corridor.

RAGHAV turns toward it.

RAGHAV

Okay. Okay. Calm.

He walks cautiously to the door. His reflection stretches on the polished floor, making him look taller, lonelier.

At the reader.

He swipes his access card.

RED LIGHT. DENIED.

RAGHAV

Kya?

He swipes again.

RED LIGHT. DENIED.

RAGHAV

Nahi, nahi, nahi...

He tries the red-taped key. His hands shake.

RAGHAV

Sirf emergency ke liye, right? Toh emergency hi hai na?

He inserts the key.

Nothing.

On the monitor, the second RAGHAV appears again—coming back into the lobby from the corridor.

RAGHAV

(whisper)

Main... main wahan tha?

He spins around.

The lobby behind him is EMPTY.

Only the vending machine hums.

Only the monitors glow.

RAGHAV backs away from the door, breathing faster.

RAGHAV

Recorder, sun raha hai na?

He presses PLAY on the recorder.

A PRE-RECORDED VOICE NOTE plays. It is RAGHAV'S OWN VOICE, but calmer, colder.

RECORDED RAGHAV (V.O.)

Agar tum yeh sun rahe ho, toh door khol chuke ho.

RAGHAV's eyes widen.

RECORDED RAGHAV (V.O.)

Aur agar yaad nahi hai, toh matlab tum pehle hi andar ja chuke ho.

RAGHAV

Nahi...

The recording continues.

RECORDED RAGHAV (V.O.)

Main tum hoon. Tum abhi tak nahi samjhe.

Silence.

RAGHAV stares at the recorder like it betrayed him.

RAGHAV

(very low)

Agar main asli hoon...

He looks at the black monitor screen.

His reflection appears faintly.

In the reflection, RAGHAV is adjusting his cap.

But in reality, his hands are still.

RAGHAV notices.

RAGHAV

...toh mujhe yaad hona chahiye.

A beat.

Then—

A FLASH of memory hits him.

INTERCUT MEMORY FRAGMENTS:

- RAGHAV swiping the card.
- The red-taped key turning.
- A door opening.
- RAGHAV stepping inside.
- RAGHAV stepping out.
- Or someone like him.

BACK TO SCENE.

RAGHAV is trembling now, but strangely calmer.

RAGHAV

(soft, almost accepting)

Missing minutes...

He looks at the door.

RAGHAV

...minutes nahi the.

He looks at himself in the dark monitor.

RAGHAV

Main tha.

The motion sensor light clicks off.

Darkness swallows the corridor.

Only the recorder's tiny red light remains.

RAGHAV

(whisper)

Aur agar main replace ho raha hoon...

He takes one step toward the door.

RAGHAV

...toh main pehle se hi late hoon.

He raises the flashlight.

The beam cuts into black.

CUT TO BLACK.

A final recorder BEEP.

BLACK SCREEN.

RAGHAV (V.O.)

The Quiet Hour.

FADE OUT.