



DOOR NUMBER 4

A Psychological Thriller 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: A traveling salesman keeps finding his hotel room reset to the exact same state no matter how many times he leaves and returns. As he counts the doors and checks the key card, he realizes Door 4 is not his room at all—it is the place where his memory of the last 24 hours has been locked away.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Compulsive Hotel Guest (Male, 46-53)

LOCATION: A sterile hotel hallway with identical doors, carpeted floor, and buzzing overhead lights. The repetitive architecture creates a disorienting, loop-like atmosphere, with one door at the end slightly more illuminated than the rest.

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FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sterile, endless corridor. Identical doors. Buzzing overhead lights. Carpeted floor with a faint loop-like pattern. At the far end, DOOR 4 glows slightly brighter than the rest.

RAGHAV (46-53), wrinkled dress shirt, loosened belt, travel pants, anxious eyes, polished-but-fraying, stands with a SUITCASE in one hand and a ROOM KEY in the other.

He stares at the doors like they might answer back.

RAGHAV

(under his breath)

Door one... door two... door three...

He checks the KEY CARD.

RAGHAV

Nahi, nahi... room yahin tha.

He looks at his WRISTWATCH. Ticks loudly.

RAGHAV

11:59? Abhi tak 11:59 hi hai?

He laughs once, nervously.

RAGHAV

Wah. Great. Time bhi hotel guest hai.

He walks to DOOR 2, swipes the card. A GREEN LIGHT.

He enters.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Same room. Neat bed. Open suitcase. Shirt on hanger. A ROOM SERVICE TRAY with a cold coffee.

Raghav freezes.

RAGHAV

Arre... yeh toh same hai.

He checks the suitcase, then the drawer, then the washroom door.

RAGHAV

Main yahan se nikla tha. Pakka nikla tha.

He picks up the PHONE.

PHONE SCREEN: 3 missed calls. 1 voice note.

He taps play.

VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

Raghav sir, kal subah 9 baje presentation hai. Client ka call aa raha hai. Please confirm.

Raghav rolls his eyes.

RAGHAV

Presentation... haan. Of course.

Another notification pops.

PHONE TEXT MESSAGE (READ ALOUD)

RAGHAV

(reading)

"Mr. Raghav, please don't leave again."

He looks at the tray. Sees a folded NOTE.

He opens it.

INSERT - NOTE

"Mr. Raghav, please don't leave again."

Raghav stares.

RAGHAV

Nahi... yeh joke hai. Koi prank.

He backs out into the corridor.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

He counts the doors again, this time touching each one.

RAGHAV

One... two... three... four.

He stops. Blinks. Counts again.

RAGHAV

One... two... three... four.

He points at the brighter door.

RAGHAV

Door 4. Hamesha Door 4.

He notices a ROOM SERVICE TRAY outside Door 4: cold coffee, two sugar sachets, same folded note.

He picks up the tray, suspicious.

RAGHAV

Same tray. Same coffee. Same... bad hospitality.

He opens the note.

INSERT - NOTE

"If you're reading this, you forgot again."

Raghav's smile disappears.

RAGHAV

Again?

He swallows hard, then opens his PHONE and taps a saved AUDIO FILE.

RAGHAV (V.O.)

(voice note from himself)

Raghav... agar tum yeh sun rahe ho, toh Door 4 kholo.

Baaki doors se kuch nahi milega.

Raghav recoils, as if slapped.

RAGHAV

Meri hi awaaz...?

He looks down the corridor. It feels longer now.

RAGHAV

Nahi. Nahi, nahi, nahi.

He approaches DOOR 4. The light above it buzzes louder.

RAGHAV

Count kar. Bas count kar.

He counts on his fingers.

RAGHAV

One... two... three... four.

He swipes the key card. GREEN LIGHT.

The door opens.

INT. DOOR 4 / MEMORY ROOM - NIGHT

Not a normal room. A white, silent space like a corridor inside a corridor. A magnetic board on the wall with paper slips, room numbers, a hotel map. An ENVELOPE labeled: LAST 24 HOURS.

Raghav steps in, trembling.

RAGHAV

Yeh... room nahi hai.

He picks up the envelope.

RAGHAV

Last 24 hours...

He opens it. Inside: receipts, a newspaper, and a handwritten confession.

He reads silently at first, then aloud.

RAGHAV

(reading)

"Kal raat tumne wife ko call kiya tha. Phir phone off kiya. Phir Door 4 mein khud ko lock kiya."

He stops.

RAGHAV

Nahi...

He continues reading.

RAGHAV

"Tum bhoolna chahte the. Accident? Argument? Ya apna breakdown? Jo bhi tha, tumne memory ko yahin store kar diya."

He looks around, horrified.

RAGHAV

Store... kiya?

A beat.

RAGHAV

Main... khud ko bhoolne aaya tha?

The lights buzz. His watch flickers but stays at 11:59.

From somewhere behind the wall, his OWN VOICE plays faintly.

RAGHAV (V.O.)

Ab yaad rakhna, Raghav.

Raghav's hand loosens. The ROOM KEY slips and drops to the floor.

CLINK.

He stares at it, then at the envelope, then at the dark white walls.

RAGHAV

(whisper)

Aaj... main bhoolunga nahi.

He bends down, picks up the key, and holds it like it weighs a lifetime.

CUT TO BLACK.

END.