



STATIC

A Psychological Thriller 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: A radio producer hears static on a dead channel that begins repeating fragments of her private thoughts before she says them aloud. As the broadcast grows more intimate, she discovers the signal is not coming from outside the booth—it is being generated by the lie she has been living for years.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Night Shift Radio Producer (Female, 32-38)

LOCATION: A dim radio production booth with sound boards, blinking meters, and a single desk lamp. The room is enclosed and acoustic, with the red glow of recording lights and the eerie presence of white noise between stations.

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INT. RADIO PRODUCTION BOOTH - NIGHT

Dim, enclosed booth. Blinking meters. A single desk lamp pools yellow light over a soundboard, microphone, waveform monitor, and a half-finished coffee cup. Red recording light glows. White noise hisses softly through headphones.

PRIYA (34), night shift radio producer, sits alone in an oversized sweater and leggings. Hair tied back. Tired eyes. Composed, but fraying at the edges.

She adjusts her headphones, checks levels on the soundboard, and stares at the dead channel waveform.

PRIYA

(to herself)

Okay. Bas ek aur hour.

She clicks a knob. The white noise deepens.

A faint crackle cuts through the hiss.

Priya freezes.

PRIYA

(whispering)

Nahi... yeh toh dead channel hai.

She leans closer to the monitor. The waveform flickers in a strange, uneven pulse.

A voice emerges from the static. It sounds like her own voice.

STATIC (V.O.)

Main theek hoon.

Priya's eyes widen.

PRIYA

Maine abhi bola?

She removes one earcup, then the other. The hiss continues, now clearer.

STATIC (V.O.)

Kisi ko mat bataana.

Priya's hand trembles over the soundboard.

PRIYA

(trying to stay calm)

Okay. Okay, signal bleed hai. Tech issue.

The waveform shifts again. A new pulse.

STATIC (V.O.)

Tumne usse nahi maara.

Priya goes still.

The coffee cup tips slightly. She catches it before it spills.

PRIYA

(low)

Nahi.

She looks around the booth as if someone might be hidden in the walls.

Only the lamp. Only the meters. Only the red light.

STATIC (V.O.)

Tumne usse nahi maara, par tumne sach ko mar diya.

Priya shuts her eyes.

A memory hits.

FLASH CUTS - SOUND AND MEMORY IMAGES ONLY:

- A ringing phone.
- An emergency tone.
- Her finger hovering over a broadcast button.
- Her mouth saying something rehearsed, too quickly.

BACK TO BOOTH.

Priya grips the edge of the desk.

PRIYA

(to the mic, to herself)

Main us raat darr gayi thi.

The static softens.

PRIYA (CONT'D)

Mainne jhooth bola tha.

The waveform steadies a little.

PRIYA (CONT'D)

Main ne kisi ko maarne ka faisla nahi kiya tha...

(swallows)

par maine unhe bachane ka faisla bhi nahi kiya.

Silence.

Not empty. Heavy. Final.

Priya exhales shakily. She removes the headphones and sets them down carefully.

The hiss remains, but now it feels distant.

She stares at the dead channel. The waveform becomes clean, straight, stable.

Priya lets out a small, bitter laugh.

PRIYA

(almost a confession)

Static toh meri awaaz thi.

She picks up the coffee cup, takes a long sip, and looks into the red recording light.

It glows steadily, as if listening.

Priya sits in the booth, no longer hiding from the sound.

FADE OUT.

THE END.