



DON'T OPEN THE OVEN

A Horror/Supernatural 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Written by
Story Dil Se Team
(storydilse.in)

LOGLINE: A home baker hears her late grandmother's voice from inside the oven, begging her not to open the door until the timer rings. As the kitchen temperature drops and the voice begins to sound less like a warning and more like a plea, she realizes the thing inside the oven is not trapped—it is waiting to be invited out.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Recently Separated Home Baker (Female, 30-36)

LOCATION: A small kitchen at night, lit by the oven light, a countertop lamp, and the faint glow of a fridge magnet clock. The room feels warm but unsettling, with shadows gathering around the appliances.

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INT. SMALL KITCHEN - NIGHT

A small kitchen glows with uneven warmth. The OVEN LIGHT is on. A COUNTERTOP LAMP casts a yellow pool over a MIXING BOWL, a FLOUR BAG, and a handwritten GRANDMOTHER'S RECIPE CARD. A fridge magnet clock ticks softly.

PRIYA (30s), recently separated, stands in an apron over casual clothes. Flour dusts her sleeves. Hair in a messy bun. She is anxious, but determined.

She stirs batter in the mixing bowl, trying to focus.

PRIYA

(to herself, lightly)

Chalo Priya... ek cake toh bana hi sakti ho.

She glances at the recipe card. Reads it with a small smile.

PRIYA

(softly)

"Timer ring hone tak oven mat kholna." Haan haan,
Nani. Samajh gayi.

She slides the tray into the oven and closes the door.

The oven light glows brighter for a beat.

PRIYA checks the timer. Several minutes left.

PRIYA

Bas itna hi? Nani ka famous suspense.

A beat.

From INSIDE THE OVEN, a voice—faint, familiar.

NANI (V.O.)

Mat kholna.

PRIYA freezes.

PRIYA

(forced laugh)

Okay... thakaan ho rahi hai mujhe. Dimaag bhi ab
voice effects karne laga.

NANI (V.O.)

Abhi mat kholna.

PRIYA steps back. Her grip tightens on the bowl.

PRIYA

(low, shaky)

Nani?

She looks around the empty kitchen, as if someone might be hiding there.

Nothing.

Only the ticking clock.

The oven glass fogs slightly from the inside.

PRIYA

Main bas cake bana rahi hoon. Tumhari recipe se.

NANI (V.O.)

(gentle, urgent)

Bas wait mat kar... bulana mat.

PRIYA's face shifts. Fear creeps in.

PRIYA

Bulana mat? Nani, aap aise kabhi nahi bolte thi.

She picks up the recipe card, flips it over. Nothing on the back.

Just an old grease stain.

The fridge magnet clock TICKS louder.

The kitchen feels colder.

PRIYA

(trying to steady herself)

Theek hai. Main wait karungi. Jaise tum kehti thi.

A beat.

Then, from the oven, the voice changes—less like a warning, more like a plea.

NANI (V.O.)

Door mat kholna... Woh mere saath aayega.

PRIYA goes pale.

PRIYA

Kaun?

She takes a cautious step toward the oven.

PRIYA

(calling, trembling)

Nani, agar aap ho, toh seedha bolo. Main dar rahi hoon.

Silence.

Then, a second voice—closer, almost inside PRIYA's head.

Same warmth. Same age. But wrong.

NANI (V.O.)

Timer ring hone do.

PRIYA backs away, breathing harder.

The oven light flickers.

The room temperature drops.

PRIYA

(to herself)

Nahi... nahi, yeh possible nahi hai.

She clutches the recipe card to her chest.

PRIYA

(whispering)

Nani... agar aap andar ho, toh main darwaza nahi kholungi.

The TIMER BEEPS sharply.

PRIYA flinches.

The beep continues for a few seconds, then stops.

Silence.

A single TAP from inside the oven glass.

Then another.

Then a third.

PRIYA stares at the oven handle.

Her hand rises halfway... then stops.

PRIYA

(barely audible)

Please...

A beat.

A sweet, cold voice whispers from right behind her ear.

No one is there.

NANI (V.O.)

Toh phir kisne bola tha ki mujhe bake karo?

PRIYA turns slowly toward the oven.

CUT TO BLACK.

END.