



THE WOMAN AT 2A

A Psychological Thriller 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Written by
Story Dil Se Team
(storydilse.in)

LOGLINE: A novelist hears a woman crying in the apartment next door every night, and begins writing her into a new book to cope with the noise. When the crying stops and the woman knocks on her wall asking why she keeps writing scenes from her own life, the novelist realizes the story has been writing her back.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Insomniac Novelist with Writer's Block (Female, 44-50)

LOCATION: A dim apartment living room at night, lit by a desk lamp, city glow through the window, and the flicker of a laptop screen. The room is filled with notebooks, stacks of pages, and the uneasy stillness of someone who has been awake too long.

USAGE LICENSE: 100% Free for Every Filmmaker & Creator. Shoot it, direct it, share it anywhere?no licensing fees, no paperwork, no barriers. Whether you're making your first student film, a festival entry, or an independent project, all scripts on Story Dil Se are completely free to adapt.

All we ask: Give credit where it's due with an on-screen mention in your credits:
'Story & Screenplay by Story Dil Se (storydilse.in)'.

FADE IN:

INT. DIM APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A single desk lamp throws a warm pool of light over a cluttered living room. A LAPTOP glows on a small table. Notebooks, loose manuscript pages, a pen, and a half-finished coffee cup are scattered everywhere. The city flickers through a window. The room feels sleepless.

RHEA (47), pale, thoughtful, haunted-intellectual, sits in an oversized sweater and leggings. Reading glasses low on her nose. Hair loosely pinned. She stares at the laptop cursor blinking like a pulse.

RHEA

(to herself)

Teen mahine. Teen mahine se ek sentence nahi nikla.
Cursor blink karta hai, main bas uska witness banke
reh gayi hoon.

She rubs her eyes, sips cold coffee, winces.

RHEA (CONT'D)

Insomnia ka ek fayda hai—raat ko sach zyada loud hota
hai. Aur ek nuksaan bhi: awaazein aur yaadein, dono
bina permission ke aa jaati hain.

A faint CRYING sound is heard from beyond the wall. Rhea freezes.

RHEA (CONT'D)

Haan. Wahi. Next door. Apartment 2A.

She reaches for a notebook, opens it.

RHEA (CONT'D)

Pehle pehle main sunti thi. Phir guess karti thi.
Phir likhne lagi.

INSERT - NOTEBOOK PAGE

A rough character sketch: "NEHA, 30s, crying at 2 a.m."

BACK TO SCENE

RHEA

Writer's block ka sabse elegant solution hota hai
kisi aur ke dard ko plot bana do. Main bhi wahi kar
rahi thi.

She types. The laptop screen reflects in her glasses.

RHEA (CONT'D)

Neha. Naam diya maine usko. Uski shaadi, uska guilt,
uska khali fridge, uski broken bangles, uska
unanswered phone call... sab invent kiya.

She flips through pages. More pages. More pages.

RHEA (CONT'D)

Aur har page ke saath mujhe lagta tha... main usko nahi, khud ko likh rahi hoon.

The crying stops abruptly.

Silence.

Rhea looks up.

RHEA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Oh no.

She stands slowly, coffee cup in hand, and moves toward the wall.

RHEA (CONT'D)

Aisi khamoshi... jaise building ke andar ka saara oxygen kisi ne nikaal diya ho.

She places her palm on the wall.

Three soft THUMPS from the other side.

A WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Why are you writing scenes from my life?

Rhea staggers back. The coffee cup nearly drops.

RHEA

Main... main toh bas fiction likh rahi thi.

The laptop screen flickers.

A new paragraph appears by itself.

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

Text types out: "She confuses the sound of crying with the sound of being seen."

BACK TO SCENE

Rhea stares, horrified.

RHEA

Nahi. Nahi, nahi, nahi...

She grabs a stack of manuscript pages. Flips frantically.

INSERT - MANUSCRIPT PAGES

Her own memories are written there: hospital room, father's last call, her name, her address, her insomnia notes.

BACK TO SCENE

RHEA

(breaking)

Ye meri writing nahi hai. Ye... ye meri zindagi hai.

The wall answers, calm and close.

A WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Then why did you give me your ending?

Rhea goes still. Tears gather, but she fights them.

RHEA

Main... main to bas ek story chahti thi. Ek aisi story jo mujhe chup kara de.

She laughs once, bitter and small.

RHEA (CONT'D)

Par story ne mujhe hi sunna shuru kar diya.

She sits back at the desk, trembling. Opens a fresh notebook page.

RHEA (CONT'D)**2A.**

Shayad apartment number nahi. Shayad do akshar hain... ek adhoore sentence ke.

She looks at the wall, then at the laptop.

The cursor blinks.

RHEA (CONT'D)

(softly)

Aur main... main finally jaag gayi hoon.

She begins to write.

The room hums with the city glow and the lamp's lonely light.

FADE OUT.

THE END