



THE SECOND KEY

A Horror/Supernatural 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Written by
Story Dil Se Team
(storydilse.in)

LOGLINE: A single mother finds an extra key in her new apartment that unlocks a door she has never noticed before. Behind it is a room staged exactly like her old home, except every object is arranged for a child who insists she has come back too late.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Single Mother Moving Into a New Apartment (Female, 33-39)

LOCATION: A nearly empty apartment with moving boxes, a single lamp, and moonlight through blinds. The space feels unfinished and echoing, with one door that seems slightly out of place in the layout.

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FADE IN:

INT. NEARLY EMPTY APARTMENT - NIGHT

A single lamp glows in a bare, unfinished apartment. Moonlight cuts through blinds. Moving boxes are stacked unevenly. One door sits slightly out of place in the layout.

NAINA (35), simple sweater, jeans, practical shoes, hair in a ponytail, tired but capable, stands alone with a house key in one hand and a flashlight in the other.

She looks around like she's trying to convince herself this is home.

NAINA

(soft, to herself)

Naya ghar... ya nayi thakaan.

She sets down a box, opens it, and pulls out a FRAMED PHOTO of her and her son ARJUN.

NAINA

Arjun, bas do minute aur. Phir sab set.

She places the photo on a box. Something metallic clinks inside another box. She reaches in and pulls out an EXTRA KEY.

NAINA

Ye... extra key?

She turns it over in her fingers.

NAINA

Landlord ne galti se diya hoga. Ya... mere hi dimag mein extra load hai.

She laughs once, tiredly. Then notices the odd door.

NAINA

(quietly)

Ruko...

She stares at the door.

NAINA

Ye pehle tha kya?

She crosses to it, flashlight beam shaking slightly. The door looks newer than the wall around it. Out of place.

NAINA

Naina, thak gayi hai tu. Bas.

She inserts the key into the lock. It fits perfectly.

A beat.

She opens the door.

INT. HIDDEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

NAINA freezes.

The room is staged exactly like her old home: same yellow curtain, same cracked blue mug, same wall shelf, same sofa cover. A CHILD'S TOY dinosaur sits on the floor.

NAINA

No... no, no.

She steps in, flashlight sweeping over the room.

NAINA

Ye... ye possible nahi hai.

A small chair. Crayons lined up. A blanket folded on a bed. A plate with biscuits.

NAINA

Arjun ke hisaab se...

Her voice breaks.

NAINA

Kisne set kiya ye sab?

A CHILD'S VOICE, faint and echoing, seems to come from the room itself.

CHILD (V.O.)

Tum late ho gayi.

NAINA spins around.

NAINA

Kaun hai?

Silence.

Then the voice again, closer.

CHILD (V.O.)

Main kitni der se wait kar raha hoon.

NAINA backs toward the door, breath shallow.

NAINA

Nahi... nahi, Arjun ko main behen ke paas chhod ke aayi thi.

She looks at the framed photo in her hand. In the reflection of the glass, a tiny SHADOW-HAND appears beside Arjun's image.

NAINA

(whisper)

Ye... ye kya hai?

Her phone BUZZES. Unknown number. A voice note notification.

She stares at it, then presses PLAY.

ARJUN (V.O.)

Mom?

NAINA's eyes fill instantly.

ARJUN (V.O.)

Tumne mujhe yahin chhod diya tha. Ab wapas aa gayi ho, toh daro mat. Bas andar aao.

NAINA

Arjun?

She turns in circles, searching the room.

NAINA

Arjun, beta?

The toy dinosaur rolls by itself across the floor and stops at her feet.

NAINA looks down, horrified.

CHILD (V.O.)

Second key toh mil gayi.

A pause.

CHILD (V.O.)

Pehli kab laayi thi?

NAINA slowly turns back to the door.

A NEW KEYHOLE has appeared beneath the lock.

NAINA

(terrified)

Nahi...

She steps backward into the apartment.

INT. NEARLY EMPTY APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

One of the MOVING BOXES SHIFTS on its own.

NAINA turns.

The box label is visible:

ARJUN'S ROOM

NAINA stares, devastated.

NAINA

(through tears)

Main aa gayi hoon...

She clutches the photo to her chest.

NAINA

Bas please... ab aur late mat karna.

The lamp flickers.

CUT TO BLACK.

A final soft CHILD'S BREATH can be heard.

END.