



THE CALL AT 2:17

A Horror/Supernatural 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: At 2:17 a.m., Nisha receives a call from her own number, and the voice on the line says she must not let the grandmother sleep. Usha believes the house is being visited by a spirit, while Meera seems to know exactly who is calling. The final twist reveals the caller is not dead at all—it is Meera, speaking from a memory that has been repeating for fifty years.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Nisha (29)

LOCATION: A dark bedroom at night, lit by a bedside lamp and the eerie blue of a ringing phone screen. The space is minimal—bed, side table, curtain, and a wall clock stuck at 2:17—creating a chilling, contained horror atmosphere.

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark, cramped bedroom. A bedside lamp throws a weak yellow pool of light. The wall clock on the far wall is stuck at 2:17. A smartphone glows eerie blue in NISHA's hand.

NISHA (29), sleep-deprived, pale, in wrinkled pajamas, stares at the screen.

ON SCREEN: UNKNOWN CALLER

Nisha gulps and answers.

NISHA

Hello?

A beat. Static.

VOICE (V.O.)

Meera ko sone mat dena.

Nisha freezes.

NISHA

Kaun bol raha hai?

The call disconnects.

Nisha looks at the caller ID.

ON SCREEN: 98765 43210

Then, slowly...

ON SCREEN: NISHA

NISHA

Mera number?

From the bed, a rustle.

USHA (50), in a night sari, enters with a steel tumbler and a prayer thread. She is superstitious, alert, and already panicking.

USHA

Kya hua? Chehra kyun safed ho gaya?

NISHA

Mere number se call aayi.

USHA

(instant)

Arre baba. Yeh normal nahi hai.

She looks toward the bed.

MEERA (75) lies under a blanket, bedridden. Her eyes are open. Too open.

MEERA

Phone band mat karna.

Nisha and Usha turn to her.

NISHA

Dadi... aap jagi hui thi?

MEERA

Main soyi hi kab thi?

Usha clutches the prayer thread.

USHA

Maine bola tha na, raat ke waqt kisi aurat ki awaaz aaye toh seedha nazar lagti hai. Ab dekho.

NISHA

Aunty, mujhe lag raha hai phone glitch hua hai.

USHA

Glitch?

(beat)

Raat ke 2:17 pe? Mere ghar mein?

Her eyes narrow at the clock.

USHA (CONT'D)

Aur yeh ghadi bhi kyun atki hui hai?

MEERA

Woh hamesha yahin atki rehti hai.

NISHA

Dadi, आपको कैसे पता?

Meera does not answer. She watches the phone.

It RINGS again.

Nisha flinches. Usha splashes a little water from the steel tumbler toward the room.

USHA

Agar koi bhoot hai na, toh main usko bhi bhigo dungii.

NISHA

Aunty, bhoot ko paani se allergy hoti hai kya?

USHA

Mazaaq mat kar.

Nisha answers on speaker.

NISHA

Hello?

VOICE (V.O.)

Usko sone mat dena.

USHA

(whispering)

Maine bola tha!

NISHA

Kaun ho tum?

VOICE (V.O.)

Agar woh so gayi... toh phir...

Static. The voice cuts out.

Nisha looks at Meera.

NISHA

Dadi, "phir" kya?

Meera's eyes glisten, but her voice stays low.

MEERA

Phir yaad dobara shuru ho jaati hai.

Silence.

Usha steps closer, prayer thread trembling in her hand.

USHA

Kaunsi yaad?

MEERA

Pachaas saal pehle bhi ek call aayi thi.

NISHA

Kisne ki thi?

MEERA

Main ne.

Nisha and Usha stare.

USHA

Kya?

MEERA

Main jawaan thi. Isi bed pe meri chhoti behen leti thi. Bukhar mein.

A beat. The lamp hums.

MEERA (CONT'D)

Main us raat thak gayi thi. Darr gayi thi. Phone utha ke bas yahi bola tha...

She looks directly at Nisha.

MEERA (CONT'D)

"Usko sone mat dena."

NISHA

Phir?

MEERA

Kisi ne nahi suna.

Usha's grip tightens on the tumbler.

MEERA (CONT'D)

Subah woh jaagi hi nahi.

Nisha is shaken.

NISHA

Toh... jo call aaj aayi...

MEERA

Meri yaad.

USHA

Yaad phone se kaise aati hai?

MEERA

Jab guilt bahut purana ho jaaye, beta... toh woh awaaz ban jaata hai.

The phone RINGS again.

Nisha hesitates.

MEERA

(softly)

Answer karo.

NISHA

Dadi, aap sure ho?

MEERA

Is baar main sunna chahti hoon.

Nisha answers. Speaker on.

NISHA

Hello?

A younger version of MEERA's voice comes through—faint, grainy, like an old memory replaying.

YOUNG MEERA (V.O.)

Meera... aankh mat band karna. Bacchi ko jagaye rakhna.

Nisha's face changes.

Usha drops the steel tumbler. It CLANGS softly on the floor.

USHA

Ya Allah...

Meera closes her eyes, tears slipping out.

MEERA

Woh main hi thi.

Nisha looks at the phone, then at Meera.

NISHA

Aap... khud ko call kar rahi thi?

MEERA

Nahi.

(beat)

Main us pal ko.

A long, chilling silence.

The wall clock remains stuck at 2:17.

The phone screen goes black.

For the first time, the room feels still.

FADE OUT.