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A Psychological Thriller 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Genre: Psychological Thriller	Format: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor)	Runtime: 4 - 6 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) Character: Paranoid Customer Support Specialist (Male, 33-39)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ke 2:13 baje hain. Ek chhota sa apartment kitchen, jo office me badal chuka hai. Counter par laptop khula hai, side me smartphone, headset, sticky notes ka jungle, aur ek coffee mug jo kab se thandi ho chuki hai. Desk lamp ki peeli roshni aur monitors ki neeli glow milkar room ko kisi interrogation chamber jaisa bana rahi hai. Blinds ke beech se slatted shadows floor par bars ki tarah gir rahe hain. Aur beech me khada hai Arjun, 36 saal ka customer support specialist—neat shirt, sleeves rolled up, tie loosened, aankhon ke neeche gehre dark circles, posture aisa jaise har second kisi invisible punch ka intezaar kar raha ho.

Arjun ne aaj shaam se ek ajeeb cheez notice ki hai. Uske phone par, laptop par, tablet par—ha, uske paas tablet bhi hai—same anonymous messages aa rahe hain. Short, precise, almost mocking. “Ab right dekho.” “Cup uthao.” “Peeche mat mudna.” Pehle usne socha koi prank hai. Phir laga koi app glitch. Phir laga shayad customer support ki overtime thakan ne dimaag ka screw dheela kar diya hai. Lekin messages har device par, har minute, uske agle move ko predict kar rahe hain. Jaise koi room ke andar nahi, uske andar baitha ho.

Arjun har message ke baad aur zyada defensive hota jaata hai. Wo sticky notes par timelines banata hai, arrows draw karta hai, devices ko unplug karta hai, Wi-Fi off karta hai, phir on karta hai, phir sab kuch plane pe spread karke proof dhoondhta hai. Lekin har baar naya ping aata hai—aur uske haath ka next action pehle se likha hota hai. “Router mat chhuna.” “Ab laptop kholo.” “Abhi bhi late hai.” Uski awaaz room me ghoomti hai, kabhi whisper, kabhi accusatory shout. Wo khud se bolta hai, “Nahi, main pagal nahi hoon. Koi hai. Koi mujhe dekh raha hai.”

Phir ek message aata hai: “Apne account me log in karo.” Arjun hichkichata hai. Support specialist hone ke naate wo systems samajhta hai, logs, credentials, sessions. Wo laptop kholta hai, apna account login karta hai. Screen par activity history aati hai. Scheduled messages. Future timestamps. Aur sender—uska apna account. Arjun ki saans ruk jaati hai. Wo hansi aur panic ke beech phans jaata hai. “Nahi... nahi, ye possible nahi hai.”

Lekin phir screen par ek aur line dikhti hai: “Tumne mujhe khud diya tha.” Arjun ki aankhen phat jaati hain. Uske haath kaanpne lagte hain. Room ka hum zyada loud lagne lagta hai. Usko yaad aata hai—ek confidential complaint,

ek late-night escalation, ek case jisey usne company policy ke naam par file se hata diya tha. Ek customer. Ek anonymous user. Ek secret jo usne dabaa diya tha. Kuch aisa jisse uska career, reputation, aur shayad freedom bhi khatam ho sakti thi.

Ab messages sirf predict nahi kar rahe; wo accuse kar rahe hain. “Tumne us raat call record ki.” “Tumne ticket close ki.” “Tumne suni thi, phir bhi ignore kiya.” Arjun ka paranoia ab fear me badal chuka hai, aur fear guilt me. Wo samajh jaata hai ki koi stranger nahi, koi hacker nahi—koi uske hi account, uske hi habits, uske hi worst secret ko use karke usse psychologically dismantle kar raha hai. Shayd koi insider. Shayd koi scheduled trap. Shayd kisi ne uske own digital trail ko weapon bana diya hai.

End me Arjun ka face screen glow me frozen hai. Wo apna smartphone uthata hai. Ek naya message blink karta hai: “Ab bolo, Arjun. Read receipt on hai.” Arjun pehli baar seedha camera ki taraf dekhta hai—ya shayad us unseen watcher ki taraf—aur uski awaaz ek tootey hue whisper me nikalti hai: “Maine jo kiya... woh bas ek ticket nahi tha.”

Aur room me sirf desk lamp ka buzz, monitor ki thandi roshni, aur ek unreadable read receipt reh jaata hai.