

KNOCK THREE TIMES

A Horror/Supernatural 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Genre: Horror/Supernatural	Format: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor)	Runtime: 4 - 6 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) Character: Curious Apartment Tenant (Male, 31-37)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ke 3:13 baje ka alarm har roz ek hi jaise bajta tha—na zyada, na kam. Main, Arjun, 34 saal ka ek thaka hua tenant, apni chhoti si apartment hallway mein khada tha, sleeveless undershirt aur pajama pants mein, baal bikhre hue, daadhi ke beech beech mein ug aayi, aankhon mein neend aur paranoia ka mix. Mere flat ke bahar wali corridor mein sirf ek bulb tha jo kabhi jalta, kabhi dim ho jaata, jaise khud bhi darr gaya ho. Aur har raat, exactly 3:13 par, mere darwaze par teen knocks hote the.

Knock... knock... knock.

Pehli baar maine socha koi prank hoga. Dusri baar maine peephole se dekha—khali corridor. Teesri baar main door chain lagaye bina hi darwaza kholne gaya, par jab tak khola, hallway mein koi nahi tha. Na footsteps, na awaaz, na shadow. Bas woh bulb aur uski flicker.

Phir maine record karna shuru kiya. Smartphone ko door ke paas rakh diya, flashlight on karke hallway scan ki, apartment keys ko haath mein daba ke khada raha, jaise keys se kisi unseen cheez ko bhaga dunga. Har raat same time, same three knocks. Maine messages likhe khud ko—"Sleep deprivation." "Neighbour prank." "Mind playing tricks." Par 3:13 par jab knocks aate, sab logic ka dum nikal jaata.

Ek raat maine himmat karke peephole se dekhte hue bol diya, "Kaun hai?"

Silence.

Phir ek aur knock.

Main hansa bhi, ghabraya bhi. "Agar prank hai na, toh bahar aa."

Us raat pehli baar door ke bahar se koi awaaz aayi—bahut halki, kaan ke andar ghusti hui, jaise voice hall se nahi, mere darwaze ki lakdi ke andar se aa rahi ho.

“Main andar aane nahi aaya,” awaaz ne kaha. “Main tumhe warn karne aaya hoon.”

Mera gala sookh gaya. Main bola, “Warn? Kis baare mein?”

Awaaz ne thodi der chup rehkar, jaise soch rahi ho, phir bola, “Jo tumhare apartment mein hai.”

Maine hansi nikaalne ki koshish ki, par awaaz kaanp gayi. “Apartment mein? Main akela rehta hoon.”

“Abhi tak,” awaaz ne jawab diya.

Uske baad jo silence aaya, woh normal silence nahi tha. Woh aisa silence tha jaise koi room ke andar saans roke khada ho. Maine flashlight jala ke darwaze ke neeche ki gap mein dekha—koi shadow nahi. Lekin meri hi apartment ke andar se, jaise kisi ne ek kursi ko bahut dheere se drag kiya ho, ek halki si kharr kharr sunayi di.

Main freeze ho gaya.

Maine keys ko aur tight pakda. Phone ka camera on karke hall aur peephole dono record karne laga. “Ye koi joke nahi hai,” main khud se bolta raha. “Ye koi joke nahi hai.”

Tab mere phone par ek notification aayi. Unknown number. Message: “Mat kholo.”

Main ne pehli baar peephole se corridor nahi, phone screen dekhi. Doosra message aaya: “Woh door ke saamne nahi hai.”

Mere haath se phone almost gir gaya. Main dheere se palta—apne darwaze ki taraf, apne apartment ki taraf. Aur tab mujhe samajh aaya ki jo bhi mujhe bahar se dara raha tha, uska kaam mujhe andar se bachana tha.

Teesra message aaya: “Knock ka jawab mat dena. Agar usne tumse baat kar li, toh woh tumhari awaaz seekh lega.”

Mera muh khula reh gaya. Maine dheere se poocha, “Merii... awaaz?”

Aur usi waqt, mere apartment ke andar se, mere hi bedroom ke direction se, bilkul mere jaise tone mein, ek awaaz aayi—soft, intimate, familiar:

“Arjun... darwaza mat kholna.”

Mera blood thanda pad gaya. Kyunki main hallway mein tha.

Aur jo andar se bol raha tha, woh main nahi tha.