

DOOR NUMBER 4

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: Compulsive Hotel Guest (Male, 46-53)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raghav, ek polished-but-fraying travelling salesman, hotel ke sterile corridor mein khada hai—wrinkled dress shirt, loosened belt, suitcase ek haath mein, room key dusre mein. Uski wristwatch ki tick-tick, buzzing tube lights, aur identical doors ka endless pattern uske dimaag ko aur bhi ghumaa raha hai. Woh baar-baar apni key card check karta hai, door numbers count karta hai, aur har baar yakeen se bolta hai ki room bas yahin kahin hai. Par jab woh Door 2 se Door 3, phir Door 4 tak jata hai, corridor ka har loop same lagta hai—same carpet, same smell, same tray outside a room, same half-open suitcase inside, same glass of water untouched. Jaise hotel ne uski raat ko freeze kar diya ho.

Raghav apne phone par messages aur missed calls dekhta hai. Office ka ek voice note aata hai—kal ki meeting, client ka naam, aur ek reminder: "Presentation ready hai na?" Woh irritate ho kar hans deta hai, kyunki uske paas presentation hai, par yaad nahi ke woh kab se yahan hai. Uska phone battery low hai. Uski aankhon mein panic aur polished smile ke beech ek ajeeb sa crack aa raha hai. Woh khud se bolta hai ki sab normal hai. Business travel mein aisa hota hai. Jet lag. Stress. Bas thoda sa overthinking.

Phir woh notice karta hai ki room service tray har baar same jagah par milti hai—Door 4 ke paas. Tray par ek cold coffee, do sugar sachets, aur ek folded note: "Mr. Raghav, please don't leave again." Likha hua dekh kar uska chehra safed pad jata hai. Woh note ko baar-baar padhne lagta hai, jaise letters ka matlab badal jayega. Woh door handle pakadta hai, key card swipe karta hai, aur andar jaata hai. Room same hai. Bed made. Suitcase open. Shirt hanging. Jaise koi uske jaane ke baad room ko reset karta raha ho.

Uski breathing heavy ho jaati hai. Woh table drawer kholta hai aur ek aur note milta hai: "If you're reading this, you forgot again." Is baar uski awaaz kaanp jaati hai. Woh phone speaker par ek saved audio play karta hai—uski hi awaaz, thodi thaki hui, thodi cracked: "Raghav, agar tum yeh sun rahe ho, toh Door 4 kholo. Baaki doors se kuch nahi milega." Woh freeze ho jata hai. Khud ki awaaz sunna kisi stranger ki dhamki jaisa lagta hai.

Corridor mein laut kar woh doors count karta hai—1, 2, 3, 4. Har baar count alag aata hai, jaise hallway numbers shift ho rahe hon. Door 4 ki light thodi zyada bright hai. Woh uske saamne rukta hai. Key card ka chip uske fingers mein

garam ho chuka hai. Uski wristwatch 11:59 dikhati hai, phir blink karke 11:59 hi reh jaati hai. Time bhi stuck hai.

Door 4 khulta hai. Andar room nahi—ek aur corridor jaisa space hai, lekin zyada khamosh, zyada white, zyada khatarnak. Ek wall par magnetic board jaisi surface, jis par paper slips, room numbers, aur ek hotel map pinned hai. Beech mein ek envelope pada hai: “LAST 24 HOURS.” Raghav usse kholta hai. Andar receipts, aaj ka newspaper, aur ek handwritten confession: usne kal raat apni wife ko call kiya tha, phir phone off kar diya, phir apne aap ko room mein lock kar liya, kyunki usse yaad aaya ki uski life mein kuch aisa hua tha jise woh yaad nahi karna chahta—ek accident, ek argument, ya shayad uska khud ka breakdown. Door 4 woh room nahi tha jahan woh reh raha tha; Door 4 woh jagah thi jahan usne apni memory ko “store” kar diya tha, taaki agla din safe lage.

Ab uske saamne sirf ek choice hai: ya toh woh envelope jalaye aur phir se bhool jaaye, ya uske andar likhi baat ko accept kare. Woh ro nahi raha—bas uski aankhon mein woh aadmi toot raha hai jo har din polished suit pehen kar apni life ko order mein rakhne ka natak karta hai. Corridor ki lights phir buzz karti hain. Door 4 ke peeche se uski hi awaaz dobara aati hai: “Ab yaad rakhna, Raghav.” Aur pehli baar, woh room key ko gira deta hai.