

STATIC

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: Night Shift Radio Producer (Female, 32-38)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ke 2:13 baje hain. Radio station ka yeh booth ek chhota sa aquarium lagta hai—bahar duniya zinda hai, andar sirf blue screens, blink karte meters, aur ek desk lamp ki peeli thakan. Main headphones pehne baithi hoon, oversized sweater ke sleeves haathon tak gire hue, coffee cup aadha thanda, aur meri aankhon ke neeche ka darkness mujhse zyada awake hai. Main night shift producer hoon. Awaazein set karna mera kaam hai. Khamoshi ko bhi cue dena mera kaam hai.

Aaj channel dead hai. Officially dead. Dead channel pe sirf white noise hota hai—safed, bekaar, harmless. Bas hiss, bas static. Lekin kuch der se us static mein kuch aur bhi hai. Pehle mujhe laga mera dimaag overwork kar raha hai. Phir laga koi frequency drift kar rahi hai. Phir ek line suni—meri hi awaaz mein, meri hi soch ka ek tukda: “Main theek hoon.”

Main freeze ho gayi. Kyunki maine woh line abhi sochi thi, boli nahi thi.

Soundboard pe meri ungliyaan ruk gayin. Waveform monitor par ek ajib sa pattern ubhra—jaise koi saans le raha ho. Main mic ke saamne jhuki, bina bolay, bina hile. Static phir zyada clear hua. Aur uske andar se ek aur fragment nikla: “Kisi ko mat bataana.”

Meri peeth seedhi ho gayi. Yeh phrase... yeh phrase mere khud ke dimaag mein rehta tha. Roz. Har shift mein. Har raat jab main khud se kehti thi ki sab normal hai. Ki main bas thak gayi hoon. Ki jo bhi hua tha, woh pichhle saal ki baat hai. Ki office, shifts, deadlines, headphones—yeh sab mujhe us cheez se bachaye rakhenge jo main kabhi kisi ko nahi bata sakti.

Static ne jaise mujhe sun liya. Phir line aayi: “Tumne usse nahi maara.”

Meri saans atak gayi.

Main chair se thodi piche sarak gayi, coffee cup ka dhakkan khul kar desk par thap se gira. Booth ke red recording light ki glow aur zyada zinda lagne lagi. Main khud se boli, ya shayad mic se: “Nahi.” Lekin meri awaaz kaafi patli thi, jaise kisi aur ki ho. Static mein ab meri hi breathing mix ho rahi thi. Har hiss ke beech ek pause, jaise koi mujhe jawaban de raha ho.

“Tumne usse nahi maara,” signal ne phir kaha, “par tumne sach ko mar diya.”

Mere haath kaanpne lage. Yaad ka darwaza khul gaya—woh raat jab emergency call aayi thi, jab main control room mein thi, jab ek accident hua tha, jab maine logon ko wrong channel pe bhej diya tha. Kisi ne mujhe bola tha, “Repeat it. Say it clearly.” Aur maine... maine clear nahi kaha tha. Main dar gayi thi. Main ne ek lie bol diya tha—bas ek chhota sa lie—ki sab under control hai. Ki koi injured nahi hai. Ki panic mat karo.

Par koi injured tha.

Aur uske baad se main har din us lie ko manage kar rahi thi, jaise ek station ko dead air se bachaya jaata hai. Main composed rahi, professional rahi, useful rahi. Lekin har raat yeh booth mujhe mere hi andar ke static ke saath lock kar deta tha.

Ab channel se meri private thoughts ek-ek karke nikal rahi thi. “Main guilty hoon.” “Main bol nahi paayi.” “Maine sabko bachane ke liye ek aadmi ko chhod diya.” Har line mere pehle sochne se pehle hi hawa mein ghul rahi thi. Jaise booth ne meri memory record kar li ho. Jaise yeh radio station nahi, confession room ho.

Main mic ke bilkul paas aayi.

Aur pehli baar, sach bola.

“Main us raat darr gayi thi.”

Static thoda kam hua.

“Mainne jhooth bola tha.”

Meters ki blinking steady hone lagi.

“Main ne kisi ko maarne ka faisla nahi kiya tha... par maine unhe bachane ka faisla bhi nahi kiya.”

Silence.

Aisa silence jo khamoshi nahi, acceptance hota hai.

Main headphones utar kar desk par rakh deti hoon. Mere haath ab bhi kaanp rahe hain, par pehli baar woh kaanpna panic ka nahi, release ka lagta hai. White noise ab bhi hai. Hamesha rahega. Par ab woh mujhe cover nahi kar raha—mujhe expose kar raha hai.

Main coffee cup uthati hoon, ek sip leti hoon, aur monitor ki taraf dekhti hoon. Dead channel pe waveform seedha ho jaata hai. Saaf. Clean. Jaise kisi ne finally signal de diya ho.

Main halki si hanski ke saath, almost whisper mein bolti hoon: “Static toh meri awaaz thi.”

Aur booth ki red light pehli baar mere liye nahi, mere against nahi—meri taraf se jalti rehti hai.