

THE WOMAN AT 2A

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: Insomniac Novelist with Writer's Block (Female, 44-50)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Main Rhea hoon. Forty-seven. Novelist. Ya shayad ex-novelist, kyunki pichhle teen mahine se mere laptop ke cursor ne mere liye bas blink karna seekha hai, likhna nahi. Raat ke do bajte hi meri neend ka contract expire ho jaata hai. Phir ye apartment... ye dim living room... ye desk lamp ka peela ghera... aur window ke bahar city ka thaka hua glow. Sab kuchh aisa lagta hai jaise duniya so chuki hai, sirf main aur meri thoughts duty par hain.

Pehle pehle mujhe next door se rone ki awaaz aati thi. Aurat ka rona. Roz. Dheere, phir kabhi toot ke, kabhi bas ek aisi siski jaisi kisi ne apne andar ka darwaza band kar diya ho. Main kaan laga ke sunti thi, phir apni coffee ka ghunt leti thi, phir notebook khol ke likhti thi. Kyun? Kyunki writer's block ka sabse bada ilaj hota hai kisi aur ke dard ko apna mask bana lena. Main us aurat ko invent karne lagi. Uska naam diya maine Neha. Uski shaadi, uska bachpan, uska guilt, uska khali fridge, uski broken bangles, uska woh raat ka phone call jiska jawab kabhi nahi aaya. Main uske rone ko scenes mein badalne lagi. Ek chapter. Phir doosra. Phir teesra. Aur har line ke saath mujhe lagta tha main usse nahi, apne aap ko likh rahi hoon.

Main bolti thi, "Bas ek aur page." Lekin pages khatam hi nahi hote the. Manuscript pages mere desk par snow ki tarah jamte ja rahe the. Pen se ink sookh jaati, main naya pen leti. Coffee thandi ho jaati, main nayi coffee bana leti. Laptop screen pe title chamak raha tha: The Woman at 2A. Mujhe laga, kitna clever title hai. Kitna literary. Kitna safe. Kyunki 2A toh woh apartment tha, next door. Jahan se rona aata tha. Jahan ki woman meri story ka source thi. Main khud ko convince karti rahi ki main sirf observe kar rahi hoon.

Phir ek raat rona achanak band ho gaya.

Aisi khamoshi aayi jaise kisi ne poore building ke andar ki hawa nikaal di ho. Main pehli baar darr gayi. Main window ke paas gayi, phir wall ke paas. Mera haath us deewar par tha jo mere aur 2A ke beech ek patli si line thi. Tab... teen halki si thap-thap. Mere side ki wall par.

Aur ek aurat ki awaaz. Bilkul paas. Bilkul saaf.

“Why are you writing scenes from my life?”

Main freeze ho gayi. Mera coffee cup haath se girte-girte bacha. Main hansi bhi, shayad. Ek nervous, bikhri hui hansi. Kyunki dimaag jab tootne lagta hai na, woh pehle logic ko comedy bana deta hai.

Main boli, “Main... main toh bas fiction likh rahi thi.”

Lekin phir laptop screen ne ek naya paragraph khol diya. Khud-ba-khud. Jaise kisi invisible editor ne mere fingers ke bina type kar diya ho. Aur us paragraph mein wohi line thi jo maine kabhi kisi ko nahi batayi thi. Meri maa ka hospital room. Mere father ka last phone call. Woh night when I stopped answering everyone because I was tired of being needed. Woh sab, jo main sochti thi sirf mere dimaag mein band hai.

Mere haath kaanpne lage. Main notebook uthati hoon, page palatti hoon. Har page par meri writing nahi, meri yaadein. Mera naam. Mera address. Mera age. Mere insomnia ki timings. Mere doctor ke notes jaisi handwriting mein ek line: “She confuses the sound of crying with the sound of being seen.”

Main dheere se bolti hoon, “No. No, this is my book.”

Aur wall ke us paar se, usi aurat ki awaaz, ab almost whisper mein:

“Then why did you give me your ending?”

Us pal mujhe samajh aaya—main usse nahi likh rahi thi. Woh mujhe rewrite kar rahi thi. Har raat jo rona sunai deta tha, woh kisi aur ka nahi tha. Woh meri hi awaaz thi, jo itne saalon se andar dab kar ro rahi thi. Aur 2A... 2A koi apartment number nahi tha. Woh do akshar the jo kisi adhoore sentence ki tarah mere life ke darwaze par knock kar rahe the.

Ab main yahan desk lamp ke neeche baithi hoon. Glasses wahi, sweater wahi, coffee thandi, pages zinda. Main likh rahi hoon, haan. Lekin ab har line se pehle main wall ko dekh leti hoon. Kyunki shayad next chapter mein woh mujhe nahi, main usse sunungi. Ya shayad... woh already yahin hai. Aur main? Main bas finally jaag gayi hoon.