

THE VOICE NOTE

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: Social Media Manager with Burnout (Female, 28-34)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ke 2:13 baje hain. Ek chhota sa bedroom, jo din mein maybe ek normal room tha, ab editing station ban chuka hai. Laptop ka white glow, ring light ka thanda halo, curtain ke paar se aati city ki feeki orange roshni—sab milke room ko aisa bana rahe hain jaise yeh jagah duniya se connected hai, par insaan se nahi. Main, Aanya, 31, casual blouse aur jeans mein, messy bun, aankhon ke neeche dark circles, phone haath se chipka hua. Main ek social media manager hoon. Meri life ka kaam hai dusron ki life ko perfect dikhana.

Aaj raat ka kaam simple tha: ek campaign video final karke post schedule karna. Brand happy, boss happy, metrics happy. Bas mujhe bhi happy hona chahiye tha, right? Par jab se burnout ne mere andar ghar bana liya hai, har deadline ek chhota sa attack lagta hai. Main headphones pehenti hoon, laptop pe timeline scrub karti hoon, aur apne aap se bolti hoon—bas ek last cut, bas ek last caption, bas ek last upload. Har baar “last” ek naya “last” ban jata hai.

Phir phone vibrate karta hai. Unknown number nahi. Mere hi number se voice note aata hai.

Main has deti hoon. Thoda nervous, thoda irritated. Apne aap ko hi voice note? Kya mazaak hai? Main play karti hoon.

Voice meri hi hoti hai. Same tone. Same breath. Bas zyada thaki hui. Voice note ke shabd simple hain: “Aanya, video mat post kar. Abhi. Please.” Main freeze ho jaati hoon. Room ka noise—fridge ka hum, city ka distant traffic, laptop fan—sab ek second ke liye rukta hua lagta hai. Main screen ko ghurti hoon. Mere hi number se, mere hi voice mein, mere hi naam se warning.

Main sochti hoon koi glitch hoga. Koi app ka bug. Koi accidental recording. Main voice note dobara sunti hoon. Is baar ek extra line hoti hai. “Woh ring light band kar.”

Main seedhi ho jaati hoon. Ring light mere peeche on hai. Main bina palte uski reflection laptop screen mein dekh leti hoon. Pehle mujhe lagta hai bas thakaan hai, overthinking hai. Phir meri skin ke neeche ek thandi si sensation daudti hai. Kyunki room mein main akeli hoon. Hamesha akeli.

Main ring light off karti hoon. Ab sirf phone screen aur city glow. Voice note dobara. Is baar voice zyada saaf, zyada close. “Tumne charger left side mein hi chhoda hai. Jaise kal raat chhoda tha.” Main palat ke dekhte hi dekhte charger wahan pada hota hai. Left side. Exactly wahi. Mere hosh udne lagte hain.

Main bolti hoon, “Nahi. Nahi, yeh ho hi nahi sakta.”

Main voice note ko phir se play karti hoon. Ab usmein mere kal ke coffee order ka zikr hai. Mere boss ka woh message jo maine abhi tak reply nahi kiya. Aur phir ek line: “Tumne apni maa ko bhi kal jhooth bola tha ki sab theek hai.”

Mere gale mein saans atak jaati hai. Koi app mere dimaag ke andar kaise ja sakta hai? Koi mere din ka exact map kaise bana sakta hai?

Main laptop close karti hoon, phir kholti hoon. Kya kar rahi hoon, mujhe khud nahi pata. Voice note again. Ab tone mein halki si ghabrahat hai—meri ghabrahat jaisi. “Aanya, suno. Video mat post karna. Kyunki jo clip tumne edit ki hai, usmein background mein jo shadow hai—woh glitch nahi hai.”

Main ruk jaati hoon. Timeline pe video open. Ek office promo clip. Clean frames. Smiling people. Perfect captions. Main scrub karti hoon. Ek frame. Phir dusra. Aur phir—corner mein ek shadow. Human shape jaisa. Bas ek second. Itna halka ki shayad kisi aur ne notice na kiya hota. Mere haath kaanp jaate hain.

Main whisper karti hoon, “Yeh... yeh mere room ka reflection hai?”

Voice note aata hai. “Nahi. Turn around.”

Mera phone haath mein jam jaata hai. Main pehli baar apni saans sun rahi hoon. Slowly, jaise koi invisible thread mujhe kheench raha ho, main palatti hoon.

Bedroom khaali hai.

Phir bhi kuch hai. Ya shayad bas feeling. Curtain ke paas, dim city glow ke andar, ek shape—nahin, ek absence—jaise kisi ne roshni ka hissa kaat diya ho. Main blink karti hoon. Absence gayab.

Main wapas phone ki taraf dekhti hoon. Naya voice note. Mere number se. Mere hi voice mein, ab almost roti hui: “Main tum hoon. Bas thodi der pehle wali tum. Agar tumne post kiya, toh tum kal subah is room mein nahi uthogi.”

Main hasne ki koshish karti hoon. Awaaz nikalti nahi. Kyunki ab mujhe samajh aa raha hai—yeh warning future se bhi ho sakti hai, ya past se, ya mere hi burnout se janmi koi cracked reality. Par jo sabse zyada dara raha hai, woh yeh hai ki voice note mein ek aakhri line add ho rahi hai, bilkul mere kaan ke paas, jaise room mein koi aur saans le raha ho:

“Mat post kar. Aur please... phone left hand se mat chhodo.”

Main dheere se apna phone dekh■■■ hoon. Screen pe mera reflection hai. Peeche bed ke edge par, ek shadow jaisa kuch—iss baar clear—aur uske haath mein bhi ek phone.

Mera phone vibrate karta hai.

Mere hi number se ek aur voice note.

Aur main, pehli baar, play nahi karti.