

THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW

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: Night Shift Caretaker in an Empty School (Female, 26-32)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ka school hamesha thoda zyada hi khaali lagta hai. Din mein jo corridor normal sa lagta hai, wahi raat ko lamba, seedha aur ajeeb-sa ho jaata hai, jaise kisi ne uski length ko stretch kar diya ho. Main apni cardigan aur keys ke saath third floor ke corridor mein mop bucket ghaseet rahi thi, aur motion-sensor lights mere aage-aage jal rahi thi, ek-ek classroom door ko jaise count karte hue. Har door ke saath ek chhoti si awaaz, ek chhota sa shadow, aur phir phir se khamoshi. Bas main, meri flashlight, aur walkie-talkie jisme kabhi-kabhi guard room se crackle aati thi: "All okay?" Main hamesha bol deti, "Haan, sab theek hai." Kyunki raat mein school ko bhi yahi sunna pasand hai.

Pehli baar maine us aurat ko window mein dekha toh laga shayad reflection hoga. Tall window ke glass mein moonlight itni safed thi ki apna hi chehra doobta hua lag raha tha. Lekin reflection mein jo figure thi, woh mera nahi tha. Ek aurat. Seedhi khadi, bilkul still. Baal khule, chehra aadha shadow mein, aur aankhen—ya shayad bas andhera—mere hi taraf. Main ruk gayi. Dil ne ek chhota sa jump maara, phir maine khud ko samjhaya: "Nahi, bas light ka angle hai. Thakaan hai." Main palti, corridor ke doosre end tak gayi, mop bucket ko thoda side kiya, aur jab wapas us window ke paas se guzri, woh phir wahi thi.

Is baar main hasi, kyunki dar ke waqt kabhi-kabhi hasi hi pehla defense hota hai. "Arre wah," maine khud se kaha, "school bhi overtime kar raha hai." Lekin mera haath keys pe aur tight ho gaya. Window ki taraf dekha toh aurat ab bhi khadi thi, jaise usne meri hasi sun li ho. Main ne flashlight us taraf maari. Glass par bas meri roshni aur ek pal ke liye dhundla sa chehra. Phir kuch nahi. Walkie-talkie mein static aayi. Main ne bina soche bol diya, "Bas hawa hai." Lekin hawa itni seedhi nahi khadi hoti.

Main ne corridor complete kiya, har classroom ka handle check kiya. Sab locked. Numbered doors, same beige paint, same silent walls. Phir ek door ke paas aake mujhe yaad aaya—Room 3B. Yeh locker room ke baad wali class thi, jiski key mere belt loop mein sabse alag latak rahi thi. Maine us key ko dekha, phir window ko. Aurat ab bhi andar ki taraf nahi, meri taraf dekh rahi thi. Jaise main hallway mein nahi, kisi aur jagah par khadi thi.

Maine key dali. Lock ne chhoti si aah bhari. Door khula. Andar darkness thi, chalk aur purane paper ki smell. Main ek kadam andar gayi. Flashlight ki beam desks par phisli, empty benches, dust, ek broken duster. Koi nahi. Koi bhi nahi. Main ne ek baar poora room scan kiya, phir peeche mudhi. Window ke paas wahi safed moonlight. Ab glass mein koi figure nahi. Sirf main.

Mere saans ka sound bahut loud tha. Maine khud ko bola, “Bas. Khatam. Overthinking.” Tabhi blackboard se halki si kharr-kharr ki awaaz aayi. Jaise kisi ne abhi-abhi chalk uthaya ho. Main frozen. Flashlight beam board par gayi.

Wahan likha tha:

“Riya, kal 10:17 PM par wapas aana.”

Main ka naam. Aur time. Bilkul mere shift ke hisaab se.

Maine ek step back liya. Chalkboard ke neeche chalk ka tukda pada tha, bilkul fresh. Main ne usse uthaya. Ungliyon par safed powder chipak gaya. Mera walkie-talkie phir crackle hua. Is baar guard room ki awaaz nahi thi. Bas meri hi awaaz, dheemi, recorded si, jaise kisi ne mere bolne se pehle hi meri saans chura li ho: “Kal 10:17 PM par wapas aana.”

Mere haath se chalk gir gaya. Corridor ki motion lights ek-ek karke band hone lagi, jaise school ne apni aankhen jhapka di hon. Main door ki taraf bhaagi, lekin ruk gayi—window mein, corridor ke glass mein, ek second ke liye woh aurat phir dikhi. Same posture. Same stare. Bas is baar uske chehre mein kuch familiar tha. Meri hi thakaan. Meri hi aankhen. Aur shayad meri hi cardigan.

Main ab bhi school ke us corridor mein khadi hoon. Keys mere belt loop par hain. Mop bucket mere paas hai. Flashlight meri mutthi mein. Aur main har window mein apni hi shadow se bach kar chal rahi hoon, jaise kal raat 10:17 PM ko koi mera intezaar kar raha ho—ya shayad main hi uska.