

THE CALL AT 2:17

A Horror/Supernatural 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Horror/Supernatural	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Nisha (29)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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2:17 a.m. ke sunehre nahi, neele khauf ke waqt par, Nisha ki neend phir se toot jaati hai. Phone screen par unknown number blink karta hai—aur jab woh uthati hai, caller ID uske apne number ka hota hai. Line par ek dheemi, kaanpati hui awaaz aati hai: “Meera ko sone mat dena.” Nisha ka gala sookh jaata hai. Bed ke doosri taraf, uski aunt Usha, jo hamesha se totkay, nazar aur mannaton mein yaqeen rakhti thi, steel tumbler aur prayer thread le kar aa jaati hai. Woh turant keh deti hai ki yeh koi insaani call nahi, ghar mein koi purani aatma jag gayi hai. Lekin bed par blanket mein lipti dadi Meera, jo pehle se hi beemar aur chup rehti hai, aaj kuch zyada hi alert lagti hai—jaise woh call ka intezaar kar rahi ho.

Nisha call ko speaker par rakhti hai. Wohi awaaz dobara aati hai: “Usko sone mat dena. Agar woh so gayi, toh phir...” Sentence adhoora reh jaata hai, aur line mein halki si static ke saath ek bachpan jaisi saans sunai deti hai. Usha ghabra kar prayer thread bedpost se bandh deti hai, tumbler ka paani chhidakti hai, aur bolti hai ki yeh kisi badhawaas rooh ka kaam hai. Woh Meera se poochti hai ki kya woh jaanti hai kaun call kar raha hai. Meera pehli baar seedha Nisha ko dekhti hai aur ek ajeeb, almost guilty si nazar ke saath kehti hai, “Phone band mat karna.”

Nisha ka darr ab confusion mein badal jaata hai. Caller ID phir se uske apne number ka dikh raha hota hai. Usha insist karti hai ki phone ko kapde mein lapet do, warna “signal se saaya ghar mein ghush jayega.” Nisha ka nervous humour phoot padta hai: “Aunty, saaya Wi-Fi pe aata hai kya?” Usha ghoor kar kehti hai, “Mazaaq mat kar. Raat ke teen baje tak hasi ka bhi hisaab hota hai.” Is beech Meera ki aankhen phone screen par tik jaati hain. Woh dheere se bolti hai ki 2:17 ka waqt is ghar mein pehle bhi aaya tha. Pachaas saal pehle. Tab bhi ek call aayi thi. Tab bhi ek ladki thi jo sone nahi di gayi thi.

Ab room ka mahaul aur tight ho jaata hai. Bedside lamp ki roshni patli si lakeer ban kar Meera ke chehre par padti hai. Usha ko lagta hai Meera delirium mein hai, par Meera pehli baar poori tarah bolti hai—whisper mein, lekin saaf: “Woh call marne ke liye nahi thi. Woh yaad rakhne ke liye thi.” Nisha aur Usha dono freeze ho jaati hain. Meera batati hai ki fifty saal pehle, jab woh jawaan thi, uski chhoti behen—jo usi raat fever mein so gayi thi—kabhi nahi uthi. Ghar walon ne socha neend hai, par woh coma jaisi ek gehri khamoshi mein chali gayi thi. Tab ek call aaya tha: “Usko sone mat dena.” Par kisi ne seriously nahi liya. Subah tak woh bachchi mar chuki thi. Meera ne us raat se har 2:17 par usi yaad ko repeat hota suna hai—jaise memory khud phone ban gayi ho.

Usha ka superstition hil jaata hai, par woh ab bhi kaamp rahi hoti hai. Nisha, jo ab tak bas apni thakaan aur fear mein phansi thi, samajh jaati hai ki Meera ke liye “sleep” sirf neend nahi, ek aisi state hai jahan woh apni guilt se dobara jud jaati hai. Meera admits karti hai ki woh kabhi us call ko uthakar sach nahi bol paayi thi. “Main darr gayi thi,” woh kehti hai. “Aur darr ne yaad ko bandh diya.” Phone phir ring karta hai—same number. Nisha ka haath kaanpta hai, lekin is baar Meera khud ishara karti hai: answer it.

Nisha call uthati hai. Line par koi bhoot nahi, koi stranger nahi—Meera ki hi jawaan, thodi saans phooli hui awaaz hoti hai, jaise purani tape se nikal rahi ho: “Meera, aankh mat band karna. Bacchi ko jagaye rakhna.” Nisha ki aankhen phat jaati hain. Usha ka steel tumbler girte-girte bachta hai. Meera ki aankhon mein pehli baar aansu aate hain, aur woh dheere se muskurati hai—jaise fifty saal ka bojh finally khul raha ho. Twist yeh nahi ki caller koi dead spirit hai; twist yeh hai ki caller Meera khud hai, apni hi memory mein phansi hui, har raat 2:17 par usi pal ko dobara jeeti hui. Aur is ghar mein khauf kisi maut ka nahi, balki us guilt ka hai jo kabhi so nahi paaya. Final beat par wall clock ab bhi 2:17 par atki rehti hai—par phone screen black ho chuki hai, jaise yaad ne aaj pehli baar saans li ho.