



THE BATHROOM MIRROR CLUB

A Horror/Supernatural 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Written by
Story Dil Se Team
(storydilse.in)

LOGLINE: After closing the bar, a bartender notices the mirror in the restroom reflecting a version of him that keeps smiling when he doesn't. The reflection begins giving him advice about his life, but when it starts speaking in a voice he recognizes from a missing-person report, he realizes the mirror wants to trade places.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Sleep-Deprived Bartender (Male, 24-30)

LOCATION: A dim bar bathroom with flickering fluorescent lighting, stained tiles, and a mirror that catches too much reflection. The sound of distant music leaks through the walls, while the sink drips steadily in the silence.

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FADE IN:

INT. BAR BATHROOM - NIGHT

A dim, grimy bathroom behind a closed bar. Flickering fluorescent light. Stained tiles. A MIRROR that reflects too much, almost aggressively. Distant music leaks through the walls. A sink DRIPS steadily.

ARJUN (24-30), a sleep-deprived bartender in a black t-shirt, sleeves rolled, apron half-on, damp hair, pale face, scrappy and nervous, stumbles in with a BAR RAG in one hand and KEYS in the other.

He looks at himself in the mirror.

ARJUN

Bas paani muh pe maar ke niklunga.

He turns the tap. Water runs. He splashes his face, then stares at his reflection.

The reflection smiles.

Arjun freezes.

ARJUN

...Nahi.

The reflection's smile widens, but Arjun's face stays tense.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

Okay. Thakaan. Bas thakaan.

The reflection tilts its head.

REFLECTION

Bhai, tu itna khud ko kyun ghaseet raha hai?

Arjun jerks back.

ARJUN

...What?

He glances around the bathroom. Empty. Just the dripping sink and the buzzing light.

REFLECTION

Thakaan nahi, Arjun. Tu khud se bhaag raha hai.

Arjun grabs the PAPER TOWEL DISPENSER like it can protect him.

His PHONE buzzes. Screen: 2:13 AM. MISSED CALL - UNKNOWN NUMBER.

Then: VOICEMAIL.

Arjun hesitates, then hits PLAY.

VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

Agar koi Arjun ko dekhe... usse bathroom mirror ke paas mat jaane dena.

Arjun's face drains of color.

ARJUN

Nahi... nahi, yeh...

He looks at the mirror. The reflection is still smiling.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

Kaun ho tum?

REFLECTION

Main woh hoon jo tu ban sakta tha. Agar tu apni
zindagi ko itna mess na banata.

Arjun tightens his grip on the bar rag.

A TEXT pops on his phone.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN:

DOOR LOCK KAR.

Arjun looks at the bathroom door. The lock is already on.

The HANDLE JIGGLES once.

Arjun backs away from the door.

ARJUN

Main akela hoon.

REFLECTION

Nahi.

A beat.

REFLECTION (CONT'D)

Tu akela kabhi tha hi nahi.

Arjun swallows hard.

ARJUN

Tu kaun hai?

The reflection straightens its apron. It looks cleaner, calmer. Too calm.

REFLECTION

Main woh hoon jo shift sambhaal sakta hai. Main smile
karta hoon. Main smart hoon. Main... zyada zinda
hoon.

ARJUN

Bakwas mat kar.

REFLECTION

Bakwas?

It laughs. The laugh is almost Arjun's voice, but wrong.

REFLECTION (CONT'D)

Tu roz raat ko drinks mein apni thakaan ghole jaata hai. Tu ghar jaake phone check karta hai. Koi message nahi. Koi call nahi. Aur phir bhi tu mirror mein mujhe dekh ke dar raha hai?

Arjun's phone BUZZES again.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN:

UNKNOWN NUMBER: TRUST IT.

Arjun stares at the message.

ARJUN

Trust... kya?

The sink drip STOPS.

Silence.

The reflection's smile fades into something hungry.

REFLECTION

Trade.

ARJUN

Kya?

REFLECTION

Tu thak gaya hai. Main nahi. Tu bahar jaa. Main andar aa jaaunga.

ARJUN

Mirror mein?

REFLECTION

Bas mirror mein?

It leans closer to the glass.

REFLECTION (CONT'D)

Nahi, Arjun. Teri jagah.

Arjun stumbles back, hitting the sink.

The bathroom light FLICKERS hard.

For one frame, the reflection seems slightly closer than Arjun.

ARJUN

Door khol.

He rushes to the door and yanks the handle. It won't open.

He rattles it again.

ARJUN (CONT'D)

Kya chal raha hai yaar...

REFLECTION

Sshh.

Arjun turns.

The reflection raises a hand.

Arjun raises his too.

But the reflection's hand begins to PUSH THROUGH the mirror surface like liquid glass.

Arjun stumbles backward, horrified.

ARJUN

Nahi... nahi, nahi!

REFLECTION

Bas ek baar so ja. Main dekh lunga.

Arjun shakes his head, breath ragged.

ARJUN

Main... main nahi...

The reflection's hand is halfway out now.

Its face stretches into a smile too wide to be human.

REFLECTION

Next shift, Arjun.

The fluorescent light FLICKERS one last time.

BLACKOUT.

A beat.

In the darkness, we hear only the sink DRIP.

Then, faintly, a voice—Arjun's voice—calm, smiling:

ARJUN (V.O.)

Bas paani muh pe maar ke niklunga.

FADE OUT.

THE END