



LOST AND FOUND

A Slice of Life/Romance 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: A museum guide stays late to return a lost scarf to the woman who left it behind, only to realize he never got her name. As he narrates the day to the empty gallery, he discovers the scarf holds a clue that turns a missed connection into a second chance.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Soft-Spoken Museum Guide (Male, 26-31)

LOCATION: A quiet museum gallery after closing, lit by soft track lights that illuminate paintings and a single bench. The room is hushed and elegant, with polished floors reflecting warm light and the sense of being alone among art.

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FADE IN:

INT. MUSEUM GALLERY - NIGHT

Soft track lights bathe a quiet, elegant gallery in warm pools of light. Paintings line the walls. A single BENCH sits center frame. Polished floors reflect the glow.

A SOFT-SPOKEN MUSEUM GUIDE (late 20s), neatly pressed shirt, khakis, name tag, tidy hair, gentle smile, stands alone near the bench. He holds a SCARF. He looks around the empty gallery, then at the scarf.

GUIDE

(softly, to the room)

Aaj ka din bhi... ajeeb tha.

He folds the scarf carefully, almost respectfully, and places it on the bench.

GUIDE

Main bas closing ke baad yeh return karne aaya tha.
Simple sa kaam tha. Par museum mein na... simple
cheezein bhi kabhi-kabhi story ban jaati hain.

He picks up a GALLERY GUIDEBOOK from the bench, flips through it absentmindedly.

GUIDE

Woh aayi thi subah. Ek painting ke saamne kaafi der
khadi rahi. Main ne socha, art lover hogi. Phir laga...
nahi. Shayad kisi aur cheez ko dekh rahi thi.

He glances at a nearby painting, then back to the scarf.

GUIDE

Usne map liya tha. Bahut dheere se poocha tha, "Is
gallery mein koi aisi painting hai jo... kisi ko wapas
la sake?"

A beat.

GUIDE

Main hansa nahi. Bas bola, "Shayad. Agar koi dekhna
chahe."

He sits on the bench, leaning forward, elbows on knees.

GUIDE

Tab mujhe laga tha main smart lag raha hoon. Ab lag
raha hai main bas late ho gaya.

He lifts the scarf, notices something.

GUIDE

Hmm?

He turns it over, finds a tiny stitched initial.

GUIDE

"M."

Bas ek letter.

He smiles to himself, slightly embarrassed.

GUIDE

Itna sa clue aur mera poora confidence hil gaya. Naam nahi poocha. Guide hoon main, par kabhi-kabhi lagta hai main logon ko rooms dikhata hoon... unke stories miss kar deta hoon.

He presses the scarf gently against his cheek, catching a faint scent.

GUIDE

Rain aur jasmine jaisa kuch hai. Ya shayad main imagination mein zyada talented hoon.

He stands, takes out his SMARTPHONE.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN

A contact labeled: MUSEUM VOICEMAIL.

He calls. No answer.

He exhales, then speaks into the phone voicemail.

GUIDE

Hi. Agar aapne aaj scarf khoya hai, toh yeh museum mein safe hai. Aur... aapne apna naam nahi diya tha, but scarf par 'M' stitched hai. Agar aap kal aayengi, main yahin hoon. Same time. Same bench.

He ends the call, slightly amused at his own bravery.

GUIDE

Wah. Kya line thi. Almost romantic. Almost.

He returns the phone to his pocket and opens the guidebook again. A folded paper slips out from the back pocket of the book.

He notices it.

GUIDE

Arre... yeh kya?

He unfolds the paper carefully.

INSERT - PAPER

Handwritten note:

"If you found this, I'll probably be back tomorrow. I forgot my scarf because I was trying not to forget the painting. —M."

Back to GUIDE. He stares, stunned.

GUIDE

Oh.

A beat. Then a soft laugh escapes him.

GUIDE

Toh naam tha. Bas pehle se hi chhod diya tha.

He looks around the empty gallery, suddenly warmer inside.

GUIDE

Strange hai na? Yeh khamosh room, yeh paintings, yeh bench... sab ek chhoti si meeting point ban gaye.

He folds the note and scarf together, holding them like something precious.

He steps to the center of the room, facing the paintings as if speaking to them too.

GUIDE

Kal phir milte hain, M. Main yahin rahunga. Lost bhi... found bhi.

He smiles, shy but hopeful.

The gallery lights hum softly.

FADE OUT.

THE END.