



THE LAST CALLER

A Mystery/Crime 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: A retired detective receives one last anonymous call from the person who supposedly solved the case he never could. While sorting through pawned items on his counter, he realizes the caller is in the shop with him, and the final clue has been sitting in plain sight for years.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Retired Detective Running a Pawn Shop (Male, 50-58)

LOCATION: Inside a cluttered pawn shop after closing, lit by a green desk lamp and the glow from a dusty front window sign. Shelves of odd objects cast deep shadows, creating a maze-like feel in a small room.

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FADE IN:

INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

Green desk lamp ki roshni mein ek cluttered pawn shop. Shelves par odd objects, deep shadows. Dusty front window sign ka green glow room ko maze jaisa bana raha hai.

EK RETIRED DETECTIVE (50s), heavy sweater, reading glasses, silver stubble, thick hands, tired eyes, counter ke peeche khada hai. Shop closing ke baad ka silence.

He sorts pawned items: pawn tags, a magnifying glass, cash register, aur ek old evidence box.

DETECTIVE

Raat ka aakhri ghanta chal raha hai. Aur main ab bhi cheezein dekh raha hoon. Jo baaki log miss kar dete hain, woh mujhe cheekh ke batata hai.

Uske haath ek purani file ke upar rukte hain.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Ek case tha. Ek murder. Ek naam. Aur ek aadmi jo sabke saamne tha, phir bhi haath se nikal gaya.

DESK PHONE suddenly RINGS.

Detective freezes. Picks up.

DETECTIVE

Haan?

Silence. Then a distorted BREATH.

VOICE (V.O.)

Aapne jo evidence box band kiya tha... usme sab kuch nahi tha.

Detective's jaw tightens. He opens the evidence box.

Inside: old files, pawn tags, a small metal token.

DETECTIVE

Kaun ho tum?

VOICE (V.O.)

Main woh hoon jise aapne do saal pehle galat samjha tha.

DETECTIVE

Nahi...

He scans the room. No one.

VOICE (V.O.)

Counter ke neeche dekhiye.

He kneels, reaches under the counter, peels off an old pawn tag.

Using the magnifying glass, he reads a faint marking: an address—THIS SHOP.

DETECTIVE

Ye yahin kaise...?

He stands, unsettled.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Main retired hoon. Par andha nahi.

He opens the drawer under the register. Finds an old postcard, a folded slip behind it.

He unfolds it.

A name. Below it: I WAS IN THE ROOM.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Nahi... tum wahan the?

The cash register makes a tiny TIK-TIK.

He opens it. Inside: another pawn tag and a small tape recorder.

He presses PLAY.

TAPE RECORDING (V.O.)

Agar koi last call aaye, toh usse sunna. Woh yahin hoga.

Detective goes still.

TAPE RECORDING (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Aur jab tum samajh jao, toh dekhna—final clue kahin door nahi. Woh hamesha tumhare saamne tha.

He looks to the front window.

In the dusty glass, his reflection stares back. Behind the reflection, a SHADOW-LIKE FIGURE seems to stand in the green glow.

Detective whirls around.

No one there.

He stares at the window again. Sees an envelope taped low to the glass.

He opens it. Inside: a photograph.

He looks at it. Young Detective at a crime scene. Over his shoulder, a man's hand—one finger bearing the same scratch pattern as the token.

DETECTIVE

Caller shop mein tha. Shayad ab bhi hai.

He slowly places the receiver back on the cradle.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Theek hai. Main sun raha hoon.

The shop stays silent.

Then, a faint BREATH—so close it could be beside his ear.
Detective doesn't move.

FADE OUT.

THE END