



THE MOON IN THE SINK

A Sci-Fi/High-Concept 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: A college dropout notices a miniature moon appearing in his bathroom sink every night at 2:07 a.m. When he tries to report it, the moon begins speaking in riddles about lost time, and he realizes the sink is a portal to the life he abandoned before it disappears forever.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: College Astronomy Dropout (Male, 19-25)

LOCATION: meri sad, tiny, unpaid rent wali zindagi.

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FADE IN:

INT. TINY APARTMENT BATHROOM - NIGHT

A cramped bathroom. One MIRROR LIGHT glows above the sink. The rest is swallowed by darkness.

A COLLEGE ASTRONOMY DROPOUT (19-25), oversized sweater, sweatpants, tousled hair, tired eyes, stands at the sink, brushing his teeth absentmindedly. Dreamy, disheveled, half-awake.

On the sink: a TOOTHBRUSH, a PHONE, a FLASHLIGHT, and an ASTRONOMY NOTEBOOK. He stares into the basin.

A faint SILVER GLOW pulses from the drain.

He freezes.

DROPOUT

Nahi... nahi, yeh pipe ka reflection nahi ho sakta.

He leans closer.

In the drain: a tiny, impossible MOON. Real. Shimmering. Starry.

DROPOUT

Okay. Great. Perfect. Meri sleep deprivation ne finally visual effects bhi start kar diye.

He picks up the FLASHLIGHT, clicks it on, aims it into the sink.

The moon glows brighter.

DROPOUT

Main astronomy chhod ke bhi delusion mein degree le raha hoon?

He grabs the ASTRONOMY NOTEBOOK, flips pages full of messy star maps and formulas.

DROPOUT

Dekh, main bas confirm kar raha hoon. Agar yeh hallucination hai na, toh at least consistent hallucination hai.

He quickly opens his PHONE, starts a voice note.

DROPOUT

Voice note. Okay. Subject: bathroom sink mein moon. Time: 2 bajke...

(checks phone)

2:06. Location: meri sad, tiny, unpaid rent wali zindagi.

He listens to himself, embarrassed.

DROPOUT

Kisi professor ko bheju? Observatory? Ya apni ex-life ko?

He taps a contact. CALLING... no answer. He sighs.

A beat.

The silver glow fades.

DROPOUT

Haan. Of course. Ab jab main proof dhoondh raha hoon, tab universe ko bhi attitude aa gaya.

He waits.

A CLOCK TICK is heard.

2:07 a.m.

The sink basin lights up again.

The moon returns.

He steps back, stunned.

DROPOUT

Oh. Oh, tu schedule follow karta hai? Respect.

The moon pulses.

A soft, whispery VOICE seems to rise from the drain. No other actor visible.

MOON (V.O.)

Jo kho gaya... woh kabhi gaya nahi. Bas galat jagah ruk gaya.

He stares, breath caught.

DROPOUT

...Mujhse baat kar raha hai kya?

MOON (V.O.)

Tumne waqt nahi chhoda. Waqt ne tumhe chhoda.

He laughs once, shaky and disbelieving.

DROPOUT

Wah. Miniature moon aur emotional damage. Full combo.

He sits on the closed toilet lid, notebook in his lap.

DROPOUT

Main astronomy mein tha. Then I wasn't. Scholarship form late. Attendance zero. Ek exam mein blank ho gaya. Phir ek aur. Phir maine socha... kal se theek karunga.

He looks at the moon.

DROPOUT

Kal kabhi aaya hi nahi.

The moon glows brighter, stars shimmer in the drain.

MOON (V.O.)

Tumne jo life chhodi... woh tumhari first failure nahi thi. Tumhari aadat thi.

He absorbs that. It lands hard.

DROPOUT

Haan... Main bhaagta raha. Har baar jab laga main fail ho gaya, main uss jagah se hi fail ho gaya.

He stands, energized now.

DROPOUT

Par agar yeh portal hai... toh portal ka matlab sirf dusri duniya nahi hota na? Kabhi kabhi... doosra chance bhi hota hai.

He opens the notebook, flips to a blank page.

DROPOUT

Okay. Ek action. Ek call. Ek application. Ek page. Bas ek.

He picks up the PHONE, starts typing notes.

ON SCREEN: "The Moon in the Sink"

He smiles at the title, like he just remembered his own name.

MOON (V.O.)

Jo dekhna chahte ho... uske liye aankhen nahi, himmat chahiye.

The silver glow begins to shrink.

DROPOUT

Wait—wait, mat ja. Abhi toh main samjha hoon.

He leans toward the sink, desperate.

MOON (V.O.)

Der aur sach ke beech... bas ek hi fark hota hai. Tumhara agla kadam.

The moon dims.

DROPOUT

Theek hai. Main chal raha hoon. Main rukne wala nahi hoon.

He takes a deep breath.

He taps SEND on the voice note.

The sink goes dark.

Silence.

The bathroom feels ordinary again. But not empty.

He looks at himself in the mirror—still tired, still young, still disheveled.

But now awake.

DROPOUT

Kal se nahi. Aaj se.

He picks up the notebook and begins writing furiously.

FADE OUT.

THE END