



THE RAIN CHECK

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

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LOGLINE: A bookstore clerk waits for a customer who promised to come back for the book he recommended, and he keeps rehearsing what he should say if she does. When she finally returns, he discovers she never wanted the book at all—she wanted the note he tucked inside it with his number.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Shy Bookstore Clerk (Male, 22-29)

LOCATION: A small independent bookstore near closing time, lit by warm lamps and gray evening light through the front windows. The aisles are narrow and intimate, with a front counter, a tiny reading nook, and the sound of rain outside.

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INT. SMALL INDEPENDENT BOOKSTORE - EVENING

Warm lamps glow over narrow aisles. Gray evening light presses through the front windows. Rain taps softly outside. The store is nearly empty. A tiny reading nook sits by the window. At the front counter stands ARJUN (22-29), shy bookstore clerk, in a soft flannel shirt, jeans, glasses, slightly messy hair. He holds a pen, a receipt slip, and a bookmark.

Arjun glances at the front door, then at the clock. He clears his throat.

ARJUN

(to himself)

Okay. Simple. Normal.

He picks up a BOOK from the counter, opens it carefully, and checks the hidden note inside.

ARJUN

(muttering)

"Agar aapko book pasand aaye..." Nahi.

He folds the note back into the page. Deep breath.

ARJUN

(rehearsing)

"Hi, did you like the book?"

He winces.

ARJUN

Zyada desperate.

He tries again, softer.

ARJUN

"Aap wapas aa gayi?"

He shakes his head.

ARJUN

Too obvious.

He looks around the empty store, as if the shelves might advise him.

ARJUN

(to the room)

Main bas ek normal sentence bolna chahta hoon. Bas ek.

A distant thunder rolls. The front door bell does not ring yet. Arjun checks his phone. No messages.

He notices the receipt corner peeking from the book. He smooths it with his thumb.

ARJUN

(softly)

Yeh bhi zyada hai? Ya kam hai?

He imagines saying the line, then stops himself.

ARJUN

Nahi. Rehearsal band.

He puts the book down, then picks it up again.

ARJUN

(to himself)

She asked for something sad but hopeful. That was the exact description of me today.

He smiles at his own joke, embarrassed. Rain grows louder.

The front door bell suddenly CHIMES.

Arjun straightens instantly. He freezes, then slowly looks up.

A CUSTOMER is never shown. We only see Arjun's reaction as a WOMAN'S PRESENCE enters off-screen. A wet umbrella is heard being folded somewhere just out of frame.

ARJUN

(carefully)

Aap... book ke liye aayi hain?

A beat. He listens. A soft female voice is heard only as an off-screen V.O., never physically seen.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Hm.

Arjun swallows.

The book is placed on the counter from off-screen. It's the same book he recommended.

ARJUN

(trying to stay calm)

Kaisi lagi?

Off-screen, a small rustle. The woman flips pages. Then silence.

Arjun watches, terrified and hopeful.

The book opens. The hidden HANDWRITTEN NOTE is pulled out from between the pages. Arjun's face drops for half a second.

ARJUN

(under his breath)

Oh no.

He prepares for embarrassment.

The note is turned over off-screen.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Mujhe laga tha aap shayad number chhupa rahe ho.

Arjun blinks.

ARJUN

Kaise...?

WOMAN (V.O.)

Because you wrote it like you were scared I'd miss it.

(a small beat)

I didn't.

Arjun looks down, smiling despite himself. He grips the pen tighter.

ARJUN

(honest, quiet)

Main aapko book se zyada... aapse milne ka excuse de raha tha.

A beat.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Good.

Arjun looks up, surprised.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Mujhe bhi sirf book nahi chahiye thi.

Arjun exhales, almost laughing from relief.

He gently slides the bookmark toward the edge of the counter, like a tiny offering.

ARJUN

(soft smile)

Then... rain check cancel?

A beat. Off-screen, a soft amused breath.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Cancel.

Arjun nods, still smiling.

He glances at the rain-streaked window, the empty aisles, the warm lamplight.

ARJUN

(to himself, content)

Kabhi-kabhi delay nahi hota. Bas ek aur chance hota hai.

He places the book, note, receipt, pen, and bookmark neatly together on the counter.

The rain continues outside as the bookstore glows quietly.

FADE OUT.