



THE CONFESSION BOOTH

A Mystery/Crime 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Written by
Story Dil Se Team
(storydilse.in)

LOGLINE: A notary is asked to witness a last-minute confession from a terrified client who insists the document must be sealed immediately. As she reads the statement aloud to verify it, she realizes the confession is actually an instruction manual for framing her for a crime she already knows too much about.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Former Public Defender Turned Notary (Female, 39-46)

LOCATION: A quiet notary office or small confession-style booth, lit by a desk lamp and daylight filtering through frosted glass. The setting is sparse and official, with a sense of privacy that turns uneasy as the scene unfolds.

USAGE LICENSE: 100% Free for Every Filmmaker & Creator. Shoot it, direct it, share it anywhere?no licensing fees, no paperwork, no barriers. Whether you're making your first student film, a festival entry, or an independent project, all scripts on Story Dil Se are completely free to adapt.

All we ask: Give credit where it's due with an on-screen mention in your credits:
'Story & Screenplay by Story Dil Se (storydilse.in)'.

FADE IN:

INT. NOTARY OFFICE / CONFESSION BOOTH - DAY

A sparse, official little office. Frosted glass filters daylight into pale stripes. A desk lamp pools warm light over a legal pad, a pen, a rubber stamp, and a sealed envelope.

A woman, 40s, former public defender turned notary, sits alone at the desk. Simple blazer. Practical blouse. Reading glasses. Tidy but tired hair. Composed. Intelligent. Lawyerly edge.

She straightens the stamp, taps the pen once on the legal pad.

WOMAN

(dry, to herself)

Aaj phir koi "urgent" ka matlab samjhaane aaya hai.

A soft THUD. An envelope slides in through the slot beneath the frosted glass.

She looks at it, unimpressed, and picks it up.

On the envelope: "URGENT. WITNESS ONLY. SEAL IMMEDIATELY."

WOMAN

(a small laugh)

Witness only. Haan. Jaise main shaadi ka pandit hoon.

She opens the envelope. Pulls out a typed statement.

INT. NOTARY OFFICE / CONFESSION BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

She begins reading aloud, professional and steady.

WOMAN

"I, the undersigned, hereby confess..."

She pauses, then continues.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

..."to the events of last night."

She scans ahead. Her expression shifts, almost imperceptibly.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Hmm.

She reads further. The tone grows more alert.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

"This document must be sealed before any legal review."

She looks up.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Interesting.

She turns the page.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

"Document to be notarized by Ms. A. Khanna only."

Beat.

She slowly removes her glasses, then puts them back on.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

A. Khanna. Cute.

She flips to the next page. A rough sketch of her office. Desk lamp. Stamp drawer. Envelope tray.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, come on.

She leans closer, reading the handwritten notes embedded in the typed text.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

"If questioned, deny receipt."

(reads another line)

"If she hesitates, mention the Riverside file."

Her face hardens.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Riverside.

She sits back. The air changes.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(to herself)

So this is not a confession. This is choreography.

She flips to the last page.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

"Once notarized, place in envelope. Seal. Do not read again."

A beat. Then, with dry amusement:

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Very bossy for a dead-serious liar.

She notices the envelope is heavier than it should be. She opens the seam carefully.

Inside: a tiny voice recorder.

She stares at it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Of course.

She presses PLAY.

A DISTORTED MALE VOICE crackles through the tiny speaker. It is only heard via the recorder.

VOICE ON RECORDER (V.O.)

Aapko bas notarize karna hai. Baaki ka kaam ho chuka hai. Agar aapne file kholi, toh jo Riverside mein hua tha, woh aap par aa jayega.

She closes her eyes for a moment.

WOMAN

(low, controlled)

Blackmail. Legal stationery pe. Kya sophistication hai.

She sets the recorder down, takes a breath, and picks up the legal pad.

She writes:

DATE.

TIME.

SUSPICIOUS DOCUMENT RECEIVED.

VOICE RECORDER ENCLOSED.

She speaks as she writes.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Sun lo, whoever you are. Agar tum mujhe frame karna chahte ho, toh ek problem hai.

She looks directly ahead, as if addressing the unseen sender through the glass.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Main public defender rahi hoon. Main jhooth ko format mein pehchanti hoon.

She picks up her phone, takes photos of the statement, the recorder, the envelope.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

And I always keep copies.

She places the statement under the desk lamp and reads it again, this time aloud and sharper, catching every inconsistency.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

"Last night."

(beat)

No timestamp. "Seal immediately."

(beat)

Why? "Do not read again."

(smiles)

Because you're scared I will.

She picks up the rubber stamp, holds it over the paper, but does not stamp.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Notarize karna hai? Theek hai. Witness bhi karungi.
Aur record bhi.

She places the envelope into a file tray, not sealed, not ignored—secured.

She straightens her glasses. Her calm is now sharpened into resolve.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Jo log samajhte hain ki ek former defender ko dara
kar silence kharida ja sakta hai...

(beat)

unhone ek cheez miss kar di.

She taps the legal pad once with the pen.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Mujhe cases se pyaar tha. Ab mujhe patterns se hai.

She notices a faint fingerprint smudge on the corner of the final page.

A small, knowing smile.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Aur fingerprints se.

She folds the page carefully, as if filing a verdict.

FADE OUT.

THE END