



THE HOUSEPLANT ORACLE

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

Written by
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LOGLINE: A botanist discovers that one of her houseplants has started growing leaves that spell out messages about her future. At first she dismisses it as stress, but when the plant predicts a call from someone she lost years ago, she must decide whether to trust the impossible or keep living in denial.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Introverted Botanist (Female, 28-35)

LOCATION: A sunlit apartment filled with houseplants, hanging vines, shelves, and a small table by the window. The lighting is natural and golden, with leaf shadows moving across the walls as if the room itself is breathing.

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INT. SUNLIT APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

A warm, golden apartment filled with houseplants. Hanging vines drape from shelves. Leaf shadows move softly across the walls as if the room is breathing. A small table sits by the window.

MAYA (30s), an introverted botanist in a comfortable cardigan, soft t-shirt, and paint-stained jeans, stands at the table with a plant journal open. Her curly hair is clipped loosely back. She studies a potted pothos like it might answer her.

MAYA

(softly, to herself)

Okay... this is officially too much.

She leans closer to the plant. A new leaf is unfurling. She squints, then laughs at herself.

MAYA

Nahi, Maya. You are tired. You are overworked. This is stress.

She flips open her journal, sketches the leaf shape.

MAYA

Pehle grant proposal ka pressure, phir sleep nahi, phir phone ka silent mode... haan, obvious hai. Brain pattern-detect kar raha hai.

She picks up the watering can, waters the plant gently.

MAYA

There. Normal thing. Normal day. Normal plant.

She freezes.

On the leaf veins, a word seems to form.

MAYA

(whisper)

Wait...?

She steps back, unsettled.

MAYA

Kis cheez ke liye wait?

She looks around the room, as if someone else might be hiding there. There isn't.

Her phone BUZZES on the table. She startles, grabs it. No notification.

MAYA

Nothing. Of course. Great. Fantastic.

She notices another leaf unfurling.

MAYA

Phone?

She stares harder. The veins seem to spell it.

MAYA

Phone. Okay. Cool. Very cool.

She checks the time on her phone.

MAYA

3:17.

A beat.

MAYA

No. No, absolutely not.

She places the phone face down. Paces one step. Two. Stops. Returns to the plant.

MAYA

You are not doing this to me.

The phone VIBRATES again. She snatches it up. UNKNOWN NUMBER.

MAYA

(half-laughing, terrified)

This is insane.

She hovers over the answer button.

MAYA

If this is a scam call, I swear—

She answers.

MAYA

Hello?

A beat. We hear only a faint, crackling MALE VOICE from the phone speaker. No visual of anyone else.

ARJUN (V.O.)

Hi... I think this is still your number.

Maya goes still. Her face drains of color.

MAYA

Arjun...?

ARJUN (V.O.)

I know. I know this is weird. I'm sorry.

Maya grips the phone tighter.

MAYA

Tum...? After all these years?

ARJUN (V.O.)

I got your number from an old contact. I've been trying for weeks. I just... I needed to hear your

voice.

Maya looks at the plant. A new leaf is opening.

MAYA

(whisper)

No.

ARJUN (V.O.)

If you want, I can hang up.

Maya sits slowly in the chair by the window. She opens her journal with shaking hands.

MAYA

I wrote this once.

She reads from the page.

MAYA

"Growth is not the same as moving on."

Her eyes fill.

MAYA

Main ne socha tha agar main enough kaam kar loon,
enough plants samajh loon, enough silence fill kar
loon... toh sab theek ho jaayega.

She looks at the plant. A final leaf has unfurled. The veins clearly resemble letters.

MAYA

(reading)

"DON'T HIDE."

She laughs through tears.

MAYA

You've got to be kidding me.

Into the phone, softer now:

MAYA

Main... I'm here.

A beat.

MAYA

Bas mujhe thoda time laga.

She exhales, the first real breath in a long time.

MAYA

I'm not hanging up.

She rests the phone against her ear and looks out the bright window. The leaf shadows move gently across the walls. The room feels alive.

MAYA

Maybe I don't need to understand everything.

She reaches out, touches the plant leaf with a trembling fingertip.

MAYA

Maybe some impossible things are just... asking to be answered.

She closes the journal, calm now.

MAYA

And maybe, just maybe, I'm allowed to answer back.

FADE OUT.