



THE HOUSE ON MAPLE STREET

A Mystery/Crime 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: An estate sale organizer sorting through a dead man's belongings finds a locked box hidden behind a false wall. As she inventories the contents aloud, she discovers the house once belonged to someone connected to her own disappearance decades earlier—and the final object inside proves she was never supposed to survive.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Estate Sale Organizer with a Secret Past (Female, 52-60)

LOCATION: Inside an empty house during daylight, with bare walls, dust motes in the windows, and long shafts of natural light across the floor. The rooms are stripped and echoing, giving the sense of a story being erased in real time.

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FADE IN:

INT. MAPLE STREET HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Natural daylight cuts through dirty windows. Bare walls. Dust motes float in long shafts of light. The house is empty, stripped, echoing.

A52-60, practical coat, scarf, sensible shoes, short hair, alert eyes, tidy and unflashy, stands alone with a flashlight, inventory sheets, gloves, and house keys.

She scans the room, professional, composed.

A52-60

(to herself, dry)

Okay. Maple Street. Dead man. Empty house. Normal day. Very normal.

She flips open an inventory sheet, reads off items as she moves.

A52-60

One chipped lamp. Two boxes of books. Silverware set. One mug with a crack. A watch that's given up before the owner did.

She pauses, listening to the house.

A52-60

(smirks)

Don't start. Houses always make noises. Especially dramatic ones.

She crouches, checks a box, notes it down.

A52-60

Estate sale rule number one: if it's dusty, it's probably expensive. If it's locked, it's definitely annoying.

A faint THUNK comes from behind a wall.

She freezes.

A52-60

(calling into the room)

Fine. That was not on the inventory.

She raises the flashlight, sweeps the wall. Finds a subtle seam.

A52-60

(quietly)

Oh. That is clever.

She removes her gloves, then puts them back on tighter. Sets the house keys on a nearby table. Presses the panel.

A section of false wall gives way with a soft crack.

Inside: a small LOCKED BOX.

She stares.

A52-60

Of course. Because why would a dead man have normal junk when he can have a secret compartment?

She lifts the box out. It's heavier than expected.

She writes on the inventory sheet.

INSERT - INVENTORY SHEET

One locked metal box, concealed behind false wall.

BACK TO SCENE

A52-60

(under her breath)

There. Honest. Professional. Calm. Absolutely not panicking.

She tries the box. Locked.

She exhales, then moves toward a study nook off-frame.

INT. MAPLE STREET HOUSE - STUDY NOOK - DAY

A small drawer. She opens it. Finds a ring of old keys.

A52-60

Thank you, Mr. Vale. Very thoughtful. Or very guilty. Hard to tell with men.

She returns to the box, tries one key. No.

Second key. No.

Third key. CLICK.

The lock opens.

She slowly lifts the lid.

Inside: old black-and-white photographs, a cassette tape, and a folded letter.

She takes the photographs first.

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

A small child. A woman. A man half in shadow.

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

A little girl in a hospital blanket. Wrist tag visible.

BACK TO SCENE

Her face changes. The professional mask slips.

A52-60

(whisper)

No...

She picks up the letter, unfolds it.

INSERT - LETTER

IF SHE LIVES, MOVE HER.

MAPLE STREET HOUSE IS NOT SAFE.

BACK TO SCENE

She stares at the words.

A52-60

(a bitter laugh)

Not safe? Sir, I'm standing inside it.

She finds a small tape recorder in the box. Dusty. Old.

She presses PLAY.

STATIC. Then a MAN'S VOICE (V.O.), cold and controlled.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Subject survived initial transfer. Records amended.

If she asks, tell her she was never here.

She stops the tape.

Silence.

Her breathing is the only sound.

A52-60

(to herself)

Subject. That's what I was.

She looks at the inventory sheet in her hand like it has betrayed her.

A52-60

So the house wasn't hiding junk. It was hiding me.

She removes the last item from the box: a tiny brass charm shaped like a house.

She turns it over. Engraved initials.

Her initials.

She stares, stunned.

A52-60

(barely audible)

That's mine.

She finds a faded hospital bracelet beneath it. Reads the back.

INSERT - BRACELET

RETURNED TO SENDER.**BACK TO SCENE**

She closes her eyes. A long beat.

A52-60

(steadying herself)

All these years... I thought I was lucky. I thought somebody saved me.

She opens her eyes, now sharp with understanding.

A52-60

No. Somebody erased me.

She grips the house keys in her fist.

A52-60

(low, resolved)

And Mr. Vale kept the receipt.

She folds the inventory sheet, slips it into her coat pocket.

She shuts the box.

The flashlight beam swings toward the front door, then the windows. Outside: bright daylight, ordinary street, ordinary world.

A52-60

(a dark little smile)

Estate sale kal hai. Aaj nahi.

She picks up the box, then stops.

She sets it down again, as if deciding something.

A52-60

First, I finish my inventory. Then I decide who gets sold.

She turns toward the exit, calm now, dangerous in her stillness.

FADE OUT.

THE END