



MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE SERVICE

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

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LOGLINE: A bartender finds a message in a bottle on the bar and spends the evening trying to guess whether it is a joke, a confession, or a date request. When the message turns out to be from the man who left the bar ten minutes ago, she has to decide whether to chase him down or let the ocean keep the mystery.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Beachside Bartender (Female, 19-24)

LOCATION: A tiny beach bar at sunset, lit by string lights, lanterns, and the orange-pink glow of the sky through open shutters. The setting is breezy, relaxed, and intimate, with the sound of waves just beyond the frame.

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INT. TINY BEACH BAR - SUNSET

A tiny beach bar glows in orange-pink sunset light. String lights and lanterns sway gently. Open shutters frame the ocean beyond. A single BEACHSIDE BARTENDER (20s), sun-faded tank top, denim shorts, salt-wavy hair, minimal makeup, stands behind the counter.

She wipes the bar with a towel, idly shakes a cocktail shaker, and hums to herself.

A GLASS BOTTLE slides onto the bar from offscreen.

The bartender freezes.

She looks at the bottle, then around the empty bar.

BARTENDER

(to herself)

Okay. That was either romantic... or deeply weird.

She picks up the bottle. Inspects it under the lantern light.

Inside is a folded handwritten note.

She pulls it out, unfolds it, reads.

BARTENDER

(reading)

"If you found this, you're probably the most interesting thing on this beach."

She smirks.

BARTENDER

Flattering bhi, creepy bhi.

She reads the rest.

BARTENDER

(reading)

"If you're serving drinks, serve one for me. I'll be back at sunset."

She lowers the note, thinking.

BARTENDER

Joke? Confession? Ya pickup line disguised as literature?

She places the note on the counter, then immediately picks it up again.

BARTENDER

Nahi, evidence sambhal ke rakhna chahiye.

Her PHONE VIBRATES. She glances at it.

ON SCREEN: Unknown Number - "Did you find it?"

She stares at the phone, then at the bottle.

BARTENDER

Oh. Toh mystery ab live ho gayi.

She doesn't reply. Instead, she polishes a glass, pretending calm.

The phone vibrates again.

ON SCREEN: Unknown Number - "Are you laughing or blushing?"

She laughs despite herself.

BARTENDER

Bohot annoying ho tum.

(beat, smiling)

Aur thoda cute bhi.

She looks toward the shuttered doorway.

BARTENDER

Theek hai. Agar yeh confession hai, toh brave. Agar joke hai, toh expensive joke. Aur agar date request hai... toh thoda charming.

She folds the note and slips it into her pocket.

The phone vibrates again.

ON SCREEN: Unknown Number - "I'm outside. I left because I got nervous. Still nervous."

She goes still.

BARTENDER

Oh.

(then, amused)

Toh tum prank nahi ho. Tum human ho.

She leans on the bar, looking out through the shutters.

BARTENDER

Aur tumne itna drama kiya sirf yeh bolne ke liye ki tum nervous ho?

She picks up a LIGHTER, flicks it on. A small flame dances.

BARTENDER

Life bhi na... kabhi-kabhi sabse simple cheez ko ocean ke paas bhejti hai aur phir hum usse myth bana dete hain.

She sets the bottle in the center of the bar like a tiny exhibit.

She faces the doorway.

BARTENDER

Agar main bahar gayi... toh mystery khatam. Agar nahi gayi... toh shayad ek aur story bach jaayegi.

A beat.

She smiles to herself, warm and dreamy.

BARTENDER

Par honestly? Main bartender hoon. Drinks serve karna mera kaam hai. Aur agar koi itna cute tareeke se khud ko bottle mein bhej ke aaye... toh kam se kam ek reply toh banta hai.

She steps away from the counter, heading toward the shuttered door.

The sunset glow spills across her face as she reaches for the frame.

She pauses, listening to the waves.

Then, with a small decisive smile, she opens the door and exits.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.