



THE BORROWED SKY

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

Written by
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LOGLINE: An astronomy intern notices the stars outside the observatory have shifted into a pattern no chart recognizes, and every telescope reading points to the same impossible coordinate. When the sky begins repeating the same constellation every few minutes, she realizes someone has been borrowing the night to send her a message.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Astronomy Intern at a Remote Observatory (Female, 18-24)

LOCATION: Inside a small observatory dome at night, lit by instrument panels and the faint blue light from the telescope controls. Through the open slit, the sky is vast and star-filled, with a sense of isolation and possibility.

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FADE IN:

INT. REMOTE OBSERVATORY DOME - NIGHT

A small observatory dome. Tight, practical, low-budget. Instrument panels cast faint BLUE light. A telescope points through the open slit to a vast star-filled sky.

AANYA (21), astronomy intern, stands alone in a thermal jacket, beanie, practical boots. Hair tucked away. Youthful, focused, quietly awed.

She checks the telescope, glances at a STAR CHART, then at her LAPTOP.

AANYA

(softly, to herself)

Theek hai... normal night. Bas ek aur normal night.

She leans into the telescope eyepiece.

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

A star field. A coordinate readout. One value blinks red.

AANYA

Hmm?

She adjusts the telescope.

AANYA

Nahi, nahi... yeh coordinate chart mein nahi hai.

She flips open her NOTEBOOK, scribbling numbers.

AANYA

(reading as she writes)

RA... Dec... repeat... wait.

She looks up.

Through the slit: the stars shimmer in a pattern that feels almost intentional.

AANYA

Okay. Weird. Thoda sa weird.

She laughs once, nervously.

AANYA

Bas error hoga. Instrument error. Ya... meri neend ka error.

She checks the laptop again. Same coordinate.

INSERT - NOTEBOOK PAGE

Neat columns of numbers. The same set repeats.

AANYA

(under breath)

Same. Phir se same.

She turns the telescope slightly.

AANYA

Agar tum mujhe test kar rahe ho na, universe... main complaint likh dunga.

A beat.

The constellation outside repeats.

AANYA freezes.

AANYA

Okay.

(beat)

Okay, that was not normal.

She grabs the FLASHLIGHT, shines it across the notebook, then back to the sky.

AANYA

Nope. Nope. Main overthink kar rahi hoon.

She compares the star chart to the live sky.

AANYA

(chart reading, then looking up)

Cassiopeia... nahi. Orion... nahi. Kuch bhi nahi.

The same constellation appears again after a few seconds. But now one star has shifted slightly.

AANYA

Wait.

She steps closer to the telescope.

AANYA

Ek star... move hua.

She quickly sketches the pattern in the notebook.

AANYA

This is not a pattern. This is... code?

She squints, drawing the repeated shape.

AANYA

Ek letter. Haan, yeh letter lag raha hai.

She flips the page, draws the next repetition.

AANYA

Aur yeh... aur yeh... oh my god.

She looks at the sky, stunned.

AANYA

Someone is using the night.

She checks the laptop logs.

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

Timestamped data. Repetition interval. Identical readings.

AANYA

(reading)

Every four minutes... same field... same coordinate...

She stops.

AANYA

Borrowed.

She looks around the empty dome.

AANYA

Who borrows the sky?

Silence.

Only the faint hum of electronics.

AANYA

Maybe I'm sleep-deprived. Maybe I've gone scientifically insane.

She smiles despite herself.

AANYA

That would actually be a very elegant career move.

The constellation repeats again. This time the pattern is clearer: an ARROW, a DOT, another ARROW.

AANYA

Direction.

She aligns the telescope carefully.

AANYA

Okay... okay. Show me.

She traces the arrow in her notebook.

AANYA

This isn't from any catalog.

She checks the star chart again.

AANYA

No satellite path. No known object. No debris. Nothing.

She exhales, equal parts fear and wonder.

AANYA

Then what are you?

She steps to the open slit and looks up into the vast sky.

AANYA

If you're out there... and you heard me...

A beat.

AANYA

...thank you for not being subtle.

A small smile.

AANYA

Agar tumne night borrow ki hai, toh return kab karoge?

The sky repeats the constellation again.

AANYA

(whispering)

Okay. Message received.

She opens a fresh page in the notebook and writes carefully.

INSERT - NOTEBOOK PAGE

"MESSAGE RECEIVED."

Below it:

"IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, SEND AGAIN."

AANYA

There. Simple. Polite. Slightly desperate.

She places the notebook down, re-centers the telescope, and watches the blue instrument glow reflect in her eyes.

AANYA

Toh... let's talk.

Outside, the impossible constellation repeats once more.

AANYA smiles, no longer afraid.

AANYA

I'm listening.

FADE OUT.

THE END