



THE APARTMENT PLANTS

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

Written by
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LOGLINE: A graphic designer talks to her plants while trying to ignore the fact that her ex still has a key to the apartment. When a neighbor returns a watering can and leaves a note complimenting her 'excellent taste in greenery,' she realizes she may be ready to let someone new grow into her life.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Recently Single Graphic Designer (Female, 29-36)

LOCATION: A bright apartment living room with many plants by the window, warm afternoon sunlight, and art supplies scattered around. The room feels calm, personal, and slightly cluttered in a comforting way.

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FADE IN:

INT. BRIGHT APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Warm sunlight pours through a large window. The room is soft, personal, slightly cluttered in a comforting way. Many potted plants line the window, shelves, and floor. Art supplies, a sketchpad, a phone, and a watering can are scattered around.

A RECENTLY SINGLE GRAPHIC DESIGNER (30s), in an oversized sweater, leggings, glasses, and a messy bun, stands in the middle of the room.

She looks at the plants like they are her only audience.

HER

Okay. Let's do the daily check-in.

She leans toward a leafy plant.

HER (CONT'D)

You look dramatic. But healthy dramatic. That's my favorite kind.

She picks up the watering can, waters one plant carefully.

HER (CONT'D)

Honestly, you guys are the best roommates. No passive-aggressive notes, no weird dishes, no "we need to talk" energy.

She notices the phone on the table. Doesn't touch it yet.

HER (CONT'D)

Speaking of weird energy... your human ex still has a key to this apartment. Which is just... iconic. In a bad way.

She sighs, then tries to brush it off with humor.

HER (CONT'D)

Maybe I should change the lock. Maybe I should change my life. Maybe I should change my entire personality.

A beat. She laughs at herself.

HER (CONT'D)

Too much? Okay. We'll start with the lock.

She waters another plant, gentler now.

HER (CONT'D)

You know what's annoying? I keep acting like I'm fine because the room is cute. Like if I arrange enough plants, heartbreak becomes decor.

She glances at the sketchpad, filled with half-finished designs.

HER (CONT'D)

But maybe that's not a lie. Maybe this is just what healing looks like. Messy bun. Oversized sweater. One basil plant. And a lot of emotional denial.

Her PHONE VIBRATES.

She freezes, looks at it.

HER (CONT'D)

Please don't be him.

She checks the screen.

HER (CONT'D)

Oh. Group chat. Of course. The universe loves a tease.

She sets the phone down again.

A KNOCK at the door.

She turns, alert.

HER (CONT'D)

Okay, that's either a delivery or a plot twist.

She crosses to the door, peers through the peephole.

HER (CONT'D)

Relax. You're not in a thriller. You're in a very soft breakup.

She opens the door.

No one is seen. Only a hand off-frame leaves behind a WATERING CAN and a NOTE CARD.

She picks them up, confused.

HER (CONT'D)

Huh.

She reads the note card slowly.

INSERT - NOTE CARD

"Your plants are excellent company.

Also, excellent taste in greenery."

BACK TO SCENE

She stares at the note.

HER (CONT'D)

Excellent taste in greenery? Wow. That is... weirdly flattering.

A smile starts small, then grows.

HER (CONT'D)

Someone noticed. Not just the plants. The whole room.
Me.

She sets the note on the sketchpad like it matters.

HER (CONT'D)

Okay, universe. I see what you're doing. You're
trying to make me hope again.

She looks toward the window, softer now.

HER (CONT'D)

And honestly? Rude. But... maybe not unwelcome.

She picks up her phone. Unlocks it. Finds her ex's contact.

HER (CONT'D)

Right. Keys. Adulthood. Boundaries.

She opens a NEW NOTE on her phone and types as she speaks.

HER (CONT'D)

"Lock change tomorrow." There. Done.

She pauses, then adds another line.

HER (CONT'D)

"Maybe coffee with the neighbor?"

She stops, smiles at her own boldness.

HER (CONT'D)

Calm down. It's not a wedding invite.

She sets the phone down and returns to the plants. She adjusts them so they
catch the sunlight better.

HER (CONT'D)

You know what? The room doesn't need to be perfect.
It just needs to be honest.

She looks around at the plants, the art supplies, the note card, the
watering can.

HER (CONT'D)

And maybe a little open.

She takes a breath, peaceful.

HER (CONT'D)

Grow slowly. Bas grow.

She smiles, settled in the light.

FADE OUT.

THE END