



THE LOCKED DRAWER

A Psychological Thriller 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Written by
Story Dil Se Team
(storydilse.in)

LOGLINE: A perfectionist lawyer spends the night trying to open a locked drawer she swears she never owned. Inside, she finds evidence of a case she does not remember taking, and a note in her own handwriting warning her not to trust the version of herself that answers the phone after midnight.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Perfectionist Lawyer with a Fractured Memory (Female, 37-43)

LOCATION: A sleek home office lit by a desk lamp and the city lights beyond a high window. The room is orderly and minimalist, except for one locked drawer that breaks the symmetry and dominates the frame.

USAGE LICENSE: 100% Free for Every Filmmaker & Creator. Shoot it, direct it, share it anywhere?no licensing fees, no paperwork, no barriers. Whether you're making your first student film, a festival entry, or an independent project, all scripts on Story Dil Se are completely free to adapt.

All we ask: Give credit where it's due with an on-screen mention in your credits:
'Story & Screenplay by Story Dil Se (storydilse.in)'.

FADE IN:

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

A sleek, minimalist home office. Desk lamp glows warmly. Beyond a high window, city lights shimmer. Everything is perfectly arranged—except one LOCKED DRAWER beneath the desk, slightly misaligned, visually unsettling.

AAROHI MEHRA (39), sharp blazer, pencil skirt, minimal jewelry, immaculate hair, sits at the desk. Controlled. Composed. But tension flickers beneath the surface.

She aligns a legal file with obsessive precision.

AAROHI

(under her breath)

Right angle. Always right angle.

She opens another file, scans a page, then another. Her eyes keep drifting to the drawer.

AAROHI

I don't even remember buying this desk.

She pauses. That lands strangely even to her.

Her phone VIBRATES.

ON SCREEN: UNKNOWN NUMBER - 12:03 AM

Aarohi stares.

AAROHI

No.

She declines the call.

A beat.

A VOICEMAIL auto-plays from speaker.

AAROHI (V.O.)

Aarohi, agar yeh sun rahi ho, toh drawer mat kholna.
Aur midnight ke baad jo phone uthata hai, us par
kabhi trust mat karna.

Aarohi goes still.

AAROHI

(whisper)

Meri awaaz...

She checks the phone again. Same number. She tries to steady her breathing.

AAROHI

Okay. Okay. Logic.

She opens a legal file, flips pages fast.

AAROHI

I work cases. I don't hallucinate them.

Her gaze locks on the drawer.

AAROHI

But I definitely don't own locked drawers I can't explain.

She kneels by the desk, inspecting the lock.

AAROHI

Simple mechanism. No key. Great.

She notices a PAPERCLIP on the desk.

AAROHI

Of course.

She unfolds it, bends it into a crude tool.

INSERT - LOCK

Her hands are steady, but her jaw is tight.

AAROHI

Come on... come on...

A soft CLICK.

She freezes.

AAROHI

No way.

She slowly pulls the drawer open.

Inside: legal files, a brown envelope, and a folded note.

Aarohi stares, unnerved.

AAROHI

These are mine.

She pulls out the top file.

INSERT - FILE

Title: STATE VS. K.

Her own handwritten margin notes are visible.

AAROHI

(reading)

"Do not file. Not yet."

She flips through pages. Redactions. Timestamps. Blacked-out witness statements.

AAROHI

This is an active case.

She sees one unredacted name: AAROHI MEHRA.

She recoils slightly.

AAROHI

No.

She takes the brown envelope, opens it, finds the folded note. She unfolds it carefully.

INSERT - NOTE

"IF MEMORY FRACTURES, FOLLOW THE PAPER TRAIL."

Aarohi's face drains.

AAROHI

(reading aloud)

If memory fractures...

Her hand trembles for the first time.

AAROHI

That's not funny.

Her phone VIBRATES again.

ON SCREEN: UNKNOWN NUMBER

Aarohi does not answer.

The voicemail auto-plays anyway.

AAROHI (V.O.)

Aarohi, agar phone midnight ke baad bajey, toh mat uthana. Woh version tumhara nahi hai jo truth bolti hai.

Aarohi sits down hard in the chair.

AAROHI

(tight)

Woh version...

She looks around the room like it might accuse her.

AAROHI

Who are you?

She opens another file. A hotel keycard slips out.

INSERT - KEYCARD

ROOM 1408.

On the back, written in tiny handwriting: 9317.

Aarohi stares.

AAROHI

That's my office extension.

She looks at the black phone screen as if it can answer.

AAROHI

So this isn't a drawer.

She picks up the keycard.

AAROHI

This is a breadcrumb trail.

Her breathing deepens. Fear is now under control, but only just.

AAROHI

Maybe I was building a case. Maybe I was hiding one.
Maybe...

She stops herself.

AAROHI

No. Don't guess. Facts.

She looks at the note again.

AAROHI

If memory fractures...

A beat.

AAROHI

Then what did I do to myself?

The room hums softly. City lights flicker beyond the window.

Aarohi slowly closes the drawer, but does NOT lock it.

AAROHI

Not yet.

She stands, straightening her blazer with ritual precision, but now it looks like armor.

AAROHI

If midnight me is lying...

She picks up the phone.

AAROHI

...then I need to hear her.

She stares at the screen, hesitating between answering and rejecting.

AAROHI

Because the worst thing about a fractured memory...

A beat.

AAROHI

...is that one of the pieces is still you.

She presses CALL BACK.

SMASH TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: THE LOCKED DRAWER

FADE OUT.