



THE LAST VOICE MEMO

A Emotional Drama 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Written by
Story Dil Se Team
(storydilse.in)

LOGLINE: While packing up her son's childhood bedroom, a mother finds a forgotten voice memo he recorded years ago and never sent. Listening alone, she hears the version of herself he needed most, and finally understands that love can be present without being perfect.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Empty Nest Mother Cleaning Out a Bedroom (Female, 45-53)

LOCATION: A teenage bedroom being boxed up, lit by late afternoon sunlight through curtains and the warm glow of a bedside lamp. The room is half-empty, with posters, old books, and moving boxes creating a tender in-between space.

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. TEENAGE BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

A half-empty teenage bedroom bathed in late afternoon sunlight through thin curtains. A bedside lamp throws a warm amber pool across the bed. Posters still cling to the walls. Old books, moving boxes, a photo album, and a stuffed animal sit in the middle of the room like memories waiting to be sorted.

A MOTHER, 45-53, in a casual sweater, jeans, practical shoes, hair clipped back, gentle face marked by years of caregiving, stands alone with a box in her hands.

She places a stack of old books into the box with careful, deliberate movements.

MOTHER

(softly, to herself)

Bas ek aur box. Phir yeh room bhi... khali.

She opens a drawer. Finds school notebooks, a broken pen, a cricket ticket stub. She smiles at the ticket stub, then exhales.

MOTHER

(half-laugh, half-sigh)

Isko bhi rakh loon? Ya isko bhi packing ke saath
yaadon mein daal doon?

She sets the ticket stub into the photo album. Opens it. Flips through pictures: a child at a birthday party, a school uniform, a goofy face with cake on the nose.

Her eyes linger.

MOTHER

(gentle)

Kitna chhota tha tu.

She notices the stuffed animal on the bed. Picks it up, dusts it off.

MOTHER

Aur yeh... ab bhi yahin hai.

She places the stuffed animal into a box, then pauses as her PHONE buzzes on the bed.

She picks it up. The screen shows old notifications. One file stands out:

VOICE MEMO - UNSENT

Date: 6 years ago.

She frowns, curious.

MOTHER

(to herself)

Yeh kab record hua?

She presses PLAY.

A faint static. Then a YOUNG BOY'S VOICE (V.O.), hesitant, intimate, coming from the phone speaker.

BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)

Amma... agar tum yeh sun rahi ho na... toh matlab main shayad bol nahi paaya.

The mother freezes.

BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)

Tum gussa karti ho. Bahut. But... phir bhi sabse pehle tum hi aati ho. Jab main fever mein tha, jab school mein kuch hua tha, jab mujhe laga main dumb hoon... tum hi hoti thi.

She sits slowly on the edge of the bed.

BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)

Main kabhi kabhi sochta tha tum mujhe samajhti nahi. But sach bolun? Tum door se bhi meri awaaz pehchan leti thi. Jaise tumhe pata hota tha ki main theek nahi hoon, chahe main bolun sab theek hai.

Her eyes begin to fill.

BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)

Tum perfect nahi ho.

A beat.

She lets out a tiny, shocked laugh through tears.

BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)

Par shayad isi liye real ho.

She presses a hand to her mouth.

BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)

Jab tum thaki hoti ho na, phir bhi mere lunch box mein extra fruit rakh deti ho... mujhe lagta hai tum mujhe pyar karti ho. Shabd se nahi. Kaam se. Roz.

The mother's shoulders shake slightly.

BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)

Maa... mujhe perfect mother nahi chahiye. Mujhe bas tum chahiye. Jo thodi thaki hui ho... par phir bhi meri taraf aa rahi ho.

Silence.

Only the room hums. The lamp glows. Dust floats in the sunlight.

The mother stares at the phone, unable to move.

MOTHER

(whisper)

Oh, beta...

She looks around the room at the boxes, the posters, the empty spaces.

MOTHER

(to herself)

Main sochti rahi main fail ho rahi hoon. Har baar jab main chillayi... jab main late thi... jab main sun nahi paayi... mujhe laga main kam pad gayi.

She wipes her face, still holding the phone.

MOTHER

(soft, honest)

Par tu... tu toh sab dekh raha tha. Aur main... main bas kar rahi thi. Galat bhi. Thak kar bhi. Par kar rahi thi.

She looks at the stuffed animal in the box, then at the photo album.

MOTHER

(a breath, almost a realization)

Pyar perfect nahi hota. Pyar present hota hai. Wapas aata hai. Baar-baar.

She sits cross-legged on the floor. Opens the voice memo app.

A new recording begins.

MOTHER

(into phone, tender)

Beta... agar tu kabhi yeh sun le na, toh bas itna jaan lena...

She glances at the room, then back to the phone.

MOTHER

Ghar khali ho raha hai. Par pyaar khali nahi hota. Tera bachpan yahan tha. Mera sabr bhi.

Her voice steadies.

MOTHER

Main tujhe perfect banane ke liye nahi pyaar karti thi. Main tujhe sachcha dekh ke pyaar karti thi. Teri ghabrahat, teri hansii, tera gussa, tera silence... sab.

She swallows hard.

MOTHER

Aur agar maine kabhi tujhe kam mehsoos karaya ho, toh mujhe maaf kar dena. Main bas... teri maa thi. Aur shayad, woh kaafi tha.

She stops recording.

A long beat.

Then she places the phone beside the photo album.

She stands, picks up the stuffed animal, and holds it to her chest for one second.

She sets it gently into the box.

She takes one deep breath and looks around the room one last time.

MOTHER

(a quiet smile through tears)

Thank you.

She turns off the bedside lamp.

The room remains lit by the soft, golden sunset.

She closes the moving box.

FADE OUT.

THE END