



THE NAME ON THE CUP

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

Written by
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LOGLINE: A hospital pharmacist notices the coffee cup left for her every night is always labeled with a different name, all of them wrong. When she finally catches the man who keeps leaving them, she discovers he has been trying to learn her name for months and has been too shy to ask in person.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Quiet Hospital Pharmacist (Female, 31-38)

LOCATION: A small hospital pharmacy window after hours, lit by fluorescent overheads and the soft glow from a coffee cup on the counter. The sterile environment is softened by a single plant, a handwritten label, and the quiet hum of machines.

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INT. SMALL HOSPITAL PHARMACY - NIGHT

A sterile, quiet pharmacy window after hours. Fluorescent lights hum overhead. A single potted plant softens the counter. A prescription tray sits near a pen and sticky notes. A coffee cup glows faintly under the warm spill of the cup sleeve lamp. Only one person is present:

RIA (33), quiet hospital pharmacist, cardigan over scrubs, simple flats, low ponytail, glasses, calm and observant.

She stands behind the pharmacy window, organizing the prescription tray with practiced precision.

RIA

(under her breath)

Raat ki shift ka ek hi rule hai... jo cheez mil
jaaye, usko pehle label karo, phir trust.

She notices the coffee cup on the counter. Again.

She picks it up. Reads the label.

INSERT - CUP LABEL

"MEERA"

RIA

Mmm. Meera.

(beat)

Wrong again.

She smiles despite herself, setting the cup down.

RIA

Itne saare wrong names... koi prank nahi lagta. Prank
mein consistency nahi hoti.

She checks the label maker nearby. Curious. Opens the drawer, examines a roll.

RIA

Aha. This is not hospital stock.

She taps the label maker thoughtfully.

RIA

Apna laaya hai. Personal. Matlab effort hai.

(beat)

Aur effort ka matlab... ya toh guilt, ya toh courage.

She glances at a sticky note attached to the coffee cup.

INSERT - STICKY NOTE

"For the lady at pharmacy."

RIA

Lady at pharmacy.

(smiles)

Wah. Generic bhi, but sweet.

She looks around the empty pharmacy, listening to the machine hum.

RIA

Mujhe notice kiya ja raha hai.

(beat)

Kab se? Aur kyun itne chupke?

She takes a sip from the cup, then pauses.

RIA

Coffee theek hai. Names ka system... thoda emotionally unstable hai.

She places the cup down and turns off one section of the counter light. The room becomes quieter, more intimate.

RIA

Bas aaj dekhte hain. Aaj main bhi dekhungi.

She moves to the side of the pharmacy window, partially concealed by the counter. She holds a pen like a tiny weapon.

RIA

Main detective nahi hoon. Main pharmacist hoon. But inventory aur human behavior... dono mein kaafi overlap hota hai.

She waits.

A beat.

Then—soft footsteps offscreen. Ria freezes.

A shadow passes near the window. A hand appears, placing another coffee cup on the counter. A small beep from the label maker.

RIA

(whisper)

Aha. Caught.

She leans slightly to see. The person is not fully visible—only a sleeve, a hand, the edge of a hoodie. No face.

He places a label on the cup.

INSERT - CUP LABEL

"PRIYA"

RIA

(stifling a laugh)

Priya.

She steps out from behind the counter, entering the glow of the cup light.

RIA

Coffee deliveries ke saath... name lottery bhi chal
rahi thi?

The unseen man freezes. Only his hand is visible now, hovering awkwardly
near the cup.

RIA

No, no. Don't run. I'm not angry. I'm... impressed,
actually.

She lifts the cup slightly.

RIA

Priya bhi nahi.

She gestures to the label maker.

RIA

Tumhara label maker kaafi committed hai. Bas naam
decide karne mein... little confused.

A smartphone buzzes offscreen. Ria notices a phone screen briefly slide into
view near the counter edge. She reads the text aloud.

RIA

(reading)
"Main puchh nahi paaya."

She softens.

RIA

Puchh sakte the. Mujhe bite nahi karta.

Another text appears.

RIA

(reading)
"Aap ka naam?"

She goes still. A small, meaningful silence.

RIA

(quietly)
Mera naam... Ria.

The unseen man seems to exhale. Ria smiles, almost shy now herself.

RIA

Ria. Simple. Easy. Aur itne mahino se koi itna
mushkil kyun bana raha tha?

A new sticky note is slid onto the counter. Ria picks it up.

INSERT - STICKY NOTE

"Ria. Ab sahi?"

RIA

(laughing softly)

Finally.

She holds the cup close, reading the note again.

RIA

Ab sahi.

She looks toward the unseen man, warm and amused.

RIA

Tumne naam toh seekh liya... Ab bas himmat bhi seekh
lena.

The phone buzzes one last time. She glances at it and reads.

RIA

(reading)

"Working on it."

She smiles, sets the cup beside the plant, and tidies the prescription tray
with a gentler touch.

RIA

Good.

She takes one last look at the cup label: RIA.

RIA

Kabhi kabhi romance koi grand gesture nahi hota. Bas
ek cup hota hai... Aur us par likha hua sahi naam.

She turns off the counter lamp. The coffee cup glows softly in the remaining
fluorescent light.

FADE OUT.

THE END