

THE BATHROOM MIRROR CLUB

A Horror/Supernatural 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Genre: Horror/Supernatural	Format: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor)	Runtime: 4 - 6 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) Character: Sleep-Deprived Bartender (Male, 24-30)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ka aakhri ghanta tha, aur bar ke neeche wale bathroom mein roshni aise flicker kar rahi thi jaise kisi ne usko zinda rakhne ki zidd kar li ho. Main, Arjun—24 ya 25? honestly, neend ke bina age bhi confuse ho jaati hai—black t-shirt, sleeves rolled, apron aadhi kamar pe latki hui, damp hair, aur face pe woh pale sa exhaustion jo sirf closing shift wale log samajhte hain. Bathroom ki hawa mein stale beer, bleach, aur geeli tiles ki smell thi. Sink se tap-tap karke paani gir raha tha. Aur mirror... mirror normal nahi lag raha tha. Woh mere chehre ko zyada der tak pakad ke rakhta tha. Jaise reflection ko jaane ka mann hi na ho.

Main bas haath dhone aaya tha. Ya shayad bas apni aankhon ko thoda sa rest dene. Par jab maine mirror mein dekha, mera reflection ek second late smile kiya. Main toh bilkul nahi muskura raha tha. Maine socha neend ka hallucination hoga. Bar band, body thaki hui, brain kharab. Simple.

Phir reflection ne apna sir tilt kiya. Bilkul mere jaisa. Bilkul nahi bhi.

Usne, ya maine?—khair, usne mujhe dekhte hue aise expression banaya jaise woh mujhse zyada mere baare mein jaanta ho. Aur phir mere hi mouth se, mere hi tone mein, bola: “Bhai, tu itna khud ko kyun ghaseet raha hai?”

Meri hansi nikalte-nikalte atak gayi. Main bola, “Nahi... nahi. Okay. Bas thakaan.”

Reflection ne smile ki. “Thakaan nahi, Arjun. Tu khud se bhaag raha hai.”

Maine paper towel dispenser ko pakad liya, jaise usme koi answer ho. Mere phone ki screen pe 2:13 AM chamki. Ek missed call. Unknown number. Phir ek voicemail notification. Maine play dabaya. Speaker se ek aurat ki awaaz aayi—dheemi, shaky, jaise recording kisi purane hospital corridor mein ki gayi ho: “Agar koi Arjun ko dekhe... usse bathroom mirror ke paas mat jaane dena.”

Mere gale mein thand utar aayi. Kyun? Kyunki woh voice... woh voice main pehchaan gaya. Missing-person report mein jo clip bar ke TV pe din bhar chal rahi thi, usi ladke ki awaaz. Same. Clear. Aur ab woh mere phone se, mere bathroom mein, mere reflection ke through bol rahi thi.

Main piche hata. Reflection ne bhi piche hata, but not exactly same. Woh thoda zyada smooth tha. Thoda zyada sure.

“Tu sun,” reflection bola, “main help kar sakta hoon. Tu bas thoda sa rest kar le. Main shift sambhaal lunga. Main zyada smile karta hoon, customers ko pasand aata hai. Main zyada smart hoon. Main zyada... zinda hoon.”

Mainne bar rag ko fist mein dabaya. “Tu kaun hai?”

Mirror ke andar usne apna black t-shirt seedha kiya. Apron bhi uske paas tha, par cleaner. Jaise ek version jo kabhi spill clean nahi karta, bas problems clean out karta hai. “Main woh hoon jo tu ban sakta tha, agar tu apni zindagi ko itna mess na banata.”

“Bakwas mat kar.”

“Bakwas?” Usne hans di, aur us hans mein kuch galat tha. “Tu roz raat ko logon ke drinks mein apni thakaan ghole jaata hai. Tu ghar jaake phone check karta hai, kisi ka message nahi. Tu khud ko yaad bhi nahi rakh paata. Aur phir bhi tu mirror mein mujhe dekh ke dar raha hai?”

Mere phone pe ek naya text aaya. Unknown number. Bas itna: DOOR LOCK KAR.

Maine bathroom ka lock dekha. Already locked. Phir bhi handle halkasa hila, jaise bahar koi tha hi nahi, lekin tha.

Reflection ne whisper kiya, “Woh door se nahi aayega.”

Maine mirror ki taraf dekha. Uski aankhen ab mere se ek beat pe pehle blink kar rahi thi. “Kya chahiye tujhe?” main bola, awaaz kaanp rahi thi.

“Trade,” usne kaha.

“Trade kya?”

“Tu thak gaya hai. Main nahi. Tu bahar jaa. Main andar aa jaaunga.”

Main hasa, par woh hans broken thi. “Mirror mein?”

“Bas mirror mein?” Reflection ne smile ki, aur is baar uske daant mere daanton se thode zyada the. “Nahi, Arjun. Teri jagah.”

Sink ka drip ekdum band ho gaya. Silence itna heavy hua ki distant music bhi dead lagne laga. Mirror ke andar usne apna haath uthaya. Mainne bhi uthaya. Par uska haath glass ke bahar aane laga, jaise surface water ban gaya ho. Mere pair jam gaye.

Aur phir usne meri hi voice mein, bilkul waise hi jaise main kabhi thakan mein khud se baat karta hoon, bola: “Bhai, bas ek baar so ja. Main dekh lunga.”

Mujhe samajh aa gaya—yeh advice nahi thi. Invitation thi.

Main piche saans lete hue darwaze ki taraf badha, keys haath mein jhanjhanayi. Phone se flashlight on ki. Mirror mein mera asli chehra ab bhi pale, exhausted, aur dar se bhara tha. Lekin uske andar wala version... woh relaxed tha. Ready tha.

Maine darwaza kholne ki koshish ki, par lock phir se hila. Bahar se nahi. Andar se.

Mirror ne aakhri baar smile ki. "Next shift, Arjun."

Aur jab bathroom ki fluorescent light ek final flicker ke saath off hui, mujhe ek second ke liye laga ki mirror mein main nahi tha. Woh tha. Aur main... main glass ke andar tha, sink ke neeche se drip hoti roshni mein, paper towel dispenser ke paas khada, kisi aur ki thaki hui aankhon se apni hi zindagi dekh raha tha.