

FUTURE ME, PLEASE HOLD

A Comedy 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Genre: Comedy	Format: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor)	Runtime: 4 - 6 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) Character: Chaotic Freelance App Developer (Male, 23-28)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ke 2:17 baje hain aur ek chhota sa studio apartment kisi war zone jaisa lag raha hai. Desk par laptop khula hai, monitor andhere mein neeli roshni phenk raha hai, cables ek dusre mein aise uljhe hain jaise kisi ne spaghetti ko tech se replace kar diya ho. Ek energy drink half-finished hai, sticky notes wall aur keyboard ke beech chipke hue hain, aur main—hoodie, pajama shorts, mismatched socks, tangled earbuds, teen din ki stubble aur teen cup coffee ka nateeja—apne hi prototype ko dekh raha hoon jaise woh mujhe dekh kar hasne wala ho.

Main ek freelance app developer hoon. Matlab officially “independent,” practically “abhi bhi rent se ek month door.” Client ka brief tha kuch revolutionary banao. Toh maine bana diya: ek app jo future self ko text bhej sakti hai. Idea simple tha—main aaj message bhejunga, kal ka main mujhe stock tips dega, life advice dega, shayad bata dega ki kaunsi startup mein paisa lagana hai aur kaunsi ex se bachna hai. Matlab time travel nahi, bas upgrade version of panic management.

Pehla text maine bade confidence ke saath bheja: “Future me, bhai, Apple ya Tesla? Jaldi bata, aur lottery numbers bhi de de.” Reply aaya teen second mein. “Pehle paani pee.” Main hasa. “Ha ha, very funny, future me.” Dusra message bheja: “Nahi seriously, stocks?” Reply: “Hydration seriously le.” Teesra: “Bhai main genius hoon, mujhe market ka secret bata.” Reply: “Tu genius nahi, dehydrated clown hai.”

Mujhe laga glitch hai. Maine app ka code khola, lines scroll ki, logic check ki. Sab sahi. Toh maine aur bold step liya. “Future me, agar tu sach mein main hai, toh prove kar. Meri next move bata.” Reply aaya: “Abhi right side pe jo charging cable padi hai, usko unplug karke seedha kar. Aur haan, energy drink band kar.” Main ne right side dekha. Cable sach mein twisted thi. Main thoda silent ho gaya. Phir bola, “Okay... coincidence.”

Fir future se messages aane lage aur tone badalne lagi. Pehle annoying, phir deeply personal. “Ex ko abhi text kar.” Main chhota sa laugh karta hoon. “Nahi.” Reply: “Kar. Tu ‘seen’ pe ghost hua tha. Emotional maturity ka bill abhi due hai.” Main bolta hoon, “Future me, tu mere breakup ka auditor kab se ban gaya?” Reply: “Jab se tu apne aap ko stock market se zyada avoid kar raha hai.”

Main chair pe peeche ho jaata hoon. Monitor ki light mere face pe pad rahi hai. Kitchen bulb background mein flicker karta hai, jaise room bhi judge kar raha ho. Main sochta hoon, shayad future me successful hoga, isliye itna gussa hai. Shayad uske paas Porsche hogi. Shayad uske paas peace hogi. Shayad uske paas—

Reply ping karta hai: “Aur haan, stop romanticizing future. Tere paas abhi bhi laundry basket mein 11 din purane kapde pade hain.” Main seedha bol padta hoon, “Tu creepy kyun ho raha hai?” Reply: “Kyuki main tu hoon. Aur mujhe yaad hai tu kya karta hai jab stressed hota hai. Tu kaam ke naam pe sabse pehle sleep skip karta hai, phir paani skip karta hai, phir khana skip karta hai, phir life decisions skip karta hai.”

Ab main has bhi raha hoon aur thoda embarrassed bhi hoon. Kyunki sach hai. Maine app future advice ke liye banaya tha, lekin future version mujhe babysit kar raha hai. Uska gussa actually care lag raha hai—bahut irritating care. Ek aur message aata hai: “Desk ke neeche jo sticky note chipka hai, us par likha hai ‘Call Mom.’ Kab se padha nahi?” Main chup ho jaata hoon. “Future me, tu sab kuch monitor kar raha hai kya?” Reply: “Nahi. Bas woh cheezein dekh raha hoon jo tu ignore karta hai.”

Mujhe pehli baar lagta hai ki time travel ka real use stock tips nahi, accountability hai. Main phone uthata hoon, typing karta hoon, phir delete. Phir dobara likhta hoon: “Theek hai. Paani pee liya. Ab?” Reply turant: “Good. Ab ex ko text kar: ‘Sorry for disappearing like a coward.’” Main aankhen band karta hoon. “Yaar.” Reply: “Yaar baad mein. Growth pehle.”

Main ek lamba saans leta hoon, energy drink ko side mein push karta hoon, aur finally paani ka glass bharne kitchen ki taraf chalta hoon. Camera ke saamne sirf main hoon—messy, tired, thoda dumb, thoda sincere. Main glass uthate hue muskurata hoon. “Theek hai future me. Tu jeet gaya. But agar tu sach mein main hai na... toh kal subah mujhe ek aur reminder bhej dena: ‘Apne life choices ko uninstall kar.’”

Phone ping karta hai. Reply: “Already scheduled. 7:00 AM. Snooze mat karna, loser.”

Aur main, pehli baar poori raat mein, has padta hoon—because shayad future ka sabse bada stock tip ye nahi tha ki kya kharidna hai. Shayad ye tha ki khud ko finally sunna kaise hai.