

THE INTERVIEW TAPE

A Mystery/Crime 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Genre: Mystery/Crime	Format: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor)	Runtime: 4 - 6 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) Character: Aspiring Journalist with a Hidden Agenda (Male, 38-44)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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)'.

Raat ka waqt hai. Ek chhota sa motel room, jahan har cheez temporary lag rahi hai—bedside lamp ki peeli roshni, curtain ke peeche se filter hota orange “VACANCY” sign, aur ek aadmi jo apne aap ko journalist keh raha hai. Uska button-down shirt ironed hai, sleeves rolled up hain, par chehre par woh confidence nahi jo ek reporter ko suit karta hai; uski aankhon mein kuch aur hi hai—jaise woh interview ke liye nahi, kisi aur cheez ke liye yahan aaya ho. Uske haath mein cassette recorder hai, notebook khuli padi hai, pen cap khola hua, aur table par aadhi bhari water bottle. Motel key card uski ungliyon ke beech baar-baar ghis rahi hai, jaise woh apne nerves ko usi se control kar raha ho.

Woh recorder ON karta hai aur bolta hai ki yeh follow-up interview hai. Ek famous cold-case crime ka witness, ek aadmi jo saalon baad ab finally bolne ko tayaar hai. Journalist apne sawaal practice karta hai, apne notes ko dekhkar line set karta hai, aur khud ko yaad dilata hai ki is tape se uska career badal sakta hai. Par jaise-jaise woh bolta jaata hai, uski awaaz mein ek ajeeb si thartharahat ghus aati hai. Tape chal rahi hai. Room mein sirf uski awaaz hai. Aur phir, recorder se ek hissedaar sa echo aata hai—jaise uske hi lafz usse wapas pooch rahe hon.

Woh pehle ignore karta hai. Kehta hai, “Nahi, yeh bas room ka noise hoga.” Phir woh tape rewind karke sunta hai. Uski apni hi recording mein, uske sawaal se zyada uske jawab sunai dete hain—jawab jo usne abhi diye hi nahi. Koi unseen witness uski zubaan mein bol raha hai. Ya shayad tape uski zubaan se pehle se likhi hui kahani suna rahi hai. Woh dheere-dheere samajhne lagta hai ki jo man in the story hai, woh witness nahi, woh khud hai. Crime scene ka observer nahi—crime ka hissa.

Uska gala sookhne lagta hai. Paani peeta hai, par haath kaanp rahe hote hain. Notebook ke pages ulat-te hain aur usme adhoore scribbles, dates, ek address, aur ek naam dikhta hai—wahi naam jo usne saalon pehle bhula dene ki koshish ki thi. Uska hidden agenda, jo usne apne career ambition ke parde mein chhupaya tha, ab room ke har kone mein ghoom raha hai. Woh yahan report likhne nahi aaya tha. Woh yahan confession record karne aaya tha. Kisi aur ke naam par nahi—apne naam par.

Tape aage chalti hai. Recorder se aati hui uski hi awaaz, magar tone badli hui, kuch zyada calm, zyada sachchi: “Tum mujhe witness bol rahe ho, par tumne kabhi poocha hi nahi ki witness kis baat ka tha?” Woh sunte hi freeze ho jaata hai. Samajh jaata hai ki jis famous cold-case crime ko woh expose karna chahta tha, us raat ka asli witness koi aur nahi tha—aur jo saboot woh dhoondh raha tha, woh uske hi andar daba hua tha. Ab uske paas do raaste hain: tape ko destroy kar de, ya sach ko record kar le.

Woh finally recorder apne haath mein le kar seedha camera ki taraf, ya jaise kisi invisible listener ki taraf, bolta hai ki journalism kabhi kabhi sach dhoondhne ka naam nahi hota, balki sach ko survive karne ka. Woh admit karta hai ki usne story nahi, apni purani galti ko follow kiya tha. Motel ki anonymity uske liye cover thi. Vacancy sign uske liye warning. Aur tape—woh tape uska judge ban chuki thi. End mein woh ek aakhri line bolta hai, almost whisper mein: “Aaj main interview nahi de raha... aaj main apna statement record kar raha hoon.” Phir recorder ka red light blink karta rehta hai, aur room ki khamoshi uski confession ko aur zyada loud bana deti hai.