

THE MOON IN THE SINK

A Sci-Fi/High-Concept 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Genre: Sci-Fi/High-Concept	Format: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor)	Runtime: 4 - 6 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) Character: College Astronomy Dropout (Male, 19-25)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ke 2:06 baje, ek tiny apartment ke bathroom mein ek college astronomy dropout apne oversized sweater aur sweatpants mein mirror ke saamne khada hai, toothbrush ko ek telescope ki tarah pakde hue. Uski aankhen thaki hui hain, baal bikhre hue, aur uska poora chehra us aadmi ka hai jo kuch dino se nahi, shayad kuch saalon se sahi se soya nahi. Bathroom andhera hai, bas mirror light jal rahi hai. Phir sink ke basin mein ek ajeeb si silver glow ubharti hai. Pehle woh sochta hai pipe ka reflection hoga, phir drain ke andar ek chhota sa, impossible moon chamakne lagta hai. Bilkul asli, bilkul zinda, aur itna kareeb jaise kisi ne uski zindagi ka sabse bada secret paani ke neeche chhupa diya ho.

Woh apne astronomy notebook ko kholta hai, pages pe pehle se hi stars, orbits aur half-finished formulas bane hue hain. Woh khud se bolta hai ki yeh hallucination hai, neend ki kami hai, ya phir hostel ke last semester ke trauma ka side effect. Lekin moon har raat 2:07 baje wapas aata hai. Har baar thoda aur clear, thoda aur bright. Woh phone nikaal kar record karne lagta hai, apni awaaz mein excitement aur darr dono ghule hue. Uske voice note mein woh report karne ki koshish karta hai: kisi observatory ko, kisi professor ko, ya apne purane future ko. Par uske messages ka reply nahi aata, bas unsent drafts aur deleted calls ka silence.

Phir ek raat, jab woh flashlight se sink ke andar dekh raha hota hai, moon seedha usse baat karta hai. Awaaz koi badi cosmic thunder nahi hoti. Woh soft hoti hai, jaise paani ke neeche se aati hui kisi bhooli hui yaad ki whisper. Moon riddles mein bolta hai: lost time kabhi gayab nahi hota, bas galat jagah jam jata hai. Dropout ka dil tez dhadakne lagta hai. Use yaad aata hai kaise usne astronomy chhodi thi—ek deadline, ek failure, ek scholarship form, aur ek aise din jab usne socha tha kal se sab theek kar lega. Kal kabhi aaya hi nahi.

Ab sink uske liye sirf sink nahi rehta. Woh ek portal ban jata hai—us life ka jo usne abandon ki thi, us version ka jo stars ke saath dosti karta tha aur apne future ko map ki tarah fold karta tha. Moon usse poochta nahi, bas dikhata hai. Drain ke shimmer mein usko apna purana classroom, chalk dust, raat ki library, aur ek version of himself dikhta hai jo abhi bhi believe karta tha ki universe uske liye koi message bhej raha hai. Woh hansa aur aansu ke beech atak jata hai. Woh bolta hai ki main wapas nahi ja sakta, par moon jaise keh raha ho: tum kabhi gaye hi nahi the, tum bas ruk

gaye the.

2:07 baje, silver glow aur tez hota hai. Bathroom ki deewar par impossible stars dance karne lagte hain. Uske haath kaanpte hain, notebook khul kar floor pe girti hai. Woh samajh jata hai ki agar ab bhi usne kuch nahi kiya, toh yeh moon, yeh raat, yeh chance—sab disappear ho jayenge. Woh ek gehri saans leta hai, toothbrush ko side mein rakhta hai, aur pehli baar bina irony ke bolta hai ki main aaj se bhaagunga nahi. Main bas ek call karunga. Ek application bharunga. Ek page likhunga. Ek step.

Moon dheere se aur chhota hota hai, jaise drain use wapas kheench raha ho. Last second mein woh usse ek final riddle deta hai: jo cheez tumne chhodi thi, woh tumhari pehli galti nahi thi; tumhari aadat thi. Dropout ki aankhon mein samajh ka spark aata hai. Woh phone uthata hai, notes app kholta hai, aur title type karta hai: The Moon in the Sink. Jaise hi woh enter dabata hai, silver light ek blink mein gayab ho jaati hai. Bathroom normal andhera ho jata hai. Bas mirror light, bas thandi tiles, bas ek ladka jo ab tak lost tha—par ab shayad found hone ke bilkul paas hai.