

THE HOUSEPLANT ORACLE

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: Introverted Botanist (Female, 28-35)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Main hamesha plants ko samajhne ki koshish karti thi, logon ko nahi. Log complex hote hain, unpredictable. Plants seedhe hote hain: paani do, roshni do, aur agar tum lucky ho, woh tumhe quietly survive karna sikha dete hain. Mere is chhote se sunlit apartment mein har kona green tha—hanging vines, shelves pe sukhi aur zinda dono tarah ki leaves, aur window ke paas ek table jahan main apni plant journal likhti thi. Cardigan, soft t-shirt, paint-stained jeans, curly hair loose clip mein—meri life bhi shayad isi tarah thodi untidy, thodi rooted thi.

Phir ek din, meri favorite pothos ne ajeeb harkat karni shuru ki. Pehle mujhe laga light ka illusion hai. Leaves ka pattern... koi message jaisa. Maine apni aankhen rub ki, journal khol ke sketch banaya, aur hansi. Stress. Bas stress. Last three months se main sleep-deprived thi, grant proposal pending tha, aur phone silent mode pe itna rehta tha jaise duniya ko mujhse koi kaam hi nahi. Main ne pruning shears uthaye, socha dead growth trim kar dunga. Lekin jaise hi main plant ke paas jhuki, ek nayi leaf unfurl hui—aur uski veins ne, bilkul alphabet ki tarah, ek word banaya: "WAIT."

Main literally freeze ho gayi. "Wait?" maine plant se kaha, half-laugh, half-fear. "Kis cheez ke liye?"

Uske baad aur words aaye. Dheere-dheere, leaf by leaf. "PHONE." Phir "3:17." Phir "ANSWER."

Mujhe laga koi cruel coincidence hai. Ya mera brain pattern-seeking machine ban chuka hai. Maine phone uthaya, screen pe koi missed call nahi tha. Bas ek empty silence. Maine watering can pakdi, paani diya, jaise normal cheez karne se strange cheez normal ho jaayegi. Lekin room mein leaf shadows wall pe move kar rahe the, aur mujhe laga jaise apartment khud saans le raha ho.

3:17 pe phone vibrate hua.

Main has padi. Ek nervous, ugly sort of laugh. "Nahi. Nahi, ye ho nahi sakta." Screen pe unknown number tha. Maine pickup button ko dekha jaise woh grenade ho.

Aur phir, bahut saalon baad, ek awaaz aayi. Speaker se. Rough, hesitant, alive.

“Hi... I think this is still your number.”

Mera throat band ho gaya. Kyunki woh awaaz main pehchanti thi. Arjun. Woh insaan jise maine years pehle bina goodbye ke kho diya tha. Nahi, kho diya nahi—main ne usse kho dene diya tha. Us din ke baad se maine uski calls ignore ki, messages archive kiye, aur apne aap ko convince kiya ki silence bhi ek kind of closure hota hai.

“Main...” main bol hi nahi paayi. “Tum?”

Speaker pe pause. Phir ek soft exhale. “I’m sorry. I know this is weird. I got your number from an old contact. I’ve been trying for weeks. I just... I needed to hear your voice. If you want, I can hang up.”

Plant ke leaves wall pe ek shadow bana rahe the, jaise koi answer likh raha ho aur phir mita raha ho. Maine journal khola. Uske first page pe purane doodles, soil notes, aur ek line thi jo maine kab likhi thi yaad nahi: *Growth is not the same as moving on.*

Mere haath kaanp rahe the. Main seedha plant ke saamne baith gayi. “Tumne kaise...?” maine whisper kiya, jaise plant se pooch rahi hoon ya apne dar se.

Usne koi aur word nahi banaya. Bas ek nayi leaf khuli, aur us par, veins mein, ek last message tha: “DON’T HIDE.”

Maine apni aankhon mein aane wale aansuon ko roka nahi. Kyunki sach yeh tha—main plant se nahi, us call se nahi, Arjun se nahi darr rahi thi. Main is baat se darr rahi thi ki agar main answer kar dunggi, toh mujhe accept karna padega ki kuch cheezein mar kar bhi khatam nahi hoti. Kuch cheezein bas wait karti hain. Soil ke neeche. Dil ke neeche. Time ke neeche.

Maine phone apne kaan se lagaya. “I’m here,” main boli, aur meri awaaz pehli baar sach lag rahi thi. “Bas... mujhe thoda time laga.”

Window ke paas sunlight aur bright ho gayi. Leaf shadows room ke across dheere se hilne lage, jaise apartment ne relief ki saans li ho. Main ne plant journal close ki, watering can side mein rakhi, aur pothos ki ek nayi leaf ko fingertips se touch kiya. Uske veins mere future ko predict kar rahe the ya nahi, mujhe nahi pata.

Lekin itna pata tha: aaj pehli baar, maine unknown ko mute nahi kiya.