

THE WRONG PLAYLIST

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: Aspirational Fitness Instructor (Female, 21-27)	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)'.

Meri life ka sabse disciplined moment hamesha wahi hota hai jab main camera on karti hoon. Subah ki soft sunlight, ring light ka perfect glow, mirror mein meri ponytail, bright workout set, aur mat ke paas rakhe dumbbells—sab kuch ekdum “I woke up like this, but actually I planned this” vibe de raha hota hai. Main apne aap ko dekhkar bolti hoon, “Aaj ka workout video sirf workout nahi, ek movement hai.” Matlab, confidence bhi, fitness bhi, aur thoda sa influencer ka attitude bhi. Main earbuds pehenti hoon, phone tripod pe set karti hoon, water bottle ko frame ke bahar stylishly rakhti hoon, aur deep breath leke ready ho jaati hoon. Bas ek hi problem thi: meri playlist.

Maine socha tha motivational beats challenge—something powerful, something that says, “Push harder, queen.” Par jaise hi main “record” dabati hoon, playlist ne meri izzat ke saath aisa khela jaise ex ne breakup ke baad last seen hide kar diya ho. Pehle ek soft sad song aata hai. Main smile karte hue squats start karti hoon, aur background mein aisa lagta hai jaise kisi ne meri emotional diary ko speaker pe laga diya ho. Main turant volume kam karne jaati hoon, lekin haath slip hota hai, aur next track aur bhi zyada embarrassing: ek breakup anthem jisme literally kisi ka dil toot raha hai, aur main uske saath lunges kar rahi hoon. Main camera ke saamne professional rehne ki koshish karti hoon, “Yes, guys, consistency is key,” par meri aankhon mein clearly likha hota hai, “Consistency ka kya, pehle playlist ka dekh lo.”

Phir jo hota hai, woh comedy ka peak hai. Main jumping jacks kar rahi hoti hoon aur achanak ek pura purana sad-bop shuffle ho jaata hai—woh song jo main raat ko bas isliye sunti thi kyunki usmein heartbreak bhi tha aur thoda self-respect bhi. Main ek second ke liye freeze ho jaati hoon. Camera chal raha hai. Ring light glow kar raha hai. Main apne aap se whisper karti hoon, “Nahi. Nahi, nahi, nahi.” Par playlist ko meri feelings se koi lena-dena nahi. Agla gaana aur bhi humiliating: ek dramatic, almost cinematic breakup track, jisme koi gaana gaake pooch raha hai, “Kya tum waapas aaoge?” Aur main usi beat pe plank hold kar rahi hoon. Mere face par fitness instructor wali smile hai, par andar se main bas itna bol rahi hoon, “Aaj nahi, universe. Aaj nahi.”

Main damage control karne ki koshish karti hoon. “Okay, no problem,” main camera ko dekhkar bolti hoon, “Workouts are about balance.” Itna bolte hi next song aata hai—ek cheesy, overdramatic, almost romantic number jo clearly

meri breakup playlist ka sabse toxic track hai. Main dumbbells uthati hoon, aur beat ke saath meri expression aur zyada absurd ho jaati hai. Main khud hi hasne lagti hoon. Pehle chhota sa laugh. Phir full-on uncontrollable giggle. Aur jaise hi main hasna start karti hoon, meri fake polished influencer energy crack ho jaati hai. Lekin us crack ke through jo real cheez nikalti hai, woh aur zyada charming hoti hai.

Main camera ke saamne honestly bol deti hoon, “Guys, real talk... kabhi kabhi workout se zyada life aapko warm-up karwati hai.” Main ek dumbbell side mein rakhkar mat pe baith jaati hoon, hair tie ko adjust karti hoon, aur phone screen dekhkar samajh jaati hoon ki recording ab bhi chal rahi hai. Main shrug karti hoon, “Toh haan, aaj ka set thoda emotional tha.” Phir ek aur track start hota hai—aur main seedha bol deti hoon, “Nope. Is playlist ko therapy ki zarurat hai.”

Mujhe laga tha blooper ban gaya. Career khatam. Professional image gone. Par jab main video review karti hoon, main dekhti hoon ki mera struggle hi sabse funny, sabse real, aur sabse relatable lag raha hai. Jo log perfect abs aur perfect lighting dekhne aaye the, unko ek insaan mil gaya—ek aisi ladki jo dumbbells bhi uthati hai aur heartbreak bhi. Main phone ke screen pe apni clip dekhkar muskura deti hoon. Caption mentally bana leti hoon: “POV: You came for the workout, stayed for the emotional damage.”

Aur phir main ek last deep breath leti hoon, earbuds ko tap karke playlist band karti hoon, aur bolti hoon, “The wrong playlist, but maybe the right content.” Main mat par khadi hoti hoon, camera ki taraf wink karti hoon, aur confidently final line deti hoon: “Okay, one more take. This time... no exes, only exercises.”