

THE BORROWED SKY

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: Astronomy Intern at a Remote Observatory (Female, 18-24)	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 andhera itna gehra hai ki observatory dome ke andar bhi lagta hai jaise duniya ne saans rok li ho. Main, Aanya, twenty-one saal ki astronomy intern, apni thermal jacket ke andar aur zyada simat jaati hoon. Beanie thoda sa kaan ke upar khisak aata hai, aur mere boots metal floor par halki si thak-thak karte hain. Mere saamne telescope, laptop, star chart, notebook, aur ek chhoti flashlight—bas itni si duniya hai. Bahar slit se aasman khula hua hai, itna vast ki dekhte hi lagta hai jaise koi blue-black ocean ulta latak gaya ho. Main iss silence ki aadat daal chuki hoon. Ya shayad silence ne mujhe adopt kar liya hai.

Pehle sab normal tha. Chart, coordinates, readings—sab textbook ke hisaab se. Phir ek star pattern aaya jo kisi chart mein nahi tha. Main ne socha error hoga. Lens dirty hoga. Laptop glitch kar raha hoga. Par jab maine dobara telescope align kiya, same pattern. Ek impossible coordinate. Ek aisa point jo sky map pe hona hi nahi chahiye. Main notebook khol ke line by line compare karti hoon. Har reading same. Har instrument same. Jaise aasman mujhe ek hi direction mein dekhne ko keh raha ho.

Aur phir woh hua jo mujhe sach mein dara gaya. Har kuch minute baad constellation repeat hone laga. Same stars. Same arrangement. Jaise koi night sky ko rewind karke phir play kar raha ho. Main pehle hasi thi—nervous wali, akeli raat ki hasi. “Wah, Aanya, ab universe bhi loop mode pe aa gaya?” Par phir loop mein ek chhota sa change aaya. Ek star thoda sa move hua. Bas ek pixel jitna. Aur usne ek shape banayi. Not a random shape. A letter. Phir doosre loop mein aur clear. Phir teesre mein almost readable.

Mere haath thande ho gaye. Main flashlight uthati hoon aur notebook ke corner par woh shape sketch karti hoon. Pehle mujhe lagta hai koi coincidence hai. Phir telescope se dekhte hi main samajh jaati hoon—yeh coincidence nahi, code hai. Sky code. Kisi ne stars ko use karke message bheja hai. “Borrowing the night,” mere muh se dheere se nikalta hai, aur mujhe khud pe hansni aati hai. Kaun karta hai aisa? Kaun itni mehnat se, itni khamoshi se, poore universe ko postcard bana deta hai?

Main laptop par logs kholti hoon. Timestamp. Frequency. Repetition interval. Sab match. Jaise kisi ne jaan-bujhkar sky ko ek machine ki tarah tune kiya ho. Mere notebook ke page bharnе lagte hain. Coordinates se ek line banti hai. Phir ek aur. Phir ek message ka skeleton. Main whisper karti hoon, “Kya tum mujhe dekh rahe ho?” Answer mein sirf telescope controls ka faint blue glow aur dome ke bahar hawa ki sarsarahat.

Phir constellation repeat hota hai, aur is baar shape aur clear hoti hai: ek arrow, neeche ek dot, aur phir another arrow. Jaise direction. Jaise invitation. Main map ke saath compare karti hoon. Woh point Earth ke kisi known satellite path pe nahi, kisi cataloged object pe nahi. It's not from here. Ya shayad it is, but not in the way we understand. Mere andar ka fear dheere dheere wonder mein badalne lagta hai. Main ek intern hoon, but this moment mein mujhe lagta hai jaise main pehli baar science ko nahi, kisi aur ki loneliness ko read kar rahi hoon.

Main khidki ke paas jaakar open slit se aasman ko dekhti hoon. “Agar tumne night borrow ki hai,” main dheere se bolti hoon, “toh return kab karoge?” Meri awaaz dome ke andar ghoomti hai, aur mujhe jawab nahi milta. Par stars phir repeat hote hain. Same pattern. Same impossible coordinate. Lekin ab mujhe darr kam aur ek ajeeb si intimacy zyada mehsoos hoti hai. Jaise koi bahut door se, bahut carefully, mujhe hello keh raha ho.

Ant mein main notebook band nahi karti. Main uske andar ek naya page khol deti hoon aur likhti hoon: “Message received.” Phir neeche: “If you can hear me, send again.” Main telescope ko align karti hoon, aur blue panel light mere gloves pe chamak rahi hoti hai. Bahar aasman phir wahi constellation repeat karta hai. Is baar mujhe lagta hai, universe ne mujhe choose nahi kiya. Universe ne mujhe answer karne ke liye borrow kiya hai. Aur main, ek chhoti si observatory mein akeli khadi, pehli baar nahi, par shayad sabse sachchi baar, stars ko dekhte hue muskurati hoon.