

THE APARTMENT PLANTS

A Slice of Life/Romance 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Genre: Slice of Life/Romance	Format: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor)	Runtime: 4 - 6 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) Character: Recently Single Graphic Designer (Female, 29-36)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Aaj shaam ka light nahi, afternoon ka woh soft golden sa light hai jo apartment ke har kone ko thoda zyada honest bana deta hai. Main living room ke beech mein khadi hoon, oversized sweater ke sleeves haathon tak gir rahe hain, glasses ke frame par thodi si dust hai, aur mere baal—haan, mere baal—messy bun mein bhi itne creative lag rahe hain jaise kisi ne jaan-bujhkar “I’m fine” ka aesthetic design kiya ho. Mere aas-paas plants hain. Bahut saare plants. Window ke paas, shelf par, ek stool par, floor pe bhi. Monstera, pothos, snake plant, ek chhota sa succulent jo practically meri commitment issues ka mascot hai. Aur main un sab se baat kar rahi hoon, kyunki insaan se baat karna kabhi-kabhi zyada risky hota hai.

“Tum log kam se kam jaate toh nahi ho,” main ek fern ke patte ko halka sa touch karke bolti hoon. “Koi breakup ke baad bhi root-bound nahi hota.” Mujhe khud pe hasi aa jaati hai. Graphic designer hone ka ek side effect ye bhi hai ki main har dard ko composition mein dekhne lagti hoon. Yeh room bhi ek layout hai—art supplies scattered, sketchpad khula hua, phone face down pada hua jaise usse bhi pata ho ki usmein ek aisa message ho sakta hai jo mood kharab kar de. Aur mood? Mood waise bhi ex ke key wale issue ki wajah se weird hai.

Woh key. Haan. Mere ex ke paas abhi bhi mere apartment ki key hai. Ya shayad technically “thi” bolna chahiye, lekin jab tak lock nahi badla, woh “hai” hi lagti hai. Main kal se soch rahi hoon ki nayi lock lagwa loon. Phir sochti hoon—kyun? Kya main sach mein is chapter ko band karna chahti hoon, ya bas dikhawa kar rahi hoon ki main strong hoon? Main watering can uthati hoon aur ek basil plant ko paani deti hoon. “Tum bhi na,” main usse bolti hoon, “simple ho. Paani do, sunlight do, bas. Koi emotional ambiguity nahi.”

Phone vibrate karta hai. Main jhaankti hoon. Ek text message. Ex ka nahi. Thankfully. Bas building group ka boring sa reminder. Main screen lock karke phone side mein rakh deti hoon. Phir khud hi bol padti hoon, “Nahi, aaj uske message ka wait nahi karna. Maine khud ko itna available nahi banana.” Yeh bolke bhi main window ki taraf dekh leti hoon, jaise apartment ka koi plant bhi mujhe judge kar raha ho.

Tabhi door ke paas ek halka sa knock hota hai. Main freeze nahi karti—bas pause karti hoon. Kyunki main akeli hoon, isliye har sound thoda zyada loud lagta hai. Main cautious steps se door tak jaati hoon, peephole se dekhti hoon, aur phir khud se bolti hoon, “Relax. Delivery hoga. Ya koi neighbor. Tum thriller heroine nahi ho.” Main door kholti hoon. Bahar koi actor nahi, koi face nahi dikhna chahiye—sirf ek hand jaisa moment, jo ek watering can aur note card chhod jaata hai. Main can uthati hoon. “Oh. Okay.”

Note card par likha hai: “Your plants are excellent company. Also, excellent taste in greenery.”

Main seedha note ko dekhte reh jaati hoon. Phir ek slow smile mere face pe aati hai, pehle ek corner pe, phir poori. “Excellent taste in greenery?” main dheere se repeat karti hoon. “Wow. Compliment bhi aisa jo seedha meri soul ke aesthetic folder mein save ho jaaye.” Main note ko sketchpad ke upar rakh deti hoon. Watering can ko haath mein ghumati hoon. Yeh chhoti si cheez—ek returned watering can aur ek handwritten note—mujhe kisi ad jaisi perfect nahi lagti. Bas real lagti hai. Warm. Unforced.

Main plants ki taraf mudti hoon. “Dekha?” main unse bolti hoon. “Kisi ne notice kiya. Kisi ne sirf mujhe nahi, mere room ko bhi dekha.” Yeh line bolte hi mujhe khud pe hansi aati hai, kyunki shayad pehli baar mujhe lag raha hai ki mere room mein jo clutter hai, woh mess nahi, life hai. Aur life mein jagah hoti hai. Naye logon ke liye bhi. Naye notes ke liye bhi. Shayad nayi keys ke liye bhi—jo kisi aur ke nahi, sirf mere hi control mein ho.

Main phone uthati hoon, lock screen kholti hoon, aur contact list ko ek baar dekhti hoon. Ex ka naam aata hai. Main uske paas jo key hai, uss thought ko honestly feel karti hoon—fear, irritation, relief, sab ek saath. Phir main phone ko ulta karti hoon aur ek naya note open kar leti hoon. “Lock change tomorrow.” Main likhti hoon. Phir rukti hoon. “And maybe coffee with the neighbor?” Main khud se poochti hoon, phir phone screen pe smiley nahi, bas ek chhota sa dot laga deti hoon. Enough.

Main window ke paas jaakar plants ko sunlight mein set karti hoon. Room ab bhi cluttered hai, par ab woh comforting lag raha hai. Jaise koi unfinished sketch jo galat nahi, bas abhi complete nahi hua. Main softly bolti hoon, “Grow slowly. Bas grow.” Aur is baar mujhe lagta hai main plants ko nahi, khud ko bol rahi hoon.