

THE LAST VOICE MEMO

A Emotional Drama 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Genre: Emotional Drama	Format: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor)	Runtime: 4 - 6 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) Character: Empty Nest Mother Cleaning Out a Bedroom (Female, 45-53)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Aaj ghar ka sabse chhota room sabse bhaari lag raha hai. Teenage bedroom, jo kabhi posters, homework, aur kapde ke piles se bhara rehta tha, ab aadha khaali hai. Late afternoon ki sunlight curtains se filter hoke floor par lambi, soft stripes bana rahi hai. Bedside lamp ka warm glow ek alag hi tarah ka comfort de raha hai, jaise room khud bhi jaanta ho ki yeh goodbye ka din hai. Main, casual sweater aur jeans mein, hair clip karke, dheere-dheere shelves khaali kar rahi hoon. Har cheez ko box mein rakhte waqt lagta hai jaise time ko bhi fold karke tape kar doon.

Ek old photo album milta hai. Usme school ki drawings, birthday candles, aur ek stuffed animal dabbe ke neeche se nikal aata hai. Main muskura deti hoon, phir woh smile thodi der mein heavy ho jaati hai. Yeh room sirf mere bete ka nahi tha. Yeh meri saari attempts ka room tha—tiffin banane ki jaldi, fever ki raaten, parent-teacher meetings, bata nahi paayi hui maafi, aur woh saare moments jab main thak kar bhi khadi rahi. Empty nest ka dard aisa hota hai, jaise ghar mein awaaz toh ho, par response na ho.

Phone ki screen par kuch purane notifications ke beech ek voice memo dikhta hai. Date purani hai. Bahut purani. Main thodi confuse hoti hoon, phir play dabati hoon. Pehle halki si static, phir mere bete ki voice—young, hesitant, aur itni sachchi ki room ka hawa bhi ruk jaati hai. Woh memo mere liye nahi bheja gaya tha. Shayad draft tha, shayad kabhi himmat nahi hui. Lekin usne record kiya tha, aur usme woh sab keh diya jo shayad bolna mushkil tha.

Uski voice memo mein woh kehta hai ki mujhe gussa bahut aata hai, par main phir bhi sabse pehle uske liye khadi hoti ho. Woh kehta hai ki kabhi-kabhi use lagta tha main usse samajhti hi nahi, lekin jab woh darra tha, toh mere steps door se hi pehchaan leta tha. Woh kehta hai ki main perfect nahi hoon—aur shayad isliye hi real ho. Woh kehta hai ki jab main tired hoti hoon aur phir bhi uske lunch box mein extra fruit rakh deti ho, toh usse lagta hai main usse pyar karti hoon bina shabdon ke. Aur phir, ek line aati hai jo mujhe tod deti hai: "Maa, mujhe ek perfect mother nahi chahiye. Mujhe bas tum chahiye, jo thodi thaki hui ho, par phir bhi meri taraf aa rahi ho."

Main kuch seconds tak bas khadi rehti hoon. Mere haath mein photo album hai, aankhon mein pani, aur chest mein woh saari baatein jo kabhi boli nahi gayi. Mujhe yaad aata hai kitni baar maine socha tha ki main fail ho rahi

hoon—jab main school event miss kar gayi, jab main uski baat beech mein kaat di, jab main stress mein zyada bol gayi. Lekin uski voice memo mujhe ek nayi language mein samjha rahi hai: love ka matlab flawless hona nahi hota. Love ka matlab present rehna hota hai. Wapas aana hota hai. Baar-baar.

Main room ke beech mein baith jaati hoon, stuffed animal ko godh mein le kar. Phone ab bhi haath mein hai, memo khatam ho chuka hai, lekin uski awaaz room mein reh gayi hai. Main dheere se bolti hoon, jaise woh sun sakta ho—"Mujhe maaf kar dena, beta. Main perfect maa nahi thi. Main bas tumhari maa thi. Aur shayad, woh kaafi tha." Phir main khud hi us line par ruk jaati hoon aur pehli baar is goodbye mein thodi rahat mehsoos karti hoon.

Main ek naya voice memo record karti hoon. Is baar uske liye nahi, shayad apne liye bhi. Main kehti hoon ki ghar khali ho raha hai, par pyaar khali nahi hota. Ki uska bachpan yahan tha, aur mera sabr bhi. Ki main usse ab bhi usi tarah yaad karti hoon—har cheez mein, har box mein, har dusty shelf par. Aur ki agar kabhi woh yeh memo sun le, toh jaan le: main usse uski perfection ke liye nahi, uski sachchai ke liye pyar karti thi.

Aakhri shot mein main window ke paas khadi hoon. Sunlight mere face par hai. Boxes ready hain. Room half-empty hai, but strangely, it feels full. Full of memory. Full of apology. Full of love that took time to understand itself. Main phone ko close karti hoon, ek gehri saans leti hoon, aur pehli baar is room ko goodbye nahi, thank you bolti hoon.