



TWO SEATS AWAY

A Slice of Life/Romance 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: For months, Imran and Dev have been sharing the same café booth at the same time without ever speaking more than a few words. One rainy afternoon, a power cut forces them into an honest conversation that reveals they've both been coming there to avoid going home. The twist is gentle and romantic: they realize they have been waiting for each other's courage more than for the coffee.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Imran (33)

LOCATION: A small café booth by a rain-streaked window, with muted afternoon light, soft jazz in the background, and two cups of coffee slowly cooling between them.

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INT. SMALL CAFÉ - AFTERNOON

Rain streaks the window. Soft jazz hums under the clink of cups. A small booth by the glass. Two coffees sit between IMRAN (33), quiet, glasses, soft shirt, canvas tote full of novels and receipts, and DEV (35), denim jacket, neat beard, watch on his wrist.

They are two seats apart in the same booth.

Imran reads a paperback. Dev checks his watch.

A beat.

DEV

(half to himself)

Same time, same rain.

IMRAN

Without fail.

Dev looks up. Small, polite smile.

DEV

Tumhara usual?

IMRAN

Haan.

DEV

Mera bhi.

Imran nods. He turns a page. Dev stirs his coffee, doesn't drink.

The silence is familiar. Not comfortable. Not uncomfortable.

Rain gets heavier.

Dev checks his phone. No new notification. He locks it.

Imran notices the untouched coffee.

IMRAN

Coffee thandi ho jaayegi.

DEV

Haan.

He still doesn't drink.

A long beat.

The lights FLICKER.

Both look up.

A final BUZZ.

POWER CUT.

The jazz dies. The café falls into dim, rain-lit gray.

Only the window and their faces remain visible.

DEV

Chalo. Aaj bhi timing kharab.

IMRAN

(quiet)

Shayad timing hi sahi hai.

Dev looks at him. That lands.

DEV

Kya?

Imran folds his napkin slowly.

IMRAN

Main roz yahan aata hoon.

DEV

Main bhi.

IMRAN

Pata hai.

DEV

Pata tha?

IMRAN

Haan.

DEV

Kaise?

Imran glances at his own cup.

IMRAN

Tum watch bahut dekhte ho.

Dev gives a tiny embarrassed laugh.

DEV

Aur tumhe lagta hai main tumhe dekh nahi raha.

Imran looks up.

IMRAN

Mujhe laga tum bas polite ho.

DEV

Main bas darr raha tha.

That honesty hangs between them.

Imran's fingers tighten on the paperback.

IMRAN

Main bhi.

Dev leans back, as if that answer changed the room.

DEV

Kis cheez se?

IMRAN

Ghar jaane se.

Dev nods, relieved to have a reason.

DEV

Wahan koi wait nahi karta.

IMRAN

Yahan bhi nahi.

DEV

(softly)

Phir bhi tum aate rahe.

IMRAN

Kyuki tum aate rahe.

Dev freezes. Then looks at him properly for the first time.

DEV

Main isliye aata tha kyunki tum aate the.

A beat.

The rain taps the window like applause.

IMRAN

Toh hum coffee ke liye nahi aa rahe the.

DEV

Nahi.

IMRAN

Toh kis liye?

DEV

(shrugs, almost smiling)

Courage ke liye.

Imran smiles despite himself.

IMRAN

Kaafi mehenga order tha.

DEV

Haan. Aur thanda bhi.

They both chuckle, low and real.

A faint VOICE from off-screen, distant and indistinct.

CAFÉ VOICE (O.S.)

Power aa rahi hai.

The lights SNAP back on. Jazz returns, softer now.

Nothing looks different.

Everything is different.

Dev picks up his watch, then sets it down again.

IMRAN closes the paperback.

DEV

Kal bhi aaoge?

IMRAN

Agar tum aaoge.

DEV

Main toh tab se aa raha hoon.

IMRAN

Kab se?

DEV

Jab se tumne pehli baar mujhe namaste kiya tha.

Imran is caught off guard.

IMRAN

Maine socha tha tum bas polite ho.

DEV

Main bas scared tha.

Imran smiles, softer now.

IMRAN

Toh ab?

DEV

Ab bhi.

A beat.

But this time, they're smiling.

Dev stands, picks up the umbrella.

Imran shoulders the canvas tote.

They move out of the booth, finally side by side.

INT. CAFÉ EXIT - CONTINUOUS

The door opens to rain.

Dev opens the umbrella.

Imran steps closer under it.

Their shoulders almost touch.

DEV

Coffee thandi ho gayi.

IMRAN

Haan.

(then)

Par baat garam ho gayi.

Dev laughs. Imran laughs too.

They step out into the rain together.

FADE OUT.