



THE EMPTY CHAIR

A Horror/Supernatural 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: Gopal insists the empty chair in the corner belonged to his dead son and refuses to sit anywhere else. Anand tries to comfort him, but the chair begins changing position whenever they look away, as if someone unseen is occupying it. The twist reveals the son is not haunting the room to scare them, but to stop Gopal from signing away the family house to the man who caused his death.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Anand (40)

LOCATION: A dim funeral parlor waiting room with one empty wooden chair, incense smoke, cold fluorescent light, and a faint fan hum that seems to stop and start on its own.

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INT. FUNERAL PARLOR WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Dim fluorescent light. Incense smoke curls through a cramped waiting room. A faint FAN HUM starts, stops, starts again.

One EMPTY WOODEN CHAIR sits in the corner.

ANAND (40), funeral attendant in black shirt and formal trousers, holds a REGISTER BOOK.

GOPAL (64), grieving widower in white kurta and mourning shawl, trembles while clutching a FRAMED PHOTO.

ANAND

Sir, aap yahan baith jaiye. Bench zyada comfortable hai.

GOPAL

Nahi.

ANAND

Thand bhi hai, aur aap—

GOPAL

Woh chair chhod do.

Anand glances at the empty chair.

ANAND

Kaunsi chair?

GOPAL

Wohi.

(points)

Mere bete ki.

Anand softens.

ANAND

Sir, yahan kisi ka bhi—

GOPAL

Woh usi par baithta tha. Har baar.

A beat.

Anand notes something in the register.

ANAND

Aapka naam?

GOPAL

Gopal.

ANAND

Main Anand. Aapko bas thoda sa—

Gopal stares at the chair.

GOPAL

Woh yahan tha.

Anand looks. Empty chair remains still.

ANAND

Kaun?

GOPAL

Mera beta.

A silence.

ANAND

Sir...

GOPAL

Mat bolo. Mujhe pata hai main pagal nahi hoon.

Anand tries a small, awkward smile.

ANAND

Main bhi yahi hope kar raha hoon, sir.

Gopal almost smiles. Then freezes.

The chair has shifted slightly toward them.

GOPAL

Dekha?

ANAND

Kya?

GOPAL

Woh... woh idhar thi.

Anand looks at the chair. Then away. Then back.

The chair is now angled differently.

ANAND

Shayad floor uneven hai.

GOPAL

Floor ne bhi aaj decide kiya hai?

Anand exhales, nervous.

ANAND

Sir, honestly... yahan ka furniture thoda dramatic hai.

Gopal lets out a shaky chuckle.

GOPAL

Mera beta bhi aisa hi bolta tha.

He lifts the framed photo. A YOUNG MAN smiles from it.

GOPAL (CONT'D)

Usne kaha tha, "Baba, is chair pe koi aur mat baithne dena."

ANAND

Kyun?

GOPAL

Usko lagta tha... log is ghar ko kha jayenge.

Anand turns a page in the register.

A plain ENVELOPE falls out.

ANAND

Yeh kya hai?

Gopal steps closer, wary.

GOPAL

Maine nahi rakha.

Anand opens it. Inside: HOUSE TRANSFER PAPERS.

ANAND

Sir... yeh property papers hain.

Gopal's hands shake harder.

GOPAL

Kisne diye?

Anand scans the papers.

ANAND

Sign line khali hai.

Gopal stares, horrified.

GOPAL

Main sign karne nahi aaya tha.

The FAN HUM cuts out.

Silence.

A tiny metallic CLINK.

On the chair armrest: a KEYCHAIN.

Gopal gasps.

GOPAL (CONT'D)

Yeh uska tha.

He steps forward, almost falling.

GOPAL (CONT'D)

Maine isko uske saath dafnaya tha.

Anand's face changes. He looks from keychain to photo to papers.

ANAND

Sir...

The chair SCRAPES across the floor by itself and stops directly in front of Gopal.

Gopal breaks.

GOPAL

Beta...

He cries openly now.

GOPAL (CONT'D)

Tu yahi hai?

Anand notices something folded behind the register book. He pulls out an old PAGE.

A photocopy of the same property paper.

At the bottom, a handwritten note:

"Woh aadmi hi mere maut ka wajah tha."

Anand looks up, stunned.

ANAND

Sir... aapke beta ne aapko rok liya.

Gopal reads the note. His face hardens.

GOPAL

Woh mujhe ghar se nikalna chahta tha.

ANAND

Aur aapko sign karne bheja gaya tha.

Gopal grabs the papers.

GOPAL

Nahi.

He tears them in half. Then again.

GOPAL (CONT'D)

Nahi.

Anand quietly collects the pieces and the envelope.

ANAND

Main isko file mein nahi daalunga.

Gopal nods, still shaking.

He looks at the empty chair.

GOPAL

Theek hai beta...

(beat)

Ab samajh gaya.

The chair is still.

The FAN HUM returns.

The incense smoke rises straight up.

Anand closes the register book.

ANAND

Sir... ab aap baith jaiye.

Gopal looks at the chair. Then, for the first time, sits beside it—not on it.

Anand watches, solemn.

FADE OUT.