



ONE MORE ROUND

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

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LOGLINE: Kabir returns after years away and asks Tarun for “one more round,” pretending he only wants coffee and conversation. Their old chemistry resurfaces through awkward jokes, missed chances, and the pain of what neither had the courage to say before. The twist is that Kabir has come back to stay, and the final round is not coffee but the decision to begin again.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Tarun (38)

LOCATION: A nearly empty café after closing time, lit by warm pendant lamps and the glow from the espresso machine, with rain outside the front window and chairs stacked on tables.

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FADE IN:

INT. CAFÉ - NIGHT

Nearly empty café. Chairs stacked on tables. Warm pendant lamps. The ESPRESSO MACHINE hums softly. Rain streaks the front window.

TARUN (38), linen shirt, apron, reading glasses, wipes the counter with quiet precision.

The front door opens.

KABIR (40), motorcycle jacket, jeans, helmet in hand, steps in with a hesitant smile.

KABIR

Coffee milegi?

Tarun doesn't look up.

TARUN

Café band hai.

KABIR

Main toh customer hoon.

TARUN

Main toh owner hoon.

Kabir glances at the receipt pad near the register.

KABIR

Toh... one more round?

Tarun pauses. Looks at him for the first time.

TARUN

Tu abhi bhi wahi line use karta hai?

KABIR

Kaam karti hai kya?

TARUN

Pata nahi. Test karke dekh.

Tarun turns on the espresso machine. Steam hisses.

Kabir sits at the counter, helmet in his lap.

KABIR

Same café.

TARUN

Same tu.

KABIR

Thoda zyada handsome, I know.

TARUN

Thoda zyada late.

A beat. A small smile from both.

Tarun places a cup down.

TARUN

Itne saal baad?

KABIR

Travel tha. Kaam tha. Life thi.

TARUN

Aur sach?

Kabir looks into the empty cup.

KABIR

Darr tha.

Tarun continues making coffee. The machine hisses.

TARUN

Kis cheez ka?

KABIR

Sab ka.

(then)

Logon ka. Khud ka. Aur us waqt ka, jab sab kuch...
almost tha.

Tarun's hand stills for a second.

TARUN

Mujhe laga tu bas chala gaya.

KABIR

Main gaya tha. Khatam nahi hua tha.

Rain taps harder against the glass.

Tarun sets the cup in front of Kabir.

TARUN

Sugar?

KABIR

Tu kabhi puchta hi nahi tha.

TARUN

Tu kabhi batata hi nahi tha.

A charged silence.

Kabir notices the faint ring mark on Tarun's left hand.

KABIR

Divorce?

Tarun gives a short, dry laugh.

TARUN

Haan. Menu ka special item.

Kabir nods, guilty.

KABIR

Main aaya toh awkward hi hoga.

TARUN

Tu aaya hi kyun?

Kabir reaches into his jacket and pulls out a folded paper and a small key bunch.

KABIR

Main yahin rehne aaya hoon.

Tarun stares.

TARUN

Kya?

KABIR

Do hafte pehle wapas aa gaya. Local flat liya hai.
Socha pehle tujhse mil loon. Agar tu mujhe dekh ke
door kar de... toh bhi theek.

Tarun is caught between anger and relief.

TARUN

Bahut dramatic ho gaya hai tu.

KABIR

Thoda late hoon. Compensate kar raha hoon.

Tarun picks up the receipt pad, writes something, slides it over.

Kabir reads:

"ONE MORE ROUND"

Beneath it:

"Bill nahi. Answer tera hoga."

Kabir looks up, smiling now for real.

Tarun takes off his reading glasses.

TARUN

Ab?

Kabir sets his helmet aside.

KABIR

Ab, agar tu bole... main yahin rukta hoon.

Tarun steps out from behind the counter, closing the distance.

A beat. Rain. Espresso hiss.

TARUN

Coffee thandi ho rahi hai.

KABIR

Toh phir nayi bana de.

Tarun smiles, soft and uncertain.

TARUN

Is baar bina bhaage?

KABIR

Is baar bina chhode.

Tarun reaches for a clean cup.

FADE OUT.

THE END