



THE LAST SEAT

A Pure Comedy 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: Arjun and Meera both insist the other is sitting in their assigned seat, and their escalating argument becomes a battlefield of fake confidence, passive-aggressive politeness, and absurd logic. When the conductor finally arrives, the twist is that neither of them is on the right bus at all.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Arjun (31)

LOCATION: A nearly empty late-night intercity bus interior, lit by flickering overhead LEDs and passing streetlights that stripe the windows. Two adjacent seats near the back, with a faint hum of AC and the occasional sway of the vehicle.

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INT. INTERCITY BUS - NIGHT

Nearly empty bus interior. Flickering overhead LEDs. Passing streetlights stripe the windows. AC HUMS. Two adjacent seats near the back.

ARJUN (31), overly polite, wrinkled shirt, laptop bag, half-crushed lunch box, stands in the aisle.

MEERA (29), sharp-tongued, bright blazer, heels in hand, coffee cup, tote bag, already seated on the aisle seat.

Arjun holds a bus ticket and a seat number card.

ARJUN

(softly)

Excuse me... yeh seat 12A hai?

MEERA

(without looking up)

Haan. Aur aapka yeh late-night confidence, 12A ke right side pe nahi baithta.

Arjun blinks.

ARJUN

Sorry, mujhe laga... yeh meri seat hai.

MEERA

Interesting. Mujhe bhi laga tha.

She finally looks at him. Sharp.

ARJUN

(showing ticket)

Mere ticket pe clearly likha hai.

MEERA

(shows ticket)

Mere pe bhi.

Beat.

ARJUN

Toh phir... shayad aap galat seat pe hain.

MEERA

Oh, wow. Bold. Aapne ye conclusion MBA ke baad nikala?

Arjun sits on the edge of the seat, trying to remain polite.

ARJUN

Main bas keh raha hoon... maybe aapne number ulta padh liya ho.

MEERA

Aur main bas keh rahi hoon... maybe aapko reading glasses ki zarurat hai.

Arjun points to the seat number card.

ARJUN

Seat number card bhi match kar raha hai.

Meera leans in, squints, then smirks.

MEERA

Yeh card toh aapne khud pakda hua hai. Evidence ka source bhi suspect hai.

ARJUN

(offended, but polite)

Main suspect nahi hoon.

MEERA

Aapka laptop bag dekh ke toh lag raha hai aap har cheez ko apology mein convert kar dete ho.

Arjun glances at her heels in hand.

ARJUN

Aur aap... heels haath mein leke baithi ho. Yeh normal log nahi karte.

MEERA

Normal log bus mein fight bhi nahi karte.

ARJUN

Fight? Main toh bas seat clarify kar raha hoon.

MEERA

Haan, bilkul. Passive-aggressive clarifying.

The bus SWAYS. Both grip their bags.

ARJUN

Dekhiye, maine pehle hi seat reserve ki thi.

MEERA

Aur maine pehle hi yeh bus board ki thi.

ARJUN

Board ki thi? Iska kya proof hai?

MEERA

Main yahan baithi hoon.

ARJUN

Galat bus mein bhi baith sakte hain.

Meera narrows her eyes.

MEERA

Aapki life ka motto hai kya?

ARJUN

(defensive)

Nahi. Mera motto hai... courtesy.

MEERA

Courtesy? Aapne mere coffee cup ko dekh ke abhi tak "ma'am" nahi bola.

ARJUN

(instantly)

Ma'am, aapka coffee cup bahut... authoritative lag raha hai.

Meera laughs despite herself, then catches it and recovers.

MEERA

Nice. Ab seat ke saath coffee bhi claim karoge?

ARJUN

Agar aapne seat chhodi toh maybe.

MEERA

Cute. Threat bhi polite hai.

A beat. Both stare at each other, equally annoyed.

A CONDUCTOR, mid-50s, sleepy, appears from the front aisle. He takes the tickets.

CONDUCTOR

Kya problem hai?

ARJUN

(relieved)

Sir, yeh seat...

MEERA

(simultaneously)

Sir, yeh banda...

Conductor raises a hand.

CONDUCTOR

Ek minute.

He checks both tickets, then the seat number card.

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

Aap dono Bus 21 ke passenger ho.

Silence.

ARJUN

Ji?

MEERA

Kya?

CONDUCTOR

Yeh Bus 12 hai.

Beat.

ARJUN

(small voice)

Oh.

MEERA

(stunned)

Oh.

Conductor shrugs, bored.

CONDUCTOR

Platform ke doosri side se galat bus pakad li. Next stop pe utar jaana.

He starts to leave.

MEERA

(calling after him)

Sir, toh yeh seat kiski hai?

CONDUCTOR

(without turning)

Bus ki.

He exits.

A long beat. The hum of AC. Passing streetlight stripes.

MEERA

(deadpan)

Toh hum dono itne confidently galat the?

ARJUN

(embarrassed, polite)

Ji. Lekin... respectfully.

Meera stares at him. Then snorts.

MEERA

Respectfully galat.

Arjun smiles despite himself.

ARJUN

Aap bhi... aggressively wrong thi.

MEERA

Thanks. That felt almost like a compliment.

They both laugh now. Real, helpless laughter.

The bus sways. They gather their bags.

MEERA

Next stop pe utarna padega.

ARJUN

Haan. Aur shayad... platform bhi check kar lena chahiye.

MEERA

Wow. Groundbreaking advice.

ARJUN

(gentle)

Sorry.

MEERA

(smiling)

Is baar valid hai.

They stand, awkwardly side by side, moving toward the exit.

The nearly empty bus rolls on.

FADE OUT.