



CHAIR FOR TWO

A Emotional Drama 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: On the anniversary of his wife's death, a widower sets a place for two and rehearses the speech he never got to say at her funeral. As he speaks to the empty chair, he finally admits the truth about the last conversation they had and finds a way to forgive himself.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Retired Widower Rehearsing a Speech (Male, 58-65)

LOCATION: A quiet dining room in a modest home, lit by warm evening lamp light and a single candle on the table. One chair is occupied, the other remains empty, with family photos and a folded letter nearby.

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FADE IN:

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

A modest dining room. Warm lamp light. A single candle burns on a small dinner table. One chair is occupied. The other remains empty.

On the table: two dinner plates, cutlery, a tea cup, a folded letter, and a framed family photo.

A retired widower, 60, silver hair, reading glasses, soft cardigan over a collared shirt, stands at the table. Gentle posture. Carefully dressed. He straightens the empty chair as if preparing for a guest.

He takes a breath, rehearsing.

WIDOWER

(softly, to himself)

Theek hai... bas bolna hai. Bas.

He sits in the occupied chair, facing the empty one.

WIDOWER

(formal, rehearsing)

Aap sab ka... nahi. Nahi, yeh funeral wala tone nahi.

He exhales, slightly embarrassed at himself.

He picks up the folded letter, turns it in his hands.

WIDOWER

(to the empty chair)

Tum hamesha kehti thi na... "Sach bolna. Par dheere."

A faint smile appears. Then it fades.

He looks at the framed photo.

WIDOWER

Main us din bol nahi paaya. Funeral pe bhi nahi. Sab log the... aur main bas khada tha.

He adjusts his glasses.

WIDOWER (CONT'D)

Speech ready thi. Har line yaad thi. Par jaise hi bolne ka waqt aaya... gala band ho gaya.

He taps the folded letter.

WIDOWER (CONT'D)

Main sochta raha, kal bol dunga. Kal explain kar dunga. Kal sorry keh dunga.

A beat.

WIDOWER (CONT'D)

Par kal aaya hi nahi.

He reaches for the tea cup, holds it with both hands for warmth.

WIDOWER (CONT'D)

Last conversation yaad hai? Tum thak gayi thi. Main bhi thaka hua tha. Tumne kuch kaha tha... aur maine sun ke bhi nahi suna.

He swallows hard.

WIDOWER (CONT'D)

Mainne bola tha, "Baad mein." Aur tum chup ho gayi thi.

He stares at the empty chair, guilty.

WIDOWER (CONT'D)

Main samjha hi nahi. Ya shayad samajhna nahi chahta tha. Mujhe laga bas ek aur raat hai. Bas ek aur bahas. Bas ek aur "kal."

The candle flickers.

He opens the folded letter carefully.

WIDOWER (CONT'D)

(reading, haltingly)
"If I go first..."

He stops. Breath catches.

WIDOWER (CONT'D)

Tumne bhi likha tha...

He reads silently for a moment, eyes wet.

WIDOWER (CONT'D)

(continuing)
"...then don't make it perfect. Just make it true."

He looks up, stunned by the simplicity of it.

WIDOWER (CONT'D)

Truth. Haan. Yeh hi toh chahiye tha.

He sets the letter down beside the photo.

WIDOWER (CONT'D)

Main bahadur nahi tha. Main bas darr gaya tha. Darr gaya tha ki agar main ro diya, toh sab dekh lenge. Darr gaya tha ki agar main sach bol diya, toh main toot jaunga.

A long beat. He nods to himself, accepting it.

WIDOWER (CONT'D)

Aur toot gaya tha. Bas us din nahi... uske baad har din.

He gently slides the second plate a little closer to the empty chair.

WIDOWER (CONT'D)

Mujhe maaf kar do. Tumhare liye bhi, aur apne liye bhi.

He looks at the family photo.

WIDOWER (CONT'D)

Tumhari khamoshi ko main pyaar samajh ke ignore karta raha. Tumhari aankhon mein jo thakaan thi, use main routine samajhta raha. Main kitna andha tha...

He shakes his head, a sad smile.

WIDOWER (CONT'D)

Aur phir bhi tum... tumne mujhe akela nahi chhoda. Tum is chair mein nahi ho. Tum is aadat mein ho. Tum meri awaaz ke peeche ho. Tum mere har "kal" mein ho.

He takes a deep breath. His voice steadies.

WIDOWER (CONT'D)

Aaj main jhooth nahi bolunga. Na funeral wala. Na ghar wala. Na khud se.

He lifts the tea cup slightly, like a toast.

WIDOWER (CONT'D)

Main tumse bahut pyaar karta tha. Aur ab bhi karta hoon. Isliye darr gaya tha. Isliye chup raha. Isliye speech adhoori reh gayi.

He looks at the empty chair with tenderness, not grief alone.

WIDOWER (CONT'D)

Par aaj... aaj complete kar raha hoon.

He places the tea cup down. Adjusts his glasses. A final breath.

WIDOWER (CONT'D)

Main aaj bhi tumse baat karta hoon, kyunki tum gayi nahi ho. Tum bas us chair se uth kar mere andar aa gayi ho.

A quiet, healing silence.

He gives the empty chair a small, grateful nod.

Then he sits back, calmer.

The candle flickers warmly.

FADE OUT.

THE END.