



# ONE GOOD JOKE

A Comedy 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Written by  
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**LOGLINE:** A rookie comic rehearses his set for a room full of chairs and no audience, determined to land one perfect joke before his big audition. When he finally nails a punchline to an empty room, he realizes the café owner has been listening from the back and offers him a real shot.

**CAST / CHARACTERS:** FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Nervous Open-Mic Comic (Male, 18-22)

**LOCATION:** A tiny stand-up comedy stage in an empty neighborhood café after hours, lit by one warm spotlight and string lights around the room. The audience area is mostly dark, with just a stool, mic stand, and a chalkboard menu in the background.

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**FADE IN:**

**INT. NEIGHBORHOOD CAFÉ - AFTER HOURS - NIGHT**

A tiny café, mostly dark. One warm SPOTLIGHT pools on a small stand-up corner. String lights glow softly around the room. Empty chairs sit in rows like silent judges. A CHALKBOARD MENU in the background. A STOOL, MIC STAND, NOTEBOOK, WATER GLASS, and CUE CARDS are all that remain.

A NERVOUS OPEN-MIC COMIC (19-22), male, curly hair, oversized blazer over a graphic tee, jeans, sneakers, sweaty palms, stands center stage.

He grips the microphone like it might escape.

**COMIC**

(to himself, trying to smile)

Okay. Bas. Simple. Ek joke. Ek perfect joke. Aur phir main... audition mein aise jaunga jaise main paida hi stage ke liye hua tha.

He looks at the empty chairs.

**COMIC**

(mocking the chairs)

Kya dekh rahe ho? Haan, tum log. Teen row wale silent critics. Mujhe pata hai, tum sab mentally already bol chuke ho— "Is bande ka blazer uske confidence se do size bada hai."

He adjusts the blazer. It looks even bigger.

**COMIC**

Shut up. Blazer bada hai, kyunki dreams bhi toh bade hone chahiye na.

He opens the notebook. Pages are stuck slightly from sweaty fingers.

**COMIC**

(reading)

"Hi, I'm nervous." Nahi. Too honest. "Hi, I'm... slightly unstable." Nahi, yeh HR complaint lag raha hai.

He flips cue cards.

**COMIC**

Main stand-up comic hoon. Matlab technically main aisa insaan hoon jo akela khade hoke apni dignity ka live demo deta hai.

He takes a sip of water, clears his throat.

**COMIC**

Okay. Deep breath. Remember: audience imaginary hai. Koi judge nahi kar raha. Sirf chairs hain. Aur chairs ka opinion... usually dead hota hai.

He tries a line, then stops.

**COMIC**

(testing)

So, main ek girl ko impress karne gaya tha aur bola—

(beat)

Nahi. Nahi. Yeh too painful hai. Audience ko dard nahi, laughter chahiye.

He paces a step, then back to mic.

**COMIC**

Actually, problem yeh hai na, main nervous aise hota hoon jaise meri soul pe Wi-Fi weak ho. Signal aa raha hota hai... par punchline load nahi hoti.

A beat. He chuckles at his own joke.

**COMIC**

Dekha? Dekha? Main khud pe has sakta hoon. Yeh growth hai. Therapy expensive thi, toh maine self-roast choose kiya.

He flips another cue card.

**COMIC**

Theek hai. Real story. Main ek baar "I'm very spontaneous" bolke apni crush ko impress karna chahta tha. Phir uske baad 20 minute tak parking lot mein khada sochta raha—

(beat)

"Ab spontaneous ka next step kya hota hai?"

He waits. Silence.

**COMIC**

(to the room)

Haan. Tum log bhi same soch rahe the na? Koi baat nahi. Main bhi apne jokes sunke khud ko report karta hoon.

He sits on the stool for a second, then springs up.

**COMIC**

Nahi, nahi. Stand-up mein baithna cheating hai. Main khade hi rahunga. Jaise meri anxiety. Kabhi nahi baithti.

He breathes in, steadies himself.

**COMIC**

Okay... one good joke. Bas ek. If this lands, I'm in. If not...

(looks around)

toh yeh café bhi mujhe politely ghost kar dega.

He leans into the mic.

**COMIC**

Main itna nervous hoon ki agar yeh room thoda aur khaali hota na, toh mera self-esteem acoustics mein echo ho jaata.

He freezes, then blinks.

A tiny, involuntary CHUCKLE seems to come from somewhere in the dark back area. The Comic's eyes widen.

**COMIC**

(whispering, stunned)

Khaali room ne... has diya?

He tries to play it cool, failing immediately.

**COMIC**

Okay. Okay. That counts. Ek laugh is enough. Main itna desperate hoon ki main sympathy noise ko bhi standing ovation maan loon.

He smiles for real now.

**COMIC**

You know what? Main perfect joke dhoondh raha tha, but shayad funny hona ka matlab perfect hona nahi hota. Funny hona ka matlab hai—

(beat)

apni embarrassment ko mic pe le aana, aur usse bhi bolna, "Bhai, aaj tu bhi stage pe hai."

He looks toward the back, trying to see who laughed.

**COMIC**

Hello? Agar koi hai... thank you. Agar koi nahi hai... toh main officially haunted ho gaya hoon, but emotionally supported.

A calm VOICE from the back of the café speaks out. We do NOT see anyone.

**CAFÉ OWNER (V.O.)**

Beta, empty room ko hansa diya na tumne. Kal raat ko proper open mic hai. Tum aa jana.

The Comic goes still.

**COMIC**

(softly)

Wait... seriously?

No answer. Just the café hum and string lights.

He looks at the mic, then the chairs, then his notebook.

**COMIC**

(smiling, emotional)

Haan... Sirf ek good joke nahi tha. Bas ek honest joke tha.

He straightens his blazer, wipes his sweaty palm on it, then grips the mic with new confidence.

**COMIC**

Okay. Kal raat. Main aaunga. Aur is baar...

(beat, grinning)

chairs bhi ticket leke aayengi.

He laughs at his own line. This time, it lands in the warm silence.

The spotlight glows a little brighter on his hopeful face.

**FADE OUT.**

**THE END**