



COFFEE FOR ONE

A Slice of Life/Romance 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: A regular at the café finally works up the nerve to ask the barista out, but she leaves before he can speak. He spends the morning narrating his missed chance to the empty table, only to discover she left a note on his cup inviting him to the same seat tomorrow.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Quiet Neighborhood Café Regular (Male, 30-36)

LOCATION: A small café corner by the window in early morning light, with sunbeams cutting through steam and dust. The room is warm, intimate, and mostly empty, with the sound of a grinder and distant street traffic outside.

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FADE IN:

INT. SMALL NEIGHBORHOOD CAFÉ - MORNING

A warm, intimate café corner by the window. Early morning sunbeams cut through steam and dust. Mostly empty. The distant sound of street traffic hums outside. A grinder whirs softly.

A MAN (30-36), quiet, understated, in a soft sweater and jeans, with a well-kept beard and shy eyes, sits alone at a small table for one. A coffee cup, a sugar packet, a pen, and a receipt lie in front of him.

He looks at the empty chair opposite him.

MAN

(to the empty chair, softly)

Roz ka scene. Ek cup coffee. Ek window. Aur ek khali chair.

He takes a sip. Thinks.

MAN

(half-smile)

Main yahan regular hoon. Itna regular ki café ka grinder bhi mujhe judge karne laga hoga.

He picks up the sugar packet, tears it open, then doesn't use it.

MAN

Aaj main bas... aaj main bolne wala hoon.

He folds a napkin, then unfolds it.

MAN

(to himself)

Simple line. Seedha. No filmy bakwaas. "Hi, would you like to grab coffee sometime?"

He rehearses it under his breath.

MAN

(trying it)

Hi... would you like to grab coffee sometime?

He winces.

MAN

Thoda zyada formal. Thoda zyada... boring.

He looks toward the counter, nervous.

MAN

Par theek hai. Main boring hoon. Safe hoon. Sweater bhi safe, beard bhi safe, life bhi safe.

He notices movement off-frame near the counter. His eyes brighten.

MAN

(straightening up)

Abhi. Bas abhi.

He rises slowly, coffee cup in hand, the pen in the other.

MAN

Bas normal reh. Bas ek insaan se baat karni hai.

He takes one step toward the counter.

A small BELL above the door rings softly.

He freezes.

MAN

(confused)

Haan?

He looks toward the entrance, then toward the counter. The unseen barista has clearly moved out of frame and is gone.

MAN

(to the empty space)

Nahi. Nahi, yeh toh... yeh toh timing ka murder hai.

He stands there for a beat, then returns to his table, defeated but trying to laugh it off.

MAN

(to the empty chair)

Great. Main bolne hi wala tha aur scene end. Very cinematic. Very cruel.

He sits. Stares into his coffee.

MAN

Aise kaise? Roz smile, roz "good morning," aur aaj jab main ek decent human being ki tarah ek line bolne jaa raha tha, tabhi gayab.

He picks up the receipt, reads it absent-mindedly.

MAN

Total... tax... gratitude... wow, receipt bhi mujhse zyada stable hai.

He sighs, then notices the coffee cup sleeve.

A folded NAPKIN NOTE is tucked inside the sleeve.

He pauses.

MAN

(quietly)

Wait...

He carefully removes the note, unfolds it.

He reads.

A long beat.

MAN

(whisper)

"Same seat. Tomorrow. Ask properly. -M"

He looks up, stunned.

MAN

(soft laugh, disbelieving)

Oh.

He stares at the note again, then at the empty chair.

MAN

Tumne... tumne mujhe pehle hi bolne ka chance de diya?

He smiles, shy and genuinely touched.

MAN

Matlab... main itna bhi invisible nahi tha.

He folds the note carefully and slides it into the inner pocket of his sweater.

MAN

Tomorrow.

He looks at the chair with renewed warmth.

MAN

(gentle, hopeful)

Theek hai. Kal.

He lifts the cup with both hands, as if it's suddenly precious.

MAN

Aaj ka din miss hua... but maybe yeh miss hona hi start tha.

He looks out the window. Sunlight brightens the corner.

MAN

(smiling to himself)

Coffee for one... par maybe not for long.

He sits back, calmer now, the empty chair no longer empty in feeling.

FADE OUT.

THE END.