



THE EMPTY BOOTH

A Comedy 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Written by
Story Dil Se Team
(storydilse.in)

LOGLINE: A podcast host records what he thinks will be his big breakthrough episode, only to realize he forgot to invite a guest and is now interviewing himself. As he improvises through increasingly ridiculous questions, he accidentally creates the most honest and funniest episode of his life.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Overprepared Podcast Host (Male, 35-42)

LOCATION: A tiny home podcast booth made from blankets, foam panels, and a desk mic, lit by a ring light and the red recording sign. The setup is homemade but earnest, with a cozy, slightly absurd feel.

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FADE IN:

INT. TINY HOME PODCAST BOOTH - NIGHT

A cramped, homemade podcast booth: blankets stapled over walls, foam panels unevenly stuck, a desk mic on a cluttered table, a laptop open, a coffee mug half-full. A ring light glows. A RED RECORDING SIGN is on.

ROHIT (late 30s), in a casual blazer over a t-shirt, headphones, glasses, and a neatly trimmed beard, sits ready. Polished. Slightly sweaty. Deeply anxious.

He checks the mic, then the ring light, then the laptop, then the mic again.

ROHIT

(to himself)

Okay. Calm. Professional. Podcast legend mode.

He takes a breath, opens a notebook full of notes.

ROHIT

(reading)

Intro. Hook. Warmth. Wit. Vulnerability. Great.
Easy. Simple.

He nods like a man about to launch a rocket.

He taps the laptop.

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

Calendar. Blank. No guest booking.

ROHIT blinks.

He refreshes. Nothing.

ROHIT

(slowly)

Haan... maybe late hai.

He opens messages. Emails. WhatsApp. No invite. No guest. No mercy.

ROHIT

(rising panic)

Nahi. Nahi, nahi, nahi.

He looks around the tiny booth as if the guest might be hiding behind a foam panel.

ROHIT

Main... main bhool gaya?

He stares at the mic.

ROHIT

(whisper)

Maine guest invite hi nahi kiya?

Beat.

He sits up straight.

ROHIT

(forcing confidence)

Theek hai. Problem solving. Main hi guest. Main hi host. Main hi brand.

He drags the chair slightly to one side.

ROHIT

Yeh side host. Yeh side guest. Split personality, but make it content.

He clears his throat, switches on performance mode.

ROHIT

(into mic; announcer voice)

Welcome back to The Empty Booth. Main hoon aapka host, Rohit. Aur aaj ke special guest hain...

He pauses for dramatic effect.

ROHIT

...main hi.

He turns his head to the empty chair.

ROHIT

(different tone, as guest)

Thank you for having me.

ROHIT

(host)

Rohit ji, bohot swagat hai.

ROHIT

(guest)

Emotional availability ke saath aaya hoon.

Rohit snorts. He tries not to laugh. Fails.

ROHIT

Okay. First question. Aap itne overprepared kyun ho?

ROHIT

(as guest, dead serious)

Kyunki mujhe darr lagta hai.

Rohit freezes. That landed.

ROHIT

(host, softer)

Kis baat ka?

ROHIT

(guest)

Ki agar main perfect nahi hua, toh koi mujhe sunega hi nahi.

A beat. The joke has turned honest.

Rohit looks at the ring light. Then at himself in the dark laptop reflection.

ROHIT

(trying to recover)

Wow. Heavy. Chalo light question. Greatest strength?

ROHIT

(guest)

Main mic on karke bhi awkward reh sakta hoon.

ROHIT

Respect. Weakness?

ROHIT

(guest)

Main "casual" blazer pehenkar bhi corporate crisis jaisa feel karta hoon.

Rohit laughs, genuinely.

He grabs the coffee mug, takes a sip.

ROHIT

This is better than therapy.

He leans in, now enjoying it.

ROHIT

Advice for listeners?

ROHIT

(guest)

Apne aap ko seriously lo. Par itna nahi ki hasi chali jaaye.

ROHIT

Wah. Yeh toh quote ban gaya.

He flips a page in the notebook.

ROHIT

Career goal?

ROHIT

(guest)

Ek episode aisa banana, jisme fake confidence kam, aur real honesty zyada ho.

Rohit slowly removes his headphones.

The booth becomes quiet. The silence is loud.

He sits there, no character now. Just Rohit.

ROHIT

(softly, to mic)

Sach bolun? Main breakthrough ke liye itna prepared tha, ki main live hona bhool gaya.

He swallows.

ROHIT

Main content banana chahta tha. Par shayad mujhe bas suna jaana tha. Aur aaj pehli baar... main khud ko sun raha hoon.

A small, embarrassed smile.

He looks at the RED RECORDING SIGN.

ROHIT

(gentle)

Aaj ka guest nahi aaya. Lekin jo aaya... woh kaafi tha.

He glances at the laptop waveform.

ROHIT

(with a grin)

And that, ladies and gentlemen— jo exist nahi karte— was The Empty Booth.

He leans back, relieved, amused, almost proud.

The ring light glows warmly around him.

FADE OUT.

THE END