



RECEIPT FOR TWO

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

Written by
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LOGLINE: A baker stays late to make the dessert she promised to the woman who comes in every Thursday, but she keeps convincing herself it is just customer service. When she finds a receipt tucked under the register with a note asking for 'one more chance,' she realizes the crush was mutual all along.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Nervous Coffee Shop Baker (Female, 24-30)

LOCATION: A small bakery kitchen after closing, lit by warm under-cabinet lights and the amber glow from the front café window. The counter is sprinkled with flour and pastry tools, giving the space a handmade, intimate feel.

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INT. SMALL BAKERY KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bakery band ho chuki hai. Warm under-cabinet lights glow kar rahe hain. Front café window se amber light spill hoti hai. Counter par flour, pastry tools, mixing bowl, apron, aur ek khula pastry box pada hai.

A 24-30 year old BAKER stands alone in a flour-dusted apron and cozy sweater. Hair loose bun mein hai. Soft features, shy smile. She wipes her hands nervously on her apron.

BAKER

(softly, to herself)

Theek hai... last batch. Bas ek aur.

She looks at the mixing bowl, then the pastry box.

BAKER

Aaj wali tart... perfect honi chahiye.

She picks up a piping bag, carefully adds cream to a strawberry tart.

BAKER

Har Thursday woh aati hai.

She pauses, glances toward the front window.

BAKER

Same table. Same smile. Same... "aapka usual?"

She imitates her own polite voice, then immediately looks embarrassed.

BAKER

Aur main bhi har baar same idiot ban jaati hoon.

She laughs under her breath.

BAKER

"Customer service," bolti hoon khud ko.

She places the tart into the pastry box with extra care.

BAKER

Bas customer service.

Beat.

BAKER

Phir woh thanks bolti hai na...

She freezes, smiling despite herself.

BAKER

...toh lagta hai jaise bakery mein thodi aur light aa gayi ho.

She reaches near the register to close it. Notices something.

BAKER

Haan?

She bends down and pulls out a folded RECEIPT.

BAKER

Yeh... yahan kaise?

She unfolds it slowly. Reads silently. Her eyes widen.

BAKER

(whisper)

No way.

She stares at the note.

BAKER

(reading)

"One more chance?"

A beat. Her breath catches.

BAKER

Oh.

She looks around the empty kitchen, as if the walls might answer.

BAKER

Ohhh.

She laughs once, stunned and shy.

BAKER

Main... main seriously soch rahi thi ki yeh bas
customer service hai?

She presses the receipt to her chest.

BAKER

Aur woh...

She smiles wider now, eyes shining.

BAKER

Woh bhi wait kar rahi thi?

She picks up a NOTE CARD from the counter and places it on top of the pastry box.

BAKER

Okay.

She takes a pen, thinks for a moment, then writes carefully.

BAKER

(while writing)

One more chance.

She stops, bites her lip, then adds another line.

BAKER

Aur maybe... is baar dessert ke saath honesty bhi.

She closes the pastry box with a soft click.

BAKER

(Mainly to herself)

Main itni nervous kab se ho gayi?

She glances at her flour-dusted apron and chuckles.

BAKER

Shayad jab se usne pehli baar mera naam poocha tha.

A beat. She looks toward the front café window, the amber glow reflecting on her shy smile.

BAKER

Mujhe laga tha main sirf uska order yaad rakh rahi hoon.

She lifts the pastry box.

BAKER

Par shayad main uski timing yaad rakh rahi thi.

She holds up the receipt again, reading the note one more time.

BAKER

"One more chance."

Soft laugh.

BAKER

Haan. Bilkul.

She sets the receipt carefully into her apron pocket.

BAKER

Aur next Thursday...

She straightens, suddenly braver.

BAKER

...main sirf tart nahi dunggi.

She looks at the box, then at the window.

BAKER

Main bolungi.

Beat.

BAKER

Ki mujhe bhi uska aana yaad rehta hai.

She smiles at the thought, a little bashful, a little hopeful.

BAKER

Ki main bhi har Thursday thodi zyada waise hi ho jaati hoon.

She picks up the pastry box and turns off the last prep light.

BAKER

And maybe...

She pauses at the door to the front café.

BAKER

...maybe yeh customer service kabhi thi hi nahi.

She smiles, then walks out of frame with the pastry box.

FADE OUT.