



THE GHOST OF TABLE SIX

A Horror/Supernatural 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: A hostess keeps seating the same invisible customer at table six every night because the reservation book insists the guest is always on time. When she finally asks who the reservation is for, the empty chair answers with the name of the woman who vanished after her last shift.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Restaurant Hostess with a Sixth Sense (Female, 22-28)

LOCATION: An empty restaurant dining room after closing, lit by dim sconces, a single overhead pendant above table six, and the glow from the kitchen pass. The room is elegant but eerie, with chairs neatly stacked and one table left untouched.

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FADE IN:

INT. EMPTY RESTAURANT DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dim sconces glow softly. Chairs are stacked. The kitchen pass emits a cold strip of light. Above TABLE SIX, a single pendant lamp hangs like a spotlight in an empty theater.

NAINA (24), in a black host uniform, name tag pinned straight, hair neatly tied back, stands at the HOST STAND with a RESERVATION BOOK, a PEN, and a MENU. Her eyes are alert, but there's a sensitivity beneath the professional calm.

She checks the book.

NAINA

(under her breath)

Table Six. Again.

She flips to the reservation page. Her finger stops.

INSERT - RESERVATION BOOK

"TABLE 6 - 10:55 PM - GUEST ON TIME"

NAINA stares at it.

NAINA

You know what's weird? Every night same time. Same table. Same... blankness.

She picks up the MENU, walks toward TABLE SIX. Each step echoes.

At the table, she sets the MENU down carefully, then places a water glass.

NAINA

Professional hostess. Normal service. No panic.

(beat)

Okay, maybe a little panic.

She forces a small laugh. It dies instantly.

She checks the chair opposite her, then the empty space as if someone is seated there.

NAINA

Hi. Welcome. Table for one.

(beat)

And before you ask—yes, I know you're not exactly... visible.

A low HUM from the kitchen pass. Naina turns, listens. Nothing.

She returns to the reservation book at the host stand, pen poised.

NAINA

I can feel it before I can see it. The temperature drops. The air gets heavy. Like the room is holding its breath.

She scans the page again.

INSERT - RESERVATION BOOK

The margin beside Table Six now seems to have a faint handwritten note.

NAINA

What...

She leans in.

INSERT - RESERVATION BOOK

"PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME WAITING."

NAINA freezes.

NAINA

That is not funny.

(beat)

That is not funny at all.

She looks at her own pen in disbelief.

NAINA

That's my handwriting.

A beat. The pendant light above TABLE SIX flickers once.

NAINA slowly walks back to the table.

NAINA

Okay. Fine.

(steadying herself)

If you're here... then answer me.

She stands by the empty chair.

NAINA

Who is the reservation for?

Silence.

Then, as if the room itself exhales, Naina's expression changes. Her eyes widen slightly. She hears something.

NAINA

(whisper)

Meera?

The name hits her like a memory.

NAINA

No... no, that can't be.

She grips the back of the chair.

NAINA

Meera was last shift. She said she'd be back tomorrow.

(voice trembling)

She said... if she didn't come, I should remember she was here.

A long beat.

Naina's gaze drifts to the empty chair, now seeming occupied by absence itself.

NAINA

You were the one waiting.

She opens the reservation book. Pages begin to turn slightly on their own, almost imperceptibly.

INSERT - RESERVATION BOOK

The same name appears again and again: MEERA.

NAINA

Every night... Every page...

Her breathing quickens.

NAINA

It wasn't a booking. It was an invitation. Or a reminder.

She closes the book gently.

NAINA steps closer to TABLE SIX, no longer afraid, only reverent.

NAINA

Meera...

(if listening)

I'm here.

The pendant light flickers again. A soft, almost relieved SIGH seems to pass through the air beside her.

NAINA closes her eyes.

NAINA

I hear you.

She opens her eyes, now calm.

NAINA takes the MENU, straightens it, then places an extra WATER GLASS on the table. She sets the PEN beside the reservation book like an offering.

NAINA

Your table is ready.

She looks at the empty chair.

NAINA

And this time... you don't have to wait alone.

The room settles. The kitchen pass glow hums softly. The pendant light steadies.

Naina stands at Table Six, composed but changed.

NAINA

(softly)

Goodnight, Meera.

She returns to the host stand, but her eyes remain on Table Six.

The empty chair feels less empty now.

FADE OUT.

THE END.