



ONE MORE ROUND

A Slice of Life/Family 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: After closing, a father and son are forced to sit with the bar's oldest regular, who has known their family longer than either of them have known themselves. What starts as a casual drink becomes a conversation about pride, disappointment, and the awkward tenderness men rarely say out loud. The climax lands when the regular reveals he has been paying the son's tuition in secret, not as charity, but because he believes the father already did the same for him years ago.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Manish (49)

LOCATION: A small neighborhood bar after closing time, lit by dim amber bulbs and the cool blue of the street outside through the front glass. Three stools, a counter, and stacked glasses make the space intimate and reflective.

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FADE IN:

INT. SMALL NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - NIGHT

Dim amber bulbs. Front glass ke paar cool blue streetlight. Three stools. Counter. Stacked glasses. Shutter half-down. Quiet, intimate.

MANISH (49), rolled sleeves, apron tied at waist, bar towel se counter saaf kar raha hai. Tired but kind eyes.

Aakash (22), clean haircut, college bag kandhe par, overconfident pose mein stool par baitha hai.

JATIN (51), checked shirt, easy smile, slightly lonely presence, beer glass ko dekh raha hai.

MANISH

Bas ek round aur. Phir lock.

AAKASH

Papa, aap har baar bolte ho "bas ek round aur."

MANISH

Aur har baar bar band bhi ho jaati hai.

JATIN

Business model solid hai. Emotional blackmail bhi aur revenue bhi.

Manish hansi chhupa leta hai. Aakash apni seat seedhi karta hai.

AAKASH

Main bas bol raha hoon, mujhe late nahi hona chahiye.

MANISH

Late? College mein ya life mein?

AAKASH

Wow. Good one.

Jatin beer glass uthata hai, sip leta hai.

JATIN

Baap-beta ka dialogue hamesha trailer jaisa hota hai. Picture kab shuru hogi, kisi ko pata nahi.

AAKASH

Aapko sab funny lagta hai kya, Jatin uncle?

JATIN

Nahi. Bas aadat hai.

Beat.

Manish cash tin ko push karke side mein rakhta hai. Receipt pad uthata hai.

MANISH

Teri fees ka notice aaya tha aaj.

Aakash ka face tight ho jaata hai.

AAKASH

Main dekh lunga.

MANISH

Haan, dekh lega. Jaise kal ke assignment ko "dekh" ke submit kar diya tha.

AAKASH

Papa, main bachcha nahi hoon.

MANISH

Pata hai. Isliye tension aur zyada hoti hai.

Jatin dono ko dekhta hai. Soft smile.

JATIN

Mardon ka problem yehi hai. Pyaar bhi budget mein bolte hain. "Kitna hua?" "Kaise hua?" "Kyun hua?" Seedha "theek hai" koi bolta hi nahi.

AAKASH

Aap philosophy class mein the kya?

JATIN

Nahi. Zindagi class mein.

Aakash scoffs, but listens.

AAKASH

Mujhe bas itna pata hai, Papa ko lagta hai main unki mehnat samajhta nahi.

MANISH

Aur mujhe lagta hai tu meri mehnat ko halka leta hai.

AAKASH

Kyunki aap bolte hi nahi kya kar rahe ho!

MANISH

Har cheez bolke ki jaati hai kya?

AAKASH

Haan! Kabhi kabhi haan!

Silence. Streetlight ka blue glass pe reflect hota hai.

Jatin apni shirt ke pocket se ek purana envelope nikaalta hai. Counter par rakhta hai.

JATIN

Phir suno. Bolke hi karni chahiye.

Manish envelope ko dekh kar sakht ho jaata hai.

MANISH

Ye kya hai?

Jatin envelope kholta hai. Tuition receipts, bank slips, handwritten notes.
Aakash uth khada hota hai.

AAKASH

Ye... meri fees?

Jatin nod karta hai.

JATIN

Haan.

AAKASH

Aap ne... kyun?

JATIN

Charity nahi. Hisab hai.

Manish ka chehra dark ho jaata hai.

MANISH

Kaunsa hisab?

JATIN

Yaad hai, Manish? Jab mere baap ke baad main phase tha, tab tune jo paisa diya tha? Bina naam, bina shor. Bola tha—"Wapas mat karna. Bas padhai kar."

Manish ka gussa ek second ko toot jaata hai.

MANISH

Woh purani baat...

JATIN

Purani hi sahi. Main bhoola nahi. Teri wajah se main aaj yahan baitha hoon. Aur is ladke ki fees... samajh le, one more round.

Aakash stunned. Manish jaw tight.

MANISH

Tune mujhe bataya kyun nahi?

JATIN

Kyunki tu mana karta. Aur main janta tha tu izzat ko paise se zyada important maanta hai.

MANISH

Main apne bete ka kharcha khud...

JATIN

Khud hi toh kar raha tha. Bas main saath de raha tha.

Beat. Aakash slowly sits back down.

AAKASH

Papa... aapne mujhe bataya kyun nahi?

Manish looks at him. Vulnerable now.

MANISH

Kyunki main chahta tha tu bade hoke kisi ka bojh na lage. Aur shayad... main darr raha tha ki tu samajh jayega main itna strong bhi nahi.

Aakash ki aankhon mein guilt.

AAKASH

Main aapko weak samajh raha tha.

MANISH

Aur main tujhe ungrateful.

Jatin softly clears his throat, emotional but hiding it.

JATIN

Dekh lo. Bar band, aur finally baat khul gayi.

Aakash ek beer glass uthata hai, phir Manish ko de deta hai.

AAKASH

Next round meri taraf se.

Manish first surprised, then smiles despite himself.

MANISH

Teri taraf se?

AAKASH

Haan. One more round.

Jatin laughs, genuine and warm.

JATIN

Bas. Yeh hui na family.

Manish receipt pad se envelope ko tap karta hai, then cash tin band karta hai.

MANISH

Chalo. Par glass dhone mein help karoge.

AAKASH

Deal.

JATIN

Main witness hoon.

Teenon ek dusre ko dekhte hain. Awkward, soft, real.

FADE OUT.