



ONE SEAT LEFT

A Pure Comedy 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: Two men both insist they have reserved the last available seat in the waiting room, and the attendant refuses to let either of them sit without proof. Their petty competition escalates into a hilarious battle of apps, screenshots, and fake urgency, all while the woman keeps moving their tickets around to teach them manners. The twist: there was never a seat shortage—the attendant has been keeping the empty chair for her lunch break.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Manish (44)

LOCATION: A railway waiting room or bus shelter with plastic chairs, a ceiling fan, route boards, and bright daylight mixed with dusty shadows.

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FADE IN:

INT. RAILWAY WAITING ROOM / BUS SHELTER - DAY

Bright daylight cuts through dusty windows. A ceiling fan wobbles overhead. Plastic chairs line the wall. A ROUTE BOARD hangs crookedly.

Only ONE EMPTY CHAIR remains.

M MANISH (44), formal shirt, tired eyes, newspaper in hand, approaches the chair like it's a holy relic.

TUSHAR (26), loud confidence, backpack, earphones, coffee cup, enters from the other side at the exact same time.

RITU (38), efficient attendant, whistle and ticket pouch, stands near the counter with zero patience.

MANISH

Excuse me... yeh seat maine reserve ki thi.

TUSHAR

No chance, uncle. Yeh meri seat hai.

MANISH

Uncle mat bolo. Aur seat meri hai.

TUSHAR

Proof?

Manish instantly pulls out his phone.

MANISH

Screenshot hai. App pe booking hai.

Tushar laughs, already unlocking his phone.

TUSHAR

Same. QR code, receipt, transaction ID. Full startup-grade proof.

Ritu steps in, whistle dangling.

RITU

Wah. Dono ke paas proof hai. Seat ke paas koi seat nahi hai.

MANISH

Madam, main subah se line mein hoon.

TUSHAR

Main bhi. Actually, main toh app open karke live tracking kar raha tha.

RITU

Aur main live dekh rahi hoon do aadmi ek chair ke liye ro rahe hain.

Manish folds his newspaper sharply and places it on the chair arm like a claim marker.

MANISH

Main yahin baith raha hoon.

Tushar moves in, coffee cup in hand.

TUSHAR

Sorry, but system says seat occupied by me.

MANISH

System ko jaake bolo, zindagi mein thoda discipline laa.

TUSHAR

Discipline? Uncle, aapko app update karna chahiye.

MANISH

Beta, tumhe manners update karne chahiye.

Ritu blows her whistle—SHORT, SHARP.

RITU

Bas. Dono chup.

They freeze.

RITU (CONT'D)

Ticket dikhao.

Both show tickets at once.

Ritu snatches both, checks them, then swaps them in her hands for no reason.

RITU (CONT'D)

Hmm.

TUSHAR

Kya hmm?

RITU

Tum dono ka reservation same platform pe nahi, same ego pe hai.

MANISH

Madam, please. Meeting hai.

He flashes his office ID card.

TUSHAR

Main investor call pe hoon.

He lifts his coffee cup like it's a badge of honor.

RITU

Great. Ek meeting aur ek call. Dono ka result? Standing.

Manish fans himself with the newspaper.

MANISH

Main itna thak chuka hoon ki khade khade so jaunga.

TUSHAR

Main itna busy hoon ki khade khade sleep mode mein chala jaunga.

RITU

Tum dono itne busy ho ki seat ko notice hi nahi kiya.

MANISH

Matlab?

Ritu slowly points to the empty chair.

RITU

Woh seat.

A beat.

TUSHAR

Woh... khali thi?

RITU

Haan. Aur tum dono ne isko World Cup bana diya.

Manish and Tushar stare at the chair, then at each other.

MANISH

Par aapne bola last available seat...

Ritu pulls a tiffin bag from behind the counter.

RITU

Kyunki yeh seat meri lunch break ke liye thi. Main dekh rahi thi ki kaun pehle tameez dikhata hai.

She places the tiffin on the chair.

TUSHAR

Toh seat ka issue tha hi nahi?

RITU

Nahi. Issue tum dono ka attitude tha.

Manish lowers the newspaper.

MANISH

Madam... main bas thoda tired tha.

TUSHAR

Main bas thoda overconfident tha.

RITU

Haan. Aur main bas bhookhi thi.

She opens the tiffin.

RITU (CONT'D)

Ab agar aur drama hua na, toh yeh chair permanently occupied ho jayegi.

Manish and Tushar exchange an embarrassed look.

TUSHAR

So... hum dono khade hi rahenge?

RITU

Jab tak next bus/train nahi aati. Aur haan—line mein.

Ritu sits down on the chair and takes a bite.

Manish and Tushar stand there, defeated.

The ceiling fan keeps turning. Dust floats in sunlight.

RITU (CONT'D)

(chewing)

Manners ke saath.

Manish folds his newspaper. Tushar sips his coffee in silence.

They both look at each other, ashamed.

MANISH

(under his breath)

One seat left... aur woh bhi inke lunch ka tha.

TUSHAR

(under his breath)

Bro... hum dono ka ego full booked tha.

Ritu smirks without looking up.

RITU

Sahi bola.

FADE OUT.

THE END.