



THE LAST SAMOSA

A Pure Comedy 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: Nani insists the family's last samosa must be made "properly," Maya wants to order food and leave for work, and Tara wants the kitchen to stop smelling like cumin forever. Their argument escalates into a ridiculous cooking contest that turns into a confession about who in the family is actually trying the hardest. The twist: the last samosa was never for dinner—it was a peace offering for a neighbor they have been secretly feuding with.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Nani (68)

LOCATION: A compact apartment kitchen at dusk, lit by a warm tube light and the orange glow of the stove. The small counter, sink, and dining ledge keep the action tightly contained around one frying pan and a cluttered spice shelf.

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INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - DUSK

Warm tube light. Stove ki orange glow. Chhota counter. Sink ke paas spice tins ka jhund. Dough bowl, potato filling, rolling pin, frying pan, aur ek plate.

NANI 68, bright sari, silver bun, kitchen ki commander.

MAYA 41, office wear, messy bun, phone ka half-finished call.

TARA 17, oversized hoodie, earbuds, phone mein ghusi.

NANI

(rolling pin uthate hue)

Aaj ka samosa proper banega. Koi shortcut nahi.

MAYA

(phone pe)

Haan, bas nikal hi rahi hoon... nahi, traffic nahi, ghar mein... (beat) Nani, please, order kar lete hain.

NANI

Order?

TARA

(without looking up)

Haan. Kitchen ko bhi retirement mil jaayegi.

NANI

Arre wah. Teen generation aur ek hi dimaag-bakwaas.

MAYA

Main serious hoon. Mujhe office ke liye late ho raha hai.

NANI

Late? Tumhara pura bachpan late tha. Ab office bhi late?

TARA

Main toh pehle hi late-born vibe hoon.

MAYA

Tara, phone neeche.

TARA

Aap bhi phone pe ho, Mumma. Equality.

NANI

Bas. Aaj samosa mere tareeke se.

MAYA

Mere paas time nahi hai.

NANI

Time nahi hai toh taste bhi nahi hoga.

TARA

Taste se yaad aaya... kya jeera permanent hai is ghar mein?

NANI

Jeera permanent nahi, legacy hai.

MAYA

Legacy ki wajah se meri blazer mein aloo ka smell aa gaya.

NANI

Toh khush ho jao. Ghar ka smell hai.

TARA

Ghar ka smell nahi, cumin ka legal notice hai.

NANI

Bahut bolti hai.

TARA

Aap bahut fried bolti ho.

MAYA

Bas. Contest kar lete hain. Jo best samosa banaye, woh winner.

NANI

Challenge?

TARA

Mujhe acceptable lag raha hai.

NANI

Theek hai. Dekhte hain kaun asli samosa queen hai.

MAYA

Queen? Kitchen mein democracy chahiye.

NANI

Kitchen mein authority chahiye.

TARA

Aur mujhe AC chahiye.

NANI kneads dough with authority. MAYA tries to help, but her phone rings again.

MAYA

(half to phone, half to kitchen)

Yes, I'm on my way—

NANI

Phone band.

MAYA

I can't.

NANI

Can. Kar.

MAYA sighs, puts phone on counter, continues folding dough.

TARA takes potato filling, adds too much chili.

NANI

Arre! Yeh filling hai ya vindictive statement?

TARA

Spicy truth.

MAYA

Tara, thoda halka.

TARA

Mera mood bhi halka nahi hai.

NANI

Mood ka samosa nahi hota.

TARA

Aaj banega.

They all start shaping samosas. The kitchen becomes a chaotic three-way contest.

MAYA

(rolling pin in hand)

Mera shape best hai.

NANI

Tumhara shape office file jaisa hai.

TARA

Mera shape abstract art hai.

NANI

Mera shape samosa jaisa hai.

MAYA

Because you've been doing this since the Indus Valley.

TARA snorts laughter.

TARA

Okay, that was actually funny.

NANI

Main funny bhi hoon, aur right bhi.

The first samosa tears.

MAYA

Oh no.

NANI

Dough too thin.

MAYA

Or too judgmental.

TARA laughs, then her own samosa collapses.

TARA

Why does mine look emotionally unavailable?

NANI

Because you didn't seal it properly.

TARA

Same.

A beat. The joke lands softer than expected.

MAYA notices Nani watching both of them.

MAYA

Nani?

NANI

Kya?

MAYA

Aaj aap unusually invested ho.

NANI

Main hamesha invested hoon.

TARA

In what? Salt levels?

NANI

In this house.

Silence. The stove hums.

MAYA

(softening)

Main bas... roz late hoti hoon. Kaam ke chakkar mein.
Par matlab yeh nahi ki ghar important nahi hai.

TARA

Main sarcasm karti hoon, kyunki sabko lagta hai mujhe
fark nahi padta.

NANI

Aur mujhe gussa isliye aata hai kyunki mujhe lagta
hai koi sunta nahi.

A beat. Then Nani picks up the last dough portion.

MAYA

Last?

NANI

Haan. Last samosa.

TARA

Finally, dinner.

NANI

Dinner nahi.

MAYA

Toh?

NANI

Peace offering.

MAYA and TARA look at each other.

MAYA

Kis ke liye?

NANI

Padosi ke liye.

TARA

Woh Mr. Sharma? Jisne complaint ki thi?

NANI

Aur maine unke plant ko "plastic emotion" bola tha.

MAYA

Oh my God.

TARA

You started a war over a plant?

NANI

Nahi. Parking, TV volume, aur plant-teenon pe war tha.

MAYA bursts out laughing.

MAYA

Toh poora samosa drama apology ke liye tha?

NANI

Haan. Kabhi kabhi pehle gussa khatam karna padta hai.

TARA

Aur phir filling.

NANI

Bilkul.

MAYA reaches for the plate.

MAYA

Main pack karti hoon.

TARA

Main shape fix karti hoon.

NANI

Aur main dekhungi koi shortcut toh nahi.

They work together. For the first time, the kitchen feels calm.

MAYA

(phone silent mode mein)

Done.

TARA

Earbuds out.

NANI nods, pleased.

NANI

Chalo. Ab asli samosa diplomacy.

She picks up the plate toward the door.

TARA

(under her breath)

Agar padosi ne reject kiya na, main Instagram pe review de dunggi.

MAYA and NANI laugh.

The cumin smell suddenly feels almost sweet.

FADE OUT.