

THE LAST CUP

A Pure Comedy 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Pure Comedy	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Arjun (29)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Subah ka waqt hai. Mohan ki chhoti si tea stall par hamesha ki tarah steam uth rahi hai, kettle se seeti jaisi halki si awaz aa rahi hai, aur amber tube-light ke neeche sab kuch aadha garam, aadha thanda lag raha hai. Arjun har roz ki tarah exact 8:12 par aata hai—crisp shirt, tie thodi loosened, laptop bag shoulder par, aur reusable tumbler haath mein. Uski aankhon mein ek hi demand hoti hai: “Wahi wali chai.” Mohan bhi uske order ko bina pooche bana deta hai, kyunki Arjun ka routine uske stall ka sabse boring, sabse reliable, aur sabse profitable ritual ban chuka hai.

Lekin aaj Mohan ke paas woh khaas tea leaves nahi hain. Galti se ya kishtori ke chakkar mein, supplier ne alag blend bhej diya hai. Mohan sochta hai Arjun ko kaise bataye, par Arjun already counter par khada hai, tum-tum karke tumbler table par rakhte hue. Mohan ek sip test karta hai aur khud hi munh bana leta hai. Arjun pehli baar notice karta hai ki cup mein woh familiar smell nahi hai. Bas phir kya—petty complaint ka volcano phat padta hai. Arjun ka kehna hai, “Meri chai mein consistency chahiye.” Mohan ka jawab hai, “Chai hai, software update nahi.” Dono ke beech ek absurd negotiation shuru hoti hai: zyada patti, kam patti, ek chammach sugar, adha chammach, first boil, second boil, biscuit dip, bina biscuit, cup ko thanda karna, cup ko garam rakhna—jaise koi tea notary office chal raha ho.

Mohan, apni cheerful bakbak ke saath, Arjun ko teen alag cups banakar deta hai. Pehla “strong” hai, doosra “light,” teesra “desperation special.” Arjun har sip ke baad aur zyada irritated hota jaata hai, lekin us irritation ke neeche kuch aur bhi chipka hua hai—thakaan, tight schedule, aur office se pehle ka woh invisible pressure jiska naam uske paas nahi. Mohan notice karta hai ki Arjun chai ki taste se zyada uss cup ko ghurte hue khada hai, jaise uske paas time hi nahi hai khud ke saath baithne ka. Mohan thoda soft ho jaata hai, par comedy abhi khatam nahi hui.

Arjun ek point par declare karta hai ki agar aaj chai perfect nahi mili, toh woh “customer relationship” tod dega. Mohan bhi full stall-owner dignity ke saath keh deta hai ki phir Arjun ko “loyalty points” ka nuksaan hoga. Dono apni-apni absurd authority mein aur aage badhte hain. Mohan notebook nikaal ke “Arjun Special” ke formula likhne lagta hai, jaise Nobel prize ka research ho. Arjun correction karwata hai: “No, no, cup angle 15 degree hona chahiye.” Mohan: “Aur mann ka angle?” Arjun chup.

Twist tab aata hai jab Mohan finally seedha pooch leta hai, “Sach bol, tujhe chai chahiye ya in 5 minute ki shaanti?” Arjun pehli baar defensive nahi hota. Woh bas apne tumbler ko dekhta hai, phir stall ke piche se aati road ki noise,

office ka alarm, phone ka vibration, aur apne saans ki tezi ko mehsoos karta hai. Woh admit karta hai ki chai ka taste important hai, par asal mein yeh uska daily stop button hai. Teen sip, do biscuit, aur paanch minute ka silence—bas itna hi. Mohan has deta hai, kyunki usne bhi samajh liya hai ki har regular customer ka order sirf order nahi hota; kabhi-kabhi woh ek chhoti si lifeline hoti hai.

Phir Mohan apni last bachi hui leaves ka dabba nikaal deta hai—jo actually kisi aur tin mein chhupa hua tha. Woh kehta hai, “Main toh bas dekh raha tha, tu mere stall ka regular hai ya mere chai ka hostage.” Arjun bhi pehli baar relax hota hai. Mohan uske liye wahi purani chai banata hai, aur is baar Arjun complaint nahi karta. Woh cup ko dono haathon se pakadta hai, ek gehri saans leta hai, aur bina kuch kahe peeta hai. Mohan counter par khade-khade biscuit tin khol ke ek biscuit uske side mein slide kar deta hai.

Climax mein Arjun office bag uthata hai, phir rukta hai. Woh Mohan ko ek blank look deta hai aur bolta hai, “Kal same time.” Mohan grin karta hai, “Kal same leaves.” Arjun turn lete hue piche se ek line drop karta hai: “Aur same 5 minute.” Mohan hans padta hai, aur tea stall ke chhote se frame mein din ka pehla sahi cup finally serve ho jaata hai—na sirf chai ka, balki ek aadmi ke din ko shuru karne se pehle usse human banane ka.