

THE EMPTY CHAIR

A Horror/Supernatural 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Horror/Supernatural	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Anand (40)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ka funeral parlor ek thandi saans ki tarah chal raha hai. Waiting room mein peeli fluorescent light jhilmila rahi hai, incense ki dhuan patli lakeer banake upar uth raha hai, aur fan kabhi chal raha hai, kabhi aise ruk jaata hai jaise kisi ne beech mein saans rok di ho. Room ke kone mein ek purani lakdi ki kursi khali padi hai. Bas wahi chair, jaise poore kamre ka bojh usi ne uthaya ho.

Anand, black shirt aur formal trousers mein, register book ko sambhale khada hai. Uska chehra professional hai, par aankhon mein thakan aur kuchh aisa hai jo woh zyada bolkar nahi dikhata. Gopal, 64 saal ka ek widower, safed kurta aur mourning shawl mein, kaanpte haathon se apne bete ki framed photo pakde hue hai. Uski nazar baar-baar us empty chair par jaati hai, jaise woh khali chair nahi, koi yaad dekh raha ho.

Gopal pehli hi line mein bol deta hai ki woh kahin aur nahi baith sakta. "Woh chair mere bete ki thi," woh kehta hai. Anand pehle samajhta hai ki yeh grief ka ek aur shape hai, isliye soft tone mein usse side wali bench par baithne ko kehta hai. Lekin Gopal stubborn ho jaata hai. Uske hisaab se us chair par uska beta baithta tha jab ghar ke kaagaz sign hote the, jab pandit aata tha, jab family baithti thi. Ab woh chair khali kaise ho sakti hai?

Anand register mein details likhte hue notice karta hai ki chair ki position badal gayi hai. Abhi jo chair corner mein thi, agle pal room ke beech mein thodi si angled milti hai. Anand sochta hai shayad usne galat dekha. Gopal bhi dekhta hai, aur uska chehra safed pad jaata hai. Dono ek dusre ko dekhte hain. Phir chair ko. Phir wapas. Jab tak nazar hat ti hai, chair thodi aur paas aa jaati hai. Koi khada ho kar us par baitha ho, aisa pressure room mein mehsoos hota hai.

Dialogue ke beech mein ek ajeeb humor bhi aata hai. Anand, tension chhupane ke liye, bol deta hai ki "Sir, yahan furniture bhi punctual nahi hai." Gopal pehli baar halki si hans ki koshish karta hai, par uski aankhon mein aansu jam jaate hain. Woh framed photo ko seene se lagata hai. Photo mein uska beta hai—same aankhen, same jawline. Gopal bolta hai ki uska beta isi room mein last baar aaya tha, aur us din bhi chair aise hi corner mein thi.

Thodi der baad envelope table par milta hai. Anand kehta hai yeh toh pehle se yahan nahi tha. Gopal ke haath kaanp jaate hain, kyunki envelope par uske ghar ka address likha hai. Andar ek legal paper hai—family house transfer ka draft—aur neeche ek signature line. Gopal hairaan hai, kyunki woh sign karne aaya hi nahi tha. Woh kehta hai ki kisi

ne usse bulaya tha, bola tha “bas ek formality hai.” Anand ko samajh aata hai ki use kisi ne emotionally manipulate kiya hai.

Phir fan achanak band ho jaata hai. Room mein sirf fluorescent light ki humming bachi rehti hai. Empty chair ke armrest par ek keychain chamakti hai—Gopal ke bete ka keychain. Gopal usse pehchaan leta hai. Uska gala bhar aata hai. “Yeh uska tha,” woh whisper karta hai. “Maine uske saath dafnaya tha.” Anand ab genuinely shaken hai. Koi practical explanation nahi banti.

Climax mein chair ekdum se Gopal ke saamne aa jaati hai, jaise kisi ne use gently drag kiya ho. Gopal pehle darrrta hai, phir us chair ke samne khada ho kar ro padta hai. Usse lagta hai uska beta use rok raha hai. Anand, jo ab tak witness tha, chair ke paas jaakar register book kholta hai. Uske andar ek purana page chipka hota hai—same house transfer papers ka photocopy, aur neeche ek note: “Woh aadmi hi mere maut ka wajah tha.” Anand samajh jaata hai ki dead son ne chair ko isliye move kiya, taaki Gopal us paper par sign na kare.

Twist yeh hai ki chair haunted nahi thi sirf scare karne ke liye; woh warning thi. Gopal ka beta us aadmi ko pehchanta tha jo ab usse house chheen-ne aaya hai—wahin man, jiske negligence ya foul play se uski maut hui thi. Gopal, pehli baar clear dekhte hue, paper ko faad deta hai. Anand usse support karta hai, register book band karta hai, aur quietly envelope ko side mein rakh deta hai.

Last beat mein Gopal empty chair ki taraf dekhkar dheere se bolta hai, “Theek hai beta... ab samajh gaya.” Chair ab bilkul still hai. Fan phir se chal padta hai. Incense ka dhuan seedha upar uthta hai. Dono mard room mein khade rehte hain—ek zinda, ek yaad ke saath—aur khali chair pehli baar khali nahi lagti.