

THE LAST SEAT

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 (31)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Late-night intercity bus ke almost khaali cabin mein, flickering LEDs aur khidkiyon par se guzarti streetlights ke stripes ke beech, Arjun aur Meera ek doosre ke bilkul paas wale do seats par aa kar atak jaate hain. Arjun, wrinkled shirt aur half-crushed lunch box ke saath, apni laptop bag ko sambhalte hue itni polite tone mein bolta hai jaise apology hi uska default setting ho. Meera, bright blazer pehne, heels haath mein, coffee cup aur tote bag ke saath, already irritated dikhti hai—par uski irritation bhi polished, sharp aur full-volume confidence mein wrapped hai. Dono ke haath mein tickets hain, aur dono ko poora yakeen hai ki unka seat number sahi hai.

Arjun pehle narm tareeke se seat number card dikhata hai, phir bus ticket, phir apne “sir, I think you might be in my seat” wala tone. Meera turant counter karti hai, “Excuse me, aap meri seat pe baithe ho.” Ek chhota sa confusion hota hai, phir woh confusion ek full-blown war ban jaata hai—par aisi war jahan dono ek doosre ko insult bhi poori politeness ke saath kar rahe hote hain. Arjun har baat mein “sorry” bolta hai, lekin uska sorry passive-aggressive hota ja raha hota hai. Meera har sentence ko corporate presentation ki tarah deliver karti hai—“Main bas facts pe kaam karti hoon, emotions pe nahi.”

Bus ki sway ke saath unka argument bhi hilita-dulata rehta hai. Arjun ke paas logical points hain: seat number card, ticket, aur “main hamesha window seat leta hoon” ka emotional attachment. Meera ke paas aur zyada dangerous cheez hai—confidence. Woh seat ke armrest par tap karti hai, bolti hai ki “Aap jaise log hamesha galat seat par baith kar bhi right hone ka act karte hain.” Arjun, jo normally kisi se bhi bahas nahi karta, ab apni zindagi ki sabse intense battle mein hai. Woh fake confidence se bolta hai ki “Actually, maine seat pehle hi reserve ki thi.” Meera uski ticket dekh kar usko ek nazar mein expose kar deti hai. Phir Arjun bhi uski ticket dekh kar uski date aur route pe question uthata hai. Dono ko lagne lagta hai ki doosra ya to fraud hai ya extreme level ka stubborn.

Yeh argument gradually absurd logic mein badal jaata hai. Meera bolti hai ki Arjun ka laptop bag “clearly corporate stress ka symptom” hai. Arjun reply karta hai ki Meera ke heels haath mein hone ka matlab woh “emotionally unprepared for public transport” hai. Meera Arjun ke crushed lunch box ko dekh kar uski life choices par comment karti hai. Arjun uske coffee cup ko dekh kar bolta hai ki “itna caffeine sirf tab hota hai jab insan apni position defend kar raha ho.” Bus nearly empty hai, phir bhi dono aise behave kar rahe hain jaise poora coach unki side le raha ho.

Climax tab aata hai jab conductor finally aisle se aata hai—neend mein, bina interest ke, aur dono ki tickets dekhne ke baad ek simple sa sawaal poochta hai: “Aap log Bus 12 mein kaise aa gaye?” Dono ek saath confuse ho jaate hain. Conductor unke tickets aur seat number card ko dekh kar batata hai ki unki tickets Bus 21 ki hain—yeh Bus 12 hai. Silence. Sirf AC ka hum aur road ka faint vibration.

Twist ka punch aur bhi bada hota hai jab conductor casually add karta hai ki Bus 21 platform ke doosri side se chali gayi thi aur “yeh bus bhi same route pe ja rahi hai, bas aap dono galat vehicle mein ghus gaye.” Arjun aur Meera, jo ab tak ek doosre ko seat thief samajh rahe the, suddenly apni poori energy waste hone ka realization face karte hain. Dono ek second ke liye chup. Phir Meera apna coffee cup dheere se uthati hai aur bolti hai, “Toh hum dono itne confidently galat the?” Arjun, ab bhi overly polite, bas itna kehta hai, “Ji. Lekin respectfully.”

Ending mein unka ego collapse ek shared embarrassment mein convert ho jaata hai. Meera pehli baar halka sa laugh karti hai. Arjun bhi hans rok nahi pata. Conductor unhe batata hai ki next stop pe utarna padega. Dono apne bags uthate hain, ek doosre ko dekhte hain, aur bina bole ek mutual truce bana lete hain. Bus ke back seats se utarte waqt unka “last seat” ka fight ek absurd memory ban chuka hota hai—aur audience ko yeh feeling milti hai ki kabhi-kabhi sabse zyada serious arguments sirf isliye hote hain kyunki dono log bus number hi galat padh rahe hote hain.