

THE LAST TAKEOUT ORDER (AAKHRI ORDER)

A Relatable Situational Comedy 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Genre: Relatable Situational Comedy	Format: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor)	Runtime: 4 - 6 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) SAMAR (30) - Energetic, witty, exhausted, highly expressive food delivery partner. Running on caffeine, sarcasm, and pure empathy. Standing beside his parked scooter under a tea-stall tin shed.	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Main Samar hoon. Thirty ka ho gaya hoon, par life abhi bhi same delivery bag, same scooter, same helmet ki smell aur same tea-stall ke tin shed ke neeche atki hui hai. Log kehte hain “bro, hustle.” Main kehta hoon “bro, battery dekh.” Aaj raat bhi main apni scooter ke paas khada tha, tea-stall ke shed ke neeche, ek haath mein phone, doosre mein thandi chai ka cutting, aur upar se drizzle aise gir rahi thi jaise Mumbai ne decide kar liya ho ki aaj sabko emotional hona hai.

Delivery app pe order aaya: paneer roll, cold coffee, aur ek extra peri-peri sauce. Customer ka naam: Aman. Flat 4B. 4th floor. Building ka naam kuch fancy sa, “Sea View Residency,” jabki sea ka S bhi nahi dikh raha tha, bas saamne wala paani bhara pothole zaroor dikh raha tha. Main order pickup se le aaya tha, aur ab bas drop karna tha. Easy job. Bas ek chhoti si detail—Aman ne chat mein likha tha: “Bhai, jaldi aa jao. Life changing moment hai.”

Maine socha, life changing moment? Delivery late hui toh sirf mera rating change hoga. Phir ek aur message aaya: “Please bina noise ke aana.” Main bola, “Arre bhai, main khud noise se paida hua hoon kya?” Par phir curiosity. Aise messages usually ya toh breakup hote hain, ya proposal, ya phir koi banda apni crush ko impress karne ke liye cold coffee ke saath philosophy serve kar raha hota hai.

Main building ke gate tak gaya hi nahi. Rules the: scooter yahin, shed yahin, main yahin. Upar 4th floor balcony pe ek warm yellow light jal rahi thi. Main niche se bas dekh sakta tha. Chat popup aaya: “Bhai, woh aa gayi?” Main ne phone screen ko aur paas laya aur bola, “Kaun? Roll? Ya destiny?” Phir voice note aaya. Main play karta hoon, aur Aman ki awaaz—ghabrahat bhari, par cute—bolti hai, “Bhai, ek minute. Agar main atak gaya toh tu bas order rakh ke rehna. Kuch bolna mat.”

Main hans diya. “Theek hai, bhai. Main delivery partner hoon, Cupid ka unpaid intern nahi.”

Phir ek aur notification: “Bhai, usne balcony se dekha kya?” Main seedha upar dekha. 4th floor pe ek silhouette sa movement hua. Main ekdum serious ho gaya, jaise cricket ka last over chal raha ho. “Oh ho... scene set hai.” Main neeche se hi commentary karne laga, “Aman, ab seedha ja. Roll ko mat dekh, uski aankhon mein dekh. Haan, aise. Cold coffee haath mein mat hilaa, romance ka froth kharab ho jayega.”

Chat aaya: “Bhai, meri voice kaise lag rahi hai?” Main bola, “Bhai, tu voice check mat kar. Tu heartbeat check kar.” Phir ek voice note: “Bhai, please agar main awkward ho gaya toh tu thoda time khinch lena.” Main thoda sa seedha khada ho gaya aur bola, “Samajh gaya. Main aaj tea-stall ka human buffer hoon.”

Tabhi app pe “Customer typing...” ka bubble aaya. Main literally saans rok ke dekhne laga. Message aaya: “She said yes to talk.” Main ne apni chai ka last sip liya aur hero ban gaya, “Arre wah. Aaj toh delivery se zyada delivery of emotions ho rahi hai.”

Neeche se main unki balcony ko dekh raha tha. Light aur bright ho gayi thi. Mere kaan mein sirf rain, scooter ka engine ka thanda click, aur app ke chhote-chhote ping. Ek aur voice note aaya, iss baar Aman ki awaaz thodi steady thi: “Bhai, main bas bol raha hoon... mujhe tumse bahut pehle bol dena chahiye tha.” Main ne bina soche bol diya, “Haan bhai, bol. Ab toh background music bhi ready hai.”

Phir notification: “Typing...” Phir: “Aman... open the box.” Main ne aankhen phaad di. “Oh ho! Box open karo? Bhai, ye toh climax hai.” Main niche se hi khud ko stop karte hue bola, “Samar, tu bas spectator reh. Zindagi ka premium subscription mil gaya hai aaj.”

Upar balcony pe ek halka sa movement, phir ek pause. Main kuch nahi dekh sakta tha, bas light ke andar shadows ka badalna. Phir chat mein sirf ek line aayi: “She smiled.” Main literally scooter ke handle pe haath rakh ke jhuk gaya. “Bas. Ho gaya. Mission successful. Mere paneer roll ne kaam kar diya.”

Aman ka voice note aaya, ab woh has raha tha, “Bhai, she said she likes cold coffee too.” Main turant bola, “Of course she does. Cold coffee is the gateway drug to soft feelings.”

Phir sabse end ka message: “Bhai, thanks. You stayed.” Main ne upar dekhte hue, half-smile ke saath bola, “Main yahin tha, bhai. Scooter bhi yahin, shed bhi yahin, aur tumhara awkward hero moment bhi yahin. Kabhi kabhi life mein bas ek delivery partner ka patience kaam aata hai. Aur kabhi kabhi, 4th floor pe jo light jalti hai na—woh kisi ka ghar nahi, kisi ki nayi shuruaat hoti hai.”

Main ne order bag ko kandhe pe uthaya, scooter ki seat pe ek thapki di, aur khud se bola, “Chal Samar, aaj tip nahi mili toh kya, ek love story free mein mil gayi.”