

CHAIR FOR TWO

A Emotional Drama 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Genre: Emotional Drama	Format: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor)	Runtime: 4 - 6 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) Character: Retired Widower Rehearsing a Speech (Male, 58-65)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ka waqt hai. Ek chhota sa dining room, jahan warm lamp light aur table par jalti ek single candle poore kamre ko soft, peeli roshni mein bhar rahi hai. Table par do plates rakhi hain, do cutlery sets neatly arranged hain, ek side par tea cup, ek folded letter, aur paas hi wall shelf par family photos. Un photos mein ek muskurata hua joda hai—zindagi ke alag-alag seasons mein. Aaj unmein se ek chehra bas frame mein reh gaya hai.

58-65 saal ka ek retired widower, silver hair, reading glasses, soft cardigan aur collared shirt mein, dheere-dheere chair ko seedha karta hai. Uski posture gentle hai, jaise woh khud ko sambhalne ki koshish kar raha ho. Woh khud se keh raha hai ki aaj bas ek speech rehearse karni hai. Bas itna hi. Lekin sach yeh hai ki aaj uski wife ki death anniversary hai, aur woh speech jo funeral par kehni chahiye thi, woh uske gale mein atak gayi thi. Tab woh bol nahi paaya tha. Aaj woh ussi adhurepan ko poora karne aaya hai.

Woh empty chair ke saamne baithta hai, jaise wahan uski wife baithi ho. Pehle uski awaaz bahut dheemi hoti hai. Formal, rehearsed. "Aap sab ka shukriya..." phir ruk jaata hai. Khud hi sar hila deta hai. Nahi, yeh woh speech nahi hai. Woh folded letter ko uthata hai—shayad usne khud likha hai, shayad kabhi bheja hi nahi. Uske fingers thode kaanpte hain. Woh letter ko khol kar bhi nahi padhta, bas uska weight mehsoos karta hai.

Phir woh bolna shuru karta hai, is baar seedha us empty chair se. "Tum hamesha kehti thi, 'Sach bolna, par dheere.'" Uske chehre par ek halki si muskurahat aati hai, jo turant hi aansuon mein ghul jaati hai. Woh yaad karta hai unki last conversation—ek chhoti si bahas, ek bekaar si thakan, aur uska woh line keh dena jo usne saalon se apne andar dabayi thi. "Main kal bolunga." Kal kabhi aaya hi nahi. Us raat ke baad, subah sab kuch badal gaya tha.

Woh family photo ko uthata hai. Uski ungli photo ke frame par ruk jaati hai, jaise kisi cheek par haath rakh raha ho. Woh confess karta hai ki funeral ke din, jab log usse dekh rahe the, tab usne speech isliye nahi di kyunki usse darr tha—darr ki kahin sabke saamne toot gaya toh? Darr ki agar woh bol gaya, toh sach nikal aayega: usne apni wife ko last conversation mein akela mehsoos karaya tha. Usne unke concern ko lightly liya tha. Usne "baad mein" ko "abhi" se zyada important bana diya tha. Aur phir baad mein aa hi nahi saka.

Candle ki flame halki si hilti hai. Woh tea cup ko apne dono haathon se pakad leta hai, jaise garam cup mein kuch sahara ho. Ab uski awaaz aur narm ho chuki hai. Woh apology bolta hai—sirf wife ke liye nahi, apne liye bhi. “Mujhe maaf kar do... main tumse woh sab keh nahi paaya jo kehna chahiye tha. Main tumhari khamoshi ko samajh nahi paaya. Main apni hi bewakoofi mein phansa raha.” Yeh line bolte hi woh pehli baar seedha empty chair ki taraf dekh kar rukta hai, jaise reply ka wait kar raha ho. Lekin room mein sirf candle ka crackle hai.

Phir ek turning point aata hai. Woh letter ko finally kholta hai aur padhta hai—yeh uski wife ke naam likha hua ek speech draft hai, jo usne kabhi complete nahi kiya tha. Woh samajh jaata hai ki uski wife bhi perfect goodbye nahi chahti thi. Woh bas sach chahti thi. Uski awaaz mein ab relief hai, jaise bohot saal purana bojh halka ho raha ho. Woh empty chair ko ek gentle nod deta hai aur kehta hai, “Aaj main tumhare saamne jhooth nahi bolunga. Main bahadur nahi tha. Main bas tumse bahut pyaar karta tha, aur isliye darr gaya tha.”

Aakhri moments mein woh dinner plates ko thoda aur paas kheenchta hai, jaise dono ke liye dinner ab bhi possible ho. Woh ek deep breath leta hai, glasses adjust karta hai, aur speech ka last line bolta hai—simple, honest, and complete: “Main aaj bhi tumse baat karta hoon, kyunki tum gayi nahi ho. Tum bas us chair se uth kar mere andar aa gayi ho.” Candle ki roshni uske aansuon par chamakti hai. Woh chair ke opposite side khali jagah ko dekhta hai, phir halki si muskurahat ke saath glass lift karta hai—toast ki tarah. Film khatam hoti hai us ek manzar par: ek aadmi, ek empty chair, aur ek aisa maafi ka pal jo finally mil gaya.