

ONE GOOD JOKE

A Comedy 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Genre: Comedy	Format: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor)	Runtime: 4 - 6 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) Character: Nervous Open-Mic Comic (Male, 18-22)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ka time hai. Ek chhota neighborhood café band ho chuka hai, par andar ek warm spotlight jala hua hai jaise kisi ne stage ko abhi bhi hope di ho. Chairs khaali hain. String lights dim-dim jhilmila rahi hain. Chalkboard menu pe aaj ke specials ke saath ek dust layer bhi hai, jaise café ne bhi thoda thak kar saans li ho. Aur center mein khada hai ek 19-20 saal ka nervous open-mic comic—oversized blazer, graphic tee, jeans, sneakers, curly hair, aur palms itni sweaty ki notebook ki pages chipak rahi hain.

Uska naam hum kabhi directly kisi aur se nahi sunte, kyunki room mein uske alawa koi hai hi nahi. Par uske monologue se samajh aata hai ki woh ek rookie comic hai, jo apne big audition se pehle apna set rehearse kar raha hai. Uske paas ek microphone hai, ek stool, ek water glass, aur cue cards jinko woh baar-baar palat raha hai jaise unmein life ka password likha ho. Woh khud ko samjhata hai: “Bas ek joke. Sirf ek joke jo room ko hila de.”

Shuru mein uski energy awkward hai. Woh mic stand ko adjust karta hai, phir khud hi us par comment karta hai, “Stage pe aane se zyada mushkil stage pe aake normal lagna hota hai.” Woh apne graphic tee ko blazer ke neeche se nikalta hai, phir wapas tuck karta hai, phir confuse ho jata hai ki cool lagna hai ya professional. Har baar joke bolne se pehle woh apne aap ko stop karta hai. Har punchline se pehle uska confidence slip ho jata hai. Woh audience ki jagah empty chairs ko imagine karta hai—kuch log bored, kuch log phone dekhte hue, kuch log bas usko judge karte hue. Aur phir woh khud hi un sab ki awaazein imitate karke apne aap ko aur panic mein daal deta hai.

Woh apne notebook ke pages padhte hue decide karta hai ki aaj “safe jokes” nahi bolne. Aaj woh apni real life ka sabse embarrassing sach stage pe laayega: uska first crush, uski failed group chat banter, aur woh time jab usne ek girl ko impress karne ke liye “I’m very spontaneous” bola tha aur phir parking lot mein 20 minutes tak sochta raha tha ki ab spontaneous ka next step kya hota hai. Woh khud pe hasne lagta hai, phir turant ruk jata hai—jaise hasna bhi permission maang raha ho.

Phir aata hai woh moment: ek joke jo bilkul perfect lagta hai, lekin uske bolte hi room mein sirf silence. Woh freeze ho jata hai. Empty chairs aur dark corners uska mazaak uda rahe hote hain. Woh water glass uthata hai, ek sip leta hai, aur bina soche bol deta hai, “Theek hai. Tum logon ka taste itna kharab hai toh main bhi apna career reconsider kar

leta hoon.” Is line mein ek genuine frustration hai, aur us frustration se hi ek unexpected rhythm nikal aata hai. Woh apne failure ko joke bana deta hai. Phir doosra line, teesra line—ab woh stage pe perform nahi kar raha, woh confess kar raha hai. Aur confession mein honesty aate hi comedy aa jaati hai.

Uska best joke tab nikalta hai jab woh apne nervousness ko hi punchline bana deta hai: “Main itna nervous hoon ki agar yeh room thoda aur khaali hota na, toh mera self-esteem acoustics mein echo ho jaata.” Is line pe woh khud has padta hai. Aur finally, room ki silence break hoti hai—ek tiny, involuntary chuckle from somewhere behind the dark. Woh rukta hai. Pehli baar uske face pe real hope aati hai. Woh back of the room ki taraf dekhne ki koshish karta hai, par koi clearly nazar nahi aata. Sirf ek shadow sa, ya shayad imagination.

Woh apna final joke bolta hai—simple, clean, honest—and it lands. Not a huge laugh, but enough. Enough to make him believe. Enough to make the empty café feel less empty.

Phir back se ek voice aati hai, calm aur measured, café owner ki. Hum unko dekhte nahi, bas sunte hain. Voice says, “Beta, agar tum empty room ko hansa sakte ho, toh crowd toh phir bhi manage ho jayega. Kal raat ko ek proper open mic hai. Tum aa jana.”

Comic stunned hai. Uske haath mein notebook ka corner fold ho chuka hai, water glass half-empty hai, aur spotlight ab pehle se zyada warm lag raha hai. Uski nervousness ab bhi gayi nahi, par uske andar kuch shift ho gaya hai. Woh apne blazer ko seedha karta hai, mic ke paas jhuk kar ek chhota sa grateful smile deta hai, aur almost whisper mein bolta hai, “Sirf ek good joke nahi... shayad bas ek honest joke chahiye tha.”

Film ka end uske face pe hota hai—hopeful, awkward, still sweaty, but now ready. Empty chairs ab usko mazaak nahi lagti. Woh unhe rehearsal samajhta hai. Aur kahin back mein, café ki silence mein, uski first real shot ka promise zinda ho chuka hota hai.