

THE GHOST OF TABLE SIX

A Horror/Supernatural 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Genre: Horror/Supernatural	Format: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor)	Runtime: 4 - 6 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) Character: Restaurant Hostess with a Sixth Sense (Female, 22-28)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ke das bajkar pachpan minute. Restaurant band ho chuka hai, chairs ulte hue, floor par bas squeegee ki halki smell aur kitchen pass se aati thandi si roshni. Main, Naina, black host uniform mein, hair tight bun mein, name tag seedha, reservation book ko aise pakde khadi hoon jaise woh koi sacred cheez ho. Aur Table Six? Hamesha ki tarah, uspar ek invisible customer baitha hua hai.

Pehli baar jab hua tha, mujhe laga koi prank hai. Lekin reservation book ne jo likha tha, woh har raat same tha: Table Six, 10:55 PM, guest on time. Na naam, na phone number, bas ek faded ink line aur ek aisa pressure jo meri skin ke neeche tak utar jaata tha. Main hostess hoon, professional hoon, lekin meri ek problem hai—ya gift, ya curse. Mujhe woh cheezein mehsoos hoti hain jo room mein nazar nahi aati. Kabhi hawa ka temperature badal jaata hai, kabhi glass khud se thoda sa vibrate karta hai, kabhi kisi ki khamoshi itni heavy hoti hai ki lagta hai woh khud bol rahi ho.

Har night main us invisible guest ko seat karti hoon. Menu rakh deti hoon. Water glass set karti hoon. Pen se reservation book mein sign kar deti hoon, jaise koi normal service ho. Aur phir wait karti hoon. Table Six ke upar sirf ek pendant light jalti hai, baaki dining room shadow aur silence ka museum ban jaata hai. Kabhi-kabhi mujhe lagta hai koi aur bhi hai—kisi aur shift ka echo, kisi purani kahani ka residue. Lekin main turn karke dekhti hoon, aur sirf meri hi saans hoti hai.

Aaj raat kuch alag tha. Reservation book kholte hi meri ungli ruk gayi. Page ke margin mein ek naya line tha, jo maine pehle kabhi nahi dekha: "Please don't leave me waiting." Likha hua mere hi pen se lag raha tha. Mera gala sookh gaya. Main hasna chahti thi, par hasi gale mein atak gayi. Main Table Six ke paas gayi, chair ko seedha kiya, aur bina soche bol padi, "Okay. Aaj seedha puch leti hoon. Kaun ho aap?"

Room ne jawab diya. Pehle bas ek halki si thandak, phir chair ke saamne khaali space mein aisa feel hua jaise koi aage jhuk gaya ho. Main frozen. Mere kaan mein sirf fridge ka low hum, kitchen pass ka buzz, aur meri own heartbeat. Phir, ek naam—mere dimaag mein nahi, room mein—aisa aaya jaise kisi ne andar se whisper kiya ho: Meera.

Mainne woh naam suna aur mera pair piche khisak gaya. Meera. Last shift ke baad gayab ho jaane wali girl. Wahi girl jo ek din late night closing mein mere saath thi, jisse main ne kaha tha “jaldi chal, main lock kar dunga.” Wahi girl jo us raat Table Six ke paas ruk kar boli thi, “Agar main kal na aaun, toh yaad rakhna, main yahin thi.” Tab main has di thi. Ab nahi.

Mere haath ka pen kaanp raha tha. Main reservation book ko close karna chahti thi, par uske pages khud hi palat gaye. Ek page par Meera ka naam tha, phir next page par, phir next. Har night. Har exact time. Jaise koi kisi ko aane se rok nahi raha tha, balki kisi ko wapas bul■ raha tha. Mujhe pehli baar samajh aaya: Table Six reservation nahi, intezaar tha. Aur jo chair khaali dikhti thi, woh khaali thi hi nahi. Woh kisi ka last address thi.

Main Table Six ke saamne khadi ho gayi. “Meera,” main dheere se boli, “agar tum yahin ho... toh main sun rahi hoon.”

Pendant light ek second ke liye flicker hui. Menu ke page khud-ba-khud palte. Aur phir, bilkul mere kaan ke paas, ek soft sa sigh aaya—jaise koi relief mein saans chhod raha ho. Main ro nahi padi. Bas khadi rahi. Professional posture, sensitive heart, aur ek aisa darr jo ab respect mein badal chuka tha.

Us raat maine Table Six ko seat nahi kiya. Maine uske saamne ek extra glass rakha. Pen reservation book par rakha. Aur pehli baar, main ne whispered, “Your table is ready.”

Aur dining room mein, for the first time in weeks, khamoshi ne mujhe daraya nahi. Usne jawab diya.