

ONE SEAT LEFT

A Pure Comedy 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Pure Comedy	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Manish (44)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Subah ka waqt hai. Railway waiting room ya bus shelter jaisa ek chhota sa jagah, jahan plastic chairs ki line hai, ceiling fan dheere-dheere ghoom raha hai, aur dusty sunlight khidkiyon se dhool ke saath andar aa rahi hai. Ek side route board latak raha hai, doosri side ticket counter ka chhota sa window. Room mein bas teen log hain: Manish, 44 saal ka office commuter, formal shirt mein, thaka hua, newspaper ko is tarah pakde hue jaise woh uska emotional support ho; Tushar, 26 ka loud startup guy, backpack, earphones, aur haath mein coffee cup, jo har second apni urgency ko announcement ki tarah behave kar raha hai; aur Ritu, 38 ki efficient, sarcastic attendant, whistle aur ticket pouch ke saath, jiske chehre par woh expression hai jo bolta hai: 'Main tum dono ko ek hi minute mein tameez sikha sakti hoon.'

Story ki shuruaat ek simple si problem se hoti hai—sirf ek seat khali hai. Manish politely us seat ki taraf badhta hai aur bolta hai ki usne pehle se reserve kar rakhi hai, kyunki uski train delay ho chuki hai aur uske paas app ka screenshot hai. Usi waqt Tushar bhi aa jata hai, full confidence ke saath, aur claim karta hai ki last seat uski hai. Woh apne phone pe app khol ke dikhaata hai, QR code, payment receipt, screenshot—sab kuch. Dono ek doosre ko proof dikhane lagte hain, jaise courtroom mein case chal raha ho. Ritu beech mein aati hai aur calmly bolti hai, "Proof dikhao, warna khade raho. Main kisi ka mann ka reservation accept nahi karti."

Ab comedy ka asli engine start hota hai. Manish har baar newspaper fold karke seat ke armrest par rakhta hai, jaise uske presence se seat legally booked ho gayi ho. Tushar apne startup language mein bolta hai ki "system glitch" hai, "backend issue" hai, "customer journey" ko respect karo. Manish usse kehta hai ki beta, zindagi mein first time real line mein khade hona seekho. Tushar palat ke kehta hai ki uncle, aapko app update karna chahiye, manual duniya khatam ho chuki hai. Ritu dono ki tickets baar-baar check karti hai, phir unhe ulta seedha ghumati hai, kabhi Manish ko Tushar ke paas khada kar deti hai, kabhi Tushar ko door bhej deti hai, aur har baar ek naya sarcastic comment marti hai. Woh unki tickets ko literally apni pouch mein daal kar bolti hai, "Jab tak manners upload nahi hote, ticket yahin rahegi."

Competition aur petty ho jati hai. Manish apne office ka identity card nikaal ke urgency dikhata hai: "Meeting hai, boss wait kar raha hai." Tushar turant coffee cup uthakar bolta hai: "Main investor call pe hoon." Dono fake urgency mein aur zyada ridiculous hote jaate hain. Manish newspaper se fan bana ke paseena ponchta hai. Tushar earphones ka

ek bud kaan se nikaal kar pretend karta hai ki koi important call aa rahi hai. Ritu un dono ko dekh kar whistle bajati hai aur bolti hai, “Yahan sabse zyada urgent cheez hai tum dono ka drama.”

Phir twist ki taraf build-up hota hai. Ritu dono ko last warning deti hai: “Seat proof se nahi, patience se milti hai.” Woh ticket slips ko table par patak kar ek empty chair ki taraf ishara karti hai, jo ab tak dono ko dikh hi nahi rahi thi kyunki woh khud us chair ke saath khadi thi. Manish aur Tushar ek pal ke liye confuse ho jaate hain. Woh chair actually khaali thi. Dono itne seat war mein busy the ki unhone notice hi nahi kiya ki room mein aur bhi khali chairs padi thi, aur jo “last seat” unhe dikh rahi thi, woh Ritu ne lunch break ke liye reserve karke rakhi thi. Ritu apna tiffin bag nikaalti hai, plastic chair ko thoda sa drag karti hai, aur shanti se bolti hai: “Yeh seat meri thi. Lunch break. Tum dono ne bina wajah ka national issue bana diya.”

Final beat mein Manish aur Tushar ko apni beizzati aur stupidity ka realization hota hai. Manish newspaper se munh chupata hai. Tushar coffee cup ko dekh kar ek sip leta hai, phir bolta hai, “Toh... hum dono ka reservation fake tha?” Ritu smile karti hai, whistle ko pouch mein daalti hai aur bolti hai, “Nahi. Fake tum dono ka ego tha.”

End mein woh apni lunch box kholti hai, chair par baithti hai, aur dono men khade reh jaate hain—ek formal shirt mein, ek startup swag mein—dono ek dusre ko dekhte hue, bilkul silent. Fan ghoom raha hai. Dust sunlight mein dance kar rahi hai. Ritu ek bite leti hai aur bina dekhe bolti hai, “Ab agar baithna hai, toh line mein lag jao. Aur haan, manners ke saath.”