

THE LAST ORDER

A Mystery/Crime 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Mystery/Crime	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Inspector Sameer (40)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

100% Free for Every Filmmaker & Creator.

Shoot it, direct it, share it anywhere?no licensing fees, no paperwork, no barriers. Whether you're making your first student film, a festival entry, or an independent project, all scripts on Story Dil Se are completely free to adapt.

All we ask: Give credit where it's due with an on-screen mention in your credits:

'Story & Screenplay by Story Dil Se (storydilse.in)'.

Raat ke 11:47 baje, restaurant almost bandh ho chuka hai. Warm pendant lights ek single booth ko aise roshan kar rahe hain jaise koi interrogation room ho, aur kitchen pass ki cool fluorescent light har cheez ko thoda zyada sachcha, thoda zyada thaka hua dikha rahi hai. Chairs stacked hain, tables half-wiped hain, aur counter ke paas Mona apne crisp apron ko baar-baar seedha kar rahi hai—jaise apron nahi, apna confidence sambhal rahi ho. Tabhi Inspector Sameer, plainclothes mein, dark shirt aur quiet intensity ke saath andar aata hai. Uske haath mein ek folded receipt hai. Uski awaaz soft hai, par us softness ke andar steel hai.

Sameer seedha sawaal karta hai: ek customer missing hai. Last seen yahin, dessert order karte hue. Mona turant defensive ho jaati hai. Woh kehti hai, "Routine night thi, sir. Sab log gaye. Humne close kar diya." Uski efficiency uski ghabrahat ko cover karne ki koshish karti hai. Tab Lina, notebook aur name tag ke saath, kitchen pass se aati hai. Woh nervous hai, par uski aankhen sab dekh chuki hain. Sameer usse poochta hai ki dessert kisne serve kiya. Lina pehle chup rehti hai, phir Mona ko dekh kar bol deti hai, "Mainne nahi diya tha. Mona ne diya tha." Mona jhat se cut karti hai, "Lina, bas kaam ki baat kar."

Sameer notice karta hai ki receipt par dessert ka order time baaki bills se alag hai. Woh order pad, dessert plate, aur kitchen towel ko dekhkar ek line jodta hai: customer last booth mein tha, phir uske baad koi exit record nahi. Mona ka tone aur tight hota jaata hai. Lina, jaise kisi purane pressure point se bachna chahti ho, kabhi kabhi contradiction deti hai—kabhi kehti hai customer ne "sirf ek spoon" khaya, kabhi kehti hai usne "phone par kisi se bahut gusse mein baat ki." Sameer ko lagta hai case simple missing person ka nahi, kuch aur hai. Woh booth ke niche, floor ke edge, aur kitchen pass ke around dekhne lagta hai. Mona usse distract karne ke liye receipt uske haath se le leti hai. Lina ka notebook thoda kaanpta hai.

Dheere-dheere tension badhti hai. Sameer poochta hai, "Body kahan hai?" Mona freeze ho jaati hai. Lina ki saans atak jaati hai. Sameer ke liye yeh silence confession se kam nahi. Woh almost convince ho chuka hota hai ki kisi ne body hide ki hai—shayad kitchen mein, shayad service corridor mein, shayad us booth ke neeche jahan pendant light ka shadow lamba pad raha hai. Mona finally tootne lagti hai aur bolti hai, "Aapko jo lag raha hai, woh nahi hua." Lina uske baad ek line bol deti hai jo sab badal deti hai: "Sir, body thi hi nahi."

Sameer ruk jaata hai. Mona aur Lina ek doosre ko dekhte hain. Phir twist unfold hota hai—missing customer koi insaan nahi, ek staged rumor tha, aur jo “order” Sameer ke paas hai woh asli receipt nahi, restaurant ke old printer se nikla ek training slip hai, jise kisi ne intentionally evidence jaisa fold karke rakh diya tha. Sameer reveal karta hai ki woh customer complaint se nahi aaya; woh aaya tha ek insurance fraud aur fake theft ring ko trace karne, jisme restaurant ka naam use ho raha tha. Mona ka stress ab guilt se zyada anger mein badal jaata hai—koi unke restaurant ko frame kar raha tha. Lina finally confess karti hai ki usne hi “missing man” ki baat failayi thi, kyunki usne kitchen pass ke paas ek unknown phone aur cash envelope dekha tha, aur woh soch baithi ki koi body ya crime cover-up ho raha hai. Usne fear mein story bana di, aur Mona ne damage control mein usse chup rehne ko kaha.

Final beat mein Sameer booth ke neeche se ek chhota hidden phone nikalta hai—par usmein murder proof nahi, balki fake reviews, fabricated timestamps, aur staged delivery logs hain. Body kabhi thi hi nahi; crime ka body sirf ek narrative tha. Restaurant ke warm lights ke neeche ab sach aur bhi uncomfortable lagta hai: kisi ne ek nonexistent dead man ka ghost use karke real scam chhupaya tha. Sameer receipt ko fold karke pocket mein rakhta hai aur kehta hai, “Aaj raat body nahi, story pakdi gayi hai.” Mona exhale karti hai, Lina guilty hote hue bhi relieved. Door band hota hai. Kitchen pass ki fluorescent light flicker karti hai. Aur restaurant, jo ab tak ek crime scene lag raha tha, ek aise jhooth ka witness ban jaata hai jo khud apne aap ko zinda rakhne ke liye body invent kar chuka tha.