



THE APOLOGY DRAFT

A Pure Comedy 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: Naveen needs Harish to approve a carefully worded apology email after he accidentally offended the entire team. Harish keeps rewriting the message into something more honest, more embarrassing, and much funnier than Naveen can tolerate. The twist is that Harish is not punishing him—he is teaching him how to apologize to the boss, who is actually Naveen's ex-best friend.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Naveen (28)

LOCATION: A small office conference room with glass walls, one whiteboard, harsh midday light, and a table covered in printouts and coffee cups.

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FADE IN:

INT. SMALL OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - MIDDAY

Harsh sunlight cuts through glass walls. A cramped conference room. A table cluttered with printouts, coffee cups, sticky notes, a laptop, and a whiteboard marker.

NAVEEN (28), office formals, phone in hand, stands like he's awaiting sentencing. Face full of regret.

HARIISH (50), grumpy HR manager, tie slightly crooked, reading glasses on, a coffee stain on his shirt, sits with a printout of an apology draft.

NAVEEN

Sir, bas ek baar approve kar dijiye.

HARIISH

Approve? Yeh apology hai ya IPO pitch?

NAVEEN

Main ne socha tha... professional lagega.

HARIISH

Professional? "I regret any unintended offense caused" –yeh line sunke lag raha hai tumne kisi lawyer ko kidnap karke likhwaya hai.

Harish circles a line with his pen.

NAVEEN

Sir, thoda soft kar dijiye.

Harish picks up the whiteboard marker, stands, and writes:

ON WHITEBOARD:

"SOFT NAHI. SACH BOL."

HARIISH

Apology mein perfume mat daalo. Seedha bolo.

NAVEEN

Seedha bol diya toh HR case ho jayega.

HARIISH

Abhi bhi ho sakta hai. Honest ho ke.

Naveen drops into a chair, defeated.

NAVEEN

Main bas team ko offend nahi karna chahta tha.

HARIISH

Par kar diya.

NAVEEN

Galti se.

HARIISH

Tumhari "galti se" ka record kaafi lamba hai.

Harish flips the page.

HARIISH (CONT'D)

"Dear team"?

NAVEEN

Haan.

HARIISH

Nahin. "Hi people I annoyed."

NAVEEN

Sir!

HARIISH

Kya? At least attention milega.

Naveen snatches the printout back.

NAVEEN

Main serious hoon.

HARIISH

Main bhi. Dekho.

Harish leans in, reads aloud with brutal enthusiasm.

HARIISH (CONT'D)

"I value collaboration and respect."

He underlines it.

HARIISH (CONT'D)

Yeh line tumhari nahi lag rahi.

NAVEEN

Matlab?

HARIISH

Matlab tumhari actual line honi chahiye, "I value not being hated."

Naveen groans.

NAVEEN

Aap HR mein ho ya stand-up mein?

HARIISH

Dono. Budget mein.

A beat. Naveen's phone VIBRATES. He looks down.

ON PHONE SCREEN: BOSS CALLING.

Naveen freezes.

NAVEEN

Oh no.

Harish notices the name.

HARIISH

Boss?

Naveen nods, tense.

HARIISH (CONT'D)

Tumne usko bhi offend kiya?

NAVEEN

...Maybe.

Harish removes his glasses slowly.

HARIISH

"Maybe"?

NAVEEN

Sir, woh meeting mein tha.

HARIISH

Aur?

NAVEEN

Aur... woh mera ex-best friend hai.

Harish stares. Then a tiny, knowing smile.

HARIISH

Aha.

NAVEEN

Aap aise "aha" mat kijiye. Mujhe aur bura lag raha hai.

HARIISH

Isliye toh main yeh draft rewrite karwa raha hoon.

NAVEEN

Team ke liye?

HARIISH

Team ke liye bhi. Boss ke liye mostly.

Naveen blinks.

NAVEEN

Matlab?

Harish taps the printout.

HARIISH

Tum apology team ko bhejoge, phir boss ko alag version. Kyunki usko tumhari joke se zyada tumhari

attitude ne maara.

NAVEEN

Aapko kaise pata?

HARIISH

Main HR hoon, detective nahi. Par experience hai.

He hands Naveen a pen.

HARIISH (CONT'D)

Likho.

Naveen hesitates, then dictates as Harish writes on the whiteboard.

NAVEEN

"Mujhe lagta tha main funny ho raha hoon..."

HARIISH

"...par main bas rude tha."

NAVEEN

"I'm sorry..."

HARIISH

"...and I'll do better."

Naveen reads the line, swallowing his pride.

NAVEEN

Yeh likhne mein saans phool rahi hai.

HARIISH

Good. Apology thodi mehengi honi chahiye.

Naveen finally signs the printout and opens his laptop.

NAVEEN

Bas? Send?

HARIISH

Send.

Naveen hovers over the trackpad.

NAVEEN

Agar reply mein "seen" aaya toh?

Harish picks up his coffee cup.

HARIISH

Toh usko apology mat samajhna. Usko punishment samajh ke zinda rehna.

Naveen hits SEND.

A beat.

He exhales like a man surviving surgery.

NAVEEN

Ho gaya.

HARIISH

Haan.

NAVEEN

Sir... aap actually help kar rahe the?

Harish adjusts his tie, deadpan.

HARIISH

Nahi. Main tumhara public humiliation test kar raha tha. Pass ho gaye.

Naveen laughs despite himself.

Harish hides a smile.

HARIISH (CONT'D)

Ab jao. Aur next time office mein comedian mat banna.

NAVEEN

Ji, Sir.

Naveen gathers the papers and heads to the door.

Before exiting, he turns back.

NAVEEN (CONT'D)

Sir... thanks.

Harish waves him off, already back to his coffee-stained kingdom.

HARIISH

Welcome. Aur haan-apology mein "LOL" mat daalna.

Naveen smiles, shakes his head, and exits.

Harish looks at the whiteboard, then adds one more line beneath the others:

"TRUTH HURTS. TRUTH WITH SPELLING MISTAKES HURTS MORE."

He smirks.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.