



THE DIVORCE BOX

A Emotional Drama 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: Rahul returns Ananya's belongings in a box after their divorce, but every object inside sparks a memory neither of them has fully processed. As they unpack the emotional weight item by item, they discover the real reason they split was not betrayal, but a sacrifice they both made for the other.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Rahul (41)

LOCATION: A quiet apartment living room with afternoon light slanting through half-closed blinds, a sofa, a coffee table, and one packed cardboard box in the center. The room feels like a life paused mid-breath, with dust visible in the sunbeams.

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Afternoon light slants through half-closed blinds. Dust floats in the beams. A sofa, a coffee table, and one sealed cardboard box in the middle. The room feels paused mid-breath.

RAHUL (41), soft-spoken, plain shirt, reading glasses, stands by the door holding a sealed cardboard box.

ANANYA (39), cream blouse and trousers, composed but frayed, pen tucked behind her ear, stands near the sofa.

A beat.

RAHUL

(softly)

Yeh... last delivery samajh lo.

ANANYA

Aap accountant ho, Rahul.

RAHUL

Haan.

ANANYA

Courier bhi?

RAHUL

Aaj se multi-tasking.

Ananya almost-smiles. Rahul places the box on the coffee table.

ANANYA

Toh divorce ke baad bhi mera samaan return karne ka moral duty bacha tha?

RAHUL

Moral duty nahi.

(pause)

Bas... jo bacha tha, woh laaya hoon.

Ananya looks at him. He starts opening the box.

Inside: old photographs, a pen, folded papers, glasses case.

Rahul picks up a PEN.

RAHUL

Yeh abhi bhi yahin hai?

ANANYA

Mera lucky pen tha.

RAHUL

Lucky?

ANANYA

Haan. First case jeeta tha isse sign karke.

RAHUL

Aur maine coffee table pe gira diya tha.

ANANYA

(beat, amused)

Haan. Tumhara contribution bhi tha.

A small laugh. Then silence.

Rahul places the pen down and picks up OLD PHOTOGRAPHS.

INSERT - PHOTO: Rahul and Ananya on a beach, laughing.

ANANYA

Goa.

RAHUL

Tumhari chappal toot gayi thi.

ANANYA

Aur tumne hero banne ki koshish ki thi.

RAHUL

Koshish?

ANANYA

Tumne sand pe bhi calculator chalaya tha.

Rahul chuckles despite himself.

RAHUL

Tab lagta tha... sab theek ho jayega.

ANANYA

Tab lagta tha pyaar kaafi hota hai.

RAHUL

Aur?

ANANYA

Aur shayad pyaar kaafi tha.

(pause)

Hum nahi the.

Rahul absorbs that. He reaches for a GLASSES CASE.

He opens it. Inside: his old reading glasses.

RAHUL

Mere glasses?

ANANYA

Repair karwa diye the.

RAHUL

Main toh naya pair lene wala tha.

ANANYA

Pehle wale mein bhi kaam chal raha tha.

RAHUL

Jaise hum?

Ananya looks away.

ANANYA

Rahul...

RAHUL

Maine job accept nahi ki thi.

Ananya turns back.

RAHUL (CONT'D)

Mumbai wali.

ANANYA

Kya?

RAHUL

Promotion ke saath transfer tha.

(pause)

Maine mana kar diya.

ANANYA

Kyun?

RAHUL

Kyuki tumhari practice nayi thi. Tumhe support chahiye tha.

Ananya is stunned.

ANANYA

Tumne mujhe bataya kyun nahi?

RAHUL

Kyuki tum already stress mein thi.

ANANYA

Main stress mein thi, Rahul. Par... main weak nahi thi.

RAHUL

Mujhe pata hai.

ANANYA

Nahi, pata nahi tha.

(beat)

Tumne decide kar liya aur chup rahe.

Rahul lowers his eyes.

RAHUL

Tumne bhi kuch chhupaaya tha.

Ananya freezes.

She reaches into the box and pulls out a FOLDED ENVELOPE.

She opens it. Inside: a relocation offer letter, unsigned.

ANANYA

Mainne bhi accept nahi kiya tha.

RAHUL

...

ANANYA

Partnership firm ka offer tha.

(pause)

Mainne mana kar diya.

RAHUL

Kyun?

ANANYA

Tumhare papa ki health...

Rahul looks up sharply.

ANANYA (CONT'D)

Unko treatment chahiye tha. Aur tum already job ke pressure mein the.

(pause)

Mujhe laga agar main chali gayi, tum guilt mein toot jaoge.

RAHUL

Mainne socha tumne mera career chhota samjha.

ANANYA

Aur mainne socha tumne meri ambition ko matter nahi kiya.

A heavy silence.

Rahul reaches the bottom of the box and pulls out a SMALL SEALED PACKET.

He opens it. Inside: divorce papers photocopy and a blank page with initials in the corner.

RAHUL

Main is pe ek note likhne wala tha.

ANANYA

Kya?

RAHUL

Sorry.

ANANYA

Mat likho.

RAHUL

Kyun?

ANANYA steps closer.

ANANYA

Kyuki sorry se sach change nahi hota.

(pause)

Humein ek dusre se pyaar karna aata tha.

RAHUL

...

ANANYA

Batana nahi.

Rahul's eyes well up. He nods once.

RAHUL

Toh asli galti...

ANANYA

Betrayal nahi thi.

RAHUL

Sacrifice thi.

ANANYA

Haan.

Beat.

Rahul places the blank page on the coffee table. Ananya takes the pen from behind her ear.

She hands it to him.

ANANYA

Likho.

Rahul adjusts his reading glasses.

He writes carefully.

INSERT - BLANK PAGE: "Hum alag hue, kyunki humne ek dusre ke liye sab kuch chhupa liya."

Ananya watches, tears held back.

RAHUL

Kya yeh enough hai?

ANANYA

(shaky smile)

Pehli baar sach hai.

A long beat.

Rahul closes the box lid halfway, then stops.

ANANYA

Band mat karo.

RAHUL

Nahi.

ANANYA

Aaj rehne do.

They stand on opposite sides of the coffee table, looking at the box—not as an ending, but as proof.

The afternoon light continues to fall.

FADE OUT.

THE END.