



THE SUITCASE TEST

A Pure Comedy 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: Ritesh tries to prove he is a perfect fiancé during a delayed layover, but Simran turns the conversation into a series of impossible relationship tests. By the time the boarding call comes, both realize they've been performing for each other so long that the simplest honest answer is the most surprising one.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Ritesh (30)

LOCATION: A small airport lounge near a charging station, with bright commercial lighting, rolling announcements, and rows of empty seats. The setting feels public yet oddly intimate, where every awkward pause is amplified by nearby strangers who never speak.

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INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE - DAY

Bright commercial lighting. A small airport lounge near a CHARGING STATION. Rows of empty seats. A rolling ANNOUNCEMENT echoes in the background.

RITESH (30), pastel kurta, gift bag in hand, stands with a nervous smile.
SIMRAN (28), stylish simple dress, sunglasses on, suitcase beside her, looks unimpressed.

A beat.

RITESH

(too cheerful)

Okay, first of all, I brought snacks. And a gift.
And—

SIMRAN

Cuts off.

SIMRAN

Why do men say “and” like it’s an achievement?

Ritesh smiles, unsure.

RITESH

Main bas... thoughtful rehna chahta tha.

SIMRAN

Hmm. Thoughtful ya pre-apology?

He laughs a little too fast.

RITESH

No. Genuine.

Simran removes her sunglasses slowly.

SIMRAN

Chalo. Test.

RITESH

Test?

SIMRAN

Haan. If we were stuck on a remote island, one charger, one phone—who gets it?

Ritesh answers instantly.

RITESH

Tum.

SIMRAN

Why?

RITESH

Because... tumhara phone more important hoga.

SIMRAN

Wrong.

RITESH

What? Why?

SIMRAN

Because I'd charge your phone first. So you can make emergency excuses.

Ritesh blinks. She is dead serious.

RITESH

Okay, that was unfairly smart.

SIMRAN

Next.

She points at the suitcase.

SIMRAN

Mera suitcase heavy hai. Tumhara gift bag light hai. Kaun carry karega?

RITESH

Main carry karunga.

SIMRAN

Why?

RITESH

Because I'm the groom-to-be. I should be useful.

SIMRAN

Wrong again. Because I'll pretend I don't need help till I absolutely do.

Ritesh nods, trying to keep up.

RITESH

Okay. Noted. Anything else?

SIMRAN

Agar mujhe 17 minute ka silent treatment chahiye, tum kya karoge?

RITESH

I'll... respect it?

SIMRAN

And inside?

RITESH

Die a little.

SIMRAN

Fair.

A nearby ANNOUNCEMENT crackles. Both ignore it.

SIMRAN

Last one. Agar meri sunglasses kho jaayein aur main gussa ho jaun, tum kya doge—solution ya support?

RITESH

Support.

SIMRAN

Wrong.

RITESH

Again?

SIMRAN

Correct answer is: my sunglasses back, plus silence, plus coffee.

Ritesh exhales, half-laughing.

RITESH

Tumhara test impossible hai.

SIMRAN

And yet, tum fail ho rahe ho with confidence.

He looks at the gift bag, then at her.

RITESH

I'm trying too hard, okay?

SIMRAN

I know.

That lands. A small silence.

RITESH

Main bas darr raha tha ki tumhe lagega main enough nahi hoon.

Simran's face shifts. Slightly softer now.

SIMRAN

Aur mujhe darr tha ki tum itna perfect banne ki koshish kar rahe ho ki asli tum hi gayab ho jaoge.

Ritesh absorbs that.

RITESH

Toh tests ka kya?

SIMRAN

Defense mechanism.

RITESH

Gift bag ka kya?

SIMRAN

Also defense mechanism.

They share a look. First real one.

Simran takes out her BOARDING PASS.

SIMRAN

Final question.

RITESH

(ready)

Haan.

SIMRAN

No grand speech. No planned answer. Sirf ek honest line.

Ritesh takes a breath.

The announcement crackles louder.

ANNOUNCEMENT (V.O.)

Now boarding Flight...

Ritesh steps closer.

RITESH

Mujhe tumse shaadi karni hai... kyunki tumhare saath main perfect nahi, sachcha lagta hoon.

Silence.

Simran stares at him.

Then—she smiles. Tiny. Genuine.

SIMRAN

Finally.

Ritesh laughs in relief.

RITESH

Pass hua?

SIMRAN

Barely.

She grabs her suitcase handle.

SIMRAN

Chalo. Ab luggage leke chalo.

RITESH

Of course.

He picks up the suitcase with one hand, gift bag with the other.

SIMRAN

And Ritesh?

RITESH

Haan?

SIMRAN

Next time, less preparation.

RITESH

And you?

SIMRAN

Next time, less testing.

They walk toward the boarding gate together.

The lounge remains public, bright, and awkwardly intimate. The strangers nearby never speak.

But now, Ritesh and Simran do.

FADE OUT.