



RENT DUE

A Pure Comedy 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by
Story Dil Se Team
(storydilse.in)

LOGLINE: Nikhil tries every excuse in the book to delay paying rent, while Mrs. Bhatia counters each one with sharper memory and better math. The punchline arrives when she reveals she has already accepted payment—just not from him.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Nikhil (27)

LOCATION: A cramped apartment hallway outside a front door, with harsh tube lighting, stacked shoe racks, and a buzzing ceiling fan. The setting is domestic, ordinary, and perfect for a comedic power struggle.

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INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Harsh tube light flicker kar rahi hai. Ceiling fan buzz kar raha hai. Ek cramped hallway, shoe racks stacked, ek front door. NIKHIL (27), T-shirt aur track pants mein, haath mein rent envelope liye khada hai. Uske chehre par fake confident grin hai.

Mrs. BHATIA (55), cotton saree, reading glasses, clipboard haath mein, door ke saamne aise khadi hai jaise rent nahi, verdict sunane wali ho.

NIKHIL

(smiling too hard)

Aunty, bas do din ka time.

MRS. BHATIA

Pichhle mahine bhi do din the, beta. Woh do din ab tak chal rahe hain.

Nikhil awkward laugh karta hai.

NIKHIL

Salary late ho gayi. Office ka issue hai.

MRS. BHATIA

Office ka issue nahi, tumhara pattern issue hai.

Mrs. Bhatia clipboard par kuch tick karti hain.

NIKHIL

UPI down tha. Bank server bhi.

MRS. BHATIA

Aur tumhara excuse server? Full time up.

Nikhil envelope ko dekhkar phir Mrs. Bhatia ko.

NIKHIL

Aunty, main genuinely struggle kar raha hoon.

MRS. BHATIA

Struggle? Tumhara struggle dekhkar meri washing machine bhi depressed ho jaati hai.

Nikhil hansi rokta hai.

NIKHIL

Main aapka favourite tenant hoon na?

MRS. BHATIA

Haan. Example of what not to keep. Also yes.

Beat.

Nikhil deep breath leta hai, envelope aage badhata hai.

NIKHIL

Lo, rent.

Mrs. Bhatia envelope ki taraf dekhti bhi nahi. Woh apni keys nikaalti hain aur door khol deti hain.

MRS. BHATIA

Late ho gaya.

NIKHIL

Late? Main toh abhi—

Mrs. Bhatia andar se ek aur envelope nikaalti hain. Receipt chipki hui hai.

MRS. BHATIA

Rent toh aa gaya.

Nikhil freeze.

NIKHIL

Kahan se?

MRS. BHATIA

Tumhare flatmate Ravi se.

NIKHIL

Ravi ne?

MRS. BHATIA

Haan. UPI se. Kal raat 11:47 par. Exact amount.
Including pending electricity.

Nikhil ka muh khula reh jaata hai.

NIKHIL

Par usne bola uske paas bhi—

MRS. BHATIA

Ravi jhooth bolta hai, par tum se kam.

Beat.

Mrs. Bhatia Nikhil ke haath mein envelope ko tap karti hain.

MRS. BHATIA (CONT'D)

Yeh dramatic envelope kisliye laaya?

NIKHIL

Main socha... pehle de deta hoon.

MRS. BHATIA

Ab mat dena. Duplicate entry ho jayegi.

Nikhil embarrassed.

MRS. BHATIA (CONT'D)

Agli baar excuse kam, coordination zyada. Aur haan,
Ravi ko bolna, kal se shoe rack ka rent alag.

Nikhil stunned.

NIKHIL

Shoe rack ka bhi?

Mrs. Bhatia deadpan.

MRS. BHATIA

Tumhare rent se zyada honest hai.

Woh door kholkar andar jaane lagti hain, phir rukti hain.

MRS. BHATIA (CONT'D)

Aur haan, tumhara rent due nahi tha. Tumhara confidence due tha.

She goes inside. DOOR CLOSES.

Nikhil hallway mein akela khada rehta hai, envelope haath mein. Ceiling fan buzzing. Tube light flicker.

He looks at the envelope, then at the closed door.

NIKHIL

(to himself)

Ravi... main tujhe kal dekhunga.

Beat.

He sighs, fake grin ki koshish karta hai, fails.

CUT TO BLACK.