



THE CONTRACT

A Pure Comedy 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: Two women negotiate a contract renewal like it's a hostage situation, each trying to outsmart the other with legal jargon and fake confidence. Their battle over clauses, timelines, and reimbursement turns into a comedy of professional insecurity. The twist: neither of them actually read the contract, and the most important clause is that they are both secretly terrified of being alone in the office after dark.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Pallavi (37)

LOCATION: A small office conference room with one glass table, bright white overhead lighting, two chairs, and a wall calendar marked with deadlines.

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INT. SMALL OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Bright white overhead lights. A glass table. Two chairs. A wall calendar marked with red deadlines. Contract papers, a laptop, coffee cups, sticky notes, and one pen.

PALLAVI (37), sharp corporate manager in a blazer, stands by the door with a stack of papers. SONIA (40), dramatic freelance designer in oversized glasses and an artsy scarf, lounges in her chair like she owns the room.

PALLAVI

(trying to sound threatening)

Alright. Contract renewal. Let's keep this clean.

SONIA

(smiling)

Clean? In this room? Bold.

Pallavi slams the papers on the table.

PALLAVI

Clause-by-clause discussion. No drama.

SONIA

Looking at you, that seems unfair to ask.

Pallavi glares. Sonia sips coffee.

PALLAVI

Timeline is non-negotiable. Delivery every Friday.

SONIA

Creative work doesn't run on your calendar font.

PALLAVI

It runs on deadlines.

SONIA

It runs on inspiration.

PALLAVI

It runs on accountability.

SONIA

It runs on people not saying "accountability" like a threat.

Pallavi opens the contract, points aggressively.

PALLAVI

Clause 3.1. Two revisions only.

SONIA

Three.

PALLAVI

Two.

SONIA

Three, but emotionally.

PALLAVI

That's not a thing.

SONIA

It is in my world.

Pallavi taps the paper with her pen.

PALLAVI

Reimbursement requests need supporting documents.

SONIA

I have documents.

PALLAVI

Receipts?

SONIA

Ideas. Which are expensive.

PALLAVI

That's not how reimbursement works.

SONIA

Then maybe your system needs a redesign.

Pallavi opens her laptop, pretending to review notes.

PALLAVI

Clause 4.2 says no additional scope without written approval.

SONIA

Exactly.

PALLAVI

Exactly?

SONIA

Yes. Finally, we agree.

PALLAVI

You read Clause 4.2?

SONIA

Of course.

PALLAVI

When?

SONIA

(beat)

Spiritually.

Pallavi stares. Sonia smiles innocently.

PALLAVI

You're impossible.

SONIA

And yet, still billable.

A beat. The room hums. The overhead light feels harsher.

PALLAVI

Mutual consent for extension is required.

SONIA

(reading the line for the first time)

Huh.

PALLAVI

What?

SONIA

Nothing. Just... why is this underlined three times?

Pallavi looks down. The underlining is messy, clearly done in a hurry.

PALLAVI

I... don't know.

SONIA

You don't know?

PALLAVI

You don't know either.

SONIA

I know plenty.

PALLAVI

Name one thing.

SONIA

This calendar is aggressive.

PALLAVI

That's not contract knowledge.

SONIA

It is if the contract is trying to scare us.

Another beat. Pallavi glances at the wall calendar. The red deadlines are everywhere.

PALLAVI

You never actually read the whole contract, did you?

SONIA

Did you?

PALLAVI

...

SONIA

...

PALLAVI

No.

SONIA

No.

They stare at each other. Then both look away, embarrassed.

PALLAVI

I thought you had.

SONIA

I thought you had.

PALLAVI

I was just... negotiating.

SONIA

Same.

A faint CREAK from somewhere outside the room.

Both women freeze.

SONIA

(low)

Did you hear that?

PALLAVI

Yes.

SONIA

What was that?

PALLAVI

Probably... the building.

SONIA

At night?

PALLAVI

Buildings are active at night.

SONIA

That's not comforting.

PALLAVI

I'm not trying to comfort you.

SONIA

Your voice just went up two octaves.

PALLAVI

It did not.

SONIA

It absolutely did.

Pallavi clears her throat, suddenly very busy with papers.

PALLAVI

Look. One thing.

SONIA

What?

PALLAVI

I don't like staying here late alone.

SONIA

(straight-faced, then honest)

Same.

Pallavi blinks. The corporate armor drops a little.

PALLAVI

You too?

SONIA

I mean... yes. Obviously.

PALLAVI

Obviously.

SONIA

I was just... making the room feel bigger.

PALLAVI

By lying?

SONIA

By branding.

They both almost laugh.

PALLAVI

So the important clause is...

SONIA

No one leaves alone after dark.

PALLAVI

That's not in the contract.

SONIA

It is now.

Sonia grabs a sticky note and writes in big letters: NO SOLO DARK HOURS.

She slaps it onto the contract.

Pallavi looks at it, then at Sonia.

PALLAVI

This is not industry standard.

SONIA

Neither is your threatening voice.

PALLAVI

Fair.

Pallavi takes the pen and signs the sticky note like it's a formal amendment.

SONIA

We good?

PALLAVI

We're good.

Sonia signs too.

A beat. Relief.

PALLAVI

Contract renewed.

SONIA

With immediate effect.

Another faint creak outside.

Both women stand up at the same time.

PALLAVI

Chalo.

SONIA

Chalo.

They gather the papers together and head for the door, trying to look casual and failing completely.

CUT TO BLACK.

END