



THE EXIT INTERVIEW

A Comedy 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: A corporate assistant prepares for her exit interview, determined to give a perfectly professional answer to every question. Instead, she discovers the HR form includes a blank for 'secret skills,' and she uses the opportunity to reveal that she can solve everyone's problems except her own.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Corporate Assistant with a Secret Talent (Female, 25-31)

LOCATION: A tiny office conference room with a glass wall, one chair, a table, and a flickering fluorescent light overhead. The room is sterile and absurdly formal, with a stack of forms and a half-dead plant in the corner.

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INT. TINY OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A sterile, absurdly formal conference room. One chair. One table. A glass wall looking out to an empty corridor. A flickering fluorescent light overhead. A stack of forms. A half-dead plant in the corner.

RIYA (late 20s), a corporate assistant in a blazer over a bright blouse, smart flats, hair neatly styled, polished but visibly exhausted, sits alone with a clipboard, pen, office badge, water cup, and an exit interview form.

She straightens her blazer, takes a breath, and stares at the form like it owes her money.

RIYA

Okay. Exit interview. Simple. Professional. Calm. No drama. Main aaj corporate goddess ban ke nikalungi.

She taps the pen once, then twice.

RIYA (CONT'D)

Bas. Answer every question with grace. Like a woman who has never cried in a pantry.

Her phone VIBRATES on the table.

She glances at it. A voice note from HR auto-plays through speaker.

HR VOICE NOTE (V.O.)

Please complete the exit interview honestly and thoroughly.

Riya looks at the ceiling.

RIYA

Honestly? Office mein? Wow. Revolutionary.

She flips the form open and reads silently, reacting with tiny, deadpan nods.

RIYA (CONT'D)

"Reason for leaving." Hmm. Let's see. Growth opportunity. Better alignment. New challenges. Translation: mujhe yahan se bhaagna hai.

She writes neatly, then continues.

RIYA (CONT'D)

"Work environment." Very collaborative. Very dynamic. Very haunted.

She smirks, takes a sip from the water cup.

RIYA (CONT'D)

"Management feedback." Positive. Supportive. Emotionally unavailable, but supportive.

She pauses, then looks toward the glass wall.

RIYA (CONT'D)

No one there. Perfect. Even the corridor has left.

She turns the page.

A beat.

Her eyes land on a blank box.

RIYA (CONT'D)

...Secret skills?

She freezes.

RIYA (CONT'D)

Secret skills? Inko meri job description se kya dushmani thi?

She leans in, squints at the box, then sits back.

RIYA (CONT'D)

Okay. Fine. Honest answer. Let's not lie on the way out.

She begins writing carefully.

RIYA (CONT'D)

Secret skill one: I can solve everyone's problems. Printer jam? Main. Boss ka mood kharab? Main. Client ka passive-aggressive email? Main, main, main.

She nods to herself, impressed.

RIYA (CONT'D)

Secret skill two: I can make chaos look like a calendar invite. Emergency meeting? Organised. Last-minute deck? Polished. Team ka panic attack? Categorised, timestamped, and somehow my fault.

She flips her badge over in her hand.

RIYA (CONT'D)

Main woh insaan hoon jo Monday ko Friday bana de. Jo spreadsheet ko therapy session bana de. Jo awkward silence ko ek "quick update" bolke khatam kar de.

She takes a breath, softer now.

RIYA (CONT'D)

Main sabki emergency contact thi. Bas apni kabhi nahi bani.

The fluorescent light flickers harder for a second.

Riya looks at the half-dead plant.

RIYA (CONT'D)

Same, buddy. Same.

She writes again, then stops.

Close on the form: "SECRET SKILLS"

She finally writes the line.

RIYA (CONT'D)

I can solve everyone's problems except my own.

She stares at what she wrote, then bursts into a small, surprised laugh.

RIYA (CONT'D)

Wah. Kya irony hai. Office mein main full-time fixer thi. Kisi ka printer, kisi ka presentation, kisi ka existential crisis—sab handle. Par apna salary bump? Never. Apni boundary? Nope. Apni sleep? Lost cause.

She laughs again, this time with real relief.

RIYA (CONT'D)

Shayad isi liye ja rahi hoon. Kyunki professional rehne ke chakkar mein main itni efficient ho gayi ki khud ko hi file karke drawer mein rakh diya.

She sets the pen down, folds the form once, then looks at her office badge.

RIYA (CONT'D)

Bye, badge. Tumne bahut dekha hai. Kuch accha, zyada nonsense.

She places the badge on the table with finality.

RIYA (CONT'D)

Exit interview complete. Honest. Thorough. Slightly humiliating. Perfect corporate trifecta.

She stands, adjusts her blazer, and looks at her reflection in the glass wall.

RIYA (CONT'D)

Aaj ke baad main sirf doosron ke emails ka reply nahi karungi. Main apne liye bhi ek email draft karungi.

Beat.

RIYA (CONT'D)

Subject: Out of Office. Finally.

She smiles, tired but lighter.

RIYA (CONT'D)

HR ko main kaafi kuch de chuki hoon. Aaj unko ek secret skill bhi de deti hoon. Let them wonder how I survived this long.

She gathers the clipboard, gives the dead plant one last look.

RIYA (CONT'D)

Don't worry. Main bhi nayi zindagi mein thoda paani daalungi.

A beat.

She opens the door and steps out.

The fluorescent light continues to flicker over the empty room, the forms,
and the half-dead plant.

CUT TO BLACK.

END.