



# THE DIVORCE PARTY

A Pure Comedy 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by  
Story Dil Se Team  
(storydilse.in)

**LOGLINE:** Ila throws a celebratory breakup party to prove adult friendship is possible, but Rakesh and Divya keep turning every toast into a score-settling session. The night ends with everyone admitting the divorce was the best thing that happened to them—except the final twist reveals they are all still sharing the same lease and have no idea who is moving out.

**CAST / CHARACTERS:** FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Rakesh (38)

**LOCATION:** A small apartment living room decorated for a “divorce party” with balloons, paper streamers, and a snack table. Warm indoor lighting and disco lights from a cheap speaker create a festive but emotionally awkward atmosphere.

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**INT. SMALL APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Warm indoor light. Cheap disco lights from a SPEAKER blink awkwardly. BALLOONS, PAPER STREAMERS, a snack table, CHAMPAGNE GLASSES, CONFETTI, and a half-eaten CAKE that says: "CONGRATS ON YOUR FREEDOM."

ILA (34), sequined dress, is adjusting decorations like a hyperactive event manager.

Rakesh (38), blazer, awkward smile, enters holding a bottle of champagne like it might explode.

Divya (36), elegant party wear, steps in with calm, controlled energy.

**ILA**

Welcome, welcome, welcome! Divorce party mein aapka hardik swagat hai!

**RAKESH**

(trying to be cool)

Thanks. Party... nice hai.

**DIVYA**

Nice? Rakesh, yeh party hai ya corporate training room?

Ila gasps, delighted.

**ILA**

Oho! Banter! Perfect. That means healing.

**RAKESH**

Healing? Main abhi bhi blazer pehen ke aaya hoon, Ila.

**DIVYA**

Haan, aur us blazer mein bhi tum uncomfortable lag rahe ho.

Ila snatches the champagne bottle.

**ILA**

Okay. No negativity. We are here to celebrate adult friendship. To new beginnings!

She raises a glass. Rakesh and Divya hesitate.

**RAKESH**

To new beginnings.

**DIVYA**

To better decisions.

**RAKESH**

(under breath)

Wow.

**ILA**

Great! Now everyone say one nice thing about the divorce.

**RAKESH**

Nice thing? Mujhe apartment mein bathroom access mila.

**DIVYA**

Aur mujhe silence.

**ILA**

Love that. Honest. Raw. Slightly toxic.

She pops CONFETTI. It lands everywhere.

**RAKESH**

(looking around)

Yeh confetti hai ya evidence?

**DIVYA**

Don't worry. Tumhari life mein pehli baar decoration zyada interesting hai.

**RAKESH**

Main bhi kaafi interesting hoon.

**DIVYA**

Haan. Like a buffering icon.

Ila laughs too loudly, then forces a toast.

**ILA**

Okay! Next round. One thing you learned from each other.

**RAKESH**

I learned that "I'm fine" does not mean fine.

**DIVYA**

Aur maine seekha ki "I'll do it later" ka matlab hota hai "I will never do it."

**RAKESH**

That is unfair.

**DIVYA**

That is marriage.

Ila claps like it's a TED Talk.

**ILA**

Beautiful. Growth.

Rakesh tries to act casual, takes a sip, immediately coughs.

**RAKESH**

Yeh champagne hai ya floor cleaner?

**ILA**

Cheap celebratory champagne. Budget divorce.

**DIVYA**

Fits the theme.

Beat. The disco lights blink.

**ILA**

Okay, serious moment. You both are doing amazing.  
Like... genuinely.

**RAKESH**

(softening)

Honestly, maybe this was needed.

**DIVYA**

Definitely needed.

**RAKESH**

I mean... life is quieter now.

**DIVYA**

And cleaner.

**RAKESH**

Less arguments.

**DIVYA**

More oxygen.

Ila grins, emotional.

**ILA**

See? Friendship after breakup is possible.

They all raise glasses.

**RAKESH**

The divorce was the best thing that happened to me.

**DIVYA**

Same.

**ILA**

Same! Honestly, best party I've ever thrown.

They clink glasses.

A beat of triumphant silence.

Divya notices a FOLDER under the snack table. She bends, picks it up.

**DIVYA**

Hmm.

She reads the cover.

**DIVYA (CONT'D)**

Lease renewal.

Rakesh freezes.

**RAKESH**

What?

Ila stops mid-sip.

**ILA**

Wait... what lease renewal?

Divya flips through papers.

**DIVYA**

The lease. This apartment. Our apartment.

**RAKESH**

Our? No, no. It's... it's your place.

**DIVYA**

Rakesh, the rent auto-debits from our joint account.

**RAKESH**

Joint account? We closed that.

**DIVYA**

Did we?

**ILA**

(slowly panicking)

Guys... I thought this was a symbolic divorce party.  
I did not know this was a housing crisis.

Rakesh grabs the papers.

**RAKESH**

Wait. Who is moving out?

**DIVYA**

You tell me.

**ILA**

No, no, no. I am the organizer. I do not do eviction.

**RAKESH**

Ila, you literally made a cake.

**ILA**

Yes, and now I'm emotionally attached to the  
apartment too!

Divya folds her arms, calm as ever.

**DIVYA**

So, to recap: divorce done. Friendship questionable.  
Lease unresolved.

**RAKESH**

(awkward smile returns)

So... same room?

**DIVYA**

For now.

**ILA**

Okay! New party theme: "Who Gets the Master Bedroom?"

Silence.

Then all three burst into laughter.

Ila cranks up the speaker. Disco lights flash harder.

**DIVYA**

(raising glass)

To new beginnings...

**RAKESH**

...in the same living room.

**ILA**

Cheers!

They clink glasses as confetti drifts down.

**FADE OUT.**