

THE ROOMMATE CLAUSE

A Pure Comedy 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Pure Comedy	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Sanjay (31)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

100% Free for Every Filmmaker & Creator.

Shoot it, direct it, share it anywhere?no licensing fees, no paperwork, no barriers. Whether you're making your first student film, a festival entry, or an independent project, all scripts on Story Dil Se are completely free to adapt.

All we ask: Give credit where it's due with an on-screen mention in your credits:

'Story & Screenplay by Story Dil Se (storydilse.in)'.

Sanjay aur Faizal ka shared apartment kisi war zone se kam nahi. Ek taraf Sanjay, neat schoolteacher, shirt tucked-in, glasses naak par jamaye, haath mein broom aise pakde jaise ye safai ka tool nahi, courtroom ka evidence ho. Doosri taraf Faizal, faded hoodie mein sofa par dhansaa hua, headphones aadhe kaan par, charo taraf snack wrappers ka chhota sa desh bana hua. Dono ne ek mahine pehle ek ridiculous roommate contract sign ki thi—"No shoes on sofa," "No late-night TV," "No eating in living room," "No loud calls," "No leaving laundry in basket for more than 12 hours," aur sabse important: "Mutual respect." Problem ye thi ki dono ne contract sirf sign kiya tha, follow kisi ne nahi kiya.

Har din ka scene wahi: Sanjay subah se raat tak Faizal ke wrappers, remote disappearances, aur TV volume par lecture deta. Faizal har lecture ko "creative process" bolkar ignore karta. Sanjay ke hisaab se Faizal ek failed actor hai jo bas audition ke naam par nap leta hai. Faizal ke hisaab se Sanjay ek walking rulebook hai jo slippers mein bhi discipline dhoondhta hai. Unki ladai chhoti-chhoti cheezon par hoti—broom kaha rakha, laundry basket kiski side mein, remote kisne chhupaya, aur fridge mein last biscuit kisne khaya. Par andar hi andar dono ek doosre ki aadatton se zyada ek doosre ki presence pe dependent ho chuke the.

Shaam ko Sanjay ko landlord ka phone aata hai: "Kal inspection hai." Sanjay ka blood pressure turant school bell ki tarah bajta hai. Wo Faizal ko announce karta hai ki ab apartment ko "ideal home" banana padega. Faizal pehle toh serious nahi leta, phir jab Sanjay contract nikal kar rules padhne lagta hai, dono mein panic ka ek dum shared outbreak hota hai. Ab suddenly wrappers gayab, laundry fold, table lamp seedha, sofa cushions aligned, TV volume minimum, broom corner mein, aur contract papers table ke beech mein as if ye koi sacred scripture ho.

Lekin jaisi hi safai shuru hoti hai, asli reality phatne lagti hai. Sanjay ko Faizal ka hidden snack stash milta hai—sofa ke neeche chips, remote ke peeche toffees, aur hoodie ki pocket se namkeen. Faizal ko Sanjay ki "discipline" ka raaz milta hai—uske broom ke peeche dust nahi, actually missing socks ka jungle, aur laundry basket mein properly folded shirts ke saath unread student notebooks. Dono ek doosre ko expose karte hain, taunts karte hain, aur har revelation ke saath contract ki har line aur zyada hilarious lagne lagti hai. "No food in living room" likha hai aur Sanjay ke haath mein biscuit packet. "No loud calls" likha hai aur Faizal ke headphones mein audition monologue chal raha hai. "Mutual respect" likha hai aur dono ek dusre ko "fraud" aur "drama queen" bol chuke hote hain.

Phir doorbell bajti hai. Dono freeze. Faizal broom uthata hai jaise weapon. Sanjay contract ko fold karke chest se laga leta hai jaise evidence. Landlord ka aana tayyar samajh kar dono ek perfect fake smile pe switch karte hain, aur apartment ko aise present karte hain jaise yahan hamesha monastic peace rehti ho. Sanjay ka upright posture, Faizal ka pretend calm, TV off, wrappers hidden, laundry basket corner mein, lamp warm glow mein. They are ready to perform the best lie of their lives.

Par jo andar aata hai, wo landlord nahi—sirf landlord ka phone on speaker. Voice aati hai ki wo actually inspection ke liye nahi, balki ek personal favor ke liye call kar raha tha. Uska beta ek school play mein lead role chhod gaya hai, aur usne Sanjay ka naam suna hai kyunki Sanjay schoolteacher hai. Landlord chahata hai ki Sanjay kal school auditorium mein ek day notice par play direct kar de. Sanjay stunned. Faizal bhi stunned, kyunki uske hisaab se Sanjay stage se zyada board pe chalk chalane wala aadmi hai.

Aur twist yahi se aur funny ho jata hai: landlord ko Faizal bhi chahiye. Usne Faizal ke “actor” hone ki baat sun li thi aur chahta tha ki wo play mein dramatic villain ban jaye—free of cost. Sanjay aur Faizal ek doosre ko dekhte hain. Jo log ek apartment ko saaf rakhne mein fail ho gaye, unse ab stage sambhalne ko kaha ja raha hai. Dono ke beech ek silent beat aata hai, phir ek saath bolte hain: “Hum kar lenge.”

Aur yahin unki real friendship ka janm hota hai. Contract ki ridiculous lines ab irrelevant ho jaati hain, kyunki pehli baar dono ek doosre ko judge nahi, partner ki tarah dekhte hain. End mein apartment phir se slightly messy hota hai—snack packet half-open, broom corner se gira hua, TV remote sofa ke neeche—but ab us chaos mein tension nahi, comfort hai. Sanjay aur Faizal ek dusre ke saath nayi rehearsal ki lines bolte hue haste hain. The Roommate Clause ka asli clause yeh nikalta hai: perfect roommate nahi, bas ek aisa insaan chahiye jo tumhari nonsense ko jhel bhi le aur zarurat pade toh tumhare saath stage par bhi khada ho jaye.