

LUNCH BREAK

A Slice of Life/Romance 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Slice of Life/Romance	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Karan (30)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Karan har roz bank ki second floor se seedha terrace par aata hai, lunch box ek haath mein aur phone doosre mein, jaise kisi routine ka hissa ho. Terrace zyada badi nahi hai—plastic chairs, do-tin potted plants, ek side par shade net jisse noon ka tez dhoop soft ho jati hai. City ki awaaz neeche se aati hai, par yahan ek ajeeb si shaanti hai. Karan hamesha same chair par baithta hai, apna light blue shirt ka sleeve thoda fold karta hai, aur khamoshi se khana khol leta hai. Phir ek din Ishaan aata hai—casual tee, round glasses, messenger bag kandhe par, aur uske haath mein ek simple steel dabba. Karan pehle usse notice nahi karta, phir notice karta hai, phir pretend karta hai ki notice nahi kiya.

Ishaan bhi kuchh kam nahi. Woh bhi same terrace, same time, same side ki chair. Pehli do baar dono ne ek doosre ko bas polite sa nod diya. Teesri baar Karan ne kaha, “Aaj phir aap?” Ishaan ne bina muskuraye jawab diya, “Lunch break hai. Yahan log lunch karte hain.” Dono hansii rok lete hain. Uske baad unki baatein dheere-dheere khulne lagti hain—kya ghar se lunch laate ho ya bahar se, office ka khana itna boring kyun hota hai, aur traffic ke beech khana khane se behtar yahan thoda sa hawa le lo. Karan bank ka kaam karta hai, aur Ishaan freelance designer hai. Karan ko har din same numbers, same calls, same polite faces se thakan hoti hai. Ishaan ko deadlines, client ke “bas ek aur change” wale messages se. Dono ke paas bolne ko bahut kuch hota hai, par shuru mein kuch bhi personal nahi.

Phir ek din Ishaan apne lunch box mein extra roti dekh kar bolta hai, “Maa ne pack ki hai. Bolti hain aadmi ko lunch skip nahi karna chahiye.” Karan thoda ruk kar kehta hai, “Meri maa bhi aisa hi bolti thi.” Ishaan usse dekhta hai, phir softly puchta hai, “Ab nahi bolti?” Karan ka chehra ek second ke liye khali ho jata hai. Woh bas itna kehta hai, “Nahi. Ab main bas phone dekh ke khana kha leta hoon.” Ishaan kuch nahi bolta. Bas apni water bottle Karan ki taraf badha deta hai. Yeh chhota sa gesture dono ke beech pehli baar koi deewar gira deta hai.

Uske baad lunch breaks casual nahi rehte. Karan kabhi kabhi fruit laata hai, Ishaan kabhi namkeen. Dono ek doosre ke dabbe mein se ek-ek cheez taste karte hain aur phir pretend karte hain ki koi badi baat nahi. Karan batata hai ki ghar mein maa nahi hai, father retired hain aur zyada bolte nahi. Ishaan kehta hai ki woh rented flat mein akela rehta hai, aur clients ke beech uski awaaz din bhar kharch ho jati hai. Terrace par baithkar dono ko lagta hai jaise zindagi thodi der ke liye slow ho gayi ho. Unke beech attraction ka koi loud confession nahi hota. Bas ek nazar thodi der zyada rukti hai, ek smile thodi der baad aati hai, aur ek napkin dusre ke lunch box ke neeche bina pooche rakh di jati hai.

Twist tab aata hai jab ek din Karan terrace par thoda pehle pahunchta hai aur Ishaan ko phone par baat karte sun leta hai. Ishaan ki awaaz low hoti hai, par ek line clear sunai deti hai: “Nahi yaar, main usse directly nahi bol paunga. Lagta hai bas lunch coincidence hai.” Karan freeze ho jata hai. Uske chehre par pehle surprise, phir halka sa smile, phir nervousness. Woh samajh jata hai ki Ishaan bhi wahi soch raha tha—ki shayad sirf woh hi is lunch break ko special bana raha hai. Ishaan call cut karke mudta hai aur Karan ko dekh leta hai. Dono ek second ke liye bilkul chup.

Karan, jo hamesha soft-spoken raha hai, pehli baar seedha bolta hai, “Main bhi.” Ishaan blink karta hai. “Kya?” Karan lunch box kholta hai, phir band karta hai, jaise words set kar raha ho. “Main bhi coincidence ka bahana bana raha tha.” Ishaan ka chehra dheere-dheere khul jata hai. Woh hansi rok nahi pata. “Toh tum lunch ke liye nahi aate the?” Karan thoda sa blush karta hai. “Aata tha. Par... sirf lunch ke liye nahi.”

Terrace par ek naya silence aata hai, par yeh pehle jaisa nahi hota. Ismein ghabrahat bhi hai aur rahat bhi. Ishaan apna small plant pot Karan ki taraf slide karta hai—ek chhota sa succulent, zinda aur stubborn. “Maine socha tha yahan rakh doon. Office terrace thoda aur achha lagega.” Karan usse dekhta hai, phir plant ko. “Tumhara?” Ishaan shoulders shrug karta hai. “Abhi tak ka toh nahi. Par dekhte hain.” Karan ek paper napkin se plant ki mitti saaf karta hai aur dheere se kehta hai, “Lunch break ke baad bhi dekhte hain?” Ishaan ki smile ab seedhi, warm aur unguarded hoti hai. “Haan. Aaj se coincidence ko thoda late kar dete hain.”

Aur phir, noon sunlight ke neeche, muted city noise ke beech, do aadmi jo weeks se ek doosre ko dekh rahe the, pehli baar sach mein milte hain—na dramatic confession ke saath, na bade promise ke saath, bas is simple si acceptance ke saath ki kabhi-kabhi sabse achhi company woh hoti hai jise hum lunch break ka naam dekar apne din mein jagah dete hain.