

AFTER THE APPLAUSE

A Emotional Drama 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Emotional Drama	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Siddharth (43)	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)'.

The empty theater ki hawa mein ab bhi show ki garmi atki hui thi, jaise applause khatam ho chuka ho par uski echo seats ke beech kahin phansi reh gayi ho. Stage par ek hi spotlight jali hui thi, aur uske neeche Siddharth khada tha—43 saal ka, silk kurta shoulder par scarf, haath mein cane, aankhon mein woh tired shine jo sirf un logon mein hoti hai jinhone kabhi bohot roshni dekhi ho. Usne script pages ko haath mein liya, unhe dheere se khola, aur bina audience ke bhi apna pehla line bola. Awaaz pehle jhijhki, phir sambhli. Uski saans stage ke dust mein ghul gayi. Tabhi dark side se Aman nikla—27 ka assistant director, plain T-shirt, jeans, notebook mein marked pages. Uske chehre par respect bhi tha, thakan bhi, aur ek ajeeb si familiarity bhi, jo Siddharth ko turant mehsoos hui par samajh nahi aayi.

Aman ne casually kaha ki show ke baad stage manager chale gaye, bas woh reh gaya rehearsals lock karne. Siddharth ne usse script pakadane ko kaha, aur dono ne monologue ka rehearsal shuru kiya. Siddharth har line ko aise bol raha tha jaise apni zindagi ka aakhri confession ho. Aman cue deta, kabhi line correct karta, kabhi stage light ki direction adjust karne ka pretend karta, par uski aankhon mein kuch aur chal raha tha. Dheere-dheere rehearsal conversation ban gayi. Siddharth ne theatre ke golden days yaad kiye, jab log uske naam ke liye tickets kharidte the. Aman ne bina drama ke bola ki aajkal naam se zyada PR bikta hai. Siddharth hans diya, par us hansi mein chot thi. Usne Aman ko dekha aur poocha—"Tu itna gyaan kahaan se laata hai?" Aman ne notebook band karte hue kaha, "Jo log shadow mein kaam karte hain, unhe light ka price pata hota hai."

Yeh line Siddharth ko chubh gayi. Usne Aman ke marked pages dekhe aur notice kiya ki Aman har correction ko bahut carefully likh raha tha, jaise woh rehearsal nahi, kisi ki aadat yaad kar raha ho. Siddharth ne usse naam poocha. Aman ne jawaab diya, "Aman. Assistant director. Aur aaj raat bas helper." Siddharth ne thoda sa muskurakar kaha ki helper log hi theatre ko zinda rakhte hain. Phir usne apni next line bhool gaya. Aman ne quietly prompt kiya, aur Siddharth ko gussa aa gaya. "Main bhoolta nahi hoon," usne kaha. Aman ne seedha dekha: "Aap bhoolte nahi. Bas jo yaad rakhna chahiye, woh nahi rakhte."

Ab stage par tension alag level par thi. Siddharth ne cane ko prop chair ke paas rakh diya aur Aman se poocha ki itni himmat kisne di. Aman ne first time notebook kholve ke bajay uske andar se ek purana folded page nikaala—ek old script page, jiske corner par ek naam likha tha. Siddharth ka chehra thoda sa pale hua. Aman ne dheere se bola ki

woh yeh page har audition, har set, har rejection ke saath sambhal kar rakhta aaya hai. Siddharth ne pehchaan liya—yeh usi play ka page tha jiske baad uski life badal gayi thi. Aman ne line padhte hue kaha ki uska favorite dialogue tab se yaad hai, kyunki bachpan mein woh line sunte-sunte so jata tha. Siddharth ne turant poocha, "Bachpan?"

Silence. Spotlight ka dust aur zyada visible ho gaya. Aman ne aankhen uthakar kaha, "Haan. Bachpan. Jis bachche ko aapne kabhi stage ke piche bhi dekhna avoid kiya tha." Siddharth ka haath cane par tight ho gaya. Aman ne pehli baar bina jhijhak bola ki woh Siddharth ka beta hai. Secret isliye rakha gaya tha kyunki Siddharth ki rising career aur ek scandal-prone industry mein ek hidden family un dono ko khatam kar sakti thi. Uski maa ne naam bachane ke liye door rakha, aur Siddharth ne career bachane ke liye chuppi choose ki. Jo legacy Siddharth ne stage par banayi, uska sabse bada hissa stage ke bahar reh gaya.

Siddharth ko pehle gussa aaya—"Tu mujhe aaj bata raha hai?"—phir guilt, phir ek aisi helplessness jo cane se bhi support nahi hoti. Aman ne jawab diya ki woh aaj tak sirf shadow mein raha, aur ab bhi assistant hi hai, kyunki uske paas talent se zyada ek surname hota to zindagi aur hoti. Siddharth ne pehli baar usse sach mein dekha: uski aankhon ka shape, line delivery ka rhythm, aur woh aadat ke line breaks—sab uske apne the. Siddharth ka final monologue ab sirf character ka nahi, uska apna ban gaya. Usne stage light ki taraf dekha, phir Aman ki taraf, aur kaha ki usne fame bachane mein ek beta kho diya. Aman ne kaha ki woh beta kabhi khoya hi nahi tha—bas kabhi choose nahi kiya gaya tha.

Climax mein Siddharth ne script pages fold kiye, cane ko side mein rakha, aur bina rehearsal ke apna monologue bolna shuru kiya—par is baar line by line nahi, confession by confession. Usne audience ke liye nahi, Aman ke liye bola: ki kaise success ke darr ne usse ek aadmi se ek poster bana diya, aur kaise poster apne ghar ka darwaza kholna bhool gaya. Aman ki aankhon mein pehli baar tears aaye, par usne unhe girne nahi diya. Jab Siddharth ne dialogue khatam kiya, stage par applause nahi tha. Sirf silence tha. Lekin us silence mein pehli baar sach tha.

Aman ne notebook band ki, aur bas itna kaha, "Rehearsal ho gayi." Siddharth ne ek kadam aage badhkar poocha, "Aur baaki zindagi?" Aman ne spotlight se bahar dekhte hue jawab diya, "Wo bhi shayad ab script mein likhni padegi." Dono stage ke beech khade rahe—ek famous actor, ek struggling assistant, aur do alag naamon mein band ek hi rishta. Theater ke khaali seats unhe dekh rahi thi, jaise pehli baar applause se zyada truth sun rahi ho. Aur curtain nahi gira—kyunki kuch kahaniyan khatam nahi hoti, bas finally sunayi jaati hain.