

THE SMALLEST ROOM

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: Puneet (34)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Puneet ek neat, polished architect hai—formal shirt, sleeves rolled, haath mein measuring tape, aur blueprint ki rolled tube. Woh ek chhote, under-construction bathroom ke andar khada hai, jahan unfinished tiles, ek exposed bulb, ek bucket, aur deewar ke paas pada ek tile sample hi uski duniya hain. Uske saamne Bharat hai—47 saal ka stubborn plumber, vest mein, tool belt pehne, rubber slippers mein, haath mein wrench. Dono ka aapas ka space itna kam hai ki ek turn lena bhi negotiation lagta hai.

Puneet full confidence ke saath bathroom ko “compact luxury” bol raha hai. Uske hisaab se design elegant hai: minimal footprint, sharp lines, smart utilization, modern sensibility. Woh tape khol-khol kar dimensions batata hai, jaise har inch ek victory ho. Bharat har measurement pe ek hi reaction deta hai—sar jhuka ke, phir ceiling ki taraf dekh ke, phir bucket ki taraf. Uska simple argument hai: “Bhai, yeh bathroom nahi, punishment chamber hai.” Woh batata hai ki yahan adult aadmi seedha khada bhi ho to elbow wall se takra jaata hai, aur flush karne ke liye palatna pade to shoulder handle se ladta hai.

Dono ki behas ka rhythm bahut precise hai. Puneet aesthetics ki baat karta hai—“Space ko feel karna hota hai, Bharat.” Bharat practicality se jawab deta hai—“Space ko feel nahi, survive karna hota hai.” Puneet blueprint khol ke corner, niche, aur niche aur niche ki planning samjhata hai. Bharat wrench se tile sample ko tap karke poochta hai ki “Isme ghus ke kapde kaun utarega?” Puneet ke paas har objection ka ek design term hai: ergonomic, efficient, seamless. Bharat ke paas har design term ka ek brutal translation hai: “Matlab ghusne se pehle hi sorry bol do.”

Comedy tab escalate hoti hai jab dono physically prove karne lagte hain. Puneet measuring tape se gap measure karta hai aur declare karta hai ki “technically possible” hai. Bharat bucket utha ke andar rakh deta hai aur bolta hai, “Technically, ab yeh bucket hi washbasin ban gaya.” Puneet ek step peeche jaane ki koshish karta hai, par piche wall aa jaati hai. Bharat haskar bolta hai, “Dekha? Bathroom ne architect ko bhi bracket mein le liya.” Puneet offended hota hai, par phir bhi apni dignity bachane ke liye ek awkward turn leta hai aur almost tile se chipak jaata hai.

Argument ka emotional subtext yeh hai ki Puneet ko lagta hai uski design intelligence pe attack ho raha hai, aur Bharat ko lagta hai practical duniya mein uski expertise ko underestimate kiya ja raha hai. Dono apni ego ke saath phans chuke hain—ek taraf “modern” ka pride, doosri taraf “kaam ka” ka ghamand. Unke beech ka space literally

kam hai, aur metaphorically bhi. Har line mein chhota sa taana, har pause mein ek aur measurement, aur har nayi complaint pe ek naya punchline.

Climax tab aata hai jab Puneet final, triumphant tone mein bolta hai ki bathroom “private, intimate aur highly optimized” hai—ek aisa space jo sirf disciplined user ke liye hai. Bharat achanak chup ho jaata hai. Woh wrench neeche rakhta hai, blueprint ko dekhta hai, phir Puneet ko. Ek beat ke baad woh casually confess karta hai ki yeh bathroom design usne khud order kiya tha. Puneet confuse ho jaata hai. Bharat apni real problem batata hai: uske ghar mein sab log bathroom share karte hain, sabko “bas do minute” chahiye hote hain, aur woh thak gaya hai. Usne jaan-bujhkar ek aisa room banwaya hai jahan koi aur ghus hi na sake—na bhai, na rishtedaar, na “jaldi kar yaar”.

Puneet stunned hai. Uska elegant design suddenly genius ya madness dono lagne lagta hai. Bharat grin karta hai aur keh deta hai, “Main bathroom nahi, boundary bana raha tha.” Yeh line dono ke liye final punchline ban jaati hai. Puneet pehli baar genuinely impress hota hai—design ka concept nahi, uske intention se. Woh tape band karta hai, blueprint fold karta hai, aur admit karta hai ki room chhota hai, but purpose solid hai. Bharat haath milaane ke liye aage badhta hai, lekin space itna kam hai ki handshake half-hug jaisa awkward ho jaata hai. Dono hasne lagte hain.

End mein exposed bulb ka light unke faces pe girta hai, unfinished tiles ke beech yeh absurd tiny bathroom suddenly ek perfect comedy set ban jaata hai. Puneet aur Bharat, do alag duniya ke aadmi, ek hi microscopic room mein ek dusre ko samajh chuke hote hain—ek ne design ka ego chhoda, doosre ne practicality ko weapon bana liya. Aur sabse badi irony yeh ki jo room kisi aur ko impossible lag raha tha, wahi Bharat ke liye sabse perfect private space nikla.