

THE DIVORCE BOX

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: Rahul (41)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Shaam ka peela sa light apartment ke living room mein tirschha gir raha hai. Half-closed blinds se dust ke zarre hawa mein tair rahe hain, jaise room ne khud saans lena bhi aadha chhod diya ho. Coffee table ke beechon-beech ek sealed cardboard box rakha hai. Rahul, 41, plain shirt aur reading glasses ke saath, box ko dono haathon se pakde khada hai. Uske saamne Ananya, 39, cream blouse aur trousers mein, pen ear ke peeche atkaaye, bilkul composed lag rahi hai—par uske kandhe aur aankhon mein thakaan ki silvaten saaf hain. Divorce ke paper kab ke sign ho chuke hain, lekin jo baat sign nahi hui, woh room mein ab bhi zinda hai.

Rahul box ko table par rakhte hue bolta hai ki yeh uski “last delivery” hai. Ananya ek halki si hans ki saath kehti hai ki accountant log bhi kab se courier service ban gaye? Dono ki tone mein comedy hai, par har line ke neeche dard ka ek aur layer chhupa hai. Box kholte hi pehla object nikalta hai: Ananya ka purana pen, jiske cap par ek chhota sa crack hai. Ananya ka chehra pal bhar ko soft ho jaata hai—yeh woh pen hai jisse usne apni first court victory sign ki thi. Rahul yaad dilaata hai ki us din usne celebration mein coffee table par pen gira diya tha. Dono hans dete hain, phir achanak chup ho jaate hain, kyunki us hans ki peeche unki purani zindagi ka echo hai.

Phir box se old photographs nikalti hain. Ek photo mein dono Goa beach par hain, bina shaadi ki tension, bina future ke pressure. Ananya photo ko dekhkar kehti hai ki us waqt unhe lagta tha ki pyaar sab kuch jhel lega. Rahul dheere se bolta hai ki shayad pyaar ne jhela bhi, bas woh dono nahi jhel paaye. Box ke andar ek aur cheez milti hai—Rahul ki reading glasses ka purana pair, jo Ananya ne ek baar repair karwa ke rakha tha. Rahul ko yaad aata hai ki usne apni promotion accept nahi ki thi kyunki uska office transfer dusre shehar mein tha, aur Ananya ki law practice abhi nayi thi. Ananya us par hairaan hoti hai. Rahul seedha jawab deta hai: usne job chhod di thi, kyunki Ananya ne usse kaha tha ki uska career abhi tootna nahi chahiye. Woh sacrifice usne bina bataye kiya tha. Ananya ka chehra thoda sa palat jaata hai—usne bhi kuch chhupa rakha tha.

Ananya box ke neeche se ek folded envelope nikalti hai. Usmein ek relocation letter hai, signed, but never sent. Woh confess karti hai ki usne bhi apni dream partnership firm ki offer reject kar di thi, kyunki Rahul ke father ki medical condition tab serious thi. Usne socha tha Rahul ko guilt mein nahi daalna chahiye, isliye usne kaha ki usse city mein hi rehna hai. Rahul stunned hai. Usne samjha tha Ananya ne uske career ko chhota samjha; Ananya ne samjha tha Rahul ne uske ambitions ko matter nahi kiya. Dono ne ek dusre ko bachane ke liye apni life ke sabse bade decisions

chup-chup kar liye—aur phir usi chupchaap se unke beech deewar khadi ho gayi.

Emotional climax tab aata hai jab Rahul box ke bottom se ek chhota sa sealed packet nikalta hai. Usmein divorce ke papers ki photocopy ke saath ek blank page hota hai, jiske corner par dono ke initials likhe hain. Rahul kehta hai ki woh is page par ek aakhri note likhna chahta tha: “Sorry.” Ananya usse rok deti hai aur bolti hai, “Sorry mat bol. Humein ek dusre se pyaar karna aata tha, batana nahi.” Yeh line room ko tod deti hai. Dono pehli baar seedhe ek dusre ko dekhte hain, bina defence ke.

Ant mein, box unke beech mein reh jaata hai—par ab woh “divorce box” nahi, balki unke unspoken love ka archive lagta hai. Ananya pen uthati hai, Rahul apni reading glasses adjust karta hai, aur woh blank page par divorce ke baad ka pehla honest sentence likhte hain: “Hum alag hue, kyunki humne ek dusre ke liye sab kuch chhupa liya.” Unka rista wapas jodta nahi, par unke beech ki sabse badi galatfehmi toot jaati hai. Room mein ab bhi light wahi hai, blinds wahi hain, dust wahi hai—par ab saans thodi poori lagti hai. Rahul box ka lid band nahi karta. Ananya bhi usey band karne ko nahi kehti. Aaj pehli baar, woh dono apne beech ki khamoshi ko dushman nahi, ek saboot ki tarah dekhte hain.