

THE SUITCASE TEST

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: Ritesh (30)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Airport lounge ka bright, thoda cruel sa light. Rows of khaali seats, ek charging station, aur background mein announcements jo har 2 minute baad kisi na kisi flight ko delay kar rahe hote hain. Isi mahaul mein Ritesh, pastel kurta pehne, ek gift bag ko aise pakde hue jaise uske andar uski poori shaadi ka future band ho, Simran ke saamne khada hai. Simran sunglasses utaar ke usse dekhti hai—expression bilkul flat, jaise usne pehle hi decide kar liya ho ki aaj ka test easy nahi hoga.

Ritesh har baat ko overexplain karne ki aadat ke saath shuru karta hai. Kehta hai, "Main bas yeh soch raha tha ki layover mein tum bore na ho, isliye thoda thoughtful gift le aaya." Simran gift bag ko dekhti hai, phir uske nervous smile ko. "Thoughtful? Ya apology ka starter pack?" Ritesh hasne ki koshish karta hai, par Simran already suitcase ko side mein rakh kar apna first test announce kar deti hai: "Agar hum shaadi ke baad kisi remote island pe phans gaye, aur ek hi charger bacha, toh phone kaun charge karega?" Ritesh instantly bolta hai, "Tum." Simran: "Kyun?" Ritesh: "Kyunki tumhara phone zyada important hoga." Simran ka eyebrow upar. "Wrong. Kyunki main pehle tumhara phone charge karungi, taaki tum apni emergency excuses bana sako."

Yeh pehla round hi prove kar deta hai ki Simran aaj mood mein hai. Woh ek ke baad ek absurd relationship tests start karti hai—"Mera suitcase zyada heavy ho aur tumhara gift bag zyada light, toh kaun carry karega?" "Agar main tumse kahun ki mujhe 17 minute ka silent treatment chahiye, tum kya karoge?" "Agar meri sunglasses kho jaayein aur main gussa ho jaun, tum mujhe logical solution doge ya emotional support?" Ritesh har jawab mein aur zyada fass-ta jaata hai. Woh practical banna chahta hai, romantic lagna chahta hai, aur perfect fiancé dikhna chahta hai—par Simran har answer ko ek naye trap mein badal deti hai.

Airport lounge mein log aate-jate rehte hain, par un dono ke beech ka tension kisi private theatre jaisa lagta hai. Ritesh finally confess karta hai ki woh itna prepared isliye hai kyunki usse darr hai ki Simran ko lagega woh enough nahi hai. Simran pehli baar thodi der ke liye chup hoti hai. Phir woh apna boarding pass nikaalti hai aur bolti hai, "Tumhe pata hai main tests kyun leti hoon? Kyunki jab koi itna perfect banne ki koshish karta hai, toh mujhe shak hota hai ki asli banda kahan chhupa hai."

Ritesh ka nervous smile dheere-dheere genuine ho jaata hai. Woh pehli baar gift bag ko side mein rakh deta hai aur seedha bolta hai, “Theek hai. Poochho.” Simran usse dekhti hai, sunglasses haath mein, aur ek final impossible question puchti hai: “Agar main tumse kahun ki mujhe koi grand speech nahi chahiye, koi planned answer nahi chahiye—bas ek honest line chahiye—tum kya bologe?”

Boarding call suddenly crackle karta hai. Ritesh ek second ke liye sochta hai, phir bina drama ke bolta hai, “Mujhe tumse shaadi karni hai, kyunki tumhare saath main perfect nahi, sachcha lagta hoon.” Simran ki face par pehli baar real smile aati hai—tiny, but deadly effective. Woh suitcase ka handle tighten karti hai aur quietly bolti hai, “Finally. Ek sahi answer.”

Twist yeh nahi ki unka test khatam ho gaya. Twist yeh hai ki Simran ke saare impossible sawal actually uske apne darr ka disguise the, aur Ritesh ki overpreparedness bhi. Dono ek doosre ko impress karne mein itna busy the ki honesty ko almost miss kar dete. Boarding gate ki taraf badhte hue, Ritesh gift bag ko uthata hai, Simran apna suitcase. Ab koi performance nahi, koi test nahi—sirf ek simple, awkward, real sa understanding. Airport lounge ki commercial lighting mein, jahan strangers ab bhi kuch nahi bolte, yeh dono finally bina script ke chal padte hain.