

RENT DUE

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: Nikhil (27)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Nikhil, 27, ek cramped apartment hallway mein khada hai, T-shirt aur track pants mein, haath mein rent envelope aur chehre par woh fake confident grin jo sirf tab aati hai jab wallet khaali ho. Uske saamne Mrs. Bhatia, 55, cotton saree, reading glasses, aur clipboard ko aise pakde hue jaise woh court ka verdict ho. Tube light flicker kar rahi hai, ceiling fan buzz kar raha hai, aur shoe rack ke beech yeh hallway ek battle zone ban chuka hai.

Nikhil pehle sweet talk try karta hai. Woh kehta hai, "Aunty, bas do din ka time." Mrs. Bhatia bina palke jhapkaye bolti hain, "Pichhle mahine bhi 'do din' the, beta. Woh do din ab tak chal rahe hain." Nikhil turant naya excuse nikalta hai—salary late, app down, bank issue, UPI problem, duniya hi against hai. Mrs. Bhatia har excuse ko ek line mein kaat deti hain, jaise woh sirf rent nahi, Nikhil ki aadat bhi collect kar rahi ho. Unke paas har baat ka exact date, time, aur amount hai. Nikhil ki fake confidence dheere-dheere ■■■■■■ lagti hai.

Phir woh emotional angle leta hai. "Aunty, aapko pata hai na, main genuinely struggle kar raha hoon." Mrs. Bhatia glasses ke upar se dekhkar bolti hain, "Struggle? Tumhara struggle dekhkar toh meri washing machine bhi depressed ho jaati hai." Nikhil hansi dabata hai, phir serious hota hai. Woh envelope ko aur tightly pakad leta hai, jaise andar paise nahi, dignity ho. Woh bolta hai ki usne rent arrange kar liya hai, bas thoda sa adjustment chahiye. Mrs. Bhatia clipboard par ek line aur tick kar deti hain—unke liye yeh negotiation nahi, inventory hai.

Hallway mein tension aur comedy dono badhte jaate hain. Nikhil ek last desperate move karta hai: "Aunty, main aapka favourite tenant hoon na?" Mrs. Bhatia instant reply deti hain, "Favourite? Haan. Example of what not to keep? Also yes." Nikhil ka grin finally crack hota hai. Woh envelope aage badhata hai, dramatic pause leta hai, aur bolta hai, "Lo, rent." Mrs. Bhatia envelope ko dekh bhi nahi rahi hoti. Woh apni clipboard side mein rakhkar apne apartment keys nikaalti hain aur calmly bolti hain, "Late ho gaya."

Nikhil ka heart sink karta hai. Woh sochta hai ab lecture shuru hoga. Lekin Mrs. Bhatia usse ignore karke door kholti hain, andar se ek aur envelope nikaalti hain, aur us par chipka hua receipt dikhati hain. Nikhil confused ho jaata hai. Mrs. Bhatia ka tone bilkul normal hai: "Rent toh aa gaya." Nikhil blink karta hai. "Kahan se?" Mrs. Bhatia ek beat leti hain, phir itna simple reveal karti hain ki punchline aur zyada sharp lagti hai: "Tumhare flatmate Ravi se. UPI se. Kal raat 11:47 par. Aur haan, exact amount, including pending electricity."

Nikhil ka muh khula reh jaata hai. “Ravi ne? Par woh toh bola tha uske paas bhi...” Mrs. Bhatia uski baat kaat deti hain: “Ravi jhooth bolta hai, par tum se kam.” Phir woh envelope ko lightly tap karke add karti hain, “Tumhara yeh dramatic envelope kisliye laaya?” Nikhil dheere se bolta hai, “Main socha... pehle de deta hoon.” Mrs. Bhatia deadpan: “Ab mat dena. Duplicate entry ho jayegi.”

Final beat mein Nikhil itna embarrassed hota hai ki uska fake confidence ekdum evaporate ho jaata hai. Mrs. Bhatia apni glasses adjust karti hain, clipboard band karti hain, aur door kholte hue bolti hain, “Agli baar excuse kam, coordination zyada. Aur haan, Ravi ko bolna, kal se shoe rack ka rent alag.” Nikhil stunned khada reh jaata hai, phir uske chehre par helpless smile aati hai. Mrs. Bhatia andar jaate jaate last line drop karti hain: “Aur haan, tumhara rent due nahi tha. Tumhara confidence due tha.” Door band hota hai. Hallway ka buzz aur fan ki awaaz phir se sunai deti hai, aur Nikhil ke haath mein woh rent envelope ab sirf ek prop lagta hai—pure comedy ka perfect victim.