

THE LAST SLICE

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: Meera (29)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Subah ka warm golden light tiny neighborhood bakery ke glass counter par padh raha hai. Andar ek hi cheez sabse zyada chamak rahi hai: dome ke neeche rakha hua last slice of cake. Itna perfect, itna expensive, aur itna akela ki dono women ka mood usi par atak jaata hai. Meera, crisp shirt aur tote bag ke saath, bakery mein bas ek cheez ke liye aayi hai—"quick lunch break." Lekin uski aankhon mein hunger itni obvious hai ki uska poora corporate discipline uske chehre par fight kar raha hota hai. Anjali, flour-dusted apron mein, loose bun aur sharp smile ke saath, counter ke us paar khadi hai. Woh cake ke paas aise behave karti hai jaise us slice ka birth certificate uske paas ho.

Meera pehle politely poochti hai. "Excuse me, kya yeh slice reserved hai?" Anjali instantly sweet voice mein bolti hai, "Aapko kya lagta hai?" Aur bas, yahin se war start hoti hai. Dono fake politeness ka full buffet lagati hain. Meera rules nikaalti hai—first come, first serve. Anjali counter-rule karti hai—bakery mein emotional attachment bhi matter karta hai. Meera receipt dikhati hai, Anjali tongs ka use karke dome ko protectively touch karti hai. Meera ke pet ki awaaz pe Anjali ka eyebrow lift hota hai. Anjali ke paas bakery jargon hai, Meera ke paas office jargon. Dono ek doosre ko itna seriously lecture karte hain jaise UN mein cake rights ka debate chal raha ho.

Comedic escalation tab hoti hai jab Meera claim karti hai ki woh "literally faint kar sakti hai," aur Anjali uska medical concern dismiss nahi karti, balki instantly over-helpful ho jaati hai—"Paani? Sugar? Oxygen? Main list bana doon?" Meera ka irritation aur badh jaata hai. Woh batati hai ki uska presentation flop ho gaya, boss ne public mein insult kiya, aur is cake ke bina uska lunch break ek "existential crisis" ban chuka hai. Anjali pehle laugh karti hai, phir casually confess karti hai ki uska bhi din kharab hai. Uska new pastry launch fail ho gaya, ek influencer ne uski signature tart ko "emotionally confusing" bola, aur bakery owner ne usse kaha ki "customer always right" ka matlab yeh nahi hota ki customer tasteful bhi ho.

Ab tak dono samajh chuki hoti hain ki gussa cake par nahi, din par hai. Lekin ego abhi bhi alive hai. Woh slice ko lekar ek absurd negotiation karte hain—half bites, one fork each, napkin boundaries, coffee pairing rules, even "who gets the cherry on top" type nonsense. Har line ke saath unka fake civility aur zyada funny hota jaata hai. Finally Anjali, thodi soft hokar, admit karti hai ki woh last slice actually kisi ke liye nahi bachaa rahi thi—woh bas kisi aur ko dekh kar pehli baar khud ke liye cake khana chahti thi. Meera bhi confess karti hai ki woh lunch ke naam par bas office se bhaag rahi thi, kyunki aaj usse lag raha tha ki uski life mein sab kuch perfectly arranged hai, except she

herself.

Twist ka real moment tab aata hai jab Anjali dome hataati hai aur slice ko dono ke beech rakh deti hai. Dono ek second ke liye chup. Phir Meera, jo hamesha control mein rehne ki acting karti thi, pehli baar genuinely laugh karti hai. Anjali usse ek napkin deti hai, aur Meera receipt ke back par ek "survival plan" likh deti hai—"Eat cake. Skip apology. Repeat." Dono share karte hain, pehle awkwardly, phir openly. Cake ka last slice unke liye last nahi rehta; woh ek chhoti si truce ban jaata hai.

End mein, warm morning light aur zyada soft lagne lagti hai. Meera ka phone silent ho chuka hota hai. Anjali ka expression relaxed ho jaata hai. Dono strangers nahi rehte. Ek slice, do women, aur ek disastrous day ke beech ek unexpected friendship nikal aati hai. Cake kabhi point tha hi nahi—point tha kisi aise insaan ka milna jo bina judge kiye keh de: "Haan, aaj sab gadbad hai. Chalo, ek bite saath lete hain."