

TWO CUPS, NO SUGAR

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: Bina (45)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Afternoon ki naram dhoop small kitchen ki tiled wall par padi hai. Ceiling fan dheere-dheere ghoom raha hai, aur pressure cooker ka whistle jaise dono ghar ki aurton ki zubaan ka background music ho. Table par do mugs rakhe hain, sugar jar beech mein, aur biscuit tin thoda sa khula hua. Bina, colorful house dress, reading glasses naak ke neeche, bangles ki khaanukh ke saath kitchen ko apne control mein samajh rahi hai. Kriti, college hoodie aur messy ponytail mein, phone ko aise pakde hai jaise woh usse bachane wali talwar ho. Dono tea banana chah rahi hain, par koi bhi pehle sugar daalne ko taiyar nahi.

Bina ka kehna hai ki chai ka asli problem sugar nahi, log hote hain. "Tea ko taste tabhi aata hai jab ghar mein discipline ho," woh bolti hai, aur turant Kriti ki life par attack kar deti hai—job kab milegi, shaadi kab hogi, phone pe itna kaun busy rehta hai. Kriti bhi kam nahi. Woh bland voice mein jawab deti hai ki chai ka taste tab kharab hota hai jab koi har cheez par opinion daalta rahe. Bina ka kehna hai ki "tumhari generation ko bas overthinking aati hai." Kriti ka counter hai, "aapki generation ko bas over-speaking." Har line par ek naya taana, ek naya counter, aur sugar jar ab tak untouched.

Phir conversation tea se nikal kar life choices par chala jata hai. Bina ko lagta hai Kriti career ke chakkar mein emotional life miss kar rahi hai. Kriti ko lagta hai Bina ne shaadi ko life ka final answer bana diya hai. Bina usse keh deti hai ki "achhe ladke dekhne chahiye," aur Kriti turant bolti hai, "achhe ladke milte kahan hain, aunty? Aapke zamaane mein sab available the kya?" Yeh sun kar Bina ka face thoda soft hota hai, par phir woh classic auntie mode mein aa jati hai. Woh bata deti hai ki aajkal ke bachche seedha bolte hi nahi, bas phone mein ghuse rehte hain. Kriti ka phone vibrate karta hai, aur woh ghabra kar screen lock kar deti hai—jaise koi raaz pakda gaya ho.

Dono ke beech ek funny standoff hota hai: Bina spoon uthati hai, Kriti sugar jar ki taraf badhti hai, dono ek doosre ko stop kar dete hain. Pressure cooker phir se whistle karta hai, jaise kitchen ki taraf se bhi judgment aa raha ho. Bina ekdum se bolti hai ki chai mein sugar kam ho to life bhi bitter lagti hai. Kriti palat kar kehti hai ki kabhi-kabhi sugar zyada ho to asli taste hi nahi aata. Yeh baat sirf chai ki nahi lagti—dono ke chehre par ek second ke liye kuch aur hi chhup jata hai.

Twist tab aata hai jab Kriti ka phone accidental speaker par chala jata hai. Screen par “Rohan” ka name flash hota hai. Bina turant samajh leti hai, lekin overreact nahi karti—bas ek victorious smile ke saath. Kriti aur bhi panic mein aa jati hai, kyunki usse lagta hai Bina ab poora lecture degi. Par Bina bhi thodi der baad apne dupatte se glasses saaf karte hue confess karti hai ki uska bhi ek “matter” hai—unke building ke naya electrician, Suresh, jo har baar “Aunty, aapki chai bahut achhi hai” bolkar usse confuse kar deta hai. Dono ek dusre ko dekhte reh jate hain. Itni der se jhagda kisi aur ke liye nahi, apne-apne crush ko chhupane ke liye chal raha tha.

Ab scene ka tone badal jata hai. Kriti dheere se kehti hai ki woh Rohan ko text karna chahti thi, par overthink karke delete kar diya. Bina maanti hai ki woh Suresh ko biscuit offer karte waqt har baar apni bangles se zyada excited ho jati hai. Dono pehli baar sach bolte hain—unhe advice nahi, bas thoda courage chahiye. Bina ek rule banati hai: “Paanch minute. Koi advice nahi.” Kriti immediately phone table par rakh deti hai. Bina sugar jar kholti hai. Dono milkar chai banate hain, bina ek doosre ko roke. Paani ubal raha hai, spoon ghoom rahi hai, aur pressure cooker ka whistle jaise applause ban gaya ho.

Final beat mein chai ready hoti hai. Dono mugs utha kar pehli sip leti hain. Kriti ka face relax hota hai. Bina ka bhi. “Theek hai,” Kriti bolti hai, “aaj chai bhi theek hai aur zindagi bhi thodi.” Bina muskurati hai aur bas itna kehti hai, “Unsolicited advice ka fasting achha lagta hai.” Dono has padti hain. Phone ek baar phir vibrate karta hai, par is baar Kriti use side mein rakh deti hai. Bina biscuit tin aage sarak deti hai. Kitchen mein pehli baar shanti hai—sirf fan ki awaaz, cooker ki halki hiss, aur do aurton ki woh hasi jo bol rahi hai: kabhi-kabhi chai tabhi sahi banti hai jab sab chup ho jayein.