

THE CONTRACT

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: Pallavi (37)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Pallavi conference room ke door ko ek decisive thud ke saath band karti hai aur stack of papers ko glass table par aise patak deti hai jaise koi legal grenade ho. Bright white overhead light dono ko bina mercy ke expose kar rahi hai. Wall calendar par red marker se deadlines itni aggressively circle ki gayi hain jaise kisi ne office ko war zone bana diya ho. Sonia already chair par aise baithi hai jaise room uska personal studio ho—oversized glasses, artsy scarf, aur ek coffee cup jiska handle woh do ungliyon se pakad rahi hai. Pallavi apni blazer ki sleeve seedhi karti hai, pen kholti hai, aur professional threat ka tone set karti hai. Sonia bas halki si smile deti hai, jaise usne pehle hi game samajh liya ho.

Pallavi contract renewal ka agenda shuru karti hai: timelines, deliverables, revisions, reimbursement. Har clause ko woh aise bolti hai jaise uske paas sab answers hon. Sonia turant counter karti hai with fake calm, "Clause 4.2 ke according, creative autonomy compromise nahi ho sakti." Pallavi palat ke bolti hai, "Clause 4.2? Tumne clause 4.2 kab padhi?" Sonia bina blink kiye reply karti hai, "Maine usko feel kiya hai." Dono ek dusre ko judge karti hain, par dono ke paas same insecurity ka ek hi flavor hai: koi bhi admit nahi karna chahta ki contract ka asli matlab unke liye bas itna hai ki next month ka rent aur office identity dono safe rahein.

Conversation dheere-dheere negotiation se hostage situation ban jaati hai. Pallavi pen ko table par tap karti hai, Sonia laptop khol kar pretend karti hai ki woh legal review kar rahi hai. Pallavi ke paas printed pages hain, Sonia ke paas sticky notes pe random arrows aur underlines. Pallavi har clause ko "non-negotiable" bolti hai; Sonia har non-negotiable ko "artistically limiting" declare karti hai. Reimbursement par dono ka tone sabse zyada dramatic ho jaata hai—Sonia travel aur coffee receipts ka defense karti hai, Pallavi office policy ka. Phir ek awkward pause aata hai jab dono ek hi line par atak jaati hain: "mutual consent for extension." Dono ek dusre ko dekhti hain, aur suddenly room mein ek strange silence aa jaata hai.

Is silence mein ek tiny truth leak hota hai. Pallavi casually poochti hai, "Tumne deadline calendar dekha?" Sonia calendar ki taraf dekhti hai aur uske chehre pe pehli baar panic flash hota hai. "Maine socha tha yeh decorative hai," woh dheere se bolti hai. Pallavi ka confident mask ek second ke liye slip hota hai. "Maine bhi," woh confess karti hai. Dono ek dusre ko dekh kar samajh jaati hain ki jo contract woh defend kar rahi thi, uska half text kisi ne properly read hi nahi kiya. Jo sabse important clause tha, woh unke dimaag mein nahi, room ki hawa mein tha: office ka after-dark

silence. Lights ke neeche, empty corridor ki ek door se aane wali halki si creak dono ko yaad dila deti hai ki woh kitni bravely pretend kar rahi thi.

Twist yeh hota hai ki contract renewal ka real agenda productivity nahi, survival hai. Sonia softly admit karti hai, “Main akeli office mein late nahi rehna chahti.” Pallavi instantly defensive hoke bolti hai, “Main bhi.” Phir dono ek doosre ko dekh kar ek beat ke liye embarrassed hoti hain, aur phir unki fake authority toot kar human comedy mein badal jaati hai. Woh contract ko ek naya meaning deti hain—same room, same deadline, but now with a practical agreement: koi bhi 8 baje ke baad akeli nahi rahegi. Pallavi pen uthati hai, Sonia sticky note par “NO SOLO DARK HOURS” likh kar contract ke upar chipka deti hai. Dono is clause ko aise sign karti hain jaise peace treaty ho.

End mein, jab room ki lights aur zyada harsh lagne lagti hain, Pallavi aur Sonia apni chairs thodi aur paas kheench leti hain. Pallavi apna blazer tight karti hai aur bolti hai, “Contract renew ho gaya.” Sonia coffee cup uthakar serious tone mein reply karti hai, “With immediate effect.” Phir dono ek dusre ko ek chhota sa, relieved smile deti hain—unke beech ka battle ab alliance ban chuka hota hai. Door ke bahar se corridor ki light flicker karti hai, aur dono ek saath bolti hain: “Chalo, saath nikalte hain.” Comedy ka punch yahi hai ki jis contract ko dono ne business war samjha, woh asal mein office se bahar nikalne ka shared survival pact nikla.