

BALCONY WEATHER

A Emotional Drama 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Emotional Drama	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Ritu (50)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Monsoon ki shaam hai. Narrow apartment balcony par rusted railing ke paar se baarish ka dhundhla sa curtain gir raha hai. Andar se warm yellow light bahar tak phail rahi hai, aur geeli kapdon ki line halki hawa mein hil rahi hai. Ritu, faded house dress mein, spectacles chain par latke hue, ek chhota sa tea glass haath mein liye khadi hai. Uske saamne Kavya, jeans aur kurta mein, backpack ko dono haathon se pakde baithi hai. Uski aankhen laal hain, par woh ro nahi rahi — ya shayad ro chuki hai aur ab bas bach gayi hai.

Kavya ka college abroad hai. Flight kal subah hai, lekin aaj ki baarish ne uske departure ko aur bhi heavy bana diya hai. Ritu practical baatein kar rahi hai — paise sambhaalna, cab mein akeli mat jaana, passport ki photocopy alag rakhna, strangers se zyada meethi mat banna. Kavya har point par “haan, Dadi” bolti hai, par uski awaaz mein woh confidence nahi hai jo ek naya desh jhelne ke liye chahiye. Unke beech ek familiar rhythm hai: Ritu ki tight control wali concern, aur Kavya ka polite resistance. Lekin neechे kahin ek aur layer chal rahi hai — separation ka darr.

Kavya finally bol deti hai ki sab log keh rahe hain “yeh opportunity hai,” par usko lagta hai jaise woh ghar chhod kar nahi, kisi ko chhod kar ja rahi hai. Ritu pehle hansii mein taal deti hai, phir tea glass railing par rakhkar seedha bolti hai ki “ghar kisi ek insaan se nahi banta.” Kavya turant palat kar kehti hai, “Aap toh aisey bol rahi ho jaise aapko farq hi nahi padta.” Is line ke baad balcony par ek chhoti si khamoshi utarti hai. Baarish ki awaaz aur kapdon ki tapping us khamoshi ko aur gehra kar deti hai.

Ritu ka mask dheere-dheere tootne lagta hai. Woh confess karti hai ki usne Kavya ke liye sab kuch practical rakha hai, kyunki agar woh emotion dikhayegi toh Kavya aur bhi toot jayegi. Kavya bhi admit karti hai ki woh strong dikhna chahti thi, kyunki agar woh rone lagi toh flight tak khud ko sambhaal nahi paayegi. Dono pehli baar ek dusre ko uss roshni mein dekhte hain jahan care ka matlab sirf advice nahi, balki apni kamzori chhupana bhi hota hai.

Tab Ritu achanak Kavya ke backpack ki taraf ishara karti hai. Kavya hairaan ho jaati hai. Ritu bolti hai, “Zara pocket dekh.” Kavya bag ke side mein haath daalti hai aur ek naya sa, neatly stitched hidden pocket milta hai — bilkul uss tarah jaisa koi purana tailor bina shor ke, pyaar se bana de. Pocket ke andar teen folded letters hain, peele kagaz par Ritu ki pehchaani hui handwriting. Kavya unhe dekh kar stunned reh jaati hai. Ritu samjhaati hai ki yeh letters usne tab ke liye likhe hain jab Kavya ko zyada homesickness ho. Pehla letter “jab tum airport par akeli mehsoos karo” ke

liye, doosra “jab tumhara din kharab ho,” aur teesra “jab tum socho ki tum wapas aa jao.”

Kavya ki aankhon se aansoon nikal aate hain. Ritu usse rokti nahi. Woh bas itna kehti hai, “Main yahan hi hoon. Paper mein sahi. Aur phone pe bhi. Par kabhi-kabhi insan ko pehle likha hua pyaar chahiye hota hai.” Kavya haath mein letters le kar hasti bhi hai aur roti bhi. Woh pehli baar clearly samajhti hai ki Ritu ka tough hona uski beparwahi nahi, uska tareeka hai pyaar ko survive karne ka.

Aakhri beat mein Kavya apna backpack kandhe par daalti hai, lekin jaane se pehle Ritu ko tightly hug karti hai. Ritu chhota sa hichki jaisa saans leti hai, phir uske baalon par haath ■■■■■ hai. Bahar ab bhi baarish ho rahi hai. Andar se light aa rahi hai. Aur balcony, jo pehle sirf departure ki jagah thi, ab ek aise ghar ka kona lagti hai jahan door jaane se pehle pyaar ko pocket mein sil diya gaya ho.