

THE EXIT INTERVIEW

A Comedy 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Genre: Comedy	Format: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor)	Runtime: 4 - 6 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) Character: Corporate Assistant with a Secret Talent (Female, 25-31)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Neon si thandi office building ke ek chhote, sterile conference room mein, Riya apna blazer seedha karti hai aur clipboard ko aise pakadti hai jaise woh koi legal weapon ho. Uski bright blouse thodi si bahar jhaank rahi hai, smart flats ke neeche thaki hui pairon ki kahani chhupi hai, aur uska face polished hai—par aankhon mein woh exhaustion hai jo sirf corporate log samajh sakte hain. Room mein ek chair, ek table, glass wall ke paar khali corridor, aur upar flickering fluorescent light... jaise office ka last boss bhi resign kar chuka ho. Corner mein rakha half-dead plant uski hi tarah zinda rehne ki koshish kar raha hai.

Riya exit interview form kholti hai. Pen tap karti hai. Phir khud se bolti hai, "Aaj main professional rahungi. Bilkul calm. Bilkul elegant. No drama. Main yahan se aise nikalungi jaise meri resignation ek TED Talk thi." Woh apna office badge table par rakhti hai, phir usse dekh kar hansi rok leti hai. "Badge bhi aisa lag raha hai jaise bol raha ho, finally."

Phone vibrate karta hai. Ek voice note play hota hai—HR ka automated sa message: "Please complete the exit interview honestly and thoroughly." Riya aankh utha kar ceiling ko dekhti hai. "Honesty? Office mein? Bold choice." Phir woh form ke questions padhne lagti hai: reason for leaving, work environment, management feedback... sab standard. Riya har answer ko ek polished corporate line mein convert karti hai. "Growth opportunity." "New challenges." "Alignment with long-term goals." Har sentence ke saath uski smile thodi aur fake, aur uska patience thoda aur real hota ja raha hai.

Phir uski nazar form ke last page par padti hai. Ek blank box: "Secret Skills." Riya freeze ho jaati hai. Pen hawa mein ruk jata hai. Woh box ko aise dekhti hai jaise usne apni life ka sabse offensive joke padh liya ho. "Secret skills?" woh dheere se bolti hai. "Inko meri actual job description se kya problem thi?"

Woh pehle sochti hai kuch safe likhegi—"Excel," "Presentation design," "Conflict resolution." Phir khud hi hansi aa jaati hai. "Nahi. Agar yeh form honestly bharna hai, toh aaj pehli baar sach likhte hain." Woh chair pe seedhi baith jaati hai, clipboard lap par, aur camera ko jaise confession sunane lagti hai. "Main secret skills mein problem-solver hoon. Office printer ka paper jam? Main. Boss ka mood off? Main. Client ka email passive-aggressive? Main. Team

ka birthday cake late? Main.”

Woh thoda pause karti hai, water cup uthati hai, ek sip leti hai, phir deadpan expression ke saath continue karti hai. “Main woh insaan hoon jo Monday ko Friday bana de. Jo spreadsheet ko therapy session bana de. Jo do logon ke beech ki awkward silence ko ‘Actually, I have a quick update’ bolke break kare. Main sabki emergency contact thi.” Uski aankhon mein ek tiny smile aata hai. “Bas apni emergency contact kabhi nahi bani.”

Flickering light ek second ke liye aur tez ho jaati hai. Riya form ke blank ko stare karti hai, phir pen se neatly likhti hai: “Secret skill: I can solve everyone’s problems except my own.” Woh line likhte hi khud hi us par has padti hai—pehle chhoti si hans, phir woh hans jo exhaustion ko crack kar deti hai. “Kya irony hai yaar. Main office mein sabka emotional support system thi. Kisi ka printer, kisi ka presentation, kisi ka panic attack—main sab handle kar leti thi. Lekin apna salary bump? Never. Apni boundary? Nope. Apni sleep? Lost cause.”

Phir uska tone soft ho jaata hai. “Shayad isi liye ja rahi hoon. Kyunki professional rehne ke chakkar mein main itni efficient ho gayi ki khud ko hi file kar ke drawer mein rakh diya.” Woh badge ko uthati hai, usse ek last baar dekhti hai, aur clipboards ke stack ki taraf rakh deti hai. “Anyway, exit interview complete. Honest. Thorough. Slightly humiliating. Perfect corporate trifecta.”

Woh khadi hoti hai, blazer ka button lagati hai, aur glass wall ke reflection mein khud ko dekh kar ek final dry smile deti hai. “Aaj ke baad main sirf doosron ke emails ka reply nahi karungi. Main apne liye bhi ek email draft karungi: Subject line—‘Out of Office, Finally.’” Uske face par relief aur comedy ka mix aata hai. Phir woh door ki taraf dekhti hai, ek beat leta hai, aur bahar nikalne se pehle bolti hai, “HR ko main kaafi kuch de chuki hoon. Aaj unko ek secret skill bhi de deti hoon. Let them wonder how I survived this long.”

Aur isi ke saath, flickering light ke neeche, half-dead plant aur blank forms ke beech, Riya apni resignation ko ek punchline mein badal kar room se bahar nikal jaati hai—poori tarah exhausted, completely professional, aur finally hilariously honest.