

INHERITANCE

A Emotional Drama 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Emotional Drama	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Raghunath (71)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Late evening ka waqt hai. Family study room mein sirf desk lamp ki peeli roshni aur hallway ki amber glow milkar ek aisa mahaul bana rahi hai jaise ghar nahi, koi purana faisla khada ho. Books ki deewarein, framed certificates, aur beech mein ek closed wooden drawer—sab kuchh itna silent hai ki ghadi ki tik-tik bhi sunai de. Raghunath, 71, traditional kurta mein, frail hands ke saath bhi seedhe baithe hain. Unki aankhon mein ab bhi wahi purana rob hai. Unke saamne dono bete—Siddharth, 45, formal watch aur businessman wali controlled impatience ke saath, aur Varun, 42, simple shirt mein, school principal ki shaant par chubhti hui thakaan ke saath—jaise bachpan se chali aa rahi ek hi race ke alag-alag lap mein khade hain.

Raghunath bina kisi introduction ke property papers, ek old photograph, aur ek sealed letter table par rakh dete hain. Siddharth turant samajh jaata hai ki baat business ki hai. Uske chehre par ek restrained confidence aata hai—jaise usne saalon se yeh moment imagine kiya ho. Varun ki nazar seedha house keys par jaati hai. Dono ki aankhon mein alag-alag expectations, par dono ki saans same tension se bhari hui. Raghunath bas itna kehte hain ki aaj sab kuchh baat lena hai—business, ghar, aur jo bhi “bacha-khucha” hai.

Phir competition shuru hota hai. Siddharth yaad dilata hai ki company ko usne sambhala, losses ko recover kiya, suppliers ko manage kiya. Varun thoda dheere, par zyada gehra bolta hai ki ghar ko usne sambhala—maa ke jaane ke baad har festival, har repair, har silence ko usne jhela. Siddharth taana maar deta hai ki principal banke school chalana aasaan hai, asli responsibility paisa hoti hai. Varun palat ke bolta hai ki business chalana aur apni family ko samajhna do alag cheezein hain. Raghunath beech-beech mein bas dekhtae rehte hain, jaise do talwarein ek hi saya par chal rahi hon.

Comedic timing tab aati hai jab Siddharth property papers ko apni taraf sarakta hua dekh ke bolta hai, “Papa, aapko bas sign karna hai.” Varun turant house keys ko uthakar kehta hai, “Aur mujhe bas yeh keys chahiye, taaki main is ghar ko ghar hi rehne doon.” Dono ek doosre ko dekhte hain, aur Raghunath pehli baar halki si muskaan ke saath bolte hain, “Tum dono ab bhi bachche hi ho. Bas salary badh gayi hai, ego ki EMI bhi.”

Lekin hasi jaldi hi khamoshi mein ghul jaati hai. Raghunath drawer ki taraf ishara karte hain. Varun drawer kholta hai. Andar kuchh nahi—sirf ek aur envelope, sealed. Siddharth ka chehra sakht ho jaata hai. “Yeh kya hai?” Raghunath bolte hain ki yeh unka asli faisla hai. Na business aaj, na ghar aaj. Sab kuchh unke baad. Dono bete gussa aur confusion mein ek saath aa jaate hain. Siddharth ko lagta hai unhone uski mehnat ka mazaak bana diya. Varun ko lagta hai unki zindagi ki poori dekhbhaal ka koi matlab hi nahi.

Phir Raghunath apni frail hands se old photograph uthate hain—teenon ki ek purani photo, jab dono bete chhote the aur maa beech mein thi. Unki awaaz pehli baar kaanpti hai. Woh kehte hain ki unhone zindagi bhar comparison mein pyaar kho diya. Ek beta “successful” bana, doosra “responsible.” Par dono kabhi sirf bete nahi rahe; dono unke apne the. Unhone kabhi yeh bolna nahi seekha ki woh dono ko alag tarah se, par barabar, aur bina shart ke pyaar karte hain.

Twist tab aata hai jab Raghunath kehte hain ki sealed letter un dono ke liye hai, par sirf unki maut ke baad kholna. Siddharth aur Varun ek pal ko stunned reh jaate hain—jaise inheritance ka matlab suddenly property se hatkar pyaar ki language ban gaya ho. Raghunath unse kehte hain, “Mere baad tum is letter ko khologe. Usmein jo likha hai, woh tum dono ne poori zindagi sunna chaha. Par main zinda rehkar woh keh nahi paaya.”

Ant mein, jab hallway light aur dim ho jaati hai, Siddharth aur Varun pehli baar ek doosre ko competitor nahi, witness ki tarah dekhte hain. Property papers table par pade rehte hain, house keys ek taraf, aur sealed letter beech mein—jaise asli virasat zameen nahi, ek der se mili marzi aur mohabbat ho. Aur Raghunath, jo hamesha sakht dikhte rahe, aakhir mein bas itna kehte hain: “Inheritance ka matlab sirf maal nahi hota. Kabhi kabhi ek sentence hota hai, jo zinda log bolne se darte hain.”