

THE DIVORCE PARTY

A Pure Comedy 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Pure Comedy	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Rakesh (38)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Ila ne apne small apartment living room ko full-on “divorce party” bana diya tha — balloons, paper streamers, ek cheap speaker se disco lights, snack table par chips, samosas aur ek half-melted cake jiske upar icing se likha tha: “CONGRATS ON YOUR FREEDOM.” Rakesh, 38, blazer pehen ke aaya tha jaise koi corporate award function ho. Uska smile itna awkward tha ki lag raha tha kisi ne usse zabardasti “cool ex-husband” ka role de diya ho. Divya, 36, elegant party wear mein aayi thi — poised, calm, aur itni dry ki uski ek nazar mein hi joke ka funeral ho jaye. Ila, 34, sequined dress mein, poori energy ke saath un dono ko welcome kar rahi thi, jaise woh breakup nahi, kisi multinational merger ka celebration ho.

Ila ka mission simple tha: prove karna ki adult log breakup ke baad bhi civilized, stylish aur emotionally evolved ho sakte hain. Usne champagne glasses uthaye, confetti ready rakha, aur ek speech bhi likh li thi — “To new beginnings!” Lekin jaise hi Rakesh aur Divya aamne-saamne aaye, party ka tone ek polite battlefield mein badal gaya. Har toast ek naya purana hisaab khol deta. Ila ke “To freedom!” ke jawab mein Rakesh bolta, “Freedom toh tab mila jab kisi ne bathroom mein apni conditioner ki bottle label ke bina chhod di thi.” Divya turant reply karti, “Conditioner? Tumne toh meri last clean towel ko ‘temporary’ samajh ke permanent bana diya tha.” Ila beech mein hasne ki koshish karti, confetti pop karti, aur situation ko festive banane ki puri nakam koshish mein aur zyada chaos create kar deti.

Party aage badhti gayi aur har glass ke saath unka emotional armor thoda-thoda crack hota gaya. Rakesh, jo cool dikhne ki nakli practice kar raha tha, eventually admit karta hai ki divorce ke baad usne pehli baar khud se poocha, “Main actually hoon kaun?” Divya, jo ab tak composed thi, ek sharp but funny line mein bolti hai ki pehle usse lagta tha shaadi mein compromise karna padta hai, lekin ab samajh aaya ki compromise aur constant surrender mein farq hota hai. Ila, jo sabko uplift karne ke chakkar mein khud ka role confuse kar chuki thi, un dono ko emotional honesty ke naam par aur push karti rehti hai. Uski enthusiasm itni zyada hoti hai ki lagta hai woh therapist nahi, event planner hai jo healing ko bhi catering package mein bech rahi hai.

Phir cake cutting hoti hai. Ila kehti hai ki har slice ke saath ek “lesson” share karo. Rakesh bolta hai lesson yeh hai ki “never trust a shared Spotify playlist.” Divya retort karti hai ki “aur never date someone who says ‘I’m low maintenance’ but needs emotional applause for taking out the trash.” Ila dono ki one-liners pe khush ho jaati hai,

kyunki uske hisaab se yeh hi true closure hai. Dheere-dheere, teeno hasne lagte hain — pehle awkwardly, phir genuinely. Unki old bitterness ka weight halka ho jaata hai. Rakesh finally maanta hai ki Divya ke bina uski life boring nahi, bas less noisy hai. Divya bhi admit karti hai ki Rakesh ke bina uska ghar zyada organized hai, aur uska blood pressure bhi.

Toasts ka climax tab aata hai jab teeno ek saath kehte hain ki divorce unki life ka best decision tha. Ila triumphant ho kar confetti ki fistful hawa mein uchhal deti hai, disco lights blink karti hain, aur moment surprisingly warm lagta hai. Sabko lagta hai night ka emotional arc complete ho gaya — healing, friendship, closure. Tabhi Divya casually snack table ke neeche rakhe ek folder ko uthati hai. Us par bold letters mein likha hota hai: LEASE RENEWAL. Rakesh aur Ila dono ek second ke liye freeze ho jaate hain. Divya pages flip karti hai aur bolti hai, “Interesting. Hum teeno mein se kisi ne bhi lease notice nahi diya.” Rakesh, jo ab tak divorce party mein sabse zyada confident lag raha tha, suddenly poochta hai, “Wait... matlab, kaun move out kar raha hai?” Ila, jo ab tak host thi, blank face ke saath bolti hai, “Main toh bas party organize kar rahi thi. Main assume kar rahi thi tum dono adult ho.” Silence.

Phir teeno ek dusre ko dekhte hain — balloons ke beech, cake ke saamne, disco lights ki bekaar chamak mein — aur ek hi realization unke faces par aati hai: divorce ho gaya, par address same hai. Final beat mein Divya calmly champagne glass uthakar bolti hai, “To new beginnings... I guess in the same living room.” Rakesh awkwardly smile karta hai. Ila, shocked but instantly practical, speaker ki volume aur badha deti hai aur bolti hai, “Okay, next party: ‘Who Gets the Master Bedroom?’” Aur teeno ki hasi ke saath film cut ho jaati hai — because in this apartment, the breakup was over, but the real negotiation had just begun.