



THE TEA STALL TRUCE

A Slice of Life/Romance 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by
Story Dil Se Team
(storydilse.in)

LOGLINE: Ravi and Sana have spent months exchanging sharp jokes across the tea stall counter, each pretending not to notice the other's routine. When a storm strands them inside, their banter softens into an unexpectedly honest conversation that reveals they have both been waiting for the same invitation to begin.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Ravi (33)

LOCATION: A tiny roadside tea stall under a tin roof during monsoon evening, lit by a bare bulb and the orange glow of passing traffic. Steam rises from kettles while rain drums on the metal sheets overhead.

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FADE IN:

EXT. TINY ROADSIDE TEA STALL - MONSOON EVENING

A tin-roof tea stall glows under a bare bulb. Rain drums hard on the metal sheets. Orange traffic light flickers across puddles outside.

RAVI (33), faded shirt and lungi, easygoing and watchful, stands behind the counter. A kettle hisses.

SANA (31), practical kurta and sneakers, recorder and notebook in hand, steps in from the rain.

SANA

Aaj chai mein kitni sachchai daaloge, Ravi?

RAVI

Jitni tumhari khabar mein hoti hai, madam.

He pours tea into a glass and slides it over.

SANA

Achha? Tumhe khabar bhi judge karni aati hai?

RAVI

Tumhari aadat hai na... sab kuch note karne ki.

Sana raises her recorder.

SANA

Aur tumhari aadat hai har sawal ka jawab taunt se dene ki.

RAVI

Taunt nahi. Service charge.

She smirks. He almost smiles.

The rain grows louder.

SANA

Aaj bhi wahi. Ek glass chai, do liney, aur ek fake attitude.

RAVI

Fake? Madam, main asli hoon. Tumhari news ki tarah nahi.

SANA

Oho. Personal ho rahe ho.

RAVI

Tum roz aati ho, recorder leke. Personal toh tum ho.

A beat.

Outside, a gust of wind slams rain into the stall. A passing vehicle splashes water. The entrance flap flutters wildly.

Sana grabs her umbrella and looks out.

SANA

Arre, abhi nikalna padega.

Ravi quickly pulls a wooden plank across the entrance.

RAVI

Aaj yahin rukna padega.

SANA

Tumhe kaise pata tha?

RAVI

Tumhari aadat hai. Storm aaye ya deadline, bhaagna zaroori hota hai.

SANA

Aur tumhari aadat hai, har baat ko mazaak bana dena.

Ravi sets another tea glass down, quieter now.

RAVI

Mazaak nahi. Aadat.

Sana notices the shift. She switches off the recorder.

SANA

Aaj interview nahi karna.

RAVI

Toh?

SANA

Aaj sach chahiye.

Ravi looks at her, then away.

RAVI

(softly)

Main auto driver banna nahi chahta tha.

Sana stays still.

RAVI (CONT'D)

Socha tha mechanic banunga. Apni dukaan hogi. Amma ko pehli baar bina kiraye ke ghar dikhata. Par sapne ko petrol chahiye... aur petrol ko paisa.

A long beat.

SANA

Main reporter isliye nahi bani thi ki headlines chase karun. Ghar mein sab kehte the, adjust kar lo. Main bas ek aisi zindagi chahti thi jahan permission na maangni pade.

Ravi finally looks at her.

RAVI

Aur ab?

SANA

Ab lagta hai... permission se zyada seedha poochhna chahiye.

Silence. Rain. Steam.

Ravi reaches under the chai patti tin and pulls out a folded paper.

RAVI

Main bhi ek cheez poochhna chahta tha.

He hands it to her.

ON PAPER: A phone number and a line: "Agar kabhi report se pehle zindagi karni ho, toh call karna."

Sana bursts into a real laugh.

SANA

Yeh invitation tha?

RAVI

(embarrassed)

Haan. Bas thoda late.

Sana reaches into her notebook and pulls out a small envelope.

SANA

Main bhi late nahi thi.

She hands it over.

Inside: a metro ticket and a handwritten note.

INSERT NOTE: "Kal subah 8 baje. Agar chai ke baad bhi baat baaki ho, toh station pe milna."

Ravi stares, surprised.

RAVI

Tum... serious ho?

SANA

Main toh hamesha serious hoti hoon.

(then)

Bas tum notice nahi karte.

He smiles, small and real.

The bare bulb flickers. Rain eases a little.

Ravi lifts his tea glass.

RAVI

Toh?

SANA

Toh.

They hold each other's gaze.

RAVI

Kal 8 baje?

SANA

Kal 8 baje.

A beat.

BOTH

Toh?

They smile, the truce finally sealed.

FADE OUT.