



THE BORROWED DRESS

A Comedy 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: An event planner borrows a dress for a high-stakes wedding and immediately gets trapped in a fitting room while trying to undo a series of tiny fashion disasters. As she narrates her escalating wardrobe panic, she realizes the dress actually fits her life better than the one she has been planning for everyone else.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Fashionably Late Event Planner (Female, 27-33)

LOCATION: A boutique fitting room with mirrored walls, warm vanity lights, garment racks, and a chair covered in accessories. The space is bright, compact, and visually busy, ideal for frantic self-talk.

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INT. BOUTIQUE FITTING ROOM - DAY

Warm vanity lights glow against mirrored walls. A compact, visually busy fitting room: garment racks packed with clothes, a chair buried under accessories, a shoe box open on the floor. MEERA (29), fashionably late event planner, stands in a stylish blouse and high-waisted trousers, statement earrings on, hair in a quick professional updo. She holds a BORROWED DRESS half-on, half-off, visibly trapped but trying to stay composed.

MEERA

(looking at herself in the mirror)

Okay. Great. Fantastic. Meera, this is not a fitting room. This is a hostage situation with better lighting.

She tugs at the zipper. It doesn't move.

MEERA

Arre yaar... bas thoda sa. Bas ek chhota sa inch.
Zipper, tu bhi meri team mein nahi hai kya?

She twists awkwardly, trying to reach behind her back. The dress tightens. She freezes.

MEERA

No, no, no. Panic mat kar. Event planner ho. Crisis handle karti ho.

She spots a SAFETY PIN on the chair, picks it up like it's a sacred tool.

MEERA

Haan. Safety pin. Mere liye toh ye mini superhero hai.

She attempts to pin the side seam. The pin bends.

MEERA

Kya baat hai. Even the safety pin is emotionally unavailable.

Her PHONE BUZZES. She checks it.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN

Voice note from COORDINATOR: "Meera, function in 40 minutes. Please tell me you're on the way."

Meera presses play again, as if the answer might change.

MEERA

(voice note reply, dry)

On the way? Main toh abhi wardrobe aur identity crisis ke beech commute kar rahi hoon.

She tries to slide one heel on properly. The strap catches on the hem. She yanks her foot free; the heel skids under the chair.

MEERA

Perfect. Ek shoe bhaag gaya. Dusra emotional support ke liye reh gaya.

She leans closer to the mirror, assessing herself.

MEERA

You know what's funny? Main dusron ki weddings ke liye timelines banati hoon, seating charts banati hoon, flower colours decide karti hoon...

(beat)

Aur apne liye? Ek dress, ek zipper, aur zero dignity.

She tries the zipper again. Nothing. She exhales, then laughs at herself.

MEERA

Nahi, seriously. Yeh dress mujhe fit nahi kar rahi.

(beat)

Ya shayad main hi is dress ke liye fit hone ki koshish mein khud ko fit nahi kar paa rahi.

She looks at her reflection, softer now.

MEERA

Har cheez ko perfect banana zaroori nahi hota. Kabhi kabhi bas... fit ho jana chahiye.

She takes out her PHONE, opens the front camera, checks her face.

MEERA

(to herself, smiling)

Okay. This actually looks good. Slightly flustered. Slightly expensive. Slightly trapped.

(beat)

Honestly? That's a vibe.

Another buzz. She glances at the screen.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN

Text message: "Bride says thank you for everything. Don't forget the backup plan."

Meera snorts.

MEERA

Backup plan. Hah.

She taps a reply, then stops.

MEERA

Maybe I am the backup plan.

(beat)

And maybe that's not an insult.

She slips the phone into her pocket, picks up the bent safety pin, and pins the dress more carefully. It holds—barely.

MEERA

There. Survived by one millimetre and pure attitude.

She straightens her blouse, adjusts her earrings, and lifts the remaining heel.

MEERA

Theek hai, Meera. Aaj wedding unke liye hai. But lesson... fitting room ne diya.

She smiles at herself in the mirror—real, amused, a little emotional.

MEERA

Borrowed dress, borrowed time, borrowed confidence...

(beat)

But somehow, finally, it fits.

She takes a breath, opens the fitting room door just enough to peek out, then stops and turns back to the mirror.

MEERA

And one more thing.

She points at her reflection.

MEERA

Next time, choose a dress with a better zipper.

She laughs, collects the shoe, the phone, and the bent safety pin, and steps out with determined flair.

FADE OUT.