



THE BORROWED SUIT

A Pure Comedy 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by
Story Dil Se Team
(storydilse.in)

LOGLINE: Ramesh borrows a suit for an important wedding and arrives to find his cousin and rival guest both convinced the suit belongs to them in some way. As they argue over fit, status, and who looked better in it twenty years ago, the suit becomes a battlefield of male vanity. The final reveal is that the tailor made the suit for a funeral, and everyone has been insulting the wrong occasion all evening.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Ramesh (39)

LOCATION: A tailor's fitting room with a mirror, hanging clothes, a stool, and bright white fluorescent lighting that exposes every awkward seam. Fabric rolls and pins clutter the narrow space.

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FADE IN:

INT. TAILOR'S FITTING ROOM - DAY

Bright white fluorescent lights. A narrow fitting room cluttered with fabric rolls, pins, a stool, and a mirror that shows every flaw.

RAMESH (39), wrinkled shirt, desperate face, enters with a GARMENT COVER like it contains his life savings.

He looks around, nervous.

RAMESH

(under breath)

Bas fit ho jaaye... bas.

He opens the garment cover. Pulls out a SUIT JACKET and CUFFLINKS.

The door swings open again.

NITIN (35), measuring tape around his neck, smug confidence on full display, steps in.

NITIN

Arre! Yeh suit yahan kaise?

RAMESH

Kyun? Tera hai kya?

NITIN stares at the suit, offended.

NITIN

"Kaise" nahi. "Mera hi" bolna tha.

RAMESH

Kya?

NITIN

Main tailor hoon. Cut dekho. Shoulder dekho. Yeh meri soch hai.

RAMESH

Soch teri, suit mera.

NITIN

Suit tera? Bhai, tune pehna bhi hai ya bas hanger pe respect de raha hai?

Ramesh glares. He puts on the jacket.

INT. FITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ramesh faces the mirror. The jacket is a little tight.

RAMESH

(trying confidence)

Thoda tight hai.

NITIN

Tight nahi. Motivational hai.

RAMESH

Kya?

NITIN

Body ko keh raha hai—"Sudhar ja."

Ramesh adjusts the lapels. The door opens a third time.

KISHORE (42), flashy pocket square, permanent smirk, enters like he owns the room.

KISHORE

Oho! Suit fitting chal rahi hai?

NITIN

Tum yahan kya kar rahe ho?

KISHORE

Wedding guest hoon. Aur family rival bhi.

RAMESH

Yeh dono cheezein ek saath kaise?

KISHORE

Talent hota hai.

Kishore walks to the mirror, eyes the suit.

KISHORE (CONT'D)

Arre wah. Yeh toh mujhe pehle bhi suit karta tha.

RAMESH

Kab?

KISHORE

Twenty years pehle.

NITIN

Twenty years pehle tu school uniform mein bhi borrow karta tha.

KISHORE

Aur tab bhi main better lagta tha.

RAMESH

Bhai, suit pehno ya apni autobiography?

Kishore snatches one sleeve, Nitin grabs the other.

NITIN

Haath hata.

KISHORE

Tu hata.

RAMESH

Arre chhodo yaar! Shaadi mein jaana hai!

The jacket stretches awkwardly.

NITIN

Careful! Seam phat jayegi.

KISHORE

Phatne do. Waise bhi yeh suit dignity se zyada drama carry kar raha hai.

RAMESH

Drama? Main? Main bas ek suit borrow karke aaya hoon!

KISHORE

Borrow? Bhai, tera face dekh ke lag raha hai suit ne khud borrow kiya hai tujhe.

Nitin laughs despite himself.

RAMESH

Mazaak mat uda. Main middle manager hoon.

KISHORE

Aha! Isliye collar itna stressed hai.

NITIN

Ramesh, seedha khada ho. Mirror mein dekh.

Ramesh straightens. He actually looks decent.

RAMESH

...Theek toh lag raha hoon.

KISHORE

Theek? Main toh bolunga—funeral ke liye perfect.

Silence.

NITIN turns sharply.

NITIN

Kya bola?

KISHORE

Funeral. Black suit. Serious look. Very respectful.

RAMESH

Funeral?

NITIN freezes. He notices the GARMENT COVER TAG.

Close on tag: "BLACK SUIT - FOR FUNERAL. URGENT ALTERATION."

NITIN

(reading)

Arre...

KISHORE

Kya "arre"?

NITIN

Yeh suit... funeral ke liye tha.

Beat.

RAMESH

Kiska?

NITIN

Pata nahi.

KISHORE

Toh hum itni der se kis cheez pe lad rahe the?

Ramesh looks at himself in the mirror.

RAMESH

Apni izzat pe.

KISHORE

Aur main pocket square pe.

NITIN

Aur main cut pe.

They all stare at each other.

Then Ramesh slowly removes the jacket.

RAMESH

Achha hua. Ismein already dead serious look hai.

Nitin snorts.

KISHORE

(trying to recover)

Chalo, kam se kam kisi ka toh final fitting ho gaya.

Ramesh laughs. Nitin joins. Kishore tries not to, then breaks.

The three men laugh in the cramped room under the harsh white light.

FADE OUT.

THE END.