



THE FRIDGE AGREEMENT

A Slice of Life/Family 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: Babli returns home after months away and discovers her mother has reorganized the fridge, thrown away her “important” sauces, and started planning her life again. Dadi becomes the mediator in a three-way argument about freedom, care, and what counts as respect in a family. The soft ending reveals they all secretly wrote labels for the fridge—each in a different language—because none of them wants to be the first to say they miss the others.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Babli (26)

LOCATION: A modest family kitchen at night, lit by the refrigerator glow, a single tube light, and the warm light from the stove. The fridge door, dining stool, and small counter keep the scene intimate and domestic.

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FADE IN:

INT. MODDEST FAMILY KITCHEN - NIGHT

Refrigerator ka soft glow room mein faila hua hai. Ek tube light kabhi kabhi flicker karti hai. Stove par halki si warm aag. Kitchen chhota hai, intimate hai. Dining stool ek side pada hai.

BABLI (26), office casuals mein, dono haathon mein grocery bags liye enter karti hai. Thodi thaki hui, thodi excited.

REEMA (48), house clothes aur apron mein, counter ke paas spice jars set kar rahi hai. Practical, alert.

DADI (73), shawl mein, stool par baithi hui, fridge ko aise dekh rahi hai jaise uska audit kar rahi ho.

BABLI

Arre waah... ghar ki smell.

(fridge ki taraf dekhkar)

...aur yeh fridge ka kya scene hai?

Reema without looking up.

REEMA

Scene nahi, system hai.

Babli fridge kholti hai. Andar perfectly arranged boxes, jars, labels. Babli ki eyebrows upar.

BABLI

Mera hot sauce kahan hai?

REEMA

Safe jagah pe.

BABLI

Safe jagah? Maa, woh sauce tha ya diamond?

Dadi dry look deti hai.

DADI

Diamond bhi safe jagah pe hi rakha jaata hai, beta.

Babli fridge ka shelf inspect karti hai.

BABLI

Aur yeh... meri green chutney?

REEMA

Expiry dekh li thi.

BABLI

Maine khud banayi thi!

REEMA

Iska matlab yeh nahi ki woh immortal hai.

Dadi chuckles.

DADI

Immortal to bas maa ka gussa hota hai.

Babli grocery bag counter par rakhti hai.

BABLI

Main itne mahine baad aayi hoon, aur aapka first move meri cheezein reorganize karna hai?

REEMA

First move tha fridge saaf karna. Doosra move tha teri adhoori padi sauces ko bachana.

BABLI

Bachana? Aapne mujhe poocha tak nahi.

Reema finally turns, hurt masked by calm.

REEMA

Poori ghar pooch ke chalti hai kya? Ya sirf fridge?

Beat.

BABLI

Yeh alag baat hai.

REEMA

Kya alag baat hai?

BABLI

Main independent hoon. Main apni life manage kar sakti hoon.

REEMA

Haan. Isliye grocery bags lekar aayi ho, kyunki manage kar sakti ho.

Babli irritated.

BABLI

Main ghar aayi hoon, maa. Guest banke nahi.

Dadi stool se thoda aage jhukti hai.

DADI

Toh phir guest jaisa sawal kyun kar rahi ho?

Babli and Reema both look at Dadi.

DADI (CONT'D)

Fridge mein jo cheez sabse pehle khatam hoti hai na, woh sauce nahi... izzat hoti hai.

Silence.

Reema turns back to stove, voice lower.

REEMA

Izzat ka matlab yeh nahi ki main dekhun bhi nahi.
Tujhe yeh sab chahiye tha, maine sambhal ke rakha.

BABLI

Sambhal ke?

(bitter)

Ya control karke?

Reema flinches, but stays firm.

REEMA

Control tab hota hai jab mujhe farq na pade. Mujhe
farq padta hai.

Babli looks away, jaw tight.

BABLI

Mujhe bhi farq padta hai. Bas aapko lagta hai main
yahan hoon toh sab theek hai. Main gayi toh aap logon
ki aadat kharab ho gayi.

Dadi slowly stands, picks up a label strip from the counter.

DADI

Aadat nahi, beta. Yaad.

Beat.

Dadi opens the fridge door fully. Inside, three labels are visible on
different shelves.

CLOSE ON LABELS:

- "Babli ka sauce" in neat English script.
- "Babli ka sauce" in bold Hindi letters.
- "Babli ka sauce" in simple Urdu-style script.

Babli stares.

BABLI

Yeh... yeh kya hai?

Reema looks guilty now.

REEMA

Main ne bas... naam likh diye the. Taaki koi confuse
na ho.

BABLI

Aapne meri cheezon pe labels lagaye?

REEMA

Haan. Kyunki tu pehle hi bolne wali thi ki sab kuch
"important" hai.

Dadi smiles, victorious.

DADI

Aur maine bhi ek chipka diya tha.

BABLI

Aapne?

DADI

Haan. "Jo mile, usse mat chhedo."

Babli laughs despite herself.

BABLI

Dadi, yeh label nahi, warning hai.

DADI

Family mein difference samajh lo.

Reema takes a breath, softer now.

REEMA

Teri sauces throw nahi ki. Bas unko safe shelf pe rakha. Tujhe bolna chahiye tha ki tujhe kya chahiye.

Babli's anger drains a little.

BABLI

Mujhe laga... aap samajh jaogi.

REEMA

Main maa hoon. Mind reader nahi.

A beat. Babli nods, embarrassed.

BABLI

Sorry.

Reema's face softens.

REEMA

Aur main bhi sorry. Pooche bina haath nahi lagaana chahiye tha.

Dadi sits back on stool, satisfied.

DADI

Wah. Fridge ka issue solve. Ab dinner ka issue bhi solve karo.

Babli opens one grocery bag, pulls out a new sauce bottle and places it on counter.

BABLI

Yeh naya hai. Aur yeh... aap dono ke liye.

Reema sees the bottle, amused.

REEMA

Kya hai?

BABLI

"Peace sauce." Office ke paas wali store se.

Dadi snorts.

DADI

Naam achha hai. Taste dekhenge.

Reema quietly reaches into the fridge, takes out a fresh label strip, and writes something. She sticks it on the sauce bottle.

INSERT LABEL: "Babli returns."

Babli notices it. Eyes moist, but smiling.

BABLI

Maa...

REEMA

Kya?

BABLI

Aapko drama karna aata hai.

REEMA

Tujhse seekha hai.

Dadi stands, closes the fridge door gently.

DADI

Teen zubaanon ka fridge, ek hi ghar ka sabse honest cupboard hai.

Babli, Reema, and Dadi share a look. Then a small laugh breaks out.

The tube light steadies. Stove ki warm light kitchen ko aur soft bana deti hai.

Babli starts unpacking groceries. Reema moves aside to help. Dadi supervises like a queen.

DADI (CONT'D)

Ab koi kuch bhi missing ho, toh pehle label padhna.

BABLI

Aur agar phir bhi missing ho?

DADI

Toh samajh lena... kisi ne yaad kiya hai.

They smile.

FADE OUT.

THE END.