

BROTHER, BORROWED

A Emotional Drama 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Emotional Drama	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Rahul (39)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Shaam ka orange light apartment ke chhote se balcony par dheere-dheere gir raha hai. Neeche traffic ka shor hai, par balcony ke andar ek alag hi khamoshi hai—jaise do bhai nahi, do purane zakhm saamne baithe hon. Rahul, 39, faded office shirt mein, aankhon mein thakan aur pair ke paas ek duffel bag rakhe, bina zyada awaaz kiye andar aata hai. Neeraj, 34, casual kurta aur tight folded arms ke saath, pehle hi uski presence ko reject kar chuka hota hai. Dono ke beech koi warm hug nahi, koi “kaise ho” nahi—sirf ek awkward pause aur ek purani doori.

Rahul seedha bolta hai ki use ek chhoti si help chahiye: aaj raat ek family function mein Neeraj ko bas itna pretend karna hai ki dono ab bhi close hain. Neeraj ko pehle lagta hai yeh koi ajeeb sa emotional drama hai. Woh taana maar deta hai—“Seven saal baad yaad aaya ki main bhai hoon?” Rahul smile karta hai, par us smile mein guilt zyada hota hai, maafi kam. Woh kehta hai ki bas ek evening, ek photo, ek normal bhai jaisa behaviour—kuch logon ke saamne. Neeraj mana kar deta hai. Uske liye fake reconciliation se zyada insulting kuch nahi.

Dialogue dheere-dheere teekha hota jaata hai. Neeraj purane ghav khol deta hai—kaise Rahul ne ghar chhoda, kaise uske jaane ke baad sab kuch Neeraj ke sar par aa gira, kaise father ki gusse wali duniya mein Rahul “safe escape” ban gaya aur Neeraj “responsibility” ban gaya. Rahul defensive nahi hota; woh bas sunta rehta hai. Uske haath kaanpte hain jab woh tea glass uthata hai. Neeraj notice karta hai ki Rahul ka body sway thoda off hai, par us waqt usse lagta hai ki yeh bas guilt ka theatrics hai.

Rahul apni duffel bag se ek old photograph nikalta hai—dono bhai bachpan mein, father ke beech mein khade, forcefully smiling. Neeraj us photo ko dekhkar aur hard ho jaata hai. “Yeh photo kyun laaye ho?” Rahul kehta hai, “Kyuki jo yaad tumhare paas hai, woh aadha hai.” Neeraj rukta hai. Rahul ek envelope table par rakhta hai aur bolta hai ki agar aaj raat function pe woh pretend kar le, toh kal subah woh bina koi sawaal kiye chala jayega. Neeraj ko yeh sab suspicious lagta hai. Woh poochta hai, “Kya chhupa rahe ho?” Rahul tal deta hai.

Phir twist aata hai—bilkul quietly. Rahul ko ek sudden cough fit aata hai, aur jab woh peeche turn karta hai, Neeraj uske duffel bag se girti hui medicine ki strip dekh leta hai. Uske face par pehli baar concern aata hai. Woh envelope kholta hai. Andar medical reports hain—terminal diagnosis. Rahul ke paas time bahut kam hai. Neeraj ka gussa ek second mein shock mein badal jaata hai. Woh bolta hai, “Tu mujhe pity ke liye mila?” Rahul seedha jawab deta hai:

“Nahi. Main maafi ke liye nahi aaya tha.”

Rahul batata hai ki woh isliye aaya kyunki unke father ne jo sach Neeraj se chhupaya tha, woh ab uske saath marna nahi chahta. Father ne ek baar Rahul se kaha tha ki Neeraj ko kabhi batana mat—ki family ke financial collapse ke waqt sabse bada loss Neeraj ke naam pe hua tha, aur father ne Rahul ko force kiya tha ki woh blame apne upar le le, taaki Neeraj ko “saved” beta banaya ja sake. Rahul ne woh saal bhar guilt uthaya, aur Neeraj ne usse selfish samajh kar tod diya. Sach yeh tha ki Rahul ne ghar isliye nahi chhoda tha kyunki woh bhag gaya; usse nikala gaya tha, silently, by sacrifice.

Neeraj ka folded posture finally toot ta hai. Woh chair par baith jaata hai, jaise uske pairon mein jaan hi na bachi ho. Gussa, shame, grief—sab ek saath aa jaate hain. Woh poochta hai, “Itne saal kyun?” Rahul kehta hai, “Kyunki tab tumhara life bachana tha. Ab tumhara sach bachana tha.” Dono bhai pehli baar bina interruption ke saans lete hain. Neeraj photo ko dobara dekhta hai, is baar alag nazar se. Rahul usse function mein pretend karne ki request phir nahi karta. Woh bas itna kehta hai ki agar Neeraj chahe, toh woh aaj raat ek baar bhai ki tarah baith sakta hai—fake nahi, bas late.

Final beat mein, Neeraj ek tea glass Rahul ki taraf badhata hai. Dono balcony chair par baith jaate hain, bich mein envelope, photo aur phone rakha hota hai. Distant traffic ab bhi chal raha hai, par unke beech pehli baar silence dushman nahi lagti. Rahul ka chehra relief mein soft ho jaata hai. Neeraj, ab bhi hurt, par ab andha nahi, dheere se bolta hai: “Aaj raat pretend mat kar. Bas reh ja.” Aur Rahul, jo forgiveness maangne nahi aaya tha, apni aakhri raat mein pehli baar sach mein ghar jaisa mehsoos karta hai.