

UNDER THE SAME FAN

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

Genre: Slice of Life/Romance	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Sahil (27)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

100% Free for Every Filmmaker & Creator.

Shoot it, direct it, share it anywhere?no licensing fees, no paperwork, no barriers. Whether you're making your first student film, a festival entry, or an independent project, all scripts on Story Dil Se are completely free to adapt.

All we ask: Give credit where it's due with an on-screen mention in your credits:

'Story & Screenplay by Story Dil Se (storydilse.in)'.

Subah se shaam tak, Sahil aur Kavya ek hi building mein rehte hue bhi jaise ek doosre ke aas-paas ghume ja rahe hote hain—kabhi staircase par, kabhi chhote se gali ke kone par, kabhi shop ke bahar chai ke tapri ke paas. Par dono mein se koi bhi kabhi seedha baat nahi kar pata. Sahil, neighborhood tailor, hamesha rolled-up sleeves aur neck par measuring tape ke saath, apni sewing machine ki tik-tik mein khoya rehta hai. Kavya, primary school teacher, modest kurta pehne, lesson papers aur steel tiffin sambhalte hue, roz school se aakar usi building ke andar jaati hai. Dono ka routine ek jaise rhythm mein chal raha hota hai, aur unke beech ki chhoti-chhoti nazar-mulaqaton mein kuch aisa hai jo bolne se zyada mehsoos hota hai.

Sahil kabhi Kavya ke tiffin ke liye extra cloth ka cover bana deta hai, kabhi uske lesson papers ko dust se bachane ke liye ek brown paper envelope de deta hai. Kavya bhi chhoti-chhoti cheezein notice karti hai—Sahil ki fingers par ink marks dekhkar uske liye chalk se zyada achha pen laati hai, ya uski shop mein rakhe tiny tea glass mein kabhi kabhi extra adrak wali chai chhod jaati hai. Dono har baar bas itna kehte hain, “Aapka kaam?” “Theek thaak.” “School kaisa tha?” “Bachche theek the.” Aur phir silence. Unka silence bhi jaise ek aadat ban chuka hota hai.

Aaj afternoon mein shop ke andar garmi zyada hai. Ceiling fan dheere-dheere chal raha hai, sunlight dusty shutter se seep hoti hui fabric rolls aur sewing machine par warm streaks bana rahi hai. Kavya lesson papers ke saath aati hai, tiffin side mein rakh deti hai, aur Sahil se bolti hai ki uski dupatta ki ek side ka stitch khul gaya hai. Sahil tape le kar measure karta hai, aur dono ke beech pehli baar thoda lamba pause aata hai. Kavya notice karti hai ki Sahil ne uske tiffin par jo naam likha tha, woh kabhi se usi writing mein likha hua hai—jaise usne kisi aur ke liye nahi, bas Kavya ke liye sambhal kar rakha ho. Sahil bhi dekh leta hai ki Kavya ke lesson papers ke corner par uske diye hue brown paper cover se bachakar rakhe gaye ek chhote se note pe likha hai: “Kal wali class mein naya chart?”

Tabhi achanak power cut. Fan ruk jaata hai. Shop ke andar hawa aur zyada bhari ho jaati hai. Dusty shutter ke through aane wali roshni aur kam ho jaati hai. Dono ek second ke liye chup. Sahil hichkichata hai, phir tiny tea glass ko uthakar bolta hai, “Chai bana deta hoon?” Kavya ek thandi saans le kar muskuraati hai, “Aapke shop ki chai ka temperature bhi aapke dialogues jaisa hota hai—slow.” Sahil pehli baar khul ke has deta hai.

Andhere aur garmi mein, unka jhootha casualpan tootne lagta hai. Kavya bolti hai ki woh roz school se laut kar yahin se guzarti hai, kyunki Sahil ki shop ke saamne se nikalte waqt usko lagta hai jaise koi uska intezaar kar raha ho. Sahil seedha dekhte hue kehta hai ki woh roz extra button aur thread isliye sambhal kar rakhta hai kyunki Kavya kabhi na kabhi kuch na kuch le jaati hai, aur uske aane se shop mein din thoda kam akela lagta hai. Dono chup ho jaate hain. Ceiling fan band hai, par unke beech ki hawa ab pehli baar sach bol rahi hoti hai.

Kavya dheere se apne steel tiffin ko kholti hai. Usmein roti-sabzi ke saath ek folded paper hota hai. Sahil confuse hota hai. Kavya paper kholti hai—uspar school ke bachchon ke handwriting mein likha hota hai: “Miss Kavya, aapke liye Sahil Uncle ne chart frame banaya.” Sahil thoda stunned hota hai. Kavya smile karti hai, “Mere students ko lagta hai aap mere husband type ho.” Sahil, bina sochke, bol deta hai, “Aur aapke students galat bhi nahi hain.”

Yeh line dono ke beech ek naya silence le aati hai, lekin is baar woh uncomfortable nahi hota. Kavya apni nazar neeche karke kehti hai, “Main bhi kab se yahi soch rahi thi.” Sahil measuring tape ko ungliyion mein lapet-te hue, pehli baar seedha aur saaf bolta hai, “Toh phir sochna band kar dein?”

Power abhi tak nahi aayi hoti. Bahar se koi awaaz nahi. Sirf unki saans aur shop ki garmi. Kavya hasti hai, thodi nervous, thodi khush. “Aap flirt karna bhi stitching ki tarah karte ho—seedha line mein.” Sahil muskurata hai. “Aur aap answer bhi report card ki tarah deti ho—thoda late, par pass.”

Climax mein, Kavya tiffin ka last roti ka tukda Sahil ko deti hai, aur Sahil apni measuring tape ka ek chhota sa folded paper nikaal kar uske haath mein rakhta hai. Us par likha hota hai: “Aaj shaam, chai mere shop ke baad nahi—mere saath.” Kavya us note ko dekhti hai, phir Sahil ko. Bahar achanak bijli wapas aa jaati hai. Fan ghoom padta hai. Light laut aati hai. Par is baar dono ke beech kuch naya aa chuka hota hai—jaise usi fan ke neeche, usi room mein, unhone apni purani aadat tod kar ek dusre ko chun liya ho.

Kavya softly bolti hai, “Chai toh milegi na?” Sahil grin karta hai, “Ab toh roz milegi.” Aur is baar, dono ke beech silence nahi, ek shared future ki halki si muskaan hoti hai.