

THE BORROWED SAREE

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: Aditi (26)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Aditi hamesha ki tarah shaam ke waqt boutique ke back dressing room mein aati hai—silent, careful, jaise kisi se nazar na milana ho. Uske haath mein neatly folded saree box hota hai, aur uske chehre par woh expression jo sirf tab hota hai jab koi apni galti maan-ne aaya ho. Bahar baarish halki si pad rahi hai, aur dressing room ke warm mirror bulbs ke neeche fabric hooks par latak rahe kapde dheere-dheere hil rahe hain. Aditi ka dil tez dhadak raha hai, kyunki usne jo saree borrow ki thi, woh ab theek nahi lag rahi. Ek stain, thoda sa pulled thread, aur blouse piece ke paas ek chhota sa tear. Uske ghar mein shaadi ka pressure, relatives ke sawaal, aur “itni mehngi cheez sambhal ke nahi rakh sakti?” wali duniya—sab ek saath uske kandhon par aa gaye the.

Farah, jo boutique ki lively wedding makeup artist hai, us waqt mirror ke saamne apna lipstick check kar rahi hoti hai. Uski bangles halki si khank karti hain, aur uska playful grin room ke mood ko halka rakhta hai. Woh Aditi ko dekh kar turant pehchan leti hai—yeh wahi ladki hai jo pichhle kuch mahino se baar-baar boutique aati rahi hai, kabhi blouse alter karane, kabhi color poochne, kabhi bas chup-chaap sarees dekhne. Farah ko laga tha Aditi bas shy customer hai. Aaj jab Aditi trembling voice mein bolti hai ki “saree kharab ho gayi,” Farah pehle toh tease karti hai, phir jab details sunti hai, uska chehra serious ho jata hai.

Aditi confess karti hai ki wedding function mein she sat too close to a candle stand, phir rain mein bhagte hue pallu geela ho gaya, aur ghar aake usse laga ki sab khatam. Usne iron bhi kiya, dabaya, chhupaya—par guilt aur zyada badh gaya. Farah pehle practical mode mein aa jaati hai: stain kaha hai, tear kitna bada hai, blouse piece saath hai ya nahi, safety pins kahan hain. Dono ke beech ka tone kabhi sharp, kabhi funny ho jaata hai. Farah kehta hai, “Tumlog saree ko aise treat karte ho jaise emotional baggage ho,” aur Aditi bina soche bol deti hai, “Kyunki kabhi kabhi woh hoti bhi hai.” Dono ek second ke liye chup ho jaati hain.

Phir Farah saree open karti hai. Under the mirror bulbs, damage utna bada nahi hota jitna Aditi ne socha tha. Stain corner mein hai, tear seam ke paas hai, aur blouse piece bhi usable hai. Farah ek safety pin nikaal kar fabric ko hold karti hai, phir Aditi ko mirror ke saamne khada kar deti hai. “Dekh,” woh kehti hai, “ruined kuch nahi hai. Bas thoda sa scared hai.” Yeh line Aditi ko seedha lagti hai, jaise uske andar ki saari ghabrahat ko naam mil gaya ho.

Aditi dheere-dheere bolti hai ki usne saree sirf wedding ke liye nahi borrow ki thi. Usne isliye choose ki thi kyunki Farah ne jab pehli baar usse try karne ko bola tha, usne us saree ko aise touch kiya tha jaise koi cheez nahi, koi yaad ho. Farah pehle hansne ki koshish karti hai, par phir Aditi ka sach uske face par ruk jaata hai. Aditi admit karti hai ki woh months se Farah ko notice kar rahi thi—uski loud laugh, bangles, lipstick se bhare fingers, aur woh tarika jis se woh har nervous customer ko ek minute mein comfortable kar deti hai. “Main bas... aapko dekhne aati thi,” Aditi bol deti hai, aur room mein ek narm si khamoshi utar aati hai.

Farah ka usual confident mask thoda sa pighal jaata hai. Woh bhi confess karti hai ki Aditi ko pehle din se yaad rakhti thi—simple kurta, clipped-back hair, aur woh aadmi jaisi seriousness jo actually bahut pyaari lagti thi. Farah ko laga tha Aditi use sirf professional samajhti hai, isliye woh kabhi zyada bol nahi paayi. “Main bhi,” Farah dheere se kehti hai, “tumhare aane ka wait karti thi. Bas bahana chahiye hota tha.”

Baarish aur tez ho jaati hai, mirror bulbs aur zyada warm lagne lagte hain. Dono milkar saree ko mend karte hain—Farah safety pins aur blouse piece se temporary fix karti hai, Aditi edge ko carefully fold karti hai. Kaam ke beech chhoti-chhoti baatein hoti hain: family expectations, shaadi ke functions ka pressure, makeup kit ke andar ka chaos, aur kaise har koi unse “settle” hone ko kehta hai. Par is baar kisi ne “theek” hone ka order nahi diya. Sirf saath diya.

Climax tab aata hai jab Farah saree ko Aditi ke shoulders par drape karti hai aur mirror ke saamne khada kar deti hai. Aditi apne reflection mein sirf ek customer nahi, ek aurat dekhti hai jo thodi ■■■■ hui hai, par phir bhi khoobsurat hai. Farah softly lipstick uthakar Aditi ke haath mein deti hai aur bolti hai, “Aaj sirf saree nahi, thoda sa darr bhi mend karte hain.” Aditi smile karti hai—pehli baar bina apology ke.

End mein, dono dressing room ke chhote mirror ke saamne khadi hoti hain, baarish ki roshni aur bulbs ke beech. Saree ab perfect nahi hai, lekin wearable hai. Unke beech ka silence ab awkward nahi, safe hai. Farah Aditi se kehti hai, “Kal wedding ke baad bhi aana. Is baar bahana mat banana.” Aditi, thodi si sharmili, thodi si brave, bas itna bolti hai: “Agar aap ho, toh bahana zaroori nahi.”