

THE BORROWED DRESS

A Comedy 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Genre: Comedy	Format: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor)	Runtime: 4 - 6 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) Character: Fashionably Late Event Planner (Female, 27-33)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Aaj ka din mere liye ek wedding planner ka version nahi, ek live disaster rehearsal tha. Main, Meera — 29, professionally late aur emotionally overprepared — boutique ke fitting room mein khadi hoon, aur mere saamne mirror mein meri hi image mujhe judge kar rahi hai. Stylish blouse, high-waisted trousers, statement earrings, aur ek quick professional updo... dekhne mein sab sorted lag raha hai. Bas problem yeh hai ki yeh “sorted” look ke upar jo borrowed dress try karne aayi thi, woh ab mere upper body se aise chipak gayi hai jaise kisi ne meri life ko zipper mein bandh kar diya ho.

Main is dress ko ek high-stakes wedding ke liye borrow karke laayi thi. Bride ki behen ne bola tha, “Bas ek baar pehen ke dekh lo, tum pe perfect lagegi.” Perfect. Haan, bilkul. Jaise meri planning timelines, budget sheets, aur emergency kit hamesha perfect hoti hain. Reality? Main fitting room ke andar phans chuki hoon, dress ka zipper atka hua hai, heel ka ek strap kisi tarah fold mein ulajh gaya hai, aur phone ki battery 12% pe mera moral support kar rahi hai.

Main pehle toh hasi. Kyunki kya hi kar sakti hoon? Haste-haste main apne aap ko mirror mein dekhti hoon aur bolti hoon, “Meera, tu event planner hai. Crisis handle karna tera kaam hai.” Phir main safety pin dhoondhti hoon. Ek safety pin milti hai, lekin woh bhi aise bent hai jaise usne bhi resignation de diya ho. Main usse dress ke side seam pe lagane ki koshish karti hoon, aur woh mera finger almost pin kar deti hai. Main chilla nahi sakti, kyunki bahar boutique ka world chal raha hai — soft music, faint chatter, and woh annoying calmness jo sirf fitting rooms mein hoti hai.

Phir phone vibrate karta hai. Wedding coordinator ka voice note. Main play karti hoon. Uski awaaz mein panic kam, judgement zyada: “Meera, function in 40 minutes. Please tell me you’re on the way.” Main mirror ko dekhti hoon, phir apne atke hue dress ko. Main bolti hoon, “On the way? Main toh literally wardrobe ke andar emotionally moved in ho chuki hoon.” Mujhe khud pe hasi aati hai. Aur us hasi ke beech mein ek aur disaster — heel ka ek shoe utar kar floor pe slide ho jata hai. Main ek pair mein heel, ek pair mein pant leg, aur ek borrowed dress mein half-cooked surprise package lag rahi hoon.

Main zipper ko ek aur baar kheenchtī hoon. Kuch nahi. Main saans letī hoon, posture adjust kartī hoon, shoulders set kartī hoon, jaise body ko negotiate kar rahi hoon. Aur tab mirror mein ek weirdly honest moment aata hai. Yeh dress mujhe fit nahi kar rahi thi... ya main is dress ke liye fit hone ki koshish mein khud ko fit nahi kar paa rahi thi? Main roz dusrōn ke liye perfect spaces banatī hoon — seating charts, floral palettes, entry cues, baraat timings — aur apne liye? Ek fitting room, teen safety pins, aur zero patience.

Main ek second ke liye chup ho jaatī hoon. Fir dheere se laugh nikalta hai. Kyunki sach yeh hai: yeh borrowed dress merī life jaisī hi hai. Thodī tight, thodī risky, thodī borrowed, aur phir bhi somehow... beautiful. Ismein main professional bhi lag rahi hoon aur thodī human bhi. Thodī flustered, thodī glamorous, thodī ridiculous — exactly jaise mujhe hona chahiye. Na perfect, na polished beyond belief. Bas present.

Main phone ka front camera on kartī hoon, ek quick look letī hoon, aur boltī hoon, "Theek hai, Meera. Aaj wedding unke liye hai, lekin fitting room ka lesson tere liye." Main dress ko ek final tug detī hoon, safety pin ko surrender kar detī hoon, aur heels ko haath mein le letī hoon. Zipper ab bhi atka hai, par main nahi. Main smile kartī hoon — mirror mein, khud pe, aur shayad us borrowed version of myself pe jo aaj pehli baar itnī honestly fit lag rahi hai. Ab bas mujhe bahar nikalna hai. Aur haan, maybe thoda less dramatic, thoda more fabulous.