

THREE CALLS TO DAD

A Emotional Drama 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Emotional Drama	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Prakash (60)	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)'.

Raat ka waqt hai. Chhote se apartment ke balcony par ek warm bulb ki peeli roshni andar se spill ho rahi hai, aur neeche streetlamp ka orange glow wajah se sab kuch thoda sa soft, thoda sa udaas lag raha hai. Balcony par ek folding chair, ashtray, tea glass, ek potted plant aur dining table se uthakar laya gaya purana mobile phone pada hai. Prakash, 60, white vest aur reading glasses mein, bahar aakar baitha hai—chehre par wohi gentle stubbornness jo sirf baap ke chehre par purani marammat ki tarah chipak jaati hai. Usne dono beton ko ek hi message bheja hai: “Aaj raat mujhe call karna. Kuch zaroori hai. Sone se pehle.”

Pehle Kunal aata hai. Formal shirt, polished shoes, bank ki thakaan aur office ki discipline uske body language mein saaf dikh rahi hai. Woh seedha baat chahta hai: kya problem hai, kitna paisa chahiye, doctor ko dikhana hai kya. Prakash uske har practical sawaal ko ek thandi muskurahat se taal deta hai. Phir Milan aata hai—denim shirt, baal thode bikhre hue, aankhon mein thoda gussa aur thoda dard. Woh seedha bol deta hai ki agar baat phir se “responsibility” aur “family” ki hogi toh woh sunne nahi aaya. Balcony ki hawa mein teenon ke beech ek ajeeb sa tension tairne lagta hai—baap ka calm, bade bete ki control, chhote bete ki rawness.

Prakash un dono ko baithne ko kehta hai, tea glass uthata hai, aur bina kisi dramatic pause ke bolta hai ki usne dono ko ek hi raat bulaaya kyunki woh dekhna chahta tha kaun pehle aata hai. Kunal ko lagta hai yeh emotional manipulation hai. Milan ko lagta hai yeh ek aur test hai, jaise bachpan mein school ke result se pehle comparison. Prakash phir bhi chup nahi hota. Woh kehta hai ki kal subah workshop ki keys kisi ek ko deni hain. Family workshop—jahan unke marhoom doston ke saath banaya gaya kaam, unke haath ki mehnat, aur unke naam ki izzat lagi hui hai—uska future decide karna hai. Kunal turant bolta hai ki business ko professionally chalana padega, accounts, compliance, expansion, sab plan ke saath. Milan kehta hai workshop sirf numbers se nahi chalti; usmein haath ka feel aur logon ki awaaz chahiye. Prakash dono ko sunta hai, lekin uski aankhon mein kisi aur cheez ki talaash hoti hai.

Phir twist aata hai. Prakash workshop keys ko apni mutthi mein daba kar batata hai ki woh mar nahi raha, na hi koi hospital ka drama hai. Usne “sone se pehle” isliye bola tha kyunki use dekhna tha kaun uski baat sunne aata hai, aur kaun sirf apni baat. Woh maanta hai ki usne dono ko zindagi bhar alag-alag tarah se pala—Kunal ko zimmedari sikhayi, Milan ko jazba sambhalna sikhaya—par dono ne ek dusre ko kabhi samjha hi nahi. Aaj usne bas yeh

jaanchna tha ki workshop ko kaun samjhega: woh jo sirf hisaab rakhega, ya woh jo machine ki awaaz aur insaan ki thakaan dono pehchaan sake.

Climax mein Prakash workshop keys seedha folding chair par rakh deta hai, par kisi ek ko nahi deta. Woh kehta hai: “Keys usko milengi jo mere saath kal subah workshop pe pehle chai peeyega, aur dusre ko bina gussa kiye sunega.” Kunal aur Milan pehli baar ek dusre ko dekhte hain—resistance ke paar ek awkward sa realization. Kunal ka polished mask thoda sa pighalta hai, aur Milan ka resentment ek second ke liye kam ho jata hai. Dono ko samajh aata hai ki test unka tha, par jawab bhi unka hi hai. Final beat mein teeno balcony par khamoshi se chai peete hain. Neeche streetlamp jal raha hai, potted plant hawa mein hilti hai, aur Prakash ki reading glasses uske white vest par tik jaati hain. Woh bina dekhe bolta hai: “Kal workshop khulegi. Aur is baar, dono aana. Ek saath.”