

THE THIRD CUP OF TEA

A Slice of Life/Family 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Slice of Life/Family	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Harsh (31)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Subah ka waqt hai. Ek chhota sa kitchen, window se aati soft roshni, aur stove ki neeli aag — jaise ghar ka poora mood tea ke first boil par tik gaya ho. Harsh, simple shirt mein, sleeves carefully fold karke khada hai. Uski body language mein ek hi mission hai: aaj woh sirf tea nahi, apni izzat bhi paka raha hai. Radha, cotton sari mein, counter ke paas khadi, spoon ko aise dekh rahi hai jaise usme ghar ki parampara likhi ho. Anita, house clothes aur thaki hui aankhon ke saath, fridge ke paas lean karke poora scene padh rahi hai. Uske chehre par pyaar bhi hai aur woh khas type ka sarcasm bhi, jo sirf pati ko hi milta hai.

Harsh pehle kettle mein paani daalta hai, phir bahut dheere sugar jar uthata hai, jaise koi nuclear button ho. Radha turant bolti hai, "Do cup ke liye do chammach." Harsh respectfully bolta hai, "Ji mummy ji, bilkul." Anita bina dekhe bolti hai, "Woh 'bilkul' abhi bol raha hai, baad mein 'oops' bolega." Harsh ignore karne ki koshish karta hai. Paani ubalne lagta hai. Woh chai patti daalta hai. Radha kehti hai, "Thodi aur, warna rang hi nahi aayega." Anita turant: "Maa, ye chai hai, Holi ka rang nahi." Radha muskurati hai, "Respect se bana raha hai, galti ho bhi gayi toh maaf." Harsh ke kaan laal ho jaate hain, kyunki har line mein praise bhi hai aur test bhi.

Phir sugar ka scene aata hai. Harsh ek chammach daalta hai. Radha: "Kam." Anita: "Mujhe toh bas naam ka chai chahiye, taste ka nahi." Harsh aur daalta hai. Radha: "Ab theek." Anita: "Mummy, aapko 'theek' ka matlab 'thoda aur' hota hai." Harsh confuse. Woh spoon ko dekhta hai, sugar jar ko dekhta hai, aur phir Anita ko. Anita aankhon se hi bol deti hai — "Mujhse mat pooch, main already emotionally invested hoon."

Tea simmer karti hai. Harsh milk nikalta hai. Radha beech mein bolti hai, "Pehle ek boil aur." Anita seedha bolti hai, "Maa, aap chai bana rahi ho ya exam?" Harsh har instruction ko sacred mantra ki tarah follow karta hai, aur isi beech uski respect aur desperation dono kitchen mein mix ho jaate hain. Woh cup nikalta hai. Chipped mug ko dekhkar Radha ek pal rukti hai. "Ye wala cup kaafi purana hai." Anita instantly: "Bilkul, is ghar mein sab kuch purana hai, bas expectations nayi hain." Harsh halka sa hans deta hai — pehli baar sach mein.

Final twist tab aata hai jab Radha apna cup uthati hai, ek sip leti hai, aur bina expression badle kehti hai, "Aaj chai theek bani hai." Harsh ka chehra khil uthta hai. Anita aankhen ghumati hai. Phir Radha dheere se chipped mug ko Anita ki taraf badhati hai aur bolti hai, "Par ye cup Harsh ke liye hai. Usne banaaya hai, isliye usko peena chahiye."

Harsh hairaan. Anita bhi. Radha softly add karti hai, “Pehli baar koi mere kitchen mein khada hoke sirf tea nahi bana raha, ghar samajh raha hai.”

Harsh cup leta hai. Woh peeta hai. Ek beat. Phir uske face par jo expression aata hai, woh perfect chai ka nahi, perfect acceptance ka hota hai. Woh dheere se bolta hai, “Mummy ji... ye chai mein thodi si namak ki tarah... respect bhi hai.” Anita pehli baar genuinely hasti hai. Radha uski taraf dekhti hai, phir Harsh ki taraf, aur bas ek line bolti hai: “Ab next cup Anita banayegi.” Anita turant protest karti hai, “Main emotional load sambhal rahi hoon, chai ka load nahi.” Radha smile karti hai. Harsh spoon rakh deta hai. Teenon ke beech ka tension, subah ki steam mein dheere-dheere ghul jaata hai. Aur kitchen mein, third cup of tea ka taste finally ghar jaisa lagta hai — imperfect, balanced, aur quietly apna.