

THREE CUPS OF TEA

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: Farida (70)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Teen cups chai ki bhap ke saath, teen auratein ek chhote se chai stall ke andar baithi hain—bahar baarish, andar khamoshi. Gray roshni tin ki chhat par tap-tap karti hai, aur counter par rakhi kettle se uthi seeti jaise unke beech dabey hue saalon ki awaaz ho. Farida, sattar saal ki, safed wool shawl mein, apne haathon ko cup ke garm glass par rakh kar beti Salma aur poti Huma ko dekhti hai. Usne un dono ko “shaadi ki baat” ke naam par bulaya hai, lekin uski aankhon mein koi aur hi hisaab chal raha hai.

Salma, simple kurta pehne, practical aur thodi sakht, pehle hi samajh jaati hai ki Maa ka mood normal nahi hai. Huma, college uniform mein, seedhi baithi hai, phone ko palat kar rakh deti hai aur chupchaap gusse mein saans leti hai. Shaadi ki invitation card Farida counter par rakhti hai, jaise koi bahana. Woh kehti hai ki family mein ek aur shaadi aa rahi hai, aur ab sab ko “ek saath” rehna chahiye. Salma turant control mein aa jaati hai—kaun aayega, kaun nahi, kitna kharcha hoga, kiski zimmedari kya hogi. Huma ka patience tootne lagta hai; usse lagta hai ki bade log hamesha shaadi aur izzat ke naam par apni purani galtiyan dhak dete hain.

Phir Farida ki awaaz dheere-dheere sakht aur seedhi ho jaati hai. Woh yaad dilati hai ki jab Salma school jaati thi, tab usne apna gehna bech kar fees bhari thi. Jab Salma ki shaadi hui, tab usne apni pasand ka kapda tak nahi pehna tha. Jab Salma ke bachche hue, tab raat bhar unki khansi, fever, aur exams sab usne sambhale the. Salma pehle bas itna kehti hai, “Ammma, ab purani baatein mat nikalo.” Lekin Farida rukti nahi. Woh poochti hai, “Ek baar bhi ‘shukriya’ bola tha?”

Huma, jo andar hi andar apni maa ki sakhti aur nani ki chup ko le kar confuse thi, pehli baar sach bol deti hai: “Aap dono hamesha sacrifice ka competition khelti rehti ho. Koi kisi ko sunta hi nahi.” Yeh line stall mein ek second ke liye sab kuch rok deti hai. Baarish ki awaaz aur kettle ki seeti ek saath uthi hai. Salma ko lagta hai Huma badtameez ho gayi hai, lekin Farida ke chehre par pehli baar halki si muskaan aati hai—jaise kisi ne uska asal dard pakad liya ho.

Farida tab keh deti hai ki shaadi ke liye nahi, usne un dono ko bulaya tha. Woh kal subah town chhod rahi hai. Usne ek chhota sa kiraye ka room dekh liya hai—apne liye, bilkul akeli. Na koi “Ammma, yeh mat khao,” na koi “Maa, yahan baitho,” na koi “Nani, aapko kya zarurat hai.” Salma stunned reh jaati hai. Huma ke haath ka cup halkasa kaanp jaata hai. Farida batati hai ki usne zindagi bhar sabke liye ghar banaya, par khud ke liye kabhi ek kona bhi nahi rakha. Ab

woh apni bachi hui zindagi mein pehli baar apni marzi se jeena chahti hai.

Salma ka practical chehra tootne lagta hai; usko gussa bhi aata hai aur guilt bhi. Woh bolti hai, “Aap ne humse poocha kyun nahi?” Farida seedha jawab deti hai, “Kyunki poochti toh tum mana kar deti.” Huma ki aankhon mein aansu aa jaate hain, kyunki usse pehli baar samajh aata hai ki uski nani sirf thakki hui aurat nahi, ek insaan bhi hai jise apni life chahiye. Salma dheere se apology maangti hai—poori nahi, par sachchi. “Amma... shayad humne aapko kabhi dekha hi nahi.”

Farida ka chehra naram ho jaata hai. Woh cup uthati hai, pehli chai ka sip leti hai, aur kehti hai, “Aaj dekh liya.” Huma, jo hamesha impatient thi, ab apne aansu chupane ki koshish nahi karti. Woh invitation card ko palat kar dekhti hai—shaadi ka naam, par andar ek alag hi rishta likha hai: maa, beti, poti ke beech ka pehla sachcha milan. End mein, teeno auratein ek hi chhote stall mein baithi hain, baarish ke beech, aur pehli baar silence unke beech deewar nahi, sahara ban jaati hai. Farida ki leaving town ka decision family ko todta nahi—unhe pehli baar jodta hai. Tea khatam hoti hai, lekin unke beech ka ek naya rishta ab shuru hota hai.