

THE THREE WIDOWS

A Pure Comedy 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Pure Comedy	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Lata (66)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Subah ki dhoop terrace par aise gir rahi hai jaise kisi ne purani shaadi ka spotlight laga diya ho. Do plastic chairs ek kone mein, ek cane stool beech mein, aur potted plants aise khade hain jaise poora mohalla unse gossip sunne aata ho. Lata, apni bright lekin thodi mismatched sari mein, tea kettle ko aise pakde hai jaise woh koi trophy ho. Rupa, reading glasses aur khanakti bangles ke saath, har cheez ko apni duty samajh rahi hai. Chitra, neat bun aur shawl mein, snack tin ko bilkul talwar ki tarah lapete khadi hai. Aaj in teenon ne decide kiya hai ki woh ek "respectable" memorial gathering plan karenge—bilkul shant, sanskari, aur bina kisi tamashe ke. Bas, yahi unki pehli galti thi.

Lata sabse pehle bolti hai ki memorial mein "zyaada rona-dhona" nahi chahiye, warna uske late husband ki photo bhi sharm se jhuk jayegi. Rupa turant practical mode mein aa jaati hai—kitne log, kaunsi chai, temple calendar ke hisaab se kaunsa din shubh hai. Chitra, jo har baat ka ek kaanta nikaal leti hai, seedha pooch leti hai: "Respectable memorial mein chairs kiski better hongii? Main pehle wali chair par baithungi, kyunki main sabse zyada set hoon." Is par Lata aur Rupa dono protest karte hain. Dheere-dheere memorial ki baat kisi funeral committee se zyada seating arrangement ki ring-fight ban jaati hai.

Phir conversation unki zindagi ke asli dard par fisal jaati hai—bachche phone kam karte hain, pension time par nahi aati, aur temple mein log unko "bechari" nazar se dekhte hain. Lata bolti hai uska beta har Sunday "kal call karta hoon" bolkar ■■■■ ho jaata hai. Rupa ka complain hai ki uski bahu uske bangles ki sound ko "background noise" keh kar ignore karti hai. Chitra, hamesha ki tarah, dry wit mein bolti hai ki uske ghar wale toh usse itna independent samajhte hain ki kabhi kabhi dar lagta hai unhe woh zinda bhi lagti hai ya nahi. Teenon hasne lagti hain, phir ek second ke liye silence aata hai—woh silence jo sirf un logon ke beech hota hai jinke paas bolne ko bahut kuch ho aur sunne wala koi na ho.

Tabhi competition shuru hoti hai: kaun sabse kam lonely hai? Lata ka claim hai ki uske terrace par pigeons roz aate hain, isliye company toh hai. Rupa bolti hai uske paas temple committee ka WhatsApp group hai, jahan har din "Good morning" aur prasad ki photos aati hain—meaningful relationships! Chitra calmly snack tin khol kar kehti hai, "Mere paas khud ka tin hai. Isme namkeen bhi hai, aur patience bhi." Yeh line sunte hi Lata aur Rupa phat se has deti hain. Unka "respectable" mood ab ek open battlefield ban chuka hai, lekin bina gusse ke—sirf purani shikayat, nayi chubhanon, aur shared loneliness ke mazedaar tukdon ke saath.

Climax tab aata hai jab temple calendar haath mein liye Rupa announce karti hai ki memorial ka din wohi hoga jo “shubh” ho, lekin Chitra turant note karti hai ki woh date temple mein “bachelor cooking competition” ka final bhi hai. Lata ka chehra chamak uthta hai. Rupa sochti hai, “Bachelor cooking?” Chitra aankh maar ke kehti hai, “Haan. Local bachelor hai, umar theek-thaak, aur suna hai khana bhi theek bana leta hai. Hum usko invite karenge. Memorial ke baad chai bhi ban jayegi, aur humein ek din ka entertainment bhi mil jayega.” Pehle dono shock, phir curiosity, phir full-blown laughter. Memorial gathering ka idea ek hi pal mein “widows’ club” mein badal jaata hai—jahan sadness ko tea, gossip, aur snack tin ke saath manage kiya jaata hai.

Ant mein teenon terrace par apni chairs khinch kar baith jaati hain. Lata kettle rakh kar bolti hai ki club ka naam “The Three Widows” hi rahega, kyunki logon ko sach se darna chahiye. Rupa temple calendar ko dekh kar agle meeting ki date fix karti hai. Chitra snack tin band karte hue final verdict deti hai: “Aur bachelor ko cooking ka charge. Hum widows hain, free mein emotional support denge. Khana woh banayega.” Teenon ki hansii terrace se neeche tak jaati hai, laundry lines hil jaati hain, aur afternoon light unke chehron par ek nayi, naughty si zindagi jaisi chamak le aati hai. Respectable banne ki koshish mein jo din shuru hua tha, woh ek irreverent, warm, and gloriously funny friendship mein badal jaata hai.