

THE BRIDAL SUITE RULEBOOK

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: Nitika (28)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Hotel bridal suite ki warm yellow light mein raat kaafi der tak jaag rahi hai. Bed par wedding outfit, makeup kit, charger, speech notes, snacks aur gift bags itne casually failay hue hain jaise kisi shaadi ne yahan permanent residency le li ho. Nitika, 28, pajamas aur hair rollers mein, thodi exhausted, thodi hilarious, aur bahut zyada over-it mode mein bed ke kone par baithi hai. Uske kaan mein earrings ab bhi chamak rahe hain, jaise body ne surrender kar diya ho but style ne nahi. Woh bas ek cheez chahti hai: ek peaceful night. Bas. Koi drama nahi. Koi emergency nahi. Koi "just one small thing" nahi.

Lekin uski do bridesmaids, Mansi aur Pallavi, is room ko wedding command center bana chuki hain. Mansi, 29, party wear mein, makeup kit ko aise handle kar rahi hai jaise nuclear codes hon. Woh hyper-organized hai, bossy hai, aur har sentence mein "plan" bolti hai. Pallavi, 30, comfy clothes mein, snacks aur gossip ke saath aayi hai, aur uska sarcasm room mein air freshener ki tarah fail raha hai. Mansi speech notes ko edit kar rahi hai, Pallavi ex-boyfriend ke "last minute text" ka mazaak uda rahi hai, aur Nitika bas bed pe letkar in dono ko dekh rahi hai jaise documentary chal rahi ho. Teeno ke beech ka dialogue rapid-fire hai: "Ye eyeliner waterproof hai?" "Speech mein 'forever' 4 baar aa gaya hai, thoda kam karo." "Main snacks laayi hoon, emotional support ke liye." Har cheez ek mini-crisis ban jaati hai—dress ka zip, charger missing, shoes ka box, ring cushion ka confusion—aur har crisis ke saath unka self-made rulebook aur absurd hota jaata hai: "No crying before lipstick," "No exes after 11," "No truth bombs near the mirror."

Jaise-jaise raat gehri hoti hai, comedy ke neeche ek soft tension bhi chipak jaati hai. Nitika baar-baar door ki taraf dekhti hai, phir apni earring ko touch karti hai, phir phone screen ko lock karke rakh deti hai. Mansi ko lagta hai woh wedding jitters mein hai, isliye woh aur controlling ho jaati hai—speech ko polish karna, outfit ko steam karna, panic ko schedule karna. Pallavi ko lagta hai bride bas tired hai, isliye woh snacks offer karti hai aur bolti hai, "Tu bas saans le, main duniya handle karti hoon." But Nitika ka silence alag hi type ka hai. Jab Mansi usse poochti hai ki "Bride nervous hai ya bas thak gayi?", Nitika pehli baar seedha jawab nahi deti. Woh bolti hai, "Mujhe shaadi se darr nahi lag raha." Room mein ek beat ka pause. Phir woh halke se has kar bolti hai ki darr kisi aur baat ka hai—us woman ka, jisse woh shaadi karne wali hai, aur usse pata chalne ka ki suite mein jo "roommate" ka story sabko sunaayi gayi hai, woh poori tarah sach nahi hai.

Revelation ke saath room ka tone ekdum flip ho jaata hai, lekin cheap melodrama nahi—pure comedy ke saath. Mansi ka makeup brush hawa mein ruk jaata hai. Pallavi ka snack packet khulne se pehle hi uska muh khul jaata hai. Nitika confess karti hai ki “roommate” actually ek cover story thi, kyunki uski future wife ko yeh nahi pata ki Pallavi sirf roommate nahi, balki Nitika ki ex-girlfriend thi—aur un dono ka breakup “complicated” se zyada “catastrophic with glitter” tha. Ab problem yeh nahi ki Nitika bride hai; problem yeh hai ki uski shaadi wali woman ko agar yeh raaz wedding night se pehle pata chal gaya, toh suite ka chaos history ban sakta hai.

Par twist yahin khatam nahi hota. Pallavi, jo ab tak sabse zyada sarcastic thi, ek second ke liye soft ho jaati hai aur bolti hai ki woh yahan drama karne nahi, damage control karne aayi hai. Mansi turant rulebook mode mein aa jaati hai: “Naya rule—truth bomb sirf shaadi ke baad.” Nitika finally laugh karti hai, sach mein, pehli baar poori raat mein. Teeno milkar absurd but heartfelt plan banati hain: speech ko neutral rakhenge, room se suspicious photos hataayenge, aur agar future wife poochhe toh “roommate” ko bas “temporary emotional support human” bol denge. Last shot ke mood mein, Nitika hair rollers ke saath khadi hoti hai, bridal outfit ko dekh kar breath leti hai, aur bolti hai, “Theek hai. Kal shaadi hai. Aaj ka rulebook simple hai: panic mat karo, pyaar ko mat jhooth bolne do, aur snacks khatam mat hone do.” Teeno has padti hain, aur bridal suite ka chaos ek perfect comic truce mein freeze ho jaata hai—jaise wedding se pehle ki sabse badi emergency, aakhirkar, honesty hi ho.