



THE ELEVATOR PITCH

A Comedy 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: A startup founder gets trapped in an elevator right before her biggest investor meeting and decides to use the time to rehearse her pitch out loud. By the time the doors finally open, she has accidentally perfected a version of her idea so honest and funny that the investor waiting outside is impressed enough to listen.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Ambitious Startup Founder (Female, 26-33)

LOCATION: Inside a stalled office elevator with mirrored walls, harsh overhead light, and a tiny emergency panel. The confined space becomes a makeshift pitch room, with the founder pacing and gesturing to her own reflection.

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE ELEVATOR - DAY

Harsh overhead light. Mirrored walls. Tiny emergency panel. A cramped elevator, clearly stalled between floors.

ADITI (late 20s), ambitious startup founder, stands inside in a blazer over a t-shirt, sneakers, sleek ponytail, tablet in hand, tote bag on shoulder. Confident, but visibly frazzled.

She stares at the floor indicator. Nothing.

A beat.

She taps her PHONE. No signal.

She presses the EMERGENCY PANEL.

A tiny BEEP. Silence.

ADITI

(under her breath)

Perfect. Bas perfect.

She looks at her reflection in the mirrored wall.

ADITI

Okay. Calm. Very calm. Main ek founder hoon. Panic ka budget nahi hota.

She exhales, then laughs once.

ADITI

Aur obviously, aaj hi elevator ne decide kiya hai ki usko bhi my pitch sunni hai.

She opens her TABLET. A pitch deck is visible.

ADITI

(changing into pitch mode)

Good morning. I'm Aditi, founder of...

She stops.

ADITI

No. Too corporate. Too "please validate me."

She swipes.

ADITI

Hi, I'm Aditi. We help small businesses manage inventory, payments, reminders, customer follow-ups—basically, the boring stuff that quietly eats their day.

She nods, trying it out.

ADITI

Hmm. Not bad. Not sexy. But neither is accounting,
and yet yahin se rent banta hai.

She paces one step, turns.

ADITI

Our app is like a very responsible assistant.

(beat)

Actually, no. Responsible assistants are expensive.
Our app is like a very efficient friend who actually
replies on time.

She smiles at her own reflection.

ADITI

Okay, that's better.

She checks her PHONE again. Still no signal.

ADITI

Of course. Investor meeting ke pehle elevator mein
marooned hona is peak founder cinema.

She pulls out a crumpled VOICE NOTE reminder on her phone and plays it
aloud.

VOICE NOTE (V.O.)

Don't oversell. Be sharp. Be honest. Smile.

ADITI

(repeating it)

Don't oversell. Be sharp. Be honest. Smile.

She points at herself in the mirror.

ADITI

Smile. Haan. Because ab mere paas aur koi option bhi
nahi hai.

The elevator LIGHT flickers.

ADITI freezes, then uses it like dramatic theater.

ADITI

Ladies and gentlemen—well, ladies, gentlemen, and
whoever designed this elevator—welcome to my demo
room.

She gestures to the mirrored walls.

ADITI

This is the part where I'm supposed to say we're
going to disrupt the future.

(beat)

But honestly? Main future disrupt nahi kar rahi. Main
bas ek chhota sa problem solve kar rahi hoon jo log

roz face karte hain.

She looks at the deck, then back at herself.

ADITI

Because small businesses don't need another app with ten fancy tabs and one confusing dashboard. They need less chaos. They need time. They need to stop doing twelve jobs at once and still being told to "scale."

She nods, liking this version.

ADITI

Yes. That's the line.

She scrolls.

ADITI

Our product isn't magic. It won't turn a chai tapri into a unicorn overnight.

(beat)

Although, if it did, I'd love a cut.

She chuckles.

ADITI

But it will save hours. It will reduce mistakes. It will help business owners focus on the work that actually brings money in.

She stops pacing. The honesty hits.

ADITI

And the truth is...

(beat)

I didn't build this because I wanted to "disrupt an industry." I built this because I watched my mom run her bakery like a one-woman army. Bills. Orders. Late payments. Random supplier drama. Every day was a battle.

Her voice softens.

ADITI

I kept thinking—why is the hardest part of running a business not the business itself, but all the admin around it? Why do smart people spend their best energy on useless busywork?

She looks at her reflection, sincere now.

ADITI

So yeah. This app is not glamorous. It's not a rocket ship. It's not going to make anyone say, "Wow, that's so visionary, I need a cold brew."

A beat.

ADITI

But it is useful. And sometimes useful is the most honest kind of innovation.

She takes a breath. This is the real pitch.

ADITI

If you invest in us, you're not betting on hype. You're betting on a team that understands the pain point because we've lived it. You're betting on practical, boring, repeatable value.

She winces.

ADITI

Okay, "boring" maybe not the best word.

(beat)

Let's call it dependable.

She smiles, satisfied.

ADITI

Dependable scales. Dependable stays. Dependable pays the bills. Which, fun fact, is also what investors enjoy.

A metallic THUNK.

The elevator SHUDDERS.

ADITI

Whoa.

Another THUNK. The doors begin to move.

ADITI straightens instantly, tablet in hand.

ADITI

Okay. Final line.

(to herself)

You don't need to sound like a founder. You need to sound like someone who solved a real problem.

The doors OPEN halfway.

A sliver of the outside hallway is visible, bright and normal and deeply unhelpful to her nerves.

ADITI takes one last look at herself in the mirror.

ADITI

(confident, calm)

Alright. Let's do this.

The doors fully open.

We do NOT see or hear any other actor clearly. Only a vague, off-screen presence is implied from outside the elevator.

ADITI steps out with a controlled smile, ponytail intact, blazer squared.

She turns back just once, as if thanking the elevator.

ADITI

(muttering)

Best pitch room I've had in months.

She exits.

FADE OUT.

THE END.