

ELEVATOR PITCH

A Pure Comedy 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Pure Comedy	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Rohan (26)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Rohan ka din already kharab tha, aur elevator uska final insult nikla. Wo apne wrinkled blazer ko baar-baar seedha kar raha tha, ek haath me pitch deck folder, doosre me phone jiski battery 7% par blink kar rahi thi. Building ke office tower me upar jaane ke liye wo bas ek meeting ke liye nikal raha tha, lekin jaise hi elevator ne do floors ke beech ek jhatke ke saath dum toda, uski saans bhi adhi reh gayi. Harsh white lights ne uske paseene ko aur highlight kar diya. Mirror me uska reflection kisi failed entrepreneur jaisa lag raha tha.

Uske saath elevator me Sameer tha — 38 saal ka, formal shirt me, ID lanyard gale me, belt se lataкта key ring, aur chehre par woh expression jo sirf building managers ke paas hota hai: duniya se thoda thaka hua, sab kuch dekh chuka, aur kisi bhi bakwaas ke liye zero tolerance. Rohan ne pehle emergency button dabaaya, phir phone par signal check kiya, phir zor se "hello?" bol diya, jaise elevator ko sharm aa jayegi aur wo chal padega. Par kuch nahi hua. Digital floor indicator flicker kar raha tha: 6... 6... 7... 6... jaise elevator bhi unka mazaak uda raha ho.

Rohan ne panic me baat shuru ki. "Sir, actually main ek startup se hoon. Bahut promising hai. AI-based..." Sameer ne bina dekhe bola, "Elevator ke andar pitch mat karo." Rohan aur zyada nervous ho gaya. "Nahi sir, main bas bata raha tha ki hum log—" "Mujhe pata hai tum log kya karte ho. Har second 'revolutionary' hota hai, aur end me bas coffee aur PPT hoti hai." Rohan ne awkward smile di. Usne socha, shayad thoda charm kaam karega. "Sir, aapko lagta hai main meeting ke liye late ho gaya toh bhi chance hai?" Sameer ne dry tone me bola, "Chance toh tab tha jab tumne elevator me aake startup word bola."

Rohan ne water bottle nikali, phir wapas rakh di, jaise hydration se negotiation jeet sakta ho. "Sir, honestly bas ek meeting chahiye. Agar aap building access approve kar dein, main aapko premium subscription de dunga. Lifetime." Sameer ne uski taraf finally dekha. "Premium subscription kis cheez ka?" Rohan ne jaldi se bola, "Hamari app ka. Productivity. Teams. Workflow. Sab." Sameer ne eyebrow uthayi. "Mere kaam ka kya?" Rohan, aur zyada desperate, bol pada, "Aapko bas... bas ek beta user banana hai." Sameer ka face aur sakht ho gaya. "Beta user? Main manager hoon. Guinea pig nahi."

Silence. Sirf fluorescent light ki buzzing aur elevator ke andar ki garmi. Rohan ne apni pitch deck folder ko chest se lagaya, jaise usme uska future band ho. "Sir, sach bolun? Agar aaj meeting nahi mili na, toh startup dead." Sameer

ne pehli baar thoda soft expression diya. “Dead ka matlab?” Rohan ne ek bitter laugh di. “Matlab rent baaki, team chhoti, investors ghost mode me, aur meri ma ne bol diya hai ki ‘beta, ab normal job dekh lo.’” Sameer ne ek second ke liye apni nazar neeche ki, jaise kuch yaad aa gaya ho.

Rohan ne us moment ko pakad ke aur bol diya, “Aapko koi discount chahiye? Main free demo de sakta hoon. Ya main building ke liye custom dashboard bana deta hoon. Visitors tracking, maintenance alerts, complaint analytics—” Sameer ne achanak uski baat kaat di. “Rohan?” Rohan freeze. “Haan?” Sameer ne usko ghur ke dekha, phir ek slow, unbelieving smile nikli. “Rohan Mehta? IIT Delhi? Hostel C, Room 214?” Rohan ki aankhen phat gayin. “Sameer...?”

Sameer ne ek haath se apna lanyard thoda side kiya, jaise identity reveal kisi crime scene ka evidence ho. “Sameer Khurana. Tera roommate. Jo tu ‘Samu’ bolta tha. Aur jo tere assignments type karta tha jab tu ‘startup ideas’ sochta tha.” Rohan ka muh khul gaya. “Arre bhail!” Uski nervousness ekdum embarrassment me badal gayi. “Tu? Tu yahan building manager?” Sameer ne deadpan me kaha, “Aur tu ab bhi bina plan ke pitch kar raha hai?” Dono ek second ko dekhte rahe, phir hasi phoot padi. Pure elevator ki tension ekdum cartoon balloon ki tarah phat gayi.

Rohan ne apna folder uthaya. “Yaar, main tujhe manager samajh ke itna impress karne ki koshish kar raha tha.” Sameer ne key ring ko ghumaya. “Aur main soch raha tha koi aur desperate founder phas gaya hai.” Rohan ne grin kiya, “Toh meeting fix?” Sameer ne shoulder shrug kiya. “Meeting toh ab bhi dekhni padegi. Par elevator se bahar nikal ke.” Phir wo thoda rukkar bola, “Waise idea kya hai?” Rohan ne pehli baar genuinely confident hoke folder khola. “Simple. Office buildings ke liye ek smart system—complaints, visitors, maintenance—sab ek jagah.” Sameer ne usko dekha, phir mirror me apna reflection, phir floor indicator ko. “Agar ye elevator bhi track kar leta, toh main aaj tujhe thoda kam judge karta.”

Achanak ek jhatka aaya. Elevator ne ek chhoti si sound ki, indicator 6 se 7 par stable hua, aur doors dheere se khul gaye. Dono ne ek doosre ko dekha. Sameer ne bahar ka corridor dekha, phir Rohan ko. “Chal. Ab pitch kar. Lekin is baar elevator ke andar nahi.” Rohan ne smile ki, apna folder tight pakda, aur pehli baar uska panic genuine hope me badal gaya. Wo dono bahar nikle — ek startup founder aur ek building manager, jo kuch minute pehle ek disaster the, aur ab ek unexpectedly perfect audience. Elevator ke andar bas fluorescent light, mirror, aur ek khali water bottle reh gayi. Aur digital indicator, jaise khud bhi khush ho kar, finally steady 7 par chamak raha tha.