

NO PARKING

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: Vikas (36)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Subah se hi garmi ka mood kharab tha, aur dopahar tak toh road bhi pighalne laga tha. Ek tang gali jaisi roadside parking lane mein Vikas apni white sedan ke saath atak gaya tha. Uska office badge paseene se chipka hua tha, polo shirt ke neeche gussa aur bechaini dono ubal rahe the. Woh keys ko aise pakde hue tha jaise unse hi insaaf nikal aayega. Car ke saamne ek traffic cone rakha tha, faded paint lines par dhool jam chuki thi, aur paas hi Babu khada tha—reflective vest, cap, whistle, aur pocket mein ek chhoti si notebook, jaise usne is lane ko apni personal kingdom bana liya ho.

Vikas ne car ka horn dabaane ki koshish ki, phir ruk gaya. Off-screen kahin aur se honking ka bada orchestra chal raha tha. Vikas ne Babu ko dekha aur seedha bola ki yeh parking uski hai, aur Babu ne usi calm tone mein jawab diya ki yeh spot “temporarily claimed” hai. Vikas ne poocha, “Kiske liye?” Babu ne bina palke jhapkaye kaha, “Neighborhood committee.” Vikas hansa nahi, bas aur zyada gussa ho gaya. Babu ne notebook khola, jaise uske paas sab records ready hon. Usne purani handwriting mein entries dikhani shuru ki: “Monday—reserved. Tuesday—reserved. Wednesday—reserved.” Vikas ne kaha, “Yeh to permanent reservation lag rahi hai.” Babu ne whistle ko ungliyon mein ghumaya aur bola, “Temporary ka matlab hota hai, jab tak zarurat ho.”

Dono ki behas jaldi hi comedy mein badal gayi. Vikas ne apne office badge ko tap karke authority dikhani chahi—“Main is building mein kaam karta hoon.” Babu ne turant uska badge dekha aur bola, “Kaam karte ho, isliye toh parking chahiye. Parking chahiye, toh rules padho.” Vikas ne traffic cone ko uthaya aur side mein rakhne ki koshish ki, lekin Babu ne whistle baja di. Ek hi second mein dono ek doosre ke bilkul saamne the—ek frustrated customer, ek self-appointed guardian. Vikas ne dhamki di ki woh police bula lega. Babu ne seedha notebook se ek parking slip nikaali aur bola, “Bula lo. Main bhi complaint file kar dunga—illegal cone displacement.” Vikas ne aankhen phaad di. “Cone displacement?” Babu ne serious face bana ke kaha, “Bahut serious issue hai, sir.”

Argument ke beech Babu ki tone kabhi bureaucratic, kabhi padosi wali, kabhi philosophical ho jaati. Woh bolta, “Yahan parking sirf gaadi ka nahi, yaadon ka bhi hota hai.” Vikas us line ko ignore karta, kyunki uska patience already evaporate ho chuka tha. Phir Babu ne achanak poocha, “Aapka naam?” Vikas ne gusse mein bata diya. Babu ne notebook mein kuch dekhte hue aankh uthayi. “Vikas Sharma?” Vikas ne haan mein sar hila diya. Babu ke chehre par ek ajeeb si smile aa gayi, jaise puzzle ka piece fit ho gaya ho. Usne lane ke end mein khadi purani building ki

taraf ishara kiya—jiski paint khul chuki thi, khidkiyon par iron grills the, aur ek faded nameplate aadhi dhool mein dab gayi thi.

Babu ne dheere se bola, “Yeh jo aapki gaadi hai na... woh aapke purane ghar ke saamne khadi hai.” Vikas ne pehle hasne ki acting ki, phir uski smile freeze ho gayi. Babu ne notebook khola aur ek purana slip dikhaya: “Sharma House, No Parking—except family.” Vikas ka chehra badal gaya. Usne building ko dekha, phir parking lane ko, phir Babu ko. Dheere-dheere uski yaad wapaa aayi—yeh wahi ghar tha jahan se woh das saal pehle shift hua tha, jab uske papa zinda the, jab yahan ek chhota sa nameplate tha, jab parking ke liye sabse pehle wohi jhagadta tha.

Babu ne apni cap seedhi ki aur bola, “Main tab bhi yahin tha. Aap tab chhote the, aur har Sunday apni cycle yahin khadi kar dete the.” Vikas ko pehli baar samajh aaya ki Babu ka “temporarily claimed” sirf bahana nahi tha—woh is gali ka living archive tha. Vikas ne keys neeche kar li, gussa dheere se sharm mein badal gaya. “Toh... yeh spot sach mein mera tha?” Babu ne kandhe uchka diye. “Tha. Ab bhi hai. Par parking slip ka fine aapko dena padega.” Vikas ne hairan ho kar poocha, “Kis baat ka fine?” Babu ne whistle ko hothon se hata kar bola, “Apne hi ghar ke saamne illegal parking ka.”

Vikas pehle toh blank raha, phir ek zor ka hans-phatka nikal gaya. Babu bhi muskuraya. Vikas ne pocket se ek crumpled note nikala aur Babu ko diya. Babu ne usse dekha aur bola, “Sir, itne saalon mein pehli baar aapne parking ko seriously liya hai.” Vikas ne car key ghumayi aur sar hila diya. “Aur pehli baar mujhe pata chala ki main apne hi ghar ke saamne outsider hoon.” Dono ki hans lane mein garm hawa ke saath ghul gayi. Off-screen horn ab bhi baj raha tha, par is baar Vikas ko fark nahi pada. Babu ne traffic cone seedha kiya, notebook band ki, aur ek final whistle blow kiya—jaise case close ho gaya ho. Twist ke baad jo awkward silence aayi, woh bhi comedy mein badal gayi. Vikas ne apni car ko dheere se reverse kiya, aur Babu ne uske liye ek proper parking slip phaad kar di: “Welcome back, resident.”