

THE COMPLAINT DESK

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: Pranav (32)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Pranav subah se hi gusse mein tha. Office se seedha, tie thoda tedha, shirt ke cuffs thode gile, aur haath mein ek chhota sa appliance jo dekhne mein itna innocent tha ki us par itna bada case banana bhi ajeeb lag raha tha. Uske dusre haath mein receipt thi, aur dono cheezein usne aise pakdi hui thi jaise koi crime scene evidence ho. Electronics service center ka counter uske saamne tha—white light, stacked boxes, ek purana sa fan jo bas hawa ka dhong kar raha tha, aur piche bright sari blouse mein Geeta, headset pehne, smile ke saath aisi shaant jaise duniya ki saari complaints uske liye bas ek aur tea break ho.

Pranav ne pehla attack seedha kiya. “Madam, yeh product defective hai. Maine naya liya tha. Do din mein kharab. Six months se bas problem hi problem.” Geeta ne receipt dekhi, appliance ko dekha, phir Pranav ko. Uski smile mein na sympathy kam hui, na confidence. “Ji sir, pehle complaint form fill kar dete hain. Aur aap thoda sa appliance yahan counter pe rakh dijiye. Gusse mein kabhi kabhi log cheezein aur kharab kar dete hain.” Pranav ko aur chidh hui, lekin usne form le liya. Geeta ne headset ko thoda sa adjust kiya, jaise kisi invisible caller ko already handle kar rahi ho.

Pranav ne complaint form bharna shuru kiya, par Geeta har line pe naya twist de deti. “Fault ka nature?” “Fault ka nature? Fault hai, bas fault hai.” “Hmm. Exact sound aata hai?” “Sound? Yeh machine kaam hi nahi karti.” “Toh phir sound kaise aayega, sir?” Pranav ek second ke liye blank ho gaya. Geeta ne pencil se form pe chhota sa tick maara. “Aap tension mat lijiye. Hum log pehle basic troubleshooting karte hain.”

Uske baad jo hua, woh complaint center se zyada comedy lab lagne laga. Geeta ne kaha appliance ko unplug karke phir se plug karo. Phir bola “reverse direction mein rakh ke dekhiye.” Phir bola “receipt ko thoda sidha kijiye, warranty line kabhi kabhi attitude pe kaam karti hai.” Pranav har step pe aur zyada irritate hota gaya, lekin Geeta ki tone itni calm thi ki uska gussa apni hi awaaz mein thakne laga. Jab usne screwdriver nikala, Pranav ekdum satark ho gaya. “Madam, aap kholne wali hain?” Geeta ne aankh uthaye bina bola, “Sir, kholna hi padta hai. Kuch problems bahar se nahi, andar se hoti hain.”

Pranav ne finally burst kiya. “Aap log bas time pass karte ho! Main office ka kaam chhod ke aaya hoon. Product bechne ke baad service ke naam pe drama!” Geeta ne pehli baar smile ko thoda wideen kiya. “Drama? Sir, aap toh regular actor nikle.” Pranav ne eyebrow uthayi. “Kya matlab?” Geeta ne headset se ek faint beep suna, phir complaint

form ko palat kar ek page dikhaya. “Matlab yeh ki aapne pichhle six months mein is product ke liye teen complaints ki hain. Teenon mein same line—‘device not working.’” Pranav ka gussa ek pal ko ruk gaya. “Haan, kyunki kaam hi nahi karta.” Geeta ne appliance ko uthaya, ek button dabaya, aur uske face par aisi expression aayi jaise koi secret reveal hone wala ho.

Fan ki buzzing ke beech ek chhota sa click hua. Appliance jhalak sa gaya. Pranav ki aankhen phail gayin. Geeta ne receipt ko ulta palta. “Sir, yeh appliance broken nahi hai.” Pranav zameen se do inch upar uth gaya jaise insult ne physically lift kar diya ho. “Kya?” Geeta ne bilkul shaant tareeke se screwdriver side mein rakh diya. “Aap isko ‘ON’ karne ke baad ‘OFF’ samajh ke use kar rahe the. Aur ‘OFF’ ko ‘ON’ samajh ke. Six months se.”

Pranav ka mooh khula reh gaya. “Nahi... aisa nahi ho sakta.” Geeta ne headset pe ek chhota sa laugh chhupaya, phir receipt ke corner pe ungli rakhi. “Aur yeh jo aapne call logs mein har baar bola ki ‘machine dead hai’—wo sunke mujhe lagne laga tha ki aap machine se zyada life ka complaint kar rahe ho.” Pranav ne appliance ko dekha, phir button ko, phir Geeta ko. Uska gussa ab embarrassment mein badal raha tha, aur embarrassment mein ek helpless comedy. “Toh... main hi galat tha?” Geeta ne muskura kar complaint form band kiya. “Sir, galti ka credit lene mein koi burai nahi. Bas aapne itne confidence se galat kiya ki humein laga product hi villain hai.”

Pranav ne ek lambi saans li. Phir usne appliance ko dobara uthaya, is baar dono haathon se, jaise woh koi naya janwar ho. “Aur aap?” usne dheere se poocha. “Aap itna calm kaise rehti hain?” Geeta ne headset ko thoda sa seedha kiya aur aankh maari. “Training. Aur thoda sa entertainment. Aap jaise customers se din bhar ka show free milta hai.” Pranav ne pehli baar sach mein hansi. Thodi sharm, thoda relief, aur poora defeat. Fan ab bhi buzz kar raha tha, boxes ab bhi stacked the, aur counter pe complaint form ab ek solved joke ban chuka tha. Pranav bahar nikalte waqt murmur karta gaya, “Six months...” Geeta ne piche se cheerfully call out kiya, “Sir, agla complaint karne se pehle manual padh lena. Ya phir seedha yahin aa jana—hum log repeat audience ko priority dete hain.”