

PARKING SPOT 7

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: Nandini (41)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Noon ki jali hui dhoop mein apartment parking lot ek chhota-sa battlefield lag raha hai. Painted lines dhundhli hain, security booth mein koi nahi, aur sirf ek hi spot—Parking Spot 7—shamiyana ban kar khada hai, woh bhi aadha scooter aur aadha ziddi ego ke beech phansa hua. Nandini, 41, school principal wali poori authority ke saath utarti hai: formal salwar suit, sunglasses head pe, giant handbag kandhe pe, aur clipboard ko aise pakadti hai jaise usmein poore society ka constitution ho. Woh spot ko dekhte hi aankh sikodti hai aur khud se nahi, duniya se bolti hai, “Ye mera scheduled shade hai.”

Tabhi Zoya, 33, app-based delivery driver, scooter par nonchalantly lean karti hai. Helmet thoda side mein, jacket half-zipped, sneakers dust se bhare hue. Uski awaaz mein woh special flavor hai jo sirf tab aata hai jab banda already 12 logon se argue kar chuka ho. Woh bolti hai ki parking lot ka koi bhi spot “reserved by vibes” nahi hota. Nandini clipboard hilati hai, jaise abhi attendance register se kisi ko suspend kar degi. Woh formal tone mein batati hai ki society rules ke mutabik shaded spot “priority use” ke liye hai. Zoya turant counter kar deti hai ki “priority use” ka matlab hota hai jo pehle aaya, ya phir jo zyada pareshan dikhe. Dono ek-dusre ko dekh kar samajh jaati hain ki aaj koi seedha nahi jaane wala.

Argument ka level dheere-dheere chhoti-chhoti nukkar se full opera tak pahunchta hai. Nandini apne clipboard se imaginary notices padhne lagti hai—“Unauthorized parking, repeated obstruction, civic non-compliance.” Zoya apne scooter se helmet uthakar usko mock salute karti hai aur bolti hai ki principal madam ka tone bilkul waise hai jaise school mein “assembly line” pe late bacchon ko sunaati hongi. Nandini isse aur bhi tight ho jaati hai. Woh parking cone ko uthakar spot ke beech mein rakh deti hai, jaise state property seal kar rahi ho. Zoya cone ko dekh kar uske around scooter ghuma deti hai, bina touching, bas enough to show ki law ki respect bhi ek performance hoti hai.

Phir start hota hai paperwork ka nuclear war. Nandini clipboard par towing notice jaisa kuch likhne ka natak karti hai. Zoya uske haath se paper kheenchne ki koshish nahi karti—woh bas usko padhne lagti hai aur har line par chhota sa comment maarti jaati hai. “Madam, ye notice mein date kal ki hai.” “Madam, ye signature aapka hai ya school stamp ka emotional support?” “Madam, aapne ‘illegal parking’ ke niche ‘moral failure’ bhi likh diya?” Nandini bolti hai ki rules ko seriousness se lena padta hai. Zoya kehti hai ki rules ko tab serious lete hain jab rules khud serious hon. Dono ki awaaz kamre ke bahar tak echo hoti hai, aur off-camera neighbors ki invisible hassi aur door slam unke beech ka

background chorus ban jaati hai.

Jab lagta hai ki ye fight bas shade aur superiority complex ke liye hai, tab twist ka pehla crack aata hai. Nandini apni giant handbag mein haath daal kar kuch dhoondhti hai—car keys nahi, balki ek folded towel aur ek plastic box. Zoya bhi scooter ke under-seat compartment se ek same tarah ka covered container nikaalti hai. Dono ek second ke liye ruk jaati hain. Nandini dheere se poochti hai, “Tum bhi?” Zoya eyebrow utha kar kehti hai, “Aap bhi?”

Ab reveal hota hai ki Parking Spot 7 ka shaded corner un dono ke liye parking nahi, operation point hai. Society ke ek “strict no stray animals” rule ke bawajood, pichhle do din se ek pregnant cat security booth ke piche chhupi hui hai. Nandini, jo school principal ke bahar secretly neighborhood rescuer hai, uske liye vet se medicine aur feeding schedule laayi hai. Zoya, jo app delivery ke naam par poore area mein ghanti bajati rehti hai, cat ke liye cardboard, milk, and a tiny emergency blanket le aayi hai. Dono ne same cat ko alag-alag nazaron se dekha, aur dono ne bina ek-dusre ko bataye uski help karni shuru kar di. Parking Spot 7 ka shade isliye chahiye tha kyunki noon ki dhoop mein cat ko move karna unsafe tha.

Ab pehli baar unka tone badalta hai. Nandini ka clipboard ab weapon nahi, cover sheet ban jaata hai. Zoya ka sarcasm soft ho jaata hai. Dono ek dusre ko dekh kar thoda embarrassed, thoda impressed hoti hain. Nandini admit karti hai ki woh “fake authority” isliye use kar rahi thi kyunki agar society ne puch liya ki woh parking lot mein kya kar rahi hai, toh uske principal image ka kya hoga. Zoya bolti hai ki usne towing notice isliye banaya kyunki log tabhi serious hote hain jab paper pe kuch threatening dikhe. Dono finally laugh karti hain—pehle chhota, phir uncontrollable. Parking Spot 7, jo ab tak ego ka arena tha, suddenly secret rescue headquarters lagne lagta hai.

Climax mein, cat ki halki si meow security booth ke piche se aati hai. Dono instantly hush ho jaati hain aur ek hi rhythm mein kaam karne lagti hain—Nandini shade block karti hai, Zoya box set karti hai, towel spread hota hai, aur clipboard pe “Emergency Parking Permission” jaisa kuch likha jaata hai, jo obviously fake hai but emotionally very official. Aakhir mein, woh dono ek dusre ko dekh kar samajh jaati hain ki aaj ka real win parking spot nahi, alliance hai. Jab cat ka tiny paw cardboard par dikhta hai, dono simultaneously whisper karti hain: “Bas, ab koi mat bolna.” Aur isi ke saath Parking Spot 7 ki jang ek secret, illegal, absurdly noble rescue mission mein badal jaati hai—jahan shade, rules, aur attitude sab ek hi cat ke liye surrender ho jaate hain.