

RECEIPT

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: Pooja (30)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Shaam ke 9:47 baje hain. Café almost band ho chuka hai—chairs ulta rakhi hui, tables half-wipe kiye hue, aur counter ke peeche cash register har dus second mein beeping ki ziddi aadat nibha raha hai. Soft yellow light mein Mitali apni apron ki pocket se receipt roll nikaal kar last bill close kar rahi hai, jab darwaza khul hai aur Pooja andar aati hai—office wear bilkul crisp, haath mein tiny calculator, chehre par woh expression jo batata hai ki yeh aurat sirf paise nahi, principles bhi count karti hai.

Pooja seedha counter par receipt patakti hai. "Yeh line item galat hai." Mitali apni permanent customer-service smile ke saath receipt uthati hai. "Kaunsi line, madam?" Pooja calculator on karti hai, jaise courtroom mein evidence kar rahi ho. "Extra milk. Maine extra milk liya hi nahi." Mitali ek second ke liye receipt dekhti hai, phir uske chehre par woh calm aata hai jo sirf experienced café managers ke paas hota hai. "Madam, aapne cappuccino liya tha." "Toh?" "Toh cappuccino mein milk hota hai." "Main extra milk ki baat kar rahi hoon." "Woh extra milk nahi, milk hi hai."

Aur bas yahin se war shuru hoti hai. Pooja har line item ko dissect karti hai—coffee, foam, paper cup, "service charge"—jaise cafe nahi, audit trail ho. Mitali har item ka reason deti hai, kabhi smile ke saath, kabhi thoda dramatic customer-service tone mein. Pooja kehte jaati hai, "Principle ki baat hai." Mitali jawab deti hai, "Aur principle ke saath pyaala bhi diya tha, madam."

Conversation absurd ho jaati hai. Pooja calculator se total dobara nikalti hai, receipt ko pen se point karti hai, aur declare karti hai ki "round-off" bhi suspicious hai. Mitali counter ke neeche se donation jar nikaal kar saamne rakhti hai. "Aapko rounding se problem hai ya humanity se?" Pooja blink karti hai. "Humanity se mera kya lena-dena?" Mitali muskurati hai, "Aapka favorite stray-dog shelter yahin se support hota hai."

Pooja thodi si hil jaati hai, lekin immediately defensive ho jati hai. "Mere shelter ka is bill se kya relation?" Mitali receipt ke neeche se chhota sa handwritten note dikhati hai: "Every cappuccino helps." Pooja notice karti hai ki uske favorite shelter ka naam receipt ke back pe scribbled hai—bahut chhota, almost hidden. Mitali explain karti hai ki café mein har bill ke saath ek tiny donation add hota hai, jo customers ko notice bhi na ho aur shelter ko monthly help milti rahe. "Main overcharge nahi kar rahi thi, Pooja ji. Main bas aapke kutton ke liye thoda pyaar bill mein chhupa rahi thi."

Pooja ka moral superiority ka armor ek second ko crack hota hai. Woh receipt ko aur kareeb se dekhti hai. “Tumne mujhe bataya kyun nahi?” Mitali shrug karti hai. “Kyuki aap jaise log agar pehle se jaan jaayein, toh principle ki jagah gratitude overcharge ho jaati hai.” Pooja ka muh khul jata hai, phir woh apni laugh rokne ki koshish karti hai. Cash register phir beep karta hai, jaise timing ka witness ho.

Aakhri moment mein Pooja calculator neeche rakhti hai aur donation jar mein ek crisp note daal deti hai. “Theek hai. But next time receipt mein clearly likhna.” Mitali receipt roll se ek naya bill nikaalti hai aur solemnity se likhti hai: “Donation: one slightly stubborn accountant.” Dono hansi phoot padti hai. Pooja, ab bhi fake annoyance ke saath, bolti hai, “Aur extra milk?” Mitali grins. “Complimentary. For the shelter’s most difficult donor.” Camera pull back karta hai—café ka beeping register, stacked chairs, yellow light, aur do auratein jo ek chhoti si galti ke through ek dusre ko samajh chuki hain. End mein receipt counter par padi rehti hai, us par line item se zyada ek chhota sa sach chamak raha hota hai: kabhi-kabhi overcharge nahi, undercover kindness hoti hai.