

THE ELEVATOR PITCH

A Comedy 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Genre: Comedy	Format: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor)	Runtime: 4 - 6 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) Character: Ambitious Startup Founder (Female, 26-33)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Neon office lobby ka reflected glow elevator ke mirrored walls mein cut ho raha hai. Aditi, 29, blazer ke upar white t-shirt, sneakers, sleek ponytail, ek haath mein tablet aur doosre mein tote bag ka strap, elevator ke andar khadi hai. Uske face pe startup-chic confidence hai, but aankhon mein woh khas panic bhi jo sirf tab aata hai jab life ka sabse important moment exactly aapke control se bahar chala jaaye. Aaj uska biggest investor pitch hai. Aaj usko bas ek floor neeche jaana hai. Aur tabhi elevator ek jhatke ke saath ruk jaata hai.

Pehle woh phone nikaal ke signal check karti hai. No bars. Phir emergency panel dabati hai. Ek tinny beep ke alawa kuch nahi. Woh ek second ke liye freeze hoti hai, phir hans nikal jaati hai. "Perfect," woh khud se bolti hai, "startup founder hoon, aur elevator startup bhi mere hi pitch ko support nahi kar raha." Wohi se monologue shuru hota hai. Aditi apni reflection ko audience bana leti hai. Kabhi mirror mein khud ko investor samajh ke pitch karti hai, kabhi apne aap ko brutally honest feedback deti hai, aur kabhi imaginary VC ke sawaalon ka jawab deti hai jo uske dimaag mein already baithe hue hain.

Woh apni tablet kholti hai. Slide one: problem statement. Woh bolti hai ki duniya mein sabse badi problem technology nahi, decision fatigue hai. Phir khud hi cut karti hai: "Nahi, yeh line toh LinkedIn pe bhi cringe lagegi." Uska project hai ek app jo small businesses ko inventory, payments, reminders, aur customer follow-ups ek jagah manage karne mein help kare. Lekin pitch rehearse karte karte woh realize karti hai ki sach yeh hai: uska product perfect nahi hai, team chhoti hai, runway patli hai, aur usne last week apne co-founder ko bhi bol diya tha ki "we are one bug away from a spiritual awakening."

Ye honesty pehle usko daraati hai, phir liberate karti hai. Elevator ke andar khade khade woh apni pitch ko polish karne ke bajaye usko human bana deti hai. Woh bolti hai ki unka app magic wand nahi hai, bas ek sensible assistant hai jo chhoti businesses ko woh kaam karne deta hai jo unko paisa kamata hai, instead of woh kaam jo unko sirf busy rakhta hai. Uski voice mein ab sales tone kam, conviction zyada hai. Woh mirror mein khud ko dekh ke kehti hai, "Main fake unicorn nahi bech rahi. Main ek kaam ki cheez bech rahi hoon. Aur agar investor ko ye boring lagta hai, toh maybe unka inbox hi unka real startup hai."

Woh apne phone par ek voice note sunti hai—uski own recorded reminder: “Don’t oversell. Be sharp. Be honest. Smile.” Woh usko repeat karti hai, phir khud hi laugh kar deti hai. “Smile? Haan, because mere paas ab aur koi option bhi nahi hai.” Elevator ka light thoda flicker karta hai. Woh us flicker ko dramatic pause bana deti hai aur imaginary audience ko bataati hai ki founders ka asli superpower code nahi, panic ko powerpoint mein convert karna hota hai.

Time guzar raha hai. Uski frazzled energy dheere-dheere comic rhythm ban jaati hai. Woh business cards ko align karti hai, tote bag se ek crumpled chocolate wrapper nikaal ke bolti hai, “This is my emergency reserve.” Phir suddenly usko yaad aata hai ki usne pitch ke opening mein apne personal story ko fully cut kar diya tha. Woh rukti hai. Sach bolti hai: usne yeh startup isliye shuru nahi kiya kyunki usko “disrupt” karna tha. Usne isliye kiya kyunki usne apni mom ki small bakery ko dekha tha jahan har din ka bill, har customer order, har late payment ek chhota battle tha. Us moment pe uska tone soft ho jaata hai. Comedy ke neeche ek real heartbeat aa jaata hai.

Aur yahi woh version hota hai jo perfect nahi, par alive hai. Jab elevator finally ek thud ke saath jhatka khaata hai aur doors khulne lagte hain, Aditi apni last line mirror ko nahi, khud ko bolti hai: “You don’t need to sound like a founder. You need to sound like someone who solved a real problem.” Doors khulte hi bahar waiting investor ka presence sirf ek silhouette jaisa feel hota hai—par Aditi ab already different hai. Woh apna tablet seedha karti hai, ponytail ko ek quick tug deti hai, aur ek calm smile ke saath bahar nikalti hai. Investor uski honesty aur timing se impressed hokar ruk jaata hai. Aditi ko pata hai pitch abhi baaki hai, but ab woh pitch nahi lag rahi. Ab woh conversation lag rahi hai. Aur kabhi-kabhi, ek stalled elevator hi career ka best launchpad ban jaata hai.