

THE WRONG BIRTHDAY CAKE

A Pure Comedy 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Pure Comedy	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Arjun (32)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Arjun ne apni clipboard ko aise pakad rakha tha jaise usi par duniya ka balance depend karta ho. Cramped apartment ke dining table par ek round birthday cake rakha tha, upar ek single candle jal rahi thi aur uski roshni mein balloon wall se phisal-phisal kar neeche aa rahe the. Arjun ne tiny party hat ko table par set kiya, apni neat shirt ko ek baar aur smooth kiya aur khush hone ki koshish ki. Uske hisaab se yeh perfect surprise birthday setup tha. Bas ek problem thi: kiski birthday?

Vikram sofa se uthte hi ya to late lagta tha ya confused. Untucked T-shirt, stubble, aur haath mein kuch nahi — bas woh expression jo har scene mein keh raha ho, "Mujhe abhi tak brief nahi mila." Imran, stylish jacket mein, gift bag ko aise pakde tha jaise uske andar koi priceless award ho. Woh dramatic pause leta, phir cake ko, candle ko, balloon ko, sabko suspicious nazar se dekhta. Arjun bolta hai ki "guest of honor" bas aata hi hoga, bas sabko chup rehna hai. Vikram poochta hai, "Guest of honor kaun hai?" Arjun ke paas jawab kam, confidence zyada tha. Imran turant emotional ho gaya: "Mujhe laga yeh mere liye hai."

Yehi se confusion ka domino effect shuru hua. Vikram ne casually bola ki usne cake laaya hai kyunki "birthday party hai na," aur Arjun ne clipboard khol kar list check ki, jahan sirf likha tha: "Cake, candle, balloon, gift, surprise." Naam kahin nahi tha. Imran ne gift bag table par rakh kar announce kiya ki usne "special present" liya hai, par kis ke liye, usko bhi yaad nahi. Arjun ne panic mein party hat Vikram ko pehna diya, kyunki "birthday boy ko pehnana chahiye." Vikram ne hat utar ke bola, "Main birthday boy hoon?" Imran ne immediately object kiya, "Nahi, tumhara face zyada 'forgotten uncle' wala hai."

Teeno ek dusre par suspicion, guilt aur fake confidence ka volley karne lage. Arjun ko lagne laga ki shayad woh surprise party organize karte hue itna overprepared ho gaya ki actual person hi bhool gaya. Vikram ko laga ki yeh sab uske flat mein ho raha hai, toh maybe birthday usi ka hai. Imran ko conviction tha ki gift bag ke andar jo silk scarf hai, woh kisi "special person" ke liye tha — lekin special person ka naam uske dimaag se nikal chuka tha. Candle dheere-dheere chhoti hoti gayi, aur balloon wall se gir kar sofa ke peeche atak gaye, jaise apartment bhi is confusion se resign kar chuka ho.

Phir door khulta hai. Ek fourth presence ka sound aata hai — lekin hum dekhte nahi. Sirf ek off-screen male voice, apartment owner ki, jo thoda tired aur thoda offended hai. Woh andar aate hi table dekhkar ruk jaata hai aur poochta hai, “Yeh kya chal raha hai?” Teeno ek saath freeze. Arjun clipboard ko chhupa leta hai. Vikram party hat pehenne ki koshish karta hai. Imran gift bag ke peeche hide ho jaata hai. Owner calmly bolta hai ki birthday toh kal tha. Kal. Aur yeh jo celebration hai, woh wrong day par wrong cake ke saath wrong person ke liye chal rahi hai.

Ab final twist ke liye teeno ek dusre ko dekhte hain, phir owner ki taraf. Arjun, jo hamesha prepared rehta tha, sabse pehle toot-ta hai: “Sorry sir, hum... actually... aapka naam?” Silence. Vikram blink karta hai. Imran ka dramatic face aur zyada dramatic ho jaata hai, jaise uske andar se tragedy nikal rahi ho. Owner ek beat leta hai, phir deadpan mein bolta hai, “Main yahin rehta hoon, tum log teen saal se.” Yeh line aise girti hai jaise cake floor par.

Aur phir real punchline aati hai: teeno ek dusre ko dekh kar ek hi honest panic mein bol dete hain, “Naam yaad nahi hai.” Owner ka expression blank se dangerous ho jaata hai. Candle ab bhi jal rahi hai. Balloon ab bhi neeche latak rahe hain. Arjun ka clipboard useless ho chuka hai. Vikram finally serious ho kar kehta hai, “Toh... cake kaun khaayega?” Imran gift bag ko chest se laga kar bolta hai, “Jo bhi ho, birthday wrong tha, lekin cake right hai.” Aur isi absurd honesty ke saath scene khatam hota hai — ek wrong birthday, ek forgotten owner, aur teen doston ki perfect imperfection.