

THE HEIST REHEARSAL

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: Pawan (37)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ka andhera, ek purani hatchback car ke andar teen aadmi ghuse hue hain, jaise kisi mini war room mein baith kar duniya hila denge. Dashboard ki halki peeli roshni mein Pawan apni leather jacket ko thoda aur hero-like adjust karta hai, sunglasses ko night mode mein bhi pehen rakhta hai, aur dramatic hand gestures ke saath bolta hai ki aaj “game change” hone wala hai. Bittu, baseball cap neeche kheenche, paseene se bheegi forehead ke saath fake blueprint pages ko aise pakde hai jaise woh kisi sacred scripture ho. Rafi, plain shirt mein, bilkul shaant, lunch box apni godh mein rakhkar un dono ko dekh raha hai, jaise pehle bhi in dono ke bahut saare “masterplans” dekh chuka ho.

Pawan ka plan simple hai—nahi, uske hisaab se “genius” hai. Woh bolta hai ki woh log building ke andar ghuseenge, code word boleinge, guards ko confuse karenge, aur bina kisi ko chot pahunchaye “maal” nikaal lenge. Bittu turant puchta hai, “Kaunsa maal? Aur kaunsa guard?” Pawan ke paas exact details nahi, lekin confidence full volume mein hai. Rafi bina expression badle lunch box kholta hai, andar poori roti-sabzi dekh kar kehta hai ki agar heist ke baad bhookh lagi toh pehle khana kha lena chahiye. Pawan usko shant karne ki koshish karta hai aur fake walkie-talkie uthakar rehearsal start kar deta hai: “Over.” Bittu ghabra ke reply karta hai: “Over kisne bola? Hum to abhi start bhi nahi hue.”

Car ke cramped front seat mein roles ko lekar jang shuru ho jaati hai. Pawan khud ko mastermind declare karta hai, Bittu ko driver aur lookout, aur Rafi ko “inside man”—halanki Rafi ne kabhi haan nahi bola. Rafi deadpan mein kehta hai, “Main inside man tab banoonga jab mujhe pata ho andar hai kya.” Bittu blueprint pages unfold karta hai, par woh map kisi office building ka nahi, balki ek random photocopy ka lagta hai jisme coffee stains aur adha torn corner hai. Pawan usko ulta pakad ke bhi dekh leta hai aur phir bhi confidently bolta hai, “Yahi hai. Perspective ka game hai.” Bittu ka confidence aur gir jaata hai. Uska asli tension yeh hai ki usne gaadi chalani toh seekh li hai, par panic mein reverse gear aur first gear confuse ho jata hai. Rafi uski taraf dekh kar bas itna bolta hai, “Aaj bhi parking mein hi practice karega kya?”

Jitni der rehearsal chalti hai, utni der unka heist plan aur unki friendship dono crack hone lagte hain. Pawan intimidating look practice karwata hai: “Aankhen narrow karo. Chin up. Aise dekho jaise tumne bachpan mein hi laws ko reject kar diya tha.” Bittu mirror mein apni aankhen narrow karta hai aur aisa lagta hai jaise usko allergy ho gayi

ho. Rafi lunch box ka dabba band kar ke bolta hai, "Intimidating lagne ke liye zyada bolna zaroori hai kya? Main toh chup rehke bhi suspicious lag raha hoon." Pawan bolta hai, "Exactly! Suspicious, not scared." Bittu phir se puchta hai, "Par agar andar CCTV hua toh?" Pawan bina soche bolta hai, "CCTV ko bhi hum confuse kar denge." Rafi ek second pause karta hai, phir bolta hai, "Kaise? Usko bhi blueprint dikhaoge?"

Phir twist ka pressure dheere-dheere car ke andar ghusne lagta hai. Bahar streetlight se jo shadow aati hai, woh building ke signboard par padti hai. Bittu, jo khidki se baar-baar bahar jhank raha tha, achanak freeze ho jaata hai. Woh dheere se signboard padhta hai—"Police Station." Pehle woh sochta hai shayad board ulta dikha hai. Phir dobara dekhta hai. Nahi. Police Station hi hai. Uski awaaz thodi phat jaati hai: "Pawan... yeh toh police station hai." Car ke andar ek dum silence. Pawan ka grin jame hue ice cream ki tarah thoda sa pighalta hai. Rafi bina surprise hue bas lunch box khol kar ek aur roti nikaalta hai, jaise usne yeh moment pehle se predict kar liya ho.

Pawan ab bhi dignity bachane ki koshish karta hai. Woh bolta hai, "Achha. Toh? Aur better target nahi ho sakta. Security high hogi, matlab credibility high." Bittu almost ro padta hai: "Credibility kiski? Hamari?" Rafi calmly kehta hai, "Hamari credibility tab khatam ho gayi thi jab tumne bina number plate ke parking mein gaadi park ki aur bola 'low profile'." Pawan phone jaisa fake walkie-talkie uthata hai aur whispers mein plan change karne ki koshish karta hai—"Abort. Repeat, abort." Bittu bolta hai, "Abort ka matlab bhaagna hota hai na?" Rafi seat belt kholte hue kehta hai, "Haan. Aur is baar, main pehle jaa raha hoon."

Climax mein teenon ek saath decide karte hain ki woh "heist rehearsal" ko officially wrap karenge. Pawan apni leather jacket seedhi karta hai, Bittu blueprint pages ko fold karke glove compartment mein thusta hai, aur Rafi lunch box band karke ek final line deta hai: "Agli baar crime se pehle address check kar lena." Bahar police station ke gate par ek constable door ke paas se guzarta hai, aur teenon ek dum statue ban jaate hain. Pawan apni sunglasses aur neeche kheench leta hai, Bittu steering wheel ko dono haathon se pakad kar fake normal dikhne ki koshish karta hai, aur Rafi khidki se seedha dekhte hue bolta hai, "Drive."

Car dheere se aage badhti hai. Koi hero music nahi. Koi grand escape nahi. Bas ek pathetic, hilarious retreat. Aur is tiny command center mein teen aadmiyon ko pehli baar sach mein samajh aata hai ki unka sabse bada heist plan kisi bank ka nahi, apni ego ka tha—aur woh bhi police station ke bahar rehearse karke.