

BOARD MEETING

A Mystery/Crime 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Mystery/Crime	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Amit (43)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Board Meeting raat ke barah baje se bhi baad chal rahi thi, aur conference room ka polished table kisi hospital ki operating table jaisa chamak raha tha. Glass walls ke bahar city lights zinda the, andar sirf cold white light thi aur teen aadmiyon ke chehron par thakaan, suspicion aur chhupa hua darr. Amit, CEO, tailored suit mein bhi exhausted lag raha tha, lekin uski controlled smile ab zyada der tak ■■■■■■■■■■ thi. Javed, CFO, thin tie aur precise posture ke saath reports ko aise dekh raha tha jaise ek-ek line uski zindagi ka hisaab ho. Rohan, legal advisor, glasses adjust karte hue notebook mein kuch likh raha tha, calm dikhne ki koshish mein, par uski aankhon mein ek alag hi alertness thi.

Issue simple lag raha tha: accounts mein ek financial discrepancy. Lekin screen par numbers har baar change ho rahe the. Kabhi transfer amount badal jaata, kabhi date shift ho jaati, aur kabhi beneficiary ka naam ek second ke liye blink karke gayab ho jaata. Javed ne turant Amit par ungli uthayi—"CEO ka signature hai, boss. Mere system se nahi, aapke approval chain se gaya hai." Amit ne palatkar Javed ko dekha—"Tum CFO ho. Paise ka raasta tumse zyada kaun jaanta hai? Blackmail kisne kiya, ye bhi dekh lo." Rohan ne dono ko shaant karne ki koshish ki, par uski notebook mein jo columns the, woh kuch aur hi kahani bol rahe the. Har transfer ek pattern follow kar raha tha: same minute, same odd amount, same dormant account. Aur har trail ek purani file tak ja rahi thi—ek death certificate.

Amit ne pehli baar apna controlled smile chhoda aur projector remote zor se table par rakha. "Mujhe kyu lag raha hai tum dono mujhe phansane ki koshish kar rahe ho?" Javed hansa, lekin us hansa mein ghabrahat thi. "Phansana? Sir, main to bas yeh dekh raha hoon ki company ke naam par kisi ne ek shadow entity chala rakhi hai." Rohan chupchaap laptop screen se reports ko compare karta raha. Phir usne ek page ulta kiya, aur room mein achanak silence aa gayi. Usne bola, "Ye transfers fake vendor se nahi, ek fake identity se linked hain. Har transaction ek hi beneficiary ko ja raha hai. Aur beneficiary ka naam..." Usne glasses ke upar se Amit ko dekha. "Amit R. Mehra. But death certificate mein same face ke saath naam likha hai—Arvind Mehra."

Javed ka chehra safed pad gaya. "Arvind Mehra? Company ka original founder?" Amit ne pehli baar defensive tone mein jawab diya, "Purani paperwork ka issue hoga." Rohan ne notebook khola aur calmly bola, "Nahi. Paperwork ka issue nahi. Identity ka issue hai. Arvind Mehra officially dead declared hua tha, lekin uske baad jo company bani, woh usi identity ke naam par operate karti rahi. Tax, loans, shell companies—sab Arvind ke death certificate ke baad

shifted. Aur jo person sabse zyada is fraud ko expose karne ke liye eager tha... woh khud system ke andar us identity ko create karne wala tha.”

Amit ne aankhen narrow ki. “Tum kya bol rahe ho?” Rohan ne ek page turn kiya. Notebook mein handwriting neat thi, almost surgical. “Main bol raha hoon ki Amit Mehra naam ka CEO aaj tak exist hi nahi karta tha. Ye naam ek takeover ke baad banaya gaya. Real identity Arvind Mehra ki thi—aur uska death certificate fake tha. Company ki poori ownership chain ek dead man ke naam par chal rahi thi. Aur is room mein jo sabse zyada nervous tha, jo sabse zyada legal audit ko delay kar raha tha, jo har baar ‘main expose kar dunga’ bolta tha...” Rohan ne pen band kiya. “Woh aap the, Javed.”

Javed ne ek second ke liye kuch kaha nahi. Phir usne dheere se conference phone uthaya, jaise call karne wala ho. “Tumhe lagta hai main akela tha?” usne poocha. Amit aur Rohan ne ek saath dekha. Javed ne thandi saans li. “Main expose karne ke liye eager tha, haan. Kyunki mere paas proof tha ki company fake identity par chal rahi hai. Par fake identity maine create nahi ki. Maine bas usko maintain kiya.”

Amit ne almost whisper mein poocha, “Toh kaun?”

Rohan ne apni glasses utari, table par rakhi, aur pehli baar uske calm face par ek faint, dangerous smile aayi. “Main.”

Usne notebook kholi. Usmein sirf numbers nahi, signatures, transfer timestamps, aur death certificate ke scans the. “Amit Mehra ek naam tha jo maine draft kiya tha. Arvind Mehra ko dead declare karne wali medical chain bhi maine legally stitch ki thi. Javed ne accounts chalaaye, Amit ne face banke company ko market mein becha. Aur jab numbers change hone lage, tum dono ne socha koi teesra aadmi room mein hai. Par fraud ka best part ye hota hai—sabko lagta hai mastermind bahar hai.”

Room mein projector ki light ek pal ko flicker hui. Bahar city lights blur ho gayi. Amit ka controlled smile toot chuka tha, Javed ka posture first time lose hua tha. Rohan ne notebook band ki, conference phone ko table ke beech rakh diya, aur calmly bola, “Ab board meeting officially start hoti hai.”