

THE FINAL DRAFT

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: Anand (38)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Subah se hi office ka mahaul ajeeb tha—jaise kisi ne creative room mein pressure cooker laga diya ho aur whistle aane se pehle sab ek doosre ki ego pe baith gaye hon. Ek chhota sa production office, ek desk, whiteboard, script pages ke dher, aur blinds se aati teekhi afternoon light. Anand, messy hair aur T-shirt mein, laptop ko aise ghur raha tha jaise usse inspiration nahi, apology chahiye. Mukul, expensive casuals mein, har dus second watch dekh raha tha aur har dus minute mein bol raha tha, “Mere paas time nahi hai.” Jeevan, glasses aur perfect posture ke saath, marked-up pages ko aise pakde hua tha jaise woh script nahi, court evidence ho. Teeno ek hi script ko “final” banane ki koshish kar rahe the, lekin problem yeh thi ki sabko pata tha script terrible hai—bas pehle admit kaun kare, yeh game chal raha tha.

Anand ka kehna tha scene mein “heart” chahiye. Mukul bolta, “Heart theek hai, par box office bhi koi cheez hoti hai.” Jeevan turant pages par red pen chalata aur line-by-line dialogue ko “natural” banane ke naam par aur zyada unnatural kar deta. Har suggestion ke saath discussion script se zyada unke beech ki personal competition ban jaata. Anand apni writer wali sensitivity se har note ko insult samajhta. Mukul producer wali fatigue se har joke ko expense. Jeevan dialogue coach wali precision se har emotion ko grammar lesson. Teeno apne-apne tareeke se scene ko “better” bana rahe the, par actually scene ko aur zyada confuse kar rahe the. Whiteboard pe ek line likhi thi: “Hero enters, says something unforgettable.” Anand us hero ko selfless banana chahta. Mukul usse marketable. Jeevan usse articulate. Result: teen versions, teen egos, aur ek bhi scene nahi jo kaam kare.

Phir twist aata hai jab Jeevan ek purane stack se ek page nikaalta hai aur notice karta hai ki script ka scene unke aaj ke exact argument jaisa lag raha hai. Mukul pehle dismiss karta hai, par phir page par likhe lines dekh kar uska face change ho jaata hai. Anand ko realization hota hai ki scene mein producer, writer aur dialogue coach ke beech wahi ping-pong chal raha hai jo abhi room mein chal raha hai—same interruptions, same watch-checking, same “main bas help kar raha hoon” energy. Slowly, teeno ko samajh aata hai ki script koi random disaster nahi, balki unhi ki meetings ka disguised version hai. Kisi ne unhe mirror mein dekh kar likh diya tha. Aur sabse embarrassing baat: script tab sabse funny lagti hai jab woh kisi ek ko hero nahi banati.

Climax mein teeno finally apni apni “smart” lines chhod dete hain. Anand admit karta hai ki uski version mein bas uska ego tha. Mukul maanta hai ki usne script ko “sellable” banane ke chakkar mein zinda cheez ko spreadsheet

bana diya. Jeevan, sabse disciplined hote hue bhi, confess karta hai ki woh dialogues ko improve nahi, control kar raha tha. Phir teeno milkar ek naya ending likhte hain—jahan hero koi ek nahi, balki teenon ki collective embarrassment hai. Final line simple hoti hai, almost anti-climax: “Koi hero nahi hai. Bas teen aadmi hain, aur ek script jo unse zyada self-aware hai.” Room mein pehli baar hansi genuinely nikalti hai. Mukul watch dekhta hai, phir band kar deta hai. Anand seedha baith jaata hai. Jeevan pages ko mark karte hue bolta hai, “Yeh line... surprisingly honest hai.” Aur wahi honest line unki terrible script ko finally alive kar deti hai.