

THE ROOFTOP VOTE

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: Rakesh (52)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Shaam ka waqt hai. Society ki rooftop meeting area mein naram sunheri roshni phaili hui hai. Plastic chairs aadhi tedhi lagi hain, corner mein paani ki tanki ka shadow lamba hota ja raha hai, aur door ke skyline mein dusri buildings ki khidkiyan ek-ek karke jal rahi hain. Rakesh, white shirt aur reading glasses ke saath, megaphone ko aise pakde khada hai jaise poori society ka bhavishya uske haath mein ho. Mohan, folded sleeves aur calculator ke saath, chair par baitha hai, lekin uski body language batati hai ki woh bhi kam nahi. Dono ka target hai Pooja — nayi resident, jeans aur dupatta mein, clipboard liye, bilkul calm. Woh bas notes likh rahi hai, aur yahi dono office-bearers ko aur zyada show-off karne par majboor kar raha hai.

Rakesh meeting start karta hai, lekin uska har sentence ek chhota sa speech ban jaata hai. Woh paint color ka issue uthata hai: "Cream ya off-white?" Mohan turant calculator nikaal kar bolta hai ki cream zyada practical hai, kyunki "white mein maintenance cost double." Rakesh us baat ko personal insult samajh leta hai aur water timing par chala jaata hai. Woh bolta hai subah 6 se 7 tak paani dena chahiye, kyunki "discipline society ki jaan hai." Mohan turant counter karta hai: "6 se 8 karo, log office jaate waqt tension mein na rahen." Pooja chupchaap likhti jaati hai: paint, water, timing, discipline, maintenance. Dono ko lagta hai woh unki wisdom se impressed ho rahi hai, isliye dono aur zyada responsible dikhne ki race mein lag jaate hain.

Phir parking slots ka mudda aata hai. Rakesh apni authority dikhate hue kehta hai ki secretary ka slot entrance ke paas hona chahiye, kyunki "emergency mein secretary pehle dikhta hai." Mohan turant bolta hai ki treasurer ka slot bhi paas hona chahiye, kyunki "accounts ka kaam late night tak hota hai." Dono ek dusre ki baat kaat-te hain, ek dusre ko "practical" aur "show-off" bolte hain. Pooja bas ek line bolti hai: "Interesting. Aap dono har cheez ko bahut seriously lete ho." Yeh sunte hi dono aur seedhe ho jaate hain. Rakesh megaphone uthakar bolta hai, "Hum society ke liye jeete hain." Mohan calculator ko tap karte hue bolta hai, "Aur har paisa hisaab se kharch hota hai."

Thodi der baad Pooja apna clipboard band karti hai aur ek narm, polite smile ke saath bolti hai ki woh nayi resident ke saath-saath election auditor bhi hai. Dono ke chehre ek second mein badal jaate hain, lekin woh ab bhi samajh nahi paate ki problem kya hai. Pooja calmly society ledger uthati hai aur kehti hai ki woh accounts verify karne aayi hai. Phir woh unki abhi-abhi ki hui baaton ko evidence ki tarah quote karna shuru karti hai: "Secretary pehle dikhta hai," "Treasurer ka slot paas hona chahiye," "6 se 8 paani," "maintenance cost double," "discipline," "emergency." Woh

bolti hai ki itni saari self-important baaton ke bawajood ledger mein har mahine same handwriting, same vague entries, aur same round figures hain. Rakesh aur Mohan ek dusre ko dekhte hain. Pehli baar unki competition khatam ho jaati hai, kyunki ab dono ko ek hi sach samajh aa raha hai.

Pooja ek aur page palat kar bolti hai ki fake accounts, inflated expenses, aur missing vouchers ka pattern kaafi saalon se chal raha hai. Rakesh defensive hoke bolta hai ki woh sab society ke interest mein tha. Mohan calculator dabaate hue kehta hai ki numbers kabhi kabhi “adjust” karne padte hain. Pooja bina awaaz badhaye bas itna kehti hai: “Aap dono ne itne saalon se ek dusre ko outsmart karne ki koshish ki, aur khud ko hi expose kar diya.” Rooftop par hawa chalti hai. Plastic chairs halki si khadkati hain. Sunset ka rang aur gehra ho jaata hai.

Ant mein, Rakesh ka loud confidence aur Mohan ka stubborn logic dono ek saath collapse ho jaate hain. Pooja unhe batati hai ki audit report kal committee aur authorities dono ko jaayegi. Rakesh aur Mohan pehli baar ek hi tone mein bolte hain: “Madam, baat kar sakte hain?” Pooja clipboard band karti hai, halka sa smile deti hai, aur kehti hai: “Ab? Ab aap dono sirf minutes mein bol sakte ho.” Cut to their stunned faces, rooftop lights on, aur society ka megaphone khaamosh. Pure comedy ka twist yahi hai: jise impress karne aaye the, usi ne unki saalon purani nautanki ko official record bana diya.