

# THE UMBRELLA TEST

**A Pure Comedy 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish**

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|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| <b>Genre:</b> Pure Comedy                                                       | <b>Format:</b> 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | <b>Runtime:</b> 6 - 9 Minutes    |
| <b>Cast:</b> FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)   Character 1: Dev (30) | <b>Language:</b> Hinglish                         | <b>Credit:</b> Story Dil Se Team |

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Raat ka monsoon apne peak par hai. Shehar ka traffic flyover ke neeche jam gaya hai aur ek chhoti si car, jo kisi purane romantic decision ki tarah thodi si cramped aur thodi si embarrassing lag rahi hai, usi ke neeche khadi hai. Roof par baarish aise pad rahi hai jaise kisi ne car ko dhundh ke bina tabla bana diya ho. Windows fogged hain. Dashboard ki soft yellow light mein Dev, Rahul aur Ira ek aise triangle mein phase hain jahan kisi ko bhi clearly nahi pata ki kaun kis angle se jhooth bol raha hai.

Dev soaked shirt mein baitha hai, collar se paani tapak raha hai aur cheap cologne ki smell baarish se bhi zyada aggressively present hai. Uske haath mein umbrella hai, jo usne dramatic tareeke se Ira ke taraf badhaya hua hai, jaise koi hero climax mein apni jaan de raha ho. Rahul driver seat ke paas old umbrella aur takeaway coffee ke saath baithe-baithe situation ko aur bhi khatarnak bana raha hai, kyunki uska har sentence Dev ki emotional performance ko punchline mein badal deta hai. Ira office wear mein, bilkul dry aur bilkul unimpressed, backseat ya passenger seat par aise baithi hai jaise court ki judge ho. Uska expression keh raha hai: 'Main pyar mein nahi, evidence mein interested hoon.'

Dev shuru karta hai apna mahaan sacrifice. Woh bolta hai ki umbrella Ira ke liye hai, kyunki true love mein selflessness hoti hai. Rahul turant beech mein ghuskar bata deta hai ki selflessness tab hoti hai jab insaan pehle umbrella kholna seekh le. Woh Dev ko practical relationship advice deta hai: "Pehle shirt sukha, phir pyaar jata." Ira bina expression badle poochti hai ki Dev ne aaj tak uske liye kitni baar sach bola hai. Dev atakta hai. Rahul uski help karne ke bajay aur confuse karta hai—kabhi bolta hai coffee offer kar do, kabhi tissue box se 'emotional cleanup' karo, kabhi car keys ko "commitment symbol" bol deta hai. Har line par Ira aur bhi zyada suspicious ho jaati hai.

Phir Ira car ko courtroom bana deti hai. Woh seat ko judge ki tarah straighten karti hai aur dono ladkon ko cross-examine karna shuru karti hai. "Dev, last month tumne bola tha late isliye hue kyunki office mein meeting thi. Sach? Ya tumne apne ex ko message karna bhool gaye the?" Dev ka face freeze ho jaata hai. "Rahul, tumne us din kaha tha umbrella bhool gaye the. Phir photo mein umbrella tumhare haath mein kya kar raha tha?" Rahul coffee ka sip lete hue bolta hai, "Technical glitch tha." Ira deadpan: "Tum dono ke liye 'technical glitch' hi personality hai kya?"

Ab scene aur zyada absurd aur funny ho jaata hai. Dev apna romantic monologue dekhkar khud hi overact karne lagta hai. Rahul usse rokke hue kehta hai ki pyar ka sabse bada secret hai “low expectations, high snacks.” Ira un dono ko ek-ek karke pakadti hai. Woh umbrella ko evidence ki tarah table par tap karti hai aur bolti hai ki asli test umbrella ka nahi tha. Test ye tha ki kya ye dono ek baar bina drama ke sach bol sakte hain.

Climax mein Dev finally confess karta hai ki usne umbrella isliye nahi diya kyunki woh mahaan boyfriend hai, balki isliye kyunki uske paas aur koi option nahi tha—uska own umbrella Rahul ke paas tha. Rahul turant bolta hai, “Correction: maine liya nahi, tumne ‘bas rakh le yaar’ bola tha.” Dono ek dusre ko stare karte hain. Ira ka expression pehli baar thoda soft hota hai. Woh decide karti hai ki dono se perfect insaan banne ki demand karna pointless hai. “Tum dono jhooth bolte ho,” woh kehti hai, “ek self-pity mein, doosra self-defense mein. Par at least tum log predictable ho. Aur honestly, predictable log bhi kabhi-kabhi rakhne layak hote hain.”

Final beat mein Ira umbrella Dev ko de deti hai, phir Rahul ki coffee ka lid band kar deti hai, aur car keys apne haath mein le leti hai. “Main drive karungi,” woh bolti hai. “Tum dono chup raho.” Dev aur Rahul ek dusre ko dekhkar almost grateful hote hain. Rain ab bhi roof pe hammer kar rahi hai, fog ab bhi windows par hai, lekin car ke andar ek naya status clear hai—pyar jeeta nahi, bas survive kar gaya. Aur isi mein unki comedy bhi hai, aur unki worth bhi.