

Paytm - "Paytm karo - Gold rewards"

Ad script

Duration: ~120 seconds

Property of

Nilesh Kumar

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#as-028

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Location: Old-Style Police Station - Overheated Summer Afternoon

Scorching summer heat. The screen shimmers with rising waves of air. Everything looks dry, dusty, and drowsy. Hot wind blows through the half-broken **windows**; papers flutter lazily on the noticeboard.

Outside, a **police jeep** rolls into frame and stops with a screech. From the front seat, **Inspector** steps out, wipes sweat from his forehead, and walks toward the rear of the jeep.

Inspector (calling out):

"Chalo, aajao tum log bhi! Lunch kar lo!"

He reaches the back – and finds **two constables pushing the jeep**, panting and drenched in sweat. They finally stop, lean their backs against the jeep, and slide down to sit on the ground, exhausted.

Inspector (shaking his head):

"Chalo, aaram se aa jana!"

He walks inside. The camera follows slowly, panning through the rusty, heat-baked police station. At the main gate, one constable stands guard – chin resting on his long rifle, smiling shyly while whispering into his phone:

Constable (softly):

"Bolo naa baby, kaunsa flavour le aau? Batao batao..."

Inside, the **Second constable** sits at a desk, completely drained, his face resting on one hand. He stares at a slowly spinning ceiling fan, which has a small sticker on it – "Saujaniye Se: Mantri Ji." The fan barely moves.

At another table, a **third constable** eats from an open tiffin – dal-chawal – but his eyes are fixed on his phone screen, scrolling through a food delivery app.

In the corner, behind iron bars, a **thief** sits in the lock-up – silently observing all this with mild amusement.

The frame widens – showing the entire police station in one shot. Everyone is dull, lazy, and heat-struck. Through the gate, a **small chai boy (Chotu)** enters, carrying glasses of tea on a steel tray. He goes around placing tea on everyone's table.

A constable looks at the inspector and sighs.

Constable Javed:

"Sir, yeh fan change karwa lijiye naa... purana ho gaya hai!"

Inspector (grumbling):

"Paisa kahan hai, kya karu main iss mein!?"

Suddenly, **Chotu** turns toward them with a confident grin.

Chotu:

"Paytm!" (pause) "Aap logon ko pata nahi hai kya? Paytm ab har UPI payment par 10% ka gold coin de raha hai!"

Inspector (raising an eyebrow):
"Kya??"

Cut to black. A beat.

Frame reopens – same police station, but now all the officers have dragged their chairs to the center, sitting around a carrom board like a mini office meeting.

Phones out. Excited energy.

Inspector:

"Tawade dekho – maine tumhe 2000 bheja! Tum Javed ko bhejo, aur Javed, tu Sinde ko bhej – jaldi jaldi!"

Sinde (confused):

"Magar main kya karu sir?"

From behind, **Chotu**, standing next to the inspector, leans in and says mischievously:

Chotu:

"Are sir... Paytmmmmmm...!"

The camera pulls out a wide shot – the whole police station now alive with pings, laughter, and excitement.

Sinde (pointing at his phone):
"Dekhiye sir! Maine bhej diya!"

Paytm Sound Box VO (in background): "Paytm par 2000 rupee praapt hue." Everyone cheers lightly. The fan creaks faster, almost keeping rhythm with the Sound Box tone.

FADE OUT.