



THE FINAL CASE

A Mystery/Crime 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: Inspector Arif brings a reopened murder file to Commissioner Sinha, convinced the old man buried evidence to protect someone powerful. As they sift through the papers, the commissioner reveals that the case was solved years ago—but the official culprit was never the real one. The twist is that Arif himself is the surviving child of the actual killer, and the commissioner has been waiting for him to ask the right question.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Commissioner Sinha (57)

LOCATION: A deserted police archive room with metal shelves, dusty case boxes, a single desk lamp, and rainlight leaking through barred windows.

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INT. DESERTED POLICE ARCHIVE ROOM - NIGHT

A single DESK LAMP throws a hard circle of light over a cluttered metal desk. Dusty CASE BOXES line the shelves. Rainlight leaks through barred windows. The room feels forgotten.

INSPECTOR ARIF (39), in a dark raincoat, storms in with a stuffed FILE under his arm. He is exhausted, angry, controlled only by force.

COMMISSIONER SINHA (57), retired but still imposing in a pressed white shirt, suspenders, and formal watch, stands near the desk. Stern. Still. Waiting.

Arif slams the file on the desk.

ARIF

Yeh reopened file hai, Commissioner. Aur ismein jo missing hai na... woh evidence nahi, intention hai.

SINHA

(looking at the file)

Tum file leke aaye ho, Arif. Case leke nahi.

ARIF

Bas karo. 17 saal pehle murder hua. Case band hua. Ek aadmi ko culprit bana diya gaya. Aur jo asli tha... usko aapne bachaya.

Sinha calmly picks up a MAGNIFYING GLASS.

He studies an old EVIDENCE PHOTO under the lamp.

SINHA

Tumhare jaise log hamesha yahi sochte hain. Ki jo loud hota hai, woh sach hota hai.

ARIF

Aur aap jaise log?

SINHA

Hum jaise log file ke andar jo nahi hota, usse dekhte hain.

Arif pulls out papers, spreads them.

ARIF

Witness statement missing. Chain of custody broken. Photo tampered. Aur yeh signature—

He jabs at a document.

ARIF (CONT'D)

—yeh aapka hai.

SINHA

Mera tha. Tamper karne ka nahi. Hide karne ka.

Arif freezes.

ARIF

Kya?

SINHA

Us waqt sach saamne aata, toh ek bachcha bhi saath
jal jaata.

ARIF

Bachcha?

Sinha looks at him for a beat too long.

Then he opens an old archive box and removes a faded PHOTO.

He slides it across.

INSERT - PHOTO

A crime scene. A small boy in the background, half-hidden near a police van.

Arif stares at the photo.

ARIF

Yeh... main?

SINHA

Tumhari aankhein pehchaan sakti hoon. Baaki chehre
waqt ne wipe kar diye.

ARIF

Nahi.

SINHA

Tumhara baap us raat killer tha. Victim ka nahi.
Killer ka saathi tha. Aur tum uske saath the.

Arif steps back, shaken.

ARIF

Jhooth.

SINHA

Main tumhe jhooth bolne ke liye itna intezaar nahi
kar raha tha.

ARIF

Phir kyun?

SINHA

Kyuki main chahta tha tum khud poochho.

Arif grips the file harder.

ARIF

Aapne evidence kyun chupaya?

SINHA

Kyuki agar main us raat sab kuch khol deta, toh tum ek orphanage mein sirf ek aur naam ban jaate. Revenge ke liye jeete. Sach ke liye nahi.

ARIF

Aur official culprit?

SINHA

Saza usko mili jo milni thi. Lekin real killer... bhaag gaya. Aur tumhara baap bhi.

Silence.

Rain taps harder on the windows.

ARIF

Toh aapne mujhe kyun nahi bataya?

SINHA

Kyuki pehle tumhe inspector banna tha. Phir beta. Dono ek saath sach nahi jhel paate.

Arif looks at the photo again. His hands tremble.

ARIF

Aapko kaise pata tha main aaunga?

SINHA

Kyuki jo log sach ke saath bade hote hain... woh ek din usse poochte zaroor hain.

Arif slowly closes the file.

ARIF

Aaj se pehle... aapne kabhi socha tha main aaunga?

SINHA

Nahi.

(beat)

Main bas yeh chahta tha ki tum sach ke saamne khade ho sako.

Arif meets his eyes. For the first time, the anger has turned into something heavier.

The desk lamp HUMS.

FADE OUT.