



THE MIRROR TEST

A Psychological Thriller 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: A therapist runs a mirror-based memory test on a patient who claims she cannot remember the last two years of her life. The patient begins describing the therapist's private routines with impossible accuracy, making the room feel less like a clinic and more like a trap. The twist: the therapist is the one with the missing memory, and the patient has come to help her remember what she did.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Dr. Saira (42)

LOCATION: A private therapy room with a one-way mirror, soft beige walls, a single couch, muted lamp light, and a ticking wall clock.

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INT. PRIVATE THERAPY ROOM - DAY

Soft beige walls. A single couch. A muted lamp glows. A wall clock TICKS loudly. One-way mirror on one side. A tissue box and a water glass on a small table.

DR. SAIRA (42), calm, glasses on, notebook in hand, sits opposite ISHANI (24), restless, bare face, plain salwar suit.

DR. SAIRA

Theek hai. Aaj hum mirror test karenge. Main room ke objects bolungi, tum bas jo yaad aaye, bolo.

ISHANI

Aur agar kuch yaad na aaye?

DR. SAIRA

Toh bhi bolo. Silence bhi ek answer hota hai.

Saira points to the tissue box.

DR. SAIRA (CONT'D)

Yeh kya hai?

ISHANI

Tissue box.

DR. SAIRA

Aur water glass?

ISHANI

Water glass.

DR. SAIRA

Wall clock?

ISHANI

Ticking.

A beat.

DR. SAIRA

Good. Ab mirror.

Ishani looks at the one-way mirror. Her eyes do not settle.

ISHANI

Aap usse kabhi kabhi dekhkar khadi rehti hain.

Saira's pen pauses.

DR. SAIRA

Kya?

ISHANI

Mirror ko. Session ke baad. Do minute. Jaise kisi ko yaad kar rahi ho.

DR. SAIRA

Tum yahan apni memory test karwane aayi ho, meri nahi.

ISHANI

Main dono kar rahi hoon.

Saira writes in her notebook.

DR. SAIRA

Tumhe last two years yaad nahi.

ISHANI

Haan.

DR. SAIRA

Kab se?

ISHANI

Jab se aapne mujhe bulaya tha.

Saira looks up.

DR. SAIRA

Maine tumhe nahi bulaya.

ISHANI

Black coffee. Right drawer mein pens. Left drawer mein sugar sachets. Aap ring nahi pehenti aajkal. Jab nervous hoti hain, thumb se air mein circle banati hain.

Saira's face tightens.

DR. SAIRA

Coincidence.

ISHANI

Aap notebook ka pehla page blank rakhti hain. Wall clock ke neeche crack hai. Mirror ke left edge par light alag padti hai.

Saira shuts the notebook slightly.

DR. SAIRA

Stop.

ISHANI

Aap har session ke baad pehle mirror, phir door, phir watch. Hamesha same order.

DR. SAIRA

Ishani.

ISHANI

Haan?

DR. SAIRA

Tum mujhe observe kar rahi ho. Why?

ISHANI

Kyunki aap mujhe nahi, khud ko test kar rahi hain.

Silence. The clock ticks louder.

DR. SAIRA

Tumhara file yahan hai. Tum patient ho.

ISHANI

Nahi.

(beat)

Aaj nahi.

Saira opens the notebook fully. Her eyes scan the page.

INSERT - NOTEBOOK PAGE

"Do not let her see the mirror too early."

"She remembers first."

"Ask about the parking lot."

BACK TO SCENE

DR. SAIRA

Yeh... yeh meri handwriting hai.

ISHANI

Haan.

DR. SAIRA

Kaun likha hai yeh?

ISHANI

Aapne.

DR. SAIRA

Kyun?

Ishani leans forward.

ISHANI

Kyunki aapko yaad nahi.

Saira's breathing changes.

DR. SAIRA

Yaad kya nahi?

ISHANI

Parking lot. Raat. Ek car. Ek crash. Aur uske baad jo aapne kiya.

Saira looks at the one-way mirror, alarmed.

DR. SAIRA

Main kabhi...

ISHANI

Aapne mujhe voicemail bheja tha. Teen mahine pehle.
"Agar mujhe yaad na rahe, toh mirror test dena. Mujhe
sach sirf koi aur bata sakta hai."

Saira is stunned.

DR. SAIRA

Main... main aisa kyun bolungi?

ISHANI

Kyunki aap bhag rahi thi.

DR. SAIRA

Kis se?

ISHANI

Khud se.

Ishani stands and steps toward the mirror.

ISHANI (CONT'D)

Main aapki patient nahi hoon, Dr. Saira. Main woh
insaan hoon jise aapne us raat hospital corridor mein
dekha tha.

Saira's eyes widen. A flash of memory hits.

INSERT - FLASH MEMORY

Blood on a sleeve. Sirens. A woman's face. A whispered line:

"Don't make me remember."

BACK TO SCENE

Saira grips the notebook.

DR. SAIRA

No...

ISHANI

Aapne mujhe protect kiya tha. Ya shayad chupaya tha.
Main bhi poori tarah sure nahi hoon. Lekin aapne kuch
dekha tha. Kuch aisa jo aapke dimaag ne lock kar
diya.

Saira's hand trembles. The pen slips, falls to the floor.

DR. SAIRA

Main... main kaun hoon?

Ishani picks up a tissue from the box, folds it, and places it in Saira's
hand.

ISHANI

Abhi aapko bas itna yaad hai: aapne sach se bhaagna chaha. Aur phir aapne khud ko test kiya.

Saira looks into the mirror. Her reflection feels unfamiliar.

DR. SAIRA

Ab yaad aaya?

A long beat.

Saira stares at her own eyes. The clock TICKS.

The room is no longer a clinic.

It feels like a witness box.

FADE OUT.