



THE LOCKED WARD

A Psychological Thriller 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by
Story Dil Se Team
(storydilse.in)

LOGLINE: A psychiatrist meets a patient who insists he is not ill, only trapped in a story written by the orderly who guards him. As the session progresses, the orderly and patient accuse each other of changing the past, while the doctor finds records that do not match either account. The twist reveals the doctor has been treating the wrong man for months, and the patient is actually the one who should have been in charge of the ward.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Dr. Nair (50)

LOCATION: A locked psychiatric ward consultation room with padded chairs, a small observation window, and dim institutional lighting softened by blinds. The room is clean but unsettling, with muted colors and a faint hum from the corridor.

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INT. LOCKED PSYCHIATRIC WARD - CONSULTATION ROOM - NIGHT

Dim institutional light. Blinds ke beech se corridor ki patli roshni room mein lines bana rahi hai. Padded chairs. Small observation window. Table par PATIENT FILE, CLIPBOARD, WATER GLASS, WARD CHART.

DR. NAIR (50), lab coat over formal wear, composed face, tired eyes, file kholta hai. RUDRA (32), hospital gown, intense stare, restless hands, chair mein fidget kar raha hai. ANIL (37), simple uniform, keys clipped to belt, door ke paas watchful.

DR. NAIR

Good evening, Rudra. Aaj kaisa lag raha hai?

RUDRA

Doctor, main patient nahi hoon. Main trapped hoon.

ANIL

Haan, aur main President hoon. Roz naya dialogue.

Rudra Anil ko ghoorta hai.

RUDRA

Tu hi hai na story ka writer?

ANIL

Story? Bhai, tu khud apni kahani mein villain aur hero dono hai.

Dr. Nair water glass ko table par rakhte hue calm rehta hai.

DR. NAIR

Let's keep it simple. Tumhe lagta hai yeh room kaun control karta hai?

RUDRA

Woh. Keys ke saath.

Anil keys ko instinctively touch karta hai.

ANIL

Keys mere kaam ki hain. Tere dimaag ki nahi.

RUDRA

Kal bhi tune yehi bola tha. Phir records badal diye.

Dr. Nair file palat-ta hai. Ward chart dekhta hai.

DR. NAIR

(mildly)

Records badalne ka kya matlab?

RUDRA

Matlab mera naam, meri history, mera past... sab usne shift kiya.

ANIL

Doctor, isko lagta hai main iski life ka editor hoon.

A beat. Dr. Nair file par rukta hai. Ek note.

INSERT - FILE NOTE

"Dr. Nair to review identity discrepancy with senior consultant."

Dr. Nair ka expression slightly changes.

DR. NAIR

Yeh note... kisne likha?

ANIL

Aapne hi to, sir.

RUDRA

(soft laugh)

Nahi, doctor. Usne likha.

Silence.

DR. NAIR

Kisne?

RUDRA

Jo keys rakhta hai. Jo ward chalata hai. Jo sabko yaad dilata hai ki kaun pagal hai.

Anil ka face hard ho jaata hai.

ANIL

Enough. Doctor, yeh manipulative hai. Isne pehle bhi bola tha main uska bhai hoon. Kal bolega main uska shadow hoon.

RUDRA

Shadow nahi, jailer.

Anil step forward.

ANIL

Main jailer hota toh tu yahan baitha lecture nahi de raha hota.

RUDRA

Tu kya samjha, mujhe lock karke sach lock ho jayega?

Dr. Nair clipboard uthata hai. Compare karta hai file with ward chart.

DR. NAIR

(to himself)

Bed numbers... admission dates... Yeh match kyun nahi kar rahe?

Rudra ke restless hands suddenly still.

RUDRA

Kyunki jo aap padh rahe ho, woh meri file nahi hai.

ANIL

Sir, iske words pe mat jao. Yeh ward ka purana administrator hai.

Dr. Nair looks up sharply.

DR. NAIR

Administrator?

ANIL

Haan. Isne records shift kiye the. Isne hi sab ulta-pulta kiya.

Rudra gives a dry, almost amused smile.

RUDRA

Uta-pulta? Anil, tumne kiya tha. Tumne mujhe patient banaya. Kyunki main yaad rakhta tha.

ANIL

(low, dangerous)

Tu yaad rakhta hai, isliye problem hai.

Dr. Nair rises slightly, unsettled.

DR. NAIR

Rudra, look at me. Tum yahan ka patient ho ya staff?

RUDRA

Main woh hoon jo sach bol raha hai. Aap? Aap woh ho jo bhoolaya gaya hai.

A beat.

Dr. Nair turns to the observation window. Corridor empty.

He sees his reflection.

In the glass, behind his reflection, a faded nameplate on the corridor wall:

"CHIEF PSYCHIATRIST - R. NAIR"

Dr. Nair freezes.

DR. NAIR

(whisper)

Nahi...

Rudra stands slowly.

RUDRA

Months se aap mujhe treat kar rahe the, doctor. Par treatment aapka chal raha tha.

Anil's hand tightens on his belt.

ANIL

Sir, uski baat mat suno. Yeh loop hai. Yeh hamesha ulta bolta hai.

Dr. Nair flips the file open again. A photograph. A name. Inconsistent logs.

DR. NAIR

(shaken)

Yeh... meri signature nahi hai.

RUDRA

Kyunki aapne sign nahi kiya. Aapne trust kiya.

A distant LOCK CLICK echoes from the corridor.

Anil stiffens.

ANIL

Door... kisne unlock kiya?

Rudra reaches to Anil's belt, snatches the KEYS in one swift move.

ANIL

Arre—!

RUDRA

Ab yaad aaya? Ward ka supervisor kaun tha?

He tosses the keys in his palm.

DR. NAIR

(barely audible)

Main... patient tha?

RUDRA

Nahi, doctor. Aap treatment ke naam pe system ka face the.

Rudra moves to the door. Keys in hand.

ANIL

Rudra, ruk!

RUDRA

Late ho gaya, Anil.

Rudra unlocks the door.

CLICK.

The door opens.

A cold corridor breath enters the room.

Dr. Nair stands stunned. Anil's watchful expression turns to fear.

Rudra looks back once.

RUDRA

Ab doctor ka time khatam. Ward ka time shuru.

Rudra exits.

Dr. Nair remains frozen, file in hand.

Anil and Dr. Nair exchange a long, terrible look.

CUT TO BLACK.

END