



THE WITNESS IN SEAT 4

A Mystery/Crime 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: An inspector boards a bus to question the conductor and a passenger about a stabbing that happened on the last route, but both men insist the fourth seat was occupied by someone who vanished. As the inspector pieces together ticket stubs and route times, the story becomes less about the crime and more about who was seen by whom. The twist reveals the witness in seat 4 was never a person—it was a recording of the victim's own final moments played back on a forgotten phone.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Inspector Salim (44)

LOCATION: The inside of a parked city bus at night, lit by broken overhead lights and the glow from the street outside. Empty seats and a driver's cabin create a compact, noir-like interrogation chamber.

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FADE IN:

INT. PARKED CITY BUS - NIGHT

Broken overhead lights flicker. Streetlight glow spills through dusty windows. The bus is empty except for three men.

INSPECTOR SALIM (44), rolled sleeves, stern eyes, notebook in hand, stands in the aisle.

TARUN (27), bus conductor, uniform shirt, anxious, clutches a ticket puncher in his pocket.

FAIZ (31), neat jacket, quiet demeanor, holds a small bag close.

SALIM

Last route pe stabbing hua tha. Main simple sawaal puchhne aaya hoon. Seat 4 mein kaun tha?

Tarun and Faiz exchange a quick look.

TARUN

Sir... koi tha.

FAIZ

Haan. Seat 4 occupied thi.

SALIM

Dono ek hi line pe? Interesting. Naam?

TARUN

Face yaad nahi.

FAIZ

Face yaad hai. Bas naam nahi.

Salim steps closer to Seat 4. Dusty. Empty. A faint sticky mark on the cushion.

SALIM

Yeh seat to khali hai.

TARUN

(blurting)

Ab khali hai, sir.

Salim notes that down.

SALIM

Route time?

TARUN

9:10 depot se nikli. 9:47 Old Market. 10:12 last stop.

SALIM

Aur stabbing?

TARUN

Uske baad... sab ulta seedha ho gaya.

Faiz shifts his bag tighter.

SALIM

Tum chup kyun ho, Faiz?

FAIZ

Main chup nahi hoon, Inspector. Main yaad kar raha hoon.

SALIM

Yaad karo. Seat 4 mein kaun tha?

FAIZ

Ek aadmi. Neat shirt. Thaka hua chehra. Phone dekh raha tha.

Tarun reacts.

TARUN

Haan! Phone! Uske haath mein phone tha.

SALIM

Kaisa phone?

TARUN

Chhota sa. Screen cracked.

Salim raises an eyebrow.

SALIM

Tumne itni detail kaise yaad rakhi?

TARUN

(nervous laugh)

Conductor hoon, sir. Log kam, seats zyada yaad hoti hain.

Salim opens his notebook.

SALIM

Ticket stubs dikhao.

Tarun reluctantly pulls out a torn ticket from his pocket and hands it over.

Salim inspects it under the flickering light.

SALIM

Is pe seat number nahi hai.

TARUN

Machine jam ho gayi thi.

SALIM

Ya tumne jaldi mein faad diya?

Tarun freezes.

FAIZ

Inspector, aap hum dono ko same tarah dekh rahe ho.
Jaise hum dono jhooth bol rahe hain.

SALIM

Kyunki bol rahe ho.

Salim shines his flashlight under Seat 4. He finds a second torn stub stuck near the metal frame.

SALIM

Hmm. Yeh yahan kaise aaya?

Tarun swallows hard.

TARUN

Main nahi jaanta.

SALIM

Tumhara puncher pocket mein hai. Ticket tumhare haath ka. Aur route map pe last stop ke baad bus ten minutes rukti hai. Kyun?

TARUN

(stammering)

Engine... engine issue tha.

FAIZ

Nahi. Koi engine issue nahi tha.

Salim turns sharply to Faiz.

SALIM

To phir?

Faiz looks at the seat, then the floor.

FAIZ

Phone.

SALIM

Kya phone?

FAIZ

Wahi jo seat 4 pe pada tha. Screen pe video chal rahi thi.

Tarun's eyes widen.

TARUN

Haan... Kisi ne phone chhoda tha.

SALIM

Kis ne uthaya?

Silence.

Salim steps down, flashlight sweeping the floor. He spots something near the driver's cabin step: a small, black phone.

He picks it up.

SALIM

Yeh?

Tarun looks like he's been punched.

TARUN

Sir... woh...

Salim presses the power button. The cracked screen lights up.

ON SCREEN: shaky video. The bus interior. Same seat 4 angle.

A MAN'S FACE, exhausted, sweaty, looking directly at the phone.

VICTIM (ON PHONE)

(distorted, breathless)

Agar mujhe kuch hua... toh yaad rakhna...

The video jolts. A FLASH OF KNIFE. A gasp. The phone drops. The recording continues for two seconds of chaos.

Salim's face hardens.

SALIM

Yeh recording thi.

FAIZ

(quietly)

Haan.

SALIM

Seat 4 mein koi aadmi nahi tha. Victim ne khud apne last moments record kiye.

Tarun stares at the phone, horrified.

TARUN

To humne... kisko dekha?

SALIM

Sach ko. Aur tum dono ne usko aadmi samajh liya.

Faiz's grip on the bag tightens.

SALIM

Ab bag kholo, Faiz.

FAIZ

Main ne murder nahi kiya.

SALIM

Phone chhupaya kyun?

FAIZ

(breaking)

Kyunki woh mujhe pehchanta tha. Paison ka hisaab tha. Smuggling ka ek chhota deal tha. Woh expose karne wala tha. Main... main bas phone delete karna chahta tha.

Tarun steps back.

TARUN

Aur maine dekh liya tha. Isliye main chup tha. Mujhe laga main bhi phas jaunga.

Salim opens the bag. Inside: nothing but a handkerchief and a torn bus receipt.

SALIM

Tum dono ne ek dead man ke phone ko witness bana diya. Aur apni khamoshi ko alibi.

He pockets the phone.

SALIM (CONT'D)

Seat 4 mein koi insaan nahi tha. Seat 4 mein sach baitha tha.

A long silence.

The broken lights flicker again.

Tarun's puncher slips from his hand and clatters on the bus floor.

Faiz lowers his eyes.

Salim writes in his notebook.

SALIM (CONT'D)

Chal. Ab station chalein.

He turns toward the bus door.

Tarun and Faiz remain frozen in the noir glow.

FADE OUT.