



THREE CHAIRS, ONE TRUTH

A Psychological Thriller 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: A couple comes for marriage counseling, but the therapist quickly realizes each spouse remembers a different version of the same night. As the session progresses, the husband and wife begin accusing one another of manipulation while the therapist remains disturbingly neutral. The climax reveals the therapist is not treating them at all—he is helping one of them reconstruct a false memory to cover up a murder.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Dr. Kunal (44)

LOCATION: A therapy office with three chairs in a triangle, soft lamp lighting, a bookshelf, and rain tapping faintly on the window.

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INT. THERAPY OFFICE - NIGHT

Soft lamp light. Ek bookshelf, tissue box, aur teen chairs triangle mein. Window par rain ki halki tapping.

DR. KUNAL (44), cardigan aur reading glasses mein, notebook ke saath baitha hai. RAJAT (35), polished, tense, expensive watch pehane, seedha baitha hai. NISHA (33), elegant, guarded, notebook lap mein, steely stare ke saath.

Silence.

DR. KUNAL

Toh... us raat kya hua tha?

RAJAT

(instant)

Maine jo dekha, woh aap dono ko sunna chahiye.

NISHA

Aapko "dono" bolne ki aadat hai, Rajat. Jaise sab kuch audience ho.

RAJAT

Aur tumhe har baat ko drama banane ki aadat hai.

DR. KUNAL

Calmly. Bas facts. Start from the beginning.

RAJAT

Beginning? Theek hai. Ghar aaya tha main late. Nisha gayab thi. Phir jab wapas aayi...

(beat)

Uske haath mein blood tha.

NISHA

(smiles without warmth)

Jhooth. Tum late aaye the, haan. Par main gayab nahi thi. Tum the. Tumhare coat pe rain thi. Mud bhi.

RAJAT

Mera coat? Tumne pehna tha kya usko?

NISHA

Main tumhari memory pe bharosa nahi karti. Isliye notebook rakhti hoon.

(holds up notebook)

Tumne kaha tha, "Maine sab sambhal liya."

DR. KUNAL

Interesting. Aur uske baad?

RAJAT

Uske baad woh mujhe blame karne lagi.

NISHA

Main? Tumne mujhe kaha tha, "Bas chup raho. Kisi ko kuch yaad nahi rahega."

RAJAT

Main aisa kabhi nahi bolta.

NISHA

Tum har waqt bolte ho. Bas yaad tumhe convenient cheezein rehti hain.

DR. KUNAL

(notes taking)

Memory selective hoti hai. Especially stress mein.

RAJAT

Aap dono mujhe pagal bana rahe ho.

NISHA

No. Tum already ho.

A beat. Rain taps louder.

RAJAT

(leaning forward)

Kyun aayi ho yahan, Nisha? Shaadi bachane ya mujhe phasane?

NISHA

Main sach sunne aayi hoon.

RAJAT

Sach? Tum sach ke naam pe manipulation karti ho.

NISHA

Aur tum control ke naam pe crime.

DR. KUNAL

Please. Let's keep this constructive.

RAJAT

Constructive? Doctor, aap har baar itne neutral kaise reh lete ho?

DR. KUNAL

Neutrality is useful.

NISHA

Ya convenient.

DR. KUNAL

(smiles faintly)

Maybe both.

Rajat apni expensive watch utar kar table par rakh deta hai.

RAJAT

Main jaa raha hoon.

NISHA

Nahi jaa sakte.

RAJAT

Kyun?

NISHA

Kyuki tumhe yaad aana shuru ho gaya hai.

Nisha apni notebook kholti hai, ek page Rajat ki taraf slide karti hai.

INSERT - NOTEBOOK PAGE

Dates. Times. Ek line: "He said it was an accident."

RAJAT

(looks up, shaken)

Yeh meri handwriting nahi hai.

NISHA

Bilkul. Tumne likha nahi tha. Tumne bola tha. Main likh rahi thi.

DR. KUNAL

(too calm)

Exactly.

Rajat stares at Dr. Kunal.

RAJAT

Kya exactly?

DR. KUNAL

The reconstruction.

RAJAT

Kya?

NISHA

(turns to Dr. Kunal)

Aapne us raat ka last version finalize kar liya?

RAJAT

Last version?

Dr. Kunal slowly removes his glasses.

DR. KUNAL

Version nahi, Rajat. Reconstruction.

Silence.

RAJAT

(voice cracking)

Yeh therapy session nahi tha?

NISHA

No.

DR. KUNAL

It was a correction.

Rajat stands halfway, unstable.

RAJAT

Kis cheez ki correction?

Nisha's stare hardens.

NISHA

Us cheez ki jo tum bhoolna chahte ho.

DR. KUNAL

And us cheez ki jo yaad aa gayi toh sab khatam ho jayega.

RAJAT

Kya khatam?

Dr. Kunal opens his notebook. Ek line par ungli rakhta hai.

DR. KUNAL

(reading)

"If he remembers, we lose control."

Rajat freezes.

RAJAT

Maine... maine kya kiya tha?

NISHA

(soft, almost pitying)

Ghar aaye the tum. Door khula tha. Main saamne thi. Phir...

(beat)

Sab andhera.

RAJAT

Body...

NISHA

Uska naam mat lo.

DR. KUNAL

Gently. Rajat, tumne bas itna yaad rakhna hai: tumne protect kiya. Tumhara intention galat nahi tha.

RAJAT

Maine kisey protect kiya?

Nisha and Dr. Kunal exchange a glance.

NISHA

Tumne khud ko.

Dr. Kunal folds his notebook shut.

DR. KUNAL

Truth ka kaam hota hai yaad rehna. Mera kaam hota hai
usse jeene layak banana.

Rajat looks at both of them—terrified, betrayed, cornered.

The rain suddenly seems louder.

CUT TO BLACK.