



THE SECOND BED

A Horror/Supernatural 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: A doctor tries to diagnose a man who says someone lies beside him every night, breathing in sync with his nightmares. His wife insists it is stress, but she never appears in the room's reflections the same way twice. The twist reveals the second bed is for the doctor himself, because he has been treating the same ghostly couple since the night he signed the wrong death certificate.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Dr. Aniket (41)

LOCATION: A small sleep clinic room with two narrow beds, dim bedside lamps, and a monitor glow showing erratic heart-rate lines.

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FADE IN:

INT. SMALL SLEEP CLINIC ROOM - NIGHT

Dim bedside lamp. Do narrow beds. Monitor par erratic heart-rate lines. Room mein sannaata, sirf machine ki soft beep.

DR. ANIKET (41), calm face, tired eyes, medical bag ke saath khada hai.

PRANAV (33), pale, sleepless, loose clothes mein, blanket ko tightly pakde bed par baitha hai.

MIRA (36), soft-spoken, pale, fixed smile ke saath, door ke paas khadi hai.

DR. ANIKET

Aap phir se keh rahe ho ki koi saath sota hai?

PRANAV

Keh nahi raha, Doctor. Har raat hota hai. Saans... meri saans ke saath.

DR. ANIKET

Stress, Pranav. Brain kabhi-kabhi roommate invent kar leta hai.

PRANAV

Kaash woh bas brain hota.

Mira ek chhoti si smile deti hai. Room mein us smile ka effect ajeeb hai.

MIRA

Woh overwork kar raha hai. Teen din se theek se soya nahi.

DR. ANIKET

Aur aap?

MIRA

(softly)

Main? Main to bas dekh rahi hoon.

Aniket bedside lamp ki reflection mein Mira ko dekhta hai. Uska reflection ek beat late aata hai.

DR. ANIKET

(subtle, to himself)

Interesting.

PRANAV

Kya interesting?

DR. ANIKET

Kuch nahi. Aapka pulse.

Monitor ki line thodi jump karti hai.

PRANAV

Doctor, second bed par koi leta hai. Main uthta hoon, toh woh bhi uthta hai. Main saans rokta hoon, woh bhi rok leta hai.

MIRA

(light, almost amused)

Tumhara dimaag tumse mazaak kar raha hai.

PRANAV

Dimaag mazaak kare toh theek hai. Par koi... gardan ke paas aa ke saans le?

Aniket medical bag kholta hai. Torch nikaalta hai.

DR. ANIKET

Main ek basic check karta hoon. Eye movement. Breathing pattern. Koi ghost package mein included nahi hota.

Pranav ek thaka hua smile deta hai. Mira ki smile same rehti hai.

Aniket torch se room scan karta hai. Bed ke neeche se ek crumpled paper dikhta hai.

DR. ANIKET

Yeh kya hai?

Pranav hesitate karta hai, phir blanket ke neeche se ek death certificate copy nikaalta hai.

MIRA

(suddenly colder)

Pranav...

Aniket paper leta hai. Uska face change hota hai.

INSERT - DEATH CERTIFICATE COPY

Aniket ka naam signature line ke paas.

Date: SAME NIGHT.

DR. ANIKET

(low)

Yeh... mere file mein nahi hona chahiye.

PRANAV

File mein bohot kuch nahi hona chahiye tha. Aapne wrong certificate sign kiya tha, Doctor. Humein dead declare kar diya.

DR. ANIKET

No. That was corrected.

MIRA

(fixed smile, eerie calm)

Aapne socha tha.

Beat.

Monitor ki beep ek second ke liye do alag rhythms mein split hoti hai.

PRANAV

Us raat se hum aapke saath aa gaye. Har baar jab aap humein diagnose karte, aap khud yahin so jaate the.

DR. ANIKET

Main... so jaata tha?

MIRA

Sleep is surrender, Doctor. Aap hi bolte the.

Aniket looks at the second bed. Fresh sheets. Pillow par ek old indentation.

DR. ANIKET

Yeh bed... kis ke liye hai?

Pranav slowly blanket hataata hai. Second bed clearly visible.

PRANAV

Aapke liye.

DR. ANIKET

Nahi.

MIRA

(soft, final)

Haan.

Lamp flickers.

Aniket opens his medical bag, pulls out a pen, hands trembling.

DR. ANIKET

Agar maine galti ki...

PRANAV

To theek kijiye. Hamara naam. Apna naam.

Aniket turns the certificate over.

INSERT - BACK OF CERTIFICATE

A second name is written there:

DR. ANIKET.

His breath catches.

DR. ANIKET

(whisper)

Main... patient tha?

Mira's smile widens, but her eyes stay empty.

MIRA

Aaj aap so jayenge, Doctor.

Monitor line flattens, then steadies.

Beep. Beep. Beep.

Three rhythms. In sync.

Aniket looks at the second bed. Someone's shape is already there in the dim reflection.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: THE SECOND BED

FADE OUT.