



ROOM 407

A Psychological Thriller 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: Kabir arrives to identify a woman who claims he once kidnapped her, but the psychiatrist insists he is the patient, not the witness. As the interview spirals, the room's power dynamics keep flipping until the final twist reveals the psychiatrist is conducting a memory reconstruction for a crime Kabir committed and forgot—on purpose.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Kabir (35)

LOCATION: A fluorescent-lit hospital consultation room with a metal table, two chairs, a wall clock, and a one-way mirror. The light is cold and flat, making every silence feel clinical and threatening.

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FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL CONSULTATION ROOM 407 - NIGHT

Fluorescent lights. Cold. Flat. Clinical.

A METAL TABLE. Two CHAIRS. A WALL CLOCK ticking too loudly. A ONE-WAY MIRROR on one wall.

A WATER GLASS. A PEN. A TAPE RECORDER. A HOSPITAL FILE.

KABIR (35), clean-cut, expensive watch, tired eyes, enters with controlled nervousness. He holds an ID card and a file.

DR. ISHA (40), crisp coat, still as a statue, sits across the table.

RHEA (29), pale, in a hospital gown and cardigan, sits slightly sideways, staring at Kabir like she has seen a ghost.

DR. ISHA

Kabir. Please sit.

Kabir hesitates. Sits.

KABIR

Doctor, main bas ek verification ke liye aaya hoon.
Ye sab... misunderstanding lag raha hai.

Rhea laughs once. Not funny. Sharp.

RHEA

Misunderstanding? Tumne mujhe gaadi mein daala tha,
Kabir. Ye bhi misunderstanding thi?

Kabir turns to her, confused and annoyed.

KABIR

Main aapko jaanta bhi nahi hoon.

RHEA

Jhooth.

Dr. Isha opens the hospital file, calm.

DR. ISHA

Kabir, aap yahan witness ke taur pe nahi aaye ho. Aap patient ho.

Kabir gives a strained smile.

KABIR

Excuse me?

DR. ISHA

Sit still, and listen.

The CLOCK TICKS.

Kabir glances at the one-way mirror.

KABIR

Yeh room kya hai? Police station?

DR. ISHA

Consultation room. Room 407.

Rhea leans forward.

RHEA

Tumhe yaad hai? Blue car. Rain. Tumne bola tha, "Bas do minute." Phir darwaza band.

Kabir rubs his temple.

KABIR

Nahi. Nahi, yeh... yeh galat hai.

RHEA

Galat toh woh raat thi.

Dr. Isha slides the water glass toward Kabir.

DR. ISHA

Paani piyiye.

KABIR

Main patient nahi hoon.

DR. ISHA

Aapka blood pressure high hai. Aapka pulse bhi. Patient hi ho.

Kabir takes the glass, but doesn't drink.

KABIR

Main sirf identify karne aaya tha.

RHEA

Mujhe?

KABIR

Kisiko nahi.

Rhea stares.

RHEA

Tum mujhe dekh ke darr rahe ho.

KABIR

Kyunki tum mujhe accuse kar rahi ho.

RHEA

Kyunki tumne kiya tha.

Dr. Isha presses PLAY on the tape recorder.

A faint CLICK. Then silence.

DR. ISHA

Shuru karte hain.

Kabir straightens, defensive.

KABIR

Main corporate lawyer hoon. Meri meeting thi. Kisi hospital mein mujhe kyun bithaya gaya hai?

DR. ISHA

Aapko yaad karna hai.

KABIR

Kya yaad karna hai?

Dr. Isha flips a page in the file.

DR. ISHA

"Acute dissociative episode." "Selective amnesia suspected."

Kabir freezes.

KABIR

Yeh kya bakwaas hai?

Rhea's voice softens, dangerous in its calm.

RHEA

Tumhari bakwaas ne meri zindagi tod di.

Kabir looks at her, then at Dr. Isha.

KABIR

Maine kuch nahi kiya.

RHEA

Tumne mujhe room mein rakha. Tumne lock kiya. Aur phir...

She stops. Breathes.

RHEA (CONT'D)

Aur phir tumne mujhe dekha bhi nahi.

Kabir's jaw tightens.

KABIR

Main yeh sab pehli baar sun raha hoon.

DR. ISHA

Nahi. Aapne isko sunne se khud ko bachaya hai.

Kabir stands abruptly.

KABIR

Main yahan se ja raha hoon.

Dr. Isha doesn't move.

DR. ISHA

Baith jaiye, Kabir.

Kabir stops. The authority in her voice lands.

RHEA

Tumhara watch...

Kabir looks at his expensive watch.

RHEA (CONT'D)

Us raat bhi time dekh rahe the.

Kabir's hand trembles.

KABIR

Shut up.

RHEA

Yaad aaya?

A beat.

Kabir's eyes flicker. A FLASH of memory: a corridor. A door closing. Rhea crying. A man's hand—his own?

He blinks hard.

KABIR

Nahi...

Dr. Isha watches him carefully.

DR. ISHA

Good. Keep going.

Kabir breathes fast.

KABIR

Main... main kisi ko hurt nahi kar sakta.

RHEA

Kar chuke ho.

Dr. Isha closes the file.

DR. ISHA

Kabir, ye hospital visit nahi hai. Ye court-ordered memory reconstruction session hai.

Kabir stares.

KABIR

Court... ordered?

DR. ISHA

Haan. Aapne violent incident ke baad apni memory suppress ki. Intentionally.

Rhea's eyes hold his.

RHEA

Main victim thi. Aur witness bhi. Tumne mujhe aur ek aadmi ko us room mein bulaya tha.

Kabir's face drains.

KABIR

Nahi... ek aadmi?

Dr. Isha nods once.

DR. ISHA

Ab yaad aa raha hai?

Kabir looks at the mirror.

For the first time, he seems to understand the room is watching him back.

KABIR

Main... main ne khud...

He can't finish.

Rhea leans in, voice almost gentle.

RHEA

Haan, Kabir. Tumne khud.

Dr. Isha reaches for the recorder.

DR. ISHA

Last chance. Sach yaad aaya?

Kabir looks at his hands.

A beat.

The CLOCK TICKS.

He whispers, broken.

KABIR

Room 407...

Dr. Isha doesn't blink.

DR. ISHA

Good.

She stops the tape.

The silence after the click is terrifying.

Rhea and Dr. Isha exchange a look Kabir cannot read.

Kabir finally understands he was never here to identify anyone.

He was here to be identified.

FADE OUT.