



THE THREE-WAY MIRROR

A Sci-Fi/High-Concept 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: Arin is invited to test a mirror that shows “the version of you others see,” but the reflection keeps contradicting his self-image. Dr. Elina insists the device is accurate, Maya claims it’s cruelly honest, and the final twist reveals the mirror is not reflecting faces at all—it is exposing the lies each person tells to survive being loved.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Arin (34)

LOCATION: A futuristic demo room with a large mirror-like screen, a single chair, and soft white ambient lighting. Blue interface graphics reflect on the walls, making the room feel like a polished showroom and a trap at the same time.

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FADE IN:

INT. FUTURISTIC DEMO ROOM - NIGHT

Soft white ambient light. Blue interface graphics drift across the walls. A LARGE MIRROR-LIKE SCREEN dominates one side. A SINGLE CHAIR sits center. A TABLET, INTERFACE REMOTE, MARKER, and a WRISTBAND rest on a slim side table.

ARIN (34), formal shirt, polished but restless, stands near the chair.

DR. ELINA (41), sleek minimalist clothing, holds a tablet with calm precision.

MAYA (30), casual dress, emotionally direct, sits casually on the chair. A SCAR is visible on her wrist.

ELINA

Arin, simple test hai. Screen will show you the version of you others see.

ARIN

Bas? Mirror therapy? Matlab ab main apni sales pitch ka reflection bhi dekhunga?

MAYA

Haan. Aur agar lucky hue toh ego ka invoice bhi.

Elina almost smiles. Arin notices.

ARIN

Aap log isko test bol rahe ho, mujhe lag raha hai trial chal raha hai.

ELINA

Difference hai. Trial mein outcome uncertain hota hai. Yahan output accurate hoga.

ARIN

"Accurate" ka word aapne kaafi confidence se bola.

ELINA

Kyunki device confidence se nahi, data se chalti hai.

Maya taps her wrist scar, looking at Arin.

MAYA

Data usually rude hota hai.

Elina picks up the INTERFACE REMOTE and points it at the mirror-screen. The screen HUMS to life.

The mirror shows ARIN—same face, but with a forced grin, shoulders slightly forward, eyes scanning for approval.

ARIN

Kya bakwaas hai.

MAYA

Bakwaas nahi. Teri default setting.

ARIN

Main aisa nahi dikhta.

ELINA

Tumhe lagta hai.

The reflection shifts. ARIN now looks needy, over-eager, rehearsed.

ARIN

No. No, this is glitching.

ELINA

It's not glitching. It's translating.

Maya leans in, interested.

MAYA

Translation: tum har room mein "please like me" ka perfume pehen ke jaate ho.

ARIN

Main professional hoon.

MAYA

Professional? Ya scared?

Arin glares. The screen flickers.

Now MAYA appears in the mirror—guarded, defensive, chin lifted, eyes already bracing for rejection.

Maya's face tightens.

MAYA

Huh.

ARIN

Tum bhi dekh lo. Ab bolna easy lag raha hai?

MAYA

Main toh pehle se jaanti thi.

ARIN

Kya?

MAYA

Ki main "I don't care" bolke actually kaafi care karti hoon.

Elina watches them, unreadable.

ELINA

Continue.

ARIN

Continue? Aap judge nahi, host ho?

ELINA

Main inventor hoon. Judge banne ki zarurat nahi.

MAYA

Wow. That sounded expensive.

Arin points at the mirror.

ARIN

Yeh mujhe false confidence dikhata hai. Kabhi fake humble. Kabhi over-smile. Yeh mirror hai ya HR training module?

ELINA

It shows the version people survive by.

Silence.

Arin absorbs that.

ARIN

Survive by?

MAYA

Haan. Jo tum bolte ho taaki koi tumhe replace na kar de.

The mirror shifts to ELINA. Her reflection is immaculate—controlled, detached, but behind the eyes: loneliness.

ARIN

Oh.

MAYA

Ab aayi asli image.

Elina doesn't react, but her jaw tightens.

ELINA

The device is functioning.

MAYA

Functioning, sure. Cruel bhi.

ELINA

Truth is rarely polite.

MAYA

Aur control kab se truth ka synonym ho gaya?

Elina steps closer to the screen.

ELINA

Control is not the same as cruelty.

MAYA

For people who've been controlled, it feels very similar.

Arin glances between them, sensing history he wasn't invited into.

ARIN

Wait. Aap dono pehle se jaante ho ek dusre ko?

ELINA

Not relevant.

MAYA

Sab kuch relevant hota hai. Bas log admit late karte hain.

Arin grabs the INTERFACE REMOTE from Elina's hand.

ARIN

Bas. I'm switching it off.

He clicks. Nothing.

Clicks again.

Nothing.

ARIN

Kya hai yeh?

ELINA

Lockout.

ARIN

Of course.

Maya slowly stands. She picks up the WRISTBAND from the table.

MAYA

You really thought this was about faces?

ARIN

Toh aur kis baare mein hai?

Maya holds up the wristband, then her scar.

MAYA

About lies.

ELINA

Self-protective narratives.

MAYA

Same thing, different packaging.

The mirror-screen flickers harder.

Now three phrases appear, one by one:

ARIN: I'M FINE.

ELINA: THIS IS OBJECTIVE.

MAYA: I DON'T NEED ANYONE.

Arin stares.

ARIN

No.

MAYA

Yes.

ARIN

Main bas...

He stops. Swallows.

ARIN (CONT'D)

Main bas yeh dar raha tha ki jaise main hoon, waise enough nahi hoon.

Maya's expression softens, just a little.

Elina looks at the mirror, then at Arin.

ELINA

Good. First honest sentence.

MAYA

Not bad for a salesman.

Arin laughs once, despite himself.

ARIN

Aur aap?

Elina hesitates. For the first time, she seems human.

ELINA

I built it to prove I was right. Not to help anyone.

Beat.

ELINA (CONT'D)

I told myself that was science.

Maya nods, almost kindly.

MAYA

And I told myself I don't need anyone. Because needing someone sounds like an invitation.

She touches the scar.

MAYA (CONT'D)

But this scar... reminder hai. Being seen and still not chosen leaves a mark.

The screen goes still.

The blue graphics slow. The room now feels less like a showroom, more like an interrogation chamber.

The mirror-screen displays only three words, pulsing softly:

I'M FINE.

THIS IS OBJECTIVE.

I DON'T NEED ANYONE.

Arin looks at them, then at the two women.

ARIN

Toh mirror faces nahi dikhata.

MAYA

Nahi.

ELINA

It exposes the lies we tell to survive being loved.

A long silence.

Arin nods, vulnerable now.

ARIN

Then maybe... main thoda zyada honest rehna try kar sakta hoon.

Maya gives a small, real smile.

MAYA

Try mat kar. Bol de.

Elina sets the remote down.

ELINA

Device off.

But the mirror remains on, glowing softly.

The three stare at their reflections—no longer polished, no longer protected.

FADE OUT.

THE END