



INHERITANCE AT 8B

A Mystery/Crime 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by
Story Dil Se Team
(storydilse.in)

LOGLINE: Advocate Nisha reads the father's will to three sisters who have not spoken in years, and every clause seems designed to provoke a fight. Rekha believes Tina forged a signature, Tina claims Rekha hid the real assets, and Nisha quietly notices the will itself may be a decoy. The twist: their father left the entire estate to the sister who admits she was the one who stole from him first.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Advocate Nisha (42)

LOCATION: A small legal office cabin with one table, three chairs, a ceiling fan, and late-afternoon sunlight through blinds. The room is neat but tense, with files stacked like evidence.

USAGE LICENSE: 100% Free for Every Filmmaker & Creator. Shoot it, direct it, share it anywhere?no licensing fees, no paperwork, no barriers. Whether you're making your first student film, a festival entry, or an independent project, all scripts on Story Dil Se are completely free to adapt.

All we ask: Give credit where it's due with an on-screen mention in your credits:
'Story & Screenplay by Story Dil Se (storydilse.in)'.

INT. ADVOCATE NISHA'S LEGAL OFFICE CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON

A small, neat legal cabin. One table. Three chairs. Ceiling fan turning lazily. Late-afternoon sunlight cuts through blinds in sharp lines. Files are stacked like evidence.

ADVOCATE NISHA (42), elegant in a formal suit, sits at the head of the table with a leather file. REKHA (49), plain sari, guarded eyes, clenched hands, sits rigidly. TINA (33), chic casuals, sunglasses pushed into her hair, restless, taps her foot.

A thick silence.

NISHA

(precise, calm)

Main will padhne se pehle ek baat clear kar deti hoon. Jo bhi is room mein hoga, woh room se bahar nahi jayega.

TINA

Smells like a threat, Advocate.

NISHA

Smells like family.

Rekha and Tina glare at each other.

Nisha opens the leather file. Pulls out the WILL DOCUMENT.

NISHA

Late Mr. Vardhan ne yeh will draft karwayi thi. Aur unhone specifically bola tha—

She reads.

NISHA (CONT'D)

“Meray baad jo bhi mile, uska faisla meri betiyon ke sach se hoga.”

Tina snorts.

TINA

Sach? Papa aur sach? Cute.

REKHA

(icy)

Signature dekh kar cute lag raha hai? Ya forged lag raha hai?

TINA

Mujhe kyun dekh rahi ho? Tumne hi to accounts sambhale the.

REKHA

Accounts? Tumne hi locker ka access hack kiya tha.

TINA

Main hacker nahi hoon, Rekha. Tumhari tarah family ke naam pe chori nahi karti.

Rekha lunges forward slightly.

REKHA

Zubaan sambhal ke.

NISHA

(interrupting)

Please. Warna main will ke saath saath police complaint bhi file kar dunggi.

Beat.

Nisha studies the page. Her eyes stop at a faint mismatch in the paper texture.

NISHA (CONT'D)

Hmm.

TINA

Kya hmm?

NISHA

Yeh will... odd hai.

REKHA

Odd? Matlab?

NISHA

Matlab yeh shayad final document nahi hai.

Both sisters look at her.

NISHA (CONT'D)

Father ne isse decoy ki tarah use kiya ho sakta hai.

TINA

Decoy? Papa koi spy film mein the kya?

NISHA

Kabhi-kabhi assets se zyada dangerous family secrets hote hain.

She takes out a FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH from the file and places it on the table.

In the photo: three sisters around a birthday cake. Behind them, the father's hand points subtly toward an envelope.

Nisha flips the photo.

NISHA (CONT'D)

Back side check karo.

Rekha snatches it, reads the handwritten line.

REKHA

(reading)

“Jo pehle chori maane, usi ko sab kuch milega.”

Tina laughs, but it's nervous.

TINA

Kya bakwaas hai.

NISHA

Bakwaas nahi. Condition.

REKHA

Maine kuch nahi churaya.

TINA

Of course. Tum bas “temporarily relocated” karti ho paise.

REKHA

Tumhara drama band karo.

NISHA

Envelope.

She points to the leather file. Tina notices an ENVELOPE tucked inside.

Tina reaches for it first, but Nisha stops her with one finger.

NISHA (CONT'D)

Slowly.

Nisha opens the envelope. Inside: a handwritten note.

INSERT - HANDWRITTEN NOTE

“Jo pehle sach bole, wohi is ghar ki asli waris hogi. Aur sach ka pehla step hota hai chori ka iqraar.”

BACK TO SCENE

Silence.

REKHA

(reads, stunned)

Pehle sach...

TINA

Yeh sab humein confess karwane ke liye tha?

NISHA

Looks like it.

TINA

(to Rekha)

Bolo na. Tumne locker se cash nikala tha ya nahi?

Rekha's jaw tightens. Her hands tremble.

REKHA

I... haan.

Tina freezes.

NISHA remains still.

REKHA (CONT'D)

Maine hi business account se paise nikale the. Dad ke medical bills ke liye. Aur phir... main darr gayi. Main chup ho gayi.

TINA

What?

REKHA

Mujhe laga main sab sambhaal lungi. Par main bas... chori kar ke bhaag gayi.

Tina leans back, stunned. Then a bitter smile.

TINA

Wow. Elder sister special.

Beat.

Then Tina's smile drops.

TINA (CONT'D)

Theek hai. Mere turn.

Rekha stares.

TINA (CONT'D)

Maine bhi chori ki thi.

REKHA

Kya?

TINA

Paisa nahi.

She swallows.

TINA (CONT'D)

Papa ki medical file. Aur unka old cheque book. Main debts chhupa rahi thi. I thought... agar unhe pata chala, toh woh mujhe ghar se nikaal denge.

NISHA

So both of you stole.

TINA

(quietly)

Haan.

Nisha nods, absorbing it.

NISHA

Aur isliye will itna twisted tha. Mr. Vardhan wanted the first honest confession to trigger inheritance.

REKHA

So... who wins?

Nisha looks at the note again. Then at Rekha.

NISHA

Technically... Rekha. She confessed first.

Tina's face hardens.

TINA

Of course.

REKHA

(soft, almost ashamed)

Tina...

Tina looks away, fighting tears and anger.

Nisha closes the file.

NISHA

Inheritance sirf property nahi hoti. Kabhi-kabhi woh guilt ka weight hota hai. Aur kabhi... sach bolne ki himmat.

Rekha slowly pushes the family photograph toward Tina.

REKHA

Humne sab kuch tod diya.

TINA

Haan.

A beat.

TINA (CONT'D)

Par shayad... ab jhooth kam hai.

Rekha gives a tiny, reluctant nod.

Nisha stands, picks up the pen, and places it beside the will.

NISHA

Sign kar dijiye. Phir jo karna hai, aap log khud decide kijiye.

Rekha takes the pen.

Tina watches, eyes wet.

The ceiling fan hums. Sunlight softens through the blinds.

Rekha signs.

Nisha slides the document back into the file.

NISHA (CONT'D)

Case closed.

Beat.

Tina gives a broken laugh.

TINA

For the record... this was the most expensive family
therapy session ever.

Nisha almost smiles.

NISHA

And the cheapest inheritance.

The three women sit in uneasy silence, the photo between them.

FADE OUT.