

THE INTERVIEW

A Mystery/Crime 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Mystery/Crime	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Inspector Varun (45)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Inspector Varun ke saamne metal table par ek case file khuli hoti hai, tape recorder on hai, aur ceiling light ki buzzing room ko aur zyada bechain bana rahi hoti hai. Samne Amit baitha hai—30 ka, cheap jacket mein, helmet ko ek haath se pakde hue, shoes par sookhi hui mitti. Varun usse seedha dekhte hue poochta hai: raat ke 11:20 par woh kahan tha, aur missing woman, Neha Sood, ko usne last kahan dekha. Amit pehle ghabrata hai, phir bolta hai ki woh sirf delivery driver hai, aur us raat ek apartment block mein parcel chhodne gaya tha. Varun uski baat likhta hai, lekin uske answers ke beech chhote-chhote gaps, pauses, aur ajeeb details usse irritate karte hain. Kabhi Amit kehta hai ki building ka gate khula tha, kabhi kehta hai guard so raha tha, kabhi bolta hai ki usne ek blue scarf pehni aurat ko lift mein dekha, kabhi kehta hai woh sirf shadow thi.

Varun ka tone hard hai, lekin uski tired aankhon mein ek purana darr chhupa hota hai. Woh case file se photo nikaal kar table par patak deta hai—ek smiling woman ki photo, Neha. Amit photo dekhte hi jhatka khaata hai aur kehta hai, “Yeh toh woh nahi thi.” Varun usko dabata hai: “Kya matlab?” Amit bolta hai ki us raat woh woman akeli nahi thi. Uske saath ek aadmi bhi tha, dark shirt mein, rolled sleeves, notebook haath mein—bilkul Varun jaisa. Room mein ek pal ke liye hawa ruk jaati hai. Varun hans deta hai, lekin woh hans zyada defensive hoti hai. Woh tape recorder ko thappad jaisa on karta hai aur kehta hai Amit drama band kare.

Lekin Amit ab dheere-dheere yaad karne lagta hai. Woh batata hai ki building ke corridor mein ek broken mirror tha, jismein usne us aadmi ka chehra theek se nahi dekha, bas uski awaaz suni—“Amit, yahan aao.” Varun ka naam woh pehli baar isi tarah sunta hai. Varun usse rokta hai, par Amit ke words room ko aur tight kar dete hain. Amit ke mutabik, us raat usne ek woman ko nahi, balki ek evidence envelope ko lift se neeche jaate dekha tha, aur us envelope par police seal lagi thi. Varun ka haath, jo pen pakde hue tha, ek second ko ruk jaata hai. Woh turant bolta hai ki Amit jhooth bol raha hai, lekin uski awaaz mein pehli baar shak aa jata hai.

Phir twist ka pehla layer khulta hai. Amit batata hai ki usne delivery app par jo address liya tha, woh same building ka tha, lekin recipient ka naam “N. Sood” nahi, “V. Sood” ya “V. Singh” jaisa kuch tha—woh yaad nahi, kyunki app glitch kar rahi thi. Varun usse phone dikhaane ko kehta hai. Amit apna cracked phone nikaalta hai; screen par purani delivery history hai, aur ek entry ke time stamp ke saath note likha hai: “Police guy asked for cash. Said keep quiet.”

Varun ka chehra sakht ho jaata hai. Woh phone chheenne ki koshish karta hai, par Amit pehli baar seedha uski aankhon mein dekh kar kehta hai, “Sir, aapko bhi yaad hai na? Ya main yaad dilaun?”

Varun ki memory ke tukde hilne lagte hain. Usko ek corridor, ek blue scarf, water glass girne ki awaaz, aur ek woman ki nahi, balki khud uski khurduri saans yaad aati hai. Woh case file kholta hai—andar documents mein kuch pages alag font mein hain, kuch dates mismatched hain, aur photo ke corner par ek purani burn mark jaisi cheez. Amit dheere se bolta hai ki us raat woh bas wrong place pe wrong time tha, lekin usne dekha tha ki Varun ne kisi se phone par kaha tha, “File ko missing woman ke angle se close karo, warna internal enquiry khul jayegi.” Yeh sunte hi Varun ka chehra phat sa jaata hai. Usko samajh aata hai ki jis case ko woh solve kar raha tha, shayad woh case uske khilaaf banaaya gaya tha.

Climax mein Varun tape recorder stop karta hai, phir bhi buzzing light ki awaaz aur zyada loud lagti hai. Woh Amit se poochta hai—seedha, bina dhamki ke—“Neha Sood kaun thi?” Amit lamba saans leta hai aur kehta hai, “Mujhe nahi pata. Shayad koi thi. Shayad aapne uska naam file mein daala, aur phir khud hi bhool gaye.” Yeh line Varun ko tod deti hai. Woh samajh jaata hai ki missing woman shayad ek real person thi, ya shayad ek fabricated identity—ek cover story jo kisi aur crime ko chhupane ke liye use hui. Amit witness nahi; woh bas ek aadmi hai jo us raat ka ek chhota sa hissa yaad rakhta hai, aur us memory se Varun ki poori kahani hil jaati hai.

Ant mein Varun evidence envelope ko kholta hai aur uske andar se ek second tape nikalta hai—label par uski hi handwriting mein: “Interview 1.” Woh freeze ho jaata hai. Amit chair se uth kar dheere se bolta hai, “Sir, main aapka witness hoon. Case ka nahi... aapke dimaag ka.” Varun pehli baar notebook band karta hai. Room mein silence aa jaati hai, sirf ceiling light buzz karti hai. One-way mirror mein ab bhi koi nazar nahi aata. Aur Varun ko samajh aata hai ki is interrogation ka sawaal Amit ke baare mein kabhi tha hi nahi—sawaal yeh tha ki Varun ne us raat kya dekha, kya likha, aur kya jaan-bujhkar mita diya.