

# THE FINAL CASE

## A Mystery/Crime 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| <b>Genre:</b> Mystery/Crime                                                                   | <b>Format:</b> 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | <b>Runtime:</b> 5 - 8 Minutes    |
| <b>Cast:</b> FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)   Character 1: Commissioner Sinha (57) | <b>Language:</b> Hinglish                        | <b>Credit:</b> Story Dil Se Team |

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Andhere archive room mein sirf ek desk lamp jal raha hai. Baarish ki halki roshni barred windows se andar gir rahi hai, aur metal shelves par purane case boxes ki dhool aise baithi hai jaise saalon se kisi sach ko dabaya gaya ho. Inspector Arif, dark raincoat mein bheega hua, ek mota file bundle apni baah ke neeche dabaye andar aata hai. Uske chehre par thakaan bhi hai aur gussa bhi. Uske saamne Commissioner Sinha khada hai—retired, magar ab bhi seedha, pressed white shirt, suspenders, formal watch, aur aankhon mein wohi purana police wala control.

Arif bina formalities ke file desk par patak deta hai. Woh kehta hai ki ye reopened murder case ab sirf paper nahi raha—ye saboot hai ki kisi powerful aadmi ko bachane ke liye evidence dabaya gaya tha. Sinha shant rehta hai. Na defensive, na surprised. Bas ek thandi nazar se Arif ko dekhta hai aur kehta hai, “Tumne file kholi hai, case nahi.” Arif aur bhadak jaata hai. Uske hisaab se 17 saal pehle ek murder hua tha, phir case band kar diya gaya, aur jo culprit pakda gaya woh sirf scapegoat tha. Sinha pehle jawab nahi deta. Woh magnifying glass uthata hai, ek purani evidence photo ko light ke neeche laata hai, aur Arif se kehta hai ki har file mein jo missing hota hai, woh aksar sabse zyada important hota hai.

Dono ke beech ka scene ek interrogation jaisa lagta hai, lekin roles baar-baar badalte hain. Arif accuse karta hai, Sinha question karta hai. Arif ke paas anger hai; Sinha ke paas patience. Arif ke paas proof hai; Sinha ke paas context. Dheere-dheere Sinha reveal karta hai ki case officially solve hua tha, haan—magar real killer woh nahi tha jo court record mein tha. Usne evidence isliye nahi dabaya ki kisi politician ko bachaana tha, balki isliye ki agar sach tab saamne aata, toh ek bachcha orphanage aur revenge ke beech kuch bhi nahi reh jaata. Arif ruk jaata hai, kyunki “bachcha” word uske andar kuch purana hila deta hai.

Sinha archive box se ek purani photo nikaalta hai. Photo mein crime scene ke paas ek chhota sa ladka hai—blurred, half-hidden, par uski aankhon ka shape Arif se milta hai. Arif pehle inkaar karta hai. Kehta hai ye trick hai, psychological game hai. Sinha calmly batata hai ki us din murder ke baad jo aadmi bhaaga tha, woh victim ka nahi, killer ka saath dene wala tha. Real killer Arif ka baap tha—ek desperate man, jiske haathon mein khoon tha, aur jo apne bachche ko bachane ke liye sab kuch chhod gaya. Sinha ne usko pakad sakta tha, par pakda nahi. Kyunki usne Arif ko us raat police van ke bahar dekh liya tha—bhooka, ghabraya hua, aur apne baap ke crime ka pehla anjaana

witness.

Twist tab aata hai jab Sinha bolta hai: “Main tumhari file ka intezaar nahi kar raha tha, Arif. Main tumhare sawaal ka.” Arif hil jaata hai. Sinha confess karta hai ki usne evidence tampered nahi kiya tha, balki hide kiya tha—taaki Arif ka baap khud saamne aa sake. Par woh kabhi nahi aaya. Official culprit ko saza mil gayi, case band ho gaya, aur Sinha retirement tak us sach ke saath jeeta raha. Arif ko lagta hai ki uski zindagi ka poora foundation jhooth par bana hai. Woh poochta hai, “Toh aapne mujhe kyun nahi bataya?” Sinha ka jawab simple hai: “Kyuki pehle tumhe inspector banna tha, phir beta. Dono ek saath sach nahi jhel paate.”

Final beat mein Arif file ko dheere se band karta hai. Uske haath kaanp rahe hote hain, par gussa ab seedha nahi, gehra ho gaya hai. Woh poochta hai, “Aapko kaise pata tha main aaunga?” Sinha desk lamp ki light mein apni watch seedhi karta hai aur bolta hai, “Kyuki jo log sach ke saath bade hote hain, woh ek din usse poochte zaroor hain.” Baarish aur tez ho jaati hai. Arif pehli baar case file ko sirf evidence ki tarah nahi, apni pehchaan ki tarah dekhta hai. Sinha chair par baithta nahi—bas khada rehta hai, jaise ab bhi kisi verdict ka intezaar ho. Aur archive room ke us sunehre-dhool bhare andhere mein, Arif ka aakhri sawaal gunjta hai: “Aaj se pehle aapne kabhi socha tha ki main aaunga?” Sinha halka sa, bahut halka sa, muskurata hai—“Nahi. Main toh bas ye chahta tha ki tum sach ke saamne khade ho sako.”