

THE ALIBI LESSON

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: Sanjay (39)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ke 1:17 baje, ek quiet diner mein neon sign baar-baar buzz kar raha hai. Vinyl booth par Sanjay baitha hai—39 saal ka, checked shirt, chamakdar watch, aur woh aadmi jaisa jo har do minute baad apni hi saans ko bhi alibi bana de. Uske saamne Kriti baithi hai—35, plain blazer, notebook khuli hui, pen ready, aur aisi aankhen jo blink kam, scan zyada karti hain. Counter par half-empty coffee pot rakha hai, aur warm light ke bawajood room mein ek thandi si sachchai tair rahi hai. Sanjay ne pehle hi line maar di: usse alibi chahiye. Uske hisaab se usne kuch nahi kiya, bas “galat waqt pe galat jagah” tha. Kriti ne bina expression badle poocha—kis cheez ka alibi? Sanjay ne hichkichahte hue kaha, “Ek incident hua hai. Main us waqt yahin ya kahin aur tha... bas prove karna hai.”

Kriti ne uski watch dekhi. Phir notebook mein kuch likha. Usne simple sawaal poocha: kaunsa waqt? Sanjay ne bola 10:30. Kriti ne receipt uthayi jo uske haath se half-folded slip ki tarah nikli. Diner receipt par time 11:12 tha. Sanjay ne turant cover kiya—“Main baad mein aaya tha. Pehle parking mein tha.” Kriti ne uski baat ko pakad liya: “Parking? Tumne to kaha tha tum office se seedha ghar ja rahe the.” Sanjay ka face tight ho gaya. Usne hansii mein baat udaane ki koshish ki, par har joke ke neeche ghabrahat chipki hui thi. Kriti ne aur ek sawaal daala: victim kaun tha? Sanjay ne pehle “ek aadmi” kaha, phir “ek business rival,” phir “shayad koi known person.” Kriti ne pen roka. “Shayad?” usne repeat kiya. “Tum alibi chahte ho, aur tumhe victim ka naam yaad nahi?”

Jaise-jaise dialogue aage badha, Sanjay ki story tootne lagi. Usne apna naam bhi ek baar “Sanjay” kaha, phir correction ki zarurat padte hi “Arjun” bol diya, phir sambhalte hue bola, “Matlab—log mujhe Sanjay kehte hain.” Kriti ne uspar nazar jamaye rakhi. Usne poocha ki uski watch itni mehngi kaise hai agar business itna small-time hai. Sanjay ne jawab diya, “Gift thi.” Kriti ne seedha kaha, “Kisne di?” Silence. Diner ka neon sign ek baar aur buzz kiya, jaise room mein koi aur bhi sun raha ho. Sanjay ne coffee pot ki taraf dekha, phir receipt ki taraf, phir Kriti ki aankhon mein. Usne pehli baar sach ke kareeb aane ki koshish ki—ya shayad nayi jhoot ki shuruat.

Kriti ne notebook band kiya aur khud ko investigation mode se zyada teacher mode mein la diya. Usne bohot calmly kaha ki alibi banana tab kaam karta hai jab aadmi apni kahani yaad rakh sake. Sanjay ka gala sookh gaya. Usne poocha, “Tum help karogi ya nahi?” Kriti ne pen ko table par rakh diya. “Main help kar rahi hoon,” usne kaha. “Bas tumhe galat case mein nahi, sahi sach mein.” Sanjay ne finally confess jaisa kuch kiya—usne kaha ki usne kisi ko dhakka diya tha, bas “accident” tha, aur woh aadmi gir gaya. Phir usne jald hi add kiya ki shayad banda pehle se hi

weak tha. Kriti ne uske har naya version ko ek hi line se kaata: “Tumne timeline badli. Victim badla. Aur ab accident bol rahe ho.”

Twist tab aata hai jab Kriti uski receipt ko ulta palat kar dikhati hai. Us par diner ka naam aur time ke saath ek handwritten note hai: “One confession = one chance.” Sanjay confuse ho jata hai. Kriti pehli baar thoda lean forward hoti hai aur bolti hai ki woh crime investigate nahi kar rahi thi. Woh usse test kar rahi thi. Usne jo file kholi thi, woh kisi murder case ki nahi, balki ek purane accident ki thi—jahan ek aadmi mar gaya tha aur uske baad uski family ko koi jawaab nahi mila. Sanjay wahi aadmi tha jo us raat driving seat par tha, aur jisne sach ko alibi ke neeche dafan kar diya tha. Usne jo “crime” bataya, woh uska naya jhoot tha; asli jurm purana tha, aur usne aaj bhi usi aadat ko repeat kiya.

Final beat mein Kriti seedhe uski aankhon mein dekhti hai aur bolti hai, “Main jaan-na chahti thi ki tum bachne ke liye kitni baar kahani badloge, aur kab pehli baar sach bologe.” Sanjay ka face gir jata hai. Neon sign buzz karta hai. Coffee pot counter par thanda padta rehta hai. Woh samajh jata hai ki yeh alibi lesson tha—crime se bachne ka nahi, guilt se bhaagne ka. Aur jab Kriti notebook band karke uthti hai, Sanjay ke paas bolne ko kuch nahi bachta. Sirf ek aadmi reh jata hai jo pehli baar apne hi naam se haar gaya hai.