

THE APPOINTMENT

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 Kabir (42)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Inspector Kabir apne usual swagger ke saath forensic lab consultation room mein enter karta hai. Leather jacket, untucked shirt, pocket mein notepad—jaise case se pehle room ko hi interrogate karne aaya ho. Room sterile hai, cold white light mein steel table aur glass cabinets aur bhi zyada clinical lag rahe hain. Dr. Saira already wahan hai, lab coat formal clothes ke upar, poori tarah composed. Uske face par na ghabrahat, na surprise—sirf ek controlled si distance. Kabir aata hai evidence review ke liye, but Saira usko files se zyada room ki silence feel karwati hai. Woh report table par rakhti hai, par turant case details pe nahi jaati. Instead, woh ek death certificate nikaalti hai aur uspar baat ko ghuma deti hai. Kabir notice karta hai ki Saira unusually guarded hai. Woh har direct sawaal ka answer half-deadpan, half-deflection mein deti hai. Kabir ko lagta hai kuch toh pak raha hai.

Kabir apne notepad mein quick scribbles karta hai, jaise har pause ko note kar raha ho. Woh poochta hai ki routine evidence review mein death certificate ka kya role hai. Saira ka jawab simple nahi hota. Woh kehti hai ki kuch cases mein paperwork body se zyada dangerous hota hai. Kabir is line pe smile karta hai, but uske eyes sharpen ho jaate hain. Woh steel table ke paas aakar file kholta hai, evidence tray check karta hai, aur report ki language par atak jaata hai—cause of death vague hai, time of death inconsistent hai, aur ek page par correction fluid ka faint patch dikhta hai. Kabir poochta hai, “Kisne alter kiya?” Saira seedha uski aankhon mein dekhkar bas itna bolti hai, “Jo sach likh nahi sakta tha.”

Conversation ka tone dheere-dheere tension mein badal jaata hai. Kabir ke jokes kam ho jaate hain. Saira ka calm aur bhi suspicious lagne lagta hai. Kabir ko lagta hai woh kisi witness ko bachaa rahi hai, ya kisi superior pressure mein hai. Woh apne notepad ko steel table par tap karta hai aur bolta hai ki agar report change hui hai toh kisi na kisi ne cover-up kiya hai. Saira ek step aage aati hai, aur pehli baar uski voice mein crack aata hai. Woh kehti hai ki kabhi-kabhi cover-up crime ko chhupane ke liye nahi, kisi aur ko zinda rakhne ke liye hota hai. Kabir us line ko samajhne ki koshish karta hai, par Saira ab bhi direct answer dene se bach rahi hoti hai.

Twist tab aata hai jab Saira death certificate ko turn karke Kabir ke saamne rakhti hai. Kabir uspar likha naam padhkar freeze ho jaata hai. Woh naam uske bhai Arjun ka hota hai. Kabir ka face blank ho jaata hai, jaise room ki air suddenly thin ho gayi ho. Woh report ko dobara padhta hai, aur uski fingers tremble karne lagti hain. Saira finally

reveal karti hai ki jo body officially “unidentified male” ke naam se logged thi, woh Arjun thi. Report isliye alter ki gayi kyunki Arjun ki death accidental nahi thi—aur agar uska asli identity file mein aa jaati, toh kuch log samajh jaate ki Kabir tak bhi chain pahunch sakti hai. Kabir ka gussa aur grief ek saath explode karne lagte hain. Woh poochta hai, “Tumhe kaise pata tha?” Saira ka jawab simple aur heartbreaking hota hai: “Kyuki main postmortem mein thi. Aur kyunki maine signature pehle bhi dekha tha.”

Ab room ka silence aur heavy ho jaata hai. Kabir samajh jaata hai ki Saira usse protect kar rahi thi—ya shayad khud ko bhi. Death certificate, altered report, evidence tray, sab ek hi direction mein point karte hain: Arjun ki maut ek larger conspiracy ka part thi, aur official paperwork ko clean rakhna kisi ki majboori thi. Kabir apne bhai ke naam ko dekhkar toot jaata hai, but uski detective instinct uske grief ke saath jag jaati hai. Saira usko ek final choice deti hai—report ko abhi chase karna aur dono ki jaan risk mein daalna, ya is file ko silently close karke pehle samajhna ki Arjun kis cheez ke kareeb tha. Kabir last line mein bas itna kehta hai, “Routine review khatam. Ab appointment personal hai.” Room mein pehli baar ek dangerous kind ka understanding ban jaata hai. Door khulta hai, white light aur bhi cold lagti hai, aur dono ek nayi, untold investigation mein phans chuke hote hain—jahan sach sirf report mein nahi, unke beech ke unspoken fear mein bhi chhupa hai.