

THE WITNESS IN SEAT B

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 Kavya (36)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Late-night bus depot office mein ek hi tube light buzzing kar rahi hai. Bahar rain-streaked windshield ke paar parked bus ka silhouette dikh raha hai. Metal desk par police file, evidence bag, tea cup, bus key aur ek purana ticket pad pada hai. Inspector Kavya, crisp plain shirt aur rolled sleeves mein, bina kisi drama ke room ko scan karti hai. Uske saamne Sana baithi hai—faded conductor's assistant uniform, tight braid, aur haath itne kaanp rahe hain ki ticket pad ki edges bhi hil rahi hain.

Kavya seedha point par aati hai. Bus number 47 mein robbery hui thi. Ek passenger ka cash, ek chain, aur driver ka envelope gayab. Sab bol rahe hain ki only witness Sana thi. Sana pehle kehti hai ki usne kuch nahi dekha. Phir kehti hai ki ek aadmi ne black jacket pehni thi. Phir bolti hai ki shayad aadmi nahi, aurat thi. Kavya ki aankhon mein doubt aur irritation dono aa jaate hain. Woh notice karti hai ki Sana ki story har baar thodi alag kyun hai. "Jhooth bol rahi ho ya yaadash weak hai?" Kavya poochti hai. Sana bas tea cup ki taraf dekhti rehti hai, jaise usme jawab ghula ho.

Interrogation aage badhta hai aur tension kaafi personal ho jaati hai. Kavya file khol ke details padhati hai—bus ke rear seat par seat B ke paas struggle hua, ek passenger ne emergency chain pull ki, par CCTV angle dead tha. Sana ka chehra uss waqt palat jaata hai jab Kavya seat B ka naam leti hai. Kavya usse press karti hai: "Tumhari duty ticket check karne ki thi. Tum seat B ke paas kyun thi?" Sana jawab deti hai ki usne bas ek passenger ko paani diya tha. Phir bolti hai ki nahi, usne bus key dekhi thi. Phir suddenly ek aur version: usne kuch dekha hi nahi, bas awaaz suni thi. Kavya samajh jaati hai—Sana kisi ko bachane ki koshish kar rahi hai.

Woh pen torch jala kar Sana ke ticket pad ke neeche ek folded slip notice karti hai. Slip par bus route timings aur ek cryptic line likhi hoti hai: "Depot office, 11:40. Seat B." Kavya ka tone aur hard ho jaata hai. "Yeh tumhara hai?" Sana pehli baar seedha aankhon mein dekhti hai aur bolti hai, "Haan." Bas itna. Phir ek lambi khamoshi. Kavya us khamoshi ko todti hai: "Kisne diya?" Sana ka jawan sa chehra aur thak jaata hai. Woh kehti hai, "Jo chori kar raha tha, wohi sabse zyada sach bol raha tha." Kavya ko lagta hai Sana pagal hai, par uski awaaz mein darr se zyada guilt hai.

Twist tab aata hai jab Sana finally confess karti hai ki robbery staged thi. Bus mein jo “loot” hui, woh real theft ka cover tha—driver ke route bag mein illegal cash movement ka proof tha, jo depot ke through kisi bade network tak ja raha tha. Sana ka partner, jo us bus ka regular helper tha, usi network ka pawn tha—aur wahi insan jise Sana pyaar karti thi. Usne Sana ko kaha tha ki agar woh robbery ka scene create kar de, toh police attention paise ki “chori” par jayegi, aur asli trail—unmarked envelopes, route timings, aur depot handoffs—expose ho jayega. Sana ne story isliye badli kyunki woh Kavya ko galat direction mein nahi, sahi direction mein dheere-dheere le ja rahi thi. Har version mein ek naya clue chhupa tha: black jacket, emergency chain, seat B, route timing.

Kavya ab file, ticket pad aur bus key ko ek saath jodti hai. Usse realize hota hai ki Sana witness nahi, bait thi. Aur usne jo robbery “dekhi” thi, woh actually ek trap tha—real thief ko confidence dene ke liye, taaki woh khud ek aur handoff kare. Kavya ka expression soft hota hai, par voice still firm: “Toh tumne mujhe jhoot bola... ya investigation ko guide kiya?” Sana aansu rok kar kehti hai, “Dono. Kyunki agar main seedha sach bolti, woh mar jaata.”

Climax mein Kavya tea cup side rakh kar bus key uthati hai. Woh samajh jaati hai ki is case mein arrest se pehle rescue aur evidence recovery dono chahiye. Woh Sana se poochti hai, “Aaj raat woh aayega?” Sana bas nod karti hai. Kavya file close karti hai aur kehti hai, “Phir ab se tum jhooth nahi, sirf exact truth bologi.” Sana pehli baar halka sa smile karti hai—nervous, broken, but relieved. Tube light ek baar jhilmilati hai. Rain windshield par aur tez ho jaati hai. Bahar bus depot ki khamoshi mein ek bada crime ab pakad mein aane wala hai. Aur Seat B ka witness, jo lag raha tha sabse kamzor, wahi sabse dangerous lead nikla.