

THE MIRROR TEST

A Psychological Thriller 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Psychological Thriller	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Dr. Saira (42)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Dr. Saira ke therapy room mein hamesha sab kuch same hota hai—soft beige walls, muted lamp, ticking wall clock, ek single couch, aur side wall par one-way mirror. Woh apni notebook kholkar har session ki tarah aaj bhi calm hai. Uske saamne Ishani baithi hai—plain salwar suit, bare face, restless haath, aur aisi aankhen jo ek jagah tiki hi nahi. Ishani ne kaha hai ki usse apni zindagi ke last do saal yaad nahi. Na ghar ka address, na kaun sa din hai, na kiske saath kya hua. Dr. Saira uska “mirror test” start karti hai—simple memory prompts, reflection exercises, aur room ke objects ko describe karne ko bolti hai. Ishani har cheez ko half-second delay ke saath dekhti hai, jaise kisi invisible map ko padh rahi ho.

Shuru mein session bilkul normal lagta hai. Saira tissue box ko point karti hai, water glass uthati hai, wall clock ki taraf ishara karti hai. Ishani answers deti hai—thode broken, thode hesitant. Lekin phir woh achanak Dr. Saira ke bare mein bolna shuru karti hai: “Aap chai nahi peeti, sirf black coffee. Aap right drawer mein pen rakhti hain, left mein emergency sugar sachets, jo aap kabhi use nahi karti. Aur aap jab nervous hoti hain, apni ring ko thumb se ghumaati hain... lekin aaj aap ring pehni hi nahi.” Dr. Saira ka face ek pal ke liye freeze hota hai. Woh smile karke isse coincidence bol deti hai, par room ka temperature jaise gir jata hai.

Ishani aur detail dene lagti hai—exactly kaunsa page notebook mein khula hota hai, wall clock ke neeche chhoti si crack, mirror ke paas light ka reflection kaise aata hai. Woh yeh bhi bol deti hai ki Dr. Saira har session ke baad do minute ke liye mirror ko dekhkar khadi rehti hain, jaise kisi ko yaad karne ki koshish kar rahi ho. Saira defensive ho jaati hai. Woh test ko wapas patient par laane ki koshish karti hai: “Tum yahan kyun aayi ho, Ishani?” Ishani ka jawab simple hota hai: “Kyunki aapne mujhe bulaya tha.”

Yahin se room ka balance hilne lagta hai. Saira ko yaad nahi. Woh notebook kholti hai—pages mein notes hain, par handwriting uski apni lagti hai aur nahi bhi. Kuch lines underlined hain: “Do not let her see the mirror too early.” “She remembers first.” “Ask about the parking lot.” Saira ka breathing pattern change hota hai. Ishani dheere se bolti hai ki woh patient nahi hai—kam se kam aaj nahi. Woh aayi hai kyunki Saira ne usse teen mahine pehle ek voicemail bheja tha: “Agar mujhe yaad na rahe, toh mujhe mirror test dena. Mujhe sach sirf koi aur bata sakta hai.”

Saira ka confidence tootne lagta hai. Woh mirror ki taraf dekhti hai, phir Ishani ki taraf. Ishani finally apna restless haath band kar leti hai aur bohot softly bolti hai ki last two years Ishani ke nahi, Saira ke gaye the. Accident ek hi tha. Parking lot mein ek car, ek crash, aur uske baad ek decision. Saira ne kisi ko bachaane ke liye nahi, kuch chhupane ke liye memory se bhaag liya tha. Ishani us waqt wahan thi—witness, maybe accomplice, maybe the only person who stayed. Usne Saira ko protect kiya, lekin ab Saira ka mind usi raat ko dhundla kar chuka hai.

Twist tab khulta hai jab Ishani mirror ke saamne khadi ho jaati hai aur bolti hai: “Aapne mujhe nahi, khud ko test kiya tha. Main aapki patient nahi hoon, Dr. Saira. Main woh insaan hoon jise aapne us raat hospital ke corridor mein dekhkar pehchana tha.” Saira ka chehra safed pad jata hai. Usse flash of memory aata hai—blood on sleeve, sirens, ek woman ka naam, aur ek line: “Mujhe mat yaad dilana.” Ishani tissue box se ek tissue nikalti hai, lekin use apne aansuon ke liye nahi, Saira ke haath mein rakh deti hai.

Ant mein, wall clock ka ticking aur tez lagne lagta hai. Saira mirror mein khud ko dekhti hai aur pehli baar us reflection mein ek anjaan aurat ko pehchanti hai—apni hi aankhon mein guilt, denial, aur darr. Ishani bas itna kehti hai: “Ab yaad aaya?” Aur Saira ke haath ka pen gir padta hai. Room clinic nahi lagta—ab woh ek witness box hai. Mirror ke us paar koi aur nahi, sirf un dono ke beech chhupa hua sach khada hai.