

COLD STORAGE

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. Harini (37)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Dr. Harini ke gloves thande metal drawer par phisal rahe the. Refrigerated morgue corridor mein white tube lights itni sakht thi ki har cheez sach se zyada guilty lag rahi thi. Low mechanical hum, fog jaisi saans, aur door ke end par ek lone body drawer—number 17—jaise kisi secret ka dabba. Harini ka clipboard kaagaz se zyada weight utha raha tha. Uske saamne Megha khadi thi, dark uniform mein, thermos ko itna kas ke pakde hue jaise uske andar chai nahi, evidence band ho.

Megha ne bina expression badle bola, "Aapne report sign kar di thi. Body release ho chuki hai. Phir mujhe kyun bulaya?" Harini ne nazar uthaayi. "Kyunki number 17 ka tag mismatch hai. Aur kyunki mujhe aisa lag raha hai jaise is corridor mein koi cheez dead hone ka natak kar rahi hai." Megha ka jaw tight hua. "Main funeral home se hoon, drama se nahi." Harini ne drawer handle ko ek baar kheench kar check kiya. Locked. "Phir bhi aapke thermos se coffee ki smell nahi aa rahi. Sirf phenyl. Aap itni saaf kyun hain, Megha?"

Dono ek dusre ko suspect kar rahi thi. Harini ko lag raha tha Megha body swap kar chuki hai. Megha ko lag raha tha Harini ne postmortem ke naam par kuch chhupa diya hai. Beech mein body tag tha—faded ink, name almost rubbed off. Harini ne flashlight jalaayi aur tag par likha naam padha: "Ananya S." Megha ke face par ek micro-flinch. Harini ne notice kar liya. "Aap janti ho is naam ko." Megha ne instantly bola, "Main bahut naam dekhti hoon." "Nahi," Harini ne dheere se kaha, "aap is naam se darti ho."

Mechanical hum ke beech ek ajeeb sa sound aaya—jaise drawer ke andar se koi fingernail metal ko softly tap kar raha ho. Dono freeze. Harini ne flashlight body drawer ke seam par rakhi. Sound band. Megha ne saans roki. Harini ne dheere se kaha, "Mujhe opening nahi chahiye. Bas ek pulse chahiye." Megha ne almost laugh kiya, par usmein hansi kam, panic zyada tha. "Dead body mein pulse?" "Mujhe bhi yahi problem hai," Harini boli. "Par jab main directly dekh rahi hoti hoon, kuch nahi. Jab nazar hataati hoon, pulse milta hai."

Megha ne thermos neeche rakha. "Aap mujhe test kar rahi hain." "Main apne career ko test kar rahi hoon," Harini ne jawab diya. Phir usne clipboard ke papers ulte. Ek form ke bottom par signature tha—Megha ka. Aur uske neeche ek aur signature, Dr. Harini ka. Dono ne ek saath dekha. Megha ka chehra safed pad gaya. Harini ki aankhon mein samajh aaya aur phir naraazgi. "Aapne death declaration sign kiya?" Megha ki awaaz bahut halki thi. "Main ne sirf

instructions follow ki.” “Kisne diye?”

Megha ne drawer 17 ki taraf dekha, phir Harini ki taraf. “Aapne.” Yeh line corridor mein girte hi sab kuch badal gaya. Harini ka grip clipboard par tight hua. Uski memory mein ek flash—late night call, hospital administration, ek woman’s file, pressure, ek naam jo system se delete karna tha. “Nahi,” Harini ne kaha, lekin uski voice mein certainty nahi thi. Megha ne ek step back liya. “Aapne bola tha body unclaimed hai. Koi family nahi. Bas paperwork close kar do. Main funeral home mein naye thi. Mujhe laga routine case hai.”

Harini ne drawer handle ko phir kheenchha, aur is baar lock click hua. Metal drawer bahar aaya. Inside, white sheet ke neeche ek woman ka face—eyes closed, lips pale, but chest... almost imperceptibly rising. Harini ka breath ruk gaya. Megha ne dheere se whispered, “Oh my God.” Body ki eyelids trembled. Harini ne sheet hataayi. Woman’s wrist par faint pulse tha. Living. “Ananya,” Megha ne bina soche naam liya. “Meri behen.”

Silence. Phir Harini ne aankh band ki, jaise poori corridor uske against ho gayi ho. “Tumhari behen?” Megha ki awaaz toot gayi. “Woh disappear nahi hui thi. Usko disappear kiya gaya tha.” Harini ne apne clipboard ka page dekha—ek note, ek old authorization, uske own initials. Uske haath kaanp gaye. “Maine sign kiya tha...” Megha ne aansu roke hue kaha, “Haan. Kyunki aapko bola gaya tha woh already dead hai. Aur aapne believe kar liya. Ya choose kiya.”

Drawer ke andar se ek weak, ragged gasp nikla. Dono ne ek dusre ko dekha—ab suspect nahi, accomplice aur witness. Harini ne gloves phaad diye. “Help me.” Megha ne thermos khola. Andar chai nahi, thanda water tha. “Pehle isko warm karo.” Harini ne Ananya ka pulse check kiya, phir corridor ki light mein apni signature ko dekha—ek line jo kisi ki zindagi ko file mein dafan kar chuki thi. Door ke mechanical hum ke saath, ek naye heartbeat ka survival unki saans mein mix ho gaya. Megha ne body tag ko ulta kiya, aur us par apne pen se likha: “NOT DEAD.”

Aur pehli baar us corridor mein, cold storage thoda kam thanda laga.