

THE LOCKED WARD

A Psychological Thriller 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Psychological Thriller	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Dr. Nair (50)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Dr. Nair ke locked ward consultation room mein hamesha ki tarah dim light thi, blinds ke beech se corridor ki peeli roshni patli lakeerein bana rahi thi. Padded chairs, ek observation window, aur table par patient file, clipboard, water glass aur ward chart—sab kuch organized tha, lekin room ke andar ek ajeeb si bechaini tair rahi thi. Rudra, hospital gown mein, apne haath baar-baar muththi aur khol raha tha, jaise uske andar koi invisible current daud raha ho. Anil, simple uniform mein, keys belt se latkaaye, darwaze ke paas khada tha—na poora guard, na poora witness. Dr. Nair ne calm voice mein session shuru kiya, aur Rudra ne seedha kaha: “Doctor, main patient nahi hoon. Main yahan band hoon. Anil ne mujhe is story mein phansa diya hai.” Anil ne ek thandi hansi ke saath jawab diya, “Story? Sir, yeh aadmi har din naya version laata hai. Kal bolta tha main uska bhai hoon. Aaj keh raha hai main uska jailer hoon.”

Shuru mein lagta hai Rudra delusional hai, lekin uski baat mein ek disturbing consistency hoti hai. Woh kehta hai ward ke rules Anil ne badle, names tags badle, aur records se uska past mita diya. Dr. Nair, professional distance ke saath, file kholkar dekhta hai—diagnosis, medication history, incident notes. Sab kuch match karta hai, par signatures alag-alag haathon ke jaise lagte hain. Rudra clipboard ki taraf dekhkar bolta hai, “Aap jo file padh rahe ho, woh meri nahi. Usne likhi hai. Yeh room uska hai. Main bas uski kahani mein ‘mad’ character hoon.” Anil turant counter karta hai, “Doctor, isko lagta hai yeh ward ka chief hai. Isne mujhe ek baar order diya tha ki patient ko khud se bachao. Matlab khud se mujhe?” Dr. Nair pehli baar halka sa confuse hota hai, phir observation window ki taraf dekhta hai—corridor mein koi movement nahi, bas hum aur zyada loud ho jaati hai.

Session ke beech mein Rudra ek shocking detail deta hai: “Anil ke belt par jo keys hain, woh sirf ward ki nahi. Woh records room ki bhi hain. Aur jo log yahan ‘recover’ karke jaate hain, unmein se aadhe apne naam nahi, uska naam bolte hain.” Anil ka face hard ho jata hai. Woh keys ko chhupaane ki koshish karta hai, phir bolta hai, “Doctor, isne mujhe pehle bhi expose karne ki koshish ki thi. Tab bhi aapne bola tha—paranoia.” Dr. Nair file ke last page par ruk jaata hai. Ek note hai: “Dr. Nair to review identity discrepancy with senior consultant.” Neeche date, lekin signature uska nahi. Uske haath mein clipboard ka weight achanak badh jaata hai. Rudra softly, almost tauntingly, bolta hai, “Aapko yaad hai pehli baar mujhe kaun laya tha?” Dr. Nair jawab dene se pehle hi uske dimag mein ek flash aata hai—white corridor, ek uniform, aur ek man jo keys pehenta hai, lekin chehra clear nahi.

Phir twist ka pehla crack aata hai jab Anil, jo ab tak defensive tha, dheere se bolta hai, “Sir... unko mat suno. Yeh ward ka patient nahi hai. Yeh ward ka purana administrator hai. Isne hi sab records shift kiye the.” Rudra turant has deta hai—ek dry, broken laugh. “Administrator? Nahi, Anil. Tumne shift kiya tha. Main nahi. Tumne mujhe yahan patient banaya, kyunki tumhe pata tha main yaad rakhta hoon.” Dr. Nair dono ko dekhte hue file aur ward chart ko ek saath compare karta hai. Bed numbers, admission dates, incident logs—sab mein subtle inconsistencies. Rudra ke naam ke saath jo photo hai, woh uska nahi lagta; aur Anil ke access log par jo old designation hai, woh orderly ka nahi, “ward supervisor” ka hai. Dr. Nair ka composed face pehli baar crack karta hai. Woh dheere se poochta hai, “Toh... kaun hai yahan ka patient?” Rudra seedha uski aankhon mein dekhta hai: “Main woh hoon jo yaad rakhta hai. Aur tum... tum woh ho jo bhoolaya gaya hai.”

Final reveal mein Dr. Nair observation window ke glass mein apni reflection dekhta hai—lab coat, tired eyes, composed face—aur uske reflection ke peeche corridor sign par ek faded nameplate dikhta hai: “Chief Psychiatrist - R. Nair.” Woh slow motion mein samajhta hai ki jo Dr. Nair samajh raha tha, woh months se ek treatment loop mein tha. Rudra actually ward ka former in-charge tha, jisne system ko expose karne ki koshish ki thi; Anil ne loyalty ya fear mein records manipulate kiye; aur Dr. Nair ko, ek breakdown ke baad, patient identity de di gayi thi. Rudra calmly, almost kindly, bolta hai, “Aapko lagta tha aap mujhe treat kar rahe ho. Par asli mein aapko treat karke ward chalaya ja raha tha.” Anil ki keys belt se halki si jhankar karti hain. Dr. Nair ka haath file par jam jaata hai. Corridor se door ki lock click sunai deti hai—par is baar room band nahi hota, room khulta hai. Rudra uthkar darwaze ki taraf badhta hai, keys Anil ke belt se nikaal leta hai, aur bolta hai, “Ab doctor ka time khatam. Ward ka time shuru.” Dr. Nair stunned, silent, aur Anil ka watchful expression pehli baar fear mein badal jaata hai. Observation window ke bahar koi aur nahi—bas unki sachchai ka reflected ghost. The Locked Ward end hota hai is realization par: sabse dangerous patient woh nahi jo delusional ho, balki woh jiske naam se poora system chalaya ja raha ho.