

THREE CHAIRS, ONE TRUTH

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. Kunal (44)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Soft lamp light mein therapy office bilkul shaant hai—sirf window par halki rain ki tapping aur bookshelf par jamay kuch purane psychology books. Teen chairs ek triangle mein rakhi hui hain, jaise kisi ordinary counseling session ke liye. Dr. Kunal, 44, cardigan aur reading glasses mein, apni notebook khol kar calmly baitha hai. Samne Rajat, 35, polished suit, clenched jaw, expensive watch ko baar-baar dekh raha hai. Uske opposite Nisha, 33, elegant aur guarded, notebook ko lap mein pakde, steely stare ke saath chup baithi hai. Session shuru hote hi lagta hai yeh ek marriage counseling hai—par pehli hi baat se pata chal jata hai ki yahan kuch aur hi galat hai.

Dr. Kunal bahut soft tone mein puchta hai, “Us raat kya hua tha?” Rajat turant bol padta hai ki Nisha ne us par ghar mein ghar se nikalne jaisa pressure dala, phir ek ghante ke liye gayab ho gayi, aur jab wapas aayi toh uske haath mein blood tha. Nisha bina palak jhapkaye jawab deti hai ki Rajat jhooth bol raha hai—us raat Rajat hi late aaya tha, uske kapdon par rain aur mud tha, aur usne khud kaha tha, “Maine sab sambhal liya.” Dr. Kunal dono ko rokta nahi; woh bas notes leta rehta hai, jaise ek scientist do alag experiments observe kar raha ho. Uski neutrality itni smooth hai ki dono ko thoda ajeeb lagne lagta hai.

Conversation dheere-dheere interrogation mein badal jati hai. Rajat ka tone defensive se aggressive hota hai. Nisha ka calm face crack hone lagta hai, lekin woh har statement ko precision ke saath cut karti hai. Rajat accuse karta hai ki Nisha manipulative hai, usne shaadi ko blackmail ki tarah use kiya. Nisha palat kar bolti hai ki Rajat control freak hai, jo har cheez ko “manage” karna chahta hai—log, paise, aur shayad evidence bhi. Dr. Kunal ke beech-beech mein diye gaye chhote prompts—“Aur phir?”, “Aapne kya dekha?”, “Kis time?”—un dono ko aur phasa dete hain. Rain ki tapping tez hoti jaati hai. Tissue box table par pada hai, par koi use nahi karta; sabke paas aansu se zyada gussa hai.

Ek moment aata hai jab Rajat apni watch utar kar table par rakh deta hai, jaise uski patience ki ticking khatam ho gayi ho. Nisha apni notebook khol kar ek page dikhati hai—usmein dates, times, aur ek line likhi hai: “He said it was an accident.” Rajat ki aankhen phat jaati hain. Woh kehta hai, “Yeh meri handwriting nahi hai.” Nisha thandi awaaz mein bolti hai, “Bilkul. Kyunki tumne likha nahi tha. Tumne bola tha, aur main likh rahi thi.” Dr. Kunal pehli baar thoda zyada interested lagta hai. Woh reading glasses upar karta hai. “Interesting,” woh kehta hai, “memory ko record ki tarah banana kabhi-kabhi guilt ko organize karne mein help karta hai.” Yeh line sunte hi Rajat ka face aur tight ho jata hai.

Phir twist ki direction mein ek subtle shift aata hai. Nisha Dr. Kunal ko dekh kar poochti hai, “Aapne us raat ka last version finalize kar liya?” Rajat confuse ho kar bolta hai, “Last version?” Dr. Kunal ka calm smile ek second ke liye too controlled lagta hai. Woh bolta hai, “Version nahi, Rajat. Reconstruction.” Nisha notebook band kar deti hai. Ab pata chalta hai ki yeh therapy session nahi, ek staged debrief tha—par kiske liye? Rajat ka gussa suddenly fear mein badal jata hai. Woh yaad karta hai: us raat, ek fight ke baad, ek body. Nisha ne nahi, woh khud? Ya Nisha ne? Ya Dr. Kunal ne? Memory ka floor khisakne lagta hai.

Climax mein Dr. Kunal apni notebook ghuma kar ek line par ungli rakhta hai: “If he remembers, we lose control.” Rajat ka chehra safed pad jata hai. Nisha ki aankhon mein pehli baar darr aata hai—lekin us darr mein regret nahi, recognition hota hai. Dr. Kunal calmly bolta hai, “Rajat, tumne bas itna yaad rakhna hai: tum ghar aaye, Nisha ne door khola, tumne usse protect kiya, aur phir sab andhera ho gaya.” Rajat hil jata hai. Nisha dheere se kehti hai, “Aur jo body thi?” Dr. Kunal ka tone ab bhi serene hai: “Uska naam mat lo.”

Final reveal ek chilling silence mein hota hai. Dr. Kunal therapist nahi, witness bhi nahi—woh memory engineer hai. Nisha ki steely stare se pata chalta hai ki woh is game ki participant hai, victim nahi. Rajat samajh jata hai ki jis murder ko cover up karne ke liye uski memory rewrite ki ja rahi thi, uska asli killer koi aur nahi, woh khud tha—aur Dr. Kunal us guilt ko ek false, manageable story mein badal raha tha. Rain window par aur tez bajti hai. Three chairs ab counseling ki nahi, interrogation ki lagti hain. Dr. Kunal finally bolta hai, almost gently: “Truth ka kaam hota hai yaad rehna. Mera kaam hota hai usse jeene layak banana.” Cut to black.