

THE SECOND BED

A Horror/Supernatural 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Horror/Supernatural	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Dr. Aniket (41)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Dr. Aniket, ek seasoned sleep specialist, raat ke aakhri patient ko dekhne ke liye apne chhote se clinic room mein baithta hai—do narrow beds, ek dim bedside lamp, aur monitor par bechain heart-rate lines. Pranav, 33 ka ek hara hua, pale sa aadmi, blanket ko aise pakde hota hai jaise wahi uski last shield ho. Woh kahta hai ki har raat uske paas koi aur sota hai. Koi aisa jo saans uske saans ke saath sync karta hai. Kabhi kaan ke paas, kabhi gardan ke paas. Pranav bolta hai, “Doctor, main akela nahi sota.” Aniket pehle ise stress, insomnia, aur sleep paralysis ka naam deta hai. Uski tone calm hai, par aankhon mein thakan aur ek anjaani si caution bhi.

Tab room mein Mira aati hai—Pranav ki wife. Soft-spoken, pale, aur chehre par ek fixed smile, jo dekhne mein comforting lagti hai, par second ke baad hi unsettling ho jaati hai. Mira bolti hai ki Pranav bas overwork aur guilt se toot gaya hai. Woh uske sar par haath rakhti hai, lekin uska touch almost rehearsed lagta hai. Aniket notice karta hai ki jab bhi woh bedside lamp ke glass mein dekhne ki koshish karta hai, Mira ka reflection thoda late aata hai—jaise image ne usse follow karna seekha ho, ya jaise woh room mein ho hi nahi. Pranav baar-baar kehta hai ki raat ko second bed par koi leta hai. Mira hans kar usse “tumhara dimaag” bol deti hai. Comedic timing yeh hoti hai ki Aniket, professional tone mein, “Dimaag bhi kabhi-kabhi rent-free tenants paal leta hai” bol deta hai, aur room mein ek second ke liye tension halka ho jaata hai. Par phir monitor ka line achanak jump karta hai.

Pranav apni blanket kholkar ek purani, crumpled death certificate ki copy nikaalta hai jo usne bed ke neeche chhupa rakhi thi. Us par Aniket ka naam dekhkar room ka temperature jaise gir jaata hai. Certificate par date wahi hai jis raat Aniket ne ek wrong death certificate sign kiya tha—ek couple ke liye, jo officially dead declare ho chuke the. Pranav ka voice break hota hai: “Aapne humein mar diya tha, Doctor. Par humne aapko us raat se apne saath rakh liya.” Mira ka fixed smile aur bhi zyada wide ho jaati hai, lekin uski aankhen bilkul blank. Aniket ka calm facade crack hota hai. Woh memory flashes mein dekhne lagta hai—same room, same beds, same monitor—aur ek earlier night jab usne paperwork mein galti ki thi. Usne socha tha correction ho gayi, par shayad usne sirf ek door khol diya tha.

Phir twist aata hai: clinic room mein jo “second bed” hai, woh Pranav ke liye nahi, Aniket ke liye tha. Har baar jab woh in patients ko admit karta, woh khud bhi yahin so jata—ya shayad sula diya jaata—aur subah uski memory se kuch aur nikal chuka hota. Mira dheere se bolti hai, “Aap hamesha kehte the, doctor, sleep is a form of surrender.” Uska fixed smile ab ek warning jaisi lagti hai. Pranav, ab almost whisper mein, batata hai ki un dono ko wapas chain

chahiye—par chain tabhi milegi jab Aniket apni galti accept kare aur unka naam theek kare. Monitor par line flat hone lagti hai. Bedside lamp flicker karta hai. Aniket, pehli baar genuinely darr kar, medical bag se pen nikaalta hai aur death certificate ko ulta karta hai. Us par ek aur naam likha hota hai—Dr. Aniket—jaise uska case kab ka filed ho chuka ho.

Final beat mein Aniket samajhta hai ki woh patient nahi, next occupant hai. Pranav blanket se ek side hatata hai, revealing the second bed has always been waiting—fresh sheets, hospital corners, and a pillow already indented. Mira softly says, “Aaj aap so jayenge, Doctor.” Aniket ka last line, half-shock, half-dread, “Main... patient tha?” cut karta hai to black. Monitor ki beep do saanson ki tarah sync hoti hai—ek nahi, teen. Aur room mein, dim lamp ke reflection mein, second bed par koi aur shape already leti hui dikhti hai.