

ROOM 407

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: Kabir (35)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Room 407 ek aisa consultation room hai jahan fluorescent light sab kuch sach se zyada brutal lagti hai. Metal table, do kursiyan, wall clock ki tik-tik, aur one-way mirror ke peeche ka andhera—sab milkar aisa mahol banate hain jaise room khud ek witness ho. Kabir, 35 ka ek clean-cut corporate aadmi, expensive watch aur forced smile ke saath andar aata hai. Uski aankhon mein neend kam, control zyada hai. Woh ek hospital file aur ID card lekar aaya hai, lekin uske haath thode kaanp rahe hain. Uske saamne Dr. Isha baithi hai—40 ki, crisp coat mein, bilkul static, aise jaise emotions bhi appointment ke hisaab se aate hon. Room mein pehle se Rhea maujood hai, hospital gown aur cardigan mein, pale chehra, tez nazar, aur aisi awaaz jo kabhi bachpan, kabhi gussa, kabhi dar lagti hai. Woh Kabir ko dekhte hi kehti hai ki yeh wahi aadmi hai jisne use kidnapp kiya tha.

Kabir pehle hasne ki koshish karta hai, phir defensive ho jaata hai. Woh Dr. Isha se kehta hai ki shayad koi misunderstanding hai, usse bas identity verify karni hai. Lekin Dr. Isha calmly bata deti hai ki yahan Kabir patient hai, witness nahi. Kabir ka controlled smile dheere-dheere crack hone lagta hai. Wall clock ki tik-tik ke beech Rhea apni memory ke tukde bolti hai—kabhi parking lot, kabhi rain, kabhi ek blue car, kabhi ek ringtone, kabhi “Room 407.” Kabir har detail ko deny karta hai, lekin jaise-jaise Rhea bolti hai, uske chehre par chhote-chhote flashes aate hain—recognition ke, guilt ke, ya phir fear ke.

Dr. Isha un dono ko interrupt nahi karti. Woh tape recorder on karti hai aur metal table par water glass rakh deti hai, jaise room ko ek ritual ki zaroorat ho. Kabir baar-baar poochta hai ki uska blood pressure check kyun nahi ho raha, ya usse discharge kyun nahi mil raha. Dr. Isha kehti hai ki yeh identity test nahi, memory reconstruction hai. Kabir gussa ho jaata hai: “Main yahan kisi ko kidnap karne nahi aaya.” Rhea turant bolti hai, “Tum mujhe yahan laaye the. Tumne bola tha, ‘Bas do minute.’ Phir darwaza lock.” Kabir ka haath apne watch par chala jaata hai—habit ya panic.

Midpoint par twist ka pehla layer khulta hai: Dr. Isha file se ek purana case note nikaalti hai jisme Kabir ka naam hai, aur likha hai—“acute dissociative episode, selective amnesia suspected.” Kabir ko yaad nahi aata, ya yaad aane se woh bach raha hai. Rhea ka tone ab accuse karne se zyada plead karne lagta hai. Woh kehti hai ki woh sirf victim nahi, witness bhi hai—kabir ne us raat kisi aur ko bhi room mein bulaya tha, aur phir sab kuch blur ho gaya. Room ka temperature jaise aur neeche gir jaata hai.

Ant mein Dr. Isha tape recorder ko pause karke door ki taraf dekhti hai, phir Kabir se kehti hai ki woh jo “hospital visit” samajh raha tha, woh actually court-ordered memory reconstruction session hai. Kabir ne ek violent incident ke baad apni memory intentionally suppress ki thi. Rhea us incident ki survivor hai—aur Dr. Isha us case ki psychiatrist, nahi balki forensic evaluator hai. Kabir ne kidnapping, confinement, aur assault ke baad apni memory ko mind ne nahi, usne khud lock kiya tha. Uska corporate polish, expensive watch, aur controlled smile sab ek shell the.

Final beat mein Dr. Isha one-way mirror ki taraf ishara karti hai. Mirror ke peeche koi aur nahi, ek blank corridor hai—lekin room mein jo silence bachta hai, woh itna heavy hai ki jaise Kabir ko pehli baar apni hi saans sunai de. Rhea usse dekhti hai, aur is baar uski awaaz mein na gussa hai na dar—sirf thandi, broken certainty. Kabir finally mirror mein nahi, apne haathon ko dekhta hai. Uske fingers memory se pehle hi crime yaad kar chuke hote hain. Dr. Isha bas itna kehti hai: “Ab sach yaad aaya, Kabir?” Aur room 407 ki tik-tik, jaise jawab ka intezaar karte-karte ruk si jaati hai.