

SISTERS OF THE SAME LIE

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: Aditya (30)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ka andhera already living room mein ghus chuka tha jab power cut hua. Bas do candles aur teen phone flashlights ki kaanpti roshni mein sofa, coffee table, aur wall par lagi family photos kisi crime scene ke evidence jaise lag rahe the. Aditya, casual shirt mein, darwaze ke paas khada tha—handsome, but cornered. Kriti, simple dress aur watch baar-baar dekhte hue, uske saamne seedhi khadi thi. Mansi, polished aur cold, sofa ke armrest par aise baithi thi jaise poori room uski ho. Uski smile controlled thi, par aankhon mein kuch bhi soft nahi tha.

Kriti ne seedha sawaal phek diya: "Tum accident wali raat kahan the, Aditya?" Aditya ne kaha, "Main? Ghar pe." Mansi ne halka sa hansa, jaise usne pehle se hi answer sunn liya ho. "Interesting. Kyunki tumhari girlfriend ko lagta hai tum hospital ke bahar the." Kriti ka chehra sakht ho gaya. "Mujhe lagta hai? Mansi, tum hi bol rahi thi na ki usne kuch hide kiya hai?" Mansi ne kandhe uchka diye. "Main bas truth nikaal rahi hoon. Kisi aur ki tarah emotional nahi hoon."

Room mein tension itni thi ki candle ki flame bhi unstable lag rahi thi. Aditya ne glass of water uthaya, phir rakh diya. "Tum dono mujhe kyun aise dekh rahi ho jaise main culprit hoon?" Kriti ne apni watch dekhi. "Kyunki tumne jhooth bola." Mansi ne turant cut kiya, "Nahi. Kyunki us raat tumne jo dekha, uske baad tum chup rahe." Aditya ki nazar family photo frame par atak gayi—ek purani tasveer jisme teenon muskurate hue the, par ab woh smile fake lag rahi thi.

Phir twist ka pehla layer khula. Kriti ne bola, "Mansi ne mujhe message kiya tha. Usne kaha tumne accident ke baad kisi ko call nahi kiya." Mansi ne coldly reply kiya, "Aur Kriti ne mujhe bola tha tumne gaadi ka number plate note kiya tha." Aditya confuse nahi, zyada alert ho gaya. "Tum dono ek dusre ko messages karke mujhe trap kar rahi thi?" Kriti aur Mansi ek second ke liye chup ho gayin. Phir Mansi ne smile ke saath kaha, "Trap? Aditya, tum abhi bhi samajh nahi rahe. Hum tumhe nahi, apne aap ko bachane ki koshish kar rahe the."

Ab room ka center badal gaya. Aditya ne dheere se poocha, "Kis cheez se?" Kriti ki watch ka strap uske fingers mein kas gaya. "Us raat accident sirf accident nahi tha." Mansi ne sofa cushion ko ek side dhakela, jaise koi hidden cheez dhoondh rahi ho. "Aur tum wahan the." Aditya ki aankhon mein pehchaan chamki. "Main wahan tha... kyunki tum dono ne mujhe bulaya tha." Silence.

Final reveal se pehle ek aur layer toot gayi. Kriti ne glass of water mein candle ki reflection dekhte hue bola, “Woh gaadi meri thi.” Mansi ne bina emotion ke add kiya, “Aur driver main thi.” Aditya ka chehra safed pad gaya. “Tum dono—” Kriti ne baat kaat di, voice low aur dangerous: “Raat ko humne ek aadmi ko hit kiya tha. Tumne usse dekha tha.” Mansi ne control mein hote hue kaha, “Aur tumne usse phone pe baat karte suna tha.” Aditya ne ek kadam aage badhkar family photo frame uthaya. Uske piche taped ek chhota sa hospital wristband tha—sabka secret, ya sabka guilt.

Twist yahin khatam nahi hua. Aditya ne dheere se frame ghuma kar dikhaya: “Tum dono mujhe isliye nahi bulaayi thi ki main sach bolun. Tum dono isliye darr rahi thi kyunki us aadmi ki death ke baad jo statement police ko gaya... us par mera naam tha.” Kriti aur Mansi ka controlled calm pehli baar crack hua. Aditya ne unhe dekha, ab cornered nahi—dangerously calm. “Aur main janta hoon ki woh statement kisne likha tha.”

Last beat mein pata chalta hai ki sisters ek hi lie ko alag-alag versions mein chhupa rahi thi, par Aditya unki game ka pehla witness nahi, unka sabse bada blackmail threat tha. Candles flicker karti hain. Kriti ki watch ruk jaati hai. Mansi ka smile gayab. Aditya ek paani ka sip leta hai aur bolta hai, “Ab bolo... kaun pehle confess karega?”