

THE THREE-WAY MIRROR

A Sci-Fi/High-Concept 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Sci-Fi/High-Concept	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Arin (34)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Arin ko lagta hai ki woh ek polished, dependable, “safe” aadmi hai—sales executive, formal shirt, perfect smile, aur andar se thoda sa hilita hua confidence. Jab Dr. Elina usse futuristic demo room mein bulati hai, toh usse lagta hai aaj bas ek tech demo hai: ek mirror-screen jo dikhata hai “the version of you others see.” Room sterile hai, soft white light hai, blue interface graphics walls par float kar rahe hain, aur beech mein ek single chair aise rakhi hai jaise kisi confession booth ka modern version. Elina calm hai, cerebral hai, aur uski awaaz mein woh certainty hai jo Arin ko aur insecure bana deti hai. Maya already chair ke paas baithi hai—casual dress, wrist par ek scar, aur aankhon mein woh directness jo kisi filter ki mohtaj nahi. Woh bolti hai ki mirror jhooth nahi bolta, bas tumhari aadat ka bill bhejta hai.

Arin pehle haskar baat taalne ki koshish karta hai. Woh apni image ko leke kaafi careful hai—“main toh simple, honest banda hoon”—lekin mirror-screen on hote hi uska reflection usse ek over-rehearsed smile wala, approval-seeking salesman dikhata hai. Elina ke mutabik device accurate hai; woh claim karti hai ki log apne aap ko jitna sincere samajhte hain, utna hote nahi. Arin ka reflection kabhi extra confident lagta hai, kabhi fake humble, kabhi aisa jaise woh har sentence mein kisi invisible audience ko impress kar raha ho. Arin disturb ho jaata hai. Usse lagta hai mirror glitch kar raha hai. Maya turant bolti hai, “Glitch nahi, exposure hai.” Woh khud ko dekhti hai aur mirror usse ek aisi aurat dikhata hai jo har baat ko pehle hi defensive banake bolti hai—jaise pyaar milne se pehle hi rejection ka armour pehen liya ho. Maya ki aankhon mein ek chhota sa dard flash hota hai, phir woh hans deti hai, par us hans mein thakaan hai.

Teenon ke beech dialogue sharp hota jaata hai. Arin apne aap ko justify karta hai—“Main bas professional hoon.” Elina uski line ko cut karti hai—“No. Tum approval-dependent ho.” Maya beech mein aakar usko aur seedha chubhati hai—“Aur tum dono ko lagta hai honesty ka matlab brutality hota hai.” Room mein tension aur curiosity ek saath grow karti hai. Arin ka mirror uske liye ek new version show karta hai: ek aadmi jo har meeting mein agree karta hai kyunki usse dar hai ki agar usne sach bola toh log usse replace kar denge. Elina ke mirror mein ek woman dikhti hai jo apni invention ko “truth” bolkar actually control bech rahi hai; woh detached scientist kam, lonely architect zyada lagti hai. Maya ke reflection mein ek test subject nahi, balki ek survivor dikhayi deta hai—jo har relationship mein pehle se hi apni exit strategy likh leti hai.

Climax tab aata hai jab Arin gusse mein interface remote uthata hai aur mirror-screen ko off karne ki koshish karta hai. Elina usse rokti nahi—bas dekhti rehti hai, jaise woh ye reaction pehle bhi dekh chuki ho. Maya dheere se apna wristband utaarti hai, aur scar ko marker se circle karti hai. Woh bolti hai ki unhone device ko faces read karne ke liye nahi, lies read karne ke liye train kiya hai—woh lies jo hum khud ko bolte hain taaki kisi aur ki nazar mein reh sakein. Arin ko tab samajh aata hai ki mirror uski sales pitch nahi, uski survival strategy dikhata hai: “Main enough hoon” ka mask, jabki andar se woh har waqt pooch raha hai, “Kya main love-worthy hoon?” Elina ka truth bhi crack hota hai—uski invention ka purpose discovery nahi, validation tha. Maya ka truth sabse painful nikalta hai: woh cruelty se nahi, fear se direct hai; uska scar ek accident ka nahi, ek purane attempt ka nishaan hai—being seen and still not chosen.

Final twist mein mirror-screen par teen alag faces nahi, teen alag lies flicker karte hain: Arin ka “I’m fine,” Elina ka “This is objective,” aur Maya ka “I don’t need anyone.” Blue graphics slow down karte hain, room ka showroom feel suddenly interrogation chamber ban jaata hai. Elina softly confess karti hai ki mirror wajah nahi, excuse hai—log sach dekhna nahi chahte, lekin dekhna zaroor chahte hain ki unki jhoothi image ka price kya hai. Arin pehli baar bina performance ke bolta hai: “Mujhe bas yeh dar hai ki main jaise hoon, waise kaafi nahi hoon.” Maya usse dekhti hai, phir apne scar par finger rakh kar kehti hai, “Toh yeh mirror faces nahi dikhata, Arin. Yeh woh sab dikhaata hai jo hum bolte hain taaki koi humein chhod ke na jaaye.” End mein teenon silence mein khade reh jaate hain—na victorious, na defeated—sirf itne honest ki room ki white light bhi thodi kam safed lagne lagti hai.