

THREE CHAIRS, ONE SECRET

A Emotional Drama 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Emotional Drama	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Amma (72)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Hospital ki waiting room bahut chhoti hai, par usmein teen auraton ke beech ka maun usse bhi zyada bhari hai. Pale fluorescent light ke neeche teen plastic chairs ek line mein rakhi hain, jaise kisi family meeting ke liye nahi, kisi faisle ke liye. Amma, 72, faded silk sari mein, hospital file ko dono haathon se pakde baithi hai. Leela, uski daughter, simple salwar kameez mein, thaki hui aankhon aur seedhi peeth ke saath, baar-baar tissue box ko theek kar rahi hai. Nidhi, college casuals mein, pair hilaati, phone ko palat-ti, zyada bolne se pehle hi defensive ho jaati hai. Wall clock ki tik-tik unke beech ke silence ko aur tez kar deti hai.

Amma ne sabko yahan isliye bulaya hai kyunki surgery se pehle woh "family meeting" chahti thi. Leela samajh jaati hai ki maa ka mood serious hai, isliye woh pyaar aur guilt ke beech phansi hui baat karne ki koshish karti hai. Woh maafi maangne ke andaaz mein bolti hai, jaise saalon ki doori ko ek hi line mein bhar dena chahti ho. Nidhi ko yeh sab melodrama lagta hai. Woh seedha pooch leti hai ki itne saalon baad ab kya drama baaki hai. Uski tone mein gussa hai, par us gusse ke neeche ek purana sawaal chhupa hai: ghar mein kabhi sach bolne ki himmat kyun nahi hui?

Conversation dheere-dheere khulne lagti hai. Amma ki nazar kabhi hospital file par, kabhi family photo par tikti hai—photo mein teenon ek purane ghar ke saamne khadi hain, tab sab kuch poora lagta tha. Leela batati hai ki usne ghar ko bachane ke liye apni zindagi kaafi had tak chhoti kar di—school, duty, bills, aur Amma ki dawaaiyon ke beech apne sapne daba diye. Nidhi ko lagta hai ki uski maa ne sacrifice ke naam par usse aur uske bachpan ko bhi control kiya. Amma chup rehti hai, phir ek line bolti hai jo room ka temperature badal deti hai: "Tum dono ko lagta hai main beemar hoon, par main bas tayaar hoon."

Leela ko lagta hai Amma surgery se pehle emotional will ya apology dene wali hai. Nidhi ko lagta hai ab finally asli sach niklega—kyun ghar mein hamesha Leela ko sab kuch sambhalna pada, aur kyun Nidhi ko apni family mein mehmaan ki tarah mehsoos hota raha. Amma, jo ab tak kaafi soft thi, achanak bahut saaf ho jaati hai. Woh hospital file kholti hai, usmein se ek purani property paper ki copy aur family photo nikaalti hai. Leela ka chehra safed pad jaata hai. Nidhi seedha baith jaati hai. Amma batati hai ki woh ghar ka hissa bechne ya kisi ek ke naam karne ka plan nahi bana rahi thi, balki usne bahut pehle hi faisla kar liya tha: ghar Nidhi ke naam hoga.

Room mein ek second ke liye silence itna gehra ho jaata hai ki wall clock bhi sunai dene lagti hai. Leela ko pehle dhakka lagta hai, phir uske chehre par saalon ka pura boj aa jaata hai—“Main? Kyun? Maine to...” Woh bol nahi paati. Nidhi bhi confuse hai; usse yeh inheritance victory nahi, responsibility lagti hai. Amma samjhaati hai ki Leela ne ghar ko bachaya, par ghar ko jeene layak Nidhi ne banaya. Leela ne duty nibhayi, par Nidhi ne us ghar mein sawaal poochne ki himmat ki. “Mere baad,” Amma kehti hai, “sach ko jhooth ke cupboard mein band nahi rehna chahiye. Nidhi ghar sambhalegi, kyunki woh chup nahi rahegi.”

Leela ko pehli baar samajh aata hai ki Amma ne usse reject nahi kiya; usne use bachaya hai, us role se jo Leela ko saalon se tod raha tha. Nidhi ko bhi samajh aata hai ki uski badtameezi ke peeche jo rebellion thi, woh Amma ki nazar mein clarity thi. Amma ka final decision sirf property ka nahi, family structure ka hai: house ka inheritance Nidhi ko, lekin key Leela ke paas rahegi surgery ke baad tak. Dono ko milkar hi ghar kholna hoga. Yeh twist kisi ek ko jeet nahi deta; yeh teenon ko alag tareeke se ek doosre ke paas laata hai.

Surgery team ke bulane se pehle Amma water cup uthati hai, ek sip leti hai, aur family photo ko Leela aur Nidhi ke beech rakh deti hai. “Teen chairs hain,” woh kehti hai, “par ghar tabhi ghar hai jab teesri chair khaali na ho.” Leela ki aankhon mein pehli baar saaf aansu aate hain. Nidhi chup ho jaati hai, par ab uski chup mein gussa nahi, zimmedari hai. Hospital waiting room mein koi bada bhashan nahi hota—sirf ek family ka purana zakham, ek naya faisla, aur ek aisi inheritance jo paision se zyada himmat ki hai. Jab Amma surgery room ki taraf jaati hai, teenon ki nazar ek hi chair par tikti hai: jo ab kisi ek ka nahi, sabka future ban chuki hai.