

PASSWORD: MOTHER

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: Radhika (45)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ka waqt hai. Ek upscale hotel room, jahan bedside lamp ki peeli roshni aur sheeshe par girti city neon room ko aur bhi tight, aur zyada saans ghutne wala bana rahi hai. Single bed neatly made hai, desk par laptop khula pada hai, minibar band hai, aur ek corner chair par Bharati baithi hai—70 saal ki, sadi mein, kamzor dikhti hai par aankhen aisi jaise sab kuch already padh chuki hon. Radhika, 45, power suit mein, expensive watch ko baar-baar dekhte hue, room ko corporate calm se control karne ki koshish kar rahi hai. Nisha, 23, laptop bag kandhe par latkaye, injured pride aur suspicion ke saath entry leti hai. Family conference ke naam par sab yahan the, par room ke andar jo ho raha hai woh conference nahi, ek slow-burn interrogation hai.

Nisha seedha laptop kholti hai. Password maangta hai. Woh pehle mazaak samajhkar try karti hai—"mother", "mom", "mumma"—par system har baar reject kar deta hai. Uski aankhon mein gussa ubharta hai. Woh Radhika ko dekhti hai, jaise keh rahi ho: tumhari laptop, tumhara secret, aur mujhe hi kyun andhere mein rakha gaya? Radhika defensive ho jaati hai. Woh kehti hai ki office files hain, confidential data hai, aur yeh laptop koi family scrapbook nahi. Nisha ka tone sharp ho jaata hai—"Mere childhood ka phrase bhi password nahi hai? Itna bhi yaad nahi?" Radhika ka face controlled rehta hai, par uski saans thodi tez ho jaati hai. Bharati, jo ab tak phone ko bas haath mein pakde hue thi, ek halki si muskaan ke saath bolti hai: "Password yaad hota hai, beti. Jo bhoolna ho, woh yaad nahi rehta."

Yahin se room ka temperature badal jaata hai. Nisha ko lagta hai Bharati side le rahi hai Radhika ki. Woh un dono par betrayal ka ilzaam laga deti hai—family conference ke naam par sabne milkar usse bahar rakha hai, secrets, meetings, aur phone calls... sab kuch uske peeche. Radhika ka gussa ab crack hota hai. Woh kehti hai Nisha sirf hurt ego se bol rahi hai, aur family ke har decision ko conspiracy bana rahi hai. Bharati beech mein aati hai—soft voice, hard impact. Woh desk ki taraf ishara karti hai, jahan envelope pada hai. Nisha notice karti hai ki envelope hotel key card ke neeche rakha hua tha. Bharati bolti hai ki is room mein password se zyada important ek transfer hai. Nisha aur Radhika dono ek saath puchte hain—kaunsa transfer?

Bharati apni notepad kholti hai. Usme kuch dates, account-like numbers, aur ek naam likha hai jo Nisha pehle samajh nahi paati. Radhika ka chehra pehli baar lose hota hai. Bharati calmly batati hai ki family conference ke bahane jo "settlement" hua tha, usmein ek hidden financial transfer ki entry thi—Radhika ke naam se, par kisi aur ke liye. Nisha ka suspicion ab rage mein badal jaata hai. Woh Radhika se poochti hai ki kya woh family money chhupa rahi thi, ya

usse bhi bada kuch? Radhika deny karne ki koshish karti hai, par Bharati ek family photo uthati hai—same room, purana version, ek chhota sa bachcha frame ke edge par barely visible. Bharati ka tone aur bhi quiet ho jaata hai: “Tu is photo ko dekh kar bhi samajh nahi paayi?”

Twist yahan aata hai. Bharati laptop screen par password hint type karwati hai, aur Nisha phir se “mother” try karti hai. Fail. Bharati kehti hai, “Mother nahi.” Radhika ka face safed pad jaata hai. Bharati dheere se bolti hai—real password woh naam hai jo Radhika ne saalon pehle ek child adoption file mein diya tha. Woh naam Nisha ka nahi tha. Woh naam us bachche ka tha jise Radhika ne chhod diya tha—ya shayad chhupaya tha—taaki career, marriage, aur family image bachi rahe. Nisha stunned hai, kyunki uski zindagi ka sabse bada secret uski identity se bhi pehle ka tha. Radhika ke control ka facade toot jaata hai. Bharati, jo hamesha frail lagti rahi, actually sabse zyada aware thi—wahi is transfer aur us abandoned child ke records ko track kar rahi thi.

Final beat mein Bharati laptop khol deti hai. Password enter hota hai: ek naam, jo room mein pehli baar sach ki tarah ghoomta hai. Nisha us naam ko repeat karti hai, Radhika silently breakdown mein chali jaati hai, aur Bharati phone ko finally use karti hai—sirf screen par ek number dikhane ke liye, jaise next move already planned ho. Room mein kuch bhi loud nahi hota, par sab kuch change ho chuka hota hai. “Mother” ek password nahi, ek cover tha. Aur family ka sabse khatarnak secret woh tha jo pyaar ke naam par erase kiya gaya tha.