

THE PATIENT IN BED 6

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: Dr. Nandita (41)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Sterile fluorescent lights ke neeche hospital ka waiting bay kisi interrogation room jaisa lag raha hai. Curtain ke us paar bed 6 par ek patient pada hai, par hum usay kabhi clearly nahi dekhte—sirf monitor ki beeps, kabhi kabhi oxygen ki halki si hiss, aur curtain ka dheere se hilna. Dr. Nandita, tired eyes aur clipped tone ke saath, medical chart ko baar-baar dekh rahi hai. Uske saamne Mala, sari mein, medical papers ko aise pakde hue hai jaise woh khud case file ho. Thodi door Riya hoodie aur jeans mein, chair ke edge par baithi hai, phone ko ulta seedha ghumati hui, har sawal par defensive ho jaati hai. Nandita ko pehle hi minute mein samajh aa jaata hai ki chart, symptoms aur family ki story—teenon alag kahaniyan bol rahe hain.

Mala kehti hai patient ko road accident hua tha. Riya bolti hai, “Haan, bas gir gayi thi.” Par chart mein bruising pattern, dehydration, aur wrist par pressure marks accident se match nahi karte. Nandita blood pressure cuff lagati hai, pulse note karti hai, aur beech beech mein dono aurton ko ek hi line mein pakad leti hai. Uski tone clinical hai, par uske sawalon mein chhupa suspicion dono ko aur uncomfortable kar deta hai. Mala har baar baat ko control karne ki koshish karti hai—kabhi chart uske haath se kheench leti hai, kabhi Riya ko chup karwa deti hai, kabhi Nandita ko “doctor saab” kehkar authority ko respect aur pressure dono deti hai. Riya baar baar phone screen on karke off karti hai, jaise kisi ka message aane se darr rahi ho.

Jitna Nandita detail maangti hai, utna family ka version crumble hone lagta hai. Mala bolti hai patient ko “protect” kar rahi hai. Riya bolti hai truth bol diya toh “ghar toot jayega.” Nandita notice karti hai ki patient ke bag ka zip half-open hai aur andar ek folded dupatta, ek cab receipt aur ek women's hostel ka pamphlet dikh raha hai. Woh seedha puchti hai: “Patient ka naam kya hai? Aur woh actually kahan ja rahi thi?” Dono women ek sec ke liye chup ho jaati hain. Phir Mala ka control slip hota hai. Woh kehti hai patient ko “bahar ki duniya” se bachaya ja raha tha. Riya ka face pehle gussa, phir guilt, phir darr se tight ho jaata hai.

Climax mein Nandita chart aur phone ke beech ek pattern pakad leti hai: admission note mein “accidental fall” likha hai, par injury location repeated restraint marks jaise hain; patient ke phone mein ek unsent message draft hai—“Aaj raat nikal rahi hoon.” Nandita seedha puchti hai, “Escape kisse kar rahi thi?” Silence. Sirf monitor ki beeps. Phir Riya toot jaati hai. Woh confess karti hai ki patient accident ka victim nahi thi; woh ghar ke andar ka qaid tha. Arranged

confinement—shaadi, control, lock-in routine—sab “family honour” ke naam par chal raha tha. Patient ne bhaagne ki koshish ki, aur us raat jo chot lagi, woh girne se nahi, pakde jaane se lagi thi. Mala palat kar kehti hai woh sab “bhalai” ke liye tha, log kya kahenge, ghar ka naam, izzat. Riya ro dete hue bolti hai ki usne bhi chup rehkar saath diya.

End mein Nandita ka expression hard ho jaata hai. Woh chart par ek line cross karti hai, clipboard band karti hai, aur curtain ki taraf dekhkar bas itna kehti hai: “Bed 6 mein patient nahi, evidence hai.” Phir woh phone uthati hai, ek number dial karti hai, aur calmly security/ social services ko inform karne lagti hai. Mala stunned hai, Riya khud se nazrein nahi mila paati. Curtain ke us paar monitor ki beeps ab zyada loud lagti hain—jaise ek trapped breath finally release ho rahi ho. Twist ke saath story yeh reveal karti hai ki hospital ka emergency bay sirf treatment ka nahi, sach ka bhi battlefield hai—aur kabhi kabhi sabse dangerous injury body par nahi, family ke andar hoti hai.