



THE LAST RECORDING

A Horror/Supernatural 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: Manav and Priya return to the studio to recover a lost recording, but the audio system begins playing voices that neither of them remembers speaking. As the playback grows more personal, they realize the final track captured something that followed them home and never left the room.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Manav (29)

LOCATION: An underground recording studio with low red practical lights, dark acoustic panels, scattered cables, and a single glass booth. The air feels sealed and metallic, with a faint hum from equipment that seems to breathe on its own.

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INT. UNDERGROUND RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

Low red practical lights. Dark acoustic panels. Scattered cables. A single glass booth. The air feels sealed, metallic. Equipment hums like it's breathing.

MANAV (29), black T-shirt, jeans, headphones around his neck, stands at the audio console. Sleep-deprived. Anxious.

PRIYA (27), hoodie, cargo pants, holds a portable recorder and a flashlight. Sharp, tired, trying not to show it.

PRIYA

Please bol raha hoon, agar ye file mil gayi na, main kal client ke saamne hero ban jaungi.

MANAV

Aur agar nahi mili, toh main villain.

PRIYA

Tu already villain hi lag raha hai.

Manav gives her a look. He powers up the console.

A faint HUM grows.

MANAV

Backup drive yahin connected thi. Bas scan karna hai.

PRIYA

"Bas" bolke tu kabhi bas kaam nahi karta.

He ignores that. Presses PLAY.

STATIC.

Then—PRIYA'S VOICE, faint but clear.

PRIYA (V.O.)

Manav, sun raha hai? Yeh track delete mat karna.

Priya freezes.

PRIYA

Maine abhi bola hi nahi.

MANAV

Sleep deprivation. Dono pe effect.

The playback continues.

MANAV'S VOICE.

MANAV (V.O.)

Priya, booth ka darwaza band mat karna.

Priya stares at him.

PRIYA

Tu mazak kar raha hai?

MANAV

Main? Main toh yahan khada hoon.

She steps closer to the console, checks levels on her recorder.

PRIYA

Okay. Manual capture karte hain.

She hits RECORD on the portable recorder.

A beat.

Then the speakers play their conversation from seconds ago.

Word for word.

MANAV (V.O.)

Backup drive yahin connected thi. Bas scan karna hai.

PRIYA (V.O.)

"Bas" bolke tu kabhi bas kaam nahi karta.

Priya's eyes narrow.

PRIYA

Yeh live monitor nahi ho sakta.

MANAV

Routing issue maybe.

PRIYA

Tu har problem ko routing issue bol deta hai.

MANAV

Kyunki half the time hota bhi wahi hai.

The HUM deepens.

Priya points her flashlight toward the glass booth.

Inside: a studio mic on a stand.

A SHADOW hangs behind it. Human-shaped. Slightly delayed in movement.

Priya lowers the flashlight a little.

PRIYA

Manav...

MANAV

Kya?

PRIYA

Booth ke andar...

Manav looks. Sees nothing at first.

Then the shadow shifts.

He slams the console mute.

The playback does NOT stop.

A low, wet WHISPER leaks from the speakers.

WHISPER (V.O.)

Final track... abhi bhi recording kar raha hai.

Priya goes cold.

PRIYA

Yeh... yeh file mein kaise?

MANAV

Kal raat shutdown se pehle test record chhoda tha.

PRIYA

Test record.

MANAV

Haan.

PRIYA

Tu ne bina level check kiye booth open chhoda tha?

MANAV

Main thaka hua tha.

PRIYA

Great. Horror bhi thaka hua hai.

A beat.

Priya opens the recorder file list.

PRIYA

LAST_RECORDING_01...

She presses PLAY.

Their own voices fill the room.

First, normal laughter.

Then a fight from earlier.

Then another layer underneath.

A THIRD VOICE.

THIRD VOICE (V.O.)

Main ghar tak aa gaya.

Manav's face drains.

MANAV

Maine yeh nahi bola.

PRIYA

Main bhi nahi.

THIRD VOICE (V.O.)

Haan. Isliye darwaza mat kholna.

A sharp KNOCK from outside the studio door.

Once.

Twice.

Three beats.

Exactly like the playback.

Priya's flashlight trembles in her hand.

PRIYA

Koi hai?

Silence.

Another KNOCK.

Manav slowly turns toward the glass booth.

In the booth glass, his reflection is there.

Then Priya's.

Then—an EXTRA SILHOUETTE between them.

Not reflected.

Present.

MANAV

Priya...

PRIYA

Haan?

MANAV

Peeche mat dekh.

Too late. She looks.

Nothing.

But the speakers whisper again.

WHISPER (V.O.)

Recording on.

Priya backs away from the booth.

PRIYA

Manav, recording rok.

Manav lunges to the console, slaps buttons, pulls a fader down.

The HUM becomes a THROATY BREATH.

His own voice comes through, calm, final.

MANAV (V.O.)

Too late.

The red practical lights FLICKER.

For one second—black.

When they return:

The booth mic is ON.

The headphones lie on the console, hanging by themselves.

Priya's portable recorder is still RED-LIT.

The screen shows: RECORDING...

PRIYA

Manav...

He looks at the recorder.

A new file name auto-types itself:

THE LAST RECORDING

The speakers capture a third breath.

Close.

Inside the room.

CUT TO BLACK.**END.**