



THE CHAIR IN THE ATTIC

A Horror/Supernatural 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: While cleaning out his new house, a renovation enthusiast finds an old chair hidden in the attic with a note that says, 'Don't sit after dark.' He laughs it off until the chair begins facing different directions each time he turns away, as if someone invisible is already using it.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Home Renovation Enthusiast (Male, 34-40)

LOCATION: A cramped attic with exposed beams, old insulation, and one hanging bulb casting a weak amber light. Dust floats in the air, and the slanted ceiling makes the space feel tight and oppressive.

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INT. CRAMPED ATTIC - NIGHT

A weak amber bulb hangs from a wire. Dust floats in the air. Exposed beams. Old insulation. Tight, oppressive space.

A single MAN, 34-40, in a dusty work shirt, jeans, tool belt, and safety glasses pushed up on his head, climbs carefully into the attic with a flashlight in one hand and a hammer in the other. He wears a dust mask, which he keeps tugging down to speak.

He is curious, stubborn, and clearly in renovation mode.

MAN

(to himself)

Chalo, dekhte hain kya treasure chhupa hai is attic mein.

He sweeps the flashlight across boxes, broken boards, cobwebs.

Then he spots it.

An old wooden CHAIR, half-buried under dust and old cloth.

He grins.

MAN

Arre wah. Royal entry.

He steps closer, notices a folded NOTE on the seat.

He picks it up, wipes dust, reads aloud.

MAN

"Don't sit after dark."

(laughs)

Wah. Previous owner full poet nikla.

He tucks the note into his tool belt and resumes clearing the attic.

A beat.

He turns back.

The CHAIR is now facing a different direction.

He freezes.

MAN

...Okay.

(beat)

Maine isko yahan seedha hi rakha tha, na?

He approaches, nudges the chair toward the wall.

MAN

Bas, yahin reh. Renovation mein interfere mat kar.

He turns away, rummaging through a box.

A beat.

He looks back.

The CHAIR is facing him again.

MAN

(forced chuckle)

Haan haan. Very funny. Floor slant hai, chair ka balance hai, sab kuch hai.

He walks around it, flashlight beam steady.

MAN

Main suspicious nahi hoon. Main practical hoon.

He kneels to inspect the chair.

MAN

(reading the note again)

"Don't sit after dark." Kyun? Kya hoga? Tax notice aayega?

He snorts, then notices a cold draft.

The bulb flickers once.

He stands, suddenly uneasy.

MAN

(quietly)

Theek hai... thoda creepy hai.

He reaches for a box above him. As he lifts it, the chair turns again—now facing the opposite side.

He whips around.

MAN

Nahi. Nahi, yeh normal nahi hai.

He grabs the hammer tighter.

MAN

(trying to joke)

Dekh bhai, main renovation enthusiast hoon, exorcist nahi.

He steps closer, shining the flashlight under and behind the chair.

MAN

Kuch toh hai. Koi mechanism? Koi prank? Hidden string?

Nothing.

Only dust.

Only silence.

Then—

A faint SQUEAK.

He stiffens.

MAN

(whisper)

Maine suna tha na...

He backs away, breathing faster.

MAN

Nahi. Main darne wala nahi hoon.

He immediately regrets saying it.

The bulb flickers harder.

The attic feels smaller.

He pulls the dust mask down and takes a deep breath.

MAN

Okay. Okay. Main bas kaam kar raha tha. Main yahan se nikalta hoon.

He turns to leave.

Stops.

Looks back at the chair.

MAN

(to the chair)

Kisne likha, kyun likha, mujhe farq nahi padta. Main isse touch bhi nahi karunga.

He steps forward anyway, stubborn.

He grabs the chair and tries to rotate it.

The light from the flashlight hits the bulb.

For a split second, the space seems darker than darkness.

He feels something—an unseen weight on the chair.

He jerks back.

MAN

(shaken)

Nahi... nahi, koi baitha hua tha.

Silence.

He raises the hammer, then lowers it, unsure.

MAN

(softly)

Theek hai. Main maan gaya. Tu normal chair nahi hai.

He takes one cautious step back.

The CHAIR slowly turns on its own.

Now it faces him directly.

MAN

(barely above a whisper)

Bas. Isko yahin rehne do.

He backs toward the attic hatch.

MAN

Dark ke baad... koi sitting nahi. Koi hero moment nahi. Main seedha neeche.

He climbs down a few rungs, then looks back one last time.

The chair is still.

Then—very slowly—it turns to face the attic stairs.

He goes pale.

MAN

(to himself)

Nope.

He slams the hatch shut from below.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

He stands under a dim hallway light, breathing hard, still clutching the hammer and flashlight.

MAN

(trying to regain composure)

Renovation ka kaam kal bhi ho sakta hai. Par yeh chair...

(beat)

Yeh kal bhi upar hi rahe toh better hai.

He stares at the attic hatch.

A long beat.

From above, a faint WOODEN CREAK.

He does not move.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: THE CHAIR IN THE ATTIC