



THE LOCKED WARDROBE

A Horror/Supernatural 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: Armaan discovers the wardrobe is locked from the inside and hears a woman crying behind it, but Suhana insists the room has been empty for years. Mrs. D'Souza reveals the wardrobe belonged to a missing tenant, yet the final shock comes when the lock opens to show not a body, but a second room that should not exist.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Armaan (37)

LOCATION: A small rented bedroom with an old wooden wardrobe, a single bedside lamp, and curtains moving in a slight draft. The lighting is low, amber, and shadow-heavy, with corners that seem to deepen as the scene progresses.

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FADE IN:

INT. RENTED BEDROOM - NIGHT

Low amber light. Ek SINGLE BEDSIDE LAMP jal raha hai. CURTAINS halki draft mein hila rahe hain. Kone mein ek purana WOODEN WARDROBE khada hai.

ARMAAN (37), plain T-shirt, nervous, flashlight haath mein, wardrobe ko ghur raha hai.

ARMAAN

(under his breath)

Nahi... yeh sound normal nahi hai.

Halka sa RONA wardrobe ke andar se.

Armaan flashlight se lock check karta hai. Handle hiltta nahi.

ARMAAN

Arre yaar... lock andar se kaun lagata hai?

Woh thoda aur zor lagata hai. Kuch nahi.

SFX: A faint sobbing.

ARMAAN

Hello? Koi hai?

No response. Bas wardrobe ke andar se halki si thandi hawa.

Armaan ghabra ke mobile ki taraf dekhta hai, phir apne aap ko sambhaltta hai.

ARMAAN

Main abhi landlord ko call karta hoon.

He stops. Curtain phir se hiltay hain.

KNOCK KNOCK.

Door opens. SUHANA (28), sleepwear aur cardigan mein, cautious but curious.

SUHANA

Kya hua? Itni raat ko flashlight leke ghost-hunting?

ARMAAN

Mazaak mat kar. Is wardrobe se koi ro raha hai.

SUHANA

(half-smile)

Haan, wardrobe ne bhi rent dena start kar diya kya?

Armaan glare karta hai.

SUHANA moves closer, listens.

SFX: Soft crying.

Suhana ki smile gayab.

SUHANA

...Okay. Yeh real lag raha hai.

ARMAAN

Thank you. Main pagal nahi hoon.

SUHANA

Yeh maine nahi bola.

Armaan nikalta hai ek purani KEY jo wardrobe ke neeche se mili thi.

ARMAAN

Mujhe yeh yahan mili.

SUHANA

Yeh key toh... room wali nahi hai.

ARMAAN

Toh kiski hai?

SUHANA

Mujhe kaise pata hoga?

Dheere se footsteps. Mrs. D'SOUZA (64) enters, housecoat mein, stern, secretive.

MRS. D'SOUZA

Itni raat ko tamasha?

ARMAAN

Madam, wardrobe se awaaz aa rahi hai.

MRS. D'SOUZA

(too quickly)

Koi awaaz nahi aa rahi.

SUHANA

Aunty, hum dono sun rahe hain.

MRS. D'SOUZA

Tum dono ne zyada soch liya hai.

ARMAAN

Phir lock andar se kaise hai?

Mrs. D'SOUZA freezes.

A beat.

MRS. D'SOUZA

Woh wardrobe... pehle Maya ka tha.

SUHANA

Maya?

MRS. D'SOUZA

Pichli tenant. Gayab ho gayi thi.

ARMAAN

Gayab? Matlab?

MRS. D'SOUZA

Police aayi thi. Questions hue the. Room khali mila tha.

SUHANA

Aur wardrobe?

MRS. D'SOUZA

Usko chheda nahi.

ARMAAN

Kyun?

Mrs. D'SOUZA avoids eye contact.

MRS. D'SOUZA

Kyuki Maya ne kaha tha... agar main gayab ho jaun, wardrobe mat kholna.

Suhana stares.

SUHANA

Yeh aap ab bata rahi ho?

MRS. D'SOUZA

Mujhe laga woh warning thi.

ARMAAN

Warning ya confession?

Suddenly, a HARD THUD from inside the wardrobe.

All three jump back.

SFX: Lock clicks on its own.

ARMAAN

Nope. Nope, nope, nope.

The wardrobe door slowly CREAKS open by itself.

The bedside lamp FLICKERS.

Curtains whip in a stronger draft.

Inside: not a body.

Inside: ANOTHER ROOM.

Same wallpaper. Same lamp. Same bed. Same curtains.

And in that room stands ANOTHER ARMAAN, same flashlight, same stunned face.

Behind him, a pale SUHANA and a rigid MRS. D'SOUZA.

The real Suhana gasps.

SUHANA

Yeh... yeh kaise?

The other Mrs. D'SOUZA raises a trembling finger.

OTHER MRS. D'SOUZA

(whisper)

Main isliye lock karti thi...

ARMAAN

Kisliye?

OTHER MRS. D'SOUZA

Taaki woh idhar na aaye.

A beat.

From behind REAL Armaan, a SOB.

He slowly turns.

In the corner, a new wardrobe SHADOW stands where none was before.

ARMAAN

(terrified)

Woh... pehle yahan nahi tha.

CUT TO BLACK.

SFX: A final crying breath.

FADE OUT.