

THE MIRROR TENANT

A Horror/Supernatural 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Horror/Supernatural	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Vivek (28)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat kaafi der ho chuki hai. Ek purani apartment building ki narrow hallway mein sirf ek weak bulb aur Mr. D'Souza ki candle jal rahi hai. Deewar par lambi, tedhi shadows hil rahi hain, aur covered mirror ke upar kapda aadha khiska hua hai. Vivek, 28, backpack kandhe par, flashlight haath mein pakde, neend aur paranoia ke beech latka hua khada hai. Woh naya tenant hai, aur uske chehre par woh thakaan hai jo sirf do raat ki kam neend se nahi, balki kisi cheez ke bar-bar notice karne se aati hai. Woh seedha bol deta hai ki uske room ke mirror mein ek second aadmi dikh raha hai. Kabhi sirf ek shoulder, kabhi ek pura silhouette jo uske peeche khada hota hai. Mr. D'Souza, 62, white vest aur lungi mein, thick glasses ke peeche se usse aise dekhta hai jaise yeh complaint pehli baar nahi, pichhle pachas saal se sun raha ho. Woh kehta hai: old wiring, bad sleep, city ka stress. Mirror mein kuch nahi hota, bas aankhon ka dhoka.

Lekin Vivek maan'ne wala nahi hai. Woh flashlight mirror ki taraf karta hai, aur ek second ke liye reflection seedha nahi hota. Mirror mein Vivek ke peeche ek aur man dikhai deta hai—same frame mein, but thoda purana, thoda blur. Mr. D'Souza ki smile dheere dheere tight ho jaati hai. Woh candle ko aur paas laata hai. Light ke saath saath hallway aur bhi ajeeb lagne lagti hai, jaise deewar khud saamne wali cheez ko yaad kar rahi ho. Vivek notice karta hai ki mirror mein jo second man dikh raha hai, woh unki current movements ko follow nahi kar raha—woh kuch moments pehle ka action repeat kar raha hai. Mr. D'Souza jab keys jhankarta hai, reflection mein woh keys pehle hilti hain. Jab Vivek room ki lock wali door ki taraf dekhta hai, mirror mein woh door already khulne jaisa lagta hai.

Dono ka tone ab jokes se serious ho jaata hai. Vivek puchta hai ki room ke saath kya problem hai. Mr. D'Souza baat ko ghuma deta hai, par uske answers mein cracks dikhne lagte hain. Hallway ke end mein ek locked room hai—purana, paint ukhda hua, lock rusted—but Mr. D'Souza ke paas uska key hote hue bhi woh kabhi use kholta nahi. Vivek usi room ki taraf ishara karke kehta hai ki mirror us room se connected lag raha hai. Mr. D'Souza pehli baar ghabrata hai. Uske haath mein candle ka flame hilti hai, aur mirror ke andar ek shadow unke beech se guzarti hai. Vivek ka reflection ab sirf uska nahi lagta; uske peeche khade second man ka chehra saaf hone lagta hai—same jawline, same glasses shape, same age ka ek aur version, lekin zyada thaka hua, zyada gussa bhara.

Vivek insist karta hai ki locked room khola jaaye. Mr. D'Souza mana karta hai, phir bhi old keys ka bunch nikaalta hai. Unki jang lagi chaabiyaan haath mein aate hi ek metallic, mournful sound karti hain. Lock kholte hi hallway ki hawa

change ho jaati hai. Jaise kisi ne purani saans dobara andar kheench li ho. Darwaza khulne par room mein kuch khaas nahi—bas ek old bed frame, ek cracked table, aur wall par ek aur covered mirror. Lekin mirror ke cover ko dekhte hi Mr. D'Souza ka chehra safed pad jaata hai. Vivek uncover karta hai, aur mirror mein room ka reflection aata hai—par room khali nahi. Usmein ek aadmi khada hai, same vest, same glasses, but younger. Mr. D'Souza ka dead brother.

Twist dheere se unfold hota hai. Mr. D'Souza confess karta hai ki uska brother, Anil, isi apartment mein rehta tha. Dono ke beech ek ladai hui thi—inheritance, room, aur “ghar ka haq” ka jhagda. Mr. D'Souza ne usse ghar se nikal diya tha, aur us raat Anil seedhiyon par gir gaya. Ya shayad push hua. Ya shayad usne khud darwaza band kar liya tha. Sach itna simple kabhi nahi hota. Bas itna pakka tha ki Anil kabhi officially “moved out” nahi hua. Mr. D'Souza ne us room ko lock karke, mirror ko cover karke, aur building ko repair ke bahane uski yaad ko band kar diya tha.

Vivek ka gala sookh jaata hai jab mirror mein Anil seedha uski taraf dekhkar smile karta hai—phir Mr. D'Souza ki taraf. Reflection mein Anil ke lips hilte hain, par awaaz hallway mein Mr. D'Souza ki hi nikalti hai, broken aur old: “Mujhe bahar nahi jaane diya.” Candle ekdum bujh jaati hai. Weak bulb flicker karta hai. Andar ke room ka mirror ab dono aadmiyon ko reflect nahi karta—sirf ek hi figure ko, jo kabhi Vivek ke peeche, kabhi Mr. D'Souza ke peeche, kabhi unke beech khada dikhta hai. Vivek dheere se backpack zameen par rakhta hai, flashlight ka beam tremble karta hai. Mr. D'Souza pehli baar sach bolne ki himmat karta hai: usne brother ko ghar se nahi, zindagi se roka tha.

Final beat mein hallway ki silence itni gehri ho jaati hai ki ek halki saans bhi kisi aur ki lagti hai. Vivek mirror se nazar nahi hata pata. Mr. D'Souza ka haath keys par jam jaata hai. Aur mirror, jo ab tak sirf dikhata tha, ab jaise decide karta hai ki next kya hoga.