

ELEVATOR 13

A Psychological Thriller 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Psychological Thriller	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Rohan (36)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ke lagbhag 11 baj rahe hain. Ek corporate tower ke beechon-beech elevator achanak jhatke se ruk jaata hai. Andar sirf do log hain — Rohan, 36, navy suit mein ek polished corporate lawyer, jiska tie dheela ho chuka hai aur forehead par paseena chamak raha hai; aur Tara, 28, building maintenance supervisor, utility jumpsuit mein, belt par clipped flashlight ke saath, bilkul calm. Emergency red strips elevator ki metallic walls ko laal rang mein dho rahe hain, aur floor display kabhi 13, kabhi blank, kabhi 12.9 jaisa flicker kar raha hai. Air tight lag rahi hai, aur har second ke saath claustrophobia badh rahi hai.

Pehle kuch moments mein dono polite rehte hain. Rohan phone check karta hai — no signal. Tara control panel kholkar reset try karti hai, intercom dabati hai, aur bina panic kiye kehti hai ki “temporary jam” ho sakta hai. Rohan apni lawyer wali controlled tone mein joke karta hai ki “temporary” word building maintenance ke dictionary mein kaafi dangerous hota hoga. Tara muskura deti hai, lekin uski aankhon mein ek sharp observation hai. Woh Rohan ke expensive watch, loosened tie, aur uske trembling fingers ko note kar leti hai.

Conversation dheere-dheere personal hone lagti hai. Tara poochti hai ki woh late night kis se milne aaya tha. Rohan kehta hai, “Client meeting.” Tara bina dekhe bolti hai, “Client ya confession?” Rohan ka face ek second ke liye freeze hota hai. Woh cover karta hai, par Tara already notice kar chuki hoti hai. Woh casually elevator ke mirrored steel panel par ungli se ek case number likhti hai — wahi number jo Rohan ke purane, buried corruption case se juda hai. Rohan ke andar ka lawyer defensive ho jaata hai. Woh demand karta hai ki Tara ko yeh details kaise pata.

Tara pehle toh technical sa response deti hai: “Building mein kaun kab aata-jaata hai, main sab dekhti hoon.” Phir uska tone change hota hai. Woh batati hai ki uske bhai ki company ko usi case ki wajah se band hona pada tha, aur ek whistleblower ki death ko accident bolkar file close kar di gayi thi. Rohan ke liye yeh sirf case nahi tha — yeh woh file thi jise usne years ago seal karwa diya tha. Ab elevator ke andar uska calm mask crack hone lagta hai. Tara usse seedhe sawal poochti hai: “Tumne affidavit sign kiya tha ya tampering?” Rohan denial karta hai, lekin uski saans tez ho jaati hai.

Jaise-jaise tension badhti hai, elevator aur bhi strangely behave karta hai. Floor display 13 par atak jaata hai. Intercom mein koi static aati hai, phir ek distorted male voice — bahar ka security ya building control? — bolti hai:

“Confess kar lo.” Dono ek dusre ko dekhte hain. Rohan samajh jaata hai ki yeh random malfunction nahi hai. Kisi ne unhe intentionally lock kiya hai. Tara pehle se jaanti thi ki system override ho sakta hai; usne maintenance logs mein ek unauthorized access trace kiya tha. Rohan ko ab realize hota hai ki Tara sirf maintenance supervisor nahi, balki is setup ki witness bhi hai — ya shaayad architect.

Twist tab aata hai jab Tara apna flashlight Rohan ke face par thodi der ke liye rokti hai aur calmly kehti hai ki usne usi raat building ke basement server room se ek backup recording nikali thi. Recording mein Rohan ki awaaz hai — “File ko bury kar do. Public statement mein accident likho.” Rohan ka muh sookh jaata hai. Woh finally samajhta hai ki elevator ko kisi ne isliye lock kiya hai taaki woh escape na kar sake, aur pressure mein sach bol de. Tara usse ek last chance deti hai: “Abhi yahin, mere saamne, bolo ki kisne order diya tha.”

Rohan pehle resist karta hai, phir uski shoulders gir jaati hain. Woh confess karta hai ki case sirf ek client ka nahi tha; uske firm aur ek senior executive ne milkar evidence suppress kiya tha. Woh khud bhi signatory tha. Tara ki aankhon mein triumph se zyada thakan hoti hai. Woh control panel par ek hidden override switch dabati hai. Elevator ek zor ke jhatke se dobara chal padta hai. Red lights normal white mein shift hoti hain. Door khulne se pehle Tara bas itna kehti hai: “Main tumhe bachane nahi, record karne aayi thi.”

Rohan khamosh khada reh jaata hai, samajh chuka hota hai ki is elevator mein woh sirf trapped nahi tha — uska past bhi uske saath band tha. Aur jab doors finally open hote hain, corridor ki light uske chehre par padti hai, lekin relief nahi aata. Sirf yeh ehsaas ki kabhi-kabhi sabse dangerous malfunction machine ka nahi, insaan ke conscience ka hota hai.