

THE LAST RECORDING

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: Manav (29)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ke 2:17 baje, underground studio ki red practical lights ek thaki hui dhadkan ki tarah jal rahi hain. Manav, black T-shirt aur jeans mein, headphones neck par latkaye, aankhon ke neeche gehre kaale ghere liye console ke saamne khada hai. Priya hoodie aur cargo pants mein flashlight aur portable recorder pakde, studio ke sealed, metallic air ko ignore karne ki koshish kar rahi hai. Dono ka mood ekdum crisp nahi, balki woh wala hai jahan neend bhi guilt ki tarah chipak gayi ho. Aaj unhe woh "lost recording" recover karni hai jo kal raat backup fail hone ki wajah se gayab ho gayi thi. Priya ko client ko deliver karna hai, Manav ko apni mistake chupani hai. Bas, simple sa kaam. Ya aisa hi lagta hai.

Manav system on karta hai, aur audio console se ek halki si hum nikalti hai—jaise studio khud saans le raha ho. Pehle normal static aati hai. Phir ek voice. Priya ki voice. "Manav, sun raha hai? Yeh track delete mat karna." Priya turant mudti hai. "Maine abhi bola hi nahi." Manav hasi mein uda deta hai, "Sleep deprivation, yaani dono pe effect." Lekin agle second playback mein Manav ki awaaz aati hai, bilkul usi tone mein, "Priya, booth ka darwaza band mat karna." Dono ek doosre ko ghoorte hain. Booth ka glass andhere mein aur bhi black lag raha hota hai.

Priya recorder ko console se connect karti hai, hoping manual capture ho jaaye. Par jaise hi play dabta hai, system unki aaj ki baaton ko repeat karne lagta hai—word for word, par thoda pehle se. Jaise koi unse ek second aage bol raha ho. Manav ke haath kaanpne lagte hain. "Ye live monitor nahi ho sakta. Main ne routing check ki thi." Priya, jo usually practical hoti hai, ab zyada sharply bolti hai, "Tu check karta hai ya bas bolta hai?" Unke beech ka tension sirf work ka nahi, kuch personal bhi hai—do log jo ek dusre ko pehle se zyada samajhte hain aur isliye zyada chubh bhi jaate hain.

Phir recorder se ek aur layer ■■■■■ hai. Unki purani conversation, jo aaj ki nahi thi. Priya ki awaaz: "Tu har baar raat ko kyun akele aata hai?" Manav: "Kyunki studio mein awazein kam hoti hain." Dono freeze. Yeh line kisi ko yaad nahi. Priya ki flashlight booth ki taraf jaati hai. Glass ke andar mic stand khada hai, lekin us par ek shadow latak rahi hai—insaan jaisi, par thodi der se hilti hui. Manav console band kar deta hai, par playback nahi rukta. Ab speakers se unhi ki nahi, kisi teesri saans ki kharash jaisi awaaz aati hai.

"Final track," static ke beech ek dheemi, female whisper bolti hai, "abhi bhi recording kar raha hai." Priya ka chehra safed pad jaata hai. Manav yaad karta hai: kal raat shutdown ke waqt unhone ek test recording chhodi thi, bina level

check kiye. Booth ke andar khali mic tha. Ya shayad khali nahi. Unhone jo bhi capture kiya tha, woh sound nahi tha—presence thi. Ek aisi cheez jo microphone ke through room mein aa gayi aur phir yahin atak gayi.

Priya recorder se last file open karti hai. File name hota hai: LAST_RECORDING_01. Play. Pehle unki normal hansii. Phir unki behas. Phir ek aur layer—same voices, lekin behind them, kisi aur ka low, moist whisper. “Main ghar tak aa gaya.” Manav ka gala sookh jaata hai. Priya dheere se puchti hai, “Ghar tak?” Playback mein Manav ki awaaz, jo usne kabhi nahi boli thi, kehti hai, “Haan. Isliye darwaza mat kholna.”

Tabhi studio ke bahar, corridor mein, koi do baar knock karta hai. Dono ek saath piche mudte hain. Phir ek aur knock—bilkul unhi teen beats mein jaise recording mein tha. Priya ka flashlight ka beam door par tik jaata hai. Manav booth ke glass mein dekhta hai aur uske peeche, usi glass mein, ek reflection nahi—ek extra silhouette dikhti hai. Woh unke beech khadi hai, par frame mein nahi.

Priya, almost whisper mein, bolti hai, “Manav... recording rok.” Manav console ki taraf jhapatta hai, lekin speakers se uski hi awaaz aati hai, calm aur final: “Too late.” Lights ek second ke liye flicker karti hain. Jab dobara jalti hain, booth ka mic on hai. Headphones console par khud-ba-khud latak gaye hain. Aur playback mein ab sirf un dono ki saans nahi, teesri saans bhi chal rahi hai—bilkul unke saath, bilkul room ke andar.

Last shot mein Priya portable recorder ko dekhti hai. Uski red recording light abhi bhi on hai. Screen par file counter aage badh raha hai. Studio mein koi bolta nahi, phir bhi ek naya voice note record ho raha hai. Aur is baar, uski title line khud likh rahi hai: THE LAST RECORDING.