

THE CHAIR IN THE ATTIC

A Horror/Supernatural 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Genre: Horror/Supernatural	Format: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor)	Runtime: 4 - 6 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) Character: Home Renovation Enthusiast (Male, 34-40)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ka waqt tha, aur main apne naye ghar ke attic mein ghussa hua tha, full renovation mood mein. Dust mask muh par, safety glasses sir pe, ek haath mein flashlight aur doosre mein hammer. Mujhe aise purane ghar mein kaam karne ka alag hi thrill milta hai—jaise har deewar ke peeche ek secret chhupa ho. Attic chhota tha, saans lene ko jagah kam, aur slanted ceiling ki wajah se har do kadam par mera sir beam se takraane wala tha. Ek weak amber bulb latak raha tha, jo hawa mein tairte dust particles ko aur bhi creepy bana raha tha. Main khud se bol raha tha, “Bas ek do boxes aur nikaal doon, phir niche jaake chai.”

Phir mujhe ek purani wooden chair dikhi, kapdon aur cobwebs ke neeche aadhi chhupi hui. Main has pada. “Arre, itna drama kyun? Ek chair hi toh hai.” Uske seat par ek folded note pada tha. Maine note uthaya, dust phoonk ke padha: “Don't sit after dark.” Main itna hi bola, “Wah. Ghar ke pichhle owner ka sense of humor bahut kharab tha.” Mujhe laga koi prank hoga, ya shayad koi family superstition. Main note ko tool belt mein daal ke kaam mein lag gaya.

Lekin thodi der baad jab main ek box khol raha tha, meri flashlight ki roshni chair ke upar padi. Chair seedhi meri taraf face kar rahi thi. Main ruk gaya. Maine khud se kaha, “Maine isse yahan toh nahi chhoda tha?” Maine chair ko thoda side mein ghaseet ke wall ke paas kar diya. Phir doosri taraf mud gaya, ek beam ke niche se insulation hataane laga. Sirf kuch seconds hue honge. Jab main wapas mudaa... chair phir se alag direction mein thi. Ab woh meri left side ko face kar rahi thi. Main hasa, par hasi fake thi. “Theek hai. Wind? Floor slant? Ya mera dimag?”

Main ne hammer table pe rakha, flashlight ko steady kiya, aur jaan-bujhkar chair ko dekhte hue peeche hata. “Nahi bhai, aaj tu mujhe daraane wala nahi hai.” Maine chair ko dhakka diya. Woh thodi si khiski, bas. Main neeche jhuk ke ek screw box uthaya. Uthte hi mere kandhe ke upar se ek thandi hawa guzri. Bulb ek baar jhilmilaya. Maine turant palat ke chair dekhi. Ab woh opposite side face kar rahi thi. Bilkul aise jaise koi mere turn lene ka wait kar raha ho.

Mera gala sookh gaya. “Okay... okay, very funny.” Maine note dobara nikala. Don't sit after dark. Bas itna hi. Na koi naam, na explanation. Maine flashlight se chair ke neeche check kiya, side mein check kiya, peeth ke peeche check kiya. Kuch nahi. Sirf purani lakdi, dhool, aur ek ajeeb si smell—wet wood aur... jaise kisi ne kabhi yahan der tak baith

kar wait kiya ho.

Phir maine woh stupid line boli jo har horror story mein hero bolta hai: “Main darne wala nahi hoon.” Aur usi moment chair ke legs ne, ya shayad mujhe aisa laga, floor par ek halki si squeak ki. Main freeze ho gaya. Attic itna chhota tha ki meri saans ki awaaz bhi loud lag rahi thi. Maine apna dust mask neeche khinch ke ek gehri saans li aur bola, “Nahi. Nahi, main abhi yahan se nikalta hoon.”

Lekin curiosity stubborn thi. Main chair ke paas gaya, note ko phaad ke zameen par phenka, aur kaha, “Kisne likha, kyun likha—mujhe farq nahi padta.” Maine chair ko pakad ke turn karne ki koshish ki. Jaise hi haath lagaya, mera flashlight beam bulb se takraya aur attic ek second ke liye aur zyada andhera lagne laga. Uss ek second mein mujhe laga chair pe koi baitha hua hai. Bas ek outline, ek pressure, ek invisible weight. Main piche hata, heart hammer ki tarah dhadak raha tha.

Mainne khud ko sambhala, “Theek hai. Ab main maan leta hoon—yeh chair normal nahi hai.” Maine hammer uthaya, chair ke ek leg par zor se maara. Lakdi phatne ki awaaz aayi. Par uske saath hi chair ne, bina kisi haath ke, dheere se apni position badli aur meri taraf face kar liya. Bilkul seedha. Bilkul patient. Jaise woh keh rahi ho: ab? Main? Main?

Aur tab mujhe realize hua—darkness attic mein thi nahi... darkness chair ke andar thi. Main bas ek renovation enthusiast nahi tha, main us ghar ka next occupant tha. Main dheere se peeche hata, flashlight ka beam tremble kar raha tha, aur meri awaaz bas ek whisper reh gayi: “Bas. Isko yahin rehne do.”

Main aaj bhi us attic mein kaam complete nahi kar paaya. Neeche aate waqt maine darwaze ke paas se hi ek last look liya tha. Chair ab bhi wahin thi. Aur is baar, woh meri taraf nahi... niche stairs ki taraf face kar rahi thi, jaise wait kar rahi ho ki main dobara upar aaun. Dark ke baad, main kabhi wapas nahi gaya. Aur honestly? Koi bhi renovation itna important nahi hota ki uske liye ek chair ki jagah le li jaaye.