

THE GIRL IN THE ELEVATOR

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: Overnight Hotel Housekeeper (Female, 23-29)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ke 2:13 baje hain. Hotel ki pehli teen floors so chuki hain, aur bas housekeeping corridor ki neeli si roshni bachi hai. Main, Naina, apni uniform mein, practical shoes pehne, cleaning tote aur key card pakde elevator ke saamne khadi hoon. Din bhar ke thake hue pair, lekin aankhein abhi bhi alert hain. Night shift ka sabse boring kaam hota hai—rooms check karna, towels replace karna, aur lift mein akele khade hokar apne hi reflection se bachna.

Elevator khulta hai. Mirror walls mein meri hi image do-do baar dikh rahi hai. Hair tied back, face pe exhaustion, haath mein cloth, tote side mein. Main andar jaati hoon aur “4” dabati hoon. Darwaze band hote hi fluorescent light aur zyada safed lagne lagti hai. Elevator upar jaata hai, phir achanak ek jhatka—aur ruk jaata hai. Panel pe floor number blink karte hain. 3... 2... 1... phir blank.

Main sigh karti hoon. “Nahi yaar, ab mat kar,” main khud se bolti hoon. Button dabati hoon. Kuch nahi. Phir ek halki si ding. Darwaze nahi khulte. Mirror mein mere peeche ek corridor dikhne lagta hai. Lekin main piche mud kar dekhti hoon—wahan sirf metallic panel hai. Main samajh jaati hoon ki lift ne kisi beech ke floor pe stop kiya hai. Aisa floor jo hotel map mein hai hi nahi.

Tab mirror mein mujhe ek chhoti si ladki dikhti hai.

White frock, geele baal, pair nange. Woh elevator ke kone mein khadi hai, bilkul chup. Main turant palat kar dekhti hoon—koi nahi. Phir mirror mein woh mujhe dekhi rahi hoti hai. Uski aankhein badi, dark, aur bahut thaki hui. Woh bolti nahi pehle. Bas mirror mein apni ungli se elevator ke panel ki taraf ishara karti hai.

“Room... please,” woh dheere se kehti hai.

Mera gala sookh jaata hai. Main phone nikaalti hoon, flashlight on karti hoon, par real space mein kuch bhi nahi.

“Beta... tum kaun ho? Kaunsa room?” Main awaaz ko soft rakhti hoon, jaise koi lost guest ho.

Ladki mirror mein bhi same distance pe khadi rehti hai. “Mera room... upar nahi. Neeche.”

Mere haath kaanp jaate hain. Main lift button ko phir dabati hoon. Is baar panel pe ek floor number ubhar aata hai: 0.

Hotel mein zero floor? Basement to -1 hai. Main yaad karti hoon—storage, laundry, boiler room. Main kabhi kabhi wahan jaati hoon, par guest room? Impossible.

“Yahaan koi room nahi hota, sweetheart,” main bolti hoon, aur khud ko normal rakhne ki koshish karti hoon. “Shayad tumhara parents ne galat lift use kiya hoga.”

Ladki ki aankhon mein paani chamakne lagta hai. “Mummy ne bola tha, ‘lift se seedha aa jaana, darna nahi.’ Main aayi thi.”

Uski awaaz jaise kisi purani recording se aa rahi ho—thodi crackle, thodi door. Mere phone ki screen pe ek missed notification blink karta hai: “Front Desk: Floor 4 par koi guest complaint?” Main usse ignore karti hoon. Abhi problem kuch aur hai.

Main mirror ke paas jaakar dhyaan se dekhti hoon. Ladki ke piche reflection mein ek room number plate nazar aati hai: 407. Main jhatke se yaad karti hoon—hotel mein 407 room ke bahar hamesha ek chhota sa blue sticker hota tha, “Do not disturb.” Kal subah us room ko deep clean karna tha. Lekin dimag mein ek aur image flash hoti hai—same room, same corridor, aur ek chhoti ladki ka ek second ka shadow, jaise woh bed ke neeche chhup gayi ho.

Mera saans rukta hai.

Main dheere se bolti hoon, “Tum 407 mein thi?”

Ladki sir hilaati hai. “Main wahi thi. Par sab log chalte rahe. Nobody came back.”

Ab mirror mein elevator ka metal thanda lag raha hai, jaise uske andar hawa nahi, yaad bhari ho. Main apni tote mein se cleaning cloth nikaalti hoon aur mirror ko wipe karne lagti hoon. Jaise-jaise main saaf karti hoon, ladki ka reflection clear hota jaata hai—aur uske saath corridor bhi. Corridor mein 407 ke door ke neeche se ek patli si light line dikh rahi hai. Real world mein aisa kuch nahi.

“Sun,” main bolti hoon, ab meri awaaz shaky hai, “main tumhe room tak le ja sakti hoon. Bas mujhe batao tumhara naam kya hai.”

Ladki pehli baar muskurati hai, par woh smile bachpan wali nahi lagti. Zyada purani, jaise kisi ne bahut pehle chhupa di ho. “Mera naam... mujhe yaad nahi.”

Aur tab mujhe yaad aata hai. Ek incident report. Pichhle saal. Ek chhoti guest missing. Hotel ne quiet settlement kiya. No police. No headlines. Bas ek note: “Child wandered from room; found later.” Lekin found later kab? Kisne dekha? Kisne report file ki? Main nahi. Main yahan tab nahi thi. Phir bhi mere dimaag mein ek aur memory khulti hai—hospital corridor, meri maa ka haath, aur ek elevator ke darwaze band hote hue. Main chhoti thi. Bahut chhoti. Main ro rahi thi. Koi mujhe “Naina” bol raha tha. Ya shayad main khud bol rahi thi.

Lift achanak ek aur jhatke se neeche jaati hai. Panel pe 0 blink karta hai, phir 407.

Mere haath se cloth gir jaata hai. Mirror mein ladki ab elevator mein nahi, balki mere piche khadi hai. Bilkul meri height ke paas, mere shoulder ke peeche. Main real world mein mudti hoon—wahan koi nahi. Lekin mirror mein woh dheere se mere ear ke paas bolti hai:

“Ab yaad aaya?”

Main frozen ho jaati hoon. Saans, awaaz, sab bandh.

Aur mujhe sab yaad aata hai: woh lift, woh red carpet, woh chhota sa room, meri ungliyaan kisi aur ke haath mein, aur ek dar jo sirf kisi bachi ka nahi tha. Main hi thi. Main hi thi woh ladki. Main hotel mein overnight housekeeper nahi, us raat ka lost child hoon—ya shayad dono. Elevator ne mujhe marne nahi diya. Usne mujhe yaad se kaat diya. Ab har raat main isi corridor mein kaam karti hoon, apne aap ko dhoondhti hui.

Mirror mein ladki ab mere jaise dikhne lagti hai—same tired face, same tied-back hair, same uniform ka ghostly version. Woh elevator ke panel pe 407 dabati hai. Darwaze khulte hain, lekin bahar corridor nahi—sirf ek aur mirror.

Main dheere se muskurati hoon, aankhon mein aansu ke saath.

“Okay,” main whisper karti hoon. “Let’s go home.”

Aur lift, jo kabhi floor pe nahi rukti thi, is baar seedha neeche chali jaati hai—jaise memory finally apna darwaza khol rahi ho.