

THE THIRD VOICE

A Horror/Supernatural 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Horror/Supernatural	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Tanish (27)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Midnight ka waqt hai, aur ek chhota sa recording studio apni red standby lights aur monitor glow mein kisi band dabbe jaisa lag raha hai. Soundproof foam walls har awaaz ko nigal leti hain, phir bhi room ke andar ek ajeeb si ghoonthi hui khamoshi tair rahi hai. Tanish, pale face aur jittery hands ke saath, headphones neck par latkaye audio levels check kar raha hai. Farid, uniform cap ke neeche heavy eyelids aur suspicious stare ke saath, doorway ke paas khada hai—jaise studio ka guard kam, studio ka judge zyada ho. Aur Ishaan, trendy hoodie aur confident smile ke saath, mic ke saamne baitha hai, apne live paranormal podcast ka intro bolne ke liye ready. Teenon ka plan simple hai: ek spooky episode, thoda drama, thodi audience, aur thoda late-night content. Par studio ki hawa already kuch aur keh rahi hai.

Recording start hoti hai. Ishaan apni usual polished tone mein bolta hai, Farid ko “night watchman with a sixth sense” bana kar tease karta hai, aur Tanish sound levels pe haath kaanpate hue bhi control mein rakhne ki koshish karta hai. Pehle kuch minutes sab normal lagta hai—thodi banter, thoda tension, aur Farid ki dry one-liners jo accidentally funny nikal jaati hain. Phir waveform monitor par ek extra spike aata hai. Tanish pause karta hai. Ishaan bolta hai, “Kya hua?” Tanish ke headphones mein ek fourth voice sunai deti hai. Awaaz bahut clear hai, bahut close: “Mic ke left se mat dekho. Woh tumhe sun raha hai.” Ishaan aur Farid dono confuse ho jaate hain, kyunki room mein unke alawa koi nahi hai. Ishaan isse prank samajh kar smile karta hai, par uski smile tab crack hoti hai jab waveform par voice ka pattern live move karta hua dikhai deta hai—jaise koi invisible aadmi unke beech khada saans le raha ho.

Phir wo voice unki har movement describe karne lagti hai. “Ishaan, tu abhi bhi camera angle dekh raha hai. Tujhe dar nahi, exposure ka darr hai.” Ishaan ka face tight ho jaata hai. “Farid, tu darwaze ke paas isliye khada hai kyunki andar aane se zyada, bahar nikalne ka plan hai.” Farid ka suspicious stare aur gehra ho jaata hai. “Aur Tanish,” voice dheere se bolti hai, “tu abhi bhi us file ko delete nahi kar paya?” Tanish ka haath freeze ho jaata hai. Room mein ek second ka silence aata hai, phir Ishaan ka fake confidence tootne lagta hai. Farid seedha Tanish ko dekhta hai. “Kaunsi file?” Tanish kuch bolta nahi. Desk lamp ki roshni mein uska pale face aur zyada safed lagta hai.

Voice aur crisp ho jaati hai. “Us raat wali file. Jis mein tumne mera last take record kiya tha.” Ab studio ka atmosphere badal jaata hai. Ishaan samajh nahi paata, par Farid ki aankhon mein pehchaan ka jhatka aa jaata hai. Woh dheere se bolta hai, “Yeh room... pehle bhi aisa hi tha.” Tanish ki jittery hands mixer par chipak jaati hain. Voice continue

karti hai, “Main yahin mara tha. Isi mic ke saamne. Kisi ne record kiya tha, aur kisi ne usko chhupa diya.” Ishaan ka confident smile ab sirf ek mask lagta hai. “Kya bakwaas hai yeh?” woh bolta hai, lekin uski awaaz kaanp jaati hai. Voice bina gusse ke, almost sad tone mein kehti hai, “Main scare karne nahi aaya. Main warning dene aaya hoon. Tum mein se kisi ek ne mujhe wapas bulaya hai.”

Ab twist ka weight room par girta hai. Farid bolta hai ki usne sirf night shift ke dauran ek old storage drive Ishaan ko diya tha. Ishaan pehli baar sach bolta hai—usne episode ko viral banane ke liye “real footage” ka promise kiya tha, par usne koi drive nahi mangi thi. Sabki nazar Tanish par jaati hai. Tanish ki aankhon mein guilt aur fear ek saath chamakne lagte hain. Woh dheere se admit karta hai ki usne purani dead session file restore ki thi, kyunki usmein “missing voice” tha—aur usne socha tha podcast mein use karke fame mil jayegi. Voice suddenly sharply bolti hai, “Nahi. Tumne restore nahi kiya. Tumne invite kiya. Us word ke saath jo tumne mic par bola tha.” Ishaan yaad karta hai—recording se pehle Tanish ne mazaak mein ek line boli thi: “Agar koi yahan hai, toh aaja.”

Final beat mein desk lamp flicker karta hai. Waveform monitor par ek final spike aata hai, aur voice ka last message almost whisper mein sunai deta hai: “Woh jo sabse zyada dar raha hai... wahi mujhe laaya hai.” Teenon ek dusre ko dekhte hain. Farid ka stare Tanish par tik jaata hai. Ishaan ka smile completely vanish ho chuka hai. Tanish ke kaan mein headphones se ek last hiss aati hai, aur uske face par realization padta hai—voice sirf dead man ki nahi, uske apne recorded invite ki response thi. Studio ki red lights steady ho jaati hain. Khamoshi itni heavy hoti hai ki lagta hai room ab unka nahi, uska hai. Aur somewhere in that silence, ek fourth breath still alive hai.