

MUTED

A Psychological Thriller 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Psychological Thriller	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Aarav (26)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Aarav ki zindagi already low battery pe chal rahi thi. Raat ke 11:47 baje, apne flat ke bahar corridor mein khada woh phone ko baar-baar refresh kar raha tha, jaise kisi app ka bug uski poori zindagi theek kar dega. Tabhi uske smartphone par ek silent video message aaya. Sender unknown. Video mein uska hi flat tha—andar se shoot kiya gaya, dim light, kitchen ka corner, aur ek aadmi ka haath frame mein aakar door chain ko dheere se khol raha tha. Aarav ka gala sookh gaya. Usne turant Suresh ko bulaya, jo building superintendent tha: thick mustache, stern face, aur aisi calmness jo hamesha suspicious lagti thi. Suresh ne logbook nikali, flashlight jalaayi, aur bola ki koi issue nahi, security gate par sab theek tha. Lekin uski baat mein ek ajeeb sa gap tha—jaise woh kuch chhupa raha ho.

Mihir, across the hall wala neighbor, neat shirt aur polite smile ke saath bahar nikla. Usne bade shaant tareeke se kaha ki usne bhi “ek aadmi” ko Aarav ke flat mein ghuste dekha tha. Aarav ne poocha, “Kaun tha?” Mihir ne bas itna bola, “Chehra clear nahi tha. Par chalne ka andaaz...” aur ruk gaya. Suresh ne turant counter kiya ki usne corridor mein kisi ko nahi dekha. Phir Mihir ne kaha ki usne stairwell ke paas se ek shadow dekhi thi. Suresh bola shadow nahi, reflection tha. Aarav ka phone phir vibrate hua—dusra silent video. Is baar camera angle bedroom se tha. Bed ke paas ek pair, phir ek haath, aur finally Aarav ka hi hoodie chair par lataкта hua. Aarav ne dar ke maare door chain pakad li. Usne kaha, “Main andar se hi toh bahar aaya hoon.”

Teenon corridor mein ek dusre ko dekhte rahe. Bulb buzz karta raha, jaise space khud nervous ho. Aarav ne key card se door kholne ki koshish ki, par lock ke paas chain lagi hui thi—andar se. Suresh ne logbook mein entry dhoondhi. Mihir ne politely pucha, “Aapko yaad hai, kal raat aapne door band kiya tha?” Aarav ne jawab diya, “Haan. Main hi tha.” Mihir ne ek micro-smile ke saath bola, “Bas wahi toh.” Suresh ne flashlight se keyhole inspect kiya aur murmur kiya, “Koi break-in nahi hai.” Aarav ne gusse mein kaha, “Toh phir video kaun bhej raha hai?” Suresh aur Mihir ek second ke liye bilkul chup ho gaye.

Twist tab aaya jab Aarav ke phone par teesra video khula. Is baar camera corridor mein tha—unke bilkul peeche. Frame mein Suresh logbook ke saath khada tha, Mihir door ke paas, aur Aarav khud apne flat ke gate ko dekh raha tha. Par video ka focus un par nahi tha. Focus tha flat ke andar ke darkness par. Ek shape dheere se frame ke edge se nikli—ek aadmi, ya shayad aurat, ya bas ek shadow—jo pichhle teen din se wahin tha. Voice note nahi, sirf silent footage. Aarav ne door chain todne ki koshish ki. Suresh ne pehli baar apni sternness lose ki. Mihir ka polite smile

gayab ho gaya. Andar se ek familiar sa khatkhatahat aayi—teenon ne jo suna, woh unke saamne wale flat ka nahi, Aarav ke phone ka tha.

Phir ek final video aaya. Is baar camera angle bedroom ke cupboard ke andar se tha. Frame mein ek gaunt, exhausted face tha—Aarav ka nahi. Woh aadmi, jo kab se us flat mein maujood tha, aankhon ke neeche gehre kaale ghere, aur lips pe ek almost apologetic smile ke saath, camera ki taraf dekhta hai. Uske haath mein Aarav ka earbuds case tha. Screen par bas ek line type hui: “Ab tum bahar ho.” Corridor ki roshni aur bhi thandi ho gayi. Suresh ne logbook gira di. Mihir ne ek step peeche liya. Aarav ne apni pocket se key card nikali—jo uske haath mein kab se thi hi nahi. Tab usne realize kiya: jo messages woh dekh raha tha, woh warning nahi thi. Woh attendance thi. Aur jo apartment uska tha, woh ab kisi aur ka ghar ban chuka tha.