

THE MIRROR CALL

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: Harsh (27)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Harsh aur Siddharth raat ke waqt ek chhote se bathroom-dressing room mein ghuse hue hain, jahan ek bada sa mirror deewar par latak raha hai, peeli dim bulb gunguna rahi hai, aur khidki se kabhi-kabhi thandi hawa glass ko khadkhada deti hai. Harsh apni hoodie ki zip aadhi khol ke cool banne ki koshish kar raha hai, jaise usse kisi cheez se darr hi na lagta ho. Siddharth uske ulta, phone flashlight aur kalai par bandhha hua prayer thread pakde hue hai, aur baar-baar bol raha hai ki viral mirror challenge koi mazaak nahi hota. Dono ka tone light hai, lekin room mein pehle se hi ek ajeeb si nami aur silence hai, jaise mirror unki baatein sun raha ho.

Tab Leena aati hai. Woh unki neighbor hai—quiet, almost expressionless—wet baal, pale face, aur aisi aankhen jo conversation ke hisaab se kabhi react hi nahi karti. Harsh usse dekhkar aur zyada hero banne lagta hai, Siddharth uski presence se aur uneasy ho jata hai. Leena bas itna kehti hai, “Agar challenge karna hai, toh mirror se seedha poochho. Woh jhooth nahi bolta.” Uska tone flat hai, par uski baat room mein ek thandi lakeer kheench deti hai. Harsh isse prank samajhta hai aur mirror challenge shuru kar deta hai: teen baar naam bolo, phir mirror ko sawaal pucho. Siddharth mana karta hai, Leena chup rehti hai.

Pehle kuch nahi hota. Phir, jab Harsh apne reflection se poochta hai, “Kaun sabse zyada dar raha hai?” mirror mein dikh raha Harsh thoda sa delay ke saath smile karta hai—aur jawab Siddharth ki awaaz mein aata hai: “Tu.” Dono shock mein ek dusre ko dekhte hain. Siddharth ke phone ki flashlight flicker karti hai. Harsh hasne ki koshish karta hai, bolta hai ki yeh echo hoga, par mirror ke andar reflection ab unse thoda alag behave kar raha hai. Jo Harsh bolta hai, uska reflected version do second baad bolta hai. Jo Siddharth chup hota hai, uska reflection khud se aankhen ghuma kar Leena ko dekhne lagta hai.

Leena, jo ab tak bas khadi thi, mirror ke saamne aakar poochti hai, “Mujhe yaad hai na?” Harsh aur Siddharth usse puchte hain ki woh kis baat ki baat kar rahi hai, par Leena ka face blank hai—sirf uski aankhon mein ek purani, geeli si dard ki chamak hai. Mirror achanak room ka temperature gira deta hai. Wind window ko zor se hilaati hai. Water glass shelf se halkasa slide hota hai. Siddharth ki kalai ka prayer thread dheela padne lagta hai jaise kisi invisible haath ne kheench liya ho.

Ab voices aane lagti hain—pehle unki, phir kisi aur ki, phir unki hi awaaz mein koi teesri layer. Harsh aur Siddharth ek dusre par blame karte hain. Harsh bolta hai Siddharth prank kar raha hai. Siddharth bolta hai Harsh ne mirror challenge ko serious bana diya. Beech-beech mein dono ko lagta hai ki unhone kuch seconds lose kiye hain: ek pal mein woh mirror ke saamne hain, agle pal floor wet hai, comb sink ke paas pada hai, aur Leena ka reflection mirror mein unke peeche khada hai, jabki Leena asli mein wahi saamne khadi hoti hai. Yeh contradiction unhe tod deta hai.

Phir twist aata hai. Leena dheere se bolti hai ki woh mar chuki hai. Harsh aur Siddharth hasne ki koshish karte hain, par mirror mein jo Leena ka reflection hai, woh unse pehle bol padta hai: “Main doob gayi thi.” Room mein sannata. Leena batati hai—ya shayad mirror batata hai—ki us raat woh isi bathroom mein aayi thi, wet hair ke saath, comb table par rakha tha, water glass gira tha, aur kisi ne darwaza band kar diya tha. Woh “kisi” ka chehra mirror ne un dono mein se ek ki reflection mein chhupa rakha tha. Harsh aur Siddharth ko yaad aane lagta hai: ek argument, ek push, ek slip, phir pani ka overflow, aur phir missing seconds.

Par sabse chilling reveal yeh hota hai ki mirror un dono ko punish nahi kar raha—woh unka istemal kar raha hai. Mirror ko Leena ki maut ka sequence yaad nahi hai, kyunki yaad sirf living log carry kar sakte hain. Isliye mirror ne Harsh aur Siddharth ko is room mein bulaya, unki zubaan aur aankhon ke through us raat ko dobara chalaya, taaki woh apni death ko “remember” kar sake. Leena ka real body shayad kab ka gayab ho chuka hai, par uski presence mirror mein atki hui hai—na poori tarah rooh, na poori tarah yaad.

Final moment mein Harsh aur Siddharth mirror se nazar nahi hila pate. Leena softly unse kehti hai, “Ab bolo... kaun tha?” Aur mirror mein unki reflections ek dusre ki taraf mud jaati hain, jaise dono ke andar se koi aur bol raha ho. Dim bulb ek baar bahut tez jhalakti hai. Jab light wapas aati hai, bathroom mein sirf do living bodies khade hote hain—magar mirror mein teen reflections hain. Leena ka reflection smile karta hai, aur slow, wet whisper mein kehta hai: “Ab yaad aa gaya.”

Room ka glass khud-ba-khud khadkhadata hai. Cut to black.