

ECHOES IN THE ELEVATOR

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: Vikram (38)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ka koi anjaana sa time hai. Residential building ke purane elevator mein Vikram, loosened tie aur paseene se bheega, bas ek hi baat repeat kar raha hai: "Technical fault hai, kuchh nahi." Uske saath khadi Leela, khaki uniform mein building security supervisor, apne key ring ko aise pakde hue hai jaise wohi uska talisman ho. Uski aankhon mein darr kam, shak zyada hai. Aur corner mein, rain-damp coat pehne Ananya, bilkul chup, chehre par aisi shaanti jaise woh is sab ko pehle se jaanti ho.

Elevator achanak jhatke se ruk jaata hai. Emergency red strips jal uthte hain. Ceiling panel flicker karta hai. Mirrored walls mein unki reflections baar-baar dikh rahi hain, jaise aur log bhi elevator mein maujood hon. Vikram elevator panel pe buttons dabaata rehta hai, phone ka signal zero, intercom par "Hello?" bolta hai. Lekin intercom se uski hi awaaz thodi der baad aati hai, "Hello?" — exact tone mein, exact pause ke saath. Fir Leela ke "Koi baat nahi, main hoon na" ke baad, intercom se wahi line dohraayi jaati hai, bas ek second pehle. Teeno ek doosre ko dekhte hain. Pehli baar, room ka temperature jaise aur neeche girta hai.

Leela turant bolti hai ki building purani hai, isme pehle bhi "khali lift" aawazein aati rahi hain. Woh floor directory par ungli rakh kar purane records yaad karti hai—teen saal pehle isi shaft mein ek resident ke girne ki afwah, uske baad raat ko lift ka khud chalna. Vikram uska mazaak udaata hai, par uski awaaz mein bhi ab shak aa chuka hai. Woh technical explanation deta hai: relay issue, intercom feedback loop, power fluctuation. Lekin har baar jab woh koi naya reason deta hai, intercom usse pehle wohi reason whisper kar deta hai. Jaise elevator uske dimaag se nahi, uske jhooth se feed ho raha ho.

Ananya tab pehli baar bolti hai—bahut calmly. "Yeh lift unko trap karti hai jo sach nahi bolte." Vikram hansne ki koshish karta hai, par hans nahi paata. Leela usse ghoor kar poochti hai, "Aur tu kaise jaanti hai?" Ananya ke face par koi emotion nahi aata. Woh bas floor directory ki taraf dekh kar kehti hai ki is building mein log sirf dead ya alive nahi hote—kabhi kabhi "missing" bhi hote hain. Uski baat se Leela ka grip tight ho jaata hai. Uske key ring mein keys chhanak uthi hain.

Phir revelations ka silsila start hota hai. Vikram confess karta hai ki woh office manager hai, lekin building ke maintenance complaints time par forward nahi karta tha. Woh admit karta hai ki usne aaj bhi lift inspection delay ki

thi, kyunki budget cut ka report chhupana tha. Leela pehle gusse mein aati hai, phir thandi hansi hans deti hai. Woh batati hai ki do mahine pehle usne basement ke incident report mein “accidental death” likh diya tha, jabki usne khud lift shaft ke paas kisi ko dhakka dete hue dekha tha—aur report badal di thi, kyunki uska khud ka beta us building mein kaam karta tha. Ananya bas un dono ko sun rahi hoti hai, jaise judge ho.

Intercom ab aur clear hone lagta hai. Har confession ke baad usi confession ka echo aata hai, lekin thoda distorted, jaise kisi ne andar se bol diya ho: “Jhooth... jhooth...” Ceiling panel ek baar zyada bright flicker karta hai. Mirrored walls mein Ananya ki reflection do second late move karti hai. Vikram notice karta hai aur pehli baar sach mein darr jaata hai. Woh Ananya se poochta hai, “Tumhara kya sach hai?”

Ananya dheere se coat ke collar se ek wet hospital band nikaalti hai. Us par building ka hi address hai. Woh kehti hai, “Main yahin thi. Us raat.” Leela ka chehra safed pad jaata hai. Ananya kehti hai ki woh lift mein phansi thi jab power cut hua tha. Leela ne us waqt records mein uska naam “resident delayed” likha tha, kyunki building management ko scandal chhupana tha. Vikram ne complaint close kar di thi. Dono ne milkar ek zinda insaan ko paperwork mein gaayab kar diya tha.

Ab elevator ka panel khud-b-khud floor buttons blink karne lagta hai. Intercom se ek final line aati hai, is baar Ananya ki awaaz mein: “Jo chupate ho, woh yahin reh jaata hai.” Elevator achanak neeche jhatka khata hai. Sab girte-bachte hain. Emergency light steady ho jaati hai. Doors khulne lagte hain, par opening mein corridor nahi—sirf ek aur elevator shaft ka dark mouth dikhai deta hai.

Vikram, Leela aur Ananya ki reflections ek pal ke liye alag-alag move karti hain. Phir Vikram dekhta hai: uski reflection blink nahi kar rahi. Woh saans rok leta hai. Leela ka key ring zameen par girta hai, aur uski chhanak mein ek purani name tag nazar aati hai—“Ananya R.”

Twist yeh nahi ki elevator haunted hai. Twist yeh hai ki Ananya kabhi wahan se nikli hi nahi thi. Woh us raat mar chuki thi, aur ab sirf un dono ko unke jhooth ke saath neeche le ja rahi thi. Doors khulte hi Vikram aur Leela ko samajh aata hai: final descent unka nahi, unki sachchai ka tha. Andar se ek last whisper aata hai—“Ab sach bolo.”

Aur cut to black.