

THE LANDLORD'S DAUGHTER

A Mystery/Crime 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Mystery/Crime	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Siddharth (40)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

100% Free for Every Filmmaker & Creator.

Shoot it, direct it, share it anywhere?no licensing fees, no paperwork, no barriers. Whether you're making your first student film, a festival entry, or an independent project, all scripts on Story Dil Se are completely free to adapt.

All we ask: Give credit where it's due with an on-screen mention in your credits:

'Story & Screenplay by Story Dil Se (storydilse.in)'.

Shaam ka waqt hai. Narrow apartment corridor mein weak tube light flicker kar rahi hai, aur stairwell se aati yellow spill ki roshni deewar par lambi, ajeeb shadows bana rahi hai. Door chain ki halki jhankar, padosi TV ke muffled dialogues, aur mail slot se aati purani hawa—sab milkar ek aisa mahaul banate hain jahan har awaaz suspicious lagti hai.

Siddharth, office clothes mein, hamesha ki tarah aankhon se bachkar khada hai. Woh apne flat ke bahar hi tha jab andar se ek ghuti hui scream sunayi deti hai. Woh freeze ho jata hai, phir dheere se landlord ke flat ki taraf dekhta hai. Door locked hai. Chain lagi hui hai. Tabhi Rekha, stern bun aur house slippers mein, keys ko jaise weapon ki tarah pakde corridor mein aati hai. Uski nazar seedhi Siddharth par padti hai, aur uske chehre par pehle se hi shak likha hua hai.

"Aap yahan kya kar rahe ho?" Rekha ki awaaz mein gusse se zyada control hota hai. Siddharth politely kehta hai ki usne scream suni. Rekha turant bolti hai, "TV ka sound hoga. Yahan sabko sunayi deta hai, par sach kisi ko nahi sunta." Uska tone itna sharp hai ki lagta hai woh sirf tenant se nahi, kisi aur se bhi lad rahi hai. Siddharth ki nazar uske haath mein keys par tiki hai. Woh poochta hai ki flat ke andar kaun hai. Rekha ek second ke liye rukti hai, phir kehti hai, "Meri beti. Ira. Aur woh theek hai." Lekin uske jawab mein itna force hai ki Siddharth aur suspicious ho jata hai.

Tabhi Ira corridor mein dikhai deti hai—college jacket, restless aankhen, aur ek sleeve ko kaafi carefully neeche khinchti hui. Woh bina kisi se eye contact kiye bolti hai, "Mujhe kuch nahi hua." Siddharth notice karta hai ki uske wrist ke paas ek bruise jhalak raha hai. Rekha us par turant chadhti hai: "Maine bola tha na, sleeve seedhi rakho." Ira ka chehra aur tight ho jata hai. Siddharth samajh jata hai ki yeh sirf scream ka issue nahi hai; yahan ghar ke andar kuch bahut galat chal raha hai.

Teenon ki baat-cheet ek weird interrogation mein badal jaati hai. Rekha kehti hai ki Siddharth ko apne kaam se kaam rakhna chahiye. Siddharth politely par firmly bolta hai ki scream sunne ke baad woh police call kar sakta tha. Ira beech mein cut karti hai: "Kar dete na. Shayad usse sach bahar aa jata." Rekha ka face hard ho jata hai. Woh phone dhoondhti hai, phir broom ko corridor ke kone se uthakar zameen pe thok deti hai, jaise apni authority declare kar rahi

ho.

Siddharth ko suspicion hota hai ki flat ke andar kuch chhupa hai. Woh mail slot ki taraf jhukta hai, aur uske paas se ek envelope neeche girta hai—brown envelope, thoda mota, corner se phata hua. Rekha instantly envelope chheenke ke liye aage badhti hai, lekin Ira pehle hi usse utha leti hai. Envelope khulte hi andar se cash ke bundles aur kuch rent receipts nikalte hain. Corridor mein ekdum silence.

Rekha ka chehra peela pad jata hai. Ira pehli baar seedha bolti hai: "Yeh paise rent ke nahi the, maa. Yeh woh cash hai jo aap har mahine chhupa ke rakh leti ho. Aur phir mere naam pe blame daal deti ho jab kuch missing hota hai." Rekha gusse mein kaanp jaati hai, par uska jawab defensive nahi, almost wounded hota hai: "Main chhupa rahi thi, kyunki tere baap ke baad ghar bachana tha." Ira tez bolti hai: "Ghar bachane ke liye mujhe bachana band kar diya?" Siddharth, jo ab tak sirf witness tha, aahista se samajh jata hai ki bruise aur scream ka connection sirf violence nahi, ek staged trap bhi ho sakta hai.

Ira phone nikaalti hai aur voice recorder on karti hai. Woh batati hai ki scream fake thi—usne aur Siddharth ke door ke neeche se ek audio app se signal diya tha, taaki Rekha ka reaction record ho aur theft ka proof mil sake. Siddharth startled hota hai, phir realize karta hai ki usse knowingly use kiya gaya tha, lekin usne bhi silence se is game ko aage badhaya. Rekha ke haath se keys dheele pad jaate hain. Woh pehli baar thodi human lagti hai.

Final twist tab aata hai jab Ira clear karti hai ki jo cheez chori ho rahi thi, woh cash nahi tha—purane rent receipts aur property papers the, jinse Rekha Siddharth ko illegal eviction ke through nikalna chahti thi aur flat ka deposit apne naam karna chahti thi. Siddharth, jo itni der se aankhon se bach raha tha, aakhir mein seedha dekhta hai aur kehta hai, "Main bas rent time pe deta raha. Aap dono ne mujhe witness bana diya apni family war ka." Rekha chup ho jaati hai.

Corridor mein tube light ek last flicker deti hai. Ira envelope Siddharth ko de deti hai—proof ke saath. Rekha keys ko tight pakadti hai, phir dheere se door chain khol deti hai. Andar se koi aur awaaz nahi aati. Sirf padosi TV ka distant laugh track aur stairwell ki hawa. Ab scream ka matlab clear tha: woh help ki pukar nahi, ek signal tha—ek staged cry to expose theft, lies, aur us ghar ki andar ki chori. Siddharth corridor se nikalte waqt pehli baar kisi ki aankhon mein dekhta hai. Ira usse ek chhota sa nod deti hai. Rekha, keys haath mein, apni hi flat ke bahar khadi reh jaati hai—jaise ab ghar uska bhi nahi raha.