

THE GIRL IN THE MIRROR

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

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Aakash ki duniya pichhle kuch dino se ulat-pulat ho rahi hai. Woh ek purane apartment ke chhote se bathroom mein khada hai, neend se laal aankhein, sleeveless vest pasine se chipki hui, aur har kuch second baad apni gardan rub karta rehta hai. Bathroom ka bulb halki si jaan le raha hai, aur mirror poori deewar par aisa jam gaya hai jaise kisi aur duniya ka darwaza ho. Aakash ko lagta hai ki mirror mein ek aurat dikhti hai—kabhi kone mein khadi, kabhi seedha uski peeth ke peeche. Woh palat-ta hai, par room khaali hota hai. Pallavi, uski modern aur practical girlfriend, phone flashlight ko jaise weapon ki tarah pakad kar uski har baat ko overthinking aur sleep deprivation ka result bolti hai. Uske hisaab se Aakash ya toh drama kar raha hai, ya phir teen raat se soya nahi hai.

Pallavi usse prove karne ke liye bathroom mein hi ruk jaati hai. Dono ki chhoti-chhoti nok-jhok ke beech mirror mein ajeeb cheezein hone lagti hain. Kabhi reflection mein extra movement hoti hai, kabhi bulb ki roshni ke saath ek aurat ka chehra flash hota hai. Tabhi building caretaker Madhuri, faded uniform, bucket aur keys ka bundle le kar aati hai. Woh bilkul matter-of-fact tone mein kehti hai ki is building mein mirror hauntings purani baat hai. Is apartment mein pehle bhi logon ne apne reflections mein aise chehre dekhe hain jo room mein maujood hi nahi the. Pallavi pehle toh has deti hai, par Madhuri ke quiet confidence aur Aakash ke darr ke beech room ka mahaul tight hota jaata hai.

Phir real terror shuru hota hai. Mirror mein dikhne wali aurat ab sirf nazar nahi aati, balki jawab dene lagti hai—aur woh bhi sawaal pooche jaane se pehle. Pallavi kuch kehne wali hoti hai, par mirror se awaaz aa jaati hai: “Tum dono yahin raho ge?” Aakash ka gala sookh jaata hai. Madhuri keys ko kas ke pakad leti hai, jaise woh pehle se jaanti ho ki aage kya hone wala hai. Pallavi ka phone torch mirror par padta hai aur reflection mein unke peeche ek laash jaisa silence fail jaata hai. Woh aurat ab mirror mein poori tarah visible hai—wet hair, blank aankhen, aur Aakash ki taraf dekhte hue jaise usse pehchan rahi ho. Aakash samajh nahi paata ki woh usse kyun jaanti hai. Madhuri dheere se bolti hai ki mirror ya toh guzra hua dikhata hai, ya jo aane wala hai—aur is building mein aksar future hi pehle nazar aata hai.

Climax mein Pallavi mirror ke saamne khadi ho kar challenge karti hai, “Agar tum itni smart ho, toh batao ab kya hoga?” Mirror turant jawab deta hai: “Pehle tum pichhe dekho.” Sab freeze. Aakash instinctively palat-ta hai. Bathroom ke darwaze ke paas kuch bhi nahi hota—sirf towel rack, bucket, soap, aur Madhuri ki keys ki khanak. Par mirror mein ek alag hi scene chal raha hota hai: Pallavi ke haath mein phone, Aakash ki gardan par uska haath, aur

Madhuri ka bucket floor par girta hua. Real room mein abhi kuch hua nahi, lekin reflection mein sab ho chuka hai. Aakash ka chehra safed pad jaata hai jab usse samajh aata hai ki mirror past nahi, future dikhata hai—aur jo ab reflection mein ho raha hai, woh kuch seconds mein asli duniya mein hone wala hai.

Final twist mein Pallavi, jo ab tak sabko rational samajh rahi thi, reflection mein khud ko Aakash ki taraf badhte dekhti hai, aankhon mein ajeeb sa blankness. Woh dheere se bolti hai, “Main aisa kyun kar rahi hoon?” Madhuri ek kadam peeche hat kar bas itna kehti hai, “Kyuki mirror ne jo dikhaya, woh ab tum karogi.” Bulb flicker karta hai. Phone torch ka beam hilti hai. Aur jab roshni stable hoti hai, room mein sab kuch wahi hota hai jo reflection ne pehle se bata diya tha. Mirror ke andar wali aurat ab seedha camera ki taraf dekh kar halki si muskurahat deti hai—jaise agla scene uska ho. Cut to black.