

THE LOCKED WARDROBE

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: Armaan (37)	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)'.

Armaan ko room mile hue bas do din hue the, aur do din mein hi us room ne uski neend, shanti aur thoda sa self-respect sab kha liya tha. Purana rented bedroom tha—ek bedside lamp, ek hilita hua curtain, aur kone mein khada ek bada sa lakdi ka wardrobe jo dekhne mein zyada aur mehsoos karne mein kam lag raha tha. Raat ke kareeb 11 baje, Armaan apni flashlight leke wardrobe ke paas gaya, kyunki usne phir wahi awaaz suni thi—halka sa rona, jaise koi andar se saans tod-tod ke ro raha ho. Usne darwaza kholne ki koshish ki, par handle hila bhi nahi. Lock tight tha. Problem ye thi ki lock bahar se nahi, andar se laga hua lag raha tha.

Armaan ne ghabrahat mein Suhana ko bulaya, jo next room mein rehti thi aur sleepwear ke upar cardigan daal ke aa gayi, jaise raat ke horror ko bhi casual treat kar rahi ho. Suhana ne pehle toh uski baat ko lightly liya, phir wardrobe se aati thandi hawa aur uske peeche se aati faint sobbing ne uska chehra badal diya. Usne room ko dekha, curtain ko dekha, wardrobe ko dekha, aur phir seedha Armaan ko. “Yeh room empty hi tha,” usne dheere se kaha. “Do saal se koi tenant nahi raha yahan.” Armaan ne sarcastic hoke bola, “Great. Toh jo andar ro raha hai, woh ghost hai ya building ka maintenance?” Suhana ne jawab diya nahi, bas uski flashlight ki roshni mein wardrobe ke neeche se nikli ek purani photo uthayi—ek young woman ki, jiska chehra almost wardrobe ke wood grain mein ghul gaya tha.

Tab Mrs. D'Souza aayi. Housecoat mein, kadak, seedhi, aur aise chal rahi thi jaise building ki har deewar usse permission leti ho. Usne Suhana ko ek nazar mein chup kar diya aur Armaan ko dekha, “Tum logon ko neend nahi aati kya?” Armaan ne lock dikhaya aur awaaz ka zikr kiya. Mrs. D'Souza ka chehra ek pal ke liye hard ho gaya, phir usne bahut dheere se kaha ki wardrobe us purani tenant ka tha—Maya ka—jo ek din achanak gayab ho gayi thi. Police aayi thi, log aaye the, sawal hue the, par room khali hi mila tha. Wardrobe ko kabhi uthaya nahi gaya. Mrs. D'Souza ne bas itna kaha, “Usne bola tha, ‘Agar main gayab ho jaun, toh wardrobe mat kholna.’”

Armaan ne nervous hote hue bhi point pakda: “Matlab aapko pata tha iske andar kuch hai?” Mrs. D'Souza ne aankhen jhuka li. “Pata tha ki kuch band hai. Pata nahi tha kya.” Suhana ne pehli baar uski awaaz mein darr suna—real, purana, aur guilt se bhara hua. Phir ek zor ka dhakka laga wardrobe ke andar se. Teeno ek saath piche hat gaye. Lock khud-ba-khud khul gaya. Bedside lamp ki roshni ek second ke liye flicker hui, curtain ne tezi se phadphadaya, aur room ke beech mein ek ajeeb si silence jam gayi.

Armaan ne handle pakda aur wardrobe khola.

Andar body nahi thi.

Andar ek aur room tha.

Bilkul same size ka, par ulta—jaise kisi ne is room ka reflection lakdi ke frame ke andar chhupa diya ho. Us dusre room mein bhi ek bedside lamp jal raha tha. Wahi curtain tha. Wahi bed. Aur us bed par ek aur Armaan khada tha—same T-shirt, same flashlight, same dar. Uske peeche Suhana aur Mrs. D’Souza bhi the... lekin unke chehre zyada pale, zyada khokhle, jaise unki tasveer kisi purani photo se nikali gayi ho.

Real room mein khadi Suhana ki saans atak gayi. “Yeh... yeh possible nahi hai.” Mrs. D’Souza ki awaaz pehli baar kaanpi. “Main isliye lock karti thi. Taaki woh... idhar na aaye.”

And then the worst part: wardrobe ke andar wale room se ek aur sobbing aayi—par ab woh crying door se nahi, Armaan ke bilkul peeche se aa rahi thi. Armaan slowly mudta hai. Uske peeche, room ke corner mein, ek aur wardrobe ka shadow tha—jo pehle wahan tha hi nahi.