

# ELEVATOR TO NOWHERE

## A Psychological Thriller 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| <b>Genre:</b> Psychological Thriller                                                 | <b>Format:</b> 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | <b>Runtime:</b> 6 - 9 Minutes    |
| <b>Cast:</b> FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)   Character 1: Dr. Isha (39) | <b>Language:</b> Hinglish                         | <b>Credit:</b> Story Dil Se Team |

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Dr. Isha ko office tower ke 18th floor se lobby tak jaana tha, par elevator achanak 12th aur 11th ke beech atak gaya. Emergency strip lights flicker karne lagin, mirrored walls ne un teenon ki reflections ko aur bhi zyada bechain bana diya. Rhea, jo junior architect thi, pehle panic hui—uske phone par no signal, haath kaanp rahe the, tote bag se papers girne lage. Mina, building manager, bilkul seedhi khadi rahi, jaise yeh sab pehle bhi dekh chuki ho. Dr. Isha ne calm voice mein help button dabaya, par bas ventilation ka heavy hum aur ek dead silence mila. Teen auratein, ek chhoti si metallic box mein, aur har ek ke paas apni alag si tension.

Pehle conversation awkward thi. Rhea ne irritably poocha, “Kya hum yahin raat bhar phansenge?” Mina ne bina expression ke bola, “Agar aap panic kam karein, toh oxygen zyada lagegi.” Isha ne situation ko defuse karne ke liye halka sa joke maara, “Corporate wellness ka ye naya version hai kya?” Par jab elevator ki mirrored wall mein unke reflections ek second ke liye distort hue, Isha ki nazar Mina ke key ring par gayi—same brass tag, same old building code—aur uske dimaag mein kuch click hua. Usne dheere se poocha, “Aap yahan kitne saal se ho, Mina?” Mina ne jawab ko avoid kiya. Rhea ne beech mein bol diya ki uske design team ko basement renovation ke liye old files chahiye the, aur maintenance notice mein “sealed incident” ka mention tha. Isha suddenly alert ho gayi. Basement fire. Sealed report. Ek naam jo usne kabhi court file mein dekha tha, par officially vanish kar diya gaya tha.

Ab tension ka level badh gaya. Rhea ne bataya ki uske boss ne use basement level ka revised plan sign karne bheja tha, lekin usne notice mein dekha tha ki wahi floor years pehle fire ke baad shut down hua tha. Mina ne harsh tone mein kaha ki fire “accident” tha, logon ne dhuaan dekha, panic kiya, aur building ko badnaam kiya. Isha ne usko cut kiya—uski lawyer wali precision ke saath—“Accident tab hota hai jab negligence ka record na ho.” Mina ki aankh mein pehli baar kuch chamka. Usne kaha ki us raat basement mein sirf wiring nahi, log bhi locked the. Rhea sun kar freeze ho gayi; usne yaad kiya ki uske design internship ke time uski didi, jo yahin receptionist thi, us fire ke baad gayab ho gayi thi. Isha ke hosh udd gaye, kyunki sealed incident file mein ek witness statement tha—ek corporate lawyer ka draft—jise kisi ne court tak jaane nahi diya. Woh draft usne khud sign kiya tha, par uska naam redacted tha.

Elevator achanak jhatka khata hai. Emergency light aur dim ho jaati hai. Mina ka key ring zameen par girta hai aur uske saath ek chhota maintenance tag nazar aata hai: “MASTER OVERRIDE - SUBLEVEL ACCESS.” Rhea ki saans

atak jaati hai. Isha dheere se puchti hai, “Aapke paas master key hai?” Mina pehli baar muskurati nahi—sirf thoda sa sar jhuka kar bolti hai, “Building manager ka kaam sirf manage karna hota hai. Kabhi-kabhi lock karna bhi.” Yeh line room ko thanda kar deti hai.

Tabhi elevator ke mirrored panel ke upar chhupa hua camera suddenly on ho jaata hai. Red light blink karti hai. Ek crackling speaker se outside control room ki awaaz aati hai—distorted, but clear enough. “Recording started.” Teenon freeze. Isha camera ki taraf dekhti hai aur samajh jaati hai ki elevator ko kisi ne outside se control kiya hai. Mina ki aankhon mein for the first time fear aata hai. Rhea bhi realize karti hai ki jo maintenance notice unke haath mein tha, woh recent nahi—planted tha. Isha camera ke reflection mein ek aur shadow catch karti hai: control room mein koi aur hai, aur uska silhouette Mina se milta-julta hai.

Climax mein twist yeh hota hai ki Mina ne elevator ko lock nahi kiya—usne usse unlock bhi nahi kiya. Woh sirf cover kar rahi thi. Real control outside se chal raha tha, aur basement fire ka sealed incident ab bhi kisi powerful person ke haath mein tha. Isha calmly apna phone utha kar fake signal bar ko check karti hai, phir camera mein directly dekh kar bolti hai, “Aaj recording mein sirf hum nahi, aap bhi aa rahe ho.” Rhea, jo ab tak scared thi, ekdum focused ho jaati hai aur maintenance notice ko mirror ke against hold karke camera ke angle mein laati hai. Mina ka unreadable face finally crack hota hai—kyunki uske key ring ke peeche ek chhota engraved number dikh jaata hai: the same basement access code from the fire year. The elevator phir se jerk karta hai, doors half-open hote hain, aur outside darkness mein ek shadow retreat karti hai. End pe audience ko yeh samajh aata hai ki yeh sirf stuck elevator nahi tha—yeh ek controlled interrogation tha, jahan teen women apne-apne past se nahi, ek hidden conspiracy se bhag rahi thi. Aur sabse dangerous baat yeh: building ab bhi unhe dekh rahi thi.