

THE MIRROR IN 204

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: Naina (24)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ke baarah baj rahe hain jab Naina, ek thaki-hari si 24 saal ki ladki, apna chhota suitcase ghaseette hue Room 204 mein enter karti hai. Uske haath mein purani key hai, aur chehre par aisa darr jaise woh sirf room nahi, apni zindagi ka koi galat mod khol rahi ho. Room cramped hai, ek bedside lamp ki peeli roshni aur khidki se aati bijli ki chamak uss bade wardrobe mirror ko baar-baar jagati hai. Mirror itna dominant hai ki lagta hai poora room usi ke around saans le raha hai. Mrs. D'Souza, stern landlady, nightgown aur shawl mein, rosary pakde hue khadi hai. Woh Naina ko bina blink kiye dekhti hai aur kehti hai ki room 204 mein hamesha se kuch theek nahi tha. Do saal pehle ek tenant gayab ho gayi thi. Mirror ke saamne usne apna hi naam suna tha. Phir uske baad koi us room mein zyada der tik nahi paya.

Naina pehle toh us baat ko thoda mazaak mein leti hai. Woh bolti hai, "Aunty, Mumbai mein rent hi sabse bada curse hota hai." Mrs. D'Souza ko yeh line bilkul pasand nahi aati, lekin uski aankhon mein darr sach lagta hai. Tabhi corridor se flashlight ki beam andar aati hai aur Priya, practical neighbor, room mein ghus aati hai. Woh night salwar mein hai, haath mein torch, aur expression aisa jaise woh kisi bhoot se nahi, kisi overdramatic landlord se deal karne aayi ho. Priya seedha bolti hai ki yeh sab suggestion aur stress ka khel hai. Old building, loose wiring, echo, wind, bas. Naina ko naya room mila hai, isliye uska mind overactive ho gaya hai.

Lekin mirror mein ek chhoti si der ka delay sabko notice hota hai. Naina hasti hai, phir mirror mein uski smile half-second late aati hai. Priya usko test karne ke liye flashlight mirror par maarti hai. Reflection mein beam thodi der baad move karti hai. Mrs. D'Souza rosary aur tight kar leti hai. Woh dheere se batati hai ki jo tenant gayab hui thi, uska naam bhi Naina hi tha. Naina ka chehra safed pad jaata hai. Priya is coincidence ko coincidence hi bolti rehti hai, par room ka mahaul ab badal chuka hota hai.

Phir mirror se ek awaaz aati hai. Bilkul Naina ki awaaz. "Mujhe bahar nikaalo." Teenon freeze. Naina ke hoth hilde bhi nahi, par awaaz phir se mirror ke andar se aati hai, is baar aur close: "Woh mujhe yahan chhod ke gayi thi." Mrs. D'Souza ka rosary gir jaata hai. Priya ka rational mask pehli baar crack hota hai. Woh mirror ke paas jaake dekhti hai, aur reflection mein ek extra detail notice karti hai—Naina ke suitcase ka zip khula hai, jabki real suitcase band hai. Phir reflection mein ek chhoti si cheez dikhti hai jo sirf Mrs. D'Souza jaanti thi: ek purana silver locket, jo missing tenant ka tha, aur jo usne police ko kabhi nahi bataya tha.

Mrs. D'Souza ro padti hai aur confess karti hai ki years ago usne us tenant ko room se nikalne se roka tha, kyunki woh mirror ke baare mein bol rahi thi. Usne dar ke maare kisi ko kuch nahi bataya. Priya, ab bhi half-skeptical, mirror ko todne ke liye chair uthati hai. Naina usse rokne ki koshish karti hai, par uski awaaz do layers mein nikalti hai—ek real, ek mirror se. Lightning chamakti hai. Mirror mein reflection pehle smile karta hai. Real Naina ek second baad. Priya ka haath ruk jaata hai. Mrs. D'Souza ke honthon se bas ek prayer nikalti hai.

Aur phir twist aata hai: mirror ke andar wali Naina suitcase uthakar room 204 se bahar chalne lagti hai, jabki real Naina mirror ke saamne jam chuki hoti hai. Priya aur Mrs. D'Souza dono dekhte reh jaate hain. Real Naina ki aankhon mein ab ek ajeeb si blankness hai. Woh dheere se muskurati hai—par woh smile uski nahi lagti. Bedside lamp flicker karta hai. Mirror mein jo Naina hai, woh ab room ke andar khadi real Priya ko dekh kar whisper karti hai: “Ab tumhari baari.”