



Bungalow Number 17

Sivam Jaat



Vikram, Sunil, and John sit tiredly on the concrete steps near a bustling Mumbai street, clutching their small travel bags. The city lights blur around them as evening falls, casting long shadows over their exhausted faces after a fruitless day of searching for jobs.



A stern watchman in a khaki uniform approaches the three friends under the dim glow of a streetlamp, waving his baton. After hearing their desperate story, his expression softens with pity, remembering his own early days of struggle in the massive city.



The watchman stands near a glowing telephone booth, calling his friend who works as a caretaker at a wealthy estate. Vikram, Sunil, and John watch anxiously from a distance, hoping for a miracle as the moon rises high in the night sky.



The next morning, the three friends stand awestruck in front of the massive iron gates of Bungalow Number 17. The sprawling mansion is beautiful yet strangely quiet, surrounded by overgrown, weeping willow trees and a mist that refuses to clear.



The caretaker leads Vikram, Sunil, and John through the grand, dimly lit corridors into a cozy guest room with three neatly made beds. The friends collapse onto the soft mattresses, letting out a collective sigh of relief after days of endless wandering.



Exactly at midnight, Vikram suddenly wakes up to find himself sitting on the cold stone floor of a dark, dusty basement surrounded by antique furniture and cobwebs. He calls out for Sunil and John, but his voice echoes back into the oppressive silence.



A chilling sound of a woman weeping softly echoes through the dark basement, making the hairs on Vikram's neck stand up. He spins around, frantically searching the shadows, but before he can see anyone, a sudden flash of light pulls him back into reality.



Vikram wakes up drenched in sweat in his own bed, gasping for air as the morning sun filters through the guest room window. He frantically tells Sunil and John about the terrifying basement, but his friends just laugh it off, calling it a vivid nightmare.



As the three friends step past the iron gates of the bungalow to start another day of job hunting, a mysterious woman in a tattered white saree blocks their path. Her eyes are filled with an intense urgency as she holds out a crumpled piece of paper toward Vikram.



The mysterious woman vanishes into the morning fog as quickly as she appeared, leaving Vikram staring at the note in his hand. The paper reveals a strange address and a promise of employment, plunging the three friends into a deep mystery they cannot ignore.