



THE NEIGHBOR UPSTAIRS

A Psychological Thriller 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: A tenant becomes convinced her upstairs neighbor is copying her life—same clothes, same coffee order, same phone calls, same dreams. When she confronts the woman, the neighbor insists they have met before under a different name and in a different apartment. The twist: the tenant is the copied one, and the upstairs woman is the original who has come to collect what was taken from her.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Radhika (35)

LOCATION: A narrow stairwell landing between two apartment floors with flickering bulb light, concrete walls, echoing footsteps, and a half-open door to a dark flat.

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FADE IN:

INT. STAIRWELL LANDING - NIGHT

Narrow concrete landing between two apartment floors. Flickering bulb. Echoing footsteps somewhere below. A half-open door reveals a dark flat.

RADHIKA (35), in home clothes, tired eyes, guarded face, grips a BROOM like a weapon.

At the top of the stairs stands VEDA (35), elegant loungewear, calm, polished. A KEY on a CHAIN hangs from her hand.

RADHIKA

Aap mere jaisi kyun lag rahi ho?

VEDA

(mildly amused)

Shayad ulta hai. Tum meri jaisi lag rahi ho.

Radhika tightens her grip on the broom.

RADHIKA

Mazaak mat karo. Subah se sab same ho raha hai. Mere jaise kapde, mera coffee order, mere calls.

VEDA

Aur dream?

Radhika freezes.

RADHIKA

Kya?

VEDA

Kal raat wala dream. Staircase. Flickering bulb. Broom haath mein. Aur tum pooch rahi thi—

Veda leans in slightly.

VEDA (CONT'D)

“Main kaun hoon?”

Silence. A distant TV hums from another flat.

RADHIKA

Main samajh gayi. Tum mujhe gaslight kar rahi ho.

VEDA

(soft)

Gaslight? Radhika, tumhara naam bhi maine rakha tha.

Radhika stares.

RADHIKA

Mere paas apartment keys hain. Mera phone. Mera ghar.

Veda lifts the key on the chain.

VEDA

Mera bhi.

She gestures toward the half-open dark flat.

VEDA (CONT'D)

Wahan jo flat hai, woh pehle mera tha. Same landing.
Same bulb. Same broken latch. Tum aayi thi. Ya shayad
main gayi thi. Aur phir kuch badal gaya.

RADHIKA

Main yahan six months se hoon. Mujhe kisi aur ka ghar
nahi chahiye.

VEDA

Six months?

(beat)

Interesting. Kyunki mujhe yaad hai jab tum pehli baar
yahan aayi thi, tumne kaha tha—

VEDA (CONT'D)

“Main bas temporarily rehne aayi hoon. Kuch cheezein
wapas lene.”

Radhika's phone VIBRATES.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN

Unknown voice note.

Radhika hits PLAY.

RADHIKA (V.O.)

Agar koi aaye aur bole ki woh tum jaisa hai, toh
darna mat. Bas key mangna.

Radhika goes pale.

RADHIKA

Yeh... mera voice note nahi ho sakta.

Veda steps closer.

VEDA

Tumhare paas jo apartment keys hain, woh meri hain.
Jo phone tumhara hai, woh mera tha. Aur jo life tum
samajh rahi ho ki tumhari hai...

She pauses.

VEDA (CONT'D)

Woh maine tumhe di thi. Jab tum kuch aur banne ke
liye mujhe chhod kar gayi thi.

The BULB FLICKERS OFF.

BLACKOUT.

The bulb comes back.

The BROOM lies on the floor.

Radhika looks down, shaken.

On Veda's key chain, a small metal tag catches the light:

RADHIKA.

RADHIKA

(whisper)

Toh main kaun hoon?

Veda's expression is calm, but wounded.

VEDA

Tum wahi ho jo mujhe ban kar jeeti rahi. Aur main woh hoon jo ab wapas aayi hoon. Jo tumne copy kiya. Adopt kiya. Aur apna naam de diya.

Radhika backs toward the dark flat.

VEDA (CONT'D)

Keys do, Radhika. Jo tumhara nahi hai, usse pakde rehna aur bhi dangerous hota ja raha hai.

Radhika looks at the keys in her hand.

RADHIKA

Agar main keys de doon... toh main kya bachungi?

Veda holds her gaze.

VEDA

Sach.

A beat.

Radhika's hand trembles over the keys.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END