



THE NEIGHBOR UPSTAIRS

A Horror/Supernatural 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: An insomniac music teacher hears his upstairs neighbor practicing a song no human could play, and the melody seems to know his name. When he finally knocks on the ceiling in frustration, the music stops and a voice from above asks why he left the door open all those years ago.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Insomniac Music Teacher (Male, 27-35)

LOCATION: A small apartment living room at night, lit by a single lamp and the blue light from a laptop. Ceiling shadows and faint vibrations from above make the space feel unstable and intimate.

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INT. SMALL APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ek chhota, cluttered living room. Single ceiling lamp on. Laptop ki blue light sofa aur floor par thandi chamak daal rahi hai. Ceiling se faint vibrations mehsoos ho rahi hain. Room intimate bhi hai aur unstable bhi.

ARJUN (30s), insomniac music teacher, casual t-shirt aur pajama pants mein, headphones neck pe latkaye, sofa par baitha hai. Chehra pale, aankhen thaki hui. Uske saamne laptop, metronome, music sheet.

Arjun ek ghadi dekhta hai. Phir ceiling ki taraf.

ARJUN

(softly, to himself)

2:13. Great. Phir se.

Woh laptop ke speaker se aati faint melody sunta hai. Upar se.

ARJUN

Yeh kaunsa instrument hai, bhai?

Woh metronome on karta hai. Tick-tick-tick.

ARJUN

Acha, tum rhythm ke bhi against ho? Wah.

Upar se weird, broken melody continue hoti hai.

ARJUN

(annoyed)

Nahi... yeh normal nahi hai. Normal neighbor noise nahi hai.

Woh headphones uthata hai, phir rakh deta hai.

ARJUN

Main music teacher hoon, Arjun. Main noise aur composition ka farq jaanta hoon.

Laptop par music sheet open hai. Arjun compare karta hai.

ARJUN

Kuch match hi nahi ho raha. Kya hai yeh?

Faint ceiling vibration. Melody thodi clear hoti hai.

ARJUN

(confused)

Ruko...

Woh dhyaan se sunta hai.

ARJUN

Nahi...

(pause)

Mujhe yeh tune... kahin suni hui lag rahi hai.

Metronome ki tick ke beech melody merge hoti hai.

ARJUN

(reluctant smile)

Kya bakwaas hai. Main over-tired hoon.

Woh khada hota hai. Lamp ke neeche uska shadow lamba ho jata hai.

ARJUN

Bas ek aur cup chai, aur sab theek.

Melody ab thodi aur structured lagti hai. Jaise koi pattern.

ARJUN

What the—

Woh rukta hai.

ARJUN

Kya... mere naam jaisi sound thi?

Uski aankhen wideen hoti hain. Woh laptop mute karta hai.

ARJUN

Nahi. Nahi, nahi, nahi.

Silence. Phir bhi ceiling se faint humming.

ARJUN

(whisper)

Aar... jun...?

Woh ek step peeche.

ARJUN

Kaun hai?

No response. Phir melody wapas, aur clear. Arjun ka face drain ho jata hai.

ARJUN

Mere dimaag kaam karna band kar chuka hai.

Woh music sheet uthata hai. Uske margins par pencil marks dikhte hain.

ARJUN

Maine yeh kab likha?

Woh khud ko rokta hai, yaad aata hai.

ARJUN

(uneasy, to himself)

Old apartment... balcony...

Uski breath shallow ho jaati hai.

ARJUN

Door.

A beat.

ARJUN

Door khula chhoot gaya tha.

Melody abruptly intensifies, as if reacting.

ARJUN

Nahi. Nahi, yeh yaad mat dila.

Woh gusse mein ceiling ko dekhta hai.

ARJUN

Bas! Jo bhi ho, chup ho ja!

Woh ek haath se ceiling ko zor se knock karta hai.

ARJUN

Thak-thak-thak!

Silence.

Arjun frozen.

Then, from above, a clear MALE VOICE (O.S.) speaks. No one else is seen.

VOICE (O.S.)

Arjun... tumne door khula kyun chhoda tha?

Arjun ki pencil haath se gir jaati hai. Woh saans lena bhool jata hai.

ARJUN

(very small)

Kaun...?

He looks up at the ceiling as if it has become an eye.

ARJUN

(whispering, terrified)

Maine... door band kiya tha.

A beat.

The lamp flickers once.

ARJUN

Aur agar band nahi kiya tha...

(pause)

...toh phir andar kaun aaya tha?

Cut to black.

END