



THE TENANT ON THE TOP FLOOR

A Horror/Supernatural 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: Inspector Tara arrives to investigate reports of crying from a locked apartment, only to find Mrs. Khan convinced the new tenant is not human. Leena says she has been hearing her own footsteps from inside the walls, and the corridor seems to shift whenever they turn away. The final reveal shows the locked room has been empty for years—except for the tenant who never left the building alive.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Inspector Tara (37)

LOCATION: A narrow apartment corridor outside a locked top-floor room, lit by a single tube light that flickers and buzzes. The corridor's shadows, door peepholes, and echoing stairwell create a simple but effective haunted setting.

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FADE IN:

INT. OLD APARTMENT CORRIDOR - TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

Ek narrow corridor. Ek single TUBE LIGHT buzz karti hai aur flicker hoti hai. Door peepholes andhere mein chamak rahe hain. Stairwell se thandi hawa aa rahi hai.

INSPECTOR TARA (37), plain clothes, torch aur police notebook ke saath corridor mein aati hai. Practical, alert.

MRS. KHAN (59), housecoat mein, keys ko kas kar pakde hue, pehle se corridor mein khadi hai. Frightened, but stubborn.

LEENA (24), rain-damp kurta, pale chehra, quiet and unnervingly still, corridor ke end se nazar aati hai.

TARA

(dry)

Top floor ka drama yahin khatam hoga, Mrs. Khan.
Crying ki complaint hai, ya building ka talent show?

MRS. KHAN

(offended, whispering)

Madam, mazaak mat kariye. Raat ko room se bachche
jaisa rona aata hai. Aur yeh ladki...

Leena unke paas aati hai. Bilkul silent.

TARA

Aap Leena ho?

LEENA

(softly)

Haan.

TARA

Aap akeli rehti ho?

LEENA

Shayad.

Mrs. Khan irritate ho jaati hai.

MRS. KHAN

Dekha? Normal insaan aise answer deta hai? Yeh toh...
bas khadi rehti hai. Din mein bhi.

TARA

(to Mrs. Khan)

Aapko kaise pata woh din mein bhi khadi rehti hai?

Mrs. Khan chup.

Tara torch se Leena ko observe karti hai. Leena ka kurta damp hai, jaise barish mein bheeg kar seedha yahan aayi ho.

TARA

Aapko complaint kiske against hai, pata hai?

LEENA

(after a beat)

Apne against.

Tara ek pal ko ruk jaati hai.

TARA

Matlab?

LEENA

Main raat ko apne footsteps sunti hoon. Deewar ke andar se.

(small breath)

Jaise main room mein nahi, building ke andar chal rahi hoon.

Mrs. Khan ki aankhen phat jaati hain.

MRS. KHAN

Maine bola tha na! Yeh ladki theek nahi hai!

TARA

(firm)

Mrs. Khan, panic se case solve nahi hota.

(to Leena)

Aapka room kaun sa hai?

Leena corridor ke end wale locked door ki taraf dekhti hai.

LEENA

Wohi.

Tara door ke paas jaati hai. Nameplate par faded letters. Door chain lagi hui. Lock purana hai.

TARA

Keys.

Mrs. Khan reluctantly keys deti hai.

MRS. KHAN

(warning)

Madam, is room mein jo bhi aata hai... seedha nahi jaata.

TARA

(half-smirk)

Building ka slogan hai ya threat?

Tara key daalti hai. LOCK CLICK.

Tube light ekdum flicker karti hai.

SFX: A DISTANT CHILD-LIKE CRY? Ya shayad hawa.

Corridor ka perspective subtly shift hota hai. Door thoda aur door lagta hai.

Tara palat kar dekhti hai. Mrs. Khan aur Leena wahi hain.

Par unki shadows alag direction mein stretch ho rahi hain.

TARA

(uneasy, masking it)

Aap log yahin rahiye.

MRS. KHAN

(under breath)

Hum kahin ja bhi nahi rahe, madam.

Leena ek step aage.

LEENA

Aap logon ko bhi kabhi footsteps sunai dete hain?

TARA

Nahi.

LEENA

Achha.

(beat)

Phir shayad aap abhi tak building ke andar nahi ho.

Tara stares. Then turns the key again. The chain somehow loosens by itself.

TARA

(to herself)

Enough.

She PUSHES the door open.

INT. TOP FLOOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Room EMPTY.

No bed. No luggage. No tenant.

Sirf dust, ek purani khidki, aur wall par damp outline.

Tara torch sweep karti hai.

TARA

Yeh... khali hai.

Mrs. Khan doorway par aa kar dekh■■ hai, shaken.

MRS. KHAN

Nahi...

(whisper)

Yeh room kab se khali tha.

LEENA

(from behind Tara)
Phir bhi lock kyun tha?

Tara slowly turns.

Leena room ke andar nahi, corridor ke reflection mein dikhti hai—glass pane mein. Aur us reflection ke peeche ek SECOND SILHOUETTE khadi hai, same posture.

Tara ka face hardens, but for the first time, fear slips in.

TARA

Leena... aap kaun ho?

Leena ek faint smile.

LEENA

Main woh tenant hoon...

(beat)
jo building chhod ke gayi hi nahi.

Mrs. Khan ka haath keys se kaanp raha hai. Keys gir jaati hain.

Tara notices a MAINTENANCE REGISTER on a dusty ledge. She opens it. Last page par faded photograph: LEENA. Same face. Same age.

Under it, handwritten note:

"TOP FLOOR - LOCKED ROOM - OCCUPIED"

Tara ka torch tremble karta hai.

TARA

(stunned)
Yeh possible nahi hai...

MRS. KHAN

(crying now)
Madam, humne kaha tha na... Yeh tenant... zinda nahi
chhodi building.

Leena room ke beech mein khadi, bilkul still.

LEENA

(almost childlike)
Main toh bas apni footsteps dhoond rahi thi.

Tube light ek aakhri baar violently flicker karti hai.

SFX: A loud, hollow FOOTSTEP from inside the wall.

Tara, Mrs. Khan, freeze.

When the light steadies...

Corridor mein sirf TARA aur MRS. KHAN.

Leena gayab.

On Tara's notebook, the last page is now written in fresh ink:

"TOP FLOOR. ROOM LOCKED. TENANT STILL INSIDE."

Tara stares at the page.

TARA

(barely a whisper)

...Kya bakwaas hai yeh?

Mrs. Khan looks at her, terrified.

MRS. KHAN

Madam...

(pointing)

Aapke peeche.

Tara slowly turns—

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.