

THE TENANT ON THE ROOF

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: Manoj (45)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ka waqt hai. Light drizzle chal rahi hai aur terrace par ek hi sodium streetlight peeli si roshni phenk raha hai. Paani ke puddles mein water tank aur clothesline ki tedhi-medhi parchaiyan hil rahi hain, jaise terrace khud saans le raha ho. Manoj, building owner, apne expensive kurte aur jhunjhlaye hue chehre ke saath keys ka bunch ghumaata hua terrace par aata hai. Uske saath Sanjay, caretaker, faded vest mein, haath mein flashlight, aankhon mein woh purani si wary tension leke chal raha hai. Dono ka mood ekdum tight hai. Niche building mein sab so rahe hain, par pichhle teen raat se kisi ne roof par kadmon ki awaz suni hai. Aur funny part yeh hai ki new tenant Ali, jo building ke sabse upar wale room mein rehta hai, kabhi bahar nikla hi nahi. Phir bhi har raat roof par uske bare feet ki chap-chap sunai deti hai.

Manoj ko lagta hai koi mazak kar raha hai. Woh keys jhataкта hai, Sanjay par gussa nikalta hai, aur bolta hai ki agar building mein koi drama hua na, toh rent bhi katega aur job bhi. Sanjay bas flashlight ko idhar-udhar sweep karta hai, kyunki usne khud bhi wo awazein suni hain. Tab terrace ke kone se Ali aata hai—wet hair, plain T-shirt, bilkul barefoot, aur ajeeb tareeke se calm. Na darr, na sharm, bas ek thandi si nazar. Manoj usse dekh ke aur bhadak jaata hai: “Tu? Tu kab upar aaya?” Ali seedha bolta hai, “Main yahin tha. Main gaya hi nahi.” Yeh sunke Sanjay ki grip flashlight par tight ho jaati hai.

Manoj usse pakad ke puchta hai ki phir roof par kadam kaun chalata hai. Ali halki si smile deta hai aur kehta hai, “Aap logon ne building ke register mein mera naam likha, par building ka ek purana page phaad diya. Shayad jiski entry mita di, uski yaad nahi jaati.” Manoj ke chehre par pehli baar ek chhoti si jhijhak aati hai. Sanjay turant old building register nikaalta hai jo usne umbrella ke neeche chhupa rakha tha. Pura register geela aur peela pada hai, lekin ek page alag se dabaya hua hai. Ali us page ki taraf dekh kar bolta hai, “Room 14, roof access, midnight complaints, and... death on terrace.” Manoj ka face freeze ho jaata hai. Sanjay ki aankhen neeche gir jaati hain. Ali un dono ko yaad dilaata hai ki is building mein kuch saal pehle ek tenant roof par girkar mara tha—ya shayad giraya gaya tha—aur tab se sabne milkar us incident ko “accident” likh diya tha.

Drizzle heavy hone lagti hai. Streetlight flicker karti hai. Puddles mein parchaiyan aur lambi ho jaati hain. Manoj defensive ho jaata hai, kehta hai, “Bakwaas mat kar. Koi death nahi hui thi.” Ali calmly uski taraf dekh kar bolta hai, “Aap the us raat yahan. Sanjay bhi tha. Aur jo aadmi gira tha, usne girne se pehle aapka naam liya tha.” Sanjay ka

chehra safed pad jaata hai. Woh pehli baar bolta hai, “Maine bas boss ka order maana tha.” Manoj gusse mein keys ko zameen par fenakta hai, jaise sach ko dabana chahta ho. Ali ek step aage badhkar kehta hai, “Main haunted nahi hoon, Manoj. Main woh hoon jo yaad karta hai. Aap log bhool gaye, isliye main har raat yahan chalta hoon. Taaki roof par jo hua, woh phir se dab na jaaye.”

Phir Ali apna wet hair piche karta hai aur terrace ke water tank ki taraf ishara karta hai. Tank ke metal par ek purana scratch mark hai—jaise kisi ne bachne ke liye nail ghaseete hon. Sanjay ki flashlight ka beam tremble karta hai. Manoj finally samajh jaata hai ki Ali koi naya tenant nahi, balki us raat ka witness hai—ya usi waqt ka aadmi jise sabne marne ke baad bhi building ke records mein zinda likh diya tha. Twist yeh hai ki roof par jo “tenant” chal raha tha, woh kisi ko dara nahi raha tha; woh building ko yaad dila raha tha ki ek maut ko kaise chupaya gaya tha. Last shot mein Manoj ke haath se keys gir jaati hain, Sanjay register ko apne seene se laga leta hai, aur Ali puddle mein apne pair dekh kar bas itna kehta hai: “Ab bhi late nahi hua. Sach ko likh lo.”