

THE ROOFTOP TENANT

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: Imran (32)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ka waqt hai. Building ki chhoti si rooftop water-tank area mein moonlight ka safed sa jhaag faila hua hai, aur neeche shehar ki neon lights door se dhundhli si chamak rahi hain. Imran, building caretaker, apni faded uniform mein torch le kar pareshan khada hai. Uske saath Varun hai, jo top-floor ka young tenant hai—T-shirt aur pajama pants mein, neend aur darr ke beech atka hua. Dono ko har raat rooftop par kadmon ki awaaz sunai deti hai. Aise kadam jaise koi tank ke paas chakkar laga raha ho, phir rukta ho, phir dobara chal padta ho. Problem ye hai ki top floor ka flat mahino se vacant hai.

Varun ka dimag already overactive hai. Woh Imran se bolta hai ki ya to koi chhupa hua chor hai ya building mein kuch "bahut hi filmi" ho raha hai. Imran uski baat ko half-hasa kar, half-dant kar taal deta hai. "Raat ko zyada dimag mat chala," woh kehta hai, "neend mein aadmi khud hi ghost ban jaata hai." Lekin uski awaaz mein bhi ek halki si kampan hai. Dono ne yeh footsteps pehle bhi sune hain—bilkul same time, bilkul same direction—har raat, water tank ke paas.

Tabhi torch ki beam ke bahar, white kapdon mein ek aurat nazar aati hai. Uske baal geele hain, jaise abhi-abhi paani se nikli ho. Woh itni calm hai ki darr aur bhi zyada lagta hai. Varun pehle jhatka khaata hai, phir almost chillane hi wala hota hai, lekin Imran uska haath pakad leta hai. Aurat dheere se bolti hai, "Aap log mujhe dekh rahe ho?" Uski awaaz soft hai, almost polite. "Main Zoya hoon. Top floor ki nayi tenant."

Varun turant protest karta hai: "Nayi tenant? Top floor lock hai! Koi entry nahi hai!" Imran bhi apni keys nikaal kar dikhata hai, register ka fatta hua page palat kar kehta hai ki top floor months se vacant hai. Zoya bas un dono ko dekhti rehti hai, jaise woh log koi bhooli hui baat yaad kar rahe hon. Woh tank ke lid ke paas jaati hai aur us par apni geeli ungli pherti hai. "Main yahin rehti hoon," woh kehti hai, "bas aap log notice nahi karte."

Conversation weirdly normal hoti jaati hai, aur isi normalcy mein horror aur gehra ho jaata hai. Varun ghabra kar puchta hai ki agar woh tenant hai to keys kahan hain, rent kisne liya, aur building register mein naam kyun nahi. Zoya halki si muskurati hai: "Aap logon ne register kabhi theek se dekha hi nahi." Imran torch ka beam register par daalta hai. Beech ke ek purane page ke neeche, faded ink mein "Zoya" ka naam dikhta hai—par date bahut purani hai, aur uske aage ek line cut karke likhi gayi hai: "Shifted out." Varun ka chehra safed pad jaata hai.

Phir Zoya ki awaaz badalti hai, jaise paani ke neeche se aa rahi ho. Woh dheere se kehti hai, “Aap dono ne mujhe yahin band kiya tha.” Imran aur Varun ek saath piche hat-te hain. Torch beam hilti hai. Zoya tank lid ko tap karti hai—ek dull, wet sound. “Main chilla rahi thi,” woh bolti hai, “par aap logon ne kaha tha building mein nuisance hai. Phir lid band kiya. Phir naam register se hata diya.”

Imran ki saans ruk jaati hai. Uske haath mein keys ka bunch kaanpta hai. Varun ko yaad aata hai—bachpan ki purani building story nahi, balki do aadmiyon ki woh shaam jab pani ki tanki se awaaz aayi thi, aur unhone sabko bola tha ki pipe mein hawa phans gayi hai. Koi complaint na ho, isliye lid seal kar diya gaya tha. Zoya un dono ko dekh kar bas itna kehti hai: “Main mar gayi thi. Lekin aap dono ne mujhe kabhi poora khol ke nahi dekha.”

Ab twist aur cruel ho jaata hai. Zoya unhe batati hai ki woh un dono ko hi sun sakti thi—aur woh dono bhi usse isliye sun paaye kyunki unhi ke haathon se woh lid band hua tha. Jis raat se guilt unke andar zinda raha, us raat se uski awaaz rooftop par ghoomti rahi. Varun ka darr cheekh mein badalne hi wala hota hai, lekin Imran usse rok deta hai. Zoya tank lid ke paas khadi, almost sad smile ke saath bolti hai: “Ab aap log mujhe dekh bhi rahe ho, sun bhi rahe ho. Bas itna kaafi hai.”

Aakhri moment mein, moonlight aur torch beam ek saath tank lid par tikte hain. Neeche city neon blink karti hai. Zoya dheere se piche hat-ti hai aur lid ke andhere mein ghul jaati hai. Varun aur Imran zameen par frozen hain, jabki rooftop par ek baar phir wahi footsteps sunai dete hain—par is baar teen nahi, sirf do. Imran aur Varun ke. Aur unke beech, ek teesri awaaz, bilkul halki, bilkul geeli: “Good night, tenants.”