

THE TENANT ON THE TOP FLOOR

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: Inspector Tara (37)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Late raat ka samay hai. Ek purani apartment building ke top floor par ek narrow corridor hai, jahan sirf ek tube light jal-bujh rahi hai. Neeche stairwell se hawa ka sannata uthta hai aur deewaron par lambi, tedhi shadows hilti rehti hain. Inspector Tara, plain clothes mein, torch aur police notebook ke saath corridor mein enter karti hai. Usse building ki resident Mrs. Khan ne complaint ki hai ki locked top-floor room se raat bhar rone ki awaaz aati hai. Mrs. Khan housecoat mein, keys ko kas kar pakde hue, pehle se hi corridor mein khadi milti hai. Uske chehre par darr bhi hai aur gussa bhi—jaise woh khud ko darrne nahi dena chahti.

Mrs. Khan Tara ko batati hai ki room mein new tenant aayi hai—Leena—par Leena normal nahi hai. Woh na toh kisi ko seedha dekhti hai, na hi zyada bolti hai. Kabhi kabhi corridor mein bina pairon ki awaaz ke chalti hai. Tara pehle isse building ki gossip samajh kar ignore karti hai, lekin tabhi Leena khud corridor ke end se aati hai: rain-damp kurta, pale chehra, aur ek ajeeb si stillness. Uski aankhen thaki hui hain, jaise woh kisi aur jagah se bahar aa rahi ho. Tara usse sawal karti hai, aur Leena bahut dheere bolti hai ki usne raat ko apne hi footsteps wall ke andar se sune hain. Woh kehti hai, “Main room mein thi, par awaaz lag rahi thi ki main hi deewar ke andar chal rahi hoon.”

Mrs. Khan turant uspar toot padti hai—“Maine bola tha na, yeh ladki theek nahi hai.” Leena, bina react kiye, bas nameplate ki taraf dekhti rehti hai. Door par jo nameplate lagi hai, us par faded ink mein bas ek naam dikhta hai, aur uske neeche purane screw marks. Tara apni torch se lock, door chain aur corridor ke peepholes inspect karti hai. Kuch bhi normal nahi lagta, lekin practical mind ke saath woh sabko reassure karti hai. Woh keys maangti hai. Mrs. Khan reluctantly keys deti hai, lekin warning bhi: “Madam, is room mein jo bhi aata hai, woh seedha nahi jaata.”

Jaise hi Tara key daalkar lock kholne ki koshish karti hai, tube light ek baar bahut tez flicker hoti hai. Corridor ka perspective badal sa jata hai—door thoda sa aur door lagta hai, stairwell ki echo aur zyada gehri ho jaati hai. Tara ko lagta hai jaise corridor lamba ho gaya hai. Woh palat kar dekhti hai, par Mrs. Khan aur Leena dono wahi khadi hain, sirf unki parchaiyan alag direction mein ja rahi hain. Tara apni notebook mein note karti hai, par page par uske likhne se pehle hi kuch wet fingerprints jaise ubhar aate hain.

Leena dheere se bolti hai ki room locked hai kyunki “andar koi hai jo bahar aana nahi chahta.” Mrs. Khan ka darr ab confess ho jata hai: us building mein pehle bhi ek tenant thi jo isi top-floor room mein rehti thi, phir ek din seedhiyon par gir kar mar gayi thi. Uske baad room vacant raha. Par kuch mahine pehle ek nayi ladki aayi—Leena—aur tab se raat ko crying aur footsteps sunai dene lage. Tara ko lagta hai Mrs. Khan over-imaginative hai, lekin Leena ka tone bilkul flat hai, jaise woh kisi aur ka case suna rahi ho.

Climax tab aata hai jab Tara finally door khol deti hai. Room andar se empty hai—na bed, na bag, na insaan. Sirf ek purani khidki, dust, aur wall par ek faint damp outline. Tara torch ghumati hai aur deewar ke paas ek naamplate ka duplicate screw-hole dekhti hai. Corridor mein ek saans jaisi awaaz goonjti hai. Mrs. Khan ka haath keys se kaanpne lagta hai. Leena ek kadam aage badhkar room ke andar nahi, balki apne hi reflection ki taraf dekhti hai jo glass pane mein dikh raha hai—par reflection mein woh akeli nahi hoti. Uske peeche ek dusri silhouette khadi hoti hai, bilkul usi posture mein, jaise woh hamesha se building mein rahi ho.

Final reveal mein Tara ko building ke maintenance register aur purane nameplate ke neeche chipki faded photograph milti hai: same face, same age group, wahi Leena. Mrs. Khan ki awaaz toot jaati hai—“Yeh room kab se khali tha... par tenant kabhi building chhodi hi nahi.” Tara ka practical certainty pehli baar hil jaata hai. Leena bas dheere se bolti hai, “Main toh bas apni footsteps dhoond rahi thi.” Tube light ek aakhri baar flicker karti hai, aur jab light stable hoti hai, corridor mein sirf do log dikhte hain—Mrs. Khan aur Inspector Tara. Police notebook ke last page par kisi ne pehle se likh diya hota hai: “Top floor, room locked, tenant still inside.”