



# ROOM SERVICE FOR TWO

A Pure Comedy 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by  
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**LOGLINE:** Bharat keeps ordering increasingly absurd room service requests to impress Jaya, who responds with calm efficiency and sharper wit each time. The joke flips when she reveals she has been matching his nonsense because she recognized him from a disastrous blind date years ago.

**CAST / CHARACTERS:** FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Bharat (33)

**LOCATION:** A mid-range hotel room with beige walls, bright bedside lamps, and a small balcony door showing city lights outside. The room is tidy but cramped, creating a stage for escalating misunderstandings and physical comedy.

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**FADE IN:**

**INT. MID-RANGE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Beige walls. Bright bedside lamps. A small balcony door reveals city lights outside. The room is tidy, but cramped.

BHARAT (33), flashy shirt, overconfident grin, stands with a ROOM SERVICE MENU like it's a luxury script.

He clears his throat, puts on a fake luxury accent.

**BHARAT**

(into hotel phone)

Hello, yes. Room service. I require... one espresso.

He pauses, smug.

**BHARAT (CONT'D)**

But not ordinary. Italian mountain air ke saath.

A beat.

Knock at the door.

Bharat straightens his shirt, poses.

He opens the door.

JAYA (31), neat uniform, tray in hand, perfectly unimpressed, stands there.

**JAYA**

Good evening, sir.

She walks in without waiting for permission.

**JAYA (CONT'D)**

Espresso.

She places the cup on the table.

**JAYA (CONT'D)**

Mountain air unfortunately stock mein nahi hai.

Bharat blinks, then recovers instantly.

**BHARAT**

(smiling)

Ah. Very witty.

**JAYA**

Thank you. Very unnecessary.

She turns to leave.

**BHARAT**

Wait. Lights thodi dim kar do.

**JAYA**

Sure.

She adjusts the bedside lamp a little.

**JAYA (CONT'D)**

Mood set. Electricity bill bhi set.

Bharat laughs too loudly, trying to impress her.

**BHARAT**

I like a woman with... precision.

**JAYA**

I like guests with room numbers.

She checks the minibar, straightens a bottle.

**BHARAT**

Actually, bring me something special.

**JAYA**

Like what?

**BHARAT**

A deconstructed sandwich.

**JAYA**

(polite)

Sir, yahan sandwiches assemble hote hain.

She looks at him.

**JAYA (CONT'D)**

Therapist nahi.

Bharat is slightly offended, mostly intrigued.

**BHARAT**

You're sharp.

**JAYA**

And you're loud.

Bharat picks up the room service menu like he's reading poetry.

**BHARAT**

Okay. Then... one moonlight.

**JAYA**

Hotel policy ke hisaab se sirf balcony door khul  
sakta hai.

She opens the balcony door a little. City lights glow.

**BHARAT**

Wow. You really understand luxury.

**JAYA**

No. I understand nonsense.

Bharat steps toward the balcony, dramatic.

**BHARAT**

The city is looking at me.

**JAYA**

It's probably looking away.

Bharat points to the tray.

**BHARAT**

And this glass... vintage crystal?

**JAYA**

No, sir. Normal glass. Aapke liye bhi normal hi rakha hai.

Bharat fumbles with the hotel phone cord. It tangles around his wrist.

He tries to free himself, awkward.

JAYA watches, deadpan.

**BHARAT**

I'm... used to a more private service.

**JAYA**

Aapko service se zyada attention ki aadat lag rahi hai.

Bharat leans in, trying charm again.

**BHARAT**

Jaya, your service is unforgettable.

Jaya freezes. A beat.

Then she sets the tray down.

**JAYA**

Unforgettable?

She steps closer.

**JAYA (CONT'D)**

Haan. Wohi blind date bhi unforgettable tha.

Bharat's smile vanishes.

**BHARAT**

Wait...

**JAYA**

Teen saal pehle. Restaurant. Aapne mujhe "future investment" bola tha.

Bharat stares, embarrassed.

**JAYA (CONT'D)**

Phir poora dinner fake accent mein "continental mindset" pe lecture diya.

**BHARAT**

Oh.

**JAYA**

Aur dessert ke time bathroom mein phone leke chale gaye the.

**BHARAT**

I had a... urgent call.

**JAYA**

Haan. Wealthy logon ka hota hoga.

Bharat is mortified.

**BHARAT**

Jaya, I—

**JAYA**

Aaj aapko dekhte hi samajh gaya tha.

She folds her arms.

**JAYA (CONT'D)**

Same shirt. Same accent. Same overacting.

**BHARAT**

So you were matching my nonsense?

**JAYA**

Of course.

Beat.

**JAYA (CONT'D)**

Aapko pehchanna mushkil nahi tha.

She leans in, final blow.

**JAYA (CONT'D)**

Aapka ego check-in ke saath hi arrive ho gaya tha.

Bharat takes it in, defeated.

Then, unexpectedly, he laughs.

**BHARAT**

Okay... fair.

Jaya relaxes a fraction.

She picks up the tray, heads for the door.

At the doorway, she turns back.

**JAYA**

Next time room service order karna ho, toh absurdity kam aur honesty zyada rakhna.

**BHARAT**

And if I do?

**JAYA**

Then maybe I'll bring you water.

She opens the door.

**JAYA (CONT'D)**

Room ka size chhota hai, sir.

A beat.

**JAYA (CONT'D)**

Aapka impression aur bhi chhota.

She exits.

Bharat stands alone, stunned.

He looks at the minibar bottle, then the menu.

After a beat, he picks up the hotel phone.

**BHARAT**

(into phone, softly)

Yes. Room service.

He thinks.

**BHARAT (CONT'D)**

One plain water.

He hangs up.

For the first time, he looks genuinely human.

**FADE OUT.**