



ROOM 214

A Horror/Supernatural 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by
Story Dil Se Team
(storydilse.in)

LOGLINE: Two nurses are assigned to wait outside Room 214 for a patient who never arrives, while the room's door keeps opening by itself. As strange announcements echo through the hallway, one nurse begins hearing a woman's voice calling her by a childhood nickname only her dead sister used. The twist: the patient in Room 214 is not a stranger, but the sister who vanished years ago, and she has come back asking to be remembered correctly.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Ira (30)

LOCATION: An old hospital waiting room outside Room 214 with cold fluorescent lighting, peeling paint, a vending machine hum, and a corridor that seems to lengthen in the background.

USAGE LICENSE: 100% Free for Every Filmmaker & Creator. Shoot it, direct it, share it anywhere?no licensing fees, no paperwork, no barriers. Whether you're making your first student film, a festival entry, or an independent project, all scripts on Story Dil Se are completely free to adapt.

All we ask: Give credit where it's due with an on-screen mention in your credits:
'Story & Screenplay by Story Dil Se (storydilse.in)'.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM / OUTSIDE ROOM 214 - NIGHT

Cold fluorescent light. Peeling paint. VENDING MACHINE ka low hum. Corridor background mein unnaturally lamba lag raha hai.

IRA (30), pale scrubs, hair tied back, thermos haath mein, khadi hai. POOJA (24), wrinkled scrubs, clipboard ko tight pakde, nervously baithi hai.

POOJA

(checking clipboard)

Shift note mein likha hai patient 214 mein 11:30 tak aa jayega. Abhi 12:10 ho gaya.

IRA

Hospital mein time ka apna mood hota hai. Aata hai, phir late hota hai.

POOJA

Aap itni calm kaise ho?

IRA

Experience. Aur chai.

(holds thermos)

Chahiye?

POOJA

Nahi... matlab, shayad.

Ira thermos ka lid kholti hai. Door of ROOM 214 slowly CREAKS open.

Pooja jumps.

POOJA (CONT'D)

Dekha? Dekha? Main bola tha!

IRA

Hawa hogi.

POOJA

Hawa door kholti hai?

IRA

Old building. Loose hinge.

Pooja stands, clipboard chest se lagaye.

POOJA

Main andar check karti hoon.

IRA

Nahi. Wait.

A beat. A distant ANNOUNCEMENT crackles.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Room... two... one... four... patient... remember...

Pooja and Ira freeze.

POOJA

Announcer ko kya ho gaya?

IRA

PA system kharab hai.

POOJA

PA system "remember" kyun bol raha tha?

Ira doesn't answer. She notices something near the room sign: a faded HOSPITAL WRISTBAND on the floor. She picks it up.

Close on wristband: R. SHARMA.

Ira's face tightens for half a second. Pooja notices.

POOJA (CONT'D)

Sharma?

IRA

Common naam hai.

POOJA

Aapka bhi Sharma hai.

IRA

Is hospital mein bahut logon ka hai.

The door to Room 214 CREAKS shut.

The PAGER on Ira's belt BEEPS. Static.

POOJA

Aapka pager bhi paagal ho gaya?

IRA

Battery low hogi.

The door opens again. This time wider.

Inside: dark room. Empty bed. Empty chair.

POOJA

Patient hai hi nahi.

IRA

Abhi tak.

A soft voice, almost a whisper, from inside the room.

VOICE (O.S.)

Iru...

Ira stiffens.

POOJA

Aapne kuch bola?

IRA

Nahi.

VOICE (O.S.)

Iru... mujhe sahi naam se yaad karo.

Pooja steps closer to Ira.

POOJA

Aap theek ho?

Ira swallows.

IRA

Meri chhoti behen... mujhe bachpan mein Iru bolti thi.

POOJA

Behen?

IRA

Woh gayab ho gayi thi. Years ago.

Pooja looks from Ira to the room.

POOJA

Ye... mazaak nahi hai na?

IRA

Kaash hota.

The room lights FLICKER. A HOSPITAL WRISTBAND lies on the bed now. It wasn't there before.

Pooja steps back.

POOJA

Ira...

Ira picks up the wristband. Close on it: ANANYA SHARMA.

Ira's breath catches.

IRA

Nahi...

POOJA

Kya hua?

IRA

Uska naam... Ananya tha. Humne kabhi use woh naam se bulaaya hi nahi.

A long beat. The corridor seems to stretch farther.

The keycard in Pooja's hand BEEPS by itself.

The room lights steady.

A wheelchair is now visible in the corner.

POOJA

Toh patient...

IRA

Meri behen thi.

The voice returns, clearer now.

VOICE (O.S.)

Sahi. Ab yaad aa gaya.

Ira steps into the room. Pooja stays at the threshold.

IRA

Ananya...

The fluorescent lights stop flickering.

The door stops moving.

The intercom crackles one last time.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Patient identified correctly.

Silence.

Pooja slowly exhales.

POOJA

Main entry likh doon?

Ira looks at the wristband, then at the empty chair.

IRA

Haan.

(beat)

Aur likho... Ananya Sharma.

Pooja nods, writing carefully.

Ira pockets the wristband.

They step back into the waiting room.

The corridor seems normal now.

Pooja glances at the room sign.

A new paper slip is taped below it.

INSERT - PAPER SLIP:

VISITOR: IRU

Pooja looks at Ira.

Ira stares at the slip, shaken but calm.

IRA

(softly)

Is baar... sahi naam se.

The ROOM 214 door slowly closes.

CUT TO BLACK.