



THE TENANT IN ROOM 304

A Psychological Thriller 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by
Story Dil Se Team
(storydilse.in)

LOGLINE: A hotel manager and night auditor argue over a guest in room 304 who appears on the register but not on the security footage. The woman calmly knows details about each man that she should not know, turning their suspicion inward. The twist reveals she is not a guest but the previous manager's daughter, back to uncover who erased her father's death from the hotel records.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Mr. Bhatt (55)

LOCATION: A dim hotel reception desk and corridor entrance, lit by amber lobby lamps and the cold rectangle of a security monitor.

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. HOTEL RECEPTION - NIGHT

Dim hotel reception. Amber lobby lamps. Cold glow of a SECURITY MONITOR. A REGISTER BOOK lies open. A ROOM KEY CARD rests near the desk. A LOCKED SUITCASE stands beside a chair.

MR. BHATT (55), immaculate uniform, polite smile, stands behind the desk.

ROHIT (31), thin, jumpy, wrinkled shirt, headset on, stares at the monitor.

ROHIT

Sir, main bol raha hoon... room 304 ka guest register mein hai, par CCTV mein nahi.

MR. BHATT

(pleasantly)

Aur main bol raha hoon, Rohit, hotel mein system galat nahi hota. Log galat dekhte hain.

ROHIT

Main teen baar rewind kar chuka hoon. Entry gate, lift, corridor... kuch bhi nahi.

MR. BHATT

Toh phir guest hawa mein aayi hogi?

ROHIT

Sir, mazaak mat kariye. Mujhe already headache ho raha hai.

MR. BHATT

Headset pehle seedha peheno, phir headache discuss karenge.

Rohit adjusts his headset, irritated.

A faint CLICK. The front entrance opens.

NANDINI (28) enters. Elegant, dark coat, controlled steps. She carries a LOCKED SUITCASE.

NANDINI

Good evening.

A beat.

NANDINI (CONT'D)

Mera key card kaam nahi kar raha.

MR. BHATT

(smiling)

Room number?

NANDINI

304.

Rohit and Bhatt exchange a look.

ROHIT

(under breath)

Yahi woh room hai.

Nandini notices the register.

NANDINI

Register book abhi bhi hard copy mein rakhte ho?
Cute.

MR. BHATT

Hotel standards.

NANDINI

Haan. Aur CCTV standards?

Rohit freezes.

ROHIT

Aapko CCTV ke baare mein kaise pata?

NANDINI

Kyuki aap dono usi se pareshaan ho.

Bhatt keeps his smile, but his eyes tighten.

MR. BHATT

Madam, agar aap guest hain, toh ID dikhaiye.

NANDINI

Aapke paas already hai.

She points at the REGISTER BOOK.

NANDINI (CONT'D)

Nandini. Room 304. Checked in at 10:14 PM.

ROHIT

Par footage mein aap kahin nahi dikh rahi.

NANDINI

Tumhari monitor ki date sahi hai?

ROHIT

Kya?

NANDINI

Kal raat bhi tum usi chair pe the. 2:07 AM pe tumne
headset utaar ke washroom ke bahar kisi ko phone pe
bola tha, "Sir, main nahi kar paunga."

Rohit goes pale.

ROHIT

Aap... aapko kaise—

NANDINI

Main kaafi cheezein notice karti hoon.

She turns to Bhatt.

NANDINI (CONT'D)

Aur aap, Mr. Bhatt... cufflinks achhe hain. Same pair
jo aapne ek dead man ke locker mein rakhe the.

Bhatt's smile disappears for the first time.

MR. BHATT

Aap kaun hain?

NANDINI

Sach bolun? Main woh hoon jise aap log yaad rakhna
nahi chahte.

She places the LOCKED SUITCASE on the desk.

ROHIT

Sir...

MR. BHATT

(softly, to Rohit)

Shut up.

Nandini opens the register book to an old page.

NANDINI

Is date ko dekh lo.

Bhatt looks. Rohit leans in.

NANDINI (CONT'D)

Mere father ki death ka din.

ROHIT

Aapke father?

NANDINI

Previous manager.

Silence.

NANDINI (CONT'D)

Us raat unhone hotel records mein ek death entry
dekhi thi. Agle subah woh file se gayab thi. Jaise
aadmi nahi, bas inconvenience ho.

MR. BHATT

(calculating)

Madam, आपको गलतफहमी—

NANDINI

Galatfehmi nahi. Cover-up.

She taps the suitcase.

NANDINI (CONT'D)

Ismein meri father ki recording hai.

ROHIT

Recording?

NANDINI

Manager's log. Audio.

Bhatt steps forward, low voice now.

MR. BHATT

Yeh hotel badnaam ho jayega.

NANDINI

Hotel ko badnaam records nahi karte, Mr. Bhatt. Log karte hain.

She opens the suitcase. Inside: a small AUDIO RECORDER.

ROHIT

Sir... footage delete kisne kiya tha?

Bhatt says nothing.

NANDINI

Main bata deti hoon.

She presses PLAY.

A CRACKLING MALE VOICE from the recorder.

RECORDED VOICE (V.O.)

Agar main kal nahi raha, toh register mat badalna.

Rohit stares at Bhatt. Bhatt stares at the recorder.

ROHIT

(whisper)

Sir...?

MR. BHATT

(quiet, broken)

Main ne delete nahi kiya tha.

NANDINI

Nahi. Aapne bas dekha tha.

Bhatt can't answer.

NANDINI (CONT'D)

Aur tum?

She turns to Rohit.

NANDINI (CONT'D)

Tum bhi duty pe the.

ROHIT

Main... main job lose nahi kar sakta tha.

NANDINI

Mere father ne zindagi lose ki thi.

A long beat.

The monitor flickers. Empty corridor. Room 304 number glows on the screen.

MR. BHATT

Aap yahan kyun aayi hain?

NANDINI

Kyuki main guest nahi hoon.

She closes the recorder.

NANDINI (CONT'D)

Main previous manager ki beti hoon.

Rohit swallows hard.

NANDINI (CONT'D)

Room 304 mera room nahi tha.

She looks at the desk, the register, the monitor.

NANDINI (CONT'D)

Woh unka witness tha.

Silence.

Nandini picks up the ROOM KEY CARD, turns it in her fingers, then places it beside the register.

NANDINI (CONT'D)

Ab room 304 ka guest mil gaya.

She looks at both men.

NANDINI (CONT'D)

Bas hotel ko yaad dilana tha ki woh kaun tha.

The monitor hums. The lobby light flickers.

CUT TO BLACK.

END