



NO VACANCY FOR SECRETS

A Horror/Supernatural 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: Pranav arrives after midnight and is told the hotel has no rooms, yet the manager and receptionist keep insisting he already checked in. As the lobby begins to echo with footsteps from empty corridors, Pranav discovers the hotel only accepts guests who have unfinished business—and one of the women has been dead for years.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Pranav (33)

LOCATION: A small, outdated hotel reception area with a check-in desk, brass bell, old wall clock, and a hallway disappearing into darkness. The light is a mix of buzzing fluorescent tubes and the amber glow from a desk lamp, creating a dreamlike, uneasy mood.

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FADE IN:

INT. OLD HOTEL RECEPTION - NIGHT

A dim, outdated hotel reception. Fluorescent tubes BUZZ overhead. A DESK LAMP throws amber light across a brass bell, a register book, and a dusty suitcase on the floor. A narrow hallway disappears into darkness.

PRANAV (33), rumpled shirt, jittery smile, stands at the desk with his suitcase.

Behind the desk: NANDITA (48), immaculate navy suit, precise, unreadable.

Beside her: JAYA (30), pale, haunted stare, night receptionist posture like she's repeating a script.

PRANAV

Good evening... ya good morning?

NANDITA

Midnight ke baad, sirf check-in hota hai.

PRANAV

Perfect. Check-in hi karna hai.

(pulls phone)

Booking hai. Pranav Mehta.

NANDITA

Room available nahi hai.

PRANAV

Kya matlab nahi hai? Main already pay kar chuka hoon.

Jaya opens the REGISTER BOOK with mechanical precision.

JAYA

Aap already check-in kar chuke hain.

Pranav stares.

PRANAV

Main? Kab?

JAYA

Yahin.

(points to entry)

Saaf-saaf.

Nandita slides the register toward him. His name is written in the book.

PRANAV

Yeh mera sign nahi hai.

NANDITA

Hotel mein bahut cheezein first time hoti hain. Yeh unmein se nahi.

Pranav rings the BRASS BELL, irritated.

DING.

From the hallway: faint FOOTSTEPS.

Pranav freezes. Looks.

Nothing.

PRANAV

Aap log bhi na... late-night prank?

NANDITA

(calm)

Purane hotel mein awaazein rehti hain.

PRANAV

Awaazein? Footsteps the, madam.

JAYA

(flat)

Aap already check-in kar chuke hain.

PRANAV

Haan, yeh line toh tape pe bhi chal sakti hai.

Nandita's eyes narrow slightly.

NANDITA

Room chahiye ya argument?

PRANAV

Room.

JAYA

Toh register dekhiye.

She flips to another page. Then another.

Three entries. Same name.

Different dates.

All after midnight.

PRANAV

Yeh... yeh possible nahi hai.

NANDITA

Unfinished business ke liye bahut kuch possible hota hai.

PRANAV

Unfinished business? Main toh sales meeting ke liye—

JAYA

(interrupting, like a line repeated too many times)

Aap already check-in kar chuke hain.

Pranav looks at her closely.

PRANAV

Tum theek ho?

Jaya blinks once.

JAYA

Main... duty par hoon.

Nandita takes the register back.

NANDITA

Kuch log bill chhodte hain. Kuch log maafi. Kuch log khud ko.

PRANAV

Main koi ghost story ka extra nahi hoon.

NANDITA

Nahi.

(beat)

Aap lead role hain.

A beat.

Another set of FOOTSTEPS, closer now.

The wall clock TICKS loudly.

Then stops.

Pranav's smile fades.

PRANAV

Okay. Fine. Room number?

Jaya reaches under the desk and places a ROOM KEY on the counter.

Number: 404.

JAYA

Yeh lijiye.

PRANAV

404? Woh room exist bhi karta hai?

NANDITA

Kabhi-kabhi.

Pranav picks up the key. It feels cold.

PRANAV

Main yahan bas raat guzaarne aaya tha.

Nandita studies him.

NANDITA

Nahi, Pranav. Aap us raat bhi yahi aaye the.

Pranav's face changes. A memory hits.

A rain-slick road. Headlights. A phone ringing. A woman's voice, unheard.

PRANAV

(quiet)

Main... usse call karne wala tha.

JAYA

Phir kyun nahi kiya?

Pranav can't answer.

The hallway FOOTSTEPS stop right outside the desk.

A cold breeze passes through the lobby.

Pranav turns.

In the desk lamp's glass, his reflection is there.

Behind him: another SHAPE.

But Nandita and Jaya have no reflections.

PRANAV

(shaken)

Tum log...?

Nandita lifts the brass bell.

DING.

The lights FLICKER.

Jaya's blank stare cracks. Pain surfaces.

JAYA

(now real, soft)

Main bhi us raat yahin thi. Aapne mujhe dekha tha.

Phir chale gaye.

Pranav drops the suitcase.

It pops open.

Inside: a soggy newspaper clipping, a blood-stained hotel key card.

PRANAV

Nahi...

Nandita's voice turns icy.

NANDITA

No vacancy for secrets.

PRANAV

Main mar...

He can't finish.

NANDITA

Aur no vacancy for the living, jab tak woh sach
accept na kar lein.

Jaya opens the register book one last time and writes.

INSERT - REGISTER BOOK

Under PRANAV's name: STAYED.

BACK TO SCENE

The wall clock starts TICKING again.

The hallway darkness deepens, then settles.

Pranav stands frozen, key in hand.

JAYA

(gentle, almost kind)

Room 404, sir.

Pranav looks toward the hallway.

One step.

Then another.

Nandita straightens the brass bell.

Jaya returns to her blank reception posture.

The lobby waits for the next guest.

FADE OUT.

THE END