

ROOM 304

A Horror/Supernatural 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Horror/Supernatural	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Nikhil (27)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Room 304 mein midnight ka sannata aisa tha jaise hospital ne khud saans lena band kar diya ho. Pale green walls par flickering bedside lamp ki peeli roshni kaanp rahi thi, curtain aadha khula tha, aur window par baarish ki halki tapping room ko aur zyada bechain bana rahi thi. Nikhil, 27 saal ka skeptical hospital intern, scrubs mein thaka hua, messy hair aur tired aankhon ke saath clipboard aur flashlight pakde khada tha. Uske saamne Father Thomas, 52, white cassock aur black coat mein, kalai par rosary loop kiye, poori tarah calm, jaise kisi aur hi duniya se aaye hon. Nikhil ko yaqeen tha ki Room 304 bas ek malfunctioning ward hai—purani wiring, faulty intercom, aur nurses ki overactive imagination. Lekin Father Thomas ko is room mein kuch aur hi bulaaya gaya tha: aise patients ki kahani jo marne se pehle ek hi naam whisper karte the.

Nikhil ne pehla shot liya—"Father, honestly, yeh sirf technical issue hai. Intercom kharab hai, IV drip ka pump old hai, aur log stress mein kuch bhi bol dete hain." Father Thomas ne bina gussa kiye bas room ko dekha, phir bed ke paas ruk kar bola, "Kabhi-kabhi jo repeat hota hai, woh malfunction nahi hota. Woh memory hoti hai. Ya phir guilt." Nikhil hansa, thoda nervous, thoda defensive. Usne flashlight se bed ke neeche, curtain ke peeche, aur IV stand ke joints check kiye. Kuch nahi tha. Lekin jab usne intercom ka button press kiya, static ki jagah ek faint sa whisper aaya—"Mat jao."

Dono ek pal ke liye chup ho gaye. Nikhil ne kaha, "Wiring." Father Thomas ne rosary ko ungliyon mein ghumaate hue jawab diya, "Phir naam kyun?" Nikhil ne poocha, "Kaunsa naam?" Father Thomas ne seedha uski taraf dekha. "Patients ke hothon par ek hi naam aata hai. Dr. Arman." Room ka temperature jaise ek degree aur gir gaya. Nikhil ne clipboard ke papers palte—purane maintenance logs, discharge notes, aur ek faded signature. Dr. Arman ka naam wahan baar baar tha. Nikhil ko yaad aaya ki hospital ke senior staff is naam par hamesha baat adhoori chhod dete the. "Woh toh years pehle gayab ho gaya tha," Nikhil ne dheere se kaha. "Transferred? Run away? Koi clear record nahi." Father Thomas ne bed ke saamne khade hoke kaha, "Kisi ne record nahi chhoda, ya kisi ne chhupaya."

Tab room ne jawab diya. Intercom se ek crackling voice aayi—"Main yahin hoon." Nikhil ne flashlight drop karte hue almost bed ki taraf jump kiya. IV drip ki tube se ek extra tezi se tap-tap hone lagi, jaise koi invisible finger us rhythm ko control kar rahi ho. Nikhil ne ghabra kar intercom ka plug kheenchna chaha, lekin Father Thomas ne uska haath rok diya. "Sun," woh bas itna bola. Curtain dheere se hila, halanki hawa nahi thi. Bed sheet ke neeche se ek dark

shadow sa lamba hua, phir room ke corner mein jam gaya. Nikhil ka macho skepticism crack hone laga. “Yeh possible nahi hai,” usne almost kisi bachche ki tarah kaha.

Father Thomas ne soft voice mein poocha, “Dr. Arman yahan kya chhod gaya tha?” Room ne phir se answer diya—iss baar IV drip ke beech mein, paani ke drop ki jagah ek whisper: “Usko nahi.” Nikhil ka chehra safed pad gaya. Father Thomas ne dheere se sach ko pakda: “Patient?” Nikhil ka throat dry ho gaya. Usne clipboard ke last page ko dekha, jahan ek purana note stapled tha—Room 304, code red, unscheduled death, doctor unavailable. Neeche faded handwriting mein ek line thi: “Arman left him during surgery.” Nikhil ki aankhon mein realization aayi. Ghost koi patient nahi tha. Yeh guilt tha—ek doctor ka, jo ek bachche ya patient ko beech mein chhod kar gayab ho gaya, aur room ne us pal ko kabhi release nahi kiya.

Father Thomas ne rosary ko bed ke frame par gently touch kiya aur kaha, “Jo aadmi apne kaam se bhaagta hai, uski saza kabhi kabhi maut nahi hoti. Yaad hoti hai.” Intercom se final whisper aaya, clear aur painful: “Main doctor tha.” Nikhil ne pehli baar room ko technical problem ki tarah nahi, ek zakhm ki tarah dekha. Usne clipboard ko dheere se band kiya, jaise kisi case file ko nahi, kisi confession ko seal kar raha ho. Baarish tez ho gayi. Lamp ek baar aur flicker hua, phir steady ho gaya. Room 304 ab bhi khamosh tha, lekin woh khamoshi ab empty nahi thi—woh ek aise aadmi ki thi jo kabhi apne guilt se bahar nahi nikal saka. Father Thomas ne exit ki taraf dekhte hue bas itna kaha, “Ab yeh room jawab de chuka hai.” Nikhil ne pehli baar bina debate kiye sir hila diya. Aur jab dono darwaze ki taraf badhe, intercom se ek aakhri, almost relieved sa breath nikla—jaise room ne, years baad, finally kisi ko sach bata diya ho.