

ROOM SERVICE FOR TWO

A Pure Comedy 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Pure Comedy	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Bharat (33)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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)'.

Bharat tees floor ke ek mid-range hotel room mein akele khada hai, jaise poora room uske liye set nahi, uske ego ke liye set hua ho. Flashy shirt, polished shoes, aur haath mein room service menu—woh menu ko aise pakadta hai jaise koi royal decree ho. Bedside lamps ki bright roshni mein uska fake luxury accent aur bhi zyada fake lag raha hai, lekin Bharat ko is baat ka koi andaza nahi. Balcony door ke bahar city lights chamak rahi hain, aur room ki tang deewarein uske overconfidence ko ek alag hi level ki comedy bana rahi hain.

Phone uthakar woh room service ko call karta hai aur pehla order deta hai: “Ek espresso, but not ordinary—Italian mountain air ke saath.” Thodi der mein Jaya room mein enter karti hai, neat uniform mein, tray sambhaale, perfectly unimpressed face ke saath. Woh Bharat ko ek nazar dekhti hai aur bina kisi reaction ke tray table par rakh deti hai. Bharat turant apna charm mode on karta hai—soft smile, fake accent, aur unnecessary pauses. Jaya bas “Sir, espresso yeh raha. Mountain air unfortunately stock mein nahi hai,” bolkar wapass mudne lagti hai. Bharat ko yeh reply impress kam aur challenge zyada lagta hai.

Woh aur zyada show-off karne lagta hai. Pehle minibar bottle ka naam puchta hai, phir kehta hai ki “Lights thodi dim karo, mood set karna hai.” Jaya calmly bedside lamp ki direction adjust kar deti hai aur bolti hai, “Mood bhi set ho gaya, aur electricity bill bhi bach gaya.” Bharat is baar room service menu ko unfold karke ek absurd request padhne ka natak karta hai: “Chef se bolo... ek deconstructed sandwich, but emotionally complete hona chahiye.” Jaya uski aankhon mein dekhkar bina hile jawab deti hai, “Sir, yahan sandwiches assemble hote hain, therapist nahi.”

Har baar Bharat aur zyada ridiculous hota jata hai. Kabhi hotel phone se “room mein moonlight arrange” karne ko kehta hai, kabhi tray par rakhe water glass ko “vintage crystal” bulata hai, kabhi balcony door kholkar dramatic pose banata hai aur bolta hai, “City mujhe dekh rahi hai.” Jaya har baar uski nonsense ko exactly usi level ki calmness se handle karti hai. Woh tray uthati hai, key card scan karti hai, minibar bottle ko seedha karta hai, aur Bharat ke har over-the-top line ka ek dry, surgical jawab deti hai. Room ke andar physical comedy badhti jaati hai—Bharat kabhi phone wire mein ulajh jata hai, kabhi tray ke aas-paas awkwardly pose karta hai, aur Jaya bina expression badle sab manage kar leti hai.

Bharat ko lagta hai Jaya impressed ho rahi hai, isliye woh aur bhi zyada perform karta hai. Uska fake accent aur thick ho jata hai. Woh kehta hai ki woh “business aur pleasure dono ka connoisseur” hai. Jaya ek micro-pause leti hai, phir bolti hai, “Sir, aap pleasure se zyada confusion ke connoisseur lag rahe ho.” Bharat thoda hilta hai, par phir bhi apni game nahi chhodta. Uske liye yeh ek flirtation ka stage hai; Jaya ke liye yeh ek long, mildly annoying but entertaining shift.

Climax tab aata hai jab Bharat ek final grand gesture ke liye room service menu ko ek fan ki tarah ghumata hai aur dramatic tone mein bolta hai, “Jaya, I must say, your service is... unforgettable.” Jaya pehli baar seedha uski taraf dekhti hai. Ek second ke liye room mein silence. Phir woh tray table par rakhti hai, cross arms karti hai, aur calmly bolti hai, “Unforgettable? Haan, woh blind date bhi unforgettable tha.” Bharat freeze ho jata hai.

Jaya aage badhti hai, uske face par pehli baar ek real smile aati hai—sharp, controlled, aur thodi victorious. “Teen saal pehle. Restaurant mein. Aapne mujhe ‘future investment’ bola tha. Phir poora dinner apni fake accent mein ‘continental mindset’ pe gyaan diya tha. Aur dessert ke waqt bathroom mein phone leke chale gaye the kyunki aapko ‘urgent wealthy call’ aayi thi.” Bharat ka confidence ekdum se collapse ho jata hai. Woh yaad karne ki koshish karta hai, phir sharminda sa bolta hai, “Oh... Jaya? Tum... woh?”

Jaya nod karti hai. “Haan. Aur aaj jab aap room mein ghuse aur same accent, same shirt, same overacting dekha—mujhe samajh aa gaya tha ki main kiski service karne wali hoon.” Bharat ab bhi embarrassment aur admiration ke beech atka hua hai. “Toh tumne... mujhe pehchana tha?” Jaya ek final, perfect deadpan line deti hai: “Sir, aapko pehchanna mushkil nahi tha. Aapka ego check-in ke saath hi arrive ho gaya tha.”

Bharat ke paas ab koi pose nahi bachta. Woh ek second ke liye sach mein normal lagne lagta hai. Phir Jaya tray uthakar exit ki taraf jaati hai. Door ke paas rukkar woh piche mudti hai aur bolti hai, “Waise, next time room service order karna ho, toh absurdity kam aur honesty zyada rakhna. Room ka size chhota hai, par aapka impression aur bhi chhota.” Bharat hara hua, par hansa rok nahi pata. Jaya key card se door kholti hai, balcony lights uske face par padti hain, aur woh ek last glance dekar nikal jaati hai.

Room mein Bharat akela reh jaata hai, hotel phone haath mein, menu lap par. Woh minibar bottle uthata hai, sochta hai, phir khud se bolta hai, “Maybe... plain water.” Phone rakhta hai. Aur finally, pehli baar, sach mein normal insaan ki tarah saans leta hai.