

ROOM 214

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: Ira (30)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Old hospital ke waiting room mein fluorescent light aise kaanp rahi thi jaise khud thak gayi ho. Room 214 ke bahar do chairs, ek vending machine ka low humming, aur corridor jo har minute thoda aur lamba lagta tha. Ira, practical aur seedhi nurse, apne thermos se chai ka sip leti hai aur Pooja, nayi intern, clipboard ko aise pakde hui hai jaise usi se bachav hoga. Dono ko order mila hai: patient aayega, usko monitor karna hai, bas wait. Par problem ye hai ki Room 214 ka patient kabhi aata hi nahi. Door kabhi khud khul jata hai, kabhi band. Keycard kabhi kaam karta hai, kabhi nahi. Pager pe ek odd sa static aata hai aur phir blank. Hospital intercom se kabhi kabhi announcement hoti hai, lekin words incomplete, jaise koi purani tape ulta chal rahi ho.

Pooja pehle is sab ko prank ya wiring fault samajhti hai. Ira usse calm karti hai, practical explanations deti hai: draft hoga, hinge loose hoga, PA system mein short hoga. Lekin phir room sign ke neeche ek hospital wristband milta hai, purana, faded. Us par likha hota hai: "R. Sharma." Ira ka face ek second ke liye freeze ho jata hai, par woh turant usse cover kar leti hai. Pooja notice kar leti hai ki Ira ka surname bhi Sharma hai. Ira batati nahi, bas kahti hai ki hospital mein aise names common hote hain.

Phir corridor mein ek announcement aati hai—clear nahi, bas toot-ti hui awaaz: "Room 214... patient... remember..." Pooja ke haath ka clipboard girte-girte bachta hai. Usko lagta hai koi unke paas khada hai, par corridor khaali hai. Door khud khul jaata hai. Room andar andhera hai, bas ek bed aur ek chair ka silhouette. Ira andar jaake light on karti hai, koi patient nahi. Bas ek old fragrance, jaise talc aur rain-soaked dupatta. Pooja ko ajeeb lagta hai ki room mein ek bachpan wala sa smell kyun hai.

Tab Ira ke kaan mein ek awaaz aati hai—soft, trembling, aur bahut apni: "Iru." Woh turant mudti hai. Pooja kuch nahi sunti. Ira ko lagta hai hallucination hai, stress hai, night shift hai. Par phir awaaz dobara aati hai: "Iru... mujhe sahi naam se yaad karo." Ira ka face palat jaata hai. Pooja ab aur nervous ho jaati hai, kyunki Ira ka rational mask toot raha hai. Ira chupke se batati hai ki uski chhoti behen ka bachpan mein ek nickname tha—sirf ghar mein use hota tha. Woh behen years pehle hospital se gayab ho gayi thi. Police, reports, sab hua tha. Koi body nahi, koi closure nahi.

Ab Room 214 ka har chhota signal usi taraf point kar raha hai. Pager par ek number flash hota hai: 214. Keycard bina swipe ke beep karta hai. Door phir khul jaata hai, aur is baar room mein ek wheelchair dikhai deti hai jo pehle nahi thi. Pooja panic karti hai, par Ira usse rok kar room ke andar rakhe hospital wristband ko uthati hai. Us par ab naam badal gaya hota hai: “Ananya Sharma.” Ira ki saans ruk jaati hai, kyunki ye usi behen ka asli naam tha—woh naam jo family ne kabhi loud nahi bola, bas “chhoti” aur “Iru ki behen” kehkar mita diya tha. Twist yahi hai: patient koi stranger nahi. Patient woh behen hai jo khoyi nahi, balki hospital ke records aur family memory mein galat naam se dafn ho gayi thi.

Aakhri confrontation mein Pooja ka role emotional anchor ka hota hai. Woh Ira ko kehti hai ki agar koi wapas aaya hai, toh usko pehchaan do, warna woh phir se kho jayegi. Ira pehli baar practical nurse nahi, ek badi behen ban kar khadi hoti hai. Woh room ke beech mein jaake dheere se bolti hai: “Ananya.” Corridor ki lights steady ho jaati hain. Door ka khud-bakhud khulna band ho jaata hai. Intercom par last announcement aati hai, is baar clear: “Patient identified correctly.” Room 214 ki darkness halka sa settle ho jaati hai, jaise kisi ne finally saans li ho.

End mein Pooja clipboard par entry karti hai, aur Ira us faded wristband ko apni pocket mein rakh leti hai. Dono silent khadi hoti hain. Corridor ab pehle se chhota lagta hai. Vending machine ka hum normal ho jaata hai. But last beat mein, room sign ke neeche ek naya paper slip chipka hota hai: “Visitor: Iru.” Ira us taraf dekhti hai, aur pehli baar uske chehre par darr nahi, recognition hoti hai. Room 214 ab khali nahi lagta—ab woh yaad se bhara lagta hai.