

THE TENANT IN ROOM 304

A Psychological Thriller 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Psychological Thriller	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Mr. Bhatt (55)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Hotel ki amber lights ke neeche, raat ka reception ek chhota sa duniya lagta hai—silent, polished, aur thoda sa bechain. Mr. Bhatt, immaculate uniform mein, register book ke pages ko ungliyon se seedha karte hue standing smile pe kaam kar raha hai. Rohit, wrinkled shirt aur headset ke saath, security monitor par aankhen gaad ke baitha hai, jaise screen se koi bhoot nikal aayega. Dono ka issue simple lagta hai: room 304 mein ek guest registered hai, Nandini naam ki aurat, lekin CCTV mein uska koi trace nahi. Na entrance pe entry, na lift mein movement, na corridor mein shadow. Phir bhi register book mein uska naam, signature, aur room key card issue ki entry bilkul fresh hai.

Mr. Bhatt ka tone polite hai, par uski politeness ke neeche steel hai. Woh bolta hai ki hotel mein system kabhi galat nahi hota, bas log galat dekhte hain. Rohit, jo already nervous hai, baar-baar headset adjust karta hai aur monitor rewind karta hai. Har frame mein bas empty corridor, blinking timestamp, aur ek dead silence. Tabhi reception ke front se Nandini appear hoti hai—dark coat, locked suitcase, aur aisa calm chehra jaise raat uski ho. Woh bilkul normal guest ki tarah baat karti hai: “Mera key card kaam nahi kar raha.” Lekin uski aankhon mein koi request nahi, sirf certainty hai. Woh room 304 ka number aise leti hai jaise woh pehle se jaanti ho ki dono usi ka intezaar kar rahe the.

Nandini ki presence ke saath room ka temperature aur neeche gir jaata hai. Woh Mr. Bhatt se poochti hai ki kya unka polished smile hamesha sabke saamne same rehta hai, ya sirf un logon ke saamne jo unke andar ka dar dekh sakte hain. Phir Rohit ko dekhti hai aur bina kisi hesitation ke uske headphone wire ke frayed end ko point karke bolti hai ki usne pichhle hafte bhi usi kone mein baithkar ek call chupke se record ki thi. Rohit ka chehra safed pad jaata hai. Mr. Bhatt ko lagta hai yeh coincidence hai, lekin Nandini phir register book kholkar ek purani entry par ungli rakhti hai—exact date jo uske father ke “accident” ke din ki hai. Uska naam nahi bolna padta, par uski aankhon mein jo gussa hai, woh sab keh deta hai.

Ab suspicion ka direction palat jaata hai. Rohit ko lagta hai Bhatt kuch chhupa raha hai. Bhatt ko lagta hai Rohit ne CCTV tamper kiya. Nandini dono ko ek-ek line se todti hai—kabhi Bhatt ke cufflinks ke baare mein, jo usne ek dead man ke locker mein dekhe the; kabhi Rohit ke late-night panic attacks ke baare mein, jo usne reception ke washroom ke bahar suni thi. Woh bata deti hai ki uske father, previous manager, ne hotel records mein ek death entry dekhi thi aur usi raat uski entry erase kar di gayi thi. Official file mein “natural collapse” likha gaya, par CCTV aur register ke

beech jo gap tha, woh kisi aur cheez ka saboot tha. Uska locked suitcase us gap ka vault hai.

Climax mein Nandini suitcase kholti nahi—woh usko desk par rakhti hai aur register book ke saath security monitor ke saamne align karti hai. Phir ek purana audio recorder nikalti hai, chhota sa, tape pe label: “Room 304 / Manager’s Log.” Bhatt ka chehra for the first time crack hota hai. Rohit samajh jaata hai ki jis raat ka footage missing hai, us raat Bhatt ne hi system se footage delete nahi kiya tha—uske father ko marne ke baad hotel ko bachane ke liye record clean kiya gaya tha. Par twist aur gehra hai: Bhatt sirf manager nahi tha, woh us purane cover-up ka junior witness tha. Aur Rohit? Woh bhi us raat duty par tha, par usne apni job bachane ke liye kuch nahi bola.

Nandini quietly reveal karti hai ki woh guest nahi hai. Woh previous manager ki beti hai, aur room 304 uske liye sirf room number nahi, ek grave marker hai. Uska father hotel mein mar gaya tha—aur uski maut ko records se mita diya gaya tha, jaise aadmi nahi, ek inconvenience ho. Ab woh yahan revenge ke liye nahi, truth ke liye aayi hai. Final beat mein woh recorder on karti hai, aur purani voice crackling mein sunai deti hai: “Agar main kal nahi raha, toh register mat badalna.” Bhatt aur Rohit frozen. Amber light aur security monitor ki cold glow ke beech, hotel ka polished chehra toot chuka hai. Nandini bas itna kehti hai: “Ab room 304 ka guest mil gaya. Bas hotel ko yaad dilana tha ki woh kaun tha.”