

NO VACANCY FOR SECRETS

A Horror/Supernatural 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Horror/Supernatural	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Pranav (33)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Pranav raat ke barah ke baad ek purane, thode se ghise hue hotel ke reception par aata hai—rumpled shirt, ek haath mein suitcase, doosre mein mobile ka low battery warning. Bahar baarish ki halki si aawaz hai, andar fluorescent light buzz kar rahi hai aur desk lamp ki amber roshni reception ko kisi purane sapne jaisa bana rahi hai. Brass bell ke paas khadi Hotel Manager Nandita usse bina smile ke dekhti hai, immaculate navy suit mein, jaise har cheez pehle se set ho. Pranav bolta hai ki usne ek room book kiya tha. Nandita precise tone mein kehti hai, “Room available nahi hai.” Pranav thoda irritate hota hai, par jab Jaya, night receptionist, register book khol kar dheere se uthati hai aur monotone mein bolti hai, “Aap already check-in kar chuke hain,” to uske chehre par confusion ke saath halka sa dar bhi aa jata hai.

Pranav practical rehne ki koshish karta hai. Woh receipt dhoondhta hai, booking app kholta hai, par signal dead hai. Nandita usse register book dikhati hai—usme Pranav ka naam, signature, aur room key number likha hua hai. Pranav bolta hai, “Yeh mera sign nahi ho sakta.” Jaya bina palke jhapkaye kehti hai, “Aapne yahi likha tha. Saaf-saaf.” Pranav brass bell baja deta hai, gusse mein aur thoda dar ke saath. Bell ki aawaz se hallway se halki si footsteps echo hoti hain, jaise koi andhere corridor mein chal raha ho. Pranav mudkar dekhta hai—koi nahi. Nandita calmly kehti hai, “Yahan raat ko awaazein zyada hoti hain. Purane hotel hain na.” Par uski aankhon mein ek aisi cheez hoti hai jo batati hai ki woh sach chhupa rahi hai.

Jaya baar-baar wahi line repeat karti hai, “Aap already check-in kar chuke hain,” jaise kisi tape recorder ko rewind kiya ja raha ho. Pranav notice karta hai ki Jaya desk lamp ki roshni mein bahut pale lag rahi hai; uski skin almost translucent hai. Woh usse seedha puchta hai, “Tum theek ho?” Jaya pehli baar blink karti hai, phir dheere se bolti hai, “Main... duty par hoon.” Nandita usse cut karti hai: “Jaya, register.” Jaya register book palat kar ek purana page dikhati hai. Pranav ka naam ek baar nahi, teen baar likha hua hai—alag-alag dates ke saath, sab midnight ke baad. Har entry ke paas ek note: “Unfinished business.”

Pranav ka practical dimaag ab defensive ho jata hai. “Kaisa unfinished business? Main toh bas client se meeting ke liye jaa raha tha.” Nandita first time thoda soft hoti hai. “Humare hotel mein sirf woh guests rukte hain jo apna kuch adhoora lekar aate hain. Kuch log bill chhodte hain. Kuch log maafi. Kuch log khud ko.” Pranav hansne ki koshish karta hai, par hans aadhi reh jaati hai. Corridor se phir footsteps aati hain—iss baar closer. Wall clock tik-tik band ho

jaati hai. Jaya ka chehra aur zyada blank ho jata hai. “Room key lijiye,” woh bolti hai aur brass key Pranav ki taraf badhati hai. Key par number hai: 404.

Pranav key ko dekh kar kaanp jata hai. “404? Woh room exist bhi karta hai?” Nandita jawab deti hai, “Kabhi-kabhi.” Uske baad woh desk lamp ko thoda sa turn karti hai, aur reception desk ke neeche floor par ek purana, damp stain dikhta hai—jaise bahut saal pehle kuch gira ho. Pranav ko yaad aata hai: ek car accident, rain-slick road, ek woman ka face jo usne theek se nahi dekha tha, aur ek phone call jo usne ignore kar di thi. Woh us raat ka guilt dabata aaya tha. “Main... usse call karne wala tha,” woh dheere bolta hai. “Maine nahi kiya.” Nandita aur Jaya ek dusre ko dekhte hain.

Nandita finally register book band karti hai. “Toh phir aap yahan kyun aaye, Pranav?” Pranav ki aankhon mein panic aa jata hai. “Mujhe room chahiye tha.” Jaya almost whisper karti hai, “Nahi. Aapko maafi chahiye thi.” Uske baad hallway mein ek aur set footsteps sunai deti hai—iss baar bilkul front desk ke paas. Pranav ke piche se thandi hawa guzarti hai. Woh mudta hai aur dekhta hai ki Jaya ka reflection desk lamp ke glass mein nahi aa raha. Nandita ka reflection bhi nahi. Sirf Pranav ka, aur uske piche ek aur silhouette.

Climax mein Nandita brass bell uthakar ek baar bajati hai. Sound ke saath lobby ki lights flicker karte hain. Jaya ka haunted stare finally break hota hai aur uski aankhon mein dard ubhar aata hai. “Main bhi us raat yahin thi,” woh bolti hai, awaaz ab apni lagti hai. “Aapne mujhe dekha tha. Phir chale gaye.” Pranav ka suitcase uske haath se dheere dheere floor par girta hai. Usme kapde nahi—sirf ek purana, soggy newspaper clipping aur ek blood-stained hotel key card milta hai. Nandita ka chehra ab bilkul sakht ho jata hai. “No vacancy for secrets,” woh kehti hai. “Aur no vacancy for the living, jab tak woh sach accept na kar lein.”

Pranav ka jittery smile gayab ho chuka hota hai. Woh samajh jaata hai ki woh sirf room ke liye nahi aaya tha; woh apne guilt ke saath check-in kar chuka tha. Jaya dheere se register book mein ek final entry likhti hai—Pranav ke naam ke neeche: “Stayed.” Wall clock phir se chal padti hai. Hallway ki darkness ek pal ke liye aur gehri hoti hai, phir bilkul shaant. Nandita brass bell ko seedha rakh kar reception desk ke peeche khadi ho jaati hai, jaise next guest ka wait kar rahi ho. Pranav, suitcase ke saath, room 404 ki taraf ek kadam badhata hai—aur uske saath hi screen par ya scene ke end par ek final, chilling realization aata hai: hotel mein room kabhi khali nahi hota, bas mehmaan apni baari ka intezaar karte hain.