



THE WAIT LIST

A Slice of Life/Romance 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: Farhan and Prakash keep meeting in the same clinic waiting room for unrelated appointments and begin to build a private friendship out of shared delays. Their talks about blood pressure, family pressure, and missed chances slowly become more intimate than either expected. The twist is that neither is sick; both are there to find the courage to admit they are lonely and want a second chance at love.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Farhan (29)

LOCATION: A small clinic waiting room with pale walls, plastic chairs, a water dispenser, and afternoon light falling through blinds, creating stripes across the floor.

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FADE IN:

INT. SMALL CLINIC WAITING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Pale walls. Plastic chairs. Water dispenser humming softly. Afternoon light through blinds makes stripes across the floor.

FARHAN (29), shy, office wear, earphones around his neck, lunch box in hand, sits with an appointment slip.

Across from him, PRAKASH (44), linen shirt, reading glasses, calm and observant, flips through a magazine.

A beat.

Farhan folds and unfolds his slip.

Prakash notices.

PRAKASH

Nerves?

FARHAN

Haan... ya clinic ka system.

Prakash gives a small smile.

PRAKASH

Dono ka same effect hota hai.

Farhan almost smiles. Hides it.

Prakash reaches for the water dispenser, pours a cup. Hands it over.

PRAKASH (CONT'D)

Lo.

FARHAN

Thanks.

Their fingers nearly touch. Farhan looks away quickly.

A silence.

FARHAN (CONT'D)

Aap bhi regular ho kya yahan?

PRAKASH

Follow-up patient.

(beat)

Ya phir chronic waiting disorder.

Farhan chuckles despite himself.

FARHAN

Main Farhan.

PRAKASH

Prakash.

They nod like the introduction matters more than it should.
Farhan glances at the magazine upside down in Prakash's hands.

FARHAN

Reading glasses pehen ke bhi magazine ulta?

PRAKASH

Main bas pretend kar raha tha ki main busy hoon.

Farhan laughs softly. Prakash likes that.

A beat.

PRAKASH (CONT'D)

Office se aaye ho?

FARHAN

Customer support. Din bhar log chillate hain.

(beat)

Main smile karke voice mein sunata hoon.

PRAKASH

Wah. Professional suffering.

FARHAN

Aur aap?

PRAKASH

Bookstore. Ab log book kam, Wi-Fi zyada poochte hain.

Farhan looks at him, curious.

FARHAN

To phir yahan kya kaam?

Prakash adjusts his glasses.

PRAKASH

Blood pressure.

Farhan nods, impressed.

FARHAN

Serious lag raha hai.

PRAKASH

Doctor ko bhi lagta hai.

They share a small laugh.

The room settles again. Blinds lines move with the light.

Farhan opens his lunch box, then closes it.

PRAKASH (CONT'D)

Rajma?

FARHAN

Haan. Maa ka pressure hai.

(beat)

Aur shaadi ka bhi.

Prakash's smile fades into something gentler.

PRAKASH

Family ka pressure sabke paas hota hai.

FARHAN

Aapka bhi?

Prakash looks at the magazine. Then at Farhan.

PRAKASH

Tha. Ab divorce ka pressure hai.

Farhan is startled, then immediately sorry for being startled.

FARHAN

Sorry, main...

PRAKASH

Arre, koi baat nahi.

(beat)

Main theek hoon. Bas zyada quiet ho gaya hoon.

Farhan absorbs that.

FARHAN

Main bhi... Ghar pe akela lagta hai. Phone mein contacts hain, par call karne layak koi nahi.

Prakash looks at him, genuinely.

PRAKASH

Hm. Bookstore mein log aate hain. Par ghar jaake awaz kam ho jaati hai.

A silence. Not awkward. Honest.

Farhan's appointment slip slips from his hand. Prakash picks it up.

PRAKASH (CONT'D)

Waise tumhara number?

FARHAN

Number?

PRAKASH

Appointment slip pe jo hai. Ya phone mein jo tum kisi ko dena chahte ho.

Farhan hesitates. Then smiles, shy.

FARHAN

Dono mein se koi bhi use nahi hota.

Prakash nods, understanding too much.

A NURSE'S VOICE is heard faintly from offscreen, but no name is called. The room stays still.

Farhan looks at the closed prescription envelope in Prakash's hand.

FARHAN (CONT'D)

Aap sach mein patient ho na?

Prakash holds his gaze.

PRAKASH

Nahi.

Farhan blinks.

PRAKASH (CONT'D)

Main therapy ke liye aata tha. Aaj bhi bas yahan
baithne aaya tha. Ghar mein rehne ka mann nahi tha.

Farhan slowly nods, then exhales.

FARHAN

Main bhi sick nahi hoon.

Prakash waits.

FARHAN (CONT'D)

Main bas yahan isliye aata hoon kyunki... office aur
ghar ke beech kahin rukne ki jagah nahi hai.

Prakash smiles, sad and warm at once.

PRAKASH

Toh hum dono wait kar rahe the... bina kisi kaam ke.

FARHAN

Haan. Shayad kisi se baat karne ka wait.

Prakash looks at him for a long moment.

PRAKASH

Aur?

Farhan swallows.

FARHAN

Aur... second chance ka.

Prakash takes off his reading glasses.

PRAKASH

Same.

A beat.

Farhan picks up his lunch box. Prakash folds the prescription envelope.

FARHAN

Aaj ka wait khatam karein?

PRAKASH

Agar tum chaho.

Farhan, gathering courage.

FARHAN

Main coffee ke liye pooch raha tha.

Prakash smiles, this time openly.

PRAKASH

Main samajh gaya tha.

Farhan stands. Prakash stands too.

They move toward the exit, side by side.

The striped afternoon light follows them across the floor.

FADE OUT.

THE END.