



THE SILENT SONG

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

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LOGLINE: Aman and Rishi are hired for the same wedding gig and disagree over how a song should be performed, one through sound and one through silence. Their creative clash turns into an unexpected intimacy as each learns to translate what the other feels but cannot easily express. The twist: the song they finish together is secretly a proposal letter Aman has been trying to tell Rishi for months.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Aman (27)

LOCATION: A small music rehearsal room with soundproof foam, warm overhead light, a standing mic, and instruments resting against the wall.

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FADE IN:

INT. SMALL REHEARSAL ROOM - EVENING

Warm overhead light. Soundproof foam on the walls. A standing mic in the center. A guitar leans against a chair. A portable speaker sits on a bench.

AMAN (27), casual kurta, guitar strap over shoulder, notebook in hand, checks captions on his phone.

RISHI (30), bright shirt, neatly styled hair, speaker slung across one arm, enters with swagger.

RISHI

(looking around)

Bas itna sa room? Wedding ka gaana yahan rehearse
hoga?

AMAN looks up, unimpressed. He types on his phone and shows it.

PHONE SCREEN:

"Gaana room se bada hota hai."

RISHI smirks.

RISHI

Haan, aur ego bhi.

AMAN raises an eyebrow, opens his notebook, writes, and shows:

NOTEBOOK:

"Tumhara ya mera?"

RISHI laughs despite himself.

RISHI

Accha. Funny bhi ho.

He sets down the speaker.

RISHI (CONT'D)

Seedha bolta hoon. Wedding hai. Log nachna chahte
hain. Beat chahiye, volume chahiye, energy chahiye.

AMAN types.

PHONE SCREEN:

"Log yaad kya rakhte hain? Shor ya feeling?"

RISHI

Feeling? Shaadi mein? Bhai, baarat ko lecture nahi
dena.

AMAN calmly picks up the guitar and strums a soft, sparse progression.
Silence between notes.

RISHI (CONT'D)

(taunting)

Yeh kya hai? Background music ya sleep therapy?

AMAN stops. Writes.

NOTEBOOK:

"Line mein dard hai. Tum usse DJ bana rahe ho."

RISHI

Oho. Artist gussa ho gaya.

He plugs in the speaker and blasts a loud, cheesy wedding beat.

AMAN flinches, then firmly gestures STOP.

RISHI notices the reaction.

RISHI (CONT'D)

Oh. Too loud?

AMAN nods once, then types.

PHONE SCREEN:

"Haan. Aur tum bahut zyada bolte ho."

RISHI grins.

RISHI

Aur tum bahut kam.

Beat.

AMAN

(typing)

"Main sunta zyada hoon."

RISHI looks at him, slightly thrown.

RISHI

Aur main?

AMAN thinks, then writes.

NOTEBOOK:

"Tum sunane ke liye gaate ho."

RISHI is caught off guard. He softens a little.

RISHI

Haan... shayad.

He picks up the mic, but doesn't sing. Instead he speaks, almost to himself.

RISHI (CONT'D)

Mere ghar mein sab bolte the, awaaz achhi hai. Toh main awaaz le aaya. Har wedding, har stage, har function.

AMAN watches closely.

RISHI (CONT'D)

Par kabhi-kabhi lagta hai... log mujhe sunte hain,
samajhte nahi.

AMAN lowers his gaze. He opens his notebook to a fresh page, writes slowly,
then turns it toward Rishi.

NOTEBOOK:

"Samajhna awaaz se nahi hota."

RISHI reads. A small smile.

RISHI

Phir kis se hota hai?

AMAN points to his chest, then to Rishi's chest.

AMAN types and shows:

PHONE SCREEN:

"Yahan se."

RISHI goes quiet.

A beat.

RISHI

Theek hai. Phir ek try karte hain.

AMAN hands over a lyric sheet from his notebook. Rishi scans it.

RISHI (CONT'D)

Yeh... gaana hai?

AMAN nods.

RISHI begins to hum the melody, tentative. Aman joins on guitar.

The song is gentle. Intimate. Rishi sings a line.

RISHI (SINGING)

Jahan awaaz khatam hoti hai...

He stops, looks at Aman.

AMAN types quickly.

PHONE SCREEN:

"Wahin se tum samajh aate ho."

RISHI repeats the line, softer this time.

RISHI (SINGING)

Jahan awaaz khatam hoti hai... Wahin se tum samajh
aate ho.

Aman's eyes flicker. He keeps playing.

RISHI notices the lyric sheet tremble slightly in Aman's hand.

RISHI

Yeh line... kisi ke liye likhi hai?

AMAN freezes.

He reaches into the notebook, flips to the last page, and hesitates.

RISHI steps closer.

RISHI (CONT'D)

Aman?

AMAN turns the page.

A handwritten proposal letter. Rishi's name at the top.

Rishi stares.

Silence.

AMAN takes out his phone. Types with shaking fingers.

PHONE SCREEN:

"Main tumhe gaana nahi dena chahta tha.

Main tumhe apna saath dena chahta tha."

Rishi looks from the phone to Aman. His eyes soften.

RISHI

(quietly)

Kab se?

AMAN types.

PHONE SCREEN:

"Months."

Rishi lets out a breath that is almost a laugh, almost a sob.

RISHI

Aur tum itne dino se yeh silence mein chhupa ke
baithe the?

AMAN gives a tiny shrug.

RISHI steps in, closer to the mic, then takes it off the stand and sets it
aside.

RISHI (CONT'D)

Toh phir aaj... bina mic ke.

AMAN looks up.

RISHI continues, voice low and honest.

RISHI (CONT'D)

Main loud hoon. Kyunki mujhe lagta tha agar volume
kam hua, toh main kam ho jaunga.

He glances at Aman.

RISHI (CONT'D)

Par tumhare saath... mujhe pehli baar laga, main
bas... enough hoon.

Aman's eyes well up. He opens his notebook and writes one line. Shows it.

NOTEBOOK:

"Enough is my favorite sound."

Rishi smiles, emotional now.

RISHI

Phir suno.

He sings the final chorus, softly. Aman plays guitar, steady and warm.

RISHI (SINGING)

Jahan awaaz khatam hoti hai, Wahin se hum shuru hote
hain.

Aman joins by turning the page of his notebook toward Rishi, revealing the
final line written in bold.

NOTEBOOK:

"Will you stay?"

Rishi looks at it, then at Aman.

A beat.

RISHI

(with a smile)

Main toh yahin tha.

He reaches out. Aman places his hand in Rishi's.

The guitar continues. The room feels bigger now.

FADE OUT.

THE END