



THE PASSENGER SEAT

A Psychological Thriller 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: Sahil picks up Omar for a routine ride, but Omar begins describing details of Sahil's life with impossible accuracy. The conversation shifts from unsettling to dangerous as Omar reveals he knows about the accident Sahil caused and the lie that followed. The twist is that Omar is not a stalker—he is the brother of the man Sahil saved by abandoning another victim on the road.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Sahil (33)

LOCATION: Inside a moving car at night on an empty flyover, lit by dashboard glow, passing streetlights, and occasional reflections from trucks and billboards.

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INT. CAR - NIGHT

Ek moving car. Dashboard glow. Flyover par sirf streetlights aur door se aate trucks ki reflections. Sahil, 33, polo shirt mein, tense, one hand on steering wheel, doosri hand phone mount ke paas. Rearview mirror mein Omar, 35, dark hoodie aur spectacles mein, folded newspaper lap par.

SILENCE.

SAHIL

(eyes on road)

Destination confirm kar dijiye.

OMAR

Haan. South Extension.

SAHIL

Traffic zyada nahi hai, par flyover pe speed thodi maintain karni padegi.

OMAR

Aap ko speed ka pressure pasand nahi hai.

Sahil mirror mein dekhta hai.

SAHIL

Kya?

OMAR

Aap jab nervous hote ho, steering wheel ko do baar squeeze karte ho. Abhi bhi kiya.

SAHIL

(smiles thinly)

Aap astrologer ho ya passenger?

OMAR

Dono nahi. Bas observe karta hoon.

Sahil phone mount par glance karta hai. Omar notice karta hai.

OMAR

Phone silent pe hai.

SAHIL

Rides ke time distraction nahi rakhta.

OMAR

Good habit.

(beat)

Aapka dashboard camera bhi on hai.

SAHIL

Security ke liye.

OMAR

Aur toll receipt? Left side, windshield ke neeche.

Sahil ka chehra tight.

SAHIL

Aap ko kaise pata?

OMAR

Aap gaadi saaf rakhte ho. But paperwork kabhi kabhi chhup jaata hai.

SAHIL

Aap mujhe pehle se jaante ho kya?

OMAR

Nahi.

(beat)

Par aap mujhe jaise nahi jaante, waise main aapko kaafi dekh chuka hoon.

SAHIL

Kya bol rahe ho?

OMAR

Aap raat ko zyada baat nahi karte. Phone wallpaper pe ek bachche ki photo hai—corner se crop ki hui. Aapki left wrist pe old watch tan line hai. Aur aapka air freshener cheap hai, isliye thoda headache deta hai.

Sahil ka grip tight.

SAHIL

Aap mera profile stalk kar rahe ho?

OMAR

Profile nahi.

(beat)

Life.

SAHIL

Stop this nonsense.

OMAR

Nonsense tab hota hai jab cheezein milti nahi.

(leans slightly forward)

Tumhari ex-wife ke initials M.K. the. Aur tumne last month usko message bheja tha—delete kiya, but not before seeing.

Sahil ka face drain.

SAHIL

Bas.

OMAR

Aur tumhare ghar ka third floor, right side window.
Light kabhi kabhi 12:14 pe on hoti hai.

SAHIL

(angry)

Kaun ho tum?

OMAR

Ek passenger.

SAHIL

Nahi. Tum stalker ho. Ya koi prank.

OMAR

(soft)

Tumne us raat bhi aisa hi bola tha?

Sahil ka gaala sookh jaata hai.

SAHIL

Kaunsi raat?

OMAR

Jab tumne ek aadmi ko road pe chhod diya tha.

Car mein sirf engine ka hum.

SAHIL

Maine kisi ko chhoda nahi.

OMAR

Tumne rukna chaha tha. Phir nahi ruke.

SAHIL

Tumhe kya pata?

OMAR

Mere bhai ko pata tha.

(beat)

Usne tumhari car dekhi thi. Tumhari taang ka shake.
Tumhara panic. Tumhara lie.

Sahil brakes ko halka touch karta hai.

SAHIL

Main us raat confuse tha. Sab kuch—

OMAR

—tumne choose kiya.

Omar newspaper unfold karta hai. Ek old news clipping aur ek photo. Sahil ki
saans atak jaati hai.

SAHIL

Yeh... yeh tumhe kahan se mila?

OMAR

Police report se. Obituary se. Aur us bhai se jo tumhari story mein kabhi exist hi nahi karta tha.

SAHIL

Main us aadmi ko bachane ke liye—

OMAR

—doosre ko chhod diya.

Silence.

Sahil dashboard camera ki red light ko dekhta hai.

SAHIL

(quiet)

Main dar gaya tha.

OMAR

Haan.

SAHIL

Maine jhoot bola. Main— main socha tha ek life bach gayi, toh...

OMAR

...toh ek death chhup jaayegi?

Sahil ka jaw tight.

SAHIL

Mujhe saza chahiye thi.

OMAR

Mujhe saza nahi chahiye.

(beat)

Mujhe sach chahiye tha.

Sahil gaadi ko side mein dheere karta hai. Flyover ki ek streetlight unke faces par padti hai.

SAHIL

Main us raat wapas nahi gaya.

OMAR

Pata hai.

SAHIL

Maine statement badal diya.

OMAR

Pata hai.

SAHIL

Maine—

OMAR

(soft, final)

Tumne choose kiya, Sahil. Bas itna sach tha.

Sahil ka haath kaanpta hai. Woh toll receipt dashboard par rakh deta hai.

SAHIL

Main ab kya karun?

OMAR

(looking at receipt)

Pehle ride complete karo.

Omar newspaper fold kar leta hai. Khamoshi.

Car phir aage badhti hai, flyover ke end ki taraf.

FADE OUT.