



THE 9:15 TRAIN

A Psychological Thriller 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by
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LOGLINE: A woman boards the same train every morning until a stranger begins sitting across from her and repeating details from the woman's private life. The stranger seems to know a secret from years ago that the commuter has buried under routine and success. The twist: the train is not taking her to work at all—it is taking her back to the moment she abandoned someone on purpose.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Devika (40)

LOCATION: A nearly empty train compartment at dawn with cold blue daylight, rattling windows, fluorescent strips overhead, and blurred stations passing outside.

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FADE IN:

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAWN

Cold blue daylight. Fluorescent strips hum kar rahi hain. Rattling windows. Nearly empty compartment.

DEVIKA (40), formal office wear, trench coat, watch, handbag, coffee cup, sits upright with practiced calm. She reads a newspaper, then checks her phone.

The train sways.

MRUNAL (29), simple dress, backpack, enters and sits directly across from Devika.

A beat.

DEVIKA

(■■■■ ■■■■)

Khaali compartment mein bhi seat choose karni hoti hai kya?

MRUNAL

Aapko lagta hai yeh seat khaali thi?

Devika looks up. Mrunal's gaze is steady, unsettling.

DEVIKA

Excuse me?

MRUNAL

Coffee thandi ho gayi hai.

DEVIKA

Main peeti hi thandi hoon.

MRUNAL

Nahi. Aaj aap bas peene ka natak kar rahi ho.

Devika's expression tightens. She folds the newspaper.

DEVIKA

Aap kaun ho?

MRUNAL

Ek commuter.

(beat)

Jaise aap.

Devika checks her phone. No signal. The time reads 9:15.

DEVIKA

Mujhe office late ho raha hai.

MRUNAL

Har roz hota hai.

DEVIKA

Har roz nahi.

MRUNAL

Har roz. Same watch. Same trench coat. Same seat.

(looks at handbag)

Aur same red pen.

Devika's hand moves protectively toward her bag.

DEVIKA

Aap mere baare mein itna kaise jaanti ho?

MRUNAL

Aap newspaper ka corner fold karti ho jab nervous hoti ho.

(beat)

Aur jab sach se bhaagna hota hai, aap phone dekh leti ho.

Devika forces a laugh.

DEVIKA

Bohot observe kar leti ho.

MRUNAL

Aap bhi karti thi.

A silence.

Train rattles harder. A station blurs past outside.

DEVIKA

Kya chahiye aapko?

MRUNAL

Sach.

DEVIKA

Kaisa sach?

MRUNAL

Wahi jo aapne years pehle platform pe chhoda tha.

Devika freezes.

DEVIKA

Mujhe nahi pata tum kis baare mein bol rahi ho.

MRUNAL

Baarish thi.

Devika's breath catches.

MRUNAL (CONT'D)

Lights flicker kar rahi thi. Platform pe crowd tha.
Aur ek chhoti ladki aapka haath pakad ke bol rahi
thi—

(softly)

“Mujhe mat chhodo.”

Devika's face drains of color.

DEVIKA

Stop.

MRUNAL

Aapne us din office choose kiya. Apni life choose ki.
Aur uske baad har subah isi train mein baith ke
pretend kiya ki kuch hua hi nahi.

DEVIKA

(whispers)

Kaun ho tum?

MRUNAL

Main woh hoon jise aapne chhoda tha.

Devika stands slightly, panic rising.

DEVIKA

Yeh bakwaas band karo.

She grabs her phone, tries calling. No network. The screen flickers back to
9:15.

DEVIKA (CONT'D)

Nahi... nahi, yeh galat hai.

MRUNAL

Galat toh tab tha jab aapne mudkar dekha nahi.

Mrunal slowly opens her backpack and takes out a faded TRAIN TICKET.

She places it on the seat between them.

MRUNAL (CONT'D)

Aapka ticket.

Devika stares. Her name is visible on the torn, old ticket.

DEVIKA

(voice breaking)

Yeh... yeh mere paas nahi tha.

MRUNAL

Hoga.

DEVIKA

Main... main bas...

MRUNAL

Bas darr gayi thi?

Devika nods, ashamed.

DEVIKA

Mujhe laga... agar main ruk gayi toh sab khatam ho jayega.

MRUNAL

Aur aap chali gayi.

A long beat.

The train's lights buzz louder.

DEVIKA

Tum kya chahti ho?

MRUNAL

Ki aap yaad rakho.

(beat)

Train hamesha aage nahi jaati, Devika. Kuch trains seedha us pal mein wapas le jaati hain jahan aapne khud ko bachane ke liye kisi aur ko chhod diya tha.

Devika looks to the window.

Outside: blurred platform signage slowly sharpens.

It reads: 9:15.

Devika turns back. Mrunal is still there, calm as ever.

DEVIKA

(terrified)

Yeh... yeh station...

MRUNAL

Haan.

The train SCREECHES to a stop.

Devika's reflection in the window overlaps with a younger shadow for a split second.

DEVIKA

Please...

MRUNAL

Please kya?

Devika cannot answer.

The fluorescent light flickers.

When it steadies, Mrunal is gone.

Only the backpack remains on the seat.

Devika stares at it, then at the window.

Outside, the platform from years ago waits in the cold blue dawn.

FADE OUT.