



THE LAST TRAIN HOME

A Emotional Drama 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Written by
Story Dil Se Team
(storydilse.in)

LOGLINE: After a brutal shift, a nurse misses her train home and sits alone on the platform, finally allowing herself to speak the grief she has been carrying for years. When she admits she has been treating everyone else like family because she is afraid to be alone with her own, she finds the courage to call her daughter back.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) | Character: Overworked Nurse on a Rare Day Off (Female, 50-57)

LOCATION: An empty late-night train platform with cold overhead lighting and a bench under a flickering sign. The platform feels vast and lonely, with the city lights blurred in the distance beyond the tracks.

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FADE IN:

EXT. EMPTY TRAIN PLATFORM - LATE NIGHT

A vast, lonely platform under cold overhead lights. A flickering sign buzzes above a BENCH. Beyond the tracks, the city lights blur into the distance.

On the bench sits ANITA (50s), an overworked nurse. Simple coat over scrubs, practical shoes, hair loosely tied back, tired eyes. A tote bag rests beside her. A thermos. A crumpled train ticket. Her hospital ID badge still hangs from her coat.

She stares at the tracks. Breathes in the cold.

ANITA

(under her breath)

Train bhi chali gayi...

She looks at the ticket, then at the empty platform.

ANITA

Aaj mera rare day off tha. Aur main... main phir se late.

She gives a small, tired laugh that almost becomes a sigh.

ANITA

Hospital mein log bolte hain, "Nurse ho na, tum toh sambhal logi."

She touches her ID badge.

ANITA

Haan. Sambhal leti hoon. Pulse, BP, IV line, fever, pain, rona, ghabrahat, darr... sab.

Beat.

ANITA

Par apna kya?

She opens the thermos, takes a sip. It's cold. She closes it again.

ANITA

Chai thandi ho gayi. Jaise main.

She looks down, ashamed of the joke, then continues.

ANITA

Main ne itne saalon mein bahut kam roka. Bahut kam bola. Bahut kam maanga.

She glances toward the dark tracks.

ANITA

Sabke liye maa ban gayi, behan ban gayi, didi ban gayi, family ban gayi.

A beat.

ANITA

Kyuki asli family ke saamne baithna mushkil ho gaya tha.

She shifts on the bench, uncomfortable with the truth.

ANITA

Ghar jaati thi toh... khamoshi milti thi. Aur khamoshi mein apni hi kami sunai deti thi.

She takes out her phone.

On screen: DAUGHTER.

She stares at the name.

ANITA

Meri beti.

A long pause.

ANITA

Call miss kiya, message late kiya, phir aur late, phir bas... silence.

She swallows hard.

ANITA

Main bolti thi, shift thi. Duty thi. Emergency thi.

She laughs softly, painfully.

ANITA

Sach yeh hai... main darhti thi.

She looks up, eyes wet now.

ANITA

Akeli hone se darhti thi.

Beat.

ANITA

Apni hi awaaz sunne se darhti thi.

The platform hums with fluorescent buzz. The sign flickers.

ANITA

Isliye dusron ke dard mein khud ko daba deti thi.

She presses the phone tighter in her hand.

ANITA

Jab koi rota tha na, main unka haath pakad leti thi.

She mimics the gesture in the air.

ANITA

Kyunki kisi ka haath pakadna asaan hota hai... apna haath pakadna nahi.

A tear slips out. She lets it.

ANITA

Main tumhari maa hoon, par main bhi... thak gayi hoon.

She looks at the daughter's name again.

ANITA

Aur shayad... main tumhe miss bhi karti hoon.

She hesitates. Then scrolls. Her thumb hovers over CALL.

ANITA

Agar main call nahi karungi na, toh shayad phir kabhi nahi kar paungi.

She takes a breath.

ANITA

Toh kar rahi hoon.

She hits CALL.

Phone rings. One ring. Two.

ANITA

(softly, to the phone)

Haan, main hi hoon.

She listens. We do not hear the other side.

ANITA

Main sorry bolne ke liye nahi...

Beat.

ANITA

Sach bolne ke liye call kiya hai.

Her voice steadies.

ANITA

Main thak gayi hoon. Main darr gayi hoon. Aur main tumhe... bahut miss karti hoon.

She closes her eyes, tears on her cheeks.

ANITA

Main sabko family ki tarah treat karti rahi... kyunki mujhe darr tha ki agar main apni family ko sach mein feel karungi, toh main toot jaungi.

She opens her eyes.

ANITA

Par ab lagta hai... tootna bhi theek hai. Agar uske baad ghar mil jaaye.

A distant TRAIN HORN sounds.

Anita looks down the tracks. Then at her ticket. Then at her badge.

ANITA

Hospital ID mere paas hai. Ticket bhi.

She smiles through tears.

ANITA

Par aaj pehli baar... main khud ko bhi saath le ja
rahi hoon.

She listens to the phone, nodding slightly.

ANITA

Haan... Main aa rahi hoon. Aur is baar, sach mein.

The flickering sign glows once, steadies for a moment.

Anita sits there, no longer empty.

FADE OUT.