

THE LAST PASSENGER

A Psychological Thriller 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Psychological Thriller	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Aditya (40)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ke ek baje ka waqt hai. Shehar so chuka hai, aur highway ke kinare ek purani taxi akeli khadi hai—jaise kisi ne use jaan-bujhkar yahin chhod diya ho. Sodium streetlamp ki peeli roshni, bheegi sadak, aur windows par behte paani ke lambi lakeerein milkar ek ajeeb sa, bechain mahaul bana rahe hain. Andar dashboard ki sickly green glow mein Aditya, 40, faded shirt, cap aur thakan se bhari aankhon ke saath steering wheel par baitha hai. Meter chal raha hai, lekin gaadi nahi. Tabhi Mikhail, 37, dark coat, polished shoes, gloves, aur ek chhota leather bag liye, rear door kholkar andar baithta hai. Woh na address deta hai, na manzil. Bas itna kehta hai: “Chalate raho.”

Aditya pehle irritate hota hai. Raat ke time aise passengers se use nafrat hai—jo kam bolte hain, aur zyada dekhte hain. Mikhail ki awaaz dheemi hai, almost polite, lekin uske har lafz mein ek ajeeb si jaan-pehchaan chhupi hoti hai. Woh Aditya ke naam ka use aise karta hai jaise dono purane jaan-ne waale hon. Aditya pehle deny karta hai, phir defensive ho jaata hai. Woh kehta hai ki woh sirf taxi driver hai, kisi ko nahi jaanta. Lekin Mikhail uske haath ki veins, uski cap ke neeche chhupa scar, aur dashboard ke kone mein chipka hua purana key fob dekh kar aise baat karta hai jaise woh sab kuch already jaanta ho. Har line ek naya pressure ban jaati hai.

Mikhail leather bag kholta nahi, bas usse apni god mein rakhkar Aditya ko provoke karta rehta hai. Woh casually poochta hai: “Meter kab se chal raha hai?” Phir khud hi jawab deta hai: “Us raat bhi chal raha tha, hai na?” Aditya ka chehra tight ho jaata hai. Rain ki tapping, wiper ka slow rhythm, aur dashboard camera ki red blinking light ke beech conversation ek interrogation banne lagti hai. Mikhail seedha accuse nahi karta—woh Aditya ko uske hi guilt ke around ghumata hai. Woh us raat ka zikr karta hai jab ek aadmi isi taxi ki back seat par zakhmi tha, saans toot rahi thi, aur Aditya ne help ke liye rukne ke bajay gaadi aage badha di thi. Aditya ke mutabik, woh aadmi pehle se hi marne wala tha. Mikhail ke mutabik, woh bach sakta tha.

Aditya gusse mein aakar car se bahar nikalne ki dhamki deta hai, lekin baarish aur khaali road uski himmat ko aur kamzor kar dete hain. Mikhail darwaza lock karne ya rokne ki koshish nahi karta—woh bas ek line bolta hai: “Tumne usse marne nahi diya tha, Aditya. Tumne use wapas aane ka mauka hi nahi diya.” Yeh sentence Aditya ko tod deta hai. Flashback jaisa ek pressure uske chehre par aa jaata hai. Woh yaad karta hai—andar khoon, ek aadmi ki bhari hui saans, aur uska apna panic. Usne us raat police se bachne, apni naukri bachane, aur apni zindagi bachane ke liye gaadi roki nahi thi.

Twist tab aata hai jab Mikhail leather bag kholta hai. Andar koi gun ya paise nahi, balki ek purani hospital file, ek death certificate, aur ek faded photograph hoti hai—do bhaiyon ki. Mikhail photo mein us aadmi ka chhota bhai nikla hai. Woh koi random blackmailer nahi. Woh usi aadmi ka bhai hai jise Aditya ne us raat marne ke liye chhod diya tha. Mikhail ki awaaz ab aur bhi calm ho jaati hai, lekin us calmness mein saalon ka badla, grief, aur control hai. Woh batata hai ki usne Aditya ko dhoondhne mein saal laga diye, kyunki use paisa nahi, confession chahiye tha. “Mujhe tumhari saza nahi,” woh kehta hai, “tumhari sachchai chahiye thi.”

Aditya pehli baar sach bolta hai. Woh toot kar maan leta hai ki usne darr ke maare us aadmi ko marne diya. Na hero tha, na monster—bas ek kamzor aadmi tha jisne ek pal mein sab kuch kho diya. Mikhail us confession ko dashboard camera mein record karta hai. Par climax mein woh police ko call nahi karta. Woh key fob Aditya ki taraf phenk deta hai aur kehta hai: “Is taxi ko chalao. Subah tak. Jahan tumne usse chhoda tha, wahin wapas le chalo.”

Film ka end psychologically unsettling hota hai. Aditya engine start karta hai, hands kaanp rahe hote hain. Mikhail back seat mein chup baith jaata hai, jaise ab ride khatam nahi, shuru hui ho. Rain aur streetlamp ki peeli roshni mein taxi dheere-dheere aage badhti hai. Meter ab bhi chal raha hai—jaise waqt, guilt, aur faisla sab ek hi line mein bandh gaye hon. Last frame mein dashboard camera ki blinking light aur Aditya ke mirror mein Mikhail ki nazar dikhai deti hai: ek aisa passenger jo aakhir tak last passenger hi nahi, balki Aditya ke past ka sabse zinda saboot hai.