

THE PASSENGER SEAT

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: Sahil (33)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ka waqt hai. Ek khaali flyover par Sahil ki car dheere-dheere aage badh rahi hai. Dashboard ki neeli roshni uske paseene ko aur bhi zyada numaa kar rahi hai. Uski ek haath steering wheel par hai, doosri baar-baar phone mount ki taraf ja rahi hai, jaise kisi ka message ya call uski saans sambhaal sakta ho. Yeh bas ek routine ride lagni chahiye thi. Ek normal pickup. Ek normal passenger. Lekin jab Omar rear seat se halki si khansi ke saath bolta hai, toh safar ka mahol turant badal jaata hai.

Omar calm hai. Dark hoodie, spectacles, aur haathon mein ek folded newspaper. Na woh jaldi mein lagta hai, na darra hua. Sahil usse mirror mein dekhkar formal sawaal karta hai—destination, traffic, payment. Omar jawab deta hai, lekin uski awaaz mein ajeeb sa confidence hai. Woh Sahil ke baare mein aise baatein bolna shuru karta hai jaise woh uska purana jaan-ne wala ho: polo shirt pehna hai, left wrist par purani si watch ki nishaan, gaadi mein dashboard camera laga hai, phone mount thoda sa tilt hua hai. Sahil pehle isse coincidence samajhta hai, phir annoying, phir unsettling.

Omar ka tone kabhi mazaak jaisa lagta hai, kabhi doctor jaisa precise. Woh kehta hai ki Sahil raat ko zyada baat nahi karta, gaadi mein air freshener ki smell se usse headache hota hai, aur toll booth se aate hue usne receipt dashboard ke neeche phansa rakhi hai. Sahil ki grip steering wheel par tight ho jaati hai. Usse lagta hai shayad Omar koi stalker hai, ya koi prank kar raha hai. Lekin jab Omar Sahil ke ghar ke exact floor, uski ex-wife ke initials, aur uske phone wallpaper ke pichhle corner mein chhupi hui ek photo ka zikr karta hai, toh Sahil ka chehra safed pad jaata hai. Yeh sab kaise possible hai?

Sahil usse chup karwane ki koshish karta hai—"Bhai, aapne mera profile kahin se dekh liya hoga." Omar halki muskurahat ke saath newspaper kholta hai, phir dobara fold kar deta hai. Us newspaper ke beech ek cutting ya note jaisa kuch chhupa hai, lekin woh usse abhi nahi dikhata. Woh bolta hai ki Sahil ko details se darr nahi lagna chahiye, darr uss raat se lagna chahiye jis raat usne ek aadmi ko road par chhod diya tha.

Ab tension ekdam se badh jaati hai. Sahil ka gaala sookh jaata hai. Flyover par sirf unki car, kuch door truck ke tail-lights, aur billboard ki thandi reflection hai. Omar aage jhukkar dheere se bolta hai: "Tumne usko dekha tha. Tum ruk sakte the. Tum rukhe nahi." Sahil pehli baar brake par zyada zor deta hai, lekin car rukti nahi. Woh deny karta hai.

Kehta hai ki us raat sab kuch confusion tha. Usne kisi ko maarne ka plan nahi kiya tha. Usne bas... bas panic mein gaadi aage badha di. Omar ki aankhon mein pehli baar gussa ubharta hai.

Phir twist aata hai. Omar newspaper ko unfold karta hai. Usmein ek old photo aur ek news clipping hai—ek road accident ka report. Sahil ki saans atak jaati hai. Omar kehta hai ki woh stalker nahi hai. Na hi police. Woh us aadmi ka bhai hai jise Sahil ne “save” kiya tha—yaani jo zinda bacha tha, jab Sahil ne doosre victim ko road par marne ke liye chhod diya tha. Sahil ne jo statement diya tha, usmein ek aadmi ko hero bana diya gaya tha aur doosre ko “unknown pedestrian” keh kar mita diya gaya tha. Usi lie ne ek family ko toota hua chhod diya.

Sahil ka guilt ab sirf dar nahi, ek physical dard ban chuka hai. Omar ka calm mask toot chuka hai, lekin woh cheekhta nahi. Woh bas itna poochta hai: “Tumne us raat kisey choose kiya tha, Sahil?” Yeh sawaal car ke andar gunshot jaisa lagta hai. Dashboard camera red light mein blink kar raha hai. Sahil usse dekhta hai, phir road ko, phir Omar ko. Uske paas ab bhi ek chance hai—ya toh aur jhooth bole, ya pehli baar sach bole.

Climax mein Sahil gaadi ko flyover ke side par slow karta hai. Woh roshni mein Omar ko seedha dekhkar bolta hai ki usne ghabrahat mein sab kuch kharab kiya, ki usne ek zinda aadmi ko bachane ke liye doosre ko chhod diya, aur phir dar ke maare sach ko jhoot mein badal diya. Omar ki aankhon mein aansu nahi aate; bas ek thandi, thaki hui tasalli hoti hai. Woh kehta hai ki usse badla nahi chahiye tha—usse sirf sach chahiye tha. Sahil ke haath kaanp rahe hote hain jab woh toll receipt nikaal kar dashboard par rakh deta hai, jaise koi chhota sa saboot, ya ek naya confession.

Ant mein car phir chal padti hai. Omar newspaper fold karke khud ki god mein rakh leta hai. Dono ke beech ab bhi khamoshi hai, lekin woh pehle jaisi nahi. Ab woh khamoshi ek decision ki tarah hai. Flyover ke end par streetlight unke chehron par padti hai—ek par guilt, doosre par grief. Aur jaise hi car next turn leti hai, audience ko samajh aata hai ki is ride ka destination kabhi airport ya address tha hi nahi. Yeh safar ek confession tha. Aur passenger seat kabhi khali nahi thi.