

THE 7:10 TRAIN

A Mystery/Crime 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Mystery/Crime	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Inspector Devraj (44)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Subah ki sardi aur dhundh se bhari hui 7:10 ki train apni dheemi, lohe jaisi awaaz ke saath station se nikalti hai. Ek compartment lagbhag khaali hai—sirf do aadmi: Inspector Devraj, khaki uniform mein seedha baitha hua, aur Maqsood, jo cheap raincoat mein paseene se bheega hua hai, ek torn duffel bag ko apne pairon ke paas kas ke pakde hue. Barred windows se grey sunrise andar aa raha hai, aur har jhatke ke saath seats aur floor ek thandi si kampan mehsoos karte hain. Devraj ki nazar Maqsood par tik chuki hai, kyunki platform par ek suspicious package mila tha aur CCTV mein yahi aadmi us bag ke saath dikh raha tha.

Devraj shuruat seedhe sawaal se karta hai—naam, kahan ja rahe ho, bag mein kya hai. Maqsood pehle toh nervous rehta hai, phir keh deta hai ki bag uska nahi, lost property hai. Kisi ne station par chhod diya tha, usne bas uthaya aur report karne ka socha. Devraj uski baat par turant vishwas nahi karta. Woh police badge dikhata hai, radio se station control ko call karne ki koshish karta hai, aur bag kholne ko kehta hai. Maqsood har baar ek step peeche rehta hai, aankhon mein darr zyada hai, gunnah ka ehssaas kam. Devraj ko lagta hai ki yeh banda ya toh courier hai, ya phir kisi bade network ka chhota sa pawn.

Bag khulte hi andar se ek newspaper nikalta hai, uske beech mein tape se lapeta hua chhota sa package. Devraj ka chehra aur sakht ho jata hai. Newspaper ke corner par station ka naam aur ek platform number likha hua milta hai. Woh samajh jaata hai ki yeh koi random parcel nahi—station ke andar hi koi smuggling ring chal rahi hai, jahan lost property, porter bags, aur commuter traffic ka faayda uthaya ja raha hai. Devraj Maqsood ko aur zor se interrogate karta hai, lekin Maqsood tootne ke bajay aur zyada ghabra jaata hai. Woh kehta hai, “Sahab, main chor nahi hoon. Main bas waqt par galat jagah tha.”

Train ke jhatkon ke beech tension badhti jaati hai. Devraj radio par station ko alert karne ki koshish karta hai, par signal weak hai. Tab Maqsood pehli baar seedha Devraj ki aankhon mein dekhta hai aur dheere se bolta hai ki usne bag swap kiya tha. Asal bag usne ek chhote ladke se liya tha—ek aisa bachcha jo platform par akela khada tha, aur jiske haath mein wahi duffel bag tha. Maqsood ko turant samajh aa gaya tha ki bachcha koi courier nahi, kisi bade gunehgaar network ka istemal ho raha ek “mule” hai. Usne bag badal diya, aur bachche ko bheed mein se nikal kar dusri taraf bhej diya, taaki koi usse pakad na le.

Devraj pehle is baat ko aur ek kahaani samajhta hai, lekin Maqsood newspaper ka folded corner kholta hai. Uske andar ek chhota sa school identity card ya bus pass jaisa kuch nahi, balki ek child's drawing milti hai—ek train, ek aadmi, aur neeche bachche ke haath se likha hua naam. Devraj ka expression dheela pad jaata hai. Woh samajh jaata hai ki Maqsood ne jo kiya, woh heroism kam aur desperation zyada tha—par sach tha. Maqsood ka darr ab bhi wajah ke saath hai, kyunki agar smuggling ring ko pata chal gaya ki bag swap hua hai, toh woh bachche ko dhoondhenge.

Climax mein train ek station ke paas slow hoti hai. Devraj radio ko haath mein lete hue ek decision leta hai—report pakad ka nahi, rescue ka. Woh Maqsood ko side mein baithne ko kehta hai aur khud package ko dobara newspaper mein wrap karta hai. Phir woh bag ko compartment ke floor par rakhkar aise position karta hai jaise sab kuch normal ho. Maqsood ke haath kaanp rahe hote hain, par Devraj ki awaaz pehli baar soft hoti hai: “Aaj tum suspect nahi ho. Witness ho.”

Train station ke signal cross karti hai aur compartment mein ek naya silence aa jaata hai. Devraj ke radio par crackle aata hai—ab signal mil gaya hai. Woh station control ko short, coded report deta hai: package recovered, child risk suspected, internal network active. Maqsood sirf khidki se bahar dekh raha hota hai, jaise pehli baar usne apni saans पूरी li ho. Devraj uski taraf dekhta hai aur poochta hai, “Bachcha kahan gaya?” Maqsood ek thandi saans leta hai aur kehta hai, “Jahan usko hona chahiye tha... school ki taraf.”

End mein train dawn ke pale light mein aage badhti rehti hai, aur compartment ke andar sirf tracks ki rhythmic awaaz reh jaati hai. Devraj aur Maqsood ke beech ab bhi distance hai, lekin us distance mein pehli baar trust ka ek patla sa bridge ban chuka hota hai. Mystery solve nahi hoti, par sach ki direction mil jaati hai—aur 7:10 ki train ek aise raaz ko le ja rahi hoti hai jo station ke andar chhupa hua tha, bag ke andar nahi. Twist yeh hota hai ki Maqsood criminal courier nahi, balki ek aisa aadmi tha jisne ek bachche ko mule banne se bacha liya. Aur Inspector Devraj, jo pehle usse suspect samajh raha tha, ab usi ke through poore racket tak pahunchne ka raasta dekh leta hai.