

THE LAST LIGHT

A Sci-Fi/High-Concept 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Sci-Fi/High-Concept	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Dr. Samar (42)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ka blackout poora shehar nigal chuka tha, aur power station ke control room mein sirf emergency red lights ka dhundhla sa rang baaki tha. Panels se ek ajeeb sa humming aa raha tha, monitors kaala blank dikhate hue bhi kabhi-kabhi halki si flicker de rahe the, jaise koi andheron ke andar saans le raha ho. Dr. Samar, reflective safety vest pehne, tablet aur flashlight ke saath console ke saamne khada tha. Uski aankhon mein thakaan thi, par uske haath ab bhi engineer wale the—seedhe, precise, aur har cheez ko logic mein map karne wale. Ravi, oversized uniform aur sneakers mein, control room ke dusre kone mein khada tha, nervous grin ke saath. Woh night-shift elevator trainee tha, aur aaj uski shift ka sabse weird moment ye tha ki poora shehar andhera ho chuka tha, aur backup system khud ba khud on-off ho raha tha.

Samar ne circuit diagram khol kar panel par light daali. "Ye relay glitch hai. Ya sensor feedback loop. Kuch bhi ho sakta hai, Ravi. City is not talking. Machines do not talk." Ravi ne hansa dabate hue kaha, "Sir, aapko lagta hai machine nahi bolti, but aaj jo lights blink kar rahi hain na... bilkul Morse code jaisi lag rahi hain." Samar ne usse ignore karte hue emergency switch ki position check ki. Par jaise hi usne switch touch kiya, room ki red lights ek sequence mein pulse karne lagi—teen lambi, do chhoti, phir ek lambi. Ravi ki aankhen chamak uthi. "Dekha? Dekha? Ye random nahi hai." Samar ne frown kiya. "Coincidence." "Aap har cheez ko coincidence bol dete ho," Ravi ne dheere se kaha. "Jaise main yahan sirf trainee hoon, par main dekh nahi sakta."

Unke beech ka tension sirf blackout ka nahi tha; kuch aur bhi tha—age, experience, aur duniya ko dekhne ka tareeka. Samar ko lagta tha ki shehar systems se chalta hai, discipline se, backup protocols se. Ravi ke liye shehar ek zinda cheez tha—logon ki saans, traffic ke horn, generators ki gharrahat, aur ab ye failing lights. Jab radio se sirf static aayi, Ravi ne usse uthaya aur antenna adjust kiya. Ek second ke liye ek distorted voice jaisi sound aayi, phir phir se static. Ravi ne dheere se kaha, "Kuch keh raha hai." Samar ne sharply bola, "Static ko meaning mat do." Ravi ne ulta poocha, "Aur agar meaning ho toh?"

Phir control panel ke ek section ne apne aap circuit diagram print karna shuru kiya—old thermal printer ki kharr-kharr ke saath ek fresh sheet nikli, jismein kuch lines pehle se marked thi. Samar ne paper uthaya. Diagram ke beech ek arrow drawn tha, jo emergency switch ki taraf point kar raha tha. Uske neeche teen words type the: "DON'T"

RESTORE FULL GRID.” Samar ka chehra pehli baar change hua. “Ye possible nahi hai.” Ravi, ab bhi half-smiling, bola, “Sir, possible toh ab tak kuch bhi nahi tha.” Samar ne tablet se system logs kholne ki koshish ki, par screen par sirf ek message aaya: “TEST ENVIRONMENT ACTIVE.” Usne ek second ko Ravi ki taraf dekha. “Test? Kis cheez ka test?”

Usi waqt room ke window ke bahar city skyline mein ek pattern dikhai diya—kuch buildings ke windows ek saath jale, phir andhera, phir dusre block mein same pattern. Ravi ne bina soche kaha, “Ye signal hai.” Samar ne window ki taraf jaakar dekha. “No. It’s choreography.” Uske tone mein pehli baar uncertainty thi. Tab radio se ek clean voice aayi, bilkul unke beech se guzarti hui: “Dr. Samar. Ravi. Response profiles stable.” Dono freeze ho gaye. Voice continue hui: “You are the selected pair. Emotional calibration is within acceptable parameters.” Samar ne radio ko zor se pakad liya. “Kaun bol raha hai? Kaun ho tum?” Ravi ka nervous grin gayab ho chuka tha. “Sir... ye prank nahi hai.” Voice ne calmly jawab diya: “Future city infrastructure will not run on manual commands. It will run on human emotional response. Your blackout is the final test run.”

Samar ka gala dry ho gaya. Usne Ravi ko dekha, phir panel ko, phir window ko. Saari logic ek pal mein toot rahi thi. “Hum... test subjects hain?” Voice ne kaha, “You are the operators. Not of machines. Of trust, fear, and decision.” Ravi ne dheere se laugh kiya, par us laugh mein khauf tha. “Toh city ko humse kya chahiye? Gussa? Calm? Panic?” “Balance,” voice said. “And the last light.” Emergency lights ek baar phir dim hue, bas ek single bulb bach gaya—window ke paas, jiska reflection Samar aur Ravi dono ke chehron par gir raha tha. Samar ne deep breath li. Usne emergency switch ko dekha. Agar woh full grid restore karta, test fail ho sakta tha. Agar nahi karta, poora city dark reh sakta tha.

Ravi ne pehli baar bina mazaak ke bola, “Sir, aap decide karo. Main... main bas dekh raha hoon.” Samar ne uski taraf dekha. Is ladke mein nervousness thi, par honesty bhi. Usne samjha ki future kisi perfect engineer se nahi, balki aise insaan se chalega jo darr ke baad bhi saamne khada rahe. Samar ne switch ko half-push kiya—full restore nahi, sirf partial power. Control room ke monitors ek-ek karke on hue, lekin city ke bahar sirf kuch districts mein lights jagi. Voice radio par aayi: “Calibration accepted.” Phir ek pause. “Emotional compatibility confirmed.” Ravi ne saans chhodi. “Toh hum pass ho gaye?” Samar ne window se bahar dekhte hue kaha, “Nahi. Shayad hum choose ho gaye.”

Aakhri shot mein control room ka red glow soft white mein badal jata hai, aur dark skyline ke beech ek naya pattern ubhar aata hai—jaise shehar kisi insaan ke heartbeat pe blink kar raha ho. Samar aur Ravi, ek engineer aur ek trainee, silently samajh jaate hain ki ye blackout disaster nahi tha. Ye announcement tha. Aur ab, shehar un dono ki feelings se chalne wala tha.