

FIVE MINUTES TO CONFESS

A Emotional Drama 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Emotional Drama	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Kabir (34)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Clinic ke waiting room mein raat ka waqt hai. Ek tube light halki si buzz kar rahi hai, reception desk ka lamp peela sa glow de raha hai, aur frosted window par baarish ki halki tapping room ko aur bhi band sa mehsoos kara rahi hai. Kabir apni faded kurta mein plastic chair par jhuka baitha hai, guitar case uski chair ke side mein tikka hua. Naina saamne wali chair par seedhi baithi hai, simple cotton salwar suit mein, baal bandhe hue, aur haath mein ek paper envelope ko baar baar dabaa rahi hai. Dono doctor ka wait kar rahe hain, lekin dono ko pata hai ki asli intezaar kisi aur cheez ka hai.

Pehle kuch minutes awkward silence mein guzarte hain. Kabir appointment slip ko dekh kar halka sa muskurata hai aur bolta hai, "Doctor bhi humari tarah late hai. Aadat purani hai." Naina bina dekhe jawab deti hai, "Kuch aadatein purani ho jaati hain, Kabir. Kuch log nahi." Yeh ek line hi kaafi hoti hai. Room mein pehli baar unke beech woh saal bhar ka unsaid dard aa jaata hai. Kabir uski taraf dekhta hai, aur uske chehre par guilt aur thakaan dono saaf dikhte hain. Naina teacher hai, isliye shayad uski awaaz zyada controlled hai—par control ke neeche ka dard aur gussa dono mehsoos hota hai.

Kabir yaad karta hai ki breakup kabhi poora hua hi nahi tha. Bas ek raat thi, ek adhoora phone call, aur uske baad dono ne jaise apni zindagi ko alag-alag direction mein dhakel diya. Naina kehti hai ki usne us waqt bahut koshish ki thi, par Kabir hamesha apne music, apne struggle, aur apne "sirf thoda aur time" ke bahane mein kho gaya. Kabir defend karne ki koshish karta hai, par uski awaaz kamzor pad jaati hai. Woh maanta hai ki woh perfect boyfriend nahi tha, par woh yeh bhi kehna chahta hai ki usne kabhi jaan-boojh kar Naina ko chhoda nahi. Naina uski taraf dekhti hai, pehli baar aankhon mein nami le kar, aur kehti hai, "Kabir, chhodna hamesha jaan-boojh kar nahi hota. Kabhi kabhi bas kisi ko akela chhodte-chhodte aadmi khud gayab ho jaata hai."

Woh envelope ko finally table par rakhti hai. Kabir usse dekh kar confuse hota hai. Naina batati hai ki uske transfer papers aa gaye hain. Uska school usse dusre shehar bhej raha hai, aur uski family bhi wahi move kar rahi hai. Isliye woh aaj yahan aayi hai—doctor se milne nahi, balki Kabir ko milne. Woh chahti thi ki jaane se pehle ek baar sach bol de. Kabir ko lagta hai shayad woh reconciliation ke liye aayi hai, par Naina us illusion ko tod deti hai. "Main wapas nahi aayi, Kabir. Main goodbye kehne aayi hoon."

Kabir ke haath guitar case par chale jaate hain, jaise usse koi sahara chahiye ho. Woh poochta hai ki phir yeh clinic? Naina thodi der khamosh rehti hai, phir bataati hai ki uska appointment late evening ka tha, aur woh jaanboojh kar pehle aa gayi thi. Usne socha tha doctor ke wait mein shayad himmat mil jaaye. Kabir ko suddenly samajh aata hai ki yeh sirf casual meeting nahi thi; Naina ne is adhoore room ko ek ending banane ke liye chuna tha. Woh usse poochta hai, “Tum theek ho?” Naina halki si hansi ke saath kehti hai, “Theek? Nahi. Par chal rahi hoon. Bas itna kaafi hai.”

Climax tab aata hai jab Kabir finally envelope kholta hai. Andar ek purana appointment slip hota hai aur uske saath ek chhoti si note: “Aaj shaam 6 baje. Agar aao, toh sach bolna.” Kabir ka chehra saaf ho jaata hai—woh samajh jaata hai ki Naina kisi romantic closure ke liye nahi, balki us ek sach ke liye aayi thi jo woh saalon se chupata raha. Woh dheere se confess karta hai ki breakup ke waqt usne sabse bada jhooth bola tha: usne Naina ko isliye nahi chhoda kyunki uske paas time nahi tha, balki kyunki woh usse pyaar karne ke layak khud ko maanta hi nahi tha. Music ke failure, poison ki tangi, aur apni insecurity ne usse itna tod diya tha ki woh Naina ko apne saath aur neeche kheenchna nahi chahta tha. Naina yeh sun kar toot jaati hai, par gussa kam aur dard zyada hota hai. Woh kehti hai, “Tumne mere liye decision kiya, Kabir. Mujhse poocha tak nahi.”

Aakhri moments mein baarish tez ho jaati hai. Wall clock ki tick-tick aur tube light ki buzz dono milkar waqt ko aur heavy bana dete hain. Doctor ab bhi nahi aata. Kabir guitar case kholkar guitar nikalta hai, aur pehli baar bina show ke, bina audience ke, ek chhota sa aadha likha hua gaana nikalta hai—Naina ke liye nahi, un dono ke beech ki khamoshi ke liye. Naina usse rokti nahi. Jab woh khatam karta hai, room mein ek nayi saans hoti hai. Naina uthti hai, apna envelope uske saamne rakh deti hai, aur kehti hai, “Ismein mera address nahi hai. Ismein meri forwarding number hai. Agar kabhi tum sach mein bolna seekh jao, toh phir call karna. Goodbye, Kabir.”

Woh nikal jaati hai. Door khulte hi rain ka thanda hawa ka jhonka andar aata hai. Kabir chair par baitha reh jaata hai, guitar uski god mein, envelope uske haath mein, aur wall clock ki needle ek minute aage badh jaati hai. Doctor ke late hone se kuchh nahi badalta. Lekin us ek waiting room mein, five minutes se shuru hua confession, ek poori zindagi ka sabse sachcha alvida ban chuka hota hai.