

BETWEEN STOPS

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: Eshan (32)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

100% Free for Every Filmmaker & Creator.

Shoot it, direct it, share it anywhere?no licensing fees, no paperwork, no barriers. Whether you're making your first student film, a festival entry, or an independent project, all scripts on Story Dil Se are completely free to adapt.

All we ask: Give credit where it's due with an on-screen mention in your credits:

'Story & Screenplay by Story Dil Se (storydilse.in)'.

Eshan underground metro platform par akela khada hai—ya shayad akela nahi. Cold white fluorescent lights uske raincoat par dead skin jaisi chamak daal rahi hain. Uske haath mein transit card hai, dusre mein rolled maps, aur tablet ki screen par route lines blink kar rahi hain. Digital route board pe train ka time har kuch second baad reset ho jata hai. “2 min,” “2 min,” “2 min.” Jaise station time ko chew karke phir se spit kar raha ho.

Tina ek bench ke paas khadi hai, denim jacket, sneakers, haath mein metro newspaper aur earphones ka bundle. Woh bored bhi lag rahi hai aur irritated bhi. Tunnel se aati thandi hawa uske baal hilati hai. Announcement chime bajti hai: “Next train platform par... next train platform par...” Dono ek dusre ko dekhte hain—pehle casual, phir thoda suspicious. Eshan poochta hai, “Aapko bhi lag raha hai ki yeh announcement repeat ho rahi hai?” Tina bina dekhe bolti hai, “Lag nahi raha, ho rahi hai. Aur yeh train bhi shayad myth hai.”

Dono ki conversation normal commuter banter se start hoti hai. Eshan apne urban planning ka background casually mention karta hai, bolta hai ki is station ka layout “strangely inefficient” hai. Tina mock karti hai ki planners ko har cheez map mein hi sundar lagti hai. Phir ek chhota sa moment aata hai—announcement khud unke exact words repeat karti hai. “Planners ko har cheez map mein hi sundar lagti hai.” Dono freeze. Tina newspaper neeche karti hai. Eshan tablet par route board scan karta hai. Phir announcement aati hai, unke private thoughts ki tarah: “Agar yeh loop hai, toh exit kahan hai?” Tina dheere se bolti hai, “Maine yeh bolaa nahi tha.” Eshan ka chehra safed pad jata hai. “Maine bhi nahi.”

Ab platform ek psychological maze ban jata hai. Eshan maps kholta hai, station ka layout dekhkar bolta hai ki tracks logically kisi maintenance corridor se connected hone chahiye. Tina earphones ka wire kheenchkar dekhti hai—signal dead. Woh newspaper mein route map dhundhti hai, par pages par same station ka ad har page pe repeat ho raha hai. Distant echoes unke hi footsteps ko copy karte hain. Har baar jab woh kuch naya bolte hain, announcement usse thoda pehle ya thoda baad repeat kar deti hai, jaise station unki soch padh raha ho.

Dheere-dheere dono samajhte hain ki yeh platform normal nahi hai. Eshan ke transit card par date change hoti rehti hai—kabhi aaj, kabhi kal, kabhi teen saal pehle. Tina ke newspaper ke date page par blank hai. Woh dono ek dusre se apni memory cross-check karte hain: kaun kis time aaya, kis train ka wait kar rahe the, last announcement kya thi.

Har jawab mein contradiction. Phir ek chilling reveal hota hai—announcement unki private thoughts ko verbatim bol deti hai. Eshan ke dimaag mein aata hai, “Kya main yahan se nikal sakta hoon?” Aur speaker se turant awaaz: “Kya main yahan se nikal sakta hoon?” Tina ka thought: “Mujhe der ho rahi hai.” Speaker: “Mujhe der ho rahi hai.”

Dono ghabra jaate hain. Tina pehli baar genuinely scared hoti hai, par uske andar ka sarcasm ab bhi zinda hai. “Great. Underground station, mind-reading PA system. Metro ne therapy bhi start kar di kya?” Eshan hansi se bachne ki koshish karta hai. Phir uska tablet glitch karta hai aur screen par ek hidden station schematic khul jata hai: “TEMPORAL HOLDING ZONE / SINGLE PASSENGER RELEASE PROTOCOL.” Neeche ek line blink karti hai: “Only one subject may exit per cycle.”

Tina aur Eshan ek dusre ko dekhte hain. Pehli baar unke beech silence aata hai jo loud hai. Eshan samajh jata hai—yeh station unhe test kar raha hai. Ya choose kar raha hai. Ya sacrifice maang raha hai. Announcement chime bajti hai, aur speaker bolta hai: “Release candidate identified.” Phir ek pause. “Eshan.” Eshan ka naam sunte hi woh jhatka khaata hai. Tina ka naam nahi aata. Woh apna transit card clutch karta hai. “Nahi. Yeh... koi glitch hoga.”

Tina, jo ab tak us par taana maar rahi thi, suddenly soft ho jaati hai. “Shayad nahi. Tumhare maps, tablet, card—sab tumhe yeh yahan tak laane ke liye the.” Eshan bolta hai, “Aur tum?” Tina newspaper ko dekhti hai. Uske ek page ke corner par tiny print mein likha hai: “Observer.” Woh samajh jaati hai ki uska role sirf witness ka tha. Woh nikalne ke liye nahi, Eshan ko choose karne ke liye yahan thi.

Climax mein train ki roshni tunnel mein dikhai deti hai—par sirf ek second ke liye. Platform ka edge vibrate karta hai. Announcement: “Board now.” Eshan ek step aage badhta hai, phir rukta hai. Tina uski taraf transit card badhati hai, jaise keh rahi ho: jao. Eshan poochta hai, “Aap?” Tina smile karti hai, half-joke, half-goodbye: “Main commuter hoon. Main wait kar leti hoon.”

Eshan train ki taraf badhta hai, par jaise hi woh door ke paas pahunchta hai, Tina ki awaaz piche se aati hai—“Eshan.” Woh mudta hai. Tina ke face par fear nahi, clarity hai. “Agar tum ja rahe ho, toh station ko yaad rakhna. Warna yeh mujhe bhi le jaayega.” Eshan samajh jata hai: yeh loop tabhi tootega jab koi apni jagah se inkaar kare. Woh apna transit card Tina ke haath mein rakh deta hai. “Nahi. Aaj tum jaogi.” Tina shocked. “Kya?” Eshan smile karta hai. “Urban planning ka basic rule—flow maintain karo. Aur is station mein flow tum ho.”

Woh dono ek saath platform ke opposite ends ki taraf daudte hain, par train doors khulne se pehle announcement ek final line bolti hai: “Wrong candidate.” Lights flicker. Train vanish. Silence. Phir ek last chime. Tina ka card beep karta hai. Platform ke ek side ek emergency door khul jata hai—sirf Tina ke liye. Eshan usse dekhta hai, realizing the cruel truth: station ne release candidate ko change nahi kiya; usne choice ko measure kiya.

Final beat mein Tina darwaze tak jaati hai, phir ruk kar Eshan ki taraf mudti hai. “Tumne mujhe pehle hi bata diya tha na?” Eshan confused. “Kya?” Tina apni newspaper ki ek folded cutting dikhaati hai—us par us station ka article hai: “One leaves, one remains.” Uske niche handwritten note hai: “Aaj tum decide karogi.” Tina ki aankhon mein aansu aur smile ek saath. “Mujhe lagta tha main commuter hoon. Par shayad main judge thi.” Woh door se nikal jaati hai. Eshan platform par reh jaata hai.

Last shot: digital board pe time finally change hota hai—“ARRIVING.” Eshan akela khada hai, raincoat mein, maps ab bhi haath mein. Announcement aati hai, soft aur almost human: “Next train...” Aur is baar uske dimaag mein ek thought aata hai jo speaker repeat nahi karta: “Shayad ab main wait karna seekh gaya hoon.”