

THE QUIET ROOM

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: Dr. Arvind (50)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Shaam ka waqt hai. Ek softly lit therapy office, warm lamp ki peeli roshni, shelves par books, ek couch, muted pastel walls, aur window ke bahar halki baarish. Room bahut safe lagta hai, lekin uski khamoshi mein ek ajeeb si tension bhi hai. Dr. Arvind, 50, soft sweater aur spectacles mein, apni chair par seedhe baithe hain. Unke chehre par calm professionalism hai, lekin aankhon mein thakan chhupi hui hai. Unke saamne couch par Zoya, 24, hoodie aur loose trousers mein, apni knees ko curl karke baithi hai. Uske haath mein notebook hai, aur uska knee lagatar kaanp raha hai. Tissue box table par rakha hai, jaise room ne pehle se hi maan liya ho ki aaj aansu aa sakte hain.

Arvind bahut narmi se session start karte hain. Woh Zoya se kehte hain ki aaj panic attacks ke baare mein baat karein—kab aate hain, kaise feel hote hain, kya trigger karta hai. Zoya pehle toh chup rehti hai, phir ek aadat se notebook khol kar ulta seedha questions poochhne lagti hai. “Aap khud itne calm kaise rehte ho?” “Aapko kabhi lagta hai ki aap kisi ki life mein late aaye?” “Aap ghar jaake kya karte ho?” Arvind thoda confuse, phir gently redirect karte hain, lekin Zoya har baar conversation ko unki taraf le jaati hai. Woh unke spectacles, unki fatigue, unke wedding ring ke absence, unke sweater ke sleeves—sab notice karti hai. Jaise therapy session uska kam aur Arvind ka zyada ho.

Arvind pehle isko resistance samajhte hain. Woh professional distance maintain karte hue kehte hain ki yeh session Zoya ke liye hai. Zoya halki si smile ke saath bolti hai, “Mujhe pata hai. Par aaj shayad aapko bhi sunna padega.” Is line mein kuch aisa hota hai jo room ka temperature badha deta hai. Baarish window par aur tez ho jaati hai. Zoya apni notebook kholti hai, lekin usme panic symptoms ki jagah kuch purane notes, dates aur ek naam likha hota hai. Arvind ki nazar us naam par jaati hai, aur unki aankhon mein ek micro-shock flash hota hai.

Wo naam unke purane patient ka hai. Ek aadmi jise Arvind ne years ago treat kiya tha—ek aisa case jo unke career ka sabse difficult case tha. Zoya dheere se bolti hai ki woh us patient ki beti hai. Arvind ka chehra pal bhar mein badal jaata hai. Unhe yaad aata hai: late-night calls, missed follow-ups, ek family jo unki advice ko samajh nahi paayi, aur woh final collapse jahan unhone socha tha ki sab theek ho jayega, par nahi hua. Zoya calmly, almost too calmly, kehti hai ki uske father ke baad ghar mein jo silence aaya, us silence ko usne bachpan se carry kiya hai. Panic attacks usi silence ki body mein aane wali shakal hain.

Ab twist aur gehra ho jaata hai. Zoya confess karti hai ki woh sirf apne attacks ke liye nahi aayi thi. Woh aayi thi kyunki uski maa ne usse ek purani file di thi—Arvind ka naam usme tha. Maa ne kaha tha: “Is aadmi se poochna, usne sorry kyun nahi kaha.” Zoya ke liye apology ek medical formality nahi, balki ek inheritance thi—ek aisa zakhm jo jawab ke bina generation se aage badh gaya. Woh Arvind se kehti hai ki usse treatment nahi, accountability chahiye thi. “Mere father ko aapne patient maana. Main unka result hoon,” woh bolti hai. “Aur main bas yeh sunna chahti thi ki kisi ko afsos hai.”

Arvind pehli baar bolne se pehle lamba saans lete hain. Unki spectacles thodi neeche khisakti hain. Woh defensively explain karne ki koshish nahi karte. Bas sach bolte hain—ki unhe yaad hai, ki unhone us case ko carry kiya tha, ki unse galti hui, aur ki kabhi kabhi doctors bhi guilt ko competence ke peeche chhupa dete hain. Woh maafi maangte hain, seedhe, bina excuse ke. Zoya ki trembling knee ruk jaati hai. Room mein sirf rain aur lamp ki halki humming reh jaati hai.

Climax mein Zoya ka tough face toot ta hai. Woh pehli baar roti hai, par dramatic nahi—jaise koi bahut purana pressure release hua ho. Arvind tissue box uski taraf badhate hain, lekin is baar gesture clinical nahi, human hota hai. Zoya tissue leti hai aur notebook close kar deti hai. Woh kehti hai, “Mujhe laga tha aap yaad nahi rakhenge.” Arvind softly jawab dete hain, “Kuch cheezein bhoolna possible nahi hota.” End mein Zoya couch par thodi seedhi baith jaati hai. Panic ab bhi khatam nahi hua, par uska shape badal gaya hai. Room ab bhi quiet hai, lekin ab khamoshi mein ek naya truth hai—kabhi-kabhi healing ka pehla step symptom ka treatment nahi, kisi ke guilt ko sun lena hota hai.