

THE LAST TICKET HOME

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: Aakash (39)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Subah ka pehla rang platform par utar raha hai—thandi neeli roshni, halki steam, aur door kahin se aata train horn. Platform lagbhag khaali hai. Bench ke paas Aakash khada hai, faded jacket mein, ek haath mein lunch tin aur doosre mein crumpled train ticket. Uska chehra thaka hua hai, par aankhon mein wohi purani aadat—kuch bhi mehsoos karke bhi na dikhana. Thodi door Suhani khadi hai, simple salwar suit aur shawl mein, ek chhota handbag aur boarding pass pakde hue. Dono ek doosre ko pehle notice nahi karte. Phir ek pal aata hai jab unki nazar milti hai, aur dono ke chehre par ek aisi awkward politeness aa jaati hai jaise purane ghar ke darwaze par achanak mehmaan khada ho.

Pehle kuch lines bilkul normal hoti hain—kaun si train, kitni der, platform number. Aakash apni ticket ko seedha karta hai, Suhani boarding pass ko. Dono ki baat mein ek ajeeb sa formal tone hai, jaise woh strangers hon. Lekin subtext har line ke neeche dhadak raha hai. Aakash puchta hai, “Itni subah?” Suhani halka sa muskura kar kehti hai, “Haan. Kabhi kabhi der se nikalne se zyada jaldi nikal jana achha hota hai.” Aakash samajh jaata hai ki yeh sirf train ki baat nahi hai. Suhani ke lafzon mein ek finality hai.

Dheere-dheere baat khulti hai. Suhani batati hai ki woh city chhod rahi hai, “for good.” Naya shehar, naya kaam, nayi zindagi—ya shayad bas purani zindagi se door jaane ka bahana. Aakash ke haath mein lunch tin thoda aur tight ho jaata hai. Woh poochta hai, “Aur bata ke ja rahi ho?” Suhani seedha jawab deti hai, “Kis-kis ko bataati, Aakash? Kuch logon ko chhodkar nikalna hi padta hai.” Yeh line dono ke beech 10 saal ki khamoshi ko ek second mein khol deti hai.

Aakash pehli baar defensiveness se bahar aata hai. Woh bolta hai ki usne phone kiya tha, messages kiye the, par jawab nahi aaya. Suhani hans ke saath jawab deti hai ki jab ghar mein bhi jawab milna band ho jaaye, toh phone sirf ek aur awaaz ban jaata hai. Unki conversation mehalon aur ilzaam ki tarah nahi, balki chhoti-chhoti thak chuki sachchaiyon ki tarah aage badhti hai. Aakash apni factory shifts, overtime, aur “main bas kaam kar raha tha” wali safai deta hai. Suhani kehti hai ki kaam aur majboori alag cheezein hoti hain, aur ghar ko un dono ka fark samajh aata hai.

Phir climax se pehle ek chhota sa moment aata hai—Suhani ke handbag se ek folded paper girta hai. Aakash utha leta hai. Woh paper ek medical report hai. Shehri language mein likhi hui, par ek line saaf hai: Suhani's treatment

follow-up. Aakash ka chehra badal jaata hai. Suhani usse report chheenne ki koshish nahi karti; bas aankhen jhuka leti hai. Woh batati hai ki usne kisi ko nahi bataya, kyunki “ab khabar dene layak waqt hi nahi bacha.” Aakash ki restrained duniya pehli baar crack hoti hai. Woh poochta hai, “Kya matlab?” Suhani bahut calmly kehti hai, “Jitna bhi time hai, mujhe yahan nahi khona.”

Aakash ka lunch tin khulta hai—andar do rotiyan aur sabzi. Woh ek second ke liye unhe dekhta hai, phir Suhani ki taraf badhata hai. Suhani mana karti hai, par Aakash bolta hai, “Kha lo. Train mein kaam aayega.” Yeh line bahut chhoti hai, lekin usmein saalon ka pyaar, guilt, aur helplessness chhupa hai. Suhani pehli baar roti ki taraf dekhti hai jaise woh sirf khana nahi, ek bacha hua rishta ho. Tab Aakash finally woh truth bolta hai jo poori kahani ko palat deta hai: usne divorce papers sign nahi kiye the. Woh unhe bhejne ke baad bhi rokta raha, kyunki uska gussa kam nahi hua tha, par chhodne ki himmat bhi nahi thi. Aur aaj subah, uske paas ek aur envelope hai—doctor ka referral, jo usne Suhani ke naam par arrange kiya tha, bina bataye. Usne socha tha pehle maafi maang lega, phir sach batayega.

Suhani stunned reh jaati hai. Uski aankhon mein pehli baar narazgi se zyada kuch aur aata hai—thakaan, relief, aur ek bahut purana dard. Train horn aur tez ho jaata hai. Platform ke edge par roshni hilne lagti hai. Aakash uske saamne khada hai, bina excuse ke, bina hero banne ki koshish ke. Bas itna kehta hai, “Main der se samjha, Suhani. Par samjha zaroor.” Suhani boarding pass ko dheere se band karti hai. Woh train ki taraf dekhti hai, phir Aakash ki taraf. Twist yeh nahi ki woh ruk jaati hai ya chali jaati hai—twist yeh hai ki woh apna boarding pass uske haath mein rakh deti hai aur kehti hai, “Aaj main kisi train pe nahi, kisi sach pe ja rahi thi. Agar tum sach mein aana chahte ho, toh platform pe nahi, saamne aana.”

Aur phir woh turn leti hai. Train aa rahi hai, steam unke beech se guzar rahi hai. Aakash us boarding pass ko dekhta hai—us par destination ke saath ek return date bhi hai. Woh pehli baar samajhta hai ki yeh goodbye nahi, ek last chance hai. Film ka emotional beat wahi freeze ho jaata hai: ek aadmi jiske haath mein lunch tin hai, aur ek aurat jiske haath mein apni zindagi ka naya ticket. Dono alag trains ke liye khade hain, par ab unke paas ek hi platform hai—sach ka.