

ONE MORE CALL

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: Shalini (52)	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)'.

Dusk ke waqt ek small apartment ka living room aadha andhere, aadha flickering tube light mein dooba hua hai. Deewar par family photos latak rahe hain—kabhi poori family ki ek tasveer, kabhi school function ki, kabhi ek purani Holi ki. Side table par ek silent landline phone pada hai, jaise kisi ka intezaar kar raha ho. Shalini, 52, simple cotton saree mein, silver bangles ki halki si khanak ke saath, tea cups set kar rahi hai. Uske haath kaanp nahi rahe, bas thak gaye hain. Asha, 27, blazer ke andar casual top pehne, makeup thoda smudged, aankhon mein purana rona aur naya gussa liye, darwaze par khadi hai. Dono ek dusre ko dekhte hain, aur saalon ka faasla ek second mein room ke beech aa jaata hai.

Asha formal tone mein aati hai—jaise kisi office meeting mein ho. Woh kehti hai ki woh sirf practical matter ke liye aayi hai: papa ke naam ka last bank paper, ghar ka old locker, aur jo envelope Shalini ne bheja tha. Shalini bina drama ke envelope uthati hai. Usmein ek old letter hai, jo Asha ne college ke dinon mein bheja tha, aur jo kabhi open hi nahi hua tha. Shalini kehti hai, "Maine khola nahi tha kyunki dar tha. Tumhari baat padh li hoti toh shayad jawab dena padta, aur main tab jawab dene layak nahi thi." Asha ka gussa turant aur bhi sharp ho jaata hai—"Toh silence better tha? Teen saal nahi, paanch nahi, poore das saal."

Conversation tezi se personal ho jaati hai. Missed birthdays, graduation, job switch, promotion, aur woh har baar ka wait—"Shayad is baar call aayega." Shalini har accusation ko quietly absorb karti hai, jaise school mein daant khaane wali teacher, par ghar ke andar ek maa. Woh batati hai ki us raat jab Asha ne phone kiya tha aur line nahi lagi, Shalini hospital mein thi—Asha ke father ki last night. Landline ka silent phone ekdam se story ka centre ban jaata hai. Shalini kehti hai, "Us raat maine tumhara call miss nahi kiya tha, Asha. Tumhara number screen par tha. Main bas..." Woh ruk jaati hai. Asha pehli baar uski aankhon mein dekhti hai.

Woh one phone call, jo sab kuch badal gaya, dheere-dheere reveal hota hai. Asha ne us raat gusse mein call kiya tha, bas yeh kehne ke liye ki woh ab aur wait nahi karegi, ki agar ghar mein uske liye jagah nahi hai toh woh chali jaayegi. Shalini ne call uthaya tha, par hospital ke corridor mein, doctor ki awaaz aur husband ki saans ke beech, woh bol nahi paayi. Asha ne baad mein socha ki maa ne jaan-boojhkar phone nahi uthaya. Shalini ne socha ki beti ne ek aur mauka diya tha, jo woh phir bhi gawa baithi. Dono ne ek hi silence ko alag-alag meaning de diye.

Tea cups thande ho jaate hain. Asha family photo frame uthati hai, usmein khud ko dekhkar hasti bhi hai aur toot bhi jaati hai—"Main is ghar mein sirf photo mein achhi lagti thi." Shalini gently bolti hai, "Nahi. Tum hamesha achhi thi. Main bas achhi maa nahi ban paayi." Yeh line room mein aise girti hai jaise koi purana lock khul gaya ho. Asha ke haath se envelope neeche chhoot jaata hai.

Phir climax aata hai. Shalini landline phone ko dheere se uthati hai aur Asha ke saamne rakh deti hai. "Main tumse kuch maang nahi rahi," woh kehti hai, "bas ek call. Ek hi call jo main das saal se sunna chahti thi." Asha pehle hesitate karti hai. Phir uske haath kaanpte hain, jaise office ki strong woman ghar ke dard ke saamne bachchi ban gayi ho. Woh number dial nahi karti—woh apni maa ki taraf dekhti hai aur pehli baar seedha bol deti hai, "Mujhe maaf kar do, Maa. Main us raat sirf naraz nahi thi... main toot gayi thi. Aur tum bhi toot chuki thi, yeh main dekh nahi paayi."

Shalini ki aankhon mein aansu aa jaate hain, par woh roti nahi; pehle saans leti hai, jaise saalon baad. Asha phir landline ka receiver utha ke ek number dial karti hai—wohi number jo Shalini ke dil mein basa hua tha: apni apology ko awaaz dene ka number. Line par koi aur nahi, sirf uski khud ki sachchai answer karti hai. "Maa, I'm sorry," woh dheere, clear, bina defense ke bolti hai. "Main wapas aayi hoon, practical matter ke liye nahi. Main wapas aayi hoon kyunki mujhe ghar ka lock nahi, ghar ka darwaza kholna tha." Shalini aage badhkar uske kandhe par shawl rakh deti hai. Tube light ek baar aur flicker karti hai, phir stable ho jaati hai. Dono pehli baar ek hi frame mein khadi hoti hain—do alag auratein, ek hi dard ki waris—aur silent landline phone finally chup rehkar bhi sab kuch bol deta hai.