

THE 9:15 TRAIN

A Psychological Thriller 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Psychological Thriller	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Devika (40)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Subah ka waqt hai. Shehar abhi poori tarah jagaa nahi, par Devika ki zindagi har roz 9:15 ki train ke saath jag jaati hai. Formal office wear, trench coat, watch pe nazar, haath mein handbag aur coffee cup—sab kuch itna rehearsed ki lagta hai jaise usne apni zindagi ko ek timetable mein bandh diya ho. Compartment almost khaali hai. Fluorescent lights thandi roshni de rahe hain, windows se blur stations aur grey-blue daylight phisal raha hai. Devika hamesha ki tarah ek kone mein baithti hai, newspaper kholti hai, phone check karti hai, aur duniya se aise kat jaati hai jaise uska koi past hi na ho.

Phir Mrunal aati hai. Simple dress, backpack, calm face, aur woh ajeeb si nazar jo kuch bhi miss nahi karti. Woh Devika ke saamne baith jaati hai, jaise yeh seat usi ke liye reserved ho. Pehle toh sab normal lagta hai. Par Mrunal ki awaaz zyada soft, zyada sure hoti hai. Woh Devika ke coffee cup ko dekhkar bolti hai, “Aap sugar nahi leti. Lekin aaj extra thak gayi ho.” Devika pehle ignore karti hai. Phir Mrunal newspaper ke folded corner, watch strap, aur handbag ke andar rakhe red pen tak ka zikr kar deti hai. Har detail sahi. Har cheez private.

Devika ka practiced calm dheere-dheere crack hota hai. Woh poochti hai, “Aap mujhe jaanti kaise ho?” Mrunal bas muskurati nahi—woh jaise yaad karti hai. Aur phir dheere se bolti hai ki Devika har subah isi train mein baithti hai, same seat, same face, same fake normalcy. Lekin kuch cheezein train ke schedule se zyada purani hoti hain. Mrunal us raat ka zikr karti hai jab baarish thi, platform ke lights flicker kar rahe the, aur ek chhoti si ladki Devika ke haath pakad kar keh rahi thi, “Mujhe mat chhodo.” Devika ka chehra safed pad jaata hai. Woh bolti hai, “Tum kaun ho?” Mrunal jawab deti hai, “Main woh hoon jise tumne chhoda tha.”

Ab train ki har harkat Devika ke andar ke panic ko aur tez kar deti hai. Windows ke bahar stations blur hote hain, par compartment ke andar waqt freeze ho jaata hai. Devika ghabraahat mein phone uthati hai, signal check karti hai, par screen pe sirf time dikh raha hota hai: 9:15. Aur phir 9:15 hi rehta hai. Usse lagta hai shayad network issue hai, par Mrunal ke chehre par koi surprise nahi. Woh calmly batati hai ki Devika ne us raat apni life bachane ke liye kisi aur ki life ko chuna tha—apni responsibility se bhaag kar, apne career, shaadi, success sab kuch banaya, aur us ek pal ko routine ke neeche dafn kar diya.

Climax mein Mrunal bag se ek purani train ticket nikaalti hai—faded, creased, aur Devika ke naam ke saath. Devika ka saans ruk jaata hai. Mrunal bolti hai, “Yeh ticket aapne liya tha. Par us din aap destination tak nahi pahunchi thi. Aap us moment mein phans gayi thi jahan aapne mujhe akela chhod diya tha.” Devika ka mask finally toot jaata hai. Woh confess karti hai ki usne darr ke maare, apni zindagi bachane ke liye, kisi ko platform par chhod diya tha. Mrunal ka tone gussa nahi hota—bas thanda, unforgiving. Woh kehti hai, “Train hamesha aage nahi jaati, Devika. Kuch trains waapas wahi le jaati hain jahan se tum bhaagi thi.”

Aakhri shot mein Devika khidki se bahar dekhti hai. Station ka board blur hota hai, phir clear: wahi platform, wahi raat, wahi moment. Compartment ka cold blue light aur tez ho jaata hai. Mrunal ki seat khaali nahi, bas thodi door lagne lagti hai—jaise woh ab sirf saamne nahi, Devika ke andar bhi baithi ho. Train rukti nahi. Devika ka face terror aur guilt ke beech freeze ho jaata hai. Aur usse samajh aata hai ki 9:15 ki train usse office nahi, uske sabse andhere sach tak le aayi hai.