

THE LAST TRAIN HOME

A Emotional Drama 1-Character Solo Monologue in Hinglish

Genre: Emotional Drama	Format: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor)	Runtime: 4 - 6 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 1-Character Solo Monologue (Single Actor) Character: Overworked Nurse on a Rare Day Off (Female, 50-57)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ka aakhri hissa hai. Ek khaali platform, thandi safed tube lights, aur bench ke upar jhilmilata hua sign—jaise khud bhi thak gaya ho. Door shehar ki roshniyaan tracks ke paar dhundhli si tair rahi hain. Isi sunsaan jagah par ek aurat baithi hai, simple coat scrubs ke upar, practical shoes, loosely tied baal, aur aankhon mein woh thakaan jo sirf body ki nahi hoti, dil ki bhi hoti hai. Uske haath mein crumpled train ticket hai. Bag uske paas zameen par pada hai, thermos side mein, aur hospital ID badge abhi bhi coat se latak raha hai. Aaj uska rare day off tha. Par zindagi ne usse phir bhi duty par bhej diya—bas is baar hospital mein nahi, apne andar ke zakhmon ke saamne.

Woh train miss kar chuki hai. Shayad platform par late pahunchi, shayad zindagi hi hamesha usse thoda sa peechhe chhod deti hai. Pehle woh bas saans leti hai, phir apni forehead ko haath se rub karti hai, aur ek lambi chup ke baad bolti hai—khud se, raat se, aur shayad uss bachche se jo kabhi uske andar rehta tha. Woh kehti hai ki poora din logon ke pulse check karte hue, unke haath pakadte hue, unke aansuon ko sambhalte hue nikal gaya. Kisi ka beta tha, kisi ki maa thi, kisi ka pati tha, kisi ki behen thi—sabke liye usne muskurana seekha. Kyunki hospital mein dard kaafi hota hai, aur kisi ko ek aur thakaan wala chehra nahi chahiye hota. Woh bolti hai ki usne itne saalon mein bahut kam roka, bahut kam poocha, bahut kam kaha ki mujhe bhi koi sambhale. Kyunki nurse hone ka matlab logon ke liye yeh ho gaya tha ki woh kabhi toot hi nahi sakti.

Lekin aaj platform ki khaamoshi mein, uski awaaz dheere-dheere khulne lagti hai. Woh admit karti hai ki usne sabko family ki tarah treat kiya—patients ko, unke gharwalon ko, even hospital ke corridors ko bhi. Kyunki asli family ke saath baithna uske liye mushkil ho gaya tha. Uski beti se baat kam hoti gayi thi. Pehle calls miss hue, phir replies late, phir silences lambi. Woh bolti hai ki jab ghar ka darwaza khulta tha, toh usse apni hi kami ka saamna karna padta tha—ek aisi maa jo hamesha kaam par thi aur kabhi poori tarah ghar par nahi thi. Isliye woh kaam mein aur gehri chali gayi. Wahan log usse zaroorat ke saath dekhte the, pyaar ke saath bhi. Aur zaroorat kabhi-kabhi pyaar se zyada aasaan lagti hai, kyunki usmein sawaal kam hote hain.

Thermos ka lid kholkar woh ek sip leti hai. Chai thandi ho gayi hai, jaise uski baatein bhi kaafi der se andar hi band thi. Phir woh phone nikaalti hai. Screen par daughter ka naam chamak raha hai. Kuch pal tak woh bas dekhti rehti

hai—jaise kisi operating room ke bahar khadi ho, aur andar apna sabse mushkil decision lena ho. Woh confess karti hai ki woh darri hai. Akeli hone se darri hai. Apni khamoshi se darri hai. Isliye dusron ke dard mein khud ko dubo deti hai. Par aaj usse samajh aata hai ki agar woh apni beti ko kho degi, toh phir baaki sabko sambhalte-sambhalte bhi woh khud ko nahi bacha paayegi.

Woh call lagati hai. Ring jaati hai. Platform ab bhi khaali hai, sign ab bhi flicker kar raha hai, lekin uske chehre par pehli baar ek narm si roshni aa jaati hai. Shayad phone uth gaya hai. Shayad nahi. Par usne pehli baar sach bola hai. Pehli baar woh maafi nahi maang rahi, bas sach keh rahi hai—ki main thak gayi hoon, main darr gayi hoon, aur main tumhe miss karti hoon. Uski aankhon mein aansu aa jaate hain, par woh unhe girne deti hai. Kyunki kabhi-kabhi ro dena hi ghar ki taraf pehla kadam hota hai.

Aur jab door se koi train ki awaaz aati hai, woh ticket ko dekhti hai, phir phone ko, phir apne badge ko. Hospital ID badge ab bhi uski pehchaan hai, lekin aaj usse ek aur pehchaan milti hai—ek maa, ek aurat, ek insaan jo finally apne ghar lautne ke liye tayyar hai. Platform se train chali jaati hai ya aati hai, woh ab utna important nahi. Important yeh hai ki usne apne dil ke saath pehli baar seedhi baat ki. Aur uss raat, late-night platform par, ek thaki hui nurse ne apni beti ko call karke sirf itna kaha: “Main aa rahi hoon. Aur is baar, sach mein.”