

THE LAST TRAIN HOME

A Slice of Life/Family 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Slice of Life/Family	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Bharat (62)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ka waqt hai. Ek nearly empty railway waiting room, peeli tube lights, dheemi fan ki awaaz, aur bahar platform signage ki door se aati flicker. Bench par Bharat baitha hai—62 ka, wool cap, weathered face, ek purana cloth bag godh mein. Uske haath mein ek train ticket hai, jo woh baar-baar dekh raha hai jaise us par koi faisla likha ho. Tea stall ke counter par do kulhads rakhe hain, thandi hoti chai ke saath. Bharat ne apne dono beton ko alag-alag message bheja tha: “Station aa jao. Zaroori baat hai.”

Pehle Naveen aata hai—office shirt, tired eyes, defensive posture. Uska tone hi batata hai ki woh pehle se hi gusse mein hai. Woh seedha practical baat shuru karta hai: “Papa, aap itni raat ko kyun bulaya? Kal office hai. Aur paise ka kya scene hai?” Bharat bas muskurata hai, thoda thaka hua, thoda chhupa hua. Woh bolta hai ki baat sirf paise ki nahi. Thodi der baad Kunal aata hai—casual kurta, gentle expression, haath mein packed lunch box. Woh lunch box rakhte hue bolta hai, “Mujhe laga aapne khana nahi khaya hoga.” Naveen turant taana maar deta hai, “Waah. Hero entry.” Kunal bhi peechhe nahi hat-ta. Teenon ke beech woh purani family chemistry wapas aane lagti hai—jahan pyaar bhi hai aur irritation bhi.

Bharat unse seedha kehta hai ki ab ghar ka kharcha, dawai, aur uski dekhbhaal ka faisla karna hoga. Naveen defensive ho jaata hai: “Main sabse bada hoon, iska matlab ye nahi ki main hi sab sambhaalun.” Kunal soft tone mein bolta hai ki woh jitna kar sakta hai karega, par Naveen uski baat ko half-truth samajh kar kaat deta hai: “Tum toh bas bolte ho, karte kuch nahi.” Kunal ka chehra sakht hota hai. Woh pehli baar thoda tez bolta hai: “Aur aap? Aapne kya kiya tha jab main college chod ke ghar sambhaal raha tha?” Naveen palatkar kehta hai, “Ghar sambhala? Tum toh bas Papa ke saath chipke rehte the, mujhe office aur bills ke beech akela chhod diya tha.” Bharat in sabko sunta rehta hai, jaise har line uske andar purana zakhm khol rahi ho.

Argument ka volume badhta hai. Naveen ke hisaab se Kunal emotional blackmail karta hai. Kunal ke hisaab se Naveen sirf duty aur ego samajhta hai. Bharat beech mein ek do baar bolne ki koshish karta hai, par dono use rok dete hain—“Papa, aap chup rahiye.” Yeh line Bharat ko chubh jaati hai. Woh dheere se apna cloth bag kholta hai. Andar kapdon ke neeche ek single train ticket, ek purani house key ring, aur ek folded paper niklta hai. Dono beta ekdum silent ho jaate hain.

Bharat unhe batata hai ki woh train se kahin jaane wala hi nahi tha. Usne ticket sirf isliye liya tha ki woh un dono ko ek hi jagah la sake. Woh house keys table par rakh deta hai. Bolta hai, “Main thak gaya hoon. Tum dono itne saalon se ek hi ghar mein do alag ghar bana ke reh rahe the. Main beech ka deewar ban gaya tha.” Phir woh unhe seedha dekhkar kehta hai, “Mujhe paise nahi chahiye. Mujhe bas itna batao—kya aaj ke baad bhi tum dono ek dusre ke bhai ho, ya sirf do aadmi jo ek buzurg baap ki zimmedari baant rahe hain?”

Silence. Fan ki awaaz aur tez lagti hai. Naveen ka defensive posture dheere se toot-ta hai. Kunal lunch box kholkar ek extra roti Bharat ke saamne rakh deta hai, bina kuch bole. Naveen keys ko dekhta hai, phir Kunal ko. Un dono ke beech pehli baar koi competition nahi, sirf thakaan aur guilt hota hai. Naveen dheere se bolta hai, “Papa... ghar aapka bhi hai. Aur Kunal ka bhi.” Kunal bas itna kehta hai, “Aur aapka bhi, bhai.” Bharat ki aankhon mein paani aa jaata hai, par woh use chhupane ke liye hans deta hai—ek halki, tooti hui si hansi.

Final beat mein platform announcement door se aati hai, par woh train kisi aur ki hoti hai. Bharat apna ticket bench par rakh deta hai. Woh keys dono beton ki taraf badhata hai, aur pehli baar unke beech se guzarte hue bahar ki taraf chal deta hai—bilkul us aadmi ki tarah jo ab family ko command nahi, choice de raha hai. Naveen aur Kunal keys ko dekhte reh jaate hain, phir ek dusre ko. Waiting room mein peeli roshni ke neeche, do bhai aur ek khali bench bachi rehti hai—aur unke beech, ek aisa ghar jo shayad abhi bhi bach sakta hai.