

THE QUIET CAR

A Sci-Fi/High-Concept 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Sci-Fi/High-Concept	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Captain Arvind (46)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Raat ka waqt hai. Ek nearly khaali futuristic train, sirf ek compartment mein teen aadmi—Captain Arvind, jo train engineer hai aur apni cap ke neeche thaki hui aankhon se sab kuch monitor kar raha hai; Nilesh, ek office commuter jo apni bag aur earphones ke saath already life se haar chuka lagta hai; aur Omar, maintenance technician, reflective vest aur grease-smudged haathon ke saath, hamesha ki tarah surprisingly calm. Carriage mein fluorescent lights thandi safedi phenk rahi hain, metal surfaces halki vibration se gunj rahi hain, aur bahar station lights windows par streaks ki tarah phisal rahi hain.

Sab normal lagta hai—tab tak jab train tunnel mein ghusti hai. Ek instant ke liye sab kuch dark, phir... silence. Aisi silence jo sirf khali room mein nahi, balki duniya ke andar ke khali-pan jaisi lagti hai. Train ka hum gayab. Brake ka hiss nahi. Track ka shor nahi. Apni hi saans ka ehsaas bhi ajeeb lagne lagta hai. Captain Arvind sabse pehle react karta hai: he slaps the panel, checks the keys, tries the emergency brake lever. Kuch bhi sunai nahi deta. Nilesh panic mein uthta hai, apni earphones nikaal ke kaan par press karta hai, phir Captain ko dekhkar bolta hai—par koi awaaz nahi. Omar flashlight nikaal kar compartment ke corners, ceiling, aur door seals ko check karta hai, jaise silence ko repair kar sakta ho.

Teeno ke beech ek bizarre, funny, aur tense communication war shuru hoti hai. Arvind notebook mein likhta hai: "AWAaz kyun gayab hai?" Nilesh uske saamne likhta hai: "Kya hum dead hain?" Omar, bilkul calm, likhta hai: "Dead log usually itna argue nahi karte." Teeno is par almost hans dete hain—par hasi bhi bina awaaz ke ajeeb lagti hai. Arvind ke chehre par weariness ke saath authority hai; woh gestures se command dene ki koshish karta hai. Nilesh har cheez ko disaster samajhta hai—"Train ruk gayi toh? Tunnel collapse? Ya yeh koi AI prank hai?" Omar, jo maintenance side se sab observe kar raha hai, panel ke neeche ek hidden indicator light notice karta hai jo normal route systems se match nahi karti.

Jitna woh log silence ko samajhne ki koshish karte hain, utna hi compartment unke liye psychological test ban jata hai. Nilesh baar-baar emergency brake lever ki taraf dekhta hai, phir Arvind ki taraf—jaise pooch raha ho: "Kheench doon?" Arvind uska haath rok deta hai. Uski notebook entry hoti hai: "Agar train galat direction mein ja rahi ho toh?" Nilesh ka face aur pale ho jata hai. Omar, bina drama ke, apni flashlight se seat ke neeche ek maintenance plaque

dhoondhta hai: “QUIET CAR PROTOTYPE / DISASTER RESPONSE SIMULATION.” Teeno freeze. Yeh koi accident nahi, koi curse nahi—test hai.

Phir twist ka second layer khulta hai. Omar ke vest ke andar se ek laminated card girta hai. Arvind use uthata hai. Card par likha hota hai: “Captain Arvind—final decision authority.” Nilesh aur Omar usse dekhte reh jaate hain. Arvind ki aankhon mein pehli baar panic aata hai. Usko yaad aata hai—route brief, unusual compartment assignment, aur woh single instruction: “If silence persists after tunnel exit, decide whether the train proceeds.” Matlab yeh compartment ek prototype hai; disaster response team ne dekhna tha ki bina sound ke human judgment kaun rakhta hai. Aur Arvind ko choose kiya gaya hai decide karne ke liye ki train next station tak jaaye ya nahi.

Ab tension pure climax mein badal jaati hai. Bahar tunnel khatam hone wala hai. Station lights window par aur tez streaks ban rahi hain. Arvind ke haath mein train keys hain, saamne emergency brake lever, aur uske saamne do aadmi—ek commuter jo bas ghar jaana chahta hai, aur ek technician jo system ko samajhta hai. Nilesh notebook mein likhta hai: “Agar yeh test hai toh human lives ka kya?” Omar likhta hai: “Agar system fail ho raha hai, toh stop.” Arvind un dono ko dekhta hai, phir window se bahar aate station ke blur ko. Uska decision sirf train ka nahi, trust ka bhi hai.

Woh train keys tight pakadta hai, phir emergency brake lever ki taraf haath badhata hai—rukta hai—aur finally lever ko pull karta hai. Silence ke beech ek violent jolt. Lights flicker. Carriage shudder karta hai. Sab kuch freeze frame jaisa lagta hai. Phir, jaise kisi invisible switch ne duniya wapas on ki ho, ek sudden metallic screech aur distant station announcement ka sound compartment mein phat padta hai. Nilesh ka chehra shock se khil uthta hai; Omar bas ek faint smile deta hai; Arvind relief aur guilt ke beech phans jaata hai.

Train ruk chuki hai ya nahi, yeh clear nahi. Par jab compartment ke door khulte hain, bahar logon ki bheed aur emergency staff dikhte hain. Ek suited observer Arvind ko salute karta hai aur bina expression ke kehta hai, “Decision logged.” Arvind samajh jaata hai—woh sirf engineer nahi tha; woh test ka final human filter tha. Nilesh gusse aur confusion mein apna bag uthata hai, Omar calmly flashlight band karta hai. Teeno ek dusre ko dekhte hain—ek shared secret ke saath. Raat ki woh quiet car unke liye ab sirf train compartment nahi, balki ek aisi jagah ban chuki hai jahan silence ne unse sach bulwa liya.