

THE PATIENT'S DAUGHTER

A Emotional Drama 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Emotional Drama	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Dr. Sameer (45)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Hospital ki waiting area mein cold fluorescent lights ka safed, thanda sa noor phaila hua hai. Bahar small window se shaam ki aakhri dhoop dheere-dheere phisal rahi hai, jaise kisi ne time ko bhi thak kar rok diya ho. ICU corridor ke end par ek red light jal rahi hai. Dr. Sameer, white coat ke loosened buttons ke saath, apni exhaustion ko smile ke neeche chhupane ki koshish kar raha hai. Uske saamne Rahul khada hai, college hoodie mein, haath mein crumpled hospital bill, aankhon mein gussa aur darr ka mix. Thodi door, Alia simple handbag pakde, red eyes ke saath khadi hai—composed, lekin andar se toot chuki. Teen log, ek hi room, aur har kisi ke paas alag version of the truth.

Rahul ka sabse bada problem hai paisa. Mother ICU mein hai, aur treatment ka bill uske haath mein kisi verdict ki tarah lag raha hai. Woh Dr. Sameer se baar-baar poochta hai, “Doctor, aur kitna?” Sameer calmly samjhata hai ki treatment critical hai, time kam hai, aur paise ka pressure alag se. Rahul ka frustration ek point par phat padta hai. Woh Alia ko dekh kar seedha attack karta hai—“Aap itne saalon baad ab aayi ho? Jab ghar toot raha tha tab kahan thi?” Uske words mein sirf gussa nahi, pura purana abandonment chhupa hua hai.

Alia pehle chup rehti hai. Phir uski composed surface crack hoti hai. Woh Rahul ko yaad dilati hai ki family sirf uski ya uski maa ki nahi thi. “Tumne mujhe bataya hi nahi papa kaise mare,” woh kehti hai, voice steady but wounded. “Mujhe lagta tha tum logon ne mujhe nikaal diya. Aur phir tum mujhe blame kar rahe ho ki main gayab thi?” Rahul hichakta hai, kyunki uske paas jawab nahi hota. Usne maa ko bachane ke chakkar mein ya toh sach chhupaya, ya uski aadat hi ho gayi thi sach ko aadha bolne ki. Dr. Sameer beech mein aakar dono ko shaant karne ki koshish karta hai, kabhi bill ko dekhta hai, kabhi medical chart ko, kabhi unke chehron ko—jaise woh samajh raha ho ki yahan diagnosis sirf body ka nahi, family ka bhi hai.

Dialogue ka tone kabhi sharp, kabhi painfully funny ho jata hai. Rahul bill ko dekh kar bolta hai, “Doctor, is paper mein treatment hai ya shaadi ka budget?” Sameer ek weak smile ke saath bolta hai, “Aajkal dono ka rate almost same hai.” Alia bina hansse bol deti hai, “Tum dono same ho—problem ko pehle chhupao, phir emergency banao.” Yeh line Rahul ko aur chubhti hai. Woh bolta hai, “Aapko kya pata? Aap toh gayab thi.” Alia ki aankhon mein pehli baar tears aate hain. “Main gayab nahi thi, Rahul. Main nikali gayi thi. Aur tumne ek baar bhi call nahi kiya.”

Climax tab aata hai jab Dr. Sameer apni pocket se ek folded prescription file nikalta hai. Woh dheere se batata hai ki patient—Rahul aur Alia ki maa—ne admission ke waqt hi usse bola tha ki agar family mein koi bhi aaya, toh pehle un dono ko ek saath bulaya jaye. “Unhone kaha tha,” Sameer softly says, “ki diagnosis se pehle sach bolna zaroori hai. Aur sach se pehle, tum dono ka ek room mein aana.” Rahul aur Alia stunned rehte hain. Sameer unhe medical chart dikhata hai—serious but manageable condition, lekin decision urgent hai. Phir woh ek aur line bolta hai jo sab kuch ulat deti hai: “Aur unhone mujhe yeh bhi kaha tha... ki unki sabse badi dawa tum dono ka milna hai.”

Silence. Waiting area mein sirf AC ka low hum aur corridor ki door se aati footsteps ki sound. Rahul ka gussa dheere-dheere guilt mein badalta hai. Alia ka hurt, jisme barson ka distance tha, ab ek naye kind of pain mein convert hota hai—regret. Rahul finally confess karta hai ki usne papa ki death ke baad ghar sambhalne ke chakkar mein Alia ko batane ka courage hi nahi kiya. Alia bhi maan leti hai ki usne apni hurt ko pride bana liya. Dono ek doosre ko first time sach mein dekhte hain. Dr. Sameer quietly bill ko fold karta hai, jaise financial burden se zyada emotional burden ko respect de raha ho.

End mein, ICU corridor ka red light green nahi hota—par family ka tone change ho jata hai. Rahul bill ko tight pakad kar bolta hai, “Main arrange karunga.” Alia handbag khol kar apne card aur cash nikalti hai. Sameer sirf itna kehta hai, “Treatment main sambhalta hoon. Tum log ek dusre ko.” Small window se shaam ki aakhri roshni andar girti hai, aur pehli baar woh waiting area thoda kam thanda lagta hai. Film ka emotional punch yeh hai ki mother ne illness ko family ka end nahi, unka forced reunion bana diya—kyunki kabhi-kabhi forgiveness tabhi possible hoti hai jab silence ka bill bahut bhaari ho jaye.