

LOCKDOWN OF ONE

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. Piyush (39)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Shaam ka waqt hai. Ek chhoti si clinic consultation room mein warm desk lamp jal raha hai, aur frosted glass ke paar se dhundhli si roshni andar aa rahi hai. Dr. Piyush, 39 saal ka, slightly rumpled aur thoda thaka hua, apne stethoscope ko neck par adjust karte hue file uthata hai. Door khulta hai aur Rina, 36, office wear mein, haath mein medical reports ka folder pakde, apne father Ashok ko andar le aati hai. Ashok, 62, cotton shirt aur worn sandals mein, seedha khada hai—jaise clinic nahi, court room ho. Uske chehre par ek stubborn pride hai. Rina ki aankhon mein gussa bhi hai, thakaan bhi, aur ek aisi bechaini bhi jo sirf un logon mein hoti hai jo kisi apne ko khone se darte hain.

Rina seedhe point par aati hai: "Doctor, inhone test karwa liya hai. Bas inko treatment samjha do. Yeh maan hi nahi rahe." Ashok turant bol padta hai, "Main bilkul theek hoon. Isko har cheez ka overreaction hota hai." Piyush dono ko dekhkar ■■■■■ sa smile karta hai, phir professional tone mein reports kholta hai. Woh carefully samjhata hai ki treatment delay nahi karna chahiye. Ashok har baar baat ko kaat deta hai—kabhi kehta hai "Report mein kya likha hai, woh subah ka khana bhi likh do," kabhi "Doctor saab, aap bhi inke side ho gaye?" Room mein kabhi comedy aati hai, kabhi tension. Piyush middleman banne ki koshish karta hai, par har sentence ke neeche ek aur layer khul rahi hoti hai.

Rina ka patience tootne lagta hai. Woh reports ko table par rakh kar bolti hai ki usne pichhle do saal se har appointment miss ki, har call uthayi, har emergency mein office chhoda, aur har baar Ashok ne kaha "main theek hoon." Woh yaad dilati hai ki maa ke baad ghar bhi usne sambhala, bills bhi, medicines bhi, aur office ki deadlines bhi. Ashok pehli baar chup hota hai, lekin phir apni purani zid se kehta hai ki usne kisi ka bojh nahi banna. Rina ki aankhon mein aansu aa jaate hain—wo gusse mein bhi pyaar chhupa nahi paati. Piyush un dono ko dekhkar ek soft, almost fatherly tone mein kehta hai, "Kabhi kabhi patient se zyada family ko treatment chahiye hota hai."

Tab room ka mood badalta hai. Ashok apne worn sandals ko dekhta hai, phir dheere se bolta hai ki woh treatment ke liye nahi, "hisab clear" karne aaya hai. Rina confuse ho jaati hai. Piyush bhi reports ke pages palatna rok deta hai. Ashok batata hai ki usne diagnosis pehle hi padh liya tha. Woh hospital ke corridor mein khud se report samajh chuka tha, aur usne jaan-bujhkar Rina ko sach nahi bataya, kyunki use pata tha ki Rina sab kuch chhod kar bhaag aayegi,

phir apni zindagi ko guilt mein ghaseetegi. Woh treatment isliye nahi chah raha tha ki woh “theek” hona chahta tha—woh yeh dekhna chahta tha ki uske bina Rina kaise tootegi. Aur woh tootna nahi chahta tha. Rina stunned reh jaati hai, “Aapko pehle se pata tha?”

Ashok ki aawaz pehli baar naram padti hai. Woh kehta hai ki usne life mein bahut kuch sikhaya—saza, discipline, kaam, responsibility—but pyaar dikhana kabhi nahi aaya. Maa ke jaane ke baad woh aur bhi sakht ho gaya, kyunki use laga agar woh naram padega to ghar bikhhar jayega. Par sach yeh tha ki har missed call, har short reply, har “main theek hoon” ke peeche woh hi tha jo Rina ko pareshaan nahi karna chahta tha. Usne clinic aakar yeh decide kiya tha ki agar waqt kam hai, to kam se kam ek baar woh apni beti ke saamne sach boleگا.

Climax mein Piyush prescription pad side rakhtar reports ko dhyaan se dekhta hai aur dono ko ek simple, brutally honest line mein samjhata hai: “Treatment possible hai, but time ka hisaab alag hai.” Room mein silence chha jaata hai. Rina ka gussa pighal kar darr ban jaata hai. Ashok finally usse dekhta hai aur kehta hai, “Main marne nahi, tumhe sambhalne aaya hoon.” Rina ro padti hai aur pehli baar un dono ke beech ka saara distance ek hi frame mein toot jaata hai. Piyush water glass Rina ki taraf badhata hai, jaise us pal ko thoda sambhalne ke liye.

Ant mein, Ashok apne worn sandals ko seedha karta hai, reports ko haath lagata hai, aur treatment ke liye haan bol deta hai—par is baar apni zid se nahi, apni beti ke liye. Rina unke haath ko pakad leti hai. Piyush quietly prescription likhta hai, lekin uske chehre par doctor se zyada ek insaan ki thakan aur hope nazar aati hai. Clinic room mein shaam aur gehri ho jaati hai, lekin us warm desk lamp ke neeche teen log pehli baar sach mein ek dusre ke saamne khade hote hain—ek father jo apni akhri ladaai pyaar se lad raha hai, ek daughter jo der se sahi, par ab sun rahi hai, aur ek doctor jo un dono ke beech sirf treatment nahi, reconciliation ka bridge ban gaya hai.