

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: Madhavi (62)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

100% Free for Every Filmmaker & Creator.

Shoot it, direct it, share it anywhere?no licensing fees, no paperwork, no barriers. Whether you're making your first student film, a festival entry, or an independent project, all scripts on Story Dil Se are completely free to adapt.

All we ask: Give credit where it's due with an on-screen mention in your credits:

'Story & Screenplay by Story Dil Se (storydilse.in)'.

Raat ka last train, nearly empty compartment, aur teen auratein jo ek hi family mein rehkar bhi alag-alag stations par utari hui lagti hain. Madhavi, retired school principal, apni cotton sari aur cloth bag ke saath seedhi baithi hai, jaise ab bhi class monitor wahi ho. Anu, nurse ki thakaan se jhuki hui, ID lanyard gale mein latkaye, bas ek minute ki shaanti chahti hai. Kriti, school uniform mein, earbuds neck par, duniya ko yeh dikhane ki koshish mein hai ki usse kisi ki zarurat nahi. Train chalti hai, station lights window par flash hoti hain, aur compartment ke cool fluorescent light mein unke chehre ek doosre se bach bhi rahe hote hain aur takra bhi rahe hote hain.

Shuruaat mein baat chhoti-chhoti nok-jhok se hoti hai. Madhavi Kriti ko seedha baithne ko kehti hai, Anu ko khana khane ki yaad dilati hai, aur Anu bas itna bolti hai ki maa, please, shift ke baad lecture mat dijiye. Kriti rolling eyes ke saath bolti hai ki sabko bas uski uniform aur posture ki fikr hai, kisi ko uska din nahi poochna. Dialogue mein hasi bhi hai aur thakaan bhi. Madhavi apni purani principal wali aadat mein har baat ko discipline bana deti hai, Anu har baat ko practical bana deti hai, aur Kriti har baat ko insult samajh leti hai. Lekin train ke gentle sway ke saath unki defenses bhi dheere-dheere soft hoti jaati hain.

Ek station ke flash mein Anu ka lunch box khul jata hai aur usme se simple ghar ka khana dikhta hai. Kriti pehle taana maarti hai, phir chupke se dekh kar bolti hai ki hospital mein itna kaam karke bhi maa ne lunch pack kiya. Madhavi usi pal apni cloth bag se ek folded train ticket nikalti hai aur batati hai ki woh jaan-bujhkar agle station tak aayi hai, kyunki Anu ne phone par kaha tha ki woh late ho jayegi aur Kriti ko akela wait karna padega. Yeh reveal unke beech ka temperature badal deta hai. Madhavi ka strictness control nahi, concern nikla. Anu ka silence laziness nahi, exhaustion nikla. Aur Kriti ka attitude rebellion se zyada, hurt nikla.

Phir ek aur layer khulti hai. Kriti reluctantly admit karti hai ki school mein uska presentation bigad gaya tha, aur usne earbuds isliye pehne the taaki koi usse poochhe na. Anu, jo hamesha practical rehti hai, pehli baar seedha bolti hai ki woh bhi har roz logon ke beech khud ko invisible mehsoos karti hai, bas nurse hone ke baad bhi ghar aakar strong dikhna padta hai. Madhavi, jo poori zindagi sabko sambhalte-sambhalte thak chuki hai, quietly keh deti hai ki principal hona easy lagta tha, par ghar aakar maa hona sabse mushkil exam tha. Teenon ke beech ka tension ek shared tiredness mein badal jata hai.

Climax bahut chhota hai, par uska asar bada hai. Train ek slow turn leti hai, window mein unka reflection ek hi frame mein aa jata hai—teen alag chehre, ek hi family. Kriti apni seat pe seedhi hoti hai, phir window ki taraf baithne ki jagah chupchaap uthkar Anu ke paas bench par baith jaati hai. Koi dramatic hug nahi, koi bada confession nahi. Bas woh chhota sa choice jo sab kuch keh deta hai: aaj usse distance nahi, saath chahiye. Anu uski taraf dekhti hai, pehle surprise, phir relief. Madhavi apni nazar neeche karti hai, halka sa muskura deti hai, jaise koi purana homework finally submit ho gaya ho.

Train aage badhti rehti hai. Station flashes unke faces par aate-jaate rehte hain, lekin compartment ke andar ab thodi warmth hai. Madhavi lunch box ko center mein rakh deti hai. Anu Kriti ke earbuds ko gently straighten karti hai. Kriti, pehli baar bina attitude ke, maa ke kandhe se halka sa lag jaati hai. Yeh koi bhaari emotional climax nahi, balki ek soft truce hai—teen generations ka ek doosre ko finally thoda space dena aur thoda ghar banana. Last train home sirf destination nahi rehta; woh unka ek dusre tak wapas aana ban jata hai.