



THE ROOFTOP PACT

A Slice of Life/Romance 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: Varun and Ira meet on the rooftop every evening to escape their crowded lives below, pretending they are just friends who share sunsets. When one of them finally admits they've been timing these meetings around the other's schedule, the rooftop becomes the place where the truth of their almost-love is finally spoken.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Varun (29)

LOCATION: A city rooftop at sunset, with warm amber light, distant traffic noise, water tanks, and laundry lines fluttering in the breeze. The skyline glows softly as the wind moves through the open space.

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INT. ROOFTOP - SUNSET

Warm amber light floods an old city rooftop. WATER TANKS stand like silent giants. LAUNDRY LINES flutter in the breeze. Distant TRAFFIC HUMS below. A small ROOF BENCH sits near a string of FAIRY LIGHTS.

VARUN (29), faded jeans, open shirt, camera around his neck, leans against the parapet. IRA (26), light summer dress, sketchbook tucked under her arm, steps out carrying a WATER BOTTLE.

IRA

Aaj bhi pehle aa gaye?

VARUN

Main? Nahi. Main toh bas... sunset ka citizen hoon.

IRA

Haan, aur main architecture ki refugee.

Varun smirks. Ira sits on the bench. She offers the water bottle. He takes a sip.

VARUN

Tera sketchbook heavy lag raha hai.

IRA

Haan. Ideas ka weight hota hai.

VARUN

Aur ego ka?

IRA

Tumhare camera jitna.

Varun laughs, lifts the camera.

VARUN

This? Yeh toh truth pakadta hai.

IRA

Tumhara truth ya duniya ka?

A beat. Wind moves through the rooftop. Varun points the camera at the skyline.

VARUN

Aaj light achhi hai.

IRA

Tum har din yahi bolte ho.

VARUN

Kyunki har din light achhi hoti hai.

IRA

Ya tum bas yahan aane ka excuse dhundhte ho.

Varun looks at her, caught. He changes the subject.

VARUN

Tumhari class kaisi thi?

IRA

Boring. Professor ne kaha, "Architecture is about space."

(beat)

Maine socha, "Phir rooftop itna better kyun lagta hai?"

Varun looks away, smiling.

VARUN

Rooftop mein kya special hai?

IRA

Neeche sab log apni life mein busy hote hain. Upar...
thoda sa saans mil jaati hai.

Varun nods. He notices her sketchbook.

VARUN

Kya bana rahi ho?

Ira opens it. Rough sketches of the rooftop, bench, tanks, laundry lines, fairy lights.

IRA

Same jagah. Different evenings.

VARUN

Tumne yeh sab draw kiya?

IRA

Haan. Koi problem?

VARUN

Nahi.

(smiles)

Bas... main bhi yeh sab dekh raha tha.

A silence. The sun lowers.

IRA

Varun.

VARUN

Hm?

IRA

Tum itne exact time pe kaise aate ho?

VARUN

Luck.

IRA

Jhooth.

She notices a small NOTE tied near his camera strap. Dates. Times.

IRA (CONT'D)

Yeh kya hai?

Varun freezes.

VARUN

Kuch nahi.

IRA

Varun.

He sighs, takes the note off. Avoids her eyes.

VARUN

Main... random nahi aata.

IRA

Toh?

VARUN

Main tumhare schedule ke hisaab se aata hoon.

Ira stares at him.

IRA

Kya?

VARUN

Tumhari class kab khatam hoti hai, kab late hoti ho, kab extra time hota hai... Main bas... yeh dekh leta tha.

IRA

Yeh creepy hai, Varun.

VARUN

Haan. Shayad.

(beat)

Par pehli baar jab tum yahan aayi thi, tumne sunset ko nahi... uss hansii ko dekha tha jo tumhare face pe thi.

Ira is thrown. Varun continues, softer.

VARUN (CONT'D)

Phir main har shaam aaya. Kyunki mujhe lagta tha... agar koi cheez roz same time pe ho rahi hai, toh shayad ek din sach ban jaati hai.

Ira looks at him, processing. Then she gives a small, unexpected laugh.

IRA

Main bhi track karti thi.

Varun blinks.

VARUN

Kya?

Ira turns the sketchbook around. On each rooftop sketch, tiny timestamps.

IRA

Tum kab aate ho, kab bench pe baithte ho, kab camera uthaate ho. Main bhi dekhna chahti thi ki tum mujhe dekhte ho ya nahi.

Varun is speechless.

VARUN

Toh... hum dono...

IRA

Haan.

(smiles)

Hum dono.

A long beat. The city glows softly behind them.

Varun reaches for the string of FAIRY LIGHTS and switches them on. Warm little bulbs flicker alive.

IRA (CONT'D)

Ab yeh rooftop zyada sach lag raha hai.

VARUN

Kyunki ab hum pretend nahi kar rahe.

Ira stands, takes one step closer.

IRA

Aaj photo lo.

VARUN

Kiski?

IRA

Sunset ki nahi.

(beat)

Truth ki.

Varun raises the camera. Through the viewfinder, it's just the two of them against the glowing skyline.

VARUN

Ready?

IRA

Hamesha se.

CLICK.

The shutter sounds as the wind moves through the rooftop. The fairy lights glow. Below, traffic keeps moving. Above, the sunset fades, but neither of them does.

FADE OUT.