



THE STAIRWELL AGREEMENT

A Emotional Drama 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Written by
Story Dil Se Team
(storydilse.in)

LOGLINE: Imran and Farah meet in the stairwell every evening, each pretending the encounter is accidental, while both are quietly falling apart after different losses. When Farah reveals she is about to move away, Imran must decide whether to keep hiding behind routine or finally ask for the life he wants.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Imran (45)

LOCATION: A narrow apartment stairwell between floors, lit by a single yellow bulb and a small window that lets in muted evening light. The concrete walls, echoing footsteps, and landings create a private world in a public building.

USAGE LICENSE: 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)'.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL - EVENING

Narrow concrete stairwell. A single YELLOW BULB hums overhead. Muted evening light slips through a small window. The space feels private despite being public.

IMRAN (45), faded polo shirt, grocery bags in one hand, cane in the other, climbs slowly.

FARAH (42), cardigan and jeans, folded letter in one hand, house key in the other, descends.

They stop at the same landing, as if rehearsed.

IMRAN

Oh. Aap.

FARAH

Aap phir se.

IMRAN

Lift ka mood theek nahi hai lagta.

FARAH

Building ko drama pasand hai.

A beat. Small, familiar smile.

IMRAN

Aaj sabzi wale ne phir dhokha diya.

FARAH

Aapko lagta hai sabzi wale hi dushman hain?

IMRAN

Abhi tak toh haan.

Farah notices the cane. Imran notices the letter.

FARAH

Aapka haath...

IMRAN

Bas thoda sa.

(beat)

Aapka letter?

Farah instinctively folds it tighter.

FARAH

Bas thoda sa.

They share a look. The kind that says: I know you're lying, and I won't force it.

IMRAN

Chaliye, aaj ka accidental meeting bhi ho gaya.

FARAH

Haan. Kal phir accidental.

Imran nods. Then notices her face is different today.

IMRAN

Sab theek?

Farah exhales. Long.

FARAH

Nahi.

(beat)

Main ja rahi hoon.

Imran freezes. Grocery bag rustles in his grip.

IMRAN

Kaafi dramatic line hai.

FARAH

Main serious hoon.

(beat)

Kal subah. Shehar se bahar.

IMRAN

Achha.

(trying to smile)

Toh aaj stairwell ka last episode hai.

Farah almost laughs, then stops herself.

FARAH

Aap hamesha mazaak mein hi sach bolte ho?

IMRAN

Aur aap hamesha sach bolke bhi mazaak lagti ho.

A beat. Farah looks at the folded letter.

FARAH

Yeh notice nahi hai.

IMRAN

Toh?

FARAH

Main ne likha tha. Ex ko. Bheja nahi.

Imran nods, understanding more than he says.

IMRAN

Sahi kiya.

FARAH

Aap bhi kuch kehna chahte the.

IMRAN

Main?

FARAH

Haan. Roz yahi aate ho. Roz same time. Itna coincidence bhi nahi hota.

Imran looks away, embarrassed.

IMRAN

Main aata tha kyunki...

(beat)

Kyunki yahan ek insaan mil jaata tha jo mujhe dekh ke muskurata tha.

Farah is caught off guard.

FARAH

Main bhi slow chalti thi. Taaki yeh meeting miss na ho.

A quiet, honest smile between them.

Farah raises the HOUSE KEY.

FARAH

Toh phir suno. Kal subah main chali jaungi. Agar aapko kuch bolna hai, abhi bolo. Agar nahi, toh is key ko yaad rakhna. Main wapas aayi toh... stairwell mein pretend karne ki zarurat nahi hogi.

Imran looks at the key, then at her.

He sets the grocery bag down.

He places the cane against the railing.

For the first time, he stands without leaning on anything.

IMRAN

Farah...

(beat)

Main tumhe rokna nahi chahta. Main bas yeh nahi chahta ki tum jao aur main yahan khade-khade natak karta rahoon ki mujhe farq nahi padta.

(beat)

Farq padta hai. Kaafi.

Farah's eyes well up.

IMRAN (CONT'D)

Main phone karunga. Agar tum allow karo, main milne aaunga. Bahar. Asli life mein.

Farah lets out a shaky laugh through tears.

FARAH

Asli life mein?

IMRAN

Haan. Bahut risky jagah hai.

She laughs fully now.

Then, softly, she closes her hand around the key.

FARAH

Toh agreement pakka?

IMRAN

Pakka.

A beat. The bulb buzzes. Evening light dims further.

Farah starts down the stairs.

Then stops.

Turns back.

FARAH

Imran?

IMRAN

Haan?

FARAH

Kal subah jaane se pehle... chai peene aaoge?

Imran smiles, real and unguarded.

IMRAN

Main aaunga.

Farah nods, holding the key like a promise.

She continues down the stairs.

Imran remains on the landing, looking after her.

Not lonely.

Not yet.

Just changed.

FADE OUT.