



THE ROOFTOP CLUB

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

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LOGLINE: Two neighbors who meet on the rooftop every evening to escape their tiny apartments slowly turn their accidental routine into a ritual. They speak about failed dates, family pressure, and the strange comfort of being known without explanation. The twist is romantic and simple: both have been calling it a “friendship club” because neither wants to be the first to admit they are already in love.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Kajal (24)

LOCATION: A quiet apartment rooftop at sunset with string lights, water tanks, city skyline, laundry lines, and a soft orange-pink sky.

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INT. APARTMENT ROOFTOP - SUNSET

A quiet rooftop. WATER TANKS. LAUNDRY LINES. STRING LIGHTS half-lit. The city skyline glows orange-pink.

KAJAL (24), shy, oversized sweater, jeans, climbs up with a CHEAP SPEAKER and a packet of snacks.

RHEA (25), barefoot, loose shirt, messy bun, sketchbook in hand, already sitting near the parapet.

KAJAL

(awkward)

Aap phir yahan?

RHEA

Without looking up Yeh mera corner hai.

KAJAL

Mera bhi.

RHEA finally looks at her, amused.

RHEA

Then we have a problem.

KAJAL

Problem kyun?

RHEA

Because two people can't own one corner.

KAJAL

Main share kar sakti hoon.

RHEA

Good. Main bhi.

Kajal places the speaker down. A beat.

KAJAL

Aaj sad songs nahi.

RHEA

Kyun? Date phir fail ho gaya?

KAJAL

Main date pe gayi hi nahi.

RHEA

Smart.

KAJAL

Main cautious hoon.

RHEA

Same thing, bas nicer word.

Kajal snorts despite herself.

KAJAL opens the snack packet. Offers it.

KAJAL

Chips?

RHEA

What flavor?

KAJAL

Whatever cheap means.

RHEA takes one.

RHEA

Perfect.

A comfortable silence. Rhea sketches. Kajal watches the skyline.

KAJAL

Aap har din sketch karti ho?

RHEA

Har din nahi. Jab life irritating ho.

KAJAL

Toh roz hi.

RHEA

Exactly.

Kajal smiles. Rhea notices.

RHEA

What?

KAJAL

Nothing. You're... less scary when you smile.

RHEA

And you're less boring when you roast people.

KAJAL

Main roast nahi karti.

RHEA

You are roasting me right now.

KAJAL

Maybe.

Rhea closes the sketchbook slightly.

RHEA

How was work?

KAJAL

Call center. Same script. Same angry uncle. Same
"manager se baat karao."

RHEA

Did you?

KAJAL

No. I said, "Sir, main hi manager hoon."

RHEA laughs.

RHEA

No way.

KAJAL

Way.

RHEA

Respect.

KAJAL

Your turn. Clients?

RHEA

One asked if I can make his startup logo "more
feminine" because apparently his app needs a vibe.

KAJAL

What does that even mean?

RHEA

It means men should not be allowed to say vibe.

They laugh.

Rhea reaches into a small THERMOS TEA FLASK and pours tea into two paper
cups.

RHEA

Tea?

KAJAL

You carry tea to the rooftop?

RHEA

I carry tea everywhere.

KAJAL

That is very... auntie behavior.

RHEA

And yet you're drinking it.

Kajal takes the cup.

KAJAL

Because it's good auntie behavior.

They sip.

The string lights flicker on more fully as dusk deepens.

KAJAL

My mom keeps asking when I'll "settle."

RHEA

Mine too.

KAJAL

Like I'm a suitcase.

RHEA

Or furniture.

KAJAL

At least furniture gets chosen.

Rhea looks at her, softer now.

RHEA

You don't have to explain things here.

KAJAL

I know.

A beat.

KAJAL

That's why I come.

Rhea glances at her sketchbook, then at Kajal.

RHEA

Same.

A quiet warmth settles between them.

RHEA reaches for the blanket beside her and drapes it over both of them.

KAJAL freezes for a second.

RHEA

Cold?

KAJAL

No. I mean—yes. A little.

RHEA

Liar.

Kajal smiles, nervous.

KAJAL

Last month I went on a date.

RHEA

You said you didn't.

KAJAL

I said I didn't today.

RHEA

Fair.

KAJAL

He kept talking about himself like he was a podcast.

RHEA

And?

KAJAL

And I realized if I stayed, I'd have to fake laugh for two more hours.

RHEA

You hate fake laughing.

KAJAL

You noticed that?

RHEA

I notice a lot.

Kajal looks away, suddenly shy.

RHEA

My turn.

KAJAL

Please don't say something worse.

RHEA

My ex called my work "cute."

KAJAL

Oof.

RHEA

Yeah.

KAJAL

That's not cute. That's criminal.

Rhea smiles, touched.

RHEA

And my family keeps asking if I'm dating.

KAJAL

You are. Just not in their spreadsheet.

RHEA laughs, then goes quiet.

RHEA

Kajal?

KAJAL

Hmm?

RHEA

What do you call this?

KAJAL

This?

RHEA

Us. Rooftop. Tea. Chips. All of it.

Kajal thinks. Then, trying to sound casual:

KAJAL

Friendship club.

Rhea stares at her. A beat.

RHEA

Friendship club.

KAJAL

Yeah.

RHEA

That's what you call it?

KAJAL

What else should I call it?

Rhea closes the sketchbook completely.

RHEA

Maybe the truth.

Kajal turns, confused.

KAJAL

What truth?

Rhea takes a breath. For the first time, she's nervous.

RHEA

That I don't think this is just friendship.

Kajal goes still.

KAJAL

Oh.

RHEA

Yeah.

KAJAL

I thought I was the only one being stupid.

RHEA

You're not stupid.

KAJAL

Then what am I?

RHEA

Scared.

Kajal laughs once, shaky.

KAJAL

You too?

RHEA

Very.

A long beat. The city hums below.

KAJAL looks at the blanket, then at Rhea.

KAJAL

So... club ke bahar?

Rhea's smile is small, real.

RHEA

Bas tum aur main.

Kajal nods, barely breathing.

KAJAL

Okay.

Rhea nudges the snack packet closer.

RHEA

Then share the chips, partner.

Kajal grins.

KAJAL

Partner sounds better than club.

RHEA

I know.

They sit shoulder to shoulder under the string lights, watching the sky darken.

FADE OUT.