



THE TERRACE PACT

A Emotional Drama 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: After months of silent resentment, Imran's wife demands to know why he has become a stranger in his own home, while his mother pushes both of them to speak honestly for once. The argument slowly reveals a hidden debt and a private loss neither woman knew about, ending with a fragile truce built on the first truthful sentence spoken in months.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Imran (37)

LOCATION: A quiet apartment terrace at dusk, with string lights, distant traffic sounds, and a growing blue evening sky. The rooftop is sparse—just a plastic chair, a water tank, and potted plants—making every emotional beat feel exposed.

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FADE IN:

EXT. APARTMENT TERRACE - DUSK

Neela aasman. Distant traffic ka low hum. String lights abhi half-on, half-off. Terrace sparse hai – ek PLASTIC CHAIR, water tank, kuch POTTED PLANTS.

FARIDA (60), shawl lapete, chair par baithi hai. IMRAN (37), faded shirt, plants ke paas khada hai. SANA (34), practical aur exhausted, dono ke beech.

SANA

(steady, thaki hui)

Bas. Aaj jawab chahiye, Imran.

IMRAN

Kis cheez ka jawab?

SANA

Mere ghar mein reh ke bhi tum stranger kyun ho?

Imran kuch bolta nahi. Farida nazar neeche karti hai.

FARIDA

(halka sa, dry humor)

Shaadi mein log silence package bhi lete hain kya aaj kal?

Sana ek chhoti, involuntary hansi nikaalti hai. Phir turant sakht.

SANA

Ammi, please.

FARIDA

Theek hai, theek hai. Main bas... hawa mein baat kar rahi thi.

SANA

Imran, mujhe dekh ke bolo.

Imran finally Sana ko dekhta hai. Uski aankhon mein thakaan hai.

SANA (CONT'D)

Mahino se na baat, na touch, na ek normal si chai pe conversation. Tum ghar aate ho jaise duty khatam karke kisi aur jagah chale jaaoge.

IMRAN

(softly)

Main yahin hota hoon.

SANA

Body se. Aadmi kahaan hota hai?

Beat.

IMRAN

Main... darr gaya tha.

SANA

Kis se?

IMRAN

Zindagi se. Paison se. Khud se.

Sana ka jawline tight ho jaata hai.

SANA

Seedha bolo.

Imran ek lambi saans leta hai.

IMRAN

Mujhpe debt tha.

Sana freeze.

SANA

Kya?

IMRAN

Factory band hui. Mainne socha temporary hai. Phir interest badhta gaya. Main har din sochta tha kal bata dunga. Kal... mahine ban gaye.

SANA

Aise kaise chhupa liya?

IMRAN

Kyuki main tumse kamzor nahi dikhna chahta tha.

SANA

(anger rising)

Kamzor? Tumne mujhe biwi se zyada tenant samjha? Rent time pe dene wala insaan?

Farida beech mein dekhti hai. Uske haath shawl ko aur tight pakadte hain.

FARIDA

Imran...

IMRAN

Ammi, rehne dijiye.

FARIDA

Nahi. Aaj nahi.

Silence.

FARIDA (CONT'D)

Tum dono ko lagta hai bas tumhare ghar mein dukh hai?

Sana aur Imran dono uski taraf dekhte hain.

FARIDA (CONT'D)

Maine bhi kuch chhupaya hai.

Sana, suspicious.

SANA

Kya chhupaya hai aapne?

Farida ek beat leti hai.

FARIDA

Tumhare Abba ke naam ka ek purana medical bill tha.
Mainne kabhi bataya nahi.

Imran stunned.

IMRAN

Ammi...

FARIDA

Aur jo paise tumne bheje the na last month... maine
unmein se kuch debt mein laga diye.

SANA

Aapne?

FARIDA

(quiet, ashamed but firm)
Main maa hoon. Dekh rahi thi mera beta andar se toot
raha hai. Socha ek bojh main bhi uthaa loon.

Imran ka chehra gir jaata hai. Uski aankhon mein guilt.

IMRAN

Mujhe pata hi nahi tha.

FARIDA

Pata hota toh kya alag hota? Tum bolte nahi. Main
bolti nahi. Aur tumhari biwi...

Sana turns sharply.

FARIDA (CONT'D)

...wo bas dekh rahi thi ki uska ghar usse door ho
raha hai.

Sana ki aankhen nam ho jaati hain. Woh envelope uthati hai jo side table par
pada hai.

SANA

Mujhe sach chahiye tha.

IMRAN

Mujhse galti hui.

Beat.

IMRAN (CONT'D)

Main darr gaya tha.

Yeh pehli baar hai jab woh seedha, bina excuse ke bolta hai.
Sana usse dekhti rehti hai. Phir dheere se saans chhodti hai.

SANA

Bas. Yehi pehla sahi sentence tha mahino mein.
Imran nods, eyes wet.

SANA (CONT'D)

Aaj se akela kuch nahi.
Farida ki aankhon mein nami chamakti hai.

FARIDA

Aur jhagda?

SANA

Hoga.

IMRAN

(half-smile, broken)
Roz hoga.

SANA

Lekin sach ke saath.
Farida slowly stands, shawl adjust karti hai.

FARIDA

Toh phir chai bana lo. Terrace pe pehli baar sabne
sach bola hai. Iska celebration toh banta hai.

A tiny, tired laugh from Sana. Imran nods.

The STRING LIGHTS click fully ON.

The blue dusk deepens, but the terrace no longer feels cold.

FADE OUT.