



THE TERRACE PACT

A Emotional Drama 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: Aarti calls her sister and niece upstairs to announce a family decision, but the real issue is the decades-old silence around their father's abandonment. Megha wants to move on, Pooja wants the truth, and Aarti wants someone to finally stop pretending the family is fine. The climax resolves when Aarti hands over the letters she has been hiding and asks the younger two to decide whether forgiveness should be earned or inherited.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | Character 1: Aarti (52)

LOCATION: A small terrace at sunset with a low wall, water tank, potted plants, and a single string of yellow bulbs. The sky shifts from orange to indigo, giving the scene a tender, transitional mood.

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FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL TERRACE - SUNSET

Ek chhoti terrace. Low wall, water tank, do-teen potted plants, aur ek string of yellow bulbs jo dheere-dheere jal rahi hai. Aasman orange se indigo ki taraf badal raha hai.

AARTI (52), simple kurta mein, haath mein purane letters ka bundle liye khadi hai.

MEGHA (30), work clothes mein, dupatta kandhe par, tired smile ke saath terrace par aati hai.

POOJA (18), jeans aur dupatta mein, seedhi aur gusse mein, unke peeche aati hai.

MEGHA

(dryly)

Agar yeh family meeting hai na, toh main pehle hi bol deti hoon—mujhe overtime nahi mila.

POOJA

Aur mujhe class presentation. So please, drama ka timer short rakhna.

Aarti un dono ko dekhti hai. Halki si muskaan, phir serious.

AARTI

Drama nahi hai. Decision hai.

POOJA

Kis cheez ka decision?

Aarti letters ke bundle ko tight pakad leti hai.

AARTI

Is ghar mein ab pretend karna band.

Megha ka face tight ho jaata hai.

MEGHA

Aarti, seedha bolo. Kis baat ki pretending?

Pooja low wall ke paas jaakar khadi ho jaati hai.

POOJA

Papa ke baare mein?

Silence.

Yellow bulbs ka light thoda warm lagne lagta hai.

MEGHA

(controlled)

Pooja, us aadmi ka naam leke kya hoga?

POOJA

Truth mil jaayega. Bas itna.

MEGHA

Truth? Truth se ghar nahi chalta.

POOJA

Jhooth se bhi nahi.

Aarti beech mein aati hai.

AARTI

Bas. Dono.

Woh bundle ko dekhti hai, phir un dono ko.

AARTI (CONT'D)

Tum dono ko yahan isliye bulaya kyunki ab main aur nahi chup sakti.

Megha suspicious.

MEGHA

Chup kis baat pe?

Aarti ek lamba saans leti hai. Phir bundle khol deti hai.

Purane, folded letters.

Pooja ki aankhen widen.

POOJA

Yeh kya hai?

AARTI

Tumhare papa ke letters.

Megha ka reaction instant.

MEGHA

Kya?

AARTI

Bahut saare the.

MEGHA

(shocked, angry)

The? Matlab... the?

AARTI

Haan.

Pooja aage badhti hai.

POOJA

Papa ne likha tha?

Aarti nod karti hai.

AARTI

Haan. Baar-baar.

Megha ek step piche.

MEGHA

Toh mujhe kabhi kyun nahi diye?

Aarti ka face guilt se bhara.

AARTI

Kyunki us waqt mujhe laga main tum dono ko bachaa rahi hoon.

MEGHA

Bachaa rahi thi ya control kar rahi thi?

Aarti kuch nahi bolti.

Pooja ek letter utha leti hai.

POOJA

Main padh sakti hoon?

AARTI

Padh lo.

Pooja letter kholkar padhna shuru karti hai. Dheere-dheere uska gussa curiosity mein badalta hai.

POOJA

(reading)

"Aarti, main ja raha hoon. Is ghar mein meri awaaz kisi ko sunayi nahi deti. Main galat hoon, par main ghaas ki tarah kuchla ja raha hoon..."

Megha ka throat tight.

MEGHA

Chup.

POOJA

(reading on)

"Megha ko bolna, main uska future block nahi karna chahta. Aur chhoti ko... use bolna ki woh meri tarah gussa kam aur sach zyada rakhe."

Pooja ruk jaati hai. Letter ko dekhti hai.

POOJA

Chhoti ko?

AARTI

Tumhari baat kar raha tha.

Pooja ka gussa soft ho jaata hai.

POOJA

Toh woh humein chhod ke bhi likhta tha?

AARTI

Haan. Aur main... un letters ko sambhaal ke rakh rahi thi.

MEGHA

Kyun?

Aarti ki aankhon mein aansu nahi, bas thakaan.

AARTI

Kyunki main tum dono ko ek aur tootna nahi dekh sakti thi. Aur phir... waqt nikal gaya.

Megha ek letter uthati hai. Haath kaanp rahe hain.

MEGHA

Itne saal... Tumne humein sach se bachaya?

AARTI

Nahi Megha. Main dar gayi thi.

Silence.

Hawa terrace ke plants ko hilaati hai.

Pooja dheere se ek aur letter kholti hai.

POOJA

Isme likha hai...

Woh padhte-padhte ruk jaati hai.

POOJA (CONT'D)

"Main chahta hoon ki meri betiyan mujhse na sahi, jhooth se toh azaad ho."

Megha ki aankhon mein aansu aa jaate hain, lekin woh unhe rok leti hai.

MEGHA

Main move on kar gayi thi, Aarti. Ya shayad bas pretend kar rahi thi.

POOJA

Main truth maang rahi thi. Par truth milna aur truth ko jhelna same nahi hota.

Aarti letters ka bundle un dono ke beech terrace floor par rakh deti hai.

AARTI

Toh ab decide tum karo. Forgiveness earned hoti hai... ya inherited?

Teeno ek dusre ko dekhte hain.

Orange sky ab indigo ho chuka hai. Yellow bulbs aur bright lagte hain.

Megha dheere se ek letter uthati hai, fold karke Pooja ko deti hai.

MEGHA

Kal college ke baad... saath padhte hain.

Pooja ek beat leti hai. Phir nod karti hai.

POOJA

Theek hai.

Aarti water mug uthakar potted plant ko halka sa paani deti hai.

AARTI

Bas. Aaj ke liye itna hi sach kaafi hai.

Teeno terrace par khadi rehti hain—na perfect, na repaired.

Bas honest.

FADE OUT.

THE END.