

THE ROOFTOP PACT

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

Genre: Slice of Life/Romance	Format: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast)	Runtime: 5 - 8 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) Character 1: Varun (29)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Shaam ka rang dheere-dheere city ke upar utar raha hai. Ek purane building ki rooftop par do log roz ki tarah milte hain—Varun, faded jeans aur open shirt mein, camera neck par latkaye hue; aur Ira, light summer dress mein, sketchbook ko arm ke neeche dabaye. Neeche traffic ka shor ek constant hum ki tarah chal raha hai, aur upar laundry lines hawa mein hil rahi hoti hain. Dono ka ek simple sa ritual hai: bench par baithna, water bottle share karna, skyline ko dekhna, aur pretend karna ki woh bas “sunset friends” hain. Na koi promises, na koi labels. Bas warm amber light aur woh aadhi muskurahat jo dono ke beech har roz thodi aur gehri hoti ja rahi hai.

Varun camera se kabhi building ke water tanks ko frame karta hai, kabhi Ira ke sketchbook ke corner pe padti light ko. Ira usse chhedti rehti hai ki har cheez ko photograph karne ki aadat usse real life se bhaaga rahi hai. Varun palat ke bolta hai ki architecture students sab kuch measure karte hain, par khud ke dil ka distance kabhi nahi. Dono ki baatein halka mazak lagti hain, par har line ke neeche kuch aur chhupa hota hai. Ira uske lens se apni profile dekhkar hans deti hai, aur Varun uske sketchbook mein banaye gaye rooftop ke rough lines ko dekhkar chup ho jaata hai. Unka silence bhi ek tarah ka conversation hai.

Roz ki tarah woh sunset ke end tak rukte hain. Phir ek din Ira notice karti hai ki Varun hamesha usse pehle aa jaata hai—kabhi exact usi minute, kabhi do minute pehle. Woh casually puchti hai, “Tu itna punctual kaise hai?” Varun pehle taal deta hai, phir mazaak karta hai. Lekin Ira ke paas observation ka talent hai; woh uske camera strap pe bandhe ek chhote sa note ko dekh leti hai—dates aur timings likhe hue. Woh usse seedha puchti hai. Varun pehle jhooth bolne ki koshish karta hai, phir admit karta hai ki woh “random sunsets” ke liye nahi aata. Woh Ira ke schedule ke hisaab se aata hai, uski class, uski commute, uska thoda sa extra time—sab track karke. Ira ka chehra ek pal ke liye blank ho jaata hai. Use lagta hai shayad yeh creepy hai, shayad one-sided, shayad bas ek aur almost-love story jo bolne se pehle hi khatam ho jayegi.

Lekin Varun ka confession aur gehra ho jaata hai. Woh kehta hai ki usne timing isliye track ki, kyunki pehli baar jab Ira rooftop par aayi thi, us din usne sunset ko nahi, uski hansi ko photograph kiya tha. Aur uske baad har shaam woh isliye aata raha kyunki usse pata tha—ya shayad umeed thi—ki koi cheez jo roz repeat ho rahi hai, woh ek din sach ban sakti hai. Ira pehle irritate hoti hai, phir dheere se hans padti hai. Woh apna sketchbook kholti hai aur usmein ek series dikhati hai: same rooftop, same bench, same fairy lights, alag-alag evenings. Har sketch ke corner mein ek

chhota sa time likha hai. Varun hairan. Ira quietly bolti hai ki usne bhi timings note kiye the. Kyunki woh bhi yeh dekhna chahti thi ki Varun kab aata hai, kab rukta hai, aur kab uski taraf dekhne ki himmat karta hai.

Twist simple hai, lekin dil ko chhoo jaata hai: dono ne ek doosre ka wait kiya, par dono ne hi pehle bolne ki himmat nahi ki. Rooftop par ab sunset ka last amber glow hai. Fairy lights ko Varun on karta hai, aur pehli baar woh space sirf “escape” nahi lagta—ghar jaisa lagta hai. Ira bench par se uthkar uske camera ke saamne khadi hoti hai aur kehti hai, “Aaj photo le lo. Sunset ki nahi. Truth ki.” Varun smile karta hai, camera raise karta hai, aur shutter click hota hai. Is baar frame mein skyline nahi, do log hain jo almost-love se finally love ke edge tak pahunch gaye hain—bina dramatic confession ke, bas ek honest rooftop pact ke saath: kal bhi milenge, lekin ab pretend nahi karenge.