

# THE ROOFTOP PACT

## A Emotional Drama 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| <b>Genre:</b> Emotional Drama                                                      | <b>Format:</b> 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) | <b>Runtime:</b> 6 - 9 Minutes    |
| <b>Cast:</b> FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)   Character 1: Farhan (23) | <b>Language:</b> Hinglish                         | <b>Credit:</b> Story Dil Se Team |

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Shaam ka orange aasman rooftop ki deewar par aise gir raha tha jaise kisi ne shehar ko dheere-dheere jalaya ho. Laundry lines halki hawa mein hil rahi thi, water tank ke paas ek single bulb abhi jalne ki taiyari mein tha, aur neeche traffic ki ghunghunahat ek permanent dard ki tarah sunai de rahi thi. Farhan, 23, cheap jacket mein, ek purana backpack kandhe par latkaye, cigarette pack ko ungliyon se dabata hua khada tha. Uske chehre par woh restless energy thi jo aksar tab aati hai jab aadmi ghar se bhaag raha ho aur khud se bhi. Aaj woh nikalne aaya tha—shehar chhodne, ghar chhodne, aur shayad apni nakami ka bojh bhi.

Usne phone check kiya. Koi naya message nahi. Sirf ek missed call. Phir se. Tabhi rooftop ke darwaze se Salim, 47, work-worn shirt mein, haath mein thermos liye, dheere se upar aaya. Uske chehre par daantne wali sakhti nahi, balki thaki hui narmiti thi. Farhan ne turant apna backpack aur tight kar liya, jaise koi pakad na le. Salim ne bas itna kaha, “■■■■■ ■■ pehle chai pe lega ya baad mein?” Farhan ne sarcastic hansii mein jawab diya, “Aap logon ko sab joke lagta hai, chacha. Mere liye life joke nahi hai.”

Un dono ke beech ki baat teekhi hoti gayi. Farhan bolta gaya ki ghar ne usse sirf compare kiya, fail hone ka certificate diya, aur ab uske paas yahan rukne ki koi wajah nahi. Salim ne pehli baar uski aankhon mein seedha dekha aur bola ki failure se zyada dangerous hoti hai woh aadat jisme aadmi khud ko hi khatam maan leta hai. Farhan ne cigarette pack khola, ek cigarette nikali, phir bina jalaaye hi wapas rakh di—jaise ab uske paas even smoke karne ka bhi patience nahi. Imran, 26, neat beard aur city job attire mein, rooftop par aaya. Uska tone neutral tha, lekin uski aankhon mein concern zyada aur judgment kam tha. Woh Farhan ka childhood friend tha, aur isliye uski khamoshi bhi weight rakhti thi. Imran ne kaha ki bhaagna solution nahi hai, lekin Farhan ne palatkar bola, “Solution? Tum logon ke paas job hai, salary hai, routine hai. Mere paas bas lecture hai.”

Teeno ke beech ek ajeeb triangle ban gaya—Salim jo rokne aaya tha, Imran jo samjhaane aaya tha, aur Farhan jo bas door jaana chahta tha. Phir Salim ne thermos rakha, apni shirt ki pocket se ek envelope nikala, aur bina drama ke Farhan ki taraf badha diya. Farhan ne confuse hoke dekha. Salim ne kaha, “Yeh tujhe rokne ke liye nahi hai. Yeh tere jaane ke liye hai.” Rooftop par ek second ke liye sirf pigeons ki phadphadahat aur neeche horn ki awaaz rahi. Imran bhi shock mein chup ho gaya.

Salim ne bataya ki usne ye paise Farhan ke baap ke purane dues, overtime, aur apni bachi-khuchi savings se jode hain. “Main tujhe yahan baandh ke nahi rakh sakta,” usne kaha, “par main tujhe khaali haath bhi nahi bhej sakta. Tu agar yahan raha, toh shayad aur toot jayega. Tu ja, lekin yaad rakh—bhaag ke nahi, wapas aane ke liye ja. Ek din jab seedha khada ho sake, tab is rooftop par lautna.” Farhan ki aankhen pehli baar nam hui. Usne envelope ko aise pakda jaise woh paisa nahi, apni izzat ka ek naya version ho.

Imran ne, jo ab tak neutral rehne ki koshish kar raha tha, halki si muskurahat ke saath kaha, “Main bhi isko airport tak chhod dunga. Lekin ek condition hai—phone switch off mat karna. Warna main khud dhoondh ke launga.” Farhan ne pehli baar sachchi hans di. Usne cigarette pack Imran ki taraf badhaya, phir wapas le liya. “Abhi nahi,” usne bola, “pehle nikalne do.” Salim ne thermos ka dhakkan khola, teenon ke liye chai nikali. Sunset aur bulb ki mixed light mein rooftop ek temporary family ban gaya—broken, unfinished, lekin real. Farhan ne apna backpack uthaya, envelope andar rakha, aur jaate-jaate piche mudkar bas itna kaha: “Main bhaag nahi raha, chacha. Main bas aap dono ko prove karne ja raha hoon ki main khatam nahi hua.” Aur rooftop par pehli baar, kisi ne usse roka nahi.