

ROOFTOP REHEARSAL

A Emotional Drama 3-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

Genre: Emotional Drama	Format: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast)	Runtime: 6 - 9 Minutes
Cast: FORMAT: 3-Character Short Film (Trio Cast) Character 1: Kabir (28)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

100% Free for Every Filmmaker & Creator.

Shoot it, direct it, share it anywhere?no licensing fees, no paperwork, no barriers. Whether you're making your first student film, a festival entry, or an independent project, all scripts on Story Dil Se are completely free to adapt.

All we ask: Give credit where it's due with an on-screen mention in your credits:

'Story & Screenplay by Story Dil Se (storydilse.in)'.

Shaam ka aakhri rang rooftop ki deewar par phail raha hai. Neeche city ka shor dheere-dheere blue hour mein ghul raha hai, aur upar string lights abhi jalne hi wali hain. Laundry lines hawa mein halki si sarsarahat ke saath hil rahi hain, jaise kisi ne purani yaadein taang di hon. Kabir, 28, apni denim jacket ki sleeves baar-baar kheenchna hua, worn notebook ko ghur raha hai. Uske haath mein phone speaker hai, aur saamne Farhan, 30, guitar ko tuning karta hua, thaake hue lekin hopeful eyes ke saath usko dekh raha hai. Door, thodi si side mein, Ananya, 27, light shawl mein khadi hai. Woh aayi hai "bas sunne" ke liye. Ya shayad kisi aur wajah se, jo abhi tak kisi ne bola nahi.

Kabir rehearsal shuru karta hai. Woh gaata kam, toot-ta zyada hai. Lyrics breakup ke lagte hain, par har line ke neeche kuch aur hi dard chhupa hai. Farhan beech-beech mein chord change karta hai, kabhi taunt, kabhi support ke mood mein. Ananya chup rehti hai, phir ek line par halka sa smile deti hai jo Kabir ko aur nervous kar deta hai. Farhan mazaak mein bolta hai, "Bhai, gaana breakup ka hai ya apology ka? Kyunki dono mein se koi ek toh send karna padega." Kabir hichkichata hai. Ananya nazar neeche karti hai. Woh teenon pretend kar rahe hain ki yeh bas rehearsal hai, par har pause mein ek purana zakhm saans le raha hai.

Jaise-jaise song aage badhta hai, subtext clear hota jaata hai. Yeh sirf pyaar ka breakup nahi tha. Yeh us waqt ka hisaab tha jab life hard hui thi aur kisi ne kisi ka saath chhod diya tha. Kabir ka gussa yeh nahi ki Ananya chali gayi; gussa yeh tha ki Farhan ne us waqt uska saath diya, par uski zarurat par Kabir ne usko hi door dhakel diya. Farhan ka dard yeh nahi ki Kabir ne usse ignore kiya; dard yeh tha ki woh best friend hoke bhi un dono ke beech ka bridge nahi bana saka. Ananya, jo bahut kuch bol sakti thi, bas sunti rahi kyunki usne pehle hi decide kar liya tha ki jab tak woh dono apne-apne version se bahar nahi aayenge, woh beech mein aakar aur damage nahi karegi.

Kabir jab chorus tak pahunchta hai, uski awaaz crack ho jaati hai. Woh notebook band kar deta hai. "Mujhse nahi ho raha," woh bolta hai, aur uski honesty rooftop ki hawa se bhi zyada thandi lagti hai. Farhan guitar ki strings chhod deta hai aur seedha bolta hai, "Song se problem nahi hai, Kabir. Problem yeh hai ki tu har line mein kisi aur ko blame kar raha hai, aur har line ke baad khud ko bachaa bhi raha hai." Ananya pehli baar beech mein bolti hai, soft-spoken, composed: "Aur tum dono ka favourite kaam hai—'practice' bolke sach se bhaagna."

Woh line rooftop par latak jaati hai. Kabir aur Farhan dono chup. Phir Ananya aage badhkar guitar le leti hai. Dono ek second ke liye shock mein. Woh phone speaker ko side mein rakh deti hai, notebook kholti hai, aur kehti hai, “Yeh song tumne nahi likha, Kabir.” Kabir confuse. Farhan bhi. Ananya halki si saans leti hai. “Maine likha tha. Teen saal pehle. Jab tum dono ne mujhe alag-alag tarah se chhod diya tha—ek ne keh ke ki ‘abhi time nahi hai,’ aur doosre ne bina kahe ki ‘mujhe samajh nahi aata.’”

Ab rooftop ka silence aur gehra ho jaata hai. String lights on ho chuki hain, aur unki roshni mein Ananya ka chehra aur bhi shaant, aur zyada dangerous lag raha hai—dangerous because it is finally honest. Woh final verse gaati hai, soft but unshaking. Lyric ke har word mein woh saal bhar ka intezaar, gussa, aur thakaan bhar deti hai. Kabir ki aankhen bhar aati hain. Farhan ka jaw line tight ho jaata hai. Aur jab song khatam hota hai, koi taali nahi bajti. Sirf hawa aur city ka distant hum.

Ananya guitar wapas Farhan ko deti hai aur notebook Kabir ke haath mein rakh deti hai. “Practice kar lo,” woh kehti hai. “Iss baar gaana nahi, baat karna.” Phir woh apna shawl theek karti hai aur string lights ke neeche se ek step peeche hat jaati hai—na dramatic, na defeated, bas finally visible. Kabir pehli baar usse singer ki tarah nahi, insaan ki tarah dekh raha hota hai. Farhan bhi. Rooftop par jo song rehearsal tha, woh ek late confession ban chuka hota hai. Aur blue hour mein, jab shehar ke saare unfinished sentences lights ki tarah jagmagane lagte hain, teenon ko samajh aata hai: kabhi-kabhi breakup pyaar ka nahi hota, bas us pal ka hota hai jab koi kisi aur ke dard ko sunne ke liye rukta nahi.