

THE TERRACE PACT

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: Imran (37)	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 waqt hai. Terrace par halki hawa chal rahi hai, string lights abhi poori tarah jaley nahi, bas neeli aasman ki roshni unke beech ek thandi si khamoshi bana rahi hai. Plastic chair par Farida baithi hai, shawl ko seene se chipkaye hue. Imran potted plants ke paas khada hai, jaise ghar ke kisi kone se nahi, apne hi andar ke kone se bhaag raha ho. Sana teeno ke beech khadi hai—na poori tarah gusse mein, na poori tarah toot kar—bas itni thaki hui ki uske chehre par har naya sawaal ek naya boj lagta hai.

Sana pehli aawaz uthati hai. Woh seedha poochti hai: Imran, tum ghar mein ho ya bas naam ke liye? Tumne mahino se mujhe dekha tak nahi. Na baat, na nazar, na koi jawab. Imran pehle usual tarah se muskurane ki koshish karta hai, par muskurahat uske honton par adhuri reh jaati hai. Farida beech mein halki si hansii se tension todna chahti hai, par uska andaaz zyada mazedaar nahi, zyada dard bhara lagta hai. Woh bolti hai, “Aaj kal log shaadi mein bhi OTP maangte hain kya?” Sana ek pal ko chhoti si hansii chhod deti hai, phir phir se sakht ho jaati hai.

Lekin jab Sana aur zor deti hai, “Mujhe sach chahiye, Imran. Tum itne badal kyun gaye?” tab terrace ka hawa-daar sukoon toot jaata hai. Imran ke kandhe aur jhuk jaate hain. Woh batata hai ki pichhle kuch mahino se woh ek debt collector se bach raha tha—ek purana karza, jo usne ghar ko bachane ke liye liya tha jab factory ka kaam chala gaya tha. Usne socha tha do hafte mein sambhal jaayega, phir ek aur problem aayi, phir ek aur. Har baar usne socha, “Kal bata dunga.” Kal mahino mein badal gaya. Woh isliye door nahi hua kyunki woh Sana se pyar nahi karta tha, balki isliye ki usse apni kamzori dikhane se sharm aati thi. Woh har din ghar aata tha, par andar se itna thak chuka tha ki bolne ki himmat hi nahi bachi thi.

Sana ka gussa ek second ko narm padta hai, phir wapas aata hai—kyunki sach se bhi zyada dard is baat ka hai ki usse andhere mein rakha gaya. Woh kehti hai, “Karza tha toh bola kyun nahi? Main biwi hoon, koi stranger nahi.” Imran jawab dene hi wala hota hai ki Farida, jo ab tak dono ko dekh rahi thi, dheere se bol padti hai. Uski aawaz mein ek aisi thartharahat hoti hai jo sirf umr se nahi, puraani yaadon se aati hai. Woh confess karti hai ki usne bhi Imran se ek baat chhupayi thi. Uske late husband ke naam ka ek purana medical bill tha, jo usne kabhi kisiko nahi bataya. Imran ne kuch paise bheje the, aur Farida ne woh paise debt ke ek hisse mein laga diye the—kyunki usne dekh liya tha ki beta toot raha hai, aur maa hone ke nate usse laga, “Aaj main bhi kuch sambhaal leti hoon.”

Yeh twist sabko hila deta hai. Imran ko pehli baar pata chalta hai ki uski maa ne bhi chup-chaap bojh uthaya. Sana ko samajh aata hai ki ghar mein sirf ek insaan akela nahi tha—teenon alag-alag tarah se dukh chhupa rahe the. Terrace par ek lamha aisa aata hai jaise sab hawa bhi ruk gayi ho. Imran aankhon mein paani ke saath pehli baar seedha bolta hai: “Mujhse galti hui. Main darr gaya tha.” Yeh uski months ki pehli truthful sentence hoti hai.

Sana kuch der tak usko dekhti rehti hai, phir ek kadam aage badhkar envelope uthati hai jo Farida ne side table par rakha tha. Woh usse kholti nahi, bas uske edge ko pakad leti hai, jaise ab decision chupane ka nahi, saath milkar uthane ka hai. Woh kehti hai, “Aaj se koi bhi akela nahi sochega.” Farida ki aankhon mein nami aa jaati hai, par woh roti nahi—sirf shaayad pehli baar sukoon se saans leti hai.

String lights finally jal uthi hain. Distant traffic ab bhi hai, zindagi ab bhi chal rahi hai, par terrace par ek naya quiet hai—khamoshi ka nahi, bharose ka. Imran, Sana aur Farida plastic chairs ke around baith jaate hain. Koi bada solution nahi milta, na hi sab kuch ek hi shaam mein theek hota hai. Lekin unke beech jo pehli imandaar baat hoti hai, woh ek naya pact ban jaati hai—terrace par, dusk mein, bina dramatic promise ke. Bas itna: ab sach bola jaayega. Ab darr ke saath nahi, saath mein jiya jaayega.