

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: Aarti (52)	Language: Hinglish	Credit: Story Dil Se Team

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Shaam ka waqt hai. Terrace par halki hawa chal rahi hai, potted plants ke patte hil rahe hain, aur yellow bulbs ek-ek karke jalne lage hain. Neeche se gali ki halki awaazein aa rahi hain, lekin is chhoti si terrace par teen auratein apni alag-alag duniya lekar khadi hain. Aarti, simple kurta pehne, haath mein purane letters ka bundle dabaye hue, terrace ke low wall ke paas khadi hai. Megha, office se seedha aayi hui lagti hai, dupatta shoulder par half-tied, tired smile ke saath bhi aankhon mein caution hai. Pooja, jeans aur dupatta mein, college ke liye taiyaar hoti hui, seedhi, teekhi, aur thodi si gusse wali khadi hai. Aarti ne dono ko upar bulaaya tha bolkar ki "family decision" hai. Lekin uske chehre par jo khamoshi hai, usse lagta hai ki decision se zyada koi purana zakhm khulne wala hai.

Aarti baat shuru karti hai bahut measured tone mein. Woh kehti hai ki ab is ghar mein jhooth aur pretending band honi chahiye. Megha turant practical ho jaati hai—use lagta hai Aarti phir kisi emotional drama mein nahi, kisi kaam ki baat karne wali hai. Pooja seedha puchhti hai, "Papa ke baare mein?" Yeh sunte hi hawa thodi bhaari ho jaati hai. Megha ka face tight ho jata hai; woh kehti hai ki ab 20 saal baad uss insaan ka naam leke kya hoga. Pooja gusse mein bolti hai ki agar adults truth nahi bolenge, toh bachche apni family ka version kahaan se seekhenge? Aarti un dono ko rokne ki koshish nahi karti. Ulta, woh pehli baar unhe ladne deti hai—jaise woh isi pal ka intezaar kar rahi thi.

Phir twist aata hai. Aarti woh bundle kholti hai: purane letters. Pehle do-teen letters. Phir aur. Yeh unke father ke letters hain—wo letters jo kabhi ghar tak nahi pahunche the, ya pahunche bhi the aur kisi ne padhkar chup kar diye the. Megha shock mein reh jaati hai. Pooja ka gussa curiosity mein badal jaata hai. Aarti batati hai ki papa ne sirf ghar chhoda nahi tha; usne likha tha. Bahut baar. Usne bataya tha ki woh ja raha hai kyunki ghar mein jo khamoshi thi, woh uske liye saans lena mushkil kar rahi thi. Woh maafi maang raha tha, paise bhejne ki baat kar raha tha, aur sabse zyada, apni chhoti beti aur badi beti se milne ki ichha likh raha tha. Lekin letters Aarti ne sambhaal kar rakhe—kyunki us waqt woh sach batane ki himmat nahi kar paayi. Usne family ko bachane ke chakkar mein truth ko preserve kar diya, aur usi preservation ne family ko fossil bana diya.

Megha pehle gusse mein tootti hai. Woh bolti hai ki agar letters the, toh unhe kyun nahi diya? Aarti ka jawab simple hai: "Mujhe laga main tum dono ko dard se bacha rahi hoon." Pooja, jo ab tak sirf angry kid thi, suddenly adult ho jaati hai. Woh ek letter padhkar chup ho jaati hai—usme father ne likha tha ki woh chahta tha Pooja ki maa ki tarah strong ho, par usse zyada woh chahta tha ki woh jhooth se na bane. Pooja ki aankhon mein pehli baar softness aati hai.

Megha ko yaad aata hai ki kaise usne saalon tak “move on” ka mask pehna, taaki kisi ko uski kamzori na dikhe. Aarti finally confess karti hai ki woh ab thak chuki hai pretending se. Usne letters isliye nahi chhupaye the ki woh father ko protect kar rahi thi, balki isliye ki woh apni family ko ek baar aur toot-te hue nahi dekh sakti thi. Par ab silence hi sabse bada betrayal ban gaya tha.

Climax terrace ke low wall ke paas hota hai, jab sunset orange se indigo mein badal chuka hota hai. Aarti letters ka bundle Megha aur Pooja ke beech rakh deti hai aur kehti hai: “Ab decide tum karo—maafi earned hoti hai ya inherited.” Yeh line dono ko hila deti hai. Megha, jo hamesha practical rahi, pehli baar khud se puchhti hai ki kya usne sach se bhaagkar apni zindagi ko simple banaya tha. Pooja, jo truth maang rahi thi, samajh jaati hai ki truth milna aur truth ko jeena do alag cheezein hain. Teenon ek dusre ko dekhte hain—na fully reconciled, na fully broken. Bas ek naya, honest arrangement.

End mein Megha ek letter fold karke Pooja ko deti hai, aur bolti hai ki kal college ke baad woh dono saath baithkar sab letters padhenge. Pooja pehli baar bina sarcasm ke “theek hai” bolti hai. Aarti string lights ke neeche water mug rakh deti hai, jaise terrace par ek chhota sa ritual complete ho gaya ho. Family fine nahi hui—par family sach ke saath khadi ho gayi. Aur kabhi-kabhi, yahi sabse bada pyaar hota hai.