#### **SCENE 1: THE DIAGNOSIS**

#### INT. DOCTOR'S CLINIC - DAY

The clinic hums with quiet efficiency, its walls adorned with pastel medical posters. The faint scent of antiseptic drifts through the bustling hospital hallway, where patients wait in orderly rows.

MEGHA (20), a vibrant but frustrated college student, slouches in the waiting area, her phone a shield against annoyance. Her mother, MRS. SHARMA (45), sits beside her, calm yet deeply concerned.

# **NURSE** (calling)

Number 26!

Megha's token. She springs up, leaving Mrs. Sharma surprised, and hurries to the doctor's cabin.

#### **INT. DOCTOR'S CABIN – MOMENTS LATER**

The cabin is tidy, with medical charts stacked on the desk. DR. ANITA (50), composed and observant, gestures to a chair.

#### DR. ANITA

Please, sit.

Megha settles, fidgeting with her phone. Anxiety creeps in, her brow damp in the cool room. Dr. Anita watches closely.

## MRS. SHARMA (worried)

Doctor, my daughter, Megha, has irregular periods. The cramps are excruciating when they come.

Megha glances up, embarrassed but distracted, her focus on her phone. Dr. Anita nods, jotting notes.

# DR. ANITA (firmly)

Megha, I need an ultrasound scan to understand what's happening. Can you arrange it?

Megha nods absently, eager to leave. Mrs. Sharma's eyes linger on her, uneasy.

#### **CUT TO:**

#### INT. DOCTOR'S CLINIC - A WEEK LATER

Mrs. Sharma returns alone, clutching Megha's scan results. Dr. Anita reviews them, her expression professional yet warm.

## DR. ANITA

Mrs. Sharma, Megha has Polycystic Ovarian Disease—PCOD. It causes irregular periods, severe cramps, mood swings, and anxiety. Lifestyle changes are critical.

Mrs. Sharma's face tightens, relief at clarity mingling with fear. She nods, absorbing the weight.

# MRS. SHARMA (softly)

How serious is it?

# DR. ANITA

Manageable with diet, exercise, and stress control. I'd like to see Megha to discuss this.

Mrs. Sharma thanks her and leaves, the envelope heavy in her hands.

#### INT. SHARMA RESIDENCE - EVENING

The Sharma home is cozy, filled with the aroma of dal and roti. Megha sprawls on the living room floor, immersed in textbooks for looming exams. Mrs. Sharma watches, torn between pride and the truth she must share.

# MRS. SHARMA (hesitant)

Megha, we need to talk.

Megha looks up, sensing unease. She sets her pen down.

# MEGHA (curious)

What's up, Maa?

#### MRS. SHARMA

"You have PCOD. The doctor we visited a few days ago. She confirmed this and explained me the symptoms.", Mrs. Sharma started filling up tears in her eyes.

Megha was shocked, no sooner, she had started worrying about her performance in exams already. Her mind crowded with worries all of a sudden. Yet, her mother's tears shook Megha more than the shock did.

Megha tries to hug Mrs. Sharma, saying, "Maa, why are you crying!? Calm down."

"Would you forgive me Megha... I denied your pain saying that it's quite normal in every girl, you just have to bear it through. You were suffering and I just denied it just because I assumed you to be fine anyway. You were suffering and as a mother I fail"

Megha's expression shifts from confusion to shock. Her mind races—exams, stress, now this. Seeing her mother's tears, she softens, reaching out.

# MEGHA (gently)

Maa, don't worry. We'll handle it. I'm okay.

## MRS. SHARMA

I should've listened sooner. I thought it was normal.

#### **MEGHA**

We didn't know. I'm 20, Maa-I can do this.

Mrs. Sharma offers a faint smile, touched but unconvinced. She hands Megha a list of doctor-recommended changes.

#### MRS. SHARMA

No junk food, Megha. Sleep well, manage stress. It matters.

Megha nods, but her focus drifts to her studies, the diagnosis not fully sinking in.

## **SCENE 2: TEMPTATION'S GRIP**

## **INT. SHARMA RESIDENCE – EVENING**

Megha sits at the dining table, textbooks spread like a battlefield. Exam pressure looms, her notes a vibrant chaos of highlighters. Mrs. Sharma enters with steamed vegetables and roti, hopeful.

# MRS. SHARMA (gently)

Eat this, beta. It's light—you need energy.

## **MEGHA** (distracted)

Thanks, Maa, but I'll eat later. I'm deep in this chapter.

## **MRS. SHARMA**

You've been studying for hours. You can't focus on an empty stomach.

Megha sighs, her stomach growling. She smirks, deflecting.

# **MEGHA** (playfully)

Maa, this is too healthy. I'm craving Maggi.

Mrs. Sharma's face falls, worry resurfacing. Megha, sensing disappointment, takes a bite of vegetables but remains distracted.

## **CUT TO:**

## **INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Megha sneaks into the kitchen, exam stress fueling her craving. She rummages, finding a hidden biscuit packet. Her eyes light up, but Mrs. Sharma appears.

## MRS. SHARMA (sternly)

Megha, what's this?

Megha freezes, the packet crinkling. She deflects.

## MEGHA (nervously)

Just... checking the stove. Thought I smelled gas.

Mrs. Sharma steps closer, hearing the crinkle. Her eyes narrow.

## MRS. SHARMA (suspicious)

Show your hands.

Megha reveals the packet, sheepish. Mrs. Sharma sighs, frustration softened by love.

# MRS. SHARMA (softly)

This worries me. Your body needs care, not junk.

# **MEGHA** (teasing)

I'm listening to my heart, Maa.

Mrs. Sharma laugh softly, Megha's charm disarming. She relents.

# MRS. SHARMA

Just this once. Promise you'll try harder.

#### **MEGHA**

Promise, Maa.

They share warmth, but tension lingers.

#### **SCENE 3: A BOLD MOVE**

#### INT. MEGHA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Megha's room is a storm of ambition and fatigue. Textbooks tower. The clock reads 8:00 AM, ticking relentlessly. Megha, pale and sleep-deprived, rubs her temples, PCOD's ache pulsing.

Her phone rests beside her, Priya's contact glowing. The two-hour commute is draining her. She dials, desperate.

# MEGHA (strained)

Priya, you at your hostel?

# PRIYA (V.O.) (cheerful)

Yup! What's up?

## **MEGHA** (determined)

I can't keep commuting. It's killing me. Can I stay at your place for a month? It's closer to college, and I need to focus.

# **PRIYA** (V.O.) (supportive)

Of course! But your mom?

#### **MEGHA**

I'll handle her. I'm coming today, okay?

# PRIYA (V.O.) (laughing)

Deal!

Megha hangs up, relief tinged with guilt. Mrs. Sharma appears, holding a packed lunch, her smile warm but strained.

# MRS. SHARMA (gently)

Your lunch, beta.

Megha hesitates, avoiding her mother's gaze. She breathes deeply.

# MEGHA (quietly)

Maa, I'm staying at Priya's for a month. The commute's too much. I'll study better there.

Mrs. Sharma freezes, the lunch trembling in her hands. Her eyes search Megha's, finding exhaustion and resolve.

# MRS. SHARMA (worried)

A month? Megha, your health... what if you don't eat right?

## **MEGHA** (reassuring)

I'll be fine, Maa. It's temporary. I'll take care of myself.

Mrs. Sharma relents, her heart heavy. She hands over the lunch.

## MRS. SHARMA

Promise you'll eat well and rest.

# MEGHA (nodding)

I promise.

Megha slips the lunch into her bag, offering a weak smile before leaving. Mrs. Sharma watches the door close, an ache settling in.

## **SCENE 4: SLIPPING FURTHER**

#### INT. PRIYA'S HOSTEL ROOM - EVENING

Priya's hostel room is a cozy mess of books and snack wrappers. Megha's desk is an oasis of order, notes neatly arranged. The clock reads 6:30 PM, evening light glowing. Megha scribbles, her focus wavering as her abdomen aches.

Priya bursts in, waving punugulu, her energy infectious.

# **PRIYA**

Megha, break time! Punugulu—your favorite!

Megha's stomach rumbles, temptation tugging. She hesitates.

## **MEGHA** (weakly)

I shouldn't... I need to finish this.

## PRIYA (teasing)

One won't hurt. Come on!

Megha relents, grabbing a punugulu. The crunch is blissful, but guilt follows, her mother's words echoing: "No junk food."

#### **CUT TO:**

## INT. PRIYA'S HOSTEL ROOM - LATE NIGHT

The clock reads 1:00 AM. JASMINE (20), another friend, joins with Maggi. The room hums with laughter, noodles steaming.

# JASMINE (excited)

Maggi for the late-night grind!

# PRIYA (nudging Megha)

You're starving, Megha. Dig in.

Megha's resolve crumbles under exhaustion and camaraderie. She eats, the salty warmth fleeting, her eyes on untouched notes.

## **CUT TO:**

# INT. PRIYA'S HOSTEL ROOM - 2:30 AM

Priya and Jasmine sleep, their snores soft. Megha sits alone, coffee beside her, notes blurred by fatigue. She winces, pressing her abdomen.

## **MEGHA** (muttering)

Junk food, no sleep... it's making everything worse.

She leans back, resolve flickering.

# **SCENE 5: A HARSH REALITY**

# INT. PRIYA'S HOSTEL ROOM - MORNING

Morning light floods the room, the clock blaring 7:15 AM. Megha wakes amidst open books, a crumpled Maggi cup nearby. Her face is pale, eyes shadowed. Priya stirs, drained.

#### **PRIYA**

Morning classes after midterms? Brutal.

Megha checks her phone, a notification: "Midterm marks released." Her heart races as she opens the link. Her score—barely a pass—hits hard.

## **MEGHA**

Just passed...

Priya leans over, concerned.

#### **PRIYA**

What's wrong?

#### **MEGHA**

Barely passed the tough subject. If I don't ace the semester exam, I'll fail.

Priya's face softens, guilt flickering. Megha paces, frustration spilling.

## **MEGHA** (angrily)

It's not just the subject. It's me. Junk food, no sleep, my body's a mess. I can't keep going like this.

She tosses the Maggi cup into the trash, defiant. Priya watches, silent, as Megha's resolve hardens.

## **SCENE 6: TICKING CLOCK**

## INT. PRIYA'S HOSTEL ROOM - EVENING

Megha's desk is a fortress of notes, her focus sharp. The calendar marks "12 DAYS TO EXAM." Priya bursts in, phone in hand.

## **PRIYA**

Megha, the semester timetable's out!

Megha snatches the phone, eyes scanning. She stops on the toughest subject, her face paling.

#### **MEGHA**

This one's everything.

## **PRIYA**

No gap before it.

Megha sets the phone down, the deadline crushing. She stares at her notes, determination battling fear.

## **SCENE 7: A CYCLE OF STRUGGLE**

# INT. PRIYA'S HOSTEL ROOM - VARIOUS TIMES

A montage captures Megha's battle with temptation and discipline.

- Evening: Megha eats punugulu with friends, laughing but guilty, notes untouched.
- Late Night: She slurps Maggi at 1:00 AM, eyes heavy, calendar glaring.

- **Group Study**: Chips litter the table as she studies, focus split.
- Morning: Megha downs sugary tea, rushing to class without breakfast.
- **No Rest**: She slumps over her desk at 3:00 AM, bed untouched.

# **VOICEOVER (MEGHA)**

Just one more night. I'll fix it after exams...

## **CUT TO:**

#### INT. PRIYA'S HOSTEL ROOM - EVENING

Megha pins the timetable to the wall, circling the toughest exam date in red. Her phone rings—Mrs. Sharma. She answers, staring at the calendar.

# MRS. SHARMA (V.O.) (worried)

Megha, did your period come?

## MEGHA (pausing)

Not yet... maybe soon.

## MRS. SHARMA (V.O.)

You're eating junk, aren't you? It'll make things worse.

#### **MEGHA**

I'm managing, Maa. It's exams.

The call ends, Megha's hand on her aching abdomen. The truth stings—she's slipping.

## SCENE 8: THE TWIST - A SENIOR'S DEVASTATING PAST

#### INT. PRIYA'S HOSTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The clock reads 1:30 AM, "7 DAYS TO TOUGHEST EXAM" scrawled on the calendar. Megha, Priya, and Jasmine study in a circle, chip packets and soda cans scattered. Megha's pale, wincing at a sharp cramp, but grabs another chip, her eyes shadowed.

ANANYA (22), a final-year student revered for her grit, joins the study group, her presence steady. She notices Megha's exhaustion and snacks, her gaze clouding with pain.

#### ANANYA (softly)

Megha, you're running on empty.

## **MEGHA**

Yeah, but exams... no time to deal with PCOD. I'll fix it later.

Ananya's face hardens, her voice cracking with emotion.

# **ANANYA**

I said that in second year. Ignored my PCOD for grades—chips, no sleep. My cramps got so bad I collapsed in class. Gained 25 kilos, lost half my hair, got diabetes, heart disease. Spent a week in hospital, tubes in my arms. My friends bailed—thought I was a burden. Lost a scholarship that was my ticket to grad school. I was alone, broken.

Megha drops the chip packet, her breath catching. Priya and Jasmine stare, stunned, as tears streak Ananya's face.

#### **ANANYA**

PCOD's a thief—steals health, dreams, people. Diabetes, infertility, heart disease. I rebuilt with quick habits.

Ananya pulls a folded paper from her bag, a daily schedule: 10-minute low-sugar, high-fiber meal prep (e.g., oats, veggies), 10-minute stretches, 11 PM bedtime. She hands it to Megha.

#### **ANANYA**

This diet, these habits—they saved me. Takes no time, Megha. Don't lose your future like I nearly did.

Megha scans the schedule, Ananya's pain echoing in her chest. The plan's simplicity and the stakes ignite resolve.

#### **MEGHA**

I won't let that happen. I'm starting this now.

## **ANANYA**

You're tougher than you know. Stick with it.

Megha sweeps the chips into the trash, her eyes fierce. Priya and Jasmine clear the soda cans, shaken by Ananya's story.

# **SCENE 9: A NEW BEGINNING**

## INT. PRIYA'S HOSTEL ROOM - VARIOUS DAYS

Megha embraces Ananya's schedule, staying at the hostel. The calendar counts down to the toughest exam.

- **Day 7**: Megha preps a low-sugar oatmeal bowl in 10 minutes, studying with focus. Priya tries a veggie snack, inspired.
- Day 5: She does 10-minute stretches, cramps easing, energy surging.
- Day 4: She sleeps by 11:00 PM, waking sharp and rested.
- Day 3: Megha and Priya prep high-fiber salads, laughing, notes organized.

## **VOICEOVER (MEGHA)**

Ananya's story hit hard—hospital, lost dreams, alone. PCOD could ruin me. Her diet, her plan—it's quick, and it's working.

## **CUT TO:**

#### INT. EXAM HALL - DAY

The clock reads 9:00 AM, "TOUGHEST EXAM TODAY." Megha sits at her desk, notes neat, a water bottle beside her. The room buzzes with tension, students scribbling. Megha pauses, touching her abdomen—slight cramps linger. She smiles, grateful for her new diet and habits.

# **VOICEOVER (MEGHA)**

Hardly any pain today. My diet—oats, veggies, no junk—made this possible. I'm ready.

Megha writes confidently, her focus razor-sharp. A post-it on her notebook reads: "Ananya's Diet."

#### **CUT TO:**

## INT. PRIYA'S HOSTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The exam done, Megha returns, exhilarated. She calls Mrs. Sharma, voice bright.

#### **MEGHA**

Maa, my senior Ananya shared her PCOD horror—hospital, diabetes, lost scholarship. Scared me straight. I changed my diet—low-sugar, high-fiber. Today's exam? Hardly any pain! I nailed it.

# MRS. SHARMA (V.O.) (overjoyed)

I'm so proud, beta. You're unstoppable.

# **INT** doc

A small change in your daily habit today can transform your entire life tomorrow. Don't let the stress of one semester, one exam, or even one busy day push your health aside—because PCOD doesn't wait. Skipping your well-being now could worsen your condition later. Your lifestyle matters. Start small. Start now.

**Contact Details:** 

Gayatri K +91 86880 24559