

Class Act - Episode 1: First Year Doesn't Count.

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COLD OPEN

INT. CAR - DAY

MICHELLE (18) is sat on the back seat typing away on her phone. She has one earphone in and is bobbing her head along to her music. She looks casual in her hoodie and jeans - comfort is key.

Michelle's father, IAN (49), has one hand on the wheel and is leaning on the other. He is rubbing his bald head in frustration.

JANETTE (41) is glancing out of the window, fighting an eye-roll. She is pretty, young-looking and flushed. She lets out a deep sigh.

JANETTE

She. Will. Be. Fine. Ian.

Michelle is looking down onto her phone, looking up every few seconds and breathing deeply, calming her travel sickness and anxiety down.

She is writing in her notebook as she scribbles on a post-it note stuck to one of the pages.

The note has several bullet points:

LIST:

COLLECT KEY

UNPACK

CHOOSE A CUPBOARD

TALK TO A MALE

MAKE IT TO THE CLUB

MAKE (EVEN JUST) ONE FRIEND

ARRANGE SHELVES

MICHELLE

(looking up from her
notebook)

I can hear you, y'know.

Her dad is keeping eye contact with her in the mirror, she starts to smile, her cheeks blushing as she does so. He reciprocates.

IAN

Sorry, love. Just want to make
sure you're all fine and dandy.

MICHELLE

Okay. First off?

(air quotes)

'Fine and dandy' is gonna have to
be something you leave in the
car.

IAN
What's wrong with it?

MICHELLE
I actually want to make friends,
Dad. If I'm written off from day
one...
(a beat)
I need at least one friend.

IAN
Wow. Harsh. You won't be written
off.

MICHELLE
Just... please don't embarrass
me.

JANETTE
He won't embarrass you, Michelle!

MICHELLE
He will. He'll start talking
about the health and safety
features of the flat. Or claim a
cupboard for me. And he will 100%
overshare. He'll find something
to measure.

IAN
I'll be good.

Michelle raises her eyebrow to him through the rear-view mirror and smirks again. He is already laughing at himself and looks over at Janette who is returning the same smirk as her daughter.

IAN
I promise.

INT. WELCOME CENTRE - LATER

The queue is out of the door. INFORMATION REPS are walking up and down the line sporting the usual college merchandise. They are handing out fliers and t-shirts.

Michelle is stood with her parents with her arms crossed. She is glancing down at her phone and tapping it on her hand from time to time. She is restless.

MICHELLE
I really could have done this on
my own.

JANETTE
Just want to make sure you know
what you're doing.

MICHELLE

I know but-

IAN

Ooooooooo... Shelster. Look.

Ian is pointing to a table filled with paper bags. They are plain with "FRESHER PACKS" written in black marker on them. Ian grabs one and peers into it. He gives a nod of curiosity as he raises his eyebrows in approval. This quickly turns to a look of shock as he opens his mouth wide and stares at Janette.

JANETTE

What's wrong with you?

He grabs something from the bag and quickly slips it into his pocket.

MICHELLE

What was that?

IAN

Errrrr- nothing. Nothing.

Michelle starts towards him and he retreats, bumping into the people behind him. Ian turns to them.

IAN

Oop, sorry.

(Turning back to Michelle)

It. Is. Nothing.

JANETTE

Ian, come on.

He starts mumbling to himself as he shakes his head. Michelle rolls her eyes and makes towards him again. He holds a red packet up between his index finger and his third finger. It's a condom - XL.

IAN

Happy?

MICHELLE

Dad!?

IAN

I was *trying* to behave!

(beat)

You won't even need it.

(beat)

MICHELLE

And you will?!

IAN

We might.

He points between him and Janette. Michelle gags and grimaces.

JANETTE

Ian!

> END OF COLD OPEN <

ACT ONE**EXT. UNIVERSITY WELCOME BUILDING - LATER**

The room is alive with CHATTER as parents juggle various bags and boxes packed to the brim. Michelle has entered on her own, looking like a lost puppy, she spots the KEY COLLECTION table. Her eyes widen with relief as she makes her way over.

She nods her head in the recognisably awkward way, acknowledging the people around her but second-guessing if she can truly start a conversation.

As she looks around the room, she finds herself analysing everyone.

The first BOY (18) she focuses on seems ordinary. He is looking down at a sheet of paper with his parents peering over his shoulders. He keeps glancing behind him and his parents act like they are not getting involved. They giggle to themselves.

SHE BLINKS

The screen flashes and this boy is no longer with his parents and fellow students are no longer around him. He grabs a plastic baggy with white powder in from his pocket and waggles it in front of his face, smiling.

SHE BLINKS

Michelle looks horrified with her eyes wide and mouth hanging open slightly. She shakes her head vigorously and looks back up at the boy who continues to look down into the piece of paper he was previously reading from. His parents laugh along together again behind him and all is well.

STUDENT REP (O.S)

Next please.

Michelle stays frozen in place. Confusion replaces the fear on her face as she tilts her head slightly to the side as she stares at the boy.

STUDENT REP (O.S)

(singing)

Excuse me...!

Michelle snaps back to reality as she jolts her head into the direction of the voice. The STUDENT REP (21) is sat in her representative hoodie with a lanyard saying STUDENT JCR. Michelle launches forward to the front of the queue and fumbles around for the documents in her bag.

MICHELLE

Sorry.

STUDENT REP
What's your name, love?

MICHELLE
Michelle. Mass. Michelle Mass.

STUDENT REP
Okay, so here is your *house fob*
and your *room key*. Don't lose
either. There will be a charge.
House 54.

MICHELLE
Oh-

STUDENT REP
And here is your goodie bag.

She hands a paper bag to Michelle with a beaming smile on her face. Her teeth glow as her cheeks blush more and more. Michelle stares at her for slightly too long before grabbing the bag - knowing she already has one of these lovely goodie bags.

She peers into it and grabs a flag on a plastic stick. She fishes it out and waves it statically. She pushes her lips together and makes them thin as she nods along and raises her eyebrows - the standard British smile.

The student rep gives a big double thumbs-up.

STUDENT REP
So!

Michelle jumps out of her flag trance.

STUDENT REP
... We have 175 societies. Get as
weird as you like. You can even
create your own! We have amazing
sports teams that you can enjoy
playing on or watching. Language
society. Wholesome communities!

Michelle starts to giggle and looking around.

MICHELLE
Okay, okay. I get it.

She leans down to the student rep, pulls her hand up to her mouth as if to tell a secret.

MICHELLE
(whispering)
Have you rehearsed this?

STUDENT REP
What?

MICHELLE

You don't have to do the whole routine for me. I'm good.

STUDENT REP

Excuse me?

MICHELLE

This whole-

She gestures with her hands, in front of the student rep's desk.

MICHELLE

-thing.

The two exchange an awkward look as Michelle quickly realises she may have overstepped.

MICHELLE

Societies, teams, fob, key. Got it.

STUDENT REP

Next please!

Michelle is pushed aside and she scrambles to keep her bag on her shoulder. As she meanders her way through the crowd, she stumbles into a group of three girls. They turn around, look her up and down, huff and leave.

MICHELLE

Charming.

INT. HOUSE 54 HALLWAY - LATER

Michelle walks through the hallway of her new flat, dressed like a human buckaroo in all of her belongings. She weaves through the various obstacles littering the floor outside other peoples rooms.

IAN (O.S.)

Shellyyyyyy!

Michelle lets out a huge sigh as she continues to try to balance the boxes stacked up in front of her when Michelle stubs her toe on something hard.

MICHELLE

Ah shit!

LEE

Oh god, sorry.

MICHELLE

Oh no. God. I'm so sorry.

Michelle looks up to find Lee (18) looking down at her, smirking. He is wearing blue jeans and a hoodie - he is simple in belongings and style. She places her items down next to Lee's things. He has a high tech PC that is surrounded by cords, consoles and headsets.

LEE
(pointing at himself)
Lee.

Michelle starts to point at herself.

IAN (O.S.)
SHELLERINO!

Michelle scrunches her eyes together and cringes.

MICHELLE
(putting her hands down,
defeatedly)
Michelle.

LEE
Definitely prefer Shellerino.

IAN
SHELLY!!!

Michelle's smile drops.

LEE
Dad? I presume.

MICHELLE
(rolling her eyes)
How'd you guess?

Ian pokes his head out of the room.

IAN
Shel-

MICHELLE
WHAT?

IAN
Oh, hello.
(creeping up to the pair)
Making friends are we?

Ian's creep turns to a perky walk with a pep in his step. He shakes Lee's hand vigorously.

IAN
Favourite parent.

LEE
Moving in going well then I see?

IAN
Ah yes. Fine and...

Michelle shoots a warning look to her father. Ian gives an awkward, double thumbs-up. He rubs his bald head while he is thinking.

IAN
Come on, Shell. Lots to do.

He winks at the two of them and trots off back to Michelle's room.

MICHELLE
Wish me luck.

LEE
Good luck.

As Michelle walks off, she hears LEE'S DAD (55) open the door to Lee's room.

LEE'S DAD
Chop chop.

He claps his hands together and rubs them enthusiastically, as if to create fiction.

Michelle looks over her shoulder and mouths: *good luck* before entering her room once again.

INT. MICHELLE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Before Michelle can even enter the room, she stops in the doorway. Her dad is stood on a small window sill and has his tape measure out on the top of window frame.

Janette is sat on the bed putting batteries in some fairy lights. She looks up at Michelle as her daughter gestures her hands to her sides: *WHAT IS HE DOING?*

JANETTE
Don't ask.

Ian jumps down from the ledge, making the whole room shake.

IAN
Just checking the safety features.

He turns to Michelle and winks.

MICHELLE
Dad!

STEWART (55) walks up behind Michelle. Janette's eyes widen.

STEWART
I've just done that exact thing!

He sweeps past Michelle, leaving her behind in a blur.

STEWART
Stewart.

He shakes Ian's hand just as vigorously as done to Lee earlier.

IAN
Good to meet you, mate.

STEWART
Find anything?

IAN
All good here my friend.

Michelle mouths: *my friend?* to her mum. Janette rolls her eyes.

IAN
This accomm is tip top on the side of safety.

STEWART
Good. To. Know.

Michelle is gobsmacked. She cannot do anything but look at the train wreck in front of her.

Stewart swivels around and looks between Michelle and Janette.

STEWART
Hi girls.

He gives a stiff wave and sweeps past Michelle as quickly as he entered.

IAN
Nice guy.

MICHELLE
Oh.
(beat)
Lovely.

JANETTE
Anyone tickle your fancy out there, Shelly?

She raises one eyebrow.

MICHELLE
Mum, don't be creepy.

INT. MICHELLE'S ROOM/HOUSE 54 HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The front door to the flat BANGS shut off-screen. Janette, Ian and Michelle all look between one another. Shortly after, a repetitive noise of a SAUCEPAN CLANGS.

The BANGING is excessive and irritating.

Out in the hallway, like clockwork, heads begin poking out of individual rooms with Ian, Janette and Michelle all seemingly stacked on top of one another.

This is Michelle's first glimpse at the rest of her flatmates. At the far end of the hallway there is SOPHIA (18) dressed head to toe in a pretty pink outfit - pink cargo pants and cardigan.

Opposite her is SUMMER (18) a short, petite girl with purple-dyed hair. She is tiny in her doorway and her parents pop their heads out in a similar way to Janette and Ian.

A dark shadow of a man stands at the room next door to the girls, peering out with only half of his face. His long hair covers most of the features that would normally be visible as he stands in his doorway.

The source of the noise is stood at the end the corridor with one saucepan in his hand, a wooden spoon in the other and an extra saucepan on his head. He is wearing a bright purple shirt with STUDENT REPRESENTATIVE - FRESHERS WEEK.

STUDENT REP
(shouting)
Hello everyone!

The greeting is met with cold stares from the flatmates - only a small smirk and nod let out by a select few.

STUDENT REP
I'm Adam! Your guide for all
things freshers!

He lets out a grimace as he fishes for any kind of communication.

As Michelle looks up the hallway, she notices the elusive man from before has vanished. She had not even heard any movement from any further up the corridor. A puzzled look crosses her face as she purses her lips and rubs her temples - overstimulated.

ADAM
Okay. Now you know who I am...
I'm gonna-
(gesturing his thumb over
his shoulder)
-go.

SUMMER (O.S)
 (sarcastically)
 Bye Adam!

As Michelle glances up the hallway once more to see where the voice is coming from - she makes the dreaded eye contact.

Summer starts to walk enthusiastically towards her with her arms flailing by her side goofily.

SUMMER
 Yo.

She does a peace sign and a pout that lasts slightly too long. The two stand there until-

MICHELLE
 Yo.

SUMMER
 So. Where you from? I'm Summer by the way.

MICHELLE
 Michelle. I'm from Manchester.

SUMMER
 No way. Me too!

IAN (O.S)
 Do I hear a Manchester tone?

He walks out of Michelle's room like Gandalf. His chest is pumped out, he holds himself proudly. He has his nose pointed up towards the ceiling, smelling around as if for peasants.

SUMMER
 Right here.

IAN
 Ah. My people. Michelle.
 Our people.

MICHELLE
 Alright, Dad.

The two girls look at each other smirking before-

SUMMER'S DAD (O.S)
 (bellowing)
 MANCHESTER TONES!?

IAN
 Ah. A fellow Northerner.

DAVE (55) walks in with some swagger. He is acting cocky - the Manchester arrogance shining bright.

DAVE
You heard.

The two square up and start chuckling shortly after.

IAN
Nice to meet you, mate.

DAVE
You too. Dave.

IAN
Ian.
(beat)
Question is: Manchester issss...?

He holds onto the last syllable.

DAVE
Blue. All the way.

MICHELLE
Alright. Shello, you can be
friends with these ones.

He winks and the two dads leave the girls. Summer leaves, heading back to her room. As she does so, Sophia comes out of the room opposite. She stomps past Michelle whilst looking down at her phone. She notices Michelle's feet and jolts her head up - she looks like she is about to cry.

MICHELLE
Are you okay?

SOPHIA
Oh yeah. It's nothing.

She sniffs.

SOPHIA
My mum and dad are just-
PISSING ME OFF.

The tone switch takes Michelle by surprise with her flinching slightly.

MICHELLE
Ugh I know what you mean. My
parents aren't the best move-in
buddies either.

SOPHIA
They're normally fine but they've
only given me forty quid for my
first food shop.

MICHELLE
(to herself)
Only?

SOPHIA

I just cannot believe them! And they said that is genuinely the only money I can have for my first week here. What about all the societies and sports teams that I want to join. Entry fees, kit. And that's just the start. Everyone knows that those things kick off on the first week of term. I need to be prepared.

Michelle waits before speaking, wondering if Sophia has finished her rant.

MICHELLE

I'm sure it'll be fine. You can budget your food for the week and get the kit too!

SOPHIA

Do you even realise how expensive these kinds of things get?

Michelle remains silent.

SOPHIA

Aww, not the sporting type?

MICHELLE

(to herself again)
Not the spoilt type.

SOPHIA

I'm sorry?

MICHELLE

Yeah, me too.

She leaves Sophia in silence.

INT. MICHELLE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michelle enters her room again as her parents stand there, hands on hips.

JANETTE

Right, love. That's us off.

MICHELLE

That's it?

JANETTE

What do you mean?

MICHELLE

Oh, nothing. I just thought you would be here longer.

JANETTE

Well, we want to miss the traffic.

IAN

Yeah, you know how your mother gets when she's crawling along behind some learner.

MICHELLE

Right dad, I get it.

IAN

You've not got much left to do here anyway, Shelstrob.

MICHELLE

Okay, yeah I can do the rest myself.

She turns to Janette as tears already fill her mother's eyes.

MICHELLE

Don't. You'll get me going.

Janette breathes deeply.

JANETTE

I'm trying. Stay safe. Text. Ring. Fax me. Especially if, y'know, there's a sexy man appearing in your life.

The two chuckle and embrace.

Michelle, as if routine, turns and holds her hands out to Ian who is facing the window once again with his hands still on his hips.

MICHELLE

Oh dad. Leave the bloody health and safety will you?

However, as Ian turns it becomes clear how cut up he is.

IAN

Oh Shellerino, my baby.

Tears stream from his eyes and his cheeks redden with anguish. He has scrunched his eyes together, lunges forward and grabs his daughter.

IAN

What are we gonna do?

JANETTE

Ian?! Bloody hell, man.

IAN
No, Janette. I. Am. Upset.

MICHELLE
Dad. It's okay.

Ian breathes deeply and he begins calming down. The tears end and he snuffles into a tissue.

IAN
You'll be okay?

MICHELLE
Yes. Will you?

IAN
Yes.

MICHELLE
No crying in the car.

IAN
No crying in the car.

MICHELLE
Not even to Blue Moon.

IAN
Not even to Blue Moon.

The three have a group hug before Janette and Ian leave Michelle on her own.

INT. CAR - LATER

Ian sits sobbing loudly in the passenger seat as Janette holds her head in her hand the same way Ian had when they were dropping Michelle off earlier.

BLUE MOON - The Manchester City anthem blasts over the car speakers as he sobs and screams the lyrics.

IAN
BLUE MOOOOOOOOON. YOU SAW ME
STANDING ALONE. WITHOUT A DREAM
IN MY HEART. WITHOUT A LOVE OF MY
OWN.

He is heartbroken that his baby is gone.

ACT TWO**INT. MICHELLE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

There is complete SILENCE. Michelle stands, hands on her hips not unlike her parents before. She takes a deep breath, chokes down the tears and sits on the floor as she folds laundry.

Her emotional huffs and puffs are quickly put to a stop with a KNOCK AT THE DOOR. She sniffs and rubs her nose, stands up and makes her way over to the door.

Adam is stood there.

ADAM
Hey, soldier!

He gives her a comforting yet condescending tap on the shoulder. Michelle just stands there with her hands on her hips, switching between looking down and out of the window awkwardly.

ADAM
We have a lovely welcome assembly
for you in about an hour. We'll
all walk together. It'll be
great.

He shoots her the somewhat now common, cringey, double thumbs up and turns to leave. He stops at the door.

ADAM
You coming?

MICHELLE
Where?

ADAM
To socialise...

MICHELLE
Oh yeah, I'll be out in a minute.

ADAM
Oh like I haven't heard that
before.
(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

(beat)

What will happen is you will close the door behind me, sit on your bed, get far too comfortable and won't leave this room for the next 12 hours. Unhealthy habits to start your uni experience off!

MICHELLE

Starting unhealthily? The only way is up.

ADAM

Nope, nope, nope, nope, nope. Come on.

MICHELLE

I want to be all un-packed and ready for the first day, though.

ADAM

Freshers week is all about letting loose and making friends.

MICHELLE

Yes, I know. But I want to do well too.

ADAM

Ugh, first year doesn't even count! It's just an excuse to have a piss up with no consequence. Come on!

He beckons her over and she reluctantly agrees, dragging her slipper-donned feet along the floor.

INT. HOUSE 54 HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The two of them walk out of Michelle's room as Lee, Sophia and Summer all stand in a group at the very end of the hallway.

ADAM

So... Where is everyone from?

SUMMER

Manny.

SOPHIA

Derbyshire. Not far.

LEE

Lincoln.

MICHELLE

Oldham.

EDDIE (18), a mysterious, hooded figure dressed head-to-toe in black gym-shark appears behind the group, looking at the floor.

EDDIE

Cov.

ADAM

Oh, hello!

The group all let out a mumble of greetings.

EDDIE

I'm Eddie.

He is completely awkward, shifting in his place and shoving his hands in his pockets. His long, brown hair sticks through a cap, the ringlet curls covering his shoulders like a blanket.

All in unison and like a rehab introduction, the group welcome Eddie.

THE GROUP

Hi, Eddie.

EDDIE

Yeah, I heard all your introductions.

He turns to Adam.

EDDIE

Right, am I done?

ADAM

Erm... well, actually-

EDDIE

Need to get going to the gym.

Without waiting for Adam to finish speaking, Eddie enters his room and greets his brother, JACK (17) at the door.

JACK

Right, I've gotta go. I've put everything that was in my car in here. Couldn't organise much. I'll see you at Christmas.

Eddie looks around at the group awkwardly, clearly wanting the interaction to end.

EDDIE

Cool, thanks bro.

Jack leaves and Eddie slams his bedroom door. The group are left just looking at each other, the eye contact is prolonged and painful.

ADAM

Right-

INT. ASSEMBLY HALL - LATER

The room is alive with CHATTER with enthusiastic students filling row after row, waiting for the talk to begin. Girls sit flicking their hair whilst boys, with their usual dulcet tones, egg each other on from the back of the room. They are doing the standard 'bro greeting', grabbing each others hands, pulling them in and slapping them on the back.

From the back of the room Michelle, Lee, Summer and Sophia all make their way in with Adam leading the line. He stops mid-way up the rows of students and gestures for the group to enter. Michelle leads the way as she reaches the only other person on the row, sitting on her own at the end.

The girl is ESTHER (20), a nervous looking girl sat with a notebook in her lap with a pen between her fingers tapping away. She glances up to Michelle. Michelle waves her hand and mouths: *is this free?* to which Esther gives her a nod of approval.

MICHELLE

Hi. I'm Michelle.

ESTHER

Esther.

MICHELLE

Nice to meet you.

ESTHER

You too.

MICHELLE

So, where are you from?

ESTHER

Oh, a couple of hours away.
Newcastle area.

MICHELLE

Oooo yeah I think I can hear a
bit of the twang.

ESTHER

You excited for this talk?

MICHELLE

I'm sure it'll be interesting.
You taking notes?

ESTHER

Oh... this old thing? No not
really. Just in case really.

MICHELLE
Right. Well. Scout's honour.

At that point, the UNIVERSITY CHANCELLOR walks onto the stage. She is a blonde woman dressed in normal business attire, her high heels CLINKING along on the stage floor as she strides. Esther whips open her notebook and takes the pen lid off.

ESTHER
(whispering)
Just in case.

At that point, Michelle reaches down into her own bag and pulls out the same equipment. She gives Esther a wink. As she opens the notebook, she flips to the back where her post-it note containing her 'to-do' list is now stuck.

LIST:
COLLECT KEY
UNPACK
CHOOSE A CUPBOARD
TALK TO A MALE
MAKE IT TO THE CLUB
MAKE (EVEN JUST) ONE FRIEND
ARRANGE SHELVES

Everything is ticked off except for "MAKE (EVEN JUST) ONE FRIEND". As she reads over it, she looks down the row of her flatmates and puffs her cheeks out in frustration. She looks back towards Esther, who has been sneakily reading the list. She quickly jolts her head back up towards Michelle.

Michelle blushes slightly in embarrassment and turns to a blank page.

MICHELLE
Just in case.

The two smile at each other - bonding over their over-preparation.

CHANCELLOR
Hello, everyone. And welcome!

The boys from the back donate their CHEERS and WHOOPS as if they are at a football match. Michelle looks back at them.

SHE BLINKS

The hooligans are now surrounded by black. They are on a beach where behind them is just the black abyss of the sea. They are all drowning each other in shots. Bottles of San Miguel in each of their hands, they look over and point to a girl.

Michelle whips her head around to find a girl sat completely alone on a sun lounger. She is looking down into her glass, losing her balance as she goes. The boys nod and wink at each other.

SHE BLINKS

Back in the room, the Chancellor continues to speak.

CHANCELLOR

Yes yes. Thank you. Whoop.

There is an awkward silence as the students look up, doe-eyed, at the Chancellor. She clears her throat and looks down at her cards.

CHANCELLOR

I want to give you all a very warm welcome to university as I know it can be tough. Now, just a few brief announcements before we get to the good stuff.

(beat)

Security - just keep the noise down at stupid o'clock. Your flatmates don't need to hear you cooking at 5am. Be respectful to all of the people you live with and everyone on the campus in general.

The group start to yawn. Lee is tapping his feet. Esther and Michelle have resorted to doodling in their notebooks. Summer and Sophia are whispering away about where they live.

Esther closes her notebook.

ESTHER

Well, I thought it would at least be a little better than this.

LEE

(leaving over Michelle)

She hasn't even got going yet.

ADAM

(from the row behind)

Shhhhh.

Lee, Michelle and Esther all respond with an eye roll.

CHANCELLOR

Another thing. Don't let social issues become a thing. You may not be best friends with flatmates but tension is *never* good. Try to keep it civil.

(beat)

On top of that. Relationships. Y'know some people meet their future husband or wife at university. But most of you WON'T.

(MORE)

CHANCELLOR (CONT'D)

Don't be naïve. And of course, be safe.

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out more of the welcome condoms that Michelle and Ian became so familiar with earlier. She launches them towards the group of boys at the back, Michelle and her row all turn to look at them. The Chancellor gives them a wink.

There are a few small chuckles, mostly from the reps. Sophia and Summer turn to look at Lee, Michelle and Esther and do a gagging motion towards them. The five all try to hide their laughter, failing significantly.

CHANCELLOR

We have societies.

Michelle leans in to Esther.

MICHELLE

Yeah, 175 of them. Did you hear.

CHANCELLOR

175 of them, in fact.

ESTHER

There's an echo in here.

(beat)

Sports-

CHANCELLOR

Sports-

MICHELLE

Language-

CHANCELLOR

Language societies-

ESTHER

And, mainly just wholesome communities.

CHANCELLOR

Wholesome communities.

MICHELLE AND ESTHER

Have fun!

CHANCELLOR

Have fun!

The two giggle away with Lee letting out a slight smirk next to them.

CHANCELLOR

That's the bottom line. Yes academia, exams, essays, degrees. It is all very important, of course.

(MORE)

CHANCELLOR (CONT'D)

Be dedicated and inspired
students. But have fun, there
will be the best years of your
lives and you all deserve to have
fun!

(beat)

That's all, thank you.

SCATTERED APPLAUSE fills the room as many just get up to
leave as soon as possible. CHAIRS SCRAPE and CHATTER begins
once again.

The group walk out of the hall making small talk. They turn
to Adam.

MICHELLE

Right, where to now?

ADAM

You're free. At least until
registration tomorrow.

(beat)

Ta ra.

He salutes and leaves.

The group are left looking around at the building. Not
knowing what to say to each other.

LEE

Right, well. My dad is still
about somewhere. Gonna go and
find him.

SOPHIA

Yeah, I think me and Summer are
gonna go and get a pumpkin spiced
latté. Feel free to join.

Without waiting for an answer, all three leave.

MICHELLE

Right, well.

ESTHER

Where do you live?

MICHELLE

House 54.

ESTHER

Oh, cool. I'm in 50. Wanna join
for a brew?

INT. HOUSE 50 KITCHEN - LATER

Michelle and Esther are sat at the dining table in the kitchen of Esther's flat. The viewpoint remains outside the flat, looking through the window. Therefore, there is no sound, just an image of the two girls laughing along together and drinking cups of tea.

The focus turns to Michelle's notebook as the post-it sits there with the bullet point: "MAKE (EVEN JUST) ONE FRIEND) neatly crossed off.