

**ROOMMATES**

"Roommates"

Written by

Noah Needle

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'Roommates'

**COLD OPEN**

FADE IN:

INT. CLARA'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLARA (18), pale, full of freckles and almost as innocent as they come, picks up a t-shirt from her bed and folds it neatly before placing it on top of a pile inside a moving box that's sitting on her desk opposite.

The room around her is covered in old photographs of a young Clara and her friends and she takes a moment to look at them with a sad smile.

She takes one photo off the wall of her and GEORGIA (19), tanned, witless and a real contender for a future supermodel, at their Sixth Form prom.

CLARA

Just you and me tomorrow.

She pauses before letting out a sigh and placing the picture on her t-shirts.

CLARA (CONT'D)

We'll be alright.

Clara climbs into bed and stares at the ceiling. A wide smile comes across her face as she feels content about the big change and she closes her eyes.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. OLLY'S HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING

Olly lies asleep in bed with his mouth hanging open.

OLLY'S BROTHER (O.S.)

(not easily heard)

Olly!

Olly snores loudly and moves slightly, adjusting himself into a comfier sleeping position.

OLLY'S BROTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(getting louder)

Olly!

Olly snores again but is promptly hit in the face by a rapid balled-up pair of socks.

He comes to life and groggily opens his eyes.

Across the room from him is his younger brother (15) who's smirking at him.

OLLY'S BROTHER (CONT'D)  
Wake up. Mum says you're gonna be late.

The same pair of socks just launched at Olly fly at Olly's brother from off-screen, but he dodges.

OLLY'S BROTHER (CONT'D)  
(smugly)  
Nice try.

A stress toy rugby ball flies at Olly's brother and hits him square in the face.

OLLY (O.S.)  
Sod off. I'll be ready in a minute.

Olly's brother leaves, holding his nose and gently massaging it back to health. His smug smile is completely gone.

EXT. OXWELL UNIVERSITY - DAY

Cars pull up outside the large, gothic building and new students get out of them. They all head towards the open double doors of the main building.

As students make their way into the main building, they pass a vertical banner: "Welcome! This way for information and accommodation!"

I/E. CLARA'S CAR - MORNING

Clara and Georgia sit in the car; Clara behind the wheel and Georgia mindlessly scrolling through a dating app.

Both of them smile, for different reasons.

CLARA  
I can't believe we both got in here. I mean, I get to spend another four years with my best friend now.

Georgia nods and hums, in agreement, but doesn't really take any notice. She's too busy on her phone.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
It's going to be so good.

GEORGIA

Do you think there'll be any fit  
lads in our hall?

Clara looks at her friend, briefly, with a bit of a shocked expression on her face. She forgot how sex-obsessed her friend can be.

CLARA

I- um- I don't know. Maybe. I guess  
it depends on what you-

GEORGIA

(cutting her off)

I hope there is. That's the only  
reason I moved out.

CLARA

Well, yeah, that and so we can be  
roommates, right?

Georgia finally looks up from her phone and gives Clara a sympathetic smile: the kind an adult gives a child when they're too young to understand something.

GEORGIA

Obviously. But...

Georgia goes back to looking at her screen, which has a topless, muscular man on it. She swipes right.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

Can't exactly have a lad round to  
sleep with when you share a room  
with your 8-year-old sister.

(...)

And trust me, I've tried.

Georgia chuckles at her own remark. Clara smiles and laughs awkwardly, feeling uncomfortable suddenly.

EXT. OLLY'S HOME - DRIVEWAY - DAY

The door handle rattles as someone inside opens it.

OLLY'S MUM (O.S.)

Are you sure you don't need a extra  
hand with your bags?

OLLY (O.S.)

(struggling)

Yep! Got them!

The door opens and Olly falls out with a collection of plastic bags, full with mostly clothes and other personal items.

Lying on the pile of bags, Olly groans and gets back to his feet. He picks the bags up and makes his way over to his car.

I/E. OLLY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Olly struggles carrying the bags to the car, resorting to using his teeth to carry one.

OLLY  
(struggling through his  
teeth)  
I really could use that extra hand  
about now.

As he gets to the back door, he opens it and throws the bags in carelessly, letting the clothes spill inside.

Olly lets out a sigh of relief.

OLLY (CONT'D)  
Who needs organised, uncreased  
clothes anyway?

Olly makes his way round to the driver's door.

OLLY (CONT'D)  
Not like mum's gonna see.

Opening the door, Olly looks back at his house and sees his mum giving a motherly death stare.

OLLY (CONT'D)  
Huh. Guess I was wrong.

Olly climbs into the car, with a smile, and fastens himself in. He adjusts himself in the seat to get into the comfiest position and then goes to start the car.

It coughs and splutters, revs and then dies.

OLLY (CONT'D)  
(half-laughing)  
Oh for f-

**END OF COLD OPEN.**

ACT ONE

EXT. OXWELL UNIVERSITY - CAR PARK - DAY

Clara parks her car neatly between two much larger 4x4s. Inside the vehicle, she has a proud smile on her face.

Georgia looks utterly miserable, in complete contrast to her friend, as they both squeeze their way out of the car.

GEORGIA

Why did you park her, Clara? There were so many other spots.

CLARA

I know. I like the security of this though. It's like my car has two personal bouncers.

Georgia rolls her eyes and closes the door behind her, as does Clara.

They both set off walking towards the main building.

EXT. OXWELL UNIVERSITY - MOMENTS LATER

Clara looks around with a wide smile while Georgia walks a few steps ahead, not wanting to be seen too close to her.

CLARA

This place is so pretty. I mean, I can just imagine us having like a picnic together over there.

Georgia puts her head down.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Ooh, and look at that fountain! Wait... oh, no, that's just someone peeing in a pond.

Georgia looks back at Clara who looks forward to her with a smile.

CLARA (CONT'D)

It still looked like a nice pond though.

GEORGIA

With someone's pee in it.

I/E. OLLY'S CAR - DAY

Olly drives along the motorway. He looks pretty happy as he bobs his head back and forth to the music playing.

The song comes to its end and Olly looks at the screen on the dashboard, and sees the time.

OLLY

Crap!

Olly puts his car into a higher gear and speeds up, overtaking the car in front of him.

OLLY (CONT'D)

Crap. Crap. Crap! I'm gonna be-

CUT TO:

INT. OXWELL UNIVERSITY - ACCOMMODATION TABLE - DAY

Clara and Georgia stand side by side looking at the STUDENT VOLUNTEER (early 20's) standing in front of them with a clipboard in hand.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER

- late. And since we didn't have any prior notice, we had to assign you both to the rooms we had available.

Clara looks at Georgia and then back at the volunteer.

CLARA

But we arrived on time. I don't get it.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER

Actually, you arrive an hour and a half late.

Clara shoots daggers at Georgia.

CLARA

You said we had to be here for 10:30.

GEORGIA

Well, yeah, I didn't wanna be earlier.

CLARA

So now we're late?

GEORGIA

Fashionably, yeah.

Clara rubs her eyes, frustrated with her friend, and takes a few deep breaths.

CLARA

Is there anything we can do to change our roommates?

STUDENT VOLUNTEER

I'm afraid not. These are set in the system for the first semester now.

Clara sighs disappointedly, then turns to Georgia.

CLARA

Hopefully we're neighbours, at least?

Georgia smiles back, once again not showing any real compassion with her expression.

Clara turns back to the student volunteer with a sad smile, doing her best to find some good in a bad situation.

CLARA (CONT'D)

So, who are we roommates with them?

STUDENT VOLUNTEER

Well...

The volunteer checks their clipboard. They see the pictures next to the names; Both of them look almost identical to their student ID images - Clara has a cute smile on her face, and Georgia looks like a miserable goddess.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER (CONT'D)

Well, Georgia is with Penny Hill. And Clara, you're with Oliver Peterson.

The doors swing open at the other end of the hall and Olly slides across the laminate wooden floor as momentum carries him.

CLARA

(under her breath)

Please no...

Olly sorts himself out and apologises to the people he nearly knocked down like bowling pins.

He then starts gently jogging towards Clara and Georgia, the latter of whom is biting her lip.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER

Speaking of, here he is.

Olly smiles as he joins the group.





GEORGIA

Are you having a fit?

CLARA

No, I'm saying... what if I wanna dress a bit... promiscuously?

GEORGIA

If you want to dress like a slut, just do it. I think he'll be more than happy to see you like that.

CLARA

Ew. No. He's... no. Not my type.

GEORGIA

You have a type now?

CLARA

Sure I do.

Clara pauses to think. She realises she doesn't have a type.

CLARA (CONT'D)

But that's not my point.

GEORGIA

Look, if you're so worried, how about we ditch him and go back to mine for a few drinks? Loosen you up before you move in.

Clara smiles at her friend.

CLARA

Yeah. I'd like that.

GEORGIA

(happy to no longer have Clara complaining)

Good. Come on then.

As Clara and Georgia sneak away, Olly walks alongside the volunteer.

OLLY

So, what'd you study here?

STUDENT VOLUNTEER

Astronomy. Pretty cool stuff honestly.

OLLY

Yeah, I'm not a huge believer in all that sign crap.

Olly smiles at the volunteer and gives them a friendly dig on the arm.

OLLY (CONT'D)  
But power to you for studying it  
and trying to make it legit.

The student volunteer looks at Olly, amazed at how stupid he is. They slowly close their mouth and nod before continuing the tour.

INT. OXWELL STUDENT ACCOMMODATION - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Olly follows the volunteer around a corner and they stop at a door, with 22 on it.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER  
And this is you.

OLLY  
Cheers. Are you sure Clara'll find  
her way here?

STUDENT VOLUNTEER  
Yes. You all received an email with  
a map and room number before today.

Olly's face squishes together slightly as he pulls a doubtful expression.

OLLY  
If you say so, zodiac.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER  
Please don't call me that. It's  
astronomy not astrology.

Olly looks at the student volunteer, silently, and a smile slowly creeps onto his face.

OLLY  
(supportive but doubtful)  
Sure it is.

The student volunteer rolls their eyes, sighs and leaves Olly standing at the door.

INT. OLLY AND CLARA'S DORM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and Olly stands in the doorway. He looks around without stepping in and nods: impressed.

OLLY  
Yeah, this'll do.

INT. GEORGIA'S DORM - KITCHEN - DAY

Georgia and Clara sit on stools by the kitchen countertop and swiftly down a shot each.

Putting the shot glasses down a little heavier than normal, the girls laugh hysterically with one another.

CLARA

And - and when you pushed her into the reservoir-

GEORGIA

And she pulled me in! That bitch. Yeah, I remember that.

CLARA

I mean, I think she'd say you were the bitch but okay.

Clara shakes her head as she raises her hands in a surrendering motion. She's tipsy, but not drunk.

GEORGIA

That was a fun summer.

The girls calm down. They both think back on their childhood together.

CLARA

Yeah...

A sudden knock interrupts their train of thought. A stunning, young blonde enters the room with an incredibly fake-looking smile.

PENNY

Georgia?

Clara looks at her friend, uncomfortably, and chuckles a little at the new girl's overly energetic, high-pitched voice.

GEORGIA

Oh my god, you must be Penny. It's so nice to meet you!

Georgia stumbles to her feet and hugs her new roommate, who hugs her back.

PENNY

I can't believe you've started celebrating without me!

Clara awkwardly leans back as Penny shuffles between her and Georgia. The new girl grabs Clara's shot glass and shifts it forward for Georgia to fill.

GEORGIA  
I can already tell we're gonna get  
along like a mouse on fire!

Clara raises an eyebrow at her friend's unusual idiom.

CLARA  
(under her breath)  
House...

Georgia and Penny pay no attention to Clara, who finally gets up and heads to the door.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
(timidly)  
I'll see you later, Georgia.

Again, no notice is given to Clara. Feeling unwanted and disheartened, she sneaks out without another word.

INT. OLLY AND CLARA'S DORM - DAY

Olly sits on the couch with a beer in hand and scrolls through his phone. He stops scrolling and watches a video, which causes him to laugh and nearly choke on his drink.

He clears his throat and coughs a bit before continuing to scroll with a smirk on his face.

INT. OXWELL STUDENT ACCOMMODATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Clara carries more boxes than she probably should and stretches her legs out to feel what's in front of her as she walks down the hallway.

CLARA  
22... 22...

She walks past door after door until she finally catches a glimpse of 22 out the corner of her eye.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
22!

INT. OLLY AND CLARA'S DORM - DAY

Olly takes another sip of his beer but almost chokes, once again, as a knock comes from the other side of the door.

He puts the beer down and coughs and splutters.

OLLY  
Okay, God, I get it. I'll cut back  
on the beer.

Olly gets up and makes his way over to the door. He clears his throat as he goes.

OLLY (CONT'D)  
(under his breath)  
I was going to do it anyway, you  
snow-bearded jackass.

Finally reaching the door, Olly unlocks it with a beaming smile.

His smile instantly disappears as he's greeted by a wall of cardboard.

OLLY (CONT'D)  
Clara, you in there somewhere?

CLARA  
Holding them.

Olly looks down and notices Clara's shoes.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
Please can I come in?

Olly quickly moves out of the way and Clara takes a few steps in before dropping the boxes and panting.

OLLY  
Seem heavy. Should've asked someone  
for help.

Clara looks at Olly, already annoyed by him. She rolls her eyes.

CLARA  
Can you help me get them to my  
room?

OLLY  
Ah, I'd love to but I've got my  
hands full.

Clara looks down at Olly's hand and he's holding his phone and keys. She looks back up at him, even more annoyed, and sighs.

Clara picks up the top box, then realises she doesn't know which room is hers and looks to Olly.

OLLY (CONT'D)  
(recognising the look)  
The smaller one. Obviously. You're  
on the left.

Clara smiles and carries the box into the room to her left.

Once she's out of sight, Olly slips his phone and keys into his pockets and lifts the remaining boxes. He carries them into Clara's room for her.

INT. CLARA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clara turns to go and get the remaining boxes, but she's met by the sight of Olly putting them down.

He looks up and sees her smiling at him.

OLLY

It's the least I could do.

The pair stand in Clara's room for a moment and just look at one another. Sparks flicker between them, but neither acts.

CLARA

If you're waiting for thanks,  
you're gonna be waiting a while.

OLLY

Oh, no. I wasn't. I was just...

Olly quickly looks around the room.

OLLY (CONT'D)

Looking for something to take as a  
thank you.

Olly sticks his hand into the nearest box of Clara's and pulls out a packet of pads, all while maintaining eye contact with her.

Clara blushes slightly and Olly quickly joins her once he sees what he's grabbed.

OLLY (CONT'D)

They're... they're good for... ball  
sweat.

Olly closes his eyes as the words leave his mouth, wanting to die from embarrassment.

Clara chuckles at his awkward cover-up.

CLARA

Okay then. You can keep them. I  
don't think I'll ever be using pads  
again after hearing that.

Olly smiles, trying to ignore how embarrassed he is, and slowly backs out of the room: closing the door behind him.

Clara turns to start to unpack and laughs again to herself at the absurdity of what just happened.

END OF ACT ONE.

NO FAH-G-NEEDED



ACT TWO.

INT. OLLY AND CLARA'S DORM - EVENING

Clara leaves her room and stands in the short hallway connecting the rooms, kitchen and living room. Olly is sat on the couch with a soda in hand.

CLARA

I'm off to work. I'll take my keys because I won't be back until late. Need anything before I go?

Olly shakes his can and listens to it. He pauses and slowly nods.

OLLY

Nope. I've got another couple of swigs in this yet. I can't believe you've got a job so soon though.

CLARA

It's not that big of a deal. It's just pulling pints and stuff at a local pub. The owner's a family friend.

OLLY

Ah, right. That makes more sense.

CLARA

Yeah. Anymore questions, or am I free to go?

Olly thinks hard for a moment.

OLLY

Which do you think is cooler, Star Wars or Trek?

CLARA

What?

OLLY

You asked if I had any more questions.

Clara, speechless, turns and makes her way to the door.

OLLY (CONT'D)

Star Wars. Good to know!

Olly smiles as the door closes in front of him and Clara leaves.

He waits for a second, listening to make sure she's gone, and then puts his can down.

OLLY (CONT'D)  
Go time.

INT. GEORGIA'S DORM - DUSK

Georgia and Penny down more shots together and stumble to get the bottle so they can pour more.

PENNY  
And she's your best friend, really?

GEORGIA  
I mean...

Georgia giggles and shrugs with a look on her face that says 'not really'.

As she goes to speak again, there's a knock at the door.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
I'll get it. It's probably her.

INT. GEORGIA'S DORM - DOORWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Georgia opens the door and is met by Olly, with a beaming smile on his face. She straightens herself up quickly.

GEORGIA  
(flirtatiously)  
Hey.

OLLY  
(unaware at her advances)  
Hi.

GEORGIA  
What- what are you here for?

OLLY  
You, actually. Quite lucky you were the one to answer the door.

GEORGIA  
Me?

Georgia adjusts herself once again to be in a seductive position against the doorframe.

OLLY  
Yeah, I wanted to invite you round to mine and Clara's room.

GEORGIA

Oh. Is she not there?

OLLY

Nope. That's why I'm asking now. I wanna sneak you in.

Georgia bites her lip and looks back into her dorm.

GEORGIA

Okay. I'll come.

OLLY

Great.

Georgia giggles as she closes the door behind her and follows Olly down the hallway to his room.

INT. OLLY AND CLARA'S DORM - NIGHT

The door handle rattles before the door swings open. Olly leads the way as Georgia follows closely behind with a flirty look on her face.

GEORGIA

So, why'd you invite me back here then? We could've stayed at mine.

OLLY

Yeah, I guess, but I figured it'd work better here.

GEORGIA

Really? And why's that?

OLLY

Because Clara's more likely to find you here. Duh.

Georgia pauses. She thinks for a moment and decides that this still works for her.

GEORGIA

So you want her to find us?

OLLY

Yeah. I think it'll be a fun surprise for her.

Olly heads into the kitchen, leaving Georgia in the living room area by herself. A corner blocks their view of each other.

We stay with Olly, becoming completely unaware of Georgia's actions. Olly, meanwhile, opens the fridge and searches for some snacks.

OLLY (CONT'D)  
So, how long have you guys known  
each other?

GEORGIA (O.S.)  
Ages. Since primary school.

OLLY  
Wow, that is a long time.

Olly finds a some chocolate that he likes and then moves to  
another shelf to get a drink.

OLLY (CONT'D)  
I can't believe you agreed to this,  
I'll be honest.

GEORGIA (O.C.)  
Me neither. This isn't really like  
me.

OLLY  
Yeah? What are you usually like?

GEORGIA  
I mean, it kinda is. It's just the  
whole surprising Clara part that's  
new. I like it though. It's...  
different.

OLLY  
You've never surprised someone  
before? Oh, it's great.

GEORGIA  
Really?

Olly finds a drink and takes it out.

OLLY  
Yeah, it's really great. The look  
on their face is priceless! Do you  
want a drink?

GEORGIA  
(still clearly drunk)  
Trying to make me lose my  
inhibitions?

Olly tilts his head as he continues to look in the fridge.  
He's a little confused.

OLLY  
(not looking away from the  
fridge)  
Not really. Just trying to be  
polite.

GEORGIA  
Sure you are...

Olly closes the fridge and opens his can.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
So, you ready?

OLLY  
Yeah.

Olly, with his can and his chocolate in hand, turns the corner that's been in between him and Georgia.

As he turns the corner, he drops everything and his eyes widen tenfold.

Stood in front of him is Georgia: completely naked - but obscured from our view by the TV.

OLLY (CONT'D)  
I... I think there's been a bit of a misunderstanding.

Olly swallows hard as he stares.

EXT. OXWELL STUDENT CAR PARK - NIGHT

Clara makes her way past a few cars and to her own. As she gets there, she reaches into her pockets and takes out the keys she picked up.

Clara feels them in her hand and realises there's no car fob on them. She looks down and they're Olly's keys.

CLARA  
For God's sake.

Clara puts the keys away and turns around to go back to her room and get her own keys.

INT. OLLY AND CLARA'S DORM - NIGHT

Georgia slowly and seductively moves closer. With each step, Olly gets more and more uncomfortable.

GEORGIA  
I don't think there has.

Georgia gently presses herself against Olly and leans in to whisper in his ear.

GEORGIA (CONT'D)  
I think you want to sleep with me.  
I think you want Clara to catch us  
and maybe even join in.

OLLY  
 (panicked)  
 I don't. I really don't. I was just trying to surprise her because she really wanted to share a room with you.

GEORGIA  
 Maybe she can share you with me instead.

Olly closes his eyes at the comment. It's super awkward now.

OLLY  
 Nope. Definitely not. I was literally just trying to get into Clara's good books and be her friend.

GEORGIA  
*Sure you were...*

Georgia grabs Olly's face and kisses him passionately. His eyes are wide open the whole time as he's in shock.

The door opens behind them.

CLARA  
 (lost for words)  
 Olly...?

Georgia pulls away from the kiss and stands behind Olly to cover herself. Olly continues to stare ahead in shock, coincidentally in Clara's direction.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
 (angry)  
 What the hell! I thought you were cool?! Now you're trying to sleep with my best friend whilst I'm at work?!

GEORGIA  
 (quietly)  
 He wasn't trying. He was about to.

Olly suddenly snaps back to reality as Clara looks at him, close to tears.

OLLY  
 Clara, wait. This isn't what it looks like, I promise.

CLARA  
 Screw you.

Clara turns around leaves without taking her keys. She slams the door behind her.

Olly closes his eyes and sighs.

OLLY

Crap.

GEORGIA

Do you want to get started then?

Olly turns around and looks at Georgia, completely baffled by how poorly she's reading the room.

OLLY

(angry; sarcastic)

No. Believe it or not, Clara finding us like this is a bit of a mood killer.

Georgia moves closer and strokes Olly's chest.

GEORGIA

I'm sure we can make it work.

OLLY

No! I was being sarcastic. I never wanted you to do this in the first place.

Georgia is caught off guard by Olly's words and offended by them.

GEORGIA

I got naked for you and now you're gonna kick me out of your room?

OLLY

Yes! Get out!

Georgia looks at Olly in pure disgust before picking up her clothes and putting some back on so she looks decent.

GEORGIA

Clara was right. Screw you.

Georgia leaves and Olly is left dumbfounded by her stupidity.

He rubs his temples to try and calm himself.

After a moment of calming himself down, Olly opens his eyes and sighs. He rushes to the door, grabs Clara's keys - which sit next to him, and leaves.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

INT. THE PUB - NIGHT

Clara pulls a pint and hands it to a patron across the bar. She sighs as he leaves and turns around to clean the glasses behind her.

The bell above the door rings as Olly enters. Clara doesn't turn around.

Olly sits at the bar and smiles at Clara, who has her back to him.

OLLY

Hey.

Clara's expression goes sour as she recognises his voice. She continues to clean the glasses.

OLLY (CONT'D)

Okay... this is fair given what you think you walked in on.

CLARA

(turning around)

What I think I walked in on? I know what I walked in on.

Olly stays quiet.

CLARA (CONT'D)

(angrily whispering)

She was naked. Like completely nude. And kissing you! How is that not what it looks like?

OLLY

I didn't make the first move, Clara. She did. I brought her round to surprise you because I know you want to stay with her and not me.

CLARA

Jeez, I wonder why I wanted to stay with her. Unlike you, She's never tried to sleep with my best friend.

OLLY

In all fairness, I don't think she technically can unless clones or something were involved.

Clara turns and glares at Olly.



Knowing he made a mistake, Olly raises his hands in a surrendering expression and bows his head slightly.

OLLY (CONT'D)

Sorry. It's... Look, she made the first move. She came on to me.

CLARA

(not believing him)  
Sure she did.

OLLY

I get it if you don't believe me, alright? I know it really wasn't a good look, but I'm not lying to you. I want to be your friend. And I don't wanna start our friendship off with a lie.

Clara is silent as she goes back to cleaning glasses with her back to him.

OLLY (CONT'D)

I know you think I'm like a grade A douchebag now but at least I actually showed up to try and explain everything. I don't see Georgia here.

Olly waits for a response but never gets one. He lets out a sigh as he gets up.

He takes her keys from his pocket and slides them across the bar.

OLLY (CONT'D)

Thought you might want these by the way. Walking home at one in the morning probably isn't the best idea.

Olly gives a gentle nod, even though Clara can't see him, and leaves without another word.

Clara turns around as she hears the door open and watches him head home. She picks up her keys and doubts herself for a minute.

Another patron approaches the bar and snaps Clara out of her thoughts. She passes him a beer.

INT. OLLY AND CLARA'S DORM - NIGHT

Olly opens the door and enters. He puts his hands in his pocket and goes to take his keys out but pulls out a single loose key instead.

He pauses as he looks at the key - thinking of Clara. A smile comes across his face as he puts the key on the side next to his own.

Olly makes his way into the kitchen area and opens the fridge. Inside, a beer stares him directly in the face.

OLLY

God, I know I said I'd stop but...  
I mean, come on. You get it right?

Olly takes the beer out of the fridge and crack it open. He takes a sip and pauses, but he doesn't choke. He chuckles to himself as he walks to the couch.

OLLY (CONT'D)

Thanks, big man.

As Olly sits down, his phone pings and he takes it out.

Looking at it, he sees a message from Clara.

OLLY (CONT'D)

Moving out... I guess that's fair.

Olly looks up, supposedly to God.

OLLY (CONT'D)

Just me and thee then.

Olly lifts his beer up in solidarity with his new roommate before taking another swig to drown his sorrows.

INT. GEORGIA'S DORM - DOORWAY - NIGHT

There's a gentle knock at the door, and Penny approaches from behind us.

As she opens it, Clara stands in the doorway with mascara running down her face.

PENNY

Jesus, you're a mess.

CLARA

Is Georgia here?

Penny looks back into her dorm and then back at Clara.

PENNY

(reluctantly)  
Come in.

Clara smiles and snuffles before stepping in.

INT. GEORGIA'S DORM - MOMENTS LATER

Georgia and Clara are sat on the sofa, facing each other.

CLARA

I just... I don't know. I think it's for the best.

GEORGIA

Have you sorted out where you'll be staying?

CLARA

No, not yet. I just know I can't share a room with him.

GEORGIA

Yeah, fair enough.

CLARA

I just can't believe he'd try and sleep with you. He knew you were my best friend. How could he not realise that's weird?

Georgia laughs.

GEORGIA

Wait, is that still what all this is about?

CLARA

Yeah, I don't wanna share a room with someone who's going to try and sleep with all my friends.

GEORGIA

He didn't.

Clara is taken back and falls silent for a moment. She has a terrible feeling that Olly might've been telling the truth.

CLARA

What'd you mean?

GEORGIA

No, I tried to sleep with him. I mean, you said you didn't like him. He invited me round - to surprise you or something - so I took the chance to try and get in his pants.

Clara has trouble understanding. She didn't expect Olly to have been telling the truth.

CLARA

No but he kissed you. He clearly wanted to sleep with you too...

GEORGIA

Apparently not. The second you left he sent me back here and then God knows what happened.

CLARA

(under her breath)  
He came and saw me.

Confused, Clara thinks about the night's events and soft smile comes across Clara's face as she realises Olly was just trying to be nice.

GEORGIA

What?

Clara snaps out of her happy thoughts and suddenly directs her annoyed feelings at Georgia.

CLARA

You didn't think it was important to tell me what really happened in there?

GEORGIA

I didn't realise you cared so much about who I sleep with.

Clara stands up, getting more annoyed.

CLARA

I do. I mean- no, I don't. Sleep with whoever, I don't care. Just tell me the truth.

GEORGIA

Why're you so annoyed? I didn't lie to you or anything.

CLARA

No, you didn't, but I nearly moved out because you lead me to believe that my roommate was some kind of manwhore who was going to try and sleep with every girl I introduced to him. I was ready to sleep in my car, Georgia!

GEORGIA

You could've just stayed here, you know that, right?

CLARA

That's not the point. You didn't lie but what you did is basically just as bad.

Clara gathers all her belongings - her keys, phone, purse - and heads to the door.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
You know what? He was right.

Georgia looks confused.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
He actually showed up to my work tonight and tried to explain and apologise for something he didn't even do.

(...)  
You didn't.

GEORGIA  
I didn't think I needed to.

CLARA  
You don't. And neither did he, but he did it anyway. He showed me that he cares. Do you?

GEORGIA  
We've been friends for like 10 years, of course I care.

CLARA  
Do you? Because I can't think of a single time in the last 7 years where you've really shown that. Ever since high school, have we even really been friends? Or have I just been clinging to a memory?

Clara smiles at Georgia, one last time. It's bittersweet but necessary.

CLARA (CONT'D)  
Bye Georgia.

Georgia watches as her former best friend leaves, completely lost for words.

INT. OLLY AND CLARA'S DORM - NIGHT

Olly sits on the couch and watches TV, eating the chocolate he got out earlier. He laughs at whatever's playing.

There's a knock at the door and Olly turns the TV down to listen if it was on there or in real life.

CLARA (O.S.)  
Olly?

Olly immediately gets up and heads over to the door. He opens it with her key, not thinking and just grabbing the first he feels.

OLLY  
One second.

He opens the door and she smiles at him as they stand in the doorway.

OLLY (CONT'D)  
Hey...

CLARA  
Hey.

Olly exhales lightly as he smiles back at her.

OLLY  
Look, I'm sorry. It was stupid of me to-

CLARA  
It's alright.

Olly steps aside, allowing Clara to enter.

OLLY  
So... time to pack up, right?

Clara turns back to him as he closes the door.

CLARA  
Not exactly.

OLLY  
(turning back to her;  
genuinely confused)  
No?

Olly takes out his phone from his pocket and opens the text message from earlier.

OLLY (CONT'D)  
You did mean to send this right?

Olly looks up at Clara from the message, with a raised eyebrow.

OLLY (CONT'D)  
I mean, you seemed pretty set on your choice.  
(reading Clara's message)  
I can't believe you, you ignorant, selfish fu-

CLARA  
(embarrassed)  
Yep. Yeah. I meant to send that.

OLLY  
Okay... and you're not moving out  
after that?

CLARA  
I still can.

Olly and Clara smile at each other before laughing together.

OLLY  
So, what happened then?

CLARA  
I just had a change of heart.

OLLY  
Well, I'm glad you did.  
(...)  
I don't wanna be known as the guy  
who lost a roommate within the  
first 12 hours of having one.

Clara chuckles.

OLLY (CONT'D)  
We okay then?

Clara heads over to the couch and makes herself comfortable.

CLARA  
Yeah.

Olly picks up his beer and joins Clara on the couch.

OLLY  
Good.

CLARA  
But if you do ever try and sleep  
with any of the girls I bring  
around, I will kill you.

Olly takes a swig of his drink, and turns the TV volume up.

OLLY  
Noted.

They sit together on the couch, watching the TV, and both  
share the same thought: this isn't gonna be too bad after  
all.

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT THREE**

NO FAH-G-NEEDED



**TAG**

FADE IN:

INT. OLLY AND CLARA'S DORM - NIGHT

Clara sneaks out of her room in the middle of the night and walks down the hall to the bathroom.

As she passes Olly's room, she pauses and looks at the door. His snoring is ridiculously loud.

She continues to the bathroom and closes the door behind her.

INT. OLLY AND CLARA'S DORM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clara sits down on the toilet and sees the packet of pads that Olly had taken earlier, but they're opened.

Her eyes widen in horror and disgust at the implication, and she quickly moves back: gagging.

Clara gags and quickly gets up, and leaves.

CLARA  
(struggling not to be  
sick)  
Oh my god.

FADE OUT.

**END OF EPISODE**