

This Student Life – Series 2

EPISODE 2

Dur: 05:24

Music – dur: 00:15

SCENE 1: NEESHA AND SOPHIE GET FUNDING

They are in an office. Sounds of office and an envelope being opened.

SOPHIE:

Neesh, I got our post on the way up.

NEESHA:

Cheers Sophs. *(Opens letter)*

SOPHIE:

Anything interesting?

NEESHA:

Oh brilliant!

SOPHIE:

What?

NEESHA:

They've accepted my application and are paying for my OU course. Have you had yours too?

SOPHIE:

No. Oh, hold on, here. This must be it.

Sound of an envelope

SOPHIE:

What? I don't believe it. They've only bloody well turned me down.

NEESHA:

Oh Sophs. Do they say why?

SOPHIE:

Yes.... "We had a number of applications for developmental grants and we are afraid that yours failed to meet all the criteria". Gutted.

NEESHA:

Oh no, I'm sorry. I just assumed we'd both get the same decision. Oh, I feel really bad now.

SOPHIE:

Why? It's not your fault.

NEESHA:

Well, mine got through. What are you gonna do?

SOPHIE:

I don't know. I really fancied that course too – it looked so interesting. I could pay my own fees I suppose. I'm glad they gave you yours though Neesh.

NEESHA:

Can you re-apply or appeal it?

SOPHIE:

I don't know. Oh, I just thought we'd end up doing it together. That would've been great fun.

NEESHA:

It does seem a bit unfair.

SOPHIE:

Well that's just the way it bounces cookie wise. Hey, anyway, can you have a look at these figures for me. I'm out £420 on this budget, and I just can't see what I'm missing.

NEESHA:

Yeah.

SCENE 2: JACK MEETS DAVE

Dave is in his flat listening to some classical music and hoovering. The doorbell rings. Hoover off.

DAVE:

Who the hell is that on a Saturday morning? Better answer it I suppose. Most likely the Jehovah's Witnesses.

Dave opens the door

DAVE:

Hello?

JACK:

I'm Jack.

DAVE:

Well, that's very nice but I'm afraid I don't do religion.

JACK:

Sorry?

DAVE:

Oh, sorry mate, what you selling then? Only I'm a bit skint at the moment, and to be honest I have quite a lot of housework to get done, so it's probably best...

JACK:

Um, are you Dave? I've come about the flat. I phoned. Jack. You said um...

DAVE:

Oh blimey, I'd forgotten all about that. Sorry it's just I got into this very long conversation the other week.. all a bit heavy, you know. Well, you better come in.

Door closes. Enters flat, still with classical music.

JACK:

If it's not convenient I could come back another time.

DAVE:

No, no. Course not. Yeah, come in. Harry was it?

JACK:

Er, it's Jack.

DAVE:

Right, as in union. Got it.

JACK:
(*confused*)
Right.

DAVE:
So you're a mate of Neil's.

JACK:
Neil?

DAVE:
I thought you were Neil's mate from the Open University.

JACK:
No. I just saw the ad. On the website, and I rang.

DAVE:
Okay, Jack. Fair enough. You're a bit young for the OU, aren't you?

JACK:
Well they take students at every age, I think.

DAVE:
So how old are you exactly?

JACK:
Twenty.

DAVE:
Mmm. And, you're from Kentonville?

JACK:
No, I'm from Taunton. I needed to move away though.

DAVE:
You're not on the run from the filth are you?

JACK:
The filth?

DAVE:
The old bill. The firm. The law, mate.

JACK:
Oh no, of course not.

DAVE:
Ah, it's drugs. I know what you students are like?

JACK:
No. It was just a family thing, that's all.

DAVE:
Oh right. Well, what I always says, Harry, is *your* life is *your* life. So I won't be prying.

JACK:
Er, it's Jack. And about the flat?

DAVE:

Right. Okie cokes. Well, you seem like a decent young fellow. I suppose you want to see the place?

JACK:

Well only if it's no bother.

DAVE:

It's no bother at all Harry. *(Move into the lounge with football on the TV.)* Here, this is where I like to relax.

SCENE 3: DIFFERENCES BETWEEN MODULES

In a coffee shop

DONNA:

So yours is really different then? Mine too.

KATIE:

Yeah. Jade, no. Why does she have to put everything in her mouth? It's dirty Jade... give it here.

DONNA:

Well we have much more work on the forum. It's called collaborative work. We have all these discussions amongst ourselves.

KATIE:

Oh really? See, I don't like that. It's sort of like your mum making you do something and you end up doing it begrudgingly.

DONNA:

I know what you mean. But on the other hand the kind of things we're talking about are really interesting, so I don't mind. And it means you have to have a say.

KATIE:

So is that assessed then?

DONNA:

No. You just have to participate.

KATIE:

So you could just write blah blah blah...

DONNA:

Well... I don't think anyone would actually do that.

KATIE:

Mmmm. It's funny though isn't it. You get used to one way of doing things then all of a sudden you're on another module and that changes.

DONNA:

Katie, Katie, should she have that in her mouth?

KATIE:

Oh my god... That's sterile handwash. It was full....

DONNA:

She's got the lid off..

KATIE:

Jade, open your mouth... she smells of it... Oh Christ, Donna. It's pure alcohol. How did that happen?

What do I do? I need an ambulance...

DONNA:

Her breathing's a bit funny, and she's going a bit floppy. You're probably quicker getting a cab though Katie.

KATIE:

Yeah a cab.. Jade Jade, can you see mummy? She seems ok... Jade, she's breathing, she's.. oh why do you have to put everything in your mouth?

DONNA:

Katie, come on. Someone's flagged us a cab. I've got your bag.

KATIE:

Jade. Jade just keep looking at mummy...

Music – duration: 00:06