

Sarah There has to be a balance between –

Carter You should've seen the salary we offered her. And we never ask twice so –

Sarah I'd rather eat my own shit than work for you.

Carter Sort of thing you'd actually do. And anyway –

A bit of bread hits **Carter.**

What.

Tom Shut the fuck up.

Thrown by Tom, who's standing up. Sarah smiles.

Sarah Good shot.

He throws another bit at Sarah.

Sarah Hey.

Tom No.

We shouldn't be flying at all.

Carter Ah, now, you see?

Sarah Tom.

Tom No *expansion* still means thousands of flights every single day. You've all had your whole lives to sort out the planet, and you've done precisely nothing. Now, according to the best scientists, we've got about five years left before it's too late, so you'll forgive me if I don't wait for the next *election*, you'll understand if I'm *impatient*. Because while you continue to have conversations like this, in London restaurants, in government lobbies and Notting Hill gardens, while you show off your little wind turbines, and while you're talking and talking, you're still doing absolutely fuck all. And meanwhile, the clock

is ticking, the ice caps are melting, people are dying and it's my generation who'll pay the price, long after you're both dead, so I think this is the turning point. Right now. I'm going to sleep with more sisters of elected politicians, I'm going to handcuff myself to railings, I'm going to attack police, issue bomb threats. Until something is done, something *real*, I'm going to add to the long and noble tradition of direct action.

He takes a plate and smashes it onto the floor.

There are children dying that shouldn't be dying. *Lifestyle?* Fuck your *lifestyle*.

He kicks over a chair.

Cunts. All of you. Are you embarrassed?

You should be.

Tom leaves. Carter smiles. Sarah drinks her wine.

A busker appears and starts playing.

Freya is now walking with Peter by the Houses of Parliament.

Freya My dad says, in a few years, they'll look back, on the ruins of London, when the city's underwater, and the old people will say, do you remember walking down Oxford Street? The view from St Pauls? By that time there'll be heat waves, storms, even this earthquake might be caused by us they think. Something to do with ice sheets crashing into the sea. Decreasing amounts of sediment between the tectonic plates.

Peter I think it's God.

Freya What?

Peter Don't you think if there is a God, he's pissed off? Like when you leave a mug in your