LILLY. William. It's registration.
BENNETT. Have you heard him? He's talking like a character from a film.
WILLIAM. I could beat you in a fight really easily.
BENNETT. I'm sure you could.
WILLIAM. I tell you. One day, soon, you are going to get the surprise of your life. (To Chadwick.) Don't listen to him. He's worth nothing. He's just a big empty vacuous awful space.
CHADWICK. I don't mind.
BENNETT. Don't you?
CHADWICK. I don't worry about you lot anymore.
BENNETT. Well. That's big of you.
CHADWICK. Human beings are pathetic. Everything human beings do finishes up bad in the end. Everything good human beings ever make is built on something monstrous. Nothing lasts. We certainly won't. We could have made something really extraordinary and we won't. We've been around one hundred thousand years. We'll have died out before the next two hundred. You know what we've got to look forward to? You know what will define the next two hundred years? Religions will become brutalised; crime rates will become hysterical; everybody will become addicted to internet sex; suicide will become fashionable; there'll be famine; there'll be floods; there'll be epidemics in the major cities of the Western World. Our education systems will become battered. Our health services unsustainable; our police forces unmanageable; our governments corrupt. There'll be open brutality in the streets; there'll be nuclear war; massive depletion of resources on every level; insanely increasing third-world population. It's happening already. It's happening now. Thousands die every summer from floods in the Indian monsoon season. Africans from Senegal wash up on the beaches of the Mediterranean and get looked after by guilty liberal holiday makers. Somalis wait in hostels in Malta or prison islands north of Australia. Hundreds die of heat or fire every year in Paris. Or California. Or Athens. The oceans will rise. The cities will flood. The power stations will flood. Airports will flood. Species will vanish forever. Including ours. So if you think I'm worried by you calling me names Bennett you little, little boy you are fucking kidding yourself.

END HERE

BENNETT. Blimey.
CHADWICK. That's a bit bleak Chadwick.
CHADWICK. You should do.
CISSY. We can educate each other.
CISSY. People have always said the world's going to end.
CHADWICK. They were wrong. I'm really fucking not.
I was right about your lipstick too Tanya. It does taste nice. (He licks his own lips. Leaves.)
BENNETT. Ah! First period! Once more into the breach. What time's the exam?

10 o'clock isn't it? Lovely. That was fun that William. I rather enjoyed myself. Same time tomorrow old bean?
Until the exam hall, lovelies. Don't be late. (He leaves.)
CISSY. We've got English. (No response … )
We'll be late. (No response … )
At least he'll notice you.
TANYA. Yeah. (Tanya leaves. Cissy stands for a moment. She follows.)
NICHOLAS. Are you all right?
WILLIAM. Am I what?
NICHOLAS. I was asking if you were OK.
WILLIAM. Do I not look it?
LILLY. It's good that you stood up to him.
WILLIAM. Are you both free now?
LILLY. Until the exam.
WILLIAM. Well. You'll like that.
NICHOLAS. I can't believe they make us do a lesson. For one period —
WILLIAM. Have they turned the heating off in here?
NICHOLAS. No. I'm really warm.
LILLY. I'm boiling. (William looks at her.)
WILLIAM. I feel a little bit let down.
LILLY. What by William?