WILL AND SARIKA

WILL
See that ash tree -- by the lagoon?

There? Dead one?

Used to climb it, build myself a house, 'the lab', I called it. Flowered, annually. Used to be festooned with nests.

One night of not especially fierce winds made it split, it broke off from its base. Couldn't work it out. Everything else survived that night, but my tree went down. Made no sense at all. Checked it out, the fallen trunk, peeled back the bark, looked inside and where there should have been layer on layer of wood, layering up the years of growth, there was nothing, nothing but dust, powder, parasites, shit. Must have been dead for years, dead from within.

(He looks at her.)

Do you see what I'm saying?

SARIKA
Will, you scared me, you dazzled me, you shook me awake and now, now you're going to dazzle Jenks, scare the crap out of Chris, get 'Climate Change' written in neon on every policy and every statement and every Bill -- and, forgive me, I happen to think that's more important now than dotting the 'i's on some data. And okay, if I'm wrong tell me to fuck off and I will, I'll just --

(He kisses her almost breathlessly.)
Phew! Shit.

WILL
Yeah. Sorry.

SARIKA
No. Do it again.

WILL
I think I'd better go in.

SARIKA
Okay.

WILL
On my own. Don't want to induce a coronary.

SARIKA
No.
Okay, I'll go and... paddle. Or something.

WILL
  Right. It'll be cold.

SARIKA
  Maybe I want to feel that cold.

WILL
  Can you swim?

SARIKA
  Can I swim? What do you think?

WILL
  I don't know.

SARIKA
  You think Asian girls don't swim?

WILL
  No. Don't be -

SARIKA
  You are looking at the breaststroke champion of the Rugby High School for Girls here, three years running.

WILL
  I'd like to see your breaststroke.

SARIKA
  Oh you will see it.
  You're going to see all kinds of stuff.