

JULIA. What's stupid about it?

Fishes DIANE's diary out from under the cushion and throws it on the floor at DIANE's feet.

You even say it yourself. You wrote it down – that no one has ever loved you and your daughter hates you.

DIANE (*going and grabbing a can*). Look, when some... man comes in here with those cans that you came in here with and says they're pears, but they're not, and starts offering me food for... for... whatever, I have to ask where you got it.

JULIA. What does it matter where I got it? You ate it, didn't you? It's kept you alive. What does it matter where I got it?

DIANE. It matters because Nat is upset and worried about it. And he's right to be, because you lied to us.

JULIA. I didn't lie. I got that food fair and square.

DIANE. Really...

JULIA. Yes, really... You know what your problem is, Diane, you think everyone else is like you. Sneaking around, writing in our little notebooks, scribbling down all your horrible blackness and then turning around and being all sweetness and light to everybody

DIANE. Right...

JULIA. Yeah.

DIANE. Well, maybe you should look at your own behaviour, Julia, crawling across the floor in the middle of the night. Waiting until we're all asleep to make your sordid little advances, sticking your nose into my private thoughts where it doesn't belong.

JULIA. That's bullshit. You don't even have a clue what you're talking about. Myself and Nat have discussed this together. The human race has to continue, Diane.

DIANE. The human race!

JULIA. People can still love each other. We all need to take responsibility! You just don't see it that way because nobody loves you!

DIANE. Are you fucking nuts? What are you trying to bring a baby into the world for? You think it's all going to be a fairy tale? That

there's going to be a coach and horses for the fairy princess to take you off, with your precious young ovaries in a little jewellery box on your lap? Look around you, child!!

JULIA. You're just jealous.

DIANE. Oh, please.

JULIA. 'Oh, please...'

DIANE. Yes! You know, if you like I can sort this all out in a heartbeat.

JULIA. Oh yeah, how?

DIANE. All I have to do is walk over to that farmer and ask him exactly what you did for all that chocolate. (*Beat.*) And the wine.

Pause.

JULIA. Well, do then!

DIANE. I will.

JULIA. Well, go on then!

DIANE. I'll go when I fucking well like!

JULIA. Well, do go, because when you know you're wrong, you'll know the truth.

DIANE. Fair enough, and if that's the case I'll apologise. Now are you going to sit there all day? Look at this place. It's like a fucking pigsty!

DIANE goes to the stove and begins to put wood in. JULIA starts to tidy up. She looks at an axe that is nearby. She walks to it and picks it up. She looks at DIANE kneeling at the stove. She approaches DIANE from behind and stands there getting ready to hit DIANE.

JULIA. Hey, Diane...

DIANE (*without looking round*). What.

JULIA realises she can't do it. She turns away, stifling her tears of frustration.

JULIA. Nothing... (*Puts the axe down and looks outside. Pause.*) It's getting dark.

DIANE. Mmm.

Pause.

JULIA. You don't think anything has happened to Nat, do you?

DIANE. I hope not.

JULIA. I mean, the tides going to turn. Where did he go?

DIANE. I don't know. To the lake I think.

JULIA. You don't think he might have fallen asleep?

DIANE. I know he hasn't been well, but surely he wouldn't fall asleep out there?

JULIA. How long do we have?

DIANE. I guess a half-hour.

Pause.

JULIA. I better go. I'll just be a minute.

DIANE. Well, don't be long.

JULIA. No, I'll be quick.

JULIA is about to go. But she turns to DIANE.

I never meant for any of this, Diane. I'm sorry I read your diary. But I had to.

JULIA runs out of the house. DIANE goes to the door. She looks out, watching JULIA, then steps back inside. She shuts the door and bolts it, putting up whatever wood they use to block it, locking JULIA out. She closes the shutters. She comes back to the chair by the fire and sits there. The room is very dark. We hear DIANE's voice...

DIANE (voice-over). When you do kill someone, the first thing you think is, 'That was easy. What's all the fuss about?' The peaceful silence that descends when you've done it fills you with such relief. But it's more than that. It's the power that you get. You get that person's power. They are so completely subdued and obliterated. They have bent to your will completely and they are just... gone. You thank God for the strength and you wonder why you didn't use it long before.

The room darkens as night falls...

But then as time goes on, you realise that you not only have that person's power. Something else has happened. You have their soul inside you. And it's impossible not to feel their pain, their rage and their embarrassing frailty, which joins with your own. You get it all.

As dusk gathers outside, we hear the first flapping wings of the night.

END

Scene Fourteen

Morning. DIANE is in the chair as the lights come up. It is just past dawn. NAT comes down the stairs. He is naked from the waist up. He has a blanket wrapped around his lower half. He gingerly makes his way down, squinting.

NAT. What time is it?

DIANE. Just after six-thirty.

NAT. Six-thirty what? In the morning?

DIANE. You slept for twenty-four hours.

NAT. Where's Julia?

DIANE. She's gone.

NAT. Gone where?

DIANE. I don't know.

NAT. What do you mean she's 'gone'?

DIANE. She left last night.

NAT. She left?

DIANE. Before it got dark.

NAT. But where did she go?

DIANE. I don't know.

NAT. What happened, Diane?