

JULIA. Won't the birds hear them?

Pause.

NAT. People all round here used to worship the moon.

JULIA turns the stereo back up. She goes to NAT and takes his hand. He dances awkwardly with her at first, in a slightly formal way. They laugh at their inability. But soon the music takes him and JULIA holds him closer and they dance slowly, enjoying the closeness. DIANE watches, a lonely figure at the table, as the lights fade.

Scene Nine

It is a hot afternoon. They are all in states of undress, the heat being almost unbearable. JULIA taps out a few desultory notes on the piano. NAT is mending a gear mechanism from a bicycle. DIANE writes in a notebook. We hear her voice as she writes.

DIANE (voice-over). Day after day, you know it's not a dream when you wake up into reality's heavy deadness. We've scavenged what we can out of all houses in the area – always avoiding the farmer's house on the other side of the lake. We never see him. Maybe he's dead. For three days in a row we went off to locate the house where Julia found all the goodies, but she'd forgotten which way she went! We got lost and arrived back frustrated and exhausted and barely talking to one another. Nat deals with stress by setting about practical tasks: mending the boards or tinkering with a broken lamp brings him the steady rhythm of meditation, and Julia...

DIANE watches JULIA. JULIA smiles at DIANE. DIANE smiles back and we hear her thoughts without her necessarily writing anything.

Julia. I can't decide whether she sees us as her parents or if it's something else. She seems so open, but there's something there that I can't see. That she doesn't show. Or just doesn't show me. When Nat gets down, and we all get down, you can feel her anxiousness like a physical vibration in the air. But she never comes to me to share it. I can't help feeling that they communicate something to each other in the silence. But all I get is the silence.

And the strange... hatred that consumes me isn't just for them and their proximity and the claustrophobic pain of never having any privacy – it's a hatred of myself too. Sometimes it grows so great I feel like just picking something up and...

JULIA. You have lovely legs, Diane.

DIANE. What?

JULIA. You have lovely legs. Doesn't she, Nat?

NAT (working). Mmm. (*Goes out to the hall.*)

DIANE. Really?

JULIA. Were you ever a dancer?

DIANE. No!

JULIA. No!

DIANE. No. (*Relenting.*) I've always done a lot of walking.

JULIA. And you have lovely feet.

DIANE. Do you think?

JULIA. Yeah, they're in nice proportion. I have fat toes.

DIANE. You have very nice feet.

JULIA. They're nothing like yours. Yours could be in a commercial. For sandals or something.

DIANE considers her feet.

What do you write about?

DIANE (*closing her notebook*). Oh, nothing, just... you know, thoughts.

JULIA. Like a diary?

DIANE. I suppose.

JULIA. God, it's so hot...

DIANE. I know.

JULIA. I'm so bored!

DIANE. I know.

JULIA. What time is it?