

ALEX (*from off*). Mum!

DEBBIE. So – Elsa Jean Krakowski! I thought, how many of those can there be? I googled her. As it turns out, there's exactly one. Our one.

PETER. Right? And?

DEBBIE. What is the worst thing you could suddenly find out about someone who's coming to stay in your house for a week?

*As PETER ponders, there are feet on the stairs.*

ROSIE, *a teenage girl, is standing there, looking indignantly at them.*

ROSIE. Can't you hear that?

PETER. Hear what, darling?

ROSIE. He's just lying there. Going off, like a car alarm.

ALEX (*from off*). Mum!

ROSIE. See? Are you going to do something?

DEBBIE. In a minute, sweetie.

ROSIE. It's driving me mental.

PETER. Well, why don't you pop into his room, and just tell him that his mum and me –

ROSIE. Dad, don't be disgusting, I'm not going *inside* his room. I have to wash my hair if he leaves his door open.

DEBBIE. Darling, we're just in the middle of something important –

ROSIE. Oh, of course. Of course you are, I'm so sorry I accidentally exist.

PETER. Rosie –

ROSIE. Awesome parenting. Really awesome. I'm *so* grateful.

ALEX (*from off*). Mum!

ROSIE. Please, Mum, you've got to do something about that. Switch him off.

DEBBIE. Oh, are you giving me orders now, Rosie?

PETER. Now, you two, just leave it. He's slowing down anyway. He's been awake for about three hours now, he must be due another week's sleep.

ROSIE. You know what? You're selfish. That's the trouble with all of you, you're completely selfish. From now on, everyone in this family really needs to focus on how much their selfishness is affecting *me*.

*She storms up the stairs.*

PETER and DEBBIE, *alone again.*

PETER. Right. So tell me –

DEBBIE *puts her finger to her lips. Shh!*

DEBBIE. Rosie? Rosie, are you listening?

*Silence.*

Rosie, it's bad manners to listen.

*Silence.*

Rosie?

ROSIE *pokes her head round the top of the stairs.*

ROSIE. Are you talking about me?

DEBBIE. No. We're talking about something else. Now would you mind going to your room?

ROSIE. You're always keeping secrets from me.

DEBBIE. No, we're not. There are just some things in the world that happen to be none of your business.

ROSIE. Well isn't that *my* decision?

DEBBIE. No, if you think about it for a more than second, it really is not!