

ROSIE (*from off*). *Oh my God!!*

They turn, to see ROSIE putting her head round the top of the stairs from her listening post.

Nana Jess? She's ill? I didn't know she was ill. *Why did nobody tell me she was ill??*

DEBBIE. She's not, she's not ill.

ROSIE. You just said she's dying. I heard you talking!

DEBBIE. No, no, she isn't dying – she's just... well, not *ill* as such... she's not dying or ill, she's just a little... Peter, you explain.

ROSIE. Dad?

PETER. Um...

ROSIE. I mean, why would you say Nana Jess is dying if she's not dying? Is she dying??

PETER. Well... she's not *dying* dying.

ROSIE....what?

PETER. It's more... nuanced.

ROSIE. Oh, I get it. You're just making it up as an excuse to get rid of her.

She points rudely at ELSA, who is listening with interest.

DEBBIE. Rosie, don't you dare be so rude to our guest!

PETER. Of course we're not making it up.

ROSIE. It's true then? About Nana?

PETER. Well, it's more sort of... you know... *true*.

He pronounces 'true' as if it was an incredibly delicate equivocation.

ROSIE. I don't understand.

ELSA. Rosie Lindel, this is none of my damn business, and you can tell me to shut my big silly mouth if you want – but I know your father and mother, and I know what good, kind, decent people they are. There is no possibility, none at all, that they would tell a lie, about a beloved parent, as an excuse. And I think, if you look inside your heart, you'll see that you know that to be true.

ROSIE, *sulky, resentful*.

ROSIE. Sometimes, Dad will say anything if he thinks I'm too stupid to understand.