

EDITH hurls the turkey across the room. The Rules are obscured with a title card reading:

“ANARCHY RULES”

FRANCIS gleefully swipes his plate onto the floor with a crash. A beat, then MATTHEW launches himself at ADAM. CARRIE lunges for NICOLE, shoving her across the room. The brothers grapple across the room – kicking, punching, brandishing utensils as weapons. CARRIE holds NICOLE down by the hair and pours a bottle of wine all down her dress. NICOLE retaliates with fist full of sprouts. With gleeful abandon, EDITH tears apart her perfect kitchen, making as much mess as possible. FRANCIS delights in the drama – smiling and waving his arm as though conducting an orchestra. It is loud, messy, frenzied. At the height of the chaos, EDITH flips the dining table over, sending food, plates and glassware crashing to the ground, rolling towards the door to the hallway...

Where EMMA is standing – a 14- year-old girl in colourful Christmas pyjamas, entering from the hallway. She surveys the carnage, horrified.

EDITH. Emma...!

Everyone stops short. All eyes turn towards her. The fighting couples immediately release their grip on each other. The Rules go dark.

NICOLE. Emma...! ADAM. Emma....! EMMA. Mum...? Dad...? ADAM. Emma... Hey munchkin...

ADAM steps towards his child, she backs away. He looks down at himself – his clothes are torn, and he is sodden head to toe with food, drink and blood.

NICOLE. Emma, honey, sweetie, what are you doing out of bed...?

EMMA. I... I wanted to come down and tell you that... I'd like to try and climb the hill tomorrow. I know I said I didn't want to. I was scared I wouldn't make it to the top. And then you'd be disappointed in me, and... But then... In the book Doctor Keedwell gave me, it says you have to do experiments. To test whether the stuff you tell yourself is actually true. And usually... it's not as bad as you imagine. So that made me think, even if I don't get to the top of the hill... maybe you guys won't be angry with me, and even if you were –

ADAM. Of course we won't be –

EMMA. – even if you were, I can handle it. So I'm going to give it a try.

Beat.

EMMA. What the fuck are you all doing?