

HARRY  
OK, seatbelts on!

ITALIAN FATHER  
You hear him? Let's go! Come on!

His DAUGHTER, 17, gets in grumpily, followed by the SON, 14.  
The MOTHER, 45, opens the front passenger door and gets in.  
Harry starts driving.

ITALIAN MOTHER  
(to Harry)  
I'm so sorry we're running late,  
but \*some\* people decided at the  
last minute that they didn't want  
to go to their Nonna's birthday.

She glares back at the family in the back seat. Harry nods.

HARRY  
Ah..... Who?

The Mother glances at him: did he really not understand?

ITALIAN DAUGHTER  
Me. I don't want to go. I told you  
yesterday I had a date with Marco!

ITALIAN FATHER  
Marco is an *idiot*! You've known  
for six weeks that this was today.

ITALIAN DAUGHTER  
But Marco only asked me yesterday.  
(to Harry)  
Does that sound fair to you?

HARRY  
What does *idiot* mean?

ITALIAN FATHER  
We're all making sacrifices! You  
think \*I\* want to see your Mother's  
family?

The Mother shoots daggers at him.

ITALIAN FATHER  
I mean, I \*want\* to see your  
Mother's family.

ITALIAN MOTHER  
Please. You're making sacrifices?

He shakes his head.

ITALIAN MOTHER

What, you'd rather play golf with your friends than spend time with poor mother-in-law and my cousins?

ITALIAN FATHER

Well of course I would!  
(to Harry)  
Wouldn't you?

HARRY

Oh, thanks! I don't have clubs.

ITALIAN SON

I was going to go mountain biking with Lucas today.

ITALIAN MOTHER

You see that *idiot* all the time.

ITALIAN SON

We see Nonna all the time!

HARRY

*Idiot* means friend, right? You can call me your *idiot* if you like.

ITALIAN SON

And Nonna is always so grumpy and mean.

ITALIAN MOTHER

I know she's always grumpy and mean! I lived with my mother for twenty years, you don't think I know she's mean? If anyone has a reason not to go today it's me! But my sisters will be there with your cousins, and if we're not there they will be in Nonna's ear, "Oh, they're not here, I guess they don't care about the family like we do, and yet we all get the same in your will." So we're going.

They all fall silent.

ITALIAN MOTHER

(to Harry)  
Blood is thicker than water. You know this, right?