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Me, Them and Lara

By Francesca Marciano

ME, THEM AND LARA

Ladies and gentlemen,

in a few minutes we'll land

in Rome's Da Vinci Airport.

Sir, your seatbelt and tray.

- Giulio!

- Carlo!

- How are you?

- Fine.

- How are you?

- You look good.

You've put on a bit...

Humidity puffs me up.

Let's go, you're expected.

Is Father Savastano here?

Yes.

He makes me nervous.

Why? Don't be ridiculous.

This isn't the Holy Inquisition.

Let's go.

- Looks easy to you.

- Come on, Carlo!

A cup of coffee?

Thanks, Father.

No, thank you.

Sugar? You like it bitter like me.

The kitchen's new.

How did you pay for it?

Monthly rates.

At Lube's.

So, tell me about your new job...

It's part-time for now.

It's paid 10 euros per hour.

If I do well, they promised me

a renewable yearly contract.

So it's short-term?

- How's Father Thomas?

- Very well.

He's 60 km from my village,

always full of energy, indestructible.

He's a great man.

A great man indeed.

Go on, please.

You were saying?

The last years were particularly tough.
Heavy rainfall destroyed our homes
and the church.
Then rebels from the north came
and stole our supply of barley,
wheat and millet.
The usual adversities
of missionary life,
I'm not complaining.
The thing is that I have to be...
the headmaster,
the plumber, the shaman.
I don't know who I am anymore,
that's the problem.
I thought I was strong and motivated...
Truth is maybe I'm not.
Have you met anyone lately?
- Lately...
- In the past 2 months...
In the past 60 days...
No.
Honestly, I don't feel the need for it.
I just care about finding
a better job...
and a more decent house.
Any problems with your celibacy?
Any troubling thoughts?
Don't be afraid, Carlo.
Yes...
Thoughts that have remained thoughts.
That's fine.
It's normal.
Let's get to the point.
Try to explain.
Father, I think my village needs
civil protection
rather than divine protection.
Maybe I can't hear
the Lord's voice anymore.
I'm deeply confused, Father.
Lara, I know you're trying hard.
I need one last effort...
your situation is precarious,
we need

results, not promises.
Your depression has been
well taken care of.
The next time we meet
I count on a greater job stability.
We're getting there, don't be afraid.
See you soon.
Fine, thanks.
It's healthy to fear failure...
I'm glad you're here to talk about it.
Glad?
Aren't you worried
I'm losing the faith?
You're not losing the faith!
This experience
will strengthen your faith.
You need to gather your thoughts,
to rest.
Return to your family.
- My family?
- Sure.
Take a short break...
We'll call it a secular break!

You know:

Once a priest, always a priest.
Fine.
Dad!
How are you?
- I'm happy.
- Great!
Did I forget you were coming?
No, you didn't, it's a surprise...
Did something happen?
Nothing serious...
Let's say... something new,
some important changes.
Talking about something new,
I have big news!
- Really?
- Yes.
This room is different.
Yes, something's different.
Sit down.

You're so tanned!

- I'm back from Africa!

- Had fun?

Well, I wouldn't call it fun...

I don't know how to say this.

I'm going through a complicated time.

I must admit that on my way here,

I thought

I might disappoint you.

Rolling a joint?

- No. I quit.

- You quit?

I'm kidding!

Dad, I don't know how to tell you,

but I'm having a crisis

regarding my oath.

Talking about oaths,

I have something to tell you.

Lately there have been

very strong signs.

I feel that I'm losing my faith.

Even a marriage with God

doesn't last forever.

It happens...

See how things go?

Some lose their faith in marriage,

some don't...

What's this way of thinking?

What do you mean?

You notice anything?

Your tangerine hair piece.

Can't even tell the color.

Never mind the hair.

We're talking about marriage...

Oh God, you're not serious!

Yes, I am.

You are!

Olga?

Who's here?

Who is it?

Here I am, sweets.

Come, honey.

- You're speaking?

- Moldavian.

My wife's language.
Here she is. Meet Olga.
A pleasure.
I'm so glad to meet you.
Your father
always talks about you.
You, son priest?
Yes, me son priest.
When did you get married?
A miraculous encounter!
See how I've changed?
Olga put me on a diet,
we're taking dancing lessons,
I feel like a young man.
Get changed, Olga,
let's show him the mambo.
Right away, darling.
Can I have a word with you?
I don't get it...
- Isn't she the minder?
- Her name is Olga!
Her name's Olga, fine.
Problems with immigrants?
Problems with immigrants?
With the job I do?
Out of curiosity,
what do Luigi and Bea think?
Leave them out!
I have to say something though.
It was full of poor Mom's photos here,
now it's full of photos
of you and the minder...
Olga!
Sorry, Olga.
Anyway... never mind.
We're above all this.
Yes, we are.
Eva?
Hey, Uncle...
Come in, Mom's almost done
with her session.
How are you?
You've really changed.
From this...

to this!
What's this look?
The Emo look.
What's that?
- Where do you live?
- In Africa!
Mom said to wait in there.
This is Aida, my best friend.
Is she asleep?
She's suffering.
So she's...
- She's an Emo too?
- Of course.
- What does Emo mean?
- Well...
We Emos
experience feelings in full.
We like to experience
sadness and melancholia.
And even depression.
We feel more than others.
What others?
Don't be aggressive, Uncle.
We Emos feel very lonely.
Meaning?
You can't understand
if you live in Africa.
By living in Africa
I understand better
because there's no time for depression,
melancholia, know why?
Please, spare me
these boring trivialities!
Wait here, Mom won't be long.
Aida, let's get out of here.
Hi, I'm Eva's uncle.
Your uncle comes back after 10 years
and you have no questions?
Don't you want to know why?
Maybe Africa bored you stiff!
At first I pretended nothing happened
then, I overreacted.
I set the curtains on fire!
Good. That's all for today.

Let's stop here.

That's it? In mid sentence?

We'll continue next time.

Don't you want to know what I did?

- I set the curtains on fire!

- The curtains.

And my mother too...

We made great progress today,
you should be proud.

- If you say so...

- Yes, don't worry.

- See you on Tuesday.

- On Tuesday.

You're finally here!

Bea, how are you?

Luigi and I've been trying
to reach you for days.

Don't get up.

I just don't get it...

- Sit down!

- But you're standing...

There's no phone, fax or telegraph
in that village where you live?

If there's an emergency
we send carrier pigeons?

There was a civil war going on
and nothing was working.

You had a civil war there,
we're having a coup here!

What?

Dad, I'm talking about Dad!

Can you explain?

It's only the tip of the iceberg...

The real tragedy hasn't begun yet.

Don't give me that patronizing look.

- I didn't say anything.

- I know what you're thinking.

Look, never mind...

someone has to play the bad guy
and I'm playing it.

I didn't peep.

Here's the picture:

A Moldavian immigrant,
read a 'very smart cookie',

is eating up our inheritance! Clear?

Stop staring!

How am I supposed to look at you?

Maybe I'm inexpressive.

Never mind. Dad?

You've seen him. He's lost his mind.

His corn-color hair

makes him look like a clown.

What would poor Mom think?

What's our inheritance anyway?

His apartment, his small beach house

and a little money in 2 banks.

Why would you care?

You're paid by the Vatican.

That's not the point!

The Vatican doesn't support me.

The point is,

I'm divorced

with a teenage daughter to raise.

My office is in my apartment

because I can't afford

to rent an office.

I can hear the dish-washer

during my sessions.

Get it?

What about your ex husband?

Maurizio?

Of course, you don't know.

What did he do?

He's living in Umbria

with a 30 year-old Swedish girl.

He makes honey.

He's got beehives.

How much alimony

do you think he gives?

- I don't know.

- Guess.

- I don't know.

- Guess!

- It's not much.

- Much? It's a tip!

Enough said, but my daughter Eva

will marry one day...

She'll need a home.

Talking about Eva.
I saw her a few minutes ago.
I think you should keep an eye on her.
Or an eye on Dad!
Right?
Let's go and see our brother Luigi,
he'll explain the situation.
Let's hurry,
I've got a patient at 7 p.m.
Sell the Gemina shares
and buy 12,000 Enel.
It's the last day to get a good deal.
No, you won't get those...
I'll call you back in 15 minutes.
I have two people in my office.
I'm all yours, guys.
Always in a hurry.
Here are Dad's bank listings for April.
He used to spend
No, he didn't win the lottery!
- Go on.
- I didn't get it.
Of course you didn't.
Now, he's spending 16,000.
Is that clear?
So what did I do?
I transferred funds
from another account
and I took care of the overdraft.
The problem is the bitch can sign too.
Shut up, Carlo!
Show him the credit card listings.
This is for the plasma screen.
This is a jewelry in Florence.
Shut up, Carlo, please!
This huge amount is spent in a pharmacy,
probably for a big Viagra box.
And this is a trip
to Sharm el-Sheikh...
In six months
the account will be empty.
Get it now?
She's a vacuum cleaner!
How can we take

her power of signature away?
We can't.
Unless we kill her.
Let's report her
for circumvention of an incapable.
We can't call a woman
we don't know a rip-off.
Let's try to get to know her.
Dad can spend his money...
Cut the bullshit, will you!
What? Spend what, you kidding?
- She's the spender.
- She has an evil plan:
No more hypertension pills,
now she's taken away
the ones for his heart. She'll kill him.
She takes him dancing
to provoke a heart attack.
Can you see him doing
a mambo marathon with a Moldavian?
- Can you?
- Can you?
Dancing marathons!
Can you or not?
Tell us if you can!
- Can you or not?
- Can you?
No, I can't!
Neither can we!
We have to do something.
If not you'll celebrate
Dad's funeral this month.
You'll see. One of these nights
you'll hear the phone ring...
and we'll see your reaction then.
I'm telling you,
one night the phone will ring!
You know what we wonder?
Your reaction that night!
Your reaction!
We want to know!
- What reaction?
- What reaction!
Show me!

Show your reaction!

- Show us!

- I don't know...

That's it!

The phone will ring

and this will be your reaction!

Instead of spending all this money

on an unknown defender

buy a fast side mid-fielder.

That's capital nowadays.

Soccer's dead.

Madou! How are you?

Your mother told me you were here!

She gave me your address.

Sofia and Hakira are here too.

We live together.

I have to get off,

but let's get together.

I have some mail for you.

There's a party next week.

What?

A party!

You have to come!

Here's my number.

What if I started talking

about my sister,

my sister in law who's been operated,

they opened and closed her...

Sorry, she's a friend

I haven't seen in a while.

Then get off

and go for a cup of coffee...

You're a pain in the ears,

to say it politely.

Sorry.

You should be ashamed.

Felix, I told you

not to follow me anymore!

I wasn't.

I was shopping, it's allowed.

You're driving me crazy, I told you.

- You're obsessed.

- You don't answer my calls.

Because you're like a mussel on a rock.

You give me the creeps.
You're tough, Lara, a bit too tough.
And you're boring,
always playing the victim.
I bought vodka.
Let's have a Russian dinner.
I saw you stealing caviar.
No, I said. Forget it, please.
Still dating that divorced guy?
How dare you!
What the fuck do you care?
Stop asking questions, ok?
You'll end up alone.
Fuck off!
I DON'T GIVE UP
What's he doing?
Security!
At cash 2, quick.
We have a good second hand choice.
See, that's a good deal,
isn't it ideal?
It's economic, right?
It's too small!
Small?
You plan to raise a family?
Let her choose,
it's her birthday present.
I like this one, I want it.
This one costs 4 times the other one.
How can you drive
around Rome in this car?
You think too I want money.
I asked for second hand car!
It's cheaper!
Dad will need a ladder to get in!
Your brother and sister
think I came to steal you.
They never cared about him,
he was always alone.
He deserves to be happy.
You want to try it, ma'm?
Driving it is pure bliss.
This car costs around 40,000 euros!
Are you on a mission

for your sister and the other one?
You know Bea and Luigi love you.
No way, they love my money!
Your sister, she's a good one!
The one who played revolutionary
at college,
the communist militant
defending the exploited!
Those were old times,
things changed, let's drop it.
She was ashamed of me,
called me a "fascist general".
Fuck that.
Look what she's become,
the friend of the people.
When it comes to money, she'd send
them all back where they came from.
That's what she's all about, the bitch.
But Olga, on the other hand...
Olga...
is a gift from God.
You understand?
Fine, fine.
This woman's made me happy,
and not only that.
This is a new
strong chapter of my life,
worthy of real man!
I enjoy fantastic oral sex again,
understand?
Spare me the oral details.
Given your celibacy,
you need to understand certain things.
In 50 years of marriage,
your mother
had oral sex with me
once during our honeymoon.
Then she said "never again".
And that was it.
Your mother took all the decisions,
and that was that.
This woman, on the contrary...
I got it, enough about your,
Mom's and Olga's oral sex life!

This is really crazy!
I came home to seek peace and quiet,
to think about the difficult times
I'm having,
but it's madness.
My father talks about sex in detail!
My family's a madhouse, believe me!
Why did you order ham and melon?
This pasta is fantastic!
Are you listening or thinking
about your pasta?
Seriously,
can't I stay with you all for a while?
Can you find me a room?
Let me stay with the other priests,
maybe I can
think about myself and my spirituality,
it's important.
This is a wonderful paradox, you know?
You left Africa because
you couldn't handle every day problems.
Gas, food,
sickness,
communication problems, rebels.
In Italy, everything seems
to work perfectly:
Peace, electricity,
running water, Internet.
On the contrary,
human relationships don't work.
I think God is testing you again.
It may be the spiritual challenge
you have to face.
Think so?
It's easier to go on a pilgrimage
on your knees!
Why didn't you order
this fabulous pasta?
Gastric reflux. Heartburn.
It's psychosomatic, trust me.
Enough!
This is crazy, totally crazy!
It's madness!
No, darling, don't be rash.

Please, honey!
Don't be a jerk, you'll fall!
Come here.
- Luigi!
- What are you doing here?
I had problems at Dad's so...
I see...
there's a girl about to jump here!
Don't push? Who's jumping?
A friend of mine,
she's suddenly lost it.
Call an ambulance!
She'll jump if she hears one coming.
Why isn't she in hospital?
Try and talk to her!
- Come on!
- She believes.
So what, she's crazy!
I know, but she believes in God.
Wait.
Honey?
My brother the missionary's here!
He wants to talk to you,
to tell you how things are.
How should I know?
Just tell her I'm generous...
and trustworthy, get it?
If not, I'll be in the papers!
No, we'll be in the papers!
- Don't push me!
- I'm not!
Take my hand.
She's coked up!
Let's go back in.
What?
You're the jerk's brother?
Listen,
Luigi's a sensitive guy.
A piece of shit!
A liar, a bastard!
He'll pay for this, I swear!
He's not able
to express his feelings correctly.
- Crap!

- He's nice!
He won't fool me again!
Tell him, understand?
- Tell him!
- I will.
- Are you a priest?
- Yes, I am.
Confess me then!
Now, I'm a sinner
I want to die purified.
- We're all sinners.
- I've been a real slut!
A real slut!
Luigi's the least considered
in the family.
I'm the oldest,
Bea has a strong character,
and he's always been left behind.
You must understand him.
- He's insensitive.
- Yes.
He called me in Africa lots of times
to talk about your relationship.
- Really?
- Yes!
What's my name?
- Who?
- Me!
You?
- You don't know my name!
- "Egala"!
What?
Francesca!
I told you five times!
I know.
- Did he mention the baby?
- He's fine!
Bullshit, he's not even born!
I want it.
- He wanted it.
- Wanted?
I want it.
My mistake, he wants to keep it!
- Swear. You're a priest?

- Yes, I am.
You can trust me.
- We'll see.
- I'm not a liar.
Which way in?
That way.
Slowly...
Are you calm, honey bun?
Are you all right now?
Darling, I need tenderness, not sex.
So do I.
Open your mouth, shut your eyes.
Take that crucifix off the wall.
Yes?
Listen, dearie.
Tell that asshole father of ours
to come back home.
Before our mother shoots him.
Wait a second.
Divorced?
No kids?
Faithful?
Three months
I've been hearing this crap.
- I can explain.
- Get out!
You're worthless, Dad!
Zip up your pants.
Zip up your pants!
Let's go.
What did you do today, girls?
We suffered.
I cried too.
That's the way Luigi is.
She says she'll jump,
he'll dive under a car then they screw.
It's a perverse game.
Come on, sit down.
They cry and they screw,
they screw and they cry...
What do they screw?
They screw tables!
Come on, what do you think!
What's wrong with Eva?

- Nothing, why?
- She's unsociable.
Her friend's strange.
No, they're just "Emo".
- Meaning?
- Ask Google!
Let's talk about us instead.
It's been a while.
It's true.
You used to come to my room
in high school
and we talked about love.
- You talked.
- Come on!
You never let me talk!
I missed you.
I missed you all too.
Especially you.
You've always been the craziest one...
but the most intelligent,
the most rational
and the wisest, to tell the truth.
I'm back from Africa
with a load of problems.
I need your advice.
Of course.
Are you sure? It's a bit long.
- Tell me.
- I'll explain.
Us priests
are obliged
to frequently live in doubt,
we're not made of steel,
we're human beings.
I wonder if I might be more useful
in my mission, if I didn't
bend to certain rules
the Church imposes on us.
- Here's an example...
- Sorry...
Why did you ask about Eva?
She doesn't communicate.
Don't start confusing me
otherwise...

I'll give you an example,
condoms in Africa...
It's a big problem, right?
Us priests must constantly
pretend we don't see things...
Do you think she's strange, morbid?
Who?
Eva's friend!
How should I know!
I saw her for a second!
Please, stop confusing me.
I ask you a question.
Don't interrupt.
Is it fair for us missionaries
to limit the supply of condoms
in Africa?
They're always glued together,
it's typical teenage behavior.
Maybe you're right, it's strange.
Could they be gay?
What now?
Is this about your doubts or mine?
Let's decide.
You're hostile.
I was just sharing a maternal doubt.
Apologies.
And I was sharing some problems
which made me
travel thousands of miles.
Nobody gives a damn, that's the truth!
Don't act like a victim!
Go on then!
Africa, the civil war...
Condoms, lions...
Who said anything about lions?
It's all about faith, serious things.
We're going to "Trash".
- The dishwasher's on?
- Yes.
Don't come home late.
Bye, Uncle.
Where are they going at 1 a. M?
They are strange.
Listen, it's really 1 a.m.

We'll talk about it tomorrow.
Believe me, Bea, I'm very tired...
This is not the time.
What's happening?
The dishwasher, as usual.
This house is falling apart.
Go live in Africa then!
Never mind!
Go and look for a torch.
On the right shelf.
On the right?
Keep going, straight ahead.
There's a vase...
Careful!
Wait for me.
Come here for a second.
Where are you looking?
It's the fourth!
Who can it be?
Something serious has happened,
there's an ambulance here.
We're on our way.
- What?
- An ambulance at Dad's place.
What did I tell you?
Wait! We're the children!
What happened?
- It's the heart.
- The heart?
I can't believe
the horrible things I told him.
I wanted to apologize.
I always postponed doing it.
What I regret the most
is that he never had a chance
to see how talented I was.
Talented?
and you've all made fun of me.
Cut it out.
It's a woman?
Didn't you get it?
Come and have a look.
I don't want to.
- Maybe you should.

- I said no!
Don't force her.
You should really take a look...
I'll feel guilty
for the rest of my life.
You sure will.
To feel guilty.
She suffered a lot
because of your spite.
She had...
She had such a big heart.
I tried to tell you
it wasn't Dad but Olga.
She's dead!
He told you!
Olga's dead, not Dad!
Be invested by feelings of mercy,
of goodness, humility,
tamelessness, patience...
Tolerate and forgive each other
as the Lord forgave you,
and do the same.
May Christ's peace reign
upon your hearts,
and this peace join you as one.
If someone, family or friends,
want to say something
for our sister Olga...
As you maybe know...
my mother and I
had a difficult relationship.
We lost touch for years,
and I missed her very much.
I was too young to understand...
why she had left me in a home.
It was not by lack of love...
Is she Olga's daughter?
Her daughter?
What a coup!
The Moldavian's daughter?
I was full of resentment.
And I was unable to open up
or understand her.
We had found each other recently.

And only now,
only now I understand
how hard it must have been every day,
thinking about me,
how to ensure a decent life for me.
A life she never had.
I'm telling you this to remind you...
how precious moments we have
at our disposal
to be with those we love.
I lost my mother too early,
I would've liked
to make her feel my love.
But the only thing that makes me happy
is to know that she spent
the last months of her life with a man,
Alberto,
who loved and respected her,
making her feel at home, at last.
As queen of the house
and not the servant.
My mother has always served others,
but always like a queen.
Bye, Mom.
You've taught me everything.
They know each other?
Seems so.
Thank you.
No, thank you.
No sympathies for us?
- No.
- Why?
Because I think we're now
four brothers in the family.
- I hope not.
- I'm afraid so.
Shut up.
Lara, these are my children.
I'm Bea, nice to meet you.
Nice to meet you,
I've heard a lot about you.
Really? We never heard about you.
Maybe I'm not that important.
Sorry for your loss,

I'm Luigi, the brother.
I may be wrong
but last summer
weren't you on a boat
with Cardano's friends?
You're wrong.
Certainly!
Congratulations
for your speech in church.
It was beautiful, profound and moving.
I'm... the priest brother.
Go home,
I'm taking Lara to the cemetery.
We can take you...
Don't bother, I'm going with her.
It's better this way.
I congratulated her,
she didn't even look at me.
She's full of herself,
did you hear how she answered?
I wanted to say
"Who the fuck are you?"
What did you expect?
Let's go now,
I see big problems ahead.
Girls, don't smoke, come on!
Have you packed woolen socks?
Yes, Dad.
The blue sweater?
It's at the bottom of the bag.
Why are you taking
all these heavy things?
How long do you plan to stay there?
I will stay
indefinitely.
You sure about this decision?
Aunt Pina didn't seem that enthusiastic
about you staying with her.
What are you going to do in Rieti?
You don't know anyone.
Who will you socialize with?
Answer me,
this is a very important decision.
I'm not staying here without Olga.

Rieti's better.
See if it's her.
It's the end of an era.
Lara's here.
Take the suitcases.
You're just like your brothers,
you think I've lost my mind.
But I think,
I make plans...
And if something happens to me,
this house
will go to Lara.
To Lara?
What do you mean?
Sorry, but why to her?
Because you're all settled.
She's the only one who needs it.
You know
I'm not interested in material things,
nor in money,
but I warn you,
you're handing the history
of our family to a stranger...
- And Olga...
- Yes, Olga!
What about Mom?
She's was here for 50 years!
There was a Christmas tree here
and a manger.
We did imitations here.
I found an album
of old photos,
where I was dressed up as "Brighella"
and Bea as "Colombina"...
Luigi was "Pantalone".
The three stooges!
That was 40 years ago!
And Olga was still here 3 days ago...
It's time to go.
What do you know?
You've never been in love.
How would you know?
The keys, move in when you want,
even tomorrow.

Carlo knows about this...
So, it's... a settled matter.
Indeed.
I... need to ask you for a favor.
Can I stay a few days
while I look for a place to stay?
Absolutely not.
This is your house, I'm the guest.
And I'm really thankful.
No, I'm the one who thanks you.
It's kind of you.
Listen... I have a favor to ask you...
Can you lend me 100 euros for gas?
- 100 euros?
- I'll pay you back.
Finished thanking?
Shall we go? It's getting late.
One second.
- 100 euros...
- Be discreet.
- I'll return them...
- No problem.
Guys, we're basing ourselves
on Dad's ravings!
What does the law say, Arnaldo?
The law says you can't disinherit
your own children, right?
Come on, Arnaldo, open the will!
I want to know
what's really in there.
Hold on,
the problem here's not the will.
The property rights
have been transferred.
Your father sold the house
to Mrs. Vasilescu.
What does it mean?
That the owner is now this chick
who's so full of herself?
That's right.
It's not a real transaction.
It's called simulation.
Fine but... this is really nasty!
It's vengeance!

Sorry, but what did you do to Dad?
We can seize the simulation and sue.
But it can go on for years,
like... Chinese boxes.
I don't advise it.
Let's deprive him of his rights.
Of course we should, guys!
This is the proven proof,
he's lost his mind!
I know a psychiatric consultant,
works in court.
Dad is not crazy.
It's his will, we have to respect it,
like it or not.
Tell me whose side you're on?
On who's right!
I can suggest something.
Start an investigation.
If you discover the girl
has somewhat of a strange situation...
what does she do in life...
She's not a scientist.
Well, to make it clear,
if we can find a clue,
we could prove that your father
has been swindled.
It depends on what you can discover.
Looking at me?
You're looking at me?
I don't want to play cop or detective.
You will.
You're the only one who doesn't work.
We still don't understand
why you came back.
Because nobody asked me why!
Nobody asked a question!
Nobody gives a damn.
That's why!
You have to find out.
You know what?
I really miss Africa.
Really a lot!
What a mess!
What good times.

This was your first day
of Sunday school.
Look at your clothes.
Cute!
- Look at the crown.
- Nice!
That's your father.
Who are these 3 girls?
- Us!
- When you were 10.
Remember when you came
for dinner at our house?
I remember stomach burns for a week!
Up in flames!
- Your mother loved pepper!
- A bit!
Quite a bit!
Can you hold him 5 minutes?
I think it's time to change, girls.
Do you have a car?
Yes, why?
Can you drop us at work, please?
At work so late?
We work in a bar,
you can drop us nearby and we'll walk.
All right.
- Where's this bar?
- Not far.
Dance?
Hold him, please?
What's this street?
And the bar?
You can stop here, we'll walk.
Walk? It's very dangerous here.
It's fine, we're here.
Turn left!
What's this place?
Where's the bar?
Trust us, stop here.
We're here.
Bye, Carlo! Thanks!
What do you mean "we're here"?
No, wait, wait, please,
I really don't like this place.

Get back in the car.
What's your job?
Tell me where the bar is!
I don't want to be moralistic,
we all know how much Jesus
esteemed Magdalene
but if immigrating means
working on a sidewalk,
you should have stayed home!
Girls, can you come for a moment?
It concerns you all.
I am outraged,
outraged by your transformation!
When I left you in Africa
you were polite girls,
respectful of your traditions.
Now you have no decency,
no restrain, and no underwear!
Call this an upgrade?
Who'll send money back home, you?
Money, money, money!
In Africa, there wasn't much to eat
but you were free, here you're slaves!
You're working as slaves!
What's he saying?
We'll be here all night.
My treat, we'll go for pizza
and settle this once for all.
- Leave us alone!
- Out of the question.
Get lost,
you're making us lose work.
Get lost!
You work on the sidewalk?
Want them all?
Are you an octopus?
Are you running for office?
Fuck off!
Sorry.
Go and get pizza on your own!
So...
I waited up for you.
You came home late.
You waited?

Soft or crunchy?
- What?
- The cookies.
I don't eat. Got coffee?
Sure, I've made some,
here you are.
Nice and strong.
- Sugar?
- I take it black.
I got it all wrong.
How was your trip with Dad?
Fine.
Lara, I'm curious...
how did this relationship with...
Sorry, I've got to answer this,
it's important.
What the fuck do you want?
Tell me!
Sure!
They were your little sisters.
You're one hell of a piece of shit...
and stop calling me!
If your wife finds out,
she'll kill you!
Why?
Because you're married!
You've always been married,
you ugly shit!
What a dickhead!
I've got to run now, it's really late.
Do you want me to make
a chicken curry tonight?
No one listens to me. I wonder why.
So what?
What have you discovered?
What's she doing?
She slept, got up, had breakfast,
and went to work.
Did you check her stuff?
Look in the computer,
you'll find some clues.
Check her mail too.
You and Luigi need to calm down.
I'm not a policeman, or an idiot.

I'm a priest, all right?
Only when it's convenient for you.
I knew you'd chicken out
and not help us.
Sure, first it was Dad...
Now she's manipulating you.
Anyway...
I'll call you back!
I'll call back!
We were looking for you!
It's indecent,
you should be ashamed.
- What happened?
- The brunette that lives here...
Is she your guest,
is she renting, sub-leasing...
is she a friend?
No, ma'am, she's family.
Is her name Lara by any chance,
Father?
Yes, what happened to her?
What happened to us!
Come and see.
Look here... look at this.
The neighbors already
called a lawyer.
You're paying for this.
It's your responsibility!
If I did the same in your house,
what would you say?
What would you say?
I'd say it's indecent!
It's indecent!
I'll find a solution...
It's ready.
My love, I miss you so much.
We'll see each other soon.
How much do you want to be with me?
Me too.
I send you a kiss and hug you.
Bye, Michael. Bye, sweetheart.
I came to Italy from Moldavia
with my mother,
when I was very small.

When I was born, my mother
wanted to join my father,
an Italian engineer
she met in Moldavia.
An asshole.
He disappeared.
As usual.
She had to face loads of problems.
So...
she had to give me up.
I grew up in a foster family
near Perugia.
Were you happy there?
Mom visited me
when she could but...
it wasn't often.
Who is it?
So late?
Good evening.
This is...
the estimate to cover the tag.
- Shall we deal with your father?
- No.
How much is it?
I could build a school in Africa
with that!
This is Italy, Father.
All right.
You are still a priest, right?
Of course, you doubt it?
Thank you, goodbye.
Sorry, the neighbors want to change
the intercom, I don't know...
Listen...
Know anything about some tags?
Tags?
Huge, sprayed on the wall.
Felix!
Saw them?
The whole neighborhood did.
Sorry about that.
The guy on the phone earlier?
Which phone call?
I make a lot.

The guy whose wife
is going to kill him?
He's older...
A real shit
who bullshitted me a lot.
Sorry.
Sorry for what?
I forget you're a priest.
So?
You might be shocked.
It's frustrating that a girl like you
can have such
a corny image of priests.
We're not like this,
we're normal people.
Very normal.
I know.
You don't!
In your imagination,
we're like priests you see on TV,
who rub their hands
and speak with a singing voice:
"Hail, peace, serenity, happiness."
We're not like that. At all.
Believe me, I've travelled the world.
Can I have a cigarette?
- Want mine?
- And you?
I'll light another.
I've faced civil wars,
storms, earthquakes.
Why are you smoking?
I can tell you've never smoked.
Trying to impress me?
- I used to smoke.
- Come on!
I don't want it anymore.
Good!
With my car, in Africa,
I crossed rivers, drove through deserts.
Rally pilots make me laugh.
They're wankers.
Yes, they are.
Say it louder!

They're wankers!

- Happy now?

- Yes.

I have to carry a weapon
because of wild animals.

And... I like music,

I... listen to rock music,

I don't only listen to psalms.

- I've got an l-pod.

- How cool.

I have all of Led Zeppelin.

- A rapper?

- Who?

"Zed".

No, it's a band from my time.

Never mind.

It's a difficult place,
but people dance.

And I dance!

You like dancing too?

If you don't dance in Africa,
where do you dance?

Listen...

what time is it?

What time?

Quarter to eleven.

We are we going?

Do you have pastries?

What pastries?

Yes or no?

Pastries? I don't know
if they sell any here...

- Got some plums?

- What?

- Got plums or not?

- Why should I have plums?

Don't stand there, it's confusing.

We're not in the right place.

They ask me for things

I don't understand.

No bulls tonight.

Only chicken wings.

- Chicken wings?

- Can't you see?

See who?

Chicken wings?

- Got some candy?

- Yes.

There's a gas station nearby
selling plums... and pastries.

Uncle? What are you doing here?

Eva!

- Did you come with her?

- She wanted me to come.

What are pastries, plums, candy?

Don't tell Mom you saw us,
and forget about the candy!

I won't tell,

but you didn't see me either.

- Just don't say anything.

- I swear. Do you?

- I swear to God.

- Leave God out of it!

What the fuck you doing?

- You directing traffic?

- I was calling someone.

Fuck you.

Really sorry.

Never again...

Let's smoke a joint

before going to bed, it relaxes me.

Relaxes you, not me,

get to bed, it's 3 a.m.

But you acted so hip...

Press the button.

Hands off, hands off.

I'll get excommunicated.

I wish.

My legs ache.

I ache all over.

Hurry, I need to pee.

Wait a minute. What's this?

What've you done to the door?

- Me?

- Well, not me!

Want to break in?

Sorry, wrong floor.

The doors all look alike,

even the knobs.
Can I say something?
We can't sleep anymore!
Get a hold of yourselves!
I really apologize.
Good night.
Good morning, rather!
Is he still a priest?
I don't know,
he came back with this slut.
Who knows what the hell
he's done in Africa!
My head aches.
No more nights like this.
Careful with the couch, it's broken.
What?
I wanted to tell you...
that you've been very courageous
and that you're a very modern priest.
'Night, Father Carlo.
GIVE ME 3 MINUTES TO GET READY...
Can I come in?
Surprise!
May I?
Surpri...
How dare you?
Can't you knock?
What are you doing with that wig?
Get out!
Go away!
You're getting filmed!
It's a webcam...
you're into porno!
It's not.
I don't... do the full monty.
- Is that a whip?
- It's an umbrella, you idiot.
In my mother's room?
In front of this holy image?
It's not what you think.
I can explain...
You're a prostitute.
No, I'm not.
You're some prostitute.

I'm not a prostitute.
I don't show anything, I stay dressed.
I'm doing this only
because I need money.
I charge 3 euros a minute
but I don't show anything.
Show nothing? You were naked!
Listen... I do it because,
I have a big problem.
What problem?
What sort of problem?
You walked in this house like a queen,
you took everything.
I have a serious problem.
I can't tell you about it now.
You have to trust me.
Do you?
How can I trust you?
In the past 48 hours,
since you've arrived
every wall in the neighborhood's
been spoilt by tags,
lovers, kids,
mythomaniacs pop up,
crazy guys, married guys,
half married guys!
You want to go "dancing",
we end up in a dealer's joint.
"Good night" and you do porno!
It's not porno!
It is! You're half naked!
What do you call it?
I defended you with my brothers.
They can't imagine
the extent of your slutiness.
Now I've said it!
Stop it! We want to sleep!
This house belongs to a great family:
Father a General, mother a professor...
A dignified home you've profaned
with your perversion.
Really?
You know what, my friend?
I may have profaned

your mother's room,
you profaned my mother's car!
Look at this.
Police camera.
Found the owner with the license plate.
Congratulations,
you're a very modern priest!
Those African girls
were part of my congregation!
- I was trying to...
- To pick them up?
Bullshitter!
Shame on you.
I'm going to smack you.
Take your bags,
stuff everything inside and leave,
understood?
You leave! It's my house!
As long as my father's alive,
it's my house!
You're wrong.
See your lawyer.
He'll explain a few small things.
I will, we'll set things straight.
And the Mascolo family
will kick your...
Say it aloud if you dare!
The Mascolo family's going
to kick your ass!
I told you to look in the computer.
Now she's deleted everything.
You're a whiner!
We've lost time.
Fine...
Wait, Luigi's on the other line.
What, Luigi?
I received a mail from the lawyer
saying we need facts not words!
The faster you find some, the better!
Sir?
we said to turn off phones.
It's take-off.
Can you turn it off, please?
- You have to frame her!

- Not again!
We'll frame her. Fine.
Bea's on the other line, sorry...
What, Bea?
Take a camera.
Follow her, so we can frame her.
She'll screw up sooner or later.
I bet on it!
Bea, I'm following her.
She's going to Piazza Mazzini.
She picked a guy up.
Can you hear me?
They're now
parked in a car and they're undressing.
I'm stunned.
I'm stunned, Bea.
Is it possible that
at 10 a.m. Two people
are... I'll say it... fucking
in a square in broad daylight!
In front of everyone.
Reality beats fiction,
when I think about
every time I left her home alone...
Who knows who she brought there!
A whole soccer stadium
on poor Mom's bed!
What a whore!
Disgusting.
I don't get it!
I'll call you back.
Listen, asshole...
- Who are you looking for?
- You asshole!
You suck as a detective.
I spotted you ages ago.
Do something,
wait there, so we can have it out.
Yes, let's have it out!
Good. I'll wait.
Your brothers saw my mother
as someone she wasn't,
you've done the same with me
since day one.

Let me explain,
so you can set your brain straight.
I don't give a damn
about your house or money, get it?
Something's wrong with your sentence.
You don't give a damn?
Am I wrong or my father sold
our house to your mother?
I can sign papers
and return it tomorrow.
In return I want you
to sign a contract for me...
What contract?
To do something for me,
for one day.
To do what?
Make believe what you're not:
A loving, generous
and welcoming family.
Without prejudice.
You're pathetic with that binocular!
Let's sign the other agreement.
It's shameful blackmail.
What?
There's a white spot on your jacket.
Can you be clearer, please?
They're trying to tell you...
there's... white powder on your jacket.
It's breakfast. Sugar...
Come on Luigi, sign this!
Don't hurry me.
I'm expecting warmth,
affection and joy from you.
As if we were a real family.
Where the fuck does it go?
Screw A in hole B.
Where's hole B?
Should be that one.
Wait a second.
I don't get it, see how it is?
What did I tell you?
Let's call the carpenter...
I have 4 paranoid clients
waiting for me,

and I'm building furniture
kidnapped by a crazy girl...
Listen, please,
we've signed an agreement, okay?
We didn't think!
She didn't give us time.
We had no choice.
Swallow the pill or...
What a bitch!
Come on. Let's do it
or it's going to be a mess!
That's the one?
- This is screw A.
- Show me.
- Fits?
- It's the one.
See, you faithless man!
With patience
we can get things done.
You're too nervous!
I understand!
Be calm and you can do everything.
Did you build bridges in Africa?
We're talking furniture here!
Can you come a second?
Everyone plays his part!
Don't bust my balls!
Never mind...
We're almost finished,
bring the furniture.
The lines aren't straight!
It's a mess... it'll get pissed off...
So it'll get unpissed!
You should thank us!
Let's not fuss.
You messed up the screws.
Not one in its place.
Hurry! They're here!
It's madness!
- Hurry!
- Coming!
Unbelievable.
I ask you to be affectionate and smile.
- Anything else?

- Let's be friendly!
- Where's your priest garb?
- It's a bit late!
Are they necessary?
You wanted the whole family:
Here it is!
Let's open this door.
- What is it?
- Can we come in?
- Come in.
- What do you mean "come in"?
Help us! We fled!
- They're after us!
- Help us!
Protect us.
From who?
- They're the ones in the photo!
- Which photo?
Explain what's happening...
who are they?
They're after us!
They're downstairs! Help us!
I'll take care of this.
Take care of what?
Don't interfere!
It's crazy!
What did we sign at the lawyer's?
Stay calm, take it easy!
I can handle this!
I can perfectly handle the situation.
I have to change.
The sauce!
I'm ready.
Don't leave me alone.
Do you understand anything?
Good morning!
What a surprise!
I thought it was an intimate lunch,
but the whole family's here!
Pleasure. I'm Elisa Draghi.
This is my assistant, Miss Agnello.
Nice to meet you.
We were so eager to meet you.
I'm Bea, the... sister...

Pleasure.
I'm Luigi, the... brother.
We really insisted,
it was important for us.
They're my niece Eva
and her best friend Aida.
They're inseparable.
How nice! How nice, Elisa!
This is Carlo,
our family's spiritual guide.
Welcome to this house,
we're glad to have you!
How are you?
What?
Shall we begin?
Let's see what's new.
I've seen the first.
Please, follow me.
I hope you'll like it!
I'll be in the kitchen.
We're going to help friends move.
- You're not staying for lunch?
- We've done enough!
You'll mess my seating arrangement!
This is the room
we've prepared for Michael.
Nice! Very nice!
Congratulations!
- Nice colors.
- Fresh.
Fresh...
Did you draw these?
I did everything.
The appliances are safe.
Do you have a circuit breaker?
A circuit breaker?
Is there one here?
Are... are you kidding?
Of course there is.
Everything's...
Standard.
Standard!
Sure?
Totally.

Your son is really beautiful.

It's a nice photo.

- Watch it, they'll notice.

- What?

You have a cold,
go to the bathroom!

The bathroom?

These are bunks beds in case...
a friend sleeps over.

Right.

Mattresses for children.

Designed for children?

Yes, very comfortable.

Lunch is ready, take a seat!

Oh, God! She's

been hit on her head!

You'll eat it anyway!

We're really sorry for what happened.

I'm sure that Lara

will give her proper medication.

I need to wash my hands.

First door on the right,
that's the bathroom.

What?

I must tell you.

- What?

- The moment I saw you...

I couldn't say it

in front of the others.

You...

Look just like...

my husband.

Unbelievable.

It's unbelievable.

It was shocking.

I'd like to meet him.

He died two years ago.

Really? How?

A heart attack playing tennis.

He loved sports.

I'm so sorry.

Really sorry.

Really very sorry.

Really I am.

The bathroom's... on the right.
It's occupied.
It's a charitable act.
I'll explain later. Very calmly.
There's another bathroom,
over here.
Please.
Stop with your nose!
You think it's easy?
Delicious! Congratulations!
Thank you.
You didn't eat anything.
Why?
I'm on a diet.
I'm so sorry about the accident.
It could have been worse.
I admit I've been very surprised
by the attention you pay...
to Lara and Michael.
It's not usual.
It's not usual.
Michael's arrival
will change your existence.
We know that but...
we're aware of it
but we're fully motivated
and we feel
very enthusiastic.
I'll tell you later, I'll explain.
Congratulations for the staff.
My brother's a missionary in Africa.
They've been taken off the... streets.
These girls have been...
taken off the... streets.
From where?
We were prostitutes before.
Now we're maids!
It's true.
You're great, Carlo.
No need to say that.
Not necessary.
Not necessary at all.
Bring the main course now.
It's on the table.

I wanted to tell you...
In fact...
I'd say that...
Have you actually
thought about this new situation?
A 5 year-old boy in the house...
with an acquired sister...
you've met recently.
At this point of my life
having a child around
can only make me happy.
We don't need this house.
No. We don't.
We don't need it... what for?
We don't need this house.
The idea that
Lara can live here with her son...
can only make us... not happy,
but very happy!
They're so dear.
We're ready...
to do anything
so Lara can be with her son.
Good. Very generous.
You work in...
Finance.
Finance and investments...
Stock market!
Stock market, let's say that.
A job that needs temperament.
Lucidity.
Yes... strong nerves,
focus and speed.
- Who is it?
- Don't know!
Sorry, I'll check.
Dear old Luigi!
Affection!
It's them!
Don't open!
Yes?
Send the chicks down
before I lose my temper.
No one's leaving

and we're having lunch.
It's not your business,
that's our stuff. Got it?
Why are you wearing these?
Are you believers or not?
If you are,
I'm the one representing Him.
I warn you...
not to cross this thresh-hold.
This house is like a church,
those who come
are protected by the Lord! Objections?
Let's do what he says, let's go...
I feel we'll meet again.
Here's my advice, send them down.
What happened?
Nothing.
Mrs. Gallone with her usual matters.
Difficult neighborly relations...
Is something wrong?
You look worried.
No. Everything's fine.
A little wine?
- What was that?
- A rock... a sling...
A shot?
A shot?
Don't move, please, don't move!
This is madness!
Not even in Kabul!
Did they shoot?
They shot us,
but we've saved three lives!
Saved who? Fuck you!
Why did you open the door?
To cause this disaster...
A bad thing can turn into a good one.
- What good thing?
- Something bad can become good.
She's not answering.
I left messages, texted her...
Nothing...
She won't speak to me.
Lucky she didn't report us.

Report us?
We're actually the victims of an...
For attempted murder!
Is it normal to end up
in the middle of a gunfight?
I told you
not to let them come in!
It was an act of humanity...
Your humanity could've
sent us back to the Lord!
She told me.
I didn't need much.
Just a better job and a quiet life...
And instead, I trusted you!
Fuck off.
I don't want Michael to end up like me.
With no father...
You never told us.
Where's your son's father?
When he found out
I was pregnant he left.
He didn't recognize him.
When Michael was 6 months old
I got very depressed,
I'm better but they keep an eye on me.
To see if I'm balanced and reliable.
With what happened
I may never see him again.
I'm leaving tonight.
Why?
The quicker, the better!
No. You're not leaving.
Definitely not.
Drink some water.
We'll take care of it.
You have to go and see that...
psychologist,
and explain exactly how things went.
You should take your responsibilities.
Tell her that it was... an exception
and it won't happen again.
Fix it.
Sorry. May I talk?
Shouldn't you go, you're the shrink...

You're not following!
I am! Enough!
You have to go!
As a priest.
You're the one with authority...
You should...
She's the kind...
who gets along better
with men than women.
- So what?
- You'll see.
Lunch break is over,
fix your make-up.
Tourists are waiting for you.
See you tonight.
I'll make meat-pie with artichokes.
Bring the ice cream!
Meeting's over!
How can I allow
a child to live in a home
where bullets fly?
I'm sorry for being the instigator,
the ticking bomb of this tragedy...
It may be a sign telling me
this isn't my place,
and I should leave.
I made a decision.
I bought tickets for the girls.
Next week I'm leaving
for Africa with them.
Without us, there won't be problems
in this house, in this family...
which is a truly great family.
What happened was exceptional...
and it can't in any way...
Have you seen "Ghost"?
What?
"Ghost".
Beautiful film with Demi Moore.
I live in Africa,
I don't have the opportunity.
A few years ago maybe...
I saw it, with... Moore.
So you can understand

why I'm so distracted
when I'm near you.
Not really.
This was Giorgio. My husband.
Notice anything?
Incredible.
A great sportsman.
You can tell.
I see you have an...
athletic body.
Well rounded off...
Nice.
Us missionaries have to be in shape...
to face all adversities,
we have to be... strong otherwise...
It was the summer of my graduation...
A very hot summer...
He picked me up
in his new green Renault 4...
Our first time was in that car.
Blasting De Gregori's music.
We took out
the front seat.
Took it out?
The Renault's seat doesn't lean back.
Don't do that...
A memory should remain pleasant,
not... painful.
I'll be fine.
I hope so.
- And this...
- Cervia?
- No, Cattolica.
- He won there.
I miss him so much.
I miss his sensitivity,
his warmth, his joy.
And his arrogant manhood!
When we touched it was explosive.
Feel, feel...
I'm not joking, feel my heart.
Well, it's normal.
It means his spirit lives within you
and you embrace it.

He never leaves me, like in "Ghost".
Like in "Ghost", that's it.
Let's see these.
It's just tennis courts, I understood.
He always won, so...
I never thought of replacing him,
of loving someone else...
of being happy with someone else...
With you... I feel good.

I'm glad.

- Sorry if I confide in you...

- No problem.

Could be this extraordinary
resemblance...

With Giorgio.

I think I can open up with you.

Do it!

One can say things to you,
and since we've said things...

Said what? You spoke, I didn't.

A man like you, so attractive...
so charming. Energetic.

- Please.

- Yes!

- So interesting.

- No, please, no!

- I'm serious.

- What do you want exactly?

Your celibacy?

A path of self discipline.

- It's cruel.

- It's a duty.

And the urges?

A choice!

- I don't believe it!

- Do!

- I don't.

- Do.

- I don't.

- You must!

- I don't believe it.

- Do.

Believe it! Please, come on!

Believe it! Come on!

But I don't.
Stop the kissing. It's wrong.
Hands off.
Not this!
You've kidnapped me in here. Enough!
I'm fine with Cervia,
with Cattolica,
but not with kisses. And hands off!
Wait!
Sorry.
I was out of control.
How can a shrink
who assaults a priest,
can tell if a family
is reliable or not?
Can you explain that?
No one's around, it's late.
You've locked me up for 8 hours.
Sorry, I was wrong.
You can't question
my professional integrity.
You assaulted me!
You look alike!
Enough with Giorgio!
It's an obsession.
This resemblance
took me by surprise!
Let's say the bullets at home
took us by surprise. All right?
In fact, an exceptional event.
A transfer.
Just stop with this Giorgio!
I've had enough.
Let's put these events to one side,
and help Lara!
You must help her.
You're the only one
who can help her.
The quicker, the better!
Don't disappoint me. Do it quickly!
I'm not Giorgio, I'm Carlo!
Father Carlo!
What did she say?
I told you, I did what I could.

Yes, but...
I did my best!
Enough. Have pity.
No more strength to talk.
You think...
Enough!
Sorry.
Thanks.
Thanks so much.
Welcome.
A call for you.
Telephone!
- Who is it?
- Lara!
Hurry before the line goes dead!
Is it Lara?
Say hello.
How are you?
Fine and you?
We're terrific.
We're all together for Christmas,
we wish you all the best!
Michael wants to thank you
for the present.
Come and say hello
to Uncle Carlo!
How are you?
Thank you for the present.
Thank you for the present.
Kisses, Michael.
Watch poor Mom's precious vases,
with that young man.
Don't worry. It's done.
He's so happy, so excited,
our first Christmas together.
I understand.
Not now!
Please, go to the other room.
Lara do something, tie him up!
Merry Christmas.
How are you?
Lucky you're living there in peace,
it's hell here!
Lara mentioned the surprise?

Which surprise?
Luigi, hurry up. Carlo's here!
- Hurry!
- What's happening?
Hi, Uncle.
You finally look more joyous!
"Rococo" Lolitas!
A positive attitude.
Much better!
Now they're "Manga".
A Japanese trend, I'll explain later.
Where is he?
Here you are!
Merry Christmas!
You're lucky to be there...
in peace...
I said that.
Tell him the news.
You finally got engaged.
Who me? Are you crazy?
Not me, someone else.
Is it a quiz? What's happening?
Michael, be careful!
Hello, Dad. Merry Christmas.
Merry Christmas to you, son.
I'll show you a nice surprise.
Come.
See?
Lourdes, she's from Lima.
Nice surprise, right?
Knowing you, Dad,
it's not a big surprise.
Can't hear you...
It's not a great surprise
but I'm very glad...
Can't hear.
Happy for you, Dad!
It's out of synch here,
I can't see you.
I'm happy for you
and Merry Christmas!
Merry Christmas!
I miss you all.
Dedicated to my father Mario

--- ripped for subscene
by mighty carrot ---