

Transcript
Fiat 500 commercial

Salesperson: How are we feeling?

Jenny: Well, it would certainly be the most stylish car we ever had.

Husband: And the roomiest. It'll definitely fit all my golf clubs.

Jenny: And my art supplies!

Salesperson: Golf clubs, art supplies, thirty-two basketballs?

Husband: I don't have thirty-two basketballs.

Salesperson: Why would you?

Husband: Well, we love the Fiat 500L. But before we take it, we have to ask... who are they?

Salesperson: I almost forgot. Every new Fiat 500L comes complimentary with an authentic Italian family. One of the many European details you're going to enjoy.

Husband: Hello.

Jenny: Hi.

Salesperson: I'm going to miss you guys. [*blows kiss*] Ciao.

Italian mom: What does your sister see in that Alessandro? He comes to lunch so unkempt with his shirt untucked!

Italian son: Mamma, I don't know, I'm not a woman. Maybe women like unkempt men.

Jenny: What do you think they're saying?

Husband: I don't speak Italian!

Italian son: Ma'! No! Suffocating...

Parking attendant: Ok, that'll be six dollars.

Jenny: Massimo, can you hand me my wallet? Money?

Italian son: Oh! [*offers Jenny some euros*]

Jenny: No, we can't use those.

Italian son: You're welcome. Come on.

Jenny These are euros.

Italian son: Take them!

Jenny: No, I can't use them.

Italian family: Please take them. Take them!

Parking attendant: Take your time. I'm a quarter Italian. Love garlic bread.

Italian daughter: Did Massimo tell you that Alessandro asked Dana to marry him?

Italian mom: I hope she didn't say yes!

Italian son: You're always saying, "When are they moving out? When are they moving out?" Well, now they're moving out!

Jenny: I got coffee.

Italian family: Ugh...

Italian daughter: We don't drink American coffee.

Jenny No? Uh... espresso?

Italian family: Yes!!

GPS: In 300 meters, make a U-Turn.

Husband: Wait a minute, who changed this? Massimo?

Italian son: Make a U-Turn..

Husband: Wait, where am I going?

Italian family: Make a U-Turn! ... U-Turn! U-Turn!

Italian son: ...how can I even go to the wedding well-dressed with ugly shoes?

Italian daughter: So buy yourself some nice shoes, no?

Italian son: You buy them for me!

Jenny: What do I like again? The tagliatelle or the pappardelle?

Italian family: The pappardelle!

Jenny: Thank you.

Commentator: [*on the radio*] It's four to four, now he's preparing the decisive penalty kick...
goooooal!

[*celebrations*]

Jenny: No, stay in the car!

[*airhorn blares*]

Husband: ...so it's like cheating?!

Jenny: Because it's our show, we always watch it together!

Italian daughter: Your turn's coming up!

Husband: Thank you, sweetheart.

Jenny: Back off!

Jenny: Wow, amazing. I feel amazing. Honey look [*points to a letter left on the windshield*], they're gone. It's for me: "Jenny."

Italian son: Dear Jenny, at first we thought you all were boring, but you're not anymore, so we can move on. But, Jenny, I feel very attracted to you. I would like to caress your soft skin and bring you to a deserted beach and then kiss you on the--

Husband: Enough!