

SILVIA, 24, is smoking hot in a midi dress that flaunts her hourglass figure. She carries a matching clutch bag and wears lovely sling-back pumps.

CHAD MURRAY, her Uncle sits across the table from her. He is in his late fifties. He has the looks of Ebenezer Scrooge. A scrounger.

AUNT OLIVIA, 55 sits besides Silvia.

AUNT OLIVIA

I know we've not taken care of you the way Tina would. We have a full house: Edna, three dogs, two cats, a horse, a rabbit - and we got only five rooms. But we do care.

SILVIA

(disappointed)

The dogs; the cats; fine, Aunt Olivia.

Aunt Olivia wears a woven African bracelet. Shows it off.

AUNT OLIVIA

Got this in South Africa.

SILVIA

Cape Town?

AUNT OLIVIA

(snobbish of Cape Town)

Good God, No! Sun City.

SILVIA

And my little cousin, Edna?

AUNT OLIVIA

(not pleased)

Edna ... Got knocked up by some crude, Zulu brat. Due any day now.

SILVIA

(alarmed)

She's only fourteen!

MURRAY

You knocked up as well?

Murray cackles.

SILVIA
(rebuffs)
On the contrary, Uncle Murray, I
will be graduating soon.

AUNT OLIVIA
(tongue in cheek)
Oh my! Good for you.

MURRAY
Thought you were gonna be a cop
like your Ma'am and Pa? Not a geek?

SILVIA
(snaps)
Cop? Never! Geek, thank you.
Frankly, an Estate agent.