Transcript

Le fate ignoranti

ANTONIA: I… I need to understand what there was between you. I need to know.

MICHELE: What’s there to understand? I loved him and he loved me!

ANTONIA: No, no, no. That’s not true. I don’t believe it!

MICHELE: Listen, I already had to put up with you when he was alive: you had him at all of the parties, all of the vacations were yours. Now that he’s gone I have to deal with you?! No, no. Okay? No.

ANTONIA: Look, you knew he was married.

MICHELE: Have you seen me? Look at me, I’m a guy! If he was going out with me, there must have been some reason, no? I’m not your rival! I never tried to take him away from you.

ANTONIA: You don’t have anything to do with him, with the Massimo that I knew.

MICHELE: Maybe you didn’t know him very well.

ANTONIA: What? I didn’t know him well?! Fifteen years of marriage and I didn’t know him well?! We ate from the same plate, we drank from the same glass. I always knew what was on his mind and for him it was the same for me. He didn’t even need to ask me... and you tell me that I didn’t know him well?

MICHELE: I couldn’t even come to the funeral. You know what I have left of him? A tiny stack of photos.