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La bella gente

By Valentina Ferlan

Think about it.

Take care.

Susanna...

I'm so tired!

Shall I help you?

Thank you.

I put on some music.

- Where's Fabrizio?

- He's out. Come in.

No, I'm walking the dog.

Where did he go now?

Come.

We'll have lunch tomorrow!

By the way, I met Paola.

Are they already there?

Yes, and they've already invited us for lunch tomorrow!

And Doggiedog?

I took him out and gave him food.

Now he's happy.

He's a good dog.

What did he do?

- He jumped on me.

- What if I do the same?

It wouldn't be a bad idea.

Really?

BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

Leftovers.

- Delicious, this cheese!

- My ancestors were certainly shepherds!

You never say no

to a drink, right?

Never!

How do you like it?

- It's very good.

- A client of Trentino sent it to me.

- Rich, really rich!

- I haven't seen a lire yet.

Only wine!

They invited us one evening.

The worst dinner of my life.

They only talked about football,

about players...

"This team has done that..."

Match fixed. What a bore!

- I'd have thrown them out.

- She's kidding!

She thinks I'm dumb!

I brought Giulietta to my last
job meetings.

- Who's that?

- Tell him.

Miss Big-tits, his secretary.

It was she who chose her,
not me.

Just missing that you fuck her
and say it's my fault!

- You'll never change!

- So you choose his mistresses?

- She also counts them.

- Of course.

- You still work at the refuge?

- Of course.

You can't imagine the violence
these women have to endure.

They should take revenge.

- You come along tomorrow?

- To the village.

Let's do a little race.

Thank you. Goodbye.

Goodbye.

My love!

Johnny!

He's so cute!

Look...

Look how he walks.

Come on...

Be careful!

- Well, see you tonight.

- I don't know, let's call.

Let's go.

You come from London
and stay at Flaminia?

Giglio,

you'd be here in three hours.

But it's her birthday!

Well, take her with you.

But be here before the cake.

Wait, I'll call you back.
What's going on?
What happened to you?
You know that road, where
the prostitutes use to be?
- There was a child.
- Whom are you talking about?
I passed by and saw
how this guy beat her.
Calm down please
and explain.
I came home with Paola
after the races.
I saw this girl of 16 or 17
and this guy who beat her.
He beat her in the face
and laughed.
Well...
I drove Paola home, she isn't yet
out of her own bullshit,
and went back there
to see how she was.
I found her by the roadside
puking her guts out.
I didn't know what to do.
- Shall I call the police?
- What will the police do?
Someone from your refuge then,
Father Germano.
- Or that girl...
- Francesca.
- It's her field.
- I don't know...
She's so yong, a little girl.
I don't know,
tell me what I should do.
Investing in oil?
Go ahead, but take Futures.
What do you want to say?
- Host a whore...
It's simply crazy.
And maybe her choice.
His choice?
She's just a little girl.

A little girl who knows life.
Are these fools who let their husband
beat them not enough for you?
They aren't fools,
there are other reasons.
Want an advice?
Send some SMS for
Uganda and Mozambique,
and give yourself a good conscience
for a few cents.
Well, I'll leave now.
Please don't tell Fabrizio.
It was just such an idea.
I won't. Bye dear.
Maybe some nice truck driver
falls in love and kidnapps her.
And they lived happily
and had many children!
Hi, Fabrizio.
Are you hungry, honey?
- Talk about it quietly.
- Yes let's be quiet!
And close our eyes
what you are so good at.
- Many words and little action.
- That's not true.
Like during the protests.
I was fighting and you,
you came as a mediator.
- Do you realize what you ask for?
- Do you realize she's a child?
I'm sorry Susanna,
I believe you,
but we can't try to solve
all the problems of the world.
I see, it's just how it is,
nothing can be done. Right?
I can't!
I can't stand the idea
of all those hands on her,
- Of all those guys fucking her!
- Okay!
- Okay, we'll think about it.
- Really?

Yes, it's okay.

It's not just a small business,
right?

I know.

Monte.

- You haven't changed your mind?

- I'll go.

I told you that I'll go.

Don't you think she'll be afraid
of coming with you in the car?

No, she won't be afraid
getting into the car.

I meant...

something else.

Okay, jump in.

Turn here.

- No, I'm only there.

- I just drive you in...

We're going to my home,
my wife will explain.

- He will kill you!

- But I want to help you.

No, don't do that...

No, don't call...

- Leave it.

- Let go of me!

- Let go of me!

- Stop it!

Don't you debate!

What are you doing?

Are you crazy?

They'll kill you!

- I won't harm you!

Stay there, don't move.

- What a mess!

- Why?

But what do think actually?

She's afraid!

A guy will come and get her.

- I'll talk to her.

- No! I decide here!

Not now.

She must calm down first.

We can't leave her now,

she thinks she was kidnapped.

Wasn't she?

She called some type

and threatened me!

I can try to talk to him.

I beg you...

- Damn, do what you want.

- Alfredo!

Don't be afraid.

We want to help you. Okay?

The man who picked you up
is my husband.

May I open?

Is it okay?

Alfredo!

- She escapes!

- I told you.

- Are you ok?

- Yes, go get her!

My wife. And here's Nadja.

You are trembling.

Want a drink?

I must go back.

Sit down.

- It's okay, I won't touch you.

- Why am I here?

We come here for holidays,
we had just arrived.

I use to do my shopping
in the village.

That day I happened to see you.

This man was with you.

I'm working in a refuge
for abused women.

I take care of girls like you.

Do you understand?

Alfredo.

How do you feel?

Have you hurt yourself?

You may want to rest.

Shall I make you a bath?

Afterwards you can sleep
and tomorrow

it's up to you, you

can go, if you want.
Let's go.
Come with me.
Up there.
It's quite large...
The water is good.
Afterwards I show you your room.
No, wait, I go out.
The key is there.
Come here.
Do you think she will stay?
Talk to her, you too.
The mediator!
Come on.
Come and sit with us.
Come closer.
Would you like
to talk a little?
Sit down.
You want a cup of milk?
Eat something if you want.
Did you sleep well?
It's yours.
You can have it back.
Do you understand we want
to help you?
You have nothing to fear.
This is private property,
no one can come in here.
Not even the police.
Oh, one important thing...
Can someone threaten
your family?
Is someone in danger
if you don't go back there?
Me.
You can stay here until September
and then we'll see.
It won't be difficult
to find you a job.
Think of the permit.
Well, I have a friend.
Felice, who took care
of your papers.

- He often helped.
- He will take care of the papers.
- No problem.
- We will explain the situation.

He won't hesitate, be assured.

I'm still in love with my husband
as I've been for thirty years

when I met him

at the University.

I found him so cute

even if he isn't!

And you? You have a boyfriend?

Yes, at school, in Ukraine.

But since I came here...

You know what my mother said?

Russian women are the most
romantic in the world.

She was a teacher

in Russian literature.

Have you never tried

to get help?

It's Susanna, with the daughter
of your friend.

- Whose daughter?
- You don't know him.
- Your client Trentino?
- No, you don't know him.
- No, she is Russian!
- Russian? From where?
- What do you care?
- I just asked!

This is Nadja.

Hi. I'm Paola.

- And he's my husband.
- I'm coming!

He took the opportunity
to drown himself!

Classy!

- This is Nadja.
- Nice to meet you. Fabrizio.

Catch your breath.

Nice name, Nadja.

Are you Russian?

- From where?

- From Ukraine.
I've been there often.
I did well over there.
I really filled the pockets
when the communists left.
Untill they understood
the rules themselves,
then it was over. Out.
No more bets!
Dear Alfredo.
If I remember correctly,
I have a book in Russian.
Yes, here it is.
A collection of poems.
Susanna gave it to me
when we were students.
This poem was for me:
"The passage of time."
"Yes, I loved them, these
evening meetings... "
I've never heard it in Russian.
Read it to me.
The first two lines.
I'm ready,
you can read it.
Okay, she's nice,
sweet, cute...
But she has had
a hard time.
In every sense of the word.
And you want to take it on?
You want her to live with you?
Where shall we eat tonight?
You're the queen of the evening.
Nadja!
Susanna.
Come down.
I have a surprise for you.
Come.
Sit down there.
I've bought some things.
It's really hot!
That first...
A T-shirt and pants.

For the size I asked
the saleswoman to try it.
Do you like it?
- Thank you.
- Thank you. Spaciba.
I bought a shirt,
it's a special one.
And here's a light dress.
And two nice shirts.
- Thank you, Susanna.
- Are you happy?
- Yes.
- How do you say happy?
- Rada. Ochin rada.
- Ochin rada.
I'm glad too.
Fifty years.
It's just funny.
Yesterday, I finished school
and now I'm fifty years.
No. You're beautiful as you are.
Leave it there.
And Nadja?
Shall we leave her here?
Alone in the house?
It doesn't feel comfortable.
No, I don't trust her.
She could call this type.
I doubt it, but you never know.
She wouldn't do it.
But alone in the house,
that's too early. No.
You're right. Let's
take her with us.
Yes, Alfredo is there.
I can't understand.
I don't know!
The direction of P.C.
wishes him happy birthday.
Again?
Didn't you do a diet?
- Thank you for us.
- Hi.
- Have you found them?

- Yes.
- Have you been singing?
- We did already.
- Well, we start over.
- No, that's enough.

The end only.

Happy Birthday, mom.

Happy Birthday!

- We beg your pardon.
- Thank you.
- Not too many emotions, eh!
- No, not too many.
- Hi everyone. Hi dad.
- Giulio...

Hi Fabrizio.

Nadja, the daughter of a friend.

- Who's?
- You don't know him.

He's a secret agent,
nobody knows him!

Want to eat?

Gladly, if there's
something left.

- Don't you want?
- No, thanks.

She doesn't eat, but I do.

My name's Flaminia. Hello.

- Flaminia's his girlfriend.
- How was holidays at Giglio?

Super. A dream!

- Greetings from dad.
- Thanks.

- He wants you in the club.

- Again this club thing?

If I want to relax,

I prefer a joint.

You smoke?

- Sure.

Well...

Since we were in Thailand,
he's rolling all the time.

Worse than a teen.

- Sit there.
- I stopped taking anxiolytics.

- Take more bicarbonate.
- To digest the cake!
- He smokes joints...
- Put it on the plate.

Who's that?

You know I love you, eh?

Since when? Say it.

Since school, when we hid
in the teacher's toilet.

And the headmaster caught us.

"You'll be be expelled,
both of you!"

I remember.

As far...

This is the one...

Thank you.

Wait...

I'll do it.

That's it.

- It suits me.

- Happy Birthday.

Thank you, my love.

Let's go in.

It's cold.

You make good money that way.

You concede a credit without
reimbursement guarantee
and in the worst case,
you keep the property.

Even if I had money,
what isn't the case,
I won't do such stuff.

Is it my fault if people
overestimate themselves?

They ask for a credit
just to go on vacation!

You always talk about money.

Pity!

You're a geek,
like your father.

No money, no women,
no champagne!

I'm kidding.

It gets too deep for me.

- I'm going to sleep.
- Good night, Flaminia.
- Good night.
- I'll wait upstairs.
- Good night.
- Is Flaminia back?
- It was Flaminia.
- Did you like the pool?
- I'll take it!
- You know Fabrizio
it must be optimized:
two houses, a swimming pool.
Okay, now I want to know
who this Russian girl is.
Nadja is the daughter of a friend.
- I understood that.
- She's someone we want to help.
Mom's idea, I guess.
It's a very delicate story.
Is she from the refuge?
Have you noticed the little chair
by the roadside?
A prostitute?
She sat there
and we picked her up.
- By your own will?
- Yes.
- Are you mad?
- Her face was familiar.
What did I say?
What will they do with her?
Alfredo has good connections,
they'll find her a job.
- You'd rather stay out of it.
- If they ask...
You've imagination at least.
She's talented! If she can also work,
she'll have a good life!
My mom used to say:
better be lucky than rich!
Be careful, you make me fall!
Incredible. I never thought
they'd go that far.
I don't stay in the house

with that girl.
- She steals and worse.
- She steals?
She wears my dress.
Surely my mother has given
it to her.
Your parents are crazy.
What's the problem?
That's their business.
And ours, since she's here
and she wears my dress.
- Will take her to Rome?
- What do you care?
Are you jealous?
- Tell the truth.
- Me, jealous of a whore?
In her place, I'd try to
make myself a little girl.
What you say is evil.
Wicked!
It's not funny.
I'll get some water.
Sorry... I was thirsty.
For water.
No problem.
Is it cool, at least?
- Yes.
- Ok, good.
Want to eat something?
A fruit juice?
- No, thank you.
- It's okay, really.
Good night.
Where've you been
for so long?
Was it long?
- I was in Russia.
- Fuck you.
But I prefer Rome.
You're in this horrible pajamas.
I can take it off.
- No, I'm sleeping.
- Sleeping?
I'll take care of it.

Still want to sleep?
Good morning.
The night of the great battles!
If you can!
Well, I still defend myself,
you know?
Ask your mother.
- No, don't ask her.
- Better not.
No more kidding.
- How's it going in London?
- As always.
I think Fabrizio wants to
make you an offer.
What's that?
He'll tell you himself.
I don't agree, but well.
You really want to take
her to Rome?
Well...
I try to figure out what's
the best solution.
What do you think?
Me?
No, dad, please.
I don't want to get involved
in this story.
No way.
Hello.
She is still sleeping.
Can you imagine?
It's getting an obsession.
What do you care?
Nothing.
But if it was me,
I'd at least try
to be in time
for breakfast.
- Oh, well?
- Of course.
Kind of small town attitude.
It doesn't bother you, of course,
fancy parties,
aperitifs on the terrace...

- Leave me in peace, please.

- What the hell? Fuck you.

- Stop it!

We'll not yell at each other
for such a bullshit!

Bullshit for you, maybe.

This is incredible.

- Here, look.

- What?

How she dries
her panties.

She's mad. Look!

- Give me the alcohol.

- "Please".

- Pass me... fuck you!

- Fuck yourself!

Well, I return to Giglio.

I've had it!

Damn, do what you want!

What do you think
about Flaminia?

You take away the fat.

Why?

Well, you see,
it was my birthday,
she could respected that.

Give me that one, too.

I bet she didn't even come
by her own will.

- And that they'll leave quickly.

- But no.

And this little sausage, too.

The one I always take.

Ah, there you are.

I just wanted to say, the dress
yesterday, you can keep it.

- I was going to throw it away.

- Spaciba.

I'm sorry, but mom is
paranoid when she's alone there.

- I understand.

- Will you stay for long?

- Until end of the month.

- So we can meet again.

Enjoy the sea,
the house is so big.
It will be difficult.
Let's go.

- Don't you wait for your mother?
- No, kiss her from us.
- She'll be sorry.
- We're late already.

You'll explain to her.

- Make peace.
- Dad, please.

Why don't you take her
with you, too.

She's cute, black, and
she does everything!

Fabrizio, where's Johnny?

He's gone! Eaten up by flies!

I'll cut the dick of
this Filipino.

- Come on, Fabrizio!
- I'm kidding!

I can't go on typing?

It's mine, I've paid.

- I'll go there, he's waiting.
- Bye Susanna.

I pay and I work for him.

At least you do something
for once.

I tell you, actually

I work every day.

And my father is not
some Marquis, like yours.

Don't worry, we'll find out
about your gentility!

Where are Flaminia and Giulio?

- Are they out for lunch?
- They are gone.

They wanted to take

the ferry at 14:

- What do you mean, gone?
- Have you got my cheese?

No.

Next time you must

make a list.

Don't blame me now.

She's really in a bad mood,
I think.

Comes in the last minute,
without even a small gift.

A week in good company
would have helped,
instead of leaving right away.

She must be jealous of Nadja,
Giulio looked a little exhausted.

- What?

- Haven't you noticed?

Giulio and Nadja?

Can you imagine?

A handsome guy
must be allowed
to look at a pretty girl.

Yes.

- They could have waited.

- Agreed.

But what does it matter?

It's about respect.

- You sound like my grandmother.

- I've always loved her.

So what?

You want me to say it?

Nadja's much nicer than Flaminia.

She's not as classy,
you see who she is,
but she has good manners.

I want to change
that fucking wheel!

It's going well in there?

- What?

- It's nice and cool?

If I turn off air conditioning,
I'll be boiled.

That's why normal people
prefer the seaside!

It was so nice!

Couldn't we stay
at the beach?

Instead of being among

spiders and black pigs?
They scare the hell of me!
- They're called boars.
- What for?
To watch your mom blow out
her birthday candles!
She hates me, it's obvious.
Always watching me.
And judging me. Damn!
You also drove wrong,
the highway's over there!
If you're lost, they'll
only laugh here!
In a normal place, we could
easily find out.
Here, it's only tractors!
- I hate the countryside.
- What are you doing here then?
You treat me like shit!
Are we going?
Change that damn wheel yourself!
I'm hot enough!
- Here are the gloves.
- Fuck you!
Susanna?
I worry about our return to Rome.
Why?
If she's going to live with us...
Just for some days, until she
can do it on her own.
Further down.
Are we really able
to handle this?
Stop it, Alfredo,
you worry too much.
Well, let's try to leave her
alone tonight.
You see, you start
to trust her.
We'll see.
I'll talk to her.
Do you like it?
I knew it.
I wanted to say...

Would you mind
being alone tonight?

No.

It's a dinner,
it will be very boring,
you wouldn't like it.
We had already said yes, so...
Fabrizio will pick us up.
We'll stay for 2 hours, not more.
If you need anything,
I leave our numbers
near the phone.
But all will be alright.

Okay?

Happy reading.

Susanna!

It's me, Giulio!

Calm down.

- I was scared!

- Calm down.

It's me, I don't have keys.

Look, I'm Giulio.

Oh, my God, forgive me.

Were you afraid...

Is it good now?

That's better, isn't it?

- Delicious, this cheese.

- You are back!

Hello.

I go to bed. Good night.

Good night.

And Flaminia?

- In Giglio.

- Have you dined?

No, I just ate this...

Luckily it was open upstairs,

I didn't have keys.

- She was afraid the poor girl.

- But Flaminia?

In Giglio, I just told you.

- Okay, but you?

- But you? But we?

So what? And you?

- Senile dementia?

- No.
- The evening went well?
- As always. You turn off the light?
Mom, it might be time
to get some new music.
What happened?
Giulio and Flaminia
had an argument?
What do you mean?
It bothers me actually.
After two years.
Really?
Let's talk about it tomorrow.
You could learn
to play, anyway.
I don't know rummy, or
any other card game...
And the other one, the Russian?
I asked her to stay and
take care of the laundry.
- I was a bitch.
- You didn't whip her, did you?
She's got a room, food, clothes,
she can also be useful!
I did it on purpose.
It's because of her they quarreled.
- Of her?
- But Giulio...
- Calm down!
Giulio fell for the Russian?
Not really,
but she's a pretty girl and...
Given her situation, the poor,
she's really affecting.
Wait? Honestly I...
But Flaminia is jealous.
I understand it,
with this Cinderella around!
Johnny told me to bring it.
Put it there!
This dumb Filipino
wouldn't be missed.
Take a swim, enjoy the pool,
you at least.

- No, thank you.
- I beg you.
Take it of.
- Are you ashamed?
- Don't listen, she's just jealous.
Show her the ropes, Nadja,
take a swim.
Jump in!
Come on, swim.
It's so hot.
Take off your dress!
Nice little bikini...
It's refreshing, right?
The Blue Lagoon!
Let's bet... 20 to 1.
In 3 days he'll sleep with her.
Get your money.
Stop talking about money!
- You're jealous of your son?
- It's not a game, okay.
- And my suggestion to your son?
- Which one?
Work for me in Milan.
No, I prefer
he stays in London.
You and your studies
which are so useless!
- You know me...
- Yes, the communist idiot!
That's why you like the Russian,
for her Soviet pussy.
What about shutting up?
I can help you.
- Are they dry?
- Yes.
Let's fold it.
Pull hard and fold.
That's it.
I didn't want to plague with
asking you to do this.
- No problem.
- I always ask for help.
Alfredo, and Giulio...
Giulio often doesn't help me...

Yes, nice.
I'd prefer that you don't swim.
- Giulio said...
- It's not about Giulio.
It's the others. You
know them a little,
and you saw them, right?
And Fabrizio, always...
It's embarrassing even for me.
- Sorry, I...
- No problem, don't worry.
I'm like that,
I say things right away,
I can't keep them.
It's okay?
Giulio asked me to
go to the village with him.
Yes.
You finish here?
What's going on?
You go to the village
with Nadja?
You look scared, mom.
She's not a prisoner!
Giulio, she is here because
we want to protect her.
- I don't want she goes out.
- I know, mom.
We'll put huge glasses
on her,
and no one will recognize her.
Don't worry.
Don't worry, mom,
don't worry!
Bye!
Eh! Look.
Is everything okay?
We are going?
I'll show you a great place.
You want?
Let's go.
Go!
Come!
You coming?

I'm afraid.
I can't see the bottom.
It's earth, sand.
Come on.
- I'm afraid.
- It's nothing.
Ah! An animal!
Get out of here!
This is private property!
- Want an oar on your head?
- That's it!
- Calm down!
- Get lost!
It's easy, okay?
It's easy!
- Come on! Are you crazy?
- I have one more!
Quick, hurry up!
- Bastards!
- Calm down!
- He's mad!
- I'm at home here!
In addition, he's old.
I could have smashed
his head.
What an idiot,
nothing to do about it.
Why?
Like that.
You're lucky.
I'm here for you,
I came back on purpose.
Going somewhere else?
Would you like a walk?
How beautiful it's here.
Get out.
It's beautiful, right?
It's magnificent!
It reminds me of Wales.
More or less.
I study in London.
Near Cardigan it
looks a little like here.
It's an enormous bay

at the coast
and horses everywhere.
Do you like horses?
Like to go there?
I'd take you there, you know.
It's true, I'd love it.
There you are.
Where were you?
I showed her the lake.
She had fun.
You've bathed?
It is cool, huh?
- It's time for dinner.
- I know.
- Go inside, I'm with you.
- Are you coming?
Giulio is sleeping?
- He went out with Nadja.
- Ah.
- Where to?
- To Amelia.
- To Amelia?
- There is a farm market.
- A farm market?
- Yes, with boars.
- With boars...
- Right.
- You know when they return?
- No.
- Paola has invited us to lunch.
- They didn't tell.
- You could have asked.
- I didn't know it.
- You could still apply.
- Yes, I could.
I just like to know
when they return.
Only? That changes everything!
- I don't know it.
- Ah, that changes everything!
Still up?
- Good night.
- Good night, Nadja.
Giulio, come here.

- Yes?

- What are you doing?

- What I'm doing?

- With this girl.

- It's okay, don't worry.

- All is well...

Well, I'm concerned.

It's a delicate situation.

Are you interested in her?

Yes. She interests me.

She interests you...

Good.

- May I go?

- You can go.

Good night.

Good night!

- What did he say?

- Nothing.

May I?

What's the matter?

Nothing...

I just came to see you.

You are here, all alone...

You read?

Why did you come?

You want me to leave?

I want to be with you.

You prefer to be alone?

Do you think

they slept together?

I don't know.

What do you believe?

I'd say yes.

I go back to my room.

Can you take this, please?

Leave it, I'll do it.

Leave it.

You start to treat her

like your slave.

But you treat her well, right?

Well, I better go.

Does Flaminia mean

anything to you?

I don't understand.

- She deserves a little respect.
- What the fuck do you care?
- Don't swear to me!
- What the fuck do you care?

Mom, if you regret
having helped this girl
and noticing her little chair
by the road,
don't blame me.

Okay?

What's up?

- Nothing.
- Giulio!

What have you done?

Can you explain?

- What's going on, eh?
- I don't understand anything.

Don't worry.

- May I?
- Of course.
- How are you these days?
- Very good.

Really?

You have changed a bit
since my son is there.

- You want to tell me anything?
- I feel good with him.

Who, Giulio?

Come on!

You have made him a little crazy.

Do you understand?

- No.
- No?
- No. I don't...
- Enough for now.

We'll talk about it later.

Dear!

I talked with Nadja last night.

I wanted to explain.

Explain, to me?

What?

Well... it has become
so difficult.

- This story exhausts me.

- It exhausts you?
- I know, it's also my fault.
- "Also?"
- Well, entirely.
- Sounds better.
I know I'm impulsive,
I act too fast,
but I only wanted
to help a girl.
I think you did.
I didn't expect
great appreciation,
but not that she comes and
does all this in my home!
This story with Giulio
it's hiding something.
- It is a conspiracy!
- Know what she said yesterday?
She's in love.
What you said before?
"It's their business,"
"Nadja's a pretty girl..."?
Yes, she's very pretty.
But you don't know these girls
from the East...
They come here,
full of illusions:
wealth, capitalism...
That kind of talk doesn't
match with you.
You noticed how she looks
at our things?
How she behaves?
She touches everything.
So what?
And at the pool, she had already
put on her bathing suit!
- So what?
- So what, I don't know!
I don't have the answer. I just try
to express what bothers me!
Don't I even have the right
to speak anymore?
Express yourself.

It's obviously important.

Susanna!

- Sorry, I'm looking for Susanna.

- She went out with Paola.

Wait. They'll be back soon.

Come on,

I'll show you my new toy.

She's beautiful, right?

Great deal, 30.000 euros.

Leather interior and walnut desk.

Have you ever seen a car like that?

Jump in.

- What are your plans?

- What plans?

You're going to Rome, right?

He'll fix a place to live,

money...

If Alfredo can not,

I can help you

find a job.

- Hi Fabrizio!

- And Susanna?

- Nadja's waiting.

- Well, what about the fishing?

- Yes, lets do it.

- When!

I must find my stuff.

- I'm back in half an hour.

Why did he ask me

if I needed money?

They know the truth about you,

it became too complicated.

I'm ashamed now.

You don't need to be ashamed.

- Fabrizio is a friend.

- I don't like him.

Don't worry.

How stupid I am!

How stupid I am!

That little bitch!

- Mom!

- Leave me in peace.

I'll call you back. Bye.

- What is happening?

- Leave me, I said.
What's the problem?
Did you really fall
for her?
- It was stronger than you.
- Once again this story?
Your father also!
- What?
- I just saw them
- embracing each other.
- Dad and Nadja?
- Dad and Nadia?
- Only that interests you?
- Dad and Nadja?
- Anything else?
- Dad and Nadja?
- Damn!
You're sick.
You're really sick.
- Can I help you?
- No, thank you.
- You've done enough.
- I don't understand.
You don't understand?
Don't pretend to be a saint.
Leave it, it's Giulio.
Hello?
And if it was Flaminia?
What are you doing?
Tomorrow, you can come also.
I need help.
These fishes are so big that
I had to leave them.
I'll leave tomorrow.
How so?
I go back to Giglio,
I have talked to Flaminia.
Did anything happen?
No.
And Nadja?
What do you want me to say?
I don't understand...
All that trouble with your mother,
I supported you.

Support me?

I thought you were
in love with Nadja.

In love, totally...

I'm her friend,
just like you are.

- Is that acting like a man?

- What?

Do you tell me that?

- Explain.

- In front of mom, and more!

What do you mean?

Why did she accuse you
in the house?

Are you crazy? I don't even dare
to touch her!

Not touching, kissing...

You know the difference
between you and me?

I fuck her if I want to,
but you gotta jerk off!

- What is the matter? Giulio!

- Fuck you!

- What happened?

- Nothing.

Did you hurt yourself?

Come on.

It's going okay?

- How are you?

- Well, nothing broken.

- What a pity.

- What do you mean?

Wait, listen...

Where're you going?

Hello.

Bye, Nadja.

My parents?

They are outside.

I want to come with you.

I'm coming, mom!

I'll be right back.

- Hello!

- Hello, darling.

- You're leaving?

- Yes.

I'll try to reach
the ferry at noon.

- You'll reach it.

- You think so?

- Are you still angry?

- No, come here.

- My dear mom...

- You've money for fuel?

Papa, you too...

Forgive me for last night.

I didn't mean what I said.

- He asks you to forgive.

- Poor guy...

I'll remember

he didn't leave angry!

He really screwed us up

and behaved like

like a little bastard.

I've asked you once and

I will ask again.

- Which side are you on?

- You know that.

Bye, darling!

Say goodbye to Nadja

from me!

You know, Nadja,

we've been thinking a lot

these days,

what could be best for you.

I found a good place for you,

where they take care of

girls like you.

They are more competent

than we are.

I don't want.

It's only temporary.

We won't abandon you.

I don't go there.

You made it complicated with

this story with my son.

- He promised me things.

- Promised what?

- I don't understand, you're crazy.

- And you're a liar.

Enough.

Tell the cops you kidnapped a whore!

- Go away!

It was you who...

Get out of my house!

Out!

I'd wished it went

an other way.

Unfortunately...

Susanna is also very sorry.

She really wanted to help,

believe me.

Here's the name of the person

you should contact.

We also wanted to help

a little economically.

Take it, it will be useful.

You have our numbers.

If you ever need

something,

call us.

- How did it go?

- Okay.

- She's gone?

- Yes.

By the way, did you see

my plaid shirt?

- The flannel one?

- Yes.

Surely in the second drawer,

with your pants.

- Will you wear it tonight?

- Is it so ugly?

No, I gave it to you!

It's true.

Oh, it's cold.

Go inside?

Yes, it's better.

The Huge Animal From The North