

Carlos: Do you remember being in Geneva last year?

Mom: I don't remember either.

Carlos: You don't remember? Do you remember once I was in the street and I called your name?

Mom: Where, in Geneva?

Carlos: In Geneva, yes. You were at my sister's house and I called you Mom, Mom.

Mom: No.

Carlos: I came and knocked on the door with my son. My sister's door, do you remember that?

Mom: No.

Carlos: No.

Mom: Well, I don't remember anything at all.