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# ROMNIA

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(excerpt)

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**NARRATOR** I would like to tell you a story. It is a singular story. Started at the bus stop in Cavour Square. In a distant November of 1989. Is a story of love. Between a She and a He. Her name is Immacolata, born Immacolata Bluetti. His name is Sukrija, but he calls himself Roberto. Sometimes also Nicola!!! She was just... How old were you?

**IMMACOLATA** I was, not just, but exactly 21 years old...

**NARRATOR** And He, how old was He? I don't remember...

**SUKRIJA** Well, lets say I was exactly 21 years old!

**NARRATOR** Ahhh... what a beauty, in the spring of life. as they say..."in the flourishing youth"!

**IMMACOLATA** Professionals!

**NARRATOR** Sorry...What do you mean?

**IMMACOLATA** The afternoon disco was called "Professionals,"...

**NARRATOR** Oh yes! That's it... "Professionals..." What better name? Professionals! Professionals of love!

**IMMACOLATA** He was there, in front of the disco, smoking a cigarette, leaning against the wall. I was at the bus stop in Piazza Cavour with a friend of mine. He was staring at us, intensely and my friend - braver than me - asked him: what do you want? What's there to look at? He moved away from from the wall and said:

**SUKRIJA** Hey Sweetie! Are you mad at me?

**NARRATOR** Fantastic!!! I mean, almost a tragedy, but great ... Then what?

**IMMACOLATA** Then ... one thing leading to another... The mood lightened  
and we introduced ourselves Pleased to Meet you: Immacolata!

**SUKRIJA** Pleased to Meet you, euh... Roberto!

**NARRATOR** Fantastic, fantastic! But, as all good never lasts, suddenly...

**IMMACOLATA** The bus!! We have to go!! At first I thought He was interested  
in my friend. But...He was interested in me...

**SUKRIJA** Hey Beauty! Will you give me your phone number? Will you  
give me your phone number? If you don't give me your phone  
number, I swear I will never get off this bus!

*Narrator gives a pen and paper to Sukrija.*

**IMMACOLATA** Zero six, two four, another zero, two nine...

**SUKRIJA** Two nine what???

**IMMACOLATA** Two nine SEVEN!

**SUKRIJA** Seven!

**IMMACOLATA** As soon as I got home I received a call from him. Hallo!

**SUKRIJA** Hallo? Immacolata? It's me... Roberto!

**IMMACOLATA** Hi Roberto!

**SUKRIJA** How are you? What is all the noise?

**IMMACOLATA** I'm cleaning the house!

**SUKRIJA** It was to make sure that it was the right number...

**IMMACOLATA** Yes, yes, it was the right number!

**SUKRIJA** So, I'll see you next Saturday...

**IMMACOLATA** But how? So soon??

**SUKRIJA** No, not soon! Saturday...

**IMMACOLATA** Yes, yes, all right!

One thing leading to the other... that next Saturday we met. He asked me if I wanted to be his girlfriend...

**NARRATOR** In a moment Cupid's arrow shoots out!

**IMMACOLATA** We started dating, right away, first every Saturday, then three times a week, then every day, and one day he showed up with a bouquet of roses, exactly it was three roses...

**SUKRIJA** Hi Immacolata... Passed by a florist I picked up... I mean bought... Do you like roses? I bought you these roses, because... Look, I have to tell you something... You don't mind if I tell you something?

**IMMACOLATA** No. Why should I be upset?

**SUKRIJA** Because it's such a... I mean, I kind of lied to you... Immacolata, listen.. my name is not Nicola, neither Roberto!

**IMMACOLATA** What do you mean your name is not Nicola, Roberto??? And what the fuck is your name?

**SUKRIJA** My name is Sukrija... and I'm a Gypsy!... What is your problem? It is not some illness! I mean what do you want? What is your problem? I got it now! You are just like all the others! If my origin is a problem for you, I go away. I'll get my things and leave. But remember and think carefully, Immacolata Bluetti, that a man like this man, you see me? A man like me, sexist, misogynist, patriarchal, domineering you will never meet again in your life!!!

**NARRATOR** Touching, really touching situation...! But how did the idyll end?

**SUKRIJA** She made me say a lot of rubbish! But She never said a word. Then I took courage: Immacolata! Look at me! I don't want an answer now. Take time to think it over. I will give you an appointment here in Piazza Cavour, at Bus 87. At half past noon. Saturday. If you come you'll make the happiest man in the world! If you don't... well....

**IMMACOLATA** I felt good with Roberto, I mean with Sukrija. I had never been so fine with anyone in the world. It made me cheerful just to see him and I could even talk well with Sukrija... It is not easy to talk to people in this world. Then... one thing leading to the other... I went to the appointment in Piazza Cavour.