



DIGITAL COLLECTION OF EUROPEAN ROMA THEATER AND DRAMA

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# Get Up Roma

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## **RĂZVAN ROTARU (MIKE)**

Hello, Hungary! Good evening, Budapest! Mișto avilan, pral!  
My name is Mike, I'm from Romania, obviously... I'm a superstar!  
You all know me from Romania's Got Talent, theatre shows by Giuvlipen and Pornhub.  
So, yeah, I'm Mike and I love my life!  
I love animals, kids and having group sex.  
Men, women, nonbinary, my uncles... I don't care.  
Really, I don't, just give me the keys to the cemetery and I'm your fucking guy.  
This was a joke, of course. Testing, testing...  
It's not like I'm horny all the time...  
And this was a lie for sure because... I mean, you all know me. No kinder surprise here.  
I could be standing in line at the central market hall of Budapest with my cart full of paprika...and be like: "You know what would go well with this paprika? An orgy."  
Yes, yes..

But I really do feel it's genetic.  
Romanians are passionate people.  
Italy has amore, Hungary has paprika...  
...and we – Romania and Hungary – have together palinka.  
You all understood immediately, right?  
Because all Hungarians know that love starts at 40% alcohol.  
So I'm almost 40 years old, married. Twice.  
I'm a flexitarian or half vegan, as I call myself.  
I mean, I really don't like seeing raw meat.  
*(vomit sounds)*  
That's why I close my eyes every time I eat dick.  
Or pussy.  
Yeah, I used to do that too. Call me bisexual, hetero, whatever...  
It's been a very long time ago. And for some years now I'm struggling with convincing people that I'm actually gay.  
Just gay.  
But I just can't seem to make it happen...because in Romania, people think that being gay means...

...that you automatically have a little dog, perfect hair and know how to decorate a living room.

Meanwhile, I show up in sneakers and sweatpants...

...horny like a construction worker...

...and everyone is like: "Ah, straight guy!"

Anyway, I think being horny all the time makes it even harder...

...to convince people that I'm gay.

Because every time I flirt, people are like: "Oh, he's just friendly!"

No, I'm not friendly... I'm trying to sleep with you, bro!

And you, and you, and you...

Fuck, I'll go to jail soon... Charming!

Anyway, back to "The Big Gay Theory"!

People also seem to have a problem with my roots.

"Roma and gay? No way, man..."

"It's either one or the other."

I feel like I'm in a show called "Choose your minority!"

And I'm like: "Can I call a friend?"

Like it's Pokémon and I can only evolve into one final form.

Even in Budapest at the airport...

"I don't feel unsafe, I feel... checked."

Like I'm constantly under quality control.

"Are you Roma?" Yes.

"Are you gay?" Also yes.

"Okay... problematic."

So now I don't know if they're staring because of racism or homophobia.

Just to be safe... they stare twice.

And people on the streets are like: "We are very tolerant."

But it's Hungarian-style tolerance: "I accept you... just don't show it."

So yeah, I'm Roma and gay and nobody believes me.

Not my friends, not my family...

...not even Grindr sometimes.

Yeah, these gays are killing me.

I've come out about 70 times.

With PowerPoints, arguments, images, Q&As.

And every time the reaction is the same:

“Aww... how nice of you to support the community... ALLY!”

When I told my mom, she said:

“Are you sure? You don’t... walk like that.”

I was like: “Mom, what does ‘walk like that’ even mean?”

“Was I supposed to float in on a glitter cloud?”

Like in RuPaul’s Drag Race?

Say no more, bitch...

Let me fix my hair.

Gay enough? No? Okay, I’ll try again.

(...)

## MIHAELA DRĂGAN

Hello! Hi! Hi there! How are you, guys?

Do you have a great evening? Me tooo! I am glad to be here!

Hungary is such a unique country... it's like democracy is there, but in ghost mode.

Anyways, enough with politics!

Do you like my outfit tonight? You can say anything about me but you can not say that I do not have a sense of fashion.

If you come to my house and look into my closet you will believe you are in a whorehouse.

My closet looks like a brothel having a panic attack. Every piece of clothing is like the men I've dated: tiny, flashy, expensive, and absolutely incapable to support my emotional needs.

But hey, if it pays the bills and gets me compliments, I'll pretend it fits.

I am not saying that I am a slut but I aspire to be one.

I had my slut era in my 20s. Full force. Heels high, self esteem low. But the vibes were strong.

Now?

I'm trying to summon the slut within. I haven't seen that bitch in years. She used to show up uninvited, drunk, glowing, and reckless.

Now?

She's probably meditating in a cave or watching *The Handmaid's Tale* under a blanket.

There are only two options: She's too zen or scared as fuck.

I don't just want her back. I want to exorcise all my past slut selves. Slut from 2009. Slut from 2012. Slut from that regrettable actors' night.

I want the whore inside me to WAKE UP. I know she's in there, she's just been... sleeping..

Maybe she needs a full-blown resurrection.

And I promise you — like Jesus on the third day, she will rise.

Probably hungover. Possibly in fishnets.

But she will rise.

The only problem is that my sex drive has left the building.

Flatline.

Out of office.

And I'm genuinely concerned.

Is it my age?

I am not even that old.

Hormones?

Or is it just...that now I have too much information about men?

Like I've seen behind the curtain.

I met them. The species called men.

I've read about the Telegram rape group with up to 70,000 men.

And my pussy, my sweet, once-glorious concha gorda, she's not breathing.

She's unconscious. She needs mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

I mean mouth-to-clit.

Mouth-to-anything, honestly.

I call her Concha Gorda. Fat Vagina in Spanish.

I even got a tattoo. Here is a little shell - concha. And over here - the word gorda.

When I told my ex about the tattoo he said: "Well... at least now people get a trigger warning, bitch."

I was like: "You never heard the ocean inside my shell. You never listened to her waves. You never respected the tide."

Yeah, this is my concha Gorda.

So... Ladies and genteladies... let me introduce you to my diva: La Concha Gorda.

Yes, she's thick, she's luscious, and I like her fat, okay?

The only problem?

Sis is always sleepy. Like... coma-level sleepy. I swear, if you get real quiet, you can hear her snoring like my ex after 2 minutes of sex.

And I'm like, "Wake up, ho! Wake up!"

Do you know what?

Make some noise for my pussy, people!

Come on, clap for her like she just won an Oscar for Best Unbothered Labia.

She needs love! Applause! A standing ovation!

But nooo.

Does she rise for the applause?

Does she enjoy the spotlight?

Nope.

Diva behavior.

She's like, "Ugh, I don't do matinees, sweetie."

It is night, bitch, it is night!

Honestly, I think the last men I dealt with put her on the dry season for the whole year. It's the Sahara down there.

The drought is real. No rain, no mist, not even a damn cloud.

This is where climate change actually started.

Greta Thunberg should've called me first.

And these are the dark, dry moments when I truly regret not being a lesbian.

Like, half of the people around me already think I'm one.

And you know what?

I kind of am... but only when married Roma men start flirting with me.

That's when I suddenly turn into a lesbian witch.

For the rest of the time though? Ugh. I'm still tragically into men.

But I am not like... straight-straight. Ew, God no.

Yes, I'm a bisexual from distance.

From long-distance.

Because I only catch feelings for women from other continents.

Honestly, living in Romania hurts, so I've been thinking of starting a petition.

Like: "Dear LGBT NGOs, please fund my bisexual missionary journey."

I want to spread the queer gospel in Colombia, the Philippines, Brazil—especially Brazil.

I just returned from Brazil, it was my 4th time there so let me tell you something about Brazil: Everybody fucks everybody there.

Once I went to Rio Carnival and baby... the tongue kissing is just foreplay for samba.

The Brazilian kiss? That's a French kiss, but with hips.

Yeah, Portugal may have colonized Brazil, but it was the French kiss that truly shook things up.

I mean in Brazil everyone is so sexual that they don't even know they are bisexual.

Women fuck women, women fuck men and men fuck everything.

I still remember the carnival like an erotic fever dream.

It was the very beginning of 2020, back when the whole world blamed China for COVID.

I blame Brazil. Because baby, I caught something in Rio that wasn't just a samba beat.

Did I care? Absolutely not.

As long as my pussy is alive, baby, bring me all the variants! Delta, Omicron, Pokémon, I'll take them all.

If la concha is breathing, I'm not dying.

(...)

## ANASTASIA DADE

Hi everybody! How are you feeling today? Are you curious to know how I'm feeling?

Not so good—I feel like oversharing and then overthinking it right after.

Next joke.

In Romania, we have a deputy who, in an interview, kept answering every question with “Next question.”

I kind of feel like a corrupted deputy tonight.

I tell you stuff, and you guys really, really hope I'm just joking.

Next joke.

I really don't know why I started with politics because, honestly, for a long time I thought Macron was a new COVID variant.

Next joke.

My name—my name is the next joke.

My name is Anastasia Maria Elena Yardená Dade, but everybody calls me Nana.

Ha ha ha.

Ha ha ha.

And you see, it's funny because each of my names has a story.

I bet your name has a story, right? Do you know the story of your name?

But it's about me today (so I will say).

So Maria is my grandma, Elena was my great-grandma, Anastasia is my aunt, Yardená was the name of a very wealthy Jewish random guy that my mom met.

Shit like that.

Okay, to explain this better: my mother, you see, she is a very strong, smart woman. She loves challenges, but she is very bad with decisions. She met this guy, right? A Jewish American millionaire who fell in love with her (actually, he even proposed to her).

And she chose my fucking dad. She was like: “Hmm, rich man who could have saved us from poverty, or a man with six kids and several previous marriages?”

Loves challenges. Bad with decisions. My mother.

What was in her head? I don't know.

Between her legs—my dad (that's for sure).

And of course, it's always my last name, Dade—the only way my father sometimes shows up.

Yeah... I don't know if you could tell that I'm an actress. I feel like I inspire that through my energy. Do you feel it? You do?

It's that specific emotional clinginess of a golden retriever. You know, my love life is very similar to my professional life.

The only difference is that after an audition, I might get a callback.

The only thing I got back from my last date was a yeast infection.

And before you say I am a slut—which I probably am—it's true, I don't fuck for money. I channel my inner monkey because the director said so, which is worse.

But you can actually get a yeast infection because of stress.

I think it's a defense mechanism against assholes.

Whenever an asshole approaches me, I stress out—I get a yeast infection.

A yeast infection is like a motherfucking tank against assholes—tututu.

However, I met this guy—perfect fucking guy.

He got me dinner, we talked, we connected mentally, emotionally.

I mean, his father was absent as well.

Our stories were so similar—same as my dad, several kids, lots of marriages.

And then he told me that his last name is Dade.

You know, dates are exactly like casting:

You pick your best outfit.

Rehearse your lines.

Fake the confidence.

And they always pick someone else.

The feedback? Same as dates:

"You're amazing... just not what we're looking for."

"You're really sweet... shame I just realized I'm gay."

"Oh, we have a deep emotional connection? Too bad I'm your lost bastard brother, because dad lived like he was in Game of Thrones."

Have you ever seen a self-tape presentation?

It's exactly how you would present yourself on a dating app.

(...)

## ZITA MOLDOVAN

Hi, hello, welcome! How are you? How is your evening? My name is Zita Moldovan. I'm an actress. I'm Roma. And I don't speak English.

I have Facebook, I have Instagram, I have TikTok... and i have transgenerational traumas that cannot be monetized.

My Facebook is: Z I T A (break) M - O - L - D - O - V - A - N

My Instagram is: ZITA (break) M - O - L - D - O - V - A - N

My TikTok is: ZITA (break) MOLDOVAN

Finish with English. Why should I speak this colonialist language?

I speak Rromani language , because we haven't oppressed anyone.

Janen romanes?

I also speak Hungarian.

I also speak French - patricea kass.

Na janen te den duma nici iek cib ,kampel te dau duma gadjikanes in Romanian language. Not really a colonialist language but one by.

And as I was saying, I'm an actress, but tonight I don't feel like humiliating myself. You come to stand-up comedy to laugh at us... because the rest of the time, others laugh at you. For free.

How much did the ticket cost, really? How much?

What? Free? Zita break Moldovan not for free! Bye!

Joke. Joke. Relax.

And when you come to a stand-up, there are only jokes about women, gay and gypsies. Very apolitical.

Believe me, I've tried hard to make jokes about my body, but as you can see, I'm standing tall. I'm standing tall on my knees and on my ass. Look. Yes, you, I love this body.

Why would I lie to you and say I'm ugly just so you feel better about yourselves if I've been beautiful my whole life?

Okay, I'm a little older now, but I'm still fine.

When you're beautiful, everything is easier. Rent is cheaper, I don't even know what bills are, and I've never heard of a restaurant bill in my life.

Wait, I'm getting teary-eyed with nostalgia. It's been a few years since any small dick sent me flowers and champagne at my table.

Oh, God, what is this life?

Today you're young and beautiful, tomorrow you're old and unemployed!

Like in my case. My boss fired me because I got old—what my dick, progressive and progressive!

My boss is the kind who thinks feminism is a mental illness and LGBT is a cult. He said, "You can't represent the community if you campaign for LGB..mnzxtghl.,anaf,fcsb,srl,cfr,icr,afcn, I don't know what, plus you have those progressive ideas."

Honestly, I didn't even protest.

I just said, "Be careful, or I'll end up campaigning for the right to reproduce your only neuron!"

Man, what it means to be young...

You know, I used to host shows, and when you get old, they replace you with someone younger. Just like in that movie with Demi Moore, *The Substance*.

Man, what a horror movie. It freaked me out.

If I tell you that this was exactly my story.

Well, give me a break, while we're young we're good, but when we get old we're not allowed to exist anymore.

Okay, I'm doing all kinds of facial treatments to keep my skin looking young.

The newest one is with leeches, you know?

I tried it last night, but I'm not trying it again.

I almost died.

Not only was it hard to find leeches, as Cristela said on Facebook, but I also got bitten. Apparently, you put leeches on your face and they eat the dead skin... so you stay fresh.

I said: Oh, so now, if you want smooth skin, you don't use Bioderma anymore.

Directly. Bioworm!

Look, man, the safest thing is still the faceapp! You know what faceapp is, right?

Of course you do.

If you put pictures of me, put them in the faceapp first, listen up, otherwise everyone can go to hell, I won't give my consent. I'll sue you!

I love FaceApp.

I mean, lift your face. Face up. Face up. I use it every day.

In the morning, instead of praying, I open the app, put on a filter, and say:

Lord FaceApp, who art in the cloud, hallowed be thy filter, Thy update come, Thy face be done, on the face app as it is in reality. Give us this day our perfect light, and forgive us our wrinkles, as we forgive those who take pictures of us from bad angles. And lead us not into the elevator mirror, but deliver our face from hangovers, for yours is the smoothness, and the shine, and the perfection, until the next picture.

Amen...

(...)