

BROOM SUNDAY SHOW (ITINERANT)

THE STAGES: 1 PIAZZA SANT'ANTONIO, 2 DUOMO, 3 VIA DELLE MONACHE, 4 VIA RASTELLO AND PIAZZA VITTORIA

1st stop: Piazza Sant'Antonio in front of the entrance to Palazzo Lantieri (there are steps for the public);

2nd stage: Sant'Ilario courtyard next to the cathedral near the police headquarters (there are benches for the public);

3rd stage: Via delle Monache;

4th and final stage ends at Via Rastello at the entrance to Piazza Vittoria near the Prefecture.

START OF THE SHOW

1. ST. ANTHONY'S SQUARE

ON THE "STAGE" ONLY PETRA AND IGOR WHO TAKE A COUPLE OF STEPS WITH THE BROOM ON THEIR SHOULDER AND THEN PLACE IT NEXT TO THE LETTERSTAND.

START

PETRA (PETRA (LOOKING AROUND, CURIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL): My God, Igor. Our Piazza Sant'Antonio. As beautiful today as it once was. Here, everything seems unchanged. Instead, I almost didn't recognize the Casa Rossa square. Only the old hospital building remains unchanged, but now it's a police barracks.

IGOR (REASSURINGLY FOR PETRA): What can you do, Petra? 75 years have passed since that Sunday, August 13, 1950. Our Sunday. Of course, everything has changed. Even though the setting has remained the same: the Castagnavizza convent is just as I remembered it.

PETRA: As a child, I was afraid to go down into the crypt of the sarcophagi containing the remains of King Charles X of France and his family.

IGOR: And do you remember the procession that went up Via Cappella to the church? How painful it was for your feet to walk slowly on that cobblestone path.

PETRA: I liked the villa of the architect Lasciac with the minaret emerging from the Rafut forest .

IGOR (TENDER WITH PETRA): I liked you and I like you, my love (MUSICAL CUT). How much water has flowed under the bridge.

PETRA (SMILING): Which bridges are you talking about? The ones over the Soca or the ones over the Isonzo...? Igor, at your age, you never stop courting me. Actually, we haven't even met yet.

IGOR (TO THE AUDIENCE): It's true, how careless they are. But with age, good manners take a backseat.

PETRA: I'm Petra, a slightly older girl from Gorizia. I was born in Kromberk-Moncorona , and lived with my mom, dad, and brother Jure in a house near the Coronini Castle . As a child, in the summer, I loved going into the oak forest to pick cyclamen.

IGOR: Oh, cyclamen: our favorite flower. Right, love?

PETRA: What's wrong with you today, Igor? You look like a boy in love. Like your students back in the day. Come on, be a good boy and tell me who you are.

IGOR: My given name is Gregorio, and I'm originally from a small village in Molise, at the foot of the Majella, a beautiful mountain. I was one of the young teachers sent by the regime to the province of Gorizia, which from 1941 to 1943 extended to the upper Isonzo Valley and almost to Ljubljana.

PETRA: The goal was to erase the Slovenian language from schools. Igor had been assigned to teach elementary school in Savogna d'Isonzo. But he quickly learned that in the village it was better to say Sovodnje than Savogna, and that in these parts the Isonzo River is also called Soca and its major tributary, the Vipava.

IGOR: Yes, you remember well, Petra. In class, I didn't understand a word the children were saying. Every day as they entered the classroom, they crossed themselves in front of the crucifix and recited the prayer in Slovenian. Little by little, the more daring ones began to call me Teacher Igor. I developed a taste for bilingualism; those few words I'd learned allowed me to become familiar with the class. I remember the students' laughter when I mangled a few Slovenian words. But I called myself Igor mostly because that's what you called me. (HE LOOKS AT HER IN LOVE.)

PETRA (SHE RESPONDS): The students were enthusiastic about my Igor. At home, they praised his qualities. But the parents silenced them. They said he had been sent by fascism to wipe out the Slovenes. Surprised and intimidated, the children fell silent. They couldn't imagine that some other teacher would spit in the mouths of students who dared to speak Slovene, thus sowing anti-Italian hatred among the local population.

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

WALTER AND SONIA ENTER THE SCENE FROM BEHIND THE AUDIENCE, ALSO WITH BROOM ON THEIR SHOULDER AND THEN NEXT TO THE LETTERSTAND.

SONIA: Petra was my best friend. I used to go with her to pick cyclamens near her house. But to tell the truth, I liked her brother, Jure, more than the cyclamens. He had a touch of a mule, handsome, strong, muscular... like the Riace bronzes. (TO WALTER): Walter, have you ever seen the Riace bronzes?

WALTER: (*mimics a strongman pose*) Here I am, Sonia. In flesh and blood. Not bronze. You want to put it on?

SONIA: For you, Walter, time seems as if it had never passed . Sempio and cotòler you yesterday, Sempio and cotòler you are what I remain. Rather , continue as if you were gone. I met Petra and Igor. After that Sunday, August 13, 1950, I never saw her again. And did your friend Igor ever meet you after that ?

WALTER: But what, Igor ? His name is Gregorio. Only for the love of a Slovenian and the sons of Savogna he ... even will change the name: Igor instead of Gregorio. He was cooked in Petra, melted, incandì, a tapedìn in short.

SONIA: (resigned) There are things that Walter doesn't like. to understand .

WALTER: (*mocking*) And the Riace bronzes, yes? Saria I'd rather put panties on those statues. By the way, Sonia: what happened to your relationship with Jure?

SONIA: What is it ? are you going to prison ?

WALTER: Yes, he got a life sentence: theft of cyclamens and damage to the Riace bronzes.

SONIA: But aren't you telling me ?

WALTER: Oh no, he put the panties on the bronzes made with the cyclamens he stole from Kromberk .

SONIA: He always has a good time . Be serious and keep it up . met Petra and Igor that Sunday, August 13, 1950.

WALTER: So, dear Sonia, you must know that at that time the border between Italy and Yugoslavia was heavily guarded , day and night. Granitary workers on one side and Italian soldiers on the other.

SONIA: The Iron Curtain was yesterday.

WALTER: No, bronze. Like the two madmen of Riace... Can I go on?

SONIA: Yes, yes, I can already see what a beautiful novel you're telling me about (WINKS). And when are you and I going to write a novel?

WALTER: I prefer photo novels, Grand Hotel and Bolero, my mother used to read. And I also de scondon ... (serious and composed) In short, the story that you want... Saver begins on Sunday, August 6, 1950. It was the date set for the meeting in Piazza Transalpina. (*He becomes serious, emphasize the reading in Italian.*) The Italian and Yugoslav authorities had decided it. Participants were to remain at a safe distance, on both sides of the border. Keeping watch were the graniciari , the Yugoslav soldiers who guarded the border. They did not hesitate to shoot to prevent any incursions.

SONIA: Walter, it shocks me when you speak in Italian . But go on, I like the story.

WALTER: Many Gorizians couldn't believe they could safely approach the chevaux de frise at the center of Piazza Transalpina. It was an impenetrable border not only between two states, Italy and Yugoslavia, but between two worlds: that border was the Iron Curtain.

SONIA: Orpo it's true, iron curtain, (ALTERNATE THE FOUR VOICES): bim bum, stoj , stop, stop or I'll shoot. (SONIA RESUMES): What a brute it was to live with this border on the back...And then Igor the Did you see Petra again that Sunday?

WALTER: No way, nothing. He was left feeling bad, like a beaten dog . But he warned me. Ghe I said : look for another girlfriend. What do you want , we haven't seen each other for three years, since September 1947 when the ga cala the border and Petra remained in Kromberk , Yugoslavia. And goodbye my love.

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

IGOR: I'd heard about the event too. It was all anyone talked about in those days. My students were excited by the possibility of meeting, albeit remotely, relatives and friends on the other side of the border.

WALTER: I remember that Sunday. I enjoyed teasing you . I told you : There's no point in looking, she's not coming. She's forgotten you. It's better this way, my friend. You can't trust women. And Slavs, too...

IGOR: Walter, you were such a fool. (SONIA MIMES THE CONCEPT THAT WALTER HAS REMAINED THE SAME). I told you: what do you know about her, about Slavs, about love? Leave me alone.

WALTER: You seemed like a naive fool to me. All you needed was a handkerchief to dry your tear.

IGOR: I threatened Walter that if he didn't stop I would throw him over the barbed wire into the mouths of the granaries .

PETRA: And meanwhile, I was looking for my Igor in the crowd on the other side of the fence. But I'd only seen him, Walter (LOOKING ANGER), the only Gorizia native I didn't want to meet. And who knows if Igor still remembered me...

SONIA: If it 's not too much trouble, I asked Walter to tell me how it went. I know .

WALTER: And what do I say to you and now I'm leaving the accounts.

IGOR: I had just bought the bicycle, a brand new Wander, a true masterpiece. It had cost me a fortune, but it was worth it. I'd been told there was a beautiful Coronini castle in Moncorona-Kromberk ...

SONIA: Right where Petra lived...

WALTER: (*sarcastic*) Oh dear, Sonia, have you ever thought of going on Rischiatutto? You're a genius.

IGOR: One summer day, when I reached the castle, all hot, I stopped to drink from a fountain. I looked up and saw her. She was busy picking cyclamens. I don't know where I found the courage, but I suddenly asked her... (NOW HE AND PETRA ARE CONVERTING: Hi, can I have a cyclamen?

PETRA: If you pick them, these cyclamens are for my mother.

VOICE OVER: (*acting from behind*) Petra s kom se pogovarias ? Who are you talking to?

PETRA: Nothing, with no one, I'm coming now, Jure.

IGOR: Petra, your name is Petra, what a beautiful name... where are you running off to?

PETRA: From my brother, and if she doesn't stop, I think she'll soon be the one to run away. Jure... I'm coming!

SONIA: (DREAMY) Jure, Jure, the bronze of Kromberk ...

IGOR: From that day on we started seeing each other almost every Sunday.

PETRA: How happy I was with Igor and how much fun I had. One day, after introducing himself to my parents and being thoroughly vetted by Yure, Igor was granted permission to take me to the Red House.

IGOR: I made her sit on the bicycle's stirrup and during the ride I stifled a thousand times the desire to stop, hug her and exhaust her with kisses.

PETRA: We drank a beer and then I remember his hug, strong and sudden.

IGOR: It was a long, passionate kiss, but at a certain point we heard a voice...

VOICE OVER: (*acting from behind*) may God grant daghi and the madonna ghe lassi.

SONIA: And who gave it? speaks ?

WALTER: The grandfather of the Riace bronzes...Ah, ah: he will surely be a Triestin I went to Collio to drink a couple of glasses of that good wine. But what does it matter to you to know who it was...Listen and be silent.

PETRA: To tell the truth, we didn't see anyone nearby. The voice came from the Red House tavern.

IGOR: A strange voice, it sounded like a parrot's chattering...

PETRA: After that unexpected event, I looked into Igor's eyes and let myself go: Teljubin , Igor.

IGOR: What did you say, Petra?

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

PETRA: I love you, Igor (**MUSIC INTERACTION**) . But you know that your nose resembles the profile of Mount Sabotino.

IGOR: Oh no, dear Petra, my nose looks like the Majella.

PETRA: And what is the Majella?

IGOR: It's a beautiful place, near where I was born. One day I'll take you there so you can see our green mountains. The Majella is the most beautiful of all.

PETRA: But the axe of war, of the tragic post-war period and of the border fell on our tender love.

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

ALESSIO: On Sunday, September 14, 1947, American soldiers began planting the stakes of the new border. The frontier had been established by the Treaty of Paris signed the previous February. Seventy percent of the provincial territory, three-fifths of the size of Gorizia, remained with Yugoslavia. Most importantly, Petra remained with Yugoslavia.

MUSIC WITH MOVEMENT BY IGOR AND PETRA TO EMPHASIZE THE FINALE

END OF SANT'ANTONIO SQUARE

2 CATHEDRAL

ACRONYM

MUSIC

RAFFAELLA: After the end of the Second World War, like all state employees, Maestro Igor was also subjected to the judgement of the Fascist Purification Commission, a body established to punish those who had committed violence against the population.

ALESSIO: But he didn't suffer any punishment. The witnesses had testified in his favor. His former students, in particular, had defended him tooth and nail.

RAFFAELLA: On Sunday, August 13, 1950, Gorizia was invaded by thousands of people. They arrived not only from the newly formed Nova Gorica, but also from Aidussina, Gargàro , Vipacco, Loqua , Oppacchiasella , Vittoria della Bainsizza, Moncorona , and Castagnevizza . Hundreds even came from Ljubljana, Rijeka, and Pula. Among them were many from Monfalcone who, a few years earlier, had been involved in the so-called counter-exodus.

ALESSIO: That Sunday, near the impenetrable border between Gorizia and the newly formed Nova Gorica, an extraordinary event occurred. Thousands of Gorizia residents who had remained in Yugoslavia after September 17, 1947, crossed the border to return to embrace friends, relatives, and girlfriends, heedless of the rifles of the Yugoslav soldiers, the *graniciari* , ironclad guards of the border between the democratic West and Tito's republic, the outpost of Eastern Europe.

RAFFAELLA: It was a day of endless celebration, marked by excess and purchases. The stores were emptied because beyond the border, in Nova Gorica, still under construction, and in the surrounding villages, there was little or nothing to buy. Not even a simple sorghum broom, the item most purchased, which became the symbol of that memorable day in Gorizia.

ALESSIO: Even today, it's unclear whether the peaceful invasion surprised the authorities of both states and those guarding the border,

or whether the event was planned to allow for a relaxation of border controls. What is certain is that it was a popular, peaceful celebration.

RAFFAELLA: You could really say that Broom Sunday was a sort of preview of what the meaning of the European Union would be: the free movement of people and goods.

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

WALTER: Hurry, Gregorio, hurry, we're going to the Red House. Do you know what 's going on?

IGOR: It'll be one of your usual stupid pranks. What on earth could be going on at the Red House? Do you want to show me one of your new flames?

WALTER: No, it's not a joke. Thousands of people are entering Gorizia from across the border . I've crossed the border. From Transalpina, from Via San Gabriele, from Casa Rossa, there's a whole river of people rushing into the city.

IGOR: But then she could be there too...

WALTER: That's why I'm telling you to move . Come on, run and leave your bike somewhere.

IGOR: No, I don't leave my bike behind. I take it with me.

WALTER: Don't waste time, hide her in the seminary woods, she'll come back to you . Who wants to take her away? With all these priests... Providence will take care of her...

RAFFAELLA: Meanwhile, Petra, out of breath, also crossed the border and reached Gorizia.

PETRA: My God, let me see him again, let him be there this time. Even if my hair is messed up, it doesn't matter. Especially in this heat. Jesus, please, let me find my Igor again.

WALTER: Look how many people coming from the border are heading towards the center.

IGOR: Many from Casa Rossa take Via Giustiniani, cross the Bombi tunnel and emerge into the square.

WALTER: Others go up the Castel hill and down from the gardens of the Archbishop's Palace. In Via Alviano, you don't know if move from the people who are ... *(surprised)* Oh, but those over there, near the Red House inn, are my uncles Josko and Putiza .

SONIA: What did your aunt call herself? Putiza ?

WALTER: No, yesterday the nickname . La Putiza x is full of ingredients , but my aunt was yesterday it svoda like a prawn .

SONIA: Then why didn't you call her? mantis shrimp ?

WALTER: Why didn't we save ourselves as if we were talking about canocia for zacaj ... Ostroporco ... now that I think about it, we could call her Sonia...

SONIA: He's going to sickness .

IGOR (SHAKES HIS HEAD): Despite the drama and emotion of a day that would go down in history, Josko and Putiza had other things to think about.

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

PUTIZA: Josko , I'm going to Casa Rossa hospital for a moment to visit my cousin Iole, who knows if she's still alive. Are you coming with me ?

JOSKO: No, another time, say hello to her . I'd prefer a white wine here at the Casa Rossa tavern. I have n't had a decent glass of wine in years ... picia bela, a quarter of a white wine, please.

INNECTESS: First you pay, then you drink. With this crowd, I'm sure someone will try to do Portuguese .

JOSKO: Take your bori here... *(mimes a sip)* How good!

BACKGROUND VOICE: Te gà pay , you got it pay , you got it pay ...

JOSKO: *(to the innkeeper)* But if you're going to pay, you'll pay.

HOSTESS: And who told you anything? Am I drunk ?

BACKGROUND VOICE: Te gà pay , you paid ...

JOSKO: Ah, te son ti sempio de papagal .

INNIKE: Don't offend Piero! He's the inn's mascot. He'll soon learn to speak Slovenian too .

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

WALTER: I remember de Piero. He died hard from the cold for a breath of air. I put it in the oven to warm it up.

SONIA: But your aunt Putiza ga Will he find his cousin Iole in the hospital ?

WALTER: Your cousin Iole wasn't there. No one remembered her.

SONIA: It will be there for the old woman in 1947. Imagine .

WALTER: I gavessi I had to look for it in Venzone.

SONIA: In Venzone? What was a shelter in Venzone?

WALTER: No, they're mummies. And one of them looks like you too...

SONIA: But go on, I'm sorry. You're a monad, even in times like these. It's better to talk to the papagal at the Casa Rossa tavern than to you.

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

PETRA: Josko , Putiza , Piero the parrot, the mummies of Venzone. What do they have to do with our love story, Igor?

IGOR: I asked myself that too and I found an answer.

PETRA: And what is it?

IGOR: That sometimes, for a story, even a dramatic one, not to be forgotten, it must be told with lightness and a little irony.

PETRA: Well done, my teacher, Igor. You're so kind that if you had Walter and Sonia among your students, you would have passed them without a second thought.

IGOR: I think so...oh, here they go again with their little skits...

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

SONIA: I'm listening to Walter, if I understood well Igor and Petra if she understood well met on that very Sunday of the brooms? But how come after is it going to end?

WALTER: Now I'll tell you about Putiza , or excuse me, Canocia , or no...Sonia.

SONIA: I really wanted to pound that ass : one from a Riace bronze and the other from Jure.

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

ALESSIO: Igor had seen Petra just as evening fell on Sunday, August 13, 1950. He had noticed the girl in the crowd, with a sorghum broom over her shoulder. Her sad face and two large black eyes peering everywhere, as if searching for someone.

RAFFAELLA: Petra was arm in arm with her brother Jure, the strongman of Kromberk . He was pushing his way through the crowd and dragging his sister toward the Casa Rossa crossing to re-enter Yugoslavia. Petra craned her neck, trying to glimpse above the sea of people what she hoped to see, and it had all happened in an instant...

PETRA: Despite the confusion, suddenly I thought I heard a familiar voice...

IGOR: Petraaa , Petraaa , I'm here, come.

PETRA: Yes, it was my Igor's voice. He was calling me, but I couldn't see him. I asked Jure to let me go back up Via Alviano for a moment. I sensed Igor was there somewhere.

IGOR: I saw her walking toward me, cutting through the crowd moving in the opposite direction. I reached out and grabbed her. Here I am, my love. Meeting you again seems like a miracle from the Madonna of Monte Santo.

PETRA: Igor, Igor, praise be to Jesus Christ. My Igor.

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

IGOR: I hugged Petra and said, "I'll never leave you again. Come on, let's run away before it's too late."

PETRA: Are you crazy? If they catch us, they'll put us in prison. And then how can I leave... my parents and my brother Jure... Igor, slowly, slowly, don't pull me... I have to go home, to Kromberk . Agreements must be respected.

IGOR: There's no time to waste, Petra. Get out of here, now. Have those who govern us respected our love?

PETRA: And where are you taking me?

IGOR: At my house, under the Majella. How I've longed for this moment. And now, Petra, I'll never leave you. Quick, let's cross Piazza Sant'Antonio. If any military jeeps pass by, we'll hide behind the columns of the cloister.

PETRA: But what if they find out, Igor? I don't even want to imagine what could happen...

IGOR: Saint Anthony of Padua is protecting us; he was at home here. But now run, run as fast as you can, and don't talk, trust me.

PETRA: Oh, we're on Rabatta Street . I remember going to elementary school nearby. Pitteri School is over there.

IGOR: Petra, this isn't the time to indulge in memories. Come on, let's go to the cathedral.

PETRA: To pray? I haven't confessed. And with the sin we're committing, no priest will give us absolution.

IGOR: No need to pray or hide. In a few minutes, the sacristan will come by and close the main entrance. We must enter a moment early so he doesn't see us. We'll spend the night in there. We'll have so much to tell each other, and so many overdue kisses to give each other.

PETRA: What are you talking about, Igor? Kissing in church? Do you want us to go to hell?

IGOR: Hell Petra is a world where love is divided by a border.

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

PETRA: That night in the cathedral was the beginning of our adventure. I remember telling him, "It's cold here in the cathedral." And I'm also a little scared: did you know there are skeletons? And it's so dark. I didn't think the sacristan put out candles at night.

IGOR: I tried to reassure you with a joke: we need to save money, these are dark times... Come into my arms, and I'll warm you. We have to leave here at dawn. I have a perfect plan, but we'll have to be careful. Now let's sleep, Petra.

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

WALTER: The sacristan he saw the two young people enter the church but he he pretended nothing .

SONIA: And he pretended nothing even on June 7, 1947, when he was disappeared the painting of the Madonna de Monte Santo kept in the cathedral.

WALTER: That very day, with a procession led by Bishop Margotti, the restitution of the Madonna to the friars of Monte Santo, who remained in Yugoslavia, was planned.

SONIA: The night before sometime entering the cathedral to steal the painting. He got naked and went into an international case .

WALTER: I ga found the painting years later in the Vatican. The theft was reported self-accuses Lodovico Miscou, a great character, and a certain Negrini.

SONIA: There were rumors that outside the cathedral there was someone who was making music. the pole...Who knows who it was...

WALTER (*makes it clear that he was the lookout*)

SONIA: Aren't you telling me ? You could have made a real pole, Walter. An iron pole, though, not a bronze one.

MUSICAL BREAK

END OF THE CATHEDRAL

3 VIA MONACHE/RASELLO

ACRONYM

MUSIC

IGOR: At dawn, when the cathedral welcomed the first faithful, we disappeared into the town hall park and then into the courtyard of the elementary school on Via dei Cappuccini. We knocked on the friars' door, and without asking, they offered us a cup of coffee and a piece of bread. We had to go to Monfalcone to catch the train. In Gorizia, it would have been too risky.

PETRA: We found an unexpected ride aboard a vehicle no one would have dreamed of controlling: a hearse. Empty. The driver realized who he was dealing with. Two young people on the run, toward love. He, accustomed to transporting those who had ended their escape forever, became our accomplice. But instead of heading down the Mainizza road toward Gradisca, the driver turned onto the Isonzo state road, which we locals call the Vallone road.

IGOR: I could sense Petra's uneasiness on board the hearse. I thought it stemmed from sitting on the platform where the coffins were usually placed.

PETRA: A few meters from the Vallone, the border ran. The villages along the way were mostly populated by Slovenians. People of my blood. But at that moment, I was a woman fleeing for love. I was abandoning my homeland. I was a traitor to my country.

IGOR: When we reached Jamiano, the vehicle braked sharply. The driver got out in a hurry.

DRIVER ALESSIO: Quickly, get out. There's a risk that after the big bend there might be an Italian military checkpoint. We're close to the border with Zone A of the Free Territory of Trieste.

IGOR: And how do we get to Monfalcone?

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

WALTER: After a walk along the Karst, Igor and Petra finally arrived in Mofalcon to head to Porto Rosega .

, merchant ship captains were happy to hide a few stowaways on board.

PETRA: Hell, it wasn't a sin. A few years earlier, even the king of Italy had fled aboard a ship.

WALTER: The navigation xe lasts four days. For them xe an early honeymoon is taking place ...

SONIA: And Walter, when are we going on our honeymoon?

WALTER (*mimes the escape*)

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

IGOR: In Pescara, where the merchant ship docked to unload Aurisina stones, it was easy to find a ride to my village at the foot of the Majella. We reached it by makingshift means: battered trucks, ox carts, and donkeys.

PETRA: Igor enjoyed scaring me by telling me we might be attacked by bears and wolves. It was an excuse for me to hug him for protection.

IGOR: In the background, we saw the imposing mass of Gran Sasso. I promised Petra that one day I would take her up there.

PETRA: He told me we'd be gliding over the Campo Imperatore plateau aboard a glider. What a strange idea, I thought. He reassured me by reminding me that they'd already done it a few years before...but it certainly hadn't been a romantic affair.

IGOR: Teasing each other a little has always been the secret of our love...Anyway, we went to Campo Imperatore. By cable car, though.

PETRA: Down there, in the shadow of the Majella, there was no risk of anyone asking for documents or asking inappropriate questions. We were safe, far from Gorizia and its terrible, unjust border.

IGOR: We lived well and healthily, beneath the Maiella, the great mountain that resembles Mount Sabotino. And surprisingly, a few years later, Jure joined us, preceded by the scent of cyclamen that could be smelled from afar (he looks at Petra and smiles).

PETRA: And he wasn't alone. I'm sorry, dear Sonia (she looks at her compassionately), but his girlfriend from Gorizia arrived with Jure...

WALTER: I bet she was the housekeeper of Saint Ignatius... (looks at Sonia) El te ga don't care the cyclamen mace...

SONIA: You don't have a single heart. I have even refuses the organ donor card.

IGOR: Good, good, this is the moment of the poetry of memories.

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

PETRA: From our village we followed the evolution of the history of Gorizia and its border.

IGOR: Immediately after our Sunday, Broom Sunday, the border between Italy and Yugoslavia was once again heavily patrolled.

PETRA: With the introduction of the Prepustnica Pass , the first authorized border crossings began, but tensions remained high along the border.

IGOR: In the autumn of 1953, World War III nearly broke out. Tito didn't want to lose Trieste and threatened to invade Italy. Thousands of soldiers arrived in Gorizia to guard the border.

PETRA (winking): Do you remember that time, Walter? Don't you?

WALTER: (embarrassed) Why do you ask me? I don't remember exactly, I did n't notice anything .

SONIA: What do you want me to notice this... (provocative): No, I do n't notice it not even the goodness of God that he around ...

IGOR: Confess, Walter, confess what you were doing in the autumn of 1953 at the most difficult moment of the Cold War.

WALTER: Why did you ask me? these things? Leave me alone...

SONIA: Ah, you lost your tongue... Keep on , Igor , what? he was doing this lol .

PETRA: Let's say she went to the movies very often.

WALTER: Yes, well done Petra. I was going to the movies... What 's wrong?

IGOR: And what movies did you like to watch?

WALTER: Cowboys, gunfights, bim boom, Indians, that kind of stuff. I really liked "Poor but beautiful" ...

SONIA: And who did you want to be? Maurizio Arena or Renato Salvatori?

WALTER: Renato Salvatori...but did you want to leave me alone with this movie story?

SONIA: And why are you so upset? Are you hiding ? something ?

IGOR: The truth is, Sonia, this guy used to go to the cinema in Nova Gorica, where films were shown without censorship. He never missed a single risqué film. Every week he sent me a letter updating me on his cinematic advancement... so to speak.

SONIA: Now do I understand why you gave me a basket of eggs every week?

PETRA (amused): What about this? What do eggs have to do with it?

SONIA: Because to make a fuss the Nova Gorica cinema ticket from a Yugoslav friend of his he had to pay for it by buying him a basket of eggs...And by dint of eating eggs he xe becomes a dingo...

WALTER: And what was I supposed to do? I had to buy either eggs or cyclamens. *(looks at Sonia and spreads her arms)*

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

RAFFAELLA: Igor and Petra didn't want to miss Gorizia in 2025, the year of the European Capital of Culture. The last time they were there was December 20, 2007. They had traveled up Italy, on a long train journey, to attend the celebrations marking the fall of the border.

PETRA: On that occasion, as soon as we left the train station, we took a taxi to Piazza Transalpina. Seeing it free of fences filled us with uncontrollable emotion. We hugged each other and looked at the station façade. The enormous red star placed there by the Yugoslavs was no longer there. It is now kept in the border museum.

IGOR: In Piazza Cavour we sat on a round bench, a sort of marble cigar. And we read the inscription that had been engraved: "An attendant mon amour ". A dedication that seemed to have been thought of for us.

PETRA: We came to lunch in Piazza Sant'Antonio, in the trattoria under the cloister, and afterward, we walked down Via Alviano. There were many of us on the evening of December 20, 2007, celebrating in the Casa Rossa square.

IGOR: And to have the final stamp placed on our old Prepustnica .
From story to story and from year to year, everything has changed in
this part of the world, in this city that is also ours.

PETRA: The most important truth, however, is that after all the years
spent together, Igor and I have learned the most important lesson: that
love has its own timing and you have to know how to wait.

IGOR: And that love transcends all boundaries of the world.

END OF VIA MONACHE/RASTELLO

4 VICTORY SQUARE

ACRONYM

MUSIC

A: On Sunday, August 13, 1950, the sermon had become lengthy
during the morning Mass in the church of Sant'Ignazio. The air was
stifling with the crowds of faithful eager to set sail and the heavy
sprinkling of pungent incense. The heat made the situation worse. The
priest, however, had no intention of cutting it short; on the contrary...

And now, dear audience, it's your turn to take the stage; come on, let's
pray together...

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

PRIEST: Let us pray to stop the administration of anesthesia to
pregnant women, which is being tested at the Maggiore Hospital in
Trieste. Ora pro nobis .

ALL: Ora pro nobis .

PRIEST: Let us pray that the birth may take place only and always by
the will of God. Ora pro nobis .

ALL: Ora pro nobis .

PRIEST: Let us pray to stop American nuclear tests. Ora pro nobis .

ALL: Ora pro nobis .

PRIEST: Let us pray to stop the trend of going on vacation to the mountains or the seaside in August. Ora pro nobis .

ALL: Ora pro nobis .

PRIEST: Let us pray because if all the people of Gorizia go on vacation, who will come to Mass here at Sant'Ignazio? Ora pro nobis .

ALL: Ora pro nobis .

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

WALTER: And while the priest continued undaunted with his Ora pro nobis, from outside Sant'Ignazio came an increasingly louder clamor. The confusion era becomes such that even the priest ga I had to stop his chanting.

SONIA: I was also in church that Sunday morning. When I looked out into the square to understand what was going on I saw that confusion in thousands of people.

WALTER: Dozens of faithful from across the border were entering the church . It was a part of those who gave surpassed the roadblock (*emphasize*) : and suddenly inside the temple there was a roadblock it will release a scent of cyclamens...

SONIA: As soon as I saw Jure enter the church with a bunch of cyclamens in his hand, I rushed into a confessional . My heart was beating fast . I was hoping that he I came to confess where I was yesterday.

WALTER: Instead the xe he went straight to the sacristy to embrace the housekeeper, his secret girlfriend from Gorizia.

SONIA: What a pain ...

WALTER: And love often makes my Canocia dear , sorry, Sonia...

SONIA: But what love? The knife was given to me I get stuck on the door and I'm insopedada . Go batù his shin on the confessional step and let out a scream just as a believer was beginning to confess .

WALTER: I saw that man escape from running out of the church. You must have had a pair of tails. El zigava: in there xe the devil is in there the devil... *(looks at Sonia)* In fact the he was right.

can fix you, Walter .

WALTER: Let's move on with the story: many had walked along Via Alviano, Piazza Sant'Antonio, Piazza Duomo, Via Rastello where there was the highest concentration of shops, and Piazza Vittoria.

SONIA: Who was it? Arriving from Piazza Transalpina, they reached the heart of the city, passing through Piazza Catterini, Via Principe Eugenio, Piazza Corno, Via dei Signori, Via dell'Arcivescovado, and finally through old Travnik. The Yugoslavs ' goal was to meet relatives, friends, and do some shopping.

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

PETRA: Yes, exactly. The shopkeepers, who had kept their doors open for the upcoming August bank holiday, couldn't believe they were overwhelmed by so many customers.

IGOR: Let's not talk about the taverns that emptied their barrels in a flash.

PETRA: There wasn't a single store that hadn't used up its inventory. The owners had to call off their Sunday workers. The Yugoslavians who had come from Yugoslavia bought everything, using up their limited stock.

IGOR: So much so that many resorted to bartering to pay: grappa and onions in exchange for clothes, household cleaning products, pasta and newspapers.

PETRA: The shopkeepers who had been closed, alerted in advance of what was happening, rushed to raise their shutters, forcing their way, not without difficulty, through the crowd. I remember the historic Podgornik grocery store, where many sorghum brooms were on display. They looked like sentries guarding Gorizia, almost as if they

had learned of the Yugoslav invasion. Brooms were purchased in large quantities until they ran out, along with tubs, baby brushes, watering cans, and all sorts of other goodies.

Lipizer 's turn to face customers. The checked shirts sold out like hotcakes, as did the linen-blend jackets.

Alesani pharmacy was open on duty and sold large quantities of gibalgine , bicarbonate of soda, and various ointments.

IGOR: Across the street, the first business to be invaded was the Manetti bar; aside from the wine, the coffee and milk supplies were cleared away. The espressos and cappuccinos captured the attention of men and women, who sipped them, closing their eyes as if to better savor that now-forgotten flavor.

WALTER: In the fabric shop it was not possible There was so much crowd moving around . Pieces of fine fabric and scraps were destroyed and immediately taken to the nearby Mauri tailor's to make clothes in a jiffy, because in the evening I would give them I had to be ready already.

PETRA: The Culot toy store swallowed up dozens of children. The windows were soon obscured by fingerprints and nose prints; the children's eyes were wide open at the sight of toy trains, cars, and pedal karts. Some dolls on the shelves were larger than the potential buyers. It was agonizing for their parents to drag them out of the store, but no one left empty-handed.

IGOR: Still across the street, the Viatori bakery and café, which was located almost next to the Tre Corone hotel, churned out croissants and doughnuts in large quantities.

PETRA: Some girls fought for priority at the Paulin salon, where they also sold wigs. They wanted to beautify themselves in the hope of reuniting with their former Prince Charmings or the love of their lives. In some cases, miracles actually happened...

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

SONIA: Except for me and you, Walter...

WALTER: This is the miracle, Sonia...

SONIA: For example .

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

SONIA: The Sever grocery store, the Moncaro haberdashery , and the Koren glassware shop were the last shops visited on Via Carducci. Many were disappointed to find the Cassa di Risparmio di Gorizia headquarters closed. I gaveva carrying his old savings in lire and wanted to safeguard them as best he could before any requisitions or forced exchanges for the dinar, the Yugoslav currency.

IGOR: In Piazza Grande the men went to Zotti's barber, others to have a glass of wine at the bar of the Vittoria cinema.

Osbat pastry shop was emptied . The Poletti umbrella factory and the Bandelli flower shop also did brisk business: gatherings with relatives and friends had to be sealed with a beautiful flower.

IGOR: At the Smut Agricultural Company , they bought seeds for vegetables that were rare in Yugoslavia...

PETRA - ...but it was at the De Braunizer goldsmith's where more than a few ladies left their hearts.

WALTER: Meanwhile... (*simulates the shot*) boom boom ... the Bombi armory piqued the hunters' interest. They were already anticipating the envy they would arouse by showing up to their friends with a new gun, probably even better than the one the granaries had .

PETRA: Also in the square, another grocery store was relieved of all its sorghum brooms. Kotic, Cotar , and Ursic on Rastello Street sold sandals, patent leather shoes, and rubber boots. The shelves remained empty.

IGOR: In Rastello Street, beer flowed freely at the Mischou warehouse , while at Tami grocery store, everything was in the process of preparing sandwiches filled with sausages.

SONIA: The Krainer hardware store was looted ; there were few shops in Nova Gorica, and certainly not of that kind. For the household workers, screws, bolts, and other tools It was a fundamental skill, on a par with the wives' ability to sew worn-out clothes and put together lunch and dinner with leftovers.

PETRA: Many children had one of the most important encounters in their lives: ice cream. Enthralled by the dessert, they forgot to lick it, and the ice cream would melt and splash their hands. A slap from their parents would jolt them back to pleasant reality.

IGOR: Along the roads, as well as among relatives and friends, the strangest and most heartbreaking encounters occurred. Among former lovers separated by the border, each now married elsewhere, there were furtive kisses and tears of nostalgia. In the evening, as agreed, the thousands of Yugoslavs who had arrived in Gorizia sadly returned to the Casa Rossa and Transalpina crossings.

SONIA: The numerous Italian soldiers patrolling the city in speedy jeeps made sure no one was absconding. A pact with the Yugoslav authorities had to be honored. Patience with any escapees meant causing further friction along the border. A couple of Yugoslavs had been nabbed in the following days in Venice.

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

IGOR: From afar, the returning army looked like an exhausted force after battle. Many soldiers with rifles slung over their shoulders and fixed bayonets.

WALTER: But those weren't rifles. (WALTER TAKES AND HANDS OVER THE SAGGINA BROOMS. THE ACTORS REST IT ON THEIR RIGHT SHOULDER, IF POSSIBLE.)

MUSICAL INTERRUPTION

PETRA: They were sorghum brooms, hundreds and hundreds of sorghum brooms. Ordinary brooms, a rare commodity in Yugoslavia.

IGOR: Those brooms would have swept away the spartan Yugoslav homes, but above all they would have been supersonic planes piloted by children transformed into daring pilots to glide over Gorizia and land on a sea of ice cream.

SONIA: What a beautiful story, Walter...

WALTER: Yes Sonia, a story as sweet as the ice cream I want to offer you .

IGOR: And now Petra has one last thought to share. Listen to her.

ALESSIO: The brooms became the symbol of that extraordinary popular adventure.

RAFFAELLA: On the march towards a dream called Nova Gorica Gorizia European capital of culture.

ENRICO: And today let's make sure that this is not Gorizia's last dream.

VALENTINA: It's true, the river of time never stops!

END OF THE SHOW

