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Take Me Away

By Gianluigi Bruni

Hi, Luciana.
...the painter!
I live there.
I know where you live,
I see you every day.
That's my house.
That's mine.
Wait.
I'm good in every subject,
we can do
our homework together.
I'm good in Geography too.
I know all the capitals.
Know the capital
of the Philippines?
It's Quezon City.
You are smart.
Will they let you come over?
Yes.
I gave you a discount.
It's one euro instead
of 1.20 for the cans.
The bottles 70 cents
instead of one euro.
- Your total is 52 euros.
- I can't.
- How about 50?
- All right.
Give me the money now.
I have an important meeting,
a half hour ago!
- Did they fix it?
- Yes.
Tony, my van isn't working right.
My mechanic is an idiot.
I'll pay you if you take a look at it.
No money, you're a friend.
Look at that van...
It's the belt.
It makes a funny noise.
Luciana,
did you hear about Othello?
No, what happened?
He was selling beer to the gypsies

and since they're mechanics
and something was wrong
with his van,
he asked them for help.
Not only did they fix it,
but they did it for free.
- That was nice.
- Right!
They totally emptied it out!
I don't know how much they got,
but it was a lot!
And he didn't realize it?
Who, that fool?
How could he,
even the kids were in on it.
They were showing him
the engine in front
while they cleaned out the back!
- I don't believe it.
- It's the truth.
Last time he told his mother
they stole his van,
but he really sold it
to pay off gambling debts.
That's Othello for you!
I know, but nobody wants
those gypsies around.
Italo's bar is getting signatures
to kick them out.
What do they do wrong?
It's not what they do,
it's what they are.
Do you like to live
over people
who don't have a toilet,
so they do it right in the street?
Come here,
I want to show you something.
What?
I'll show you.
Sit down.
These are my keepsakes
from when I was a kid.
This is my grandmother,

she's dead now.
On my mother's side.
She's pretty.
This is my grandfather,
he fought the Germans.
This is when I was just born.
Okay, it's the wrong one.
That's my cousin,
she's older than me.
She's a nurse now.
Look,
this is your house.
And this is you
looking out the window.
I would see you
but didn't know who you were.
Wow, can I keep it?
- Yes.
- Write something here.
- What?
- Whatever you want.
All right.
To my friend, Romana...
She's very nice.
Here you are.
I read your note
that you were up here.
She's a friend from school,
we're doing homework together.
Hi, what's your name?
Her name's Romana.
What a pretty name!
Where do you live?
Next door.
- I can show you if you want.
- Okay.
So you live nearby.
Is that it?
I'm going to have
a house someday.
I have to go.
- Behave and be careful.
- All right.
Bye.

See,
it's an antique.
I always keep it with me,
you never know...
This has every place
in the world in it,
- even though I'll never go there.
- What's here?
- Nothing.
- Just the sea.

The sea!

What?

- Have you been there?
- Yes.
- Is it nice?
- It's really nice!
- Can we go there?
- Sure.
- Do you promise?
- Yes.
- Really?
- Yes.

What do you think, Mom?

- Will it fall?
- It won't.

Can anyone help me?

Who would that 'anyone' be?

How about me?

Good morning, Madame.

- Well? How did it go?
- Take a guess.

I lost out and that's it.

The Carabinieri said

I can press charges

against unknown suspects.

But you wait,

I'll make those damn gypsies pay.

Alfredo,

I have to ask you a favor.

What favor?

You need to pay me right away.

Come on, don't be like that.

If only Venezia

had beaten Juventus,

I would have got 600 euros
but it didn't happen.
If I could just win once,
just once!
You never win, Othello, never!
People like us have
to work for a living!
We pay after 60 days.
It's always been that way.
Where do you get these ideas?
You can't say no to a friend.
I don't have the money!
Look at what we've
made this morning!
Please, I'm in trouble
and don't know what to do.
You deserve it!
You sell beer to
those drunken gypsies!
I'm a supplier, I can't decide
who to sell to and who not.
That's hardly
what's going to ruin your business.
Can you help me,
I'm a refugee from Kosovo.
You dirty piece of shit!
- Stop that!
- You creep!
Leave her alone!
- They'll kill you!
- Get out, you animal!
You know what?
I'm never coming back here.
Go get your beer somewhere else!
- Fuck off!
- You animal!
Come here, sweetie.
Let me see.
We'll take you to the hospital,
they'll clean you up.
We'll put that animal behind bars!
Leave me alone,
don't touch me!
What did I do?

Forget it,
she's just a gypsy.
No, my van!
- Where are you going?
- Let me go!
Come here, my little boy!
Mommy, call the firemen!
Don't worry,
they're coming.
Mrs. Romoli!
Do you remember me?
I'm De Angelis's mom, class 2B.
De Angelis... right.
I apologize for not coming
to the teacher conferences.
- But I've been busy.
- That's why I don't remember you.
I know, I'm sorry.
I'll come next month,
I promise.
I'm working on an art exhibition,
I'm a painter.
But I'll start coming more,
I promise.
- Is your husband a painter?
- No, a shopkeeper, why?
I don't remember him either.
I know what you're saying,
but my husband and I
are good parents.
Well, I don't know,
but we try to be.
- Do you understand?
- No.
I mean,
we may not follow him
as much as we'd like,
but we care about his education,
we want him to continue.
We want him to go
to high school and university.
Good luck.
What does that mean?
You remind me of

how I used to be.
My students were my own kids,
maybe a little more active.
I thought they'd be smart,
go to university...
Some might be teachers...
Years went by,
some ended up dead or in jail.
But most ended up
at the local bar doing nothing.
All of them,
even the brightest ones.
They all had that same stupid
and ordinary look on their faces.
No, none of them
went to university.
Come on, please.
We've been friends for 15 years,
we've never had problems.
So?
Friends have disagreements
sometimes.
You just have to talk about it.
- A coffee, please.
- Two.
And we worked it out,
didn't we?
Are you fighting
about the other day?
When Marisa wanted
to call the cops?
- What did you do?
- Nothing!
I just slapped a gypsy girl around.
- You almost killed her!
- Killed her?
You can do what you want,
but not in my store!
That's the problem.
You did a lot of damage in it.
I apologized.
They burnt my van,
those crooks.
I wish I had proof it was them.

Alfredo's right,
you can't cause trouble in a store.
Especially a friend's store.
This time those fucking gypsies
got me,
but all of you could be next!
That's another story.
See, you don't solve anything
by beating them up,
so you have to find
another method.
I know how to get rid of them.
Fear,
we have to scare them.
Really scare them.
I'd better leave.
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde!
One shoots little girls,
the other beats them.
Wait.
- Good thing you're here.
- Why?
There's someone who wants
to buy your paintings.
Who?
A certain Antonini.
He's a good kid.
Well, kid...
He must be at least forty.
He's a lawyer
and wants to decorate his new office.
- Is it a sure thing?
- Quiet!
- But why mine?
- Because you're good.
And you can trust me.
You should see how happy he is.
He was so excited
when he saw "The Annunciation".
He said you're an amazing artist
and can't wait to meet you.
He's even made an offer
that I consider reasonable.
But you have to decide

on the price.
- No you decide.
- Don't worry, I'll take care of it.
This is your client...
She is our artist.
Luciana De Angelis,
- nice to meet you.
- My pleasure.
Your paintings are wonderful.
Thank you.
Shall we sit down?
Make yourselves comfortable.
If you like her work,
make a serious offer or
we'll have to pass.
My offer...
I'll give you 4,000 euros.
Half now and the rest when I can.
Let's say 60 days.
Plus I want widow Rampichini's
oak-wood desk.
All right.
- No, it's not!
- I need it for my computer.
It's not mine.
The widow left it to the parish.
There's a holograph will.
You'll find a way.
So what about the offer?
I think it's fine.
If you're happy...
But the paintings stay here
throughout the scheduled showing.
So... So it's a deal,
the other half in 60 days,
give or take a day.
Let's just say 60 days!
See you in 60 days.
Thank you.
It was a pleasure meeting you.
- Thank you.
- Good luck on your show.
Thank you.
Goodbye.

I hope you can come.

So do I.

Goodbye.

Interesting...

Very interesting.

Before he met you

he had made a much lower offer.

Will you wait!

Listen to me,

we've made up.

But you and my mother haven't!

She even said if you walk

in there again she'll call the police

and sue you.

What kind of friend are you?

What's the problem,

just go tell her:

"The store is mine

and Othello supplies my drinks,

so don't you dare call anyone else. "

Why?

First, because

my mother owns the store.

Second, she pays the suppliers

with her checks.

Third, I own nothing.

Even the car is in her name.

Is that enough?

Fourth, because you're an idiot

and fifth because

I've had enough of your shit!

You have? Let me tell you...

- Tell me what?

- You know what your problem is?

You son is going out

with that gypsy slut!

Whatever.

I'm not done with you,

there's more.

Go on.

When we get rid of

these fucking gypsies,

the day will come

when we remember

who was on their side,
who protected them,
and we'll get rid of them too!
Traitors!
Fine, I'll pretend you didn't say that.
Because you didn't say anything
anyway. Just go home.
Please!
What if someone beat up your son?
I don't know. The less I get
involved, the better off I am.
Anyway, Othello deserves it.
Hitting a little girl, that's sick.
- Maybe it wasn't even the gypsies.
- Listen to you!
Who's that?
Who is it?
Be right down.
Mom, it's Romana.
I'm going out.
What about your dinner?
I'm not hungry.
All right, don't be late.
Wasn't he ill today?
He didn't go to school.
He said he's better now.
- Is he with that gypsy?
- Yes.
I told you that I don't want him
hanging out with her.
- I know.
- Well?
Doesn't what I say matter?
Here we go again!
Yes, until you start doing what I say.
Where are you going?
Listen to me...
I get up at four every morning
and work until eight at night.
Have I ever complained?
Have I ever said I'm tired?
- Answer me!
- I know what you're getting at.
Wait, answer me.

- Have I ever complained?

- No.

Why not?

- How do I know?

- Because you're content with it.

No, I'm not.

Sometimes I want to
just give it all up.

When that damn alarm

goes off at 3:

I'd love to smash it and
go back to sleep.

Do you know how often I feel that?

A lot.

Do you know why I don't?

Because of me and Giampiero.

Right.

My wife and my son.

I do this to give my family
a nice life.

You paint, Giampiero has school.

One day he'll have a family.

So everything is just terrible!

I work to support a kid with
no friends,

he's always alone like a moron.

And his only friend is

- a gypsy girl!

- Giampiero isn't a moron,

he's a smart kid. If it wasn't
for that shitty school...

I know Giampiero isn't an idiot.

But he's strange,

everyone laughs at him.

Especially now that

he hangs out with her,

they're the couple of the year.

I've had enough.

What am I supposed to do?

Is it his fault?

- Have you ever talked to him about it?

- Let me talk!

I want him to do

what other kids do.
Like what?
Play ball, go to school, study...
But no more being weird!
We don't need weird people here,
and enough with her! Enough!
- You know what?
- What?
I should be saying "Enough".
Enough of your bullshit.
"Don't worry,
things will get better. "
I'm saying enough!
Open up.
- I'm losing my patience.
- Go away!
- Now you've really pissed me off.
- Asshole.
Look what you did!
Don't touch me!
I'll call the police!
Relax, look what you did.
- I'll have you arrested.
- Relax, calm down.
You know what?
What?
This is my house.
It's nice.
- I want to show you something.
- Okay.
I can see your house
from this window.
Every time I look out,
you're always looking down here.
But I'm not...
I'm looking at the field.
No...
You're looking here
because you know I'm here.
- This is my mother.
- Nice to meet you.
This is my friend, Giampiero.
We do homework together.
I can tell you're a good kid.

We have to go,
I want to show him something.
Goodbye.
This is my father.
I want to show you something
I've never shown anyone.
Whose are they?
Ours. Yours too.
Here, hold him.
- Here.
- What are they for?
To eat when we get married.
- Married?
- Yes, you and I.
Don't you want to marry me?
Yes.
Then we can go away together
because I want to get out of here.
I don't want to go to school,
I don't like anyone there.
I don't want to work either.
What do you want to do?
Be a movie actress
or a soap opera book actress.
It's the same thing.
At least with that guy's money
we can remodel the store.
It's not his money, it's mine.
I earned it with my paintings.
I did it myself.
I always knew
you were a great artist.
The best.
I picked the best.
It's gone.
What's gone?
Between us.
Why?
We've changed, for the worse.
Our lives...
You don't make me laugh anymore.
Or even make me angry.
The only feeling
you bring out in me

is embarrassment.
The only thing I feel
for you and me is pity.
We're no longer happy, Alfredo.
You're engaged?
Yes, he's rich
and he'll give me a lot of things.
But he's not handsome like you.
Then why are you marrying him?
My father is making me to.
But don't be sad.
He's old and someday he'll die.
When he does, I'll get all the money
and marry you.
This is where he lives,
and this is the trailer
where he's staying.
He owns carnival rides
so he travels the world.
But Uncle Cossiglio said
he's staying there now.
We have to find him.
Then what?
We kill him in his sleep.
What if someone see us?
No one will.
How will we kill him?
- With this.
- Are you crazy?
When do we do it?
Tomorrow, after school.
Mr. Antonini.
Mrs. De Angelis!
- Why are you here?
- I'm doing the shopping.
I mean, you should do it
in another neighborhood.
- I doubt you live around here.
- No, but I come here often.
My mother lives here.
She's elderly
so I shop for her.
- And it's cheaper here, right?
- It all seems expensive to me.

No, trust me.

For example,
this same bottle in a wine shop
downtown costs ten euros and
here it's only seven.

- Can I see?

- Sure.

This is no good.

Do you know wines?

No, I don't even drink.

Well, sometimes at lunch
with a glass of water.

I bought this exact same bottle
a few days ago
but I had to throw it out.

I'm glad you told me.

I'll put it back.

You have to know the brand.

Especially...

Take this can.

They're the most dangerous ones.

If you see a dent in one,
don't buy it

- because you might get botulism.

- Really?

Didn't you hear about that family
that was found dead

- after eating...

- Botulism

No, jam

- with the virus in it.

- Botulism, like I said.

I'm trying to help you
and you're mocking me.

No, I'm sorry.

That is very good advice.

I wish I had
someone like you
to help me do
the shopping.

You don't have anyone?

No.

God, I'm so nosy.

Sorry!

No, no one.

I guess no one can put up with me.

Well...

I come here every Friday.

If you come on Fridays too,
we can do it together.

Bye.

- You lied before.

- About what?

You said it was no good
but you're taking it.

Sorry, how silly!

I didn't realize it.

Would you have dinner with me?

No. Thank you but I'm married.

I figured that much.

All right, bye.

How about Friday?

Okay,

- what time?

- Is eight okay?

Eight o'clock, here.

When did I drill you last,
De Angelis?

I don't remember.

How many times have I told you!

"I don't remember, Madam. "

Better yet:

Madam. Thank you. "

Sorry.

Then again,

what can I expect from you people.

Come here.

Let's see,

have you studied?

Not much, Madam.

Not good.

I'll flunk you all if you don't study.

I've warned your parents.

All right, I'll help you out.

What subject do you

want to be drilled in?

Geography.

I know all the world capitals.
"Geography, Madam.
Thank you"!
Fine, since you know so much...
...what's the capital of the Philippines?
Quezon City.
Wrong, dunce.
It's Manila.
But it says Quezon City in my map.
Because your map is a dunce like you.
Let's try the back-up question.
What are the economic resources
in the Philippines?
Cattle?
Fishing?
Tourism?
You said you knew your Geography.
You don't know anything.
Good-for-nothing dunce,
is what you are.
I'm going to flunk you, boy.
And I haven't seen your girlfriend
in a week.
Tell her to come back
or I'll fail her too.
I don't know where she is.
She's working the streets!
What's wrong?
I shouldn't have listened to you,
I should have picked
the restaurant.
Don't you like it?
Ten forks,
I'll make you look bad.
You are so...
Here you are.
Isn't that what you say?
Let's get a little more personal.
Tell me something about yourself.
About me... like what?
Well, for example...
When did you start painting?
I don't know.
I used to watch my father paint

when I was little and I liked it.
He looked so important.
I wanted to be like him.
But what...
What do you like about my work?
I haven't thought about it.
But you...
You liked it
and bought some.
Of course I liked it.
I've never shown them to anyone.
Well, people have seen them
but I never
wanted to sell them.
I've never been able to
let go of them.
I don't know what happened,
but I feel so crowded now.
Then...
Then you bought them.
You made
me feel so important
for the first time.
When's Mom coming back?
She said she hasn't gone
out in years
and Dad's not democratic.
Your mother's a total bitch.
Try and get some sleep.
Isn't she coming home?
Yes, she is!
Now get to sleep.
- Goodnight.
- Night, Dad.
How did you end up there?
Where?
In that neighborhood.
Why do you ask?
You don't seem to belong.
Am I wrong?
Yes.
All right, it's because of Alfredo.
Your husband?
Yes, my husband.

How did you meet him?
We went to school together,
I was young.
Then what?
Then, things just happened.
Are you happy?
I don't know anyone,
I never talk to anyone.
Over the years
I just stayed inside...
But no more.
What are you going to do?
Take Giampiero and run away.
I want to paint, I'm good at it.
I want to travel and be happy.
I want everything I can.
No more settling for things.
No more.
Did you have fun?
Yes.
Who did you go with
and where?
You promised you wouldn't ask,
I never go out without you.
Go dry off, you're all wet.
We're closed!
You guys are still out?
Don't you have a home?
Well?
We're closed, Pugliese.
I have something you might want.
Someone like you has something
I might want?
Look in a mirror.
All you have is lice.
- I haven't been feeling well.
- I can see that.
Giacinto said you might...
You fucking idiot,
you want everyone to see?
Why would I want
this piece of shit?
He said you're an expert
- and might be interested.

- Give it up.
You're a collector.
I can give you 65 euros.
Sixty-five?
This is a gold Rolex!
This is locally made!
- At least 80.
- Sixty-five and go fuck off.
Sixty-five for that?
What now?
- Can't I get a beer?
- No way!
If they catch me giving you a beer
I'll get a 1,000 euro fine.
Now beat it.
- Are you Giampiero?
- Yes.
Romana's in the school theatre.
Hi, Romana.
Where have you been?
With him,
that guy.
But now I'm back because
I have a better idea.
Get me pregnant.
Why?
We have to get married
and live together.
He can't do anything to me
if we're married.
I don't know how.
It's easy, I'll show you.
Take your trousers off.
No, I'm too embarrassed.
- What if someone comes in?
- No one will.
How do you know?
They found a dead rat in here.
If there are rats, I'm leaving.
There aren't, I put it in here.
Why?
Just because.
It doesn't matter,
we can do it some other time.

No, now.

- De Angelis!

- What are you doing?

Do you think this is a whorehouse?

These are your students,

nothing like this has ever happened!

You'll be punished as an example!

You, with your trousers down,

you'll get the worst punishment!

What will they think of us now?

From now on, you'll listen to me.

- I'll whack you if you talk to her again.

- Stop it!

Stop, my ass.

He'll change his ways, you'll see.

You're so uncouth.

And you're a bitch.

I did this one two years ago.

We were on holiday,

I was so happy then.

We were all happy back then.

Those were great times.

I was pregnant with Giampiero here,

- This was afterwards.

- Here I was...

- So it was afterwards?

- Yes, a couple of years later.

How much is it?

Ask Father Pierluigi.

There he is.

Italo, pour me another one.

Why are you

getting drunk instead of

being with

your wife at her first showing?

Forget that.

It's pointless doing things for women.

About your son's little gypsy girl...

Do you know what happened?

They robbed the Cesaroni's

when they were on holiday.

Fantoni's wife saw them.

She never sleeps.

She said it was three gypsy girls

from the camp out front.
We told her to press charges
but she doesn't want trouble.
We need to do something.
I've got enough shit to deal with!
How are you?
I'm fine.
Is your mother selling her paintings?
No, she already sold them.
It's just a showing.
I couldn't care less.
I'm angry at you.
We promised
we wouldn't see each other.
You did because you're a jerk.
No, you promised too.
I was there, I heard you.
Yes, but I was faking it.
You promised you'd marry me
then you said
you don't even look at me.
I bet if someone else asks you.
you'd promise anything,
asshole.
You dirty pig,
leave Giampiero alone!
Room twenty, please.
- For the kid?
- De Angelis, I'm his father.
- Relax.
- Is it serious?
- Tell me what happened.
- They're treating him.
He got beat up, they're treating him.
Wait for them to finish.
- Relax.
- Relax, my ass!
The doctor said it's not serious.
A couple weeks in bed
and he'll be fine.
This is your fault, kid.
Be quiet.
The Carabinieri chief
is waiting for me to press charges.

Why did they do this?
You tell me, Luciana!
Where are you going?
What is it, sweetie?
Don't strain yourself,
tell me tomorrow.
Where's Romana?
What?
Grandma's little boy,
what did they do?
This is a warrant
from the city government.
It says you can't stay here.
You have 48 hours to leave.
You've been given
temporary arrangements.
Get those gypsies out of here!
We worked hard around here.
He just had to get involved.
Will you stop talking?
Listen honey,
if it weren't for my money
you'd have to work,
not be an artist.
And those paintings...
Don't get me started.
What's wrong with them?
They're ugly!
And look at how you dress.
Can I help you?
This is Alfredo De Angelis's mother,
he was just arrested.
I'm just dropping her off.
Have a nice day, everyone.
Who are you?
I'm looking for Romana's mother.
- Why?
- To talk,
it's about my son Giampiero,
Romana's homework friend.
I remember. Come with me.
I wanted to tell you
they're releasing
our husbands tomorrow.

What do you want from me?
Nothing, I'm sorry.
I was wondering
about Romana.
My son is sad
because he doesn't know
where she is.
My daughter is gone.
She's with an evil relative.
Where did they take her?
Quiet!
The Carabinieri gave you 48 hours,
we're giving you two!
After that,
we'll be back to shoot you all!
Now be quiet while
my friend pays back a favor.
You come here.
Which trailer's yours?
All right, I'll just burn them all.
Look who's here.
Does your husband know?
Othello?
What are you doing?
We're doing it
for your son too, move!
You idiot!
Please, this is my house.
It's all I have.
Shut up or you're all dead.
I'll shoot the first one to breathe!
That's good, let's go.
Two hours, that's all!
You're a pig!
You make me sick.
You and these gypsies
make me sick.
I'm Italo, that's right.
Me and the other guys...
I did what needed to be done
to get rid of this trash.
This run-down disgusting mess.
You animal!
If you even think

of going to the police,
I swear to God,
I'll kill you.
A horrible thing happened.
What?
Please, help me.
I don't know where to go,
or what to do... Please help me.
Relax and tell me what happened.
- Is it your husband?
- They said they'd kill me,
They said they'd kill me
if I tell the police. - Who?
They burnt those poor people's trailers,
- the gypsies.
- Gypsies? What are you saying?
- They said they'd kill me.
- What did you do? Why you?
Because I was there, I saw them.
I saw what they did.
I was there because of my son
and I saw what they did,
I recognized them.
- You recognized them?
- Two of them.
They're friends of Alfredo.
One is
a drink supplier
and the other one owns a bar.
A bar?
You mean Italo?
Yes, you know him?
I defended him in court once.
You probably got him off too.
I'm a lawyer.
This time
he's gone too far.
Are you willing to report him?
Yes.
Take me home.
I'm innocent!
Let me go,
I'm innocent. Mommy!
Hi, Grandma.

Hi, sweetie.
Look what Grandma brought you.
Snacks, fruit juice
and oranges to get vitamins.
I'm sorry I couldn't come before,
but how can I with the store?
It's okay, Grandma.
Ever since it happened,
your dad only works half days.
Your mother tattled.
They hate us.
I thought about closing the shop...
Your mother moved out,
your dad is always depressed.
In my day,
a woman would get slapped for that!
I don't care anymore.
I don't want to move house.
Kids don't make decisions,
adults do.
Grandma...
I need a favor,
but you can't tell anyone.
Don't even read it,
promise?
Yes, I promise.
You have to give it to Romana,
she lives in front of us.
The gypsies don't live there anymore.
And neither do you.

FAILED:

What's your name?
Giampiero.
Your mother said you were here.
I have something for you.
What?
A letter from Romana.
She said to ask your grandmother
for your address.
"Dear Giampiero,
I hope you're okay
and that you still remember me.
I always think of you

and tell everyone how good you are.
I hope you passed second grade
so you can go to university.
I'm fine, I am a housewife now.
But I can't leave so I'm a little sad.
Everyone cares about me here
but I'd like to go to the movies.
They won't let me.
Once I tried and
they punched me.
They broke a tooth.
I didn't cry,
but I'm ugly now
and can't be an actress anymore.
Come save me
or I'll kill myself.
We're somewhere by the sea,
and we'll be here for a while.
Come take me away,
but be careful.
They'll kill you
if they catch you.
Come soon, Romana. "
All right,
I'll take you home.
But I'm going out for a while.
I have to find him.
I'm worried, Alfredo.
Have you heard from
the gypsy girl?
No, no one has.
Not her parents or relatives,
no one.
Giampiero can't stop
thinking about her.
He's so young yet
he acts like it's the love of his life.
I know this isn't the right time,
but it's better that I tell you now.
Mom sold the store,
she can't take it anymore.
The money's mine...
It isn't very much,
but it's not too little either.

If you want,
we can go somewhere else.
Either a different city, or abroad.
Abroad...
Please, Luciana.
Give me another chance.
I've always loved you.
Romana, wake up...
I'm here to save you,
let's go!
- Is that you?
- Of course,
let's go!
You can wear my shoes.
No, it's cold and you'll get sick.
Look,
my tooth is broken.
You can't even tell.
They broke it.
Where do we go now?
I don't know.
I know somewhere we can go.
Where?
My cousin's,
the one who sells flowers.
I went there once,
I made a lot of money.
Selling flowers is humiliating.
No, it isn't.
We'll make money,
then go live by ourselves.
Where?
In the house we'll live in
when we get married.
I don't know
if I want to get married.
Then you're a traitor.
We can't get married,
we're too young.
Then we won't get married,
as long as we're together.
But you have to forgive me.
No, I don't.
You didn't do anything to me.

If you're a man,
you have to forgive me.

Okay.

Say you forgive me.

I forgive you.

It's beautiful!