



GIADA FADDA

Waitress and student - 25 years old

You were born and raised in Dorgàli, a small town on the island of Sardinia. Ever since childhood you've been enamoured with art and you've never had a single doubt about your career path.

As for yourself and your relationships, well, the road has always been uphill. You noticed your attraction towards other girls early in your teenage years, but even just thinking about it was taboo back in your hometown. You had to figure out your identity with nobody to turn to for advice.

When you got into high school, you fell in love with Franca, a classmate of yours. She returned your feelings and this helped you get a better understanding of yourself. Yet neither of you wanted to come out in public: You were together for most of your high school years, until one day her brother finally got wind of your relationship. Your mind raced to every possible consequence, going through worst-case scenarios at an alarming rate: Your families throwing you out, her brother beating you up, the scandal going from mouth to mouth until the whole town knew, complete and utter ostracisation... The only eventuality you hadn't worried about was Franca leaving you. She told you her family was more important than whatever she had with you. She added that maybe her brother was right when he said that you could "be cured". And there you were, dumbfounded, wondering what was so bad about your feelings, what was so sick as to need a cure.

You never heard from Franca again.

You moved to Florence as soon as you turned nineteen, to follow your dreams, and now that you have your degree you're attending a master class on art restoration. You thought that living on the mainland, in such a lively, bustling city, would do a great service to your quality of life. But it wasn't always so. You were perfectly fine in university, you even managed to be in a couple of relationships without any harassment. But when you walked around the streets holding your girlfriend's hand, or when you kissed her in public, you always felt eyes judging you. The world is a village, and the only difference between Florence and Dorgàli is that there are a more people here, so you can find places where nobody knows you.

In any case, you've changed a lot over the years. Your university is a melting pot of different ways of being: You've come in contact with a thousand cultures, religions, lifestyles and sexual identities, and you've slowly stopped feeling like there's something wrong with you. Today you're sure that your only mistake was trying to censor perfectly acceptable emotions, because fighting for your identity is not just a favour you do to yourself, it's a duty towards everyone who's ever been denied that very right. You have the luck to live in a society where being homosexual is not a crime, and you believe it's the least you can do to show people what you are, to defy expectations and push good-thinking bigots out of their comfort zone. You're often obnoxious about your homosexuality, especially when you know someone is uneasy about it, and you're part of many LGBT rights alliances. Perhaps you come off as irreverent and aggressive, but it's a necessary part of what you do.

You're a confident woman and you're happy with what you've built: You excel in your studies, your friends adore you, and you fend for yourself by juggling a thousand different jobs. You wait tables in a vegan restaurant downtown; you work weird shifts, but the pay is good. Last year you and your brothers inherited your grandfather's estate back on the island, and you decided to sell it. With your share of the money you finally bought a house of your own.

This apartment was a bargain- the owner was in a hurry to sell- but you still had to get a hefty mortgage, so you struggle to make ends meet. You're considering getting another job, though you don't know what that would mean to your free time, or your sleeping schedule. But you'll manage, you've always been energetic. In spite of your master class, the restaurant and the tutoring you do in your spare time, your house is always open for a party. Now that you have a place to yourself you love to invite friends over.

Your neighbours are far from perfect, mostly witches and snotty stuck-ups, but you've also found a few good friends and nobody is openly hostile to you. Moreover, here you met the only person who's ever been able to wipe Franca from your mind: Rosa, the sweetest, most intelligent girl you've ever met. You liked her as soon as you first saw her, and you became fast friends. You're inseparable.

Together you rediscovered the meaning of complicity: you laugh, you go shopping, and you're able to talk about anything and everything from the shallowest gossip to the scars that shaped your youth. Her husband bores her, and she confessed that you brought fun back to her life. She also told you that her relationship with Gioele has deteriorated over the past few years: He hasn't changed since they first met, while she feels different, more mature, and the interests they once had in common, like comics and fantasy novels, are just a thing of the past to her. He takes Rosa for granted, oblivious to her unhappiness. Sometimes she misses Sicily and when she talks about it she ends up in tears.

Your shared nostalgia for the sea and your childhood homes is what first brought you together, of course, but something else has bloomed between you. You went to a Tiziano Ferro concert together (she was so excited!): You were surrounded by a sea of lovesick teenagers... And suddenly you were kissing.

You know you're in love with her, and you know she feels something for you as well. But you understand that a married woman, a mother, can't put her whole life into question just like that, out of the blue, and blow it all to dust. So when you saw her the following day, you grit your teeth and greeted her like nothing had happened. It's for the best. Although you're not sure you can stand this for much longer.

During meetings

You never hold back if you have the chance to antagonise a bigot. More than that, sometimes you delight in upsetting them on purpose with your sarcastic remarks.

On the practical level, your priority is to protect yourself from expenses you can't afford.

Relationships

Luciano Avellini: He always tries to look unbiased on every issue, but you know deep down he stands with the underdogs. You also know he's taken a liking to you, even if he's careful not to play favourites. Most of all you're certain that he's a little bit in love with Alice, although he lacks the guts to tell her. You should convince him to ask her out: They would make a good couple.

Alice Gabbrielli: An incredible girl: counter-culture, hippie, unconventional, environmentally conscious and friend to all animals. You took a liking to her right away, because she couldn't care less about your neighbours' opinions. Those two snotty hags, Camilla and Ria, keep bugging her for the most inane of reasons, from her cat colony to the mess in her garden. One night you caught her keying their car doors: Alice was afraid you'd rat her out, but you're on her side. You'd heard the witches' mean words, and had they chosen to talk to you that way, they would've ended up with a black eye. You made friends with Alice after that night, and she's the only one who knows about you and Rosa.

Vincenzo Salemi: A meek forty-year-old, a little too wrapped around his wife's little finger.

Camilla Lanzi: A snotty bigot who enjoys looking down on you. She keeps badmouthing Alice with Ria, making sure the poor girl is within earshot when she accuses her of putting animals over people. Alice was right to key her car!

Gioele Zacchei: A recluse who likes to talk high principles, but never does anything to change the world for the better. And to think that ten years ago Rosa left her home in Sicily, her family, and all of her friends for him. He doesn't deserve her, and Rosa would be happier by your side.

Rosa Mistretta: A Sicilian woman in her thirties, wife to Gioele and mother to Marina. You're in love with her. You kissed at Tiziano Ferro's concert, but now you're acting like nothing happened. You understand she's confused and you don't want to put any pressure on her, in spite of how painful it feels and how jealous you are.

Giada Fadda: (Your turn to speak)

Ria Santos: A walking stereotype: the submissive, vapid little housewife waiting for her husband to come home from the military. You overheard her call Alice a slob because of her garden and she keyed her car in retaliation.

Dario Ristori: A forty-year-old businessman, owner of a soap company. A wealthy arsehole, notorious for never showing up to council meetings without his lawyer and constantly demanding absurd, pricey improvements to the building.

Attilio Daddioli: Dario Ristori's lawyer, only a few years older than you. From the faces he pulls when he defends his client, it's obvious that he hates him. You suspect that he's an idealist at heart.