



PER AMOR VOSTRO

(ANNA)

a film by

Giuseppe M. Gaudino

with

Valeria Golino

Massimiliano Gallo

and **Adriano Giannini**

a

Buena Onda

Eskimo

Figli del Bronx

Gaudri

Bea Production Company

Minerva Pictures Group

Production with **Rai Cinema**

in co-production with **Les Films des Tournelles**

with the support of

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Cast

VALERIA GOLINO - Anna Ruotolo

MASSIMILIANO GALLO - Gigi Scaglione

ADRIANO GIANNINI - Michele Migliaccio

ELISABETTA MIRRA - Santina Scaglione

EDOARDO CRÒ - Arturo Scaglione

DARIA D'ISANTO - Cinzia Scaglione

SALVATORE CANTALUPO - Ciro

ROSARIA DI CICCÒ - Director of TV studio

Crew

Director	GIUSEPPE M. GAUDINO
Story by	GIUSEPPE M. GAUDINO
Screenplay	GIUSEPPE M. GAUDINO ISABELLA SANDRI LINA SARTI
Photography	MATTEO COCCO
Editing	GIOGIÒ FRANCHINI
Cinematography	FLAVIANO BARBARISI ANTONELLA DI MARTINO
Costumes	ALESSANDRA TORELLA
General organization	GENNARO FASOLINO
Live sound recording	DANIELE MARANIELLO
Original music	EPSILON INDI
Produced by	VIOLA PRESTIERI RICCARDO SCAMARCIO DARIO FORMISANO GAETANO DI VAIO GIUSEPPE M. GAUDINO ISABELLA SANDRI GIOVANNI COTTONE GIANLUCA CURTI
Co-produced by	ANNE-DOMINIQUE TOUSSAINT
Foreign sales	RAICOM

Annetta is a cocky, courageous girl.

They all know that, at school. And that is why they look for her when they need to convince a girl to do, without tantrums or tears, the "angel's flight", the most suggestive and propitiatory moment of the town festival. Annetta wears the little angel's costume, climbs onto the town's highest terrace, lets herself be undergirded in a simple manner ... And jumps off, almost with a smile. Risky? Clearly so. But Annetta coped, she always coped.

After all she had already coped, some time back. When mom and dad played a trick on her she would have never expected from them ... It was when Salvatore, her older brother, came back home with a handkerchief full of jewels: the beginning, not even too veiled, of a criminal career. For the Carabinieri it was a cakewalk to trace the booty. But at the Ruotolo's home – that being the name of the family – everybody's suspect was at once Annetta, owing to a bracelet she had picked up from the brother's pile and kept for herself. So when the Carabinieri blamed her for the theft, no one in the family, the father, the mother, her sister, let alone Salvatore, raised any objection. Annetta went away silently, like Pinocchio between the two uniformed men. Towards the islet of Nisida, and from there precisely to her new school, which is in fact a Juvenile Institution, little less than a reform school. There she spent approximately four years. Yet she still loved her parents. She understood that they had asked her a "sacrifice" in order to rescue Salvatore from a worse outcome. She was strong and cocky, Annetta, when she was a child.

... Nowadays no one calls her Annetta any longer. These days, her full name is Anna Ruotolo - Scaglione. Scaglione is Gigi, her husband. She got to know him at a very tender age, soon after the reform school. A very beautiful man, she thought while falling in love with him. One wonders, however, whether Gigi was truly beautiful, or whether it was his "character" that made him look that way. Besides singing in tune Neapolitan songs of all kinds, applauded in district squares and small theatres, Gigi was in fact the testimonial, as one would say today, of a renowned city dressmaker: enough to earn him the stage name of *'o milurdino (the little milord)*. Gigi's career, incidentally, likewise ended suddenly and violently. A local gangster, who had taken a dislike to him, one day assaulted him and left on him a slash, a scar, which mutilated his handsome face forever.

It has been more than twenty years that Gigi has been carrying that scar, but it is not on account of the slash that Anna, as time went by, stopped loving him. He has been a caring husband, no doubt, he did not deprive her of anything. He gave her three children - Santina, Arturo and Cinzia, all light to her eyes – and with each one of them Anna succeeded in establishing an intense, most special rapport ... What fun, moreover, when they would find themselves alone, without Gigi, singing at home or doing the parody of TV programs!

For their sake, Anna has, over the years, accepted and tolerated that her life would slowly be extinguished. She desired a work, financial independence? No way, she would merely have to do some "substitute work" at the TV production centre, where she would prepare "autocues" for actors running short of memory. But only a few days a year, small change ... She wanted to enjoy her handsome husband? But only until the day that others started looking at him strangely, some of them with a petitioning respect, and many others with resentment. Since that day, Anna began to seriously ask herself who Gigi truly was, and what work he was truly busy with to let his family get by.

For the sake of her children, and of everyone else, Anna pardoned her parents and brothers. Nay, she is the one taking care of the former, granting them assistance, affection, money. Of female friends she has none. The only one she likes to associate with and sometimes confide in is Ciro, who works as prompter at the production centre, the one who now and then passes onto her the "substitute jobs". The one who taught her the craft.

Anna is not unhappy, she has no reason to be so. Why, then, when she opens the kitchen window, every damned morning, the sky facing her is never blue, unlike the way other people see it, but dark, charcoal-like, nearly black? And that much-eulogized sea, how come it provides her no comfort, but rather assails her daily with its bellows? Almost as if the gulf wished to empty itself out and disappear behind the menacing Vesuvius?

Anna is not afraid of the supernatural. Nay, she even looks sympathetically at her mother, when the latter asks her to be accompanied to the "little fountains graveyard": a city underground where simple folk still adopt the skull of some nameless person long deceased and elect him as their own protective deity. Keeping him company and requesting from him some graces or favours. Likewise, she does not run away when on the bus, in centre Naples, next to a housewife or a student, some other strange, unreal characters, surfaced out of nowhere, crowd around her. And when, all together, they envelope her with a fabulous mumble made up of questions, threats, of gratuitous and reiterated insults.

Is it Naples or is it hell? And her husband, by now violent, aggressive, is he the first of demons surrounding her or just someone to simply rid herself of?

The opportunity is thus around the corner. The production centre has fired Ciro and decided to hire her. At first she did not feel like, but her friend would be fired in any event, she might just as well ... Albeit reluctantly because of Ciro's lot, Anna is independent at last. Now Gigi might leave the house, at once. Now Anna knows well what to do in life, what his giving "money in return for a collateral" actually means, what is the agency or office which in his words would pay his salary ... She discovered a lot of documents and bank accounts, and it is not the first time it happens. It is not only, however, the disappointment, her honesty, her compassion for others that cause her to rebel. Every day, in the hall downstairs, people with no longer a house are gathering, they have mattresses, furnishings, crockery. People who give her a surly look and hurl increasingly less veiled threats at her children. Are they also a product of her imagination or are they truly menacing presences?

Things, however, are truly changing. Not only Anna finally got a job, the department head appreciates her and treats her beneficently... Within the space of a few days, even the lead in the soap opera recorded at the studio seems to notice her. First a compliment, a joke, then a few invitations. A handsome and famous actor, Michele Migliaccio... In less than no time, it is love. The more the heart begins to throb again, the more Anna finds the demons of her daily life intolerable. Gigi however resists, he will not go away, so he says.

Luckily there is Michele! With whom she can let go of herself, take a trip to the (Aragonese) Castle of Ischia or a walk to the Solfatara volcano... But it is precisely here, among the most demonic of all city localities, that yet a new ugly twist manifests to Anna. It is here that Anna discovers that Michele is in turn a pawn in organized crime's hands; and that Gigi, obsessively jealous of him, had pushed him into her hands in order to kill her and, by freeing him from the risk of having to interrupt his depraved business affairs, thereby repay the huge debt he has accumulated, as the inveterate gambler he is, to the clan he works for ...

Whilst the police bursts onto the scene of the possible murder, Anna can do nothing but lick the wounds and be surrounded by her demons. Not even her adored daughters understand her drama. They cannot forgive her not having cleared her father's name. And when they leave home, banging the door, Anna cannot help but following all of them with her eyes, lovingly, from the window. Downstairs, in the courtyard, there are no longer the usual darkly menacing characters. And it really looks as if they are now encircling her children, eager to cause them harm ...

Anna feels they are in danger as never before, but she is so distant, so lofty ... She breathes deeply and again finds, inside herself, the courage of old. And for their sake, always for their sake, she jumps off. Like an angel.

How did that angel manage to save herself is hard to explain. The usual miracle in the life of a "saint", which is what Anna might truly be, judging also by the chants that have punctuated this story? Or perhaps the love embedded in that jump has truly and mysteriously cleared up all her fears? Gigi is far away, and little does it matter that Michele Migliaccio does not really love her. Her children, who see her unscathed after such a long jump, are at last fully conscious of her love. Even those shady characters camped up in the yard rush to her help, revealing themselves for what they truly are, no more than poor wretches.

The kitchen she comes back to is always the same. But the gulf facing her is now the one everybody else sees. Uncompromisingly blue.