

Dead Friend 46:52

A few minutes before 3 a.m. DF is fast asleep, dreaming a

Dream - 3:16

dream he's had many times before. The dream is pleasant. DF clings to it, wants to hold onto it, but it eludes him. DF can no longer accept reality; it's becoming unbearable. The dream, through which his wishes and longings seem fulfilled, widens the gap between fiction and his levels of reality. One of his real worlds crashes down on DF when he

Good morning, dear - 5:33

is awakened. Reality is lonely, confining, and oppressive. DF seems restless. He can no longer bear the emptiness of his surroundings, which also suppresses his sense of self, and escapes

Robot hall - 6:31

from his feelings into his work. A vast hall materializes before him. But the gigantic image of the hall is torn away before his eyes by the sound of the robots. During work

Doing my work - 8:00

sweat washes the chaos from his thoughts. DF works, he pushes aside the other layers of reality, DF's empty shell fills with life. He doesn't know if this revival exists only in his imagination or if he can attribute it to reality, and if so, which one? DF has no time to dwell on these thoughts; he wants to, he must

Don't need you - any more 9:12

work until he is no longer needed. DF is replaced by a robot that is just as empty inside as he is. For DF, the last island to which he could escape his inner turmoil sinks. A reality has caught up with him. He leaves. DF flees

Leaving - 13:49

from himself. As if in a trance, DF leaves Robot Hall and wanders aimlessly through the city. Streets, houses, and people float past him. DF no longer registers his surroundings; everything slows down. His vision blurs. Only

Joey - 16:38

when he notices Joey, does his vision clear again. Joey seems unaffected; his surroundings don't affect him. He appears like a large, colorful ball dancing on the waves of a lake. Joey impresses DF, and they get together. Only later does DF notice that Joey is also showing signs of nervousness. Hectic, fidgety movements; the blue-gray light of dusk is dim from the dirty basement window. While they

The big pipe - 18:04

smoke, it disappears with Joey, unnoticed. DF's legs can barely support him. He feels as if a wedge has completely split his insides when he finds the door,

Winding up - 23:03

behind which steps lead further down. DF descends, the steps digging ever deeper. DF starts to run. He bangs against walls. He staggers. He runs. The steps drop downwards, but DF constantly feels as if he is climbing upwards. He climbs higher and higher. DF panics. Only when his skull is

almost bursting with fear do the steps end. A white door with a small window at eye level comes into view. As if by itself, it swings open, and the fear falls away from DF as he enters a long white corridor without a window.

Loosing reality - 28'00''

As if in slow motion, DF floats through this corridor, which is lit only by a fluorescent tube and at the end of which stands the same iron door that was just opened. An idea takes hold of him, an idea of how he can escape the hostile realities and the hated dream world. But he is unable to formulate it, only a hunch. The door slowly opens in front of DF, street sounds reach his ears.

Standing up high - 33:46

DF finds himself high above the city. Clear, cold air rushes towards him; he feels free, free enough to turn his hunch, his idea, into a decision. Finally, he believes he knows the solution to his problems. He stands on the roof of the skyscraper and suddenly feels very tall. As if on a stage, cheered on by a euphoric audience, he sees himself playing a melody on an imaginary guitar until he lowers his hands.

Only a few steps - 34:56

only a few steps separate DF from his goal, a few centimeters from the

The jump - 35:21

abyss. It's a pleasant sensation as the air rushes past DF and he slowly begins to turn face down, arms and legs stretched out wide. DF

Tumble - 42:01

begins to enjoy the downward journey, like a stroll where you don't have to walk, where you don't have to run, where you can't... stop, where there's no going back, no way out, just one path, maybe not the right one, probably the... fear, impact no longer felt. Where...

Between dying and death - 46:30

Was the fear always there?

Recalling, was there a feeling of security?

Now the journey is over.

Too far?

Is there anything other than

Death - 46:52

Death.

No more possibility
to dream.

END