

Supported

by the creativity and the
commitment of everyone involved.

On November 2nd 1985 at 10 a.m.

an old crippled man jumped from a bridge
onto the lane of a motorway

This film is dedicated
to this nameless suicide.

YOU are...
YOU are ...

YOU are everything I have in the world.

YOU are everything I lack.

YOU, only YOU can understand me.

YOU, only YOU should walk with me.

Let's have fun! let's have fun!

I left.

So?

Why ?

What, why ?

Simply why ?

For you I am just a body.

As if I ended here.

He wanted you to achieve something.

And here is the son: thinking.

You're not in form?

In which form? In yours, in mine?

Let's have fun! let's have fun!

No!

Hello?

No!

Hello?

No!

Hello?

No!

You still have to pay!

That's all right.

Thanks.

Hey, do you have one Euro?

I left.

Me too.

Why?

Hey, what do I get for one Euro?

Fuck off! Tramp!

Hey sweetheart.

How about the two of us?

I left.

Say anything.

I left.

MY DREAM or
Loneliness never walks alone

Make-up

Sound

Editor

Light

Cinematography

Music

Production Manager

Production Assistant

Producers

written and directed by

Hello.

Excuse me,
I didn't mean to disturb you.

I thought the camper was uninhabited.

I don't know where to go tonight.

I left, you know. Just moved out.

I don't know this city anymore,
I mean, I know the city of course...

Why?

Up and down, again and again...

Say anything.

Don't turn it out too simple.

I don't want to go to the people I know,

and I don't know yet
the people I would like to go to.

I didn't want to disturb you.

If I went to the hotel,
they would find me.

They would tell me to come back.
I would go with them, as I always did.

What should I say ?

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Nothing, at best.

- Fine.

- Now you said something.

- What?

- Again!

I didn't say anything.

Why are you talking again? Why ?

- What, why?

- Simply: why!

I didn't want to disturb you.

You have a cigarette for me too?

I thought you wouldn't understand me.

You don't speak German or you're deaf.

That's why you spoke - to the deaf Turk ?

Yes.

Do you have a cigarette anyway?

Who are you ?

Godot. The waiting has an end.

Beckett.

Shit.

What?

All shit.

I get it out of the abdomen of the city
and search for signs in it.

Signs someone set
by throwing something away.

Say anything.

You live here?

Yes.

You can stay here tonight, if you want.

Thanks.

Don't say anything like that.

What?

Thanks, Please, Happy New Year,
Good Evening...

Just spare the empty phrases.

This is the best happening in town.
Free beer, free fucks.

I am not in the mood.

The mood comes with the movement.

Up and down, again and again...

And one can live from this?

Most people live in, I live from shit.

I am not lucky today.
Nothing useful in it.

Did you do anything wrong?

Why?

Because they are searching for you.

Yes. I was born.

And you go down there and
get signs from the sewer?

Not only. Sometimes I go for fun.

I Wander through the city underground,
wander around in its stomach.

I wander back and climb out of my hole.

Most people crawl into a hole to come up,
I come up to get out of my hole.

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But whom do you run away from?

From these permanent repetitions.

The human being is not made for thinking.

He should do something reasonable.

Be glad you're father doesn't
witness this anymore.

He is dead.

You always have an explanation.

Don't turn it out too simple.

One hour ago, just like that,
I packed my bag and left.

Went away.

Way and away sound very similar.

Chatting and chatting too.

As soon as two people get together
they talk and talk.

Both of us, we should make an agreement.

Either we talk, because we talk.
Just like that, because it's fun.

Or we pretend that we tell each other
something really important.

Or we talk in deep seriousness,
because we have fun

or the biggest rubbish
because we are serious.

Perhaps we only talk to hold monologues.

Or hold dialogues to be silent:
whom do you run away from?

Beat the cops

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flat like chops!

Beat the cops
flat like chops!

Beat the cops
flat like chops!

Lantern, lantern, sun, moon and stars.

Beat the cops
flat like chops!

Beat the cops
flat like chops!

Lantern, lantern.

It is 10 p.m. now.

That's correct.

I'm not a clairvoyant.
He is punctual, every evening.

They were thousands, then hundreds and
now he's the last one, the one left over.

All this had to be pulled down
and a chemical plant was to be built.

Then they came and sung "Lantern"
and wanted a playground.

Now I live in the stop of work.

Why is he demonstrating at night?

Before he came at noon
then he found work.

Now he has time only in the evening.

Every day?

Yes. Except on Labours Day.

Beat the cops
flat like chops!

Beat the cops

flat like chops!

Lantern, lantern, sun, moon and stars.

You live here?

Yes.

You have to expect that they start
to built everyday, no matter what.

Correct. Yes.

Then you would have to leave?

You are always on the way.

You come from somewhere,
and you go somewhere.

But you live here.

I don't live here.
I come out of my hole.

It's only one exit from my labyrinth.

Now you're not running away from
your own, but also from my questions.

Whom do you run away from?

I left my wife.

Perhaps I already left her,
when I first saw her.

Perhaps we only get to know people
to leave them.

You can be proud now.

That was what you wanted.

Are you satisfied now?

Why didn't you kill me right away?

No, you left me.

Thanks God!

I can live my own life now and
don't have to consider you anymore.

I took pills and threw myself out of the
window, onto the rails of the tramway.

Before you, I didn't know
How deathly boredom could be.

But this doctor patched me up.

You'd better kill yourself right away.

I will try it again if you don't come back .

I hope you have gone to hell.

It is all your fault.

No!

Whom did you leave?

My wife.

Do you have anybody?

Do you have a cigarette?

I don't know how she will take it.

What?

That I left.

I have images in my head.

All images are in the head.

What we believe to be outside our head
are only shadows of our thoughts.

How do you mean that?

Not seriously.

Is there anything you take seriously?
Apart of your shit?

No, and I only take it seriously

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if it doesn't come out of mouths.

Welcome to the freedom of insignificance.

I don't like jokers.

These missionaries of carefreeness.

How can you think so
much about one woman?

What do you want with a hand full
there is a hole land full.

I only say:
accost, knock over, knock in.

Do you know this one?

What's the difference between
a girl taking a bath, and a nun?

A nun has hope in her soul
and the girl has soap in her hole.

Man, get buried right away.

Whom don't you like?

Jokers.
These terrorists of cheerfulness.

Shit!

I'm going with my lantern,
and my lantern is going with me.

That's how time passes.
It's 10.30 p.m. now.

Sisyphus has accomplished his daily work.

What are you doing?

I get my island.

Put your case inside,
and come with me, if you want.

Love.
Faith.

Hope

You only stay in sewers?

No. I also go to garbage dumps.

Everywhere you can find things
that were thrown away.

Why?

The abandoned things have a sad soul.

And I like sad souls.

They dream, on the sea of
excrements, their dream of life.

Sailor stop dreaming,

don't think of home.

What did you mean by "sad souls"?

Nothing.

It was only a sentimental play on words.

So it wasn't meant seriously?

Yes it was... very seriously.

Sailor stop dreaming,

don't think of me.

Hello.

Sailor, because the distant shores,

are waiting for you.

Maybe I wouldn't marry you again today.

We were very young when we got married.

You are no longer
as you were at that time.

You are neither what you were once.

You always pretended to me.

And you did not on me?

You should have married your mother.

She was always the most important.

You stupid cow.

Then you are the ox.

The ox can't get it up anymore.

Why should I have got it up?

To put my thing into your baggy hole?

Man, to fuck you, that was as if you
threw a salami into an garage entry.

That's why you hung your salami
into the girl of the canteen.

Sure. I preferred anyone to you.

No!

And you.

Don't you turn it out too simple.

- Look at your father.
- He is dead.

Don't you turn it out too simple?

No. You want him to rise from the dead.

For me he never died.

His bed is still made.

His clothes are still in the wardrobe.

I go to his grave every day
to speak with him.

I bring flowers.

I make exactly what he says.

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I love you.

I love you.

I love you.

I love you.

Maybe I wouldn't marry you again today.

I love you.

We were very young when we got married.

I love you.

Are they still alive?

My mother is, my father
died many years ago.

Do parents die?

Sometimes I believe
they live in us - like parasites.

They push into our brain,
to become immortal.

When their mortal remains are rotting,
their spirit is still in there.

And doesn't go away anymore.

Are we only recorders which play-back
what someone has spoken into them?

Yes. If we have children,
we pass on the material.

That's how eternity is made.

Then everything always remains as it is?

No. There are always pioneers.

They delete the recording
and create confusion.

Out of this confusion emerges the will.

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Out of will emerges a new world.

Because of those who destroy.

I don't want to be a recorded tape.

I want to be unique.

Like Cain.

Cain killed his brother Abel ,
because he wanted to be unique.

God took his wish seriously and
gave him a unique mark.

And Cain was unique.

I don't have a brother,
who should I kill?

Many kill themselves
for lack of someone else.

When I go to the garbage dump
I pass beneath a high bridge.

One morning the smashed body
of an old man lied there.

He had jumped off the bridge.

He had a huge crop and a crooked chest.

On the feet he wore orthopaedic shoes.

Beside him was his cane.

This old cripple had
always been a Nobody.

But through his jump,
through his "flight",

he surpassed himself and, like Icarus,
floated towards redemption.

Instead of upwards, downwards.

Perhaps redemption always lies beneath
and because we always look for it above
we find it so rarely.

If I ever made a film,

I would dedicate it to
this unknown suicide,

this "Icarus of uniqueness".

Flyer, greetings to the sun,
greetings to the stars and to the moon.

Hello, Godot.

Your life, is the floating towards
the distant lands where nobody lives.

Flyer, greetings to the sun,
greetings to the stars and to the moon.

greetings to the stars and to the moon.

Your life, is the floating towards
the distant lands where nobody lives.

Flyer, greetings to the sun,
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Flyer, greetings to the sun,
greetings to the stars and to the moon.

What should a person love in us
if we are only transfer pictures?

- Love...

- Yes.

Isn't Love often only a try
to like ourselves?

My search for love was often
like an ignored scream.

Welcome to "Only loneliness counts".

Today with the deserted Wife, the cheated
Lover, the German Grandfather

and with me, the funny, cool,
fantastic looking friend.

And here is your host:
unique, Italian One-Euro-Tramp!

Welcome to a new edition of
"Only loneliness counts".

With people that dare to question life.

We have very special guests today.

Please welcome with me: the Man.

Here he is: the Man.

The Man between two women.

Torn. Afflicted.

Lonely in a threesome.

The Man.

But first, we want
to introduce his wife.

She prepared a video message for him.

Play the tape!

Our bed is dried out like a
desert in the midday heat.

As if all life was extinct.

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You don't touch my lap anymore.
As if I was an sick person for you.

When I wanted to tell you what I felt,
you asked about the electricity bill.

When I looked for a way out of
our refrigerator of feelings,

you only caressed the dog.

So they pass, our evenings,

wordlessly drowning in a
sea of banal sentences.

You never told me what you want.

But when you are lost,
then I'm good enough.

I am only your private welfare centre.

Wasn't that clear?

Shortly she will be with us.

First we show the clip of the Lover.

Play the tape!

For you I am only the object of desire.

Did you ever talk about anything else,
than the colour of my slip?

How much I like to take part in your
life, but you don't tell me anything.

Nothing related to you.

As soon as you're done with your orgasm

you smoke a cigarette and leave.

I am just your private whorehouse.

What do you say about that?

Nothing.

Punishment is necessary.

Before we call the two
Ladies into the studio,

we want to hear, what the
Friend has to say.

Play the tape!

This is really cool, that you're
getting your own show.

Only because of these two chicks.

Get yourself a few more then they'll
make a series out of it.

Now keep your chin up.

Do You know this one: better
one-night-stand than no-night-stand.

Laugh.

Now welcome the two Ladies in the studio.

Just merge.

Be one. One single woman.

Into whom I can pour
my sperm and my word.

You used me.

You used me.

When I was with you,
I looked for the mother.

When I was with you,
I looked for the woman.

And when I was with mother,
I looked for myself.

When I was with none of them, I had hope.

When I was alone I felt
lonely and abandoned.

Where to go? Where to stay?

Applause, Applause, Applause!

After a short commercial brake,
we will continue with this subject.

Boy, what are you worrying about.

All females are the same.

A Hole is a hole. Everything
else is decoration.

"Only Loneliness counts."

Commercial.

Command.

V.I.P. Treatment.

A profession with great prospects.

Become a director.

It's worth it.

Camera?

Ok.

And Action!

Here we are again with
"Only loneliness counts".

Today we are with the Grandfather.

For years no one is talking
to you , Grandfather,

because you threw so much
dirt upon the family.

They had to dismiss him
from school-teaching,

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because he touched the 14-year old girls.

And your lapses in the history lessons.

- Lapses?

- Yes, lapses.

These were no lapses.
They were corrections.

Six millions...

Just imagine this number:
a six with six zeros.

Don't let them tell you such nonsense.

In these times the woman
still had her position.

Either she was a mother or she did
something for the community.

Not like these young girls nowadays.

They want to study or marry rich,
but they don't want to work.

I know all that.

Since I was a child you fill me up with
all that and I still have it in my head.

- But I will forget it.

- Forget it ?

Grandpa, stop it!

When I hear this: "Women, be one".

Rubbish!

There are those and those.

There are decent women like your wife.

Besides there are sluts.
What do you want to talk about
with such a slut?

Stop. Turn off the camera.
I don't want to hear anymore.

And you ladies and gentlemen, don't
you want to hear anymore either?

I think you do.

After a short commercial break
there will be a big surprise.

Just a tiny little commercial
and we will be right back.

Commercial

Which is the most important
part of the woman's body?

The nose.

"Only the Joke counts".

"The new ComedyComedy with the Friend".

Here we are again with
"Only Loneliness counts".

We have a surprise. Surprise!

Here he is, the German Grandfather!

Applause for the unique Grandfather!

I brought you something.

I don't want it. If it is from you
it can only be trash.

I leave it for you anyway.

That was "Only Loneliness Counts".

See you again next week.

Presentation: the Italian One-Euro-Tramp

As guests: the cheated Wife,
the deserted Lover,

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As guests: the Man,
the German Grandfather

As guests: the funny, cool,
great looking friend.

I played their games.

I even trusted them.

But I lost myself.

I have enough words for what I think.

No words for what I feel.

Words.

Beautiful words, but still words.

I thought you were sleeping.

How do you know you are awake?

"No hot ashes inside".

All females are sluts.

They long for a vaginitis,

because we, the German men,

screwed them with our
big, powerful Willy.

Big, powerful, horny, German Willy.

Our dicks are their food.

Their hole is our garbage pit.

They want us to take them,
because they are horny.

Horny, horny, horny.

What are you doing here?

Dou you also believe I died?

Do you also believe I don't
exist anymore?

No. The womb you crawled
out is still fertile.

Brecht.

By the way, your Grandfather
was a good man

who doesn't deserve
to be treated like this.

And for his little lapses, well
nobody, except myself, is perfect.

In the air are flying gulls
and from beneath you see their ... feet.

I'd rather say the balls.

Hitler comes to heaven and
God looks at him with anger.

"God why are you looking
at me so angrily?"

"Idiot, I told you to raise booths,
not to erase Jews!"

Very Good.

Very Good.

Good. Good. Good.

Very good, soldier, very good.

One more joke like this one.

"Only the joke counts".

"The new ComedyComedy with the Friend".

My brain is a garbage dump
on which everybody threw its waste.

You look for signs in garbage dumps,
I am a garbage dump.

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I would like to change with you.

Words.

It's not enough to let your garbage dump
disappear behind a façade of words.

But as you love words so much,

here is a train of thought
which sounds good

if you want to blind with
superficial deeper meaning:

Am I because I think,
or do I think because I am?

Am I because I am
and think, that I think?

Or am I not what I think?
Or do I think what I'm not?

Am I or will I be?
Do I think or am I thought?

Sounds good, doesn't it?

This is worth thinking about.

- Worth thinking about?
- Yes.

I could tell you sayings of that kind
until tomorrow morning.

The truth lies behind the words,
not in them.

Another of these sayings?

Sure. I can only speak in words,
or can you speak in truths?

Is everything entertainment?
Is there no truth?

Why do women have one
more brain cell than horses?

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So that they don't drink out
of the bucket while cleaning.

"Only Entertainment Counts".

Entertainment: to keep you down.

Report: the truth will be updated.

Good Evening Ladies and Gentlemen.

Hitler comes to heaven.

There he meets God, who else.

God seems to be angry with him,

Hitler doesn't know what he did wrong.

God says: "Hitler what have you done?"

You should have raised booths,
not erased Jews."

News: do what they tell you.

Picture is control.

You are everything I have in the world.

No truths? Nowhere?

Yes, there are truths.

My feet stink.

Liver sausage is a fat sausage.

Tomorrow morning the night will be over.

These are truths.

All humans have to die - maybe me too.

You are a cynic.

I am I. And nothing else.

Above me there is no God
and no devil beneath me.

This is true loneliness.

You are an existentialistic cynic.

You always have an explanation.

Loneliness never walks alone.

You don't believe in any
of these things you say?

Yes I do. In all of them.

Words are deceased feelings.

As a child I often put
stones upon the rails.

Not that I wanted the train to derail.
No, I just wanted to move anything.

Perhaps I did want the train to derail.

Because I didn't know what "dead" was.

I once had heard, that many people
were dead after a train accident.

Perhaps I just wanted to see
what it was: dead.

Do you know death today?

Yes. I know it today.

And what does it look like, Death?

It laughs.

Sometimes it looks like a clown.

Did you ever see a dead person?

Many look as if they were smiling.

Because they saw a clown?
Do you really believe that?

No. But it always moved my auditors.

I had an unexpected success with women.

They thought: this man is poetic.

I know, this is rubbish I am talking.

Can you understand me?

Actually nobody understands me.

Because I want to be lonely.

Do you understand?

I want to be lonely so that
nobody can leave me anymore.

Thanks.

Is the coffee too black?

I didn't go to his funeral.

I didn't throw any earth on him,
didn't throw dirt after him.

I sneaked nearer, so that
nobody could call me by.

I couldn't have said no.

All that Christian fuss didn't
mean anything to him.

But they buried him with
all the ceremonial.

"Earth to earth",
"dust to dust" and so on.

What a farewell from a world

where the last greetings
warm longer than the first looks.

I waited until everybody had gone,

then I stepped to his coffin.

Father, I don't want these things
to make me sentimental.

Neither your funeral,
nor Christmas, nor Easter.

Why are you so late?

Couldn't read the watch?

You could have been
punctual for my funeral.

You can't talk to me. You are dead.

I decide for myself when,
how and where I am dead.

Do you think your mother and I
struggled so that you can tell us

when we are supposed to be dead?

You were bull-headed as a child too.

How was I as a child? I need to know it.
I am on the way to myself.

Don't get a shock when you arrive.

- How was I was a child?
- You don't really want to know that.

Isn't it enough , that you were
a nail to my coffin?

Do you still have to disturb me now?

- But I am your son.
- You!

You are ...

What am I?

What am I?

I will search for myself.

When I found myself I will be.

Then I'll come back to
your grave and shout:

Look! Here I am!

I !

I!

I!

Don't turn around for strange shadows,
don't turn around for their sound.

Even if you secretly feel
the strange urge,

don't follow the strange
destiny on its way.

Go your way, which destiny showed you.

When the night comes in Paris.

There were only Burgers left.

Never Mind. I am starving.

Did you get the photos out
of the waste too?

Yes. All "Thrown-aways".

Some threw themselves away.

others were disposed of ,
like this old granny,

so that the children could finally
live in the house in peace.

Some simply get lost,
like this little boy.

I can hardly remember my childhood.

In the end every childhood is the same.

A human stays nine months in the most intimate partnership he is capable of.

And then it jerks and they tear it out into a glaring world.

So the dream condition has turned into a traumatic one.

This human searches all his life for the same secure place.

Before it's grown up they bombard it with their rules and norms.

Red: stand still,
green: you can walk,

and in-between, your life happens in the yellow danger.

With their dumb children songs and their fucking fairy-tales full of cruelty.

Do you know fairy-tales, where there is not anyone getting murdered or eaten?

No, but they are only fairy-tales.

That's what is bad.

If the parents expressed it directly...

but they give along their own perverted thoughts to their children

with fairy-tales.

Fairy-tales are only used as an alibi for the own thoughts of murder.

If murder and all this sick stuff is the earliest childhood memory...

Sick children give rise to sick children.
So it goes on forever.

So the fear came to us for ages.

Even our dreams are sick children.

We don't have any cigarettes left.

I'll get some.

Don't look so seriously. Maybe I'm wrong.

I'm afraid not.

Little Red Riding Hood is soaked with
blood, the Golden Girl walks the streets.

Grandmother hung herself,
the freedom bill is just a wisp.

The Bad Wolf is in Iraq
in Kabul and Hanoi.

Freedom is drown in blood,
the giant got impotent.

May doesn't make anything new no more.

Children. Art. Culture.
Play and fun with pure culture.

Today: Little Red Riding Hood
and the Bad Wolf.

Little Red Riding Hood!

Little Red Riding Hood!

Bring this basket to the grandmother,

who lives in the dark forest,
where also the Bad Wolf lives.

Where exactly does the Bad Wolf live?

You should not visit the
Bad Wolf but the grandmother.

What do I do if I meet the Bad Wolf?

You put in a tampon and
tell him it's not possible today.

Fine. I'll go.

Hansel and Gretel got lost in the forest.

Stop! This is my fairy-tale,
my forest and my performance!

Is this the evil witch?

Into the oven with you. Burn her!

My fairy-tale!

You stupid cow! We have
to finish off the witch.

The witch's rotten bones are
trembling before destruction.

Get lost!

Bread instead of firework!

Bread instead of firework!

Is this the evil witch now?

No, I am Snow White.

Snow White, Snow Bitch,

no ass and no tits.

Get lost you nymphomaniac!

Is this my scene with the
Bad Wolf , yes or no?

Hey you nasty bitch! D'you wanna fuck?

What kind of idiot are you?

I save money, I built a house,
then I get a kid in the web.

How good that nobody knows, that may name is...

Rumpelstilkin.

Rumpelstilkin.

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Come on colleagues, it's different.

Rumpelstilkin.

Ok, it's like that: and...

Attention: dialectic theatre.

And: one, two, three, four.

Rum-pel-stilts-kin!

No!

Rum-pel-stilts-kin!

Rum-pel-stil-kin.

Rum-pel-stilts-kin!

No!

Rum-pel-stilts-kin!

No!

Rum-pel-stilts-kin!

Rum-pel-stilts-kin!

Rum-pel-stilts-kin!

Exactly, thanks.

I am Rumpelstiltskin.

Now you know.

I'll try exactly one more time.

And if there is another fool or
another fairy-tale interfering,

I'll smash his face up
so that he'll believe

he is the Frog King and
Hans in Luck in one person!

Who is afraid of the Bad Wolf?

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Help!

Hello Little Red Riding Hood.

If you come nearer I'll scream for help.

Fine. Then I leave.

Who is afraid of the Bad Wolf?

No!

But I didn't come nearer.

That's why I scream.

I am the innocent Little Red Riding Hood.

And I am afraid of the Bad Wolf.

Well then I do leave.

Who is afraid of the Bad Wolf?

Then I'll scream again.

Then I'll stay for a while.

Tut, tut, tut. How bad thoughts you have?

Me?

Yes, you.

I can't defend myself when
you come over me.

But I don't come over you.

You are the Wolf, aren't you?

Yes, I am.

Take me you Bad Wolf!

Oh, Little Red Riding Hood!
What bad words did you learn?

Just devour me you greedy animal!

Just devour yourself.

When he is with her,
I feel the loneliness

like a brick on my soul.

Then I 'd like to have somebody with me.

Get yourself someone.

Who would come?

You are here.

By mistake. I wanted to see him.

You are here.

Here is my heart.

Let us deceive this lonely heart
with borrowed togetherness.

Which is the most important
part of the woman's body?

Which is the most important
part of the woman's body?

So that, while a blow job...

Which is the most important
part of the woman's body?

The nose.

So that she can still breathe
while giving a blow job.

Because of my husband I'm lonely.

Because of me I'm alone.

I'm just so lonely because I'm alone.

Who is afraid of the Bad Wolf?

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Who is afraid of the Bad Wolf?

Who is afraid of the Bad Wolf?

Who is afraid of the Bad Wolf?

You always pretended to me.

What?

And you just wanted to see me
how it fitted in your thoughts.

I was never an autonomous person.

I was a screen on which
you projected your film of me.

I always faced you very frankly.

You, frank?

Didn't you play with everybody?

When I was a child I
played with other children.

At the beginning I always lost.

One day, playing hide-and-seek,
I peeped through my fingers.

Because of this first cheating I won.

I began to perfect my system.

Because the cheaters win in this world.

When I met a woman,
I assumed she would act like me.

When I met you, I wanted to
make everything different, but...

...my system had become too perfect.

In a world of "Having to win"
nobody loves the loser.

In a society of cheaters

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the winner is lonely too.

Do you think we should
give us another try?

Who is afraid of the Bad Wolf?

Who is afraid of the Bad Wolf?

Who is afraid of the Bad Wolf?

Who is afraid of the Bad Wolf?

Are you now talking to yourself?

Perhaps we always talk to
ourselves when we are speaking.

Right or Left?

Right.

Who has nothing doesn't lose much.

Do you think we have to play
during all our life?

Perhaps life is a game.

Nonsense.

Both of us, we should smoke a cigarette
and laugh silently to ourselves.

Laugh?

About what?

About us.

That'll suit you, Sweet little thing!

Do you want boobs or culture?

Oh dear, the Wife!!

Well...!!

That'll suit you, you horny buck!!!

The End.

Why?

Say anything...

Up and down, again and again...

But...

But...

YOU are...

You are a loser.

I'm just your private whorehouse.

I'm just your private well-fare centre.

Germany .

You are nothing.

I'm just your private whorehouse.

I'm just your private well-fare centre.

Germany is the cultural
centre of the world.

You are a loser.

You are nothing.

Germany.

You are such a loser.

You are a loser.

My dear boy.

My dear boy.

My dear boy.

Fuck me.

Fuck me.

I trust you.

I trust you.

You are right.

You are right.

I am proud of you.

I am proud of you.

I am proud of you.

You were a loser, you are a loser
and you will always be a loser.

Would you also have loved me
if I were not your son?

You never achieved anything in you life.

You were a loser, you are
a loser and you will...

I am proud of you.

I am proud of you.

I am proud of you.

Deceit, hypocrisy and
self-deception remain - these three.

But the greatest of these
is self-deception.

I am cold.

Yes. It got fresh.

I rather meant inward.

I wonder if all this in my head...

if that makes any sense. Any?

- Do you ask me for advice?

- Yes.

- No empty phrases?

- No.

Fine.

Become a Christian , become a Jew,
Moslem, Hindu, Buddhist and atheist.

But don't trust any prophet.

Go to the Social Democrats on Monday,
to the Christian Democrats on Tuesday,

on Wednesday to the Free Democrats,
on Thursday to the Greens,

on Friday to the Left Wings

and when there are elections, vote for..

... I can't tell you.

Be deeply involved in the whirl of time
only until the next commercial brake.

Suffer with the repressed
people during the News.

But don't forget to switch
when the show begins.

Be distressed, struck,
concerned and angry.

Be moved by the hollow
words of these times,

laugh, ignore and deny the misery...
because it's not yours.

Suffer with every creature
but let it be indifferent to you.

Shout out the anger that you don't feel.

Keep silent to the melody of
consternation with bulky speeches.

I can't give you any help,
because we are all helpless.

What can we do?

Nothing.

I left.

All people left.

Is there no understanding?

No universal truth?

Yes, there is.

I am everything I have in the world.

I am everything I lack.

Yes.

I, only I can understand me.

I never want to leave me anymore.

I am everything I have in the world.

I am everything I lack.

Come into the labyrinth of
insanity, profundity,

the metaphor of senselessness.

Welcome with me the Protagonists
in the carousel of meanings

and misinterpretations.

Well, I don't know what to say.

The meaning of life is...

Let's have fun! Let's have fun!

Eric is the meaning of life.

Thinking can't be the meaning.

The meaning of life is...

Hopefully we have nice weather.

Torsten is the meaning of life.

What did I get involved with here!

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Sorry, can I do it again?

The meaning of life is
to reach the recall.

Rumpelstiltskin!

When you sing, it sounds as if I put a
sausage into my German Shepherd's ass.

You don't touch my lap anymore.

I 'm just your private whorehouse.

A hole is a hole.

Who is afraid of the Bad Wolf?

Recall. Recall. Recall.

This is the meaning of life?

That surprises you?

Me too.

Ok like that?

Yes, ok.

This is the true meaning,
the ultimate one.

This is the winner, he won
this role in a tombola.

Fucking tombola!

You see, participating is worthwhile.

Here comes the director.

Why?

He is part of the meaning, too.
At least he thinks so.

Stop.

Does that look like a director?

No.

Jacket! Cap!

Here comes the director.

Participating is worthwhile.

Say anything.

Fuck me.

Don't turn it out too simple.

Why?

Up and down, again and again...

Up and down, again and again...

YOU are...

I!

This is the man.

He is searching for the meaning.

And still thinks he can find it.

He doesn't know yet, that the
meaning is only part of the show.

Do you believe it?

Do you search for the
meaning of life too?

I don't want to be awkward,
I'll tell you.

The meaning of life is:

Interference.

Is the camera still rolling?

These two were my condition to take part.

Turn off the camera. Let them search

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their fucking meaning on their own.

I am everything I have in the world.

I am everything I lack.

- Morning.

- Morning Godot.

Bye.

I never dreamed of that yesterday.

A charming evening.

Unforgettable.

And already over.

It seems so.

Are you leaving?

Yes. It's getting morning.

- You...

- No empty phrases!

Do it well.

Godot!

Who are you really?

Think about it.

When all the games have been played,
what should we learn the rules for?

How can we forget the rules,
when we don't want to play anymore?

When we don't want to play
anymore, we should stop.

Yes.

We should stop. We should simply stop.

I am everything I have in the world.

I am everything I lack.

I, only I can understand me.