

We know the day, the place,
the time.

All day long we prepare
ourselves for it...

It must be a special event...

we prepare ourselves for...

and we don't know
what it means.

No! You damned!
Don't shoot!

Crazy!

Come here, Sidi!

I'm tired.

Really crazy!

Where's she got to?

Julia?

The sounds!

As if I had been already here once.

You?

What are you doing here?

I've got a letter.

Me too!

Please, get that dog away!

You know, what happened to me?

No!

What happened to you?

Get in, bastard!

Bend down your head!

Bandage your eyes!

and it's such a
rare disease, so that...

nobody knows anything about.

Cheers to Julia!

Here's to me!

It's like a movie.

By the way, Awad...

are you still making films?

The opening...

was like cinema,
like in a movie.

And you, Hermann?

You are still working as a stage designer?

What do you want?

All the world's a stage,
and all the men and women merely players.

You are as beautiful as in the past, Julia.

Instantly I remembered...

the garden of my grandfather.

Remembrance...

of my grandfather's garden.

It was such a nice place.

Plenty of trees,
olive trees...

date trees...

There were a lot of animals,
like goats...

sheep...

dogs...

My grandfather...

while feeding the dogs -...

was speaking in Italian:
"veni qua, veni qua!"

Why is it so dark in here?

I can't sleep in the darkness.

It's just like in the room,
where she was...

intensive care unit.

In the engine room it was also dark.

Also during transport I was sitting
with my head tilted forwards...

It was dark -
my head tilted forwards - it was dark.

Extinction

Extinction?

Everything disappears...

Everything suddenly is gone...

and never comes back again.

Julia, what's...

what's depressing you?

You can tell me.

I'm just not able to...

What?

...to feel
like I've felt when I was a child.

But we can act...

and admit,
that everything is just only acting!

It's no acting.
- What? Everything?

All our feelings are only acting?
- Why not?

What can you see?

A harried face...

That's what I can see.

Moreover I can see the fear.

You pick those ones,
who are free to decide.

If a woman has opted for me...

she did that voluntarily!
I have'nt forced her!

She is free!
- I've got it, that's freedom!

I see!
Freedom is to opt for you!

She chose!

Will...

might...

She loved me!

You and me both!

And I'm very sorry...

to have not married her!
You know!

That would have been
your free decision!

Women may also resist.

Indeed!

Julia, do you need something?

What about the garden?

I've cut some shrubs.

Outlook is better now.

These two gentlemen almost
had killed themselves mutually because of me.

They were possessive towards me.

None of that, Julia.
Forget it!

You know,
that such things are never over.

You wanted to possess Julia
like an object...

to be able to show off
with a european woman.

You wanted to possess her
to be sitting pretty before the others.

I'm off.

I go with you.

She's the most important
person in my life.

She's my aunt.

Our mother had no interest for us.

When I was in the orphanage...

I was asking myself...

What is it like to have a mum,
to have a dad...

what is it like to have a family?

if we were a family?

There was always this question -
without an answer.

And your father?
your mother?

It's already very very long ago.
- Ok.

I was engaged to Julia.

Her parents were with us.
They had invited me...

but because of the waiter
everything had gone bad.

The waiter offended me.

He told me:
"We have no glasses for aliens!"

Bad!

And so does this guy.

I really would have pleasure...

to beat him.

These...

arrogant...

racists, imperialists...

with their evil-smelling dogs!

Look! Now!

It was like this...

at my grandfather's...

when we were kids...

the light...

olive trees...

pomegranate trees...

date trees...

cicadas.

Do you understand what I mean?

Just this one. It appeared in a flash -
and I thought: "exactly!"

Then these sad images.

They say it's a friend...

They always say it's a friend -
death.

I was madly in love at that time -
Come, death, old friend...

the mist of the Sein is unveiled...

You have to wrest a secret from life...

even if it's hard,
even if it seems impossible.

There is nothing more
than standing against the unthinkable.

You want to be touched by love.

You want to be stricken by love,
thunderstruck.

And this actually happens.

Isn't he top dog?

Crackerjack - wow!

Look at him!

It was a really difficult relationship.
Not easy at all.

You see...

Wherever you go -
you know –

all men are after her...

- not right away physically
- but they want to get rid of you.

Wherever.
It's always the same.

Here you can see already
a certain despair, an aberration...

where amorphousness emerges...

where it's coming already
to nothing.

I tried to find myself again...

but I didn't come off.

I couldn't anymore...

catch myself.

Always close, but no cigar.

She answered me with this mincing.

She probably felt your closeness.

Maybe.
- Certainly!

She just vanished.

I wasn't present that day,
when they cut off the devices - about eight –

"You may be present!
At nine o'clock"

Ah! - I'm free to watch,

when they cut off the devices!

Well, that's just great!

She just vanished.

But...

only the dancing remains.

Don't be afraid to speak with me.

I love to speak with you.

So do I.

It does my heart good.

You were very harsh with Awad.

He still loves you!

At least he regrets
not having married me.

But that's his grand delusion!

It's not nice
to speak suchlike about him.

Don't get me wrong, but he's projecting
all his high ideals onto you!

All the ideals of the West,
which he's actually hating!

Moreover he hassles me
with his preachy eyewash.

You know, that she was
her one and only?

No, but I figured as much.

Did you suffer from her fame?

No.

Yes, of course.

But she also gave me shelter.

And flattered your vanity.

You know, when they were talking about me,
they only named me 'Her husband'...

'Her husband' - not me!
They only wanted to know, who that is.

They were all alike,
one and all!

About whom you are talking?

About this whole shitty
Viennese theatre scene. All of them!

And then they all were at the funeral,
with their feigned long faces.

I really loved her very much.

At that point
my brain began to sting like mad.

It was almost unbearable.

My brain begins to sting...

because it seems completely impossible
to experience truth!

Excuse me!

Can we talk openly?
- Yes, of course!

This set...

Like a painting by...

This set reminds me of...

Your fellow was
very angry with you, earlier on.

Fellow!

How he is boasting about his competence
in european and continental matters!

Actually he hates these things.
He's the original Arab...

He constantly talks about Islam.

He's playing the moralizer...

and pretending to appreciate
european culture and Biedermaier.

You could'nt speak a word to him.

Then it was an up and down.

He then had to move out
of the apartment...

and more or less blew through
together with Julia.

But...

since then I have'nt
heard anything from him.

He told me he was...

locked up together with two others
in a cell...

He told me about fear...

strokes, torment...

Still to live and be dead tomorrow...

They leaded the people off
to shooting.

To execution by shooting?
- Yes!

I'm near you.

They brought him to this place...

and want to return...

to finish him off.

We are at war, do you get me?
We are at war!

I'm not a traitor!

I'm not a traitor!

What's that?
- My pills!

What for do you need pills?

I want to see you die!

What did I do to you?
What for?

There is no evidence,
for nothing.

What do they want from you?

Ransom money -
but...

beyond all hope.

Hermann asks:
'Were you wrapped up in an affair?'

I'm sure,
such ideas come only from him.

Do you remember?

At the door of my home...

he aimed a knife...

at the alien.

You humbled and provoked him!
That was too much.

It was your free choice.

The grass is very cold.

We try it once more.

Now? But I'm on camera.
- No, you are'nt on camera.

Sit down here
and look toward me! - Yes!

Just a moment!

Yesterday I had a terrible dream.

I dreamt, that...

a class mate...

He stayed with me and said:

"I've brought with me...

the snake you wanted.

Here's to you, Julia!

This time to you!
Cheers!

The idea is really great...

to invite us.

It's a great idea of you.

It's the first time...

I'm able to entrust myself
to somebody about this matter.

The fear of the impossibility
to be oneself any more...

really, physically perceptible:

That's - not - me.

It's a boundless frightening moment.

But they never will be able...

to take away your experiences.

Nobody.

It's sheltered completely...

quite deep, internal.

Inside you.

- Yes.

I'm a realist...

but because of my children
I have confident hope.

I'm very much
looking ahead the future.

The future is the most merciless thing
you can imagine.

How can you live without hope?

I also came to know...

that I would very much
enjoy to be dead.

I'm always searching.

Everywhere something is waiting...

esperance, future...

Everywhere something
vivacious is waiting.

Is still something left for me?

Of course! Sit by me!
Let's start another bottle!

Look!

- Wow! Dazzling woman! Who is she?

Once that was my wife.

It's very nice together with you
in this darkness.

Merely projections!

The charm of exoticism,

that's what it was! Enough!

We should have married.

Reveries!

What would have been the difference?

It could have been marvellous.

The whispering:

'She's carrying on with an Arab!'

I would'nt have been able
to bear it for long...

this smooth violence.

You forget the other nice things.

No, I don't, Awad!

Did you say: 'smooth violence'?

I'm dead tired, Julia.

- Let's make a break, then!

I can't see an inn there.

Let's settle on the ground!

I can't see any ground.

Plunk yourself down, then!

I plunk myself down.

Very well, Awad.

It's ok.

I can feel your breathing.

It's only a dream.

Omar!

Look, that's Omar!

I can't see a way out.

Julia, give me your hand!

I make something out. Shall I wake him up?

It's only a scenery.

The dates!

The dates.

This year I will not eat them.

In grandfather's garden –

- they were sweet, the dates,
sweet.

You are plastered.

Plastered dates.

Where is Julia?

Julia? You could know that
quite precisely, isn't it?

The one who stroke me permanently
was blond, tall and blond...

and had...

an iron bar.

Where is Omar?

Also drunk.

The other one came near
and took away Omars belt.

I wanted to remove the belt...

with my fingers, but...

the blond man pulled down
my hand and strangled my neck...

till I could'nt breathe anymore.

Shit!

I'm afraid not to be able

to leave this place.

Calm down.
Nobody can change one's skin.

In this damed jail.

But Julia likes it,
doesn't she?

Since she's not alone any longer...

but I don't know.

However, she's got herself in hot water
with this invitation.

I undreamed of meeting
just you here!

Whenever did you think about an other one?
You always thought you were all alone.

You don't know the half of it.

You arrive at that place.
She lies there...

she's connected to all
the medical devices...

and she's...

twitching, dancing, moving...

Can you see it?

Right now.

She's alive!

She's standing up.

Hermann!

I understand you.
It's very sad.

There are moments...

where my life seems to be...

devoid.

This regime
has annihilated everything...

our history...

our culture...

our identity.

Further on this vacuum,
devoid, everything devoid, vacuum...

also the new generation,
because everything is destroyed...

and everything annihilated,
that was cultural, intellectual...

and...

either you take part...

or you are a goner.

And what did remain?

Lie, nothing but lie.

Almost like in real life.

You don't need to simulate
any longer.

This abduction reminds me of...

Maybe of yourself?

...of myself, yes,
of myself.

You see.
It's like this death for me.

I'm dead tired, but...

I will dare something.

- What? What will you dare?

A movie.

That moment,
when I was totally convinced: ...

These are not my own thoughts!

An incredible panic!

We are living under
an extreme disastrous condition,...

because...

truth means death.

- twelve, onehundred and twentyfour, the first one.

That's why we lack for something,
because we've no culture of truth!

I also had high hopes.

And?

Nothing came of it!

Complots, restraints, obliteration.
The world dishonoured me.

Megalomania!
You're above yourself!

You have delusions!

- If you're arguing in this way...

your claim to be a victim, poor, and that
the others have not respected you!

You are a narcissist beyond remedy!
- I see!

And she suffered badly from that, when she
was with you. - Ever so!

And you? You not?
You want to shoot a film for no reason?

You are an angel, aren't you?

Floating between two cultures.

I enjoy it! - Yes, you enjoy it,
to be able to feign it to her!

And she still
gives credence to that!

You want an object, a victim!

You grope about verification!
You need someone to boost your ego!

Who? - You want verification!
- From you? - Yes!

Out from within this lava!

Always out, out!
Throughout everything wants to erupt.

Why?

The dark fir-forest,...

breathing deeply,...

like the breathing of a mother,...

but without this breathing...

you could'nt fall asleep.

It gave us shelter.

Lone shafts of sunlight...

glowing like in a...

stunning kaleidoscope...

rolling by...

summer, being free...

the beams of sunlight...

the last shine...

that was like a promise for a future...

Get on with it, my dear!

It does my heart so good.

If that could last forever!

Julia?

Julia!

Vine rises up in the brain...

and makes it apt and ingenious,...

full of fervent
and beauteous images...

Julia!

Where is the light switch?

That's my prison.

There is no light switch.

You have to give away your heart!
Otherwise you are a liar, a traitor!

She's always given the utmost.
That's why people loved her so much,...

because she always
opened her heart on the scene.

Grand!

Floor, walls...

pale yellow, navy blue...

What a piece of work is a man!

How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty!

In form and moving how express...

and admirable!

In action how like an angel!

In apprehension how like a god!

The beauty of the world!

The paragon...

of all sow bugs.

Thank you!

But who am I,
when I don't play?

I won't join this game
any longer.

We are playing permanently!

We gamble with our lives.

Eternal play...

between us.

Hermann is gone...

and together with Hermann
the hope...

for reconciliation.

The hope...

for an utopian dream...

I feel aggrieved...

and offended.

It has cost me a lot.
A lot.

Maybe it's...

my last movie.
He must not forget...

what this movie means to me.

The extreme hope...

to look ahead without...

fear.

To start on my way...

but serene,
and cheerful.

We want to be...

protagonists...

of our own dying.

Maybe...

a new birth.

The birth...

of a superior reconciliation...

between...

cultures,...

prejudices,...

vanity.

The question is:
Why did he leave?

Absurd rejection.

Maybe there's another reason.

The subconscious...

rejected us...

his subconscious.

But there is no real, visible,
reasonable cause to leave.

Perhaps he's feeling
different inwardly...

but didn't tell us about.
Maybe. I don't know.

With which Hermann
I'm speaking just now?

with which one of the both,
I have met?

But I don't permit
both of them...

to dash my hope.

Anyway, I can't...

understand it.
What a hate!

My God!

To reawaken the whole...

fright of the abduction.

I felt fully free and...

- Continue to feel free!
You are fully free.

We will...

shoot the movie...

without him.

He rejected us...

He doesn't like to work with us.

And...

A distance began...

and a frostiness.

Everything was destroyed.

But maybe I'm even glad now,...

because we are able
to continue the dream...

of free humans.

There would have been
a younger partner for me,...

full of self-deprecation.

And what are
your feelings now?

Pretty much...

things no one is able
to talk about.

Such as?

Fear of feigned conciliations.

What are you trying to say?

Hermann!

Sandu?

I saw his eyes.
- Whose eyes?

The strangler's.

One of the kidnappers?

Hermann's hands reach
for the bare feet...

touch them tenderly...

You can do it! Stand up, stand!

Marvellous...

life seen, dreamed...

I went through the streets
for hours...

to contemplate...

to see...

this feeling...

to be expelled.

I can see your eyes.

I could be your grandfather!

I can't breathe!

I can't breathe.

Why did you do such a thing?

I'm an old man.

When I came to Europe...

I studied photography and film.

The truth of the matter is,
that I was only interested in girls.

If they are pretty, men become
jealous and aggressive.

Long hair...

nice legs...

the curves of their bodies...

how they walk...

The girls...

the camera...

the light...

the light.

I'm free.

Grandfather carries me
shoulder high.

Hermann!

I've sent the results to Enzo.

He is preeminent in his field.

I trust in him badly.

Yes, I know...

you told me...

of this mincing.

You don't want to speak
no longer...

all at once you are
close as a clam...

you think: 'Why should I
give away my experiences...

which were so heavily
painful for me'...

right, Hermann?

Very often I had the sense,...

that you didn't notice me at all...

Maybe it's the denial...

Eh?

- to confide your most intimate...

experiences...

My...?

- most intimate experiences.

Because not everyone
deserves it.

She was very beautiful,
wasn't she?

She gave you security,
stability...

you needed her.

Forgive me!
You can't bear that.

We wanted to be free.
We had to.

We had to!

But where is freedom?

Granulocytes in different
stages of maturity...

with multiplying of precursors...

normal formation of erythrocytes...

Hermann looks at you
and caresses your hair tenderly.

You were many times happy?

Happiness is quite strange.

Happiness can be terrifying.

At the beginning. Not anymore.

No fear.

I like to talk with you.
- So do I. And it does my heart good.

It does me so good.

Julia!

They want to kill me!

I can see them rushing in.
We've to turn our faces towards the wall...

You hardly ever know...

the reaction of your family...

or the way they feel...

how my children are feeling.

Something must be done.
- But you've still started to shoot the film!

I've lost the thread...

because I've the feeling
of having got old.

The movie is projecting you
into the future.

The plot should emerge
while shooting.

Exactly!
- We don't follow the screenplay.

Light,
tracking shots...

and...

unseen images
shall become visible.

I only expect you...

to trust in me and...

not to be withdrawn. Only that!
- Not to...?

Not to close your mind.
- I understand!

You also told me things...

which were...

completely new for me.

Somewhat like...

in a mirror.

Whereto are we going?
Whereto?

The feeling of solitude...

the void.

the angst.

I for one...

I'm waiting for my fate.

but my fate is in God's hands...

though I formerly never had
believed in him...

never.

Of course, if it does you
good to believe...

and...

We are always waiting.
Nonetheless I'm sure...

when death will occur...

astonishment will be
distinguishable...

in our eyes.

They will release you, Awad.

Look there!

This light!

The prospect!
The dates are mellow!

Yes!
Try to reach them, Awad!

Hermann's voice:
'Impossible, he's captive!'

It's unreal! It's a stage scenery!
It's only his movie!

Bygone, past, over!

The dates are mellow now!
In october the dates are mellow!

Try to reach them!

It's cold here.

We always
had warmth and light!

My brothers are still living.
As yet!

Grandfather, hold me tight!

Hermann's voice:
'Just ideas, shadows!'

If I'm frightened...

I need help,
but don't know how to obtain it.

Shall I say:
'Please come, I'm frightened!' ?

I would make a fool
of myself.

These terrible images
in the head!

They force a child...

to strap on a suicide vest...

an send it
to a wedding party...

to kill all the people, all
and itself...

a child!

Is there any answer?

in vain.

This hell of repression...

cataclysms will follow,
continuance of cataclysms...

a generation full of hate
and desire for revenge...

What will happen with us?

vainly, vainly I try to shut
my eyes...

but my eyes can't sleep...

peace!
peace for my eyes!

You don't know me well.
I'm telling you the way it is...

I could see his eye.

I seem to remember...

to have read something in it.

I can be a maniac.
- Yes, me too.

There are people they got
to know me as a monster, really!

I can become so abrasive,
as to be able to smash people...

like fury.

Just in a delusion...

of omnipotence...

like God.

Again and again
the same suffering...

over and over
the same chaos...

Hermann, ironical...

in the refugee camps...

Your syrian pal with his
arabian prayer mumbling...

who can stand that?

time after time...

I can't understand the Europeans...

to leave behind everything...

He's reading poetry, poetry!
In Classical Arabic!

He's a poet!

But the subconscious of
the Europeans...

As if I were still in the camp...

I'll bury all of you.

No life...

Being human is horrendous.
I feel ashamed to be a human.

People with children
are suffering all the worse...

so much the worse...

You humans, you monsters!

It's enough to make you cry...

Children freeze to death...

nothing worse is imaginable...

I for one,
I bashed my brother...

I can't amend it, I regret it, but
back then it was sane...

Today I'm asking myself,

why I've done that.

What's left over for us...

but the dreams?

How happy...

we could be...

if we only wouldn't have been...

so haughty.

We despised everything.

Dead. You feel dead.

To awake myself...

that's why I don't want to sleep...

Why?

- Because the dreams turn up.

Maybe it's me...

but it's black...

black.

That's why I don't want to sleep.

Sleep never more.

I don't want to sleep,
but I want to be free.

How long am I here already?
Is it day now or night?

Can you hear something?
Yes? What?

Can you hear me breathing?
Do you hear it?

I've the feeling
to be completely irrelevant...

There's nothing!

everything has been said
and all of it is a stupendous error!

If there is salvation?
I don't think so, as we know.

You know, what I mean?
If there is satisfaction and...

That is the question.

No, I don't think so.

I have'nt made the movies...

which I wanted to make.

I've shot no movies.

I'm expert for...
how do you say? ...nothing...

for nothing!

All along I was dreaming...

to end my days in a movie.

I'm falling senseless...

there was never a day in my life
with such a hopelessness,...

with such a lot
of desperation and hate.

With dignity...

with fortitude...

to be allowed to leave...

the stage of life.

Just in this cinematic dimension...

I'm able to pass away...

fictively or actually.

Do you play at this now?

It's all over.

I would like
to understand that much!

In autumn
the dates are mellow.

We will not live to see them.

Which game are you playing?

I'm playing my severity.

As if you would have played
overly seldom in your life!

Gunfire, bombs...

devastation...

Houses demolished.
Everything's bombed to pieces...

Bodies are
buried under the debris.

To cease to feel.

Maybe it's a party.

You drank to much.

How can I shed the thoughts...

which are wafting
round and round me?

But what is to come?

Which...

great historical cataclysm?

Something humane...

To dignify human kind...

I miss that badly
in the works of the people.

The dignity of human kind
is in your hands...

with you it will decline,
with you it will increase!

That's the mission
of the artists!

Tomorrow, and tomorrow,
and tomorrow...

creeps in this petty pace...

from day to day
to the last syllable of recorded time.

And all our yesterdays
have lighted fools

The way to dusty death.

We have to repeat it!

It is a tale

Told by an idiot,...

full of sound and fury.
Signifying nothing.

But I was happy.

Once I was so happy,
that I thought: 'What's next?'

To depart the whole lot...

maybe...

like liberation.

Giuliana (Julia) comes from a mountain village in northern Italy.
She studies linguist and works as a teacher.
After a serious accident in her youth she lives until today in the hotel of her family.
Since a number of years she suffers from a threatening blood disease.

Awad is Libyan.
In his youth he studies at the Viennese Academy for film.
During the civil war he is kidnapped by criminal militias near Tripolis.
They hold him captive and have him tortured.
After ten days he is released through the offices of his relatives.

In his youth Hermann studies scenography.
He lives in Vienna as an artist.
He suffers from the tragical bereavement of his beloved wife,
a famous actress, who died unexpectedly.

Sandu is born in Romania.
He spends the first twentythree years of his life in protectories.
Today he lives as a gardener in Vienna.

Omar comes from Syria.
Together with his family he flees from the war and goes to Europe.
Today he, his wife and their four children live in Vienna.

The drawing with the title "Vom Zweifel besiegt"
and all the other drawings and outlines are intellectual property of
Hermann Krejcar
They were supplied by him to be used in the film

The painting used in the film is a copy from 'The Concert' by Tizian
(Tiziano Vecellio) made by Anna Lenassi

The poem 'Syria' in arabian language is intellectual property of Omar
Taha

Texts from the following plays were quoted:

William Shakespeare, As You Like It, translation by August Wilhelm
Schlegel,

in: Shakespeare's dramatische Werke. Bd. 4, Johann Friedrich Unger,
Berlin 1799

William Shakespeare, Hamlet, translation by August Wilhelm Schlegel,
in: Shakespeare's dramatische Werke Bd. 3, Johann Friedrich Unger,
Berlin 1798

William Shakespeare, Macbeth, translation by Dorothea Tieck,
<http://www.william-shakespeare.de>

and from memory cited by Hermann Krejcar:
excerpt from Friedrich Schiller, Der Künstler (1788)

special thanks to:

Anna Gasser
Khalida Aljaburi
Familie Okeke
Joseph Taha
Mohamed Taha
Isabella Schreiner
Michael Pilz
Olaf Moeller
Marko Doring

and to the anonym guitar player
at the Viennese 'Nordbahnhof'- area

translation:

Omar Taha
Mohamed Taha
Moawia Elkish
Peter Schreiner

subtitles:

echt.zeit.film

décor:

Peter Schreiner

thanks to:
Anna Gasser
Hermann Krejcar

assistance camera / lighting / technics:

Zakaria Mohamed Ali
Motahar Azizi

assistance CamDolly Cinema System:

Zabiullah Ibrahimi
Isabella Schreiner

equipment:

echt.zeit.film

assistance realisation / photos:

Sandra Spindler

team-support and coaching:

Maria Schreiner

additional sound-recording 2009 / 2015 / 2016:

Peter Schreiner

sound recording and controlling:

Johannes Schmelzer-Ziringer

sound-design / sound-editing / sound-mixing

Peter Schreiner

final inspection sound-mix / DCP - sound:

Johannes Schmelzer-Ziringer

grading / digital effects:

Peter Schreiner

Digital Cinema Package:

echt.zeit.film

thanks to
Carl Hetherington
DCP-o-matic

scenario / realisation / cinematography / editing:

Peter Schreiner

editing consulting:

Maria Schreiner

cast:

Giuliana Pachner
Awad Elkish
Hermann Krejcar
Sandu Petre Boitan
Omar Taha

guests:

Clementine Gasser
Michael Pilz
Judith und Luise Zdesar
Annemarie Zottl
Michael Mills
Maja Okeke

as well as
Sidi und Dido

production assistance:

Maria Schreiner

production supervision:

Peter Schreiner

production / distribution:

echtzeitfilm - Peter Schreiner Filmproduktion
www.echtzeitfilm.at
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supported by:

The Arts Division of the Federal Chancellery of Austria,
Department II / 3 - Film

and

Vienna City Administration,
cultural department
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Peter Schreiner wants to give thanks to all the contributors
for their great commitment and support, which made the production
of the film possible.

