



LIMITED SHELF LIFE

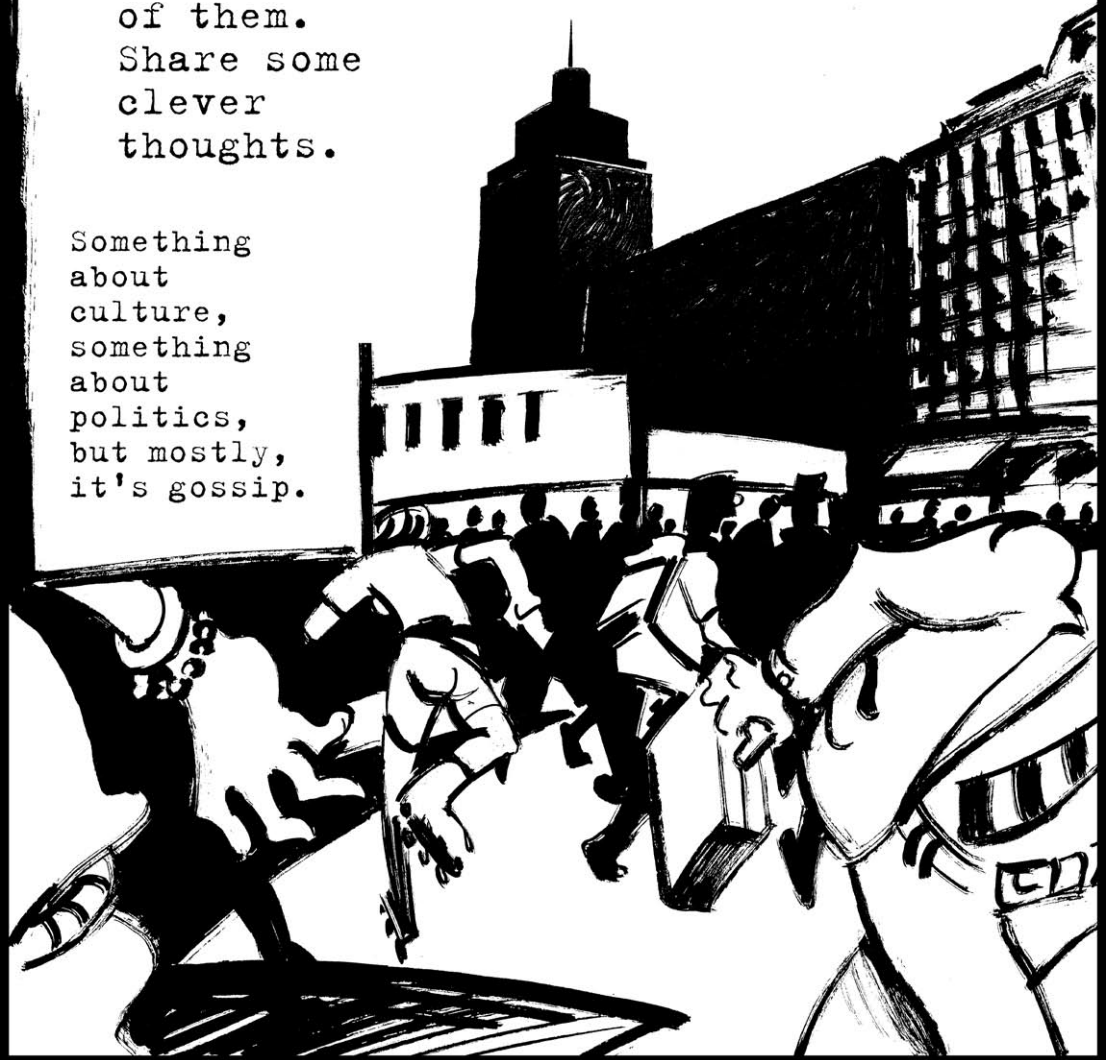
**BASED ON A SHORT STORY BY
VINKO MÖDERNDORFER**

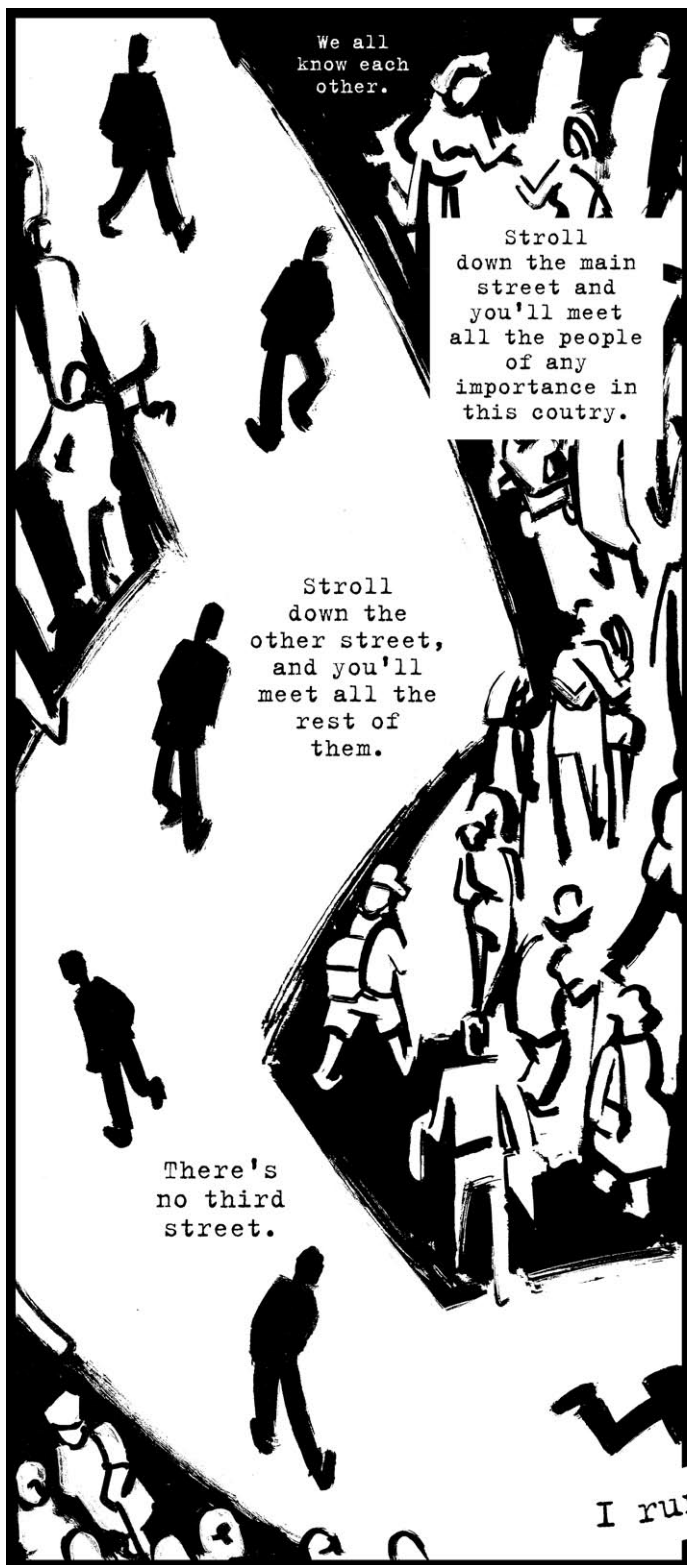
I'm walking through the streets.
I'm going in circles.

I'm meeting people.

We nod at each other.
I have a word or
two with some
of them.
Share some
clever
thoughts.

Something
about
culture,
something
about
politics,
but mostly,
it's gossip.





We all
know each
other.

Stroll
down the main
street and
you'll meet
all the people
of any
importance in
this country.

Stroll
down the
other street,
and you'll
meet all the
rest of
them.

There's
no third
street.

I run away.



Upwards only.



Upwards.



There's a cafe on the
top floor. Serenity
below the clouds.

Never a soul up here
before noon.



Željka,
is that
you?



GOOD DAY. I CAN BRING
YOU SOMETHING?



Sure,
why not?

What you like?

What do you
have to offer?

I have
all sort:
Coca-cola,
all kind of
juice, pulpy
and not pulpy.
All sort.

I'll have a
juice.

Pulpy?

Pulpy.



(No, it wasn't Željka. Željka's gone.)



HERE!
PULPY
JUICE.



YOU ARE ONLY GUEST TODAY.
WE ARE TOO HIGH. PEOPLE
DON'T LIKE HIGH.



WHAT NOW?
SOMETHING
NOT OK?



IS IT
SPOIL?

FUCK, THIS IS THE TEN TIME
I BRING SPOIL JUICE TO
GUEST!

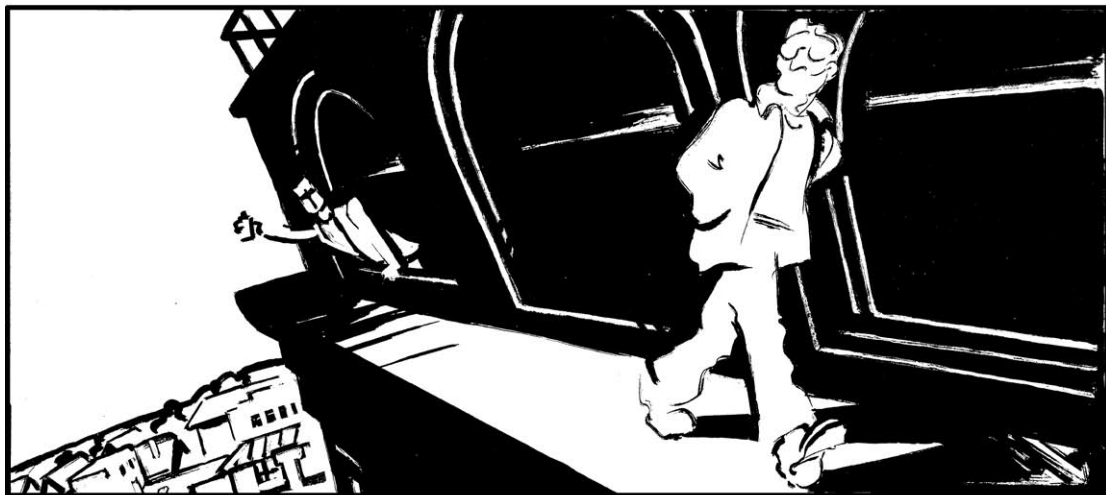
LI-MI-TED SHELF LI-FE.
SEE! IT SAY IS OK!



BUT THEN AGAIN IS
NOT OK! HOW CAN I
WORK JUST? NO
WORRY, YOU
GET NEW.



I'm moving along the window sill. I'm strolling. I'm strolling and I'm full of some sort of inner peace. No fear. Excitement, rather.



Admiring the
unknown.

It's like entering a different kind
of world. A world on the edge.

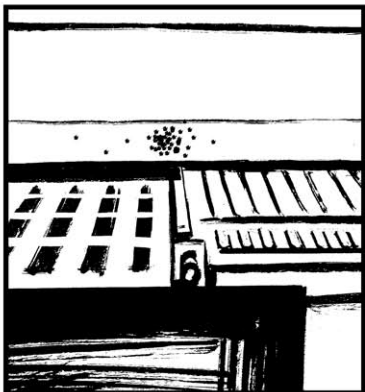


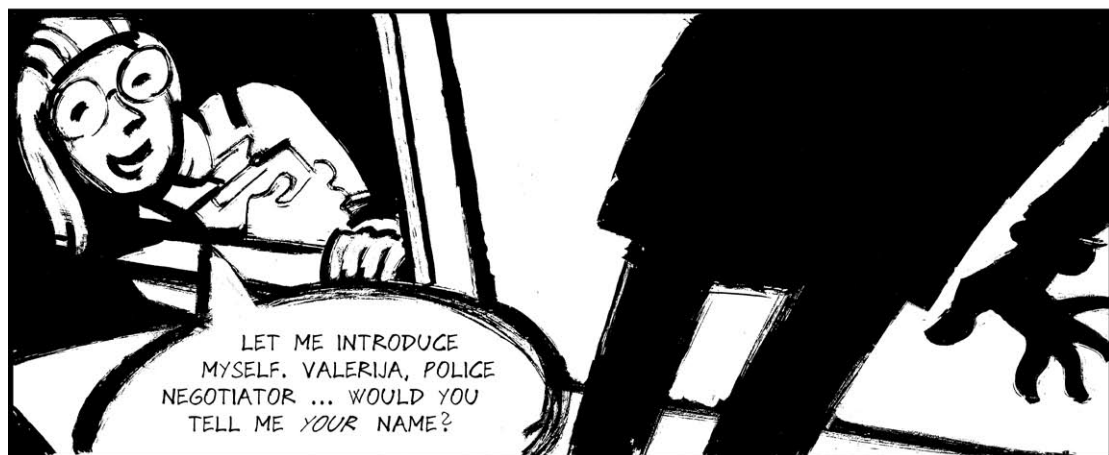


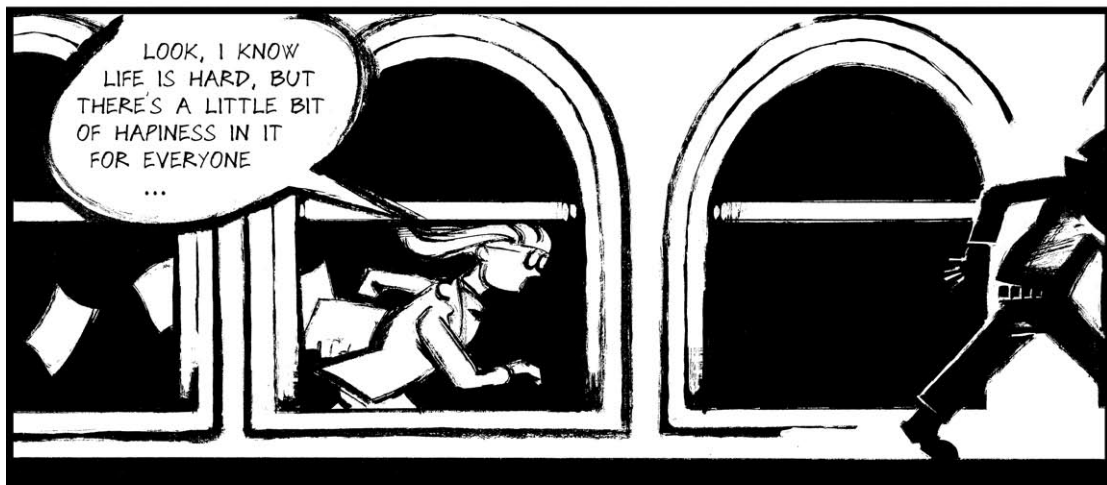
PLEASE, SIR, DON'T JUMP ...

AT LEAST WAIT FOR THE POLICE TO ARRIVE ... SO IT WON'T LOOK LIKE IT WAS MY FAULT ...

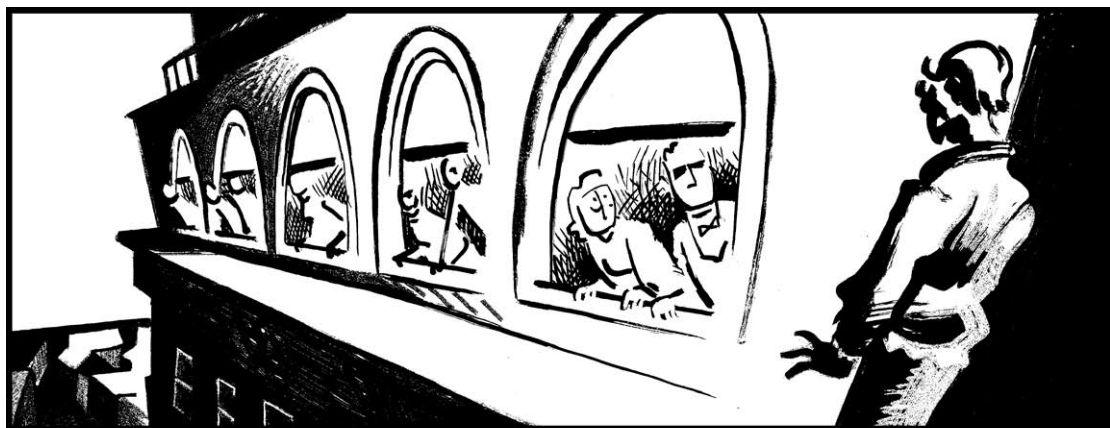
I'M AN ACCOUNTANT HERE ...













They always have to
spoil it all. How do
they do it? And just
when I was having such
a nice stroll ...

And here I am now.

Atop a
skyscraper,
pressed tight
against its
corner ...

Clenching
the gutter
behind my
back.

AH,
HERE YOU ARE.
PERHAPS WE CAN
HAVE A LITTLE
CHAT AT LAST,
WHAT DO YOU
SAY?

But I know: I
need to do this.

It's
unavoidable.

To make
that step.

To start
afresh.

To live on. Without
Željka. Live on ...



Live on

...

DO YOU WANT US
TO CALL SOMEONE
OF YOUR FAMILY,
SIR? SOMETIMES
IT HELPS ...

Suddenly, I decide.
I let go of the gutter ...
I feel the safe proximity
of the wall move away
from me ...

With short steps I
approach the edge
of the window sill
... The feeling's
becoming majestic.
The soles of my
shoes are all that
keeps me attached
to life. It's like
flying without
ever taking off.

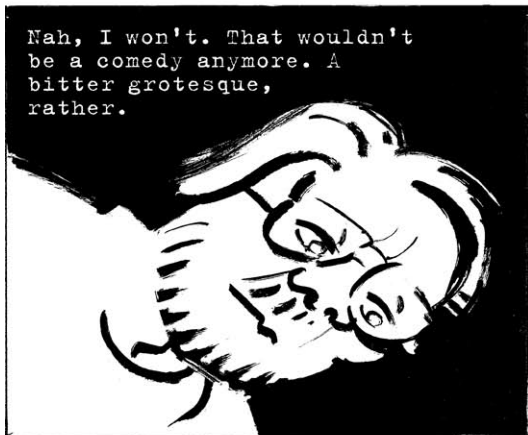
The tips of my
shoes peek over
the edge of the
sill ...
The crowd below
screams in
terror ...



Just look at them. What are they waiting
for? What do they want from me?



Nah, I won't. That wouldn't
be a comedy anymore. A
bitter grotesque,
rather.



LOOK, THEY BROUGHT YOU A
NEW, FRESH JUICE! THIS ONE'S
NOT PAST THE EXPIRATION
DATE YET!



No, I'll take
off instead ...



Now that I'm here, I have
to drag this ceremony
to the end.

Here I stand.
On the edge of
the tallest
building in
the town.

On the edge
of nothing.

On the
edge of a new
beginning.

The tips of
my shoes are
peeking over
the edge of
the sill.
My arms are
spread out.

I'm
levitating.

I'm taking
off.





I'm between.
Not a bird,
nor a man.

A being about
to be born.

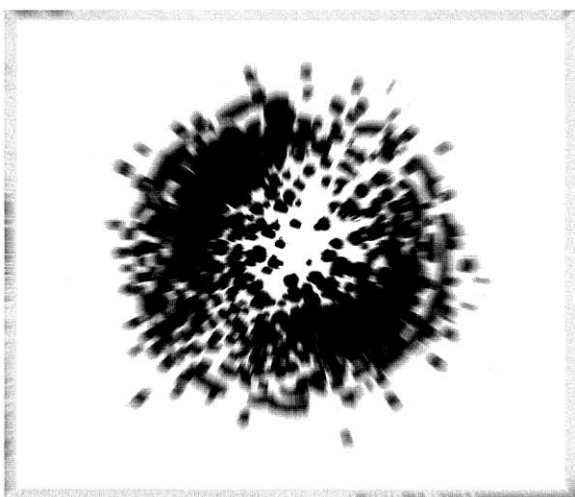
Only now can
everything be forgotten.



Only now can I forget
you, Željka. Only now.



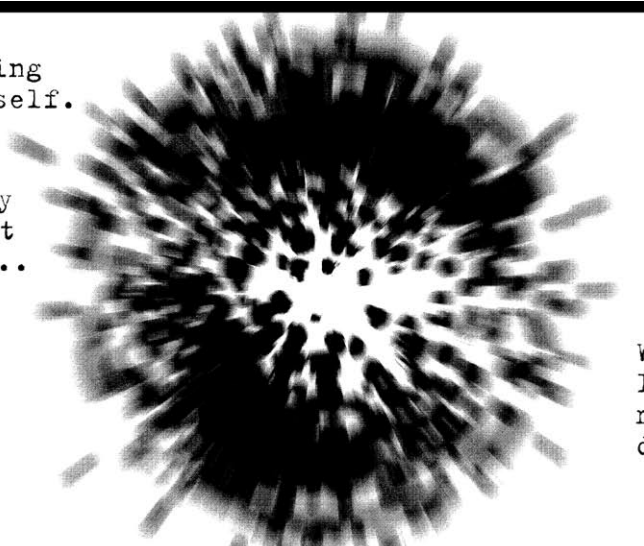
I'm free.
I'm born anew.



I'm diving
into myself.

Into my
deepest
core ...

Where
life
meets
death.



And
there's only
one thing I
know.

Now
I finally
know it.





I want to live.
That's all.

More than
anything else.

THE END