

**Title: GORAN**

In an elegant, retro-style Italian bar, Goran Petric, a middle-aged Bosnian man with a weathered face, slowly sips a drink. He is a professional hitman, a survivor of the war in the former Yugoslavia, orphaned as a child. Sitting at the bar beside him, a distinguished man named Guido strikes up a conversation. Unaware of the fate that awaits him, Guido engages Goran in what begins as a casual exchange but gradually becomes deeper. The two men share reflections on allergies, war, love, and the emptiness life can leave behind.

In an unusual moment of openness, Goran speaks—never fully explicit—about the trauma of a shattered childhood, his inability to feel affection, and the profession he chose to impose brutal order on the world. His words are steeped in ancient pain, as symbolic sand—an hallucination of time and memory—falls onto his hands, covering him like an endless hourglass.

After a cordial goodbye from Guido, it's revealed that the encounter was no coincidence. In an underground parking garage, Goran executes the murder with cold precision. Guido was the target.

But the act doesn't leave him untouched: Goran makes a second, mysterious phone call—silent, yet deeply unsettling. What follows is a long night of disorientation and a yearning to escape: sex, drugs, melancholy. He tries to fill the void with two escorts, but the past is always there, like sand that covers everything—and then vanishes.

In the silence of a phone booth and between rumpled sheets, Goran weeps. In a fleeting flashback, he sees the faces of his parents, now faded in his memory. The sand—symbol of time and guilt—dissolves once again. And he is left alone, hollowed out, lost, with nothing left to remember.