LOOPS, A SCRIPT
1.0 2022

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A stage.
On it, a drum set, an amplifier, speakers, a single microphone stand.
The rest of the view is obscured.

The audience, standing, waits eagerly.
Green light fills the room.

A short 60-year old man steps onto the stage.
His name is KLAUS.

KLAUS   I am the captain.
             I am the captain of the yellow submarine.

Laughter from the audience.
KLAUS puts on a white captain's hat.

KLAUS   Here we go.

KLAUS   *sings*
             In the place where I was born

Pre-recorded guitar sounds start playing.

             Lived once a maaan, a cap-tain
             About the suuubmarine
             He only talked with us, it was so nice

             We are in the yellow submarine,   submarine,   submarine
             We are in the yellow submarine,   submarine,   submarine

The amplifier malfunctions, constantly repeating KLAUS's last word.
For a moment KLAUS looks at it in disbelief.
With some help from the audience KLAUS manages to fix it.

             We are in the yellow submarine,   submarine,   submarine

The music fades out and the audience applauds.

KLAUS   Thank you!
             Bye!
             Till next time!

Everything is a pop song.
        Everything is the sequel to the sequel to the sequel.
                Everything is the copy of the copy of the copy.

Time does not move in a straight line.
        Time loops back on itself.

All timelines exist at the same time.
        All times exist at the same time.

The future happens at the same time as the present.
        The present happens at the same time as the past.
                The past happens at the same time as the future.

But these loops don't repeat politely
one after another keeping the same size.
Oh what a grand epic tale, you have just told us. I will cherish this moment for the rest of my life.
        This is the best content in the last decade, great job Shakespeare!
                Wow this summer's blockbuster is the bomb!
                        Cute cat meme!

The spiral rises from the ground like an angry rattlesnake.
        Every loop higher and tighter than the last one.
                The repetitions get quicker and quicker.

What happens when the loop gets too tight?
        What happens when the perfect pop song is made?
                What happens when the world serpent bites its own skin?

All new 'till it loops.
        It doesn't matter if you get it or not.
        The spiral will keep you in the loop.

In the TikTok house.
A McMansion villa inhabited by content creators.
They live there so they can focus better on creating content.
In the background a west-coast sunset.

A SAD BOY is slouching in the middle of the room.

SAD BOY   *mumbles*
    Sad Boys have been around since stories have been told.
    Narcis, Pygmalion, Walther von der Vogelweide, Young Werther, Oscar Wilde,
    Narcis (again), Morrissey, Kurt Cobain, Kid Cudi, Yung Lean, Machine Gun Kelly,
    Kid LAROI, Justin Bieber, Lil Huddy and myself.

    looking at my feet,
    standing in a pool of water
    i'm looking at a reflection of myself

    Young, beautiful, flawless skin, no tattoos, masculine.

    looking at my phone
    i'm looking at a reflection of myself
    and all the boys around me
    and all the boys that came before me
    and all the boys that will come after me

    I look at them.
    They look at me.
    But they are me.
    and I am them.
    Therefore they are looking at themselves.
    Are they me? Am I them?
    Are they themselves?

In the TikTok house.
In the background a west-coast sunset.
A real one or at least a convincing enough photo print.

The SAD BOYS are dancing.
They are producing content.
They move towards an iPhone, mounted in a ring light.
Each lifeless face is illuminated for a moment.
The SAD BOYS are in a flow, muscled shoulders twist,
at one with the saccharine chords of the speakers.
Lips and eyebrows curl with ambivalent offerings.
The SAD BOYS' skin is flawless. No tattoos.

SAD BOYS   *chanting*
      THIS FUCKING SLAPS! YOU GOTTA HEAR THIS!

The SAD BOYS' eyes are hazy and lifeless.
They've let their pants creep below their waists.

Every time a new song is about to begin they look up in a moment of hopefulness,
just to be pulled back in again by the first beat of a perfectly engineered next song.

SAD BOYS   *chanting*
      SHIT IS CRAZY THIS WEEK!

The SAD BOYS repeat the same pose again and again, pushing an upturned hand to one hip
as if holding a cigarette and making a small, airy gesture with the other.

SAD BOY   *mumbles*
      I was with this girl. It was, like, midnight, and I couldn't even come.

SAD BOY   YOU SHOULD STEP UP YOUR GAME, BRO!

SAD BOY   I mean …
      I'm serious.

The light flashes into the SAD BOYS' faces and the scene repeats from the top.

In the TikTok house.
In the background a west-coast sunset.

SAD BOY   looking at my Nike Dunk SB Pandas
           standing in a pool of water
           i'm looking at a reflection of myself

           Young, beautiful, flawless skin, no tattoos, masculine.

           looking at my phone
           i'm looking at a reflection of myself

           i'm looking at a reflection of myself
           and all the boys around me
           and all the boys that came before me
           and all the boys that will come after me
           a familiar scene

Stories keep getting told.
    Stories keep getting old.
        Just like we are.

The characters we tell stories about,
sitting at our multiplex campfires,
    are stuck in the loop.

Look at Spiderman.
Since his birth he has been in a constant loop of fighting the same people,
    to keep up the status quo.
        No one ever stays dead except Bucky, Jason Todd, and Uncle Ben.
        Copyright laws and capital force our heroes to be reanimated.

The same story happens again and again.
Spiderman battles the Green Goblin.
    The Green Goblin kidnaps Spiderman's latest love interest.
        Spiderman has to choose between saving them OR saving the city.
            Spiderman gets no happy ending.
                Spiderman gets no ending.

The GIF locks up characters in less than a story.
    The GIF locks up characters in just a single action.
        The locked up characters have to perform their one action for all eternity.
        Like a digital Sissyphus they are caught forever in never ending image cycles.

A fluffy cat pokes her nose.
    Mr. Bean raises his eyebrows.
        Trixie Mattel shakes her head in disbelief.

Every 15 to 24 frames they repeat their action, consumed by the loop.
    The loop is performing them, they are performing the loop, forever.
        They will never be able to escape their 265 color prison.
        Not even death is an option, they are fully conscious, forever.

[CLOCK]

Come on!

Are you serious??

You think all of this is happening, just because?
You will never escape.

Just like my hands are going around forever,
you will go around forever!

Your perception of time does not turn in a circle,
it runs ahead in a straight line.
Sometimes you feel like small hours grow long.
Sometimes you can enjoy a slow passing second.
But you're trying to run straight through your circular world.
That is why you can't be happy.

You are living in a circular reality. Since forever.
Once, you used to look up into the sky,
watching the circular motions of the planets revolving around each other,
then came the wheel,
then you invented me.

It's all circular.
Every day you are clocking in and out of your 9-to-5 job.
A well-rounded life.

And on that spiral, you call existence,
one thing has always been there with you:

Content.

Content loops keep you turning in real life loops.

Cop shows are made by the cops,
superhero movies are made by the US Military,
Sunday morning cartoons are made to sell toys and promote capitalism,
Donald Duck comics are there to keep up imperialism,
Shakespeare wrote history for the Tudors,
the CIA invented abstract expressionism to squash the spread of communism,
and right-wing meme magic conjured Donald Trump into office.

In the TikTok house.

SAD BOY   *lounges comfortably on an expensive chair*

SAD BOY   *looks down at the seamless, shiny surface entangled in his fingers*
            a small stream of blood runs down his nose

SAD BOY   *mumbles*
            The mayans predicted lil wayne
            mind = blown

In the TikTok House.
In the background a west-coast sunset.

SAD BOY   *Looks up hopefully.*

            Gives up, rests, tries again.
            Gives up, exhausted, rests, tries again.
            Gives up, still exhausted, rests, tries again.

                              [Intermission]

                                                            [Midpoint]

            Gives up, rests, tries yet again.
            Gives up, rests, tries again.
            Gives up, still exhausted, rests, tries again.

            Gets up, has nowhere to go.

            Gives up.

In the TikTok House.
Cosplay.
In the background a west-coast sunset.   [Bad Guys Close In]

The SAD BOYS are dancing.
They move towards an iPhone, mounted in a ring light.
A large number of them are dressed up as the title character from Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's
The Sorrows of Young Werther.

The SAD BOYS reach out to the slick seamless surface of a newest generation iPhone
navigating on top of the bottom right corner displaying an icon of a small heart.

SAD BOY   I'm looking at a reflection of myself   [GIF Sad Boys]
            young and beautiful, flawless skin
            I'm looking at a reflection of myself
            and all the boys around me
            Has anyone come back from infinity yet?

The spiral doesn't just curl upwards, like an angry rattlesnake.
    The spiral goes crazy.
        It also goes down, getting wider and wider spreading out into infinity.
        Into the bottomless rabbit hole.

Being culturally literate today is impossible.
    We keep running along the spiral, but it grows faster than we are going.
    We can't keep up.
    Growing past the horizon.
        The amount of content being produced,
        has long surpassed the time available to consume it.

When the spiral grows deep enough into the rabbit hole
    it starts to loop off itself.
        Fractals branch off into infinity.
            Zooming in without losing any detail
        with all-new super-resolution technology.

The further we go down the more specific content gets:

Are you looking for a Lady Gaga Poker Face Perfect Pitch Speed remix?
    Are you looking for an 18 part series explaining the entire lore of a short lived early 2000's toy series?
        Are you looking for AU Sherlock Holmes x Lord of the Rings inflation tentacle porn?

Content also moves up and down the spiral with ease.
    Content jumps back up to a higher level and then loops back down again.
        The snake has turned into a Möbius strip.

The Fifty Shades of Grey books are erotic Twilight fanfiction made into a series of novels.
    Like any other popular story, these novels spawn fanfiction again.
        And before you know it the most popular Fifty Shades of Grey fanfiction became its own movie.

Fanon exists.
    Fanon is a portmanteau derived from "fan" and "canon"
    that refers to tropes in fanfiction that are so prevalent as to become part
    of a shared, fan-created conception of the textual universe.

The loops downward get capitalized on; they get stuck.
    Keeping up an illusion of progress where there is none.
        The snake digests itself reproducing forever.

Consumers, creators and characters are all stuck in the loop.

We are the characters, serving as their vessels.
    Running along the winding spiral we suddenly sink into it.
        Cosplaying as world serpents, we chase our own infinite tail.
            Curling up inside ourselves.
            Chasing upwards. Chasing inwards.

In the TikTok house.
In the background a west-coast sunset.
The sun is almost gone.
The room is lit completely red by the last sun rays.

SAD BOY   *sad*
            posts a Notes apology to his Instagram account

Every meme is a sign of its time.
The long tail of the angry rattlesnake grows fatter and fatter.
The long tail has overgrown the perfect spiraling mouth part.
So fat that it can't move anymore.

The snake bites her own fat tail.

[CLOCK]

You are stuck!!

There is no difference any more between the Big Bad Evil Guy and you.
Like everyone, you are producing for the Big Guys now.

Your attention is monetized,
while you are gaining attention that is monetized.

If you want to say something, you have to do it on a platform.

The loops run inside of you.
They are holding you captive,
holding up an eternal capitalist reality.

One moment you watch a nice guitar tutorial,
the next you spew out death threats against public health advocates
and a fascist is inaugurated.

Fuck it, why am I even trying?

In the TikTok house.
In the background an undefined west-coast sunset.

SAD BOY   *sad*
        looking at my Nike Dunk SB Pandas
        i'm looking at a reflection of myself
        Kurt Cobain looks back up at me
        with a warm smile and a wink
        he is proud i made money

        i look like i'm keeping my head down
        but in reality i'm looking at my Nike Dunk SB Pandas

        i am aware that i am the same
        as all the boys before me
        and all the boys with me
        it has all been seen before
        a familiar scene

A continuous one-take shot.
The camera follows the ground on a busy street.
It pans up to an open window.

RICHARD looks out over the street.

RICHARD   *contemplating*
        Content wants to be created.
        A meme is the smallest possible unit of transmittable information.
        Memes are narratives with no structure, no climax, no resolution.

In a cold empty forest

SAD BOY   *Takes an onion and peels off layer after layer.*
        Pulls off several layers at once.

SAD BOY   What an enormous BS! Isn't the kernel soon coming to light?

SAD BOY   *Pulls the whole onion to pieces.*

SAD BOY   All just layers! Is there nothing in the middle of the rabbit hole, the spiral, the loop?

When you too easily or too immediately like a new song, scratch the surface
and you'll probably be able to dissect it into the pieces from which it's Frankensteined.

A baby is swimming for the first time
Towards a dollar bill
Will it take double or nothing?

SAD BOY   *sad*
        i'm a very special teapot
        yes, it's true
        here's an example of what i can do
        i can turn my handle into a spout
        tip me over and pour me out

I'm gonna wait and float and float out of weightlessness

Disney Released 12 (!!) Pairs of Mickey Mouse Ears in April alone! See Them ALL Here!

SAD BOY   *looks down at the seamless, shiny surface entangled in his fingers*

SAD BOY   *mumbles*
            to make a TV show you need one banana-shaped man and one orange-shaped man
            let me explain

Content wants to be created
Cyclical content soothes me
nothing happens in episode 352 of a guy playing a video game
but it helps

*I decided that the disappearance of the Sad Boys was a gift from the universe, maybe even
from the multiverse a sign that I had switched tracks, that I'd leapt onto another timeline
or into a better world where I was free to believe in anything I chose to.*

You shouldn't be worried about a bunch of pop stars in a lightning storm.

SAD BOY   *one hand an airy gesture*

with AI-generated lyrics

Crafted Carelessness authenticity.
Catching myself falling in love with a seemingly natural melody,
while realizing it's not natural at all.

Extend this! Write more!

I like America and America LIKES ME
I am saying this as an EU Citizen
While america is happening -8 hrs away
LA even further
Colonial Time

America Likes Paris and Paris does not like America back
That's why America likes Paris and Paris likes America
Paris hates Paris and America loves America
Paris is Europe, Europe isn't Paris

An empty street.
Standing on it, a GOBLIN.

GOBLIN   YUmMYyy CONTENTZzz. AGaIN ANd AgAiiINǃ!

Maybe we should fire up the batmobile? Maybe we need to get out of here?

Everyone is The Hero™.

let other people change and just stay the same

Young Werther bla bla bla

I am addicted in sunsetphotography,
I have 20.000 pics of these red, blue and yellow and violet colours on my screen. Ah!
I never look at these pics, never, Can you help me ! I am a Digital messi!

SCROLL

Skip to main content
Skip Ad

What a world to be alive !!

Link Plus Icon Icon Link Plus Like Button Icon Plus Icon Icon Link

streaming unconsciously
stuffing my face
with content

It accelerates
Less and less
it accelerates
faster and faster
you take it away from us
in slow motion

streaming constant content
I have all these colors on my screen
I have 240 million hours screening time

we are accelerating
we are content

I am happy with the creation of content
I am happy with the content creation

constant content in my brain
streaming constant content
streaming unconsciously
stuffing my face
with content

live stream my life
streaming constant content
screening constant content
a stream of life
streaming constant content

A woman walks through the downtown area of a large American west-coast city.

From one moment to the next she falls into a sprint.
Still sprinting, she enters the courtroom of Los Santos Sheriff's Office.

Inside the judge and a group of people.
They are standing on opposite sides of the room.

The judge, who has the exact same haircut as the woman but one shade redder,
says: "Everyone please hit your /sitdown muscle."

A man sprints out the door. No one reacts.
Another one mumbles in the back: "Ah my eyes are fucked up, I'll take a nap, see you in a second".

The pixel-art owl GIF at the bottom of the screen will bob its head for all eternity.
Through the chat a donation of 10 dollars comes in.
The text-to-speech bot reads out the message: "I really like ur content :)".   [Final Image]

14