

ETERNAL BEATS (THE LIMBO GROOVE)

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INT. INDUSTRIAL NIGHTCLUB - UNKNOWN TIME

A slow, pulsing strobe cuts through a fog-filled industrial nightclub. A rigid, mechanical 4/4 beat echoes endlessly.

Bodies move—but not with energy. They sway in repetition. Looping. Trapped.

A DRUMMER sits elevated above the crowd.

He strikes kick, snare, and ride bell simultaneously. Again. And again.

No fills. No variation. Just endless repetition.

His face is blank. Emotionless. Mechanical.

A SECOND RHYTHM EMERGES.

Not quite drums.

Whispers. Shattering glass. Breathy pulses. Distant impacts.

The walls subtly ripple. Reality bends slightly.

No one reacts.

A GUITARIST appears in shadow.

Single-note tension builds. Then a rolling riff kicks in.

Heavy. Hypnotic. Repetitive.

The crowd responds slightly—but not with excitement.

With compliance.

IN THE CROWD - A MAN STOPS.

He looks around. Everyone continues their loop.

The drummer. The dancers. The lights.

All repeating.

MAN

(whispers)

This is it?

He walks toward an EXIT door.

He opens it.

It leads... right back into the club.

Same beat. Same crowd. Same loop.

He hesitates.

Then slowly... begins moving again.

Back into rhythm.

FINAL SHOT - THE DRUMMER

Still playing.

Unchanged.

The beat continues.

FADE OUT.

"ETERNAL BEATS NEVER END."