

INT. DEN - EVENING

SIMBAL K.

Ah, the fleeting embrace of fame, a spectral dance with shadows cast by the digital pyre of social media. Here I stand, an artist, once cloaked in the obscurity of my craft, now thrust into the blinding light of public adoration and scrutiny—a modern-day Icarus, but with a smartphone instead of wings.

The world, it seems, has become a stage, and we, the unwitting actors, perform our lives for an audience that grows ever larger, more voracious. My art, once a whisper in the quiet corners of underground galleries, now reverberates through the hollow chambers of the internet, where every like, share, and comment is a stroke on the canvas of my existence.

Oh, the irony, the sheer, unadulterated irony of it all. To be known, to be seen, to be consumed by the very masses one sought to enlighten or provoke. My solitude, once a sanctuary, now a myth, shattered by the incessant ping of notifications, each a siren's call to vanity or despair.

Social media, that labyrinthine beast, where the Minotaur is not a creature of myth but the collective ego of humanity, feeds on the blood of

authenticity, leaving behind a husk of curated perfection. And I, the fool, dance at its center, sometimes seduced by the siren song of popularity, other times repelled by its shallowness.

To navigate this newfound fame is to walk a tightrope over an abyss of commodification. My every thought, emotion, and creation is now currency in the marketplace of attention. The pressure to perform, to remain relevant, to not just exist but to be—it's a maelstrom that threatens to erase the very essence one tries to project.

But ah, the paradox! For in this era of digital voyeurism, is it not also true that in being watched, we watch ourselves more closely? Perhaps, in the reflection of a thousand screens, we find not just our public selves but the very marrow of our identity, distilled through the filter of public opinion.

So, here I am, an artist in the age of social media—a paradox, a contradiction, a figure both larger than life and infinitesimally small, caught in the liminal space between authenticity and artifice. To embrace this fame is to embrace the void, to know that within the echo chamber of likes and shares, there lies both the greatest affirmation and the most profound critique of my art, my life, my being.

In this theater of the absurd, where the line between performer and audience blurs, I find myself questioning not just the nature of fame, but the essence of connection in a world where we are more connected than ever, yet profoundly alone. This, my friends, is the modern condition, and I, like all of you, am its reluctant, yet enthralled, participant.

My name is Simbal, I'm just a person like many other persons, a traveler looking for a minstrel of truth in this wonderful little nightmare. If in my journey I stumble upon tribulation, I ask loud and clear-

"What's the fun without dysfunction?" My current predicament brings me no peace, and yet I find myself enthralled in fighting a battle which to most would seem insurmountable. The universe has bestowed upon me what many would consider a killing blow, but when faced with the threat of this communal sword, I can only smile and refuse to waver.

This is my story, and I would rather be washed away in the sands of time than capitulate to the pressures of momentary thrills. If fame really is fickle, why do we fight so hard to achieve it?

But for as many grains of sand that allow this ocean of life to wash them away, there remain some that burrow themselves deep into the earth,

unrelenting in their pursuit to remain grounded. Know this; I will not falter. I will not hide. And when the ocean comes for me, I will remain steadfast - should I drown in my attempt to surf, look upon my endeavor fondly, and know my last breaths were not spent grimacing. For it's the chase I'm chasing.

Share this moment with me, we're in this together, yet so far apart. If candy should be my downfall.. God, I hope it's sweet.

FADE OUT:

END