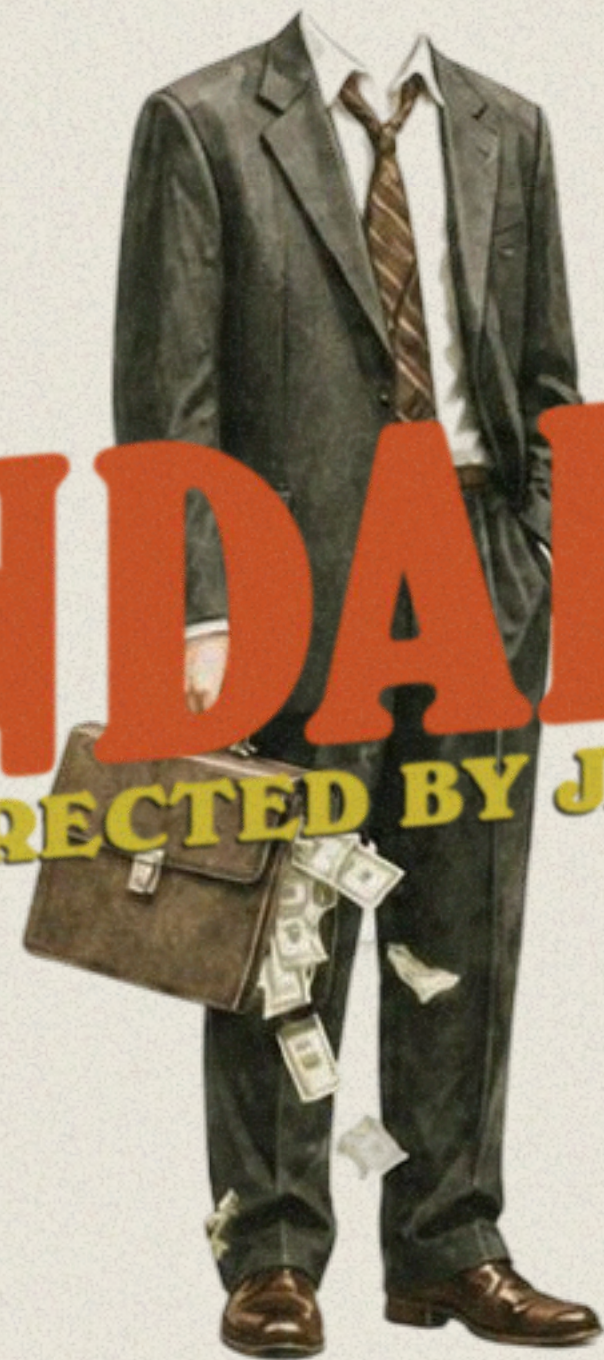


ROUNDABOUT

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY JAKOB HAKONSON



A MODERN STORY ABOUT THE TRAGEDY OF INACTION

A blown-out tire. Stolen suit. A desperate shortcut
and a universe that is relentlessly dealing out
cosmic punishment.



MOSAIC OF CHAOS

An absurdist, tragic dark comedy where we follow a desperately sweating, neurotic insurance salesman — stuck in a spiralling series of unfortunate events that eventually forces him into action as he joins an enigmatic drifter on a whirlwind crime spree.

DARK COMEDY



PSYCHOLOGICAL DRAMA



NEO-NOIR



HOW FAR CAN A PERSON GO TO AVOID THE TRUTH?

The fun comes from a collision of
bizarre, seemingly random
trajectories with a **FINALE** that can't
end in nothing but clusterfuck.



THE CAMERA IS THE ONLY HONEST THING IN THE ROOM

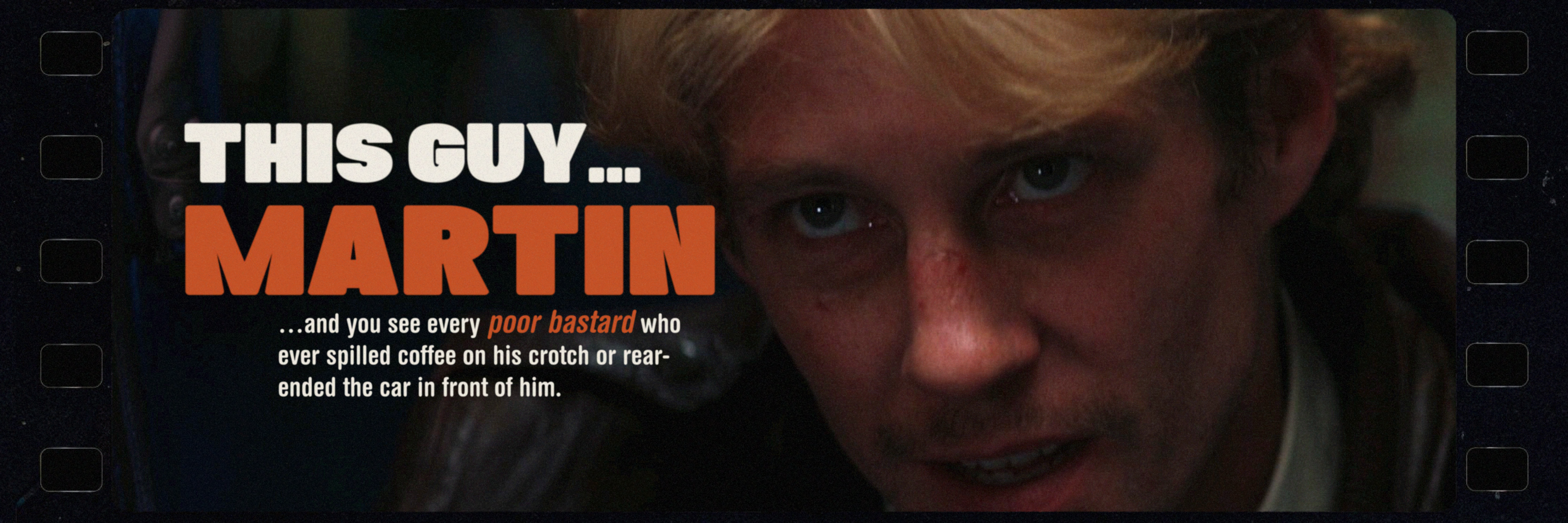
“A darkly funny, stylized, at-times absurd story... an innately character-driven piece with the capacity to connect on a deeper level.”

— INDUSTRY COVERAGE



**WHAT WE SAY
OUT LOUD IS
ALMOST NEVER
THE TRUTH.**

The thing is... we are so adept at evading the **truth**.
And it becomes clear when you **look at....**



THIS GUY... **MARTIN**

...and you see every *poor bastard* who
ever spilled coffee on his crotch or rear-
ended the car in front of him.

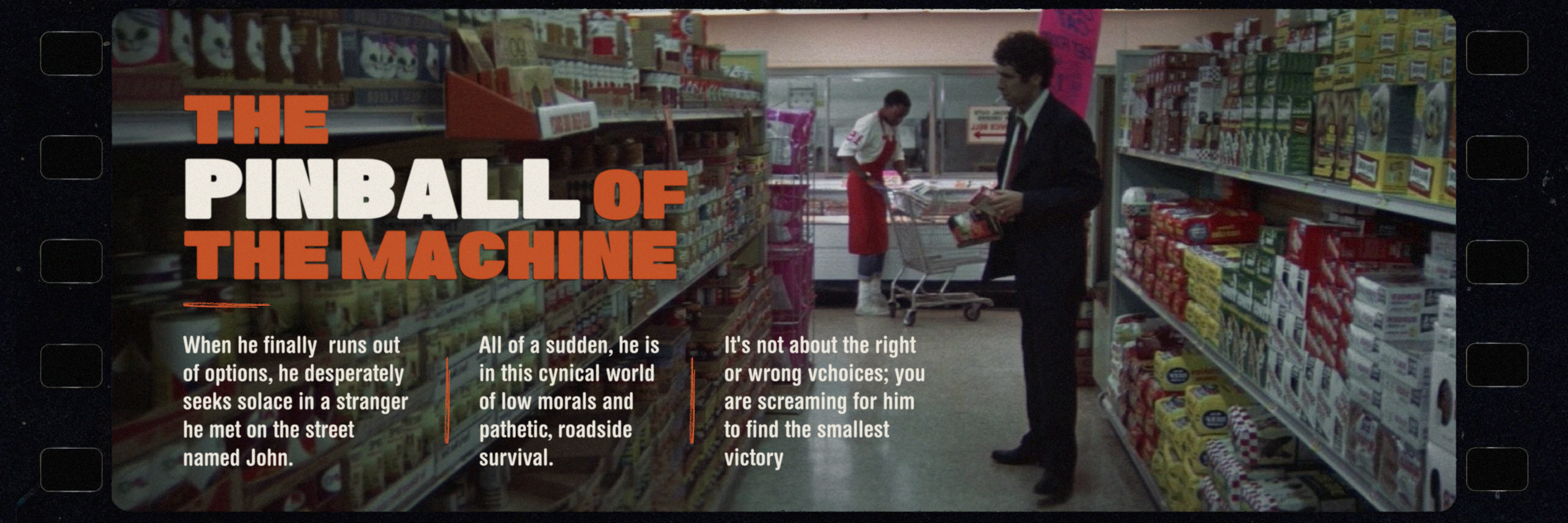
“Likable and sympathetic, but crippled by fear and indecision... rife with flaws and contradictions.”

— INDUSTRY COVERAGE

OK SO...

PICTURE A GUY

whose entire existence is built on selling the ultimate American lie: **security**. Meanwhile, his own existence is a terrifying, unpredictable nightmare.

A man in a dark suit and tie stands in a grocery store aisle, looking at a box of cereal. In the background, a woman in a red apron is pushing a shopping cart. The shelves are stocked with various food items, including cereal boxes and canned goods. The scene is lit with warm, indoor lighting.

THE PINBALL OF THE MACHINE

When he finally runs out of options, he desperately seeks solace in a stranger he met on the street named John.

All of a sudden, he is in this cynical world of low morals and pathetic, roadside survival.

It's not about the right or wrong choices; you are screaming for him to find the smallest victory

A close-up, low-angle shot of a person's leg in a white suit and black shoe, stepping on a dark, reflective surface. The background is dark and out of focus.

**A LACK OF AGENCY
ABSORBED
BY ACTIVE, CHAOTIC
FORCE**

AND SO...



YOU'VE GOT **JOHN**

"The perfect foil. Charismatic, mysterious, and magnetic... keeping the audience at arm's length in a way that makes us lean in, not out."

— INDUSTRY COVERAGE

He's this **beautifully burnt-out**, wildly charismatic operator. He's got this magnetic, cynical swagger that projects a guy who is completely **one-hundred-percent** immune to the consequences of life.

SITTING ACROSS FROM YOU

smoking a cigarillo, preaching this gospel of total, zen-like detachment. He genuinely believes he's a **ghost**. He thinks he's totally untouchable because he's convinced himself he has **absolutely nothing left to lose.**



But, and here is the **pathetic tragedy** of the guy, it is all a front! You peel back that cool-as-ice apathy, and he is just a **terrified, microscopic little pawn** swimming in a shark tank.

He's not a mastermind. He's the absolute **worst fucking** mentor you could ever ask for, just ticking down the seconds until his entire reality **completely and violently** shatters into a million pieces. And when it happens...

It's going to be **GLORIOUS.**

**THE STORY TAKES
PLACE IN
NOWHERE,
EVERYWHERE
UNITED STATES**



**... BUT IT DOES HAPPEN ON THE
WEST COAST...**

**PROBABLY ON
THE NORTHERN
HALF.**

KINETIC,
DEEPLY SUBJECTIVE
& HIGHLY AGGRESSIVE

WIDE FRAMES. SMALL PEOPLE.

Swagger baked into a mundane **boring-ass** American existence shot like a 1970s neo-noir exploitation picture. *You can feel this story going somewhere you would not typically expect.*

SATURATED

SUN BLEACHED

RHYTHMIC

PRACTICAL

Hot oppressive daytimes collide with **dark,**
lonely nights.



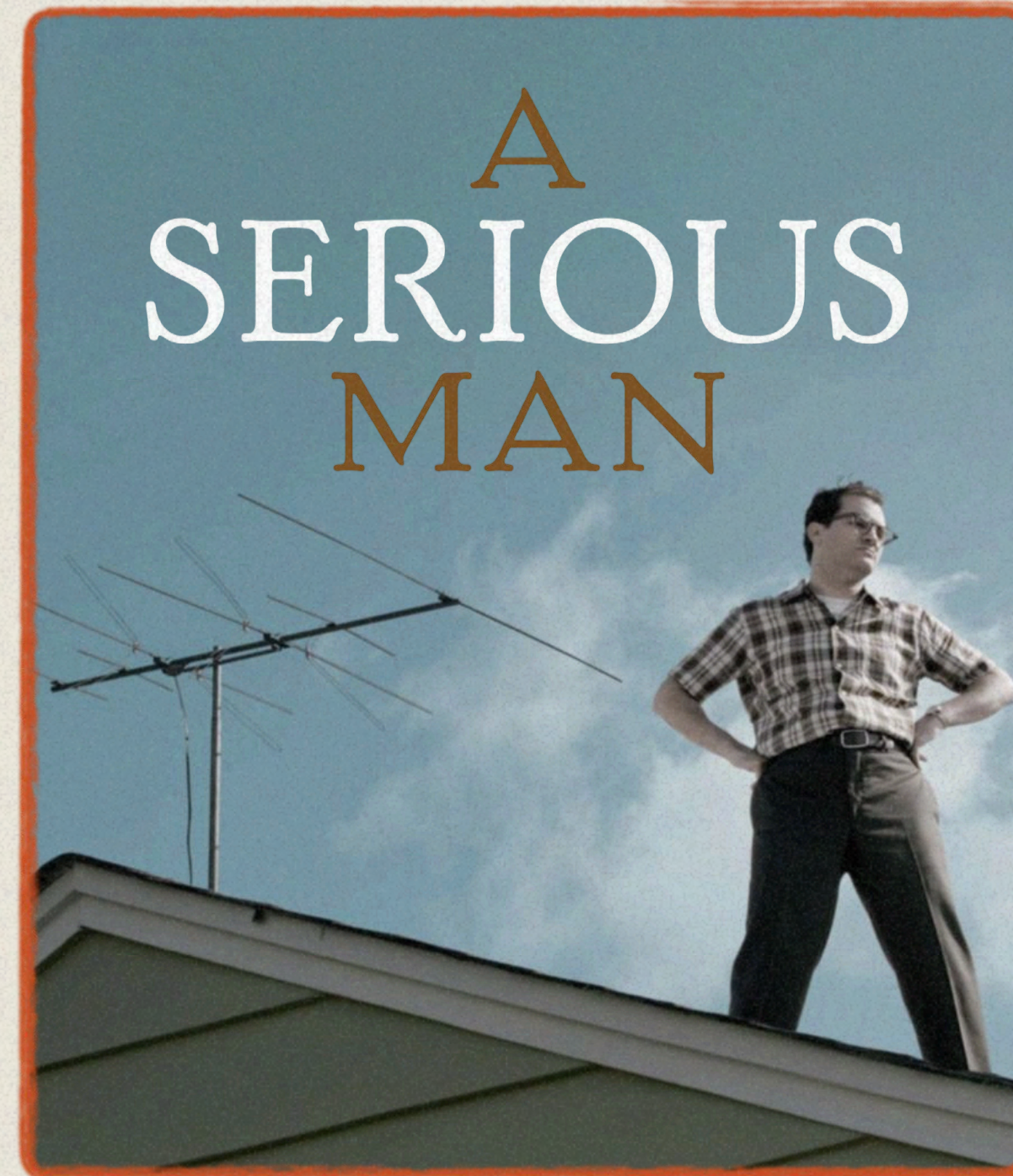
THE FILM'S DRIVING MOMENTUM

“It all culminates in an ending that feels shocking, explosive, and cathartic.”

 INDUSTRY COVERAGE

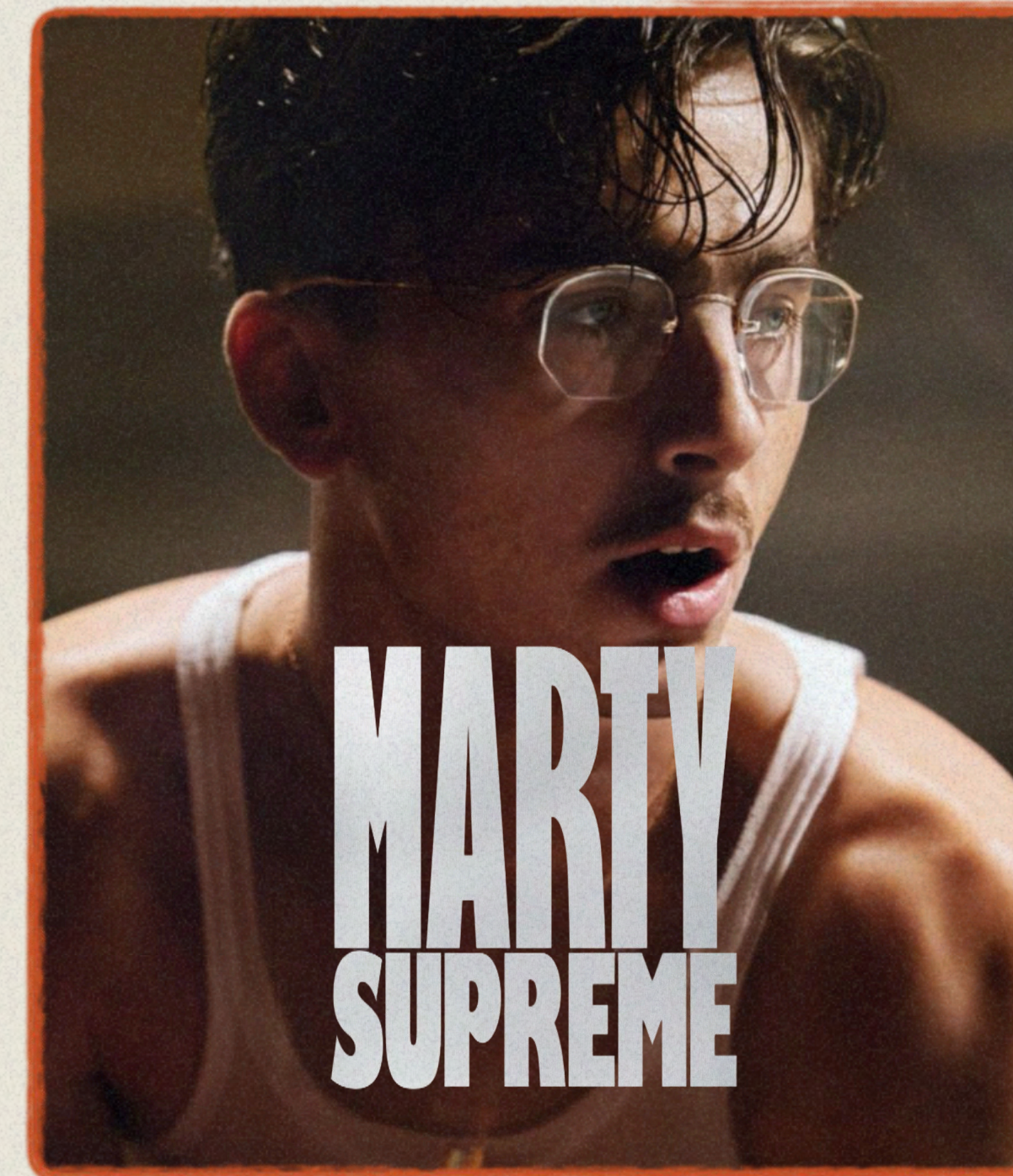
The film is grounded by an ever-present original score rooted heavily in the Mellotron. Imagine Strawberry Fields Forever, but warped into something deeply anxious.

COLLISION OF HEAVY GROOVES, PHSYCHADELIC ANXIETY, AND MELANCHOLIC POP.



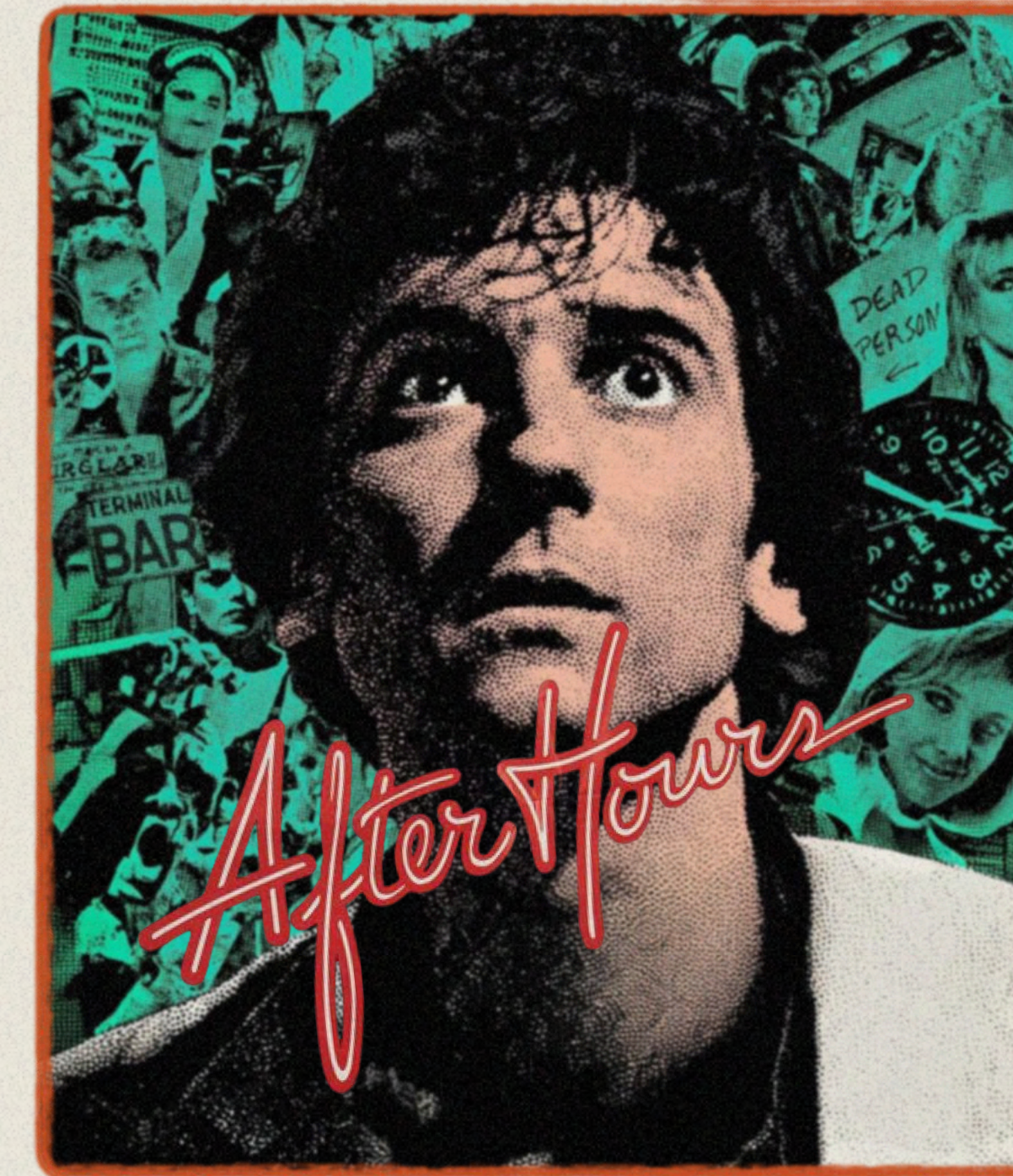
THE TONE

The cosmic punishment of a mundane guy. Comedy is a byproduct of pathetic survival strategies failing.



THE RHYTHM

Relentless, kinetic, and anxiety-inducing. Propulsive momentum where characters are making desperate decisions



THE STRUCTURE

An escalating, interconnected nightmare. A mosaic of bizarre, desperate characters violently colliding with our protagonist.



THE FEEL

1970s analog grit. Sun-bleached daylight and practical nightscapes build a lived-in world.

THIS IS NOT ABOUT AMBITION.
IT'S ABOUT ENDURANCE

Jakob Hakonson possesses the dangerous wiring of a pure spatial auteur—a filmmaker who projects the absurdity of human desperation directly through the rhythm of a camera. He doesn't just ask you to watch a movie. You are forced to feel it, he's actively grabbing you by the throat and dragging you down into the dirt right beside the people on screen.

— SOMEONE, SOMETIME