

**ACT U:**  
**Dandelions I Grew**  
(intro to ACT III)

In a quiet hour...

Until it was not..

**BASIS 1: CHERRY\_FLAVORED\_AXIOMS ();**

In the area, you see a huge crowd dancing. It looks like a moshpit but it is not. The song "Mojavi Ghost" plays as everyone sings the chorus in full synchrony. Something feels right but wrong at the same time. Eve is seen by the middle of the crowd. It is electric.

EVE

Where's the after party and the party after that?

GUY

Bro, I am figuring that out right now. Some say it is out in Wheaton or Lombard. Bro, who the fuck lives out there?

EVE

Good people, man.

In good heart, he starts to exit the crowd to look around just to avoid further conversation.

Some of you are asking where or what brought upon this event in Eve's life. It is December 20. A random Saturday but also a graduation of his friend. After that graduation, everyone went out to celebrate. It

went from bar to bar until a handful continued to go out. It feels like midnight but maybe it is not. Eve continues to bump into a few people until he gets to the bar. He asks the bartender for a round of shots. Then, the graduate comes by to talk to him.

THANNIA

Eve, what are you getting?

EVE

I got us a round of shots. Where are you guys?

THANNIA

You went out to dance with the crowd. We're still by the booths on the far right.

EVE

Oh, right... I'm so drunk. I need a ride home after the party that is after the after party.

THANNIA

I gotchu. This will be my last drink. We take this and we go to the after party.

EVE

Bet.

They get their shots, down them, and head back to the group.

[THANNIA'S BOYFRIEND]

Eve!!!! Where were you, dude?

EVE

Drunk and dancing.

[THANNIA'S COUSIN]

W mans. You look exhausted but lit.

EVE

I'm everything, man. I got us shots by the way.

THANNIA

We already took ours.

[THANNIA'S FRIEND]

Oo, let's go!

Everyone takes their respected shots and downs them without hesitation. Now, everybody is on the same level.

EVE

So, we have an after party to go to.

```
CONTINUE ();  
FAULT("afterparty.txt", ios::app);  
return FAULT(vector<auto> events);
```

**enter code: *dh\_&ikL19pp\_SDFG@***

In the after party, there are a lot of nuances. The one highlighted is the group itself. The after party is out in Schaumburg which was 30 minutes from the club they attended. Schaumburg is known to be a pretty well-cared place. The party is at this huge house with a fountain in the front and a gate despite it being a gated community. Some password of "Hoccus Poccus" got them in and showed them the world of comfort in money.

[THANNIA'S COUSIN]

You think they're gonna kick us out?

THANNIA

Eve and I got it from here. If anyone says anything about us, we will flex our statuses.

The eyes know all.

EVE

I need a drink stronger than the amount of water that flooded the Earth 2000 years ago.

[THANNIA'S BOYFRIEND]

I don't know if that made sense, but I'ma follow it.

Both of them scurry in to look for a drink to blur their worries down. Although her boyfriend does not have any, Eve does.

After the realization that Eve fucked up in the moment he was with [EDIT], he spiraled into an era of confusion and lost himself into a world of drugs and alcohol. Even when he said he would not do it again, everything went downhill for him: constant drinking and constantly smoking. It is like he is not even here in reality. Just a figment to himself. It is not the main reason why he does this but still a big one. Realizing he could never fall in love, he sets himself in a place of "purpose": being a drunk like before. He was like this in the time moving on from his old friend, yet he did not have the courage to cough it up. He just existed in it.

This is Eve's new problem: whether having to accept the things that happen or having to endure the outcomes of these events. There is no ignorance in acceptance but merely the idea of having to accept everything that flows. Sure, outcomes are inevitable. The types can be variant but it is like every event in general, there is always a sense of brutality that the human nature has to endure. Always. No matter what it is. You just have to exist with that reality and go onward because that is just life. Miserable but boring.

CUT TO:

EVE

I think I need to sit down with my therapist again and tell her everything I feel.

BELLA

Or you can just exist.

EVE

Excuse me?

BELLA

I think you warp your head into these little layers of life and expand them into bigger conjectures. You are the math olympian and you are self-challenged to these million dollar problems. But that is the thing: it is a choice to want to make it harder. You can still be the math olympian but stay on track solving problems you know you can fully do.

EVE

So basically... not think about it? How am I supposed to do that?

BELLA

You tell me, wonder boy.

Thannia comes around and finds him in this room with a big window that stands out and some furniture that feels outdated.

THANNIA

Eve, we have to go.

EVE

Right. It is late.

He gets up and puts his stuff in random pockets.

EVE (re: BELLA)

Bye.

BELLA (waving goodbye)

Adios.

CUT TO:

// one month later; January 18, 2026

**BASIS 2: something\_about\_blueberries();**

EVE: im sorry. i didnt know that is what you felt

EMMA: you never really asked anything about me and my endeavors. i just felt like you sort of gave up

EVE: you can say that. i leave, travel, come back, and think life is somehow attached to that feeling of independence. i held onto it for so long thinking it would bring me the same feeling but in reality, it didnt. it just brought me closer to my own misery

EMMA: i wish i could help but it is not my place to do so. you really have to figure it out on your own; just know i still care about you, eve

Eve sits in his room. Alone. He texts Emma about some advice, but it goes in a direction that leads to them in that strange circle. Although things have fully fallen out, there is a strong connection between the two. Wherever or however long, they always exist for each other. It is merely destiny.

It feels like everything is crumbling in his life. The moment he had momentum to absolutely nothing. Is this how life is meant to go? You have a lot on your plate and then nothing. It feels like refills are too much and even getting up is a lot. The meaning of purpose loses itself and there is nothing else to survive for. No food means no essentials. What is the whole point?

Eve looks around and realizes the blinds are still up. He goes over to slide them. The sun is barely setting. How long has he been in this room?

He looks through and heads out.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE

He steps outside to enjoy the brisk of the sun before it leaves for the day. Young, innocent, but so depressed. It stems from the past that he surrounded himself in, that being used to that momentum can only exist for a temporary moment. What was it that he lost the adaption of such speed? Even as humans, there is a sense to adapt to the ever-changing factors in life, yet it seems like there was a missing part. Eve thought life would constantly go in spirals, continuing the entertainment of experience but now, it is just the void of experience. How can the human be so pulled into the blackness

of anything and still exist? Eve still finds beauty in the motionless, at least he hopes he is doing it right.

// few days later; January 22, 2026

CUT TO:

BAR - NIGHT

CHRIS

How have you been, man?

EVE

Dead. I think there is a big turnout these days that all conclude to more disconnection: either I reach out and I lose someone or I go out and realize I am so hopeless in life.

CHRIS

Are you hopeless in this situation?

EVE

Always. I don't mean I am hopeless of your words to come. I am just hopeless on where this will end. There is no intent in wrongdoing or desire to think this is null. I think I overexplain or overdo something and it passes some lines.

CHRIS

I don't think you will pass anything. I hear you out, man.

Chris takes a sip and looks forward. He tries to get the bartender's attention.

CHRIS (cont'd)

You live and learn but most importantly, you are supposed to take the things you experience with you. How else are you supposed to find meaning in the future? Absence of experience is absence of continuity. It is the only proof we have to why things continue to go forward.

EVE

I am not hopeless of outcomes. I think I need to rethink this.

Two shots appear.

CHRIS

Let's enjoy living even the hard parts.

EVE

Thanks.

They shoot them down in synchrony. The feeling of wanting more is in the air. Even when Eve has gotten a little better by moving on people or situations, something still sits with him. A feeling beyond dread that most people would not want their worst enemy to feel: death. It is not shown up or brought up between the two; Eve keeps it to himself the entire time.

Mainly, where does this come up? Why is he feeling it again and why now? There have not been many events to conclude this feeling but the everlasting stretch an event can bring to somebody. If so, was it really that bad? Was it taken out of proportion? Or was it more than what people consider "normal to handle"?

In reality, it was more than that. More than letting go and more than losing what was.

It is his "purpose" solely because he has none.

// February 25, 2026

**BASIS 3: midwestern\_corollaries\_for\_winters\_scream();**

Over vegetation and memories,

EVE (NARRATION)

Over time, I have come to realize many things: you are free to do anything but you are never free of mind. I had a life of chaos growing up: no relationships but worrying about the next big thing in thought. I was little but had no mind to it; just existing within and with those who felt the same. Well, my old friend was that and there, I had a purpose. A reason to even speak about something I truly cared about. Eventually, I left town to pursue meaning. I couldn't find it anywhere because any place I picked from, I found nothing but those living the same route as I. Nobody had meaning; we were all birds flying in different directions to an unknown destination. Somehow, I come back and I fall into places I forgot. My old friend leaves and I am stuck in this town where I lost all meaning from. Then again, I didn't have one to begin with. Despite losing her as my purpose, I had nothing and am nothing. Life got colder, faces got scarier, and my sleeves got more blue. I lost more than I imagined coming back here and there is nothing I could do to recover from all of it. It is not the place but me. I had nothing to come up from nor do I ever care about not caring about these things. I mean when humans live, they know or at least harbor a purpose to have them continue in life.

How else does anyone sane keep going without a thought in consequence? There is purpose everywhere even when it is unknown. At least if you feel it, it is there. I knew I had not had any when I came back four years ago and every year, it got worse and worse. I lost friends and I couldn't make anymore, people lost humanity and I was never sure to make light of it, and my life got so recursive on

other people's lives that I lost any track to build any. I thought I had fallen in love but it was all a mistake from my perspective that ruined everything we hoped for. I ruined it and now, she might never forgive me in her evergrowing rockstar world. For me, I am nothing and maybe I will never be anything. For me, I will never add up to anything or be worthy to be with anyone or anything in life. For me, I will never amount to the same level of greatness as casual folk and their legendary stories. For me, I will never be valued as someone memorable or inspiring that I am forgotten like every page number every reader forgets. For me, I will never be anyone and so be it that my life ends here. I am not worthy of anyone's knowledge or conscience. I exist to exist; not to be a memory or a person who walked on Earth...

But...

somehow in these depressing moments, I have a slight chance of hope like I believe love can exist forever. Somehow, I am still living because I know I feel the necessary need to continue. Somehow, I feel strong enough to push past this misery that holds me down in a trench of agony's circulation. Even when I want to pass and have accepted the will to pass, I must go on. I must keep going. I just hope it is me listening to me.. Waiting for me.. Wanting me..

*(ACTIII is broken up into three parts. This is just the first part)*

*// You are never alone, reader. Your will inspires everyone even if you do not see it. Standing tall is enough to show and to share the strength/light. Thank you for being here, you. I see you and I love you always.*

*- steve*