16 year old Zoe Chen materialized into the dim, gloomy theatre. Just after her arrival, an infinitesimal thread of light coiled around the slit of the flapping sheets of fabric. The gale was gigantic, blowing the crisp curtains. The characters were already engaged in a heated dialogue, paying no attention to her whatsoever. She watched the other characters speak in their own dialogue unaware of who has just come in. With this irritation, Zoe bursted out in anger and rage.

“No, that’s not right,” shouted Zoe to gain attention “We were supposed to-.”

Her words hadn’t came out of her mouth when the others started to turn around towards her. Even the camera crew shone the blinding machinery at her. She knew it. The whole world was watching her. The intricately woven fabric of the American dream started to rip apart. “It’s all wrong. The American Dream.”

As she made her statement, the whole theatre went crazy running around in a hurried frenzy. Even the reporters and other people started running around uncontrollably. Many others started throwing around their belongings and staring in shock at the teenage girl.

After a minute of mad-house craziness, a weird woman stood up from the crowd, silencing the rowdy crowd. She revealed that her name was Willy and, with a condescending look, she looked at Zoe. “What is wrong with the American Dream. Do you think it is wrong or something is wrong with the American Dream?”

“Yes,” replied Zoe firmly. “Lots of problems.”

The crowd once again took of now in a more crazier manner than ever.