America Dreams

AN UNTOLD PROUD AMERICAN STORY…

Sixteen-year-old Zoe Chen emerged in the ghastly, caliginous theatre; a macabre graveyard of demented spirts, the moist air thick with phantoms of performances past. The echoes of the morbid choirs, singing elegies of the dead, bounced off the walls. Palpable nightmares hid in the leaden shadows; isolated, in the cold corners. Enigmatic mist of the departed danced in the suffocating air. Her pale alabaster face of the living dead, translucent chalkiness, and bloodless gaunt gazed at the cobwebs, enveloping the curtains.

On the gargantuan stage, a man in an anchor grey, rumpled suit was mid-monologue, in a monotone voice. His tedious, hollow eyes, empty sockets, glared at the audience “This isn’t right,” Zoe muttered under her heavy breaths, her critic’s instincts flaring. “Willy’s motivations are all wrong!” she declared, her deafening voice blasting. The words slipped out of her mouth with no intention. As if in response, Willy faltered, his head slowly turned to face Zoe, his eyes glued on her. She knew that a thousand miles away, a salesmen decided to not take that soul-crushing job, and right there, the fabric of the American Dream rippled.

Marcus, a budding African American theatre critic, found himself in the wings, gazing at Linda Loman’s heartrending supplication to her dear sons. His sleek ebony hair sat under his azure, blue cap. “Attention must be paid,” she insisted, a hint of strictness in her voice. But it seemed like her words were falling on deaf ears. “The emotional core is missing “, Marcus muttered under his deep breaths. But suddenly, Linda Loman’s performance heightened, her pain tangible. Her performance was dominant, shining out the strong sense of inspiration. And on that very day, across America, countless overlooked spouses felt a sudden surge of validation.

Within the walls of the prepossessing, blood violet room, Zoe faced of against fellow critic, Marcus. 'Miller's use of expressionism is not just stylistic,” she argued, “'it's the key to understanding Willy's tragic flaw,” she says without any hesitation. Marcus scoffed loudly, rolling his eyes. “You’re missing the point. The real tragedy is the American Dream itself!” “ It’s not just about getting a job, gaining an abundance of money, and starting a successful family! It’s about putting your wellbeing and happiness before it. That is the key point of making your life the best it can be” As their intellectual discourse continued, the stage behind them shifted, Willy’s house transforming from aspiration to a heavy cage of societal expectations. In countless homes in America, discussions and academic wranglings sprouted, on the definition of success…