you're the antidote to everything except for me

by itsafuckingdeathwish

Summary

And Andy, Joe, Patrick, all his friends, they all should have left long ago. He knew that he’d just drag them down with him when he finally went. He didn’t know why they’d stayed with him throughout his insanity.

He spent all his days furiously scribbling lyrics, poems, love letters to the music inside his head, plucking at his bass until his fingers were red and raw and throbbing. He spent all his nights in a haze of cigarette smoke, god-knows-what running through his veins, glittering powders up his nose, and achingly bright colors churning on his eyelids. He was always high as an angel, lower than hell.

pete's high and referencing descartes in the middle of the night on a chicago park bench, but patrick's the one who accidentally lets the words slip out.

Notes

tw for drugs/smoking, thats pretty much it

See the end of the work for more notes

Pete didn’t know why he was still here. He would’ve thought that long ago, during one of his late-night frenzies, caught up in the mania of it all, he would’ve burst into flames, burned himself up with the feeling of it all.
And he certainly didn’t know why anybody else was still here with him. He knew he wasn’t a good friend. Hell, he wasn’t a good person. The only halo he’d ever have was the cigarette smoke floating around his head. The closest thing he had to wings were the shoulder blades jutting out of his back, far too visible from all those skipped meals when he was just so caught up in it all, swept up by the tide and cast far out to sea, too absorbed in his own madness to remember mundane things like hunger.

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“Pete.” The jarring voice cut through the chemical fog surrounding him, and Pete started a bit.

He didn’t say anything, waiting for Patrick to continue.

“Pete. You have to get up.” That golden honey voice sounded so wrong in that harsh tone.

The scent of the clove cigarette between his fingers was pungent in his nose. They’d been the first he’d ever smoked, trying to be mysterious and artistic in high school, and he’d never really stopped.

“What ever happened to free will? Autonomy, life and liberty and all that shit? We don’t really have to do anything we don’t want to do. You know, Descartes said that the free will of humans is infinite. Or take Hume, I think he’s fitting here: ‘if we choose to remain at rest, we may; if we choose to move, we also may.’ I choose to stay at rest, right here.”

Patrick sighed. “Last week you were a determinist.”

“Last week I was on acid.”

“Well, what are you on this week then?”

“Hmm…well, it’s mostly coke, I got some great pot from Johnny, there’s a bit of ecstasy I got off this dude at that club on Second Street.”

“God, I think you might actually be even more pretentious when you’re wasted. If you want to pull out Descartes, you know that he followed the faculties model of free will. I doubt someone who’s high as a kite on cocaine can possibly be in possession of enough of their mental capabilities to have free will. Besides, free will isn’t the same as free action. So, here’s your external force: Get the fuck up, Pete. It’s two a.m. and you’re high as fuck on a park bench. I’m taking you home. Get up.”

Even through the haze of drugs and annoyance at Patrick for making him go home, Pete still loves that Patrick can always keep up with him. Even high and philosophizing, Patrick gets it, gets him. Patrick always understands him, and Pete loves him for it. When Pete is too swept up to talk for days, when he's impossibly happy for absolutely no reason, when he's in that icy mood where he can't bring himself to care about anything, Patrick gets it. Patrick understands the madness, when even Pete doesn't.

Reluctantly, Pete clambered to his feet (knowing that if he didn’t, Patrick would only drag him away) and stumbled along beside Patrick. It could’ve been just like any other night, like a normal date.
even. Strolling through the park, the life of the city pulsing all around them, discussing philosophy— it could’ve been so delightfully normal.

If you could ignore the glazed look in Pete’s eyes, his unsteady footsteps, the aroma of cloves still hanging over him like a cloud, the hard set to Patrick’s jaw. The fact that Pete had known Patrick for ten years, and had been in love with him for just as long, without ever breathing a word about it.

They finally reached Patrick’s beat up old pick-up truck, and Patrick had to help Pete into the passenger seat before climbing up on the other side. It started with a cough and a wheeze, then sputtered to life as Patrick pulled out into the roar of the traffic.

Nobody talked for several minutes, hours, days, until Patrick finally broke the suffocating silence.

“You can’t keep doing this, Pete.” If it had felt wrong to hear bitterness in Patrick’s voice, it was even worse to hear it like this: broken, defeated, hopeless.

“I—Patrick…You know I’m not a good person.”

Patrick opened his mouth, but Pete cut him off and continued.

“It’s true; you know it’s true. To be honest, I’m not sure why you’re still here, why any of you still bother with me. I’m on a downward spiral, all the way to hell, and it’s not going to stop. You should all just leave, you should walk away before I drag you down with me.”

Patrick glared at Pete, before quickly turning his gaze back to the road. “We’re not going to do that. I’m not going to do that. We’re your friends, we’re not going to abandon you just because you get all sad and philosophical and self-sacrificing when you’re high.”

“Trick, I’m serious— I’m not good for you. You’re so fucking perfect, I can’t take it, you’re talented, you’re beautiful, and you could be so selfish, so self-centered, so awful, but you’re not, you never have been. You’re kind and gentle and oh god, can’t you see, Trick? I don’t deserve you, I never have, and I can’t stand to pull you down with me.”

Pete glanced over at Patrick, just for a second, and saw that his eyes were wide and staring. He didn’t know when it had happened, but they were parked outside Pete’s apartment.

“Pete—Don’t you get it? You’re creative, and smart, you’re so fucking smart, and your mind works in a million different ways, it’s amazing to watch, and I don’t understand half the things that come out of your mouth but it’s okay, because I know it’s you, and even when you’re loaded you still philosophize and reference Descartes— Pete, you’re so fucking smart but you must be blind. I don’t yell at you because you’re high, I yell at you because you’re destroying yourself and I can’t sit by and watch that happen anymore. I love you and I can’t take it—”

Now Pete was the one with his eyes wide, for once left without anything to say. “I— you love me?”

Patrick winced. “Y-yeah. I do… I have… for years. Just— Just pretend I never said it, okay? It doesn’t matter.”

That woke Pete up. He was completely smashed (into a million pieces on the ground), but for a few minutes he felt absolutely sober.

“You dumbass, I love you too.” Before Patrick could change his mind, Pete leaned over and crashed his mouth onto Patrick’s. It was the middle of the night, in the middle of the city, surrounded by car noises and people yelling and lights flashing by, and it was absolutely perfect.
End Notes

hi so yeah I'm not sure what this is, i was just tired and in a weird mood so i googled philosophical shit and here we are! kudos always appreciated, comments make my day!! hmu at ohderesistance on tumblr

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