**Bedroom**

Fighting the urge to crash and sleep, as soon as I get home I sit down at my desk and pull out my homework, determined to finish it before I turn in tonight.

However, as soon as I get out my homework, my phone buzzes.

Pro: Hello?

Mara: Hi!

Pro: Oh, hey Mara. What’s up?

Mara: Not much. How was it?

Pro: It was fun.

Mara: That’s good. I’m glad.

Mara: Oh, you know what? There’s this new pizza place that I wanted to try…

Pro: Still thinking about your stomach, huh?

Mara: Hehe.

Pro: Shall I treat you?

Mara: Huh?!? Really?!?

Pro: Just this once.

Mara: Alright, thanks!

Well, it probably won’t be just this once, but I guess it doesn’t matter.

Mara: What are you doing now?

Pro: I was just gonna start my homework. I got home a few minutes ago, actually.

Mara: Oh, I see. Sorry, I guess I called at a bad time…

Pro: It’s alright, don’t worry.

Mara: I’ll let you go at it then. See you on Monday.

Pro: Yeah, see you.

I put down my phone and turn back to my work, which suddenly seems a lot more troublesome than it did a few minutes ago. I glance at my bed, which beckons me over invitingly…

No, no. I have to focus. If I can’t come up with anything to put on my career form, then I should at least try to get something done.