Oliver sneaks past his dad as he sleeps. He walks toward his room’s door. When he opens it, it slowly fades to white. The white fades into a beautiful scene.

The sky is pink, there is wind blowing in the wind. Oliver can walk to the right, and sit by a tree.

A person appears from the other side. He waves toward Oliver. He walks toward the tree from the other side, and side next to it as well.

**Friend:** Hallow.  
**Oliver:** Yo! Just got home.  
**Friend:** Nice.

**Oliver:** How’s your night going?  
**Friend:** Good! Just drawing. Wanna see?   
**Oliver:** Soon soon.

**Oliver:** \*sigh\*  
**Friend:** … You alright?  
**Oliver:** Yeah…

Pause.

**Oliver:** I’m trying to figure out what I wanna do but…  
I don’t feel like doing anything.  
**Friend:** Yeah?   
**Friend:** …  
You wanna go to the park with me?  
Or come over. We can play video games or just chill.  
**Oliver:** Yeah, I don’t know…  
I’ll um…  
I’ll let you know.  
**Friend:** …

Pause.

**Oliver:** … Sorry.   
**Friend:** Mhh? What for?  
**Oliver:** … Nothing, don’t worry.

*Pause.*

**Oliver:** Can I-

*Knocking on the door is heard.  
A cut to a bedroom, with Oliver sitting on a computer with his headphones on.  
Oliver’s heart is heart beating.*

**Dad:** Your dinner.  
**Oliver:** Give me a sec, Sachi.

*Oliver takes off his headphones, and opens the door. The dad walks in.*

**Dad:** …  
Who are you talking to?  
**Oliver:** Just a friend.  
**Dad:** Who’s that?  
**Oliver:** You don’t know them.  
**Dad:** …

*Pause.  
The dad walks into the room. He places the plate on the table, and walk around the room, looking at the mess.*

**Dad:** \*sigh\*  
This mess…  
I shouldn’t even have to say anything.  
**Oliver:** …

*The dad turns to Oliver.*

**Dad:** Are you going to say anything?  
**Oliver:** I’ll clean it later…

*He walks toward the door.*

**Dad:** Arrangia.  
(Fine, figure it out yourself.)

*He leaves, and slams the door.  
Oliver’s heart is still heard beating again.  
He puts his headset back on.*

**Oliver:** …  
I’m back.  
…  
Hello?  
Sachi?  
…  
AFK…

*His heart is still beating.  
He takes some deeper breaths, and the beating fades.  
All you hear is the static of the room.*

**Friend:** I’m back. Dinner’s here!  
**Oliver:** Same.  
**Friend:** What did you get?  
**Oliver:** Pasta with tuna. You?  
**Friend:** Sushi!  
**Oliver:** Gross.  
**Friend:** Pff, says you. Who has pasta with tuna?  
**Oliver:** Only cool people do. So sorry, you’re not a part of that.  
**Friend:** So true.

*Pause.*

**Oliver:** Hey um… after dinner…  
Could I come over after all?  
Sorry to ask after I said no.  
**Friend:** Of course!  
…  
Did… something happen?  
**Oliver:** No, nothing bad.  
Well… something small, but it’s my fault.  
Maybe I’ll tell you later if I feel like it.  
**Friend:** Ok.

*Fade to black.*

Well… my dad was telling me off about not cleaning my room.  
I want to… just not now.  
So… nothing bad happened, I just feel like crap about it.  
**Friend:** Yeeeaaahhh…

**Oliver:** Alright, show me what your drawing.  
**Friend:** It’s nothing, its just my merps.

*Show drawings.*

**Oliver:** Look at those little guys.  
**Friend:** This one to the left is bla. And this one to the right is bla. Blab la bla

**Oliver:** Yup. Yup.  
**Friend:** And with this one, I was-