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:** Sup. Just got home.  
**Friend:** Nice.  
**Oliver:** What are you up to?  
**Friend:** Just drawing. I wanna show you what I’m doing.   
**Oliver:** Soon soon. Give me a bit to chill.  
**Friends:** You doing anything?   
**Oliver:** Nah, nothing.

Pause.

**Oliver:** I want to do something but…  
**Friend:** Yeah?  
**Oliver:** I just… don’t feel like doing anything.  
**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…  
**Friend:** I’m just throwing ideas.  
**Oliver:** I know. Nothing’s sticking though.  
**Friend:** Ok. You got any ideas?  
**Oliver:** Not really.  
**Friend:** …

Pause.

**Oliver:** … Sorry.I know you’re trying to cheer me up.  
**Friend:** You’re all good.  
But seriously… if you wanna come over to get away from your house, do it.  
**Oliver**: I’ll see how I feel.

*Pause.*

**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-

*Knocking on the door is heard.*A cut to a bedroom, with Oliver sitting on a computer.

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

*Oliver opens the door, and he 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 around the room, looking at the mess.*

**Dad:** \*sigh\*  
Do you ever clean your room?  
**Oliver:** … I’m busy.  
**Dad:** Doing what? Homework?  
**Oliver:** … I-  
**Dad:** Don’t answer, that’s shouldn’t be the point.  
…  
Just… please clean your room or open a window.  
Or go outside, you’re always in this stuffy room.  
It won’t do you any good sitting on the computer all the time.  
**Oliver:** Ok.  
**Dad:** …  
Fine. Don’t listen. I don’t care.

*He leaves, and slams the door.*

**Friend:** I heard all of that.  
**Oliver:**