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

*Small pause.*

**Friend:** What about you? **Oliver:** Yeah… it’s going.  
…  
I’m so bored.  
I wanna do something but…  
I don’t feel like doing anything.  
**Friend:** What if we went to the park?  
Or you come over and we play video games.  
**Oliver:** Yeah, I don’t know…  
I’ll um…  
I’ll let you know.

Pause.

**Oliver:** … Sorry.   
**Friend:** Mhh? What for?  
**Oliver:** …   
Yeah, you’re right. Sorry…   
I mean. Not sorry!  
\*sigh\*

*Pause.*

**Friend:** Are you sure you’re alright?  
**Oliver:** …  
**Friend:** Is it about your dad?   
Or is it about-  
**Oliver:** Look, I’ll…  
I’ll tell you later, ok?  
I want to chill.  
**Friend:** Ok.  
**Oliver:** I think-

*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.

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

**Dad:** Why didn’t you answer after the first time?  
**Oliver:** I guess I didn’t hear it.  
**Dad:** …  
… Who are you talking to?  
**Oliver:** Just a friend.  
**Dad:** Which one?  
**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?   
…

*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:** Ew.  
**Friend:** Says the person having pasta with tuna.  
**Oliver:** It’s great, what do you mean?  
You just don’t see the vision.  
**Friend:** Yeah, right.

*Pause.*

**Oliver:** Can I come over after all?  
Sorry to ask after I said no.  
**Friend:** Yes!  
…   
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-