**Music Store**

Pro: Hello?

Prim (shy eek): …!

Prim (shy shy): ...

Pro: Sorry if I startled you.

Pro: Um, so…

Pro: You probably recognize me by now.

She nods slowly.

Pro: I was just in the store and I saw you, so...

Pro: So I thought that I kinda wanted to say sorry.

Pro: For all the awkward interactions I’ve caused between us.

Prim (fidget shy): ...

Pro: And I, uh…

Pro: Hope we can be on friendly terms.

Prim (fidget down): ...

Prim (fidget shy): Don’t worry...

Prim (arms\_behind down): I… I also hope we can be friends.

Her voice is small, like a mouse. Nonetheless, I feel a relieved smile edging onto my face.

Pro: Thanks.

Prim (shy shy):

Pro: You’re Prim, right?

Prim gives me a small nod.

Pro: I’m Pro.

Prim (shy down): I know.

We pause awkwardly, unsure how exactly to continue.

Prim (shy eek):

Pro: Um…

Prim (shy shy):

Pro: So, what brings you here?

Prim (shy down): Oh, um…

Prim (shy shy): I really like music.

Prim: I just wanted to look around...

Prim (shy down): ...

Prim (shy embarrassed): What about you?

Pro: Oh, same. Well, I guess not exactly.

Pro: Seeing this place reminded me of my dreams of becoming a rockstar as a child.

Pro: I came here for the sake of nostalgia, I guess.

Prim (shy curious): Oh...

Another pause.

Prim (shy confused):

Pro: You wanted to be a rockstar too?

I crack a joke, trying to lighten the atmosphere.

Prim (shy shy):

Prim shakes her head, and I can’t tell if she took my question seriously or not.

Prim: A pianist.

Pro: Oh, I see.

Pro: You play the piano?

Prim: Yeah.

I think in middle school I had a classmate whose parents forced him to play piano. I played a bit too when I was younger, but I quit pretty soon after I started.

Pro: Oh, that’s nice. What grade?

Prim (shy down): Oh, um…

Prim: I finished all the grades.

Pro: Oh, I see.

Pro: …

Prim (shy eek):

Pro: Wait, what!?!?

Prim (shy panic): Um…

Prim (shy embarrassed): I finished all the grades.

Pro: Yeah…

Pro: So, are you a professional?

Prim: I don’t think so...

Prim looks around embarrassedly.

Prim (shy shy): I don’t get paid to play yet. Right now, I practice at a music school as an extracurricular, where I play as part of its orchestra.

Pro: I see.

Pro: Wow.

Pro: That’s actually pretty amazing.

Prim (fidget down): Thanks.

I pause, still trying to wrap my head around what Prim just told me.

Prim (fidget shy):

Pro: So…

Pro: Do you have a major role in the orchestra? Or a minor one?

Prim (fidget down): Oh, um...

Prim (arms\_behind shy): I guess a major one.

Pro: There would be a lotta violins, right? But they all have different parts. So, like, would you be the main piano player, or…?

Prim (shy confused):

Prim blinks at me strangely for a few seconds.

Prim (shy shy): Um, there’s only one piano…

Pro: Oh.

Come to think of it, pianos are pretty big…

Pro: So, um…

Pro: What type of music do you play? Do you play, like, uh…?

Prim: Usually classical music.

Prim (shy down): A lot of the pieces we play don’t really use the piano though…

Prim: …so sometimes I don’t play much at all.

Pro: Interesting. I never knew that.

Pro: But then again, I’m starting to realize that I don’t know a lot of things...

Prim (shy smiling\_eyes\_closed): It’s okay.

Prim (shy earnest): I didn’t know a lot in the beginning too, but as I—

Prim (shy eek):

Prim’s interrupted by a continuous buzzing sound. She pauses and takes her phone out of her pocket, putting it to her ear.

Prim (shy shy): Hello?

Prim (shy worried): ...

Prim: I’m really sorry...

Prim (shy worried\_slightly): ...

Prim: Okay.

Prim: Yeah, I’ll be home soon.

Prim (shy worried):

She hangs up and turns back to me.

Pro: Everything okay?

Prim (shy worried\_slightly): Um, I need to go home soon.

Prim (shy down): I was supposed to buy groceries, so...

Prim (shy shy): I have to go now.

She turns around to leave.

Pro: Ah, wait…

Prim (shy curious):

Prim stops and looks back at me.

Pro: Um...

“I have to buy groceries, too. Can I come along?” **OR** “It was nice talking with you.”

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Pro: I have to buy groceries, too.

Pro: So if you don’t mind...

Pro: Can I come along?

Prim: ...

Prim (shy shy): Okay.

I’m still not sure what exactly pushed me to ask something like this, but I fight the urge to smile as I give her a grateful nod.

Pro: Thanks. Let’s go.

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Pro: It was nice talking with you.

Prim (shy shy): ...

Pro: See you around, I guess?

Prim (shy embarrassed): Um, yeah.

Prim: See you.

Prim (exit):

And with that, she turns around and exits the store, leaving me alone in the violin aisle.

Pro: Well then...

I wouldn’t be lying if I said that I still felt like the conversation we had just now was a bit more than awkward, filled with pauses, averted gazes, and short responses.

Well, I guess we all have to start somewhere when we meet new people.

But I still end up spending an extra half hour in the music store before going to buy groceries. Just to make sure I don’t experience another possibly awkward accidental encounter.

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