**Classroom**

As usual, I have a hard time staying focused in class, and I find myself thinking about my conversation with Prim several times throughout the lesson, much to my teacher’s annoyance.

However, morning classes eventually end, and as I start to unpack my lunch I feel a tap on my shoulder.

Asher (waving smiling): Yo.

Pro: Oh, hey. What’s up?

Asher (neutral neutral): Not much. You didn’t look too interested in class today.

Pro: Is that any different from usual?

Asher (neutral curious): Today was different. Like you were preoccupied with something.

Asher: Something happen?

Asher’s social perception skills are on point as always.

Pro: Not really.

Pro: Do you know who Prim is?

Asher (neutral thinking): Prim…

Asher (neutral curious): The really shy girl in 1A?

Pro: Yeah, her. I ran into her earlier today and we talked for a bit.

Asher (neutral neutral): Oh, I see.

Asher (neutral confused): Wait, what?

Pro: Is it really that unusual for me to talk to someone new…?

Asher (neutral smiling\_nervous): Yeah, it kinda is.

Asher (neutral skeptical): But also, it’s a little strange that you were with Prim. From what I’ve heard, she doesn’t really talk to anyone.

Pro: Oh yeah, we ran into each other yesterday. At a café.

Asher (neutral neutral):

Teacher (neutral neutral):

Before Asher can respond, we’re interrupted by our teacher. I tense up automatically, thinking that she’s going to tell me off for not paying attention again.

Teacher (neutral curious): Could one of you guys drop off those books at the library?

She gestures towards her desk, where a large bin waits to be taken away. Asher and I glance at each other, hoping that the other person will volunteer, but neither of us do.

Asher (neutral smiling): Rock-paper-scissors then?

Teacher (neutral disappointed): Really…?

Pro: Yeah, I guess. On shoot, okay?

Asher (excited excited): Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!

Rock

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Asher (neutral sigh):

I throw rock, hoping that Asher will pick scissors, and thankfully he does. I pump my fist in triumph as Asher sighs.

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Paper

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Asher (neutral sigh):

I throw paper, hoping that Asher will pick rock, and thankfully he does. I pump my fist in triumph as Asher sighs.

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Scissors

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Asher (neutral sigh):

I throw scissors, hoping that Asher will pick paper, and thankfully he does. I pump my fist in triumph as Asher sighs.

}

Asher (neutral disappointed): Alright, alright, I’ll take it then. Where should I put it?

Teacher (neutral neutral): Put it on the librarian’s desk, and they’ll take care of it.

Asher (neutral neutral): Okay.

Asher (exit):

Teacher (exit):

Asher leaves, and my feeling of victory quickly disappears as I realize that I’m now alone for lunch. To avoid the uncomfortable silence of eating by myself, I decide to go buy a drink.

**Cutscene - Meeting Lilith**

As I approach the vending machines, I notice a girl leaning against the wall with a baseball bat. Blonde hair, unkempt uniform… Could she be a delinquent?

Then she turns her gaze towards me, and the realization that I’m staring right at her dawns upon me.

?Lilith: What are you looking at?

“You have a baseball bat.” **OR** “Oh, nothing.”

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Pro: Sorry, it’s just that you have a baseball bat.

?Lilith: Oh, I see. I guess it is a little unusual.

?Lilith: Sorry about that.

Pro: Oh, no problem.

She watches me as I move to the machines and search through my wallet for coins. Her gaze makes me feel uncomfortable... but also a little curious about her, and I find myself wanting to ask her a few questions.

However, I resist the urge and, after buying a bottle of juice, head back to class.

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Pro: Oh, nothing.

?Lilith: Is that so.

She watches me as I move to the machines and search through my wallet for coins. Her gaze makes me uncomfortable, and as I head back to class with a bottle of juice I feel a tinge of relief.

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