**Back of School**

Iris follows me behind the school, looking around with mild interest but still warily keeping her distance.

Iris: So? What’s this about?

Pro: It’s about Prim.

Iris: Yeah, I figured. What exactly about her, though?

Thrown off by her brashness, I almost falter, but thankfully I catch myself and continue on.

Pro: Do you…

Pro: Do you know why Prim quit piano?

Iris: …

Iris: Maybe. Why do you want to know?

Pro: Just answer, please.

Iris: Why?

Pro: Because…

I hesitate, causing Iris to sigh.

Iris: Because of me, right? Is that what you were gonna say?

Pro: Well…

Iris: Let me ask you something. Have you ever worked for something in your life? Because from what I’ve heard, I don’t think you have.

Iris: You have no idea what it’s like to give up everything, your free time, your friends, even your first love…

Iris: You have no idea what it’s like to dedicate everything you have and everything you are just for a singular purpose, only to have it ripped away from you in moments by someone’s irresponsible actions…

Iris: So what makes you think you have any right to stick your nose where it doesn’t belong?

Pro: I-I…

My mind goes blank, but before I can give up Prim’s distraught face appears in my mind again…

Breathe. Just breathe.

Pro: You’re right. I don’t have any right to interfere in your business, or stick my nose into your family affairs. I haven’t worked towards anything in my life, and I know I really shouldn’t be saying this, but…

Pro: …

Pro: But why does Prim have to quit as well? Why does she have to give up everything too? She used to practice so much, and it was obvious that she loved it so much, so why?

Iris: Have no idea. I didn’t make her, she went ahead and quit all by herself.

Iris: Why are you so invested in her? You’ve only known her for a little while.

There it is, that question again. Why? Before, I couldn’t come up with an answer…

**Cutscene - Pro Confronts Iris**

…but now, the words naturally flow out of my mouth.

Pro: Prim’s kind, hard-working, and considerate. She’s so, so shy, but at the same time she tries so, so hard not to let it affect her or the people she cares about.

Pro: She’s surprisingly competitive, she tries her best in everything she does, and she’s pretty athletic despite how small she is…

Pro: She likes eating both traditional and Western sweets, whenever she reads an emotional manga she does her best to hold back her tears, and she has an unexpected childish side that surfaces every so often…

Pro: And she doesn’t smile much, but when she does it’s the purest, sweetest thing ever.

Pro: But recently she hasn’t been smiling at all. Whenever I see her, she looks so sad…

I stop, suddenly aware that I’ve started to cry, tears welling up in my eyes. Iris stares at me in shock, on the brink of breaking down herself.

Iris: What the heck? Why are *you* crying…?

Pro: I don’t know…

Iris: I can’t believe that some high school brat I barely know made me cry for the first time since middle school…

Iris: I didn’t even cry after the accident.

Iris takes a deep breath, trying to steady her breathing.

Iris: I’m sorry, I lied before. I know exactly why Prim quit piano, and you’re right, it’s all my fault.

Iris: Right after I received news that I wouldn’t be able to play professionally again, Prim rushed into my hospital room, pleading with me not to give up on it. Tears were streaming down her face, and she begged me not to give up hope. Now that I think about it, she might’ve been more distraught than I was.

Iris: But after hearing her, I…

Iris: …

Iris: I snapped. I yelled at her, screaming all of these horrible things that I know she didn’t deserve…

Iris: And the next day, our parents told me that she quit. There’s no doubt that my tantrum was the reason.

Iris: Now, she avoids me whenever she can. She stays at school as long as she can, goes on walks more frequently, and locks herself in her room as a last resort. When our parents force us to be together, she never looks me in the eyes…

Iris: I’m such a bad sister. Go on, say it and laugh. Older siblings are supposed to guide and support their younger siblings, but in the end all I did was tear her down…

Pro: I don’t think that’s exactly it.

Pro: Prim quit piano because she cares about you. She felt that you would only suffer if she continued, so she gave up on her dream so you’d be happier…

?Prim: Pro…

**Cutscene - Prim finds Pro and Iris**

Prim comes around the corner, staring at the two of us with obvious confusion written all over her face.

Prim: And Iris…

Prim: What are you guys doing?

Iris: Prim…

Iris: We need to talk. Properly.

Bewildered, Prim looks between us before nodding slowly.

Prim: Um, Pro…

Prim: Please leave.

Pro: Huh? Oh, right…

Well, I guess that makes sense. I shouldn’t be here for their sister-to-sister talk.

Pro: See you guys later, I guess.