**Cutscene - Pro and Prim**

Thankfully, Prim is about as unathletic as I am, and after a while I’m able to catch up to her. Both of us completely out of breath, we collapse onto the grass surrounding the playground she ran to.

Prim: Why…

Prim: Even though you know the real reason…

Prim: Why did you chase me?

Pro: You didn’t exactly let me finish my idea…

I gasp for breath, wishing that I had more stamina.

Prim: She’s right, you know.

Prim: All I’m doing is chasing after her. Ever since we were kids, all I’ve done is chase after her.

Prim: I would want to wear the same clothes, do the same things…

Prim: And of course, when she decided to become a professional pianist, I decided that I would too. Whatever songs she played, however much she practiced, I would do it all...

Prim: But all of it’s her dream.

Prim: And now that it’s been taken away from her, I have no right to pursue it either…

Prim: So can you tell me honestly, that…

She trails off for a moment, desperately trying not to cry.

Prim: ...that it makes you happy to see me work towards a goal that’s not even mine?

I pause, realizing that it wouldn’t make me happy if she weren’t doing this for herself. It would be a little sad, actually, seeing her go through all this for only her sister.

But...

Pro: You know…

Pro: Yesterday, when I was at the hospital visiting my mom, I made a small promise to myself…

Pro: I promised that I’ll do better in school, that I’ll work hard, that I’ll one day be able to let her take it easy and be happy…

Pro: And the person who taught me how to do that wasn’t your sister.

I tentatively reach out my hand and place it on her head ever so gently.

Pro: Sure, your goal might not be yours. But all the hours you’ve put in, your blood, sweat, and tears…

Pro: I think those are yours and yours alone.

Prim: Pro…

Pro: And besides, you kinda suck at school. Wouldn’t it be pretty difficult to try to change your career path at this point?

Prim: …

Prim blinks, shocked, causing me to wonder if I went too far…

...but after a few moments she lets out a little laugh.

Prim: I guess so.

Prim: But you’re as bad as me, so you might be in trouble then…

Pro: Don’t remind me…

She laughs again, and this time I laugh with her. It’s such a relief to see her smile so genuinely, even though the weight of the world must be on her shoulders.

**Playground**

After a while I stand up and stretch, hoping that I won’t be too sore tomorrow.

Prim (shy shy\_crying):

Pro: Well, we should get going then.

Prim (shy curious\_crying): Go where?

Pro: To practice, right? It’s Tuesday?

Prim (shy confused\_crying):

Prim stares at me for a few seconds.

Prim (shy shy\_crying):

Pro: No…?

Prim: Sorry, I was just a bit surprised.

Prim (shy smiling\_crying): Let’s get going.