

Who pay for them to go to dance class
Who buy things for them
I want you to think about children
Who don't get to go to school
They have to go to *work*

Maeve suppresses a giggle.

DANCE TEACHER PAT
I'll wait

MAEVE
Sorry! I just get nervous <when *I have to close my eyes...*>

He glares at her.

DANCE TEACHER PAT (*to Maeve*)
You ready?

Maeve nods.

DANCE TEACHER PAT
I want you to think about children
Who don't have anyone to turn to
Who don't have anyone they can trust
Or they can talk to
Who are being abused
Who are living in garbage, sometimes, *literal garbage*
Their beds, their houses
And no one touches them, no one loves them, no one wonders when they're coming home at night or asks them how there day was

The girls are somber now. Maybe Sofia is crying a little.

Amina and Connie have their eyes cracked open, a little skeptical. They catch each other's eyes and smile.

DANCE TEACHER PAT
You girls don't realize how lucky you are
You don't realize that the problems you struggle with
Are not real problems
That the world is full of suffering
And you're tasting only a tiny part of it

...

...

...

(*it shifts, slightly... becomes very small, quiet, internal...*)