

## FIFTY BUCKS AN HOUR

How much money do you make?

Excuse me?

How much money do you make?

I beg your pardon.

What's wrong?

You shouldn't ask people how much money they make. It's none of your business.

How is it none of my business. You're my mother.

My business is my business, my family is my family. Let's keep them separate.

You said you couldn't afford my ballet, so your business is my business too.

Stop it. When you're an adult, you will understand everything.

How much do you make?

A million bucks an hour.

Uh huh. Take me to ballet, then.

Do you want to get sent to your room?

Dad said he doesn't make anything an hour.

He's not worth anything an hour anyway.

He said he makes a salary.

So do I.

A salary is when you're paid all at once, right?

Not exactly. But I don't make anything an hour.

Then how do you afford food, or your house.

They pay me every month. The same amount, no matter how many hours I work.

Okay, so how much?

What's gotten into you? Did your father say something to you?

No. He never talks about you.

Are you sure about that?

Promise. Now tell me.

Fine.

Fine?

Fine. I make fifty bucks an hour. I mean, not exactly, but if you did the math.

Fifty—that's nothing!

Hey!

That's not what I meant. I have fifty.

Fifty what?

Fifty bucks! I have that.

Where did you find fifty dollars?

Allowance.

Since when?

Months and months.

Uh huh.

Tell me where you got the money from.

Dad gives me an allowance.

How much?

You shouldn't ask people how much.

Oh, come on.

But I saved it up. For a long time. I have a lot now.

Okay, and what are you going to do with it?

Hire you.

Hire me?

Mhmm. Fifty bucks.

And to do what?

Dance lessons.

Wait, I don't understand.

Teach me.

But I don't know how either.

We'll learn together. Just be with me. For an hour.

There was a pause.

You're silly, sweetie. I can't. You know—