A knock at the Door

[A play by the students of Benteftifa High School]

Someone knock at the door: (tock, tock. The sound made on the door)

The mother goes to open: coming!

She opens the door and sees a little girl standing at the doorstep holding a bag full of stockings, wearing very old clothes, shivering and undernourished.

The little girl says with in a little voice: Stockings, Madam?

The mother asks her with looking at her with very wide open eyes: what!!!???

[The camera follows the eyes of the mother and the face of the little girl…]

The little girl says: poverty… I'm working to get some money.

The mother gets angry and asks her: Don't you go to school? Staring at her from up to down.

The little girl answers with a whisper of sorrow: I wish I could.

The mother asks her again: How old are you?

The girl replies in a low voice: eleven.

The mother invites her in and offers her something to drink. But the girl refuses at first, but the mother insists on her taking it. At that time, the mother's two daughters come from school and find the girl standing next to their mum. [The camera follows the daughters. One of them asks her about her name and in what school she studies.]

Who are you and in which school are you?

The little girl takes a long breath and says: I'm Karima, and I don't go to any school. My father says school is for boys only. [The camera focuses on the little girl]

Then the mother gets the idea of calling the social department to inform them about the girl's deprived right to education. In not more than an hour, the social agent arrives with her assistant. Then the little girl's father is called to talk to the social agent. The father comes in a hurry thinking something wrong happened to his daughter.

The social agent turns to the father and says: Sir, you're depriving your daughter of her right to education. Is that right?

The father gets nervous about her question…

That's none of your business.

Then the social agent says firmly: we'll see. The government punishes people like you.

Seeing that the social agent is sure of her words, the father tries to get her indulgent over his situation.

I can't afford the fees. We're poor.

The social agent's assistant then says: don't worry. The state helps you.

The little girl, eyes tearing of happiness, thanks the mother and walks away with her father.