



**Theatre
Centre**

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**Theatre
Centre**

Game

By Steven Camden

CONFIDENTIAL

“The shop alarm screams behind me.
A man shouting. A woman wails.
I stand in the road. Feet planted in the
shattered glass. Shoulders set. Waiting.
It's an old one.
One of them big square American cars from
the gangster films.
Perfect.
The driver slows down. Cautious. Confused.
The shop alarm screams. I don't move.
The bonnet stops in front of me. Close enough
to touch.
"What the hell are you doing?" The driver's
leaning out of his window, waving his hand.
Before he knows what's happening I'm around
to his side and on him. Dragging him out
through the window as he screams, "That's
my car!"
Open the door. In. Spin it round. The guy's in
the way. Tough luck. Hear him yelp as I roll
over him. Slam the door. Radio on. Some kind
of old school soul. Singing and screaming and
the screech of the tires as I pull away.
I'm a bad man.
Hear the front door. No time to save game.
Playstation off. Sit up straight. TV flicks back
onto BBC. Mom said she was doing lates.
Heavy feet stomp straight upstairs. It's not
Mom. It's Nathan. What's he doing home?
Game is still playing. No.
It's not the game. It's the news.
Buildings are burning. Black smoke. Police.
The news looks like GTA.
Bangs through the ceiling. What's he doing?
White letters scrolling across a red bar at the
bottom of the screen. A man's name and
flames.
London. Police. Shot. Duggan. Dead. Duggan.
Shot. Police. London.
It feels far away. Like a film. Or a game.
Feet on the stairs.
Then he's there. In the doorway. Out of
breath. Wide eyes. JD bag across his chest.
His eyes scan the room. "Where's your big
bag?" he says, starting to hunt.
"What big bag?"
"The one you had for that trip with the school.
Where is it?"
He's on his knees going behind the table. I
stand up.

"Why?"

"Cos I need it!"

He's not high. I've seen him high and this isn't that. "I thought you had work".

He's not listening to me. He's up and out into the hall. Checking the cupboard.

"Nath?"

Blankets spill out. I follow him into the kitchen.

I'm still holding my controller.

"Where is it, D?"

"It was Aunt Jackie's. She took it back".

"What?"

He's standing by the fridge, chest heaving like he just stepped out of the ring. "Shit".

I watch him think. Plan.

"Nath. What's going on?"

"It kicked off, man", he says, "It kicked off proper".

Then I see his hand. It's cut. At the knuckles.

There's blood on jeans. On his trainers.

"You're hurt".

"Nah".

He runs his hand under the tap. "Need to get back down there man, before they lock it all off".

He pulls off the JD bag and slides out a NIKE shoebox. It's the air max 97s. The new silver ones. And trouble sits up in my stomach.

"What did you do, Nath?"

He smiles. "They're for you. I've gotta go. Marcus and them have already gone back in". I stare at the shoebox. "Is this because of the news?"

He pushes past me back to the living room.

We watch the helicopter pictures. Streets blocked off. Firefighters. Sirens.

A man's name and flames. I'm still holding my controller.

"Told you", he says.

"But that's London. What's it got to do with you?"

He stares at the screen "Same bullshit. It's been coming. Where's your phone?" He turns to me. He's in full mission mode. "Where's your phone?"

"Upstairs".

"Get it. Keep it on you, yeah? If Mom calls, you haven't seen me".

"Nath. I don't think you should. What if?-"

"You haven't seen me. Okay?"

I can feel myself going. He grabs my shoulders. "Hey, hey. All good. Don't worry little man. It's not a thing. In and out. I'll get you the new iPhone. You want the new iPhone?"

"Nath, you can't. You'll get in trouble. There's cameras".

He pulls something from his pocket. It's a balaclava. "Marcus got em. Nobody's gonna see me. Everybody's doing it".

"I'll come with you".

"No".

He's right in my face. "You stay here, you hear me?"

I look at the TV.

Police. Report. Looting. Ambulance. Looting. Report. Police.

"Don't go, Nath. It's serious. They shot a man".

"I know. Now they've got it coming".

"Who does? JD sports? Steve Jobs?"

"All of em. We're sick of it". He wipes the sweat from his forehead and now there's blood above his eye. "We're just getting our piece".

"What does that even mean?"

He sits me down like only big brothers can. Squats in front of me. "Listen. If it's not me doing it, it'll be someone else. Why am I gonna miss out on some new shit?"

"But what if they catch you?"

"Fuck them! Okay? Fuck them. You can't keep hitting a dog and then act shocked when the dog bites back".

"But, Mom".

"Mom's not here. Look, this'll all be over in a minute and everything will be exactly the same, so why not grab a few things while we've got the chance? Stick it to em?"

Then he's up. Rubbing my head. "Don't leave the house, okay? I'll call you or text later".

My thumb rubs the buttons. A B X Y. Want to stop him. Control him. I feel like I'm gonna cry. Or puke. I stand up.

"Nath wait".

He stops by the phone.

I'm standing in the door way. I can see the TV.

I can see him.

"Don't worry, D", he says.

Then he's gone.

And it's just me.
Holding my controller.
Like it's a game.

CONFIDENTIAL



**Theatre
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Amy

By April de Angelis

CONFIDENTIAL

“I’m not this old now.

Not twenty.

I was twenty a long time ago.

Back then I looked like this. Pretty much. And I wore clothes like this which I think I could get away with today which is weird!

She gestures at her DM’s, dungarees and Rainbow Jumper

So, this is me circa 1983. Women had only had equal pay for seven years.

There was still a Berlin wall and we only had 4 TV channels.

Britain had its first woman prime minister and she said ‘there is no such thing as society’;

Just a bunch of individuals fighting each other for a piece of the crummy pie.

Her version of life was a lot of people smiling at each other but secretly thinking how can I get all your stuff.

And my dad used to say - aren’t you happy now - you’ve got a woman prime minister?

And I’d shout at him - no dad I’m not happy because she’s an evil cow.

And my mum would look upset because she hated arguments.

But I knew that I didn’t want to be like my mum - always running around doing her job as a dental receptionist and cooking and cleaning and trying to stop me arguing with dad. My dad was a policeman. I did feel for him sometimes - once someone spat on him when he was out drinking with his mates. When they found out what he did.

Still why do we need the police? They didn’t always exist did they? Someone had to invent them didn’t they? You can imagine how well that went down at our house.

Greenham common - ever heard of that? I was at college studying English and I was pretty nervous at first because no one in my family had ever been to University. In Freshers week I decided to go to everything - and I mean everything - from Tiddlywinks to the Viking appreciation society and the very last one I went to was the Women’s meeting - that one stuck. We’d meet every week and we’d discuss stuff like body hair, Witches and the patriarchy - we’d discuss can you still be a good feminist if you shave your legs? - mind bending stuff like that. Then one day a woman came to talk to us about Greenham. It was a camp of women surrounding a military base in Berkshire where American nuclear missiles were placed. Her name was Helen and she had short pink hair and a kind of wildness about her. Do you know what happens to a human being in the blast radius of a nuclear missile she asked us? We didn’t so she told us. That’s why I decided to leave University and go to the camp.

I couldn’t think of anything more important in the world. Like Helen said ‘why should we women want to murder other women and their kids?’ I spoke to Helen after and I begged her to let me come. I needn’t have bothered. Yes she said. Come. Bring a sleeping bag, wellington boots, socks, a saucepan, plate, spoon, knife, cup. Bring change for the launderette machines.

Bring a camera if you have one - I didn't. No one had mobiles then or laptops, they hadn't been invented. All we had was an idea - an idea that the world could be better.

Have you ever seen pictures of the camp? Women would sew photos of their kids and baby's clothes onto the perimeter fence. And we'd sing songs, light fires. The police would come and try to move us on but we'd chain ourselves to the fence. Who would have thought that a bunch of scruffy women could rattle the chains of the big powerful men in uniforms that ran countries - but we did. One night we broke in through the fence and danced on the silos where the bombs were kept. Another time women turned up from all over the country in coachloads 50,000 of us and we joined hands around the whole of the base - miles of it - and we sang 'We are women we are strong'. Hundreds of us were arrested and women lawyers came to help to fight their cases.

My mum and dad said to me - when are you going back to University
And I'd say what's University teaching me that my life can't? Education in this country only reproduces the dominant ideology.
But you're going to need to get a job said dad.
And mum said I've sewn that hole in your sleeping bag. Come home, love.
I'd breathe a sigh of relief after I left them. They didn't understand.

One day like any other I was with Helen - we were walking into town to buy some supplies. Baked beans, matches, newspapers. Hurry up she laughs at me - and she stepped into the road. I don't know when I knew it was going to happen - but I have the feeling that I did in the few seconds before - it was as if time slowed down - I saw the police car - I saw Helen fly into the air as it hit her and I knew it couldn't be good - Helen lay by the side of the road, silent, her pink hair matted and bloody. I spoke her name and she murmured a bit and went quiet.
When the ambulance came they said I was holding her hand but I can't remember that. I hope they're right.

In 1991 the government took the missiles out of the base. So in a way we won. And if you go there now there is a monument to Helen. She was 22 years old. We could never prove it but the police van seemed to swerve towards her deliberately. How dare you challenge us it was saying. But Helen did dare.

I went home after Helen's funeral... Mum and Dad were scared of me in a way.
Scared I was so sad.
After a bit I went back to uni and finished my degree.

At my graduation my dad said something to me - he said - well, you took your time getting there but you got there in the end. I'm glad I didn't stand by and do nothing dad I said. What would the world be like if no one did what they thought was right. It

was breaking the law dad said - trespassing - that's never right and then my mum, who'd cried the whole way through the ceremony suddenly said - Oh shut up Steve. I'm proud of you Amy - and she touched a badge on her lapel and I looked a bit closer and she was wearing a women's peace badge and I thought bloody hell if my mum can change, stand up to my dad - then anything's possible.

Visit Helen's monument if you get a chance. Say hello from me."

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Section 28

By Suzi Ruffell

1990

David is sat on a train. He is a little nervous. He has a brand new leather satchel at his feet, a suitcase and he has a book in his hand. He talks conspiratorially. He is letting you in on a secret.

"I always liked Mr Allen.

I met him two years ago. During my final year of school. I hated that place. I was awkwardly tall, had acne and didn't really fit in with any of the gangs. I wasn't cool or one of the super smart kids. I was average and boringly normal.

He was late on the first day. We were in Assembly. It was hot, all of the windows in the main hall were open and you could hear the rumble of the east coast service every 11 minutes. Mr Shadowlark, the headmaster, was preaching from his lectern. Mr Allen entered the room, red in the face, out of breath and with a new leather satchel and the unmistakable joie de vivre of a new teacher who hasn't yet met his class. He was muddled, embarrassed. He sat down. Took out a brown leather notebook and started writing. I stared at him long enough that he could feel it, he caught my gaze and I immediately looked away.

He later confided in us, his tutor group, that he was reading on the train and had missed his stop. Imagine being that into a book.

By lunchtime everyone was fascinated by this new teacher. He was tall, broad, traditionally good looking, the girls all fancied him, the boys were impressed too. There was a rumour his cousin played professional football for West Ham. I was more taken with his suit. He dressed smarter than all the other teachers combined and I liked that. Mum would occasionally buy Vogue Magazine and I remember seeing this ad for aftershave; a picture of a man in a three piece suit, holding a whisky with a beautiful girl on his arm. It wasn't just Mr Allen's three piece suit, it was him. He seemed worldly. He had travelled, spent six months travelling around Europe, worked in a bar in New York. He spoke three languages and was passionate about teaching. He was happy to be there. He inspired us all, he made dreams seem possible. He made me think that I could one day leave Portsmouth, leave the small mindedness of home, the boys on the football team who yelled at me, the feeling of being trapped.

I loved his English classes, he loved books, he showed me you could escape within the pages of a book and briefly go somewhere else. Whether it was Shakespeare, Orwell or Twain, he had a talent of making the words leap off the page, for them to feel relevant to you.

I remember one of the girls, the nosey girls who like to gossip, her name was Karen, I didn't like her, she was rude and always burped really loudly. She asked Mr Allen if he had a girlfriend. He laughed and shook his head 'Not that it's any of your business Karen but no I don't have a girlfriend, school keeps me busy enough'.

I thought, 'Sir, you really ought to get out more'.

Of course, I knew. I just knew. It was something I recognised in myself. I assumed he saw it in me too.

It was over the Christmas holiday that I saw him out of school for the first time. I was getting a tree with Dad, he was there getting one too, with another guy. I was so excited to see him out of school, he didn't have a suit on, stonewashed jeans and a knitted navy jumper, he'd also let his moustache grow out, he looked so cool, so fashionable, like someone who had worked in a bar in New York. I bounded over to him, like an over excited Puppy.

Stand, embrace the moment.

'Hi Mr Allen, Merry Christmas'

He looked shocked, scared, a little embarrassed in fact. I shoved my hand out to shake his.

'Mr Allen?'

My Dad walked over, he stared at them.

'Dad, Dad, this is Mr Allen, he is my form tutor, he lived in New York, how cool is that?'

Nothing from Dad or the other two men. *SILENCE*. Dad turned on his heel and marched off. We got into the car, in silence. I knew I had done something wrong but I couldn't work out what it was. Then Dad started talking in riddles about men like them and how I shouldn't get too close or get any ideas. That they couldn't be trusted.

The trouble was I already had ideas, I had for years. I had known for a long time that I was different, I was told it, in fact. By taunts in the playground, whispers at family occasions, my father's obsession with me boxing, which I hated (no surprise there). They all wanted me to toughen up. To be more of a bloke. I think Mum knew first, she then did everything she could to hide it from Dad.

I remember Christmas being especially hostile that year; it was the last one before the divorce. Dad was just furious all the time.

It was in the papers a lot. Section 28. I didn't know what it was really, just another piece of legislation from Thatcher's government. It was spoken about in hushed tones. It suggested that all gay people were predators, preying on school children. Like monsters. I was pretty sure Mr Allen and his friend weren't monsters, they were buying a Christmas tree. That doesn't seem like something a monster would do. I knew it affected me, so did mum, I didn't really how or why, it was something about the 'promotion of homosexuality' which sounds odd, it's like they were doing a special on gayness in Debenhams 'sign up today and get this free pen'. I didn't understand it but I knew it wasn't good. Especially not for me. It came on the Tea Time News alongside a story about the FA cup final and a girl going missing. We watched Margret Thatcher speak in the Houses of Parliament. 'Too right!' Shouted

Dad. 'They want to get rid of the lot of them, the queers. It's not safe; they'll confuse all the kids. Like that one up at his school.'

I kept my head in my book, pretending not to hear.

That night while Dad was snoring in front of the football I took his newspaper 'The Express' up to my room, I needed to understand what this Section 28 was and why it affected 'him up at the school'

Section 28 is a piece of legislation that stated teaching that homosexuality was normal was forbidden.

It hit me in the gut, it was exactly what I had feared. I was just the same as 'him up at the school'. I felt sick, you know that feeling when someone knows a secret about you, the fear that's like a fire in your chest, that feels like you might just explode at any moment. I knew then, at 15 my life would be harder than my friends, that some people would just hate me for no rhyme or reason, for nothing that I had done just because of something I can't control.

I was delighted when the Christmas holidays were over. All of a sudden I had become a bookworm, missing a stop on the train because you were immersed in a book seemed more understandable by the day.

Back at school Mr Allen had lost some of his shine, he looked exhausted and world weary. I assume it was about Section 28. I didn't ask. Really wanted to, I wanted him to know that I understood that I was scared to. I didn't.

I think he knew, I knew. Everyone else was in the dark. It was like we were in this slow motion bubble where something terrible was about to happen but everyone else was oblivious, getting on with their normal lives, deciding which pop star to fancy or who had the coolest backpack, whilst unbeknownst to them there was ominous rumbling getting louder by the day.

He lost his job in the May. I ran to the boys toilets when I heard, I sobbed. It confirmed my greatest fears. I told everyone it was hay fever, of course. I heard mum and dad discussing it when they thought I was in bed. It ended up being a huge argument, of course it was partly about me and my effeminate ways. Dad said it was right that he lost his job and that it would make others think twice before choosing to live that way.

Mr Allen went to London, on a march with the Gay Liberation Front, he was photographed there and it ended up in a national newspaper. I saw it in the local shop. My stomach dropped, that sickly feeling returned. But I was also proud and fired up that I knew someone that brave. Brave enough to fight for something greater than yourself. I still have that newspaper.

That was it, the school fired him the moment they saw it. Mr Shadowlark said he had no choice. I saw him helping Mr Allen pack his car from the science room. They shook hands. They both looked fed up, sad.

Promoting a homosexual lifestyle. He had never mentioned he was gay at school, it came as a surprise to most of the other kids, they started calling him a pervert and a queer, it was only a few months before he'd been this cool guy that had lived in New York, how quickly people can change and turn cruel, in turn I knew that they would say that about me if they ever knew my secret.

I felt ashamed, I still do sometimes. It's linked to Section 28, I think. The knowledge that falling in love could cost me my job, my dad.

My course starts tomorrow. Mr Allen was right, I could travel the world. I have only made it as far as London so far. I wonder about him sometimes, I wonder if he found another school that were more caring, that valued his teaching skill rather than delving into his personal life, I hope so. I hope they are happy, him and his friend, maybe it was his partner, that's a word I am just learning how to use, it makes me feel really grown up. I think about Mr Allen a lot. I think he would be excited to see how far I have come. Hopefully this is just the start. I brought that newspaper with me, it lives in the top drawer of my desk, on days when I feel scared or different or if someone calls me a name, I look at it, at Mr Allen's pride and his fight for justice and it makes me feel a bit stronger.

I didn't think I would go to Uni, I'm excited to start though. I hope I meet some people like me. I told my mum the truth about me before I left; she said she'd always known and that eventually Dad would be alright.

This is my stop. Wish me luck. **David exits**



**Theatre
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Who Built This?

By Yusra Warsama

CONFIDENTIAL

“Who built the roads? 2,000 years old, it was the Romans... I learnt that in school with things about Manchester. We had the first passenger train. We created Capitalism. I’ve decided right here probably somewhere in Exchange Square or in the Royal Exchange, we had the industrial revolution - “industrious people” we are, Miss said, that’s what mum said, nah not really, my mum didn’t say that... too northern... she can’t speak English properly I think her tongue is locked into its ancient language.

But she knows all about war.

We’ve to write about World War 2 in school, for History. Have to have a good essay title as well, Miss says.

World War Two... we fought and we won, and we all benefit? And we all feel proud...? I have a confession... I always think I shouldn’t be thinking this... but who ‘won’ when people died and who is ‘we’? Are my ancestors in that equation?

There are red bricks that make up the home that I live in, stuck together by mortar - but it’s like it’s put together with something more than that - like the bricks are fused together, ‘galvanised’ that’s the word... do you know what I mean?

Galvanised, sounds like the word to use when these bricks were put together to give homes to men after the war; homes for heroes.

I often think that the stuff that holds the red bricks of my city together is the same stuff that you can feel between families. Allowing individual people to feel a part of a place, of a city, part of a country. A part of the world.

I can’t explain..... it’s like a silver thread, when we feel connected it’s like a silver piece of thread but you can’t actually see it.

If you could see it, we wouldn’t be able to see the world, our vision would be blocked by too many webs, funny that... If we could see the thing that connects us, we would be unable to see one another. ***(She laughs to herself, her private ‘logic’)***

Webs would have been a good shield from the bombs in the world war - they had these things called cluster balloons that would be used to shield the city from German bombs, I’ll put that in the essay, the balloons were there to confuse the Germans, to mask where our spots were, like our factories that made things for the war effort.

Although it’s not ‘our’ for me, I wasn’t part of the country then.

But I feel a silver thread now – it feels like when you have a song in your head and someone else sings it out loud. Magic.

This report we have to do for history has to look at what we imagine the voices of some the families might be during World War 2, their thoughts and feelings.

But I can't think of these families without thinking about my ancestors... is that bad?
But it was a world war so everyone experienced it?

The whole world must have felt on fire.

I wonder if the men and families after World War 2 who these homes were made for would ever imagine a family like mine in them now... or that my nomadic mother's people back in the day could imagine their daughter encased in walls like these now...

Here's a silver thread to World War 2... I know the theme tune to Dads Army... it always seems to be on the telly.

(sings) Who do you think you are kidding mister Hitler, If you think old England's done?...

Well just that bit... the words feel warm in my chest when I sing them - even though my mum wouldn't understand it but she's amazing because she can navigate land by using the Map of the stars.

In the World Wars they would use all the world's skills to try and defeat the enemy, they recruited masters and indigenous people of all terrain to fight the Germans - I bet my mum's people guided soldiers through the desert at night to help win the war... maybe...

Anyway I know some of her people fought for the British, Somalilanders, Soldiers I don't know one of their names... but when men ran fleeing with their families, when civil war broke out to neighbouring Ethiopia, the old men took their old passports and army papers only to be told the papers were obsolete... null and void...

Why do they call it civil war when it's about death? Don't you think that's funny, it should be called uncivil war.

Right now there are hundreds of wars going on, right now, just ask prophet google.

So many wars going on in the world, but we will only hear about a fraction.

We've had wars to liberate us, World War 2 was about never fighting again, 'a war to end all wars' but we have freedom of speech as a result, I think...

'The world is great, there is just a lot of nonsense we've created within it', my cousin Sulerkah told me that when the Iraq war broke out.

Is that why we have war? ... For liberation and freedom? For some? For everyone?

(She sees something over her shoulder)

"What Would I Say to an Ancestor Who Fought for the British in World War 2?".... that's my essay title.

Would I say 'well done'? Would they be proud to have fought for 'queen and country'? Would I tell them they fought for the empire's shackles and chains? I think they would say the former and I couldn't disagree with an ancestor but... but, who did we do it all for?

(Begins to sing) "We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when, but I know we'll meet again some sunny day" ...

Absolute tune.

The people all over the world back then... If only we knew what they felt about the war - there would be absolutely no war again... I think.

If we knew what they felt in Madagascar, Japan, America, Russia, all the places that were once or still are on fire, there might absolutely be no war...

If we knew, maybe how that mother felt, or that child who never learnt how to play,

Or the old man who still shakes and wets himself like a child from the nightmares of seeing war

I'm sure then there would be no more war..... I think... I hope...

(looks to the side and slightly over to an invisible person)

"What would I say to an ancestor who fought for the British in World War 2?"



**Theatre
Centre**

45'

By Roy Williams

CONFIDENTIAL

Nate, 19, dressed in black addresses the congregation.

“Thank you all for coming. I always knew my brother was a popular guy. And it is so pleasing to see so many of you here. It makes me ask, how many people did Donnie not know? As you all know, there was a lot to love about my brother. At times like this, our saving grace is that the good people in our lives leave good things to the world. They leave good things behind like love. It’s what makes us miss them, it’s what makes them a blessing.

I know there will be a lot of shedding of tears today, and that is fine, that is allowed, but only on one condition. I want to hear some laughter too. Because Donnie ***loved to laugh.***

If you were living in the East Side, doing whatever, and Donnie laughed at the same time, here in Liberty City, you would hear it. That’s who he was.

I didn’t see so much of Donnie when I was growing up. There was a 16-year age gap between us and by the time I started school, he was graduating from college, living his own life. But it made me value the times he did come around, I remember how excited I used to get, whenever he rang the doorbell. And I always knew it was him, he just had that way of ringing mom’s bell, that no one else could. My big brother was coming around!

I remember, when I was in the eight grade, he drove me to school once, in his brand-new *Chevrolet* even though my school was only a ten-minute walk away. I remember him taking me to my first football game. Our beloved *Dolphins* had trashed the *New York Jets*! Yes! I remember him giving me my first taste of beer when I was 15. I remember him taking me to my first night club. I remember him calming me down once because I came home so angry and upset, because Sharon Lawrence told me that she didn’t want to go out with me. I remember him laughing his head off once because some guy at a gas station thought I was his son, because of the resemblance we share.

I remember feeling good about that. I remember how proud he was proud of our Dolphin team when they bended the knee last season. I remember how angry I got, when the 45th president called all of those boys “Sons of Bitches”. How I couldn’t stop throwing the remote at the TV. When 45 called those red necks from Charlottesville ‘fine people’, it took Mom, my little brother Sean and mostly Donnie to stop me from throwing the TV from out of the window. But you know I have a question for him, for 45, a few actually. Was my brother a son of a bitch as well for applauding those players who bent the knee? Was that racist asshole cop, who shot my brother three times in the head, a fine person, even though my brother never owned a gun in his life, never held one actually? You probably wouldn’t believe me anyhow would you, 45, fake news, right? Is that how it is for me now, 45? Is this

how it's going to be for every black man from 16 to 35? Tell me, is that how it is 45? Who exactly are you making America great again for? Donnie? Me? I hate you, like you hate me, so should I call you a son of a bitch now?

You know, I am sure for everybody here, we can all recall moments when Donnie was more to us than a son, a brother, a father, an uncle, a fiancée, a cousin, husband, friend. My brother was all of these things and more. Much, much, more. No. Donnie wouldn't want me to. Donnie wouldn't want me to go low. Donnie would want me to go high, just like he did, every day of his life. Just like he would want me to, right now. Like he would want you to, like he would want everybody, to go high. "Save your anger kid, there is more than enough out there, already. There are plenty of other ways to fight". Donnie would always say that. He was always right. I'm going to do what he says. I'm not going to go low anymore. I'm going to go high. I'm going to be there for him, when the Dolphins smash the Jets again, I'm going to be there for him, when The Dolphins bend the knee when the anthem plays. I'm going to be there for him. When I bend the knee, I'm going to be there for him, For Donnie. My brother. My captain. My king."

CONFIDENTIAL