

**Please pick only ONE piece to submit**

Side 1 -

But I love you how you are now. All of you. I like your hard exterior and your soft interior. That's why I fell in love. Look at you.. (*Rubs her hand across L.J's cheek*) you're beautiful. I don't want to kiss you and feel stubble from a beard. I want this face. And what emotional changes come with it? You're the sweetest thing I know. Will taking T-shots take away from that? Your assertive but non-aggressive nature is what pulled me in. I don't want to deal with the "rage" I hear about that comes from transitioning. And how soon were you thinking of doing this? You have a lot that has happened to you in your life. Is therapy in the timeline before you decide? I've been urging you to go for months and now with this, I'm definitely pressing the issue. I don't know. This is so much..

Side 2 -

This cis-gender heteronormative argument is so tired. (*Beat*) Jackson, you cannot see outside of your world view because you are a straight white man in America. You feel you shouldn't have to. You think you own everything and everyone. Your privilege blinds you from the reality that people can live their own lives whichever way they see fit, not just to your liking..And what's ridiculous is that you can't see past your own personal experiences to allow someone to truly live their life without your consent. And maybe I'M offended because I'm thinking of transitioning.

Side 3 -

I want... I just want to bring everybody together. I want the biggest, blackest, gayest dance party Detroit has ever seen. Shoot, the midwest has ever seen. I want music and joy and laughter. Beautiful black bodies swaying in time. And we just dance. Dancing the blues away. I want the air hot and thick with the taste of the fragrances of perfume and cologne and sweat and passion. And we dance to black rhythms and black joy and black heartache and black pain and the black heartbeats of our own drum. We dance for our sisters for our aunties and our mothers and our mothers' mothers. We bebop to matriarchs and shake a shimmy for the ancestors. We dance for absent fathers and broken brothers. We dance for love and for war and for babies yet to be born. We dance for their freedom and for ours. And we... just...dance.

Side 4 -

I heard what you was just telling Ruth. Filling her head full of nonsense. And you can just get it out ya mind. I will not have a bunch of niggas running in and out of my house every day. Might as well put a target on the front door and tell the police "Come on in, pull up a chair." You know these white folks don't want us to have anything. And if they know that not only are we colored but in the life, too? Huh. It's almost unheard for a Black person to buy their own house. Especially two women? I worked too hard to get this place. A place of my own to call home. That I own. My house.