***Monologue***

**[Inside Police Station]**

I keep coming back to that day. Every night It takes me hours to get to sleep. I am faced with a decision. I can choose to be true to myself and have my father hate me, or I can choose the easy way out. Is that really who I am though? Am I a liar? Or am I true to myself? This burden feels like it’s burning a hole in my chest. How do I want people to see me? How will my identity be portrayed if spread this news? These feelings are why I am here.

It was about a week ago when I saw it. My own father hiring a hitman. I always knew he wasn’t the most wholesome person but I didn’t think that he would resort to killing someone. See my dad has been the mayor of this city for 5 years now and it his complete life. It has been my complete life. I have always been at his side when he is making his speeches. I am in all the pictures. I am not his son. I am his property; I am a part of his brand. My entire Identity has been sculpted to be politically correct. *You* can’t say that, *You* can’t do that. Being in my teen years this has been very hard for me. Looking back, I realize that I hadn’t had a childhood. It has been 5 years of being the mayor’s boy, and before that it has been helping my father chase his dream. I am not my own self. I have no identity. I am just whatever my father wants me to be. Like I said before, I am a part of his brand.

Lately the brand has been hurting. There have been several sexual allegations made against him. My father has not been the best with women. Ever since my mother died when I was very young he has had numerous girlfriends. Each relationship always ends up the same. I Wake up to crying and a woman leaving and when I come home from school the same day, there is another woman to fill the hole. The Allegations have not helped our chances for winning the upcoming election. I've noticed that he hasn't it been his normal self. He has been tremendously quiet and almost never comes out of his study. I guess the pressures must have gotten to him. He must have known that he was going to lose this election. I still can’t believe that he has come to this point. I won’t believe that it has come to this point, but the look in his eyes when he was talking to that man was nothing short of pure evil.

I have to face the truth. My father hired a man to kill the candidates running against him. That is the complete truth. I have known this for months now and haven’t said a word. I am truly sorry for that. You have to understand. Understand what it's like not being able to think for yourself. Not having an Identity. Living in fear that anything you say could be used to harm your father’s image. I have finally realized that I am my own person. I am able to make my own decisions. To make the right decisions, and the right decision is telling the truth. Even if it hurts the brand. Even if it takes away what once was my entire Identity.