

## DIALOGLISTEN WHAT'S UP? SPRACHPROGRAMM ENGLISCH

### 1. DOLÁPÒ IS FINE

Dollop, what do you  
think of my hair today?

Yeah, it's nice.

I like it like this.

You should have it  
like this more often.

I really want Liam to like it.

You're still  
thinking about Liam?

You need to focus on yourself.

Who's this woman  
you're meeting today?

Daisy.

She's really successful.

She could probably, like, give  
me some tips, mentor me,

get me into a firm or something.

Dollop, that's so good.

I'm gonna smash it.

Yeah, you are.

OK.

Right.

I need to go or  
I'm going to be late.

Bye.

Good luck!  
(SINGING) International Mama.

Africa.

DJ, play that song.

What's up?

OK, it's about that time to  
teach you that dance routine.

So make some space in the room.

5, 6, 7, 8.

Turn left.

Drop down.

Break it up.

Turn around.

Leg up.

Leg down.

Kick back.

Swing around.

Put your hand on the ground.

Hi.

My name is Dọlápọ.

But you can call me Dollop.

I'm really inspired  
by your work.

It's a real honor to  
have this time with you.

Do you introduce yourself  
to people as Dollop?

No one can pronounce Dọ́lápọ́.

Nobody can pronounce  
Ađaeze, but that doesn't

mean I call myself Dazed.

I say, hi.

My name is Ađaeze, but  
you can call me Daisy.

Try again.

Go out and come back in.

Hi.

My name is Dọ́lápọ́, but you can--

you can--

Hi, my name is Dọ́lápọ́.

But you can call me Dolly.

Take a seat, Dolly.

My first question is, why do  
you want to work in finance?

OK, so I've been thinking  
about this a lot lately.

And--

I signed up to help young

girls like yourself.

So take this as  
it's meant, Dolly--

with the best intentions.

Your hair is not suitable to work in the City.

Assimilation first.

Sorry, I--

Well, an Afro is fine if you  
want to work in fashion.

My friends like it.

White friends or Black?

Does it really matter?

White or Black?

Mostly white.

They think you're  
cool, don't they?  
Right, let's get on  
with the mock interview.

Tell me about a scenario  
where you showed leadership.

Oh.

That is horrible.

Get this one.

It's blonde.

Beyonce dyes her hair  
blonde sometimes.

It's not her real hair.

Really?

What is it?

What about this one?

It has a fringe.

I don't think a fringe will  
suit your face, Dollop.

I'm calling myself Dolly now.

I can't keep up with you.

Well, I don't think a fringe  
will suit your face, Dolly.

Oh, what about this one?

I think this one  
would be perfect.

Although I don't  
see why you have

to buy a wig in the first place.

My hair's curly too,  
and I don't need a wig.

Stop talking Imogen.

SINGING) Classic.

I don't really know you well

But the thing wey I know be say u fresh o

Omo your body e too set o

And your opolo walahi e too correct o

I don't really gats to tell you

but e be your matter dey me head o

And I for like make we together go down low

Do you know what you're doing?

Yes, I do.

Careful now!

There is-- yeah!

Is this my daughter?

Or Miss Nigeria?

Miss World?

Stop it, dad.

I'm going to make so much money from your bride price.

Enough to retire.

Let me see Dọlápọ.

Ope o! Thank God, you've finally  
got rid of that bush.

It's an Afro, not a bush.

You look more presentable.

Beautiful, darling.

What do I say when my friends  
ask me about my new hair?

So you never explain, **especially to oyinbo people.**

Mm-hmm.

Dọlápọ, Dọlápọ, Dọlápọ.

We love you so much.

Now tell me, how is  
the preparation going?  
I know you're going to come  
out with the head and not the tail.

It's going OK.

Do you mind if I go to bed now?

I just wanted to show you.

This new hair's  
giving me a headache.

Ah, beauty is pain.

Mm.

Bye.

Bye!

(SINGING) When you're  
staring at this woman,

tell me, do you see my lips, see  
my hips, see my smile, see my--

when you're staring at  
this woman, tell me,

do you see my strength, see  
my wounds, see my smile,

see my struggle?

When you're staring at  
this woman, tell me,

do you see my hips, see my  
lips, see my walk, hear my talk?

You look so different.

Different?

How?

Just different.

I liked your Afro.

Well, it's still under there.

Is it real hair?

Does it matter?

Do you really want to  
work in the City, though?

I wouldn't want to work anywhere  
that made me change my hair.

Then I'll never have a job.

I'm not you.

My family can't just  
walk me into employment.

That is so unnecessary, Dollop.

It's not like your  
parents don't have money.

It's Dolly now.

Where are you going?

I have work to do.

Hello?

Dolly, it's Daisy.

I have some questions for you.

What do you think of  
the falling oil prices?

I don't know.

You have to be  
sharper than this.

Make sure you look at  
the financial pages.

They need to believe in you.

Have you styled your hair?

I was wondering, do you  
know where it comes from?

Is it Brazil?

More likely from some  
poor girl's head in India.

What does it matter?

Be serious, Dolly, and  
tell me the difference

between a stock and a bond.

Um, uh, wait.

No, no, no, no.

Dolly, tell me the difference  
between a stock and a bond.

Dolly?

Sorry.

Are you there?

Yeah, I'm here.

Sorry.

Could you repeat that again?

Settle down, everyone.

Settle down!

At St. Bartholomew's,  
we have a culture

of supporting those  
less fortunate than us.

Every year, as you know, we  
pick a new charity in Africa.

This year, one of our very  
own, an African herself,

will be introducing  
our latest choice.

Dollop!

Thank you, Mr. Wilson.

Before I start, I just  
wanted to say that I've

changed my name to Dolly now.

E kaaro.

That's how you say  
good morning in Yoruba.

Go on.

Try.

Say after me, E kaaro.

[ALL SPEAKING YORUBA]

So I thought I'd share a  
little bit about my home.

Oh, let me help you.

No, it's OK.

Settle down! Settle down! Thank you!

So, you never explain.

Assimilation first.

Do you know where it comes from?

More likely from some  
poor girl's head in India.

But what does it matter?

Your hair is not suitable  
to work in the city.

But what does it matter?

--comes from?

More likely--

Never explain.

But what does it matter?

Do you know where it comes from?

Comes from?

What does it matter?

Never explain.

--comes from?

More likely--

Never explain.

Do you know where it comes from?

More likely--

--comes from?

Never explain.

(SINGING) Classic.

I don't really know you well.

But the thing wey I know be say u fresh o.

Omo your body e too set o.

And your opolo walahi e too correct o.

I don't really gats to tell you--

My name is Dọlápọ Owolabi.

Orukọ mi ni Dọlápọ Owolabi.

All the best.

Thank you.

Good morning.

I think you might be next.

Couldn't miss you with  
that wonderful hair.

Good morning.

I'm Dọlápọ Owolabi

Let me sign you on this thing.

Second name begins with?

O. Owolabi.

Ah, there you are.

I'm Michelle Adams.

Lovely to meet you.

Is there a name you  
prefer to be called by?

Dọ́lápọ̀ is fine.

Dọ́lápọ̀ it is, then.

Shall we?

(SINGING) International mama.

Africa.

DJ, play that song.

What's up?

OK, it's about that time to  
teach you that dance routine.

So make some space in the room.

5, 6, 7, 8.

Turn left.

Drop down.

Break it up.

Turn around.

Leg up.

Leg down.

Kick back.

Swing around.

Put your hand on the ground.

Make it dance.

Make it bounce.

Wind up.

Kick left.

Kick right.

Turn up.

## 2. THE ARCHIVISTS

Whoa!

Is this why we waste our time?

Just 5 minutes.

"A" is for "apple".

"A", "A", "A", "Apple".

"B" is for "Bear".

"B", "B", "B", "Bear".

"C" is for "Cat".

"C", "C", "C", "Cat".

Look.

Laura.

I cannot see.

What?

What is that?

What?

You can't keep it.

I know.

June 3, 2033.

Gossip always help to pass the day.

They let go of another 500 today.

I mean that security  
escorted them all out.

The rest of us just sit and wait

like lambs at the slaughter.

I've had more time to think about it.

Mom has already made plans  
with Sandra and her family.

We're lucky to already have this place.

I've been trying to convince Michael  
to make the move out here permanent.

We can live off the land,  
the soil here is unspoiled.  
And I have already started my garden

and I've grown quite fond of it.

The cherry tomatoes are so sweet.

I'm thinking we raise sheep.

We'd have wool for the winter  
and meat from the older sheep.

It'd be good to get a head start.

Learn how to tend to the land,  
but it's not so easy for Michael.

The hospital always comes first.

And he says he has  
to tend to his patients,

but I know he is lying and that he continues  
to pretend there is no one else.

I've had this fear  
that I'm gonna watch the world end alone.

But I console myself  
that at least I'll have a decent view.

Till next time, signing out, Laura.

Laura.

What does this one say?

Bronski Beat  
The Age of Consent

All my love,  
Michael

Why?  
Ain't Necessarily So.

Screaming.  
No More War.

No more war?

Love and Money.  
Smalltown Boy.

Heatwave.  
Junk.

Need a Man Blues.

Guys!

Cry...

Cry...

Cry...

You leave in the morning with everything  
you own in a little black case

Cry...

Cry...

Just do the bass notes and ...just like...

...and the wind and the rain on a sad

...then "on platforms".

- "Something, something face".
- "Go home...".

Instead of the chord, what if it's...

Can I just...  
Just for a second, can I just...

Just straight.

...will never understand why you had to leave...

"Why you had to leave?"

And then the drums like...

The love that you need will never...

- To the souls...
- To the souls...

- To the souls...
- To the souls...

- To the souls...
- Woooooh... Ooooh... Oooh

Leaves fall on the ground  
as you're packing a little black case.

Abandoned platforms and the wind  
and the rain falling.

Falling on your face...

No, he'll never understand  
why you had to leave.

All the answers you seek  
will never be found with him.

And the love that you give  
will never be returned.

Be returned...

- Run away...
- Run away...

...run away, run away.

- ...run away, run away, run away, run away.

To your love...

- Run away, run away, run away.
- Run away, turn away, run away, turn away, run away.

To your love...

...try, don't let them make you cry.

Don't let them make you cry...

Cause you never cried for him,  
just his soul.

Just his soul...

And you never cried for the town,  
just on those lost souls.

- Run away, run away, run away.
- Run away, turn away, run away, turn away, run away.

To your love...

- Run away, run away, run away.
- Run away, turn away, run away, turn away, run away.

- Run away, turn away, run away,  
turn away, run away.

Crying for the soul.

Crying for the soul.

Hey!

Thanks.

How do I look?

All right?

Leaves fall on the ground  
as you're packing a little black case.

Abandoned platforms and the wind  
and the rain falling on your face.

But he understands,  
understands why you had to leave.

All the answers you seek  
you'll never find anyway.

The love that you give  
will never be returned.

Run away, turn away, run away,  
turn away, run away.

To your love

### 3. TEDDY

One more joke and I'll give  
you a lunchtime detention

It's not a joke, miss, lots of sex and  
drugs is what the 70s is most famous for

Sit down, Josh

You, miss, of course are far too  
young to have seen the 70s yourself

Okay, that's enough. Who's next?

Victor, Victor, Victor!

Quiet now. Victoria, come

The 50s  
Take your time

Many things happened in the 50s

Lots of sex and drugs?

Okay, very funny.  
Quiet now!

Quiet now

For the next class write an essay on the 50s  
or it's an F

That goes to you, Josh, as well about the 70s.  
Make it clean

She's doing my head in. She either  
text me back or text me back

I don't have time for games

So long as you have time for football

Victor, Victor, Victor!

You better entertain us with that essay

Queen of England not to do, such news

Oh my god look at Victor!

Have you seen Victor?

What is she wearing?

Look at her

It was a decade  
where youth culture was

finally shaping an aesthetic of its own

The voice of their generation

The Teds were the first group in Britain

whose style was self-created

Similar to punk the  
Teddy girl gangs became notorious in the media

for their involvement in petty crimes

Most of which was exaggerated

and caused by the Teddy boys

The story of these young working-class  
women rebelling against the societal norms

and embracing their independence through their  
fashion is unfairly covered up by the intense,

racist and violent behavior of their male  
counterparts.

The girls tried to take control of

the rich vs poor narrative

and challenge people's understanding

of masculine and feminine.

When Rock and roll hit Britain in 1955

the music and Teddy style became inseparable

Quiet class

I'll give you an A. You can sit down now

Nice outfit

One thing, though

Rosie

Teddy

See you around, Teddy

#### 4. FATHER'S DAY

Destyne Butler Jr. grew up on the infamous South Side of Chicago. On Nov 19th, 2013 his life changed.

What's up, Pops?  
Happy Father's Day.  
How are you and the family been doing?

Title: Father's Day

Wake up! Get out of bed! Camp time!  
Hurry Up!  
I've been alright.  
I thought that if I ever came to jail,  
that y'all would give up on me.  
Inmate Healer. M42902, Sir.  
Inmate Bruschetta. M44359, Sir.  
Inmate Butler. M44730, Sir.  
I don't want y'all to think, that any  
of this coming to jail was y'all fault.  
Because y'all did an excellent job of raising me.  
Your family, getting back out there in the world  
and in the society is worth 100% of your energy.  
Do you understand that?  
Congratulations on being locked up in the  
greatest country in the world. Are we clear?  
You need to get excited about your lives right now!  
Do you understand that?  
You need to start living up your god  
given potentials as human beings  
And decide if you want to go out back into society  
And be part of the solution instead of  
part of the problem. Do you understand that?  
I need to motivate!  
Counting on left. Going left, right, left...  
Getting things better!  
Left, right, left.  
I always wanted to tell you,  
That you was my role model.  
Because you are the real epitome of a man.

And you did everything you  
 said you was going to do.  
 Like when you said you would get us  
 out of the hood and move us to the suburbs.  
 You did that.  
 That's every man's dream.  
 That's every drug dealer's goal.  
 I always told my friends that I wanted  
 to be you, if I couldn't be my own man.  
 But you gave me the tools to be  
 my own man and follow my own mind .  
 You don't have time or permission  
 to think about tomorrow.  
 You don't have time or permission,  
 to think about what happened before you got here.  
 You have to focus on that everyday,  
 that you get out of bed here  
 and thank the good lord above for the  
 opportunity to take part in this program.  
 - You understand that?  
 - Yes, Sir.  
 Shout it out!  
 Louder! Like you mean it!  
 I ain't gonna lie, they be getting to me sometimes.  
 I just wish you would've always  
 stayed on me to keep boxing.  
 And just never let me give up on boxing.  
 Straight left hook!  
 I'm making something good  
 out of my fighting on the streets.  
 From living in the projects.  
 Try it again! Come on!  
 I'm making that in a positive way  
 instead of a negative way.  
 Good work! Proud of you!  
 You're on your way!  
 My dream is to go to the 2012 Olympics.  
 I wanna win it and go pro.  
 I really want to make history!  
 And I know I can make it!

I hope y'all don't think I forgot about y'all!

Because I think about y'all every day!

I love y'all.

So write back as soon as you can.

If you can.

In the United States one out of nine African-Americans between the ages of 20 and 34 are in prison.

The recidivism rate for those released from prison is roughly 50% within the first year.

## 5. EYE EXAM

Ah!

Ms. White...

We'll see you now.

What- What is that?

That's the eye scoop, Ms. White. But don't worry. We barely ever use it.

Now... Look into the light

Can you see the balloon Ms. White?

It's a balloon, is it? It- it's very blurry.

How about now?

Yes, that's better.

Gooooood.

Is that in focus, Ms. White?

Yes, that's very clear.

And, uh, how about now?

No, that's blurry again.

Veery good. Now, the windmill.

Is that in focus, Ms. White?

Can you see it clearly?

No. Doctor.

Are you sure?

How about now?

No, I can't them- IT! I mean.

No good, Lucius. These are not the eyes we're looking for.

Doh! Everything looks fine, Ms. White.

Go now.

(Whimpers)

Ms. Coles... We'll see you now.

## 6. EVERYMAN

When I was little,  
I came up with my own superhero  
called Everyman.

Because I wanted him to have  
every single super power.

And to be him I used to dress up  
in my dad's old suit.

And I wore a cap that he gave me.

And I loved wearing this cap  
because whenever I used to put the cap on  
people thought I was a boy.

McDonald's Happy Meals  
used to be gendered

so I would always make sure that  
I had the cap on

because the boy gifts  
were just so much better.

There was the expectation that  
I would like things

and activities that  
I didn't really like at all.

Kids always used to ask me  
whether I was a boy or a girl.

And I would always tell them that  
I was a girl-boy.

They would call me crazy

and teachers would say that it was  
"so nice that I was always myself".

Which just sounded  
completely ridiculous to me because

I obviously I wasn't allowed to be myself.  
As an adult, I identified as  
gender non-conforming.

Adults don't say  
"Are you a boy or a girl?"

but they're definitely thinking it.

There was one night where I went to a club

and I was standing  
in the queue for the bathroom

and the woman in front of me  
turned around and said

"You're in the wrong place".

Now this happened regularly so  
I would always show my chest

and use my body as proof in a way.

And people would apologise, but she didn't.

As soon as I was in the stall  
she started shouting

"There's a man in the toilet!"

It's a lot easier for me now,  
in the men's toilets

but I also feel a lot more vulnerable.

When I told people I was transitioning,  
I received a lot of casual advice

like you shouldn't be talking  
with your hands so much anymore.

It said a lot about people's perception  
of masculinity, not so much about me.

I did get some really good advice  
about non-verbal communication between men.

Specifically they told me to look out  
for men who want to fight you.

I've had a few moments where  
someone was staring at me

and I had to look away.

It's actually really interesting to me  
that there's such an issue

with men and their emotions  
because that nonverbal communication

is full of feelings.

[partner's voice] David.

[Jack] I asked my partner  
to read out names for me

to see which one I'd react to.

[partner's voice] Charles.

[partner's voice] Alex.

[partner's voice] Gus.

[partner's voice] Jack.

Initially I'd been thinking  
of a different name.

And the doctor  
at the Gender Identity Clinic

told me not to go with that one  
because it was gender neutral.

And they told me that  
your name can work as a cue

for people so they know your gender.

So I chose a really normal name  
because I'd never considered that

one day I wouldn't need the cue  
anymore and I'd look "normal".

[Male voice] Honey I'm home!

[Jack] I've been really taken aback  
by the impact

that the lowering  
of my voice has had on people.

Now everyone wants  
to hear what I have to say,

whereas before I would always  
be spoken over.

I'm a member of this Facebook page  
for transmasculine people where you can

ask each other questions and get tips  
on transitioning. Stuff like that.

One thing that was discussed was that  
as soon as you start passing as male

you really need to watch out in public  
with looking at women and children

because that's something that  
can be misconstrued.

One time I was in the subway and at the top  
of the escalator there was this little girl

crying her eyes out, with her mum

at the bottom trying to coax her down.

And as soon as we stepped  
onto the escalator,

the woman from the subway office  
came running through

and joined right behind us.

The two women would speak to each other  
and they completely ignored me.

And this was a really  
confrontational moment for me

because I'd never identified

with the potentially predatory  
male that I was now seen as.

Women have a lot  
of women-specific experiences

and because I've been  
through them it's weird to me

when women are  
uncomfortable around me.

I used to be this really cool,  
kind of edgy lesbian

and now I'm just an average,  
geeky boy.

I'm still trying to find a balance  
but I'm a lot happier already

There's such a focus  
on the medical transition

but nobody can prepare you  
for the social impact.

People used to think that I was a feminist

but now it would be controversial  
for me to say that

I consider myself more  
of a feminist than I used to be.

I've also gained much more insight and  
empathy for men than I thought I would.

I almost feel as if

I've lived different lives  
as different people.

When I was little I used  
to wish that there was this

magical doctor that  
could turn me into a real boy.

So now that I've already done  
the impossible

I feel like I can do anything.

I've finally become

Everyman.

## 7. HOW TO BE AT HOME

If you are, at first,

really fucking anxious,  
just wait.

It'll get worse,

and then you'll get  
the hang of it.

Maybe.

Start with the reasonable  
feelings:  
discomfort,  
lack of focus,

the sadness of alone.

You can try to do yoga.

You can shut off the radio  
when it gets to ya.

You can message  
your family

or your friends  
or your colleagues.

You're not supposed to leave  
your home anyway,

so it's safe  
for ya.

There's also the gym.

You can't go there  
but you could pretend to.

You could get bendy by yourself  
in your bedroom.

And there's public  
transportation.

Probably best to avoid it.

But there's prayer and  
meditation,

yes always, employ it.

If you have pains  
in your chest

because your anxiety  
won't rest,

take a moment, take a breath.

Start simple,

things you can handle based  
on your interests,

your issues  
and your triggers

and your inner logistics.

I miss lunch counters  
so much

I've been eating sandwiches  
and pickles

while hanging unabashedly  
with my phone.

When you are tired, again,  
of still being alone,

make yourself a dinner

but don't invite  
anybody over.

Put something green  
in it, or maybe orange.

Chips are fine sometimes  
but they won't keep you charged.

Feed your heart.

If people are your nourishment,  
I get you.

Feel the feelings that undo you  
while you have to keep apart.

(distant voice): Hey!

(Tanya Davis): Watch a movie,  
in the dark

and pretend someone  
is with you.

Watch all of the credits  
because you have time,

and not much else to do.

Or watch all of the credits  
to remember

how many people come together  
just to tell a story,

just to make a picture move.

And then, set yourself  
up dancing,

like it's a club where  
everyone knows you

and they're all gonna  
hold you, all night long.

They're gonna dance

around you

and with you  
and on their own.

It's your favourite song  
with the hardest bass

and the cathartic drums.

Your heart pumps hard,  
you belong.

You put your hands  
up to feel it.

With the come down  
comes the weeping,

those downward eyes  
and feelings.

The truth is, you can't  
go  
dancing, not right now,

not at any club  
or party in any town.

And the  
heartbreak  
of this astounds you.

It joins old aches  
way down in you.

You can visit them, but please  
don't stay there.

Go outside, if you're able,  
breathe the air.

There are trees for hugging,  
don't be embarrassed.

It's your friend,  
it's your mother,

it's your new crush.

Lay your cheek against  
the bark,

it's a living thing  
to touch.

Sadly, leave all benches empty.

Appreciate the kindness  
in the distance  
of strangers

as you pine for company  
and wave at your neighbours.

Savour the depths  
of your conversations,

the layers uncovered in this  
strange space and time.

Society is afraid of change  
and no one wants to die.

Not now, from a  
tiny virus,

not later from  
the world on fire.

But death is a truth  
we all hate to know.

We all get to live,  
and then we all have to go.

In the meantime, we're  
surrounded, we're alone.

Each a thread woven

in the fabric,

unravelling  
in moments though.

Each a solo entity spinning  
on its axis,

forgetting that the galaxy  
includes us all.

Herein our fall  
from grace,

from each other, from God,  
whatever, doesn't matter.

The disaster is that  
we believe we're separate.

We're not.

As evidenced by viruses  
taking down societies.

As proven by the loneliness  
inherent in no gathering.

As palpable as the vacancy

in the space of one person  
hugging.

If this disruption undoes you,

if the absence of people  
unravels you,

if touch was the tether  
that held you together

and now that it's severed,  
you're fragile too.

Lean into loneliness and know

you're not alone in it.

Lean into loneliness like  
it is holding you,

like it is a generous  
representative

of a glaring truth.

Oh, we are connected.

We forget this, yet  
we always knew.