



EMBARGOED FOR RELEASE ON DELIVERY

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Remarks as Prepared for Delivery

I wasn't just a Trump supporter. I was a true believer—one of his closest advisors.

The Trump family became my family. I spent Easter, Thanksgiving, and Christmas at Mar-a-Lago. I saw him when the cameras were off.

Behind closed doors, Trump mocks his supporters—calls them “basement dwellers.” When people were dying in the ICU, he was mad that cameras weren't watching him. He has no empathy. No morals. No fidelity to the truth.

He used to tell me, “It doesn't matter what you say, Stephanie. Say it enough, and people will believe you.”

But it *does* matter what you say—and what you don't say.

On January 6, I asked Melania if we could at least tweet that while peaceful protest is the right of every American, there's no place for lawlessness and violence. She replied with one word: “No.”

I became the first senior staffer to resign that day. I couldn't be part of the insanity any longer.

When I was press secretary, I got skewered for never holding a White House briefing. It's because, unlike my boss, I never wanted to stand at that podium and lie.

Now, here I am: behind a podium, advocating for a Democrat. Because I love my country more than my party.

Kamala Harris tells the truth. She respects the American people. And she has my vote.

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