

Identification, please. #1

[2:12]

A woman is driving, and then sees something in her rear view mirror. A police siren is heard. She pulls over, stops and waits. A policeman in full uniform walks to the driver's side window. He is wearing mirror sunglasses, and has a tough, even frightening demeanor.

Policeman: Identification, please.

Woman: I am Olga. I know that sounds Russian, but I am originally from Spain, so I do identity as Spanish, but I moved to the United States several years ago, all the way to California! I like it here a lot, so now I find that I identify partly as Spanish, but also partly as American, but I might identify more as Californian now than anything else, because I absolutely love California! Also, specifically Northern California, because there *are* strong cultural differences between Northern California and Southern California, and I feel much more compatible with the North than with the South. You know what I mean?

The policeman stands stock still, silent, inscrutable.

Also, I am a woman, so guess what? I actually identify as one, even though I'm also kind of ambivalent about it because there are a lot of women whose behavior I don't like. But I also truly enjoy identifying as a woman, though I can't really explain why. It's just kind of fun, y'know?

The policeman stands stock still, silent, inscrutable.

I identify probably most strongly as an actress though, and in that case I *can* tell you *exactly* why, and that is because acting is a truly noble endeavor, an exploration of so many aspects of humanity. As an actor, your job is to be an agent of truth: emotional truth, behavioral truth, psychological truth.

Olga stands up, and mimes being an explorer, with a looking glass, and urging others forward in exploration.

Your job is to be a brave, truthful explorer, reporting back on your explorations through your own body, and your voice, and your mind, and most of all your spirit. You know what I mean?