

Adventure Cabaret

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 mirrored 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! You know what I mean?

The policeman stands stock still, silent, inscrutable.

Olga struggles to come up with a further identification.

But I identify most strongly as an actress, 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, my 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.

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

The policeman stands stock still, silent, inscrutable.

Olga again struggles to come up with a further form of identification, but then suddenly stands up on the seat, and begins waving her arms as though she is flying like a bird.

But then some times I identify as a cormorant, because that way I would be able to fly around *all over the place*, but also...

Olga flops herself sideways over the seat, and pretends to be swimming under water.

...but also go scuba diving whenever I wanted to. I would love that!

Olga sits back up, brushes herself off, and turns to the policeman.

How about you?

The policeman takes out a pad, and begins writing.

Policeman: I'm a cop. I identify as a cop. Your left tail light is out. I'm writing you a fixit ticket.

The policeman hands Olga the ticket, and walks away. Olga looks at the ticket briefly, then stares straight ahead, blankly.

Woman: Man, what a bummer.