

## **Identification, please.**

*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, so there are times I feel in bad company, but I don't think I can do anything about that. 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?

*The policeman stands stock still, silent, inscrutable.*

*Olga 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.