

# DAVID GORDON/PICK UP CO.

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MADE IN USA: SCRIPT FOR BARYSHNIKOV/SETTERFIELD DUET

M: Valda! It's you?

V: Misha!

I'm on my way to the U.S.A.--

symbolically.

*lyt appleb vonth-  
day have vults  
to apple*

M: You have room?

(steps across to her boat)

Now we're both in the same boat.

*v. bue*

V: You want an apple? I have two.

M: You have to what?

V: I have to go to America to dance.

*bue*

M: What's wrong with where you were?

(to camera)

And look who's talking.

V: I was wrong with where I was...

*bire*

an overly tall would be ballerina  
with too little training.

*} speak + eat*

M: Why didn't you just stop dancing?

*Bue*

V: Don't be silly! And you? You had a good job.

You probably had a pension.

It seems rather impractical to have left.

*bue*

M: *I was restless.*

I did what there was to do and I wanted to do more  
and more was somewhere else.

I wanted to have choices, period.

So I went, or I came...are we here?

(steps out of boat)

*start rowing*

V: Give me a hand.

(steps out)

But Misha, when I left England

I knew I could go home.

*tease push  
face v. faces  
M says - att. take  
hand*

M: You can never go home--Ha! Ha!

It's a joke.

Anyway, for me now, I'm a citizen of my work.

What I do is where I live.

V: That sounds a little glib.

*Pause*

M: Glib? What's glib?

*3 pushes  
S BSL*

V: Easy...easy to say.

But are you happy?

*no Misha*

*still  
TRUST SE*

M: Happy is easy to say.

Me...I'm not...a happy type.

But, if I'm happy it's when I'm working.

V: When I'm working...  
when I dance enough--I'm hungry  
and I love to eat. Isn't that lucky?

look at his hands,  
really, not just  
his unbep...

Misha!

nudge feet

You ate your whole apple--  
core and all--all of it!

M: Yes. Why?

Did you want it?

Where's your core?

V: That's just it. I ate it too.

change  
end of phrase

M: I always do. Do you always?

V: I'm a British war child.

No pause

I never even saw a banana until I was twelve.

M: When I first went to a supermarket--

an American supermarket...

really--

I spent more time there than in the Metropolitan Museum.

There was so much to...see

(pause)

the mustard--

a whole section for mustard--

all that yellow! I almost wept.

key  
end of phrase  
↑ 2  
pud-

just wife

V: My color TV is bigger than my mother's refrigerator.

M: In Russia...

beg. wedge

the refrigerator is the space between two windows.

2 I capture the steps

V: Like sandwiches.

M: You know English isn't my first language!

face to  
tree in  
en.

V: Well the image of two windows--  
with a space between, you know--  
like a sandwich.

vae jaba  
he has  
wrote to eb

have a shoulder  
up the shoulders.

M: Like an English sandwich!

nothing in between

Two pieces of bread with ~~one thin slice~~ of something.

I think they're joking.

V: Well, <sup>in</sup> an American ~~one~~.

M: Yes, exactly, an American sandwich--

it's two pieces of bread with one pound of something in between.

pull-s-

V: I think they're joking.

M: Sometimes it makes me sad.

V: What does?

M: The amount of food.

*Mrs. H. still in ara?*

→

Because I remember my mother, you know,  
staying in a line for a couple of hours in the store  
to buy--anything.

*Fred + jumper* →

I wish, you know, she would be alive to see this.  
I mean just for fun.

V: Was your mother in the theater?

M: No...but she took me to see things.

V: It was my aunt.

M: What was your aunt?

V: Who took me to see things.

My Aunt Vera.

To the theater...and to the ballet.

*end of pull (v. 3 hands)*

←  
?

M: You were already a dancer?

V: Maybe.

Being a dancer was inevitable...

Necessary. Obvious.

Like coming to America.

Like getting married. It all seemed appropriate.

Having a baby took me by surprise--

but it seemed simpler to continue.

And you?

*act. to face SL  
fall that not →*

*creak to creak  
stand up under  
feet lift  
139.*

*pause R.  
look at Matis  
don't leave out*

*W. creak to creak*

grabs her  
filled back,  
r de j.  
deek deek  
a ii  
frank legs

M: And me what?

V: Dancing...starting dancing.

V: Oh, sports, gymnastics. I was good at it.

But it was alone

or all with boys.

V: So you went to dance class to meet girls?!

M: No. I went to see how it was--

And there they were...girls.

Much more interesting.

Did you meet boys?

V: Actually--no.

My first date in London

was with a twenty-nine year old ex Mount Everest climber  
who didn't like ballet dancers.

M: What happened after Mr. Everest?

V: I took class, darned my toe shoes, went to the movies. *daydreamed-*

M: Ah the movies. I loved the movies.

"Some Like it Hot" in Russia

was called "In Jazz Band Only Girls".

It's funny?!

rare find  
?

made  
5-4-3

left  
during M's jumps-  
analogous

V: You saw "Some Like it Hot"?!

M: Sure. And M.G.M. musicals.

We saw them without titles or cast lists--

because we got them from the Germans...

after the war...

and Fred Astaire--

and Jimmy Cagney dancing.

I saw "Public Enemy" when I was thirteen.

V: You saw American gangster movies in Russia?!

M: Are you kidding? Russians love movies.

Walt Disney was Stalin's favorite movie maker.

V: Is that true? That's not true!

M: What so strange?

V: Damnit! The nuns only let us see

"Scott of the Antarctic" and "The Song of Bernadette".

(pause)

Then you knew things about America before you came...

before you decided to come.

parade

1st little tap dance →

strides

1st. pirovette →

2nd pirovette

lunge

1/2 grab with a  
wd-tap dance  
CLOSE

revised

clear all  
posts.

classic posts

M: Well I also read.  
Hemingway and Faulkner.  
And Tennessee Williams.  
I read them in Russian.  
Didn't you know about America?  
Didn't you read things?

to v. when she  
comes to him

more again

V: English things. You know... "Ivanhoe"...

2nd set -  
face SR then US

M-cares to v.

M: Ivan who?

V: I wrote an essay, when I was twelve,

tilt in M's arms ->

about Abraham Lincoln--and I won a cup.

start waving ->

And I saw "Guys and Dolls"--

but I couldn't understand a word.

I learned about America touring--

eating catfish on the banks of the Mississippi

in a cloud of mosquitos

and holding on to the side of a building in Chicago

trying not to get blown across the street.

M-graved by  
V's arms in efface

v-pulls M's  
shoulder

later  
admirable  
rare

M: Touring? You mean dancing touring?

How do you have time to see anything

but the theater?

begin 2nd classic poses - to talking -

*slow walking*

V: When I started touring...  
with Merce Cunningham--  
we didn't perform every night.  
And we traveled...we went by bus...  
I mean, you know, ...we drove.

*walk back and  
linked on diag.*

*V's 1st take*

M: It's funny about Americans.

*M's take*

V: You know, I came to America--  
on your tenth birthday...  
oh...I'm so sorry...what's funny?

*V's 2nd pass*

M: Americans!

~~All~~ automatic driving.

*MOST*

Americans don't drive stick shifts.

They can't switch gears.

*walk U.S.*

~~That's why in big snow--they're stuck!~~

V: ~~That's nonsense.~~

~~In Buffalo... In Minneapolis... they're used to snow.~~

~~They just go about their business.~~

~~You're a snob.~~

*1st pass after walk*

*M's pass*

M: A stick shift snob. It's hard to say. Try it.

V: Stickshiftsnob.

I tried to learn...

it cost more than automatic driving lessons,

I never finished.

I'm not a snob about cars.

I'm that way about food...about theaters.

M: It's almost what I miss most about Russia.

V: Cars or food?

M: The Kirov Theater actually.

The most beautiful in the world.

Actually...the Paris Opera is great to perform in.

Actually...Philadelphia Opera House.....

is very good.

V: You're really very...

M: Actually...San Francisco Opera House...

it's very good.

Also Chicago Lyric Opera.

And in New York, you know,

City Center feels...real theater.

Only--I don't like new theaters--

~~Like plastic imitation of Stradivarius.~~

concrete boxes like bunkers!

*crossed leg  
cured b.k.*

*tampo*

*propelle*

*voice  
cra*

*both  
anabesque*

*2nd bef. of  
propelle*

*ii*

*with back legs*

*walking*

*↑*

*DS att/solo stuff  
→ V.*

*vanépe  
vna*

*port de bras etc?*

V: Actually you're really very...

M: Actually you know--

Orange County in L.A....

is a very good modern theater.

But I like always theater that has been used.

You know--dressing rooms with history.

V: (pause)

Are you finished?

I was going to say that you are a romantic.

M: No. I'm an inconsistent romantic...

I hate drooly sentiment...

V: I didn't mean you're sentimental.

A romantic doesn't mean...

M: Romance is too sweet without a drop of cynicism.

You, I think, are truly romantic.

V: No, I'm just enormously sincere...and faithful.

I'm a no-nonsense British woman you know--

I love gardens.

M: I like cut flowers in a vase...arranged.

*ii*

*← v*

*prose up w/ MC →*

*Vava watch M*

*webster---*

*Small double chair*

*M. pushes chair with chair-*

*street food chairs*

*M. pushes chair*

*sur }*

V: I like them cut too...

But I have no talent for arrangement.

I just bung them in.

*M pushes chair  
layer walk*

*V 2nd sit on  
M's knee*

M: Bung? What's bung?

*M - sure v.  
chair*

V: Lump...shove...it's perhaps my style.

Without finesse.

*cross legs & hands*

*what time, which  
facing?  
x hand?*

M: I love dead flowers.

*←?*

V: Oh me too. Perfectly dead dried daffodils.

M: So sad and sweet...and fragile.

Warm low light...a painting...a chair.

I like to change things...

move them around...in my house, I mean.

*me kindness - he with  
4 feet - he with his  
back -  
facing DS map -  
looking at  
turns to v. gets*

*M sitting  
on v's lap  
changes her  
leg to uncrossed*

V: Did you have a house in Russia?

*M - ends chair  
without taking po-  
staller walk -*

M: Me?

You mean growing up?

A house? No!

Four families in one apartment...

four stoves in one kitchen...

"Who cooked my potatoes?"

"Who ate my porridge?"...No...

*V sitting a/c  
M behind  
2x leg over*

B: When I was twenty-five  
finally I had a two-room apartment--  
with a telephone!  
Finally privacy...  
and then I left!  
And you?

} 2nd leg over

V: Me?  
A tiny house,  
a garden,  
upstairs to bed...(I loved going upstairs to bed)...  
Then the war--  
bombs, boarding schools...  
London hostel,  
a flat shared with three other girls,  
in N.Y. only one roommate!  
Then my husband...and my son.

} walk →

sit facing SR

look over L  
DS shoulder at  
he tips me  
cut

v. lifts M's  
up  
they circle  
chair

stand still looking at  
each other

v. talks + straddles  
chair

Actually—I've never had privacy...  
Maybe you'd better go.

M raves v.'s leg  
she raves v.'s over chair back  
with facing DS R -  
over shoulder

M: Go where?

V: Go west Misha.

M: O.K....Valda?  
Keep in touch!

tips v. but  
look back

waiting  
punks