

# Midwest Piece

an interpretive dance

with

Sean, Andy, Leann, Taylor, Emily, and Lizzy

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## Part One

Andy suggests music to his laptop.

Scattered about and laying in fetal position, but on our backs, we will slowly grow one limb at a time up to the sky. Like corn.

Lights out when Andy begins playing his instruments. We will each move to a different spot. A greener pasture.

## Part Two

We will casually crawl about in yoga's cow pose, rolling our necks around and observing. We won't be too literal. If we get near someone else, we'll slowly raise our right hand and grasp their right hand - a handshake sans shake - and move along.

Eventually two of us will find each other - Taylor and Emily. Their handshake will take them into a cautious, kind improvisation. Making their way to standing, the pair will be courteous, heartfelt, and touchy - like a casserole. We will continue crawling.

Lights out when Andy finishes his tune.

## Part Three

Garbled pop music fills the air.

We will assemble in the dark into a boxy formation. Three rows of two. Two columns of three. In this formation, we'll start a slow improvisation, staying in our spots. The movement quickens and quickens, only slowing once we feel each other die down. We pause. We begin again. We quicken and slow. Once nearly still again, we take a walk out of our formation, loop around separately, and take up a similar boxy formation, each of us in another's spot, but this time stage left. A car.

Here, we make contact with one another as we make our newest dance – yet another improvisation. We feel each other and pull away and help each other up and down. We will focus on verticality, climbing each other like skyscrapers on the eastern seaboard. The dream. As we begin this section, Leann will saunter out to center stage, facing back. Starting still, she will slowly begin a full-body sway. Corn. Again. For a while.

The group's monkey-and-tree improvisation will quicken and quicken until Lizzy runs and falls out, headed stage right. Beginning at standing height, she will fall lower and lower until nearly reaching the end of the space. We, one at a time, join her in this fall. Coming from the low positions on stage right, we will immediately run back to our city-swamp on stage left. Each repeating this fall, now two or so at a time, and running back. The third time, we will pull Leann down with us stage right. We are the tumbleweed of the West.

Insect sounds and the rustle of leaves can now be heard.

We crawl around each other clockwise on the floor. Like a race around an invisible, but specific race track, circling a void. We continue until we find a rhythm. Lizzy makes her way to standing, just upstage and stage right of our “floornado.”

She says, “We're making great time.”

Lights out.