

Selected Scene from Come To Dada by John Bueche and Co.

RED

Hope and despair is in the air

I don't care I don't care

Hope and despair is in the air

I don't care its just out there

Maybe I care

Hope and despair hope and despair

Its in the air

Its everywhere

Smacking you around like a sledgehammer, two-by-four, eyebeam

Up and down back and forth

Smack smack smack smack

Walka-dinga!

BLUE

Da da Ba da da da Ba da da do

TRICKLE

Its an upside downside

Fin-de-siecle decade

Downslide

Free ride for someone

Ebb tide for whats done

Being distinct

In terms of genes

Animate

Inanimate

Track the next viral lifeform

Dream about it.

BLUE

da.

da.

da.

da.

da.

da.

RED

Hope and despair

Dope and repair

Rope made of hair

I like you hair

Looks good

No

Really

It Looks really nice

I mean it. Super serious

Does that make you feel better?

BLUE

da da does at that

I feel good when I go out in the world with a sweet hairdo

tight shoes

a happenin' pair of slacks

every hair and any hair just so

just so

TRICKLE

whatever floats your hope boat

its worth it to forget about the downside.

(shock johann)

RED

Dream about it

(Dreams overlap one by one.)

GEORGE

I'm in a Shakespeare play, that much I know, but apparently it's the one where they play soccer with wolves.

Wolves. Soccer.

So we're at the big game and the plot of the play revolves around finding out how the wolves are cheating, but fortunately, I have super sharp vision and can see that one of the wolves is wearing an illegal watch, or has too much red on his uniform, or uses the wrong paws. I remember thinking that this wasn't one of Shakespeare's better plays. It was a very long and wolf-soccer filled dream.

da
da
da
da
da
da
da
da
da
da
da
da
da
da
da
da

HEATHER

My finger and toenails are pried off the soft flesh that is used to the protection of the nail shells is exposed and open to the air. Pried off with a sharpened pencil that digs into that soft flesh. Each is done one at a time. Slowly. The nails bend and shatter something is there and it has a voice I'm not sure if it is really happening or if it is a dream and I can't move.

I can't move and my nails both toes and fingers are missing and that and soft, soft finger and toe flesh is seeing the world and feeling the air for the first time.

My insides are out in a simple simple way.

da
da
da
da
da

BETHANY

laying upside down in a bed. fuzzy people in the hallway outside. i try and move, i can't.

she enters, and with a fish lens face says, get up, hitting the 'p' with a drop of spit.

again, i try and move, i can't. an older woman comes in, she is looking through my drawers, i notice now that i have nice things.

she holds up tampons and tells me in french that i can get them downstairs.

while i thank her i have managed to get up, and am now looking in a mirror.

my face is sparkling and i'm smiling at the sight, i'm drenched in my own tears.

da
da
da

LAURA

There is a sick boy a sick boy wheezing, dying. I stand for a moment, almost approach him, sit down instead.

Ann says, "There's nothing that can be done."

Wheezing. Breathing with such difficulty. I can't believe there wasn't anything we could do.

In his hand are birds.

The birds talk a lot, chirp, chirp constantly, picking at some white things also in his hand.

I watch this boy with such awe, in such pain, Ann keeps saying, "It's almost over..."

The white pieces in his hand suddenly turn into baby birds.