

**\*this is a sample from Insightful (Or Squish) by Wade Howard\***

*(He goes to the box and pulls a rubrics cube out and begins twisting it. TV display 4.)* You are a centipede that I cut into pieces and watch individual squirms squish their squirm squish guts on the square. A tongue twister that blistered up my lips to switch her and feel her and fuck her into my breathing apparatus. *(Stops twisting and looks at rubrics cube.)* We will never see you. How about you? *(Points at audience member.)* You! How many days must we wait? *(Waits for response.)*

Insightful. *(He eats the rubrics cube. TV display 5.)* Are you really going to make me dance all alone? *(Toilet paper drops from the ceiling.)* One more please. *(Nothing happens.)* Damn. Excuse me. I'm sorry. *(He exits offstage. Two more rolls of toilet paper drop. He comes back on with a pillow. He puts the pillow at the stage edge, then carefully puts the three rolls of toilet paper on the pillow, lined up in a row.)* Perfect. That's what you are. *(He looks out at no one in particular.)* How about you? *(He looks at someone in particular.)* You! Did you know that? *(Waits for response.)*

Insightful. *(TV display 6. Another roll of toilet paper falls from the ceiling. The MAN stares. )* Four. *(Pause.)* Four? *(Pause.)* It must be a new year full of new faces. Shall we celebrate? *(Another two rolls drop.)* What do you make of that? They must want to dance. *(He assumes the position of a conductor. TV display 7.)* Now, violins at the ready. *(Pause.)* Your violins! Now! There. That's better. Five, six, seven, STOP! No no no it's all not right! The notes the posture the playing the feeling the passion. Where is it? Is it hiding in a cave on the side of a cactus? NO! Is it underneath your shoeshine station? NO! Is it sunbathing on top of two supple breasts? NO NO NO! It is by the grease of a man's brow! It takes a little elbow sweat! Now. AGAIN! Five, six, seven, NO! What's wrong? Is this not the talon behind a bend which you have submitted a formal letter of request in seeking? Am I your dog? AM I YOUR DOG?! *(Pause.)* Violins at the ready. Five, six, seven, WAIT! *(Pause. TV display 8.)* Did you hear that? It sounded like the soft ones whose voices are soft in soft winds but not so much in hard ones. They are always carrying on the smallest ear hair, tickling you membranes into concaved sparks which

spark the minds most nostalgic moments. In these moments are dreams. There are dreams and in some of those dreams there is me. There is one dream. Me having this dream. This vision. This image. This dream. A dream where I killed a man. Killed a clown. I was tearing and tearing and tearing and then I was stomping and stomping and stomping because the little pieces just wouldn't die. I was panting and there was no blood and I was panting and crying and then my crying became my panting. It just wouldn't. It wouldn't stop. *(A book falls from the ceiling. He studies it. He flips to a page and reads aloud.)* A book falls from the ceiling. He studies it. He flips to a page and reads aloud. *(He looks out at no one in particular.)* How about you? *(He looks at someone in particular.)* You! What's happening? *(Waits for response.)* Insightful.

**(end sample)**