

# **PIERRE AND THE MOSQUITO**

**BY  
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*(In a small apartment, PIERRE sits behind a computer on a desk/table typing the final sentences of his new play. He types a moment and speaks as he types)*

PIERRE

“And I have a new name for it. I’m calling it—*Perfect Women*.”

*(he pauses, stands by backing the chair and smiles happily)*

There. It’s done.

*(he exhales fully two times, moves away from the computer, proudly raising his arms in the air, touchdown. He looks out proudly. Suddenly he is shocked, recoils slightly frightened, seeing MOSQUITO on the wall hanging above him)*

PIERRE

*What the hell?!*

MOSQUITO

Hey Man. Hey—

PIERRE

What the, what’re you doing—

MOSQUITO

Hey it’s cool Man, it’s cool.—

PIERRE

What’re you doing there?! What do you mean it’s cool?!

MOSQUITO

It is Man, it’s real cool.

PIERRE

*What?! It's not cool, it's not cool! You're not cool!*

MOSQUITO

Sure I am Man, sure I am. No worries, I'm just hanging here.

PIERRE

You're a mosquito. Don't give me that, no worries.

MOSQUITO

It's true, there are. I'm just, you know, hanging here—watching.

PIERRE

What, watching? Watching what? No you're not.

*(PIERRE swats at MOSQUITO but MOSQUITO is too fast and moves away easily. The next is said over their movements)*

MOSQUITO

Hey. Hey Man—

PIERRE

Damn it!—

MOSQUITO

Don't do that Man, don't do that.—

PIERRE

Don't move!

MOSQUITO

I said it's cool, it's cool.

PIERRE

Don't! Move!

*(PIERRE stops swiping at MOSQUITO, audibly out of breath from the effort)*

PIERRE

I fucking hate mosquitoes.

MOSQUITO

Wow, that was close Man. You were really close....But why Man, why? I mean you no harm.

PIERRE

Yes you do. Of course you do.

MOSQUITO

No Man, no. Not now. Not me now.

PIERRE

*(still breathing heavily)*

You're just saying that so I don't kill you.

MOSQUITO

Nah, we're good now. Really, we are. I was just watching you write, you know, seeing what *magic* you bring.

PIERRE

No you weren't. You were thinking of biting me.

MOSQUITO

No Man, I swear. I ate last night. I'm real good now.

PIERRE

What did you say?

MOSQUITO

What'd I say what?

PIERRE

You said you ate last night.

MOSQUITO

I did say that.

PIERRE

*You did eat last night?*

MOSQUITO

Like a *gay* Roman emperor!

PIERRE

You mean you *ate me*?

MOSQUITO

Ummmm, pffffff, if you want to get technical about—

PIERRE

You ate me!

MOSQUITO

It was a nibble, a little nibble! A *nosh* really.

PIERRE

*Of Me! Of me while I slept!*

MOSQUITO

Were you sleeping? I can never tell with you guys.

PIERRE

How could I sleep with all that buzzing you made?

MOSQUITO

What buzzing? That's not *buzzing* Man, that's singing. It's singing. I'm an artist. I sing.

PIERRE

How could I sleep with your *singing* in my ears all night.

MOSQUITO

You're so dismissive, it's disheartening. One artist to another. We are makers of things. We're a fraternity.

PIERRE

And the biting?

MOSQUITO

Well....you know Man....

PIERRE

I've got bites all over my legs and they itch! And they hurt! *They itch and they hurt!*

*(PIERRE reaches out again and furiously swipes at MOSQUITO.  
Again MOSQUITO is too fast and too sneaky, he escapes away)*

MOSQUITO

They're love bites! Those are love Man, they mean love!

PIERRE

No, they're not, they're not! They itch and they hurt!

MOSQUITO

Love hurts! Nazareth, Man. It's its ontological necessity. The duality of life. Manichean Zoroastrianism!

*(PIERRE stops exhausted at the attempts. He is semi doubled over exhaling with effort. MOSQUITO is calm and relaxed)*

That was *really* close. You nearly got me that time. You've got to feel good about that effort. Right? I feel good about it for you.

PIERRE

I'll get you next time.

MOSQUITO

I know you will Man, I know you will.

PIERRE

I will.

MOSQUITO

I know.

*(pause)*

But you know, we're really not that bad really. Really we're not.

PIERRE

Yes you are.

MOSQUITO

It's just how we're portrayed in movies. Fucking Hollywood Man, those bastards distort everything. It's tough when everybody hates you. And everybody hates us except us. It's like being a Yankee.

PIERRE

You're awful. You spread disease and death. You've killed more humans than anything the earth has ever known. Malaria, Dengue Fever. Yellow fever. The Plague.

MOSQUITO

Elephantiasis.

PIERRE

What?

MOSQUITO

Elephantiasis. We cause that too. Or rather we carry it and spread it like Russian trolls. Have you seen those pictures though? Come on, that's kind a cool. That guy with like the *ginormus* elephant leg all ruffled and shit. Huh, yeah? It's cool, no?

PIERRE

*(pause)*

Uh, well....

MOSQUITO

It is, right? *Haha!* Right. Yeah.

PIERRE

I guess.

MOSQUITO

Yeah Man, yeah. Cool cool cool.

PIERRE

In a way.



*(they nod together in agreement. Long pause)*

MOSQUITO

Except you, that is.

PIERRE

What's that?

MOSQUITO

Except for you—for humans. You're the biggest killers of you in history.

PIERRE

What do you—

MOSQUITO

The purges and pogroms. The Somme and the Holocaust. AR15s! We pale in comparison when you think about it. I mean fuck—nobody's killed you like you.

*(at first confused, PIERRE thinks about what was said)*

PIERRE

Shut up.

MOSQUITO

I'm just saying—

PIERRE

Just shut up.

MOSQUITO

Okay Man, whatever. Avoid the truth if it helps. It ain't truth anymore anyway. Truth is dead.

*(a long, hard silence)*

PIERRE

Nietzsche?

MOSQUITO

More Heidegger.

PIERRE

“What is Thinking?”

MOSQUITO

“Being and Time.”...It moves me.

PIERRE

Hmmph. I always felt like he was trying to hard.

MOSQUITO

Don't they all. Philosophers. Pff, they give fortune-cookie writers a bad wrap.

*(PIERRE nods in agreement)*

PIERRE

Why do you do what you do? And don't give me any of that Ovid “It's-in-my-nature” junk.

MOSQUITO

To tell you the truth...I love it! I do, I really do. I fucking love it!

PIERRE

*You do?*

MOSQUITO

Hell yeah! The chase, the battle. The *victories!* It's awesome! And we don't really bite you Man, it's a common misconception. We actually *poke* you with our proboscis and then *ddrrrrill* it down into you! And Man, who doesn't like a good poke? Am I right or am I right?...And you should see you people, it's hilarious.

*(MOSQUITO starts to laugh)*

PIERRE

Don't laugh.

MOSQUITO

When you're sleeping and I do a buzz by.

PIERRE

Sing.

MOSQUITO

Whatever Man. And you hear me and you jump up and shake. *Jolt* actually. You guys actually jolt!

PIERRE

*Stop laughing.*

MOSQUITO

Or when you're just sitting on the couch watching Colombo or Dancing with the Idiots and I buzz your faces out of nowhere and, and you start flapping and flailing in all directions like this. Woohoo!

*(MOSQUITO waves his arms wildly)*

PIERRE

Stop it.—

MOSQUITO

Swinging wildly like an epileptic child mid-attack.

PIERRE

Stop it!

MOSQUITO

Or one of those churchgoers speaking-in-tongue having an outer body conniption.

*(he swings about feverishly)*

Blah blah lah lah lah lah.

PIERRE

AAAAAAHHHHHHH!

*(PIERRE with a scream goes after him again swinging wildly and crazily but never hits him. They go until PIERRE is exhausted)*

MOSQUITO

Nope....Unh huh....More to the left....Not there anymore...Not here either.

*(pause)*

Are you done?

PIERRE

*(barely audible)*

Yeah.

MOSQUITO

You sure?

PIERRE

Yeah I think so.

MOSQUITO

You're getting closer. I'm proud of you. Really, I am. I feel pride. Are you proud of yourself?

PIERRE

Shut up.

MOSQUITO

You should be Man. It's really great, your trying and all.

*(PIERRE just shakes his head exhausted. He moves back to the computer screen. MOSQUITO follows)*

Are you going back to writing?

PIERRE

No, I'm done. The piece is finished.

MOSQUITO

What's it about? Is that Lucinda Console? You wrote it in Lucinda Console?

PIERRE

Yeah. I thought the font would add a little pizzazz.

*(they both look down at the computer side by side)*

MOSQUITO

Yeah Man, I see what you mean. The angle, the Os and Ps. There's a little—*lilt* there. It's a lilt. Would you call that a lilt?

PIERRE

It adds a little lilt I guess. You see the angles here and the force on these jags.

MOSQUITO

Yeah Man, I see it. I do. It's cool.

PIERRE

And I like the way it just goes in and out here like it's part playful yet still serious to take—

*(MOSQUITO bites PIERRE on the side of the forehead)*

PIERRE

*Ow, fuck!!*

MOSQUITO

*What, what?!*

PIERRE

*You bit me!*

MOSQUITO

What, no!

PIERRE

You actually bit me!

MOSQUITO

*No!* Well, yeah, kinda. But it's a love tap, just a love tap!

PIERRE

On my forehead! Damn it! That'll show for weeks!

MOSQUITO

Nooooo, not really.

PIERRE

It will! Like a pimple! A red pimple for weeks!

*(PIERRE strikes out again at MOSQUITO but again the wild swings amount to nothing as MOSQUITO swerves and weaves away)*

MOSQUITO

Nah Man, not really.—12 days. 12 days max!

PIERRE

Damn you! Damn you, damn you, damn you!

*(he stops exhausted)*

Damn you....It's gonna look like a pimple for weeks.

MOSQUITO

No.....After you scratch it real hard, it'll look like a Herpes mark for two months. I'm kidding, I'm kidding! It's a joke!

PIERRE

I hate you so much.

MOSQUITO

Oh stop. Listen. We'll get you some makeup, a little cover up. All the cool kids are using it these days. You'll be all sexy again by Sunday, I promise. So please stop whining, ok?

PIERRE

Damn it.

*(MOSQUITO moves back to the computer screen and reviews it)*

MOSQUITO

It'll be fine, trust me.

*(pause)*

You sure about that font?

PIERRE

*What?* Yes, yes I'm sure. It's good.

MOSQUITO

It is Man, it is....But the whole piece? As an accent, sure, using it as an accent, but the whole piece like that?

PIERRE

Yes the whole piece! I want the whole piece like that!

*(he scratches his forehead at the spot of the bite)*

Damn this thing itches.

MOSQUITO

Oh shake it off big boy, don't be such a pussy....Okay, the whole piece *if* that's what you want.

PIERRE

Yes it's what I want.—It's turning red already. *Christ.*

*(long pause as MOSQUITO reads and PIERRE fusses about the bite)*

MOSQUITO

That last line.

PIERRE

What's wrong with the last line?



MOSQUITO

Who said anything's was *wrong* with it.—I just, I don't know Man, it's a little—straight on, you know. Like, *right* on the point. “*And I'm calling it Perfect Women.*” And the piece is like *called* Perfect Women. Ending it like that uh....

PIERRE

What, no. No, the line's perfect. It's perfect.

MOSQUITO

Sometimes they like it *in the neighborhood to the side* if you get my meaning, not right on the button.

PIERRE

It's good, it's great, it's perfect. Leave me alone.

MOSQUITO

Ok Man, you know better.

PIERRE

That's right I do.

MOSQUITO

You're the writer. You're human in the room, you know these things.

PIERRE

Yes I am. I'm the writer, I'm the human in the room.

MOSQUITO

Yeah I hear you Man.

*(pause)*

But I'll tell you, if you've read what Richter says about point finality and the coefficient of equal linear throughlines—

*(PIERRE reaches and smacks MOSQUITO hard. Blood splatters out of MOSQUITO and he falls on the ground dead. PIERRE stands over him stunned, shocked at what he's done, staring down at him a long time expecting him to move and talk again. Long Pause)*

PIERRE

YES!

*(PIERRE thrusts his arms in the air signifying touchdown. He begins to jump up and down repeating that one word)*

PIERRE

Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!

*(he keeps dancing)*

**End of Play**