

PIERRE AND THE MOSQUITO

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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

“I have a new name for it. I’ll call 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 and recoils slightly frightened, seeing MOSQUITO on the wall hanging above him)

PIERRE

What the fuck?!

MOSQUITO

Hey. Hey man, hey—

PIERRE

What the, what’re you doing—

MOSQUITO

Hey man, it’s cool, 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! 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? That's just crap.

(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

I hate Mosquitoes.

MOSQUITO

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

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

PIERRE

I fucking hate mosquitoes.

MOSQUITO

Wow, that was close. You were really close....But why Man? why? I mean you know 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. I was just watching you write, you know, seeing what you bring.

PIERRE

No you weren't. You were thinking to bite me.

MOSQUITO

No Man, not me. I ate last night, I'm real good now.

PIERRE

You ate last night?

MOSQUITO

Like a Roman emperor.

PIERRE

You mean me? You *ate me*?!

MOSQUITO

A nibble! A little nibble. A nosh really.

PIERRE

Of Me! While I slept!

(MOSQUITO shrugs "perhaps" like an old Jewish man)

How could I sleep with all that buzzing you made?

MOSQUITO

What buzzing? That's not *buzzing* Man, that'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 Man, it's disheartening. One artist to another. We're a fraternity.

PIERRE

And the biting?

MOSQUITO

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

PIERRE

I've got mosquito 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 Man. Those are love, they mean love.

PIERRE

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

MOSQUITO

All love hurts! 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. Right?

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 we're not.

PIERRE

Yes you are

MOSQUITO

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

PIERRE

You're awful. You spread disease and death. You've killed more than almost everything the earth has ever known. Malaria. Dengue Fever. Yellow fever. West Nile

MOSQUITO

Elephantiasis.

PIERRE

What?

MOSQUITO

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

PIERRE

(pause)

Yeah, well...

MOSQUITO

It is, right? Right? Huh?

(PIERRE nods reluctantly, MOSQUITO laughs deviously)

Yeah Man.

(they nods together in agreement, thinking. Long pause)

Except you, that is.

PIERRE

What?

MOSQUITO

Except for you. Humans. You're the biggest killers of you in history. We pale in comparison when you think about it, 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.

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.

(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" crap.

MOSQUITO

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

PIERRE

You do?!

MOSQUITO

Fuck yeah! The chase, the battle. The *victories*! We don't really bite, we actually drill into you with our tails and then we saw! It's great. 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. You hear me and you jump up and shake. *Jolt* actually. You guys actually jolt!

PIERRE

Stop laughing.

MOSQUITO

Or even when you're just on the couch watching Colombo or Dancing with the Stars and I buzz your faces out of nowhere. You start flailing, flailing in all directions. Like this.

(MOSQUITO waves his arms wildly)

PIERRE

Stop it.—

MOSQUITO

Swinging wildly and randomly like an epileptic child or or—

PIERRE

Stop it!

MOSQUITO

One of those crazy churchgoers a speaking-in-tongue conniptions or Belushi doing The Worm.

(he swings about feverishly)

Blah blah lah lah lah lah.

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

MOSQUITO

Are you done?

PIERRE

Yeah.

MOSQUITO

You sure?

PIERRE

Yeah I think so.

MOSQUITO

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

PIERRE

Shut up.

MOSQUITO

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

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

Are you going back to writing?

PIERRE

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

MOSQUITO

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

PIERRE

Yeah. I thought it would add a little pizzazz.

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

MOSQUITO

Yeah, I see what you mean. The angle, the Os and Ps. The little—*lilt* there. You'd call that a lilt?

PIERRE

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

MOSQUITO

Yeah Man, I see it.

PIERRE

And I like the way it just goes in and out like—

(MOSQUITO bites PIERRE on the side of the forehead)

PIERRE

Ow, fuck!!

MOSQUITO

What, what?!

PIERRE

You bit me!

MOSQUITO

What, no!

PIERRE

You fucking bit me!

MOSQUITO

Well, yeah, kinda. It's a love tap! Just a love tap!

PIERRE

On my forehead! Fuck! That'll show for weeks!

MOSQUITO

Nooooo, not really.

PIERRE

It will! Like a pimple!

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

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

(he stops exhausted)

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

MOSQUITO

Nah Man, not really.—12 days max. Max!....But after you scratch it real hard, it'll look like a Herpes mark for another two months. I'm kidding! I'm kidding!

PIERRE

I hate you so fucking much.

MOSQUITO

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

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

MOSQUITO

You sure about the font?

PIERRE

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

MOSQUITO

It is Man, it is....But the whole piece? As an accent, an accent sure, 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

It's what I want.

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

MOSQUITO

That last line.

PIERRE

What? What's wrong with the last line?

MOSQUITO

I don't know Man, it's a little straight on you know. Like *right* on the point. "And I call it Perfect Women." And the piece is called Perfect Women. Ending it like that—mmmnn....

PIERRE

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

MOSQUITO

Ok, you know better.

PIERRE

That's right I do.

MOSQUITO

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

PIERRE

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

MOSQUITO

Yeah I hear you Man.

(pause)

But I'll tell you, if you 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, starrng 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!

End of Play