

SNIFF

by

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INT. MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

BEN stares at HARRY who quietly sniffs his fingers.

BEN
Harry, let me ask you something.
Why do you keep sniffing your
fingers? What is that?

HARRY
I don't know. It's a habit.

BEN
A habit?

HARRY
Yeah.

BEN
A habit from what? What are you
actually sniffing?

HARRY
I don't know. It's a habit.

BEN
Yeah but, to actually start the
habit, there had to be an original
reason and you had to do this
multiple times.

HARRY
Why multiple times?

BEN
Because that's what makes it a
habit, Harry.

HARRY
Oh.

BEN
So?

HARRY
What?

BEN
What started the habit?

HARRY
I don't know. I don't remember.

Ben stares at Harry.

BEN
Come on, man. What is on your
fingers that you keep sniffing?

HARRY
Nothing. It's just a habit.

BEN
But what are you actually smelling
when you sniff?!

HARRY
Nothing. There's no scent.

BEN
No scent. You're telling me you
keep sniffing your fingers and
there's no scent.

HARRY
Yeah. Why?

BEN
I don't believe you.

HARRY
Why don't you believe me?

BEN
Because for someone to sniff
something, especially there
fingertips, there has to actually
be something you're smelling.

HARRY
Why do you care so much?

BEN
Why? I'll tell you why, Harry.
We're cooped up in this room
together for the past five days,
waiting for the package to arrive
with instructions. Are we not?

HARRY
Yeah.

BEN
Within that time span, I have seen
you sniff your fingers constantly.

HARRY
So.

BEN

Well, if I started smacking the back of my neck randomly these past five days, wouldn't that seem a bit odd to you?

HARRY

Not really, no.

BEN

Is it ass?

HARRY

Ass?

BEN

On you fingers. Is it ass?

HARRY

Ass? What ass?

BEN

Your ass. Are you sniffing your own ass on your fingers after you do a little scratchy scratch or what? Just tell me because we ate sandwiches today and you had your hands all over the meat and I forgot all about you sniffing your fingers until just now cause you're obviously sniffing them again and now I'm feeling sick and I need to know if I ate your ass.

HARRY

That's really gross.

BEN

Damn it, Harry. Can you just tell me? I'm serious.

HARRY

I wouldn't scratch my ass and rub it in anyone's sandwich Ben, especially my own.

BEN

Then what are you sniffing?

HARRY

I scratch my sack on occasion but that's about it.

BEN

What did you just say?

HARRY

My sack. Sometimes, I scratch my man balls but that's about it, not my ass or anything like that.

BEN

No, no, no, wait, wait cause, maybe I'm a little crazy in the head but you said you scratch your man balls, right?

HARRY

Yeah, all guys do.

BEN

Yeah but, is that what you're sniffing?

HARRY

Actually, holy shit, now that you said it, all this time, yeah. Never occurred to me.

BEN

I'm gonna throw up!

HARRY

I'm joking! I'm kidding, relax. I would never do something like that. Calm down.

BEN

You sure?

HARRY

Yeah buddy, relax. Just a joke.

Beat.

BEN

But why do you sniff?

HARRY

I don't know. Why does the sun come up in the sky?

BEN

Cause the Earth is rotating.

HARRY

Yeah, but we don't know enough to know why there's a sun or an Earth or anything, really. So, why should I know why I sniff my fingers?

BEN

That shit bothers me. It really does.

HARRY

What can I tell you.

BEN

Freaking mystery is what it is...

HARRY

Exactly. As they say, maybe we're better off not knowing, right?

BEN

How so?

HARRY

Sometimes when we learn about something, like the secret behind a magician's trick, it loses its magic for us and we get depressed. Maybe me sniffing my fingers is a mystery we're better off not knowing about.

BEN

You're crazy. You know that, right?

HARRY

I guess so.