

HAROLD'S EAR

by

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INT. REBECCA'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Rebecca is busy playing her flute. There's a knock on the door and Uncle Harold enters.

HAROLD

Rebecca, you can't keep playing your flute all day, each day. I'm liable to have cardiac arrest.

REBECCA

You said that I can play as often as I wish and I am choosing to play as often as I wish.

HAROLD

Is there something wrong in your brain? It was a figure of speech. It doesn't mean I was actually encouraging you to play fiddle diddle all day long.

REBECCA

Well, you figured wrong.

HAROLD

I must have cotton wedged deep into my ear because my own voice sounds muffled.

Harold begins jerking his head to the side, trying to get something out of his ear.

REBECCA

What are you doing?

HAROLD

I like tilting my head to the side and jerking it for your amusement.

Harold continues to jerk his head.

REBECCA

Wait! You're going to do damage to yourself. Let me have a look.

Rebecca looks inside Harold's ear.

Yep. I see something white.

HAROLD

Are you serious?

REBECCA

You have what appears to be a piece of white cotton in your ear.

HAROLD
Can you get it out?

REBECCA
I'm not your Doctor.

HAROLD
Rebecca, please, I am your Uncle
and as your Uncle I am asking you
to help me. Do you have a pair of
tweezers or something such?

REBECCA
...Hold on...

Rebecca fumbles through her make up bag and pulls out a
pair of tweezers.

I'll try these.

HAROLD
How should we do this? Should I
lay down on the floor flat and you
slowly, gently and calmly, grab it
and pull it out?

REBECCA
Okay.

HAROLD
Okay, that's it, no argument? I
never knew that this was going to
be my final ending...who could
possibly imagine?

Harold gets on the floor and lays on his side.
How's this?

REBECCA
You look like you're posing for a
centerfold, Uncle Harold. You need
to lay all the way down and relax.

Harold lays down flat.

Okay. Now, you need to remain calm
because if you jiggle around, I'm
afraid the cotton might go in
further.

HAROLD
FURTHER?

REBECCA
So, don't move!

HAROLD
Famous last words...

REBECCA
Uncle Harold, I'm serious.

HAROLD
I'm serious too, there is nothing
funny about this, not one bit.

REBECCA
I'm going in.

HAROLD
Oh God.

REBECCA
No talking. I have to focus.

Harold Mumbles, "Hmmm Mmmm".

Harold slowly begins to chuckle. His chuckling grows and
grows until finally he laughs out-loud uncontrollably.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I almost got it!

HAROLD
I'm sorry, it's too ticklish, it's
tooooo---

REBECCA
Stop wiggling around.

HAROLD
HAHAHA. Hurry, Hurry, pull it out,
pull it out, please!

REBECCA
Almost there!

HAROLD
HAHAHA!!!

REBECCA
GOT IT!!!

HAROLD
Did you? Did you get it--Oh, I can
hear terrific! Unbelievable! All
this time I thought I was losing
my hearing, except for your flute
playing but other than that I
thought I was---wow, I have such a
strong voice. I am so baritone.

He looks at the cotton on the tweezer.
 THAT came out of my ear?!

Harold inspects closer.
 I am flabbergasted. There was an
 invasion taking place inside my
 ear this whole time. Must have
 been stuck in my ear since you
 started playing the flute.

 REBECCA
 You're welcome Uncle Harold. Take
 this, it's gross and it smells...

Harold takes the tweezer from Rebecca.

 HAROLD
 Sure, let me just throw it out and
 I'll bring it right---

 REBECCA
 Keep it. I'll buy a new tweezer.

 HAROLD
 Well, alright. Thank you for
 giving me my hearing back,
 although the trapped cotton ball
 did come in handy for your flute
 playing. One can't have
 everything.