HAROLD: Rebecca, you can’t keep playing your flute all day, each day. It’s making my hearing all funny!

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

REBECCA: What are you doing?

HAROLD: I must have cotton wedged deep into my ear because my own voice sounds strange.

*(Harold continues to jerk his head.)*

REBECCA: Wait! You’re going to hurt yourself. Let me have a look. *(Rebecca looks inside Harold’s ear.)* Yep. I see something white.

HAROLD: Are you serious?

REBECCA: It looks like you have a piece of white cotton in your ear.

HAROLD: Can you get it out?

REBECCA: I’m not a 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 pull it out?

REBECCA: Okay.

*Harold gets on the floor and lays down.*

REBECCA: Good. 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: No talking. I’m going in. *Harold slowly begins to chuckle & wiggle.*  I almost got it!

HAROLD: I’m sorry, it’s too ticklish, it’s tooooo—

REBECA: Stop wiggling!

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! All this time I thought I was losing my hearing, except for your flute playing but—wow! (*He looks at the cotton.)* THAT came out of my ear?! *(Harold inspects closer.)* I am flabbergasted. There was an invasion taking place inside my ear this whole time.

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 I suppose your flute playing will just be louder…

*(Harold walks away happy, Rebecca makes a “yuck” face and goes back to playing.)*

**THE END**