INT. MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

BEN stares at HARRY who quietly sniffs his fingers.

    BEN
    Harry, let me as 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 snifffing 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.