

WHITE NOISE (2022)

JACK

It's time for a major dialogue.  
You know it, I know it. We found  
the Dylar.

BABETTE

What Dylar?

JACK

Come on, Baba. It was taped to the  
radiator cover.

BABETTE

Why would I tape something to the  
radiator cover?

JACK

That's exactly what Denise  
predicted you would say.

BABETTE

She's usually right.

JACK

You'll tell me all about Dylar. If  
not for my sake, then for your  
little girl's. She's been worried  
- worried sick.

BABETTE

There was an ad. Never mind exactly what it said. I  
answered the ad and  
was interviewed by a small firm  
doing research in psychobiology.  
Let's call my contact Mr. Gray. I  
took test after test. Emotional,  
psychological, motor response,  
brain activity. Mr. Gray said  
there were three finalists and was one of them.  
I felt hopeful for the  
first time in so long. But there  
were many dangers in running tests  
on humans. Among other things it  
could cause death.  
They finally said  
it was all too risky - legally,  
ethically and so forth.  
Mr. Gray and I made a private  
arrangement. We would conduct the  
experiments on our own. I would be

cured of my condition, he would be  
acclaimed for a wonderful medical  
breakthrough.

It involved an indiscretion. This  
was the only way I could get Mr.  
Gray to let me use the dylar. It  
was my last resort, my last hope.  
First I'd offered him my mind. Now  
I offered my body. We went to a  
grubby little motel room. Never  
mind where or when. It had the TV  
up near the ceiling. This is all I  
remember. I was so ashamed I wore  
a ski mask to cover my face.

JACK

You call this an indiscretion? You traded sex  
for pills. In other words, he inserted  
himself inside you.

BABETTE

No one was inside anyone. That is  
stupid usage. I did what I had to  
do. I was remote. I was operating  
outside of myself. It was a  
capitalist transaction. You  
cherish your wife who tells you  
everything. I am doing my best to  
be that person.

JACK

I'm only trying to understand. How  
many times did you go to the motel?

BABETTE

More or less on a continuing basis  
for some months. That was the agreement.

JACK

Did...did you enjoy having sex  
with him?

BABETTE

I only remember the TV up near the ceiling

JACK

Did he have a sense of humor? I  
know women appreciate men who can  
joke about sex. I can't unfortunately,  
You have to tell me who he is. I need to know.

BABETTE

No. How do I know you won't kill him?

JACK

Because I'm not a killer.

BABETTE

You're a man, Jack. We all know about men and their insane jealous rage. This is something men are very good at. When people are good at something it's only natural that they look for a chance to do it.

JACK

I'm not good at that. Is this still going on?

BABETTE

No.

JACK

Why not?

BABETTE

Because the drug didn't work!  
At least on me.

JACK

Maybe I should go. Get a hotel room. I don't know. I don't know. You've taken me this far, put me through this much. I have to know. What's the condition?

BABETTE

I'm afraid to die. I'm afraid of my death.

JACK

You? You're still young, you run up and down the stadium steps. It's not a reasonable fear

BABETTE

I can't believe we're all marching toward non-existence. All of us. It haunts me, Jack, and it won't go away.

JACK

Baba, everyone fears death. There's no one who has lived past

the age of seven who hasn't  
worried about dying.

BABETTE

But Mr. Gray said I was extra  
sensitive to it

JACK

Baba, I am the one in this family  
who is obsessed by death. I have  
always been the one.

BABETTE

What do you want me to say? Your  
fear is older and wiser than mine?

JACK

Yes!

BABETTE

I love you. I just fear death more  
than I love you. And I really really love you.

JACK

There's something I promised  
myself I wouldn't tell you.

BABETTE

Can it wait until morning?

JACK

I'm tentatively scheduled to die.  
It won't happen tomorrow or the  
next day. But it is in the works.