

WHITE NOISE

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

A large bedroom with ample natural light. There is a bed without a frame, a blue couch, cream carpet, black walls, mounted bookshelves and a portable turntable. The room is tidy. There is no television-set in the room but one can be heard playing in the distance.

On the freshly made bed there are two people sitting, side by side. They're Wallace and Michelle.

Wallace stands up, walks toward the record player and fingers-through the pile of records.

Michelle follows Wallace with her eyes. And then says:

MICHELLE (O.S.)  
Nothing melodramatic.

WALLACE  
Nothing melodramatic.

Wallace momentarily stops fingering-through the records and slightly looks over his shoulder toward Michelle. He resumes.

Michelle throws herself back onto the bed, allowing her arms to fall to either side of her. She looks like Jesus on the cross.

Wallace pulls a record out from the stack. And says:

WALLACE  
Funny.

MICHELLE  
Hm?

WALLACE  
I knew which record I'd pick before looking through the stack, but, still, I went through them all.

MICHELLE  
How's that funny?

WALLACE  
I just mean..I didn't feel in control of the selection process.

Wallace takes the record out of its sleeve, places it on the portable turntable and lowers the needle. Jeff Wayne's musical version of *The War of The Worlds* starts playing. He stands there watching the turntable. After a beat or two, Wallace sits on the floor, facing Michelle.

Both Wallace and Michelle say nothing, listening.

Wallace breaks the silence by saying:

WALLACE  
I dreamt this.

Michelle sits up. Her hair is wild.

What? MICHELLE What? WALLACE

Wallace shrugs his shoulders.

WALLACE  
This. You there. Me here. This  
moment. I know it.

Michelle laughs in a way that indicates *don't be silly*. She says:

MICHELLE  
You don't have to try and impress  
me. We're done with those days.

Wallace doesn't say anything. He stands up and looks out the window. While Wallace's back is toward Michelle, she gets up, quietly, and tiptoes over to Wallace. She is now standing a foot behind him. In one clean motion she swings her arm at Wallace, trying to slap him. However, before she can connect, Wallace, without breaking sight with whatever is happening outside the window, grabs her arm. Michelle says:

MICHELLE  
O.K.

WALLACE  
I told you--

MICHELLE  
Right, you dreamt this.

Wallace lets go of her hand. He continues blankly looking out the window. He says:

WALLACE  
I'm altering the way it happened, I  
believe.

MICHELLE  
Meaning?

WALLACE  
Meaning: in the dream, I didn't  
stop your hand from hitting me.  
(MORE)

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Thus the moment that followed was different.

Walking away from Wallace, heading toward the couch, Michelle says:

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Well, what happened next?

WALLACE

(still looking out the window)

You sat down on the couch. You crossed your left leg over your right leg. You put your hair into a ponytail.

Wallace turns to see Michelle sitting on the couch exactly as he depicted. He walks over to the couch, sits down and puts his head on her lap.

*The War of The Worlds* continues to play.

FADE TO BLACK.