

**"PRE-LIFE" BY SKY TALLONE**

**CLIMAX SCENE: TRISTAN (7-13, MALE OR FEMALE) & ANDREA (35-50)**

DINING ROOM

Andrea, David and Tristan eat. David eats fast, distracted working on his laptop.

Andrea eats slowly. She glances at Tristan as he eats and suddenly notices his hand.

**ANDREA**

**Your hand...**

Tristan freezes, looks at his hand. David does too.

**TRISTAN**

You're gonna have to help me out here, I dunno what you're--

**DAVID**

Tristan was left-handed.

**TRISTAN**

...Tristan. Aren't I Tristan?

Tristan looks back and forth between David and Andrea, both filled with doubt and fear.

**TRISTAN (CONT'D)**

Oh. I see.

David, his plate now empty, starts to look sick.

**TRISTAN (CONT'D)**

Feeling alright there, David?

David starts coughing and gagging. Andrea's eyes widen with panic as David goes into some sort of seizure.

**ANDREA**

**Oh my God, David!! What's wrong!?**

Andrea rushes to David and tries to help him. Tristan just sits there, watching them with no emotion.

David's dying in Andrea's arms. She screams and sobs. She slowly looks up to Tristan, mortified.

**ANDREA (CONT'D)**

**Tristan, call the police! Call--**

She sees the calm on his face. She spots David's cell phone on the table and reaches for it. Tristan swipes it away.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

You...

TRISTAN

Wow, guess you were right about those datura stramoniums... or "devil's weed", as you called it. Very very poisonous.

Andrea gasps in horror as her hands go to her own throat and chest, eyes darting to her own half-empty plate.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry, you're safe.

Andrea goes into hysterics again, sobbing over David. He dies. She wails. Tristan grabs her hard by the arm.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Snap out of it! David was becoming a problem for me. And I didn't care for him. I need you, though!

Andrea breaks free of his grasp and goes for the phone again, sobbing hysterically. Tristan snatches the phone and throws it into the brick fireplace, shattering it.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Pay attention, Andrea!

ANDREA

Where's my son!?

TRISTAN

Sit down.

Andrea hesitantly sits, barely containing her hysterics.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

You help me make this whole situation go away...

He gestures to David's body.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

And help me out with one other little... task. Then I can get out of your hair and leave this baby vacant for your son to come back!

Tristan gestures to his own body. Andrea weeps.

ANDREA  
Who... are you!?

TRISTAN  
Just a visitor, honey.

Tristan gets close.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
You do want your little boy back...  
don't you?