

# **7 Lives**

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The First Five  
August 16th, 2022  
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Throughout this script we will meet several different versions of our protagonist **LUCA**.

On screen it will be immediately evident as none will look, dress, or act entirely the same.

But for the sake of the reader the consciousness currently operating each body will be noted in the scene header to differentiate between **THE PRESENT** - A spiraling and chaotic journey back through his past lives.

And **THE PAST** - His 7 lives, *already lived*.

**OVER BLACK [LUCA 7]**

The sounds of the city drift by. Car horns, a distant siren, passersby have a mundane conversation. A car stereo blasts the Rolling Stones - *You Can't Always Get What You Want*.

LUCA (V.O.)  
Hate that fuckin' song.

**INT. APARTMENT - DAY.**

Our protagonist LUCA sits in a battered fabric chair - center frame. He's in his late 30s/40s, his died black hair is slicked back, like he's just out the shower. A lit cigarette in his right hand.

A smart phone is propped up on a table across from him as it live streams straight to his social media.

LUCA  
Let me get what I want, just once...  
I think I'd be okay. Really...

He's beat up and anemic, vampire pale, a purple bruise under his right eye, a healing cut under his chin, left arm in a sling, he takes a deep but a hesitant breath then--

LUCA (cont'd)  
This is what separates the you's from  
the them's. The knowledge.

**SMASH CUT** - Frenetic images - Bezos, Musk, Waltons, Napoleon, Alexander the Great, Cleopatra. Super yachts, luxury villas, super cars, private planes...

LUCA (cont'd)  
They knew something you don't have a  
clue about.

Windows foiled over. Dishes in the sink piled high.

LUCA (cont'd)  
And it ain't tax shelter bullshit or  
some stock pick.

He shakes his head.

LUCA (cont'd)  
You can live your life over. There's  
this way to go back. To do it over  
again.

A CAR DOOR OPENS on the street outside, it draws his attention for a beat. He takes another hard drag.

LUCA (cont'd)  
Anybody who's ever been anybody...  
They all fuckin' knew.

The ridiculousness of it all.

LUCA (cont'd)  
I did it 7 times. 7... You-you want a  
shot at the prom king, the queen,  
fuckin' both? Go back knowing what  
you know now? You sure as hell can  
try.

The all consuming bitterness is palpable.

LUCA (cont'd)  
Someone else could explain it better,  
physicist or scientist, it's like a  
door, a wormhole, some otherworldly  
thing...

**THUD.** THE DOOR. Luca eyes it, reaches forward and puts out his cigarette, slides his good hand next to his thigh and pulls out a pistol.

LUCA (cont'd)  
Yeah?

**KNOCK-KNOCK.**

GOON 1 (O.S.)  
Open up Luca.

He leans toward the camera.

LUCA  
Your body won't survive - Just your  
mind, the consciousness. Hurts...  
Like being dragged through hell.

GOON 1 (O.S.)  
Doors coming down!

LUCA  
Put your back into it sweetheart!

**THUD!** The door is hit hard. Luca turns back to the phone, calm as can be.

LUCA (cont'd)  
You find 'em in places where some  
intense shit happened, good or bad,  
don't matter.

**BOOM-BEAT-BOOM! CRAACK!** The wood splinters. Luca just  
smiles, his hand on the cocked pistol.

GOON 2 (O.S.)  
Open the fucking door!

**BLAM!** Luca sees the handle clang to the floor, knows he only  
has seconds left.

LUCA  
To find one, you just have to listen,  
pay attention. These images will come  
in to-to your mind, they're like  
guiding you--

**BLAM!** The door **HINGE BREAKS!** AND WITH A SWIFT KICK THE  
SHATTERED DOOR FALLS IN! The TWO GOONS enter, one with a  
sledgehammer in hand.

LUCA (cont'd)  
Hey.

**BLAM!** Luca fires the pistol into Goon 2's gut. He collapses  
to the floor.

LUCA (cont'd)  
Drop it.

Goon 1 drops the sledgehammer and lifts his hands  
defensively.

GOON 1  
Just want to talk.

LUCA  
Too fuckin' late for that. Last time  
we talked you broke my arm, think I'm  
falling for that again?

Luca lifts the pistol, aims it at the man, pulls the  
trigger - **BUT IT JAMS!**

LUCA (cont'd)  
Fuck.

Both men's eyes connect - They know this'll come down to  
split-second decisions.

Luca quickly tries to fix his weapon while the Goon swiftly grabs the sledgehammer from off the floor. Luca frantically tries to get the pistol to fire.

**120 FPS** - The Goon raises the sledgehammer high. Luca pulls the trigger but nothing happens. The sledge starts to lower. Luca closes his eyes.

**ECU** - Luca's clenched eyes.

**SMASH CUT** - Luca and a woman, in the battered chair. She sits in his lap drinking a glass of wine, they're both glassy eyed. On the table an open box with a shiny diamond ring.

**BACK TO** - Luca, his eyes still closed, his mouth creeps to a smile.

**WE PULL BACK** - The sledgehammer is just seconds away from slamming into his jaw.

Right before the hammer end connects the image on the screen **SHATTERS!**

The image separates into 7 kaleidoscopic slivers, each like a piece of a broken mirror.

Inside each we see A DIFFERENT VERSION OF LUCA, tumbling backwards through endless black. Old, young, rich, poor, all eventually disappear into the darkness, and then we...

**FADE TO BLACK**

**OVER BLACK**

The sound of a ceiling fan, tick-tick-tick-tick.

**FADE IN**

**INT. SPRAWLING APARTMENT - MORNING. [LUCA 7]**

We tilt down from the ceiling fan and push toward a sleeping form on a large and plush California king...

A BLONDE AND HANDSOME LUCA (#6), early 30's, bolts upright. Breathing heavily, he tries to gain his bearings.

LUCA  
OH GOD...

**INT. BATHROOM - MORNING.**

Luca stares into the mirror, white as a ghost and fully shaken. He lurches, spins back, hurls into the toilet.

His shaky hand reaches up and flushes. He washes his hands and stares at his phone, which is face up on the counter.

**INT. LUXURY KITCHEN - MORNING.**

A luxury kitchen. Luca stares at his phone on the counter.

**TIGHT ON** - The screen, it reads Mirela Costea. He picks it up presses **CALL**. It rings and rings...

                                  LUCA  
C'mon don't be a dick right now...  
Mirela, C'MON!

but no one answers.

                                  LUCA (cont'd)  
Shit.

Luca tucks the phone into his pocket and rushes out.

**INT. WALK-IN CLOSET - MORNING.**

He pads into a large walk-in closet filled with designer clothes, shoes, hats, custom skate decks mounted on the wall.

He pulls a shirt off the rack. A rhinestone skull on it's back. Shakes his head in disgust - *What was I thinking?*

He tosses it, finds a black motorcycle jacket. He spots a suitcase, pulls it open, tosses clothes into it.

**EXT. HALL - MORNING.**

He rolls past LARGE ACTION MOVIE POSTERS all featuring LUCA ARGENTO.