

THE SEVEN LIVES

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICES OF DR. WILLIAM GEORGEN PSY.D - DAY

CLOSE ON a memorial urn perched upon a mantle on the wall.

We see a Twelve Step Alcoholics Anonymous certificate next to the urn.

A Doctor of Psychology (Psy.D) diploma hangs above the urn.

WILLIAM GEORGEN (50), pale skin, dubious eyes, FIDGETS on a couch and nervously TAPS his heels.

From William-49 POV.

WILLIAM-50

You have to listen to me. I can't tell you how but I know the end is near.

We hear the RASPS of labored breathing.

WILLIAM-50 (CONT'D)

What happened? (Beat) How did you get those scars?

WILLIAM-49 (O.S.)

Never Mind. You wouldn't believe it.

A hand CLUTCHES a cup of coffee. We hear a GULP.

WILLIAM-49 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Have you been taking your medication?

WILLIAM-50

I'm not crazy. Believe me, New York City will be nothing but ashes. You should leave, tonight.

We hear a TROUBLED COUGH in the b.g.

We see an oxygen tank readout VACILLATE.

WILLIAM-49 (O.S.)

Now, don't be ridiculous. You're having what's called Pre-Traumatic Stress Delusion.

An arm EXTENDS towards William, the palm OPENS to reveal several medicine capsules.

WILLIAM-50
What's this for?

WILLIAM-49 (O.S.)
Take these when you get home.
They'll help you through this.

WILLIAM-50
You have no idea. You'll be sorry.

William-50 STORMS towards the door to leave.

WILLIAM-49 (O.S.)
Calm down. We share the same
birthday, remember? July seventh?
Leos stick together, right?

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE LAFAYETTE - BROOKLYN - DAY

Several Bistro tables sit vacant on the sidewalk outside.

WILLIAM GEORGEN (42), short hair with a hint of gray, wearing
a sportcoat, PLOPS down at a table.

William-42 LIGHTS UP a Camel cigarette. INHALES, PUFFS, then
EXHALES.

From a distance we see William-49 APPROACH and sit near
William-42.

From William-49's POV.

WILLIAM-49 (O.S.)
Would you mind putting that out?

William-42 STARES straight ahead.

He DRAGS on his Camel cigarette.

WILLIAM-49 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Excuse me, sir. Can you get rid of
that cigarette? I'm allergic to
them.

WILLIAM-42
Sorry, Bud. This is New York City,
I can smoke anywhere I please.

A Fire Engine BLARES its sirens in the b.g.

WILLIAM-49 (O.S.)
 Listen, cigarettes burn you up from
 the inside. You can't feel it but
 you're killing yourself.

From a distance we see a waitress INCH OVER between the two
 men with caution.

She TOPS OFF William-42's coffee cup.

WILLIAM-42
 Thank you, Miss. I'm ready to
 order. (Beat) I'll have the Five
 Alarm Chili special.

CLOSE ON the waitress' pad as she writes: #5 = certain death.

William-42 PULLS out another cigarette and TORCHES the end
 with his ZEPPU LIGHTER.

CLOSE ON an ashtray. Several butts SMOLDER away.

WILLIAM-49 (O.S.)
 This is the last time I'm going to
 ask you nicely. Put those out,
 please? I can't breathe.

We see William-42 take an EXTENDED PUFF.

William-42 BLOWS the exhaled smoke towards the camera.

We see a 38 Special firearm pointed at the right temple of
 William-42.

We hear a DISCHARGE of a weapon.

SMOKE and HAZE erupt on the screen.

CUT TO:

INT. KELSEYS SALOON - NIGHT - NIGHT

Several beer taps ADORN the bar top.

Patrons (mixed ages), sit lazily around cruddy tables and bar
 stools.

We hear Garth Brooks' "Low Places" belting out in the b.g.

WILLIAM GEORGEN (35), jet-black hair slicked back, wearing Levi jeans and a pullover sweater, WOBBLER in a bar stool.

The BARTENDER (30), places a Heineken beer bottle and a shot of Jameson Whiskey in front of William-35.

BARTENDER

This is the last round for you.

WILLIAM-35

(Slurred speech) Whaddya talking about? My money's no good here?

William-35 GRABS his Heineken bottle and POUNDS it down on the bar top.

SUDS SPEW from the top of the bottle.

From a distance we see William-42 SADDLE UP next to William-35 at the bar.

From William-42's POV.

The Bartender LOOKS into the camera.

WILLIAM-42 (O.S.)

This guy okay?

BARTENDER

He's fine. One of my regulars. This is *normal* for him.

WILLIAM-35

(Slurred speech) What's your problem, buddy? You come in here with your button-down and Penny loafers?

The Bartender pours a cup of coffee for William-42.

WILLIAM-42 (O.S.)

I don't want any trouble. I'm here to relax. Figured I check out my old stomping grounds.

WILLIAM-35

(Slurred speech) Whaddya mean?

WILLIAM-42 (O.S.)

I mean, uh, I was, uh, still am an alcoholic.

CLOSE ON William-35. He STARES ahead and his head BOBBLES.

We see a hand extend with a Camel cigarette towards William-35.

WILLIAM-42 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Smoke?

WILLIAM-35
I'd rather drink.

William-35 GLARES at the Bartender. He CLENCHES his teeth.

WILLIAM-35 (CONT'D)
Gimme another.

WILLIAM-42 (O.S.)
He said your shut off. Here, have a
smoke. That's how I quit the sauce.

BARTENDER
There goes my weekly tip money. Uh,
maybe he should cut back a bit.
That's all.

The Bartender SCOWLS into the camera at William-42.

WILLIAM-35
Maybe I'll smoke *and* drink. (Beat)
Gimme a goddam cig, will ya?

WILLIAM-42 (O.S.)
On one condition. You quit killing
your liver and brain cells with the
booze.

William-35 LOOKS UP at the Bartender and ROLLS his eyes.

WILLIAM-35
That's asking a lot from a total
stranger, isn't it?

BARTENDER
Yeah, a real lot!

WILLIAM-42 (O.S.)
A A meetings will help. Make the
right choice.

BARTENDER
That's enough. Don't you have to
leave?

We see William-35 GAZE at the half full bottle of Heineken
and full shot.

William-35 LICKS his lips and REMOVES the perspiration from his face with his hands.

WILLIAM-35
I'll take that smoke. (Beat) What was your name?

CUT TO:

EXT. DR. WILLIAM GEORGEN'S RESIDENCE - BACKYARD - DAY

Several Guests (mixed ages), MINGLE and CONVERSE with one another.

An errant volleyball DARTS across the brick patio.

Streamers and balloons scream: CONGRATULATIONS!

WILLIAM GEORGEN (28), sips a Coca-Cola from the bottle. His thick hair is loaded with gel and he dons a moustache and sideburns.

From William-35's POV.

WILLIAM-35 (O.S.)
What's the matter? You should be excited. Finally made it to the Big Leagues, Doc.

William-28 LOOKS UP with SULLEN EYES.

WILLIAM-28
Yes, but my family's not here to share it with me.

We hear the uncorking of a wine bottle in the b.g.

WILLIAM-35 (O.S.)
How long have they been gone?

WILLIAM-28
Seven months... seven days... seven hours.

William-28 BOWS his head in sorrow.

WILLIAM-28 (CONT'D)
I miss them so much. They were the world to me.

WILLIAM-35 (O.S.)
How did it happen?

WILLIAM-28

It was all my fault. I knew she was a user. I always looked the other way because I loved her.

WILLIAM-35 (O.S.)

I'm sorry.

William-28 FOCUSES on the camera.

WILLIAM-28

Those poor kids never saw it coming... I should have been the one to go up in flames.

We see a hand OFFER a glass of red wine to William-28.

WILLIAM-35 (O.S.)

It's got to be tough. Drown your sorrows?

WILLIAM-28

No thanks, I don't drink.

WILLIAM-35 (O.S.)

I never did either until I realized it eased the pain. Funny, isn't it. You have the latest training in Psychology and I'm counselling you.

William-28 SURVEYS the Guests in a deliberate manner.

We hear increasingly loud symphony music in the b.g.

William-28 ESPIES the Weber Grill. SMOKE BILLOWS from under the cover.

WILLIAM-28

Is it Cabernet or Chianti?

WILLIAM-35 (OS)

I think it's a Cab. Go easy, it's pretty powerful but tasty.

WILLIAM-28

I could use some to burn this horrible memory away.

From a distance we see William-28 CLINK wine glasses with William-35

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CHILDREN AND FAMILY COUNSELLING - DAY

WILLIAM GEORGEN (21), wears a goatee and has straggly hair. His T-shirt portrays a picture of the rock group Def Leopard.

He TAPS his fingers in nervously on his knees.

From William-28 POV.

WILLIAM-28 (O.S.)
What brings you here today?

WILLIAM-21
Dunno? I guess my mom said it would be a good idea I talk to somebody. You him?

William-21 GNASHES on his fingernails.

WILLIAM-28 (O.S.)
Maybe. What's on your mind?

WILLIAM-21
Can I trust you?

WILLIAM-28 (O.S.)
Sure. I'm a doctor. I looked at your chart. Besides, we're only seven years apart in age. (Beat) I'm not that old, am I?

William-21 GRINS and RELAXES his demeanor.

WILLIAM-21
You're alright, Doc.

WILLIAM-28 (O.S.)
I see you went to Reform school. Would you like to talk about it?

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK:

From a distance we see a wood shed near the back of a home.

We see a teenager boy IGNITING a large bundle of kindling wood near a shed.

BACK TO:

INT. NEW YORK CHILDREN AND FAMILY COUNSELLING - MOMENTS LATER

WILLIAM-21

I'd rather not, but, I, uh, have
this girlfriend.

WILLIAM-28 (O.S.)

Okay. Let's talk about her.

William-21 PEERS left, then right. He RUBS his eyes and
INHALES.

He EXHALES with confidence.

WILLIAM-21

She's a junkie.

CLOSE ON doctor's chart. William-28 SCRIBBLES down: Junkie,
obsessive compulsive, introvert, submissive.

WILLIAM-28 (O.S.)

Go on.

WILLIAM-21

I love her one minute and want to
set her on fire the next. What is
it with me?

CLOSE ON doctor's chart. William-28 jots down: Arson
tendency.

WILLIAM-28 (O.S.)

Set her on fire? What do you mean
by that?

William-21 SINKS back into himself.

WILLIAM-21

I thought you were cool. (Beat) I
mean, set her on fire and watch her
burn to nothing.

CLOSE ON doctor's chart. William-28 WRITES down: immediate
intervention and medication required.

WILLIAM-28 (O.S.)

Let's talk this through. (Beat)
Does she lie to you?

WILLIAM-21

All the time.

WILLIAM-28 (O.S.)

Does she steal from you?

WILLIAM-21
Just about every day.

WILLIAM-28 (O.S.)
Does she promise you the world when
she's high?

William-21 NODS in agreement.

WILLIAM-28 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Here's what I suggest. Don't walk
away, run away as fast as you can.

WILLIAM-21
But I love her.

WILLIAM-28 (O.S.)
There are more than one fish in the
sea, know what I mean, huh?

He see a hand GRASP the shoulder of William-21.

WILLIAM-21
It's easy for you to say. I mean,
I've liked her since I was in the
seventh grade. We were on bus
number seven together.

William-21 SPRINGS UP from the couch.

WILLIAM-21 (CONT'D)
I thought seven was a lucky number.

WILLIAM-28 (O.S.)
Not in your case.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREAMSIDE CAMPSITE - DAY

Two fishing poles stand slanted on the banks of a river.

Discarded debris EMPTIES over a trash container.

From a distance we see the back of two people as they sit on
a hollow log.

We hear bubbling stream water in the b.g.

WILLIAM GEORGEN (14), his hair disheveled, sits Indian style
on the riverbank.

From William-21's POV.

WILLIAM-14

Thanks for being my Big Brother.

WILLIAM-21 (O.S.)

Well, I kinda like doing it because
I never had much of a dad either.
(Beat) It was just me and mom.

William-14 LOCATES and RETRIEVES a butane lighter from his
shirt pocket and begin to methodically ignite it.

William-14 SMIRKS as he WATCHES the FLAMES ignite, then
extinguish.

WILLIAM-14

You think it'd be cool if I lit
this trash on fire?

WILLIAM-21 (O.S.)

Not cool. In fact, pretty stupid.
Why would you want to start a fire?

WILLIAM-14

Fire's my friend. If I'm mad, I
light stuff. (Beat) If I'm sad, I
light stuff. Fire makes me happy.

WILLIAM-21 (O.S.)

Your mom said you set the shed on
fire one time.

William-14 STICKS his chest out and gives himself a THUMBS UP
sign.

WILLIAM-14

It was a real barn-burner.

William-14 BURSTS out in laughter.

WILLIAM-21 (O.S.)

Hey, that's not funny. Fire is dan-

WILLIAM-14

(Interrupting) It's still my
friend.

WILLIAM-21 (O.S.)

This not a joke. You can not
underestimate the power of fire and
the damage it can cause.

WILLIAM-14

I thought Big Brothers were supposed to help kids, not lecture them. (Beat) You're not my friend.

WILLIAM-21 (O.S.)

I am your friend. People are friends, not fire. Take my advice. Been there, done that.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - MANHATTAN - DAY

Children (mixed ages), play on swings and see-saws.

A father and son play catch with a baseball.

Several teenage girls GIGGLE and point at a group of teenage boys playing frisbee.

WILLIAM GEORGEN (7), his elbows and knees scraped and chafed, SCOOTs up to the pack of teenage boys on his Skateboard and ADJUSTS his helmet.

From William-14's POV.

WILLIAM-7

What game are you playing?

WILLIAM-14 (O.S.)

The frisbee memory game.

WILLIAM-7

What's that?

WILLIAM-14 (O.S.)

Well, whoever the frisbee is thrown to, uh, that person has to catch it and then say something they remember from a long time ago.

William-7 LOOKS befuddled.

WILLIAM-7

Can I play?

From a distance we see William-7 take off his helmet and slowly walk over to the teenagers.

Their positioning forms a makeshift circle.

WILLIAM-14

I guess. Be ready to catch it,
okay?

William-7 ASSUMES a "ready to catch" stance.

WILLIAM-14 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Here it comes.

William-7 SNATCHES the frisbee from flight.

WILLIAM-7

(Excitedly) I caught it, I caught
it. (Beat) Now what do I do?

WILLIAM-14 (O.S.)

What do you remember from a long
time ago?

WILLIAM-7

I don't know. I'm only seven.

We hear laughter from the other frisbee players in the b.g.

WILLIAM-7 (CONT'D)

Wait. Do you want to know
everything I remember?

WILLIAM-14

Sure, everything and anything.

WILLIAM-7

Okay. Ready? Here goes.

William-7 SHUTS his eyes and WRINKLES his face.

WILLIAM-7 (CONT'D)

New York City burns to the ground.

CLOSE ON William-50

WILLIAM-7 (CONT'D)

I remember a man smoking
cigarettes.

CLOSE ON William-42

WILLIAM-7 (CONT'D)

Some person at a bar with alcohol.

CLOSE ON William-35

WILLIAM-7 (CONT'D)

A doctor guy.

CLOSE ON William-28

WILLIAM-7 (CONT'D)
A man watching someone with a
needle in their arm.

CLOSE ON William-21

WILLIAM-7 (CONT'D)
A boy playing with a lighter.

CLOSE ON William-14

WILLIAM-14 (O.S.)
Wow. That's a lot for a seven year
old. (Beat) Anything else?

William-7 opens his eyes and LETS OUT a sigh.

WILLIAM-7
No, that's all. (Beat) Wait, yes.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICES OF DR. WILLIAM GEORGEN PSY.D - MOMENTS LATER

William-50 stands by the door in the office.

WILLIAM-50
Do you believe me now?

CLOSE ON William-7.

The camera pulls away slowly to reveal William-7 sitting
behind the Doctor's desk.

He has scars on his head and is hooked up to an oxygen
machine.

WILLIAM-7
I do.

CLOSE ON the urn on the mantle.

It reads: Dr. William Georgen. Born July 7, 1977. Died July
7, 2017.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - MANHATTAN

From a distance we see seven dead bodies strewn about in the shape of a makeshift circle.

CLOSE ON each William starting from William-7 up to William-49.

WILLIAM-50 (V.O.)
You should have listened to me.

The End.

Credits Roll.