

Resonance
(Act I)

By

Silent Rogue

Copyright:
Silent Rogue

thesilentrogue@gmail.com

1

INT. GRANT'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

A neatly adorned desk sits on the side of a room displayed with a medical school diploma, pulmonary medicine license, and numerous prestigious awards.

In the center of the room is an examiner's bed, and there is a sink and a bench with medical tools and supplies on the other end.

On the desk are a few papers and a picture of a young man in a white coat with a peppy redhead smiling widely.

Behind the desk is GRANT DENNING (29) dressed in a white coat examining a set of X-rays of PATIENT, who is sitting across from him.

GRANT

You need to stop smoking.

PATIENT

Wha-what do you mean? I don't smoke.

GRANT

(with a stern, yet caring look)

That's not what your X-rays say. Your bronchial tubes are closing up and that's why you are having a harder time doing physical activity.

A pause.

GRANT

Keep it up and you'll develop emphysema, not just bronchitis...

Another Pause as Grant begins putting the X-rays away.

GRANT

Alright, well just ease up on the smoke, and you'll be back to top condition in no time. Follow me.

Grant rises and motions to Patient who follows suit as they head out the door.

2 INT. GRANT'S MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Grant and Patient enter a larger room that serves as a waiting area for patients lined with chairs filled with patients waiting to be checked.

Across from the chairs is a large desk, behind which sits modest brunette beauty CHERYL HAINES (26) on the phone:

CHERYL

I'm sorry, Dr. Denning is unavailable at that time. I can schedule you in for tomorrow at the earliest.

Pause

CHERYL

No, no. I'm sure that's the earliest...

Grant approaches the desk followed by Patient. He grabs a pad of paper off the desk and writes down a prescription and hands it to Patient.

GRANT

Here, you go. Just take these for a week and you'll be back in no time.

Patient leaves as Cheryl hangs up the phone.

GRANT

Adam again?

CHERYL

(with a smile)

Yep.

GRANT

(sighing)

When will that boy learn...

He turns to leave, but Cheryl calls after him.

CHERYL

Doctor! Don't forget the gala event you have scheduled tonight.

GRANT

(caught off guard)

Oh, um.. right. Yes, of course.

(CONTINUED)

CHERYL

You forgot, didn't you.

Grant gives a bit of a sheepish grin admitting his slip.

Well, your suit should be coming in from the dry-cleaners. I hope you have a date set up.

GRANT

(smirking)

Well, about that. I was hoping to take you as usual.

CHERYL

(glowing, but trying to appear disinterested)

I guess I can go with you again.

GRANT

Great! Best personal assistant in the world. Lunch?

FADE TO:

3

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY

Grant and Cheryl are finishing up lunch on an outdoor table of a quaint little cafe. Cheryl talks with intense interest that goes unnoticed by Grant's carefree attitude.

CHERYL

... but it wasn't as good as they make it out to be. The first part was so much better.

GRANT

Agreed. I mean, who ever thought that making a sequel to a movie where the main character dies was a good idea?

CHERYL

(laughs)

Well, you know what they say about the movie business - anything that will make money...

GRANT

(half joking)

You know, I think it's partially because of the intense need for celebrities to seek out attention.

(CONTINUED)

CHERYL

Hmm. Well couldn't you say that all humans have a psychological need for attention. Bowlby said as much in his paper from the 60s.

GRANT

I don't know how valid that paper still is these days, but I can see what you're getting at. The...

The WAITER arrives with two checks for the table, and Grant and Cheryl reach for their respective wallets to pay for their own meals. Clearly, this is not a date.

GRANT

... way I see it is that every human needs to know that they are more than just a fading memory in the lives of those they adore.

Cheryl gives him a searching look that screams her longing desire for him, but he does not notice.

Grant returns a thoughtful gaze that shows he is thinking more about the nature of man than his immediate surroundings.

After a moment:

GRANT

Well, then. Shall we?

They rise and gather their things. They start heading out as Cheryl offers a reminder after checking her calendar of Grant's daily schedule.

CHERYL

(with motherly authority)
Remember, gala dinner tonight.

GRANT

Ah, right. See you at 7.

FADE TO:

4

EXT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Grant and Cheryl exit Grant's car and walk towards a fancy hall adorned with banners displaying "Ellis Island Medal of Honor Banquet. Welcome Attendees."

They are dressed in stunning attire that is not as fancy as some of the tuxedos and gowns worn by other patrons but still quite dashing.

5 INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Inside, Grant and Cheryl are escorted to a table by an usher. The entire event is very posh, and the other members of the table offer no contradiction. There is a small stage with a podium and attendees are busy eating dinner being served to them by waiters.

After quick hellos with the other members of the table, Grant gives Cheryl an exasperated look. She smiles and giggles.

CHERYL

You know you couldn't skip out when they are honoring you.

Grant simply gives her a faint smile.

6 INT. BANQUET HALL - LATER

The HOST of the evening (an important-looking rotund little man with a powerful voice) announces recipients of various awards for the night.

HOST

... and for being the driving force behind the medical progress of pulmonology for developing new practices for the effective and efficient treatment of Emphysema, Bronchitis, and Lymphangioliomyomatosis, I would like to congratulate Dr. Grant Denning. He truly deserves the Ellis Island Medal of Honor for all his enduring successes.

Applause as Grant stands and walks to accept the award.

FADE TO:

7 EXT. CHERYL'S HOME - NIGHT

Grant drops Cheryl off outside her home. As she exits he says:

GRANT

(half jokingly)

Thank you for another *exciting* night.

(CONTINUED)

Cheryl gives him a look of genuine appreciation.

CHERYL

Anytime. See you in the morning.

She walks towards her door as he drives away, but turns around to watch him go with a deep sigh.

8 INT. GRANT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grant walks into his luxurious (yet modest, for his income) house and sets down his keys, enters his bedroom, and begins undressing.

He slips on his pajamas and enters the bathroom.

9 INT. GRANT'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

In the bathroom, Grant stand in front of the sink and begins making strong grunting noises to clear his throat. The grunts get louder and stronger as he continues his ritual of clearing out mucous from his lungs and spitting out phlegm into the sink.

After spitting a few times, Grant pulls out a mask nebulizer (a transparent mask with a tube attached - aids in oxygen therapy for cystic fibrosis patients) from under the sink and slips it on.

FADE TO:

10 INT. GRANT'S MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Cheryl is behind her desk talking to ADAM (16), a lanky youth with thick glasses, dressed in cross-trainers, khakis, and a polo shirt. Definitely not the popular kid.

Concurrently, Cheryl is printing out Grant's schedule for the day.

CHERYL

Alright, Adam, just take a seat and Dr. Denning will be in shortly.

Adam takes a seat as the phone on Cheryl's desk rings. Adam looks up expectantly.

ADAM

Is that him?

RING RING.

(CONTINUED)

CHERYL
No, listen. He'll be here soon.
Just sit tight.

Adam gives her a slightly disappointed look and slumps down in his chair.

CHERYL
(on phone)
Dr. Denning's office. Cheryl
speaking.

On the other line is JILLIAN DENNING (53), Grant's mother.

JILLIAN (OS)
Hi Cheryl, is Grant in? This is his
mother. I'd like to speak with him.

CHERYL
(slightly taken aback)
He's not in yet, but I can take a
message.

JILLIAN (OS)
Just let him know I called. Thanks.

Click. She hangs up.

Just as Cheryl puts down the phone, Grant walks in. He approaches her desk and she hands him his schedule for the day as she nods her head to indicate Adam's presence.

Grant looks over to see Adam who is beaming and waving hello.

Grant return the wave and checks his watch before giving Cheryl a look of disbelief.

CHERYL
I know... He's been waiting. By the
way, your mother called.

GRANT
(surprised and confused)
My mother?

CHERYL
Yes, your mother. She said she had
something important to tell you.

Grants face turns a bit sour as he responds.

GRANT

Well, she'll call again if it's
that important.

He turns and walks to his office, indicating Adam to follow.

11 INT. GRANT'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Grant and Adam walk into the office, and Adam takes a seat on top of the examination bed without hesitation or suggestion.

Grant leans against his desk.

GRANT

Alright, Adam, what seems to be the
problem?

ADAM

Doc, I don't know what's wrong. I
keep getting these asthma attacks,
and the medicine you gave me
doesn't work.

GRANT

(under breath)

That's because the medicine was a
placebo...

ADAM

(not hearing)

What?

GRANT

I said, that's because your inhaler
is a placebo. There's nothing wrong
with your lungs, your throat, your
sinuses, or your entire respiratory
system.

ADAM

But! But I keep getting asthma
attacks! Every time I have gym
class I can't breathe. My chest
tightens up whenever I'm around a
lot of people. I have this cough
that doesn't go away!

GRANT

You're not coughing now...

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

That's because I'm not having an asthma attack! I swear, I researched this. All my symptoms fit.

GRANT

Did your inhaler help?

ADAM

But even if it was a placebo, that's just my mind treating the asthma. I once read this article where a man was cured of malaria because some doctors gave him sugar pills and he believed it would cure him.

GRANT

Adam, there's nothing wrong with you. If you really think you have a problem, the only possibility is panic attacks. I can give you the contact info for a good therapist, and she should be able to help.

ADAM

Look, doc. I don't need a therapist. I just need some medicine.

Grant sighs and concedes to listening. He takes a seat on top of his desk. In almost uncanny unison, Adam lies down on the examination bed as if he were at a therapist's office.

ADAM

I just need you to cure me, you know, doc. I was at work, and this girl, Jenny, she started working there. She's amazing.

Grant tries speaking, but Adam continues.

ADAM

Like the type of girl you only read about, you know. But every time I tried talking to her, I got an asthma attack and the stupid inhaler ran out yesterday and I just passed out for a few minutes. It was embarrassing, doc.

(CONTINUED)

GRANT

I see. And your asthma is keeping you from talking to this girl?

FADE TO:

12 EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY

Grant and Cheryl are at their usual cafe again eating lunch.

GRANT

I swear. This kid thinks I'm his therapist.

CHERYL

Well you don't really do anything to stop that perception.

GRANT

I know; I just feel sorry for the kid. He's a young lovestruck bird trying to make his wings lift him into the sky, and all he does is hit the floor. Like SMACK!

Grant slaps his hand against the table, making a loud noise. Cheryl laughs in response.

After a pause:

CHERYL

So... about this call from your mother?

Grant sighs...

GRANT

My mother...

CHERYL

Yes, your mother. It seems like you haven't talked in years? What happened?

GRANT

Well... nothing really happened with her. It's a long story.

CHERYL

Try me.

(CONTINUED)

GRANT

Alright. Well you that picture on my desk?

CHERYL

The one with the redhead?

GRANT

Yeah. Well me and her used to be serious. I saw myself being with her for the rest of my life.

CHERYL

What happened?

GRANT

We...

A pause as Grant takes a second to think and let his eyes wander into the distance.

GRANT

We just didn't work out.

Another pause as Cheryl looks earnestly at Grant, who tries to avoid eye contact.

GRANT

(speaking faster and a bit louder now)

And after we end, she goes and starts dating my brother! My own brother three months after! And after all we've been through. You know, I've known her since I was five...

Cheryl simply looks at him endearingly, and Grant goes on a bit more calmly.

GRANT

I know, what's this got to do with my mother, right? Well, both her and my father, they go and support Jimmy, saying that you can't control true love - that they were meant to be and that's why I couldn't be upset. I say that if it had been true love, it wouldn't have happened two years after Richelle and I started going out. That it wouldn't have happened eighteen years after Jimmy and her met, but they wouldn't listen.

(CONTINUED)

He sighs.

GRANT

Things got out of hand, we fought,
and I left. Haven't talked to them
since.

CHERYL

How long has it been?

GRANT

I don't know. Almost two years, i
guess.

After a moment, Cheryl responds...

CHERYL

Does it still... affect you?

GRANT

What? My parents? I'm just
disappointed that they would take
his side on this without a second
thought about my feelings or even a
word of warning to Jimmy.

CHERYL

I'm sure they're not taking sides.
I know they still love you.

GRANT

Love has nothing to do with it.
They just don't have the respect to
at least reason it out, and that's
what upsets me.

CHERYL

Should you really let that stand in
the way of your relationship with
them? Not everyone is lucky enough
to have two loving parents.

Grant remains expressionless but listens.

CHERYL

I wouldn't be working for you if my
father hadn't died when I was in
college.

GRANT

(surprised)

I had no idea. I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CHERYL

It's okay... It's been a few years.
Besides, everything in life has a
way of working out to be good in
the end.

GRANT

(with a sincere smile)
That's right. Now I have the best
personal assistant in the world.

FAD TO:

13 INT. GRANT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grant is at home sitting on his bed in his pajamas.

His phone is in his hand, and his mother's number is on the
screen.

He holds it for a second before bringing his thumb closer to
the call button.

Just before pressing it, he stops and tosses the the phone
onto his bed.

He gets up walks into his bathroom from where we hear sounds
of his mucous-clearing and grunting again.

FADE TO:

14 INT. GRANT'S MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Cheryl is seated behind her desk working on her computer
when the phone rings. It is Jillian Denning again:

CHERYL

Dr. Denning's office. Cheryl
speaking.

JILLIAN (OS)

Hello Cheryl, it's Jillian Denning
again. Is Grant in?

CHERYL

Hold on one sec, let me see if he's
done with his patient yet.

Cheryl puts the headset down and walks over to Grant's
private office.

15 INT. GRANT'S MAIN OFFICE - DAY

As Cheryl walks in, she sees Grant holding the picture of Richelle and him.

He puts it back when she enters and looks up at her.

CHERYL
Your mother is on the line.

GRANT
What does she want?

CHERYL
She didn't say.

GRANT
Tell her I'm not in.

CHERYL
I already told her you were here.

GRANT
Well then tell her I'm busy.

CHERYL
Grant. You can't keep avoiding her.
Just take the call.

GRANT
I don't want to.

CHERYL
(with motherly sternness)
You're acting like a child. Just
take the call.

GRANT
(sighing)
Fine. Patch her through.

Cheryl exits and soon, Grant's phone rings.

GRANT
(solemn)
Hello, mom.

JILLIAN
(cheery)
Hi grant! How are you?

JILLIAN is seated on a chair next to her dining table in her sunny home in Pasadena reminiscent of an Italian villa. She

(CONTINUED)

is 53 but her age doesn't show as her shoulder length brunette hair still shines with luster. Dressed in fashionable, yet age-appropriate attire, she has an array of papers and materials in front of her.

*We shift from Grant to Jillian and back as they speak.

GRANT (OS)

I'm fine. What do you want?

JILLIAN

(sighs)

I want to know how you're doing. I haven't talked to you in over a year. How are you?

GRANT

I'm fine mom. What's this about?

JILLIAN

How's the office? Patients keeping you busy?

GRANT

The office is doing fine. Patients are fine too.

JILLIAN

Well, that's good. I hope you're still healthy. It's not acting up is it?

GRANT

No, mom. I'm fine. Why did you really call.

JILLIAN

Well, I wanted to invite you over for an engagement party! It's in two weeks, and I would love to see you again.

GRANT

(showing more interest)

Who's getting married?

JILLIAN

Well, um... he proposed to her in such a cute way! He tied the ring to a string of balloons and floated it up to her. It was the sweetest thing, really!

(CONTINUED)

GRANT
MOM. Who's getting married?

JILLIAN (OS)
Jimmy and Richelle.

Grant says nothing, but his facial expression darkens.

JILLIAN
I know it would mean so much to
both of them if you could make it.

GRANT
No.

JILLIAN
At least think about it. You used
to be such good friends.

16 INT. GRANT'S MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Cheryl is working on her computer when Grant erupts. She can hear him clearly outside.

GRANT (OS)
Good friends!? GOOD FRIENDS!? If we
were such good friends, they
wouldn't have stabbed me in the
back like that!

Cheryl looks up and sees some of the waiting patients looking concerned. She rushes to Grant's office.

17 INT. GRANT'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Grant continues shouting:

GRANT
If they were such good friends,
they wouldn't have kept it a secret
from me!

Cheryl walks into the room, and she catches Grant's eye.

Grant's expression changes from anger to slight embarrassment, and he tones down his voice.

GRANT
I have to go. Goodbye.

Grant hangs up the phone and looks up at Cheryl.

(CONTINUED)

CHERYL
Are you alright?

GRANT
(short sigh)
Yeah... I'm going to skip out on
lunch today.

FADE TO:

18 INT. GRANT'S HOME - NIGHT

Grant is sitting in his living room dressed in casual clothes. The room is a large homely space with leather couches and a large TV, luxurious carpet, and a dark cherry wood theme.

He is on the couch looking through an album of photographs. There are childhood pictures of him with Richelle and Jimmy, childhood pictures of him with Jillian and FRANK (his father), college pictures of him with Richelle, - none recent.

He holds up a picture of two young boys, obviously brothers, with a redhead girl (Grant, Jimmy, and Richelle) and sits looking through the rest of the album.

Before making it through all the photos, he gets up, grabs his keys off the table, and leaves.

19 EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Grant pulls up to a bar, looks up at the sign that reads "Bar", sighs and walks in.

20 INT. BAR - NIGHT

The bar is a simple place meant for drinking. It has a large wooden counter with stools lined up and a couple booths behind the stools. Definitely not trendy.

There are a couple people there, but it is mostly empty.

Grant walks up to a stool and orders a Crown on the Rocks from the BARTENDER.

He pulls out his wallet full of cash to pay.

FADE TO:

21 INT. BAR - LATER

A few drinks later, Grant's wallet lies on the counter, it is out of money. Grant sighs and gets up. Obviously too drunk to really function.

Grant starts walking to the door, but his vision is blurry. He has to hold onto the counter and use the stools to help him make it to the door.

He pushes it open and walks out.

22 EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Grant continues to walk towards the place his car is parked.

He reaches a car, but doesn't realize it is not his. He presses the unlock button and his car further down lights up, but he doesn't notice.

He tries to open the door of this wrong car, but it won't budge.

He tries his key in the key whole, but he can't get it in.

He stops, leans over further, then turns his back to the door and collapses to the ground with his back against the door.

After a couple seconds, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out his phone. He stumbles through it, but eventually dials a number and puts the phone against his head.

GRANT

Cheryl...

FADE TO:

23 EXT. GRANT'S HOME - NIGHT

Cheryl pulls up to Grant's house with him in the passenger seat.

She exits the car and runs to the other side of the car to help Grant out.

He is sluggish and heavy, but she gets him out and makes it to the front door with his arm hung over her shoulders.

CHERYL

Where are your keys?

Grant shuffles through his pocket and fishes out his keys and hands them to Cheryl, who opens the door and leads him in.

24 INT. GRANT'S HOME - NIGHT

Cheryl helps Grant to his couch, and he flops down on it.

She pulls his shoes off and sits down on the coffee table with a sigh.

CHERYL
Are you going to be alright?

GRANT
(almost unintelligible)
No, I'm fine. I'm fine...

CHERYL
I'll get you some water.

Cheryl leaves for a few seconds and returns with a cup of water, which she hands to Grant.

Grant takes it and sips some while spilling some all over him too.

As he drinks, Cheryl notices the photos of his childhood spread out on the table.

Cheryl quickly takes the cup back before Grant spills it all.

She chuckles a little.

GRANT
What?

CHERYL
(smiling)
Nothing. It's just I've never seen you like this.

GRANT
You're so nice to me.

CHERYL
It's my job.

GRANT
(trying to sit up slowly)
No really. I don't deserve it. You are always there for me.

(CONTINUED)

Cheryl is taken aback, but remains silent. Her gaze at Grant is one full of love, but she does not act on it.

GRANT
You're amazing. Why do you put up
with me?

Cheryl is about to speak, but before she can, Grant starts coughing violently.

His cough turns into vomit, and he spills most of the alcohol he consumed onto the carpet.

He lies back again, but his coughing continues.

GRANT
Get my inhaler from the bathroom!

Cheryl quickly runs to grab it as Grant continues coughing and having difficulty breathing.

25 INT. GRANT'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cheryl rummages through the drawers looking for the inhaler frantically.

She tries one, but doesn't find it.

Grant shouts from the other room:

GRANT
(coughing)
It's in the drawer!

She tries another and in the third one, she finds it.

She grabs it and rushes out.

26 INT. GRANT'S HOME - NIGHT

Cheryl returns.

CHERYL
(handing him the inhaler)
Here, take it!

But just as she is about to hand him his inhaler, he coughs and vomits up blood all over his chest.

He starts hyperventilating.

Cheryl reaches for the phone immediately and dials 911.

CHERYL
 (frantic)
 Hello. I need an ambulance
 immediately...

FADE TO:

27 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Grant is asleep on a hospital bed in a private room and Cheryl is asleep on a chair next to it.

Cheryl wakes up and sees Grant sound asleep.

She goes up to him and places her hand on his forehead, giving him a loving look.

She leans down and kisses his forehead, but he remains asleep.

She leaves.

FADE TO:

28 INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Grant wakes up to Dr. Patel standing beside his bed.

 DR. PATEL
 Good morning. How are you feeling?

 GRANT
 Where am I?

 DR. PATEL
 You're at the hospital. You had quite a few things going on with you last night.

 GRANT
 What happened?

 DR. PATEL
 Well, first of all. No one should be drinking that much. You're a doctor; you should know better.

Grant makes an almost inaudible groan.

Dr. Patel turns and grabs a needle and tube to draw some blood.

(CONTINUED)

DR. PATEL
And you of all people. With your
cystic fibrosis. You know how
dangerous that is.

GRANT
(sighing slightly)
I know...

DR. PATEL
Well, you're lucky to be alive. I
can release you right now, but I
need to test you for some things.

Dr. Patel draws a tube-full of blood from his arm, and then
slips on his stethoscope.

He places the end on Grant's chest.

DR. PATEL
Breathe in.

Grant obliges.

DR. PATEL
Breathe out.

Grant exhales.

DR. PATEL
Good, thank you. Alright I will
need to set up a follow up
appointment with you, but you are
okay to go for now...

FADE TO:

29 INT. GRANT'S MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Grant walks into work refreshed. Cheryl is at her desk as
usual, and there are a larger number of patients waiting to
be checked.

Grant walks up to Cheryl and grabs his daily schedule.

CHERYL
Are you okay?

GRANT
Yeah, fine. Just give me a couple
minutes before sending in the first
patient.

He walks into his office smiling at the patients waiting for him patiently.

30 INT. GRANT'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Grant slumps into his chair and takes a deep breath before browsing through the schedule that Cheryl had ready for him.

Cheryl walks in soon after him.

CHERYL
Feeling better?

GRANT
Yeah, you can send in the first patient.

CHERYL
Alright. By the way. Your mother called again.

Grant sighs heavily.

CHERYL
You should call her back.

Grant just looks at her in slight disbelief.

CHERYL
I know you still love them. Tey're your family.

A pause.

CHERYL
Don't your memories and good times with them merit at least this much?

Grant looks like he is about to say something but then reconsiders.

A moment passes without movement. Cheryl keeps eye contact with Grant.

Grant gives out a deep sigh.

GRANT
Does it really bother you so much?

CHERYL
(a bit cheeky)
Yes. And unless you call back, I'm quitting.

(CONTINUED)

GRANT
(laughing lightly)
Alright, alright...

He looks over to the picture of him and Richelle on his desk as his expression shows determination.

GRANT
I'll do it. Everything will be
right again.