

No Sweat  
by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

JEFFERY ALAN FARREL (34) medium height, medium build, blond hair, drives his new red BMW Z4, top down, through back country roads.

The manufacturer's sticker still on the back window.

A rear bumper sticker reads: "JUST DIVORCED AND LOVING IT."

It's a warm, sunny spring day, hair flying in the breeze, radio blasting something off a classic rock station, he puts his new car through its paces.

He increases the speed, to keep up with the driving beat of the pounding sub-woofer.

Keeping the beat, he drums the steering wheel with his hands.

-Fifty -Sixty. Gravel kicks up as he streaks past a cow, with it's head draped over a fence.

He passes a road sign laying in the grass. It had been knocked down sometime earlier.

The paved road abruptly turns into dirt and takes a sharp turn to the left.

Jeffery, both hands on the wheel, attempts to steer through the turn but his high rate of speed doesn't allow it.

The car, goes through a guard rail, leaves the road and briefly becomes airborne, before it hits a huge oak tree.

The impact drives Jeffery's body into the steering wheel, past the airbag, through the windshield and half-way out of the car.

EXT. WOODED GLEN - DAY

The car comes to rest in front of an old oak tree, several feet off the road.

His legs are draped over the steering wheel, his lower torso rests across the broken windshield and the upper part of his body is on the hood of his new Z4.

The front of the car is now shaped into a perfect VEE, partially wrapped around the trunk of a tree.

Small droplets of blood trickle down his forehead and several minor cuts can be seen on both arms.

He has no other visible injuries.

The airbag is off to the side, partially deflated.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

What happened?

He lays there motionless.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

I have to get up. Hey, what is this? My arms won't move. I can't move anything. Mouth won't move. What the...

He loses consciousness. The scene becomes eerily quiet.

MOMENTS LATER:

He stirs.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

Okay. Where am I? Oh yeah, the accident. Then it wasn't a dream.

The wind rustles the leaves on the trees and small birds chirp.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

I still can't move. I hear birds. I can hear. My right cheek is on the hood. I can't move my head or blink but I can hear.

Jeffery cries out but no sounds come from his mouth. The only sounds, he hears, are in his mind.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

Help. Help me. Where is everybody? Somebody please help me.

Small plumes of smoke begin to rise from the wreck.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

I smell smoke. Shit. This whole thing is going to blow. Get me out of here.

A young girl, (12) with her dog, comes from around the bend. She stops, sees Jeffery's car, off the road and down in a glen.

She looks, then turns and runs. Her dog leads the way, as they race back to the farmhouse in the distance.

Out of breath she bursts into the house.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

PARLOR:

GIRL

Daddy, daddy come quick, there's been an accident down at the bend.

Her FATHER, 40's, on a step-ladder, hanging a picture.

He throws the hammer on the floor, jumps off the ladder and runs out the door.

He takes short gulps of air while he runs and talks at the same time.

FATHER

Show me -exactly where.

GIRL

It's right up here Daddy. At the bend, like I said.

MOMENTS LATER:

They both arrive, out of breath.

EXT. WOODED GLEN - DAY

Father quickly surveys the scene from the road.

A peaceful quiet tree-shaded glen, contrasted by a red BMW Z4 wrapped around a tree with the driver halfway out of the car and puffs of steam rising from the radiator.

FATHER

You stay here. I'm going down.

The girl stays back with her dog, watching her father, with a look of anticipation on her face.

Father reaches the wreck.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

I hear something. Thank God. Someone is here. Help me. Please... I can hear you but I can't turn my head.

She watches Father touch his wrist, then his neck.

Father stands next to the wreck and pulls a cell phone from his pocket. He begins to punch in numbers.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

Finally. He's calling for help. Thank you mister. Thank you.

The phone rings and the DISPATCHER answers.

INTERCUT - FATHER AT SCENE/DISPATCHER AT POLICE H.Q.

DISPATCHER

9-1-1, What's your emergency?

FATHER

There's been an accident out here on Shadyside Rd. It's on the bend, just north of the old Farnsworth House.

DISPATCHER

Anyone hurt?

FATHER

One person. The driver. I can't get a pulse.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

Noooo. I have a pulse. I'm alive. I'm alive. Tell her I'm alive, dammit.

DISPATCHER

I'll scramble a First-Aid crew. They should be there in about twenty.

Father hangs up and waits.

MOMENTS LATER:

JEFFERY (V.O.)

I hear a siren. They're here. They will know I'm alive. That farmer doesn't know shit. Dead?... How could I be dead?

First-Aid crew arrives.

Two crew members immediately pull a gurney from the back of the rig and roll it down to the wreck.

They attempt to get vitals. Flat. No response.

Crewman #1 looks over at CREWMAN #2 and shakes his head.

He begins to put instruments back in his bag.

CREWMAN #1

He's gone.

CREWMAN #2

His eyes are open.

CREWMAN #1

You never saw that before?

CREWMAN #2

No.

CREWMAN #1

You're new. You'll see it a lot. When someone dies instantly, like this guy probably did, sometimes their eyes stay open.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

What are you guys talking about? I'm not dead. Can't you see I'm alive? I didn't die, you ass-holes.

CREWMAN #1

Lets get him in the rig.

They put him on a gurney and strap him down. He makes the bumpy ride up to the First-Aid Truck.

In the b.g. a siren can be heard.

A police cruiser arrives.

On the side of the police car is painted in bold lettering: "MONROE COUNTY SHERIFF."

SHERIFF walks up to the First-Aid rig just before they slide Jeffery in the back.

SHERIFF

Hold on there boys. I have to get some I.D. off this guy. Make some phone calls.

Two crewmen stand on one side of the gurney and the sheriff on the other.

They talk across Jeffery's body, while he lies between them.

CREWMAN #1

No problem sheriff. We're in no hurry.  
This guy bought the farm, down there,  
when he hit that tree.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

You jerks, look down at me. Check me  
again. I'm not dead. I can't move. Maybe  
my finger. I'll try to move my finger. I  
can't. It won't move. But I'm alive.

The sheriff finds Jeffery's wallet and begins to go  
through it..

SHERIFF

Let's see who this guy was.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

Is... Not was, you dummy.... Is... Who  
this guy... Is?

Sheriff pulls out his Driver's License.

SHERIFF

Lets see here... Jeffery Alan Farrel, 126  
Mayberry Ct., over in Centerville.  
Thirty-Four years old.

Sheriff goes through some business cards and then finds a  
emergency contact phone number.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Says here, in case of emergency contact  
Wife-LAURA FARREL at 453-8976.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

No. No. She's not my wife anymore, we got  
divorced a month ago. She'll be no help.

Sheriff pulls out his cell phone. Punches in the number.

Phone rings, a man answers.

INTERCUT - SHERIFF AT ACCIDENT SCENE/LAURA'S APARTMENT

MAN

Hello.

SHERIFF

I'm looking for a Laura Farrel.

MAN

Laura, it's for you.

LAURA

Hello?

SHERIFF

Is this Laura... Mrs. Laura Farrel?

LAURA

Who is this?

SHERIFF

This is the Monroe County Sheriff's Department calling.

LAURA

I'm no longer a Farrel. It's Laura MacMillan now. The divorce went through last month. Thank God.

SHERIFF

Mrs. Farrel, er MacMillan, this number was in Jeffery's wallet. It listed you as a number to call, in case of an emergency, so I called.

LAURA

Emergency? Did another jealous husband take a shot at him? Don't tell me they're pulling buck-shot out of his ass again.

SHERIFF

No ma'am. Jeffery was in a automobile accident... and I'm afraid he didn't make it.

LAURA

He's dead? Is this a joke, or something? Are you sure? That bum would do anything to get out of paying me alimony.

SHERIFF

I'm quite sure Mrs. Far... MacMillan. I'm standing over him right now.

LAURA

Was there a twenty year old blonde in the front seat with him?

SHERIFF

No, just him.

LAURA

Too bad they weren't holding hands.

SHERIFF

Ma'am... I have to know what you want me to do with his body.

LAURA

Look sheriff, that bum cheated on me so many times, I wouldn't give a shit if you put him in a trash liner and out at the curb on garbage day.

SHERIFF

I have to have some official word from the next of kin. If you can't help me, at least, give me the name of a family member that can?

LAURA

He has none. I'm it. Or at least I was it. He once told me about an uncle in Alaska but that was when we first met.

SHERIFF

So it's up to you. Do you have any final instructions, besides the trash liner thing?

LAURA

Wait, let me think... I remember him telling me once, he wanted to be cremated. Yeah, that's it, cremate the bum.

SHERIFF

Okay. I'll tell them at the Medical Examiner's Office what your wishes are.

LAURA

I have to hang up now. I have a two o'clock appointment at the beauty shop. Tony's taking me out to dinner tonight. Gotta run. Bye.

Sheriff hangs up.

SHERIFF

Okay boys, load him up. They can deal with him downtown.

They put a sheet over his face.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

No... Not a white sheet over my face. Now I can't see anything.

They lift up the gurney and slide it in the back of the ambulance.

The ambulance drives away.

The Sheriff stays to direct a tow truck, now on the scene.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Sign on the front lawn of the building reads: "MONROE COUNTY MEDICAL EXAMINER."

The ambulance backs up to a loading dock in the rear of the building.

HALLWAY:

JEFFERY (V.O.)

What is this? Where Am I. They're pushing me somewhere. Is this the hospital?

The CORONER pushes the gurney the rest of the way.

He stops at a set of double doors.

Above the double doors is a sign: "AUTOPSY SUITE #1."

He pushes a button and the doors open.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

JEFFERY (V.O.)

Brrrrr. It's cold in here. Wish they would pull this sheet off my face, so I can see where I am.

Coroner walks over to an intercom on the wall and presses a button.

CORONER

JOHN, will you come in here please.

An old man comes through the double doors.

Coroner points to the gurney.

CORONER (CONT'D)

Will you help me get him on the table please.

JOHN

Sure doc.

They transfer Jeffery to a table.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

Finally the sheet comes off. Now a bright light hits me right in the eyes. I can't blink and it hurts my eyes. I can't see a thing. Now I'm blinded by this stupid light.

The Coroner rolls a tray of instruments into place.

He tests the foot pedal that activates the power tools.

First the saw. A loud buzzing sound.

Then the whirring sound of a power drill.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

Jesus... I'm not in the Emergency Room, this is the Morgue. That's the sound of an autopsy about to start. My autopsy. Help me, I can't move. Somebody, anybody... Help.

The Coroner puts a white gown on and walks over to the sink.

He washes thoroughly and dons surgical mask and gloves.

Returns to Jeffery.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

Where is he? What is doing? I here water running. He's over me now. Oh God noooo.

The Coroner scribbles some notes on his clip-board.

Scalpel in hand, he is about to make his initial, Y-incision on Jeffery's chest.

The phone rings.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

What was that? The phone. Thank God.

He puts the knife down and answers the phone.

CORONER

Yes.  
 (pause)  
 I was about to.  
 (pause)  
 Not necessary.  
 (pause)  
 Okay... Bye.

He walks over to the intercom on the wall..

CORONER (CONT'D)

John. Can you come in here again?

John enters.

CORONER (CONT'D)

Let's get him in a body bag and into the locker. There won't be an autopsy today.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

Did I hear right? There is no autopsy. They realized their mistake and are coming to get me. Some heads will roll for this mistake. Thank God, I was caught in time. I'm suing somebody.

They get a body bag and begin to slide Jeffery into it.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

Hey... What's this, a body bag?

INT. BODY BAG - DAY

Dark and damp inside.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

It's hot in this thing. No... Don't zip it up. Now I can't see a thing. This must be the locker they were talking about. It's getting cold.

ONE HOUR LATER:

They remove Jeffery from the locker.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM #1 - DAY

JEFFERY (V.O.)

Thank God, the doctors are here. It was cold in there. At least now they will know what they're doing.

Two men in black suits appear and hand the Coroner a clipboard to sign.

He signs and hands it back.

HALLWAY:

They begin to wheel Jeffery out of the autopsy room and down the corridor.

LOADING DOCK:

Through another set of double doors and onto a loading platform.

The gurney collapses into a stretcher and loaded into a hearse.

On the side of the hearse is a chrome nameplate that reads: "BARKER-CLARK CREMATORIUM."

JEFFERY (V.O.)

Finally, I'm going to the Emergency Room. That's where I should have gone in the first place. They will find out why I can't move any parts of my body.

EXT. BRICK BUILDING - DAY

The hearse arrives at a plain, nondescript, one story brick building. It has an unusually large smoke stack in the rear.

Outside is a small sign: "BARKER-CLARK FUNERAL SERVICES."

They pull around the back.

The two men unload the gurney, slide it through a door, down a corridor and into a huge room.

Above the door is a sign: "CREMATORIUM - STAFF ONLY."

CREMATORY CHAMBER:

One end of the room has a conveyer, leading to a heavy cast-iron door, equipped with a small tempered glass window for viewing.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

Finally, the hospital. Get me out of this bag.

The two men work together removing Jeffery from the body bag.

JEFFERY (V.O.)  
 Hey... What is this? This ain't a hospital. What's that roaring sound?

Both men stand over Jeffery.

MAN #1  
 Look at this guy. Aside from that bump on his head, there's not a scratch on him.

MAN #2  
 What a shame. Looks young too.

JEFFERY (V.O.)  
 These guys are putting me on some kind of rolling thing. Feels like a conveyer.

MAN #1  
 Okay... Just hold him there for a couple minutes. I have to crank up the heat.

JEFFERY (V.O.)  
 Whoa... Crank up the heat. This is a crematorium. No. No. No. Ahaaaaaaaaaaaaa.

MAN #2  
 While we're waiting, I'll slide him closer to the door. Okay?

MAN #1  
 Don't get him too close. You'll singe his hair. You know how that smells.

MAN #2  
 Yeah, remember when Mister Clark chewed us out for burning that woman with the big mop of hair. Room stunk for a week.

Jeffery screams -but he knows only his mind can hear it.

JEFFERY (V.O.)  
 Hey. I'm too close to the door. It's hot. Somebody do something. I don't want to die. Help. For God's sake, someone help me.

MAN #1  
 Check this out, man... Look at this guy. Is he sweating?

JEFFERY (V.O.)

Ya goddam right I'm sweating. It's hot laying so close to this door.

MAN #2

You're right. Look... Beads of perspiration. Holy shit. This guy is alive, man. Call Mister Clark quick.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

Thank you lord. Thank you. If it wasn't for those beads of sweat...

MISTER CLARK comes running into the room.

MISTER CLARK

What is it?

MAN #1

We were about to roll this guy in, when we noticed he was perspiring. He still is. Look.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

Of course I'm sweating you ass-holes. You would too if you were about to be cremated.

MISTER CLARK

Get him on a stretcher and over to the hospital, immediately. I'll call and let them know you're coming.

They quickly load Jeffery onto a gurney and race through the halls toward the back door.

They load him into a hearse and make the short trip to the hospital.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The hearse pulls up to the emergency entrance. A team of doctor's and nurse's emerge, with oxygen bottles, IV's and a rolling table.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

This is what I prayed for. Screw you Laura. Bet you thought I was dead, when that sheriff called you, huh.

HALL:

They run him down the hall and into a trauma room.

TRAUMA ROOM:

A complete circle of professionals surround the table he's on.

Doctor's bark out orders to Nurse's.

Nurse's bark out orders to assistants.

Instruments beeping. Machines buzzing.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

Ha. Ha. Ha. I'm going to live. If I could move my lips, you would see a big smile on my face. They will find out what's wrong with me. Give me some pills and send me home. I'll make a million after this is over.

CARDIOLOGIST yells.

CARDIOLOGIST

Nurse, we're losing him.

JEFFERY (V.O.)

Doc. I have this stabbing pain in my chest.

Machine flat-lines. A continuous buzz is now heard in the room.

The team goes into crisis mode.

They pound his chest.

Get back. They attempt to jump-start him with paddles.

MOMENTS LATER:

CARDIOLOGIST

That's it. We did what we could. Guess the thought of almost being cremated took its toll on his heart.

They all step back.

They begin to roll up wires, push monitors back against the walls and generally clean up around the table.

Moments later, a nurse pauses to feel Jeffery's forehead.

NURSE

He's ice-cold. This time it's for real...  
There's NO SWEAT.

FADE OUT.