

All That You Love Will Be Carried Away

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based on the short story by Stephen King

8 July 2021
Second Draft

INT. UNKNOWN DARK SPACE

The screen is dark. Distant FOOTSTEPS and voices are audible but too muffled to be understood. The FOOTSTEPS get louder as the unknown character gets close. A bright light shines across the screen as a door is opened, revealing that we are inside the boot of a car. ALFIE ZIMMER, a travelling salesman begins to load his merchandise into the boot of the car, stored inside worn cardboard boxes. Upon loading in his last box ALFIE sits on the edge of the open boot and takes a big lungful of air. We hear the WIND and BIRDS WHISTLING underscored by the distant sound of TRAFFIC on the motorway. ALFIE reaches in his jacket pocket and pulls out a small bottle of pills. He takes one, swallowing it without water and places the bottle back inside of his pocket. ALFIE stands up and shuts the boot.

INT. FRONT OF CAR - DAY - MOVING

ALFIE drives along the motorway, eyes fixed on the road ahead. He is on autopilot.

ALFIE (V.O.)
The road is a living thing.

Bridges pass over head, obscuring the grey sky.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
Constantly moving

Cars speed past interweaving intricately .

ALFIE (CONT'D)
Growing

Builders shown working on road works.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
It is its own ecosystem. And like all living things, the road attracts parasites and disease, who suck the life out of it.

ALFIE is stuck in a traffic jam.

ALFIE (CONT'D)
Do you know what's the biggest cause of congestion? You would think that it would be accidents right? But it's not. It's other people slowing down to look at accidents. It's like in nature documentaries where you see the bird who throws her babies off of a cliff to teach them how to fly.
(MORE)

ALFIE (CONT'D)

Everyone thinks it's awful. Why do animals do that. Nature can be so cruel. But really, deep down, a small part of us all, doesn't want the bird to fly. We want to see it plummet straight into the ground. Every person has that bloodlust. That is the true nature of man.

INT. SERVICE STATION FOOD COURT - DAY

ALFIE sits in the middle of a bustling food court in a modern service station.

ALFIE (V.O.)

I live my life on the road. No matter how far I go, it never changes. Not really. Sometimes I find comfort in that. The familiarity.

INT. SERVICE STATION RESTROOM

ALFIE faces directly into the camera. He is sat on the toilet, trousers around his ankles.

ALFIE (V.O.)

It can be a lonely life. A lot of the time, it's just me and my thoughts.

ALFIE spots something on the closed cubicle door.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

However, when I see a long forgotten message from a fellow weary traveller. I remember none of us are ever really alone.

The back of the cubicle door is plastered in graffiti. In the centre of the scribbles, written in striking white marker is the message: ALL THAT YOU LOVE WILL BE CARRIED AWAY.

FADE OUT:

TITLE CARD:

ACT I

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING BUSY MOTORWAY - EVENING

Leaning against the hood of his car, ALFIE is scrawling into a battered notebook. He writes in big bold letters; ALL THAT YOU LOVE WILL BE CARRIED AWAY.

He puts the notebook into the inside pocket of his jacket and pulls out his phone from his trouser pocket. He makes a call, but only gets through to voicemail.

MAYA (VOICEMAIL)

Hello, you've reached the voicemail of Maya Zimmer. I can't answer the phone right now so please leave a message after the beep *BEEP*

ALFIE

(Watching the cars below) Hey Maya, it's me again. Just on my way to Bristol for the week. Apparently this company is on the verge of a big order but I need to go and tie up some loose ends. Once that's all set (hesitantly) I'll be on my way home. Tell Carlene that Daddy says hello and that I'll be home soon.

Hanging up the phone, ALFIE gets into the car and pulls off.

EXT. CHEAP HOTEL - NIGHT

ALFIE's car pulls into a parking spot outside the hotel.

ALFIE (V.O.)

I live my life out of this suitcase. Travelling from hotel to hotel.

He gets out of the car and unloads his luggage. His wheels suitcase RATTLES along the concrete.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

ALFIE walks down the corridor.

ALFIE (V.O.)

I know the room before I unlock the door. I have slept in one identical to it on and off for years. It is completely square with white walls. A single bed, the sheets pulled tight over the pillow like a small corpse. The table next to the bed with a Gideon bible and a phone - normally flesh coloured sometimes a dark green if you were in a particularly fancy place.

(MORE)

ALFIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There is the customary plastic electric kettle with packets of instant coffee and those little tubs of white liquid that they tell you is milk. Then you have the bathroom, where when you turn on the light, the fan turns on to. If you want the light, you get the fan, there is no way around it. The light itself will be the fluorescent kind, with the ghosts of dead flies inside.

He unlocks the door to his room, struggling with the stiff handle for a second. The room is claustrophobically small, with a single bed, TV and en suite toilet and shower cubicle. Just as he described.

ALFIE
(Muttered under his breath) the room of my dreams.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He lifts his suitcase onto the bed and unzips it, ready to unpack. On top of his luggage is a letter with the heading: NOTE OF REDUNDANCY. ALFIE scrunches the letter and throws it towards the bin. It bounces off the edge. He unpacks the rest of the case. Removing old brochures, empty pill bottles and folded clothes. A small GUN is at the bottom of the case. ALFIE places the gun onto the bedside table on top of the Gideon bible. He removes his jacket, loosens his tie and unbuttons the top of his shirt. Sitting on the bed, he grabs the remote and turns on the TV.

NEWS PRESENTER
(Coming from TV) Two people were killed today in what experts believe to be an attack from a dog suffering from a new strain of Rabies. In other news we talk to the parents of the latest child to go missing in what is now becoming a worrying trend. All of that and more to come on the 10 o' clock ne... *CLICK*

ALFIE turns the TV off before the NEWS PRESENTER has time to finish. He reaches for his gun caressing the handle. He looks at the bible. Placing the gun next to him on the bed, he picks up the bible instead.

ALFIE
(Beginning to thumb through the bible) Come on. Now's your chance. Gimme some divine intervention.

Just as he finishes speaking he notices something written where the bible was placed. He takes a closer look. In black marker he reads: GOD DOESN'T EXIST JESUS TOLD ME.

ALFIE
(looking towards the ceiling) Not
exactly what I was thinking.

He gets up and rummages through his discarded jacket's pockets.

ALFIE
(Pulling out his notebook) A
worthy final entry though.

ALFIE sits at the small desk in the corner of the room, turns on the lamp and begins to write down the latest entry. The Landline next to the bed begins to RING. Walking across the room ALFIE picks up the phone.

ALFIE
(Confused) Hello?

THE MAN ON THE PHONE
Hello, is this Alfie Zimmer?

ALFIE
Speaking.

THE MAN ON THE PHONE
Hi Alfie, my name's Daniel
Sanders. I work for Big Dream
Publishing. I believe you sent us
a pitch for a book a couple of
weeks ago?

ALFIE
I did yes. Honestly, I didn't
think you were going to get back
to me.

DANIEL (THE MAN ON THE PHONE)
Yes I'm sorry about that. As I'm
sure you can understand we get
sent lots of manuscripts everyday
and we like to treat each one
with the same care and attention.

ALFIE
Yes of course

DANIEL
Anyway Alfie, let's talk about
your book. I'm going to cut to
the chase. Normally we wouldn't
be too interested in non fiction
right now, as they simply don't
sell half as well as fiction.
(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

But your book really stood out.
The combination of the graffiti
you have collected throughout
your travels and your own
incredible life story really took
our breath away.

ALFIE doesn't know what to say and stares in disbelief.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

We want to publish this book and
speaking to my colleagues we feel
an advance of around £40,000
should be fairly reasonable?

ALFIE

(Overwhelmed) Yes, that all
sounds great. I'm sorry I
honestly don't know what to say.
Between you and me, I actually
lost my job last week. I hadn't
even told my wife that yet! It's
kind of funny now, and I can't
believe I am actually saying this
now, but I was actually planning
to kill myself tonight. (Almost
hysteric) can you believe that?
I've got this old GUN that my
Grandfather left me when he
passed away, He collected war
memorabilia you see, I taught my
self how to recommission it with
a video I found on the internet.
I was going to use it to blow my
brains out. How fucking dramatic
right! That's why I'm staying at
this hotel right now actually. My
daughter is only 6 you see, I
couldn't risk her memories of me
to be tainted by finding Daddy's
dead body. In fact thinking about
it, how did you know where I was
staying? I don't remember
mentioning it in my letter?

ALFIE listens intently for DANIELS reply. Silence.

ALFIE

Hello? Mr Sanders? Are you still
there?

THE MAN ON THE PHONE

Hello?

ALFIE

Ahh, thought I'd lost you there
for a second!

THE MAN ON THE PHONE
Sorry sir, this is the front desk. Is there anything I can help you with.

ALFIE
I was just on the phone to someone, we must have been cut off, would you be able to reconnect me?

THE MAN ON THE PHONE
I'm sorry sir but I think you must be mistaken. You rang through directly to the front desk about 30 seconds ago.

ALFIE
I'm sorry I... are you sure?

THE MAN ON THE PHONE
Yes sir. The only way incoming calls can be forwarded to the rooms is directly from the front desk and I've been here all evening.

ALFIE slowly comes to terms with what is happening. This isn't the first time his fantasies have crept into his reality. But this time was painful.

THE MAN ON THE PHONE
Sir are you still there? Is there anything else I can do to help? Hello?

FADE OUT:

TITLE CARD:

ACT II

INT. HOTEL ROOM BATHROOM - LATER

ALFIE splashes water on his face and looks in the mirror

ALFIE
(Muttering) You're delusional.
Let's just get this over with.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ALFIE walks through to the main room. He grabs his GUN from the bedside table and sits on the edge of the bed. He places the GUN underneath his chin, closing his eyes preparing to fire.

Hesitating he opens his eyes as if he has forgotten something. Still holding the GUN he reaches for the landline and dials. The phone rings out, again he gets through to voicemail.

MAYA (Voicemail)

Hello, you've reached the voicemail of Maya Zimmer. I can't answer the phone right now so please leave a message after the beep *BEEP*

ALFIE

Hey, it's me. I made it too Bristol. Remember the Lasagne you were going to take over to my Mother. And she was asking if you could bring her some more of those vouchers from the supermarket. I know you think she's crazy combing through those things, but humorous her okay? Tell Carlene that Daddy says hi. (Pause) I love you.

He puts the phone down and looks at the GUN still in his hand. As he raises it up and places the barrel in his mouth, another thought appears to cross his mind. Placing down this time. He dials the phone again. Voicemail again. He rolls his eyes as he listens to the message for the third time.

MAYA (VOICEMAIL)

Hello, you've reached the voicemail of Maya Zimmer. I can't answer the phone right now so please leave a message after the beep *BEEP*

ALFIE

Me again. Remember to take Rambo to his vet appointment the day after next and make sure you don't let him keep jumping up the bed, it's not good for his hips. Bye.

Lifting the GUN a final time ALFIE prepares to finally do what he came here for.

(Pause)

A KNOCK at the door. ALFIE opens one eye, waiting to see if they go away.

(Silence.)

He closes his eyes again ready to fire. Another KNOCK.

DETECTIVE
Police open up!

ALFIE anxiously looks for a place to hid the gun. He decides to place it underneath the pillow. More KNOCKS come from the door.

DETECTIVE
Mr Zimmer, we know you are in there. Open the door! Now!

ALFIE hesitantly opens the door. No one is there. He peaks his head out the doorway looking down the long empty corridor. He backs into his room closing the door behind him, he turns around to see his dead body spread across the bed, one arm hangs limply off the side, the GUN sits on the floor next to his limp hand. DETECTIVE MARLOWE and DETECTIVE PHILIPS walk past ALFIE and begin to examine the room.

DETECTIVE MARLOWE
(Holding a handkerchief to his nose) Jesus Christ.

DETECTIVE PHILIPS puts on some blue rubber gloves that he pulls from his pocket.

DETECTIVE PHILIPS
This is gotta be what... third suicide here in the last month?

DETECTIVE MARLOWE
At the very least yeah.

DETECTIVE PHILIPS
(looking at the decor) well, they are certainly attracting a specific clientele.

DETECTIVE PHILIPS crouches next to the gun

DETECTIVE PHILIPS
I don't think we are gonna need an autopsy to determine cause of death. Nice of the guy to save us some paperwork at least.

DETECTIVE MARLOWE is now also wearing blue gloves. Fishing through ALFIE'S jacket he pulls out his wallet.

DETECTIVE MARLOWE
(Pulling out a drivers license)
We gotta name. Alfie Zimmer.

DETECTIVE PHILIPS

The guy on the front desk said
the room was booked under John
Smith. Looks like Mr Zimmer
didn't want anyone to find him
before he had chance to...
(signals towards the body) you
know.

DETECTIVE MARLOWE

(lets out a half hearted laugh)
I'm pretty sure they get quite a
few John Smiths booking rooms at
a place like this.

DETECTIVE MARLOWE pulls a small polaroid out of the wallet.

DETECTIVE MARLOWE

Shit. Look at this.

He hands the picture to DETECTIVE PHILIPS

DETECTIVE MARLOWE

Looks like ALFIE ZIMMER had a
wife and a little girl.

DETECTIVE PHILIPS takes a long look at the picture and hands
it back to DETECTIVE PHILIPS. He walks towards the desk where
he spots ALFIE'S notebook. He picks it up and begins to skim
through.

DETECTIVE PHILIPS

(Unaware he is reading out load)
All that you love will be carried
away.

DETECTIVE MARLOWE

What was that?

DETECTIVE PHILIPS

All that you love will be carried
away. It's written in this
notebook.

Holding up the notebook for DETECTIVE MARLOWE to see.

DETECTIVE PHILIPS (CONT'D)

I would say this is Mr Zimmers
suicide note.

DETECTIVE MARLOWE

What the fuck does that even
mean?

DETECTIVE PHILIPS

I'm not sure. There's lots of
other things written in here too.
(MORE)

DETECTIVE PHILIPS (CONT'D)
(Reading from the notebook) God
doesn't exist, Jesus told me.
Don't chew trojan gum, it tastes
like rubber. Poopie doopie, you
so loopy...

DETECTIVE PHILIPS
Poopy what?

DETECTIVE MARLOWE
Poopie doopie, you so loopy. Not
exactly E.E. Cummings is it?
Either way I think it's pretty
clear what has happened here. Mr
Zimmer was clearly unstable.

DETECTIVE PHILIPS
A fucking nut job more like.

DETECTIVE MARLOWE
In other words. Let's get going,
we have some paperwork to fill
out.

The two Detectives begin to walk out of the room, continuing
to talk the conversation fades as they get further down the
hall.

DETECTIVE PHILIPS
If you get started on the
paperwork, I don't mind
contacting the wife.

DETECTIVE MARLOWE
Why so keen to tell the wife? You
normally hate that part?

DETECTIVE PHILIPS
I mean, did you see that picture?
The woman is attractive.

DETECTIVE MARLOWE
Jesus Christ. At least let the
woman grieve first.

As the door shuts, ALFIE walks over to the bed. Which is now
clearly empty. He sits down and starts to flip through his
notebook.

ALFIE
Forget everything else.
Collecting the graffiti in this
notebook has been my real work
these last years.

Feeling another presence ALFIE hears his own voice say;

DEAD ALFIE

They will all think you're crazy.

ALFIE looks up, still sitting on the edge of the bed. He sees himself standing before him. He looks identical except this ALFIE has a bullet wound at the side of his head and is covered in blood. This is DEAD ALFIE.

ALFIE

I'm not crazy.

DEAD ALFIE

Maybe not, but that book doesn't exactly support your argument does it?

Alfie looks down at the last couple of messages he has collected.

DEAD ALFIE (CONT'D)

It will follow Maya for the rest of her life. Every time she goes to the supermarket she'll hear them. (Mimicking gossipers) "did you hear about her husband? Killed himself in a hotel room".

ALFIE

(Muttered) Shut up.

DEAD ALFIE (CONT'D)

"Lucky her he didn't kill her. And their Daughter"

ALFIE stands up.

ALFIE

I would never hurt my family!

DEAD ALFIE has disappeared from where he was standing.

DEAD ALFIE (OFF SCREEN)

You may not want to hurt them, but that book will.

ALFIE turns to see DEAD ALFIE sitting in a chair on the other side of the room.

DEAD ALFIE (CONT'D)

That notebook is an embarrassment. If someone found that it would be like you accidentally hung yourself experimenting with a new way of jacking off, being found with your trousers off and shit on your ankles. We need to get rid of it.

ALFIE
(Contemplating how to get rid of
the notebook) I don't know...
I... I could flush it?

DEAD ALFIE
That won't work. You'll just end
up with your sleeves rolled up
trying to fish it out and unblock
the toilet.

ALFIE
I'll burn it then.

A loud alarm sound *RINGS* out. ALFIE covers his ears in pain.
DEAD ALFIE waves a towel at the fire alarm until it stops
making any noise.

DEAD ALFIE
That won't work either. We need
to hide it.

ALFIE walks across the room to a portrait hanging on the
wall. He lifts it and places the notebook under it.

DEAD ALFIE
Not safe enough. All it takes is
a cleaner polishing the frame or
a police officer looking for more
of those pills you knock back
like tic tacs and it will fall
out. It needs to be somewhere
they'll never find it.

FADE OUT:

TITLE CARD:

ACT III

EXT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY - NIGHT

ALFIE is walking alongside a busy road as cars zoom past. At
the end of the road he hops the fence and begins walking
through a field. He begins to walk up a steep hill
overlooking the cars as they drive past. He sits on the
ground, staring at the cars below. *WIND* rushes around him.

ALFIE (V.O.)
Happiness is not a luxury I have
been able to afford for as long
as I can remember. Sure there
have been moments.
(MORE)

ALFIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I could point to the hallmark moments of my life a man is supposed to say are his fondest memories; my wedding day, the day my daughter was born. But it's the smaller things that stand out the most to me. Like those Sunday mornings, waking up to a kiss from my wife and the smell of fresh coffee. Or that time Carlene knocked out one of her teeth running into a door frame and instead of crying she ran straight to me holding out her bloodied tooth proud that she would get her first visit from the tooth fairy. All of that seems like a lifetime ago now.

ALFIE reaches inside his jacket pocket and pulls out his notebook.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

(Looking through his notebook) If I am completely honest, this notebook is the closest thing to intimacy I have had in a long time.

ALFIE stands and raises the notebook up to his ear as he readies himself to throw it.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

That why I can't destroy it.

ALFIE lowers his arm, he has begun to cry without even realising.

ALFIE (CONT'D)

I can't go on living my life like this. Not one more day. That much I know. A shot in the mouth would be easier than any living change. I know that too. Far easier than struggling to write a book few people, if any at all, will read.

ALFIE raise his arm again. As he does so he hears a *PING* from his mobile phone. With his spare hand he pulls it out of his pocket. A notification telling him he has 5% battery left takes up the screen. He swipes it away to reveal a picture of ALFIE and his family. This gives ALFIE pause for thought. A final lifeline perhaps. He scrolls through his contacts and clicks to call his wife MAYA one more time. Holding the phone against his head it begins to *RING*

FADE OUT:

THE END