

THE ONLY WAY  
Draft #5

Written by

Tony Wilson

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trwilsonfilms1310@gmail.com

1

INT. JAMESON'S ROOM - NIGHT

1

The room is still. Dark. Quiet.

It's as if the air has been sucked out of the room; like a snuffed out life.

A warm orange light sits atop a nightstand and casts huge, dark shadows on the wall of the small room.

JAMESON lays sprawled out on the floor of his room: **alone**.

His glazed over eyes stare up through the ceiling to somewhere unseen.

The spider like veins in his eyes seem to reach out to try to cover his pupils.

There's a small, broken piece of plastic in his fingers. The plastic, jagged and bleeding, sits in his hands as a reminder.

He continues to lay there; his body frozen to the floor.

Nothing reaches him through **THE FOG**.

As he stares up to the ceiling, his ears fill with the sound of the wind **howling**.

Waves **crash** in his ears.

He can smell the fire burning, can hear it **crackle** and dance.

The room around him is cluttered and messy. The walls are adorned with posters and memorabilia.

There's barely enough room for life to exist in these walls.

It doesn't matter. He sees none of it.

In his eyes he sees fog and mist roll over a purple sky. He watches as stars begin to twinkle up in that dark sky.

## THE ONLY WAY

2

EXT. CLIFF (**THE FOG**) - DUSK

2

Jameson stands on a rocky and rugged cliff overlooking a cold ocean; still looking up to the sky as light begins to fade.

Wind whips his hair and his face. The cold chaos only continues to grow.

Thick dark fog and mist cover a dark purple sky.

The day is bleak. Cold.

Thunderous waves crash the shore beneath.

Jameson looks down to the water. The wind batters into him and keeps him off balance.

Wind **HOWLS** all around. Darkness slowly starting to overtake the day.

Old cigarette butts litter the floor around him. In his hand he holds an unmarked bottle.

He looks up and draws in a shaky breath; his body and face filled with nervousness. He stares off into the distance.

His body sways in the cold chaos.

Jameson watches the clouds roll above his head and takes in this moment. **THIS MOMENT**. Its importance hangs over him.

In his ears he can hear the fire **raging**. Burning him inside.

He rubs his face. He can feel the doubt splitting him in two.

Deep in the purple sky a force shifts and changes. The clouds begin to move and swirl, as the world around seems to shatter like his mind.

Behind him in the distance two entities appear to his left and his right.

One cold and blue, and the other bright and red.

Jameson turns his head to the figures forming behind him.

As soon as his eyes lay upon them, they fade away. He shakes his head and sighs again.

He takes a swig from the bottle.

Jameson thinks for a moment. He looks out to the world around him.

After a beat he looks around.

The earth around him is so volatile. Wind shakes the trees and the grass beneath.

Further away he can see sand flying in the cool air.

Every force wild and untamed.

Just behind Jameson sits a small beat up car.

Jameson turns to look at it and slowly walks over.

He rests his arm on the top of the car. He takes in another deep breath.

A loud **KNOCK** is heard from the trunk. Jameson looks back to the trunk.

Jameson can't help but get closer to the trunk.

SILENCE hangs on the air.

He's closer now. He stares at the trunk.

Jameson begins to reach his hand out.

Maybe this isn't meant to be. Maybe there is something else.

The crushing wind and doubt **ring** his ears.

His hand shakes as he slowly moves closer.

The **blue** gaunt figure appears again behind him.

The manifestation towers above Jameson, so much so only its torso can be seen.

It rests its hand on Jameson's shoulder. Its long spindly fingers and unkempt nails seem almost stained blue.

**COLD BLUE**

This is the only way.

The words laced with **fire**, echo and sting the air.

A light smile forms on Jameson's lips.

3

EXT. BEACH ROADS(**THE FOG**) - DUSK

3

The car begins to make its way down the twisting roads to the seaside.

The beat up car bumps along: slowly and carefully as it turns on the road.

Jameson sits in the driver's seat. He stares into the cold night: content and ready for the job at hand.

His eyes stare at the road watching the sea come closer.

More loud **BANGS** come from the trunk. He ignores it.

He gazes into the expanse. His eyes still glazed over and lost in false purpose.

Still the banging continues.

Jameson's fingers start to quiver.

The cold chaos around him **ringing** in his ears. The doubt calling him to look back.

His eyes drift for a moment, but he attempts to steel his resolve and looks back to the road.

He can feel it. He can feel how close he is to making it.

Jameson breaks, and for a moment he can feel a genuine smile on his lips.

Suddenly the **bright red** figure returns in front of the car like a giant light.

The monolithic being holds out its hand.

For a brief second, barely even a second, they both sit in this moment.

This moment.

Jameson feels just for a second, just maybe, he could take it.

Maybe for a second. Maybe he could.

Fear takes hold of Jameson, and he has to slam on his breaks to not hit the manifestation.

**BAM.** Jameson swings his head back at the trunk.

His eyes dart around for a moment before quickly returning to the figure in front; only now its disappeared just as fast as it appeared.

Confused, Jameson revs the engine of the car only for the car to whimper its dying note in response.

Jameson frantically tries again, and the car offers the same result.

He hits the steering wheel of the pathetic thing.

He curses under his breath and takes out a knife from the glove compartment and shoves it into his waist band before stepping out of the car.

The trunk slowly opens, and Jameson stands over it.

In the trunk is a PERSON, with a sack over their face and their hands tied behind their back.

They wear light beige and loose clothing.

The fire in Jameson **roars**.

Jameson's eyes stare down at the person in his trunk. We stare at Jameson, staring at them.

He swallows hard and takes a deep breath.

He moves close and pushes them on their back.

Jameson pulls them up by their bound hands and throws them to the ground.

Jameson closes the trunk and they begin to walk.

4

EXT. BEACH(**THE FOG**) - NIGHT

4

Jameson continues to shove the person forward, closer and closer to the edge of the beach.

Waves crash hard beside the two of them, filling the air with salt and mist.

The wind's **howls** seem to reach a crescendo here.

Beyond on the beach, a bonfire rages, its **crackling** embers joining the chorus of sound in Jameson's ears.

Sand from the ground beneath flies in the air and crashes against their legs.

Dark clouds continue to swirl above them, blackening the sky.

The sun falls.

They reach the bonfire, its orange light casting huge dark shadows on their faces.

Jameson throws the person down to their knees, facing the sea.

Jameson stands over them, victorious. He's in control. He **won**.

Jameson takes the knife from out of his waistband. He holds the knife at his side.

The light of the fire dances around them.

It burns and **roars**.

Waves continue to crash harder and harder around them. Every second the intensity grows.

Still the wind **SCREAMS** in his ears.

Jameson can feel the joy, the vicious, lustful anger **burning** inside him, fueling the blade in his hand.

He turns the blade over in his hand. He holds it now with the blade facing down; ready to strike.

Jameson grips the blade firm in his hand. He knows this is the moment. This moment.

He couldn't waste this moment. He could end it all right here.

Yet these revelations only seem to make Jameson hesitate. His hands begin to shake and he grips the blade firmer.

Behind him in the distance, the figures emerge.

Jameson begins to slowly lift the blade into the black sky.

The manifestations draw closer.

The blade is above his head now, illuminated by the flames.

They're merely a few feet away.

The wind howls. The fire screams.

Jameson slams the blade down-

The **bright red** creature catches his hand.

Shocked, Jameson drops the blade, and cowers from the hulking glowing mass.

Jameson falls away from it, and backs up in the sand.

JAMESON

Just let me end this!

The **bright red** figure stands before him.

It stands unflinching.

Jameson stares at it. He feels his body shake. His face dripping with sweat.

The fire grows restless. Dancing and screaming into the wind.

He looks down.

JAMESON (CONT'D)

I have to end this.

Again the being reaches its hand out. Begging for Jameson to take it.

Jameson looks up at it.

The **bright red** figure extends its hand further.

They stare at each other this final time.

He can see this beautiful glowing figure holding its hand out. He looks down at the hand.

In the hand he sees himself back on that floor. Staring into the nothing.

His glazed over eyes in his room **all alone**.

Enraged, he looks away and back at the person toppled over in the sand.

The **cold blue** figure stands beyond them.

In the figure Jameson sees nothing. The quiet black sky.

No **howling** winds, no **screaming** fires, no **crashing** waves. Just the quiet darkness.

Jameson turns back to the **bright red**. His eyes release tears, and sweat stains his face.

He looks back at its hand and smacks it as he gets up and tackles the person.

Jameson punches their face, **screaming** and **howling** into the night.

He continues to let it out on the person and the figures watch from behind them.

Jameson rips off the sack covering the person's face, only to see

Himself.



He smiles. Satisfaction consumes his face.

Jameson can't help but let out a small chuckle. The sweat mixed with tears nearly falling into his open mouth.

He stares for a moment at his reflection. He feels this moment.

The cold blue looms over Jameson.

COLD BLUE

End it. **This** is the only way.

The red bright glowing figure begins to fade.

Instead of the doubt from before, Jameson feels assurance.

His smile starts to disappear and he purses his lips together in resolve. The sweat and the tears no longer fall.

He grabs the knife firm in his hand. The flame catches the cold steel blade as Jameson raises it and strikes.

CUT TO BLACK.