

TOO, TOO LATE

Written by

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*Donny is having a bad day. His usual day. His last day.*

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**CAPTION:** "A man that flies from his fear may find he has only taken a shortcut...to meet it." - J. R. R. Tolkien

FADE IN:

**INT. DONNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Spartan living. No pictures, no nicknacks, only a narrow tall dresser. A lump is asleep under the bed covers.

"Lump" sits up. DONNY DREAD is scared. He's always scared. He *breathes* like a bull cornered with both eyes wide open. His breathing slows as his slow brain registers where he is.

DONNY

Why?

DOCTOR (O.S.)

You know.

Donny flies out of bed to turn on light-switch. He stands in hideous-ugly paisley pajamas. He looks around. He is alone.

DONNY

Get a grip, man.

Donny turns out the light as he exits.

**INT. DONNY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Donny walks into center of living room and turns on a lamp.

A shadow moves across the floor behind him.

He spins to look behind. Nothing is there.

DONNY

Hello?

(no response)

Now, you're losing it, man.

(walks to kitchen)

Tell me something, I don't want to know.

The hair on the back of his head *moves* as if someone blew on it. He spins around. Donny is now standing by his front door.

DONNY

What the --? How'd I get over, here?

Knock from the outside on front door.

Donny spins to door, then looks out its peephole.

DONNY

Who's there?

(no response)

I'm calling the hospital!

(steps back surprised)

Why did I just say that?

DOCTOR (O.S.)

You know.

Donny spins around.

**INT. DANNY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Donny now find himself in his kitchen.

DONNY

What the --? How'd I get over,  
*here?*

Donny is shaken. He gets a glass and begins filling it with water from the tap. He stares harder and harder at the sink's swirling drain. He drops the glass in the sink *breaking* it. A hundred kaleidoscope Donnys look up at him.

Still watching the running water circling its drain, Donny sees himself trapped in its vortex, fighting to keep his head above the orbiting crashing waves until he is pulled under.

Donny runs a hand over his head. His hair is dry. He feels himself. His PJs are dry. He sees his multiple reflections in the sink's broken glass pieces, then *coughs* up water.

The hair on the back of his head *moves* as if someone blew on it. He spins around too fast falling forward.

**INT. DONNY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Donny is back in his bed again.

DONNY

What is happening to me?

No response. Donny pulls the covers over his head.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

You know.

Donny flies out of bed to turn on the light-switch again.

DONNY

Bad dream.

Donny runs a hand over his head. His hair is now wet. He feels himself. His PJs are now also wet. He *shivers*.

DONNY

More like --a *nightmare*.

He runs into the bathroom *slamming* door. His voice echoes.

DONNY (O.S.)

This is not happening! This is Not  
Happening!

He exits bathroom wearing a robe and enters bedroom. He feels the sheets. They are dry. He feels his hair. It is now dry. He opens his robe. His PJs are also dry.

DONNY

How is this happening in my head?

DOCTOR (O.S.)

You know.

DONNY

(spins)  
Show yourself!

No one is there. The hair on the back of his head *moves* as if someone blew on it. He spins back around angry.

**INT. DONNY'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Donny is in his bathroom looking in the mirror. He only has his PJs on again. They are still dry. He sees his robe's reflection hanging on the closed door's hook. He spins to it.

DONNY

Stop it! Just, Stop It!

MIRROR IMAGE (O.S.)

You first.

He spins to mirror to see own reflection. IMAGE waves at him.

MIRROR IMAGE

Hello.

Donny runs out *slamming* its door. Sound of the front door *slamming* shut. Donny's Mirror Image shakes its head sad.

**EXT. DONNY'S FRONT DOOR DURING DAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Donny stands outside, back against his front door *breathing* hard. He looks straight up pleading and *whimpering*.

DONNY

*Make it stop.*

Knock from inside on his door. He spins to it.

**EXT. GRAVEYARD AT NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Donny now finds himself standing in a cemetery.

DONNY

I don't --? How'd I get over --  
here?

A Coyote *howls*. He sees something and walks to a tombstone.

Lightning *flashes* on it. Headstone has his full name chiseled in it with "*Eternal Unrest*" epitaph underneath.

Hair on the back of Donny's head moves as if someone blew on it. He spins tripping and falls.

**INT. A PADDED ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Donny now lays on a padded floor. He tries to move but can't, he's wearing a straight jacket. He struggles in his jacket to sit up, then *bangs* the back of his head on the padded walls.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Welcome back.

DONNY

(stops *banging* puzzled)  
"Back?"

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Do you know where you are?

DONNY

(looks up sad)  
Hospital's ---

DOCTOR (O.S.)

psychiatric wing.

DONNY

How long this time?

DOCTOR (O.S.)

You know.

DONNY

(mumbles in Japanese)

*Wakattara oshieru yo.*

DOCTOR

"You'll tell me when you find out?"

DONNY

When can I leave?

DOCTOR (O.S.)

You know.

Donny closes his eyes and *taps* the back of his head on the wall mats three times like "The Wizard of Oz" Dorothy.

DONNY

"There's no place like home.  
There's no place like home. There's  
no place like --."

**INT. SOMEWHERE AT NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Donny opens his eyes. He's now free, lying down, in darkness.

DONNY

"An undigested bit of beef, a crumb  
of cheese. There's more of gravy,  
than of grave about."  
(*sighs* disgusted)  
Scrooge it.

Donny goes to sit up and *thunks* his forehead. He feels his forehead, *Ow*, then reaches up. His hand stops inches above.

DONNY

What the --? How did I get over,  
Here?!

DOCTOR (O.S.)

You, Know!

Donny feels behind his head. Its solid. He *thrashes* his feet. They *thunk* on wood. He's in a box. He feels himself. He's wearing an expensive suit. He has an epiphany panic attack.

DONNY

Wait! I know I can do better this  
time. Do you hear me?! Give me a  
second chance!

**EXT. EARLIER GRAVEYARD AT NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Lightning *flashes*. Thunder *booms*. Coyote *howls*.

Donny's cries and pounding are *muffled* by six feet of Earth.

DONNY (O.S.)

I can get it right! I know I can!

The tombstone on Donny's grave wobbles from his pounding.

DONNY (O.S.)

P-L-E-A-S-Eeeeeeee ...!

Lightning *flashes* on it.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Too late.

CUT TO BLACK.