

"BELIEVE"
WILFRED SPEC MINISODE

Written by

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Winner: 2011 Scripped Holiday TV Spec Minisode Contest

Episode Title: "Believe"

Open Quote: "Man can believe the impossible, but man can never believe the improbable."

-Oscar Wilde-

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM, DAY

Ryan approaches the sink and begins to wash his hands. The sound of glass shattering in the other room catches his attention.

INT. RYAN'S HOUSE - Living Room

As Ryan enters the living room he sees WILFRED standing in front of his tiny Christmas tree. Wilfred is wearing a bright white and red snowman sweater, and fuzzy reindeer antlers on his head.

Wilfred then drops a second ornament, which shatters on the floor next to the other.

RYAN

Wilfred!

WILFRED

What the hell is this Ryan? Don't tell me you celebrate this awful holiday also.

Wilfred grabs another ornament off the tree. Ryan rushes over and takes it from him.

RYAN

I happen to like Christmas, thank you very much. I'm kind of surprised you don't. You look festive enough.

Wilfred grabs the antlers off his head and throws them to the ground.

WILFRED

Jenna thought I'd look cute in this sweater. Her little Christmas reindeer, she calls me.

Ryan hangs the bulb back on the tree as Wilfred picks up one of the packages and smells it.

RYAN

So take it off.

WILFRED

I can't there's some sort of super latch underneath, I can't reach it.

Wilfred turns his back to Ryan.

WILFRED (CONT'D)
Here you help.

Ryan starts to help but then stops. He takes a step back

RYAN
No. You know, I think it'll be good
for you to have a little Christmas
cheer.

Wilfred quickly turns to Ryan.

WILFRED
C'mon Ryan! You don't understand
how much I hate this holiday!

Ryan takes the present from Wilfred and places it back under
the tree.

RYAN
Oh why, just because you have to
wear a sweater?

WILFRED
Jenna dresses me up in stupid
things all the time. No, I hate
Christmas because... it's when HE
comes around.

RYAN
He? He who?

WILFRED
The Red Demon, as I like to call
him. A vicious beast of a man who
torments me every year with his odd
smell and ninja like presence.

Ryan thinks for a beat.

RYAN
Are you talking about Santa Claus?

WILFRED
I suppose that's what some people
call him. Santa Claws. With claws
that rip my heart out every year.

RYAN
Aww, what's wrong? Wilfred didn't
get the present he wanted last
year?

WILFRED
I don't care about presents, that's
a human thing. My hatred for the
fat man goes much deeper than that.

RYAN
You do realize that Santa Claus
isn't real.

WILFRED

Oh he's real alright. As real as you, as real as me... as real as Bear.

RYAN

Santa Claus is something parents made up to trick kids in to being good all year.

WILFRED

Is that what your parents told you?

RYAN

Well, yeah. I mean my dad told me pretty early on there was no Santa. He wasn't much into Christmas though.

WILFRED

Maybe he was protecting you.

RYAN

Maybe you're just paranoid. Either way why would you hate Santa?

WILFRED

Ryan this may be hard for you to believe but not everyone has loved me as much as Jenna does.

RYAN

It's not hard to believe at all.

WILFRED

Ha. Ha. Very funny. In my life I've been abandoned more than once. I learned to live with it for the most part because I'm happy now. But I've never gotten over that first time.

Wilfred looks to the ceiling.

WILFRED (CONT'D)

I was a just a little pup...

EXT. SANTA'S SLEY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Puppy Wilfred sits in Santa's sley as it flies through the air; the wind blowing his ears back.

WILFRED

WEEEEEE!!

A black glove reaches down and scratches his head. Wilfred's eyes close and he smiles.

SANTA CLAUS (O.C.)

Ready to go Wilfred?

INT. RYAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

WILFRED

I didn't know what he meant at the time. I thought we were just going for a walk, or he was gonna let me take a dump. Suddenly we touched down on a rooftop and before I knew it we were down the chimney.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Santa sits Puppy Wilfred down next to the Christmas tree and unloads more presents.

Wilfred drags a present under the tree and places it nice and square with the others.

WILFRED (V.O.)

I thought I was his helper, but as I drug the last present under the tree I heard him say...

SANTA CLAUS (O.C.)

See ya Wilfred. Merry Christmas.

Wilfred quickly turns around. But all that remains is sparkling dust falling down the chimney.

WILFRED (V.O.)

I turned around as quick as I could, but I was too late.

Puppy Wilfred sits alone in the dark, whimpering amidst all the presents.

INT. RYAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

WILFRED

He was gone. I was left all alone. The next morning some snot nosed little girl started tugging at my ears. Merry Christmas indeed.

Wilfred lowers his head.

WILFRED (CONT'D)

I've never told anyone that before.

RYAN

It sounds like you were a gift for the little girl.

WILFRED

I prefer the term slave trade.

RYAN

I think you're being over dramatic. Most likely it was the girls father that put you under the tree and you imagined the rest. There is no Santa. No man can travel around the world in one night.

WILFRED

Yea and in your world it used to be impossible to talk to a dog too.

Ryan thinks for a moment, stumped.

RYAN

Whatever, if Santa was real someone would have gotten a picture of him by now.

WILFRED

What are you talking about? You can see him everywhere. Hell, he's been standing at the street corner that Jenna always drives by.

RYAN

That's not Santa, it's just some guy that works for the Salvation Army. Here, I'll prove it to you, we'll drive over there and I'll show you.

WILFRED

Fine, but I'm not responsible for what happens.

RYAN

Yeah, yeah. Just wait here while I get my keys.

Ryan leaves the room and Wilfred turns his attention back to the presents. He picks a different one up from before and his eyes widen. He rips open the package. Inside is a summer sausage and cheese. He tears open the box and pulls out the cheese, and eats it.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY, LATER

A man dressed as a STREET SANTA rings a donation bell on the sidewalk. His suit is rather baggy and the fake beard hangs off his face. Ryan and Wilfred stand several feet away.

WILFRED

That's him.

RYAN

You think that's the real Santa Claus?

WILFRED

I'd know him anywhere.

RYAN
He's not even a convincing Santa.

WILFRED
I'm telling you, that's him.

Ryan and Wilfred approach the Street Santa. Ryan puts a dollar into the hanging bucket.

STREET SANTA
God bless. Merry Christmas.

RYAN
Merry Christmas.

Wilfred walks up and stands inches away from the Street Santa.

WILFRED
I smell fear in you old man.

RYAN
Wilfred get back!

The Street Santa laughs.

WILFRED
I will have my vengeance.

STREET SANTA
What a friendly little pooch you have here.

WILFRED
I'll show you little pooch!

Wilfred smacks the bottom of the donation bucket knocking it over and spilling the money out over the sidewalk.

RYAN
Wilfred, no!

The Street Santa gets pissed and rips his beard down.

STREET SANTA
Damn dog!

He tries to kick Wilfred but Wilfred steps out of the way. The man slips and falls backwards right on his ass.

Wilfred looks at the Street Santa, now without beard, in a slight shock.

WILFRED
That's not Santa...

Ryan grabs Wilfred and starts pulling him back to leave.

RYAN
 (To Street Santa)
 I'm so sorry sir.

STREET SANTA
 Put your dog on a leash pal!

Ryan drags Wilfred off as he kicks and screams.

WILFRED
 That's not Santa! That's not Santa!

INT. RYAN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

RYAN
 What the hell was that all about?

WILFRED
 I thought it was him.

RYAN
 I told you there is no Santa. It's
 just people in costumes.

WILFRED
 Maybe you're right. Maybe all these
 years I've just been using this
 imaginary person as an outlet for
 the frustrations that I've had from
 being abandoned. A type of
 emotional outlet I guess. Do you
 know what I mean, Ryan?

RYAN
 I can't say that I do.

Ryan and Wilfred sit silently in the car for a beat.

INT. RYAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ryan is awoken by the sounds of crunching glass in the living
 room. He sighs.

RYAN
 Wilfred.

INT. RYAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Ryan walks into the living room.

RYAN
 Wilfred, what are you doing?

Ryan stops dead in his tracks. His eyes widen. Standing in
 his living room is Santa Claus. Santa turns to Ryan.

SANTA CLAUS
Hello Ryan. I didn't mean to wake
you. You've got a broken ornament
here on the ground.

Ryan in shock can barely speak as he moves in close.

RYAN
Oh... sorry... I'll clean that up.

SANTA CLAUS
No need.

Santa tugs his ear and suddenly the glass fragments turn into
pixie dust and float away. Ryan thinks for a moment, then
smiles and turns back to Santa.

RYAN
OK, either I'm dreaming or...

Ryan leans in to get a closer look at Santa.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Wilfred. I knew that was you? You
won't give up on this Santa thing
will you?

Santa suddenly seems a little nervous.

SANTA CLAUS
What do you mean? You think I'm
Wilfred? I'm not Wilfred.

Ryan continues to look Santa over.

RYAN
I must admit it's a pretty
convincing costume. The ears are
very life like.

SANTA CLAUS
Ryan I know you never believed in
me but I never held it against you.
I know it had a lot to do with your
father. But Wilfred, he always
believed in me, I just didn't know
in what context until now. I feel
bad because I never intended for
him to feel abandoned. Which is why
I'm here today. I want you to give
him something for me. Promise me
that you will.

Ryan scoffs, and seems a bit confused. Santa hands him a
present. Ryan grabs hold but before Santa lets go:

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)
Promise.

RYAN
OK, I promise Wilfr... I mean
Santa.

The sudden knock at the kitchen door catches Ryan's attention. He glances over and sees Wilfred. Wilfred opens the door and walks over.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Wilfred?

WILFRED
Ryan, I saw your light and figured
you were up. Who were you talking
to?

RYAN
(Confused)
I was talking to...

Ryan turns back and Santa is gone. He looks back to Wilfred then to the present. Wilfred sniffs the air.

WILFRED
That smell...

He looks to the present Ryan is holding.

WILFRED (CONT'D)
What is that?

RYAN
I guess it's for you.

Wilfred takes the package, he slowly opens it. Inside is a rawhide and a note. Wilfred pulls the note out.

RYAN (CONT'D)
What's it say?

WILFRED
It says... I'm sorry. SC.

Wilfred smiles.

INT. RYAN'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY, NEXT

Ryan and Wilfred smoke in the basement.

WILFRED
So you believe me now don't you?

RYAN
I don't know what I believe. But
regardless you should like
Christmas more now right?

WILFRED
I suppose it's not too bad. So
where are my presents?

RYAN
Presents? Didn't you say you didn't like presents? That it was a human thing?

WILFRED
Oh, you thought I was serious? Geez Ryan I thought we were friends. Friends get each other presents on Christmas.

Wilfred sits back on the couch pouty like.

RYAN
Just kidding!

Ryan brings up a present and gives it to Wilfred.

WILFRED
Oh Ryan you shouldn't have. I didn't need you to get me anything.

RYAN
But you just said...

WILFRED
Never mind that just hand it over.

Wilfred opens it. Inside is a brand new tennis ball. Wilfred looks at confused.

WILFRED (CONT'D)
A ball? You got me a ball?

RYAN
Yeah I figured you'd like it.

WILFRED
Well it's a pretty racist present but thanks, I appreciate it. Now I'll get yours

RYAN
You got me something?

WILFRED
Of course. I'll be right back.

Wilfred jumps up and runs upstairs. Ryan sits on the couch occasionally glancing up the stairs. After a moment Wilfred returns.

WILFRED (CONT'D)
Here you go!

Wilfred slams a dead bird down on the coffee table.

CUT TO BLACK: