

"BELIEVE"  
WILFRED SPEC MINISODE

Written by

Robert Dodrill

*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: