WILFRED

Pilot

Written by David Zuckerman

Adapted from the Australian television series Created by Jason Gann & Adam Zwar

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

TITLE CARD: "Sanity and happiness are an impossible combination. -- Mark Twain.

INT. RYAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The kind of house in Venice a young professional can afford if he doesn't spend his money doing anything fun. RYAN (about 30, handsome, wound too tight), in shirtsleeves and a tie, works feverishly on his laptop. He stops suddenly and smiles.

RYAN

Nailed it!

He presses a key and walks away. The printer HUMS to life.

ANGLE ON LAPTOP SCREEN

"Printing 'Suicide Note - Third Revised.doc'"

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan happily pours milk in a blender. He adds a banana, an entire bottle of prescription pills, and a scoop of "FIT FOR LIFE MEAL SUPPLEMENT." He flips the blender switch on.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan reviews his suicide note as he casually sips his drink, unaware that it has given him a frothy death-cocktail milk mustache. He glances out the window.

RYAN'S POV - OUTSIDE

JENNA, his neighbor, is at her mailbox. She's mid-20s and irresistible.

ANGLE ON RYAN. Totally smitten.

RYAN

So long, Girl Next Door. Sorry I never had the guts to do more than wave awkwardly from my window.

She notices Ryan watching her. He waves awkwardly. She waves back. Two neighbors who don't really know each other.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Hope they find my body before the smell becomes a problem for you.

He slurps down the rest of his drink, then dons his jacket and straightens his tie.

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 2.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan lays on his bed, closes his eyes and smiles. It won't be long now. The silence is shattered when a big-ass motorcycle RUMBLES down the back alley, rattling the bedroom window. Ryan sits up, pissed.

EXT. RYAN'S BACK YARD - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

The ROAR of the bike is deafening. Ryan storms across his meticulously maintained lawn and looks over his back fence.

RYAN'S POV - ACROSS THE ALLEY

Fenced yards and carports line the alley. SPENCER, a scary-looking dude in his 40's, sits atop his idling bike in his carport. He removes his helmet, glancing in Ryan's direction.

ANGLE ON RYAN

Ryan quickly ducks down, furious, wishing he had the courage to say something. Spencer cuts the engine and the roar abruptly quiets, allowing Ryan to hear the shouting of an (o.s.) irate neighbor with an Australian accent.

MAN'S VOICE

Fuck me, that's loud! It's the middle of the bloody night!

DOLLY ZOOM ON RYAN. His expression suggests he's aware this is a significant moment in his life, even if he doesn't yet understand why. He looks in the direction of the voice and realizes it's coming from next door. Jenna's house.

JENNA (O.S.)

Wilfred, that's enough!

RYAN

(TO HIMSELF) Boyfriend. Figures.

MAN'S VOICE

You're lucky I'm indoors, you prick! If I see that thing on the street, I'll punch your ass into your face!

Jenna appears in her window and slides it closed.

JENNA

Stop it!

MAN'S VOICE

Christ! You know how long it took me to get comfortable?

Jenna closes the blinds. Ryan waits, but the yelling stops. He heads back inside.

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 3.

INT. BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Ryan lays in bed, eyes closed, finally at peace. He looks dead. Then his fingers begin tapping impatiently. He sits up, checks the clock. It's 1:25 am. UPBEAT MUSIC kicks in.

BEGIN RYAN'S SLEEPLESS NIGHT MONTAGE.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Ryan is on his laptop. He googles: "How long does it take to overdose?" He studies the results, then checks the empty pill bottle label. This should be working. What the hell?

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Ryan's on the couch, watching one of "THE GODFATHER" movies on cable. He glances at the clock. It's almost 3:00 am. Why isn't he dead yet? He is seriously annoyed.

INT. SHOWER - LATER THAT NIGHT

Ryan is jerking off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ryan punches a key on his laptop and walks away. The printer HUMS to life.

ANGLE ON LAPTOP SCREEN

"Printing 'Suicide Note -- Fourth Revised.doc'"

INT. KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

The clock reads 4:20 am. Ryan, shirt untucked, tie askew, scrubs the counter, furious that he's still breathing.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. BATHROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Ryan looks haggard as a tweaker. He searches the medicine cabinet for more pills, but all he finds is a half-full bottle of cough syrup. He downs it, grimacing at the taste.

The DOORBELL RINGS. He checks the clock. 7:30 AM. He pulls back the blackout curtains. Blinding sunlight. Unfortunate.

INT. FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan opens the door, surprised to see Jenna. She looks frazzled and sports a canvas bag slung over her shoulder.

JENNA

Hi-- Whoa!

She reacts to his appearance. He tries to fix his hair.

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 4.

RYAN

(TRYING TO BE COOL) How ya doing?

JENNA

I live next door. We've waved.

RYAN

Yeah, of course. I'm Ryan.

JENNA

Jenna. I've been meaning to come over and introduce myself but people don't really do that, do they?

RYAN

No, it's kind of awkward.

JENNA

It is. (THEN) This is. (THEN) Can I get you something? Orange juice? Medical attention?

RYAN

I'm okay. Just lack of sleep.

JENNA

Oh god, I know, that stupid jerk and his motorcycle. It drives Wilfred nuts. Sorry about all the noise <u>he</u> made, by the way.

RYAN

Hey, he just said what we were all thinking, right?

He smiles. Jenna smiles, confused.

JENNA

I guess. (THEN) Look, I know we just met and this is a huge imposition, but I'm totally desperate. The exterminator is on his way and I forgot to make arrangements for my...

ANGLE ON RYAN. JENNA'S VOICE FADES to a distant echo, drowned out by the HEARTBEAT in Ryan's ears. He's staring past Jenna.

RYAN'S POV

On the front walk is a man with thick stubble and a blackened nose. He wears a very cheap dog suit and stands with his arms crossed, staring implacably at Ryan. This is WILFRED.

ANGLE ON RYAN, nonplussed. (We no longer hear the heartbeat.)

JENNA (CONT'D)

...so would you mind if he stayed in your yard til I get home from work?

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 5.

RYAN

(SNAPPING OUT OF IT) Huh?

JENNA

(MISREADING HIS HESITANCY) You're right, it's too much to ask--

RYAN

No, it's not that--

JENNA

Great! (CALLING) Wilfred! C'mere,
boy! (TO RYAN) He's really sweet.

Wilfred goes to Jenna, who rubs his tummy. He smiles and casually drapes his arm around her, like a boyfriend might do, staring all the while at Ryan, who tries to wrap his mind around the fact that Jenna clearly thinks this is a real dog.

JENNA (CONT'D)

There's my widdle man! (TO RYAN) You like dogs?

RYAN

Yeah.

Jenna hands him the bag.

JENNA

Here's a few of his toys and some snacks. I really appreciate this. (TO WILFRED) Be a good boy!

She hugs Wilfred, who stoically watches her go. Ryan stares at him, utterly confused. Wilfred waits for a beat, then casts a doubtful look at Ryan and enters the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ryan drops the canvas bag by the sofa where Wilfred brushes the cushion with his paw, plumps a pillow, spins around in place twice, then sits. They stare at each other in awkward silence, then:

WILFRED

(RE: SOFA) Very nice.

Ryan stifles a small yelp at the sound of Wilfred's voice.

WILFRED (CONT'D)

Some sofas it's impossible to get comfortable. (THEN) Ryan, is it?

RYAN

Yes.

WILFRED

Got any DVDs?

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 6.

RYAN

A few.

WILFRED

I like Matt Damon.

RYAN

Yeah, he's good.

The phone RINGS, startling Ryan. He checks the caller ID.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(APOLOGETIC) It's my sister.

WILFRED

Just pretend I'm not here.

Ryan nods and answers the phone.

RYAN

Hi, Kristen.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

KRISTEN (30's, attractive, self-important, sour), dressed in scrubs, is on her cell in the maternity ward hallway.

KRISTEN

Are you excited?

INTERCUT

RYAN

I don't know what I am.

KRISTEN

You're starting a new job. A little anxiety is to be expected. That's why I prescribed those pills.

RYAN

(OFF THE EMPTY PILL BOTTLE) Yeah, about those--

He spots Wilfred gazing out the sliding glass door at the yard.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(TO WILFRED) Do you need to go out?

Wilfred is clearly surprised and insulted by the question. He shakes his head with a tight smile. He walks around, checking out Ryan's DVD collection, the artwork on his walls, etc. Ryan eyes him nervously.

KRISTEN

Who are you talking to?

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 7.

RYAN

No one. (THEN) Look, the thing is, I appreciate your help getting me this job at the hospital and all, but I'm not sure working in Contract Administration will make me... happy.

KRISTEN

(BEAT, STEAMED) Happy? You want to be happy? You think <u>Dad</u> is happy?

RYAN

No, I know, I screwed up, but--

KRISTEN

You think I'm happy? You think I love pulling out babies 24/7? I just had a ninety-pound mother who insisted on a vaginal delivery for her ten-pound mutant child. By the time I cut her and pried Baby Huey out, her perineum looked like steak tartar. Think that made me happy?

Ryan grimaces. He turns to find Wilfred very close to him.

WILFRED

I need some water.

RYAN

(COVERS MOUTHPIECE) Huh?

WILFRED

Water.

Ryan nods and heads into:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ryan takes a bowl to the sink, then stops, unsure. He picks up a drinking glass, trying to decide which is appropriate for this situation. The cough syrup is making it hard to think

KRISTEN

Nobody's happy, Ryan. And face it, you're not exactly a hot commodity anymore. You need this job.

RYAN

Okay, thanks for the pep talk.

KRISTEN

I'll see you when you get in.
Remember, it's all about perception.
You just have to change the way
you're seeing things.

Ryan glances at Wilfred through the pass-through.

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 8.

RYAN

(INTO PHONE) I'll work on that.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan sets down a glass of water for Wilfred. He waits, unsure.

WILFRED

Have a seat. I ain't gonna bite ya.

Ryan sits.

WILFRED (CONT'D)

Biting's the easy way out. Not that I don't think about it. Believe me, I do the best I can under extremely trying circumstances, but sometimes, I look at certain individuals and I wonder, why not just do it? You know, just rip into their throat, get 'em right in the jumbler.

RYAN

(NERVOUS) Jugular.

WILFRED

Jumbler.

RYAN

(CAN'T HELP HIMSELF) Jugular.

WILFRED

("WHATEVER") In the neck.

He suddenly moves toward Ryan, who flinches. Wilfred reaches past him to retrieve the canvas bag. Ryan is embarrassed.

WILFRED (CONT'D)

(SMIRKS) Bit jumpy, are we?

RYAN

No, I'm cool.

Wilfred pulls a bong from the canvas bag and pours the glass of water into its reservoir. He takes a deep hit.

WILFRED

I'm seven years old, Ryan. Too old and too wise for lies. I can smell your fear like I smell the sour milk in your fridge.

RYAN

I had milk last night. It was fine.

WILFRED

It was, but now it's gone bad. Just happened. While we were talking.

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 9.

Wilfred offers the bong to Ryan, who refuses it.

RYAN

I'm starting a new job today.

WILFRED

Ryan, you're not going to work today.

Ryan realizes he's right and takes a bong hit. He coughs.

WILFRED (CONT'D)

(SMIRKS) Gotta cough to get off.

RYAN

(HOARSE) It's been a while. Can you really smell the milk in my fridge?

WILFRED

My nose is a very exquisite and sensitive organ. I can detect with that nose worlds of fragrances, smells, and what-have-you, that I cannot even begin to share with you. And I am currently smelling fear. Fear, sour milk, and human shit.

RYAN

You mean me? I just showered. I'm crazy clean back there.

WILFRED

There are such things in this world as particles. Particles of shit that are so small that you couldn't possibly detect it with your naked eyes. And I put it to you that there are particles of human shit lingering in the fibers of your underpants.

RYAN

I don't think there's any particles.

WILFRED

Mate, I'm telling you. There are particles. And they are lingering.

Ryan is fading fast, sinking back in his chair.

RYAN

I need to sleep.

Wilfred exhales the smoke directly in Ryan's face.

WILFRED

Lights out, Ryan.

END OF ACT ONE

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 10.

ACT TWO

BLACK SCREEN

A phone is RINGING.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ryan wakes up groggy. No sign of the man/dog. How long has he been asleep? He looks at:

THE TV

"The Bourne Identity" is on. A CLOSE SHOT of Matt Damon as he wakes up groggy. Just like Ryan did.

ANGLE ON RYAN

He ponders this. The phone rings. He checks the caller ID.

RYAN

Shit. (INTO PHONE) Hel--

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Kristen talks on her cell.

KRISTEN

You are so dead!

INTERCUT

Ryan clocks the empty pill bottle. Hmm. She might be right.

KRISTEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I vouched for you, and now you're a no show on your first day of work? Dr. Ramos is furious.

RYAN

I'm sorry, I'm on my way in now. I just had a tough morning.

KRISTEN

Oh boo-hoo, Ryan! You want a tough morning? Try pulling twin boys out of a tight little Asian gal. Not Asian-American. Real Asian. I had to do so much cutting and slicing it looked like a Benihana's down there. Just get your shit together and come to work!

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The phone goes dead. Ryan sighs and pours himself a glass of milk. He spots something outside through the window:

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 11.

RYAN'S POV - THE FRONT YARD

A grey dog sniffs at some bushes. An actual dog.

BACK ON RYAN

Ryan laughs at himself, relieved. He takes a sip of milk, then spits it out, disgusted. He sniffs the carton. It's spoiled. That means--

WILFRED

Nice nap, Ryan?

Wilfred is right behind him. Startled, Ryan drops the milk.

WILFRED (CONT'D)

Oh, scared you, eh? Gave you quite a fright, did I?

RYAN

(BEAT) Am I dead?

Wilfred grabs Ryan's nipple and twists it. Hard.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Ow!

WILFRED

Seems not. (THEN) C'mon, I want to show you something.

EXT. RYAN'S BACK YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan and Wilfred look at the once pristine lawn, now marred by a dozen freshly dug holes. Ryan is apoplectic.

RYAN

What did you--? Why?!

WILFRED

Anxiety. Jenna's been away too long. She's a goner, I'm sure of it. Probably choked on something. A little piece of Lego or something.

RYAN

She's just at work. She'll be back.

WILFRED

Are you talking down to me?

RYAN

What? No--

WILFRED

You're talking down to me. I open up to you, and you talk down to me.

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 12.

Wilfred angrily grabs a shovel and resumes digging.

WILFRED (CONT'D)

You have any idea what it's like to feel abandoned? To lose the one thing in life that makes you happy?

PUSH IN on Ryan as he starts putting it all together.

RYAN

Yeah, I do. God, I haven't thought about this in years, but when I was a kid, I had this cute little dog.

Sparky. I loved him so much and--

Wilfred stops digging.

WILFRED

You know Buck?

RYAN

Who?

WILFRED

Buck. Black lab, about my age, great teeth. You know him?

RYAN

I don't know Buck.

WILFRED

And you won't, because he's gone. One day he's running around by the tennis courts at the park, the next day, bam!

RYAN

Hit by a car?

WILFRED

No, we just kind of lost touch.

RYAN

Bam, you just kind of lost touch?

WILFRED

Life is short, Ryan. You gotta start listening to your heart before the worms inside it grow so big it explodes. Like poor old Shasta.

RYAN

He had heartworm?

WILFRED

She... was hit by a car. Pay
attention. (THEN) Ryan, I know your
type.

(MORE)

WILFRED (CONT'D)

You're a good boy and you come when you're called and you don't drag your ass on the carpet. Aren't you tired of doing what everyone else wants you to do? Maybe it's time you found the courage to quit playing ball with them...

He holds up an old tennis ball. Where did that come from?

WILFRED (CONT'D)

...and just play ball with me.

RYAN

(SUSPICIOUS) I don't think so.

WILFRED

Go on. Give it a toss.

RYAN

Something doesn't feel right.

WILFRED

What's the matter, you throw like a girl? No judgments, just throw the--

RYAN

(FIRMLY) No.

It's a standoff, as if playing ball has become a test of wills. Which, of course, it has. Wilfred backs off.

RYAN (CONT'D)

WILFRED

I have to go to work--

Let's take a walk.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I don't have time for a walk.

WILFRED

Ryan, you're already upset about your lawn, right? Well, I've got enough piss in me to kill what's left of it.

EXT. STREET - LATER

A cigarette dangles from Wilfred's lips as they walk. Ryan watches the reactions of passersby, but no one bats an eye at Wilfred. They stop at a tree. Ryan is impatient.

RYAN

(RE: TREE) This one?

Wilfred considers it, then shrugs and ambles on. (During the following, a pretty girl passes by and pets Wilfred. He glances after her, appreciative.)

RYAN (CONT'D)

Tell me about Jenna.

WILFRED

Why?

RYAN

I'd like to get to know her.

WILFRED

Sorry mate, you're not her type.

RYAN

Why not?

WILFRED

Well, for one thing, she's not into guys with ginormous heads.

Ryan touches his head, self-conscious.

WILFRED (CONT'D)

Not sure how your neck puts up with it, but I know Jenna wouldn't be interested. Maybe you can find a lady scientist looking to study gravitational forces or something.

RYAN

(DEFENSIVE) It's a little oversized. That just means I have a big brain.

WILFRED

Or a small brain with a thick crust. Either way, Jenna's out of your league.

RYAN

How can you say that? You don't know anything about me.

WILFRED

I know what you did last night.

Ryan stops short, surprised by Wilfred's directness.

WILFRED (CONT'D)

I know you think there's no hope. I know you're a failure. I know you wasted your past as you strove to meet the expectations of others while allowing your own dreams to wither and die, and worse, to be forgotten.

PVΔN

(UNNERVED) How... how do you--?

Wilfred is suddenly in Ryan's face.

WILFRED

Because I am you. We are one mind.

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 15.

Ryan is freaked. Wilfred breaks into a smile.

WILFRED (CONT'D)

Just fucking with you. I read your little snuff letter while you were passed out. Found it a bit wordy, actually. It could use another pass. (CHUCKLES) "Strove." Really?

RYAN

(SIGHS, FRUSTRATED) There's gotta be more to life than this.

Wilfred finally finds a tree good enough to pee on. He relieves himself while they talk.

WILFRED

C'mon now, is it that bad, mate?

RYAN

Well, let's see. I graduated from a very expensive law school and went straight to work for my father. Then I made a rookie mistake. I told the truth. Dad's firm lost half its clients overnight and I was disbarred the same day my first student loan payment was due.

Wilfred finishes up and they resume walking. (As they walk, Wilfred and a passing surfer exchange cool "wassup" nods.")

RYAN (CONT'D)

Kristen's right, a job is a job.

WILFRED

Look, Ryan, if you want my advice--

RYAN

Actually, I don't. I've got enough people telling me what to do.

WILFRED

(HURT) Just trying to help. You don't have to be a dick.

RYAN

Are you done? I need to get to work.

A passing MAN smiles at Wilfred.

MAN

Hey, poochy poochy.

WILFRED

Fuck off.

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 16.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - A LITTLE LATER

Ryan and Wilfred walk home.

WILFRED

It's like me, when I'm eating out the ass of a dead possum. I'm eating out his guts through his ass. I get my teeth right in there. No one taught me that. I just did it one day. It happened. Been doing it ever since.

RYAN

(DISGUSTED) Interesting. Ever tried Korean? I think you'd like it.

WILFRED

You're missing the point. I'm not just saying that possum ass is delicious -- it is. What I'm saying is, I'm true to my nature. I don't over-think everything. I act on instinct.

RYAN

You're an animal.

WILFRED

We're all animals, Ryan.

Spencer ROARS past them on his motorcycle. Wilfred chases after him.

WILFRED (CONT'D)

I'll kill you!

Spencer turns down an alley, followed by Wilfred. Alarmed, Ryan runs after them.

RYAN

Wilfred! Stay! Come!

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND RYAN'S HOUSE

Ryan rounds the corner and catches up to Wilfred. Spencer screeches to a halt in his carport and leaps off his bike.

SPENCER

Where's his leash? He's lucky I didn't kick his teeth in.

WILFRED

Try it and lose a foot!

RYAN

(TO WILFRED) No! I mean it!

His forceful tone surprises Wilfred, who backs off, annoyed.

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 17.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(TO SPENCER) It won't happen again.

SPENCER

If it does, someone's getting his nuts cut off.

Spencer exits into his yard and the gate slams shut.

WILFRED

(TO RYAN) He means me. \underline{You} obviously don't have any.

RYAN

You're right. I should've challenged him to a knife fight.

WILFRED

You let that shit-stain walk all over us. Your father was right. You're a pussy.

RYAN

When did he say that?

WILFRED

Okay, he didn't, I made that up. But you are a pussy.

RYAN

I don't need to listen to this.

WILFRED

Ryan, I'm not telling you anything you don't already know. Fear has made you a weak. Fear is the mind killer. Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.

RYAN

That's from "Dune." How do you know that?

WILFRED

How do you know that?

They stare at each other for a beat, then Wilfred produces the tennis ball.

WILFRED (CONT'D)

C'mon, mate. Have a throw. What are you afraid of?

RYAN

I'm not afraid. But that's not just a ball--

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 18.

WILFRED

Of course it is.

He aggressively bounces the ball off Ryan's head.

WILFRED (CONT'D)

See? It's a ball.

RYAN

Why are you pushing so hard--?

WILFRED

I'm feeling playful! (SHOVES BALL AT HIM) No more questions! Stop thinking and throw the damn ball!

RYAN

No!

He slaps the ball out of Wilfred's hand. It sails over the fence and **into Spencer's yard!** Wilfred is very upset. He moves in on Ryan, who backs away nervously.

WILFRED

What did you do?!

RYAN

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to--

WILFRED

You're a naughty boy!

RYAN

I'll get you another ball!

WILFRED

I don't want another ball!

JENNA (O.S.)

Hey.

Ryan turns to see Jenna, who has just entered the alley from her back yard. Ryan is glad to see her.

RYAN

Hey! Look, Wilfred, it's Jenna!

JENNA

I hope he wasn't any trouble.

RYAN

Not at all. He's adorable.

JENNA

Wilfred, did you make a new friend?

His resentful eyes are locked on Ryan.

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 19.

JENNA (CONT'D)

(TO RYAN) You wanna come in and have a glass of wine?

Wilfred subtly shakes his head "don't even think about it." Ryan hesitates.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Don't be polite, I hate polite. C'mon, I insist.

Ryan looks at Wilfred, who frowns.

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - EVENING

The room is full of half-emptied moving boxes. Ryan keeps an eye on Jenna in the kitchen while he and Wilfred talk.

WILFRED

You have to go get it.

RYAN

Why don't you go get it?

WILFRED

Hard to climb a fence with no arms.

Ryan points to Wilfred's crossed arms.

RYAN

What are those?

WILFRED

Legs.

Jenna enters with an open wine bottle and two glasses. Ryan moves to the couch.

JENNA

I haven't unpacked my clothes, but the wine glasses are washed and ready. What does that say about me?

RYAN

I like your priorities.

She laughs, charmed, and pours the wine. Wilfred is appalled.

WILFRED

Get your filthy eyes off her priorititties. A time of crisis and all you can think about is your lipstick? Pull it back in its case, Romeo.

Jenna sits next to Ryan, but Wilfred quickly moves to wedge himself in between them. Jenna strokes Wilfred's back.

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 20.

JENNA

I guess he missed me. This move has been kinda tough on him.

Wilfred subtly leans back and forth, making it awkward and difficult for Ryan to maintain eye contact with Jenna.

RYAN

WILFRED

Yeah, moving sucks.

I will not be ignored, Ryan.

Ryan tries to appear casual as he conducts two different conversations at once. (We'll always be more attuned to Wilfred and Ryan.) Jenna, of course, only hears Ryan.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Especially packing, but it does help you realize that thing you think you can't live without is really just a stupid old toy you're used to having in your mouth. (COVERS) House.

JENNA

WILFRED

I had to hit the ground running on my new job, and now I'm hardly ever home.

That's true, but I didn't have (TO RYAN) Sorry mate, am I time to sort through my stuff. distracting you? Ball. Ball. Ball. Ball ball. Ball ball Ball-ball-ball-ballball. ball-ball. Ball.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Poor Wilfred must be wondering what the hell is going on. (TO WILFRED, BABY-TALK) You don't know, do you.

RYAN

I'm pretty sure he understands more than you think.

WILFRED

Understand this.

He knocks Ryan's wine glass, splashing it all over his pants.

JENNA

Wilfred! (TO RYAN) I'll get a towel.

She hurries into the kitchen. Ryan glares at Wilfred.

RYAN

(TO WILFRED) Why are doing this?

WILFRED

You think I'm gonna let you anywhere near her? You'll just smack her over the nearest fence.

Jenna comes back with a towel for Ryan to clean himself up.

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 21.

JENNA

Sorry about that.

RYAN

Hey, it was an accident. (POINTED, TO WILFRED) Accidents happen.

JENNA

Off the couch, clumsy boy.

Wilfred realizes she's talking to him and grudgingly rises. He stands nearby, frustrated.

JENNA (CONT'D)

He's always knocking into things. One day we were at the park and he wasn't looking where he was going and he smacked face-first into a tree. He made the cutest little yelp.

RYAN

(TO WILFRED, IRONICALLY) Awww.

Embarrassed, Wilfred leaves the room.

JENNA

Thanks for watching him today.

RYAN

(RE: HIS PANTS) Thanks for the drink.

JENNA

(LAUGHS) At least it was cheap wine.

RYAN

(SINCERELY) It's the nicest wine I've had in a long time. Really sweet.

They both know he's not talking about the wine. They share a smile. Then: SQUEAK! SQUEAK! Wilfred runs in with a squeaky toy, ruining their moment of connection.

JENNA

(LAUGHS) God, that's so annoying!

She takes the squeaky toy from him, then digs into a box and hands him a stuffed Raggedy Andy type doll.

JENNA (CONT'D)

There you go.

She rejoins Ryan on the couch and pours him another glass of wine. Wilfred holds the doll, watching them, looking faintly ridiculous and plenty annoyed.

RYAN

So you just started a new job?

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 22.

Wilfred's eyes narrow. He holds the doll so Ryan can see it.

JENNA

Yeah, I'm a segment producer for the Channel 13 news.

JENNA (CONT'D) Mostly puff pieces right now, but I'm hoping I'll get more substantive assignments... (RE: DOLL) Looks a bit like you, eh, Ryan? Blue shirt. Comically large head. (CONTINUES)

WILFRED

Her VOICE FADES, replaced by the faint sound of a SQUEAKY TOY'S HEARTBEAT ("Squeak-squeak! Squeak-squeak!"). Ryan notices the doll does indeed look vaguely like him. Wilfred runs his paw gently over the doll.

WILFRED

Made of pretty soft stuff. Mind you, I'm no cat, but even I could shred the shit out of this thing. If I decided that was the way to go.

The SQUEAKY HEARTBEAT IN Ryan's ears grows louder and faster. Wilfred's tone remains calm and unnerving. Ryan watches nervously.

WILFRED (CONT'D)

And these eyes. Pretty flimsy.

He plucks an eye off the doll. Ryan's eye twitches.

WILFRED (CONT'D)

See, Ryan, I like to play nice. But I don't have to.

The SQUEAKY HEARTBEAT continues to grow louder and faster as Wilfred uses his teeth to rip off the doll's arm. Ryan crosses his arms, squirming. Wilfred uses his fingers to carefully pull tufts of cotton filling from the torn doll's body.

WILFRED (CONT'D)

So I guess it's up to you to do the right thing, Ryan. Look inside yourself. Look into your heart.

With one quick move, Wilfred plucks out the doll's tiny little plastic squeaker "heart" and pops it in his mouth. He chews it a bit, then gulps it down. Ryan's nerves shatter.

RYAN

I gotta go!

JENNA

(DISAPPOINTED) Already?

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 23.

WILFRED

(TO RYAN) This isn't over.

RYAN

Yeah, I have a dentist appointment or something. Thanks for having me.

Ryan backs toward the door. Wilfred follows.

WILFRED

I want that ball, Ryan.

JENNA

Oh. Okay. Say bye-bye, Wilfred.

Wilfred moves in on Ryan, putting his hands on his shoulders.

WILFRED

Better sleep with your eyes open.

JENNA

Give Ryan a kiss.

And as Michael Corleone did to Fredo in "Godfather II", Wilfred grabs Ryan by the neck and gives him a cold kiss of death.

WILFRED

(SEETHING) You broke my heart, Ryan. You broke my heart.

Terrified, Ryan forces a laugh for Jenna's benefit.

RYAN

O-o-kay!

Wilfred lingers. Ryan is sweating.

JENNA

Wilfred! Down.

Wilfred finally releases Ryan, who runs out of the house.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND RYAN'S HOUSE

Hands trembling, Ryan opens his own gate, hurries into his yard, and promptly drops out of sight.

RYAN

Ahhh!

ANGLE ON RYAN, lying flat on his back in one of the holes dug by Wilfred, scared shitless.

END OF ACT TWO

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 24.

ACT THREE

BLACK SCREEN

WILFRED (V.O.)

(ECHOING) You broke my heart, Ryan. Better sleep with your eyes open.

The RUMBLE of Spencer's motorcycle crescendos into a ROAR...

INT. LIVING ROOM - THAT EVENING

CLOSE ON RYAN, his eyes open, disoriented, listening to the sound of Spencer's motorcycle fade into the distance.

KRISTEN (O.S.)

Well, are you gonna answer me?

Ryan blinks. He seems genuinely surprised to find himself on his couch, facing an annoyed Kristen.

RYAN

(LOST) What was the question?

Exasperated, she starts for the door.

KRISTEN

Forget it. I don't know why I even--

RYAN

Wait! I'm having a problem.

KRISTEN

What else is new?

RYAN

Those pills you gave me. I kind of... abused them. I've taken so many I don't even feel them anymore.

KRISTEN

Ryan! Do you know how dangerous that is? Abusing those drugs can lead to severe side effects. Paranoia, depression, hallucinations--

Ryan looks up sharply. Now it all makes sense!

RYAN

Hallucinations?

KRISTEN

And worse. Much worse.

RYAN

(RELIEVED) Oh my god...

KRISTEN

And people with family histories like ours have to be especially careful.

RYAN

Of course!

KRISTEN

Which is why I gave you sugar pills.

RYAN

(BEAT) What?

KRISTEN

I can't prescribe meds to a family member. It's unethical. Besides, your doctor cut you off for a reason. You were using those pills as a crutch, so when you asked me for more I gave you placebos.

RYAN

(CRUSHED) So no side effects?

KRISTEN

From sugar pills? Tooth decay, adult-onset diabetes... sugar rush?

RYAN

(REALIZING) That's why I couldn't sleep.

He turns and puts his forehead against the back window, trying to understand it all. Something catches his eye.

RYAN'S POV

In the shadows, a furry figure sits on a lawn swing, the glowing tip of his cigarette visible as he inhales.

KRISTEN (O.S.)

Why are you being so self-destructive?

BACK TO SCENE

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Okay, so your law career is over--

RYAN

I don't care about that. I never even wanted to be a lawyer.

KRISTEN

Of course you did.

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 26.

RYAN

(SURPRISED HIMSELF) No, I didn't. I hated every minute of it.

KRISTEN

Well then, what do you want?

RYAN

(BEAT) Gimme a minute.

Kristen watches, confused, as Ryan exits to the back yard.

EXT. RYAN'S BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Ryan walks through the darkened yard to where Wilfred sits.

RYAN

What do you want?

WILFRED

I want my fucking ball.

RYAN

Really? That all this is about?

WILFRED

Ryan, when I was a young 'un, I had a bit of an oral fixation. (RE: CIGARETTE) Still do, I guess. But when I was little I was a bit mouthy, and I was too dumb to know the difference between a knot of rawhide and a fine Italian loafer. Someone would adopt me, I'd have a bit of a chew, and then it was back to the pound we go. Italian Loafer guy, he gave me a good beating. Kicked me so hard I got hip displeasure.

RYAN

Dysplasia.

WILFRED

No, it didn't get that bad. But I was at the end of the line, on death row. And then a kindly old woman at the shelter gave me a tennis ball. That tennis ball. I could chew without shame, and suddenly I was lovable. That ball saved my life. I need it back, and I can't get through that gate without you.

RYAN

Why not?

Wilfred is getting impatient. He stubs out his cigarette and flicks it away with great dexterity, then holds up his paw.

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 27.

WILFRED

(RE: PAW) I can't undo the latch, mate. Think about it.

RYAN

Alright, here's the deal. I'll help you, and then you stay away from me. Forever.

WILFRED

If that's what you want.

RYAN

Shake on it.

He extends his hand. Wilfred just looks at it.

WILFRED

Yeah, I never learned that trick, but you have my word.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND RYAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Wilfred watches Ryan try to open Spencer's gate. It's locked.

WILFRED

Use a credit card, genius.

Ryan uses a card from his wallet. The latch opens. They enter into:

EXT. SPENCER'S YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan searches the unkempt yard, calling in a hushed whisper.

RYAN

I found it!

SMASH! Ryan looks over to see Wilfred standing by a broken window next to the back door.

RYAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing!?

WILFRED

(TAPS HIS MUZZLE) The nose knows.

He reaches in, unlocks the door and enters. Ryan follows.

INT. SPENCER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Wilfred moves briskly through the dark house. Ryan tries to keep up, tripping over a coffee table and breaking an ashtray.

RYAN

This was not our deal!

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 28.

WILFRED

Well, I didn't shake on it, did I.

Wilfred stops in front of a closet. Light shines from behind the closed door.

WILFRED (CONT'D)

Here we go.

He opens the closet door, revealing two giant marijuana plants under a grow light.

WILFRED (CONT'D)

Heaven. Good for the hips.

He takes one plant and hands the other to Ryan. Ryan follows him toward the exit, pissed.

RYAN

This was your plan the whole time.

WILFRED

Part of it. This is the other part.

Wilfred puts the plant down next to a pair of Spencer's motorcycle boots. He squats over one of the boots, preparing to do his business.

RYAN

In his boot?

WILFRED

They never check them first, do they.

Ryan can't help but smile.

RYAN

What the hell. He deserves it. Now c'mon, let's go.

WILFRED

Not so fast. He has another boot.

RYAN

(BEAT) You want me to... No way.

WILFRED

Why not? He'll never know it was you.

RYAN

That's not the point.

Ryan is conflicted. Wilfred moves in for the kill.

WILFRED

You said it yourself, he deserves this. The fucking bike.
(MORE)

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 29.

WILFRED (CONT'D)

The trash in the alley, the way he treats you like an insignificant, limp-dicked wanker. How does that make you feel?

RYAN

(FEELING IT) Angry.

WILFRED

Yeah? Well, it's time to return the favor. You know you want to.

RYAN

I'm not an animal.

WILFRED

Then be a man! For once in your life, be a man and shit in that boot!

Ryan is persuaded.

EXT. SPENCER'S YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Wilfred and an elated Ryan carry the pot plants to the gate.

RYAN

I can't believe I did that! That was so awesome!

WILFRED

Well done, Ryan. Primo coiler. One of the best I've seen.

A distant but familiar RUMBLE is coming closer. Spencer's motorcycle.

RYAN

Shit!

They run to the gate. Ryan tries to open it.

RYAN (CONT'D)

It's jammed!

Wilfred grabs the pot plants and tosses them over the fence.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND RYAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A headlight appears at the end of the alley! Ryan and Wilfred scramble over the fence, grab the plants and dash into Ryan's yard just as Spencer pulls into his carport.

INT. RYAN'S BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Ryan and Wilfred lay on the ground, breathless, listening as Spencer spots their break-in.

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 30.

SPENCER (O.S.)

Goddam it!

Ryan giggles. He's happier than we've ever seen him. Wilfred smiles, pleased.

WILFRED

Hey Ryan, when's the last time you felt this good?

RYAN

(A REVELATION) Never.

WILFRED

It's called "living," mate. You can feel this way forever. Trust your instincts. No more doubt. No fear.

Wilfred produces the ball.

WILFRED (CONT'D)

Just throw it away.

Ryan gets it now. He takes the ball and chucks it across the yard. Wilfred smiles.

WILFRED (CONT'D)

Good boy. Welcome to your new life.

RYAN

Aren't you gonna fetch it?

WILFRED

Do you know how many balls I have?

The porch light snaps on. Kristen is at the back door with her cell phone.

KRISTEN

What are you doing out here?

RYAN

This is my friend, Wilfred.

KRISTEN

He looks filthy. (RE: PHONE) I called Dr. Ramos. He's willing to talk to you. (WHISPERS) Beg!

She hands Ryan the phone. He glances at Wilfred, then:

RYAN

(INTO PHONE) Hey Doc, it's Ryan. I appreciate the offer, but I'd rather eat possum ass than be your desk monkey.

Kristen grabs the phone.

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 31.

KRISTEN

Dr. Ramos? Hello? (TO RYAN) Well that's just great! Do you have any idea how tough this job market is? Beggars can't be choosers.

RYAN

I'm not a beggar.

KRISTEN

Are you kidding? You're the job candidate equivalent of a one-legged, milky-eyed Mumbai orphan with a tin cup full of pencils!

WILFRED

(SOTTO) What a bitch.

KRISTEN

I mean, what am I supposed to think?

RYAN

Whatever you want. But from now on, keep it to yourself. I don't give a shit.

WILFRED

Well, actually you do. Or you did.

Ryan laughs.

KRISTEN

Oh, is this funny? Fine. Goodbye, Ryan. You're on your own.

She exits into the house.

RYAN

Wrong! I'm not alone! I've got Wilfred!

He puts his arm around Wilfred, whom he notices is nibbling on something, corn-on-the-cob style.

RYAN (CONT'D)

What is that?

WILFRED

Bit of squirrel.

RYAN

(RECOILING) Oh, gross! No! Drop it! Drop it!

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE THAT NIGHT

Wilfred and Ryan sit drinking beers. The air is smoky.

32.

WILFRED

I pride myself on having an answer for everything. You ask me any question.

RYAN

Alright. Um... What's the "domino effect"?

WILFRED

Don't know. Next.

INT. SAME - LATER

WILFRED

Why are you defending her? I mean, I told you how she treated me, and now you're taking her side?

RYAN

Look, I'm not saying what she did was right. I just think it's possible that she was in heat.

WILFRED

(BEAT) She was a slut.

INT. SAME - LATER

Wilfred is taking a very long hit off the bong.

RYAN

I just got to the point where I lost hope. And I think at times like that, if you're lucky, you meet someone who gives you a reason to go on. And I think that someone could be Jenna.

He looks to Wilfred for validation, but Wilfred is still inhaling. This is the longest bong hit in history. Ryan waits. And waits. Finally he looks away. Wilfred continues hitting the bong.

INT. SAME - LATER

Ryan is starting to drift off.

RYAN

Hey Wilfred. How's this gonna end?

WILFRED

Hmm?

RYAN

This. Us. What's gonna happen?

WILFRED

Don't know. Next.

WILFRED "Pilot" 3/26/10 33.

RYAN

Well, anyway... It's nice to have someone looking out for me.

Wilfred smiles and toasts Ryan with his beer. Ryan closes his eyes, contented.

EXT. SPENCER'S YARD - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A FURRY PAW as it carefully places Ryan's wallet under the broken window at Spencer's house. Ryan's ID is clearly visible.

END OF ACT THREE

END OF SHOW