

BERNARD

Written by

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INT. FOYER- DAY

A steamy piece of dog feces sits on the hardwood floor of a silent house.

Suddenly- keys are heard opening the door. In comes WILLA, a quirky woman in her early 20's carrying groceries. She stops in her track when she sees the poop lying there. She drops all of her bags to the ground.

She squeals with excitement before jumping up and down. Willa walks over to the piece of poop and hovers over it before running to the kitchen to dial a phone number. She waits for an answer. It rings and rings- but nobody picks up.

VOICEMAIL VOICE

You have reached the voice mailbox
of...

GUY VOICE

... Jacob Robinson

VOICEMAIL VOICE

At the tone, please record your
voice message. When you are
finished recording, you may hang up
or press pound for more options.

BEEP-

INT. LIVING AREAS- CONTINUOUS- SERIES OF SHOTS

A) A picture of Bernard, their dog.

WILLA (O.S.)

Jacob! Jacob, you gotta come over
after work! I know you're not gonna
believe me and this sounds crazy,
but you just have to trust me! I
want to tell you what it is right
now, but you just have to see for
yourself!

B) A stack of Dog whispering books pile on top of each other.

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

I told you, Bernard licked me last
night. I swear, I'm not lying! I'm
freaking out right now, just please
come over when you're done with
work. I promise you, PROMISE,
you're going to finally see for
yourself.

C) A shelf displays pictures of Willa and Jacob, a happy couple.

WILLA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I love you! But please, come over
after work!

Willa pauses.

WILLA (CONT'D)
... And I hope your interview went
well today... I'm very proud of
you!... Okay, I love you I gotta
go.

CLICK- She hangs up the phone.

INT. LIVING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Willa searches around the living room.

WILLA
Bernard?

She moves her couch forward, then crouches down behind it.
She finds her taxidermy dog, Bernard. Tears build up in her
eyes as she smiles.

WILLA (CONT'D)
...Bernard?

She reaches for Bernard's ears and scratches them. She pulls
Bernard forward and whispers to him-

WILLA (CONT'D)
... I knew you were alive,
Bernie... Nobody believed me, but I
knew. I know my baby too well,
better than the back of my hand, I
always knew...

Willa gets emotional but brushes it off with a laugh. She
wipes away her tears.

WILLA (CONT'D)
(wiping tears)
I am so confused right now.

She snuggles up to Bernard to hug and kisses him on the head
multiple times. Her head rests on his-

WILLA (CONT'D)
... Do you wanna go on a walk?

Willa springs up.

WILLA (CONT'D)
(excited dog voice)
Do you wanna go on a walk?

Willa tries to rile up her taxidermy dog, jumping around.

WILLA (CONT'D)
(excited dog voice)
Does Bernie wanna go on a walk?
Yeah?!... Wanna go on a walk! Does-

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE- DAY

Willa pulls on a leash connected to Bernard who doesn't move in a wagon.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET/PARK- MONTAGE

- 1) Willa pulls the wagon past a house.
- 2) Willa pulls the wagon past another house.
- 3) Willa pulls the wagon past another house, but the wheel gets stuck on something. She fixes it and moves on.
- 4) Willa continues to pull the wagon past another house.
- 5) Willa walks by one last house while pulling the wagon.
- 6) At a park, Willa plays tug-a-war with Bernard, but it's not much a competition. She throws the toy, but Bernard does not fetch.

INT. HOUSE- DAY- MONTAGE CONTINUES

- 7) Back home in the bathroom, water rushes as Willa gives Bernard a bath.
- 8) Willa lies on the couch, eating popcorn and flipping through channels. She throws a couple of pieces to Bernard.

INT. KITCHEN- NIGHT

Willa stands patiently in the kitchen with a wrapped-up, poop bag in front of her.

She listens to someone unlock her front door. She tries to contain her excitement as they make their way towards her.

JACOB, Willa's well put together boyfriend stands in the doorway. He doesn't look pleased. He looks at Bernard in the corner of the room, then up at her. She tries to hold back a smile but can't.

JACOB
... What's going on?

WILLA
(pointing to the poop bag
in front of her)
Look...

JACOB
... What is it?

Willa doesn't answer. She bites her lip out of eagerness.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Willa, what is it?

WILLA
Look for yourself.

Jacob hesitates to move. He stares at Willa before stepping towards the bag. He keeps eye contact with her before he reaches for it. Jacob picks it up, and unties it, he immediately drops it and gags to himself.

JACOB
What the fuck, Willa?

WILLA
(excited)
It's Bernard's shit.

JACOB
I don't-

WILLA
It's crazy, I know. I found it
today when I got home, it was just
sitting on the floor! I told you he
was alive, Jacob! All those times-

JACOB
(talking over Willa)
Willa...

WILLA

I heard him cry in the middle of the night... and then when I heard him bark that one time when we were-

JACOB

(talking over Willa)
Willa...

WILLA

Having our game night. Even you heard a bark, Jacob, I know you did. He licked me last night, I swear! Nobody believes me, but I have proof now that it's true. Can you jus-

JACOB

WILLA!

Willa goes silent.

JACOB (CONT'D)

... Bernard is fucking dead, Willa. He's a stuffed dog... I don't know how much more of this I can take, okay? He ran away and got hit by a car, do you understand that?... I'm sure the abruptness really fucked with you or whatever... But how can he be alive if he was literally hollowed out and stuffed?

Willa looks broken. It is dead silent.

WILLA

...How can a dead dog poop?

JACOB

(exhaling a laugh)
Oh my god... EXACTLY! How can a dead dog poop?

WILLA

No seriously, how can a dead dog poop, Jacob? I came home to a hot, steamy piece of dog shit waiting for me. HOW?

JACOB

... Have you taken your meds?

Willa looks offended.

WILLA

What?

JACOB

Have you taken your meds?

Willa stares at Jacob

WILLA

... Fuck you.

JACOB

Yeah, fuck me... You didn't even ask how my interview went because you've been so fucking far up your stuffed animal's ass the past couple weeks. You knew how important this was to me.

WILLA

Fuck you... How did I come home to Bernard's shit on the floor?

Jacob lets out a "are you kidding me?" Kind of laugh.

JACOB

Oh my god.

Bernard stands still in the corner of the room

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

... Listen, I know you just went to one of your neighbor's lawns and picked up a piece of random dog shit and now you're trying to fit it into your fucked up narrative... but I can't support this anymore.

WILLA (O.S.)

(crying)

You don't believe me, I'm not making this up! You have to believe me, Jacob! Please. There is literally shit sitting right in front of us.

JACOB (O.S.)

Willa, you need help.

WILLA (O.S.)
No, fuck you, you need help.
Boohoo, I don't pay attention to
you for one fucking minute and you
get your small little testes in a
twist! Get the fuck out of my
house! You're a pussy, Jacob!

Willa is heard spitting.

JACOB (O.S.)
What the fuck, you crazy Bitch!
You're sick in the head, you know
that?!

WILLA (O.S.)
GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY HOUSE JACOB!
You're a piece of shit!

JACOB (O.S.)
How deranged do you have to be to
want this in your house?

WILLA (O.S.)
LEAVE! Get out!

Jacob is heard storming out of the house, and slams the door.

Willa is heard screaming at the top of her lungs and begins
crying.

Bernard's face stares off into the distance.

CREDITS ROLL

"OUR DOG BERNARD" BY BARRY LOUIS POLISAR PLAYS