FOX & DOG: MEET THE TICK - PART 1 -

EPISODE 2

by Daniel Viau

© copyright All rights reserved June 2013 EXT. FIELD - DAY

A grassy hill. Tall grass. Wild weeds. And in the foreground: billowing smoke.

Then, all of a sudden, a slow-motion car comes flying over the hill - DUKES OF HAZARD-style.

Inside the car, are the slowly moving reactions of FOX, behind the wheel, screaming. And GONZO, the dog, floating in mid-air, suspended in slow-motion. Fox reaches out to protect Gonzo.

The car comes to full-motion, jumping over the hill and landing. The car chews up the grass on impact. Bouncing. Sending up dirt. They race over the wild fields towards the smoking crater of the fallen meteor.

They dodge some bushes as they go.

FOX This is what we humans call fun, dog... (laughs, nervous) Ya... Fun.

Fox screams, as they recklessly travel.

FOX

I'll teach you another important word we have... Insurance...

The car hits a bush, scratching the paint, and busting off a mirror on Gonzo's side. Dog barks. They smash through a fence.

> FOX Don't worry that's what insurance is for.

They hit another bump as they go. The smoke blooms larger

FOX Alright, Gonzo... Lemme handle this. It's not safe... So, stay.

Gonzo goes to open the door, paw on handle.

FOX

Stay! Gonzo, I can't get insurance for you. I can't fix you like I can the car. The car's a rental, you're permanent. So, be a good boy n stay.

Gonzo sits and wags his tail.

FOX (cont'd) I'll be right back.

Fox pets Gonzo, then exits the car.

He slowly approaches the crater, shielding his eyes from the smoke with his arms.

BACK IN THE CAR...

Gonzo hits the radio button. Listens to music and relaxes.

THE CRATER...

Fox looks down at the crater. It's about 10 feet wide and 5 feet deep. He puts his shirt over his face. The surrounding grass glows with burning embers.

As Fox gets closer, he sees a cracked open pod-like egg. The inside of the egg glistens with a violet shimmer.

## FOX

Holy shit.

Fox reaches into his jacket for a digital camera. He snaps a few pictures. He bends down to get some closer snapshots. He notices some marks in the dirt. Lots of footprints tracked from space bugs.

Fox reaches out, slowly, and touches the pod/meteor. It burns him. He screams.

BACK IN THE CAR...

Gonzo perks his ears up. He hits the radio off. And listens.

FOX ( faintly, O.S. ) Fuck me in the goat ass!

THE CRATER...

Fox holds his hand. It's burnt with ridges branded into his flesh.

Gonzo barks. He's now at the top of the crater, looking down at Fox.

Fox looks up.

### FOX

It's okay, Gonzo... And I thought I said stay.

Dog barks. Fox climbs up and picks up the dog.

FOX (cont'd) You were worried about me weren't you?

Gonzo licks Fox on the face. They smile. Then, Gonzo reaches into Fox's inside jacket pocket with his snout. He

jumps down and eats the retrieved beef jerky.

FOX Oh, now I get it. You love the jerky don't you...

They walk back to the car.

FOX

Now, where did these space bugs go. I saw their tracks, but...

Dog barks. Gonzo smells the ground. Barks again. Then he points off in the other direction.

FOX

Right on, Gonzo. Good boy! I'd give you a treat, but, uh, you already took care of that.

They enter the car.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

A small town main street. A couple of restaurants. A few businesses. Families walking together. A "WELCOME TO MANOTICK" sign.

Fox and Dog drive onto main street. Dog barks and points. A mechanic sign, for the local garage.

FOX Good call, Gonzo... Start with the first stop on Main street... And appropriate too.

They park their car at the garage. A surly aging MECHANIC approaches them.

## MECHANIC

That's a real shit show there, big guy. I don't know if we can do... All that, today... You'll hafta---

### FOX

No, no. It's a rental... Got isurance.

### MECHANIC

What?

### FOX

It'll live.

Fox turns and they walk. He looks back and BEEPS the car to locked.

Gonzo sniffs, then barks and points.

The mechanic just shakes his head.

## MECHANIC

Out-of-towners... I don't get it... I don't!

Fox and Dog continue to walk down the street. They pass smiling families. Everyone greets with hellos. It seems like a utopia of niceness.

FOX

They seem nice, don't they, Gonzo? Nothing bizarre about that...

Gonzo barks. Fox looks around, thinking.

FOX (realizing)
... Unless... That is bizarre...

Fox turns and watches everyone. Happy. Talking to each other, even strangers. Kids skip. The cars drive slowly. Drivers are attentive. They stop and let pedestrians walk.

> FOX The Apple has not fallen here...

Gonzo tilts his head, confused.

FOX (cont'd) No iPhones... No bluTooths... No any kind of phones... The people interact with each other verbally and physically... Unlike anything I've ever seen...

The scene of citizens again. Gonzo watches too.

FOX

Bizarre...

RING RING... His phone...

Now, in an instant, everyone turns and looks at Fox.

RING RING.

Fox is stunned by their reactions. Kids cover their ears, crying for the sound.

RING... Fox answers it. Everyone turns away, back to their normal, continuing what they were doing.

FOX Swan... This better be good...

Voice coughs on other end of call.

FOX

LP? Shit... What is it?

LP sits on the couch in front of a large glass bong and several strewn about books. One is a book by LENNY BRUCE.

L.P.

Where did you put our copy of THE NOTEBOOK? I'm having a lady friend over... Since you're not here, see you're there... So---

FOX

Are you for real?... I do not have THE NOTEBOOK.

L.P. Oh... I thought we watched it together---

## FOX

Together? THE NOTEBOOK? No. That is reserved for special---Is that what you called for?

# L.P.

Well, ya, it was an emergency... Uh, how bout SNAKES ON A PLANE?

## FOX

Really? ?...
 (hesitant, unwilling)
Yes. I have that. Check the
shelf.

# L.P.

Good, cuz I have this move where I whip it out n I'm like SNAKE ON A COUCH, baby. Now--- Fox hangs up. He looks at Dog as they walk. He thinks a moment.

FOX Gonzo? You see what happened there? Those people?

Gonzo nods, his tail quivers between his legs.

FOX

Ya. What in the PLEASANTVILLE is going on here?

Dog sniffs, points.

FOX

# This way still?

They walk. Fox punches in a number on his phone.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Swan's place of work. Except she's not working, she's eating a bowl of steaming Kim-Chi and watching an old black and white episode of TWILIGHT ZONE.

Swan seems real casual. And oddly still nerdy, even without her glasses on. She's annoyed at the call. She pauses her show.

> SWAN Fox... This better be good.

INTERCUT: SWAN / FOX

## FOX

So, I'm interrupting something. Good... TWIN PEAKS can wait.

# SWAN

It's not the PEAKS this time. It's---

# FOX

Swan... Listen... I'm here... I came. I saw... I shit my pants... Now what the fuck am I to do here?

## SWAN

Geeze, you okay there, Fox...

### FOX

Just tell me---

### SWAN

The usual. See if this crazy shit is real.

# FOX

It's real. I got photos. Now what?

### SWAN

What? Well, find the bugs from outer space.

### FOX

That's what I'm sayin. How? Who told you about this anyways?

### SWAN

It was an anonymous source. I don't know. I thought it was some kid's visual FX reel...

# FOX

Who is he? Can't you check some database shit with a gadget or sumthin?

# SWAN

I can send you the video. See what you can make of it.

# FOX

I don't have that gadget yet.

SWAN

Right... You just have a phone that's a phone.

FOX (shy) But... It can text---

## SWAN

Look for an internet cafe or something. I'll email it.

FOX Just tell me what I'm lookin for.

### SWAN

One sec...

Swan opens up the video on her computer.

SWAN I'll see if there's anything---

### FOX

Put it on speakerphone, so I can hear it.

SWAN Fox... It's a video.

FOX (annoyed) Come on. Quit fuckin with me, Swan. VIDEO:

Rushing asphalt. Night. Video recorded on phone camera.

### VOICE

One guy just started in... I dunno why... Holy shit!

We can't see the voice, but he moves the camera to see 3 men fighting - 2 against 1. They hit him and he falls over. Then springs back, as if nothing happened.

Camera zooms. Bloody nose. Violet coloured blood. They keep fighting.

### VOICE

Shit! Purple. That guy had pur--- Shit!

They ram the man into a car. Head first. He slumps to the ground. Camera zooms to the face. A large, foot long tick crawls out of his mouth. A trail of purple blood.

### VOICE

It's huge...

The fallen man coughs. The rest of the tick appears. 3 feet long. Violet blood sprays out as he coughs.

### VOICE

The fuck?!!

The men yell, and run.

Rushing asphalt. Camera looks back to see fallen man rise up. Zooms for a second. Shaky. Man is confused. Oblivious. He looks at the blood on himself. Purple. The 2 men run, yelling, closer, closer.

MAN

Run! Run!!

The camera jerks. Static. ENDS.

Swan in her office, puts phone to her face.

You get that, Fox?

FOX

SWAN

How did they move?

SWAN

What?

### FOX

Dog can smell em... And all I know is they move faster than my car... So HOW do they move?

### SWAN

(unsure, confused) They're quick... On video it's so...

# (inhales,

composing herself) Okay, they are like 3 feet long. Segmented bodies. Maybe they compress like a spring. Bouncing like gazelles...

# FOX

There we go. That sounds more like my Swan... So what was it? Guy got knocked out?

# SWAN

Losing consciousness must sever the host link...

FOX

Check out the big brains on Swan... How do you---

SWAN

Sci-fi, man. And you always make fun of me for it.

FOX

It's the glasses... Glasses and sci-fi make for easy jokes.

# SWAN

Good... Now, get out of the stone age and get to the internet. See it for yourself... Send me your photos... Meanwhile, I'll work on revealing the source.

They hang up their phones. Fox bends and pets Gonzo.

FOX Good boy. Where to now?

Dog sniffs, barks, and points his paw.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Outside the patio of a restaurant. Fox and Dog walk by, observing. Once again, everyone seems too nice and polite.

FOX

This town is too small for an internet cafe... Just normal cafes.. Fox takes a sip of his coffee-to-go.

FOX

# How'd you like yours, Gonzo?

Gonzo barks, then chases his tail, quickly. Fox laughs. He looks around and sees a library.

FOX

Interwebs... Let's go...

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Fox and Dog walk into the small town library. It seems empty. Then, a librarian pops up from behind the long counter.

## LIBRARIAN

Hello... Welcome, sir...

She notices the dog.

## LIBRARIAN

Um, no dogs allowed, sir. I'm sorry, but---

### FOX

Oh. No... He's magic... Tell me, where are the interwebs?

Gonzo covers his face with his paw, embarrassed.

## LIBRARIAN

What?

# FOX

The interwebs? I'm hoping to emails.

LIBRARIAN The internet is that way... (motions with head) Where are you from?

FOX (ignores, points) This way?

## LIBRARIAN

Yes.

FOX Then, I'm from THAT way... (points the other way) Thank you.

Fox and Dog sit down at a computer. Fox cracks his knuckles.

### FOX

On.

He waits for the computer to power on. A moment.

## FOX

On...

Still nothing. Fox hits the computer, a love tap.

FOX

I said... Computer: on!

Dog shakes his head. He paws the power button. The computer comes on.

### FOX

I knew that... Just checkin how much YOU know...

Dog rolls his eyes.

FOX

What? Don't look at me like that... I know stuff... Now look away... One sec. Come on.

Dog looks away. Fox reaches into his pocket. Dog sneaks a peek. Fox unfolds a piece of paper. It has email instructions.

FOX

Let's see. Step one...

Dog barks. He points to the lower screen. The email icon.

FOX

Right... Double click.

Email program opens. Fox fumbles with the mouse. He looks at the paper. He searches for the right keys on the keyboard. His fingers out-stretched, hovering above the keys.

VOICE

Is that your dog?

Fox turns to see a teenage boy. 17. Skinny. Black. Thick glasses. This is MOUSE.

FOX

Ya... His name is Gonzo.

MOUSE (waving) Heh, Gonzo.

Dog waves.

### FOX

I taught him that.

### MOUSE

Good boy.

Mouse pets Dog. Gonzo wags his tail.

### FOX

I thought this place was empty.

## MOUSE

Me too... Well, it usually is.

#### FOX

Guess people don't read much now that the interwebs exist.

# MOUSE

Ya. Just porn and YouTube. You know, like people watching cat videos n shit...

FOX (nervous, laughs) Ya. Who does that?

Dog covers his face with a paw, embarrassed.

## MOUSE

So, you need help with that?

# FOX

If you don't mind. I also need to email some photos from my camera.

Fox reaches in his bag and hands Mouse the camera, and the email account info. Mouse types away, makes a few clicks.

## MOUSE

There ya go.

FOX

Wow, that's amazing! Thanks... My name's Fox.

# MOUSE

Mouse.

They shake hands.

FOX

I'm doing a story and I just need to watch this video.

MOUSE

Oh... A reporter.

FOX

Journalist.

# MOUSE

Aren't they the same?

FOX

I'll pretend you didn't say that... So... Mouse... Some help?

# MOUSE

Oh... I'll get that... So what's the story?

FOX

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

# MOUSE

Try me... You'd be surprised...

# FOX

I work for THE RAISED EYEBROW.

What? No way?... That tabloid paper that does shit like Jesus returns tomorrow, and Bigfoot and---

FOX

One and the same... Don't remind me...

MOUSE

Then... What is it... The story, I mean?

FOX (matter of fact) Bugs from outer space, dude... Now come on. Click it... Here. I'll click... I know how to click...

Mouse steps back, stunned.

The video plays on the computer. Fox and Dog watch, attentively. Mouse watches from behind, nervous, scared. When it's done Fox turns to Dog.

> FOX Heh, Gonzo... Did that voice sound like...

They turn and look at Mouse, wondering. Mouse hesitates.

MOUSE (nervous) Alright, it was me... Now, who do you really work for? Are you FBI?

### FOX

Whoah. Settle down, little mouse.

MOUSE (points) Don't.

## FOX

You sent us the video, remember. What's the problem, M---

# MOUSE

Not YOU - the paper. How do I ---

# FOX

Swan. You mailed Swan... (hesitant) She's my boss, okay. You happy, my boss is a younger woman. So what. She's way better than anyone else... Now, tell me, where was this video recorded?

FOX

Mouse doesn't know what to think.

Take me there.

Dog barks.

FOX (cont'd) Take US there... It's important.

Mouse gulps.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

They walk. All 3 of them. Fox. Dog. Mouse.

FOX

How much further?

Dog sniffs. Barks. Points in the direction they're going.

# MOUSE

Wow. Cool... But, ya, not far. It is a small town.

FOX

So what happened that night of the video?

## MOUSE

I was sittin there, outside the arena, using my phone, waitin for my dad to get off work, so we could go downtown... Then a couple o guys they were up to no good---

# FOX (sings)

Started makin trouble in your neighbourhood...

They laugh. Even Gonzo.

### FOX

Sorry. Had to... Continue...

# MOUSE

They were fighting so, ya, I filmed it... They're hockey players so I thought it'd be a good one... Maybe sell it to (air quotes) "the inter-WEBS"...

## FOX

Funny... Not really... So how did you tell your dad about the... Um... Aliens?

### MOUSE

No way.... He's not into that sci-fi shit. He'd prob'ly think

## MOUSE (CONT.)

the movies n games made me delusional or sumthin...

FOX

That's when you show him the evidence, man.

## MOUSE

Ya, about that. See, I tinker with FX for movies. So he'd just think it was fake, like I made it or some shit.

Dog barks. Points to a yoga studio. Fox and Mouse look over.

Outside the studio, they see several hot girls in tight fitting, revealing clothing.

Fox sits at a bench. He motions his friends to do the same.

FOX Have a seat... This dog is magic... He can smell those space ticks... Let's investigate... From a distance.

MOUSE (sitting) Right... Nice view though...

FOX The things I do for work...

Dog barks. Some of the girls have cute little female dogs.

FOX

I know, Gonzo... Research is tough.

The 3 sit and oogle the girls. Some bend over and put away their gear into their cars. Let's just say they're in shape.

### MOUSE

Ya... Research is HARD.

They laugh. All 3 of them.

FOX You got yourself a lady, Mouse?

### MOUSE

I wish.

FOX Come on. There's gotta be someone.

MOUSE Well, now, maybe 2 or 3...

Mouse points to the yoga girls. The guys laugh.

FOX

For real, though... You're a high school kid with glasses... You gotta have at least one epic unrequited love.

MOUSE (quick response) Katie Nelson... Since 10th grade...

FOX I hear ya... What's she like?

### MOUSE

Smart... Funny...

FOX

Ya, ya. But what are her boobs shaped like?

# MOUSE

(nervous, laughs) Nice body...

FOX

What, like... (motions with hands) cupcake boobs.

## MOUSE

Ya, nice, small curves... A lil pot belly forming...

FOX

What?

## MOUSE

You asked... A nice one. Prob'ly feel like---

FOX

Okay, okay. So who's she dating? School's jock hero?

## MOUSE

No. No one. I don't know why either.

Dog barks. Tail wagging. Looking at female dog. He points.

### FOX

Check it out. We all have chicks we're beggin to be with.

### MOUSE

How bout you?

FOX

What? No way, Mouse, some shit is just too personal...

The yoga girls pull away in cars.

FOX Now... Onto the arena. Our research here has thus concluded.

MOUSE (laughs) Right. Make it sound official, eh...

A car pulls up close to Fox and friends. The window rolls down - super hot yoga girl.

GIRL (lyrically) Heh, guuuuuys...

FOX & MOUSE (they wave, impishly) Haaaaaaaaaay.

GIRL You wanna ride?

# FOX

(smirks, laughs) From you?... That depends on what you mean by ri---

VOICE (yelling) It's him! her head out of the window, pointing.

REDHEAD That's the one SHE wants...

Her car races closer.

# READHEAD (cont'd) Get him... Stop him!

Fox looks at Gonzo. Dog points away. Fox looks to Mouse. Mouse points away too. They run.

They take off down the sidewalk, running to the arena. Dog is way quicker than the boys.

The cars give chase down a parallel road. They have to adjust their course to continue their pursuit.

Fox and friends continue on foot. As they pass by, the townsfolk wave happily. Eerily. Oblivious to any danger. The guys get closer, and can see the arena 50 feet away.

The cars return. Some townsfolk help, pointing to Fox and friends at the arena.

FOX

Holy shit...

MOUSE (sarcastic) No kidding... Thanks for finding me at the library. I was perfectly bored before you---

They get closer, about 10 feet away now. Fox can see the CLOSED sign.

FOX

It's closed. Damn!

Keys.

They arrive at the front door of the arena, just as the cars skid to park. Screeching tires.

### FOX

Hurry.

# MOUSE (sarcastic) Oh, should I be?

Gonzo barks, looking to the cars. Fox looks too. They see their attackers: super hot yoga girls.

## REDHEAD

Stop him!

The 3 women run at Fox and friends.

### REDHEAD

And watch out... She said his dog is magic!

Mouse fumbles with the keys. The girls get closer. The door swings open and they bust inside...

INT. ARENA - SAME

Fox and friends run into the hockey arena. They see the ice rink right away.

### MOUSE

This way!

Mouse opens the boards so they can access the ice rink.

The girls continue to chase.

The boys skid onto the ice. Gonzo has trouble with his

footing, slipping and sliding. Fox turns to see the girls sliding onto the ice. He lets out a sheepish "EEP". Mouse slides his way to the player's bench area. Fox is stunned, scared.

> MOUSE (O.S.) Here. Catch.

Mouse tosses Fox a hockey stick.

One girl runs at Gonzo. He barks and turns to run.

Mouse holds his stick with a sure grip. Fox gulps, holding his stick loosely. He tightens his grasp. Lowers his brow, staring down the approaching hot yoga girl.

FOX

(thinking, quiet)
"Sever the host"...
 (louder, angry)
Alright, knock these bitches out!

Mouse seems unsure. Fox swings and whacks one down to the ice, she skids across the slippery surface.

FOX Don't worry, Mouse... No refs, no high sticking call...

MOUSE But... They're girls...

FOX

Ya!... Hot fuckin girls in hot fuckin yoga pants with deadly fuckin space bugs scavenging their hot fuckin brains...

## Right... BODY SNATCHERS.

Mouse yells, and charges. He hits the one that Fox fell. Gonzo runs, leading the chasing girl where ever he wants. The REDHEAD yoga girl approaches Fox.

### REDHEAD

You!

Fox turns to see her, points to himself...

FOX

Me?

#### REDHEAD

You're mine!

She charges at Fox. She dives at him. She holds him by the collar. Tight. Fox "Eeps".

Her mouth opens wide. A space tick appears in the back of her mouth. Front pinchers snap at Fox, inches away from his face.

Fox turns, struggling. His stick gets caught between her legs. He slips. She falls headfirst, hitting the boards hard.

Gonzo leads the other girl right into the boards as well. Fox looks to the stunned girls. He gets up.

FOX

# Good boy, Gonzo.

Mouse whacks the girl. A space bug crawls out of her mouth. Violet coloured blood sprays out. Mouse chops up the bug with his hockey stick. 2 bugs crawl out of the 2 board girls. Gonzo eats one. Viciously.

FOX

Ewwww... Uh, good boy?

The final bug from the redhead squirms towards Fox. It bounces up like a spring. He knocks it to the ground, striking it in mid-air with his hockey stick.

> FOX Fuck ya... I did that!

Fox stomps the bug. Squish! And he slips, falling comically to the ice. Mouse and Dog laugh.

FOX Laugh it up, fuzzball. Wait til---

Screech! Screech! More cars skidding to a stop outside.

Mouse extends his hand to the fallen Fox.

MOUSE (deep voice) "Come with me if you want to live"...

Fox tosses a look, aimed at pop culture.

### MOUSE

Sorry, had to. I've only been alive 17 years, so I haven't had much time to---

Dog barks.

MOUSE (cont'd) Fuck, man. There's more comin. I know a safe spot. 30.

Fox looks Mouse over. Looks at Gonzo. Thinks.

# MOUSE

Come on, Fox!

Fox accepts Mouse's hand, and gets up.

FADE OUT:

FOX & DOG: MEET THE TICK - PART 1 EPISODE 2

By Daniel Viau

© copyright JUNE 2013