

FOX & DOG:  
MEET THE INTERWEBS

EPISODE 4

by Daniel Viau

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Two hands. On a table. Palms down, on top of another.  
Women's hands.

One set of hands belongs to a young attractive woman in her 30s: MIA. The other set, an older, hippy-like, attractive woman, 40s: VERONIQUE. A psychic and her customer.

The table has an Ouija-type board. Tarot-type cards. The tablecloth has nice patterns, Gothic type. 2 glasses of juice. Incense burning. Candles too.

Further out, spiritual statuettes. Idols. New Age crystals. Surreal paintings. Beads fall down as a curtain in the doorway of the kitchen. They half obscure a fresh roast, cooling on the counter.

VERONIQUE

He still lives...

MIA

Oh... Thank the...

(cries to herself)

Where... Is he?

VERONIQUE

It's unclear, Mia... Warm...

Arid... Somewhere in the West...

Of here...

Opposite the women, sit FOX and DOG on a soft couch that nearly swallows them. Fox turns to Dog and speaks softly.

FOX

Could she vague that up a bit  
more...

Fox scribbles in his notepad. The table jumps an inch and lands with a thud. Veronique turns to Fox.

VERONIQUE

Silence, Mr. Faulkner... Your presence here IS unnecessary.

FOX

Well, actually, if you want to keep this scam going...

VERONIQUE

Enough...

MIA

No, please, Veronique... Continue... Before he leaves us.

VERONIQUE

Your lover? Yes... He's still here... He says he... Loves you... Always... He wants to talk to you, Mia.

Fox rolls his eyes, upset by her lies.

MIA

But I am no vessel... Like you are... I can't...

Veronique slides over the Ouija board. She places Mia's hand on the pointer device. It's shaped like a spade.

VERONIQUE

Together... We can...

The spade pointer swirls around, under the guide of their hands. It starts to spell. Fox gets up off the couch, to get a closer look. Dog stays, lifts his leg and licks his own balls.

Fox can see the spade, spelling. Mia talks slowly as it moves.

MIA

Look... Under... The rock...

Fox watches, scribbling in his notepad.

VERONIQUE

Does that mean anything to you, Mia?

The spade swirls. It spells...

MIA

Pond... Fish...

FOX

Enough... This is wrong, Veronique... You're capitalizing on her grief... Profiting on false hopes... Mia?... This is fake... It's---

VERONIQUE

It's real.

FOX

Real bullshit.

Veronique points at Fox, taking her hands off the spade pointer.

VERONIQUE

This is why I didn't want you...

The spade flies out from under Mia's hands. It rockets off the Ouija board. Fox and Mia shocked. Dog looks away from lickage. Veronique stays seated, folds her arms, pleased.

Dog barks. The table rises and falls several times. Mia covers her mouth, scared. Dog jumps off the couch. Fox puts out his hand for Mia to grab.

FOX

Come with me.

Mia takes his hand, confused.

FOX

You can forget the article,  
JoJo... And... Fuck you.

VERONIQUE

Are you quite sure, Mr.  
Faulkner?

Fox flips her the bird.

FOX

I'm THAT sure.

Veronique rises from the table. A cherubic smile, aimed right at Fox.

VERONIQUE

You still don't believe, do  
you, Justin... And after all  
you've seen...

Fox holds Mia, making his way for the exit. He turns.

FOX

What I've seen? Well, today  
I saw you fuckin with this  
woman... I saw magnets move  
a Ouija board thingy... I saw  
you lift a table with your  
knees... I saw typical seance  
fakery...

Mia looks to her protector, thinking. Dog barks.

VERONIQUE

You and your dog are wrong...  
You don't need to believe for  
it to be the truth...

FOX

You pick and choose what you  
want to believe... What you  
don't... This ain't one of  
those moments, sister...

VERONIQUE

I know all about Swan...

FOX

I bet you do. No shocker...  
She probably called beforehand  
to get your permission...  
Introduced herself... Swan's  
a good editor that way...

VERONIQUE

No, Fox... I know all about  
YOU and Swan.

Fox thinks this over. Shock and awe turns to scepticism. A  
half-smirk...

FOX

That's how you psychics work  
isn't it... Throw enough shit  
out there, some is bound to  
stick... Not with me. I got  
the best T.P. for that type  
of shit... Just rubs right  
off...

VERONIQUE

Was it Bigfoot the babysitter  
or do I have that backwards...  
It's so long ago...

Dog barks, points to leave. Mia scared, tears well up. Dog runs to kitchen.

FOX

I dunno what the fuck you have...  
But I want no part of it.

Fox opens the door to leave.

VERONIQUE

See you around, Fox.

Fox watches her. Dog comes running with the cooked roast in his mouth.

FOX

Veronique?... Got your roast.

VERONIQUE

My roast? No... Who do you  
think I made it for?

Fox raises his eyebrow. He closes the door behind him as he leaves.

EXT. HOUSE - STREET - AFTERNOON

On the sidewalk, outside the psychic's house, stand Fox and Dog with Mia. Dog eats the roast, quickly. Fox and Mia are mid-conversation. Mia holds Fox's business card, looking at it.

FOX

I just have the one number...  
There at the bottom... Heh,

FOX (CONT.)

Mia, how did you even find  
this lady?

MIA

The internet... There's so  
many psychics... The message  
boards said Veronique was the  
best around here.

FOX

Message boards? I'll have to  
ask Mouse about that one.

MIA

Why did you bring your dog?

FOX

He's magic...

Dog grins, then gulps down more of the roast.

FOX

So when did you last see  
your boyfriend?

MIA

2 months ago.

FOX

I hate to say it, Mia, but  
sometimes people go missing...  
On purpose.

MIA

I know... I thought that...  
But I didn't wanna---

FOX

--- I know... These fake psychics they count on that... They know you want to believe.

MIA

But... The rock... The pond... I know what that is. We have it... It's my backyard.

FOX

Well, don't expect answers... Hope for the best, but plan for the worst.

MIA

Right... Thanks, Justin.

FOX

Fox... Just Fox... You hungry, Mia?

MIA

Really? Now?... What was that about capitalizing on grief...

FOX

No, no, you got me wrong. Not a date. Just meat on the street... Okay, that sounded wrong... I mean hot dogs... Mustard?... Food?... You know, like my friend, Gonzo, here is quickly consuming... Doesn't that make your tummy grumble?

MIA (dismissive)

I'll let you know about the rock... Later, Fox.

Mia leaves Fox with Dog.

FOX

No hot dog?

Dog barks.

FOX

Right, Gonzo, you can eat  
forever.

Dog farts. The roast gone.

FOX

Me. You. Hot dogs.

Fox and Dog walk down the street. Fox turns to Dog.

FOX

As if she didn't wanna hump  
me...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The high-rise that Fox calls home. A few people walk the  
sidewalks.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A finger on a computer mouse. It moves around on a  
mouse-pad. Clicks. Double clicks. Fox sits at his old desk-  
top computer. He looks deep in thought.

L.P. sits on the couch with Dog. L.P. rolls a large joint.

LP

Alright, Fox... I'm goin  
to work, now. Pullin a  
double.

Fox at the computer, nods, barely paying attention.

FOX

Uh huh...

LP

So I won't be back til  
Wednesday.

FOX

Uh huh...

LP

Are you even listening? I  
DJ tonight...

FOX

And tomorrow, right...  
What?

LP

No, I message tomorrow...  
So... Don't smoke all my  
shit, k.

Fox is still trying to figure out computer. L.P. watches Fox. He gets off the couch and goes to Fox, leaving his bag of weed open on the table.

LP

What's this psychic shit?  
Are you feeling lonely again,  
Fox?

L.P. laughs. Fox doesn't.

FOX

I'm tryin to find something  
called message boards.

LP

Oh, I know that shit... One  
sec...

L.P. moves the mouse around and opens the site's message  
board.

FOX

What is all this?

LP

People type up questions  
and others answer...

FOX

What's with all the  
swearing?

LP

Oh, just you wait, young  
padawan... Add in a pinch  
of homophobia, and a few  
spoonfuls of racism, and you  
get message boards.

FOX

This will take forever. I  
need help.

LP

Don't look at me... I told  
you... Work.

L.P. steps away from the computer. Fox looks to Dog for  
encouragement. Dog covers his face.

FOX

Lotta good you guys are.

LP

Internet's got you pissed  
off, eh?

And with that L.P. goes to leave the apartment, a joint in  
his crooked smile.

LP (cont'd)

Welcome to the future, dude.

And LP closes the door. Dog brings Fox his cell phone. Fox  
takes it.

FOX

Thanks, Gonzo. Good boy...  
You're right. I'll just call  
Mouse... He'll know...

INT. TREE FORT - NIGHT

Phone rings. It's Mouse. He answers it.

MOUSE

Fox, my man. That didn't take  
long... Whadda ya got for me...  
Loch Ness monster... Jersey  
Devil... What...

INTERCUT: FOX / MOUSE

FOX

Interwebs.

MOUSE (laughs)

Email troubles again? I was  
hopin for something paranormal  
not plain norm---

FOX

--- Message boards.

MOUSE

Shit, this could take a while.  
Tryin to find what you want on  
the boards is near impossible...  
But you know what they say about  
impossible, right?

Mouse grins, as female hands come over his shoulders,  
caressing. It's KATIE NELSON. They're together in the tree  
fort.

FOX

Don't rub it in, Mouse... I'm  
finding the interwebs pretty  
fuckin impossible right now.

MOUSE

Don't worry, Fox... When I'm  
done with you, you'll be the  
internet funkun master.

FOX

Groovy.

MONTAGE:

Mouse and Fox on the phone... Clicks... Programs open...  
Dog sneaking around. Fox, oblivious. Dog sneaks his snout  
into the open bag of weed. He sniffs some. Eats some...

Fox navigates message boards... Using search options...  
Wikipedia... Messenger program... Fox becomes more and more  
adept...

Dog is stoned on the couch. Eyes nearly closed. Grinning...

Fox looking at Best Buy type site... Credit card...  
Delivery page...

Mouse with phone down, still on. He's kissing Katie...

Fox clicking and navigating...

Dog raiding cupboards for munchies...

Mouse and Katie making out in the tree fort...

Fox bent at an odd angle, transfixed by the computer. He stares into the monitor, basking in its warm glow.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT TO DAY

The sun comes up on a new day.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Dog snaps awake from his own fart. He looks for Fox.

Dog finds him staring at the computer. Fox is zoned out completely. Dog grabs his ankle, trying to snap Fox out of his trance. Fox remains comatose. Dog barks. Nothing.

Dog jumps up on the desk, and licks Fox's face. Nothing. Dog tilts his head and whimpers, worried.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Dog runs down the street, quickly. He holds Fox's reporter badge tightly in his mouth.

Dog dodges people as he goes. Most don't even notice, their gazes fixed to iPhones and tablets. They talk on bluTooth to invisible people.

Dog runs several blocks, determined.

INT. SWAN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Swan's office. Pretty organized. A book on her desk: A BRAVE NEW WORLD. SWAN is at the computer, sipping hot coffee from a TARDIS shaped mug.

Her long curly hair is tied up in a bun. Her glasses have slipped unnoticed, halfway down her nose. She's too occupied looking at a site of classified documents about Bigfoot and Sasquatch.

Swan hears a scratching sound. It snaps her out of it.

Again, scratching. It's coming from the door. She sets down her coffee and rises from her chair. She's wearing a pants suit with a dress shirt.

Swan opens the door. Nothing. Then whimpering. She looks down and sees Gonzo. Fox's reporter badge still in his mouth. Swan bends down. Grabs badge. Looks it over. Thinking. Dog tilts his head, thinking too.

SWAN

Shit... It's Fox, isn't it?

Dog barks.

SWAN

Is he in trouble?

(smirks)

He didn't fall down a well  
did he?

Swan laughs at her own joke. Dog doesn't. He spins in a circle to get her attention.

SWAN (cont'd)

Bad joke. Noted. Lemme try...

Swan picks up her phone. Dials Fox. Waits. No answer. Fox's answering machine comes on.

FOX'S VOICE MAIL

Oh, shit... Okay... Testing...  
I think... Yup... This is the  
answering machine for Justin S.

VOICE MAIL (CONT.)

Faulk--- BEEP!

Swan hangs up. She bites her nails, worried. Thinking. She looks to Dog. Dog barks, turns in a circle. Barks.

SWAN

Alright...

Swan grabs her purse, keys on table, next to the book.

SWAN

It's been a while. So...

Lead the way... Magic dog.

Dog barks, circles again, then runs down the hallway, looking back to make sure Swan is following. She locks the door. Gulps. And follows.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Swan chases Dog, trying to keep up. A business woman running catches the attention of bystanders.

Dog sees the stop walking hand sign at the crosswalk. He stops. Looks at Swan. She takes off her glasses. She takes her hair down. The long curly locks flow, catching the attention of a young man.

Swan bends over to take off her heels. The young man checks her out as she bends. Nice sleek body. He approaches Swan.

MAN

What's the hurry?

Swan looks unimpressed, ignoring the young man.

MAN (cont'd)

I mean, you CAN run, but if you need a ride...

MAN (CONT.)

I'm parked over there...

SWAN

No thanks.

MAN

Come on. What's the hurry?

The crosswalk sign changes to the walk symbol.

SWAN

Now? It's to get away from  
you.

Swan runs, faster now, with Dog down the street.

The young man notices her left behind heels. He picks one  
up. Sniffs it.

Swan and Dog run with purpose.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

UPS boxes. iPhone box. Box for tablet device. All strewn  
about the living room.

Dog opens the door and runs in. Steps behind Dog, some bare  
feet. It's Swan. She looks around. Boxes. No Fox in sight.

Dog runs to the bathroom door, and pushes it open with his  
paw. Swan sees inside too. It's Fox, on the toilet, pants  
down around his ankles, staring at his tablet device. Dog  
barks. No response. Swan blocks her view with her hands.

SWAN

Fox?... Fox?!... Attention,  
Fox, this is planet Earth  
calling. We'd like...

Dog bites Fox's ankle. Fox looks up. Confused. Wide-eyed. Bloodshot.

FOX

Oh... I forgot I was pooing.

Swan shakes head, hoping the confusion will clear away.

BIT LATER...

Fox is eating at the table. Quickly. Talking manic, between scoops of sugar cereal. He sits with Dog and Swan.

FOX (manic)

Humans advanced because the spoken language allowed shared knowledge... The written word then exploded knowledge... Other generations could tell you what they thought... BOOM! Pinata brains... Now, all that knowledge, from all time, is available at the click of a button... 'king awesome!

Dog and Swan stare, dumbfounded at what Fox just said.

SWAN

The interwebs---

FOX

(interrupts, correcting)  
Inter- NET.

SWAN

Exaaaaactly...

FOX

It just blows my mind, Swan...  
So I checked out things  
beyond Wikipedia...

SWAN

You didn't... Not porno---

FOX

You know they have TWIN PEAKS,  
TWILIGHT ZONE, every fuckin  
episode, of like, every show  
ever... I'm still lookin for  
EERIE, INDIANA. Oh and AMERICAN  
GOTHIC... Man, I loved that  
like LICK-A-MAID... Oh, wait...  
Maybe I can order it...

SWAN

Order LICK-A-MAID?

FOX

Ya, you can order anything on---

SWAN

--- Fox. Slow down... You're  
too all over the place...

FOX

It's the internet... I have so  
many things to check out...

SWAN

You have to slow down... The  
internet will wait for you.

FOX

It will wait, I know that...  
But I can't.

Dog barks, tearing up UPS boxes.

SWAN

Did you order all this last night?

FOX

Ya, I rushed em... I need it to know more...

Dog lifts his leg and pees on a new laptop, resting open on the ground next to the desk.

SWAN

What about the case with the psychic?

FOX

Fraud. Report's in your email.

SWAN

My email?... You emailed? Right. Now you're really freakin me out.

BEEP... iPhone message. Fox pulls out his new iPhone from his pocket.

FOX

Oh, that's me.

SWAN

What happened to a phone that only phones?

FOX

I'm so 2000, now...

(reads message)

Crap. They can't send it til tomorrow. Let's see if I can

FOX (CONT.)

get a rush on---

SWAN

What?

FOX

What??... Oh... I have to  
poop.

SWAN

Again?

FOX

What?

(remembering)

Oh yeah... I have to... I  
have to...

Fox is looping. Brain overactive. Computer BEEPS. Tablet  
CHIMES. Phone BEEPS. Fox whirlwinds to look at each.

FOX (dizzy, sings)

... Rosey... All fall down...

Fox faints.

Dog runs to his side, licks Fox's face. No response. Swan  
looks worried too. She bends down to Fox. Checks pulse.  
Swan listens to his chest, hair falling onto Fox's face.

FOX (eyes closed)

Mmmm... You smell so good...

Swaaaaaan.

SWAN

What?

(play hits him)

I told you not to call me that.

FOX

Joking. L.O.L. Semicolon,  
closed bracket.

SWAN

No more... The internet is  
draining your brains...

FOX

No they ain't... O.M.G. Did  
you hear about Miley and those  
pants. Shit... And the Biebs?  
Come on, man, do Canada proud.  
What's with his frien---

SWAN

Okay, it's official... Your  
I.Q. is falling, Fox. I can  
tell... Plummeting in fact.

FOX

W.T.F. Swan?

SWAN

It's true, avid internet users,  
people who check their email  
daily... There I.Q. drops 10  
points... A permanent reduction.

FOX

IQ dropety goopety gop... What  
are you, Chinese?... And tell  
that shit to Mouse.

SWAN

See, that's offensive... I can  
tell you've been message boarding...  
I'm serious, Fox... Listen...  
You've crammed so much internet  
into such a small timefram---

Device BEEPS, interrupting.

Fox looks away, to the source. Swan holds his face, keeping it aimed at her attention.

FOX

No... Must click... Must...  
Vo- ca- lize... Dis- com-  
fort...

SWAN

Enough... Fox, you probably  
still worry about L.P....  
Remember you used to say all  
that pot smoking lowers I.Q....  
Makes him dumb...

FOX

LP? LP. Vinyl. Mp3. Mp3...  
"Input... Input"... Justin Fox  
"is aliiiiive..."

SWAN

Fox!... LP is smarter than you  
are right now... Weed does  
less damage to smarts in adult  
brains than the internet does...

Fox starts to snap out of his fugue. Thinking.

FOX

That... Can't be...

SWAN

It can be... It IS be... But  
maybe... Ya, maybe LP wasn't  
that smart to begin with.

BEEP. Fox looks for source. This time it's Swan.

SWAN

And you have way too many  
devices going...

(BEEP)

All this beeping... How can  
you stay focuse---

(BEEP)

Oh, wait... It's me.

Swan grabs phone. Looks. Reacts like she's seen something  
totally gross. She shows the phone to Fox.

FOX

Ewww... I'm not gay.... "Not  
that there's anything wrong  
with it"... But, T.M.I....  
Don't show---

SWAN

--- It's you...

Swan holds phone for Fox to see. He looks. Grimaces. Raises  
eyebrow.

FOX

Fuck! That totally IS my  
dick.

SWAN

And WHY is this your dick?

FOX (points)

That freckle there.

SWAN

What?...

(takes a look)

Well, yes... But why did you  
send me a---

FOX

--- Shit... Colon closed  
bracket... I sent it to this  
girl online. She was in the  
abduction forums.

SWAN

Are you sure it was a girl?

FOX

Uh... She said so... And, yeah,  
boobs.

SWAN

Fox... It's time you learned  
about trolls.

FOX

Right. Live under a bridge.  
Listen, I'm not goin on another  
story now, Swan... T.T.Y.L.

SWAN

No. Now that you are interweb-  
bing, you need to know about  
trolls... See that girl on the  
boards... She was a dude...  
10,000 to 1 odds... A gross guy  
at that. Fat. Greasy... He set  
you up. Trolls get some sort of  
psychotic pleasure from it...  
He got you to send photo.  
Convinced you more naked girl  
was to come... He then hacked  
your contact list... And sen---

BEEP. Fox's iPhone. He picks it up. He has been sent a  
picture a weird meme face. It has a caption: TROOOLLLLLL!!!

Fox is pissed. Furious. He yells, clasping the phone

tightly with hatred.

FOX

Trooo1111111111!!!!

Fox throws the iPhone. Hard.

SWAN

Settle, Fox... Damage done...

FOX

Damage NOT done.

Fox proceeds to smash each device he bought. Dog and Swan watch, scared, intrigued, humoured. Fox continues to smash and break. Dog and Swan dodge the breaking parts.

Fox uses a power-bar as a weapon, raising it over his head like the primitive man in Stanley KUBRICK'S 2001.

Smashing down. Again and again. Primitive rage.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Establishing the passage of time. Cars zip by the apartment. A young couple exits the corner coffee shop.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Fox tired. Exhausted. He sits on the couch with Dog and Swan. They stare out at the carnage of broken technology, broken by the wrath of Fox.

A calm breeze blows on them from an overhead ceiling fan. Its blades WHOOSH with each rotation.

FOX (dry whisper)

"The horror... The horror..."

SWAN

Was it worth it, Fox?

FOX

I dunno... I'm still comin  
down... So much input... I  
felt like Johnny 5 from SHORT  
CIRCUIT.

SWAN

I remember... But, keep some  
of that knowledge. It might  
come in handy... As a journalist,  
I mean.

FOX

(smile grows,  
wiping away exhaustion)  
Thanks, Leilani... You always  
know just what to say.

BEEP. Fox reacts like a Nam vet. BEEP. He looks for cover.

SWAN

It's your old phone. No need  
to get up.

Dog comes running with the phone in his mouth. Swan grabs  
it.

SWAN

It's about the psychic... She  
was right.

FOX

About what?

SWAN

It's a message from Mia... The  
pond... There was a box under

SWAN (CONT.)

some rocks... There was stuff  
in it... Mia says it looks like  
her boyfriend was going to  
Nevada.

FOX

I told her... He just dumped her.  
Bailed---

SWAN

--- Wait... What's in Nevada?

FOX

Las Vegas? Bright lights.  
Gambling...

(soft, dry)

The whores... The whores...

SWAN

Nice, Fox. Real nice... What  
else though... Think early  
Spielberg...

FOX

Area 51... No way.

SWAN

Yes way... Maybe Mia's boy-  
friend went missing THERE...  
Government hates snoopers...

FOX

So do aliens.

SWAN

Are you serious?

FOX

It was the psychic...

SWAN

You said she was fake. A fraud.

FOX

Something she said... We might have a story here...

SWAN

I'll send someone else... A reporter... First, you need to recover.

FOX

I'm ready.

BUZZ. Apartment intercom. Dog runs, jumps, hits buzzer, activating it.

BUZZER VOICE

Delivery... One chair toilet combo for one Mr. Faulkner.

Swan looks to Fox. He shrugs.

FOX

What?... I was gonna try online gaming next... Someone told me about WARCRAFT. Said I'd need one.

SWAN

The only thing you need is a vacation.

Fox looks to Swan. Smiles. Gives her a hug. Looks to Dog, pets him. They all exhale. Sitting tired on the comfy couch, underneath the cool breeze of the ceiling fan.

Swan notices the bag of weed on the table. There's still

some left. She picks it up.

SWAN

Whadda ya say, Fox... For  
old time's sake...

FOX

Yaaaaaa... I don't think I  
can get any dumber today...

SWAN

I dunno. Careful what you  
say... Now let's see if I  
can remember how to roll  
those 3 paper fatties...  
Remember that?

FOX

Remember is a bad word for  
that... But ya... Rolllllll  
up... Swaaaaaan.

They laugh. Swan play hits him. She begins to roll a large  
joint. Fox smiles.

KNOCK KNOCK. It's the delivery.

FOX

Shit. I don't need that  
any more. Fuck the interwebs...  
Yo, Gon-zo...

Dog turns. Tail wagging. Eager.

FOX (cont'd)

Get rid of him.

Dog barks, and runs to the door.

Fox melts into the couch. He looks to Swan, happy she's

hanging out with him.

Begin to FADE, as Fox is content. Swan rolling. They hear Dog, growling from the hallway.

FOX

(calls out)

Good boy, Gonzo... Good boy.

FADE OUT:

FOX & DOG: MEET THE INTERWEBS

EPISODE 4

By Daniel Viau

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