

FOX & DOG:
MEET THE BIZARRE

EPISODE 1

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOT DOG STAND - STREET - DAY

Mustard. Oozing and doodling a thick line on a "street dog" - nice, juicy, flame broiled, hot dog.

A stubbled man in his early 30s decorates his delicious hot dog. His name is FOX. He's wearing jeans, a casual dress-shirt, and a saddle-strapped book bag. He has a reporter badge on his shirt.

Fox pays the vendor, takes 2 steps on the city sidewalk, licks his lips, ready to bite---

RING RING... RING RING... His cellphone interrupts. He sighs, rolling his eyes.

He takes a bite anyways, defiant. And reaches into his pocket for the phone. It's an older model.

FOX

Mmm... Mustard...

(listens)

Yes, it's Fox, and yes that's how I answer my phone now.

Obviously...

(listens)

What? Now? It's my day off, Swan. I was gonna catch the game... Ya, the dome's open. It's sunny...

(listens)

Yes, I fucking love you... Send me the address... No, I don't have Google Maps. It's an old phone...

Fuck you. It phones people, that's what I want out of a phone...

FOX (cont'd)

(listens)

Do you like street meat, Swan...

Me too, so lemme enjoy mine...

(listens, laughs)

That's why you haven't fired me
yet...

Fox hangs up. He takes another bite. His phone beeps with a text message.

FOX (to himself)

I love dogs.

INT. APTARTMENT - DAY

A scruffy little mutt of a dog is licking his own balls. The door buzzer goes off. A stubby finger presses the intercom.

MAN

Ya?

The man is an older Italian fellow, balding and messy. He is GONZOLINETTI.

VOICE

It's Fox from The RAISED EYEBROW.

I'm here to do a story on...

Uh... Your magic dog.

Gonzolinetti buzzes Fox inside.

EXT. APTARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Fox stands at the apartment entrance-way. He finishes his hot dog and crumples up the wrapper. He doesn't see a garbage, so he pockets the litter. He looks at the mess on his hands. He licks.

An attractive woman comes out of the entrance. She hands Fox a tissue.

WOMAN

Here.

FOX

Thanks.

(wipes messy hands)

No time for a sit and eat.

She notices the reporter badge on his shirt pocket.

WOMAN

No problem... You here for the magic dog in 6B?

Fox looks a little confused. She notices.

WOMAN

The badge... It's not real, you know...

FOX

I wish that weren't the case sometimes.

WOMAN

I mean the dog... It ain't magic. It's bullshit. I saw the show, man.

WOMAN (cont'd)

If I can tell, then... Well... Maybe
you should just go. Save your time.

(laughs)

You know, have a sit n eat...

FOX

I wish... This is me... But if it's
fake, well, maybe I got time to eat.
What are you up to...

She interrupts, showing him her wedding finger. It's loaded.

WOMAN

Nice try...

(touches his badge)

... Justin S. Faulkner.

FOX

Fox... Just Fox.

WOMAN

Have fun with 6B... Fox.

She waves cutely at him as she turns and leaves. Fox watches her
go. Then he puts the litter in his pocket and turns.

FOX

Just my luck. This better be good.

He enters the building.

INT. APT - DAY

Gonzolinetti opens the door for Fox. The dog stops licking his balls and runs straight for Fox. The dog grabs Fox's leg, wagging his tail the whole way.

GONZOLINETTI

I was expecting you a bit later on, Mr. Faulkner. 'scuze the mess.

FOX

Uh... You can call me Fox.

Gonzolinetti picks up papers and garbage strewn about his place. He turns to see the dog with Fox.

GONZOLINETTI

No, Dog! Bad. Bad!

Gonzolinetti throws a can at the dog. It's full of screws, so it's loud and scary. Even Fox flinches.

FOX

It's alright, sir. He was just saying hi.

GONZOLINETTI

Dog needs to listen. He don't hear me, the show don't work.

FOX

About the magic show...

GONZOLINETTI

One sec there, chief. Make
yourself at home.

Fox clears a spot on the couch. The dog runs to him again, tail wagging. Fox looks around the apartment. The dogs playing poker painting on felt. The Houdini poster from old. 3 dishes for dog food. 3 shabby kennels.

GONZOLINETTI

You got me at a bad time, kid. I
just had one die on me.

FOX

Die? Is that... Uh... Expected?

GONZOLINETTI

(thinks, suspicious)

Train em too hard, sometimes, I
guess.

Fox looks at the dog, who jumps up on the couch beside him.

FOX

What kinda magic do you do, Mr.
Gonzolinetti?

GONZOLINETTI

Not me. The dog... And it's black.
Black magic.

Gonzolinetti turns back and has a table ready. It has clamps on
it.

FOX

Black magic? Uh, like voodoo?
Zombie stuff? Zombies sell...

GONZOLINETTI

Patience! Mr. Faulkner. Come on,
this is a free show!... Get off
the couch you fucker!

Fox stands up, off the couch. The dog runs to Gonzolinetti.

GONZOLINETTI

Not you.

(laughs)

The dog... You ready for this?

Fox sits back down. He pulls out a notepad and pen. He scribbles.

Gonzolinetti turns around - stained shirt, messy looking. He stands behind the table. Curtains are draped over the table to hide the underside.

GONZOLINETTI

I am the great and powerful
Gonzolinetti. Witness my... Blah
blah blah... This is where I hype
the audience... Klatu veratu nicto-
blah blah...

Gonzolinetti reaches under the table and pulls out the dog. He straps the dog into the clamps.

GONZOLINETTI

This trick happens without the
illusional aid of a cover. The
dog is in perfect view of the
audience...

(reaches O.S.)

For this!

All of a sudden, Gonzolinetti pulls out a hedge trimmer - an
electric saw. Gonzolinetti laughs maniacally.

Fox is shocked. Stunned. Frozen.

GONZOLINETTI

You ready for this?!

Gonzolinetti flips the switch on the saw. It turns on. The saw
blades spin quickly. Loudly.

GONZOLINETTI (cont'd)

(yelling over saw)

Mr. Faulkner... I hope you
believe in magic.

Gonzolinetti quickly attacks the dog. Blood sprays everywhere.
He saws the dog in half.

FOX

What the fuck?!!

GONZOLINETTI

What was that about patience...
Wait for it... It's magic!

Gonzolinetti throws a smoke bomb. POOF. A cloud of smoke.

The smoke clears. The dog is sitting on the table... Atop a puddle of blood and guts.

FOX (angry)

You call that magic, you sick fuck? I know how you did that. And I don't know how you've gotten away with this for--- Actually... Fuck you!

GONZOLINETTI (smirks)

It's messy... But it's magic.

Fox gets up and points to Gonzolinetti in a threatening manner.

FOX (sheepish)

Gonzolinetti... You better run... I'm making a call, if you know what I mean.

GONZOLINETTI

Run? Run? That's what you want. That's good.

The dog runs at Fox, and jumps into his arms.

Gonzolinetti turns on the saw. Fox lets out a sheepish "Eep".

GONZOLINETTI (loud)

You better run... FOX!

Gonzolinetti charges at Fox with the electric saw. Fox runs out

of the door, holding the dog as he bolts down the hallway.

Gonzolinetti follows, quickly, giving chase. YOINK. The saw unplugs.

Gonzolinetti stops, pissed off, and yells in the empty hallway.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Swirling police lights. Several squad cars. An animal control van.

Across the street, Fox sits at a bench. Dog sits beside him on the bench. Fox looks at the dog. He pets him.

FOX

Good boy. You're a scruffy lil
thing aren't you?

Dog barks.

FOX

Okay, okay, not scruffy... Let's
see...

Fox reaches around the dog's collar, looking for I.D. There is a letter "G" and then "Gonzolinetti".

FOX

Doesn't seem right to call you
Gonzolinetti. Can't be named for
him... And, ya, too many syll-
ables.

Cops escort Gonzolinetti to a squad car in handcuffs. His shirt has more stains: blood.

Fox watches them. He picks up the dog's paw and waves, talking.

FOX

Say bye bye... Bye bye you sick
fuck...

Dog barks.

FOX

(raises his fist,
like Black power)

Ya, man, ya...

(composed)

I mean, come on dog, you
shouldn't swear.

Dog barks again. He sniffs around. He sticks his head into Fox's pocket. The food wrappers are still there.

FOX

You're hungry, huh? We'll get you
somethin soon.

Fox gets off the bench. He sees the cop car drive away with Gonzolinetti. Gonzolinetti looks at them too. Dog watches back. Dog waves bye on his own accord. And barks at Gonzolinetti.

FOX

Come on, G. Let's go.

The dog just looks at Fox, blankly.

FOX

Food... Eat... Come?

Dog stays sitting still.

FOX

G. Come... G?... Gonzolinetti?

Dog still waits on the bench.

FOX (emphatic)

Yo... Gon- Zo!

Dog jumps up and runs to Fox's side.

FOX

Good boy... You like Gonzo?

Me too... Let's go to my place.

Give ya some grub, bud.

EXT. HIGHRISE APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

A middle-class apartment building, several stories high. Balconies. No air conditioners. A busy street below. A coffee shop at the corner.

INT. APARTMENT - SAME

The door opens.

On the couch sits a scruffy man in his early 30s with long hair. He coughs and puts down his bong. He tries to waft the smoke away. This is L.P.

L.P.

Who is it?

Fox walks into the living room.

FOX

L.P. It's me... I told you if
there's no knock... It's probably
me.

L.P. (slow)

Oh yeah... Want a hit?

FOX

Not now. There's someone I'd like
you to meet.

L.P.

Is it your mom?

FOX

What?... No... It's...

Dog walks in, tail wagging. He hops on the couch beside L.P.

L.P.

Whoah... Heh, dude. It's a dog.

FOX

I know... That's who I...

(defeated)

His name is Gonzo.

Dog barks. He sniffs in the pot smoke. L.P. Laughs.

L.P.

He smoke?

FOX

He's a dog, bro. Dogs don't...

(trails off)

Actually, that's a good question.

L.P. Blows smoke at the dog. Dog waves.

FOX (proud)

I taught him that.

Dog coughs. Exhales smoke.

L.P.

Ya?... I taught him THAT.

FOX

I don't think I even need to
ask this, but... Bro... You got
munchies? Dog's hungry.

BIT LATER...

The 3 are still on the couch. Smoky haze. Munchie bowls and
wrappers about. They all laugh at the TV. They're watching cat
videos on YouTube. The dog's eyes are squinty. He laughs and
points his paw at the TV.

RING RING...

It's Fox's cellphone, across the room, on a table 10 feet away.

FOX

D'oh... It's soooo far...

Fox reaches out, as if using the Force.

L.P. (laughing)

How stoned are you, bra? The
Force only works when you most
need it to. You know, like Hoth...
Gonzo: Fetch.

LP points to the phone. Dog cocks his head at an angle.

FOX

He's not trained for that, dumbass.
He's magic, but not real---

Dog comes back with the phone in his mouth.

L.P.

That IS magic.

Fox tosses LP a look. He pets Gonzo. And answers his phone.

FOX

This is Fox...

(coughs)

Oh, heh, Ms. Swan... Joking.
What is it, Leilani?

INTERCUT:

INT. OFFICE - SAME

SWAN a.k.a. Leilani, a woman in her late 20s. Curly hair. Glasses. Hot. She has a dress shirt and skirt. She paces her office as she talks on the phone. The office is nice enough. There are several framed articles from the newspaper. And a banner for THE RAISED EYEBROW.

SWAN

Fox. I got a good one.

FOX

That sounds familiar. Oh yeah, didn't you say that about the magic dog?

SWAN

Okay, you got me. It's hard to tell which crazies are true crazies. His audience was convincing.

FOX

Ya. Probably in league with the UFO guys and vampire nuts. They believe any---

SWAN

Fox. Listen... This isn't a return of the puppy slayer. There's something truly bizarre...

FOX

Right. Bizarre. Like the Bat Baby. Or Skunk Ape?

L.P.

Skunk apes are real dude. I smelled one over at Dale's...

FOX

Dale? Your dealer? That smell wasn't a Skunk Ape... Shut up, L.P.

SWAN

L.P.? You still roomin with him?

FOX

Do I even have to dignify that with a response? Now, what is it, Swan?

SWAN

There's a small town, called Manotick, near Ottawa, Ontario. They've been invaded by space ticks.

FOX

Funny, Swan. Now, what's the story you're really sending me on?

SWAN

I'm serious, Justin... These space bugs are attacking people.

FOX

What do the police say?

SWAN

You know the deal... Can you be there by tomorrow? Get it for Monday's printing.

Fox thinks this over. He looks around. Gonzo and LP laughing. Smoke in the air. Cat video. LP passes Fox a joint. He takes it. Inhales.

FOX

I dunno. I'm kinda busy.

SWAN

Fox... I can smell it from here...

Fox looks at the joint. Exhales.

FOX

You can?... I mean... No...

SWAN

I smell bullshit, ya. You're my only journalist.

FOX (smiling)

Journalist?... You said the magic word. You always know just what to say, don't you, Swan.

SWAN

Thank you, Fox.

FOX

Right. Text me the details.

INT. CAR - LATE NIGHT

Fox is behind the wheel. Sleepy. Driving a long country road. There's a bump. Which reveals Fox is not alone, as the dog flies up in the air, off the seat.

FOX

Sorry, Gonzo. Country roads,
kinda bumpy. But, trust me,
you're better off here. With me.
LP is a good guy, but ya... I
think he may forget you're a dog
or somethin and feed you chocolate...

Gonzo barks.

FOX

Hungry, boy? Well, expected that.
Comin down from that high, eh.
Try this.

Fox unwraps some beef jerky. Gonzo gnaws on it right away.

FOX

Munchies are a muthafuck, huh?
Still stoned? Let's see... Pass
the time quicker...

Fox turns on the radio. He flips the dial. Pop music. Gonzo covers his ears. Fox laughs and switches to the 80s channel. He sings along. Annoyingly. Gonzo punches the dial. Bob Marley comes on. Gonzo relaxes back into the seat.

FOX

Good choice... I'm kinda amazed
you did that... But, good choice...

They listen to the Reggae music. Gonzo sticks his head out of
the window. Casual. Chillin'. Fox looks over and laughs.

FOX

Good boy, Gonzo. Jam like that a
few and we'll be there in no time.

They continue the dark drive down the long country road.

EXT. TOWN RESTAURANT - MORNING

The car pulls into a small town restaurant. It has a breakfast
sign in the window. Fox and Dog exit the car and approach the
restaurant. Fox stops and points to the sign.

FOX

Break---

Dog interrupts and barks.

FOX (thinking)

---fast... You're smart aren't
you, Gonzo.

Dog barks.

FOX

Smart and hungry, eh.

Gonzo barks again and the 2 enter the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - SAME

Fox and Dog are seated at a booth table. Fox looks at the menu. The waitress comes with coffee.

FOX

Thanks.

WAITRESS

Good mornin. What can I get...

She stops when she sees the dog.

FOX

Don't worry. He's magic...

WAITRESS (confused)

Dog?

FOX

Right. Dog. He'll be good. Can I get the special, please. And...

Dog points to the menu with his paw.

FOX (cont'd)

...my friend here will have the bacon... Several strips of... And...

Paw again.

FOX (cont'd)

Some sausages.

The waitress is stunned. She blinks. Her pen hovers above the pad.

FOX (cont'd)

You gonna write that down or...
You'll just remember...

WAITRESS

Uh... Yeah... I'll remember THAT.

She takes the menus back. Absent-mindedly.

FOX

Oh. And can get a bowl of water
for Gonzo here. Thanks.

She turns away, looks back. Still stunned.

WAITRESS

Comin right up.

Fox looks at Gonzo. Thinking.

FOX

Psst, Gonzo. I can tell you're
smarter than your average bear...

Gonzo tilts his head, confused.

FOX (cont'd)

Sorry. It's an expression...
But... You're not really magic...
Are you?

Gonzo cocks his head again. Then lifts his leg and licks his balls. Fox laughs. He looks around. Only a couple of customers. Oblivious to him. Fox drinks his coffee. RING RING. Gonzo looks up.

FOX

I got it, this time.

Gonzo resumes licking. Fox answers the phone.

FOX

Hello, Swaaaaaan... I know you
hate it. That's why I love it...
Eating... Well, I'm hungry, so...
Drove through the night....

(sarcastic)

You're welcome...

(listens)

Gimme a few... Til then...

(listens)

Eggs and bac-y. Why?... Fuck
you... Thankyou, I said thank
you, Swaaaaaan.

And with that, he hangs up.

FOX

Women...

The waitress reappears.

WAITRESS

Excuse me?

She fills up his coffee.

FOX (guilty)

Nuthin. Just, uh, talking to my,
uh, dog... He's magic...

WAITRESS

Whatever... Be a minute for those
eggs.

FOX

Thanks.

Fox looks behind as she leaves. He checks her out.

FOX (quiet)

Women.

Gonzo nods.

FOX (cont'd)

You know what I'm sayin. The shit
we put up with.

Gonzo nods again.

FOX (cont'd)

High five!

They do indeed high five each other.

EXT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Fox opens the car door for Dog. Gonzo jumps in and sits in the

passenger seat. Fox gets in.

INT. CAR - SAME

Fox starts the car. Radio on. Exhales.

FOX

Stuffed.

Gonzo grins, farts.

FOX

I'll take that as a reply...
Get the window.

Fox buttons the window down, Gonzo does the same, copying him.

FOX

Alright. So here we are. Where
to begin? If you were a bug from
outer space where would you hide?

Gonzo is looking up out the window. He barks. He points up.

Fox sees it too. A purple flaming meteor rockets through the
atmosphere.

FOX (shocked)

To be continued, dog...

The meteor hauls ass towards the Earth, a purple flaming streak
in its wake.

FADE OUT:

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MEET THE BIZARRE

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