FOX & DOG:
MEET THE TICK
- PART 1 -

EPISODE 2

by Daniel Viau
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
the closer they get. They come to a stop, near the crater.

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


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 insurance.

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?
INTERCUT FOX / LP (in apt)

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.
The video starts. Swan holds her phone to the speakers.

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
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.

SWAN
You get that, Fox?

FOX
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.
MOUSE
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?

Mouse doesn't know what to think.

FOX
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, guuuuuuys...

FOX & MOUSE
(they wave, impishly)
Haaaaaaaaay.

GIRL
You wanna ride?

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

VOICE (yelling)
It's him!

In another car, beside hot girl, is a hot REDHEAD. She has
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!
MOUSE (holds up keys)
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...
MOUSE
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.
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