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 door way 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

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 desktop 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 massage 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.
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 funkin 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
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...

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
Exaaaaaactly...
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

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---

--- 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 interwebbing, 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
Trooollllllllllll!!!!

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...


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 INTERWEB
EPISODE 4

By Daniel Viau
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