

Fox On The Run

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB PATIO - DAY.

People are gathered, drinking cocktails and conversing. Most of the men are dressed in red coats and white pants, outfits one would wear if they were to go fox hunting.

These people are definitely that of high society. All of them upper-class white people.

We push in on two individuals, one an older gentleman, probably early 60's (GERARD), and the other much younger, probably around 12 years old (MICHAEL). Both wear the fox hunting garb the others are wearing.

GERARD

(sips on champagne)

I'm glad you finally decided to join, Michael. I think you're going to enjoy it.

MICHAEL

I'm having the best time so far, father.

GERARD

I'm glad. Come. Let me introduce you to someone.

Gerard guides Michael over to an elderly woman, around the same age as Gerard. This is MS. VALENTIN.

GERARD

Excuse me, Ms. Valentin?

The elderly woman turns around and smiles at the sight of Gerard.

VALENTIN

Oh, Gerard, so good to see you.

GERARD

And you too. Ms. Valentin, this is my son, Michael.

VALENTIN

Oh, Michael! I've heard so much about you.

MICHAEL

And I heard a lot about you, too.

(CONTINUED)

VALENTIN

All good things I hope.

MICHAEL

Yes, madam. All good things.

VALENTIN

(chuckles)

You have to know what a great man your father is. You know he is the founder of this foxhunt.

MICHAEL

Really? The founder?

VALENTIN

That's right. And now that you're here I hope you could uphold the family tradition.

MICHAEL

Nothing would make me happier.

Gerard takes a look at his watch.

GERARD

Oh my, it's really that time already? We have ten minutes until the hunt.

VALENTIN

Well, let me not hold you for too long. It's a pleasure to meet you, Michael.

MICHAEL

Nice to meet you, too, madam.

The two shake hands.

GERARD

Come now, Michael. Let's start the hunt.

CUT TO:

EXT. YARD - MOMENTS LATER.

We're now in a large yard which leads to the woods.

The men in red jackets from before are now holding old rifles and mounted on horses, ready for this hunt. They're lined up with dogs on their side.

(CONTINUED)

About ten feet in front of the line of hunters is a cage with a blanket over it.

From the line, Gerard, holding his rifle comes out on his horse and turns to the crowd.

GERARD

Friends, today we celebrate the
twenty-second annual foxhunt!

Applause.

GERARD(CONT'D)

Twenty-two years have really flown
by. But we continue to uphold this
tradition that I started, and,
hopefully, my son, Michael, will
continue.

More applause. Michael smiles.

GERARD(CONT'D)

And hopefully, he'll continue my
tradition of being the first one to
find the fox!

The group laughs.

GERARD

So, without further ado... let's
begin! Ms. Valentin...?

Ms. Valentin walks over to the cage as Gerard gets back in line with the others.

Ms. Valentin grasps the blanket and pulls it off of the cage. Inside is a man, bloody, beaten, and naked. A ball gag is in his mouth and his hands are tethered together. This is the FOX.

The fox slowly opens his eyes. He sees everyone on their horse, staring him down. The dogs start barking, looking ravenous. The fox breathes heavily in a panic.

GERARD

Release the fox.

Ms. Valentin opens up the cage. The fox isn't totally sure what to do at first. But, Gerard fires his gun into the air. Now, it's clear. The fox crawls out of the cage and sprints into the woods.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS.

The fox rushes through the woods, dodging all the branches and brush. He runs non-stop, looking terrified.

The fox stumbles upon a tree with a very large trunk. Trying to catch his breath, he rushes behind it and pauses. He breathes very heavily. He feels safe. But, in the distance, we hear them...

The sound of galloping horses and barking dogs grows louder and louder.

The fox's eyes widen. He dashes out of the frame.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY.

We get a shot of the sunlight peering through the trees along the trail. The fox enters in a panicked hurry.

He stops and looks around. We hear those dreaded horses again. This time, they sound very close. In fact, in the distance, the fox can see them coming...

...And it looks like they can see him.

A brigade of four hunters comes full speed at the fox, who tries to sprint away. He gets a good distance away but suddenly trips on a root. The fox screams and holds his ankle in pain.

The hunters finally catch up to him, along with the dogs. One of the ravenous beasts runs up to the fox and chomps down on his arm. The fox screams once again. He hits the dog and throws it off of him.

The horses come to a stop and settle down. One of the hunters gets off of his horse, holding his rifle. He points it at the fox.

HUNTER #1

Good work, gents! I guess we're the first ones to get him this year!

The other hunters laugh.

The fox grabs the gun's barrel and pushes forward, making the butt of the gun hit the hunter in the gut.

The fox quickly stands up and sucker punches the hunter in the face, knocking him out cold.

(CONTINUED)

He flips the rifle and points it at the remaining three hunters, and they do the same to him. He moves the rifle slightly and then fires, shooting a horse. The horse topples over, throwing the hunter over onto the ground.

The other hunters look, distracted, and the fox books it out of there. The dogs follow behind, and then the hunters.

The fox sprints as fast as he can with a limp. He looks down at his forearm. The wound from the dog bite is gruesome. Skin hangs off his arm as blood runs down.

At this sight, he looks a little uneasy. He slows down just enough for the dogs and hunters to finally catch up. The dogs are about to attack, until a very loud, piercing whistle is heard.

The fox holds his ears, protecting them from the deafening sound, and the dogs stop in their tracks, some wincing and others running away.

The horses become startled. Hunters try their best to calm them.

Almost out of nowhere, Gerard enters on his horse with Michael right behind him on his own horse.

GERARD
(to other hunters)
Leave.

The hunters obey, leaving just Gerard, Michael, and the fox.

GERARD
Drop it.

The fox drops his rifle.

Gerard dismounts, carrying his rifle. He walks over to the fox. Michael dismounts as well.

GERARD
You know, Michael, this is my favorite part. Trapping the beast. Going in for the kill. It's always been some kind of sensation that, for whatever reason, I could never understand why I love it. What do you think about it?

MICHAEL
I love it too.

GERARD

You're a good boy, Michael.

He points at the rifle on the ground.

GERARD

Go ahead, Michael.

Michael goes and picks up the rifle. He walks back to stand side-by-side with his father. He aims the gun at the fox, who looks absolutely terrified.

GERARD

Alright, Michael. Follow my lead...
Aim...

Michael lines up his shot. The barrel points directly at the fox.

GERARD(CONT'D)

Have steady hands here, okay? You don't want to lose the shot. Is everything lined up?

MICHAEL

Yes, father.

GERARD

Good, good, good. Now... take a deep breath in...

Michael complies.

GERARD(CONT'D)

And fire.

The fox takes a deep breath, reluctantly accepting his fate. And Michael pulls the trigger...

BLAM!!!

...and a large thud. The fox hits the ground. Michael rests his gun-toting hands.

MICHAEL

Did I do it?

GERARD

Good job, Michael! You did it! Go ahead, pick it up! By its tail, though, Michael. By its tail.

(CONTINUED)

Michael rushes over to the body. But, instead of a body, it's an actual fox. Michael grabs the fox's tail and lifts it up as a trophy.

Gerard smiles wide. He goes and hugs Michael, very proud of his son's accomplishment.

GERARD

Good job, son. Damn good job.

The father and son walk to their horses, holding their fox.

GERARD

And now the tradition may continue.

Gerard and Michael continue on as we...

FADE TO BLACK.