

\\\ BackslasherBlog.com \\\

Screenplay By

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FADE IN:

INT. SWEATY PALMS PUBLIC LIBRARY CARREL - EVENING

DEREK and MOLLY, two moderately-geeky teenagers, huddle over a computer keyboard, WHISPERING:

MOLLY

Okay, the contest blog is almost ready to go. We just need a good name.

DEREK

Let's call it BackSplash.

MOLLY

What's that?

DEREK

The water that sprays upward, when you drop a huge turd in the toilet.

MOLLY

Eww. (long pause) I like it.

She begins TYPING and CLICKING the mouse.

DEREK

(overeager)

Wanna post a sample contest entry? Maybe your tatt?

MOLLY

Hey! How do you know about that?

DEREK

Umm, I saw it when you bent over to pick up some books.

Molly stares at him, hard. Then she stands up and looks around their carrel. It's almost closing time, and very few patrons remain in the library. She raises the back of her teeshirt and lowers her jeans slightly, exposing the tattoo: a rabbit sliding merrily down into her butt crack.

MOLLY

Hurry up.

Derek can't believe his luck, and scrambles to retrieve a phonecam from his knapsack. He SNAPS the photo.

DEREK

What's that address again?

Molly moves the mouse arrow over a link, and points at the bottom line.

MOLLY

Do it fast. They're closing.

The lights CLICK OFF and ON, several times, while Derek frantically TYPES the address into his cell phone.

DEREK

Sending... sending... okay, it should be blogged.

Molly reloads the webpage and voila! There's her tattoo.

MOLLY

I wonder if anyone else will enter this contest... or even see it?

DEREK

I'll send out a couple of eMails after I get home.

INT. BOB'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

The room lights are off. BOB, a severely-geeky teenager in Mickey Mouse pajamas, nearly drools while gazing into the cool white glow of his computer screen.

BOB

Ooo. Bunny. I liiike bunnies.

After a few moments of staring, Bob gets busy, CLICKING his mouse and TYPING furiously.

INT. SWEATY PALMS HIGH SCHOOL BATHROOM - NEXT MORNING

JENNIFER, an unusually-buxom teenager, stands in a closed stall and glances at a computer printout.

JENNIFER

Bunny, my ass.

Jennifer yanks down the left side of her spaghetti-strap top, and covers her nipple with the other hand. She pulls a phonecam out of her pocket, holds it at arm's length beside her, and CLICKS a snapshot.

INT. SWEATY PALMS H.S. LIBRARY - LATER THAT MORNING

BILLY stares at one of the school's computer screens, where the tattoo of a tiger is scratching and clawing its way up the enormous curved mound of Jennifer's left breast. JIM walks by, behind Billy, then backs up to peer over Billy's shoulder. The two students ogle:

JIM

Ooo. Tiger.

BILLY\JIM

(in unison)

I liiiike tigers.

INT. SWEATY PALMS H.S. LOCKER ROOM - THAT AFTERNOON

SUSIE, a willowy student, sits in front of her open locker, looking at a printout of the tiger tattoo. She folds it, as the OTHER GIRLS in her gym class begin to drift back into the locker room, GOSSIPING and drying themselves with towels. JILL CALLS OUT:

JILL

Better hurry up, Susie. You don't want to be late for Social Studies. This might be the day Billy stops ignoring you.

The other girls LAUGH with Jill, and Susie joins the fun:

SUSIE

Jill, you look a little parboiled.

Jill is genuinely worried and examines her body minutely:

JILL

Where? WHERE?!

The other girls GIGGLE again. Susie strips off her gym duds, reaches into her locker for an object that she wraps in her towel, then heads for the showers.

Once inside, Susie makes sure she's alone, then opens up a phonecam. She holds it out in front of her waist and SNAPS a photo.

SUSIE

Tiger, my ass.

INT. BILLY'S FAMILY ROOM - THAT EVENING

Billy and his football TEAMMATES (including SAM) stare silently at Billy's computer screen, awestruck. The upper left quadrant of Susie's pubic hair has been shaved off at a precise right angle, revealing the tattoo of a cat with a lawnmower, cutting the rest.

SAM

(stuttering)

Ooo. P... p... p... kitty. I
liiike p... p... p... kitties.

INT. SWEATY PALMS PUBLIC LIBRARY CARREL - MINUTES LATER

Derek and Molly huddle over a computer keyboard, mouths agape:

DEREK

Wow. 10 entries in 24 hours.

MOLLY

And 632 hits. I think we may be
onto something. (worried) Does
anyone know we're behind this?

DEREK

Nope. I bounced the eMails off a
remailer in Amsterdam. We're
totally anonymous. And our
entrants...?

MOLLY

They're protected, too. I disabled
the IP tracking feature.

DEREK

Hey, that tattoo can't be real.

MOLLY

It looks like a stick-on. But this
one...

DEREK

...is too ugly to be fake.

They SNICKER, until the OTHER PATRONS begin to SHUSH them.

MOLLY

Wow! That guy has a great set of abs!!

DEREK

But the stupid dickwad just HAD to call more attention to his muscles. What kind of idiot tattoos a half-dozen Budweiser cans onto his stomach?

MOLLY

A six-pack on his six-pack! Funny.

DEREK

He'll be laughing a different tune, when his Budweiser turns into a big fat beer belly.

MOLLY

Derek, you're envious!

DEREK

Nah. I could have a body like that.

MOLLY

Maybe, if you did five hundred situps a day.

DEREK

I'm a busy guy. I don't have time for that kind of silliness.

MOLLY

Of course you don't, Pudgy-Wudgy.

Molly tickles his stomach. Derek instinctively draws away, but clearly wants to soak up more of her touching. To cover his confusion, Derek points at another photo on the computer screen.

DEREK

This guy says his tiny house-fly tattoo grows into a gigantic horsefly, under the right conditions.

MOLLY

How does it do that?

DEREK

Ya got me. Hm. Look at all those veins.

MOLLY

What part of the body...?

DEREK

Oh, I get it. That's a closeup of his... umm... thingie.

MOLLY\DEREK

(in unison)

EWV!!

The other patrons SHUSH them again.

INT. SWEATY PALMS STARBUCKS - CONTINUOUS

A pack of TEENAGERS surround Jim's laptop computer, CHUCKLING at the same house-fly tattoo.

JENNIFER

"Horsefly," eh? I'll bet it's more like a mosquito.

BILLY

Trouser Trout is back on the menu!

JIM

(fake deep voice)

Stay tuned for fresh new adventures of the Purple-Veined Avenger...

GALES OF ADOLESCENT LAUGHTER greet each new attempt at humor.

INT. DARKENED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A shadowy FIGURE looks at the same house-fly tattoo on another computer screen, while slicing a carrot with a razor-sharp hunting knife and CACKLING hideously.

INT. SWEATY PALMS H.S. CLASSROOM - NEXT DAY

MR. HECKMAN, a young teacher, lectures to his STUDENTS:

MR. HECKMAN

Twenty years ago, little Susie
Cheerleader would have written her
private thoughts inside a locked
diary...

SUSIE

Hey! That's obscene!

MR. HECKMAN

Oh - sorry, Susie - I didn't know
you were a cheerleader.

SUSIE

I'm not. That's why linking my
name with those bobble-heads is
obscene!

Most of the students LAUGH, but 3 GIRLS try to OBJECT.

MR. HECKMAN

Okay, okay, my bad. I was just
trying to say that if the typical
1980s teenager suddenly discovered
that her younger brother had found
the key to her diary, she would
have thrown a fit. Fair enough?

The 3 girls calm down, after a bit of GRUMBLING.

MR. HECKMAN

(continuing)

But today, that teenager is writing
about her Friday-night backseat
adventures on a public blog.

STUDENTS

(in unison)

Woo-hooooooo!

MR. HECKMAN

(continuing)

And she's sending the web address
to all her friends...

The class CHUCKLES.

MR. HECKMAN

(continuing)

...and she's shopping the material to all the major New York publishers, trying to land a six-figure book deal.

The class LAUGHS LOUDLY.

MR. HECKMAN

(continuing)

But does anyone know the main reason I've been encouraging you all to start blogs?

DEREK

Freedom of the press?

Everyone looks at Derek as if he's babbling gibberish.

MR. HECKMAN

Excellent, Derek!

Derek smiles victoriously. Molly gazes at him with pride.

MR. HECKMAN

(continuing)

A famous journalist, A.J. Liebling, once wrote: "Freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own one." So, how many of you own printing presses?

The students GIGGLE a bit, but no hands go up.

MR. HECKMAN

(continuing)

Come on, everyone needs their own printing press. And I can get a fantastic deal on a used one. Five thousand dollars. Any takers?

SAM

Th... th... that's several lifetimes of working at the B... B... Burger Hut.

The rest of the class LAUGHS.

MR. HECKMAN

And we wouldn't wish that fate on our worst enemies, would we? But what if I said you could get one for free? Does that sound interesting?

BILLY

Uh-oh. I smell another blog pitch coming on.

The class LAUGHS again.

MR. HECKMAN

Exactly. If you have a blog, you can get your message out to nearly a billion people. That's BILLION, with a capital B. Billy, what would you say to a billion people?

BILLY

I would ask those billion souls to please help make the world a better place... (pause) ...by each sending me a dollar.

The students, and Mr. Heckman, all GROAN.

INT. DARKENED ROOM - THAT EVENING

The shadowy Figure is now using an optical scanner to upload an image onto a blog. The same razor-sharp hunting knife is sitting next to the scanner. Blood is spattered everywhere.

INT. SWEATY PALMS PUBLIC LIBRARY CARREL - MOMENTS LATER

MOLLY

Hey, look - our BackSplash blog now has a [trackback!](#)

DEREK

Cool - somebody likes our little contest! Click the link.

MOLLY

It's from a site called BackslasherBlog. Hm, this image seems familiar...

DEREK

It looks like that guy's house-fly
tattoo, doesn't it?

MOLLY

Yeah, but it's been transferred
onto pink tissue paper. A little
rough around the edges, perhaps...

DEREK

Oh, no.

Derek turns pale, runs over to the next carrel, and
THROWS UP.

MOLLY

Derek, what's wrong?

DEREK

That tattoo image wasn't
transferred onto pink tissue paper.

MOLLY

You mean...?

DEREK

Yeah, I think BackslasherBlog has
peeled the actual skin off that
poor guy's thingie.