

HACKED

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBS - NIGHT VISION - VIC'S GO PRO POV

Two teenagers, wearing backpacks and baggy hoodies, creep ahead of us through an upscale suburban neighborhood covered in snow, Christmas lights, and other holiday decorations.

VIC (O.S.)
You find one yet?

RUDY
He ain't found shit.

CODY (17), the lanky, awkward, and out of his league brains of the operation, spins toward the camera as he taps the screen of his iPad.

CODY
I'm trying.

RUDY (19), the gruff "muscle" of the trio, glares.

RUDY
You recording this?

VIC (O.S.)
Yeah. ...Why?

RUDY
You can see our faces.

VIC (O.S.)
No one's gonna see this.

CODY
Then why record it?

VIC (O.S.)
Shut up, Cody. What's the hold up?

Vic's hand snatches the iPad. A network of the neighborhood's security feeds fill the screen with boxes.

VIC (O.S.)
That one.

Vic points to one with only one feed -- A toddler's crib is shown with no toddler.

Our view shifts from the tablet to the nearest house, dim, save the moonlight, and with only a hall light glowing from the second floor windows.

CODY
They only have one camera feed.

We turn back toward the boys.

VIC (O.S.)
So?

RUDY
Means they ain't got shit.

CODY
Or, it means they could be home.
Anywhere in the house.

VIC (O.S.)
It means no security. Look. No
cars. No baby. No Christmas lights.
They probably just went out of town
for the holidays.

The teens study the house.

RUDY
They ain't got shit!

VIC (O.S.)
This is the fourth block already!
It's this or nothing. Rudy?

Rudy shakes his head, frustrated.

VIC (O.S.)
Cody?

CODY
I'm out, Vic. You do what you want.

RUDY
(in Cody's face)
You're out when we say you're out,
you little bitch.

Cody puts his hands up in surrender and nods. He reluctantly
takes the iPad and studies the feed. He sighs.

VIC (O.S.)
So can we get in or not?

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

We see Rudy and Cody climbing a tree at the side of the
house. We turn to look for witnesses; the coast is clear.

Rudy jimmies the second floor window open. He slithers inside; Cody follows. As we move to the tree, a black cat darts between our legs and trips us. We slam into the grass.

VIC (O.S.)
Stupid cat!

Vic throws a rock -- it barely misses the cat. We see Vic's leg. He hobbles on a twisted ankle.

RUDY (O.S.)
You coming?

We turn to see Rudy poking his head out of the window.

INT. HOUSE - BABY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vic creeps through the window. A TODDLER COOS in the shadows.

VIC (O.S.)
What the f--

Rudy backs into us. A TODDLER stands against the railing.

VIC (O.S.)
(whispering)
You said it was empty, Cody!

CODY
It was! You saw it yourself!

RUDY
That kid wasn't there a second ago!

CODY (O.S.)
It still isn't...

We spy Cody, who gapes at the iPad like he's seen a ghost.

Vic peeks over his shoulder at the live baby monitor feed, but no baby is visible in the image.

CODY
This doesn't make any sense.

VIC (O.S.)
Take it out.

Cody frowns at us in concern.

VIC (O.S.)
(sigh)
The camera. Take it out.

Cody nods, heads to the monitor, and disables the camera.

RUDY (O.S.)
Fuck this.

Rudy heads to the window; we follow him there.

Outside, a cop car crawls down the street. Its spotlight hits the yards and houses across the street, then to our side. The beam travels to the second floor. The TODDLER GIGGLES again.

Rudy closes the window and moves away, just as the spotlight finds passes.

VIC (O.S.)
Baby's making too much noise. Gonna
wake up the whole fucking house.

Vic picks up a pillow near the crib. He moves it toward the toddler's smiling face.

CODY
Dude, what the Hell?

Cody grabs the pillow.

VIC (O.S.)
(pushing him off)
Get off me!

CODY
Okay! Let's just go.

RUDY (O.S.)
Fuck.

We turn to the Rudy at the window, watching the cop.

VIC (O.S.)
We'll go to the back. Come on. Move
your asses.

The boys duck the spotlight and head for the door.

Vic limps. In front of us, Rudy grabs an antique rattle off of a small dresser on his way out.

RUDY
Ain't about to leave this bitch
empty-handed.

IN THE HALLWAY

Full of antiques. Rudy and Vic quietly collect a few items as we head to the stairs. We turn to Cody.

VIC (O.S.)
Grab that painting.

Cody spots an old portrait of a crying boy.

CODY
Nah, man. I'm good.

Vic shoves Cody.

VIC (O.S.)
Fill up your backpack, Cody!

CODY
This doesn't feel right, Vic. Let's just go.

RUDY (O.S.)
Hey. Check this shit out.

Cody looks back. Vic slowly follows Cody down the stairs to find Rudy on --

THE FIRST FLOOR

Rudy stands in front of a wall full of masks. Some are homemade, fashioned from animal heads, while others are the horned skulls of forest animals.

CODY
We're in the wrong house.

A DOORKNOB SQUEAKS DOWN THE HALLWAY. A DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

VIC (O.S.)
Shh!

Vic points the opposite direction of the sound. The boys hurry off to --

THE KITCHEN

-- at the back of the house. Vic's hand struggles with the doorknob -- it's locked; it requires a key for both sides.

RUDY (O.S.)
 (whispering)
 Vic!

We spin around to see Rudy flinging a basement door open. Vic hurries down the stairs behind Rudy and Cody. Vic eases the door shut behind them.

IN THE BASEMENT

The boys sneak down the stairs and come to a halt near the bottom. Between Rudy and Cody, we see a cult ritual.

CHANTING SOUNDS. SCREAMING.

Many people in black robes and animal half-masks surround a MALE SACRIFICE, who is staked to the ground, centered between a circle of arcane shapes and symbols. The Sacrifice screams.

The CULT LEADER, an ancient-looking man with a wicked-looking dagger, slices a bloody tongue out of the sacrifice's mouth, holds it over a sacred crucible, and gently places it inside.

RUDY
 ... The fuck?

The Leader stops. His eyes find the boys on the stairs.

The chanting ceases.

The cloaked minions follow their Leader's gaze.

Silence. Nobody moves a muscle.

Vic takes a step back. Then another...

The Leader raises an open palm to the sky. The leader screams a piercing, inhuman sound and squeezes his fist tight.

The cult drift toward us.

Vic spins around and sprint up the stairs.

Vic flings the door open and race to --

THE LIVING ROOM

Cultists occupy all corners of the room, each on their knees, with their heads down. They turn to see the boys.

Cody runs for the front door.

VIC (O.S.)

Cody!

Cody reaches the door and twists the knob to no avail; he grunts and slaps the key hole in frustration.

Two of the cultists are upon him. Cody screams for his life as they take him down in a flurry of black robes.

Rudy charges for the stairs, Vic close behind. Our view spins around toward the front door.

Joyous laughter and chanting erupts from Cody's attackers. A shiny dagger plunges into Cody's scrawny frame repeatedly, while another cultist collects his blood in a vessel.

The other three cultists are in hot pursuit.

Vic resumes his run up --

THE STAIRS

-- with cultists on our heels. Vic chases Rudy into the --

BABY'S BEDROOM

Vic slams the door shut.

Rudy pushes the antique furniture against the door.

We hear THUMPING and INAUDIBLE chants from the other side.

Rudy pushes a small changing table in the way.

Vic hurries to the window.

Outside, we see the cop car coming from the opposite direction as before, still shining its spotlight.

VIC (O.S.)

It's that cop!

THE DOOR THUMPS AGAINST THE FURNITURE BEHIND US.

Vic's hands pull at the window -- no dice.

VIC (O.S.)

(to the cop)

Hey! Hey!

Vic slaps his hand against the window to summon help. Our view spins around.

VIC (O.S.)
We gotta break the window!

Rudy appears to be missing. Our view finds Rudy lying face down on the rug.

VIC (O.S.)
Rudy...?

Vic hears A TODDLER'S CUTE LAUGH IN THE SHADOWS.

Our view spins to the crib; the toddler is missing.

Another turn -- the toddler sits on the floor near the foot of the crib with its back to us. We spin back to Rudy.

VIC (O.S.)
Rudy! Get the fuck up!

Vic gets on his knees and rolls Rudy over -- his face is bloody and mutilated, and his throat ripped out; tiny little cuts and bite marks surround the wounds as though Rudy suffered a baby shark attack.

VIC (O.S.)
Shit!

A TODDLER'S LAUGHTER ECHOES THROUGH THE ROOM.

Our view turns to see the toddler nearby. Its blood-splattered head turns completely around to scan Vic.

The toddler's body contorts to compensate, and then the hungry little guy scurries like a wolf spider across the floor toward Vic.

Our view becomes filled with horrific toddler face -- black eyes, and jagged teeth, and all.

The toddler's giggles are inhuman during the brutal and choppy attack.

After a final CRACK and THUD, our final view is of VIC's twitching arm and his reflection in a mirror against the back wall. The toddler crawls a distance away and sits upright.

The black cat comes to lick the blood on Vic's hand. The toddler watches silently.

It laughs.

CUT TO BLACK.