

CYBER ATTACK!

Written by

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INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY

MR. HOLLAND (50s), sits behind a computer. He has a soft smile and more patience in one zoom call than most possess throughout their entire lives.

He's sitting in his home office, decorated with stately oak bookshelves. The shelves are stacked with colorful children's books, the desk littered with every toy you probably got from your pediatric dentist.

Displayed prominently on the middle shelf is a large, golden STATUE of a man holding a book. It appears to be some kind of award.

He holds a book up to the computer camera, pointing at words as his class reads along.

MR. HOLLAND

If... you...

CLASS

(echoing and out of sync)

If you...

A KNOCK on the front door off screen. Holland ignores it.

MR. HOLLAND

Give... a mouse... A cookie, he will probably...

CLASS

A cookie, he will probably...

A movement in the window in front of Mr. Holland catches his eye. Suddenly, a face covered in a ski mask, appears. It's the INTRUDER. Holland jumps, then freezes with fear.

STUDENT #1

Mr. Teacher? Your screen is frozen.

The intruder looks at the computer, then meaningfully at Holland. He raises a finger to his lips, then slides the window open.

MR. HOLLAND

Uh...

He looks back at the screen. 12 young faces stare innocently back at him, waiting. Holland raises the book again.

MR. HOLLAND (CONT'D)
 (shakily)
 He will probably ask...

CLASS
 (jumbled)
 He will prolly ask...

The intruder now inside. Mr. Holland shakes his head, then mutes his microphone.

MR. HOLLAND
 Okay, this is--

STUDENT #2
 What does mouse ask for?

Holland looks to the intruder. He pouts, mocking Holland. He's having fun; he lives for this. Holland unmutes.

MR. HOLLAND
 Sorry. He will p-probably ask for a glass of milk.

Satisfied, the intruder gets down, crawling across the room. Holland reaches for the phone on his desk. This is his chance.

Before he can pick it up, the passing intruder reaches up, taking the phone. He mouths 'no' before moving away.

Beat. Holland looks at the book. He gets an idea.

MR. HOLLAND (CONT'D)
 If you give him a glass of milk...
 um... he will feel sick!

CLASS
 (jumbled)
 You give... milk... he's sick...

MR. HOLLAND
 (nearly interrupting)
 And if he feels sick... you need to call 911.

A CLICK. Holland freezes. Just off his zoom screen, the intruder holds a gun to his head.

INTRUDER
 (barely audible)
 That's not how the story goes.

Holland gulps, completely freezing. The intruder gestures to the book.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)

Keep going.

MR. HOLLAND

Look, I can give you money, anything, j-

INTRUDER

Aw, but what's the fun in that, teach? Come on now. Show me what you can do.

He points to the book. The intruder moves to a bookshelf just off the computer screen, shuffling through the books. The statue! He picks it up, admiring it.

MR. HOLLAND

Uh, sorry class. I must have skipped a few pages.

(beat)

If you give him a glass of milk, he'll want a mirror...

EVAN

Who's Amir?

MR. HOLLAND

Huh?

EVAN

Who's Amir? Is it the person behind you?

Mr. Holland checks his camera view. The Intruder is visible.

EVAN (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Mommy!

The Intruder whips the ski mask off, revealing a younger man, about 30. He approaches Holland, standing beside him.

INTRUDER

(whispering to Holland)

If the kid talks, you're dead.

MR. HOLLAND

(panicked)

Hey now, Evan, just a minute!

On Evan's screen, we see MRS. HOLMES enter.

MRS. HOLMES

What's wrong, honey? Did the internet go out?

EVAN

My teacher brought his friend Amir to school, but you said friends couldn't come over right now.

MRS. HOLMES

Um, well...

MR. HOLLAND

Mrs. Holmes! Hi, this is actually my student teacher, um-

INTRUDER

Uh, Caleb.

MR. HOLLAND

Caleb, yeah. He's in the middle of his certification. We're... in the middle of reading time right now, and it's Mr. Caleb's turn to read, right class?

Dead silence. Holland nudges the Intruder.

MR. HOLLAND (CONT'D)

(murmuring)

Readm kid, or we'll both be in trouble.

The intruder picks up the book.

INTRUDER

(bewildered)

Um... He'll want a mirror. To check if he has a milk... a milk mustache.

Holland glances down. Something glimmers in the Intruder's pocket.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)

If he has a milk mustache-

Holland carefully reaches in the pocket. Holland pulls out, his confiscated cell phone. He hides it behind his back.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)

He'll ask you for a pair of scissors-

Holland activates the emergency call. We see the screen light up, the 911 call connecting.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)
To give himself a trim. If he gives himself a trim-

Holland blindly hits the keypad, selecting the number 1.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)
He'll probably ask for a broom to sweep up his hair. Wait, wh-

Sirens sound in the distance.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)
(whispering to Holland)
What is that? What did you do?

MR. HOLLAND
Keep going, now. They *hate* when you stop in the middle.

INTRUDER
(shaking)
He'll start sweeping.

The sirens are louder. Flashing lights bounce off the walls. The Intruder reaches for his gun.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)
I'll--

MR. HOLLAND
Hey now... you're on camera.

INTRUDER
How did you--

Holland holds up the phone.

MR. HOLLAND
You know, if you give your hostage a cell phone... he'll probably call 911.
(a siren CHIRPS)
Didn't you hear the bell? You better get going.

The Intruder runs. Holland breathes a sigh of relief, then picks up the book.

MR. HOLLAND (CONT'D)
Where were we?

FADE OUT.