

# CYBERSECURITY: THE UNHACKABLE SYSTEM

A sitcom skit about a hacker facing his greatest enemy: paper.

**WRITTEN BY:** Ciana

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## ACT ONE

### SCENE 1

#### INT. HACKER DEN – NIGHT

*(Dimly lit room. Multiple monitors glow, lines of code scroll rapidly. The click-clack of keys fills the air. JAKE, a cocky hacker, leans in, laser-focused. Across from him, MIA, his sharp-witted assistant, sips coffee, unimpressed.)*

#### JAKE

*(grinning, typing fast)*

Almost there. These government guys should really level up their security. I've hacked into way tougher systems.

#### MIA

*(raises an eyebrow, unimpressed)*

Uh-huh. You sure? It's, you know... a government.

#### JAKE

Pssh. Child's play. They think they're Fort Knox, but in three, two, one—

*(JAKE hits ENTER. His screen flashes red. The error message blinks aggressively:)*

"NO DIGITAL FILES FOUND."

*(Silence. JAKE stares.)*

#### JAKE

What the—?

#### MIA

*(leans in, smirking)*

Did you just hack your way into... nothing?

**JAKE**

*(clicking wildly, muttering)*

That's not possible. Where's all the data?

**MIA**

*(mock sympathy)*

Oh no... what if they... went old school?

**JAKE**

What, like... filing cabinets?

*(MIA taps the keyboard, pulling up CCTV footage. A GOVERNMENT OFFICE APPEARS—floor-to-ceiling filing cabinets.)*

**MIA**

Welp. You're not far off.

**JAKE**

*(staring, horrified)*

Paper? Paper?! I can hack the Pentagon, but I can't break into a glorified storage closet?

**MIA**

*(grinning)*

Yep. Good luck hacking that.

*(Beat. JAKE cracks his knuckles.)*

**JAKE**

Alright. Looks like we're going old school.

**MIA**

*(blinks)*

We're doing what?

*(SMASH CUT TO:)*

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## **SCENE 2**

### **EXT. GOVERNMENT ARCHIVES – NIGHT**

*(A dull gray building. A sign above the entrance reads: NATIONAL ARCHIVES – AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY. JAKE and MIA approach. An elderly ARCHIVIST, MR. HOWARD, stands at the entrance, peering over thick glasses. He looks like he's seen it all.)*

**JAKE**

*(confident, flashing a fake badge)*

Good evening, sir. We're here on official business.

**MR. HOWARD**

*(raising an eyebrow, unimpressed)*

Official, huh? Got an appointment?

**MIA**

*(quickly, flashing a smile)*

Uh, well, we... forgot to schedule it. But we've got clearance!

*\*(MIA flashes badge. It reads: "Definitely a Real ID.")*

**MR. HOWARD**

*(deadpan, not even looking at it)*

Right. Well, clearance or not—no one gets in without the proper paperwork.

**JAKE**

*(muttering to MIA, rolling eyes)*

Of course. More paperwork.

**MR. HOWARD**

You want records? It's all in here. You got hands? You can look.

*(JAKE peeks behind him—walls of filing cabinets stretch infinitely. He shudders.)*

**JAKE**

But that would take forever. Wouldn't a computer be so much easier?

**MR. HOWARD**

Exactly how other governments get hacked.

*(JAKE stares. Speechless. MR. HOWARD grins, victorious.)*

*(FOOTSTEPS APPROACH. Enter MS. CLARK, a no-nonsense government official. She sizes them up.)*

**MS. CLARK**

Mr. Howard, is there a problem?

**MR. HOWARD**

These two want archive access—no paperwork.

*(MS. CLARK turns to JAKE and MIA. Her expression does not invite debate.)*

**MS. CLARK**

You realize how secure this facility is? All classified documents—on paper, in person, under supervision.

**JAKE**

*(under breath, grumbling)*

That's... one way to beat cybercrime.

**MS. CLARK**

Exactly. Digital systems? Too easy to hack. No digital trace means no breach.

*(She hands them a thick stack of request forms.)*

**MS. CLARK**

Now, if you're serious, fill out these forms... in triplicate. By hand.

*(Beat. JAKE and MIA exchange a look of horror.)*

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**SCENE 3**

**EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING – LATER**

*(JAKE and MIA exit, utterly defeated. JAKE clutches the forms, shell-shocked.)*

**MIA**

*(mocking, smirking)*

You have to admit—it's kinda genius. The data's all there... but no one can get to it.

**JAKE**

*(resigned, sighing)*

Never thought my biggest enemy would be... paper.

**MIA**

*(grinning)*

Looks like you can't hack everything.

*(Beat. JAKE stares at the forms in his hands. A slow, painful realization.)*

**JAKE**

Next time, I'm bringing a typewriter.

*(Beat. MIA bursts into laughter as they walk off. JAKE mutters under his breath.)*

**FADE TO BLACK.**