

# **The Security Guard: A Short Comedic Drama**

A tale of bureaucracy vs enthusiasm in the corporate world



*In the sleek corporate lobby, a gleaming glass security desk stands sentinel before the grand office entrance. Behind it sits Satan himself, serving as security guard – his face an impassive granite mask, his uniform crisp and intimidating. The morning calm is suddenly shattered as Do-goody Dave practically bounces toward the desk, radiating an almost manic enthusiasm that seems to make the very air around him fizz with positive energy.*



Good morning! Oh, what a MAGNIFICENT day for maximizing productivity! The sun is shining, the birds are singing, and I... I am here, ready to synergize and conquer! Three WHOLE days ahead—Saturday, Sunday, and even the Bank Holiday Monday! For the good of the company, for the optimization of the project!

I'm David Winter! Though most people call me 'Do-goody Dave'—because, well, I'm the team player who goes above and beyond! I don't just give 100%, I give 110%! I don't just think outside the box, I LIVE outside the box! I underpromise, overdeliver, and—



## **Satan, the Security Guard from Hell:**

*(cutting through Dave's enthusiasm like an arctic wind, voice devoid of emotion)*

"You're not on the list."

## **Do-goody Dave:**

*(chuckling nervously, his enthusiasm barely dented)*

"Lists! Oh, those pesky little administrative details! I *absolutely* should be on there – got the green light just yesterday! But look, I came prepared—" *(frantically rummaging through his briefcase)*

"Here's my access badge, my passport, and—aha!—my official certificate of 'Not Being a Terrorist'. That should tick all the boxes, right? Right?"



## **Satan, the Security Guard from Hell:**

*(examining an impossibly long scroll with meticulous precision)*

"I'm afraid that won't be possible.

According to Section 7, Subsection C of the Weekend Access Protocol, you are definitively, irrevocably, and quite thoroughly... not on the list."

## **Do-goody Dave:**

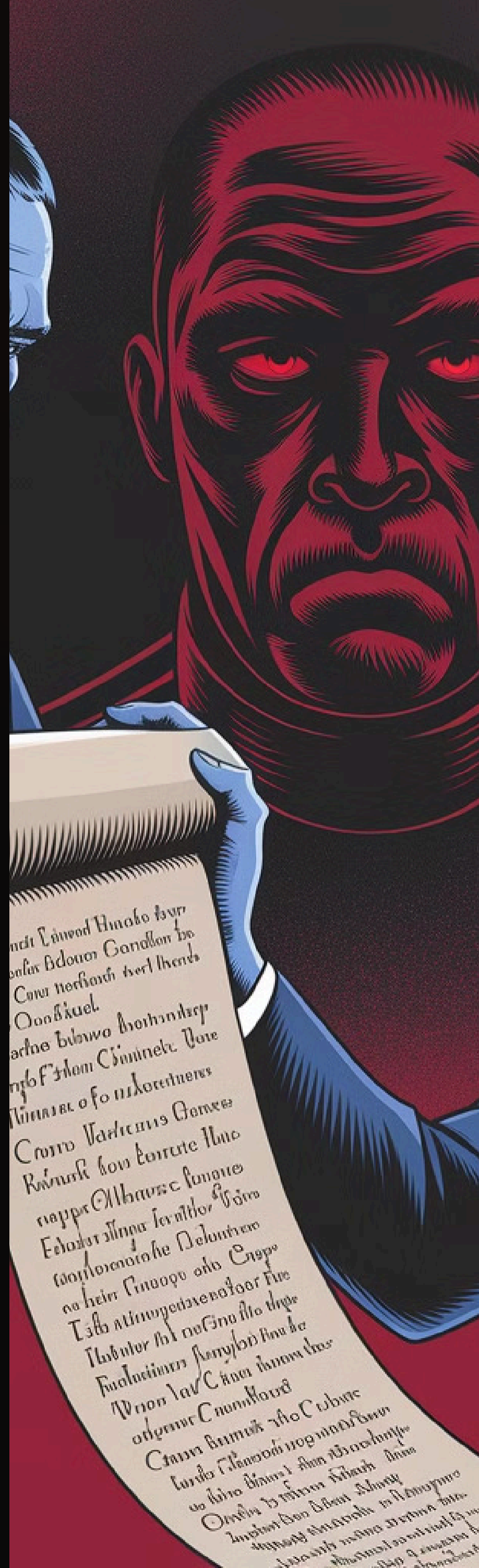
*(bouncing on his heels with barely contained corporate enthusiasm)*

"Ah-ha! A challenge! I love challenges – they're just opportunities wearing business casual! So tell me, what magical document would unlock these hallowed halls of productivity?"

## **Satan, the Security Guard from Hell:**

*(with glacial indifference)*

"Form 27B/6. Letter of approval. Signed. In triplicate. With red ink. From a fountain pen. Manufactured before 1987."



**Do-goody Dave:**

*(with desperate optimism)*

"Perfect solution! I have it right on my PC upstairs! We can just pop up together—I'll print it out, you verify it, and presto! Mission accomplished!"

**Satan, the Security Guard from Hell:**

*(with unwavering monotony)*

"But you're not on the list."

**Do-goody Dave:**

*(face reddening, a vein visibly throbbing at his temple)*

"...What??"

**Satan, the Security Guard from Hell:**

*(maintaining the same robotic calm)*

"I cannot permit entry to individuals who are not on the list."

**Do-goody Dave:**

*(voice rising an octave, gesturing frantically)*

"But we've just established that I *should* be on the list! This is exactly what we've been discussing!"

**Satan, the Security Guard from Hell:**

*(with the immovable finality of a stone wall)*

"I'm simply performing my designated duties."



## **Do-goody Dave:**

*(voice reaching a near-hysterical pitch, gesturing wildly at the security desk)*

"Your JOB—your actual, literal job description—is to facilitate business operations, not strangle them with bureaucratic red tape! Look, there are TWO of you standing right here. Surely one of you can spare exactly two minutes to escort me up to the fourth floor. It's a tiny walk! A microscopic blip in your day! You won't even break a sweat, I promise!"

## **Satan, the Security Guard from Hell:**

*(shaking head with the slow, inexorable movement of a glacier, his expression carved from pure granite)*

"But you're not on the list."



## **Do-goody Dave:**

*(trembling with barely contained rage, knuckles white as he grips his briefcase)*

"The entire quarterly rollout depends on this! I've crossed these doors 487 times—I counted! I have a photo on the company website! My face is literally on the 'Meet Our Team' poster behind you! This isn't just about me anymore—there are deadlines, responsibilities, people counting on this work getting done!"

## **Satan, the Security Guard from Hell:**

*(examining his fingernails with glacial indifference, picks up phone with exaggerated slowness)*

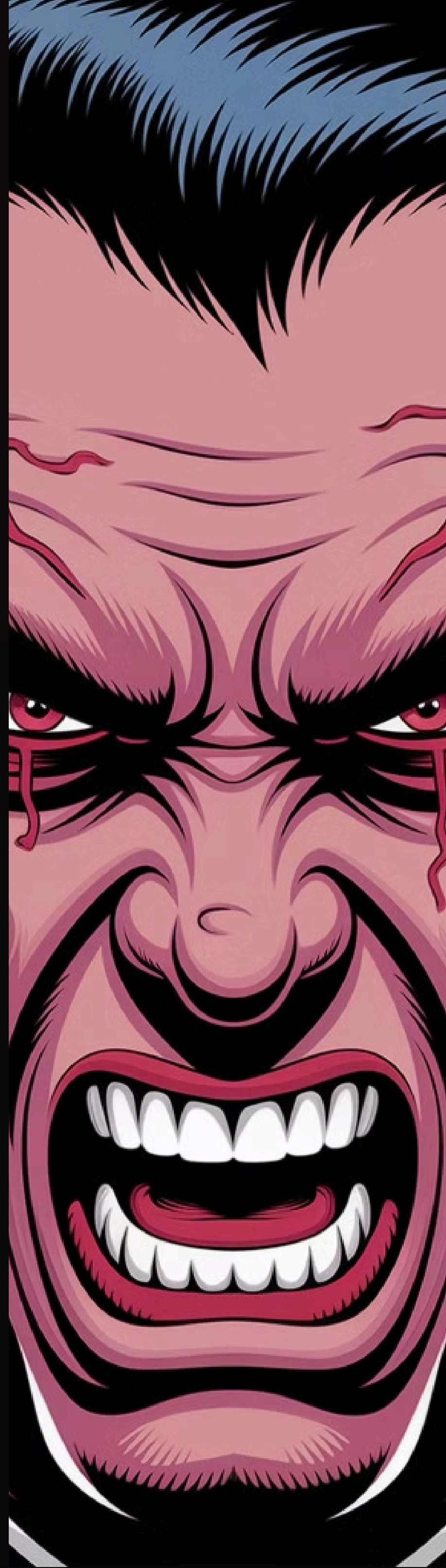
"Please hold." *(murmurs inaudibly into receiver, deliberately extends the pause, then places phone down with mechanical precision)*

"I regret to inform you that, after careful consideration, I am still unable to permit entry to individuals who do not appear on the approved list."

## **Do-goody Dave:**

*(face progressing through various shades of crimson, veins visibly pulsing at his temples)*

"[REDACTED: EXTENDED STRING OF CORPORATE-INAPPROPRIATE LANGUAGE THAT WOULD MAKE EVEN A SAILOR BLUSH]"





*(Do-goody Dave stands frozen, rage vibrating through his body. He envisions himself flipping the desk, hurling a chair through the glass, tearing down the entire office in a blaze of destruction... but then, he exhales.)*



# A Lesson in Futility... Or Is It?

In the eternal dance between unstoppable enthusiasm and immovable bureaucracy, sometimes even the most dedicated employee must gracefully admit defeat—at least temporarily.

Yet there's a peculiar wisdom in these corporate roadblocks: they teach us that **success isn't always about breaking through walls, but finding creative pathways around them.** While today's quarterly rollout may be held hostage by an impassive guardian of protocol, tomorrow brings fresh possibilities. After all, in the grand theater of corporate life, maintaining your sanity (and perhaps a slight sense of humor) in the face of bureaucratic absurdity isn't just admirable—it's a superpower that no security clearance list can deny.

