

"A**hat Security"
Peter Rogers

LIGHTS UP on securirty-guy BOGGS, standing DC and looking important/vigilant.

JEREMY enters DR, pushing a bicycle.

BOGGS
Where you headed, son?

JEREMY
(continuing)
Taking my bike to my office.

BOGGS stops JEREMY with a hand on his shoulder.

JEREMY
Um....

BOGGS
(into walkie-talkie)
Yeah, this is front entrance
seven-niner-tango. We have a
situation.

JEREMY
I do this every day.

BOGGS
Sure.

JEREMY
I've worked here five years.

BOGGS
(pointing off DL)
Yeah, you can lock that up on the
bike rack.

JEREMY
For any thief with a pair of bolt
cutters?

BOGGS shrugs, unconcerned.

JEREMY
Where's your superior?

BOGGS

Relax, kid. It's just the rules.

JEREMY
Where are they?

BOGGS
What?

JEREMY
These rules. You're going by a
rulebook. I want to see it.

BOGGS produces a massive book out of nowhere.

JEREMY
Where were you keeping that?

BOGGS turns to a page.

BOGGS
"Every employee is allowed to take
bicycles freely in and out of the
building..."

JEREMY
Ha!

BOGGS
"... unless he's named 'Jeremy.'"
Oooh, tough luck.

BOGGS hands him the book.

JEREMY
That's the rule?

BOGGS
It is as of ten days ago.

A pause. JEREMY checks the book.

JEREMY
(handing the book back)
You're still mad at me, aren't you?

BOGGS
All I know is, two weeks back, I
was still working in the cubicle
next to yours.

JEREMY
That was not my fault!

BOGGS
(continuing)
Now I have an exciting new
administrative-security
opportunity.

JEREMY
It was **so** not my fault!

BOGGS
(continuing)
It was a nice cubicle.

JEREMY
Okay, the practical joke was my
idea.

BOGGS
Along with phone call to the
police?

JEREMY
No.

BOGGS
... and the "suspicious, powder-
filled envelope?"

JEREMY
No!

BOGGS
The donkey?

Pause.

JEREMY
Well, that was part of the
practical joke.

BOGGS folds his arms and looks off into the distance.

JEREMY
It seemed funny at the time!

Pause.

JEREMY
You're never letting me in this
building again, are you?

BOGGS turns to another page in the big book, points it out
to JEREMY.

JEREMY reads it.

JEREMY
You made it an explicit rule that
I can rot in hell?

BOGGS
(correcting him)
"Burn in hell."

JEREMY
Okay. You want your old job back
--

BOGGS
No! I want workman's comp.

JEREMY
Ok.

BOGGS
Look, if I get injured on the job
-- say, if I get violently
accosted by an angry employee --
then I get a long, long paid
vacation.

JEREMY
Two people with bikes went in
while you were saying that.

BOGGS
Just hit me.

JEREMY
(brightly)
Okay!

JEREMY winds up for a really hard punch.

BOGGS
No! Wait! Wait!
(sotto voce)

Not for real.

JEREMY rolls his eyes, and fake-throws a very weak punch.
BOGGS over-reacts supremely, and finally lands on the
floor.

JEREMY
Good?

BOGGS gives an "Okay" sign.

JEREMY
Great. See ya tomorrow.

BOGGS
(still on floor)
Hopefully not.

JEREMY pushes his bike off DL, as we FADE TO BLACK.

BOGGS
Medic!