

The Things That Make Us Go Crazy

Written by

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Final Draft

OVER BLACK:

MUFFLED SOUND of kids laughing and a CONTINUOUS LOUD CAR HORN.

**TITLE: These stories are not a work of fiction. Any references to real events are completely intentional.**

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

The beeping loud SOUND OF THE CAR HORN continues, while a TEENAGE BOY, headphones on, in the middle of a zebra crossing, looks down at his phone.

INT. CAR - DAY

In the same car park. The DAD (50s), at the drivers seat, hits the car horn.

DAD  
(loud)  
Get out the way!

His DAUGHTER (16) at the passenger seat, looks down at her phone.

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

The teenage boy lifts off his headphones and looks up to the car. He walks across the zebra crossing. The CAR HORN STOPS beeping.

A red beaten up car drives across the zebra crossing.

INT. CAR - DAY

The dad turns the corner.

DAD  
I am so fed up of this generation constantly looking down at their phones, instead of taking in the real world.

DAUGHTER  
mhm.

DAD  
Are you even listening to me?

DAUGHTER  
mhm.

DAD  
Get off your phone and listen to  
me!

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

At the start of the zebra crossing. A YOUNG BOY (13) looks  
left and right down the road.

INT. CAR - DAY

The dad holds the steering wheel with one hand in AGITATION.  
His other hand reaches to grab the phone from his daughter's  
hand. She holds on to it tightly.

DAUGHTER  
Dad stop.

DAD  
Give it to me.

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

The young boy skips across the zebra crossing as the car is  
fast approaching.

INT. CAR - DAY

The Dad and Daughter fight over the phone.

DAD  
That's it, no internet for a week.

DAUGHTER  
Dad please.

DAD  
A month if you continue.

He snatches the phone off her.

DAD  
See not so hard.

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

The car fast approaches the young boy. He lifts his head up  
and notices the car. He freezes in the middle of the zebra  
crossing.

INT. CAR - DAY

The Dad turns his attention the road and...

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

... BANG! The car hits the young boy. He gets thrown to the ground. He begins screaming in pain.

The red car quickly reverses, reversing into a blue parked car. The blue car alarm goes off, as the red car drives around the screaming boy.

A large group of about 20 kids (aged 11-13) run over and begin to gather as they take out their phones, taking photos and videos of the boy in pain.

FADE IN TITLE: **"The Things That Make Us Go Crazy"**

FADE TO:

INT. APPLE STORE - DAY

A long queue of around 15 people wait in line at the apple store. They have their phones out, texting and listening to music, etc.

PHIL picks up an IPADXS43 BOX from the CASHIER at the counter and walks away. KATIE walks to the front of the counter.

KATIE

Can I have an IPadXS43 please?

CASHIER

Sorry, I just sold the last one to that guy.

Phil, wearing black headphones, walks towards the exit. Katie taps him on the shoulder. He seems startled and takes them off.

PHIL

Hello?

KATIE

Hi, uh, is that an IPadXS43? The man at the counter said he sold you the last one.

Phil looks down at the bag he is holding.

PHIL

Yeah-

KATIE

Look I really need one, can I buy  
it off you?

PHIL

I'm not interested-

Katie pulls out her wallet. It's filled with bank notes.

KATIE

Look just name your price and I'll  
pay it.

Phil shakes his head and puts his headphones back on. Katie  
runs in front of him, blocking his path. Phil takes his  
headphones off, exhausted.

KATIE

Please, I promised my son one for  
his birthday. As a mother, I have  
to keep my promises-

PHIL

You should've ordered one then.  
Now, if you don't mind moving out  
the way.

Phil walks around her. Katie grabs onto his apple bag.

PHIL

Let go of my bag-

KATIE

Please.

They start pulling at each side of the bag. A security GUARD  
runs over and pushes the two aside.

GUARD

Ma'm. Sir. What is going on here?

KATIE

This man- he stole from me!

PHIL

That is not true-

GUARD

Who has the receipt?

Phil pulls the receipt from his pocket.

PHIL

Here.

He hands it over to the guard.

PHIL

And incase you doubt me, the  
entire store here witnessed the  
situation unfold.

Phil turns around to a CUSTOMER near him wearing headphones.

CUSTOMER

Sorry, what?

He turns back to the guard.

PHIL

Most of it.

The guard looks at the receipt and hands it back.

GUARD

(to Katie)

Ma'm this is his iPadXS43.

Katie pushes Phil over and he falls to the floor. The bag  
drops, the iPadXS43 falls out along with two pairs of  
airpods. Katie is in shock.

KATIE

THIEF.

PHIL

(panicked)

I had to get the new airpods. Rent  
was up this week and I couldn't  
afford them-

GUARD

Sir, I command you to stay there-  
let me just call a real police  
officer.

The guard takes his phone out and starts tapping on it.

Phil stands up and picks up his airpods, putting them into  
his bag.

GUARD

Sir, stay there or I will- I will  
record you.

He starts pointing his phone at Phil.

A RANDOM CUSTOMER shouts.

RANDOM CUSTOMER

RIOT!

All the customers begin picking up different products on the shelves as everything becomes chaotic. Customers shove each other aside.

Katie crouches down and picks up Phil's iPadXS43 that sits at her feet.

KATIE

Have a good day.

She walks out the double doors with the iPadXS43 cradled in her arms. Customers fight over the technology on the shelves.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Five sets of eyes, clearly of different people. A reflection of a screen in each of their eyes.

A set of brown eyes. We linger, no reflection of a screen. These eyes belong to SAINT (20s). He is sitting at a table on his own.

The cafe is full of people. A woman typing on her MacBook. A man watching Family Guy on his phone. A teenager listening to music on his phone. A couple with a kindle each, reading an e-book.

The WAITRESS (20s) walks past Saint's table holding two cups of coffee.

SAINT

(calling out)

Hello- Hi- Hey there!

The Waitress places down the coffee she has in her hand at another table and loops back.

SAINT

Can I- um, have a large latte please?

WAITRESS

(enthusiastic)

Well, if you get your phone out, you can navigate to our website, order through there and collect points with every purchase.

SAINT

Well, um- I don't have a phone.

WAITRESS

(not so enthusiastic)

Oh, uh- Well... you can order at the counter!

SAINT

Thanks.

The Waitress walks away as Saint gets up from his table. He walks towards the counter, passing many tables with people on their devices.

Saint arrives at the counter. The CASHIER stands behind the counter smiling.

SAINT

Can I have a large latte?

CASHIER

You know we have a webiste?

SAINT

(nodding)

mhm.

Saint clears his throat, an awkward silence.

CASHIER

Okay! One large latte coming up.

The Cashier walks away. Saint pulls out his phone from his jacket pocket and starts tapping on it.

The Waitress walks past Saint and looks at him, noticing the phone. She drops the cup of coffee. It hits the ground. The beautifully made mug, BROKEN. The coffee covers the floor almost like a pool of blood.

She SCREAMS and points at his phone. She drops to the ground and cries, dramatically.

WAITRESS

(screaming)

You lied to me-

SAINT

I just didn't want to sign up to the website-



WAITRESS  
(screaming)  
Liar. Liar.

A crowd of around 20 people gather around pulling their phones out to record the situation.

SAINT  
Look everyone, there's nothing to see here. I just pulled out my phone and-

The Cashier appears. She looks disgruntled.

CASHIER  
I think you should leave.

The crowd all collectively murmurs in agreement with the Cashier. Saint looks down at the Waitress, SOBBING on the floor.

CASHIER (CONT'D)  
Leave.

The Cashier points at the door.

WIPE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The back of a teenage boy's head, with BEATS HEADPHONES.

VOICE (O.S.)  
(muffled)  
Jason- Jason!

JASON is staring - loud music blasts in his headphones.

VOICE (O.S.)  
(loud)  
Jason.

Jason takes off his headphones in a hurry.

JASON  
Hi- yup hey.

The VOICE is the TEACHER. She is standing at the front of the class next to a whiteboard full of notes.

TEACHER  
Are you listening?

JASON  
Yeah- I am.

TEACHER  
What is newton's first law?

JASON  
(stuttering)  
Uh- Well. I don't know.

TEACHER  
See me after class.

INT. CLASSROOM - ROUGHLY 30MINS LATER

The last student leaves the class as the Teacher waves them out.

Jason is sitting in his chair. The Teacher walks up to him.

JASON  
Look I'm sorry- I'll make sure to  
copy up on all the notes and  
everything. I won't wear my  
headphones in class again-

TEACHER  
Jason.  
(pause)  
I'm going to have to confiscate  
the headphones.

JASON  
What? No look I'm sorry- it won't  
happen again.

TEACHER  
Jason. I won't say it again, the  
headphones or immediate  
suspension.

Jason hands over his headphones.

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
I'll see you next lesson.

Jason stands up, annoyed and throws his backpack on his shoulders. The teacher waves him out.

INT. TESCO - EVENING

Jason has a basket in his hands, he pulls a can of baked beans from the shelf and places them in the basket.

JASON

I spent my entire allowance on  
those headphones, and now they are  
gone.

MARK, Jason's Friend, stands next to him.

MARK

Yeah man, that sucks.

Jason looks up to see the Teacher shopping.

MARK (CONT'D)

Sucks so much bro, just sucks.  
Really sucky, just can't imagine  
how much it just sucks.

The teacher turns around. On her shoulders Jason's BEATS  
HEADPHONES. Her eyes widen. Jason drops his basket and  
storms over.

MARK (CONT'D)

Jason, where are you going?

Jason approaches the Teacher.

He swings his fist at her knocking her to the ground  
unconscious. He leans over her, continuing to punch and kick  
her for an uncomfortable amount of time.

He picks up his headphones from around her shoulders.

JASON

Let's go.

He storms off. Mark stands there in shock.

TITLE: **THE END**