

Karan hesitates as he tries to conjure a counter-point out of thin air.

KARAN

(arrogant)

Aha! Technology! It's clearly improved our lives with how we use it but your generation can't accept that it's the future. While old people protest outside city hall for even trivial tech advancements like 5G or cashless payments, millennials are using it to work harder than you ever did!

Mr. Gray pauses and chuckles menacingly to himself.

MR. GRAY

(gleeful)

You say it's helping you work MORE? Tell me then, why were you on your phone instead of doing your job when I walked in?

KARAN

Um, my mum called me? She was wondering when I was coming home.

MR. GRAY

Don't try to *fool* me. My sight's not what it used to be but I could clearly see you scrolling on TicTac when I came in.

KARAN

(mocking)

It's called TikTok, sir.

MR. GRAY

(enraged)

Ugh, *TikTok*, Instagram, it's all the same to me! Kids these days can't give their 100% because they've become addicts without even knowing! *Everywhere* I go, the park, the mall, even the street, there's always teenagers mindlessly tapping or snapping or whatever! You can't tell me that device doesn't waste time. It's trained you to enjoy others' lives instead of what's right in front of you.

Karan starts to get visibly anxious. He doesn't have a comeback for that.

KARAN
(anxious)
Um, well...

MR. GRAY
(mocking)
Haha! You get me! First, just because I'm old doesn't mean I don't respect technology. I use my laptop and phone productively everyday. Second, my generation has lived through and seen more than you ever have which is the reason why we're the wisest of those living today and why your parents have told you to respect us. Third, respect these words; buzz off and think twice about speaking to me like that!

Mr. Gray walks away from Karan, muttering to himself. Karan starts to walk back but he feels his frustration turn into pure rage and take control of his mind. He turns around.

KARAN
(grave)
What about racism?

Mr. Gray stops. Karan's somehow struck a chord in him.

MR. GRAY
(shocked)
What do you mean *racism*?

KARAN
(grave)
If you *baby boomers* are so wise, explain why so many elders are still racist?

MR. GRAY
(confused)
Baby what?

KARAN
(infuriated)
Don't act like it isn't a thing. Do you know how much *shit* my family and I have taken from the older generation? People in the supermarket, at school, even our *neighbours* aren't sold on us being

here. They've called us names. Told us we don't belong. Ordered that we go back to our own country. Where's the wisdom in that?

Mr. Gray seems to look horrified for a moment but begins filling up with fury.

KARAN

(outraged)

In fact, maybe that's why you're being harsh. You don't care that I'm a teen, you're only getting at me because I'm brown!

Mr. Gray turns around and marches to Karan, his walking stick in hand.

MR. GRAY

(extremely angry)

QUIET! Don't come to me with such nonsense! I didn't live through wars and famine to take an earful from a boy like you!

As Mr. Gray speaks, he bangs his walking stick on the ground for emphasis. With every thud, a glass item high on the shelf next to him moves closer to the shelf's edge.

MR. GRAY

(extremely angry)

We persevered through struggle and built the foundations of everything your generation use today! And now, when we're at our lowest and weakest, we have to deal with being demeaned by our inferiors! Now, shut up and get out of my sight, you little -- CURRY EATER!

Mr. Gray bangs his walking stick on the floor. Karan looks upon Mr. Gray with horror. Mr. Gray's face rapidly switches to a similar look, but more remorseful. All of a sudden, the item above Mr. Gray falls.

KARAN

(horrified)

LOOK OUT!

CRACK! Karan steps back and looks away. When he slowly turns back, he sees an unconscious Mr. Gray bleeding on the floor. Karan's heart starts to accelerate. He grabs his phone and speed-dials 911. He then puts it on speaker while he takes off his jacket to wrap around Mr. Gray's head.