

## The Debate

by Angel Furlas & John Anastasakis    *\*\*Reformatted*

## Characters

Ronald Dump  
Joe Fiten

Announcer (Voiceover)  
Francis Robert (Host)

Summary:                      The debate that would mark America's future, hosted live. Special guests include the candidates for President Mr. Dump & Mr. Fiten.

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### INT. DEBATE STAGE – NIGHT

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to tonight's presidential debate. Our host and questionnaire will be Francis Robert. Please be seated as the debate will start in 6.5 seconds.

[Pause. Beat.]

Announcer: Time's up. Please welcome Mr. Ronald Dump and Joe Fiten!

[Enter Dump. Joe enters shakily with a walking stick. He almost falls, but catches himself just in time.]

Francis: Hello ladies and gentlemen, I'm Francis Robert. Tonight's debate will seal America's destiny. Two candidates. One leadership. But first, a few words. Mr. Dump — you're first.

Dump: Hello, I'm Ronald J. Dump. The J stands for no particular reason. No further questions.

[Awkward pause.]

Francis: Okay. Mr. Fiten—

Dump: Fightin' for his life.

Francis: Mr. Dump, I will suggest no interruptions. Thank you.

Dump: You're welcome.

Francis: Mr. Dump!

[Dump raises his finger to interrupt again. Francis gives him a sharp look. Dump backs down.]

Francis: Please, go on.

Joe: Hello folks. I'm Joe. I currently don't remember my last name. But I like ice cream. So I'm Joe Ice Cream — former president of the United States of... my country. Which I also happen to not remember at the moment.

[Long pause.]

Francis: Thank you, Mr. Fiten.

Joe: That's it! Ice Cream Fiten. Or is it Joe Cream?

Dump: Question.

Francis: Yes, Mr. Dump?

Dump: Could we have him euthanized?

Francis: Mr. Dump!

Dump: We'll we have to put it out of its misery.

Francis: Mr. Dump!

Dump: He's like a dying dog—

Joe (offended): Did you just call me a dog!?

Dump: Possibly.

Joe: I don't remember what that means! I want a yes or no answer!

Dump: No.

Joe: Oh. I'm sorry I shouted at you.

Francis: Enough! Please — both of you, stay quiet!

[Francis exhales heavily.]

Joe: I'm sorry, Frank.

Francis: Francis.

Dump: Enough already. I want some questions.

Francis: Alright then, Mr. Dump — what are you going to-?

Dump: Thank you for the question, Frank.

Francis: Francis.

Dump: Yes, Frampis. Thank you for asking me how rich I am.

Francis: That is not what I asked—

Dump: Then what was?

Francis: You didn't allow me to finish—

Dump: I don't care. Because, frankly, I'm a great guy. And to explain it in terms that were said to me by my advisor so I could understand them: I have a hundred monies. I am... very rich.

Francis: Most interesting, Mr. Dump. But that was not the question.

Dump: No further questions.

[Francis sighs deeply.]

Francis: Alright. Mr. Joe Fiten — what are you going to do for the American Health Department?

Joe: Look folks, here's the deal... Nope. Lost it. But I do remember it had something to do with the Soviet Union, lesbians, and a flying George Foreman Grill.

Francis: Out of all the nonsense you just splattered, the only thing that made any inherent sense... is that it's "Soviet Union," not "onion."

Joe: Really? I hope I didn't offend anyone from that place.

Dump: The Soviet Union doesn't exist anymore, Joe. I destroyed it. With the SCRM.

Francis: First of all — you didn't. Second of all — what is "SCRM"?

Dump: The Super Cool Ronald Missiles. Which I have designed myself. Thank you very much.

Joe: Ha! You couldn't even write your name correctly!

Dump: And you're in a constant fight with your ability to live. What are you — a quadrantillion years old?

Joe: It's quadrillion, you doofus! And no — I am at the tender age of 82.

Dump: Nearly dead.

Joe: How dare you!?

Francis: Stop! Please! Let us go on with the questioning. The faster we do it, the faster we'll finish. Mr. Dump — what is your plan on fighting poverty? Careful — this is a serious problem.

Dump: Yes. A serious problem. And for a problem to be serious, it needs to be at least a 7 out of 10 on the problem scale. Naturally, a 1 out of 10 would be a no problem-o. But this is a 7. Which makes it a very big problem-o. That's why I created the RADPORN program — the Ronald Adjustment Division of Poverty Right Now.

[Francis just stares at him.]

Francis: Moving on. Mr. Fiten, your solution to poverty in America?

Joe: Thank you, Francis. I actually thought about this while taking my pills. I've come to the conclusion we must use the Robin Hood tactic: Give to the poor... by stealing from the poor. That way we cut out the middleman.

Francis: That is... at least a plan. And also, congratulations on remembering so many words.

Joe: Thank—

[Joe suddenly collapses. Francis rushes to him.]

Francis: Oh my god!

Dump (checking his watch): About time.

Francis: Mr. Fiten, are you alright?

Dump: Of course he's not. He's all wrong.

Francis: Shut up!

[Dump pouts. Begins quietly sobbing.]

Francis: Mr. Fiten — answer me please!

Joe: Huh? What? I'm alright, I'm alright.

Francis: What happened?

Joe: Said so many words I forgot to take a breath.

Francis: Thank goodness.

[Francis returns to podium.]

Francis: Phew. Right. Mr. Dump, you are— ...Mr. Dump?

Dump: Leave me alone.

Francis: What's wrong?

Dump: The thing you said to me...

Francis: Yes?

Dump: It was mean. You are a mean man.

Joe (to audience): Beanbag? I once had a friend who looked just like a beanbag. We used to talk about waffles. Then I took my pills and realized... it was a beanbag.

Francis: Mr. Dump, I'm sorry if I hurt you—

Dump (sniffling): No. Leave me alone. I hate you.

Francis: Oh, Mr. Dump—

Dump: What you did was unforgivingable. So I won't be forgivingable to you. I'm leaving.

Francis: No, Mr. Dump — please!

Dump: No! I'm going to build a great wall... so you'll never talk to me again. Come, Joe darling. Let's live our love. Well — you live it as much as you can. Let's get out of here!

Francis: No! No, wait!

Joe: Goodbye, Mr. Franchesto!

[Francis collapses to his knees, alone.]

Francis (broken): Oh god...

**The End**