

DEBATE CLUB

Written by

Liz Zhang

INT. DEBATE CLUB - DAY

HARVARD DEBATOR and YALE DEBATOR are behind their respective podiums on a stage. They look exhausted, with their ties askew, hair in disarray, and large bags under their eyes. They can barely stand and are leaning against their podiums for support. In between them, sit the MODERATOR, looking similarly tired. The moderator is behind a lavish, wooden desk with just a single gavel on top of it.

MODERATOR

Welcome to the 37th hour of our collegiate debate marathon. The finalists this year, having debated continuously for nearly 2 days, are Harvard and Yale.

Our topic for these two schools is: "Should carbon tax credits be able to be traded?". On the "affirmative" side is Yale and on the opposing" side is Harvard.

Harvard makes their opening statement first.

The Harvard debater slowly blinks and tries to stand up a bit straighter.

HARVARD DEBATER

Nu uh. I yield my time.

MODERATOR

Huh... okay, I guess it is now Yale's turn for their opening statement.

YALE DEBATER

Uh huh. I yield my time.

MODERATOR

...okay... Harvard can now cross examine Yale's argument.

HAVARD

My opponent takesies-backsies when we traded deserts a lunch. They would just takesies-backsies a carbon tax credit trade as well! I yield my time.

MODERATOR

It...uh... seems like our debaters,
in their exhaustion, have regressed
to elementary school tactics.

YALE

My mom said I can't eat nuts and my
opponent said their brownies didn't
have nuts but they did!

Yale turns to the audience.

YALE (CONT'D)

Isn't that right mom?

MOM

(from the audience)
That's right honey!

Yale turns back to the moderator.

YALE

(smugly)
I yield my time.

MODERATOR

(sighing)
Even the parents are in on it.

YALE

Harvard is a four eyes --

HARVARD

Your a four eyes too! I saw you put
in contacts --

YALE

Nu uh --

HARVARD

Uh huh --

YALE

Nu uh --

HARVARD

Uh huh --

YALE

Nu uh --

HARVARD

Uh huh --

YALE

Nu uh --

HARVARD

Hu huh --

YALE

Nu uh --

The debaters pause for a moment, both winded from the exertion.

HARVARD

Uh huh

YALE

My opponent is a four eyes nerd.
All the cool kids support tradable
carbon tax credits. I yield my
time.

HARVARD

Well if I'm a nerd, then my
opponent is a nerd too. They got an
A on Professor Smith's Calc III
quiz, Suzie saw it! Only a nerd
gets an A in math! I yield my time.

MODERATOR

Never in my years have I seen such
a poor argument.

YALE

My opponent smells bad! I yield my
time.

HARVARD

I'm rubber and you're glue,
everything-bounces-off-me-and-
sticks to-you. I yield my time.

YALE

Well... well... MY mom is a lawyer
and she's going to sue you!
(to the audience)
Right mom?

MOM

(proudly, from the
audience)
Whatever you say honey!

HARVARD

And your going to be in big trouble
when she does! I yield my time.

YALE

I saw you kissing a boy! That means
you have cooties! I yield my time.

HARVARD

Its called herpes and he has it
under control.

YALE

Cooties cooties!

HARVARD

Shut up!

YALE

No you shut up!

HARVARD

No you!

YALE

No you!

HARVARD

No you!

YALE

No you!

HARVARD

No you!

YALE

No you!

HARVARD

No you!

YALE

No you!

MODERATOR

(aside to themselves)

What an embarrassment for sport of
debate.

Moderator bangs their gavel.

MODERATOR (CONT'D)
(to everyone)
Now is the time for our break.

YALE
I want a juicebox.

HARVARD
And cookies!

YALE
And a nap with my blankie!

FADEOUT