

DEBATE CLUB

Written by

Liz Zhang

INT. DEBATE CLUB - DAY

HARVARD DEBATOR and YALE DEBATOR are on a stage, behind their respective podiums, each with a cup of water within arms reach. 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 75th annual
collegiate debate championships.
Due to the Covid 19 pandemic, we're
having the entire tournament in one
marathon session in order to reduce
the chance of outside infection.
The finalists this year, who have
debated continuously for 37 hours,
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. They slowly glance at their notes before looking
back up at the moderator.

HARVARD DEBATER

Nu uh. I yield my time.

Yale straightens their notes and also takes a moment to
consult them.

YALE DEBATER

Uh huh. I yield my time.

Harvard takes a moment to consider a counter argument.

HAVARD

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

MODERATOR

It...uh... it 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's head is in their hands.

HARVARD

My opponent is a four eyes --

YALE

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

HAVARD

Nu uh --

YALE

Uh huh --

HAVARD

Nu uh --

YALE

Uh huh --

HAVARD

Nu uh --

YALE

Uh huh --

HAVARD
Nu uh --

YALE
Uh huh --

HAVARD
Nu uh --

YALE
Uh huh --

HAVARD
Nu uh --

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

YALE
(winded)
Uh huh

HARVARD
(exhausted)
Nu uh

MODERATOR
Never in my years have I seen such
a poor set of arguments.

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!

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

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

YALE
Its called herpes and he has it
under control.

HARVARD
Cooties cooties!

YALE
No he doesn't, shut up!

HARVARD
No you shut up!

YALE
No you!

HARVARD
No you!

YALE
No you!

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 bangs their gavel.

MOM
Woooo! You won that one honey!

Moderator bangs their gavel again, with an incredulous expression.

MODERATOR

What an... interesting first half of our championship debate. We'll be back with the conclusion after a short commercial break. You're watching ESPN 19.

BLACKOUT