

DEBATE CLUB

Written by

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

YALE DEBATER

Uh huh. I yield my time.

MOM

(from the audience)  
Wooooo, that's right honey! What an  
opening!

The moderator looks at Mom incredulously.

Harvard debater slaps their own face to perk up.

HARVARD DEBATER

Nu uh. I yield my time.

HAVARD

My opponent takesies-backsies when  
we traded deserts at lunch.

(MORE)

HAVARD (CONT'D)

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.

YALE (CONT'D)

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  
Uh huh --

YALE  
Nu uh --

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

HARVARD  
(winded)  
Uh huh

YALE  
(exhausted)  
Nu uh

Yale takes a moment to try to catch their third or forth wind. After a few failed attempts, they take their cup of water and throw it in their own face.

YALE (CONT'D)  
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 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 you 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.

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