

**THE BIG THREE**

**by John Judy**

(Written September 3<sup>rd</sup> 2003 for "Big News.")

VOICE-OVER: In 1943 the leaders of the world were giants of intellect and personality. Yet even the greatest of them was not above speaking to his people in his "fireside chat"...

**(Lights up on the Oval Office, circa 1943. FDR sits addressing a microphone.)**

FDR: ...And let me assure you, my fellow Americans, that a year from now the only place Japanese will be spoken is Hell! Thank-you, good night, buy bonds.

VOICE-OVER: And we're out, Mister President.

FDR: Good show, Willy. **(To intercom)** Lucy, you can send in Mr. Churchill.

LUCY MERCER V/O: You got it, Mister R!

**(CHURCHILL enters with a case of gin.)**

FDR: Winston!

CHURCHILL: Franklin! No, don't get up...

FDR & CHURCHILL: **(Wagging their fingers, smiling)**  
Yooooouuu.....!

CHURCHILL: Here you go, old boy! Your favorite!

FDR: A box of gin! Smashing! And what will you be having?

CHURCHILL: Nothing 'til tea! **(Pats his gut)** I just put a gallon of Guinness in my shunt!

FDR: Smashing!

LUCY MERCER V/O: Mister R? Josef Stalin's just arrived.

FDR: Uncle Joe? Smashing, Lucy! Send him right in!

**(STALIN enters.)**

STALIN: Fat Man! Crippled Man! I greet you!

FDR: Smashing!

CHURCHILL: Jolly good!

FDR: What can I get you, Stalin? Gin? Vodka?

STALIN: I like a glass of blood....

FDR: Smashing! **(To intercom)** Lucy, a glass of blood for our Soviet ally!

LUCY MERCER V/O: Hee-haw, Mister R! Twenty-three skiddoo!

FDR: Now, boys, I don't mind telling you: The latest intelligence we're getting from the front is disturbing. It appears Hitler is rounding up his own citizens, putting them in camps, and executing them!

ALL THREE: HmMMMM.....

STALIN: This is bad thing?

CHURCHILL: Of course it's a bad thing, you pock-marked bolshevik! Why at the rate Hitler's going, before the war's over, he could kill six million of his own people!

STALIN: HA!!! That is nothing!!! I mean, that is nothing... to be proud of....Very bad thing.

FDR: Right you are, Josef! And these people he's putting in camps are Jews, Gypsies, and Catholics. For the love of heaven, boys, they're practically White! Everyone knows the only time you put your own people in camps is when they're dirty Japs who could turn on you at any moment!

CHURCHILL: You know, Stalin, you're the one who had the non-aggression pact with Hitler. Perhaps you could shed some light as to what he's thinking. After all, what kind of person rounds up his intellectual elite and butchers them for no reason?

STALIN: Uhhh, I get back to you on this, da? Me have to see man about thing. Dosvidanya.

**(STALIN exits.)**

CHURCHILL: Franklin, that red troglodyte gives me the willies...

FDR: I'll drink to that, Winston. Still, "any port in a storm" eh, old chap? Cheers! **(Drinks)**

CHURCHILL: I say, Franklin, you're a bloody remarkable leader for a crippled old rum-pot. The mind boggles that your Yank journalists haven't shown that chair of yours on every front page in the nation.

FDR: Ah, Winston, say what you will about our fourth estate, the day will never come when they print a word that would diminish the grandeur of the Presidency. Why did I ever tell you that Chester Arthur was a quadruple amputee?  
CHURCHILL: Bosh!

FDR: And Honest Abe Lincoln himself served both terms with an asparagus growing out of his head, which is why he wore the hat. Word had it that Mr. Booth didn't like asparagus...

**(FADE TO BLACK)**