

THE FINAL DECISION

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FADE IN

INT. WHITE HOUSE- PRESIDENT'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

The room is dimly lit. President David Lowell(late 70s, gray hair, wrinkled face) sleeps soundly in his bed. The digital clock on the bedside table reads 2:59AM There are also pill bottles on the table . One label reads: "Memantine 1 pill a day at bed for confusion." The silence is broken by a ringing phone.

PresidentLowell groggily reaches for the phone and answers.

PRESIDENT LOWELL (VOICE RASPY)

Hello?

CHIEF OF STAFF (V. O.)

Mister President, it's urgent. You are wanted in the Situation Room immediately.

President Lowell fumbles for his glasses.

PRESIDENT LOWELL

What's going on?

CHIEF OF STAFF (V. O.)

I'll meet you in the hallway, sir. I'll explain on the way. But they need you now!

President Lowell sighs, gets out of bed, stumbles and puts on his robe.

INT. WHITE HOUSE-SITUATION ROOM- CONTINUOUS

President Lowell and the Chief of Staff enter the Situation Room, where a group of cabinet members, advisors and military personnel are gathered around a large conference table with maps and monitors.

General Carter (60's, stern) approaches the president.

GENERAL CARTER

Mister, President, we have a serious issue.

PRESIDENT LOWELL (ALARMED)

What's happening?

GENERAL CARTER

We've detected incoming missiles.
We only have minutes for you to
decide on a course of action.

President Lowell's eyes widen in shock.

PRESIDENT LOWELL)PANICKED)

My God! What are our options?

GENERAL CARTER

We can launch a counterattack or we
can wait to see if there are any
extenuating circumstances. But we
only have a few minute window for a
launch to successfully prevent a
further strike against our
retaliatory assets.

PRESIDENT LOWELL (STRUGGLING TO
FOCUS)

We will launch. Activate the
football.

GENERAL CARTER (SURPRISED)

Sir?

PRESIDENT LOWELL

Do it. We can't take any chances. I
must protect our people.

General Carter exchanges a worried glance with the others in
the room, but nods reluctantly.

GENERAL CARTER

Yes, Mister President.

The general nods and the room springs into action, many
surrounding the officer with the nuclear football briefcase.
The procedure is executed.

Suddenly, an officer bursts into the room, breathless, and
approaches the president.

Officer(speaking quickly)

Sir, The Joint Chief wanted this relayed in person, directly
to you. The supposed incoming missiles were misidentified.
There is no danger.

PRESIDENT LOWELL freezes, his face drained of color.

President Lowell (voice trembling)

What have I done? Does anyone know what day it is?

There is a slight rumbling, the lights in the Situation Room flicker and then go out, plunging the room into darkness.

THE END