

The Right Ones

Written by M.Lathrom



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Written by

Matt lathrom

matt@mlathrom.com
writtenby.mlathrom.com

FADE IN:

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

A woman's hand comes to rest on an aged Bible.

President Elect MARIAM WATERS (46) nods to her husband PHILLI, the pastor-haired Bible bearer. He nods back. His hair bounces a bit.

JUSTICE THOMAS raises his right hand. Mariam follows suit. He looks like Pat Robertson of the 700 club. Lots of pastor types in politics.

JUSTICE

Please repeat after me. I Mariam Waters do solemnly swear.

Mariam takes a deep breath, dons a victory smile.

MARIAM

I--

POOF, she vanishes into thin air. Phillip drops the Bible.

Justice Thomas gasps, then falls to his knees and grabs his heart.

POOF, Justice Thomas vanishes too.

INT. IRISH PUB - DAY

It's packed with women wearing pink, white, and blue Mariam Waters shirts. Their cheering dies and awkward death. Silence for a moment.

A mom wearing a baby harness drops her bear on the bar.

MOM

You gotta be fucking kidding me!

POOF, her baby vanishes.

Her scream shatters a glass.

BARTENDER

Whoa.

The bartender VANISHES.

INT. FAMILY HOUSE - DAY

A MOTHER, FATHER, little BOY and GIRL watch the TV. The parents look down at their kids. The little girl vanishes. The mother vanishes.

Dad jumps off the couch screaming. The boy giggles.

INT. PENTAGON - DAY

Generals, officers, and staff power-walk down the hall. The LEAD GENERAL takes a report from a nerdy staffer.

LEAD GENERAL

What the fuck is going on out there? I need answers.

OFFICER

We're getting reports of disappearances all over. Our estimates say about 1 per second is disappearing. Not just here, all over.

LEAD GENERAL

I believe that when I see a missing Russian. This some kind of new weapon.

OFFICER

We don't know. Could be.

ANALYST

Could be an environmental or cosmic event.

STAFFER

I could be like The Leftovers.

LEAD GENERAL

That tells me literally nothing. Fucking Polar Bear on the island. Somebody get Justin Theroux on the phone.

STAFFER

He's gone, sir.

The Lead General stops. Everyone freezes.

LEAD GENERAL

God help us.

INT. U.N. COUNCIL CHAMBERS - DAY

SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER

A packed house. Nobody in there is vanishing. The SPEAKER center stage speaks into the Mic.

SPEAKER

Remarkably, many of us have been spared. And at the time we're needed the most. Approximately four people are born and two people die every second. People are vanishing at 1.5 People per second.

LEAD GENERAL

We've had half vanishings?

SPEAKER

No... It's just a... Never mind. What Only about one person is born every second. And some of the pregnant people are vanishing. Our only hope is for--

LEAD GENERAL

People need to start fucking.

EXT. TV SHOP - DAY

The TV all play the same new station as if TV shops both exist and still do that.

The WOMAN ANCHOR vanishes, leaving the balding MALE ANCHOR.

ANCHOR

Jesus fucking christ, start fucking.

MONTAGE

A newspaper flies in old-movie style: "EVEYRONE FUCK"

Sales chart for Trojan Condoms show steep decline.

Another newspaper. Heading: "THE POPE HAS FUCKED"

NEWSPAPER: "Twenty Million Gone."

BACK TO SCENE

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

A somber priest sits in the confession booth. The man on the other side speaks.

MAN

Forgive me father, for I have sinned... It's been a while.

PRIEST

Go on, my son.

MAN

My family is gone. My wife. Son. I'm... I'm still here.

PRIEST

Many of us have lost people we love, but God is here in this time of--

MAN

I plowed my car into a family. I figured if I didn't make the cut, then fuck it.

PRIEST

Pardon--

MAN

To be fair, it was an accident. The hooker blowing me was distracting--

POOF, the man vanishes.

The Priest rips his rosary beads off, beads fly. He pounds the confession booth walls, screams profanity.

Churchgoers watch the booth rock from the outside.

EXT. CLOUDS - DAY

We rise up through them until... A couch. A white couch with a bearded man in a white robe lounging stoner-style. This is GOD.

CLOSE ON GOD'S WHITE PHONE

His thumb swipes right on profile pics. The app title at the top: RAPTURLY

He indiscriminately swipes right on everyone.

He stops at a chubby guy with a beard. The name reads: HUGH MUNGUS.

God grins. Swipes right.

SMASH TO TITLE.

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