

BLUMHOUSE
TELEVISION

UCP

THE PURGE

“The Is Not a Test”

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 **INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

1

A LINE OF ACTRESSES mill about in the hall. A range of ages, body types, and ethnicities. Looking over sides, checking themselves in compact mirrors, whispering to one another.

WHISPERS (VARIOUS)

They're reading everyone for this.
/ I heard it pays bank. / My agent
thinks they want an influencer.

At the head of the line, closest to the audition room door is MEGAN, 28, desperate for her big break, nervous as hell.

CASTING DIRECTOR opens the door and lets a STARLET out, looks to Megan and then to her clipboard.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Megan Collins?

Megan stands and follows her into --

2 **INT. AUDITION ROOM - DAY**

2

Megan takes her place at the front of the room. In addition to Casting Director, there are FOUR older, white NFFA TYPES watching from the back row.

MEGAN

Oh, hello... everyone.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Yes. We have some representatives
from the New Founding Fathers here
with us today.

MEGAN

I just want to say thank you so
much for even bringing me in. It's
an amazing role. Really.

CASTING DIRECTOR

We saw your insurance commercial--

MEGAN

You saw that? It came out even
better than I thought. My mom
actually cried.

(CONTINUED)

An unamused NFFA Rep looks at his watch.

CASTING DIRECTOR
Any questions for us?

MEGAN
Yeah... Reading over this, just wondering about the motivation of it all, you know?

CASTING DIRECTOR
Think of her as a caretaker. Her authority comes from a desire to protect. To do what's best for those around her, she sets firm limits.

MEGAN
That's what I was thinking!

Megan whips a pair of glasses out of her shirt pocket.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
And I just felt like she would wear glasses. Am I on the right track? Is that crazy?

CASTING DIRECTOR
(nonplussed)
Sure. That makes total sense.

Megan puts on her prop glasses, clears her throat and begins to read off her sides, in a clear, proper tone --

MEGAN
This is not a test. This is your emergency broadcast system announcing the commencement of the Annual Purge sanctioned by the U.S. Government.

Megan sounds just like the PURGE SCROLL from the films. The NFFA Men nod to one another with approval. One closes his eyes, just concentrating on the timbre of her voice.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Weapons of Class 4 and lower have been authorized for use during the Purge. All other weapons are restricted.

(beat)

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Government officials of ranking 10
have been granted immunity from the
Purge and shall not be harmed.

(beat)

Commencing at the siren, any and
all crime except murder will be
legal for 12 continuous hours.

The NFFA Rep-in-Charge whispers to Casting Director. She
holds up her hand.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Can we back up? The line as written
is "including murder."

Megan double-checks her sides.

MEGAN

Oh right. Of course. Any and all
crime including murder. Wait, but
I'm not like telling everyone that
they should, like, go out and kill
people? Like no, that's crazy.

Megan laughs nervously.

CASTING DIRECTOR

You're just stating the rules.
(looks at sides)
Try it again from "Commencing..."
Calm, reassuring. This is business
as usual.

She centers herself.

MEGAN

Commencing at the siren, all crime,
including murder, will be legal for
twelve continuous hours. Police,
fire, and emergency medical
services will be unavailable until
tomorrow morning at seven A.M. when
the Purge concludes.

(dramatic pause)

Blessed be our New Founding Fathers
and America - a nation reborn.

Megan makes eye contact with every person in the room, one by
one as she says --

MEGAN (CONT'D)

May God be with you all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A collective exhale in the room. Smiles from the NFFA Types. Megan relaxes.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Really nice work, Megan.

MEGAN

That's some real dystopian stuff there, huh? Is this like, gonna be a movie or something?

TITLE CARD: **THE PURGE**

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

3 **INT. BREAK ROOM - NFFA AGENCY COMMAND CENTER - PURGE NIGHT 3**

Gentle lighting and CALM MUSIC. A wall of relaxation chambers stacked in a grid (reminiscent of a Japanese pod hotel). Inside one insulated pod, we find ESME CARMONA, 28, Latinx, breathing meditatively, looking at the ceiling, but her mind is racing. She's not relaxed at all. Never relaxed. There's too much important work to be done.

The LIGHTS FLASH RED.

A SERIES OF BEEPS emanate from a speaker.

Esme and the other EMPLOYEES slowly climb out of their pods, and out the door, into --

4 **INT. CCTV BULLPEN - NFFA AGENCY COMMAND CENTER - PURGE NIGHT 4**

NFFA symbols designate this to be a government-run CCTV control room. EMPLOYEES are lined up at tiered workstations, all equipped with individual TV MONITORS and desk furnishings. At the front of the room is a BIG SCREEN, displaying a GRID of ND CCTV FOOTAGE and a clock, counting down: 02:02:04.

Esme and her cohorts swap places with the Employees on the floor - this is a shift change.

As Esme sits into her workstation, WE SEE what's playing on her MONITOR --

ON MONITOR: a MASKED PURGER axing his VICTIM.

QUICK POPS of OTHER MONITORS reveal that ALL SCREENS are displaying Purge Night mayhem --

ON MONITOR: a PURGER swings a GOLF CLUB into something out of frame.

ON MONITOR: a bicycle on fire.

ON MONITOR: a sea of PURGERS in Mardi Gras-inspired masks and costumes, dancing eerily to unheard music.

SUPER: Two Hours Left in the Annual Purge

A SUPERVISOR'S VOICE BOOMS out of the speakers on the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUPERVISOR (V.O.)

This is the final Purge Night
shift. Stay vigilant and God Bless
you all.

Esme looks closely at --

ON MONITOR: Axe-Wielding Purger, she then switches to ANOTHER
VIEW.

On the tier just below Esme sits VIVIAN, 21, a well-meaning
newbie.

VIVIAN

Hey.

ESME

Mmm-hmm.

VIVIAN

I know we're supposed to call
upstairs with questions, but it
just seemed easier to ask you.
What's the protocol for a ranked 10
official in distress?

Esme stops what she's doing and turns to Vivian, concerned.

ESME

Where? Show me?

VIVIAN

(nervous)

No, I don't have one. But if I
did...

ESME

Run facial recognition on the
target to confirm Level 10. Tag it.
Call upstairs.

(beat)

You okay?

VIVIAN

It's just... It's my first time
working Purge Night.

ESME

First one's the hardest. It can be
rough.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN

Nah... Just a handful of disturbing images burned into my brain for life. Possible permanent damage to the psyche, but hey.

ESME

I work every Purge.

VIVIAN

Jeez.

ESME

It'll help develop your instincts. Watching people commit crimes on this night tells you so much about what to look for on all the others.

VIVIAN

How?

Esme thinks.

ESME

So many little things. Behavioral tics, how people interact with their environment...

(thinking)

A few months back, I spotted this guy coming out of a bar yelling at cars, drunk off his ass. No one around him thought much of it. But his jacket was swinging back and forth, like there was something heavy in his pocket. Caught my eye. Thought it might be a weapon. Checked the rolls - he didn't have anything registered.

Vivian leans in.

ESME (CONT'D)

I called it in. When they stopped him, he had a loaded Glock 43. Turns out he was in the middle of a nasty divorce and he was drinking up the courage to shoot his wife and kids.

VIVIAN

Wow...

4

CONTINUED: (3)

4

ESME

The work we do here is hard. But it's important. Every hour, every day, even on Purge.

Across the room, NERDY IT GUY shouts out.

NERDY

Oh damn! Monitor Monkey's got full-on bank robbers over here.

Esme looks over, annoyed.

ESME

The IT department however, are a bunch of fucking tools.

Vivian smiles, happy for the levity. CAMERA TRAVELS ACROSS THE ROOM to the CCTV MONITOR Nerdy's watching --

MATCH CUT TO:

5

INT. LOBBY - BANK - PURGE NIGHT

5

RYAN BISHOP, 30s, is mid-fight with a SECURITY GUARD. Guard throws a solid punch, but Ryan ducks and uses the momentum to get him in a submission hold. Ryan is a model of efficiency: not a wasted word or move. The Guard is trembling with fear. Ryan leans in.

RYAN

Relax. We're not going to kill you.

TOMMY, 30s, hyped-up wild card, zip-ties the Guard's hands together and adds a strip of duct tape to the Security Guard's mouth.

[NOTE: All members of Ryan's team wear utilitarian jumpsuits and thin wire glasses.]

TOMMY

But we are going to rob you. Which is not easy. So I don't want you breaking my man here's concentration.

Ryan looks at his watch, synced to the NFFA's master clock.

6

INT. HALLWAY / VAULT - BANK - PURGE NIGHT - SAME TIME

6

SARA, 30s, carefully pries off the front plate of the ELECTRONIC KEYPAD of a locked metal door, revealing the circuit board below.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

She takes out her trusty needle-nosed pliers to pry loose a wire. In her past life, she might've stuck them in someone's eye.

Sara connects this wire to her TABLET that begins to run a program that cycles through five-digit combinations.

SARA (INTO COMMS)
Running the numbers.

RYAN (ON COMMS)
Copy.

7

EXT. BANK - PURGE NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

7

PABLO, 30s, unflappable, is outside in the GETAWAY VAN, watching the bank entrance.

PABLO (ON COMMS)
Copy. All clear on my end.

8

INT. LOBBY - BANK - PURGE NIGHT - SAME TIME

8

Ryan picks up a LARGE BACKPACK turns to Tommy.

RYAN
I'm up. You good?

TOMMY
Always.

Tommy duct tapes TWO OTHER zip-tied GUARDS.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Pro tip? Baby oil. Gets that tape right off.

Tommy starts to secure the GUARDS together as Ryan heads out.

9

INT. HALLWAY / VAULT - BANK - PURGE NIGHT

9

Ryan joins Sara as she swings open the metal door. They draw their weapons and clear the area, checking corners and doorways, signaling to each other as they go.

SARA
Clear!

At the end of the hall is a giant, stainless steel vault door.

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

Ryan throws the backpack on the ground, and he and Sara begin unloading the supplies, including: a CARBON TIPPED DRILL, DIGITAL PROTRACTOR, and BORESCOPE.

Ryan assembles the drill. Sara uses the protractor to measure a specific angle from the combination gears on the door handle and marks it with a SHARPIE.

SARA (CONT'D)

X marks the spot.

Ryan lines up the drill tip at the exact angle of the protractor. SPARKS FLY as he drives the drill into the steel.

Sara's got his back, watching the hallway, gun at the ready.

10

INT. CCTV BULLPEN - NFFA AGENCY COMMAND CENTER - PURGE NIGHT

Nerdy and BUDDY are watching the bank heist unfold on Buddy's MONITOR.

NERDY

Damn y'all, I think we're in the wrong business. That shit looks cool as hell.

ON NERDY'S MONITOR: Strangely, every time Ryan and his crew look up at the camera, their faces are obscured by a bright halo effect (those glasses are actually anti-surveillance devices).

BUDDY

How are they invisible?

Behind them, Esme flips through a SCREEN without even looking up --

ON ESME'S MONITOR: high-angle Purge Night FOOTAGE.

ESME

Anti-Surveillance headgear.
Illegal... except on Purge.

ON ESME'S MONITOR: she homes in one PURGER in a creepy lower-face mask, pulling a suitcase behind him. He gently lifts it over a curb. Esme REWINDS that last moment, watches it again, talking out loud to herself.

ESME (CONT'D)

What's so precious in there? Let's take a look.

Esme clicks away --

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED:

10

ON ESME'S MONITOR: Various CCTV angles of the Roped Purger with his suitcase. Several are obscured. One is very, very far away. One is way too dark. Esme selects the too-dark image and digitally brightens it. She rotates the angle ever so slowly, and FREEZES. Image ZOOMS IN ON three wires protruding from the suitcase.

ESME (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Bomb.

Esme picks up her phone.

ESME (CONT'D)
Suspected Class 5 weapon on
Lafayette.
(listens)
Yeah - I'm tagging it right now.

Esme clicks on the Roped Purger --

ON ESME'S MONITOR: a WINDOW POPS UP - How would you like to tag this? 1 - Infraction, 2 - Misdemeanor, 3 - Minor Felony, 4 - Major Felony.

Esme selects "4."

ON ESME'S MONITOR: a FACIAL RECOGNITION SCAN runs on Roped Purger's face, putting him into the "system."

ESME (CONT'D)
We give them a whole night. And
it's still not enough.

We DIVE INTO ANOTHER MONITOR and --

MATCH CUT TO:

11

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - PURGE NIGHT

11

A Snapple bottle Molotov cocktail sails through the air and arcs into a trash can, then - WHOOSH! The trash can erupts into flames!

TURNER (O.S.)
Swish! That's how we do it in NOLA.

BEN, 19, All-American, straight BS, and his two frat bros, CJ and TURNER, laugh hysterically. They wear protective vests over their flannels and letterman jackets.

CJ SPRAY PAINTS one more tally mark to Turner's "score" on the side of a building.

(CONTINUED)

CJ

Your shot, Ben.

But Ben is too busy reading a text on his phone.

CJ (CONT'D)

Why are you texting your goddamned Mom on Purge Night.

TURNER

What's her problem?

BEN

I don't know. She's worried that her only son is dead. Because people actually fucking die tonight.

TURNER

Hey, you're the one who wanted to lose your "purginity."

BEN

I'm here, aren't I?

TURNER

Kind of.

CJ

So your parents never went out on Purge?

BEN

Nah. Where I'm from? A lotta drunk neighbors with shotguns and itchy trigger fingers. Best to stay inside.

TURNER

My Dad took me out my first time. We did donuts on his boss's lawn. It was dope.

CJ lights a Molotov and chucks it at the trash can. He misses, and it EXPLODES onto the concrete beside it.

Ben looks around nervously.

BEN

We should head back soon.

TURNER

Calm down, Momma's boy. It's always chill on campus.

CJ

Don't let this asshole fool you. Freshman year, we broke some windows in Atherton. A stray cat jumped out and this guy right here screamed like a bitch, practically pissed himself.

Ben laughs heartily, but he stops short when he sees what Turner's holding: a SEMI-AUTO PISTOL.

BEN

Dude. What the hell? Where'd that come from?

Turner points the gun at CJ. CJ instinctively puts his hands in the air.

CJ

Man, I was just messing around.

Turner breaks out into a huge grin and tucks the gun into his waistband.

TURNER

Come on. You don't really think I'm that batshit do you?

CJ

No...

BEN

What's with the firepower?

TURNER

I just got to thinking that maybe this year, I should go a little bigger.

Turner motions with his gun for CJ and Ben to follow him.

TURNER (CONT'D)

Come on. It'll be fun.

Ben and CJ share a look: what the hell did they get themselves into?

12 **INT. CCTV BULLPEN - NFFA AGENCY COMMAND CENTER - PURGE NIGHT**

As Purge violence plays ON MONITORS, Esme is unfazed:

ON MONITOR: Esme scans through one horrific image after the next.

Next to Esme, MALE COWORKER watches --

ON HIS MONITOR: a gruesome scene.

He turns and throws up all over the floor.

An NFFA SECURITY OFFICER quickly intercedes to escort him out. Esme pulls menthol out of her pocket and puts a little under her nose, offers some to Vivian.

ESME

Helps block the vomit smell until they get it cleaned up.

Vivian takes a little.

VIVIAN

Thanks.

ON VIVIAN'S MONITOR: a quiet, sleepy neighborhood. Rows of beautiful family homes. We land on one.

MATCH CUT TO:

13 **EXT. WADE HOUSE - PURGE NIGHT** 13

A stately modern with a perfect lawn and Purge barricades tightly fastened.

14 **INT. BEDROOM - WADE HOUSE - PURGE NIGHT** 14

Lights off. Sleek, modern, everything in its place, including the beautiful couple peacefully sleeping in the bed. Except that neither is peaceful, nor sleeping. MARCUS WADE, 40s, African American, stares at a GUN on his nightstand. Beside him, CHARLOTTE WADE, mid 30s, Caucasian, tosses and turns.

CHARLOTTE

You sleeping?

MARCUS

Trying to.

CHARLOTTE

How's that going?

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

Shitty.

CHARLOTTE

Same...

MARCUS

I need the sleep too.

CHARLOTTE

Don't you wonder what's happening out there?

MARCUS

Whatever it is will be there tomorrow. We agreed. No phones and no news this year. It just stresses you out.

CHARLOTTE

It turns out that not checking my phone and not watching the coverage also stresses me out.

Marcus wraps his arms around Charlotte.

MARCUS

Don't worry, baby. I got you. There's nothing gonna happen that we can't get through.

CHARLOTTE

If you're so sure, then why are you awake?

Marcus smiles.

MARCUS

Just to keep you company.
(deep breath)
But seriously, I gotta get some sleep tonight.

CHARLOTTE

Fine. Well maybe I'll watch the baking show.

MARCUS

(mock horror)
Without me? How could you? My heart can't take that kind of betrayal.

14

CONTINUED: (2)

14

CHARLOTTE

You have any better ideas?

MARCUS

I have one...

Marcus moves his hands across his wife's body. She responds, moving on top of him. Then she stops.

CHARLOTTE

Is this weird? When out there--

MARCUS

I want to stop thinking about out there.

CHARLOTTE

Good point.

Marcus kisses her deeply. Charlotte melts into him. Married a decade, but the spark's still there.

CUT TO:

15

INT. HALLWAY / VAULT - BANK - PURGE NIGHT

15

Sara cleans out the drilled tunnel with compressed air and opens the floor to Ryan.

Ryan inserts a borescope into the hole and puts his eye up to the eyepiece.

He watches carefully and begins to very slowly turn the gear lock with quiet precision, a millimeter at a time.

SARA (INTO COMMS)

Ignition stage. Right on time.

TOMMY (ON COMMS)

Copy.

16

EXT. BANK - PURGE NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

16

Pablo's got his binoculars out, in the GETAWAY VAN. He sees THREE PURGERS in creepy rope masks approach the bank.

PABLO (ON COMMS)

Hold position. Got three hoods by the entrance.

19

CONTINUED:

19

On Ryan's hands, moving the next tumbler, ever so slowly. Sara unrolls THREE BIG DUFFEL BAGS in anticipation.

TOMMY

Tomorrow, I'm giving my landlord a huge middle finger.

SARA

That would imply that he hasn't already kicked you out.

Ryan looks over, like a disappointed dad.

RYAN

Again?

TOMMY

For the last time. I swear. Gonna buy me a house tonight.

Finally, Ryan lines up the last lock tumbler. CLICK! He spins the vault handle and pulls open the heavy door, revealing - stacks and stacks of cold hard cash.

RYAN

Let's go get your down payment.

CUT TO:

20

INT. BEDROOM - WADE HOUSE - PURGE NIGHT

20

An ALARM BLARES. Marcus bolts up in his bed. He looks at the clock: 5:45 a.m. Too early. Charlotte is no longer next to him. He calls out in the darkness.

MARCUS

Charlotte? You there?

Marcus looks to the window, where the metal Purge barricade is lifting.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Marcus jumps out of bed, grabs the GUN from his nightstand, and carefully moves out of the room.

21

INT. HALLWAY - WADE HOUSE - PURGE NIGHT

21

Marcus makes his way down the hall, breathing hard, head on swivel as he turns a corner. A shadow moves. He spins. A NOISE in the distance. He jumps.

(CONTINUED)

A FIGURE looms behind Marcus. He spins, his gun ready to fire. It's Charlotte! He pulls her close.

MARCUS

You okay?

CHARLOTTE

What happened?

MARCUS

I don't know, I'll reset the system.

CHARLOTTE

I'm going to the gun safe. Just in case.

A NOISE.

MARCUS

Wait.

Marcus and Charlotte listen quietly to the unmistakable sound of FOOTSTEPS in their house. Charlotte's eyes saucer.

CHARLOTTE

Someone's inside.

Marcus and Charlotte duck into an alcove and Marcus readies his gun.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

22 INT. HALL - WADE HOUSE - PURGE NIGHT

22

Marcus and Charlotte stay perfectly still as FOOTSTEPS APPROACH. MASKED INTRUDER stalks down the hall in black Kevlar, wielding an extremely intimidating SEMI-AUTO.

Intruder approaches the alcove. Charlotte's face is pure terror. Marcus tries to steady his hands, finger resting on the trigger.

But then, Intruder turns into a guest bedroom door.

Marcus and Charlotte inch down the hall, trying to stay silent as they head towards their bedroom.

They silently move past the Intruder's door, but the timing is off. Intruder sees them! He fires around the corner, tearing up drywall and art.

Charlotte runs for the bedroom, Marcus behind her, aiming his gun at the guest bedroom doorway.

As soon as Intruder breaches the threshold, BANG! Marcus fires, but misses completely - he's no trained shooter.

Marcus keeps FIRING WILDLY as they run into their --

23 INT. BEDROOM - WADE HOUSE - PURGE NIGHT

23

They slam the door. Marcus pushes a dresser against it. Marcus checks his gun.

MARCUS

I'm empty.

The Intruder barrels into the door. It rattles, but holds.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(yelling through the door)

Take anything you want. Just please don't hurt us.

There's a moment of calm. Did that work? And then - BOOM! Intruder throws his weight against the door.

CHARLOTTE

What the hell does he want?

MARCUS

To Purge.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

CHARLOTTE

No, no, no.

24

INT. HALLWAY - WADE HOUSE - PURGE NIGHT

24

Intruder expertly kicks at the door. BAM!

25

INT. BEDROOM - WADE HOUSE - PURGE NIGHT

25

Charlotte opens the closet doors, checks under the bed, looking for the best place to hide.

BAM! The door shakes again.

Marcus eyes the window to the backyard.

MARCUS

Get under the bed.

CHARLOTTE

He'll find us.

MARCUS

No. He won't.

(deep breath)

I'll go out the window. Lure him out.

CHARLOTTE

What?

MARCUS

I get him out. You close the barricades.

CHARLOTTE

It's too dangerous.

BANG! A gunshot hits the doorknob, and the door is starting to open against the dresser.

MARCUS

Now.

Marcus pulls his sneakers on.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

It's the only way.

CHARLOTTE

Baby, be careful. I need you to come back.

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

They kiss.

MARCUS

I will. As soon as he's out, you close up the house. You hear me?

Charlotte nods.

CHARLOTTE

I love you.

MARCUS

I love you, too.

Marcus opens the window and quickly climbs out as Charlotte runs to hide under the bed.

26

INT. HALLWAY - WADE HOUSE - PURGE NIGHT

26

Marcus bangs on the window, alerting Intruder to his presence. Intruder SHOTS THE WINDOW, shattering the glass.

Intruder jumps out the broken window, gun up, on the hunt for Marcus.

27

INT. VAULT - BANK - PURGE NIGHT

27

Ryan, Tommy, and Sara load up their duffels with cash. Sara flips through a stack - all one-dollar bills.

SARA

Where's the Benjamins?

Tommy flips through another stack. More singles.

RYAN

Not here. We count later.

TOMMY

But something's up. There could be another vault we missed.

RYAN

There's not.

TOMMY

Wouldn't hurt to look around a little. We have time.

Ryan looks at his watch.

RYAN

You don't know that.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

SARA

Boss's right. Ride home has a tendency to get... interesting.

TOMMY

Fine.

But he's not happy about it.

28

INT. CCTV BULLPEN - NFFA AGENCY COMMAND CENTER - PURGE NIGHT

Nerdy and Buddy watch Ryan's bank heist, they see exactly what Ryan feared --

ON NERDY'S MONITOR: well-armed MEN with animal-like masks enter through the back of the bank building.

Across the room, Esme looks over Vivian's shoulder at --

ON VIVIAN'S MONITOR: a paused image of a Kriss Vector rifle.

ESME

It's a Kriss Vector rifle. Looks weird as hell, but it's Class 4. Move on.

Vivian's clicks to --

ON VIVIAN'S MONITOR: a wider view of the street. A CROWD of PURGERS walks by, in the far distance. Esme keys in on one MAN in the crowd. The feed changes to ANOTHER ANGLE.

ESME (CONT'D)

Hold on. Go back.

Vivian does. Esme points to the faraway crowd of Purgers on Vivian's MONITOR.

ESME (CONT'D)

Is there a closer angle on *him*?

Vivian works the keyboard, and

ON VIVIAN'S MONITOR: a close-up of PROFESSOR ANDRE ADAMS, 40, salt and pepper hair, kind eyes. He's not wearing a mask or any protective gear.

ESME (CONT'D)

That's Andre Adams.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN

Are you fucking with me? How the hell do you recognize someone from that far away?

ESME

I... I know him.

That lands on Vivian.

VIVIAN

Oh... Shit, Esme.

ESME

No, I mean, I'm sure he'll be fine. It just doesn't make sense. He wouldn't be out purging.

VIVIAN

Except that he's out purging.

ESME

Yeah.

(a beat)

Send me a link to that camera, would you?

Vivian nods as Esme rushes back to her station.

Through three subsequent DOORBELL CAM VIEWS, we watch Marcus knock on one door after another.

ON DOORBELL CAM:

MARCUS

Let.

ON DOORBELL CAM:

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Me.

ON DOORBELL CAM:

MARCUS (CONT'D)

In.

CUT TO:

30 **EXT. HOME - JEFFERSON PARISH - PURGE NIGHT**

30

Marcus on a fourth neighbor's porch, knocking hard.

MARCUS

Come on, man. Please. I need help.

He looks over his shoulder, and in the distance --

Intruder comes into view, scanning the street with his flashlight. Too close for comfort. Marcus hops over the porch railing, and rounds a corner --

31 **EXT. STREET - JEFFERSON PARISH - PURGE NIGHT**

31

An empty, dark block. WIND rustles the trees. Crickets CHIRP. Marcus cautiously moves ahead. A DOG BARKS! Marcus freezes.

At the end of the block, a streetlight illuminates an OLD MAN facing away, grey tousled hair, pajamas, slippers, dog leash in hand. The Old Man begins to WHISTLE like it's just another day in the neighborhood.

MARCUS

Shhh.

Marcus motions to the Old Man to be quiet and keep it down. But the Old Man is looking the wrong way and can't see him.

OLD MAN

What's that? Somebody there?

The Old Man shrugs and goes back to watching his dog (who we can't yet see). The WHISTLING continues.

Marcus quickens his pace, looking over his shoulder as he approaches the Old Man, calling out in a low whisper.

MARCUS

Shhh. There's a dangerous man out here. Shhh. It's Purge Night.

The Old Man turns around and meets eyes with Marcus. Strangely, the Old Man's expression is not shock or worry. Old Man breaks out into a huge creepy grin as he steps fully into the light.

Marcus stops dead in his tracks - then he starts to back up.

REVEAL that the dog's mouth is covered in blood - he's been gnawing on a corpse! Old Man lets go of the leash.

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

OLD MAN
Get 'im, boy!

This ferocious hound leaps TOWARD CAMERA.

CUT TO:

32

INT. HALL / LOBBY - BANK - PURGE NIGHT

32

Ryan, Tommy, and Sara each carry a duffel of cash as they cut back down the hall and back through the bank lobby towards the exit.

Tommy sees A FEW BLOOD DROPS on the floor. That's strange. Where did those come from? And then something stops Tommy cold.

The DUCT-TAPED, ZIP-TIED SECURITY GUARDS are now bleeding out from the neck.

TOMMY
What the fuck?

RYAN
Company.

SARA
How?

Before that can be answered, A FIGURE peeks out from behind a bank desk. He's wearing a molded plastic JACKAL MASK with strange glowing eyes.

RYAN
Jackals.

The JACKAL throws a SMOKE GRENADE that begins to spew grey smoke in all directions.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

33

INT. LOBBY - BANK - PURGE NIGHT

33

The room is now completely opaque from the smoke. SIX heavily-armed JACKALS emerge through the fog, led by HEAD JACKAL. As they fan out, they turn their heads slowly, scanning, hunting.

Ryan squints out from behind a pillar.

RYAN (INTO COMMS)
Best guess, seven or eight.

Sara peers above a desk, watching as two Jackals station by the EXIT DOOR.

SARA (INTO COMMS)
Two on the exit.

Jackal snaps his head in her direction, looking towards the desk. Sara crouches down, not realizing that it won't do her any good.

WE GO INTO JACKAL'S GLOWING EYES to reveal that they're actually thermal imaging screens.

THERMAL POV: Sara's shape illuminates through the gaps in the desk. He can see right through the smoke.

Jackal moves with silence and animal-like precision, getting closer to a clear shot at Sara. Jackal takes aim, when Ryan ducks out from the pillar and BAM! The Jackal falls at his feet, dead.

Other Jackals RETURN FIRE in Ryan's direction.

Tommy runs across the room and ducks behind a file cabinet.

TOMMY
Got a line to the exit.

RYAN (ON COMMS)
Take it.

Tommy fires in the direction of the Exit Door Jackals. But with all the smoke, Tommy's practically firing blind.

A bullet sparks off a chandelier.

Another takes a chunk out of the wall.

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

TOMMY

Fuck.

SARA (INTO COMMS)

Eleven and twelve o'clock.

Tommy ducks behind the file cabinet to reload. The Two Jackals close in on Tommy. Will he be able to reload in time?

THERMAL POV: Tommy's form glows brightly behind a file cabinet.

BAM! BAM! Pablo rushes in and takes out the Two Jackals by Tommy. But he's immediately fired upon and hit in the leg. Pablo falls.

34

INT. CCTV BULLPEN - NFFA AGENCY COMMAND CENTER - PURGE NIGHT

ON BUDDY'S MONITOR: opaque since the bank lobby is filled with smoke. The occasional burst of light from gunfire.

BUDDY

I can't tell who's shooting who.

NERDY

Jackals got 'em pinned.

BUDDY

You don't know that.

NERDY

Fifty bucks say the robbers bite it.

BUDDY

I'll take that action.

At her desk, Esme watches Professor Adams closely, hanging on his every move.

ON MONITOR: Professor Adams ducks behind a dumpster as a band of NATTILY-DRESSED PURGERS hoots and hollers down the alley towards him.

Esme watches, white-knuckling it, mentally willing him to be safe, nearly forgetting to breathe in the process.

ON MONITOR: The Purgers pass by Professor Adams.

Both Professor Adams and Esme let out a sigh of relief.

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

ON VIVIAN'S MONITOR: Marcus running from the FEROCIOUS DOG --

MATCH CUT TO:

35

EXT. FRONT YARD - JEFFERSON PARISH - PURGE NIGHT

35

Arms pumping. Legs flying. Choking back fear. Marcus is going at top speed. He climbs over a low fence and keeps along the perimeter to the other side of the lawn. It's quiet.

SCRATCH. SCRATCH. SCRATCH. The dog is on the other side of the fence. It BARKS and GROWLS wildly.

Thinking he's safe, Marcus stops to catch his breath.

SCRATCH. SCRATCH. SCRATCH.

And then, much to Marcus' surprise, the dog manages to scratch and claw its way over the fence. Shit! The dog bares its teeth. Ready for blood.

It beelines across the lawn, heading right for Marcus. Marcus turns to run, when --

SHLINK! What the hell was that? Marcus looks back.

Sharpened metal spikes have risen up through the grass in the yard (like sprinklers), grazing the dog. A booby trap! Blood trickles from the dog's leg. It's been hit. The spikes retreat into the earth and the dog limps off, WHIMPERING.

CUT TO:

36

EXT. OVERPASS - PURGE NIGHT

36

Ben holds up Turner's gun, lining up his shot. His hands shake as he tries to get it just right. Ben closes an eye, moves a little to the right. Turner is behind him, in Ben's ear.

TURNER

Come on. Do it!

REVEAL what Ben is shooting at: a BEER BOTTLE sitting on a bench a few yards away.

CJ's a few feet from the bottle, shouting back.

CJ

What's he waiting for?

Turner holds up his hands: I don't know. Finally, Ben pulls the trigger.

(CONTINUED)

BANG! The SOUND and the RECOIL surprise Ben. He SCREAMS. Turner and CJ erupt in laughter.

BEN

What? I told you I don't know shit about guns.

Ben hands the weapon back to Turner, who spins it on his finger like an old gunslinger.

TURNER

(in Western drawl)

Maybe it's time to learn, partner. Ya wanna be able to protect that real nice woman of yours, dontcha?

BEN

Oh - I get it.

TURNER

What?

BEN

Kelen picked me over you so now you're trying to what? Intimidate me?

TURNER

No, man. I was just messing around.

BEN

With a loaded gun. That's fucked up.

CJ (O.S.)

Guys!

TURNER

Maybe you shouldn't have come out tonight. You clearly can't handle it.

CJ (O.S.)

GUYS! Get over here. Check this out.

Ben stalks off to see what CJ is pointing at. Turner follows.

CJ (CONT'D)

Look. She's totally dead.

Off the overpass lays a woman's DEAD BODY.

36

CONTINUED: (2)

36

BEN

Oh shit.

TURNER

Let's get a closer look.

CJ

Yeah.

Turner starts to move down the embankment. Ben doesn't.

CJ (CONT'D)

Dude, come on. We're safer together.

Ben reluctantly follows them.

CUT TO:

37

INT. LOBBY - BANK - PURGE NIGHT

37

Pablo is on the ground, clutching his injured leg, moving very slowly. He's trying to crawl behind a desk, but every inch is pain.

A Jackal stalks towards Pablo with an AK-47.

THERMAL POV: Pablo's glowing mass crawls on the floor. Another glowing mass stands a few feet behind him. It's Head Jackal.

Jackal raises his gun. But instead of shooting Pablo, he shoots Head Jackal.

RYAN (IN JACKAL MASK)

Now!

Sara and Tommy rush up and take Pablo behind the Teller's Desk. Ryan covers them, shooting off rounds with the AK.

38

INT. BEHIND TELLER DESKS - BANK - PURGE NIGHT

38

Jackal/Ryan slams the door to the Teller Area and takes off the Jackal mask.

Sara gets to work making a tourniquet for Pablo, while Tommy applies pressure to the wound.

Ryan stands up on one side of the teller glass. A Jackal appears on the other. Jackal raises his gun and SHOOTs right at Ryan. Ryan doesn't even flinch.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

BAM! The bullet lodges in the glass - it's bulletproof.

CUT TO:

39

EXT. BACKYARD - JEFFERSON PARISH - PURGE NIGHT

39

Marcus is tucked behind a shed, when HEADLIGHTS illuminate the area around him. He peeks out to see a CAR pull into the driveway. NEIGHBOR steps out with an AXE and blood-spattered clothes. Intruder steps up behind him.

Marcus braces for the inevitable kill, but Intruder doesn't strike. He asks an unheard question and shows Neighbor a cell phone with Marcus' photo on it.

ON MARCUS as he sees his own face on that cell phone. He strains to hear what they're saying, but he's too far away. Neighbor shrugs and heads for his door.

Intruder continues up the driveway, then the lawn, getting closer and closer to the shed.

When Intruder flashes his light on one side of the shed, Marcus moves to the other side just in time.

Marcus silently bends down to pick up a broken branch. His fingers nervously curl around it, making the slightest of NOISES.

Intruder readies his gun and creeps around to Marcus' side of the shed, then --

BAM! Marcus smacks the branch into Intruder. He's stunned, but gets A FEW SHOTS OFF as Marcus runs.

Marcus stumbles and grabs his arm. Red blood stains his shirtsleeve. He's been hit.

CUT TO:

40

INT. CCTV BULLPEN - NFFA AGENCY COMMAND CENTER - PURGE NIGHT

Esme is at her desk, eyes glued to her monitor, inadvertently digging her nails into her forearms.

ON MONITOR: Professor Adams is surrounded by TWO NUN PURGERS. One holds him at gunpoint and leads him to a WAITING CAR.

Esme puts on headphones, clicking through and turns up the AUDIO from a streetlight microphone, SOUND muffled and hazy.

PROFESSOR ADAMS
Please let me go. Please.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

ESME

Please.

ON MONITOR: the Nun is about to shove Professor Adams in the car when a GUNSHOT rings out and he drops to the ground.

ON ESME, watching in horror and shock, her world just closing in around her.

41

INT. TELLER DESKS - BANK - PURGE NIGHT

41

The smoke is starting to dissipate. Ryan looks at his watch.

RYAN

Eight minutes.

SARA

We're fucked. No way we get out before then.

RYAN

We have to. Or we're guilty.

Tommy eyes the exit, but can clearly see that there are still THREE JACKALS left standing.

TOMMY

Still got three to contend with.

Sara keys in on one Jackal screwing off a desk leg.

SARA

What's that one doing?

Jackal gets the desk leg free, runs over, and SLAMS it into the bulletproof glass. The crew flinches.

The glass CRACKLES all over, but holds... for now.

TOMMY

What the fuck?! It's bulletproof.

Jackal SLAMS the glass again. More damage.

SARA

I'd say we have less than eight minutes now.

Jackal raises his arm for another swing.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR42 **EXT. JEFFERSON PARISH - PURGE NIGHT**

42

The sun is almost making it over the horizon. Morning is close. Marcus runs, his arm dripping blood. But he's got a different look in his eye. He's not running scared, he's calculating something, exacting a plan.

Marcus hops over the same low fence he scaled earlier in the night.

43 **EXT. FRONT YARD - JEFFERSON PARISH - PURGE NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Marcus runs around the perimeter of the yard, just like he did earlier.

Intruder hops the fence and Marcus makes a NOISE! Intruder beelines right across the yard, just like the dog did.

SHLINK!

The sharpened lawn spikes spring up from the lawn. One stabs right into Intruder's thigh. He's impaled right through the femoral artery.

Intruder CRIES OUT in agony, unable to move his body off of the booby trap.

Even in this state, he FIRES in Marcus' direction. Marcus hops the fence just in time.

CUT TO:

44 **INT. CCTV BULLPEN - NFFA AGENCY COMMAND CENTER - PURGE NIGHT**

Vivian watches Esme study the FOOTAGE --

ON MONITOR: Professor Adams' death. It's on a LOOP - he's getting shot over and over again.

VIVIAN

How about a break?

ESME

Can't right now. Something's off about this.

VIVIAN

Esme, come on. I think it would do you good.

(CONTINUED)

ESME

I'm onto something. Look. The shot?
It didn't come from the Nuns.

VIVIAN

I don't know. Maybe we should kick
it up to forensics.

ESME

I don't need forensics to tell me
the bullet was long range. I
already scanned the area, and look--

ON MONITOR: From the top of a low building, there's a flash
of light.

ESME (CONT'D)

There. See? It's a muzzle flash.

ON MONITOR: the shot in SLOW MOTION. The flash disappears to
reveal a SKI-MASKED SNIPER.

ESME (CONT'D)

I'm gonna open a case.

VIVIAN

AR-15s are legal. What's the case?

ESME

Something is off. I'm sure of it.

VIVIAN

You knew the victim. Even if
something is off, this shouldn't be
your case.

Esme snaps at her.

ESME

It's my case.

Vivian retreats back to her station.

Ben is off to the side, texting, while CJ and Turner try to
get the perfect selfie with the DEAD BODY. She's beat to shit
and her neck's broken at a weird angle. Turner holds up the
gun up like a gangster. CJ keeps changing the angle of the
phone, trying different poses. Turner moves the dead body
slightly.

BEN

What are you doing?

TURNER

Just trying to get a good shot.

CJ

Bro - I still can't get the whole body in. Can you take it?

Ben takes the phone and tries to frame Turner and CJ's smiling faces with the dead woman.

THROUGH THE PHONE: CJ and Turner mug for the camera. But suddenly a FIGURE leaps down from the ceiling of the overpass onto Turner's back. It's fast and terrifying like some kind of demon attack. Turner's gun skitters into the darkness.

Turner SCREAMS! Ben drops the phone. What the hell? This DEMON PURGER is wearing a bizarre, homemade Purge mask. He's on top of Turner, punching and clawing.

CJ scrambles away. Ben just stands there, frozen. Watching it happen.

SLOW MOTION: Demon Purger gets Turner in a headlock and begins to squeeze. Turner meets Ben's gaze. His face is pure terror.

Ben snaps back to REAL TIME: and then Ben, the person we least suspect to get violent, grabs a POCKET KNIFE from his jacket, and rushes Demon Purger.

He raises his arm up, and brings his knife down into Demon Purger's neck.

INT. TELLER DESKS - BANK - DAWN (D2)

The Jackal SLAMS a crowbar against the bulletproof glass. Again and again. With every hit, it SPLINTERS more.

The team mysteriously puts earplugs in their ears as Ryan zips up a DUFFEL BAG.

Ryan looks at his watch: 0:02:00.

RYAN

Ready.

The bulletproof glass begins to wobble. Another good crack will take it down and then --

46

CONTINUED:

46

CRASH! Ryan shoves the duffel through, breaking the barrier from the inside.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Take the money. Just let us out alive.

47

INT. LOBBY - BANK - DAWN - CONTINUOUS (D2)

47

The Jackals unzip the bag to check for the money.

KABOOM! A FLASH-BANG EXPLODES from inside the otherwise empty bag, releasing a BURST OF BRIGHT LIGHT and a HIGH-PITCHED SCREECH.

48

INT. TELLER DESKS - BANK - DAWN - CONTINUOUS (D2)

48

Ryan and his crew are ducked and covered, braced for impact.

RYAN

Go. Now!

The crew makes a run for it, out of the teller area.

49

INT. LOBBY - BANK - DAWN - CONTINUOUS (D2)

49

The Three Jackals lay on the floor, unconscious or dead, we're not sure.

As Ryan, Sara, and Tommy approach the exit, the sound of the FIRST PURGE SIREN begins.

Unable to carry both Pablo and the duffel, Ryan drops his duffel, and fireman-carries Pablo out the door.

50

INT. CCTV BULLPEN - NFFA AGENCY CMD CENTER - 7:00 A.M. (D2)

50

At the command center, Nerdy and Buddy watch as Ryan and his crew run out.

NERDY

I told you man. That's fifty bucks!

Across the room, Esme sits by herself. She's alone in a room full of her peers.

ON MONITOR: she's watching and re-watching Professor Adams get shot. Still caught in a horrible loop.

Looking for something, anything that will help.

54

CONTINUED:

54

TURNER

It's over.

The SIXTH SIREN. Ben drops the knife on the ground. He stands back, panting.

55

EXT. BANK - 7:00 A.M. (D2)

55

From the driver's seat of the van, Ryan watches the door and his watch with equal intensity. Three things happen at once: Ryan's watch ticks to 00:00:00, the LAST SIREN WAILS, and Tommy runs out of the bank entrance with the duffel.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE56 **EXT. BANK - 7:01 A.M. (D2)**

56

Tommy runs out, duffel in hand. Ryan pulls in front of him in the van. He yells out the window.

RYAN

Last chance. Drop the money.

TOMMY

No. We need this.

RYAN

That cash is burnt. We touch it, we're all burnt.

TOMMY

Ryan, man, trust me on this.

Ryan desperately wants to believe him. It pains him to say --

RYAN

I can't.

The van PEELS OUT.

OFF TOMMY watching his team recede, utterly devastated that he's been left behind.

57 **INT. VAN - 7:01 A.M. - CONTINUOUS (D2)**

57

Ryan drives off, Sara shotgun, Pablo sprawled in the back. No one says a thing. The mood is heavy.

RYAN

We had no other option.

ON RYAN, convincing himself as much as them.

58 **EXT. CITY - 7:01 A.M. - CONTINUOUS (D2)**

58

The van cruises over an OVERPASS. WE MOVE UNDERNEATH to find--

59 **EXT. OVERPASS - MORNING (D2)**

59

Ben, CJ, and Turner sit in silence, just feet away from the bodies of Woman and Demon Purger. Turner is shaking.

TURNER

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED:

59

Ben nods distractedly. He seems to be in a state of shock as he walks over to the corpse of the dead Demon Purger. He stares down at the eviscerated body, trying to comprehend what the hell just happened.

As if in a daze, Ben reaches down and picks up the dead man's Purge mask. He holds it up then tucks it under his arm.

CUT TO:

60

INT. WADE HOUSE - MORNING (D2)

60

Marcus gulps down water and tenderly checks his arm wound. Charlotte is buzzing nearby, unable to stand still.

MARCUS

But it's okay now. It's all gonna be okay. Purge is over. He's dead.

CHARLOTTE

I can't believe this happened.

MARCUS

He wanted to purge me.

CHARLOTTE

I know...

MARCUS

No. He wanted to purge me. He had my picture on his phone.

CHARLOTTE

What? But why? Who was he?

An idea forms in Marcus' mind.

MARCUS

I gotta go see his face, or look at that phone. It's my only chance.

CHARLOTTE

Babe--

MARCUS

I have to know who did this.

Charlotte nods.

61

EXT. JEFFERSON PARISH - MORNING (D2)

61

Marcus and Charlotte walk outside. They carefully sidestep over a BLOOD PUDDLE.

(CONTINUED)

61

CONTINUED:

61

NEIGHBORS open their doors and begin to survey damage; broken fences, dented mailboxes.

They pass Old Man tending to his wounded dog. Old Man waves to Marcus, who doesn't wave back.

62

EXT. FRONT YARD - JEFFERSON PARISH - MORNING (D2)

62

Marcus and Charlotte walk up to the lawn where Intruder died.

The ground spikes are still deployed, but Intruder's body is missing. There's only a blood smear in its wake.

MARCUS

He's gone. He's not dead.

OFF MARCUS trembling with fear.

CUT TO:

63

INT. CCTV BULLPEN - NFFA AGENCY COMMAND CENTER - MORNING (D2)

The CCTV workers settle in for the next phase of their shift. Buddy collects FIFTY DOLLARS from Nerdy. A VOICE booms out of the SPEAKERS.

SUPERVISOR (V.O.)

As of the final siren, all crimes may be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Esme's MONITOR of the Professor goes BLANK and her phone RINGS.

ESME

What?

(listens)

Yeah - I can verify it.

The final moment of Tommy's escape appears on the BIG SCREEN at the front of the room.

BUDDY

What's that?

ESME

You're up there acting a fool instead of doing your job. So upstairs asked me to verify.

BUDDY

I'll verify it.

(CONTINUED)

ESME

They asked me.

ON BIG SCREEN: Esme slows down the footage of Tommy's exit, examining it frame-by-frame.

Then, she brings up the AUDIO FILE of the FINAL SIREN and SYNCs the two.

ON BIG SCREEN: a visual comparison of the end of the waveform to Tommy's placement in the doorway.

ESME (CONT'D)

Real photo finish.

The sound wave ends just before Tommy's foot leaves the doorway.

ESME (CONT'D)

His foot's on private property after the last siren ended.

NERDY

Oh shit.

BUDDY

Fine. I'll give the money back.

ESME

You'll do more than that.

Esme tags Tommy a "Level 4 Criminal."

ESME (CONT'D)

Call upstairs and initiate liquidation protocol.

The bullpen is silent. All knowing what that means.

WE TAKE one final dive into a MONITOR --

ON MONITOR: Ryan's VAN drives by --

MATCH CUT TO:

Follow Ryan's VAN speeding away. SCREECH! The van has to swerve around an OLDER WOMAN dragging a DEAD BODY through the intersection.

WE RISE HIGH UP to a bird's eye view of New Orleans to reveal what the world looks like in the wake of the Purge:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Discarded Purge masks dot the landscape. Car crashes cause back-ups. Smoke rises from several buildings. Dead bodies lie like litter - cluttering sidewalks, streets, and lawns.

Purge Night may be over, but its consequences can be felt in every corner of this frame. This is the world of The Purge, Season 2.

END OF EPISODE 201

GAYLE PILLSBURY