

# THE PURGE



Episode 101

"UNTITLED"

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TEASER

TIGHT ON AN AMERICAN FLAG - undulating in the breeze. PULL BACK AND CRANE DOWN OFF THIS FLAG, revealing:

EXT. U.S. MARINE BASE - DAY

This Marine base bustles with activity under a blue dome of sun-filled sky, as TROOPS perform MORNING ROUTINES on the pristine, well-manicured base, i.e. jogging in formation; training exercises; and ground maintenance. WE FIND:

A CLASS of 9 YEAR OLD, FOURTH-GRADE STUDENTS walking in faux-formation, on a school trip, crossing the base, under the GUIDANCE of their 24 YEAR-OLD TEACHER - the attractive MS. CLEMONS - and the man of the hour:

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS MIGUEL GUERRERO. MIGUEL (22) looks dapper in his pressed dress blues as he gives the CHILDREN a tour of the base. MIGUEL's clean-cut handsome, in tip-top Marine shape, with a disarming smile, and charm to spare.

But there's something else - something deep in his eyes that betrays a tough past.

Right now, MIGUEL's teaching the kids to MARCH. They're having a great time - as MIGUEL SINGS a MARINE MARCHING SONG which the kids repeat like little soldiers:

MIGUEL

I don't know but I've been told -

CHILDREN

I don't know but I've been told -

MIGUEL

That Army food is made of poo -

CHILDREN

(hysterical laughing)

That Army food is made of -

The children can't even finish the sentence - they are laughing so hard. MIGUEL looks at teacher MS. CLEMONS.

MIGUEL

Sorry. I'm like a 9 year old. I still like potty humor.

MS. CLEMONS throws him a very flirty smile.

MS. CLEMONS

Me too. Imagine what we'd be like  
with a few drinks in us.

MIGUEL smiles. Very very flirty now, when:

GIRL STUDENT

Excuse me, Private First Class  
Guerrero - could you stop flirting  
with our teacher and answer a  
question please?

MIGUEL's jaw drops, laughing. MS. CLEMONS is red-faced.

MS. CLEMONS

Audra!

MIGUEL

What's your question, Audra?

GIRL STUDENT (AUDRA)

We were all wondering - when you go  
to war, do you have to kill people?

Beat.

MS. CLEMONS

That's not an appropriate question,  
Audra.

MIGUEL

It's OK. It's a good question.

(then, serious now)

My job as a Marine is actually the  
opposite, Audra. It's to protect  
people, people who can't protect  
themselves. Our job is first and  
foremost to serve our country, to  
be brave even when scared, and to  
walk into dangerous situations and  
save as many lives as we can.

His words hang there heartfelt, sincere. The Children and  
the Teacher really like that answer. They're all smiling.  
One more long look between MIGUEL and MS. CLEMONS when:

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Now I'm gonna show you where we  
sleep. The barracks. Let's -

Interrupting:

FEMALE MARINE (O.S.)

Private First Class.

MIGUEL turns - sees a FEMALE MARINE approaching him. She's holding an ENVELOPE. She hands it to MIGUEL as:

FEMALE MARINE (CONT'D)  
Sorry to interrupt. This was delivered priority. I saw who it was from - thought you'd want it.

MIGUEL looks at the envelope - reading the sender's name (which we don't see). He nods his thanks to the FEMALE MARINE, before turning to MS. CLEMONS and the Class.

MIGUEL  
Excuse me one second, guys.

MIGUEL walks away for a private moment - opening that LETTER. He reads it. PUSH IN ON HIM AS HE DOES SO - his expression congealing with shock, fear and grave concern as we:

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD: **THE PURGE**

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

FLOWERS placed in a VASE. JANE BARBOUR, (32, African-American, dressed in a sleek, smart business suit) arranges the bouquet with care. After doing so, JANE peers over at:

HER MOTHER - LORRAINE BARBOUR (61) - sleeping in a BED in this PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM. Intravenous TUBE in her ARM. OXYGEN CANULA in her nose. JANE stares at her Mom, concern on her face when a NURSE enters the ROOM. JANE moves to her:

JANE  
Rose, Hi. How long has she been sleeping? Is this normal? She was sleeping when I called and now -

NURSE  
- Jane, it's fine. Rest is the best thing for her.

JANE  
She took all her meds? She didn't give you a problem?

NURSE  
(smiling)  
What do you think?

JANE smiles also, knowing her mother.

NURSE (CONT'D)

She's a strong woman, Jane. Stroke like that could've been much worse. She'll be home in a few days.

(then)

And the hospital's not a bad place to be tonight.

JANE nods - damn straight. Then:

LORRAINE (O.S.)

My baby.

JANE turns and moves bedside as LORRAINE wakes up, shaking off the grogginess of sleep. NURSE exits, leaving Mother and Daughter alone.

JANE

Hey. Brought your favorite flowers.

LORRAINE

Great. They'll block the awful smell of this damn hospital food.

JANE can't help but smile at her Mom's moxie.

JANE

Rose says you'll be going home in a few days. You're doing great - better than they expected.

MOM smiles - glad - but she's now eyeing JANE's attire:

LORRAINE

You going to, or coming from, work?

JANE

Going to.

LORRAINE

(not happy)

On Purge Night? You should be staying here with me - only safe place in the city. Why do you think I had the stroke now? So I could get my ass in here during this godforsaken holiday.

JANE

The office is safe, Mom. I wouldn't be going if it wasn't. I'll be fine. They take care of us there.

Mom's not happy. She's staring at JANE - scrutinizing her, a hint of judgement in her eye.

LORRAINE

You know, I thought by now you'd be in a position where you wouldn't have to work on a night like this.

That hits JANE - like a slap. But she nods, agreeing:

JANE

You and me both, Mom.

Then:

LORRAINE

Maybe if you played -

JANE

- Don't start. Not in the mood.

They hold a long look - a look that speaks volumes about their complicated relationship and the issues with JANE, her job, etc. JANE breaks the judgmental stare of her Mom, looks out the window at the fading light of day when - DING DING. Her CELL. JANE checks it - finding a TEXT that reads - **I'LL TEXT WHEN I'M THERE.**

JANE eyes the text for an extended beat. Something about it gives her great pause. An anxious look rising on her face.

JANE (CONT'D)

I have to go, Mom. It's getting close to commencement. Take your meds and don't give everyone a hard time.

LORRAINE

I wouldn't be Lorraine Barbour if I didn't give everyone a hard time. Please stay safe, honey.

JANE

Love you.

A smile between them - then JANE is out. MOM watches her go.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - RICK & JENNA'S HOME - DAY

A quiet tree-lined street, comprised of well-kept MIDDLE CLASS HOMES.

We focus on a TWO-LEVEL MEDIUM-SIZED COLONIAL HOME in the middle of the block - a well manicured lawn, a nice garden out front. Not a ton of money, but a ton of character.

INT. RICK & JENNA'S HOME/BEDROOM - DAY

Where JENNA BETANCOURT (30) and RICK BETANCOURT (32) are getting dressed in some fancy evening digs (gown and tux respectively) for some fancy-ass party.

Both husband and wife are attractive, in tip top shape.

JENNA's sitting, and eyeing herself in the vanity, applying light make-up. RICK's standing across the room, in another mirror, working his bow tie.

Domestic, marital silence hangs between them, punctuated every few seconds when they catch each other's eye in their respective mirrors. JENNA finally breaks it:

JENNA

You OK, babe? What are you thinking about?

RICK

I was just wondering what it's gonna be like over there. We really have no idea how these people celebrate the Purge.

JENNA

Don't think about it. We find a corner, hide, and wait to be summoned.

He nods. Then turns to her - holding his arms out:

RICK

(re: tuxedo)  
Does it look like a rental?

JENNA

No way. You look amazing. Me?

RICK

Fantastic. As always.  
(then)  
I can't lie. I'm nervous as shit.

JENNA

Don't be. It'll be safer than any other place in the country over there.

RICK

I know. Not that. Just want it all to go well. Chance like this comes around once in ten lifetimes.

She approaches him - starts fixing his tie as:

JENNA

It's going to go great. This is just a formality. Only reason we're being invited is because he wants to do this with us.

He nods. Thank you for calming me. They hold a long look. Then, with dramatic emphasis:

RICK

We're making a deal with the devil, babe.

JENNA

We're taking the devil's money and we're gonna do great things with it.

He nods - I hope so. She kisses him. He embraces her. He then pulls back - staring at her - one more thing to say.

RICK

(concern)

I hope there's no surprises tonight.

JENNA

(gets it)

She won't be there, Rick. No worries. Tonight is our night. Game changer. Everything we always wanted. For us. For our family.

(then, smiling)

After we close, maybe we'll do some Purge dancing.

RICK

(smiling)

Purge dancing. How would one 'Purge dance'?

JENNA

Like this.

She shakes around like a fool. RICK'S laughing.



RICK  
Looks like you're vomiting, babe.

JENNA  
Exactly - I'm purging - very sexy.

They share a laugh - both feeling better. Finally, RICK walks off - back to his mirror, finishing getting ready.

JENNA'S still smiling, her look lingering on him.

Her smile slowly fades as she stares at her husband, watching him for an extended beat.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK & JENNA'S HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

RICK and JENNA in between the sheets, going at it. RICK's on top, doing his missionary style thing. JENNA beneath, her face over his shoulder as her husband thrusts away.

CAMERA FAVORS JENNA'S FACE - she's looking off, distracted, something catching her eye - it's:

Her own reflection in a nearby mirror. JENNA stares at herself - at her husband - on top of her. It's as if she's watching another couple, a voyeur curiously eyeing strangers copulating.

As she watches herself and her husband making love, her expression congeals with conflicting emotions - worry, concern, boredom, indifference.

She turns away from this reflection quickly, as if scared by it, trying to re-engage in the current activity.

She grabs at her husband, clawing him, holding him, clearly trying to muster up the passion, the energy, but there's effort here. Her actions seem forced, labored, artificial.

HOLD ON HER FACE - as she looks back at that mirror. She doesn't like what she sees.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. RICK & JENNA'S HOME/BEDROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

JENNA, still at her vanity, still considering RICK with a long curious eye.

CUT TO:

VARIOUS CLOSE SHOTS of YOUNG BARE FLESH being WASHED WITH SMALL CLOTHS. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. HALFWAY HOUSE/MASS SHOWER - DAY

A large COMMUNAL SHOWER where dozens of YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN (between ages 18-25) are lined up under shower heads - washing themselves, and washing each other in some kind of mass cleansing ritual - not sexual, more sanctity.

They're all singing a HYMN:

CLEANSERS  
(singing)  
Purify My Flesh, Prepare My Soul.  
The Giving Is Near. The Invisible  
Awaits...

Their faces are all placid - to the point of pure beatitude - water washing over them like benedictions. WE PAN OFF THIS AREA, FINDING:

INT. HALFWAY HOUSE/LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Right next to the mass shower. A DOZEN YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN who have already "purified their flesh" are now dressing and getting ready for the evening.

Some are putting on flowing BLUE ROBES over their nude bodies. Some are placing BLUE FLOWERS (PURGE BAPTISIA FLOWERS) in their hair. Some are painting their fingernails and toenails Purge blue.

They are all smiling and singing and preparing for something on this Purge Night. In the middle of the crowd, we FIND:

A young woman - PENELOPE (19) blue-robed and smiling as she braids her friend MELISSA'S HAIR.

They're both singing that "Purify" hymn as they prepare for the night. PENELOPE has an innocent face, a bright smile - but her eyes betray a darker past.

As they sing, we spy a MAN walking through this crowd of young folk. This man is older than everyone - around 30/35 - he's wearing a bedazzled blue robe - walking amidst his "followers". All of whom smile at him with awe and adoration, nearly bowing, as he moves through and touches each of them on the head, as if blessing them.

This man's name is GOOD LEADER TAVIS. He approaches PENELOPE AND MELISSA, who both stare at him adoringly as they keep singing. He touches both of them gently on their heads, holding his palms on them for an extended moment, before embracing them both tenderly, as he says in a breathy whisper:

GOOD LEADER TAVIS  
My Darlings. It's almost  
commencement.

Those words linger. Both Girls nod. HOLD ON PENELOPE, and her bright smile,

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. DANK ALLEY - DAY

Crepuscular light fades, granting passage to night. Suddenly - WHOOSH. A beat-down Chevy Nova from another century hauls its broke-ass down this alley, trailing dust like a comet.

INT. NOVA - CONTINUOUS

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS MIGUEL GUERRERO is behind the wheel, driving hard and fast, hammer pinned. MIGUEL looks very different now - no longer in MARINE DRESS BLUES. No longer clean cut and smiling. He has three days stubble on his FACE - a no bullshit, hell-bent expression betraying scary intent.

He's wearing a military-style bulletproof vest. MIGUEL's got a NINE on his side and a HECKLER AND KOCH AUTO-LOAD on the passenger seat. His peregrine eyes are riveted on the:

ASSHOLE

Who's running in front of his car - an inch from the rusted fender. ASSHOLE is screaming like... an asshole who's being chased by a fucking car.

ASSHOLE

ARE YOU NUTS? I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS.

MIGUEL revs the engine - closing in on the ASSHOLE.

ASSHOLE reaches the end of the alley - desperately tries scaling a FENCE - when MIGUEL slams the Nova's BRAKES. Skidding to a halt.

MIGUEL throws the DOOR OPEN and emerges in a burst, moving quickly to the ASSHOLE, yanking him off the fence:

ASSHOLE (CONT'D)

(frantic)

Miguel, I can't help you.

MIGUEL ignores. Remaining silent. He roughs up ASSHOLE with a few GUT PUNCHES, before dragging him to the Nova viciously.

ASSHOLE (CONT'D)

Man, this is crazy. Why you breaking my balls like this? I'm a harmless little bitch. I don't keep tabs on Henry's ass.

MIGUEL continues the silent treatment, now effortlessly dragging ASSHOLE across the pavement, passing TWO HOMELESS GUYS, sitting in a SMALL ALCOVE debouching off this alley. They're swigging OLD CROW, watching the ruckus from nearby, confused:

HOMELESS MAN

It ain't the Purge yet, fella.  
Can't you even wait an hour?

MIGUEL throws him a look that says - '**shut the fuck up if you want your blood to remain inside your body.**' HOMELESS MAN shuts up.

MIGUEL continues dragging ASSHOLE to his car - lifting him up and tossing him in the TRUNK:

ASSHOLE

It stinks like old man swamp ass in here. Damn. What did I do to deserve this? You're supposed to be gone anyway. Fighting some stupid war somewhere.

MIGUEL says simply:

MIGUEL

Lucky for you, I just got back.  
(then, intense)  
Now, tell me where Henry is. No more bullshit, Asshole.

ASSHOLE's staring at him, terrified - then:

ASSHOLE

I don't know, maybe he's at the Row.

MIGUEL

Well, then, let's go visit the Row.

WHAM. MIGUEL slams the trunk shut as we,

CUT TO:

EXT. CORPORATE SKYSCRAPER - DAY

A 50-story mirrored skyscraper in the center of the city, reflecting the falling sun as it exits.

INT. CORPORATE SKYSCRAPER/ENTRANCE HALL/ELEVATOR - DAY

As DOZENS of PEOPLE file OUT of the BUILDING in a rush, JANE BARBOUR, in her sleek business suit, ENTERS. She passes a WOMAN who's EXITING:

WALKING WOMAN

You're not working tonight, are you, Jane?

JANE

(nodding)

Overseas markets don't care about the Purge.

Woman shrugs - 'I guess.' JANE continues on - to a BANK of ELEVATORS. She checks her CELL PHONE for TEXTS, an anxious look rising on her face again.

Right before she steps on the elevator, one of her assistants - MARK (25) - overly ambitious with youthful energy, runs up to her, joining her.

MARK

Hey Boss.

JANE

Hey Employee.

They share a smile.

MARK

Chiho's landed in Tokyo. Should be at the office before we dive in.

JANE nods - great. As they ride up, she checks her phone again. Anxiety returning. MARK sees her look:

MARK (CONT'D)

Everything OK?

She smiles. Putting on her best game face - trying to hide the obvious tension in her taut expression.

JANE

Fine.

MARK

How's your Mom?

JANE

Doing well. Thanks for asking, Mark.

He nods. They continue ascending. Mark fills the quiet:

MARK

First time I've ever been out of my house on the Purge. It's weird.

JANE

No better place to be than here.

Ding. The elevator stops.

INT. MOORE FINANCIAL/ELEVATORS - CONTINUOUS

The elevator DOORS OPEN on the 14th FLOOR. JANE walks out, MARK following obediently. They are quickly met by TWO ARMED SECURITY MEN in SUITS who stop them:

SECURITY OFFICER 1

Names.

JANE

Mark Cantoff. Jane Barbour.

SECURITY OFFICER 2 HOLDS a HI-TECH PORTABLE RETINA SCAN up to their EYES. DING. DING. Identities confirmed.

SECURITY OFFICER 2

Great. Ms. Barbour. Mr. Cantoff. We are now going to check you for weapons.

SECURITY OFFICER 1 proceeds to WAVE A LONG WAND OVER BOTH JANE AND MARK'S FRAMES. As OFFICER 1 scans JANE'S body - his WAND touches her ASS - she retracts as if it were afire. She glares at him - about to snap - he immediately steps back:

SECURITY OFFICER 1

(genuine)

Sorry about that.

She takes a breath, relenting. He finishes scanning - more carefully this time. As he does so, a 3D IMAGE of each of them appears on a PORTABLE TABLET held by SECURITY OFFICER 2. DING DING. Both weapons-free.

SECURITY OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)

Now can you please sign here? Purge Waiver for the 14th floor.

Both JANE and MARK sign the document.

SECURITY OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)

Great. Let me just take you through the rules. Once the Purge begins, this 14th floor will be locked down as a safe zone. Everyone on this floor, except security, will be unarmed. Security and all workers, including both of you, have signed waivers, giving up their rights to Purge on this floor the entire evening. The whole building should be relatively quiet, but we can only guarantee your safety on this floor, as it's owned by our employer, Moore Financial. Do you understand these rules?

Both JANE and MARK nod - we understand.

SECURITY OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)

Thank you for being so cooperative. Enjoy the evening.

JANE and MARK proceed past security, toward TWO DOORS AHEAD. They open the doors walking into:

INT. MOORE FINANCIAL/Common Area - CONTINUOUS

An enormous, hi-tech, modern OFFICE SPACE that takes up the entire 14th floor of this skyscraper. JANE and MARK enter into the labyrinthine corridors of Moore, passing several more SECURITY GUARDS and dozens of offices before they reach the:

COMMON WORK AREA

A GLASS-WALLED LARGE OFFICE SPACE in the middle of this floor. Sleek space. A DOZEN people mill about within, around a very large CONFERENCE TABLE.

They see JANE enter, all straightening up, tensing, smiling hello. JANE's clearly the boss here. JANE smiles back when she and MARK are approached by JANE's second assistant - ALISON (28, driven).

ALISON

Jane. I spoke with Chiho. She's -

JANE

- On the ground already. I heard.

ALISON throws a look at MARK. MARK grins, one for him. Clear competition between these two.



ALISON

Did you guys come here together?

JANE

(aware)

Of course. Mark actually spent the afternoon with me reviewing everything for tonight.

ALISON can't hide her shock.

JANE (CONT'D)

Relax, Alison. I'm joking. You two need to put aside your competitive spirits, forget about who's getting the promotion, and play nice tonight - we have a lot to do. Now, get Chiho on the line while I settle. Afterwards I'll prep the troops on what we should expect.

ALISON and MARK trade another look as JANE lays her bags and computer at the head of the long CONFERENCE TABLE - settling in for the long evening. As she does so, she checks her watch and her cell phone again - still looking for that TEXT. Nothing. HOLD ON HER ANXIOUS LOOK,

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. NOVA'S TRUNK - DAY

Dark, dank, small quarters. ASSHOLE cowers in the trunk, as the NOVA speeds along, hitting as many bumps as it could. ASSHOLE's bouncing around like a tennis ball.

ASSHOLE

(frantic)

Oww. Damn. Have some compassion, Miguel. Human compassion.

Suddenly - SCREECH. The car stops. Hard. Engine shuts off. ASSHOLE braces himself as he HEARS keys fumbling O.S. - and then WHOOSH. Sunlight bursts into his world as the trunk is opened revealing tough MIGUEL standing over him. Intense.

ASSHOLE (CONT'D)

Please, Miguel. You're ice cold man - getting colder by the minute. SOLDIERS ARE NOT SUPPOSED TO ACT THIS WAY.

BAM. BAM. MIGUEL responds with few hard gut punches on ASSHOLE and then gestures toward a nearby BANK OF DILAPIDATED APARTMENT BUILDINGS - some abandoned - THE ROW.

MIGUEL  
Henry's there?

ASSHOLE is shaking - cringing - he doesn't know what to say:

MIGUEL (CONT'D)  
Speak.

ASSHOLE  
I feel like no matter what I say  
you're gonna beat my ass.

MIGUEL  
Is he in there, Asshole?

ASSHOLE  
Sometimes he's there. Sometimes  
he's not. I don't know. Maybe?

MIGUEL's thinking - staring at the BUILDINGS - then at his WATCH - then back at ASSHOLE:

MIGUEL  
You're my escort - get me inside.

ASSHOLE's face falls - even more scared than he was a second ago:

ASSHOLE  
I don't think that's a good idea.

MIGUEL thinks otherwise - he pulls ASSHOLE out of the trunk.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALFWAY HOUSE - DAY

We're outside some kind of old brick halfway house, finding 20 BLUE-ROBED YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN, including PENELOPE and MELISSA, standing and smiling and facing GOOD LEADER TAVIS.

TAVIS addresses them - in his affected breathy voice:

GOOD LEADER TAVIS  
- We are the scarred, the beaten,  
the maimed, our souls irreparably  
damaged. It is that shared pain  
that allows us to understand each  
other so deeply.  
(MORE)

GOOD LEADER TAVIS (CONT'D)

But tonight, the suffering ends, my darlings. As promised, relief from the torment, escape from this earthy hell, is near. I am your guide into the Invisible where pain does not exist, only love.

The BLUE-ROBED YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN are all nodding, smiling, listening with closed-eyed reverence, hanging on every word of TAVIS as if he was speaking ex cathedra.

GOOD LEADER TAVIS (CONT'D)

We were once all very selfish - each of us tried to exit in vain - but we all failed, luckily, because it was meant for us to find each other - to be here, at this very moment. And now, tonight, our departures will have real meaning. Impact. We, here, the Givers, will be the vessels upon which the sinners can release their anger and hatred - and we will depart gracefully, selflessly, making this world a better place.

(beat)

The Giving Time nears. Let us get ready for it.

TAVIS nods and the BLUE-ROBED YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN begin walking in single file down a BLUE CARPET (set up along the sidewalk) toward a SCHOOL BUS (painted PURGE BLUE).

They enter the bus (decorated with Purge Flowers) - singing:

BLUE ROBED MEN AND WOMEN

Purify My Flesh, Prepare My Soul.  
The Giving Is Near. The Invisible  
Awaits...

HOLD ON YOUNG PENELOPE as she enters the bus - serene and smiling and singing the whole way.

EXT. MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - RICK & JENNA'S HOME - NIGHT

RICK and JENNA, both dressed to the nines, exit their home. As soon as they step outside, RICK hits a button on his cell and STEEL BARRICADES close over every window and door of his home. He's locking it down for the evening.

After watching the security for a beat, RICK takes JENNA's hand, and they proceed to the:

UBER CAR - waiting out front. They get in the back.

INT. UBER CAR - CONTINUOUS

As RICK and JENNA nod HELLO to the 26 YEAR OLD AFRICAN AMERICAN DRIVER. He hits the GAS and they take off into the night.

Husband and Wife exchange a look - both looking nervous. RICK then peers out the WINDOW - and we begin to notice the neighborhood changing as they drive - from MIDDLE CLASS HOMES - TO UPPER MIDDLE CLASS HOMES - and finally to MANSIONS. (RICK also sees some PEOPLE CLOSING THE PURGE BARRICADES on their HOMES - while others place bouquets of BLUE BAPTISIA FLOWERS on their SIDEWALKS - celebrating the Purge.) JENNA breaks the silence, speaking to the DRIVER:

JENNA

Sorry it's such a short ride.  
Didn't want to walk in heels.

UBER DRIVER

I'm the one who should be sorry.  
About the prices. It's a Purge  
surge - ten times the normal rate.  
I make more tonight than any other  
night a year.

RICK

You don't work all night, do you?

UBER DRIVER

Some guys do. Driving Purgers  
around. Crazy dangerous. Not me  
though. You guys are my last ride -  
then I rush home and lock in.

(sees something on his  
GPS)

I know this address - top of the  
hill. Is this the Stanton  
residence?

JENNA

It is.

UBER DRIVER

(impressed)

This place is insane. The Stantons  
are NFFA fat cats, aren't they?

RICK

They are indeed.

UBER DRIVER

Damn. What are they throwing some kind of fancy ass Purge Party? What kinda sinister shit happens there?

RICK

We don't know - first time invited. Purging is not our thing. That's not why we're going.

JENNA

We're going for a business deal.

UBER DRIVER

Business deal? On Purge Night?

RICK

Crazy, right? Mr. Stanton likes closing big business deals on the holiday. It's actually become his thing - come in and kiss the brass Stanton ring on Purge night and maybe I'll do business with you.

UBER DRIVER

What a bunch of rich man bullshit.  
(then)  
But you two don't seem like NFFA supporters.

RICK

We're not. At all. But the NFFA controls all the financing in the city - so we had no choice.

JENNA leans forward and says:

JENNA

It's actually a pretty cool deal. We have a small real estate development firm and if we get the financing for our project, we're gonna put 20% of our profits aside for affordable housing.

RICK

That means over 100 families will have a decent place to live. Something we always wanted to do.

RICK and JENNA exchange a smile - proud of their philanthropic plan.

UBER DRIVER

That is cool. Good for you guys.  
(then)

I always wondered something about these big Purge Parties. How can you trust anyone? What happens if they Purge your ass there?

JENNA

Good question. Everyone invited signs a release which guarantees we can't Purge or be Purged upon by other guests.

RICK

They even do background checks on us. So it's completely safe - otherwise we wouldn't be going.

He looks at them in the rearview:

UBER DRIVER

I get it - rich people don't kill each other on Purge night. I've heard that. Guess it's true. It's good to be rich, huh.

JENNA

We're not rich. Far from it.

UBER DRIVER

Tonight you are.

(then)

I wonder who gets Purged then. Because you know some crazy shit's going down in that mansion. Rich folk got a taste for it. You'll get to see how the one percent Purges tonight.

RICK and JENNA exchange a look - when the CAR turns onto a QUIET BLOCK, at the top of which, we see:

THE AFOREMENTIONED STANTON MANSION/ESTATE

An immense Gehry-esque 12,000 square foot 10 million dollar masterpiece of architecture, sitting on pristine grounds. It's bustling with activity as several LIMOS drop people off - RICH FOLK - also dressed to the nines, like RICK AND JENNA.

It looks like a movie premiere.

UBER DRIVER (CONT'D)

Goddamn.

JENNA  
(re: the crowd ahead)  
You could drop us here - we'll walk  
the rest of the way.

UBER DRIVER  
Embarrassed to be arriving in an  
Uber. Want to fit in, right? I get  
it.

RICK and JENNA don't answer. The DRIVER slows down, parking  
a block away from the Mansion. RICK tips the driver.

UBER DRIVER (CONT'D)  
Thanks. Good luck on the deal.

As they get out:

UBER DRIVER (CONT'D)  
You're too nice.

JENNA  
Excuse me.

UBER DRIVER  
You're too nice - you'll never fit  
in inside there.

That hangs there. RICK and JENNA exit the car and proceed  
toward the Mansion and all its activity. Their nervousness  
evident and increasing as they draw closer.

RICK  
My God - look how many people.

JENNA  
And not one of them believes in  
climate change.

They share a laugh - when JENNA sees RICK'S eyes finding THE  
SECOND FLOOR CORNER WINDOW of the Gehry-esque home ahead.  
This room is DARK.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
I told you. She's not home, babe.  
Still away. We can relax and focus  
on why we came here.

RICK nods. HOLD ON JENNA - looking away from RICK, at that  
window, considering it for a reflective beat, as we:

CUT TO:

INT. GYM/SOUL CYCLE CLASS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A Soul-Cycle class in full progress. A bunch of really sweaty PEOPLE are pumping away on their bikes, to some funky music, including RICK AND JENNA, next to each other, working hard.

As JENNA sweats her ass off, her eyes fall on:

RICK - next to her. JENNA sees that RICK'S distracted a bit, his eyes constantly looking across the room at:

THE SEXIEST 26 YEAR OLD WOMAN we have ever seen. Stunning face, perfect frame. Nearly see-through blue leggings. A cut-off shirt revealing a perfect 6 pack.

She's barely sweating.

RICK stares at her - admiring her curves, her undeniable beauty. JENNA, too, can't take her eyes off this woman.

After a beat, JENNA finally looks back at RICK - who's still stealing glances at this goddess. JENNA watches curiously, not angered, as RICK takes in the WOMAN'S beauty, then looks away - catching himself staring.

Then he looks back again.

Then he looks away.

Her husband seems intoxicated, unable to control himself. Back and forth. Back and forth. Eyes dancing.

The music rises. RICK can't stop looking at this young woman.

And JENNA can't stop looking at her husband admiring this young woman.

And that's when the YOUNG WOMAN turns and catches them both staring at her. And:

She SMILES. A warm, inviting smile.

Flustered, the BETANCOURTS both turn away.

Hold on JENNA'S face.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. STANTON ESTATE - DAY

JENNA finally takes her eyes off that dark window and RICK as they walk forward, toward the electric atmosphere, joining some GUESTS as they all proceed past:



A HALF DOZEN ARMED SECURITY GUARDS (in suits) who look like secret service agents. RICK AND JENNA continue on, with some WEALTHY GUESTS, toward and through:

HI-TECH METAL (WEAPON) DETECTORS - set up outside the FRONT DOOR - before disappearing inside the mansion.

After watching them enter the home and the Purge Party within, we PULL BACK - just holding on the enormous mansion for an extended beat, until the LIGHT in that second floor room pops on and the silhouette of a young female is glimpsed in that window frame.

CUT TO:

INT. MOORE FINANCIAL/COMMON AREA - DAY

As late day light fades, we find JANE in the glass-walled common work space in the center of Moore Financial, standing at the head of the table, addressing her 10 EMPLOYEES.

JANE

- First things first, team - Moore Financial is safer than our homes tonight. Let's put the Purge out of our minds so we can all focus on work. Nothing else.

(then)

Now, I want to stress the following - each one of you brings something to this deal that is integral to its closure. Closure that must happen before our markets open in the morning. It's a lot of detailed work. Let's do it together and we will all be rewarded.

The Troops are nodding - getting psyched up. They clearly like JANE - enjoy working for her.

JANE (CONT'D)

And if we close this deal early, which is possible if the Japanese markets turn in our favor, we can do some celebrating. I brought a case of Don Julio 1942 that we can share.

Everyone's clapping now - excited. She's got the troops revved up and ready to go.

JANE (CONT'D)

So let's get -

Suddenly - an O.S. VOICE INTERRUPTS JANE:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
- Excuse me - sorry to interrupt -

Everyone turns, including JANE, to:

A 65-INCH TV SCREEN (hanging on a nearby wall) displaying the FACE of a MAN - 49 - DON RYKER - her boss - interrupting. DON's smiling pleasantly - very likable, with natural charm:

DON (VIDEO CONFERENCE)  
Evening, everyone. Evening, Jane.

EMPLOYEES AND JANE  
Good evening, Don.

DON (VIDEO CONFERENCE)  
I just wanted to say thanks to everyone. All-nighters are one thing - all-nighters on Purge Night - that's a whole other level of commitment and I can't thank you enough for doing this. It sucks. But we really had no choice. Talk about bad timing.

Everyone's saying - *"no problem - happy to be here"*, including JANE.

DON (VIDEO CONFERENCE) (CONT'D)  
As you all know, Jane is much smarter than me - that's why I hired her - she makes me look good. But sometimes a little dumbing down can't hurt to clarify things - and I'm pretty good at dumbing. So here goes -  
(beat, then)  
You will all get larger bonuses if you close this deal with Chiho tonight. We do what we do for money and you will make more of it if you deliver. Crass - but true.

Everyone's clapping, a rousing round of applause. JANE's joining in. As she claps, she sees something peripherally - ALISON whispering to MARK - gesturing to JANE. JANE spots their subtle interaction (about her), as:

DON (VIDEO CONFERENCE) (CONT'D)  
Thanks again. I'll touch base later.  
(smiling)  
(MORE)

DON (VIDEO CONFERENCE) (CONT'D)  
Jane, room's yours, I'll get out of  
your way now.

Everyone's laughing - but now JANE is curiously clocking  
ALISON and MARK - *'why were they just whispering about me?'*  
She notes it, then goes back to her boss, joking:

JANE  
I forgot that you were the  
eavesdropping type, Don.

DON (VIDEO CONFERENCE)  
You know I'm always watching and  
listening - especially from my home  
office. Talk later. Keep me  
updated.

DON throws a BIG SMILE at everyone then POOF. He's gone.  
Black screen.

JANE  
OK, guys, let's get to it.

JANE turns away from everyone, moving to her bag (in the  
corner of the room). Her employees are hitting their  
computers - all except MARK and ALISON who are watching JANE  
again for a quick beat.

JANE, alone now, face away from everyone, checks her cell  
phone again - looking for that TEXT (that still hasn't come).  
Anxiety rising again as she says to herself:

JANE (CONT'D)  
C'mon - where are you?

Off JANE's mounting tension,

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG DEN/DARK HALLWAY - DAY

MIGUEL and ASSHOLE walk down a dark graffiti-lined corridor,  
toward a DOOR at its end. MIGUEL's standing behind ASSHOLE,  
pushing him along. ASSHOLE clearly doesn't want to be here.

ASSHOLE  
This is the definition of a bad  
idea. A good idea would be to turn  
our asses around and -

MIGUEL

- Get me inside, Asshole. I need to find Henry. I don't have that much time.

ASSHOLE's nearly shaking as they reach the aforementioned door. ASSHOLE reluctantly KNOCKS. They hear:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Who's that?

Beat. MIGUEL nudges ASSHOLE:

ASSHOLE

It's me, T. Asshole. All good. With a buddy.

Beat. ASSHOLE's fidgeting back and forth. MIGUEL tenses - waiting for the door to open.

It does. Revealing T-TIME - a bear-like, tattooed METH-HEAD. He eyes ASSHOLE - who smiles nervously at him. T-TIME then clocks MIGUEL. MIGUEL nods, coolly.

T-TIME nods back - enter. ASSHOLE and MIGUEL do.

INT. DRUG DEN - CONTINUOUS

As they enter, MIGUEL takes quick inventory of the situation. Another HOPHEAD is inside the filthy ROOM. A MALE - LENZA. Half his head is shaved, his face scarred. Like T-TIME, he's one of Hell's Skels, and both men are higher than high.

There's a heaping mound of drugs on a nearby table. And also WEAPONS. This two-man crew is getting ready to Purge big time. They're both loading GUNS and sharpening MACHETES. Lenza decorates a BABY-FACED MASK with the words **FREE HUGS**.

MIGUEL takes this all in, his eyes then finding:

A TATTOOED WOMAN (21) - on a couch in the rear of this ROOM. She appears to be sleeping. MIGUEL focuses on her WRIST - HANDCUFFED to a NEARBY PIPE. He takes note - his face tightening with anger (that he quickly hides) when:

LENZA (who RAISES a STRANGE ENORMOUS TASER GUN-LIKE DEVICE) begins RANTING:

LENZA

Look at this beast - the bazooka of  
TASERS - sends out 200 thousand  
volts - we gonna fry some ass  
tonight - electrocute some mothers  
who need some... electrocuting. A  
Purge barbe-

LENZA stops mid-rant - seeing ASSHOLE and MIGUEL:

LENZA (CONT'D)

(re: MIGUEL)

- Who the hell is this?

ASSHOLE

Just a buddy. He's cool, Lenz.  
(then, gesturing toward  
the cuffed GIRL)  
What's up with Kaylee, man? Why's  
she cuffed? She dipping into your  
stash again?

LENZA and T-TIME exchange creepy smirks.

LENZA

Naah. That's for her own good.  
We're having a little holiday  
soiree later and sweet Kaylee's  
gonna be our Purge dessert. We  
don't want her to wake up from her  
buzz and take off and miss all the  
fun. You boys should come too. It's  
Purge Night - anything goes.

LENZA and T-TIME high five. MIGUEL eyes KAYLEE - that fury  
rising again. He looks back at the two creeps.

MIGUEL

I'll pass.  
(then, cool as ice)  
I'm looking for Henry. I'm an old  
friend.

That hangs there. LENZA and T-TIME exchange a curious look.  
No longer smiling. Something about that question has gotten  
their attention:

LENZA

I know all Henry's friends but I  
don't know your ass.

MIGUEL

My ass has been away awhile.

T-TIME

Where's your ass been?

MIGUEL

My ass been here. There.

ASSHOLE

Army. His ass been in the army.

'Army'. Something about that has T-TIME'S guard up. MIGUEL clocks T-TIME eyeing him with a hint of real suspicion now:

MIGUEL

Marines.

LENZA

Hot shit. Soldier Boy. G.I. Joe.  
So, Rambo, whatchu want with Henry?

MIGUEL

I'd like to reconnect - if you know  
what I mea-

Before MIGUEL can finish that sentence, T-TIME (on MIGUEL'S periphery) makes a move - raising his GUN.

And that's when all hell breaks loose:

MIGUEL spots the gun coming up out of the corner of his eye. He's clearly gun-trained and T-TIME is not - so MIGUEL's faster. BAM. He shoots T-TIME in the ARM with his Nine.

LENZA grabs a KNIFE off the nearby table. He releases a barbaric war-cry and LEAPS at MIGUEL with his BLADE raised - swinging it at MIGUEL'S face.

MIGUEL can't get his gun up but ducks and shoulders the flying Hophead - sending him into a nearby wall. WHAM.

LENZA - higher than a fucking kite - spins like a banshee and grabs MIGUEL.

Now they're entangled, grappling. It's a brutal street fight.

Scratching, biting, eye-gouging, all that fun shit. LENZA'S got drug-fiend strength and fearlessness. MIGUEL'S got skills - he's clearly been trained in martial arts.

MIGUEL finally gets the upper hand, twisting behind LENZA - grabbing his arm and CRACK. Snapping his elbow like a twig. The druggie drops - and WHAM. MIGUEL boots him in the head, knocking him unconscious.

It's over in a flash. KAYLEE'S waking in the B.G. The two Hopheads are down. MIGUEL turns and sees ASSHOLE running down the hall - using the battle as chance to make a hasty retreat.

Off MIGUEL, eyeing the bleeding, moaning Hopheads. He looks at the rising, bound KAYLEE in the B.G. He then checks his watch - the Purge is getting closer.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. STANTON MANSION/PURGE PARTY - NIGHT

Luxurious, extravagant interior, decorated with large BOUQUETS of BLUE PURGE BAPTISIA FLOWERS. (A LARGE 100 INCH SCREEN displays a COUNTDOWN CLOCK - 6:36 - 24 MINUTES UNTIL THE PURGE)

A moving tide of wealthy FOLK, all donning exquisite evening gowns and tuxedos, cavort in the grand MAIN LIVING SPACE of this mansion.

The entire space and its decor screams money. A lot of money.

WAITERS serve hors d'oeuvres. MAIDS clean up. A small BAND plays chamber music. ARMED SECURITY GUARDS stand in every corner of every ROOM. WE FIND:

RICK AND JENNA walking through the wealthy horde, in this lush room, scoping the crowd. RICK searches for someone. JENNA eyes her fellow guests, exchanging smiles with several. They both look nervous. Whispering:

RICK

(re: the party)

Do you see who all these people are?

(subtle gesture to:)

That's Elias Merca - owns News Vision - the network that pushes NFFA policy night and day.

JENNA

(subtle point at:)

And there's Lucille Algon - from Exxon - no one has donated more to the New Founding Fathers - her money went to all the early Purge trials. Every big shot NFFA donor is here.

RICK

I didn't think they'd all be here. Jeez. We are out of our element. They could probably smell our Walmart clothing detergent, Daze.

JENNA

I hope it makes them gag.  
(beat, looking around)  
(MORE)



JENNA (CONT'D)

You ever notice that really rich people - especially the ones who support the NFFA and the Purge - look like they have sticks literally wedged up their asses? Making them stand way too straight - like creepy robots - it's odd.

RICK

Maybe all rich people really do have sticks stuck up their asses.

JENNA

If this deal goes through tonight we may be rich too.

RICK

Well then, we will have to find out where to buy those ass-sticks.

They share a laugh.

JENNA

Just don't talk politics with anyone, keep smiling - and think of the end game.

RICK nods, then eyes a nearby CIRCULAR STAIRCASE that leads to the QUIET SECOND FLOOR of this mansion - as if looking for someone up there. His eyes hold on it, when:

JENNA (CONT'D)

I don't see the Stantons anywhere. You think they'd be greeting all their guests. Where could they be?

RICK takes his eyes off the SECOND FLOOR, then:

JENNA (CONT'D)

Why don't you go look for Mr. Stanton, babe? The quicker you start the conversation with him, the sooner we can find a room and avoid any Purging that's gonna happen.

He looks at her - thrown by that:

RICK

Hold on. The quicker I start the conversation. What about you? This is our company. 50/50.

JENNA

(light)

No. No. I'm creative, your business. You never mess with my designs. I don't mess with your negotiating. This is you, partner.

He looks at her - considering. He finally nods - fine. She leans in, adjusts his tie:

JENNA (CONT'D)

I love you. Now go make that sonofabitch pay for making us come here, to the belly of the beast, on Purge night. And remember, after you close the deal, he's probably gonna make a pitch for us to become NFFA party members.

RICK

I'm ready for it. I'll deflect my way out. Billy Sabian closed a huge deal for his start-up here last year and he didn't join - so the deal's not predicated upon it. Cold hard money drives Stanton, way more than politics.

They exchange a kiss.

JENNA

You wear that rented tux very well, Mr. Betancourt.

RICK

That is a confidence builder, Mrs. Betancourt.

JENNA

Go make our dreams come true.

One last embrace - both nervous, excited. RICK's finally off - leaving JENNA alone. She continues moving through the party, taking inventory of everything:

- The over-abundance of FLOWERS, ART.
- The over-abundance of FOOD, LIQUOR, HELP.
- The over-abundance of JEWELRY on every GUEST.
- The over-abundance of PLASTIC SURGERY - every guest's TIGHT FACE and LEAN FRAME betraying the numerous procedures done in the name of vanity.

The over-abundance of everything, everywhere, when her eyes fall on:

A SIDE ROOM.

A YOUNG MAID, CATALINA, is within. She's in the room being SCOLDED BY A TALL, LEAN, BOTOXED WOMAN of 54 YEARS in a tight regal GOWN (HOSTESS ELLIE STANTON). ELLIE'S furious about something, and she's treating CATALINA like a child, grabbing her HARD by the WRIST - believing no one is watching.

JENNA watches as ELLIE pulls CATALINA to the CORNER, where she begins reprimanding her with even more fury. JENNA watches CATALINA, head down, apologizing over and over.

JENNA watches this display, shaking her head, disturbed by ELLIE'S treatment of CATALINA.

JENNA watches ELLIE walk off, leaving the embarrassed CATALINA behind. Off JENNA'S face,

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF OUR CITY - NIGHT

Night's just about to drop - and so is the Purge. Pre-holiday calm before the blood. The streets and sidewalks are clearing. STORE OWNERS lock down shops - some with STEEL GATES - some with WOOD BOARDS AND NAILS. We find:

A BLUE BUS driving through the seemingly deserted city.

INT. BLUE SCHOOL BUS - NIGHT

Young blue-robed males and females sit, inside the blue-flowered bus, looking out at all the Purge prep.

GOOD LEADER TAVIS stands near the front, eyeing the members of his 'group.' He's humming - smiling at everyone. A LARGE BUS DRIVER mans the vehicle.

PENELOPE AND MELISSA sit in the REAR. PENELOPE is a portrait of pure serenity, staring out the window, at the Purge Prep, while MELISSA fidgets nervously next to her, trying to steady her trembling hands in her lap.

PENELOPE notices her anxiety. She whispers to her friend:

PENELOPE

It's our time, sweetie, our time to  
escape all the pain, you'll never  
have to see your father, that  
monster, ever again. We can Give  
now, so the children can live  
better than we did. Remember Good  
Leader's words, they'll guide you  
into the Invisible.

MELISSA nods, absorbs those words, trying to take comfort in them, to muster up the courage to face the evening, when her EYES fall on something outside the BUS that sends a wave of anxiety through her. It's an:

ENORMOUS ELECTRONIC BILLBOARD (on the exterior of the Corporate Skyscraper that we recognize as the building housing JANE's company - Moore Financial) which displays a TICKING CLOCK - 6:44 PM. It's close.

We stay on the clock, and move INSIDE to:

INT. MOORE FINANCIAL/Common Area - NIGHT

As JANE's EMPLOYEES all start their night of intense work, hitting computers and talking on PHONES (several speaking Japanese), a nearby TV displays a REPORTER counting down to the beginning of the Purge:

REPORTER

- The streets are nearly empty here  
as Purge commencement is only 15  
minutes away -

JANE sits alone, at the head of the large CONFERENCE TABLE, working on some documents. She pauses, looking around at her minions - before her eyes fall on the TV and its Purge countdown.

She grabs her phone, stands and moves to the corner of the room for a private moment - where she checks her TEXTS again. Nothing. Another wave of anxiety runs through her. She consults the CLOCK again. Something is clearly up with her, she can barely hide her distress, when:

ALISON (O.S.)

Hey.

JANE nearly jumps out of her skin. She turns and sees her executive assistant ALISON approaching with some ESPRESSO for both of them.

JANE

Thanks.

(re: her jump)

Sorry, just want everything to go smoothly with this deal.

ALISON nods - I get it. Beat. ALISON has the need to say something. She pauses, then:

ALISON

So. Mark and I were talking -

JANE

Were you?

ALISON

- And we think we'd get more work done if we actually knew.

JANE

Knew what?

ALISON

Which one of us was going to get it.

JANE

Get what?

Beat.

ALISON

The V.P. promotion. We're both so competitive. You know that more than anyone. And we can't stop obsessing about it, so we decided that it would be better for everyone if we just knew so we could focus on work tonight. I know it's not -

JANE

(harsh)

- The right time. No. It's not. So you should both stop obsessing and do your jobs or perhaps neither will get the bump.

ALISON's face falls - hard. Scolded, she's quickly back tracking, overly apologetic:

ALISON

Sorry. I just thought -

JANE

- Go back to work, Alison.

ALISON'S speechless, walking off, dismissed, almost weeping.

JANE watches her go - immediately remorseful - regretting her outburst. She opens her mouth to call ALISON back when:

DING DING. A text. She looks down at her cell, seeing:

**I'M HERE.**

Still-point. JANE'S expression congeals. This is clearly the text she's been waiting for. Something about it freezes her cold. She suddenly seems unable to move. She finally breaks her fugue and is walking - fast - to her nearby work bag. She retrieves a THICK MANILA ENVELOPE from within. ENVELOPE IN HAND, she then crosses to the DOOR - exiting quickly.

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG DEN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A KEY opening HANDCUFFS. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

MIGUEL un-cuffing a now conscious KAYLEE. The young tattooed WOMAN is shaking off a high, looking down confusedly at the CUFFS (that were just, moments ago, around her wrists) as MIGUEL drops them. He speaks to her intensely, protectively:

MIGUEL

- These bastards are not your friends. Never come back here. Ever. I will check and make sure you don't. Understand?

She nods - still trying to comprehend the cuffs, the whole situation.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Look at me - it's almost commencement. Do you have a safe place to go tonight?

KAYLEE

My parents don't live far. They're pretty pissed off at me - but they'll let me in tonight.

MIGUEL

The city's about to turn into Hell. You need to go there. Now.

She nods - OK. MIGUEL stands. KAYLEE stands also. MIGUEL's about to walk off when KAYLEE stops him, grabbing his arm. She embraces him - holding him tight - tears in her eyes as:

KAYLEE

I don't know who you are but thank you. Thank you so much.

Something about the encounter seems to have a profound affect on MIGUEL. He swallows an upwelling rush of emotion, hugging her back for a brief moment.

MIGUEL

Go to your family, Kaylee. Quick.

KAYLEE nods, exits. Almost running. MIGUEL takes a moment, then walks across the room, back to:

LENZA and T-TIME - lying in pools of their own blood. Their LEGS and WRISTS bound with TWISTY TIES. They're moaning, pissed, hurting. They both see MIGUEL approaching, standing over them:

LENZA

You bust us up - then you let our bitch go. What gives? We don't know where Henry is. Untie us so we can get patched up before the hospitals close - we only have a few minutes.

MIGUEL - hellbent and focused and furious - doesn't respond. He's eyeing his captives. With deep venom. He's holding a rusty knife at his side now. He takes a deep breath, trying to shake off the emotion of the KAYLEE situation - to focus back on the issue at hand.

He grabs LENZA'S strange large TASER GUN-LIKE DEVICE, then:

MIGUEL

Maybe you really don't know where Henry is. But you're gonna help me anyway.

(leaning close to them)

You savages know what I want - I know you know - because you remember me. I know he -

(gestures to T-Time)

- does. That's why you made a move on my ass. So whattaya say? This is my family, so you know I'm not playing. Either help me out or I'm gonna have no choice but to 'fry some ass' tonight.

Beat. LENZA looks terrified but he manages to say:

LENZA

Bro, you could fry ass all you  
want. But we can't tell you what we  
don't know. No way, no how.

Off that -

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

EXT. THE ROW - NIGHT

Night's falling... Fast... Miguel's walking out of the ROW, and his expression tells us that he did NOT get the information he needed from the meth-heads. As he moves to his CAR, he checks his watch - the Purge is approaching fast and he's got no leads in his search. He shakes his head, mind racing, hopelessness setting in. He looks vulnerable for the first time as he says to out loud, to no one:

MIGUEL  
(sotto)  
Where are you, Pe-

But he's interrupted by:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
- Hey.

He turns quickly and spots KAYLEE standing in a NEARBY ALLEY - hidden in its shadows.

MIGUEL  
What are you still doing here? I told you to go home.

Beat. Then:

KAYLEE  
I didn't say it in there because I didn't want them to hear.

MIGUEL  
What? Hear what?

Beat.

KAYLEE  
I know who you are looking for. I know where you need to go - but you ain't gonna like it.

Off MIGUEL'S face -

CUT TO:

INT. MOORE FINANCIAL/ELEVATORS - NIGHT

JANE is walking fast through a corridor of MOORE FINANCIAL, purpose and haste in her strides.

She's holding that MANILA ENVELOPE tightly as she approaches the BANK of ELEVATORS and the TWO SECURITY GUARDS waiting there.

SECURITY GUARD 1

Ms. Barbour, it's minutes away from commencement, this is the only secure floor in the building.

JANE

I'll be fine. Back in a few minutes.

She hits the ELEVATOR - waits a few awkward seconds then DING. Elevator arrives, she disappears within.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORPORATE SKYSCRAPER/FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Empty, deserted halls. No one around. DING. The ELEVATOR DOOR opens and JANE steps off, eyeing the quiet corridors.

She knows where she's going - toward the BACK of the building - using KEYS to enter MAINTENANCE HALLWAYS - all empty - no one anywhere.

She's up to something and her expression reveals increasing apprehension and anxiety with each step. But she presses on, proceeding down another corridor, through another DOOR, entering the:

MECHANICAL ROOM

JANE moves through this maze of LARGE MACHINERY. Deeper into the bowels of this building. She continues, toward the rear of this room, when she begins to HEAR SOMETHING. A GRINDING SOUND. She slows her walk, the protracted WHIRR growing louder. She stops, turns, and peers down a LONG ROW of MACHINERY. At its end, she sees:

A MAN - in janitor's COVERALLS - sharpening a LARGE MACHETE on a GRINDER (atop a WORK BENCH).

He looks up, catches JANE's eye across the room. JANE tenses, takes a step back.

JANITOR

Don't worry. Not you.

That hangs there. JANE doesn't respond. He continues grinding.

JANE then continues walking, distancing herself from the JANITOR, to this ROOM'S REAR where she finds a:

BACK SERVICE DOOR

Leading to the alley behind the building. She looks through the DOOR'S SMALL WINDOW. Searching for someone outside. No one there, until WHAM. A FACE suddenly appears in that small window, scaring the bejesus out of JANE.

She calms herself. Taking a breath. She looks back at the face of the WOMAN on the other side of the door. The woman is unmoving. She stares at JANE with unwavering intensity.

The WOMAN is about 25 years old with a face that's a road map of places you don't want to visit. Her name is BRACKA. Something about BRACKA and her stare gives JANE pause. She fidgets uncomfortably under BRACKA's intense gaze.

JANE reaches down to UNLOCK the DOOR between them with a KEY. BRACKA quickly KNOCKS on the window and shakes her HEAD vehemently as she says:

BRACKA

Wait. I told you - no transactions until the Purge begins. There's eyes everywhere.

JANE nods, understanding, my bad. She doesn't open the door.

JANE and hard-ass BRACKA just stand there - one on each side of the door respectively - staring at each other through that small window, waiting for something. JANE's anxiety rising with each second,

CUT TO:

INT. STANTON MANSION/BATHROOM - NIGHT

ARGHHH. Someone's VOMITING in this very expensive commode. It's JENNA - rising from the toilet - flushing it, throwing water on her face. She holds her stomach - not feeling well.

She then eyes herself in the mirror, staring at her reflection for a pensive beat. She takes a breath, exits.

INT. STANTON MANSION/BATHROOM/HALLWAY/PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

As JENNA steps out, and WHOOSH. She nearly crashes right into CATALINA - the maid who was reprimanded earlier by Hostess ELLIE Stanton. CATALINA and JENNA get entangled, helping each other so as not to fall.

CATALINA  
So sorry, Miss.

JENNA  
Please, no. Don't apologize. I  
wasn't looking where I was going.

CATALINA stares at JENNA - stunned by JENNA's apology.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
You OK?

CATALINA  
Sorry, yes. I am. Thank you. I'm  
not used to -

Her voice fades. But JENNA gets it. Beat.

JENNA  
I don't want to bother you but  
maybe you could help me. Do you  
have Tylenol? I'm not feeling too  
well.

CATALINA  
Yes, of course, please, follow me.

CATALINA escorts JENNA down this back hall. As they walk:

JENNA  
It's not my business but I saw what  
happened with Mrs. Stanton earlier.  
I just wanted to ask if your wrist  
was OK.

CATALINA looks at her - very surprised, almost shocked by  
JENNA'S concern:

CATALINA  
I'm OK. Thanks for asking.

JENNA  
Mrs. Stanton's probably just tense  
and uptight and wants everything to  
be perfect for this stupid Purge  
Party. That's not an excuse, but  
it's something.

CATALINA nods. Looks at JENNA curiously. Then:

CATALINA  
You don't like this night?

Beat.

JENNA

No. I don't. At all.

CATALINA seems shocked. As they walk on:

CATALINA

May I ask - why are you here then?

Beat.

JENNA

A business opportunity.

CATALINA

(nodding, aware)

Oh. Right. Mr. Stanton only closes his big business deals on Purge Night.

JENNA nods - you're right - but looks at CATALINA, expression saying - *"how did you know that?"*

CATALINA (CONT'D)

(explaining)

I overhear a lot.

JENNA nods - of course - as they walk into the PANTRY. CATALINA quickly finds the Tylenol:

CATALINA (CONT'D)

Here it is.

CATALINA hands JENNA a BOTTLE OF TYLENOL and a CUP of WATER.

JENNA

Thank you so much. You're a life saver.

CATALINA

Is there anything else you need, Miss -

JENNA

- Jenna. Call me Jenna. And I don't need anything - your name is -

CATALINA

- Catalina.

JENNA

Catalina.

(extends her hand )

Nice to meet you.

CATALINA

You too, Miss - sorry - Jenna.

They share a smile as CATALINA walks off, leaving JENNA alone, where she downs the TYLENOL.

She then turns to exit the PANTRY - when her eyes fall on a nearby BANK OF FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHS on a WALL. PICS of ELLIE STANTON and HER HUSBAND ALBERT. Then a PIC with their DAUGHTER - a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN - LILA (whom we immediately recognize from the sexy Soul Cycle flashback).

JENNA stares at the photo of LILA.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK & JENNA'S HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Satin Sheets. White, tanned flesh. Bodies entwined, naked, passionate, moaning. CLOSE SHOTS of SKIN, FLESH, HANDS, TOUCHING, LIPS LOCKED, TONGUE ON TONGUE, TONGUE ON SKIN. PULL BACK to REVEAL who's going at it like feral animals:

RICK and LILA. He's on top - they switch - she's up top now - then WHAM. He throws her down - forcefully - playfully - he's on top again - then she's pushing him forcefully, playfully, pulling his hair, biting his neck.

Then she's spinning and he's behind her.

This is much different than RICK and JENNA fucking in the earlier flashback. There's rough, intense passion here.

SLOWLY PAN OFF THESE WILD ANIMALS, across the room - finding:

JENNA - CLOSE UP ON HER FACE - NEARBY - watching - intensely. Have they been caught? And that's when JENNA sees:

LILA - turning - as RICK continues fucking her from behind. LILA and JENNA hold an intense stare. JENNA seems enthralled, watching her husband fuck this young woman.

LILA then summons JENNA with a playful pointer finger. 'Come here'. JENNA hesitates - just for a beat - she then moves forward, and we see her full-bodied for the first time - she's nude.

She climbs into bed. Kissing LILA while simultaneously caressing RICK as he continues fucking their young neighbor. Off this intense uninhibited threesome,

CUT BACK TO:

INT. STANTON MANSION/HALLWAY - NIGHT

JENNA is staring at LILA's photo. She's flustered, caught in the memory. It takes a moment to wrestle herself away from the photo, pulling herself back down the hall. As JENNA walks off, WE HOLD ON THE PHOTO OF LILA,

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Empty. No traffic. No one on foot. WHOOSH. MIGUEL's NOVA hauls ass down this street. The lone vehicle on the road.

INT. NOVA - CONTINUOUS

As MIGUEL, driven by the information given to him by Kaylee, pounds the gas, back on his tense search. A REPORTER on the RADIO announces:

REPORTER (ON RADIO)  
- Prognosticators are predicting a record turn-out tonight so unless you want to release the beast, get home ASAP, as we are minutes away from the annual blood holiday.

MIGUEL shakes his head, racing through this city now, looking for something/someone, time clearly not on his side. He peers out the window, eyes looking everywhere, when he spies:

3 MEN - CARRYING a LARGE STEEL CAGE into a parallel STREET. The cage could fit a BEAR, or several PEOPLE. MIGUEL catches just a glimpse of this Purge trap, driving on, also seeing:

10 MEN - wearing strange FURRY BUNNY COSTUMES and DEMON MASKS - in an alley. They are jumping around, screaming:

GANG  
PURGE!!!!!!

MIGUEL hits the gas - faster.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HALFWAY HOUSE/FOYER - NIGHT

Empty brick foyer. Old, but clean. We don't know where we are. O.S. MULTIPLE VOICES ARE SINGING some kind of HYMN:

VOICES SINGING (O.S.)  
Welcome them in... Their blood for  
your embrace...

A DOOR OPENS and MIGUEL enters from the exterior, haste in his step. He's looking around, sees no one, but hears that creepy O.S. hymn. He tries several nearby DOORS. All LOCKED. He calls out - YELLING:

MIGUEL  
Is any one here?

No response. Then - louder:

MIGUEL (CONT'D)  
IS ANY ONE HERE GODDAMNIT????

Only a beat before a previously locked DOOR OPENS and a SMALL CROWD of a 6 TEENS - between 14-17 - exit in a tight PACK. All wearing WHITE AND YELLOW ROBES.

Their expressions bristling with serenity (just like PENELOPE and her fellow Blue-Robed followers of TAVIS). This throng of bright-eyed TEENS surround MIGUEL - non-threatening - all speaking to him at once:

TEENS  
Are you here to join us? Become our  
brother? To serve him? Good Leader  
accepts one, accepts all.

MIGUEL's no bullshit, hard expression doesn't fit here at all. He staring at the TEENS, baffled and confused by them, thrown by their song, their robes, and persistent bliss:

MIGUEL  
Shut up.

They don't:

TEENS  
Please join us. We always have room  
for more. We were just about to  
lock-down for the night. Good  
Leader will be back later to -



MIGUEL  
I SAID SHUT THE HELL UP!

That BARK quiets the crowd - but it doesn't take the smiles from their faces. They stare at him in gleeful silence now. One of them - a 16 YEAR OLD MALE with his long hair in a BUN - assumes the leadership role:

BUNNED TEEN  
We didn't mean to agitate you.  
Agitation is never our intent. How  
can we help you?

MIGUEL  
I'm looking for someone who might  
be here. My sister.

MIGUEL reveals a PHOTO from his POCKET.

It's a picture of PENELOPE. From years ago. The photo shows PENELOPE WITH MIGUEL. Younger, happier, laughing together.

The serene teens smile, nodding, recognizing her.

TEENS  
Of course. Goddess Penny. PENNY.  
Sister Penny. O M F. O M F. We know  
what happened to you and your  
sister on the very first Purge.  
You're both so special.

MIGUEL's losing it, trying hard to remain cool:

MIGUEL  
Enough. Stop. Look here - she wrote  
me this letter.

He reveals a LETTER from his POCKET - handwritten.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)  
(reading letter)  
'I'm joining them... On the  
Anniversary of their Giving...  
Stepping out of flesh and into the  
Invisible...'  
(beat, to Bunned Teen)  
She's talking about our parents who  
were killed on Purge night years  
ago - so I know she's in deep shit  
tonight. But what is 'the Giving'?  
What is 'the Invisible'?

BUNNED TEEN

She's Giving. It's her time. We're not ready yet - none of us. We're just too young now.

Growing increasingly frustrated:

MIGUEL

What does it mean to "give..."

BUNNED TEEN

To help them - those in need. Those who have anger and hatred in their flesh - those who must release it.

MIGUEL

(still confused)

I don't understand. She's Purging?

Shaking his head hard:

BUNNED TEEN

No. Never.

(then)

She's being Purged upon.

MIGUEL's face congeals - he checks his watch - just minutes to 7. Minutes to the Purge.

MIGUEL

What is the goddamn 'Invisible'?

BUNNED TEEN

It's what you call Heaven. But different. It's where lucky OMF Goddess Penny is going tonight, where she will joyously rejoin your parents.

MIGUEL's expression falls - now he gets it completely. Worse than he imagined. He's too late. The young bad ass Marine looks heartbroken. One last question:

MIGUEL

Where is my sister right now?

As he waits for the answer,

CUT TO:

INT. STANTON MANSION/PURGE PARTY - NIGHT

JENNA walks down a LONG HALL - toward the MAIN PARTY ROOM. She pauses before entering - taking a deep breath, mustering up courage for the evening. She enters the DENSE CROWD - immediately searching for RICK.

She finds him in the middle of the wealthy horde.

RICK

Hey. Just looking for you.

(then)

You OK? You look pale.

JENNA

My stomach's upset. I'll be fine.

(then)

Did you find him?

RICK

I saw him - but he was busy talking  
and I didn't want to interrupt.

JENNA nods, OK, opening to her mouth to say something - when:

ELLIE STANTON

EVERYONE. CAN I HAVE YOUR  
ATTENTION?

Everyone turns, finding HOSTESS ELLIE standing in the front of the room, (with her suave and magisterial husband - ALBERT by her side) addressing the crowd:

ELLIE STANTON (CONT'D)

We're just minutes away from the start of this glorious holiday. But first I want to thank all of you for coming. I am so proud to not only be the host of our annual Party, but to be, with my husband, co-chairs of the state's New Founding Fathers benefactor committee. Most of you are major donors to the NFFA - those who are not will be convinced to open their wallets later tonight.

Everyone laughs - RICK and JENNA exchange a look as ELLIE continues - serious now:

ELLIE

We should all be proud of what we have accomplished these last few years.

(MORE)

ELLIE (CONT'D)

It is our private money, our generous donations to the New Founding Fathers, that has not only put them in the White House, but it is what keeps them there. I call our donations long-term ideological investments - our support of the NFFA helps them implement policy and programs we believe in, including the Purge - the great liquidator of our time.

RICK and JENNA exchange an incredulous look.

JENNA

(whispers)  
Liquidator?

RICK winces as,

ELLIE

Tonight, on our holiday, we celebrate our accomplishments, we pat ourselves on the back - because we made this country great. Once again, thank you, and I hope this party is as good as last year's. OK - enough political talk - let's begin -

She looks at her husband - who raises a REMOTE - before he HITS a BUTTON on it, she says to the crowd:

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Wait - in case anyone forgot - once we lock down we will not be opening the barricades until the Purge is over, for obvious safety reasons. So - this is your last chance, folks - does anyone want to escape?

Another round of laughter. RICK and JENNA exchange one more look -

RICK

You sure we want to do this?

JENNA

Well -

Before she finishes her sentence, ALBERT STANTON presses that BUTTON on the REMOTE and suddenly:

SOLID STEEL BARRICADES ELECTRONICALLY EMERGE from SLOTS in front of EVERY WINDOW AND DOOR of THIS HOME - these fortifying BULWARKS SLOWLY LOWER OVER all entrances and exits, sealing shut this home with these gates of steel. The WHIRR of THE CLOSING SECURITY BARRICADES BELLOWS ominously.

As soon as the BARRICADES are down, the CROWD APPLAUDS.

RICK and JENNA exchange a look as:

ELLIE STANTON  
Lock down complete. Let the fun  
begin. Ladies bring out the gifts.

On cue, CATALINA and 6 OTHER HOUSEKEEPERS/MAIDS enter the GRAND ROOM. Each holds a LARGE SATIN BAG - each bag filled with something. CATALINA and her follow MAIDS approach the GUESTS as:

ELLIE STANTON (CONT'D)  
Everyone reach in and take one. We  
have a special Purge theme tonight.  
You'll understand it when you see  
it.

The curious crowd waits in anticipation as CATALINA AND THE OTHER MAIDS HOLD OPEN the BAGS:

ELLIE STANTON (CONT'D)  
Don't be afraid. Everyone take one.

GUESTS begin reaching into the BAGS and FISHING out:

MASKS. Of HUMAN FACES. People seem confused at first - staring at the creepy masks as:

ELLIE STANTON (CONT'D)  
Each mask has a name tag. Our Maids  
will tell you a few details about  
the person you'll be wearing  
tonight.

CATALINA steps up to JENNA and RICK. She and JENNA exchange a smile as she opens the BAG for them. RICK reaches in first - JENNA next. They both stare at their MASKS.

A FEMALE MASK for JENNA. A MALE MASK for RICK. They read the NAME TAGS that came with the MASKS:

RICK  
David Berkowitz.

JENNA  
Susan Atkins.

RICK  
(pure shock)  
Are you kidding me?

JENNA  
(agape)  
This is insane.

CATALINA then recites (rote, with no emotion at all):

CATALINA  
David Berkowitz, born Richard Falco, June 1, 1953, known also as Son of Sam .44 Caliber Killer, was convicted of eight separate shooting attacks that began in New York during the summer of 1976.

RICK's rendered speechless as CATALINA looks at JENNA and says (no enthusiasm):

CATALINA (CONT'D)  
Susan Denise Atkins born May 7, 1948 was a convicted American murderer who was a member of Charles Manson's family. Manson and his followers committed a series of nine murders in California, in the summer of 1969. Atkins testified that she held down pregnant victim Sharon Tate while fellow murderer Tex Watson stabbed her to death.

That hangs there. JENNA is ashen. She looks at RICK - who's putting on his NAME TAG - **David Berkowitz**. He too looks ashen. JENNA looks at CATALINA - they share a silent moment of pure disgust as CATALINA walks off. JENNA looks around the party seeing:

OTHER GUESTS putting on their creepy SERIAL KILLER MASKS. Dicky spies the accompanying NAME TAGS:

- **LIZZIE BORDEN**
- **TED BUNDY**
- **ELIZABETH BATHORY**

She HEARS various MAIDS reciting details about EACH KILLER:

VARIOUS MAIDS  
- the 1892 axe murders of her father and stepmother....  
(MORE)

VARIOUS MAIDS (CONT'D)  
Confessed to 30 homicides committed  
in seven states between 1974 and  
1978... Has been labelled by  
Guinness as the most prolific  
female murderer...

JENNA is in a... daze. So is RICK.

JENNA  
Just put on the name tag. And the  
mask. So we don't stick out.

RICK places the **SUSAN ATKINS TAG** on Jenna's dress - before helping her put the **ATKINS' MASK** over her face. He has his on too. What a fucking couple. They're both spinning - looking off into the **PARTY** - everyone's wearing their **MASKS** now - 60 **GUESTS** - a macabre tableau of death, a history of infamous badmen (and women) told through plastic facades, in the most luxurious environment imaginable as **ELLIE** (now wearing a John Wayne Gacy clown mask) says:

ELLIE STANTON  
We wear these masks in  
commemoration of those who paved  
the way and Purged before it was  
legal. OK - I think everyone has  
their mask on. Great. We're just  
seconds away now -

Host **ALBERT** (now wearing a **ZODIAC KILLER MASK**) turns on a **NEARBY 100 INCH FLAT-SCREEN** (with that universal **REMOTE** again) which displays the end of a **PURGE COMMERCIAL** displaying **SERENE IMAGES OF PEACE** and **BEAUTY**, accompanied by a **SOOTHING VOICE**:

SOOTHING VOICE  
Cleanse... Purify... Purge... Make  
America Great again...

**THE SCREEN** then cuts to **BLUE**. Hold on the blue for an elongated beat. Hold on **JENNA** as she waits in grim anticipation. Then, it comes:

The ominous **DIGITIZED EMERGENCY BROADCAST SYSTEM ALARM** sound off, followed by **THE PURGE SCROLL** and its female **VOICEOVER**:

FEMALE VOICE  
This is not a test. This is your  
emergency broadcast system  
announcing the commencement of the  
Annual Purge sanctioned by the U.S.  
Government. Weapons of Class 4 and  
lower have been authorized for use  
during the Purge.  
(MORE)

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

All other weapons are restricted. Government officials of ranking 10 have been granted immunity from the Purge and shall not be harmed. Commencing at the siren, any and all crime, including murder, will be legal for 12 continuous hours. Police, fire, and emergency medical services will be unavailable until tomorrow morning at 7 AM, when The Purge concludes. Blessed be our New Founding Fathers and America, a nation reborn. May God be with you all.

A beat of silence and then: WAAAAA! The PURGE SIRENS WAIL, blaring through this massive barricaded home.

The Wealthy Masked Party Folk all embrace, toasting, drinking CHAMPAGNE, escorting in the Purge as if it were New Years.

Hosts ELLIE and ALBERT are hugging everyone. JENNA and RICK, masked, embrace halfheartedly. All RICK could say is:

RICK

My God. Maybe we should have gotten the hell out of here.

JENNA nods absently, still in shock. They continue hugging uncomfortably in the middle of the celebrating veiled crowd, in this Serial Killer-Themed Purge Party, as the SIRENS continue to blare and we VISIT:

INT. CORPORATE SKYSCRAPER/BACK DOOR - NIGHT (SAME)

As JANE and the hard-staring female BRACKA face each through that small WINDOW as the PURGE SIRENS bellow.

BRACKA nods - OPEN THE DOOR NOW. JANE nods, so nervous. She's fumbling with keys. Sirens still blaring. JANE opens the door, revealing 25 year old BRACKA full-bodied - she's a hard-muscled warrior - wearing armor, and holding a CANVAS BAG full of something.

BRACKA stands there, tall, confident. All bad ass. JANE hands her the ENVELOPE. BRACKA looks inside - sees STACKS of MONEY. She begins counting it carefully. JANE just stares at her, full of anxiety, as those SIRENS continue. VISIT:



EXT. HALFWAY HOUSE - NIGHT (SAME)

As MIGUEL exits the HALFWAY HOUSE, as the PURGE SIRENS continue screaming across the city. He stops, standing there, listening to them echo. VISIT:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (SAME)

The Purge school bus drives through the city as the PURGE SIRENS ring out.

INT. BLUE SCHOOL BUS - NIGHT (SAME)

TAVIS and his CULT MEMBERS are all praying, including PENELOPE, eyes closed as the SIRENS blare hauntingly.

INT. STANTON MANSION/PURGE PARTY - NIGHT (SAME)

JENNA and RICK (still masked along with everyone else) are still embracing as PEOPLE DRINK and POUR CHAMPAGNE all around them. JENNA is handed a glass - but doesn't drink from it as she and RICK go through the motions.

The final SIREN blares. Silence. It's officially begun.

JENNA leans in to RICK and whispers:

JENNA  
Go talk to Albert, close that  
goddamn deal, so we can -

She suddenly stops - seeing that RICK is distracted - he's pulled away from her. He's staring at something O.S. Something that has his full attention. He actually removes his mask - face congealing with surprise.

JENNA sees his expression and she turns, follows his gaze to:

THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE across the room. And there, descending from the SECOND FLOOR is the aforementioned:

LILA - in an exquisite gown that hugs her lithe frame. She's not wearing a mask - she's beyond gorgeous, sexy, elegant.

JENNA sees her. Beat. JENNA removes her mask. Her expression tightening - mouth falling open, cartoonishly agape. "She" is here. Holy fuck.

Shocked Husband and Wife stare at this statuesque beauty descending, making a grand entrance, getting the attention of many people in this room, and leaving the BETANCOURTS completely breathless.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. CORPORATE SKYSCRAPER/BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Where JANE continues watching BRACKA counting her money. Satisfied, BRACKA looks up and says simply:

BRACKA  
No turning back.

JANE nods, unable to hide her apprehension.

BRACKA (CONT'D)  
I'm off the grid from this point on. No contact. You'll get a text when it's done.

JANE takes a breath. Nods again. She's nearly trembling.

BRACKA walks off, as O.S. GUN SHOTS begin to RISE in the near distance. BRACKA reaches down, extracting a SILVER HAND CANNON (DESERT EAGLE) from that duffle bag.

She's armed and ready as she walks off into the lawless night.

JANE watches her go, freaked, as those O.S. GUNSHOTS continue.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALFWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

MIGUEL is opening the door of his NOVA, ready to search for PENELOPE, when he HEARS:

PURGER (O.S.)  
WHO WANTS SOME? C'MON!

He spots a MASKED GUNMEN - A BLOCK AWAY - emerging from a building dressed as a NINJA, holding an AUTOMATIC WEAPON as well as a SAMURAI SWORD. He's screaming into the night:

PURGER (CONT'D)  
COME GET SOME BITCHES! I AM -

Before NINJA MAN could finish that sentence POP. POP. He's cut down by a HEAD SHOT, delivered by:

A ROOFTOP SNIPER - that MIGUEL spots several blocks away.

Purging has begun. The city's quickly turning into Dantean Hell.

MIGUEL jumps into his Nova and takes off, skidding out fast.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A MAN walks down the center of a STREET, carrying a WOMAN who's completely veiled in blood. His expression numb as:

MAN 1

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry...

He continues walking, cradling that bleeding woman, repeating "I'm sorry..." over and over, when:

THE BLUE SCHOOL BUS - drives right by him slowly.

INT. BLUE SCHOOL BUS - NIGHT

All the blue-robed young OCCUPANTS of the BUS are staring out at the MAN and BLOODIED WOMAN - some hiding shock more than others. PENELOPE holds MELISSA's hand, comforting her frightened friend.

GOOD LEADER TAVIS stares outside, scanning the streets for something, someone. His eyes find MOVEMENT inside a nearby PARK - just ahead. It looks like some kind of GANG. TAVIS taps the DRIVER:

GOOD LEADER TAVIS

Toward the park.

The DRIVER obliges - steering the BUS toward the park - toward that GANG within. Everyone on the bus is seeing that GANG now - staring out at them - they are slowly revealed in detail as the BUS draws closer.

The Gang members are all holding gold-plated AXES. They are all wearing LITTLE BLONDE GIRL WITH PONY-TAIL MASKS. They look terrifying.

TAVIS taps the DRIVER. Stop here. The BUS stops - next to the PARK. Everyone's watching that axe-wielding GANG inside the tree-lined park, moving as a pack.

GOOD LEADER TAVIS stands and proceeds down the center aisle of the bus - his whispered proselytizing rises:

GOOD LEADER TAVIS (CONT'D)

It's the Giving Time. Now we do our duty. We help the sinners release their hatred. We step out of our flesh and become vessels to carry their sins. Earth's Children will reap the rewards of our selflessness and we will exit righteously, escaping the darkness of our lives, and reaping the rewards of the Invisible. One last second of suffering will lead to eternal love.

The young blue-robed men and women all bow their heads as TAVIS holds his right hand high in the air. He begins moving up and down the aisle - his open palm hovering above the heads of his disciples.

Some kind of 'choosing' ritual is unfolding.

MELISSA trembles. PENELOPE tenses with anticipation.

After going back and forth several times, hand high, TAVIS stops, his hand falling upon the head of a young MAN - 18 years old - the most peaceful smile gracing his face.

GOOD LEADER TAVIS (CONT'D)

Arthur, it's time to Give.

ARTHUR rises. He faces everyone and says:

ARTHUR

I've loved myself too much. I've loved you all too little.

TAVIS embraces Arthur tenderly - then takes ARTHUR's hand and escorts him down the aisle of the bus - his fellow cult members, including PENELOPE, bidding him farewell:

BLUE ROBED MEN AND WOMEN

Bye, Arthur, we love you Arthur,  
enter in peace.

The DRIVER OPENS the BUS DOOR. ARTHUR steps off the BUS, into the Night. All the CULT MEMBERS, including PENELOPE, are watching him as he walks into the Park - right toward that PONY-TAILED GIRL MASKED GANG of AX-WIELDING MAD MEN.

TAVIS begins singing as he watches ARTHUR through windows:

GOOD LEADER TAVIS

Purify His Flesh. Cleanse His  
soul...

Everyone else joins in. Everyone except MELISSA. She's watching ARTHUR, slack-jawed with horror, as:

EXT. TREE-LINED PARK - CONTINUOUS

ARTHUR continues across that manicured lawn of this meadow. Toward that GANG. ARTHUR raises his arms - holding them out Christ-like - continuing to walk toward the horde of Purgers ahead. He's humming the "Purify" Hymn.

INT. BLUE SCHOOL BUS - CONTINUOUS

PENELOPE and her fellow Cult Members are watching with smiles (all except MELISSA), singing the "Purify" hymn.

BLUE ROBED MEN AND WOMEN  
The Giving Is Near. The Invisible  
Awaits...

They all watch as the terrifying Gang starts to run toward ARTHUR. MELISSA releases a subtle cry. PENELOPE squeezes her hand.

EXT. TREE-LINED PARK - CONTINUOUS

ARTHUR freezes in his tracks. Fear registering on his face for the first time as he sees the:

PONY-TAILED BLONDE GIRL MASKED GANG running toward him like a juggernaut. All holding their AXES above their heads - all releasing PURGE WAR CRIES under their cute masks.

ARTHUR's saying to himself rapidly now:

ARTHUR  
Take me to the Invisible. Take me  
to the Invisible. It is my time to  
Give. It is my time to Give.

He closes his eyes just as the gang reaches him and surrounds him. They raise their AXES - multiple axes swinging in SLO-MOTION right toward ARTHUR as we GO BACK TO:

INT. BLUE SCHOOL BUS - CONTINUOUS

TAVIS, PENELOPE, and all the CULT MEMBERS are watching the O.S. MURDER/PURGE/SACRIFICE.

Varying degrees of reaction from the CULT MEMBERS - everything from fear and revulsion to wonderment and joy as they watch their friend rent asunder by AXES O.S. They begin to hear SCREAMS. ARTHUR's excruciating cries rise, as he is killed, echoing through the night.

TAVIS begins to sing louder:

GOOD LEADER TAVIS  
STEP INTO THE INVISIBLE...

MELISSA lowers her head, unable to watch.

PENELOPE continues looking at the O.S. MURDER. ARTHUR's SCREAMS crescendo as PENELOPE's grin fades - her expression revealing something other than gleeful reverie for the first time.

Fear and sorrow flit across her face for a quick beat. She begins singing louder, as she turns away from the O.S. horror show, trying to summon back her expression of sweet serenity.

She sings louder and louder and louder.

CUT TO BLACK.

Silence in the darkness. Then - an impassioned TONY ROBBINS LIKE VOICE rises in the vacuum:

MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER (O.S.)  
What is America? America is, we've  
been told, the land of the free.  
So tell me then - what is more  
American than the Purge? Nothing.  
The Purge is the ultimate night of  
freedom.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD HOME/CREEPY LARGE TRUCK - NIGHT

Old, yet well-kept home. THE GARAGE IS OPEN. A MAN in home-forged BODY ARMOR, wearing a CREEPY MASK, carries WEAPONS (RIFLES) out of his GARAGE and brings them to his:

TRUCK. AN ARMORED BRINKS TRUCK - fortified for PURGE NIGHT WITH BULLET PROOF GLASS and additional ARMOR on its sides. The back of the TRUCK IS OPEN - revealing its dark interior - the WALLS are lined with more WEAPONS - upon which this MASKED MAN places the RIFLES - lining them up with methodical care as we HEAR that SPEAKER:

MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER (O.S.)

On Purge Night you are free to do whatever you want - with no law, no person, no governing body dictating your behavior. On Purge Night, America lives up to its promise. The Purge is America.

MASKED MAN then closes the TRUCK'S DOOR. Locks it. Checks the TIRES making sure they're strong. He opens the truck's front door -

INT. CREEPY LARGE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

As MASKED MAN gets inside, behind the wheel. The interior is clean, with an IPAD on its dash. THREE GUNS, a BLACK JACK, and a MACHETE on the passenger seat. MASKED MAN looks at himself in the rear view mirror - adjusts his mask. It's on perfect. He's ready now. Ready for the night. He drives out - into the streets - raising the VOLUME on his RADIO (a CD playing is the SOURCE of that MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER) as we HEAR:

MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER (O.S.)

So how will you use this freedom? Will you right some wrongs? Will you heal? Will you hurt? Will you give life? Will you take life? How will you Purge? The answer is - any way you want. As an American you are free to choose how you will spend this evening of infinite possibility. Just don't let yourself or your country down. Be American and Purge. Purge all night long.

MASKED MAN steers his armored vehicle onward, listening to the SPEAKER, driving into the night.

END OF EPISODE