

DIVERGENT

by

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Based on the novel by Veronica Roth

FIRST DRAFT

BEATRICE (V.O.)
Am I selfless... or am I brave?

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - MORNING

Elevated. Running past derelict tenement buildings. This could be a scene out of modern-day Chicago...

BUT OFF IN THE DISTANCE-- a TRAIN WHISTLE SOUNDS, followed by the RUSH OF WIND. And then, a TRAIN zooms past us, lightning fast. Not a normal train -- a high-tech MAGLEV MONORAIL. This isn't present-day, it's sometime in the FUTURE.

ON THE STREET BELOW

A GIRL [16] looks up at the train. She has a narrow face and wide eyes, currently filled with a mix of curiosity and awe. This is **BEATRICE**. Clad in ill-fitting gray clothes, dress code for the ABNEGATION FACTION, which she belongs to.

Something about that train piques Beatrice's interest. She goes to her tiptoes, squints, but she can only see the ROUGH SILHOUETTES of the train's RIDERS through the windows. From the look on Beatrice's face, it's not really the train that's catching her eye... it's the PEOPLE WHO ARE RIDING ON IT.

CALEB (O.S.)
Beatrice!

Beatrice turns to her brother, CALEB [16], also in gray clothes. Awkwardly tall, with glasses and perfectly parted hair. He stands on the OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET, tapping his toe.

CALEB
We're going to miss the bus.

Beatrice nods, takes one last look at the train, before catching up with her brother. But as she crosses the street, she trips a bit on her baggy gray Abnegation pants. The drab clothing -- and perhaps the Faction it signifies -- doesn't quite suit her. She recovers, crosses the street to join her brother.

UP ABOVE, the maglev train zooms down the tracks and towards-- THE CITY. Looks like CHICAGO... as if it has survived some sort of CATAclysm and been rebuilt with more advanced technology.

The crowning building used to be called the Sears Tower. Now, it's called THE HUB. Like everything else in the City, it's been modified. Chunks of the building have been blasted out and patched up with more high-tech materials.

And barely visible in the distant haze is a MASSIVE WALL, which seems to encircle the entire City.

EXT. BUS STOP - LATER THAT MORNING

Still in a residential area of the City, Beatrice and Caleb stand in a DIVERSE CROWD. When the hybrid-bus pulls up, Beatrice takes a step towards it, but Caleb stops her--

BEATRICE
Sorry, I forgot.

CALEB
Seems like you forget every time.

BEATRICE
I guess I'm a horrible Abnegation then.

Caleb shoots Beatrice a look, critical of her sarcasm. Together, Beatrice and Caleb selflessly allow EVERYONE ELSE onboard first. Soon, the full bus pulls away without Caleb and Beatrice.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - THE HUB - LATER

Forced to walk, Beatrice and Caleb pass the towering Hub, joining a crowd of FACTION MEMBERS. But lurking at the periphery of the scene -- down darkened alleys, behind broken-down buildings -- WE'LL SEE TINY GLIMPSES of the darker side of this city: a sizable UNDERCLASS of disheveled, diseased HOMELESS VAGRANTS.

VIDEO-BILLBOARDS flash advertisements and government propaganda. At the moment, most of the vid-boards stream the same stylized political ad -- Soviet propaganda poster meets Norman Rockwell. The ad reads: **CHOOSING CEREMONY - TOMORROW AT NOON**

*A SILHOUETTED FIGURE is found below those words. Could be Beatrice, Caleb, or any other sixteen year old. The silhouette is surrounded by FIVE LARGER FIGURES, each representing a DIFFERENT FACTION. Written beneath this tableau: **WHO WILL YOU BECOME?***

Beatrice seems entranced by the vid-board: *who will you become?*

CALEB (O.S.)
Everything alright?

BEATRICE
Never been better.

Beatrice regards the vid-board up above. Caleb also sees it: **CHOOSING CEREMONY... TOMORROW... NOON... WHO WILL YOU BECOME?**

BEATRICE
I'm sixteen. I can barely choose what I want for lunch, let alone the whole course of the rest of my life.

Caleb tries to laugh, but his smile hides a bit of uncertainty.

CALEB

I honestly don't know why you're worried. The Aptitude Test tells us exactly which Faction we're supposed to join. Makes it easy.

(Beatrice seems unconvinced)

Look, don't stress about it. I'm sure we'll both get Abnegation results anyway. That's what you want, right?

BEATRICE

(swallowing her words)

Yeah... that's what we both want.

(Caleb forces a nod)

But the Test isn't always right, is it?

Caleb doesn't respond, either because he doesn't know the answer, or because he doesn't want to share the answer with Beatrice.

BEATRICE

(getting serious)

I just don't want to make the wrong choice.

Caleb regards the homeless vagrants on the street for a moment.

CALEB

Just take a deep breath, Beatrice, and trust the test.

OFF Beatrice, only slightly heartened by Caleb's encouragement--

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PLAZA - LATER THAT MORNING

In the shadow of the Hub. Looks like a normal school, with self-segregated cliques. But there's a CHARGED ENERGY: Final Exams, College Acceptance Day, Graduation Day, all rolled into one.

Caleb and Beatrice make their way through. IN CLOSE, we'll see that these particular cliques are UNIQUE, divided not by class, ethnicity or popularity... BUT BY FACTION. Beatrice and Caleb first pass the friendly, rosy-cheeked AMITY students, braiding each other's hair and playing hand-slapping games--

Next, Beatrice and Caleb move through a group of robed ERUDITES. Being from a Faction devoted to intelligence, they futilely study for the Aptitude Test--

Finally, Beatrice and Caleb pass by CANDOR students, clad in the usual black and white. Because they're from a Faction devoted to honesty, Candors seek to eliminate barriers between themselves and the world. Hence, they all have shaved heads.

Beatrice and Caleb "swim upstream" through the other Factions, many of whom shake their heads, roll their eyes. Looks like the Abnegation are not well-liked, especially amongst the Erudite.

And then, a sweet-faced Candor boy, PETER [16], shoulder-bumps Beatrice, causing her to FALL ON HER FACE. Everyone stops and stares at her. And no one helps her up. Utterly humiliating.

PETER

Walk much, stiff?

The crowd CHUCKLES as Caleb helps his sister up. Beatrice takes an angry step towards Peter, but Caleb gently pulls her away.

CALEB

(from the Abnegation creed)

"I choose to turn away..."

Beatrice walks with Caleb to a STRETCH OF BROKEN PAVEMENT, where the ABNEGATION kids are gathered, far from the other students. It's not posh, but the Abnegation, being devoted to selflessness, are happy to have it. Caleb and Beatrice spot a group of Abnegation huddled around, reading and discussing something.

ROWDY ABNEGATION BOY

D'you read the news-feed today?

The Abnegation Boy holds up an electronic tablet-device, which displays a news report. THE HEADLINE: **FACTION LEADERS FEAR GROWING ABNEGATION POWER.** Beatrice eyes the PHOTO below: two ABNEGATION POLITICIANS in a COUNCIL, whispering secretively.

BEATRICE

Is that dad?

CALEB

Used to just have it out for Marcus. Now, they're after the whole council--

ROWDY ABNEGATION BOY

--the whole Faction.

A BELL RINGS. The school doors open. Students rush in, with Beatrice and the Abnegation entering last... as usual.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY WINDOW - MOMENTS LATER

Beatrice lets the crowd whiz past her. She stops at a large window looking out onto the TRAIN TRACKS outside the school.

She checks her watch... just as it clicks over to 7:59AM. Right on cue, a familiar clarion TRAIN WHISTLE sounds. Beatrice's eyes widen with fiery anticipation as-- THE MAGLEV TRAIN whips around the corner, bullets past the school.

While moving, the train doors open. TEENAGE BOYS AND GIRLS pop their heads out, smiling, laughing, full of life. Their bodies are adorned with tattoos, piercings, wild hairstyles.

They're members of the fifth Faction, THE DAUNTLESS. Devoted to, what else, BRAVERY. And then, the Dauntless students JUMP FROM THE MOVING TRAIN. Some land effortlessly, some tuck and roll, some even stumble a bit. But all land safely, racing towards the school entrance--

--Beatrice scurries away before they can catch her ogling.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - LATER THAT MORNING

The students are crammed into their seats, again segregated by Faction, bursting at the seams with nervous excitement. Beatrice sits in the Abnegation section. The seat next to her is EMPTY -- Caleb must be off taking the Aptitude Test. Beatrice taps her knee furiously, clasps her hands.

BEATRICE
(psyching herself up)
Trust the test... trust the test...

Just then, the ERUDITE PRINCIPAL leads the previous group of students, including Caleb, back in.

ERUDITE PRINCIPAL
Next group!

Beatrice takes a deep breath, passes Caleb on the way down.

BEATRICE
See you after?

CALEB
I'll just meet you at home...

Beatrice sees that Caleb's face is SICKLY-PALE. And just when she thought she had her nerves under control, they come unravelled.

INT. TESTING ROOM - WINDOWLESS - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens... and Beatrice steps into the dark room.

When her eyes adjust to the darkness, she sees that the whole room is covered with MIRRORS. No matter which way she turns, she can't escape her own frightened reflection. The only SOUND comes from an OSCILLATING FAN in the corner.

DAUNTLESS WOMAN (O.S.)
Sit.

Beatrice jumps. It's so dark she didn't even notice the FIGURE standing behind her in the darkness.

BEATRICE

Sorry... didn't see you there.

It's an Asian DAUNTLESS WOMAN [25]. Not a young student -- but a full-fledged Dauntless warrior. Tattooed, pierced, powerful.

DAUNTLESS WOMAN

You know how to sit, don't you?

Beatrice sees a single RECLINING CHAIR in the center of the room. Looks like a dentist's chair. Next to the chair is a MACHINE with an LCD screen, about the size of a computer. The whole apparatus is strange, foreign and mysterious.

DAUNTLESS WOMAN

It doesn't hurt...

(Beatrice walks to the chair)

Not physically anyway.

Beatrice pauses a moment, then slowly sits.

TORI

My name's TORI. I'll be
administering your Aptitude Test.

Tori flips on her machine, which starts BEEPING RHYTHMICALLY. When Tori turns away, Beatrice notices a TATTOO OF A HAWK on Tori's shoulder, decides to engage in some anxious small-talk:

BEATRICE

Is that a hawk?

TORI

You're curious for an Abnegation.

BEATRICE

Sorry. It's none of my business.

TORI

And you apologize too much.

BEATRICE

Sorry.

Tori affixes ELECTRODES to Beatrice's already sweaty forehead.

TORI

For some people in the ancient
world, the hawk was a sun symbol.
Figured if I always had the sun on
me, I'd never be in darkness...

Tori turns away, and we'll hear the SOUND OF CLANKING GLASS, LIQUID POURING. Beatrice squeezes the leather armrests until her knuckles turn white, worried about what Tori is concocting.

BEATRICE	TORI
You're afraid of the dark--?	--Was afraid. Ink reminds me of the fear I've overcome.

When Tori spins back, she holds a glass vial filled with a LIGHT BLUE LIQUID. Almost like a shot glass.

TORI
Bottoms up.

BEATRICE
What is it?

Tori simply stares Beatrice down -- and Beatrice nods with grudging acceptance, presses the air from her lungs, then GUZZLES the blue serum. Her face twists. A shiver shoots down her spine. Like a shot of strong whiskey.

But when Beatrice opens her eyes again, TORI IS GONE.

BEATRICE
Hey... hello. This isn't funny...

Beatrice rips the electrodes off her head, rushes to the door. But finds NO KNOB. In fact, there's no door at all anymore. It's all part of a mirrored wall now. No way out.

BEATRICE
Hello! Somebody help! PLEASE!!!

Everywhere she looks, she sees her TERRIFIED REFLECTION staring back. The mirrored walls opposite one another reflect her image back and forth, creating the illusion of an INFINITE NUMBER OF BEATRICES, descending into nothingness. But then... one of Beatrice's REFLECTIONS steps out of her place. She walks up to the other side of the mirror, places her hand against the glass.

Beatrice places her own hand against the mirror, which RIPPLES LIKE WATER. She presses the glass until SHE BREAKS THE SURFACE TENSION... AND STEPS THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - **[APTITUDE TEST SIMULATION]**

Beatrice steps onto the stage of the now-empty chamber, sees a table with FIVE BASKETS on it. There's a HUNK OF CHEESE in one basket, a SHARP KNIFE in another.

OTHER BEATRICE (O.S.)
Choose...

Beatrice spins, sees the OTHER BEATRICE standing behind her.

BEATRICE
Why--?

OTHER BEATRICE

--I said choose!

--Not until you tell me why!

--Have it your way, then!

And then, A GUTTURAL GROWL. Beatrice pivots, sees-- a RABID DOG lumbering onto the stage. Hulking frame, dripping canines.

Fear fills Beatrice's eyes. She looks back to the Other Beatrice, but finds that she's GONE... along with the baskets!

Beatrice has nowhere to run. But then, she HEARS SOMETHING far off in the distance. A faint, familiar WHIRRING SOUND...

FLASH TO: THE OSCILLATING FAN in the testing room.

Beatrice closes her eyes, ALSO HEARS A DISTANT BEEPING.

FLASH TO: Tori's machine BEEPING in the testing room.

BEATRICE
I'm still laying in that chair...
(to the dog)
Which means you're not real...

On that note, the dog POUNCES. Beatrice dodges, but the dog's claw SLICES into her arm. Beatrice clutches her wound. This may not be real. But it still hurts like hell.

BEATRICE
(to herself)
Okay... You can't fight... You
can't run... What can you do?

And the dog LUNGES AGAIN-- but this time, Beatrice closes her eyes, drops to her knees. She bows her head in a gesture of submission and prepares for the worst-- which doesn't come. When Beatrice opens her eyes, a cute little PUPPY sits in front of her, licking her palms and face. But then...

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)
Puppy!

Beatrice spins, sees a LITTLE ABNEGATION GIRL, could be a Young Beatrice. The puppy also sees the girl. But during the split-second when it snaps its head around -- the puppy BECOMES THE RABID DOG AGAIN, pouncing at the Little Girl.

Beatrice springs into action, tackles the dog. But when they crash to the ground, THE FLOOR RIPPLES. Beatrice and the dog break through the liquid mirror and tumble down into--

INT. TESTING ROOM - [**APTITUDE TEST SIMULATION**]

Beatrice and the hellhound drop through the liquid mirror ceiling, falling down through the room. They splash through the mirrored floor below... and back through the ceiling again... and again... and again. Some sort of bizarre infinity loop.

Until-- Beatrice CRASHES back down into the testing chair.

INT. TESTING ROOM - DAY - [**BACK TO REALITY**]

Beatrice shoots up, heaving for breath. Sweat runs down the electrodes on her head. Delirious and disoriented, she looks around, but sees only her reflection. Dread returns to her face as she begins to suspect that she's still in a simulation--

--until she sees Tori, sitting behind her. It looks as if Tori has been WATCHING the simulation on her screen. And what's troubling: Tori seems almost as SHOCKED as Beatrice.

BEATRICE

What? What happened?!

But Tori simply stares at her screen with pinched lips.

TORI

Excuse me... one second.

Flustered, Tori stands, almost knocks her machine over. She rushes out, leaving Beatrice alone. Beatrice sits up, stares down at the ground, processing. *What could have possibly gone wrong?*

Beatrice frantically dries her palms on her gray pants, tries to breathe deep, to calm herself. In... out... in... out...

And just as Beatrice's nerves start to get the better of her -- Tori slips back into the room, a bit more together now.

TORI

Had to make a few adjustments.

BEATRICE

What sort of adjustments?

(Tori seems unwilling to answer)

Please. You have to tell me what's going on. What's my result?!

TORI

(after a moment)

Abnegation.

Some measure of calm returns to Beatrice's face. But she also sinks a bit at hearing the expected result.

TORI
And Dauntless.
(Beatrice's eyes widen)
And Amity, and Candor, and Erudite.
(expounding)
Your results were inconclusive.

BEATRICE
That's not possible. I'm just--
I'm Abnegation. I'm nobody.

TORI
It is possible. Just extremely rare.
(whispering)
A person with a test result like
yours... is called a *Divergent*.

That last word is so faint that Beatrice barely hears it.

TORI
Under no circumstances should you share
that information with anybody.

BEATRICE
We're not supposed to reveal our test
results, I know that.

TORI
You can't reveal that information to
anyone. Ever. Understand? As far as
the world knows, you received an
Abnegation result.
(leading Beatrice to the door)
Now, you have to go. We've already
taken too long. They'll start to
suspect something.

BEATRICE
What about the Choosing Ceremony?

Tori flashes an impatient look, *Yeah, what about it?*

BEATRICE
"Trust the Test." It's supposed to tell
me which Faction I should choose.

TORI
The test didn't work on you.
(dead in the eye)
You have to trust yourself.

And on that note, Tori closes the door, leaving Beatrice out
in the hallway, alone with her thoughts--

I/E. HYBRID-BUS - LATER THAT DAY

Beatrice rides a seedy hybrid-bus out of downtown, along what used to be the Chicago River, now badly-polluted. She watches as the SIMPLE GRAY HOUSES of her Abnegation Faction zone come into view.

BUT SUDDENLY, a hand grabs her arm. It belongs to a VAGRANT WOMAN, not unlike the ones crowding the street. Beatrice tenses as the Vagrant Woman stares into Beatrice's eyes.

VAGRANT WOMAN

Don't make the same mistake I did.
Choose wisely...

The bus stops. Beatrice pulls her hands loose, slips off the bus.

EXT. ABNEGATION ZONE - LATER THAT DAY

Beatrice shuffles along the pavement. She crosses a BRIDGE over a RIVER, back into the modest ABNEGATION FACTION ZONE, which lies along the river's edge, several miles from downtown.

On the way home, she witnesses a large GROUP OF ABNEGATION working together to build a new house... like an Amish barn-raising.

OFF Beatrice, wondering if this is the last time she'll ever set foot in the neighborhood where she grew up--

EXT. BEATRICE'S HOUSE - THAT EVENING

Beatrice ambles up to her gray, concrete home. But she stops outside and peers in through a large PICTURE WINDOW. Inside, her family (mother, NATALIE [40s], father, ANDREW [40s], brother, Caleb) sets the table together. And there's something almost poetic, balletic, about the way they work: Natalie lays out the plates; Caleb arrays the silverware; Andrew pours water from a pitcher into four different glasses.

The window frame makes the scene seem like a PAINTING -- beautiful, but also distant and untouchable. And like a painting, Beatrice can watch from afar, but she can't join in. Beatrice lets slip a sad smile, as if trying to preserve a mental image of a sight she may never see again.

INT. BEATRICE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Beatrice hurries into the sparsely-decorated home, finds her family still preparing dinner.

BEATRICE

Sorry, it's my turn. Totally forgot.

Natalie steps out of the kitchen. Natalie's beauty (her long flowing hair, wide eyes) and her strength (her wiry arms, powerful hands) both seem to be swallowed up by her gray clothes.

NATALIE

You had a lot on your mind.

Beatrice opens the oven, revealing a bland casserole... as Andrew, Beatrice's sturdy, soft-spoken father, takes a seat.

ANDREW

How was the test?

Beatrice reaches for the casserole without a mitt.

BEATRICE

Ow! Fine. It was, you know, fine.

Beatrice forces on an oven mitt, pulls out the casserole.

NATALIE

Sure you don't need help?

BEATRICE

--I've got it, mom.

Beatrice grabs a ladle, digs into the casserole... but because of her bulky oven mitts, she drops a scoop on the floor. She pulls the mitt off with her teeth, scoops the casserole onto her plate. She's doing her best, but this is a far cry from the elegant performance her family put on earlier.

NATALIE

Erin said there was some kind of glitch--

Beatrice hears her mother starting to talk about the Aptitude Test, decides to preempt that conversation. She runs to the table, quickly hands out the four plates.

BEATRICE

I'll lead.

ANDREW

Thank you, Beatrice.

CALEB

(under his breath)
That's a first.

BEATRICE

(bowing her head, praying)
"I will be my undoing, if I become my obsession. I will forget the ones I love, if I do not serve them. I will war with others, if I refuse to see them. So, I choose to turn away from my reflection. To rely not on myself, but on my brothers and sisters. To project always outward until I disappear..."

WHOLE FAMILY
 "...and only God remains."

LATER, Beatrice and Caleb wash dishes in the kitchen, as Andrew and Natalie sit at the dinner table. Andrew scrolls through the news-feed on his own electronic tablet-device. He shakes his head, disappointed.

NATALIE
 Another Erudite report?

Beatrice and Caleb both prick up their ears.

ANDREW
 Now they're accusing the High Counselor of cruelty towards his son -- you remember Tobias, don't you? Says that's the reason for his... *defection*.

Upon hearing the word "defection," Beatrice raises an eyebrow.

NATALIE
 Marcus wouldn't hurt a fly. And to release that the day before he presides over the Choosing Ceremony. That poor man.

ANDREW
 I shouldn't be surprised. Jeanine Matthews has been attacking us for months. Apparently, being the head of Erudite isn't enough for her -- she wants to control the whole city.

Beatrice can't stop herself from chiming in:

BEATRICE
 Why are they doing it?

Caleb glares at Beatrice -- there's usually no speaking out of turn in an Abnegation household.

NATALIE
 Beatrice, why don't you take this opportunity to listen to your father?

ANDREW
 It's alright...
 (to Beatrice)
 We have something Erudite wants -- control of the government -- and now that they're cozying up to the Dauntless...
 (cutting himself off)
 You know what happened to the rest of the world, Beatrice... outside our city walls.
 (MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I just hope it doesn't happen to us.

(raising the tablet)

That's why these personal attacks trouble me so much. Insulting the High Counselor like this, especially after his son's betrayal...

Again, Beatrice lets her curiosity get the best of her.

BEATRICE

I almost forgot that Marcus had a son...

ANDREW

You didn't know him. He led a very sheltered life. Marcus tutored him in the ways of Abnegation... privately.

BEATRICE

(under her breath)

Maybe that's why he left.

NATALIE

(chiding)

Beatrice...

ANDREW

A defection is not something to joke about. There's a reason it happens so rarely. When Marcus' son chose to leave his Faction... he was also choosing to leave his family.

CALEB

(looking Beatrice in the eye)

Faction before blood.

Andrew nods, as Beatrice flips the switch on the garbage disposal.

INT. BEATRICE'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Beatrice sits in front of a MIRROR. But she doesn't look at her reflection. Either because she doesn't want to... or because she's been told not to. Natalie stands behind her, using scissors to gently trim Beatrice's hair. Nothing fancy about the style. Austere, utilitarian, downright Amish.

Beatrice steals a glance at her mother in the mirror. Natalie steals her own glance, but looks away. She doesn't want to get caught looking either. A delicate dance of eyes. But then, Natalie CATCHES BEATRICE LOOKING AT HERSELF. Beatrice looks away, ashamed, expecting a scolding.

NATALIE

It's alright. You can look.

Beatrice seems surprised. She slowly moves her eyes back up to the mirror, looking at her new, simple, shorter haircut.

NATALIE

(warmly)

I know you'll make the right choice.

Beatrice LOCKS EYES with her mother through the mirror, smiles. And then, Natalie picks up a BLACK CLOTH and places it, almost ritualistically, OVER THE MIRROR. Natalie steps back out.

Beatrice looks out her window and sees THE CITY WALL in the distance. If she squints, she can barely make out ARMED DAUNTLESS SOLDIERS manning the walls.

She turns back to the black cloth, then slowly removes it, revealing her own REFLECTION. She studies herself. Her face. Her eyes. She has a life-changing decision to make tomorrow, and she still has no idea which way she'll go.

But then, Beatrice sees Caleb's reflection in the mirror. She spins back, expecting Caleb to chide her for looking at herself.

CALEB

I just wanted to say -- and I know I'm not good at this sort of thing -- I wanted to say that when we make our choices tomorrow... we should think about mom and dad, of course... *but...* we should also think about ourselves.

Caleb steps away, as Beatrice turns back to her reflection.

EXT. CITY CENTER - HUB - NEXT MORNING

The sun slices through city canyons, reflecting off the shiny glass buildings. The PLAZA surrounding the Hub is bustling with activity. Hundreds of parents, from all Factions, usher their kids into the Hub. Today is the Choosing Ceremony.

INT. HUB - LOBBY ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Beatrice and her family walk past the elevators and into the-- STAIRWELL, where they join a throng of Abnegation members slowly, selflessly climbing the steps.

INT. HALL OF CHOOSING - MOMENTS LATER

Andrew leads Natalie, Caleb and Beatrice inside. It looks like a grand theater or a small cathedral, arranged in concentric circles, with a large ALTAR in the center. The sixteen year old DEPENDENTS form a circle around the altar, while their PARENTS sit in a larger seating area, which rings the entire chamber. Both circles are segregated by Faction.

Andrew scans the Erudite section and spots a prim, schoolmarm-ish woman in the crowd. We won't learn her name yet, but this is JEANINE MATTHEWS [40s], head of the Erudite. Andrew throws Jeanine a hard look before turning back to his family, softening.

Beatrice also spots a domineering, battle-scarred man in the Dauntless section. This is MAX [40s], leader of the Dauntless.

Andrew embraces Caleb... then turns to Beatrice. With one quick look, he can tell that she's nervous. He breathes deep--

ANDREW	BEATRICE
In through the nose...	...out through the mouth.

Father and daughter share one last smile.

ANDREW

We love you both so much. I know you'll
make us proud. We'll see you soon.

And then, Natalie embraces Beatrice, WHISPERS into her ear.

NATALIE

I love you... no matter what.

A strange moment. Beatrice doesn't want to let go, but Caleb gently tugs her away, joining the Dependents... while Andrew and Natalie take their seats in the Abnegation section.

Moments later, a stern, sunken-eyed, but well-attired OFFICIANT steps onto the stage. This is MARCUS [60s], the HIGH COUNSELOR of this city.

MARCUS	CROWD
Faction Before Blood.	(repeating)
	Faction Before Blood.

ON Beatrice's face, her eyes, racked with indecision.

MARCUS

Generations ago, our Elders shared in the
Great Revelation: that it is not religion,
race or creed that is to blame for war. It
is rather the fault of human personality.

Beatrice nervously grabs her brother's hand. They look into each other's eyes and trade a look of forced encouragement.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Our Elders divided themselves into Factions,
each devoted to a unique ideal, which they
believed would lead to an everlasting peace.

(a moment)

Those who valued honesty formed Candor.

As Marcus speaks, Beatrice's eyes dart around the room from Faction to Faction -- she still hasn't made her decision yet.

She looks to the Candor section of the crowd, filled with men and women in their shaved heads and black and white clothing. Beatrice has lied to her parents and to herself about her true feelings. She's not honest enough to join Candor...

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Those who valued kindness formed Amity.

Beatrice turns to the Amity section, containing colorfully dressed people in extravagantly curled and braided hair. She would never fit in at a Faction devoted to kindness...

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Those who valued knowledge formed Erudite.

With SPITE, Beatrice hones in on the Erudite. Jeanine Matthews meets Beatrice's gaze and HOLDS IT. Beatrice won't be picking Erudite, that much is clear.

MARCUS

Those who valued selflessness formed Abnegation.

Beatrice finds her loving parents in the crowd. They smile modestly, reserved, but clearly proud of their daughter. An Abnegation choice would be simple, safe, secure... predictable.

MARCUS

And those who valued bravery formed Dauntless.

Beatrice turns away from her parents, towards the DAUNTLESS SECTION, filled with tattooed, pierced, powerful men and women. Her eyes light up, practically on fire. But will Beatrice ever be brave enough to join a Faction devoted to courage...?

MARCUS

Our dependents are all sixteen. It is now
up to them to decide who they want to be.
Today is the CHOOSING CEREMONY!

The crowd CHEERS WILDLY, as Beatrice's eyes start to fill with uncertainty at the choice that awaits her--

MARCUS

Our first Dependent: Lindsey Young.

LINDSEY, an Amity, walks to the altar. Only now will we see that FIVE BOWLS are carved into the altar. Inside each bowl is a different substance representing each Faction: GLASS SHARDS for Candor, SOIL for Amity, WATER for Erudite, GRAY STONES for Abnegation, and BURNING COALS for Dauntless.

Marcus hands Lindsey a CEREMONIAL DAGGER. She CUTS HER PALM, letting the blood drip down INTO THE SOIL, selecting Amity.

MARCUS

Amity!

The Amity CHEER. Lindsey smiles, returns to her section.

IN A MONTAGE, Beatrice watches, anticipation building, as OTHERS make their way to the altar. Blood drips INTO THE WATER...

MARCUS

Erudite!

(onto the glass)

Candor!

(onto the gray stones)

Abnegation!

(onto the hot coals)

Dauntless!

Beatrice's big moment draws closer and closer...

OUT OF THE MONTAGE, to Marcus reading the next name:

MARCUS

Caleb Prior.

Caleb squeezes Beatrice's hand one more time, then takes the dagger from Marcus, steps to the altar.

IN THE CROWD, Andrew turns to Natalie, smiling proudly, ready for his son to choose Abnegation...

Caleb cuts his palm, then finds his father in the crowd, giving him a loaded look. Half-apologetic, half-ashamed. And Caleb lets his blood fall down into the bowl of-- WATER.

MARCUS

Erudite!

Beatrice can't believe it. She spots her father -- he's had the wind knocked out of him. Natalie tries to console him.

A wave of shock moves through the crowd -- the son of an Abnegation politician has just defected to an enemy Faction. Caleb is ushered to the Erudite section, amidst cheers.

MARCUS

Quiet, please! Our next Dependent:
Beatrice Prior.

The room goes silent. Beatrice walks up to the altar, takes the dagger from Marcus, not knowing what to do with it at first. But then, she opens her hand and SLICES INTO HER PALM--

As the blood pools in her hand, Beatrice looks down to the Abnegation stones... back up to her loving parents...

Next, her eyes fall on the Dauntless coals... then up to the Dauntless section of the crowd... Her whole life, her whole future, bound up in this one moment.

Finally, she sees THREE WORDS engraved in the stone altar:

FACTION BEFORE BLOOD

Once this choice is made, there will be no going back. Beatrice looks back to her brother, now in the Erudite section. Caleb gives her a faint nod of encouragement. And then, Beatrice closes her hand into a fist.

BEATRICE

(less than a whisper)
Am I selfless... or am I *brave*...?

A drop of blood squeezes out of her tightened fingers... only a split-second from falling. She places her hand above the Abnegation stones... but just before the blood drips...

She jerks her hand. The drop falls. SIZZLES on the coals.

MARCUS

Abneg-- Dauntless!

The Dauntless CHEER, while the Abnegation squirm. The Erudite also relish this defection. Jeanine flashes a conspiratorial look across the room... at Max, the Dauntless head.

Imposing Dauntless DRILL INSTRUCTORS usher Beatrice to her new section, where she waits, afraid to look at her parents' faces.

IN A SILENT MONTAGE, the rest of the Ceremony plays out. For Beatrice, it's all a BLUR. Until finally:

MARCUS

Factions, welcome your new INITIATES!

The crowd applauds... as each group of initiates breaks off and exits through a different door. The Dauntless Drill Instructors shepherd Beatrice and the other recruits out.

Beatrice sees Caleb being led away by ERUDITE PREFECTS in perfectly organized fashion. They lock eyes one final time.

And just before she steps out, Beatrice sneaks one last glance at her parents. Her mother is smiling faintly. But her father just stares at Beatrice, eyes burning.

INT. HUB - HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE HALL OF CHOOSING

The Drill Instructors lead Beatrice and the other recruits out into the hall. As they step out, Beatrice comes face to face with her parents, also leaving the hall.

BEATRICE

Mom, dad, I'm sorry. I had to...

But Andrew turns away. Natalie offers a smile, but it doesn't stop Beatrice from tearing up. She watches as her parents disappear around a corner. Could be the last time she sees them.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR 1 (O.S.)

Move it, newbies!

Now that the students are out of earshot of their parents, the Drill Instructors shift into a DIFFERENT GEAR. Beatrice turns back to the two Drill Instructors.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR 2

Hustle! Move those feet!

The **DAUNTLESS-BORN RECRUITS** have no trouble following that command. Instead, the Instructors' attention is focused mainly on Beatrice and the other NON-DAUNTLESS BORN RECRUITS, who we'll refer to as **TRANSFERS**. These transfers are all Dauntless virgins. This is a whole new world for them.

AL

My whole life people have been telling me NOT to run!

Beatrice spins back, sees AL [16], a big, broad Amity who looks like he'll fit in well with the Dauntless. Beatrice starts to pull herself together, drying her tears.

AL

I'm Al, by the way...

Beatrice and Al start to run, catching up with the group.

BEATRICE
Beatrice...

And then, DEREK, a strapping, good-looking Erudite blazes by.

DEREK
Hustle, guys! Gotta make the train!

OFF Beatrice and Al, exchanging a worried look--

EXT. HUB - TRAIN PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER

The Drill Instructors funnel their initiates onto the Hub's platform... just as the maglev train powers into the station.

AL
It's going to stop, right?

BEATRICE
I don't think so.

And then, the Dauntless-borns LEAP ONTO THE MOVING TRAIN.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR 2	DRILL INSTRUCTOR 1
Miss this train, you fail!	--And you join those scum-suckers down there!

Beatrice, Al and the other transfers look down through the cracks in the elevated train platform and see HOMELESS VAGRANTS moving through the streets below. These are the same vagrants that we've met several times before.

Now, it's clear: these are not ordinary homeless people -- they are THE FACTIONLESS, members of society who have been ejected from their Factions and now belong to NONE OF THE FACTIONS. The dregs of this city. The untouchables.

The transfers start running, including Derek, the gung-ho Erudite, who blazes past Beatrice and Al, as if he's been practicing. Beatrice and Al start sprinting along behind him.

But as Derek reaches out for the train, he STUMBLES, falls to the ground. Beatrice and Al both leap over him.

Beatrice looks back, sees Derek rolling to a stop as the last train car whizzes by him. He pounds the ground in anger and frustration. Tears in his eyes. He's flunked out of Dauntless before even reaching headquarters. And he's not the only one -- several other initiates miss the train as well.

Soon, Al leaps onto the train, leaving only Beatrice on the platform, running even with the last train car. She looks ahead, sees the platform running out.

Beatrice grabs onto the train door. But PETER, the sweet-faced Candor boy, blocks her. With him are two goons: MOLLY, an Erudite, and DREW, another Candor.

Beatrice looks ahead -- platform's about to end -- if she doesn't get on that train, she's going to fall to her death.

But then, TWO OTHER TRANSFERS shoulder Peter, Molly and Drew out of the way. One is CHRISTINA, a pretty Candor girl, sleek shaved head, brown skin, bright-eyed. The other is WILL, a shaggy-haired blond boy from Erudite. They grab Beatrice just as the platform ends--

I/E. TRAIN CAR - MOVING

--and heave her into the relative safety of the train car. All three of them collapse, exhausted, breathless.

CHRISTINA

I don't think we've been introduced.

BEATRICE

Sorry, yeah... Beatrice.

CHRISTINA

Christina... Will....

WILL

Wow, you remembered my name?

CHRISTINA

Candors are known for their memory.

WILL

Oh, so it's not because I made such a good impression?

Christina rolls her eyes as Beatrice laughs. But then, Beatrice looks up, sees Peter standing above her.

PETER

Can't believe they let a *stiff* in this year.

WILL

What the hell is wrong with you?!

CHRISTINA

Just let them go.

PETER
 (stepping away)
 We're heading to the next car
 anyway. Stiffs give me the creeps.

WILL
 Charmer...

CHRISTINA
 Peter and I go way back. He used to
 pick fights with kids from other
 Factions. When their parents came to
 break it up, he'd cry and make up some
 story about how the other kid started
 it. Always trust a Candor, right?

BEATRICE
 Seems like I can trust you.

Beatrice and Christina share a smile.

AL (O.S.)
 Hey guys, you gotta try this!

Nearby, Al holds a handlebar, dangles his whole body out the
 open train door. Will and Christina get up to join him.
 Everyone in the train car is doing it now... except Beatrice.

CHRISTINA
 Beatrice! Live a little!

BEATRICE
 Already almost died once today!

WILL
 Are you a Dauntless or not?!

For the first time, Beatrice really thinks about the decision she
 just made. She bled on the coals. She'll either be Dauntless,
 or she'll be Factionless. After a deep breath, Beatrice walks to
 the door, swings her body out, lets the wind hit her face. And
 she smiles, wider than we've ever seen her smile before.

The train carries Beatrice and the rest out of the familiar
 downtown area and towards the south side of the City, into
 the remnants of Chicago's once-thriving INDUSTRIAL AREA.

Beatrice looks back, sees the familiar gray houses of Abnegation
 receding into the haze. Her mother and father will be returning
 home alone tonight, without either of their children.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR 1
 Last stop! Comin' up!

DRILL INSTRUCTOR 2
 Although we use the term
 "stop" loosely!

Beatrice looks to the DAUNTLESS HEADQUARTERS on the horizon: an imposing complex of old INDUSTRIAL BRICK BUILDINGS, several miles south of the still-visible Hub.

BEATRICE
We have to jump...

LATER, Beatrice, Will and Christina stand side by side in the open door. They look at one another, back down to the platform.

CHRISTINA
We'll go together.

Christina and Will take Beatrice's hands, and together, they jump, HIT THE PLATFORM, roll to soften the blow. All those years watching the Dauntless leap from the train have paid off. Beatrice scrapes the dirt and pebbles off her clothes. She turns and sees-- Will and Christina dusting themselves off.

WILL
That. Was. Awesome.

But then, Beatrice hears a COMMOTION. She turns, sees several of the Dauntless-borns gathered nearby. They're congregating around a handsome young boy, URIAH [16], with bronze skin and a nose-ring, who cradles his ankle, wincing in pain. Beatrice squints, spots a BIT OF BLOOD seeping through his socks.

BEATRICE
Hey, are you alright?

MARLENE [16], a mohawked Dauntless-born, interjects:

MARLENE
He'll survive.
(razzing)
Hey, Uriah, how many times you made that jump? And you pick *today* to turn your ankle?

URIAH
Just gotta walk it off.

Uriah limps past Beatrice, flashing her a smile.

EXT. DAUNTLESS ROOFTOP - THE HOLE - MOMENTS LATER

The Drill Instructors and the initiates stand on a nearby rooftop.

AL
You want us to jump... *down there*?

They're standing at the edge of a BLACK HOLE in the roof. Thirty feet across. Looks bottomless. Beatrice looks to Will and Christina, eyes the other frightened initiates.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR 1
No one volunteers, I start pushing.

The Drill Instructors move to grab an unwilling volunteer, but then, Beatrice takes a deep breath, and on some kind of crazy adrenaline high, she STEPS FORWARD--

BEATRICE
I'll do it!

Will and Christina trade surprised looks as the Drill Instructors nod. Beatrice slowly steps to the edge of the hole. Behind Beatrice, Peter and his goons snicker a bit.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR 2
Jacket off. You're not a stiff anymore.

Beatrice removes her gray jacket, revealing a T-shirt. She balls up the jacket and tosses it back at Peter in anger.

She brings her toes to the edge of the hole, stares into the abyss that awaits her. Her heart pounds. Stomach tightens.

Don't think. Just do it. Beatrice shuts her eyes. Breathes deep. And jumps down through the rabbit hole.

INT. BOTTOM OF THE HOLE

Beatrice surges through the darkness -- before HITTING A NET, catching her breath. She tries to get her bearings, but it's DARK. And then, she HEARS A SHRILL VOICE:

ERIC (O.S.)
First jumper's a stiff...?

Followed by a DEEP VOICE, rumbling:

FOUR (O.S.)
Not anymore, Eric. She's a new person now.

A HAND emerges from the dark, helping Beatrice down. The hand belongs to a striking YOUNG MAN... with eyes of dark blue, a dreaming, sleeping, waiting color. This is FOUR [18].

Beatrice and Four stare at each other for a long moment. A charged moment. Crackling with possibility.

FOUR
What's your name?
(Beatrice is tongue-tied)
Think hard. Don't get to pick again.

BEATRICE
I'm Bea-- *Tris*. My name is **TRIS**.

And in this quiet moment, Four lets loose the hint of a smile. But it's gone as soon as it came. He turns, raises Tris' arm.

FOUR
First Jumper-- Tris!

And then, dozens of hardened Dauntless INSTRUCTORS step out of the darkness. Four places his strong hand on Tris' back.

FOUR
Welcome to Dauntless.

Tris looks from Four... to the surrounding instructors... and realizes that she's entered a completely new world.

INT. BOTTOM OF THE HOLE - LATER

The Dauntless initiates stand in a line, AT ATTENTION. But Tris and the other transfers struggle even to stand up straight.

THE TEAM OF INTIMIDATING INSTRUCTORS stands in front of them, stone-faced. Two instructors lead. One is Four. The other is a greasy-haired man with a face so pierced that he barely looks human. This is ERIC [18]. He steps forward--

ERIC
I'd say "Welcome to Hell"... but I
wouldn't want to get your hopes up.

Eric stares right at Tris. She tries to hold his gaze, but she breaks away, looks to the ground, defeated.

ERIC
Some ground rules before we begin.
Daylight, you belong to us. Sun sets,
you're free to do as you please. But
under no circumstances are you ever to
leave the Dauntless compound.
(surveying the recruits)
We're about to segregate the Dauntless-
borns from the transfers. You'll be
trained separately, but judged together.
And since they're already better than
you, you transfers are gonna have to pull
off a small miracle just to make the cut.

Tris and the other transfers exchange worried looks.

ERIC

Oh, you thought just because you chose Dauntless you get a free pass? Dauntless mans the wall. We stand between this city and the chaos that surrounds it. You have to earn your place here.

AL

What if we get cut--?

ERIC

--then the Factionless increase their ranks by one.

WILL

That's a death sentence...

A SNIDE ERUDITE boy whispers to Will.

SNIDE ERUDITE

They're just trying to scare us.

ERIC

You think this is me scaring you?

Eric KNEES the Snide Erudite in the gut. The Erudite boy collapses. Eric NODS to two other INSTRUCTORS, who grab the Snide Erudite by the shoulders and pull him out a side door.

SNIDE ERUDITE

Wait! No! You can't just-- STOP!!!

But the Snide Erudite has already been pulled out of sight and out of mind. He's Factionless now. Four turns away.

ERIC

Anyone else want to become Factionless before the training even begins?

A shiver runs up Beatrice's spine. The enormity of her rash decision to join Dauntless is starting to sink in.

ERIC

(eyeing the bloody ankle)
What about you, Uriah? Sure you don't want to quit now? Hard enough to pass the training when you're able-bodied...

URIAH

(through the pain)
It'll be fine, sir.

ERIC

That's the Dauntless spirit.
(back to the recruits)
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

You chose us. Now, we choose you.
Dauntless-borns, you're with me.
I'm assuming you don't need a tour.
(to Four)
Good luck with the fish.

Eric jogs out. The Dauntless-borns follow with intimidating military precision, leaving Four and his dozen non-Dauntless initiates behind. Four surveys his motley team: overweight Amity, nerdy Erudite, and a damn Abnegation.

FOUR

My name is Four.
(Christina GIGGLES -- Four snaps)
If I wanted to put up with Candor smart-
asses, I would have joined their Faction.
First lesson you'll learn's to keep your
mouths shut. You're all feeling good.
Jumped on and off a moving train. Swan-dived
into a bottomless hole. And all before
lunch. But *please* believe me when I tell you
that was the easy part. No one in their
right mind would choose to join Dauntless...
so I'm going to assume you're all insane and
treat you accordingly. Now, follow me.

Four opens a SET OF DOORS, leads his initiates into a LONG DARK TUNNEL. Tris follows right behind Four, trying to keep up with him, trying to match his long, powerful strides.

Tris eyes Four as he moves through the pools of light in the tunnel. In and out of darkness. She sees the hint of a TATTOO peeking out from beneath his shirt, tries to get close enough to make the tattoo out... but then, the tunnel opens up onto--

INT. THE PIT

A huge UNDERGROUND NEIGHBORHOOD. The Dauntless have taken all the subterranean parts of the City -- subways, underground garages, sewers -- and converted them into a fortified living area. Places for food, services, entertainment are all built into the rock. Stone paths connect one unit to another.

FOUR

Welcome to the Pit.

In the center of the Pit is a DEEP CHASM, with an underground river running through it. And there are no railings at the edges of these paths. If they make even the slightest misstep, they'll fall to their deaths. DAUNTLESS CHILDREN run dangerously close to the edge of the chasm -- this is a young, vibrant place, the antithesis of Tris' old Abnegation neighborhood.

INT. THE PIT - TRAINING ZONE - MOMENTS LATER

Tris and the others follow Four past a small cavern. Inside: a whole PLATOON OF FULL-FLEDGED DAUNTLESS WARRIORS train. These Dauntless soldiers put the young initiates to shame. Muscled, wild-eyed. Bodies covered with tattoos, piercings.

FOUR

That's you in three months... *if*
you survive the training.

Tris catches sight of a bloody SPARRING SESSION. A three-ring circus of brutality. Crowds of sweaty, tattooed Dauntless soldiers shout and cheer as several sparring matches occur in the center of the room. No punches are pulled. Blood is drawn. Bones are broken. Teeth are knocked out. Appalled, Tris has to look away -- *what has she gotten herself into?*

INT. GREAT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Four leads his transfers into this mighty dining/assembly hall, filled with Dauntless members and initiates eating. But Tris and the transfers aren't welcomed with open arms. The hardened Dauntless eye them coldly: fresh meat.

LATER, Tris, Christina and Al move down the well-stocked LUNCH LINE, where Tris encounters her first HAMBURGER.

TRIS

What... is that?

CHRISTINA

You've never had a burger?

AL

Grays eat boring food.

CHRISTINA

No wonder you left.

(getting Tris the burger)

Here, you've earned it.

LATER, Tris sits with Christina, Al and several other transfers at a table of their own. She tears into the burger, eyes rolling back in her head. A semi-religious experience.

TRIS

How've I not heard about these things?!

Will steps up next to Christina, nervously clears his throat.

WILL

Anyone sitting here?

CHRISTINA

You don't wanna hang out with your
fellow brainiacs?

Christina looks to EDWARD and MYRA, two recent Erudite transfers, like Will. They're tall, blonde, good-looking. And judging from the way they hold hands, they're madly in love.

WILL

What, Edward and Myra? The super-
couple? I wouldn't want to interrupt...

Tris watches as Edward and Myra canoodle: something she would NEVER see at Abnegation. Tris gazes, at the edge of her seat, as Edward's lips meet Myra's. Tris instinctively turns away.

WILL

Alright, I'm taking a poll. You guys all
get Dauntless results on the test?

Tris clams up a bit, pretends she doesn't hear the question.

AL

Yep, Dauntless.

CHRISTINA

Ditto. And what about you, Miss Tris?

TRIS

I actually got... Abnegation...

AL

And you went with Dauntless?

CHRISTINA

(off Tris' nod)

Wow, she *is* a rebel.

Tris forces a smile, turns away, but finds herself looking at-- FOUR, who's in the midst of a heated conversation with Eric. Eric gets up and leaves Four alone. And Four just sits there, tense, silent. Tris studies him, wishing she could read his mind. But then, Four catches Tris staring.

FOUR

Problem, stiff?

Tris recoils a bit at his use of the S-word, turns away.

But then, EVERYONE IN THE GREAT HALL stands. Tris and the other transfers realize they ought to do the same... as Max, the Dauntless Faction leader, ambles out onto THE DAIS, surveying his new recruits. At 40, he's plenty young... but he's the oldest and most hardened Dauntless we've yet seen.

MAX

We're not big on speeches here. Save the eloquence for the Erudite. I'll keep it short and sweet. Our Faction's devoted to bravery -- bravery that you'll dearly need to protect our city walls!

(the crowd CHEERS with pride)

Training's divided into two stages. STAGE ONE trains your body. STAGE TWO... we'll worry about later. Cuts'll be made after each stage. Meantime, how do we track your rankings?

(turning to a big flap-board style SCOREBOARD)

It's empty now, because despite all the fun you've had, training still hasn't begun. That board's your mother, your father, your whole life. Fight for the top spot as if your life depends on it... because it does.

OFF Tris, swallowing a bit of fear--

INT. TRANSFER DORM - LATER THAT EVENING

Four leads Tris and the others into this military-style room, carved out of the stone like everything else in Dauntless.

FOUR

This dorm's for transfers only.
Dauntless-borns bunk across the Pit.

TRIS

Where do the girls sleep?

FOUR

Twelve transfers. Twelve beds.

Tris shares an uneasy look with Christina... just as Peter squeezes by, leering.

PETER

Works for me... *stiff.*

INT. TRANSFER DORM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Most are asleep. But Tris is awake, staring at the wall, lost in thought. She's clearly on the verge of tears, but she doesn't cry -- instead, the CRYING comes from AL, the biggest, strongest transfer, laying in the next bunk over.

Tris sits up. She wants to help Al -- an Abnegation wouldn't hesitate to do that. But then, Tris remembers where she is. She's Dauntless now, so she covers her ears with a pillow.

INT. TRANSFER DORM - CRACK OF DAWN

KRANG! KRANG! KRANG! Four and other instructors BANG pots and pans, waking Tris and the rest of the transfers.

INT. THROUGHOUT DAUNTLESS HEADQUARTERS - LATER THAT MORNING

Four leads Tris and the transfers in a "cross country" session throughout the Pit. Edward and Myra, the super-couple, run in the lead. Peter watches as Edward and Myra race ahead, before exchanging a subtle look with his two goons, Drew and Molly.

Christina and Will chug along in the center of the group... but Tris lags FAR BEHIND. Four watches as Tris struggles...

INT. SPARRING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

The transfers look on... as Four LAYS INTO a punching bag, unleashing a torrent of kicks and punches. Four's eyes are wild, savage. The transfers have never seen anything like this before.

Tris observes Four's tensed, powerful muscles, his raging eyes. She used to be curious about Four... now, she's almost afraid. Four finishes his attack, turns back to his recruits.

FOUR

Your turn.

LATER, the transfers stand in front of their own PUNCHING BAGS, throwing combinations. Again, Edward and Myra, feeding off one another, perform their combinations perfectly.

FOUR

Right. Left. Right, left, right.

Four sees that Tris is struggling, so he PUSHES HARDER.

FOUR

Left kick. Right kick. Left kick.

Tris kicks hard, but MISSES THE BAG, falls, hits her head on the floor. Some of her fellow transfers chuckle.

FOUR

Shut up! Freestyle! Two minutes.

Four walks to Tris, extends a hand, pulls her up.

FOUR

You're the weakest here... which means you're better off using your knees, elbows. And keep this area tense...

Four places his hands on Tris' body. One on her stomach, one on her back. Strong and powerful, but somehow gentle.

FOUR (CONT'D)

That's where you get your power.

Four and Tris lock eyes for a split-second, but Four quickly breaks it off. Before Tris can get a word out, Four is gone, moving down the line, observing the other transfers. Tris turns to Christina, sneaking a smile.

INT. GUN RANGE - LATER THAT DAY

BULLETS tear into a target's bullseye. Fired by Four, from some sort of high-tech pistol. He's demo-ing for the class.

FOUR

Stiff. You're up.

Four places a gun in Tris' hand. She feels the weight, the cold metal. She's never seen a gun, let alone held one.

And then, Tris breathes deep, raises the weapon, takes aim, squeezes the trigger--

--but the shot MISSES. Recoil SNAPS the pistol back into Tris' face, BUSTS HER NOSE. Blood hits the ground before the gunshot fades into silence. Peter chuckles--

--and Four strikes. Before Peter can react, Four has the barrel of his gun pressed against Peter's temple.

FOUR

Is something funny, initiate?

PETER

No-- no-- sir--

FOUR

Someone get the medic.

TRIS

I'm alright... I'm good...

Tris gets to her feet, tries to wipe the blood from her face, but Four reaches for Tris' gun.

FOUR

You're done for the day.

TRIS

I said-- I'm good!

Tris pulls the gun away from Four, and in some sort of mad burst of adrenaline, SHE FIRES FIVE SHOTS. None hit the bulls-eye. BUT ONE OF THEM HITS THE EDGE OF THE TARGET.

Four raises an eyebrow. Almost impressed.

INT. GREAT HALL - AT THE SCOREBOARD - THAT EVENING

Tris (with a bruised nose), Christina, Will and the other recruits stand beneath THE BOARD... AS THE NAMES POP UP. Amongst the transfers, Edward and Myra predictably fall near the top. Peter, Molly and Drew flash the super-couple a collective evil eye.

But Tris falls... at the very bottom.

INT. TRANSFER DORM - BATHROOM - THAT NIGHT

Christina applies ointment to Tris' wounded face. As usual, Tris doesn't look at her reflection in the bathroom mirror.

CHRISTINA

You can actually look at yourself...

TRIS

Old habit.

Tris takes a deep breath, before looking at her bruised and battered face. And Christina can tell that Tris is upset.

CHRISTINA

You're the only stiff-- the only
Abnegation here. Did you really
expect to start at the top?

Christina comes nose to nose with Tris, carefully places a small bandage on her nose. But as she does, Christina sees a tear forming in Tris' eye, rolling down her cheek.

CHRISTINA

Come on, it doesn't hurt that bad.

And then, the waterworks begin. Tris turns away.

CHRISTINA

Oh no, Tris. I'm sorry... What is it?

TRIS

I-- I don't think I can do this--

CHRISTINA

Well, A, you don't really have a
choice. And B, of course you can
do it. You were the first jumper!

TRIS

Jumping into a hole is a lot different
than learning how to shoot someone!

(softly)

I can't be something I'm not...

CHRISTINA
You don't have to be.

Tris keeps her face turned away, but her crying softens.

CHRISTINA
I used to be a Candor, right? You think being selfless was hard -- try being honest with everyone, *all the time*. You know what my mom used to say? She said it takes courage to be that honest.
(placing a hand on Tris' shoulder)
This getting through your thick skull, Tris? I didn't join Dauntless to learn how to be brave. I'd been brave all along. Just like you. *That's* why we chose Dauntless.
(Tris turns back to Christina)
You don't have to be someone else to survive here. You just have to be you.

OFF Tris, her eyes starting to dry--

INT. KNIFE-THROWING RANGE - DAYS LATER

Four supervises... as Tris and the transfers throw knives at targets on the wall. Most of Tris' shots miss. She can almost feel Four's eyes boring into the back of her head.

When she finally HITS THE TARGET, she gives a subtle glance back to Four, looking for approval. But Four keeps a poker face, turns away, uses his knife blade to scratch at his eyebrow.

Eric is also in the room, overseeing Four. He watches as Al BADLY MISSES a shot.

ERIC
Hey, Amity! Want me to move the target a little closer?

AL
Sorry-- it... slipped.

ERIC
Why don't you go get it?

AL
Now...?

ERIC
What? You're afraid?

AL
--of getting stabbed by a flying knife? Little bit.

ERIC
 Everyone stop!
 (to Al)
 Stand in front of the target.
 (Al doesn't move)
 Or I could just punch your
 Factionless ticket right now.

Al nods fearfully, starts moving slowly towards the target.

ERIC
 Four, help me out here.
 (to Al)
 You've never had a knife thrown at you,
 how can you say you're afraid of it?

The transfers look on as the now-tearful Al reaches the target.

FOUR
 (playing it cool, to Eric)
 This really necessary?

ERIC
 Remember your rank, Four.

Four shrugs, slowly raises his knife--

But just before he throws his blade, HE LOOKS AT TRIS--

TRIS
 Stop it! Any idiot can stand in front of
 a target. It doesn't prove anything!

ERIC
 Uh oh. Stiff's feeling selfless today.

FOUR
 (staring Tris down)
 Yeah. Why don't we see how selfless
 you really are? Take his place.

A tense moment. Tris looks from Eric. To Al. To Four.

TRIS
 Fine.

PETER
 There goes her pretty face-- oh
 wait, never mind.

Ashamed of his tears, Al hurries away as Tris takes his place.

Four tightens his grip on his knife, eyes Tris. And Tris
 starts to quietly panic, *is this really happening?*

And then, Four raises his arm, takes aim, and THROWS THE KNIFE--

THUD! It hits target, just inches from Tris. But Tris' face twists. She touches her ear. It's bleeding -- the knife NICKED it. Tris throws a hard look at Four. She pulls the knife back out of the target, steps to Eric and Four.

TRIS

You're not teachers... you're bullies. And if I recall, bullying is a sign of cowardice.

The crowd remains stone-silent as Tris openly challenges her instructors. Tris tosses the knife down on a nearby table. Eric reacts to Tris' insult with restrained wrath. But Four's reaction is DIFFERENT, as if he knows that Tris is right... as if this is exactly how he wanted Tris to respond.

ERIC

That's our time, boys and girls.

The transfers shuffle out, still reeling from the day's events.

ERIC

(coldly, to Tris)
I'll have to keep my eye on you.

Eric follows the transfers out, leaving Four and Tris alone.

FOUR

Still bleeding?

TRIS

You did this on purpose!

FOUR

And you should thank me. I've never seen you act more bravely.

Off Tris' bewildered reaction, Four sticks his knife into a table, before stepping out of the room. Frustrated, Tris grabs the knife, lets out a powerful SCREAM and angrily flings the blade -- RIGHT INTO THE CENTER OF THE TARGET.

INT. TRANSFER DORM - THAT NIGHT

Tris sits in front of a vanity mirror on Christina's bedside table. This time, Tris actually looks at her reflection.

TRIS

Are you sure this is a good idea?

Behind Tris, Christina, who looks like she's letting her hair grow out, rummages through a MAKEUP KIT. She pulls out some supplies and starts going to work on Tris' face.

CHRISTINA

Come on, you gotta do your victory dance! Did you see the look on the pincushion's face? Everyone's talking about it. Even the Dauntless-borns.

TRIS

(hiding a smile)
Whatever... You're still not going to make me pretty.

Christina turns Tris away from the mirror and continues applying makeup, teasing Tris' hair.

CHRISTINA

Pretty's overrated. I'm going for "striking." There...

Tris looks at her reflection, almost in shock. She looks totally different, but not necessarily in a bad way. Christina eagerly awaits Tris' reaction.

TRIS

It's... *striking*.

CHRISTINA

Striking enough to catch the eye of a certain brooding Dauntless instructor?

OFF Tris, trying like hell not to smile--

INT. DAUNTLESS CLUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

A RAGER in an abandoned subway station. Techno-industrial music blares as Dauntless members rave. Christina, Will and Al dance on the floor. Tris sits at a nearby table. But soon, Christina shimmies over to Tris, grabs her arm.

TRIS

No, I'm fine--

CHRISTINA

Yes! You are fine. Now let the world know about it!

With a little encouragement and help from Christina, Tris starts to move to the rhythm a bit, even cracks a smile.

As she sways, Tris looks across the room and sees a group of DAUNTLESS-BORNS, dancing as one. Among them is Uriah, the handsome boy with a nose ring. Uriah smiles -- Tris doesn't quite know how to respond. And then, Uriah steps towards her.

URIAH

Heard you showed up our instructor
in front of your whole class.

TRIS

Yeah... sorry about that....

URIAH

No. Don't apologize. We hate Eric
even more than you guys do.
(off Tris' smile)
Name's Uriah...

TRIS

I remember. How's your ankle?

URIAH

Well, it's not sticking outta my skin
anymore, so I guess that's progress.

Tris lets out a little laugh. But then, she turns, as if sensing
someone's presence. She peers through the mob of dancers and
sees Four, sitting at a nearby bar, nursing a drink.

TRIS

(back to Uriah)
Hey, sorry... I have to...

URIAH

Do your thing. Good seeing you, Tris.

Tris smiles, then starts to make her way through the sweaty,
moshing crowd, anticipation building. But when she reaches
the bar... Four is gone. Tris' shoulders sink a bit.

CHRISTINA

Dude, forget him!

Christina appears behind Tris, pulling her back onto the
dance floor. After one last look to the bar, Tris decides to
heed Christina's advice, disappearing back into the tangled
mass of moving humanity, losing herself in the dance.

INT. WALKWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tris, Christina, Will and Al stumble back from the club,
laughing -- looks like Tris had some fun after all.

AL

Whoa! I'm getting one...

Al steps up to a TATTOO PARLOR, common at Dauntless. Tris looks
in, sees a familiar face working inside. It's TORI.

INT. TORI'S TATTOO PARLOR - LATER

Tris watches from a distance as Tori finishes up a spider tattoo on Al's arm. Tris turns to look at Will and Christina, who flip through a tattoo book together across the room, flirtatiously elbowing each other.

TORI
Heard you were the First Jumper.
(off Tris' nod)
And now you're on Eric's radar.

TRIS
Is that a problem?

But Tori ignores the question, looks to Al, smiles.

TORI
Finito!

CHRISTINA
(eyeing the tattoo)
Let's see it.

TRIS
Did it hurt?

AL
Nah...

TORI
Thinking about getting one, Tris?

CHRISTINA
Good luck with that--

TRIS
Yeah, maybe I will...

CHRISTINA
You... are full of surprises.

TRIS
But do you guys mind if I do it alone?

CHRISTINA
Leave it to this one to take all
the fun out of getting a tattoo.

LATER, Tori carefully inks a tattoo of three SMALL BIRDS on Tris' collarbone. Tris and Tori are ALONE in the parlor.

TORI
Any hidden meaning?

TRIS
(pointing to each bird)
Mother... father... brother...

Tori goes back to inking. But after a moment:

TRIS
I thought maybe we could talk more about
Divergence--

TORI
All done. First one's on the house.

TRIS
Please. You have to tell me more.
You made it sound like it was, I don't
know, dangerous. Should I be worried?

TORI
The *only* thing you need to worry about is
crawling your way up out of last place.
(a moment)
And as much as I enjoy seeing the guy
squirm, try not to piss off Eric any
more than you already have.

Tori cracks a slight smile... and Tris returns it.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. THROUGHOUT THE PIT - DAYS LATER

DAYS PASS, as Tris and the other transfers train.

INT. SPARRING ROOM - DAY

In a helmet and gloves, Tris SPARS with a MOUSY ERUDITE GIRL in a ring. Tris gets backed up, but after a look to Four, she starts to FIGHT BACK. After some HARD FIGHTING, Tris manages to knock the Mousy Erudite Girl to the floor, gaining her FIRST VICTORY.

INT. GREAT HALL - AT THE SCOREBOARD - DAYS LATER

Tris watches as the scoreboard UPDATES. She MOVES UP ONE SPOT, out of last place. Takes a deep, relieved breath.

INT. GUN RANGE - DAY

Tris and others sit in front of high-tech DISASSEMBLED WEAPONS as Four demonstrates how to put them back together.

EXT. WALLS - SURROUNDING THE CITY - DAYS LATER

Four leads Tris and the other transfers on a tour of the heavily fortified WALLS that circle the city. Tris stares in awe at the HARDENED DAUNTLESS TROOPS manning the battlements.

INT. GUN RANGE - LATER

Tris assembles her gun before the others, even beating Edward and Myra. She fires shot after shot... RIGHT INTO THE BULLS-EYE.

INT. GREAT HALL - AT THE SCOREBOARD - DAYS LATER

Tris clicks up ANOTHER SPOT on the scoreboard.

INT. SPARRING ROOM - DAYS LATER

Tris spars with Molly. Outclassed, Tris still manages to put Molly on her heels, before knocking her flat on her back.

INT. GREAT HALL - AT THE SCOREBOARD - DAYS LATER

Tris moves up one more spot on the scoreboard. Now, Tris is THIRD FROM THE BOTTOM. Edward and Myra, the two leading transfers, rush over to congratulate Tris on her ascent. Again, Peter keeps his eyes FIXED on Edward and Myra.

But... Eric's also there, watching as Tris creeps up the board.

INT. TORI'S TATOO PARLOR - DAYS LATER

To celebrate, Tris gets the Dauntless insignia, A ROARING FLAME, tattooed onto her arm... etched by Tori... **AS THE MONTAGE ENDS.**

INT. TRANSFER DORM - DAYS LATER

Tris sleeps in the pitch-black room. But A COMMOTION wakes her. She looks into the darkness, sees two MURKY FORMS attacking a THIRD MURKY FORM. Next, a HEAVY THUD. And a BLOODCURDLING WAIL.

Tris fumbles through the darkness, making her way towards the sound. Other transfers wake up... as the HOWLING continues.

TRIS

Turn on the lights!

But then, Tris steps in SOMETHING WET. When the lights turn on, Tris sees that she stands in an ever-growing POOL OF BLOOD.

Lying in the redness... IS EDWARD, SCREAMING, convulsing, clutching his face. A silver knife handle juts out between his clawing, bloody fingers. The blade is stuck in Edward's eye.

AN EVEN LOUDER SCREAM pierces through the dorm... as Myra tumbles out of bed and sees her boyfriend lying on the floor.

Tris swallows a bit of vomit, goes to her knees, places a quivering hand on Edward's shoulder.

TRIS	EDWARD
Stay still, try to breathe...	Get it out! GET IT OUT!!!

Myra is paralyzed with horror. Her screams turn into sobs.

TRIS
Someone call the medic! Hurry!

Will and Christina charge out of the room. Tris holds Edward's twitching body... as the pool of red grows larger and larger...

INT. SPARRING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

A pall has fallen. Awaiting Four's arrival, Tris and the others sit around, deprived of sleep, still in shock from last night's horrific events. Neither Edward nor Myra are in the room.

Tris sits by herself, looks down at her hands. She spots a few flecks still trapped beneath her fingernails. Repulsed, Tris rubs them on her uniform, trying to get rid of the redness.

Christina, Will and Al converse right behind her:

CHRISTINA
They say he'll survive. But he can't
continue the training...

WILL
What about Myra?

CHRISTINA
Quit. Didn't want to live without him.
Guess they'll both be Factionless together.

Still staring at her hands, Tris speaks, to no one in particular.

TRIS
Drop too low, you become Factionless. Rise
too high, you get a knife in the face.
(turning back to the group)
Welcome to Dauntless.

And then, Peter, Drew and Molly glide up behind Tris.

PETER (O.S.)
Catch the news-feed this morning, Tris?

TRIS
I was busy cleaning blood off the dorm room floor. But you wouldn't know anything about that, would you?

Peter ignores Tris' accusatory comment. Instead, he flashes a news-feed article on his electronic tablet. The headline--
SELFLESS OR SELFISH: CORRUPTION IN THE GOVERNMENT COUNCIL

PETER
Won't be long before the Council of Stiffs is... *what's the word...* "replaced."

WILL
The only Faction with the power to overthrow the government is Dauntless, and thankfully, most Dauntless aren't like you.

PETER
(turning to Tris)
Why aren't you sticking up for your Faction, stiff? This is your daddy, isn't it?

A PHOTO of the government council, featuring both Marcus AND ANDREW, is plastered beneath the headline on the tablet.

TRIS
(coldly)
Faction Before Blood, right?

Tris might be telling the truth. Or she might be bluffing to protect herself. We won't quite be able to tell. Either way, her words silence Peter. He shuffles away.

ERIC (O.S.)
Morning, ladies. Four's indisposed today--

The transfers grow worried as Eric struts into the room.

ERIC
Peter and... *Tris*. You're up.
(the crowd MURMURS)
What? You haven't gone boy-on-girl yet? You freshies are way behind!
(to Tris and Peter)
Move it.

Peter and Tris reach for their gloves and helmets.

ERIC
There's no padding in the field.

Without padding, Tris and Peter nervously step into the ring.

ERIC

Begin!

Tris and Peter circle, each afraid to make the first move. Finally, Peter swings, misses. Tris is quick, countering with a punch that connects to Peter's face.

Peter lands his counter. He and Tris start to exchange punches and kicks. Bloody. Brutal. Bone smacking bone.

Christina, Will and Al watch this bloodsport, horrified. But Molly and Drew relish it. In fact, most of the transfers start to enjoy watching Tris and Peter brutalize one another. The Dauntless training is starting to change them all.

Peter drives a knee into Tris' rib cage. As she doubles over, Peter delivers a powerful UPPERCUT, sending Tris to the mat.

CHRISTINA

You have to call it!

ERIC

Bout ends when one of them is unable to continue fighting.

WILL

Four lets us concede.

ERIC

Four follows the old rules...

Tris gets up, only to be greeted by a powerful kick that puts her back down on the ground. The crowd cheers madly, baying for blood, as Christina buries her face in Will's shoulder.

Tris looks at the reflection of her bloody face in the SHINY MAT. She digs deep, struggles to her feet, woozy and wobbly.

Peter looks to Eric, ***should I finish her?*** Feeding off the delirious crowd, Eric nods to Peter... as Christina, Will and Al turn away. Peter delivers the FINAL BLOW, sending Tris spinning back to the floor... as the world FADES AWAY...

INT. DAUNTLESS INFIRMARY - DAY AND NIGHT

Tris lays on a hospital cot. In and out of consciousness. Dreamlike. NURSES float past her bed. Amidst the haze, Tris sees what looks like Four sitting by her bedside, watching, worrying, comforting. But then, the world goes dark again...

INT. DAUNTLESS INFIRMARY - NIGHT

When Tris groggily opens her eyes, Christina sits across from her.

TRIS
How long...?

CHRISTINA
Three days.

TRIS
And the scoreboard...?

CHRISTINA
Don't worry about that. We thought
you were gonna die...

TRIS
Well, I didn't. What's the ranking?

CHRISTINA
You're back at the bottom.

Tris looks to Christina, frustrated, defeated. But then, she
notices that Christina is wearing PROTECTIVE TACTICAL GEAR.

TRIS
Why are you wearing that?

CHRISTINA
Wargames. Final exam for Stage One.

TRIS
And then they make cuts? So, if I'm at the
bottom now, then I'm basically out already.

CHRISTINA
Maybe they'll make an exception. Word is
Eric got in a lot of trouble for what he did.

Tris removes her IV needle, rolls out of bed, still weak.

CHRISTINA
Whoa, partner--

TRIS
--If I don't climb back up
that board before the end of
Stage One, I'm Factionless.
Might as well be dead.

CHRISTINA
So, what're you gonna do?

TRIS
I'm going to play. And I'm going to win.

EXT. DAUNTLESS TRAIN PLATFORM - LATER THAT NIGHT

All of the Dauntless initiates are gathered on the platform. As the train zooms by, they start to leap onboard. But just before the train speeds off... Christina and Tris, now both in tactical gear, run onto the platform and hop the train--

--which carries them northwards, towards the center of the City.

I/E. TRAIN CAR - MOVING - LATER THAT NIGHT

The initiates are crammed into one car, Dauntless-borns on one side, transfers on the other. Eric and Four brief them.

FOUR

The game's simple: Capture the Flag.

In the background: Tris HIDES behind Will, Christina and Al.

ERIC

Weapon of choice...

Eric pulls an ODD-LOOKING GUN from his holster.

DREW

Cute toy.

Eric shoots Drew -- Drew SCREAMS, drops to the ground.

ERIC

Neuro-stim dart. Simulates the pain of a real gunshot... only lasts a couple minutes.
(handing out the weapons)
Four and I will be watching you, judging you... but we won't get in on the action.

As Four hands out weapons, HE SEES TRIS. They exchange a long look -- ***will he report her for breaking out of the infirmary?*** But then, Four breaks away, continues down the line.

Marlene, the mohawked Dauntless-born, chimes in:

MARLENE

What about the teams?

FOUR

Dauntless-borns versus transfers.

The Dauntless-borns smile... while the transfers panic.

ERIC

Told him he was crazy. Uriah, you're captain.

Eric hands Uriah a FLAG with a RED FIST on it.

FOUR
I'll go with... *Tris*.

All the initiates, including Uriah, turn and see Tris standing at the far end of the train. Eric and Peter take particular note.

ERIC
You're supposed to be on bed rest.

FOUR
I signed her out.

Four hands Tris her own flag, depicting a SOARING BIRD. Tris rewards him with a faint nod of thanks.

EXT. NAVY PIER - TRAIN PLATFORM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The Dauntless initiates leap from the moving train... as it passes NAVY PIER, jutting out into the MARSH that used to be Lake Michigan. On the landward side of the pier is a rundown amusement park with a huge FERRIS WHEEL... on the marsh-side is the ROTUNDA, a stone building with two towers.

EXT. NAVY PIER - RUNDOWN AMUSEMENT PARK - LATER THAT NIGHT

The nearby Hub dominates the horizon. Tris leads Will, Christina, Al, Peter, Molly, Drew and other TRANSFERS up to a broken-down CAROUSEL. Tris climbs a headless horse, hides the flag behind a mirrored panel.

TRIS
Set up a perimeter, lay low. If they
can't find us, they can't find our flag.
(Peter snorts out a laugh)
What do you want to do, blitz them?

PETER
That's what they're gonna do to us!

TRIS
Exactly. They're Dauntless-borns. We
can't beat them at their own game. We
have to play to our strengths!

PETER
What strengths?
(Tris struggles for an answer)
Exactly. We're going. Anyone who
wants to win can tag along.

A FEW TRANSFERS join Peter, Molly and Drew as they charge away, leaving Tris, Christina, Will, Al and several others back at the carousel. Tris spins away, dejected... until she looks up and sees-- THE FERRIS WHEEL, towering above them.

TRIS
(back to Christina)
Establish that perimeter -- I'm
going to do some recon.

EXT. FERRIS WHEEL - LADDER - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tris reaches the base of the utility ladder, starts to climb--

FOUR (O.S.)
What do you think you're doing?

Tris looks back, sees Four down at the bottom. Tris doesn't let that stop her. She continues up the ladder.

TRIS
I don't *think* I'm doing anything. I'm
seeking higher ground... like you taught us.

FOUR
(starting up the ladder)
I'm glad *someone* was paying attention.

By this point, Tris is almost twenty feet up in the air and rising. But then, she grabs for a rusty rung -- it SNAPS! Tris slides down the ladder, out of control. Until... FOUR GRABS HER, pulls her back onto the ladder.

TRIS
Thought you weren't supposed to interfere.

FOUR
You're welcome.

EXT. FERRIS WHEEL - HIGH CATWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Tris and Four reach a better vantage point. Tris looks down at the pier far below, exhilarated by the height. But Four moves cautiously, nervously.

FOUR
So, Tris, what do you think the
point of this exercise is?

TRIS
I don't know. Strategy, teamwork...

FOUR
(with a laugh)
Teamwork...

TRIS
Yeah, that doesn't really seem like
a big Dauntless priority, does it?

FOUR
Used to be. Not so much anymore.

And then, Four looks down at the hundred foot drop below him.
He stops, closes his eyes, takes a calming deep breath.

TRIS
(playful)
What? Are you scared?

A POWERFUL GUST OF WIND almost knocks both Tris and Four off
their feet. Tris easily steadies herself. But Four panics.
He grabs the nearby railing... and Tris' waist.

Four is scared. Tris looks at his arms, still shaking a bit, now
wrapped around her body. No one's ever held her like that before.

TRIS
You are scared...

Four gets his bearings, loosens his grip on Tris. But the
two are still very close together.

TRIS
How does someone who's afraid of
heights survive at Dauntless?

FOUR
Being Dauntless isn't about eliminating
fear... it's about overcoming it.

TRIS
And how do you do that?

FOUR
By learning that there are some
emotions even more powerful than fear.

Tris and Four lock eyes for a moment. A long moment. Tris
has never been so close to a boy... for so long...

FOUR
So... what are you afraid of...?

Tris and Four hover for a moment, face to face, before leaning in, almost imperceptibly, towards one another. But then, Tris SPOTS SOMETHING out of the corner of her eye--

TRIS
The rotunda.

FOUR
The what?

Tris points to the large building with TWO TOWERS at the far end of the pier. There's a FAINT LIGHT in one of the towers.

TRIS
That's where they're keeping the flag.
(tensing)
Damn. It'll take forever to get back down.

Four spots an ELECTRICAL CONTROL BOX nearby, walks towards it.

TRIS
What are you doing?

FOUR
I'm *not* helping you.
(Tris doesn't follow)
I'm not telling you to open up that control box...

Tris smiles, finally gets the idea. She goes to her knees, opens the rusty box. Four sidles up right next to Tris. Very close.

FOUR
I'm not telling you to find the black wire or the red wire. And I'm *definitely* not telling you to tap them together...

TRIS
(parsing through the wires)
Where'd you learn this stuff?

FOUR
When I'm not training rookies, I work in the server rooms at Dauntless.

And then, Tris finds the two wires. Just before she taps them together, Four places a hand on Tris' shoulder:

FOUR
Careful. Could be some sparks.

Tris gets lost in Four's eyes for a moment, nods. And then, she taps the two wires. *Sparks*. After a few more taps--

THE FERRIS WHEEL ACTIVATES. LIGHTS FLASH. CARNIVAL MUSIC PLAYS. It's a beautiful sight. Tris can't help but smile. And then, one of the Ferris wheel cars starts to pass by.

Tris sees that Four is trepidatious about taking the leap... so she extends her hand... and Four takes it. Tris judges the timing and leaps with Four into the Ferris wheel car, which carries them all the way down to the ground.

EXT. BROKEN CAROUSEL - MOMENTS LATER

Tris runs back to the carousel, finds Christina, Will and Al.

CHRISTINA
(re: the Ferris wheel)
What the hell? They're gonna find us.

TRIS
Not if we find them first. I got
eyes on their flag. Any word from
Peter and the goon squad?

But then, the sound of STRANGE GUNSHOTS in the distance.

TRIS CHRISTINA
Dammit! They're in trouble-- --forget them. You said it
yourself.

TRIS
You two come with me. We'll back
them up, then go after the flag.

[illegible]

AL
Need a hand...?

An awkward moment. Tris doesn't want Al on the attack squad.

TRIS
You stay and guard the flag.

OFF A1, deflating--

EXT. NAVY PIER - WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A DAUNTLESS-BORN hit squad chases after Peter, Molly and Drew, taking out some of the other transfers. Peter, Molly and Drew run through a door and into a--

INT. RUNDOWN HOUSE OF MIRRORS

Filled with broken funhouse mirrors. Peter locks the door. But then, they hear SHOOTING outside, SCREAMS OF PAIN. They swap confused looks, BEFORE THE DOOR BUSTS OPEN--

Tris, Christina and Will step in. Outside, the Dauntless-borns writhe on the ground, pain-darts in their skin.

TRIS

Follow me.

EXT. BEHIND THE HOUSE OF MIRRORS - MOMENTS LATER

Tris leads Christina, Will, Peter, Molly and Drew out.

TRIS

South tower. They'll probably have snipers up there, but we might be able to use the buildings as cover.

PETER

Not a bad idea...

When Tris turns back, Peter points his gun at her. Molly and Drew aim their weapons at Christina and Will respectively.

PETER

It's all about the scoreboard.

Peter nods to his minions, who shoot Christina and Will, bringing them to the ground. Tris lunges at Peter--

Molly and Drew fire, get caught in each other's crossfire--

Tris grabs her own weapon. Peter grabs his. A standoff.

PETER

What? You gonna shoot me--?

SHAP! Tris fires. Peter goes down. But then, FOOTSTEPS from inside. The Dauntless-borns are on her tail. Tris bolts...

EXT. BENEATH THE ROTUNDA - MOMENTS LATER

Tris hard-charges towards the rotunda. BUT DARTS WHISTLE PAST HER. She glances back, sees the Dauntless-borns chasing. More darts RAIN DOWN from above, SHATTERING in sparks on the ground. Tris looks up, sees a pair of DAUNTLESS-BORN SNIPERS, including Uriah, taking shots from up in the tower.

INT. ROTUNDA - ABANDONED BALLROOM

Tris sprints in, finds two more DAUNTLESS-BORNS. Without any thought for her safety, Tris rushes them, TAKES THEM OUT.

INT. ROTUNDA TOWER - SPIRAL STAIRCASE

Tris ascends, two steps at a time, gulping for breath -- but Marlene, the mohawked Dauntless-born, pops around the corner, firing wildly. Tris dodges, fires, brings Marlene down.

I/E. ROTUNDA TOWER - BELFRY

Uriah and his cohort aim their weapons at a HATCH in the floor.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Get back! She's coming!

Thinking that Marlene has arrived, Uriah and the other Dauntless-born sniper open the hatch and extend their hands. They both take their fingers off their triggers and help their fellow Dauntless-born soldier up into the tower.

But as she brushes the hair out of her face, we'll see that this Dauntless-born girl is actually... Tris in disguise.

With a quick shot, she takes down one of the snipers, then trains her weapon on Uriah, who throws his hands up in the air, flashes Tris a smile of grudging respect. Tris returns the smile, before CAPTURING THE FLAG. Right on cue, an AIRHORN cuts through the night. Game over.

INT. THE PIT - OUTSIDE THE GREAT HALL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Eric and Four lead their exhausted initiates towards the Hall. Tris, waving her captured flag, swaps smiles with her fellow transfers. Uriah and the defeated Dauntless-borns shuffle behind. The doors open and the initiates step into--

INT. GREAT HALL

Tris and the other initiates are expecting a rest... or at least a meal. But they're surprised to find dozens of DAUNTLESS SOLDIERS on the dais, headed by Max.

MAX
Top twenty move on to Stage Two. The rest, we'll waste no more time on.

Max points to his scoreboard. A RED LINE has been marked off twenty spots down on the board. NAMES start to appear. The first few are all Dauntless-borns. But then, Christina's name pops up, then Will's, even Al's... Tris holds her breath...

And just above the red line, Tris' name appears. The rest of the names fill in below the red line.

MAX

Eric will escort the Factionless out.

The now-Factionless students, confused and tearful, are pried away from their friends and led out of the hall by Eric.

MAX

Congratulations to those who remain. But also, a warning: the second stage makes the first look like a walk in the park. I suggest you all get a good night's sleep.

INT. TRANSFER DORM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tris and the other transfers are definitely not sleeping. They're partying, dancing, laughing. MUSIC blares. Tris talks and laughs with Uriah and other Dauntless-borns, who seem to be good sports about their recent loss. But after a moment, Al interrupts the conversation, a drink in his hand.

AL

Tris! Congrats!

Al awkwardly hugs Tris, holding the embrace a bit too long. Tris is clearly uncomfortable. Finally, Will interjects--

WILL

Hey, hey! Everybody listen up. A toast. To Tris!

TRANSFERS

Tris!

CHRISTINA

Your turn...

Tris ponders for a moment, then she looks to the EMPTY BEDS once occupied by her fellow initiates, including Edward and Myra.

TRIS

To the ones who didn't make it.

The transfers solemnly raise their glasses.

REVEAL: Four in the doorway, watching this all play out.

INT. TRANSFER DORM - NEXT MORNING

Tris is passed out on her own bed, still in the clothes she wore yesterday. But SOMEONE stands above her... it's Al.

He nudges Tris, who cracks her eyes open.

AL

You realize what day it is, right?

(Tris clearly doesn't)

Day after Stage One... Visiting Day.

OFF Tris' indecipherable reaction--

INT. THE PIT - GATHERING AREA - LATER THAT MORNING

Tris rounds a corner and sees-- HER MOTHER, Natalie, sticking out like a sore thumb in her Abnegation grays. Throughout the room, INITIATES reconnect with their PARENTS.

Tris stares at Natalie for a moment, stone-faced... before UNLEASHING A SMILE. She runs to her mother, grabs her tight.

NATALIE

It's good to see your face again.

(Tris' eyes grow misty)

Don't cry, Beatrice. How's the training?

You're just starting Stage Two?

Natalie tries to keep up her usual placid appearance, but it looks as if she's concealing some deeper anxiety.

TRIS

Yeah. I'm surviving. Is dad...?

NATALIE

Your father's been... *selfish* lately.

Tris quietly absorbs that information, doesn't force the issue.

TRIS

Are you visiting Caleb too?

NATALIE

I wish we could. But... the Erudite have prohibited the Abnegation from visiting their zone. Tensions between the Factions have never been this high.

Natalie sees that OTHER VISITORS, from various Factions, are giving her dirty looks, likely because she's an Abnegation.

NATALIE

That's part of the reason I came here
today. We need to talk. Come with me...

Natalie takes Tris' hand, leads her down a hallway.

INT. THE PIT - QUIET CORNER - MOMENTS LATER

Tris and Natalie stand at the end of a long stone corridor.

TRIS

How'd you know about this place?

NATALIE

No more questions about me, Beatrice.
There's no time. The Dauntless won't
let me stay much longer.

TRIS

What did you want to tell me?

NATALIE

To be careful.
(a moment)
And I also wanted to say... *goodbye*.

TRIS

No, it doesn't have to be that way.
I thought I'd never see you again,
but now, you're here.

NATALIE

It's not that, Beatrice.
(lowering her voice)
Your father and I believe that we
may be in danger--

TRIS

What do you mean? You and dad? Or
the whole Faction?

NATALIE

That's not important--

TRIS

--of course it is.

NATALIE

I've told you too much already--

TRIS

Mom, if Erudite's trying to pick a fight
with Abnegation, you have to fight back.

NATALIE

It isn't our way, Beatrice.

TRIS

So, you want to be a martyr?

NATALIE

What happens to us doesn't matter. All that matters is that as a Dauntless, you're safe.

TRIS

Mom, I can help you. I could talk to my instructor. Or the Dauntless Commander--

NATALIE

And risk being targeted for sympathizing with your old Faction? There's a little glimmer of Abnegation in you after all.

(with a faint smile)

But you're not an Abnegation anymore. And I'm so glad about that. I can't stand the thought of any harm coming to you. Please do this for me, Beatrice. Stay here. Stay safe. Forget about your father and me.

Tris realizes that she won't win this argument.

TRIS

Dad... At least I get to say goodbye to you. The last time I saw *him*--

NATALIE

Your father loves you, Beatrice. He's just... blinded by his own beliefs.

TRIS

Yeah, there's a lot of that going around.

But then, two RANDOM DAUNTLESS pass in the background.

NATALIE

I should go. If you see your brother, tell him to be careful as well. Make sure he knows that his mother and father love him very much.

(embracing Tris, whispering)

And have a piece of cake for me. The chocolate was always my favorite.

Before Tris has a chance to react, Natalie breaks the embrace and disappears around a corner. Confused, Tris watches as her mother fades into the darkness.

Tris looks from her mother's diminishing form, down to the Dauntless tattoo on her arm, eyes widening in realization.

Her mother was Dauntless.

INT. OBSERVATION AREA - NEXT DAY

Tris, Christina, Will, Al, Uriah and other initiates sit nervously on a row of benches in front of an OBSERVATION WINDOW. The room on the other side of the glass is DARK. Max stands in front of the window, flanked by Eric and Four.

A CABAL OF HIGH-RANKING DAUNTLESS stand near Max. And among them is a familiar face -- JEANINE MATTHEWS, the officious Erudite head, glasses perched on her nose. Tris recognizes her from the Choosing Ceremony, has to resist the urge to flash the same DIRTY LOOK that her father flashed.

Jeanine's focused eyes scan the room, before falling on Tris, who quickly looks away.

MAX

Stage One, we trained your body.
Stage Two, we go a little deeper.

The lights in the room on the other side of observation window SWITCH ON, revealing a FAMILIAR SETUP: a reclining CHAIR and a small computer-like MACHINE. It looks almost exactly like the Aptitude Test Room. The same place where Tris was first discovered as a Divergent. Tris recoils -- and Jeanine notices.

MAX

We're going inside your head. To see
what you're really made of.

Max eyes the initiates, settling on who should go first. Tris tries her damndest to blend into the wall, but:

MAX

Tris. The First Jumper.

Jeanine watches as Tris nods, slowly gets to her feet. Four opens up an automatic door and leads Tris into the--

INT. FEAR SIM ROOM

Four and Tris step in as the door shuts. Only now does Tris see that a single SPHERICAL LIGHT hangs from the ceiling above.

FOUR

(sensing Tris' unease)
Fond memories of the Aptitude Test?

Tris peers back through the observation window, sees her fellow initiates, along with Max, Eric and Jeanine, all staring at her. Tris is totally exposed.

Four puts a gentle, comforting hand on Tris' shoulder.

FOUR
It's alright. They can see, but
they can't hear. Come on, sit.

As Four guides Tris to the chair, she sees several SYRINGES of
the same BLUE LIQUID that was used during her Aptitude Test.

TRIS
Same stuff as the Aptitude Test?

FOUR
Simulation Serum. We use it to trigger
simulations-- *hallucinations* in your brain.

TRIS
So, now you don't even need wires to mess
with my head?

FOUR
Nano-transmitters in the serum send
the data back out to my machine.

Four grabs a SYRINGE, brushes the hair away from Tris' neck
and, gently as possible, injects the serum into her system.
Next, he places Tris' hands into LEATHER STRAPS.

FOUR
For your own protection. It should
take about thirty seconds.

Tris' sweaty arms start to slip on the leather armrests.

TRIS
Until...?

FOUR
The serum stimulates your brain's fear
center, induces a hallucination. You
face your fears. Literally. I watch
and evaluate. Eventually, the computer
compiles all your fears into one big
Simulation -- your Final Exam.

Tris looks back out the observation window.

TRIS
Will they be able to see them, my fears?

FOUR
No. Only your instructor's allowed access.

Cold comfort for Tris. Her heart starts racing. Breath
quickens. In order to calm herself, she looks into Four's eyes.

TRIS
What was your first fear?

FOUR
Not a "what," a "who."

Tris probes Four with her eyes, but he's not going to reveal any more. And then, the serum starts to take effect.

FOUR
Be brave. First time's always the hardest.

As Four speaks, small white particles start to fall around his face. It looks like SNOW. Tris blinks--

EXT. WINTER FIELD - DAY - [**TRIS' FEAR SIMULATION**]

--when she opens her eyes again, she stands in a snowy field. In front of her is a BLACK TREE, silhouetted by WHITE SKY. But when she looks closer, she sees that the branches are COVERED WITH HUNDREDS OF RED-EYED RAVENS.

Tris bolts, runs into a FIELD OF TALL GRASS. The ravens take off, give chase. They dive down, pecking at Tris' hair, clothes, skin. Eventually, Tris reaches a CLEARING and sees--

HERSELF, now tied up to a tall wooden post. Her arms are outstretched, like a scarecrow... or a crucifixion victim.

And then, the ravens fall upon Tris, scratching with their talons, pecking with their beaks. Tris is powerless. Her hands are tied to the post. There's nothing she can do...

Until... a shaft of WARM LIGHT spills across her face...

Tris looks past the tangled mass of ravens... and sees the SUN breaking through the clouds in the distance...

FLASH TO: The SPHERICAL WHITE LIGHT hanging from the ceiling of the Fear Simulation room.

Just as in her Aptitude Test, Tris realizes that she's actually IN A SIMULATION.

TRIS
This isn't real...

But the ravens continue their attack.

TRIS
Calm down. Breathe... just *breathe*...

And finally, the birds scatter, REVEALING--

INT. FEAR SIM ROOM - DAY - [**BACK TO REALITY**]

Tris shoots out of her chair, SCREAMING. She instinctively THROWS HER ARMS around Four.

FOUR
You're alright. It's over...

When Tris gets her bearings, she recoils, pushes Four away.

TRIS
The hell is wrong with you?! FOUR
Tris... calm down...

TRIS
(fumbling with her wrist-straps)
Don't tell me to calm down!

Four coolly removes her straps, speaks in a soothing tone.

FOUR
How long do you think you were under?

TRIS
I don't know. Ten minutes.

FOUR
Try one. It's almost a record, Tris.

Tris can't believe it. She calms down... and REMEMBERS that there's still a group of people watching her. She turns and sees Jeanine, Max and Eric eyeing her with great interest.

FOUR
Is there anything you want to tell me?

Tris looks from Jeanine on the other side of the observation window... to Four, ***do they all know that she's Divergent?***

TRIS
Just that I'm... I'm exhausted. I
should get back to the dorms.

INT. TORI'S TATTOO PARLOR - LATER THAT DAY

Tori draws the shades, as Tris paces behind her:

TRIS
You have to tell me the truth. What
does it mean to be Divergent? And what
does it have to do with the simulations?

TORI
Tris, I already told you everything--

TRIS

No. I *know* there's more to it.

Tori checks back over her shoulder, makes sure the door is shut.

TORI

Among other things, being Divergent means that you're immune to the Sim Serum. You're aware that you're in a simulation.

TRIS

Which means...?

TORI

That you're a threat. I don't know why. But the Dauntless -- *and the Erudite* -- don't like having Divergents around.

TRIS

What are they going to do? Kill me?

Tris was joking. But Tori remains deadly serious.

TORI

My brother and I, we both transferred from Erudite. But he was... *like you*. Started rocketing up the ranks during Stage Two... and the Dauntless leaders started paying attention. One day, they brought Jeanine Matthews, the Erudite head, in to observe...
(reining in her emotions)
The next day, my brother was gone.

Tori snaps out of it, looks back to Tris.

TRIS

Jeanine Matthews? I just saw her.

TORI

(gravely)
So did I.

TRIS

Why would the Dauntless leaders -- or the Erudite leaders -- care if I'm immune to the Simulation Serum?

TORI

If I'd figured that out, I would've told you by now.

TRIS

You really think they had something to do with what happened to your brother?

TORI

These people taught you how to fight,
how to kill. You really think they're
above hurting you? Or worse?

(leaning in)

You *have* to keep your secret, Tris.
Your life depends on it.

Tris collapses into a nearby chair, overwhelmed.

TRIS

First the Fear Simulations, now *this*.

TORI

Right. Today was your first Fear
Sim, wasn't it? How'd it go?

TRIS

It was *awful*. Like the worst kind of
nightmare... thank God I was able to
wake myself up.

Tori bends down, comes eye to eye with Tris.

TORI

But you can't wake yourself up, Tris.
Do you understand? At least not too
quickly. If you do, everyone will
know that you're...

(Divergent)

TRIS

So, I have to force myself to stay
inside my own nightmares...?

TORI

My brother had a trick he told me about.
To stay inside. He'd wait for the fear
to take hold, then he'd count to ten.
You can stand ten seconds of anything...

TRIS

Yeah, we'll see about that...

INT. GREAT HALL - AT THE SCOREBOARD - DAY

The scoreboard UPDATES. After Tris' impressive Fear Sim
performance, she surpasses Will, Christina and Al, who falls to
the BOTTOM. Tris is definitely not flying under the radar.

Tris goes to Al, tries to put a comforting hand on his
shoulder, but Al throws it off, slinks away.

INT. TRANSFER DORM - NIGHT - [**TRIS' FEAR SIMULATION**]

Tris scrutinizes her exhausted face in the mirror...

...but then, the glass starts to slowly crack, as if something is HITTING IT from the other side. Tris leans in to examine it--

--but the glass shatters, and HUNDREDS OF RAVENS BURST OUT. Tris screams, stumbles back into an open stall. The ravens attack, but Tris panics for only a moment, before:

TRIS
No! This isn't real!

Tris has the power to escape this terrifying simulation... but she doesn't. Instead, she grits her teeth, takes a deep breath, absorbs the pain and the fear. Just like Tori taught her.

TRIS
One, two, three, four, five...

The ravenous birds start to tear her flesh, to draw blood--

TRIS
...six, seven, eight, nine, ten!

INT. FEAR SIM ROOM - DAY - [**BACK TO REALITY**]

--Tris explodes out of her reclining chair, sweating and gasping. Four checks his watch.

FOUR
You're getting slower -- what's going on?

TRIS
Probably beginner's luck.

Four's eyes probe Tris. He senses that she's keeping something from him, but he doesn't push.

TRIS
I don't know, the fear was different this time. Still ravens, but they weren't outside, they were in my dorm.

FOUR
That's normal. The Simulation changes each time you go under. It's meant to keep you on your toes. To keep you *scared*.

TRIS
Well, it works...

FOUR

Maybe we need to talk about what this fear means -- that could help you overcome it.

(off Tris' confusion)

Your real fears are rarely what they appear to be in the sims. The ravens represent something else. Has anything been troubling you lately? Anything on your mind?

TRIS

(with a snort of laughter)

Yeah, nothing much.

Four smiles, realizes it was a stupid question. But then, his eyes narrow a bit.

FOUR

Wait... come here...

(Tris leans towards him)

Closer...

Tris nervously slides towards Four, who extends his hand, softly reaching for Tris' neck. Tris holds her breath as Four slips his fingers under her shirt collar...

... and pulls the collar back, revealing the tattoos of the THREE BLACK BIRDS on Tris' collarbone. They look like RAVENS.

TRIS

My family. Mother, father, brother.

FOUR

Then they must be connected to your fears somehow.

TRIS

Who's afraid of their family?

FOUR

You'd be surprised.

(back to Tris)

Maybe you're not afraid *of* your family, maybe you're afraid *for* them. Are they in some kind of trouble, danger?

Tris looks into Four's eyes, desperately wishing she could tell the truth. But she doesn't fully trust him. Not yet.

TRIS

No, no... not that I know of.

FOUR

But you think about them a lot, don't you?

TRIS
 (nodding)
 Do you ever miss yours?

Four and Tris hold each other's gaze for a beat, before:

FOUR
 I have to start the next session.
 We'll see you again tomorrow.

OFF Tris, nodding, wishing she didn't have to leave so soon--

INT. TRANSFER DORM - LATER THAT DAY

The transfers listen as Peter smugly reads a NEWS-FEED ARTICLE from his tablet. Tris steps quietly into the room, listening.

PETER
 "What prompted Beatrice and Caleb Prior to leave Abnegation? Perhaps they came to realize what most already know: that our city is ruled by proselytizing tyrants who do not know how to govern...
 (rubbing it in)
 ... The Prior Children were simply rats fleeing a sinking ship."

Furious, Tris slams Peter against a wall, hands on his neck.

TRIS
 Give me that!

Tris snatches the tablet, sees that the article was written by Jeanine Matthews. Tris shoves Peter down, kicks him savagely. Will and Christina intervene, dragging Tris out to the--

INT. WALKWAY OUTSIDE THE TRANSFER DORM

Tris pushes Will and Christina away.

TRIS	WILL
That's my family he was	
talking about?! My Faction!	--Not anymore!

TRIS
 I thought you were supposed to be smart. Erudite isn't just insulting Abnegation. They're calling for an attack on the entire government!

WILL
They're not revolutionaries. They're
bookworms. That's why I left them.

TRIS
Yeah, we'll see about that.

CHRISTINA

What do you mean?

TRIS

--Forget it.

WILL
The Erudite just want more say in the government, and they resent Abnegation for refusing to listen to them.

TRIS
Sounds like you think they have a point.

CHRISTINA
Come on, Tris. Even you have to admit
Abnegation has too much power.

Tris stares at them for a moment, can't believe what her supposed "friends" are saying. She decides to walk away.

INT. EDGE OF CHASM - LATER

This angrily smashes Peter's electronic tablet against a rock wall, again and again. The screen cracks, but the image remains, fritzing in and out. This looks to one particular section of Jeanine's libelous article: "**--What prompted Caleb and--**"

Tris hones in on one word in particular: "**CALEB.**" Eyes widening, Tris steps away from the edge, but not before hurling the tablet down into the chasm below.

EXT. DAUNTLESS TRAIN PLATFORM - LATER

Tris peeks out of a MAINTENANCE DOOR, sees a train approaching. She makes sure that no one is watching... before running out across the platform, leaping onto the train.

I/E. TRAIN CAR - MOVING - SUNSET

Alone in a car, Tris rides south through the City. The industrial section, where Dauntless lies, disappears from view... as the train passes into a much more UPSCALE AREA.

On the horizon, Tris sees a patch of green. It looks like it used to be a college campus, perhaps the University of Chicago.

EXT. ERUDITE CAMPUS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Now, the campus functions as the Erudite compound. Bright-eyed SCHOLARS stroll past ivy-covered buildings, lay out on sprawling green lawns. It's an academic paradise.

When Tris passes through, heads turn. She grins. It feels good to be respected. To be feared.

INT. ERUDITE LIBRARY - LOBBY - LATER

Tris speaks to a SNOOTY MALE LIBRARIAN, who doesn't look up.

SNOOTY MALE LIBRARIAN
We're not permitted to give out
personal information, my apologies.

TRIS
It's okay. He's my brother--

SNOOTY MALE LIBRARIAN TRIS
Perhaps you didn't hear me-- --Maybe you didn't hear me?

Tris SLAMS her hand on the desk. The Librarian looks up and sees that Tris is a Dauntless. His expression changes.

SNOOTY MALE LIBRARIAN
Of course, yes... That name again?

CALEB (O.S.)
Beatrice?

Tris spins around, sees Caleb, now in Erudite robes, standing behind her. She throws her arms around him.

TRIS
Can we go someplace more... quiet?

INT. ERUDITE LIBRARY - SECLUDED BOOK STACKS - LATER

Tris and Caleb conspire, surrounded by musty old books.

CALEB
You know I'm happy to see you, but you
can't just show up like this. We could
both get in big trouble.

TRIS
I could. But not you...

Caleb spots SOMEONE several stacks over, lowers his voice.

CALEB

No, things have changed here the past few weeks. We've been on lockdown. I'm just a plebe, you know, but I hear whispers, from the older students, from the teachers. And Professor Matthews keeps giving these lectures about how corrupt Abnegation is--

TRIS

And you believe her?

CALEB

I don't know...

TRIS

You know who your family is!

CALEB

Do I? How much did we really know about how things worked at Abnegation? We weren't allowed to know anything. Not like here. Information is everywhere.

TRIS

This isn't Candor. There are liars here, people smart enough to manipulate you.

CALEB

This is my Faction now. Look, you obviously came here for a reason...

TRIS

Mom and dad. They're in trouble.

CALEB

(taken aback)

What? What kind of trouble?

TRIS

I don't know, but I think Erudite and Dauntless are involved. Jeanine Matthews has been hanging around Dauntless a lot. And I think she's, I don't know, planning something. Do you know anything about that?

CALEB

(after a long moment)

I think maybe you should go.

TRIS

(pissed, heading out the door)

Faction Before Blood, I get it. And not that you care, but mom sends her love.

CALEB

You saw mom? Why didn't she visit me?

TRIS

Because Erudite won't let Abnegation
into their zone anymore. Wasn't that
information made available to you?

Tris starts to storm off--

CALEB

Wait! Something *is* happening. I'm just
not sure what. You said Jeanine's been
visiting the Dauntless. Well, we've had a
lot of Dauntless visitors too. More than
usual. That's all I know, I promise.

Tris hears nearby FOOTSTEPS -- time to go.

TRIS

Thank you, Caleb.

Without another word, Tris slips out of the library.

EXT. ERUDITE CAMPUS - INSIDE THE GATES - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tris walks towards the gates, which START TO OPEN.

JEANINE (O.S.)

To what do we owe the pleasure, Ms. Prior?

The gates CLOSE. Tris turns back, sees Jeanine, flanked by two
ERUDITE GOONS. She steps towards Tris, high heels CLICKING.

JEANINE

Did I startle you?

TRIS

Just surprised you know my name.

JEANINE

I remember everyone who had an...
aberrant Aptitude Test.

(Tris plays dumb)

Your results had to be reported manually.
Surely you knew that?

TRIS

News to me.

JEANINE

Ms. Prior, I recognize that the Dauntless
are known to raise a bit of hell now and
again, but I hope you're not dragging Caleb
down with you. He's such a clever boy.
I'd hate to see anything happen to him.

Tris will have to make a bold play to get out of this.

TRIS
 You want to know why I came here?
 (Jeanine waits for it)
Because I hate the stiffs.

The lie lingers in the air for a moment.

TRIS
 Why don't you put *that* in one of
 your articles?

OFF Jeanine, the edges of her lip curling up in a smile--

INT. THE PIT - DARKENED HALLWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tris walks back through the Dauntless compound, stifling tears after having just thrown her parents under the bus.

But then, a HAND swoops out of the darkness, covering Tris' mouth, as two other HOODED FIGURES emerge from the darkness.

PETER (HOODED)
 Think we can make a stiff beg for mercy?

Peter and the others drag Tris towards a DROP-OFF. In the shuffle, the hooded Peter brushes his hand along Tris' chest.

PETER (HOODED)
 Sure you're sixteen, stiff?
 Doesn't feel like more than twelve.

A deeper VOICE, also familiar, chimes in:

DEEP VOICE	PETER (HOODED)
Stop it!	--What? You punking out?

Tris takes advantage of the argument, pulls a hand free. She grabs one of her attacker's hoods, snatches it off. It's Al. But he runs off before Tris can do or say anything.

Tris still has to fight off the other two Hooded Figures. They bring her to the ground, start POMMELING HER.

FOUR (O.S.)
 HEY!!!

As Tris LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS, she sees Four running up, prompting the two Hooded Figures to sprint into the darkness...

INT. FOUR'S QUARTERS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tris opens her swollen eyes and sees TWO WORDS painted in black on the wall: **NO FEAR**. When her vision comes back into focus, she sees-- Four washing the blood from his hands in the sink.

The lights are dim, but Tris can again make out a few tendrils of black ink on Four's back, swirling from beneath the edges of his shirt. His mystery tattoo. Four flips off the light in his bathroom, steps back towards Tris, who now realizes that she's laying in Four's own bed.

TRIS

What were you doing out there?

FOUR

I was on my way back from...
upstairs... I heard a scream.

TRIS

Are they...?

FOUR

Alive? For the time being.

Four grabs an icepack out of a nearby mini fridge.

FOUR

Start with ice, switch to heat
after a few hours.

TRIS

Hot and cold, just like you.

Four stifles a smile, shakes his head, before gently placing the icepack on Tris' bruised shoulder.

TRIS

I bet you're an expert on bruises...

FOUR

From a very young age...
(Tris seems confused)
Got in a lot of fights as a kid...

Tris nods, adjusts her icepack.

TRIS

Why did they do it?

FOUR

Because you're moving up the ranks.

TRIS

Peter, I get. But Al, why would he do
something like that? He's so... nice.
He's an Amity, for God's sake.

FOUR

Was an Amity. Now, he's trying to be Dauntless, and he's failing, so he's desperate. Some people can't handle the training.

TRIS

(after a moment)

I... should get back...

FOUR

You should *sleep*. I'll take the floor.

Four sprawls out on the rock floor -- no pillow, no blanket.

FOUR

Night, Tris.

Tris can hardly believe this is happening, but she's too tired to argue with Four.

TRIS

Good night, Four.

FOUR

Do me a favor, don't call me that anymore.

TRIS

What should I call you then?

FOUR

Nothing... yet.

LATER, Tris still lays in Four's bed. But she doesn't sleep. Her eyes are wide open... watching as Four sleeps on the floor. He looks so different now. Quiet, vulnerable.

Tris observes as his chest rises. Up and down. She listens to his breathing. And the gentle rhythm calms her. After a moment, her eyes grow heavy... and she drifts off to sleep...

INT. FOUR'S QUARTERS - DAWN

Tris wakes to the sound of Four's shower. She opens her eyes, sees steam wafting out of the bathroom. After a moment, the shower turns off... and Four steps in. His hair is still glistening, and his uniform clings a bit to his wet skin.

FOUR

How do you feel?

TRIS

Only hurts when I breathe.

Four smiles. Tris gingerly rolls out of bed, gets to her feet.

TRIS
I think I'm okay to head back now.

FOUR
You want me to come with you?

TRIS
No, no... I'm good.

Tris heads for the door. But turns back.

TRIS
Thanks for everything.

OFF Four's warm nod--

INT. WALKWAY OUTSIDE THE TRANSFER DORM - LATER THAT MORNING

Tris tries to tiptoe into the still-sleeping dorm, "walk of shame"-style. But Al blocks her path. Tris flinches--

AL
I'm not going to hurt you. I never wanted to... I just want to say I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. It's just-- I'm at the bottom. And I can't be Factionless. Just please forgive me. Please. I'll do anything you want.

Al reaches for Tris' hand -- but Tris pulls it away.

TRIS
What I want is for you to never come near me again. If you do, I swear to God I'll kill you... coward.

INT. TRANSFER DORM BATHROOM - LATER THAT MORNING

As the other transfers sleep, Tris sits in her bed. She uses a pencil to sketch a rough approximation of the ABNEGATION SEAL -- TWO HANDS CLASPED TOGETHER -- onto a piece of scrap paper.

She stares at the image. It's been a long time since she's seen it. But after a moment, she crumples up the paper and tosses it across the room.

But then-- A SCREAM! In the distance. Tris jumps to her feet.

The DISTANT SCREAMING continues, growing louder, waking up the other transfers, including Christina and Will. Half-asleep, they all leap out of bed, following Tris out of the dorm--

INT. THE PIT - OVERLOOK - MOMENTS LATER

Tris, Christina and Will find a crowd of Dauntless standing at the edge. Two STRONG MEN use a pulley to heave SOMETHING up from the bottom of the chasm.

It's a CORPSE. Though it's malformed and misshapen, Tris recognizes the body -- it's AL. His face is bone white, with blue lips and dark empty eyes. Like a broken doll.

Tris covers her mouth, too shocked to cry. With her other hand, she clutches Christina's arm tightly. But Tris can't stay standing. She slowly collapses to her knees, in disbelief.

INT. CREMATION CHAMBER - DAYS LATER

Dozens of Dauntless fill this large room. A SHAFT OF LIGHT cuts through a portal in the roof, hitting AL'S LIFELESS BODY, which lays on a pyre of wood. Max stands nearby.

Tris watches as Four and Eric use torches to ignite the pyre. The flames rise, sending ashes floating up through the portal.

Uriah stands next to the emotional Tris. He places a comforting hand on Tris' shoulder. But Tris pulls away, slips out of the room. Four watches her go.

INT. TORI'S TATTOO PARLOR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tris grits her teeth as Tori gives her ANOTHER TATTOO... of the Abnegation Faction Seal... using Tris' sketch as a guide.

INT. NARROW WALKWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tris walks back to the dorms, eyeing her new tattoo.

FOUR (O.S.)

Al's mother showed up after the funeral. Sorry you didn't get a chance to pay your respects.

Tris tries to cover up her Abnegation tattoo, turns to face Four.

TRIS

Didn't have any to pay.

FOUR

Doesn't sound very Abnegation.

TRIS

Well, I'm not Abnegation, am I?

FOUR

Then why'd you get the new ink?

TRIS

Why do you care?

FOUR

Because you're my responsibility!

TRIS

You really want to know why I got it?!
Because none of this would have ever
happened in Abnegation. None of it!
This place warped him and ruined him --
and I feel like it's doing the same thing
to me -- and I don't care if saying that
makes me a stiff! I don't care!

FOUR

I'd be careful what you say, Tris.
They're watching you.

TRIS

I don't see anyone here except you.

FOUR

You know, I keep trying to help you,
but you keep refusing to let me.

TRIS

Maybe I don't need your help. Ever
think about that?

FOUR

You think my first instinct is to
protect you? Because you're small, or
a girl, or a stiff? But you're wrong.
My *first* instinct is to push you till
you break... *that's* how I help you.

TRIS

Right... like stabbing me in the
ear with a knife?!

FOUR

You still don't get it!

TRIS

--Why don't you fill me in?!

FOUR

You were raised Abnegation, Tris. It's
when you're acting selflessly that
you're at your bravest... and your best.

This hits Tris hard. She looks to the ground for a moment.

TRIS
If I'd forgiven Al... if I'd been more
selfless... would he still be alive?

FOUR
I don't know.

Four slowly raises his hand, places it against Tris' cheek.

TRIS
I feel like it's my fault.

FOUR
It's not.

Tris looks up, locks eyes with Four.

TRIS
What Faction did you come from?

FOUR
It doesn't matter where I was. *This* is
where I am now. This is where we *both* are.

And then, Four slowly leans in and places his lips against
Tris' forehead. But he quickly breaks away again.

TRIS
You always disappear. Where do you go?

It looks like Four wants to answer her, but--

FOUR
The Fear Landscape's tomorrow, Tris.
Your final exam. I'll see you then.

Tris grudgingly nods as Four disappears around a corner. But
then, SOMETHING CHANGES in her face. She doesn't want to see
Four tomorrow -- she wants to see him now. She sneaks off around
the corner herself, quietly following in Four's footsteps.

INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE PIT - MOMENTS LATER

Tris peeks around the corner, sees a TINY FORM ascending a
staircase on the far side of the pit. It's Four.

INT. STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

Tris tiptoes up to the bottom, just as Four reaches the top,
slipping through a DOOR on the HIGHEST LEVEL of the Pit.
Tris follows, swift and silent. When she reaches the top of
the stairs, she steps through the same doorway and into--

INT. FEAR LANDSCAPE ANTEROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

A room where participants wait before their final FEAR LANDSCAPE. Tris peeks inside and sees Four standing on the far side of the room, in front of MASSIVE SET OF METAL DOORS.

FOUR
(back turned)
Since you're here...
(turning back to Tris)
You might as well go in with me...

TRIS
Go in...?
(biting her lip)
Go in where?

FOUR
Into my Fear Landscape. You're going
to have to do your own tomorrow.
Might as well practice on mine...

TRIS
I can do that?

FOUR
They're my fears, but anyone can
experience them.

Four gently takes Tris' quivering wrist, pulls him towards her.

FOUR
Don't worry. I'll stay with you.
You'll be safe. Now, turn around.

Four reaches for a SYRINGE on a nearby table, filled with the familiar BLUE simulation serum. But Tris backs away, uneasy.

TRIS
Sure this is a good idea? I've never...

FOUR
You can trust me, Tris.

Tris' heart pounds out of her chest, thrilled and terrified at the prospect of sharing something so intimate with Four.

TRIS
Do you really want me inside your head?

FOUR
Tris... it's an order.

It's the only way that Four can think of to say, "yes."

Tris nods, then turns her head away. Four softly brushes the hair away from the back of her neck and INJECTS HER with the Sim Serum. Four hands Tris the other syringe. She steadies her hand and carefully injects Four.

Four types a code into a keypad, causing the double doors to slide open. Four extends a hand. Tris gently intertwines her fingers with Four's. And together, they step into--

INT. FEAR LANDSCAPE ARENA

Enough light to see that we're in an amphitheater. Four and Tris step onto the stage, which looks like a gladiator's ring. Rows of elevated seats surround them.

FOUR
Tomorrow, they'll all be filled.

Tris takes it in, awestruck. And then, the earth starts to move. The walls start to come tumbling down all around them.

FOUR
Hold on tight.

Four pulls Tris in to him. And the Fear Landscape Arena starts to DISSOLVE, revealing BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT beyond.

FOUR
(whispering in her ear)
See if you can figure out why they
call me Four.

With an explosive blast of LIGHT AND SOUND--

EXT. CONSTRUCTION CRANE - DAY - [**FOUR'S FEAR LANDSCAPE**]

--Tris and Four find themselves standing on a long METAL BEAM, hanging from a high construction crane, still arm in arm. The beam SWINGS SLIGHTLY. Four peeks down, sees the precipitous drop, and his eyes fill with fear.

TRIS
Where are we?

FOUR
(breathing heavily)
I don't know -- I told you -- the
specifics change each time -- but
the fear stays the same --

TRIS
Fear of heights. What a surprise.

Tris flashes a smile, trying to comfort Four. But it doesn't seem to be working.

FOUR

In the Fear Landscape, you can't just ignore your fear, you have to overcome it.

TRIS

So... we have to jump?

Tris extends her hand -- and Four takes it.

TRIS

Okay... just like the Ferris Wheel, right? Jump with me. One... two... three...

And together, they swan-dive off the end of the beam, plummeting down towards the city below--

INT. WALK-IN CLOSET - DAY - [**FOUR'S FEAR LANDSCAPE**]

Tris and Four land... not on a sidewalk... but in a closet. And then, the walls literally start to CLOSE IN.

The walls press Tris closer to Four, who starts to freak out. It seems that as Tris and Four go deeper and deeper into the Fear Landscape, they become more and more lost in the fears...

TRIS

Hold me. Tight as you can.
Breathe with me... in through the nose... out through the mouth...

Tris wraps her arms tightly around Four, squeezes him close. Tris and Four breathe together, move together, in and out, and as Four starts to calm down, the walls crumble apart and disappear.

INT. BLACK VOID - [**FOUR'S FEAR LANDSCAPE**]

Tris and Four find themselves in a POOL OF LIGHT. Another light SNAPS ON, revealing a GAGGED MAN, tied to a chair.

TRIS

Who is he?

And then, Four RAISES A GUN, aims it at the Gagged Man.

FOUR

An innocent man...

With pained eyes, Four FIRES THE GUN. Tris covers her face.

INT. ELEVATOR - DESCENDING - [**FOUR'S FEAR LANDSCAPE**]

When Tris opens her eyes again, she and Four stand side by side in a rickety old elevator, descending into darkness.

FOUR
Your last fear is your worst fear. It lives
in the deepest, darkest part of your mind.

The elevator stops. Four leads Tris into THE BASEMENT. Inside, Tris notices ABNEGATION COUNCIL-MEMBER ROBES hanging on the wall.

FOUR
(with growing dread)
I've experienced this one a hundred
times. Doesn't matter. It always finds
a new way to come at you...

Four squeezes Tris' wrist tight. Too tight. Tris has never seen Four like this. *Unhinged*. He's starting to scare her.

FOUR
It's a new nightmare every time.
Nothing can prepare you for it...

But from the darkness--

FAMILIAR VOICE (O.S.)
I'm disappointed, son...

Four flinches upon hearing the voice. And then, FAINT FOOTSTEPS echo from the shadows, growing louder. Four's eyes dart this way and that, searching for the source of the sound.

TRIS
(putting it together)
The punishments... the bruises...

A FIGURE takes shape in the blackness. Four backs away.

TRIS
Not a "what"... a "who"...

And then... Marcus, the Abnegation Leader and the city's High Counselor, steps into the light. Four has his back against the wall -- nowhere to run. Tears fill his eyes.

TRIS
Marcus had a son... What was his name?

MARCUS
TOBIAS... this is for your own good.

Marcus unfurls a BELT from his fist. Four covers his face. And then, a DOZEN OTHER MARCUSES step out of the darkness, each holding a belt. They surround Four and Tris.

The ORIGINAL MARCUS raises his belt to strike. Four cowers beneath his powerful father. Marcus brings the belt down -- but Tris steps in the way, allows the belt to whip painfully around her hand. She pulls the belt away, uses it to strike at Marcus.

In a rage, Marcus lunges at Tris, but this time, Four finds his courage. He blocks his father's path and KNOCKS HIM TO THE GROUND. When Marcus lands, his body SHATTERS into a thousand tiny pieces. All the other Marcuses CRUMBLE APART as well, followed by the room itself...

INT. FEAR LANDSCAPE ARENA - NIGHT - [**BACK TO REALITY**]

... Four and Tris find themselves back in the arena, still clutching one another, breathing heavily, physically and emotionally drained. Tris looks into Four's eyes.

TRIS

Four fears...

INT. BOTTOM OF THE PIT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tris and Four sit shoulder-to-shoulder beneath a WATERFALL where SEVERAL UNDERGROUND STREAMS converge. Tris and Four are clearly still exhausted after their intense Fear Landscape journey.

TRIS

You were going to tell me about
your Aptitude Test result.

FOUR

Does it really matter?

TRIS

I want to know.

FOUR

My result was the same as yours...

Tris waits with bated breath, *Divergent?*

FOUR

Abnegation.

Tris finally exhales -- that wasn't the answer she wanted to hear.

TRIS

But you chose Dauntless.

FOUR

It wasn't really a choice for me.

TRIS

You had to get away from your father.

FOUR

And I didn't belong there. Wasn't selfless enough. Not like you.

TRIS

Oh sure... I'm a model Abnegation.

FOUR

Am I talking to the girl who let me throw knives at her to spare a friend? Who protected me from my abusive father? Yeah, doesn't sound selfless at all.

TRIS

You've really been paying attention...

FOUR

I like to observe people.

TRIS

All people...?

FOUR

Maybe I watch *you* a bit more closely.

TRIS

Why?

FOUR

Because I like what I see.

Four looks from Tris' eyes... down to the Abnegation tattoo on her forearm. He skirts his fingers over the ink.

FOUR

I have the same one... on my back.

TRIS

(screwing her courage)
Really...? Can I see it?

FOUR

You asking me to undress?

TRIS

(laughing nervously)
Just a little bit.

Four grabs the hem of his shirt, and in one smooth, swift motion, he pulls it over his head, revealing his body for the first time. He slowly spins around and shows Tris the FIVE TATTOOS inked on his back. The symbols of the five Factions.

Tris slowly reaches out her hand, runs her fingers gently over the tattoos, down the length of Four's spine.

TRIS

Why...?

FOUR

Because I want to be brave... and selfless, and smart, and honest, and kind.

TRIS

You are. You're all those things.

FOUR

I'm not the only one.

And then, Four leans in close. Slowly. Until his lips meet Tris'. It's a bit awkward -- first time Tris has kissed a boy. But after a moment, she gets the hang of it. She presses her body up against his, places a hand against his chest. But then, she pulls back, breaks off the kiss.

FOUR

It's okay. We can take it slow.

Four places his arms around Tris, brings her in close. And now, for the first time, Tris feels that she can trust him.

Tris looks to the topmost Faction tattoo on the back of Four's neck -- the clasped hands of Abnegation. Tris gently traces circles around the Abnegation tattoo, as if trying to tell Four something.

FOUR

Everything alright...?
(sensing Tris' anxiety)
You can tell me, Tris.

TRIS

Remember when you asked about my family? If they were in danger...
(off Four's nod)
I said they weren't, but... I lied...

Four looks Tris in the eye. And the funny thing is, he doesn't seem at all surprised by Tris' revelation.

FOUR

I think I should show you something...

I/E. TRAIN CAR - MOVING - LATER THAT NIGHT

Four and Tris ride the maglev train through the City, looking out the window. Almost all the city lights are off -- the only illumination comes from the moon and stars.

TRIS
It's beautiful.

FOUR
But do you notice anything strange?

Tris takes in the landscape. She's seen it before, when she visited Caleb. She quickly notices that, unlike the rest of the City, the lights in ONE PARTICULAR SECTION are STILL ILLUMINATED.

TRIS
The Erudite zone.

FOUR
Apparently the city ordinances don't mean anything to them. They've been keeping their lights on all night for weeks. I started to get suspicious...

TRIS
Erudite's planning something, right?
And Dauntless is helping them.

Four seems surprised that Tris knows so much.

TRIS
(explaining herself)
Jeanine's at Dauntless all the time. And my brother says there've been more Dauntless visitors than usual at Erudite. They're working together, aren't they?

Four nods, smiles slightly, impressed.

FOUR
I hacked into the Dauntless servers, decrypted their secure files...
(a moment)
... I found *war plans*.

TRIS
War... on Abnegation?

FOUR
The Faction that controls the government.

TRIS
That's what my mother was talking about.

FOUR

Erudite's been releasing those reports and articles for months, trying to stir up anti-Abnegation sentiment. Laying the groundwork for some kind of an attack.

TRIS

But Erudite can't...

(realizing)

Oh my God. They're going to use Dauntless to fight their war for them...

FOUR

Yeah. The question is... How?

INT. FEAR LANDSCAPE ARENA - NEXT MORNING

PACKED and BUZZING. The FEAR LANDSCAPES are about to begin. Max and Eric sit. But then-- Jeanine Matthews and a small group of ERUDITE OFFICIALS step into the room...

INT. FEAR LANDSCAPE WAITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Tris and the other initiates sit in a dark room, waiting to be called up. The mood inside is somber -- like paratroopers before a jump. Their whole future rides on how well they perform. Tris sits in a corner, her head bowed, her hands clasped, subconsciously evoking the Abnegation Faction seal.

She looks to Uriah, who gives her a faint nod. She also spots Christina and Will sitting hand in hand, calming each other. Christina flashes Tris a slight smile, which Tris returns.

But then, the DOOR FLIES OPEN. Four pops his head in, gestures for Tris to follow.

INT. HIDDEN SPOT - MOMENTS LATER

Tris and Four whisper in a quiet corner.

FOUR

You have to put everything else out of your mind right now, Tris. Erudite. Abnegation. Your family. You need to focus on overcoming your fears. That's all that matters.

TRIS

I thought maybe by now I wouldn't have any fears left to face...

FOUR

Remember what I told you. It's not about becoming fearless. It's about learning to *control* your fears.

TRIS

(internalizing the idea)
Control...

And then, Tris grabs Four's waist, pulls him into a deep kiss.

TRIS

How's that for control?

FOUR

(with a smile)
I'll see you out there.

INT. FEAR LANDSCAPE ANTEROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Tris waits alone in the wings, like a gladiator preparing to enter the Coliseum. She hears the muffled roar of the crowd, sees light spilling in through the gaps in the doorway.

BOOMING ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

OUR FINAL INITIATE -- TRIS PRIOR!

And then, Tori steps out of the darkness, startling Tris, just as when they first met. Tori holds a syringe filled with the familiar BLUE SIMULATION SERUM.

TORI

It's only me. Ready?

Tris brushes her hair aside, and Tori injects the serum.

TORI

Jeanine Matthews is out there, Tris.
She's observing all the Fear Landscapes.
(Tris turns to Tori, worried)
I don't think our little counting
trick is going to work.

TRIS

So what do I do?

TORI

Stay inside as long as you can. Whatever comes at you in there, you have to endure it, absorb it. Let your fears take you right to the edge. Understand?

Tris nods nervously, swallows a gulp of fear.

TORI
Ride out the nightmare.

And then, the giant doors slide open.

INT. FEAR LANDSCAPE ARENA

Tris steps out, instantly overwhelmed by the chaotic crowd. She exchanges the slightest of looks with Four, who sits alone in an ISOLATION BOOTH, surrounded by all sorts of monitoring equipment. And then, she sees Jeanine, who stands behind Four with a cabal of Erudite officials. Jeanine flashes a quick glance at Tris, before looking back to the monitors.

Tris looks around, sees LARGE ELECTRONIC SCREENS throughout the room, almost like small JumboTrons. Impossibly complex medical and biological DATA flashes across the screens: heart-rate, EKG, EEG, and other tests we don't even know about yet. Tris soon realizes that all this data is connected to her -- this is how the crowd will witness her Fear Landscape.

But then, the simulation serum starts to take effect...

Tris hears the sound of FLAPPING WINGS and DISTANT SCREECHING. She looks up into the darkness above the arena and sees an angry FLOCK OF RAVENS swooping down on her. Tris starts to run... as stalks of TALL GRASS shoot up all around her--

EXT. SUMMER FIELD - DAY - [**TRIS' FEAR LANDSCAPE**]

As Four mentioned, the Simulation has changed slightly. The snow has melted. Tris now runs through a cornfield... as the ravens give chase, falling upon her, pecking and scratching.

But Tris just lets it happen. Surviving the fear. Absorbing the pain. Just like Tori instructed her to. Tears form in her eyes. Clearly in pain. But she allows the suffering to continue... for a few more moments... until...

She can't take it any longer. Time to get out. Like Four said, she has to overcome this fear. *But how?*

TRIS
(barely a whisper)
Control...

Tris reaches into a jacket, pulls out -- A PISTOL. She takes aim, fires at the ravens. Cold, calculated. In perfect control. The birds retreat. Tris has overcome her first fear.

But then, her nose twitches. She SMELLS something. And SEES smoke rising from some unseen fire...

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT - [**TRIS' FEAR LANDSCAPE**]

Tris looks down, sees FLAMES under her feet. She's TIED TO A POLE over a FIRE. Something out of the Salem Witch Trials.

A MOB of Dauntless initiates surrounds Tris. Watching her, laughing at her. Peter, smiling deviously, uses a torch to IGNITE THE PYRE. The flames quickly rise past her legs.

Tris' face contorts in extreme pain, as the flames start to move up towards her head. But she has to ride it out.

Soon, the flames completely engulf her. Tris can't last any longer. She closes her eyes, concentrates... as CLOUDS form in the sky above. And then, RAIN POURS DOWN, extinguishing the fire. Again, Tris is exercising control over her fears.

But the rain falls harder. Tris can hardly see or breathe. When she tries to dry her eyes, she discovers that she's in a--

INT. DIRTY WATER TANK - [**TRIS' FEAR LANDSCAPE**]

In a dingy room. Instead of rain falling, a torrent of water gushes through a pipe in the ceiling, rising fast.

Tris looks to the glass. Has an idea. She starts banging against it. Harder and harder. Soon, cracks start to form. But by now, the water is only up to her waist.

If she breaks the glass too quickly, she could risk being exposed as Divergent. So, she pulls her punches, slows them.

And lets the water rise up past her chest, her face. Within moments, the water has completely submerged her. Tris is clearly losing oxygen. But she holds on just a bit longer...

Before she starts BANGING THE GLASS again. She starts to lose consciousness. Vision fades. Enough energy for one last SLAM!!! And the glass breaks. But when the water drains out--

INT. TRIS' SHOWER - NIGHT - [**TRIS' FEAR LANDSCAPE**]

Tris stands under a hot shower in HER OWN BATHROOM. She turns off the water, covers herself in a towel... as a SHADOWY FIGURE steps into the steam-filled room. It's Four.

He steps up to Tris, leans in, kisses her. More deeply and passionately than Tris has ever been kissed. Four kisses her neck, runs his hands slowly down her back. And unlike the other fears, Tris has no trouble letting this one draw out as long as possible. Until...

Four reaches for her towel, tries to peel it away -- but Tris grabs his hand, takes control, whispers in his ear.

TRIS
Not yet...

Four nods, leads into Tris' ear, WHISPERS:

FOUR
Your last fear is your worst fear...

Four speaks the same words he spoke in his own Fear Landscape.

FOUR (CONT'D)
Nothing can prepare you for it. *Nothing.*

CLICK! A gun presses against Tris' temple.

INT. DARK VOID - [**TRIS' FEAR LANDSCAPE**]

Tris now stands in a pool of light, much like Four's Fear Landscape. Gun pointed at her head. Held by... JEANINE.

Another light SNAPS ON, revealing TRIS' FAMILY, bound, gagged.

JEANINE
Ten... nine... eight... seven...

Tris looks down, sees a gun in her own hand. Jeanine wants Tris to kill her own family. It's her worst fear.

JEANINE
Six... five... four...

Following Tori's instruction, Tris can't make a move too soon. She must wait until the last minute to save her family...

JEANINE
Three... two... one...

But from the look on Tris' face, it feels real.

And then, Jeanine pulls the trigger. Tris lunges, knocks Jeanine's arm away, causing the shot to go wild. Tris spins, SHOOTs JEANINE, sends her flying into the darkness.

Having overcome her final fear, Tris runs to her family, but before she gets a chance to embrace them, they EVAPORATE... along with the rest of the Fear Landscape...

INT. FEAR LANDSCAPE ARENA - DAY - [**BACK TO REALITY**]

...and we're back in the arena. Tris is surrounded again by Dauntless onlookers, who wait with bated breath for her results. In his isolation booth, Four makes a few adjustments.

And then, all the medical data disappears from the video screens, replaced by a RESULTS SCREEN: a series of FIVE BAR GRAPHS, all of them nearly at the top of the chart. We won't know exactly what it means, but it looks like Tris has passed with flying colors. The crowd bursts into CHEERS.

As the crowd ROARS, Tris sees Jeanine and the other Erudite discussing her Fear Landscape. Jeanine takes a break from her deliberating, flashes an inscrutable look at Tris --

After a moment, Jeanine breaks away from the group and steps back to Four, giving him a subtle nod, as if to say, "She's okay." Four looks back to Tris with a barely-noticeable smile.

It seems as if Tris not only passed the test, but also managed to avoid being outed as a Divergent. She breathes a sigh of relief, before stepping out the way she came in--

INT. FEAR LANDSCAPE ANTEROOM

TRIS

Tori! Did you see--?

But Tori is gone. In her place are two DAUNTLESS TECHS. They open a steel case, revealing several syringes filled with ORANGE SERUM. Tris has never seen a serum like this before.

DAUNTLESS TECH 1

Tracking device. New Dauntless policy, just went into effect.

TRIS

It's mandatory?

And then, Max steps into the room, smiling, surrounded by several other high-ranking Dauntless.

MAX

Order comes straight from the top. Congratulations, Tris.

TRIS

Thank you, sir.

DAUNTLESS TECH 2

Ready for the injection?

Tris looks from the strange orange fluid in the syringe... to Max, head of the Faction. She can't back out now.

TRIS

Go for it.

The Dauntless Techs nod, then inject Tris' PALM with the orange serum. Tris braces herself... but nothing seems to happen.

OFF Tris, sharing a forced smile with Max--

INT. GREAT HALL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Packed to the brim. Max and other HIGH-RANKING DAUNTLESS fill the dais. Tris stands with the other initiates in the crowd, anxiously awaiting the final rankings. She looks around for Four, but he's not there.

MAX

At Dauntless, we believe in bravery. In freedom from fear. We believe that we must force the bad out of this world so that the good can prosper and thrive. If you believe in those things, we welcome you.

(a moment)

For the final rankings, we've combined your results from the two stages. And so we turn to the board. One last time.

ON THE SCOREBOARD: Names start to appear, from bottom to top. Several familiar ones pop up: Peter, Christina, Will...

And the NUMBER ONE SPOT BELONGS TO... TRIS. Cheers echo through the hall. Christina and Will rush to Tris to celebrate. And despite everything, Tris smiles.

INT. TRANSFER DORM - LATER THAT NIGHT

ON TRIS, sleeping. The detritus of a party is scattered around.

But the SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS wakes Tris up. She opens her eyes and sees DARK FORMS shuffling through the room, an unsettling sight.

As her eyes adjust to the darkness, she sees that these Dark Forms are actually her FELLOW TRANSFERS. They slowly rise from their beds, as if sleepwalking, and join a line of recruits that snakes out into the corridor outside the dorm.

Tris peers through the darkness and watches as these transfers, Will included, join an even LONGER LINE of recruits streaming through the corridor outside. *What the hell is going on here?*

Tris gathers her courage, turns to Christina's adjacent bunk.

TRIS
(whispering)
Hey... Chris...

Christina spins to face Tris, opens her eyes. And Tris breathes a sigh of relief.

But Christina doesn't respond. In fact, her eyes seem strangely lifeless. She slowly sits up out of her bunk. She's one of the "zombies" too.

Tris looks to the not-yet-healed injection scar in her palm, eyes flooding with realization. Christina and the other brainwashed Dauntless ALSO have that scar. They must have received the same orange serum injection.

But then, Christina seems to slowly GROW AWARE that Tris is not behaving like the rest of the brainwashed Dauntless. Christina threateningly staggers towards Tris. Other transfers also grow aware of Tris' behavior. They start surrounding her bunk.

Tris tenses up. She must play along in order to survive. She fixes her gaze, slowly sits up and join the long line of people walking out of the dorms. Christina and the other brainwashed Dauntless recruits stand down and fall in line.

INT. DAUNTLESS CORRIDOR

Tris finds herself in a group of several dozen brainwashed Dauntless recruits moving through the dimly-lit halls. Will walks in front of her. Christina walks behind her.

Tris tries desperately to walk in lockstep with the group, to control her movements, her breathing, at the risk of being discovered and attacked by her fellow Dauntless.

After a moment, Tris and the other recruits pass by a small group of ELITE DAUNTLESS. These Dauntless don't seem to be brainwashed -- they're overseeing this strange endeavor.

This particular group of Elite Dauntless is headed up by Max, the leader of the entire Faction. He surveys the brainwashed Dauntless recruits as they pass by, inspecting them.

Tris walks right past Max, doing her best zombie impression.

Max's eyes lock onto Tris, narrowing... but Max allows Tris and the rest of the brainwashed Dauntless to pass by. Finally, Tris reaches the end of the long corridor and steps out into--

INT. THE PIT

--and witnesses a terrifying scene: the entire Pit is filled with brainwashed Dauntless recruits, thousands, all mindlessly walking up the narrow pathways and towards--

INT. DAUNTLESS ARMORY - MOMENTS LATER

Tris follows the crowd into the room, filled with Dauntless soldiers coldly arming themselves for battle. Playing along, Tris grabs an assault rifle, ammunition and body armor.

EXT. DAUNTLESS HEADQUARTERS - TRAIN PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER

The immense DAUNTLESS STRIKE FORCE is now amassed on the platform. The Dauntless soldiers wait, dead-eyed, as the MAGLEV TRAIN careens into the station. Tris stands in the middle of the pack, still flanked by Will and Christina.

In perfectly organized fashion, the brainwashed Dauntless leap onto the train as it passes into the station. Tris joins Christina and Will in one of the packed train cars--

--which rockets northwards, towards the center of the City.

I/E. TRIS' TRAIN CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tris and the other recruits are packed like sardines inside. Christina and Will stand right in front of her.

One of the non-brainwashed ELITE DAUNTLESS GUARDS stands at the head of the car, overseeing.

To maintain her cover, Tris must keep her face fixed, looking forward. But after a moment, she starts to steal quick, subtle glances. Left and right. Trying to get her bearings.

And at the far end of the car, she spots SOMEONE WHO LOOKS LIKE FOUR, but she can't see his face.

Tris has to get over there, but that's no easy task. Fortunately, she already has her back to the wall of the train car. She looks down the length of the car -- maybe she can squeeze behind the backs of the Dauntless soldiers?

Tris looks to the Elite Dauntless Guard at the head of the train, waits for him to turn his head, then she makes her move.

She starts sidestepping down the length of the train car, trying not to disturb any of the brainwashed Dauntless recruits.

Tris makes it about halfway through the train, and she sees that the mysterious man she was looking at... IS FOUR. But it looks like he's also brainwashed. *Maybe Tris was wrong about him. Maybe Four isn't Divergent.* Tris has to get closer.

But then, Tris accidentally BUMPS into the brainwashed MOLLY AND DREW. Both of them snap their heads back around at Tris.

Tris immediately freezes, again pretending to be brainwashed.

Satisfied, Molly and Drew turn forward again, and Tris slips off, sidling up right next to Four.

Tris stands perfectly still, hoping, praying that she was right about Four, that he *is* Divergent. But Four remains still, stone-faced. Tris loses hope. She's all alone now.

Until--

Four gently interlaces his fingers with Tris'. He's with her. Tris squeezes Four's hand tightly, as a tear starts to form in her eye -- that's about all the emotion she's allowed to show, or else risked being outed as a Divergent.

But then, Four squeezes Tris' hand EVEN TIGHTER. Tris steals a glance at him. Beads of sweat form on his forehead. His pupils dart nervously around the room, eyeing all the bodies crammed in around him. His CLAUSTROPHOBIA is acting up again.

If Tris doesn't act fast, Four could panic and reveal himself. To comfort Four, Tris subtly starts to caress Four's hand with her thumb. Four starts to breathe, to relax.

But then, the train takes a bend, starts running alongside the river. Tris and Four both sneak a peek out the window and see the ABNEGATION FACTION ZONE coming into view.

En masse, the Dauntless soldiers start to leap from the train. Four and Tris trade a quick look, before joining them.

EXT. PLATFORM OUTSIDE THE ABNEGATION ZONE - MOMENTS LATER

Tris and Four join the Dauntless Soldiers as they form ranks and march down off the platform. They cross the BRIDGE over the RIVER, which leads into the--

EXT. ABNEGATION FACTION ZONE - MAIN STREET

Four and Tris step through the gates and enter a WAR ZONE. SCREAMS, SHOUTS, GUNSHOTS pierce the air. An advanced force of brainwashed Dauntless has already begun the Abnegation attack.

Four, Tris and their regiment of soldiers move down the main street and towards the ABNEGATION HEADQUARTERS in the distance. It looks a town meeting hall crossed with a simple church.

POPS and CRACKS of gunfire echo from every direction, but Four and Tris must keep their eyes fixed forward. It's killing Tris not to come to the aid of her old Faction.

Out of the corner of her eye, Tris spots a FAMILIAR FACE. It's Tori, now brainwashed, chasing down a young ABNEGATION MAN. Tris takes a breath to call out for Tori, but Four grabs Tris' hand, signals for her to stay quiet--

--as Tori raises her weapon and GUNS DOWN THE ABNEGATION MAN.

Tris keeps her head facing forward. She can't even shed a tear for the Abnegation who was just killed in cold blood... or for the Dauntless who was turned into a murderer against her will.

EXT. OUTSIDE ABNEGATION HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Tris, Four and the other soldiers halt in the plaza outside. They wait in silence... until... Peter marches up in front of Tris.

PETER (O.S.)
Hey! Lookie here.

Peter calls over Eric, who seems to be in charge of this other group of non-brainwashed Dauntless.

ERIC
Wow. The Dauntless all-stars. First Jumper... and the legendary Four...

On that note, Eric draws a pistol from his belt. Four registers no reaction. Tris sees Eric grabbing the pistol. Her hand drifts closer and closer to her own sidearm.

ERIC
Four fears. That's a record. Still stands. You know who held that record first? Take a shot in the dark.
(a moment)
Seven fears. Seven. But I didn't go around bragging about it. I didn't demand that everyone up and start calling me "Seven," did I?
(puts his gun to Four's head)
Time for me to be the bravest man in Dauntless again.

Eric places his finger on the trigger. But then, CLICK!

TRIS
Put it down.

Eric spins back to find Tris pointing her weapon at his head.

ERIC
You're not going to shoot me, stiff.

FOUR
No... *she* won't.

Four raises his own weapon, trains it on Eric. Now, both Tris and Four have their guns aimed at Eric.

ERIC
Yeah, I thought that might work.
(regarding Four)
C'mon, Four. You wouldn't kill an innocent man, would you?

Four hesitates, and in that moment, all of the brainwashed Dauntless soldiers raise their rifles and point them right at Tris and Four, who lower their weapons.

ERIC
There's someone wants to see you.

Eric grabs at Tris, causing Four to instinctively attack. In the ensuing struggle, Four's weapon GOES OFF. And Eric takes a bullet in the torso. Might be a kill shot, might not. Either way, Eric tumbles to the ground, out of the equation.

Four and Tris bolt. Peter and the other non-brainwashed Dauntless soldiers chase them into--

AN ALLEY. Tris and Four run hard. But Peter and the other Dauntless funnel in after them. Peter stops at the edge of the alley, calmly raises his weapon, takes aim and FIRES--

AND THE BULLET HITS TRIS. Blood sprays. Tris grabs at her wounded shoulder. Four immediately stops, goes to her.

TRIS
You have to go!

FOUR
Didn't hit an artery. You'll be alright.

Four looks up, sees Peter and the others running them down.

TRIS
Damn! Didn't think it'd hurt so much!

FOUR

Yeah, well, this isn't a simulation.

And then, Peter and the others surround them, rifles raised.

PETER

Drop your weapons! Now!

Tris and Four oblige, throwing their hands in the air.

INT. ABNEGATION HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Peter and the non-brainwashed Dauntless soldiers lead Tris and Four into the church-like building at gunpoint.

INT. FACTION HEAD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tris and Four are led into the spacious but sterile office, which once belonged to Marcus, the Abnegation Head. It's now been commandeered by... Jeanine, who sits alone at a desk that dwarfs her frame, reading glasses perched at the edge of her nose. With a phone pressed to her ear, Jeanine's fingers dance over a computer keyboard, lightning-fast. Ever the multitasker.

JEANINE

(on the phone)

We have more than we need here. Make sure you send some of them back to--

Jeanine looks up, spots Four and Tris being muscled in.

JEANINE

(on the phone)

Do whatever it takes to keep it protected.

Jeanine hangs the phone up, looks to Tris.

JEANINE

I should have paid more attention to your Fear Landscape, Ms. Prior...

Jeanine fogs up her glasses, wipes them clean.

Tris' eyes fill with fury. She tries to break away from her guards, but they successfully hold her back.

TRIS

Why are you doing this?!

JEANINE

Equality, justice, fairness... that's all I'm after.

TRIS

You think it's *fair* to murder innocent people?

JEANINE

About as fair as it is for that same group of *innocent* people to have complete and exclusive control of our government. If you paid attention in History Class, you would remember that there is a name for that kind of society. It's called a *dictatorship*... which makes what we're doing a *revolution*.

TRIS

The Abnegation put everyone above themselves -- *that's* why the Elders gave them control of the government.

JEANINE

All dictators claim to rule for the good of the people. Marcus and his High Council are no exception.

TRIS

I did pay attention in History Class, Ms. Matthews. I remember learning about two kinds of revolutions: peaceful and bloody. The bloody ones usually replace one dictator with another...

JEANINE

We were talking about the High Council... your father is a member, isn't he? You wouldn't happen to know where he is.

TRIS

What? So you can kill him along with everyone else?

JEANINE

Oh, we don't have to kill everyone. We just have to *control* them.

TRIS

You can't control everyone!

JEANINE

Where's your evidence?

TRIS

Us. Divergents. Your simulation serum doesn't work on us.

JEANINE

See, that's what separates your Faction from my own. You say that the serum doesn't work on Divergents, I say that with the power of knowledge anything is possible. It's just a question of time.

Jeanine signals to some of the non-brainwashed Dauntless. They collapse on Four, restrain him.

JEANINE

(to the Dauntless guards)
You know where to take him.

Tris watches helplessly as the non-brainwashed Dauntless grab Four and pull him out of the room.

TRIS

I'm going to kill you!

Tris tries to attack Jeanine, but Peter and the remaining non-brainwashed Dauntless hold her back.

JEANINE

I think you have it turned around.

Jeanine nods to Peter and the others. They drag Tris away.

EXT. RIVER - LATER THAT NIGHT

Peter and several other non-brainwashed Dauntless soldiers force Tris towards THE POLLUTED RIVER. Tris struggles, but Peter and the others are too powerful.

TRIS

Stop! Think about what you're doing!

Peter leads Tris all the way up to the edge of the water.

PETER

Shut up!

Peter kicks Tris down into the murky water and dunks her head below the surface, holding her down.

UNDERWATER. The world is completely different. Dark, blurry and frightening. It's like Tris' tank-drowning fear... only much worse. That fear was frightening enough in Tris' Fear Landscape. But that was a Simulation. This is real life.

Peter occasionally pulls Tris back up, teasing her. Each time she pops up, she gets frantic glimpses of the surface. Water is starting to force its way into Tris' lungs.

She's fading. And as the oxygen supply to her brain starts to diminish, Tris starts to HALLUCINATE.

The next time Tris emerges, she spots what looks like her mother, NATALIE, walking across the nearby BRIDGE. But when Tris looks again, her mother is gone.

OTHER DAUNTLESS GUARD (O.S.)
Quit wasting time. Just finish it.

Through the murky water, Tris sees Peter reaching for his pistol. Tris closes her eyes, prepares for the-- **POP! POP!** Several of the other Dauntless SPLASH down into the river.

Peter is no longer holding her head under water, so Tris explodes to the surface. She desperately tries to crawl out of the water, her hands and feet struggling for purchase. She gasps, chokes, eyes blurred by blood and dirty water.

But through the muck, Tris sees a GRAY FIGURE charging down a set of steps, towards the water's edge, levelling a weighty assault rifle. And if Tris didn't know better, she would say that the gray figure was her own mother, Natalie.

PETER (O.S.)
(panicked)
Go-- go-- get outta here!

Peter and the surviving Dauntless Guards quickly retreat.

But Tris still hasn't escaped the river. Until... a hand appears, grabbing Tris and pulling her. Tris wipes the mire from her eyes and sees her mother, Natalie, standing above her.

TRIS
Mom...

NATALIE
I know you're hurt, Beatrice... but
we have to go. Now.

Natalie helps Tris up, shepherds her along the river's edge.

EXT. RIVER PATH - MOMENTS LATER

Natalie and Tris move down a narrow path alongside the river.

TRIS
You were Dauntless. All those
days... all those years. It was
right there... in front of me. How
could I have missed it?

NATALIE

I was good at hiding. Only your father knew.

(Tris WINCES in pain)

Hold it.

Natalie pulls her jacket off, starts to fashion it into a sling for Tris' arm. As Natalie works:

TRIS

Why didn't you tell me?

NATALIE

If you choose a new Faction, you leave your old one behind... at least that's what I was taught.

TRIS

But you didn't leave me behind.

NATALIE

Because I heard what you said -- the last time we saw each other -- that I'd been blinded by the ideals of my Faction.

TRIS

I said we've all been blinded...

NATALIE

Well, it's true. The Factions were created by humans, which means they're flawed. Look where the Faction system has gotten us...

Tris sees the smoke of battle rising in the distance.

NATALIE

You're brave, Beatrice. Not because Dauntless taught you to be, but because you were born that way. And you didn't learn how to be selfless from Abnegation. You're honest, smart and kind. And you don't need any of the Factions to tell you that.

(a moment)

I don't care about the Factions. You're my daughter. That's all that matters to me.

Natalie and Tris embrace tightly.

TRIS

Also, mom... I'm sort of going by "Tris" now.

NATALIE

Tris...?

TRIS

What? You don't like it?

NATALIE

(with a smile)

No, no. It's good. Tris...

But then, GUNSHOTS in the distance.

NATALIE

We need to move. I managed to get your father and your brother to a shelter -- a warehouse on North and Fairfield. That's where we're headed.

Tris follows Natalie down the river path.

EXT. ABNEGATION COMMERCIAL DISTRICT - LATER

Tris and Natalie race through the narrow walkways between the Abnegation buildings. But when they round a corner--

They find a group of faceless BRAINWASHED DAUNTLESS, their identities obscured by darkness. In unison, the Brainwashed Dauntless raise their weapons and start chasing Tris and Natalie down. Natalie levels her weapon, starts firing.

NATALIE

Tris! Remember your training!

Tris nods, raises her weapon, lays down covering fire.

But then, Tris and Natalie spot another group of BRAINWASHED DAUNTLESS, hemming them in from the other side. Trapped.

TRIS

Mom! This way!

Tris leads Natalie down a NARROW PASSAGE, which they're barely able to squeeze through. They move as fast as they can, but the brainwashed Dauntless will soon catch up to them.

Natalie looks ahead, sees how far they have to travel. And then, she stops in her tracks.

TRIS

What are you doing?!

NATALIE

Find your father and your brother.
I'll cover you.

TRIS

We can make it. Come on.

Natalie looks back over her shoulder, sees the brainwashed Dauntless entering the narrow passage, raising their weapons.

NATALIE

We can't. Now go!

And the brainwashed Dauntless open fire.

NATALIE

Go--

But Natalie's word is cut short -- one of the bullets has hit her in the back. She's acting as a human shield for Tris.

Tris has no choice but to run down the length of the passage.

With her final ounce of strength, Natalie spins back and fires her weapon, taking out a few of the Dauntless guards. But it's too late. Within moments, Natalie's body is riddled with bullets.

Tris takes one last look back, watches as her mother's body slumps to the ground. But there's no time to grieve. The brainwashed Dauntless are still giving chase. Tris runs out of the passageway and onto a DARKENED STREET.

Tears stream down Tris' face as she sprints through the blackness. All the power and lights have been cut off.

Within seconds, the surviving brainwashed Dauntless pour out of the narrow passageway and start chasing, firing at her. Tris steals glances back, sees their faceless forms swooping through the darkness. Gaining on her. Moving as one. Not unlike the ravens who plagued her Fear Landscape.

And then, Tris remembers what she did to combat the ravens.

She stops running. Plants her feet. Draws her weapon. And starts firing, methodically taking out her pursuers.

When she shot the murderous ravens in her Fear Landscape, they dissolved in an almost whimsical puff of smoke and feathers...

...but here, in real life, she sees her bullets TEARING INTO THE FLESH of her pursuers, hears the sound of METAL PULVERIZING BONE, sees SPURTS OF BLOOD flying through the air and splattering on the pavement. It's all so real.

Like Four said -- *this isn't a simulation.*

In moments, she has dropped all of her pursuers. Except ONE.

Tris pulls the trigger. Puts a bullet in his head. Just as he stumbles into the light of a flickering street lamp. And despite the blood streaming down his face from a hole in his head, Tris recognizes the brainwashed Dauntless soldier.

It's Will.

As the life drains out of him, Tris can almost spot a passing moment where the simulation fades. Will flashes the tiniest hint of recognition before the light leaves his eyes.

Tris' face goes white. She lets her weapon fall to her side. It's all too much to handle. She spins, runs towards--

EXT. WAREHOUSE DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Tris bangs on the rusty metal. Softly at first. But growing louder, more frustrated. Finally, Caleb opens the door--

INT. CRAMPED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tris, physically and emotionally exhausted, peeks into the dark room, sees that it's crowded with frightened Abnegation.

TRIS
(to Caleb, barely audible)
Mom...

CALEB
What?

ANDREW (O.S.)
Beatrice...

Tris' father, Andrew, emerges from the crowd, embraces Tris. And again, all Tris can muster is that one word:

TRIS
Mom.

ANDREW
Your mother. Where is she?

Tris solemnly shakes her head, no. Andrew freezes. It looks like he might shed a tear, but he holds it in, absorbs it.

ANDREW
How?

TRIS
She... she saved me...

ANDREW
Then it was a good death. An
Abnegation death.

Tris groans in pain, shaking Andrew out of his silence, and for the first time, both he and Caleb notice that Tris is WOUNDED.

ANDREW
Have you been shot? Caleb, help me.

TRIS
No, no. Don't worry about me.

ANDREW
Still some Abnegation in there, huh?
(with a warm smile)
We need to clean the wound.

Andrew eases his daughter down onto the floor as a crowd of Abnegation gather around.

ANDREW
Someone bring me the medical kit.

Assorted ABNEGATION MEMBERS in the crowd nod, spring into action, always eager to help a complete stranger.

TRIS
Forget me. We need to get you out of here.

ANDREW
Not until we fix you up.

LATER, Andrew pours antiseptic solution onto Tris' wound. Tris grits her teeth, winces.

ANDREW
There's nothing for the pain.

TRIS
I don't need it.

Andrew nods. And then, he uses tweezers to dig into Tris' flesh, removing the bullet fragments lodged in her shoulder.

ANDREW
I'm sorry, Beatrice. I should have
never turned my back on you.

Tris grabs her father's arm with one hand, her brother's with the other.

She looks to the ring of gentle, thoughtful Abnegation faces surrounding her. She knows they'd gladly take her place and experience her pain if they could.

As Tris grits her teeth, fighting the pain, she looks into her brother's eyes... and her father's...

TRIS
(pained)
"Blood..."

ANDREW
I know. It'll be over soon.

TRIS
No, no: "Blood... before... Faction..."

A tear forms in Tris' eye, rolls down her cheek. Caleb nods, but Andrew doesn't react. Even this moment is not enough to make him fully change his beliefs. Soon, it's all over. Andrew gently wraps a bandage around Tris' wound.

MARCUS (O.S.)
Take only what you need! We have
to move quickly!

Tris notices a COMMOTION behind her in the crowded warehouse. DOZENS OF ABNEGATION MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN are packing up to leave. She struggles to her feet and sees Marcus standing nearby, marshalling the crowd of Abnegation.

Tris stares daggers at Marcus, her pain supplanted by rage. So many things to say... but now's not the time. She limps over to Marcus, joined by Caleb and Andrew.

TRIS
Where are they going?

MARCUS
To the Amity Compound. They'll
take us in... I hope.
(back to the crowd)
Pack light! Food and water only!

ANDREW
(looking to Tris)
But the Dauntless will keep
coming... won't they?

Tris scans the room, sees the crowds of helpless Abnegation. She also sees her father, her brother, even Marcus, the head of the Faction, all looking to her for hope. She racks her brain, trying to come up with a plan--

TRIS

No. Not if we wake them up.

(Marcus and Andrew seem perplexed)

The Dauntless have been brainwashed by a Simulation. And every Simulation has to be housed on a server. Bigger the Simulation, bigger the server...

CALEB

And the biggest servers--

TRIS

--are at Dauntless. If we can destroy them, terminate Simulation, we might be able to stop the attack.

MARCUS

You want to infiltrate Dauntless?

ANDREW

Beatrice... we're Abnegation. Most of us have never even touched a gun. We can't outthink the Erudite, and we certainly can't outfight the Dauntless.

TRIS

You don't have to. You just have to play to your strengths.

MARCUS

Like what?

TRIS

Well, your blatant disregard for your own lives should come in handy... considering this is a suicide mission.
(a moment)
Now, who wants to come with me?

EXT. DARKENED STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tris leads her motley commando squad of Andrew, Caleb and Marcus through the dimly lit streets. She spots a group of DEAD DAUNTLESS nearby. The same people she killed earlier, including Will. Tris raids their weapons, hands them to Caleb and Marcus. But Andrew refuses to take one.

TRIS

Why? Because of some Faction rule?

ANDREW

That's exactly why.

Tris sighs in frustration, keeps the extra weapon for herself.

EXT. ABNEGATION ZONE - TRAIN PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER

Tris peeks out, sees that the train platform is empty. She also spots ANOTHER TRAIN approaching. She leads Andrew, Caleb and Marcus out onto the platform.

TRIS

Do exactly what I do.

Tris runs alongside the train, pulls herself on board. Tris helps her father and her brother on next, leaving only Marcus, who pants and heaves as he runs alongside the train.

For a moment, it looks like Tris might not help him. She just watches as Marcus struggles. Andrew sees this all play out.

ANDREW

Beatrice! What are you doing?! Help him!

Finally, Tris grabs Marcus' hand and pulls him on board... as the train bullets south... towards Dauntless headquarters.

I/E. TRAIN CAR - MOVING - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tris stands in an open door, sees the DAUNTLESS HEADQUARTERS approaching. The rest of her team stand beside her.

TRIS

Jump as far as you can. When you feel
the pavement under your feet, stay
loose, tuck and roll. Don't fight it.

The platform comes into view, and Tris jumps, lands on her feet. Andrew, Caleb and even Marcus make the leap, landing with varying degrees of clumsiness.

EXT. DAUNTLESS ROOFTOP - THE HOLE - MOMENTS LATER

Tris and her team stand at the EDGE OF THE BLACK HOLE.

MARCUS

I'm assuming there's a net.

TRIS

There was the last time I did this.
(stepping to the edge)
Let's go together. One... two... three...

Together, they leap down into the hole.

INT. BOTTOM OF THE HOLE

And land... ON A NET. Tris breathes a sigh of relief.

INT. DOORS TO THE PIT - MOMENTS LATER

Tris and her team come to the doors leading into Pit. Tris peeks through the door, sees-- PETER, patrolling with his weapon.

TRIS
Everyone stay here.

INT. THE PIT - NARROW WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Peter moves through the darkness... until... the barrel of Tris' rifle touches the back of his head.

TRIS
Where are the servers?

PETER
Look who's back from the dead.

TRIS
And you've been demoted to guard duty.
(finger on the trigger)
The servers...

PETER
You gonna shoot me if I don't tell you?

TRIS
Already shot you once.

PETER
With a *dart*.

Tris redirects her weapon slightly, SHOOTS PETER IN THE SHOULDER. Tris aims her rifle at Peter's other shoulder--

PETER
Alright, alright! Yeah, the servers!

INT. DOORS TO THE PIT - MOMENTS LATER

Andrew, Caleb and Marcus wait inside the door. Tris opens the door from the other side, revealing a WOUNDED PETER crouching beside her, clutching his wound.

MARCUS
Who's he?

TRIS
Our guide.

ANDREW
Did you really have to shoot him?

MARCUS
Sometimes pain is necessary for the
greater good.

Tris flashes a hard look at Marcus. She agrees with him, but she wishes she didn't.

TRIS
(to Peter)
Get up!

ANDREW
You want him to walk?

TRIS
I didn't shoot him in the leg.
(to Peter)
Lead on. And keep quiet.

INT. THE PIT - HIGH PATH - LATER

Peter leads Tris and the others up to A CORNER.

Tris peeks around the edge and sees-- A LONG CORRIDOR, with a DOOR at the end of it, guarded by a dozen DAUNTLESS SENTRYES. But one of the soldiers CATCHES SIGHT OF TRIS. He alerts his fellow guards, who start marching down the long corridor.

TRIS
Damn. They spotted me.

CALEB
How many?

TRIS
Too many to fight through.

Andrew peeks down the corridor, sees the soldiers approaching. He turns back to his daughter... AND TAKES ONE OF HER EXTRA WEAPONS.

TRIS
Dad, what are you doing?!

ANDREW
Breaking the rules.

Before Tris can stop him, Andrew breaks away, valiantly charging around the corner, firing his weapon wildly. Soon, he actually HITS one of the Dauntless. Blood sprays. Body drops. Andrew freezes, gun trembling in his hand. He's just taken a life.

No time to think about that. He leads the rest of the guards down a DIFFERENT HALLWAY, drawing them away from Tris, Caleb, Marcus and Peter... and leaving the door to the server room UNGUARDED.

TRIS

You two wait for me here.

(re: Peter)

And keep an eye on *him*.

Tris rounds the corner, runs down the hall and into the--

INT. SECRET SERVER ROOM

Filled with rows of high-tech servers. There's a CONTROL PANEL and a BANK OF SECURITY MONITORS at the far end of the room. This is where the Simulation is being controlled. IMAGES OF DAUNTLESS SOLDIERS ATTACKING ABNEGATION stream across the monitors -- from cameras mounted to the combatants.

Tris looks into the dimly-lit room and sees FIVE HARDENED SOLDIERS, the cream of the Dauntless crop, forming a barrier between herself and the control panel. They stand perfectly rigid. Motionless. Eyes fixed. They're all brainwashed.

In unison, they start marching towards Tris, guns raised. Tris slips into the darkened server area to seek better cover as the brainwashed Dauntless fan out to pursue her.

IN THE SERVER RACKS

Tris' training kicks in. She moves quickly, quietly through the darkness. Rounds a corner, spots two bodyguards there.

BAM! BAM! She takes them down with two non-lethal shots.

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE SERVERS

BAM! Tris takes out another bodyguard. And BAM! Another.

A BULKY BODYGUARD appears behind Tris, knocks her weapon away. They grapple, tumble to the ground. Tris reaches for her rifle, fires, brings the Bulky Guard down. Tris made it look easy. She scrambles out of the server racks and back towards--

THE CONTROL PANEL

Tris tries to figure out a way to deactivate the Simulation. Up above the panel, she watches as the Dauntless attack continues to play out on the security monitors.

ON MOST OF THE SCREENS: She sees the Abnegation being slaughtered throughout their zone by the mindless Dauntless.

But a few screens show security feeds from within Dauntless.

IN ONE MONITOR: She sees her father, still leading a force of Dauntless on a wild goose chase.

IN ANOTHER MONITOR: She sees Caleb, Marcus and Peter crouched in a darkened corner, trying to hide from a LARGE GROUP OF DAUNTLESS SOLDIERS who have suddenly arrived on the scene.

Time is running out. For her brother. For her father. For Abnegation. For everyone.

And then, a HAND grabs her shoulder. Tris panics, but when she turns around, she sees that the hand belongs to... Four.

TRIS

Four, thank God. You made it.

Tris embraces Four, buries her head in his chest. Four wraps his arms around Tris. But says nothing.

TRIS

Four, are you alright?

(Four tightens his grip)

Ow! You're hurting me!

And then, Tris peers into Four's eyes and sees that they are strangely blank. He's lost in a simulation. **But how?** No time to figure that out now, because Tris is rapidly losing oxygen. Four is squeezing the life out of her.

Tris KNEES Four in the gut. She falls to the floor, gasping.

But CLICK! Four points his assault rifle at Tris' head.

TRIS

Don't you recognize me?! It's Tris!

But Four doesn't respond.

TRIS

I know you're in there!

Four tightens his grip on the trigger.

TRIS

Please see me!

Four fires -- but Tris lunges. The shot goes wild. Four and Tris tumble to the ground, tussling violently.

TRIS
Please! Four! Wake up!

Four grows stronger, more violent. He connects with a brutal shot to Tris' face. And then, he delivers a POWERFUL KICK to her chest, sending her flying back across the room.

Four is one of the most powerful warriors in Dauntless, and now, he's getting a chance to show it.

Tris lands next to Four's rifle. She picks it up -- but she can't bring herself to shoot him, so she tosses the rifle away.

TRIS
(to herself)
You can't fight... You can't
run... What can you do...?

Tris has to find a way to BREAK FOUR OUT OF THE SIMULATION.

And then, Tris has an idea.

She drops to her knees. An act of submission.

As Four marches towards her, Tris pulls a pistol. But she doesn't point it at Four. She slips it into Four's palm.

TRIS
Listen to me, Four... listen...

Four grips the pistol tightly.

TRIS
Hear my voice...

And then, Tris grabs the barrel of the pistol and forces it up AGAINST HER OWN TEMPLE.

TRIS
Please, hear me... *Tobias*...

Tris closes her eyes. Prepares for the worst.

But the worst never comes.

All she hears is the sound of a gun CLATTERING on the floor. Tris looks up and sees-- Four awaking from the Simulation.

TRIS
How....?

FOUR

I... I heard your voice...

Four leans in, kisses Tris. But Tris quickly breaks away, looks back to the MONITORS, sees that everyone and everything she loves is still in danger.

TRIS

We've got to stop the Simulation.

Four assesses the situation, reaches for his rifle, points to a thick BUNDLE OF CABLES connecting the computer to the servers.

FOUR

I'll cut the power line. You take out the backup generator.

Four gestures towards a LARGE ELECTRICAL GENERATOR.

Tris nods, opens fire, riddling the generator with bullets.

Four takes aim at the power cables, quickly severing them.

Tris pours bullets into the generator, causing it to explode in a blaze of sparks and black smoke. The power to the servers is cut. Tris looks to the security monitors and sees--

Dauntless soldiers throughout the city BREAKING OUT OF THE SIMULATION. They look at each other, shout at each other, shove each other. Some drop to their knees. Others vomit.

Tris spins to her brother's security monitor, sees that Caleb has also been spared. She breathes a sigh of relief.

TRIS

Let's go.

Four nods as he pulls a MINI-DRIVE out of the control panel.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SECRET SERVER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tris and Four run out to greet Caleb and Marcus, who still have their guns pointed at Peter. Four freezes when he sees Marcus.

MARCUS

Son...

But with a glance to Tris, Four regains his courage, stands a little bit straighter, taller. Four marches over to his father, towers over him. Four looks down at Marcus, flashes him a hard look -- and now, Marcus is the one who cowers.

Tris watches this all play out, but realizes that she had better interject before someone gets hurt:

TRIS

Come on. We have to make the train.

Caleb points his weapon at Peter.

MARCUS

Are we finished with him?

TRIS

No. He knows all about the Erudite plan. He could be valuable.

INT. NEARBY HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Tris, Four, Caleb, Marcus and Peter, still at gunpoint, charge down another LONG HALLWAY. Looks like a war-zone. Strewn with dead Dauntless guards, abandoned weapons, broken glass.

And then, Tris sees her father. He's slumped against a wall, BLEEDING BADLY. Caleb and Tris run to him.

TRIS

We're going to get you out of here, dad.

Andrew weakly reaches out, touches Tris' face.

ANDREW

Your mother and I...

(struggling for air)

We were lucky to have children like you to sacrifice ourselves for.

Andrew starts to fade. Tris presses her hand against his wound, trying to stop the bleeding. But it's too late.

ANDREW

Blood before Faction...

Tris nods, cradles her hand around the back of her father's head, gently rests him down on the ground.

TRIS

In through the nose...

ANDREW

... out through the mouth...

With that, Andrew takes his last breath. Tris tries to fight back the tears, but she can't help it. She grabs Caleb, pulls him into an embrace... as the train RUMBLES in the distance.

Tris dries her tears, pulls off her Dauntless jacket, gently places it over her father's body.

I/E. TRAIN CAR - MOVING - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tris stares out the window into the blackness. Her faint REFLECTION in the Plexiglas window stares back at her. Looks like the sun's about to rise.

Four appears behind Tris.

TRIS

I got them both killed. It was my worst fear, remember...?

FOUR

One thing they forget to teach us at Dauntless... is that sometimes our worst fears come true.

(placing a hand on her shoulder)

Learning to live with that is the bravest thing of all.

Tris nods, looks back out the window at the city streaking by.

TRIS

What happens now?

FOUR

We go to war. Erudite against Abnegation.

TRIS

And the other Factions?

FOUR

They'll have to choose sides.

TRIS

Hopefully they'll make the right choice... once they see this.

Tris clutches the mini-drive, now attached to a necklace. Four gently places his hand on the drive, right above Tris' heart.

He leans in, kisses Tris as the sky starts to turn pink with the sunrise. But it's not a kiss of joy or passion. It's a kiss of desperation. Two people trying to cling to some tiny thread of hope in the midst of gathering darkness.

Tris and Four don't want to break apart, but eventually, they have to. Four turns, sees Marcus watching from an adjacent car. There's a lot of healing to be done between father and son.

TRIS

Go...

Four nods, slips into the next car, where Marcus awaits. We might also spot Caleb in the next car as well, guarding Peter, who's now cuffed to one of the train seats.

Tris is all alone in her train car now. She looks back out the window. It's starting to brighten outside, but she can still barely make out her reflection in the window.

She gazes at the reflection of herself -- a different person.

TRIS (V.O.)

Am I brave... or am I selfless...?

Tris looks down to the Abnegation and Dauntless tattoos on her forearm. After a moment, she rolls down her sleeve and covers both tattoos. She looks back out the window.

TRIS (V.O.)

Or am I something else entirely?

The sun begins to crest the horizon. Tris' reflection FADES as the SUN RISES, illuminating her from within.

FADE TO BLACK.