

THE PURGE

by

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BLACK SCREEN. We HEAR a monotone FEMALE VOICE OVER:

FEMALE VOICE

Some say the American dream died
after the Fourth World War.

IMAGES of WAR - TANKS FIRE PROJECTILES; NEW YORK
SKYSCRAPERS EXPLODE; CORPSES LITTER a MIAMI BEACH-HEAD.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

The 10 year global conflict left
America with a failing economy
that could no longer sustain its
growing population.

CROWDS of PEOPLE on FOOD LINES. A RIOT breaks out in the
MIDDLE OF THE LINE - AMERICANS tearing each other apart.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

An unparalleled economic
Depression ravaged the country.
Unemployment grew exponentially.
Crime rates skyrocketed. America
was infected by an unrelenting
plague of violence.

NEWS REPORTS showing GUNFIGHTS ON SUBURBAN STREETS;
GANGS roaming DECIMATED NEIGHBORHOODS with MACHETES.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

After years of chaos and despair,
the Arcon Systems Corporation, a
steel alloy, satellite, and
weapon's manufacturer, bought the
bankrupt U.S. government's debt
and, for the first time in
history, the government was
corporate-owned and privatized.

SHOTS of enormous FACTORIES - the ominous CORPORATE LOGO -
ARCON - is glimpsed in the back of each interior.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

Arcon's first order of business
was controlling the epidemic of
crime that was destroying the
nation.

IMAGE of a STERN MAN in a drab suit - standing on a
PODIUM - surrounded by an ARMY - addressing the CAMERA
with an impassioned SPEECH. (**NOTE:** We don't hear him.)
Behind him, the CORPORATE LOGO - **ARCON**.

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FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

After many failed attempts to solve this problem, the new rulers devised an experimental method to alleviate crime. They called it 'THE PURGE.'

THE CAMERA PUSHES IN on the ominous **ARCON** logo as we:

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: ***THE PURGE***

INT. YOUNG BOY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Not your typical 12 year old's room. It's bare - not many toys, a few books. The proprietor of this room:

CHARLIE SANDIN - lies asleep in bed. Light spills through blinds, waking him. He sits up, ready to start his day.

Charlie immediately grabs a WRIST WATCH from his night table - puts it on and presses a BUTTON on it - changing the watches' display from CLOCK to MEDICAL MONITOR which begins BEEPING (an audio presentation of his pulse rate). After a moment, the WATCH displays CHARLIE'S HEART RATE (55) and TEMPERATURE (98.5).

Charlie then picks up a CALENDAR BOOK - rifles through PAGES, on which we see that Charlie has written down his HEART RATE and TEMPERATURE every morning for the last 5 years. He reaches today's date, when his eyes fall on the page's HEADER - **MARCH 21 - THE ANNUAL PURGE**. And Charlie's face suddenly tightens with worry.

Charlie writes down his VITALS, then abruptly closes the book - as if trying to hide the DATE that's unsettled him. But his expression tells us he isn't successful.

Charlie then stands and approaches his DRESSER. He opens a DRAWER, rifles through clothes, and does something odd; he puts on another t-shirt over his shirt. He then puts on yet another t-shirt over that. And he's not finished; Charlie puts on two more pairs of underwear. And as he stands there, all layered up, we notice that Charlie's a handsome boy, but there's something strange about him, in the way he moves, the way he stares off.

Charlie then proceeds to his CLOSET. He opens it and strangely walks INTO the closet, disappearing between HANGING CLOTHES - when his skinny arm reaches back and closes the closet door - shutting us out - and himself in for some reason.

INT. LARGE BEDROOM - MORNING

JAMES AND MARY SANDIN are awake in their bed. Both in their early 40s. JAMES is handsome, tanned, fit. He's sitting up - on the PHONE - in smooth salesman work mode:

JAMES (ON PHONE)

- Mr. Calhoun, the system will be working without a hitch by the time the Purge begins. I have a service crew on their way now -

MARY SANDIN - next to James - is also tanned, in healthy shape and pretty. She's looking through magazines that feature high-priced BOATS/YACHTS for SALE - barely paying attention to the TV/INTERNET PROJECTION on the wall in front of her playing the MORNING NEWS:

NEWSCASTER 1

- For most, today began with the tradition of displaying Baptisia flowers outside their homes, signifying cleansing, as tonight brings us the tenth Annual Purge.

Mary ear-marks a page displaying a gorgeous YACHT as:

NEWSCASTER 1 (CONT'D)

90 percent of all Americans are now in favor of this annual night, and a recent Arcon evaluation of the 10 percent who oppose the Purge revealed that more than half of this dissenting faction are psychologically unstable.

The NEWS CUTS to a TAPED CLIP of A PONY-TAILED MEXICAN-AMERICAN MAN standing on a STREET CORNER. His name is CARMELO JOHNS and he's holding a SIGN that reads; **"DO NOT CONFORM!", "VISIT THE-RESISTANCE.ORG FOR THE TRUTH!"** He's YELLING WILDLY at PASSERBYS - most pay him no attention at all - while others cast a weary eye on him:

CARMELO JOHNS (ON TV)

- The Purge has cleaned up the streets but at what cost? OUR SOULS ARE AT STAKE!

Mary takes note of something Carmelo's said when the TV report cuts back to the NEWSCASTERS:

NEWSCASTER 2 (ON TV)

The start of the Purge is Sundown - 7 PM Standard - and some predict elevated levels of violen -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mary raises the REMOTE - shuts the TV. Goes back to her MAGAZINES - finds an ENORMOUS BOAT - her eyes light up. She shows this boat to her husband who's still on PHONE:

MARY

Look at this one, baby. Perfect.

James smiles - silently agreeing - as:

JAMES (ON PHONE, CONT'D)

- Mr. Calhoun, Arcon makes the strongest steel in the world. You will be locked in tight tonight. - Yessir, bye now.

James hangs up the phone.

MARY

(re: phone call)
Everything OK, babe?

JAMES

Everyone's doing security checks, getting ready for tonight. If one system I sold has a glitch, I'll lose the bonus.

Mary kisses her husband.

MARY

It'll be fine. Now go get ready.

James stands. As he puts on a robe:

JAMES

What are you gonna do today, babe?

MARY

Not sure. Definitely go for a run. Eating way too much lately.

JAMES

You're crazy. You look amazing.

(then)

Did you hear the scratching last night?

MARY

It woke me up at 3. What the hell is it? It's driving me crazy.

James shrugs - no idea. He starts out of the room, when Mary stops him with:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARY (CONT'D)

Babe, before you go - we need to talk to Zoey about this Henry thing. She's getting worse, moody all the time.

JAMES

When I was 16 I wasn't even allowed to have a girlfriend. We're not being too harsh telling her she can't see him on school nights.

MARY

Sometimes I think we push her too hard, hun.

JAMES

By 'we' you mean 'me'. And I push her just enough. Look how great she's been doing. If she continues on this track she can be an executive at Arcon, Mary.

James smiles wide, excited by this idea. He kisses his wife and heads out. Alone now, Mary turns back on the TV/INTERNET PROJECTION, seeing a COMMERCIAL; a corporate feel-good spot with soothing music over tranquil images - PEOPLE PICNICKING, HOLDING BLUE BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS - as:

SOOTHING VOICE OVER (ON TV)

...Release the beast and connect with yourself. Exercise your right to Purge tonight. Arcon encourages your participation.

INT. DAUGHTER ZOEY SANDIN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

SCHOOL BOOKS everywhere. Impeccably neat. An impressive WALL of AWARDS for MATH and WRITING CONTESTS - PLAQUES for PIANO RECITALS - as well as a DOZEN SPORTS TROPHIES - GYMNASTICS, TRACK. WE PAN OFF ALL THIS, FINDING:

The PROPRIETOR of these ACCOLADES - ZOEY SANDIN (16, All-American, sweet-as-pie, cheerleader-type), passionately KISSING her slightly older boyfriend - the aforementioned HENRY (18, handsome, furrowed brow, forced teen intensity).

Zoey and Henry stop kissing - staring deeply at each other - young love in full obsessive melodramatic bloom.

ZOEY

God, I love you too much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY

We're gonna spend our lives together, baby. We won't be sneaking around like this much longer, trust me.

Zoey smiles - mesmerized - crazy in love. She embraces Henry - he squeezes her tight, equally as infatuated.

ZOEY

I thank God every day that you're in my life. But you should go. All hell will break loose if he sees you here now.

One last kiss - Henry then moves to the window and climbs out, onto the balcony, disappearing below.

WE STAY WITH ZOEY - beaming with young love, when her eyes fall on that WALL of TROPHIES and PLAQUES and PHOTOS of HERSELF at PIANO RECITALS, BEAUTY CONTESTS, etc.

She stares at all of it - her bright smile fading.

INT. SANDIN HOUSE HALLWAY - MORNING

A LONG HALL decorated with PHOTOS of the attractive SANDINS - JAMES, MARY, ZOEY and CHARLIE. We notice something at the end of this corridor - it's a foot high - moving toward us. As it draws near, we see that it's:

A RABBIT - hopping through the home. And it's a strange Rabbit, indeed. Its fur is green and white and weathered terribly. It's also missing its RIGHT EAR.

It's an incongruous image - the weathered Rabbit hopping through the pristine Sandin HALLS, until it comes upon:

MARY SANDIN (wearing a robe now) - IN THE KITCHEN - standing in front of the OPEN REFRIGERATOR - eating some CAKE with great fervor. After a beat, Mary spots the Rabbit. She smirks, then oddly talks to the bunny:

MARY

No pictures, Charlie. I woke up hungry. This is our secret.

CUT TO:

INT. A DARK SMALL SPACE - SAME

BOXES piled in the corner - BOY'S CLOTHES hanging. It's a CLOSET that's been turned into a secret hiding spot - replete with a TOYS, BOOKS, DRAWINGS, as well as CANDID PHOTOS of the SANDINS - MARY, JAMES and ZOEY (**NOTE:** no PHOTOS of CHARLIE). We FIND:

YOUNG CHARLIE SANDIN - sitting on a small CHAIR in this, his secret getaway. (**NOTE:** This is clearly the back of Charlie's closet - into which he disappeared earlier.)

Charlie's not only wearing those multiple LAYERS OF CLOTHES, but he's also now donning a bizarre pair of SMALL, CIRCULAR DARK GLASSES/GOGGLES - as well as holding an I-POD NANO-LIKE DEVICE which he handles expertly.

WE HOLD ON CHARLIE - in those dark GLASSES/GOGGLES, seemingly staring off at nothing until we SEE what he's LOOKING AT:

HIS MOM - in the KITCHEN - smiling at the Rabbit - as we just saw her. We quickly realize that CHARLIE'S GLASSES are some kind of hi-tech MINI-MONITOR displaying the RABBIT'S ROVING POV. With the glasses, Charlie can SEE and HEAR (and PHOTOGRAPH) everything the Rabbit SEES and HEARS - which is, right now, his Mom:

MARY (ON MINI-MONITOR INSIDE
GLASSES)

I'm coming to visit, baby. I'll
bring Vic.

Charlie smiles. He removes those glasses, stands, moves through the HANGING CLOTHES and emerges back into:

HIS BEDROOM

Charlie jumps in bed - pulls the covers over his body - obviously hiding the layers of clothes, when - KNOCK.

CHARLIE

Come in.

The DOOR OPENS - MARY enters - cradling the Rabbit. She places it on the dresser and then PLUGS a CORD into a SLOT in its BACK while Charlie presses the I-Pod-like device, HIGHLIGHTING a COMMAND - **SLEEP MODE** - causing:

THE RABBIT to close its eyes. And we realize that the Rabbit is just an ultra-realistic remote-controlled stuffed animal of tomorrow-land. As the Rabbit 'sleeps', Mary sits next to Charlie on the bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

Morning kiddo. How's the vitals?

CHARLIE

Slight deviation in my temperature. Otherwise good.

(then)

I heard that scratching again late last night.

(gestures toward the weathered Rabbit)

I had Victor explore the whole house - we didn't find anything.

MARY

We heard it too. Your dad thinks it's an animal stuck in the wall.

CHARLIE

I think Daddy's wrong.

They share a smile. Beat as Mary curiously notes the way Charlie HOLDS the COVERS over his BODY.

MARY

Are you layering again, Charlie?

Charlie lowers his eyes, embarrassed by this. Mary leans forward, gently pulling the covers off her son - revealing his THREE SHIRTS and THREE PAIRS OF UNDERWEAR.

CHARLIE

Don't tell Daddy.

Mary grins warmly at her red-faced son:

MARY

I won't. But don't be embarrassed by this, or checking your vitals, or whatever. Who knows why we do things, baby? It's all OK.

Charlie smiles - feeling better. Mary ruffles his hair and then tickles him - she adores her quirky boy. Their laughter finally whittles, and as Mary stares at her son, she sees his expression tighten into worry - just as it did when he saw the DATE in his calendar book earlier.

MARY (CONT'D)

(knowingly)

It's tonight, isn't it, Charlie?

Charlie nods, 'yes it is'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARY (CONT'D)

You have to remember all the good
that comes from the Purge. OK?

Charlie doesn't respond. Mary changes the subject:

MARY (CONT'D)

C'mon, tell me what you want for
breakfast, baby.

EXT. STREET - CUL DE SAC - SANDIN HOUSE - MORNING

A sun-drenched upper class suburban CUL-DE-SAC -
comprised of about 8 VERY LARGE HOMES at its circular
dead-end. A FOREST looms behind the homes.

An almost too picture-perfect rich American neighborhood.

(NOTE: this is the future, and though the world seems
similar to our own in several ways, many technological
details vary - the cars are smaller, automated manless
LAWN-MOWERS trim grass, yards have WIND TURBINES, etc.)

As we focus on this opulent street, we notice that EVERY
HOME is conspicuously displaying a BOUQUET of BLUE
BAPTISIA FLOWERS by their front door - every home, except
ONE.

And that noticeably flower-free home happens to be the
largest home on the cul-de-sac - a three level majestic
beauty - 8000 SQUARE FEET. We also see that the TWO
WINDOWS flanking the FRONT DOOR of this LARGE HOME are
functioning, at the present moment, as HI-TECH 3D DIGITAL
SCREENS displaying a WELL-DRESSED ATTRACTIVE WOMAN
pleasantly saying:

DIGITAL WOMAN (ON WINDOW SCREENS)

- Good morning, Sandin Family.
Arcon encourages your
participation in the tradition of
displaying blue Baptisia flowers
commemorating the Purge.

(again)

Good morning, Sandin Family.
Arcon encourages your part-

The Digital Woman repeats this message over and over when
the FRONT DOOR of this enormous HOME OPENS - and JAMES
(in a slick SUIT) exits. He holds a VASE of BLUE FLOWERS
- which he places on his FRONT PORCH. The continuous
MESSAGE suddenly STOPS and Digital Woman says:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIGITAL WOMAN (ON WINDOW SCREENS)
(CONT'D)

Thank you, Sandin Family. Good day.

The DIGITAL SCREENS fade - and the WINDOWS return to their original state - simply being windows. James barely notes this as he calls back into his HOUSE:

JAMES

C'mon, kids, we're late.

A beat later, ZOEY and CHARLIE (both wearing CATHOLIC SCHOOL UNIFORMS) emerge from the home. Zoey doesn't look at her Dad, her expression cold, moody. The trio moves to their car - drawing the attention of a NEIGHBOR across the WAY - YOUNG MR. CALI:

MR. CALI

Mr. Sandin - I just tested the new system - it's working perfectly.

JAMES

I only sell the best, Mr. Cali. Same Arcon system I'm using. No one's bothering us tonight.

The neighbors share a smile as James and his children continue to their car, getting inside. Behind them, we spot MARY stepping under the THRESHOLD of her FRONT DOOR:

MARY

Bye guys, have a good day.

Mary waves to her family as they drive off. WE STAY BEHIND, with Mary, when she looks up at the:

SKY-BOARDS - enormous 3D 'billboards' hovering in the sky - an array of advertisements, government announcements, news headlines. Times Square in the heavens. Colorful digital images grabbing people's attention from on high.

Most of the SKY-BOARDS are from ARCON and pertain to THE PURGE - i.e. **BE PROUD AND PURGE; THE PURGE SAVED AMERICA!**

Mary considers the Sky-boards, when:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mrs. Sandin.

Mary's attention is broken by the fake-tanned, fake-breasted MRS. FERRIN - approaching from her home (on the RIGHT of the Sandins). Mrs. Ferrin is holding a TIN-FOILED PLATE:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. FERRIN

'Morning. I come bearing gifts.

MARY

What could I have possibly done to deserve a gift, Mrs. Ferrin?

MRS. FERRIN

(playful)

Just being the perfect neighbor is all. I have a new hobby. Baking. But I made way too many cookies - so I hope you're hungry.

And before Mary could even say 'thank you':

MR. HALVERSON (O.S.)

I hope you're hungry too because those cookies are crazy good.

Mary and Mrs. Ferrin turn, finding THE HALVERSONS - the ENORMOUS NEIGHBORS on the LEFT SIDE of the Sandins - the FOOTBALL PLAYER-LIKE 18 YEAR OLD TWIN HALVERSON SONS and the ROTUND HALVERSON PARENTS are getting in their car.

The Big Halversons smile one last time before driving off. Mrs. Ferrin whispers to Mary:

MRS. FERRIN

I know - more cookies is not what the Halversons needed.

Mrs. Ferrin laughs - Mary politely joins in. Their laughter finally fades and silence follows. Mrs. Ferrin gestures toward the luxurious Sandin home:

MRS. FERRIN (CONT'D)

I never did tell you - the addition on your home looks amazing. It's inspired me and Mr. Ferrin to do an addition also. We're consulting designers now.

MARY

Thank you. And I recommend our guy - Jacobson - a genius.

They trade polite smiles - a hint of competition hangs in the air between them. Mary breaks the moment:

MARY (CONT'D)

So, any plans for the Purge?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MRS. FERRIN

Nothing special. My husband and I
will lock ourselves in and enjoy
some quiet time. That's all.

As Mrs. Ferrin starts walking away:

MARY

Thanks so much for the cookies,
Mrs. Ferrin.

MRS. FERRIN

Enjoy 'em with that gorgeous
family of yours. Have a good day,
Mrs. Sandin - and a safe night.

Mrs. Ferrin walks into her home. Mary watches her, then
enters her own huge house.

INT. SANDIN MANSION - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

As Mary steps in, carrying those cookies. We FOLLOW HER
THROUGH - noticing how enormous and beautiful her home is
- winding halls - multiple staircases - dozens of rooms.

INT. SANDIN HOME GYM - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

An elaborate home workout room. Mary ENTERS. Before
starting her run, she tries one of MRS. FERRIN'S COOKIES.
She immediately grimaces and spits the cookie into the
tissue, disgusted.

Surprised, she puts down the plate. Mary steps onto a
treadmill. She starts to run, when her eyes fall on a
nearby WALL CALENDAR - on today's date:

TUESDAY, MARCH 21. THE ANNUAL PURGE.

An unsettled look rises on her face. Mary runs faster.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - SANDIN MANSION - NIGHT FALL

ESTABLISHING the picturesque cul-de-sac and the large
Sandin Home as the moon arrives, escorting in the night.

JAMES (O.S.)

- Let us give thanks on this
special night -

INT. SANDIN KITCHEN - SAME - NIGHT FALL

The attractive Sandin Family sits at the kitchen table, ready to eat dinner, all holding hands for some kind of prayer/thanks. Victor, Charlie's rabbit, sits on the table next to him. They all have their eyes closed, except Charlie, who's secretly peering at everyone.

JAMES (CONT'D)

- To the Martyrs who bring peace.
To the New Founding Fathers for
letting us Purge and cleanse our
souls. We are extremely grateful.

The family breaks their collective finger lock and James begins a nightly dinner ritual:

JAMES (CONT'D)

- So, let's hear about everyone's
day? Zoey, you'll go first - but
Charlie - take the rabbit off the
table before we begin. Please.

Charlie gently puts his Rabbit on the floor as James looks at his daughter, waiting for her to begin the nightly ritual. Zoey glares harshly at her Dad:

ZOEY

I'm not doing this anymore. It's
stupid.

James just stares at her, not accepting that.

ZOEY (CONT'D)

Fine. Calc test. Piano. Normal
day. Who cares? It's dumb.

JAMES

I do. So how did practice go?
You ready for the recital?

Zoey just stares at him - teenage angst screaming 'leave me alone!' Mary throws James a look - 'stop bothering her.' James ignores Mary, saying to Zoey:

JAMES (CONT'D)

You're ready. You always are.
(then)
Just make sure your left hand
cooperates on the 3rd concerto.

Zoey doesn't even look at her father - so mad now. Mary eyes James - 'stop'. James relents and says:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES (CONT'D)

If you guys don't mind, I'll do my day next. I have some news.

(then, big grin)

I did it. All sales final and I'm on top. My division sold the most new Purge security systems.

James is beaming. Everyone reacts with joy - except Zoey - who just rolls her eyes. Mary hugs her husband:

MARY AND CHARLIE

Congratulations! So proud of you, baby. Way to go, Dad.

James can't stop smiling.

JAMES

The bonus was even bigger than last year. That means a huge vacation, the boat for your mom, another addition on the house, and anything else you guys want.

James is ecstatic - so proud of himself, when:

CHARLIE

What are you gonna do with a big boat, Mom?

Mary goes to respond but her mouth yields nothing. She seems unable to answer. Confused by her own silence, she looks at James, who helps her:

JAMES

Sail. She'll learn to sail, Charlie. What else?

Mary nods, shrugs - 'I guess I'll learn to sail' - but something about the whole question seems to have really dumbfounded her.

JAMES (CONT'D)

OK - enough about my bonus - back to our days. Charlie, you're up.

CHARLIE

We studied the history of the Purge in History. And I wrote a story in English about a man who invents a spray that allows you to see offensive smells. Like farts.

(then)

And Daddy's breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mary and Zoey burst out laughing. Zoey almost spits some food out. James is smiling - a good sport:

JAMES

Very funny. And you ladies are laughing a little too hard. I'll get you back for that one, Charlie-boy. Beware.

Mary, Zoey, and Charlie are laughing even harder now. Zoey actually high-fives her brother. James can't help but join in. In the b.g., we HEAR the PURGE COMMERCIAL on the O.S. TV/INTERNET PROJECTION:

SOOTHING VOICE (O.S.)

...Exercise your right to Purge tonight. Arcon encourages your participation.

Charlie takes almost subconscious note of the O.S. commercial, as the Sandins' laughter whittles. Zoey assumes her pissy attitude again, when:

JAMES

Zoey, before we hear about your Mom's day, I wanted to remind you that we need to review your Arcon University application essay.

Zoey shoots her father another nasty look, like she's going to bite his head off. Mary jumps in:

MARY

James, for godsakes, we spoke about this. She doesn't always have to be working.

(to Zoey)

Zoey, I'm giving you permission to ignore him.

Zoey doesn't respond, she's ignoring everyone now, head down, eating. James goes to say something but Mary's expression admonishes - 'no more.' He shuts his mouth.

CHARLIE

Mommy's turn.

JAMES

That's right. Mary, your day?

Before Mary could answer - DING DONG. The door bell. James consults the wall-clock and his expression tightens - an unsettled look emerges - which he tries to hide.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAMES (CONT'D)

Oh. Look at the time. That must be Mr. Kane. I'll show him in and then I guess we'll begin the lock-down protocol.

They all nod - clearly aware of what the 'lock-down protocol' is. Mary's face sags with sudden anxiety - not unlike James' - and she too tries to hide it. James exits.

CUT TO:

THE SANDIN FRONT DOOR - JUST MOMENTS LATER

OPENING and REVEALING a SKINNY, GAUNT, COMPLETELY BALD 45 YEAR OLD MAN with a BRIGHT, POLITE SMILE. His name is MR. KANE and he rang the bell. JAMES (who just opened the door) greets him with an over-sized grin:

JAMES

Mr. Kane.

MR. KANE

Mr. Sandin. Sorry I was almost late - the traffic - everyone rushing to get off the streets before the Purge begins.

(then)

What a beautiful home, sir.

JAMES

Thank you. Come in. Let me bring you downstairs. You can make yourself comfortable while I take care of some Purge preparation and then I'll join you afterward.

James escorts Mr. Kane INSIDE and then down STAIRS, into:

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS - SAME

As Mr. Kane and James walk across the LARGE BASEMENT off which SEVERAL ROOMS debouch. James and Mr. Kane continue to smile - both men being overly polite. They reach one of the BASEMENT DOORS:

JAMES

We'll do our business here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

James opens the DOOR revealing a COZY ROOM within. Strangely, the FLOOR of the ROOM is covered with PLASTIC TARP. There is a LONE CHAIR in the middle of the room atop this plastic. An unusual ominous tableau.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You can take a seat right there.
I hope it's comfortable.

Mr. Kane enters and sits on the lone chair.

MR. KANE

It's very comfortable.

JAMES

Great. See you shortly, Mr. Kane.

Mr. Kane smiles again. James smiles back. The ever-present awkwardness between them reaching a crescendo. James closes the door, shutting Mr. Kane inside.

CUT TO:

INT. SANDIN DEN/SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT FALL

A ROOM with a BANK OF 12 HI-TECH COMPUTER SCREENS - SET UP LIKE SECURITY MONITORS ON A WALL. They are not on.

MARY, ZOEY AND CHARLIE are ALL INSIDE THIS ROOM now. Charlie is holding Victor. Zoey is intently looking at her cell phone. Mary is scrutinizing Zoey:

MARY

- Zoey, I know you're still upset about Henry, baby. You know you can talk to me any time, right?

Zoey looks up at her Mother - as if she's going to say something when JAMES ENTERS. Zoey quickly shuts down as James announces with a slight measure of dread that he still attempts to hide:

JAMES

Mr. Kane is situated. And we're only minutes away.

(then)

OK. Let's get ready for the Purge.

James walks to the BANK OF MONITORS - hits a NEARBY SWITCH - all the MONITORS POP ON. They are clearly SECURITY MONITORS - each DISPLAYING a DIFFERENT ANGLE of the EXTERIOR of the SANDIN HOME - the immense BACKYARD, the POOL, the tall FENCE, and the LARGE FOREST beyond.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Several monitors DISPLAY ANGLES of the FRONT YARD and pieces of the STREET AND HOUSES across the CUL-DE-SAC.

James spots MOVEMENT on ONE MONITOR:

JAMES (CONT'D)
Look, Mr. Sabian is going hunting.

Mary, Charlie, and Zoey consult the MONITORS, seeing what James is referring to:

ON MONITOR - where we see a MAN EXITING a HOME ACROSS THE WAY. He's DRESSED in FULL CAMOUFLAGE - like a SOLDIER about to go to BATTLE. He's carrying GUNS and KNIVES.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(seeing something
else outside)
And the Johnsons are having a
Purge Party.

Zoey, Mary, and Charlie consult ANOTHER COMPUTER SECURITY SCREEN which DISPLAYS an ANGLE of the 'JOHNSON HOME' DOWN THE STREET and there we SEE:

12 MEN AND WOMEN, all dressed formally in SUITS and DRESSES (their 'Sunday best') walking into this home.

FOUR of the SUITED-MEN are carrying an old-fashioned, full-sized, functional GUILLOTINE.

The Sandins eye the Guillotine. Not surprised by it.

JAMES (CONT'D)
OK. Let's get on with it.

James OPENS (with a key) a NEARBY CABINET - REVEALING A HALF DOZEN GUNS. He removes ONE GUN and pockets it.

JAMES (CONT'D)
As always. Just a precaution.

He LOCKS the CABINET when he SPOTS something outside:

JAMES (CONT'D)
Mr. Cali's started his lock-down
with the system I sold him.
(beaming with pride)
That's just one of the many that
led to this year's bonus.

They all look out the window seeing:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANOTHER HOUSE ACROSS THE CUL-DE-SAC where SOLID STEEL BARRICADES ELECTRONICALLY EMERGE from SLOTS in front of EVERY WINDOW AND DOOR of THIS HOME - these fortifying BULWARKS SLOWLY LOWER OVER every entrance and exit point, sealing shut this home with these gates of steel. (**NOTE:** there are SMALL OBSERVATION HOLES CUT INTO EACH PROTECTIVE BARRICADE - covered with bullet-proof GLASS.)

JAMES (CONT'D)

OK. Let's lock down now.

James HITS a RED BUTTON on the NEARBY WALL and, suddenly, the SAME THING HAPPENS TO THE SANDIN HOME:

STEEL GATES electronically emerge from SLOTS in front of EVERY WINDOW AND DOOR of the HOME - CLOSING out all MOONLIGHT as they COVER EACH EXIT/ENTRANCE.

The WHIRR of THE CLOSING BARRICADES BELLOWS ominously.

EXT. SANDIN MANSION - SAME

As we WATCH THOSE STEEL BULWARKS EMERGING AND CLOSING OVER EVERY WINDOW and DOOR of the large Sandin home.

INT. SANDIN MANSION - DEN - SAME

As a STEEL BARRICADE closes over the WINDOW of the DEN. The family watches it shut - sealing them in. Securing the home for some unknown reason. Bringing in darkness.

Mary turns on the LIGHT. James looks at the MONITORS - at all the OTHER HOMES on the CUL-DE-SAC - and now we see ELECTRONIC SECURITY BARRICADES SECURING THESE HOMES also.

JAMES

The golden rule - never, under any circumstance, are the security barricades to be opened.

They all nod, rolling their eyes, they know that.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Put on the TV, Charlie-boy. We're seconds away.

Charlie raises a remote and turns on a TV/INTERNET where we CATCH the END of the clearly over-played PURGE COMMERCIAL; images of blue flowers, picnics, as:

SOOTHING VOICE OVER

...Arcon encourages your participation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The COMMERCIAL ENDS and A BLUE SCREEN COMES ON T.V., accompanied by the HUM of the EMERGENCY BROADCAST SYSTEM. The FOLLOWING WORDS SCROLL across the BLUE SCREEN as an O.S. ANNOUNCER speaks them simultaneously:

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

This is your Emergency Broadcast System announcing the commencement of The Annual Purge, sanctioned by the U.S. Arcon Government in the Year Orange 11-7 O.N. Commencing at the siren, any and all crime, up to, and including, Murder, will be legal for 12 continuous hours. Police, fire, and hospital aide will be unavailable until Thursday morning, March 22, at 7 AM, when The Purge concludes.

(beat)

The following weapons cannot be used during the Purge: weapons of mass destruction, fragment-producing explosives higher than a hazard class HC/D 1.4 and viral contagion projectiles.

Recommended weapons: A.R. rifles and handguns of caliber 6.2 and all bladed weaponry. Government officials of ranking 5.1 and higher have been granted immunity from the Purge and shall not be harmed. Non-compliance with any of the aforementioned rules will result in death by hanging.

End of statement. Silence. The Sandins stare at the TV. The SCREEN then CUTS to a SUITED WOMAN at a PODIUM.

SENATOR ALBANS

Good evening, I am Senator Nina Albans. This year, as we celebrate the tenth anniversary of The Purge, let us pay tribute to the woman who started it all - world-renowned psychiatrist Dr. Emma Brandiss.

THE BROADCAST CUTS to FOOTAGE of PSYCHOLOGIST DR. EMMA BRANDISS in an INTERVIEW from years ago. This is INTERCUT with CONCUSSIVE FOOTAGE OF VIOLENCE; PRISONERS RIOTING, WAR, MURDER, etcetera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EMMA BRANDISS

- We have been denying the fact that we are inherently a violent species. Modern civilization has attempted to conceal man's beastly nature through psychiatry, religion, government - these methods have failed. The idea we explored was that perhaps the denial of our true selves is the problem - the 'repression of aggression' creating psychopathic personalities. We propose a societal release of this aggressiveness for one lawful evening - a punishment-free outlet to not only contain the violence to a single night, but to cleanse, or Purge, our souls of it - making us psychologically stable and less likely to exhibit aberrant behavior on a daily basis.

THE BROADCAST CUTS BACK TO SENATOR ALBANS on the PODIUM:

SENATOR ALBANS

And during our nation's darkest hour, Arcon had the courage to test Dr. Brandiss' theory, and the results were undeniable. The Purge worked.

SHOTS of HAPPY CITIZENS walking in and out of STORE FRONTS - CARRYING BAGS, BUYING CARS, CLOTHING, etcetera.
BACK TO SENATOR ALBANS:

SENATOR ALBANS (CONT'D)

And here we are over a decade later. 'Release The Beast' is the nation's rallying cry as more and more citizens are waiting until Purge Night to engage in violent activity, creating a virtually crime-free nation.

(beat)

And to those whose lives are sacrificed tonight, both voluntarily and involuntarily, it is an honor to die during the Purge - you are our modern day Martyrs, saviours of our Nation. May God be with you all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The screen CUTS TO BLUE and suddenly WAAAAAAA! A SCREECHING SIREN wails from the TV and BLARES OUTSIDE ALSO - apparently coming from SPEAKERS on the STREET.

The Sandins stand in a quiet tableau listening to it.

The siren stops. Mary looks more unsettled. Zoey fidgets, still assuming her attitude. Charlie stares at everyone. James sees his family's disquieted faces:

JAMES

I know it's a difficult evening, guys, but remember - bad things happen in poor areas because they can't afford protection. We'll be fine. No worries.

No one responds. James goes on:

JAMES (CONT'D)

OK. Charlie, you'll stay in your room tonight. You're still too young to understand the Purge.

CHARLIE

That's OK. Good night.

Charlie happily walks out. Zoey steps forward:

ZOEY

I'm gonna go be miserable in my room. See you in the morning.

Zoey exits. Mary and James ignore her comment - something else is clearly on their minds:

JAMES

Mr. Kane's last meal, Mar?

MARY

In the oven.

JAMES

Thanks.

(then)

You sure you don't want to -

MARY

- No, hun. I'm not ready yet. Maybe next year.

James nods. They share a disquieted look - both considering what's about to happen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JAMES

I'm gonna go get this done.

Mary goes to say something but no words come. James exits. Mary consults the MONITORS, seeing A MUTT crossing the street - otherwise the cul-de-sac is quiet. Every home is locked down. Every home's display of flowers blooming blue under crepuscular light.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Zoey enters her room, SLAMMING the DOOR SHUT! So frustrated with her Dad. She sits on the bed, stewing, when she SEES:

HER CLOSET DOOR OPENING. At first she's startled, but fear quickly turns to relief and excitement when brooding boyfriend HENRY emerges from within. Zoey's on her feet:

ZOEY

- What are you doing here, baby?
You shouldn't be out during the
Purge - you could get hurt.

HENRY

My Dad went hunting - my Mom went
to a Purgation Event. I snuck in
when you were eating dinner.
Happy to see me?

ZOEY

OF COURSE! Thank God you're here!

She squeezes him - so happy. Henry squeezes her back.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S SECRET LAIR - NIGHT

Charlie is disrobing in his hideaway - removing multiple layers of clothing. He's looking at Victor the Battered Rabbit as he does so:

CHARLIE

Ready for our secret mission, Vic?

Young Charlie smirks slyly. He's up to something.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

SKINNY, PALE MR. KANE sits on the CHAIR in the center of the room, atop the PLASTIC SHEET, in silence. He's fidgeting and sweating. The DOOR OPENS and JAMES steps in, politely smiling, and now HOLDING a PLATE OF FOOD.

JAMES

As requested - spaghetti and meatballs, Mr. Kane.

MR. KANE

It smells wonderful, Mr. Sandin.

James closes the door behind him - shutting us out.

CUT TO:

INT. MARY AND JAMES' BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

MARY enters, sipping a Martini. She's fighting that unsettled feeling, clearly unsure of what to do with herself. She sits on her bed - opens a YACHT MAGAZINE and finds the luxurious BOAT she ear-marked earlier. But something clearly bothers her about it now.

Mary drops the magazine. Her eyes falling on the TV. She CLICKS on the PROJECTION with a REMOTE. We REVERSE TO SEE WHAT she's WATCHING:

ON TV/INTERNET - these WORDS on the screen - **LIVE FEED - THE PURGE - PARK AVE., NEW YORK.** Above the words, a SECURITY CAM-LIKE VIEW of the MANHATTAN STREET comprised of EXPENSIVE HIGH-RISES. All SKYSCRAPER WINDOWS BARRICADED WITH STEEL. NO ONE is outside. BAPTISIA FLOWERS line the sidewalk - commemorating the holiday.

Mary raises the REMOTE, CHANGING the site/channel to:

ON TV/INTERNET: **LIVE FEED - THE PURGE - OIL CITY, PENN.** Above these words, a HIGH ANGLE SECURITY CAM-LIKE VIEW of a TRAILER PARK - all TRAILER HOME WINDOWS protected by WOOD BOARDS - nothing else. All trailers display FLOWERS. This Trailer Park is quiet until we see A BURST of MOVEMENT as a MAN RUNS into CAM VIEW.

This Man is MISSING both his ARMS - chopped off just moments ago - as he's bleeding and retreating in a mad desperate dash. The Armless Man runs out of CAM VIEW.

The Park is quiet again until WHOOSH! A half dozen MEN on HORSEBACK come thundering through.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They're garmented in unusual CHROME SUITS and carrying STRANGE GUNS and GLOWING SWORDS. ONE HORSE pulls a MANGLED CORPSE on a rope in its wake.

MARY watches this macabre scene, disturbed. She sips her drink, then TYPES something on her REMOTE KEYBOARD - searching for a specific web-site - **THE-RESISTANCE.ORG** (**NOTE:** the web-site of Purge Detractor Carmelo Johns whom we saw on TV earlier). As she finishes typing, she HEARS an O.S. BEEPING. She looks up at the PROJECTION, seeing:

WARNING

YOU ARE ABOUT TO ENTER THE-RESISTANCE.ORG. THIS WEB-SITE IS NOT SANCTIONED BY ARCON. WOULD YOU LIKE TO PROCEED? YES? NO?

Mary hesitates - then CLICKS **NO**.

She shuts the TV. Sits in silence. Sipping her martini.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Henry sits on the bed now as cute Zoey paces in front of him. She rants emotionally about her father:

ZOEY

- He knows how angry I am with him, but he keeps badgering me. It never stops.

HENRY

Shhhh, baby - he'll hear you.

ZOEY

(cont'd)

No matter how good I do - it's never enough.

Henry stands - embraces Zoey, caressing her hair:

HENRY

You need to relax, girl - everything's going to be alright.

She's tearing up, so upset. Henry reaches in his pocket withdrawing a SMALL BOTTLE. He removes the LID - revealing a dozen PHOSPHORESCENT GLOWING PILLS.

HENRY (CONT'D)

This is the stuff I took at Sebastian's party. It expanded my mind. It'll make you feel better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zoey pauses, looking down at the pills. Not something she normally does. But she wants to make Henry happy.

ZOEY

I'll take two.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

James, wearing a PLASTIC FULL-LENGTH SMOCK now, stands with MR. KANE (who's just picking at that PLATE of FOOD as if his appetite has abandoned him). They both appear nervous as they review a STACK OF DOCUMENTS:

JAMES

- Just to review the terms - when I've concluded, you will be brought to City Hall and made a Martyr of the 30 Provinces. I will then make the donation to your family. Sign here.

Mr. Kane signs the contract. James also signs. James then withdraws his GUN and CHECKS it for BULLETS.

JAMES (CONT'D)

May I ask how much longer you have, Mr. Kane?

MR. KANE

Under two months. The cancer has spread all over. The pain is unbearable. I thank you for this.

JAMES

Would you like to make a statement for Arcon's Library of Martyrs?

James finds a SMALL VIDEO RECORDER-LIKE DEVICE. Hits RECORD as:

MR. KANE

I'd like to say that I hope the money that comes from my death helps my family get by but more importantly that I am remembered as someone who sacrificed himself to make this country a safe place.

(then)

It is an honor to die tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. MARY AND JAMES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary's still inside, still sitting on her bed in silence.

She swigs her Martini, finishing it. She eyes the empty glass, contemplating getting another drink, when:

A subtle O.S. NOISE gets her attention.

It'S LAUGHTER. A CREEPY BURST of GIGGLING - FROM OUTSIDE. Mary tenses, there's something disconcerting about it. She gingerly moves to the WINDOW - LOOKING out the OBSERVATION SLOT, seeing:

A HINT OF MOVEMENT in the FOREST BEHIND HER BACKYARD FENCE. A FLASH OF WHITE that disappears. Mary, alerted, stares out - not seeing anything now - when suddenly:

AHHHHHH! An O.S. mindless SCREAM of fear ERUPTS from INSIDE her home. Mary nearly jumps out of her skin when the SCREAM is followed by BANG! The concussive SOUND of an O.S. GUNSHOT. Mary knows what it is. She freezes.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOEY'S ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Zoey and Henry are on the bed - kissing tenderly. But Zoey, strangely, looks very sleepy, her eyes heavy.

ZOEY

- Something's wrong, baby. I can't keep my eyes open. It must be the pills. It must be -

- BAM! Another GUNSHOT from the BASEMENT - a bit muted in this part of the house. As she fades into sleep:

ZOEY (CONT'D)

- What was that?

HENRY

Nothing. Just sleep, girl. Rest. Everything's gonna be alright very soon.

And there's something strange about the way Henry says that. But Zoey barely hears him as she closes her eyes - out cold. Henry watches her, not sleepy at all.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S SECRET LAIR - SAME

Charlie stands frozen - in the midst of putting on a THIRD T-SHIRT. He has clearly just heard the TWO GUNSHOTS. He waits for another - but it never comes.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

HOLD ON THE BASEMENT DOOR - behind which James is with Mr. Kane. The DOOR OPENS and JAMES emerges. He has removed the PLASTIC OVERCOAT. We catch a glimpse of Mr. Kane's LIMP LEGS - blood pooled around his feet.

James locks the door before we see any more. He places the key under the rug.

James stands there, not moving, face red.

James begins to cry, releasing emotion, very shaken by his 'Purge'. After a beat of crying, James takes a deep breath - as if he's trying to convince himself that the 'Purging' he just did was a 'good, cleansing act'.

After several breaths, he assumes his confident facade again. He walks up the STAIRS and ENTERS:

INT. SANDIN FIRST FLOOR FOYER - CONTINUOUS

As James steps into the FOYER, he immediately SEES THAT:

ALL THE WINDOWS in his FOYER are now acting as DIGITAL MONITORS (just as the front windows did in the morning), DISPLAYING that same PLEASANT WOMAN from earlier:

PLEASANT WOMAN (ON DIGITAL
WINDOWS)

Thank you for Purging, James Sandin. Arcon will not forget your brave participation in this important tradition.

The Digital Woman repeats the message over and over, and as James continues walking we see that the PLEASANT WOMAN APPEARS on EVERY WINDOW DISPLAY of his home. James finally stops, turns to one of the WINDOW SCREENS and NODS - acknowledging the message. The WOMAN vanishes - and the windows appear just as windows once again.

James continues onward, down the SECOND FLOOR HALL now. He passes the SECURITY ROOM, where he sees:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY - in front of the SECURITY MONITORS now. No longer in her bedroom. She turns to James as he ENTERS. They hold a long look. She sees the muted pain behind his self-assured expression. She tries to comfort him:

MARY

You're a brave man, hun. You've done your duty. You OK?

JAMES

I know how necessary it is - I just remind myself what it was like before Arcon and the Purge - but it's still so damn hard.

Mary stands, hugging her tormented husband - her face sullen, she's also quietly anguished by James' Purge. She changes the subject, pointing at the MONITORS:

MARY

You need to see something, James.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - SAME

Charlie's BEDROOM DOOR cracks open REVEALING THE GREEN WEATHERED RABBIT, VICTOR, hopping into the hall.

On some kind of secret mission.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

James and Mary are staring at the SECURITY MONITORS - specifically the MONITOR that DISPLAYS AN ANGLE OF THE FOREST BEHIND THEIR HOME.

MARY

- I saw something. Right there.

JAMES

I don't see anything. Maybe it was the raccoon who's been digging in our walls. Don't worry, Mar - who would bother us?

Mary turns from the monitor, looking at James, spotting BLOOD on his neck, dripping under his clothes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

Oh, James, that poor man's blood
splashed on you.

James reaches back - feels the blood on his neck. He
grimaces, shocked and disturbed by it - as is Mary.

JAMES

Damnit. I'll go wash it off.

James exits quickly. Mary follows. WE STAY BEHIND -
looking at THE MONITORS. And on the MONITOR DISPLAYING
THE FOREST BEHIND THE HOUSE - we see it again - MOVEMENT -
IT'S CLEARLY A PERSON.

A PERSON WEARING a big silly SMILEY FACE MASK. This
Masked Person appears briefly, looking up at the Sandin
home, then quickly disappears into the night like a
demented wraith.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S SECRET LAIR - SAME

CHARLIE'S in his hideaway - wearing layers of clothing
and donning those strange GLASSES/GOGGLES.

He's navigating Victor the Rabbit through his quiet home -
through the LONG PRISTINE EMPTY HALLS - SEEING everything
through VICTOR'S EYES.

And the Rabbit's not slowing, it's moving steadfast, to a
specific destination.

CUT TO:

INT. MARY AND JAMES' BATHROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Water fills the bath. JAMES, naked, steps in. Mary,
dressed, sits on the tub, washing her husband's back,
washing Mr. Kane's blood away.

They sit in silence, as the blood runs down James' body
and into the tub's drain.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S SECRET LAIR - SAME

Charlie, wearing his GLASSES/GOGGLES, continues to pilot
Victor, while watching the MONITOR inside the GLASSES
which DISPLAYS:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The RABBIT'S POV as it APPROACHES and STOPS at the CLOSED BASEMENT DOOR - behind which is MR. KANE.

CHARLIE continues staring at the MONITOR (inside those glasses) when he spots BLOOD dripping UNDER the BASEMENT DOOR from within.

CHARLIE eyes the blood for a very long beat.

CUT TO:

INT. SANDIN BASEMENT - SAME

Where the RABBIT sits unmoving behind the basement door. The BLOOD that runs under the door stains Victor's fur.

We HEAR FOOTSTEPS O.S. as CHARLIE suddenly appears at the base of the STAIRS behind Victor, out of breath. He runs up beside his Rabbit - joining it behind that DOOR. He stares down at the red puddle pooling on the floor. Charlie clearly had to see the blood in person.

Charlie lifts the floor mat - finds the KEY. He pauses, terrified. He finally musters up the gumption to:

UNLOCK AND OPEN THAT DOOR.

Charlie pauses - staring into the room - at the O.S. dead Mr. Kane. We don't see what Charlie sees. But we see the color drain from his soft face.

Charlie finally closes the door. He stands there next to his Rabbit, horrified by what he's seen.

Young Charlie is unable to move.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Zoey lies peacefully asleep on the bed, in her drug-induced slumber. Nearby we find HENRY - wide awake and staring at ZOEY'S WALL of TROPHIES and PLAQUES.

Henry pulls himself away from the wall, reaches into the CLOSET and extracts a SPORTS BAG.

He unzips it and withdraws a GUN.

CUT TO:

INT. SANDIN MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Charlie is walking through the home now, devastated from viewing MR. KANE'S CORPSE. His Rabbit is not with him.

He continues on, when he HEARS an O.S. protracted SOUND. He takes note. Walking onward - through the barricaded home - when he HEARS THAT SOUND AGAIN.

It's a SCREAM. A MAN'S SCREAM. From OUTSIDE. Charlie WALKS to a WINDOW - peers out the OBSERVATION SLOT.

CHARLIE'S POV OF THE STREET:

Charlie peers around the neighborhood, when he SPOTS:

A DISTANT FIGURE - RUNNING toward the CUL-DE-SAC. The DISTANT FIGURE IS STUMBLING and YELLING in fear/pain.

Charlie stares at this RUNNING FIGURE. As 'it' draws CLOSER, we can see that it is a TALL MAN - with streaks of FRESH BLOOD striating his entire body. He's running forward but looking back. He's clearly being HUNTED.

Charlie looks down the street - DOESN'T SEE THE PURSUERS.

HOLD ON CHARLIE'S FACE for a long beat - twisted in concern and empathy as he watches this desperate, bloody man stumbling down the CUL-DE-SAC.

SUDDENLY: Charlie SPINS AND SPRINTS across his HOME. WE FOLLOW HIM DOWN A HALL. Up a flight of STAIRS. Through the KITCHEN. Down another HALL. And into THE DEN/SECURITY ROOM.

He peers at the SECURITY MONITORS - sees that BLOODY MAN still struggling down the street.

Charlie doesn't hesitate - WHAM! HE HITS THE RED SECURITY BARRICADE BUTTON ON THE WALL.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - SAME

James is out of the tub - clean now. Mary is helping him into a robe. They move about in pensive silence, when a sudden RUMBLE OF SOUND rises - it's the SECURITY BARRICADE OPENING on the BATHROOM WINDOW behind them.

JAMES

What the hell?

CUT TO:

INT. SANDIN MANSION FRONT FOYER - NIGHT - SAME

A RUSH OF MOVEMENT as CHARLIE RUNS BACK DOWN the STAIRS - to the FIRST FLOOR. He screeches to a halt by the FRONT DOOR. He UNLOCKS THE DOOR - WHIPS IT OPEN - SECURITY GATE in front of it almost OPEN and EXPOSING THE OUTSIDE.

Charlie sees the BLOODY RUNNING STRANGER - 20 yards away. Up close, the MAN is tall, with tattered blood-soaked clothes. Beard dirty, hair matted - like a Homeless Man. He's between 30-35 - his torn shirt reveals a hideously SCARRED BODY - including one scar that jack-knives across his face, ending at his right eye - which is just a dark hole where his eye used to reside.

He is also missing part of his scalp - hair and skin cut from his head, exposing bloody subcutaneous tissue. Unlike his other scars, this scalp wound is fresh.

There's also a LONG RUSTY SERRATED KNIFE sticking out of the Stranger's pocket conspicuously.

Charlie, undaunted by the Man's grisly appearance, YELLS:

CHARLIE

Hey - hey - come here!

BLOODY STRANGER spots CHARLIE - a beacon. He PIVOTS TOWARD THE SANDIN HOME. Climbing the IRON GATE that SURROUNDS the PROPERTY.

Charlie looks - but still can't see the MAN'S ATTACKERS.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

As James (dressed now) ENTERS in a BURST. HE SLAMS HIS HAND against the RED SECURITY BUTTON and suddenly WHIRR - the SOUND of the STEEL BULWARKS CLOSING RISES AGAIN.

CUT TO:

INT. SANDIN MANSION - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT - SAME

Charlie stands under the threshold of the front door. The Bloody Stranger just TEN FEET AWAY NOW.

The SECURITY DOOR between them is NOW CLOSING. IN TWO MORE SECONDS the BLOODY STRANGER won't be able to enter.

CHARLIE

Come on!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Security door CLOSING. Almost closed. Just a foot left. The Stranger reaches the door - Charlie grabs his hand and PULLS HIM THROUGH the ever-closing SLOT and INTO THE HOME just as THE SECURITY BARRICADE SHUTS behind him.

The Stranger's INSIDE. The house is locked-down again.

The Stranger, out of breath, stares down at little Charlie with his one eye - an eye dancing with surprise and an ever-present fierce intensity, when:

JAMES (O.S.)
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

Charlie and Bloody Stranger turn to see JAMES AND MARY RUNNING down the CIRCULAR STAIRCASE, into the LARGE FRONT ENTRANCE FOYER, SPOTTING Bloody Stranger standing prominently, next to Charlie.

Their faces fall in shock as they scrutinize this sinister-looking Man - his one eye - his throng of scars - his raw scalp wound - the BLOOD that veils his body and the LARGE KNIFE in his pocket.

Bloody Stranger eyes James - and James' GUN - wedged in James' front pant's pocket. Tension and fear immediately rise in the air like a dense cloud.

MARY
Charlie - come over here.

Charlie doesn't move.

JAMES
What did you do, Charlie? Do you know this man?

CHARLIE
No. He needed help.

James stares at Charlie, flabbergasted. The gruesome Stranger is standing very still - breathing hard - staring at everyone with that uncompromising intensity.

JAMES
You know the rule, Charlie - never open the security doors.

CHARLIE
He would've died.

JAMES
That's not our business, Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARY

Were you being hunted, sir?

The Stranger just stares at Mary - his heavy panting breaths betray his otherwise intransigent silence.

JAMES

That's not our business either.
(then, to STRANGER)
Sir, my son made a child's
mistake. You can't stay here.

CHARLIE

Why? He's hurt.

JAMES

But we don't know how he got hurt.
Maybe he isn't being hunted -
maybe he's doing the hunting.

CHARLIE

He was running from someone. I
saw him. He needs help. He -

JAMES

- Charlie, shut up now, son.

James admonishes Charlie with a look, then turns back to the Stranger who holds James' eye. Tension building rapidly. Mary breaks the moment - considering the Stranger's tattered clothes, long beard and dirty hair.

MARY

Are you homeless, sir?

JAMES

Stop asking him questions, Mar.

MARY

I'll ask whatever I want, James. -
Are you homeless, sir?

The Stranger keeps staring - yielding no words - yet.

JAMES

(to Stranger)
You must leave now, sir.

CHARLIE

He'll die out there!

JAMES

GO TO YOUR ROOM, CHARLIE. NOW!

Then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHARLIE

No.

James glaring at his son - Charlie staring back defiantly. The Bloody Stranger surveilling the Sandins and all the nearby hallways as:

JAMES

OK, enough. Sir, I am sorry if you're being hunted but that's what happens tonight. I'm just trying to protect my family.
Mary, open the damn door.

The Stranger looks at Mary - he then speaks for the first time - a low, raspy grunt:

BLOODY STRANGER

Don't open the door.
(looks back at James)
I am not going back out there.

That hangs there ominously - sending a chill up Mary's and James' respective spines. They share a terrified look, when suddenly - a NEW O.S. VOICE, coming from UPSTAIRS, ENTERS the MIX:

HENRY (O.S.)

Mr. Sandin.

HENRY'S VOICE breaks the moment. Everyone's baffled. No one more than James - but he doesn't take his eyes off The Stranger.

JAMES

What? Is that Henry? Why -

CHARLIE

(re: the Stranger)
- Just lock him in the basement,
Dad, let him stay.

JAMES

Charlie, please!
(then)
Why is Henry here, Mary?

MARY

I don't fucking know!

INTERRUPTING AGAIN:

HENRY (O.S.)

- Mr Sandin, we need to talk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JAMES

Henry, this is not the time!

James and The Stranger are still locked on each other but Henry's O.S. VOICE has James very distracted now.

Mary steps BACK - toward the CIRCULAR STAIRCASE BEHIND THEM. And there, at the TOP of the STAIRS, she sees:

HENRY. Standing very very still.

MARY

I don't understand - where is my daughter, Henry? Why are you here?

HENRY

Zoey's in her room. She's fine. I'm here to talk with Mr. Sandin.

HENRY BEGINS DESCENDING the STAIRS.

MARY

HENRY! Don't come down here!

Henry just glares at Mary with intense eyes. He continues to creep slowly down the circular stairs. James is still staring at the Stranger - who is now almost imperceptibly MOVING TOWARDS CHARLIE - to grab the boy as a hostage, perhaps. James is losing his cool:

JAMES

SIR - DO NOT MOVE! Henry, go back upstairs! Jesus!

HENRY

I can't allow you to treat Zoey the way you do, Mr. Sandin.

CHARLIE

(re: The Stranger)
Dad, you have to let him stay!

The Stranger and James are still locked on each other - and The Stranger's still slowly stepping toward Charlie.

JAMES

STOP FUCKING MOVING!

HENRY

You're ruining her life, Mr. Sandin. Don't worry - you'll be made a Martyr.

(then)

I'm exercising my right to Purge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Suddenly, Henry PULLS HIS GUN FROM HIS WAISTBAND. JAMES - who's eyes are still on BLOODY STRANGER doesn't see this - but Mary does. Time slows to a nightmarish crawl as:

MARY
OH MY GOD! JAMES! JAMES!

CUT TO:

INT. ZOEY'S BEDROOM - SAME

As a sleeping Zoey is WOKEN up by her MOTHER'S SCREAMS:

MARY (O.S.)
JAMES! LOOK! LOOK!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SANDIN FRONT HALL - SAME

As Mary continues to SCREAM:

MARY (CONT'D)
HENRY'S GOT A GUN! A GUN!

Everything suddenly happens fast - JAMES SPINS, turning his back on the Stranger for the first time. He sees:

HENRY - STAIRS - raising that GUN. Mary is still SCREAMING when Henry PULLS THE TRIGGER and FIRES.

James DROPS - DRAWING his own GUN - he instinctively FIRES back at HENRY - who's still SHOOTING at JAMES. Both Men fire awkwardly, unpracticed badly-aimed shooting as Henry and James exchange SHOTS. Both missing.

As they're firing at each other, ZOEY appears at the TOP of the STAIRS behind Henry. She's shocked out of her stupor when she sees what's happening. She SCREAMS!

Then, BAM! One of James' SHOTS HITS HENRY - he stumbles backwards - BLEEDING, nearly falling into the screaming Zoey. She grabs HENRY, PULLING him up - they stumble BACK DOWN THE HALL, DISAPPEARING. AT THE SAME TIME:

JAMES is FLAILING on the FOYER FLOOR - scared, confused. MARY moves frantically to her HUSBAND - YELLING:

MARY (CONT'D)
ARE YOU HIT - ARE YOU SHOT?

All James can say is:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES
WHAT THE FUCK JUST HAPPENED?

INT. ZOEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

WHAM! As Zoey and Henry come crashing into her bedroom. They both drop to the floor. Zoey's hysterical. Henry's spitting up blood, trying to talk:

HENRY
I love you... I want to make you
happy... I want us to be free...

Zoey SCREAMS - a WAIL from the depths of her soul. BACK TO:

INT. SANDIN MANSION - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT - SAME

Mary is still frantically checking James for wounds. James is breathing heavy, scared, devastated, freaked:

MARY
You're not hit. You're OK.

JAMES
I shot back. I couldn't help it!
TELL ME I DIDN'T HIT ZOEY!

MARY
I saw her run off. I think she's
OK. But I don't know! I don't
know about either one of them!

Mary's words hang there with pure fear. James doesn't respond. Husband and wife suddenly grow quiet as what just happened settles in - they're both beyond words. Mary begins trembling - James is breathing heavy. Then:

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Mom.

That snaps the Sandin parents out of their mutual fugue - both turn toward CHARLIE'S VOICE - finding the BOY in the CORNER of the FOYER - behind FURNITURE:

MARY
Charlie. Come here. Are you OK?

Charlie runs to his mom. She embraces him. Tight.

CHARLIE
What just happened, Mom? What was
Henry doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mary just shakes her head - unable to answer that.

James is suddenly on his feet - pacing, babbling between heavy, panting breaths:

JAMES

- Jesus Christ! This can't be happening! What was Henry thin-

James stops, noticing something that breaks his meltdown:

JAMES (CONT'D)

- Where is he? Where the hell is that Man, Charlie?

Beat.

CHARLIE

I don't know.

Mary and James' faces fall with alarm. Mary's looking around - there's no sign of the Bloody Stranger anywhere.

JAMES

Fuck, Charlie! Who knows what this Man's capable of! He could be anywhere! What are -

MARY

- Enough! That's not helping.
(then)
We can't stay out here, James.
It's not safe.

They all hold a look of dismay and fear. Too much happening at once. James takes a breath, trying to gain some semblance of rationale amidst the hysteria:

JAMES

You're right. We need to move.

EXT. SANDIN MANSION - NIGHT - SAME

The Sandin home seems very quiet from the outside. The surrounding cul-de-sac is calm, dark. But the sky above is alight with SKY-BOARDS - ONE BOARD is larger than the others and scrolling like a NEWS-TICKER:

EARLY SATELLITE ESTIMATES: MOST PURGE PARTICIPANTS - DALLAS AND TAMPA! WHICH CITY WILL REAP RICH REWARDS FROM ARCON? IT'S VERY CLOSE! KEEP PURGING!

The Sky-board continues scrolling when something else grabs our attention:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOVEMENT on the CUL-DE-SAC. It's SEVERAL MEN - RUNNING onto the circular street. But we don't see them clearly as they're moving in a predatory fashion - FAST, QUIET, and HIDING in SHADOWS.

And as they creep further into the cul-de-sac, we quickly realize something -

- These SHADOWY FIGURES are ALL MOVING RIGHT TOWARD the SANDIN MANSION.

And they are beginning to surround it.

INT. SANDIN PLAY ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

WHAM! The DOOR SWINGS OPEN and JAMES, MARY AND CHARLIE enter a ROOM replete with a POOL TABLE, PINBALL MACHINE, and PING PONG TABLE. (**NOTE:** They're completely unaware of what's happening outside). James shuts the door as Charlie moves away from his devastated parents - just watching them come undone.

Mary sinks into a chair - traumatized, still trembling.

MARY

My God, my God, my God -

Behind her, James is still panting and pacing back and forth - when he suddenly stops and withdraws his gun.

JAMES

OK. Here's what we're gonna do.
You two stay put. I'll go find
Zoey and bring her back here.

Mary looks at James as if he's lost his head:

MARY

HENRY JUST TRIED TO FUCKING KILL
YOU, JAMES! YOU CAN'T GO OUT
THERE! HE MIGHT TRY AGAIN!

JAMES

I DON'T CARE! I NEED TO SEE IF
ZOEY'S OK AND GET HER AWAY FROM
THAT HOMELESS MAN!

James begins moving to the door with purpose and haste when Mary stands and steps in front of her husband:

MARY

Hold on, for godsakes! Henry
didn't shoot at me. So I'll go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

James takes that in - knows his wife's right.

JAMES

I don't want you out there alone
with that Man.

MARY

We have no choice, James. Now
gimme your gun, and the keys to
the weapon's cabinet. I'll take
all the weapons so he can't get
them, just in case.

James reluctantly hands Mary his gun and a set of keys.

JAMES

You sure you can do this?

Mary shakes her head - she doesn't know. Husband and
Wife share one last desperate look. Mary then moves off,
leaving James and Charlie behind.

INT. SANDIN MANSION - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

As Mary exits the play room - pulling the door shut. She
pauses - overwhelmed. The house is quiet around her,
until BAM! BAM! LOUD RUNNING FOOTFALLS on the SECOND
FLOOR. SOMEONE (Zoey, Henry, The Stranger) MOVING FAST.
The SOUND nearly makes Mary jump out of her skin.

Mary takes out the GUN. It's awkward in her hand. She
moves up the STAIRS - timidly. The tranquil domesticity
of her bright home broken by STREAKS of BLOOD lining the
floor, presumably Henry's blood, or blood from the
Stranger. She continues down the hall to:

THE SECURITY ROOM

Checks the MONITORS. Quiet outside. She opens the
WEAPON'S CABINET. Grabs all the GUNS - places them in a
PINK SATIN PILLOWCASE and moves back into the:

HALL

And travels to ZOEY'S BEDROOM - blood saturating the rug
here. Zoey's DOOR CRACKED - NOT LOCKED.

MARY

Zoey - Zoey - it's me.

No answer. Mary pushes open the door and sees HENRY. A
bloody mess. NO SIGN OF ZOEY. Mary checks Henry's
pulse. He's gone. Tears flow as she eyes the dead young
man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks around the ROOM, down the HALL. Zoey could be anywhere - so could the Stranger. She doesn't know what to do - her eyes fall on the PHOTOS of ZOEY - the perfect American Teen. SHE DOESN'T SEE:

A HINT of MOVEMENT all the way at the END OF THE HALL. 15 yards away. It's THE BLOODY STRANGER. He stops - spotting Mary - her back to him - gun dangling at her side. The Scalped Stranger now clutches his LONG KNIFE.

Mary continues to stand in a fugue state of despair, not knowing what to do. She doesn't see the Stranger slowly MOVING FORWARD - coming RIGHT TOWARDS HER now - blood dripping off his torn-up head and onto her carpet. Mary's just standing there, terrified, contemplating her next move - unaware - as The Stranger draws closer, closer, CLOSER, when:

RING! THE PHONE. Mary jumps, terrified. She SPINS, looking for the PHONE. The Stranger quickly SIDE-STEPS into an ADJOINING HALL - DISAPPEARING just before Mary sees him. She finds the PHONE, picks it up, and HEARS:

ZOEY (O.S., OVER PHONE)
HE'S DEAD, MOM! HENRY'S DEAD!

MARY
Zoey - are you hurt - are you OK?

INTERCUT MARY WITH:

ZOEY - WE CAN'T TELL WHERE SHE IS. She's crouched in a ball - rocking back and forth - face and Catholic School Girl uniform suffused with Henry's blood. She looks like hell - blood-drenched, emotionally devastated. She has a GUN (Henry's GUN) in one hand - her CELL in the other. She can barely speak between heaving sobs:

ZOEY
I have his blood all over me!

Zoey's intense sorrow brings immediate tears to Mary.

MARY
I'm so sorry, baby.

Then:

ZOEY
Daddy killed him.

MARY
It's not your father's fault,
Zoey. Henry tried to kill him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ZOEY

Henry was just trying to make me happy! Because he loved me! If Daddy didn't make me so miserable, Henry wouldn't have done this and he'd still be alive!

MARY

Zoey, please, calm down - you gotta listen - there's a man in the house - tell me where you are.

ZOEY

No! Stay away from me! I'll kill myself if anyone comes near me! I have nothing to live for anymore - Daddy took it all away!

Her weeping reaches a crescendo - the young girl's having an emotional breakdown.

MARY

Your father loves you, Zoey. He never meant to hurt you. Now please, there's a man, you need -

ZOEY

- He doesn't love me! I'm just a thing - like this big house! Something to brag about.

MARY

Oh Zoey, please listen, baby -

Mary then HEARS Zoey quietly babbling to herself:

ZOEY

- He was right. Henry was right.

MARY

What? What did you say, Zoey?

ZOEY

(explosion)
I WISH DADDY WAS FUCKING DEAD,
MOM! I WISH HE WAS DEAD!

Something about the way Zoey says that sends a chill up Mary's spine. These harsh words linger - like a threat.

MARY

Don't say that, Zoey - you're very upset - you don't mean that. Please, baby, tell me where -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Click. The line goes dead. Zoey is gone.

MARY (CONT'D)

Zoey - Zoey -

Silence. Dead phone. Mary quickly dials - gets Zoey's MESSAGE. PHONE OFF NOW. Mary's panicking, trying to figure out what to do next when she HEARS:

A terrifying CACOPHONY of FEROCIOUS GROWLS and BARKS.

Mary moves to the WINDOW - looking THROUGH the OBSERVATION SLOT, seeing TWO NEIGHBORHOOD DOGS fighting over a SEVERED BLOODY HUMAN HEAD on the lawn of the HOME into which the GUILLOTINE was brought earlier.

Mary stares at the bloody Head, horrified, and suddenly ARRGGGGHHH! She vomits! And as she releases all over her daughter's rug, SHE DOESN'T SEE:

THE MOVEMENT OUTSIDE HER HOME. It's those SHADOWY MEN we saw running onto the cul-de-sac and surrounding the Sandin mansion. They're still hard to see, still lurking in darkness. But ONE of THEM is standing under a POOL of STREETLIGHT, revealing himself to be:

A YOUNG MAN dressed as an AMERICAN INDIAN WARRIOR, incongruously donning a CASPER THE FRIENDLY GHOST MASK. He's drenched in BLOOD and holding a freshly-sliced HUMAN SCALP.

Mary doesn't notice him - she doesn't see him eyeballing her home intensely. Mary turns away from the window, moving to the DOOR of ZOEY'S ROOM. She looks down the HALL - long, winding. The house is huge.

She hears BAM! A distant NOISE in the HOUSE. She JUMPS. Startled, freaked. It could be Zoey - or the Stranger. She then SEES a DISTANT SHADOW on the STAIRCASE all the way across the HOME - THERE and THEN GONE in a FLASH. She then HEARS SOMEONE RUNNING ABOVE HER IN THE ATTIC. THEN ANOTHER ROUND of those vicious BARKS from OUTSIDE.

Sensory overload of pure fear. Mary's head is spinning - face twisted in near panic. She's trembling - lungs rising and falling like a bellows - her eyes darting about - this housewife is losing her cool completely.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAY ROOM - NIGHT

James paces back and forth, mind racing, still in shock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie's just watching his father, when THE DOOR SWINGS OPENS - father and son both tense up as MARY enters in a burst, carrying that pillowcase full of guns. She's breathing hard, face flushed, eyes red.

JAMES

- Are you OK? Where's Zoey?

Still getting her breath back - barely able to speak:

MARY

I spoke to her. On her cell. I don't think she's hurt. But -

Mary pauses.

MARY (CONT'D)

- Henry's dead.

JAMES

Oh my god. No.

They hold a sobering look. Mary's still freaking - fear eating her alive. James suddenly MOVES to the door:

JAMES (CONT'D)

I need to go get Zoey.

Mary quickly steps in front of him - stopping him:

MARY

James - stop. No. You can't go look for her.

JAMES

Why?

MARY

We can't provoke her right now - she's out of control - she threatened to kill herself and -

She stops. There's something she doesn't want to say.

JAMES

What is it?

MARY

She said she wished you were dead. It was almost like a threat.

Stillpoint. James physically retracts as if punched in the face by that statement. He stands absolutely shell-shocked. All he manages to say is:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMES

A 'threat'. From my daughter.

MARY

I don't know, James. We just need to give her time to calm down.

James can't move - he's agape - still processing what Mary's told him - shaking his head in stunned, devastated disbelief. After a beat, he takes a breath - trying hard to stay cool in the wake of what he just heard:

JAMES

OK. We'll let her calm down.

(then)

But what about the Homeless Man?

MARY

I know, James - I don't know what the hell to do anymore!

As the desperate, terrified Sandin Parents try to figure out their next move, Charlie has noticed something - a subtle, muffled SOUND RISING O.S. - barely perceptible.

CHARLIE

Did you guys hear that?

But James and Mary aren't paying attention:

MARY

(re: The Stranger)

Maybe he just wants to hide.

Again:

CHARLIE

Did you guys hear that noise?

Mom and Dad are still not listening:

JAMES

(responding to Mary)

Maybe he doesn't. Zoey's out there with him.

And then, out of nowhere, CHARLIE SCREAMS at the top of his lungs:

CHARLIE

AHHHHHHHHHHH!

That immediately shuts James and Mary up. They're finally paying attention to him now:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Stop talking. Do you hear that?

MARY

Hear what, Charlie? I don't -

And then, as if on cue, the O.S. SOUND RISES again - it's clear this time - a DISTANT YOUNG MAN'S POLITE VOICE - TALKING THROUGH A BULLHORN - in the near distance:

DISTANT POLITE BULLHORN VOICE
(O.S.)

Hello. Hello. Is anybody out there? Is anybody home?

CHARLIE

That. Did you hear that?

Mary and James heard it too now. Before they could react:

DISTANT POLITE BULLHORN VOICE
(O.S.)

Mr. and Mrs. Sandin - I sure hope you can hear me because this concerns you and yours.

Something about hearing their name sends a chill up everyone's spine. James stops pacing:

JAMES

It's coming from the front.

They quickly move to the WINDOWS in front of the room. All looking through the OBSERVATION SLOTS into the FRONT YARD AND THE STREET BEYOND. And as soon as they look out - they all JUMP, STARTLED BY WHATEVER THEY ARE SEEING:

MARY

Oh my God.

They're collectively agape. They all look out again and this time WE SEE WHAT'S GOT THEM SO SPOOKED:

MARY'S, JAMES' AND CHARLIE'S POV THROUGH OBSERVATION SLOTS OF:

8 YOUNG MEN - no one older than 25 - in front of and surrounding the SANDIN HOME (including the Scalp-Holding, Casper The Ghost-Masked Apache Indian we saw just moments ago).

These are the SHADOWY FIGURES that ran onto the cul-de-sac earlier. But they are no longer hiding in the dark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

They are now out in the open and unpacking an arsenal of weapons - MACHINE GUNS, FUTURISTIC RIFLES, KNIVES, AXES etc. They are SWIGGING LIQUOR - POPPING PILLS - SNORTING COKE - getting ready for some kind of drug-fueled battle.

And they are all freakishly DRESSED. Halloween Gone Mad. ONE YOUNG MAN WEARS A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER'S UNIFORM and BOZO MASK. He's WAVING an AMERICAN FLAG that's streaked with BLOOD.

Another YOUNG MAN is DRESSED AS THE POPE - with LARGE FAKE RUBBER BREASTS draped over his robe with blood dripping from the nipples.

ANOTHER MAN is WEARING nothing but DIAPERS and a WEREWOLF MASK. He is holding a SHOTGUN and a MORNING-STAR - an ancient weapon - a steel ball on a chain with spikes.

THE MAN holding the BULLHORN - the Leader - is leaning on the SANDIN MAILBOX (**SANDINS** stenciled across it). He's dressed as a YOUNG GIRL with a BLONDE WIG and a SHORT DRESS. He's also wearing a PIG'S NOSE and holding a BLOODY AXE as he addresses the Sandin Home with exaggerated elocution and politeness:

POLITE LEADER WITH BULLHORN

- OK, I guess I'll deliver my message to the absentee family. My mates and me are all gussied up in our most terrifying guises of death and doom but with no one to violate and annihilate because our target escaped us and YOU'VE inexplicably given him sanctuary. Oh, Mister and Misses, he's a bad egg, if you only knew what He did to us, you'd give him right back so we could destroy him and Purge our demons. But you are denying us. And that, my good people, is one serious faux pas.

(beat)

So here's the plan, Sandins - you will return Him to Us - Alive - or You will be punished. You have until our provisions arrive - provisions which will help us break into your home - to do so. If you don't deliver him by the aforementioned time, we will Purge our negative emotions by releasing the beast on Him - and You. And we can enter any home we want and we will want as wanting is our will on this fine night.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

POLITE LEADER WITH BULLHORN

Please don't force us to hurt you
as your beautiful home tells us
that you are good folk - one of us
- and we don't want to kill our
own. Please let us wee little
boys Purge - it is our right and
right we are. Too-da-loo,
Sandins!

Beat. Mary, Charlie and James stand frozen. The Bacchanalian barbarity of the Polite Leader and his merry band of Freaks sweeps through them like cold-water shock.

MARY

No.

Then - adding to their panic:

THE LIGHTS GO OUT. They're thrust into eerie darkness. A mere sliver of exterior moonlight finding entry through the OBSERVATION SLOTS grants them minimal vision.

James moves to the DOOR - peers out into the HALL - sees the LIGHTS are OFF in the REST of the HOME also. Everything's happening fast now - fear rising rapidly:

CHARLIE

Why did the lights go out?

JAMES

It's him.

MARY

Who? That lunatic outside. How?

JAMES

No. The Homeless Man. He killed the lights because he doesn't want to be found. He doesn't want to go back out there.

(beat)

Understandably.

MARY

Can they really get through our security, James?

JAMES

I don't know. It's hard to say.

MARY

'Hard to say'. For godsakes, you sell this equipment, James!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JAMES

(losing it)

I DON'T KNOW! It's more of a deterrent - it looks good so it keeps people away! Goddamn it, things like this aren't supposed to happen in this neighborhood!

MARY

BUT THEY ARE HAPPENING! THEY'RE HAPPENING RIGHT NOW!

Silence. Just their heavy breaths in the dark. Then:

JAMES

We have to give them what they want. We find the Homeless Man and force him outside. We have guns - he doesn't. We can do this. It's the only way.

Charlie reacts - shocked by that:

CHARLIE

But they'll kill him!

JAMES

Christ, Charlie, it's either him or us, son.

CHARLIE

But he didn't do anything to us. Why should he die?

JAMES

Because I don't want to. And I don't want you, your mother, or your sister to.

James looks to Mary for support. Mary takes a beat - then reluctantly nods, agreeing. Charlie's face falls, devastated, as:

MARY

What about Zoey? I don't know what she'll do if she sees you right now, James. But I can't find this man alone. No fucking way.

JAMES

Of course not. We do this together. Let's pray Zoey has calmed down.

(dramatically)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

JAMES (CONT'D)

We don't have a choice, guys. If we don't find this Man, we're not gonna make it through the night.

That hangs there. Off their terrified faces -

CUT TO BLACK.

UNTIL A FLASHLIGHT BEAM CUTS A SWATH IN THE DARK.

INT. SANDIN HOME - SAME

MARY - holding that flashlight - moving slowly down a dark hall, absolutely terrified. She has her gun up and out. She is clearly looking for the Stranger. The big search, through her once peaceful home, is underway.

She comes upon a DOOR. Slowly opens it, wary, shining her light within - illuminating:

A DEAD BODY - at first we don't know who it is - then we realize its MR. KANE. HIS FACE BLUE, SWOLLEN. ONE GUNSHOT in his HEAD, ONE in his CHEST.

Mary stares, unnerved. She closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. SANDIN HOME - NIGHT - SAME

Dark, and dreadfully silent here also. ANOTHER FLASHLIGHT fractures the black. WE FIND:

JAMES - moving down a DIFFERENT HALL - careful footfalls on wood floors - he, too, is searching for the Stranger. Suddenly, an O.S. VOICE penetrates the eerie silence:

POLITE LEADER (O.S., THROUGH BULLHORN)

In one corner - the Sweet Suburban Sandins -

James moves to a NEARBY WINDOW looks out the OBSERVATION SLOT and SEES:

THE POLITE LEADER and HIS BAND OF HEAVILY ARMED FREAKS sitting on his FRONT LAWN now - snorting coke, pissing, laughing like hyenas, and staring up at his home as if they were watching a sporting event. The Leader is speaking through his bullhorn like a sport's commentator:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLITE LEADER (CONT'D)

Their opponent - The Dirty
Homeless Fuck. A steel cage blood
battle for the ages. Can the
Sandins save themselves? Or will
they become martyrs? The clock is
ticking! Let the games begin!

The FREAKS RAISE THEIR WEAPONS in the AIR and BEGIN
SHOOTING wildly into the NIGHT.

James watches them, agape.

CUT TO:

INT. PLAY ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

A SINGLE SHAFT of LIGHT illuminates YOUNG CHARLIE'S
TERRIFIED FACE - which seems to be hovering in darkness.

Charlie sits alone, holding a gun in his lap and a
flashlight up to his own face. He has obviously been
told to stay put. He has also switched his WATCH to
MEDICAL MONITOR-MODE as WE HEAR the RHYTHMIC BEEP BEEP
BEEP of his PULSE - filling the silence like a metronome
in the dark.

Suddenly, Charlie HEARS an unnerving CREAK - right
outside the room - he tenses, shines the LIGHT and SEES
THE DOOR HANDLE/KNOB SLOWLY TURNING. Someone is trying
to come inside. The rhythmic BEEPING QUICKENS - his
heart rate rising - 85,86,87.

KNOB still turning. HEART MONITOR BEEPING. Charlie hits
a button, turning his watch to CLOCK MODE - silencing the
BEEPS - afraid it's giving away his position.

Quiet now as the DOOR KNOB keeps TURNING, then, BAM! An
O.S. NOISE followed by FOOTSTEPS. Is the person gone?

We HOLD on CHARLIE'S FACE when his expression tightens -
an idea. He reaches in his pocket - finding THE REMOTE
CONTROL FOR HIS RABBIT and HI-TECH GLASSES.

INT. SANDIN MANSION - NIGHT - SAME

MARY ascends a BACK STAIRCASE now - moving to the SECOND
FLOOR. The house is disturbingly quiet. She turns down
the HALL and enters her:

BEDROOM.

As Mary's flashlight sweeps the room, she doesn't see:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZOEY. Standing yards behind her in the HALL OUTSIDE this bedroom. The Young Girl's covered in blood, staring at her mother, tear stained face numb. Her emotional destruction has left her looking strange, almost Zombie-like. She walks off, disappearing in the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. SANDIN HALLWAY - NIGHT - SAME

As James creeps along - searching every nook and cranny of his home for the Stranger. He turns into the DINING ROOM, flashlight COMBING the area. Suddenly, there's a:

A BURST of WILD MOVEMENT in the REAR of the DINING ROOM. It's THE STRANGER - hauling ass through the BACK ENTRANCE of this ROOM as James' light crosses his scarred frame.

James, startled at first, kicks into a RUN - giving CHASE. His flashlight BOUNCING UP AND DOWN - catching fleeting glimpses of the retreating STRANGER.

The Stranger thunders UP A NEARBY STAIRCASE.

James RAISES HIS GUN and POP! POP! AWKWARDLY FIRES TWO SHOTS! Both missing The Stranger. James HEARS the Polite Leader's O.S. COMMENTARY:

POLITRE LEADER (O.S., THROUGH BULLHORN)

Has someone drawn first blood?
Careful with those bullets, Sweet
Sandins - remember - deliver He
alive or You will be penalized!

James keeps running - ignoring the Leader - UP THE STAIRS! But he TRIPS - dropping his gun and flashlight. He retrieves them quickly - then reaches the SECOND FLOOR - looks all around - NO SIGN of the STRANGER anywhere.

He's gotten away.

INT. PLAY ROOM - SAME

CHARLIE now sits with his GLASSES ON and REMOTE IN HAND - looking at everything through VICTOR'S EYES - which are equipped with RED-TINTED NIGHT VISION. WE SEE:

VICTOR'S ROVING RABBIT POV of ROOMS - DOORS - LONG, WINDING EMPTY HALLS (some dotted with blood) and FINALLY:

A DOOR OPENING. SOMEONE EMERGING - it's THE SCALPED STRANGER, knife in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's breathing hard, sweating profusely, having just run from James. He's struggling to see in the velvety dark, creeping like a bloody, hunted demon.

Charlie moves VICTOR FORWARD with the REMOTE - FOLLOWING the Stranger now - who's unaware he's being shadowed.

The Stranger moves into the LIVING ROOM - finding refuge behind furniture, eyeing the nearby halls. But the Stranger doesn't see:

THE RABBIT - quietly stopping just yards away from him.

CHARLIE - PLAY ROOM

Staring at the Bloody Stranger on the MINI-SCREENS.

The Stranger unaware.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mary moves in - flashlight sweeping - finding nothing. She turns to exit, when she HEARS something OUTSIDE. She peers through the WINDOW'S OBSERVATION SLOT, spotting TWO ARMED FREAKS in her BACKYARD - ON GUARD. She then sees SOMETHING ELSE that grabs her attention:

MOVEMENT behind her BACKYARD FENCE AGAIN. Ten yards BEHIND the Freaks. In the forest - right where she saw movement earlier. This time she sees what it is:

TWO OTHER PEOPLE - BOTH WEARING SMILEY FACE MASKS (just like the Person we saw earlier on the security monitor) standing in the FOREST BEHIND HER YARD. These Smiley Masked People are LOOKING RIGHT AT MARY. The Armed Freaks are unaware of them.

The Masked People WAVE HELLO to Mary and then run off. Mary watches them go, confused, even more terrified.

She turns from the window, eyes landing on a LARGE STEAK KNIFE lying on the kitchen counter. Mary can't help herself - she grabs it before exiting.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

VICTOR THE RABBIT still sits a yard away from the Bloody Stranger - who's still hiding in the corner - unaware.

INT. PLAYROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Charlie's staring at the STRANGER - on the MINI SCREENS. He's clearly up to something. The Boy presses a button on the remote and:

THE RABBIT'S EYES ILLUMINATE - flashing RED - announcing its presence to the Stranger for some reason.

The Stranger, alerted, raises his knife and crawls toward the RABBIT now.

CHARLIE holds steady - the man's taut scarred face looming large inside Charlie's GLASSES' MINI SCREENS.

The Stranger stares hard at the Rabbit - seeing it up close. After a beat, The Stranger dismisses the toy, and starts moving away when the RABBIT'S EYES FLASH AGAIN.

THE STRANGER pauses. Something about the Rabbit and its clear attempt at communication has his curiosity piqued.

The Stranger waits for more as Charlie works the remote, moving Victor forward now. The Stranger remaining behind, just watching the Rabbit, considering it.

The Rabbit pauses - looks back at the Stranger - flashes its eyes one more time. A signal - 'follow me'.

The Rabbit then hops forward. After a beat, the Scalped Man takes the cue - he begins FOLLOWING the green Rabbit.

INT. SANDIN MANSION HOME GYM - NIGHT

As James searches for the Stranger in the GYM, he HEARS:

POLITE LEADER (O.S., THROUGH BULLHORN)

- Mister and Misses, take a gander outside if you will. As time is running out on your lives, we'd like to give you some motivation.

James moves to the window - peers out the OBSERVATION SLOT but his VISION IS BLOCKED BY:

A DEMENTED FACE RIGHT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SLOT - LOOKING RIGHT AT HIM! It's one of the FREAKS - THE SURREAL BLOODY POPE - SCREAMING AND LAUGHING MANICALLY:

FREAKISH POPE
DID YOU FIND HIM! I WANT TO PLAY
WITH HIS BLOOD!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, a HAND clutching a KNIFE reaches around the LAUGHING POPE'S NECK - SLICING his THROAT WIDE OPEN - blood sprays across the observation slot. James stands SHOCKED as the POPE DROPS and the POLITE LEADER'S FACE APPEARS:

POLITE LEADER
 (re: The Pope)
 I never liked him.
 (then)
 Now, back to the issue at hand.
 Motivation. Send out He - or this
 will be Thee, Sir Sandin.

The Polite Leader moves away from the observation slot, granting James VISION again. He sees:

THREE PEOPLE in tattered CLOTHING - clearly HOMELESS PEOPLE - HANGING from STREET-LIGHT POLES - dead - HUNG the old-fashioned way - with NOOSES around their necks. James eyes the dead trio, then HEARS a soft haunting childish song:

POLITE LEADER (O.S. SINGING)
 (CONT'D)
 Tickety Tock. Tickety Tock.
 You're time is almost up.

James just stares out - his terror intensifying.

INT. SANDIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

WHUMP! WHUMP! WHUMP! As the RABBIT hops down the dark hall. Every few seconds the RABBIT looks back at:

THE STRANGER - who's following the Rabbit now. He seems shocked that he's doing it - but he's not stopping. The Rabbit flashes its red eyes in the darkness - a beacon for the Stranger to follow. SAME TIME:

CHARLIE - PLAY ROOM

Steering the Rabbit and taking the Stranger in a specific direction. Together, this incongruous duo moves through HALLS, ROOMS, STAIRS, finally coming upon:

CHARLIE'S BEDROOM. The Rabbit enters and moves into:

THE CLOSET - through hanging clothes. The Stranger follows the Rabbit inside, finding:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE'S SECRET LAIR

The Stranger quickly surmises what this place is; the boy's hideaway. The Stranger gets it - understanding what Charlie has done. The Stranger looks at the Rabbit - winks his one eye - 'thanks'.

CHARLIE - PLAYROOM

Sees the Stranger 'winking' at him on the MINI-SCREENS.

THE RABBIT flashes its eyes one last time, before exiting the closet, leaving the Stranger alone, hidden.

THE RABBIT takes post in Charlie's room - standing guard.

CHARLIE - PLAYROOM

Takes a breath, relieved, happy the Stranger's tucked away and safe - his mission accomplished.

CUT TO:

INT. SANDIN MANSION - NIGHT

WHOOSH! A BURST of MOVEMENT in the dark - it's JAMES - moving FAST now - very motivated after seeing the 'hanging homeless'. He's opening closets, checking under beds, looking for the Stranger everywhere. BACK TO:

INT. PLAY ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie sits center room, with his glasses on, still looking at the world through Victor the Rabbit's eyes.

CHARLIE'S POV - OF MINI-SCREENS - THROUGH VICTOR'S EYES:

Of his own ROOM. The Rabbit is still standing guard. All is quiet until WHAM! A FACE SUDDENLY POPS UP IN CHARLIE'S MINI-SCREENS - SO CLOSE AND DRENCHED IN BLOOD!

CHARLIE JUMPS! SOMEONE IS AN INCH AWAY FROM VICTOR and STARING RIGHT IN THE RABBIT'S EYES - RIGHT AT CHARLIE! Terrified, Charlie gets his bearings, seeing that it's:

ZOEY - staring at Victor - her gaze distant, foggy, destroyed, lost. She's holding Henry's GUN and babbling:

ZOEY (ON MINI-SCREEN)
Hey, baby brother. You're too young for all this. You shouldn't be looking around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Zoey finds a NEARBY T-SHIRT and wraps it AROUND THE RABBIT'S HEAD - COVERING ITS EYES.

INT. PLAY ROOM - SAME

Charlie's looking through the GLASSES - at the MINI-SCREENS but his vision is now obscured by the shirt wrapped around Victor's eyes. But he still HEARS:

ZOEY (O.S.)

I'm so scared. Daddy ruined everything and I don't know what to do anymore. I don't want to be alone. Where are you, Charlie?

Zoey's voice fades. She's moved away. Charlie's shaking his head - confused - all he HEARS is MOVEMENT - is it Zoey looking for him? Suddenly, AHHHHH! Charlie HEARS a CURTAILED SCREAM - followed by SOUNDS of struggle.

Charlie rips off his glasses, teary-eyed with fear.

INT. SANDIN MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT - SAME

James is frantically searching for the Stranger when he HEARS a O.S. NOISE - down the hall. Muffled SCREAMS - SOUNDS of STRUGGLE - the same sounds Charlie just heard. James journeys toward the sounds - which bring him to:

INT. CHARLIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As James enters - finger on the trigger - flashlight covers the room, and to James' utter surprise it unexpectedly illuminates:

THE BLOODY STRANGER - in front of the closet now. James freezes, startled, excited that he's found the Stranger - he targets him with his gun, when the Stranger speaks - for only the second time - his raspy whisper:

BLOODY STRANGER

Don't.

And that's when James sees that The Stranger IS POINTING A GUN TO THE HEAD OF:

ZOEY

Bloody Stranger's HOLDING ZOEY TIGHT, PRESSING A GUN (Henry's gun) AGAINST HER SKULL. The Stranger has wrapped a CLOTH around Zoey's MOUTH - HER CRIES stifled under this GAG. To James:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLOODY STRANGER (CONT'D)

Get back. Into the hall.

JAMES

Please don't hurt her.

James backs up, out of Charlie's room - into the:

SECOND FLOOR LONG HALLWAY

James' gun and flashlight still up. Zoey's crying - gun to her head as The Stranger steps out of Charlie's room - INTO THE HALLWAY - holding Zoey close - a hostage - a shield. HE ENTERS THE LONG HALL - 5 yards from James.

James' flashlight BEAM is catching the FEAR on ZOEY'S FACE - the beastly intensity on BLOODY STRANGER'S FACE.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Let her go, you sonofabitch!

BLOODY STRANGER

Lower your gun.

INT. PLAYROOM - SAME

Charlie is sitting terrified in the darkness - the distant O.S. YELLS of his FATHER reaching him.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

As the standoff between James and the Stranger continues:

BLOODY STRANGER

I'll let her go when this night is over.

JAMES

You're going to get us killed!

BLOODY STRANGER

Lower your gun.

James doesn't know what to do. And that's when his flashlight illuminates:

SOMEONE 5 YARDS BEHIND THE STRANGER - at the END of the LONG HALL. IT'S:

MARY. She's moving stealth-slow, her GUN UP. The Stranger is unaware of her presence. She STOPS and tries to TAKE AIM WITH HER WEAPON. To end this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUT HER HAND is TREMBLING. Eyes pinned on the BACK of the STRANGER and HER DAUGHTER in his grasp. She tries to steady the weapon, but she's unable to - hands quivering, afraid she'll shoot her daughter, afraid to fire the weapon, afraid to hurt the Stranger.

She lowers the GUN. Extracts the KNIFE from her POCKET.

James spies Mary's moves - he keeps up the DIVERSION:

JAMES

Please leave my family alone.

BLOODY STRANGER

Lower your weapon or I will hurt her - and you.

James' light catches Mary again - closer now - YARDS BEHIND The Stranger. She's shaking, terrified. SAME:

INT. PLAY ROOM - SAME

Charlie sits frozen in the darkness - the O.S. SHOUTING between James and the Stranger is RISING.

The young boy can't take it any longer - he suddenly STANDS and RUNS FOR THE DOOR.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

James and the Stranger still negotiating - Zoey's MOANS rising under that makeshift muzzle.

JAMES

We've done nothing to you. We don't deserve this.

BLOODY STRANGER

I don't deserve it either. It's not an honor to die tonight.

Mary's right upon The Stranger now - pulling the knife back with unsteady hands, sweating profusely, ready to strike, but hesitating - unable to make a move.

Her conflict obvious.

James' eyes widen with anticipation and frustration and that's when his FLASHLIGHT ILLUMINATES:

A BURST OF MOVEMENT BEHIND MARY.

IT'S CHARLIE - RUNNING into the HALL behind his mother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIS STEPS THUNDER LOUD on the WOOD FLOOR - causing:

BLOODY STRANGER TO TURN - HEARING CHARLIE'S APPROACH!

STRANGER SPOTS MARY right behind him - illuminated in the James' flashlight beam.

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE AS THE STRANGER instinctively LUNGES for MARY - SHOULDERING ZOEY to the ground.

BOOM! ZOEY FALLS, SMASHES her head. Hard.

Bloody Stranger LEAPS on top of Mary - knocking her down.

James bolts forward, DROPPING HIS FLASHLIGHT - thrusting us all into DARKNESS. GROUND LEVEL FLASHLIGHT BEAM highlighting SHOES, RUG - running, frantic - it's all we can see - as we HEAR EVERYONE YELLING:

	JAMES (O.S.)	CHARLIE (O.S.)
MARY!		MOM!

FOOTSTEPS. YELLING. SHADOWS. LIGHT. CHAOS. THEN - BAM! A GUNSHOT! A MAN GROANING O.S.! AHHHHH! THEN:

CLICK. A FLASHLIGHT BEAM penetrates the black, HIGHLIGHTING:

MARY'S FACE and CHARLIE'S FACE huddled together. Mary's holding the flashlight.

MARY
Are you OK, Charlie?

Charlie nods. Mary's flashlight beam then finds:

ZOEY - on the ground, unconscious, head bleeding. Mary moves to her - checks her for gunshot wounds:

MARY (CONT'D)
Zoey! She's unconscious. Christ.

And then:

JAMES
MARY!

Mary whips the FLASHLIGHT - finding:

JAMES standing center hall - out of breath - not hurt. Her face tightens with utter shock when she sees that James is pointing his GUN downward at:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE BLOODY STRANGER

Who's on the FLOOR now - SHOT and BLEEDING from a BULLET WOUND to his SIDE. He's staring up at James (and James' GUN) like a fierce animal CAUGHT in a trap. Mary can't believe it. Charlie's devastated that the Stranger's been caught. Out of breath, James says:

JAMES (CONT'D)

Get some rope, Mary! Go get some rope so we can get him outside and end this fucking night!

CUT TO:

INT. SANDIN HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

LIT by a few CANDLES. ZOEY'S on a couch, still unconscious. CHARLIE'S next to ZOEY - the young boy looks horrified as he stares at:

JAMES and MARY - who have dragged the BLOODY SCALPED SHOT STRANGER into this room and are now in the midst of trying to secure him to a DESK CHAIR so they can deliver him (roll him out) to the Freaks.

But the Stranger (gagged, limbs bound with duct tape) is not making it easy - he's fighting like a rabid dog as the Sandins cruelly and clumsily attempt to roll him INTO the CHAIR which is lying on its side (to accommodate the Stranger's forced entry into it).

It's pure chaos - the wealthy suburban Sandins are bruised, sweating, screaming, as they struggle furiously with the Stranger - his blood flying all over them.

JAMES

Push, Mary, before he breaks the rope again -

MARY

He's too strong. I'm so sorry sir.

CHARLIE

(re: The Stranger, devastated)

He's bleeding so much. Can you at least stop his bleeding?

MARY

(panting)

Charlie - pay attention to your sister. Is she waking up yet?

Charlie looks down - Zoey's still out cold - when:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES

Get his legs, Mary! HE'S BREAKING
THE TAPE! GET HIS LEGS!

Charlie looks back at the Stranger - who's bucking wildly now. And next to Charlie - unbeknownst to everyone:

ZOEY is also watching. She's conscious. The Young Girl's peaking out discreetly - she clearly doesn't want anyone to know she's awake. Her eyes still dance with purge-induced dementia. She watches as:

James - WHOOSH! SLIPS in the Stranger's growing BLOOD POOL - flopping face down in it. Mary, overwhelmed by what they're doing to the Stranger, helps James up:

MARY

What a fucking nightmare.

Then:

POLITE LEADER (O.S. THROUGH
BULLHORN, SINGING)

TICKETY TOCK. TICKETY TOCK.

Mary and James exchange a tense look. As James wipes blood off his own face:

JAMES

Sit on his wound, Mary.

MARY

What? Why? Oh my god. I can't.

JAMES

Just do it! It'll work.

Devastated - teary-eyed:

CHARLIE

No, Mom. Please. Don't.

Mary can't stop shaking her head in stunned disbelief:

MARY

Jesus Christ, this poor man. What are we doing to him?

JAMES

If he just walked outside willingly, we wouldn't have to do any of this.

Charlie suddenly STANDS UP DEFIANTLY. Behind him - Zoey's watching again - peaking out - as:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE

WILLINGLY?!? WE'RE GOING TO KILL
HIM!

JAMES

Charlie, enough! - Mary, sit on
his wound! We don't have time!
I'll hold him. - Sir, you're
making it harder on yourself -

Mary has her hands on her head - conflicted, emotionally
ravaged BUT she abides James' command and SITS on the
STRANGER'S WOUND - HE BUCKS in INTENSE PAIN! Charlie
reacts - almost screaming. The Stranger stops resisting
for a beat and James seizes the moment - he pushes the
Stranger's body into the chair - it worked.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Tie him in, Mary! We got 'em!

Charlie lowers his head, defeated. Mary's expression
goes slack as she stares at the Stranger - seeing the
agony on his face. James sees his wife's ghostly look:

JAMES (CONT'D)

You had no choice, Mary. It's
almost over.

No response - Mary looks absolutely destroyed. A
funereal silence consumes the room as they secure the
Stranger to the chair - getting ready to wheel him out to
his death. The quiet is broken by:

CHARLIE

He was a soldier.

Mary looks up at Charlie, baffled by that. Charlie
points - indicating a MEDALLION on a NECKLACE hanging
from the STRANGER'S NECK. It bears a U.S. MILITARY LOGO.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

A marine. He fought in the Ten
Year War. That's his dog tags.
That's who we're going to kill.

Mary considers the Stranger's dog tags. Tears begin
welling up. She looks at her son - who admonishes his
mother with a disgusted look of pure disappointment.
Mary looks like she's going to pass out. Something's
happening to her. She's trembling, shaking her head
uncontrollably, when suddenly:

MARY

No. I can't. I can't do this. I
can't do this anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAMES

Mary - relax, keep tying him down.
We don't have time.

Mary drops the tape and stands - pacing feverishly - all her emotions boiling up.

MARY

No. I just can't. Oh my God.
It's fucking wrong!

Now James is on his feet - seeing his wife's emotions disintegrating:

JAMES

Mary, we don't have a choice here.

Mary EXPLODES:

MARY

Stop saying that! Look at us,
James. Look at Zoey. Look at
this poor man. And Henry. And
Mr. Kane. We're covered in blood,
James. It's fucking everywhere!

James moves to Mary - tries to grab her arm to calm her:

JAMES

Mary, we don't have time for this.

Mary pulls away - SCREAMING at the top of her lungs now:

MARY

Don't touch me, James. NO! What
the hell happened to us? LOOK AT
US! WE'RE COVERED IN BLOOD!

Mary's intensity silences James. They hold a long look, when, breaking the MOMENT:

HONK! HONK! HONK! THE SOUND OF O.S BLARING HORNS! A CACOPHONY OF MULTIPLE CAR/TRUCK HORNS SOUNDING OFF disturbingly all at once - seemingly right outside their home. The HORNS finally stop but another SOUND replaces them - a DEEP RUMBLE - the roar of HEAVY MACHINERY:

JAMES

What the fuck is that now?

These dissonant SOUNDS have pulled Mary out of her meltdown. And that's when she turns and sees that:

CHARLIE IS GONE. The young boy is no longer in the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MARY

Oh my God. Charlie. Where did
you go, baby? Where did you go?

Desperate, terrified, Mary looks at her husband. James just stares back at her, equally as overwhelmed. Mary starts moving toward the door - calling out:

MARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

CHARLIE!

She exits in a burst, leaving James alone with Zoey and the Stranger now - that MYSTERIOUS RUMBLING SOUND rising all around him.

INT. SANDIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mary moves through the dark, flashlight leading the way.

MARY

CHARLIE, WHERE ARE YOU?

There's no sign of him anywhere. THAT MECHANICAL O.S. RUMBLE is GETTING STRONGER - a vast infernal noise whose source we haven't yet seen. Mary moves to a WINDOW - looks out - we don't see what she sees, but we hear her say:

MARY (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT - SAME

James stands in the middle of the room (that noise rising around him) still in shock after Mary's breakdown. He's looking at the BLOODY STRANGER - tied to the chair, staring at him. James walks toward the Stranger.

JAMES

I'm sorry, sir, but I don't see
any other way.

James is just about to wheel the Stranger outside, when:

ZOEY (O.S.)

Daddy.

James spins - and quickly crosses the room to ZOEY - who's eyes are fluttering open. Zoey's pretending to awaken slowly, looking around, acting confused.

James sits next to her - cradling her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES

You hit your head, baby.

Zoey looks long and hard at James through glassy eyes.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Zoey - how do you feel?

Long beat - then she mutters something under her breath.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Don't speak, baby.

(then)

I'm so sorry about Henry. I really am.

Zoey stares at her father. Face sallow and numb. She sits up, just looking at James with a thousand yard stare. He smiles at her reassuringly. He then leans forward and embraces her, holding her tight.

Zoey sees, behind James:

A LETTER OPENER lying on a nearby desk.

JAMES (CONT'D)

We're gonna make it through tonight. It's all gonna be OK soon, baby.

Zoey takes the LETTER OPENER in her hand. She slowly raises it behind James' back. Her hand is trembling. She's starting to cry as she brings the glass high, when -

- James HEARS his daughter weeping. He breaks the embrace, and immediately sees:

Zoey holding that LETTER OPENER in her trembling hand. She's teary-eyed, staring at him. And before James could react:

Zoey feebly SLASHES at him. It's a sad, pathetic strike but the LETTER OPENER'S SHARP EDGE connects with James' CHEEK - opening it up. BLOOD SPEWS. James steps back, holding his face, shell-shocked.

Zoey steps back too, crying more now. She seems unable to move, stuck in stance of stunned belief - Zoey is completely shocked by what she just did.

She looks like a lost, confused young girl.

Father and Daughter stand feet apart, not moving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMES (CONT'D)

Zoey.

Zoey DROPS the OPENER and RUNS OUT of the room, as if running away from her own actions. She retreats down the hall, disappearing in the darkness.

James stands numb for a beat - he touches the blood on his face - then the tears come. He's unable to control it. James is, right here, a completely broken man. He sees:

THE BLOODY STRANGER across the room - lit by candles - a wraith in flickering light, silently observing him.

James approaches the bound Stranger and stands over him just as he stood over Mr. Kane earlier. James stares at the Stranger, then TURNS and EXITS the room, closing the door, shutting the Stranger within.

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

As James stands in the hall in front of the closed door - behind which is the Stranger. James is motionless, lost, when he sees:

MARY - moving quickly down the hall towards him. Charlie is conspicuously NOT with her.

MARY

- James? Where's Zoey? Why are you bleeding?

Then, quietly:

JAMES

Zoey ran out. I don't know where she is. Where's Charlie?

Fighting tears:

MARY

I don't know where he is.

James absorbs that - his family has come undone - torn apart by the night. He stands there, destroyed, like a man who's lost faith in everything he's ever believed.

MARY (CONT'D)

(hopeless)
Our children are gone, James. And those Freaks are coming in now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY (CONT'D)

They brought trucks - they're gonna pull off the security doors and come inside.

(then, re: the Stranger)

Maybe you were right - maybe we don't have a choice.

Fatalistic beat. James staring at his wife. Two desperate people. James' expression slowly tightens - an idea is clearly forming. He then says:

JAMES

No. Leave the Soldier in there.

Mary doesn't understand:

MARY

You're not sending him outside?

JAMES

I have another idea.

And before Mary could question what that idea is, they HEAR:

CHARLIE (O.S.)

What are you going to do?

They both turn - seeing Charlie - he's been hiding nearby, in the dark, spying and listening - as he always does. He's approaching his parents now - rejoining his family as he's heard what James just said. Mary slumps - so relieved to her son.

JAMES

The Soldier's gonna be OK, Charlie. Don't worry anymore. You were right.

Charlie stares at his Dad - so relieved, so thankful. James smiles sadly at his son as he continues:

JAMES (CONT'D)

Mary, take Charlie to the basement. Take the weapons. Zoey will be with you shortly -

James hands Mary the pink pillowcase full of guns. Mary's still very confused:

MARY

- I don't understand. What are you gonna do, James? How will you stop them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAMES

No time. Trust me. I love you.
All of you. Now go. Go.

James kisses Mary and Charlie. Mary's still baffled but listens to her husband, taking her son and running off.

James watches them go, tears in his eyes. THAT O.S.
RUMBLE GETTING LOUDER AND LOUDER.

CUT TO:

INT. SANDIN MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A FLASHLIGHT BEAM dances through dark. In the minimal light we see CHARLIE AND MARY - running hand in hand.

DOWN STAIRS. MAKING THEIR WAY TOWARD THE BASEMENT. AS THEY RUN - THE O.S. RUMBLING SOUND OF THOSE TRUCKS RISES ALL AROUND THEM. THE HOUSE IS SHAKING.

THEY STOP at a WINDOW - peering out, seeing:

THREE LARGE INDUSTRIAL TRUCKS - barely VISIBLE BEHIND BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS saturating the lawn with light. THOSE ARMED FREAKS move LIKE GHOSTS ALL OVER THE FRONT YARD.

They also glimpse CHAINS - strung up from the front of the TRUCKS - all the WAY to their HOME - to the SECURITY BARRICADES on MULTIPLE ENTRANCE POINTS.

Mary and Charlie continue on, REACHING THE BASEMENT DOOR. OPEN IT. Hit the STAIRS, going down to:

THE BASEMENT BELOW. They stand there, in the dark, flashlight granting minimal light. Their breaths heavy.

CHARLIE

What's Daddy gonna do?

MARY

I don't know, baby. We'll wait here.

Silence. Waiting. And then they HEAR:

POLITE LEADER (O.S.)

Mister and Misses - tickety tock time is up. I do regret having to kill ye good ol' citizens but you harbored He and denied Our right to Purge. So here we come!

Charlie and Mary exchange a look of dread. And then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

URRGHHHHHHH! The mind-numbing sound of STEEL BEING RIPPED AND PULLED. The house is shaking as those O.S. TRUCKS are straining to rip the barricades off.

MARY

Oh my God, baby.

Mounting panic. That SOUND of TWISTING STEEL RISES.

CHARLIE

Whatever Daddy's doing, I hope he does it fast.

MARY

I know, baby. I hope he -

Mary stops - HEARING another SOUND - this one closer - a BANGING on the DOOR that leads to the BASEMENT. Her face suddenly falls with grim realization.

MARY (CONT'D)

No.

CHARLIE

What?

MARY

Stay here, baby. Do not move.

Charlie, baffled, watches his MOTHER take off - she's running toward the stairs - something's clearly up.

CUT TO:

JAMES - FIRST FLOOR

Standing by the BASEMENT DOOR through which Charlie and Mary just entered. James is MOVING a LARGE PIECE OF FURNITURE in FRONT of that DOOR - blocking it for some reason. This was the source of the BANGING Mary heard.

James then crosses the home, to the FRONT DOOR - the SOUND of those ENGINES and STEEL BARRICADES being PULLED resonates all around him.

James then does something else very strange - he OPENS the FRONT DOOR - revealing the SECURITY BARRICADE that protects it. SAME:

MARY - BASEMENT STAIRS

Hauling ass up the stairs. She reaches the BASEMENT DOOR - tries to open it but BANG! It's blocked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

Goddamn you, James. This is not the way!

JAMES - FRONT DOOR

Opening the LATCH at the base of the SECURITY BARRICADE. He takes a moment, mustering up the courage to OPEN the BARRICADE, revealing THE FRONT YARD of HIS HOME - BATHED in the ASTRAL GLOW of THE TRUCK HEADLIGHTS. THE THUNDEROUS ROAR of the TRUCK ENGINES is DEAFENING HERE.

James stands there, vulnerable - he squints, barely seeing THE POLITE LEADER and HIS CRONIES just 20 yards away - silhouettes against the LIGHT. James SCREAMS:

JAMES

SHUT THE ENGINES AND LISTEN TO ME!

Polite Leader spots James standing under the threshold of the now open front door.

POLITE LEADER

Mr. Sandin - what brings you outside on this good night, sir? Shut the engines, gents.

The SOUND of the TRUCK ENGINES STOPS. Silence, then:

POLITE LEADER (CONT'D)

Are you delivering He back to Me, Mr. Sandin?

Now all the FREAKS are staring at James - dark amorphous shapes against the truck headlights.

JAMES

We couldn't find him.

POLITE LEADER

'Tis bad news for Thee, Mr. S.

JAMES

Wait. I would never deny your right to Purge. Instead of him - take me. You can still do what you set out to do. Just please don't hurt my family - don't come inside - do what you will to me.

Polite Leader and his Cronies are silent - just staring at James curiously. James is holding his arms out - giving himself up - ready to die. He doesn't see:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZOEY - SECOND FLOOR

At the top of the STAIRS - peaking out from behind a WALL
- watching her father attempt to sacrifice his life.

JAMES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Me instead of him - just don't
hurt my family.

Off Zoey's fear and confusion -

THE BLOODY STRANGER - HOME OFFICE

Bound to that chair. Hearing James' distant voice:

JAMES (O.S.)

It's a fair trade. You still get
to Purge.

The Stranger takes in those words when his eyes fall on:

THE LETTER OPENER with which Zoey slashed James, on the
floor, just a yard from him. He eyes it.

CUT TO:

MARY - BASEMENT STAIRS

WHAM! Still thrusting her body into that DOOR - trying
to move that piece of furniture. SAME:

JAMES - FRONT DOOR

Arms outstretched - body bathed in light - completely
vulnerable to the Polite Leader and his Freaks:

JAMES

Please - take me - don't hur-

Suddenly - WHUMP! James stops mid-sentence, body
flinching as if electrified. He looks down at:

THE ARROW now penetrating his SHOULDER. He's been shot
with an arrow by the Casper the Ghost-Masked Apache. His
face blanches with pain and shock when WHUMP! Another
ARROW penetrates his STOMACH, spraying blood. SAME:

MARY - BEHIND BASEMENT DOOR

SLAMMING HER BODY into the BASEMENT DOOR and WHOOSH! The
FURNITURE tumbles over - the door swings open and Mary's
through - SPRINTING across the HOUSE, finding:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES - INSIDE THE HOME - BY THE OPEN FRONT DOOR

On his hands and knees - crawling from the door - there's arrows STICKING out of his SHOULDER, STOMACH and LEG now. There's blood everywhere and he can't move fast. More ARROWS JETTISON through the door - just missing James as:

POLITE LEADER

Sorry, Mr. S - your deal won't do. You see, the Man you're hiding killed one of our friends when we attacked him - and that's not acceptable - he's just a useless homeless cunt - a martyr to serve Our need to Purge. And He needs to be taught a lesson. So your death won't help Moi. Deal's off, Mr. S. RELEASE THE BEAST, BOYS - LET THE KILLING COMMENCE!

VROOOM! The RUMBLE resumes as the ENGINES start up. MARY quickly shuts the SECURITY BARRICADE, then returns to her husband - he's on his back - bleeding from multiple arrow wounds - spitting up blood. She tries covering his wounds - to stop the incessant blood flow:

MARY

Oh my god, James. What were you doing, baby?

James' distraught face bristles with regret as he says:

JAMES

Look at us, Mary... I'm so sorry....

His statement hangs there like a confession. Mary begins to cry. Husband and Wife hold a desperate look, when:

THE SOUND AROUND THEM REACHES A FEVER PITCH - the HOUSE IS TREMBLING TUMULTUOUSLY. This all CULMINATES in a SERIES OF VERY LOUD THUNDEROUS POPPING SOUNDS!

Then silence. No more shaking. No more noise.

Mary looks around, seeing THAT THE SECURITY BARRICADES on the FIRST FLOOR have BEEN TORN OFF. Windows protected by nothing but GLASS now. BLINDING SHAFTS of LIGHT (from the LARGE O.S. TRUCKS) enter through unprotected WINDOWS - saturating the HOME in all-consuming phosphorescence.

MARY

They're coming in, James. What are we gonna do? Look at you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

And then:

JAMES

We fight, baby. We fight for
Charlie and Zoey.

MARY

(not listening to
him, re: his wounds)
I have to stop the bleeding.

JAMES

No. It's too late for that. We -

MARY

- What? What do you mean 'it's
too late'?

JAMES

I'm not gonna be OK, baby. But
you and Zoey and Charlie -

MARY

(hysterical)
- No. No. No -

JAMES

- Listen to me. I need you to
live. Do what I say - prop me up
against the wall here. I'll kill
any motherfucker who comes inside.
You cover the other side of the
house. We have to protect the
kids now, Mary.

She staring at him - crying, terrified - but knows he's
right. She HELPS HIM UP - he's groaning - spewing blood -
but with Mary's aide James pulls himself over to a nearby
WALL that faces the ENTRANCE and SEVERAL HALLWAYS. He
slides down the wall - leaning against it.

Mary withdraws several guns from the pillowcase - puts
them in James' lap, when they see SILHOUETTES of those
FREAKS creeping toward their home. Mary kisses James.

MARY

I love you.

JAMES

I love you.

Crying, they hold one last stare before Mary takes off
with the remaining weapons in the pillowcase.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JAMES turns, spotting SHADOWS of INTRUDERS approaching the LIGHT-BLASTED WINDOWS OF HIS HOME. He HEARS A WINDOW BREAK O.S. He takes the SAFETY off his weapon. SAME:

CHARLIE - BASEMENT

ALSO HEARS the SOUND OF an O.S. WINDOW BREAKING. The Young boy is seized by terror when he SPOTS SOMETHING O.S - across the room - he seems very interested in it. We REVERSE TO REVEAL what it is:

A LAUNDRY BASKET filled with CLOTHES. Charlie's clothes.

CUT TO:

MARY - ACROSS THE HOME

This area is also HARSHLY LIT by those TRUCK LIGHTS. MARY tries to look outside - but it's hard to see - she barely makes out the SHADOWS APPROACHING her EXPOSED WINDOWS - it's the ARMED FREAKS - drawing close. Then:

THE SOUND OF A WINDOW SHATTERING SOMEWHERE NEAR.

She spins, trying to locate it. Can't. Silence. THEN MOCKING LAUGHTER. And SOMEONE HOWLING like a WOLF. Mary's spinning as the FREAKS play a macabre game of hide and seek - trying to scare the Sandins before they enter.

SUDDENLY WHAM! ANOTHER WINDOW SMASHED. MARY SPINS - fishes out a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN from the PILLOWCASE - takes a WILD SHOT at a WINDOW - but doesn't hit anyone.

Silence again. Another BURST of chilling O.S. LAUGHTER. Mary is shaking uncontrollably. SAME TIME:

JAMES - FRONT HALL

James sits, scared, bleeding out - as those SHADOWS of FREAKS MOVE OUTSIDE. He HEARS LAUGHTER here also - and HOWLING and SOMEONE SINGING a haunting CHILD'S LULLABY - and THE FREAKS BANGING - WHAM! WHAM! On DOORS, WINDOWS. He's peering around, vulnerable.

SUDDENLY WHAM! AN AXE DECIMATES the FRONT DOOR. James blanches - then SHOOTS, unloading a CLIP into the DOOR.

But the AXE disappears - no one's there any longer. His gunfire useless. James continues eyeing the FRONT DOOR - not seeing:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE FREAK - who's entered a WINDOW on his periphery (while James was shooting). It's the CASPER THE GHOST-MASKED APACHE - slinking to the FLOOR quietly - crawling toward James - ready to scalp James with his TOMAHAWK.

BASEMENT - SAME

Where we now find CHARLIE WEARING SEVERAL MORE LAYERS of CLOTHING. He looks bulky and bizarre as he stands there sweating, trembling. After a beat - he can't take it any longer - CHARLIE RUNS for the STAIRS with his GUN UP. He kicks open the BASEMENT DOOR and EMERGES into:

THE FIRST FLOOR

Where he's MET with SOUNDS of O.S. LAUGHTER and BANGING. But Charlie pays no attention to it as his eyes fall on his FATHER - across the FOYER - bleeding out. Charlie stands frozen - staring at his bloody Dad. He doesn't see:

THE CASPER THE GHOST-MASKED APACHE - just yards away - crawling - the Apache now has his sights on Charlie.

JAMES

Trembling as he reloads his GUN, when he spies movement on his periphery - it's CHARLIE - layered up and out in the open. James also sees:

THE APACHE - on his feet now and RUNNING at CHARLIE. He's seconds away from slicing CHARLIE when James raises his gun and BAM! SHOOTS him in the CHEST - the Apache falls at Charlie's feet, dying. James then SPOTS:

A SILHOUETTE - in the WINDOW FRAME on CHARLIE'S RIGHT. This SILHOUETTE raises a GUN to TARGET CHARLIE.

JAMES

CHARLIE!

Charlie is locked in panic - not hearing anything.

JAMES, bleeding from three arrow wounds, musters up every last bit of strength and STANDS - STAGGERING across the ROOM in a rush of challenged movement.

And just as that FREAK TARGETS CHARLIE - James tackles his son - driving him hard to the floor - atop shards of broken glass from a blown-out window - saving him.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Are you shot? Are you cut?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

I'm OK, Dad. But you're hurt.

JAMES

It's OK, Charlie-boy. As long as you're OK.

Charlie's eyes are filling with tears.

CHARLIE

I can help, Dad. I'll help fight.

JAMES

No, son. Gimme your gun and go hide. Go now.

Charlie hands James his gun and runs off. James turns and to his utter surprise he sees SILHOUETTES of FREAKS - EVERYWHERE. As if there's a FREAK at EVERY WINDOW now. Too many to target. He doesn't know what to do.

INT. MARY'S WORK ROOM - NIGHT

Where the Bleeding Stranger, still bound to that chair, has pushed himself over - tipping the chair on its side. He's inched himself upon the LETTER OPENER he saw earlier. He has it in his hands (which are tied behind his back) and he's attempting to cut the rope that binds him. GO TO:

MARY - BACK ROOMS

SOUNDS of the O.S. FREAKS all around her - as they continue to tease. Mary's trying to gain semblance, when she inadvertently gets too CLOSE to a WINDOW and WHAM!

AN ARM SHOOTS THROUGH THE GLASS - SHATTERING IT and GRABBING MARY! SHE SCREAMS - SPINNING and FIRING - BLASTING THE FREAK in the CHEST. The Freak drops and then WHAM! Another ARM ENTERS THE FRAME - YANKING MARY'S SHOTGUN AWAY.

It's the POLITE LEADER this time - snarling with uber-courteousness:

POLITE LEADER

Evening, Misses.

Mary falls back - she's crawling away when THE POLITE LEADER climbs through the window - COMING INSIDE. Mary reveals her KNIFE but he SNATCHES IT FROM HER. He holds it over his head - coming at her:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLITE LEADER (CONT'D)

I wish I didn't have to do this.
You seem like a nice lady. Any
other time - we could maybe embark
on a May-December type of youngy
oldie kissy lovey thing.

WHAM! Polite Leader dives at the fallen Mary. He swings the KNIFE at her - barely missing as she scurries away. He grabs her leg - pulling her back. He leaps on top of her - straddling her - pinning her down.

POLITE LEADER (CONT'D)

I'll make this quick. It's not
about your suffering. It's about
my Purgin'.

He raises the knife - she's screaming in fatalistic horror when BAM! A CONCUSSIVE BLAST and:

THE POLITE LEADER'S HEAD EXPLODES in a HAIL of BLOOD.

Mary lies covered in his brain matter when his headless body flops off of her - revealing:

A SMILEY FACE MASKED PERSON IN THE WINDOW FRAME -
STANDING RIGHT OUTSIDE HER HOME - HOLDING a SHOTGUN,
having just blasted the Polite Leader through the window.

The Smiley just saved Mary. The SMILEY WAVES HELLO to her and moves off, disappearing into the night.

Mary, baffled, pushes herself away from the Polite Leader's body. GO TO:

FRONT HALL - SAME

BAM! BAM! BAM! JAMES tries to FIRE at the NUMEROUS FREAKS (RIGHT OUTSIDE the WINDOWS) - but there's just too many to target. SUDDENLY:

CLICK. James' gun goes empty. He tries another - it too is empty. James is defenseless. He tries to crawl away, but he's lost too much blood. He drops his gun, as:

FREAKS begin climbing in WINDOWS all around him. James shakes his head in defeat, when he sees something odd;

IT'S A SMILEY FACE MASKED PERSON quietly stepping BEHIND one of the FREAKS who's about to climb through a window. (NOTE: THE FREAK is so consumed with the idea of coming inside and killing the Sandins that he's completely oblivious to the presence of the SMILEY.)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Smiley Face LOPS off this FREAK'S HEAD with a SWORD.

JAMES is baffled when he sees another SMILEY FACE quietly walking behind a DIFFERENT FREAK at an ADJACENT WINDOW.

The Smiley Face STABS the Freak in the back.

James then sees TWO FREAKS about to walk in the SPLINTERED FRONT DOOR when TWO SMILEY FACE MASKED PEOPLE step BEHIND THEM and BASH THEM with BASEBALL BATS.

These Smiley Face Masked People disappear into the dark night after the attacks on the drugged-out FREAKS.

James, life fading from him fast, sits confounded. Silence overtakes the house. The invasion seems to be over, they've been saved by the mysterious Smileys.

James manages a smile, relieved, lying down, accepting his fate as his last breaths begin to escape.

MARY (O.S.)

James -

He turns - seeing MARY running over to him:

JAMES

Did you see them Mary?

MARY

I did.

JAMES

I don't know who they are but they saved us.

Mary's overwhelmed with emotion. She's caressing James' face - knowing he's about to die at any moment, when:

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Mom -

Mary looks up, sees Charlie entering from the kitchen:

MARY

Come here, baby. Come here.

Charlie joins his Mom - leaning over the dying James:

CHARLIE

Is Daddy gonna be OK?

Mary looks at her son - shakes her head - 'no, he's not'. Charlie's eyes fill with tears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

James' hand finds Charlie's and he squeezes it when suddenly Charlie's expression bristles with FEAR:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Zoey -

James and Mary see Charlie's fright - they follow his gaze, turning and spotting:

ZOEY - emerging from the SHADOWS - she's leaning over a DEAD FREAK (**NOTE:** The Apache) - taking a GUN from him. She raises the WEAPON - seemingly TARGETING HER FAMILY.

MARY

ZOEY - NO!

But Zoey isn't listening - she unleashes a barrage of GUNFIRE - UNLOADING HER ENTIRE CLIP.

Mary, Charlie and James are cringing as the bullets blaze, until they realize they're NOT being hit - ZOEY ISN'T SHOOTING AT JAMES - she's shooting at:

A FREAK - THE DIAPER-CLAD WEREWOLF - standing at the splintered FRONT DOOR. He was targeting the SANDINS but Zoey has just popped three bullets into his chest and she's still unloading more rounds into him.

He finally drops his gun, falls to the ground, dead.

Zoey saved her family. They stare at her in shock.

Zoey just stands there, blood-soaked, holding that smoking gun. She looks nearly insane - as if the events of the night have finally caught up with her.

No one moves. Everyone wondering what Zoey will do next. Father and Daughter locked on each other, when Zoey begins crying - the sight of her dying father tearing her apart.

Zoey drops her gun and runs to James, embracing him.

ZOEY

I'm so sorry, Daddy. I love you.

And she's weeping now - it's all coming out. James slowly reaches up - stroking her cheek:

JAMES

I love you, baby. It's not your fault. It's this night. Listen to your Mom now. And make it through tonight - for me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

James manages one last smile as his eyes begin to close.

His family, Mary, Zoey and Charlie all leaning over him - crying - bidding him farewell.

Charlie takes off his WATCH and places it on his father's wrist. Mary looks at her crying son, baffled, as Charlie presses a BUTTON on the WATCH and they HEAR the slow BEEP... BEEP... of James' dying heart.

BEEP... BEEP...

Then nothing. And James' eyes finally close.

Zoey collapses. Charlie weeps. Mary holds her children. And that's when she HEARS - BAM! A NOISE somewhere outside the house - it pulls Mary out of her grief:

MARY

Go to the basement. There's no windows there and one door which we can safe-guard.

Charlie nods through tears. Zoey's still weeping uncontrollably - a basket case.

MARY (CONT'D)

Zoey - I need you to pull it together now. Take your brother to the basement. Can you do that?

Zoey manages a nod.

MARY (CONT'D)

Good. Go now. I'll be down in a minute - I need to find some ammunition up here - just in case.

Mary kisses her children. Zoey takes her brother's hand and they move off. Mary alone with James. She gently closes his eyes before running off into darkness.

CUT TO:

ZOEY AND CHARLIE - BASEMENT STAIRS

As brother and sister run down the STAIRS hand in hand. They reach bottom - into the BASEMENT HALL. They wait outside the TWO ROOMS that debouch off the hallway.

ZOEY

We'll wait here for Mommy.

They continue to hold hands in the dark. BACK TO:

MARY - FRONT HALL

Now leaning over the BODY of a DEAD FREAK - by the splintered front door. She's taking the FREAK'S GUN and stealing the bullets from his pocket. BACK TO:

ZOEY AND CHARLIE - BASEMENT

Still standing in the hall, still holding hands.

CHARLIE

What's taking Mommy so long?

Zoey looks at her scared little brother and leans down and pulls him in tight - hugging him. He accepts her embrace. Neither of them see:

THOSE 8 SMILEY FACE MASKED PEOPLE

Emerging from the LAUNDRY ROOM BEHIND them. Slowly, silently, ominously, approaching like a gaggle of Ghosts. They're a foot away from them when, WHAM!

THE SMILEY FACE MASKED PEOPLE GRAB Charlie and Zoey knocking them to the ground - putting GUNS to their HEADS. The children are caught, terrified - staring up at that army of Smiley Face Masked People.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

How did you get in here? There's no way in here. WHO ARE YOU? YOU JUST SAVED US!

We HEAR ONE of the SMILEY FACE MASKED PEOPLE SPEAK. (NOTE: we don't know which as the disembodied voice comes from behind one of the MASKS.)

SMILEY FACE MASKED PERSON

You're ours. Not theirs.

The Smileys begin dragging Daughter and Son to the ROOM where James killed Mr. Kane. The children HEAR:

SMILEY FACE MASKED PERSON

(CONT'D)

Get the Parents.

Zoey and Charlie watch TWO SMILEY FACE MASKED PEOPLE GOING UP THE STAIRS - toward the main part of the house.

CUT TO:

INT. SANDIN MANSION - BACK HALL - NIGHT

Mary is now standing over POLITE LEADER'S HEADLESS BODY - coolly withdrawing a WEAPON from his POCKET when she HEARS FOOTSTEPS in the HALL:

MARY

Kids? I told you to stay -

She turns - raises her FLASHLIGHT and SEES TWO SMILEY FACE MASKED PEOPLE standing at the end of the hall - both pointing GUNS AT HER.

SMILEY FACE MASKED PERSON

Don't move. Drop your weapon.

Mary freezes - confused, caught.

MARY

Who are you?

They don't answer - both proceeding menacingly - guns up. Mary's eyes land on a NEARBY ROOM - just a YARD AWAY - and, suddenly, as the Smileys close in, Mary MAKES HER MOVE. WHOOSH! BURSTING into this ADJACENT ROOM!

POP! POP! TWO GUNSHOTS RING OUT - just missing her. Mary crosses that ROOM - exiting into a HALL.

THE SMILEYS are hauling ass after her as MARY finds the:
STAIRS

She ascends, taking two at a time. She reaches the:

SECOND FLOOR - running full tilt for her life - down the winding hallway, away from the Smileys. MARY reaches the end of the hall. She kicks open a door and ENTERS:

A HOME OFFICE.

She locks the DOOR, when BAM! The LOCK IS BLOWN off by an O.S. GUNSHOT - delivered by the Smileys. The DOOR swings open in a violent burst - Mary is thrown backwards. She drops in a heap as the SMILEYS step in.

Mary is trying to crawl away. The Two Smileys are quickly upon her - securing her - pulling her to her feet - pushing her forward, guns to her back. Mary's caught.

MARY (CONT'D)

Who are you? What are you going to do? Did you hurt my children?

The Smileys don't speak - they push Mary into the:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HALL

Their GUNS to her back. Mary's terrified - no escape, when there's a rush of movement behind MARY - a silver flash, the shimmering glint of a KNIFE'S EDGE SLASHING OUT at the TWO SMILEYS. The blade SLICES SMILEY 1's THROAT - a second flash punctures SMILEY 2's TEMPLE.

The Smileys drop. Mary spins, seeing them dying at her feet. She's baffled as to what just happened when:

THE BLOODY STRANGER - steps out from the SHADOWS - having just killed the Two Smileys with some expert knife work.

Mary stares up at the Scarred Man. She doesn't move. The Stranger opens his mouth and says in his raspy voice:

BLOODY STRANGER

Are you hurt?

Off Mary's surprised, confused face -

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

A FLURRY of FURIOUS MOVEMENT as about 6 SMILEY FACE MASKED PEOPLE tie up ZOEY and CHARLIE on the FLOOR.

The Children are flopping around desperately, trying to break free from their quiet Happy Faced captors.

CHARLIE

ZOEY!

ZOEY

CHARLIE!

(to their captors)

Why are you doing this? Why? Who are you? How did you get in here?

No answers - just all those SMILEY FACES hovering above them silently - securing their FEET and HANDS viciously:

ZOEY (CONT'D)

LEAVE MY BROTHER ALONE!

ZoeY is losing it. She's flailing about. She gets an ARM FREE and SWINGS IT VIOLENTLY, CONNECTING WITH ONE OF THE SMILEY FACES - KNOCKING OFF THE MASK, REVEALING:

MRS. FERRIN. Mary spoke to Mrs. Ferrin earlier in the day. She lives next door to the Sandins. She's their fake-breasted neighbor who gave Mary the nasty cookies.

ZoeY and Charlie stare at her, beyond shocked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZOEY (CONT'D)
Mrs. Ferrin. I don't -

Mrs. Ferrin nods to her fellow CAPTORS. They REMOVE their masks. We recognize several of them:

THE LARGE BEAR-LIKE MR. HALVERSON - ANOTHER NEIGHBOR WHOM WE MET (he and his family enjoyed Mrs. Ferrin's cookies).

CHARLIE
Mr. Halverson - what are -

NEXT TO MR. HALVERSON are his OVERWEIGHT WIFE and his ENORMOUS 18 YEAR OLD TWIN SONS (**NOTE:** THE TWINS ARE COVERED in BLOOD - as they were the Smileys who, along with several other YOUNG NEIGHBORS, killed the Freaks).

There are others. ADULTS - TEENAGERS. Charlie and Zoey recognize them all. They are staring at their captors' faces - the faces of their neighbors.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Mr. Ramage. Mr. Cali. Susie,
Kenny. I don't understand. Why?

The Neighbors just stare at the Sandin children blankly.

ZOEY
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO US?

Mrs. Ferrin says matter-of-factly:

MRS. FERRIN
The men will rape you and your mother. Then we'll kill all of you and take everything we want from your gorgeous home.

CHARLIE
Why? Why?

MRS. FERRIN
Because we hate you. We hate your perfect fucking family, and your oh so perfect house. But don't worry - you'll all be made Martyrs of the Republic.

Charlie begins weeping. Zoey has lost her energy, giving in. Mrs. Ferrin turns to her fellow Neighbors:

MRS. FERRIN (CONT'D)
Finish tying them down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE

Tell me how you got in here.
 (looking toward the
 back of the room)
 There's no way in from back there.
 There's no -

Charlie stops - seeing something in the REAR of the ROOM -
 DIRT/MUD all over the FLOOR behind some MACHINERY.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(realization)
 You dug a tunnel. Are you crazy?

MRS. FERRIN

It took us a year. Underneath the
 yard and into the basement here.

Charlie looks at Zoey - his mind blown:

CHARLIE

That was the scratching, Zoey.
 Daddy thought it was a raccoon.

That brings a SMILE to Mrs. Ferrin's face. To all the
 Neighbors' faces. They all start LAUGHING.

Zoey and Charlie stare up at them, their tanned faces
 contorted in laughter. It finally wanes and the
 Neighbors begin shackling and gagging the children again.

ZOEY

Mrs. Ferrin, you don't have to
 hurt us.

MRS. FERRIN

We do, young lady. It's
 unpleasant - but necessary.

Charlie goes to say something again - but he's GAGGED.
 As is ZOEY. They're turned over and HANDCUFFED.

They can't fight anymore, face down, bound. Their crying
 eyes held on each other when THE SOUND OF A DOOR OPENING
 O.S. gets their attention. They're able to turn their
 heads, seeing:

TWO MORE SMILEY FACE MASKED PEOPLE STANDING AT THE DOOR.
 SEEMINGLY THE TWO PEOPLE WHO WENT AFTER MARY.

Everyone is looking at them as they enter. Mrs. Ferrin
 addresses her cohorts - who are STILL WEARING MASKS.

MRS. FERRIN (CONT'D)

Where are the Sandins?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

No response. The Two Smiley Face Masked People who are standing under the threshold of the door oddly RAISE their WEAPONS - TARGETING THEIR FELLOW NEIGHBORS. All the NEIGHBORS are staring at them, baffled.

MRS. FERRIN (CONT'D)

Mr. and Mrs. Langriche - what the hell are you doing?

Suddenly, THE TWO SMILEY FACE MASKED PEOPLE REMOVE their MASKS - REVEALING themselves to be:

MARY AND THE BLOODY STRANGER - a team now - making entry by WEARING the MASKS and CLOTHING of the enemy. Holding their weapons on the Neighbors.

MARY

Mister and Misses Langriche won't be joining us. Drop your weapons.

Silence. All in shock. Mrs. Ferrin tries to make a quick MOVE by raising her weapon but BAM! Mary shoots her in the LEG. Mrs. Ferrin drops, howling as Mary BELLOWS with FERAL INTENSITY:

MARY (CONT'D)

Anybody else want some? YOU? Mr. Sabian? Mrs. Halverson? I'M NOT FUCKING AROUND! C'MON!

The Neighbors are speechless. Mrs. Ferrin is bleeding, crying, on the ground. Charlie and Zoey are staring at MARY and THE STRANGER - thankful but shocked, as:

MARY (CONT'D)

Everyone drop your weapons. Zoey, Charlie - over here.

The Neighbors drop their guns as Zoey and Charlie stand with the help of the Stranger and move behind Mary - who removes their gags. Then:

MRS. FERRIN

Get it over with. Kill us quickly.

Mary's staring at the Neighbors for an extended beat - the Stranger awaiting her command. Everyone's looking at Mary - but she continues to hesitate.

MRS. FERRIN (CONT'D)

For godsakes - just do it. C'mon!

Then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MARY

No.

ZOEY

They were going to kill us, Mom.

MARY

It doesn't matter. There'll be no more killing tonight.

And that statement hangs there. Zoey and her Mother holding a look when the bleeding Mrs. Ferrin makes another quick move for a nearby GUN. BAM! Mary SHOTS Mrs. Ferrin in the OTHER LEG - YELLING:

MARY (CONT'D)

ENOUGH! No one is killing anyone anymore. Did you not hear what I said, Mrs. Ferrin?

Mrs. Ferrin is writhing in pain now - from two bullet wounds. Mary is a wild-eyed beast:

MARY (CONT'D)

No more killing, you fucks. We're gonna play this night out in motherfucking peace! DOES ANYONE HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THAT?

No response. Everyone shocked speechless.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SANDIN DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

All the NEIGHBORS, all alive, all now SEATED around the SANDIN DINING ROOM TABLE, including a whimpering Mrs. Ferrin whose bullet wounds are bandaged.

MARY, covered in blood, sits at the HEAD of the table. CHARLIE and ZOEY are next to her. Also veiled in blood. Charlie is still wearing the layers of clothes - he is also donning his odd GLASSES and playing with the REMOTE.

The BLOODY STRANGER stands behind everyone (his wounds also bandaged) - he's covering the Neighbors with his gun. He's cleaned up and standing tall - he looks like an absolute bad ass - the soldier he used to be.

The NEIGHBORS all have their heads down, EATING a big, nearly gourmet BREAKFAST of OMELETTES, PANCAKES, FRENCH TOAST, POTATOES, BACON, CEREAL, FRUIT, etc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's like some kind of bizarre DINNER PARTY - replete with WALLS that have been RAVAGED by GUNFIRE and BLOODIED GUESTS. It's tense, everyone eating in silence, until:

MARY

How's the French Toast, Mr. Halverson?

Everyone looks at Mr. Halverson. He mumbles something.

MARY (CONT'D)

I can't hear you, Mr. Halverson.

MR. HALVERSON

It's very good.

MARY

Thank you. I appreciate that.

Everyone goes back to eating. The macabre dinner party continuing in awkward silence - when we HEAR WHUMP WHUMP WHUMP as Charlie (using his remote) steers VICTOR (with the shirt still wrapped around his eyes) into the room.

Charlie puts Victor on the table. Everyone looks at the RABBIT curiously before going back to eating.

Mary then raises the TV/INTERNET REMOTE and flicks on the PROJECTION in the DINING ROOM. Everyone's looking at her as she types on the remote keyboard - searching for a specific site - just as she did earlier. And just like last time, as she types we begin to HEAR a BEEPING. Mary (and everyone else) looks at the PROJECTION, seeing:

WARNING

YOU ARE ABOUT TO ENTER THE-RESISTANCE.ORG. THIS WEB-SITE IS NOT SANCTIONED BY ARCON. WOULD YOU LIKE TO PROCEED? YES? NO?

Unlike last time, Mary doesn't hesitate - she clicks **YES**. The neighbors all seem very shocked by that as we see:

TV/INTERNET PROJECTION - as the site **THE-RESISTANCE.ORG** appears and immediately displays a MAN'S FACE - up close - looking right at US. It's CARMELO JOHNS - the Purge Detractor we saw protesting on TV in the morning. It's a live feed of Carmelo. But something's wrong - his face is bleeding, half his cheek ripped apart by a GUNSHOT as:

CARMELO JOHNS (ON TV)

- Arcon's found me. Burn the Baptisia flowers and find the American dream another way. Start the revolution -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mary stares at the dying Carmelo - moved. Everyone is looking at her, confused as to why she's watching him, when suddenly, breaking this MOMENT:

WAAAA! A protracted SIREN beckons ominously O.S. - announcing the end of the Purge. Everyone's looking at Mary until the SIREN STOPS. Mary takes her eyes off the TV - looks at her Neighbors, then addresses the Stranger:

MARY

Lower your weapon. It's over.

The Stranger lowers his weapon. Mary does the same.

MARY (CONT'D)

(to the Neighbors)

Now get the hell out of my house.

The Neighbors begin filing out.

MARY (CONT'D)

Wait, Mrs. Ferrin.

Mrs. Ferrin looks back at Mary.

MARY (CONT'D)

You're cookies tasted like the inside of a cow's ass.

The shell-shocked Neighbors, including Mrs. Ferrin, continue on, down the hall, exiting. BEHIND THEM:

Charlie, Zoey, Mary and the Stranger are left alone now. The Stranger breaks the moment, laying his gun down. He casts one last look on the family before walking off.

MARY (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

The Stranger pauses, looks back.

MARY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

The Stranger nods - then looks at Charlie. He reaches up and removes his NECKLACE - his ARMY DOG TAGS. He flips them to the Charlie, who catches them.

BLOODY STRANGER

Thank you, Charlie.

Charlie immediately puts the tags around his own neck. The Stranger winks his one eye at the boy, then turns to leave. Charlie stops him with:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHARLIE

Wait. Tell us who you are. Your name. Are you really homeless?

Beat - the Stranger eyes Charlie - then:

BLOODY STRANGER

Lieutenant John Brakken - U.S. Marine Corps. I fought in the Fourth War - came home and served under Arcon. Started drinking too much - punched an officer and was discharged. The drinking continued - and I lost my way. I ended up homeless. Here I am.

They stare at the Stranger - shocked he's said so much.

MARY

Why didn't you tell us any of this when you first came in?

BLOODY STRANGER

You wouldn't have listened. No one listens.

MARY

What will happen to you?

The Stranger peers over at the TV - sees CARMELO bleeding out. The Stranger looks back at the Sandins:

BLOODY STRANGER

Maybe it's time to make people listen. No matter what it takes.

Mary holds a look with the Stranger.

BLOODY STRANGER (CONT'D)

Will you and your children be OK?

Mary considers the question - tears welling in her eyes.

MARY

I don't know.

(peering around at
her bullet-ridden
home)

I just know I can't be here right now.

Another look between Mary and the Stranger. He nods to her - a signal - 'follow me'. The Stranger starts walking out. Mary takes a beat, then stands, and says:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MARY (CONT'D)

Kids.

Zoey and Charlie exchange a confused look. They both finally rise, following their Mother as she starts out, behind the The Stranger.

EXT. SANDIN MANSION - FRONT DOOR - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

As the FRONT DOOR OPENS and THE STRANGER steps out - quickly followed by MARY, ZOEY, and CHARLIE (holding Victor). They're all squinting from the intense, nearly blinding morning sunlight. They immediately see:

DEAD FREAKS peppering their lawn; HOMELESS PEOPLE hanging from light poles; THE NEIGHBORHOOD MUTT carrying the DECAPITATED HUMAN HEAD in its teeth.

The opulent cul-de-sac looks very different this morning. The Stranger considers the carnage then starts walking.

Mary looks at her Children - they all seem a bit perplexed by what they're doing - but they all start forward, following this Stranger, joining him as he walks down the middle of the street, away from the cul-de-sac.

As they walk, Mary looks up at:

SKY-BOARDS peppering the sky - ***MOST PURGE PARTICIPANTS - DALLAS! MOST MARTYRS - LAS VEGAS! ARCON'S REWARDS, INCLUDING LOWER TAXES, WILL BE COMING TO THESE CITIES VERY SOON! CONGRATS AMERICA ON ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL PURGE!***

Mary looks away. She peers at the Stranger - who's walking forward, with purpose in his strides. She seems oddly energized by him. Mary looks at her children:

MARY

We're gonna be OK, guys. Somehow we'll be OK.

She takes her children's hands in her own, and the remaining Sandins and the Bloody Stranger continue onward - leaving the cul-de-sac behind as the CAMERA RISES INTO THE SKY watching this bloodied, but very alive foursome walking off, together, into the hot morning sunrise.

FADE TO RED.

TO BE CONTINUED