

THE PURGE: AMERICAN EXPERIMENT

by

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EXT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY

CLOSE SHOTS - a terrifying MAN. 24. Black. Tall. Lithe. Call him SKELETOR. Scarred face a map of places we never want to visit. Skittish eyes betray madness. He's facing:

A WOMAN (PSYCHOLOGIST, 37) - neat, all business. Holding a NOTE PAD. Sharp eyes analyzing SKELETOR as:

PSYCHOLOGIST

- Who are you angry at?

SKELETOR

Everyone, everything. Fuck you.
Fuck me. Fuck them. Fuck he.

PSYCHOLOGIST

What do you do when you're angry?

SKELETOR -

I pipe up. Fuck my lungs with smog.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Do you have an outlet to release
this anger if you can't get high?

SKELETOR

What? No. How? Wish. Hope. I
want to lash out, release this deep
fucking hate I have for everyone,
everything, to fucking PURGE all
the shit that eats me up!

PSYCHOLOGIST

'Purge'. Interesting term. You
may have a chance to Purge soon.

CUT TO BLACK:

CREDITS SEQUENCE:

- SHOTS OF VIOLENCE across the U.S.; GANG VIOLENCE, TERRORISM, SHOOTINGS, STABBINGS, BEATINGS, etc.
- SHOTS of FOOD LINES, UNEMPLOYMENT LINES, HOMELESS CITIES.
- SHOTS OF RIOTS in SAN FRANCISCO. CHICAGO. PHILLY. NYC.
- SHOTS of BANNERS that READ - **"THE NEW FOUNDING FATHERS of AMERICA. WE WILL BRING OUR COUNTRY BACK!!!"**
- SHOTS of these aforementioned NEW FOUNDING FATHERS - WHITE HAired WHITE MEN in suits, on stage, addressing large CROWDS.

WE HEAR snippets of NEWS REPORTS over the above images:

NEW REPORTS

Another bombing in Time Square...
 Gang war in the heartland... A drug
 epidemic spreading... National debt
 out of control... The New Founding
 Fathers rising from the ashes of a
 burning country... Promising change
 to a dying nation... Is the country
 as damaged as the NFFA is saying?
 Can the NFFA seize control?

CUT TO:

- SHOTS OF THOSE WHITE MEN again - standing on a STAGE at a
 PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION BALL, celebrating a VICTORY.

- NFFA PRESIDENT BRACKEN - OLD, CAUCASIAN - on stage, having
 just won the presidency - addressing the triumphant CROWD:

NFFA PRESIDENT

- I am now your president and we,
 the New Founding Fathers, make this
 promise - we will revive this
 country. The American dream is
 dead. We will do whatever it takes
 to let you dream again.

TITLE CARD: ***THE PURGE: AMERICAN EXPERIMENT***

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - MORNING

A sleek (expensive) bachelor pad. TWO SEXY WOMEN - ELSA
 (black) and ANNA (latina) lie nude in a bed, sleeping. WE
 HEAR an O.S. TV as we PAN across this apartment, finding:

A MAN - in tip-top shape, running on a treadmill. He's black
 - between 35 and 40. Peregrine eyes betray a sharp mind.
 Bullet scars on his back betray his dark past (and present).
 His name is DMITRI CIMBER and he's as cool as they come. His
 dog - COFFY (badass German Shepherd) is by his side - always.

Dmitri's watching the MORNING STOCK REPORT. He raises the
 remote and changes the station - finding a REPORTER:

REPORTER

- days from this controversial
 experiment that people are now
 calling the Purge and it's chaos -

Dmitri's expression tightens -

INT. ANOTHER APARTMENT - MORNING

Very worn, very old, very rundown. The opposite of Dmitri's joint. NYA CHARMS - 32 - an intelligent, gorgeously afro-ed black woman, makes eggs in the kitchen. Something anti-establishment about her clothes/attitude. She's plating the eggs while she PACKS her BAG, and WATCHES the NEWS (on a small TV):

REPORTER ON TV
- Staten Island, the chosen site of
this experiment, has become the
focus of the entire world -

Nya suddenly notices WATER pooling on the floor. Alarmed, she looks under the SINK, finding a PIPE LEAKING.

NYA
Goddamn it!

Frustrated and angry - she turns a VALVE, shutting the water. She then moves hurriedly to the DOOR, exits into the:

HALL

Even more worn and rundown than her apartment. Nya knocks on a NEIGHBOR'S DOOR. An older, corpulent WOMAN - DOLORES (65, sweet as pie but crude as oil) - answers:

DOLORES
Hey sweetie. Everything OK?

NYA
The sink again, Dolores.

DOLORES
(furious)
This piece of shit building! Every
pipe is leaking. I know I'm a big
woman, but my toilet can't even
handle my righteous turds anymore.
Not good. I'll get to it, sweetie.

NYA
Thank you, Dolores.

Then:

DOLORES
Is this cocksucking experiment
really happening?

Nya just shrugs - it is and she's not happy about it. She smiles her goodbye and turns, running back to:

INT. NYA'S AND ISAIAH'S APT. KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

As Nya re-enters. Quickly plating the eggs and calling out:

NYA

Isaiah. Breakfast on the table. A new leak under the sink - so don't use it. Good luck on your test.

ISAIAH (O.S.)

OK, sis. See you tonight.

Nya grabs her bag, rushes out the door. WE STAY BEHIND WHEN:

ISAIAH (18, black, in a catholic school uniform) EMERGES from a back room. He makes sure his sister is gone. He then looks around the APARTMENT. He eyes POTS in the LIVING ROOM - catching DRIPS from the weathered ceiling. The place is falling apart. He shakes his head, disgusted, then re-enters his:

ROOM

Isaiah eyes himself in the mirror - his clean cut catholic school boy image. Beat, he begins removing his school uniform - clearly up to something - as we GO TO:

EXT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY

CLOSE SHOT of a TIRED, WORN 32 YEAR OLD PUERTO RICAN WOMAN facing a a PSYCHOLOGIST (not the same as earlier). We don't know where we are. THE TIGHT SHOTS conceal our location.

PSYCHOLOGIST 2

Your record says that your children have been taken by child services. Have you ever hit them?

WOMAN

When they act up. Yeah. You judging? Fuck you.

PSYCHOLOGIST 2

Are you an angry person?

WOMAN

Who ain't? Just tell me what I need to do to get PAID.

PSYCHOLOGIST 2

If you remain on Staten Island, during the experiment, you will receive monetary compensation.

WOMAN

How would you know if I remained?

PSYCHOLOGIST 2

We'd implant a tracking device in your arm. Not painful or harmful. And if you participate beyond that, you will receive further compensation.

WOMAN

What do you mean 'participate'?

PSYCHOLOGIST 2

Go out - release your anger.

WOMAN

You mean kill someone?

PSYCHOLOGIST 2

If you're compelled.

The Woman pauses, contemplating it all. Then:

WOMAN

OK. Let's do this shit -

PULL BACK TO REVEAL WHERE WE ARE:

EXT. THE PARK HILL PROJECTS - STATEN ISLAND, NY - DAY

A large OPEN PARK in front of the TWO Park Hill low-income dilapidated 25 story HIGH-RISE TOWERS. The park is a humming hub of activity as we see something strange in its center:

HUNDREDS OF PARK HILL RESIDENTS LINED UP - in a HALF-DOZEN ROWS - 50 PEOPLE in each row - all waiting to speak to a PSYCHOLOGIST (we realize this is where those psychological evaluations we watched have been taking place).

Each PSYCH sits at a small desk at the front of each long row. It looks like the DMV - but outside. We pick up bits of 'dialogue' from various evaluations:

VARIOUS PSYCHOLOGISTS

- Are you angry? Are you ever inclined to hurt someone?

Some of the CITIZENS being evaluated are receiving 'tracking device injections'. Nurses - wearing medical gloves - sterilize arms with ALCOHOL PADS before using pressurized NEEDLE-LIKE DEVICES to insert TRACKING CHIPS.

WE FINALLY PAN OFF THE PSYCHOLOGICAL EVALUATION AREA, seeing that the entire poverty-stricken, rundown neighborhood around the TOWERS (and PARK) is teeming with PEOPLE and ACTIVITY:

- HORDES OF COPS keep CROWDS OF ONLOOKERS at BAY.
- WORKERS install SMALL SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS in STREET LIGHTS, on ROOFTOPS, at STOREFRONTS.
- DOZENS of NEWS VANS AND REPORTERS (and their respective CAMERA CREWS) report live - many in FOREIGN LANGUAGES:

VARIOUS REPORTERS

- Park Hill is a low income, high crime area and right now its citizens who are participating in this experiment are being psychologically evaluated... This is one of a dozen sites set up across Staten Island... The Island will be locked down - no exit or entry... Many are leaving - not taking advantage of the financial rewards of participation.

WE FINALLY SETTLE ON A FEMALE REPORTER standing with a MAN AND WOMAN. The MAN'S NAME is MINISTER EDWIDGE OWENS (42) - suited, smiling. The WOMAN is Asian-American - DOCTOR MEI UPDALE (39) - THE ARCHITECT. Austere, intelligent.

REPORTER

- we are here with renowned behavioral scientist Dr. Mei Updale, who created the experiment, and NFFA Spokesman Minister Edwidge Owens, who pushed it through Congress. Minister, there's protests all over the countr-

MINISTER (INTERRUPTING)

- Please. The idea of the Purge was developed and analyzed for years. We allowed Island citizens to vote on participation - and they voted yes.

REPORTER

- Some feel they were coerced by monetary gain.

MINISTER

- As with any scientific trial, those who participate receive payment.

(MORE)

MINISTER (CONT'D)

We are hopeful that this night will give Americans an outlet they need.

REPORTER

Let me turn to Dr. Updale. Where did this idea come from?

ARCHITECT

Centuries of war, genocide, mass murder. History has proven that humans are inherently aggressive, full of hate, rage. Always in search of ways to release these innate feelings. We see it on the news 24 7. And we believe a night of legal crime, designed to release this pent-up anger may lead to a more psychologically balanced citizenry.

REPORTER

One night of crime yielding 364 days of peace.

ARCHITECT

That's the goal. The benefit of acting violently without worry of punishment or judicature can have a much different affect on someone's psyche. It's a freeing violence, one than can change your very soul.

MINISTER

(jumping in)

Our country is the land of the free. This experiment is the ultimate extension of a person's freedoms - no governing body dictating one's behavior. That's America.

Before the REPORTER CAN RESPOND SOMEONE SHOUTING OVER A BULLHORN GETS EVERYONE'S ATTENTION. WE WHIP PAN, FINDING:

A WOMAN standing atop of CAR nearby - a LARGE CROWD gathering in front of her. It's NYA CHARMS (whom we met earlier) - she's YELLING into a BULLHORN with wild-eyed passion:

NYA (INTO BULLHORN)

- They have monetized and incentivized MURDER! Walk away from their money!

(MORE)

NYA (INTO BULLHORN) (CONT'D)

The wealthy areas are clearing -
the NFFA knew we, the impoverished,
would stay if there was monetary
gain. This is a new way to keep
brown people down!

SEVERAL COPS approach, attempting to pull NYA down from the
CAR. She resists - nearby CITIZENS come to her aide. A
RUCKUS breaks out - through which NYA keeps YELLING:

NYA (CONT'D)

IS THIS NOT A FREE COUNTRY ANYMORE?

REPORTERS rush forward, filming the clash. The chaotic scene
looks like it may explode until ONE OF THE COPS sees
something O.S. that gives him pause. He quickly alerts his
fellow OFFICERS, gesturing toward:

DMITRI CIMBER - the man we met earlier. Dmitri (dressed to
the nines now) his loyal crew of 7 VERY TOUGH BLACK MEN (and
his dog COFFY) have just entered this electric atmosphere and
Dmitri is looking intensely at the COPS as they attempt to
stop NYA. The COPS nod respectfully to Dmitri - deferring to
him and backing away from Nya - allowing her to continue.

NYA (CONT'D)

DO NOT PURGE! DO NOT PARTICIPATE!

Dmitri, having coolly defused the tension with just a head
nod, eyes Nya for a beat, before walking on, with his crew,
approaching the BUSTLING PURGE PREP ENVIRONMENT surrounding
the TOWERS, the nearby PARK, and STOREFRONTS.

WE FOLLOW HIM NOW and quickly notice that as Dmitri walks
(with a regal air), NEARBY CITIZENS, STORE OWNERS, and COPS
grant him (and his crew) passage. Most PEOPLE avert their
eyes from him. Others POLITELY NOD to him with over-the-top
respectfulness that betrays the fear beneath their smiles.

Dmitri Cimber is clearly someone. Someone very powerful...

Used to this kind of reception, Dmitri pays no attention to
it, way more interested in the Purge prep (psych evaluation
lines, news crews, etc.) around the area. He eyes it all
with great curiosity, saying to his Men:

DMITRI

This shit is actually happening.
(then, eval site)
This affecting business?

Dmitri's RIGHT HAND MAN - LORENZO (a strange combination of
scholar and street tough) - speaks up:

LORENZO

Some hopheads are signing up to participate but they still need their daily fix - so our corners are up and doing normal business.

Dmitri nods, good. They walk on.

LORENZO (CONT'D)

(re: people on psych eval lines)

So, you really think these regular folk are gonna pop each other like gangsters come the night?

Another LIEUTENANT joins in - 7 & 7 - the scariest of the crew - the devil's in his eyes:

7 & 7

Shit yeah. Countries gone to shit - people are pissed off. They need to release their anger -

LORENZO

- Bullshit. If they participate - it'll be for money. Trust me.

Then:

DMITRI

You're both wrong. This night is not gonna unfold how everyone thinks.

(beat)

Killing comes from the heart - a damaged heart. These folk here - mostly good folk - they don't have that damage. Believe me, I know what it takes.

That hang there ominously. The Leader's sage, informed opinion. His devoted Men take in his words, listening carefully. This crew walks on, kings of this world, when:

FREDDY (O.S.)

Come to see the show, D?

Dmitri finds THREE OLDER MEN sitting (in beach chairs) in front of a BARBER. FREDDY, TAZ, and SHARPIE. Everyone knows them and loves them. They know everyone and love a few.

DMITRI

(smiling)

All three of you old bastards out today. What the occasion? Am I the luckiest man in the world?

FREDDY

The Three Kings at your service.

TAZ

The Three Wise Men.

SHARPIE

Who you fuckers kidding? We're the Three Stooges on our best day. Larry, Moses, and Jerry Curl.

Everyone laughs, including Dmitri. Then:

FREDDY

(gestures to the CROWDS)

What do you think of all this, D?

DMITRI

I never saw so many white people in our neighborhood, Three.

SHARPIE

Circus has come to town.

DMITRI

Indeed. Stay safe, Three. You need anything -

FREDDY

- We will call. You know we three will.

They all share a smile. Dmitri walks on with his CREW, eyeing everything, when:

7 & 7

D, look at this bitch -

7 & 7 gestures toward a small CREW of YOUNG BLACK MEN standing on one of the PSYCH EVAL LINES. The leader of this CREW'S NAME is CAPITAL A. He's large, fat and very LOUD. We HEAR HIM YELLING - "PURGE!!!" as he pretends to SHOOT and STAB his friends. Capital A spots Dmitri in the distance and SALUTES HIM - like a soldier saluting a General.

Dmitri nods to Cap A when another of Dmitri's LIEUTENANTS - BLAISE (half black, half Asian, hard-muscled, androgynous FEMALE) speaks up - a whisper (she always whispers):

BLAISE

(re: Capital A)

Youngin been raising his voice,
Jefe. Saying you're not letting
him expand. I don't like it.

DMITRI

Youngin's young. Time'll teach him
a lesson - if it doesn't, you will.

Blaise nods. Dmitri pauses, eyeing Capital A in the distance
- the young man's clearly excited to "Purge". To Lorenzo:

DMITRI (CONT'D)

Call a meet, Zo. Need to set some
rules for this coming storm.

LORENZO

Done. I'll set it for later tod-

Interrupting:

NYA (O.S.)

Tough guy, I didn't need your help!

Everyone turns, seeing NYA CHARMS approaching them like steam
engine. Recognizing her, the crew disperses, allowing Dmitri
and Nya some alone time. She steps up close to him - not
intimidated like everyone else.

DMITRI

- You still fighting the good
fight, woman?

NYA

Fighting the only fight. Did you
not hear what I said? I can take
care of myself.

DMITRI

I know you can.

NYA

Stay out of my business next time.

They hold a look - intense. Something's up between them.
Beat. Coffy licks Nya's hand. She bends, petting the dog:

NYA (CONT'D)

Hey Cof. Hey girl. Damn, she's
getting old. Breaks my heart.

(then, to Dmitri,
gesturing to Purge prep)

(MORE)

NYA (CONT'D)

No cops. No law. A dream come
true for a man in your business.

He smirks, taking the dig from her. Then, serious:

DMITRI

You figured me wrong on this one,
Ny. I don't like it. Not one bit.

She stares at him, surprised. They both look off - at all
the Purge prep in their neighborhood. Eyeing it with
suspicion when they SEE a REPORTER filming a segment nearby:

REPORTER

- Will people participate? Will
this so-called Purge be the cure
for a nation in crisis?

Off that -

EXT. PARK HILL STREET OF ROW HOUSES - DAY

Rundown row houses. Blocks away from all the Purge prep.
Minimal street and foot traffic. A GROUP of YOUNG BLACK MEN
(CORNER BOYS), including ISAIAH (Nya's brother, now dressed
as a STREET THUG), are on the CORNER, doing business.

Isaiah's taking drug orders and payment from the buyers
(hopheads). He's clearly new at this, hiding nerves. Backing
up Isaiah is veteran dealer KELS (20), giving pointers:

KELS

Pocket that money quick, kid, and
send these niggers on their way.
We're one of Dmitri's top corners
because we keep shit moving.

Isaiah nods, learning, when a BUYER (a YOUNG WOMAN) steps up:

BUYER

Deuce.

ISAIAH

Dime.

The Young woman hands him money. He takes it - too quick -
and drops it on the pavement. Embarrassed, he looks at Kels.

KELS

Send her ass down the way. C'mon.

Isaiah hand-signals down the street to several other CORNER BOYS (who handle distribution). The Female Buyer walks to them. Isaiah takes a deep breath, red-faced, when he HEARS:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Does your sister know you're here,
young man?

Isaiah turns and sees FREDDY AND TAZ - two of the old men who conversed with DMITRI earlier. Isaiah, caught, doesn't know what to say as the TWO OLDER MEN pass him, shaking their heads, both clearly saddened/disappointed to see Isaiah here. He watches them walk away, shamed, overwhelmed, when:

AHHHH! A terrifying SNARLING FACE SUDDENLY APPEARS RIGHT IN FRONT OF ISAIAH - YELLING. (JUMP-SCARE!) He nearly leaps out of his skin, when the TWISTED FACE starts LAUGHING and we see that it's:

SKELETOR. The drug addict who was evaluated in the opening scene. Pure madness in his eyes as he cackles maniacally:

SKELETOR

HAHAHAHA! Twitch bitch, you got a
customer, THE customer, the one and
only, the only only. HAHAHAHA!

Isaiah gathers semblance, recovering from the scare. He eyes Skeletor - who's no longer laughing - now just staring at him with crazed eyes. Isaiah tries to hide his fear:

ISAIAH

Whatchu need?

Skeletor takes a DEEP BREATH - through his NOSE:

SKELETOR

I smeeelllll your sweeatttt. Sweet
slime. Yous a virgin, fresh fresh.
Lick you dry, cherry. Two - you.

ISAIAH

What?

SKELETOR

You green, greener than green.
Our first transaction's on you.
Initiation fee to get my biz.

ISAIAH

(posturing)
Fuck you, hophead. Move on.

Skeletor stares at him with the darkest, craziest eyes we have ever seen. Then:

SKELETOR

A blood baptism. Sure enough.
That's what the doctor ordered and
I'm the practicing practitioner.

Isaiah's overwhelmed, intimidated. He doesn't know what to do when Skeletor suddenly opens his diseased MOUTH, revealing a RAZOR BLADE under his TONGUE. Skeletor grabs it, and WHOOSH! Slashes out at ISAAH - who drops - neck bleeding.

Skeletor turns and TAKES OFF, darting down the street, screeching like a rabid banshee the whole way.

KELS - about 15 feet away from Isaiah - grabs a HIDDEN GUN from a NEARBY CAR'S WHEEL WELL and BAM! BAM! Drops shots on the fleeing Skeletor - bullets missing him but hitting:

OLD FREDDY - across the street - the old jovial man takes two in the upper chest, blood blossoming as he falls, hard. People are SCREAMING and RUSHING to his side.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE DOG PEN - DAY

A LARGE CAGED DOG PEN BEHIND A NONDESCRIPT BUILDING. 20 DOGS - GERMAN SHEPHERDS - inside. Hard-muscled, beautiful animals, all at "attention", unmoving, trained, disciplined.

WE PAN OFF THE DOGS to the other side of this PEN finding 15 TOUGH BLACK MEN (and one tough WOMAN - BLAISE) standing and listening with rapt attention to:

DMITRI CIMBER - their boss - pacing, addressing his LIEUTENANTS (several of whom we recognize; LORENZO, 7 & 7, BLAISE, and large young loudmouth CAPITAL A). Dmitri's trusty companion COFFY is by his side as:

DMITRI

- I don't know what this Purge bullshit is really all about. For all I know it's a way to legally kill players like us. I don't trust it. So we're gonna lay low, stay inside, and protect what needs protecting. Our kin, our skin, our product, and our money.

One of Dmitri's LIEUTENANTS - 7 & 7 - speaks up:

7 & 7

You should head to Brooklyn, D -
take no chances.

DMITRI

No. It'll be a show of fear. And
we can't move our money or our
stash off the Island. Too risky.
So I'll stay on the money, and
Lorenzo will sit on our stash come
the night.

Everyone's nodding, understanding, a well-oiled machine.
Everyone except CAPITAL A - who's shaking his head:

CAPITAL A

C'mon, Jefe! THIS IS BULLSHIT! I
WANT TO FUCKING PURGE! I want to
tear shit up and have some fun!!
What's the problem with that?

Silence. Everyone knows Capital A spoke out of turn,
everyone - except him. Dmitri hard-stares the 300 pound
Lieutenant - then oddly speaks - in perfect GERMAN.

DMITRI

Hinlegen.

It's creepy in its incongruity. Capital A stands baffled
when Coffy suddenly rushes forward, leaping up and TACKLING
Capital A to the ground - BAM! Standing on his chest -
baring all her teeth and snarling over the terrified man.
Dmitri kneels down and whispers in her ear - in German again.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

Zurichweiken. Stehen. Jetzt.

Coffy stays there, snarling - but not moving - teeth just an
inch away from Capital A's face as Dmitri speaks to him now:

DMITRI (CONT'D)

You're one command away from
getting your face removed, Fat Man.
Coffy does exactly what I say. You
know why? Not love or loyalty -
food. I'm her mother and father
and the tit she suckles on. And
for that, she obeys me. I put food
on your table too - why don't I get
that discipline from your big ass?

Capital A's nearly crying, pleading:

CAPITAL A
I'm sorry, Dmitri. I'll stay home!

Dmitri eye-fucks him, nodding - yes, you will. To Coffy:

DMITRI
(German)
Schritt weg.

Coffy retreats back to his side. Sweet and innocent as if that never happened. Capital A rises, sweating, nearly weeping, as Dmitri addresses the group again:

DMITRI (CONT'D)
Let's get through this bullshit and resume business as usual.

The group disperses - Capital A nearly running off. Dmitri walks Coffy to the other dogs, petting them, when Right Hand Man's Lorenzo's CELL PHONE RINGS. He raises it. Listening to someone O.S. Alerted, he quickly gets Dmitri's attention:

LORENZO
D, there's been an incident.

Off that -

INT. NYA'S AND ISAIAH'S APT. BATHROOM - DAY

Blood drips in a sink.

Young ISAIAH tries to BANDAGE his Skeletor-inflicted SLASH on his SHOULDER/NECK. It's deep, still bleeding. He's angry at himself, upset, in pain, saying aloud:

ISAIAH
- So stupid. I'm so stupid.

He's suddenly alerted by the SOUND of the FRONT DOOR OPENING O.S. He stiffens - making sure the BATHROOM DOOR is locked, when:

NYA (O.S.)
Isaiah, you home?

ISAIAH
I'm showering, sis.

He continues frantically bandaging his shoulder while simultaneously cleaning BLOOD from the sink as we GO TO:

INT. NYA'S AND ISAIAH'S APT. KITCHEN - DAY - SAME

NYA drops her bag on the table, while checking the LEAK under the sink. She calls out again to her O.S. brother:

NYA

You hear what happened to Fred -

Her voice trails off as she spots tiny DROPS of BLOOD in the nearby HALL, by the front door. She sees several more DROPS down the hall. Concern rises quick.

NYA (CONT'D)

Isaiah - you OK? Why's their blood on the floor? What's going on?

ISAIAH IN BATHROOM:

Reacting to Nya's last statement. Shit.

ISAIAH

I cut myself shaving.

NYA

You need facial hair in order to shave. Open the door or I'll get the goddamn key - you know I will.

Isaiah's caught - nervous - defeated. He reluctantly opens the door. Nya's quickly inside - immediately seeing BLOOD seeping through his shirt.

NYA (CONT'D)

Christ. What happened?

INT. STATEN ISLAND YOUTH CENTER - NIGHT

An expensive BOXING GYM, BASKETBALL COURT, ENORMOUS WEIGHT ROOM - packed with PARK HILL TEENS using the modern facility. THE FRONT DOOR OPENS and NYA CHARMS busts in - raging. She speaks to LARGE BLACK MAN (one of Dmitri's) at the entrance.

NYA

Where's Dmitri?

LARGE BLACK MAN

Not here.

Nya doesn't buy that. Her eyes fall on a CURTAINED WINDOW OVERLOOKING THE CENTER from a SECOND FLOOR BALCONY. She pushes passed the LARGE BLACK MAN, moving toward a STAIRCASE that leads to that BALCONY. BLACK MAN gives chase. GO TO:

INT. STATEN ISLAND YOUTH CENTER - ROOM BEHIND CURTAIN - SAME

A LARGE OFFICE. Neat, sleek, and hi-tech - with an adjoining TV AREA - replete with a COUCH and BAR. Like a CEO'S OFFICE atop a NYC skyscraper. A GUARD stands by the DOOR while:

THREE YOUNG MEN sit at a table, counting MONEY - THOUSANDS in dirty, wrinkled bills. The daily drug take. ONE MAN takes the 'counted bills' and stacks them in a ENORMOUS SAFE - which contains over a half of a million dollars (CASH).

PAN AWAY FROM THE COUNTERS, finding DMITRI and his LIEUTENANTS including LORENZO, 7 & 7, BLAISE, sitting around a CONFERENCE TABLE. This is DMITRI'S OFFICE of OPERATIONS and CASH VAULT - where he holds both his money and important meetings as the youth of Staten Island play below.

Lorenzo's on the phone while Dmitri speaks with the others:

7 & 7

- We'll have at least 25 soldiers surrounding this place, keeping it secure during the experiment -

Dmitri nods - good - as Lorenzo hangs up the phone:

LORENZO

- I'll be with Blaise at the stash house with about 30 niggers on perimeter. We'll be protected.
(then, re: phone call)
Old Freddy's still in intensive care. Not doing great.

Dmitri takes that in, visibly upset about the shooting:

DMITRI

Let's send a message to the community and clear that corner. Send a gift package to Freddy. Take care of all hospital bills. He's a good old dog.
(then)
And string up the hophead who started the trouble. In plain sight. Let people see what happens when they fuck with our business.

Lorenzo nods. Dmitri takes a beat, considering what's happened, very bothered by it. He goes to say something when BANG! BANG! BANG! Someone's BANGING ON THE NEARBY DOOR:

NYA (O.S.)

DMITRI - OPEN THE DAMN DOOR!

Dmitri recognizes the voice. Smirks. Nods to the GUARD AT THE DOOR - open it. The Guard does so, revealing LARGE BLACK MAN on the other side of the DOOR trying to pull NYA away but she's on fire - fighting him - and YELLING:

NYA (CONT'D)
Get your hands off my black skin,
ya goddamn gorilla.

Dmitri smiles - getting a kick out of Nya's moxie.

DMITRI
Let her in. Everyone out.

Nya's allowed inside. Throwing hard looks at the GUARD as everyone steps out, leaving the room to Nya and Dmitri.

DMITRI (CONT'D)
What do I owe this -

But Dmitri can't finish his statement because as soon as they're alone, Nya steps up to him and WHAM! SLAPS him hard on the face. He retracts, shocked, but takes it:

DMITRI (CONT'D)
' The hell was that for?

WHAM! Another SLAP and then:

NYA
You know he's a good boy. You know
I'm trying to raise him right and
keep him away from the life.

She winds up to slap him again but Dmitri catches her hand:

DMITRI
Enough. I don't know what the hell
you're talking about.

She stares at him - seeing he really doesn't know. Beat.

NYA
I found Isaiah in the bathroom an
hour ago - cut by some addict on
one of your corners.

Dmitri's expression congeals with genuine shock and concern:

DMITRI
What are you talking about? Is he
OK? Is he in the hospital?

NYA

He's gonna be fine. But he didn't go to the hospital because he didn't want me finding out that he's been ditching school and learning the game, working that corner for the last week.

That hangs there - both of them devastated by this. Even tough Dmitri can't hide his emotions - the history between these two becoming more evident each time they meet.

DMITRI

I had no idea he was involved. No idea he was down my corner.

She stares at him - not fully buying it yet. He moves closer to her - more intimate.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

Ny, I wouldn't allow Isaiah near the game. Ever. Even I have limits. I held that boy in my arms when he was born.

Beat. Nya relents, face and body softening. Then:

DMITRI (CONT'D)

Stupid kid. The life is not for him. Why the hell did he do it?

NYA

Why else? Because he's sick of struggling. Wanted life to be easier for us with some extra cash.

DMITRI

' He learn his lesson?

NYA

I don't know. I tried talking to him. I try to be his mother, father, sister, brother - clearly I'm doing a bad job, clearly I'm -

The emotions come - getting the best of this tough woman. Dmitri reaches out to her - an old reflex - consoling her - she allows him to - falling into old rhythms, old routines, an intimacy from a complicated past. Then:

DMITRI

I'd like you to stay with me on Purge night, Nya. You and Isaiah.

(MORE)

DMITRI (CONT'D)

And as for the guy who hurt your brother, I'll take care of it.

Beat. Nya stares at Dmitri. Expression stiffening. Something about that statement - "*I'll take care it*" has her guard up. She's hardening, getting riled again. She pushes Dmitri's arm away - her voice quickly rising:

NYA

'Take care of it'.

DMITRI

Nya -

NYA

(exploding)

- What are you gonna do? Hurt him. Kill him. Right? Why am I even surprised? That's your answer - to everything. It's who you are. A virus, infecting everyone, everything here, in our neighborhood, our home. My brother was stabbed because of you, Dmitri. Freddy shot because of you. You're the reason people think we need this fucking Purge.

Long beat. Her words sting. Dmitri absorbing them. Then:

DMITRI

I know no other way.

NYA

I grew up here too. We all have to make a choice in life, D. To heal or to hurt. You chose the latter.

That all hangs there - rendering him speechless. She turns to leave, looking back before exiting:

NYA (CONT'D)

You weren't always like this - the man I knew and loved years ago had courage and soul. I miss that man.

(then)

Thanks for the invite. But we'll be fine on our own. Stay away from us, Dmitri.

He watches her exit. Her words linger. Hold on Dmitri for an extended beat.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE UP ON PSYCHOLOGIST 3 engaged in another evaluation:

PSYCHOLOGIST 3
- And you're angry?

YOUNG MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Yes. Angry. Very angry.

PSYCHOLOGIST 3
You want to release that anger?

REVERSE TO REVEAL - ISAIAH - sitting at an eval desk, facing a Psychologist. Hat pulled low, he answers the questions:

ISAIAH
I need to.

PSYCHOLOGIST 3
Thank you for your honest answers.
You are the perfect candidate. Now
for some formalities.

She hands him a small WHITE BOX.

PSYCHOLOGIST 3 (CONT'D)
Recording lenses - contacts - wear
them on the evening and they'll
document everything you do. As I
said, greater participation yields
greater financial compensation.
Next, we'll implant the tracking
device. After that, you'll be all
set to, as they say, Purge...

Off that -

CUT TO BLACK.

**SUPER: PURGE NIGHT. 6:00. ONE HOUR BEFORE THE COMMENCEMENT
OF THE FIRST EXPERIMENTAL PURGE.**

EXT. PARK HILL - STREET - SUN DOWN

Crepuscular late day light fades. The area around the TOWERS and the PARK (eval site) is now quiet - no eval lines, no crowds, no reporters. Just minimal foot traffic from ordinary Park Hill citizens. A few cars on the road.

That pre-Purge calm before the blood. One person from the previous days' bustle remains. It's:

NYA CHARMS - on a street corner, once again shouting into her BULLHORN at any and all PASSERSBY. Her passion unwavering:

NYA

- Everyone go home! It's almost 7 o'clock. Do not partake in their experiment. WE CAN'T HURT EACH OTHER! WE MUST LOVE ONE ANOTHER! WE ARE NOT THEIR LAB RATS!

Nya's eyes fall on a GROUP OF HOMELESS PEOPLE across the way. A LATINO FAMILY - FATHER (MIGUEL), MOTHER (ROSE), 12 YEAR OLD DAUGHTER (SELINA) - pushing their STUFF in a SHOPPING CART. Concerned, Nya jumps off the car and moves to them:

NYA (CONT'D)

Miguel, Rose. Why are you outside?

MIGUEL, ROSE and SELINA all turn, smiling as they spot NYA - clearly recognizing her. Nya hugs them all hello:

NYA (CONT'D)

Guys, you can come home with -

ROSE

- We're OK, Nya. We have a spot at the Shelter.

Rose points down the street where we see HOMELESS PEOPLE entering a HALFWAY HOUSE.

MIGUEL

Our own room. It'll be fine. They even have two guards on the front door. Thanks for looking out.

NYA

(relieved)

Go settle. I'll see you tomorrow.

One last embrace. Nya watches this family walk off, toward the Shelter. She then raises her cell, dials, and HEARS:

ISAIAH (O.S., OVER PHONE)

Sis. I knew you'd be calling.

NYA (ON PHONE)

Are you there yet?

INT. NYA'S AND ISAIAH'S APT. - ISAIAH'S BEDROOM - SAME

Isaiah's standing in the bedroom. He's holding the small WHITE BOX (that he received from the NFFA Psychologist) in his hands as he speaks on the PHONE:

ISAIAH (ON PHONE)

Just got off the bus. Wrong stop though. I gotta walk about 3 miles to Aunt Gracie's now. Brooklyn's a real shit hole by the way. Wish you were with me, sis.

INTERCUT NYA - STREET - SAME

NYA (ON PHONE)

I know. But I had to get as many people off the street as I could. I'll be fine. Going back home soon. I'll lock myself in for the night. Call me when you get to Gracie's.

ISAIAH (ON PHONE)

Love you, sis. Stay safe.

Nya hangs up. Checks her watch. The Purge is close. BACK TO:

INT. NYA'S AND ISAIAH'S APT., BEDROOM - SAME - LATE DAY

Isaiah hangs up, guilty about lying. He refocuses - looking down at that WHITE BOX curiously.

He slowly opens it. Finding two VIALS - CONTACT LENS VIALS labelled **NFFA-ISSUED** inside. Beat. He considers them.

He then retrieves the government-issued RECORDING LENSES from the saline. Places them in his eyes. He blinks a few times, getting used them. He looks in the mirror and sees that:

His eyes are now GLOWING - the lenses making his pupils radiate a yellow/green phosphorescent light. He stares at his reflection - disconcerted.

He turns and retrieves a HAND GUN from a bag in his room. It seems awkward in his hands. GO TO:

EXT. STATEN ISLAND YOUTH CENTER - SUN DOWN

30 BLACK MEN surround the CENTER. An army - armed for bear. A SUBURBAN pulls up out front. Dmitri (with Coffy) emerges. He enters the building, with his dog - no one else. GO TO:

INT. LONG HALL - UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT FALL

THE ARCHITECT AND MINISTER move briskly through this HALL. The ARCHITECT is holding some kind of TABLET - displaying a NEWS REPORT - a LIVE REPORTER broadcasting:

REPORTER

- We're minutes away and the world
is wondering - will people Purge?
Is this something Americans need?

The Architect and Minister exchange a nervous look as they reach a set of DOUBLE DOORS, pushing them open, walking into:

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL CENTER - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT FALL

An immense, hi-tech control room, comprised of 30 TECHS, all in front of a MASSIVE 180-DEGREE, 40-FOOT VIDEO WALL - within which is an enormous GRID of 100 SECURITY CAM SCREENS - LIVE FEEDS from STREET LIGHT SURVEILLANCE CAMS AND DRONE CAMS displaying VARIOUS PARTS OF STATEN ISLAND.

It's the nerve center of this massive experiment.

The Architect and Minister finds two chairs in the back. Their eyes fall on a TV that plays a PRE-RECORDED MESSAGE by the NFFA PRESIDENT BRACKEN:

PRESIDENT BRACKEN (ON TV)

- The courageous citizens of Staten
Island, these pioneers, will
participate in something that could
bring about great change -

INT. NYA'S AND ISAIAH'S APT. - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT FALL

Quiet. Empty. The DOOR OPENS and Nya steps in. She locks her DOOR and puts on the TV where she HEARS the DIGITIZED EBS ALARM. She then sees THE PURGE SCROLL and HEARS:

FEMALE VOICE

This is your Emergency Broadcast
System announcing the commencement
of the NFFA Social Experiment, on
Staten Island, New York. All
crime, including murder, will be
legal, for 12 continuous hours...

EXT. PARK HILL STREET - NIGHT

Night, darkness blankets the neighborhood. ISAIAH, pupils glowing in the dark, walks down a street - slowly, as the PURGE ANNOUNCEMENT BELLOWS THROUGH EXTERNAL SPEAKERS:

FEMALE VOICE (OVER SPEAKERS)
Police, Fire and hospital aide will
be suspended -

Isaiah listens to the ominous announcement echoing when he's alerted by MOVEMENT in the NEARBY SKY. It's a:

A SEA OF DRONES rising high into the AIR, constellating the night sky, to document the Purge from above. He watches the drones fly off - dozens upon dozens of them - like a swarm.

INT. DMITRI'S OFFICE - YOUTH CENTER - NIGHT

DMITRI watches TV in his sleek office - with COFFY by his side - as the PURGE SCROLL and ANNOUNCEMENT comes to an end:

FEMALE VOICE (TV)
May God be with you all.

Beat. THEN WAAAAA! The bellowing, protracted PURGE SIRENS sound off - from the TV and SPEAKERS ALL ACROSS THE CITY. Dmitri shakes his head in disbelief - as we REVISIT all our characters as they LISTEN TO THE SIRENS BLARING AND ECHOING:

- NYA - APT.

Listening to the SIRENS.

- ISAIAH - STREET

Standing on the pavement. Eyes glowing as the sirens swell.

- THE ARCHITECT AND THE MINISTER - COMMAND AND CONTROL

Both listening. Exchanging a tense look.

MINISTER
Good luck. To both of us.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DARK UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

CLOSE UP - several HYPOTHERMIC NEEDLES on a table. A HAND reaches in, grabbing one. Using tape, this long needle is then affixed to the end of a SECOND HAND'S FOREFINGER.

This process is repeated with another needle - affixed to the second hand's MIDDLE FINGER. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

SKELETOR - in a dank room in a tenement. Another ADDICT, higher than high, lies in the b.g., paying no attention to Skeletor, who continues prepping for some Purging.

Skeletor's eyes GLOW from government-issued contacts. He's securing NEEDLES TO HIS FINGERS with tape - making some kind of WEAPONIZED HAND, replete with three NEEDLES taped to its fingers for prime piercing Purge action.

After finishing his needle work, Skeletor finds a LONG KNIFE. He then consults a BROKEN MIRROR in this room. He considers his shattered reflection; a rusty knife in one hand, fingers affixed with hypothermic needles on the other hand, eyes glowing GREEN/YELLOW, accentuating his madness.

He looks like the bogeyman. He poses, smiling, blinking his eyes, liking what he sees. He turns, and approaches the strung-out addict on the couch.

Without any hesitation or effort, Skeletor plunges the KNIFE and the NEEDLES into the addict, killing him slowly.

Skeletor opens his eyes wide - purposefully recording the KILL on the lenses as he says:

SKELETOR

You see me, NFFA? See me, pay me, save me. Is this the first of the night? 1. Uno. How much? How much I make? Here we go. Go we hear. The Black Holocaust is on.

He walks out of this room, into the night, ready to Purge.
SOUND UPCUT: HARD RAP MUSIC BLASTING -

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

HIP HOP rises. SMOKE FILLS the ROOM as TEN YOUNG TOUGH BLACK MEN suit up for a night of serious participation. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. GUNS LOADED. BODY ARMOR FITTED. WEED SMOKED. LIQUOR ENGULFED. COKE SNORTED, as we HEAR:

VOICE (O.S.)

- Shit going down tonight boys! We gonna Purge - have some fun.
Christmas in March. I got my list!

WE FIND THE SOURCE of that RANTING in the REAR of the room:

NFL-SIZED CAPITAL A - smoking dope and loading an AUTOMATIC RIFLE as he riles up himself and his troops:

CAPITAL A

And from tonight on - no more
bullshit. From nobody. No one.
No thing. Now just our shit. This
is our night, boys. Fuck all ya'll!

Capital A and his Men start HIGH-FIVING, psyched up for a night of 'participation'.

EXT. PARK HILL STREET - NIGHT

Quiet. A street of APARTMENT BUILDINGS and ROW HOUSES. There's something strange here - SMALL POINTS of LIGHT constellate the facades of these otherwise dark domains.

YOUNG ISAIAH walks down this street, slowly, gun out, visibly scared. And as he passes these homes, he realizes what those STABS OF LIGHT up and down this block are:

THE GLOWING EYES of the OCCUPANTS of these homes, looking out their windows. Would-be PURGERS, PARTICIPANTS - lying in wait - inside their apartments - peering outside.

ISAIAH proceeds, under the glow of these haunting eyes. We still don't know exactly what he's up to, but he's looking all around, searching for something, someone. Visibly scared, he approaches another STREET AHEAD - it's the CORNER where he was slashed by SKELETOR - empty - no one around.

GUN UP, he moves toward an EMPTY LOT behind a CHAINED FENCE. Beat, he raises his GUN and walks through a HOLE in the FENCE, into the empty LOT, finding a strange tableau inside:

15 DRUG ADDICTS - sitting in a makeshift TENT CITY - all their eyes GLOWING from CONTACTS. All high. Zombie Land. Isaiah's spooked, fights fear, moving through, searching for:

ISAIAH

- Where's Skeletor? He lives here,
right? Any of you seen him?

Now we know who and what he's looking for and why he's out of Purge night. They're all moaning - barely answering:

SEVERAL ADDICTS

He ain't here. Gone. To Purge.

SUDDENLY:

VOICE (O.S.)

AHHH!

WHAM! Someone with GLOWING EYES EMERGES IN A BURST from a DARK CORNER (JUMP-SCARE!) - LUNGING AT/ON ISAIAH - SWINGING a STICK AT HIM:

CRAZED ADDICT
PURGE MOTHERFUCKER!

Isaiah, freaked and startled, pushes the addict away and runs out of the lot. Breathing hard. Off his terrified face -

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - NIGHT

The Architect and Minister stand behind the TECHS - watching all THOSE SCREENS displaying SURVEILLANCE CAM AND DRONE CAM POVs on Staten. Most screens are EMPTY. Some show SMALL GROUPS WANDERING about. No 'Purging' - not yet.

The Minister and the Architect look tense, anxious.

EXT. STATEN ISLAND YOUTH CENTER - ROOF TOP - NIGHT

A grand view - overlooking Staten Island. A DOOR OPENS and DMITRI walks out, onto the roof, Coffy by his side. He approaches the rooftop's ledge. He considers the Island - his neighborhood, his world. He pets Coffy, breathing in the night air before he raises his CELL and CALLS:

EXT. STASH HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME

A medium-sized WAREHOUSE, disguised as a CAR REPAIR SHOP, in a remote part of Park Hill. The building is surrounded by at least 30 BLACK MEN - all holding AUTOMATIC WEAPONS.

INT. STASH HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME

A HEROIN-MANUFACTURING FACILITY replete with all the paraphernalia used to mix, package and stamp the drug for sale on the streets. LORENZO AND BLAISE are inside with a few others. Lorenzo raises his ringing CELL.

INTERCUT - DMITRI (ON ROOF) and LORENZO (at STASH HOUSE):

DMITRI
Zo. How we doing?

LORENZO

Quiet. Locked down. All good.
 (then)
 One thing - fat ass Cap A didn't
 show up for work.

Dmitri takes that in, smirks.

DMITRI

Youngins got balls. We'll throw
 Blaise his way tomorrow to teach
 him some manners.

LORENZO

Done. Your entertainment'll arrive
 soon.

DMITRI

Don't know if I'm in the mood.

LORENZO

Keep 'em around, maybe you'll be in
 the mood later. Call if you need
 anything else, Jefe.

They both hang up. Dmitri looks out over the city - then
 looks down at his cell again. Something on his mind. He
 begins TYPING a TEXT - as we GO TO:

INT. NYA'S AND ISAIAH'S APT. - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nya - alone - sipping wine - watching TV - a NEWS SHOW which
 displays LIVE FEEDS from CAMS all over STATEN ISLAND. All is
 quiet. Her PHONE suddenly BUZZES. She raises it - reading
 the TEXT - from DMITRI - '**YOU GUYS SAFE AND SOUND?**' She
 stares at it for an extended beat. When:

BANG! BANG! BANG! HARD KNOCKS on the FRONT DOOR that make
 her nearly jump out of her skin. (MINI-JUMPSCARE!) Then:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Nya. It's me. Dolores.

She relents, stands, unlocks the DOOR and OPENS it, revealing
 her NEIGHBOR - BIG CRUDE DOLORES:

NYA

Dolores. Everything OK?

DOLORES

Fine, honey. Sorry to bother.
Some of us felt nervous being home
on this fucked up night - so we got
together and opened some shit wine
and stank cheese. Join us.

Nya hesitates, then smiles - sure.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

ISAIAH'S still walking, creeping, searching, eyes scanning.
He approaches a BLOCK of STORES and sees MEN AND WOMEN (eyes
glowing) in front of each respective SHOP. They're holding
GUNS - guarding their establishments. They see ISAIAH:

MAN WITH GUN

Keep walking, kid. We don't want
any problems here.

Isaiah, heart beating like a triphammer, walks on, reaching
the end of the BLOCK when SCREECH! SCREECH!

Behind him, 3 SUBURBANS pull to a STOP outside the STORES.
The ARMED OWNERS TENSE UP - when 10 YOUNG ARMED BLACK MEN
EMERGE from VEHICLES holding AUTOMATIC WEAPONS AND CHAIN-SAWS
respectively. This GANG is led by someone we recognize:

CAPITAL A - swigging Henny - and YELLING to the STORE-OWNERS:

CAPITAL A

STAND DOWN, MOTHERFUCKERS. It's my
time now! I need me a new blender
to dice up my morning shit. Maybe
even some new cozy pajamas! I'm
exercising my right to Purge by
taking all your merch and if you
stand in my way I will fuck you up!

Capital A and his Thugs are high-fiving, ready to pounce and
Purge. The Store-owners don't know what to do. TENSE MOMENT
- Isaiah's watching, scared. Before the shit hits the fan,
he moves onward, turning the CORNER quickly and WHAM! Walks
right into a:

A SEA OF GLOWING EYES. (JUMP-SCARE!) IT'S A CROWD of
PURGERS. Isaiah reacts, terrified, his gun comes up - the
Purgers react, terrified, guns up also. Everyone's YELLING:

GLOWING EYED PURGERS

ISAIAH

Get back! Put your gun down! YOU GET BACK! GET BACK!

And then:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
 Hold on! Everyone calm down.
 (then)
 Isaiah. It's me. Kels.

20 YEAR OLD DEALER KELS emerges out of the darkness, lowering his GUN. Isaiah, relieved, does the same.

ISAIAH
 Damn. Scared the shit outta me, K!

KELS
 What the hell you doing out here by yourself? You Purging, tough guy?
 (beat)
 You looking for Skeletor, ain't you?

ISAIAH
 (nodding)
 Guy made me look like a bitch.
 Figured I'd make some cash taking him out - why not?

KELS
 Screw that shit. Come with us.
 Purge party up ahead.

ISAIAH
 ' The hell is a Purge party?

KELS
 Don't know. Let's go find out.
 Maybe your boy Skeletor is there.

Isaiah's interest is piqued - he joins up with this young crew, moving down the street as we begin to HEAR a EERIE WHISTLE -

EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT

A haunting whistle on the wind. We find its source in SKELETOR, gleefully whistling and searching for victims. Above him - the GLOWING EYES of WOULD-BE PURGERS in WINDOWS.

Skeletor spies something ahead:

TWO MEN - attempting to BREAK INTO A STORE - using LOAPING SHEERS to cut through LOCKS. They're focused on their breach, until they HEAR THAT WHISTLE. They turn, seeing:

SKELETOR - right behind them.

SKELETOR
(singing)
Three four gonna open the door -

SOUND UPCUT - an ear-piercing rendition of 'I WILL SURVIVE':

INT. DOLORES' APARTMENT - TOWER 2 - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - BIG JOLLY DOLORES - slightly DRUNK and SINGING 'I WILL SURVIVE' into a MICROPHONE. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

A GROUP OF 8 PEOPLE (OLD, YOUNG, TEENS, MIDDLE-AGED) inside DOLORES' APARTMENT, including DOLORES' very quiet husband, BOB. PLATES of FOOD on a TABLE. WINE AND BEER BOTTLES everywhere. Dolores is singing into a HOME KARAOKE MACHINE. Everyone's laughing. (The room has the feel of people getting together during a Hurricane or storm.)

Nya watches, laughing, while secretly TEXTING HER BROTHER - 'YOU THERE YET?' No response. Some concern on her face. Dolores finishes her song - and everyone CLAPS. Then:

DOLORES
Kiss my fat ass. Thank you.
(then)
Nya. Your turn.

Nya shakes her head - no way. Everyone begins urging her on.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
Come on! Tonight we forget about
all the bullshit. I'll do a duet
with you! LET'S GO, SKINNY MINNY!

Nya is pushed forward. She glances down at her phone - no text back yet - as she reluctantly takes the mic -

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - NIGHT

The Minister and the Architect are watching a SCREEN that displays a SURVEILLANCE CAM POV of CAPITAL A and his band of hooligans LOOTING that ROW OF STORES, stealing TVs, merchandise, while FIRING THEIR GUNS into the air.

MINISTER
- This is promising.

The Architect nods, it is. Then:

NEARBY TECH (O.S.)
Look at this here.

They both turn, looking at another SCREEN which displays a DRONE POV of a LARGE NUMBER of PEOPLE gathering on a STREET.

TECH
It's some kind of... party.

Beat.

MINISTER
A fucking party? You kidding me?

Off the Minister's fury. SOUND UPCUT - RAP MUSIC BLASTING -

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK HILL STREET - NIGHT

A lot of movement - several GROUPS of TEENS/YOUNG ADULTS are walking down this street - all following the SOUNDS of HIP HOP rising in the distance. FIND:

ISAIAH, KELS and KELS' CREW walking with these other groups - moving toward that O.S. MUSIC. They turn a corner, finding:

A BLOCK PARTY - unfolding in the middle of Park Hill. LIGHTS, BANNERS, A DJ BLASTING MUSIC. YOUNG GIRLS AND GUYS DANCING. PEOPLE shooting off FIREWORKS - DANCING with SPARKLERS. A real celebration. No Purging. No killing. Just partying. DRINKING and SMOKING WEED out in the open are the only illegal activities. And the only thing that tells us it's Purge Night is that everyone has GLOWING EYES.

Isaiah stands shocked, staring at this PARTY.

CUT TO:

INT. DOLORES' APARTMENT - TOWER 2 - NIGHT

As Nya and Dolores finish their karaoke duet:

NYA AND DOLORES
I'M STAYING ALIVE!!!!

NEIGHBORS CLAP. They both jokingly BOW.

DOLORES
Thank you, Nya. Next time I'd like to see a little more effort from your little chicken ass.

Nya smiles, she moves off to the side, alone. CHECKING her TEXTS again - no response from Isaiah. She raises her cell - dialing his number - it RINGS - no answer - when her eyes fall on a NEARBY TV:

REPORTER

- As of now, we are not seeing much participation, just a few instances of real violence, including this disturbing footage from moments ago-

THE REPORT CUTS to DRONE FOOTAGE of a MAN ON A STREET - manically STABBING TWO MEN. THE DRONE CAM slowly ZOOMS in on this 'Purging' and we HEAR ACCOMPANYING AUDIO as the PURGER is revealed to be someone we recognize - SKELETOR - killing those two MEN who were attempting to break in the store.

SKELETOR (ON TV)

3, 4 didn't open the door. Tres, cuatro. Watch me watch me.

Skeletor looks up - right at the DRONE - his eyes sparkling like sapphires - he's covered in BLOOD and looks like someone from the third level of Dantean hell as he babbles:

SKELETOR (CONT'D)

- Gonna rack up big numbers - spread my demon seed across the Island. Watch me, pay me, save me.

Nya watches Skeletor staring right up at the DRONE CAMERA - covered in blood and smiling his insane smile.

Her brother's phone continues ringing - no answer.

EXT. PARK HILL STREET - BLOCK PARTY - NIGHT

RAP MUSIC BLASTS. INNER CITY GUYS AND GALS DANCE. DRINK. PARTY. THE BLOCK PARTY is in full swing.

KELS hands out BEERS to his CREW, including ISAIAH:

ISAIAH

- No thanks, K. I'm outta here - gonna look around for that psycho.

KELS

Careful, kid.

Isaiah's off - moving through the party crowd, searching, paying no attention to his ringing phone.

EXT. STATEN ISLAND YOUTH CENTER - NIGHT

Dmitri's ARMY stands GUARD as an SUV pulls up and parks outside the CENTER. 7 & 7 approaches the SUV. Opens the back door and helps two GORGEOUS WOMEN OUT. It's ANNA AND ELSA - whom we met in Dmitri's bed days ago.

They're both blindfolded. 7 & 7 proceeds to pat them DOWN - checking every inch of them for a WEAPON.

INT. YOUTH CENTER - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Dmitri is on his computer, looking at an old CELL PHONE VIDEO of HIMSELF with NYA from years ago. Both younger - faces less compromised by life. They're laughing together and we're seeing a softer Dmitri here - a victim to Nya's charms as she teases him. And as Dmitri stares at Nya's face in the video - we see that he's still fallen for her - completely.

Suddenly - KNOCK KNOCK - on the office door - breaking his fugue. He checks his PHONE - no text back from NYA. He stands, opens the door, revealing 7 & 7 - with ANNA and ELSA behind him. Smiling. Sharing COKE from a small vial and giggling. (No longer blindfolded.)

7 & 7

Call if you need anything.

7 & 7 walks off. Dmitri gestures for the ladies to enter. They do, kissing him hello seductively.

DMITRI

Make yourselves at home. Bar over there. I'm gonna use the bathroom.

ANNA

Thanks, baby. Favor - can you put Coffy on a leash? Scares me a bit.

Dmitri approaches Coffy, putting her on a leash, tying her to a nearby TABLE. Anna nods thank you. Dmitri walks into the:

INT. YOUTH CENTER OFFICE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He closes the door. Stares at himself in the mirror.

EXT. STREET - BLOCK PARTY - NIGHT

MUSIC BLASTS as the block party rages on and ISAAH pushes his way through the HIGH/DRUNK partying CROWD.

His eyes darting about, searching for Skeletor. He recognizes several PARTY-GOERS as he makes his way through - asking:

ISAIAH

You seen Skeletor tonight?

Each PARTY-GOER responds "NO". He continues on, searching, when we PAN AWAY FROM HIM - ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE PARTY, to the other side of this BLOCK - stopping at the MOUTH OF AN:

ALLEY

Debouching off this street. At its entrance - a SILHOUETTED FIGURE stands ominously. It's SKELETOR, covered in crimson. He holds the blood-soaked KNIFE in his right hand, while the blood-filled needles on his weaponized left hand tremble with anticipation.

His GLOWING EYES consider the enormous PARTY CROWD.

SKELETOR

The mother lode, milk and honey,
pot of gold, end of the rainbow.
Brown Leprechaun - ready to get it
on.

INT. YOUTH CENTER OFFICE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

WHOOSH! Dmitri throws water on his face, trying to muster up some excitement, when MUSIC suddenly rises from the adjoining room. The girls are setting the mood. Then - BARK! Coffy sounding off. Dmitri takes note. Beat. He opens the door -

INT. YOUTH CENTER OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

As Dmitri steps out of the bathroom, spotting ELSA - just a yard away. She's completely nude. Nothing but HIGH HEELS. Stunning. She walks forward, embraces him.

ELSA

I can't wait, baby.

She's kissing his neck.

He doesn't see the KNIFE in her hand - which she's raising behind his back, slowly. Coffy - leashed - barks again, just as Elsa brings the knife to his neck, when WHAM! Dmitri spins, grabbing her arm, twisting it, revealing the knife.

Beat. Elsa, caught, and Dmitri lock eyes. She suddenly SCREAMS and everything happens fast.

WHAM! The CLOSET DOOR next to them swings open and ANNA (nude) emerges in a BURST, wielding another KNIFE - WHOOSH! Slashing at Dmitri. He drops, losing his grip on ELSA.

Both NUDE WOMEN, out of their minds on coke, are storming now - feral beasts - kicking, punching, swinging KNIVES. It's chaos as the MUSIC RISES, COFFY BARKS, and DMITRI fights off their assault. INTERCUT:

EXT. PARK HILL STREET - BLOCK PARTY - NIGHT

The party rages. Glowing-eyed PEOPLE dance, drink, smoke. ISAIAH moves through the mass of bodies - still searching for SKELETOR - who, unbeknownst to him, is just:

30 YARDS AWAY NOW - on the party's edge. Glowing eyes wide and bloodthirsty. BLADE and NEEDLES at his side, he enters the PARTY CROWD. Mumbling under his breath as he readies himself. THE MUSIC CRESCENDOS - SLO-MOTION BEGINS - and:

Skeletor starts Purging. Creeping up behind PEOPLE and WHAM! Piercing them with NEEDLES - SLASHING THEM with the blade. One victim. Two. Both victims on the edge of the PARTY - dropping, but in the dense crowd, on its outskirts, no one sees them fall - or cares. Not at first. Skeletor's gleefully demonic, madness accentuated by drugs, as:

SKELETOR
(singing)
4, 5, no one's gonna survive -

Slo-Mo continues. MUSIC POUNDS, RISES, TAKING US BACK TO:

INT. YOUTH CENTER OFFICE - SAME

WHAM! Dmitri's battle with ANNA AND ELSA continues. DMITRI literally throws ANNA across the ROOM as ELSA SLASHES HIM again with her knife, across the BACK. WHOOSH! INTERCUT:

EXT. PARK HILL STREET - BLOCK PARTY - SAME

SLASH! SKELETOR STABS another PARTY-GOER in the BACK. WHOMP! Another is PIERCED with his NEEDLE FINGERS. He's racking up numbers, still maniacally counting. BACK TO:

INT. YOUTH CENTER OFFICE - SAME

COFFY'S BARKING. MUSIC'S BLARING as Dmitri tackles Elsa. But suddenly - BAM! He's smashed across the HEAD with a VASE. He's down, bleeding.

Anna and Elsa, adrenalized, are above him now and WHAM! WHAM! Start STOMPING him with their HIGH HEELS - like daggers dropping from the sky. He's rolling to avoid getting pierced! WHOMP! WHOMP! BACK TO:

EXT. PARK HILL STREET - BLOCK PARTY - SAME

SLO-MO CLOSE UP as SKELETOR'S NEEDLES PIERCE ANOTHER BACK. THEN ANOTHER. HIS BLADE PUNCTURES another STOMACH. He's on a kill-crazy rampage, until finally:

A FEMALE PARTY-GOER spots TWO BODIES on the ground, BLEEDING. Her eyes fall on SKELETOR. She SCREAMS - getting everyone's attention - she's pointing at the VICTIMS. Suddenly:

EVERYONE'S YELLING, RUNNING. Chaos unfolds - a STAMPEDE of PEOPLE running roughshod in multiple directions. A wild MASS EXODUS - the streets clearing rapidly. Party over.

There's no one left except Skeletor and his dead VICTIMS.

SKELETOR

Founding fathers, you all watching?
Pay me, save me. I could tas-

CLICK! Skeletor HEARS the SOUND of a GUN. He turns, sees:

ISAIAH - right behind him. Holding his GUN to Skeletor's head. Face to face. Glowing eyes meeting glowing eyes. Skeletor is smiling madly. Isaiah's hand is trembling.

SKELETOR (CONT'D)

Virgin. Cherry. Cherry. They
watching. Make that money.

Isaiah's finger on the trigger. He wants to shoot. STARTING TO PULL. Extended beat as he tries to muster up the gumption, courage, moxie, whatever. BUT:

He can't do it. He can't kill. He can't Purge.

Skeletor sees defeat in Isaiah's eyes. He reacts, WHAM! Knocking the gun out of ISAIAH'S HAND. WHOOSH! Skeletor swings his knife at ISAIAH. Isaiah ducks - just avoiding it.

Isaiah, weaponless, takes off. Skeletor chasing. BACK TO:

INT. YOUTH CENTER OFFICE - NIGHT

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! DMITRI rolls across the FLOOR avoiding the PIERCING HIGH HEEL FOOT FALLS from the long-legged NUDE female killers.

Both WOMEN screaming like banshees as Dmitri steers his escape toward the leashed COFFY. He reaches her, unties her and WHOOSH! She LEAPS on ELSA - pinning her down - while DMITRI LEG-SWEEPS ANNA - taking her down - snatching the KNIFE from her HAND and placing it to her neck.

Both woman pinned - by man and beast respectively. Everyone out of breath as Dmitri, bleeding from multiple cuts, says:

DMITRI

Who?

Beat, then:

ELSA

Capital A. A lot of money.

Dmitri's taken aback - surprised and very very pissed. Fury rising rapidly. Then:

DMITRI

How'd you get the knives passed my security? Where'd you hide him?

ELSA

Where do you think?

Dmitri nods - he gets it. Then:

DMITRI

If you want to die without pain, here's what you're gonna do for me.

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - NIGHT

The MINISTER and ARCHITECT are standing at a TECH'S SCREEN which displays (from a STREET LIGHT CAM) the SKELETOR MASSACRE - 6 BODIES on the GROUND - as:

ARCHITECT

- People are loosening - the basic tenants of morality have to be abandoned - religious servitude must be dropped. People are beginning to participate.

The Minister nods, hopeful.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK HILL STREETS - NIGHT

WHOOSH! Isaiah's PUMAS hit the pavement hard as he hauls ass down this street, terrified. He's running from an unseen enemy - SKELETOR. His eyes darting all about as:

SKELETOR (O.S.)
Run, virgin. Gonna pop your cherry
with my sticks. Make you suck my
needles first.

Isaiah spots a BUILDING AHEAD - an enormous BURNT-OUT HUSK of some kind of OLD LARGE SEARS-LIKE STORE - like an ancient RUIN - WINDOWS BOARDED UP/BLOWN OUT - DOORS OPEN. It's clearly been abandoned for years and just sits here rotting.

Isaiah runs toward it.

INT. BURNT-OUT BUILDING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A massive maze of DARK HALLS and OPEN FACTORY FLOORS. You can smell the rot. Minimal MOONLIGHT through BROKEN WINDOWS - otherwise a labyrinth of darkness. WHOOSH! Isaiah enters in a burst, seeking shelter from SKELETOR whose VOICE is still rising in the distance:

SKELETOR
I see you... Smell you...

Isaiah's slowing in the DARKNESS - can't really see much here. Wending his way through corridors, lungs rising and falling like a bellows as he breathes hard - his GLOWING EYES lead the way as his terror grows. He HEARS:

SKELETOR (CONT'D)
You in my hut now, virgin.

Skeletor's clearly inside. Isaiah's moving, searching for a place to hide - but it's so dark. He HE HEARS something ahead - VOICES. He turns a CORNER and sees a SEA OF GLOWING EYES across a large open ROOM. At least 6 PAIRS of LENSED EYES penetrating the darkness. VOICE behind these eyes:

MULTIPLE VOICES
Someone here? Who is it? I SEE
HIM! GRAB HIM!

The EYES are MOVING - coming TOWARD HIM. Isaiah turns on a dime, running, falling, WHAM! Down. Groaning, hurt - he looks down at his leg - hard to see but he's BLEEDING, badly from a WOUND. He's fallen on some GLASS. He then HEARS:

SKELETOR (O.S.)
There's blood in the air...

And:

MULTIPLE VOICES (O.S.)
Where are they? Where are they?

Skeletor in FRONT of him. VOICES of OTHER PURGERS BEHIND him. Isaiah can barely see, he's terrified, shaking, nearly weeping, feeling his way in the dark, limping now, can't move that fast, when he finds:

A SIDE CORRIDOR - off which he finds some kind of CLOSET - with a door - sneaks inside. CLOSES the DOOR and WAITS.

In complete blackness. Pure terror. Then - his CELL buzzes. He picks it up quickly, HEARS:

NYA (O.S., OVER PHONE)
- Where the hell are you?

Beat. Whisper:

ISAIAH (ON PHONE)
I'm in trouble, Nya.

INT. DOLORES' APARTMENT - TOWER 2 - NIGHT - SAME

Nya's neighbors continue to distract themselves with food, drink, and now BOARD GAMES - but Nya is off to the side, on the phone:

NYA
- Tell me where you are. JUST TELL
ME WHERE YOU ARE, ISAIAH! NOW.
(beat)
Oh God. I'm on my way.

She lowers her phone and is MOVING to the DOOR with extreme haste, calling out:

DOLORES
Dolores, I have to go -

She exits in a flash, before Dolores can even respond.

EXT. STATEN ISLAND YOUTH CENTER - NIGHT

A DOOR SWINGS OPEN and Dmitri EXITS the YOUTH CENTER with several BODYGUARDS escorting him, including 7 & 7. He's agitated, riled up, moving with purpose.

We're seeing a different side of DMITRI here - the gangster - the violent soul. He's on the phone with:

LORENZO - STASH HOUSE - INTERCUT:

LORENZO (ON PHONE)
- I don't want you outside.

DMITRI (ON PHONE)
Fuck that young punk. I need to do this myself. Teach him a lesson. I'll call if there's any problems.

Dmitri steps into the SUBURBAN. WHOOSH! They take off.

INT. BURNT-OUT BUILDING - CLOSET - NIGHT

Isaiah's still inside the dark alcove, leg bleeding. He's nearly shaking with terror. Checking his PHONE. He HEARS VOICES - FOOTSTEPS - PEOPLE passing the door, behind which he remains hidden - for now. He covers his mouth, stifling heavy breaths. GO TO:

EXT. BURNT-OUT BUILDING - REAR - NIGHT

QUIET BACK of the BUILDING. Dark. Suddenly - MOVEMENT at the end of this BLOCK. It's NYA - hauling ass - running to her brother's aid. She's looking all around in the darkness. Stopping outside the building and TEXTING:

I'M HERE. WHERE ARE YOU? She hits SEND. And waits, when BAM! A SOUND NEARBY. She spins, searching for its SOURCE. Doesn't see anything.

INT. BURNT-OUT BUILDING - CLOSET - NIGHT

Isaiah's trying to stem the blood flow on his leg when DING. His PHONE BEEPS with a TEXT. Loud in this quiet world. Before looking at it - he HEARS:

MULTIPLE VOICES
Did you hear that? Where? We need to kill him before he kills us!

He eyes his PHONE - sees his sister's MESSAGE. Quickly MUTES it as he HEARS FOOTSTEPS approaching. DARKENS the phone. COVERS HIS MOUTH WITH HIS HAND again. PEAKS THROUGH A SMALL CRACK in the DOOR and sees that SEA of GLOWING EYES coming down this CORRIDOR. Realizes his own eyes are glowing also.

He closes them.

The world goes black. Completely black. Footsteps. Voices. Close. Right outside the door. He keeps his eyes closed. TREMBLING. The FOOTSTEPS begins scurrying off. Voices gone.

He opens his eyes - texts back to Nya - **WHERE ARE YOU?** Beat, then a return TEXT - coming through silently this time.

MEET ME AT 6TH AND SEGUINE. COME OUT BACK EXIT.

He texts back. **COMING OUT.** He pockets his phone. Takes a deep breath. Listens. No one near. Pushes open the door and ventures out, into the:

VERY DARK HALLS/CORRIDORS of this abandoned building.

He moves slow. In the darkness. HEARS VOICES - looks ahead - sees those CORONAS OF GLOWING EYES in an OPEN ROOM. Whispers behind them. He circumnavigates this room - going another route - looking for Skeletor - makes his way down another HALL - so dark. So quiet. He reaches a DOOR. Goes to open it. Hesitates. Sees a NEARBY WINDOW - peaks out and sees:

HIS SISTER STANDING THERE. OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

But she's not alone:

SKELETOR'S behind her. One hand over her MOUTH - stifling her cries. The other hand holding a KNIFE TO HER NECK.

SKELETOR

Brother and Sister... 11 and 12...
I want him to see me kill you.

Isaiah stares at his sister, caught, terrified. He stares at her, then TURNS and MOVES BACK INTO THE DARK HALLWAYS of this burnt-out building, disappearing, as we GO BACK TO:

EXT. BURNT-OUT BUILDING - SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Nya's struggling against SKELETOR. His KNIFE digging into her neck. His rotten mouth an inch from hers as he SAYS:

SKELETOR

How much are you worth? Where's
your brother? Fuck him, fuck you,
fuck them. I don't want to wait...
Can't wait... No more...

Skeletor begins to SLICE her THROAT - when AHHHH! A SCREAM rises from near. Before Skeletor can react:

ISAIAH emerges in a BURST from BEHIND SKELETOR - wielding a LARGE PIECE OF GLASS and WHAM! Driving it into SKELETOR'S UPPER BACK. Skeletor howls - spinning, dropping his blade. Nya scurries away from him, falling.

Skeletor is spinning, screaming, trying to remove that SHARD from his back as ISAIAH runs to his sister - grabbing her and moving off, retreating away from Skeletor (Isaiah's limping so they can't move very fast). Skeletor falls to his knees, bleeding, babbling incomprehensibly as Brother and Sister whittle with distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A GROUP of MEN walking down a dark alley. It's CAPITAL A and his CREW of 5 HENCHMAN. All jacked from their night of looting/Purging. Their guns are out as they approach a SUBURBAN parked mid-alley. Capital A is typically loud:

CAPITAL A

My girls! I didn't think you'd pull it off. I am impressed! I am the king now and yous my queens. THIS IS MY TIME! Did the cocksucker beg for his life?

Capital A reaches the Suburban. Looks inside at ANNA and ELSA who are both in the front seat. Neither looks happy.

CAPITAL A (CONT'D)

What's wrong, girls? Why the long faces? You two just made some mon-

Suddenly - CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! The SOUND of MULTIPLE GUNS being cocked and loaded, interrupting him. CAPITAL A and his MEN all turn, finding:

7 & 7 and a small ARMY OF SOLDIERS standing on FIRE ESCAPES of this ALLEY - targeting CAPITAL A and his Men with RIFLES. Before Capital A and his Men can even respond:

DMITRI emerges from the NEARBY SHADOWS - pure bad ass. Capital A looks like he's seeing a ghost.

DMITRI

Your time is up now, A. It was short, I hope the crown felt good.

CAPITAL A

D, I -

DMITRI

- Don't beg. It's unbecoming.

Dmitri raises his gun and shoots Capital A in the forehead. Dmitri signals to 7 & 7 as he walks off - we follow him as a BARRAGE of GUNSHOTS rises O.S. behind him.

He doesn't blink.

SLOW DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

An OFFICE in the REAR of COMMAND, behind CLOSED GLASS DOORS. The Minister and The Architect are inside, standing, each reading a SHEET of PAPER. Neither looks happy. Another MAN - the STATISTICIAN - sits at a desk. Beat, then:

MINISTER

- Are these figures accurate?

The Statistician nods - they are. The Minister takes that in. Beat. To the Architect:

MINISTER (CONT'D)

You predicted a much higher level of participation.

ARCHITECT

I'm as surprised as you. Maybe even more so. But we should've expected the unexpected. This is an experiment. There are variables.

MINISTER

Variables?

ARCHITECT

Human nature.

He stares at her. She continues:

ARCHITECT (CONT'D)

Maybe people aren't as full of aggression and rage as I thought. I devoted the last ten years of my life to this - so it's not easy to admit that this may be a failed experiment.

The Minister stares at her. His mind racing. Then:

MINISTER

All due respect, Doctor, but no. I don't agree with you. I think we will look back 6 hours from now and see that this was, in fact, a very successful night.

ARCHITECT

Minister, I wish I was as optimistic as you - but the-

His phone RINGS. He looks at the number:

MINISTER

I have to take this. Excuse me.

He moves off - the last thing we hear him say as he exits:

MINISTER (CONT'D)

Yes, sir. I'm looking at the data right now. I will, sir -

His voice fades. The Architect watches him go.

EXT. PARK HILL STREET - NIGHT

A DRONE flies down long winding dark street, its camera (which looks like a GUN) documents the night. PAN OFF THE DRONE, to the street below, finding:

NYA and ISAIAH walking along, on the sidewalk, moving in shadows. Nya's helping Isaiah, his leg has stopped bleeding, but he can't move fast. They're on alert (for PURGERS and, of course, SKELETOR) and headed back toward home. They spy some CORONAS of GLOWING EYES down a perpendicular street. They HEAR a distant GUNSHOT, a SCREAM. Otherwise the area around them is quiet. Nya looks behind them:

NYA

- He's not following.
(beat)
How's the leg holding up?

ISAIAH

Hurts like a bitch.

She nods. They continue on. Then:

NYA

So... are we gonna talk?

ISAIAH

Is now the time?

NYA
Talking will distract me from being
fucking terrified right now.

Beat. Then:

ISAIAH
What do you want me to say? That
I'm wrong and sorry as shit. That
I learned my lesson tonight. That
I'm a fucking coward who's not cut
out for the game.

NYA
Yeah. That's what I want you to
say.

ISAIAH
I just said it.

Nya nods. I guess you did. They walk on.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)
I fucking hate our apartment, Nya,
the leaks, the roaches, the smell.
I hate seeing you work three jobs
on top of your volunteer work. I
hate that we never have anything
for anything.

NYA
I don't like it either. But
there's other ways.

ISAIAH
Are there? I ain't seeing them.
(defeated)
I ain't seeing a way out. Ever.

NYA
Let's survive this night and then
I'll help you see it. Deal?

He looks at her.

ISAIAH
Deal.

Beat. Walking.

NYA
You saved my ass - you're not that
much of a coward.

He smirks.

NYA (CONT'D)
And take those damn contacts off -
you look creepy.

He reaches in his eyes and extracts them, dropping them.

ISAIAH
Better?

She smiles, when WHOOSH! An UPROAR of SOUND - something approaching. Alerted, they hide behind a NEARBY DUMPSTER as:

A CONVOY OF SOUPED-UP SPORTS CARS, ARMORED TRUCKS and STEEL FORTIFIED SUVs turns onto this STREET. ABOUT 10 VEHICLES. A DOZEN MASKED GUNMEN GLIMPSED INSIDE each vehicle. This gaggle of vehicles whisks down the street, hellbent.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)
Where the hell did they come from?

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - NIGHT

The Architect stands in the REAR of COMMAND, watching the SCREENS and reading SEVERAL SHEETS of PAPER. After a beat, she looks at a nearby TECH:

ARCHITECT
- Have you seen the Minister?

Tech shakes her head - no. The Architect absorbs this - something about the Minister's absence is piquing her curiosity. She walks out of the COMMAND. We follow her:

INT. HALLWAYS OF COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

A maze of CORRIDORS debouching off a MAIN HALL. The Architect walks through, looking around, searching for her cohort. She passes SEVERAL ROOMS, looks in - finds no one.

She continues on, searching, curiosity driving her, when she HEARS a VOICE. Not far. She follows the sound, finding:

A ROOM in the rear of this building. DOOR SLIGHTLY AJAR. She looks inside, seeing:

THE MINISTER - in a COMMON KITCHEN AREA - alone, on his phone:

MINISTER (ON PHONE)

- It's happening as we speak. I made the call. Yes. You'll see soon enough.

He hangs up and proceeds to pour some coffee. She watches him carefully. Off her curious expression -

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK HILL STREET - NIGHT

Three of DMITRI'S SUVs haul ass down this boulevard.

INT. MIDDLE SUV - NIGHT - SAME

Dmitri's inside with 7 & 7 and THREE OTHER SOLDIERS. Dmitri's on the phone:

DMITRI (ON PHONE)

(smiling)

- Yeah. I released my anger and feel fucking wonderful. I'm a new man. Yeah. We're heading back now.

Beat. He lowers the phone.

7 & 7

(busting chops)

Hey boss, I was thinking - you want to order up some more girls to your office tonight?

DMITRI

(joking)

Fuck you, 7. Fuck you 7 different ways.

All the MEN are laughing now, blowing off some steam, driving along. None of them see:

THE RPG sailing through the air, trailing smoke like a comet, hurtling straight for their VEHICLE until BOOM! The RPG hits the FRONT of their SUV.

WE STAY INSIDE THE SUV as the HOOD explodes in a hail of FIRE and METAL as the TRUCK is catapulted into the air, spinning, and tumbling across the street in slo-mo violent litany - a vertiginous uncontrolled roll, end over end.

WE CONTINUE TO STAY INSIDE THE VEHICLE as DMITRI and his MEN are tossed like rag-dolls. ONE SOLDIER'S NECK SNAPS as he slams his head. ANOTHER SOLDIER is thrown from the car - jettisoned into the night. A WAVE of FIRE rips through the cab. WHOOSH! Just missing Dmitri as he's pitched about. Finally, the Suburban slows and stops its roll, upside down, across the road. Stillpoint.

WE'RE STILL INSIDE and TIGHT ON DMITRI - bloodied, disoriented - alive. He's trying to get his BEARINGS, wiping blood that seeps from his brow. He's spots, through the crushed windshield (and the growing ENGINE FIRE):

THE TWO OTHER SUVs from his convoy - apparently both destroyed by RPG hits. One TRUCK is upside down like his - 15 yards away. The other is right side up - but completely aflame. He looks around his own vehicle - everyone dead except 7 & 7, who's breathing, but unconscious. And that's when Dmitri HEARS SCREECHING TIRES, turns and spots:

TWO STEEL-FORTIFIED VANS driving toward the CRASH SITE. Clearly the perpetrators of this attack. The VANS stop about TEN YARDS away from the obliterated SUVs. Time to move. Fast. A deep breath to gain some semblance. Then Dmitri's pulling his leg from under the seat, as he sees the DOORS of those VANS OPEN. He continues trying to free himself, as we GO TO:

EXT. STREET - SAME - CONTINUOUS

The TWO VANS are parked about 15 yards from each destroyed SUBURBAN. WHOOSH! WHOOSH! 10 MEN (5 from EACH VEHICLE) emerge. They're dressed in BLACK AND BLUE - CRIP BLUE. Wearing BLUE KERCHIEFS (over their faces) - BLUE HOODIES - BLUE HATS. All HOLDING AUTOMATIC RIFLES. GLOWING EYES barely visible above KERCHIEFS and BEHIND HOODS.

THE 5 CRIP GUNMEN approach the FIRST VAN. They surround it and RATATATATATATATATAT! Drop a barrage of GUNFIRE into it - killing whomever may have survived the RPG blast.

THE 5 OTHER CRIPS, in blue raiments, move to Dmitri's VAN. Surrounding it. Raising their weapons to fire. None of them see:

DMITRI

No longer in the VAN - he's rising like an apparition from ACROSS the street - BEHIND them. He approaches - stealth - gets right up behind one of the GUNMEN and WHAM! Snaps his NECK with quiet ease. Here we see Dmitri in his element - ice-cold cool, nerveless, a natural born killer.

He grabs the GUNMAN'S AUTOMATIC and BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! He kills the FOUR REMAINING CRIPS surrounding his VAN. Dropping them with PERFECT SHOTS.

The 5 CRIP GANG MEMBERS who were shooting into VAN 1 SPOT Dmitri (and what he has done). They quickly turn their attention (and their guns) toward him. Dmitri edges up, against his SUV, using it as shelter, as he EXCHANGES GUNFIRE with the remaining 5.

Dmitri takes out one more CRIP before the others retreat to their VAN - seeking shelter inside before PULLING AWAY, down the street, their job done here.

Dmitri remains behind, breathing heavy. He looks inside his VAN. Sees 7 & 7 - still unconscious. He reaches in, pulling out his Lieutenant (who's starting to awaken). Dmitri then retrieves his CELL (from his pocket) dials and says:

DMITRI
Zo, we're gonna need some help.

EXT. PARK HILL - PARK - NIGHT

ISAIAH and NYA walk through this quiet, dark park - still on full alert, moving slowly but surely toward their home when:

RATATATATATATATA! GUNSHOTS (from MULTIPLE WEAPONS) RISES from close by. They're both scanning the area, searching for the source of this ATTACK. Nya points - this way - and she and Isaiah follow this steady SOUND of BULLETS/WAR.

They're approaching a STREET CORNER - moving slow, quiet, peering around the corner building, spotting:

STEEL-FORTIFIED SPORTS CARS parked down this street (part of that CONVOY they saw earlier) - in front of the:

HOMELESS SHELTER/HALF-WAY HOUSE that MIGUEL, ROSE AND SELINA - the homeless family - entered earlier. GUN FIRE RISES FROM WITHIN THE SHELTER as we see MUZZLE FLASHES blazing in window frames - from bursts of GUNFIRE within the building.

Something bad is happening inside.

GUNMEN, donning SILVER/CHROME BODY ARMOR (with accompanying CHROME MASKS) stand OUTSIDE - BAM! BAM! BAM! Shooting several HOMELESS trying to flee the MASSACRE.

NYA
My God. I know people in there.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - NIGHT

No longer quiet here. Control is now bustling with activity and excitement as TECHS are on their feet, pointing at VARIOUS SCREENS displaying a RISE in PURGE ACTIVITY:

TECH 1	TECH 2
Screen 23 is showing a fire fight on 3rd and Main.	We have multiple bodies off Park Hill Road.

TECH 3	TECH 4
There are trucks on multiple screens - alot of firepower.	Gangs everywhere -

As Techs speak, we see VARIOUS SCREENS displaying VIOLENCE from both STREETLIGHT CAM VIEWS and DRONE VIEWS:

- A FIRE FIGHT BETWEEN A GANG and SOME CITIZENS outside ROW HOUSES.
- A GANG chasing a GROUP OF TEENS with MACHETES.
- ANOTHER GANG beating a MAN with BASEBALL BATS.

Much different than a few hours ago.

The Minister and the Architect stand in the rear, heads spinning, eyes going from screen to screen, taking in this change, analyzing and absorbing everything.

A TV SCREEN next to them displays a REPORTER:

REPORTER

- Islanders are now taking to the streets as we are witnessing waves of violence across the borough.

The Minister can't hide his enthusiasm. The Architect stands baffled:

ARCHITECT

- All data supported early violent behavior, then a downturn. This doesn't make sense. Where are these gangs coming from? Why weren't they out earlier?

MINISTER

Don't question it - this is good for both of us.

He shrugs it all off, very excited. She shakes her head, still perplexed. She takes a long look at the Minister - noting his behavior. Off her suspicious look -

EXT. PARK HILL HOMELESS SHELTER/HALFWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

The GUNFIRE within has stopped. 10 CHROME-PLATED AND MASKED GUNMEN/GANG MEMBERS emerge from inside the BUILDING - some slathered in blood. They move to their steel-fortified vehicles, getting inside and driving away. MOMENTS LATER:

NYA AND ISAIAH appear, moving toward the SHELTER. Their eyes darting about for threats, as they step over the BODIES of TWO ARMED GUARDS, before going inside -

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER/HALFWAY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Darkness. In the dim light, we see CORPSES of 4 HOMELESS littering the entrance foyer. NYA AND ISAIAH enter, shocked, devastated, scared, as they navigate the dead. Nya is checking pulses, eyes watering from tears, as she inspects the massacre close up. She and her brother move to the:

STAIRCASE

Stepping over TWO MORE BODIES. Creepy journey through darkness and death. They reach the:

FIRST FLOOR

Peering INSIDE PRIVATE ROOMS - doors ripped off hinges, eviscerated by GUNFIRE.

DEAD HOMELESS within each room. Nya scans the faces of these victims. Not seeing her friends. She and Isaiah move on.

Down the hall. More bodies. More blood. Into another:

ROOM

More DEAD within. Nya steps inside. It's so dark she has to get very close to see FACES.

This time she recognizes the VICTIMS. It's ROSE, MIGUEL, and young SELINA. Amidst two other CORPSES. All bloodied.

Nya begins weeping. Isaiah puts his arm around his sister, steering her out of this room when WHOMP! A HAND grabs NYA'S ANKLE. (JUMP-SCARE!) She screams - looking down, at:

MIGUEL - rising from the dead. Nya screams again as:

MIGUEL

Nya, it's OK. It's me. Guys, it's just Nya. You can get up.

Suddenly, ROSE AND SELINA rise also. All alive. On their feet. Embracing Nya and Isaiah. The family is alive. Nya's shocked, relieved, freaked, hugging them back:

NYA

What? What's going on?

ROSE

They were killing everyone. We pretended to be dead. Covered ourselves with blood from a victim. They passed us by, left us alone. What are you doing here?

NYA

Nothing. Thank God you're all OK.

SELINA

Who were they, Nya? Who were they?

Isaiah and Nya exchange a look:

NYA

We don't know. But there's a lot of gangs outside. Come with me. We'll go back to my apartment.

MIGUEL

Thank you, Nya. Thank you so much.

They all move out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

CLOSE UP of a DEAD CRIP GANG MEMBER - face concealed by a BLUE HOOD and BLUE KERCHIEF until WHOOSH! Someone RIPS off the HOOD revealing the FACE behind it. LATINO. Grizzled, tough. Wearing a hi-tech RADIO HEAD SET. PULL BACK TO:

DMITRI AND LORENZO standing over this CRIP GUNMEN - one of the 6 that Dmitri killed. SEVERAL of DMITRI'S SOLDIERS (who obviously arrived with Lorenzo) stand guard around the two top dogs as they investigate. Dmitri gestures toward the OTHER CRIPS he killed - several have already been unmasked. All wearing RADIO HEADSETS. All tough looking.

DMITRI

(re: dead Gunmen)

Two Latinos, a white guy, two brothers. You ever seen a politically-correct, multi-ethnic Crip crew like this?

LORENZO

No. And Crips haven't had a chapter on the Island since we took them down 7 years ago.

They hold a look - this doesn't make sense. Lorenzo, who's leaning down over one of the CRIPS, pulls off this MAN'S jacket revealing his BARE ARMS where he finds:

A TATTOO. MILITARY DESIGN. He zeroes in on it:

LORENZO (CONT'D)

Check this out. Brothers got the same ink as the Trumpie.

He gestures toward the ONE WHITE CRIP who's jacket has already been removed revealing TATTOOS on his arm, including this MILITARY-STYLE DESIGN.

Dmitri analyzes the TATS.

DMITRI

Special Forces.

He and Lorenzo trade a look - what the fuck is going on here?

CUT TO:

A DOOR SLAMMING. HARD. WHAM! PULL BACK TO:

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - COMMAND AND CONTROL - NIGHT

As the ARCHITECT pushes that DOOR shut and says to someone O.S.:

ARCHITECT

- Check every bridge - over the last two hours.

TECH (O.S.)

Bridges are all locked down. Whole Island's locked down.

ARCHITECT

Just do it.

She approaches a TECH at a COMPUTER in this small office, somewhere in Command. Just the two of them. She's on guard, up to something, as the TECH PUNCHES BUTTONS on his KEYBOARD, accessing SURVEILLANCE CAM FOOTAGE of a BRIDGE - MILITARY VEHICLES PARKED at BOTH ENDS - locking down this structure:

TECH

What did I tell you? This is the Goethals Bridge - from Staten to Jersey. Completely locked. I'll double time the footage from two hours ago until now.

He fast forwards the recorded CAM FOOTAGE. No change. Military vehicles locking down the bridge the whole time.

ARCHITECT

Let me see the other bridges.

The Tech presses some BUTTONS accessing FOOTAGE of:

TECH

The Bayonne Bridge. Also from Staten to Jersey. Also locked up. Here's footage from two hours ago.

He SCROLLS through RECORDED FOOTAGE showing the BAYONNE BRIDGE locked down just like the GOETHALS. The Architect is thinking out loud:

ARCHITECT

Maybe they were on the Island already. Waiting to be activated.

TECH

Who? No one came onto the Island after lock down. No way.

ARCHITECT

Check the Verrazano Bridge.

The Tech punches some buttons - accessing recorded CAM FOOTAGE of the VERRAZANO BRIDGE. It too is LOCKED DOWN by MILITARY VEHICLES and PERSONNEL. Tech begins FAST FORWARDING through the FOOTAGE when we suddenly see SOME OF THE MILITARY VEHICLES (BLOCKING BOTH ENDS OF THE BRIDGE) MOVING:

TECH

Shit.

ARCHITECT

Stop it. There.

Tech presses a BUTTON, stopping the fast forward, letting it PLAY at normal speed where we see THE MILITARY VEHICLES DRIVING OFF, opening up the BRIDGE. A moment later, a CONVOY OF SUVs, VANS, SOUPED-UP RACING CARS appear, DRIVING across the expanse. We RECOGNIZE the VANS as the same VEHICLES that carried the CRIPS who attacked Dmitri as well as the CARS that were PARKED OUTSIDE the HOMELESS SHELTER.

Tech and the Architect exchange a very curious look.

ARCHITECT (CONT'D)

There's a military base right over
this bridge - on the Brooklyn side -
correct?

TECH

Yes. Fort Hamilton. Why? What is
all this?

The Architect's shaking her head, thinking:

ARCHITECT

Here's what I need you to do -

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - NIGHT

VARIOUS SHOTS of SECURITY SCREENS displaying VIOLENCE all
over Staten Island. "Gangs" attacking everywhere.
SHOOTINGS, STABBINGS, ETC. REVERSE TO:

THE MINISTER - standing behind all the techs, watching these
screens. Ebullient. He's on the phone:

MINISTER (ON PHONE)

- It's turning. I knew it would.
What did I tell you?

A SECURITY OFFICER approaches the MINISTER. Quietly:

SECURITY

- Sir, sorry to interrupt, but we
have a breach inside a private
office.

The Minister takes that in. He looks around, searching the
room for someone.

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

CLOSE - COMPUTER SCREEN - DRONE FOOTAGE of a CONVOY of TRUCKS
driving along a HIGHWAY. The IMAGE flashes to ANOTHER DRONE
SHOT of THESE SAME TRUCKS driving through a LOW INCOME AREA
of ROW HOUSING. REVERSE TO REVEAL:

THE ARCHITECT AND HER TECH analyzing this footage on a
COMPUTER:

TECH

- I can track every vehicle that came over that bridge, through drone cams, as they made their way into low-income areas on Staten Island, where they begin their attacks.

ARCHITECT

This is unbelievable. I'll need all this footage on a flash drive. I want to -

She's interrupted by the DOOR OPENING behind her. She turns, seeing:

THE MINISTER ENTERING with TWO SECURITY OFFICERS (one holding a KEY CARD). She's caught and knows it.

MINISTER

- Did you really think you could just snoop around an NFFA building? Don't you know we monitor everything here. Everywhere.

She doesn't care about getting caught. She needs answers.

ARCHITECT

I know what you've done. Sending NFFA soldiers into the Island, disguised as gangs, as citizens. To make it look like people are participating here because there wasn't enough killing. To make it look like Staten Islanders, Americans, needed this holiday. The NFFA couldn't be wrong, no way. Are you out of your fucking mind?

(then)

But why? It has to be financial - it always is, isn't it?

Beat, then:

ARCHITECT (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

You're right, Doctor. It is financial. This country is dying. It's overpopulated. There's too much crime. Too much unemployment -

ARCHITECT (CONT'D)

(interrupting)

Is that even true? Or did you falsify those numbers too - ?

He ignores - continuing:

MINISTER

- with a bankrupt government who can't afford to take care of its citizenry. We inherited this mess. Something needed to be done. And you gave us this experiment. And I need it to work. I need to sell this on a country-wide scale because this is our last hope to make this country manageable.

She's shaking her head - getting it - flabbergasted - it looks like her head may explode:

ARCHITECT

You're trying to depopulate the lower class so the government doesn't have to support them. You just want to reduce government spending to revitalize a dying economy.

(then)

Oh my god. What have I done?

The Minister responds:

MINISTER

You saved us. I thank you for it. This is just the beginning.

ARCHITECT

(losing it)

No. No. You can't do this. This is a lie. People don't need this. America doesn't need this!! YOU CAN'T BUILD THIS OFF OF A LIE!!

Paying little attention - to his SECURITY OFFICERS:

MINISTER

Drop her body somewhere on Staten Island - we'll say she wanted to get a close look at her experiment and was killed by a stray bullet.

Off her terrified face -

CUT TO:

A HI-TECH RADIO HEADSET - on the ground - through which we HEAR:

VOICES OVER HEADSET

- Dispatch - this is Alpha - we're on corner of Park and 3rd.

(another voice)

Dispatch - Delta requests back up on Targee and 8th.

(another voice)

Delta, Echo will join you soon.

Beta team, can we get a sit-rep?

PULL BACK TO:

EXT. STREET - DMITRI'S SUV - NIGHT - SAME

Dmitri and Lorenzo are now leaning down, over another dead 'CRIP', listening to VOICES over his RADIO HEADSET. Dmitri's putting together the pieces, just like the Architect did.

LORENZO

Something funky going down, D.

Dmitri nods - there definitely is. He's clearly starting to get it. His mind racing, as coordinated MILITARY CHATTER continues over that RADIO - then WHOOSH! Dmitri spins, seeing another GROUP of TRUCKS ROARING PASSED - a block behind their position - open truck cabs carrying MORE SOLDIERS (these MEN donning all BLACK with BURQA-LIKE HOODS that conceal faces).

LORENZO (CONT'D)

It's getting hot out here, Jefe.
Need to get you home. Now.

Dmitri's not listening. HOLD ON HIM - something brewing within - as the SOUND of GUN SHOTS - MACHINE GUN FIRE - rises in the distance - the soundtrack of WAR.

Dmitri suddenly climbs on to the hood of the SUV - stepping atop its ROOF - looking out over the city from this higher vantage - seeing MUZZLE FLASHES of BLAZING GUNS on MULTIPLE STREETS in the NEAR DISTANCE, all across this neighborhood.

LORENZO (CONT'D)

Come on boss, we gotta get off these streets.

Beat. Dmitri's still not listening. He's looking out over Park Hill - its streets alight with gunfire - a city under siege.

He understands exactly what's going on now. He's shaking his head, grim realization in his dark eyes.

DMITRI

No. We're not going home. Get everyone together. We're opening the war chest.

SOUND UPCUT: WAGNER'S '*RIDE OF THE VALKRIES*' rising:

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK HILL STREET - NIGHT

As '*VALKRIES*' rises - we're LOOKING at a SEA of GAS MASKS - huddled together. Pig skin-colored GAS MASKS - each with an extended, phallic-like breathing tube and a SMALL RAZOR-SHARP BAYONET attached to its dangling end. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

THE MEN (and WOMEN) wearing these MASKS. All standing in the REAR of an OPEN-CABBED TRUCK that is roaring through Park Hill, searching for victims. All these MEN/WOMEN are armed for bear. All wearing these masks and pig-skin colored BODY ARMOR over pig-skin colored COVERALLS.

A freaky horde of GOVERNMENT SOLDIERS, dressed like some kind of futuristic SKINHEAD GANG. THE LEADER is HOLDING a FLAMETHROWER as he turns up the VOLUME on a NEARBY SPEAKER SYSTEM playing '*RIDE OF THE VALKRIES*'.

Some of these SOLDIERS are FIRING their MACHINE GUNS AT NEARBY BUILDINGS; at O.S. VICTIMS. It's chaos and destruction and death. As this TRUCK roars passed an INTERSECTION, we WHIP PAN AWAY FROM IT, finding:

A GROUP OF PEOPLE hiding behind a CAR on a nearby CORNER. Upon closer inspection, we see that it's:

NYA, ISAIAH, MIGUEL, ROSE, AND SELINA. All watching that truck race by as well as seeing:

WHOOSH! A HORDE of MOTORCYCLES carrying ARMED GANG MEMBERS (SOLDIERS) on a STREET BEHIND THEM.

Nya and her friends all exchange looks of horror:

ROSE

Who are all these gangs? What is going on?

NYA

We need to keep moving. We can't
be out here. Get to my building.
Follow me. Let's move.

The area seems clear ahead. They emerge from behind that
CAR, running across the street - down a PERPENDICULAR STREET.

The street is VERY DARK - they proceed down it slowly - a
tight group - eyes darting about.

Isaiah takes the LEAD. Nya is LAST. Everyone alert.

NYA (CONT'D)

Just a few blocks away.

They continue on - terrified - with the SOUND OF GUNSHOTS
rising in the b.g. Like a WAR in the near distance. And
that's when, from VERY CLOSE-BY:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Stop. Don't move.

Isaiah stops in his tracks. The others follow. Isaiah sees
in his periphery:

TWO GLOWING EYES in the DARK OPEN DOORWAY of the BUILDING
next to them. Then:

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

You can have a moment to say
goodbye to each other before I kill
you all.

An upwelling rush of shock. Fear. Sorrow.

ROSE AND SELINA

What? Please... No... Don't...

FEMALE VOICE

Don't speak to me. Don't cry.
Just close your eyes now.

They're all shaking, weeping. They don't know what to do.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

Close your eyes, I said.

Terrified, they oblige. No choice. All closing their eyes.
Waiting to die. And that's when this O.S. GLOWING-EYED
FEMALE emerges from the DARKNESS, revealing herself to be:

THE WOMAN who was psychologically evaluated days ago. The
Woman who "hit" her children.

The woman who asked what she had to do to "participate." She's holding a GUN - her hand shaking as she steps out of the darkness, onto the street, behind this group - behind NYA.

NYA - eyes closed, feels her presence, HEARS the Woman's steps behind her. Nya hears SELINA and ROSE silently weeping. Nya can't stand here and get shot. She tries:

NYA

You don't have to -

THE WOMAN

- No talking. I have to. I have to participate.

NYA

You don't -

THE WOMAN

I do. For my family. Now say goodbye to your loved ones. You shouldn't have come out tonight.

NYA

I can't say goodbye. That's my brother. Isaiah. That girl is their daughter. Selina.

The Woman's rattled, gun hand shaking, nerves and emotions getting the best of her:

THE WOMAN

Stop it! Stop it!

Nya hears her hesitation. Takes a chance and TURNS AROUND:

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)

Turn the fuck around. Turn around!

NYA

Please, you don't have to do this. My name is Nya. Please - don't become a killer for them - it's not worth it - it's not worth it -

THE WOMAN

SHUT UP! YOU SHUT UP! YOU DON'T KNOW ME! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I NEED!!! WHAT MY FAMILY NEEDS! YOU GOT MONEY TO GIVE?! SHUT UP!!!

They're both talking at the same time. Isaiah, Selina, Rose and Miguel are shaking in fear, weeping. Nya's and the Woman's voices rise - shouting at each other when Nya sees - down the street - way behind the WOMAN:

THE GAS-MASKED SOLDIERS

ON FOOT NOW and TURNING ONTO THIS STREET. Jogging toward them. Nya's pointing:

NYA
Look behind you! Look!

But the Woman's still screaming:

THE WOMAN
You don't know how I live. I need
THIS MONEY!!! I'M SORRY!!!!

HER FINGER PRESSES ON THE TRIGGER when, suddenly,
RATATATATATAT! The Woman's BODY is riddled with BULLETS -
hailing from the GAS-MASKED SOLDIERS. Nya screams:

NYA
RUN!

She's turning, running - grabbing and pushing MIGUEL, ROSE,
SELINA, AND ISAIAH down the street.

GAS-MASKED SOLDIERS shooting, chasing.

Nya, Isaiah, Selina, Rose and Miguel hauling ass, GUNFIRE
SPARKING AROUND THEM - near misses. They turn down:

AN ALLEY - running for their lives.

Miguel - who knows this TERRAIN well - assumes the LEAD,
taking them through various ALLEYS - making turns, right,
left, behind buildings, until the GAS-MASKED MEN are no
longer in sight.

They are safe.

Miguel slows, seeking refuge behind a TRASH BIN in an alley.
All out of breath:

ISAIAH
I don't know where we are. Are we
far from our building?

MIGUEL
No. It's just down the street.

NYA
I don't hear anything. Let's go.

They move to the CORNER - as a GROUP. Eyes darting about.
They look right, spotting:

THE TWO PARK HILL TOWERS just a block away. Home. Refuge.

NYA (CONT'D)

Let's go. Don't stop.

One last breath and WHAM! They are off. All running full out - Isaiah is no longer limping - adrenaline driving him. They cut across the STREETS.

Across the PARK.

Right to TOWER 2.

Nya extracts her key - ushers everyone inside. Fast. Before locking the door, she looks back as the SOUND OF GUNFIRE RISING in the near distance.

She closes the door, locking it.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - NIGHT

The 100 GRID SCREENS display IMAGES of VIOLENCE all over the Island. MASS SHOOTINGS and ATTACKS seen from DRONE CAMS, SECURITY CAMS, and RECORDING LENSES. Techs monitor everything as:

THE MINISTER stands tall behind it all, eyeing those screens, the violence, a borough eviscerated by bullets and bleeding out. The Minister's PHONE RINGS. He picks it up:

MINISTER

Thank you, sir. It's more than we expected at this point. Yes, it seems people really needed this.

He lowers his phone, triumphant. SECURITY OFFICER 1 (whom we met earlier) enters and whispers something to him. The Minister nods, satisfied with whatever he just heard.

His eyes go back to the screens - he considers what he's done, what he's accomplished.

The Minister smiles.

CUT TO:

WHOOSH! A LARGE SOLID ROLL-DOWN SECURITY GATE BEING OPENED:

INT. STASH HOUSE - NIGHT

In the rear of Dmitri's STASH HOUSE we find DMITRI, LORENZO (on phone), 7 & 7, BLAISE and several SOLDIERS standing in front of an enormous SECURITY GATE that's LIFTED, revealing a DARK ROOM behind it.

We can't see much until Dmitri flicks on some lights, granting us vision into:

THE WAR CABINET

HUNDREDS of WEAPONS inside this large space. An arsenal. A GUN and WEAPONS VAULT. Fit for an army. AUTOMATIC RIFLES, AR-15S, PISTOLS, RIFLES, SHOTGUNS, HANG GUNS, HAND-HELD BLADES, MACHETES, GRENADES, TEAR GAS, C4, etc.

Dmitri and his men enter, eyeing the steel.

DMITRI

Gear up and load the trucks.

Lorenzo lowers the phone:

LORENZO

Every soldier we have is on their way.

Dmitri nods, adrenalized. He addresses his men:

DMITRI

NFFA cocksuckers sending military troops in here to take us out. Our way of life is under siege, gentlemen. We're gonna protect it. We're the only ones who can.

They're all grabbing WEAPONS - it doesn't take much to get these guys excited to fight.

Dmitri finds a AR15 - feels its weight - ready to rock.

CUT TO:

INT. ISAIAH AND NYA'S APT. - NIGHT

Movement as Nya shows MIGUEL, ROSE, AND SELINA around her apartment. We don't see Isaiah. The distant SOUND of GUNSHOTS penetrates from outside, even 15 floors up in this tower.

NYA

- Please, make yourselves at home.
Bathroom's in the back.

MIGUEL

Thank you so much for this, Nya. I
don't know what to say.

ROSE has noticed something on the floor that's grabbed her
attention. She leans down, finding BLOOD.

ROSE

Nya.

Nya takes a cue from Rose's tone. She moves to her - leaning
down, also seeing the blood. She sees Rose's concerned face.
Relieves her with:

NYA

My brother. Injured his neck
yesterday. Was bleeding. I
thought I cleaned it all up.
Nothing to worry about.

Rose breaths a sigh of relief. They both stand when the
FRONT DOOR of the APARTMENT OPENS and ISAIAH enters, saying:

ISAIAH

They're fine.

Entering behind him is:

DOLORES, and her very quiet HUSBAND - BOB - from earlier.

NYA

Thank God you're OK. Something's
going on outside - a lot of gangs -
I think we should all be together.
Strength in numbers.

DOLORES

Where the hell did your skinny ass
run off to before? Scared the piss
out of us.

NYA

Long story. Where is everyone
else?

DOLORES

Once the shit hit the fan outside,
everyone freaked the fuck out and
went home.

(sees young Selina)

(MORE)

DOLORES (CONT'D)

Excuse my French, young lady. I just can't help myself.

SELINA

I live on the streets. I've heard worse.

That gets a laugh from everyone. Tension breaker. Dolores and Bob introduce themselves to Miguel and Rose as Nya turns away from the crowd and moves to the WINDOW - looking outside. FROM HER HIGH 14th FLOOR VANTAGE - she sees TRUCKS AND CARS all over the neighborhood. MUZZLE FLASHES OF GUNFIRE EVERYWHERE. The neighborhood is under siege.

Isaiah steps up next to her - he too sees the WAR raging all over the city. They share a frightened look.

NYA

We're safe.

ISAIAH

For now.

NYA

Come on, let's go clean up your leg. We don't need more of your blood all over the house.

They walk off. WE STAY BACK - focusing on more drops of BLOOD, speckled across the floor. **MUSIC UPCUT** - the coolest, hardest driving BEAT in cinema history -

CUT TO:

MOVING AERIAL SHOT - STREET

Following a CONVOY OF SUVs AND CARS - at least 10 vehicles - racing along this street. MUSIC RISES. GO TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS - LOOKING INSIDE THESE VEHICLES, FINDING:

DMITRI'S ARMY - STREET TOUGH, HARD CORE BLACK MEN - strapping on BODY ARMOR. Loading WEAPONS. CLICK. CLICK. Handguns, machine guns, shotguns. Prepping for battle. FIND:

INT. DMITRI'S SUV - NIGHT

In the middle of this convoy. Dmitri's in the passenger seat, Lorenzo's driving. BLAISE and 7 & 7 are in back seat. All wearing body-armor. Blaise and 7 & 7 are loading a cache of WEAPONS.

Dmitri's holding the RADIO and HEADSET he procured from the SPECIAL FORCES GOVERNMENT SOLDIER he killed earlier - listening to CHATTER over that RADIO:

RADIO CHATTER (MULTIPLE VOICES)
 - Surveillance drone found a
 homeless city on the elevated train
 off 6th. It's yours Alpha.
 (different voice)
 Citizens mounting a resistance
 against Charlie Team on 4th and
 Bay. Echo, transit to assist.
 (different voice)
 Echo heading that way -

Dmitri lowers the VOLUME on the RADIO. Looks at his team:

DMITRI
 Here's what we're gonna do.
 Lorenzo, take your men and -

Dmitri continues quarterbacking as the DRIVING MUSIC
 CRESCENDOES -

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET BELOW ELEVATED TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Music stops. Quiet here - no movement on the street below the TRAIN STATION - until a STEEL-PLATED VAN pulls up, stopping. DOORS OPEN and 10 GANG MEMBERS (GOVERNMENT SOLDIERS) emerge. Dressed up as HEAVILY ARMED STREET THUGS. We're MOVING with them - in two by two military cover formation - synchronized movement betraying their real identity. TEAM LEADER whispers into his RADIO:

TEAM LEADER (INTO RADIO)
 Alpha team at E Train on Hudson.
 Radio silence until assignment
 complete. Out.

He lowers RADIO - signals to his TEAM to ASCEND the STAIRS.

They do, following him, rising, and reaching the:

PLATFORM OF THE ELEVATED TRAIN STATION

As they crest the stairs, they immediately see:

A TENT CITY - set up on the TRACKS - dozens of temporary residences for Homeless, as trains are shut down on the Purge. No movement here, all the homeless folk apparently within their tents.

The Team moves quietly, following their Leader across the platform, positioning themselves in a prime shooting spot to TARGET the TENTS and the HOMELESS WITHIN.

Leader signals 'STOP'. Team follows. Leader signals toward the TENTS - 'FIRE ON MY COMMAND.' Each Team member raises his or her WEAPON, targeting the TENTS. A firing line. They're ready to unload when:

A SOUND RISES NEARBY. A kicked can. They all look up, seeing:

LORENZO and TEN OF DMITRI'S SOLDIERS standing on the platform across the TRACKS. Moving out of the DARKNESS into the light - revealing themselves. Their GUNS are raised - targeting the shocked government thugs.

LORENZO

Shoot these NFFA motherfuckers.

Dmitri's MEN do not hesitate. They drop a SALVO of HEAVY LEAD into these NFFA SOLDIERS - who all fall - dead.

Beat.

DOZENS of HOMELESS slowly emerge from THEIR TENTS. Looking at the dead soldiers. Then looking at Lorenzo and NODDING - 'THANK YOU'.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK HILL STREET - NIGHT

RATATATATATA! A ORGY OF GUNFIRE blazes as a FIREFIGHT unfolds right here in the heart of Park Hill, Staten Island.

On the STREET SIDE of this battle - hunkered down behind their VEHICLES - is a SQUAD OF GOVERNMENT THUGS - dressed as an inner city gang. They're exchanging heavy fire with:

SOME CITIZENS OF STATEN - set up INSIDE the FRONT FOYER AND LOBBY of their TENEMENT BUILDING - and SHOOTING OUT at the NFFA SOLDIERS. Both YOUNG AND OLD FOLKS - clearly residents of this APARTMENT HOUSE, including TAZ AND SHARPIE - OLD FREDDY'S FRIENDS from the BARBERSHOP. This small group of citizens is dropping small arms fire upon that squad, barely holding their own, as bullets rain down around them until:

WHOOSH! A fortified government TRUCK arrives behind the first team of soldiers. More NFFA HENCHMEN emerge and join their COMRADES on the firing line. And suddenly:

THE RESIDENTS of STATEN - INSIDE that BUILDING - are RATATATATATATATAT! Overpowered by TWO TIMES the amount of GUNFIRE hailing from the outside. They all dive for cover as the fire-fight intensifies.

It looks like they're going to be overrun when:

THE NFFA SOLDIERS - who are beginning to advance toward the building - in coordinated movement - notice:

TEAR GAS CANISTERS - hailing from some unknown source - rolling into the scene - right at their feet.

Before they could react - WHOOSH! WHOOSH! WHOOSH!

Roiling swirls of DENSE GAS/SMOKE disgorges from the cannisters. THE SOLDIERS are disoriented, confused, spinning - where is this coming from? They don't see:

FIGURES moving through the smoke with them. These FIGURES are armed and wearing SMALL GOGGLES (like SUNGLASSES) to protect them from the SMOKE. BAM! BAM! BAM! These FIGURES begin shooting these SOLDIERS - up close and personal. It's:

DMITRI, BLAISE, 7&7, and several other of D's MEN - embarking on a coolly calculated killing rampage, taking out at least a DOZEN NFFA SOLDIERS with precision shots - BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! They're walking under this veil of TEAR GAS - unseen - undaunted - taking out two full government TEAMS - and not stopping until everyone is dead. GO TO:

INT. FOYER OF TENEMENT - SAME

Where Taz, Sharpie, and the other RESIDENTS realize that the GUNFIRE HAS STOPPED. No more shooting. They're staring at the street outside which is now ENGULFED by SMOKE from end to end. They can barely see anything when the smoke begins to undulate in front of the building, revealing:

DMITRI - emerging like a wraith. With BLAISE, 7&7, and several OTHER MEN. Guns at their sides. Killing done. For now.

TAZ and several others AIM their WEAPONS to SHOOT THESE STRANGERS when:

SHARPIE
Don't shoot!!!!

They don't as Dmitri and his Men remove their GOGGLES, revealing themselves to the RESIDENTS. They all stand up - shocked by what they're seeing. The residents all converge around these bad asses, speechless, thankful.

DMITRI
You're all safe now. We got this.

Then:

7 & 7 (O.S.)
D! You need to hear this!

Something urgent in 7's tone. Dmitri's moves to 7 - who's holding that RADIO/HEADSET. His expression dire as he hands it to Dmitri. Dmitri hears:

VOICE OVER HEADSET
- Proceed to Housing Project Towers
on Main and Bay. Begin Tower
cleanse.

SECOND VOICE (RESPONDING)
Beta on Second - en route to Towers
with Echo. ETA ten minutes.

Dmitri's face congeals. Nya.

CUT TO:

A TV - displaying VARIOUS SURVEILLANCE CAMS - footage of VIOLENCE in STATEN ISLAND from different SOURCES.

REPORTER (O.S.)
- It has escalated quickly,
especially in Park Hill and
Mariners Harbor - the low income
areas of Staten Island -

REVERSE TO REVEAL:

INT. NYA'S AND ISAIAH'S APT. - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Where Dolores, Rose, Miguel, Bob, and Nya are all watching this report. They look collectively ashen - as if watching the world come to an end. The SOUND of GUNFIRE rises through windows. Isaiah's with Selina in the CORNER - distracting her with a card game as he sneaks glances at the TV:

REPORTER (ON TV)
- Dozens of gangs. People are
participating. That is no longer
in doubt. Some of this footage
looks like World War 3.

They all exchange a look of dread. Dolores reaches for a nearby BOTTLE OF WINE and refills everyone's glasses. She then swigs her on glass, before turning to Nya:

DOLORES

For godsakes, woman - imbibe.

Nya shakes her head - no. She's freaked and trying to hide it. They all continue watching the report - when we begin to SLOWLY PAN AWAY FROM THEM - moving to the WINDOW - closing in on it and looking OUTSIDE - seeing SOMETHING 4 blocks away.

Something approaching fast.

IT'S TWO TRUCKS - coming straight for the Towers.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - SAME

WHOOSH! As those two OPEN-CABBED TRUCKS BARREL headlong through Park Hill - right toward the TOWERS. Just 3 blocks away now and closing fast. Each TRUCK carrying about a DOZEN MEN - all wearing body armor, all armed for bear, and all wearing INFANT BABY FACE MASKS - with glowing eyes behind them. Team Leader speaks into his RADIO HEADSET:

TEAM LEADER (YELLING INTO RADIO)

Three blocks from Towers. We're -

BETA SOLDIER 1 interrupts Team Leader:

BETA SOLDIER 1 (YELLING OVER MUSIC)

- Sergeant, we got a mark ahead.

Team Leader looks down the street, seeing SOMEONE standing on the CORNER ahead. Very tall, dressed in black. Very still.

Team Leader looks at his SOLDIERS:

TEAM LEADER (YELLING TO TEAM)

Who wants this asshole?

All hands rise. Team Leader points to SOLDIER 1:

TEAM LEADER (YELLING) CONT'D) (CONT'D)

You saw him first. He's yours.

Soldier 1 leans over the side of the cab - RAISES HIS RIFLE.

POV THROUGH SOLDIER 1'S SCOPE as he TARGETS THAT FIGURE AND WE QUICKLY RECOGNIZE THIS PERSON AS:

DMITRI - standing out in the open as the TRUCK approaches. He's HOLDING SOMETHING IN HIS HAND. SOLDIER 1'S SCOPE finds that it's some kind of:

DETONATOR. Before Soldier could say anything or shoot,
DMITRI PRESSES THE DETONATOR and:

BABOOOM! He triggers the C4 PACKS set up right in the middle of this STREET - over which TRUCK 1 is passing - and WHAM! The TRUCK and all its OCCUPANTS are engulfed in a FIREBALL. An orgy of ripped metal and shredded flesh takes to the air as the body of the truck is catapulted skyward within the plume of flame and smoke.

Dmitri smirks, just as TRUCK 2 SKIDS OUT, dovetailing, barely avoiding the cannonade of steel and fire ahead - WHAM! It SLAMS into a NEARBY BUILDING! The Men in the rear of the cab are tossed around like rag-dolls, some falling out.

Dazed but alive. They rise, stumbling out of their VEHICLE, only to see:

7 & 7 and a HORDE or DMITRI'S MEN standing near.
RATATATATAT! Unloading their MAGAZINES into them. Killing every one of them. DOWN THE STREET:

DMITRI stands tall - backlit by the flames of the detonated TRUCK. He looks back at NYA'S TOWER - several blocks away. Safe. Protected. By him. SAME:

INT. NYA AND ISAIAH'S APT. - LIVING ROOM - SAME - NIGHT

Everyone's on their feet now, by the window, looking outside - seeing the BURNING TRUCK 3 BLOCKS AWAY. All shaking their heads, *'what the hell is going on out there?'* HOLD ON:

NYA - spotting that LONE MAN - that singular distant FIGURE on the corner in front of that fiery TRUCK. She stares at him for an extended beat. He seems to be looking back at the Tower. *'Could it be?'*

She finally pulls herself away from the window - joining everyone else as they return to the couch -

NYA
Maybe I'll imbibe no-

But she's suddenly interrupted by:

AHHHHH!!!!!! The CLOSET DOOR BEHIND HER SWINGING OPEN!
SOMEONE EMERGING IN A WILD BURST - SCREAMING LIKE A POSSESSED DEMON! (HUGE JUMP-SCARE!) It's:

SKELETOR - covered in blood - from head to toe. He's screaming, babbling, and spinning - wielding a LARGE KNIFE.

Everyone SCREAMS! Retreats - falling - scurrying - as SKELETOR ATTACKS. Unrelenting in his madness, swinging that knife manically, trying to stab everyone and everything. A whirling dervish of pure violent unleashed Purge insanity.

WHOOSH! He slashes MIGUEL, who's trying to protect his family. WHOOSH! He slashes DOLORES who's trying to protect her husband.

Dolores drops, bleeding. Isaiah moves to help her and SKELETOR'S EYES go wide as he sees his primary TARGET. SCREAMING, the freak dives toward ISAIAH, blade out, ready to drive it into Isaiah's back when:

NYA emerges - she's SCREAMING like a BANSHEE too, and WHAM! She plunges a STEAK KNIFE into Skeletor. WHAM! Again. And again. Until the crazed maniac finally drops, dying at everyone's feet. Nya's saved her brother. Everyone's frozen in silence. No one hurt too badly. More shock than blood.

Nya grabs the bottle of wine. A long unending swig.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - NIGHT

MULTIPLE SCREENS are displaying CAM VIEWS of STREETS which are littered with BODIES - bodies of GOVERNMENT SOLDIERS now. We find THE MINISTER in the rear of Command, on the phone, a private conversation:

MINISTER (ON PHONE)

- Who would have the means to fight back? You're the U.S. military. You should be fucking embarrassed.

(beat, listening)

You know? I don't care. It all looks like participation. As long as there's violence on the cameras and bodies on the ground, we're in good shape.

(beat, listening)

Fine. Use them - use whatever you like - but get more teams in there.

EXT. PARK HILL - PARK (PSYCH EVAL SITE) - NIGHT

EMPTY PARK. A few blocks from the Towers. No more chairs and desks for the evals. In their place we now see MULTIPLE SUVs parked. Not moving, when:

TWO CARS drive into the park, stopping alongside the SUVs. The DOORS OPEN on all the VEHICLES, revealing DMITRI, 7 & 7 (and some henchmen) emerging from the SUVs, while LORENZO and his SOLDIERS step out of the CARS.

Dmitri, Lorenzo, Blaise, and 7 & 7 meet up - all adrenalized (their SOLDIERS stand around them, on guard):

DMITRI
(to Lorenzo)
- You good?

LORENZO
All good, D. Kinda fun to be honest.

DMITRI
Damn straight. Like the old days.
(then)
Not much chatter on the radio.
Things are quieting. But there's still a couple of teams left.
Here's what we're gonna do next -

He spreads a MAP out on the HOOD of a CAR. They look down at it, consulting it, when SHADOWS begin moving across the map. Something is above them - coursing through the light source. Dmitri takes note of this - looks skyward and spies:

A SEA OF DRONES - dozens of them, moving through the moonlight and taking position right above his team.

Beat.

Dmitri knows what's coming next:

DMITRI (CONT'D)
DOWN!

Before any of his MEN could react, RATATATATATAT! THE DRONES OPEN FIRE - each equipped with a MINI-GUN - each MINI-GUN firing HUNDREDS of ROUNDS down upon Dmitri and his MEN. 7 & 7 is ripped apart. Dmitri tries to grab LORENZO, but LORENZO is hit in the head - dead. Blaise takes shots to the chest.

Dmitri's moving fast as BULLETS rain down from above, he's scurrying under the car, seeking SHELTER - gunfire unrelenting. He's under, safe, looking out, seeing:

BODIES of HIS MEN - falling - dropping - riddled with bullet holes. Body after body hitting the earth, until:

Over a dozen men lay dead on the ground.

The gunfire stops. It's over.

He peeks out, looking skyward, seeing THE DRONES flying off - a coordinated mass exit - like a bird flock, migrating away.

He crawls out from under his SUV. Surveys the bodies - LORENZO, BLAISE, 7 & 7 - dead. All his other men - gone. He's frozen, devastated, when a RUMBLE OF SOUND grabs his attention. He sees:

A CONVOY OF LARGE TRUCKS - VANS, OPEN-CABBED TRUCKS, ETC. Driving into PARK HILL. About a half dozen. A second wave. The TRUCKS separate, all taking different routes. Dmitri follows THREE TRUCKS/VANS as they drive right toward:

THE PARK HILL TOWERS

Specifically TOWER 2. PARKING IN FRONT. 30 SOLDIERS EMERGE from the TRUCKS, respectively - all WEARING bizarre SMILEY FACE MASKS and BODY ARMOR.

They line up. THE LEADER OF THIS GROUP - also WEARING A SMILEY FACE MASK (on which he's written '**MADE IN AMERICA**') - signals to this LARGE UNIT. They then move out - some going to the FRONT - others around the SIDES, and the REAR.

Dmitri's expression congeals. He's extracting his cell - dialing -

CUT TO:

INT. NYA'S AND ISAIAH'S APT. - NIGHT

Chaos as the SOUND of GUNFIRE rises from inside their building. From below. Everyone's moving, frantic, terrified. Nya's at the WINDOW - staring down at the TRUCKS. ISAIAH appears next to her:

ISAIAH
What do we do, sis?

Nya's phone RINGS before she can answer Isaiah. She sees the NUMBER. Picks it up immediately:

INTERCUT NYA AND DMITRI ON PHONE:

DMITRI (ON PHONE)
- Here's what's gonna happen.
They'll move floor to floor.
Killing as many as they can.
You're on 14 - so you have time.
Move to the back of your apartment.
Hole up.

Beat.

NYA (ON PHONE)

D -

DMITRI (ON PHONE)

- Stay strong, Ny. I will be there.

She lowers her phone. The SOUND of GUNFIRE rising.

NYA

OK - here's what we're gonna do -

BACK TO:

EXT. PARK HILL - PARK - NIGHT

Dmitri lowers his phone - staring at the TOWER - under siege - MUZZLE FLASHES blazing within and lighting up windows on the lower floors. HOLD ON DMITRI - alone - out-gunned - out-manned - a plan forming in his mind.

He moves to his NEARBY TRUCK. Decimated by DRONE GUNFIRE. He opens the TRUNK. Grabbing WEAPONS AND EXPLOSIVES - filling a DUFFLE BAG with everything - MACHINE GUNS, GRENADES, C4 EXPLOSIVES. A one man arsenal. He throws the bag over his shoulder and starts off toward the TOWER.

After a few steps, he stops himself. He looks back in the opposite direction. An idea.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWER 2 - SECOND FLOOR LONG WINDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

SLOW-MOTION MADNESS as that GOVERNMENT SQUAD dressed as STREET THUGS wearing creepy SMILEY-FACED MASKS with GLOWING EYES BEHIND THEM and FULL BODY ARMOR (a coordinated hand-drawn SMILEY FACE on the CHEST PLATE) - lays systematic siege to this building, executing citizens within.

This well-oiled 12 MAN killing machine (we'll call them TEAM SMILEY) breaks down into FOUR TEAMS consisting of THREE MEN (and WOMEN). One SOLDIER BUZZ-SAWS AN APARTMENT'S DOOR - THE OTHER TWO MAKE FORCED ENTRY - KILLING whomever's within. BUZZ-SAW MAN stands GUARD at the DOOR. VARIOUS SLO-MO SHOTS:

- A BUZZ-SAW cutting through METAL. SPARKS BLIND US AND FLY.
- BOOTED FEET kicking down BROKEN DOORS.

- TWO SMILEYS move into a APARTMENT - searching and finding OCCUPANTS hiding (TWO ADULTS). THEY RAISE THEIR GUNS and FIRE. No hesitation. Execution style.

- TWO OTHER SMILEYS in ANOTHER APARTMENT find a FAMILY UNDER A BED. They raise their GUNS. CUT TO:

- A BUZZ-SAW HOLDING SMILEY - on guard at an apartment DOOR - in the hall - spots a CITIZEN trying to escape AHEAD. He SHOOTS this STATEN ISLAND CITIZEN in the back.

The forced entries and government cleansing continues.

CUT TO:

INT. NYA'S AND ISAIAH'S APT. - BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT

WHOOSH! BAM! A DRESSER PUSHED in front of a CLOSED DOOR. PULL BACK TO SEE:

NYA, ISAIAH and MIGUEL pushing that LARGE DRESSER in front of the door. Behind them - DOLORES, ROSE and SELINA are pushing chairs, desk - anything that can find in this SMALL BEDROOM to blockade the door.

THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE AND BUZZ-SAWS AND HUMAN SCREAMS rises like a symphony from hell. Louder and closer every moment.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT

Dark street - minimal lighting - peppered with dead Staten Island citizens. We don't know why we're looking at it. There's no movement. Just bloody corpses. A snapshot from hell. Until:

SOMEONE IS TURNING THE CORNER, walking onto this street. IT'S:

DMITRI CIMBER - his duffle bag full of weapons over his shoulder. Walking tall. But he's not alone:

COFFY and 4 other GERMAN SHEPHERDS are flanking him, walking with him. In step.

Dmitri and his new army. Silhouetted on the dark street.

Ready for war.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWER 2 - LONG HALL - 5TH FLOOR - NIGHT

TEAM SMILEY moves down the HALL - all 12 ready to make entry into MORE APARTMENTS and that's when RATATATATATA! BULLET FIRE erupts - peppering the walls around them. They see:

STATEN ISLAND CITIZENS coming out of their APARTMENTS in a GROUP - mounting a resistance. Firing with HANDGUNS. POW! POW!

ONE SMILEY is hit - in his CHEST ARMOR. He's down, but quickly back on his feet. Then - simultaneously - all the SMILEYS open up with their HI-TECH GOVERNMENT-ISSUED all-powerful automatic rifles and - RATATATATTAATAT!

THE RESIDENTS ARE COMPLETELY TORN TO SHREDS BY THIS BARRAGE and the entire citizen resistance squad is taken out, deader than dead. Government Smileys have the clear upper hand.

They continue down the HALL - cover formation again, undaunted.

Each THREE MAN TEAM STOPS at a respective APARTMENT. They each begin their entry routine. BUZZ-SAWS UP and BUZZING. DOORS KICKED OPEN. TWO SMILEYS ENTER. ONE SMILEY STAYS BY THE DOOR/GUARDING THE HALL. WE STAY WITH THE SMILEYS AT THE DOORS - ON GUARD - IN THE HALL - as O.S. GUNFIRE erupts INSIDE each of the 4 violated apartments.

Beat. Gunfire rising. Hold on the Watch Guard Smileys (holding BUZZ-SAWS) in the hall.

None of them see:

SLO-MO - COFFY and her FOUR CANINE COMPANIONS entering the HALLWAY BEHIND THEM - from the STAIRCASE - UNSEEN - UNHEARD as GUNFIRE RISES DEAFENINGLY. JAWS WIDE and READY as they each pick a target and WHAM! Simultaneous DOG ATTACK.

All five animals go for the THROATS of the 4 SMILEY GUARDS in the hall. Tackling them to the ground, jaws on necks - FANGS cutting through jugulars. The Smiley Watch Guards have no chance as:

SLO-MO - DMITRI enters behind his ANIMALS. SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN in ONE HAND. UZI in the OTHER. He steps over the first dying WATCH GUARD SMILEY and looks into the first violated APARTMENT - sees the TWO SMILEY GUNMEN WITHIN - they're making their exit.

They're very surprised to see Dmitri standing under the threshold of the doorway with a SHOTGUN. He doesn't hesitate. BAM! BAM! He shoots both - in their SMILEY HEADS - faces explode in hail of brain and blood and plastic.

Dmitri walks on. Cooler than cool. Not breaking a sweat. Reaching the second violated APARTMENT. Steps over the dead Smiley at the door - whom is still being choked out by one of his dogs. DMITRI looks within and FIRES HIS UZI - killing TWO MORE GUNMEN.

Dmitri walks on - unstoppable - down the HALL. TWO SMILEY GUNMEN exit the next violated APARTMENT - they see their FALLEN COMRADE (taken down by COFFY). They raise their WEAPONS to SHOOT COFFY. Before they get off a SHOT - BAM! BAM! Dmitri blasts both of them.

Then - BAM! A SHOT from O.S. rings out. Dmitri's thrown back - taking lead in his body armor. He falls - looks up and sees:

A SMILEY exiting the apartment ahead. Dmitri raises his GUN when COFFY and ALL THE DOGS bum-rush this SMILEY - attacking - eating him alive. A second SMILEY exits this APARTMENT behind him - shocked to see the DOGS and also shocked to see:

DMITRI rising and shooting him in the chest.

He's dead. They're all dead.

Dmitri and his beasts just eliminated 12 assholes. BUT GUNFIRE STILL RISES FROM SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE BUILDING.

More work to be done.

Onward.

CUT TO:

INT. NYA'S AND ISAIAH'S APT. - BACK BEDROOM - SAME

CLOSE - A BASEBALL BAT dropped on a CHAIR next to a bunch of STEAK KNIVES. PULL BACK TO:

NYA, ISAIAH, and everyone else holed up in this barricaded bedroom, standing over this aforementioned group of OBJECTS. They all look very disappointed as the SOUNDS of GUNFIRE rage from below.

DOLORES

(re: STEAK KNIVES AND
BASEBALL BAT)

- What are we having a barbecue?
Where's the fucking slaw?

(then)

Oh shit ass, I forgot something.

Dolores reaches into her billowing night gown/day dress/schmata and reveals a large DESERT EAGLE SHINING SILVER HAND GUN.

They all stare at it and her, shocked.

NYA

Christ Dolores, that's a hand cannon.

DOLORES

My substantial ass can handle it.

ISAIAH

No way. Did you ever use that gun? Did anyone ever use a gun like this?

Nya steps up:

NYA

I did. In my youth. With an old boyfriend. Give it to me.

Dolores hands it over. Nya checks the chamber like an old pro - everyone's impressed. Then:

NYA (CONT'D)

There's only 5 bullets in here.

DOLORES

Better than a bag of shit.

Nya shrugs - '*I guess*'. And that's when they HEAR a DISTANT DOG BARK - from within the building - behind the SOUNDS OF WAR. Isaiah and Nya exchange a look:

ISAIAH

Speaking of an old boyfriend.

They both can't help but smile - wide.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWER 2 - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

As Dmitri and his DOGS ascend. Dmitri is on his knees - speaking GERMAN to one of the beasts - apparently the one who just BARKED. She's spooked by the SOUND of GUNSHOTS very close by. He calms the dog with some GERMAN and together - as a unit - they ascend - to the NEXT PLATFORM - ready to move through the STEEL EXIT DOOR that will take them to the next floor - and that's when:

THE DOORS OPENS - TWO SMILEYS step through - walking RIGHT INTO DMITRI - just a foot away.

Only a second before all hell breaks loose.

They all go to raise GUNS. Too CLOSE - shots are FIRED - BUT no one's hit - HANDS and ARMS are swinging, BLOCKING. Two tight for a GUN BATTLE. These three MEN are quickly entwined - punching, grabbing, fighting, and:

FALLING - backwards - three of them - locked together - tumbling down the stairs - a tumultuous uncontrolled descent to the next platform - bones cracking, bruising, fighting all the way down until they land in a crumpled heap on the NEXT PLATFORM.

Coffy immediately comes to Dmitri's AIDE - taking out SMILEY 2 - going for his neck while Dmitri grapples with SMILEY 1. A vicious fight - simultaneously:

THE DOOR at the TOP of the STAIRS OPENS and 2 OTHER SMILEY GUNMEN enter. Before they could react - Dmitri's other BEASTS make their move - tackling them - but not before these SMILEYS get off some shots - BAM! BAM! Hitting two of the SHEPHERDS in their chests - before the remaining two tackle and battle.

These SMILEYS are putting up a fight, grappling with the DOGS at the top of the stairs while:

DMITRI and COFFY grapple with the TWO SMILEYS at the base of the stairs.

It's vicious. Coffy's biting Smiley 2 all over. Crazy, ferocious, a demon dog. Smiley 2 is trying to poke Coffy's eyes out - she won't have it.

She bites three of his fingers clean off. MEANWHILE:

DMITRI goes face to face with Smiley 1. Punching - elbowing - head-butting - biting - hair pulling - vicious - brutal.

Dmitri gets the SMILEY'S MASK OFF - revealing a YOUNG WHITE MAN underneath. Dmitri punches him - then takes a elbow in his gut that winds him - the guy's formidable but he doesn't have that street vigor and viciousness of Dmitri.

Dmitri finally gets the upper hand and WHAM! Snaps the Smiley's neck. He then says:

DMITRI
Trumpie motherfucker. Get the hell
outta my neighborhood.

Dmitri, bleeding from face wounds, looks over at Coffy. She's won her battle too. He pets her.

DMITRI (CONT'D)
(German, good girl)
Braves mädchen.

Coffy smiles. As best she can. They then both turn, looking up and seeing:

THE TWO SMILEYS at the TOP OF THE STAIRS DEAD. Taken out by the war dogs.

But the dogs aren't moving either. Dmitri and Coffy move to their comrades. All gone. Dying bravely.

Coffy licks their wounds. Dmitri pets them.

More GUNFIRE rises O.S.

The two remaining warriors move onward.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - A SIGN: **14TH FLOOR**. PAN OFF THE SIGN, TO THE DOOR BELOW. IT'S OPENING, REVEALING:

THE LAST SMILEY TEAM entering into a LONG, WINDING HALL.

Nya's and Isaiah's 14th floor Hall.

This team is lead by MADE IN AMERICA SMILEY - the General - and they begin moving through the corridor to make entry into these apartments. Buzz-saws primed and ready.

CUT TO:

INT. NYA'S AND ISAIAH'S APT. - BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT

Everyone's HUDDLED behind the BARRICADED DOOR and that's when they HEAR IT. The sound of BUZZ-SAWS. Close - very close. Right behind their own door.

They all exchange a look. They're coming. Nya quarterbacks:

NYA
They're coming through this door.
They'll be wearing armor - I'll
shoot low, their legs. Isaiah, you
jump in and finish them - go for
the necks. Above their body armor.

DOLORES
 (impressed, shocked)
 Who the fuck was your old
 boyfriend?

NYA
 Everyone else in the closet.

DOLORES
 No. Not me. Miguel, Bob, take
 Selina, and Rose in there. I'm out
 here with Nya. And no one is
 talking my fat ass out of this.
 This is my fucking fight.

No one stops her. Miguel, Bob, Selina, and Rose go in the closet. Nya stands next to the barricaded door - Isaiah and Dolores behind her.

THE SOUND OF GUNMEN right on the other side of that DOOR
 RISES.

Nya's HAND holding the gun is shaking.

Dolores' and Isaiah's hands, holding the steak knives, are
 trembling even more.

And that's when: WHHHHHIIIIIRAWWWWWW!!! The SOUND of a BUZZ-
 SAW just on the other side of the BARRICADED DOOR.

It's happening. Then:

THE SAW CUTS THE DOOR IN HALF - sparks flying everywhere.

The spinning blade then cuts right through the DRESSER - THE
 BED FRAME - everything behind it, blockading it, is torn to
 shreds, falling into pieces.

They're all shaking. Protection and barricades gone.

Open doorway. Exposed, vulnerable.

Then - silence. Buzz-saw stopped.

Just the SOUND of SMILEYS yards away - through that now open
 doorway. Then:

FEET - BOOTED FEET - stepping through that doorway.

TWO SETS OF BOOTS - TWO GUNMEN - TWO SMILEYS - as soon as
 their legs are exposed, Nya takes a deep breath and BAM! BAM!
 BAM! BAM! BAM! Drops the 5 bullets she has into those LEGS.

The Soldiers drop - into the room - revealing their SMILEY FACES as they writhe about - grabbing their bleeding LEGS - their shattered KNEES - screaming under their masks and that's when:

AHHH! Isaiah and Dolores stand and POUNCE. Stabbing both of these SMILEY GUNMEN in the neck, with steak knives.

Nya was right. Above their body armor. Skin exposed.

They both die. Necks ruptured. Their plan worked.

Dolores retreats quickly - as fast as her big body will take her - back to Nya's side - hidden. Isaiah turns to move, when he spots:

THE WATCH GUARD - all the way down the hall - by the FRONT DOOR of their APARTMENT - looking back and seeing ISAIAH and his FALLEN BRETHREN.

Isaiah moves quickly - retreating to Dolores and Nya.

ISAIAH

There's another one. By the front door. He's coming.

NYA

I'm out of bullets.

DOLORES

What do we do?

Nya shakes her head - *'I don't know'*. GO TO:

INT. NYA'S AND ISAIAH'S APT. - FRONT DOOR - SAME

The Watch Guard Smiley who just saw Isaiah is now leaving his post, walking down the LONG HALL from the FRONT FOYER/KITCHEN AREA to the BACK BEDROOM. He creeping - gun up - seeing his two fallen SMILEY FRIENDS under the threshold of the door ahead. He eyes them - he knows there's others in the room - doesn't know how many. Sees the light in that bedroom - ON.

He raises his gun - BAM! BAM! Shoots it out.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Nya, Isaiah, and Dolores are thrust into darkness. Oh shit.
BACK TO:

INT. NYA'S AND ISAIAH'S HALLWAY - NIGHT - SAME

As the GUNMAN proceeds down the CORRIDOR - WHAM! CRASH! He reaches up and SMASHES the LIGHT above him. Now it's completely dark. He puts on some NIGHT VISION - granting him sight in the dark. Advantage Smiley. BACK TO:

INT. BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Nya, Isaiah, and Dolores all looking at each other in the darkness - barely able to see each other in this pitch black. Wordless desperation - WHAT THE FUCK DO WE DO? As they HEAR footsteps approach. NONE OF THEM SEE:

THE NIGHT VISION WEARING GUNMAN'S SMILEY HEAD peering around the corner - scanning the room - looking for occupants. He finds them - hunkered down - on the side wall.

He raises his GUN - targeting them - when:

BAM! His HEAD EXPLODES in a HAIL of BLOOD. He drops - dead.

Nya, Isaiah and Dolores are screaming, spinning, confused and that's when MOVEMENT - FOOTSTEPS - and:

COFFY enters. She finds Nya and licks her face.

DOLORES

(baffled)

What the fuck? Did that mutt just shoot that motherfucker?

Then:

DMITRI (O.S.)

That's no mutt. That's an award-winning Deutscher Schäferhund. The one thing she can't do is shoot. I'm the one responsible for that.

They all look - barely able to see:

DMITRI entering the darkness. Nya's on her feet - moving to him. She and Dmitri almost embrace - almost.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

You OK?

NYA

Yeah.

ISAIAH

Hey D.

DMITRI
 Hey kid. We have some talking to
 do when this is over.

Isaiah nods. *'I guess we do'*. Dolores is standing now -
 getting real close to Dmitri - seeing him in the dark:

DMITRI (CONT'D)
 Why's big momma in my face?

Dolores finally recognizes him:

DOLORES
 Holy shit, Nya. Dmitri Cimber.
 Jefe. The Big Fucking Dog of Park
 Hill. Now I know why you know how
 to use that gun.

Nya smiles, when THEY HEAR:

VOICE (OVER DEAD SMILEY'S RADIO)
 Unit 4 come in - radio check. Do
 you need assistance?
 (beat)
 Unit 4 - respond -

Dmitri looks at Nya:

DMITRI
 Stay here.

He's off. Nya, Isaiah, and Dolores staying behind - with
 Coffy. WE FOLLOW:

DMITRI as he moves down that CORRIDOR - toward the:

FRONT DOOR of the APARTMENT. Quiet, gun up, he leans up
 against the FOYER WALL and PEAKS out, into the HALL of the
 BUILDING, spying:

A HORDE OF SMILEYS (10 of them) - DOWN the HALLWAY - lead by:

GENERAL SMILEY - **'MADE IN AMERICA'**. Gathering INTEL from his
 men. Dmitri hears a SMILEY SOLDIER tell the GENERAL:

SMILEY SOLDIER
 - At least ten dead. Someone's
 here - with a fucking army of rabid
 dogs and a lot of firepower -
 taking us out. One by one.

GENERAL SMILEY
 I know where he is.

And that's when GENERAL SMILEY TURNS AND LOOKS RIGHT AT:

DMITRI - down the hall peering out from Nya's apt.

They lock eyes. Just for a beat.

Dmitri retreats, moving back into the:

APARTMENT

Back down the HALLWAY, into the:

INT. BACK BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where Dmitri enters and finds NYA, ISAIAH, and DOLORES (and Coffy) waiting for him. He goes right to his DUFFLE BAG (which he left on the floor of the room). Begins going through it - not much FIREPOWER left - a few guns - a few C4 PACKS. He's moving fast. Nya takes a cue from his urgency:

NYA

- What's going on, Dmitri?

DMITRI

Is there anyone else here?

DOLORES

Yes. In the closet.

DMITRI

You'll be joining them.

NYA

Why? What's up?

DMITRI

No time to explain.

NYA

Make time.

DMITRI

They're coming. A lot of them. I have one chance to stop them. But I have to do it alone.

NYA

What are you talking about?

THE SOUND OF O.S. RADIOS BLARING. The O.S. GOVERNMENT SMILEYS are coming, closing in.

DMITRI
No time. Get in that closet. Now.

He begins pushing them toward the CLOSET in the REAR of the ROOM. Before they enter, Isaiah spies the window - SUNLIGHT starting to bloom outside:

ISAIAH
It's almost over.

DMITRI
Almost doesn't count during the Purge, kid.

Dmitri pulls open the CLOSET - revealing a terrified SELINA, ROSE, MIGUEL, and BOB. All surprised to see Dmitri:

DMITRI (CONT'D)
Make room. Do not move. And do not come out of there no matter what you hear. Understand.

They all nod, making room for the newcomers. Isaiah and Dolores enter. Nya says to her brother:

NYA
I'll be there in a second.

Nya closes the closet door, pulls Dmitri aside for a private intimate moment:

NYA (CONT'D)
Why are you doing this?

He stares at her. She sees his emotion. His expression reveals everything.

She reaches forward, embraces him. He holds her tight.

DMITRI
You have to go. Now.

She turns, goes in the closet. One last look between them as he closes the door, shutting her in.

Dmitri moves to the WALL next to the DOOR. He pulls the BUZZ-SAWED MATTRESS (that was previously used to barricade the door) next to him. He then PEAKS OUT, seeing:

THE ARMY OF SMILEYS entering the apartment, all the way down the hall. Through the front door. TEN SMILEYS INSIDE. Ten Smileys hell-bent on killing all of them.

Only a beat before:

The Smileys all drop to a KNEE, WEAPONS UP - UNLEASHING HELLFIRE. All shooting simultaneously down the hall - into the bedroom - the room is torn to shreds by BULLET FIRE - walls ripped apart. Dmitri stays low - as the room is eviscerated. RATATTATATATATAT! Dmitri's shrapnelled by WOOD FRAGMENTS, jettisoned by the salvo of lead.

He can't return fire as the barrage is relentless.

INT. CLOSET - SAME

As everyone inside cringes, hands over their ears, reacting to the SOUND OF UNENDING GUNFIRE. BACK TO:

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Dmitri's still crouched against that WALL, unable to do anything, just holding that duffle bag - waiting to execute his '*one idea*'.

Suddenly - SILENCE.

The gunfire stops.

Dmitri grabs a PIECE of NEARBY BROKEN MIRROR - using it to PEAK DOWN the HALL - without sticking his head out - and there, he sees it:

TWO SMILEYS - on their knees - LOADING ROCKET LAUNCHERS - HAND HELD RPGS - AIMING DOWN THE CORRIDOR AT THE BEDROOM. GENERAL SMILEY stands behind them - giving orders.

This is it. Now or never. SLO-MOTION BEGINS AS:

- Dmitri reaches in the DUFFLE BAG. Extracts the C4 PACK.
- THE SMILEYS down the hall have their RPGs PRIMED, LOADED.
- DMITRI leans out and THROWS THE C4 PACK down hall. A long toss - sailing through the air. Landing at the FEET of the RPG SMILEYS.
- Dmitri raises his gun - aims to shoot the PACK.
- RPG SMILEYS AIM to fire their ROCKETS.
- GENERAL SMILEY sees THE PACK OF C4. HE SEES DMITRI targeting the PACK.

- GENERAL SMILEY raises his GUN to SHOOT DMITRI as he SCREAMS to his MEN:

GENERAL SMILEY

FIRE!

END SLO-MO - everything happens fast now:

- GENERAL SMILEY FIRES HIS WEAPON - BAM! BAM! SHOOTING DMITRI in the STOMACH AND SHOULDER.

- THE RPG SMILEYS PRESS THEIR TRIGGERS when:

- DMITRI FIRES HIS GUN - a perfect shot - STRIKING:

- THE C4 PACK. It sparks and then:

The world is swallowed by orange.

Dmitri dives back into the bedroom as a billowing WAVE OF FIRE engulfs every inch of this apartment.

The entire TEAM of GOVERNMENT SMILEY SOLDIERS is swallowed by FIRE - rent asunder and torn to shreds by the blast - 10 MEN exploding in a hail of flesh and flame. Gone. Including the GENERAL and THE RPG GUNMEN.

Before they fired their rockets.

But they wave of fire rolls down the hall like a tsunami from the eastern side of hell, right toward the BEDROOM.

DMITRI pulls the NEARBY SAWED-IN-HALF MATTRESS over his HEAD as WHOOSH! The WAVE OF FIRE TORNADOES INTO THE BEDROOM, engulfing everything, including Dmitri, and blinding us.

INT. BEDROOM CLOSET - SAME

WHOOSH! ROAR! As the foundations of the building shake, tendrils of FLAME reach under the door, lighting the FACES of NYA, ISAIAH, DOLORES, BOB, ROSE, SELINA, AND MIGUEL.

COFFY STARTS BARKING - but we can't hear her over the earth shattering sounds of the blast.

HOLD ON THEM. Their terrified faces, bracing for the end.

Then:

The fingers of flame retreat from under the door.

The concussive all-consuming sound whittles.

Silence. Stillness.

Nya can't hold herself back.

She rips open the door, fast, and runs out, looking through the SMOKING ROOM - some of the WALLS AFIRE, she's frantically pushing through the smoke and debris:

NYA

D!

She finds:

THE MATTRESS - aflame. Dmitri beneath it. She pulls it off, uncovering him.

Barely conscious - but alive.

She turns him over, looking at him, holding him, embracing him.

NYA (CONT'D)

Thank you, D. Thank you.

Beat, then:

DMITRI

No. Thank you.

They hold a look that speaks volumes. She then looks down, sees the blood on his shirt:

NYA

Christ.

DMITRI

(lying)

Not my blood. I'll be fine.

COFFY emerges from the CLOSET, with the others. Coffy's immediately licking Dmitri's face. The others standing above him - thanking him. Isaiah reaches out - lending a hand, helping Dmitri to his feet when suddenly:

WAAAAAAAA! WAAAAAAAA!

THE PURGE SIRENS SOUND OFF.

Bellowing from the heavens, across the city.

SELINA

Is it over?

They all nod. The first experimental Purge is complete. No one knows what to do. All just exhausted, overwhelmed.

And that's when they HEAR:

VOICE (O.S.)
HELP! Please help! There's people
hurt down here.

Dmitri sees Nya's face:

DMITRI
I'm OK. Go help your people.

Nya looks at Dmitri one last time. She reaches up, touching his face softly. Then:

NYA
Let's go, Isaiah.

And they're off - Nya, Isaiah, and the others - all moving out over the DEAD BODIES of SOLDIERS - into the hall - looking for injured citizens to help as the sirens continue to blare. BEHIND THEM:

DMITRI stands with Coffy, just the two of them, in the empty apartment. He looks around at all the destruction. He then looks down at his shirt - blood stain growing as he bleeds out from multiple gunshot wounds.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - MORNING

As THE SIRENS BLARE and TECHS move about, wrapping up the evening, the Minister stands in the rear of the ROOM - staring at the massive GRID of SECURITY SCREENS - most of which are displaying TABLEAUS Of DEATH and DESTRUCTION.

The Minister stares at the screens - at the CORPSES, the BLOODSHED, the PURGING.

Hold on his face - victorious - as VARIOUS TECHS shake his hand, congratulating him on a winning evening.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK HILL - TOWER 2 - MORNING

As harsh morning light hits Park Hill, CITIZENS emerge from their APARTMENTS, emerging onto the streets - streets covered with the dead.

A LARGE CROWD has gathered outside Nya's APARTMENT BUILDING - TOWER 2 - some helping the injured - some just standing around with their neighbors, overwhelmed by the evening's events. And that's when we see:

DMITRI CIMBER emerging through the front doors, stepping out into the light, with Coffy. His shirt saturated with more blood now. He presses on, walking home, through the growing crowd of people who have emerged from the tower.

They begin to take notice of him.

Their expressions tell us they are aware of what's he's done. The lives he's saved.

They begin nodding to him, '*thank you, thank you*'. Patting him on the back as he walks through, some even shaking his hand.

CITIZENS

Thank you, Dmitri. Thank you.

DOZENS of PEOPLE saying 'THANK YOU'. Dmitri's moved, fighting emotion, strength ebbing, but he doesn't stop walking. He makes his way through the grateful crowd, with his trusty companion, as he walks into the blood-soaked streets of Park Hill, Staten Island.

His looks around at his neighborhood.

His home.

HOLD TIGHT ON DMITRI'S FACE as we HEAR:

MINISTER (O.S.)

The turn-out was bigger than we ever expected. Staten Island and its citizens have proven that this experiment was necessary -

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - MORNING

The MINISTER is holding a PRESS CONFERENCE. NEWS CAMERAS AIMED AT HIM - as he stands at a PODIUM addressing REPORTERS:

MINISTER

We will, of course, study the results but early numbers and estimates are telling us that this was an overwhelming success.

(MORE)

MINISTER (CONT'D)

I've already received word from President Bracken that we are considering a nationwide Purge - as the people now call it - next year. One where every U.S Citizen can participate. I believe this is the game changer our country needed. This is just the beginning.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END

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