

EVOLUTION IV

by

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**OVER DARKNESS:**

Labored BREATHING rises and falls. A PERSON is in TERRIBLE PAIN. The person strains, letting out GUTTURAL MOAN as we--

FADE INTO:**1 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - HALLWAY - NIGHT 1**

--find a TRAIL OF BLOOD. Fresh. Stretching across a cement floor. The breathing INTENSIFIES.

We follow the trail of blood, coming upon the FEET of a CRAWLING MAN. However, one foot is cut off at the ankle, a BLOODY STUMP left behind.

The man continues to crawl, fighting every inch of the way. He uses his elbows to advance himself. Something is very familiar about this man. The blood-stained white shirt. The pale skin. The sweat-drenched blondish hair.

In the background, we hear a tape beginning to play.

JIGSAW (O.S.)
(from tape)
Hello, Mr. Hindle, or as they call
you around the hospital, Zepp...

The crawling man's head rises into frame, revealing himself as...**DR. GORDON.**

Dr. Gordon looks down at the STUMP where his foot once was. His blue shirt-tourniquet has come loose, and has separated from his stump. The BLOOD LOSS is copious.

DR. GORDON
No...no...no...no

Dr. Gordon desperately jerks his body to the NUMEROUS PIPES that line the hallway. The Dr. timidly runs his pale fingers over the pipes until --

Dr. Gordon SCREAMS as his fingers touch a SCALDING HOT PIPE.

Dr. Gordon jerks his fingertips away. He stares for a beat at the SIZZLING PIPE that just broiled off a few layers of skin.

Trembling with adrenaline, Dr. Gordon bites into his lower lip, hoists his dripping stump and DRIVES IT INTO THE SCALDING PIPE--SSSSSS!

It sounds like a pound of bacon hitting a wet fry pan. Dr. Gordon screams and falls backward, peeling his now CAUTERIZED ANKLE STUMP from the pipe.

Dr. Gordon's lunge scoop in air as his eyes roll back into their sockets. He shakes and twitches as the SEARING PAIN and his body's desire to shut down negotiate terms.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

The sound of SCREAMING erupts from behind Dr. Gordon. He can't even look back as--

ADAM (O.S.)

NO!!!

The door to the bathroom is SLAMMED SHUT, the sound reverberating behind Dr. Gordon.

Dr. Gordon writhes on the floor, and then a pair of BARE FEET walk past him, stopping.

A pair of hands grab Gordon by the shoulders, pulling him against the wall. The person crumbles to the floor, a dripping WATER FAUCET seen next to them.

The person pulls Dr. Gordon close, supporting his woozy body, allowing his head to rest on the person's lap.

The person holds out his palm, cupping water and dripping it into Dr. Gordon's mouth.

Dr. Gordon chokes down the water, falling in and out of consciousness. But he finds the energy to focus. Looking up at the person holding him... the person he knows as John Kramer, but who we know as... JIGSAW.

JIGSAW

Congratulations, Dr. Gordon...you survived.

2 OMITTEDSC:2

2

A2A INT. STOREFRONT WINDOW - MORNING

A2A

Bright light punches our eyes as a TRAIN WHISTLE rips apart the silence. A hard charging LOCOMOTIVE charges into us but--

The locomotive is MINIATURE...an elaborate train set...

2A EXT. CENTER SQUARE - MORNING

2A

The train cruises along the silver, circular rails of a STOREFRONT WINDOW, amongst a display of plush toys and candy.

Outside the window, a young boy, ETHAN, walks beside his MOTHER, holding onto her hand. The gleaming buildings of a large city reach into the crystal skyline.

Ethan's Mother has a CELL PHONE to her ear, and a LARGE PURSE slung over her shoulder.

They are a few yards from the store front as--

MOTHER

(into phone)

I can stop on the way in, no problem.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Maria and Tom will be
there...Kristin, too and...Can you
hang on a second?

The Mother stops walking, having to OPEN HER PURSE TO SEARCH FOR SOMETHING. She releases her grip on Ethan's hand. They are RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE STOREFRONT.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

(to Ethan)

Ethan, stay close, buddy. I need to
find something for your aunt real
quick, okay?

Ethan nods, giving his harried Mother a break.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

(back into phone)

Hang on there, Ali, I have the list
in here somewhere...

The Mother starts digging through her purse. The TOY TRAIN WHISTLE sounds behind Ethan.

Ethan turns. His eyes follow the toy train as it completes a second pass through a snowflake encrusted mountain town crosses in front of something a bit odd--

two LIFE-SIZED CLOWNS sit and face each other, a red velvet curtain covering a bulky device between them. The clowns look like harlequins, each painted with white make-up and decorated on their cheeks the all-too-familiar red swirls.

A small, child-like sign in red paint reads, "DON'T TOUCH THE GLASS." A toy plays a tin trumpet version of the "Hello Zepp" theme.

Ethan's head tilts. He looks up to his Mother, but she's still searching her purse...

MOTHER (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Sorry 'bout that. Its been a rare
morning...

Ethan moves towards the storefront, dodging pedestrians as they pass. He comes to the glass, looking to the foot of one of the sitting clowns. The clown's foot TWITCHES...

Ethan's eyes rise...the clown isn't a clown...it is a live person. Unconscious.

ETHAN

Mom...

Ethan's Mother finds what she was looking for, pulling a PIECE OF WRINKLED PAPER from a SIDE POCKET of her purse.

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER

(into phone, reading list)

Got it! Okay...you got a pen?

Ethan looks back. His Mother still on her cell. Pedestrians walk by oblivious.

Ethan places a hand on the glass, looking to the sign that tells him to do otherwise...and he gently knocks.

RISE UP to the top of the window, finding a small sensor with red light. It's stuck to the glass, and wire loops out of the sensor and is attached to the trigger of a shotgun hidden underneath the storefront awning.

It's pointed down at the sidewalk, and with each knock, the wire tightens on the trigger.

2B

INT. STOREFRONT WINDOW - MORNING

2B

The sound of knocking reverberates through the small space like a fish bowl. The sitting man with the blood jerks his head, his eyes slowly opening and seeing the young boy.

Ethan stops knocking and then points down.

The sitting man, known as BRAD, looks down to see the puddle of blood. Brad sees the wrist shackles binding him.

As Brad leans up, he pulls his hands and the red velvet curtain falls from the bulky device, revealing a metal pole attached to the shackles going through Brad's parted legs to a THREE LARGE CEMENT SAWS currently pointed straight up.

Brad and the young boy stare to each other in awe when--

FLASH-FLASH!!! Two spotlights flash on. One above Brad. The other above the other sitting man named RYAN.

Ryan jerks awake. He is directly opposite Brad and in the same predicament. In fact, the pole that is attached to Brad's wrists goes past the cement saws and is also attached to Ryan's wrist shackles.

If either of them pushes forward, the cement saws will tilt towards the other person and cut into their FACES. It's a deadly game of tug of war.

2C

EXT. CENTER SQUARE - MORNING

2C

Ethan stares with mouth agape as people passing behind him start to notice. The Mother looks over, noticing her son in front of the window.

She moves to him, grabbing his arm.

MOTHER

I asked you to stay close...

Her words trail out as she notices the two men in the window. Her jaw drops and she puts her hands over Ethan's eyes, pulling him back as the staring crowd builds.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Ethan, don't look!

2D

INT. STOREFRONT WINDOW - MORNING

2D

There is INSTANT recognition between Brad and Ryan. They stare to each other with the people outside watching.

RYAN

What the fuck are you doin' here?!

BRAD

I...I...I don't know...

(CONTINUED)

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2D CONTINUED:

03-08-10

TRIPLE YELLOW PAGES

4A.
2D

RYAN
(to passing crowd)
Help us! Someone help us!

2E EXT. CENTER SQUARE - MORNING

2E

People looking into the storefront begin to point. A **BUSINESSWOMAN** with a BRIEFCASE looks on with concern. Another **BUSINESSMAN** in a **SUIT**, tilts his head.

The Businesswoman walks right up to the glass, peering in.

2F INT. STOREFRONT WINDOW - MORNING

2F

FLASH! Another spotlight flashes on, illuminating a gorgeous woman named **DINA**. Dina is dressed as a sexy ballerina and harnessed to a gurney high above Brad and Ryan.

There are chains attached to the gurney that reach up into the ceiling, and Dina's midsection is above the cement saw blades - if she drops she will be cut **THROUGH THE MIDDLE**.

The people outside point, intrigue shifts to genuine concern.

RYAN
Dina?! Are you okay?!

BRAD
Don't talk to her!

RYAN
Fuck you!

BRAD
(to the window)
Call the police!!!

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW: the Businesswoman has her cell phone to her ear, dialing 911.

2G EXT. CENTER SQUARE - MORNING

2G

PEDESTRIANS stack up. Even more stop to gawk. Businesswoman speaks urgently into her phone.

BUSINESSWOMAN
(into phone)
We need help! Tamarind and Stacy
Lane!

2H INT. STOREFRONT WINDOW - MORNING

2H

Brad starts to push on the pole, the cement blades tilting towards Ryan's face. Ryan's eyes bulge, pulling back.

DINA
Stop it!

The outside crowd seems to REACT as the tension in the storefront RISES TO A BOIL and--

(CONTINUED)

BRAD
(to Businesswoman)
Break the glass! Break the fucking
glass!

OUTSIDE: The Businesswoman drops the phone from her ear and
pauses.

RYAN
Do it!

DINA
Please help us!

BRAD
Break the fucking glass!!

2HA EXT. CENTER SQUARE - MORNING

2HA

The Businesswoman yells into the front glass --

BUSINESSWOMAN
(re: Brad, Ryan, Dina)
Okay! Look out!

She SWINGS her BRIEFCASE, HITTING the glass and--

BLAM!!! The hidden shotgun above goes off, hitting the
Businesswoman in the top of the head - her head exploding
RIGHT INTO CAMERA IN A WAVE OF SKULL AND VISCERA.

2HB INT. STOREFRONT - MORNING

2HB

Brad, Ryan and Dina scream in shock!

OUTSIDE: the crowd scatters as the HEADLESS BUSINESSWOMAN
drops to the sidewalk.

Then--ZCCCCRHH! A TV turns on in the corner of the
storefront, revealing the BILLY DOLL sitting on a tricycle.

DOLL
Hello, Brad. Hello, Ryan. I want
to play a game.

2L INT. STOREFRONT WINDOW - MORNING

2L

Dina cries, looking between Brad and Ryan. She's obviously conflicted between one of them dying, and dying herself.

DINA

I didn't mean for this to happen...
I'm sorry... I'm so sorry...

DOLL

(ON TV)

Are you both strong enough to walk
away from what is destroying you?
Or will you fight one more time for
the heart that blinds?

(beat)

You have sixty seconds to decide.
Live or die. Make your choice.

On TV: The Doll CACKLES. The cement saws start to SPIN, the REVING NOISE an intense, high-pitched SCREAM OF HORROR--

CH-CHUNK! The gurney holding Dina begins to slowly drop down from the ceiling. Panic fills her body as she sees the cement saw right under her moving CLOSER AND CLOSER.

A STOP WATCH next to Dina tick down... 0:59.. 0:58... 0:57...

DINA

One of you save me!

2M EXT. CENTER SQUARE - MORNING

2M

The crowd BELLOWS as Dina starts to drop into the spinning saws. Hands cover faces, others simply look in shock.

2N INT. STOREFRONT WINDOW - MORNING

2N

Brad and Ryan jump at the sound of the shotgun. People scream and scatter outside the window.

The cement saws REV and the two men grab the pole connecting them, both PUSHING. They use their feet for leverage, but Ryan is stronger.

BRAD

What are you doing?!

RYAN

It's me or you, asshole!

(CONTINUED)

2N CONTINUED:

2N

Brad's arms and legs quiver, trying to keep the tilting cement saws from dropping down into his face. Ryan looks to Dina, her body closer to the cement saws.

DINA

Help me!!!

20 EXT. CENTER SQUARE - MORNING

20

The Businesswoman lies on the sidewalk. People scatter.

HANDYMAN

Get back! Get back!

2P INT. STOREFRONT WINDOW - MORNING

2P

The stop watch ticks down 0:49... 0:48... 0:47...

Ryan grunts, pushing the cement saw closer to Brad. Brad grits his teeth, the blade spinning NEAR HIS FACE.

RYAN

I'm not dying like this!!!

Dina's gaze returns to the cement saw below her. If Ryan doesn't push harder, the blades will soon cut her.

DINA

Save me!!!

Ryan looks over at Dina's scream, his grip LOOSENING just a bit and... his hands SLIP. Brad pushes the pole HARD, the cement saws tilt away from him and tilt RIGHT INTO RYAN--

But Ryan gets a grip just before the cement saw buries into his face. He pushes back for dear life, now struggling.

2Q EXT. CENTER SQUARE - MORNING

2Q

TWO POLICE OFFICERS run from the back corner of Center Square.

2R INT. STOREFRONT WINDOW - MORNING

2R

The stop watch ticks down 0:30... 0:29... 0:28...

Dina's expression changes, seeing that Brad has Ryan pinned. Ryan holds on, the cement saw INCHES FROM HIS FACE.

Brad has him. Only a few more centimeters. The stop watch gets lower and lower... 0:20... 0:19... 0:18...

DINA

Do it! I always loved you, Brad!

(CONTINUED)

2R CONTINUED:

2R

As a wicked smile crosses Brad's face, Ryan's eyes shoot over to Dina - that bitch just sold him out.

RYAN
You fuckin' twat...

DINA
Kill him! Kill him, Brad!

2S EXT. CENTER SQUARE - MORNING

2S

The Police Officers begin to push through the crowd.

LEAD POLICEMAN
Move it!

POLICE OFFICER #2
Back! Everyone back!

2T INT. STOREFRONT WINDOW - MORNING

2T

Dina is frantic for Brad to finish off Ryan.

DINA
Kill him!!!

Rage rushes into Ryan. Brad pushes with all his power when--

Ryan lets out a SCREAM, pushing the pole away from him. But instead of continually pushing, he jerks the pole towards him - the cement saw coming within centimeters of his nose.

This causes Brad to LOSE HIS GRIP AND--

Ryan pushes the pole with all his might--

SPLAT! The cement saw cuts into the side of Brad's face. Blood spews out, hitting the glass.

2U EXT. CENTER SQUARE - MORNING

2U

Pedestrians SCREAM, recoiling at the blood.

2V INT. STOREFRONT WINDOW - MORNING

2V

Brad retracts his head enough to avoid the spinning blade.

2W OMITTEDSC:2W

2W

2X EXT. CENTER SQUARE - MORNING

2X

People swarm the two Police Officers, urgently pointing to the storefront window. They push through the crowd and--

2Y INT. STOREFRONT WINDOW - MORNING

2Y

Since Ryan is able to push the pole past his feet, Dina stops dropping. Brad WALLS in pain, but Ryan's eyes shift to Dina.

RYAN
You loved him?! You loved him more
than me?!

DINA
No... no... I was just saying
that.... I really love you...

The stop watch keeps dropping... 0:10... 0:09... 0:08...

RYAN
Really?

DINA
Of course! I always loved you!

Dina attempts an endearing look. Ryan seems to be buying it.

2Z EXT. CENTER SQUARE - MORNING

2Z

The LEAD POLICEMAN motions to the other Police Officer.

LEAD POLICEMAN
Get 'em back!

The policemen try to PUSH THROUGH the crowd, but it's a PANICKED MOB.

2AA INT. STOREFRONT WINDOW - MORNING

2AA

Dina's smile is sweet. But Ryan sees right through it.

RYAN
You lying, bitch!

Ryan pulls the pole away from Brad, causing the cement saws to stand straight up. Dina starts to DROP DOWN AGAIN.

DINA
What?! What are you doing?!

RYAN
You don't love anyone! You're a
cheatin' liar! Fuck you!

2AB OMITTEDSC:2AB

2AB

2AC INT. STOREFRONT WINDOW - MORNING 2AC

Ryan's eyes shift to the stop watch... 0:05... 0:04...
0:03... and then to Brad.

RYAN
Isn't that right, Brad?

Brad looks between Ryan and Dina, cringing from the blood
streaming down his face. He nods, agreeing with Ryan.

2AD EXT. CENTER SQUARE - MORNING 2AD

The lead policeman ALMOST reaches the front of the line. The
crowd overwhelming him.

POLICEMAN
MOVE IT! LET US THROUGH!

2AE INT. STOREFRONT WINDOW - MORNING 2AE

Dina SCREAMS -- BUZZ!!! The cement saw DIGS INTO DINA'S
STOMACH, the blood SPEWING OUT like WATER FROM A CANNON!!!

2AF EXT. CENTER SQUARE - MORNING 2AF

The crowd recoils in horror as storefront becomes RED. The
Lead Policeman is pushed further back as the crowd surges.

2AG INT. STOREFRONT WINDOW - MORNING 2AG

The blood SPRAYS from Dina's nearly severed body. Her
screams trail off, Ryan and Brad lowering their heads.

The cement saws continue to BUZZ. ON TV: the Doll CACKLES.

The storefront is COMPLETELY PAINTED IN BLOOD. A RED CUBE.

2AH EXT. CENTER SQUARE - MORNING 2AH

The BLOOD-DRENCHED CROWD now backs away from the window.
Some are shocked. Some cry. All shaken to the core.

As they part, time seems to SLOW.

A man is seen at the back of the crowd. With collar up on
his black trench coat, his face is hidden.

But he intently stares. Unshaken. Focused.

The shocked crowd continues to fall away as we move in closer
on the man. His face becoming clearer. The Billy Doll's
CACKLING in the background rises to a crescendo and--

(CONTINUED)

The person is revealed. JIGSAW. Watching it all unfold.

CUT TO BLACK:

INSERT TITLE: SAW 3-D: ENDGAME

FADE INTO:

3 OMITTEDSC:3 3

3A INT. FINAL ROOM - NIGHT 3A

Hoffman sits writhing in the chair, his head covered with the REVERSE BEAR TRAP. Jill closes the door, exiting to--

3B INT. FINAL ROOM - HALLWAY - NIGHT 3B

--a hallway. Jill walks away, a career caregiver now awaiting the sounds of her first murder. Jill, determined not to look back keeps moving until--

CRASH!!! HOFFMAN'S face BURSTS through the glass of the door Jill just shut.

Jill whips back to see the impossible - Hoffman's jaw trap springs BUT the jaws become stuck in the iron bars for milliseconds as Hoffman rips free of the lethal device.

Jill's expression flip-flops between disbelief and utter horror as a primal ROAR bellows from the within the room.

Jill backs away, her footing graduating to a run as--

The door is yanked open and Hoffman, crudely holding the right side of his jaw and face together, charges from the darkness, a bull seeing red.

Hoffman carries the bloodied REVERSE BEAR TRAP in the fingers of his bleeding left hand. His left thumb smashed to a pulp.

Jill is at a full sprint, running through the corridors.

Hoffman's shouting is a guttural mash up of expletives.

HOFFMAN

You think you can kill me?! NOBODY
CAN KILL ME!!! DO YOU HEAR ME,
BITCH?!!! YOU'RE NEVER GONNA KILL
ME!

It is a rusted maze of terror and darkness as Jill comes to a door...but it's LOCKED.

She looks back. Hoffman is COMING.

Jill hides herself amongst the billowing RED DRAPES of a long abandoned attraction.

(CONTINUED)

3B

CONTINUED:

3B

Jill's wide eyes peek through moth-eaten HOLES in the fabric.

She slows her breathing, forcing her body to go quiet. A bead of sweat trickles into her eyes...she won't dare blink.

Jill hovers an almost unbearable amount of time in total silence. Her lungs burn for she won't even dare breathe out.

Still not a sound from the hallway. Not a drip. Not scream. Not a breath.

Jill leans a bit closer to the holes in the red curtains which conceal her. She slowly lets a breath out as she begins to look out when--

RIP! Hoffman's hand RIPS a section of the curtain away.

Jill jerks back into darkness, Hoffman is looking the wrong direction - he CAN'T see her.

The cold air huffs and puffs from the gaping hole in the side of his face like a chimney. Hoffman sets the Reverse Bear Trap down so he can use both hands to bandage himself.

Hoffman, shaking, clumsily takes the moth-eaten piece of curtain and wraps it around his face.

Hoffman even begins to groan in pain as his once perfect face is now a disfigured testament to madness. He crudely bandage his jaw, setting it back into place with a sickening--POP!

Hoffman stalks down the hallway, carrying the Reverse Bear Trap.

Jill slowly creeps from the darkness of her hiding spot. Tears streaming, she runs in the opposite direction.

3C-8

OMITTEDSC:3C-8

3C-8

8A

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

8A

Establish nondescript police station.

9

INT. POLICE STATION - VIEWING ROOM - DAY

9

Jill is seen through one-way glass sitting at a table with her hands on the table, her trembling eyes down.

GIBSON (O.S.)
What happened to her?

ROGERS (O.S.)
I don't know. All she said was
that she didn't trust the FBI and
she didn't trust Homicide.
(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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

She wanted to talk to you...and
only you.

The men talking are revealed. GIBSON, is buttoned up with perfectly fitted suit and not a hair out of place. He's tightly wound, yet possesses a calm, almost arrogant aura - like a farm boy overcompensating in the big city.

GIBSON

Why's that?

The other man is **ROGERS**, Gibson's right-hand-man. Rogers is dressed down a pay grade or two beneath Gibson. A well-worn blazer and slax built to sustain wear and tear.

ROGERS

You got me.

Gibson sighs, looking back in at Jill.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Gibson places a cup of water next to Jill, smiling to her. She takes it, politely nodding.

JILL

Thank you.

Jill's quivering hands aren't lost on Gibson.

GIBSON

I'm Matt Gibson, Internal Affairs.
My colleague said you wanted to
speak with me.

JILL

Yes, but I want complete immunity.

Gibson sort of scoffs, leaning back in his chair.

GIBSON

Why would you want immunity, Ms.
Tuck?

JILL

Because of what I know.

GIBSON

Which is what?

JILL

Do we have a deal?

GIBSON

You gotta give to receive in this
house, Jill.

(CONTINUED)

JILL

My husband, John Kramer, had an accomplice. A person who assisted him with almost every murder.

GIBSON

We had six people in here claiming to know the same and four lovely civilians offering false confessions just for the attention, Ms. Tuck. I am all ears for something legit-

JILL

He's one of your own.

Gibson's body goes rigid.

JILL (CONT'D)

Do I have your attention now?

Gibson still isn't fazed.

GIBSON

Not really...no.

JILL

This person will continue to kill until he's stopped. You know him. And he damn well knows you.

Gibson leans towards Jill ever so slightly.

JILL (CONT'D)

He's Detective Mark Hoffman.

Gibson's eyes widen, that name registering a deep resentment within his body.

GIBSON

You'll sign a sworn affidavit?

JILL

I'll sign.

GIBSON

You must be forthright. You must be honest, and you must not withhold any information, no matter how personal or private.

JILL

I'll give you evidence and more, as long as I get your protection and complete immunity.

(a beat)

Do we have a deal?

(CONTINUED)

13

INT. TV NEWS STUDIO - EARLY MORNING

13

A sign for the CHANNEL 5 NEWS hangs in the background of a small TV news set. The bouncy, flirtacious female host, **DONNA**, sits in a chair opposite a young man with charming smile and relaxed aura. This is **BOBBY DAGEN**.

DONNA

Welcome back! We're live with Bobby Dagen, whose national tour, "S.U.R.V.I.V.E.: My Story of Overcoming Jigsaw" rolls into town this weekend.

(nodding to Bobby)

You're quite the national phenomenon these days, aren't you?

BOBBY

It's flattering that so many people have responded to my story, and if I'm helping a few of them along the way, then I'm pleased.

As Bobby speaks, we SWING AROUND to the other side of the TV set. There are production people, but there are also three flashy and obviously out-of-place people waiting for Bobby.

The first is **CALE** (manager), **NINA** (publicist) and **SUSANNE** (lawyer). They hang on Bobby's every word, as if they're going over a script in their heads...which they are.

DONNA

Now, you survived a trap created by the infamous Jigsaw killer, correct?

(off Bobby's nod)

Everyone must ask you this, but what was that like?

BOBBY

Life-changing.

As Bobby continues speaking, Nina, the publicist, is quietly mouthing Bobby's speech word for word. She's heard it a million times and probably wrote it...

BOBBY (CONT'D)

It was something I never anticipated, and, quite honestly, something that should have killed me.

DONNA

Tell me more. Tell me about the actual experience.

Bobby moves forward in his seat, like he's about to tell a story and needs more room to elaborate.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

Well, I don't remember how I got there...all I remember is that feeling of waking up trapped. I was told my rules: I had to jam two metal hooks right here-
(pointing to his pectorals)
--into my pectoral muscles."

DONNA

You had to put the hooks in yourself?

Bobby leans closer as...

13A INT. BOBBY'S TRAP ROOM - NIGHT

13A

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Bobby stands on a platform with his shirt off, his chest glimmering with sweat. A bright light behind him blasts out the gleaming white room - almost making him seem angelic.

BOBBY (V.O.)

That's right. It was the most intense, excruciating thing I have ever experienced.

As described, shiny silver hooks are in his chest. The hooks are attached to silver chains that shoot up into the ceiling. Oddly, the room has a sterile, clean look.

13B INT. TV NEWS STUDIO - EARLY MORNING

13B

Bobby tells his story, Donna hanging on every word, as does the staff taping the show.

BOBBY

I was faced with a game of endurance and physical strength. See, I was the king of self-sabotage, letting bad relationships demoralize me into nothing. And ultimately, Jigsaw felt I was wasting the potential of my life...

13C INT. BOBBY'S ROOM - NIGHT

13C

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

The platform lowers, and the chains tighten, Bobby hanging there like a man being sacrificed.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY (V.O.)
My muscles burned, the flesh on my chest stretching out like rubber on a balloon. The pain surged through my body.

His flesh is grotesquely stretched, and blood slides out of his hands.

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Chunks of skin began to rip away from the palms of my hands, my grip slipping by the second.

13D INT. TV NEWS STUDIO - EARLY MORNING

13D

Bobby has his palms up, showing his hands.

BOBBY
I wasn't going to be able to hang on long, so I had no other choice but to accept my inevitable death...
(shifting)
But that's when I saw something.

13E INT. BOBBY'S ROOM - NIGHT

13E

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Bobby's body quivers and his eyes FLASH OPEN.

BOBBY (V.O.)
It was my life...and it was a tragedy. I had achieved nothing.

Bobby lets out a SCREAM, grabbing the chains with RENEWED STRENGTH.

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
In that moment, something grew within me, something from the core of my soul...and I decided to live.

Bobby begins to pull himself up. It's a great feat of strength for Bobby to climb the chains with his hands.

13F INT. TV NEWS STUDIO - EARLY MORNING

13F

Bobby looks deeply into Donna. She's horrified.

BOBBY
I climbed those chains.

FLASH CUT - Bobby gasps as he pulls himself further and further up the red, glistening chains.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I ripped the two hooks from my chest. I was covered in blood...and I screamed.

FLASH CUT - to the shiny metal hooks being yanked out of Bobby's torn apart chest. Blood spews. He bellows in pain-induced victory.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Because I didn't just survive...

FLASH CUT - Bobby falls to his knees, throwing back his head, parting his arms and continuing to scream at the ceiling.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
...I had been reborn.

Bobby holds with his fists clenched for dramatic affect. His lower lip is now stiff, and his eyes poised.

BOBBY DAGEN
This was my life, and I now carry a body dotted with scars as a constant reminder of what I was...and what I have become.

Bobby stops speaking, staring into Donna. She's shell-shocked. The studio is at a loss. The tape on the video cameras spin, making the only noise.

A beat passes and--

Donna looks to the camera, tilting her head as if to say, "Yikes, better him than me."

DONNA
Bobby Dagen everyone.

Bobby looks over to the side of the stage. A tall, thin brunette with tanned skin stands, eye-locked with Bobby.

The lovely brunette is smiling in earnest. This is JOYCE. She's stunning. Perfect make-up and long, styled hair.

Bobby makes a subtle gesture to Joyce as if to wave Joyce to the stage but Donna keeps the show moving.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Bobby's "life-changing" experience comes to the Civic Auditorium this weekend, I suggest you check it out.
(with a wink)
Tickets are still available.

Donna wears a perma-smile and--

(CONTINUED)

STAGE MANAGER
And we're out!

The **STAGE MANAGER** crosses and the lights COME UP, the TV production people flood the stage. Donna and Bobby both rise, having a quick handshake.

Cale, Nina and Suzanne greet Bobby, and they move as they talk. Their personalities come out, revealing Nina as the overly excitable speed-talker, Suzanne as the icy pencil-pusher, and Cale as the puppet master.

NINA
What was that, Bobby?

BOBBY
What'd you mean?

NINA
That's not how we rehearsed it.

Before Bobby can respond--

CALE
Save it for the dressing room.

Cale smiles to some of the production staff, but Nina huffs, leading Bobby to a dressing room with a sign that reads, "BOBBY DAGEN."

14

INT. TV NEWS STUDIO - DRESSING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

14

The door slams shut and Nina instantly turns to Bobby.

NINA
Where was the big finish?! You tell the story, thank your pretty wife, and bring her out for the big hug and kiss?!

BOBBY
I didn't want to force it--

NINA
That's the heart of the story, Bobby! She helped you get through your recovery! And without the acknowledgment and the kiss, people won't have an emotional connection!

SUZANNE
I disagree. Too much emotion and it'll feel like pandering--

NINA
Thanks, but how about I handle the public relations and you handle the legal work, okay?

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE

It's just my opinion.

BOBBY

I get it Suzanne, I screwed up...my fault.

CALE

It wasn't your fault, Bobby. Just remember your bullet points next time.

NINA

These interviews are important.

CALE

Relax, Nina.

Joyce, having waited patiently for Bobby to surface from his entourage, steps into the circle.

Bobby instantly lights up like a drowning victim being tossed a life vest.

BOBBY

Joyce.

Joyce steps forward, looking to Bobby's handlers.

JOYCE

I hope I'm not interrupting anything.

CALE

No, we're just wrapping it up.

Joyce smiles, kissing Bobby on the lips. He glows, staring to her like he's been waiting to see her all day.

Nina moves out of the room with Suzanne and Cale right on her heels, Cale closing the door behind them.

JOYCE

I overheard Nina, you were great.

Joyce puts a hand to Bobby face, caressing it.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Your story is real, and people can feel that. It's your gift.

A genuine smile crosses Joyce's face...and Bobby eventually comes around, reflecting her smile.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

You understand that, right?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

Yeah...

JOYCE

This is our shot, Bobby. Do you know how many people would die to be in your position? This is it. We made it.

Bobby looks to her, uncertainty covering his face.

BOBBY

We don't need all this--

JOYCE

But we got it. And thousands of people have been affected by your story. This has provided us with an amazing new life.

Joyce touches his face, making sure he's hearing her.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

I know you're overwhelmed at times, but we have to keep moving forward, Bobby. You were meant to do this.

Bobby looks up, staring into her quivering eyes. He puts his arms on her shoulders, kissing her forehead.

BOBBY

I know.

CALE (O.S.)

Everything good in here?

Cale hovers in the doorway, tapping his watch. Bobby nods, leading Joyce towards Cale.

CALE (CONT'D)

Tomorrow we're back on with all guns blazing. We've got the Jigsaw survivor group. Thirty minutes of face time with other survivors.

FADE TO BLACK:

14A-14B OMITTEDSC:14A-14B

14A-14B

14C EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

14C

It's the dead of night. A heavy fog passes by the nearly abandoned police station.

Jill pushes through the front doors, wearing the same clothes she wore when talked with Gibson. She descends the stairs, looking both ways before hustling down the block.

(CONTINUED)

14C CONTINUED:

14C

PARANOIA rises within Jill. She moves at a quick pace, constantly looking back over her shoulder until--

She sees a TRICYCLE right before her. Jill gasps, turning back and--

A PIG MASK lunges out from the shadows and OVERTAKES HER.

14D INT. RAIL STATION - NIGHT

14D

CLOSE ON: Jill's eyes fire open. Her eyes dart left and right in a panic.

And as we PULL OUT, the end of her life becomes apparent.

JILL

Oh no...oh god no...NO! NOOOO!

Panic and terror rocket through Jill's body as she realizes her arms and legs are shackled, spread-eagle and anchored to the sides of train depot's gritty walls.

Jill looks about in panic. A DARK SHAPE rises from behind a TARPED CART that straddles each rail of the track.

The tarped cart HUMS with voltage. Something is ALIVE underneath.

Hoffman's MANGLED FACE rises into view. His moist scar completes a SMILE across his deranged face.

Hoffman yanks off the tarp, revealing a MASSIVE ROCKET SHAPED BLADE on the nose of the ENGINE CART.

HOFFMAN

You know what the worst part of killing you is, Jill?

(beat)

Not being able to do it twice.

WHAM! Hoffman slams down the RELEASE LEVER and the cart rockets along the gleaming rails TOWARDS A SCREAMING JILL.

JILL

Fuck you!!!

SMASH! The cart rams into Jill, SPLATTERING her into a BURST OF PIECES. Arms. Legs. Head. Chest. All jet into opposing directions when--

15 INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

15

Jill jerks up screaming.

But she's safe in her bedroom. She catches her breath, putting her hands to her face. She shakes her head, suggesting that she's had this dream many, many times before.

(CONTINUED)

The TV drones, having been left on.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER

(from TV)

Due to recent state budget cuts, the state-run Clear Dawn Psychiatric Hospital will remain closed, putting further strain on already overcrowded downtown free clinics and homeless shelters.

Jill reaches over to her bedside table, grabbing a remote and turning off the TV. She has more BOTTLES OF PILLS on her bedside table than Anna Nicole Smith.

Jill grabs a pill, taking it down with a swig from her half-filled glass of water.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

(from TV)

Clear Dawn Psychiatric Hospital was one of the only care facilities to survive the nation wide budget cuts of the 1980's which led to a number of institutions shuttering and left nearly one million patients on the street without treatment. When Clear Dawn closed its doors in 2001, over three-hundred mentally disabled civilians were released without a destination or a care facility to house them. Our city felt the impact with a spike in crime--

She slides out of bed, her feet hitting the cold floor. She drops her head into her hands, letting out a light whimper.

A15A INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - DAY

A15A

The morning sun shoots in through her living room window. Jill has cleaned herself up, but she looks casual with sweats, hair back, and little makeup.

She moves across the room, revealing the IRON BARS on the outside windows. Jill enters the kitchen, snatching a NOTE from the refrigerator.

She then peeks through the front door eyehole--

FROM JILL'S P.O.V.: TWO ARMED POLICEMEN stand on either side of the door frame.

Jill knocks on the door. Waits a beat. Hears a knock back and then unlocks the three locks on the door.

CHARLIE

Something wrong, Ms. Tuck?

(CONTINUED)

A15A CONTINUED:

A15A

Jill hands POLICEMAN #1, known as CHARLIE, the note. He's a pleasant young guy with sweet smile.

JILL

Grocery day, Charlie. Make sure the bananas are green this time--

CHARLIE

So they don't spoil by Thursday. I got it. It only took me three months, but I got it.

Jill sighs, patting Charlie on the shoulder as she turns.

JILL

Thanks.

Jill closes the door. Re-locks the locks. And then moves back to the plush chair, sitting down again to stare at a blank TV screen. She leans her head against the armrest.

15A INT. JIGSAW SURVIVOR GROUP - HALLWAY - NIGHT

15A

A sexy woman in high heels and form-fitted skirt pushes through a pair of doors, moving down a hallway to a conference room. She's familiar. But her face is not seen.

SIDNEY (O.S.)

Every night, I keep thinking it's going to get easier the next morning when I wake up. But it isn't. Everything I do...everything I see...I'm surrounded by these tiny triggers. They're everywhere and they remind me of what I went through. Over and over again. It is just so hard. The memories won't fade. The game...me versus him...our lives hanging in the balance.

The woman pushes through another set of doors--

16 INT. JIGSAW SURVIVOR GROUP - NIGHT

16

--entering a therapy group already in session. Several faces look up to the woman, acknowledging her as a peer. The faces are familiar. But most are new. Brad and Ryan from the beginning next to each other. They both wear tags that display their names.

The woman sits, revealing herself as SIMONE from Saw VI. She has a prosthetic forearm and exudes a chilled confidence. Next to her sits TARA and BRENT, also from Saw VI.

This is the JIGSAW SURVIVOR GROUP.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

At the center, Bobby sits opposite a pretty, young female named **SIDNEY**. Sidney shakes, the trauma of her horrid ordeal running through her body.

BOBBY

Sidney, please, go on. You're in a safe place now.

Sidney nods, her gaze drifting past Bobby to a CHANNEL 5 CAMERA CREW taping the confessional.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Tell me what happened next.

17 INT. SPINNING BLADE ROOM - NIGHT

17

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Sidney and her boyfriend, **ALEX**, clutch onto two cable ladders facing each other. Alex is venomous, screaming. Their hands DRIP BLOOD from the razor sharp rungs as he swings, trying to kick Sidney off her ladder.

SIDNEY (V.O.)

Jigsaw...he somehow knew we were grifters. He knew we worked as a team...so...he made a game where only one of us could live...

Sidney cries, defensively protecting herself. Beneath them, LARGE BLADES like from upside down LAWN MOWERS spin rapidly.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Stop!!! Please!!!

ALEX

I don't have a choice!!!

18 INT. JIGSAW SURVIVOR GROUP - NIGHT

18

PRESENT

Sidney sobs. Bobby, still seated, leans towards her.

BOBBY

Go on.

Sidney's lips tremble as she continues talking...

19 INT. SPINNING BLADE ROOM - NIGHT

19

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Sidney's hands SLIP. Alex has her almost down. But then a DEEP ANGER RISES within Sidney and--

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

She SCREAMS and KICKS OUT her feet, HITTING Alex square in the chest and causing him to gasp, losing his grip and FALLING DOWN to the spinning blades below--SPLAT!

Sidney SCREAMS as Alex's blood flies up, COVERING her in a WAVE OF RED.

20 INT. JIGSAW SURVIVOR GROUP - NIGHT

20

PRESENT The water works flow on Sidney now.

BOBBY

Sidney. Look at me.

Sidney, tears flowing, looks into Bobby's eyes.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You made a decision, and how did that make you feel?

SIDNEY

Free.

Sidney's lips quiver, trying to speak while she's crying.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

He was abusive...I tried to stop it before...but not until that moment did I really do something.

Sidney looks up to Bobby, suddenly strong.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

It was me or him...and I chose to live.

(clenching jaw)

It was the best thing that ever happened to me.

Bobby empathizes with her. He's about to speak--

SIMONE (O.S.)

That's a bunch of bullshit.

All the eyes shift to Simone. She sits with her remaining hand touching her prosthetic.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

He had to die for you to leave him?

Simone looks around to others who aren't as enthusiastic about the Jigsaw experience as Sidney and Bobby.

(CONTINUED)

SIMONE (CONT'D)

The best thing that ever happened to me after being forced to cut off my own arm was handicapped parking at the damn mall.

(to Bobby)

What the hell are you even doing here with these cameras?

Simone's anger radiates from her intense eyes, several other heads nodding in agreement.

BOBBY

I'm here to illustrate that a traumatic experience, such as the kind each of us endured, can have a positive outcome.

SIMONE

Oh yeah? And what's that?

BOBBY

A new perspective on life.

Simone is about to explode when--

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I know you haven't gotten to that point yet, and I respect that, but if you look around to all these people taking their lives for granted.

(beat)

Eventually they found something positive in their experience.

Bobby shifts, looking back to Sidney as if to make a point.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Sidney, that day when you endured the pain from your game, you changed. You were no longer a victim, you became a survivor.

Looking back to Simone and the others.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You did something that few could, and just that action is remarkable.

Bobby looks to Simone as if pleading, and she tilts her head, as if he's getting to her just a little bit.

A slight glimpse of satisfaction crosses Bobby's face, but then his eyes connect with Cale, Nina and Suzanne, all staring to him. They're obviously following a script, and they non-verbally urge him to HIT HIS BULLET POINTS.

(CONTINUED)

Bobby takes a beat and then gets on with the show, sounding a bit like he's reading off a Teleprompter rather than speaking from the heart.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You made the choice to survive, and that's my message. To survive.

Bobby speaks as much to the camera as he does the group.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

S. Start your life anew. U.
Understand your problems. R.
Redefine your priorities. V.
Verify your self worth through
commitment.

Bobby shoots Joyce a wink just behind the survivor group.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I. Ignore your detractors. V.
Value your loved ones.

Behind the camera, Cale, Nina, and Suzanne look on.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

And E. Embrace everyday as if it
is your last. Survive.

(beat)

That's what we have all chosen to
do, and we must never be ashamed of
what we've been through. We are
good, and we are strong.

At this point, the room is taken in by his words.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I want to show you all something.

Bobby pulls open his shirt and displays two brutal scars in his chest, just above his pectoral muscles.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

My scars.

Bobby looks around the room, showing everyone his scars.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Our minds might heal, but our scars
will never go away. These are not
to be symbols of shame...they are
to be badges of courage.

Bobby makes sure everyone sees them...especially the camera. Hsi eyes when shift to his entourage as they motion to Joyce waiting in the wings.

Bobby hesitates and then--

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I spoke of valuing your loved ones,
which is something I never did
before my ordeal. But since then,
I've found someone who has become
my rock. And I value every minute
I have with her.

(motioning)

Joyce, come up here.

Joyce steps into the lights, the camera turning on her. She
steps to Bobby, kissing him on the lips.

JOYCE

I love you.

On the side, Suzanne leans into Nina and Cale, happily
whispering.

SUZANNE

We're gonna be turning away people
in droves this weekend.

The three handlers gleam like thieves as Joyce steps back
from the kiss, blushing a bit.

BOBBY

I love you, too.

It's a warm, endearing moment until--

Someone starts to slowly CLAP. One by one, the people in the
room look to the person disturbing the moment.

And when the camera pans to the clapping, Bobby's attention
is taken away from Joyce. His perma-smile drops and he looks
over to...

DR. GORDON. He sits in a folding chair with yellow note pad
tucked underneath his arm. His face freshly shaven, hair
perfect, and clothes pressed.

With a sort of cocked smirk, Dr. Gordon continues to clap,
his foot over his knee - exposing his PROSTHETIC FOOT.

DR. GORDON

Bravo. To be able to sustain such
a traumatic experience, and then
find the positive in this grizzly
act...

Dr. Gordon stops clapping, placing a hand on his ankle and
looking around to the many people watching him. His eyes
settle on Bobby.

DR. GORDON (CONT'D)

...it is a remarkable feat, indeed.

(CONTINUED)

Bobby sort of tilts his head, not having expected this interruption.

DR. GORDON (CONT'D)
If not a bit perverse. You have not merely endured, Mr. Dagen; you have prevailed.

Bobby stammers, and before he can answer, Dr. Gordon is on his feet, cutting him off.

DR. GORDON (CONT'D)
Thank you for including all of us in your promotional DVD, Bobby.

Dr. Gordon claps again, and the others all join in. Bobby's uncertainty grows, but he has to put on a good face. He shakes hands, but his gaze shifts to Dr. Gordon who turns away, moving from the room with a LIMP right as--

20D

OMITTEDSC:20A-21

20D

21A

INT. THE JUNKYARD - GARAGE - NIGHT

21A

A young man's head whips up in shock. This is EVAN. He's a skinhead with tattoos covering his body. The dashboard of the car is nearly bare, stripped down to the essentials.

EVAN
Wha-where am I? What happened?!

--two headlights FLASH ON, nearly blinding us. The silver front grill of a stripped car missing its doors, rear and back hood, overtakes our view.

An exposed car engine SCREAMS. It's running at full bore - the pistons violently bobbing up and down.

RISE AND REVEAL a still car with no hood and no doors, its top chopped off. A jack holds up the back end. The engine revs at FULL SPEED. The axle and rear tires SPIN, but the car DOES NOT MOVE.

A mounted sign on the wall reads, "PETE'S AUTO BODY."

Inside the car, Evan sits behind the oversized steering wheel. He's a skinhead with tattoos covering his body. The dashboard of the car is nearly bare, stripped down to the essentials.

Evan's eyes are wide. Mouth agape. A SCREAM emitting that can barely be heard over the loud engine.

EVAN (CONT'D)
AHHHHHHHH!!!

Evan's nearly nude body is STUCK to the weather beaten and cracked vinyl seats.

(CONTINUED)

21A CONTINUED:

21A

He tries to raise his arm, but SUPER GLUE keeps it in place. He yanks harder, but DEEP CUTS in his skin cause his skin to PEEL OFF if he pulls too hard.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Fuck!!! Help me!!!

CHU-CHUNK! The spin dial radio churns to life, and a CASSETTE TAPE starts to spin. A WARBLING VOICE comes from the car speakers. It's familiar. JIGSAW.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from speakers)
Hello, Evan. I want to play a game.

Evan tries to pull his arms from the seat, but recoils in pain as more blood trickles out from his many deep cuts.

JIGSAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(from speakers)
The situation you find yourself in is of your own doing. You, your girlfriend, and your friends are all racists. You have intimidated others based on their physical differences, but today it is you who will be running scared.

Evan's eyes rise to the rear view mirror and reveal--

BEHIND THE CAR. DAN screams. Also a skinhead, he has hooks attached to chains that are sunken into his arms, chest and lower jaw. The chains then loop across the junkyard and are connected to the rear bumper of the car.

DAN
What the fuck is this, man?!!!

Evan jerks his head, looking down to--

UNDER THE CAR. On the ground, with her face inches from the spinning tires, a girl named KARA bucks and screams. She has piercings and tattoos, and she is wrapped in BARBWIRE.

Kara cries and screams, unable to move. If the car drops off its blocks, her head will be CRUSHED and SMEARED.

KARA
Get me out of here!!! Please!!!

Evan eyes then rise past the front windshield to--

IN FRONT OF THE CAR. Highlighted by the front headlights, the final skinhead named JAKE sits and is NAILED by his arms to the wall. Jake is directly in the car's path.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

Evan, you fuck!!! Get me outta here!!!

Evan shakes his head, unable to comprehend the madness unfolding before his eyes.

JIGSAW (V.O.)

(from speakers)

Your friends follow your every word, Evan. Therefore, you will be the only one capable of saving them and yourself.

(beat)

In thirty seconds the jack holding up this car will fall, setting off a deadly chain of events. In order to stop this from happening, you must pull yourself from the vinyl seat of the car and pull the stop lever in front of you.

Evan sees a LEVER in front of him, just out of reach.

JIGSAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(from speakers)

However, no act comes without a sacrifice. You've judged others by the color of their skin and today, Evan, you will learn that we are all the same color on the inside. By pulling your body from the vinyl seat, you will prove that beauty might be skin deep... but ugliness runs to the bone.

Evan tries to pull the skin again, but blood Oozes out from his deep cuts. The pain to remove the skin from his arms, legs and back is going to be EXCRUCIATING.

JIGSAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(from speaker)

Live or die, Evan. The choice is yours.

The cassette tape ends. A STOP WATCH on the dashboard TICKS DOWN from thirty seconds... twenty-nine... twenty eight...

EVAN

Fuck... fuck...

Dan, Kara and Jake scream for Evan to rip off his skin and help them. But Evan isn't making much progress.

DAN

Fucking do it, man!

KARA

Save me! Please! Please!

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

Do it!!!

Evan holds his breath. Grits his teeth. And then... RIPS HIS ARM FROM THE VINYL.

EVAN

AHHH!!!

He yelps in pain, blood pouring from the wounds that used to be skin. TORN FLESH dangles like bandages. He reaches forward...but he can't reach the lever yet.

The stop watch hits twenty... nineteen... eighteen...

EVAN (CONT'D)

Okay... here I go... here I go...

Evan holds his breath and... PULLS FREE HIS OTHER ARM IN ONE QUICK YANK. He bellows in pain. It is like pulling off a Band-Aid, but this Band-Aid takes off a half-inch of flesh.

EVAN (CONT'D)

FUCK!!!

Evan's two arms are free. He tries to lean forward, the lever within inches of his fingertips. But the skin just below his neck starts to TEAR AWAY. The cut runs from shoulder to shoulder. This is soft flesh, and it will be TWICE AS PAINFUL.

EVAN (CONT'D)

God... please... please...

The stop watch continues to tick down... twelve... eleven...

JAKE

Do it! Fucking do it!

DAN

You got us into this! Get us the fuck out!

KARA

Please, baby! Help me!

The stop watch hits the TEN SECOND mark.

EVAN

I'll do it! I'll do it!

Evan leans forward, the deep cut along his back PEELING OFF like the skin from a banana.

EVAN (CONT'D)

AHHH!!!

(CONTINUED)

21A

CONTINUED: (4)

21A

Evan gasps, letting out a painful cry. His eyes shift to the STOP WATCH that hits five seconds... four... three...

The realization rushes across Dan, Kara and Jake that Evan isn't going to make it.

JAKE

You fucking pussy!!!

Evan stops reaching for the lever and grabs the steering wheel, bracing himself as the stop watch hits ZERO.

In rapid motion, the jack drops and the car falls forward--

KARA

EVAN!

WHAM! Kara's head is CRUSHED, blood, brain and bone spewing out at us--SPLAT! The engine REVS and the tires SPIN, finally getting a grip on the ground and jerking forward--

DAN

AHHH!!!

The hooks attached to Dan's arms, face and chest are pulled tight and then--POP! CHUNKS OF FLESH are torn off - in addition to his LOWER JAW.

Dan's arms are jerked clean from his shoulder - the two dangling appendages sail towards us like WET NOODLES.

The car rushes towards Jake. It picks up speed, crossing the garage and--

JAKE

NOOOOO!!!

WHAM! The car RAMS Jake right in the face. His head EXPLODES in a splash of blood.

The car plows through the wall--

21B

EXT. THE JUNKYARD - NIGHT

21B

--skidding across the ground of the junkyard and--WHAM! Hits a ROW OF CARS. Evan is THROWN FORWARD, flying out of the car and smashing face-first into the windshield of another car--CRASH!

The horn blares from the crashed. Smoke rises from the engine. One of the turn signals incessantly blinks.

Evan twitches, his mangled face now awash in blood. He tries to scream, but he can only muster a whimper. Evan's head slumps and a STREAM OF BLOOD squirts out from his neck - our perspective now AWASH IN RED.

22

OMITTEDSC:22

22

22A INT. JIGSAW SURVIVOR GROUP - HALLWAY - NIGHT

22A

Bobby and Cale are at a door marked, "EXIT." A DRIVER in cheap black suit politely grabs Bobby's bag.

Joyce, rubbing her shoulders to stay warm, approaches.

DRIVER

I can take that, sir.

BOBBY

Thanks...

Cale puts a hand on Bobby's shoulder and addresses Joyce.

CALE

Joyce, I'll have him back to ya in two secs.

JOYCE

Sure, I'll be in the car, Ok?

BOBBY

I'm a minute behind you.

Bobby pecks Joyce on the cheek and she hustles toward the driver who nods, pushing open the door for her and exits.

CALE

Who's the creepy guy with the cane? Is that someone I should know about? Is he gonna cause us a problem?

BOBBY

No. No. No. Don't worry about the Doc. He's been around here for a long time...he's just...I dunno, maybe its jealousy...sarcasm...no worries...okay? Its gonna happen.

Cale exhales...calming down.

CALE

Alright man...go back to the hotel and get some rest. Great job tonight.

BOBBY

Thanks.

CALE

I know, it's a lot of pressing palms and fake smiles right now, but we're getting popular, and soon my friend, we'll get the kind of power that builds an empire.

(CONTINUED)

Cale turns, hustling back down the hallway. Bobby watches him a beat, his smirk dropping. He then exits to--

22B

EXT. JIGSAW SURVIVOR GROUP - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

22B

--the ice cold night. Bobby hustles over to an idling, blacked out ESCALADE. He tries to open the back door, but it is LOCKED. Bobby taps the tinted window a few times, but nothing happens.

BOBBY
(panicked)
Joyce? You in there?

No response. Bobby shivers, moving to the front passenger side window.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Can you open the door...

But Bobby's voice trails out as he sees that no one is in the driver's seat. He tries the door, but it is also locked.

(CONTINUED)

22B CONTINUED:

22B

Bobby looks down as something catches his eye. On the ground, there is a POOL OF BLOOD. Fresh.

He bends over, looking closer to the blood, and when he stands up again--

The PIG MASK IS STANDING RIGHT BEHIND HIM.

Bobby turns and a black gloved hand SLAMS into his neck, THRUSTING him back against the car. And before he can fight back, a syringe is JAMMED into his neck.

23-26 OMITTEDSC:23-26

23-26

27 INT. POLICE STATION - CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

27

WHAM! Gibson pushes through the doors into the coroner's office. The CORONER looks up. A dock with an elevator is noticed behind him.

GIBSON

Did you prop open the stairwell door?

Gibson motions behind him, back down the hallway.

CORONER

My bad, won't happen again.

RING-RING-RING! Gibson's phone chirps. He gives it a quick look, answering it.

GIBSON

Make sure it doesn't. You compromise our evidence and...

Gibson holds up a trio of spent cigarette butts.

GIBSON (CONT'D)

...you fellas can smoke outside like everybody else, alright?

Gibson drops the smokes into the Coroner's waste basket.

CORONER

Understood.

Gibson gives him a look and then takes the call, exiting to--

28 INT. POLICE STATION - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

28

--the basement hallway.

GIBSON

(into phone)
What's up?

29 EXT. THE JUNKYARD - GARAGE - NIGHT 29

Rogers, Gibson's right-hand-man, stands outside the entrance to the garage. He looks in the huge hole in the wall caused by the crashed car. The area is dotted with several UNIFORMED OFFICERS and a couple of suited DETECTIVES.

ROGERS
(into phone)
It's Rogers. I'm at the junkyard
down on 58th.

30 INT. POLICE STATION - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT 30

Gibson turns a corner, passing a door that reads, "EVIDENCE - JIGSAW KILLER." While Gibson doesn't slow down, we get a GLIMPSE of floor-to-ceiling Jigsaw traps and devices.

GIBSON
(into phone)
Why? What happened?

Before we see too much, we find Gibson again as passes STAIRS that lead up to the first floor. In order to access the stairs, one has to pass through a LOCKED DOUBLE DOOR.

31 OMITTEDSC:31 3132 EXT. THE JUNKYARD - GARAGE - NIGHT 32

Rogers eyes the CRASHED CAR in the distance, and the BLOOD TRAIL leading out of the hole in the wall.

ROGERS
(into phone)
A call came in about a car crash.
(beat)
There's a new game.

32A INT. POLICE STATION - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT 32A

Gibson stops dead in his tracks.

GIBSON
Do we have a witness?

ROGERS (V.O.)
Not this time.

Gibson turns into another doorway, passing a sign that reads, "INTERNAL AFFAIRS" and enters--

33 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERNAL AFFAIRS - NIGHT 33

--the Internal Affairs office. It is smaller and more intimate than the other parts of the precinct. There are several desks jammed into a bullpen and a giant BULLETIN BOARD with all the photos of Jigsaw victims.

(CONTINUED)

GIBSON
How many bodies?

ROGERS (V.O.)
There are enough pieces here to
make around four.

Above them are photos of John, Amanda and Hoffman. Hoffman
is the only one without a red X through his face.

A young, attractive female IA officer sits before a computer,
quickly looking up. This is **PALMER**.

GIBSON
(into phone)
Ok, Rogers, listen to me...keep
everyone away from that crime scene
until I get there. Do you
understand?
(beat)
I'm on my way.

34 **INT. THE JUNKYARD - GARAGE - NIGHT**

34

It's the location from earlier. There is virtually NO SOUND.

Gibson kneels next to Dan's limp, armless body. He looks up,
moving past Kara's smashed head, following the SMEAR OF BLOOD
across the garage floor to Jake's headless body and the hole
in the wall.

FLIES buzz around the three corpses.

Gibson looks back over his shoulder, Rogers, the uniformed
and suited detectives watching him. He steps over Jake and
out the hole in the wall to--

34A **EXT. THE JUNKYARD - NIGHT**

34A

--the junkyard. Gibson follows the wreckage that leads to
the crashed car. Its turning signal blinks. Smoke rises
from underneath the hood.

Gibson eases around the side. The front glass is shattered,
Evan's head is stuck halfway in the car opposite it. Gibson
eases close to Evan, looking him over.

Evan's mouth is against the glass, as if he's biting it.
Gibson tries to check Evan's pulse.

GIBSON
Body number four...look what
happened to you-

EVAN
AHHHH!!!

(CONTINUED)

34A CONTINUED:

34A

Evan JERKS UP, spitting blood and displaying his missing teeth. Gibson jumps back, nearly falling over.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Help me... help me...

With the slurred speech of a punch drunk boxer, Evan is barely audible - his mouth gushing blood.

GIBSON
Get the medics!

35

INT. THE JUNKYARD - GARAGE - NIGHT

35

Time has passed. Evan is quickly carted away by a team of medics trying to keep him alive. Gibson stands with his arms crossed, staring at DAN'S DEAD BODY being put into a BODY BAG by a ASSISTANT CORONER.

The Assistant Coroner winces, making brief eye contact with Gibson.

GIBSON
(to Coroner's Assistant)
Bag those bodies and get them back to the coroner's office right away. We need them checked for anything resembling a clue, alright?
(beat)
That means tattoo's, skin cuttings, everything and anything. Copy?

The Assistant Coroner nods and moves a bit faster. Gibson looks away, his eyes focusing on a sign that reads, "PETE'S AUTO BODY."

ROGERS (O.S.)
Gibson.

Rogers waves in the distance, motioning to the bathroom.

36

INT. THE JUNKYARD - GARAGE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

36

It's a tiny bathroom that hasn't been cleaned since it was first built. There's a stench and the FLIES ARE THICK, forcing Gibson to cover his mouth. Rogers points to the MIRROR on the wall.

ROGERS
Hoffman was expecting you.

On the mirror, in blood, the words are written, "GIBSON - SEE FOR YOURSELF."

Beneath it, the source of the stench and where the FLIES are buzzing the most is revealed - the REVERSE BEAR TRAP from Saw VI. Flesh still stuck inside.

(CONTINUED)

GIBSON
(re: reverse bear trap)
Well look at that...please get
forensics on this and tell 'em to
haul ass. This needs to be dusted
now.

Rogers moves, but Gibson's eyes stay on the reverse bear trap
- the flies INTENSIFYING THEIR SWARM.

37 OMITTEDSC:37-42 37

43 INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 43

Jill's at the door, taking the groceries from Charlie. The
second security guard is over Charlie's shoulder.

JILL
Thanks.

CHARLIE
No problem. Also got your mail.

Jill takes it. She closes the door and moves to the kitchen.
She sets down the groceries, pulling out the bananas and
seeing that they're green on the stems, just like she asked.

JILL
Perfect.

Jill sets them down and notices something odd about a PARCEL
OF MAIL. Her name is hand written on one that hasn't been
opened, and there is no return address.

Jill cautiously opens the parcel, looking inside to find
SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS taken of her from outside her windows.

JILL (CONT'D)
Oh god...

CLOSE ON: The last thing is a note, written in blood, "I WANT
TO PLAY A GAME - H."

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!! A thundering knock from the door,
startles Jill.

JILL (CONT'D)
Charlie!

Jill moves to the door, yanking it open to find Gibson
standing there, Rogers over his shoulder.

GIBSON
You broke our deal.

44

INT. THE MAZE - DELIVERY ROOM - NIGHT

44

Bobby lies on his side with DRIED BLOOD STAINS covering his MOUTH and LIPS. He jerks back to consciousness, seeing that he's inside a CYLINDRICAL CAGE known as a GIBBET.

Bobby cringes, touching his SORE JAW and wiping his face.

BOBBY

Jesus...

He grabs the bars containing him when--

FLASH-FLASH-FLASH! Three lights come to life revealing that Bobby is surrounded by a PILE OF SHARP DEBRIS. Bobby twists around, seeing that an "S.U.R.V.I.V.E." is written on the bottom of the cage in red paint.

On the staircase next to Bobby, a painted on phrase reads, "START YOUR LIFE ANEW."

ZZCCCCHHHH!!! A TV in the corner flashes on. An image flickers. The back of a head is seen. White skin. Black hair. The head slowly cranes around, revealing...THE DOLL.

The doll glares out at the camera.

DOLL

(from screen)

Hello, Bobby. I want to play a game.

Bobby gasps at the sight of the doll.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(from screen)

You have amassed wealth, fame, and notoriety based upon your story of survival. Many have aided in your cause, but few know the truth.

(beat)

You are a liar. You have never been in a trap nor have you ever been tested. Today, these lies will come full circle and you will learn if you truly have what it takes to call yourself a survivor.

Bobby tries to pull the bars, but they don't give.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(from screen)

The cage you find yourself in will symbolize your rebirth, this being the first step towards "starting your life anew" and "understanding your problems."

(CONTINUED)

FLASH! The TV image changes to display Joyce standing, shackled at her wrists and neck by chains that run into the floor. It appears she is standing on a pedestal in the middle of a small room.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(from screen)

In the next sixty minutes, you must stay upon the path of learning and traverse a series of obstacles to obtain access to your wife.

(beat)

If you fail to reach your wife before the clock runs out, she will die.

Bobby shudders, his breath taken away by seeing Joyce.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(from screen)

Live or die, Bobby - make your choice.

The image on the monitor cuts away from Jigsaw and displays Joyce pleading on the pedestal.

CH-CHUNK! A winch comes to life and the gibbet is HOISTED UP directly over the PILE OF SHARP DEBRIS.

The DIGITAL CLOCK over the exit door begins to click down from 60:00....59:59...59:58...

Bobby holds on tightly to the bars. His eyes rise, seeing CHAIN to pull. He hesitantly yanks on it and--

WHAM! The bottom of the gibbet FALLS AWAY, and Bobby nearly drops out. But he grabs the bars, his legs flailing out.

Below him, the razor sharp debris awaits.

Bobby grunts, holding on with both hands. He begins to swing out his legs.

And after a moment, Bobby gets his momentum going. He's going to try to jump clear of the debris.

Bobby holds tight, swinging his legs. His arms begin to shake. He isn't going to be able to hold on much longer.

After a few more kicks--

Bobby's arm give way and he falls to the floor--THUD! He just misses the pile of debris.

He rolls to his side, regaining his breath. His eyes shift to the TV, seeing his wife CRYING and calling out for him.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE NEWSCASTER #2

(from TV)

...as the city stays crippled in fear from the Jigsaw killings, chilling new words from the latest survivor provide a reminder of the physical and mental toll these deadly games can take.

Bobby motions for the **BARTENDER** to get him two more drafts for him and Cale. His eyes then shift to the TV again as a woman named JOAN is seen. She has short hair, bright blue eyes, and she's in a rough, rough spot.

JOAN

(from TV)

This horrible event was happening to me...and in that moment, that moment that this thing threatened to take everything away, even the pain, I realized what I had left to give. And I didn't want to let that go.

Bobby tilts his head as his intrigue grows.

JOAN (CONT'D)

(from TV)

It gave me light...that pure moment of absolute horror gave me light.

(beat)

As wrong as this may seem, I'm better for enduring it...I'm stronger...and I must admit...I'm grateful.

The bartender sets down the two drafts. Cale grabs his, noticing that Bobby is captivated by Joan's story on the TV. He looks up as well.

JOAN (CONT'D)

(from screen)

I'm grateful it happened...and I wish the same for everyone like me.

In that moment, Joan seems to let go, the slightest of smiles coming to her face. But the image switches back to Female Newscaster #2.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER #2

(from TV)

Local officials have urged that if anyone sees anything even remotely suspicious that they report it immediately...

Female Newscaster #2's voice trails out as Bobby looks away, clearly shaken by Joan's words.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
If something like that doesn't
change your perspective on life, I
don't know what will.

CALE
Yeah, and if those people weren't
so fucked up after their games,
they'd make a mint selling their
stories.

BOBBY
You really think so?

CALE
(scoffing)
Fuck yeah.

Bobby, contemplating, looks to Cale and then back to the TV.

A47BB INT. THE MAZE - DELIVERY ROOM - NIGHT A47BB

PRESENT

Bobby cringes as he looks away from his wife. There is a DOOR
at the ground level. Bobby tries the door, shaking the
handles. A jingling sound alerts Bobby that-

A47BBA EXT. THE MAZE - DELIVERY ROOM - NIGHT A47BBA

--the ground level door handles are CHAINED from the OUTSIDE.

A47BBB INT. THE MAZE - DELIVERY ROOM - NIGHT A47BBB

Bobby looks for another option of progress. He moves up the
staircase, coming to a door with the written message,
"UNDERSTAND YOUR PROBLEMS."

Joyce's screams echo from the monitor at the bottom of the
stairs. Bobby hesitates, looking at the message...

47BB OMITTEDSC:47BB 47BB

47C INT. BAR - NIGHT 47C

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)
Bobby and Cale have moved over to a more intimate table,
talking in hushed tones.

CALE
Nobody knows who is doing this, so
who's to say you weren't in a trap?

BOBBY
No one, I guess. But I don't know
if I can sell it like her.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY (CONT'D)
(motioning to TV)
Did you see her face?

CALE
If you can't, you're dead in the
water, but if you can, they'll love
you, Bobby.

Bobby thinks, lowering his head.

CALE (CONT'D)
Can you do it?

BOBBY
Yes.

Bobby nods his head, trying to convince himself.

CALE
We're gonna need some help. I know
these two great girls who can
handle publicity and legal.

BOBBY
We can trust them?

CALE
Just let me put the team
together...

A47D INT. THE MAZE - DELIVERY ROOM - NIGHT

A47D

PRESENT

Bobby looks away from Joyce's SCREAMING VOICE and pushes
through the door leading to a--

47D OMITTEDSC:47D

47D

47E INT. THE MAZE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

47E

--hallway. It's tight with a RED LINE down the middle.
Hesitantly, Bobby follows the line. But he soon comes to a
fork in the hallway.

The red line is telling him to go left, but he looks right.
The right hallway is blocked by sharp HUNKS OF DEBRIS and
RAZOR WIRE. Bobby sees if he can get through, but it would
be a painful proposition.

He hesitates a second, something running through his head...

47EA INT. THE MAZE - DELIVERY ROOM - NIGHT

47EA

(FLASHBACK)

The doll speaks from the screen.

(CONTINUED)

DOLL
...you must stay upon the path of
learning...

47F OMITTEDSC:47F 47F

47G INT. THE MAZE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 47G

PRESENT

Bobby looks down to the red line, following it down the left hallway. And after taking a few steps--

FLASH! A light turns on, highlighting a cracked doorway. On the door, the message is written, "REDEFINE YOUR PRIORITIES."

Bobby freezes. He looks back to the hallway and then turns, pushing through the door and enters--

A48 INT. THE MAZE - THE SPEAKING ROOM - NIGHT A48

--a small room with virtually no light. Bobby eases into the room and--

FLASH-FLASH-FLASH! Three lights turn on, highlighting Nina sitting between four metal posts with devices attached to them. She's on a chair in a straight jacket, her head held back by a harness. There is a neck device with KNIVES threatening to stab her throat.

A METAL WIRE sticks up out of Nina's mouth, forcing her to mumble and jerk her body.

BOBBY
Nina!? Are you okay?!

NINA
Help me, Bobby! I can't move!

Nina's words are a GARBLED MESS because of the wire. Bobby tries to find a way into the cube, but there isn't one.

The DIGITAL CLOCK ticks down 55:23... 55:22... 55:21...

NINA (CONT'D)
Hurry! The recorder!

Nina motions to a MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER. It hangs from the ceiling, next to an X-RAY.

BOBBY
I'll get you out!

Bobby grabs the recorder, pressing PLAY. The tape pops, followed by a hiss and then--

(CONTINUED)

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Hello, Bobby. Before you is one of your trusted colleagues. She has been your mouthpiece for years, knowing your lies, but choosing to "speak no evil." She has been richly rewarded for her words, but today she will be rewarded for her silence.

Nina strains, sweat sliding down her face.

JIGSAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(from tape)
In the x-ray you will see a key...the key to Nina's survival, which will shut off her device. Only you are able to pull it out, but it will not come easily. If you fail to remove the fishhook from her throat, the blades around her neck will come together, quieting her for good.

Bobby looks to the x-ray, seeing the METAL HOOK AND KEY sitting in Nina's STOMACH.

JIGSAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(from tape)
You have one minute to help her survive. But remember to "**redefine your priorities**" because silence holds the key. If the decibel level in this room rises above a whisper, the blades on her throat will advance, and your efforts will be moot.
(beat)
Will Nina, live or die, Bobby. The choice is yours.

The tape cuts out and the engine fires to life. It's electronic, so it only makes a LOW HUM.

CLOSE ON: There is a DECIBEL METER on the top of the engine, a LIGHT BAR rising at the slightest bit of SOUND.

A STOP WATCH on the engine ticks down from 1:00...0:59...
0:58...

Nina CRIES OUT and the decibel meter RISES INTO THE RED.

NINA
Bobby!

CH-CHUNK! The engine REVS and the blades CLICK A NOTCH, moving CLOSER to Nina's neck.

(CONTINUED)

Bobby rushes Nina, pulling desperately on the knives threatening her neck. They won't budge. Anchored in steel.

BOBBY

Be quiet!

Bobby pulls fruitlessly. He realizes he has to play to win.

Nina bites her lip, and the decibel meter drops out of the red. The engine dies down and the blades stop advancing.

Bobby puts his finger to his lips, and they both realize that they HAVE TO BE QUIET.

The room is SILENT besides the low hum of the engine.

Bobby moves to the top of the box, touching the wire.

Slowly, he starts to pull the hook up out of Nina's mouth. Nina grimaces, and Bobby knows to ease up on the pulling.

Nina MOANS a bit, and the decibel meter risers into the red just a second.

Bobby freezes, and the decibel level drops, the engine staying at a low hum.

The clock ticks down to 0:48...0:47...0:46...

Bobby makes a signal to Nina that he's about to pull up on the wire. She nods, closing her eyes.

After a few smooth pulls, the hook ABRUPTLY STOPS. Nina GROANS IN PAIN--

NINA

Ahh...

The decibel meter hits the red - CH-CHUNK! The engine fires up and the knives move CLOSER TO HER THROAT.

Nina gasps and suppresses her pain. The engine dies down and the knives cease their advancement.

Bobby fishes the wire a bit, bobbing it up and down to get it loose. The pain for Nina is EXCRUCIATING, but she can't make a sound.

Bobby feels slack on the wire and is able to pull up again. He gently guides it up through Nina's esophagus.

Nina winces, TEARS sliding out of her eyes.

Bobby eases up on the wire, seeing Nina's pain. His eyes shift to the time.

The clock reads 0:39... 0:38...0:37...

(CONTINUED)

He still has plenty of time. Bobby starts to pull again. Centimeter by centimeter. He's getting closer and closer until--

SNAG! The wire TIGHTENS. Nina's eyes shoot open. She gags in pain.

NINA (CONT'D)

Ahh...

The decibel level rises to the red, but it's only momentarily. The engine stays still.

But the clock is ticking down passing 0:30...0:29...0:28...

Nina's eyes strain, looking up to Bobby. Bobby tries to bob the wire, but the hook ISN'T COMING LOOSE.

The frustration is rising within Bobby.

Nina's eyes dance between the dwindling clock and Bobby.

The clock reads 0:21...0:20...0:19...

Bobby isn't making any progress, the hook lodged in Nina's throat. The pain is becoming TOO MUCH AND--

NINA (CONT'D)

Pull it out!!!

CH-CHUNK! The engine FIRES UP as the decibel meter TOPS OUT ON THE RED. Nina BELLOWS in pain. The knives advance, now PRESSING AGAINST FLESH and causing her to SCREAM.

NINA (CONT'D)

Fucking do it!!!

Bobby gives the wire a HARD PULL AND--

SPLAT! The hook jets out of the side of Nina's throat, blood spitting out like a fountain.

NINA (CONT'D)

AHH!!!

The decibel meter stays in red, and the knives keep clicking forward, causing Nina to GASP and MOAN.

The clock ticks down 0:10...0:09...0:08...

Bobby has no choice but to YANK WITH ALL HIS MIGHT AND--

RIIIP!!! The hook is pulled up through Nina's throat, TEARING APART HER WIND PIPE.

She gasps in pain, the clicking knives DRAWING BLOOD.

The clock is almost out 0:05...0:04...0:03...

(CONTINUED)

A48 CONTINUED: (4)

A48

Bobby jerks the wire like a fisherman reeling in a tuna, the wire jostling loose. Bloods SPIRITS out of Nina's mouth as the hook and key POP OUT--

Bobby tries to grab the BLOOD-COVERED KEY when--

...0:02...0:01...0:00.

The engine REVS, pushing the knives together at FULL STRENGTH AND--SPLAT!!! Nina is nearly decapitated by the knives penetrating her neck.

She lets out a gurgled last breath...DEAD.

Bobby slides back off the cube, hitting the ground hard. He gasps in horror.

The clock continues to drop 53:19... 53:18... 53:17...

B48 INT. THE MAZE - THE SUN DANCE ROOM - NIGHT

B48

Joyce's head whips up as--

The digital clock ticks down 53:16...53:15...53:14...

WHAM! The gears of the MEAT GRINDER before Joyce fire up for a second, JERKING HER TO HER KNEES.

Joyce screams as she hits the floor of the pedestal. Thankfully, the gears stop. Joyce collects herself and looks to her monitor.

JOYCE

What happened?! Bobby?!

C48 INT. THE MAZE - THE SPEAKING ROOM - NIGHT

C48

CLICK! A door leading out of the room opens.

Bobby tries to rise to his feet, but the blood covering his hands cause him to hesitate. He wipes them on his pants, shaking his head in despair.

He takes one last look at Nina, a chill running down his spine. Bobby's first sight of authentic death live and up close is more than he bargained for.

BOBBY

(a whisper)

I'm sorry...

Bobby turns, moving towards the door out of the room--

48B OMITTEDSC:48-48B

48B

49

INT. SAFE HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

49

In the basement of a safe house, Jill stands in the corner pacing. The cobweb-covered ceiling is low and there is little light other than a couple hanging bulbs. Gibson holds SOMETHING, setting it down on a rickety table.

GIBSON
(re: plastic bag)
That's a real clever design.

Gibson has set down the REVERSE BEAR TRAP.

GIBSON (CONT'D)
Yours or your husband's?

JILL
Everything was him.

GIBSON
Right...well, here's my problem...
(re: reverse bear trap)
...this was left for me and your
fingerprints are allllll over it.

Jill doesn't need to respond as Gibson points to her.

GIBSON (CONT'D)
When you told me Hoffman had it in
for you...you never mentioned it
was because you tried to kill him.
(beat)
There's a new game going on...does
that surprise you?

JILL
No.

GIBSON
No?
(beat)
I can't believe that, Jill. Until I
find Mark Hoffman, this is your new
home. Get comfy.

JILL
If he found me at that apartment,
what makes you think he can't find
me here?

GIBSON
The apartment was easy, but this
place has the highest level of
security outside of the station
itself.

PALMER (O.S.)
Sir?

(CONTINUED)

Gibson and Jill look over as Palmer, the female IA officer from earlier, peeks into the room.

GIBSON
What is it, Palmer?

She hesitates to speak in front of Jill, so Gibson steps to Palmer, blocking Jill's perspective with his body.

PALMER
This was sent here...addressed to
Jill. Hoffman's got our location.

Gibson sighs...

GIBSON
Goddammit...

Palmer wears plastic gloves and holds a DVD with the words "PLAY ME" written across it. Gibson suspiciously eyes it, motioning for Palmer to move back into the adjacent room.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The control room is just off of the main basement. There is TECH EQUIPMENT and MONITORS that display the surrounding property and the reinforced entry points.

Palmer sits at a computer, inserting the DVD. She holds a phone out to Gibson.

PALMER
It's Rogers.

Gibson grabs the phone, putting it to his ear.

GIBSON
(into phone)
What?

EXT. THE JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Rogers stands in the middle of the junkyard holding his cell. A small car FIRE burns behind him.

ROGERS
(into phone)
We just had a small explosion in a
car at the crime scene.

(CONTINUED)

GIBSON (V.O.)
(from phone)
Anyone hurt--

But before Gibson can complete his sentence--KA-BLOOM!!! The car EXPLODES COMPLETELY, causing Rogers to duck.

50B INT. SAFE HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 50B

Gibson pulls the phone away from his ear, the explosion ECHOING.

50C EXT. THE JUNKYARD - NIGHT 50C

An orange BALL OF FLAME rises into the air, the burning car practically torn in half.

EMERGENCY PERSONNEL fall back, protecting themselves.

ROGERS
(into phone)
There it goes!

GIBSON
(from phone)
Get out of there.

50D INT. SAFE HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 50D

Gibson barks into the phone.

GIBSON
(into phone)
Let the bomb squad sweep the yard.
Don't touch anything else until
it's clean.

ROGERS
(from phone)
Got it.

Gibson sets down the phone, the concern on Palmer is evident, but Gibson stays focused, pointing to the computer.

GIBSON
Play it.

Palmer does as she's told, clicking a few buttons and--

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: The picture flickers and then a nearly barren room is seen. There's a window with blinds covering most of it. A beat passes and then someone grabs the camera, taking it off its mount.

The image shakes, and then the person turns the camera lens onto themselves - revealing Hoffman.

(CONTINUED)

His hair is longer and unkempt. His face has somewhat healed, but he still has gnarly scars that cross his face like highways on a map. Hoffman looks into the lens.

HOFFMAN
(from screen)
Hello, Gibson...been a long time.

Gibson shifts in his chair, anxious.

Hoffman moves around, the image jittering and hard to follow.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
(from screen)
What I want is simple: give me Jill Tuck. You're protecting her despite the fact she had direct knowledge throughout, making her complicit in every death.
(beat)
I'll make you a deal; give her to me and the game will stop...no one else will die.

Hoffman puts on a psychotic smile.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
(from screen)
If not, everyone will die and you will be to blame.
(beat)
Make your choice, Gibson. The clock is ticking.

Hoffman smirks and the image cuts out.

GIBSON
Let's move her to IA offices. Lock it down. No one gets in without my authority.

51 INT. THE MASE - THE SUN DANCE ROOM - NIGHT

51

Joyce's tear-streaked eyes rise to the monitor, seeing Bobby moving down a hallway. The flames from the fire cannons stay at the same level, causing her to SWEAT.

JOYCE
Keep moving, Bobby! If you can hear me, just keep going!

52 INT. THE MASE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

52

On the wall, a monitor displays Joyce.

JOYCE
(from screen)
You can do this!

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

Bobby runs his hands through his hair, his heart racing. He steps down the hallway, following the red line. At a fork in the road, there is a door that reads, "DO NOT ENTER."

The red line goes further down the hallway. A PHOTO lies on the ground before Bobby. He reaches down and picks it up.

It is a black and white photograph of the SURVIVOR GROUP, seemingly taken from a distance. The survivor group sits in the middle of an empty church floor.

Bobby eases back, his mind remembering...

52A INT. JIGSAW SURVIVOR GROUP - HALLWAY - DAY

52A

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Bobby hovers near the doorway to the group, a meeting just beginning to gather. At this point, Bobby isn't the polished showman in front of the camera. He wears a hooded sweatshirt, and he avoids eye contact.

Bobby is about to leave when--

DR. GORDON (O.S.)
The first step is the hardest.

Bobby looks over, seeing Dr. Gordon. He hesitates and Dr. Gordon motions for him to enter the room.

DR. GORDON (CONT'D)
After you.

BOBBY
Thanks.

Bobby enters, and Dr. Gordon watches him closely.

53 OMITTEDSC:53

53

54 INT. THE MAZE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

54

PRESENT

Bobby follows the red line. He turns a corner, seeing a door with a message above it that reads, "VERIFY YOUR SELF WORTH THROUGH COMMITMENT."

Bobby takes a deep breath and steps forward, pushing through the door and into--

55-55B OMITTEDSC:55-55B

55-55B

55C INT. THE MAZE - THE SEEING ROOM - NIGHT

55C

--a small room that resembles an old gym. There is an exit at the opposite end.

(CONTINUED)

Suzanne lies horizontally on a CIRCULAR TRACTION BED. Hers arms and legs are tied down, and there is a MEDICAL HALO attached to her head.

The DIGITAL CLOCK ticks down 44:43... 44:42... 44:41...

SUZANNE (O.S.)
Who's that?! Who's there?!

Bobby gets closer to the metal cage.

BOBBY
Suzanne?

FLASH-FLASH-FLASH! The lights in the room shoot on as the circular traction bed SPINS and Suzanne is VIOLENTLY JERKED UPWARDS.

SUZANNE
Damn you, Bobby! Who did you tell?
Who the fuck did you tell? This is
your fault! I'm in this because of
you!

Bobby pulls at the gate, but it's locked tight.

BOBBY
I know! I know! I'll get you out!

Suzanne begins to break down, shaking her head.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I promise!

There is a bizarre DEVICE in front of Bobby. It looks like a ROWING MACHINE with bench, but to mount it and pull the two bars towards him, Bobby would have to bury a JAGGED METAL EDGE into his entire upper torso.

SUZANNE
(cracking)
This is on you! It's all on you!

BOBBY DOBBS
I'll get you out--

But before Bobby can finish his sentence, an OBJECT swings down behind him, SMASHING through a glass window--CRASH!!!

Bobby ducks and flinches, looking back to see a DOLL in a small GIBBET CAGE like the one he was in moments before. Its dead eyes stare into Bobby, and its mouth begins to move--

DOLL
Hello, Bobby. That feeling running
through your body is fear. The
fear of not knowing if you have
what it takes to survive.

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE

Don't let me die, Bobby!

DOLL

Before you is a woman deeply in need of your help. She swore an oath of ethics, but instead "saw no evil," turning a blind eye to benefit herself.

(beat)

For her to live, simply engage the device before you, pulling the two bars into the off position. If you don't within thirty seconds, the spears will pierce her through the eyes and mouth.

(beat)

Her survival depends upon you, Bobby. Do you have what it takes to "verify your self worth through commitment," or will you continue to perpetuate your lies?

(beat)

Live or die, Bobby. The choice is yours.

CH-CHUNK! Gears shift at the base of the traction bed and she begins to shift FORWARD--CLICK-CLICK-CLICK! Her face drops towards the three spears.

SUZANNE

Don't let me die!!!

BOBBY

I won't!

Bobby steps to the rowing device. He tries to pull the two bars without sitting, but it's impossible, the weights holding them down are too heavy.

SUZANNE

Hurry!

Bobby sits on the bench, gripping the two bars. He gives it a pull, the weight being EXTRAORDINARY. As he pulls the jagged metal PRESSING AGAINST HIS CHEST.

He gasps, letting go of the bars--SLAM! The weights slam down into the floor again.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Come on!!!

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK! The traction bed moves closer to the three spears, the mouth one already right at her lips.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

You're running out of time!!!

(CONTINUED)

Bobby grits his teeth, yanking back the two bars. The jagged edge presses into his chest.

Bobby gasps, but he keeps pulling. With the weights raised, Bobby can see that he has to pull the two bars far enough forward that they will lock into the OFF POSITION.

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

Hurry!!!

The mouth spear is in Suzanne's mouth, preventing her from speaking clearly. The eye spears are CENTIMETERS AWAY.

Bobby screams, pulling with ALL HIS MIGHT. Veins bulge on his neck. His face is red.

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK! Suzanne SCREAMS and GAGS as the mouth spear jams into her throat and the two eye spears are about to PIERCE HER EYEBALLS.

BOBBY

NO!!!

Bobby almost has it when--

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK! The traction bed keeps moving forward and the three spears SINK INTO SUZANNE'S EYES AND MOUTH.

Her body tenses up...and then she goes slack. Dead.

WHAM! Bobby releases the weights, letting out a DEEP GROAN.

DOLL

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!!!

Rage rises within Bobby, looking to the mocking doll.

55D

INT. THE MAZE - THE SUN DANCE ROOM - NIGHT

55D

Dread crosses Joyce's face as--

JOYCE

Bobby!

WHAM! The Meat Grinder's gears fire up yet again and pull Joyce down on all fours...SLAM! Her knees and palms slap the ground beneath her.

Again, the gears stop churning. Joyce's panic subsides long enough for her to gulp down some air.

55E

INT. THE MAZE - THE SEEING ROOM - NIGHT

55E

CLICK! A door leading out of the room opens. Bobby's eyes drift to Suzanne's limp body.

The dropping digital clock reads 41:10...41:09...41:08...

(CONTINUED)

Anguish washes over Bobby, the doll still cackling.

56

INT. POLICE STATION - CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

56

The cart carrying the THREE BODY BAGS from the junkyard are pushed into the Coroner's Office. A CORONER WORKER motions to the Coroner, who has earphones on, analyzing slides.

CORONER WORKER

Gibson says he wants you on these right away.

CORONER

Got it, thanks.

The Coroner Worker exits as the Coroner keeps working.

57

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERNAL AFFAIRS - NIGHT

57

CLOSE ON: A TV monitor displays Hoffman in his same deranged state, talking into a camera.

HOFFMAN

(from screen)

...I'll make you a deal; give her to me and the game will stop...no one else will die....

The image freezes and we--

PULL OUT to reveal Gibson leaning in, looking to the WALL BEHIND HOFFMAN as Hoffman's head slightly dips forward.

ROGERS (O.S.)

Sir!

Gibson puts up his hand, pointing to the TV screen.

GIBSON

See that? Behind his head?

ROGERS

Looks like an angel.

GIBSON

I know it from somewhere.

PALMER (O.S.)

I've got something over here...

Palmer, motioning to her computer on the other side of the room draws the two men over.

Palmer spins her monitor to face Gibson and Rogers. She hits the keyboard and a VIDEO PLAYER opens.

(CONTINUED)

PALMER (CONT'D)
We might know who's in the game.
This was just sent to us. It was
taken off a security camera
downtown.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: The cloaked PIG MASK grabs the startled Bobby, knocking him out and dragging him off screen.

PALMER (CONT'D)
The guy's name is Bobby Dagen.
Familiar?
(off Gibson's shrug)
He's a Jigsaw survivor who's
cashing in on the talk show
circuit. His wife and others from
his inner circle are also missing.

58

INT. POLICE STATION - THE HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

58

Jill stands behind thick bars, looking out at a PHOTO displaying Bobby's face. She's in a small, individual cell that looks like a place for the most dangerous criminals.

JILL
I've seen him on TV, but I don't
know him.

GIBSON
Did your husband?

JILL
I don't know.

GIBSON
Are you sure?

Gibson gives her a look, not sure if he totally believes her. She continues to pace. Gibson and Rogers then turn.

They open and close a THICK METAL DOOR that resembles a bank vault and step into--

59

INT. POLICE STATION - THE VAULT ROOM - NIGHT

59

--another small room with low ceilings and a window looking into the holding cell through one-way glass.

CH-CHUNK! The heavy door leading to Jill's cell locks behind Gibson. There is an ARMED IA OFFICER. He stands by a SHORT METAL DOOR with a viewing slot to see who is outside. The IA officer opens the door.

GIBSON
Lock it after us.

Gibson and Rogers enter--

61 CONTINUED:

61

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
 (from screen)
 Do you see it?

Hoffman shows his demented new smile and then the IMAGE
 FLICKERS and cuts out.

ROGERS
 What the hell is he talking about?

GIBSON
 I get it. Let's go.

62 INT. THE MAZE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

62

Bobby comes to a fork in the road. He looks down the hallway
 without the red line, seeing SHARP DEBRIS and RAZOR WIRE.

Wisely, he follows the red line, coming to a flight of stairs
 leading up. A BOOK sits on the first stair.

CLOSE ON: The back of the book displays a photo of Bobby.

Bobby picks up the book and flips it over, revealing the
 title, "S.U.R.V.I.V.E.: MY STORY OF OVERCOMING JIGSAW."

Bobby opens the cover to see a handwritten note that reads,
 "TO JOHN. STRIVE TO SURVIVE. BEST, BOBBY."

A DIGITAL CLOCK ticks down from 34:43...34:42...34:41...

Bobby's brow furrows as he remembers--

62A INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

62A

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

A **FEMALE FAN** stands at the front of a line that wraps through
 a quaint bookstore. Each person in the line holds Bobby's
 book. Bobby is flanked by Cale, Nina, and Suzanne.

BOBBY
 What's your name?

FEMALE FAN
 "Sara" without an H.

The Female Fan smiles as Bobby starts to sign her book.

FEMALE FAN (CONT'D)
 I could feel everything you wrote.
 Every word. It was like I was
 there myself.

BOBBY
 Thanks.

The Female Fan laughs, taking back her signed book.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE FAN
Thank you so much.

The Female Fan steps away as Bobby's eyes drift over to Suzanne and Nina. Nina talks with Joyce. They laugh and smile, Joyce's eyes connecting with Bobby's. She gushes like a woman in that honeymoon period, subtly blowing him a kiss.

A blissful smile crosses Bobby's face.

But the moment is short lived when a book is set down in front of him for signing. Bobby grabs it without looking.

BOBBY
And what's your name?

JOHN (O.S.)
John.

That cold voice creeps in like a winter wind. Bobby's eyes rise, seeing JOHN KRAMER. This is before his identity is known, and he looks in good health.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(with a smirk)
Just sign it to "John" with an H.

BOBBY
Alright, John with an H. Will do.

Bobby starts signing, and John lines up Bobby's handlers (Cale, Nina and Suzanne). His gaze especially hovers on Joyce, noticing her jewelry and fashionable clothing.

JOHN
You have quite an army working for you, don't you? Must be spreading a pretty good word.

BOBBY
Reaching as many people as possible.

JOHN
And you don't see anything wrong with that?

BOBBY
No. Why would I?

JOHN
I'm not sure how familiar you are with history, but it's a passion of mine. And I read once that when speaking under oath in Ancient Egypt, one was required to say what loosely translated to, "If I'm lying, take me to the quarries."
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Does that mean anything to you?

BOBBY

No...

JOHN

It means that if you knowingly lie on public record, you'll be subject to a period of enslavement.

BOBBY

What are you implying?

CALE

Move along...he signed your book.

John gives Cale a nasty stare, his eyes then shifting to Bobby as he places a hand on the desk and leans forward.

JOHN

I'm not implying anything, Bobby. I'm just pointing out that my literary interests fall within the history section...

John nods to the section one row over.

JOHN (CONT'D)

...not the self-help.

(John nods)

Thanks for the signature, though. I see you really are a changed man.

John gives a bewildered Bobby a wink, grabs his book, and moves away. Cale is pissed, trying to wave down security.

67B

OMITTEDSC:63-67B

67B

68

INT. THE MASE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

68

(PRESENT) Bobby, sets the book down, shaking. He climbs the stairs to a door with the words, "IGNORE YOUR DETRACTORS."

Underneath, a pair of NIGHT VISION GOGGLES sit on the floor. Bobby cautiously picks up the goggles, opening the door to --

68A

INT. THE MASE - THE HEARING ROOM - NIGHT

68A

--a PITCH DARK room. Bobby can't see anything. The door behind Bobby slams closed. WHAM!

(CONTINUED)

CALE (O.S.)
Who's there?!

Cale's voice ECHOES from far away, like in a CAVERNOUS ROOM.

BOBBY
Cale?!

Bobby tries the door to exit but the DOORKNOB has been removed. Bobby's stuck.

CALE (O.S.)
Yeah, where the hell are you?!

Bobby slides on the night vision goggles, the room now cast in a GREEN HUE - allowing Bobby to see that Cale is across the deep, high-ceilinged room on a steel grated ledge.

Cale is PINNED TO A WALL with a COLLAR DEVICE around his neck that has a WIRE reaching up into the ceiling.

BOBBY
I'm right here. I see you...oh god.

Bobby takes a step forward and-- Almost FALLS OFF THE LEDGE in front of him. He wobbles, dropping to his knees and grabbing onto a rusted beam that jets out from the ledge.

CALE
What was that?! I can't see a fuckin' thing!

Bobby backs up, seeing that the ledge drops off.

Rows of SODA CANS and DUSTY BOTTLES line the room's edges. Bobby grabs an old soda bottle and rolls it off the edge. The bottle drops into the vast darkness...a few seconds later, it SHATTERS out of sight.

BOBBY
...shit...

Bobby sees across the room. The floor is a broken-up lattice over an unseen chasm. Cale is on the room's opposite side.

CALE
Bobby, what happened?!

BOBBY
Nothing...I'm fine.

An eight-foot-chasm in the center of the room means the two men could never actually reach each other. They must move twenty-feet to reach the gulf across from each other.

(CONTINUED)

Bobby has to TRAVERSE THE RICKETY BEAMS in order to access a door on the right side of the room.

On the door it reads: "FOLLOW ME, BOBBY."

CALE

Where's Nina and Suzanne?! Are they here?! Have you seen them?!

BOBBY

They're dead...I couldn't save them. I tried...I tried...

Cale panics, the gravity of the situation intensifying.

CALE

I'm gonna need better than "try", Bobby! Get me out of here! We both know why we're in this shit! So, you gotta get us the fuck out!

BOBBY

I will...I will! Just stay calm!

CALE

Easier said than fuckin' done!

Bobby turns, seeing a hanging MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER. A RED KEY is on the back of the recorder. Bobby plucks it free, HOLDING the key and pressing PLAY.

JIGSAW

(from tape)

Hello, Bobby. If you've made it this far then you've proven that you are dedicated to your rebirth.

(beat)

However, careful with your next step, for you must "ignore your detractors."

Bobby looks over the ledge to the BLACK VOID below him.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

(from tape)

Across from you is your closest friend. He knows all your sins, yet he acts as though he "hears no evil." Today, what he hears will be the difference between life and death.

(beat)

You must cross the beams before you and set off the motion sensors that will allow him to briefly see. Should the collar around Cale's neck not be removed in under sixty seconds then he shall take your secret to the grave.

(CONTINUED)

Bobby's eyes shift to Cale across from him.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
(from tape)
Bobby, should you wish to save your
old friend then you must provide
him the key to his survival...if
you can deliver it in time.

A DIGITAL CLOCK above it is stuck at 0:60.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
(from tape)
Does Cale live or die, Bobby. The
choice is yours.

The image the clock begins to drop 0:60... 0:59... 0:58...

CALE
What is this?! I can't see!

CH-CHUNK! Cale is released from the wall. He grabs his neck
and takes a step forward--

BOBBY
Stop!! Don't step forward! Just
listen to me, alright?

CALE
I'm listening, Bobby. Start
talking!

BOBBY
We both have to move forward...

CALE
No way! If you can see, bring the
key over here! Come on!

BOBBY
I can't get all the way over there!
There's a hole in the middle of the
room. You gotta head towards me!

Bobby lines up his sight...a beam is right in front of
Cale...maybe a foot ahead...maybe eighteen-inches.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
There's a step just about two feet
ahead of your right foot, trust me.

Cale tests his foot over the darkness and nearly stumbles.

CALE
Whoa! Fuck that!

(CONTINUED)

Cale jerks back. The collar around his neck has a wire that reaches up into a WENCH. The wench will move along a track as Cale progress, allowing the wire to stay tight.

The clock runs:...48... 0:47... 0:46...

BOBBY
Cale, you need to move to your left
about six inches...find the beam.

Cale's foot is able to find the beam.

CALE
Got it! What now? What do I do?

Bobby carefully moves to his next beam.

BOBBY
Alright...now...take a step-

Bobby passes through a VERTICAL LASER SENSOR and--

FLASH! A magnesium light at the top of the room goes off, offering a brief moment of LIGHT.

CALE
I see it!

Cale moves out onto a beam, scurrying along.

Because Bobby is wearing night vision goggles, the BRIGHT LIGHT takes out his vision, causing him to nearly fall.

Once it's totally dark again, Cale stops.

CALE (CONT'D)
Keep moving, we can do this!

Bobby lowers his head, seeing more LASER BEAM SENSORS ahead. Clearly, he has to cross the beams and set off the sensors.

BOBBY
I'm trying...man, I'm trying...

Cale impatiently waits, watching the digital clock drop 0:34... 0:33... 0:32...

CALE
Runnin' low on time, Bobby, come on!

FROM ABOVE: They are half-way to meeting in the middle.

(CONTINUED)

Bobby steps onto a ROTTED DIAGONAL BEAM -- CRACK! The beam BREAKS! Bobby flops BACKWARD, landing his ass on the previous CROSS BEAM.

FROM BELOW: THE ROTTED DIAGONAL BEAM DROPS INTO CAMERA.

CALE (CONT'D)

What was that, man?! Are you still alive? Where are you?

Bobby catches his breath and rocks upward.

BOBBY

I'm still here...Just get ready to move...okay?!

Cale pauses...something clicks in his mind.

CALE

You're trying to kill me, aren't you?! Don't think I can keep a secret anymore? That it, Bobby?!

BOBBY

No!

CALE

Like fuck you aren't! How do I know you didn't kill Nina and Suzanne?!

BOBBY

Because I'm risking my life to save yours! Now move, goddammit!

FLASH! Bobby hits another light. Cale makes his next step. The light fades. Bobby crawls ON HIS BELLY through two beams. Cale looks to the clock ticking down 0:27... 0:26... 0:25...

Bobby hits the next sensor-- FLASH! A light goes off --

BOBBY (CONT'D)

There you go, move-move-move!

Cale is near the room's midpoint. They can see each other.

CALE

I see you, Bobby...keep coming.

(CONTINUED)

Bobby, now standing, squeezes through two NARROW beams. His foot SLIPS in a PUDDLE. Bobby FALLS, barely grabbing onto the beam below him. His feet dangling. Bobby calls out in shock.

CALE (CONT'D)
Bobby?! What happened?!

Bobby, grinds his teeth, pulls himself up, and swings his leg up and over the beam. He takes a deep breath...

BOBBY
I'm okay...I'm okay...

Cale looks to the dropping clock 0:20... 0:19... 0:18...

CALE
Don't stop! We're almost there!

Bobby rises to his feet and punches through a laser sensor-- FLASH! Another light flashes. Cale is only two beams from reaching the dead center of the room.

CALE (CONT'D)
Fifteen seconds!

The clock ticks down 0:15... 0:14... 0:13...

Now dark again, Bobby hustles across the final beams to the room's center. He swats at the next laser sensor--

FLASH! A magnesium light flashes. Cale has a glimpse of the FINAL FEW FEET. But the light fades fast.

BOBBY
Go! Go! Go!

The time is almost out 0:11... 0:10... 0:09...

The light fading, Cale LEAPS FOR THE FRONT-MOST BEAM FACING BOBBY-- WHAM! CALE grips the edge, ALMOST FALLING.

The two men NOW FACE EACH OTHER. DEAD CENTER OF THE ROOM. AN EIGHT FOOT HOLE INTO THE ABYSS SEPARATES THEM.

CALE
Alright, Bobby! Toss it! Toss me the key! We got this!

Bobby holds the key before the two of them, steadying his arm as he brings it back to toss...

The time drops 0:06...0:05... 0:04...

Bobby brings his arm forward to make the toss when--

(CONTINUED)

GIBSON
Yes, there is.

Gibson's light hits the wall, highlighting the ANGEL that looks exactly like the one from the video. There are STREAKS OF BLOOD on the wall that lead to BLOOD STAINS on the floor.

GIBSON (CONT'D)
Right there.

ROGERS
Why did he want us to come here?

GIBSON
To remember.

Gibson moves to the angel, kneeling close to it. His fingers run across the STREAKS OF BLOOD on the wall.

GIBSON (CONT'D)
This is where he saved my life.
(off Rogers's look)
When I was in uniform, I responded to a distress call here.

71 INT. CROSSROADS MANUFACTURING PLANT - NIGHT

71

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Gibson, now in uniform, holds up his flashlight. He takes a few steps into the darkness when a CRAZED MAN knocks the flashlight out of his hand, PUSHING him to the floor.

The two men struggle for dear life, the crazed man getting the upper hand. He pummels Gibson with blow after blow, causing blood to spurt out of Gibson's mouth.

Gibson reaches out, his blood-stained hand HITTING THE ANGEL, but another punch to the face causes him to retract and leave the streak. BLOOD pools out of his BROKEN NOSE.

The crazed man gets a hold of Gibson's gun and THRUSTS IT INTO HIS FACE--

72 INT. CROSSROADS MANUFACTURING PLANT - NIGHT

72

PRESENT

Gibson stares at the floor where the brawl took place.

GIBSON
This guy was all over me.

73 INT. CROSSROADS MANUFACTURING PLANT - NIGHT

73

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

(CONTINUED)

The crazed man stands over Gibson with gun pointed. Gibson's hands are up, trying to deflect the pending bullet when--

BLAM! A gun goes off, but he bullet hits the crazed man in the SHOULDER - SPRAYING BLOOD all over Gibson's face.

The gun is KICKED from the crazed man's hand, a swift PUNCH TO THE FACE knocking the guy to the floor WRITHING IN PAIN.

Gibson's eyes strain - falling in and out of consciousness. His savior is backlit until the person steps forward with SMOKING GUN in hand and revealing himself as HOFFMAN.

The handsome detective, looking in his prime, kneels next to Gibson, handing him back the gun taken by the crazed man.

<p>HOFFMAN You might have an angel on your shoulder, kid. But next time, shoot first.</p>	<p>HOFFMAN (CONT'D) (alt. version) You got lucky this time, kid. But next time, shoot first.</p>
---	--

Hoffman pats the angel and then offers a sly wink. He rises and steps to the downed crazed man. Blood spews from the man's shoulder wound.

Gibson keeps his eyes open, trying to stay conscious.

CRAZED MAN
Motherfucker! Call me a fucking
ambulance!

HOFFMAN
How 'bout I just call you a hearse?

The crazed man's eyes bulge as Hoffman aims his weapon and--
BLAM!!! Shoots him through the heart. Gibson stares,
shocked to see such an act of cold justice.

PRESENT
Gibson touches the angel.

GIBSON
The man assaulted me, but that
shouldn't have been a death
sentence. I had no other choice
than to report Hoffman for
brutality.

ROGERS
What happened?

GIBSON
(with a huff)
Nothing. He got promoted and I got
put on an island.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GIBSON (CONT'D)

(beat)

A year later, I joined IA and busted three of his guys. He swore he'd get me back, and here we are.

ROGERS

Okay, but like the message said, "where is he leading you?"

GIBSON

This place was called Crossroads Manufacturing Plant before it closed.

Gibson thinks a moment, putting it together.

GIBSON (CONT'D)

"Look beyond the crossroads to the clear dawn."

ROGERS

I'm not following.

GIBSON

The man he killed was released from Clear Dawn Psychiatric Hospital when the state shut it down.

(off Rogers's expression)

The building has been abandoned for years, it's where the game is being played.

Gibson begins to move.

GIBSON (CONT'D)

Get back and stay with Jill Tuck. Don't let her leave your sight.

INT. THE MASE - DENTAL ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A digital clock ticks down from 20:00...20:59... 20:58...

Bobby steps off the catwalk and enters a dimly lit room. PHOTOS hang from the low ceiling. The photos display IMAGES OF BOBBY. The images are taken from newspapers and magazines, and there are HUNDREDS.

There is also a small door like on a submarine that is closed. Next to the door is a tray, and over the tray the words are written, "VALUE YOUR LOVED ONES."

A wall-mounted TV monitor displays Joyce. A SPEAKER is underneath the monitor so he can hear her screams, but this time, there is also a MICROPHONE.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
(pressing mic)
Joyce?

75A INT. THE MASE - THE SUN DANCE ROOM - NIGHT

75A

Joyce's face is beet red. Sweat covers her body.

JOYCE
Bobby?

BOBBY
(from speaker)
Yeah, I can see you.

JOYCE
I can see you, too! Get me out of
here, Bobby! Please!

Joyce's hysteria grows, tears fall as she hears Bobby.

75B INT. THE MASE - DENTAL ROOM - NIGHT

75B

Joyce pleads from the monitor.

BOBBY
I will, I'm coming. Just hold on!

JOYCE
(from screen)
Bobby...what's happening? Who's
doing this? Why? What is going on?

BOBBY
Joyce, you gotta hang on. I'm
coming to you. I gotta keep moving
toward you, okay? I gotta keep
moving. We don't have much time.

JOYCE
(from screen)
Hurry, Bobby! Please!

Bobby depresses the mic, but Joyce can still be heard crying
and pleading for his help.

BOBBY
...I'm coming...

He takes a step towards the middle of the room when--

ZCCCHRRRR! A TV glows to life before Bobby.

FLASH! A spotlight turns on, highlighting a simple table
that the TV rests upon.

(CONTINUED)

On top of the table is a white cloth sitting in the corner of the room. In the middle, a rusty pair of DENTAL PLIERS.

On the TV: The doll begins to speak--

DOLL

(ON TV)

Hello, Bobby. The next person you must help is not a colleague or a friend. Instead, the person you must help is you.

Bobby eyes shift to the photos of himself, peppering the table before him.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(ON TV)

Before you is the door that leads to your wife. However, you must first make a choice.

(beat)

You tell others to "value your loved ones," however, Bobby, it is apparent that you only love yourself.

Bobby's gaze nervously moves around the room.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(ON TV)

Today you must decide. In choosing to value others, you must destroy what is most precious to you - your vanity.

Bobby moves to the door, trying the handle, but it is LOCKED. A light illuminates the door, allowing Bobby to see the SPIN LOCK with FOUR DIALS on the door.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(ON TV)

The lock before you requires a four digit combination to open. However, if it is access you seek, then a true sacrifice will have to be made. Needless to say, your decision will be as difficult as "pulling teeth."

Bobby touches his SORE JAW, sustained in the beginning when he was passed out.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(ON TV)

Watch and learn, Bobby...

(CONTINUED)

ON the TV: the image breaks from the doll to show a HUMAN SKULL, jaw wide open, and two hands wearing BLACK LEATHER GLOVES holding the skull in place as pliers jerk a rear molar from the root. SNAP!

ON TV: the image returns to the Doll.

DOLL (CONT'D)
(ON TV)

The necessary numbers have been etched onto two of your teeth. Look to the chart as a reference of which teeth to pull and in which order to enter the digits. Time is ticking down, you must make your decision quickly.

Bobby's hand unconsciously comes to his jaw, realizing that he has to PULL TWO TEETH.

BOBBY
Oh no...

76 INT. THE MASE - DELIVERY ROOM - NIGHT

76

The sound of BOLT CUTTERS snaps into CHAINS -- WHAM! The chained-up ground level door flies in off its hinges from a steel-toe boot kick. BEAMS OF LIGHT cut through the darkness, lighting up every corner of the room.

FIVE SWAT OFFICERS enter, a LEAD OFFICER in front.

LEAD OFFICER
We got something in here!

The lead officer stands over the gibbet that Bobby first started out inside.

SWAT parts and Gibson enters. He comes to the trap, seeing the fresh blood. His eyes then shift to the digital clock on the wall that ticks down from 18:56...18:55...18:54...

GIBSON
The game is still going on.

77 INT. THE MASE - DENTAL ROOM - NIGHT

77

Bobby holds the pliers. From the TV, Joyce's SCREAMS FOR HELP echo.

JOYCE
(from screen)
Bobby, please hurry! I'm burning up in here!

Bobby moves to the table with the dental pliers.

(CONTINUED)

On the wall, he sees a DENTAL CHART. Two specific teeth, one of the TOP and one on the BOTTOM, have an "X" through them.

BOBBY
I can do this...

Bobby settles himself, sitting at the table. He takes several deep breathes and then raises the pliers to the top tooth. It's on the side.

The rusty metal CLAMPS DOWN.

Bobby's face cringes from the metallic taste. He grips it tightly and then PULLS.

It doesn't budge at first. So Bobby has to PULL HARDER. He MOANS IN PAIN, the root starting to TEAR AWAY.

Bobby lets out a DEEP YELL AND--

CRUNCH! The tooth TWISTS OUT, blood flowing freely from the exposed root. Bobby gasps in pain.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
AHHH!!!

He's nearly in tears, putting his hand to his mouth and SCREAMING. He looks to the tooth.

CLOSE ON: There is a small number etched onto the tooth near the root that reads, "56."

Bobby rises and moves to the door, spinning first dial to "5" and the second dial to "6".

CLOSE ON: Long fingernails TAPPING a concrete slab. They're incessant, portraying EXTREME ANXIETY.

PULL OUT to reveal Jill sitting in the cell. Her fingernails tap the slab.

Rogers anxiously paces outside the cell, not thrilled to be there. He hears something in his earpiece, glancing at Jill.

JILL
What?

Rogers wavers, not sure if he should tell her.

JILL (CONT'D)
What happened?

ROGERS
Gibson's got Hoffman's location.
The game isn't over.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

This causes Jill to TENSE UP even more. Her fingernails tap with even more purpose now.

79 INT. THE MAZE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

79

The BEAMS OF LIGHT dance along the narrow hallway walls, SWAT progressing towards the small tunnel with glass shards and barbwire Bobby decided to avoid.

SWAT avoids it, staying on the RED LINE and moving to the adjacent door leading to the "speaking room." The lead officer shows the way, pushing his way into the room--

80 INT. THE MAZE - THE SPEAKING ROOM - NIGHT

80

--Gibson is the last one in. He looks to the walls and ceiling when the beams of light hit NINA'S DEAD BODY within the cube.

LEAD OFFICER

Body!

Gibson looks, seeing the fresh blood drip from Nina's neck, her glazed over eyes staring back at him.

CHIRP-CHIRP-CHIRP! Gibson answers his phone in haste.

81 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERNAL AFFAIRS - NIGHT

81

Palmer sits at her computer with a telephone to her ear. She types and talks at the same time.

PALMER

(into phone)

I know where that MPEG came from.

GIBSON (V.O.)

(from phone)

Where?

PALMER

(into phone)

A business named Pete's Auto Body on 58th Street. The junkyard.82 INT. THE MAZE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

82

Gibson's face drops.

GIBSON

(into phone)

The location of the car trap?

PALMER (V.O.)

(from phone)

Correct.

Gibson motions to SWAT.

(CONTINUED)

GIBSON
Keep moving.
(pointing)
We're running out of time!

The digital clock that ticks down from 15:13...15:12...
15:11...

LEAD OFFICER
Where are you going?

GIBSON
I've got Hoffman.

Gibson moves back the way they came. The lead SWAT officer
nods, moving deeper into the building.

INT. THE MAZE - DENTAL ROOM - NIGHT

Bobby returns to the chair, wiping away the blood from his
mouth. He looks to the digital clock that is ticking down
from 14:09... 14:08... 14:07...

BOBBY
Come on! Come on!

Bobby psyches himself up, letting out a SCREAM.

At this point, the mix of ADRENALINE and PAIN is
overwhelming. Blood covers Bobby's lower jaw. He clamps
down on the second tooth - this one on the bottom.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Let's go!!!

Bobby holds it tight, letting out a deep moan and PULLING
HARD. This tooth is tougher than the first.

INT. THE MAZE - THE SEEING ROOM - NIGHT

SWAT enters the seeing room to find Suzanne's body still
rigid in the circular traction bed.

SWAT OFFICER
A second body!

Bobby's screams echo from his teeth pulling ordeal. The SWAT
Officer holds the team still with a raised fist.

SWAT OFFICER (CONT'D)
Hold! We've got a live one!

The SWAT Officer freezes, waiting for another sound. Bobby's
GUTTURAL CRY emits, giving the SWAT TEAM direction.

SWAT OFFICER (CONT'D)
This way! Go-go-go!

(CONTINUED)

83A CONTINUED:

83A

The SWAT Team charges forward out of the room, sticking to the RED LINE PATH.

83B INT. THE MAZE - DENTAL ROOM - NIGHT

83B

Bobby screams as he TWISTS and TWISTS, trying to get it out. But it's not coming. The pain shoots through his body like a ELECTRICAL SURGE.

Tears flow from Bobby's eyes. His body trembles. He PULLS AS HARD AS HE CAN AND--

CRUNCH! The tooth comes out - Bobby collapsing to the floor, letting out a whimper as his eyes roll back in his head.

84 OMITTEDSC:84

84

84A INT. THE MAZE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

84A

The four SWAT officers round a corner, coming to the stairs leading up to "the hearing room." The leader officer motions for the other three to stop, climbing the stairs and stepping over the book written by Bobby.

He stops at the doorway with the written message "IGNORE YOUR DETRACTORS."

The lead officer cautiously pulls open the door, seeing into the vast darkness of the room.

The flashlight at the end of the lead officer's gun highlights the LEDGE and Cale's hanging DEAD BODY. He sees the THIN BEAM and the HUGE DROP OFF.

He backs out of the doorway, heading back down the stairs to the other officers.

LEAD OFFICER

That way's a death trap. We can't cross.

The lead officer backtracks, moving past the men to the FORK IN THE HALLWAY. He comes to the sharp debris and razor wire, kicking it aside with his steel toed boots.

After a few kicks, he's able to make a breach. He uses his flashlight to look down the hallway, motioning for his three men to follow.

The four SWAT officers venture down the hallway...AWAY FROM THE RED LINE.

85 INT. THE JUNKYARD - GARAGE - NIGHT

85

Gibson enters the garage. Police Officers are still scattered about the still fresh crime scene.

(CONTINUED)

GIBSON
I need two officers with shotguns,
right now!

Two POLICE OFFICERS rush to Gibson's side, riot shotguns
unslung.

GIBSON (CONT'D)
Hoffman's here. Cover me.

Gibson leads as the two Police Officers move in tempo with
Gibson on either side of him.

They duck under the police tape, their firearms and
flashlights out. Minus the bodies and blood, the room is
still relatively in the same shape as earlier.

GIBSON (CONT'D)
(hushed)
Check the walls.

The group moves along the walls, trying to find a FALSE WALL
or something. But they are all rock solid.

Having looked at every wall, Gibson stands in the middle of
the room, looking to the floors. But they are all concrete.

Gibson shrugs, but his eyes shoot across the room to the open
door of the BATHROOM. On the WALL MIRROR, the message is
still there that reads, "GIBSON - SEE FOR YOURSELF."

Gibson stares, remembering--

86 INT. THE JUNKYARD - GARAGE - NIGHT

86

(FLASHBACK)
Gibson and Rogers look to the bathroom.

ROGERS
Hoffman was expecting you.

87 INT. THE JUNKYARD - GARAGE - NIGHT

87

PRESENT
Gibson looks to the mirror again, tilting his head. He picks
up METAL DEBRIS from the ground.

GIBSON
Clever fuck...

POLICE OFFICER
What is it, sir?

Without answering, Gibson THROWS it at the mirror and--

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

SMASH! The mirror shatters. And instead of a wall behind it, there is a WINDOW TO ANOTHER ROOM - a bright light shining within.

Gibson looks to the two Police Officers, cautiously reaches through the window, finding a LATCH. Gibson pulls the latch up and discovers that wall before him is actually A HIDDEN DOOR - able to open and close.

He hoists his gun and steps into--

88 INT. THE JUNKYARD - GARAGE - HIDDEN HALLWAY - NIGHT

88

--a hidden hallway. Gibson can hear a NOISE. Like human screaming. It is Bobby Dagen screaming.

Gibson and the two Police Officers double time it down the hallway. All weapons ready to blast and kill.

There is also DANCING LIGHT at the end of the hallway, like from a TV.

89 INT. THE MAZE - DENTAL ROOM - NIGHT

89

Bobby gasps as he regains consciousness, rolling over to his side and spits out blood. His eyes quickly rise to the clock, making sure he wasn't out for too long.

The digital clock ticks down 4:08...4:07...4:06...

Bobby jumps to his feet, looking to the second tooth to see the number, "93".

He moves to the door, spinning the third dial to "9" and the fourth dial to "3".

Bobby turns a handle and--CLICK! The door opens and he pushes through to--

90 INT. THE MAZE - CATWALK - NIGHT

90

--the catwalk that leads to the final door. Bobby hustles, passing a written message that reads, "EMBRACE EVERYDAY AS IF IT IS YOUR LAST."

He pushes through the final door and steps into--

91 INT. THE MAZE - THE SUN DANCE ROOM - NIGHT

91

--a small catwalk that is perched above a large aglow with FLAMES and SMOKE. The heat causes him to cringe.

As Bobby moves deeper into the room, he can see down to Joyce on the pedestal. Joyce stays rigid, trying to pull back from the gears of the Meat Grinder before her.

His eyes drift to the DIGITAL CLOCK that reads 3:52...3:51...3:49...

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

JOYCE
Bobby! You made it!

Joyce looks up, but her neck can barely move from the chain attached to the base of the pedestal.

JOYCE (CONT'D)
I knew you'd make it!

92 OMITTEDSC:92 92

93 INT. THE JUNKYARD - GARAGE - HIDDEN HALLWAY - NIGHT 93

Gibson and the two Police Officers quickly follow the light at the end of the hallway--

94 INT. THE JUNKYARD - GARAGE - HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT 94

--into a hidden room. There is no light other than the flickering from the MASSIVE BANK OF MONITORS before a DESK and CONTROL PANEL WITH BUTTONS.

As all three men fully enter the room, a SENSOR in a ceiling corner comes to life, detecting their movement - a RED LIGHT BLINKING.

PHOTOS of Bobby and the others in a game hang from the ceiling. This is the CONTROL ROOM.

Gibson sees a PERSON IN HOODED BLACK ROBE SITTING AT THE DESK with their back facing him. His heart is in his throat. He can't breathe.

He gets closer and closer, aiming his weapon as--

GIBSON
Freeze! Show me your hands!

The two Police Officers have their shotguns trained as well, spreading out, but the person doesn't move...not in the slightest bit.

GIBSON (CONT'D)
Raise your hands! Right now! Do it!

95 INT. THE MAZE - THE SUN DANCE ROOM - NIGHT 95

Bobby takes in the large room, Joyce below him.

JOYCE
I knew you'd find me! I knew you'd do it!

BOBBY
I still have to get you out.

Bobby races over to Joyce. A FENCE of THIN WIRES surround the area she is being held. Bobby attempts to climb the fence but--

(CONTINUED)

ZAPPP! Bobby is instantly kicked back by VOLTAGE from the fence. It is ELECTRIFIED. Too high for him to leap.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Dammit! It's rigged! I can't get to you...I can't get to you...shit...

JOYCE

There's gotta be another way...

BOBBY

Yeah...let me look...

Bobby sees that there is an inaccessible PLATFORM ten feet up from the end of the catwalk. There are TWO EXTENSION CORDS a FEMALE PLUG and a MALE PLUG dangling above the platform.

Bobby takes a step, seeing a TV monitor in the upper corner. He cautiously approaches when--

ZZCCCCHHHH!!! The TV flashes on. An image flickers. The back of a head is seen. White skin. Stringy black hair.

Its head slowly cranes around, revealing...**THE DOLL**. Its dead eyes peer out from the screen, staring at Bobby.

DOLL

(from screen)

Hello, Bobby. You have almost completed your rebirth. However, your final task will be your most difficult.

Bobby looks down, seeing that Joyce quivering in fear.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(from screen)

The woman before you symbolizes your success. She is your trophy, and she has seen the good in your message despite its dishonest beginnings. Today, we will see if you can truly earn her love.

JOYCE

What's he talking about, Bobby?

Bobby holds up his hand to Joyce, straining to hear the tape.

BOBBY

Joyce, quiet, please...

DOLL

(from screen)

To prove your status of a survivor, you must overcome a game that should be all too familiar.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOLL (CONT'D)

You supposedly survived it once, so it should be easy to survive once again.

From the ceiling, the TWO SHARP HOOKS ATTACHED TO CHAINS drop down. They hang at the end of the catwalk.

For Bobby to put them on, he will have to step out onto a PLANK. That plank will RETRACT, and he will have to pull himself up by the chains to the platform with the button.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(from screen)

Put yourself into the device and your game will begin. In order to free yourself and your wife, you must ascend the chains and connect the extension cords above you before the clock expires.

Bobby moves closer to the end of the catwalk, looking up to the high above platform.

Bobby assesses the situation, he touches the chains...

DOLL (CONT'D)

(from screen)

It will require both hands to complete this task. But, that should be simple, for as you claim to understand, the pectoral muscles can support the weight of a survivor twice your size...

Bobby grinds his teeth in frustration. He pulls one of the chains to his BELT LOOP and attempts to ATTACH IT, SNIP! The blade of the hook cuts right through his belt loop.

BOBBY

Fuck!

DOLL

(from screen)

So I ask you, Bobby. When you "embrace everyday as if it is your last," will it be with your wife?

(beat)

Make your choice.

The image cuts out as Bobby drops his head in shame. The digital clock ticks down from 3:05...3:04...3:03...

The two SWAT officers aim as Gibson moves closer to the person behind the desk.

GIBSON

Hands up! Right now!

(CONTINUED)

The person doesn't move.

GIBSON (CONT'D)
I will put you down, Hoffman!

Gibson moves right up on them, KICKING them with his foot--

But they limply fall like a sack of potatoes, landing on their side. The flicker of the monitors reveals that they lack any kind of movement.

Gibson's eyes are momentarily diverted by the MONITORS, seeing the game in motion.

He sees an overhead view of Joyce on the pedestal, Bobby above her on the catwalk, and SWAT moving down a hallway.

However, there are also MONITORS displaying LIVE IMAGES OF THE POLICE STATION: coroner's office, hallways, IA offices, safe room with Jill.

OMITTEDSC:97

INT. THE MAZE - FORBIDDEN HALLWAY - NIGHT

The lead officer and the five other SWAT officers venture down a hallway that isn't like the others. It's darker with narrow walls and cobwebs everywhere, as if it hasn't been accessed in years.

They get closer to an opening in the hallway, leading to--

INT. THE MAZE - THE GAS CHAMBER - NIGHT

--a square room that looks like what used to be a GROUP SHOWER. The four men hesitantly enter, their flashlights bouncing off the dirt-caked walls.

At the far end, a SMALL PORTAL WINDOW is seen, a bright ORANGE GLOW shining through from the outside.

INT. THE MAZE - THE SUN DANCE ROOM - NIGHT

Bobby hangs his head, Joyce watching him.

JOYCE
What's he talking about, Bobby?

BOBBY
I lied, I was never in a trap. I made this all up.

Joyce's brow tightens, everything she thought about her husband changing in this moment.

JOYCE
Why...why would you let me believe that?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
I...I don't know. It's what I told everyone. It's what everything was built on. Only Cale, Nina and Suzanne knew the truth.

This hurts Joyce even worse. She winces like she just got punched in the gut.

JOYCE
But Bobby...I'm your wife. How could you lie to me?

99 INT. THE JUNKYARD - GARAGE - HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT 99

Gibson looks away from the monitors and stands over the person lying face down. He rolls the guy onto his back. What he sees shocks him - he pulls back the hooded robe and the person is missing their lower jaw.

Gibson's eyes tighten as he remembers--

100 INT. THE JUNKYARD - GARAGE - NIGHT 100

(FLASHBACK)

Gibson comes close to DAN, seeing that DAN is missing his lower jaw--

101 INT. THE JUNKYARD - GARAGE - HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT 101

PRESENT

Gibson stares down at the guy... it is DAN.

Gibson looks around the control room, seeing all the equipment. Seeing the monitors. Seeing the photos of Bobby.

But something really takes his eyes. A mounted camera sits on a tripod before a painted wall that looks like a backdrop. It looks EXACTLY like the wall at the MANUFACTURING PLANT WITH THE ANGEL.

Gibson's attention shifts back to the monitors, staring at the live images of the police station.

POLICE OFFICER
What is this?

GIBSON
The bastard tapped into the station's security system and has been watching us the whole time.

102 INT. SAFE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 102

(FLASHBACK)

(CONTINUED)

107A INT. THE JUNKYARD - GARAGE - HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT 107A

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Hoffman looks at a monitor of the outside junkyard, PRESSING A BUTTON that makes the car EXPLODE.

HOFFMAN

Ka-bloom...

108 INT. THE JUNKYARD - GARAGE - HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT 108

PRESENT

Gibson's eyes shift, Hoffman's plan coming together.

GIBSON

Oh my god...

109 INT. THE JUNKYARD - GARAGE - NIGHT 109

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Dan's dead body is now within a BODY BAG. The ASSISTANT CORONER zips up the bag when--

BLAM! There's an EXPLOSION outside the garage. The Assistant Coroner scrambles to his feet, moving to the hole in the garage wall to investigate when--

KA-BLOOM!!! There's a second explosion that is HUGE, a car bursting apart and sending a LARGE FIREBALL into the air.

The Assistant Coroner flinches, the fireball LIGHTING UP the dark night sky.

CORONER WORKER

Shit...

The Assistant Coroner exits the garage, moving to see about the burning car.

A second later, the bathroom wall with the MIRROR on it, OPENS, and HOFFMAN EMERGES, knowing the Coroner Worker is gone. He then kneels next to DAN'S BODY BAG - zipping it open and pulling the body back into the Garage Hidden Room.

110 INT. THE JUNKYARD - GARAGE - HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT 110

PRESENT

Shock crosses Gibson's face - grabbing his cell phone and quickly dialing. He moves to the monitors and--

110A INT. POLICE STATION - INTERNAL AFFAIRS - NIGHT 110A

Palmer sits back at her desk, her back to the door.

(CONTINUED)

PALMER
(into phone)
This is Palmer--

GIBSON (V.O.)
(into phone)
Get every available officer back to
the precinct!

Palmer flinches, Gibson YELLING through the phone.

110B INT. THE JUNKYARD - GARAGE - HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT 110B

Gibson can see PALMER IN THE IA OFFICE on one of the
monitors.

PALMER (V.O.)
(from phone)
Excuse me, sir?

Gibson's eyes shift to the monitor displaying the CORONER'S
OFFICE, seeing the CORONER MOVE TO THE BODY BAGS.

GIBSON
Lock it down--

Gibson doesn't quite finish his sentence when--

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP! A loud, incessant BEEPING SOUND coming from
the MOTION SENSOR in the ceiling corner.

Gibson turns, seeing the red light blinking on the sensor.

110C INT. SAFE HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT 110C

(FLASHBACK)
Hoffman speaks from the TV, putting on a psychotic smile.

HOFFMAN
...If not, everyone will die and
you will be to blame....

110D INT. THE JUNKYARD - GARAGE - HIDDEN ROOM - NIGHT 110D

PRESENT
The realization that Hoffman has completely tricked him
floods into Gibson's brain like a typhoon.

PALMER (V.O.)
(from phone)
Sir? Sir? Are you still there?

GIBSON
You motherfucker...
(into phone)
HOFFMAN'S AT THE--!

(CONTINUED)

SSSSSSS!!! A dense YELLOW GAS fills the room at an extremely fast rate. The four men GAG, trying to yank open the door, but it's too thick and heavy - locked tight.

The lead officer tries to hold his breath, turning back to the small portal window, raising his weapon to fire when--

BLAM! He chokes and MISSES the glass.

As the three other SWAT officers fall to the ground gaging, the lead officer lunges forward, fighting through the blinding yellow gas and--

WHAM! His outstretched HAND hits the small portal window.

113

INT. THE MAZE - THE SUN DANCE ROOM - NIGHT

113

CLOSE ON: The lead officer's splayed hand can be seen on the small portal window. But as the yellow gas overtakes it, the hand slowly slips away.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL Joyce looking up to Bobby, not noticing the commotion in the window behind her.

Bobby raises his head, looking to Joyce.

BOBBY

I'm sorry, Joyce. I'm so sorry. I'm sorry for lying. You don't deserve to be here. You shouldn't be here...

Bobby looks to her, having made his decision to step into the trap. She doesn't reply, simply watching him.

The digital clock that reads 2:22...2:21... 2:20...

Bobby moves to the plank at the end of the catwalk, having decided to enter the trap. He looks to see if there is anyway he can trick the game by not putting on the device. But there isn't.

The chains and hooks are WEIGHTED so that the only way to start the device is to PUT THEM ON.

And once they are connected and weighted down, the top of the catwalk will open, the plank will retract, and Bobby will be able to pull himself up to the platform.

Bobby's eyes drop, looking at Joyce. He has to hurry.

114

OMITTEDSC:114

114

114A

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

114A

Hoffman exits the Coroner's Office, leaving the door AJAR.

(CONTINUED)

He sneaks up behind the unsuspecting armed IA officer as he is about to enter the EVIDENCE ROOM.

WHAM! Hoffman puts a hand over the IA Officer's mouth, SLICING HIS THROAT.

The Evidence Room door is left AJAR.

115 INT. THE MASE - THE SUN DANCE ROOM - NIGHT

115

Bobby undoes his shirt and grabs one of the hooks. Joyce stares as he gains his strength.

CLOSE ON: The hook is placed under Bobby's armpit so he can push it underneath the muscle...the same scar tissue he once cut is now being pushed through MUCH DEEPER than his ruse required.

The clock ticks down from 2:15...2:14...2:13...

BOBBY
I love you. I never lied about
that.

With a final deep breath, Bobby bites his lip and--

JAMS THE HOOK INTO HIS SKIN - looping it underneath his pectoral muscle. Because the hook is so sharp, it's a clean motion, but the pain is AWFUL. Bobby HOWLS, blood sliding out the holes.

116 OMITTEDSC:116

116

117 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERNAL AFFAIRS - NIGHT

117

Palmer stands over her desk, desperately calling Gibson back on his phone.

Behind her, HOFFMAN STANDS, grabbing her by the neck with his bare hands, lifting her up off the floor and CHOKING her.

Palmer tries to kick and fight, but Hoffman is much too strong, SQUEEZING THE LIFE OUT OF HER.

118 INT. THE MASE - THE SUN DANCE ROOM - NIGHT

118

Bobby grabs the second hook, lining it up underneath his other armpit. His ADRENALINE is pumping. GRIEF covers his face. But he is POISED. He lets out a SCREAM AND--

PUSHES THE SHARP HOOK INTO HIS SKIN AND UNDERNEATH HIS PECTORAL MUSCLE.

The hook comes out the other end with a sickening--POP.

119 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERNAL AFFAIRS - NIGHT 119

Hoffman stands up straight, wiping sweat from his face and running his hands back through his longish, greasy hair.

Palmer's limp body lies splayed out on the floor near the IA offices. Hoffman kneels next to her, swiping her KEYS.

Then, his eyes drift back to the vault room door. He focuses on the METAL SLOT on the door - a safety device to allow the officers within to see who is at the door.

120 INT. THE MAZE - THE SUN DANCE ROOM - NIGHT 120

Bobby steps out onto the plank and--

His weight makes the plank SINK just a bit. A chain connected to the plank tightens, and the hooked chains attached to his chest tighten as well.

An ENGINE churns to life underneath the catwalk. Gears rotate. Bobby tenses up as the plank begins to RETRACT--

The grated top of the catwalk parts and Bobby takes a ginger step forward, holding the chains with both hands.

He pulls up slightly as the plank completely retracts and the PAIN starts to RISE WITHIN HIS BODY.

Once he takes his back foot off the plank, the chains above Bobby tighten and Bobby lets out a DEEP MOAN.

Joyce mouth widens at the BIZARRE SIGHT of Bobby hanging above her room by the two hooks.

JOYCE

Bobby...

121-121 OMITTED SC:121-121A 121-121A

122 INT. THE MAZE - THE SUN DANCE ROOM - NIGHT 122

Joyce looks up, watching Bobby's every move. Bobby is currently holding himself by his arms, his grip not good. His arms tremble from the weight.

JOYCE

I still believe in you, Bobby. I do.

Bobby can't reply, his jaw clenched tight. He does his best to pull himself up, but reality is proving to be harder than fiction. Joyce nervously clenches her fists.

123 INT. POLICE STATION - THE VAULT ROOM - NIGHT 123

The armed IA OFFICER stands at the door when--

(CONTINUED)

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK! Someone pounds on the door. The officer opens the slot - seeing the face of Palmer.

IA OFFICER
(beat)
One moment, ma'am.

The IA officer opens the door and--SPLAT! Hoffman lunges at him, jamming a SCALPEL into the guy's eye. Blood SQUIRTS OUT like a ruptured water main, the officer falling back.

Palmer's body drops, having been held up there by Hoffman. Hoffman grabs the dead officer's HANDGUN from its holster.

124 INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT 124

Jill's head jerks up, looking past Rogers.

JILL
What was that?

ROGERS
What was what?

JILL
I heard something.

125 INT. THE MAZE - THE SUN DANCE ROOM - NIGHT 125

CLOSE ON: The digital clock ticks down 1:01...1:00... 0:59...

Bobby's hand reaches up, trying to pull himself higher. He still has a few feet to go to get to the platform, but he is advancing, albeit slowly.

JOYCE
I love you.

126 INT. POLICE STATION - THE VAULT ROOM - NIGHT 126

Hoffman stands at the one-way glass of the holding cell. He smiles, his eyes trained on JILL.

She stares out at him, oblivious that he's actually there.

127 INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT 127

Jill points to the glass.

JILL
Someone's out there.

ROGERS
No one is out there--

TAP-TAP-TAP! Tapping on the glass stops them. Jill's eyes widen, as if knowing what is coming next.

TRAPS and GAMES from the entire series are on display. Each are tagged with accompanying PHOTOS OF THE VICTIMS.

From **AMANDA** to **KERRY** to **WILLIAM**, the faces stare out at Jill like ghosts - echoes of their screams floating in the air.

HOFFMAN (O.S.)
How appropriate.

Hoffman grins turning his back to the corner Jill is hiding.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
Let's have some fun.

140 INT. THE MAZE - THE SUN DANCE ROOM - NIGHT 140

Joyce nervously watches the clock as the gears of the Meat Grinder threaten to fire up any second.

JOYCE
I love you, Bobby! Don't give up!
Please!

Veins **BULGE** in Bobby's neck as he reaches deep within his soul, pulling with all his might. But his hands are **RAW**, quivering as they **WEAKEN** by the second.

Bobby allowing the weight of the pectoral hooks to take full support, reaches with **ONE HAND**, snagging **ONE OF THE TWO EXTENSION CORDS** that will save Joyce.

BOBBY
Come on!

Bobby slides his reaching hand around the cord and pulls..

141 OMITTEDSC:141 141

142 INT. POLICE STATION - JIGSAW EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT 142

WHAM! Jill is slammed face-first into the floor. She gasps in pain, blood dripping from her mouth.

Hoffman grits his teeth and **THROWS JILL ACROSS THE ROOM**, slamming her against the wall.

143 INT. THE MAZE - THE SUN DANCE ROOM - NIGHT 143

The digital clock ticks down 0:12...0:11...0:10...

Bobby's got to release his other hand to grab the **SECOND CORD** to free Joyce.

Bobby sucks in a few quick breaths...he's got one shot...His head tilts back, looking to Joyce.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY
AAAAAGHH!

Bobby release's his other hand, stretching for the other cord!

BUT- Bobby's LEFT HAND slips--

Bobby's hands slip away and he FALLS - the chains tightening when he gets to the bottom and--RIPPPP!

His pectoral muscles TEAR FREE and he drops down onto to the catwalk, landing with a sickening THUD.

144 INT. POLICE STATION - JIGSAW EVIDENCE ROOM- NIGHT 144

Jill is SLAMMED down into a CHAIR. She is strapped in, her head still woozy from the fall.

Hoffman, looks to the SHELVES of JIGSAW EVIDENCE before him. His bloody hands hover above the REVERSE BEAR TRAP which Jill placed on him. But--

Something catches his eye. Hoffman moves his hand to a lower shelf and grabs the ORIGINAL REVERSE BEAR TRAP - Amanda's.

HOFFMAN
There you are, beautiful...

Hoffman hoists the old reverse bear trap and steps closer to Jill. He is about to jam the mouthpiece into her mouth when she's able to muster her FINAL WORDS.

JILL
You're killing yourself...

Hoffman muffles her words, securing the head trap.

HOFFMAN
You got that backwards.

145-146 OMITTEDSC:145-146 145-146

147 INT. THE MAZE - THE SUN DANCE ROOM - NIGHT 147

Blood pours from Bobby's ripped apart chest. He jerks up his head, seeing the digital clock ticks down from 0:05... 0:04...0:03...

Bobby reaches out--

BOBBY
JOYCE!!!

But the clock keeps dropping 0:02...0:01...0:00.

(CONTINUED)

Joyce winces, blocking her face, expecting the Meat Grinder to fire up and chew to bits, but instead a SERIES OF GEARS shift underneath the pedestal, causing the TWO JAWS to SPRING and SWING UP, slamming together--WHAM!

When the two jaws come together, they form what resembles a filthy, ferocious looking IRON PIG.

Underneath the Pig, A MASSIVE GRILL is revealed. The grill FIRES UP. STREAMS OF FIRE like rockets wash under the belly of the pig.

Joyce's SCREAMS are heard from within--

INSIDE THE IRON PIG - Joyce's hair and clothes burn, her skin charring like a roasting chicken.

148-149 OMITTEDSC:148-149

148-149

150 INT. POLICE STATION - JIGSAW EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

150

Jill's eyes flutter, the reverse bear trap strapped on tight. Hoffman sets the timer for 30 SECONDS.

Jill's tries to scream, but she can only MUMBLE.

151 INT. THE MAZE - THE SUN DANCE ROOM - NIGHT

151

Bobby crumbles, Joyce's SCREAMS echoing throughout the room, the belly of the IRON PIG a glowing orange.

INSIDE THE IRON PIG - Joyce screams. Her hair BURNS and her skin literally MELTS OFF OF HER BODY. The pig is filled with SMOKE, her flesh cooking like meat on a grill.

152-155 OMITTEDSC:152-155

152-155

156 INT. POLICE STATION - JIGSAW EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

156

Jill strains as Hoffman steps away from her, moving to the door. He stops, looking back.

Hoffman turns around, facing Jill. He crouches, eye level with her, watching her desperate struggle rev up.

The reverse bear trap timer starts to ticks down 0:29... 0:28... 0:27...

157 INT. THE MAZE - THE SUN DANCE ROOM - NIGHT

157

Bobby's face contorts as Joyce's SCREAMS rise to a CRESCENDO and then drop off to silence. Tears stream down his face.

BOBBY
No!!! No!!!

Down below, the Iron Pig is RED HOT, and the SMOKE from Joyce's burning flesh shoots out of the Pig's nose.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

Bobby puts his face into his hands. Crying. He survived, but everything he had is NOW GONE.

Bobby gasps...

BOBBY (CONT'D)
(a whisper)
I'm sorry..

Bobby lets out a defeated, pain-induced ROAR.

157A-158 ~~OMITTED~~ SC:157A-158

157A-158

159 INT. POLICE STATION - JIGSAW EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

159

Jill's head warbles, the timer on the reverse bear trap ticking down 0:21...0:20...0:19...

Hoffman slowly brings his hands together. His smile drops. The maniac's face goes to stone. His eyes burning with anger.

Jill's fight is futile, tears forming in her eyes. Death is before her. She knows it.

A SERIES OF IMAGES FLASH THROUGH HER HEAD:

--John approaching her for the first time.
--Their first kiss.
--Jill telling John that she's pregnant.
--The beautiful day at the park when they stared into each other's eyes.

The timer ticks down 0:10...0:09...0:08...

The tears now stream down Jill's face as the images continue to flood into her brain.

--John kissing her pregnant belly.
--Holding each other in bed.
--John caressing her face and telling her one last time...

JOHN
I love you, I always will.

Jill stops struggling. She locks eyes with Hoffman. The inevitable takes hold. Hoffman stares right back.

The timer ticks down 0:05...0:04...0:03

HOFFMAN
Game over.

...0:02...0:01...0:00.

Jill closes her eyes and--

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159

SNAP! The reverse bear trap SPRINGS, the two sides RIPPING OPEN, pulling down her lower jaw and JAMMING her upper jaw into her skull.

Blood SPIRITS from her mouth, shooting across the room and SPLATTERING against the walls, windows and Hoffman.

Jill's body shatters, and then her head goes limp. DEAD.

And with that, Hoffman exits the room--

159A INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

159A

Hoffman moves across the hallway to the LOCKED DOUBLE DOORS leading to the stairwell out of the building.

Hoffman unlocks the door with Palmer's key card and ascends the stairs, his masterpiece nearly complete.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

A terrifying night as we have nine confirmed police officers dead from a killing spree that stretches across the city....

160 OMITTEDSC:160

160

160A EXT. HOFFMAN'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

160A

Hoffman pulls open the rusted door to the shipping container.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

...we have been able to confirm the death of Jill Tuck. The ex-wife of John Kramer and now another victim of his disciple...

160B INT. HOFFMAN'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

160B

Hoffman hastily throws clothes together into a DUFFLE BAG. He loads his SERVICE REVOLVER.

The tiny TV in the background spews the breaking news.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER

(from TV)

...over the last two hours, it seems the entire city has been shaken to the core. Citizens have been advised to...

Hoffman turns off the TV and takes off his shirt.

160C INT. HOFFMAN'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

160C

Hoffman is now dressed in black track suit. His duffel bag is packed.

(CONTINUED)

160C CONTINUED:

160C

Gasoline is doused over what used to be his safe haven. A small METHANE TANK is splashed with the gas.

Hoffman walks towards the front door. He flicks open a ZIPPO lighter, tosses it onto the bed and--

WHOOSH! Flames rise, overtaking the small space within seconds. Hoffman turns, moving to exit.

160D EXT. HOFFMAN'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

160D

Hoffman slams the door closed to the container, walks away toward camera when--

KA-BLOOM!!! Hoffman's hulking shape is a silhouette against a world of fire as his safehouse EXPLODES.

Hoffman turns around, watching the flames eat his secrets--

WHAM! He's GRABBED by TWO MEN in PIG MASKS--
SLAM! A LARGE SYRINGE is jammed into Hoffman's throat.
Hoffman fights but the PIG MASK DUO restrain him.

He looks forward as another man steps out from the shadows, his face hidden, the still dripping SYRINGE in his hand.

HOFFMAN

What...?!

As the man kneels, light hits his face, revealing him as DR. GORDON. Hoffman gasps, almost losing his voice.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing here?!

DR. GORDON

Every decision has a consequence...
and you chose wrong.161A INT. MEDICAL BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

161A

(FLASHBACK - TO RE-SHOT IN 3-D)
From Saw VI. Jill drops the PACKAGE into a mail slot.

161B INT. MEDICAL BUILDING - OFFICE - NIGHT

161B

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)
Dr. Gordon grabs the package, rips open the end and sees that there is a video cassette tape inside.

--The video tape is jammed into a VCR.
--The TV image pulsates.
--Jigsaw's face, just as he was in William's video in Saw VI.
--Dr. Gordon stares, his eyes focused.

(CONTINUED)

JIGSAW
(from screen)
Dr. Gordon, you are perhaps...my
greatest ally.

162 OMITTEDSC:162 162

163 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - HALLWAY - NIGHT 163

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)
Dr. Gordon screams after cauterizing his stump on the
sizzling hot pipe.

--Jigsaw stands over him.
--Pulls him over to the water faucet and holds his head as he
cups water into his mouth.
--Dr. Gordon shivers, looking up to...Jigsaw.

A163AA INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT A163AA

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)
Dr. Gordon lies strapped to a bed with his amputated ankle
raised. He lets out a pained scream. Jigsaw tends to his
healing stump, gently.

JIGSAW
You may think I destroyed your
life...but you had no life.

B163AA INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - LATER B163AA

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)
Dr. Gordon, listening intently sits at the edge of a grimy
bed before a peaceful John Kramer. The disheveled Dr.
Gordon, stares down at his FIRST PROSTHETIC FOOT.

JIGSAW
If you can embrace
metamorphosis...you shall become a
vital instrument in a wave of
change..

Dr. Gordon looks up at Jigsaw, and begins to STAND.

JIGSAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Some may chose to live...some may
chose to die...but all will
understand the pain they cause
others...and they will feel what
its like to be on the other side.

C163AA-~~OMITTEDSC~~:C163AA-D163AA C163AA-D163AA

E163AA EXT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - DAY E163AA

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)
Dr. Gordon limps out of this nondescript brick building
containing Jigsaw's lair. He winces at the bright sunlight.

(CONTINUED)

Evolution IV
E163AA CONTINUED:

03-08-10

TRIPLE YELLOW PAGES

108A.
E163AA

JIGSAW (V.O.)
Now return to your life with
renewed appreciation.

F163AA INT. MEDICAL BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

F163AA

Dr. Gordon returns to his office for the first time since his ordeal. He is consoling a HUSBAND and WIFE. Dr. Gordon is focused, warm and giving his patients hope.

JIGSAW (V.O.)

You've spent a career handing out death sentences...but you will now offer hope.

163AA-163AB

163AA-163AB

163AF EXT. CENTER SQUARE - MORNING

163AF

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT) Jigsaw stands in Center Square in front of the Opening Trap. The bloodied crowd falls away.

Jigsaw watches the panicked denizens scrape and claw at each other in a desperate attempt to run from the grisly scene.

JIGSAW (V.O.)

We will insulate human kind from its own worst enemy...itself. I live without my son for what was just another night out for a drug addict. The underbelly of society has been indulged they've begun to control the lives of the strong...

JIGSAW (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Pain will educate them all.

Jigsaw turns, seeing his companion...Dr. Gordon. Dr. Gordon and Jigsaw are the only still people in a sea of panic.

JIGSAW (V.O.)

So I ask you Doctor, are you ready to truly save lives?

Dr. Gordon gives a knowing nod to Jigsaw.

BEGIN DR. GORDON/JIGSAW RAPID-FIRE MONTAGE:

163A INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -NIGHT

163A

(FLASHBACKS - TO BE SHOT)

--With Jigsaw looking on, Dr. Gordon carefully places the key behind Michael's eye in the opening from Saw II.

--He hands a photo of Lynn Denlon to Jigsaw in Saw III--

DR. GORDON

Jeff's wife. Dr. Lynn Denlon.

--Lynn Denlon jams the bone saw against Jigsaw's skull.

DR. GORDON (CONT'D)

She'll be perfect for this.

163B INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT

163B

-- (FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT) Dr. Gordon leans over a large, bald man with gauze covering his face everywhere except his EYES. He brings a NEEDLE and THREAD to the mans' eyelid.
-- TREVOR, eyes sewn shut, in Saw IV, screams "My eyes!"

163C INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT

163C

-- (FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT) Dr. Gordon holds up the metal ANKLE BRACE from Saw IV and tightens a screw.

(CONTINUED)

163AH INT. MEDICAL BUILDING - OFFICE - NIGHT

163AH

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)
Jigsaw's face stares out from the screen.

JIGSAW
(from screen)
Including, perhaps, the most
meaningful one...

163B INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - BATHROOM - NIGHT

163B

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!!! The fluorescent tubes on the ceiling
explode to life one after the other.

The walls are caked in the filth of neglect - pipes
strangling the ceiling like rusted vines, an area of dried
blood crusted in the center of the floor tiles, an empty,
moldy bathtub...and a broken mirror too dirty to see into.

This is THE BATHROOM. Hoffman's eyes flicker open. He's on
his back, staring upwards. He rolls to his side, the sound
of chains causing him to wince.

As Hoffman sits up, he sees a shackled CHAIN around his ankle
attached to a pipe - the same pipe as Adam.

HOFFMAN
What...

But before Hoffman can complete his sentence, he sees Dr.
Gordon standing in the corner, next to the spot where his
life was first changed.

Hoffman is wild-eyed, fighting to pull loose the shackle
around his ankle.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
You don't know what you're doing!
John left this to me! This is
mine! This is my legacy!

DR. GORDON
No. You broke the rules...you took
the test but never learned the
lesson...

164 OMITTEDSC:164

164

A164A INT. MEDICAL BUILDING - OFFICE - NIGHT

A164A

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)
Jigsaw's face stares out from the TV screen.

JIGSAW
(From TV)
Unite the survivors...

(CONTINUED)

Hoffman continues to WAIL.

The silhouette of Dr. Gordon turns to look back at Hoffman.

Dr. GORDON (CONT'D)
Game over.

He slams the door shut. We are in TOTAL DARKNESS.

Hoffman screams into the abyss.

FADE OUT.