

FADE INTO:

1

INT. CITY MORGUE -- EXAMINATION ROOM -- EVENING

1

A tranquil, pitch dark room. Various TOOLS of death and dismemberment lie on the table tops: A bone saw. Rib cutters. Skull chisel. Toothed forceps. Scalpel. Scissors. Vibrating saw. Hammer with hook.

These are instruments of pain, and after a beat--

BAM! BAM! BAM! The fluorescent tubes in the ceiling burst to life one after another. The ceiling spins away until the white sheet-covered body of JIGSAW stares up from a slab.

He's peaceful. Dead. Just like at the end of SAW 3. However, something is different.

PATHOLOGIST #1 steps forward. He wears blue scrubs, a mask, and protective eye wear.

CLOSE ON: His ID badge reads, "CITY MORGUE."

This isn't Jigsaw's lair. It's the morgue. Pathologist #1 hits record on a hanging MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER.

PATHOLOGIST #1

Subject's name is John Kramer.

Fifty-four year old male Caucasian.

Using a pair of SCISSORS, Pathologist #1 begins to cut off Jigsaw's clothes.

PATHOLOGIST #2, younger, hesitates. His hand holds scissors. Frozen. Just staring at the motionless body.

PATHOLOGIST #2

You know who this is?

PATHOLOGIST #1

Of course.

A white cloth is placed over Jigsaw's midsection. Pathologist #1 begins to unwrap Jigsaw's blood-stained head wrap.

PATHOLOGIST #2

He looks different than I thought he would.

Pathologist #1 stares at the crude SURGICAL SQUARE that momentarily saved Jigsaw's life.

(CONTINUED)

1

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1

PATHOLOGIST #1

(re: head)

He's seen better days.

Pathologist #1 stares to Pathologist #2, and the younger man nods, getting to work.

Pathologist #1 uses a VIBRATING SAW to cut around Jigsaw's upper skull, removing the top and exposing the BRAIN.

CLOSE ON: A gush of brownish blood spills out, exposing a YELLOWISH TUMOR the size of a plum amongst the gray matter.

Pathologist #1 uses a hand clamp to remove the tumor.

Pathologist #2 uses a SCALPEL. He's nervous. His heart racing. He's about to make an incision but his hand shakes too much.

A stern look from the senior pathologist forces him to suck it up. Pathologist #2 takes a deep breath, calming himself.

He makes a Y-SHAPE incision from the shoulders to the pubic area. He peels back the thick TORSO SKIN, exposing Jigsaw's RIB CAGE and INTESTINES.

A HAND SAW revs. Pathologist #2, his nervous eyes shifting back and forth, cuts the cartilage that joins the ribs to the breastbone. When done, he sets down the hand saw, wiping his sweaty brow.

Pathologist #1 cuts free Jigsaw's BRAIN. Thick fluids spill onto the floor as he carefully removes it and carries it to a grocer's scale for weighing.

Pathologist #2 uses a SPREADER, sinking the appliance into the rib cage for access to the heart and other organs.

With a wet pop, the rib cage is ripped open.

Pathologist #2 fishes through the greasy intestines, coming to the STOMACH. He tilts his head.

Pathologist #1 moves on to Jigsaw's heart. Using scissors, he carefully removes it from the chest cavity and inspects it, blood sliding down his gloves.

PATHOLOGIST #2

Jesus...what is that?

Pathologist #1 looks over as Pathologist #2 stares to something in JIGSAW'S INTESTINE.

2 INT. CITY MORGUE -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

2

DETECTIVE HOFFMAN moves down the hallway. He turns into a room marked, "CITY MORGUE - EXAMINATION ROOM."

3 INT. CITY MORGUE -- EXAMINATION ROOM -- NIGHT

3

Jigsaw's body is still on the slab. The two pathologists stand to the side looking at something. Hoffman enters.

 HOFFMAN

What'd you find?

 PATHOLOGIST #2

 (pointing)

This.

CLOSE ON: An OBJECT is lodged in Jigsaw's INTESTINES.

 HOFFMAN

Cut it out.

Pathologist #1 goes to work, using SCISSORS to cut through the intestines. Yellowish/greenish liquid spills out, causing Hoffman to lurch back from the fumes.

Pathologist sticks in his hand and pulls out the object.

 PATHOLOGIST #1

It's wax...he swallowed it.

4 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- SICK ROOM -- NIGHT

4

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Jigsaw pours the candle wax onto the micro-cassette tape.

Jigsaw swallows down the hardened ball of wax.

5 INT. CITY MORGUE -- EXAMINATION ROOM -- NIGHT

5

Hoffman inspects the round object. It's the MICRO-CASSETTE TAPE, covered in clear wax. The label reads, "PLAY ME".

Hoffman smashes down the wax ball, breaking it apart. He grabs the MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER over the examining table and puts in the tape. Hoffman hits "PLAY."

TAPE HISS crackles. The raspy voice fills the air. JIGSAW.

 JIGSAW (V.O.)

 (from tape)

Welcome. Are you there, Detective?

 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

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

If so, congratulations, you are
probably the last man standing.
Now, perhaps you will succeed where
the others have failed.

(beat)

You feel you now have control? You
think you will walk away untested?
I promise that my work will
continue. That, I have ensured.

(beat)

By hearing this tape you will likely
assume that this is over. But, I am
still among you. I am in every
shadow, every drop of blood and
every scream from those yet to be
taught.

(beat)

Look into the eyes of the wicked and
you will see me.

(throaty chuckle)

You think it is over, Detective.
But you are wrong... the games have
just begun.

CUT TO BLACK:

INSERT TITLE: SAW IV

FADE INTO:

6

INT. MAUSOLEUM -- DAY

6

CLOSE ON: Trembling hands slowly touch the ground.
Hesitant. The floor is smooth. White marble.

A muscular, tattooed MAN has his head down. This is **TREVOR**
(30s).

Trevor is wearing a **CHOKE COLLAR** with **PADLOCK** attached to a
CHAIN. The padlock requires a **SKELETON KEY** to open.

TREVOR (O.S.)

My eyes...I can't see...

PULL OUT TO REVEAL--

Sunlight pours through a stained-glass window. Drawers that
house the deceased line the walls of the **ARCHED TOMB**.

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

What the fuck...hello?

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

Trevor gives the chain around his neck a pull...and it gives. He keeps yanking until it becomes taut. Then, there's a GAGGING SOUND.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Who's there?! Who is that?!

No reply. But we creep along the chain, passing a METAL MACHINE of gears. It's the size of a packing crate.

On the opposite side of the machine, another CHAIN stretches out, leading us into the darkness--

ANOTHER MAN springs upright with a similar choke collar and padlock attached to a chain. He's well groomed and has a strong build. This is ART (40s).

Art gags because Trevor has pulled the chain tight. However, he can't scream. His LIPS are SEWN SHUT. Art sees Trevor across the room.

Trevor's head whips around. His EYES are SEWN SHUT.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Who's there?! What'd you do to me?!

Blind, Trevor turns his head, trying to place the sound.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Talk to me! What you are you doing to me?! Talk to me!!!

Then, the machine FIRES UP. Gears begin to churn.

The men's chains are attached to a SPINDLE at the base of the device, connecting them.

As a gear turns, the spindle takes up links from both sides of the chain. Therefore, both Trevor and Art are pulled towards the base of the device.

They both react, tugging back on the chains. Because the chains are connected, they're able to pull the other opponent forward.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Stop! What're you doing?!

Art braces himself. He sees something hanging from the back of Trevor's collar. It's a SKELETON KEY.

CHINK-CHINK-CHINK! The spindle turns. They're pulled towards the device.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

Art needs the skeleton key. It's what they both need to survive.

CHINK-CHINK-CHINK! They're pulled closer, Trevor holding on with all his might. A TUG OF WAR.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

What are you doing to me?!

Art takes a step forward, causing Trevor to flop back and knock over a WOODEN BOX of rusted WEAPONS: MACHETE, SCYTHE, CLAW HAMMER.

Trevor feels for a weapon, grasping a SCYTHE. Trevor springs up, swinging the scythe.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Stay away from me! Stay back!

Art has to move. He YANKS FORWARD on the chain, pulling Trevor forward and causing him to fall.

Art lunges for the key on the back of Trevor's neck device, but Trevor hears him coming, SWINGING OUT THE SCYTHE--

SPLAT! It skewers Art in the thigh, causing him to buckle and fall onto Trevor.

They instantly lock up--

SPLUTCH! The scythe is yanked out. Art grabs Trevor's face with his hands, digging his fingers into his flesh.

Trevor screams. Art gets a fingertip on the key right as Trevor slices Art ACROSS THE NECK with the scythe.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Get off me!!!

Trevor pushes Art off him, but Art PLUCKS OFF THE KEY.

CLINK-CLINK-CLINK! The links click away, pulling them closer to the device.

Trevor madly JERKS THE SKIN under his right EYE--SPLUTCH! The eyelid TEARS FREE, allowing him to see.

Art writhes on the floor, holding his bleeding neck with one hand and the KEY with the other.

Trevor, taking in the room, understands the game.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

You did this! You did this!!!

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (3)

6

Art desperately tries to open the lock--

Trevor jerks the chain with all his might. Art slides across the floor and comes within inches of the device.

The chain is pulled into the base of the device, and Art is choked as Trevor keeps pulling.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Gimme that key!!!

Trevor releases the chain and scoops up a MACHETE--

Art falls back. He still has the key. He gasps, fumbling with the key. His eyes shift to Trevor right as--

The MACHETE comes down for his face. Art rolls--

WHACK! The machete hits the marble floor, bounces right back, nearly hitting Trevor in the face.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Give it to me!!!

Trevor raises the machete again, but Art grabs a nearby CLAW HAMMER. And before Trevor can bring down the machete--

SPLAT! Art slams the claw hammer into TREVOR'S FOOT and then TREVOR'S KNEECAP, causing Trevor to drop to the floor.

CLINK-CLINK-CLINK! They are pulled closer to the device...

Art tries to hit Trevor's head, but Trevor blocks the strike, grabbing Art around the neck.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Please!!! Please!!!

Trevor squeezes with all his might. But Art brings down the claw hammer, hitting TREVOR'S FACE.

Art keeps smashing the claw hammer into Trevor's face.

Each strike draws BLOOD and ripping free FLESH. Trevor's death grip around Art's neck weakens. Trevor gasps. His body goes slack, falling onto Art.

Art sucks for air, pushing Trevor's limp body off of him.

CLINK-CLINK-CLINK! The chains are pulled into the device.

Art JAMS THE KEY into the padlock and TWISTS--

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (4)

6

PING! He's FREE, pushing away as the chains are pulled down into the base of the device.

Blood pours from Art's face wounds. He cries. The intense emotion of the death battle exiting his body.

He sucks it up, looking around. Is there a way out of here?

Then, something catches his eye. The sunlight catches the DEVICE. It's small. Silver.

It's a MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER.

SNAAAAAP! Trevor's neck is cracked in half as the chain continues to pull down into the base of the device.

Art gasps and reaches for the micro-cassette recorder.

CLOSE ON: His finger presses down on the PLAY BUTTON--

7 INT. SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER -- STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

7

Seven RED BEAMS move in silent unison and cut the darkness. The shapes emerge one by one. It's the SWAT TEAM.

A closed door. Rusted. Heavy. Lever style handle.

SWAT MEMBER #1 gestures to the team members behind him to focus on the door. The team re-aligns position.

SWAT Member #1 steps closer to the door and reaches for the handle. On his helmet is a MINI-CAM that feeds to--

8 INT. SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER -- TOP OF STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

8

HOFFMAN holds a SMALL MONITOR.

ON MONITOR: In night vision, SWAT Member #1's hand touches the door lever. It gives...it's unlocked.

HOFFMAN
(into mic)
Hold right there.

9 INT. SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER -- STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

9

RIGG, the SWAT Commander, whispers into a jawbone mic.

RIGG
(into mic)
Copy.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

HOFFMAN
(from earpiece)
Get eyes in there before you open
that door.

Rigg gestures to his lieutenant, LAMANNA, a tall, lanky man with spectacles, who holds a WIRE CAM unit.

Rigg points to an AIR DUCT above them. Lamanna feeds a length of the wire cam cable into the shaft.

Rigg watches the P.O.V. of the wire cam through an EYEPiece UNIT that is the size of a binocular eyepiece.

10 INT. SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER -- AIR DUCT -- NIGHT

10

The P.O.V. of the wire cam snakes through grit and dust.

The cam is at a GRATE in the duct floor. The wire cam coils and drops through the grate with ease.

The grainy view displays the other side of the chamber door. No obstacles. No wires. Clean.

RIGG (O.S.)
Doorway clear...

The view rotates. More empty room... then something dark on the floor... something wet...

RIGG (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I got something...

The cam rotates, revealing more of the BLACK FLUID. It covers the middle of the floor.

RIGG (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Liquid on the floor...
(beat)
Wait, I'm right on top of it.

Something obscures the view. The cam view rotates.

RIGG (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...almost got it...

OFFICER KERRY'S TERRIFIED FACE FILLS THE SCREEN!!!

11 INT. SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER -- STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

11

RIGG
(into mic)
Oh god... it's Kerry!

12 INT. SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER -- NIGHT 12

WIRE CAM P.O.V.: Kerry MOVES. Subtle. Twitching.

13 INT. SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER -- STAIRWELL -- NIGHT 13

Rigg throws down the eye monitor, and runs for the door.

RIGG

She's alive! She's alive!

14 INT. SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER -- TOP OF STAIRWELL -- NIGHT 14

HOFFMAN

Don't go in! We're not clear!

15 INT. SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER -- STAIRWELL -- NIGHT 15

Rigg barrels and leaps past his team. They reach in vain.

LAMANNA

Rigg, don't! Stop him!

Rigg is at the door in a second, Swat Team Member #1 jumps into his way.

SWAT MEMBER #1

Rigg, hold it!

WHACK! Rigg elbows SWAT Member #1 across the face. Jerks open the chamber door--

16 INT. SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER -- NIGHT 16

Rigg enters, frantic, running.

RIGG

Kerry!

Rigg slides to a stop. Panting. His world drops to hell.

KERRY. Hanging in the trap from SAW 3. Rib cage ripped open. A destroyed angel. Twitching...

RIGG (CONT'D)

Oh no...no, no, no...

He sees why Kerry is moving... SHE'S WRITHING WITH RATS.

Rigg drops to his knees, stunned, shocked. The SWAT Team slowly surrounds their fallen commander. Unsure what to do. Lamanna wipes his brow, panting.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

LAMANNA
(into mic)
...all clear.

On a side wall, written in dried blood, is the phrase:
"CHERISH YOUR LIFE."

17

EXT. SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER -- STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

17

MOMENTS LATER

Police officers and medical people comb through the crime scene. A FEMALE CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER flashes shot after shot. Hoffman's off to the side talking on his CELL PHONE.

HOFFMAN
(into phone)
Don't cry, it's going to be okay.
I'm bringing you a doll, it'll help
you sleep. See you soon.

Hoffman flips closed his cell phone.

Rigg leans against a wall. Rigg's gear is halfway off, and sweat beads on his brow. Hoffman steps to him.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
Are you trying to get yourself
killed?
(off Rigg's look)
You know to never go through an
unsecured door.

RIGG
I thought I could save her...I just
lost it for a second.

There's a beat between the men as their eyes drift to the crime scene of Detective Kerry.

RIGG (CONT'D)
Did you ever think we'd end up here
when we first started?

HOFFMAN
No, didn't see it happening like
this.

Hoffman sighs, looking to Rigg.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
Why the hell do we still do it?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

RIGG

It's our nature to save 'em. No
matter how desperate the cause.
It's what we do.

HOFFMAN

(re: the wall)

Right. "Cherish our lives."

RIGG

What?

HOFFMAN

The fuckin' motto... we're supposed
to "cherish our lives."

Hoffman stares at Kerry's crime scene.

RIGG

And how are we supposed to do that
when this is our life?

HOFFMAN

We chose this.

Hoffman nods, checks his watch and then flips open his cell
phone, putting it to his ear, stepping away.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Angels of Mercy Hospital, please.
Emergency Room...

Rigg holds a beat. Then, his eyes rise to the top of the
stairwell. TWO DARK SUITS stand with a DUTY OFFICER.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

(re: dark suits)

Feds. This is my headache. You can
go home.

Rigg nods and moves. Hoffman checks his watch. Looks up.

FROM HOFFMAN'S P.O.V.: The man shows his FBI I.D. BADGE to
the Duty Officer. He is **FBI AGENT PETER STRAHM** (40s).

His eyes are a perpetual squint, and his strong build is
well hidden underneath a perfect gray suit. Strahm glances
to Rigg as Rigg moves out of the stairwell.

The second agent is **FBI AGENT LINDSEY PEREZ** (mid-30s) with
her tightly pulled back hair and plain black suit she tries
to hide her beauty, but it's the first thing most notice.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

PEREZ
Detective Hoffman?

HOFFMAN
Yes.

PEREZ
I'm Special Agent Lindsey Perez, and
this is Special Agent Peter Strahm.

Perez shakes Hoffman's hand, Strahm doesn't. Instead,
Strahm moves to the door leading to the chamber. Strahm
holds a KEY on a NECKLACE constantly spinning it around two
fingers like a tether ball.

HOFFMAN
How can I help the FBI?

Strahm tries the key on the lock. It doesn't work, and he
shakes his head to Perez.

PEREZ
We're here because of Detective
Kerry. She was our liaison--

Strahm interrupts, looking to Hoffman.

STRAHM
"Open the door and you will find
me."

HOFFMAN
What?

Strahm tosses the key on the necklace to Hoffman, Hoffman
catching it with one hand.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
What's this?

STRAHM
The key that came with the our last
message from Detective Kerry. "Open
the door and you will find me."
Mean anything to you?

HOFFMAN
No.

Hoffman hands back the key. Perez grabs it, sliding it into
her pocket.

STRAHM
Where's her body?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

Hoffman turns, waving them to follow. Perez lets Hoffman get out of earshot and leans into Strahm.

PEREZ

Thought you said you were going to be nice this time.

STRAHM

Changed my mind.

18 INT. SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER -- NIGHT

18

MOMENTS LATER

A fresh-faced detective, **DETECTIVE FISK** (30s), uses tweezers to drop a **BULLET** into an evidence bag. The Female Crime Photographer looks on, seeing Hoffman approaching.

FEMALE CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER

My flash picked this up.

FISK

It was lodged between the body and the device.

HOFFMAN

Run it for prints.

Fisk turns and exits in a hurry as the Female Officer gets back to work. Perez inspects the trap. She lowers her voice, only talking to Strahm.

PEREZ

The lock's open, but she couldn't get out.

Hoffman intervenes in the conversation.

HOFFMAN

It was built for her execution.
Betrayed the rules.

Perez holds a beat and then continues the conversation.

PEREZ

Not a Jigsaw trap then?

HOFFMAN

No. Amanda Young, the accomplice--

STRAHM

This wasn't done by Amanda Young.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

HOFFMAN

What are you talking about?

STRAHM

Detective Kerry weighed approximately 130 pounds. Amanda Young's arrest report has her at 107.

(points)

She couldn't get her up there alone.

HOFFMAN

John Kramer--

STRAHM

The bedridden cancer patient? He's brains, not brawn.

HOFFMAN

He was also an engineer. He could have rigged pulleys or--

STRAHM

Or, someone else could have helped him.

Hoffman takes a beat, looking directly into Strahm.

HOFFMAN

If you're here for any reason other than just to assist, Special Agent, you should tell me now.

STRAHM

We're here to find the person your department couldn't, Detective.

(points to trap)

The one helping Jigsaw and Amanda Young.

Hoffman nods, holding his tongue.

19

INT. MOTEL -- ROOM -- NIGHT

19

A FLASHLIGHT BEAM cuts through the nearly pitch dark motel room, reflecting off METAL, INDUSTRIAL-LOOKING OBJECTS on the floor.

A HOODED MAN hauls some CHAINS into position. He huffs, grunting with every labored move.

The Hooded Man moves to the door, opening it and casting LIGHT into the room. But before we can get a good look, the door is SLAMMED SHUT.

20

INT. POLICE STATION -- OFFICE -- NIGHT

20

An office dedicated to hunting Jigsaw. The walls are papered with files, maps, and photos of the victims.

Additionally, there are pictures of a pretty blonde woman. She was seen with John in Saw 3. This is JILL.

And there are things taken from Jill's home. However, these aren't Jigsaw's items, they're John's Kramer's.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

There are FRAMED PHOTOS of John and Jill. FRAMED NEWSPAPER ARTICLES featuring John. There are awards for excellence in engineering. Collegiate degrees.

Rigg, now in civilian clothes, solemnly sits at a desk looking to a freshly placed picture of DETECTIVE KERRY under the heading "DECEASED OFFICERS."

Also there are pictures of OFFICER TAPP and OFFICER SING. A quote reads, "YOUR SACRIFICE WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN."

Another heading reads, "MISSING OFFICERS." DETECTIVE ERIC MATTHEW'S picture is there, staring back at Rigg.

21 OMITTED
THRU
22

21
THRU
22

23 INT. POLICE STATION -- OFFICE -- NIGHT

23

Rigg shakes his head and takes a VHS tape marked "JILL TUCK INTERROGATION" and sticks it into the TV/VCR.

ON TV: HOFFMAN is just off camera, circling Jill.

JILL
(from TV)
So you've busted into my house,
you've been through my stuff twice,
what now?

Jill's eyes shift indignantly as Hoffman slaps down a PHOTO.

HOFFMAN
(from TV)
We found a harlequin doll in your
possession, what's that about?

JILL
(from TV)
Kids play with dolls. That's all it
is.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

Hoffman slaps down another PHOTO.

HOFFMAN

(from TV)

How 'bout the tricycle?

JILL

(from TV)

The tricycle's from John's
childhood.

HOFFMAN

(from TV)

A grown man keeps a tricycle his
whole life?

JILL

(from TV)

I'm sure you've kept things that
were important to you.

HOFFMAN

(from TV)

Is there any reason we should be
concerned for your safety, Ms. Tuck?

JILL

(from TV)

It's not my safety you should be
concerned about.

Over Rigg's shoulder, Hoffman moves into the doorway.
Strahm and Perez are with him.

ON TV: Jill's eyes shift to the man asking the questions.

JILL (CONT'D)

(from TV)

John seems to have a problem with
people who cheat, lie, and
manipulate. Perhaps you should be
more concerned for yourself.

HOFFMAN

(from TV)

Look, Ms. Tuck. Why don't you just
tell me everything you know about
John, starting at the beginning.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

JILL

(from TV)

John's life defies chronology and
linear description, so why don't we
start at the end and work our ways
backwards--

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED: (3)

23

Before Jill can finish, ART BLANK (his face never seen) pushes his way into the interrogation room.

HOFFMAN

(from TV)

What is this--

ART

(from TV)

I represent Ms. Tuck, and this interrogation is over--

Art pulls Jill from the chair as the FRAME FREEZES-- Rigg jerks up, seeing Hoffman's finger on the PAUSE button.

RIGG

She knows something. I'm telling you--

HOFFMAN

I thought you were going home.

RIGG

Yeah...later.

Hoffman leans in, lowering his voice.

HOFFMAN

You have vacation time, right?

(off Rigg's nod)

Take it.

Hoffman taps a GOLD WEDDING RING on Rigg's hand.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

Finish the remodeling. Spend time with Tracy.

RIGG

She understands, man.

HOFFMAN

Then don't take her for granted. Life goes by too fast.

RIGG

Eric is still out there.

HOFFMAN

Eric's been missing *six months*. Kerry was gone *four days*. I'm only as optimistic as the facts allow.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED: (4)

23

RIGG

I'm in it 'til we find him. I made
that promise to Daniel.

HOFFMAN

Eric made his own bed. Finding his
body won't vindicate us.

RIGG

Finding him alive will.

HOFFMAN

It's time to let go.

Rigg's eyes meet Hoffman's.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (5)

23

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

Now go home. I'll call you later to
make sure everything's okay.

Rigg rises and moves past Strahm and Perez. Hoffman follows
him out, stopping at the two FBI agents.

PEREZ

Who's he?

HOFFMAN

Lieutenant Rigg, our SWAT Commander.

STRAHM

What's his problem?

HOFFMAN

Everyone around him keeps dying.

Strahm nods, looking back to Rigg. Pen "clicking."

Hoffman grabs a BOX OF FOLDERS. They're Jigsaw's research
files for the PAST VICTIMS (Saw 1 & 2 names). Each folder
is in a PLASTIC BAG marked EVIDENCE.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

Each victim was studied, abducted,
and put into a game.

Hoffman points to a wall filled with SIXTEEN MUGSHOTS and
the sign that reads, "MISSING."

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

As of today, there are an additional
sixteen individuals classified as
"missing" throughout the city.
These people could have skipped
town, fallen off a pier, or passed
out drunk in some alleyway.

(beat)

Or, these people could be in similar
predicaments as these victims.

Strahm and Perez look to the mugshots.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

If you're looking for an additional
accomplice...these are your first
sixteen possibilities.

24 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- ART ROOM -- NIGHT

24

A nearly pitch dark room. The HOODED MAN goes about
attaching harnesses to TWO UNCONSCIOUS PEOPLE.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

The flashlight reflects off the walls, revealing dozens of things hanging from the ceiling like OVERSIZED ORNAMENTS.

The Hooded Man grunts, moving a TV closer to the unconscious people. He then turns, exiting the room.

25 INT. RIGG'S APARTMENT -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

25

The lock pops on the front door. Rigg quietly enters. The apartment is currently being remodeled. There are tools and supplies on the hallway floor.

Rigg sighs and begins to move the stuff when he sees TWO PACKED SUITCASES. There is also a NOTE tacked to the wall.

Rigg's wife, TRACY, enters the living room. They stare at each other for a beat. Rigg gestures to the note.

RIGG

What's that say?

TRACY

Read it.

RIGG

What does the note say, Tracy?

TRACY

It says I tried calling you four times. It says the hospital called and I need to help my mom for a few days. It says dinner is in the fridge.

(beat)

And at the bottom, it says "I love you."

RIGG

(embarrassed)

Tracy...

Tracy keeps going, picking up a suitcase when--

RIGG (CONT'D)

We found Kerry today.

Tracy turns. Rigg's expression explains Kerry's death.

TRACY

How much longer is this going to go on?

RIGG

Until I find Eric.

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

TRACY

Eric? You think I'll still be
around then?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

Rigg's eyes strain.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Come with me. Now.

RIGG

I can't.

TRACY

You can...but you won't.

(she steps to him)

What you can't do...

She kisses his cheek.

TRACY (CONT'D)

...is save everyone.

Tracy grabs her two suitcases and moves to the door. Rigg holds his face for a beat. Exhaling deeply.

26 INT. POLICE STATION -- OFFICE -- NIGHT

26

Perez looks to the evidence from John's home. She holds a FRAMED NEWSPAPER PHOTO of JOHN AND ART shaking hands and in front of a building (Art is obscured by Perez's hand).

PEREZ

John Kramer owned a company called
"The Urban Renewal Group." No irony
in that, huh?

Perez shows the framed newspaper photo to Strahm. He's standing by the TV that Rigg was watching.

STRAHM

What was Officer Rigg watching?

Perez sets down the framed photo, moving to Strahm.

PEREZ

Jill Tuck's interrogation. It's
old.

STRAHM

Why is a SWAT guy watching that?

Perez looks back, making sure they're alone.

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

PEREZ

We should tell Detective Hoffman everything Detective Kerry said in her last message.

STRAHM

She said that two officers might be in danger, but until we know who we're not starting a panic.

PEREZ

If he or anyone else in this precinct is in danger they should know.

STRAHM

Not your call.

A CONVERSATION FROM THE HALLWAY takes their attention.

FISK (O.S.)

Looks like another doctor went missing from the hospital...

Fisk and Hoffman pass the doorway. They come to a stop, Hoffman trying to end the conversation.

FISK (CONT'D)

Think maybe it's a--

HOFFMAN

Thanks. I'll check it out.

Hoffman grabs a slip of paper out of Fisk's hand. Fisk nods to the agents and turns, getting back to work.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

(to Strahm and Perez)

If you need me, call my cell.

(motioning)

The coffee machine's down the hall.

Hoffman puts on his jacket, a BOX is under his arm with a CUTE CLOWN DOLL sticking out.

PEREZ

Boy or girl?

Off Hoffman's blank look, Perez points to the doll.

HOFFMAN

Girl. It helps her sleep.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

PEREZ

Didn't know you were married.

HOFFMAN

I'm not. It's a short story,
believe me--

STRAHM

(interrupting)

Get any prints off that bullet,
Detective?

Hoffman looks to Strahm and then back to Perez.

HOFFMAN

Not yet.

Hoffman winks to Perez and exits. Perez watches, she likes
him. Strahm gives her a look, and she drops her smirk.

27 INT. RIGG'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

27

Rigg loads bullets into the clip of his handgun. When done,
he puts the clip into the piece. He places the handgun in
the holster on the bed.

A DIGITAL CLOCK reads, "9:45 PM."

He flicks off the light and sets his head down on his
pillow. In the moonlight, Rigg stares across the room at
the PHOTOS adorning his bedroom wall.

CLOSE ON: The photos include Rigg, Tracy, Hoffman, Kerry and
Eric.

Rigg shuts his eyes. Silence. After several beats, Rigg
hears the sound of the FRONT DOOR OPENING.

His eyes shoot open. The door closes and HEAVY FOOTFALLS
move down the hallway.

Rigg shoots upright.

RIGG

Tracy?

No answer. Rigg stands, moving to the bedroom door.

FROM RIGG'S P.O.V.: He can see all the way down the long
hallway to the front door.

28 INT. RIGG'S APARTMENT -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

28

Rigg moves down the hallway. His eyes wide. Looking for anything.

RIGG

Tracy?

There's no response. And no one appears to be there.

There's a NOISE from the living room. Rigg whips around, but nothing's there. He takes a step into the...

29 INT. RIGG'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

29

Living room. There's a PLASTIC DRAPE separating the room from the dining room. It flutters.

Rigg eases towards it, pushing through it--

Revealing an OPEN WINDOW. Rigg quickly closes it.

A HOODED MAN steps past the plastic drape. The features of the man is impossible to see.

When Rigg turns--

The Hooded Man is gone. Rigg takes a step towards the living room when something catches his eye on the floor.

He sees BOOT PRINTS leading to the plastic drapes.

Rigg whips around as the Hooded Man lunges from behind the plastic drape, wrapping up Rigg and thrusting him back against the wall.

Rigg gasps, but a SYRINGE is plunged through the plastic drape and into his neck. He falls to the floor, grabbing his neck.

The Hooded man stands over Rigg, watching him.

Rigg's mind spins. His eyes begin to flutter. His head falls back... HITTING the hard wooden floor. HE'S OUT.

SLAM CUT TO BLACK:

FADE INTO:

30 INT. JIGSAW'S SAW 3 LAIR -- MONITOR ROOM -- NIGHT

30

Hoffman sits at a desk looking over several FOLDERS and PHOTOS. They include DANICA, JUDGE HALDEN, and TIM from Saw 3. The doll is on the desk too.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

Hoffman glances to a MONITOR.

Hoffman scribbles down a LETTER. When done, he folds the letter and places it into an ENVELOPE, writing something on the outside of the envelope.

Hoffman slides the envelope into the top drawer of the desk. He leans back, checking his watch. Hoffman flips open his cell phone and selects a number.

CLOSE ON: The LCD screen reads, "RIGG."

Hoffman hits SEND and leans back. Through the phone, he hears a BUSY SIGNAL. Hoffman looks to the cell phone, perplexed. Then--

There's a NOISE. Stands and moves to the door, closing it and revealing the PIG MASK STANDING THERE--

31

INT. RIGG'S APARTMENT -- BATHROOM -- NIGHT

31

CLOSE ON: Rigg's red eyes SHOOT OPEN. They shift around. Rigg springs forward--

He's in a BATHTUB. Rigg frantically pulls open the curtain and climbs to his feet, totally freaked out.

On the door, there's a QUESTION MARK.

Rigg hesitates a second and then pushes the door to get out-- BUT IT'S JAMMED.

He listens. Nothing. Rigg pushes with all his might as--

32

INT. RIGG'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

32

The door swings open. A wire attached to the door snakes across the room and--PING! A pin is pulled on the TV.

ZZCCCCCHH! A flash of static, and then an image is seen. The DOLL.

DOLL

(from screen)

Hello, Officer Rigg. And welcome to your rebirth.

(beat)

For years you have stood by and witnessed as everyone around you died. Your colleagues have fallen as you have remained untouched. Your guilt has consumed you - a guilt born out of survival.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

DOLL (CONT'D)

Your survival. From your pain grew your obsession; obsession to stop those around you from making the wrong choices - thus preventing you from making the right ones. You tried to save that which was unsavable. You have become blinded - blinded by your obsession.

(beat)

Now I give you the chance to see as I see. By the end of the night you will be given the opportunity to save a life, but instead, you will end one.

(beat)

Look closely, Officer Rigg.

ON TV: The doll image flashes away. It's replaced by a BLURRY IMAGE. There's something there. Moving slightly. Rigg inches closer and closer when--

33 INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

33

FLASH-FLASH-FLASH! Three bright SPOTLIGHTS POP ON! It's a person. Standing on the BLOCK OF ICE with a NOOSE around their neck. The hair is unkempt. Hard to see.

RIGG (O.S.)

Tracy...

34 INT. RIGG'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

34

ON TV: A final spotlight burns to life revealing the man. Unconscious. The metal noose holding the man in place. It's DETECTIVE ERIC MATTHEWS. Alive. Emaciated.

Next to Eric, DETECTIVE HOFFMAN is also unconscious, bound and gagged. He hangs from a MEAT HOOK inches off the ground.

RIGG

Oh my god...

ON TV: Back to the doll.

DOLL

Detective Matthews and Detective Hoffman.

(beat)

As the last officer left untouched, you will now be able to face your obsession.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

DOLL (CONT'D)

(beat)

The block of ice Detective Matthews stands upon is melting, and in under ninety minutes, he will die, and with his death Detective Hoffman's fate will be forever sealed.

(beat)

These two men represent your obsession, and if you wish to save them, you must first learn three crucial lessons. They will be your final test. But be warned, if you fail...you will never see your wife again.

(beat)

Will you chose to let go, or will you let your obsession consume you? The choice is yours.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

The TV cuts out. Rigg's eyes turn, seeing a DIGITAL CLOCK above the closed door stuck at 90:00.

Rigg instantly turns to the PHONE but its cord is cut. And in red paint, "NO PHONE. ONLY YOU CAN SAVE HIM."

He freezes, looking to the floor. A stack of BLOODY RAGS sits. Next to them sits a white BUTCHER'S JACKET. A "G" INSIGNIA on the chest.

Rigg's bedside ALARM CLOCK reads, "11:15 PM." It's next to his now loaded HANDGUN. A FRAMED PHOTO of Tracy is placed next to the handgun.

Rigg hesitates a second and then grabs the handgun. He moves to the bedroom door, opening it--

PING! A pin is pulled and the DIGITAL CLOCK above the door begins COUNTING DOWN from 90:00. The game has begun.

35 INT. RIGG'S APARTMENT -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

35

Rigg enters the hallway and is met by an INTENSE WHITE GLOW coming from the living room. A GRUMBLING SOUND emanates.

Rigg flinches. Someone is there. He inches forward, the white glow intensifying when--

VOICE (O.S.)

Help...

Rigg lunges forward with his handgun seeing--

36 INT. RIGG'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

36

A PERSON. Sitting in a chair in front of a TV. The white glow of the TV static silhouettes the person.

RIGG

Don't move! Don't fucking move!

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

On the back of the chair, a message in red paint is written that reads, "SEE WHAT I SEE." A movable LAMP like in an orthodontists office hovers over the person.

A DIGITAL CLOCK on the wall that reads, "89:45."

Rigg inches closer, seeing that the person is wearing a black jacket with a hood.

Other than a LARGE WALL MIRROR, the four walls are papered with SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS and RESEARCH MATERIAL on FIVE PEOPLE.

The people are: BRENDA (who we will meet), IVAN (who we will meet), MORGAN and REX (whom we will meet), and HOFFMAN.

Rigg doesn't take his eyes off the person, though. He comes around to see the person's face but instead--

The person's wearing a PIG MASK.

RIGG (CONT'D)

Take off the mask and put your hands
in the air!

The person strains, unable to move because their WRISTS and ANKLES are bound to the chair. A mumbling from underneath the pig mask suggests a GAG IN THE PERSON'S MOUTH.

Rigg takes a step towards the person, snagging a TRIP WIRE. It runs to the TV. The static flashes and an image pops on. The doll. It has a laugh, almost as if happy to see Rigg.

DOLL

(from screen)

Welcome to your first lesson,
Officer Rigg.

Rigg's sees a wall-mounted CAMERA, constantly watching him.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(from screen)

Remove the mask on the person before
you and you will see a victim. Look
within, and you will see a morally
corrupt flesh peddler. A pimp who
appreciates nothing.

Rigg leans forward, pulling off the pig mask. He reveals an attractive WOMAN with long brown hair and mascara-streaked face. This is BRENDA (40s).

Brenda's head is held to the chair back by a strap around her neck.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED: (2)

36

There's a TIMER and SPIN DIAL PADLOCK on the strap by her throat.

Her HAIR is braided and attached to a LARGE STICK with SPEARED TIPS that's attached to a series of GEARS.

If the large stick rotates, Brenda's braided hair is pulled tighter and tighter... until her SCALP IS RIPPED OFF.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(from screen)

Exonerated by the legal system,
she's continued a life of sin. Her
device symbolizes true justice.
Will you not intervene and allow my
way to run its course in
rehabilitating this woman, or will
you save one you know to be guilty
and hope your way finally does the
job?

On one of the walls, there are PHOTOS of Brenda in front of
her ILLEGAL BROTHEL.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(from screen)

You have sixty seconds to make a
choice. But be warned, if given the
chance, this person will kill you.

(beat)

Can you see what I see, Officer
Rigg? Or will you continue to live
blindly? The choice is yours.

The image cuts, and the TV goes black.

The timer on the large stick starts ticking down from SIXTY
SECONDS. A wheel spins, TURNING the large stick a notch,
pulling Brenda's hair tight and causing her to SCREAM.

Rigg holsters his handgun and rips off Brenda's gag.

BRENDA

You a cop?!

RIGG

What?

BRENDA

Are you a cop?!

RIGG

Yeah, yeah.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3)

36

RIGG (CONT'D)
(re: pad lock)
How am I supposed to find the
combination?

Rigg's eyes drop, looking under the chair and seeing a MICRO-
CASSETTE RECORDER and METAL BOX on the floor.

BRENDA
They're "in the teeth!"

Rigg's eyes shift to the device's THREE LARGE GEARS. The
teeth of the gears.

RIGG
I don't see anything.

The timer clicks down... fifty-two... fifty-one... fifty...
The wheel spins, TURNING the large stick another notch.

BRENDA
Ahh!!! DO SOMETHING!

Rigg aims his HANDGUN at the gears--BAM-BAM-BAM! The
BULLETS deflect off the gears causing no damage.

RIGG
FUCK!!!

Every TEN SECONDS the large stick spins again. This time,
Brenda's scalp is RIPPED BACK, causing her hairline to BURST
OPEN, spraying BLOOD and causing it to flow down her face.

Rigg stares to the gears, not seeing anything.

The timer keeps ticking... forty-two...forty-one...forty...

RIGG (CONT'D)
I don't see anything!

The wheel spins, turning the large stick another notch.
Brenda's scalp is RIPPED BACK, a HAIRLINE CUT spreads across
half her head. She howls.

FROM RIGG'S P.O.V.: On one of the GEAR TEETH, there's a
number stenciled in that reads, "6."

RIGG (CONT'D)
I got one!

37 INT. POLICE STATION -- BULLPEN -- NIGHT

37

A LAB TECH hands Fisk a PIECE OF PAPER.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

LAB TECH

I pulled a print off that bullet...
we got a match.

FISK

(reading)

Jesus. You checked this?

LAB TECH

Twice.

Fisk DASHES out of the office.

38 INT. RIGG'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

38

Rigg sees the second number, "4."

BRENDA

I can't die like this!!!

He gets the third number, "7."

RIGG

Got it! 647!

Rigg madly spins the padlock as Brenda screams, her scalp
pulled back away from her head. With one last twist, the
lock pops, FREEING Brenda.

RIGG (CONT'D)

Get out! Get out!

Brenda jerks forward, her LOOSE SCALP flopping forward.

39 INT. POLICE STATION -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

39

Fisk races down the hallway. Top speed. A YOUNG COP has a
phone to his ear and looks up as Fisk flies by.

YOUNG COP

(points to phone)

Hey, Fisk!

FISK

Take a message!

YOUNG COP

No! Hey!

Fisk is gone. The Young Cop bolts after him.

40 INT. RIGG'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

40

Rigg looks around the apartment, holding up his hands.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

RIGG
Don't touch anything!

The large stick continues to turn every ten seconds...
thirty... twenty-nine... twenty-eight...

Brenda, blood covering her face like a mask, steps to the
TV, feeling underneath it. She pulls out a BUTCHER'S KNIFE.
She's shocked. Her breath quickens.

RIGG (CONT'D)
Wait, there was a tape...

Rigg kneels to grab the micro-cassette recorder. As he
rises, his eyes hit the WALL MIRROR seeing--

BRENDA LUNGING AT HIM WITH THE KNIFE OUT!!!

Rigg spins and throws up his arm, deflecting the strike.
The two lock up, stumbling back, SMASHING into the mirror.

41 INT. POLICE STATION -- OFFICE -- NIGHT

41

Strahm and Perez turn as Fisk charges into the room holding
the print report.

FISK
The bullet prints came in...they're
from Officer Rigg.

The Young Cop steps into the office.

YOUNG COP
Fisk--

FISK
Not now!

YOUNG COP
We just got a call of shots fired
from 2423 Park Place.

FISK
That's Rigg's apartment.

42 INT. RIGG'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

42

Rigg stumbles back as Brenda turns, SHARDS OF MIRROR
sticking out of her face and neck.

Blood spurts. She gurgles. A shard of mirror juts from her
WINDPIPE. A hollow, sucking hiss emits as Brenda lunges one
last time...

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

But she falls, slamming into the floor.

Blood pools out of Brenda's wounds, her body quivering a second before going limp.

43 INT. POLICE STATION -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

43

Strahm, Perez, and Fisk barrel down the hallway.

STRAHM

Have Detective Hoffman meet us at
Officer Rigg's apartment. NOW!

Strahm hollers to LAMANNA AND HIS TEAM.

STRAHM (CONT'D)

We're rolling!

44 INT. RIGG'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

44

Rigg's eyes drop to the knife Brenda attacked him with.

CLOSE ON: It's a BUTCHER'S KNIFE bearing a "G" INSIGNIA.

Rigg looks to the MOUNTED CAMERA. He grits his teeth and moves to the MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER under the chair. Rigg grabs it. Presses REWIND and PLAY.

The familiar distorted voice speaks.

JIGSAW (V.O.)

(from tape)

Hello, Brenda. I want to play a game. A police officer will try to save you. If he is successful then your game begins.

(beat)

He needs the incriminating photos of the young lives you've exploited. The only way to stop him is taped underneath the TV.

(beat)

Let him save your life and accept your fate to rot in prison, or kill him and guarantee your freedom. Make your choice.

Rigg turns and looks to the photos again. A HIGHLIGHTED GROUP OF PHOTOS depict Brenda pimping out a TWELVE YEAR-OLD GIRL to an OLDER MAN. These are the INCRIMINATING PHOTOS.

Rigg THROWS the micro-cassette recorder at the mounted camera, SHATTERING the recorder into pieces.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

RIGG
Fuck you! Fuck you!

Rigg pulls the DISTINCT METAL BOX from underneath the chair. He opens it seeing TWO KEYS attached to a CHAIN NECKLACE. One is a MOTEL ROOM DOOR KEY while other is a PADLOCK KEY.

There's also a NOTE. It reads, "ONE SAVES A LIFE...ONE TAKES IT AWAY." Rigg flips the note, and the back reads, "ALEXANDER MOTEL - #261."

Rigg looks to the mounted camera again.

RIGG (CONT'D)
You're fucking dead!!!

He takes the photo and exits the apartment.

45 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

45

RING-RING-RING! A cell phone ring emanates.

CLOSE ON: Eric's eyes. The cell phone keeps ringing and--
HIS EYES FLASH OPEN!

He sputters a free breath, writhing. It takes him mere seconds to absorb his situation.

Eric knows the game. He's not scared. He's not mad. He's beyond that. His eyes flutter--

A RAPID SERIES OF RAPID SHOTS FOLLOWS:

45A INT. SEWER -- NIGHT

45A

--A HOODED FIGURE drags Eric's beaten body down the sewer.

45B INT. SMALL ROOM -- NIGHT

45B

--Eric tosses and turns in a small room filled with vomit, piss, and feces.

--Slop on a tray is slide under a door, Eric throws it and screams.

--Eric maniacally does pushups.

SMASH CUT BACK TO:

45C INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

45C

Eric LAUGHS. The laugh of a thousand nightmares delivering a punch line. Eric's laugh is a burned gust of air. It bellows from a throat forged on screams.

The cell rings and rings.

(CONTINUED)

45C CONTINUED:

45C

Eric's head sways in the direction of the ringing phone...

The cell rings come from the pant pocket of DETECTIVE HOFFMAN. Eric's old colleague. Stuck in the exact predicament.

Hoffman's barely conscious. Blood covering his face and body. He's been through a struggle. He can't talk. He's gagged and wearing a TORN SHIRT, his SCARRED CHEST exposed.

46 INT. RIGG'S APARTMENT -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

46

The door opens and RED LASERS cut through the hallway. It's the SWAT team, now led by Lamanna.

LAMANNA

Rigg?! Are you in here?!

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

Lamanna leads the team in, their guns leading the way. He turns to enter the living room, and his eyes widen.

LAMANNA (CONT'D)

Christ...

Strahm and Perez are right behind them, moving into the...

47 INT. RIGG'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

47

It's splattered with blood. Brenda's dead body slumped on the floor. Strahm's eyes tighten.

STRAHM

It's started.

48

INT. RIGG'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

48

MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: The digital clock counts down from 77:46...

Now a crime scene. The Female Crime Photographer takes pictures. Lamanna talks to Strahm.

LAMANNA

An APB has been issued for Rigg,
everyone's looking.

Strahm nods and points to a FRAMED PHOTO of Rigg with Tracy.

STRAHM

He has a wife, where is she?

LAMANNA

We haven't located her yet.

Perez stands by the wall of photos with Hoffman and Eric.

PEREZ

(re: photos)

Two detectives, you see this?

STRAHM

(to Lamanna)

Hoffman? We got a 20 on him?

LAMANNA

Not yet.

PEREZ

How do you explain Detective
Matthews?

STRAHM

He's alive.

PEREZ

Six months. Jigsaw's never held
anyone like that.

STRAHM

No one but Amanda Young.

PEREZ

(a beat)

Has he been "fixed?"

The Agents hone in on the four walls papered with
SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS and RESEARCH MATERIAL of: BRENDA, IVAN

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED:

48

(who we will meet), MORGAN and REX (both of their photos on the SAME WALL - whom we will meet), and ERIC and HOFFMAN (same wall).

Strahm sighs as his eyes shift to "SEE WHAT I SEE."

STRAHM

(re: the walls)

Why these six? The players?

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED: (2)

48

PEREZ

Detective Hoffman is a decorated lieutenant, he doesn't match the profile.

STRAHM

That's what you see. But what does he see?

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED: (3)

48

PEREZ

Rigg trying to save his two friends?

STRAHM

Maybe.

(to Lamanna)

We got names or locations on any of these people?

LAMANNA

Working it.

PEREZ

This is overkill. It's a setup to announce Rigg as the accomplice.

STRAHM

Or a setup for his alibi.

Strahm motions to Brenda's dead body.

STRAHM (CONT'D)

"Everyone around him keeps dying."

And where is he to tell us he's innocent or what the hell these photos are doing in his apartment?
(points to wall)

Look there.

There's BLOOD on all the walls, but on one wall, it's splattered into a distinct "X" over the LIGHT SWITCH being photographed by the Female Crime Photographer.

STRAHM (CONT'D)

Hold the flashbulb a second.

FEMALE CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER

Can I ask why?

Strahm turns off the light switch. On the ceiling, GLOWING PAINT reads, "FOUR WALLS BUILDS A HOME."

PEREZ

"Four walls builds a home."

The lights flick back on and looks back to the Female Crime Photographer. She sheepishly nods.

STRAHM

That would be "why."

Strahm turns to the four walls. He sees something and steps to one wall, pointing to a SPECIFIC PHOTO that ISN'T of the six people.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (4)

48

STRAHM (CONT'D)

Four.

With each word, he points to a different wall with the SAME out of place photo on it.

STRAHM (CONT'D)

Walls. Builds. A home.

On the last word, we get a good look at the photo. It's of JILL. JIGSAW'S EX-WIFE.

STRAHM (CONT'D)

Let's talk to her. Now.

48A EXT. HOMEWARD BOUND CLINIC -- NIGHT

48A

Police cars pull up to the Homeward Bound Clinic and police advance through the front doors.

49 INT. HOMEWARD BOUND CLINIC -- NIGHT

49

The doors swing open of a chaotic non-profit drug treatment center and alcohol rehabilitation clinic as a GROUP OF COPS enter, followed by Strahm and Perez.

STRAHM

Jill Tuck. Where is she?

A staff of NURSES part and expose Jill. She looks to Strahm and Perez almost as if she's expecting them.

50 INT. MOTEL -- LOBBY -- NIGHT

50

A fleabag motel. Sparse lighting. Furnishing from Goodwill. Nothing good happens here.

An overweight DESK CLERK with thick glasses sits in an enclosed office talking on the phone. A SMALL DOG sits on his desk. The sign behind him reads, "ALEXANDER MOTEL."

DESK CLERK

Yes, mom. I know. I'll come this weekend.

The lobby door opens and Rigg enters with his hood pulled high, covering his face. Rigg is forced to step over a passed out VAGRANT on the floor as he heads to a spiral staircase leading up to the rooms.

The Desk Clerk gives him a quick look and then returns to his phone call. The Vagrant jerks up his head.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

VAGRANT

You! Hey, you! Don't you see me
sleeping here?! Huh, mister?!
Don't you see me?!

Rigg hustles up the stairs a bit freaked out. The Desk Clerk opens the office door and clearing the Vagrant from the motel lobby.

DESK CLERK

Alright, let's go.

The Vagrant stumbles to his feet, revealing a pool of VOMIT.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

Goddamn it.

51 INT. MOTEL -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

51

Rigg creeps down the dirty hallway, stopping at ROOM 261. He sighs, pulling out his HANDGUN from his shoulder holster. Rigg uses the door key, and the door opens--

52 INT. MOTEL -- ROOM -- NIGHT

52

It's a large room. Looks like it hasn't been used or lived in for months. Rigg takes a step in, seeing another DISTINCT METAL BOX. Inside, the finds a MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER, a PIG MASK, and a PHOTO.

A DIGITAL CLOCK on the wall hits 75:00.

Rigg grabs the micro-cassette recorder and pressing play. Tape hiss and--

JIGSAW

(from tape)

Hello, Officer Rigg. In order for
you to fully understand my ways, you
must feel what I feel.

Rigg's eyes shoot to a door that leads to the adjacent room. A message written in red paint reads, "FEEL WHAT I FEEL." He tries to the door, but it's locked.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

(from tape)

To truly save a person, you must
place them into a situation and
provide them with the tools that
teach them to appreciate what they
have.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

52

CONTINUED:

52

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

(beat)

The photo before you is of a man in desperate need of help.

Rigg looks back to the photo.

CLOSE ON: It's a roundish man with glasses. The DESK CLERK. The man Rigg just saw in the lobby.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

I will give you the ability to possibly fix him, but in the end, only he can save himself.

(beat)

In the next room are the tools to his salvation. His life is in your hands. But be careful, there are cameras watching and you must hide your identity.

(beat)

Do not hesitate because the clock is ticking, and your final test approaches. Make your choice.

Rigg picks up the PIG MASK. Underneath it is ANOTHER PHOTO. This photo is of TRACY with the a message, "SHE NEEDS YOU."

RIGG

Goddamn.

He takes a second. His heart beating in his chest. Rigg puts his hands to his head. It's too much.

Rigg heads out of the room when he sees something.

CLOSE ON: On the door handle, a SYRINGE filled with YELLOW LIQUID hangs off. Rigg's hand plucks it free.

53

INT. MOTEL -- LOBBY -- NIGHT

53

The Desk Clerk mops up the vomit. The small dog sniffs around, yelping.

DESK CLERK

Yeah, I know this sucks.

A NOISE takes his eyes. He doesn't see anything. The small dog yelps again.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

Now you're just being bitchy.

54 INT. MOTEL -- STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

54

FROM RIGG'S P.O.V.: He watches the Desk Clerk from atop the spiral staircase. There a BUSTED UP SECURITY CAMERA in the lobby.

Rigg's frantic, twitching eyes drop to the photo.

CLOSE ON: The photo, shaking in Rigg's hand, is a match.

Rigg gasps, his throat's like cotton. He tries to control his breathing, wiping the beading sweat from his forehead.

He closes his eyes, settling himself. A beat. Rigg's eyes open. Takes a few quick breaths and-- SLIDES THE PIG MASK OVER HIS FACE.

He takes a few steps, but then jumps back, ripping off the mask. He sucks wind, his eyes dropping to his handgun.

Rigg drops the mask to his side. He holds his face for a second. Is he really going to do this?

55 INT. MOTEL -- LOBBY -- NIGHT

55

The Desk Clerk keeps mopping, rinsing the mop in the bucket. The small dog sniffs by the stairs. Then, a JINGLING SOUND from the top of the stairs takes its ears.

The dog, CHANCE, takes a few steps towards the "jingling."

56 INT. MOTEL -- LOBBY -- NIGHT

56

The Desk Clerk finishes his cleanup duty.

DESK CLERK
Alright, that was disgusting...

His sentence trails out when he sees his dog missing.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)
Chance? Here girl.

Nothing. The Desk Clerk looks to the spiral staircase.

The "jingling" sound returns. Chances little nails claw up the staircase towards it.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)
Chance? Here girl!

57 INT. MOTEL -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

57

The Desk Clerk comes up the stairs and whistles.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

RIGG

I have to.

Rigg looks to the MOTEL ROOM DOOR KEY. He plunges it into the adjacent door lock...and it turns. He pushes through the door--

59 INT. MOTEL -- ADJACENT ROOM -- NIGHT

59

Three RED LIGHTS illuminating the room in a distorted red haze. The walls, ceiling, and floor are painted BLACK.

In the corner of the room there is a TV. A MOUNTED CAMERA hangs from the ceiling. And a DIGITAL CLOCK is on the wall.

CLOSE ON: The clock reads 63:18 minutes and dropping...

A MONITOR sits on a stand. It shows Eric with the noose around his neck, standing on the melting ice block.

IVAN

What are you going to do to me?

Rigg's eyes shift to the BED in the middle of the room.

There's a device that looks like a GIANT MOUSE TRAP. A head goes into the trap. And when the head pushes down on a lever, two BLADES jam into the person's eye sockets.

Additionally, FOUR CHAINS with SHACKLES lead away from the bed and to the four corners of the room. The chains are attached to RAISED WEIGHTS, and if the raised weights drop, the shackles will be YANKED APART.

The only way to stop the weights from dropping is taking the blades in the eyes.

This is one of the rooms the HOODED MAN was setting up in the beginning.

Rigg looks to Ivan. To Eric on the monitor. Rigg is shocked. Conflicted. His mind spinning.

RIGG

I can't do this...

Rigg tilts back his head and sees it--

The ceiling is plastered with PHOTOS. They are of NAKED WOMEN tied to beds. All in the same spread-eagle position. All unconscious with the DESK CLERK standing over them.

Ivan looks up, seeing the photos.

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED:

59

IVAN

What are those?!

There's a long beat as Rigg takes in the information and Ivan looks to him, wondering what he's going to do.

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED: (2)

59

IVAN (CONT'D)

No...no...

RIGG

Get into the device.

IVAN

What?

RIGG

Do it!

Ivan looks to Rigg's handgun. He does as he's told, shackling his two legs and then one of his arms. Rigg has to do the last arm. The shackles bear the "G" insignia.

Ivan's head is clamped into the DUAL BLADE DEVICE.

IVAN

This isn't right. Please.

There's a MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER on the dresser.

On the far wall, there's another MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER. This one has a NOTE that reads, "RIGG."

Rigg presses play on the recorder. Tape hiss and--

JIGSAW

(from tape)

Officer Rigg. If you're playing this tape then congratulations, you're one step closer to providing salvation for an entire lifetime.

IVAN

Who is that?!

JIGSAW

(from tape)

All you have to do is show them the error of their ways and give them the tools to save themselves, letting them make their own choices. Remember that, Officer Rigg.

ZZCCCCCHH!

The TV pops on to static. Then, an IMAGE comes on. It's of a WOMAN in a bed. She's tied there, just like Ivan. But she's TOTALLY NAKED. And she's PASSING OUT. Ivan steps into frame, having set up a video recorder.

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED: (3)

59

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

(from tape)

The man before you is innocent in the eyes of your legal system. However, he's been arrested many times only to offend again. He takes his life for granted and he repeatedly ruins others. He is a serial rapist.

IVAN

What? No! No!

RIGG

Shut up!

JIGSAW

(from tape)

I ask you, Officer Rigg, do you see an innocent man before you...or do see a criminal in need of true rehabilitation?

Rigg's eyes drift back to the bound woman on the TV being RAPED by Ivan. As Ivan has sex, he looks over his shoulder into the video camera, grinning.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

(from tape)

This man's game does not involve you directly. Yet, without you, his game cannot begin.

(beat)

Place the other micro-cassette recorder in his hand. Innocent man or criminal? Make your choice.

Tape hiss returns. And then the tape cuts out.

IVAN

I know I was wrong... I know... I'm sick... I know that now...

The room begins to SPIN as Rigg tries to think of what to do. His mind races. Sensory overload when--

IVAN (CONT'D)

I need your help... don't kill me...
I don't deserve this...

Rigg's eyes turn to Ivan. The man quivers, but Rigg looks away, shaking his head. On the TV. The woman starts to stir. Ivan's face hardens.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (4)

59

IVAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(from TV)
Don't wake up, honey. Stay asleep.

Rigg turns back around. He heard that.

IVAN (CONT'D)
Come on! You're a cop! You're
supposed to save people!

IVAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(from TV)
You're gonna like this...

IVAN (CONT'D)
I'm not dying! Not for them! Come
on! Help me! Help me goddamn it!

The sound of the woman being raped on the TV emanates.

IVAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(from TV)
Take it all, little girl. You like
that? You like that, little girl?

Rigg grabs the micro-cassette recorder from the dresser.
It's attached to a THIN WIRE that snakes across the floor.

IVAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(from TV)
Be a good little whore and take it!

IVAN (CONT'D)
SAVE ME!!!

Rigg yanks it. A CLOCK ticks down from SIXTY SECONDS.

RIGG
Save yourself.

Rigg places the micro-cassette recorder in Ivan's hand, hits
"PLAY."

IVAN
HEY! HEY! GET BACK HERE!

Rigg stops at the door, scooping up another DISTINCT METAL
BOX and exiting.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Hello, Ivan. I want to play a
game...

60

EXT. MOTEL -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

60

Rigg exits and slams the door closed behind him. The door number, "261," is right in Rigg's face. There's a SCREAM on the other side of the door from Ivan.

Rigg opens the metal box. It's a METAL RING in an EVIDENCE BAG with a message that reads, "BECOME THE TEACHER AND SAVE A LIFE." He stares a second, remembering.

RIGG

Goddamn...

A chill runs down his spine when--

A DOOR OPENS. An OLD LADY stares out at Rigg from her doorway. Rigg is covered in blood and dirt.

Before he can respond, she slams closed her door, bolting it. Rigg moves.

61

INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

61

The entire room is now revealed. There's only one door into the room. The entire floor is METAL GRATING.

A DIGITAL CLOCK ticks down, currently displaying 54:08.

In the middle of the room, Eric stands on a BLOCK OF ICE with his HANDS SHACKLED to a CHAIN that is bolted to the FLOOR. It prevents him from raising his hands above his chest.

Eric's mangled foot, held together by a CRUDE IRON BRACE, almost slides off the ice cube.

He's a beaten, psychologically destroyed man from six months in captivity, but he still has the gaze of a predator.

Eric scans the room.

Hoffman is next to him. He's suspended over a COLLECTING POOL. The water from Eric's ice block runs off into the collecting pool. Two metal rods attached to a RUNNING GENERATOR lie at the base of the collecting pool.

After ninety minutes, the pool will be filled with enough water to touch Hoffman's feet, and he will be electrocuted.

ERIC

Who the fuck got you? Was it that bitch? Huh? That fucking bitch--

Eric's rage rises as--

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

CH-CHUNK! The door opens and the HOODED FIGURE enters.
When the door closes, gears shift, LOCKING IT into place.

Eric tries to glare through the spotlights in his eyes, but
they're blinding.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Is this it?! Is this all you got!?
Is this all you fucking got?!

Another attempt at laughter hisses from his choked throat.

The Hooded Figure doesn't respond or even look over.
Instead, he sits down at a table in front of a BANK OF
MONITORS and a LONE SWITCH. He empties his pockets, setting
down a LONE ITEM.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Your tubes feeding me! Your fucking
chains holding me! Is this it?! Is
this all you got?!

61A INT. POLICE STATION -- OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

61A

Jill is seen through one-way glass at the interrogation
table. Strahm, Perez, and Fisk stand watching her.

(CONTINUED)

61A CONTINUED:

61A

Strahm hold a folder in one hand and his pen in the other.

PEREZ

She's calm.

Perez turns, leading the way into the room. Strahm turns to Fisk.

STRAHM

Turn off the air in there.

62 INT. POLICE STATION -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

62

Jill looks up as the two agents enter.

PEREZ

Hello, Ms. Tuck. I'm Special Agent Perez and this is Special Agent Strahm.

JILL

Hello.

Perez sits down as Strahm hovers near the wall, flipping through the folder, never looking up.

PEREZ

Ms. Tuck, I'm sorry for everything you've been through, and I'd like to apologize for pulling you from your job--

JILL

What more do you think I can offer? My hundred hours of interrogation tapes and the volumes of evidence taken from my house weren't enough for you to understand John?

PEREZ

It's not John we want to talk about, Ms. Tuck. It's you--

JILL

Me? Why do you want to talk about me? This isn't about me.

(Jill leans back)

So stop wasting both of our time and get to the real reason why you brought me here.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

Strahm leans forward tapping Perez on the shoulder. Jill's eyes instantly shift to him. But he doesn't look up, he just keeps flipping through the file.

Perez stands, exiting the room. Jill refocuses on Strahm, waiting for him to talk.

Strahm sighs, putting down the file. He starts CLICKING his pen. It's almost maniacal, clearly bothering Jill.

JILL (CONT'D)

Would you mind--

STRAHM

(interrupting)

When was the last you've been in a sexual relationship?

JILL

What--

STRAHM

Sex. When was the last time you had sex? You do have sex, don't you?

Jill is suddenly taken off guard.

JILL

I don't see what my sex life has to do with John--

STRAHM

You, Ms. Tuck. I'm asking about you.

62A INT. POLICE STATION -- OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

62A

Perez watches from behind the one-way glass, taking down notes.

62B INT. POLICE STATION -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

62B

Jill doesn't know how to respond to Strahm's line of questioning, before she can recover, Strahm flashes Jill a piece of paper that reads, "CHERISH YOUR LIFE."

STRAHM

"Cherish your life."

JILL

I'm sorry?

(CONTINUED)

62B CONTINUED:

62B

STRAHM

You and John seem to be campaigning
on that idea.

(CONTINUED)

62B CONTINUED: (2)

62B

Jill's eyes strain a second.

STRAHM (CONT'D)

How do you feel about your husband taking the motto from your drug clinic designed to help people and twisting it into some deranged torture mantra?

JILL

That part of John has nothing to do with me.

STRAHM

Look, Ms. Tuck. I just left a room with more blood on the walls than paint.

Strahm puts a foot up on the chair, looking into Jill.

STRAHM (CONT'D)

Two officers are missing and there's a growing pile of bodies in their wake. Every new detail we learn about your hall of fame psychopath husband points to you as a possible accomplice.

Strahm leans into Jill.

STRAHM (CONT'D)

And I'm curious as to why?

Jill takes a second, still cool. Strahm starts clicking his pen again. It's driving her nuts.

63 INT. HOMEWARD BOUND CLINIC -- NIGHT

63

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

The clinic is packed to the gills with addicts seeking free help. The waiting room is thirty deep. A YOUNG MAN (DEREK) with dirty shirt and stringy hair holds up his hands, frustrated.

*

DEREK

I'm just supposed to wait? Christ.

*

He sighs and moves to sit, passing a an out of place person. It's JOHN. He looks good. Healthy.

John shifts as a nervous guy with glasses, MATT, sits in the chair opposite him. There's an awkward beat.

(CONTINUED)

63

CONTINUED:

63

JOHN

Can I help you?

MATT

You're not supposed to be here.

(CONTINUED)

63

CONTINUED: (2)

63

JOHN
How do you know that?

MATT
You're well.

Jill crosses the busy lobby. A million problems. One Jill.

MATT (CONT'D)
(re: Jill)
You know her?

JOHN
You could say that.

MATT
She helps us.

Jill approaches John, he brightens. She's smiling, talking with a patient named GUS (from Saw 2).

JILL
Just keep at it, Gus. We'll always
be here, okay?

GUS
Thanks, Jill.

John looks back to Matt.

JOHN
I know...
(hushed)
Sometimes too much.

Jill smiles to Matt and kneels next to John, lowering her voice.

JILL
I said six-thirty, but we're down
two nurses. It won't be much
longer, though...I hope.

Jill gazes to the horde of people. Sighs. John puts a hand on Jill's shoulder, lowering it down to her PREGNANT BELLY.

JOHN
It's fine. Just don't over do it.

Jill smiles and kisses him on the forehead. John watches her walk back to help people when--

DEREK (O.S.)
Hey! Relax, dude!

(CONTINUED)

63

CONTINUED: (3)

63

CECIL (O.S.)

Don't touch me! Don't touch me!

A boisterous man stands in the waiting area, yelling at the Derek. This is **CECIL** (30s). Cecil is sketchy, clearly strung out on something. *

CECIL (CONT'D)

I've been here three hours and I need some help for fuck sake! Hello!?

MATT

Wait your turn.

DEREK *

Yeah, sit down.

John stands to intervene, stepping to cut off Cecil. His eyes meet with Cecil's.

(CONTINUED)

63

CONTINUED: (4)

63

JOHN

Can I help you?

CECIL

What the fuck's your problem?!

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (5)

63

Cecil backs down, turning and bolting out of the place. The Young Man claps.

John's glance turns to Jill. She nods, thanking him. As John sits back down again, Matt stares at him with an admiring smile.

MATT

I was just about to do that.

John gives him a wink. Behind John, a familiar face is seen. ADDISON (from Saw 2).

STRAHM (V.O.)

Don't waste my time with the exposition of your life.

64 INT. POLICE STATION -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

64

PRESENT

Jill looks up to Strahm. He madly CLICKS his pen, staring into Jill.

JILL

Well, that's all I can offer you as insight.

Strahm keeps clicking the pen. He waits a second and then--

STRAHM

Have you ever seen John construct anything mechanical. Like, say, I don't know--

JILL

John's an engineer - a scientist - an inventor. He tinkers with all sorts of things.

JOHN (V.O.)

I have something for you. I made this.

64A INT. JOHN'S OLD LAIR -- DAY

64A*

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

*

John pushes open a heavy door, leading into a PITCH DARK space. It's large. Cavernous. The concrete walls are crumbled from years of neglect.

*

*

*

JOHN

*

This is is, what do you think?

*

(CONTINUED)

64A CONTINUED:

64A

John moves around, trying to find something. Jill warily steps in through the door.

JILL
I can't see anything.

JOHN (O.S.)
Just stay put a second and let me find the lights.

John rummages around off screen looking for the lights. Jill steps deeper into the pitch dark space. There's a strange SCRATCHING SOUND from deep in the room.

Jill curiously steps towards the noise. It's getting louder. Something reflects the lights.

She eases forward and sees FIVE RATS with their BODIES TURNED INSIDE OUT in a vicious trap.

JILL
John!!!

A light turns on, exposing the dozens of RATS, PIGEONS and RACCOON TRAPS around the room. It's like a bloody massacre of animal carnage. Jill SCREAMS again as John grabs her from behind.

JOHN
Relax! Relax! It's okay!

JILL
John, what is all this?

JOHN
The current occupants.

Jill eyes the animal carcasses in the many traps, each mirroring traps to come later in Jigsaw's legacy.

JOHN (CONT'D)
This place hasn't been touched in over thirty years, it was overrun.

JILL
It's... cruel.

JOHN
The rat poison used by exterminators is cruel. Trace amounts cause illness and death in hundreds of kids a year.

(CONTINUED)

64A CONTINUED: (2)

64A

JILL

You designed all these?

*

*

JOHN

Of course, that's what I do.

(off Jill's look)

These traps kill the animals quickly
and humanely, posing no harm to
humans. They're perfect

*

*

*

*

*

*

STRAHM (V.O.)

That's sweet, Ms. Tuck. Demented.
But sweet.

*

*

*

65 OMITTED

65*

65A OMITTED

65A

65B INT. POLICE STATION -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

65B*

Strahm looks to Jill.

STRAHM

So, when did John leave you?

Jill smiles, almost expecting the question.

JILL

He didn't, I left him.

(she leans forward)

Do you know anything about the
Chinese Zodiac?

STRAHM

No, enlighten me.

JILL

When John and I were together, I
didn't just "get pregnant", it was
carefully planned...very specific.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

65B CONTINUED:

65B

JILL (CONT'D)

(after a beat)

Losing our son didn't only break
John's heart...it broke his will to
live.

66 EXT. HOMEWARD BOUND CLINIC -- NIGHT

66

(FLASHBACK TO BE SHOT)

John sits in the driver's seat of his car reading a
magazine. The cover reads, "THE GREEN BUILDING: HOMES OF
THE FUTURE."

John's waiting for Jill to get off work.

67 EXT. HOMEWARD BOUND CLINIC -- NIGHT

67

(FLASHBACK TO BE SHOT)

Jill slides closed a metal gate.

JILL

Thanks for the help, guys. I
appreciate it.

She's accompanied by a big guy named PAUL (Saw 1) and a
stocky MAN with spiked hair (Saw 1).

PAUL

You alright?

JILL

Yeah, John's here. Thanks.

PAUL/MAN

Goodnight.

Paul and the Man move down the thin walkway between the two
buildings to the street out front. Jill continues locking
up the door.

67A EXT. HOMEWARD BOUND CLINIC -- NIGHT

67A

John looks up as Paul and the Man exit the walkway and
continue down the street.

67B EXT. HOMEWARD BOUND CLINIC -- NIGHT

67B

Jill tightens her gray coat around her WHITE DRESS. She
moves to the walkway. It's pitch dark. A scary walk even
for someone who has done it a thousand times before.

(CONTINUED)

67B CONTINUED:

67B

Jill pulls up her bag and makes her way down the walkway.
She takes a few steps and--

BANG! There's a NOISE behind her. Her heads whips around.
But nothing is there.

Her hand instinctually touches her PREGNANT BELLY. Jill
turns back and sees that the path down the walkway is
blocked by GARBAGE CANS.

Anxiety instantly rises within her. She tightens her collar
and steps forward when--

She's GRABBED FROM BEHIND, a hand covering her mouth--

68 INT. JOHN'S CAR -- NIGHT

68

(FLASHBACK TO BE SHOT)

John's head rises. Did he hear something? He checks his
watch again and looks back down to his magazine.

69 EXT. HOMEWARD BOUND CLINIC -- NIGHT

69

(FLASHBACK TO BE SHOT)

(CONTINUED)

69

CONTINUED:

69

Jill's pushed up against the metal gate. The man is CECIL. He's sweaty and tweaked out, his eyes bugged. Cecil has a KNIFE to Jill's throat. He's calm. He's mean.

CECIL

Open it. Open the door.

JILL

Cecil, don't do this... I can help you...

CECIL

No one can help me. I don't want to hurt you, okay.

JILL

I'm pregnant, Cecil...

Cecil puts the knife TO HER ROUND BELLY.

CECIL

Don't give me a fucking problem then.

Jill's breathing quickens. He's fucked up enough to do it.

CECIL (CONT'D)

Open it!

JILL

Okay...okay...

Jill fumbles with the keys. Cecil's too impatient and tweaked out, THROWING JILL TO THE GROUND. Jill lands on her stomach, gasping in pain.

Cecil works on the main door. Jill moans, BLOOD starting to seep through her WHITE DRESS.

JILL (CONT'D)

Oh god...

Cecil's eyes shift to Jill, seeing the blood.

JILL (CONT'D)

Get John...get my husband... please...

Cecil instinctually moves to her, kneeling as if he's going to help her.

JILL (CONT'D)

Get John...

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

Seeing the blood on his hands causes Cecil to lurch back.
He backs up, Jill's eyes straining.

JILL (CONT'D)

No, Cecil, don't just leave me
here...please...

CECIL

I'm sorry.

Cecil runs back down the walkway.

70 INT. JOHN'S CAR -- NIGHT

70

(FLASHBACK TO BE SHOT)

John looks up as Cecil, blood stained on his stomach and
hands storms out of the walkway. He runs like a madman.
John's instantly aware. Panic rises.

71 EXT. HOMEWARD BOUND CLINIC -- NIGHT

71

(FLASHBACK TO BE SHOT)

John charges up the walkway to find Jill splayed out on the
ground with BLOOD COVERING HER WHITE DRESS.

JOHN

My god...

John scoops her up, carrying her back down the walkway.

72 INT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

72

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

John bursts into the ER with Jill in his arms.

JOHN

I need some help here!!!

An ORDERLY and NURSE DEBORAH help set Jill down on a gurney.

JOHN (CONT'D)

She's pregnant...please...!

NURSE DEBORAH

I got her from here, sir.

(to orderly)

Escort him to the waiting room.

73 INT. HOSPITAL -- OPERATING ROOM -- NIGHT

73

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

John stands outside the operating room. Jill's blood covers his chest and stomach. He paws the glass as a DOCTOR and ANOTHER DOCTOR hurriedly get to work on Jill.

Jill looks over as a gas mask is placed over her face.

74 INT. HOSPITAL -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

74

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

John stands looking in through a window. His eyes are puffy from crying. He has zero expression.

75 INT. HOSPITAL -- ROOM -- NIGHT

75

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

John enters a dark room with a bed in the middle. Jill lies there, facing the wall. She has one IV tube sticking out of her arm. John moves to a chair next to her, sitting.

JILL

All I wanted to do was help.

John's head lowers, thinking about her words.

76 INT. POLICE STATION -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

76

PRESENT

Jill's eyes flutter.

STRAHM

I guess things just don't work out sometimes. Is that when John started murdering people?

Jill's about to respond when-- KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK! Fisk sticks his head into the room.

FISK

You're going to want to take a look at this.

Strahm stands and moves, pointing back to Jill.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

STRAHM
She doesn't leave.

77 INT. POLICE STATION -- BULLPEN -- NIGHT

77

A VHS is pushed into a VCR. A TV flicks to life. Strahm and Perez look on.

FISK
There was a disturbance call from a transient motel downtown. Pulled this off a hallway camera.

ON TV: It's fuzzy black and white. But it shows the DESK CLERK creeping down the hallway. As he picks up the pig mask, Rigg appears with handgun, pushing him into the room.

STRAHM
We've seen his photo before.

FISK
He was found in the room.

78 INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

78

CLOSE ON: The DIGITAL CLOCK is at 47:46 and dropping.

Eric huffs and gags, sliding on the block of ice. It's melting lower, and it's filling up Hoffman's collecting pool.

ERIC
Hey you junky bitch! Talk to me!
Why didn't you kill me?! Why don't
you come over here and finish the
job?!

Eric's tries to see through the spotlights.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Do it! Do it now!!!

78A OMITTED
THRU
78B

78A
THRU
78B

78C OMITTED

78C

79 INT. MOTEL -- ROOM -- NIGHT

79

The walls are splattered with BLOOD. Ivan's LIMBLESS BODY sits on the bed. Each APPENDAGE in a separate corner.

A few cops are in the room. The TV MONITOR is now a black screen. The digital clock counts down from 45:38.

Perez kneels next to Ivan as Strahm hovers over her shoulder.

PEREZ

He's been identified as Ivan Landsness. Acquitted of rape three times.

STRAHM

What happened?

80 INT. MOTEL -- ROOM -- NIGHT

80

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Ivan's on his back. The video plays in the background.
Ivan's PERVERSE LAUGHING can be heard.

81 INT. MOTEL -- ROOM -- NIGHT

81

PRESENT

Perez tilts her head.

PEREZ

He had to gouge out his in order to
release himself.

82 INT. MOTEL -- ROOM -- NIGHT

82

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Ivan screams as he pushes the lever with the back of his
head and the blades sink deeper and deeper INTO HIS EYE
SOCKETS.

The clock on the wall clicks down... three... two... one...

Ivan SCREAMS-- WHAM! The weights fall and Ivan's appendages
are YANKED OFF, the blood splattering across the TV.

83 INT. MOTEL -- ROOM -- NIGHT

83

PRESENT.

Perez looks to Strahm.

STRAHM

Two of five people on Officer Rigg's
apartment walls are dead. Do we
have a serial on our hands?

PEREZ

He didn't kill Ivan, he only put him
into the device. Ivan made his own
choice.

STRAHM

Sound like someone we know?

PEREZ

Jigsaw? What's he supposed to
learn?

(CONTINUED)

83

CONTINUED:

83

Strahm moves to the door connecting the room, pointing to the written message, "FEEL WHAT I FEEL."

(CONTINUED)

83

CONTINUED: (2)

83

STRAHM

To "feel what I feel."

PEREZ

Is Rigg trying to save his friend?

STRAHM

Or is he being recruited?

PEREZ

What are you saying?

STRAHM

The pimp. The rapist. Rigg's
supposed to see them like Jigsaw.

PEREZ

So?

STRAHM

These lessons are leading to a final
location and if we don't beat Rigg
there, we're just collecting bodies.

Strahm points to the device.

STRAHM (CONT'D)

Does someone here want to tell me
how something like this gets into a
motel room undetected?

The Female Crime Photographer kneels by the device.

FEMALE CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER

Piece by piece. It's a kit.

FLASH! Female Crime Photographer snaps a photo.

LAMANNA

The room's been rented for the past
six days to a man named Art Blank.

PEREZ

Who's he?

LAMANNA

A lawyer. Reported missing two
weeks ago.

STRAHM

Run the name. Get his addresses.

PEREZ

On it.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (3)

83

Perez rises, grabbing her BLACKBERRY DEVICE from her pocket.

84 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

84

Rigg enters the ABANDONED SCHOOL. The hallway is littered with debris, but the walls are still covered with painting and banners trapped in time.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

Rigg takes a step, seeing a metal door knocked off its hinges. It's familiar. We've been here before.

HOFFMAN (O.S.)

You have the stomach for this?

Rigg looks over and sees--

85 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

85

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Hoffman. From SAW 3. Standing outside the blood-drenched room where TROY died. Rigg's leaning against the wall, his sweat-stained SWAT gear still on.

RIGG

Yeah, I'm fine.

HOFFMAN

If something like that doesn't straighten a person out...I don't know what will.

Rigg nods, rubbing his sore eyes.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

Think you could do it?

RIGG

Do what?

HOFFMAN

Sacrifice a part of yourself in order to stay alive?

Rigg looks to the room. A few officers filter out, removing the many PARTS of Troy's body.

RIGG

Impossible to say for sure unless I was really faced with it.

Rigg looks back to Hoffman. Hoffman nods as--

86 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

86

PRESENT

Rigg takes a step past the taped off room.

Rigg comes to the door that reads, "ART ROOM." It's splattered in BLOOD and FLESH. Only a few clean spots offer a peek into the room, but Rigg can't see anything.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

He pulls his handgun. His pulse rising. He grabs a nearby piece of DEBRIS and PULLS OPEN THE DOOR--

87 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- ART ROOM -- NIGHT

87

The once tranquil room used for creativity and learning is now awash in blood and flesh. Rigg props the door open.

The DIGITAL CLOCKS ticks down from 33:24.

Rigg's stressed breathing is the only sound. His eyes adjust and he takes in the trap device.

X-RAYS of FRACTURED BONES hang like ornaments. The bones are small. Just developing. From CHILDREN.

Scattered about the floor are SCISSORS, PAPER CUTTER BLADES, and SHARP PENCILS.

This is the second room set up by the HOODED MAN.

Rigg steps deeper into the room when--

A MAN LURCHES UP.

Rigg springs back, hoisting his weapon.

RIGG

Don't move!

The blood-stained man has his head slumped...not responding.

RIGG (CONT'D)

Do not fucking move!

Rigg lunges forward when--

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I did it...I detached...I won...

The man turns, and a woman, **MORGAN**, is revealed to be attached to him by a harness.

Rigg gasps, taking in the harness attaching Morgan with the man, **REX**. They are back to back. Long metal pins stick out of Rex, and they used to be connected to Morgan.

The pins are hollow, filled with yellow liquid. Several pins line the floor. Weak, Morgan drops to the floor again.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

MORGAN

I did it...I did it...I understand
now...

Rigg sees that a HARNESS around Morgan keeps her in the
death ring.

RIGG

What the fuck did you do?

MORGAN

I did what I was told to do...

Rigg's eyes shift to the TV in the corner of the room.
Blood covers the screen. It's on its side. Broken.

And on the ceiling, a message in red paint reads, "JUDGE AS
I JUDGE." Rigg looks back to Morgan and--

88 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- ART ROOM -- NIGHT

88

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

It's mid-game. A CLOCK clicks down from SIXTY-SECONDS. Rex
and Morgan are still FULLY ATTACHED. Rex is helpless with
BOUND HANDS.

REX

No!!! You're killing me!!!

Morgan pulls out a pin from Rex's body. The HOLE left
behind sprays blood LIKE A FOUNTAIN.

The pins clog Rex's arteries, and when Morgan pulls out the
pins, she's freeing herself and killing him. Rex bleeds
out, screaming in agony.

89 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- ART ROOM -- NIGHT

89

Rigg's handgun stays on Morgan. She's bleeding out, but
she's still alive. Barely.

MORGAN

I chose to live...

RIGG

Don't you fucking move.

Rigg turns, seeing a MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER near the
doorway. He grabs it and presses play.

(CONTINUED)

89

CONTINUED:

89

JIGSAW

(from tape)

Hello, Officer Rigg. What have you
learned thus far?

(beat)

Experience is a harsh teacher.
First comes the test. Second comes
the lesson. If you are to judge as
I judge, then you will see that the
person living before you is but a
student. One life may have been
lost, but another has been saved.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

89

CONTINUED: (2)

89

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

(beat)

So I ask you, Officer Rigg. Has the pupil truly learned their lesson? Have they been taught the error of their ways without any outside interference? Do they now view the world...differently?

(beat)

Officer Rigg, the key to this person's freedom lies in the palm of your hand. So if the metamorphosis is complete, if they've been fixed, then they've won their freedom and you shall grant it.

(beat)

Once judgment has been made, though, the key to finding your next destination is just off the map.

The tape ends.

Rigg's stunned. He touches the PADLOCK KEY on the necklace.

Morgan is inches from death, but she's at peace. She looks to Rigg as if he's her savior, almost worshipping him.

Rigg holds a beat and--

Notices something. Beyond the blood.

He looks to Rex's slumped face and then back to Morgan.

RIGG

I know you.

There's a beat as a demented, sickened smile comes to Morgan's face. Her lips quiver with emotion.

MORGAN

Of course you do...you saved me.

Rigg's eyes widen as we FLASHBACK TO--

90

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- ART ROOM -- NIGHT

90

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Hoffman. A tad bit younger looking. Standing in the classroom standing opposite Rigg. Rigg's younger as well, and he's wearing a blue uniform.

They talk in hushed tones.

(CONTINUED)

90

CONTINUED:

90

RIGG

He's lying, and she's allowing it.

Hoffman looks over Rigg's shoulder and sees Rex standing with Morgan. Rex cockily glares back as Morgan looks down.

RIGG (CONT'D)

There's a pattern here. This is not the first time this has happened.

HOFFMAN

I'm sorry, but the kid doesn't corroborate what you're saying. What can I do?

RIGG

Just hold 'em, okay?

Rigg storms from the room, Rex watching him.

91

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

91

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Rigg kneels before a young girl named JANE.

RIGG

No one is going to hurt you, I promise you. But you have to tell me what you told me before, okay? Was this an accident or did someone do this to you purposefully?

Jane nervously shifts. Her raw, RED NECK from a rope is seen.

JANE

It, uh...

Jane's eyes shift to the classroom door. Her mind drifts and her demeanor changes.

JANE (CONT'D)

It was an accident. Rex always tells me to be more careful.

Jane's eyes weakly drop and bounce around, avoiding Rigg's gaze.

RIGG

You can stop this from happening to anyone else.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

JANE
I want to go home now.

Rigg holds. Jane squirms. The corners of her mouth start to quiver.

92 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- ART ROOM -- NIGHT

92

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Hoffman looks over as Rigg reenters. Rigg shakes his head. He's not getting anything from the kid.

A coy smile crosses Rex's face. Rigg is about to duck out of the room when--

REX
I told you, Officer.
(off Rigg's look)
These kids...they just get out of control some times.

Rigg freezes a second, staring to Rex's arrogant face. And then--

HE SNAPS. Rigg leaps across the room and is on top of Rex within a second, pounding FIST AFTER FIST into Rex's face. Morgan screams.

Hoffman intervenes, yanking off Rigg, but the damage has been done, Rex's face GUSHES BLOOD, his nose broken.

REX (CONT'D)
You sonuvabitch!

RIGG
Touch me! Try touching me! Come on! Fucking do it! Fucking do it!

Hoffman shoves Rigg from the room.

HOFFMAN
Out! NOW!!!

REX
You just made the biggest mistake of your life! You hear me?! You hear me!? I'm taking everything you got!

Rigg tries to lunge at Rex again, but Hoffman pushes Rigg out into the hallway as we FLASH TO--

93

INT. POLICE STATION -- BULLPEN -- NIGHT

93

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Hoffman. Standing with his arms crossed, talking with someone as they pace back and forth.

ART (O.S.)

My client has a broken nose and a fractured cheek bone, administrative leave with pay is not acceptable.

HOFFMAN

The IA investigation is underway--

ART

Into this precinct? What's that going to get me? Huh?

Hoffman scowls. And the man he's talking to is revealed. It's ART BLANK. A shark in a five thousand dollar suit.

HOFFMAN

The truth.

ART

I have an eye witness--

HOFFMAN

The man's wife. She stands to gain as much as he does in a financial settlement. But it's not coming to that because he's lying. He attacked Officer Rigg first.

ART

According to who?

HOFFMAN

Me. I saw the whole thing.

ART

You'd swear to that before a grand jury--

HOFFMAN

Already signed IA's affidavit. The charges are being dismissed.

Art steps back. His head shaking.

ART

You guys. You're good.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

ART (CONT'D)
(after a beat)
Thick as thieves this precinct. But
it'll come back to you.
(shakes head)
It always does. Someday. It'll
come back to you.

Art picks up his briefcase and exits the bullpen. He passes Rigg, not even looking at him.

Rigg's eyes meet Hoffman's. Hoffman doesn't even say a word. He doesn't have to. He simply turns and moves back to his office.

94 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- ART ROOM -- NIGHT

94

PRESENT

Rigg stands flabbergasted, staring to Morgan.

RIGG
Who did this to you? Who put you
here?

MORGAN
I-I-I don't know.

Rigg freezes, looking to the key around his neck.

Rigg thinks a second and then steps forward, using the key to UNDO Morgan's harness and release her.

She crouches to the floor, thanking him profusely.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Thank you...I understand now...thank
you...

RIGG
I'm not a killer.

Rigg looks around the room and sees a WORLD MAP. It's peculiarly pulled down over the chalkboard.

RIGG (CONT'D)
(quoting tape)
"Just off the map."

Rigg pulls on the map's draw cord and--

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: 94

FLAP-FLAP-FLAP! The world map springs back up to its roll revealing a DISTINCT METAL BOX lying on the chalk holder.

Rigg opens the box, revealing a PHOTO OF TRACY with the message reading, "GO HOME."

The "G" in "GO" is written with the distinct "G" INSIGNIA. Rigg's mind flashes back to--

95 OMITTED 95

96 INT. RIGG'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT 96

(FLASHBACK)

Brenda holds the BUTCHER'S KNIFE bearing the "G" INSIGNIA.

97 INT. MOTEL -- ROOM -- NIGHT 97

(FLASHBACK)

Ivan screams. His arms clamped in SHACKLES bearing the "G" insignia.

98 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- ART ROOM -- NIGHT 98

PRESENT

Rigg knows where to go. He moves as--

MORGAN (O.S.)

Officer Rigg...

Rigg turns, seeing Morgan cowering on the floor.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Thank you...

Rigg exits, not looking back.

99 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT 99

MOMENTS LATER

Rigg pulls a FIRE ALARM, the bell ringing out.

100 INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT -- NIGHT 100

Lamanna and his SWAT team lead the way into the room. It's bare besides TWO FOLDERS sitting in the middle of the floor. The flashlights on the end of their guns peer into the darkness, seeing nothing dangerous.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

LAMANNA

Clear.

PEREZ

This is one of two addresses owned
by Art Blank.

Perez looks around. Strahm moves to the middle of the
floor, picking up the two folders.

He shows them to her. They're research files and photos of
SPECIAL AGENT PETER STRAHM and SPECIAL AGENT LINDSEY PEREZ.

On top of Strahm's folder is written: "OPEN THE DOOR AND
YOU'LL FIND ME."

On top of Perez's folder is written: "YOU ARE IN DANGER OF
GETTING TOO CLOSE...STEP BACK"

Perez goes pale. Strahm doesn't budge. His pen "clicks."

PEREZ (CONT'D)

What does this mean?

Strahm points to a TINY MOUNTED CAMERA along the ceiling.

101 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

101

CLOSE ON: The monitor shows Strahm reach up and rip out the
camera, cutting out the image.

102 INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT -- NIGHT

102

Strahm looks to the camera, and then up to Perez.

STRAHM

We're the two Jigsaw targets.

Perez suddenly goes pale. Strahm's jaw tightens.

LAMANNA

Rigg was spotted at an abandoned
building nearby.

103 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

103

CLOSE ON: The clock ticks down from 32:19.

The Hooded Figure paces the floor, looking between the
monitors and the clock.

Eric's watching. He's about to burst. He gives a glance to
Hoffman. Then, he makes his choice--

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

ERIC
FUCK YOU!!!

He jumps up and OFF THE BLOCK OF ICE, trying to break his own neck--

The metal noose tightens. Eric's face instantly goes red. He kicks out his legs, trying to make the noose tighten even more.

The Hooded Figure reacts instantly, running over and lifting Eric back up onto the block of ice when--

HOODED FIGURE
(re: Hoffman)
Kill yourself and you also kill him.

Eric's about to scream, but he freezes--

The Hooded Figure is not Amanda.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

103

It's ART BLANK. The lawyer. Jigsaw's business partner and best friend. The man who threatened Rigg and Hoffman.

Eric's eyes shift to Hoffman. Art means nothing to him. Hoffman's tries to talk through his gag, but it's impossible to decipher his words.

Eric's mind races. What the fuck is going on?

104 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- ART ROOM -- NIGHT

104

Back in the art room. CRIME SCENE WORKER #1 and CRIME SCENE WORKER #2 stand over a tricked out HARPOON GUN used to insert the pins. The Female Crime Photographer takes photos of the scene.

PEREZ

(to room)

Extra careful, everyone. Some things in here are still live.

Morgan cowers in the corner being tended to by medical people. Perez past her, meeting Strahm.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

(re: Morgan)

She identified Officer Rigg. Said he "saved her."

STRAHM

Saved?

PEREZ

You got it.

Strahm points to Rex's body and then to "JUDGE AS I JUDGE."

STRAHM

She passes Rigg's judgment, gets fixed, gets her freedom back.

The digital clock reads, "29:43."

Perez's Blackberry chirps. She presses it to her ear.

PEREZ

(into phone)

Yes.

STRAHM

Second address?

(CONTINUED)

104

CONTINUED:

104

Perez shakes her head "no."

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

103

It's ART BLANK. The lawyer. Jigsaw's business partner and best friend. The man who threatened Rigg and Hoffman.

Eric's eyes shift to Hoffman. Art means nothing to him. Hoffman's tries to talk through his gag, but it's impossible to decipher his words.

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PEREZ (CONT'D)

(re: Morgan)

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STRAHM

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STRAHM

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The digital clock reads, "29:43."

Perez's Blackberry chirps. She presses it to her ear.

PEREZ

(into phone)

Yes.

STRAHM

Second address?

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

Perez shakes her head "no."

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (2)

104

PEREZ
(into phone)
Good, good. But I need that
address. Text me.

Nearby, Crime Scene Worker #1 steps away towards the wall as
Crime Scene Worker #2 picks up the harpoon gun.

PEREZ (CONT'D)
Just found out something interesting
about the people in the three traps.

Strahm looks to her.

PEREZ (CONT'D)
They were all represented by...the
lawyer Art Blank.

STRAHM
He got them all off?

Perez nods her head "yes."

STRAHM (CONT'D)
You think you're pretty smart, huh?

PEREZ
I know it.

There's a beat between the two as Strahm almost smirks.

STRAHM
Get the second address.

Perez nods, pulling out her Blackberry device and stepping
towards the Crime Scene Workers with the harpoon gun.

Crime Scene Worker #2 pulls the harpoon gun and--

The harpoon gun FIRES as Perez makes an unsuspecting step
into its path--

But Strahm pulls her back, and the metal pin hits--

THWACK! Crime Scene Worker #2 in the side of the head,
going through her skull and anchoring her into the wall.

Blood splatters five feet in all directions. The room GASPS
as the worker strains for a second and then drops to the
floor, the top of her head ripped off.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (3)

104

STRAHM (CONT'D)
Get the goddamn paramedics! Now!
Now! Now!

Other officers converge on the accident.

105 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

105

MOMENTS LATER

Strahm and Perez move as PARAMEDICS charge past them. Perez warily looks on, shaken by the ordeal.

STRAHM
Where's the home base?!

PEREZ
(still dazed)
What?

STRAHM
The lair! Where's the lair?!

PEREZ
Raided. Doesn't exist.

STRAHM
Jigsaw wanted us to find that place.
Where's the new game being played?
Find that place, we find Rigg.

Perez's Blackberry CHIMES. She checks it, seeing a TEXT MESSAGE. Her eyes tightening.

PEREZ
I got the second address. There's a co-owner.

STRAHM
Who?

PEREZ
Jill Tuck.

STRAHM
Jill Tuck? Where's the building?

PEREZ
Here. This building...

Strahm and Perez are on full alert. Both of their eyes case the hallway, as if they're being watched. Strahm pulls his handgun from his shoulder holster, looking down the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

STRAHM
(hollering)
Hey!

But no one is listening, tending to their downed colleague.

STRAHM (CONT'D)
Look left, I look right.

Perez nods as both agents start walking.

Perez scans the half open doorways on one side of the hall while Strahm scans the other.

The creep past doorway after doorway.

That's when Strahm looks all the way down the hallway. His eyes focus.

STRAHM (CONT'D)
Clever...

Perez looks over to Strahm. He points to the LAST DOOR.

CLOSE ON: It's a door marked, "MAIN OFFICE." However, the second "F" in OFFICE has been made into a "B." So, the door now reads, MAIN OFBICE." The three letters spell: FBI.

STRAHM (CONT'D)
Give me the key.

Perez hands him the KEY ON A NECKLACE. Strahm ease towards the door and sees that it's ALREADY CRACKED. Strahm looks to Perez, pushing open the door...

106 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- MAIN OFFICE -- NIGHT

106

The door swings open, casting light into the dark room. Strahm and Perez enter, their handguns leading the way.

The office is bare besides a TABLE and CHAIR in the middle.

A fluorescent strip bulb strobos, giving the two agents a partial look at what's sitting in the chair.

They advance, their eyes focused on the chair. Perez holds her breath as the agents ease forward. HAIR peeks from the back of the chair.

They get closer, revealing the "person" in the chair to be a HARLEQUIN DOLL. Its black eyes stare into Strahm and Perez.

Strahm and Perez look to each other, Strahm's eyes drifting to the wall, seeing a MOUNTED CAMERA. The red light burns.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

PEREZ
Who's watching?

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

STRAHM

Take your pick.

Ahead of them, the doll sits with a sign that reads, "AGENT PEREZ." There's a MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER in the doll's lap. It's attached to a METAL WIRE looped around the doll's neck.

STRAHM (CONT'D)

I wouldn't pull that.

PEREZ

Not planning on it.

Perez hits play. Tape hiss. And the raspy voice creeps in--

JIGSAW

(from tape)

Hello, Agent Perez. And welcome to the world you've longed to enter.

(beat)

Before continuing your search for me, though, I will help you separate yourself from the protective crutch that inhibits you. Your partner, Agent Strahm, is not what he seems, and his obsession for control will ultimately lead him to kill.

(beat)

Heed the warning, Agent Perez. Do not get too close, your next step is critical...

Jigsaw's voice cuts off. But the TAPE HISS continues.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

(a whisper)

Open the door...

STRAHM

What is that?

Perez leans in to hear better. Strahm's eyes shift to the doll. The FAINT WHISPER continues--

Perez is an inch from the doll...she leans into a RED LASER MOTION SENSOR that shoots out from the walls and--

Strahm sees the red laser on the side of Perez's face--

STRAHM (CONT'D)

Get back--

(CONTINUED)

106

CONTINUED: (3)

106

BLAM! The doll's head EXPLODES into a MIST OF WHITE. Perez lurches back, but her face is doused in mist, causing her to instantly gag.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (4)

106

The doll, its voice box damaged, laughs a DEMENTED LAUGH. Strahm covers his mouth, pulling Perez from the room.

107 INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

107

Perez is set down, the office door slammed shut. She gags for breath. Strahm screams down the hallway.

STRAHM
Medics!!! Get down here!!! Officer
down!!!

Strahm moves back to Perez kneeling by her.

STRAHM (CONT'D)
Relax, relax!

Perez looks into Strahm's eyes, her race reddening.

STRAHM (CONT'D)
Officer down!!! Come on!!!

Strahm tries to hold up Perez's head, but she doubles over, gagging. BLOOD shoots out of her mouth.

TWO PARAMEDICS barrel down the hallway, stepping in front of Strahm. He eases back, his hand releasing Perez's hand.

Perez has an oxygen mask placed over her face.

STRAHM (CONT'D)
Evacuate the building! Now!

Perez, strapped to a gurney, is rushed down the hall by a group of paramedics.

Strahm watches, looking down to the key on a necklace in his hand.

108 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

108

Eric shivers, his feet freezing. The noose tightening. His eyes stay on Art at the monitors.

The digital clock reads 19:47 and dropping.

Eric looks to Hoffman. Lost. Defeated. Numb. He shakes his head.

ERIC
Who fucking cares anymore...

(CONTINUED)

108

CONTINUED:

108

Eric drops out his legs, causing the noose to tighten around his neck.

Art springs to his feet, moving to pull Eric back up onto the block of ice.

The second he gets too close, ERIC'S EYES SHOOT OPEN. Eric kicks up his legs, WRAPPING them around Art's neck.

Art grabs Eric's legs, but Eric's grasp is tight.

Art trashes around, pushing off one of Eric's legs. One leg flails, hitting one of the SPOTLIGHTS and SPINNING IT.

Art fights free from Eric and falls back to the floor. But Eric keeps swinging. His face red. His eye bulging.

Art gets behind Eric, pulling him back onto the ice block. He loosens the noose around Eric's neck.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I'm going to fucking kill you! You hear me?! You're fucking dead! I'm gonna break you! I'm gonna break you in half!

Art calmly backs up as Eric SCREAMS.

Art moves to the desk, pulling out a SIX-CHAMBERED HANDGUN. He steps to Eric, pointing it to Eric and then pointing it to Hoffman.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Do it! Fucking do it!

ART

No. You want to kill me.

Art places the handgun into Eric's hand.

ART (CONT'D)

Then do it.

Eric's eyes drop to the handgun. He can see that there's only ONE BULLET. Ready to go.

He holds out the handgun right in Art's face--

ERIC

Say goodbye you fuck!!!

Eric's finger squeezes the trigger but--

He doesn't pull it as Art DOESN'T EVEN FLINCH.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (2)

108

Eric's hand quivers, his heart racing. Sweat beading on his brow.

Art is hard. His deadened eyes stare into Eric.

Eric doesn't pull the trigger. Art turns, Eric following him with the handgun.

Eric's eyes shoot around the room. He looks to Hoffman. What does he do? What the fuck is going on?

Eric can now fully see the door now. It has CLOUDED GLASS.

Eric shudders. What the fuck is he supposed to do with the handgun and one bullet?

The digital clock that reads, 16:14 and dropping.

109 INT. POLICE STATION -- OFFICE -- NIGHT

109

Strahm presses play on the VCR.

ON TV: It's the end of the interrogation when the Art barges into the room.

HOFFMAN

What the hell do you--

ART

I represent Ms. Tuck, and this
interrogation is over.

Art pulls Jill from the chair and right as he turns. Strahm pauses the tape--THE IMAGE FREEZES. His face is seen. It's ART BLANK. The lawyer. The building co-owner. The man connected to Jill Tuck.

STRAHM

Got you.

110 INT. POLICE STATION -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

110

Strahm storms into the room and dumps a box of FRAMED PHOTOS and NEWSPAPER ARTICLES onto the table. John's memorabilia.

He grabs a PHOTO OF THE HARLEQUIN DOLL asking question in RAPID FIRE.

STRAHM

What's with the doll?

JILL

John built it for our son--

STRAHM

Bullshit.

Strahm throws down a PHOTO OF THE TRICYCLE.

STRAHM (CONT'D)

The tricycle?

JILL

It was from John's youth--

STRAHM

Bullshit.

Strahm clears away half the table to stuff.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

STRAHM (CONT'D)

Who were John's associates before he went insane?

JILL

John wasn't the associate type.

Strahm slams down the FRAMED NEWSPAPER PHOTO of JOHN and ART BLANK shaking hands in front of a decaying building. It's the one Perez showed Strahm, and Art is now seen.

STRAHM

Then who the fuck is this?

Jill stutters a second and--

STRAHM (CONT'D)

Obstruction of justice! Aiding and abetting! A conspirator to murder! You want me to go on?!

Strahm throws aside a chair, it hits the wall.

STRAHM (CONT'D)

In fifteen minutes more people are going to die! Police officers!

JILL

He's a business partner, he's a friend--

STRAHM

And the properties he owned with John are now in your name!

JILL

This is over--

Strahm lunges at Jill, jerking open his jacket and revealing his shirt covered in PEREZ'S BLOOD.

STRAHM

See that?! It's my partner's blood! She's fighting for her life because of your lunatic husband!

Jill takes a beat.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (2)

110

JILL

John's not my husband. I divorced
him eight years ago.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (3)

110

Jill's eyes burn into Strahm as she continues.

111 OMITTED

111*

111A OMITTED

111A*

111B INT. JOHN'S OLD LAIR -- DAY

111B*

John has disassembled most of the animal traps. He stands in an area with a floor drain hosing down the blood-stained cages and trap devices. He wears coveralls.

Jill enters the space, standing across the room.

JILL

John?

(John turns)

I brought someone to talk with you.

ART enters through the doorway. John looks to Jill as if she betrayed him, and he goes back to hosing down the cages.

ART

John, you doing alright, buddy?

Art moves next to John, recoiling at the blood, flesh and fur being hosed down the drain.

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

I'm sorry, I understand. What happened is tragic.

JOHN

You can take the other buildings. All of them. This is the only one I have use for now.

ART

John, it's not that simple. We're partners and your designs are what make these buildings special. We have families ready to move in--

John looks up, stopping the hose.

JOHN

A fully functioning green building for lower income families?

(re: brochure)

Utility costs of seventy-five cents a month, crystal clear water no longer dependent upon the city, and rooftop gardens that forever eradicate trips to the market for fresh fruits and vegetables?

(CONTINUED)

111B CONTINUED:

111B

ART

Yes, that's right. That's right.
Just like you said--

John starts hosing again.

JOHN

You're free to use any of my
designs, but those buildings are no
longer my endeavor.

Art shakes his head and moves from the space. He passes
Jill. She holds a second and then follows. John notices
out of the corner of his eye.

John drops the hose and moves to the far wall. Underneath a
tarp amongst the many animal traps is a LARGE OBJECT>

John pulls back the tarp and unveils a CHAIR with razors
lining the arm and leg rests. There's a mask attached to a
swivel arm. The mask is lined with razors and glass shards.

John's eyes narrow at the sight of his FIRST TRAP.

JILL (V.O.)

John retracted into a protective
shell.

112 OMITTED
THRU
115

112
THRU
115

116 INT. POLICE STATION -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

PRESENT

116

Jill looks to Strahm.

JILL
He blamed me, and I don't think he
could ever forgive me. In his mind,
our time was over.

STRAHM
And you left him?

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

JILL
Three months later.
(a beat)
He was diagnosed with cancer soon
after.

STRAHM
And that's when he attempted
suicide?

JILL
Yes.

117 EXT. JOHN'S CAR -- NIGHT

117

(FLASHBACK)

In the greatest of pain, John grips a pole that has impaled
his abdomen and SLOWLY PULLS IT FREE.

118 EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY

118

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

A cold autumn day. Grey skies. A stiff wind. Fresh
flowers. John, his torso wrapped and his arm in a sling
from his accident, lays flowers. At his DEAD CHILD'S GRAVE.

JILL (V.O.)
I knew he visited Gideon's grave
often. There were always fresh
flowers left there. Always...

119 INT. POLICE STATION -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

119

PRESENT

STRAHM
Did you contact him again?

JILL
I tried.

120 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- UPPER LEVEL -- NIGHT

120

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

John feverishly sketches a design. It looks like an
EXECUTIONER'S CHAIR...outfitted with BLADES.

JILL (V.O.)
Part of me believes that John died
in that crash. Someone else
survived. Someone else crawled out.

121 INT. JOHN'S CAR -- NIGHT

121

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

John reads something. He whispers. He's rehearsing.

JOHN
(hushed, soft voice)
Your life is a lie...now comes your
moment of truth.

John shakes his head. Clears his throat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(deeper voice)
Your life is a lie...

122 EXT. ALLEYWAY -- NIGHT

122

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Cecil stands at the end of an alleyway smoking a cigarette.
He's tweaked out. Looking for a fix.

There's a CHINESE NEW YEAR celebration going on. Red
banners line the alleyway. Fire crackers pop.

123 INT. JOHN'S CAR -- NIGHT

123

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

John watches Cecil through the throng of celebrators.

JOHN
(Jigsaw's voice)
Now comes your moment of truth.

John grabs a bottle of CHLOROFORM from his glove box.

124 EXT. ALLEYWAY-- NIGHT

124

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Cecil throws down his cigarette and turns...his eyes meeting
John. John's moving towards him. Cecil recognizes him and
moves to the alleyway, trying to lose John in the crowd.

JILL (V.O.)
I wondered what purpose could pull
John so far away.

John enters the alleyway, parting through the people running
about. They all dance and cheer, wearing masks.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

John's breathing begins to rise. He gasps for air. His heart pumping. His head becomes dizzy and he stops.

John tries to settle himself, his head spinning.

The masks dance around him. The firecrackers causing him to jolt. Then...his eyes begin to focus.

He sees that masks for what they are. PIGS. All of them. PIG MASKS dancing around him.

JILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I knew it was something terrible.

John takes a deep breath, picking up a fallen PIG MASK from the ground.

Cecil parts through the people, thinking that he's gotten away from John. He continually looks over his shoulder.

He stops, trying to see him, but John appears to be gone.

Cecil's eyes shift to a KID wearing a PIG MASK. The Kid stares to him.

Cecil turns and...A PIG MASK IS RIGHT IN HIS FACE!

He jolts, but the Pig Mask slams down another pig mask onto Cecil's head--

124A OMITTED
THRU
125

124A
THRU
125

126 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- UPPER LEVEL -- NIGHT

126

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

The pig mask is set on a workshop bench. John wipes his sweaty brow, gasping for air. John moves across the room, removing Cecil's pig mask.

JILL (V.O.)
I knew it was something born of pain.

Cecil is unconscious and bound with metal shackles on his wrists and ankles to a WOODEN CHAIR.

A device resembling a GOALIE MASK is inches from Cecil's face. The mask is made of METAL. It's held in place by three metal rods that are anchored to the chair.

Behind him, there's a LARGE BIN OF RAZOR WIRE.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

John uncovers a TV SET in front of Cecil. He then turns, his hands trembling, ducking down when--CECIL WAKES UP!

CECIL
(looking around)
Hello? What the fuck?

There are RAZOR BLADES right UNDERNEATH Cecil's wrists and ankles. His jerking cuts him badly.

John pulls out a TV REMOTE, nearly dropping it. He points the remote at the TV opposite Cecil.

ZRRRRRCCHHHH!

The image pops to life. The DOLL. Still incomplete with one red eye staring out from the grainy image.

DOLL
(from screen)
Hello, Cecil. I want to play a game. Your life is a lie...now comes your moment of truth. As a drug addict and thief all you've done is prey upon the kindness of others to further fuel your addiction. Today, you'll bring the ugliness within out onto the surface.

John tries to see Cecil through the workbench.

DOLL (CONT'D)
(from screen)
Before you is a mask, not unlike the cunning mask you've worn every day of your pitiful life. In order to keep on living, your disgusting soul must match your face.
(beat)
Sit idle and slowly die, or lean forward and keep living. Make your choice.

The TV screen cuts to static.

The BLOOD from Cecil snakes across the floor towards John, causing John to lurch back at the sight of blood.

Cecil moves his face forward. He pushes firmly against the mask. The shackles at his wrists and ankles start to give.

Cecil jerks back, stinging. Bloody cuts cover his face.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (2)

126

CECIL

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck me!

John is watching. Teeth clenched. Sweat beading.

Cecil stares at the deadly mask awaiting his face.

CECIL (CONT'D)

Okay... one hit... just one hit...

Cecil rocks his torso. The wooden chair CREAKS.

CECIL (CONT'D)

Come on! Come on! Come on you
FUCKER!!!

Cecil rockets forward--

CRACK! A wooden chair leg SNAPS OFF. Cecil's face MISSES the mask entirely. His shoulders barrel into the device instead. The shackles SPRING OFF his ankles.

One of his arms JERKS FREE. Cecil is wild. The wood flies apart. One of his wrists is still shackled to the armrest, like a CLUB.

John stands. He's going to have to subdue Cecil. Cecil spots him.

CECIL (CONT'D)

You did this?! You did this?!

JOHN

No, you did this. You did it. You took my fucking son.

Cecil CHARGES John, raising the wooden arm like a club. John stands his ground, grabbing a chair to fight with.

CECIL

You're dead! You're fuckin' dead!

Cecil charges-- SLIPPING IN HIS OWN BLOOD, crashing into the LARGE BIN OF RAZOR WIRE.

Cecil howls. He tries to pull himself from the razor wire, but he's TWISTED DEEPER INTO IT.

Blood sprits. He cries, being totally wrapped in the razor wire.

His fighting eventually settles as the BLOOD FLOWS from the hundreds of slashes across his body.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (3)

126

John stares to the trapped man. He wipes back his hair, accidentally getting BLOOD on his forehead and in his hair.

And after a beat, JIGSAW'S voice rasps.

JIGSAW

Game over.

John backs up, never taking his eyes off of Cecil. He sits down at his bench, picking up a PIECE OF PAPER and PENCIL.

John begins SKETCHING.

John tilts his head, looking to Cecil stuck in the razor wire, suspended with arms out and head hung.

CLOSE ON: John madly scribbles down the rough design for PAUL'S RAZOR ROOM TRAP.

STRAHM (V.O.)

When did you know all this?

127 INT. POLICE STATION -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

127

PRESENT

JILL

It was a Sunday morning...

STRAHM

That was the last time you saw him?

Off Jill's look---

128 OMITTED

128*

128A INT. JOHN'S OLD LAIR -- DAY

128A*

(FLASHBACK TO BE SHOT)

Jill enters the old lair. It looks more like a Jigsaw lair with familiar tools and supplies. Some drawings are on the walls. Images of pigs. A mask.

JILL

John?

No answer. Jill eases into the room. She looks to the half-made devices. They're scary. Foreboding.

Jill looks to John's DRAWING TABLE.

CLOSE ON: It's a sketch for the demented GUILLOTINE DEVICE that cuts off a person's hands.

(CONTINUED)

128A CONTINUED:

128A

Jill's eyes narrow when there's a SOUND. She jumps. It's coming from the far wall underneath a tarp.

JILL (CONT'D)

John?

No answer. Jill turns to leave, but she hears the SOUND AGAIN. She moves toward it. Curious.

She hears a LOW MURMUR. And the closer she gets the louder it becomes. Jill gets within inches of the tarp, reaching to pull it back when--

A HAND PULLS HER AWAY AND SPINS HER AROUND! It's John.

JOHN

What are you doing here?

JILL

I wanted to see you.

John's dark, menacing eyes stare into her.

JOHN

There's nothing to see.

Jill's eyes shift to the tarp, but John blocks her view, motioning to the exit.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Go. And don't come back.
(off her stare)
Please.

Jill's hurt. She's lost for words. She turns, moving. John keeps his head down. And the second the door closes John's eyes shift to the tarp and--

A BLOOD-COVERED MAN CAGED IN A GLASS COFFIN IS REVEALED!

The man is bound and gagged, trying to scream. He's recognized as the VAGRANT from the transient motel.

129 INT. POLICE STATION -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

129*

PRESENT

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

JILL

That was the last time I ever saw
him.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: (2)

129

Strahm steps back and lets out a deep breath. The strain of the day runs through his body.

STRAHM

Where's the new lair?

JILL

I don't know.

There's a knock at the door. It's Lamanna.

LAMANNA

We got a possible visual on Rigg.

Strahm looks to Jill. He says nothing and ducks out.

130 INT. POLICE STATION -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

130

Lamanna and his men hustle down the hallway with their gear. Strahm follows at a quick pace.

Then, something comes to his head. He stops. Remembers.

STRAHM

"Four walls builds a home."

131 INT. POLICE STATION -- INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

131

Strahm pushes open the door as Jill looks up.

STRAHM

Your son was named after John's first building, right?

JILL

Yes, why?

Strahm grabs the FRAMED NEWSPAPER PHOTO featuring John and Art shaking hands.

STRAHM

Where is it?

CLOSE ON: On the building a sign reads, "GIDEON - MEAT PROCESSING FACILITY." Its insignia is the distinct "G" from all along. At the bottom of the photo, a small caption reads, "THE URBAN RENEWAL GROUP: FOUR WALLS BUILDS A HOME."

131A INT. NEW LAIR -- NIGHT

131A

Rigg stands before the front entryway with faded sign that reads, "GIDEON - MEAT PROCESSING FACILITY."

The "G" INSIGNIA is prominent.

132 INT. NEW LAIR -- ENTRYWAY -- NIGHT

132

It's a thin hallway with cobweb-covered ceilings. RATS and PIGEONS scurry about, startled by the intruder.

Rigg scans the entryway. In the distance, a pile of wood sits underneath a FORKLIFT. He uses a piece of wood to prop the door.

He advances, seeing a DIGITAL CLOCK. It reads, 2:52 and dropping.

132A INT. NEW LAIR -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

132A

Rigg enters the hallway that leads in two different directions. There's a clock that reads, 2:45 and dropping.

Below the clock, there's a message written in red paint that reads, "LOOK CLOSER, OFFICER RIGG."

Under that, there is an ARROW which points to the RIGHT. Rigg sprints down the RIGHT CORRIDOR.

133 OMITTED

THRU
135

133
THRU
135

136 INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

136

Art's up. He's pacing. Watching the monitors. The noose around Eric's neck is tight. He raises the handgun to the metal noose, but he's hesitant to shoot.

Eric's eyes rise to the CEILING. With one of the spotlights now turned, Eric can now see the whole ceiling.

There are TWO LARGE ICE BLOCKS above him. If sprung, they'd SMASH DOWN ON HIS HEAD.

Eric's eyes frantically look around the room. What's he supposed to do?

137 EXT. NEW LAIR -- NIGHT

137

Strahm's car comes to a halt. He hops out, his eyes rising to the front entryway with a faded sign that reads, "GIDEON - MEAT PROCESSING FACILITY."

Strahm pulls his handgun and advances.

138 OMITTED

138

138A INT. NEW LAIR -- HALLWAY-- NIGHT

138A

Rigg runs down the hallway.

The digital clock reads, 1:38 and dropping.

At a bend in the hallway, a gleaming POLICE BADGE dangles from a wire.

CLOSE ON: It's the badge for DETECTIVE MATTHEWS.

Next to the police badge, written on the wall in red paint is, "SEE WHAT I SEE."

NOTE: RAPID FLASHBACK STROBE OF RIGG RECALLING THIS LESSON.

139 INT. NEW LAIR -- ENTRYWAY -- NIGHT

139

Strahm enters through the propped open door and into the thin hallway.

He keeps his handgun up, pointing it at any rat or pigeon that makes a sound.

140 OMITTED

140

140A INT. NEW LAIR -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

140A

Rigg keeps going.

The digital clock reads, 1:13 and dropping.

At a bend in the hallway, a gleaming POLICE BADGE dangles from a wire.

CLOSE ON: It's the badge for DETECTIVE KERRY.

Next to the police badge, written on the wall in red paint is, "FEEL WHAT I FEEL."

NOTE: RAPID FLASHBACK STROBE OF RIGG RECALLING THIS LESSON.

141 INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

141

The digital clock reads, 1:00 and dropping.

Art sits back down at the desk, looking to the monitor.

Eric's face is red. He's wheezing, barely able to muster the slightest breath. As Art moves, Eric can see Rigg on the monitor.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

ART
You better hope he doesn't make it.

Eric eyes then shift to the trap above him. There's a METAL WIRE that leads from the trap to the DOOR.

141A INT. NEW LAIR -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

141A

Strahm comes to the fork in the road. He looks to the signs on the walls.

He's about to go right, but then he notices "LOOK CLOSER."

Strahm pauses... the wall is a MIRROR.

Strahm looks at the wall opposite the mirror, the arrow's pointing down the LEFT HALLWAY. Strahm goes left.

142 OMITTED

142

143 INT. NEW LAIR -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

143

Rigg sprints down a hallway.

A DIGITAL CLOCK on the wall reads, :42 and dropping.

At a bend in the hallway, a gleaming POLICE BADGE dangles from a wire.

CLOSE ON: It's the badge for DETECTIVE HOFFMAN.

Next to the police badge, written on the wall in red paint is, "JUDGE AS I JUDGE."

NOTE: RAPID FLASHBACK STROBE OF RIGG RECALLING THIS LESSON.

144 OMITTED

144

145 INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

145

CLOSE ON: The digital clock reads, :35 and dropping.

Art stares to the monitor. His finger rests on the LONE SWITCH. Eric intently stares, able to see the switch when Art leans forward.

CLOSE ON: A piece of TAPE above the switch reads, "RELEASE." A wire leads away from the switch box, along the floor, up the wall, and to a CLAMP holding Eric's noose.

If Art flips the switch, Eric is released.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

ERIC
(realizing)
You're not going to kill me?

ART
I'm not the one you have to worry
about.

Eric looks to the door. The trap above him. The
spotlights. The metal wires connecting them all.

If the door is opened, the ice blocks above Eric will
release, and he will die.

ART (CONT'D)
Live or die? Your choice.

Eric's eyes bulge. He looks to the door. Through the
clouded glass he can see a PERSON MOVING TOWARDS THE DOOR.

Eric raises the HANDGUN, now understanding its purpose.
He's supposed to shot the person to stop them from entering
the room.

145A INT. NEW LAIR -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

145A

Strahm comes to the last door in the hallway.

He pushes through it--

146 INT. NEW LAIR -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

146

Rigg sprints down the hallway. Lined with DIGITAL CLOCKS.

Twenty-five... twenty-four... twenty-three...

Writing on the door in front of him reads, "FINAL TEST."
Around the door are the slogans, "SEE WHAT I SEE", "FEEL
WHAT I FEEL", "JUDGE AS I JUDGE."

A gleaming POLICE BADGE dangles from a wire.

CLOSE ON: It's the badge for OFFICER RIGG.

Rigg rams into the door. It barely gives. He PUSHES with
all his might--

147 INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

147

As Rigg hits the door, the metal wire around Eric's neck
PULLS HIM UP towards the ICE BLOCKS ABOVE HIM.

If that door opens, he'll be pulled up to his death. Eric
screams to Art.

ERIC

Who is it?! Who's out there?!

Eric aims the handgun at Art.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Hit the switch! Release me! Hit
the fucking switch! Hit it! Hit
it! Hit it!

Art doesn't flinch, his finger hovering over the switch.

Twelve... eleven... ten...

A147 INT. NEW LAIR -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

A147

Rigg can hear the SCREAMING within the room. It fuels his
adrenaline to get in. The door gives a bit--

147A INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

147A

Strahm enters a different corridor. It's vaguely familiar.

(CONTINUED)

147A CONTINUED:

147A

The doorway has red paint that reads, "FACE YOUR FEARS."

147B INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

147B

Art eyes on the digital clock...

Eleven... ten... nine...

Eric's hoisted up towards the ice block device. He turns the handgun to the door. He steadies it TO FIRE...

ERIC

DO NOT OPEN IT!!!

148 INT. NEW LAIR -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

148

Rigg pushes hard--

148A INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

148A

Seven... six... five...

ERIC

DO NOT OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR!!!

Six... five... four...

He tilts the HANDGUN AND FIRES--

149
THRU
150

OMITTED

149
THRU
150

151 INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

151

BLAM! The bullet shatters the clouded glass, plunging into Rigg's chest as he PUSHES THROUGH THE DOOR--

ERIC (O.S.)

NOOOOOO!!!

Three... two... one--

Rigg opens the door with a pained SCREAM--

The DIGITAL CLOCK STOPS at 00:01. It beings to BLINK and BEEP--

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING HAPPENS IN THE SAME SPLIT-SECOND

The ICE BLOCKS above Eric slam down, SMASHING his head in an EXPLOSION OF BLOOD, the handgun dropping to the floor--

Hoffman is released from the meat hook, dropping him into the electrocuted collecting pool, causing Hoffman to seize up--

Rigg first looks to Art, Art's finger never having flipped the final switch--

ART

No--

BLAM-BLAM! Rigg shoots Art in the shoulder, knocking him back onto the floor.

152 OMITTED
THRU
186

152
THRU
186

187 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

187

A PERSON turns a corner and vanishes down the corridor as--

Strahm comes around a corner. He didn't see the person, but he moves quickly, stepping over a fallen DOLL next to a MANGLED TRICYCLE.

He doesn't lose a step, but we hold on it a second. Strange.

187A OMITTED

187A

187B INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

187B

Eric's DEAD BODY swings. Hoffman lies dead face down in the collecting pool.

Rigg looks to the handgun, flabbergasted. His eyes shift to the DIGITAL CLOCK that reads, "00:01." It keeps BEEPING.

He looks to the MOUNTED CAMERA.

A STREAM OF BLOOD spills from Rigg's gut. He drops to a knee, coughing up a bit of blood

RIGG
There's still time! I have a second
left! I have a fucking second!

Rigg holds his wound, his hands now covered in blood.

There's a NOISE, and Rigg has his handgun on the still living Art, moving to him in one quick motion.

RIGG (CONT'D)
You did this! You fucking did this--

ART
No! No! No!

Rigg rams the handgun barrel into Art's face. Art's hood falls back off his head.

RIGG
You fucking killed him!

ART
I didn't... you did!

(CONTINUED)

187B CONTINUED:

187B

Rigg flinches like getting punched in the gut. He holds a beat and then--

His eyes focus on the back of Art's neck. It's a SPINE CUTTER DEVICE with a DIGITAL CLOCK that reads, "00:01."

ART (CONT'D)
I would've freed them...

RIGG
What the fuck are you talking about?!

ART
He was testing you...

RIGG
Who?

The BEEPING continues. Then, the beeping turns into SOLID TONE. Art screams as the spine cutter device springs, the blade plunging into Art's spine and killing him instantly.

187C OMITTED

187C

188 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

188

Strahm hustles down a dank corridor. The corridor has a familiar dungeon-like quality to it.

He takes a corner, right as a PERSON TURNS THE NEXT CORNER AHEAD OF HIM.

Strahm stops. Did he just see someone? Is there someone ahead of him?

Strahm moves even quicker now.

And while Strahm doesn't notice this, we do. This corridor is very familiar. When have we been here before?

And that's when--BANG-BANG! Two GUNSHOTS ring out.

Strahm flinches, gripping his weapon, ready to fire.

The shots came from in front of him. He races forward.

188A OMITTED

188A

188B INT. NEW LAIR -- EVIL ROOM -- NIGHT

188B

Rigg shakes, dropping Art and his handgun.

He turns and crawls over to the BANK OF MONITORS.

(CONTINUED)

188B CONTINUED:

188B

CLOSE ON: The monitors show trap rooms. But not only the trap rooms Rigg visited. They also show THE FREEZER. THE KILLING FLOOR. THE RACK ROOM. Dead bodies are scattered about in the rooms.

On ANOTHER MONITOR, a man, STRAHM, runs down one of the corridors.

Rigg sees Strahm, confused. His eyes drop to the OBJECT brought into the room by Art. It's a MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER.

Rigg's eyes bulge, picking up the micro-cassette recorder and pressing play--

JIGSAW

(from tape)

Hello, Officer Rigg. If you're hearing this then you have reached Detective Matthews and Detective Hoffman in under ninety minutes...resulting in their death.

(beat)

The rules were clear, Officer Rigg. You were warned...they had to save themselves.

(beat)

You failed your final test. And now...you will never see your wife again.

Rigg drops the micro-cassette recorder, falling onto his side. His mind races. And then--

SOMEONE STANDS UP BEHIND RIGG.

It's HOFFMAN. He releases his hands and body from the bindings.

Hoffman takes a few steps and Rigg turns his head, seeing his close friend standing over him.

RIGG

You're alive.

Rigg's about to smile, but Hoffman's earnest stare burns into him. And then, it dawns on Rigg. Everything Hoffman told him. Everything Hoffman did.

HOFFMAN

You were warned.

NOTE: SAW-STYLE FLASHBACK REVEALING HOFFMAN AS THE TRUE ACCOMPLICE, HAVING ORCHESTRATED RIGG'S GAME.

(CONTINUED)

188B CONTINUED: (2)

188B

Rigg lunges for his DROPPED HANDGUN, but Hoffman quickly kicks it away. Hoffman moves for the exit.

Rigg tries to crawl, but his wound is too bad, and he's unable to keep up, falling down onto his face.

RIGG

No! NOOOOO!!!

Hoffman gives one last turn, SLAMMING SHUT THE DOOR.

188C INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

188C

Strahm charges down the hallway, his eyes on alert.

188D INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

188D

Hoffman pushes through the same door that Strahm came through earlier. "FACE YOUR FEARS" is seen again.

Hoffman pulls out his CELL PHONE and dials.

HOFFMAN

This is Detective Hoffman, send all units to 11235 Lake Drive. Multiple officers down.

188E OMITTED

188E

189 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

189

Strahm comes around a corner, coming to an opened CHAIN-LINKED FENCE DOOR.

He eases through it, seeing a PEDESTAL with RED VELVET BOX on the top.

CLOSE ON: The red velvet box is EMPTY.

189A INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

189A

Hoffman stumbles down the hallway, jumping over the mangled TRICYCLE and DOLL.

189B INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

189B

Hoffman comes to DOUBLE DOORS as--

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! A succession of SHOTGUN BLASTS cause him to crouch.

He pushes through the double doors--

190 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- NIGHT

190

Strahm enters the room. But as he enters, a HEAVY METAL DOOR to the SICK ROOM CLOSSES!

SCREAMS emanate. He hears a muffled VOICE coming from the other side of the door.

Strahm looks around the room. We've been here before. It looks like JIGSAW'S LAIR in SAW 3.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

190

The door bears the red painted sentence, "PASS THROUGH THE DOOR AND YOU WILL FIND ME."

Strahm's eyes drop to the key.

NOTE: SAW-STYLE RAPID FLASHBACK CONNECTING THE CLUES TO THIS DOOR IN FRONT OF STRAHM. IT'S HIS DESTINY TO OPEN IT. HE'S BEEN TOLD ALL ALONG.

Strahm uses the key to unlock the door. He pulls open the door when--

JEFF DENLON, screaming, comes charging out of the room with revving BONE SAW. Jeff heads straight for Strahm.

JEFF

Where is my daughter you
motherfucker?!!

Strahm takes a step back as Jeff parts the blood-stained plastic curtains going for the attack--

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED: (2)

190

JEFF (CONT'D)

Where is she--!!

BLAM! A single shot to the chest puts Jeff down in a heap. He gargles blood, grabbing his chest.

Strahm looks to Jeff but then back to the plastic drapes... who does he see inside?

He steps forward--

190A
THRU
192

OMITTED

190A
THRU
192

193 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- THE SICK ROOM -- NIGHT

193

Strahm enters. His eyes wide.

He sees JIGSAW. On the surgical table. His head wrapped. Throat slit. A maniacal smirk stuck on his face.

AMANDA is on the floor. Blood pooled around her dead, horror-struck face.

LYNN DENLON's headless body sits slumped in the corner.

THIS IS THE END OF SAW 3 RUNNING CONCURRENTLY WITH SAW 4!!!

Strahm eases up to Jigsaw. They're face to face. He stares into the eyes of the master of psychological terror.

STRAHM

Hello there, old friend.

Something FLASHES behind Strahm. A PERSON is standing in the doorway.

But right as Strahm turns--

Only a HAND IS SEEN AS THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

Strahm takes a step towards the door when--

BAM! BAM! BAM! The lights CUT OUT one by one and he's overtaken by TOTAL DARKNESS.

194 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- NIGHT

194

Hoffman, having just closed the door, turns, his eyes dropping to Jeff, dead on the floor.

And now, Hoffman is seen in a different light. The betrayal. The trickery. The ruthlessness.

(CONTINUED)

194 CONTINUED:

194

HOFFMAN

Game over.

SLAM CUT TO BLACK:

195 OMITTED
THRU
207

195
THRU
207

OVER DARKNESS:

SIRENS ring out. Cars screeching to a halt. Officers jumping from their cars. Screaming. Utter chaos when--

FADE INTO:

208 EXT. MEAT PROCESSING FACILITY -- NIGHT

208

The outside doors to the facility fly open and Hoffman emerges.

Jeff's daughter, CORBETT, is tucked under his arm. She holds the CUTE CLOWN DOLL Hoffman had earlier.

Police and SWAT have the place surrounded, and they charge towards Hoffman with weapons out.

HOFFMAN

I got her! I got her! She's
alright!

Hoffman's CELL PHONE is in his hand.

209 EXT. SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER -- STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

209

(FLASHBACK)

Police officers and medical people comb through the crime scene.

Hoffman's off to the side talking on his CELL PHONE.

HOFFMAN

(into phone)
Don't cry, sweetie. Daddy will be
back soon.

210 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR -- CHAMBER -- NIGHT

210

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Corbett listens to a SPEAKER, Hoffman's DISTORTED VOICE coming through. Corbett shivers with fear.

HOFFMAN

(from speaker)

It's going to be okay. I'm bringing you a toy.

211 INT. POLICE STATION -- OFFICE -- NIGHT

211

(FLASHBACK)

Hoffman has a CUTE CLOWN DOLL under his arm talking with Perez and Strahm.

PEREZ

For the little one?

HOFFMAN

It helps her sleep.

212 EXT. MEAT PROCESSING FACILITY -- NIGHT

212

The officers swarm Hoffman and Corbett, holding her doll.

HOFFMAN

(to Corbett)

It's going to be okay...

Corbett is grabbed, looking back at Hoffman with tear stained eyes. Hoffman smiles.

A medic grabs Hoffman as several cops storm into the facility. Hoffman is patted on the back, led away a HERO.

Fisk runs up to Hoffman.

FISK

What happened?

Hoffman shakes his head. Feigns emotional destruction.

JIGSAW (V.O.)

Welcome. Are you there, Detective?
If so, congratulations...

FISK

Where's Rigg?

Hoffman is still. Fisk sinks inside.

(CONTINUED)

212 CONTINUED:

212

HOFFMAN

He tried to save me...

(beat)

He didn't make it.

Hoffman shambles forward.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

Nobody made it.

Fisk is stunned.

Hoffman keeps walking. He's poised. Focused. We stay on him. The chess master of death. WE ZOOM IN ON HIS EYES.

JIGSAW (V.O.)

(from tape)

Welcome. Are you there, Detective?

If so, congratulations, you are probably the last man standing.

Now, perhaps you will succeed where the others have failed.

(beat)

You feel you now have control?

213 INT. CITY MORGUE -- EXAMINATION ROOM -- NIGHT

213

ZOOM OUT on Hoffman's eyes to reveal him back in the examination room with the two pathologists listening to the micro-cassette tape.

JIGSAW

(from tape)

You think you will walk away untested? I promise that my work will continue. That, I have ensured.

Hoffman blinks. He wasn't anticipating that.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

(from tape)

By hearing this tape you will likely assume that this is over. But, I am still among you. I am in every shadow, every drop of blood and every scream from those yet to be taught.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED:

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

(beat)

Look into the eyes of the wicked and
you will see me.

(throaty chuckle)

You think it's over, Detective...

Hoffman's eyes tighten.

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

(from tape)

But you're wrong...

(beat)

The games have just begun.

SLAM CUT TO BLACK: