

DOUBLE BLUE - March 20, 2008
GOLDENROD - March 18, 2008
GREEN - March 11, 2008
YELLOW - March 5, 2008
PINK - February 26, 2008
BLUE - February 12, 2008
WHITE - January 24, 2008
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FADE INTO:

1

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

1

Darkness.

It surrounds us completely. This could be death if it weren't for a LOW MOAN that creeps in from the silence.

It's HUMAN. Pain-induced. But the person is not quite seen yet.

Then...a flash of light. A torso is seen. It's filthy. Naked. Heaving like a newborn fresh out of the womb.

The light flashes again, revealing a man spread eagle on two slabs of concrete. One slab supports his upper body and the other slab supports his lower body.

His hands and feet bound. His hair messy. And his eyes fluttering. This is SETH (20s). His thin, powder white body is tattooed with the kind of sloppy black ink only available in prison.

The light flashes again. But this time it stays on, revealing itself as a flickering bulb on a cord.

The room falls out to black at the edges. All that is seen is Seth on the slab. His feet are held down with IRON LATCHES.

Iron latches also hold down his arms at the wrists, but his hands are in SMALL BOX-LIKE DEVICES. They each look like miniature trash compactors.

Seth tries to jerk his head, but he strains. An iron latch holds his neck down to the slab.

SETH
Goddamn it! Help!

Seth's eyes dart around the room, seeing the two hand-crushing devices encasing his clenched fist.

SETH (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

Then--ZZCCCCHHHH!!! A TV in the corner of the room flashes on, drowning the room in a white glow of static.

Then...an image flickers on. The back of a head is seen. White skin. Stringy black hair.

The head slowly cranes around, revealing...THE DOLL.

Its dead eyes peer out from the screen, staring at Seth. Seth gasps, his mouth suddenly cotton.

(CONTINUED)

1

DOLL
(from screen)
Hello, Seth.
(beat)
I want to play a game.

Seth's eyes bulge at the sight of the doll. The voice is familiar, of course, but something is off about it. It's more mechanical than usual.

DOLL (CONT'D)
(from screen)
Right now you're feeling helpless.
This is the same helplessness
you've bestowed unto others. But
now, it's onto you. Some would
call this karma, but I call it
justice.

The face of the doll takes up the entire TV screen.

DOLL (CONT'D)
(from screen)
You served five years of what
should have been a life sentence
for murder. A technicality gave
you freedom, but it inhibited you
from understanding the impact of
taking a life.

The doll moves in closer.

DOLL (CONT'D)
(from screen)
Today, I offer you true freedom.

FLASH! Another light comes on, highlighting a large, heavy IRON PENDULUM attached to the wall. The head is about three feet long and razor sharp.

The arm holding the head vanishes up into the darkness of the ceiling. This is the pendulum.

Next to the pendulum is a circular CLOCK. With a sudden CLICK, the seconds hand on the clock starts ticking and the pendulum is released.

The pendulum swings down from the wall and crosses just above Seth's stomach, which hangs above the gap between the two concrete slabs.

SETH
Oh, fuck no...

When the pendulum swings back, it DROPS JUST A BIT, getting even closer to Seth's stomach.

(CONTINUED)

SETH (CONT'D)

No, no, no!!!

DOLL

(from screen)

In thirty seconds, the pendulum
will drop far enough to touch your
body. Within sixty seconds, it
will cut you in half.

The pendulum swings back, now just inches from flesh.

DOLL (CONT'D)

To avoid the pendulum, all you have
to do is destroy the things that
have killed...

(beat)

Your hands. They're both encased
in crushing devices so powerful
that within seconds your bones will
be crushed to dust.

Seth's eyes shift to the hand-crushing devices.

DOLL (CONT'D)

You must push the buttons to begin.
Once the device is finished, the
latch around your neck and ankles
will spring open and you will be
able to lean forward and avoid the
pendulum.

Seth's eyes shift to the latches around his wrists.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Will you destroy the things that
have taken life in order to save
one, Seth? Make your choice.

The screen cuts to STATIC once again.

Tick...tick...tick. The seconds hand moves past the FIFTEEN
SECONDS mark on the clock.

Seth strains, tugging on the shackles.

The pendulum swings down again, this time barely missing
Seth's sucked in stomach.

SETH

It was an accident! I didn't mean
to kill her!

The pendulum swings back again. The ticking clock approaches
thirty seconds.

(CONTINUED)

3/20/08

DOUBLE BLUE

4.
1

1
SETH (CONT'D)
Please! Please don't do this!

THIRTY SECONDS. The pendulum drops a notch.

Seth pulls at the shackles...but he can't crush his hands.

The pendulum swings back down towards Seth and--SLICES A HALF-INCH GASH ACROSS HIS STOMACH.

SETH (CONT'D)

Ahh!

Blood spurts out, spilling across Seth's torso. He flinches, yanking down on both his arms and--

CLICK! The latches pop out a notch, and the hand-crushing devices churn to life. The gears shift. Seth squirms, pulling hard on the latches.

SETH (CONT'D)

No, no, no...

The upper and lower jaws on the devices start to move, closing in on Seth's hands.

SETH (CONT'D)

Stop!!!

His hands crush like pretzels under a heavy boot. Seth wails in pain. The jaws come completely together, locking into place.

SETH (CONT'D)

AHH!!!

Seth gasps, yanking down. The skin at the wrists stretch just a bit and then--SNAP! His hands come out, smashed to a pulp with blood, tendons, and bone sticking out. Blood gushes like being spit out of a hose.

Seth tries to sit forward...BUT THE NECK LATCH DOESN'T RELEASE.

And here comes the pendulum--

SLICE! The pendulum, now another half inch lower, cuts deeper into Seth's stomach, slicing through his stomach muscles.

SETH (CONT'D)

I did it! I crushed my hands!

But the neck latch won't release. Seth tries to grab at the neck latch, but, of course, his hands are useless. Blood squirts out, covering his face and neck.

(CONTINUED)

SETH (CONT'D)

No!!!

And here comes the pendulum again--SLICE!

Seth's intestines are cut this time, spilling out the side of his body like spaghetti. He vomits blood, his eyes rolling back in his head.

SETH (CONT'D)

Oh god...

Seth is close to passing out. But not until he sees it--

A PEEP HOLE. Right in front of him.

CLOSE ON: A wide EYE stares out. Whoever did this is to Seth is watching.

Seth is able to muster a few final words.

SETH (CONT'D)

I did what I was supposed to do...

CLOSE ON: The eye doesn't even blink. It just coldly stares back at the dying man.

Tick...tick...tick--CLICK! The seconds hand on the clock hits SIXTY SECONDS. Time is up.

Seth's eyes shift to the pendulum. It drops another notch. And here it comes--SLICE!

It cuts right through his body. Spine and all. Not even slowing a slight bit.

His ORGANS DROP OUT FROM HIS SEVERED PARTS, hitting the floor with a wet snap.

Seth's lower body goes slack, but his upper body keeps quivering.

CLOSE ON: The eye stares. Never blinking. Never pulling away. Just staring at the swinging pendulum and the severed man on the cement slab.

A beat passes and then--CLICK! The neck and ankle latches pop open, having been on a delay.

Seth's upper body spasms, his head LURCHING UP and trapped air escaping out of his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED: (5)

1

Seth's head crashes back down onto the cement slab, BLOOD spilling from his mouth and his glazed over eyes settling on the person watching him.

CUT TO BLACK:

INSERT TITLE: SAW V

OVER DARKNESS:

JEFF (V.O.)

Where's my daughter!

BLAM-BLAM! Gunshots ring out and then--

FADE INTO:

2

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

2

Back in the Sick Room. AGENT STRAHM stands with gun in hand. JIGSAW is dead on the surgical table. His head wrapped. His throat slit. Tape in hand.

AMANDA is on the floor. Blood pooled around her dead, horror-struck face.

LYNN DENLON's headless body sits slumped in the corner. And at Strahm's feet, the recently shot JEFF DENLON is face down.

Strahm takes one step when--WHAM! The door into the room slams shut. He spins, training his handgun on the door, but it's too late.

Strahm moves to the door when the LIGHTS CUT OUT. Darkness overtakes the room. Strahm rams the door with his shoulder, but it's not opening.

Strahm grabs his CELL PHONE...but there's no signal. His eyes rise. Of course. He's in a metal box.

Strahm curses and then...something is seen on the far wall. It's a GLOWING RECTANGLE that looks like the outline of a door.

Strahm moves to the glowing paint, running his fingertips along the highlighted tile.

And it is, in fact, the outlining for a HIDDEN DOOR. No handle. Totally hidden with the lights on.

Strahm pushes hard on the hidden door and...it opens.

Strahm's eyes stare into a dark abyss. A MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER hangs from a string on the door frame.

(CONTINUED)

Strahm grabs the recorder, pressing play. There's a moment of tape hiss and then the familiar voice creeps in.

JIGSAW

(from tape)

Hello, Agent Strahm. If you're hearing this then you've finally found what you've been looking for.

(beat)

But is the discovering of my body enough? Or will your insatiable hunger to uncover the truth push you deeper into the abyss?

(beat)

Heed my warning. Do not proceed. For this room can either be your sanctuary or it can be your grave. The choice is yours.

The tape cuts out. Strahm slams it down.

STRAHM

Fuck you.

He moves to enter the tunnel.

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Strahm steps into a dark passageway, using his free hand to pull out a PENLIGHT from his waistline. The thin beam of light penetrates the darkness.

He takes a few steps, easing down a short flight of stairs. Water drips from the ceiling, and the floor is moist.

A sound takes Strahm's penlight. But nothing is there. The second he turns back, a DARK SHAPE in black robe shoots out from the darkness and shoves him up against the wall.

The attack is quick and violent, the dark shape overtaking Strahm in a heartbeat. A SYRINGE is jammed into Strahm's neck.

Strahm drops the penlight, knocking away the syringe.

Strahm hoists his handgun, but the dark figure grabs Strahm's wrist, popping him in the gut with a quick punch and then shoving him to the floor.

The handgun skitters across the cement.

Strahm tries to spring back up, but his vision begins to BLUR. He falls onto his ass.

The dark shape takes a step towards him.

(CONTINUED)

Strahm kicks his feet out, pushing himself back across the floor. His head warbles. He reaches for his CELL PHONE, but he can't focus on the buttons.

The dark shape gets closer.

Strahm turns over, trying to crawl away, but his head weighs a ton. It drops to the ground as he looks back at the dark figure approaching.

The person is backlit, their face impossible to see. The dark figure just stands there like the angel of death, waiting for the knockout agent to do its job.

Strahm sputters and gasps, his vision finally giving out.

CUT TO:

INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - THE CUBE ROOM - NIGHT

There's no movement. Very little light. And the slightest of sounds. All that is heard is low breathing.

A wet cough breaks the silence and then--

FLASH-FLASH-FLASH! Three lights shoot on in the small room revealing a glass cube hanging down from the ceiling.

In the bottom of the cube is Strahm's head. He's alive. And he's currently trying to figure out where the fuck he is.

STRAHM

You motherfucker!

The fiery special agent strains, but his head is stuck inside the cube. He sits in a chair, and his hands shoot for his neck, but his head is stuck in the cube.

Strahm's eyes rise, looking about the room. Above him, there are various pipes and a water tank. A tube feeds down into the cube.

The valve opens, and WATER filters out from one of the tanks and into the tube connected to the cube.

Within a second the water starts to fill the cube.

The water begins to fill the cube. Strahm fights to pull his head out of the neck clamp. No luck.

STRAHM (CONT'D)

Goddamn it!

The water rises. The cube fills at a quick rate.

(CONTINUED)

Strahm's hands drop from his neck and riffle through his pockets. Of course, they're empty.

On the floor across from him, his CELL PHONE and GUN sit, placed there to mock him.

The water rises, now reaching Strahm's chin. He gags on water, his eyes bulging. The water keeps rising. It's right at his mouth, forcing him to tilt back his head.

Strahm keeps riffling through his pockets trying to find something.

The water rises, now above his ears and rising to his mouth...

Strahm takes in one last gasp of air as the water overtakes his mouth.

Strahm's hands keep frantically moving.

The water covers Strahm's eyes, rising up above his head.

Strahm's hands finally find what they've been looking for...a BALLPOINT PEN.

Strahm's entire head is covered with water. The cube is full.

Strahm's hand raises the ballpoint pen. It's the same one he "clicked" through Saw IV.

Strahm gasps, air seeping from his mouth. He strains, his face reddening.

A beat passes.

His eyes roll back in his head as a air bubble rises to the top of the cube.

A beat passes and then--

Strahm's hand rises as he JAMS THE BALLPOINT PEN INTO HIS THROAT!!!

Strahm's eyes shoot open. His face strains with pain, his mouth clenched shut.

Strahm withdraws the ballpoint pen and blood spirts out. He takes out the inside of the pen and then reinserts it into his throat, allowing him to breath.

A SUCKING SOUND IS HEARD...IT WORKS.

(CONTINUED)

Strahm stares out from the cube, his eyes wide. His jaw is clenched. And the only sound is the wet, raspy SUCKING OF AIR through the pen.

CUT TO:

4A

EXT. MEAT PROCESSING FACILITY - NIGHT

4A

(FLASHBACK)

The outside doors to the facility fly open and Hoffman emerges.

Jeff's daughter, **CORBETT**, is tucked under his arm. She holds the CUTE 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!

SMASH CUT TO:

4B

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

4B

(FLASHBACK)

Jeff stands over Jigsaw's dead body, listening to the last tape from *Saw III*.

JIGSAW (V.O.)

(from tape)

I am the only person who knows where your daughter is.

SMASH CUT TO:

4C

INT. CRAWL-SPACE - NIGHT

4C

(FLASHBACK)

Through the key hole, **CORBETT** is seen sitting on the bed clutching the cute doll.

JIGSAW (V.O.)

(from tape)

And if you want to get her back, you'll have to play a game.

CUT BACK TO:

4D

EXT. MEAT PROCESSING FACILITY - NIGHT

4D

Corbett is taken out of Hoffman's arms by the medical personnel. DETECTIVE FISK runs up to Hoffman.

FISK
What happened?

Hoffman shakes his head. Feigns emotional destruction.

FISK (CONT'D)
Where's Rigg?

Hoffman is still. Fisk sinks inside.

HOFFMAN
He tried to save me...
(beat)
He didn't make it.

Hoffman shambles forward.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
Nobody made it.

Hoffman makes his way from the meat processing facility when a RUCKUS takes his attention.

EMT (O.S.)
We have a live one!!!

The attention at the location shifts to an EMT emerging with a PERSON ON A GURNEY. Their face is covered with blood spotted towel.

Hoffman's battered survivor front instantly drops. He moves to the EMT, pushing through a crowd.

The gurney is raised up and put into the back of a waiting ambulance.

Hoffman looks to see who the person is on the gurney...

It's STRAHM, doused in blood.

4E

OMITTED4E

4E

4F

EXT. MEAT PROCESSING FACILITY - NIGHT

4F

Hoffman stares, his eyes on fire.

Blood covers Strahm's face and chest. His neck wrapped and soaked with blood. Oxygen mask over his mouth.

Hoffman moves for the ambulance, but before he can do anything--

(CONTINUED)

WHAM! The rear doors to the ambulance are closed. The sirens blare and the ambulance pulls away.

Hoffman stands, staring at the survivor distancing.

CLOSE ON: Through the rear door's glass panel, Hoffman can see in on Strahm...STILL ALIVE.

CUT TO:

INT. LAW OFFICE - RECEPTION - DAY

CLOSE ON: The face of JOHN KRAMER. The Jigsaw Killer. On magazine and newspaper covers announcing his death and capture.

A **FEMALE**'s eyes perk up from behind the periodicals, staring to something in horror.

The female shifts uncomfortably in her chair, and the subject of her discomfort is revealed as--

JILL TUCK. She stoically sits alone. Legs crossed. Purse in lap. Face like stone.

CLOSE ON: A placard on the wall reads, "Law Offices of Feldman & Bloom, LLC."

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Jill Tuck.

All eyes in the room shift to a RECEPTIONIST meekly standing in an office doorway.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

He's ready to see you now.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Dark wood paneling and plush, maroon-colored carpeting dominate the sparsely lit room. A huge conference table sits before a bank of windows with thick drapes pulled closed.

A **LAWYER** (50s) sits at the head of the table before a mountain of legal papers. His head jerks up and a smile crosses his face as he sets down a pair of reading glasses and points to a chair.

LAWYER

Hello, Jill. Thank you for coming.

I'm Bernie Feldman.

(pointing)

Please, have a seat.

Jill cautiously sits down in the chair opposite Bernie.

(CONTINUED)

JILL

It's nice to meet you, Mr. Feldman.
But I don't know why I'm here.

BERNIE

Right, well...

Bernie leans back in his chair, eying Jill.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

I represent your ex-husband, John.
In the event of his death, I was
instructed to contact you.

Jill doesn't respond, causing Bernie to lean forward.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

You can imagine my surprise when I
found out who he really was.

Bernie's eyes burn into Jill, but she gives him nothing.

JILL

That makes two of us.

BERNIE

John left you something.

Bernie leans back again, picking up a remote and aiming it at
a TV/VCR to the side.

Jill's eyes bounce between the TV and Bernie.

JILL

What is it?

BERNIE

John's last will and testament.

The color rushes from Jill's face. Her eyes tighten.
There's a pop on the TV that takes her eyes.

ON TV: Static fills the screen and then an image flashes on.
It's John. In a haggard, near dead state. He makes an
adjustment to the camera taping him, and then he looks
straight into the lens.

JOHN KRAMER

(from screen)

Hello, thank you for coming.

John takes a sip of water, his raspy voice barely a whisper.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN KRAMER (CONT'D)

(from screen)

If you're watching this then my time here has passed. I'm gone. But I want to reassure you that I'm still with you. Always. And know that you're safe. You have my word on that.

(beat)

I'm not going to begin to try to explain myself to you. In the end, I think we both know the answer, even if we both don't quite see eye to eye.

(beat)

I've left you something. It's of grave importance that you know what to do with it. For it will guarantee that our unborn son, Gideon, died for a reason. It will guarantee his immortality. And it will guarantee he won't be forgotten.

(beat)

You'll be given something. And, again, I trust you'll know how to piece it together.

John shudders, his steely blue eyes staring out from the screen. His head drops, and he leans forward, stopping the camera from recording.

Bernie flips off the TV and turns to Jill. He motions to a MEDIUM-SIZED BOX sitting on a table.

BERNIE

That's for you.

Jill is shell-shocked. Eyes wide.

Bernie steps to the side as Jill rises, moving to the box. It's wooden with engravings all over it.

Jill's hand slides over the box's finer details, stopping at a key lock on the front of the box.

Bernie sits again, never taking his eyes off of Jill.

Her hand unconsciously touches the key around her neck. She gently slides it off, leading the tip of the key into the lock and...perfect fit.

Jill turns the key and...CLICK. The lock opens.

Bernie leans forward as Jill undoes the lock and opens the box, looking within.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She gasps, a hand rising to her mouth. Bernie cranes his head, but he can't see.

A beat passes.

The expression of shock on Jill's face lessens. Her eyes focus. And then she closes the box.

She locks it again, picking it up and carrying it from the room, never looking again to Bernie.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Ms. Tuck.

Jill turns.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

If you don't mind, what's in the box?

Jill takes a beat, looking to the box.

JILL

Thank you for your time, Mr. Feldman. I'll be in touch.

She turns and exits through the doors.

The sound of CLAPPING CREEPS IN. Then, it's followed by the shuffling of papers and a robust voice.

CHIEF OF POLICE (V.O.)

I want to thank you all for coming today.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - MEDIA ROOM - DAY

The room is filled with cameras and MEDIA REPORTERS looking to a podium with police shield on the back wall.

One of the reporters stands out. She's a pushy, flirty, attractive and bespectacled reporter known as PAMELA JENKINS.

A round, red-faced man in police uniform addresses the press.

CHIEF OF POLICE

I'd like to be the first to say... the Jigsaw murders are over.

(beat)

The officers who gave their lives are honored here today.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHIEF OF POLICE (CONT'D)

But I'd like to offer a special honor to the detective who has been on this case from the beginning and has proved through hard work and dedication that the people who died didn't die in vain.

PAMELA JENKINS

Chief, can you elaborate--

The Chief instantly shoots Pamela a nasty look, shutting her down by putting up a hand and talking louder.

CHIEF OF POLICE

Today we honor Detective Alexander...

A murmur off screen takes the Chief's eyes. He nods. Chuckles a second and then continues in a frank manner.

CHIEF OF POLICE (CONT'D)

I mean, the recently *promoted*, Detective *Lieutenant* Alexander Hoffman.

PAMELA JENKINS

(interrupting)

Why isn't this a joint press conference with the FBI?

CHIEF OF POLICE

(dismissive)

Not today, Ms. Jenkins.

Pamela Jenkins sighs, quieting for the moment.

A smile returns to the Chief of Police's face, motioning for HOFFMAN to step forward to take the podium.

He needs to be nudged, his mind elsewhere.

Light bulbs flash. Cameras roll.

Hoffman steps forward, the cold-blooded glare seen earlier has been replaced with a humble, deeply appreciative look. He nods his head, moving to the podium to take a plaque from the Chief.

The two men shake, and the Chief gives him a half-hug, slapping his shoulder.

Hoffman then turns to the podium, leaning into the microphone.

HOFFMAN

Thank you. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

Hoffman clears his throat and takes a sip of water, calming himself.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

Through this entire ordeal, if we've learned anything, it's that human life is sacred. And we've learned that everyday life should be cherished.

Hoffman pauses a bit as if overcome with emotion. The people looking on start to clap (everyone but Pamela Jenkins). The officers in attendance give a spirited applause. The Chief leans in, whispering words of encouragement and patting Hoffman on the shoulder.

Hoffman nods, regaining his composure. He holds up the plaque and leans into the microphone once again.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

Justice is the backbone of every peaceful society. And today, true justice has been served!

Another spirited round of applause rises, but Pamela Jenkins looks to Hoffman with tilted head, writing something into her notebook.

INT. POLICE STATION -- HOFFMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

LATER

Hoffman enters and moves to place the plaque on a shelf amongst several other certificates of merit. He's quite the decorated officer.

However, he stops. His eyes focus.

CLOSE ON: A photo of a young, cute woman who will eventually be known as ANGELINA.

Hoffman picks up the photo, his expression changing. He sets down the plaque, staring at the photo.

After a beat--

Hoffman's eyes shift, seeing a NEWSPAPER CLIPPING mounted on his wall.

CLOSE ON: The headline reads, "JIGSAW CAPTURED." Underneath is a photo of Hoffman outside the Gideon factory with CORBETT in his arms.

Hoffman continues looking to the newspaper photo.

OMITTED9-11

12

INT. POLICE STATION - HOFFMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

12

Hoffman sets the photo of Angelina down and turns to his desk...but he freezes.

There's something out of place on his desk.

CLOSE ON: An ENVELOPE. Dead center of the desk. On the outside is written, "DETECTIVE HOFFMAN."

Hoffman cautiously approaches the envelope, leaning down into it as if it's a bomb.

He looks it over and then picks it up. It's sealed. Hoffman rips open an end, pulling out a NOTE.

CLOSE ON: In black ink, a distinctly written message on the note reads, "I know who you are."

Hoffman looks up. His eyes twitch.

EMT (V.O.)
We have a live one!!!

CUT TO:

13

INT. MEAT PROCESSING FACILITY - NIGHT

13

(FLASHBACK)

The attention at the location shifts to an EMT emerging with a PERSON ON A GURNEY.

Hoffman's battered survivor front instantly drops. He moves to the EMT as the gurney is raised up and put into the back of a waiting ambulance.

Hoffman looks to see who the person is on the gurney...

It's STRAHM.

CUT BACK TO:

13A

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

13A

Hoffman is already in mid-stride making his way to the--

14

INT. POLICE STATION - EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

14

--evidence room. Hoffman moves straight for a wall of evidence. It's all tagged and bagged. Hoffman riffles through the mountain of stuff until--

He finds what he's looking for. He holds up a PLASTIC EVIDENCE BAG right as--

(CONTINUED)

14

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Detective Hoffman.

The OFFICER stands down the aisle.

OFFICER
You're wanted at the hospital.
It's about Agent Perez.

The officer ducks out of the room and Hoffman hastily shoves the evidence bag into his jacket pocket and moves.

CUT TO:

15

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

15

Hoffman comes to a doorway with a patient name that reads, "PEREZ."

16

INT. HOSPITAL - PEREZ'S ROOM - DAY

16

The blinds are drawn. He lights are low. Hoffman enters, seeing the empty bed.

His eyes shift, seeing Strahm sitting in a chair. He wears a hospital gown with sweats and has his neck wrapped. His speech is strained, and his appearance is weak.

Strahm's head rises, his eyes connecting with Hoffman's.

HOFFMAN
I'm truly sorry.

Strahm nods, looking away.

STRAHM
She said your name, you know.

Strahm's eyes connect with Hoffman's again.

STRAHM (CONT'D)
The last thing she said was
"Detective Hoffman."

Hoffman doesn't respond.

STRAHM (CONT'D)
Why'd she say that? Why'd she say
your name?

HOFFMAN
I don't know.

Strahm lumbers to his feet.

STRAHM
No?

(CONTINUED)

Strahm inches a bit closer.

STRAHM (CONT'D)
How'd you walk out of that
building?

HOFFMAN
How did you?

STRAHM
On a gurney with a fucking hole in
my throat.

Strahm's eyes drop, looking Hoffman up and down.

STRAHM (CONT'D)
Look at you, though. A couple of
scratches and a story about
breaking your arm straps. Jigsaw
doesn't make mistakes.

HOFFMAN
Is this you theorizing again?
Because Jigsaw is dead.

STRAHM
I'm not talking about him. I'm
talking about you, you and your
whole crooked department.

HOFFMAN
My department is gone. Kerry,
Rigg, Matthews - they're all dead.
There's no one left--

STRAHM
Besides you.

Strahm's eyes burn into Hoffman. Hoffman steps towards him,
lowering his voice and leaning in.

HOFFMAN
Pick up a newspaper. I saved the
little girl.

Hoffman moves even closer to Strahm.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
I'm the hero. I've been chasing
Jigsaw from the beginning...and I
got him.
(beat)
So unless you've got anything else
to say, back the fuck off.

Hoffman turns, exiting the room.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED: (2)

16

Strahm turns and moves to the bed. He stands, hovering a moment, his hand touching the strewn sheets.

*
*

FLASH CUT TO:

*

17-18

OMITTED17-18

17-18

19

OMITTED19

19

*

20

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

20

*

(FLASHBACK)

Strahm stands back as Perez leans into the doll wearing a micro-cassette recorder around its neck.

PEREZ

What is that--

BLAM! A white mist and shards of glass shoot out, enveloping Perez's face.

CUT BACK TO:

21

INT. HOSPITAL - PEREZ'S ROOM - DAY

21

PRESENT

Strahm flinches, his hand touching his neck.

CALM MALE VOICE (O.S.)

I'm sorry.

Strahm looks up to see a bulldog of a man in jacket and slacks standing in the doorway. With his confident air and hawkish eyes, he doesn't have to show a badge for us to know that he's FBI.

This is SPECIAL AGENT ERICKSON (50s).

(CONTINUED)

ERICKSON

And you should be resting.

STRAHM

I'm fine, Erickson.

ERICKSON

No, you're not. That's why I put you on medical leave.

Strahm sighs, touching his wrapped neck. Erickson eases further into the room.

A beat passes and then Strahm moves across the room.

STRAHM

I was supposed to die in that trap.

Erickson crosses his arms and drops his head as if he doesn't want to hear it.

ERICKSON

You never should have been there without backup--

STRAHM

My death would have wrapped this up into a nice little package.

Strahm turns, having come to some conclusion.

*

STRAHM (CONT'D)

I need to talk to Jill Tuck one last time.

*

*

ERICKSON

(interrupting)

You're no longer handling the case, Peter.

STRAHM

What?

ERICKSON

Nearly a dozen dead bodies were recovered, two of which were cops.

STRAHM

Jigsaw is dead, how many people did I inevitably save?

ERICKSON

By endangering yourself and others, you're off the case.

STRAHM

On whose orders?

(CONTINUED)

ERICKSON

Mine.

(beat)

It's over, Peter. I'm sorry.

Strahm flinches like being punched in the gut. All air is sucked out of his lungs.

Strahm turns, sitting down in a chair. He lowers his eyes.

Erickson nods. And he looks like he wants to say more, but he doesn't. He just turns and exits.

Strahm is left in the room sitting next to the bed where Perez died. His gaze drops to the floor.

*

It stays there a second and then--

He sees something. Strahm's brow furrows as he leans down, pulling out the NEWSPAPER.

CLOSE ON: It's the same newspaper Hoffman looked at in his office. Hoffman is on the cover triumphantly carrying Corbett from Jigsaw's lair.

However, there are BLOOD SMUDGES all around the newspaper photo of the doll--

SMASH CUT TO:

21A

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - NIGHT

21A

(FLASHBACK)

Hoffman has the DOLL under his arm talking with Perez and Strahm.

PEREZ

For the little one?

HOFFMAN

It helps her sleep.

CUT BACK TO:

21B

INT. HOSPITAL - PEREZ'S ROOM - DAY

21B

PRESENT

Strahm stares at the photo. Perez's purposefully circled the doll before she died.

CUT TO:

22

INT. MONITOR ROOM - DAY

22

Darkness.

Then, a door opens and closes. And when a light flicks on, MEMENTOS FROM GAMES PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE are revealed: a CHAIN LINK from Troy's game, a SYRINGE from the pit, a rusted BONE SAW from the bathroom.

Hoffman eases into the room. He's wearing gloves.

His eyes wander over the various objects. While the room seems rather cluttered, a sparsely covered work desk is anything but.

Hoffman moves to it.

CLOSE ON: Files and photos litter the desk. And in addition, a DIORAMA is on display. It's of no game seen before. There are FOUR CONNECTED ROOMS. And in one room, FIVE STICK FIGURES lie on the floor.

Hoffman leans down, looking to the diorama's finer details.

Just past the diorama, there is a bank of FIVE MONITORS.

CLOSE ON: Three of the rooms are empty. One is of the street out front. And the last shows FIVE PEOPLE lying on a room floor unconscious.

Hoffman turns and looks to the wall next to the work desk.

CLOSE ON: There are FIVE PHOTOS. They are not familiar.

Hoffman leans over the diorama again. He gets very close, looking to the laid out stick figures. Hoffman adjusts one of the figures just a bit--

MATCH CUT TO:

23

INT. FIRST ROOM - NIGHT

23

A female body in couture sweats is laid out on the concrete floor. A LOW MOAN rises, as if the woman is waking up from a five-day bender.

While she keeps her head down, her hands reach up to her neck, feeling around.

WOMAN
What is this...

The woman pulls her legs under herself so that she's on her knees. Her mind is coming back. She's regaining consciousness.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Where am I...

The woman's voice begins to rise. She shifts her body, taking in her surroundings.

Then, she looks up, and the thing around her neck is revealed.

It's a dog collar with two cables that lead back to the wall. At the point where the cable and wall come together there's a V-SHAPED RAZOR. If she is pulled back into the wall her head will be severed off.

This is the NECK CUTTER DEVICE.

The woman's face is seen. She's a strongly-built woman with All-American good looks: auburn hair, clear skin, green eyes.

This is **ASHLEY** (late 20s).

ASHLEY

No...no way...no...

Ashley takes in the small room. In each corner, gallon-sized jugs filled with nails sit. They're rigged with homemade TIMER DEVICES.

Ashley's eyes shift to FOUR OTHER PEOPLE IN THE SAME PREDICAMENT.

They too are woozy, rolling around on the concrete floor just getting their bearings.

One of the people tries to suddenly move, freaking out.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Hey! Do not move! You hear me?!

The person turns their head, revealing themselves as a woman with fashionably cut short black hair. She has an attractive face with lithe body and stylish business attire.

This is **LUBA** (early 30s).

LUBA

What did you do to me?

ASHLEY

I didn't do anything--

SHAKY MALE VOICE (O.S.)

It's Jigsaw...goddamn it...I knew this would happen...

(CONTINUED)

Luba and Ashley look to the shaky male voice. He's a weasely looking guy with stringy black hair and a shaggy goatee.

This is **MALLICK** (mid 20s).

MALLICK
(re: neck device)
This is what he does.

STRONG FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
It's not Jigsaw.

Mallick spins, looking to a woman with clothes and hair too proper and elegant to be on the floor with a device around her neck. She looks like she was plucked from a Wall Street boardroom.

This is **BRIT** (late 30s).

BRIT
He's dead. Haven't you watched TV
in the past week?

MALLICK
Sorry, I sold my TV four years ago.

LUBA
Whoever it is, they're watching us.

Luba points to the **MOUNTED CAMERA** in the upper corner of the room. A red light glows.

BRIT
It's to make sure we follow the
rules.

ASHLEY
Which are what? This is more than
some psychotic twist on karma.

Mallick groans and tugs at the device around his neck like it's covered with spiders.

STERN MALE VOICE (O.S.)
I wouldn't mess with that if I were
you.

Mallick's eyes shift to a man built like a fire hydrant with a red face. His bald head and beady eyes glare at the rest of the group.

They're all coming undone, but he's calm, cool. This is **CHARLES** (late 30s).

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES

Unless you want your head to pop
off like a dandelion.

MALLICK

How do you know that?
(to group)
How does he know that?

CHARLES

Because I have eyes.

Charles motions to a pin and wire that's connected to
Mallick's neck collar. The wire snakes up the wall to a
TIMER.

All the collars are attached to the lone timer.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

One pulled pin starts the timer for
us all, and you wouldn't want to do
that without knowing how it works,
now would you?

Mallick stares to the cold man before him.

MALLICK

You're freaking me out, dude.

CHARLES

I know, because you're the nervous,
twitchy guy who gets everyone
killed. Mellow the fuck out.

Before Mallick can respond--

ZZCCCCHHHH!!! A mounted TV in the upper corner of the room
pulsates and comes to life. Static overtakes the screen.

Then, an image appears. It's the DOLL.

It turns forward, taking up the entire screen.

DOLL

(from screen)

Hello. And welcome. Such an
educated and well-informed group as
yourselves don't need an
introduction to me, however, an
explanation as to why you are here
may be necessary.

(beat)

From birth, you have all been given
the advantages of few others.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOLL (CONT'D)

Yet, through poor moral decisions
you've used these advantages to
selfishly further only yourselves
at the expense of others.

(beat)

Well, today this singular way of
thinking will be put to the test.
Today, five will become one with
the common goal of survival.

The group looks to each other with suspicious eyes.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(from screen)

The chains around your collar
devices can be pulled so tight that
your head's will be decapitated on
the mounted razor. The only way to
remove the collar is with the keys
from the glass boxes on the
pedestals before you.

All eyes shift to the FIVE GLASS BOXES on pedestals before
them. Through a nest of BARBWIRE, the FIVE KEYS hang.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(from screen)

However, if one of you move to
retrieve a key, the sixty second
timer will begin for you all.

Mallick glances to the timer.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(from screen)

In choosing how to react to this
situation, your lifelong instincts
will tell you to do one thing, but
I implore you to do the opposite.

(beat)

Let the games begin.

As the tape ends, the TIMERS on the GALLON-SIZED JUGS start
to tick down from fifteen minutes.

MALLICK

Someone has to die.

LUBA

No. It said not to follow our
instincts, which means don't go for
the keys.

MALLICK

Are you fucking nuts?

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

How are we supposed to live if we don't go for the keys?

LUBA

Maybe he's testing our endurance.

CHARLES

We gotta move, babe.

Charles points to the gallon-sized jugs in the four corners of the room.

BRIT

It didn't say anything about those jugs, they could be nothing.

ASHLEY

No, I've seen something like that before. It explodes.

MALLICK

How do you know that?

CHARLES

She's a fire inspector, she's seen all sorts of demented shit.

Ashley turns to Charles with wide eyes.

ASHLEY

How do you know me?

Charles smirks a bit, looking away. Mallick starts to freak, pointing to Charles.

MALLICK

Hey, man! She's talking to you! How do you know her?!

Charles just glares at Mallick, mocking him.

BRIT

Let's all just keep cool, we can figure this out.

LUBA

We're here for a reason. We're connected, like the message stated.

Luba looks to Brit.

LUBA (CONT'D)

What'd you do?

Brit returns the look, suddenly self conscious.

(CONTINUED)

BRIT
You go first.

Luba is about to talk, but she gulps with all the eyes on her. She changes the direction of the conversation.

LUBA
It said that we were all born with advantages. That means we're all from money, right?

Brit and Mallick both nod, but Ashley does not.

ASHLEY
I'm not.

CHARLES
Neither am I.

MALLICK
(to Luba)
Nice try, Nancy Drew.

LUBA
Then what does it mean?

ASHLEY
We all did something wrong with an advantage we were given from birth. That doesn't have to mean money.

MALLICK
Then what is it?

No one is replying. Panic rises within Mallick, and he turns to Charles.

MALLICK (CONT'D)
What are you not telling us?
(re: Ashley)
You know about her, so what do you know about the rest of us?
(off Charles's glare)
Fucking talk!

CHARLES
Relax.

MALLICK
I am fucking relaxed!

CHARLES
This is a game, tweaker. And the less you know about me, the better.

(CONTINUED)

Charles's grabs Mallick's arm, pulling up his sleeve and revealing track-covered forearms on his fire-scarred skin. Mallick pulls back his arm, covering it instantly.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

But the reason you fucked your charmed life is pretty obvious to everyone, isn't it?

MALLICK

Hey...f-f-fuck you!

CHARLES

(re: burn scars)

You've been playing with matches again, haven't you?

Mallick starts to lose it, looking to the other people. They just stare back at him. Paranoia runs through this mind.

MALLICK

Fuck you all! And fuck your plan!

Mallick tries to get to his feet. Luba grabs him.

LUBA

Not yet--

But Mallick slides away.

BRIT

No! What are you doing?!

Mallick rises and--PING! The pin connected to the wall and his neck device is pulled.

The timer on the wall starts to tick down from sixty seconds.

The others jerk up as Mallick dashes for the glass box opposite him. The other cables tighten as he uses all the slack.

Charles wraps the cable around his forearm, giving the cable a yank as he goes for the box.

This pulls Mallick backwards on the floor.

Brit and Luba exchange a glance, holding the cable tightly with their hands and moving for their boxes at the same time.

Ashley stumbles to her feet, but she's pulled back towards the razor.

Mallick's too is pulled back, being dragged by the neck.

(CONTINUED)

Charles goes around the box, using his body and the box to hold the cable tight. He takes off his shirt, wrapping it around his elbow and smashing the glass box--CRASH!

Tick...tick...tick...THIRTY SECONDS LEFT...

Brit and Luba hold their cables tight as well, disallowing both Ashley and Mallick from moving.

Charles covers his hand with his shirt, fishing around in the barbwire to find the key.

Brit and Luba do the same, and all three eventually get their keys. They rapidly unlock their collars and--PING!

The collars drop to the floor, allowing Mallick and Ashley to move.

Tick...tick...tick...TEN SECONDS LEFT...

Ashley and Mallick charge for the box. Ashley punches the box, but it doesn't shatter.

Mallick wisely kicks it, putting his foot through the glass.

It takes Ashley two strikes to break the box, but Mallick is already inside his, plucking out the key.

Mallick undoes his collar, pulling it off and letting it hit the ground.

All eyes shift to Ashley.

She has the key in her hand, but her eyes shift to the clock as it TICKS DOWN TO ZERO.

ASHLEY

No--

Ashley's eyes fill with terror as--CLICK! The timer stops.

She's instantly yanked back into the wall and--

Her neck is pulled hard against the V-shaped razor and HER HEAD IS DECAPITATED FROM THE IMPACT.

Ashley's head falls from her neck, hitting the ground with a sick THUD. Her body goes slack and drops to the floor.

The group recoils at the sight of the headless woman.

There's a moment of silence when--

The door into the room POPS OPEN. It was synced with the sixty-second timer.

(CONTINUED)

Charles's eyes shift to one of the four gallon-sized jugs in the corner of the room.

CLOSE ON: The overall timer has about ELEVEN MINUTES left.

CHARLES

(re: jugs)

Unless you want to see if those
work or not, I'd suggest moving on.

Charles quickly moves through the newly opened door, and Luba and Mallick are quick to follow.

Brit holds a second. Then, she reaches down, taking the key from her neck collar.

MALLICK

What're you doing?

Brit looks up to see Mallick watching her.

BRIT

Being smart.

Brit moves to the other fallen neck collars and takes those keys as well. She then grabs Ashley's key, passing Mallick.

CUT TO:

Hoffman moves down the hallway with his hands in his pockets. He purposefully avoids a NURSE STATION.

A pretty, brunette nurse named **HEATHER MILLER** stands out. She runs the show, instructing others on what to do.

As orders are being given, Hoffman slips by, coming to a room with name written on the door that reads, "STRAHM."

Hoffman eases into the room, sliding on **BLACK GLOVES** and gently closing the door behind him.

Only a night light is on. A curtain is drawn around the bed, but Strahm's shape is seen standing, his back to Hoffman.

Hoffman is dead quiet, and he moves towards Strahm.

Strahm doesn't move.

Hoffman moves to the curtain, ripping it back--

BUT IT'S NOT STRAHM.

(CONTINUED)

It's a male orderly (known as HANK), and he's remaking the bed.

*
*

HOFFMAN

Oh, I'm sorry...

MALE ORDERLY

He got released about an hour ago.

*

The male orderly's eyes drop to Hoffman's hands.

MALE ORDERLY (CONT'D)

You some kind of a germ-a-phobe,
detective?

*

Hoffman slides his hands into his pockets again.

HOFFMAN

I just don't like to get my hands
dirty...

CLOSE ON: The orderly's ID tag reads, "HANK."

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

Hank.

Hoffman's gaze lingers a second, and then he turns and exits.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hoffman moves towards the nurses station, not caring to be seen now. Several pretty, younger nurses whisper, looking at a periodical.

Heather interrupts them, seeing the newspaper and then looking up to the passing detective.

HEATHER

Keeping the streets safe,
detective?

Hoffman looks over with a sly smirk.

HOFFMAN

Just doing my job.

He smiles and keeps going.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Strahm makes his way down a long hallway. He's wearing civilian clothes and his neck is wrapped.

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

He moves quickly and tries not to be seen. He ducks into a room marked, "RESEARCH ROOM."

27

INT. FBI OFFICE - RESEARCH ROOM - NIGHT

27

Strahm draws the blinds. He moves to a table with a computer. The walls are lined with reference books and charts.

Strahm sits. A graphic on the screen reads, "CRIMINAL DATABASE."

Strahm types in "MARK HOFFMAN."

CLOSE ON: An icon on the screen rotates a moment and then stops. A sentence reads, "NO CRIMINAL RECORDS FOUND."

Strahm sits back, thinking to himself.

CUT TO:

28

INT. HOSPITAL - PEREZ'S ROOM - DAY

28

(FLASHBACK)

Hoffman is in Strahm's face.

HOFFMAN

I'm the hero. I'm the one who's
been chasing Jigsaw from the
beginning.

CUT BACK TO:

29

INT. FBI OFFICE - RESEARCH ROOM - NIGHT

29

PRESENT

Strahm stands and moves to a meticulously labeled shelf of files for the many Jigsaw murders. He moves his finger to the first file that's labeled, "CECIL FLETCHER."

Strahm thumbs through the file.

CLOSE ON: At the bottom of the page, the highlighted name reads, "DETECTIVE FISK."

He looks to the second victim file and it also reads, "DETECTIVE FISK."

However, on the third file, Strahm sees something different. His reading focuses, and he leans down into the page.

CLOSE ON: The names read, "DETECTIVE FISK/DETECTIVE HOFFMAN."

(CONTINUED)

STRAHM

There you are.

Strahm thumbs through the file, and the IMAGES OF THE VICTIM are revealed. They mean nothing to Strahm, but they mean something to us. They're of Seth. The man killed in the opening pendulum trap.

Strahm sits at the computer again, reading the name off the front of the file.

CLOSE ON: He types into the name search, "SETH BAXTER."

Several articles come up, and Strahm looks to the first one.

CLOSE ON: A caption reads, "LOCAL WOMAN BRUTALLY MURDERED IN DOMESTIC DISPUTE."

Strahm leans in, scanning the article. He highlights a line with his finger.

CLOSE ON: The line reads, "THE VICTIM, IDENTIFIED AS ANGELINA ACOMB, WAS PRONOUNCED DEAD AT THE SCENE. HER BOYFRIEND, SETH BAXTER, HAS BEEN TAKEN INTO CUSTODY BY LOCAL POLICE."

The following pages are filled with GORY IMAGES of the incident. Blood surrounds Angelina's body. Her head is nearly cut off.

Strahm keeps scanning through the images and connected articles until he gets to the last one.

His eyes strain as he focuses.

CLOSE ON: It's a funeral photo. And at the center, right in front of the casket is DETECTIVE HOFFMAN. Hoffman is wearing all black, and he's glaring at the camera as if he's the only one at the funeral who knows they're being photographed.

The article above the photo reads, "DETECTIVE'S SLAIN SISTER LAID TO REST."

STRAHM (CONT'D)

Sister?

Strahm scans to the beginning of the article, looking at the photo. It's of the victim, Angelina, and her murderer, Seth.

He scans to subsequent articles finding the Jigsaw article about Seth's death.

CLOSE ON: The headline reads, "JIGSAW KILLER STRIKES AGAIN: LOCAL MAN SETH BAXTER FOUND DEAD." There's a PHOTO OF SETH underneath the headline.

30

INT. FBI OFFICE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

30

Strahm charges down the hallway. Ahead of him, Erickson comes around the corner. Erickson is as surprised to see Strahm as Strahm is to see him.

ERICKSON

Peter...what are you doing here?

STRAHM

Just grabbing some things from the office. I'm taking your advice.

Strahm keeps moving, and Erickson stands still, his eyes narrowing.

ERICKSON

Taking some time off, huh?

Strahm pushes through a doorway, vanishing. Erickson lingers a second, looking back down the hallway where Strahm just came from.

CUT TO:

31

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

31

A black, American-made car that more resembles a boat sits parked between two buildings. Hoffman is halfway in the humongous trunk.

CLOSE ON: Hoffman rearranges a medium-sized bag filled with various items: rope, duct tape, black gloves, syringes, pig mask.

A phone ringing sound is heard and then a no nonsense FEMALE VOICE picks up the line.

SPECIAL AGENT COWAN (V.O.)

Special Agent Strahm's office.

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

This is Detective Hoffman. Is Strahm available?

Hoffman zips up the bag and closes the trunk.

31A

INT. FBI OFFICE - TECH LAB - NIGHT

31A

The attractive and savvy-looking SPECIAL AGENT COWAN is behind a computer with headset on.

SPECIAL AGENT COWAN

He's not, but I can connect you with Special Agent Erickson. He's handling all inquiries.

32

INT. HOFFMAN'S CAR - NIGHT

32

Hoffman is in the driver's seat with cell phone to ear in mid-conversation.

HOFFMAN
(into phone)
Please.

After a short ring through the phone--

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
(from phone)
You have reached the voice mail box
of Special Agent Erickson.

A beep follows.

HOFFMAN
This is Detective Hoffman. I
needed to discuss something with
Agent Strahm, but I've been unable
to track him down. Gimme a call
back, it'd be greatly appreciated.
Thanks.

Hoffman clicks off the phone. He picks up a pen from his dashboard and writes something onto a MOUNTED NOTEPAD.

CLOSE ON: Hoffman writes, "Erickson." He underlines it.

CUT TO:

33

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

33

A door opens, and a flashlight cuts through the darkness, highlighting a room we've seen before.

Strahm looks into the abandoned room. He kneels, seeing the stains where blood used to be.

This is the dark room where Seth died.

Strahm lays the CRIME SCENE PHOTOS onto the floor. He's re-imagining the room.

FLASH CUT TO:

34

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

34

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Seth's on the concrete slab. His hands are crushed. The pendulum swings down, slicing across his stomach.

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

He screams as we--

CUT BACK TO:

35

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

35

PRESENT

Seth's screams echo in the empty room. Strahm's eyes drift to the far wall.

CLOSE ON: The peep hole.

36

INT. DARK ROOM - VIEWING AREA - NIGHT

36

Strahm kneels by the peep hole. He looks through it, seeing into the dark room.

CLOSE ON: Below the hole, there is exposed wood with what looks like CLAW MARKS on it.

Strahm stares at the claw marks, tilting his head as--

FLASH CUT TO:

37

INT. DARK ROOM - VIEWING AREA - NIGHT

37

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Seth's screams echo from the dark room. Hoffman kneels by the peep hole looking in.

He has his hand on the wall, his fingernails digging into the wall as the pendulum cuts Seth in half.

CUT BACK TO:

38

INT. DARK ROOM - VIEWING AREA - NIGHT

38

PRESENT

Strahm traces the wood with his own fingertips. He then backs up, crouching again, looking at the peep hole.

A beat passes as thoughts run through the FBI agent's head.

FLASH CUT TO:

39

INT. DARK ROOM - VIEWING AREA - NIGHT

39

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Seth's screams quickly die out as the pendulum finally cuts him in half.

40 INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

40

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Seth's body stops quivering and...his neck and ankle latches spring open.

41 INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

41

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

CLOSE ON: A JIGSAW SKIN PIECE is carved out of Seth's flesh. Hoffman stands, holding the piece with a clamp, his hands covered in gloves.

His hand shakes. Sweat beads on his brow.

Hoffman gags a bit, moving out of the room and pushing through the viewing area doorway to the outside.

42 EXT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

42

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Hoffman enters the foggy night. He sucks up the cool air, the adrenaline from just taking a human life filtering out of his body.

He takes a minute and then turns, making sure no one is around.

43 INT. POLICE STATION - HOFFMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

43

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Hoffman sits at his desk in a daze. It's the next day, as he's in a change of clothing. There's a case file in front of him, but he's staring off into space.

WHAM! A hand hits the doorway wall.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Alright, we got a third body.

Hoffman looks over, seeing DETECTIVE FISK.

FISK
You up for this?

Hoffman nods, acting surprised. He grabs his jacket and follows Fisk down the hallway.

44 INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

44

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

(CONTINUED)

Seth's dead body lies on the concrete. Both halves.
Forensic officers tag the room.

FISK moves around the trap, examining its finer details.
Hoffman stays off to the side, staring at Seth.

FISK
Typical bio. Dirt bag murder
convict released from prison early
because of a technicality. Put to
the moral life test by Jigsaw--

HOFFMAN
His name is Seth Baxter. I know
him.

Fisk looks to Hoffman.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
He was my sister's ex-boyfriend.
He murdered her.

Fisk nods. He then moves to the body, examining it. He
looks back to Hoffman.

FISK
What happened?

HOFFMAN
He was sentenced to 25 years, but
he got it reduced to five on
appeals.

CLOSE ON: The bloody crevice where the JIGSAW SKIN PIECE was
taken from is seen.

FISK
Well, I'd say justice was served.

Hoffman glares a second and then turns, exiting the room.

CUT BACK TO:

PRESENT

Strahm holds the case file, rising.

STRAHM
You killed him, and made it look
like a Jigsaw trap.
(beat)
I got you.

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED:

45

Strahm turns and makes his way out of the room the same way Hoffman left after Seth's death.

46

EXT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

46

Strahm enters the cool night. He looks left to right, seeing that little is around but dilapidated warehouses.

He takes a beat and then quickly moves back to his car.

CUT TO:

47

INT. SECOND ROOM - NIGHT

47

Brit shambles into the second room, tucking the FIVE KEYS from the previous game into her pocket. Mallick follows her and wisely keeps the door to the first room open.

Charles and Luba stand before her. Luba shakes her head, the strain already getting to her.

They're taking in the room. It's a perfect square, and at the opposite end there is a door. It's currently closed.

On the floor are THREE TUBES, big enough for humans to enter. There are LOCKS on the point of entry.

Above the tubes are about sixteen large GLASS JARS. They hang from the ceiling by strings, and they're filled with GLASS SHARDS. LED PIPES line the floors.

MALICK

This doesn't seem so bad.

Luba gives him a look like, "Are you fucking crazy?"

LUBA

We just killed someone.

This hangs on Mallick and Brit.

CHARLES

Don't bitch up, the clock's still ticking.

All eyes shift to Charles, and then the corners of the room where four more of the GALLON-SIZED JUGS with nails sit.

CLOSE ON: The timers tick down from FIFTEEN MINUTES, having been sprung by the door opening.

MALICK

What are we supposed to do?

BRIT

We have to hear the rules.

(CONTINUED)

Brit points to the MOUNTED TV in the ceiling corner. The screen is blank.

BRIT (CONT'D)

We can't get the rules until the door is closed.

MALLICK

You know that for sure?

Brit points to the wiring that runs from the door to the TV.

BRIT

Educated guess.

The group looks around. They have to close the door to move on. Mallick twitches even more. His mind on fire.

MALLICK

Just do it before the jugs in the other room explode.

BRIT

No, not until we understand what we were supposed to learn back there.

LUBA

We were supposed to learn who we all are.

BRIT

Okay, well, all we learned is that the dead woman worked for the fire department.

CHARLES

(interrupting)

Used to. She got canned about a month ago.

MALLICK

You're apart of this, aren't you?

Charles smirks a bit, shrugging and looking around the room for another way out. Mallick grits his teeth as Brit motions to Luba.

BRIT

(to Luba)

Okay, what's your story?

LUBA

I work for the Department of City Planning.

BRIT

Married? Kids?

(CONTINUED)

LUBA

No and no. Now you.

CHARLES

(interrupting)

You're not going to tell them about daddy?

Luba's wide eyes shift to Charles. He smiles back, but keeps casing the room. Luba looks back to the others.

LUBA

My, uh, dad's Richard Gibbs.

MALLICK

The Cougars owner?

CHARLES

He's been trying for years to build a new stadium. Who knew all he had to do was wait for his daughter to run City Planning.

Luba burns, looking to Charles. But he disregards her, checking the walls. Mallick looks to Brit.

MALLICK

(to Brit)

What shady shit did you do?

BRIT

(to Charles)

You want to tell them my life story too?

CHARLES

No, you can go right ahead.

BRIT

I'm the Senior VP of a real estate development company.

MALLICK

Wow, that's boring.

LUBA

The Marshford Group, right?

Brit doesn't reply.

LUBA (CONT'D)

You can't get a building permit in this town without going through the Department of City Planning, right?

(CONTINUED)

BRIT

No, you can't. No kids. Divorced
four years ago.

(with a shrug)

Married to my job now.

LUBA

(to Mallick)

What's about you?

Mallick looks to the two women looking at him.

MALLICK

No wife. No kids that I know of.
And, of course, no job.

Mallick's eyes shift, looking to them with a sarcastic gaze.

CHARLES

Trust fund baby, anyone surprised?

MALLICK

I could really do without the self-
righteousness, okay?

BRIT

(to Charles)

Your turn.

The three others look to Charles. They've all said who they
are. It's his turn. He knows it.

CHARLES

I'm an investigative journalist for
The Herald.

MALLICK

How impressive. You write for a
bullshit gossip rag.

CHARLES

Bite your fuckin' tongue.

MALLICK

I can smell the booze on your
breath from here.

Charles aggressively moves towards Mallick. Mallick backs
up, but Charles moves past him to the door, slamming it shut.

CHARLES

Let's fucking do this!

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! The jugs from the previous room
EXPLODE, causing the people to flinch.

(CONTINUED)

The door connecting the rooms buckles, and HUNDREDS OF NAILS sink into the metal, sticking through.

MALLICK

Christ--

But before Mallick can finish his words--

CRASH! The lights in the room shatter, casting the four people in darkness.

A beat passes and--

ZZCCCCHHHH!!! The TV pops on, offering a bluish light. Static fills the screen. After a beat, an image flickers on.

It's the doll. The face spins around, and it seems to peer out of the screen, seeing who survived the last game.

DOLL

(from screen)

Hello. And welcome to the next lesson.

(beat)

Before you are three tubes. These tubes offer safety, however, to access them a key is needed. These keys are in the glass jars hanging from the ceiling.

All eyes shift to the tubes and the hanging jars.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(from screen)

Move quickly, though. Because in one minute, the jugs in the corners of the room will explode.

(beat)

With only three points of safety, who will be the odd man out?

(beat)

Make your choice.

The doll seems to lean forward, laughing to itself right as the image cuts out and the screen goes blank again.

The room is cast in darkness again until one of the blown lights starts to strobe.

BRIT

We have fifteen minutes, we can figure this out--

But on Brit's last word, the timers on the four jugs all freeze for a second.

CLOSE ON: The timers all drop to ONE MINUTE.

(CONTINUED)

MALLICK

Fuck!

The countdown begins.

With the lights flickering, the people's movement is jittering and broken up.

Mallick is the first to move and grab one of the lead pipes, smashing one of the glass jars.

Glass sprays, hitting the floors and causing Brit and Luba to cover up.

But before Mallick can break another one--

WHACK! Charles hits him in the head with a lead pipe. Mallick crumbles to the floor.

The bulldog of a man begins to SAVAGELY BEAT the weaker man with KICKS and PUNCHES.

BRIT

What are you doing?!

LUBA

Hey! Stop it!

Luba steps in, whacking Charles in the back of the head and trying to pull him off of Mallick.

WHACK! Charles HITS Luba with the back of his hand, stunning her. He then OPEN HAND SLAPS her, putting her down.

CHARLES

It's survival of the fittest,
bitch! Get a fucking clue!

Charles turns and starts to madly swing at the glass jars, shattering one with each swing of the pipe.

Blood spills from Mallick's nose. One eye is nearly swollen shut, and he gasps, grabbing his ribs as he tries to move.

Luba wipes blood from her mouth, her eyes connecting with Brit's. They're both stunned by Charles's sudden flash of violence.

Their eyes shift to Mallick. In a normal situation they might help. But this is far from normal.

Tick...tick...tick...FORTY-FIVE SECONDS LEFT...

Luba and Brit each grab a lead pipe, swinging at the closest hanging glass jar.

(CONTINUED)

Mallick quivers on the floor, writhing in the glass shards, blood flowing from his face.

All the jars are about broken when--

TING! The sound of metal takes all eyes to Luba who kneels, grabbing a KEY.

Charles and Brit drop to their knees, raking through the glass shards for the other two keys.

BRIT

Got it!

Brit finds one, standing and moving to one of the tubes.

Charles follows her with his eyes. He moves to grab her when he spots Mallick on the floor reaching for the last key.

Tick...tick...tick...THIRTY SECONDS LEFT...

Charles snatches it from Mallick.

CHARLES

Better luck next time, rich boy--

WHACK! A lead pipe to the back of the head puts Charles down, sending the key flying.

Luba stands over Charles, hitting him a few more times.

LUBA

Survival of the fittest my ass.

Luba moves for her tube, opening it quickly and crawling inside.

Brit looks to Mallick. He pulls himself across the floor, grabbing the key dropped by Charles.

Charles moans, blood seeping from his cracked skull.

Brit turns, moving to a tube, opening it and crawling inside.

47A

INT. SECOND ROOM - INSIDE TUBE - NIGHT

47A

Brit slides into the tube moving about seven feet in and hitting a BRICK WALL.

BRIT

What?

47B

INT. SECOND ROOM - NIGHT

47B

Tick...tick...tick...TEN SECONDS LEFT.

(CONTINUED)

47B

CONTINUED:

47B

Mallick lies in front of the last tube. He struggles with the lock, his swollen eyes glancing to the ticking clock.

Tick...tick...tick...FIVE SECONDS LEFT.

Charles, with blood flowing down his face, crawls for Mallick.

CHARLES

Don't leave me...please...please...

Mallick gets the lock. He opens the door, looking back at Charles. Mallick turns, crawling inside the tube as--

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! The jugs explode, showering the room in nails.

Charles screams out as his body is torn apart, his blood and body parts spraying.

47C

INT. SECOND ROOM - INSIDE TUBE - NIGHT

47C

Brit covers up, lowering her head.

47D

INT. SECOND ROOM - NIGHT

47D

The door leading out of the room opens, the light from the third room pooling into the second room.

Slowly, the doors to the tubes start to open. Brit is the first to look out.

Nails stick into the wall, and bloody glass covers the floor. Charles's blood coats the walls like paint, and his mangled body parts are everywhere.

Luba crawls out, her eyes connecting with Brit's. They silently move to the doorway out.

BRIT

That guy was an asshole, but he was smart. We could have used him.

LUBA

Someone had to die. Would you rather it'd have been you?

Brit shakes her head as Mallick crawls out of his tube. He pulls himself to his feet, following the two ladies.

Brit and Luba watch him. Then their eyes come together. They don't have to say it, but they're thinking it: Mallick is the weakest, he should die next.

Mallick's eyes rise, glancing to them. It's as if he heard their thoughts.

(CONTINUED)

47D

CONTINUED:

47D

He pushes through the door, moving to the third room.

CUT TO:

48

INT. FBI OFFICE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

48

It's late. Every office is closed with lights out. That is, all but one.

49

INT. FBI OFFICE - RESEARCH ROOM - NIGHT

49

CLOSE ON: A dozen or so FBI CASE FILES for the Jigsaw murders are put in an even line across the floor. They start from the beginning (Cecil).

The blinds are drawn. A lone desk lamp is on.

Strahm kneels, putting the files in order. He sets apart SETH's file, raising it up a bit in the line.

Strahm leans back. As he can see, there are only TWO MURDERS before Seth's. But after Seth, there are tons.

Strahm points while he thinks.

STRAHM

After Seth, you were involved in every investigation. What did you do?

Strahm sits back, running his hands through his hair--

FLASH CUT TO:

49A

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

49A

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

We're back in the past. It's a few days after Hoffman and Fisk first discovered Seth's body.

The two detectives charge down the hallway, Hoffman a step ahead of the junior detective.

HOFFMAN

Things going alright with Detective Kerry on the Seth Baxter case?

FISK

Yeah.

HOFFMAN

Great. Keep me copied on everything.

(CONTINUED)

FISK

Will do.

Fisk takes off further down the hallway, and Hoffman stops at his office entrance. He follows Fisk with his eyes a moment, and then he turns to enter his office--

50

INT. POLICE STATION - HOFFMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

50

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Hoffman sighs, sliding off his jacket. He's at ease a beat until he turns and sees something on the middle of his desk.

CLOSE ON: It's an ENVELOPE. On the front it reads, "DETECTIVE HOFFMAN."

It's just like the note Hoffman found in the present.

Hoffman picks it up, reading the NOTE within.

CLOSE ON: In distinct writing, "I KNOW WHO YOU ARE."

Hoffman's heart skips a beat. His eyes strain. He moves to his door, closing it.

Hoffman tucks the note into his jacket pocket and exits the office.

51

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT

51

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Hoffman enters the lobby of his apartment building. It's a no frills place with a bank of mailboxes, one elevator, and a short hallway that leads to the stairs.

Hoffman's head is on a swivel, looking for anything out of place.

He settles up to check his mailbox, but nothing is there.

DING! The elevator doors open and a SEXY WOMAN gets off, looking to Hoffman oddly.

Hoffman stares at the woman, catching her gaze. Hoffman's paranoid look causes the woman to speed her pace.

Hoffman checks his mail, constantly looking over his shoulder.

Silence overtakes the lobby.

He takes a step towards the elevator when--

(CONTINUED)

SCRAAAAATCH! There's a sound like CLAWS ON METAL. The spine-tingling sound causes Hoffman to take notice.

He disregards it but then HEARS THE SOUND AGAIN. It's coming from a closed doorway down the hallway.

Hoffman looks around. The lobby is empty.

HOFFMAN

You coming to get me?

The elevator door closes as the sound raises in intensity.

Someone is behind that door.

Hoffman takes a step towards it, slowly sliding his weapon out of its shoulder holster.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

You want some of me?

All other sound drops out. Just the sound of claws scratching metal is heard.

Hoffman moves closer to the door, reaching out when--

It stops.

Hoffman freezes in his tracks. He listens, but all is quiet.

Hoffman then leans into the door when--

RARRRR! The door SWINGS OPEN and a raving-mad GERMAN SHEPHERD bounds out, nearly taking a bite out of Hoffman's face.

Hoffman jumps back right and trains his weapon right as--

OLD MAN

Heel!!!

The dog is yanked back by its collar, and OLD MAN holding it tight. Hoffman gasps.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Don't provoke him!

The Old Man's warning trails out as he sees Hoffman's gun.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Jesus...

Hoffman slides the gun back into its shoulder holster, and he embarrassedly turns, moving back for the elevator.

DING! The elevator doors open.

(CONTINUED)

51

CONTINUED: (2)

51

Hoffman runs for the waiting elevator and--

Nearly runs into THREE MEN getting off. A gruff-looking man pushes Hoffman back, pissed.

GRUFF MAN
(sarcastically)
Mind if we get off first?

Hoffman nods apologetically, backing up. He keeps an eye on the gruff man, watching him move.

The gruff man looks back at Hoffman out of the corner of his eye.

Hoffman slowing easing back into the elevator as the gruff man looks away and--

52

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

52

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

The elevator doors close.

Hoffman's head shifts, seeing that someone is still in the elevator leaning against the back wall.

The person is a tall, fair-haired GENTLEMAN.

HOFFMAN
Going up?

Hoffman doesn't recognize the man, but we sure do.

It's JOHN KRAMER. Looking younger. Healthier. A calming smile on his face.

JOHN KRAMER
I sure am.

CLOSE ON: Hoffman's finger hits the button for the FIFTH FLOOR.

Hoffman settles at the front of the elevator. John is in the back half, just over Hoffman's shoulder.

Hoffman lowers his head.

John does not. The smile on his face drops. He just stares at Hoffman.

The MUZAK plays.

Neither men move as the BELL CHIMES for every passing floor.

(CONTINUED)

Then, Hoffman's eyes shift. He looks to the elevator buttons.

CLOSE ON: The button for the fifth floor is pushed, but no other buttons are pushed.

Hoffman's eyebrows furrow a bit. He tilts up his head, just barely gazing over his shoulder.

John stares back at him. His smile returning.

HOFFMAN

You didn't push a floor.

John's expression doesn't change. He just stares at Hoffman with a demented smile.

Hoffman's eyes drop to John's hands. They're covered with BLACK GLOVES.

Hoffman tries to grab his handgun but--

Quicker than a cobra, John grabs Hoffman's hand and twists it, slamming a SYRINGE into his neck with his free hand.

Hoffman fights, but John holds him tight, jamming Hoffman into the corner.

JOHN KRAMER

I think we're going to the same place.

The effects of the syringe are quick. Hoffman weakens, and John gently brings him down to the floor.

FROM HOFFMAN'S P.O.V.: John stands over Hoffman--DING! Ninth floor.

FADE TO:

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

The room is draped in darkness. Hoffman gasps, his head rising and his eyes shooting open.

He tries to move, but his arms are bound to a chair with a SHOTGUN mounted under his chin. In a mirror, he sees the shotgun, his eyes go wide.

He doesn't recognize this room, but we do. It's Jigsaw's first lair as revealed in Saw IV. Various wicked TOOLS OF PAIN and TRAPS in differing states of assembly surround him: the glass box, Cecil's knife trap, etc.

(CONTINUED)

Maps of the HUMAN ANATOMY line the walls.

JIGSAW (O.S.)

You know why you're here don't you?

Jigsaw steps out of the darkness.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

I think you do. I think we both do. They say "imitation is the greatest form of flattery."

(beat)

But, suddenly, I started getting credit for work that was not mine. Inferior work.

Hoffman knows exactly what he means.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

You see, detective...like you, I know what it's like to lose a family member. I know the powerless feeling when you cannot protect your loved ones.

Hoffman suddenly STRUGGLES against his bonds.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

I wouldn't do that.

(nods to gun)

Hair trigger.

(beat)

Vengeance can change a person. Makes you into something you never thought you'd be capable of being. But unlike you, I've never killed anyone. I always give people a chance...

HOFFMAN

Where's my chance?

JIGSAW

Soon enough. Our game has just begun.

HOFFMAN

You don't know me.

JIGSAW

No, I do. I know about your sister. I know how you cared for her.

Hoffman's eyes tighten as--

(CONTINUED)

INSERT SHOT: Hoffman holds his recently received POLICE BADGE in his hand. His sister, LAURA, leans in, giving him a hug.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
She was your only family.

Jigsaw leans closer.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
I've watched you, detective, as
you've pursued me. I know you're
being eaten away by what you did to
Seth.

INSERT SHOT: Seth screams as the pendulum cuts him in half.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
I know you sit in saloons till
closing.

INSERT SHOT: Hoffman sits alone at a bar staring bleary-eyed at his drink.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
Drinking so you can sleep, stagger
to your car and then do it all over
again the next day.

INSERT SHOT: Hoffman stumbles across the street, dropping his keys and almost getting hit by a passing car. It HONKS.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
Then, one day, to my surprise, I
discovered what you did for
recreation.

HOFFMAN
I don't know what you're talking
about.

JIGSAW
You can dispense justice and give
people a chance to value their
lives in the same moment.

Jigsaw then holds up a METAL ANKLE CLAMP.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
You used zinc. I use galvanized.
More durable when you're in it for
the long haul. Are you in this for
the long haul?

HOFFMAN
I've been a cop for nearly twenty
years.

(CONTINUED)

JIGSAW

Then you know as well as I the statistics for repeat offenders in this city.

(smiles)

So you can look at what happened to Seth as a...well...a public service.

(beat)

But killing is distasteful to me, detective. There's a better way. More efficient. I assure you...

HOFFMAN

What way?

JIGSAW

If a subject survives my method, he or she is...properly rehabilitated.

Jigsaw reaches down and PUSHES THE TRIGGER ON THE SHOTGUN--
CLICK! Nothing. Hoffman flinches, his heart racing.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

I offer true justice with instant enlightenment and rehabilitation, but to do so you have to think beyond personal needs.

HOFFMAN

Are you blackmailing me?

Jigsaw suddenly produces a STRAIGHT RAZOR from his pocket, and with one stroke cuts the tape binding Hoffman and frees him.

Hoffman, speechless, just stares at him.

JIGSAW

Now, what are we going to do with this precarious situation we find ourselves in? I am the man you call Jigsaw. You know what I do and it's your duty to bring me in. However, I know who you are and what you've done.

HOFFMAN

So what do you want?

JIGSAW

Nothing. As with any game, I simply offer a choice.

Jigsaw leans forward.

(CONTINUED)

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

Arrest me, but in doing so your
life ends as you know it.

HOFFMAN

What's stopping me from just
killing you right now?

JIGSAW

You're not a killer. And the
information I have on you is
exactly where it needs to be and
will be released immediately in the
event of my disappearance.

(beat)

Are you willing to take the risk of
ruining your life to protect a
broken legal system that puts
murderers back on the street?
You're at a crossroads, detective.
Make your choice.

Jigsaw sits back...and waits. A MOMENT OF SILENCE. The
truth of Jigsaw's words floods into Hoffman.

HOFFMAN

She was my little sister. He
didn't deserve a fucking chance.
He was filthy scum.

JIGSAW

Everybody deserves a chance.

HOFFMAN

You didn't see the blood.

INSERT SHOT: Hoffman kneels next to Laura's blood drenched
body, her head nearly decapitated.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

You didn't see what he did to her.

JIGSAW

Yes, I did. You'll find we are
more alike than you think.

CUT BACK TO:

PRESENT

Strahm grabs the file right after Seth's.

CLOSE ON: The name on the case file reads, "PAUL LEAHY."

(CONTINUED)

Strahm flips it open and looks at the gory details of the photos. It's Paul from the RAZOR ROOM in Saw. The big guy who had to burrow through barbwire in under three hours.

CLOSE ON: Photos of Paul. He's a formidable man. His physical specs are listed as, "Height: 6'4" Weight: 275 lbs."

Strahm lowers the file, thinking to himself.

Strahm then grabs the files and stuffs them into a bag. He scans another set of files labeled, "JIGSAW KILLER - LOCAL POLICE."

CLOSE ON: The names are familiar: SING, TAPP, KERRY, MATTHEWS, HOFFMAN.

Strahm grabs the files for the police working the case and slings the bag over his shoulder, moving from the office.

54A

INT. FBI OFFICE - ERICKSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

54A

Erickson has his head down working when something moves outside his open door. Erickson's eyes rise, just seeing Strahm exit from his sight.

55

INT. FBI OFFICE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

55

Erickson steps out into the hallway, but Strahm is gone.

56

INT. FBI OFFICE - RESEARCH ROOM - NIGHT

56

Erickson moves through the dark room, flicking on the same desk lamp Strahm used. Nothing seems out of place.

CUT TO:

57

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

57

It's late and only a few cars are left in the garage at this point. One of those cars, though, is Hoffman's boat.

RING-RING-RING! His cell phone rings and--

HOFFMAN (O.S.)

This is Hoffman.

58

INT. FBI OFFICE - ERICKSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

58

Erickson sits behind his desk. The blue glow from his computer screen offers the only light.

ERICKSON

Detective Hoffman, it's Special Agent Erickson.

59

INT. HOFFMAN'S CAR - NIGHT

59

Hoffman holds his phone to his ear, lowering a pair of BINOCULARS.

ERICKSON (V.O.)

You had something to discuss about the Jigsaw case?

HOFFMAN

Yes, I stopped by Strahm's room tonight at the hospital, but he wasn't there. I hope he's alright.

INTERCUT

ERICKSON

Yes, he's fine.

HOFFMAN

Strahm had been theorizing about the possibility of an additional accomplice to Jigsaw, other than Amanda Young. Someone who might be currently unknown.

(beat)

Did he ever mention anything like that to you?

Erickson twiddles a pen in his fingers.

ERICKSON

No. But then again, I'm new to the case.

HOFFMAN

Alright, well, please have him contact me at his earliest convenience.

Erickson leans forward in his chair.

ERICKSON

Will do...and say, in your theorizing, who exactly did you suspect would be an accomplice?

Hoffman now hesitates, he's on thin ice.

HOFFMAN

Strahm suspected it as someone on the inside. Someone with access.

Erickson leans back in his chair.

(CONTINUED)

ERICKSON
Interesting theory, detective.
What do you say we reconnect in the
morning?

HOFFMAN
You got it.

Hoffman clicks off his phone, looking to the incoming number
and writing it down on the NOTE PAD.

CLOSE ON: The number is written under Erickson's name. And
it's noticed that under that is a LICENSE PLATE NUMBER.

Hoffman raises the binoculars, focusing on a GROUP OF CARS in
the distance.

FROM HOFFMAN'S P.O.V.: The license plate number matches one
of the cars...Erickson's car.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE - RESEARCH ROOM - NIGHT

The door to the research room opens again and Erickson walks
in, flicking on the main lights. This time, Erickson sees
the Jigsaw shelf.

CLOSE ON: A whole row of files are missing.

Erickson moves to the void, touching the label that reads,
"JIGSAW KILLER - VICTIMS."

He stares a moment when--

SPECIAL AGENT COWAN (O.S.)
Sir?

Erickson's head turns, seeing Special Agent Cowan standing
nearby. She holds out a NOTE.

SPECIAL AGENT COWAN (CONT'D)
There's a message for you from Jill
Tuck.

CUT TO:

INT. RAZOR ROOM - NIGHT

Strahm creeps down a set of basement stairs. He flicks on a
light, and the room where Paul died is revealed.

It's been thoroughly cleaned, but the cage is still intact.

Strahm sets down his bag, pulling out the case file. He
holds the CRIME SCENE PHOTOS, looking the room over.

(CONTINUED)

61

CONTINUED:

61

CLOSE ON: The photos display Paul in the trap, hanging dead on the barbwire.

STRAHM

How'd they get you?

FLASH CUT TO:

62

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

62

A LUXURY CAR several years past its prime sits alone in the trash-filled alleyway. Filthy water drips from the clogged gutters overhead.

SCREAMING emanates from the car as the passenger side door swings open and a fishnet stocking-clad leg with cheap high heel hits the pavement.

JASMINE

(from car)

Get away from me!

62A

INT. LUXURY CAR - NIGHT

62A

JASMINE, a streetwalker with more makeup than morals, holds a fistful of money as a beefy hand grabs her arm.

JASMINE

Get your fucking hands off me!

She twists, but the hand holds tight. The man, PAUL, pulls her back into the car, his face red with rage.

PAUL

Where do you think you're going--

JASMINE

It's my money, you freak!

Jasmine SMACKS him with an open hand, sliding out of his grasp.

PAUL

Hey--

JASMINE

You're fucking nuts!

SLAM! The door hits Paul's outstretched arm, causing Paul to yelp and retract back into the driver's seat.

62AA

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

62AA

Jasmine storms down the alleyway, struggling to move quickly in her heels.

(CONTINUED)

62AA CONTINUED:

62AA

The second she moves out of view, it's revealed that a person has been watching her. The person wears a black skull cap. And a black hooded sweatshirt is pulled up over their head.

62AB INT. LUXURY CAR - NIGHT

62AB

Paul cradles his bashed hand and curses to himself. With his free hand, he grabs an already open bottle of cheap WHISKEY, taking a deep swig.

Paul slams down the bottle, breaking it.

PAUL
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Paul tries to control himself, but his emotions are boiling. He slams his fists against the dashboard, clearing it of debris.

Paul's eyes then drop, seeing the broken bottle on the floor. He grabs it, putting it to his wrist.

CLOSE ON: There are OLD SCARS across Paul's wrist. Paul drags the broken edge of the bottle along the scar tissue.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Fuck it.

Paul takes a deep breath and--

WHAM! The rear of the car bounces as if someone landed on it. Paul's head whips around.

62B EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

62B

Paul emerges from the car. But no one is there. Just the dripping of the water from the gutters.

PAUL
You better not be fucking with me!

Paul moves to the back of his car, looking to the trunk but seeing no damage.

Paul takes a step deeper into the alleyway when--

A ROPE IS WRAPPED AROUND HIS NECK from behind and pulled tight.

Paul flails, his hands reaching for his neck. He looks back, seeing DARK FIGURE #1.

Paul wildly bucks, shaking Dark Figure #1 off his back. A stray punch connects, causing Dark Figure #1 to fall back.

(CONTINUED)

But before Paul can make his next move, Dark Figure #1 lunges forward, kicking out Paul's knee.

Paul tries to react, but a quick two-punch combination to the stomach and temple causes him to take a step back.

Dark Figure #1 moves to pounce, but Paul gets his hands up. The two men lock up.

Paul is too strong, adrenaline rushing through his veins.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I'm gonna fucking kill you!

Paul gets a fist up to whack Dark Figure #1 when--

WHACK! A lead pipe to the back of the head puts Paul down in an instant.

DARK FIGURE #2 stands, holding the pipe. He too wears ALL-BLACK SWEATS.

Dark Figure #1 steps back, pulling back his hood and sucking in the cool night air. It's Hoffman.

Hoffman's eyes connect with the man who saved him. It's Jigsaw.

And Jigsaw calmly sheds his hood, glaring at Hoffman.

CUT BACK TO:

PRESENT

Strahm stares at the spot where Paul died. He moves around the room, looking to the walls.

He comes upon a PEEP HOLE. Strahm's eyes then shift to the stairs again and we--

MATCH CUT TO:

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Jigsaw programs the DIGITAL CLOCK near the door at the top of the stairs. He then turns, coming back down the stairs.

Paul is slumped unconscious on the floor of the cage with the razor room before him.

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED:

64

Jigsaw makes a quick adjustment to one of the wires, continuing in to the back viewing room.

CUT BACK TO:

65

INT. RAZOR ROOM - NIGHT

65

PRESENT

Strahm kneels by the peep hole, looking through. He then rises, opening a FALSE WALL that leads to--

66

INT. RAZOR ROOM - VIEWING AREA - NIGHT

66

A small room separated from the rest of the basement. The ceilings are low and there's a BACK DOOR out of the place.

Strahm eyes the peep hole when--

MATCH CUT TO:

67

INT. RAZOR ROOM - VIEWING AREA - NIGHT

67

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Jigsaw moves to a PEEP HOLE in the wall. It looks out at Paul. And then, from the darkness, a voice is heard--

HOFFMAN (O.S.)

I didn't expect to feel...

JIGSAW

Righteous.

HOFFMAN

No, remorse.

Jigsaw turns as Hoffman takes a step forward out of the darkness.

JIGSAW

The heart cannot be involved.
Emotionally there can be nothing
there. It can never be personal.

Hoffman holds a beat and then crosses to exit.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

You're not done yet.

Jigsaw motions to the peep hole.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

Tonight you'll see the difference
between killing and rehabilitation.

(CONTINUED)

Hoffman leans into the peep hole, Jigsaw watching his every move. A beat passes and--

HOFFMAN

There's a detective you should be aware of. His name is Tapp. He's smart, and he's getting close--

JIGSAW

I know who he is. His perception of good and evil are blurred by crude social definition.

(beat)

He's trying to save people. I admire that, but he needs to be led towards a person actually in need of being saved.

HOFFMAN

Like who?

Jigsaw holds out a WHITE PENLIGHT in a plastic bag.

JIGSAW

A doctor in need of healing.

CLOSE ON: Jigsaw flips over the pen and in blue stencil a name reads, "DR. LAWRENCE GORDON." It's the pen planted in the FIRE ROOM location, the pen that set Saw into motion.

CUT BACK TO:

PRESENT

Strahm kneels, holding open the bag and pulling out the case files. He finds the ones he's looking for.

They're the people from the Saw II house: JONAS, ADDISON, XAVIER, OBI, LAURA, GUS, and DANIEL MATTHEWS.

STRAHM

(re: police files)

And then you supplied the police files, didn't you?

Strahm grabs another file. It's for...AMANDA YOUNG. Her sad, near psychotic eyes stare back at Strahm as we--

FLASH CUT TO:

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

(CONTINUED)

The claustrophobic room with dirt-caked walls that drip like blood. The vault is in the middle, and the door leading out is currently cracked.

There's a DRAGGING SOUND and then Hoffman enters the room, lugging OBI's unconscious body. He sets down the thin man, letting out a sigh.

Hoffman turns, moving back to the door and pulling the LARGE SILVER HANDGUN from his waistline.

HOFFMAN

It's ready.

Hoffman holds out to the handgun to Jigsaw. The feeble looking man sits in a chair right outside the door.

JIGSAW

This'll work.

Jigsaw takes the handgun, moving to door. He nods to Hoffman, and Hoffman moves to the opposite side of the door.

Jigsaw begins to mount the handgun, lining it up with the eye hole.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

A little to the left.

Hoffman moves just a bit, standing in the exact spot where GUS was shot in Saw II.

HOFFMAN

You're assuming this is going to play out the way you want it?

Jigsaw opens the barrel, loading it with bullets.

JIGSAW

You never assume. You anticipate all the possibilities and then let the game play out.

HOFFMAN

Then why do you need Amanda in the game?

JIGSAW

To ensure the rules are followed. She won't make any decisions for anyone, she'll simply offer choices.

Jigsaw slams closed the barrel. The handgun is now live, and Hoffman strains just a bit.

(CONTINUED)

HOFFMAN

That leaves a lot to chance.

JIGSAW

If you're good at anticipating the human mind, then nothing is left to chance.

Jigsaw spins the barrel, moving from the room.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

It's time, bring in the others.

As Jigsaw exits the room--

CUT BACK TO:

70

INT. RAZOR ROOM - VIEWING AREA - NIGHT

70

PRESENT

Strahm stares into the photo of Amanda. He lowers it, thinking a moment.

STRAHM

She stood in your way.

After a beat, Strahm gathers the files again, stuffing them into the bag. He moves.

CUT TO:

71

INT. THIRD ROOM - NIGHT

71

Mallick steps into the room, he gasps and lets out a deep breath of air.

MALLICK

Oh, Jesus...

Luba and Brit are right behind him, their heads perking up to see what awaits them.

The small, pentagon-shaped room has a grated metal floor. At the center is a LARGE BATHTUB filled with water.

An ELECTRICAL CORD sticks out from each of the five walls. They lie close to the bathtub and have spiked clamps and insulated handles on the ends.

There is a SECOND DOOR on the far wall, but, of course, it's closed. There are FIVE LOCKS on it, and a TIMER is above.

There's a mounted TV in the corner of the ceiling and the omnipresent GALLON-SIZED JUGS sit in the four corners. The timers are already ticking down from fifteen minutes.

(CONTINUED)

Mallick turns, moving to close the door to the second room when--

BRIT

Wait.

Brit grabs the door, keeping it open.

BRIT (CONT'D)

(to Mallick)

What did you do to end up here?

MALLICK

Something I did...resulted in a bunch of people dying. It was an accident, but they're still dead.

LUBA

That's why you're here?

Mallick nods, his eyes dropping a bit.

LUBA (CONT'D)

So you didn't go to jail or anything?

MALLICK

No. No one knows.

BRIT

Well, somebody does.

Mallick nods, and then Brit looks to Luba.

LUBA

I haven't killed anyone if that's what you're wondering.

BRIT

I wasn't.

LUBA

I grant building permits.

Mallick and Brit continue staring to Luba, waiting for her to give more. She sighs as if embarrassed.

LUBA (CONT'D)

And maybe some people might have been more deserving than others. That's the business, and anyone who thinks otherwise is either naive, stupid or both.

Brit reacts a bit to Luba's admission, but she hides it.

(CONTINUED)

MALLICK

So you take bribes. Nice.

LUBA

Well, you're not Mother Theresa.

BRIT

No, far from it. I build condos in one of the most densely populated cities in the country.

Brit looks to Mallick.

BRIT (CONT'D)

You don't put up a new building without knocking down a few old ones.

MALLICK

Great, so we're all dirt bags who deserve to be here.

BRIT

You think that's it? You think there's not another connection?

MALLICK

No. I do. But right now, I don't give a shit.

Mallick eyes both of them. He wipes the blood sliding from his busted nose, his hand shaking from the adrenaline running through his veins.

MALLICK (CONT'D)

Close the door and let's hear the rules.

Brit's eyes turn to Luba. She shrugs. Brit moves to the door leading to the second room and pushes it closed.

ZZCCCCHHHH!!! The TV flickers on, static filling the screen. It warms up and then an image appears on the screen.

The doll.

DOLL

(from screen)

Hello, and welcome. You must all be eager to learn the next important lesson in your transformation.

(beat)

The game before you is designed to bridge the gap between you all.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOLL (CONT'D)

Water is one of the most conductive materials on the planet, and as luck would have it, the human body is sixty percent water.

The doll lingers a second, staring out from the screen.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(from screen)

In order to open the five locks on the door out of this room, the five electrical currents powering them must be closed. The only way to do this is to connect all five cords in the bathtub...bridging the gap.

The doll seems to grin, staring out at the three players. Mallick can feel the eyes on his back.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(from screen)

Close the current and the door will open, but work quickly, for this entire room is on a conductive metal grid, and in three minutes an electrical surge will be pumped through the grid that will make your blood boil and your skin melt.

(beat)

Who will bridge the gap? The choice is yours.

The TV image cuts out right as--

The timer on the wall starts to tick down from THREE MINUTES.

A massive ELECTRICAL CHARGER along one of the walls starts to fire up.

Mallick takes a step towards the water-filled bathtub. The electrical cords don't quite make it to the tub.

Mallick leans down, pulling on one of the cords, but it doesn't stretch.

Something (or someone) has to connect them all.

Brit's eyes then turn to Luba. They both take a step towards Mallick. He sees them coming.

MALLICK

So, how are we going to do this?

Mallick's eyes shift to Luba. She holds a GLASS SHARD in her hand, taken from the last room.

(CONTINUED)

LUBA

You're going to get in the bathtub,
and we're going to connect the five
cords to your body.

MALLICK

You're going to kill me?

Luba shrugs. Mallick's eyes shift to Brit. She gives him
nothing back but a blank stare.

Tick...tick...tick...TWO MINUTES FIFTEEN SECONDS LEFT...

Mallick leans down to the water, touching the water.

MALLICK (CONT'D)

Chilly.

Luba looks to the timer.

LUBA

Get in.

MALLICK

I'm really more of a shower type of
guy.

LUBA

Get in the goddamn tub.

MALLICK

Fuck you.

Mallick just stands there so Luba lunges forward, swiping at
him. He stumbles back, falling into the tub ass first.

She advances on him, shard out.

Mallick squirms to get out, but his eyes stay on Brit.

Brit picks up one of the insulated handles with spiked clamps
and moves towards Mallick.

MALLICK (CONT'D)

No!

Brit raises the insulated handle and doesn't connect it to
Mallick. Instead, she JAMS THE SPIKED CLAMP INTO LUBA'S HEAD
RIGHT BEHIND HER EAR.

Luba howls, falling forward, grabbing at the spike sticking
out of her head.

She trips, falling onto her stomach and hitting the metal
grated floor with a THUD.

(CONTINUED)

Luba gasps, letting out a light scream and then...

Nothing.

She's dead. Body stretched out. The spiked clamp sticking out of the back of her head.

Mallick looks to Brit, shocked.

MALLICK (CONT'D)

You killed her?

BRIT

She couldn't be trusted.

MALLICK

I thought you didn't know anyone here?

BRIT

I lied.

MALLICK

What else have you lied about?

Brit's eyes shift to the timer.

Tick...tick...tick...ONE MINUTE THIRTY SECONDS LEFT...

Brit moves to the body, pulling out the clamp.

BRIT

Help me.

Mallick does. They grab Luba's limp body and lug it over to the bathtub. They slide her into the water.

Mallick moves to grab one of the electrical cords.

BRIT (CONT'D)

Don't let your body touch hers.

Mallick grabs the electrical cord by the insulated handles. He attaches the clamp to Luba's right foot.

Luba's right leg begins to twitch a bit as an electrical surge runs through it and into the water.

MALLICK

Fuck, man.

CLICK! One of the five locks on door out of the room opens from the closed circuit.

BRIT

Four more.

(CONTINUED)

Brit attaches a clamp to each of Luba's outstretched arms. The water begins to boils as the electrical current surges.

CLICK-CLICK! Two more locks open on the door.

Luba's body FRIES in the boiling water. SPARKS begin to fly out of her skin.

Tick...tick...tick...ONE MINUTE LEFT...

Mallick attaches the clamp to Luba's left leg. Sparks shoot out of her body. Her skin begins to melt from her bone.

CLICK! The fourth door lock opens.

Tick...tick...tick...THIRTY SECONDS LEFT...

Brit attaches the last clamp to Luba's head and--

The water comes to a rolling boil. Luba's body stiffens, and a high-pitched humming sound overtakes the room.

CLICK! The final lock on the door opens and the door goes ajar.

The two move for the door.

Tick...tick...tick...TEN SECONDS LEFT...

The massive charger in the room SCREAMS as its about to let of a power surge.

Brit and Mallick move for the other room right as--

ZAP!!! The charge shoots through the room, causing Luba's charred body to BURST INTO FLAMES.

A THUNDER CLAP rings out and the charger dies out, taking the lights with it.

Smoke rises, and the emergency light flicks on, highlighting the peeking in faces of Brit and Mallick.

MALLICK

I don't want to get on your bad side, but I have a few questions for you.

Brit's eyes shift to the GALLON-SIZED JUGS.

CLOSE ON: The timer hits the NINE MINUTE MARK.

Brit turns and reenters the door leading to the fourth room.

CUT TO:

72-74 OMITTED 72-74

72-74

74AA INT. FBI OFFICE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

74AA

Agent Kowan blocks Pamela Jenkins, the pushy reporter from Hoffman's press conference, from proceeding down the hallway.

They're already in mid-conversation.

PAMELA JENKINS
I want to talk with the agent
handling the Jigsaw case.

SPECIAL AGENT KOWAN
Take it up with public affairs in
the morning.

Both their eyes turn as Jill passes them in the hallway.
Pamela Jenkins's focus suddenly shifts.

PAMELA JENKINS
Jill Tuck.
(re: herself)
Pamela Jenkins, City Times. I'd
like to ask you a few questions.

Jill turns, but she doesn't respond. Special Agent Kowan hustles to catch up with Jill, turning one last time.

SPECIAL AGENT KOWAN
(an order)
Public Affairs.

Special Agent Kowan motions to the exit. Pamela Jenkins nods, writing something down in her notebook.

PAMELA JENKINS
Got it.

74A INT. FBI OFFICE - ERICKSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

74A

Erickson rises as Special Agent Kowan leads Jill into the room.

JILL
Thank you for seeing me so late in
the day.

ERICKSON
Sure.

Erickson exchanges a look with Special Agent Kowan, and then he closes the door.

ERICKSON (CONT'D)
What seems to be the problem?

(CONTINUED)

Jill sits, clutching her bag. Erickson moves to his desk chair, sitting opposite her.

JILL

I think I'm being followed.

ERICKSON

That sounds more like a police matter, Ms. Tuck.

JILL

I don't think they can help me.

ERICKSON

Why's that?

JILL

Because it's you, the FBI.

ERICKSON

I don't understand.

JILL

It started when John was first identified as the Jigsaw killer. That didn't surprise me then.

(beat)

But I'm still being followed?

ERICKSON

By who?

JILL

I think it's the agent who interrogated me.

Erickson's eyes perk up, leaning forward in his chair.

ERICKSON

Agent Strahm?

(off Jill's nod)

Why would he be following you?

JILL

I don't know.

Erickson hesitates a beat, his eyes tightening. He tilts his head, reading Jill.

ERICKSON

Who else have you told about this?

JILL

Only you.

(CONTINUED)

74A CONTINUED: (2)

74A

Erickson holds a beat, studying Jill's face. But she's stone, staring back.

75-77 OMITTED 75-77

75-77

78 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - THE SICK ROOM - NIGHT

78

Yellow police tape and evidence cards still litter the floor of the recently found room. The light flicks on, and Strahm steps into the tomb of Jigsaw, Amanda, Jeff, and Lynn.

Most items have been taken out for evidence, but blood stains still cover the floors and wall.

Strahm's eyes pass the HIDDEN DOOR that led to his near-death. He shudders, moving to where Amanda died.

He kneels, looking for anything out of place.

MATCH CUT TO:

79 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - THE SICK ROOM - NIGHT

79

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Jigsaw's on the gurney. He's hooked up to the monitors, but his head is not yet wrapped since this is from before the Saw III games began.

Jigsaw's eyes stare into nothing, the oxygen mask covering his mouth. He's deep in thought.

HOFFMAN (O.S.)

You told me something once a long time ago.

Jigsaw eyes flutter as his concentration is broken. He lowers the oxygen mask, seeing Hoffman standing in the doorway.

Hoffman is dressed just as he did before his "abduction" in Saw IV.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

You said that the only way to truly offer enlightenment is by detaching emotionally.

Jigsaw's eyes shift, thinking of Hoffman's words. The apprentice moves closer to the master.

He leans against a counter top, crossing his arms.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

Do you remember that?

(CONTINUED)

Jigsaw weakly nods.

JIGSAW

Yes, but you have something that she doesn't. Anonymity. It is the greatest protection. It allows you to do your work unknown and unchallenged by those that can't or won't understand.

(beat)

That's what I have given you. And you'll return this gift by participating in a game that may not be entirely clear right now. But I assure you, these people being tested, they're part of something much larger. They're connected. And in the end, the pieces will all come together and that will be clear.

Hoffman takes a beat, tilting his head.

HOFFMAN

Amanda is going to fail you.

These words hit Jigsaw hard, like a knife to the heart. He holds, and then he nods, looking to Hoffman.

JIGSAW

You may be right.

Jigsaw pulls out a FOLDER, handing it to Hoffman.

HOFFMAN

What is this?

The sound of a WOMAN SCREAMING distracts them.

JIGSAW

It's time to play a game.

Hoffman glances out the door, through the hanging plastic drapes.

He moves to the wall, pushing through the HIDDEN DOOR and vanishing right as--

AMANDA pushes through the plastic drapes with LYNN DENLON in the wheelchair.

79A

CONTINUED:

79A

Hoffman opens the folder, seeing the photos of MALLICK, LUBA, ASHLEY, CHARLES, and BRIT.

CUT BACK TO:

80

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

80

Strahm moves from where Jigsaw laid to the hidden door. He pushes it open, using his penlight to see into the dark abyss, to where he was supposed to die.

FLASH CUT TO:

81

EXT. MEAT PROCESSING FACILITY - NIGHT

81

(FLASHBACK)

The outside doors to the facility fly open and Hoffman emerges. Jeff's daughter, Corbett, is tucked under his arm.

HOFFMAN

I got her! I got her! She's alright!

FLASH CUT TO:

82

EXT. MEAT PROCESSING FACILITY - NIGHT

82

(FLASHBACK)

Hoffman shambles past Fisk.

HOFFMAN

Nobody made it.

CUT BACK TO:

83

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

83

PRESENT

Strahm's eyes shift back and forth. Thousands of thoughts run through his mind. He moves about the room, reliving the final moments before everyone died.

STRAHM

Everyone was supposed to die. You were supposed to be the hero.

Then something hits him. He drops to his knees, pulling out the PHOTOS of the people from the Saw II group game.

Strahm pulls out a final photo revealed as...DOCTOR GORDON. He stares to the missing people.

(CONTINUED)

83

CONTINUED:

83

STRAHM (CONT'D (CONT'D))
You control it all.

CUT TO:

83A INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

83A

FROM HOFFMAN'S P.O.V.: Erickson quickly walks through the parking garage with a briefcase in hand. He holds his car keys, moving to one of the cars being watched by Hoffman.

83B INT. HOFFMAN'S CAR - NIGHT

83B

Hoffman sits low in his seat, holding the binoculars and looking out the front windshield at Erickson.

He lowers the binoculars and looks to the cell phone number written on the note pad. His hand drops to the passenger seat, grabbing the plastic evidence bag he took from the evidence room earlier.

The bag holds...STRAHM'S CELL PHONE.

Hoffman begins to type in Erickson's number--

84-86 OMITTED 84-86

84-86

86A INT. ERICKSON'S CAR - NIGHT

86A

Erickson slides into the driver's seat, setting his cell phone on the passenger's side seat. He turns the ignition when--

RING-RING-RING! His cell phone begins to chime. Erickson grabs it, looking to the caller ID.

CLOSE ON: The caller ID reads, "PETER STRAHM."

Erickson quickly answers.

ERICKSON
Peter, where the hell are you?

He hears a CLICK.

ERICKSON (CONT'D)
Hello?

Erickson looks to the phone and then hits RECENT CALLS--

87 INT. HOFFMAN'S CAR - NIGHT

87

Strahm's cell phone rings. Hoffman answers, but then hangs up the call immediately. He then turns it off and drops it onto the passenger seat.

(CONTINUED)

87

CONTINUED:

Hoffman raises the binoculars to his eyes again.

88

INT. ERICKSON'S CAR - NIGHT

88

Erickson has the phone to his ear.

ERICKSON

Hello?

He lowers the phone, hitting redial. This time, it goes straight to voicemail.

STRAHM

(through phone)

You've reached the voicemail for
Special Agent Strahm--

Frustrated, Erickson clicks off the phone. He thinks a second and then dials another number.

And after a beat--

ERICKSON

It's Special Agent Erickson. I'd
like to put a locator on a mobile
number.

89

INT. FBI OFFICE - TECH LAB - NIGHT

89

Special Agent Kowan sits before a computer. She wears a headset and furiously types as she listens.

SPECIAL AGENT KOWAN

(into headset mic)

Right away.

90

INT. HOFFMAN'S CAR - NIGHT

90

Hoffman lowers the binoculars and starts his car. He slams it into drive and pulls out from the parking spot.

90A

INT. ERICKSON'S CAR - NIGHT

90A

Erickson looks back over his shoulder right as Hoffman's car vanishes around a corner.

He looks back to his cell phone, setting it down.

CUT TO:

91

OMITTED91-92

91

93

INT. MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT

93

The light flicks on and Hoffman enters wearing gloves. The various mementos glimmer on the desks and shelves.

(CONTINUED)

He sets down a piping hot CUP OF COFFEE and pulls out Strahm's cell phone.

He sets down the cell and clicks it ON.

Hoffman then pulls something else out of his pocket. He sets it down onto the floor, but we don't yet see what it is.

A RED LIGHT begins to blink on the monitors.

CLOSE ON: On the fourth monitor, Brit and Mallick are seen entering the last room. The dead bodies of Ashley, Charles and Luba are seen on the other monitors.

Hoffman turns and abruptly exits the room through a previously HIDDEN DOOR.

CUT TO:

94-95 OMITTED94-95

94-95

96 INT. FOURTH ROOM - NIGHT

96

Mallick and Brit enter the fourth room at the same time. Again, it's quite small. However, it lacks the immediate threat of the past rooms.

Instead, there's a SIMPLE DEVICE by the door at the opposite side of the room.

The device resembles a WOOD CHIPPER. However, instead of one large mouth to shove large tree branches into, it has FIVE SMALL SLOTS...about the right size for a human arm.

The entire device is translucent, and there is a BANDSAW-LIKE BLADE deep within each slot on a moving track.

TUBES snake out of the device's base and lead to a protected BEAKER sitting on a scale. A line is drawn on the beaker at the TEN PINTS MARK.

The GALLON-SIZED JUGS sit in each corner. However, the timer is still, not having been tripped by the door opening.

A mounted TV is on the ceiling, currently blank.

MALLICK

What does the device do?

Brit moves to the device, looking it over.

BRIT

It's connected to the door. When the beaker drops, the door opens.

Brit backs up, looking to Mallick.

(CONTINUED)

BRIT (CONT'D)

An arm is supposed to go in there
to fill the beaker with blood.

MALLICK

Let's just fill it with water from
the other room.

BRIT

That's why it's arched upwards.
The slots are closed, we have to
insert our arms to open them.

(beat)

But then they'll be stuck.

Mallick nods, staring to the device.

MALLICK

I guess it's a fight to the death.
The winner getting their freedom
with the other person's blood.

The realization of what they have to do hangs heavy.

Brit nods, and Mallick eyes her as she moves to close the
door to the third room in order to start the game.

MALLICK (CONT'D)

You collected the keys from the
first room, try them on the escape
door.

Brit looks to the door across the room.

BRIT

They won't work.

MALLICK

You never know.

Brit looks to Mallick a moment. He shrugs, trying to smile.
She moves to the locked door, keeping the third door open.

Brit pulls out one of the five collected keys and looks to
the lock.

BRIT

It's not even the right kind of
lock.

She tries anyway, but, of course, it doesn't work. She drops
the key and pulls out another key.

Mallick takes a step towards the wood chipper device. He
tilts his head, looking closely.

(CONTINUED)

MALLICK

How come there are five slots?

Brit's eyes rise. She looks to the key in her hand. Then, her eyes shift to the key on the floor.

MALLICK (CONT'D)

Shouldn't there only be one?

Brit picks up the key, and she compares the two. They're IDENTICAL.

She pulls out the other three keys. Same story.

BRIT

(a whisper)

They all worked.

Brit looks back to the third room. She moves. Mallick turns, seeing Brit vanish into the third room.

MALLICK

Hey, where are you going?

INT. THIRD ROOM - NIGHT

Brit looks to Luba's sizzling body in the bathtub. Mallick follows her in, his eyes looking to one of the gallon-sized jugs.

CLOSE ON: The timer has about four minutes left.

MALLICK

I don't know if this is a good idea.

Brit stares at Luba.

CLOSE ON: The five clamps connect to Luba's four appendages and head.

BRIT

The tub wasn't meant for one person.

Brit looks to Mallick.

BRIT (CONT'D)

We were supposed to hold one cable each and suffer a small shock. It was made for five people. They all were. Every game.

Mallick tilts his head.

(CONTINUED)

BRIT (CONT'D)

We only needed one key in the first room. They all worked, and any one of them would have opened every collar.

(off Mallick's look)

In the second room, the three tubes were big enough or more than one person.

Mallick's gaze shifts to one of the jugs.

CLOSE ON: About a minute remains.

Brit grabs Mallick's face, getting his attention.

BRIT (CONT'D)

We were supposed to work together so we all survived. That is the game.

MALLICK

"Your lifelong instincts will tell you to do one thing, but I implore you to do the opposite."

Brit nods at the words told to them in the first room.

MALLICK (CONT'D)

Whoops.

Brit's eyes now shift to one of the four gallon-sized jugs.

CLOSE ON: There's about ten seconds left.

BRIT

Yeah, big fucking whoops.

Brit grabs Mallick by the arm and leads him back to--

INT. FOURTH ROOM - NIGHT

--the fourth room. She closes the door right as--

BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! The four jugs in the third room explode off screen as Brit pushes closed the door.

Mallick flinches, looking to the determined Brit.

MALLICK

Christ...

ZZCCCCHHHH!!! The TV flickers to life, filling with static. And after a beat, an image is seen. The DOLL.

He slowly turns forward, leaning into the camera.

(CONTINUED)

DOLL
(from screen)
Hello, and welcome. This journey
has been one of discovery, and,
hopefully, you have discovered the
whole is greater than the sum of
its parts.

The doll leans further into the camera, taking up the screen.

DOLL (CONT'D)
(from screen)
The human body, for instance, is an
astounding creation of durability,
able to absorb an unimaginable
amount of punishment and continue
to function. It contains
approximately ten pints of blood,
yet it is still able to operate
with just half that.

The doll tilts its head, as if looking to the device.

DOLL (CONT'D)
(from screen)
The device before you is one of
sacrifice...a sacrifice of blood.
In order to open the door, the
beaker must be filled to the marked
level...a level that is of no
coincidence.

Brit looks to the beaker, seeing the marking at TEN PINTS.

DOLL (CONT'D)
(from screen)
This amount can come from any one
of you, that does not matter. What
does matter is time. In fifteen
minutes, if the beaker is not
filled, the jugs will explode and
the doors will be sealed forever.
(beat)
So, now I ask you...how much blood
will you give in order to survive?

The TV images cuts out, and the screen goes black.

The timers on the jugs start to tick down from FIFTEEN
MINUTES. The wood chipper device churns to life. The
BANDSAW-LIKE BLADES SPIN, drawing Mallick's gaze.

BRIT
One person can fill the beaker with
ten pints of blood and die. Or two
people can fill it with five pints
of blood...

(CONTINUED)

98

CONTINUED: (2)

98

She turns, looking to Mallick.

BRIT (CONT'D)
...and live.

Mallick nods, his eyes never leaving the spinning blades.

BRIT (CONT'D)
So what are we going to do?

CUT TO:

98A

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

98A

P.O.V. SHOT FROM A DISTANCE: Hoffman exits the police station, hustling down the stairs. Paranoid, he looks over his shoulders.

He jumps into his car and firing up the engine.

As Hoffman's car pulls away from the curb, he passes a car with a man sitting behind the wheel.

IT'S STRAHM.

98B

INT. STRAHM'S CAR - NIGHT

98B

Strahm waits a beat, starts his engine and then slams it into gear, following Hoffman.

CUT TO:

99

INT. FBI OFFICE - TECH LAB - NIGHT

99

A white glow of the computer screen radiates off the face of Special Agent Kowan. She types, ignoring the chatter around her.

The screen BLINKS. Special Agent Kowan types in a few key strokes.

SPECIAL AGENT KOWAN
There you are, Strahm.

CLOSE ON: A grid of the city is seen. The image enlarges, and Special Agent Kowan gets a lock on an address.

100

INT. ERICKSON'S CAR - NIGHT

100

Erickson holds the cell phone to his ear with one hand and writes down an ADDRESS on a note pad with the other.

CLOSE ON: Erickson finishes the address.

ERICKSON
Got it, thanks.

(CONTINUED)

100

CONTINUED:

100

Erickson clicks off the phone and jerks the wheel, doing a U-turn.

CUT TO:

101

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

101

The house stands strangely at the end of a long industrial street. Hoffman quickly exits his car and moves to the entry door at the side.

102

INT. STRAHM'S CAR - NIGHT

102

Strahm watches from a distance. And the second the door into the house closes, he steps from his car.

103

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

103

Strahm charges across the street, his weapon hanging from one of his hands. He goes straight for the door Hoffman just entered.

104

INT. THE HOUSE - ENTRY WAY - NIGHT

104

The rear door opens, casting the outside light into the narrow walkway. Strahm peeks his head in, his gun on the ready.

He's never been here, but we have. With Eric in *Saw II*. What used to be decrepid and filthy is now clean.

105

INT. THE HOUSE - WAKE-UP ROOM - NIGHT

105

Strahm cautiously enters the room. It's refurbished with dark hardwood floors, earth-toned paint, muted lighting, and a working fireplace.

SMASH CUT TO:

105A

INT. THE HOUSE - MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT

105A

(FLASHBACK)

CLOSE ON: The WAKE-UP ROOM is seen on a monitor. Dead bodies are on the floor, and the secret hatch door is open.

CUT BACK TO:

105B

INT. THE HOUSE - WAKE-UP ROOM - NIGHT

105B

PRESENT

Strahm eyes the walls. This used to be the wake-up room, but that was long ago.

(CONTINUED)

Strahm sees the WALL OF BOOKS ranging from Nietzsche to Shakespeare. The expensive fixtures. The framed pictures depicting horseback-riding gentlemen and hounds in hunt.

Strahm moves to a large leather chair. It faces the fireplace. He kicks it over and sets down the FBI files, pulling up the Persian rug.

He drops to his knees and looks along the floorboards finding...

The outline to the SECRET DOOR.

Strahm finds the latch, pulling hard and opening the secret door that leads down into a dark abyss.

Peering down, Strahm hesitates. He's been in his situation before. His hand unconsciously touches his throat.

Strahm takes a breath and begins to descend the stairs.

CUT TO:

106-107 OMITTED106-107

106-107

108 INT. FOURTH ROOM - NIGHT

108

CLOSE ON: The timers on the jugs click past the EIGHT MINUTE mark.

Mallick and Brit have their arms exposed. Each have CLOTH tied around their upper biceps, to be used as a TOURNIQUET. They stand before the five slots of the wood chipper device.

MALLICK

I lied, too, you know. I knew that guy, the journalist.

Mallick glances to Brit.

MALLICK (CONT'D)

He was doing a story about what I did.

BRIT

How'd those people die?

Mallick looks to her, totally serious.

MALLICK

This guy offered me an ounce of heroin to burn down what was supposed to be an abandoned building.

(beat)

Eight people died.

(CONTINUED)

Brit's expression changes just a bit as Mallick's eyes drift down to his BURN-COVERED ARM.

MALLICK (CONT'D)

It didn't take long to come back to me. The Feds were involved.

(beat)

I made a deal, but when the guy who hired me disappeared, nothing happened.

Brit looks away, something rushing through her mind.

BRIT

That's how she knew me. The woman back there in the tub.

(off Mallick's look)

That fire. That's how we're all connected.

MALLICK

What do mean?

BRIT

The fire inspector who wrote the bogus accident report, the city planner who pushed through the redevelopment permits, the journalist who buried the investigative story, the junkie who became the patsy, and...

She points to herself.

BRIT (CONT'D)

...the real estate developer who set it all in motion.

Brit stares to Mallick.

BRIT (CONT'D)

Separate we were harmless, but together we were able to kill eight people and steal a property without anybody caring.

MALLICK

The Feds cared. It cost my family millions to keep me out of jail.

BRIT

But you never faced justice. None of us did.

MALLICK

Why would the others do that? Money?

(CONTINUED)

Brit nods, causing Mallick's eyes to quiver.

MALLICK (CONT'D)

You made it happen, you were behind it all.

(off Brit's blank stare)

You're a monster.

BRIT

So are you.

The two stare a moment, Mallick's shame causes him to drop his head.

MALLICK

We both deserve to be here.

Brit nods. A beat follows, but then the gravity of what awaits them sets in again as the blades continue to spin before them.

Tick...tick...tick...SEVEN MINUTES LEFT...

BRIT

Time to pay our penance.

They each take a step towards the wood chipper device, the spinning blades screaming for blood.

CUT TO:

Strahm comes to the bottom of the stairs. Blackness and tight walls that drip with wet mold awaits him.

He holds his weapon with one hand and his penlight with the other.

Strahm creeps forward, the tunnel turning just ahead.

CUT TO:

Erickson's car screeches to a halt. He jumps out, looking to the large, brick-faced building.

Just a door out front with a matching address.

Erickson tucks his weapon into his shoulder harness and moves to the door.

CUT TO:

111 INT. FOURTH ROOM - NIGHT

111

The screaming blades spin.

Brit and Mallick timidly push their hands into the slots. The opening is like a CHINESE FINGER-CUFF. Once the arm is pushed through it, the arm is stuck as the opening tightens.

However, they don't put their arms in just yet.

They face each other, one putting in a right arm and the other putting in a left. Of course, Mallick has his scar-covered arm in the device.

MALLICK

On three.

CUT TO:

112 INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - NIGHT

112

Strahm kneels, seeing a thick TRAIL OF BLOOD. It's as if someone dragged their severely bleeding body down the entire tunnel.

It's old, though. Dried and brown.

The trail goes back the way Strahm just came, but it starts from within a CHAINED DOORWAY at the end of the tunnel.

CUT TO:

113 INT. FOURTH ROOM - NIGHT

113

Mallick stares into Brit, the blades begging to be fed.

MALLICK

One.

CUT TO:

114 INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - NIGHT

114

Strahm eases forward to the CHAINED DOOR at the end of the tunnel. The DRIED BLOOD TRAIL leads into the room.

A SOUND takes Strahm's attention. He looks back down the hallway--

CUT TO:

115 INT. FOURTH ROOM - NIGHT

115

Sweat beads on Brit's nose. She stares to Mallick.

(CONTINUED)

115

CONTINUED:

115

MALLOCK

Two.

CUT TO:

116

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - NIGHT

116

The door swings open, the street lights from outside flood into the long, narrow hallway.

Erickson enters, moving down the hallway.

CUT TO:

117

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - NIGHT

117

Across from the ajar doorway, Strahm kneels, seeing the outlining for a HATCH DOOR.

But there's no handle. No way to open it.

A NOISE takes his eyes again. He moves back down the tunnel and rounds a corner.

CUT TO:

118

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - NIGHT

118

Strahm turns a corner and sees a precariously OPEN DOOR.

It's as if it's waiting for him, the lighting pooling out from within.

Strahm progresses with caution.

He uses his weapon to lead the way, turning the corner and seeing into--

CUT TO:

119

INT. FOURTH ROOM - NIGHT

119

Brit and Mallick's arms are in the slot up to their mid-bicep. Their fingers are split, and the spinning blade sits on its track, waiting to move up the arm.

A stream of blood slides down Mallick's brow. His mouth is cotton.

Brit's eyes are saucers, anticipating Mallick's next words--

MALLOCK

Three!

They both JAM THEIR ARMS IN--

(CONTINUED)

A sucking sound is heard as the slot clamps down around their biceps. Instantly, the blades start to move forward on its track, inching towards their splayed fingers.

They both scream as--

The blades TEAR INTO THE WEBBING BETWEEN THEIR FINGERS. Blood splatters as the blades keep moving, splitting their hands in half.

Their arms act like corks, and their blood is sucked up into the base of the device.

The blades move forward, cutting their hands in half and continuing to their wrists.

The blades CHURN, tearing apart bone and tendons.

Blood filters into the tubes...snaking down through the clear plastic and pooling into the beaker.

It quickly fills.

Brit and Mallick are stark white, screams of agony flying from their open mouths.

Tears fill their eyes.

The blades keep moving up their wrists and to their forearms, sucking the blood from their split arms like cows being milked.

The beaker fills, passing the FIVE PINT MARK.

Brit and Mallick both weaken, their legs giving out from the RAPID BLOOD LOSS.

Mallick MOANS in pain.

The beaker keeps filling, passing the SEVEN PINT MARK.

Brit eyes it, but her head sways, falling back.

Mallick tries to stay up, but it's a losing battle. His head bobs, and he eyes the beaker as it passes the EIGHT PINT MARK.

Mallick's legs give out, and he hangs there, his split arm in the slot, the only thing keeping him up.

Brit reaches out with her good arm, helping him up.

But she too is weak, and it takes a joint effort of propping each other up.

Brit's eyes staying focused on the beaker.

(CONTINUED)

It starts to drop a bit.

Brit's hopes rise, but she can barely keep her head up when--

The blades progress TO THEIR ELBOWS, tearing through the joints.

The beaker passes the NINE PINT MARK.

All color has fallen out of Brit and Mallick's faces. They're bone white.

And they can barely function.

The beaker drops more.

The blood rises, hitting the TEN PINT MARK as--

THE BEAKER DROPS.

The blades STOP, ending the suction. The slot openings RELEASE.

Both Mallick and Brit FALL TO THE FLOOR. Their split arms DANGLE like limp spaghetti noodles.

The door clicks, and it CRACKS OPEN.

Brit's limp body lies on the floor. She tilts her head, seeing the open door as--

CUT TO:

Strahm steps into a small, box-shaped room. Two tracks run along the walls and the open ceiling is made of mesh.

Strahm creeps in, making sure the door stays open. A LOOSE WIRE is attached to the door, and it's in no risk of closing.

The room is totally empty besides--

THE GLASS BOX. The one seen in Jigsaw's workshop. The trap built but its purpose never revealed.

Now, it lies in the middle of the floor with lid open, GLASS SHARDS sprinkled along the bottom.

Strahm eases forward, looking inside the box and seeing--

A MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER.

Strahm's heart skips a beat. The sound drops from around him. He leans down, pulling out the recorder and pressing play.

(CONTINUED)

Tape hiss emanates from the small speaker. There's a pop and then a raspy, bone-chilling voice creeps in.

However, like the doll, the voice is a tad off.

JIGSAW (V.O.)

(from tape)

Hello, Agent Strahm. If you are hearing this then you have, once again, found me...or so you think. Your dedication is to be commended, but I ask if you have learned anything on your journey of discovery?

(beat)

As the old adage goes: fool me once, shame on you...fool me twice shame on me.

CUT TO:

121 INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - NIGHT

121

Erickson charges down the long hallway. There are lights above his head, but NO DOORS on the brick walls.

The only door is at the end of the hallway.

CUT TO:

122 INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - NIGHT

122

Hoffman stands outside the metallic room doorway. He can't quite see inside, but he can hear the FAINT SOUND OF THE TAPE.

Hoffman holds a SYRINGE in one hand and a GUN in the other. Clearly, he has lured Strahm into a trap.

CLOSE ON: Strahm's WET SHOE PRINTS lead into the room.

CUT TO:

123 INT. METALLIC ROOM - NIGHT

123

Strahm holds the tape, listening.

JIGSAW (V.O.)

(from tape)

The situation you find yourself in is one of trust. So I ask you, Special Agent Strahm, have you learned to trust me?

(beat)

The only way to survive this room is by entering the glass box before you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

123

CONTINUED:

123

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

Pain will be incurred, but you will
have a chance of survival.

(beat)

However, if you choose not to, you
will never be heard from again...
you will never be found...you will
simply...vanish--

A NOISE takes Strahm's eyes and he hits STOP, abruptly
stopping the tape.

CUT TO:

124

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS - NIGHT

124

Hoffman steps from the tunnels and into the--

125

INT. METALLIC ROOM - NIGHT

125

--metallic room. It's empty. No sign of Strahm. Just the
glass box with open lid.

Hoffman takes a step into the room.

Silence surrounds him.

Then, he accidentally steps on something...it's the MICRO-
CASSETTE RECORDER.

Hoffman stows his handgun and picks up the recorder.

CUT TO:

126

INT. FOURTH ROOM - NIGHT

126

CLOSE ON: Brit ties her tourniquet tight, stopping the blood
dripping from her split arm.

Her head sways like a drunk. She grabs Mallick, hoisting up
his head.

BRIT

We made it...we won.

Brit motions to the door, but Mallick is in bad shape. He
squirms on the floor like a newborn.

Brit pulls his tourniquet tight, patting him.

BRIT (CONT'D)

You're gonna be okay.

She rises to her knees and starts to crawl towards the
cracked door.

CUT TO:

127

INT. METALLIC ROOM - NIGHT

127

As Hoffman looks at the micro-cassette recorder, Strahm reenters the room. His eyes drop, seeing the syringe in Hoffman's hand.

Strahm inches forward, raising his weapon.

At the same time, Hoffman's eyes rise a bit, seeing Strahm's reflection on the metallic walls.

He spins and lunges right as--

Strahm aims his weapon--BLAM! The shot misses.

Hoffman drops the syringe and the micro-cassette recorder, grabbing Strahm's weapon with both hands.

WHACK! A knee to the groin causes Strahm to drop the weapon. An elbow to the face pushes Strahm flailing back. Hoffman lunges forward with the fist but--

Strahm blocks it with his forearm and CHOPS Hoffman to the throat. Hoffman gags, and Strahm gives him a headbutt, BREAKING HIS NOSE.

Blood sprays, and Hoffman is temporarily BLINDED from the tears that fill his eyes.

Hoffman backs up defensively, but Strahm stays on him, using Hoffman's own momentum to push back across the room and into the--

GLASS BOX.

Hoffman's knees are taken out from under him and Strahm flips him back over and INTO THE BOX.

Hoffman screams as his body hits the glass shards within. He tries to lunge up--

WHACK! The lid hits him in the face, knocking him back into the box.

STRAHM
I got you! I got you,
motherfucker!

Hoffman howls and screams as--

CUT TO:

128

INT. FOURTH ROOM - NIGHT

128

Brit crawls towards the cracked door out of the fourth room. Blood drips from her arm.

(CONTINUED)

128

CONTINUED:

128

But she's determined. Nothing but will power fuels her now. She gets to the door, pushing it open and seeing--

CUT TO:

129

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - NIGHT

129

Erickson comes to the end of the hallway. He stands by the door, pushing it open to reveal--

CUT TO:

130

INT. METALLIC ROOM - NIGHT

130

Hoffman screams. He struggles in the glass box. The bottom DROPS DOWN from Hoffman's weight and--

The loose wire on the door is pulled TIGHT, yanking closed the door--SLAM!

Strahm's head spins around, seeing that he's now trapped in the room.

CUT TO:

131

INT. MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT

131

The door swings open and Erickson stands in the doorway.

He scans the room and sees the BANK OF MONITORS, the CRIME SCENE MEMENTOS, the MAPS covering the walls.

Erickson shuffles into the room, his eyes staring at the monitors.

CLOSE ON: The dead bodies of Luba, Charles and Ashley are seen. Mallick is sprawled out on the last monitor.

Erickson eyes shift, seeing the PHOTOS on the walls, matching the people. However, he doesn't see Brit. Not yet.

Then, something catches Erickson's eyes...a BLINKING RED LIGHT on the alarm system.

He looks to the SECRET DOOR out of the room and then to the monitors.

CLOSE ON: ONE monitor displays Erickson's car parked at the front of the building.

Erickson's hand gently touches the coffee...still hot.

He's suddenly on high alert, his hand unconsciously grabbing his holstered weapon.

(CONTINUED)

131

CONTINUED:

131

Erickson glances to the secret door - whoever was just there left in a hurry.

And that's when something causes Erickson to freeze. Something on the desk.

Erickson turns over the files for the FIVE PEOPLE and sees that they're FBI FILES.

Erickson reaches for his cell phone when--

BRIT (O.S.)

We won...we won together...

Erickson flinches, raising his handgun. He lunges forward and pushes through some HEAVY DRAPES seeing--

Brit slumped on the floor by the open door into the fourth room. She shivers, protecting her face from the beating she expects from this strange man.

But it never comes.

Beyond the door, Mallick is staring up at the ceiling.

BRIT (CONT'D)

We're all...connected.

Brit's terrified eyes look up to Erickson.

CUT TO:

132

INT. METALLIC ROOM - NIGHT

132

Strahm's head whips to Hoffman.

Hoffman, with blood flowing down his face, stares out at Strahm. His eyes are filled with hate. With pure evil.

He's no longer screaming.

Instead, a slight smirk crosses his face, and he points to the MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER on the floor next to Strahm.

CUT TO:

133

INT. MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT

133

Erickson lowers his weapon, moving to the blood-soaked woman, kneeling close to her.

ERICKSON

Christ...

Brit is stark white. Shivering. Close to falling into shock. He places his jacket over her.

(CONTINUED)

BRIT

. We worked together...we won.

Erickson reaches for his cell phone, but then something catches his eye. Something on the floor.

Erickson scoots over and picks up a pen. Strahm's pen. The one flicked onto the floor by Hoffman.

ERICKSON

Who did this to you?

Erickson looks to Brit, but she can't answer, she's too weak, shivering from the blood loss.

Erickson rises, looking to the FBI files again. In addition to the personal files for the five people, there are NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS in them about the fire. The one that Mallick set that they were all indirectly involved with.

Erickson's eyes drop to the bottom of the files.

CLOSE ON: At the bottom of them all the name of the agent working the case is seen. The name reads, "SPECIAL AGENT STRAHM."

Erickson holds his cell phone.

NOTE: SAW-STYLE RAPID FLASHBACK CONNECTING CLUES TO STRAHM SETTING UP THIS ROOM AND THESE PEOPLE (MISSING FILES, DISMISSIVE CONVERSATIONS, HINTS FROM HOFFMAN AND JILL).

Erickson raises his cell phone, scrolling through previous numbers.

CLOSE ON: He scans down to Strahm's incoming call. He hits talk, and the icon for calling Strahm's phone appears.

And after a beat--

RING-RING-RING-RING! A cell phone starts to chime. Erickson follows the sound, FINDING STRAHM'S CELL PHONE.

Erickson's mind spins: the files, the maps, the hot coffee, the monitors, the mementos, the person's quick exit upon seeing his car.

Erickson's eyes drop to Strahm's pen.

IT'S ALL CONNECTED TO STRAHM.

Strahm investigated these people and they all walked. This is Strahm's retribution.

ERICKSON (CONT'D)

My god...

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: (2)

133

Brit's head sways, she's losing consciousness.

CUT TO:

134 INT. METALLIC ROOM - NIGHT

134

Strahm picks up the micro-cassette recorder and looks back to Hoffman. Hoffman glares into Strahm, pointing to the walls.

Strahm's eyes shift as--

The walls start to move in on Strahm like a GIANT TRASH COMPACTOR.

At the same time, the glass box drops down, becoming flush with the floor.

Within a minute Strahm will be crushed.

STRAHM

You motherfucker! What is this?!

Hoffman again points to the micro-cassette tape.

The walls shrink the room by the second. Strahm reluctantly presses play and--

Jigsaw's WARBLED VOICE is heard, and then it continues from where Strahm left off--

JIGSAW (V.O.)

(from tape)

...if you choose not to, you will
never be heard from again... you
will never be found...you will
simply...vanish.

The voice on the tape starts to warble again...and then it speeds up a bit, warping into HOFFMAN'S VOICE.

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

(from tape)

I ask you, Special Agent Strahm,
have you learned enough to trust
me? Will you heed my warning? For
if you do not, this room will
forever be your tomb...and my
legacy will become yours.

(beat)

Make your choice.

Tape hiss returns and then the tape cuts out.

Strahm stares to Hoffman.

(CONTINUED)

134

CONTINUED:

134

As they both know, the choice has already been made...the box is not the trap...it is the only safe place in the room.

Not only did Strahm save Hoffman...he just killed himself.

CUT TO:

135

INT. MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT

135

Erickson kneels next to Brit, holding up her head, but she's losing consciousness fast.

He hits a number on speed dial and--

ERICKSON

(into phone)

This is Special Agent Erickson, I need immediate medical assistance at 200 East Delaware...

The sentence trails out as something catches Erickson's eyes that TAKES HIS BREATH.

The DISPATCHER's voice is heard through the phone, but Erickson already has it lowered.

He gently sets Brit to the floor, and then he takes a step to the desk, pulling out a FILE from the lower shelf.

Erickson gasps like seeing the devil himself.

CLOSE ON: The file accompanies the photo for SPECIAL AGENT ERICKSON.

ERICKSON (CONT'D)

Jesus, Peter...

CUT TO:

136

INT. METALLIC ROOM - NIGHT

136

Strahm drops the micro-cassette recorder and lunges for his weapon, pointing it at the glass box and discharging the entire clip--BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!!!

But the bullets do nothing. The walls close in.

STRAHM

I beat you! I fucking beat you!

Hoffman points to Strahm's THROAT. The place where he performed the TRACHEOTOMY.

He shakes his head as if to say, "Not this time."

(CONTINUED)

He gets close to the glass, smashing it with the butt of his weapon. His rage-filled eyes glaring into Hoffman.

STRAHM (CONT'D)

I know you! I know who you are! I know!

But Hoffman has no expression. Just satisfaction.

The walls are so close to Strahm that he can touch them both. His eyes rise, seeing the mesh opening at the ceiling.

Strahm tries to climb the walls, grabbing onto the mesh.

But it's a losing battle.

The mesh contains him as much as the metal walls.

Through the glass box, Hoffman watches Strahm's struggle. His adversary tries to rip through the mesh, but it's not giving way at all.

The walls press against Strahm's body as his eyes drop to the glass box.

Hoffman stares back.

And for a spilt second, neither man does a thing. They just stare.

The words of the tape reverberate through the room. They echo a truth.

Strahm has lost. And he knows it.

Strahm screams out, reaching through the mesh right as the walls begin to CRUSH HIS BODY.

He wails, and the walls begin to bend his rib cage until--

CRACK! A wet snap causes Strahm to gasp, blood spurting out of his mouth and raining down on top of the glass box.

The walls keep tightening, and Strahm's head is the next to feel the pressure.

Strahm lets out ONE LAST GASP AND--

SMASH! Blood SHOOTs out his eyes, mouth, and nose turning the metallic walls red.

Strahm's body is pulverized into nothing.

Hoffman's cold gaze stares up at the blood dropping down into the glass box.

FADE OUT.