

EVOLUTION III

by

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GOLDENROD - March 20, 2009
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FADE INTO:

INT. GAME ROOM - DAY

A light. It pulsates to life.

A sick yellow haze shoots across the room, reflecting off the mildew-covered walls. Water drips from the decayed pipes along the ceiling. These are the bowels of a long forgotten building.

A COCKROACH scurries across a HUMAN HAND when a GROAN is heard. A woman slouches in the chair, raising her hand and touching her head. She feels a HEAVY METAL DEVICE encasing her skull.

The woman's eyes flutter open. Both her hands now touch her head. Shocked turns to fear as she jerks forward and--

PING! A pin at the back of the device is yanked out, and-- WHOOSH-WHOOSH-WHOOSH! Three lights flash on.

PULL OUT to reveal the woman, SIMONE (late 20s), lets out a series of SCREAMS. She stands, nudging a table with a CARVING KNIFE and a CLEAVER - both attached to the table. A SURGICAL TUBE hangs off the end.

Simone's head spins, seeing a METAL GRATING next to her with a THIN SLOT at shoulder height.

SIMONE

Help!!!

A LARGE MAN sits in the chair on the other side of the metal grating. Simone knows him. This is EDDIE (early 30s).

SIMONE (CONT'D)

Eddie! Eddie! Wake up!

Eddie's head jolts. His eyes flutters open.

EDDIE

What...?

SIMONE

Don't move! Do not move! Listen to me! Whatever you do, do not lean forward!

*
*
*

Eddie feels the cold metal of the skull device.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

Stay still!

(CONTINUED)

EDDIE

Where are we?! What is this?!
What's going on?!

*

Eddie starts to move.

*

SIMONE

No-no-no!

PING! The pin in the back of the device falls out and--

ZZCCCCHHHH!!! A TV in the area between Simone and Eddie
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 Simone and
Eddie. They gasps, their pain diverted for the moment.

DOLL

(from screen)

Hello.

(beat)

I want to play a game.

Simone and Eddie gasp at the sight of the doll.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(from screen)

The devices on your heads are
symbolic of the shackles you place
upon others. You recklessly loan
people money knowing their
financial limitations, counting on
repossessing more than they could
ever pay back.

(beat)

You are predators, but today you
become the prey, and it is your own
pound of flesh that I demand.

FLASH! A light above the TV flash on, highlighting the
DEVICE WITHIN. It's a fulcrum scale. Currently even.

There is a measuring needle in the middle indicating which
side has more weight. Anything placed into the cylinders
will tip the scale one way or the other until a point when
the opposite chair trap will spring. It's a competition.

EDDIE

You did this! This is your fault!

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

DOLL

(from screen)

The scale before you is your only path to freedom; however, only one of you may pass. The choice of who survives is yours, but the toll is the ultimate sacrifice...the sacrifice of flesh.

Simone and Eddie stare at the scale.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(from screen)

Before you are the instruments to exact this flesh. The one who places the most upon the scale will release their bindings.

Their eyes shift to the CUTTING DEVICES on the trays before them. Simone gasps, terror rushing through her body.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(from screen)

Move with haste, though, for when the sixty second timer hits zero, the gears on your heads will engage, crushing your skulls, and your partnership will be eternalized with your own blood.

(beat)

Who will give the most flesh in order to save their life? The choice is yours.

The screen cuts to STATIC once again. Tick...tick...tick. The TIMER ticks down from SIXTY SECONDS.

SIMONE

We can work together--

CH-CHUNK! The gears on the skull devices TIGHTEN, the bolts sinking further into Simone and Eddie's skulls.

EDDIE

This is your fucking fault! You fucked all those people! You took their money!

SIMONE

So did you!

CH-CHUNK! The head device TIGHTENS again, and they both scream, pulling at the device to no avail.

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED: (3)

1

Eddie howls and presses the knife to the fat of his belly.

EDDIE

I'm not dying for you, bitch!

SIMONE

You spineless prick, I was going to help you!

EDDIE

Fuck you!

Eddie grits his teeth, pressing the knife against his flesh, but he cries out, UNABLE TO DO IT.

Simone's eyes shift to her sides - she doesn't have one ounce of fat. No meat to cut off like Eddie. She grabs a CLEAVER, seeing that a metal cord attaches it to the table. She tries to whack the cord with the cleaver, but nothing happens.

She gives the cord a few more hits - it's NOT GOING TO WORK.

Tick...tick...tick...the timer passes FORTY-FIVE SECONDS.

CH-CHUNK! The head device TIGHTENS. Blood begins to slide down Simone's face from the bolts against her skull.

Eddie lets out a DEEP ROAR, pressing the knife to his flesh and CUTTING DEEPLY. Blood quirts out, the knife slicing through like a prime cut of meat.

Eddie screams, YANKING FREE THE PIECES. Blood slides out like he sprung a leak.

Simone's eyes widen as Eddie shoves the piece of flesh through the slot. It slides down to the scale, the scale dropping in his favor.

Eddie goes back to cutting off more flesh. Simone's eyes drop, she looks for any loose flesh. There's nothing.

Tick...tick...tick. The timer hits the THIRTY SECOND MARK.

CH-CHUNK! The device TIGHTENS - causing them to scream. Blood now oozes from the bolts on their skulls.

Simone lowers her hand onto the table. She drops the cleaver and grabs the CARVING KNIFE - holding it to her wrist like she's going to CUT IT OFF.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

AHH!!!

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (4)

1

Eddie yanks free another thick CHUNK OF FLESH. Blood pours out of his body, covering his belly like a second skin.

The flesh is shoved through the slot, hitting the scale and dropping Eddie's side even further.

Tick...tick...tick. The timer has TWENTY-FIVE SECONDS LEFT.

Simone grabs the surgical tube, using it as a tourniquet. She quickly ties off her arm and then refocuses on her WRIST.

Her eyes rise to Eddie. He furiously cuts.

She has to do this. It's either this or death. Simone moves the knife to her elbow, closes her eyes and STARTS TO CUT--

Blood squirts out, flesh cutting and tendons popping. She lets out a SICKENING ROAR, the blood hitting her face.

Tick...tick...tick. The timer has FIFTEEN SECONDS LEFT.

CH-CHUNK! The head device TIGHTENS - causing them both to scream and grab their heads. Eddie is in a frenzy.

Eddie tears more PIECES OF FLESH, shoving them into the slot.

Simone has cut through half her arm, but the carving knife won't go through the bone. She WAILS IN PAIN.

Tick...tick...tick. The timer has TEN SECOND LEFT.

CH-CHUNK! The head device TIGHTENS - the bolts pressing down on their skulls and causing them to SCREAM.

Simone drops the carving knife and GRABS THE CLEAVER. She screams, holding it in the air.

SIMONE

I got you!

Eddie's demented grin drops. His eyes strain.

Tick...tick..tick. The timer has FIVE SECOND LEFT.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

I fucking got you!!!

WHACK! Simone SCREAMS, hammering down the cleaver and CUTTING OFF HER ARM AT THE ELBOW.

Tick...tick...tick. The timer has TWO SECONDS LEFT.

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED: (5)

1

Simone grabs her SEVERED PIECE OF ARM and shoves it through the slot. The scale DROPS IN HER FAVOR when--the timer hits ZERO.

POP-POP-POP! Simone's head device unlatches, and she's able to yank her head free.

EDDIE

No!!!

CH-CHUNK! Eddie's head device TIGHTENS, but this time the bolts shoot into his skull, PIERCING HIS BRAIN. He lets out a whimper, but his fight is short as his body quivers and he falls in a heap, blood pooling out from his head.

Simone tilts back her head and lets out a SCREAM FROM THE BOTTOM OF HER SOUL---

SIMONE

AHH!!!

CUT TO BLACK:

INSERT TITLE: SAW VIOVER DARKNESS:

STRAHM (V.O.)

I beat you! I fucking beat you!

BLAM-BLAM! Gunshots ring out and then--

FADE INTO:

2

INT. METALLIC ROOM - NIGHT

2

(FLASHBACK)

Back in the metallic room with the walls sliding together. **STRAHM** is a frothing dog, holding his weapon and screaming to the dropping glass box before him.

Inside, **HOFFMAN** looks out. A smirk on his face. He tilts his head as if to say, "No, motherfucker, I beat you."

Strahm gets close to the glass, smashing it with the butt of his weapon. His rage-filled eyes glaring into Hoffman.

STRAHM

I know you! I know who you are!

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.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

Strahm tries to climb the walls, grabbing onto the mesh. But it's a losing battle.

3 INT. METALLIC ROOM - GLASS BOX - NIGHT

3

(FLASHBACK)

Hoffman is on his back, the box lowering into the floor. Glass shards act as a bed, but he doesn't notice in the moment. His eyes stare up at the man above him.

FROM HOFFMAN'S P.O.V.: Strahm screams, climbing the walls and trying to find a way out. There isn't one. The walls get tighter. Strahm puts up his arm, and the thing SNAPS IN TWO.

Strahm lets out a horrific scream. Blood drops from his wound, sprinkling on the glass box, partially blocking Hoffman's perspective.

The walls get closer and closer on Strahm, until they crush him completely, his blood now RAINING DOWN upon the glass box like a waterfall.

All Hoffman sees is red, and then the floor closes completely, taking him to BLACK.

4 INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNELS/METALLIC ROOM - NIGHT

4

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

WHAM! A grate falls from the wall near the cement floor. Hoffman reaches his hand out of the crawl space, pulling himself out into the hallway.

He stands dusting off the glass from his clothing. Blood still stains his face from the fight with Strahm.

Hoffman proceeds down the hallway to the same door he entered while following Strahm at the end of Saw V. He produces a key, turning the lock.

Gears churn on the other side of the door. A moment passes, and then Hoffman opens the door--

5 INT. METALLIC ROOM - NIGHT

5

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Hoffman takes a step into the room, seeing Strahm's mangled body HANGING FROM THE CEILING - Strahm's hand stuck in the ceiling netting. A beat passes and--

The weight of Strahm's body gives way and he hits the floor in front of Hoffman--SPLAT!

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

Each appendage is twisted in the wrong direction. The torso is crushed, and Strahm's head is a mess of hair, blood and skin.

Hoffman lurches back and then slowly enters the room, staring at the body. His eyes then rise to the ceiling, SOMETHING CATCHING HIS EYE. He stares, a smirk crossing his face.

6

INT. UMBRELLA HEALTH OFFICE - BULLPEN - DAY

6

PRESENT

CLOSE ON: A corporate logo that reads, "UMBRELLA HEALTH - YOU ARE SAFE UNDER US."

WILLIAM (V.O.)

Hey, babe. So sorry, can't make dinner. I know... stuck working late again.

*
*
*

PULL OUT to reveal a circular bullpen of desks. Six of them in total. SIX PEOPLE (JOSH, DAVE, AARON, GENA, SHELBY, EMILY) either bark into their phones or type on their computers. It's frenetic. The dress is professional, and the young, attractive workers match perfectly with the modern, streamlined office.

A younger male, ALLEN (early 20s), pushes a mail cart.

The bullpen area is surrounded by OPAQUE GLASS. However, at the far end, there is a large office with a glass wall. A WOMAN sits while a MAN moves around with cell phone in hand.

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

I'm meeting with legal, and I'll be jammed up for the rest of the afternoon.

*

7

INT. UMBRELLA HEALTH OFFICE - WILLIAM'S OFFICE - DAY

7

The woman, DEBBIE (late 30s), sits and unconsciously shows off her shapely, gorgeous legs. She wears an expensive suit and holds a legal pad, wiggling a pen between two fingers like she's been waiting a while.

The man before her, WILLIAM (mid 40s), listens to the person on the other end. He's all bravado and flash - the kind of guy who is successful at whatever he does.

CLOSE ON: A stack of business cards with the Umbrella Health insignia bears the text, "WILLIAM EASTON - SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT MEMBERSHIP & CLAIMS."

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM
(into phone)
I know it's your birthday, I'll
make it up to you. I promise.
(listens)
I'll call when I'm done here. Love
you.

William lowers his phone, grabbing one of his many OFFICE
STRESS TOYS strewn around his office. He looks to Debbie as
if they were already in mid-conversation.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
What were we talking about?

DEBBIE
Your deposition.

WILLIAM
Don't worry about me, Debbie. Some
small time lawyer trying to squeeze
us isn't going to get me to say
anything I don't want to.

DEBBIE
I'm sure you're right, but as
General Counsel for this company,
if you do slip up, it comes down on
my ass. So let's prepare your
deposition.

*

WILLIAM
Christ.

William pours himself a drink next to a PIRANHA TANK. His
eyes bouncing between a GIANT PLASMA displaying a 24-HOUR
NEWS CHANNEL.

Debbie's eyes drop to her legal pad. William moves around
the room unable to stand still for more than a second.

DEBBIE
Do you remember dealing with our
former client, Mr. Harold Abbott?

But before William can answer--

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
(from intercom)
William, I have a Casey Patterson
on line one.

(CONTINUED)

The FEMALE VOICE comes from an intercom on William's desk. William looks through the glass wall, seeing an older woman at a desk. This is his life-long secretary, ADDY (mid 50s).

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM

Remind me.

William doesn't speak into the intercom, he just yells.

ADDY

(from intercom)

She's appealing her rejected
application, sir. This is her
third time calling.

*
*

WILLIAM

Take another message.

*

William's attention shifts back to Debbie.

*

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

(with a shrug)

I'll get back to her this week.
Keep going.

*
*
*
*

DEBBIE

Okay. When opposing counsel asks
you if you remember Mr. Abbott, how
will you respond?

*
*
*

WILLIAM

As Senior Vice President of
Membership & Claims, I review every
terminated policy. In fact, Mr.
Abbott was sitting right where you
are now when we discussed his
appeal.

*

William motions to the chair next to Debbie and...

INT. UMBRELLA HEALTH OFFICE - WILLIAM'S OFFICE - DAY

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

William leans back at his desk, very subdued. A thin, sickly
man sits opposite him. He's upset, his face red and his
posture aggressive. This is HAROLD (mid 40s).

HAROLD

I just don't get it, I've had
health coverage with your company
for over ten years--

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM

I understand that, Mr. Abbott, and it pains me to tell you this, but unfortunately, during our annual review of your application, it was discovered that you failed to list a previous condition.

(CONTINUED)

HAROLD

What condition?! There was no condition!

Harold tries to settle himself, and William leans forward, putting on some reading glasses to read Harold's file.

WILLIAM

It says here that you had oral surgery to have a cyst removed from your jaw.

HAROLD

I was fifteen! It was at the same time I was having my wisdom teeth taken out!

WILLIAM

Yes, that's right. But there were complications and you had to have two more procedures.

*
*

HAROLD

This is absurd! I have heart disease, and it's not because of some oral surgery I had thirty years ago!

WILLIAM

Any type of oral surgery leaves scar tissue. Scar tissue can lead to gum disease. And as you know, gum disease can be a cause of heart disease--

HAROLD

Are you serious?! You're a criminal! You're a goddamn criminal!

Harold regains his bearings. He stands, wagging his finger.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

I paid my monthly bill for ten years without so much as a cold. But now...now I'm sick and you're denying me coverage?! I have a family!

*

WILLIAM

I'm sorry, Mr. Abbott, there are rules, and your own actions caused this--

(CONTINUED)

HAROLD

You're killing me! I can't get coverage from anyone now! This is a fucking death sentence! And it's because of you!

*

Harold slams his fist down on William's table and storms out of the office. William watches, the door flying open.

INT. UMBRELLA HEALTH OFFICE - WILLIAM'S OFFICE - DAY

PRESENT

William sits opposite with his hands up, looking to Debbie.

WILLIAM

I have family too, so I could empathize with his argument, but he withheld vital information from his application.

DEBBIE

You think Mr. Abbott did that on purpose?

WILLIAM

It's not my job to assess what his intentions were, it was my job to check the accuracy of his claim.

William slides forward, taking a more aggressive stance.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Everyone thinks we're the bad guys, but no one ever mentions the millions of people we help without incident.

William sits back, as if pleading his case in court.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

No one ever mentions the millions we donate to charity or the free clinics we support.

DEBBIE

Short answers, Will. Short answers.

William stands and moves to the coat rack, sliding on a perfectly tailored suit jacket.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM

The guy withheld information on his application, breeching his policy.
End of story.

William stares at his news TV and turns up the volume.

ON TV: A woman is seen. She stands in front of a downtown court house, motioning to it. She has a relaxed, almost flirtatious nature. The camera loves her, and she knows it. This is **PAMELA JENKINS**. A caption reads, "PAMELA JENKINS, AUTHOR OF 'JOHN KRAMER: CONUNDRUM OF CARNAGE.'"

PAMELA

(from screen)

Today in probate court, the assets for one of history's most notorious serial killers, John Kramer, were distributed. They were mainly in real estate holdings, but in my time researching Mr. Kramer, I've found that his genius for invention was not matched by a genius in investment.

(a sly smirk)

Because the properties are now worth less than half of what he originally paid.

Allen enters William's office, setting some magazines on William's coffee table. He looks at the TV as well.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

(from screen)

Pamela Jenkins, reporting.

ON TV: The broadcast shifts back to a MALE NEWSCASTER at a desk spewing out the daily news.

MALE NEWSCASTER

Thank you, Pamela. We'll be checking back in with you throughout the week.

(shifting gears)

In other news...

ALLEN

(re: Pamela)

That girl is smokin'.

*

William turns, looking to the young mail room worker.
William scoffs, having a chuckle.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM

Out of your league, kid.

William mutes the TV again and moves to the door. Debbie rises and follows as Allen shyly goes back to work.

DEBBIE

Oh, one more question, Will. Who found the error on Mr. Abbott's application?

WILLIAM

The dog pit.

Debbie gives him a quizzical look. William motions to a FRAMED PHOTO by his door.

CLOSE ON: The photo is of the bullpen, the SIX PEOPLE smiling at the camera with text that reads, "THE DOG PIT."

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

My team.

William motions out his door to the bullpen of people. Addy peeks her head into the office.

ADDY

Sir, they're waiting for you in the conference room.

*
*

William nods, moving to the door.

WILLIAM

If there's a discrepancy to be found on an application, they'll find it.

10

INT. UMBRELLA HEALTH OFFICE - BULLPEN - DAY

10

William moves past the many desks, Debbie in tow.

WILLIAM

How we looking people?

One of the male workers, DAVE, stands and rattles off info as he reads. *

DAVE

*

Found two application errors for a chronically ill client.

(waves paper)

This guy practically lives at his doctor's office.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAVE (CONT'D)

Probably save us nearly two hundred
K over his lifetime.

William passes Dave, giving him a HIGH-FIVE - as they've done
many times before.

WILLIAM

Nice!

Dave wears a self-satisfied smirk. Another male worker,
JOSH, boastfully chimes in.

JOSH

The terminator strikes again!

Josh points to a plaque that reads, "THE TERMINATOR." The
other young executives offer comments of "kiss ass" and
"brown nose."

William passes an older JANITOR (50s), giving him an
enthusiastic slap him on the shoulder.

WILLIAM

Looking good, Hank.

The bewildered janitor looks up and watches William leave.
Debbie leans against Addy's desk.

DEBBIE

He's going to be running this place
in a couple of years, isn't he?

ADDY

He already is.

10A

INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

10A

The small room is shrouded in darkness. A monitor sits upon
a table with other electronic equipment. A muffled, panicked
VOICES creep in...

EDDIE (V.O.)

(from tape)

This is your fucking fault! You
fucked all those people! You took
their money!

SIMONE (V.O.)

(from tape)

So did you--

The voice STOPS, and Hoffman is revealed, sitting in a metal
chair bolted to the floor. A REEL-TO-REEL TAPE RECORDER is
before him, and he presses fast forward and then PLAY.

(CONTINUED)

EDDIE (V.O.)
(from tape)
I'm not dying for you, bitch!

RING-RING-RING! Hoffman cell phone rings. He presses stop on the micro-cassette recorder and answers the call.

HOFFMAN
(into phone)
Yeah?
(listening)
What's the address?

A scowl crosses Hoffman's face and--

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
I'm on my way.

*

Hoffman clicks off his phone and moves.

11 INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - DAY

11

CLOSE ON: A TV. The image flickers and a handheld video plays. Jill lies on an examination table. A DOCTOR is giving her a sonogram, a monitor displaying her unborn son - GIDEON.

JOHN (O.S.)
(from TV)
There he is, there's our little
boy. We're going to see you soon.

PULL OUT to reveal Jill's apartment. It's filled with keepsakes and nostalgic items. Her walls are lined with FRAMED PHOTOS of happier times.

The TV plays in the background. John holds the camera, speaking in joyous tone.

JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(from TV)
Let's see if I can get us all in.

The handheld camera cranes around, showing John. He moves close to Jill, including her and the sonogram monitor.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Hello, Gideon. We'll be seeing you
soon.

JILL stands at the opposite end of the room at the window. She holds a glass of red wine and has an ENVELOPE tucked under her arm. Her free hand is unconsciously on her stomach. Tears fill her eyes as--

11A INT. JILL'S CLINIC - NIGHT 11A

(FLASHBACK)

WHAM! Cecil barges through the double doors, SMASHING into Jill's pregnant belly. Jill gasps in pain, grabbing her stomach.

12-13 OMITTEDSC:12-13 12-1314 INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 14

PRESENT

Jill wipes the tears from her eyes and moves across the room to a WOODEN BOX. The same one from Saw V. Jill sets down the envelope and touches the open lid when--

15 INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY 15

(FLASHBACK)

CLOSE ON: A TV screen shows JOHN speaking into the camera.

JOHN

(from screen)

I've left you something. It's of grave importance that you know what to do with it.

Jill stands with her hands on the WOODEN BOX.

16 INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - DAY 16

PRESENT

Next to the box, several items sit on the table. Including the envelope Jill set down, there are SIX ENVELOPES. Additionally, there is a SMALL PACKAGE.

The envelopes are each marked with numbers from one to six.

RING-RING-RING! The phone begins to ring. Jill looks to it, but she doesn't answer. The answering machine quickly picks up the call and a voice emanates.

PAMELA (V.O.)

(from answering machine)

Ms. Tuck, this is Pamela Jenkins calling yet again. I was hoping you could clear some things up for me about your husband--

Jill grabs the phone.

(CONTINUED)

JILL

I've told you. I have nothing to
say about John. Stop calling me.

*

Jill slams down the phone--WHAM!

She then grabs the SECOND ENVELOPE, sliding out a photo of
PAMELA.

INT. GAME ROOM - DAY

Back in the game room from the opening. It's tagged with
evidence and an FBI FORENSICS team does their job combing
through the BLOODY MESS left behind.

HOFFMAN

What's going on?

Hoffman walks up to an OFFICER. The officer motions to the
opposite end of the room.

OFFICER

Feds took over the crime scene and
requested you ASAP.

Hoffman looks, seeing ERICKSON standing near EDDIE'S SHEET-
COVERED CORPSE. The seasoned FBI agent is in a suit with
overcoat, assessing the crime scene.

HOFFMAN

(to female officer)

What'd they find?

FEMALE OFFICER

(motioning)

A body, with a puzzle piece cut out
of the torso.

Hoffman nods and moves across the room to Erickson.

HOFFMAN

Erickson, didn't know you got out
from behind the desk.

ERICKSON

I make exceptions when fingerprints
are found... at a Jigsaw murder
scene.

*

*

Hoffman tilts his head as Erickson kneels and pulls back the
sheet from Eddie's body. It's a horrific sight: his mouth
agape, chunks of missing flesh cover him like spots, a coat
of dried blood and yellow puss.

(CONTINUED)

A detail is noticed. The last time we saw Eddie is eyes were bugged out. Now, they're CLOSED. Erickson takes a forensics light, waving it over Eddie's face.

CLOSE ON: There are FINGERPRINTS on the eyelids.

HOFFMAN

Have they been ID'd yet?

(CONTINUED)

ERICKSON
(with a nod)
Yes... they're Agent Strahm's.

*

Erickson tilts his head, looking closely to Eddie's body.

ERICKSON (CONT'D)
When I learned he and Perez were
being targeted by Jigsaw, I should
have been more aware.

*

18 OMITTEDSC:18

18

19 INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT

19

(FLASHBACK)

CLOSE ON: Two files with red paint read: "OPEN THE DOOR AND
YOU'LL FIND ME" and "YOU ARE IN DANGER OF GETTING TOO
CLOSE...STEP BACK." Inside, there are PHOTOS OF STRAHM AND
PEREZ.

PEREZ
What does this mean?

STRAHM
We're the two Jigsaw targets.

19A INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

19A

(FLASHBACK)

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

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

20 INT. GAME ROOM - DAY

20

PRESENT

Erickson shakes his head.

ERICKSON
But I didn't see this coming. Not
with Strahm.

*

HOFFMAN
It was a shock to us all.

(CONTINUED)

A bit of ANGER runs through Erickson. He takes a moment, looking closely at the viewing hole.

ERICKSON

Yeah, but we have something he
doesn't know about.

*
*

Erickson nods to an ADJACENT ROOM, motioning for Hoffman to move. Hoffman hesitantly takes a step towards it and enters--

20A

INT. GAME ROOM - ADJACENT ROOM - DAY

20A

Hoffman eases into the tight space, seeing AGENT PEREZ kneeling near a HOLE IN THE WALL for viewing the game. She rises with partially healed CUTS and BRUISES on her face.

PEREZ

Detective Hoffman.

Hoffman stammers, shocked to see her.

HOFFMAN

Perez?

ERICKSON

It was my call. I knew Jigsaw
wasn't acting along. I couldn't
guarantee her wellbeing until I
knew for certain who was helping
him.

*
*
*

HOFFMAN

So you let me think she was dead?

ERICKSON

I didn't know who I could trust.

HOFFMAN

What else have you been keeping
from me?

PEREZ

We know that Strahm knew the five
people in the real estate scam.
(motioning to Erickson)
The victims from the traps Erickson
found.

*
*
*

Hoffman looks to her, crossing his arms.

HOFFMAN

How'd Strahm know them?

(CONTINUED)

PEREZ
He and I investigated them after
the house fire.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PEREZ (CONT'D)

It was arson and all five people were accountable. However, no charges were ever filed when our lone witness went missing.

ERICKSON

Strahm couldn't let them get away, so he put them in a game to slaughter each other.

HOFFMAN

So you're telling me he's a vigilante?

ERICKSON

Call him whatever you want, I want him found.

*
*

PEREZ

We'd like to work together on this.

HOFFMAN

You led me to believe that you were dead, and now I'm supposed to trust you?

ERICKSON

We're offering full disclosure. From now on, everything we know, you know.

Erickson puts his hand out to shake with Hoffman.

Hoffman looks between Erickson and Perez. Then, his hand extends, shaking with Erickson.

21

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

21

Pamela scribbles something into her notebook as Hoffman passes her in the hallway. She hurries to catch up with him.

PAMELA

Detective Hoffman, how about a quick word?

Hoffman gives her a dismissive sigh.

HOFFMAN

Oh, Pamela Jenkins, the resident Jigsaw sensationalist.

PAMELA

Just reporting the facts, detective.

(CONTINUED)

HOFFMAN

Is that what you're doing?
(quoting)
"John Kramer: Conundrum of
Carnage"?

PAMELA

If you'd like to make a statement
on the record, I'd be more than
happy to take it.

Pamela holds out a micro-cassette recorder, but Hoffman
shakes his head "no."

HOFFMAN

Twisting the facts to tell a better
story is irresponsible.
(motions to doorway)
This is my stop, Ms. Jenkins. It's
been nice catching up.

Hoffman stops, partially opening a patient's door. Pamela
looks, seeing SIMONE ON A HOSPITAL BED.

PAMELA

I know more about John Kramer than
you might think.

HOFFMAN

Somehow I doubt that.

PAMELA

Kramer left his wife a box in his
will. Did you know that?

This gets Hoffman's attention. He moves close to Pamela.

HOFFMAN

Maybe I did, maybe I didn't. How'd
you find out?

PAMELA

Probate court. It's public record
for those who know where to look.

HOFFMAN

Alright. What is it that you
really want?

PAMELA

Jill Tuck. She's a ghost. Help me
get to her and I'll dial back the
"sensationalism."

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

HOFFMAN

I'll see what I can do.

A smile crosses Pamela's face as Hoffman turns, entering Simone's room.

22 INT. HOSPITAL - SIMONE'S ROOM - DAY

22

Simone lies in a hospital bed hooked up to an IV and heart monitor. She's a quivering mess, already talking. Her partially severed arm is hidden under the covers. Hoffman is with her, in addition several other OFFICERS.

SIMONE

I don't remember how I got there...
I just woke up and...

Simone shakes, her mind remembering the horror.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

He did this to me...

HOFFMAN

Who did?

SIMONE

Jigsaw.

HOFFMAN

You didn't cut off your own arm?

SIMONE

I did...I did...but he made me do it...

HOFFMAN

And why is that?

SIMONE

Because what Eddie and I did is wrong...we ruined people's lives.

Simone breaks down, the sounds of her chaotic sixty seconds in a Jigsaw trap coming back to her like a wave of emotion--

23 INT. GAME ROOM - DAY

23

(FLASHBACK)

Simone holds the knife. Blood flies. Her wrist is partially cut off. Eddie SCREAMS, RIPPING OUT HIS FLESH with blood covering his hands and torso.

Simone grabs the cleaver and HACKS OFF HER HAND--WHACK!

24 INT. HOSPITAL - SIMONE'S ROOM - DAY

24

PRESENT

Simone's body shakes, her free hand holding her wounded arm.

SIMONE

He wanted us to learn...

HOFFMAN

Did you?

Simone's emotions start to boil over, and she angrily pulls out her SEVERED ARM, now wrapped with bandages.

SIMONE

Look at me. Look at my goddamn arm!

(off silence)

Tell me what the fuck am I supposed to learn from this?!!!

Hoffman backs off, turning and exiting the room.

25 INT. CITY MORGUE - DAY

25

CLOSE ON: EDDIE'S BODY. The skin pale and blue. Blackened holes remain where the flesh was cut out.

PULL OUT to reveal the city morgue. Last seen in *Saw IV*. A sterile mix of white tile and florescent lights.

Hoffman moves past Eddie's body, coming to an empty gurney in the middle of the room. He touches the cold metal, his mind drifting back...

25A INT. CITY MORGUE - NIGHT

25A

(FLASHBACK)

JIGSAW'S BODY is on the slab mid-autopsy. Hoffman holds a micro-cassette recorder, listening to a tape.

JIGSAW (V.O.)

(from tape)

You feel you now have control,
don't you? You think you will walk
away untested.

25B INT. CITY MORGUE - DAY

25B

PRESENT

Hoffman stares to the empty gurney when--

(CONTINUED)

MALE CORONER (O.S.)

Look here.

Hoffman turns to a **MALE CORONER** standing over Eddie's body.

MALE CORONER (CONT'D)

These are the jigsaw pieces cut
from previous victims.

Hoffman moves close, Perez and Erickson over his shoulder.
There's a table adjacent to them that's filled with **GRISLY
CRIME SCENE PHOTOS** of the jigsaw piece cuts taken from
previous victims.

MALE CORONER (CONT'D)

This is the piece taken from the
latest victim.

The male coroner points to the **JIGSAW PIECE CUT** from Eddie's
torso. Hoffman leans in, looking to it.

INSERT SHOT: A blade cuts into the skin, slicing out the
jigsaw-shaped piece.

HOFFMAN

It looks like all the others.

PEREZ

That's what we said, too.

Perez turns and motions to the male coroner, and the man uses
a scalpel to point at the flesh wound.

MALE CORONER

The skin abrasions.
(highlighting cut)
They're indicative of a knife with
a partially serrated edge.

Hoffman takes a closer look, seeing the **JAGGED CUTS**.

INSERT SHOT: A lesser blade cuts in, **TEARING** skin.

HOFFMAN

So what?

MALE CORONER

So all the other cuts were made
with a near perfect blade of
surgical quality.

ERICKSON

A different knife was used on the
new victim.

(CONTINUED)

Hoffman's eyes shift to Erickson.

HOFFMAN
(with a shrug)
Strahm probably used a different
knife than John Kramer.

PEREZ
True, but it got us curious and we
pulled the other files to compare.

Perez motions to the photos, pulling out one in particular.

PEREZ (CONT'D)
A different knife was used only on
one other victim.

CLOSE ON: It's the photo of SETH BAXTER.

ERICKSON
It's Seth Baxter, the man who
killed your sister.

HOFFMAN
You can tell a different knife was
used from a photo?

MALE CORONER
No, but I could. I was the one who
examined that body. I've examined
every victim of the Jigsaw Killer.

Hoffman's eyes turn to the male coroner. Hoffman
nonchalantly nods his head.

HOFFMAN
Nice find.

ERICKSON
The tape from the latest victim was
missing, so we're looking into the
Seth Baxter tape.

HOFFMAN
Why?

PEREZ
A different person cut the piece,
so maybe, a different person made
the tape, too.

HOFFMAN
Strahm?

(CONTINUED)

PEREZ

Possibly.

ERICKSON

Strahm's voice on that tape would be our smoking gun. If we had that, we'd go public with his involvement.

Hoffman nods as his gaze drifts back to Eddie's body and the cut out jigsaw piece.

26

INT. JILL'S CLINIC - DAY

26

The clinic. With peeling paint and second-hand equipment, the place is barely getting by. VOLUNTEER NURSES and STAFFERS try to help the many UNINSURED PEOPLE trying to get medical attention. It's jam packed and chaotic.

A strung out FEMALE ADDICT and MALE ADDICT stand before a NURSE, pleading their case.

FEMALE ADDICT

Look, I need it, I need that prescription again...

NURSE

Ma'am, you've exhausted all your refills--

MALE ADDICT

(interrupting)

Lady, the doctor said it was okay.

NURSE

That's not what the prescription says--

MALE ADDICT

I don't give a fuck what it says!

FEMALE ADDICT

I'm sick...look at me...look at me!

The female addict begins the breakdown, and the male addict's blood boils, his hand reaching out for the nurse when--

A hand grabs the male addict's wrist. His eyes turn as another hand touches his shoulder. It's Jill.

JILL

Relax.

(CONTINUED)

The male addict recognizes Jill, relenting. Jill then puts a soothing hand on the female addict's shoulder, whispering something into her ear, settling her down.

The female addict nods and leads the male addict to a nearby seat. Jill's gaze rises as Hoffman enters the clinic. There's instant recognition between the two. Jill nods her head to an office at the back of the clinic.

The office is filled to the brim with papers, files, and medical supplies. It's an office doubling as a storage room. Hoffman paces and steps forward the second Jill enters.

JILL

I didn't expect to see you here so soon.

HOFFMAN

Yeah, well, change of plans, the game starts tonight.

(CONTINUED)

JILL

Why?

HOFFMAN

Because someone knows about the box
who shouldn't.

JILL

Who?

HOFFMAN

None of your concern, all you need
to know is that from now on I
control all aspects of the game.

JILL

That's not what John wanted--

HOFFMAN

Give me the envelopes.

Hoffman holds out his hand, taking a step too close. Jill
doesn't know how to respond.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

It's not a request.

After a beat, Jill's submissive eyes drop.

JILL

Okay.

She moves to her desk, pulling FIVE ENVELOPES from her bag.
She had SIX earlier, but she only gives Hoffman FIVE.

HOFFMAN

The five envelopes were the only
things in the box?

JILL

Yes, just five envelopes.

Hoffman takes the five envelopes. He opens the FIRST
ENVELOPE, finding FOUR PHOTOS. He eyes the first one.

HOFFMAN

From here on in, I work alone.

JILL

I know, I'm just carrying out
John's final request.

(CONTINUED)

HOFFMAN

Yeah, well, he's dead. And his
work is near finished.

Hoffman's eyes burn into Jill. She backs away.

JILL

I understand.

Hoffman holds up the photo - it's WILLIAM.

HOFFMAN

Who is this guy?

JILL

Unfinished business.

Hoffman thumbs through the remaining photos. One is of the JANITOR from William's office and the other two are of a woman (TARA) and a young boy (BRENT) we've yet to meet.

HOFFMAN

Once I'm done, we no longer speak.

Hoffman tucks the five envelopes under his arm and exits the office. Jill follows him, staying in the doorway. The sounds of the clinic RISE, and the male addict and female addict rise and move back to the nurse's counter.

MALE ADDICT

Goddamn it! How much longer is
this going to take?!

FEMALE ADDICT

I've been here for forty-five
minutes...please...I'm begging you!
Give me that prescription!

Jill stares, her heart breaking to see her patients in so much pain. And then, like a cold breeze from an open window, a FAMILIAR VOICE creeps in...

JOHN (O.S.)

Methadone is a masking agent. It
doesn't heal, it simply numbs the
senses.

(beat)

I've found a better way.

Jill flinches, turning back into her office and seeing...

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN KRAMER leans against the far wall, partially hidden in the shadow. Jill stands before him, her eyes red, keeping her distance.

(CONTINUED)

JILL

You said you never wanted to see me again.

JOHN

Now I'm here to help you. To show you that you can't fix what doesn't want to change. These people will continue to hurt you and let you down.

*

JILL

They're addicts, John. Recovery is a process.

JOHN

We're all addicts in some way. Control, food, power, sex. Maybe addiction is just a part of human nature.

*

(beat)

But what about the ones using you? The ones here simply to avoid a prison term? The ones hooked on masking agents? Are they recovering?

JILL

It's not that simple--

JOHN

Addiction never is. Wake up.

Jill jumps from John's sudden burst of anger.

JOHN (CONT'D)

They have no respect for the lives they're destroying! Just like Cecil didn't!

The mention of Cecil's name is like a dagger to Jill's heart. She begins to crumble.

JILL

Don't say that name...

JOHN

Once you see death, you learn how to respect life.

Jill's eyes connect with John's.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (CONT'D)
That's my way. And I brought you
proof it works.

John motions over Jill's shoulder. Jill turns, seeing a
figure lurking in the doorway.

It's AMANDA. Her hair is short, the scars across her mouth
still slightly visible. She quivers, looking to Jill.

JILL
Amanda?
(to John)
What'd you do to her?

JOHN
You once told me that she was a
lost soul. But here she stands.
Clean, whole, with a new meaning to
her life. *

Amanda's meek eyes rise, connecting with Jill's.

AMANDA
Listen to him...it works...it's
real. He helped me.

Jill can't believe what she's seeing. She looks back to
John, her mouth agape. But before she speaks again--

29 INT. JILL'S CLINIC - OFFICE - DAY

29

PRESENT

Jill stands alone. She turns, reentering the chaotic clinic.

30 INT. UMBRELLA HEALTH OFFICE - WILLIAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

30

Two pulses of lightning ignite William's office. The THUNDER
CLAPS soon follow, the rain pelting the outside windows.
William is the only person still in the office.

CLOSE ON: A news report on JOHN KRAMER runs on the TV.
Photos of Simone and Eddie. John's face is seen, in addition
to PIG MASKS, a black and red CAPE, several blood-stained
traps and a caption that reads, "MURDER FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE
- THE PUZZLE UNFOLDS."

(CONTINUED)

MALE NEWSCASTER

(from TV)

Even though the police would have
you believe that John Kramer, aka
Jigsaw, is dead, just this past
week a new so-called game was
discovered with grisly results.

*
*
*
*
*

William's attention is held by the TV - seeing images of
SIMONE and EDDIE.

MALE NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

(from TV)

Victims have include anyone
associated with the life of John
Kramer, however remote. The Jigsaw
Killer may be dead, but the murders
continue.

*
*
*
*

William reaches for the remote to turn down the volume when,
there's a POWER SURGE.

WILLIAM

Come on.

The lights steady. William points the remote at the TV and--
CA-CRASH! Lightning strikes and thunder rolls. The power
goes out - DARKNESS.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

No!

William grabs his desk phone, but because there is no power,
it doesn't work. It's nearly PITCH DARK in the office, with
the exception of the occasional LIGHTNING STRIKE.

William pulls out his keys, igniting a BLUE KEY CHAIN LIGHT.
It offers a little light. Enough for him to move.

William exits his office, moving to Addy's desk. He grabs
her phone, but it's connected to a HEADSET.

William progresses deeper into the bullpen, moving towards
the doors out of the office. He grabs the door handle, but
it's LOCKED.

William turns, moving back to his office when--

There's a SOUND at the door.

CLOSE ON: The door handle JIGGLES, as if someone is trying to
quietly enter. William is about to speak to the person when--

(CONTINUED)

CA-CRASH! Lighting strikes and the silhouette of a LARGE PERSON on the other side of the opaque door is seen. They're wearing something on their HEAD and OVER THEIR SHOULDERS.

William's pulse quickens. His head unconsciously turns back to his office where he just saw the images of Jigsaw, the pig mask, and the cape. William looks back to the door when--

CA-CRASH! Lightning strikes again, and the silhouette is clearly seen. A person. Pig mask on head. Cape over shoulders.

William bolts back to his office. He opens his desk, pulling out a SMALL HANDGUN and turning. But the person is gone.

William eases out of his office, he tries to flick on the key chain light, but it falls from his hand. William leans down the grab it when--

CLICK! The office door lock OPENS. William stays down, hidden behind the bullpen of desks.

The person is in ALL BLACK, impossible to see detail. A FLASHLIGHT in one hand. HANDGUN in the other.

The person steps into the office, moving past the bullpen desks and to William's office.

CA-CRASH! The lightning flashes, silhouetting the person against William's office windows.

William rises from the bullpen, cautiously moving to his office with gun out. The person has their back to William.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I got you!

The person turns with handgun and--POP-POP-POP! William is the first to squeeze off three rounds, putting the person down.

William steps to the person, kicking away their dropped handgun. He grabs the person's shoulder, rolling them over--

It's a SECURITY GUARD - a security logo on their chest. He wears a hat and rain-covered slicker, staring up to William.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Jesus...

William drops to his knees, trying to help the man. But William is overcome with shock.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I'm gonna help you...

The security gags on blood, struggling to breath.

SECURITY GUARD

I saw the guy...I was following
him... he came in here...

*

WILLIAM

Who? Who'd you see?

*

The security guard points over William's shoulder.

SECURITY GUARD

The man in the mask...

William springs up and spins when--

WHAM! HE'S GRABBED - a gloved hand cupping William's face.
William fights, but the person is too strong, lifting William
up off the ground and RAMMING HIM DOWN INTO HIS BACK.

THUD! The back of William's head bounces off the floor. He
tries to look to his attacker, but all he sees is the PIG
MASK. A hand covers his mouth and a SYRINGE JAMS INTO HIS
NECK - EVERYTHING GOES BLACK.

31

INT. THE BREATHING ROOM - NIGHT

31

Darkness. The sound of BREATHING. It's low, as if someone
is straining for air. William is seen. His eyes closed, his
mouth agape. He coughs, and his eyes flash open. His head
whips around.

PULL OUT to reveal William has a GAS MASK covering his face.
He's bare foot, attached to a pillar with his arms raised and
even with his shoulders. A tube snakes out from the gas mask
and leads to a CRUSHING DEVICE that encase his chest.

It's currently open, and William has no clue what is going
on. He tries to pull himself out, but he's held tight.

A lone light hangs above William's head--

ZZCCCCHHHH!!! A TV on the floor in front of William 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. White hair. The head slowly cranes around,
revealing...JIGSAW.

His pained eyes peer out from the screen, staring at William.
He's a weak, feeble state.

(CONTINUED)

JIGSAW

(from screen)

Hello, William. You've probably been wondering when we'd see each other again. Today is that day.

(beat)

For years, your probability formula has decided the fate of others. The healthy have benefitted while the potentially sick have been unjustly rejected.

(beat)

However, this formula does not take into account the human will to live. When faced with death, who should live versus who will live are two separate things entirely.

(beat)

Today, your policy will be put to the test.

FLASH-FLASH! Lights above William illuminate his DEVICE completely. Additionally, there's a mounted CAMERA, capturing everything.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

(from screen)

The first test is you. Your health and hereditary background place you in the highest category of success. However, the same can't be said for your adversary.

FLASH-FLASH! Two more lights flash on, illuminating an older man in the same predicament as William in an identical device on the other side of the TV. The man's mouth is covered with a gas mask, but his eyes are wide and frightened. It's the JANITOR.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

(from screen)

While only fifty-two years of age, this man is a lifetime smoker with a history of high blood pressure and heart disease.

William's eyes connect with the janitor.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

(from screen)

Your game will be one of air. For the more air you both take in, the tighter the clamps around your chests will become.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED: (2)

31

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

(beat)

The only escape is in the other's failure. So, I ask you, when faced with death, who will survive?

CLOSE ON: The grainy handheld camera image pulls back, revealing a workbench.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

(from screen)

This is but the first of several tests in your overall game. You have sixty minutes to complete them - for if you don't, the straps on your arms and legs will detonate.

CLOSE ON: Jigsaw turns his head, and the camera pans across to show a MANNEQUIN with the four straps around its wrists and ankles.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

(from screen)

Look closely.

CLOSE ON: A beat passes and then the four straps EXPLODE, blowing off the arms and legs of the mannequin.

William looks to the four straps on his wrists and ankles. Each is burrowed into the skin, and each seeps BLOOD. Small KEY LOCKS hold them in place.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)

(from screen)

The only way to avoid this fate is with your success. Just as you have taken loved ones away from their families, if you fail, you will never see your family again.

(beat)

Live or die, William - make your choice.

The image on the TV cuts out and William looks up to the MOUNTED CAMERA...

32

INT. FINAL ROOM - THE CAGE - NIGHT

32

CLOSE ON: William on a TV monitor.

PULL OUT to reveal an angry teenage boy, BRENT (15), kneeling over his unconscious mother, TARA (late 30s). These are the two remaining people from the FIRST ENVELOPE.

(CONTINUED)

BRENT
Mom? Mom! Wake up!

Tara's eyes flutter open as her head rises, taking in the metal bars surrounding her.

TARA
Where are we? What is this?

BRENT
I-I-I don't know. But look.

Brent points to the monitor, and Tara's expression drops.

TARA
Oh my god.

33 INT. THE BREATHING ROOM - NIGHT

33

William stares to janitor, taking in some air. Instantly, the air canister makes a sound, and the gears on the device at either sides of his chest CHURNS TO LIFE--

CH-CHUNK! The device tighten, pushing his chest inward from both sides.

William holds his breath, looking past the TV to the janitor opposite him. The older man holds his breath, but it's a losing battle. The old man's face is red. He takes a quick breath and--

CH-CHUNK! The device tightens, pushing inward on the man's chest. He gasps, taking on more air.

The device churns again, TIGHTENING. The man screams from behind his gas mask, but he then holds his breath.

William keeps holding his breath, but he takes in a small amount of air.

CH-CHUNK! William's device tightens, but only a little bit, allowing him not to gasp in pain.

The janitor begins to CHOKE from lack of air. He gasps and takes in a deep amount of air.

CH-CHUNK! The device tightens--

The janitor keeps gagging for air, his smoker-lungs never getting quite enough.

William holds his breath. His face reddens. The veins on his forehead beginning to bulge.

(CONTINUED)

The device on the janitor doesn't stop, it keeps TIGHTENING ON HIS CHEST. His rib cage bents inward. The man gags as--

CRACK! His ribs snap. The man lets out a scream as blood fills his mask, spilling out of the sides. The man lets out a LOUD SCREAM when--

The device squeezes so hard his RIB CAGE COLLAPSES. His eyes bulge. Blood shoots from his mouth. His head begins to violently shake in pain and--

PING! William is released from his device -- falling forward to his knees, ripping off his mask and sucking in air.

William violently coughs, taking in the much needed air. His eyes then shift to the janitor. The man's LIMP BODY is stuck in the device, blood pooled on the floor beneath him.

William tries to move, but he flinches, feeling an INTENSE PAIN in his stomach. He pulls up his blood-stained shirt and sees a SURGICAL CUT in his stomach. It has been stitched closed, but it is still bloody and raw.

William moves to the janitor, touching him, seeing that he's dead. William gasps, the sight of death a shock to him.

CLOSE ON: A red arrow points up a ladder and a message states, "FAMILY."

A light flickers on, and at the base of the ladder, a SMALL KEY is seen.

William snags the key, trying to open one of the locks holding left wrist strap in place. It doesn't work. He tries the right wrist device and it works.

The strap POPS OFF, leaving behind NAIL-SIZED HOLES. Blood seeps out. William cringes, noticing that a message is written on his wrist that reads, "THE PARTY."

William stares a moment until--

A DISTANT SCREAM takes William's attention. It comes from deep within the air duct.

After a moment, the scream dies down. William then starts to climb the ladder.

Back with Brent and Tara. The distant SCREAM causes them to look around. The room is a vast square space, but it's CLOAKED IN DARKNESS. A digital clock reads, "52:12."

(CONTINUED)

The MONITOR is pressed up against the metal bars.

CLOSE ON: The monitor currently displays William crawling through the tight air duct.

Tara looks at the monitor, but Brent moves around the cage, pointing to a LEVER.

BRENT

Live-Die? What the fuck?

*

The lever is in the middle position. At the top, text reads, "LIVE." At the bottom, text reads, "DIE."

BRENT (CONT'D)

It's connected to that.

Tara's eyes shift and the rest of the cage is revealed.

Above them is a LARGE CONTAINER of yellow bubbling liquid. Text on the side reads, "HF." Thick tubes drop down from the container and lead to sprinklers above their cage.

TARA

HF? What does that stand for?

BRENT

Hydrofluoric acid.

The liquid drips from the container, SIZZLING on the floor and corroding the cement.

BRENT (CONT'D)

That stuff will eat through human skin within seconds.

TARA

What should we do?

BRENT

Pull the lever. You want to live, don't you?

Tara looks to the lever, unsure.

TARA

But what about the timer? That has to mean something.

BRENT

I...I don't know, I don't even know why we're here.

(CONTINUED)

TARA
We're here because of your father.

Tara and Brent look over to the monitor, seeing William progress.

34A INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

34A

CLOSE ON: Hoffman holds the SECOND ENVELOPE. He pulls out a photo, and it is of PAMELA.

A BANK OF MONITORS and CONTROL PANEL near the bolted down CHAIR now have power.

Hoffman's eyes shift, looking past the viewing room windows to one of the holding rooms. He sees PAMELA PASSED OUT on the floor. Hoffman stares a moment when...

35 INT. JILL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

35

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

The door of a small elevator opens. Pamela steps out into the middle of a long, L-shaped hallway.

CLOSE ON: Pamela holds a note that reads, "WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR. 545 4TH STREET APT. #413. H."

Pamela turns to her left and progresses to the last door with matching number. She gains her nerve and knocks. A moment passes, and then several locks unlock.

The door opens and it's Jill.

*

JILL
Ms. Jenkins, I thought I made myself perfectly clear to you on the phone. Don't bother me--

*

Jill tries to close the door, but Pamela sticks her boot between the door and the door frame - stopping it.

PAMELA
Please, this will only take a second. We can help each other--

(CONTINUED)

JILL

What makes you think you can just
come to my door like this?

PAMELA

Because I found something you'll
want to see. *

Jill's eyes drop to the letter in Pamela's hand.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Go on. Read it. *

Jill hesitantly takes it, opening it and quickly skimming.

JILL

Where'd you get this?

PAMELA

It was at the location where John
died. Does it mean anything to
you?

Jill hands the letter back to Pamela.

JILL

No. Goodbye, Ms. Jenkins.

CLOSE THE DOOR *

Jill KICKS Pamela's boot from the doorway, SLAMMING CLOSED
THE DOOR. Pamela huffs and slides the letter under the door.

PAMELA

In case you think of something.

Pamela turns and heads back to the hallway. At the elevator,
Pamela presses the down button.

A moment passes as Pamela puts her notebook back into her
bag. There's a DING, and then the doors open.

Pamela steps in and presses a button. Oddly, it doesn't
light up. She presses several other buttons, but none of
them light up.

Her eyes rise, noticing that the elevator has suddenly lost
power. She takes a step out of the elevator and--

PIG MASK LUNGES OUT, grabbing her and THRUSTING her up
against the wall. A gloved hand covers her mouth, and a
syringe JAMS into her exposed neck.

(CONTINUED)

Pamela bucks and squirms, but the Pig Mask is too strong, holding her still, staying face-to-face.

36 OMITTEDSC:36 36

37 INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT 37

PRESENT

CLOSE ON: Pamela unconscious on the floor.

PULL OUT to Hoffman placing her photo onto a BULLETIN BOARD next to Tara, Brent, and the Janitor.

Hoffman moves to another panel of glass, seeing Tara and Brent stand in their cage.

Hoffman pulls out the THIRD ENVELOPE. This envelope has TWO PHOTOS, revealing the people as ADDY and ALLEN.

38 INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY #1 - NIGHT 38

William is at the end of the air duct. There's a HOLE cut in the metal, leading down to a dark abyss.

An arrow points down. William looks through the hole.

FROM WILLIAM'S P.O.V.: Only the bare floor is revealed.

William holds a second, nervous about dropping in. William winces, touching his stomach wound. Blood covers his hand, his eyes focusing on the wrist message that reads, "THE PARTY."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

39

39

INT. JILL'S CLINIC - NIGHT

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

JOHN

I'm John Kramer.

WILLIAM

(nodding)

Jill's husband. William Easton.

They shake.

JOHN

Grab some coffee?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (CONT'D)

It's a nice thing to sponsor this -
good for your company's image.

WILLIAM

Oh, it's not for our image. Our
company has a vested interest in
the health of everyone, whether
they're a client or not.

John gives William a look like, "come on, who are you
bullshitting?" William laughs, lightening up.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Okay. It's good for the image.

They share a laugh.

They help themselves at the buffet table.

WILLIAM

Jill says you're an architect?
Mentioned you're working on a
building for the "disadvantaged."

JOHN

That's right. Eco-friendly. Fully
self-sufficient. It's for lower
income families.

WILLIAM

How does an architect benefit
financially from a project like
that?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Not much. But I get to build something that's relevant, and that's been on my mind for a long time. We're testing to see if people who are up against it will better themselves when given the opportunity. I think they will.

WILLIAM

Sounds like we're in a similar business.

JOHN

How's that?

WILLIAM

You predict people's behavior, and so do I.

(off John's look)

When people come to us for coverage, we have to analyze each person for probability of success.

JOHN

How do you do that?

WILLIAM

It's a formula. It's complicated, but in essence, monthly payment multiplied by lifespan minus the likelihood of illness. If the sum is positive, we'll consider coverage.

JOHN

Who devised that formula?

WILLIAM

Me.

JOHN

So in a sense, you choose if people live or die?

WILLIAM

No, I'm choosing which people have the potential to live long, healthy lives.

JOHN

But you're leaving out the most important element.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM

Which is what?

JOHN

The will to live.

(off William's look)

Until a person is faced with death,
it's impossible to know if they
have what it takes to survive.
You're not creating a level playing
field.

WILLIAM

There's no such thing as a perfect
system, John. You're telling me
your new building is going to level
the playing field?

JOHN

Yes. With my building, all the
participants have an equal chance.
But with your formula, half the
applicants or more have *no* chance.

William nods, genuinely taking John's word to heart.

40

INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY #2 - NIGHT

40

PRESENT

William looks away from the wrist message and lowers himself
into the room--

41

INT. THE HANGING ROOM - NIGHT

41

THUD! William hits the ground, rolling. He scrambles to his
feet as--

FLASH-FLASH-FLASH! The lights come on in the room,
highlighting the IGLOO-SHAPED ROOM. There are two small
boxes on the wall in front of a glass wall that sections off
an alcove. Lights glow within the boxes.

There is a CAMERA and a mounted digital CLOCK that reads,
"40:42." William passes the two boxes when one of his wrist
clamps begins to BEEP. His eyes rise to the boxes seeing
HANDLES underneath them. Text is written, "TAKE THEM."

William doesn't dare touch the handles.

William's eyes rise, seeing that there are THREE PEOPLE
MOUNTED STANDING ON THE TOP OF A PLATFORM. Their hands are
behind their backs and BARBWARE NOOSES are around their
necks.

(CONTINUED)

The people are ADDY and ALLEN. But the third isn't a person...it's a DOLL. Its black eyes stare down to William, the corners of its mouth curled upwards.

(CONTINUED)

Addy and Allen have their mouths gagged. They can't speak. But they stare into William, pleading. Their weight causes the barbwire to CUT into their necks.

WILLIAM

No...

William's mind sways. He touches his wrist, the strap BEEPING, blood still oozing out. He has to move. William grabs the handles, unlatching them--

The floor beneath the doll falls, and the doll drops down-- WHAM! Its head nearly being ripped from its body.

William flinches, the handles taut in opposite directions, pulling his arms apart. The doll's dead eyes stare into William. A beat passes and then its mouth moves--

DOLL

Hello, William. You are presently one step closer to understanding the errors of your way.

Addy and Allen struggle, staring down to William.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Standing on the platform above me are two of your colleagues. One is a young, healthy man with a long life ahead of him. The other, a middle-aged woman with the deadly combination of high body fat and a family history of diabetes.

William's eyes shift to Addy and Allen.

DOLL (CONT'D)

According to policy, the latter demonstrates the traits that deem her unworthy. However, as your secretary of ten years, you know the loss she will be in her family, while young Allen will disappear without a blip on the world's radar.

William looks to the boxes, seeing that they display images of Addy and her family. She has kids. A husband. Brothers. Sisters. Nieces. Nephews. Grand kids. A huge family.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Only one can exit this room - and the choice of whom falls upon you.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOLL (CONT'D)
Choose within sixty seconds or you
will be unable to advance.

William looks to the other box, seeing images of Allen living
his lonely life.

DOLL (CONT'D)
(from screen)
According to policy your choice is
clear, but when face-to-face with
people whose blood will stain your
hands, can you make the same
decision? The choice is yours.

The doll pauses and then lets out a mocking, sinister LAUGH.
CLICK! The time starts, ticking down from SIXTY SECONDS.

WILLIAM
I won't do this!

CH-CHUNK! A winch churns above Addy and Allen, and they are
slowly pulled forward, leading them off the platform. They
both buck and squirm, but the winch is too strong, leading to
them to their hanging death.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
It's a business! My decisions
aren't made like this!

The two handles pull taut, causing William to strain. His
eyes shift to the boxes, seeing the many images of Addy and
her family. Allen is alone.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
I'm not going to do it!

William's mind spins. The doll laughs. Addy and Allen are
pulled forward. The timer ticks down. It's sensory
overload...but he has to act.

Tick...tick...tick. The timer passes the THIRTY-SECOND mark.

William grips the handles. He looks to the two people above
him. His eyes connect with Addy.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

Addy's eyes fill with terror. She tries to scream through
her gag. William's eyes drop to the TWO BOXES OF IMAGES.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
(a whisper)
I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED: (4)

41

William releases one of the handles and--

Allen's hands are released, but his body is yanked forward and--WHAM! He slams into the glass, his neck jerked by the barbwire noose, cutting his throat instantly.

Allen's eyes bug out, and blood spits out of his mouth. William closes his eyes as--

CLICK! Addy's handle goes loose, and her hands are released. She falls to the floor, the noose now disconnected from the winch. She cries, blood spilling from her neck wounds.

CLICK! A grating on a CUBBY HOLE two feet in diameter pops opens behind William. A SMALL KEY dangles from the cubby hole door frame.

William is quick to grab the key and try it on the metal strap locks until he's able to remove his second wrist strap. It pops off, revealing ANOTHER MESSAGE.

But William turns to see Addy staring to him. She puts a bloodied hand on the glass partition and manages to speak.

ADDY

Thank you...thank you...

William nods, wincing from his own pain. He turns, looking to the second wrist message that reads, "FINAL DECISION." He moves to the cubby hole. A door is open, revealing a PITCH DARK HOLE.

CLOSE ON: JAGGED NAILS stick out of all sides, making it even more difficult to move.

William has no choice but to enter the cubby hole and crawl, albeit carefully to avoid the nails.

41A

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

41A

Cars drift down a stretch of highway. Traffic is sparse at this hour. City lights twinkle in the background.

A TOYOTA PRIUS heads up an off-ramp.

41B

INT. JILL'S CAR - NIGHT

41B

Jill's at the wheel. Passing headlights reflect off her determined brow.

42

INT. FINAL ROOM - THE CAGE - NIGHT

42

The acid droplets continue to fall from the container, sizzling on the cement floor. Tara kneels, looking to it.

(CONTINUED)

TARA

What if we put the acid on the
metal bars? It'll eat through the
metal, won't it?

Brent is at the bars, staring at the panel of ONE-WAY GLASS.

BRENT

Yeah, but how do we get it onto the
bars? With our hands?

Tara looks down to her hands, bad idea. Brent looks away,
staring at the one-way glass again.

TARA

What are you looking at?

BRENT

I wonder...

*

TARA

What?

*

BRENT

Who's behind the glass?

*

Tara stares as well, a chill running down her spine.

TARA

What do you want? Why are you
doing this?

*

*

No reply, and after a beat, we leave the cage...moving past
several pillars and through the glass. Tara's voice silences
and we move through the viewing room and into--

PAMELA (O.S.)

(faintly)

Help! Help!

*

THE HOLDING CAGE

Pamela is up, staring at the glass panel just as Brent and
Tara were. Her face is red. Frantic. She screams at the
top of her lungs.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Help me!!!

But there is no response. Panic rushes through her body.
She moves around the cage, rubbing her hands together and
trying to keep her cool. But it's a losing battle.

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED: (2)

42

On the floor, the message is written, "SEE IT WORK." Just beyond the cage, a MONITOR sits. There is also a CONTROL PANEL that allows her to view EVERY ROOM in the game.

CLOSE ON: The monitor currently displays William crawling through the cubby hole.

Pamela's eyes rise, seeing a MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER dangling from a string attached to the top of the cage.

Next to it, like in Tara and Brent's cage, a LARGE CANISTER filled with yellow liquid is seen. It drips from a sprinkler head, sizzling on the cement floor.

Pamela gains her nerve and starts to try to climb up the side of the cage to get to the micro-cassette recorder.

43

OMITTEDSC:43

43

44

INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

44

CLOSE ON: It's the group photo of THE DOG PIT - William's six person team.

PULL OUT to reveal Hoffman pulling the photo from the FOURTH ENVELOPE. It's DEBBIE. He tacks it to the bulletin board.

Hoffman grabs the FIFTH ENVELOPE when--

RING-RING-RING! He lowers the envelope and grabs his cell phone, answering quickly.

HOFFMAN

(into phone)

Hoffman.

*

ERICKSON (V.O.)

(through phone)

We found the Seth Baxter tape.

*

HOFFMAN

(into phone)

Yeah?

*

*

*

45

INT. FBI OFFICES - RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT

45

Perez is in the background, going over data. Erickson moves as he holds his cell phone.

ERICKSON

(into phone)

But there was something else we wanted to discuss with you.

(CONTINUED)

Evolution III
45 CONTINUED:

4-02-09

Double Yellow

51A.
45

INTERCUT

(CONTINUED)

HOFFMAN

What?

ERICKSON

Well, it's better to talk about it
in person.

*

Hoffman hesitates a beat.

ERICKSON (CONT'D)

It's time sensitive.

HOFFMAN

I'll be right there.

Hoffman closes his phone, clenching his jaw. A beat passes
and he then slides a PHOTO from the FIFTH ENVELOPE. It's of
THE DOG PIT - William's team of workers.

46 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

46

It's late, so most lights are out in the medical building.
Jill's car comes to a stop, and Jill steps out, carrying her
hand bag and heading towards the building.

47 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

47

A JANITOR mops the hallway, and Jill passes him, her high
heels tapping against the floor.

She comes to a door with a MAIL SLOT and Jill pulls out a
SMALL PACKAGE from the bag. This is the package Jill took
out of the box earlier. It has writing on the outside, but
the words are impossible to see at this point.

Right as she's about to slide the package into the mail slot,
she hesitates and stops. A beat passes and...

48 INT. THE RACK ROOM - NIGHT

48

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

THUD! A gurney is slammed against the wall, and an
unconscious man on the gurney is seen. He's familiar
looking. Dark skin. He's TIM from Saw III.

Hoffman takes a step towards THE RACK. At this point,
though, most of the lights in the room are dimmed, and very
little detail can be seen. Hoffman steps to the rack, making
an adjustment when--

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (O.S.)

I had a hunch you'd change some things.

Hoffman looks over to see John moving towards him in a wheelchair. Amanda is behind him, pushing him close to the trap. John takes a close look at Hoffman's work.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I told Amanda you'd switch gear ratios for better torque. So you have. Nice touch.

Amanda tosses a small CAN of grease to Hoffman.

AMANDA

You have to change the gear grease weight to match the increased friction. Five weight, with a high-heat ratio.

Hoffman looks at the can, and then back to Amanda as if to say, "What the fuck do you know?"

AMANDA (CONT'D)

(with a smirk)

Just trying to help.

JOHN

She's good, Mark. Have some faith. Check with her next time.

HOFFMAN

How many more next times are there going to be?

Hoffman sets down the can of grease.

JOHN

When I decide our course is run.

Hoffman, annoyed at John's coyness, moves to the gurney and dumps Tim's body onto the concrete floor--THUD! Hoffman then drags the limp body to the base of the rack.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That's a human being. Do you like how brutality feels?

Hoffman turns, having heard enough.

HOFFMAN

Don't bullshit me. You want to see him suffer as much as I do.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
How do you know?

HOFFMAN
Because he deserves it.

John is racked by coughs. Amanda steps forward and slides an oxygen mask over his mouth. John inhales deeply.

Amanda moves past John and approaches Hoffman. She lifts the can of grease, lowering her voice.

AMANDA
When's your test, detective?

HOFFMAN
I don't need one.

Amanda pulls out a screwdriver, prying open the can lid.

AMANDA
Says who?

Hoffman reaches out, grabbing her arm and exposing the SCARS ON HER WRISTS from past suicide attempts.

HOFFMAN
Unlike you, I never took my life
for granted.

Amanda yanks her arm away, spilling some of the can's contents onto the floor.

AMANDA
Get used to me. When he's gone,
I'll be here.

Hoffman reads Amanda's eyes, a sly smirk crosses his face.

HOFFMAN
You sure about that?

Paranoia rises in Amanda when--

JOHN (O.S.)
Amanda.

Amanda looks over to John.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Time is short.

Amanda sets down the can of grease, moving back to John. Hoffman watches, standing over Tim's body.

(CONTINUED)

Amanda keeps her voice down, shielding herself from Hoffman.

AMANDA
(re: Hoffman)
I don't trust him.

JOHN
It's not your concern.

AMANDA
He's not like us.

JOHN
Perhaps.
(beat)
It's time to get Doctor Denlon from
the hospital.

Amanda lowers her eyes, nodding.

AMANDA
I'll take you back.

Amanda takes her position behind the wheelchair. They head
for the exit.

Behind them, Hoffman watches. He jerks up Tim, violently
putting him up onto the rack.

48A INT. THE RACK ROOM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

48A

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Amanda pushes John down the hallway and they take a corner,
seeing Jill standing before them. She wears light colored
clothing, and she clutches her purse, a bit of rain still on
her overcoat.

Jill's eyes connect with John's, and then she looks up to
Amanda.

JILL
How are you, Amanda?

*

AMANDA
Good. Really good.

*

John raises his hand.

JOHN
(to Amanda)
Go. Be quick.

(CONTINUED)

Amanda moves forward past Jill, pushing through a set of doors.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

JILL

John, please stop. Don't do this.
(shaking her head)

This has become so much more than
what you told me it would be. End
it now.

*
*
*
*

John absorbs her words.

JOHN

I promise you, when this is done,
you'll be given a way out.

JILL

I wish that time was now.

John musters all his strength to stand. He rises from the
wheelchair, staring into Jill.

JOHN

Then I have something for you.

49-53 OMITTEDSCS:49-53

49-53

54 INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

54

PRESENT

Jill's hand shakes, clutching the small package in the mail
slot. She hesitates a beat and then drops it in.

Jill then turns and walks back the way she came.

55 INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY #3 - NIGHT

55

William struggles to breathe as he crawls forward. He enters
a tunnel that is threaded through with a thick metal pipe,
painted red and subtly steaming. WARNING SIGNS and lurid RED
LIGHTS punctuate the space.

CLOSE ON: As he crawls along, his left leg grazes the pipe,
SCORCHING a nasty hole into his pants and skin.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM

Aahhh!

William flinches and inspects his newest wound. As he does so, he looks to the message on his wrist that reads, "FINAL DECISION."

JOHN (V.O.)

I came to talk with you, Will,
because I found a treatment for my
cancer.

INT. UMBRELLA HEALTH OFFICE - WILLIAM'S OFFICE - DAY

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

William sits at his desk, reclined back and guarded. John sits in a chair before him, leaning forward and referencing several books and charts.

JOHN

But my request for coverage has
been rejected. Once I explain, I
hope you can overturn things for
me.

WILLIAM

The buck stops with me, John. Fire
away.

John's face lights up, leaning forward more, trying to show William an article from a medical journal.

JOHN

There's this doctor in Norway, and
he's had a thirty percent success
rate with gene therapy.

John points, and William looks, but he's more looking at John's reckless enthusiasm.

JOHN (CONT'D)

He injects suicide genes into the
cancerous tumor cells. An inactive
form of a toxic drug is
administered, and the drug kills
off any cancer cells with the
suicide genes in them.

John holds the journal like it's a gold.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM

John, I'm familiar with gene therapy--

JOHN

A new trial is starting...this doctor is looking for suitable patients. I'm a perfect candidate.

*

WILLIAM

I understand, John. Two floors of this building are dedicated to analyzing experimental treatment claims. But if your primary physician, Doctor Gordon, thought you were an appropriate candidate, he would have pursued it.

JOHN

Dr. Gordon is a specialist. Everything is procedure to him.

WILLIAM

Because of your age and the development of your cancer, it's not feasible for us--

JOHN

Feasible? I'm not one of your equations, Will.

William leans back in his chair, defensively putting up his hands.

WILLIAM

John, it's policy. If you want to go outside the system and seek this treatment that has been deemed unnecessary, you'll breach your policy and you will be dropped from coverage completely.

*

*

John rises from his chair and moves to the window. He stares into the Dog Pit area, settling himself.

JOHN

Did you know in the far-east people pay their doctors when they're healthy? When they're sick, they don't pay. So they end up paying for what they want, not what they don't want. We got it ass-backwards here.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM

John...

(CONTINUED)

John's gaze shifts to the muted TV. It displays some POLITICIAN spewing rhetoric.

JOHN

The politicians say it over and over: "Health care decisions should be made by doctors and their patients, not the government." Now I know... They're not made by doctors, their patients, or the government. They're made by the fucking insurance companies.

*

*

John scoops up his materials and moves for the door.

WILLIAM

(stands)

That's enough. If you do this, John, you'll be on your own, and the subsequent costs to you will be staggering.

John stops in the door, staring back at the opulent office.

JOHN

I have money. It's become principle. It's my life we're talking about here. Remember that essential element I told you was missing from your formula... the will to live?

WILLIAM

Yeah, but what about Jill? Will she be taken care of when you're gone?

John doesn't answer as William leans forward.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I'm going to be straight with you. The type of cancer you have is malignant and inoperable. So even if this treatment works, eventually your cancer will come back. It's an unwinnable battle.

JOHN

That rolls off your tongue real smooth.

*

(CONTINUED)

John leans over the desk, in William's face.

*

JOHN (CONT'D)

*

As a matter of fact, it was
downright slick. You think it's
the ones you save who will have
final judgement over you, because
the dead have no claim on your
soul.

*

In John's hard gaze, there's just a hint of a changing man.

JOHN (CONT'D)

But you might be mistaken.

57 INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY #3 - NIGHT

57

PRESENT

William turns from the wrist message and struggles forward
into a walkway, coming face-to-face with a big, metal door.

The HOT PIPE passes through the wall beside him. He has no
choice but to open it--

58 INT. THE STEAM ROOM - NIGHT

58

William wrenches open the door and finds himself on a second
story catwalk balcony at one end of a LARGE BOILER ROOM. He
cringes a bit, his hand unconsciously touching the bleeding
scar on his stomach.

The room is RED HOT. The pipe that scorched him is one of
many, and they join to form a ROUGH Z across the bottom of
the room, leading to a HUGE FLOOR-TO-CEILING BOILER.

Three columns of hot steam dominate the rest of the space. A
catwalk across the room joins his balcony to another one on
the opposite side, where a timer reads, "29:43".

Below William at the floor level, a see-through rectangular
tunnel made of fencing material follows the maze of scalding
pipes.

(CONTINUED)

It is intermittently bombarded by a dozen small, furious BLASTS OF HOT STEAM that converge into the tunnel at various points along the way.

WILLIAM

Shit...

William plucks a MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER from the wall and presses PLAY. The familiar bone-chilling voice is heard.

JIGSAW (V.O.)

(from tape)

Hello, William. You have seen the flaws in your policy, but what you have not seen is the extent some people will go to when faced with death.

FLASH! The area directly below William lights up. Through the metal grating of his balcony, William sees DEBBIE, gagged and strapped on her back to a metal table. She has a BIZARRE DEVICE attached to her chest with a BOLT GUN stuck underneath her chin.

The only way out of her area is through the fencing passageway that crosses the boiler room along the pipes.

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

(from tape)

Your closest colleague has ninety seconds to cross this room or the device attached to her chest will discharge and pierce her brain. While short, the journey is filled with potential dangers.

FLASH! Another light flashes on. It blasts onto a six-foot cube of fencing on the balcony opposite William. A METAL RACK is within.

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

(from tape)

In order for her to make it, you will need to be there for her - and it is you who ultimately holds the key to her survival.

(beat)

When faced with death will she display the skills to live? Let the game begin.

CLICK! The bindings that hold Debbie release. She leaps off the table and rips away her gag. TICK-TICK-TICK! A timer on her chest device starts to tick down from NINETY SECONDS.

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE

Jesus Christ, Will! What the hell
is this?!

WILLIAM

It's going to be okay! Move
through that tunnel as fast as you
can.

Debbie stares into the piercing BLASTS OF STEAM that shoot
into the long, thin cage before her. She shakes her head,
tears spilling down her face.

DEBBIE

This is insane...

WILLIAM

Debbie, go! I'm gonna get you out
of here!

Debbie steps into the tunnel. William walks along overhead,
urging her on. He passes vertical pipes that branch up from
below and continue into the ceiling.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You can make it!

Without warning, a vicious BLAST OF STEAM surges into
Debbie's right side, scalding her exposed legs. She SCREAMS
in agony, dropping to her knees.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Watch out! You've got to keep
going!

Debbie hopelessly faces a 2' x 2' CHOKEPOINT she has to crawl
through to continue. There's no way around the THREE BLASTS
OF STEAM that steadily pour into it.

Tick...tick...tick...the timer on Debbie's device passes the
SIXTY SECOND MARK.

But up above, William sees a large relief lever at his own
level. It's part of the same pipe that feeds the steam
below.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Wait, I think I can help you.

William grabs the lever and uses all of his weight to force
it down. The steam that threatens Debbie dies down, but
releases a HUGE BLAST that broadsides William, forcing him to
let go. The lever springs back up.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Goddamn it!

William gently touches his arm where the steam hit him, then stoically grabs the lever again.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Okay, get ready to go!

Debbie throws herself into the tunnel as William plunges down the lever again. He turns away from the steam as much as possible, but still SCREAMS WITH PAIN as it scalds his neck.

Debbie is halfway through when William can't take it anymore and releases the lever.

TSSSSSS! The steam blasts Debbie, hitting her torso and the rest of her legs. She tumbles out of the chokepoint into another walking section of the tunnel. The boiler looms up beside her. Her legs are DARK RED and BADLY BLISTERED.

William staggers down the catwalk, gasping with pain.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

One more. You can do it.

DEBBIE

(sobbing)

Why are we here?

WILLIAM

Keep going. Come on.

Debbie manages to evade the steam blasts that shoot into the walking section of her route, then drops to her hands and knees and peers into her next checkpoint and sees--

CLOSE ON: Along the fence walls ahead of Debbie are SIX SPIRAL HEATING ELEMENTS from an INDUSTRIAL COOKING STOVE. They come to life and glow fiercely, rippling with heat.

At the end of the six-foot section, Debbie sees a dead end where a SEVENTH HEATING SPIRAL glares red before her.

Tick...tick...tick...the timer passes the FORTY-FIVE MARK.

DEBBIE

It's a trap! There's no where to go!

William sees that a ladder in a TUBULAR CAGE rises out of the far end of her chokepoint. It leads to a trap door in the floor of the FINAL BALCONY. The trap door is inside the lighted cage where Jigsaw said she will find the key.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM
There's a ladder up at the end.
I'll help you.

William grabs another relief lever and throws his weight down on it--

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Go!!!

Debbie scrambles into the tunnel, the heating elements mere inches from her skin.

Above her, William strains to keep the lever down while he's hit with a MASSIVE SURGE OF STEAM.

But when Debbie is near the end, William falls off the lever and drops to his knees--

TSSSSS! A BLAST OF STEAM hits Debbie in the face, and she jerks into one of the HEATING ELEMENTS.

The red hot coils scorch a black, smoky wound into Debbie's left arm. She HOWLS, but grabs the ladder above her and starts to climb.

Tick...tick...tick...the timer passes the THIRTY SECOND MARK.

William crawls toward the cage onto the final balcony.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Keep going! You can do it!

As Debbie climbs up the ladder, William drags himself to his feet and tries to open the door into the cube - but it won't open from his side.

The trap door lurches open, and Debbie appears in the final balcony. Raw skin peels off her face, arms, and legs, and she can barely see. But she triumphantly rises through the floor and staggers to the METAL STAND.

William recoils in horror. Her beauty has been completely destroyed. He takes a deep breath.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Okay, you're there! Now get the key! Save yourself!

But Debbie doesn't move - starring at something before her.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
What's wrong?! Just do it!

(CONTINUED)

DEBBIE
It's in you...

*

WILLIAM
What?

PULL OUT to reveal what is on the metal stand: a photo of William, still passed out in the breathing trap; a photo of the stitched-up wound in his side, an X-ray of a William's torso with a key in the belly, and a CORDLESS CIRCULAR SAW.

Tick...tick...tick...the timer passes the FIFTEEN SECOND MARK.

Debbie makes a rash decision and grabs the cordless circular saw, REVVING IT and lunging for the door of the cube.

DEBBIE
Gimme that key!!!

The circular saw SCREAMS TO LIFE as Debbie bursts out of the cage and attacks William.

WILLIAM
What the fuck are you doing?!

William stumbles back, keeping his distance.

DEBBIE
I need the key!!!

WILLIAM
What key?!

William suddenly clutches the raw SURGICAL SCAR on his side - realizing that THE KEY IS WITHIN HIM.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
No...!

William tries to protect himself, backing against the far side of the balcony.

Debbie swings the circular saw, barely missing him, striking a pipe with a BLAST OF SPARKS.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Wait, I can help you!

Tick...tick...tick...the timer passes the TEN SECOND MARK.

DEBBIE
Give it to me!!!

(CONTINUED)

Debbie swings again, and William manages to punch her away, but Debbie is crazed, and she comes at him again.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

You motherfucker!!!

Debbie swings the circular saw and then kicks out, hitting William in the groin. William falls in the heap, gasping for air.

Tick...tick...tick...the timer passes the FIVE SECOND MARK.

Debbie's eyes widen. William puts up his hands in defense. Debbie holds the saw above her head and prepares to bring it down upon William when--

CLICK! The timer hits ZERO... Debbie strains...

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

No--

BLAM! The chest device discharges and THE BLADE SHOOTS UP INTO DEBBIE'S CHIN, erupting out of her left eye socket.

Debbie falls backward, hitting the balcony railing and flying over, falling into a cloud of steam--

WHAM! Debbie hits the ground with a sickening THUD.

William slowly stands and looks over the edge. Debbie's body is contorted into an odd direction - her life gone.

CLICK! A DOOR leading out of the room opens, a hallway seen outside the doorway. A SMALL KEY dangles from the door frame.

The DIGITAL CLOCK on the wall counts down, currently displaying "25:34."

William drops down to the floor, holding his head with his hands. He shakes his head to regain his bearings. His eyes drift back to Debbie. Her dead body staring up at him.

William moves to grab the small key, taking off a metal strap from his ankle. He gives Debbie one last look and then exits the room.

EXT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY #4 - NIGHT

William enters a very narrow hallway with only one way to go.

INT. FINAL ROOM - THE HOLDING CAGE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: William cautiously walks down the narrow hallway.

(CONTINUED)

PULL OUT to reveal Pamela kneeling on the floor. Tears streak face. She holds the micro-cassette recorder, the reality of the horror she's facing overwhelming her.

She shakes her head, rewinding the tape and pressing play--

JIGSAW (V.O.)

(from tape)

...you've sensationalized my life,
twisting the truth and exploiting
my message for your own benefit.
Well, today you will experience the
meaning of sacrifice, and you will
see the consequence of those that
unjustly hurt others--

Pamela throws the micro-cassette recorder against the cage, Jigsaw's words sputtering out.

PAMELA

Fuck!!!

She cups her head with her hands, shaking her head in despair. After a beat, she rises, wiping away the tears from her eyes.

CLOSE ON: She stares to the words on the floor, "SEE IT WORK."

Pamela huffs, moving to the monitors and crouching.

The monitor currently displays Tara and Brent in their cage. Brent looks up to the camera--

INT. FINAL ROOM - THE CAGE - NIGHT

Brent moves away from the bars and looks up to the camera, the red light glowing.

BRENT

Someone is there. Watching us.

TARA

Why? Why would someone do this?

BRENT

To see how we respond.

Brent points to the lever.

BRENT (CONT'D)

They want to know what decision
we'll make when faced with death.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

A beat passes between them--

BRENT (CONT'D)
Let's pull it.

Brent's hand grasps the lever and--

TARA
No, we have to know what it does
first. It's too risky.

Brent thinks a moment, his eyes drifting to the timer. He sighs frustrated, releasing the lever.

62

INT. FBI OFFICES - RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT

62

CLOSE ON: Two hands come together, grasping tightly.

ERICKSON (O.S.)
Thanks for coming.

PULL OUT to reveal Erickson meeting Hoffman.

HOFFMAN
What'd you find?

*

Erickson motions to Perez working in the background. Her eyes connect with Hoffman's, but she quickly looks away.

ERICKSON
An abnormality in Strahm's
fingerprints.

*

HOFFMAN
What?

PEREZ
The human fingerprint leaves an
oily residue, and depending on how
long it has been exposed to the
elements, it's highly susceptible
to contamination.

HOFFMAN
So what's the problem?

PEREZ
We found trace amounts of the
halomethane R-12.

Hoffman wears a blank look.

ERICKSON
Freon.

(CONTINUED)

PEREZ

Production of R-12 ceased in 1995.
The question is, was the
contaminant we found at the site
already, or did Strahm bring it in
himself?

ERICKSON

We're looking into the building's
function before it was abandoned.

RING-RING-RING! Erickson's cell chimes, and he abruptly
turns, putting the phone to his ear and stepping away.

HOFFMAN

Anything come of the Seth Baxter
tape?

PEREZ

(with a nod)

It was in pretty bad shape, but we
were able to authenticate it. We
may be on to something; the voice
was intentionally distorted and
doesn't match John Kramer's.

*
*
*
*

HOFFMAN

For what?

*

PEREZ

We're trying to de-scramble the
tape to hear the original voice.

Perez nods to Erickson.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

He's on with the tech right now.

Hoffman nods and turns, putting his hand to his head. He's
cool, but inside, he's coming apart - **Is he being ambushed?**

PEREZ (CONT'D)

Are you timing something?

Hoffman turns and Perez points to Hoffman's WRIST WATCH.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

Your watch.

(CONTINUED)

Hoffman raises his watch, looking to it.

CLOSE ON: The watch is in TIMER MODE, and the timer shows "23:12" - the time remaining in William's game.

HOFFMAN

I was...before I got your call.

ERICKSON

We got it!

Erickson slaps Hoffman on the back, a smile on his face.

ERICKSON (CONT'D)

This is the smoking gun. *

Hoffman's heart skips a beat as Erickson grabs his jacket from the a rack by the door.

ERICKSON (CONT'D)

The lab is off-site, let's go.

(to Hoffman)

You're coming, right?

Hoffman hesitates just a second, both Erickson and Perez staring at him.

HOFFMAN

Yes. Of course.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jill sets down THE BOX on the living room table. She runs her hands over the smooth wood, her attention garnered by something on the wall.

CLOSE ON: A PHOTO OF JOHN. He wears a slight smile.

Jill stares, her eyes transfixed.

JOHN (V.O.)

I promise you, when this is done,
you'll be given a way out.

JILL (V.O.)

I wish that time was now.

INT. THE RACK ROOM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

(CONTINUED)

John stands before Jill, his body weak.

JOHN
Then I have something for you that
will end it all.

John removes something from inside his cloak. It's a KEY on a string. It's the one Jill wore around her neck - the one that opened the box.

JILL
What is it?

JOHN
When the time comes, you'll know
what to do with it.

Jill puts out her hand, and John gently sets the key into her palm.

64 OMITTEDSC:64 64

65 INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 65

Jill reaches into the box and pulls out a BURLAP SACK. It has some weight to it, and the slight sound of CLANKING METAL can be heard from within the sack.

Jill closes the box and then moves for the door.

65A EXT. JILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 65A

Jill exits the front doors of her apartment holding the burlap sack and heading to her CAR. She hops in, firing up the engine and pulling away from the curb.

66 INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY #5 - NIGHT 66

William comes to a dead end in the hallway. But he hears VOICES on the other side of a door. He listens. PEOPLE are talking and arguing.

JOSH (O.S.)
Would you shut up! All you do is
try to take over every situation!
You don't know what you're talking
about!

GENA (O.S.)
And you do?! You're just as
useless as always!

JOSH (O.S.)
Fuck you!

(CONTINUED)

SHELBY (O.S.)
Can you both just shut up already?!
We can figure this out.

We've heard these voices before. Earlier. In the office
with William. THE DOG PIT. William's team.

WILLIAM
Hello? Who's in there?

SHELBY (O.S.)
Mr. Easton? Is that you?

WILLIAM
Yes, Shelby. Who else is in there
with you?

There's a murmuring, but no answer.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Hello?

GENA (O.S.)
We're all in here, sir. All six of
us. What the hell is going on?

WILLIAM
What do you see?

SHELBY (O.S.)
We can't see anything, it's pitch
dark.

WILLIAM
What's that sound?

SHELBY (O.S.)
Something we're bound to...some
kind of carousel.

William's mind sways, trying to figure out the smart move.

JOSH (O.S.)
Get us out of here!

GENA (O.S.)
Please! Help us!

The murmuring rises again, there are more than three people
in there, even though only three have spoken directly to
William. William pushes open the door and--

67

INT. THE CAROUSEL ROOM - NIGHT

67

FLASH-FLASH-FLASH! A series of lights flash on throughout the room. William crawls to his feet taking it all in. He's in a larger room. In the center, sits an old, rusty CAROUSEL - like something from a playground.

William's SIX EMPLOYEES are strapped to it sitting up and staring outwards. There are six in total - THREE MALES and THREE FEMALES (JOSH, DAVE, AARON, GENA, SHELBY, EMILY). The carousel slowly spins clockwise.

Before the carousel, a MOUNTED AUTOMATIC WEAPON idly sits. As the people spin, they come face-to-face with the barrel.

A chain link fence sections off William from the carousel. William steps forward, seeing a MOUNTED CAMERA, a TV, and a SQUARE BOX sitting on a table.

CLOSE ON: The square box has a long, sharp, bolt currently raised. Just past the bolt is a lever to push.

JOSH

Mr. Easton, what is this?

WILLIAM

A game.

William's eyes shift to the mounted DIGITAL CLOCK that reads, "18:54."

ZZCCCCHHHH!!! A TV in the corner of the room flashes on. An image flickers on. The back of a head is seen. White skin. Stringy black hair.

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

DOLL

(from screen)

Hello, William. Before you are six of your most valuable associates - the ones who find errors in policies.

Everyone in the room is frozen in fear, each person on the carousel trying to twist their heads to see the TV screen.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(from screen)

Their findings result in over two-thirds of all applications denied or prematurely terminated.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOLL (CONT'D)

Now you must apply your analysis to them, and will you be able to find their errors?

William's eyes quickly flash to the familiar faces staring back at him.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(from screen)

Six ride the carousel, but only two can get off - an amount of no coincidence for a two-thirds termination rate.

Several of the six people try to see the MOUNTED AUTOMATIC WEAPON behind them.

DOLL (CONT'D)

The decision of which two survive falls upon you - but remember, the mounted gun will continue to fire until all six rounds are spent. And if no decision is made on your part, all six will perish.

The reality of the horror that is coming sinks in fast to the six people.

DOLL (CONT'D)

To offer the two reprieves, simply press the lever in the box before you. However, in doing so, you'll give a sacrifice of your own.

The doll has a CHUCKLE as William stares to the idle BOLT in the square box.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Two can live and four will die - your decisions symbolized by the blood on your hands.

The image on the TV cuts out, and the people begin to plead their cases right away.

DAVE

I can't die!

William stands overwhelmed, looking to the square box and the screaming people before him.

(CONTINUED)

AARON

I'm the youngest! I've never been
sick! Follow the policy! I'm the
one who should live!

The carousel abruptly stops with the mounted gun pointed at
Aaron.

AARON (CONT'D)

Follow the policy!!!

BLAM! Aaron's chest EXPLODES, blood showering the people
around him. The others scream, chaos breaking out.

JOSH

No! No! No!

William is frozen. The carousel begins to spin again.

GENA

I'm healthy! Please!

William lurches forward, putting his hands over the square
box. The people watch and scream.

DAVE

I'm the strongest! Look at me!

EMILY

I have two kids! You know them,
Will! Please! They can't grow up
without me!

The carousel stops again, the mounted gun pointed at EMILY--

CLICK! William jams his hand into square box, pushing the
lever and--WHAM! The bolt slams down, puncturing a hole in
William's hand.

The mounted gun jerks up and--BLAM! Misses Emily.

William lets out a SCREAM, blood squirting out. He grabs
hand holding it tightly.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Thank you...thank you...

The remaining four people stare, seeing that EMILY WAS SPARED
- likely because of her story and not because she was the
most ideal according to policy.

SHELBY

I have kids, too! Three of them!

(CONTINUED)

Dave looks to Shelby with scrunched face.

DAVE
No you don't!

SHELBY
Shut up!

Shelby gives Dave a nasty look, drawing the eyes of Gena and Josh.

The carousel spins and then stops - the mounted gun pointed at Gena. She scrambles for a response--

GENA
I'm pregnant! I'm pregnant!

JOSH
She's lying! She's fucking lying!

Gena's pleading eyes shift back to William as he is about to jam his hand into the square box when--

SHELBY
She's lying, Mr. Easton!!!

GENA
Fuck you guys!

William hesitates a second and--BLAM! Gena takes a shell to the chest.

The group gasps, and William looks to them. **Are they lying or are they telling the truth?**

JOSH
See! You can trust me! I won't lie to you!

SHELBY
He's a kiss ass!

Blood covers them all, and the walls are dripping red. They keep pleading their cases as the carousel spins.

DAVE
My family is loaded! They'll pay you whatever you want!

Only one more can live. It's between Josh, Dave, and Shelby.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Just say a number!

(CONTINUED)

JOSH

He's a thief! He's been stealing
from the company for years!

SHELBY

He's right! He's right!

JOSH

I can prove it!

DAVE

Don't listen to them! I'll give
you whatever you want!

The carousel stops behind the head of DAVE--

DAVE (CONT'D)

NOOOOOO!!!

BLAM! Dave's chest explodes. Josh and Shelby cringe, but
their eyes connect with William.

JOSH

I'm on your side! I can help you!
(re: Shelby)
But do not trust this bitch!

SHELBY

(to Josh)
Fuck you!

William's eyes shift between the raving Josh and Shelby.

JOSH

(re: Shelby)
She already tried to lie! She will
continue to do it!

SHELBY

He's wants to be you! You know
that! He will slit your throat at
the first opportunity!

The carousel stops and the mounted gun points at SHELBY--

SHELBY (CONT'D)

DON'T LET ME DIE!!!

At the last second, William jams his hand into the square box--
WHAM! The bolt fires down, piercing William's hand again.

The mounted gun tilts up and--BLAM! Misses Shelby.

(CONTINUED)

William cringes, holding his blood-squirting hand. Josh gasps, seeing that he's the odd man out.

JOSH

You motherfucker! Your policy is bullshit! Fucking bullshit!

William lowers his head ashamed as--

The carousel spins and then stops, the mounted gun pointed at Josh--

JOSH (CONT'D)

Look at me! You're killing me!

BLAM! His chest explodes. Blood sprays out, coating the wall in another coat of red.

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK! The bindings holding the six people in place open and the FOUR DEAD BODIES fall to the ground. The two remaining people sit there, covered in blood.

William uses his tie to wrap off his hand. He's on his knees, his chest heaving. He looks to the group, their horrified faces looking back.

CLICK! A DOOR on the opposite side of the room opens. A SMALL KEY dangles from the door frame.

William is quick to grab the key, which allows him to remove the second metal strap from his ankle.

William's eyes drop to his PUNCTURED HAND. The tie around it is RED WITH BLOOD.

The DIGITAL CLOCK continues counting down and currently reads, "14:21."

William cranes his head, looking back at the TWO SURVIVORS. They slowly pull themselves together, nodding to William.

SHELBY/EMILY

Thank you...

EXT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY #6 - NIGHT

William sees the pipes along the high ceilings and the debris-covered floors of the wide hallway. There is an ARROW painted on the wall and a message that reads, "FAMILY."

INT. FINAL ROOM - THE CAGE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: On the monitor, William progresses down a hallway.

(CONTINUED)

BRENT
We're running out of time.

Brent's eyes drift to the lever marked, "LIVE/DIE."

TARA
If we pull it, we could be killing
ourselves.

BRENT
But if we don't, we could be
killing ourselves as well.

*

They both stare, their eyes rising to the DIGITAL CLOCK that
reads, "13:27."

70 INT. TECHIE'S LAB - NIGHT

70

CLOSE ON: Hoffman's wrist watch displays the time, "13:27."
The watch is lowered.

PULL OUT to reveal Hoffman stepping down the stairs into the
basement lab - the type of place that someone would have at
their home. It's small with few lights and no windows.

There's a workbench in the middle of the room and work tables
and shelves cluttered with electronics, tools, and other
techie supplies. There's a COFFEE MACHINE brewing.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Right now you're feeling helpless--

A WARBLD VERSION of the Jigsaw audio cuts out. A **TECHIE**
leans over audio equipment on one of the work tables. She's
a bespectacled Asian woman who has spent more time with her
nose in books than out in the real world.

TECHIE
Whoever made this tape had access
to some very impressive audio
filtration equipment. Fortunately,
we have some tricks of our own here
that can turn his algorithm upside
down and let us hear what he really
sounds like.

ERICKSON
Just make it happen.

(CONTINUED)

Erickson pours himself a cup of coffee, but Perez leans against the workbench, clocking Hoffman like a hawk.

JIGSAW (V.O.)

(from tape)

Right now you're feeling helpless--

The tape continues to play over and over, each time sounding more and more distorted. Hoffman moves around the room, looking at the equipment and tools. His eyes case the place.

As Erickson leans forward, his SHOULDER HOLSTERED GUN is seen. Perez sits on a table - her HIP HOLSTERED GUN seen.

Hoffman makes sure not to touch anything, one hand in his pocket and the other on his chin.

CLOSE ON: It's seen that Hoffman's pocketed hand is on a SMALL KNIFE.

PEREZ

Nervous?

HOFFMAN

Huh?

PEREZ

You keep moving, that's a sign of nervousness.

HOFFMAN

Just anxious to hear the tape.

JIGSAW (V.O.)

(from tape)

Right now you're feeling helpless--

Perez nods, looking away.

PEREZ

There are a couple of things I'm still trying to wrap my brain around.

Hoffman gives her a look.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

I just don't understand Peter's motivation. He was my partner for five years, and I knew he was a hot head, but I never saw any indication of psychotic behavior.

(CONTINUED)

Hoffman nods, his eyes watching Erickson and the Techie working on the tape.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

I just never thought of him as being...vengeful.

HOFFMAN

I guess you never really know what people are like on the inside.

TECHIE (O.S.)

You hear that?

The Techie adjusts some knobs, hearing the slightest differences in pitch. Hoffman moves closer to Perez. His KNIFE-HOLDING HAND raises from his pocket.

Erickson turns, moving back and looking to Hoffman. Hoffman's knife-holding hand lowers a bit.

CLOSE ON: The Techie's adjusts some knobs--

JIGSAW (V.O.)

(from tape)

Right now you're feeling helpless--

But it's still in Jigsaw's warbled voice.

TECHIE

We're getting there.

Erickson turns, moving back to the Techie. Perez follows with her eyes, and Hoffman eases.

ERICKSON

Come on, we don't have all night.

The Techie holds up a finger and twists a couple more knobs. Erickson looks back to Hoffman as Perez continues.

PEREZ

All the facts are there, and I can explain the things that don't line up with scientific explanations, but not everything sits right.

*

(CONTINUED)

TECHIE

Listen, it's getting closer.

*

Perez looks over to the Techie, but Erickson's eyes stay on Hoffman.

ERICKSON

There may be an alternative.

*

(off Hoffman's look)

Say Strahm killed Seth Baxter specifically to set you up as an accomplice to Jigsaw.

Hoffman takes a sip of the hot coffee, acting nonchalant.

HOFFMAN

Okay.

ERICKSON

There's a problem with that, though.

(beat)

On further analysis of Strahm's fingerprint, the uric acid levels in the eccrine gland residue are inconsistent with an individual with active epidermal metabolism.

HOFFMAN

And?

*

ERICKSON

When he left his fingerprints on the latest victim...Strahm was already dead.

Hoffman is frozen. His eyes shift between Erickson and Perez as the audio equipment churns to life--

HOFFMAN (V.O.)

(from tape)

Right now you're feeling helpless--

TECHIE

There it is!

(CONTINUED)

This takes Erickson's eyes, and in a split second, Hoffman pulls out his pocketed hand, producing the small knife and SLASHING ERICKSON ACROSS THE THROAT.

The senior agent gags, gripping his neck, BLOOD spurting out.

The Techie gasps, stunned. Perez grabs her gun from her hip, raising to fire when--

Hoffman tosses the hot cup of coffee into Perez's face. She gasps. Erickson falls, his body shaking, the blood flowing from his neck like a geyser.

Perez is momentarily stunned from the HOT LIQUID, but she refocuses, aiming at the moving Hoffman--BLAM-BLAM!

Hoffman springing across the room and JAMMING HIS KNIFE INTO A POWER OUTLET--

WHOOSH! The knife causes the power to short and DARKNESS OVERTAKES THE ROOM.

HOFFMAN (O.S.)

Hey!!!

Perez's head wipes around as a voice rushes her. She's quick to raise her weapon and--BLAM-BLAM! The two shots light up the room, highlighting Hoffman holding the Techie like a human shield.

WHAM! The screaming woman is thrust into Perez, knocking her back. And before Perez can re-aim her weapon--

Hoffman JAMS the knife into her HEART and twists. His other hand grabs Perez's gun, keeping it down.

Perez puts up an initial fight, but it's brief, the effects of the knife causing her to weaken. Hoffman holds her tightly, lowering her to the floor. Perez's face strains, her breaths short.

HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

Who else knows I'm here?

Perez tenses up, her life slipping away.

PEREZ

Everyone.

HOFFMAN

You lie.

Hoffman twists the knife. Perez's body tightens and then goes slack. She's dead.

(CONTINUED)

70

CONTINUED: (5)

70

Hoffman pulls out the knife, wiping it on a handkerchief. He pockets them both and quickly moves.

71

EXT. TECHIE'S LAB/HOFFMAN'S CAR - TRUNK - NIGHT

71

The trunk opens and Hoffman reaches in, grabbing a LARGE JAR and a CANISTER OF GASOLINE. He slams closed the trunk.

72

INT. TECHIE'S LAB - NIGHT

72

The jar is slammed down and opened. Wearing gloves, Hoffman pulls out STRAHM'S SEVERED HAND.

73

INT. METALLIC ROOM - NIGHT

73

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Back in the room where Strahm died. Hoffman stares upwards.

CLOSE ON: Strahm's SEVERED HAND is stuck in the mesh on the ceiling. Perfectly intact.

Hoffman's eyes drop to Strahm's mangled body, seeing where the hand used to be. A smirk crosses Hoffman's face--

73A

BEGIN STRAHM HAND RAPID-FIRE MONTAGE:

73A

--Hoffman drops the severed hand into a plastic bag.

--Hoffman presses it against various traps, door frames, etc.

--Hoffman drags the hand over the face of the dead guy from the opening.

--Hoffman puts it back into the jar and into an OLD HOME FREEZER.

74

INT. TECHIE'S LAB - NIGHT

74

PRESENT

Strahm's severed hand is pressed all over the location. It's returned to the jar and then Hoffman grabs a BUCKET, filling it with a towel and gasoline from the canister.

He produces a lighter when--

ERICKSON MOVES a bit, still grasping onto life. Hoffman leans over the senior agent, a sinister smirk crossing his face. He then douses Erickson with GASOLINE.

Hoffman turns and lights the towel. FLAMES rise from the bucket, and he tosses it into the corner of the room. THE FLAMES RISING UP THE SIDE OF THE WALL.

Hoffman looks to the THREE BODIES before him as the ORANGE GLOW of the RISING FIRE reflects off his face.

74A OMITTEDSC:74A 74A

75 INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT 75

CLOSE ON: A wall-mounted digital clock displays "2:12."

Jill steps into the room, setting down the burlap sack and touching the chair. She moves to the one-way glass. Tara and Brent can all be seen.

76 OMITTEDSC:76 76

77 INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT 77

Jill steps away from the glass panel. She pulls out a tattered letter from the burlap sack. It's the LETTER PAMELA GAVE TO HER EARLIER. Jill looks to the clock.

CLOSE ON: The digital clock reads, "1:27."

78 EXT. ZOO - REAR ENTRANCE/HOFFMAN'S CAR - NIGHT 78

Hoffman's car SCREECHES to a halt. The driver's side door flies open and Hoffman jumps out, moving to the building.

79 INT. FINAL ROOM - THE HOLDING CAGE - NIGHT 79

Pamela intently watches her monitors, flipping from camera to camera angle watching William progress. She looks to the door into the room, which is just past her cage.

She moves to the corner of the cage, trying to PULL IT WITH ALL HER MIGHT, but nothing happens.

Pamela lets out a gasp, looking back to the monitors again. She hurries over to them, flipping the controls to now display Brent and Tara.

Frustrated, moves to the iron door, screaming.

PAMELA

Hello?! Can you hear me?! Can anybody hear me?!

(wilting)

I don't want to die in here!

80 INT. FINAL ROOM - THE CAGE - NIGHT 80

Brent moves to the lever marked, "LIVE/DIE." He holds it, looking as if he's come to some rash decision.

TARA

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

BRENT

Get as far away from the sprinkler
head as you can--

TARA

No, we don't know what it does--

BRENT

I'm not going to sit here and do
nothing!

Brent takes an aggressive stance, shielding the lever from
his mother.

BRENT (CONT'D)

We have to make a decision! Don't
you get it?!

Tara relents, being no match for her stronger son.

*

81 INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY #7 - NIGHT

81

CLOSE ON: A wall mounted digital clock displays "1:03."

William passes the clock, frantically running down the
hallway following arrow after arrow.

82 INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY #9 - NIGHT

82

Hoffman walks down the hallway. He doesn't run. But he
moves quick and with determination.

83 INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY #7 - NIGHT

83

William comes to a fork in the hallway. A DOLL sits on a
tricycle. It stares to William with dead eyes and LAUGHS.

WILLIAM

What the fuck?!

A DIGITAL CLOCK reads, "0:48."

84 INT. FINAL ROOM - THE CAGE - NIGHT

84

Tara backs up to the metal bars. Brent holds the lever, his
hands trembling. He stares between his mother and the
sprinkler head.

BRENT

You ready for this?

(CONTINUED)

84

CONTINUED:

84

Tara nods, turning away from the sprinkler head and covering her face.

84A

INT. FINAL ROOM - THE HOLDING CAGE - NIGHT

84A

Pamela crouches on her knees, now watching Brent holding the lever. Her eyes then shift, looking to the sprinkler head above her and then back to the monitor.

PAMELA

No! No! No!

85

INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

85

Hoffman pushing into the viewing room, leaving the door slightly ajar. He moves to the one-way glass, looking to the madness about to unfold.

86

INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY #8 - NIGHT

86

William sees that there is an arrow on the doll pointing in the correct direction. He kicks it over.

WILLIAM

Fuck you!!!

A mounted DIGITAL CLOCK that reads, "0:33."

87

INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

87

Hoffman sits in the chair and notices the LETTER sitting on the console in front of him - the one Jill left.

CLOSE ON: Hoffman flips over the letter, the front reading, "AMANDA."

Hoffman quickly opens the letter, seeing that it's written in his handwriting. It reads, "AMANDA, YOU WERE WITH CECIL THE NIGHT JILL LOST GIDEON. YOU KILLED JOHN'S CHILD."

Hoffman's expressions changes and--

87A

OMITTEDSC:87A

87A

87B

INT.. JILL'S CLINIC - HALLWAY - NIGHT

87B

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Jill leads TWO MEN to the door, allowing them to exit. She locks up the door behind them.

In the shadows, CECIL lurks, watching Jill. He hesitates, making sure the two men are gone when--

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA (O.S.)
She's alone. Go now.

Cecil looks to his left, revealing AMANDA standing just behind him, watching Jill in the doorway. She's tweaked out of her mind, her skinny body quivering for a score.

CECIL
I don't know about this--

AMANDA
Do it...do it for me.

Amanda looks to Cecil, putting a hand on his shoulder. Cecil looks to her desperate eyes. He nods and bolts for the door.

87C INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

87C

Hoffman's eyes drop to the letter again.

CLOSE ON: The second half of the letter reads, "KILL LYNN DENLON OR I WILL TELL JOHN WHAT YOU DID."

Hoffman's eyes rise to the glass as...

88 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT

88

(FLASHBACK)

Amanda's whole body trembles as she reads the letter. It's the SAME LETTER Hoffman was holding.

89 OMITTEDSC:89

89

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

90

(FLASHBACK)

Amanda holds out her gun and--BLAM! Shoots DOCTOR DENLON in the chest.

91-92 OMITTEDSCS:91-92

91-92

93 INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

93

PRESENT

Hoffman drops the letter, his eyes shifting to the clock that reads, "0:12."

94 INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY #8 - NIGHT

94

CLOSE ON: A digital clock reads, "0:10."

(CONTINUED)

94

CONTINUED:

94

William takes his final corner, running down a long hallway. He sees a door before with a message that reads, "YOUR FAMILY."

94A

INT. FINAL ROOM - THE HOLDING CAGE - NIGHT

94A

Still watching Brent on the monitor, Pamela tries to back away from the sprinkler head.

95

INT. FINAL ROOM - THE CAGE - NIGHT

95

Brent holds the lever.

BRENT

On three, I'll pull it.

Tara hovers at the edge of the cage, nodding.

BRENT (CONT'D)

One...two...

Brent turns his body away from the sprinkler head and--

BRENT (CONT'D)

Three!

Raises the lever to the LIVE position - but nothing happens. Bewilderment crosses Brent's face.

BRENT (CONT'D)

What...?

But he grits his teeth and then drops it into the DIE position - but, again, nothing happens.

BRENT (CONT'D)

What the fuck?! It doesn't work?!
It doesn't even fucking work?!

Brent's eyes shift to the TV displaying William in a FULL SPRINT. The digital clock reads, "0:07."

96

INT. FINAL ROOM - THE HOLDING CAGE - NIGHT

96

Pamela gasps, a sigh of relief crosses her face.

However, she's suddenly perplexed, switching the monitor to display William running.

97

INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY #8 - NIGHT

97

The countdown is on. William churns his arms. Blood slides from his many wounds. The door is closer and closer.

(CONTINUED)

97

CONTINUED:

97

The mounted digital clock above the door reads, "0:05."

98.

INT. FINAL ROOM - THE CAGE - NIGHT

98

Tara puts the lever into the neutral position.

TARA

I think I know what it does.

98A

INT. FINAL ROOM - THE HOLDING CAGE - NIGHT

98A

Pamela looks between the monitor, the iron door and the camera watching her.

PAMELA

(realizing)

Oh my god...

She shifts the monitor to display WILLIAM SPRINTING FOR THE DOOR at the end of the hallway. She turns, moving to the iron door, screaming.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

No! Don't open the door!

99

INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY #8 - NIGHT

99

The mounted digital clock ticks down from 0:03... 0:02... William rushes for the door...

0:01...

William lunges forward--

100

INT. FINAL ROOM - NIGHT

100

WHAM! The door flies open. William stumbles in and--

FLASH-FLASH-FLASH! All the lights in the room turn on. The two cages are on either side of William.

William is inside a SQUARE CAGE that resembles an oversized PHONE BOOTH. His eyes shift to the mounted digital clock that blinks 0:01.

WILLIAM

I made it! I made it!

101

INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

101

Hoffman leans forward in the chair as--

He tenses up - a SURGE OF ELECTRICITY flowing through his body. The surge stops, leaving him GASPING FOR AIR.

(CONTINUED)

101

CONTINUED:

101

His hands grip the metal armrests - seeing WIRES connected at the base. Hoffman's quivering head spins and sees JILL standing with CLICKER IN HAND.

HOFFMAN

You...

Jill hits the clicker again and the SURGE OF ELECTRICITY firing up again.

102

INT. FINAL ROOM - NIGHT

102

WHAM! The door behind William slams shut. William looks, but his gaze is taken by TARA. She stares into him.

WILLIAM

You...?

William struggles to understand what's going on.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

CLOSE ON: The canister of liquid does not pour down on Tara and Brent.

Tara looks away from the sprinkler head, staring to William. But before she can respond--

PAMELA (O.S.)

Will!

William's eyes shift to PAMELA. She has a look of terror in her eyes, but there is also recognition--

103

INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY #1 - NIGHT

103

(FLASHBACK)

William listens to the first micro-cassette tape.

JIGSAW (V.O.)

(from tape)

If you fail, you will never see
your family again.

104

INT. UMBRELLA HEALTH OFFICE - WILLIAM'S OFFICE - DAY

104

(FLASHBACK)

William stands in his office with Debbie sitting before him. He's on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAM
(into phone)
I know it's your birthday, I'll
make it up to you. I promise.

105 INT. COURTHOUSE- CORRIDOR - DAY

105

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Pamela holds a coffee and stands with a cell phone to her ear
in front of the court building where she did her TV report.
A CAMERAMAN holds a camera nearby.

PAMELA
(into phone)
You're really standing up your
sister for work? Your only family?

INTERCUT

WILLIAM
(into phone)
I'll call when I'm done here. Love
you.

PAMELA
Love you, too.

Pamela switches off her phone and gets into position to do
her report.

106 INT. FINAL ROOM - NIGHT

106

PRESENT

William reaches out for Pamela.

WILLIAM
I made it! I won the game! Let
her go!

PAMELA
No...you don't understand!

107 INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

107

CLAMP! Hoffman's WRISTS are placed into METAL SHACKLES on
the chair armrests. He is weak, the electricity having taken
a toll. Hoffman tries to fight, but he's too weak.

HOFFMAN
What the fuck are you doing? I'll
fucking kill you, bitch! John
can't protect you anymore!

(CONTINUED)

Jill goes about her business, moving to the other side of the room. The BURLAP SACK sits there. She pulls out a RUSTED METAL DEVICE that looks like a medieval dental tool.

107A INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

107A

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Jill opens the box, looking within--

FROM JILL'S P.O.V.: The rusted metal device sits on top of the six envelopes and the small package.

Jill gasps as--

107B INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

107B

PRESENT

Jill carries the device towards Hoffman. It's a sleeker version of the REVERSE BEAR TRAP FROM SAW.

108 INT. FINAL ROOM - NIGHT

108

William continues to SCREAM.

WILLIAM

I won the game! Let her go!

*

PAMELA

You're in danger, Will!

TARA (O.S.)

(interrupting)

You...

William's eyes shift to Tara. She stares, as if tears are seconds away. But it's not sadness - it's RAGE.

TARA (CONT'D)

You sonuvabitch.

Tara shakes her head, unable to control herself. William shakes his head, about to speak when--

BRENT

You're the man who killed my dad.

William flinches like getting punched in the gut. He stares into Brent as a FAMILIAR VOICE creeps in--

HAROLD (V.O.)

You're killing me! I can't get coverage from anyone now!

109 INT. UMBRELLA HEALTH OFFICE - WILLIAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT 109

(FLASHBACK - TO BE SHOT)

Back in the scene with HAROLD confronting William about his health coverage being terminated. Harold stands in a rage, screaming over the sitting William.

HAROLD

This is a death sentence! And it's
because of you!

Harold slams his fist down on William's table and storms out of the office. William watches, the door fly open.

The previous scene cut here, but we hold, seeing out into the hallway. Standing there is TARA and BRENT. Tara stares back at William, their eyes connecting.

She now sees the man responsible for her husband's imminent death.

110 INT. FINAL ROOM - NIGHT 110

PRESENT

Pamela shakes her head, tears filling her eyes.

ZZCCCCHHHH!!! A TV on the floor between William and Tara flashes on. Then...an image flickers on.

The head slowly cranes around, revealing...JIGSAW.

JIGSAW

(from screen)

Hello, Tara. My apologies for exposing you and your son to this treatment, but I assure you, it's not without reason.

(beat)

The man before just made the sacrifices to save the life of a loved one. However, when given the opportunity to save your husband's life, he chose not to. Now, you will be given the power to save a life.

111 INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT 111

Jill jams the mouth piece into Hoffman's mouth and the jaw-trap is placed over his head. He spits and curses, but his words are INAUDIBLE with the mouth piece.

112 INT. FINAL ROOM - NIGHT

112

All eyes stare at the TV.

JIGSAW
(from screen)
Will you grant this man the
opportunity to continue living, or
will you dispense the same death
sentence he issued your husband?
(beat)
Live or die - the choice is yours.

Jigsaw's eyes shift, as it he's looking out to William.
Then, the image cuts out.

WILLIAM
No...I followed the rules...I
won...I made it in time...

CLICK! The little LIGHT above the lever marked "LIVE/DIE"
blinks on. Both Tara and Brent see it, now knowing the
meaning of the lever.

Tara's eyes rise as the CAMERA CRANES AROUND TO REVEAL--

William's box. It's the most dangerous point in the room.
Above it is a grate filled with dozens of THICK NEEDLES.
Tubes snake down from the two large canisters and break off
into smaller tubes that connect to the needles.

THE TRAP IS FOR WILLIAM - not Pamela, Tara and Brent.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
(realizing)
My god...

112A INT. THE BREATHING ROOM - NIGHT

112A

(FLASHBACK)

William stares at Jigsaw on the monitor.

JIGSAW
(from screen)
With every death sentence you've
dispensed, you've probably wondered
when you'd face the consequence of
your actions. Well, today is that
day.

112B INT. FINAL ROOM - NIGHT

112B

PRESENT

(CONTINUED)

Williams shakes his head in despair, staring to Tara.

WILLIAM

I-I-I'm sorry...please forgive me.

*

113

INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

113

Hoffman THRASHES in the chair as Jill pulls a WIRE and PIN from the floor, placing the pin into the jaw-trap. The wire other end of the wire snakes across the floor to a MOUNTED SWITCH ON THE WALL

114

INT. FINAL ROOM - NIGHT

114

Pamela grips the bars of her cage.

PAMELA

He's changed! Didn't you watch the monitor?! He sacrificed himself to save me! He's changed! He saw the error of his ways!

*

(beat)

Show mercy! Please!

Tara's eyes connect with Pamela.

TARA

Did he show mercy when my husband was suffering?

115

INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

115

Hoffman mumbles and huffs in pain, blood sliding out of his mouth. Jill keeps her eyes on the game beyond the glass.

116-117 OMITTEDSCS:116-117

116-117

118

INT. FINAL ROOM - NIGHT

118

Pamela starts to breakdown in tears.

PAMELA

He's done some horrible things, but this won't bring back your husband!

TARA

My son and I were put in this thing and forced to watch this horror--

PAMELA

His game was about giving chances to people!

*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAMELA (CONT'D)

About not following the policy that
resulted in your husband's death!

TARA

His game was about consequence!
Consequence for killing all those
people back there!

PAMELA

He didn't have a choice!

TARA

He always had a choice!!!

(beat)

He thought he was playing for his
own life! He killed those people
so that he could live!

119 INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

119

Jill stands next to the mounted switch, looking to the glass.

120 INT. FINAL ROOM - NIGHT

120

Tara puts a hand on the lever.

TARA

That's his true face!

A tear runs down Tara's cheek, now focusing on William.

TARA (CONT'D)

But what gives you that right?!
Why should you live when others
die?!

121 INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

121

Jill stands, staring at Hoffman in the chair.

TARA (V.O.)

Your actions killed my husband!

122 INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

122

Hoffman pulls at the shackles, but they're not going to give.

TARA (V.O.)

I could turn the other cheek and
tell myself the system just works
that way, but that's not true!
Someone has to push the buttons!

- 123 INT. FINAL ROOM - NIGHT 123
William's body shakes with fear.
- TARA
The mere knowledge of the pain
inflicted should be more than one
person's conscience can bear!
- 124 INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT 124
Hoffman eyes shift to Jill.
- TARA (V.O.)
But I don't know if a man like you
even has a conscience!
- 125 INT. FINAL ROOM - NIGHT 125
William quivers. Tara speaks, staring into him.
- TARA
The reason I'm doing this isn't
because I can't forgive you for
what you've done to me!
- 126 INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT 126
Jill pulls an envelope from the burlap sack.
- TARA (V.O.)
The reason I'm doing this is
because I couldn't forgive myself
for what you might do to someone
else!
- 127 INT. FINAL ROOM - NIGHT 127
Tara holds the lever, tears now flowing down her face. She
grips the lever, starting to pull it down--
- TARA
You'll never kill again.
- WILLIAM
Please!
- PAMELA
NO! YOU'LL BE A MURDERER TOO!
- 128 INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT 128
Hoffman tenses up, now staring out the glass.

129 INT. FINAL ROOM - NIGHT

129

Tara pulls the lever--

But she STOPS. Her hands tremble. She withdraws her hand from the lever, grabbing her face.

TARA

I...

Tara chokes up.

TARA (CONT'D)

I can't...

130 OMITTEDSC:130

130

131 INT. FINAL ROOM - NIGHT

131

Tara shakes her head, crying.

TARA

I can't kill you...

She backs away from the lever. Pamela cries. William starts to break down as well, the emotional strain too much.

And right when the entire room eases--

BRENT (O.S.)

But I can.

Brent grabs the lever, a silent rage covering his face. He YANKS IT DOWN.

BRENT (CONT'D)

You killed my dad, you
motherfucker! Now burn in hell!

132 OMITTEDSC:132

132

133 INT. FINAL ROOM - NIGHT

133

WHAM! The grating above William swings down. The bottoms of the large canisters drop out, and the ACID fills the tubing all the way to the needles.

WILLIAM

No!!!

A lever flips and the grating THRUSTS FORWARD WITH FURIOUS VELOCITY--

134 OMITTEDSC:134

134

135 INT. FINAL ROOM - NIGHT

135

WHAM!!! William is JAMMED UP against the metal bars. The dozen of needles stick into his back, legs and neck. The SIZZLING ACID fills his body as he SCREAMS IN AGONY.

Pamela collapses to the floor, crying. Brent boils, staring to the writhing William. Tara hides her face, unable to watch the GROTESQUE HORROR.

The acid fills William's body, burning his flesh - the skin bubbling and sliding off the bone. William grips the bars as his body starts to fall apart, his flesh deteriorating by the second.

William's eyes widen. His mouth is agape. He lets out his FINAL DEATH CRY - HIS FLESH FALLING FROM HIS BODY IN CHUNKS.

WILLIAM

AHHHH!!!

136 INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

136

William's SCREAM reverberate through the room. Hoffman's head whips to Jill. He tries to mumbles for her to let him loose, but she's steel.

JILL

This is John's will.

Jill hits the switch on the wall and the TIMER ON THE JAW-TRAP BEGINS TO TICK DOWN FROM SIXTY SECONDS.

TICK...TICK...TICK...

Hoffman's eyes bulge strain as--

136A INT. CITY MORGUE - NIGHT

136A

(FLASHBACK)

Jigsaw is on the slab mid-autopsy. Hoffman holds a micro-cassette recorder, listening to a tape.

JIGSAW (V.O.)

(from tape)

You feel you now have control,
don't you? You think you will walk
away untested.

136B INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

136B

PRESENT

(CONTINUED)

Hoffman yanks at the metal shackles, but Jill holds up a SMALL KEY and shakes her head "no."

Jill raises the envelope. It's the SIXTH ENVELOPE - the one she failed to give to Hoffman in the beginning.

JILL
John did leave you five
envelopes... the sixth was for me.

*
*
*

She pulls out the photo and it is of HOFFMAN - showing it to Hoffman to see.

JILL (CONT'D)
Game over.

*

137 OMITTEDSC:137

137

138 INT. FINAL ROOM - VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

138

Jill drops the envelope and exits the door, SLAMMING IT SHUT.

Hoffman begins to scream, THRASHING in the chair. He pulls his hands with all his might, but the shackles are too tight, his hands unable to slip out.

TICK...TICK...TICK...forty-five seconds left...

Hoffman yanks, but the shackles won't budge. He lets out a ROAR and leans forward, SMASHING THE METAL PIECE IN HIS MOUTH AGAINST HIS LEFT THUMB.

WHAM-WHAM-WHAM! After the third crushing hit, the thumb BREAKS, dangling like a limp noodle. Hoffman is now able to slide his left hand from the shackle.

Without hesitation, he grabs his right thumb and twists it-- CRACK! The bone SNAPS, dislocated.

A grueling PAIN rushes across Hoffman's face.

He pulls his right hand from the shackle. He then gathers his strength, pulling himself up from the chair--

TICK...TICK...TICK...thirty seconds left...

Hoffman's hands blindly search the back of the jaw-trap to release himself. But his hands TOUCH A LOCK.

Hoffman's eyes widen in horror. There is NO KEY. NO WAY OUT.

TICK...TICK...TICK...fifteen seconds left...

(CONTINUED)

Hoffman's mind races. He looks around for anything. But there's nothing there but the chair.

TICK...TICK...TICK...ten seconds left...

(CONTINUED)

Hoffman frantically tries to pull the jaw-trap from his head, but it's bolted tight. He yanks at the lock. But it's metal. Totally secure.

TICK...TICK...TICK...five seconds left...

Hoffman drops to his knees, jamming the jaw-trap against a barred window. He grips the two sides stuck inside his mouth.

TICK...TICK...TICK...the timer hits ZERO AND--

The jaw-trap springs--

But it DOESN'T FULLY OPEN because Hoffman has it jammed against the barred window.

Hoffman is able to control it, but it's like trying to keep an alligator's mouth shut. The jaw-trap creaks, THREATENING TO OPEN.

Hoffman grips the two pieces in his mouth, able to twist his head and PARTIALLY REMOVE HIS JAW.

He gags, his hands trembling from the tremendous amount of pressure on the jaw-trap.

Hoffman twists his head more, trying to remove his entire jaw. But his grip begins to weaken--

The jaw-trap SHUDDERS. He can't hold it any longer--

In one quick move, Hoffman tries to remove his entire jaw, JERKING HIS HEAD WITH ALL HIS MIGHT--

SNAP! The jaw-trap SPRINGS OPEN--

Hoffman screams and thrusts it across the floor--

Blood spills from the side of Hoffman's face. In ripping his jaw free from the device, he TORE OPEN ONE SIDE OF HIS MOUTH TO THE JAW BONE.

Flesh hangs. Blood covers his face like a mask.

Rage pours out of his body. He crawls to his knees, throwing up his arms. His head falls back and he lets out a PRIMAL SCREAM.

FADE OUT.