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Saw II

By Leigh Whannell

Help!
Anyone! Help!
Hello, Michael.
I want to play a game.
So far, in what could loosely
be called your life...
you've made a living
watching others.
Society would call you
an informant, a rat, a snitch.
I call you unworthy
of the body you possess...
of the life
that you've been given.
Now, we will see if you are
willing to look inward...
rather than outward...
To give up the one thing
you rely on...
in order to go on living.
The device around your neck
is a death mask.
The mask is on a spring timer.
If you do not locate
the key in time...
the mask will close.
Think of it
like a Venus flytrap.
What you are looking at
right now is your own body...
not more than two hours ago.
- Oh, fuck.
- Don't worry.
You're sound asleep
and can't feel a thing.
Taking into account that you are
at a great disadvantage here...
I am going to give you a hint
as to where I've hidden the key.
So listen carefully.
The hint is this...
it's right before your eyes.
How much blood will you shed
to stay alive, Michael?

Live or die. Make your choice.
Who the fuck are you?
Who the fuck are you?!
Who the fuck are you?!
No!
No more!
Someone help me!
Fuck!
Do it!
Fuck!
Help me!
Please! Please!
Fuck!
Please!
No, no, no, no, no, no!
- 'Scuse me.
- Help you?
Here for Daniel Mathews.
Sign these.
Thanks.
Let's go, Daniel.
Took you long enough.
I'm sorry I didn't have it
penciled in on my schedule.
They're gonna press charges,
you know.
Yeah. They're assholes.
Course they are.
You stole from them.
This works out great
for me, though.
Your mother gets to keep custody,
I get to take you into custody.
What is it with you?
You a tough guy
'cause you steal now?
Please, save me
the after school special.
- Why are you such a cop 24/7?
- Hey, it's called being a father.
Trust me,
you're better at being a cop.
I just think I should go
back to Mom's early.

- What did you say?
- What, can you not hear me?
No, I can't hear you.
Say it again.
I think I should go
back to Mom's...
Well, then go!
Jesus.
Hey, this is Daniel.
Leave a message.
It's Dad. Sorry about yesterday.
Look, I haven't heard from you.
Would you give me
a call, please?
Daniel.
I'm sorry, sarge.
I thought you were my son.
Yeah. I'll be right there.
What do you got?
County asbestos cleaners
were working on a deadline.
One of them finds a body,
calls it in.
Says that this whole section's
been abandoned for two years.
Spotted people
down here, though.
- Who?
- Well, homeless, mostly.
Bunch of kids held a rave
in the boiler room about two months back.
Get an estimate
on the time of death?
Forensics just got here.
But it was the arriving officer
who called it in as your buddy.
He wasn't my buddy,
he was an informant.
This officer I.D.'d him
just by looking at him?
Well, he wasn't positive.
That's why I wanted you here.
All right.
Let me get a look at his face.

I'll tell you in two seconds
if it's him or not.
Therein lies the problem.
Yeah, that's Mike.
When were you gonna
tell me about that?
Thought you'd want to see it
for yourself.
OK. Well, I saw it.
I'll have to admit
it's a little early, but...
so far, everything matches
Jigsaw's pattern.
I can see that.
What do you want with me?
Let's just pretend for a second
that this is new to us, all right?
Can you think of anyone
that would want to do this to your guy?
Well, he's an informant, Kerry.
You want a list of possible suspects?
Grab a phone book.
Crackhead county punks
don't have engineering degrees.
Now, I'd say that
our cause of death here...
narrows that list down
just a little bit, wouldn't you?
Sure. And you're the expert.
Look closer, Detective Mathews.
At what?
Ask whoever wrote it.
Hello, Michael.
I want to play a game.
So far, in what could loosely
be called your life...
you have made a living
watching others.
You know, you and that guy
have a lot in common, Kerry.
- Oh, yeah?
- Yeah.
Both like playing games
with people.

Excuse me?

Don't ever pull some shit like that again on me at a crime scene.

Look, I'm not the one taunting you. He is.

Doesn't mean I have to take the bait.

Besides, I got a full caseload as it is.

A bunch of desk errands and shit work.

Yeah, well, between that, I.A. Breathing down my neck... my son's budding criminal career, and my wife's fucking divorce lawyers... I'd say my hands are pretty full, wouldn't you?

Yeah. Look, I'm sorry.

I was hoping, maybe, that I could bring you in on this one.

We're not partners anymore, Kerry.

Forget that we're not partners, what about the fact...

that this guy wrote your fucking name on the wall, huh?

He asked for you.

It's not the first time some psychopath called me out.

All right. What about the fact that I'm asking?

Can't help you.

- Wow.

- You're the Jigsaw expert.

When did you stop being a cop?

Look closer, Detective Mathews.

This guy wrote your fucking name on the wall.

Look closer, Detective Mathews.

He asked for you.

All right, fellas. Listen up.

These are the best entry points.

They're the ones

with direct street frontage...

vehicle access, and good cover.

Now remember...
we're doing this
in broad daylight.
We don't want to scare
any civilians.
I've been there before,
I know the location.
Just bust in there...
and scare the shit out of anyone
who happens to be inside, OK?
Going in teams of three.
I'll go with Team Alpha.
Let's do this.
Just like the good
old days, huh?
Thought your caseload
was big enough as it is.
Just tagging along for the ride.
Go, go, go, go, go.
Help team, I want you in front.
Baker, flank the side.
Let's do this.
Go, go, go.
Go, go, go, go.
Keep moving, keep moving.
Clear, clear, clear.
Alpha's up first.
Freeze!
What the fuck?
Man down!
Officer down, officer down!
- The fucking place is wired!
- Officer down! Officer down!
Fuck this.
Second team, get in here now!
- Go, go, go!
- Second team, get here.
Guys.
Talk to me, guys.
Go. Go.
Officer down.
Move him out. Move him out.
Clear, clear, clear.
Let's go.

Move out!
Freeze! Don't move.
Let me see your hands!
Not gonna ask again!
Put your hands
where I can see them!
Down on your knees!
Down on your knees!
I'm afraid I can't do that.
Get him in restraints, now.
You have the right
to remain silent.
You have the right to an attorney.
If you can't afford one...
one will be appointed to you
by the city.
He's clean!
Hey.
Is this close enough?
Get his ass out of here.
Actually, I will need
to remain here...
while you deal with your problem,
Detective Mathews.
What problem?
The problem in that room.
You keep him secure.
Clear.
Shit.
- What?
- I don't know.
Shit.
I think that's my son.
Fuck.
He's got my son.
What the fuck is that?
Hey! Hey!
What the fuck is that?
It's your son Daniel.
You remember him, don't you?
I know who he is,
you piece of shit.
What is he doing
on that fuckin' monitor?

Well, I haven't looked
at the monitors for some time...
so it'd be hard for me to say.
But I would imagine that, um...
he's cowering in a corner
with a look on his face...
- You motherfucker!
- No, Eric. Wait.
You motherfucker!
Where is he? Where is he?!
Where is he? That's a problem
you're gonna have to solve...
before it's too late.
He has about two hours...
before the gas creeping
into his nervous system...
begins to break down
his body tissue...
and he begins to bleed
from every orifice he has.
Oh, yes. There will be blood.
Tell me where he is.
He's in a safe place.
Eric.
I need a phone.
Eric, just listen to me
for a second.
Just give me a phone!
Look, everything about this
fits his profile.
I need to be sure.
You've reached Daniel's phone.
He's not in right now.
But if you'd leave...
I'm sorry.
We have something
counting down over here.
Get me bomb squad now.
Hey.
Hey, wake up.
Hey.
Can you hear me?
She's still breathing.
What is this, house arrest?

- We in jail?
- No. This ain't jail, man.
Yeah, you done a lot of time?
Yeah. Too much.
Somebody open the fucking door!
I don't think
anybody's listening.
Damn. What the fuck is this?
Somebody's listening.
No.
Those types of cameras
don't have sound.
Fuck!
Fuck!
How do you just wake up in a room
and have no idea where you are?
I guess you never
been drunk before.
I've been drunk.
I spent three years at college.
Drunk... this isn't drunk.
This is kidnapping.
Look, I saw this movie
on TV last week.
This guy, he was a reporter,
and he goes into this war zone, right?
He goes to sleep in his hotel room
the first night.
Bam! He wakes up
the next morning.
He's in a cell with no windows
and no light.
And he spent nine years
in that room.
Nine years? Man, that's nothing.
Get over it.
What do you mean, get over it?
I mean stop bitching about it
and let's do something.
I think we should all
just calm down.
Shut up! Shut up!
I hear something.
What is it?

It's ticking. I hear ticking.

Hey. Hey. Hey. Calm down.

Calm down. What's your name?

Amanda.

- Where am I?

- I don't know.

Nobody knows. We all just
woke up here like you.

No! No!

- No!

- It's OK.

No!

Fuck!

What?

What are you looking for?

What is this?

Everything you need to know
is on this.

Greetings and welcome.

I trust that you are all
wondering where you are.

I can assure you that,
while your location is not important...
what these walls offer for you
is important...
salvation, if you earn it.

Three hours from now,
the door to this house will open.

Unfortunately,
you only have two hours to live.

Right now you are breathing in
a deadly nerve agent.

You've been breathing it
since you arrived here.

Those of you familiar
with the Tokyo subway attacks...

will know its devastating
effects on the human body.

The only way to overcome it
and walk out that door...

is to find an antidote.

Several are hidden
around this house.

One is inside the safe

in front of you.
You all possess
the combination to the safe.
Think hard.
The numbers are in
the back of your mind.
The clues of their order
can be found over the rainbow.
Once you realize
what you all have in common...
you will be in a better understanding
of why you're here.
"X" marks the spot for that clue,
so look carefully.
Let the game begin.
- Who is this?
- What does he mean, gas?
And how did you know
where to find this?
This is bullshit.
"Do not attempt to use this key
on the door to this room."
Fuck this, man.
Yeah, fuck this.
That's a good idea.
No, no. That's not a good idea.
So what are we gonna do, huh?
Sit here?
The note said
not to use the key.
Who gives a shit
about the note, all right?
This is all a fuckin'
big goddamn joke.
And I'm about to end it.
You better start talking
right now.
- What is this?
- It's a game.
Ain't no fuckin' game!
My man just got his head blown off!
- He's testing us.
- Who's testing us?
- Jigsaw.

- Who the hell is Jigsaw?
You don't watch
the fuckin' news?
- No. Who is he?
- He's a serial killer.
No, he's not. He's testing us.
He wants us to survive this.
But you have to play
by the fucking rules!
I'm gonna ask you again.
How do you know all this?
Because I've played before.
I want a tech team
in here now.
Find out where that feed
is coming from.
What do you want with me?
A little of your time,
detective.
I don't have any time.
You asked me what I wanted,
and I told you.
Believe me when I tell you
your son is in a lot of trouble.
And what if I give you
a little bit of my time, what then?
I only want to talk to you.
Everyone else must leave.
Those are my conditions.
No. It's a crime scene,
nobody leaves.
They don't have to leave the building,
they just have to leave this area...
long enough for me
to talk to you.
If you agree to that,
then you will see your son again.
If I don't see my son again...
I swear to God,
I'll rip your fuckin' head off.
I don't intend
to mock you, officer...
but I'm a cancer patient.
How could you possibly

put me in any more pain...
than I'm already in?
Just get them here now.
All right,
tech team's on the way.
Should have your signal traced
within an hour, maybe two.
He said he wants to talk to me alone.
Well, maybe you should talk to him.
Well, fuck that.
Five minutes, old-school method.
He's not gonna respond to
the phone book treatment, you know that.
Don't underestimate
a tried and true method here.
I am the one who's been working
on this case from day one.
I have been spending every
waking moment piecing it together.
Maybe that's why you ain't got
a goddamn family for yourself...
and you can't understand
what this man is going through.
Look...
I don't want to talk to him.
Listen, you already lost
your son one time before...
because you got involved with me.
It's not gonna happen again.
This is bullshit.
What are we gonna do?
Just humor him,
buy us a little more time.
We can win this, Eric.
We can beat him.
All right.
Find an antidote.
Several are hidden
around this house.
One is inside the safe
in front of you.
You all possess
the combination to the safe.
Think hard. The numbers

are in the back of your mind.
Think hard. The numbers
are in the back of your mind.
The clues of their order
can be found...
Shit.
Hey, wait a minute.
Where you going?
I'm gonna find an antidote,
and I'm gonna get out of here.
What? Antidote?
You been in the joint.
You talked to the guards
that run the chambers.
You know there ain't no antidote
for this shit.
Look at this.
The doors are locked.
Hear that? It's wood.
Plus, dog, it's not a fortress,
it's a fucking house.
All I'm saying is
let's just take our time...
and come up with a game plan.
Well, you come up
with a game plan.
All right?
I'm gettin' out of here.
Look.
- You OK?
- Yeah, I'm fine.
I wouldn't do that if I was you.
You don't know what's behind
that fuckin' door.
Fuck.
Shit.
Clear the room.
OK.
Let's talk.
Sit down, Eric.
I want to play a game.
The rules are simple.
All you have to do
is sit here and talk to me...

listen to me.

If you do that long enough...

then you will find your son

in a safe and secure state.

We haven't been

properly introduced.

My name's John.

I thought you liked

to be called Jigsaw.

No.

It was the police and the press

who coined the nickname Jigsaw.

I never encouraged

or claimed that.

The Jigsaw piece I cut

from my subjects...

was only ever meant

to be a symbol...

that that subject

was missing something...

a vital piece

of the human puzzle...

the survival instinct.

This is all really,

really interesting, John.

But right now I'd really like

for you to talk to me...

I am talking to you.

You're not listening.

- Don't forget the rules.

- I'm listening to you.

But all I'm hearing is

the same sick fucking bullshit...

that comes about two seconds

into every interview...

I've ever done

with one of you fuckin' people.

Well, that's an interesting approach

to police work, isn't it?

Aren't you supposed to be

convincing me that I'm your friend...

lulling me into

a false sense of security...

so that I'll confide in you?

It's a little hard
to follow the manual...
when you've got my son, John.
The manual?
What do you really want
to do to me right now?
What would you have done
five years ago?
Would you have followed
the manual then?
Would you have broken my jaw
with a flashlight?
You seem to know
a whole lot about me.
I know you were once considered
a fearless police officer.
Do you feel a whole lot safer
now that you only sit behind a desk?
I feel a whole lot of things
right now.
But you feel alive,
that's what you feel.
And that's the point.
Would you...
kindly...
get me a glass of water?
I would very much
appreciate that.
Fuck!
Well, we've established that
the macho bullshit approach...
isn't opening the door.
- Any other suggestions?
- Look who's talking.
The only door you know how to open
is between your legs.
Why don't you shut the hell up?!
- Why don't you shut the hell up?
- I'm sick of your bullshit!
Hey, hey, hey!
Back the fuck up! Back up!
OK, man. All right.
Nobody takes shit from nobody,
we've established that.

- Did you find anything?

- No. Nothing.

So, that ink on your arm...

that's Joliet, right?

Yeah. So?

- I did a stretch there myself.

- Proud of you.

And you, what is your

correctional facility of choice?

What's your point?

My point is, you didn't get that way

by teaching grade school, right?

That makes three of us

that's done time.

I think we should be

concentrating on that tape...

'cause that tape said we have

more in common than we know.

I say the three of us

doing stretches...

Hey! I found a door over here.

I need the flashlight.

Over there.

What the fuck?

Oh, shit.

Hey!

- Damn, kid.

- Sorry.

"Obi." What the fuck is a Obi?

Ah-bi. It's my name.

Hello, Obi.

I want to play a game.

For years you have burned

those around you...

with your lies, cons,

and deceits.

Now you'll have a chance

to redeem yourself...

for the games you played

with others...

by playing one of mine.

Inside the device in front of you

are two antidotes...

for the poison

coursing through your veins.
One is my gift to you for
helping me kidnap the others.
The second is yours to donate.
However, one of them
will come with a price.
Remember, Obi...
once you are in hell...
only the devil can help you out.
Wait a minute. What does that mean,
"kidnap the others"?
- How would I know?
- Because you put us here.
The car.
It was...
I knew I knew him.
You're the last person I saw
before I woke up here.
You did this.
Are you sure it's him?
You better be sure.
I'm sure.
You would have done the same.
I did what I had to do.
I'll give you a choice.
You got five seconds
to get us out of here.
I don't know the way out.
Bullshit! You put us in here,
you can get us out of here!
No, I can't.
- Then you're a dead man.
- So are you.
It's not gonna...
wait, wait, wait, wait.
Listen to me.
We got two antidotes
at the back of that oven.
- We're wasting time here.
- Wasting time?
Are you kidding me?!
He kidnapped me
in the middle of the night.
We don't even know

what's in those syringes.
You willing to stick yourself
in the arm to find out?
Yeah.
OK, wait. So who gets them?
I mean, there's two...
so which two people
get the antidote?
We'll work that out later!
Right now you goin' in there...
or I'll kill you
where you stand.
Shit.
If you're gonna threaten me
with a knife...
you may as well cut me a little.
I guess I'm going in there
to get those needles.
But I get one.
One for me.
Hurry up.
Come on, baby.
You guys can fight
over this one.
Thank you, Obi.
Come on.
Oh, shit.
The fuckin' door closed.
Open the door!
Open the door!
It's locked! I can't open it!
Open the door!
Open the fuckin' door!
Not funny!
Come on! Get him out of there!
The door!
The nail!
I can't get it open!
- Get him out of there!
- Not funny!
Use your coat!
Use your fucking coat!
Come on! He's burnin' up!
Stop it!

- Come on!
- Turn!
Stop it!
- Got to put your weight on it!
- Stop it.
Guys, there's a window
over here.
- He's got the antidote.
- Stop it!
- It's glass or something.
- Hang on, man.
We're gonna get you out.
Stop it! Stop it!
Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!
Get out of the fuckin' way!
Move! Move!
Shit! Come on!
The needles!
He's got the fuckin' needles!
It's fuckin' in there!
I want the fuckin' needles!
- I want the fuckin' needles!
- Calm down!
- Fuck!
- Needles are fuckin' melted.
They're gone.
He had a choice.
Another one down, Kerry.
How much more time are we gonna
waste on this bastard?
We're not wasting time.
We are doing exactly what we should be.
Not what it looks like to me.
You see, detective,
Darwin's theory of evolution...
and survival of the fittest...
based on his little trip
to the Galapagos...
no longer applies
on this planet.
We have a human race
that doesn't have the edge...
or the will to survive.
What the fuck do you want?!

It's hard to remain calm,
isn't it...
when your son is walking around
on those monitors.
I can't give you
what you want...
if you don't tell me
what the fuck it is.
I told you what it is.
Just remember the rules.
No, you said you wanted to talk.
Then you said
you wanted to play a game.
You're talking,
but it means nothing!
What do you think
the cure for cancer is, Eric?
What?
The cure for cancer. What is it?
I don't know what it is.
But I know it's not killing
and torturing people...
for your own
sick fucking pleasure.
I've never murdered anyone
in my life.
The decisions are up to them.
Yeah, well, putting a gun
to someone's head...
and forcing them to pull the trigger
is still murder.
Since when is force
a problem for you?
Why are you so desperate
to get your son back?
'Cause he's my son.
What's the last thing you said to him
before you left him?
Well, then go!
Seems to me that the knowledge
of your son's impending death...
is causing you to act.
Why is that we're
only willing to do that...

when a life is at stake?
I've always loved my son.
That's never changed.
No, no. It's changed now.
You see, the knowledge of death
changes everything.
If I were to tell you the exact date
and time of your own death...
it would shatter
your world completely.
I know.
Can you imagine
what it feels like...
to have someone sit you down...
John Kramer?
...and tell you
that you're dying?
The gravity of that, hmm?
That the clock's ticking for you.
In a split second,
your world is cracked open.
You look at things differently,
you smell things differently.
You savor everything,
be it a glass of water...
or a walk in the park.
The clock is ticking, John.
But most people have the luxury
of not knowing...
when that clock's gonna go off.
And the irony of it is
that that keeps them...
from really living their life.
It keeps them drinking
that glass of water...
but never really tasting it.
You can still fix this, John.
Yeah, but can we fix you?
Me?
I'm not fixable.
I've got cancer.
You're using cancer as an excuse
for what you do?
No.

The cancer isn't
what started me in my work.
It was the moment that
I decided to end my life...
that started me in my work...
and brought meaning to it.
I had literally
driven myself to suicide...
and I had failed.
My body had not been strong enough
to repel cancer cells...
yet I had lived through
a plunge off a cliff.
But to my amazement,
I was alive.
And I was determined to spend
the rest of my days...
testing the fabric
of human nature.
Do you understand, Eric?
You got a chance to do something.
Do it right now, John.
Just tell me where my son is.
- I'll help you.
- I don't need your help...
and I can tell
you still don't understand.
Those that don't appreciate life
do not deserve life.
My son appreciates his life.
But do you appreciate yours?
Do you appreciate your son's?
Oh, what is this shit?!
Don't forget the rules...
if you want to find your son.
Where are you?
No. No, we don't have
15 minutes.
We need that location
to the video feed.
Hey. I don't think
we should stop, OK?
Hello? Can you hear me?
It's the second time

I've had to wake up...
in this shit hole.
You think you can stand up?
Yeah. But I don't
really want to.
There's so much left to do.
So many people left to talk to.
This can't be it.
It's not.
Amanda, you said
you survived this, right?
I what?
This guy...
whoever's doing it...
you said that you've played before,
and you survived.
Yeah.
So that means we could survive.
Yeah.
Amanda, why did he pick you?
Because I was a fuckin' junkie.
And the funny thing is...
I passed the little test.
If you passed his test,
then why are you back here?
I wasn't being very good
to myself.
How long have you...
I started in jail.
- What were you arrested for?
- Possession.
But, I thought you said that...
Maybe you should talk
to the cop who arrested me.
I'm guessing you've never
been arrested before.
No. I mean, I've been in trouble
a few times, you know?
In and out of stuff.
My dad's a...
He's a real hard-ass.
He's probably got half the city
right now looking for me...
just so he can kick my ass

for disappearing on him.
Yeah. Probably.
We found a door. Come on.
Come on. We have to go.
It's the only one
without a lock...
but we can't get it open.
- How's it going?
- It's stuck on something.
Oh, shit.
Here, let me try. Move, move!
- Come on.
- Take it easy. Jeez!
Back up, all right?
If it's stuck, it's a trap.
Lady, this whole house
is a trap.
Obviously someone didn't want us
to get in this room.
- Now what?
- I'm gonna be right back, OK?
Whatever we do, we got
three minutes to get it done.
Hello, Xavier.
I want to play a game.
The game I want to play
is very similar...
to the one that you've
been playing as a drug dealer.
A game of offering hope
to the desperate...
for a price.
I think we can agree that
your situation is desperate...
so I offer you hope.
The price you pay...
is that you must crawl
into the same pit of squalor...
your force your customers into.
By entering this room,
a timer has been started.
When the timer expires...
the door in front of you
will be locked forever.

- Guys... guys.
- What?
...before the timer runs out.
Can you unlock it...
and retrieve the antidote inside?
I will give you just one hint
as to where that key is
It will be like finding
a needle in a haystack.
Let the game begin.
Somebody's going in there.
Somebody is fuckin'
going in there, man.
No! No! No!
- Oh, shit.
- What did you do?
What have you done?
No! No! No!
No! No! No!
Shit!
My God.
Come on! We don't have time!
Oh, shit.
What the fuck's wrong with you?
What are you doing?
- You're out of your fuckin' mind.
- Hurry up.
Oh, shit!
Come on!
We don't have time.
Keep fuckin' looking.
- Come on! Come on!
- Fuck you!
Oh, God!
Someone's gotta help her.
What the fuck, guys?!
No. No. No. No.
No. God, no!
Come on.
No! No! No!
Fuckin' bitch!
All right. That's enough.
That's not nearly enough, man.
Stop this bullshit!

Did you hear that tape?
He knows about us.
Our names.
There is something
that we're not seeing.
Jail.
You said you three
had been there.
Make it four.
For what?
Doesn't matter.
Anybody else want to own up?
What about you? You got juvie
written all over you.
No, never been.
All right. Let's talk this out.
No. No more talking.
The only thing you people
have in common...
is holding me back.
I'm gone.
Where is this goddamn tech team?
They'll be here any second.
I'm not listening to this anymore.
Another second is too fuckin' long.
Look, I know how
this guy works, OK?
He's playing a game.
Eric just needs to stay in it
a little bit longer.
Take a look at the clock.
You need to start thinking
outside the box...
or his son
is gonna end up in one.
His work.
You want to get to him,
that's how you do it.
He's relishing this.
It's an opportunity to be heard,
to be studied.
Threaten to destroy his work.
How will you get your conviction
without all this evidence, Eric?

I don't need this shit
to convict you.
So go ahead. Destroy it.
- I will.
- Destroy it all.
Just know it will not
save your son if you do.
You kill my son, I kill you.
Go ahead. Why wait?
We both know
the sort of person you are.
- Sir...
- Get out of here.
The sort of person who guns down
an unarmed suspect.
In fact, the sort of person
who plants evidence...
in order to obtain a conviction.
The sort of person
whose wife leaves him...
- and whose son hates him.
- Shut the fuck up!
He set up all the traces
to the satellite.
Let's go.
Your tech team's arrived.
Just in time.
You better hope they find
the source of that feed.
There's something
I haven't told you, Eric.
- I'm done listening to you.
- Maybe I can just show it to you.
But unfortunately, it's going to be
difficult for me to get it myself...
so perhaps you could ask
the people...
who are listening
on that walkie in there...
if they could get it for me,
all right?
Brown desk.
Second drawer down.
You might not remember

all those people...
but I'm sure they remember you.
You were the arresting officer
in all their cases...
and you were the one
who planted all the evidence...
used to obtain
their convictions.
You were the one
who put them away.
Your son is playing a game
with a lot of people...
who don't like you very much,
detective.
It would be a shame
if they discovered who he was.
You all possess
the combination to the safe.
Think hard. The numbers
are in the back of your mind.
The clues of their order
can be found over the rainbow.
Son of a bitch.
What are you doing?
I haven't decided yet.
You know, the others...
they're scared of you.
Good.
You and me...
we can keep going at each other
like we're back in the yard...
or we can come together
and figure out who's doing this to us.
You and the others
can do what you want.
I already found
what I'm looking for.
You remind me of me.
No matter what kind of
fucked up situation you're in...
you always gotta
find yourself an enemy.
You know what?
I got enemies, man.

Outside these fuckin' walls, bro.
And they're looking for me.
And if they don't find me...
they going after the ones
closest to me.
My family.
You understand?
No. I don't understand.
It's just me...
and that's the way I like it.
Now, turn around.
What?
Turn around.
Oh, shit.
No. We can't stop.
Shit.
Oh, my God.
We've been here for two hours.
If what that tape says is true...
then in one hour,
the front door will open.
- We're not gonna make it that long.
- That's a real winning attitude.
She knows what she's talking about.
Oh, yeah?
"X" marks the spot.
What?
"X" marks...
marks the spot.
There's the answer.
What are you doing with him?
This is your father?
- What, you know him?
- Yeah.
He's the guy who put me away.
He set me up.
Tell me that's not your father.
Fuck.
It's OK. It's OK.
I can't trust any of you.
You two are on your own.
Now we know
what we have in common.
Amanda, please. I didn't know.

Hey, kid, Amanda!
Where are you?
Please don't leave me.
We gotta move.
Hey, kid.
Amanda!
I found a way out.
Eight.
Hey, kid!
Do... not...
run.
Eric!
Eric! No! Stop!
Get your hands off of me!
We tried it your way.
You motherfucker, where is he?
Eric.
Damn it.
Not a lot to go now
until your son is pissing blood.
Now, that's the Eric Mathews
they gave medals to.
Help!
Help me!
Oh, my God.
Jonas.
Help me!
Help me!
Help!
Please.
It's OK.
- Help me.
- It's OK.
No!
Fucker!
No!
Amanda.
Nobody's listening anymore,
asshole.
Open your mouth.
Open your mouth. Come on.
There you go.
You gonna tell me
where he is now?

What?
Say it again.
Game... game over.
I'll take you to the house.
You're gonna take me right now.
Right now.
I will only take you.
No one else.
All right.
Me and you.
How do we get out of here?
There's a button on the wall.
You better hurry.
There's not much time left.
- The elevator! Open it!
- Come on!
- Pull it down!
- Fuck!
Secure the warehouse now!
All right. Let's go!
- Go! Go! Go! Go!
- Damn it.
We've got a lock.
This is Kerry.
They're both gone.
If I don't find my son,
I swear to God...
Kerry, they're gone.
Fucking gone.
Yes! Kerry. We got a lock.
We got a lock on the house.
- Rigg, we got it.
- What?!
237 North Hyde Crescent.
237 North Hyde Crescent. Got it.
Where to now?
Straight ahead.
Come on, come on.
Where are you?
Make a right on Alfred.
Come on, let's go!
Open the fucking door!
Open the door!
There's nowhere to go!

All I want is the number
on the back of your head!
There's nowhere to go!
Come on, Amanda!
I can't hold it.
Come on, let me in! Let me in!
Open the door! Come on!
What do we do?
Take a left at the next street.
It's the last house on the left.
Oh, shit.
Oh, shit!
Come on!
Come on, Amanda!
- Man, what is it?
- It's a door.
It's a fucking door.
You have nowhere to go!
You have nowhere to go!
Come on!
Help me move this thing.
I'm not gonna hurt you!
Come on, Amanda!
- Shit, it's locked!
- Let me in!
Come on. Open this door!
Come on!
The key. The one we found
with the tape recorder.
Where is it? Where is it?
Fuck!
Jonas. Jonas had it last.
Come on, Amanda!
Find it! Hurry!
Come on!
Come on! Open this door!
Let me in!
Eric, you're gonna need
this key...
when you get inside the house.
No!
Where the hell are we?
Run! Run!
Daniel?

Daniel!

Daniel, we've got to go!

We've got to go!

Run.

- All right, come on.

- Let's go, let's go.

Go, go, go!

- Hallway's clear.

- We're in.

Daniel!

Ground floor secure.

Moving out. Moving out.

Kerry, we're in the house.

I repeat... we're in the house.

I cannot see you, sergeant.

Repeat... cannot see you.

Repeat... I cannot see you.

- Where the hell is everybody?

- What is your 20?

Rigg, do you copy?

Hello, Mr. Hindle.

Follow your heart.

I wish I would've

checked in there first.

What the fuck is this?

My name is "Very fucking confused!"

What's your name?

I'm gonna kill your husband now.

He doesn't want us

to cut through our chains.

What are you doing? No!

He wants us to cut

through our feet.

Oh, my God!

Daniel!

Oh, no.

Please.

He's gone.

It doesn't matter.

All I want is the number

on the back of his neck.

And then yours.

You still don't know

your own number.

How are you gonna get it
if I don't tell you?

Daniel!

Fuck.

Daniel?

I still cannot see you,
sergeant.

Rigg, do you copy?

- Left side clear.

- Right side clear.

All clear.

I still can't see you, sergeant.

I repeat... cannot see you.

It's not live.

Kerry, we're in

the wrong fucking house!

They've been dead

this whole fucking time.

- Get your team out of there.

- Let's go.

Daniel?

Daniel?

Daniel?

Daniel.

Daniel.

Hello, Eric.

You probably don't even
remember me...

but you changed my life once.

You sent me to prison.

I was guilty

of a lot of things...

but not the drug charge

you framed me for.

You wouldn't know

the things you lose...

when you're locked away.

The second time somebody

changed my life...

I was guilty.

Hello, Amanda.

But my life was saved that day.

- You said you survived this, right?

- Yeah.

I found myself a father...
a leader... a teacher.
You must meet death...
in order to be reborn.
He helped me.
What is the cure
for cancer, Eric?
Those that don't appreciate life
do not deserve life.
The cure for death itself.
The answer is immortality.
Daniel!
By creating a legacy...
by living a life
worth remembering...
you become immortal.
So now we find
the tables are turned.
He asked for you.
- What the fuck do you want?
- I told you.
- He wants us to survive this.
- I want to play a game.
You have to play
by the fucking rules!
The rules are simple.
All you have to do...
- is sit here and talk to me.
- What?
If you can do that
long enough...
you will find your son
in a safe and secure state.
What the fuck is that?
It's your son Daniel.
You remember him, don't you?
My dad's a real hard-ass.
I call you unworthy of the life
you've been given.
The knowledge of your son's
impending death...
has caused you
to forgive all his sins.
Why is it that we're

only willing to do that...
- when a life is at stake?
- Daniel!
- I'm not listening to you.
- Don't forget the rules.
Shut the fuck up!
- He's playing a game.
- I don't want to talk to him.
You're not saying shit.
We both know
the sort of person you are.
Not long to go now
until your son is pissing...
I'll take you to the house.
Daniel?
Something I haven't
told you, Eric.
It is I who will carry on
John's work after he dies.
Daniel!
So go ahead. Destroy it.
- And you...
- Daniel!
Are my first test subject.
Now you are locked away...
helpless and alone.
Fucking bitch.
Game over.
I'll fucking kill you!
You fucking bitch!
You fucking bitch!
I'll fucking kill you!
No!