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Saw III

By Leigh Whannell

Game over.
I'll fuckin' kill you!
You fuckin' bitch!
You bitch!
I'll fuckin' kill you!
Daniel!
Secure the flank!
Left side clear?
We're clear!
Left side's clear.
Let's move!
Oh, my God.
Someone call Kerry.
The call came in at 11:45.
The woman heard an explosion.
The fire department was
the first on the scene.
Kerry.
- Is it him?
- Before you go in there--
Eric. Is it him?
We don't know yet.
It's not Detective Matthews.
What happened?
The victim was held
in place by these chains.
Hello, Troy.
I wanna play a game.
This game will take place
in a room not much bigger
than the room you've
spent most of your life in.
A prison cell.
Despite all of the advantages
and privileges
that you were given at birth,
you have returned
to prison again and again.
More comfortable in chains
than you are in freedom.
Tonight we will see how
far you are willing to go
to break those chains
once and for all.

Live or die, Troy.
Make your choice.
This was the bomb.
All he had to do was release himself
from each of the chains...
walk out the door before it went off.
All he had to do?
Oh, God.
Fuck! Fuck!
I really had this feeling
it was going to be him.
Kerry, Eric is a missing persons case,
not a homicide case.
I've been having nightmares
where I see him.
I'm never going to be able
to forgive myself for what happened.
Listen.
It's not your fault.
It's always somebody's fault.
That somebody isn't you.
That someone is still out there.
Put all your anger into finding them
and putting them away.
All right?
What I don't understand is
how the hell could Jigsaw
do all of this?
He was damn near on his deathbed
the last time we saw him.
I'm not so sure he did.
So far this doesn't follow
any of his patterns.
Meaning?
Well... how'd you get in here?
- We cut the door down.
- Why?
Because somebody heard
an explosion and called us.
I mean, why did you
have to cut the door down?
It was welded shut.
Bloody truck couldn't get in here.
Exactly.

I don't follow.
If the aim of Jigsaw's game was
to get out before the bomb went off,
then why was the door
welded shut?
The guy couldn't get out if he wanted to.
You won't believe this.
We got the tape out clean.
Hello, Troy.
I wanna play a game.
Live or die, Troy.
Make your choice.
Hello, Kerry.
I want to play a game.
Up until now you have spent
your life among the dead
piecing together
their final moments.
You are good at this because you,
like them,
are also dead.
Dead on the inside.
You identify more
with a cold corpse
than you do
with a living human.
I believe you want
to join your true family,
indeed, your only family,
in death.
The device you are wearing
is hooked into your ribcage.
And by the time
this tape is finished,
you will have one minute
to find a way out.
At the end of that minute,
you should know
better than anyone
what happens then.
There is a simple key
that will unlock the harness, Kerry.
It is right in front of you.
All you have to do is

reach in and take it.
But do it quickly.
The acid will dissolve the key
in a matter of seconds.
Make your choice.
You.
I gotta be at the hospital by 9.
It's Tuesday.
I thought you started at 11.
Yeah, well, they change
things on me last minute.
Well, you better head off, then.
You're not gonna take a shower?
Nah. I'm just gonna take
a shower at the hospital.
Can we just...
talk for five minutes?
How about we just make eye contact
for five seconds?
What's wrong?
Nothing.
Just... everything.
Lynn.
What is it you want from me, Chris?
A divorce.
MPA.
Car skidded into oncoming traffic.
Pressure?
80 over, palp.
Pulse is thready.
Ready? 1, 2, 3.
- Where's Lynn?
- Page Dr. Denlon.
Set up an art-line.
Dr. Lynn Denlon,
please report
to trauma immediately.
Dr. Lynn Denlon, please
report to trauma immediately.
Lynn!
Check this out.
Hermaphony.
Pressure down to 70.
He's going into shock.

Get an OR ready.
We gotta crack his chest.
Do we get a bolus?
500 wide open?
No.
What?
- No air entry on the right side.
- And?
Let's get a chest tube in him.
We gotta get him to OR now.
His stats are dropping.
He's gonna code.
I'm doin' it.
I'm getting a rush of air.
Stats are improving.
Pressure back to 80.
Pressure normal.
If you got something on your mind,
go upstairs to psych.
Just don't bring it in here.
We don't have any seconds to spare, Lynn.
The woman standing in front of me
had to be dragged
from the locker room
to put a chest tube in a trauma patient?
Lynn Denlon should have been
the first one there.
Lynn.
Lynn!
What the hell?
I'm locked in!
Is anybody there?
Hello?
Anybody here?
Help! Help me!
Help!
Who are you?
Who are you?
What is this?
What are you doing?
Are you gonna behave?
Let's go.
What is this place?
What is this place?

What is... this place?
Who are you?
Who are you?
Hello, Dr. Denlon.
You may not remember me,
but I most certainly remember you.
I was a guest at your hospital once.
Where am I?
Do you remember me?
I've seen you on television.
Lawrence Gordon was your doctor.
I was his patient,
and he was mine.
As you can see from that report,
my prognosis isn't good.
Would you agree?
There's no preventative treatment
for what you have.
I remember you saying that
to me once before
in almost the exact same tone.
Leave it to a doctor to find such a cold,
clinical way
of saying I'm a dead man walking.
Looking at me,
how long would you say I have left?
I'd have to examine you.
Even then,
a frontal lobe tumor is unpredictable.
The growth depends on the rate of mitosis
versus apoptosis--
I'm sorry, but there's all this crude
medical equipment around me
causing you to believe
that you're still inside a hospital.
No.
Then why are you speaking to me
in that graduate school
medical jargon?
Look at me!
Now, you look at me.
I asked you a simple question.
Based on your experience,
how long do you think I have left?

It's not a simple answer.
Based on your file,
I'd say... not long.
Death is a surprise party.
Unless, of course,
you're already dead on the inside.
Unless you're the type of person
who swallows antidepressants
to hide the pain, huh?
Turns their back on their husband.
Neglects their child.
Who has every possible
advantage in life
but chooses not to advance.
What do you want from me?
What do I want?
I want to play a game.
The rules of the game are simple.
The consequences
for breaking them are great.
Death.
You're being tested.
Your will is being tested.
Your will to keep someone alive.
Can you do that?
Can you follow the rules
and grant someone the gift of life?
What is this?
No! Get it--
No! No! What is this!
What are you doing to me?
The device that you're wearing
is linked to my heart rate monitor.
The second that heart rate monitor flatlines
or you move out of range,
an explosion will go off in that collar.
Your life and my life
will end simultaneously.
Please.
Please don't do this to me.
I have a family.
I have a family.
Let me give you
the simple version.

You will keep him alive,
whatever it takes.
No excuses.
No equivocations.
No crying.
What do you mean,
keep him alive?
Out there, on those screens,
we have another test subject.
A man.
He will face a series of tests.
You have to keep John alive
until he makes it through.
If he completes all of his tests
and John is still breathing,
then I will remove your collar...
and you're free to go.
You're a vital piece
of my puzzle, Dr. Denlon.
A critical part of what could be
my final test.
Amanda,
it's time to start our game.
Help!
Hello!
Is there anybody out there?
Hello, Jeff.
Over the past few years,
you have become a shell
of your former self...
consumed with hatred
and vengeance.
Vengeance against the drunk driver
who killed your only son.
Vengeance against the killer,
who to your surprise and dismay,
was set free after a hasty trial.
Today, however,
it is you who will be put on trial.
To escape from where you are,
you will have to face a series of tests.
You will have to suffer
to move forward through each of them.
But with each one,

you will also have a chance...
a chance to forgive.
When you complete the tests,
I promise you
you will finally come face to face
with the man responsible
for the loss of your child.
That will be your ultimate test.
Can you forgive him?
You better hurry, though.
In two hours, the doors will lock,
and this place
will become your tomb.
This is what you've
been waiting for, Jeff.
Let the game begin.
Help!
You fucking killed my son.
Don't you fuckin' beg.
Do you know who I am?
I'll fuckin' teach you,
you motherfucker.
This is what you fuckin' deserve.
Where is it?
What?
Where is it?
How many times?
How many times
do I have to tell you
before you get it in your head?
I just wanted
to sleep with something.
No. No. You just-- nothin'.
You don't... touch things in Dylan's room.
Okay?
I'm sorry, Daddy.
You know I love you, don't you?
What do you think Mommy would say
if she saw us like this?
I'm gonna go get ready for school.
Daddy!
Hello?
Hello?
Hey!

All right, John.

I need you to look at my nose.

Right here.

Look at my nose, please?

Follow my flashlight.

Tell me if you feel any pain, all right?

That hurt?

It's begun.

He's out of the box.

So?

My 20-second analysis
without any medical equipment
is that his brain's herniating.
He needs to go to the hospital
and have an operation
to decompress his brain.

Come here.

- No, really. Come here.

- What?

- Come here.

- No.

- Let me ask you something.

- Oh, God!

Did I bring John to you...

or did I bring your self-centered ass to him?

You better start

fuckin' paying attention.

No one's going to any hospital.

I can't perform miracles.

You're-- You're giving him painkillers.

For a tumor like this,

he needs steroids, Prednisone.

Oh, good. Yeah.

Maybe we could try

some corticoid steroids,

you know,

like Dexamethasone.

Why don't you fuckin' tell me something

that I don't know,

you stupid cunt?

The only place that he can get

those drugs is in a hospital.

Or else he's gonna die.

You are not a good listener.

I think you missed the part
that if he dies...
you die.
You're asking me
to do the impossible.
I'm not asking you. He is.
He chose you.
- Not me.
- Amanda!
Our doctor can't do
what's being asked of her
if you're threatening her.
The rules of our game
have been made very clear.
You need to abide by those rules.
Sorry.
Amanda!
Amanda, I need your help!
Amanda, he needs oxygen!
Oxygen, Amanda!
Put the mask on his face.
Okay, now hold him down.
Tip his head to the side.
You got it?
What are you doing?
Ativan!
Do you have Ativan?
No!
Back off! Back off!
Back off! Back off!
Stay with me, John.
You're almost through this.
Stay with me.
Stay with me.
We're almost done with this.
Was that enough for you?
Are you ready to go
to the hospital now?
He needs to have an operation.
- Okay.
- Okay.
But we do it here.
- We do it here.
- What?

What do you need?
I need anesthetic
for a procedure like this.
Anesthetic.
What else?
Even with an anesthetic--
Anesthetic!
What else?
A power drill.
Oh, my God.
Oh, my God.
Please, please.
Let me go.
Please. Why... Why are you
doing this to me?
Don't... Don't kill me.
Okay? Please!
Wait. The key. Key.
Key. Okay.
Come on.
Fuck!
Fuck!
Please. I'm so cold.
I can't feel my arms.
Welcome to your first test, Jeff.
For the past three years,
you've cursed the name
of all those you thought
were responsible
for the death of your son.
You fantasize those accountable will pay.
Well, you will find a woman in front of you
chained in place.
This will prevent her from running...
much like she did
on the day your son was hit.
Her name is Danica Scott.
She was the only witness present
at the scene
of your son's untimely demise.
If not for her own self-absorption
and cowardice,
she could have brought
your son's killer to justice.

Now it is you who has a chance
to bring her to justice.
You alone can grant her the gift of life
before she freezes to death.
Behind the pipes
on the back wall
you will find the key that
will free her and bring you
one step closer to the man
responsible for the loss
of your child.
Will you claim the key
to save only yourself?
Help me!
Or can you find it within you
to save another?
Make your choice.
I didn't do anything.
I didn't do anything to you!
That's exactly it.
You didn't do anything.
I'm fucking... dying.
He died!
In my arms.
My eight-year-old son
died in my arms.
I made a m-m-mistake.
I'm so sorry.
I'm human.
I'm human,
just like your son was. Okay?
Look at me.
I said, look at me.
Look...
Oh, my God.
Oh, my God.
It's so cold.
Oh, God!
Amanda, if you really care about John,
you won't let me do this to him.
You're a smart woman,
and you know what's right for him.
I'm sorry.
I know it's hard to concentrate

when you're surrounded by so many things
you could kill me with,
like this ax I saw you lookin' at.
Take it.
Please, it's yours.
Come on.
I'd go for the neck,
but I'm not the brain surgeon.
Just do it quietly
so John doesn't hear me die.
Otherwise he's likely
to get upset,
rip off his heart rate monitor.
Boom.
Then you just have to
find the sensor and disarm it
so you can walk more
than 30 feet out that door
without the collar detonating.
Or you could try and take
the collar off yourself.
But that could be tricky.
The slightest knock
in the wrong place could trigger it.
I should know.
I built it.
So, do you have
everything you need?
I have the instruments
to cut someone open.
I don't have the tools
to save a life.
You'd be surprised
what tools can save a life.
Hello, Amanda.
You don't know me, but...
I know you.
I want to play a game.
There is only one key
to open the device.
It's in the stomach
of your dead cellmate.
Look around, Amanda.
Know that I'm not playing.

Live or die.
Make your choice.
Congratulations.
You are still alive.
Most people are so ungrateful
to be alive,
but not you, not anymore.
Amanda, do not be afraid.
Your life has just begun.
He made it through
the freezer room.
He tried to save her.
There are some things
I need you to do for me.
In my desk...
in the center drawer,
an envelope...
with your name on it.
She's gonna do a procedure on you.
Yeah.
To relieve the pressure
on your brain.
Yeah.
And help with the headaches.
I can't do this.
Amanda... you can.
You can.
You're stronger now.
And I believe in you.
You chose her 'cause
she's the best, right?
That's one reason I chose her.
Damn it!
Hello?
Help me, please!
Please, help me!
I'm in here!
Please get me out of here.
Help me. I--
Hello?
I know you're there.
Please!
Please help me!
I-- I can hear you.

Please, answer me!
Help me!
Please!
Help me.
Get me out of here, please.
Please help me.
Get me out of here!
Please!
Don't just stand there!
Help me!
Jeff, when the judge
presiding over your case
sentenced your boy's
murderer so lightly,
your soul never recovered.
Now you have the power to sentence
his soul straight to Hell.
Or you can forgive.
The key that will free him
is hidden inside your son's possessions--
Possessions you have clung to
for far too long.
Now, if you flip the switch
on the incinerator underneath you,
a fire will cleanse you
of this obsession
and destroy them all,
leaving only the key remaining.
It is also the key
that will bring you closer
to the man accountable
for taking your child.
He doesn't have much time, Jeff.
Let the game begin.
Please, get me out of here.
Please!
What is that?
What's that sound?
I'm a criminal court judge,
for Christ's sake!
You can't do this to me!
You don't remember me?
Well, maybe you remember
Timothy Young?

He was the driver
who killed my son.
You gave him six months!
Okay. All right.
We can talk about your case.
Obviously you want answers.
I can't give them to you like this.
This hurts!
You gave more for
fuckin' parking tickets!
Listen to me.
I can see that you're
in a great deal of pain,
but there are ways that we can have
his sentence extended.
I can help you!
It's too late!
They let him go!
Don't become what he is!
Don't become a killer!
Please!
I have a son, too.
Where are you going?
You gotta help me!
I'm so sorry!
Oh, God.
You're killing me!
Don't do this to me!
I'm gonna die!
Fuck you!
Fuck you, you--
You gotta help me!
Shut the fuck up.
Help!
Come on!
He made it through
the second test.
The judge is alive.
Faster than I expected.
All right, John, I need you
to keep your head to the side
and keep still.
What's goin' on here
is that your brain

is pushing
against your skull.
I'm gonna try
to relieve the pressure
by cutting away
a little bit of your skull.
It should help you
with your headaches
and drastically improve
your motor skills.
Do you understand?
All too well.
All right, you're gonna feel
some slight discomfort.
Are you gonna give him
a general anesthetic?
For a procedure like this,
the patient needs to be
fully alert.
Okay.
Amanda, I need you here.
Amanda.
All right, John,
you're gonna feel some pressure.
Let's clamp this.
Stop the bleeding.
Fill that syringe
with alcohol from that bowl.
Hurry.
All right, John,
I need you to keep your mouth closed.
You're gonna hear
a lot of noise.
John, how you doin'?
Never better.
All right.
All right,
you're gonna hear a lot of ringing.
I need you to stay very still.
Here I go.
All right, John,
I'm gonna remove the skull.
He's stabilized.
John, I need you

to raise your hand
and flex your fingers.
John?
John, raise your hand...
hand...
John, can you hear me?
What's happening?
John.
What's happening to him?
What's happening?
What's wrong?
What's wrong?
Why isn't he moving?
Do something!
Please.
Stay with me, John.
Good.
- I love you.
- I love you.
Breathe!
Breathe, damn it.
Breathe, John.
I love...
Breathe.
I...
I love you.
You will give everything to me.
Every cell in your body.
Is that understood?
Yes.
The marks on your arms...
they're from another life.
We'll leave that life behind.
When you go down
that corridor...
there is no turning back.
Do you understand that?
Yes.
Then start with this.
Go.
Who is that?
Who's in there?
I'll kill you, you motherfucker!
I'll kill you, you motherfucker!

Put his left leg in the shackle.
It's time to start our game.
What's that?
Slow my heart rate.
Relax my muscles.
It's time.
Close the door behind you.
He can't hear you.
He doesn't even know you're there.
Amanda.
Put... it... away.
Trust me.
Put it away.
Leave us alone.
Now.
You fucking freak.
I apologize for her behavior.
She swims in my sea.
In the end,
she will be the closest
I've ever come to a connection,
to being understood.
But her emotion
is also her... weakness.
Adam.
Adam.
Come here.
I'm gonna help you.
I'm gonna help you.
I'm gonna free you.
Adam!
I'm so sorry about your son, Jeff.
But let me tell you something that I...
that I know for sure.
No sentence I gave him,
not 500 years,
not even death, nothing,
will take your pain away.
And vengeance doesn't
solve anything.
It only makes
the pain greater, Jeff.
What the...
What the fuck?

Somebody, help me!
What the fuck?
Help.
What the fu--
What the fuck are you doin'?
Please help me.
Hello, Jeff.
If you are listening to this,
that means that the confrontation
you so long dreamed of
is finally unfolding.
Do something!
In your head he is a cipher,
a symbol of your life changing,
a symbol of death.
I present him to you now
as a simple human being.
His name is Timothy Young.
He's 27 years old,
a medical student
with a mother and a father
just like you,
a man whose life also changed
the day your son died.
That day he made
a terrible mistake.
You believed he didn't pay
for that mistake,
and now is your chance
to make him pay.
The device Timothy is strapped to
is my personal favorite.
I call it the rack.
The human body
is a miraculous creation.
Ever wonder how far
the arm can twist?
This device is going
to start twisting.
There is a chance he might live,
though, with your help.
Please...
To your right is a box.
At the back of the box is a key.

It's tied to the trigger of a shotgun.

The question you have to
ask yourself is this...

Are you willing...

Have mercy!

...to take a bullet for the man
who killed your son?

Does "Do unto others as you
would have them do unto you"
apply here, Jeff?

Make your choice.

My God.

You've got to help him, Jeff!

Fuck me!

Please stop! Stop!

Stop! Please stop!

Jeff!

Jeff!

Just standing there
you're an accomplice to murder!

Are you a murderer?

I've wanted
to kill him every day.

Oh, my God!

For three years,
I wanted to kill you.

Yeah, maybe I am.

You'll lose your family.

Oh, my God!

Your wife, your daughter.

I killed him.

Fuck!

Oh, God.

Okay.

Hold on, son.

Hold on. Don't give up.

Come on, son.

Oh, God! Oh, God!

Son.

Got the key.

Help me!

Help me!

Help me!

Stop!

I forgive him!
I forgive him! No!
No!
God!
God damn you!
Don't you think it would be wise
to engage me in conversation
for your own sake?
I asked you to tell me
about your husband.
It's like we're strangers now.
And?
The last time I saw him,
we were so disconnected.
But now...
I'd give anything in the world...
...to see my husband.
Matrimony's always
fascinated me.
Husbands barely able
to look at their wives,
wives on their backs
in motel rooms
with perfect strangers,
people who bear children
only to neglect them.
Till death do us part, indeed.
I don't know
what you think you know,
but my marriage has
survived more suffering
than someone like you
could ever grasp.
Suffering?
You haven't seen anything yet.
Someone like me?
Who am I?
A monster.
A murderer.
I don't condone murder,
and I... despise murderers.
Please.
Please... let me go.
We're fine, Amanda.

We don't need you.
I said, we're fine.
If you make it through this, Lynn,
you're gonna thank me one day
just as Amanda did.
Please, let me go.
I saved your life.
Maybe my life isn't the one
you were saving after all.
Tell me about your daughter.
I understand she's quite
a little athlete.
Or we could talk about your son.
What did you say?
Why are you living with the dead
when you have such
a beautiful family,
a husband who is indeed alone,
a daughter who needs her mother,
patients who need
a competent physician
who looks them in the eye
and treats them
like human beings?
He's completed the third test.
Congratulations, Lynn.
You're free to go.
Yeah, but he's not
all the way out yet.
Undo her collar, Amanda,
and let her go.
No, he's not finished.
He's not all the way.
Amanda, Lynn is more important
than you know.
Unlock her collar and let her go.
I said no.
Amanda, there are rules.
I said no!
She doesn't deserve to go free.
You promised.
I didn't promise you shit.
Amanda, even with that gun,
it is Lynn who holds

your life in her hand.
Fuck you.
You give her control over me?
Fuck you!
I won't tell anyone.
I promise I won't.
Please, I have a family.
Shut up, shut up,
shut up, shut up!
And stop fuckin' moving around!
And what about the other
test subjects that we left alive?
Game over.
I'll fucking kill you!
What about them?
Was that how you felt about them?
Was that how you felt
about Eric Matthews?
Eric Matthews.
Let me go.
I'll tell you how I felt
about Eric Matthews.
Daniel!
Fuck.
Daniel!
Daniel?
Fuck!
Where's my son?
Where is he, you junkie bitch?
Where is he?
Tell me where he is.
Tell me where he is.
Right fuckin' here.
You bitch!
You're nothin', bitch!
You're nothing!
You're not Jigsaw.
You're not Jigsaw, bitch!
You hear me?
You're nothing!
You're not Jigsaw, bitch.
You're nothin'!
I'll fuckin' kill you!
No!

That's right.
I'm a murderer.
He took my life from me,
so I just returned
the fuckin' favor.
No, Amanda,
that's what you thought,
but I know different.
You left him for dead, didn't you?
Stop fucking with me.
But I cleaned up
your mistakes.
I forgave you for them.
Let me go! Please!
What you do
is no different than murder.
You torture people.
You watch them die.
But now you're begging me
not to kill this worthless bitch
on the grounds of some game?
You are walking us
toward a precipice, Amanda.
Step back.
It's bullshit.
Nobody changes.
It's all a lie.
If you fail in this, we all fail.
Succeed, and we all succeed.
It's a lie!
I'll tell you,
she hasn't changed,
because nobody fuckin' changes.
Nobody is reborn.
It's all bullshit!
It's all a fuckin' lie!
And I'm just a pawn
in your stupid games.
I don't mean anything to you.
No, you mean everything to me.
Fuck you!
Our fates are linked.
I've tried to help you, Amanda.
So, help me!

Fix me!
Fix me, motherfucker!
I'm standin' right here.
Why is she so important to you?
She's not important to me.
She's important to you.
She's not important to me.
I beg you to reconsider that.
This is your last chance, Amanda.
She's nothing.
Your time's running out.
Now, you think about
what you're doing.
Think about everything
that you've done.
You think about
what you promised me.
Think about our dreams.
Think about tomorrow.
Lynn?
Jeff! Jeff--
Lynn.
Lynn.
- Lynn.
- Jeff.
You just destroyed four lives.
You just murdered Jeff's wife.
Baby.
Amanda.
It's okay.
This was your test...
...your game.
What do I want?
I want to play a game.
You're being tested.
Your will is being tested--
Your will to keep someone alive.
Can you do that?
Can you follow the rules
and grant someone the gift of life?
I was testing you.
I took you in.
You will give everything to me.
Yes.

Every cell in your body.
I selected you for the honor
of carrying on my life's work.
But you didn't.
That's right.
I'm a murderer.
I despise murderers.
You didn't test anyone's will to live.
Game over.
Instead you took away
their only chance.
Your games were unwinnable.
Your subjects merely victims.
You.
There is no turning back.
Do you understand that?
In my desperation,
I decided to give you one last chance.
So I put everything in place.
You chose her 'cause
she's the best, right?
That's one reason I chose her.
You didn't know that Lynn and Jeff
were husband and wife.
I had to keep that from you
for the purposes of my game.
I had to leave out
the ruined marriage,
the cheating wife,
the vengeful husband,
the neglected daughter.
And I let you make
your own choices.
I wanted you to succeed.
Amanda, put it away.
Trust me, even with that gun,
it's Lynn who holds
your life in her hands.
She's not important to me.
I beg you to reconsider that.
Unlock her collar
and let her go.
I said no!
The rules of our game

have been made very clear.
You need to abide by those rules.
You couldn't.
God.
Game over.
You haven't learned anything tonight,
have you?
Your rage and your vengeance
will only hurt the ones you love.
Killing me will only add
to your misery.
It will not bring back your son.
Think of your daughter, Jeff.
She needs you now
more than ever.
You can't kill me, Jeff.
Your wife's dying, Jeff.
Her time's running out.
Jeff, do not miscalculate.
Your fate is in my hands.
Your wife's fate is in my hands.
I love you.
I love you.
I'm taking you home. Okay?
Though you may not
see any threat...
there are threats all around you.
Jeff, if you try to move your wife,
she will die.
I can have an ambulance here
in four minutes.
Would you like to take your wife
out of here tonight?
Would you like
to take her to safety?
Stay.
Stand and face me, Jeff.
- Stay with me, please.
- Right now.
Would you like to get your life back?
Would you, Jeff?
I can make that happen.
Which is it, Jeff?
Come on... yes or no?

Yes.
What do you want?
One final test.
The rules are simple.
Over on that table,
there's a host of vicious implements...
which you can use
to exact your pound of flesh,
to take your vengeance,
to indulge your obsession.
Or you can choose to put
your vengeance aside,
and you can forgive.
You can forgive me for the pain
that I've caused you
and your wife tonight.
Jeff.
Which is it gonna be, Jeff?
Honey, don't do it.
Jeff...
It's up to you.
I need you.
Live or die, Jeff?
Make our choice.
I forgive you.
Jeff...
Jeff. Jeff!
Jeff, no.
I forgive you.
Hello, Jeff.
I made this tape
as an insurance policy, if you will.
Jeff!
And if you're listening to it,
then it's time to collect.
I was your final test of forgiveness.
And if you are listening to this,
then you failed.
Now you must pay the price...
the price for living
for nothing but vengeance.
Now I will give you
something to live for.
I told you that

you couldn't kill me, Jeff,
but I didn't tell you why,
and the answer is simple.
I am the person responsible
for the loss of your child.
I am the only person who knows
where your daughter is.
She only has a limited supply of air, Jeff,
and if you want to get her back,
you'll have to play a game.
Jeff!