

RIDDICK

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. ALIEN BADLANDS - DAY

1

Blood sheets his skin. The scalp is a lacerated mess. One leg trails behind him, broken and nearly useless. The breastplate he wears is bashed and cracked.

Whatever happened must've been harsh hell.

And now he's dragging himself across badlands of some god-forgotten world -- steaming pits, sulfurous ground, twisted rock formations, an angry red sun.

What planet is this? How did he get here? Why is he injured? We have no answers. We only know that right now RICHARD B. RIDDICK is crawling for his life.

Through heat waves, alien jackals appear. They've picked up his scent and they're picking up their pace.

Doing the same, Riddick struggles to his feet, trying to reach...

Water. He splash-lands in the pool that percolates with escaping gas.

2 EXT. UNDERWATER - MINERAL POOL - DAY

2

Riddick exhales so his body will sink. Above, he spots the black shapes of the jackals reaching water's edge. Can he hold out long enough? Until they lose his scent?

Water vipers zig-zag into view.

Riddick suffers them even when they get inside his breastplate, even when they nibble at his wounds.

3 EXT. MINERAL POOL - ALIEN BADLANDS - DAY

3

Above, the jackals raise tall ears -- and now those ears fan out, creating something akin to parabolic dishes around their heads. With augmented hearing, they lock in on RIDDICK'S UNDERWATER HEARTBEAT.

4 EXT. UNDERWATER - MINERAL POOL - DAY 4

In response, Riddick closes his eyes...slips into a hibernation mode...and SLOWS HIS HEART, allowing himself one faint beat every five seconds.

5 EXT. MINERAL POOL - ALIEN BADLANDS - DAY 5

Above him, those strange ears lower.

The jackals move on.

Riddick drags himself out of the scummy water and collapses. But soon a shadow falls over him.

It's the one jackal that wasn't fooled.

Fangs out and hackles up, it circles Riddick, nipping at first, ripping flesh, liking the blood, angling for his neck now. Angling for the kill.

With waning strength, Riddick rips a circular metal plate off his broken armor, flings it as far as he can.

A beat. It's like the jackal is thinking *"What the fuck is that supposed to do?"*

Then the jackal sprints after it. No dog on any world, it seems, is immune to the lure of a Frisbee.

6 EXT. ALIEN BADLANDS - DAY 6

Riddick is back on the move, hobbling, stumbling.

The jackal pack regroups behind him. Soon the pursuit reaches...

7 EXT. CANYON ARCH - ALIEN BADLANDS - DAY 7

A giant arch, a massive ruin crafted by some long-dead society. It frames the mouth of a canyon in the mountains, a narrow through which all things must pass.

Mud flats bubble beneath the arch, and here Riddick clocks two things:

Bones. Simmering in the mud.

7 CONTINUED:

7

Alien vultures. Circling overhead.

Behind Riddick, the jackals have stopped short: They're confronted by small "heads" that sprout from the mud and sway hypnotically on long necks. But, as we'll learn shortly, this is a false head mounted on the creature's tail, designed to distract, leaving its true head free to do things like...

Attack. Something erupts through the mud.

Other jackals scatter, abandoning...

One doomed jackal.

Fully revealed now, the mud demon sinks fangs into jackal and releases a paralyzing agent. An impaler appears on its tail and stabs into the jackal, pinning it down, removing any chance of escape.

Riddick saw it all happen. And just as he realizes he could be a target here, too...

A massive "head" appears beside him. This is the Big Mamma of those other mud demons, and she courts Riddick with her exotic dance before...

Striking. Its fangs clamp down hard on...

A big bone. Riddick grabbed it just in time.

The jackals have vanished, knowing better than to idle in this Kill Zone. Taking the hint, Riddick also vanishes. But only after one last look at that canyon beyond.

Where does it lead?

8 EXT. OPEN RUINS - ALIEN BADLANDS - SUNSET

8

Riddick hobbles through low stone walls. The ruins offer no real protection, but he'll change that soon enough. First he's got to deal with his broken leg.

He inserts his lower leg into a fissure in the wall, immobilizing it. Then he torques his body hard.

The BONE SNAPS back into place.

8 CONTINUED:

8

Riddick collapses from pain. But now he starts grabbing stones from a tumble-down section of wall -- and stacking them atop himself.

MONTAGE SHOTS of Riddick creating a tomb that will protect him from predators as he convalesces. He's burying himself to stay alive. And right before Riddick lays the capstone across his head...just before darkness and delirium overtake him...

She appears. SHIRÁH. Her skin shows soot and minor battle wounds.

(NOTE: "Shiráh" is the empath from CHRONICLES who serves as Riddick's muse, his link to the homeland he scarcely recalls.)

RIDDICK

You again....

SHIRÁH

Again and again, till all of us  
come back to Furya.

Too weak, too spent, Riddick just keeps piling on the stones.

SHIRÁH (CONT'D)

All these years, you think you've  
been on the run. But maybe you're  
really chasing something. Chasing  
your own memory of home.

RIDDICK

You been hangin' 'round inside my  
head? Dangerous place.

A PRIMAL WAR CRY turns Shiráh away. The sound unnerves her. And us.

SHIRÁH

There are worse.

(back to him, new  
urgency)

We'll try to hold on until you get  
here. But there are so many of  
them to kill...and so few of us  
left here to fight....

8 CONTINUED:

8

RIDDICK

Sure thing. Oh, and if I'm a little late? Start the thumpin' without me.

SHIRÁH

Don't think it's not real...  
Riddick...we need our numbers...

Riddick lowers a capstone across his face. His world goes blessedly dark.

SHIRÁH (O.S.)

WE NEED OUR WARRIORS....

FADE OUT

RIDDICK (V.O.)

So every guy has one crazy stalker chick, right? Mine's kinda special, though -- she doesn't even have to be on the same planet to drive you out of your fucking mind.

(a beat)

"Furya." Isn't that what got me in this whole mess?

FADE IN:

9 INT. NECROPOLIS - RIDDICK'S FEVER DREAM

9

DAME VAAKO (V.O.)

NOOOOO....

Gauzy images swim out the blackness. The minor memories may fill only a corner of OUR SCREEN, while major memories claim more real estate. But the images are always moving, evolving, always presenting themselves as a fever dream. Ultimately, this sequence will inform how Riddick came to be on this world. But first up, from footage already shot, WE SEE:

Kyra dead on the floor...

Riddick stabbing the Lord Marshal in the head...

An army of Necromongers kneeling before Riddick...

9 CONTINUED:

9

And Vaako at their fore.

(NOTE: Vaako is the commander who sought the throne in CHRONICLES and lost it to Riddick. Unexpectedly so.)

10 INT. CORRIDOR - RIDDICK'S FEVER DREAM

10

Riddick wears armor befitting the caesar of a militarized theology. Of a Lord Marshal. So yeah, this armor is bitchen-sick.

He passes a group of NOBLESE; they bow and give way. He passes a knot of COMMANDERS; they straighten to attention. Even though their posture shows respect, their eyes show something else.

FEATURE one commander in particular. KRONE. His face is an artful topo map of self-inflicted scars.

RIDDICK (V.O.)

Necromongers. Some wanted to put a crown on my head, most wanted to put a noose on my neck. Now don't get me wrong, bein' King Shit of a crew like that had a few things right about it...

Reveal FOUR FEMALE CONSORTS. They drift behind Riddick like sexual ghosts, ready to grant any wish.

RIDDICK (V.O.)

...least four that I could see. But problem was that, one way or another, they all wanted to fuck me dead. So what's new, huh?

11 INT. PRIVATE QUARTERS - RIDDICK'S FEVER DREAM

11

Riddick wakes.

In a dim room, we find toppled bottles, goblets, overturned dishes of fruit, discarded clothing and armor. Consorts hang about like damp dishrags, sleeping off the night's debauchery.

Riddick half-turns to clock...

11 CONTINUED:

11

The FOURTH CONSORT near the main door. Seeing him, she gives him a thoroughly sated look before returning to some cushions and closing her eyes.

So that's what woke him: The Fourth Consort. Okay. But why was she at the door?

Riddick rises with blade in hand: This is how he sleeps among Necromongers. He checks the door actuator, finds it secure. Riddick drags a hand across the face of the door...

And like magic, a transparent area appears. Now he can check the corridor outside with the door still secure.

All quiet out there.

The Fourth Consort returns, oozing into FRAME with Riddick, laying her sweaty brow against his sweaty back.

FOURTH CONSORT

So what is the way to a man's heart?

RIDDICK

Through his fourth and fifth rib -- way I usually go. But give it a little twist, too.

FOURTH CONSORT

You toy with me, Lord Marshal...

Pouty-sexy, she turns him around to face her.

FOURTH CONSORT (CONT'D)

...when I'm nothing but grave with you.

RIDDICK'S POV: Focusing on the woman's eyes, we see something reflected in her damp eyeball. Something in the corridor behind us. Someone closing fast with a weapon.

Riddick leans hard as...

A GRAVITY BLAST opens a hole right where his head was. An arm reaches through the streaming breach and slaps the actuator inside. The DOOR HISSES open.



11 CONTINUED:

11

The ASSASSIN rushes in. He wears armor seemingly made of metal feathers.

Consorts rush out. They wear nothing.

The FIGHT is fast and destructive: The gravity gun SPITS ROUNDS into the ceiling as Riddick and the assassin struggle for the weapon. When his weapon is lost, the assassin fist-pounds a spot on his breastplate...

And knives spring out all over his armor. Those "feathers" were actually blades held flat to the body.

RIDDICK

I like that.

Avoiding the blades, Riddick slings the assassin into a wall. That dislodges a ceremonial war-hammer...

That Riddick catches. He LANDS A BLOW that would drop a small rhino...

But it only staggers the assassin.

So Riddick WHACKS HIM AGAIN.

This time the assassin hits his knees. Riddick flips the war-hammer -- and piston-drives the handle right into the face-opening of the helmet. It brings a satisfying CRUNCH.

The assassin goes flat. Riddick pitches the war-hammer aside, stands over the assassin, grabs the face-opening of the helmet with both hands -- and just CRACKS THE HELMET OPEN.

RIDDICK

Now. Let's talk about who mighta put you up to --

Stabbing for his heart, a blade impales Riddick's back.

It's the Fourth Consort. A.k.a. the Second Assassin.

FOURTH CONSORT

(like viper spit)

Thanks for the advice, infidel.

She's done it: She's struck a mortal blow, and that makes the consort drunk with success until...

11 CONTINUED:

11

Riddick reaches back...grabs her hand...and carefully extracts the blade.

RIDDICK

I said "fourth and fifth." Fifth and sixth? Body cavity.

He turns the knife around -- and turns her around, too. Just to show her how it's really done.

FOURTH CONSORT

No, no, no, no....

RIDDICK

Admit it. It was still a helluva night.

12 INT. PRIVATE QUARTERS - RIDDICK'S FEVER DREAM

12

Minutes later. VAAKO surges in to find...

A wrecked room. One dead consort, one dead assassin. And there's Riddick, seated now, using the bloody knife to fish sugared dates out of a bowl, eating them right off the blade-tip. All in all, just another night in Riddick's room.

RIDDICK

Friend of yours?

Vaako checks the assassin's face, tries to reassemble the pieces in his mind.

VAAKO

Captain Marcus. I think.

RIDDICK

Big-time move. For some captain.

VAAKO

Would've been backed by someone higher -- who would then kill him and claim the title.

RIDDICK

So which commander put him up to it?

VAAKO

Actually? It could be any of many.

RIDDICK

Oh, I don't doubt that.

Riddick stands -- and leaves the blade within reach of Vaako. "Commander" Vaako.

Riddick drags a hand across a wall. Instantly it becomes a transparent viewport that reveals a deep-space nebula, magnificent. In case we didn't realize before, we're aboard a ship.

RIDDICK

So what do we do about this, Vaako?

Vaako eyes that blade...then eyes Riddick's back still running with blood. Any assassin would have to do better than that, apparently.

VAAKO

You should take your sacred oath of office. To begin with.

RIDDICK

Not big on oaths.

Vaako picks up the knife.

VAAKO

No Lord Marshal can lead without that simple act. They'll call you an infidel and come after you. As they have, three times now.

RIDDICK

I heard you lost your taste for killing, Vaako. That true?

VAAKO

Is that what they say?

Vaako draws closer to Riddick. With the knife.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Personally, I'm not gonna no-count you like that. I think you'd make a helluva Lord Marshal some day.

VAAKO

Do you.

RIDDICK

But next time you take a stab at it? Don't listen to that slag of a wife -- her timing ain't what you think.

Vaako buries the blade beside Riddick's head -- buries it the reflection of Riddick's face. The IMPACT sends shock waves rippling across the viewport.

VAAKO

If I come, I won't come in the night, I won't come from behind, and I won't be goaded into it by you or anyone. And trust me, next time, I would not miss.

Riddick yanks the knife out of the viewport glass.

RIDDICK

Don't be that guy.

(a beat)

So maybe I take Furya -- and you take the badass suit of armor and whatever that goes with it.

(off his look)

You get it all, Vaako -- and you get it without having to find out the hard way you really couldn'ta pulled it off.

VAAKO

You want a planet.

RIDDICK

Waste any fuckin' world you want -- 'cept that one.

Vaako wonders what he's missing.

VAAKO

Not much to speak of, Furya.  
Ruins and wasteland is what I  
remember.

RIDDICK

Got something else stuck in my head  
-- green, wet, beautiful.

VAAKO

Maybe it was, once, but....  
(doubling back)  
You'd give this away -- all the  
power that could ever be -- for  
something that may not still exist?

RIDDICK

Grab the dice while they're hot,  
Vaako. Your luck could change.

A beat. If there's a trap here, Vaako can't see it.  
Abruptly he turns to the OFFICERS now stacked up in the  
doorway.

VAAKO

Lay a new course.

13 EXT. "FURYA" - RIDDICK'S FEVER DREAM - DAY

13

BOOTS CRUNCH over parched ground.

A Necro exploration ship has landed. Fanning out from it  
are Riddick, Vaako, a few Elite guards, and Krone, that  
commander with the topo map for a face.

Riddick makes his way to a promontory that overlooks a vast  
rift valley. Just badlands. Badlands and ruins and some  
alien vultures riding thermals. All this under a swollen  
red sun. It's a dying planet.

KRONE

Long way to come. For this.

Riddick crouches, sifts dirt through his fingers. Was this  
where he was born? He smells for something green and wet  
and beautiful, some trace-scent that might shake loose old  
memories. He can't find it.

Smacking his hands clean, Riddick motions Vaako closer.

RIDDICK

Couple questions here 'fore the shootin' starts....

(off Vaako's scowl)

The order to Furya. Who gave it?

VAAKO

You heard me give it.

RIDDICK

And you charted the course.

VAAKO

Why would I? There are officers for that.

RIDDICK

What officer? Who did the nav?

A beat. Vaako's not immediately sure.

VAAKO

Just what is your implication?

RIDDICK

This...

(scoops up a handful of dirt)

...is not Furya.

VAAKO

Things change, memories change, I told you that night.... What, you think I brought you to this asshole of a world just to dump you here? To kill you when you least expect --

Riddick lays a steely hand on Vaako's sidearm. Maybe to keep Vaako from using it. Maybe to pull it himself.

RIDDICK

I think Krone over there charted the course. I think he brought us both here -- and wants the badass armor for himself.

13 CONTINUED:

13

They hear WEAPONS CYCLING behind them. With matching speed and instinct, Riddick and Vaako draw that sidearm together...

And START BLASTING AT KRONE as they both dive for cover.

Krone and the Elites RETURN GRAVITY FIRE.

Unwitting or not, Vaako shields Riddick from the first volley. We see his breastplate open up...

And see his whole ribcage open up beneath that. Just in case we weren't sure if Vaako is dying today or not...

ANOTHER SHOT decapitates him.

Krone starts forward for Riddick -- but stops, noting a fissure in the ground. It runs the width of the promontory. Krone snatches a sidearm from an Elite and, dual-wielding now...

He starts PILE-DRIVING SHOTS into that fissure, widening it until...

The whole promontory drops away in spectacular fashion.

Riddick and Vaako's corpse go into free-fall.

Roiling dust and debris overtake CAMERA. The GREY OUT becomes a BLACK OUT.

14 EXT. SHEARED-OFF CLIFF - RIDDICK'S FEVER DREAM - DAY

14

Sometime later. Through clearing dust, the exploration ship is lifting away, departing. TILT DOWN to reveal 100 tons of scree at the base of the cliff.

Alien vultures are landing to see about lunch. One leads us to...

A hand amid the rubble. Motionless. Dead. The vulture tries a test-bite.

RIDDICK (V.O.)

Don't know how many times I been crossed off the list and left for dead. Guess when it happens first on the day you were born, you're allowed to lose count.

14 CONTINUED:

14

That dead hand? It grabs the vulture by the throat.

RIDDICK (V.O.)

So this...this ain't nuthin' new.

DISSOLVE TO:

15 EXT. OPEN RUINS - ALIEN BADLANDS - DAY

15

We're back in real time. The rocky tomb on the ground is empty, evidence of Riddick's resurrection.

RIDDICK (V.O.)

But that slunt on the ship...the one who couldn't count her ribs right...never shoulda gotten that close. And Krone...how did I miss him? That's just fuckin' sloppy.

16 EXT. ALIEN BADLANDS - SUNSET

16

LOW ANGLE as a piece of Necro armor hits the ground, discarded. Another piece follows. Then another.

RIDDICK (V.O.)

Maybe I've frequented the human side too much. Slowed the survival reflex, dulled me down. Yeah -- sometime last couple years, I went and committed the worst crime of all.

(spitting it)

I got civilized.

TILT UP to include Riddick, nude and walking away from CAMERA, his body a mass of filth and scabbed-over wounds, his stride unbalanced.

RIDDICK (V.O.)

Time to zero the clock. Just me and this no-name world now. Time to rediscover the animal side.

17 EXT. ALIEN BADLANDS - DUSKY NIGHT

17

Against a backdrop of three moons, Riddick tops a rise. His silvery eyes sweep the badlands in front of him.



17 CONTINUED:

17

RIDDICK (V.O.)

You did me a favor, Krone. Best thing that ever happened, you dumpin' me here to die. Have to thank you in person, some day.

DISSOLVE TO:

18 EXT. SURVIVAL MONTAGE - ALIEN BADLANDS - DAY/NIGHT

18

Herein, we watch Riddick in survival mode, dressed in just tatters of hide and twine. But this is more than just a SURVIVAL MONTAGE -- it's a training sequence, too. Because this world is no longer just a dumping ground. It's a proving ground. We see Riddick:

18A. Pulling a crude trap out of that scummy pool. It's filled with water vipers, food for a couple days, anyway...

18B. Stretching and stitching viper skins... attaching them to bones and sticks...erecting these scarecrows outside his ruins. They resemble mud demons, the one thing jackals seem to fear...

18C. Shaving his head with a bone blade...using pool-scum for shaving cream...

18D. Climbing that canyon arch, getting a sight-line on the plains beyond the canyon...spying tundra with specks that must surely be animals, herds of animals. Happy hunting grounds, if only Riddick can get there...

18E. Returning to the mud flats beneath the arch...pitching a rock onto the mud, seeing if Big Mamma is home. Oh, yeah, still here...

18F. Coming across a jackal pup, just a runt left to die...

18G. Keeping that pup in a cage...giving it water and scraps, but not out of compassion. He has plans for it...

18H. Capturing a small mud-demon...studying its physiognomy, seeing it's identical to the Big Mamma version...

18 CONTINUED:

18

18I. "Milking" the venom of several small mud demons...carefully cutting the fangs from their mouths...using those fangs to make hypodermic needles (fangs being hollow teeth)...

18J. Injecting the jackal pup with tinctures of venom...repeatedly, incrementally...the pup growing sickly, near death...Riddick taking no pity...

18K. Erecting more scarecrows outside his ruins, this showing the passage of time...weeks...

18L. Drawing blood from the jackal pup that now shows signs of recovery, its body acclimating to the venom...

18M. Spinning the blood in a crude centrifuge, separating out the plasma...

18N. Injecting himself with the plasma, with the anti-venom of the mud demons...repeatedly, incrementally...

18O. Riddick crafting his biggest weapon yet, a massive obsidian sling blade. He'll need it for what he has in mind.

19 EXT. OPEN RUINS - ALIEN BADLANDS - DAY

19

Riddick is kitted up, ready to leave these ruins and badlands behind. He looks at the jackal pup, getting to its feet inside the cage as if to follow.

Riddick turns his back and goes. *"Let it die."*

20 EXT. CANYON ARCH - ALIEN BADLANDS - DAY

20

KILL ZONE BATTLE: Riddick reaches the bubbling mud flats that mark the start of the canyon.

Big Mamma's false head appears, baiting Riddick closer.

But Riddick baits the beast toward him, getting it to surface. Goddamn it's big.

Again and again he dodges its tail impaler, wanting it to attack another way. And finally it does, catching Riddick's knee in its mouth, injecting him with venom.

As the beast waits for paralysis to set in -- waits like a lion waits for its prey to asphyxiate -- Riddick flicks open his sling blade...

And decapitates it in one swing.

Riddick rids himself of the beast's head. Unexpectedly, he hears A WHIMPERING nearby.

It's the jackal pup, here, drawing the attention of smaller demons.

RIDDICK  
Escape artist, huh?

Sensing a kindred spirit in the animal, Riddick snags the pup and throws it in his kit. But as he does...

The muds heave behind Riddick. Emerging now is something he didn't contemplate: The Big Daddy. Blocking the path up-canyon.

WHAM. WHAM. WHAM. This thing doesn't care about venom or paralysis -- it just wants to stab you to death with its huge impaler.

Scooping up his blade, Riddick does a home-plate slide beneath Big Daddy...

Drags the blade along its underbelly, opening up the hide like a squeeze-purse...

Gains his feet on the other side...

And turns back fast, ready for a counter-attack that never comes: Big Daddy is distracted by its own guts on the ground. And by "distracted" we mean "eating." It's trying to eat its own stomach.

There isn't much Riddick can't watch. This is one.

21 EXT. UP-CANYON - ALIEN BADLANDS - SAME

21

Riddick lopes up-canyon, working his way over slippery rocks. Finally he reaches flat ground. And there in front of him...

Swaying tundra. It's a whole new world.

DISSOLVE TO:

22 EXT. ALIEN SAVANNA - FOUR MONTHS LATER - LATE DAY

22

The giant red sun casts ruddy light over a herd of alien bison. Powerful beasts, they have three legs -- two in front, one in the rear that splits the forward legs when they run. Let's call them "trison."

Upwind, Riddick appears. He's more lean, more cut than we've ever seen, all wounds healed. As Riddick surveys the trison...

A grown jackal appears at his side. It's the "pup" of four months ago.

Soon the sun winks out.

The goggles lift. The silver eyes appear.

RIDDICK

(to jackal)

Remember what I taught you. No fuckups.

23 EXT. NOCTURNAL HUNT - ALIEN SAVANNA - NIGHT

23

The trison grow restless. Bioluminescent stipples on their heads flicker in agitation. The herd starts to move en masse as...

The flashing eyes of the jackal appear, racing through the trison, carving them up, sending a few careening in the direction of...

Another set of flashing eyes.

RIDDICK'S POV: Targeting one particular animal. The biggest bull here. Seven feet at the shoulder.

Ever see that footage of lions leaping onto the back of an elephant? This is like that. Except the sole lion here is...

Riddick. The bull trison tries hard to throw him, but Riddick hangs on grimly, clawing his way to its head. There, he grabs the horns, gets his legs up under him, becoming a coiled spring...

And does a somersaulting dismount.

He keeps his grip on the horns, twisting them as he falls, using his body as a giant lever.

The great animal hits head-first...

And starts tumbling end over end, all two tons of it. Riddick hangs on, riding out the avalanche of hoof and fur and horn, courting death. And when the dust clears...

Only one animal gets off the ground. You know who it is. Riddick just pulled off a bare-handed kill of the biggest thing on this planet. Which makes him the biggest beast of all.

RIDDICK

The animal side.

He pulls a blade and starts quartering.

DISSOLVE TO:

Riddick is on the move again, dragging a travois with food and kit, jackal at his side.

Presently he stops at the sight of something half-buried in the ground.

It's a shell casing.

Riddick keeps moving. Soon a new discovery: The skeletal remains of some alien beast. One leg has been caught in a wicked steel trap.

Riddick pushes on, mounting a rise. Ahead, he now spies the source of these human artifacts:

24 CONTINUED:

24

It's a pre-fab structure. A way station.

RIDDICK  
(to jackal)  
Stay.

25 EXT. STATION - ALIEN SAVANNA - DAY

25

Metal targets dangle on chains, swaying in the wind.

Riddick's boots cross the dirt courtyard.

Riddick's hand tries a rusty water pump. No luck.

26 INT. STATION - DAY

26

Wire cots. MRE cans. Nudie calendar. More steel traps.  
A trison head mounted on the wall.

Everything dulled by dust.

But it's a scatter of wanted posters that confirms what  
Riddick suspected.

RIDDICK  
Mercs.

This is a way station for mercenaries, bounty hunters.  
It's a place to lay over, take target practice, collect  
meat, fill the water stores before moving on. And among  
the gear here is...

A device stenciled "EMERGENCY BEACON."

Riddick studies the beacon. It might be his ticket off  
this planet. But does he want off?

Leaving the beacon as he found it, Riddick pilfers a few  
food cans and goes.

27 EXT. ALIEN SAVANNA - LATE DAY

27

A small encampment on the open plain: Riddick feels more  
at ease here than in the confines of the station.

He pulls out an MRE can. "Crab Enchilada Hash." He cracks  
the lid, pretends it smells better than it does.

RIDDICK

Hmmmmmm....

He sets it down for the jackal. The jackal takes a sniff, then looks at Riddick dubiously.

RIDDICK

Dog food. Right there on the label, says "Dog Food." I mean, if you could read.

The jackal takes another whiff -- then steps forward to piss all over the can.

RIDDICK

Smarter'n you look. Go pull the emergency reserve.

The jackal moves to the travois...unties a knot with its mouth...grabs a big trison haunch coated in salt crystal... drags it back to Riddick.

RIDDICK

Okay. Now where's yours?

The jackal gives him a don't-fuck-with-me GROWL.

Resisting a smile, Riddick starts cutting chunks from the haunch.

28 EXT. ALIEN SAVANNA - SUNSET

28

Minutes later. Riddick and the jackal are eating. Presently Riddick stops in mid-chew. He's spotted something.

Just below the setting sun yet above the horizon -- in that zone where mirages live -- we see a distant figure. Now two. Now three. Atmosphere distorts their true shape, but they look simian. And powerful.

Riddick stands. He's never seen anything like this.

The trailing beast seems to be wounded. Soon it stops. Orients to us. And BELLOWS A PRIMAL CRY.

Riddick flicks a look at the jackal. Still eating happily. Didn't hear anything.

RIDDICK

Not real....

VOICE (O.S.)

I'm sorry...

Riddick torques around to see...

A boy with his back to us. Sooty, bloody, 16 years old. He's digging. Propped nearby is his oft-repaired assault rifle. Call him ALPHA KID.

ALPHA KID (CONT'D)

...sorry I wasn't here when they came...

Unaware, the jackal gnaws away. Which means the kid, too, isn't real.

ALPHA KID (CONT'D)

But there's just so much ground to cover...an' seems like there's more and more of them of 'em all the time....

Riddick eases closer. The kid is talking to someone -- but that someone isn't him.

ALPHA KID (CONT'D)

Think I may have wounded one as they took off...let's hope to hell, anyway...

Now Riddick can see behind the pile of dug-up earth. There's a corpse there...

And it's Shiráh. She's been pummeled, broken, murdered. Yet it's her the Alpha Kid speaks to.

ALPHA KID (CONT'D)

Wish it were deeper. But I want to get after that wounded one. Don't worry 'bout me -- sun's almost down now...

He turns to check the sun. And that's when we see it: The boy's eyes shine. Just like Riddick's.



28 CONTINUED:

28

ALPHA KID (CONT'D)  
And you know I like the night.

Eerily now, the boy makes eye contact with Riddick -- yet somehow he seems to be looking through Riddick at the same time.

ALPHA KID (CONT'D)  
Y'know how you told me once my eyes  
could see other things besides into  
the dark? Like into other worlds?  
(turning to Shiráh)  
I felt it. Just now.

29 INT. GRAVE - SUNSET

29

We're inside the grave. Shiráh's body slides into CAMERA,  
BLACKING OUT FRAME.

30 EXT. ALIEN SAVANNA - SUNSET

30

The Alpha Kid? Gone.

Those simian-things on the horizon? Gone.

Riddick is alone with the jackal. He's not sure if that  
was apparition or dementia, but it affected him still.

31 INT. STATION - NIGHT

31

Riddick enters. Now he activates that beacon.

A fan of light sweeps the room like a lighthouse, recording  
everything it touches.

BEACON POV: Of Riddick's face coming closer with each  
sweep until finally his face dominates VIEW. Just to make  
sure they know who it is, he lifts his goggles to showcase  
his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

32 EXT. ALIEN SAVANNA - DAY

32

Puncturing the clouds, a ship appears, dragging clouds in  
its wake. Soon it decelerates, triggering a SONIC BOOM.

32 CONTINUED:

32

Riddick clocks the event before vanishing.

33 EXT. STATION - ALIEN SAVANNA - DAY

33

Vortexing dirt, the merc ship lands.

SERIES OF SHOTS: EIGHT MERCS disembark -- mismatched uniforms, skull caps, bandanas, steel badges. The crew double-times toward the station, surround it, lock it down. The youngest, LUNA, pauses to kiss the ground and MUMBLE SCRIPTURE.

34 INT. STATION - DAY

34

The emergency beacon still sweeps feebly. A hand switches it off, putting it out of its misery. The hand belongs to...

SANTANA, boss of this crew. He's a bantam rooster who likes to crow day and night. Santana scans the station for signs of Riddick. He finds one on the wall.

LEAVE ONE SHIP AND GO  
OR DIE HERE

DIAZ joins. He's the guy who thinks, privately, he's ready to run a crew. Maybe Santana's.

DIAZ  
(re demand)

Somebody better teach this Riddick  
fucker how to count. "One ship?"  
Like we got a spare?

A SONIC BOOM rattles the station. They peer out a filthy window...

And spot a second ship piercing the cloud-layer.

SANTANA  
Shit. Here comes the neighborhood.

He hustles out. Eyes narrowing, Diaz looks back at Riddick's message. It kinda makes sense now.

35 INT. MERC SHIP #1 - DAY

35

Grabbing up the radio:

35 CONTINUED:

35

SANTANA

Unidentified vessel, this is "Clan Vagos" out of Ursa 5. Be advised that we are on the ground now and have responded to emergency signal. No distress found, no need to land. Repeat, there is no reason for you to land at this location at this time....

We hear the other SHIP LANDING outside. Santana throws down the mike.

SANTANA (CONT'D)

The fuck did I just say?

36 EXT. STATION - ALIEN SAVANNA - DAY

36

The second merc ship rocks to a stop. ENGINES SPOOL DOWN. If the first ship was a Crown Vic, this one is an Escalade. A loading ramp lowers, and emerging into daylight is....

CREW #2, three male and one female, matching tactical vests and patch-work. Immediately they start off-loading crates and gear. Their shot-caller is...

BOSS #2, name withheld for now. For most mercs, the lure of Riddick is either the bounty or the rep they'll get for nailing the most dangerous thing alive. That explains Santana -- but it doesn't explain Boss #2. He wants something else.

BOSS #2

(to Santana)

Long haul, needed to take on water. Wouldn't mind a little true-gravity time, either.

SANTANA

Like I was sayin'. I got this.

Boss #2 looks around for the army that Santana must have brought with him.

BOSS #2

You know who that was, right? On the emergency beacon?

SANTANA

Wouldn't be here if I didn't.

BOSS #2

And the concept of back-up still  
doesn't appeal to you?

SANTANA

My besties here can ball with  
anyone. No disrespect to your  
crew, 'course, who look strong too  
-- in those matchy-matchy outfits.

He tosses a look to his own guys. *"How gay is that?"*

DIAZ

Shit. Didn't know there was a  
dress code.

BOSS #2

Well, not my intention to jump  
another man's claim. But if you  
don't mind, maybe we'll just pull a  
chair and spectate for awhile.

Boss #2 starts inside. Santana blocks him.

SANTANA

What if I do?

BOSS #2

Co-op station, open to all mercs.  
By the way, my name's --

SANTANA

"Too Late." That's your name.  
And I don't need you here steppin'  
all over my dick here.

BOSS #2

Tell you what. I won't lift a  
finger to help until you come and  
ask me for it.

He moves inside.

36 CONTINUED:

36

SANTANA

Hey. Maybe you can get the water turned on. Clean up that toilet, too. Yeah, that's your job.

Throughout, Crew #2 has continued to off-load. They look like they're getting ready for war.

37 EXT. PREP MONTAGE - STATION - ALIEN SAVANNA - DAY

37

Crew #1 -- Santana's mercs -- goes to work:

37A. "Cyclops" being erected. It takes the shape of a 7-foot pedestal, black, multi-jointed, one big camera lens where its face should be...

37B. Sonic-sensors getting stabbed into the ground, forming a ring around the station. These are the ears of Cyclops...

37C. Station generators firing up, spotlights tested...

37D. Extra munition getting passed out...

37E. "PLUs" -- personal locator units -- being clipped to each man's belt...

37F. And a glowing power node being pulled from their ship. The size of a briefcase, it's one of several cells here.

38 INT. STATION - SAME

38

That power node gets stored in a locker. By Santana.

Inside the station, Crew #2 assembles and oils weapons. Jetcycles are being bolted together on stands -- billet aluminum, turbine blades -- rockets you ride.

SANTANA

Hey, Too Late. Need to pull a node from your ship, store it right here next to mine.

Boss #2 continues to study a 3D relief map.

BOSS #2

Why.

SANTANA (CONT'D)

Riddick triggered the beacon to get off-world, right? Basically, he was callin' a taxi.

BOSS #2

And.

SANTANA

And a ship'll make a sweet trap -- confined space, metal walls, one exit.

BOSS #2

(now looking up)

Get him back to the barn, then close the door real fast? That's your plan to catch Riddick?

SANTANA

Ace kool, ain't it? Just gotta make sure the ships stay grounded now. C'mo-c'mon.

BOSS #2

(a dubious beat)

Dahl. Pull an engine node.

39 INT. MERC SHIP #2 - DAY

39

DAHL enters the ship. She's the lone female here, a strapping 6-footer indifferent to the charms of men. As she pulls the node, the ship's flight controls go dark. Other systems stay lit.

40 INT. STATION - DAY

40

The power node from ship #2 gets stowed with the node from ship #1.

Santana shuts the locker and adds a lock -- a hefty lock with a warning: "FORCED ENTRY WILL DETONATE OUTWARD." He slips in a key -- it's both a key and a dial -- and programs in a six-digit code.

40 CONTINUED:

40

The detonator-lock starts blinking.

Santana removes the key-dial, loops it around his neck.  
The business end goes in a vest pocket.

SANTANA

Now where's my box at?

41 EXT. STATION - ALIEN SAVANNA - SUNSET

41

START on the box in question -- plexi sides, cryo-tubes and small cannisters lining the interior. It's just big enough to hold a human head.

Wanting elevation, Santana scrambles onto the back of his ship with the box and a machete. Crowing to the unseen Riddick:

SANTANA

MY NAME IS "SANTANA," AND I'M THE SHOT-CALLER FOR THIS SHIP RIGHT HERE! I AM THE GUY WHO KNOWS ALL, SEES ALL -- AND MAY JUST BALL YOUR MOTHER WHILE I'M AT IT.

42 INT. STATION - SAME

42

INTERCUT Boss #2 and Dahl, overhearing.

DAHL

Is it true? Half the people you meet are below average intelligence?

43 EXT. STATION - ALIEN SAVANNA - SAME

43

SANTANA (CONT'D)

I'VE COME ALL THIS WAY TO COLLECT YOUR HEAD IN A BOX! RIGHT HERE! SO HAVE YOURSELF A FINE DAY NOW, MR. RICHARD B. RIDDICK! I SUSPECT IT'LL JUST ABOUT BE YOUR LAST!

Nearby, VARGAS and FALCO watch their boss thump his chest.

VARGAS

Spittin' in kinda strong.

FALCO  
(shrugging)  
Just baitin' the trap.

VARGAS  
Yeah, well, you don't want to  
agitate this guy any more than....

FALCO  
Any more than bringing his head  
back in a box would? C'mon, man.  
I heard about Riddick -- escape  
from Butcher Bay, Crematoria -- and  
this still feels like overkill to  
me. I mean, shit, 12 of us out  
here now? Shoulda been a four-man  
op. Tops.

Vargas gives him a look. And walks away.

FALCO (CONT'D)  
What?

VARGAS  
You're jinxin' our janx, man. And  
it's not cool.

FALCO  
I don't give a shit what they say,  
he's one guy....

VARGAS (O.S.)  
Shut UP.....

44 EXT. STATION - ALIEN SAVANNA - DUSK

44

WIDE SHOT of the station at dusk. Spotlights sweep  
methodically. Crew #1 mercs are stationed on the roof and  
at points outlying. The two ships are parked inside their  
perimeter -- and left invitingly open.

45 EXT. HILLS ABOVE STATION - DUSK

45

EVEN WIDER on the station -- to reveal someone watching it  
from afar. Now he sheds his goggles. Soon it'll be night,  
and night is when Riddick goes to work.



46 INT. CREW #2 STAND-DOWN SHOTS - STATION - NIGHT

46

MOSS and LOCKSPUR, the other two members of this crew.  
Killing time by slapping dominoes.

The crews' weapons. Locked in a rack. Some are ballistic,  
some energy-based.

The jetcycles. Built and ready to roll.

That locker. Detonator-lock blinking.

Boss #2. Fixing instant coffee. Riddick's "OR DIE HERE"  
message catches his eye. He makes the coffee stronger.

The dominoes. Making a SNAPPING-CRACKING SOUND each time  
they hit the table. Like the snapping-cracking of bones.

47 EXT. STATION - ALIEN SAVANNA - NIGHT

47

Santana is tweaking levels on the Cyclops control board.  
One knob is missing, so Santana uses pliers to turn the  
spindle. Which tells you about his whole operation.

Boss #2 steps outside with coffee. He notes cloud cover.

BOSS #2

Bad break -- three moons, you  
don't get any of 'em. Tonight  
could be it.

SANTANA

Can you not see I'm busy?

BOSS #2

Then again, maybe he'll wear you  
down first. Force you to go  
without sleep. That's reason for  
him to hold off.

SANTANA

Busy ignoring you?

BOSS #2

Just sharing my thoughts.

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47 CONTINUED:

47

SANTANA

Now that you have, can I politely invite you to step off my fuckin' porch?

Tense. Things are getting tense.

BOSS #2

I'll start rotating down. But you let me know, huh?

SANTANA

Sure. Soon as I have his head in a box, I'll let you know.

48 INT. STATION - NIGHT

48

In a sleep annex, Moss and Lockspur are horizontal. Rotated down.

In the main room, Dahl does station inventory -- what should be here versus what they found here. Out of her tactical vest and down to a tank-top, we see she's actually shit hot.

Boss #2 eyes her over the top of his map.

DAHL

What?

BOSS #2

(catching himself)

Forget, sometimes. Sorry.

DAHL

It happens.

49 EXT. STATION - ALIEN SAVANNA - NIGHT

49

RAPID CLOSEUPS of Crew #1 as A BLEATING SOUND hits their ear-pieces. It's a silent alarm. Spines go straight, safeties go off, fingers go for triggers.

Cyclops pivots, WHIRS, slews -- and locks in on the point-of-intrusion.

SANTANA  
(low into radio)  
Grid 29D. Stand by, stand by....

He toggles through scanning modes -- visible light, lidar, thermal, edge-detection. Something there in edge. He adjusts the threshold to resolve...

A jackal. Half-mile out.

DIAZ (O.S./RADIO)  
Whatcha got, cuzz?

SANTANA  
Some dingo-dongo thing....

DIAZ (O.S./RADIO)  
Want me to pop it? See it now.

SANTANA  
Negative, Diaz. Stay quiet.

Santana enters a code into the control board, KILLS THE BLEATING, resets the system.

SANTANA  
(into radio)  
Keep a cool cock. Everybody.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS: Of the patrolling mercs. Just as soon as everyone settles back into their routine...

The BLEATING RETURNS. Weapons snap back up.

Cyclops pivots 180 degrees, locks in.

CLOSE on Cyclops screen: It's another jackal. Or maybe the same one?

SANTANA  
Fuckin' hell. Grid 5Q, 5Q.

DIAZ (O.S./RADIO)  
Yeah. See it now. So we gonna kill somethin' tonight, or what?

49 CONTINUED:

49

SANTANA  
Knock it down. One shot,  
suppressed.

On the Cyclops screen, we see a puff of dirt near the jackal just before we hear the SUPPRESSED REPORT. The jackal turns on its heels and sprints away.

SANTANA  
(into radio)  
Nice work, Diaz. Encouraging.

DIAZ (O.S./RADIO)  
Shit, somethin' in my eye....

SANTANA  
It's called "a scope." Try it next  
time.

Santana resets the system. Again. Now he notices Boss #2 watching through a barred window, monitoring their comms.

BOSS #2 (RADIO)  
You got this, right?

SANTANA  
(into radio)  
Will you get off my freakin' freq?

50 EXT. STATION PERIMETER - NIGHT

50

Down on its belly, the same jackal shimmies toward one of those sonic sensors. It reaches out with its mouth...

And rips the thing out of the ground.

51 EXT. STATION - ALIEN SAVANNA - NIGHT

51

More BLEATING. It's rapidly becoming a ballpene hammer tapping on our skull.

Getting pissed, Santana resets the system. But this time the ALERT WON'T SHUT OFF. That's because...

52 EXT. HILLS ABOVE STATION - ALIEN SAVANNA - NIGHT

52

Riddick now holds the sonic-sensor. And he's rapping it against a rock.

53 EXT. STATION - ALIEN SAVANNA - NIGHT

53

Now Cyclops moves like a blind epileptic -- jerking back and forth, pivoting around, trying to locate its missing sensor, threatening to rip itself out of its mooring. Finally...

Santana yanks the plug on the whole damn system. The BLEATING finally stops.

VOICE FROM DARK

Thank you!

SANTANA

FUGOFF!

(into radio)

Rubio, comin' your way now. Gotta swap out a bad sensor.

He grabs a new sensor en route.

54 INT. STATION - NIGHT

54

Dahl hands Boss #2 the results of inventory.

DAHL

What was left here versus what was found.

BOSS #2

How's it square?

DAHL

Pretty good, really. 'Cept for one item....

START INTERCUTTING Boss #2 and Dahl with...

55 EXT. STATION PERIMETER - ALIEN SAVANNA - NIGHT

55

Santana and RUBIO. Wagging small torch-lights at each other as they rendezvous in the dark.

56 INT. STATION - NIGHT

56

BOSS #2  
 (off list)  
 "Predator restraint with 42-inch  
 offset jaws?"

DAHL  
 Six listed, zero found.

BOSS #2  
 Odd thing to walk off.

DAHL  
 (shrugging)  
 You know how shit goes missing from  
 these stations. One bad year, guys  
 are rippin' out the copper for  
 salvage.

Boss #2 toggles his radio.

57 EXT. STATION PERIMETER - ALIEN SAVANNA - NIGHT

57

BOSS #2 (O.S./RADIO)  
 Santana. You did sweep the area  
 before I got here, yeah?

SANTANA  
 Sweep for what?

BOSS #2 (O.S./RADIO)  
 Just wanna make sure no one set  
 traps for us. You hear what I'm  
 sayin'?

Rubio takes the replacement sensor from Santana and heads  
 off. Santana keeps an eye on him, giving him cover. But  
 soon...

Rubio's boot clips something metallic.

SANTANA  
 (into radio)  
 Traps? What kind of traps?

BOSS #2 (O.S./RADIO)  
 The kind with jaws.

57 CONTINUED:

57

Rubio points his torch down. Some kind of metal plate.  
He reaches down to pick it up.

SANTANA  
(realizing)  
DON'T TOUCH THAT FUCKING THI --

Rubio pulls an old dinner plate out of the ground.

RUBIO  
What?

He tucks it inside his vest as up-armor. Santana snorts in relief. Rubio heads off to replace that sensor...

And now it happens.

58 INT. STATION - NIGHT

58

Boss #2 and Dahl hear RUBIO'S HOWLS. Likewise Moss and Lockspur, waking fast.

59 EXT. STATION - ALIEN SAVANNA - NIGHT

59

Santana takes two steps in Rubio's direction -- then turns into stone.

SANTANA  
(into radio)  
Light here, light here, c'mon, get  
me some real light here....

Spotlights leap to the area -- and show us the grim scene: Rubio's legs have been nearly severed by a predator trap. Instinctively, he's trying to crawl away from the thing that almost cut him in half.

SANTANA  
No, no, no. Stay put, stay --

A second TRAP SPRINGS. This one swallows Rubio's head, TERMINATING HIS HOWLS with the precision of a guillotine. A holy-fuck beat, then...

NUNEZ (O.S./RADIO)  
Who the hell was that screamin'?  
And why?

59 CONTINUED:

59

Santana starts back-tracking his steps. Sloooowly.

SANTANA

(low into radio)

Nunez...break out the sweep gear...  
figure out how many these big-ass  
traps we got out here. I'm  
thinkin' maybe the whole upper-left  
quad is some kinda fuckin' mine-  
field. Gotta do that now, 'kay?

SILENCE over Santana's ear-piece.

SANTANA (CONT'D)

Copy that, Nunez?

More SILENCE. Bad SILENCE.

60 EXT. AROUND THE STATION - NIGHT

60

SERIES OF SHOTS: As the other guys hear the same itchy  
SILENCE.

LUNA

This is bad, this is very bad....

FALCO

(shouting into dark)

Nunez? NUNEZ?

SANTANA

(into radio)

Shut the fuck up, puto -- his radio  
just crapped out. Someone get eyes  
on him, huh?

(checks a locator  
screen)

I show him still right where he  
should be -- 13H.

VARGAS

Stand by, stand by....

CAMERA STICKS with Vargas as he breaks into a run. Soon he  
spies a torchlight vectoring toward him. Nunez? No, no,  
it's Falco, converging on the spot. Their read-outs show  
the same thing.



VARGAS

Right here. He should be right --

They find a PLU on the ground -- right beside a new Jackson Pollack painting, blood for paint. It's all that remains of Nunez.

Instinctively, Vargas and Falco touch backs and sweep for danger.

VARGAS

So this was overkill, huh? Twelve of us was too many. You knew aaaaall about Riddick, right? Well, maybe you need to take that shit back right now -- take the jinx off our janx, y'understand me? That's what you need to do, Falco. You need to unjinxelate our fuckin' janx.

No response.

VARGAS (CONT'D)

Aw, don't mess with me now.

Still no answer. PUSH IN TIGHT on Vargas, eyes closing for a miserable moment: He really doesn't want to think what he's thinking. Because it should be impossible. Vargas whips his light around to find...

An assault rifle on the ground. And beyond that...

Falco. Being dragged off by the heels. And doing the dragging? Just a brutish shape at the edge of light. Just a glimpse of Riddick before he's swallowed by the night.

Vargas starts after -- then stops "*The fuck am I doing?*" He fumbles to get the right setting on his rifle optics, needing night vision but unable to lock in.

VARGAS

Goddamn this guy...GODDAMN THIS  
FUCKING GUY....

He STARTS FIRING anyway. Just spray and pray.

61 INT. STATION - NIGHT

61

Hearing FULL-AUTO FIRE, Moss and Lockspur rush for armor and weapons.

BOSS #2

Jock up but stay home. Nobody goes out there 'less I say.

62 EXT. SIDE OF STATION - NIGHT

62

Santana. Still rooted in place by the mine-field of traps. Spotlights pounce erratically, chasing ghosts. MERC VOICES flood his radio, stepping all over each other.

CREW #1 VOICES (O.S./RADIO)

Man down, man down, he got Falco...  
He's not comin' for the ships,  
he's comin' for fuckin' us, okay?  
Never even saw him, man, he was  
right here and I never.... Just  
fucking shoot, SHOOT, SHOOT...

It's going to shit, and Santana knows it. And as the voices and the panic and the piss-your-pants gunfire reach A FEVERED CRESCENDO, we...

HARD CUT TO:

63 EXT. STATION - DAY

63

Quiet. It's daytime.

CLOSEUPS: Plastic gets laid over Rubio's dead face. Hoses get attached to housings in the plastic. A compressor gets flicked on, creating suction.

Quickly, the plastic conforms to Rubio's face.

WIDER. Three vacuum-packed bodies lie in a row.

VARGAS

One night, four dead. Not sure I'm  
lovin' this trend.

LUNA

(correcting)  
Three dead, one missing.

63 CONTINUED:

63

VARGAS

Equals four dead. Yeah.

DIAZ

Look at it this way. We might all fit on one ship now.

SANTANA (O.S.)

Nobody's leaving, Diaz...

Santana is inbound, dragging a chainload of predator traps. He spent the morning digging them up.

SANTANA (CONT'D)

Nobody's thinking of leaving, so shut your bitchass up. Luna, say something Bible-like over these bodies. I'll be inside.

DIAZ

Eating breakfast? Or shit?

It's clear who the crew blames. Which means Santana has to find someone else to blame, quick. He pushes inside...

64 INT. STATION - CONTINUOUS

64

...and goes straight for Boss #2, warming up some MREs.

SANTANA

You coulda jumped in when we was gettin' insaned on last night and you didn't. Now I got three cool ones in plastic out there because you was too busy PLAYING FUCKING DOMINOES.

He kicks over the game table.

BOSS #2

I was asked to step off the porch, Santana. Maybe you recall.

SANTANA

Mercs were dying. You have a debt at that point, an obligation.

BOSS #2

Why should I risk the lives of my crew because you A) put your own crew in an situation that turned them into targets, and, B) failed to pull them out of harm's way once that became all too apparent?

He's killing him with logic. Santana decides to swallow his anger and start over.

SANTANA

Maybe we zero this out. What's your tag, anyway?

BOSS #2

Oh, now you wanna know my name. Not sure I'm gonna say.

SANTANA

How come not?

BOSS #2

'Cuz everyone you know by name seems to wind up dead, Santana.

Santana erupts again, kicking more shit over.

DAHL

Hey, you gonna clean all this up? 'Cuz I'm not gonna clean it up.

He GOES OFF ON HER IN SPANISH. Bad call: Dahl breaks his nose with one punch. To his credit, Santana didn't wind up on his ass. But she tagged him pretty good.

BOSS #2

(to Santana, re Dahl)  
German blood. Watch out for those surprise attacks.

Santana plugs his nose, tilts his head back.

SANTANA

Awright, awright. Maybe it's time to start merging assets.

BOSS #2

Is this you askin' for my help?

SANTANA

This is me sayin' that I may need some of your gear, and if some of your guys happen to come attached to some of that gear, well, I'll understand that's just the way it's gotta be.

BOSS #2

You're asking for my gear's help.

SANTANA

More like that.

Boss #2 turns to Moss. Moss turns to the gear, cocks an ear, shakes his head.

MOSS

Gear say "nah."

SANTANA

Don't be a total assbox. You know we'll do better together against this insane-o-path.

BOSS #2

I don't know that. 'Fact, I suspect the opposite -- you're gonna slow my tempo, cost me what I really want.

SANTANA

What do you want, man? Nobody's clear on that point. Why the fuck are you habituating this planet?

A beat.

BOSS #2

I'll fold you in. But I give orders to Dahl, Dahl gives orders to you. That's the chain-of-command from this point forward.

SANTANA

How come I'm not lovin' this plan so far? Wait, I know -- because it sucks ass and swallows. I'm not takin' orders from your pet whore

SANTANA (CONT'D)

who thinks I won't smack her right  
back in the --

A FIST DRILLS his ear. This time Santana goes down.

DAHL

I don't fuck guys. But I will fuck  
them up if they need fuckin' up.

BOSS #2

Take a back seat, Santana. We'll  
track Riddick down, I promise.  
But I want him alive, at least for  
awhile, figure one day. After  
that, he's yours to kill.

A beat. Did Santana hear right? Through that ringing in  
his ears?

SANTANA

You're givin' me the bounty?

BOSS #2

Just pay my crew and fuel costs.  
Rest is yours.

Santana manages to bleed and smile at the same time.

SANTANA

So Too Late. What is Riddick to  
you? Not just some convict.

A beat. Boss #2 decides to tell him without telling him.

BOSS #2

My name is "Johns."

(NOTE: "Johns" was the mercenary in PITCH BLACK, Riddick's  
rival who died during the eclipse. Died badly.)

Unleashed at last, Boss Johns wheels around and starts  
machine-gunning orders.

BOSS JOHNS

Lock down those ships, keep eyes on  
at all times. Good job for our new  
junior varsity squad. Put the  
jetcycles on deck -- I'll ride with  
Moss and Lockspur. Give me non-

64 CONTINUED:

64

BOSS JOHNS (CONT'D)  
lethal load-out -- L.O.D.s and  
phosphor frags for a start. This  
is a guy who hunts by night, so we  
take it to him by day.

He hits the door...

65 EXT. STATION - ALIEN SAVANNA - CONTINUOUS

65

...and bangs outside.

BOSS JOHNS (CONT'D)  
Diaz! Vargas! Show me the spot of  
the last kill.

66 EXT. STATION PERIMETER - ALIEN SAVANNA - DAY

66

Boss Johns on his haunches. Inspecting some drag marks  
where Falco was last seen. Lots of boot prints here,  
overlapping, too many to sort out. But nearby...

Jackal prints.

Boss Johns stands. Scans with binox. Locks in on  
something.

BINOX POV: A jackal poised on a hillside. It monitors the  
station with those strange parabolic ears.

BOSS JOHNS  
Same dog as last night?

DIAZ  
Not sure. Think we killed that  
one.

Boss Johns looks at him hard. Diaz caves.

DIAZ (CONT'D)  
Could be same.

BOSS JOHNS  
(into radio)  
Sniper rifle with some barium  
shells. Now.

CUT TO:

66 CONTINUED:

66

Boss Johns with his sniper rifle. Loads a shell. Snaps open bi-pod legs. Sets up shop on a rock outcropping.

SNIPER SCOPE POV: Finding that jackal. 1,500 meters. Big distance.

Boss Johns FIRES.

67 EXT. HILLSIDE - ALIEN SAVANNA - DAY

67

The ROUND POOMPHS near the jackal, spraying rock. The jackal bolts uphill.

68 EXT. STATION PERIMETER - ALIEN SAVANNA - DAY

68

Boss Johns reloads. Fast.

SNIPER RIFLE POV: The jackal about to vanish over a ridge. About to.

69 EXT. HILLSIDE - ALIEN SAVANNA - DAY

69

The SECOND SHOT SPRAYS the flank of the jackal. But instead of a wound, it leaves radioactive dye.

70 EXT. STATION PERIMETER - ALIEN SAVANNA - DAY

70

Boss Johns swaps out his rifle for a hand-held scanner. It shows a blip moving off.

71 EXT. FOX HUNT - ALIEN SAVANNA AND HILLS - DAY

71

Suddenly the jackal sprints over a hill, leaping over CAMERA. Only seconds behind, three jetcycles come in hot pursuit.

MULTIPLE SHOTS of this futuristic fox hunt. The cycles sound like SMALL JET ENGINES, which they actually are. Down-firing exhaust nozzles give stability and keep the cycles a foot or so off the ground.

CLOSE on the controls of Boss Johns' bike. That scanner is mounted there, the one that tracks radioactive dye.

Spittle flying, the jackal start to tire. Starts to lose its lead.



72 EXT. CAVERN MOUTH - ALIEN SAVANNA - DAY

72

A craggy opening in the ground. The jackal takes refuge here.

Seconds behind, the three mercs ride up and SPOOL DOWN. They move to the lip of the opening to see...

A 45-degree incline with no sense of bottom. It looks like Satan's private entrance to Hell.

MOSS

Could be just the first hole it found....

BOSS JOHNS

A stressed animal will run to ground it knows. 'Sides...

He pulls out a new toy: This one actually sniffs the air. He aims it down the incline.

BOSS JOHNS (CONT'D)

I'm getting human pheromones.

73 EXT. STEEP INCLINE - CAVERN - DAY

73

Boss Johns, Moss, Lockspur negotiate their way down. Heavy weapons are carried on their backs, smaller munitions and clipped to vests and belts.

One by one, they leave daylight behind.

74 EXT. BOTTOM OF INCLINE - CAVERN - DAY

74

Reaching flat ground, Moss and Lockspur ready L.O.D. guns: Even in stand-by mode, these heavies SEEP SNAKE-TONGUES OF BLUE ENERGY.

Boss Johns consults his sniffer. It leads him to a jagged crack in a wall.

BOSS JOHNS

Skinny up.

They start stripping off kit.

75 INT. CAVERN - DAY

75

One by one, the mercs transit the narrow crack. Weapons get passed through separately. No words now, no extraneous sound. Just hand signals.

WIDER. Stalactites and stalagmites are aligned like teeth, uppers and lowers. The feeling is like being inside a dragon's mouth. Geothermal POOLS BUBBLE and off-gas, at times clouding visibility. But soon we discover...

Riddick's lair: Skin bladders for storing water. Salted meat. The old travois. A nest of a bed. And a word carved into a rock wall.

## FUR YA

Boss Johns sniffs out a new heading. He starts in that direction but pulls up, glimpsing...

A human shape behind a veil of mist.

Off his nod, Moss and Lockspur level those L.O.D.s...

And LET 'EM RIP. Blue lightning leaps 20 feet to strike...

Riddick. Dancing in pain. The cavern ceiling takes collateral damage, and rocks dislodge right on top of him.

BOSS JOHNS

Hold off, hold off....

The L.O.D.s WIND DOWN.

MOSS

Lightning On Demand. God, I do love these things.

Shotgun leading, Boss Johns hustles to the spot. He finds a body half-buried in rubble. But strangely, there seems to be ropes attached to it -- as if it had been strung up in place.

BOSS JOHNS

Motherachrist.

The face gets uncovered.

LOCKSPUR  
Santana's guy?

MOSS  
"Falco."

LOCKSPUR  
Shit. You think he was alive  
when....

MOSS  
Not much point keeping a dead  
hostage 'round the house, is there?

But Boss Johns isn't finger-pointing right now: He's  
already scanned the rest of the cavern and found no sign of  
the real Riddick.

BOSS JOHNS  
I've studied Riddick for 10 years.  
The concept of "hostage" has no  
appeal, not to him. I think Falco  
was already dead, which means  
this...  
(working it out)  
Some side-show...something to draw  
us in...maybe buy a little time so  
he could --

Something pounces at them.

L.O.D.s DISCHARGE erratically.

It's the jackal, blurring past, shooting through that crack  
on its way back outside.

MOSS  
Dropped some mud right there.

LOCKSPUR  
(to Boss Johns)  
Well, if Riddick's not here...where  
the hell is he?

Miles away, we see the real Riddick through a window gauzy  
with dirt. He's just a shape on the outside staring in.

76 CONTINUED:

76

We aren't sure what's caught his eye until WE PULL BACK to include...

Dahl in foreground. She's taking a sponge bath, pits and privates.

CLOSE on a corner of the window, broken out, missing. Presently Riddick's hand serpents through the opening. Slowly.

Dahl. Leaning over the sink to wash her face.

Riddick's hand. Going for what? Her neck?

Dahl straightens. Pulls on a sports bra. Reaches for a small stainless case on the counter...

But finds it gone. It was right there, wasn't it?

Sixth-sensing another presence, she spins to the window.

Nobody. Now.

77 EXT. STATION - ALIEN SAVANNA - DAY

77

Riddick moves along the station exterior, unseen, unheard. Yeah, he's a nocturnal hunter. But he ain't bad by day, neither.

78 INT. STATION - DAY

78

Dahl exits the latrine. Santana hangs by the door, waiting to drop a deuce.

DAHL

Were you just perving out on me?  
Somehow?

SANTANA

May all your dreams come true.

DAHL

Two minutes. I want you back  
outside on watch.

She clicks an imaginary stop-watch. They bump shoulders in passing.

79 INT. STEEP INCLINE - CAVERN - DAY 79

INTERCUT Boss Johns, Moss, scrambling back up the incline.  
Trying to get back in radio range.

BOSS JOHNS  
Dahl, Dahl, Dahl, you there?  
Anybody, you got me?

They don't have him.

80 EXT. STATION - ALIEN SAVANNA - DAY 80

Vargas repairs mounting bolts on the Cyclops unit: The thing nearly tore itself out of the ground last night.

Needing a tool, Vargas drops the ramp of ship #1. Luna takes up position at the base of the ramp, assault rifle ready. As Vargas boards, we CRANE UP to find...

Riddick atop the ship, hunkered between engine nacelles. He takes out Dahl's missing case...

81 INT. SHIP #1 - SAME 81

And lowers it into our FRAME. His hand opens the case to reveal a makeup compact. With mirror.

MIRROR POV: Surveying the ship interior. Finding Vargas, sorting tools. Then the POV finds the power node panel -- and one empty bay.

82 EXT. TOP OF SHIP #1 - STATION - SAME 82

Riddick looks back toward the station. We know that he knows what they've done.

83 EXT. CAVERN MOUTH - ALIEN SAVANNA - DAY 83

Out of breath, Boss Johns claws his way out of the incline.

BOSS JOHNS  
(into radio)  
Johns to Dahl, do you copy, do you  
copy....  
(no response)

83 CONTINUED:

83

BOSS JOHNS (CONT'D)  
 Johns to any-goddamn-body on this  
 channel. Copy me back.

A beat. A CRACKLE. A voice.

SANTANA (O.S./RADIO)  
 Go for Santana.

BOSS JOHNS  
 What's the situation there?

84 INT. STATION - DAY

84

SANTANA  
 (into radio)  
 Well, your big vagiterian is out on  
 patrol, my guys are fixing Cyclops  
 and sweeping for more traps, and I  
 just finished taking a big shit and  
 now my pants fit much better, over.

BOSS JOHNS (O.S./RADIO)  
 No issue with the ships? Or the  
 locker?

Santana eyes the locker -- and pats the unseen key-dial in  
 his vest. But like a tourist who pats his wallet too much,  
 he just revealed its whereabouts to...

Riddick. Inside now. Watching from the darkened sleep  
 annex.

SANTANA  
 Absofugginada. What happened to  
 you? Wild dog chase?

85 EXT. CAVERN MOUTH - ALIEN SAVANNA - DAY

85

BOSS JOHNS  
 (into radio)  
 Just keep your eyes pinned open --  
 Riddick may have pulled an end-run  
 on us.

Behind him, Moss and Lockspur chuck frags down the incline.  
 WHITE-PHOSPHOR EXPLOSIONS fountain up out of the hole.  
 They just sealed the entrance to Riddick's lair.

85 CONTINUED:

85

BOSS JOHNS (CONT'D)  
Comin' your way now. Johns out.

86 INT. STATION - DAY

86

CLOSE on the blinking locker.

CLOSE on that chain on Santana's neck.

CLOSE on a blade appearing in Riddick's hand.

CAMERA DRAFTS behind Riddick as he pivots silently into the main room, looming like a monster as he closes in on Santana, who eats an MRE obliviously.

FOOTSTEPS approach from outside. Dahl enters hot, yanking her ear-piece.

DAHL  
"Vagiterian?" Really?

She slaps her sidearm down, letting him know she's ready to go anytime, anywhere.

DAHL (CONT'D)  
Two minutes are up. You gonna do what I tell you or not, Santana?

Santana pulls his sidearm -- and hangs onto it.

SANTANA  
Rumor is Riddick might be in the vicinity. Think I'll keep mine.

DAHL  
You are all head and no shaft, you know that, Santana?

SANTANA  
Like you're some expert.

DAHL  
Get outside, get on your optics, and get after this fucker. You're not gonna find him in here.

Wow. If only she knew.

86 CONTINUED:

86

Santana starts to exit. But then he strikes, sweeping her legs out, falling on top with a forearm across her neck. Now he's definitely gonna perv out on her.

SANTANA

I actually think we have somethin' in common, Dahl. I don't fuck guys either.

And thus distracted, they don't notice Riddick looming behind them.

87 EXT. ALIEN SAVANNA - DAY

87

WIDE SHOT: The three jetcycles speed back to the station. A distant storm gathers on the horizon.

88 EXT. STATION - ALIEN SAVANNA - DAY

88

Boss Johns, Moss, Lockspur reach the station. The first thing they notice is that both ships are still here, closed up tight. The second thing is the lack of any human presence.

MOSS

Fuckin' hell....

Boss Johns pulls his shotty, moves to the station entrance. He finds the door cracked open...

And fresh blood all over the threshold.

Johns fans his guys out as he...

89 INT. STATION - CONTINUOUS

89

...eases inside.

The five other mercs are all here -- all alive -- huddled by the lockers. Seeing Johns, they part to reveal...

FAIR TRADE

It's a new message from Riddick, carved into that secure locker. The one with the power nodes.



It brings a scowl from Boss Johns. The detonator-lock is still in place, still blinking its readiness to kill any intruder.

BOSS JOHNS

He wrote that? He was standing right here?

VARGAS

Seem to be the case.

BOSS JOHNS

Then whose blood is that all over the....

His eyes find Santana. He's a pulpy mess, worse than ever.

DAHL

I had to kick his ass again. Sorry. Well, actually I'm not.

SANTANA

Fuck this. Let's see what's going on here....

He takes the key-dial off his neck, stabs it into the lock, starts entering the six-part code, gets the right TONAL RESPONSE on the first three. Santana does this like a man disarming a bomb. Because that's exactly what it is.

BOSS JOHNS

Stop.

(off Santana's look)  
That key never left your neck?

SANTANA

Never.

BOSS JOHNS

You're 100 percent on that.

SANTANA

Never's never, man.

BOSS JOHNS

Well, only reason for him to write "Fair Trade" is if he got into that locker and took something out. Somethin' we need -- like a power

BOSS JOHNS (CONT'D)

node -- that he would then swap for  
somethin' he needs...

Eyes swing to Riddick's "LEAVE ONE SHIP" message.

SANTANA

Yeah, all that? Highly unlikely.  
But hey, let's take a look....

He returns to his unlock protocol. Johns hooks Santana's  
bicep, pulling him back.

BOSS JOHNS

What I'm saying is this: If he did  
get in there, somehow, he was then  
in a position to relock it -- and  
change the code.

Mercs back away from the locker. Santana holds his ground  
stubbornly.

DIAZ

Aw, could be entering the wrong  
shit, Santana.

SANTANA

(to Boss Johns)

You think sometime during the last  
few hours, he got this off my neck  
without me noticing, did whatever  
he did, then put the fuckin' key  
back on my fuckin' neck -- without  
me fuckin' noticing? 'Xactly  
where you get this theory from?  
A unicorn's ass?

MOSS

There's a reason this guy is who  
he is.

SANTANA

He's a convict, okay? Not some  
Zulu warlock.

They all stare at that blinking charge. Santana has an  
epiphany.

SANTANA

(turning)

If Riddick was close en --

They've all stepped further away.

SANTANA (CONT'D)

-- close enough to lift the key --  
then he was close enough to slash  
my neck. And as evidenced by the  
stupid-ass conversation we are now  
having, that didn't happen. Hence,  
I am able to conclude he was never  
inside this locker.

He turns back to it.

DIAZ

'Less he's reeally fuckin' with us.

VARGAS

(to Diaz)

Jinxin' the janx, man. That's what  
Falco did.

SANTANA

This is crazy. First three clicks  
were good. It did not go off.

MOSS

You can get three clicks in Russian  
Roulette. Don't mean you get four.

LOCKSPUR

Or six.

DAHL

Hey, Santana? For once I think  
you're right. Just get it over  
with.

SANTANA

(to Diaz)

I think we're good. You think  
we're good?

DIAZ

I think you're good, cuzz.

SANTANA  
(to Dahl)  
And you do too.

DAHL  
I absolutely think we're good.  
Just butch up and finish.

SANTANA  
Sounds like your department.  
C'mon. Lesbo-a-go-go.

DAHL  
Nah, I'm not gonna do it.

SANTANA  
Yes, you so fuckin' are.

DAHL  
Really, I'm so fuckin' not.

Santana jerks a weapon. Dahl pulls her own. In a flash,  
the two sides face off, crew on crew.

BOSS JOHNS  
Hey, hey, HEY. We're not gonna do  
Riddick's work for him. Notch it  
down, everybody.

SANTANA  
Fuck it. Don't open it, then.

BOSS JOHNS  
Problem is, Santana, if we never  
open that locker...we never leave.

OFF their so-we're-kinda-screwed-here faces....

CUT TO:

QUICK CLOSEUPS: Eight wires being cut to varying lengths.  
Each merc plucking a wire from Dahl's fist. Diaz gets a  
long one.

DIAZ  
Nine inches. Of course.

DAHL

Did your whole crew eat a bowl of stupid for breakfast?

SANTANA

C'mo-c'mon. I'm not pickin' last.

Dahl offers him the wires. Three left. Guess which one Santana picks?

DAHL

All head, no shaft.

SANTANA

Exactly what gypsy whore put this curse on me?

CUT TO:

Santana alone in the locker annex. Really alone. He continues his unlock protocol, getting the correct FOURTH TONE. And then the correct FIFTH. One more to go.

The other mercs stand a good 20 feet off: Luna MUTTERS A PASSAGE from his pocket Bible. Diaz records Santana with a camera just in case this turns into a must-see fiasco.

TIGHT on Santana. Facial sweat mingling with facial blood. He rotates his key-dial toward the all-important sixth station -- and jumps at the sound of...

A DOMINO SLAPPING a table. Courtesy of Dahl.

MOSS

Wish I'd thought of that.

With a WAR CRY, Santana yanks open the locker.

No explosion.

Everyone crowds closer. Both power nodes are still inside, HUMMING HAPPILY.

NERVOUS laughter. Hand slaps.

VARGAS

You are a shitstorm trooper, Santana. Give you that.

89 CONTINUED:

89

DIAZ

Thought I'd be headin' this crew up  
for sure.

LOCKSPUR

Good outcome, good outcome....

Spirits run high. Until Luna chips in.

LUNA

I believe this is a sign. It may  
be that the Lord wants us to take  
these nodes, put them back in the  
ships, and flee from this Devil  
while we still can.

A beat.

SANTANA

Cousin's kid. Still breakin' in.

The laughter returns. Mercs drift off -- as we DRIFT IN  
on the locker annex. Presently a shadow falls where none  
should be. We TILT UP to find...

A silhouette in the skylight.

90 EXT. ROOFTOP OF STATION - DAY

90

Riddick. On the roof. Eyeing the locker right below that  
they've had the decency to open for him.

91 INT. STATION - DAY

91

BOSS JOHNS

...sealed up the cave right here.  
But think of him as an animal, too.  
And just like that dog, he'll turn  
to familiar ground. So I want us  
to radius out from this point  
here....

Figuring out their next move, Boss Johns huddles with his  
crew over the 3D map. Soon Moss glances at the locker  
area, realizes that Santana never closed things up. Moss  
slips away from the strategy session...

91 CONTINUED:

91

And enters the annex. Gives it once-over. Then notices above him...

The skylight. Was it like that before? Wide open?

Moss drops his chin as a blade rushes up to meet it.

It's a merc shish-kabob: The blade entered his soft gullet and parked somewhere in his brain.

Riddick puts a finger to Moss' dying lips -- "Shh" -- and steers him into a chair.

The eyes hemorrhage suddenly. But he dies quietly.

Riddick withdraws the blade. Wipes it off on Moss's shoulder. Then he turns to those power nodes.

CUT TO:

DAHL

Boss. Boss.

Her weapon is out. Why? Because she's spotted blood pooling out of the locker annex.

92 EXT. STATION - ALIEN SAVANNA - DAY

92

The DOOR CRASHES open. Boss Johns, Dahl, and Lockspur blitz outside with weapons brandished. Off Santana's look...

BOSS JOHNS

He's here! He was right fucking here! Dahl, Diaz, stay with the ships! Rest of you, 100 meters out but keep eyes on each other! GO!

The other mercs grab weapons and fan out with Johns and Lockspur, all eyes hunting, all hearts adrenalized.

One by one, they pull up at the perimeter. Scopes come out. But all they see is...

Clouded horizon.

An EERIE ROLL OF THUNDER.

92 CONTINUED:

92

Lockspur and Luna -- the two juniors of each crew -- wind up within earshot.

LOCKSPUR  
(still stunned)  
He got the nodes...

LUNA  
We had our chance to turn away and walk clear of this abomination...

LOCKSPUR (CONT'D)  
...and then he killed Moss when we were all standing right IN THE SAME FUCKING ROOM!

LUNA (CONT'D)  
...but we didn't. And now we're never leaving this place. Never.

93 EXT. COVERED RUINS - ALIEN HILLS - DAY

93

Riddick is burying something.

He's interrupted by GROWLING. Instantly he swaps out digging spade for killing blade and joins his jackal, on alert. Riddick scans for the mercs that must be coming after him...

\*

But there are none.

Now Riddick squats and touches the jackal. It's trembling as it GROWLS. Riddick looks down the spine of the jackal, using its ears as gunsights to track its stare to...

A pillar of rain in the distance. Strangely, that rain is what the jackal is reacting to. And there's only one thing on this planet jackals seem to fear.

Riddick nods, understanding now.

RIDDICK  
Yeah. Better up the tempo here.

94 EXT. STATION - ALIEN SAVANNA - DAY

94

Lockspur and Luna store jetcycles inside ship #2 for safe-keeping. That done, they join the five other mercs for a



huddle between the two ships. With a new level of stress in their voices:

DAHL

...so we just combine nodes -- pull one from this ship, plug it into that ship. Doesn't have to be pretty.

DIAZ

Amps is amps, right?

VARGAS

It's not about amps, it's about what each ship is rated to handle. You miss by even a few milli-joules and you fry every chip you got.

DAHL

So figure out the different loads and do it. Just calcs, right?

VARGAS

I could give you a crash course on thermodynamic equilibrium and energy exchange right now, but maybe you should just take my fucking word for --

BOSS JOHNS

I get it. The two ships are incompatible and aren't gonna fly without the nodes back. Other options?

DIAZ

(at Santana)

Why do I feel like we cut off our own nuts here?

DAHL

Possibly because we did?

LOCKSPUR

Wow. And I thought he was the one stranded here.

A grim beat. With no good segue, Vargas just blurts out his only other idea.

VARGAS

I think I can get that emergency beacon working again.

It brings ironic snorts.

DIAZ

Jesus Christ....

SANTANA

What, we're gonna call for help?

DAHL

Backup for the backup?

LOCKSPUR

Well, why not? Why not? I mean, five dead now, any of you volunteering to be number six? Huh?

DIAZ

Kind of like an ambulance calling for an ambulance, y'know? Just stupid.

LOCKSPUR

Well, fuck your pride-thing, man. If we need the assist, let's --

RADIO VOICE

Nine weeks for backup....

The voice stops them cold. Datum on their comms screens says it should be "Moss." But the voice is Riddick's.

RIDDICK (O.S./RADIO)

That's how long it took you to get here. In case you were thinking 'bout fixing the beacon and calling for help.

Mercs trade sick looks. "*How the fuck?*" The huddle turns inside-out as they start scanning.

BOSS JOHNS

(into radio)

That was a friend of mine you just

BOSS JOHNS (CONT'D)

ghosted. Name was Moss. He had a kid.

RIDDICK (O.S./RADIO)

What was the kid's name?

BOSS JOHNS

Douglass.

RIDDICK (O.S./RADIO)

Well, maybe you let "Douglass" know that I woulda left him a father -- if you had left me a ship. Will you make sure he gets that message? If you or anyone else lives through this, I mean?

It sends a collective ball-shiver through the mercs. Inclusive of Dahl.

BOSS JOHNS

(into radio)

That don't play for me, Riddick. Because you're the con here, not Moss. You're the killer here, not anyone else, so you don't get to put this back on us. Tell you something new, too, while I got your ear. I don't give a fuck about the nodes, the ship, I don't give a fuck about backup. I still got all kinds of gear here that'll ruin your day in a hurry. So you go find yourself another cave, you keep runnin', you keep hidin', don't matter me none. I will dig you out sooner or later, and by that? I mean sooner.

RIDDICK (O.S./RADIO)

Look east.

Some mercs turn in circles, others break out compasses.  
*"What's east on this planet? Where the sun rises or...."*

RIDDICK (O.S./RADIO)

The other east.

They reorient to see...

Brewing storm clouds. Snake-tongues of lightning lick the horizon. Against this backdrop, a lone figure appears. He is the High Plains Drifter...the Devil Incarnate...the Fifth Horse of the Apocalypse. And he's coming right at them.

DAHL

Do you buh-lieve this guy?

LUNA

El Diablo de Muerte....

LOCKSPUR

Mr. Balls McLongcock.

Without taking eyes off Riddick:

BOSS JOHNS

Dahl, stay here with Lockspur.  
Keep an eye on things, huh?

Boss Johns heads out. Santana pounds Diaz on the back.  
*"You. With me."*

EXTREMELY WIDE as Boss Johns, Santana, and Diaz approach Riddick.

CLOSER. Still walking, Riddick makes a show of dropping his blade. Still walking, Boss Johns abandons his shotgun. Santana and Diaz take the hint and drop their weapons, too.

EVEN CLOSER as they meet. Riddick spends a second or two on Santana and Diaz, gets a second-string vibe. Then he studies...

Boss Johns' face. This is the real deal. But there's something else Riddick sees in that face, too. Something he can't quite place.

BOSS JOHNS

No, you don't know me. If that's what you're wondering.

RIDDICK

Wondering what the bounty was up to. And if it's enough to pay for all your funerals.

BOSS JOHNS

Well, I do know they pay double if you're brought back dead...

RIDDICK

That's new.

BOSS JOHNS (CONT'D)

...but I don't know what the actual amount is.

RIDDICK

Call yourself a merc?

BOSS JOHNS

I'm more interested in a little backwater place with a system-code of "M-344/G." And what transpired there 10 years ago.

For the first time, we see Riddick crack a smile, albeit a grim one. He gets it now.

RIDDICK

The brother.

BOSS JOHNS

Uh-huh.

RIDDICK

Johns' brother.

BOSS JOHNS

That's right.

RIDDICK

All this way just to see me. Flattered.

BOSS JOHNS

Well, it is a little strange, not knowing what to write down in the family Bible.

RIDDICK

So five guys gotta die so you can hear how your brother died. That's strange too.

95 CONTINUED:

95

BOSS JOHNS

What's strange is you still  
grinnin' about it. After 10  
fucking years.

He waits for Riddick's smile to fade.

BOSS JOHNS (CONT'D)

But like I said, those kills are on  
you. Each and every one.

RIDDICK

Not the only thing on me right now.  
Yeah?

SNIPER SCOPE POV: On Riddick.

96 EXT. STATION - ALIEN SAVANNA - SAME

96

Back at the station, Dahl is proned out with the sniper  
rifle, keeping an eye on things. Lockspur opens a case of  
specialty rounds.

LOCKSPUR

Barium? Or stab-shock?

DAHL

Gimme the horse tranq.

97 EXT. SAVANNA'S EDGE - SAME

97

The jackal lies low at the edge of the grass. It's keeping  
an eye on things, too.

98 EXT. ALIEN SAVANNA - SAME

98

Back at the summit meeting:

SANTANA

Maybe I should jump in right here  
and introduce myself. Name is --

RIDDICK

Box Boy.

SANTANA

Say wha'?

RIDDICK

You're the guy who said he'd put my head in a box.

(now looking at him)

Right?

SANTANA

Yeah, well, that bit there? That was me...spittin' noise....

RIDDICK

But you have a box.

SANTANA

Do I have a box?

RIDDICK

Thought I saw one.

SANTANA

Do I have an actual box?

RIDDICK

It's okay. You can tell me.

SANTANA

(scoffing it off)

Yeah. I got a box. Everyone's got a box.

RIDDICK

Good. We're gonna use it.

(back to Johns)

You're five down, seven left. On a normal day, I would just keep at it until you're seven down...ten down...you see where I'm headed with this. But things are changin' here, and I suspect none of us want to be on the ground 24 hours from now. So maybe we work out --

BOSS JOHNS

A "gentleman's agreement?"

Sure. With a guy who looks like an aboriginal and kills like a shark.

RIDDICK

I leave one node out in the open.  
You take it. The other node and  
ship is mine.

SANTANA

What're we playin' here? Retard  
Bingo? That was on the table from  
the start, man.

RIDDICK

Forget the start -- it's the end  
you wanna think about now. See  
that front there?

He indicates the pillars of rain sweeping closer.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

I'll give you until that rain...  
hits that station. That's your  
clock.

Summit over, Riddick turns and heads for his dropped blade.  
Santana can't believe they're just letting him go. So he  
reaches down -- and yanks an ankle-piece.

SANTANA

"Box boy," huh?

He FIRES.

Riddick spins. The shot went wide because...

The jackal is all over Santana. Trying to rip off his arm,  
trying to chew out his windpipe.

Riddick. Scooping up his knife.

Diaz. Spinning. Running for his dropped rifle.

Boss Johns. Barking into his radio:

BOSS JOHNS

Now, now, now....

Riddick. Coming for Santana.

Dahl. FIRING her sniper rifle.



Riddick. Taking the TRANQ ROUND. Not feeling it.

BOSS JOHNS

Again.

Santana. HOWLING. Fighting for his life. Slapping the ground for his back-up piece.

Diaz. Snatching up his rifle.

Dahl. Speed-loading. FIRING again.

Riddick. Taking a SECOND TRANQ ROUND. Dropping to one knee. Getting up, monsterring forward, still intent on ending...

Santana. His hand finally finding that piece.

Diaz. Charging back, getting an angle on Riddick.

Boss Johns. Dropping Diaz with a forearm to the windpipe.

BOSS JOHNS

AGAIN!

Dahl. FIRING TWO MORE TIMES.

Riddick. Taking a THIRD AND FOURTH HIT. Dropping to both knees. Looking up in time to see...

Santana. Trying to keep the jackal from de-throating him. Jamming his muzzle against the jackal's head. Sending ITS BRAINS SIDEWAYS. Rolling out from under the thing. Aiming for Riddick now...

But getting head-booted by Boss Johns. The last man standing.

BOSS JOHNS

(into radio)

I'll take it from here.

He picks up Diaz's assault weapon. Moves to Riddick. Stands over him a beat -- then SLAMS the rifle butt into his head.

It wasn't just violent. It was vengeful. BLACKOUT.

FADE IN:

99 EXT. ALIEN SAVANNA - DAY

99

LOW ANGLE on Riddick. Unconscious, he's being hauled across the ground like a truck-drag victim.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

100 INT. STATION - NIGHT

100

The most dangerous thing alive is back in chains -- lots of chains -- all anchored to a rib of the station wall. His bloodied head hangs low. We aren't sure if he's conscious yet or not.

Boss Johns and Santana are embroiled in a LOW ARGUMENT. Santana has a gleaming machete in one hand -- the blade he's eager to use on Riddick -- but Johns manages to win a short reprieve.

He moves to Riddick, squats beside him.

BOSS JOHNS

Well, I'm not the most popular guy on the planet right now. But you know how that feels.

(no response)

Not so worried about the nodes. Based on the timeline, I know they're buried within a three-click radius. We'll find 'em. That's just boot leather now.

(no response)

So you're gonna die soon, Riddick. Can't change that fact even if I wanted to, and truth be told, I don't want. But before that time comes...and while Mr. Santana over there is still kind enough to indulge us...maybe you wanna take the opportunity to clean up the historical record.

Riddick stirs, perhaps considering it.

100 CONTINUED:

BOSS JOHNS (CONT'D)

How did he die?

RIDDICK

Even if I say...you ain't gonna believe....

BOSS JOHNS

That's up to me, not you.

RIDDICK

Even if I say...maybe you don't want to know....

BOSS JOHNS

So long as it's the truth, I can take it. How did my brother die?

RIDDICK

The truth? He choked on my dick.

WHAM. It wins him a fist under the jaw. Riddick treats it like a wake-up call: He opens his eyes -- those silvery eyes -- and looks around the room to see what he's got to work with.

Luna. Eyeing Riddick over the top of his pocket Bible. Using it as a shield.

Diaz and Lockspur. Both keeping weapons handy.

Vargas. Working on the emergency beacon in case they still need it.

Dahl. Slouched near that trison head mounted on the wall. One boot off. Changing out the moleskin on her blisters.

BOSS JOHNS

The Hunter Gratzner. That's the commercial vessel my brother uses to escort you back to slam. But that ship sends a distress call near M-344/G, a backwater system with two suns and one habitable planet. Does he survive the crash or not?

Riddick looks up. There's a skylight right above him. It's still dry.

RIDDICK

Big drama, next few hours. But whatever happens, do not let them take these chains off -- no matter how right it sounds.

BOSS JOHNS

"Them?" Who's "them"? Do you even know who you're talking to?

Riddick levels his gaze on Santana. Who double-takes.

SANTANA

Me? That was for me?

RIDDICK

If these chains go, Box Boy -- you go in the first five seconds.

SANTANA

Really? And you plan on killing me with what? Your mouth?

Riddick's eyes drop to the machete that Santana taps against his calf.

SANTANA (CONT'D)

Oh, I'd love to see you try.

RIDDICK

He made it.

SANTANA

Who made what? Why are we even listening to this D-nozz? He makes no sense. Can we just detach his fucking head, please?

DIAZ

Johns. This shit is beer under the bridge.

RIDDICK

Your brother survived the crash.

It's a nugget of gold tossed out by a guy trying to buy time. Johns knows that. But he'll roll with it.

100 CONTINUED:

BOSS JOHNS

So just you and him?

RIDDICK

There were others. Started with about the same number you see right here.

BOSS JOHNS

How many made it off?

RIDDICK

Three.

BOSS JOHNS

But not him.

RIDDICK

No.

BOSS JOHNS

So between the time of the crash and the time you leave that planet, my brother dies. Can I safely assume it was at your --

RIDDICK

Do you grant last wishes?

Dahl double-takes. Suddenly Riddick is looking at her. She handles it with characteristic cool.

DAHL

Not that the chains aren't a hot look? But no, I'm not gonna straddle you front of all these guys.

RIDDICK

What if they were dead first?

DAHL

Easy boy. More tranq where that came from.

RIDDICK

Look out the window for me, Dahl.

Boss Johns nods. "Play along." Missing one boot, she moves to a window, jacks it open.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Tell me what you see.

DAHL

The Cyclops unit. Two ships.  
Guys in plastic.

RIDDICK

What else?

DAHL

Nothing else.

Despite his chains, Riddick manages to motion "Step aside." Dahl clears a sight-line.

PUSH IN CLOSE on Riddick as he stares out the window. At first he seems to be searching for something in the distant dark. Then he locks in on that "something." It unsettles the mercs.

RIDDICK

And you don't see that yet?

LUNA

Unspeakable evil.....

SANTANA

Miiiind-fuck. All it is. He's  
mind-fucking us.

RIDDICK

(to Dahl)

Well, let me know when you do.  
Love the toenails, by the way.

Her toenails are painted pink. Dahl runs with it.

DAHL

Yeah. "Predator Pink." You like?

RIDDICK

Matches your nipples.

DAHL

Hey.....

Another chain gets added -- right through Riddick's mouth.

Boss Johns shoves Riddick's head forward until he's face-level with the floor. With his free hand, Boss Johns grabs Santana's box and plops it down between Riddick's boots.

BOSS JOHNS

Now here's what's gonna happen.  
In 60 seconds, you're gonna watch  
your own head drop into that box.  
Nothing's going to keep you out of  
Hell now, but maybe you want to  
spend the last minute of your life  
being something other THAN A  
GODDAMN SAVAGE, OKAY?

TIGHT on Santana. Stepping closer.

TIGHT on that machete. Reflecting Riddick.

TIGHT on Boss Johns. At rope's end.

BOSS JOHNS

Now. Do you have anything else  
to say on the subject I raised?

TIGHT on Riddick's mouth-chain. Going slack. Giving him  
one last chance to respond.

TIGHT on Riddick's ear. Hearing a sound no one else does:  
PIT-PAT-PIT-PAT.

TIGHT on that skylight. Raindrops.

RIDDICK

Time's up.

BOSS JOHNS

Time is up.

He steps away, remanding the prisoner to Santana.

DIAZ

(low to Santana)

Maybe shoot him first, drain some  
off. Otherwise he's gonna spurt.

Santana looks at him with a face that's been punched out by  
lesbians and chewed on by wild dogs.

SANTANA

Good idea. 'Cuz I was worried  
about getting blood on my shirt.  
Hold him down.

Diaz puts a knee on Riddick's back, keeping him doubled  
over. Santana adjusts the head-box with his foot. Then  
raises the machete for the kill.

DIAZ

Wai', wai', wai'....

He pulls out a marker -- and adds a dotted line on the back  
of Riddick's neck, just like in the cartoons.

DIAZ (CONT'D)

Right about there.

Again the machete lifts.

Right as the PERIMETER ALARM GOES OFF.

Mercs swap WTF looks. The jackal is dead, Riddick is right  
here. What else is out there?

VARGAS

More dingo-dongos, maybe.

Dahl checks the window. Outside, CYCLOPS WHIRS AROUND,  
locking in on a new intrusion-target.

101 EXT. STATION - RAIN - NIGHT

101

Mercs ease outside. Through rain, at the cusp of light,  
they spy...

Something. Something moving.

CYCLOPS WHIRS faster and faster -- locking in on targets  
only to abandon them in favor of others. It's spooky shit.

Santana fires up the view screen. But Cyclops is moving so  
fast now that we see only quick snapshots of what lies out  
there. But the impression is that the ground is churning.  
Seething.



BOSS JOHNS

Spotlight.

CUT TO:

The roof. Lockspur powers on a light.

CUT TO:

WIDE on the station as the spotlight sweeps the perimeter. The ground is saturated with run-off...

And dark shapes are muscling out of the ground, emerging from dormancy, squidding their way through the mud in strange convulsions. At first we see only a few mud demons...

Then we DRAW BACK to see many, many more.

102 INT. STATION - RAIN - NIGHT

102

VARGAS

Jesus Christ, you see what --

LOCKSPUR

What, what, what? What was it?

Falling back inside, the mercs yank weapons.

DIAZ

Like the fucking ground was...I dunno...like it was giving birth, or some shit....

A MOVING SOUND along the wall of the station.

Lockspur tracks the SOUND from the inside. It's headed for a caged window. Lockspur jumps ahead to that window, lies in wait. And when a big silhouette appears...

He PUMMELS IT with a shotgun.

We hear a DEATH SHRIEK. The creature vanishes.

LOCKSPUR

Whatever they are...they ain't hard to kill..

A TAIL IMPALER PUNCHES through the pre-fab wall, nailing Lockspur in the back. And it gets worse fast:

The tail starts beating Lockspur against the bars of the window -- from the inside -- trying to feed a fanged mouth waiting on the outside. It's just about the most violent thing we've ever seen.

Other mercs charge forward, BLAST through the bars that begin to fail under the assault.

Suddenly the tail that holds Lockspur retreats. Gone.

Lockspur slides down the wall. He looks like boneless chicken. Worse, there's a breach in the station where the bars used to be.

A few mercs overturn a table, stand it on end, slam it up to the breach. Other mercs shutter windows.

All ears become radar dishes. But all they hear now is JAGGED BREATHING. Theirs. And the GROWING RAIN.

RIDDICK (O.S.)

Now here's what's gonna happen.

They all turn.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

In 60 seconds, you're gonna take these chains off. We're gonna make a play to get those nodes back and get off this rock. But somewhere along the line, Johns, when it really goes bad, you're gonna fold like a soft taco -- just like your brother did. Then, when it's over and most you All Stars are dead? I'm gonna go balls deep into Dahl. But only because she asked me to, sweet-like.

They marvel at his chrome cajones. Then SOMETHING BIG CRASHES into the station. Everyone jumps.

VARGAS

What does he mean, "goes bad?"

This don't qualify as "bad" to him?

It's Dahl who approaches Riddick.

DAHL  
Exactly what is happening here?

SANTANA  
Why you askin' him?

DAHL  
Because he knows shit you don't.  
(to Riddick)  
How fucked are we?

RIDDICK  
Who knows how long it'll rain?  
Or how many of those things were  
buried in the dirt, just waiting  
for the first rain to bring 'em  
back?

VARGAS  
He saw it. He saw it coming with  
those eyes of his and he didn't  
bother to tell us what --

MORE THREATENING SOUNDS from outside. From above us.

DAHL  
Don't blame him. Blame the idiots  
who built this place right in some  
kinda migratory path.

103 EXT. STATION - RAIN - NIGHT

103

As mud demons begin covering the station.

104 INT. STATION - RAIN - NIGHT

104

As the ceiling bows from their weight.

Dahl and Boss Johns lock eyes. *"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"* Santana sees.

SANTANA  
No way.

BOSS JOHNS  
No one asked you.

SANTANA

You heard him! Said he was gonna  
kill me in five sec --

BOSS JOHNS

HE WAS JUST MIND-FUCKING US,  
REMEMBER?

IMPALERS start punching the ceiling, making dents at first  
but then holes. Rain pours in. While Santana and others  
BLAST BACK, opening more holes...

Boss Johns starts removing Riddick's leg chains.

BOSS JOHNS

Less than three clicks, correct?  
The nodes?

RIDDICK

One ship for you, one for me.

BOSS JOHNS

But they are retrievable.

RIDDICK

They are if we got us a deal.

BOSS JOHNS

(a strained beat)

We do.

SMALL ARMS FIRE perforates the wall next to Johns.

SANTANA

The chains stay on.

Boss Johns touches eyes with Dahl. Two seconds later...

Santana is on the floor. Put there by Dahl. She kicks his  
sidearm clear.

Boss Johns goes back to the chains.

Still crazy with fear, Santana snatches up the machete and  
charges headlong at...

Riddick. One leg chain is now off -- and one free limb is  
all Riddick needs: He punts once, catching Santana under  
the chin and stopping his forward motion. The second kick

\*

is a mule kick, catching Santana in the chest, sending him flying back into...

That trison head on the wall. And its horns.

Now that alone should kill Santana. Eventually. But Riddick is on a clock here so, still in motion, he catches the falling machete on his boot...

Balances it there for a split-second...

Lofts it back into the air...

Then piston-kicks the machete at...

Santana. Watching it all unfold like some black miracle. Like some flying guillotine.

SH-WUNK. The machete lands across his open mouth, shattering teeth and severing the top of his spinal cord. His head lolls over sickly.

Not done yet, Riddick kick-slides that box toward Santana.

THUD. His head falls right in.

A stunned beat.

DIAZ

Sure. Let's turn him loose.

The mercs are appalled. But on some level, they have to be impressed, too.

DAHL

"Five seconds."

RIDDICK

I try to be a man of my word.  
How 'bout you, Johns?

105 EXT. STATION - RAIN - NIGHT

105

The station is failing, collapsing under the weight of the migration. Suddenly...

The main door crashes open. The remaining mercs surge outside like some five-headed hydra, GUNS POUNDING IN ALL DIRECTIONS as they run for the ships.

Unbound, Riddick saunters along behind.

They reach ship #2. Unlock the boarding ramp. BLAST at shadows as the ramp lowers, feeling exposed, vulnerable.

But Luna is feeling strangely invulnerable.

LUNA

...like a beautiful shield around me. That's why I'm still alive, that's how I've made it this far -- My Good Lord is looking after me, wrapping me up in His own divine body armor...

VARGAS

Shut up, Luna. You're the last thing we need creepin' us out.

LUNA

No, no, no -- I can feel this glow all over me. God is on our side. And I think surely He will deliver us from this most dark of places and convey us to the bright shores of some better --

He winces. Looks down. Sees a small mud demon has sunk its fangs into his calf muscle.

Diaz PUTS A ROUND into the creature's half-buried body. Dead. The head unclamps from Luna's calf, and we think that's that.

Until Luna hits the ground like wood.

DIAZ

Get up, man. C'mon, wasn't that bad. Get up, Luna.

He doesn't. He can't.

RIDDICK

It's the venom. Small ones are the worst. They save it up.

Luna's breathing seizes up. Just like that, he's dead. Riddick takes the weapon from Luna's frozen grasp.

105 CONTINUED:

105

RIDDICK (CONT'D)  
And let's leave God out of this.  
He don't want any part of what  
comes next.

106 INT. SHIP #2 - RAIN - NIGHT

106

QUICK SHOTS of Dahl and Vargas prepping the jetcycles --  
mounting weapons, checking linkage, SPINNING UP TURBINES.

Riddick checks the load on Luna's weapon. Immediately the  
load gets confiscated.

BOSS JOHNS  
Forgot to mention. No weapons for  
you.

DAHL  
(re first cycle)  
Ready number one.

BOSS JOHNS  
(to Riddick, re cycle)  
Think you can handle it?

Riddick gives him a look before straddling the lead cycle.  
He REVS UP THE TURBINE, control-launches off the ramp...

107 EXT. STATION - RAIN - CONTINUOUS

107

...and BOTTOMS OUT here. He nearly wipes out but somehow  
turns it into a slick donut move.

108 INT. SHIP #1 - RAIN - NIGHT

108

Diaz mounts the second jetcycle. The one Johns was about  
to board.

DIAZ  
I'll take flank.  
(off Johns' look)  
This's my crew now. And I intend  
to look after our interests.

Diaz launches. Johns straddles the third cycle.

BOSS JOHNS

(to Dahl)

If Riddick shows up back here without us? Go 'head and kill him on general principle.

DAHL

This before or after I'm supposed to fuck him?

Johns launches.

109 EXT. RISE NEAR STATION - RAIN - NIGHT

109

The three jetcycles form up on a rise. Boss Johns and Diaz lower their goggles -- as Riddick lifts his to choose a path ahead. Suddenly...

Fangs latch onto Riddick's thigh.

The mercs watch, incredulous, as Riddick jams a thumb into the creature's eye to get a good grip on its skull...pulls up on the head to remove the fangs from his leg...then flings the blind and squirming thing aside.

BOSS JOHNS

Thought they had venom.

RIDDICK

Forgot to mention. I'm immune, you're not.

Riddick TAKES OFF FAST.

110 EXT. HELL RALLY - ALIEN SAVANNA AND HILLS - RAIN - NIGHT

110

It's the most extreme motocross race ever, like a rally through Hell. We see:

Riddick. Setting the pace.

Boss Johns and Diaz. Flanked out behind him, FIRING L.O.D.s mounted to the cycles. Knock-off gods of thunder.

The lightning. Spitting out in front of them, vaporizing rain, clouding the air.



Mud demons. SCREECHING as they TAKE L.O.D. FIRE, tumbling away into the slashing dark.

Riddick. Drifting to one side, lining something up. Intentionally plowing right into a patch of small demons, sending them through the Cuisinart that is his central turbine. Spitting out their gooepy remains onto...

Boss Johns. Not appreciating it. Not at all.

Riddick. Resisting a smile.

All three cycles. Racing up a muddy hill...

Jumping a swampy pool of demons...

And landing safely on the other side. All except...

Boss Johns. Wiping out.

His jetcycle. Sliding away into the dark.

Boss Johns. Disoriented for a beat. Then spying...

Gargoyle shapes. Closing in.

Boss Johns switches to a sidearm and BLASTS MADLY, buying time until he can locate...

The TURBINE WHINE of a cycle. He scrambles to get there, only to find this jetcycle still upright.

It's Riddick. With his impassive silver eyes, he was watching Johns fumble around in the dark.

BOSS JOHNS

You motherfucker.

RIDDICK

No weapon. What could I do?

He motions "Hop on." Johns hesitates, weighing the danger of the mud demons versus the disgrace of riding bitch with Riddick. Tough call.

110 CONTINUED:

110

RIDDICK

How bad you want those nodes,  
Johns?

HARD CUT TO:

Boss Johns riding bitch behind Riddick. Diaz is flanked  
out to one side. Soon they reach...

111 EXT. COVERED RUINS - ALIEN HILLS - NIGHT

111

Familiar ruins. The structure provides some shelter from  
the rain. Dismounting, Riddick picks up a spade, flings it  
into the ground ahead of him. It sticks like a knife.

RIDDICK

Dig there.

BOSS JOHNS

Actually? You dig there.

A held look. Riddick didn't care for the way he said it.  
Like maybe he meant "You dig your own grave."

CUT TO:

Diaz has a defensive position near the jetcycles, keeping  
an eye on the dark menace around them. Closer in, Johns is  
keeping an eye on Riddick. He's about three feet into a  
hole.

BOSS JOHNS

Don't suppose you took the time to  
do this for him.

Riddick shakes his head. The guy can't let it go.

RIDDICK

May come as a shock to you, Johns,  
but I didn't ghost your brother.  
Didn't need to. Seemed set on  
killin' himself.

BOSS JOHNS

Exactly what's that supposed to --

RIDDICK

He wanted to butcher a kid to save  
his own skin. I had a problem with

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

that. Not that it wasn't a workable idea, just that your brother was a fucking fake. True of most mercs -- they look all stand-up and do-right till you cut 'em open. Then you find something missing. In his case, a spine.

BOSS JOHNS

That is not the brother I knew.

RIDDICK

Then you didn't know him.

Riddick keeps digging.

BOSS JOHNS

You expect me to believe that he was going to kill a child just to --

RIDDICK

Coulda been the tweak.

BOSS JOHNS

"The tweak?"

RIDDICK

Liked his morphine -- twice a day he liked it. Brain mighta gone soft at the end.

(off his look)

What, you didn't know he was a junkie?

Riddick uncovers the power nodes, meters still glowing.

Diaz draws closer to see.

ANXIOUS CLOSEUPS all the way around -- this is the critical moment when we learn if Johns is going to respect the deal. Or not.

BOSS JOHNS

You're comin' up short, Riddick.

RIDDICK

Maybe it's the hole.

BOSS JOHNS

Just cannot buy that my brother was  
the bad guy in this demented little  
fairy tale of --

RIDDICK

No reason to lie now. Either one  
of us.

He pitches the first node to Johns. Exhumes the second one  
for himself. Steps up out of the hole -- with something  
else lurking behind one leg.

DIAZ

Well, now that that's done --

With no warning, Riddick windmill-swings...

And lodges the sling blade in Diaz's shoulder/chest.  
It's a weapon that, hours ago, Riddick had the foresight  
to bury with the nodes.

Ten seconds of crazy: PUMPING ROUNDS at Riddick, Johns  
slides for cover behind the cycles. Riddick uses Diaz as  
body armor, scoops up the dropped shotgun, dumps the body,  
takes cover behind a low wall.

BOSS JOHNS

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

RIDDICK

I dunno. Savin' your life?

BOSS JOHNS

(to himself)

Oh, man, this guy is so messed up  
in the head....

RIDDICK

Soon as he had the nodes, Diaz  
was gonna kill me in the face.  
Wouldn't expect any less, really --  
but he was set to leave you out  
here too, Johns.

BOSS JOHNS

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

RIDDICK

Full freight. He wanted full freight, no split. That's why he came.

BOSS JOHNS

YOU DON'T KNOW THAT, YOU ASSHOLE!  
YOU DON'T!

RIDDICK

Check the bike.

BOSS JOHNS

WHAT? CAN YOU PLEASE SPEAK UP?

RIDDICK

The bike. The one we came in on.

Johns scowls at the jetcycle he hunkers behind. HOLD here a beat.

RIDDICK (O.S.)

Did he cut the throttle? Or mess with the power supply?

BOSS JOHNS

NEITHER ONE, YOU CRAZY FUCK....

(standing up in  
full view)

He pulled the pin on the turbine blades.

Across the ruins, Riddick stands too.

RIDDICK

So down to one, huh?

BOSS JOHNS

Looks that way.

Riddick approaches. Johns holds his ground. Riddick aims his shotgun off to one side...

And SHATTERS THE TURBINE BLADES on the last jetcycle. It takes Johns a beat to realize why.

BOSS JOHNS

Well, I wasn't gonna ride bitch again.

RIDDICK

And I wudn't gonna start. So instead of killin' each other over the last bike, maybe we go to the ground game now...

Riddick pitches him the second shotgun.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

And find out if lack of a spine runs in the family.

112 EXT. FINAL RUN - ALIEN SAVANNA AND HILLS - RAIN - NIGHT

112

MULTIPLE SHOTS: Riddick and Johns kamikaze into the storm. Each has a glowing power node strapped to his back. Taking the lead, Riddick sling-blades through mud demons in a bacchanalia of violence. Boss Johns follows in his wake, a shotgun in each hand, BLOWING THE SHIT OUT OF THINGS right and left. But they work in tandem now, covering each other's blind spot. It's an impressive show of skill and coordination...

Until it happens.

A massive impaler catches Riddick in the solar-plexus -- even as he was cutting the tail off the beast. The impaler burrows close to his heart.

Riddick goes down.

CLOSE on Boss Johns. Hard to tell what he's thinking.

Riddick starts to pull the impaler out -- but his chest expels even more blood that way. He leaves it in.

CLOSE on Boss Johns. Eyes darting nervously. "What to do...what to do...." Is he losing his nerve? Folding right in front of our eyes?

Riddick gets up to go -- but quickly crumbles onto his side. Then rolls onto his back. He's so fucked.

Reaching a decision, Johns unbelts two phosphor grenades and pitches them two different ways.

KA-BOOM. KA-BOOM.

112 CONTINUED:

112

That clears the demons and buys some time. Now Johns drops to his knees and reaches beneath Riddick. For one hell-yeah moment we think he's going to lift Riddick and carry him to safety...

But then he just heaves Riddick over, exposing the power node on his back.

That's all he wants.

113 INT. SHIP #2 - RAIN - NIGHT

113

DAHL  
(reading screens)  
I got inbound.

Inside the ship, Dahl and Vargas raise weapons and lower the ramp. One drenched figure appears, GASPING FOR BREATH as he runs into view and onto the ship.

It's Johns. He's got both nodes.

VARGAS  
That's it? Just you?

BOSS JOHNS  
(re node)  
Slam it in. See if it works.

VARGAS  
But what happened to --

BOSS JOHNS  
JUST SEE IF THE DAMN THING WORKS!  
I WANT TO GET MOVING!

114 EXT. HILLS AND "DEMON PEAK" - RAIN - NIGHT

114

We find Riddick right where we found him in the beginning of our movie -- crawling for his life.

He reaches some steaming phosphor coals, remnants of a grenade. Protecting his hand with a layer of mud, he scoops up a coal...

Extracts the impaler from his chest with the other hand...

And sticks the burning coal in the hole.

114 CONTINUED:

114

RIDDICK GROWLS the pain. The good news is that the blood is staunched, wound cauterized. The bad news? Other than his chest is literally steaming now?

More demons convulsing his way.

Riddick struggles up a muddy peak, trying to outclimb them.

WIDE SHOT: They converge on Riddick from all sides now. It's an epic image: Like the doors of Hell have been thrown open and its minions sent after this one guy.

Riddick runs out of real estate. He lifts the sling blade for the last time, bracing for a fight he won't win. And that's when...

The rain stops. Strangely so.

Riddick upturns his face to see...

A massive umbrella above him. With running lights.

The ship's HELLFIRE CANNON OPENS UP -- and rains down absolute devastation. When the air clears...

The mud demons are gone, atomized.

And Riddick is still alive.

115 INT. COCKPIT - SHIP #2 - RAIN - NIGHT

115

Inside the airborne ship, we find Boss Johns at the controls.

BOSS JOHNS

Extraction. 30 seconds or less.

Let's go.

Hell, yeah.

116 EXT. "DEMON PEAK" - RAIN - NIGHT

116

Someone spiders down into FRAME beside Riddick. It's Dahl, riding a descender. As she works to get a harness on him:

DAHL

So what gave me away?



116 CONTINUED:

116

RIDDICK

Wha'?

DAHL

How'd you know that I actually like guys but just didn't want the grief? It was the toenails, right?

A beat.

RIDDICK

Didn't know. Didn't care.

She shakes her head at his gall, then gives a high-sign to the ship above. Together, they lift off the ground. It's bloody and sexy all at once.

DAHL

So lemme ask you something else...  
sweet-like....

DISSOLVE TO:

117 EXT. ABOVE STORM CLOUDS - DAY

117

Two ships pierce storm clouds and level off into daylight.

One is piloted by Johns, another by a patched-up Riddick. Hovering, the two men put eyes on each other. Boss Johns turned out to be a man of true character. And nothing like his brother.

118 INT. COCKPITS - SHIP #1 AND #2 - DAY

118

INTERCUTTING their radio dialog:

BOSS JOHNS

Lotta good men died here, Riddick.  
Not sure I can overlook that.  
Next time.

RIDDICK

Be alive if they hadn't come after me. Wouldn't they?

Johns doesn't argue the point.

118 CONTINUED:

118

BOSS JOHNS

Where now? Or fuck it, maybe you  
shouldn't say.

RIDDICK

Say this: Got one stop to make on  
my way home.

119 EXT. ABOVE STORM CLOUDS - DAY

119

The ships gather speed and reach for space.

DISSOLVE TO:

120 EXT. NEBULA - DEEP SPACE

120

A Necro command ship powers through dense nebula. The  
nebula is the color of blood -- the color of revenge.  
As our CAMERA ARCS around the huge vessel, we reveal...

Riddick's ship attached to the dark side like a barnacle.  
And just inside that Necro hull...

121 INT. CORRIDOR - NECRO COMMAND SHIP

121

A plasma cutter is burning a hole. A private entrance.

122 INT. PRIVATE QUARTERS - NECRO COMMAND SHIP

122

Enjoying the full benefits of his office of Lord Marshal,  
Krone -- the guy who left Riddick for dead -- sleeps with  
three female consorts. But presently...

He wakes without knowing why. He takes a moment to banish  
some ill dream from his head -- before he turns to see his  
true nightmare.

RIDDICK

Just wanted to say "thank you."

Arterial blood sprays a wall.

Consorts wake and WAIL.

Krone's face hits the floor, gasping, seconds from death.

122 CONTINUED:

122

Riddick is already moving off, already merging with the shadows of the ship. Already thinking about his final destination.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

123 EXT. FURYAN HILLS - DAY

123

Charred smoldering hills. Blackened trees and vegetation. A sky heavy with ash, so much that it feels like night here even when it's not.

This is like some strange negative image of what a homeworld should be. This is Furya.

GUERRILLA FIGHTERS appear, their backs to CAMERA. They thread through the hellscape, pausing only to scavenge ammo packs and other objects from burned bodies. They wear clear cloaks on their backs. Rain gear?

The guerillas reach a deadfall of thorny wood. Using long blades, they hack away the heavy thorns and duck through.

124 EXT. FURYAN OVERLOOK - DAY

124

They reach an overlook. Ahead they behold a vast city built on the water of a jade-green ocean. Diamond spires catch the last light of day. It is as impressive as Rome must have been in the Year One... Constantinople in 1400...Havana in 1959. It is what Dubai might be like in 2100.

ALPHA KID

"Ravenova."

The boy with the Riddick eyes turns to pass that name along. Others turn and convey the message in fire-brigade fashion.

GUERRILLA FIGHTERS

(low whispers)

...Ravenova...anybody who hasn't seen, step forward...c'mon, now's your chance...it's Ravenova....

These soot-faced fighters come in two varieties -- males between 10 and 17, and females of differing age. There is a conspicuous absence of grown men.

A YOUNGER FIGHTER appears up front, eager for a glimpse.

ALPHA KID

Just a little reminder of what we're dying for.

YOUNGER FIGHTER

Used to be ours? All that? Shit.

ALPHA KID

(nodding)

Before "they" took over.

YOUNGER FIGHTER

Well, let's go get it. Right now. I'm ready 'cuz I was born in that condition.

It brings weary smiles from those in earshot.

ALPHA KID

Let's deal with the Adredan first. We kill them off, then we can march right in. That's how we make this place safe again. Safe enough for everyone to come home and....

A MECHANIZED WARBLING SOUND from above. Instantly all fighters grab an edge of their clear cloak and spin in place, corkscrewing to the ground.

WIDE SHOT. They're gone. Those cloaks -- "cammo capes" -- carry advanced optics, allowing the fighters to hide in any environment. You couldn't find them right now with a magnifying glass.

Above, the WARBLING RECON SHIP circles and moves on.

A beat -- and now the first cammo cape returns to clear, revealing the Alpha Kid beneath. He gets to his feet as other fighters fade back into existence around him. This is cool shit.

ALPHA KID

Got away with it that time. But  
we're just too close. Let's drop  
back and --

Something broadsides Alpha Kid. More SHAPES BELLOW across  
FRAME, sweeping fighters away. It happens so fast and so  
close that we can't tell who or what the attackers are.

But they looked simian. And powerful.

CUT TO BLACK

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