

PITCH BLACK

by

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Based on material by Ken and Jim Wheat

FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

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Though mentioned often in the script, the creatures in PITCH BLACK are seldom seen at length; rather, they are glimpsed, they are heard, they are felt. They are, really, the embodiment of your nocturnal fears: A howling coyote that jars you awake; the painting on the wall that comes to life when stared at too long...the sway of your bed just before the earthquake hits. Chimera of the night. The point is made so the reader appreciates that the focus of the finished film will not be on what the creatures do, but on what the creatures do to reveal the inner nature of the characters. For PITCH BLACK is, at its heart, a story of humanity and courage -- and lack of the same.

DAVID TWOHY

INT. MAIN CABIN

A CRYO-LOCKER BLOWS OPEN, spitting out...

CAROLYN FRY. She hits the deck of the main cabin: Four crew lockers in a forward section, countless more in back. But the deck is canted at a sick angle and ALARMS SCREAM everywhere:

The world is dying around her.

Legs wobbly, shivering like a flu victim, Fry stumbles to the next forward locker. It's riddled with holes. One DEAD CREWIE is seen through fractured plexi, body pocked and bloodied. But in the next cryo-locked...

The CAPTAIN is struggling awake. Fry's face floods with relief.

SLAPPING AN INTERCOM:

FRY

Hear me? Cap'n? Some kinda compromise to the hull...holding for now, but...Goddamn, I'm glad you're alive. Gotta pull your E-release...no, red handle, red handle. I'll get the warm-ups out while --

PHFUT-PHFUT-PHFUT-PHFUT: Particles bore through the cabin, blasting open the captain's chest, shattering plexi, DETONATING INSTRUMENTS on the opposite wall and leaving CONTRAILS HISSING in the air.

Fry lands on her ass, horrified. Suddenly...

Another LOCKER BLOWS OPEN. A body falls right on top of Fry --

but this one's still alive. Disoriented, frantic:

OWENS

Why did I fall on you?

FRY

He's dead. Cap'n's dead. Christ, I was looking right at him when --

OWENS

I mean, I mean, chrono shows we're 22 weeks out, so gravity wasn't supposed to kick in for another

(MORE)

OWENS (CONT'D)

19. I mean, I mean, I mean, why
did I fall at all?

FRY

You hear me? Captain's dead. Owens
too.

OWENS

Oh, no. Not Owens, not.... Wai',
wai', wait. I'm Owens. Right?

They swap nightmare looks, momentarily unsure of their
own identities.

FRY

Cryo-sleep. Swear to God, it sloughs
brain cells.

INT. NAV-BAY - MAIN CABIN

They stumble into nav-bay. ALARMS CONTINUE. Fry grabs
warm-up suits out of storage, pitches one to Owens, checks
her screens.

FRY

1550 millibars, dropping 20 MB per
minute, shit, we're hemorrhaging
air. Somethin' took a swipe at us.

OWENS

Just tell me we're still in the
shipping lane. Just show me all
those stars, all those bright,
beautiful, deep-space....

Owens activates an exterior view: A planet rushes up at
us.

That's why they have gravity.

FRY

Jesus God....

EXT. SHIP - PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE - DAY

The SHIP PLOWS through the upper atmosphere, antennae
pylons already disintegrating.

INT. PASSAGE TO FLIGHT DECK

Heart battering her ribs, Fry runs forward, using hand-
holds to steady herself. Over a headset:

OWENS (V.O.)

They trained you for this, right?
Fry? FRY?

She doesn't answer.

INT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Fry harnesses in, starts running switches -- but fumbles a few times, making mental errors. Finally she gets crash-shutters open to reveal...

CLOUD STRATA sweeping up past the windscreen like floor-lights on a dropping elevator. We're shedding big altitude.

INT. NAV-BAY - MAIN CABIN

OWENS

... crisis program selected Number Two of this system because it shows at least some oxygen and more than 1,500 -- would you SHUT THE FUCK UP!

(hammers a button,
SILENCES ALARMS)

-- more than 1,500-millibars of pressure at surface-level. Okay, so maybe the ship did something right for a change....

INT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

As Fry runs more switches.

INT. SHIP - DAY

As JETTISON DOORS CLOSE around the ship.

INT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

As Fry flips up a security-latch -- and thumbs the switch below.

EXT. SHIP - PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE - DAY

MULTIPLE SHOTS: EXPLOSIVE BOLTS RAPID-FIRE around the ship's skin, blowing away non-essentials that hinder aerodynamics -- including big deep-space drives. But this last separation puts the ship into a dangerous roll.

INT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Out the windscreen, cloud strata roll vertiginously. Fry throws actuators...

EXT. SHIP - PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE - DAY

And airbrakes deploy. She manages to kill the roll. But the ship's still coming in nose-high.

INT. NAV-BAY - MAIN CABIN

OWENS

...showing no major water
bodies...maximum terrain, 220 meters
over mean surface... largely cinder
and gypsum with some evaporite
deposits....

JETTISON DOORS CLOSE behind Owens, segregating him from the passenger compartment. It scares him for a new reason.

OWENS (CONT'D)

Fry? What're you doing?

INT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Fry flips up a new security-latch. INTERCUTTING:

OWENS

Fry?

FRY

Can't get my nose down...too much
load back there....

OWENS

You mean that "load" of passengers?

FRY

So what, we should both go down
too? Out of sheer fucking nobility?

Tortured silence. Fry's thumb moves to the switch that will jettison the passenger cabin. Jettison 50 people.

INT. MAIN CABIN

SELECTED SHOTS of faces inside cryo-lockers, among them JOHNS.

He's prime-of-life, badge on display, some kind of cop. Shaken awake, he clears condensation to check the locker directly across from his, finding...

RIDDICK. Small black goggles hide his eyes. A metal bit wedged in his mouth lends a perpetual grimace. A read-out admonishes "LOCK-OUT PROTOCOL IN EFFECT. ABSOLUTELY NO EARLY RELEASE."

INT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

OWENS

Look, Fry. Company says we're responsible for every one of those --

FRY

Company's not here, is it?

OWENS

When captain went down, you stepped up -- whether you like it or not. Now they train you for this, so --

FRY

And there wasn't a simulated cockroach alive within 50 clicks of the simulated crash site! That's how they train you! On a fucking simulator!

Owens unbuckles from his chair.

OWENS

Don't touch that switch!

Overcome by guilt, Fry retracts her thumb of mass destruction. |But a HUGE JOLT puts the thumb right back.

FRY

I'm not dying for them.

She pushes it. But this time...

EXT. SHIP - PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE - DAY

No bolts fire. Nothing separates from the SHIP THAT SCREAMS DOWN through the clouds.

INT. NAV-BAY - MAIN CABIN

Now we see why: Owens reopened the jettison doors locally -- and blocked them open.

FRY

Owens!

OWENS

70 seconds! You still got 70 seconds to level this beast out!

INT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Seething anger and guilt, Fry pops more airbrakes, shedding more speed, more heat. The ship does level -- but it's still being pounded hellishly. She tries to get a stable view out...

The windscreen. We're breaking through cloud-bottoms. There's just a glimpse of landscape before...

EXT. SHIP - PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE - DAY

An airbrake fails. It shears off and pinwheels into...

INT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

The windscreen. It cracks into a thousand spiderwebs -- but impossibly it holds. For now.

OWENS (V.O.)

What the shit was that?

Sunlight flares from every fractured edge: It's like looking into burning diamonds, and Fry can only get an impression of the outside world. Now she has to rely on...

A ground-mapping display. 120 meters altitude. And dropping.

INT. CRYO-LOCKER - DAY

INTERCUT Johns. Realizing he's in some kind of shit-storm, he claws at safety restraints.

INT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Ground-mapper: 60 meters. COLLISION ALARMS kick in.

Out the fractured windscreen, we see a huge dark mass rise up into view. Land.

40 meters...30...20...10....

Fry braces.

IMPACT. The WINDSCREENS IMplode. AIR HURRICANES in.

INT. NAV-BAY - MAIN CABIN

IMPACT. Chairs rip from their moorings. Strapped into one, Owens slams into the ceiling.

INT. MAIN CABIN - DAY

IMPACT. Johns BLOWS OUT of his locker -- and wishes to God he would've stayed inside, because just beside him...

The hull is cracking open.

NIGHTMARE SHOT: A huge section of the cabin tears free... skitters and CRASHES along the planetfloor behind us...and disintegrates out of sight. 40 cryo-lockers vanished with it. 40 lives.

INT. FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Hammered by WIND, Fry opens her eyes experimentally.

FRY'S POV: A vortex of motion, of speed, of blurring debris.

But the ship is burrowing in. Burrowing under.

Fry pivots her chair 180 degrees a nanosecond before...

Dirt avalanches into the cockpit. It buries CAMERA.

BLACKOUT

INT. MAIN CABIN - CRASH SHIP - DAY

Choking yellow dust. Ghostly silhouettes are COUGHING, MOANING, CALLING OUT to other survivors in English and, surreally, in Arabic. Soon we find...

Johns. Ears running blood. Stumbling his way to...

Riddick's cryo-locker. Empty. Johns reaches for his holster.

Gone, torn right off his belt. No prisoner and no weapon -- spooky combination. Nearby he sees...

The light of a cutting torch. Someone's using it to open a jammed cryo-locker. The plexi is torched away to reveal...

AUDREY, 12 years old. Unscathed.

AUDREY

 Somethin' went wrong, huh?

Johns searches for his pistol. Behind him, two chained feet lower into FRAME -- and then attack, swinging over Johns' head... getting the chain on his neck...

twisting hard, using the chain as a choke-collar. Johns flicks open a baton, swings it up at...

Riddick. Still in body chains and mouth-bit. Clinging to a ceiling support. Riding out the baton blows.

Seconds from blacking out, Johns strains forward...forward...and finally breaks Riddick's grip on the support. He keeps hold of the chained feet so that...

Riddick SLAMS HEADFIRST into the deck. Johns lays the baton on his neck.

JOHNS

One chance and you blew it, Riddick.
Never cease to disappoint me.

INT. FLIGHT DECK - CRASH SHIP - DAY

Darkness. A light beam sweeps the dusty air of the cockpit. |It's packed with dirt, no signs of life. About to search elsewhere, Johns turns back at...

FRY (O.S.)

Hey.

JOHNS

Hey, who?

FRY (O.S.)

Hey, me. Over here.

His light finds a headrest sticking up from the dirt. Johns crawls closer, checks the other side of the headrest and finds her. Fry. Buried to the gills.

JOHNS

Amazing. I'm Johns.

FRY

Carolyn Fry. I'd shake hands, but...

He manages a smile and starts digging her out. Almost dreading to ask:

FRY (CONT'D)

Are there any others, Johns?

INT. MAIN CABIN - CRASH SHIP - DAY

Johns helps Fry through the carnage. She's stunned by it all -- but especially by the blast of sunlight where a hull used to be.

Realizing she's in nav-bay, Fry starts digging like a search dog to uncover...

Owens. Still strapped to his chair. Metal rod piercing his chest close to the heart. Dead. Fry reaches out to touch him.

OWENS

Out, out, out, GET IT OUTTA ME!

She recoils hard. He's still alive. The other survivors bungle over. Ten seconds of pure chaos:

VOICES

Pull it out of him...No, it's too close to the heart...You gotta do it, just do it fast....

Fry grabs the rod.

OWENS

Don't touch it! Don't touch that switch!

VOICES

You'll kill him, I'm tellin' you, shit, just leave it alone...delirious...doncha you got some drugs for this poor man....

OWENS

Don't touch that switch!

FRY

Awright, awright, someone...there's Anestaphine in the med-lock, that end of the cabin...next to....

But there is no more "that end." In exquisite pain, Owens screams on. REACTION SHOTS of Johns, Audrey. Seldom are human beings witness to such raw suffering.

FRY (CONT'D)

Get away. Everybody.

The others leave -- except for Audrey, staying behind to watch in morbid fascination. Johns doubles back and collars her.

Leaving, they pass...

Riddick, cuffed to a bulkhead. His eyes, still hidden by goggles, track Johns and Audrey toward daylight.

EXT. CRASH SHIP - DAY

The survivors straggle outside. CAMERA SURVEYS new faces:

ZEKE and SHAZZA. Male-female team of bushwhackers, partners in life. Shazza has a tough sexiness. Zeke's face shows aboriginal blood. (30s.)

PARIS. Overfed, overgroomed. A puff pastry of a man. (40s or 50s.)

Four male "Chrislams": The pillar-steady IMAM (50ish), and THREE PILGRIMS, young and excitable (late-teens). (NOTE: The Chrislams represent a union between Christianity and Islam. They have the iconography of Christians yet the physical look of Arab Muslims.)

WIDE SHOT: All around them is stark and unforgiving terrain.

The valley floor is relieved only by low hills to one side, spiked with earthen spires. Scorching down on everything are two suns -- one red, one yellow.

PARIS

Well. Our own little slice of heaven.

The Chrislams fall to their knees. Confusion as they try to orient themselves.

IMAM

Please...which way to New Mecca?
We must know the direction in order to pray.

North? South? East? West? Nobody knows. Johns snaps open a compass, finds the needle swaying rudderlessly. The SCREAMING inside the ship finally ends.

INT. CRASH SHIP - DAY

As Fry holds Owens, now dead.

EXT. CRASH SHIP - DAY

The four Chrislams have devised a way to pray: Backs together, each faces a different compass point.

EXT. TOP OF CRASH SHIP - DAY

Fry climbs onto the back of the ship. Johns Paris, Zeke, Shazza, Audrey are already here.

JOHNS

Big talk about a scouting party...

Fry sees the huge smoldering scar in the ground behind the ship.

One glance confirms that there are no other survivors.

JOHNS (CONT'D)

...then we saw this.

PARIS

Anyone else having breathing problems? Aside from me?

AUDREY

Like I just ran, or something....

SHAZZA

Feel one lung short. All of us.

PARIS

Well, I tend toward the asthmatic. And with all this dust....

Faces turn to Fry: They're looking to her for answers.

FRY

It's the atmosphere. Too much pressure, not enough oxygen. Might take a few days to --

ZEKE

So what the bloody hell happened, anyways?

FRY

Somethin' knocked us off-lane. Maybe a rogue comet. Maybe we'll never know.

SHAZZA

Well, I for one, am thoroughly fucking grateful. This beast wasn't made to land like this. But cripes, you rode it down.

(to others)

C'mon, you lousy ingrates, only reason we're alive is a'cuzza her.

Others CHIME AGREEMENT, laying thankful hands on Fry's shoulders.

HOLD on Fry, her face betraying nothing as they anoint her their savior.

INT. MAIN CABIN - CRASH SHIP - DAY

BREAKING OUT PRESSURE SUITS:

FRY

Liquid oxygen canisters inside. Start ripping them out. Quick hits only -- try to make it last.

AUDREY

Well, is someone coming for us?
Or are we all just gonna die of
exposure or dehydration or sunstroke
or maybe even something worse?
(off their looks)
Hey, you don't have to worry about
scaring me.

SHAZZA

We're worried you'll scare us.
(ushering her
away)
Name's "Audrey," right, love? And
you're goin' to Taurus Three like
we were?

AUDREY

Yeah, but...do we even have enough
food to get there? Or will we have
to resort to cannibalism?

ZEKE

(to Fry)
I'll see 'bout makin' this air go
a bit further, cap'n. With your
permission, a' course.

Fry blinks. "They actually think I'm the captain." Zeke and the others get to work. Fry finds herself staring at another problem. Riddick.

FRY

And him?

JOHNS

Big Evil?

FRY

We just keep him locked up forever?

JOHNS

Be my choice. Already escaped once
from the max-slam facility on --

FRY

I don't need his life story. Is he
really that dangerous?

JOHNS

Only around humans.

Riddick has his mouth on the hull, virtually licking the
metal.

Fry moves closer -- and now sees it sheeting down the
hull.

FRY

Oh, Christ....

They're losing water. Suddenly Fry is running, snatching
up an emergency light, climbing wall-rungs...

INT. MACHINE LEVEL - CRASH SHIP - DAY

And crawling through dusty superstructure to reach the
water cistern. She opens a crank-hatch -- and finds light
invading the interior. Her face dies.

ZEKE (V.O.)

(shouting)

Well? Is it just the pump?

FRY

Ask if anyone has anything in cargo!
Anything to drink!

INT. CARGO HOLD - DAY

Oversize DOORS RUMBLE open. Fry, Johns, and Paris climb
into this dark corridor lined with cargo containers. Each
container has an access door.

PARIS

Mine here....

As Paris unlocks, Johns steadies himself, suddenly light-
headed.

FRY

S'matter?

JOHNS

Little swamp-flu from the Conga system. Never shook it with all this cryo-sleep.

Paris opens his container to reveal...

INT. PARIS' CONTAINER - CARGO HOLD - DAY

Tiffany chairs stacked 10 high. Bronze eagle lecterns. Oriental umbrellas. Neo-Egyptian castings.

JOHNS

King Tut's tomb....

PARIS

Be surprised what these will fetch in the Taurus system. Here. This Wooten here -- easy, easy. Very rare.

They open the Wooten desk. Cubbyholed inside are dusty bottles of sherry. Vintage Port. Glenfiddich. Bicardi 151.

FRY

This is it? Booze? That's what you have to drink?

PARIS

(educating her)

200-year-old single-malt scotch is to "booze" as foie gras is to "duck guts."

JOHNS

(cracking a bottle)

A toast to whatever he just said.

PARIS

I'll need a receipt for that.

(to Fry)

For all these.

FRY

Top of my list.

She joins Johns for a drink. Entering, the Chrislams watch with both envy and aversion.

FRY (CONT'D)

I don't suppose....

IMAM

One of the Christian habits we
didn't adopt -- perhaps
unfortunately. We'll have to wait.

JOHNS

For what? There is no water. You
understand that, don't you?

IMAM

All deserts have water, somewhere.
God shall lead us there.

INT. MAIN CABIN - CRASH SHIP - DAY

START on the cutting torch, abandoned in wreckage. Staring
at it is...

Riddick. With his hands cuffed behind him and around a
bulkhead, he can't get near it. Or can he? Near the
ceiling, the bulkhead is fractured -- a slim spot where
maybe chains could pass through.

Riddick stands. With a GRUESOME POPPING, he dislocates
both shoulders...carries his arms overhead...passes the
chains through the broken spot...and brings his arms down
in front of him. A body-flex POPS HIS SHOULDERS back into
joint.

Free, he reaches for the cutting torch.

EXT. CRASH SHIP - DAY

Pistol in hand, Johns runs into a BIG CLOSEUP, eyes
sweeping.

Nothing on the horizon. But something lies on the ground
nearby.

It's Riddick's mouth-bit.

JOHNS

Like we needed another way to die.

INT. CARGO HOLD - DAY

FAST CLOSEUPS: Hands pillaging storage lockers, pulling
out anything that might qualify as a "weapon." It all
gets hauled back and dumped into...

INT. NAV BAY - CRASH SHIP - DAY

Nav-bay. Gathered, the survivors take inventory: Johns
has a pistol, shotgun, baton. Zeke and Shazza offer up a

pick-ax, digging tools, hunting boomerang. Imam shows a ceremonial blade.

Paris straggles in with antique curios.

JOHNS

What the hell are these?

PARIS

Maratha crow-bill war-picks from Northern India. Very rare.

ZEKE

An' this?

PARIS

Blow-dart hunting stick from Papua New Guinea. Very very rare, since the tribe's extinct.

ZEKE

'Cuz they couldn't hunt shit with these things, be my guess.

PARIS

Well, what's the need, anyway? If he's gone, he's gone. Why should he bother us?

JOHNS

First, because he can only live out there for so long -- he's gonna come back and take what we got. Second, for the sheer thrill of the kill.

A beat. They all grab for weapons.

EXT. CRASH SHIP - DAY

Johns stands atop the crash ship, scanning with a scope. He fixates on...

A blue glow on the horizon. "What the hell is it?"

Zeke and Shazza modify breather units, adding straps and tubing and ball-floats. The prototype is tested on Audrey. She sucks on the mouthpiece -- and finds that it works, supplying oxygen on demand rather than in a constant flow.

Chrislams convert to traditional bedouin head-gear, readying for travel.

Fry finishes wrapping Owens' body. She looks to the yellow sun, low on the horizon. The red sun seems inclined to follow.

FRY

Imam. We should leave soon. Before nightfall but while it's cooler.

ZEKE

What, you're goin' off, too?

FRY

Johns is leaving you a gun. Just do me a favor, huh? Get my crewies buried? They were good guys who died bad.

SHAZZA

A'course we will.

PILGRIM #1 (O.S.)

Imam...Imam....

(NOTE: "Imam" is pronounced "el-ee-MAM.")

Fry and the others round the ship to see...

A blue star flaring into view. It's rising as the other suns are setting.

SHAZZA

My bloody oath....

AUDREY

Three suns?

ZEKE

(to Fry)

So much for your nightfall.

PARIS

So much for my cocktail hour.

IMAM

We take this to be a good sign -- a path, a direction from God.

Johns swings down from the top of the ship.

JOHNS

A very good sign.

(MORE)

JOHNS (CONT'D)

(re: blue sun)

That's Riddick's direction. You do not wanna be caught in the dark with this guy.

FRY

Thought you found his restraints over there. Toward sunset.

JOHNS

(nodding)

Which means he went toward sunrise.

EXT. PLANET - DAY

Trekking, the Chrislams waft incense pots and CHANT FROM THE KORAN as they head toward the blue star. Johns provides shotgun escort; Fry carries Paris' second war-pick on a shoulder.

Silhouetted against the alien sky, the scouting party is an odd, odd sight.

Already sun-battered, Johns crafts an eye-visor out of plexi.

Fry tries to wrap her head like the Chrislams. Imam helps.

FRY

So quiet. You get used to the sounds of the ship, then....

IMAM

You know who Muhammad was?

FRY

Some prophet guy?

IMAM

"Some prophet guy." And a city man. But he had to travel to the desert -- where there was quiet -- to hear the words of God.

FRY

You were on a pilgrimage? To New Mecca?

IMAM

(nodding)

Chrislam teaches that once in every lifetime should there be a great

(MORE)

IMAM (CONT'D)

hajj -- a great pilgrimage. To know God, better, yes, but to know yourself as well.

FRY

Frightening thought.

IMAM

(finishes wrapping her)

We're all on the same hajj now.

Fry notices Johns scope-locked on something.

FRY

What?

JOHNS

(hands her scope)

Tell me it's not a mirage.

SCOPE POV: Beyond a distant rise, strange branches.

FRY

Trees?

EXT. CRASH SHIP - DAY

Paris has taken over as look-out atop the ship. He deals with the heat by erecting a "misting" umbrella: He fills a reservoir with liquor, dials up a regulator. Umbrella spars shoot bursts of cooling alcohol vapor. Paris luxuriates in it.

ZEKE (O.S.)

Comfy up there?

Zeke appears below. He loads a scrap-metal sled with tarp, cable, pick-ax.

PARIS

Amazing how you can do without the essentials of life -- so long as you have the luxuries.

ZEKE

Well, just keep your bloody-fuckin' eyes open. Don't want that ratbag sneakin' up on me bloody-fuckin' arse.

He drags the sled toward the spired hills. Keeping one eye on Zeke, Paris eases into a chair, lays the war-pick

across his lap, pours himself a spot of sherry. As he sips, a blade touches his throat.

AUDREY

He'd probably get you right here, right under the jaw. And you'd never hear him coming. That's how good Riddick is.

Paris eases the hunting boomerang away.

PARIS

Now did you run away from your parents? Or did they run away from you?

EXT. BONEYARD OVERLOOK - DAY

The scouting party approaches a rise. The trees loom just beyond.

PILGRIMS

Allahu Akbar...Allahu Akbar....

The young pilgrims break into a excited run, anticipating an oasis. But Fry hangs back, taking a harder look at the trees.

They don't move in the wind.

The pilgrims scramble up the rise -- and go motionless. Fry, Johns and Imam catch up to behold...

The "trees" are actually the dorsal bones of a titanic skeleton, tinted green by lichen. Beyond is a sea of bleached animal bones. Impossibly, the bones seem to MOAN IN PAIN. All told, it's like Hell overflowed right here.

FRY

Is this whole planet dead?

A pilgrim questions Imam IN ARABIC.

IMAM

He asks what could have killed so many great things...

EXT. BONEYARD - DAY

MOVING INTO THE BONEYARD:

IMAM

Some...

(MORE)

IMAM (CONT'D)
communal graveyard, perhaps...
like the elephants of Earth....

Fry touches one of the towering bones. It shows cut-marks -- almost as if the bone was hacked by a sword. "Graveyard? Or killing field?"

JOHNS
Long time ago. Whatever happened.

EXT. SKULL - BONEYARD - DAY

Pilgrim #1 reaches a huge skull laced with baleen-like combing.

Wind hitting the comb makes a LOW HARMONIC MOANING. By moving a hand over the comb, the pilgrim can "play" DIRGELIKE MUSIC. Wanting to show off the trick:

PILGRIM #1
Ah....

He looks for Pilgrim #3 but can't spot him. And when he turns back to the skull -- a face is staring through the combing. But it's only...

INT. SKULL - BONEYARD - DAY

Pilgrim #3, inside the skull. Johns enters and chases him out.

About to leave, Johns notices...

Bone-chippings piled on the ground. It could be nothing, but still...

Johns double-checks shadows, probing with the muzzle of his shotgun. Satisfied, Johns exits. Now BOOM UP to reveal...

Riddick. Hidden in a sinus cavity.

EXT. SKULL - BONEYARD - DAY

Trailing the others, Fry pauses to change out the O2 on her breather.

INT. SKULL - BONEYARD - DAY

Riddick drops to the ground. His arms and hands are now pierced with shards of boneyard ivory -- fashionable little body talons.

Spotting a shadow on the combing, he draws closer. And sees Fry.

Alone.

EXT. SKULL - BONEYARD - DAY

Johns doubles back to Fry. He takes a hit of scotch, offers her some.

FRY

Probably makes it worse. Dehydrates you even more.

JOHNS

Probably right.

They drink anyway. Moving out of the sun, Fry leans up against the combing. It brings her within arm's length of...

INT. SKULL - BONEYARD - DAY

Riddick. He pulls a bone-shiv, freshly chiseled.

JOHNS (O.S.)

You know, I woulda played road dog for these guys. You could've stayed back. Pro'bly should've -- because, you know, if we don't find water....

"We may not make it back."

FRY (O.S.)

No, no, I wanted to get away.

JOHNS (O.S.)

So I noticed. Never seen a "captain" quite so ready to leave her ship.

Just as Riddick eases his blade toward Fry's neck...

EXT. SKULL - BONEYARD - DAY

She steps away.

FRY

Better keep moving....

JOHNS

What'd Owens mean? 'Bout not touching the switch?

Fry searches his eyes, wondering if she can trust him -- and again she leans back on the combing. We can actually see Riddick now. They could too, if they would just TURN THE FUCK AROUND!

JOHNS (CONT'D)

Hey. You can tell me, Carolyn.

FRY

Promise me. Swear to me you won't --

JOHNS

You see anybody else here? Just between you and me.

FRY

During the landing...when things were at their worst...Owens was at his best. He's the one who wouldn't let the pilot dump the passenger cabin.

Johns blinks, stunned. "Are you shittin' me?"

INT. SKULL - BONEYARD - DAY

Trying again, Riddick reaches out with his shiv -- and deftly slices off some of Fry's hair. A locket. A souvenir. That's all he wanted.

FRY (O.S.)

So now you know.

JOHNS (O.S.)

Fuck. Guess I'm more glad to be here than I thought.

Riddick watches them move off -- then looks at the scotch bottle, left behind. It's still got one good swallow.

EXT. START OF GAUNTLET - DAY

Leaving the boneyard, the scouting party reaches a cleft in the hills. Ahead is a canyon.

JOHNS

Hold up.

He jumps onto a rock, puts the scope to an eye.

JOHNS (CONT'D)

Didn't bite.

FRY

What?

JOHNS

Thought he might be coolin' it in the boneyard -- could either double-back to the ship or slip in behind us. So I left the bottle out as bait.

SCOPE POV: PANNING the boneyard. FINDING the bottle. It's still got that one swallow.

JOHNS (CONT'D)

But nah. Didn't bite.

EXT. BONEYARD - DAY

CLOSER on the bottle. Only we see that the scotch has been emptied -- and replaced with sand.

EXT. GRAVE SITE - SPIRED HILLS - DAY

Working under the shade of a tarp, Zeke digs a communal grave.

Three wrapped corpses wait nearby. He keeps a sight-line on...

The crash ship. Shazza waves. Zeke waves back.

EXT. RIBCAGE - THE GAUNTLET - DAY

The scouting party transits a narrowing canyon. Lined with rib bones, it makes us feel like we're in the belly of some beast.

Fry squints at the ridgetops. More of those spires are visible on the canyon rims, looming like silent sentinels. "What are they? Just mineral deposits?"

PILGRIM #1

Captain...captain....

The Chrislams have found what appears to be a small desert plant.

Leathery petals are spread wide, revealing a round stringy core.

ARABIC DISCUSSION. Desert fruit? Is it edible?

FRY

Wait, wait, wait....

Fry takes the "plant," pushes the "petals" back down over the core. They all stare. It's a baseball.

IMAM

We are not alone here, yes?

They look ahead, wondering what awaits them. But Johns is looking back.

JOHNS

Never thought we were.

EXT. SETTLEMENT - DAY

HIGH ANGLE: An old WEATHER COCK CREAKS in the wind. Fry, Johns, and the Chrislams enter FRAME far below.

PILGRIM #1

Assalamoo ahlaykum!

The GREETING ECHOES through the settlement, built from stacked shipping containers. Tattered sun-shades flap in the wind. A rusty bike lies on the ground.

PILGRIM #2

Assalamoo ahlaykum!

JOHNS

Long gone. Whoever they were.

They move around a building -- and pull up short. Before them looms a moisture-recovery unit, a hulking machine in disrepair.

Old jugs litter the ground.

IMAM

Water...water there was here....

PILGRIMS

Allahu Akbar....

IMAM

(translating)

"God is Great," yes?

JOHNS

I'm born-again.

Fry manages a weary smile -- but soon her eyes revisit the abandoned buildings. "Who were these people? Why did they leave so much behind?"

INT. MAIN ROOM - SETTLEMENT - DAY

Through a window, we see the Johns and the Chrislams crawling over the moisture-recovery unit, assessing repairs. PULL BACK to include Fry inside the settlement, inspecting...

Refectory table. Place settings out. Years of dust.

Photos on the wall: Settlers working modest gardens. Playing

baseball. Posing with children.

INT. LIVING QUARTERS - SETTLEMENT - DAY

Fry enters a dark room.

FRY

Lights.

No response to her command. She pats around for old-style wall switches. Nothing. Perceiving black-out blinds on a window, she throws them open to reveal...

A man standing right outside.

JOHNS

(through window)

Hey. Don't go too far, huh?

Fry nods. Johns smiles, leaves. Just as her heart settles, SOMETHING CREAKS behind her.

It's an orrery, a mechanical device that shows the motion of the planets around their suns. Solar powered, the orrery starts turning, CREAKING. One planet seems always to have sunlight.

FRY

No darkness. No lights because no darkness....

EXT. PORCH - SETTLEMENT - DAY

Fry reaches a porch. It looks out over the rear of the settlement and more unforgiving terrain. She starts back inside -- but something glints at the edge of her vision. Fry turns back...parts clothes on a laundry line...and sees the source of the glint.

Excited hits on her breather.

Fry vaults off the porch -- and starts walking as if on magnetic bearing. Soon she's running.

EXT. SETTLEMENT - DAY

FRY (V.O.)

Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!

Johns and the Chrislams trade looks.

EXT. SKIFF - DAY

FRY

Allahu Akbar!

Fry stops on a groomed runway, out of breath. The others catch up. They too marvel at...

The skiff, a light-duty vehicle of hybrid technology -- part bush plane, part space craft. Its fabric wings are wind-torn -- but the hull looks intact.

EXT. TOP OF CRASH SHIP - DAY

CLOSE on caviar being added to toast-points.

A SCRABBLING SOUND stops Paris in mid-bite. He eases out of his rocker, moves to the rear edge of the ship and looks down on...

A shadow ducking under him. Small rocks still trickle down a dirt rampart just climbed by...someone.

PARIS

This now qualifies as the worst
fun I've ever had. Stop it.

No response.

EXT. CRASH SHIP - DAY

War-pick in hand, Paris eases to ground-level. He checks the perimeter, looks inside the ship. Nobody. Is he being fucked with? Again? He hopes?

PARIS

Audrey? Oh, Audrey....

AUDREY (O.S.)

What?

Paris spins. The voice came from the cargo hold -- and not where he expected.

INT. CARGO HOLD - DAY

Blades of sunlight stream in through cracks in the hull. Paris enters to find Shazza and Audrey cutting open containers, searching for usable goods.

PARIS

Tell me that was you.

AUDREY

Okay, it was me. What'd I do now?

PARIS

Assailing my fragile sense of security, that's what.

SHAZZA

What're you goin' on about? She's been right here for the last....

They all see it: Sun-blades are momentarily blocked by something passing outside. Someone.

SHAZZA (CONT'D)

(a quiet probe)

Zeke?

No answer. Audrey springs to the other side of hold, puts an eye to a crack there.

HULL-CRACK POV:

Far away, Zeke finishes digging the grave. He starts toward the ship.

Audrey whirls back, mouths a silent alarm: "RIDDICK!"

Paris goes bloodless. Shazza grabs the war-pick out of his frozen hands, moves catlike to the main doors and poises there, ready to strike. Audrey follows with the hunting boomerang.

All eyes watch as...

The sun-blades, winking off and on, chart Riddick's approach:

We feel like we're inside a magician's sword box, watching the blades shave closer and closer to us. Suddenly he appears...

And Shazza swings hard.

AUDREY

No!

Facing them is a TOTAL STRANGER -- burned, half naked, one hand still clutching the emergency-release lever of his cryo-locker.

Shazza stopped one inch short of killing him.

TOTAL STRANGER

I thought...my God, I thought I was the only one who....

He lurches toward Shazza, trying to embrace her -- and sees blood and brain-bits BLAM-BLAMMING against her. His own. The stranger sinks bonelessly to the ground. FAST RACK to reveal Zeke in the background, pistol leveled. He reads Shazza's horrified face -- and understands what he's done.

PARIS

Oh, Lord....

AUDREY

It was just somebody else. From the crash. He was just....

ZEKE

Cripes galore, I thought it was him. The murderin' ratbag. I thought he was....

He rushes over to check the dead stranger. As he bends down, FAST RACK AGAIN to reveal Riddick in the background. He stands 20 paces off, still unseen by the others. His goggle eyes covet...

Zeke's breather.

EXT. SKIFF - DAY

Fry exits the skiff.

FRY

No juice, looks like it's been laid up for years. But we might be able to adapt --

JOHNS

Shut up.

Outside, Johns has an ear cocked to the wind.

JOHNS (CONT'D)

Sorry. Thought I heard something.

FRY

Like what?

JOHNS

Like my pistola.

EXT. GRAVE SITE - SPIRED HILLS - DAY

START on the drag-sled carrying Corpse #4-- the stranger.

Zeke reaches the grave. The sun-tarp has fallen on one side, blocking the sight-line between ship and grave. Zeke starts to unload the body -- but sees something he didn't notice before:

There's some kind of opening at the bottom of the grave.

ZEKE

Now what the bloody hell....

Zeke hops down into the grave. CAMERA MOVES to reveal Riddick hidden among the spires. He's been waiting for a chance just like this.

EXT. GRAVE - DAY

Zeke drops to all fours. Looks into the tunnel. There seems to be some kind of burrow beyond.

BURROW POV: Staring back at Zeke.

Zeke takes a handlight off his belt, shines it into the burrow.

It's the last thing he ever does.

INT./EXT. CRASH SHIP - DAY

As MORE GUNSHOTS jar Paris, Audrey, Shazza.

EXT. GRAVE - DAY

FURIOUS CLOSEUPS: Zeke fighting for his life. PISTOL BLASTING. Something slashing at him. Blood dancing on air.

EXT. CRASH SHIP - DAY

Shazza sprints across hard-pack, heading for...

EXT. GRAVE SITE - SPIRED HILLS - DAY

The grave. She slaps aside the tarp to find...

Riddick. Bone-shiv in hand, he just stands on the other side of the grave. Shazza looks down. And SCREAMS.

EXT. SPIRED HILLS - DAY

CAMERA PURSUES Riddick as he lopes through the spires, running from the scene of the crime. He turns a blind corner -- and SOMETHING NEARLY BLOWS HIS HEAD OFF at close range. He hits ground. A boot steps on his neck, keeping him there.

JOHNS

Same crap, different planet, huh?

EXT. SETTLEMENT - DAY

Sucking on their breathers, Fry and the Chrislams make it back to the ship. They find Johns beating Riddick like a chained dog.

JOHNS

...I don't play that...I don't play that so just try again. C'mon, Riddick, tell me a better lie....

FRY

Ease up, ease up. JOHNS! Just tell me what....

She hauls him off -- only to have Shazza start punching Riddick.

SHAZZA

What'd you do with 'im? You bloody sick animal you, what'dja do with me Zeke?

EXT. GRAVE SITE - SPIRED HILLS - DAY

Fry and Johns stand over the grave. It's a gory mess -- but no sign of Zeke. Johns has Riddick's confiscated shiv.

FRY

He used that?

JOHNS

Sir Shiv-a-lot. He likes to cut.

FRY

So why isn't it all bloody?

JOHNS

I assume he licked it clean.

INT. MAIN CABIN - CRASH SHIP - DAY

Riddick is back in chains, face pulpy from the beating, listening to SOTTO VOCE VOICES outside. Fry enters, looks at him hard.

FRY

So where is he?

Riddick turns away, revealing a broken goggle-lens. The eye beneath is closed: For some reason, he won't look at her.

FRY (CONT'D)

Tell me about the sounds. You told them you heard something right before....

(no response)

If you don't talk to me, Johns'll take another crack at it -- at your skull.

RIDDICK

'Mean the whispers?

FRY

What whispers?

RIDDICK

The ones tellin' me to go for the sweet spot -- just to the left of the spine, fourth lumbar down. The abdominal aorta. What a gusher. Had a cup on his belt, so I used it to catch a little run-off. Metallic taste to it, human blood. Coppery. But if you cut it with peppermint schnapps, that goes away. Course, that's more for winter. Summertime, I take mine straight.

Fry stares. Riddick gets a black satisfaction from his role as Boogeyman: If fear is the only kind of respect he can get, Riddick is going to grab some with both hands.

FRY

Why don't we try the truth now?

HEAD-SHAKING BEAT, THEN:

RIDDICK

All you people are so scared of me --
an' most days, I'd take that as a
compliment -- but it ain't me you
gotta worry about now.

FRY

Show me your eyes.

Again he turns away. She strips the goggles off. He sits
with lids shut tight, anticipating the pain.

FRY (CONT'D)

Show me, Riddick.

Imagine a virgin undressing in front of someone for the
first time. That's how Riddick opens his eyes, startling
us: No irises, just huge black-pool pupils. And from deep
within, a jewel-like eyeshine. His eyes are as beautiful
and unsettling as those of a starved jaguar.

FRY (CONT'D)

You did this? To yourself?

RIDDICK

Slam doctor. Well, we called him
"doctor."

FRY

Heard about it. Just never seen
it.

RIDDICK

Fairly fuckin' ironic, wouldn't
you say? Slamlight's so dim that
you go and get your eyeballs taken
out and shined up -- then you wind
up here. Three ass-kick suns.

(replacing goggles)

Maybe I did do a few people. But
not this one. No ma'am, not this
time.

FRY

Then where is he? He's not in the
hole. We looked.

RIDDICK

Look deeper.

He CLICKS HIS TONGUE at her.

EXT. CRASH SHIP - DAY

Chain looped over one shoulder, Fry heads back to the grave site.

Johns, Imam, Shazza, and Audrey keep pace as...

JOHNS

I know what happened -- he went off on the guy, buried him on the hill somewhere, and now he's trying to --

FRY

Let's just be sure.

JOHNS

I am sure. Look, murders aside, Riddick belongs in the Asshole Hall of Fame. He loves the jaw-jackin', loves making you afraid, 'cuz that's all he has. And you're playing right into --

FRY

We're gonna find the body, Johns. Christ, you're a cop. Why am I tellin' you this? We gotta go down and find it.

JOHNS

Well, don't ask me to.

FRY

Thought you didn't believe his story.

JOHNS

I don't. But that ground looked none too stable, and I don't want anyone --

AUDREY

If you're afraid, I'll go.

He shoots Audrey a scowl.

FRY

Nobody else is going down but me, okay?

JOHNS

(pulling her aside)

Hey. Bein' ballsy with your life
now doesn't change what came before --
it's just stupid.

FRY

What, you think I'm doin' this to
prove something?

JOHNS

You said it, not me. Let's just
not let one bad call lead to
another.

FRY

Thanks for the tip, Johns. "Now
get outta my way."

EXT. GRAVE - DAY

Chain hooked to her web belt, Fry drops into the grave.
She peers into the burrow...looks back up at the halo of
faces above her...then slithers out of sight.

INT. BURROW - DAY

Letting her eyes adjust, Fry pats around lightly. Quickly
she finds Zeke's handlight, tries it. Broken.

EXT. GRAVE-SITE - SPIRED HILLS - DAY

CLOSE on the chain slithering through hands, playing out
as Fry moves deeper underground.

INT. UPHILL TUNNEL - DAY

Fry makes an uphill turn. Sees a spray of light ahead.
Worms forward to reach...

INT. THE LAIR - DAY

Another chamber, wide and just large enough to stand in.
Shafts of daylight bore down into the room. More old bones
litter the floor. Fry moves into one shaft and looks up
at...

An earthen funnel. The inside of a spire.

FRY

They're hollow....

CLICK-CLICK.

Fry slow-turns toward the sound.

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK.

There's something here, something just beyond the cusp of light.

Something unfolding.

An icy hand grips her heart. Soundlessly, Fry backtracks her chain, but...

Something shadows across the exit. It stops her cold.

Her hand finds something new. She angles it to the light. It's one of Zeke's boots -- with a bit of Zeke still in it.

CLICKITY-CLICKITY-CLICKITY....

The whole chamber is coming alive around her, shadows unfurling, skulking the perimeter, circling.

Something impales the boot out of her hand, reclaiming it. It was faster than a lightning-strike.

A paralyzed beat before...

Fry makes her move, rolling back into the shaft of daylight and springing straight up into...

INT. SPIRE - DAY

The spire. Bracing against the walls, Fry tries to "walk" her way up -- but her chain goes taut. Did it catch on something?

Or did something catch it? Fry starts pounding the earthen walls.

FRY

Here! I'm in HERE, HERE, HERE!

EXT. GRAVE-SITE - SPIRED HILLS - DAY

IMAM

Did you hear....

They drop down and suspend their heads over the bloody grave, listening. Nothing now.

INT. SPIRE - DAY

FRY

I'm over here in the --

Something tugs on her chain.

FRY (CONT'D)

Oh, God....

CLOSE on her feet. Kicking hard at the walls, trying to gouge out footholds.

A stronger tug. Fry loses altitude, slipping closer to...

The MADLY CLICKING LAIR below.

She tries to jettison her belt -- but can't brace herself up and undo the belt. Suddenly...

Something explodes near her head. Daylight appears, followed by faces, human faces. They're breaking through the spire with the pick-ax. Hands reach inside...

EXT. SPIRED HILLS - DAY

...and birth her into daylight. Overlapping:

JOHNS

We got you...it's okay, it's okay...we got you now....

IMAM

The child heard you before any of us could even....

SHAZZA

Did you find him? You find Zeke?

FRY

(half insane)

...wasn't Riddick...it was...it was... goddamn, that was stupid....but wasn't Riddick. Somethin' else down there that got Zeke and nearly got --

Her. She flies back into the spire. Something's still got the chain.

The others grab at flailing limbs. It's a tug-of-war now, human hands on one end, unseen "hands" on the other -- and the humans are losing. Until...

Imam unsheathes his blade...

And slices through Fry's belt.

INT. SPIRE - DAY

As the chain falls down the spire. Without Fry.

INT./EXT. CRASH SHIP - DAY

FAST SHOTS: Survivors packing up O2, liquor, umbrellas, the Koran -- whatever qualifies as "essential" on this planet. Amid the activity, Audrey pauses to look at...

The spired hills.

INT. BATTERY BAY - CRASH SHIP - DAY

Fry and Imam pull a power cell from the ship's battery bay, THUMPING it down on the deck.

IMAM

One is all?

FRY

For now.

INT. CARGO HOLD - DAY

At his personal locker, Johns digs out a box of shotgun shells.

He bypasses the blue-metal shells for a red-metal one. There's something special about it -- though what, we can't be sure.

INT. MAIN CABIN - CRASH SHIP - DAY

A shadow falls over Riddick. He doesn't look up.

RIDDICK

Found somethin' worse than me,
huh?

JOHNS

We're movin'. And I'm just wondering
if I shouldn't lighten the load
right now.

Now their eyes meet. Johns RATCHETS HIS SHOTGUN and points it at Riddick's head.

RIDDICK

Woof, woof.

The SHOTGUN EXPLODES. CAMERA PANS off of Johns to show Riddick still alive. The shotgun discharged next to his head and blew off his wrist chains.

JOHNS

Want you to remember this moment, Riddick. The way it coulda gone and didn't.

RIDDICK

(deaf)
Say that again.

JOHNS

Here's the deal. You work without the chains, without the bit -- without the shivs. You help us get off this rock....

RIDDICK

For what? The honor of goin' back to some asshole of a cell?

JOHNS

Truth is, Riddick, I'm tired of this head-up shit. I wanna be free of you as much as you wanna be free of me.

A beat. The future rearranges in Riddick's head.

RIDDICK

You'd cut me loose, Boss?

JOHNS

Only if we both get outta this alive. And there may be a way.

He offers a hand to help Riddick up, to seal the deal.

RIDDICK

(staring at hand)
My recommendation: Do me. Don't take the chance that I'll get shiv-happy on your wannabe ass. Ghost me, Riddick. Would if I were you.

JOHNS

If you were me, I'd kill us both. C'mon, you wanna sit at the grown-up table or not?

A beat. Riddick reaches out for the hand -- and grabs the shotgun with his off-hand. A blur of movement. Suddenly Johns is staring at the eyes of his own shotgun.

RIDDICK

Want you to remember this moment.

He pumps shotgun, spitting blue shells over Johns. He drops the emptied gun and walks away.

EXT. PLANET - DAY

EXTREMELY WIDE: Blue sun setting, yellow and red sun rising.

The survivors trek for the settlement. Fry and Imam lug the power cell between them, but the real load is shouldered by...

Riddick. Promoted from murderous monster to beast of burden, he tows a drag-sled heavy with cargo.

PARIS

(to Johns)

So just like that. Wave your little wand and he's one of us now.

JOHNS

Didn't say that. But least this way I don't have to worry about falling asleep and not wakin' up.

IMAM

Well, I feel we owe Mr. Riddick amends.

SHAZZA

Oh, right. Let's all line up and beg his forgiveness. Right you are.

IMAM

At least give the man some oxygen....

JOHNS

He's happy just bein' vertical. Leave him be.

AUDREY

So I can talk to him now?

JOHNS/SHAZZA
(in unison)

No.

Paris drops a wine bottle. Trailing, Riddick collects it.

PARIS
Paris P. Ogilvie. Antiquities
dealer, entrepreneur.

RIDDICK
(shaking hands)
Richard B. Riddick. Escaped convict,
murderer.

Instead of returning the bottle, Riddick opens it and
drinks.

Paris hurries to catch up to the others.

PARIS
You know, if I owned Hell and this
planet...I believe I'd rent this
out and live in Hell.

EXT. THE GAUNTLET - DAY

FRY'S POV: Of spires high above us.

The group falls silent as they transit the canyon, all
eyes on the spires. Fry stops short, hearing...

CLICKITY-CLICK.

Neck hairs rise -- but soon the sound vanishes. The group
starts moving again, faster.

CLICKITY-CLICKITY-CLICK.

Are they being stalked? Nervously, Fry traces the sound
back to...

Beads dangling from the belt of Pilgrim #1. Whenever he
moves, the STRINGS CLACK together.

EXT. SKIFF - DAY

PARIS
I mean, usually I can appreciate
antiques, but, uh....

The survivors have reached the settlement. Fry is trying
to get the power cell aboard the skiff as the others walk
its exterior.

JOHNS

Little ratty-ass.

FRY

Nothing we can't repair -- so long
as the electrical adapts.

SHAZZA

Not a star-jumper.

RIDDICK

Doesn't need to be. Use this to
get back up to the Sol-Track
Shipping Lanes, stick out a thumb.
You'll get picked up.
(to Fry)

Right?

Fry looks from Riddick to Johns. "How did he know that?"

FRY

Little help here?

They muscle the power cell aboard. Riddick starts to
follow, but Johns blocks. He doesn't want Riddick inside.

JOHNS

Check those containers for me. See
what we can patch wings with.

EXT. SETTLEMENT - DAY

With religious fervor, the Chrislams are repairing the
moisture-recovery unit -- the machine Allah led them to.

INT. SKIFF - DAY

START on the battery bay. Hands are adapting the power
cell to the skiffs older electrical system. Soon...

Lights wink on throughout the ship.

FRY

Okay, that should buy us a sys-
check. But we'll need more cells.

JOHNS

How many?

FRY

15 6-gigs here...90 gigs
total...other ship carries 20-gig
cells, so...five. Five total to
launch.

JOHNS

25 kilos each, huh?

SHAZZA

Old sand-cat outside. See if I
can't get it up and chuggin'.

JOHNS

Do it. And if you need an extra
hand, tap our problem child out....
(looking out)
Where's Riddick?

EXT. SETTLEMENT - DAY

He's walking the ghost town, finding dead gardens...upended
chairs and furniture...broken skylights. Behind his back...

Audrey and Pilgrim #3 (the youngest Chrislam) scurry
through FRAME, stalking this curious monster in their
midst.

EXT. MOISTURE-RECOVERY UNIT - SETTLEMENT - DAY

CLOSE on the other Chrislams, faces charged with
anticipation while awaiting...

The first drop of water. It appears at the bottom of a
pipette.

Tongues fight for it. Another drop forms in its place.
Now another and another. It brings CHEERS.

INT. MAIN ROOM - SETTLEMENT - DAY

CLOSE on Paris' hands. Getting ready to celebrate, he
unwraps crystal goblets...dusts off the refectory
table...and rehangs an old Christmas garland. INTERCUT
WITH...

EXT. CORING ROOM - SETTLEMENT - DAY

Hands digging in dirt.

Covertly, Audrey and Pilgrim #3 watch Riddick digging
near the entrance of a tall windowless structure.

He excavates a pair of broken eyeglasses... a shattered
light...

and a child's tin robot, timeless. Riddick thumbs a solar
panel clean. The robot's language program warbles to life:

ROBOT

"...to all intruders. I am the guardian of this land. I will protect my masters at all cost. Death to all intruders..."

Riddick stands and tries the doors. Locked. He peers through a small filthy window. Is there something moving inside? Nothing now. Riddick removes some windblown trash from a doorside sign.

"Coring Room."

JOHNS (O.S.)

Missin' the party. C'mon.

It's Johns, keeping him on a short leash. Leaving, Riddick kicks a trash bin. Hard.

RIDDICK

Missin' the party. C'mon.

He leaves. HOLD on the trash bin a beat.

AUDREY (O.S.)

Talkin' to me?

INT. CORING ROOM - DAY

PILGRIM'S POV: Of Audrey exiting the trash bin and running after Riddick and Johns.

Pilgrim #3 is at the window of the coring room. He's found a way inside. By the window's feeble light, he starts exploring. Just visible at the center of this room is a vertical coring drill.

INT. MAIN ROOM - SETTLEMENT - DAY

IMAM

...and for this, our gift of drink, we give thanks in the name of our Prophet, Muhammad, peace be upon him, and to our Lord, Jesus Christ of Nazareth, and to his father, Allah the Compassionate and the Merciful.

PARIS

(to himself)

The strangest religion....

Pilgrims finish pouring cloudy water into goblets. Riddick gets the last of it -- the part with sediment. SELECTED CLOSEUPS as they drink. Nothing ever tasted finer.

PARIS (CONT'D)

Perhaps we should toast our hosts.
Who were these people, anyway?
Miners?

SHAZZA

Looks like geologists. Advance
team, moves around from rock to
rock.

JOHNS

Musta crapped out here, huh?

AUDREY

But why did they leave their ship?

Silence. It's a question no one has chosen to deal with yet.

Imam notices one water glass unspoken for.

EXT. CORING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE on the "Coring Room" sign. An attached solar panel begins moving, orienting toward sunlight. When it catches the full brunt of the sun's rays...

STORM SHUTTERS unlatch on the roof.

INT. CORING ROOM - DAY

Pilgrim #3 hears SHOOTING LATCHES overhead. That sound brings another sound: A strange SKITTERING. The pilgrim looks up. Is there something in the rafters?

INT. MAIN ROOM - SETTLEMENT - DAY

JOHNS

(answering Audrey)
Well, just a skiff. Disposable,
really.

PARIS

Like an emergency life-raft, right?

SHAZZA

Sure. Coulda had a real drop-ship
take them off-planet. Long gone.

PARIS

A toast to their ghosts, then....

Goblets rise.

RIDDICK

Didn't leave, these people. Whatever got Zeke got them. They're all dead.

It's like he just pissed in the punchbowl.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

What, you don't really think they left with their clothes on the lines? Photos on the walls?

SHAZZA

Maybe they had weight limits, you don't know.

RIDDICK

I know you don't uncrate your emergency ship unless there's a fucking emergency.

JOHNS

Rag it, Riddick. Nobody wants your theories on --

FRY

(to Riddick)

So what happened? Where are they, then?

Fry is the only one willing to look at reality -- or at least glance its way. At the window, Imam scans outside.

IMAM

Has anyone seen the young one? Ali?

RIDDICK

(to Fry and Imam)

Has anyone checked the coring room?

INT. CORING ROOM - DAY

Now the storm shutters start yawning open, spreading daylight over Pilgrim #3 and...

The ceiling rafters. They're encrusted with thick nests of... something. The SKITTERING grows louder, more agitated.

Sensing trouble, Pilgrim #3 hurries for a sliver of daylight in a wall -- the breach he entered through. He never gets there:

Sunlight hits the first nest. It EXPLODES WITH LIFE.

INT./EXT. MAIN ROOM - SETTLEMENT - DAY

As Imam hears the SCREAM.

IMAM

Ali....

INT. CORING ROOM - DAY

CHAOTIC SHOTS: More NESTS EXPLODE into individual creatures, winged hatchlings moving like bats in a fire, talons hacking and slashing. His exit blocked, Pilgrim #3 veers into...

A dark supply room. He slams the door, MUMBLES A BLESSING and waits for the storm to pass. He's been cut -- but at least he's still alive.

EXT. SETTLEMENT - DAY

As the survivors run for the coring room.

INT. MAIN ROOM - SETTLEMENT - DAY

As Riddick stays behind to drink their water.

INT. CORING ROOM - DAY

HINGES ARE BLASTED AWAY. The door caves in. Imam shoulders past Johns to enter and find...

The empty coring room.

IMAM

Ali?

A NOISE from the supply room. Is it Ali? Just too scared to come out? Imam opens the door...

And hatchlings pour out.

Moving with a gang-intelligence, they circle the room in a wave, soar high into the rafters -- then plunge into the coring shaft, SQUEALS VANISHING to infinity. Shocked silence, then...

Pilgrim #3 tumbles to the ground. He's been shredded into bloody kite-tails. There was a nest inside the supply room.

Imam falls on him in grief. Johns and Fry inch forward to peer down...

The coring shaft. It's littered with human bones. The skeletons of the settlers. Scattered about and picked clean.

EXT. SETTLEMENT - DAY

Against a blue sunrise, the Chrislams hold a prayer service.

Paris and Audrey attend. Riddick watches from afar.

INT. CORING ROOM - DAY

SHAZZA

Why was the door chained up? Why the bloody hell would they lock themselves in like that?

JOHNS

Not sure, but tell you what: Chrislams better not be diggin' another grave out there.

RIDDICK (O.S.)

Other buildings weren't secure...

They turn. Riddick enters.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

...so they ran here. Heaviest doors. Thought they'd be safe inside, but...

(looks down shaft)

Someone forget to lock the back door.

Shazza joins him at the shaft. Gazing on the human remains:

SHAZZA

So that's what come of me Zeke. An' you saw it. You was right there.

Riddick nods.

SHAZZA (CONT'D)

You were tryin' to kill him too.

RIDDICK
(shrugging, "not
necessarily")
Just wanted his 0-2.
(a beat)
Though I notice he tried to ghost
my ass. When he shot up that
stranger instead.

Shazza can't deny it. She looks at him differently now,
the man she once beat while in chains. She takes off her
breather.

SHAZZA
Take it.

RIDDICK
(suspicious)
What, it's broken?

SHAZZA
Startin' to acclimate, anyhow.
Take it.

Riddick accepts it awkwardly, sucks down some pure O2.
Johns watches the exchange closely, not much liking the
idea of Riddick being promoted to oxygen-breathing human.

JOHNS
(to Fry)
Let's board this up and get the
hell gone. They seem to stick to
the dark, so if we stick to
daylight, should be all --

FRY
60 years ago.

JOHNS
Wha'?

Coring samples line the room, laid out on counters. Fry's
been scrutinizing them.

FRY
Core-samples are dated. Last one
is 60 years ago. This month.

SHAZZA
Yeah? What's special about that?

FRY
Dunno. Maybe nothing, but....

But now Fry remembers...

INT. LIVING QUARTERS - SETTLEMENT - DAY

The orrery. The year-counter clicks over to "45" as...

Fry opens the drive box and starts turning the main gear, accelerating the orbits.

CLOSE on the counter. "56...57...58...59...60."

They all see it: A giant ringed world eclipses the suns and plunges their planet into darkness. Persistent darkness.

JOHNS

Are you fuckin' kidding me?

RIDDICK

Not afraid of the dark, are you?

EXT. SETTLEMENT - DAY

Crossing the yard in wide strides:

FRY

...need those cells from the crash ship. Shit, still gotta check out the hull, patch the wings --

JOHNS

Let's wait on the power cells.

FRY

Wait for what? Until it's so dark we can't even find our way back to --

JOHNS

We're not sure when it happens, so let's not --

FRY

Get the fucking cells over here, Johns. What's the discussion?

A beat.

JOHNS

Ever tell you how Riddick escaped?

INT. SKIFF - DAY

Alone inside the skiff, Johns and Fry continue with more privacy.

FRY

(jarred)

He can pilot?

JOHNS

Hijacked a prison transport, made a helluva good run 'fore I tracked him down.

FRY

(with faint hope)

Okay, maybe that's a good thing. Maybe I can use him to help with --

JOHNS

He also figured out how to kill the pilot, Fry.

A mental shiver.

FRY

You said we were going to trust him now. You said there was a deal.

JOHNS

That's what I said.

He challenges her to read his mind.

FRY

Oh, this is a dangerous game you're playing, Johns.

JOHNS

May've noticed chains don't work on this guy. Only way we're truly safe is if he believes he's goin' free. But if he stops believin' --

FRY

You mean, if he learns that you're gonna royally fuck him over.

JOHNS

-- we need a fail-safe. Bring the cells over at the last possible minute -- when the wings are ready, when we know we're ready to launch.

Fry looks at him with new eyes.

FRY

You know, he hasn't harmed any of us. Far as I can tell, he hasn't even lied to us. Just stick to the deal, Johns. Let him go if that's what it --

JOHNS

He's a murderer. The law says he's gotta do his bid.

Shaking her head, she looks off.

FRY

Dancin' on razor blades here...

JOHNS

I won't give him a chance to grab another ship -- or to slash another pilot's throat.

EXT. SKIFF - SETTLEMENT - DAY

Johns descends the gangway -- and finds Riddick erecting a field table in the shade of the skiff. He seems out of earshot. Now, anyway. As they trade looks, another flu-like shiver runs through Johns.

RIDDICK

Bad sign. Shakin' like that in this heat.

Johns moves on. The Chrislams appear, shouldering a roll of Vectran (wing-fabric material). They drop it on the table.

Ready to cut bindings, Imam pats his hip for the knife that was just there.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

(looking after
Johns)

I'll cut.

He has the knife.

EXT. SETTLEMENT - DAY

As Shazza and Audrey repair the sand-cat.

EXT. SKIFF - DAY

CLOSE on the knife slicing through the Vectran.

Riddick hands the trim to Pilgrim #1. CAMERA FOLLOWS as he scampers onto the skiff...balance-beams over wing-struts...and delivers the piece to Imam, who stitches the fabric like an old Berber rug-weaver. Pilgrim #1 pauses to check on...

The setting blue sun. Nothing unusual. Yet.

INT. SKIFF - DAY

The hatch closes, seals.

CLOSE on a monitor. A "HULL INTEGRITY TEST" is underway. Fry scans rising pressure gauges.

RIDDICK (O.S.)

Looks like we're a few shy....

Fry whirls. Riddick is aboard, staring at the depleted battery bay. And he has Imam's blade.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Power cells.

FRY

They're coming.

RIDDICK

Strange, not doin' a run-up on the main drive yet.

(half-beat)

Strange unless he told you the particulars of my escape.

FRY

I got the quick-and-ugly version.

RIDDICK

An' now you're worried about a repeat of history?

FRY

Entered our minds.

RIDDICK

I asked what you thought.

FRY

You scare me, Riddick. That's what you wanna hear, isn't it? There, I admit it, Can I get back to work now?

She finds the courage to turn her back on him. Riddick moves closer -- and takes a beat to scan the controls. The cabin pressure builds.

RIDDICK

Think Johns is an do-right man?
You think I can trust him to cut
me loose?

A beat. Does Riddick already know? Is he testing her?

FRY

Why, what'd you hear?

RIDDICK

Well, guess if it was trickeration
he'd just do me, huh? Then again...I
am worth twice as much alive.

(reading her face)

Didn't know? Johns ain't a cop.
Oh, he's got that shiny badge an'
all, but nah -- he's just a merc
and I'm just a payday. That's why
he won't kill me. The creed is
greed.

It knocks her off stride, but...

FRY

Save it, Riddick. We aren't gonna
turn on each other -- no matter
how hard you try.

Riddick moves right up behind her.

RIDDICK

I don't truly know what's gonna
happen when the lights go out,
Carolyn -- but I do know that once
the dyin' starts, this little psycho
family of ours is gonna rip itself
apart. So you better find out the
truth. Come nightfall, you better
know exactly who's standing behind
you.

A monitor chirps the news: "HULL INTEGRITY --100%."
EXHALING GASSES, the hatch opens automatically.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Oh, ask him 'bout those shakes.
And ask why your crew-pal had to
scream like that 'fore he died.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - SETTLEMENT - DAY

CLOSEUPS: Hands select a red-metal shotgun shell from a box... pull the shell open...remove a glass ampule hidden inside...drop the ampule into a injection syringe. The syringe touches an eager arm vein.

FRY (O.S.)

Who are you? Really?

Shirt off, Johns looks up. She's in the doorway.

FRY (CONT'D)

You're not a real cop, are you?
Just some mercenary who goes around
talkin' about the law like --

JOHNS

I never said I was.

FRY

Never said you were a hype, either.

She moves closer. Rummages through his stuff brazenly.
Finds a shitload of red shells with the hidden ampules.

JOHNS

You have a little caffeine in the
morning, I have a little morphine.
So what?

FRY

And here you got two mornings every
day. Wow, were you born lucky?

JOHNS

Not a problem unless you're gonna
make --

FRY

(lashing)

You made it a problem when you let
Owens die like that. When you had
enough drugs to knock out a fucking
mule-team.

JOHNS

Owens was already dead. His brain
just hadn't caught on to that fact.

FRY

Anything else we should know about
you, Johns?

(MORE)

FRY (CONT'D)

Christ, here I am lettin' you play
games with our lives when --

He catches her hands -- and moves them around his body, forcing her into an embrace. We understand why when we see a CLOSEUP of her hands: They find a jagged purple scar beside his spine.

JOHNS

My first run-in with Riddick. Went
for the sweet-spot and missed.
They had to leave a piece of the
shiv in there. I can feel it,
sometimes, pressing against the
cord.

(giving her hands
back)

So maybe the care and feeding of
my nerve-endings is my business.

FRY

You coulda helped. And you didn't.

O.S., we hear the Chrislams JABBERING ARABIC and calling
for "Captain, Captain...."

JOHNS

Yeah, well, look to thine own ass
first. Right, "captain"?

It cuts deep.

EXT. SETTLEMENT - DAY

Fry and Johns move outside. The others have gathered, all
eyes gang-locked on...

An arch in the sky. Luminous, ominous, it grows from the
horizon.

PARIS

What do my eyes see?

FRY

It's starting....

They watch hypnotically as the arch rises, inching toward
the two suns. Shazza shakes out of the trance first.

SHAZZA

(to Fry)

If we need anything from the crash ship -- I suggest we kick on. That sand-cat's solar.

EXT. SETTLEMENT - DAY

MULTIPLE SHOTS: Shazza cranking the sand-cat...hands snatching up lights, water, ropes...Chrislams piling aboard the sand-cat.

FRY

LET'S GET THOSE CELLS!

Sand-cat moving...Riddick jumping onto the rear bed....Paris and Audrey running, catching up.

SHAZZA

We stay together! C'mon!

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - SETTLEMENT - DAY

Johns doubles back, grabs his shotgun shells, swings out the door...

EXT. INCINERATOR - SETTLEMENT - DAY

...and catches up to the sand-cat. Riddick reels him aboard.

RIDDICK

Don't wanna miss this.

AUDREY

Lookit. Lookit!

They turn back to see the rim of a giant planet. It's cresting over the horizon. The luminous arch is the planet's rings.

EXT. RIBCAGE - THE GAUNTLET - DAY

The sand-cat storms through the canyon. As it passes through the massive ribcage...

The ROLL CAGE SMASHES OUT some low-bridge bones.

EXT. CRASH SHIP - DAY

The sand-cat reaches the crash ship. Bodies leap off. Paris steals a look at...

The rising planet. It threatens to blot out suns, sky, universe.

INT. BATTERY BAY - CRASH SHIP - DAY

Johns yanks the first power cell and starts dragging it over the deck. Riddick yanks a second cell and, carrying it on his shoulder, passes Johns with a suck-my-ass grin. Johns shoulders his cell and stumbles after.

EXT. CRASH SHIP - DAY

Shazza wheels the sand-cat around, getting clearance between it and the ship.

The Chrislams lash a scrap-metal sled to the sand-cat.

Riddick drops the first cell onto the sled, Johns the second.

They're racing the eclipse and each other.

EXT. SKY - DAY TO DUSK

As the rings of the planet eclipse the yellow sun.

EXT. CRASH SHIP - DUSK

It's like God just closed a blind: Daylight dims. The change in light brings a GROWING HIGH-PITCHED SOUND.

FRY

Don't stop, don't stop....

But Paris can't help himself. He squints to see...

EXT. SPIRED HILLS - DUSK

The spires. THE SOUND seems to come from there.

EXT. SKY - DUSK

As the rings eclipse the red sun.

EXT. CRASH SHIP - DEEP DUSK

A second darkness sweeps over the survivors. Now they all stop, beholding...

EXT. SPIRED HILLS - DEEP DUSK

Something pouring from the spire-tops. Backlit by coronal light, it first seems to be smoke or ash -- but soon we

realize these are living things, HATCHLINGS SQUEALING IN DELIGHT over their first nightfall.

EXT. CRASH SHIP - DEEP DUSK

JOHNS

Jesus, how many can there....

They keep coming, filling the sky with thick waves. Mercifully, the hatchlings seem to be moving away. But now one wave cleaves from another -- and does a quick about-face.

PARIS

Just a suggestion, but perhaps we should flee.

FRY

Cargo hold, everyone in the cargo hold. lesgo, lesgo, lesgo.

They run. Reach the cargo hold. Turn back to see...

Riddick and Shazza still coming. Hearing the SQUEALING WAVE descending on them...

Riddick and Shazza hit to the dirt. Hatchlings torrent just inches overhead.

CLOSE on Shazza. Horrified. Hard to breathe. Like being underwater.

CLOSE on Riddick. He watches in awe, no more frightened that a kid lying on his back looking up at the stars. Experimenting, he eases a bone-shiv into the hatchlings. Instantly it's whittled down to nothing. It's like a river of razor blades.

The hatchling keep coming. Shazza whips a panicky look at the cargo hold. Can she make it? Should she even try?

AUDREY

Tell her to stay there. Stay down.
SHAZZA, JUST STAY DOWN!

Shazza starts worming toward the cargo hold. Suddenly the hatchings vanish. A beat. Is it safe? Shazza gets to her feet...

FRY

No, no, NO, NO, NO....

...and the wave is back, enveloping Shazza.

INT./EXT. CARGO HOLD - DEEP DUSK

Standing in the mouth of the cargo container, the others get a last glimpse of Shazza as she flies by the doors, caught up in the funnel-cloud of hatchlings. Then she's simply gone.

EXT. CRASH SHIP - DEEP DUSK

Still on the ground, Riddick checks left and right like someone about to cross a busy street. Now he gets up, smacks his hands clean, strolls for the hold. Behind him...

A rising GANG-CLICKING.

CLOSE on Fry. She knows the sound better than anyone.

EXT. SPIRED HILLS - DEEP DUSK

The spires are crumbling, torn down from within.

EXT. CRASH SHIP - DEEP DUSK

Reaching the cargo hold, Riddick turns around for one last look.

PUSH IN as he sheds goggles -- and looks at the world with his jaguar eyes.

RIDDICK'S POV: In degraded image, we see the predators -- adult hatchlings -- emerge from the spires. They're large, mammalian, hammer-headed. They CLICK with echo-location, sounding out the world they haven't inhabited in 60 years.

FRY

What is it? What's happening?

RIDDICK'S POV: The predators launch from the hills, gliding, SOUNDING, searching.

RIDDICK

Like I said. Ain't me you gotta worry about.

EXT. SKY - DEEP DUSK TO NIGHT

The rim of the planet overtakes both suns. The world goes dark.

INT. CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Vault-like DOORS BOOM CLOSED.

The survivors are locked inside the only secure part of the ship.

Somehow they've been reduced to neanderthals huddling in their cave, listening to the howls of the sabertooths.

AUDREY

What if...what if she's still out there... still alive....

JOHNS

Well, I don't want to jump to conclusions here...but 'member that boneyard? These just might be the fuckers that killed every other living thing on this planet, okay? Chances of Shazza knockin' on that door anytime soon are just about zero squared.

FRY

(agreeing)

I saw the cut-marks on the bones. Wasn't a natural die-off.

IMAM

Quiet, please. Everyone.

Imam is listening at the cargo door. The others pile up alongside, ears tuned like radar. CLICKING SWEEPS PAST outside.

AUDREY

(whispering)

Why do they do that? Make that sound?

IMAM

Perhaps the way they see. With sound, reflecting back.

FRY

(realizing)

Echo-location. That's what it is....

Now MORE CLICKING -- behind them. Lights whip around to find...

Nothing. Only the door of an open container about halfway down the tunnel-like hold.

A volley of looks. "How the fuck could one get in here?"

FRY (CONT'D)

Breach in the hull. I dunno.

More CLICKING. Johns realizes they expect him to check it out.

JOHNS

I'd rather piss glass.

RIDDICK

Well, you got the big gauge.

JOHNS

Wanna rag your fat mouth?

AUDREY

Maybe it's just their beads again.
Imam, are you still --

IMAM

No, no, no, I do not believe --

JOHNS

C'mon, man, you're drivin' everybody
bugfuck with those things. Why
don't you just lose the goddamn....

More CLICKING -- along with the sound of TOPPLING CARGO.

RIDDICK

Big beads.

Butching up, Johns sucks on his breather and shimmies toward...

The open container. Leading with his shotgun, he FIRES blindly around the door. Something SQUEALS -- then silence. Johns eases his head and a light around the door to spot...

Hatchlings on the ground, blasted into dog food.

JOHNS

(to others)

Okay. We're okay. Just some small
ones that musta --

Something WHOOSHES for his head, swinging like a scythe. It catches his shotgun, DISCHARGING IT, giving us...

A flash-image of an adult predator. Up close.

In one thin second, Johns is back with the others.

JOHNS (CONT'D)

Very big beads.

PARIS

Not staying in here another....

He goes for the main-door lever, ready to flee into the night.

Fry lunges for him.

FRY

Christ, you don't know what's out there!

PARIS

I know what's in here!

IMAM

Everybody come, this way and we should be safe. Hurry, please....

INT. FIRST CONTAINER - CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Imam shepherds them into a container. The door slams closed.

At first, only the sound of MOUTHS SUCKING BREATHERS. Then a SCRATCHING.

Johns fumbles with a cutting torch. Gets it burning. Adjusts the gasses to illuminate...

The door. Scythe-like blades are probing joints. Suddenly HEAVY BLOWS drive everyone back.

RIDDICK

(to Johns)

Can you do sumpin' else with that?
'Sides holding it in my fucking face?

Taking the hint, Johns starts cutting the common wall between containers. It's a race between the sparks of his cutter and the blades of the predators.

INT. SECOND CONTAINER - CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

An burn-outline appears in the common wall. Johns kicks out the escape hatch. Audrey speed-crawls through first as...

INT. FIRST CONTAINER - CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Predators shred into the container right behind them, CLICKING, sweeping, hunting.

INT. THIRD/FOURTH CONTAINERS - CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS: Again and again, they burn a new escape hatch just as the predators break into the container being vacated, always entering darkness.

INT. FIFTH CONTAINER - CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Inside their fifth container now, Johns torches away. Fry and Paris use cargo to block the entrance hole -- then block the cargo with their bodies.

Riddick adds his weight -- until he notices pepper-shot in the cargo. Suspecting the worst, he leaves the others behind...

PARIS

Hello, hello?

...and moves to the front of the container where darkness prevails. Something SQUISHES underfoot. He slips off goggles.

RIDDICK'S POV: Of dead hatchlings on the floor. This is the open container, the one where Johns found predators.

Sensing energy, Riddick lifts his face.

RIDDICK'S POV: Of an adolescent predator. It squats atop cargo, eating a hatchling. A heavy bone-blade crowns its skull.

Sensing Riddick, it sweeps the area with INQUISITIVE CLICKS.

PREDATOR POV: Of Riddick.

(NOTE: The PREDATOR POV is a crude image that gives impression without detail. We're "seeing" what the predator hears with echo-location. Think of a sonagram that strobes and wraps its subject in 3-D space.)

Oblivious, the others kick out the new escape hatch. Audrey, Fry, and Johns worm through. Imam and Pilgrim #2 hang back.

"Where's Riddick?"

He's in a stare-down with a predator.

Searching, Pilgrim #2 rounds a corner -- and finds his head caught in a vice-like grip.

RIDDICK

Don't. Move.

RIDDICK'S POV: As a second predator appears above them. This one reaches down with its scythe blade...

And gently probes the two men. It wants know what they're made of.

CLOSE on the pilgrim's shoes. Over-running with piss.

More blades descend, moving over them like surgical instruments.

One test-slices Riddick's shirt.

INT. SIXTH CONTAINER - CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

In the next container, Fry waits anxiously. Hissing through the escape hatch:

FRY

Imam? Where are they?

INT. FIFTH CONTAINER - CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

CLOSE on a predator's scythe blade. It test-slices the pilgrim's skin. Blood wells up. All CLICKING CEASES.

IMAM (O.S.)

Hasan?

FRY (O.S.)

Riddick?

TIGHT on the pilgrim -- more scared now that the clicking has stopped. Losing his nerve, he bolts.

RIDDICK

No....

The predators are on him, just blurs in the dark. DEATH-SCREAM.

RIDDICK'S POV: A third predator appears above him.

Making his move, Riddick darts around cargo and heads for the escape hatch as...

Fry's light catches him square in the face. Blinded, Riddick HOWLS and stumbles forward. Fry's light leaps deeper to hit...

The predator right behind him. With a similar reaction, the beast HOWLS and flails back.

HOLD on Fry for a time-stopped moment. What stopped it? Was it really her? Suddenly a SHOTGUN EXPLODES beside her head. Jacked up, Johns is BLASTING shadows.

FRY

Stop it, stop it, STOP IT!

JOHNS

'Sokay, 'sokay. I killed it.

They give him a look. "Sure you did." Suddenly a CARCASS SLAMS to the floor, sending everyone jumping back in a perfect splash-pattern. "Christ, he did kill one."

Fry reclaims her dropped light and beams it on the carcass.

Wherever the light strikes it, the flesh chars and steams.

FRY

There....

PARIS

Like the light is scalding it.

FRY

It hurts them. Light actually hurts them....

VULTURE SOUNDS from the two O.S. adolescents, fighting over the scraps of the pilgrim.

IMAM

Is that...Hasan?

Riddick nods.

JOHNS

We'll burn a candle for him later.
C'mon.

INT. SIXTH CONTAINER - CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Cargo has been shoved against the door and walls. The survivors gather around Fry's handlight. Audrey -- tough little Audrey -- has been reduced to a shivering lump of mush.

FRY

...one cutting torch...one handlight
here, two more in the cabin...I
think two more....

PARIS

Spirits. Anything over 45 proof
burns well.

FRY

How many bottles?

PARIS

Not sure. Ten?

FRY

Those umbrellas, the ones that
mist. Would they burn?
(reading his face)
If you got a receipt?

PARIS

Possibly.

FRY

Awright. So maybe we'll have enough
light.

JOHNS

Enough for what?

Now she challenges him to be the mind-reader.

JOHNS (CONT'D)

Oh, lady. If you're in your right
mind, I pray you go insane.

FRY

(to others)

We can stick to the plan. If we
get four cells back to the skiff,
we're off this rock.

PARIS

I hate to kill a beautiful theory
with an ugly fact, but that sand-
cat won't run at night.

FRY

We'll have to carry the cells...drag
them...whatever it takes.

Troubled faces. Is it just our imagination? Or is the
light on the floor growing dimmer?

AUDREY

You mean...tonight? With all those things still out there?

PARIS

Oh, sure. Why not? Sounds like a hoot.

JOHNS

Back it up. How long can this last? Few minutes? Couple hours?

No one knows for sure.

IMAM

I had the impression...from the model... that the two planets were moving as one. That there would be...a lasting darkness.

JOHNS

Those suns gotta come back sometime. And if these animals really are phobic about light, we just sit tight till then.

FRY

I'm sure that's what someone else said. Locked inside that coring room.

A persuasive thought. Eyes swing back to Audrey.

JOHNS

Look, we gotta think about everyone now -- the kid especially. How scared is she gonna be out there?

FRY

Oh, don't use her like that, for a smoke screen.

JOHNS

Smoke screen for what?

FRY

For your own fear.

JOHNS

(eyes narrowing)

Hey. Why don't you rag your hole for two seconds and let someone else come up with a plan that doesn't involve MASS SUICIDE?

Two seconds pass.

FRY

How much you weigh, Johns?

JOHNS

What the hell's it matter?

FRY

How much?

JOHNS

79 kilos.

FRY

Because you're 79 kilos of gutless white meat, and that's why you can't come up with a better plan.

He makes a move for her. Riddick blocks. Johns' shotgun bumps the underside of Riddick's chin.

RIDDICK

Think about that reward, Johns.

JOHNS

I'm willing to take a cut in pay.

RIDDICK

How 'bout a cut in your gut?

Johns looks down. CAMERA DROPS to reveal the shiv Riddick holds, poised for evisceration.

JOHNS

Oh, Trash Baby, you're gonna regret this.

IMAM

Please...this solves nothing...please....

Johns backs off first. The light grows dimmer.

FRY

(to Audrey)

They're afraid of our light. That means we don't have to be so afraid of them.

IMAM

And you're certain you can find the way back? Even in the dark?

FRY

No, I'm not. But he can.

She's pointing, of course, to Riddick.

EXT. PLANET - NIGHT

The eclipsing planet dominates half the sky. In whatever coronal light remains, we see clouds forming.

EXT. CRASH SHIP - NIGHT

Cargo doors crack open. Mixed for maximum flame, the cutter is pushed outside and swept around. Fry appears behind it.

Moving like hostages, the survivors cross open ground, trying not to heed the PRIMAL SOUNDS beyond their light. Soon they reach...

The main cabin. Blackness inside.

FRY

Riddick.

He lifts his goggles.

RIDDICK'S POV: Checking the cabin. Finding a lot of wreckage but no life.

RIDDICK

Looks clear.

Johns shoulders ahead and crawls in first. Just as he stands up inside...

A PREDATOR BUZZSAWS over his head, fleeing the cabin, taking off into the night.

JOHNS

Fuck me. You said "clear."

RIDDICK

Said "looks clear."

JOHNS

Well, what's it look like now?

RIDDICK

(rechecking)

Looks clear.

FRY

Just get the goddamn lights on....

They scramble aboard. Riddick TONGUE-CLICKS behind Johns.

He isn't amused.

INT. MAIN CABIN - CRASH SHIP - NIGHT

PREP MONTAGE: We see the survivors powering up cabin lights... yanking three more cells from the battery bay... threading nylon cord through Paris' misting umbrellas, filling the reservoirs with high-octane liquor...swapping out O2 canisters.

INT. MAIN CABIN - CRASH SHIP - NIGHT

Reloading his shotgun, Johns finds himself shaking again. He unpockets a shell -- a red morphine shell -- and gives it a lover's look. Behind him...

FRY

Ready, Johns.

He palms the shell.

JOHNS

He'll lead you over the first cliff.
You know that, don't you?

FRY

We're just burnin' light here.

JOHNS

You give him the cells and the ship -- and he will leave you. He will leave you all out there to die.

FRY

I don't get it, Johns. What is so goddamn valuable in your life that you're worried about losing? Huh? Is there anything at all? Besides your next hype?

(no response)

Got no right to be so scared.
Neither one of us.

INT. BATTERY BAY - CRASH SHIP - NIGHT

As hands yank the last power cell.

INT. MAIN CABIN - CRASH SHIP - NIGHT

Cabin lights die. Still brooding, Johns finishes loading his shotgun in the dark.

EXT. CRASH SHIP - NIGHT

CLOSE on a burning wick. Alcohol mist shoots across the flame to create...

A FIREBALL. Two umbrella torches, fabric already burned away, BELCH FIREBALLS into the night. By this light and more, we see...

Imam chained into the first harness of the drag-sled. Beside him, Johns fumbles with a second harness. Hands help him into the chains. The hands belong to...

Riddick. Both men recognize the irony of the prisoner helping his captor into chains.

FRY

(to all)

Keep the light going. That's all we have to do to live through this. Just keep your light burning.

Riddick loops a handlight over his neck, places it to shine light down his back. A beacon.

RIDDICK

(to Fry)

Be runnin' about 10 paces ahead. I want light on my back -- but not in my eyes. And check your cuts. These things know our blood now.

CLOSE on Audrey. Overhearing, she goes stone-faced.

FRY

Riddick...was thinkin' we should make some kind of deal. Just in case, you know, this actually --

RIDDICK

(shaking head)

Had it with deals.

FRY

But I just wanted to say --

RIDDICK

Nobody's gonna turn a murderer loose. I fuckin' knew better.

It worries Fry. "If he doesn't expect to go free...."

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Been a long time since anyone's
trusted me. That's somethin' right
there.

FRY

We can, can't we? Trust you?

RIDDICK

Actually...
(completely genuine)
That's what I been askin' myself.

He walks away. HOLD on Fry -- wondering if she hasn't
made a terrible, terrible mistake.

EXT. NIGHT

The drag-sled begins moving.

SERIES OF TRACKING SHOTS: Riddick running point, goggles
off, eyes flashing. Johns and Imam pulling the drag-sled
like malamutes, handlights sweeping. Pilgrims #1 at the
first side-guard position, Fry and Audrey at the second,
each position carrying an umbrella torch, FIREBALLS
BLAZING. Paris stumbling along at rear-point, sweeping
the cutter back and forth, every shadow a threat. They
are a train of light.

CLOSE on the sled. Holding four power cells and eight
bottles of booze.

CLOSE on Fry. Looking down. Noting sand-cat tracks
underfoot.

EXT. NIGHT

Below us run the survivors. CRANE UP AND AWAY so that
their lights become insignificant...so that we include,
in FOREGROUND, the silhouettes of gliding predators.
They're following from above, awaiting their chance.

EXT. NIGHT

FRY'S POV: Of the ground. The sand-cat tracks have
vanished.

JOHNS

So you noticed too?

FRY

Riddick. Riddick.

The procession grinds to a halt. Everyone sucks hard on breathers as they muster inside the light.

FRY (CONT'D)

Where are the sand-cat tracks? Why aren't we still following them?

RIDDICK

Saw something I didn't like.

JOHNS

Such as.

RIDDICK

Hard to tell, sometimes... even for me... but looked like a bunch of those big boys chewin' each other's gonads off. Thought we'd swing wide. Okay by you?

Paris looks over his shoulder. "We went around what?"
Nearby CLICKING breaks up the confrontation.

FRY

Let's move.

(to Audrey)

Just a detour. He'll get us there.

PARIS

Can we switch?

FRY

What, switch what?

PARIS

I think I twisted my ankle running backwards like that. And I'm not sure I can....

(off their stares)

Okay, that's a lie. I just don't want to be alone back there anymore. If you could just give me a few minutes up front here --

JOHNS

She's the pilot, she should stay close to the cells.

PARIS

Oh, so I'm disposable?

FRY

I'll switch, I'll switch! Christ, just get this train moving!

EXT. NIGHT

They trundle on, Fry the new tail-gunner.

At side guard, Paris relaxes a bit -- even though the CLICKING never seems far from earshot. A weak FIREBALL SPEWS from his torch. He checks the reservoir. Almost empty.

PARIS

Light, please, need light here....

Still moving, Johns and Imam train lights on Paris while he refuels. For a brief moment, Audrey strays from the light.

PREDATOR'S POV: Dive-bombing the girl.

A HIGH-VELOCITY CLICKING: It's like an incoming missile. Imam lunges at the last nanosecond...

And flattens Audrey to the ground. Scythe blades swing...

CHINKING the harness-chains on Imam's back.

Johns whirls, BLASTS. Light-beams leap around. But the predator is long gone.

IMAM

(trembling)

Please...have we been cut? Can someone tell me if....

He finds his dropped light, thumbs the switch again and again.

Broken.

In the confusion, Paris has been left in the dark. Something slashes him from behind. It's like the night has claws.

PARIS

Oh, sweet Jesus....

The bottle drops.

The blood flows.

The CLICKING STOPS.

PARIS (CONT'D)

Oh, sweet Jesus, WILL YOU GET ME SOME LIGHT OVER HERE!

Faces whip around. But before their lights can rescue him...

Paris is gone, snatched away by a swooping blur.

Light-beams jump fitfully, vainly.

RIDDICK'S POV: Of predators feasting on Paris. Carrying a youngling on its back, a female predator arrives late and can't find a place at the trough. With shocking apathy, it whips the youngling off its back and begins devouring it. Other predators

start in-fighting, killing themselves for food. POV PANS to a pair of predators, closer, SOUNDING out new prey. POV PANS AGAIN to include the object of their desire. Audrey.

CLOSE on Riddick. Trying to figure it out.

CLOSE on Audrey. Listening to the HORRIFIC FEEDING SOUNDS.

Oblivious to all the attention she's getting.

FRY

What do you see? Riddick?

RIDDICK

Hunger. I see 60 years of hunger.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

As clouds mass.

EXT. NIGHT

Into a rising wind, the survivors range on.

Audrey now carries Paris' torch, refueled and COUGHING FIREBALLS at regular intervals. Fry seems to be handling rear-point fairly well, until...

The cutter sputters and dies. She ditches it and takes the torch from Audrey.

FRY

Bottle-count.

AUDREY

Four fulls, one half. That mean we're halfway there? I hope?

Good question. They've just been blindly following...

The light on Riddick's back.

FRY

Can we pick up the pace?

Working like a mule, Johns growls to himself. "If you think you can do better...." Abruptly he slaps an arm across Imam's chest, spotting...

A sled-track. In front of them.

Fry hears a SHOTGUN RATCHET. She spins to see...

Johns out of his chains. Moving forward. Jamming the shotgun into the back of Riddick's neck.

JOHNS

We aren't completely stupid.

FRY

Stay in the light! Everybody! Stay in the fucking --

IMAM

We crossed our own tracks.

JOHNS

He's running us 'round in circles. Look for yourself. Look!

FRY

Riddick? What the hell are you --

RIDDICK

Listen.

Imagine a hundred Geiger-counters next to a truckload of plutonium. That's the SOUND that rides the wind now.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Canyon ahead. I circled once to buy some time to think.

FRY

Think about what?

JOHNS

About how to kill us and still get these cells to the skiff. Goddamnit, we're just doin' the heavy lifting for this prick!

RIDDICK
(answering Fry)
About the girl.

FRY
What about her?

RIDDICK
What it's gonna be like when we
hit that canyon. With her bleeding.

JOHNS
What're you jaw-jackin' about?
Girl's not cut.

RIDDICK
(agreeing)
No. She's not.

It hits Fry like a two-by-four. She looks at Audrey.

AUDREY
(confessing)
I didn't want you to leave me
there... back at the ship...that's
why I didn't say anything....

FRY
No, we'd never....Oh, God, honey,
you shoulda told me sooner.

JOHNS
(finally getting
it)
Aw, this can't be happening to
me....

RIDDICK
They been nose-open for her ever
since we left. They go off blood.

IMAM
Well...we must keep her close,
then. Here, she'll be safe if we
put her between --

RIDDICK
(scanning)
There is no "safe."

An epic beat. The wind gusts...the FLAMES CHATTER...their
ears fill with CANYON SOUNDS.

FRY

It's not gonna work. We gotta go back.

Johns brays.

JOHNS

Hey, you're the one who got me out here, turned me into a goddamn sled dog. An' now you 'spect me to go back like a whipped dog?

FRY

I was wrong. I admit it. My bad, okay? Now let's just go back to the ship.

JOHNS

I dunno. Nice breeze, wide open spaces -- you know, I'm startin' to enjoy myself out here.

FRY

Are you fucking high again? Just listen to --

JOHNS

No, no, you're right, Fry. What's to be afraid of? My life is a steamin' pile of meaningless toadshit anyhow. So I say mush on! Canyon's only couple hundred meters, after that we're in Skiff City! So why don't you just butch up, stuff a cork in that kid, and get --

IMAM

She's the captain, we should listen to --

JOHNS

Listen to her? Her? When she was willing to sacrifice us all?

A beat. Eyes turn to Fry. She wants to protest -- but can't.

AUDREY

What's he talkin' about?

JOHNS

During the crash, she --

FRY

(a warning growl)

This does not help us, Johns.

JOHNS

-- she tried to blow the whole
fucking passenger cabin, tried to
kill us --

FRY

Just shut up, okay?

JOHNS

-- tried to kill us in our sleep.
Paris had it right -- we are
disposable. We're just walking
ghosts to her.

FRY

Would you RAG YOUR STUPID HOLE!

She rushes him, ready to rip his eyes out. He shunts her
aside.

JOHNS

We're not alive because of her --
we're alive in spite of her.

He swung below the belt -- and connected. Fry's chin
quakes, her knees fail. The undertow of events finally
pulls her down.

FRY

We cannot go through there....

JOHNS

(lording)

How much you weigh right now, Fry?
Huh?

IMAM

(pushing him back)

Fine, fine, you've made your point.
We can all be so scared as you.

Johns snatches a light away from Imam.

JOHNS

(to all)

Verdict's in. The light moves
forward.

EXT. BONEYARD - NIGHT

They trudge on, slower now, building reserves for the canyon-run.

At rear-point, Fry follows like a broken rudder. Pilgrim #1 now draws the sled with Imam. And up ahead...

EXT. BONEYARD - NIGHT

Johns falls in step with Riddick.

JOHNS

Ain't all of us gonna make it.

RIDDICK

Just realized that, huh?

CLICKING nearby. Johns BLASTS the night, driving the sound away -- and reminding everyone of who carries the Big Gauge.

JOHNS

Six of us left. If we could get through that canyon and lose just one, that'd be quite a fucking feat, huh? A good thing, right?

RIDDICK

Not if I'm the one.

JOHNS

What if you're one of five?

Riddick stares. "I'm listening."

EXT. BONEYARD - NIGHT

AUDREY

What're they doin' up there?

IMAM

Talking about the canyon, I suppose.
How to get us through.

Overhearing, Fry looks. It's odd to see Johns and Riddick walking side by side, like equals. Like partners.

EXT. BONEYARD - NIGHT

JOHNS

Look, it's hellified stuff -- but
no different than those battlefield
(MORE)

JOHNS (CONT'D)

doctors when they have to decide
who lives and who dies. It's called
"triage," okay?

RIDDICK

Kept calling it "murder" when I
did it.

JOHNS

Either way, figure it's something
you can grab onto.

RIDDICK

(doping it out)

Sacrifice play. Hack up one body,
leave it at start of the canyon.
Like a bucket of chum.

JOHNS

Trawl with it. There's a cable on
the sled. We can drag the body
behind us.

RIDDICK

Nice embellishment.

JOHNS

Don't wanna feed these land-sharks --
just keep 'em off our scent.

RIDDICK

(looking back)

So which one caught your eye?

JOHNS

Don' look, don' look, don' look....

EXT. BONEYARD - NIGHT

Fry spots Riddick's look -- and Johns' non-look.

FRY

Imam. Slow down.

IMAM

What?

FRY

Don't stop, just slow down. Little
more space 'tween us and them.

IMAM

I would rather we all stay --

FRY

Do what I say. Please.

EXT. BONEYARD - NIGHT

RIDDICK

What's her name, anyway?

JOHNS

What do you care?

Riddick shrugs. "I don't."

JOHNS (CONT'D)

Then let's not name the Thanksgiving turkey, okay? I assume you still got a shiv.

RIDDICK

What, you 'spect me to do it?

JOHNS

What's one more to you? Like this is the one that sends you to Hell?

RIDDICK

Oh, you're a piece of art, Johns. They oughtta hang you in a museum somewhere. Or forget the museum -- maybe they should just hang you.

EXT. BONEYARD - NIGHT

As Fry and the others keep slowing.

EXT. BONEYARD - NIGHT

JOHNS

Awright. You do the girl, I'll keep the others off your back.

Riddick stops. Reconsiders.

JOHNS (CONT'D)

Aw, don't tell me you're growin' scruples.

RIDDICK

(shakes head)

Just wonderin' if we don't need a bigger piece of chum.

JOHNS

Like who, Mr. Chrislam?

EXTREMELY TIGHT on both men: In their eyes, we see the new partnership splintering apart: "Like Mr. Johns."

Riddick makes a play for the shotgun. It BLASTS skyward.

EXT. BONEYARD - NIGHT

AS THE FIGHT ERUPTS:

FRY

Bring the light!

AUDREY

What're they doing? What're we --

FRY

Leave the sled, let's go, go, go!

EXT. BONEYARD - NIGHT

FIGHT SCENE: Johns' light hits the ground, creating an arena of illumination. FAST CLICKING nearby. Still struggling, Riddick and Johns somehow manage to gang-aim the shotgun and BLAST THE CLICKING AWAY.

The shotgun goes free. Johns lunges for it, but Riddick kicks it into the night. And then pulls his shiv.

RIDDICK

Gotta stay in the light, Johns.
That's the only rule.

Johns circles inside the light. Fucking with him, Riddick starts poking and jabbing, backing him up against the wail of dark.

Johns stumbles over something. A bone. A club.

Riddick finds his own bone-club, and now they go at it like two cavemen. Riddick beats on Johns' club-hand, breaking fingers, forcing him to drop the bone. Just trying to get away now, Johns makes a desperate lunge for the light, but...

Riddick shivs open his back.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Remember that moment?

Gushing blood, Johns starts crawling pathetically with the light.

Riddick dogs him.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Shoulda never took the chains off,
Johns. You were one brave fuck,
before. Now look at you. Oh, yeah,
you were Billy Bad-ass with your
gauge...with your chains....

Johns finds the shotgun. "And I'm still Billy Bad-ass."
He sweeps it around with the light, ready to kill...

Blackness. Where'd Riddick go?

CLICKING behind Johns. He whirls to see...

Something big coming for him. Johns BLASTS IT back into
the night, dropping the light as he does. Eyes in the
back of his head, he whirls again and takes aim on...

Another bull-rushing predator.

Johns triggers a bad round. Crazyed, he ratchets and levels
the shotgun for another try. He's too late.

BIG CLOSEUP as the ejected shell rolls to a stop. It's
red.

Johns loaded a morphine shell in the dark.

RIDDICK'S POV: With Johns skewered by the armpits, the
predator lifts him off the ground and "stares" with a
deceptively gentle CLICKING-COOING SOUND.

PREDATOR'S POV: Of Johns' final expression.

RIDDICK'S POV: The predator rears back its head -- then
slams forward, hitting Johns with the full force of its
skull-blade, splitting him in two.

EXT. NIGHT

Fry, Imam, Audrey, Pilgrim #1. They're running, stumbling,
trying to backtrack the sled marks. Checking for pursuit,
Fry looks over her shoulder...

And crashes into Riddick. He was just standing in the
dark, waiting for them.

RIDDICK

Back to the ship, huh?

FRY

Get out of our way.

RIDDICK

So everybody huddles together till the lights burn out? Until you can't see what's eating you? That the big plan?

IMAM

Where's Mr. Johns?

RIDDICK

Which half?

IMAM

You mean....

Conflicted, they all look back. Audrey starts to puddle up.

AUDREY

Gonna lose everybody out here....

RIDDICK

He died fast. And if we got any choice, that's the way we should all go out.

(to Audrey, softly)

Don't you cry for Johns. Don't you dare.

EXT. CANYON RIM - THE GAUNTLET - NIGHT

BLACK SCREEN. We hear the canyon in full cry now --
CLICKING...

BATTLING BONE-BLADES...MATING CRIES...the RENDING OF FLESH and SNAPPING OF TENDON. Far below, twin flames appear as the survivors reach the gauntlet. Predators perch in FOREGROUND, just hulking silhouettes "watching" from a canyon rim.

EXT. START OF GAUNTLET - NIGHT

They are but five: Fry, Riddick, Audrey, Imam, and Pilgrim #1.

CLOSE on each face as they listen to the CANYON. There must be countless predators ahead.

FRY

How many you see?

RIDDICK

One or two.

FRY

Audrey?

AUDREY

Three full bottles. But almost
time to refill.

FRY

Doesn't seem like enough to turn
back on, does it?

RIDDICK

Only see one way. Turn the sled
over and drag it like that, girl
down low. Light up everything we
got -- and run through like dogs
on fire.

A beat.

IMAM

(understanding)

The sled as a shield....

FRY

And what about the cells?

RIDDICK

I'll take those.

She looks at him hard.

FRY

We're just here to carry your light,
aren't we? Just the torch-bearers.

RIDDICK

Let's drop back an' boot up.

EXT. BONEYARD - NIGHT

START on the power cells. They're been lashed together
into one queue.

Working amid the giant bones, Riddick crafts a new harness
from the old straps. Close behind him, Imam is MUTTERING
IN ARABIC.

RIDDICK

What're you doin'?

IMAM

Blessing you like the others.

(MORE)

IMAM (CONT'D)

(off his look)

It's painless.

RIDDICK

And pointless.

IMAM

(a beat)

I see. Well, even if you don't believe in God, it doesn't mean He won't be --

RIDDICK

You don't see.

Riddick shrugs into the harness, snugs it down.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

'Cuz you don't spend half your life in lock-down with a horse-bit in your mouth and not believe. And you surely don't start out in a liquor store trash bin with an umbilical cord wrapped around your neck and not believe. Oh, absolutely I believe in God. And I absolutely hate the fucker.

IMAM

He will be with us. Nonetheless.

RIDDICK

Give my blessing to the girl. She needs a spare.

EXT. START OF GAUNTLET - NIGHT

The torches. Maxed out. Burning non-stop.

Fry and Imam. Sled chains on. Lapping up O2. Each holding a torch.

Pilgrim #1. Clutching a handlight.

Audrey. Rolling under her sled-shield, becoming the turtle in a metal carapace.

Riddick. Goggles on. He has no desire to see what horrors will surround them. There's just one path, anyway: Straight through.

RIDDICK

As fast as you can.

FRY

You sure you can keep --

RIDDICK

As fast as you can.

EXT. THE GAUNTLET - NIGHT

SLEW OF SHOTS: Fry and Imam on the move, dragging the shield fast. Audrey speed-crawling beneath. Pilgrim #1 tripping along behind the shield. And Riddick behind them all, face already tortured, pulling 200 pounds of stubborn-mule cargo -- yet somehow keeping pace. The torch flames, stretched by the wind, flank them in fire.

EXT. CANYON RIM - THE GAUNTLET - NIGHT

As predators launch from the rim.

EXT. THE GAUNTLET - NIGHT

First come the hatchlings, streaming right into their faces -- then veering away at the last second, repulsed by light. Next come FERAL SOUNDS overhead.

RIDDICK

Don't look.

Thin blue liquid spatters them.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Do not look up.

More spattering. Fry looks up -- and stumbles when she beholds...

A ceiling of predators. At the cusp of light, they dive and weave and dart, slashing each other in a rabid desire to SOUND OUT the humans below. It's like looking into a bucket of angry eels.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Keep going, keep going, keep going,
keep going!

His voice whips them like the Devil's coxswain. Chastened, Fry keeps her eyes down and speed up.

More blue blood showers down -- followed by entrails dropping out of the sky. Could this be Hell itself?

IMAM

(a muttered mantra)

"So dark the clouds around my way
I cannot see, But through the
darkness I believe God leadeth me.

I gladly place my hand in His when all is dim, And, closing my weary eyes, lean hard on him...."

Now WHOLE CORPSES ARE CRASHING DOWN around them, victims of in-fighting. Fry and Imam start slaloming through the ghastly mess.

Pilgrim #1 passes too close to a corpse: A blade slices his leg, drawing blood. He keeps his mouth shut.

EXT. CHOKE-POINT - THE GAUNTLET - NIGHT

The passage narrows into a choke-point. Fry sees it first.

FRY

Riddick? RIDDICK?

Ahead, a clot of dead predators blocks the canyon.

AUDREY

What? What is it?

RIDDICK

It's a fucking staircase! Go over it! GO OVER IT!

Steeling themselves, they start climbing.

But Audrey, on all fours, has to discover the corpses with her hands. Then, taking exception at being walked on...

One "corpse" snaps at her. Audrey recoils sideways...

And tumbles down the mound of corpses. She's exposed.

PREDATORS' POV: Rapid-fire images of Audrey. Flashes from different predators.

FRY

Audrey!

Audrey shakes out of it and scrambles for the shield just as...

A predator kamikazes onto the shield, its bone-blades piercing the metal...

And nearly skewering Audrey beneath.

Caught in torchlight, steaming, the PREDATOR HOWLS as it tries to rip free of the shield.

Beneath, Audrey hangs on and takes a thrashing.

The predator tears clear, spins, pounces blindly at...

Riddick, standing at light's edge. Stunningly, he catches the beast under its scythe blades, blunting the attack. The predator CLICKS MADLY at him.

PREDATOR'S POV: Of Riddick's face.

The predator rears back its head, ready to bisect Riddick with its skull-blade.

Switchblade fast, Riddick drops a hand...

...yanks his shiv...

...and sweeps it over the belly of the beast. HOWLING, the predator falls, disemboweled.

REACTION SHOTS of Fry and Imam. Stunned.

RIDDICK

Didn't know who he was fuckin' with.

They regroup. Imam's head swivels back and forth: They're one person short.

IMAM

Suleiman!

RIDDICK

Get the girl back under. Keep going.

IMAM

SULEIMAN!

RIDDICK

KEEP GOING OR I WILL!

Suddenly Pilgrim #1 reappears, thrust back into the light by unseen forces. He's still alive -- but shouldn't be. He makes a feeble attempt to grab onto Imam, to anyone, but he's gone again before they can even react, jerked out of the light. Out of existence.

EXT. THE GAUNTLET - NIGHT

They flail on. And now, finally...finally....

The canyon widens, opening up like some door to Heaven. The |WORST SOUNDS fall behind. We can see it in their sweat-sheened faces: The faintest hope that maybe they've survived the Seventh |Circle of Hell. But then...

The TORCHES SPIT AND SPUTTER.

Audrey hears PATTERNING on the metal shield.

Blood falls anew.

One torch dies -- yet somehow comes back to life.

Imam upturns a hand, checking the liquid for color. But this blood has no hue.

FRY

Oh, no. No, no, no....

IMAM

Rain.

EXT. THE GAUNTLET - NIGHT

RAIN MONTAGE: Water rilling, running, flowing over rocks and ground.

EXT. THE GAUNTLET - NIGHT

Caught in a downpour, the survivors slog to a stop. One torch goes out -- and won't relight.

RIDDICK

So where the hell's God now, huh?

(no answer from
Imam)

I'll tell you where! He's up there
PISSING ON ME!

FRY

Riddick? How close?

Riddick sheds goggles to look ahead. We don't know what he sees -- nor what he's thinking.

FRY (CONT'D)

Tell me the settlement is right
there! RIDDICK, PLEASE!

RIDDICK

We can't make it.

HOLD on Fry's anguished face, rendered in dying torchlight.
Somewhere behind, the AWFUL SOUNDS RETURN.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Here...hide here....

He's found a crevice in the canyon wall.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Inside...inside....

EXT. CREVICE - THE GAUNTLET - NIGHT

They crawl into the fissure. The second torch dies behind them.

EXT. THE GAUNTLET - NIGHT

There's just one light left now -- the one Riddick wears on his back. By its glow, we watch him lift the shield, muscle it over to the crevice...

EXT. CREVICE - THE GAUNTLET - NIGHT

...and slide it over the opening. A black beat.

AUDREY

(a beat)

Why's he still out there?

Fry's not sure. Is he protecting them? Or entombing them?

EXT. MUDDY RISE - THE GAUNTLET - NIGHT

Working like Sisyphus, Riddick hauls the cells up a muddy rise.

He stops at the top, peers through the rain.

RIDDICK'S POV: Of the settlement.

Riddick disappears over the rise. The four cells follow, slithering through the mud like a serpent's tail.

EXT. CREVICE - THE GAUNTLET - NIGHT

AUDREY

He's not coming back, is he?

Fry checks Imam's face. Did Riddick say anything to you?" Imam wags his head. A bleak beat -- before Fry realizes she can see his face.

FRY

There's light in here.

It's a soft glow from above. Imam climbs higher to discover small blue-white lights clinging to rocks. He plucks a few.

FRY (CONT'D)

What are they?

CLOSE on the lights in Imam's palm. They writhe with life.

IMAM

Larva....

AUDREY

Glow worms....

FRY

(mind racing)

How many bottles we got? Empty ones?

INT. SKIFF - NIGHT

Riddick boards the dark craft.

Connects the power cells to the battery bay.

Watches the ship come to life.

EXT. CREVICE - THE GAUNTLET - NIGHT

CLOSE on a liquor bottle. It's half full of glow-worms.

AUDREY

More, more, we need more....

They climb higher. Little by little, the bottle brightens their world.

EXT. SKIFF - NIGHT

Drenched in light, Riddick stands in the hatchway of the skiff, looking out into dark rain. Is he struggling with a decision?

Or just savoring the safe harbor? Then very deliberately...

Riddick smashes his handlight on the hull. He steps inside and closes the hatch behind him.

EXT. MUDDY RISE - THE GAUNTLET - NIGHT

Something claws its way up the rise. Standing, we see that it's Fry, a bottle of glow-worms strung around her neck. Ahead she spies...

The settlement. Silhouetted by engine-light.

EXT. SKIFF - NIGHT

As the skiffs ENGINES WARM UP.

INT. SKIFF - NIGHT

As Riddick dabbles with flight controls.

EXT. SETTLEMENT - NIGHT

As Fry, running, splashes past buildings.

EXT. CREVICE - THE GAUNTLET - NIGHT

Audrey and Imam huddle around a bottle of glow-worms: This is all they could harvest. Presently SCRABBLING SOUNDS on the shield. Imam eases one eye to a small hole in the shield. He can't see much until...

A blade rushes through the hole. Imam recoils hard, snatches up the glow-worm light to see...

More predator blades exploring the edges of the shield. The light drives them away. For now.

INT. SKIFF - NIGHT

Riddick dims interior lights, activates exterior lights. He's actually startled by the sight of...

Fry. Standing in the skiffs headbeams. Daring him to run her over.

Eye-lock.

Riddick opens the hatch.

EXT. SKIFF - NIGHT

They meet at opposite ends of the gangway -- Fry in the rain, Riddick in the light.

RIDDICK

Strong survival instinct. Admire that in a woman.

FRY

You're not leaving. Not until we go back for the others.

He laughs at that.

FRY (CONT'D)

I promised them we'd go back with more light. And that's exactly what we're gonna do..

RIDDICK

Think you've mistaken me for somebody who gives a fuck.

FRY

What, you're afraid?

RIDDICK

Confusin' me with Johns now -- fear was his monkey. I only deal in life and death. All that stuff in between? Some shade of grey my eyes don't see.

FRY

I trusted you, Riddick. Goddamn, I trusted that some part of you wanted to rejoin the human race.

RIDDICK

Truthfully? I wouldn't know how.

Fry realizes it's impossible to shame a shameless man. With desperation edging her voice:

FRY

Then wait for me. I'll go back myself. Just give me more light for them.

He tosses her a light. The broken one.

FRY (CONT'D)

Just come with me!

RIDDICK

Got a better idea. Come with me.

Fry's mouth moves but nothing comes out.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

They're already dead. Get on board.

FRY

You're fuckin' with me. I know you are.

RIDDICK

'Course I am -- but doesn't mean I won't leave you here. If you believe anything about me, better be that.

FRY

No, you see, I promised them...I have to...I have to go and....

She's bleeding resolve. Riddick can see it -- can smell it -- and he keeps slashing away.

RIDDICK

Step aboard, Carolyn.

FRY

(tortured)

I can't....I can't....

RIDDICK

(approaching,
extending a hand)

Here. Make it easy on you.

FRY

Don't do this to me....

RIDDICK

Just give me your hand.

FRY

But they...they could still be....

RIDDICK

No one's gonna blame you. C'mon. Take my hand and save yourself, Carolyn.

A beat. She takes his hand -- and jerks him down the gangway.

They sprawl through mud. She gets a knee on his neck.

FRY

I will not give up on them!

(MORE)

FRY (CONT'D)

I Will not leave anyone on this
rock with those fucking things,
even if it means --

In a blur, Riddick rolls and slaps a shiv on her neck. Is history repeating itself? Riddick's face, though, is strangely calm. Curious. Even gentle.

RIDDICK

You'd die for them?

FRY

I would try for them.

RIDDICK

You barely know them.

FRY

But I'm human. I know you view
that as a weakness, but I'm sorry --
I do feel fear, theirs too.
Goddamnit, Riddick -- yes. I would
die for them.

EXT. CREVICE - THE GAUNTLET - NIGHT

MORE SCRABBLING at the shield. Imam cocks his blade back, ready to do battle with...

Fry. She heaves the shield aside. Behind her, Riddick.

AUDREY

(big-eyed)

You came for us....

RIDDICK

Yeah, yeah -- we're all fuckin'
amazed. Anyone not ready for this?

EXT. THE GAUNTLET - NIGHT

Protected by the meager light of two glow-worm bottles, the four remaining survivors head out.

RIDDICK

Tighter, tighter....

EXT. MUDDY RISE - THE GAUNTLET - NIGHT

RIDDICK

Stop.

They pile up awkwardly. Fry listens hard. Only RAINFALL.

FRY

I don't hear --

He covers her mouth.

RIDDICK'S POV: Water has pooled at the base of the muddy rise.

A predator drinks there.

RIDDICK

(on his breath)

Doesn't see us...wait for it to leave....

RIDDICK'S POV: Another predator lands to drink. Then another.

Their backs are to us, but the pool is turning into a major gathering place.

Soon they all can hear CLICKING above the RAIN. Their nightmare is far from over.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Get behind me.

RIDDICK'S POV: Of a half-dozen predators shifting places at the pool. A slim gap appears.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

When I go, we go. Full-throttle.

CLOSE on their hands, gripping each other.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Ready...ready....

RIDDICK'S POV: The gap between predators widens into a passage.

A gauntlet within a gauntlet.

Riddick runs. Linked like paper dolls, the others follow blindly.

RIDDICK'S POV: Of a predator turning to "stare" over its shoulder.

PREDATOR'S POV: Of Riddick bearing down fast.

The survivors hit the water like lawn mowers on legs, crashing through, scattering water and predators alike, managing to reach...

The muddy rise. Audrey loses her grip on the others...

And starts back-sliding. She CRIES OUT, turning the head of...

Riddick. He catches Audrey as her legs hit the pool. He muscles her back up the rise and heaves her over the top, sending her slip-sliding down the other side.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

You know the way!

Not waiting for him, Fry and Imam disappear over the rise.

RIDDICK'S POV: Of the predators. Regrouping. Crawling up the rise at us.

EXT. NIGHT

Fry, Imam, and Audrey run hard, glow-worm lights bouncing wildly.

RIDDICK'S POV: Chasing them.

PREDATOR'S POV: Chasing Riddick.

EXT. SETTLEMENT - NIGHT

Fry, Imam, and Audrey reach the settlement. They spill around a corner and see...

The light of the skiff.

EXT. SETTLEMENT - NIGHT

RIDDICK'S POV: Ahead of us, we see Fry, Imam, and Audrey vanishing around the corner. BREATHING LIKE A RACEHORSE, we follow in their steps, storming around the same corner. Suddenly a predator is right there, right in our face.

PREDATOR'S POV: Of Riddick skidding to a stop. He snaps a look up.

RIDDICK'S POV: Of another predator perched gargoyle-like on the building. It SPEED-CLICKS at us.

PREDATOR'S POV: Of Riddick slowly pulling two shivs. Bracing himself. Ready to blade it out.

EXT. SKIFF - NIGHT

Imam and Audrey stagger aboard. Safe in the light of the headbeams, Fry turns back, panting, waiting.

Waiting.

IMAM

Captain....

He wants her to board the skiff. Fry gives it another beat, eyes sweeping the dark rain. And just when we think it's over for Riddick -- TERRIBLE SCREAMS are heard from both man and predator:

There's a helluva fight going on out there. Close out there.

Fry snatches the glow-worms off Imam's neck...

And plunges into the darkness, homing in on the SOUNDS until...

A blade flashes in her face. She ducks and spots...

Riddick. Bloody, muddy, he's down on his knees, still trying to fight off the shadow-beasts that swirl and slash all around him.

Around them both.

FRY

It's me, it's me, it's me!

She gets the light around his neck. Now we see his face clearly -- and see a very human expression there: Fear. Fry grabs his armpits and tries to pull him up.

FRY (CONT'D)

C'mon, Riddick -- said I'd die for them, not you.

He gets his feet under him. Gripping each other, they start moving, turning like dancers in a macabre waltz, hoping the predators can't fix on Riddick's blood.

FRY (CONT'D)

Just 10 steps...keep turning, keep turning...that's right...others're already 'board, waitin' for us right now...five steps...c'mon, almost there, Riddick... almost there...we're almost --

Something jolts them. ALL CLICKING STOPS.

EXTREME CLOSEUPS: Searching each other's eyes. Someone just got slashed from behind, slashed bad. But who?

RIDDICK

Not for me....

In an eyeblink she's gone, ripped from his arms. There was no scream. No cry. No final words. Just...

Blackness.

EXT. PLANET'S ORBIT - NIGHT

Out of the blackness, a spot of fire races toward us. It resolves into the skiff, fabric wings burning off as it hits escape velocity.

INT. SKIFF - NIGHT

CLOSE on a bloody hand. It toggles through nav-charts, plots a rendezvous with "Sol-Track 17B" shipping lane.

In the cockpit, Riddick finds Audrey beside him. She stares hypnotically at the stars ahead.

RIDDICK

Probably okay to talk to me now.

AUDREY

Not sure where to go. I was just runnin' away when this whole thing started.

(a beat)

Where you goin'?

RIDDICK

Not sure. I was just runnin' away when this whole thing....

Interior smiles. Stars sweep the windscreen as the skiff makes a course-correction. One very bright star comes into view.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Might interest you....

Imam moves forward. Seeing, his face lifts.

IMAM

New Mecca....

RIDDICK

Think a soul could get lost there?
With all those pilgrim-types?

IMAM

It's more a place where souls are
found, Mr. Riddick.

As Riddick ponders the possibilities, we CUT TO...

EXT. PLANET'S ORBIT - NEW DAWN

The first sun flares out from behind the eclipsing planet.
Its light feels cleansing. Renewing. Life-giving.

FADE OUT

THE END