Pitch Black (2000)

by David Twohy.
Based on material by Ken and Jim Wheat.
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 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.
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
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
    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**
    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.


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


JOHNS
King Tut's tomb....

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


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
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.

Chrlsams 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.
(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

Trekkking, 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 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...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.


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
(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


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
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?

A 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
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
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
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)

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
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 O-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 (CONT'D)
-- 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
(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...


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 whirs. 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
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? 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, SOUNDED, 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
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
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
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
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
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 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
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.


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
Remember that moment?

Gushing blood, Johns starts crawling pathetically with the light. Riddick dogs him.

RIDDICK
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 whirs again and takes aim on...

Another bull-rushing predator.

Johns triggers a bad round. Crazed, 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.
   (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

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
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
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 10
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 PATTERING 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
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
Here...hide here....

He's found a crevice in the canyon wall.

RIDDICK
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
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
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! 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 SCRAEBLING 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
Get behind me.

RIDDICK'S POV: Of a half-dozen predators shifting places at the pool. A slim gap appears.

RIDDICK
When I go, we go. Full-throttle.

CLOSE on their hands, gripping each other.

RIDDICK
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
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

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

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
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