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Riddick

By David Twohy

Don't know how many times
I've been crossed off the
list and left for dead.
Guess when it first happens
the day you were born,
you're gonna lose count.
So this,
this ain't nothing new.
There are bad days,
and then there are legendary bad days.
Whole damn planet wanted a piece of me.
Can't stay in the open.
Can't risk another attack.
It's always the punch
you don't see coming that puts you down.
But why didn't I see it?
But why didn't I see it?
Of course they were gonna try to kill me.
Death is what they do for a living.
So the question ain't "What happened?"
The question is
"What happened to me?"
You are the Lord Marshal now.
How did they get so close?
How did I let them
blindsided me like that?
Threshold!
Take us to the threshold!
Necromongers.
Some wanted to put a crown on my head.
Some wanted to put a
noose around my neck.
Okay, more nooses than crowns.
I needed a way out.
Some new place.
Or maybe just an old one.
But how do you find something
you've never seen?
Please, come back to bed.
Sometimes I think
you never sleep, Lord Marshal.
How can I sleep when I have so many...
Distractions?
So what is the best way

to a man's heart?
Between the fourth and fifth rib.
That's where I usually go.
I'll put a twist at the
end if I wanna make sure.
They'll never let you stand at the threshold
of Underverse without embracing the faith.
That's why they come
after you, these assassins.
They think of you as something wrong.
Cursed. Illegitimate.
What are you gonna do
when you're born that way?
Did you hear?
Do you think the guards
are still there?
Lord Marshal!
Something like that?
I said between the
fourth and fifth.
Fifth and sixth? Body cavity.
Making more friends, I see.
But who put her up to it?
Which commander?
It could be any of many.
Don't doubt it for a second,
Commander Vaako.
Lord Marshal.
They say you lost your nerve, Vaako,
after that big swing and a miss.
Is that what they say?
Now what are you gonna
do to get that cred back?
What's the big play?
Something splashy.
Actually,
I had in mind something different.
I've been thinking about
an early campaign.
My very first. I was but a boy.
We dropped from the sky
and did what Necromongers do.
Destruction was breathtaking.
But then we met resistance.

Ferocious like a storm of lions.
Each one of them killed
over a hundred Necro
before their weapons failed.
And then they killed another 30 more.
Barehanded.
Our firepower and strength in numbers
eventually won us the day.
I can still see him,
the last of those magnificent warriors,
standing on a pile of his own.
And he looked at me.
And I will never forget those eyes.
His eyes were just like yours.
The planet was Furya.
I know what it's called.
You just don't know where it is.
I need charts. I need maps.
- Impossible.
- I need a direction.
Purged from all records,
as you well know.
But you remember where.
So many worlds...
The only map left in existence
is the one that's in my head, Riddick.
So what do you want?
The crown?
Transcendence.
Krone.
Break off a ship.
Riddick's going home.
Transcendence.
I guess that was Necro speak for "Get the
fuck off our ship and make it forever. "
Fine by me.
You can't blame him for
dangling Furya.
Home has a certain equity.
But I do blame him for
what came next.
It's a long way to come.
For this.
This guy with

the fucked-up face, Krone,
he was supposed to be
our ride home.
But instead of Furya,
we wind up someplace called...
Not Furya.
Yet again,
someone was trying to play me.
So yet again,
we play for blood.
You keep what you kill, Riddick!
You keep what you kill!
Somewhere along the way,
I lost a step.
I got sloppy.
Dulled my own edge.
Maybe I went and did the
worst crime of all...
I got civilized.
So now we zero the clock.
Just me and this no-name world.
Gotta find that animal
side again.
Before long, I realized
there was a whole other world over there,
of water, grass and life.
Just had one thing in my way.
Hey.
Come on, show me some teeth.
Escape artist, huh?
What you got over there?
Thought we shared everything.
Drop it.
Stay.
Bounty hunters.
Wait.
Wait...
Steady...
Okay, now.
Sounds good.
Mmm...
Mmm!
All yours.
It says "dog food" on it.

If you could read.
Come on.
All right. Bring me my reserve.
Where's yours?
Rain.
It's a good thing.
Just because you've never seen it before
doesn't mean it's a bad thing.
Hey, easy.
Looks like our time is up here.
Nothing.
Look again, Diaz.
Somebody should teach
this Riddick asshole how to count.
"Leave one ship"? Like we've got
a fucking spare laying around.
Let's crank it up.
Good morning, Cyclops.
Hey, Luna.
Yeah.
Wake her up, kick her out of bed.
What do you mean?
We're running heavy.
She's a prisoner.
Wasn't she gonna pay our way back?
We're going big now.
Okay? Cut that 60 kilos loose.
Get away! Get away from me!
Stop, just stop!
What do you want now?
I'm gonna take off the restraints. Okay?
I don't want them off.
No, it's not like that.
Nobody is gonna touch you now.
Santana's head is into other stuff now.
Your lucky day.
Get the fuck away from me.
Okay.
What planet is this? Where are we?
It's got air and water.
That's all you've got to know.
- But how am I supposed to survive...
- Just go.
Before he changes his mind.

I was getting attached to her.
Now where is my box at?
The name is Santana!
Shot-caller for this crew right here!
I am the guy who knows all,
sees all, beats all...
Spitting it kind of strong, ain't he?
Got to bait the trap.
I've come all this way
to collect your head in a box!
Right here!
So have yourself a fine day now,
Mr. Richard B. Riddick!
I suspect
it will be one of your very last!
Yeah, well, you don't need to agitate
Riddick any more than, you know.
Any more than bringing his head back
in a box would?
Shit. Here comes the neighborhood.
Small world.
Unidentified vessel,
this is Clan Vagos out of Ursa Five.
Be advised that we are on the ground now
and have responded to
an emergency signal.
No distress found, no need to land.
I repeat, there is no reason for you
to land at this location at this time.
Is that clear?
No reason for you to land
at this location at this time.
What the fuck did I just say?
It was a long haul.
We could take on some water.
Wouldn't mind a little
true-gravity time either.
Like I was saying, I've got this.
You knew who that was, right?
On the emergency beacon?
Wouldn't be here if I didn't.
The concept of back-up
still has no appeal to you?
My besties here can ball with anyone.

No disrespect for your crew, of course,
who look strong, too,
in those matchy-matchy outfits.
Shit. Didn't know there was a dress code.
Yeah, right?
Well, it's not my intention
to jump another man's claim.
If you don't mind,
maybe we'll just pull up a chair
and spectate for a while.
What if I do?
Well, this is a co-op station, pal.
It's open to all Mercs.
- By the way, my name is...
- "Too late. "
That's your name. "Too Late. "
And I don't need you stepping
all over my dick here, my friend.
Well, I'll tell you what.
I won't lift a finger to help
until you come ask me for it. How's that?
I was scoping this out earlier.
It's a cave system. Five clicks south.
Might be worth a look.
Hey, Too Late.
Need to pull a node from your ship
and store it right here
next to mine. Okay?
Really? Why is that?
Riddick triggered the beacon
to get off-world, right?
Basically, he was calling a taxi.
And...
And a ship would make
a sweet trap, right?
Confined space, metal walls, jail cell.
Is cool, huh?
Is it true half the people you meet
are below average intelligence?
Got to make sure the ship stays
grounded when he comes for them, okay?
Come on.
Dahl, pull a node from the ship.
I'll do it...

Ooh!
Ooh...
Any time now, Riddick.
I'm telling you, this is total overkill.
What? Eleven of us out here now?
Should have been a four-man op, tops.
You are jinxing our janx, man.
And that ain't cool.
Hey, I don't give a shit what they say.
He's one guy.
Whatever you say, man.
He's one guy.
Man...
So I guess that's what
passes for a fucking moon on this planet.
It's gonna be a dark night.
Advantage, him.
Maybe he's gonna wear you down first.
Force you to go without sleep.
Can't you see I'm busy?
I'm just sharing my thoughts.
Well, now that you have,
can I politely invite you to
step off my fucking porch?
I'll start rotating down.
You let me know, huh?
As soon as I have his head in a box,
I will let you know.
Grid 29D. Stand by, stand by.
What you got, cuz?
Aha, some dingo-dongo thing.
Yeah. I see it now.
You want me to pop it?
Knock it down. One shot suppressed.
Nice work, Diaz. Encouraging.
Had something in my eye.
- It's called a scope.
Try next time.
You got this, right?
Will you get off my freaking frequency!
What the fuck is going on here?
Thank fucking God!
Fuck off!
Rubio, coming your way now.

Gotta swap out a bad sensor.
What was here versus what was found.
How does it square?
Pretty good. I mean, the morphine's gone,
but that's always the first thing to go.
That was a bit weird, though.
"A predator restraint
with 42-inch offset jaws. "
Six listed, zero found.
That is an odd thing to go for a walk.
Yeah, but, Boss, you know how shit
goes missing from these stations.
One bad year and guys are
ripping shit off for salvage.
Hey, Santana?
You did sweep the area
before I got here, right?
Sweep for what?
I just want to make sure
no one has set any traps for us.
5Q.
Understand what I'm saying?
Traps? What kind of traps?
The kind with jaws.
Don't touch that fucking thing!
What?
Up-armor.
Shit!
Ready. Ready.
Stay put, stay put, stay put, stay put!
Oopah!
Who the hell was
that screaming and why?
Nunez, break out the sweep gear.
And figure out how many
of these big-ass traps
we got out here, okay?
I'm thinking maybe the
whole upper left quad
is some kind of fucking mine field.
You got to do that now, okay, Nunez?
Copy that, Nunez?
Nunez?
This is bad. This is very bad.

Nunez? Nunez?
Shut the fuck up, puto!
His radio just crapped out.
Someone get eyes on him.
Make sure he's right
where he should be, 13-H. Go, go, go!
Right here.
13-H. He's supposed to
be right fucking...
So this was overkill, huh?
Eleven of us, too many. Yeah.
You know all about Riddick, right?
Well, maybe you need to
take that shit back!
Take the jinx off our janx.
You understand me?
That's what you need to do, Falco.
You need to unjinxelate our fucking janx!
Don't mess with me now.
Hey. Hey, what is it? What is it?
- Get back!
- It's me, it's me.
He's got Falco!
Jock up, but you're staying home.
No one's going out there until I say so.
Man down, he's got Falco.
Compromise, compromise.
How the fuck did he do that?
Never ever saw him, man.
He was right here and I never...
What about the ship? Is he on it?
He's not coming for the
ships, he's coming for fucking us!
Just fucking shoot! Shoot!
One night, three dead.
Not sure I'm loving this trend.
Two dead, one missing.
Exactly. Three dead.
Well, look at it this way, boys.
We might all fit on one ship now.
Diaz!
Get those other traps back there.
Luna, say something Bible-like
over these bodies.

Okay, maybe,
we zero this out.
What is your tag anyway?
So now you wanna know my name.
Well, I'm not sure I'm gonna say.
Because everyone
you know by name, Santana, winds up dead.
You gonna clean this shit up?
- Excuse me.
- Wow.
Watch out for surprise attacks.
Maybe...
Maybe it's time to start
merging assets, right?
So this is you asking for my help?
This is me saying
that I may need some of your gear.
If some of your guys
happen to come attached to that gear,
I will understand that's
the way it's gotta be.
So you're asking for my gear's help?
More like that.
Moss...
The gear's saying, "Nah". Bitch.
There's your answer.
What the fuck do you want, man?
You know what?
I'm gonna fold you in, Santana.
But I give orders to Dahl.
And Dahl's gonna give orders to you.
And that's the chain of command
from this point forward.
Why am I not loving this plan so far?
Oh, I know, I know. You know why?
Because it sucks ass and swallows!
I'm not taking orders from your pet whore
who thinks I won't smack
her right back...
I don't fuck guys.
Occasionally I fuck 'em
up if they need it.
Here's what's gonna happen, Santana.
You're gonna take a back seat.

We'll track Riddick down, I promise.
But I want him alive.
You give me a day,
and after that he's yours to kill.
You're giving me the bounty?
You pay my crew, fuel costs,
the rest is yours. That's the deal.
What is Riddick for you?
Not just some convict.
What do you want? Why are you here?
Who are you?
My name is Johns.
Lock down those ships,
get those hogs on deck.
I will ride with Moss and Lockspur.
I want a non-lethal load-out, L.O.D.'s
and phosphor frags to start with.
This is a man that hunts by night.
We'll take it to him by day.
Diaz! Vargas!
Show me the spot of the last kill.
Some kind of canine.
Hey, Diaz, I got a dog here.
Is it the same
dingo-dongo thing from last night?
Nah, I'm pretty sure we killed that one.
Could be the same one.
The same.
Dahl, get your sniper rifle
and barium rounds now.
1,500 meters.
Could be just the first hole it found.
A stressed animal
is gonna run to ground it knows.
Besides, I'm getting human pheromones.
Riddick!
Dial down, dial down, dial down!
Santana's guy.
Falco.
Shit. Did we just kill a hostage?
I've been hunting
Riddick for 10 years.
The concept of a hostage
has no appeal to him.

Falco was already dead.
This is just some
fucking sideshow to buy more time.
Whoa! Fuck...
Shit.
Just dropped some mud right there.
So if Riddick isn't here...
Dahl? Dahl, do you copy?
Does anyone copy?
Dahl, you there?
Boom.
Were you just perving out on me somehow?
May all your dreams come true, baby.
You've got two minutes.
I want you out on fucking watch.
Luna!
Don't watch me. Watch my back.
That's what you're here for.
Take two steps forward. Two.
Remember, he could be anywhere.
This is Johns
to any-goddamn-body at the station.
I want you to keep an eye on that locker.
Keep an eye on the node.
Riddick may have made an end run.
My ETA is seven minutes.
But watch your back.
All right, you little bitch.
Your two minutes are up.
You gonna do what I tell you to do?
Rumor is Riddick might
be in the vicinity.
Thought I should just
check on the locker.
Get outside, get on your optics,
and get after this fucker!
You're not gonna find him here.
Actually, Dahl,
I think we have something in common.
I don't fuck guys either.
You need to see this.
He wrote that?
He took out our deep
space communications. All of it.

And whose blood is that? There... Here...
Over there...
I had to kick his ass again. Sorry.
Not really.
Fuck it.
Let's take a look at this.
Stop.
That key leave your neck?
Never.
Well, the only reason
to write "fair trade"
is if he got into that locker
and he took something out.
Something that we need,
like a power node,
which he could then swap
for something he needs.
All that? Wow.
Highly unlikely.
Let me join the fucking dots
for you, Santana.
Here's what I'm saying.
If he did get in there somehow,
he was in a position to
relock it and change the code.
Could be entering the
wrong shit, Santana.
So,
do you think
sometime during the last few hours
he got this off my neck
without me noticing,
did whatever he did,
put the fucking key back
on my fucking neck
without me fucking noticing?
Is that what you're saying?
Where did you get that theory from?
A unicorn's ass?
There's a reason he is who he is.
He's a convict. Not some Zulu warlock.
You know what you know.
This is crazy.
This is fucking crazy.

The first three clicks were good.
It did not go off.
You can get three clicks
in Russian roulette.
Doesn't mean you get four, motherfucker.
You know what, Santana?
For once I actually agree with you.
I think you're good.
Shut up.
You. Do you think we're good?
Yeah.
I think you're good, cuz.
You're fucking good. Just butch up.
Sounds like your department, lesbo.
I'm not opening that thing.
Oh, yes, you fucking are!
I'm so fucking not!
Hey, hey, hey! Use your fucking brains!
We are not gonna do
Riddick's work for him!
Put your weapons down.
And have a look at that.
He was here.
Right fucking there.
Santana, put your fucking sword away.
Don't fucking open it, then.
Well, the problem with that, Santana,
we never open that locker,
and we never leave.
The strength of my life
of Whom shall I be afraid.
Four.
Five.
And...
Oops.
Wish I'd have thought of that.
Six!
Six.
Huh.
Six.
You are a shit storm trooper, Santana.
I'll give you that.
You beat the devil this time.
Didn't actually

think he was gonna do it.
This is a sign.
Ah, sweet.
I believe this is a sign.
It may be that the good Lord
wants us to take these nodes
and flee this planet
just as soon as we can.
That's my good luck charm.
Wrong business, kid.
You know, I was kind of
hoping the bomb would go off.
So we sealed up his cave with some
phosphor frags here, so he can't go back.
And just like an animal,
he's gonna head to known ground.
But we're gonna find
he's got three or four lairs out there.
So we'll radius out
from this point, here.
Now radio comms... I saw three
repeaters listed in inventory.
Find them. Set them up
at regular intervals.
I never want to be
out of touch like that again.
Are you scared of me?
Yeah.
Are they scared of me?
Yes, they're scared of you.
Maybe you're all scared
of the wrong thing.
Lockspur, I want you to
lock down those hogs, all right?
I don't want this guy
any more mobile than he already is.
Now, Dahl, I spotted a
nice little nest for you.
Right here and in these low hills.
Moss?
I just saw him.
Say again?
I just saw him.
Dahl, I want you to sit on this ship!

Diaz, make sure your ship is locked down!
The rest of you get on
the fucking perimeter
and keep your eyes on each other!
Santana! He got the fucking nodes!
I know. It's coming.
So then we just combine nodes.
Pull one from that ship,
put it in this ship, you know?
Amps is amps, right?
It's not about amps. It's about
what each ship is rated to handle.
You miss by even a few milli-joules,
you fry every chip you've got.
Okay, so figure out
the difference, and just do it.
Jailbreak the fucking thing.
I could give you a crash course
on thermodynamic equilibrium
and energy exchange right now,
or maybe you just want to
take my goddamn word for it...
I get it. I get it.
The ships are incompatible. We're not
gonna fly without the nodes back.
Why do I feel like
we just cut off our own nuts here?
Probably because we did.
How about I take one of those jet hogs,
two days' worth of food
and go out and hunt this
fucker down myself?
Bad idea, Diaz. One-on-one with Riddick?
I might be able to get
the emergency beacon working again.
That's like an ambulance
calling for an ambulance, isn't it?
It's back-up for the fucking back-up.
We can't.
I thought he was
the one stranded here.
Yeah, well,
looks like you thought wrong.
Long wait for back-up.

In case you were thinking about
fixing the beacon and calling for help.
Falco's radio.
Riddick, I don't give a
fuck about the back-up.
Because I've still got all kinds of gear
that can ruin your day in a hurry.
So you go find another fucking cave.
You keep runnin', you keep hidin'.
Doesn't matter me none.
Because in the end, I will find you!
Look south.
I don't believe it.
The balls on this fucking guy.
Dahl, keep an eye on things here.
What should I do?
Stay low.
Come on. Come on.
Both of you drop.
So what's the bounty at?
I don't know. I don't care.
It's not why I'm here.
I bet the big jamoke knows.
Yeah. I know exactly what it is.
What I do know is that it's double
if you're brought back dead.
That's new.
Will it be enough to
pay for your funerals?
What I'm interested in
is a little backwater place
with a system code M-344/G.
I want to know what
happened there 10 years ago.
The father.
Big Daddy Johns.
Yeah, that's right.
And you traveled all
this way just to see me.
I'm flattered.
It's kind of strange not knowing
what to put down in the family bible.
It's kind of strange three guys have
to die just so that you can hear...

No, no, no.

You don't get to put that shit on me.

Those kills are on you.

I have a feeling that's not the
only thing on me right now.

Okay, got barium shells,
stab-shock, explosive tip.

What do you want, barium or stab-shock?

Horse tranq.

Okay.

I hate to interrupt this
discussion about ancient history,
but maybe I should step in right here
and introduce myself.

- My name is...

- Box Boy.

Say what?

You are the guy who said that he was
gonna put my head in a box. Right?

Well, that was me spitting noise.

But you do have a box.

Do I have a box?

Thought I saw one.

I mean, of course I've got a box.

Everyone's got a box, man.

Even Diaz has a fucking huge box.

Good.

We're gonna use it.

Three down, eight left.

Now, normally I'd just keep going.

Six down... Nine down...

You get where I'm going with this.

But things are changing here
and nobody wants to be on this planet
24 hours from now.

So I suggest we make it work.

What do you want, a
gentleman's agreement?

I'll leave one node out in the open.

You take it.

The other node and the
other ship are mine.

Hey, wait, wait.

What are we playing here,

retard bingo? What?
That was on the table from the start...
Forget the start.
It's the end you want to think about now.
See that?
I'll give you till that
rain hits that station.
That's your clock.
"Box Boy"...
Dahl! Do it now! Now!
Again!
He's not going down.
Do it again, Dahl!
Just go down.
I got this, Dahl.
Riddick.
Riddick?
Johns?
We beating men in chains now?
Okay, from the beginning.
For the historical record...
The Hunter Gratzner.
That's the commercial vessel my son uses
to transport you back to the slammer.
But that ship sends a distress call
somewhere near M-344/G.
It's a backwater system,
with two suns, one habitable planet.
Does he survive the crash?
Big drama the next few hours.
But whatever happens,
no matter what they tell you,
don't let 'em take these chains off me.
Them? Who's "them"?
Who are you talking...
Do you know who you're talking to here?
That was for me?
When the chains come off...
Jesus Christ.
Box Boy,
you go in the first five seconds.
Really?
And you plan on
killing me with what, your mouth?

That shiny blade.
I'd love to see you try.
For the historical record,
he made it.
So it's just you and him?
Was, uh,
about the same number
you see here in this room.
So how many made it off?
Three.
But not him?
No.
So between the time of the crash and the
time you leave that planet,
my son dies.
And I can safely assume it's at your hands.
Is that right?
I'm wasting my fucking time here!
You grant any last wishes?
I was referring to you.
Not that the chains aren't
a hot look, but no.
I'm not gonna straddle you
in front of all these guys.
What if I killed all of 'em first?
Easy, boy.
There's a lot more tranq
where that came from.
Tell me what you see
outside that window, Dahl.
Cyclops unit, two ships,
couple dead guys in plastic.
And you don't see anything else?
Nothing else.
Let me know when you do.
Love those toenails, by the way.
Yeah?
Predator Pink.
Matches your nipples.
Why are we even listening
to this big fuckstick?
Can we just detach his head, please?
Here's what's gonna happen.
The next 60 seconds,

you're gonna watch your own head
drop into that box.
Nothing,
nothing is gonna keep you from
that special place in hell.
Maybe in the last minute of your life,
you want to be something more
than a goddamn savage!
Gimme some fucking answers!
Please!
Is there anything you'd like to add
on the subject I just raised?
Time's up.
Time is up.
He's all yours.
Hold him down.
More dingo-dongos maybe.
Fuck it.
I know what's coming.
Called to find you. The serpents...
Spotlight!
Like I said,
it ain't me you gotta worry about.
What is it? What's out there?
I don't know.
Fucked up or something out there.
It ain't right. It's coming our way.
Whatever they are,
they ain't so hard to kill.
What the fuck?
Fuck!
No more holes, please.
Now here's what's gonna happen.
In 60 seconds you're gonna
take these chains off me.
We're gonna make a play for those nodes
and get off this rock.
But somewhere along the line,
when it gets really bad,
Johns
is gonna fold just like Little Johns did.
Then when it's all over
and the rest of you
are ready for Dead Animal Pickup,

I'm gonna go balls deep into Dahl.
But only because she asked me to.
Sweet-like.
What does he mean, "When things go bad"?
What? This doesn't qualify as bad?
What the fuck is happening?
How fucked are we?
Who knows how long it will rain?
Or just how many of them
are buried out there?
He saw it. He saw it with those eyes of
his and he didn't tell us what.
One ship for you, one for me.
I need to know that these nodes
are retrievable.
And I need to know we have a deal.
We got a deal.
The chains stay on.
Why don't we sit this one out?
Okay. Okay.
Up, up, up...
Good doggie.
Oh!
Holy shit.
Yeah.
Let's cut him loose.
That was five seconds.
I like to be a man of my word.
How about you, Johns?
For He shall give His angels
charge over me, keep me in
- all His grace as long as I live.
- Shut the noise, Luna.
You know, I think the angels
are here protecting me.
And if they're here, watchin' over me,
maybe they'll deliver us
all from this crazy, evil place.
That shit is creeping everybody out,
so shut the fuck up.
You shut the fuck up, Vargas.
Leave the kid alone.
Where the hell did that... Jesus Christ!
No, no, no!

What the fuck is wrong with you,
you crazy bastard?
You could have killed me!
Got it, didn't I?
Vargas, get up.
Vargas, get up. Come on, let's go.
Vargas, come on, man. Walk it off.
Let's go. It's just a little one.
Small ones are the worst.
They save the most venom.
And kid,
leave God out of this.
He wants no part of what happens next.
I forgot to mention,
there's no weapons for you.
You think you can ride
one of these things?
I'll ride it like I stole it.
I'll take flank.
If Riddick comes back here without us,
you go ahead,
you kill him on general principle.
Is that before or after
I'm supposed to fuck him?
You asshole motherfucker!
Just sittin' there watchin'!
Would have covered you,
but you said, "No weapons".
How bad you want those nodes, Johns?
I don't suppose you took the
time to do this for him, huh?
This may come as a shock to you, Johns,
but I didn't ghost your son.
He seemed set on killin' himself.
What the fuck does that mean?
Morphine.
Your son liked his morphine.
Liked it twice a day.
Didn't know your son was a junkie?
Johns was like most Mercs.
They look all stand-up and do-right
until you cut them open
and you find something missing.
In his case, a spine.

I don't have to listen to this shit!
That's not the man I knew.
Then you didn't know your son.
He wanted to kill a kid.
To save his own skin.
I had a problem with that.
You expect me to believe
my son was gonna kill a child
to save his own life?
Morphine makes
the brain soft. Heart weak.
I don't fuckin' buy it!
I just can't believe that
my son's the bad guy
in this fuckin' demented
fairy tale of yours.
No reason to lie now.
Johns.
Either one of us.
Thanks for startin'
the killing spree for me, Riddick.
But I'll take it from here.
Jamoke.
So that blade you buried
was meant for me?
Anyone who deserved it, really.
We've got a problem, Riddick,
because I've got two nodes here.
We've got one hog.
And I sure as shit
am not ridin' bitch with you again.
One hog?
You sure about that, Johns?
He pulled the goddamn turbine pin!
You just figured that out?
Diaz was gonna take
the nodes for himself and ghost me.
He was gonna leave you out here alone.
So what now?
Now we switch to our ground game.
Let's see if that lack of spine
runs in the family.
Reload!
Watch your head.

Go!
I got inbound.
Take this!
Is it just you?
Just slam this thing in.
See if it's still good.
Boss...
Just see if the fucking thing works!
We need to get outta here.
Extraction, 30 seconds or less.
Let's go, let's go!
Let me ask you somethin',
sweet-like...
Lot of good men died here, Riddick.
Not sure how I'm supposed
to overlook that. Next time.
Yeah. Things would have been different
if they weren't trying
to put my head in a box.
So where to now, Riddick?
You know what? Fuck that.
Don't tell me. I don't wanna know.
I'll tell you this, Johns.
Sooner or later,
we all have to head home.
Tell Dahl to keep it warm for me.
And, Johns,
you keep a strong spine.
Vaako.
- You are still alive.
- Tell me where.
He's no longer among us.
Tell me, and I'll kill him first.
You misunderstand.
Vaako is a decent man
who meant to honor his word.
Even with you, strangely.
I don't care about Furya.
I don't care what the pact
was between you and him.
This faith cannot have
a misbeliever
or a kind heart leading it,
and I have done what

I have done to ensure...
Too many words.
Never lie to me,
I'll never hurt you.
One word answer.
Is Vaako alive or dead?
Both.