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The Chronicles of Riddick: Dark Fury

By Brett Matthews

Hull breach contained.
at 170% capacity.
under current parameters.
whoever we run into.
Could even be... a merc ship.
Critical systems failure in five seconds.
Four seconds. Three seconds.
Two seconds. One second.
First you're a boy, then you're a girl, |and now you're a psychic.
Careful what you wish for, Jack.
state your purpose and contents.
state your purpose and contents.
Unidentified craft, |state your purpose and contents.
Name's Johns.
on a transport run.
from the whole mess are with me.
Outside of that, we got nothing.
Tell me, Mr. Johns,
what brings you to this |lonely corner of space?
I'm a bounty hunter.
Then it appears |we have something in common.
Bring them in.
They're reelin' us in.
Ship is secure in Bay 3.
No offense, but I don't think |that's gonna cut it...
against whatever it is |that's coming for us.
Report.
Two heat signatures. Adults.
There's some residual as well. |Could be a juvenile.
More likely burn-off |from the engines.
Find out.
Hold your breath.
Running a tighter sweep.
- Wait a minute. | - What is it?
According to what I'm getting,
they're gone.
Gone?
Nothing inside that ship's |putting out heat anymore.
How that's possible--
Anything?
of this bay since I locked it down myself.
Zero atmosphere.
Pressurize.
We've got 0-2, sir. It's thin, |but you'll be able to breathe it.

- Green for breach.|- Earn your keep.
who is something far worse...
than anyone here|has ever encountered.
Should you survive this day,
it is one you will remember|for the rest of your lives.
Do not underestimate|the importance of such a thing.
Begin.
Extinguishing foam.
Fall back!|Everyone fall back!
He has to breathe sometime.
You certainly know|how to make an entrance.
That's nothing, scarecrow.|He's gonna kick your ass so hard--
- I think not.
- What do you say?|- Call off your lap dog,
before his trying to impress you|gets him killed.
Am I so obvious?
Call it what you want,|but tell him to stand down, now.
You'll have to excuse|Junner's excitement.
It sometimes makes him|a touch... quick.
Though I can't say I blame him.
You see, he's just heard|so much about you,
Riddick.
Yes, I know your name.
Quite a bit more|about you, I think.
Careful. You may find|what you're digging for.
I'm willing to share, of course,
but I must ask|that you surrender your weapon...
overpaid associates...
come to an untimely end.
Not gonna happen.
No?
The girl is nothing to me.
Then enlighten me.
Why would a stone-cold killer|such as yourself...
ofkeeping the likes ofher alive?
Unless, of course,|you've grown attached.
She's a cover story,|nothing more.
and you'll be saving me the trouble.
Then I have your blessing.
Maybe I know more about you|than you do yourself.
Now just ain't the time.
Lock them down.
We're done here.|- My apologies.
You know how worthless|those are to me. You did well.

in this line of work, Junner.

A small price to pay.

- What will you do with him?|- Slowly, Junner.

Have Riddick brought|to my conservatory.

I've something beautiful in mind.

And, Junner, |unfreeze some more mercs.

Have you ever seen|anything like this before?

Merc ships? Plenty.

how it all goes together.

It is a plantation operation.

A boat like this loads up at port, |signs on as many men as it can hold,
then goes out for months, |sometimes years at a time.

However long it takes|to fill their stores.

Except a merchant rig's|usually harvesting ore,
maybe crops, not people.

contracted manpower on the other.

-Just add heat.|- You know a lot about this shit...

for a holy man.

I hear things.

signs on to this.

|Shut up!

For you, it's life experience.

So, what's the plan?

It's not like we haven't|gotten out of worse.

The way I see it, we can take|these jerks when-- Hey!

- This is where we get off, princess.|- You too, preacher.

I will pray.|Not for me.

- Let's go!|- I won't leave without you, Riddick!

I'll find you!

Set him down and leave.

Hmm.

The hell--

All right.|Now you have my attention.

A necessary precaution.

You attempt anything uncivilized--

killing me, for instance--

I detonate the explosive charge|Junner's just implanted...

and sleep very well tonight.

Walk with me.

You're not putting me|on a pedestal.

No. Of course not.

for my private collection.

Miss me?

Mmm. Fresh as a daisy.

Suit up and report.

Must be something big, |them taking you off ice|after what you pulled.

Sister, I certainly aim|to find out.

Hmm. Okay.

You go through all the trouble|to catch these guys,
you do with them.

You're missing the point.

standing around collectin' dust.

You underestimate|their value, Riddick.|They are priceless.

Each, at one time,

the most wanted man|or woman in the known universe.

at the hands of those...

in this room is incalculable.

Ain't what I'd call living.

Just the same, I assure you|they are all very much alive.

in a form of cryo so profound...

that seconds seem weeks...

and to blink an eye is a day's work.

continues to function unimpeded.

to think and feel,

it's trapped alone with,

as it will be for hundreds of years.

dropping them off at the nearest slam.

for what they truly are,

on par with their lives' work.

And why? Because I gave them the|audience they so desperately desired,
the recognition they bought|with the blood of others.

I understood their actions,|stripped free of moral convention.

Don't you see? They're|something greater now, Riddick.

Something more than|they ever were before. Art.

Lady, your taste sucks.

I expected as much.

Junner.

You see, Riddick,

there is a fundamental difference|between you and I.

Yeah. You're a psychopath.

You don't appreciate art.

But I believe the reason for this|is something very different...
than you or anyone else|might think.

You're an artist.

I've been called|a lot of things in my day.

That ain't one of'em.

You make art, Riddick,|not analyze it.

You shape it with your own hands,|carve it from flesh and bone.

But a man like you does not understand|such a thing by being lectured.
You must experience it.
Oh, shit.
I said I'd find you, didn't I?
What do you want?|To watch you work.
I've spent the latter half of my life|observing fantastic things--
the work of terrible men,|men such as yourself--
but it's always after the fact...
when the moment of bloody creation|is cold and passed.
That changes now.
I need to see it, Riddick.
I need to see it with my own eyes|as it happens.
I get outta there alive,|you'll see it again...
this close.
No, Riddick.|I want your masterpiece.
An artist is nothing|without his instrument.
When we meet again,|I'm gonna bury this in your eye.
Let him in.
Go ultraviolet.
I was on a pilgrimage.|Just a pilgrimage.
- This is bad, huh?|- Give it a minute.
Imam, pray.
Get her on her feet.
I cannot see!|You don't want to.
You wanna go?|Let's go.
Beautiful, beautiful creature.
Shrill are an exquisite species.
I'm talking about the man.
They're gonna kill him!
Huh?
No!
- Riddick?|- Here!
Bravo!|The grace, the expression,
the sheer violence of it.
Exquisite.
- Give--|- What?
Give me the knife.
Such a complete|and thorough performance.
It leaves only one question.
I got a feeling|you're not gonna like it.
How will I ever have you mounted...
to do it justice?
What are you--
No!|

Eww!

- You gonna keep that?|- Looks like you'll have to|be an abstract piece.

Down! Now!

We'll need to rouse|a substantial pursuit force.

- Who?|- All of them! Even the Galls!

Any man or thing|that can hold a weapon!

Every last one! Now!

All right.|Just what's the big deal? Oh!

Jumping Jesus.

you beautiful bald bastard.

are you doing?

Just gathering intel.

Yeah, well, stow it.|We got a couple|of runners to bring in.

- Shoot on sight.|- Yes, sir.

What in the hell|happened here?

Shut up and take point.

Burn 'em.|Grab your panties, boys.

What the hell was that?

Don't move.

Turn it loose.

Huh?

What the--

- You're badly hurt.|- Him? He almost tore me in half.

Just a graze this time.

That bitch. Move!

We cannot stop.|We're not outrunning|this thing,

not the three of us.

What? I can keep up!

Maybe someday.

- Get her to the flight deck.|- It's just aft, upper level.

Yeah. Stow in there and let|whatever's following pass.

When it does,|make for the flight deck|and don't look back,
no matter what you hear.

We'll wait for you.|Follow Imam.

- What are you going to do?

Now where do we gotta go|to meet up with Ridd--

Jack, shh.

We've got to help him, Imam.

We can't help him if we leave.

Sometimes that is exactly|how it works.

Sweep it.

I got something.|Check it out.

- Don't touch that!|- Oh, shit.

I ain't putting that back on.

Let her go. | Hmm.
It's me you're after. | You want a shot at the title?
I told you that was coming.
Wh-Where are you going?
Gonna prep this ship | and get off this heap.
So we can escape?
It is over.
We have survived.
Back to hell with you,
you bloody stinking savage!
Im--
Yeah, we made it.
Awfully uncivilized thing | you just did there, Jack.
Riddick. | Trouble?
Yes.
It is nothing back there.
What worries me | lies ahead of us.
I am concerned for her, Riddick,
that she'll become--
Like me.
- What is that place? | - That's nowhere.
I'm dropping you guys | on New Mecca.
Riddick. | We ain't done, boy.
Not by a long shot.
Hold your breath.
who is something far worse...
has ever encountered.
Hold your breath.
Should you survive this day,
for the rest of your life.
ance of such a thing.
Hold your breath.
Fall back. Everyone fall back.
for what they truly are,
with their lives' work.
they so desperately desired,
with the blood of others.