

MR. NICE GUY

Written By

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LOG LINE: MR. NICE GUY - (CRIME/DRAMA) - 1ST YEAR LAW ASSOCIATE, RIDDICK MINOR, PURSUES A POSSIBLE FIRM PARTNERSHIP PENDING THE OUTCOME OF HIGH PROFILE MURDER CASE. A CASE THAT REACHES FAR TOO CLOSE TO HOME WHEN HE SUSPECTS HIS OWN BROTHER.

FADE IN

1 EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS. 6TH STREET - DAY 1

Documentary footage of interviews with several African American women, sampled at random on the street.

Girl 1 is a flower child, a real free spirit. The other's a bit more reserved, yet they feel natural beside each other.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Okay, so tell me... what kind of guys do you like?

GIRL 1
Umm, I like tall guys, nice eyes.

GIRL 2
Kind of rugged good looks...

2 EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS. BEACH - DAY 2

Two volleyball girls, 3 and 4, enjoying their day in the sun.

GIRL 3
Nice smile...

3 EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY 3

A studious type, GIRL 5, on the way out from a cram session.

GIRL 5
Thin... Goth...

4 EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS. COFFEE SHOP - DAY 4

Two girls, 6 and 7, fresh from the coffee shop.

GIRL 6
Yeah, I love beards and bald heads...

- 5 EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS. SUBWAY - DAY 5
GIRL 8 stands in front of a subway train currently filling up with people.
- GIRL 8
Latin or something exotic...
- 6 EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS. COFFEE SHOP - DAY 6
GIRL 7
Muscles...
- 7 EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS. 6TH STREET - DAY 7
GIRL 1
I like a guy that works out...takes care of himself...
- 8 EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS. BEACH - DAY 8
GIRL 4
A guy who's confident...
INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Good in bed?
- 9 EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS. 6TH STREET - DAY 9
GIRL 1
Umm yeah...
Girl 2 nods in agreement.
- 10 EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY 10
Girl 5 giggles and nods shyly.
- 11 EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS. COFFEE SHOP - DAY 11
GIRL 7
Sure, you know anyone?
Girl 6 laughs.

12 EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS. 6TH STREET - DAY 12

INTERVIEWER

So do you like nice guys or bad boys?

Beat in hesitation.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

It's okay, you can be honest

GIRL 1

Mmm, truthfully I do have a thing for bad boys.

GIRL 2

Yeah, me too...

13 EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS. COFFEE SHOP - DAY 13

GIRL 6

There's just something about them...

GIRL 4

... a take charge attitude.

14 EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY 14

GIRL 5

Mmm...

15 EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS. COFFEE SHOP - DAY 15

GIRL 7

Mmm sexy...

GIRL 6

I just know me and sometimes I can be a hand full. I need someone who can deal with that... put me in my place.

16 EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS. BEACH - DAY 16

GIRL 4

... in my place.

17 EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS. SUBWAY - DAY

17

GIRL 8
... my place.

Girl 8 smiles coyly into the camera.

INTERVIEWER
Well, there you have it. Thanks for
your time sweetheart...

The woman smiles again.

FADE OUT.

MUSIC: LOVE/HATE THING - WALE

ROLL CREDITS

CYCLE THROUGH URBAN/RURAL AFRO FUSION AUSTIN TX IMAGERY.

FADE MUSIC

18 EXT. GAME TIME SPORTS PUB - NIGHT

18

A man and woman, BRIANA, exit the pub. Their intoxicated stammer leads across a gravel lot. The young woman's giggles cut through the musky Texas night. The man moves deliberately, silently.

They clumsily approach a small sedan in the parking lot. Her short jean-skirt, mocha thighs and brightly manicured toes resting in her flip-flops. His faded jeans and work boots hint at a career in manual labor.

They grind together -- roughly. She moans as they make out. Sounds intensify with movement.

BRIANA
Mmm mmm... easy baby, I'm right
here. Mmm mmm hey, you're hurting
me... HEY WAIT A SECOND WHAT ARE
YOU DOING... STOP!!!

Choking sounds. The woman's bare legs tremble as they lift off the ground. Her feet dangle. They touch back down onto the ground, light as a feather in the wind.

The car door swings open. Her body is harshly tossed across the back seat. He gets in and calmly pulls away.

19

INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

19

DR. WOODROW FOLEY, a mid-50's veteran physician with a Mr. Rogers looks, peers at a file. He glances back at RIDDICK MINER. In his late 20's, Riddick is an unassuming, moderately attractive, professional in a vest type.

DR. FOLEY

So, how have you been feeling, Mr. Miner?

RIDDICK

Well, to tell you the truth, not so good, Doc. I've been having these anxiety attacks. I'm having trouble sleeping... keep having these dreams.

DR. FOLEY

Anxiety? Hmm, have you been dealing with any added stress, lately?

RIDDICK

Well yeah, I have. I'm studying for the bar exam and my job is...

DR. FOLEY

Well, there you have it. I'm sure its just stress related. Tell you what... I'm gonna prescribe you something that'll fix you right up.

The Doctor scribbles on a prescription pad.

DR. FOLEY (CONT'D)

You start feeling anxious just take two of these and you'll be cool as a cucumber, trust me.

He hands Riddick a slip of paper. Dr. Foley pats Riddick on the shoulder.

20

INT. APARTMENT. BATH ROOM - DAY

20

Riddick scans his reflection in the mirror of a small rest room. He stares at the bottle of his newly prescribed pills.

MAZIN MINER (Mid 20's), his unapologetically handsome jockstrap of a sibling, enters the bath room.

MAZIN

What's that?

RIDDICK

Just something the Doc gave me for my anxiety.

MAZIN

Anxiety? What kinda silly mess is that?

RIDDICK

Yeah, you know just the stress from the job and studying and stuff.

MAZIN

Black people's stress comes from being BLACK people... and ain't no pill gonna cure THIS disease.

Mazin pinches Riddick's cocoa brown skin.

MAZIN (CONT'D)

Trust me bro, all you need to do is blow off a little steam... shit; get your head outta them books for a second. You'll be good as new.

RIDDICK

Yeah, I guess.

Riddick places the pills in the cabinet. Mazin exits.

21

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

21

A woman's lips, full, thick gloss, are not impressed.

MONIQUE

Nigga, do you know me?

Reveal MONIQUE TURF, a superficial diva in her early 20's, in a short cut red dress. She stares, clearly annoyed.

Riddick, impeccably dressed, throws his hands up in surrender.

RIDDICK

Whoa sweetie, excuse me. I didn't mean any harm, I was just wondering if you wanted to dance...

Monique examines Riddick from head to toe. Riddick follows her eyes as they survey him. Monique fixes her eyes back on his with a disapproving glare.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

... but you know what, I can see
you're not interested, so I
apologize for disturbing you.

Monique's face harden, completely ignoring his attempted apology. She quickly reaffirms her disapproval.

MONIQUE

Well you shouldn't touch people you
don't know. It might get you hurt!

Monique rolls her eyes and neck, then returns to a group of women sitting at the bar behind her who've been watching the encounter. They laugh hysterically as she joins them, passing out high fives of victory.

Riddick shakes his head. Dejected. He turns and maneuvers through the crowd toward the rest room.

A massive CHARCOAL THUG HULK type, with the dark lips of a pack-a-day smoker, exits the men's room. He bumps into Riddick. The SENTINEL, whose thick gold chains match his teeth perfectly, stops and scowls over bloodshot eyes.

Riddick, again, raises his hands signifying that his part in the collision was accidental.

22

INT. NIGHT CLUB. REST ROOM - NIGHT

22

Riddick inspects himself in the large rest room mirror; trying to regain his composure.

RIDDICK (V.O.)

I mean HELL, that girl was barely a
five. And if it weren't for that
skin tight dress, I probably would
never have noticed her basic ass!

Riddick's eye's blaze in anger, beads of sweat mist his forehead.

RIDDICK (V.O.)

... how dare she TURN HER GOD
DAMNED NOSE UP AT ME!

Riddick slams his hand onto the counter waking NATHANIEL PIPER, a restroom attendant in his late fifties with a fedora on his head, from his nap on the nearby stool.

NATHANIEL

You alright, brotha? Kinda hot out
there, huh? Try this.

Nathaniel wets a paper-towel and attempts to hand it to Riddick. Riddick doesn't budge.

Suddenly, by the twitch of his eye, a sense of ease and relaxation washes over Riddick's face. He grabs the damp towel from the elderly man's outreached hand.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

There you go, young blood... never
let em see you sweat.

Riddick straightens his sports coat, strokes his goatee, and shares a sly smirk with his reflection.

Riddick plucks a stick of gum from the display of colognes, mints, cigars, and other items arranged on the counter.

He hands Nathaniel five dollars, pats him on the shoulder, and exits.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

Go get em' Playboy.

23

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

23

Riddick emerges from the men's room with supernatural confidence and a winning smile. He struts toward the bar.

From the bar --

MAZIN

HEY. BRO!

Riddick looks left to find Mazin, standing near the bar and holding up his drink. The two sharply dressed men embrace as if they haven't seen each other in years.

MAZIN (CONT'D)

Hey old man, have I got something
for you... come here!

Mazin presents his brother to the set of stunning vixens he's been smoozing.

MAZIN (CONT'D)

Ladies, this is my big brother,
Riddick. He's a lawyer.

CHANEL

Hi, I'm Chanel.

CRESHA 'CHANEL' RICE is a plastic pretty in her mid-20's, a 'Cosmetology-School-Dropout' with green contacts. She extends her colorfully manicured press-ons for Riddick to grab.

RIDDICK

It's nice to meet you... Umm,
Chanel, is it?

Riddick shakes the woman's hand.

CHANEL

Yeah Chanel, you know like the
perfume?

Riddick's eyebrows take in the revelation.

RIDDICK

Oh, okay... I get it. That's
really... colorful.

CHANEL

Yeah, I like it cause it kinda
sounds like a Super Star name...
like 'America's Next Top Model' or
something like that, so it fits me.

Riddick and Mazin share an inconspicuous glance.

RIDDICK

Of course.

Chanel presents ANGELA BELL, her conservatively beautiful friend.

CHANEL

This is my friend, Angela.

Angela is a no nonsense professional with short jet black hair. Her Egyptian-like features and deep mahogany eyes glisten as she smiles at Riddick.

ANGELA

Hello.

RIDDICK

How do you do?

ANGELA

I'm doing well, thank you for
asking.

MAZIN

You want a drink, Bro?

Mazin motions to the bartender.

RIDDICK

Uh, sure... a Hennessy on the rocks.

Riddick reaches into his back pocket. No wallet.

MAZIN

Don't sweat it, I got this, Bro.

RIDDICK

You do?

Mazin retrieves a black leather Gucci brand wallet, which bares more than a passing resemblance to Riddick's. He pays for the drink, tipping the pretty female BARTENDER, generously.

MAZIN

So what's up ladies, are we gonna get out there and shake our tomatoes or what?

Mazin sways his hips to the music. The ladies giggle at his playground antics.

MUSIC: MIGUEL - How Many Drinks

CHANEL

OOW, THIS MY SHIT RIGHT HERE! I'll dance with you, Maz.

(to Angela)

You comin' girl?

ANGELA

Naw, girl my feet hurt.

CHANEL

BOOO YOU.

MAZIN

(to Riddick)

You mind, Bro?

Riddick raises his drink in salute.

RIDDICK

Nah man, do you.

Mazin grabs Chanel's hand. The couple heads for the dance floor. Riddick is left with Angela -- as planned.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)
 Sooo, Chanel. She's a nice girl...
 really energetic.

Angela nods.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)
 So, you come here often? I hear the
 buffet is nice.

ANGELA
 Naw, Chanel suggested I get out and
 meet people. Get LAID, I believe is
 how she put it.

They share a laugh.

RIDDICK
 Same here, Mazin said I needed to
 unwind. I've been spending all my
 time studying for the bar so...

ANGELA
 No kidding, the bar? Wow, that's
 pretty hard to pass the first time.

RIDDICK
 Which is why this will be my second
 time taking it.

ANGELA
 Well, at least you haven't given
 up... that's commendable.

SEVERAL SONGS AND SEVERAL DRINKS LATER -- the group is still
 celebrating together. Riddick and Angela are still enjoying
 their chat-- Chanel has become noticeably inebriated. Mazin
 is now growing impatient.

MAZIN
 So you ladies coming back to the
 spot with us, right?

Angela checks her watch.

ANGELA
 Well, I think we're gonna go ahead
 home. I have to be up early.
 (to Riddick)
 Mind walking a couple of ladies
 out?

RIDDICK
 Love to.

The men walk them out.

24

EXT. SIDE WALK - LATE NIGHT

24

Riddick hales a cab for the ladies. Mazin stands off to the side, checking his phone.

CHANEL

(to Riddick)

Okay sexy man, it was nice meeting you. Don't be a stranger.

She flops into the cab. Angela approaches Riddick.

RIDDICK

It was really nice speaking with you, Angela.

ANGELA

I agree... ended up being a better night than I expected. Thank you.

Angela steps into the cab.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Oh and hey, don't over-think yourself on the bar... trust your instincts.

RIDDICK

You think?

ANGELA

Worked for me.

She gives Riddick a coy smile.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

See you around Mr. Nice Guy.

The door shuts and the taxi departs. Riddick is visibly enamored. Mazin approaches.

MAZIN

Damn man, I thought they asses would never leave! I swear these chics will monopolize all your time if you let em'. Let's get back in here on these Boppers!

RIDDICK

Actually Bro, I'mma call it a night... gotta get some rest.

MAZIN

Aww man, are you serious? Do you know how much renegade ass is in there waiting to get squeezed?

RIDDICK

I'm sure you'll be just fine without me. I'll catch you later.

The brothers hug.

25 INT. APARTMENT. RIDDICK'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT 25

The light of a street lamp invades through the blinds. It illuminates a room filled with both the books and organized mess of a scholar.

Riddick, in bed, jerks awake by the sounds of Mazin entering the apartment.

He sits up. We hear a woman's giggling interspersed with words we can't quite make out. The voices stop once we hear a door shut.

Riddick lays back down.

MUSIC TURNS ON LOUDLY. The woman's a moaner. Riddick covers his head with his pillow.

26 MUSIC: 6LACK - FREE 26

27 INT. NIGHT CLUB - DREAM 27

Suddenly, Riddick is in the middle of a crowded dance floor, music blaring yet oddly muted as if it's not quite there. Angela sashays forward, her hips swaying seductively in front of him.

Angela begins to dance against him, provocatively. He moves along. Angela grinds her hips against Riddick's crotch.

ANGELA

Does that feel good?

RIDDICK

Mmm Hmm...

ANGELA

See you soon, Counselor.

Angela turns and smiles at him. She waves goodbye while slowly backing away. The farther away she gets, the louder the music gets until it suddenly STOPS --

28 INT. APARTMENT. RIDDICK'S BEDROOM - MORNING 28

Once again, Riddick is awakened by sounds coming from outside his room. He goes into the kitchen.

29 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN 29

Face obscured to us, a woman stands in front of the open refrigerator with her back to him. She is wearing only panties and a partially buttoned dress shirt, drinking a glass of milk.

She turns around, startled. It is Monique, the woman who confronted Riddick earlier that night.

RIDDICK

Oh, I thought I heard... something.

MONIQUE

I'm sorry, I just got thirsty.

Riddick recognizes who she is and stares awkwardly at her.

Monique takes another sip of milk.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

Mmm, nothing tastes as good as ice cold milk, don't you think?

RIDDICK

Umm, I usually just pour it on cereal and stuff... never really just drank it plain like that.

MONIQUE

Oh my God, are you kidding me? You've got to try this... it's orgasmic.

She pours more milk into the glass and hands it to Riddick.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

Now close your eyes and drink it, slowly... let it cool your throat.

Riddick obeys.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

Good huh? See, some girls are hot
for chocolate but for me, milk
always does the trick.

Riddick opens his eyes and notices that the shirt she is
wearing is unbuttoned...not to mention it looks a lot like
the one he was wearing earlier that night.

RIDDICK

Yeah, that was... good.

MONIQUE

See, I told you... orgasmic.

Riddick hands her the half full glass.

MUSIC STARTS AGAIN.

Monique drinks and allows milk to run down her chin and onto
the shirt, framing her supple breasts.

Almost dream-like, Monique continues to lick the glass and
rub it on her skin, becoming more aroused. Riddick watches
her intensely, her moaning intensifying as he sees her reach
climax.

MUSIC FADE OUT

RIDDICK (V.O.)

She didn't have a name per sé but I
dubbed her, 'Monique The Freak' for
obvious reasons. The kind of girl
guys spent their entire paychecks
trying to impress... but to my
little brother, she was just
another 'situation.'

Monique opens her eyes.

MONIQUE

Oops, looks like I made a mess.

RIDDICK

Oh, don't worry about it... I'll
clean it up.

MONIQUE

Aww, your so sweet... I could just
eat you up.

She kisses his cheek softly.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
Well, I'm going back in.

She exits the scene. Riddick picks up the empty glass and stares at it.

RIDDICK
Milk... yes indeed.

Riddick grabs a rag and wipes up the spilled milk.

The dream-like haze fades slowly.

30

INT. DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN BARBER SHOP - DAY

30

The inside of an urban barber shop, lively with customers. Riddick enters and is greeted by the Barbers.

PETER DEWITT, mid 60's, fatherly former civil rights activist, sits in one of the chairs.

PETER
Hey, wutch a say there, Young blood?

RIDDICK
Hey, Mr. Dewitt, how ya been?

PETER
Oh, you know... still fighting the good fight. I here tell, you a Lawyer now.

RIDDICK
Not just yet sir, but I'm working on it.

PETER
Well that's good, son. We need more young men like us lookin out for us, if you know what I'm saying.

RIDDICK
Yes sir, I think I get your drift. Hey, do you have time for a quick edge up?

PETER
Certainly... have a seat. I'll hook you up.

He cuts Riddick's hair. A news report is on television.

FRANK TYSON, mid 40's retired military vet, sits watching.

FRANK

Hey, turn that up, Pete!

Peter turns up the volume with his remote control.

CLARA WINTERS, Early 30's newscaster reports.

CLARA

Police are saying that this is the third such brutal rape and murder of a female University of Texas student in as many months... and they are urging those in and around the UT campus to take extra precaution as they work to apprehend this serial killer.

PETER

There, now you see there... that ain't nothing but White folks shit!

DONOVAN REESE, mid 20's urban hip-hop thug barber, cuts a man's hair at a nearby station. He throws his hands up in protest.

DONOVAN

Aww hell, here we go again!

PETER

Yeah, I said it... it needed to be said! That's White folks shit... serial killing and stuff! Crazy ass crackers!

NICK 'KWICK' TURNER, early 30's clean-cut pretty boy barber, cuts at another station.

NICK

How you figure that's a white guy, pops?

PETER

How I figure is cause that's what white boys do. Think about it, Fraud, Embezzlement, Rape, Hate crimes - that's white folk shit... Child molestation, kidnapping, Domestic violence - is your Messs-kan shit. And we all know Drugs, Drive by's, Robbery, that's our dumb shit all day... You tell me one black serial killer you ever known?

NICK
What about the DC Sniper?

PETER
That don't count, that nigga ain't
black... he Muslim!

The entire shops roars with laughter.

NICK
How many times I gotta tell you
Pops... Muslim is not a race.

PETER
I don't give a damn what it is...
IT AIN'T US!

DONOVAN
Yeah, but this guy is killing black
girls too.

PETER
So what, you think white men don't
like big black booties... I can't
blame em.

PETER (CONT'D)
If all I had to stare at all day
was flat white tail, I'd snap too!

DONOVAN
Come on man... how many sistas you
know, gone let a White boy get that
close to em?

PETER
Man, that damn Justin Timberlake
and Beiber done changed the whole
game up. Got sistas selling they
souls for a mixed baby. Shoot,
pretty soon all these bad ass
little bastards gone look like El
DeBarge... that's what we really
need to be worried about!

Customers laugh.

PETER (CONT'D)
(to Riddick)
Whatchoo think, young blood?

RIDDICK

All I know is, I feel bad for the
sorry SOB that's gonna have to
defend that psycho.

Linger on Riddick's face.

31 INT. SHERIFF BLAKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

31

SHERIFF JONAH T. BLAKE, a sullen, veteran law-man in his late 40's, sits in a rather comfortable looking reading chair. He flips through a photo album while sipping alcohol from a small glass.

There are several pictures of Sheriff Blake and MICHELLE BLAKE, his teenaged daughter: cute as a button. A few pages later he reaches a news article about a young female found slain. The next page has a funeral program for a deceased Michelle Blake.

On television--

CLARA

The victim is an African American
female - early to mid 20's - black
hair - brown eyes - and distinctive
tattoos. She has yet to be
identified...

The detective receives a call. He gathers himself and answers.

SHERIFF BLAKE

Yeah...

Mumbled speech can be heard on the other end.

SHERIFF BLAKE (CONT'D)

I'll be right there...

Sheriff Blake quickly gets up and exits.

32 INT. LANLIN & ASSOCIATES. ELEVATOR - MORNING

32

Riddick and TIMOTHY MANSFIELD, mid 20's frat guy type, enter the elevator.

TIMOTHY

Dude, it was freaking awesome...
I'm talking upscale drugs,
unlimited booze, and all the slutty
trust-fund chics you could
handle... You really need to hang
out with us some time! Come up for
some air already.

Riddick stares intently, distracted by the file in his hand.

RIDDICK

Hmm...

TIMOTHY

Plus its looking more and more like
the old man is on his way out and
you know who that leaves in charge,
God damned...

Just then, the elevator opens.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

...Mr. Lanlin, Sir.

There stands, CHARLES LANLIN, early 40's. Arrogant British
prick. He's the bosses effeminate step-son and heir to the
law firm. Charles steps on.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Good morning, Sir.

CHARLES

Yeah, what's so bloody good about
it?

There is an awkward pause. Charles sniffs the air and is
noticeably irritated, triggering Timothy to suppress the
embarrassment on his face.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

What is that God awful smell?

TIMOTHY

Umm, POLO... sir.

CHARLES

Christ man, there are people
breathing in here!

TIMOTHY

Yes, sir. Sorry... sir.

Timothy lowers his head in shame. Chuck notices Riddick.

CHARLES
Menter, isn't it?

RIDDICK
Umm, Miner, sir.

CHARLES
Sure, sure... my father seems to have taken quite a liking to you. First time I've ever seen him allow HR to hire an unlicensed Litigator... waist of paper work if you ask me.

RIDDICK
Yes sir, I appreciate your father's confidence in me...

CHARLES
Yes, how nice. Unfortunately, my father has become increasingly unpredictable in his waning condition.
(beat)
No matter, soon enough he'll cease to be such a liability.

Charles looks up at Riddick. The elevator opens and he steps out. The door closes.

Tim mimics.

TIMOTHY
What a dick... Man, I swear one day that guy's gonna fall flat on his face and I'm gonna laugh my ass off!

Riddick grunts.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
Hey, don't worry about him. Besides, he's got no power... you're already in good with old man Lanlin, so you're a shoe in for the Program.

RIDDICK
Don't get ahead of yourself... I still have to pass the Bar.

TIMOTHY
How's that going anyway... you ready?

RIDDICK
 Guess I'll know next weekend.

They reach their floor and step off the elevator.

TIMOTHY
 Well, good luck with that, homie.
 Hey, don't forget... once you pass,
 slutty rich chicks!

The men shake hands and part ways. Riddick makes his way past associates on the way to his desk.

RIDDICK (V.O.)
 The Program, as we call it; is
 basically a sink or swim
 probationary period for the Legal
 aids at Lanlin & Associates.

33

MONTAGE

33

- Riddick works hard during the day.
- Mazin brings a woman home.
- Riddick studies hard at night, trying to ignore the carnal sounds outside his walls.
- Riddick finds a bra between their living room couch cushions.
- Riddick gets dressed in front of his mirror, ready to take the bar.
- Riddick finds a condom in their toilet.
- Riddick concentrates hard as he takes the test.
- Riddick stops and sighs; other students are finishing before him.
- Finally finishing, he hands in the test.

34

INT. LANLIN & ASSOCIATES. ELEVATOR - DAY

34

Riddick sits at his desk shuffling through files.

GEOFFREY
 Pace yourself, kiddo.

Riddick looks up to find the firms owner, GEOFFREY LANLIN, mid 60's Gandolf-the-Grey without the beard, standing over him with a smile on his face.

RIDDICK

Oh, Mr. Lanlin... how are you, Sir?

GEOFFREY

Riddick how many times do I have to tell you, Mr. Lanlin was my father. Call me Geoffrey.

RIDDICK

Yes, sir. Sorry.

GEOFFREY

So... the Bar, how did it go?

RIDDICK

I think I did pretty okay. It's just a waiting game, now.

GEOFFREY

Oh, I'm sure you did just splendidly, my boy.

RIDDICK

So, have the doctors told you anything new?

GEOFFREY

You know Doctors... as long as I keep paying, they'll keep treating. But don't worry about me, it'll take something much stronger than a little Cancer to stop me.

(beat)

Well, I don't want to keep you, but you will be sure to let me know as soon as you get your test results?

RIDDICK

Yes sir, you'll be the first.

Geoffrey departs.

35

INT. APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

35

Riddick, dressed in Houston Texans team gear, and Mazin, adorned in Dallas Cowboys swag, sit watching their teams clash on Monday Night Football.

Mazin cheers as the Cowboys score again, widening the margin of victory. Riddick, drinking a beer, is disgusted by his team's shabby defense.

RIDDICK
Man, what the hell kind of defense
is that...

MAZIN
The kind that has they sorry asses
down by 20!

Riddick stands, having finished his beer. Mazin laughs, riding the pre-emptive high of victory.

RIDDICK
You want another beer?

MAZIN
Of course I do... this is a
celebration!

36

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN

36

Riddick grabs the beverages from the refrigerator. He notices an Identification Badge from a local strip club on the counter. Judging by the picture, it belongs to 'Monique the Freak.'

RIDDICK
Hey, Bro, looks like your girl
forgot her badge.

MAZIN
My girl... what the hell are you
talkin about?

RIDDICK
That girl from the other night, she
left her badge. I didn't know she
was a stripper.
(to himself)
Fits though.

Riddick heads back towards the couch and tosses the card to Mazin. Mazin studies it briefly.

MAZIN
Oh, this chic. Man, that ain't none
of my girl, I just met her ass that
night.
(beat)
(MORE)

MAZIN (CONT'D)

Dude, I hate when these dumb ass broads be leaving their random crap behind to get found by the next chic! Tryna mark they territory and shit... just like some bitches!

Riddick laughs. Mazin grows more agitated.

MAZIN (CONT'D)

I'm telling you, they be doing that shit on purpose, to catch a nigga up! You know this chic left her damn birth control pills up under my pillow one time?

Riddick laughs hysterically.

MAZIN (CONT'D)

So of course, I'm smashing this Asian freak the next night and she finds it...

Mazin mimics the girls reaction, which manages another laugh out of Riddick.

MAZIN (CONT'D)

Masiin, what hell iz dis, what hell iz dis? You lie me? You cheat me?

RIDDICK

Yo chill out man, I can't breathe.

MAZIN

Man shut up, it ain't funny... I had to spend the rest of the night tryna convince her they were my vitamins!

RIDDICK

Wow, and she believed that?

MAZIN

No... I had to take some to prove it.

Riddick bursts into laughter.

RIDDICK

Is that why your chest-icles are so voluptuous now?

Riddick thumps Mazin's well defined chest. Mazin can't help but to smile at the irony.

MAZIN

Shut up.

A strange look washes Mazin's face.

MAZIN (CONT'D)

Hey bro, you ever think about Dad?

Riddick stops laughing-- his face goes cold.

RIDDICK

Now where in the hell did that come from?

MAZIN

I'm just saying, like do you remember him?

Riddick is somewhat preoccupied by the game.

RIDDICK

What's to remember?

MAZIN

You remember when he died don't you?

RIDDICK

I remember the funeral.

(beat)

Trust me man, just leave that stuff in the grave, where it belongs.

MAZIN

Yeah, I guess.

Mazin appears reflective. Riddick notices.

RIDDICK

I remember, he was... an angry man. With mom, with us. I say good riddance.

Riddick salutes and sips his beer. Mazin sips.

MAZIN

Think that type of stuff is in the blood?

RIDDICK

What?

Riddick looks at him oddly.

MAZIN

You know, like alcoholism and the sugars. You think anger is inherited?

RIDDICK

Don't do that... don't make excuses for him. He had choices. He chose to yell... HE CHOSE TO HIT... HE CHOSE!

Mazin tries to pierce his brother's state of mind with an inquisitive, worried glance.

MAZIN

Umm, are you choosing to yell right now or is my hearing volume just way turned up?

Riddick regains his composure. Mazin starts laughing.

MAZIN (CONT'D)

Not inherited, huh?

RIDDICK

Shut up...

37

EXT. RAIL ROAD - DAY

37

Sheriff Blake lights his cigarette. He stares downward at another female victim half covered by a tarp. She has a stamp from a local night club on her hand. Sheriff Blake points to it and a photographer aims.

OFFICER STAN NEWTON, a fresh faced new recruit in his early 20's, approaches.

STAN

Sheriff? They're ready for you now.

The Sheriff follows.

38

EXT. NEARBY RAIL STATION - DAY

38

They make there way to a nearby platform where a small crowd of reporters is gathered.

They clamor for an explanation.

SHERIFF BLAKE

Alright alright, calm down, one at a time... You?

He points to a reporter.

REPORTER 1
 Sheriff Blake, do you have any
 leads on these cases?

The crowd pauses awkwardly. Sheriff Blake sighs, annoyed. *

SHERIFF BLAKE
 Yes, next question!

REPORTER 2
 Umm, what kind, sir?

SHERIFF BLAKE
 Make no mistake, people... this is
 still a man hunt. Just because
 we're getting close don't mean we
 wanna broadcast how close!

REPORTER 3
 Yes Sheriff, this is the 4th body
 to be found in what some are now
 calling a murder spree... what is
 the police department going to do
 to insure public safety?

Sheriff Blake is fed up.

DEPUTY ALLEN GLENSBY, in his mid-30's and channeling the
 cowboy he must've been in his past life, motions Sheriff
 Blake from near by.

SHERIFF BLAKE
 Well first off, we're gonna find
 the sick som-bitch responsible,
 then we're gonna put him away for
 the rest of his God damned life...
 how'd dat be? Now if you'll excuse
 me...

Sheriff Blake approaches the eagerly waiting Deputy.

SHERIFF BLAKE (CONT'D)
 What do we got?

The Deputy hands Sheriff Blake a file which he reads as they
 walk.

Inside the file is a picture of BRIANNA CLARK, age 23 with
 gorgeous yet exotic features.

DEPUTY GLENSBY

We got a positive ID on a Brianna A. Clark aka Dumpster Girl... oh, and a match for the stamp on her hand. It's a pub off of 6th street.

SHERIFF BLAKE

Good, I could use a drink.

They get into their car and drive away.

39 INT. APARTMENT. MAIL ROOM - EVENING

39

Riddick enters and checks the mail. He eagerly shuffles through the letters, becoming noticeably disappointed about not receiving an expected letter. He slams the mailbox shut and exits.

40 INT. APARTMENT. ELEVATOR - EVENING

40

Riddick steps onto the elevator. Preoccupied, he barely notices ROBIN DUPREE, 24 year old Caucasian girl next door type, standing behind him holding her laundry.

Robin who stares intently at Riddick.

ROBIN

That's nice.

Riddick looks back.

RIDDICK

Come again?

ROBIN

Your cologne... it's really nice. What is it?

RIDDICK

Oh, this is called... Celebrity.

ROBIN

Celebrity? Cute... whose it by if you don't mind me asking? Oh, I'm Robin by the way.

Robin extends her hand to Riddick who accepts the gesture.

RIDDICK

Robin, nice to meet you. To tell you the truth, it was a gift.

ROBIN

Oh, a gift... from your girlfriend?

Riddick looks up to find Robin staring, lustfully.

RIDDICK

Umm, no I'm not involved right now.
My little brother got it for me.

She looks at him curiously.

ROBIN

Wow... I'm sorry, I've seen you
around a few times... guess I just
always assumed you had a lady.

(beat)

It's a shame, you know?

RIDDICK

What is?

ROBIN

All the time we've wasted...

Robin drops her laundry basket and lunges towards Riddick.

The two begin to kiss deeply.

41

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

41

The door flies open. The lovers bursts through, pawing at one another, ravenously. Riddick tears the clothes from her body and throws them across the room.

Robin lays back on the couch in only her underwear.

ROBIN

So now that you got me, what are
you gonna do with me?

Riddick positions himself in front of her, between her legs. He grins then his head disappears into her lap.

SMASH CUT to Robin's facial expression-- a picture of pleasure. She builds to climax. Riddick's head raises back up.

Suddenly, Riddick is startled by a young boy, watching them from the corner.

SMASH CUT:

Riddick is torn from his fantasy/nightmare and wakes up on the couch, in a cold sweat. He gets up and walks to the kitchen.

Riddick doesn't notice that the screen saver on his computer, which reads 'My Brother's Keeper.'

When he returns, the message has been replaced by a picture of two young boys dressed in baseball uniforms hugging each other. One of the boys is the child from his dream.

Riddick closes the laptop and goes to his room. Mazin's door is closed but voices can be heard inside. Riddick's door closes.

42

INT. GAME TIME SPORTS PUB - NIGHT

42

Sheriff Blake and the Deputy step into the pub dressed as civilians. They course through the establishment in surveillance mode. The officers have a seat at the bar. MILES TRENO, 31 year old failed actor turned bar tender, approaches.

MILES

Welcome to Game Time, home of the world famous Montezuma's Revenge Buffalo Wings... what can I get you fellaz?

DEPUTY GLENSBY

We're here about a girl?

Deputy Glensby flashes his badge. Miles looks at the men, bothered and a little defiant.

MILES

Sorry fellaz, we don't have those on the menu, but we do have plenty of... pig. Bar B Que that is...

The Deputy holds up the picture of Briana A. Clark aka 'Dumpster Girl.'

DEPUTY GLENSBY

Cut the shit. Briana Clark... her body was found with one of your stamps on her hand. You recognise her?

Miles pays little attention to the picture.

MILES

Look, on a regular night I'm at capacity with every kinda chic there is, so if you expect me to remember some random slut just because you...

Sheriff Blake grabs the man by the back of the neck and plants his face on the counter top. He points a pistol at Miles' forehead.

SHERIFF BLAKE

I'll tell you what then... how about I make your head into a God damned bagel instead, you little shit stain!

MILES

Okay, okay wait man, shit!

Miles, now more cooperative, looks at the picture again.

MILES (CONT'D)

Yeah sure man sure, I remember her. Few weeks back, on a Friday. She was with these other chics... sat at the bar all night clowning guys. I thought they were just lesbians.

DEPUTY GLENSBY

Then what?

43

MONTAGE

43

- The women celebrate loudly.
- Dissing the men who approach them
- Briana starts talking with a guy.
- She loves with the unknown man.
- Her friends stumble out later.

44

BACK TO SCENE

44

MILES

Not sure, Friday is one of our busiest nights... but I do know, when the group left, she wasn't with them.

SHERIFF BLAKE
You got video?

MILES
Yeah, but it won't do you any
good... it resets every week.

Sheriff Blake is pissed.

DEPUTY GLENSBY
Why don't you gimme that tape
anyway?

MILES
Yeah man, of course.

Miles heads off to retrieve the video.

45

INT. APARTMENT. BATH ROOM - MORNING

45

Riddick, wearing sweats and wife beater, shaves in front of
the mirror.

Mazin, shirtless and more muscular, enters and begins to
brush his teeth in the same sink.

We can see Mazin's surgical scar, reflecting in the mirror.

MAZIN
Aww shit bro, I gotta stop messing
with these white girls. Damn snow
flakes don't have no off switch...
probably all that damn Starbucks
they be drinking.

He sets the toothbrush in its holder and pulls his shorts
slightly forward to examine himself.

MAZIN (CONT'D)
Damn, I think that little freak
broke my shit.

Riddick notices that he is far too close to his brother's
inspection.

RIDDICK
Mazin? Come on, man!

MAZIN
Aww, my bad my bad, bro.

RIDDICK
Where'd you meet this one at?

MAZIN

Oh, that's the crazy part... chic stays right here in the building.

Riddick looks oddly at Mazin.

RIDDICK

In the building? What does she look like?

MAZIN

Ionno, white.

(beat)

Anyways, Mavs versus Rockets tonight at Chubs... you in?

Mazin squirts shaving cream into his hand.

RIDDICK

Yeah, yeah, I'll be there.

MAZIN

Cool, I'll catch you later then.

As Mazin leaves the bathroom he wipes the cream on Riddick's cheek.

RIDDICK

Real funny...

MAZIN

I know.

Riddick wipes the extra shaving cream off.

46

INT. LANLIN & ASSOCIATES - BREAK ROOM - DAY

46

Riddick makes a call on his cell phone.

RIDDICK

Umm, yes my name is Riddick Miner and I need information about my Exam scores.

(beat)

Yes ma'am, last four of my social is 6631...

He listens to the phone. Confused, he checks his watch.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

You sent it on the 12th? That was 2 weeks ago.

(beat)

(MORE)

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Yes, please send that to
'Mybrotherskeeper@yahoo.com.' Thank
you.

47 INT. CHUBS SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

47

Riddick enters the lively establishment. He spots Mazin near the bar.

MAZIN

Hey, bro, over here!

Riddick makes his way to the bar. Mazin has another set of women near him.

MAZIN (CONT'D)

Ladies this is my brother, Riddick.

RIDDICK

How you doing ladies?

Riddick shakes their hands.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

(excited)

So guess what? I passed!

Riddick produces a print out of his exam results and hands it to Mazin. Mazin's face drops as Riddick gestures to another man.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

You here that Chubs, I passed man!

KENNITH 'CHUBS' FIRTS, early 50's gentle giant bar owner, grabs Riddick's hand from behind the bar.

KENNITH

Oh, man... are you serious?

(to customers)

You here that, my boy Riddick, just passed the Bar Exam! For the next 30 minutes all well drinks are two dollars!

The crowd cheers and several of the customers congratulate Riddick.

MAZIN

So now what?

RIDDICK

Now, I don't know... more money,
more opportunity.

MAZIN

More time at the office...

RIDDICK

Yeah, maybe. What's wrong with you
man... you're acting all
nonchalant? I just told you I
passed the Bar!

MAZIN

My bad bro, I'm happy for you...
it's really good news.

The brothers hug.

MAZIN (CONT'D)

Excuse me, man... I gotta take a
piss.

Mazin walks away.

RIDDICK

Oh, sure.

MONTAGE

-Riddick and the other customers celebrate, taking shots.

-he boys toast as their team wins.

-Mazin watches in a funk.

-Mazin nurses his beer.

BACK TO SCENE

JASON TANNER, 30ish bull dozer of a man, accidently bumps
into Mazin. Mazin spills his drink.

JASON

Oh, sorry buddy.

Mazin becomes enraged.

MAZIN

WHAT THE HELL IS YOUR PROBLEM, MAN?

JASON

Hey man, I said I was sorry... take
it easy.

MAZIN
WHAT YOU SAY... WHO THE HELL YOU
THINK YOU'RE TALKING TO, PUNK?

JASON
Dude, you're drunk. Go home.

Jason turns his back to Mazin. Mazin smashes his bottle over Jason's head. Jason grabs Mazin and throws him into the wall.

The huge bruiser begins to pummel the much smaller Mazin.

Suddenly Jason is struck over the back with a chair by Riddick. He falls to the floor.

WILLIAM BOXER, a 36 year old, heroically large former high school bully type, grabs Riddick.

48 EXT. CHUBS SPORTS BAR - NIGHT 48

Riddick is thrown out of the club onto the sidewalk. Moments later, Mazin emerges unscathed. He helps Riddick up.

MAZIN
There you are... Come on, bro.
Let's get outta here.

RIDDICK
What the hell was that all about?

MAZIN
Don't worry about it, we alright.
Just you and me against the world!

Mazin assists Riddick up. They stammer down the street.

49 INT. APARTMENT. RIDDICK'S BEDROOM - MORNING 49

Riddick awakes rather abruptly the next morning, still in a slight daze.

Riddick emerges from his room and walks toward the kitchen switching on the television set as he passes it. He puts on a pot of coffee.

50 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM 50

Moments later, Riddick sits on the couch with the steaming mug of coffee he's just poured. He begins to flip through the Channels. Riddick looks over his shoulder at Mazin's door. Closed, as usual.

RIDDICK

Aye yo Mazin, I made coffee if you
want some!

No response.

On TV, a news report details the tragic fate of another local
woman turned victim of sexual assault and murder.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Man, they still ain't caught this
psycho! They gone kill the shit
outta this dude when they find
him...

No response from Mazin.

Riddick, now dressed casually, approaches Mazin's door. He
knocks.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Hey Maz, I'm headed to the store,
man... you want anything?

Silence.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Mazin, you in there?

Riddick tries to open the door but it is locked. Riddick
places a sticky note, which reads 'Went to Grocery Store', on
Mazin's door and exits.

51 INT. CAR - DAY

51

Riddick circles the parking lot looking for an empty space.

He observes a woman loading the last of her things into the
car and pulls near, eyeing that spot. She exits in Riddick's
direction, deflating him as another car snags his spot.

52 EXT. GROCERY STORE. PARKING LOT - DAY

52

MARIA MENZA, 23 year old casually attractive, Hispanic single
mother, steps out. She gathers her child from the back seat
just as Riddick rolls up.

RIDDICK

Umm, excuse me. I don't know if you
saw me or not, but I was waiting
for that spot.

MARIA

So?

RIDDICK

Well, I was on the other side over here, and you just took the spot is all.

MARIA

Look, I've got a God damn kid here and he needs diapers... so unless you gonna go in there and get em, leave me the hell alone!

Maria places her child into the basket and walks off towards the store. Riddick sits for a moment in awe. Suddenly he smirks.

53

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

53

Riddick enters the grocery store. He passes a series of missing persons posters, many local women. The last one is Monique Turf.

Riddick courses through the store selecting items. He spots the rude mother of one on the cereal isle and watches her from a far.

Suddenly --

MAZIN

YO WUTCHOO DOIN!

Mazin startles Riddick with a surprise grab from behind. Mazin laughs hysterically, highly entertained by Riddick's terrified shake.

RIDDICK

Mazin... what are you doing here?

Mazin holds up a piece of paper.

MAZIN

Got your note, genius. Thought I'd come help you shop so you don't buy all that flavorless faux-food trash. What you looking at?

Mazin peeks around the corner, spotting the senorita.

MAZIN (CONT'D)

Oh, Latina huh... nice.

(beat)

(MORE)

MAZIN (CONT'D)

Yo, but she got a kid though...
which probably means she's got some
big Mexican BD too. I don't blame
you though, she is sexy built.

RIDDICK

Would you quiet down? I ain't even
checking on that girl like that, so
chill.

MAZIN

Yeah, whatever.

RIDDICK

Look, since you're here to help, we
need some bread... you think you
can handle that?

MAZIN

White or wheat?

RIDDICK

Surprise me.

Later, as Riddick is gathering canned items, he notices Mazin hasn't returned. Riddick makes his way to the bread isle where he finds Mazin engaged in a conversation with Maria while holding her son. Riddick is clearly not pleased.

54

EXT. GROCERY STORE. PARKING LOT - DAY

54

Riddick and Mazin emerge from the store. Mazin is drinking a soda.

RIDDICK

You know that stuff's not good for
your kidney?

MAZIN

You worry about your own kidney,
I'm fine.

As they walk towards the car --

RIDDICK

Yeah, bet you won't say that in
front of Momma.

(beat)

Oh, speaking of which... I think we
should go visit her, over the
holidays.

Riddick gets to the car and looks back to find that Mazin has stopped in his tracks.

MAZIN

Can't, I've got plans for the holidays.

The men get into the car.

RIDDICK

Why do you always get like that when I bring up Momma... all dismissive? I just think it would be nice to see her. She's gotta be getting pretty lonely in that old house.

MAZIN

She's got the Nanny there, don't she?

RIDDICK

The Nanny isn't her family, Maz. We're the only ones she's got left.

MAZIN

Maybe... I just don't like seeing her like that, man. Besides, by now she probably don't even remember who we are.

RIDDICK

It doesn't matter what she remembers. She's our mother.

MAZIN

Alright, whatever.

RIDDICK

Man, sometimes I don't know what part of the tree you fell off of...

They drive away.

55

INT. LANLIN & ASSOCIATES - DAY

55

Riddick enters with a fresh look of confidence and excitement on his face. He heads towards Geoffrey Lanlin's office.

There's a thick air of melancholy; everyone around him are in very somber moods.

Riddick's facial expression begins its to match those around him: there are movers removing items from Lanlin's office.

Riddick finds Charles Lanlin staring out of the huge windows with an eerily smug look on his face.

RIDDICK
Mr. Lanlin?

Charles looks at Riddick.

CHARLES
Ahh, Menter... come to congratulate me?

RIDDICK
Congratulate, sir?

CHARLES
Oh, you haven't heard the news?
Nasty business really, it seems
that cancer has claimed yet another
victim.

One of the movers takes the commissioned painting of Geoffrey Lanlin off the wall. Another mover replaces it with a larger painting of Charles Lanlin.

RIDDICK
When'd he go?

CHARLES
Huh, oh last night in his sleep,
without much of a fuss... which
certainly wasn't his way.

Riddick's face is smashed with grief.

56 INT. APARTMENT. BATH ROOM - MORNING

56

Riddick, black suited, stands at the sink looking in the mirror. Worry looks back at him.

Riddick reaches into the cabinet and produces the pills Dr. Foley prescribed. He stares at the bottle for a moment before taking a few of the pills.

57 INT. CHURCH - DAY

57

Riddick steps up to a podium. Solemn expression.

RIDDICK

What can you say about a man like Geoffrey Lanlin that hasn't already been related hundreds of times by thousands of people? He was truly a man beyond any explanation...

The crowd groans in agreement. Sobs and whimpers mix with the sounds of sniffing. Riddick does his best to hold back the pain.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Mr. Lanlin spoke at my high school when I was 16... told us the only thing in the world that separates man from beast. Even more than position, even more than title... is our Laws and Order. He said that was the only thing that could right the wrongs... even the odds.

(beat)

I never believed anything, any man told me... but I believed him. And I'll never forget what he meant to my life.

58 INT. APARTMENT. RIDDICK'S ROOM - NIGHT 58

Riddick lays in bed looking up at the ceiling.

From Mazin's room we hear --

FEMALE VOICE

Aye papi jessss. Aye dios mijo!

Riddick, annoyed, turns over and covers his ears with a pillow.

59 INT. APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING 59

Riddick sits on the couch watching television.

We here a door close.

Suddenly, Maria Menza sits on the couch next to Riddick.

MARIA

Morning, papi.

Riddick looks at her awkwardly, then glances towards Mazin's room. Door closed.

RIDDICK

Umm, hey?

RIDDICK (V.O.)

She was Maria - The Moaner, Mazin's little excursion South of the border.

MARIA

(in Spanish)

Last night was amazing.

RIDDICK

Umm, I don't speak Spanish.

Maria smiles warmly.

MARIA

Well, I gotta get home before my mom starts bitchin so...

RIDDICK

Alright...

MARIA

Okay, later...

Maria exits.

Riddick's face betrays him. He's more than a little perplexed by this exchange.

Mazin enters and sits on the couch.

MAZIN

Wheew, bro. I'm sold... NOTHING BUT MAMICITA'S FROM NOW ON! Oh my God, I'mma have to learn Mexican.

RIDDICK

Spanish?

(beat)

What about the kid?

MAZIN

Shit, what I care... little nigga ain't mine.

RIDDICK

All I know is, you better be strappin up or you gone have a lot more than a kid to worry about.

MAZIN

Yeah, yeah.

60

INT. LANLIN & ASSOCIATES. RIDDICK'S DESK - DAY

60

Riddick is glancing through file folders while pecking away on his computer.

ENTER EZEIKIAL CRUISE, 38 year old, hyper kinetic prosecution attorney. He appears to be in a panic as he approaches Riddick-- nothing new. He speaks in a hushed whisper.

EZEIKIAL

Riddick... tell me you still have a copy of the Allegro Technologies file with you...

RIDDICK

Umm, no sir, these are just the Enterprize Depositions and a couple of contract cases.

EZEIKIAL

Shit, I am so screwed... you gotta help me! I've got the Allegro Tech people and their God damned shark of a bitch attorney in the conference room and I can't find the God damned rascal shit quarterlies file...

He grabs Riddick by the shirt and pulls him close.

EZEIKIAL (CONT'D)

Look, I'm gonna try to stall em... I need you to get down to the File room and get me that file, or I am like friggin finished, man!

Riddick breaks Ezeikial's grip.

RIDDICK

Alright, alright, I got it man... just keep them busy, and calm down.

Riddick exits quickly.

61

INT. LANLIN & ASSOCIATES. FILE ROOM - DAY

61

Riddick searches rows of numerically arranged files. He snags the needed file and turns to exit.

Riddick is again startled by the little boy, standing there watching him. He drops the folder.

LITTLE BOY

You know, if he doesn't get that file, he's outta here. Might be just the opportunity you need to move up.

Riddick gathers the folder up and looks at it. The boy has disappeared. Contemplation defines Riddick's face.

62

INT. LANLIN & ASSOCIATES. BOARD ROOM - DAY

62

Riddick enters the board room and hands the folder to Ezeikial. There are several important looking people seated around an oval table.

RIDDICK

Here you go Mr. Cruise.

He is stunned to realize that the 'Bitch of a Shark Attorney' Ezeikial was referring to is none other than, Angela Bell.

ANGELA

Well, well, Mr. Miner.

RIDDICK

Miss Bell...

ANGELA

Actually, it's Counselor Bell...

RIDDICK

My apologies Ms. Counselor.

Riddick stands there smiling. Ezeikial interrupts.

EZEIKIAL

Okay, now that we've all exchanged job titles... you can leave now, Riddick.

Ezeikial shuffles Riddick out of the room.

EZEIKIAL (CONT'D)

Okay, where were we?

Riddick stands near the glass entry doors for a moment in awe.

63

INT. LANLIN & ASSOCIATES. RIDDICK'S DESK - DAY

63

Riddick is again at his desk working. Angela Bell approaches.

ANGELA

I guess I owe you a
congratulations.

RIDDICK

Oh, thanks... but I actually owe
you. Thanks, I mean.

ANGELA

For?

RIDDICK

The Bar... I was sitting there,
watching the other people finish
their exams and walk out. I was so
stressed, I thought I was about to
have a heart attack.

(beat)

Then I remembered what you said,
"Trust your instincts." I think
your voice has a calming effect on
me, Counselor.

Angela smiles.

ANGELA

Well, that one was on the house.

RIDDICK

Oh, I object. I believe that by
statute of the 'Laws of Common
Courtesy,' I have the right to
properly thank you.

ANGELA

Well, seeing as how you have no
real precedence to back up your
claims of services rendered, I will
have to deny your motion as
circumstantial.

RIDDICK

Then, I must strongly petition the
courts for a continuance... oh, and
your number.

Angela watches him, curiously.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)
 I don't want to have to file a
 counter injunction for withholding
 evidence. That would leave an
 unsightly blemish on the
 Counselor's otherwise impeccable
 record.

Riddick smiles.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)
 I just Googled you.

Angela again smiles.

ANGELA
 Very cute rebuttal.

Riddick flashes a triumphant smile.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 Motion denied.

Riddick's face drops.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 But, I will take yours.

Riddick quickly grabs one of his business cards and hands it
 to her. Angela studies it quickly.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
 Good day, Mr. Miner.

RIDDICK
 Same to you, Counselor Bell.

Angela walks away. Riddick's gaze fixed on her.

64 INT. LANLIN & ASSOCIATES. CHARLES LANLIN'S OFFICE - DAY 64

Riddick arrives at the open door. He knocks. Charles Lanlin
 sits behind his desk.

RIDDICK
 Mr. Lanlin, you wanted to see me,
 sir?

CHARLES
 Yes, Mr. Menter come in.

Charles stands and walks to the window. He is holding a piece
 of paper which seems to bite him every time he glances at it.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Do you know how long I have worked
for this company Mr. Menter?

RIDDICK
No sir, I...

CHARLES
Twelve years, and do you know how
long it took me to make partner?

Riddick does not respond. Charles is tense, agitated.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Eleven... eleven years I had to
wait because that tired old relic
didn't believe that I had proven
myself capable.
(beat)
And you, you've been here what a
year and a half?

RIDDICK
Thirteen months, sir.

Charles' face twists.

CHARLES
Well it seems that the old fool was
not without his sense of humor...
even in death.

He tosses the paper to Riddick and sits back down at his
desk. Riddick reads silently.

RIDDICK
Partner?

CHARLES
That's what it says isn't it?

Riddick's trying to wrap his head around it.

RIDDICK
Wow.

CHARLES
Yes, wow indeed... you may leave
now!

RIDDICK
Yes sir, thank you, sir. I won't
let you down.

Charles shews Riddick away. Riddick leaves with a very satisfied grin.

65 INT. APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

65

Riddick sits on the couch watching television. A breaking news report comes on TV. Another woman has been found.

Suddenly, Riddick receives a call. He gets up to retrieve his phone from the kitchen counter just as the face of the victim is placed on screen. It's Monique Turf.

Riddick doesn't see the image on T.V.

66 INTERCUT APARTMENT/ANGELA'S OFFICE - PHONE CONVERSATION

66

RIDDICK

Hello?

ANGELA

Yes, may I speak to Riddick?

RIDDICK

This is him.

ANGELA

Oh, I'm sorry you sound different in person. This is Angela... Bell.

RIDDICK

Oh, Counselor. Hello... how are you?

ANGELA

I'm doing well, actually. Umm, I'm just now leaving the office and I haven't had a thing to eat, so I was just wondering if you're not busy... would you like to get dinner?

Angela looks oddly at her phone. A shocked Riddick stands with his mouth wide open.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

... with me.

Riddick breaks his trance.

RIDDICK

Oh yeah, yeah... I'm free and clear. What did you have in mind?

ANGELA

Well, I don't know if you like Mexican, but there's this place near the Capitol building that's really good.

RIDDICK

With the right company, I can eat anything.

67

EXT. LA CUCARACHA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

67

Riddick waits near the entrance for Angela to arrive. He is dressed in business/casual attire. Angela is dressed for business as well and is a vision of subtle glamour.

Riddick is clearly stunned by her beauty.

RIDDICK

Wow, you look... WOW.

They share a mutually dotting smile. Riddick opens the door for her.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Ma'am...

ANGELA

Sir...

They enter.

68

INT. LA CUCARACHA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

68

The couple sits at a booth. They look at their menus. Angela quickly decides what she wants, but Riddick can't really make heads or tails of the menu.

Needless to say, Angela's amused.

ANGELA

You alright...

RIDDICK

Uhh, try thoroughly confused... what is this, Tazmanian?

ANGELA

No, just Spanish I think...

RIDDICK

Same difference...

ANGELA

Well you can't go wrong with
Fajitas.

RIDDICK

Oww that sounds sexy-good, say that
again...

Angela giggles at the flirtatious man. Riddick takes a sip of
his cocktail.

ANGELA

So Counselor... why Criminal Law?

RIDDICK

Don't you know?

ANGELA

I know why I settled on Municipal
Law, but I highly doubt we had the
same motives.

RIDDICK

It's simple, I have the same
motives as every other Public
Defender... free weed.

Angela's taken aback, which prompts Riddick to burst into
laughter. The joke flies back around Angela's head.

ANGELA

Come on, seriously...

RIDDICK

Okay okay for real... Matlock.

ANGELA

Okay fine you don't have to tell
me...

RIDDICK

No, I'm being serious. Look , my
Dad didn't like anything. Didn't
like sports... hated politics...
definitely didn't like my ass. But
Ben Matlock, that white boy could
do no wrong in the old man's eyes.

Angela stares curiously.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Once I figured out what he loved,
thought I could make him love me
too.

Riddick shakes off the old wounds. Angela sympathy is visible. The waitress TIA SORO (21), Latina sprite, arrives.

TIA
Okay, are you guys ready to order?

ANGELA
Oh, I'll have the Carne Asada Steak
Fajitas with rice and beans,
please.

The waitress scribbles on her pad.

TIA
Certainly mami, and for you sir?

Riddick peers at the menu. Suddenly his demeanor calms. *

RIDDICK
Ahh quiero ordenar el pescado
Veracruz por favor?

TIA
(In Spanish)
Ahh, your Spanish is very
impressive.

RIDDICK
(In Spanish)
Well, it's a beautiful culture full
of beautiful women.

He bows his head to her beauty.

TIA
Si, gracias...

Angela loudly clears her throat.

ANGELA
... and can I have some lemon for
this tea, please?

TIA
Yes, Ma'am ...I'll be right back
guys.

Tia scurries away.

ANGELA
Well aren't you the closet
Tazmanian devil.

Riddick stares, her statement not quite penetrating. Angela giggles at her joke. Riddick smiles at the joke.

RIDDICK
Touche' counselor.

They click their glasses together in a toast.

69

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

69

Riddick walks Angela to her car after their date.

ANGELA
No, but seriously... like, say for instance this 6th Street Killer person. That's a death penalty case clear cut, no question.

RIDDICK
Hmm.

ANGELA
What, you think that's too harsh?

RIDDICK
Not at all, I believe in capitol punishment... but I also believe in due process. Now would I defend this guy... hell naw! But what's important is; getting the right punishment for the right crime and the right sentence for the right criminal.

ANGELA
And if he's guilty?

RIDDICK
Oh, if he's guilty... fry his ass up.

Angela giggles. They share another smile.

ANGELA
Well, this is me.

RIDDICK
Okay, well I had a really nice time tonight. I hope we can do this again.

ANGELA
We'll see.

Riddick leans in for a good night kiss but is halted by Angela.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Not so fast. And just what makes you think you should get a kiss on the first date?

Riddick's face holds the question.

RIDDICK

Umm...

ANGELA

Okay Counselor, best closing argument... Go.

Riddick looks coyly at Angela. He thinks for a second then flashes a familiar smirk.

RIDDICK

And so I submit to you, lady of the jury... my most humble and sincere request for a taste of fairness, a taste of freedom, a taste of your lips. Because after all is that not what all men strive for? Have we not bled the battle fields red for less? Have we not prayed and pleaded to the Gods for such blessings? And have we not sacrificed all that we hold dear to attain that most sacred and coveted of prizes? The gift of a genuine connection. Are we not due some reward for our struggle against seemingly insurmountable odds? I say yes, we are. We must be, or how else can we believe in justice?... and I rest my case.

Riddick kisses Angela tenderly.

ANGELA

Yeah, you're gonna do just fine, Counselor.

Angela gets into her car.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Especially if your opponents want you to win too.

RIDDICK
Oh, so you let me win?

ANGELA
Maybe. Good night.

Angela closes the door and drives away. Riddick watches, smiling.

70

INT. CHUBS SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

70

Mazin, wearing a Dallas Mavericks jersey, sits watching the game and nursing a beer. Several empty beer bottles are on the table. The waitress comes by.

WAITRESS
Can I get you another beer,
sweetie?

Mazin, frustrated, does not respond.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
Okay well, let me know if you need
anything.

The waitress departs. Mazin checks his watch. He finishes his drink and walks towards the exit. On the way out the door Mazin bumps into Sheriff Blake, who's just entering the room.

SHERIFF BLAKE
Hey careful, son.

Mazin glares at the Sheriff then exits. Sheriff Blake takes a seat at the bar.

SHERIFF BLAKE (CONT'D)
Hey Kenny, how's it hangin'?

KENNITH
Shit, you tell me, Sheriff. This
serial killer stuff is really
messing with my head count, man.

KENNITH (CONT'D)
You any closer to catching this
bastard or what?

Sheriff Blake takes out a cigarette and lights it.

SHERIFF BLAKE
Not far off now.

KENNITH

When you catch him punch him in the
nuts for me, alright?

SHERIFF BLAKE

Will do, let me get a whiskey
double.

KENNITH

No prob.

71 MONTAGE

71

- Riddick's name placard is placed on the door of his new office.
- Riddick steps in, triumphantly gazing out the window. The world his kingdom.
- Riddick trades his old car for a luxury Sedan.
- Riddick performs his duties in court.
- Riddick and Angela walk around the city, on a gorgeous night, enjoying their latest date.
- Riddick and Angela shop for new suits.

72 INT. 4TH PRECINCT JAIL - DAY

72

Deputy Glensby, excited, rushes into Sheriff Blake's office.

SHERIFF BLAKE

What in Sam Hill?

DEPUTY GLENSBY

Sorry Sheriff... but you're gonna
want to see this!

Deputy Glensby turns on the medium sized television set in the corner. There is a special report on.

In front of what looks like an abandoned house, Clara Winters reports.

CLARA

After months of searching, police believe that they have finally apprehended the serial rapist slash murderer dubbed 'The 6th St. Killer'...

The report shows TODD SHAW, a early 40's vagrant, being pulled from the house.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Following several anonymous tips, local police forces raided this abandoned home and found this man, Todd Theodore Shaw, in possession of one of the victim's purse and identification. He is being held at the 4th precinct station until he can be formally indicted on Capitol Murder charges.

Deputy Glensby smiles widely. The Sheriff isn't quite as pleased by the news.

DEPUTY GLENSBY

Can you believe that Sheriff... found him no more than a mile from the rail station!

SHERIFF BLAKE

Son of a bitch.

Sheriff Blake is noticeably annoyed.

73

INT. 4TH PRECINCT JAIL. LOCKUP - EVENING

73

The cops pull Todd from a police wagon, escorting him into jail.

Todd balls up in the corner of a very small cement cell with no mattress. His arms wrapped tightly around his legs.

Sheriff Blake approaches holding two styrofoam cups of coffee. He taps on the bars with one of his boots.

SHERIFF BLAKE

Coffee here tastes like shit, but it makes the cold nights a little more bearable.

Todd stares at the Sheriff for a moment. He hesitantly approaches and accepts the drink.

SHERIFF BLAKE (CONT'D)

Let's you and me have a little talk, shall we?

Sheriff Blake sits in an old chair near the bars. Todd sits near the bars. Sheriff Blake stares at the man curiously. He lights a cigarette.

SHERIFF BLAKE (CONT'D)

Smoke?

Todd accepts the cigarette and allows the Sheriff to light it for him.

SHERIFF BLAKE (CONT'D)

Wow. I tell you what... you are certainly not what I expected.

Todd does not respond.

SHERIFF BLAKE (CONT'D)

I had this vision in my head of what a crazy som-bitch like you would look like and I'll be damned if I wasn't a million miles off.

Todd stares.

SHERIFF BLAKE (CONT'D)

So, just between you and me, I gotta know... what in the hell happened to you?

Todd expresses no emotion, no thought, no words.

SHERIFF BLAKE (CONT'D)

I mean, hell don't get me wrong, we've all had our pitfalls. Piss poor parents, Molester camp counselors, raving bitch ex-wives... but, what kinda shit tsunami does it take to breed somebody like you?

The Sheriff's face straightens, awaiting an explanation. Todd looks down at the gun holstered on the man's hip. Blake notices.

SHERIFF BLAKE (CONT'D)

What are you...?

Blake grabs the pistol from its harness.

SHERIFF BLAKE (CONT'D)

This... oh, you don't need to worry about this. Naw, I haven't had to use this in ages.

He stares down the barrel at Todd who is visibly nervous. He holsters the weapon. Todd eases towards the bars.

TODD

I... I... want my lawyer.

Sheriff Blake's annoyed. He stands up from his chair.

SHERIFF BLAKE

Course you do.

The Sheriff exits.

74

INT. APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

74

Riddick enters carrying a pizza box.

RIDDICK

Maz, I'm home!

He sits it on the counter.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

I got pizza and wings, man!

No response.

Riddick walks to Mazin's door. Closed. He knocks.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Mazin, you want some of this pizza?
It's pepperoni.

Nothing. Riddick jiggles the handle but it is locked.

75

INT. APARTMENT. KITCHEN - EVENING

75

Riddick walks back into the kitchen. He grabs a plate.

Riddick attempts to pick up the wings but it burns his fingers.

He looks through the kitchen drawers, finally locating a bag of plastic forks. Riddick pulls one out and as he sets the bag back in the drawer, he notices an envelope under some items.

Riddick retrieves the letter. It's his missing, distinctly opened exam scores. Riddick's confusion subsides: he gets it.

76

INT. APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

76

Riddick sits on the couch. Tapping his fingers. Looks at his phone. Looks at the open letter on the table.

The clock on the wall reads 12:52 AM.

Sighing in frustration, Riddick goes to his room.

77

EXT. PECHELI'S RESTAURANT - DAY

77

Riddick and Angela enjoy lunch on the restaurant's patio.

Riddick is noticeably troubled.

ANGELA

... so then, she has the nerve to come back and ask the judge for a Stay of Execution so her Wall Street Hedge Fund Manager client can continue to collect taxes on the property while the Agreement is under dispute...

Angela watches his distracted condition. Riddick nods.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Hey... where are you?

RIDDICK

Sorry, I've just got a lot on my mind right now. Between the job and my brother...

ANGELA

Do you want to talk about it...

She raises her hand.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

... off the record.

RIDDICK

What do you do when the person you care most about in this world betrays your trust?

ANGELA

Your brother?

Riddick nods.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Well, look you guys are family... and blood beats ALL. If nothing else, you should at least be able to talk things out, right?

RIDDICK
Yeah, I guess so.

Riddick doesn't look so sure.

78

INT. APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

78

Riddick arrives home to find Mazin on the couch watching television.

MAZIN
Hey man, where you been, you almost missed the game. The Rangers are up by 2 in the 4th.

RIDDICK
I was out with Angela.

MAZIN
Ya don't say... how is Judge Booty anyways?

RIDDICK
Fine...

Riddick takes a deep breath.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)
Mazin, I need to talk to you about something.

Mazin is preoccupied by the game.

MAZIN
Wait hold up...

His team scores another run.

MAZIN (CONT'D)
Oh SHIT! Did you see that, God damn Rangers is merkin these boys!

Riddick walks over to the television set and turns it off.

MAZIN (CONT'D)
Yo man, what the hell, bro!

RIDDICK
We need to talk... Now!

MAZIN
Alright, fine... what's so damn important it can't wait?

Riddick reflects.

RIDDICK

Look Maz, you know I love you,
right?

MAZIN

Yeah, man, of course.

RIDDICK

And I've always had your back, even
when we was kids and you'd do
something we both knew was wrong?

MAZIN

Okay, what are you getting at, man?

Riddick tosses the open envelope to Mazin. Mazin recognizes
it immediately.

MAZIN (CONT'D)

Look bro, I know what you're
thinking but...

RIDDICK

Oh, you know what I'm thinking?
Alright Maz... tell me what I'm
thinking right now!

MAZIN

Riddick, I know this looks bad but
I swear bro, I did this for us.

RIDDICK

For us... you did this for us? Boy,
are you outta your God damned mind?

MAZIN

Man, don't you see what's
happening? This job, this stupid
girl... man look at how you're
dressed! Can't you see they tryna
change you?

RIDDICK

Mazin, what does any of that have
to do with you lying to me?

MAZIN

You just don't get it do you? All
this work stuff going on... we
don't hang out no more, go play
ball.

(MORE)

MAZIN (CONT'D)

Man you don't even come home most nights! You act like I don't even matter anymore!

RIDDICK

So that's your excuse? Dammit Maz, the world doesn't revolve around you! Shit man, you're the same selfish little kid you've always been!

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

With all these people out here waiting for me to fail, I never thought my own brother would try to hold me back too!

MAZIN

I'm holding you back? Dude, you wouldn't even be here if it wasn't for me, don't forget that! You owe me!

Mazin raises his shirt to show his surgical scar.

RIDDICK

I'm tired of you holding that over my head, Mazin... and I'm tired of carrying you!

MAZIN

Alright fine, well I'm sorry, bro. Sorry for being such a burden on your life. Maybe you'd be better off without me around.

Mazin goes into his room and slams the door. Riddick exits the apartment, also slamming the door behind him.

79

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT. BED ROOM - NIGHT

79

Riddick and Angela are lying in bed. Angela rests her head on Riddick's bare chest. Angela runs her finger along a surgical scar resembling the one Mazin bares. Riddick squirms.

RIDDICK

Hey, that tickles.

ANGELA

Pretty serious looking scar. How'd you get it?

RIDDICK
Little league...

She looks at him, her face saying "...Really?"

ANGELA
Little league samurai school?

Riddick sighs.

RIDDICK
I was 10... my brother and I were playing in the little league regional series... So, there I am, bottom of the 9th inning... we're down by one, one on, two out and two strikes... One chance to be a hero...

(beat)
I choke up real tight on the bat, focus on the pitch, and swing.

ANGELA
...And?

RIDDICK
... and, woke up in the hospital...

ANGELA
What?

RIDDICK
Apparently I'd passed out. Severe kidney failure, you believe that... at 10 years old, I lose the Little League Regionals and both of my kidneys all in one day.

Riddick's face goes to reflective mode.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)
Doctors said there was no time to find a donor match... So my little bro went to bat for me. Saved my life.

A tear streams his cheek. Angela catches it with her finger and kisses him tenderly. They close their eyes.

Shadows in the corner of the room. The small boy leans out and smiles before disappearing back into the darkness.

80 EXT. LANLIN & ASSOCIATES. PARKING GARAGE - MORNING

80

Riddick exits his car, cell phone to his ear as he approaches the building.

MAZIN (V.O.)

Hey, you've reached Mazin. You know what to do...

RIDDICK

Hey Mazin, it's me, Riddick. Look, I'm sorry I blew up on you like that and I'm sorry I haven't been around much lately. Look man, just call me back on my cell or at the office when you get this alright, love you bro.

Riddick hangs up and walks into the building.

81 INT. LANLIN & ASSOCIATES. CHARLES LANLIN'S OFFICE - DAY

81

Riddick arrives at the door of Charles' office. He knocks.

CHARLES

Well if it isn't the Boy Wonder himself.

Apprehensive, Riddick doesn't respond.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Come in, have a seat.

Riddick sits. Charles picks up a folder full of papers.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

You've had quite the streak of luck as of late Mr. Menter. One might even characterize what you've been able to accomplish in the last few months as impossible. Yet here you are...

Riddick stares squarely at the man. Charles gets to the point.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Todd Shaw... also known as, 'The 6th Street Killer,' currently being held in custody at the 4th Precinct Station. He has requested you as his defence counsel.

Charles slides the file to the front of his desk. Riddick grabs it.

RIDDICK
He asked for me?

CHARLES
Yes, I assumed you knew him... old school chums or something.

Charles receives a call and answers it. Riddick stares at the file confused.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Oh, pardon me...

He covers the phone and looks at Riddick.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
... you can leave now.

Riddick walks towards the exit, but:

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Oh and Mr. Menter, you screw this up and I'll see to it that you're trying traffic violations for the remainder of your stead at Lanlin & Associates. Understood?

Riddick exits.

82

INT. 4TH PRECINCT JAIL - DAY

82

Riddick arrives at the jail to interview Todd Shaw. He is greeted by Sheriff Blake.

SHERIFF BLAKE
Haady, Sherf J.T. Blake.

RIDDICK
Umm, Riddick Miner...

The men shake hands. Sheriff Blake stares at him curiously for a moment -- something seems familiar.

SHERIFF BLAKE
Hey, don't I know you?

Riddick shakes his head no.

SHERIFF BLAKE (CONT'D)
Alright then, follow me.

Sheriff Blake leads Riddick through a labyrinth of offices and hallways.

SHERIFF BLAKE (CONT'D)
Tell ya what, I didn't think they had a chance in hell of finding somebody to defend that som-bitch. Damn, you lil shits keep gettin younger and younger.

RIDDICK
Yeah, well...

SHERIFF BLAKE
Hell, I don't know how you boys do it.

RIDDICK
What's that?

SHERIFF BLAKE
Well, you know.

Sheriff Blake eyes Riddick. Riddick stares curiously.

SHERIFF BLAKE (CONT'D)
Defend these scum bags... I mean it's gotta bug you.

RIDDICK
Well, I try to operate under the assumption of innocent until proven guilty.

Sheriff Blake gives Riddick a dismissive look.

SHERIFF BLAKE
Uh huh...

RIDDICK
Have you spoken to him?

SHERIFF BLAKE
Yeah, but he waived his rights fore I could even get a word in.

RIDDICK
They said he asked for me?

SHERIFF BLAKE
Aww yeah, said you was his lawyer. You know em doncha?

RIDDICK
Naw, never met him, actually.

SHERIFF BLAKE
Is that right?

Sheriff Blake stops at the security entrance to the visitation room.

SHERIFF BLAKE (CONT'D)
Well, go'on down to 4... he'll be out in a minute.

RIDDICK
Anything else I should know?

The Sheriff stares at him, already fed up.

SHERIFF BLAKE
Anything else? Shit, son I'd offer to wipe your ass for ya but I'm on the clock. Hell, I gotta do your job AND mine, now?

RIDDICK
Not at all, I was just...

Sheriff Blake walks away mumbling loudly.

Riddick goes through the security check. Sheriff Blake's suspicion never leaves.

83

INT. 4TH PRECINCT JAIL - DAY

83

Riddick sits behind a glass partition in the visiting section of the jail. Todd Shaw, shabby and unshaven, is hauled in and uncuffed.

He sits on the opposite side of the glass and stares awkwardly at Riddick. Riddick picks up the phone and so does Todd.

RIDDICK
Afternoon Mr. Shaw, my name is Riddick Miner and I'll be your legal counsel in this case... do you understand?

Todd's eyes don't leave Riddick's.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)
Sir, you are being charged with
capitol murder by the State of
Texas and I will be representing
you, do you understand me?

TODD
You don't recognise me do you?

Riddick's perplexed.

RIDDICK
No, I don't believe we've met.

TODD
Oh, we've met. That is to say, our
paths have crossed before.
(beat)
I wouldn't expect a fella like you
to remember me... I'm sure I don't
draw much attention in your
particular circle. Oh, but you...
you stand out like a big red bulls
eye in my world.

Todd flashes a fiendish grin.

TODD (CONT'D)
That's one of the amazing things
about the life I live, Counselor...
I could be steps away from you at
any given time and you wouldn't
take a second glance in my
direction.
(beat)
You God damned polished yuppies
with your thousand dollar suits and
fancy Italian briefcases and you
think that gives you the right to
ignore the rest of us.

Riddick grows impatient with Todd's babbling.

TODD (CONT'D)
But we see you, Counselor... and
all of your dirty little deeds.

RIDDICK

Look, Mr. Shaw... if I am going to be defending you, we really shouldn't get off on the wrong foot and this little speech of yours, while entertaining, is counter productive. Your life is on the line here.

Todd smacks hard against the glass.

TODD

That's right MY LIFE Counselor! My life is at stake, because people like you think you can take what you want, no matter who it effects! That's why I chose you. That big shiny smug face on all the billboards and park benches... The you, everyone thinks You are. I thought that face...

TODD (CONT'D)

That's the face that's going to convince that jury to set a guy like me free.

Todd mimics Riddick's shiny smiling face, as seen on billboards. Rather than threatened, Riddick's curious.

84 INT. 4TH PRECINCT JAIL. SHERIFF BLAKE'S OFFICE - MORNING 84

Sheriff Blake thumbs through the file of the slain women. Deputy Glensby enters.

DEPUTY GLENSBY

Mornin, Sherf.

Deputy Glensby notices the file.

DEPUTY GLENSBY (CONT'D)

You're not still on that are you, Sherf? Look, we got that psycho in a 5 by 9 down stairs with all the victims belongings... shoot case closed, mission complete, touch down, already.

The Deputy's face turns to concerned sympathy.

DEPUTY GLENSBY (CONT'D)

I'm just saying, people are starting to talk...

(MORE)

DEPUTY GLENSBY (CONT'D)
 say you maybe in too deep, on a
 count of what happened to Michelle
 and all...

Sheriff Blake shoots a scowl at his Deputy.

SHERIFF BLAKE
 Is that what you think this is
 about, revenge?

DEPUTY GLENSBY
 Course not, Sherf. But... well, is
 it?

SHERIFF BLAKE
 This is about law and order Deputy
 Glensby... nothing more nothing
 less!

Sheriff Blake returns his focus to the file in front of him.

DEPUTY GLENSBY
 Well, the autopsy report on that
 last victim, came back.

Deputy Glensby pulls out several sheets of paper.

DEPUTY GLENSBY (CONT'D)
 Robin Dupree, 24 year old
 Waitress... last known address 1911
 Pecan St. It's an Apartment
 complex.

SHERIFF BLAKE
 Well, Christ man... why didn't you
 say that in the first place? Come
 on!

He grabs his things and exits. The deputy follows.

85

INT. APARTMENT. ROBIN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

85

The officers survey the missing woman's apartment. Deputy
 Glensby in the bath room. Sheriff Blake searches the living
 room.

Deputy Glensby notices that Robin's rest room shows neither
 signs of a struggle nor an indication that she intended to be
 gone for very long.

DEPUTY GLENSBY
 Whatever happened, it sure didn't
 happen in here.

Sheriff Blake continues to explore.

SHERIFF BLAKE

Hmm...

He finds a book atop a pile of several others. It's a journal. The Sheriff leafs through, finding the most recent entry.

SHERIFF BLAKE (CONT'D)

I think I got something here.

Sheriff Blake reads. Deputy Glensby enters.

DEPUTY GLENSBY

What's that?

SHERIFF BLAKE

Looks like our victim had a new fella... a bad boy, she says.

He slams the journal shut.

SHERIFF BLAKE (CONT'D)

Shit, no name, no description!

DEPUTY GLENSBY

We can check the neighbors, see if they noticed anybody new hangin around.

SHERIFF BLAKE

I think we'd better, cause som'n tells me this a-hole we've got down at the station's not really her type.

86

INT. APARTMENT - DOOR WAY - DAY

86

There is a knock at the door. Riddick, dressed for a jog, looks out of the peep hole. Pulls back with a confused face.

RIDDICK

Who is it?

DEPUTY GLENSBY (V.O.)

Police Department, may we have a word with you?

Riddick opens the door to find Sheriff Blake and Deputy Glensby.

RIDDICK
Good afternoon, Officers... how can
I help you?

Sheriff Blake looks at Riddick strangely.

SHERIFF BLAKE
Well I'll be damned, Counselor
Miner.

RIDDICK
Umm, Sheriff Blake.

There is an awkward pause. Deputy Glensby interjects. He
focuses back on Riddick.

DEPUTY GLENSBY
You two know each other?

SHERIFF BLAKE
We've met. Mr. Miner here is the
defense attorney for our very own
6th St. Killer.

Sheriff Blake peers at Riddick oddly.

DEPUTY GLENSBY
Is that right?

Deputy Glensby focuses curiously on Riddick.

RIDDICK
Umm. What can I do for you
officers?

DEPUTY GLENSBY
We're looking into the
disappearance of a resident here.

RIDDICK
Disappearance... here?

DEPUTY GLENSBY
Yes, that's correct, a Ms. Robin
Dupree... do you know her?

Deputy Glensby holds up a picture of Robin. Riddick
recognizes her from his elevator fantasy, tenses up.

RIDDICK
No... no, I don't.

DEPUTY GLENSBY
Mr. Miner, are you the only
resident here?

RIDDICK
Well, my brother stays with me...
but he's not here right now?

DEPUTY GLENSBY
Your brother, and what's his name?

RIDDICK
Mazin.

SHERIFF BLAKE
And just where is this brother of
yours, Mr. Miner?

RIDDICK
I'm not sure.

Deputy Glensby reaches into his pocket and produces a
business card.

DEPUTY GLENSBY
Alright, well here's my card. If
you or your brother remember
anything that might assist us in
this investigation, please give us
a call, would ya?

Deputy Glensby hands Riddick the card.

RIDDICK
Yeah, sure.

DEPUTY GLENSBY
Alright, you have a good day now.

Sheriff Blake's eyes don't leave Riddick. Riddick closes the
door.

87 INT. APARTMENT. HALLWAY - DAY

87

Deputy Glensby starts down the hall but turns back to see the
Sheriff lagging.

DEPUTY GLENSBY
Sherf... you okay?

The Sheriff looks perplexed but shakes it off.

SHERIFF BLAKE

Yeah, fine.

The officers depart.

88 EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

88

The officers emerge from the apartment building. Sheriff Blake looks around as Deputy Glensby starts towards the car.

The Deputy looks back.

DEPUTY GLENSBY

Sherf... what is it?

SHERIFF BLAKE

Not sure... just one of them gut feelings, I guess.

DEPUTY GLENSBY

Yeah, I got that same feeling... its called hunger. Can we get something to eat now, please?

They get into the car.

89 MONTAGE

89

- The trial continues.
- Forensic experts are called to testify
- Police and relatives are called in to testify.
- Riddick speaks, his confidence never wavering.
- Todd watches intently.
- The Prosecution presents its evidence.
- Riddick rebuts.

90 INT. COURT HOUSE - DAY

90

The room is boiling over with media and other spectators quietly nudging each other for a better position. Riddick, impeccably dressed, speaks in front of a packed courthouse. Todd, now shaven and wearing a decent suit, watches from the defense table.

Prosecuting attorney, SAUL DAVENPORT, early 40's skinny weasel of a man, stands in front of poster sized pictures of each victim. He's smiling, vibrant and full of personality; a used car salesman in a court of law.

SAUL

Here they are folks... I want you to look at them, get to know them. These are the people trusting you to make the right decision.

He points at one of them.

SAUL (CONT'D)

This is Kena Chase, 23 year old Biology/Pre Med Major... she wanted to be a Pediatrician. She loved to dance and played the piano.

He points to another picture.

SAUL (CONT'D)

This young lady with the amazing smile was Darby Monroe. Darby was only 21 years old and had transferred here from Boston to study Botany. She wanted to develop a way for Farmers to grow crops year around, no matter the weather. She loved frozen grapes and printed 80's T-shirts.

Riddick can't hide his irritation.

SAUL (CONT'D)

And just recently the body of one Robin Depree was found.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Robin, a part-time waitress working her way through school on a partial scholarship.

After each description, Saul flips the pictures to reveal the brutalized remains of each victim. The court fidgets and squirms each time, as if the victims are dying all over again.

Riddick, frustrated, thumbs through files at a wooden meeting table. Todd, cuffed, sits across the table. Keeping a careful eye on Riddick.

TODD
You a married man, Counselor?

RIDDICK
No, I'm not.

Todd's surprised.

TODD
What, you don't believe in the sanctity of holy matrimony... don't like women?

Riddick looks up at Todd.

RIDDICK
I don't see what that matters...

TODD
You ever had the responsibility of providing for a family?

RIDDICK
No, I can't say that I have.

TODD
I had a wife once, a kid. Loved them more than anything... and they loved me back. I was an addict trying to be a family man. They were the only people that made me feel like a human being.

Riddick eases his posture.

RIDDICK
So what happened to them?

TODD
Finally figured out what I really was. See we can only hide our true selves in the shadows for so long Counselor, before somebody turns on the light. Says it in the Bible somewhere, I think.

RIDDICK
Look, Mr. Shaw... I want to help you but...

TODD
You keep saying that, help me... help me.

(MORE)

TODD (CONT'D)

I am not a killer, so maybe I'm not the one who needs help, Counselor!

RIDDICK

Look, I don't know what kind of game you're playing but I guarantee you this is no joke! You'd better learn to cooperate or we will lose this thing and they WILL convict you and they WILL put you to death... GOT IT, DEAD!

Todd smiles.

TODD

Oh, I wouldn't worry about that if I were you, Counselor. I know a little something about addictive behavior.

Todd leans back, getting comfortable.

TODD (CONT'D)

Pretty soon our killer will get thirsty. It's just a matter of time.

Riddick stares awkwardly at Todd. Riddick is fed up.

RIDDICK

Fine have it your way Mr. Shaw. You can go to hell for all I care!

Riddick storms out of the room.

TODD

See you there, Counselor!

92

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

92

Angela, wearing an apron, opens the door to reveal Riddick.

ANGELA

Hey, your just in time... the lasagne is almost ready.

She kisses him. She darts to the kitchen.

Riddick goes for the couch. When Angela returns moments later, she notices his exhaustion. She sits beside him.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Hey, you okay? Bad day in court?

RIDDICK

Yeah, it's just this case. You know what, never mind... I don't even want to talk about it.

ANGELA

Well, hey... don't worry, this business is full of good and bad days. Another good day will come along sooner than you think.

She gives a consoling kiss.

Riddick kisses her back, much more firmly. They're already drowning in intensity. Riddick pulls at her clothing.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Baby wait, the lasagne...

Riddick ignores Angela's protests and pushes her down on the couch. Kissing harshly as he roughly paws at her.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Wait Riddick... Riddick, you're hurting me!

Riddick grabs Angela by the throat and forcefully kisses her as she struggles. She manages to push him off. Tears welling in her eyes.

Riddick snaps back to his senses.

RIDDICK

Baby, I'm sorry... I just...

ANGELA

You need to leave.

RIDDICK

I didn't mean to...

ANGELA

Now!

Angela points to the door.

Riddick, defeated, grabs his coat and walks to the door.

Angela's sobbing. Riddick stops at the door.

RIDDICK

I'm sorry.

Riddick leaves closing the door behind him.

93 INT. APARTMENT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

93

We watch the front door through our own POV. After a knock, we open. It's Maria.

MARIA
Hola papi, como estas?

RIDDICK (V.O.)
I told you, I don't know Spanish...

MARIA
I'm glad you called, I was missing you.

RIDDICK (V.O.)
Yeah, you won't have to worry about that after tonight.

Maria enters and the door closes.

94 INT. COURT HOUSE - DAY

94

Todd Shaw is on the stand.

SAUL
Mr. Shaw, how long have you been homeless?

Todd's irritation refuses to dignify this with a response.

SAUL (CONT'D)
Mr. Shaw... If you would, how long have you been living on the streets?

RIDDICK
Objection, your honor... relevance?

SAUL
Your honor, I'm merely trying to establish a time-line for Mr. Shaw's activities.

JUDGE HUBERT FAR, a 50ish, mean old Southern cuss who's withered beyond his years, stares down over small reading glasses.

HUBERT
Overruled.

Todd glances at the judge, but returns to the weasel.

TODD

I've been drifting since right about the time the bank foreclosed on me... so going on 12 years now.

SAUL

And sir, prior to losing your home -

-

Todd interrupts.

TODD

You know you remind me of that little twirp loan officer... Had the same smug air of 'my shit don't stink' about him.

Undaunted, Saul glances at the defendant, arrogantly.

SAUL

And prior to becoming homeless, how many times have you been in trouble with the law...

Saul grabs the papers from the desk and walks towards the witness stand.

TODD

I suppose once or twice.

SAUL

And would one of those have been an arrest for assault of your former wife a Miss Pauletta Grimes?

Todd's mood change is visible. He does not answer.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Isn't it true, sir, that you were arrested in the state of Louisiana 1995 under the name Michael Todd Shaw for what's this, reckless endangerment of a minor, aggravated assault of a Police officer and oh well lookie here... domestic violence to round things off.

Riddick's face can't help but betray his professionalism a bit: he may as well have let out a soft "Damn."

SAUL (CONT'D)

And isn't it true, Mr. Shaw, that in that last case you were found guilty of the crime of battery by the state and subsequently sentenced to 4 years at the David Wade Correction Center?

RIDDICK

Objection your honor, he's badgering my client!

HUBERT

Overruled... Mr. Davenport is there a point anywhere in all this?

SAUL

Yes sir...

(to Todd)

Mr. Shaw would you consider yourself a, violent man?

TODD

At one point in my life... I suppose I was.

SAUL

So you're saying, that time in your life is over?

TODD

Yes sir, I believe it is.

SAUL

Hmm, and what would you say...

Todd interrupts.

TODD

For a good portion of my life I've been under the influence of drugs and alcohol.

TODD (CONT'D)

Functioning Addict, I think they call it now. Woke up and had a drink with breakfast-- went to work, had a few brews with lunch-- After work come home... I'd lay my Daughter down for her nap, then shoot up what ever I could get my hands on before my wife got home.

The remorse achingly echoes from Todd's voice.

TODD (CONT'D)

So one day, my wife comes home and she's screaming bloody murder about one thing or another... I can't understand her cause I'm lit up like a rocket and she's just going berserk and all in my face. And so I hit her.

Tears stream down his face.

TODD (CONT'D)

Turns out, what she was screamin for was to tell me my Daughter had gotten into my stash while I was asleep... and she was unconscious. They pumped my baby's stomach and eventually she woke up... only she had sustained brain damage and now my brilliant little girl couldn't...

(beat)

... she couldn't even say Daddy anymore. I went to jail and my Wife and child got as far away from me as they could.

Riddick and the audience stare in shock at the admission.

TODD (CONT'D)

The day I got out of jail was my 1644th day of sobriety and I've never turned back. I lost everything and I deserved it... I understand that. I know that God forgives us for our sins if we ask and believe. Everyday since then has been an opportunity to redeem myself, in hopes that one day God would allow me to forgive myself. I'm a damaged man. I'm more flawed than I could explain... but I'm not a Killer.

The crowd is astonished by the sobering tale.

95

INT. COURT HOUSE. MEETING ROOM - DAY

95

Riddick paces the room, furious. Todd, having gotten the story off his chest, is much calmer.

RIDDICK

Well, that was just great! You know the next time you want to go all Taxi Cab Confessions, just let me know ahead of time, so I can have you muzzled!

TODD

Relax Counselor, all I did was tell the truth. Isn't that what this whole thing is all about... finding the truth? Well there you go, unadulterated honesty.

RIDDICK

This isn't about the truth, this is about you taking me and the rest of these people through your sick little mind game so you end up a freakin movie of the week! But you know what, I'm done with it. I'm petitioning to assign your crazy ass new counsel tomorrow!

TODD

Crazy? You don't get it do you Counselor? I'm not crazy. I'm like an angel... matter of fact, I may as well be your own personal savior right here in the flesh, facing crucifixion in order to help you find answers.

Riddick stares at Todd.

RIDDICK

What are you talking about, you psycho?

TODD

Oh, I think you know what I'm saying Counselor. Or haven't you noticed the strange coincidences surrounding these cases. I saw the look in your eyes when they showed the photos of them girls...

TODD (CONT'D)

Wasn't the first time you had seen 'em, am I right?

Riddick doesn't respond.

TODD (CONT'D)

Yep, looks like the Killer is much closer to you than you thought. Maybe even under the same roof.

Riddick's upset, yet this makes him reflect.

96

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

96

Sheriff Blake stares down at the tombstone of Michelle Blake.

He places a bouquet of flowers at the base of it. He kisses his fingers and touches the picture of a beautiful girl --

Michelle, his daughter.

SHERIFF BLAKE

Happy Birthday Princess...

Suddenly, he receives a call.

SHERIFF BLAKE (CONT'D)

This is Blake... when... where... I'm on my way!

The Sheriff rushes to his car and speeds out of the cemetery.

97

EXT. DISTRICT COURT BUILDING - DAY

97

Angela exits the building to find Riddick waiting outside for her.

RIDDICK

Angela...

ANGELA

What are you doing here, Riddick?

RIDDICK

I didn't have any choice. I've left about a thousand messages... you won't accept my calls at the office. I didn't know what else to do. I can't sleep, can't eat and you know a brother already super skinny... I'm bout to look like one of the Olsen twins in a minute, I need you.

Angela cracks a smile.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

See there it is... ahh, I almost forgot how incredible that smile is. Please, don't shut me out... I'm so sorry, just please forgive me.

Angela considers.

ANGELA

Okay fine, under one condition... we take things slow this time, work on building a foundation of friendship.

RIDDICK

Yes yes, anything. I promise... thank you, thank you!

He covers her face with kisses.

ANGELA

Hey... slow.

RIDDICK

Of course...

98 INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - BED ROOM

98

Angela ravenously kisses Riddick, already in the process of tearing his clothes off.

As things intensify Riddick reaches for her neck, but he stops just short of grabbing her. The veins in his arm are protruding and he paws for the blankets instead.

99 INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN - MORNING

99

Riddick prepares breakfast, renewed and energized after a vigorous night of sex.

Angela enters wearing the shirt he had on the previous night.

ANGELA

Hey you...

RIDDICK

Hey back, gorgeous.

They kiss and he hands her a plate with the meal he has prepared.

ANGELA

Oww for me... Mmm, you are a nice
guy, aren't you?

RIDDICK

Maybe I am.

Angela retreats to the living room couch with her plate. She turns on the television, greeted by the morning news's special report.

News caster RONALD HANLEY has the story.

RONALD

Breaking news, today in the state capitol where another victim has been found in the area of Down Town Austin. This time severely injured but alive! Police have not yet been able to positively identify the young Hispanic woman who is still in critical condition. It's not certain at this point whether this is a copy-cat crime or if perhaps not related to the 6th St. Killings at all. However, suspect Todd Shaw is still on trial for the Murders of nine University of Texas students. As always we will continue to update this case as it develops.

Angela's face lights up. She looks at Riddick: he's shocked and concerned.

ANGELA

Baby!

RIDDICK

Holy shit.

ANGELA

Babe do you know what this means?

RIDDICK

Yeah, I think I do...

She runs into the kitchen and hugs him. Riddick's worried.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Baby, there's something I have to
tell you.

ANGELA
What is it?

He looks into her eyes.

100 INT. BAR - NIGHT

100

Riddick enters with a focused stare scanning the room for Mazin -- no sign of him. He courses through the busy pub, finally arriving at the bar.

BARTENDER
What can I get you?

RIDDICK
Have you seen Mazin?

BARTENDER
Who?

RIDDICK
Mazin... my brother.

BARTENDER
Look at this place... how the hell
would I know? You drinkin' or not?

RIDDICK
Yeah, Crown and coke.

The Bartender nods and goes to fix the drink.

Some time later, Riddick is still at the bar and Mazin still hasn't shown up.

An attractive woman approaches him.

WOMAN
Hey sexy... buy me a drink?

Riddick gives her a look, but walks away.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Fine then, fruit!

101 EXT. BAR. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

101

Riddick emerges from the bar and heads towards his car parked near the back of the dark lot. There're other vehicles, but not a pedestrian in sight. He opens the door --

MAZIN

Heard you been looking for me...

Mazin steps out from the shadows. Riddick closes his door.

RIDDICK

Maz, yeah man, I have... I was worried about you.

Mazin laughs off the comment.

MAZIN

Well, here I am Bro, safe and sound... no need to worry.

RIDDICK

Well, that's good man... I'm glad you're okay.

MAZIN

I know you've been doing some snooping... found out some things that probably got you thinking a little differently about me, huh?

RIDDICK

I just think you might need help bro, that's all.

MAZIN

Oh and let me guess... you gonna save me now, right? Or maybe you're just gonna narc on me again to your little bitch!

RIDDICK

Maz, it ain't like that...

MAZIN

Bet you got some real pity points talking about your crazy little brother... in trouble, again. Probably even got some sympathy sex out of it...

Riddick doesn't respond. Mazin takes that as a 'Yes.' He laughs.

MAZIN (CONT'D)

Well, I gotta hand it to you, Bro... you're willing to stoop even lower than me to get the panties. So what now... you turn me in, collect the hero's reward?

RIDDICK

Look Mazin, you can't go on like this, man. You need to talk to someone... a professional. Somebody that can help you fix...

MAZIN

Fix? I need to be fixed now? So, I'm broken, am I? And what about you Mr. Nice Guy Perfect Law Partner... all of a sudden, you get * to look down on me like you better than me?

RIDDICK

Mazin let me help you.

MAZIN

Aye yo, Screw your help... I'm fine the way I am! I've made peace with my quirks.

RIDDICK

Is that all this is to you, quirks? Mazin you are killing these innocent girls!

MAZIN

These bitches ain't innocent... out here using dudes like us for sport, playing with our emotions, teasing us! Them hoes deserved what they got and you know it!

RIDDICK

Whatever man, none of that matters. The cops are looking for you, and if they find you out here on the streets something could go wrong... I just couldn't live with that.

MAZIN

You're right you probably couldn't live with that, could you?

RIDDICK

I gotta take you in, bro.

MAZIN

Oh, so you a cop now... pssh, take me in, you better get up your weight before you try that hero!

Mazin walks away, but is grabbed from behind by Riddick. He turns and punches his brother in the face. The two scuffle with Mazin getting the best of Riddick.

A passer by spots the fight from the street. He calls out.

PASSER BY
Hey Buddy, you okay?

MAZIN
YO, GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE!
(to Riddick)
You really need to learn when to
leave well enough alone!

Mazin delivers one last crushing blow, flooring his brother. He calmly walks away.

102 INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 102

A knock at the door. Angela answers to find a battered Riddick.

ANGELA
Riddick, baby are you okay... what
happened to you?

She assists him into her apartment and over to the couch.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Baby, who did this to you?

Angela retreats to the kitchen and returns with a damp cloth she immediately applies to Riddick's face.

RIDDICK
It's my brother, he's out of
control.

Angela pulls him closer and he rests his head on her shoulder.

103 INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT. BED ROOM - NIGHT 103

Riddick tosses and turns in bed, struggling with the battlefield in his nightmares.

104 INT. BUILDING. DREAM - NIGHT 104

Riddick rushes into a derelict building fit for demolition. A gutted graveyard of buildings long past.

He bursts into a room to find Mazin standing there behind Angela with a gun pressed firmly against her temple.

RIDDICK

Mazin stop... please! Come on man,
you don't have to do this!

MAZIN

This the Bitch you chose over me,
bro? Your own flesh and blood.

Mazin sniffs Angela's hair.

MAZIN (CONT'D)

I see why you so sprung, really. I
bet she can suck a mean...

Riddick steps forward but Mazin quickly turns the gun on him.

MAZIN (CONT'D)

HEY! Not so fast Hero!

RIDDICK

Okay, is this what you want, man?
To take me out? Fine, but leave her
out of this... she's got nothing to
do with us!

MAZIN

Oh, see that's where you're wrong,
bro... she's the cause of all of
this and she's the only way this
ends!

(to Angela)

Bye bye pretty lady.

ANGELA

Baby, no please!

Too late. Mazin fires a bullet into her head.

RIDDICK

Noooooooooo!

Riddick looks down to see that he is the one holding Angela and the gun-- with a blood drenched face.

105

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT. BED ROOM - NIGHT

105

Riddick awakes abruptly in a cold sweat. He looks to the side and sees Angela fast asleep. He lays back down with his eyes open in deep contemplation.

106

EXT. RIDDICK'S CHILDHOOD HOME - CONTINUOUS

106

Riddick pulls up to an old Victorian style home at the edge of an otherwise vacant cul-de-sac. Paint stripped by years of neglect. Windows clouded over with dirt.

An older model sedan loiters in the gravel drive way.

Riddick exits his car and surveys the remnants of his childhood community. Lifeblood cut off by dead factories. Riddick ascends wooden plank steps and knocks on a weathered old door.

It opens. MRS. MELBA PERCY, mid 50's and a regular Mrs. Buttersworth, appears.

MELBA

Riddick? Oh my Lord, is that you, sweetheart? Come in come in, let me get a good look atcha.

Riddick steps into a shabby relic of a living area, unchanged since his childhood.

Melba inspects this now unfamiliar young man.

MELBA (CONT'D)

Well, don't this just beat all?

RIDDICK

It's good to see you Mrs. Melba... where's Momma?

MELBA

Oh, she's out on the terrace, like usual.

Melba points towards the back of the house. Riddick follows her fingers.

SILVIA MINER, mid 50's retired librarian looks, sits in a comfortable rocking chair staring into the abyss of back-water Oklahoma.

Riddick pokes his head out the back door. He quietly approaches the unsuspecting woman.

RIDDICK

Hi, Momma.

Silvia stares blankly, at first. Eventually, smile parts her lips.

SILVIA
Oh, my baby boy.

Riddick embraces her.

RIDDICK
You look really good Momma, real healthy.

SILVIA
Mmm hmm, the Doc says I gained five pounds and my pressure is down too.

RIDDICK
Aww, that's great, Momma.

SILVIA
So how have you been, tell me all about school... do you have a lady friend?

Riddick's already concerned.

RIDDICK
Momma, I graduated already, remember?

SILVIA
You did?

RIDDICK
Yes ma'am, remember you and Mrs. Melba came down for the ceremony.

SILVIA
Oh, that's great baby... so, what are you going to do now?

RIDDICK
Well actually, I practice law now, for a really nice firm. They even made me partner, you believe that?

SILVIA
I knew you would do good, baby. I'm so proud of the man you've become.

Riddick collects himself in order to relay the bad news. *

RIDDICK
Momma, I need to talk to you, about Mazin.

SILVIA

Who?

RIDDICK

Mazin, your son.

Silvia's stare is blank again.

SILVIA

Oh, Mazin.

She smiles and sets her gaze outward again.

RIDDICK

Yeah, well I think he may be involved in some things that are going to get him in a lot of trouble.

SILVIA

Oh Riddick, my baby boy, how have you been, tell me all about school... do you have a lady friend?

Alzheimer's taking its toll. Riddick's face is pitiful.

RIDDICK

Yeah, Momma, everything is good, how are you?

SILVIA

Oh, I'm okay, the Doc says I gained five pounds and my pressure is down too.

Silvia's face washes with triumph.

RIDDICK

That's great Momma.

Riddick fixes the quilt Silvia has around her shoulders. Tabula rasa, obliviously staring into the abyss.

107

INT. RIDDICK'S CHILDHOOD HOME. KITCHEN - EVENING

107

Riddick steps inside to find Melba preparing dinner. His face is disappointed.

RIDDICK

She's getting worse.

MELBA

Well, some days are worse than others... but I've learned you just gotta expect the unexpected and appreciate the little things when you're dealing with this disease.

Melba picks peas from their pods and places them into a bowl.

Riddick assists.

RIDDICK

She doesn't even remember Mazin. I just feel like I'm waiting until she doesn't remember me either.

MELBA

Remember Mazin?

RIDDICK

Yeah, I mentioned him and she just stared at me like I wasn't even there.

MELBA

Doc said traumatic events are usually the first ones to go because we don't really want them in our heads anyway... said it was a sub... subc... sub-cautious reaction or something like that.

Riddick raises an eyebrow.

RIDDICK

Traumatic event?

MELBA

Shoot yeah, I can't blame her either... Mazin's death was a really hard time for her. If I's her that woulda been the first memory I'd want gone too.

Riddick's face says 'What the Hell?'

RIDDICK

Melba, don't say that.. Mazin just doesn't come around much because its hard for him to see her like that.

(beat)

I hope you're not saying that type of stuff around Momma...

(MORE)

RIDDICK (CONT'D)
 she doesn't understand the
 difference between real and fake.

Melba stares at Riddick, trying to decipher this new problem.
 Awkward pause as the two of them stare at one another.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)
 Melba... Mazin isn't dead.

MELBA
 Riddick I...

Riddick stands up. Melba's terrified.

RIDDICK
 What are you doing? Why are you
 saying that... do you think it's
 funny?

MELBA
 Riddick please...

RIDDICK
 No, stop... what's wrong with you?
 Why...

Melba stands slowly, palms out in a calming gesture.

MELBA
 Riddick I'm sorry, but... it's
 true.

RIDDICK
 No, you're lying... you're a liar,
 what the...

Riddick's grabs his head, a psychic drill digging deep into
 his head. His eyes roll back.

108 EXT. FLASHBACK. PARK. LITTLE LEAGUE REGIONAL SERIES - DAY 108

109 MONTAGE 109

- Riddick and Mazin, innocent young boys, hugging.
- Riddick at the plate.
- Strike two!
- He chokes up on the bat and his eyes roll back.
- Referees and coaches run to his aid.

- Mazin holds his hand.

110 EXT. FLASHBACK. HOSPITAL - DAY

110

The doctor speaks to Silvia outside of Riddick's room.

DOCTOR

I'm sorry Mrs. Miner but the organs are too badly damaged to salvage and without a replacement kidney, there isn't much that can be done.

SILVIA

What do you mean nothing can be done... he is a 10 year old little boy, Doctor... 10!

DOCTOR

Yes, ma'am I understand... it's just that dialysis won't help in such an advanced case and your son needs a blood and tissue match or he's not going to make it through the night...

SILVIA

Fine take one of my kidneys, then.

DOCTOR

I wish it were that simple Mrs. Miner, but you see Riddick only has part of your DNA and part of his father's. Your organs only have a 30% chance of cross matching and even then there's no way to know exactly...

Mazin Miner, eight years old and innocent, interjects.

MAZIN

Doctor, am I a match?

111 MONTAGE

111

- Riddick rolls into the emergency room, Mazin is rolled next to him.

- The boys are half conscious in the recovery room.

- Silvia visits Riddick, the boy's coming along well.

- Silvia stands besides Mazin, who has taken a turn for the worse.

112 EXT. FLASHBACK. HOSPITAL. HALLWAY - NIGHT 112

Silvia stands outside of Mazin's room speaking to the doctor.

DOCTOR
Mazin's system is reacting
adversely to the surgery...

113 EXT. FLASHBACK. HOSPITAL - NIGHT 113

Riddick, all better, visits his sickly little brother in the hospital. He holds a half conscious Mazin's hand. His father JAMES MINER, blue-collar laborer, is asleep in a chair next to the boy's bed.

MAZIN
Promise me you'll never forget me,
Brudder.

Riddick's sniffing back his tears.

RIDDICK
I promise... I won't forget.

Mazin finally fades away.

114 INT. FLASHBACK. RIDDICK'S CHILDHOOD HOME. BEDROOM - DAY 114

Riddick sleeps in one of the 2 small beds. The other bed is made up and vacant-- Mazin's side of their room.

James stumbles in holding a half bottle of alcohol. He hovers over the sleeping boy.

JAMES
It should have been you... not my,
not my boy.

He scowls at Riddick. Takes another swig of liquor. Stumbles out of the room.

115 INT. FLASHBACK. RIDDICK'S CHILDHOOD HOME. BEDROOM - DAY 115

There's a feeble knock at the door.

JAMES
WHAT?

The door opens and Riddick steps in.

RIDDICK

Daddy...

James is seated in an old reading chair. He is unshaven and wearing a ratty old robe.

JAMES

Oh you. Well, what do you want?

RIDDICK

Momma said she made you a plate.

James screws his face into a question mark.

JAMES

Well, where is it?

RIDDICK

She ask that you come down...
people are here to give
consolenses.

James' glares at his personal villain.

JAMES

BOY CAN'T YOU SEE I'M WATCHING
MATLOCK... YOU BETTA GET THE HELL
OUT OF THIS ROOM OR I SWEAR YOU'LL
BE SORRY!!!

Riddick darts out of the room and down the stairs.

116

INT. FLASHBACK - RIDDICK'S CHILDHOOD HOME - KITCHEN - DAY 116

Silvia, dressed in all black, receives condolences from friends and family.

Silvia enters a busy kitchen full of food. She stares out the window, seeing Riddick in the back yard throwing a baseball at an old personal trampoline.

A younger Melba approaches holding a serving tray of food.

MELBA

He's been out there over an hour.

SILVIA

Yeah, I keep asking God for the
words to help him understand. I
don't even understand it, how can I
expect a little boy to?

Melba places a consoling hand on her friends shoulder.

117 EXT. FLASHBACK. RIDDICK'S CHILDHOOD HOME. BACK YARD - DAY 117

Riddick throws the baseball at the trampoline which catapults it back to him.

RIDDICK

... and that way when you catch it,
it won't hurt your hand see? And
when you get that down I'm gonna
teach you how to catch it over your
shoulder.

Silvia approaches Riddick, cautiously.

SILVIA

Baby, who are you talking to?

RIDDICK

Just, Mazin... I promised him I'd
teach him how to catch better.

Silvia's heart quietly breaks.

SILVIA

So you talk to Mazin sometimes,
huh?

(beat)

You wanna know a secret? Sometimes,
I do too.

Silvia tries to force a smile. She embraces Riddick tightly....

118 INT. RIDDICK'S CHILDHOOD HOME. KITCHEN - EVENING 118

... as return to adult Riddick, shocked and shaking his head in disbelief. Melba approaches.

MELBA

Riddick... look, maybe you just
need to sit down for a second...

RIDDICK

No no... you're wrong... you're
just wrong!

Riddick storms out of the house and jumps in his car.
Whatever clarity of mine he ever had, it's gone now.

119 INT. CAR - NIGHT

119

Riddick drives while trying to call Mazin's phone.

AUTOMATED VOICE

I'm sorry the number you have
dialed is not a working number or
is no longer in service. Please
hang up and try your call again.

Riddick, frustrated, hangs up the call.
On the drive back to Texas, Riddick thinks back to all the
time spent with Mazin...except now, he's not there.

120 MONTAGE

120

- Opening scene at the club.
- Monique the Freak.
- Elevator girl.
- Hispanic mother at the grocery store.
- Bumping into Sheriff at Chubs.
- Mazin and Riddick (or, rather, Riddick and himself)
scuffle.
- At the gym with Dereck.
- Answering the door for Maria.
- Burying the victim's items; Todd watches from a distance.
- The upscale party.
- Fighting at Chubs.
- Watching the game at home.

All of these events involved only Riddick-- not Mazin.

121 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

121

POV FROM OUTSIDE ROOM. Sheriff is Maria's room. She's awake,
giving him a full statement. The Sheriff's face goes cold and
he confirms what she just said. He rushes out of the room.

122 INT. APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

122

Riddick rushes into his apartment. He surveys the apartment.

RIDDICK
Mazin!... Mazin where are you?

Riddick knocks on Mazin's door. No answer.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)
Mazin, God damn you... open this door!

He pushes on the handle viciously. No luck.

Riddick then looks strangely at the door. He pulls rather than pushing and the door nudges open. Riddick stares into the room in disbelief.

It is an empty closet.

123 INT. APARTMENT. BATH ROOM - NIGHT

123

Riddick stumbles in and splashes water on his face. He opens the medicine cabinet and at the back of it finds the empty bottle of pills the Doctor prescribed.

Now Mazin, the bottle is suddenly full. He lowers his head and pours them down the drain.

When he looks up, he's Riddick again.

Riddick exits the rest room to find the small child sitting on the couch.

LITTLE BOY
(Mazin V.O.)
Dang bro, you don't look so hot.

RIDDICK
Mazin?

LITTLE BOY
(Mazin V.O.)
Duh! Of course it's me, who'd you think it was?

RIDDICK
What are you doing here?

The boy gives him a curious glance.

LITTLE BOY

(Mazin V.O.)

You should know, you brought me here. Sentimental ass... never could let go of the past, could you?

RIDDICK

So it's true... you're dead?

LITTLE BOY

(Mazin V.O.)

As a door knob. Gotta say, I'm a bit relieved... I didn't think you were ever gonna figure it out. I see why Momma just ignored it.

Riddick's just trying to figure this out.

RIDDICK

But, why...

(beat)

... why did you kill those girls?

LITTLE BOY

(Mazin V.O.)

Whoa, don't blame that on me... that was all you, Lady killer. But lucky for you I can help you clean all this up. Only one thing left to do.

The boy flash's the devil's grin.

124

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

124

Sheriff Blake calls for back-up as he speeds towards Riddick's apartment.

SHERIFF BLAKE

Dispatch come in...

COMPUTER VOICE

10-4 Dispatch, how can I help you Sheriff?

SHERIFF BLAKE

Yeah, I'm gonna need backup over at 1911 Pecan Street.. tell Deputy Glensby I GOT THAT LITTLE SOM BITCH! OUT.

He arrives and runs into the building.

125 INT. APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 125

Sheriff Blake kicks the door in pointing his gun. He slowly secures the apartment. He heads into Riddick's room.

126 INT. APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 126

Deputy Glensby arrives with two more officers. He peeks in, aiming his gun.

DEPUTY GLENSBY
Sherf... you in here?

The Sheriff emerges from the room.

SHERIFF BLAKE
Yeah...

DEPUTY GLENSBY
Well, what the hell J.T., they said
you was chasing the killer here...
this some kinda stupid ass joke or
somthin?

SHERIFF BLAKE
No, twernt no joke.

Deputy Glensby looks around curiously.

DEPUTY GLENSBY
Well, where's he at?

Sheriff Blake's face washes with dread. He rushes out of the apartment. The officers follow.

127 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT 127

Riddick creeps through the dimly lit hospital. He dodges night-shift nurses, working his way towards Maria's room. The little boy leads him.

The guard who is supposed to be watching her room, TIM FLANIGAN, mid 30's knuckle dragger, is flirting with a nurse down the hall. He looks back towards the room periodically.

The little boy keeps a hushed voice as he directs Riddick.

LITTLE BOY
Wait!

Riddick halts. The officer resumes his focus on flirting.

LITTLE BOY (CONT'D)
 Alright now... hurry!

Riddick slips into Maria's room undetected. She is asleep and nearly mummified from her injuries. Riddick slowly approaches, grabbing a pillow. He glares down at her.

A over to the mirror on the wall shows the reflection of Mazin in Maria's place.

Riddick places the pillow over Maria's face and begins to suffocate her.

A bullet cuts him down. Sheriff Blake stands at the door aiming a smoking pistol.

Police rush in to assist Maria and apprehend Riddick. The life slowly leaves his body, but the little boy loyally stays. Holding Riddick's hand as the world crashes down.

128

INT. 4TH PRECINCT JAIL. LOCK UP - DAY

128

Sheriff assists in Todd's release. He signs papers.

SHERIFF BLAKE
 Well, looks like that's the last of
 it. You're free to go. No hard
 feelings.

He offers his hand to Todd to shake. Todd accepts.

TODD
 Nothing I can't get over, I'm sure.

Todd begins to leave.

TODD (CONT'D)
 Oh Sheriff... I heard you finally
 got to use your gun. Was it
 everything you'd hoped?

SHERIFF BLAKE
 Tell you the truth, I didn't feel a
 thing.

The Sheriff heads back towards his office. Todd takes the moment in some wry, if dark, stride.

TODD
 Hmm... and they called me a
 killer...

129 INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

129

Nurse LESLIE GRACE, late 30's, enters lab carrying a box full of supplies. She is shocked to find DR. MILES LEER studying over a case file.

LESLIE

Oh, Dr. Leer, you scared me... I thought you'd already left for the evening.

DR. LEER

No, still here...

Leslie sits the box down next to the shelf, and can't help but notice the doctor's distraction.

LESLIE

Well, what's so interesting?

DR. LEER

It's an old case file on a rare Dissociative Defect...

LESLIE

A wha...?

DR. LEER

Dissociative. It causes a break with the bodies chemical ability to show sympathy consideration affection... any concept of love.

LESLIE

That would make a person a monster. Well, night night.

Leslie exits. Dr. Leer nods before returning the file to its folder: MINER, JAMES C. In big, black sharpie.

130 INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

130

Angela sobs, her eyes fixed on the TV.

CLARA

... so it appears that after several months of terrorizing the citizens of Austin the 6th St. Killer's campaign came to an end today.

(MORE)

CLARA (CONT'D)

Riddick Miner, 25 year old Partner at Lanlin & Associates, was gunned down at Memorial Hospital last night as he attempted to complete his initially botched assault on Maria Menza. You may remember Miner as the Defense Attorney for the wrongly accused Todd Shaw...

In Angela's hand is a pregnancy test. It's positive.

FADE OUT