

# **RANSACKED**

**Written by**

**Sid Crudup II**

**Sid Crudup II, M.S.  
c/o SidSan Media Group, LLC  
E-mail: [ej4sidsanmedia@gmail.com](mailto:ej4sidsanmedia@gmail.com)**

FADE IN:

INT. A BEDROOM - NIGHT

BURGLARS rummage through dressers and closets. One struggles to rip a flat screen from an entertainment center.

Alarm BEEPS, but on a delay. Thief at jewelry boxes counts to himself. Yells out.

BURGLAR #1  
(heavy breathing)  
Twenty seconds!

Burglar clears flat screen from entertainment center.

BURGLAR #2  
Got it!

Alarm TRIGGERS. Out of time. Burglars bolt through the front door with merchandise.

EXT. A STREET - NIGHT

Burglars speed away and clear the block, just as a SECURITY vehicle pulls around.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Two security OFFICERS exit their vehicle. They draw their weapons and enter.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Ransacked.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Mercenary-like GOONS stand watch, as they flank a muscular, stone-faced Black MAN, mid-to-late 30s...

JAMES RIDDICK squats near a headstone, as he stares at a photo. Emotional, as he puts down a bouquet of roses.

INT. CORNER STORE - DAY

Typical mini-mart. Customers browse and buy.

BACK ROOM

Knock-off doctor's lab area. Knock-off PHARMACISTS distribute illegal Rx bottles. Young GIRLS sit in a corner. Visibly shaken, but quiet.

INT. AUTO REPAIR SHOP - DAY

Mechanics at work. One rides a mower into a trailer hitch attached to a pickup truck.

Two men move from a bay door to the office. They guard the office door.

OFFICE

Riddick talks with a RUSSIAN woman, her accent deep and exotic. She's all business. Riddick signals an ASSOCIATE. He opens a box revealing HOLLOW POINT bullets. Russian woman inspects the merchandise.

RUSSIAN WOMAN

What about girls?

Riddick pauses and flashes a sarcastic smile.

RIDDICK

Broadening your horizons, are you?

She nods.

RUSSIAN WOMAN

Are you not doing same, Mr.  
Riddick?

Riddick scans her from top to bottom.

RIDDICK

Let's stick with the agenda, shall  
we? Contracts?

Russian hands Riddick a folder. He inspects the contents.

RUSSIAN WOMAN

Just show at gate.

RIDDICK

And the database?

RUSSIAN WOMAN

All clear, Mr. Riddick.

He stares back at her. She opens a case. Shows Riddick the  
money. They shake hands. The Russian and her associates exit.

INT. LAW OFFICES OF RONN KNOX - AFTERNOON

Law firm. Busy P.I. LAWYERS and ASSISTANTS. BUZZ of serious  
business in the background.

Security leads women, ages ranging from 16 to 30 to one of  
the offices. Guard knocks.

INT. RONN KNOX'S OFFICE

Spacious. RONN KNOX, clean-cut Black man, mid-30s. A picture  
of respectability.

Knox reclines in an executive chair examining documents. He  
hears a knock and sees security through the blinds. He waves  
him in.

Door swings open. Women step inside. Knox beckons them to  
sit. He's generous. One hands him 3 manila envelopes.

Knox inspects the envelopes. Puts them on his desk.

KNOX

Excellent, Marley. Can I see you in  
the conference room? Please?

Knox turns to the other girls.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Be just a few seconds.

KNOX'S CONFERENCE ROOM

Knox grins. Marley grins back. Knox steps forward arms open.  
He hugs her. When he pulls back, he whacks her across her  
face.

Marley reels back. Cries.

KNOX

Shhhh. Way too extra, Marley.

MARLEY

And you're throwing hands for what  
reason?

KNOX

You're short.

MARLEY

I can explain.

He grabs a chunk of her hair. Yanks her head backwards.  
Whispers in her ear.

KNOX

I need you to sharpen your powers  
of observation, darling. Am I  
clear?

MARLEY

(in pain)  
Crystal.

KNOX  
Good. Very good.

Knox straightens her up. He fixes her hair and wipes her face. He kisses her with genuine affection.

KNOX (CONT'D)  
I love you.

Marley pauses. She doesn't answer.

KNOX (CONT'D)  
I know you heard me. I said I love you.

MARLEY  
(shaking)  
I love you too.

He straightens himself out. Composes himself.

KNOX  
How do I look?

She hesitates, as she gets herself together.

MARLEY  
Like a boss.

They step out and back into...

RONN KNOX'S OFFICE

Knox faces the girls, looking more professional than when he walked out.

KNOX  
Great news. We're taking your case.

Happy and relieved, the women console each other. Marley sits with them. She forces a smile.

KNOX (CONT'D)

We know of the verbal assaults, but  
has he touched either of you in any  
way?

They all nod. The women look intently at the Brazilian. Knox  
notes it.

KNOX (CONT'D)

What's your name, sweetheart?

She pauses. Drops her head, not making eye contact.

GRACIE

Gracie.

Knox senses more. He leans forward, accommodating. He reaches  
out his hands.

She looks at the other women. They give her the approval.  
Gracie holds Knox's hands.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

I understand you're the Candyman.

Knox moves in closer. His grin is devilish.

KNOX

I've been known to spook a few  
people from time to time.

GRACIE

He also kicked me out of the  
program. I have no place to stay.

Knox trades glances with the women. Signals Marley. She jumps  
up and closes the blinds.

Knox grabs the envelopes and works the combination on a safe.  
He pulls out a box full of Rx bottles and distributes. He  
dumps money out of the envelopes into the safe and returns  
the empty envelopes to the girls.

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - MORNING

Exclusive. Elegant. Various images of community.

A pickup truck with a trailer hitch carrying a riding mower pulls up to the gate. Driver talks on his cell, while passenger scrolls through paperwork.

Two SECURITY GUARDS watch from the guard shack. One exits.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Can I help you sir?

The driver is Riddick. He ends call. His passenger hands him a business card and Riddick hands it to the guard. The guard reads it and hands it to his partner

SECURITY GUARD #1 (CONT'D)

Sorry sir, but this community  
already has a lawn care service.

Riddick and his passenger trade glances.

RIDDICK

New contract sir. Ring up your HOA  
or check your computer.

Facebook Messenger RINGS on phone of SECURITY GUARD #2. He turns to answer. FACETIMES with Russian woman, as GUARD #1 chats with Riddick. Russian woman shows guard a video of a young girl being filmed at a playground. Guard trembles. Terrified.

Russian woman disconnects. SECURITY GUARD #2 shakes, as he works the computer. He steps out.

SECURITY GUARD #2

My apologies, Mr. Rudy. You're all  
clear.

Guard opens the gate. Riddick drives through.



INT. RONN KNOX HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Extraordinary. In the living room, Knox stands at the window sipping on a cup of coffee. He sees the men unloading trailer hitch.

KNOX  
(a whisper)  
What the hell?

He turns to see Gracie sound asleep on the couch. Picks up a cordless phone from base charger. Dials a number.

KNOX (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
You see what I see?

INT. HAMILTON'S HOME

Modest looking, but nice.

CARL HAMILTON, White, mid 40s. Slender, but athletic with thinning gray hair. He's looking out his window.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

HAMILTON  
Lawn guys?

KNOX  
Where the hell is Iggy?

HAMILTON  
Contract's up.

KNOX  
First I'm hearing about this.

HAMILTON  
Isn't that why you pay me? Free  
your mind from the trivial?

KNOX  
I assumed you had him checked out?

Hamilton tries to remain calm and quickly searches a database in his computer.

HAMILTON

He's legit. Rudy's Lawn Care.

KNOX

Never heard of him.

On the couch, Gracie cracks open her eyes, slightly. She eavesdrops.

KNOX (CONT'D)

(a murmur)

No foreseeable problems with this week's shipment?

Knox turns. Gracie pretends to be asleep. Knox walks over and takes a closer look. Gracie sells it, even while he feels up her thighs and backside. She doesn't move.

Knox moves back to the window. She opens her eyes and shoots a disgusted frown.

HAMILTON

Have you moved the money behind curtain number two yet, Mr. Hall?

KNOX

(a whisper)

\$5 million dollars? It's not like moving furniture, Carl.

HAMILTON

(irritated)

Now it's five as opposed to one?

KNOX

Consider it interest. You damn near cost me all of it. Remember?

Before Hamilton can answer, Knox disconnects. He peeks out the window again. Dials another number and leaves the living room.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Riddick surveys houses in development. He jots down notes. Covertly snaps a cellphone shot of Knox's house. His partner fires up the mower.

INT. CAR

Riddick hops back into the driver's seat. Continues writing down notes. He pulls photo from his pocket. Emotional.

EXT. STREET

Security vehicle pulls up behind the truck.

INT. SECURITY VEHICLE

A built and armed military-type SECURITY OFFICER is on his cell. He begins typing in his computer.

OFFICER

(into phone)

Running his tags now.

KNOX (V.O.)

Keep me updated, Riley.

BACK ON STREET

OFFICER RILEY, a Hulkish man squeezes out of his vehicle and walks to the driver side of Riddick's truck, hand on his gun. Riddick signals his partner to turn mower off. Partner shuts down mower and closes trailer hitch.

RIDDICK

(looking at the gun)

Good day, sir.

Riley meticulously scans the truck, as he sizes Riddick up. Riddick's partner climbs back in. Riley sizes him up too.

OFFICER RILEY  
Identification.

RIDDICK  
You law enforcement?

OFFICER RILEY  
(more stern)  
Identification.

Riddick slowly raises his hands.

RIDDICK  
Can I get my paperwork?

Riley nervously nods, but tightens the grip on his gun, as Riddick slowly retrieves paperwork and ID from his partner. Riley peruses Riddick's info.

OFFICER RILEY  
We've had a string of burglaries in this community recently, Mr. Rudy. Know anything about that?

Riddick pauses.

RIDDICK  
Men looking like us don't belong in this neighborhood, is that it?

OFFICER RILEY  
Simple question sir.

RIDDICK  
No, I don't. Do we look suspicious?

Riley smirks, as he huffs under his breath. Shoots Riddick an annoyed glare. Back to the paperwork, business card.

OFFICER RILEY  
How long you been in lawn care?

RIDDICK  
New business venture.

Riley looks up. His eyes narrow.

OFFICER RILEY

How'd you end up here? We already  
have a lawn guy.

RIDDICK

What can I say? God is good.

Riley forces a fake chuckle.

OFFICER RILEY

Man of the church, are you?

Riddick waves his hands, a posture of praising his Lord.

OFFICER RILEY (CONT'D)

I doubt you're both intimate. How  
long you gonna be?

RIDDICK

Done. For now.

Riley hands over Riddick's paperwork and takes another look  
inside the pickup. Riddick cranks the engine.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Are we free to go?

Riley smirks. Waves them off.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Have a nice day, Officer.

Riddick drives off, still glancing at a photo.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RONN KNOX HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

SUPER: 2 MONTHS LATER

Hamilton paces in circles. Knox guzzles his bourbon. Watching  
Hamilton, he grows more anxious.

KNOX

Is there a list of potentials?

HAMILTON

No apparent leads I'm aware of.

Hamilton hands over a photo album. Knox stares intently at each photo. Continues to throw down his bourbon.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

That's an official array.

KNOX

Ninety day stretch and you've yet to pinpoint at least one perp? What about your contact in the property division?

HAMILTON

Four to six month backlog.

BEDROOM

Gracie cracks the door. Eavesdrops.

BACK IN LIVING ROOM

KNOX

Anything missing?

Hamilton hesitates.

KNOX (CONT'D)

(more forceful)

Anything missing?

Hamilton takes a deep breath.

HAMILTON

The ledger.

Knox breathes heavier. He flings the array at Hamilton. Crushes the bourbon glass with his bare hands. He moves to Hamilton, menacing approach.

KNOX

You left my ledger in the open?  
Dumb fuck! I said leave it at the  
lab! Dammit! Thought I was clear?  
You don't shit where you eat, Carl!

HAMILTON

Ronn.

KNOX

I want them dead! And find my  
ledger. Bad enough Special Agent  
Cook is already crawling up my ass  
with a probe. Last thing I need is  
for her to get lucky.

Knox marches to the bedroom. Hamilton cuts an angry glare.  
Storms out.

BACK IN BEDROOM

Gracie hears Knox coming. She scoots from the door, grabs a  
mirror and begins working the hair.

Knox stomps to the safe.

Gracie pulls the lipstick and paints up. In the mirror, she  
watches Knox input the safe combination. Knox turns. Frowns.  
Gracie resumes painting.

GRACIE

Almost ready, babe.

He doesn't answer.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Any word on my case?

Knox creeps behind her, suspicious. Violently grabs her  
buttocks. She cringes. He wheels her around. Her frown morphs  
into a painful smile. He feels her up. Eyeballs her, reading  
her for several tense moments.

KNOX

Loyalty is sacred. You wouldn't try  
to hurt me, would you?

She nervously shakes her head.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Good. Very good.

Knox feels her up and down. The mood is heavy. He receives a  
text. He grunts.

KNOX (CONT'D)

(eerie voice)

Rain check. Keep the river flowing,  
love. You know how much I like the  
Falls this time of year.

He throws his tongue down her throat and then winks at her.  
He bolts out the door.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Hamilton and two savage MEN barge in, as they harass and  
shuffle another man inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE MEETING ROOM

Nicely furnished. KNOX sits. Eyes are narrow. He's fidgety,  
as he drags hard on a cigarette.

Hamilton and the savages burst in. Jittery. Hamilton is  
carrying a duffel bag.

HAMILTON

We got him. Back room.

KNOX

Who is he? You get a name?

The men trade nervous looks. Neither of them appear to want  
to answer. Knox points at one of the men, demanding info.



MAN #1

Rudy. Marvin Rudy

Knox breathes in. Shoots Hamilton a disgusted glare.

KNOX

Last time you're in charge of  
recon.

He jumps up, takes a few paces. Knox's reaction agitates them more. They pace. Frantic. Knox glares at Hamilton.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Hard to find good help these days,  
so I did my own research.

Knox pulls business cards from his pocket. Slaps one on Hamilton's chest.

KNOX (CONT'D)

His name isn't Rudy. It's Riddick.  
He's the competition, Carl.

Everyone freezes.

HAMILTON

So now what?

Knox hesitates. He turns to his nervous comrades. He drags on the cigarette until his face almost turns colors.

KNOX

Gators in the lake. Feed them!

Hamilton looks at Knox with concern.

HAMILTON

Little extreme, don't you think?

Knox shoots a look at Hamilton that tells him he better comply. They're edgy, but they give an accommodating nod.

KNOX

Hardware.

Hamilton unzips the duffel bag. 4 Smith & Wesson 357s. Syringes and powdery substance. Each man grabs a 357. Knox leads them out. Hamilton hides cell. Sends a text message.

WAREHOUSE BACK ROOM

Tied to a chair behind a small coffee table is James Riddick. He's beat up.

A BADASS young woman checks her cell, as she stands behind him aiming a Magnum at the back of his head. She has a bag over her shoulder. The other men grab chairs and sit. Tense.

Riddick notes the stress. Relaxes like nothing's wrong.

Knox flashes a sinister smile. Puts out his cigarette and waves the BADASS off. She moves near the other men.

KNOX

Mr. Rudy? I'm sorry. Mr. Riddick.  
That is your name, isn't it?

Knox flings a business card at Riddick. He doesn't move or answer. He just stares at Knox.

KNOX (CONT'D)

You know why you're here?

Riddick doesn't budge. He keeps staring.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Let's say you've broken into the  
last home you'll ever break into.

RIDDICK

I don't know what you're talking  
about.

KNOX

Somehow you don't strike me as a  
student who's ever repeated a  
grade. Want to try again?

Riddick shifts in his seat. Glances around the room.

RIDDICK  
I'm thirsty. Anything to drink?

The men wince at each other.

KNOX  
There's a lake on property, but you  
already know that. Been through any  
rear sliding screen doors lately?

RIDDICK  
You have the wrong guy.

Man #2 leans in.

MAN #2  
Video seems pretty clear.

Riddick stares him down. Studies him. Riddick is cool,  
despite the pending threat.

RIDDICK  
When's the last time you played  
poker?

Knox snaps his fingers. Badass buries her fist into Riddick's  
breadbasket. Tunes him up some more. Riddick takes it like a  
soldier.

HAMILTON  
For someone staring down five  
loaded Magnums, you're one cocky  
sonofabitch.

RIDDICK  
So, what now?

Knox holds his hand out. Hamilton pulls a syringe from the  
duffel bag and gives it to Knox. Knox plucks it.

Riddick trades glances with Knox's gunmen, then locks eyes  
with Knox.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)  
You're taking this a little too  
far, aren't you? Murder?

KNOX  
(admiring the syringe)  
Justifiable homicide.

Riddick cracks a grin.

RIDDICK  
(sarcastic)  
There's the esquire. Based on what?  
Hearsay? A phantom video?

KNOX  
Think we're gonna sit back and let  
you keep pillaging? You've hit at  
least seven homes in the last two  
months.

Riddick shoots a dark stare, much darker than the stare at  
the other gunman. He doesn't even blink.

RIDDICK  
Just not yours, right? I'd like my  
drink now.

Knox laughs.

KNOX  
What on earth makes you think  
you're in a position to negotiate?

Riddick leans in. Real smooth.

RIDDICK  
Thirty three, double zero nine,  
seventy four. Click click.

Riddick winks. His revelation spooks Knox out of his skin. He  
looks as if he's seen the evil spirit world. Demons.

Knox FLASHBACKS to bedroom.

Knox rises. He sees confused gunmen. He directs Hamilton and  
the two men toward the kitchen. Badass hangs back.

KITCHEN

Knox makes circles. Mumbles to himself, swearing softly while on his cellphone. There's no answer.

KNOX

Bitch!

The gunmen lay back, anticipating Knox's next move.

MAN #1

Information, please!

Knox glares. His partners in crime back down, understanding the gesture.

Knox pulls a cigarette out the pack in his shirt pocket. Lights it. He swings open a cabinet door. Yanks out a shot glass. Snaps his fingers.

Hamilton pulls powdery substance and dumps it into the shot glass. Mixes it with water.

KNOX

Here's your cocktail, Mr. Rudy.

Knox takes the lead. Hamilton and the two men are in tow. They stagger back into...

BACK ROOM

Knox eyes the chair where Riddick was tied. It's empty. He reels back. Drops the glass. Cigarette falls from his mouth.

Riddick and Badass stand near the chair. Guns aimed. He directs Badass out the door. Riddick's on his cell.

RIDDICK

(into phone)

Warehouse. Make it quick.

He holsters his cell.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

Hey Ronnie. All is well?

Knox is a ghost. He senses something's awry. Nervously turns.

Hamilton and the gunmen aim their 357s at him. No trace of uneasiness. Calm, collected and composed. Badass returns, a tablet in her grip.

Riddick paces, slow and menacing. Takes full command of the room. Gunmen show no apprehension. They don't restrain him. They love his control, his power. Badass hands Riddick her phone.

Riddick shows Knox a text message.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

So, you want to feed me to the  
crocs?

Riddick unzips Badass' bag. Tosses Hamilton a stack of money. Knox smirks. Glares at Hamilton. Struggles to find an appropriate insult.

KNOX

Bastard!

HAMILTON

Consider it interest.

Hamilton raises the weapon. Aims at Knox. Knox turns back to Riddick.

RIDDICK

I take threats personal.

KNOX

Couldn't agree more.

RIDDICK

Forget about the neighbors. This is  
about you. Isn't that right?

KNOX

I have no idea what you're talking about.

RIDDICK

And I'm the one who never stayed back?

For the first time, Riddick appears agitated. He sighs.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Had to smoke you out, Ronnie. Make you think somebody could get to you, so you'd start moving shit around.

KNOX

You expect me to believe you staged the robberies? All of them?

RIDDICK

Burglaries.

KNOX

Whatever. I'm not buying it.

RIDDICK

Thought I was a progressive student, Mr. Knox?

KNOX

Indeed. Just not dumb enough to test me. Surprising.

Riddick laughs.

RIDDICK

Smart enough to draw you out to come after me. As you'll see in a minute, I wanted this.

KNOX

You expect me to confess all my sins, father?

RIDDICK

We know what's in the safe, the  
loft at your firm and the bunker.  
Not so squeaky clean after all, are  
you, Counselor? Sit down.

Knox resists. Riddick slams the butt of his 357 into the back  
of Knox's neck. Knox plows into a chair. Riddick lights a  
cigar.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

You're bad for business, Ronnie.  
You don't step into a man's house  
and try to rearrange his furniture.

Riddick has a seat. Leans in.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

My streets. My girls.

KNOX

Your traffic is a bit slow. Bumper  
to bumper, you might say.

RIDDICK

Says the one who just lost his  
largest shipment. Bottles included.

Riddick takes a long drag on the cigar.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

You're finished, Counselor.

KNOX

Fortune 500s have lost millions  
thinking the exact same thing.

RIDDICK

We already knew about the store. By  
now you're cleaned out.

CUT TO:



INT. CORNER STORE - BACK ROOM

Goons with guns control the knockoff pharmacy.

BACK TO WAREHOUSE BACK ROOM

Knox requests permission for a smoke. Riddick nods. Knox pulls a cigarette. Riddick lights it for him.

RIDDICK

I've disrupted your business. Care to know why?

KNOX

Don't give a shit, to be honest.

RIDDICK

Watch your mouth. It's disrespectful.

Riddick pulls a wallet-sized photo from his shirt. Tosses it in Knox's lap. Knox stares at the photo. Shrugs.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

I'm not a fan of painkillers. Candyman.

Riddick takes a deep breath. He has a moment.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

You murdered my sister. I promised my deceased mother I'd protect her.

KNOX

Mama would be very proud.

Riddick stands. Angry grin. Slams the butt of his gun across Knox's face. Knox forces a chuckle through his now bloody mouth.

KNOX (CONT'D)

That's rich coming from a black market arms dealer. Seems there's bodies on your resume too, son.

(MORE)

KNOX (CONT'D)

So, what's it like between the legs  
of the Kremlin? Tight? Wet? Cold?

RIDDICK

I'm not the one killing kids in  
America. White kids.

KNOX

But you are between the silk and  
satin. Russians? Treasonous.

RIDDICK

(smiling)

You think you're smart?

KNOX

It's that esquire thing.

Riddick waves Hamilton over. Whispers in his ear. Hamilton  
whispers back. Riddick turns back to Knox.

RIDDICK

Here's the scoop. You're gonna take  
us in, override your security and  
give us the key to the bunker.

Knox leans back. Cocksure.

KNOX

I believe you already have  
something that belongs to me.

RIDDICK

The key, Ronnie.

Knox shakes his head. Riddick gives Badass the signal. Badass  
smiles and tunes Knox up. Knox takes it and still laughs.

KNOX

What do you expect to find?

RIDDICK

Whatever's behind curtain number  
two.

Knox holds up his cell phone. Waves it for everyone to see.

KNOX

I can have this place surrounded in minutes. Seconds.

Riddick pulls a chair to the coffee table. Sits.

RIDDICK

You're not gonna do that.

KNOX

And why on Earth not?

RIDDICK

Conspiracy to commit murder?

Riddick eyes Hamilton. Hamilton pulls a pen from his shirt. Badass takes it. Slides tablet onto the table. Plugs camera into USB port. She spins the screen around so Knox can see. Video loads and shows Knox planning Riddick's murder.

Knox laughs.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

You seem amused.

KNOX

Video implicates you too, Einstein.

Riddick takes Badass's hand.

RIDDICK

Film and video graduate here. She specialized in post. I'm sure you understand what that means.

Riddick leans back. More confident.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

And of course you're shrewd enough to know how I cracked the combination to your safe.

Badass opens the door. Gracie storms in and marches right up to Knox. She slaps him with all of her might.

GRACIE  
You sick bastard!

The slap doesn't faze Knox.

KNOX  
(threatening)  
Gracie. Can't tell you how  
disappointed I am.

RIDDICK  
Actually, it's Charlotte. Never  
could resist a pair of firm cheeks,  
could you?

Charlotte moves and slides into Riddick's lap. She wraps her arms around him. Kisses him. She feels at home in his arms. Riddick gently strokes her hair. She gazes at him, tears flowing.

CHARLOTTE  
(shuttering)  
I took one for the team, James. No  
more please. I'm begging you. No  
more! Please!

Riddick gently squeezes her and plants a soft pucker on her nose. He turns to Knox.

RIDDICK  
Not interested in your property.  
Not interested in your conviction,  
sentence or disbarring. But I am  
interested in that key. Ronnie?

Knox scans the room. Looks for an advantage. No way to win or escape. He knows it. Gunmen are itching to unload their toys and Riddick accommodates. Knox drops his head.

INT. KNOX'S BUNKER

Looks like a massive oversized shed, large enough to house at least two dozen people, comfortably.

Riddick leads in. Badass's Magnum is trained on Knox, tablet in her other hand. The chatter is loaded with excitement. Riddick looks at Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE

Rear compartment.

Rear compartment. Four young women are gagged and tied up together. Their eyes widen when they see Riddick and Charlotte. They're relieved.

Riddick turns to Knox, gritting his teeth. His fists are clenched.

RIDDICK

Maybe we'll feed the crocs after all.

He and the others scan the walls. Nothing. Riddick raises his Magnum. Drives it into Knox's forehead.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Where's the money?

Knox unleashes a chilling laugh.

KNOX

You didn't think I kept five million dollars here, did you?

Riddick stretches out his hand. Badass hands him the tablet.

RIDDICK

You're about to get an Oscar nod.

KNOX

You're the one on stage, Jimmy.

Knox head nods to the ceiling. A small and faint red light blinks.

HAMILTON

(surprised)

Silent alarm!

Scrambling, Riddick struggles with the tablet.

RIDDICK

What the hell? Hard drive's erased!

Hamilton's eyes widen. He feels up and down the doorjamb.  
Unloads a thunderous scream. All eyes on him.

HAMILTON

Neodymium! Door is just one big  
magnet! Footage is gone, James!

Riddick pulls his gun. Four armed GUARDS, led by Officer  
Riley bust into the compartment with Glocks and shotguns.

OFFICER RILEY

Drop your weapons! Now!

They drop their weapons. Everyone but Knox kneels on the  
floor, hands on their heads. The guards secure them.

RIDDICK

Military unit. Impressive.

Knox leans over Riddick.

KNOX

Click click.

He winks and strides out.

EXT. KNOX'S BUNKER

Riley and the guards lead everyone out. Knox looks on.  
Exchanges subtle signal with Riley. Riddick notes it. Riley  
leads Riddick to a Black SUV.

Riddick stops and turns to Knox. He glares at him.

RIDDICK

Counselor? You're familiar with the  
Hoover agency, correct?

He turns to Riley. Smiles.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

(cocky)

I'd think twice about your strategy here, junior. Be a damn shame if a page turner landed on the desk of a very Special Agent Sandra Russo.

He turns back to Knox.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

I believe her maiden name is Cook.

Riddick steps up into Knox's face. Nose to nose.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Wonder if Mama's proud now? See you around Ronnie.

He winks, turns and walks away. Knox stares into space.

FADE OUT.