

GRAND THEFT AUTO: MIDWAY

FADE IN

EXT. GROVE STREET -- DAY

Crisscrossing street signs: Grove Street and Glen Park.

A highway overpass like a fortress gate covers the mouth of the Grove Street cul-de-sac. A bright green tag is spray painted on the overpass: "GROVE 4 LIFE."

Its houses are a stark contrast to the decrepit lots on the other side of the overpass. All have been renovated, overhauled and added to, and all have tricked-out luxury SUVs and sports cars parked in front. People are friendly to each other as they stroll through the neighborhood. All are Latino or African-American. Several of them wear bright green clothing and accessories, and carry handguns and automatic weapons in a very nonchalant manner.

We see the largest house on the street: the Johnson residence.

INT. JOHNSON RESIDENCE -- CONTINUOUS

A pretty GIRL reaches the top of the stairs to the second floor, admiring the massive chandelier that hangs above it.

GIRL

Wow... Are you sure this is alright?

Right behind her is OG LOC, 24. OG is shirtless and covered in tattoos. He ushers her down the hall.

OG LOC

C'mon, baby. It's fine.

GIRL

(with gravity)

But this is Carl Johnson's house.

OG LOC

It's cool. Me and CJ go way back. You think he took over San Andreas all by hisself? Girl, please.

He leads her into the master bedroom.

GIRL

But Jeffrey--

OG LOC

Baby, what I tell you: it's OG Loc.
Oh Gee Loc.

He sits her down on the bed and stands in front of her.

OG LOC (CONT'D)
 You ain't got nothin' to worry about.
 Oh Gee has taken care of everything.
 Now you just relax and listen to
 these rhymes I wrote for you.

He puts a CD in the stereo. A BEAT starts to play.
 Just as OG gets his groove, a door SLAMS o.s.
 OG suddenly looks horrified.

GIRL
 Oh shit, is that CJ?

CJ's voice comes from down the stairs.

CJ (O.C.)
 Somebody best pray they ain't in my
 house right now.

OG grimaces and darts into the closet, closing the door.
 The girl can only watch in disgust and disbelief.
 In the closet, OG nervously listens.

CJ (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 What the fuck you doing here?

GIRL (O.C.)
 Don't ask me. Ask him.

OG LOC
 (soundlessly)
 Fuckin' bitch!

CJ (O.C.)
 That's reaaaaal interestin'. Aight,
 whoever the fuck is in my closet
 has to the count of three to walk
 out on they own.

OG looks like he's about to cry.

OG LOC
 (barely audible)
 He walks up to the closet... He's
 close up to the closet...

CJ (O.C.)
 One...

OG LOC
 (barely audible)
 Now he's at the closet... Now he's--

BANG! BANG! Two large holes are ripped into the closet
 door. OG lets out a feminine SCREAM for each one.

An arm reaches in, grabbing Loc by the throat.

The arm belongs to CJ, who is pointing a Desert Eagle into Loc's face with his free arm. CJ is in his twenties, handsome and in shape.

CJ
(recognition)
Jeffrey?

OG LOC
(choking)
Wassup, dog?

CJ drops him and Loc tries to get himself back together in between GASPING COUGHS.

CJ seems more annoyed and amused than angry.

CJ
Man, what I tell you about letting yourself in here when I'm not home.

OG LOC
CJ, it ain't even like that. It was this fuckin' Mata-hari hood rat over here.

GIRL
What did you just call me?

OG LOC
She tricked me into letting her up here to see you! She's probably runnin' for the Ballas or some shit like that, man!

GIRL
You motherfucker! I can't believe I followed your scrawny black ass up here! Lookin' like a piece of ballerina shit!

She moves at him, making him flinch. CJ can't stop laughing.

CJ
I think you're right, man.

OG LOC
I... You do?

CJ
Yeah. Because ain't no way a girl this fine would go for a busta like you unless something was up, right?

CJ smiles at her and she smiles back.

OG LOC
 Oh, yeah... Heh. Right.
 (relaxes a little)
 So we cool, right?

CJ
 (still making eyes at the girl)
 Yeah, we cool. I got this.
 (to the girl)
 Can I interest you in a hot coffee?

OG LOC
 Aight, I'm just gonna go then, right?
 I got some shit to do, and...

CJ
 Yeah, that's fine. Oh, but you
 know you walkin' home, right?

OG LOC
 Huh? Oh, yeah! Yeah! That's cool!
 I don't mind walkin'!

EXT. LAS VENTURAS DESERT -- DAY

A helicopter hovers about ten feet above the desert.

Loc is tossed out of the side of the helicopter.

He picks himself up and watches as the helicopter flies away.

He looks around despondently and spots a road sign: "Los Santos: 6 Miles."

TITLE AND CREDITS

INT. HELICOPTER -- MOMENTS LATER

Cesar puts his headphones on and takes the controls. He's a handsome Latino man in his twenties.

He smiles out the window as Loc gets smaller and smaller.

He turns on the radio. GANGSTA RAP PLAYS.

EXT. LOS SANTOS -- CONTINUOUS

The helicopter flies over the busy city.

The giant white letters of the Vinewood sign on the hills of Mulholland look down at the dozens of tv and movie studios.

The smug voice of radio personality extraordinaire LAZLOW comes on the radio as the song finishes.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
 Hey, Los Santos. This is Lazlow.

The skyscrapers of Downtown shimmer in the bright sun.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST) (CONT'D)
 Some of you may have already heard
 about my recent and untimely
departure from my nationally
 syndicated show on Chatterbox 109
 out of Liberty City.

Lowriders thump along the plaza on Saints Boulevard.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST) (CONT'D)
 And some of you may have thought
 that that was it for ole Lazlow.

The stores in Rodeo are packed with wealthy shoppers.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST) (CONT'D)
 Well, I hate to disappoint you folks,
 but I've once again dodged the bullet
 of getting a real job.

Smiling families walk in and out of the busy "Ammu-Nation"
 gun superstore. The front of the store is adorned with a
 twenty foot-tall and fifty foot-long fiberglass Magnum, and
 is covered in a mural of the American flag. A splash sign
 in the window advertises "NO WAITING PERIOD WEDNESDAYS!"

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST) (CONT'D)
 Stay tuned to this station for more
 details on my new show: Speakeasy.

Buff men work out at the gym on Verona Beach by the pier.

EXT. GROVE STREET -- DAY

Back at Grove Street, CJ and SWEET enjoy the one part of his
 house that hasn't been renovated: the basketball court.

Sweet keeps the ball low while CJ covers him.

SWEET
 What you got, huh? What you got?
 You gonna let your little bro school
 your ass?

He fakes past CJ and puts one in the basket.

SWEET (CONT'D)
 Yeah, baby! That's right!

CJ's cell phone RINGS.

SWEET (CONT'D)
 Aw, see? The world already knows
 that you just got served.

CJ
 Yeah, right man.
 (answers the phone)
 Hey, Cesar.

INT. HELICOPTER -- CONTINUOUS

CESAR speaks into the mike on his headset.

CESAR
Que honda! Where you at, amigo?

EXT. GROVE STREET -- CONTINUOUS

CJ
Sweet's house, playin' some ball.

SWEET
Tell him what the score is!

CJ
(to Sweet)
Man, shut the fuck up.

CESAR (VOICE ON PHONE)
Something's up, holmes.

CJ
Oh, the yay leavin' San Fierro,
right?

CESAR (VOICE ON PHONE)
Nah, bro. Something's going on.
Something big.

A police helicopter ROARS overhead and hovers over the street.

A dozen police cars, SIRENS WAILING, all crowd down the street through the underpass and SCREECH to a halt, barricading the exit from the cul-de-sac.

The cops all get out and draw their weapons.

The armed Grove Street gang members point theirs' back.

CJ
(into the phone)
You don't fuckin' say.

The POLICE HELICOPTER's p.a. BLASTS LOUDLY overhead.

POLICE HELICOPTER
(over P.A.)
THIS IS THE LOS SANTOS POLICE
DEPARTMENT. GET ON YOUR KNEES AND
PUT YOUR HANDS ABOVE YOUR HEAD.

INT. HELICOPTER -- CONTINUOUS

Cesar looks down at Grove Street from high above. Every street in the neighborhood is clogged with police vehicles.

CESAR
You gotta get the hell outta there,
man. Can you get to the airport?

EXT. GROVE STREET -- CONTINUOUS

All is essentially still aside from the police helicopter swaying slightly as it hovers above the street. Standoff.

CJ glances over at Sweet.

SWEET

They're here for you, aren't they?

CJ just looks at him.

SWEET (CONT'D)

They need to go through us first, then.

CJ

(into the phone)

What the hell is going on, Cesar?

CESAR (VOICE ON PHONE)

I don't got the whole story, but I'll tell you what I know as soon as you get to the airport.

CJ hangs up. He just stares at the army of cops.

POLICE HELICOPTER

YOU HAVE THREE SECONDS TO GET ON YOUR KNEES AND PUT YOUR HANDS ABOVE YOUR HEADS. THREE...

CJ notices something on the overpass.

POLICE HELICOPTER (CONT'D)

TWO...

A car falls sideways over the edge of the overpass and SMASHES onto the barricade of police cruisers below.

The pushers, six Grove Street gang members, draw their guns and start FIRING down at the cops.

The Grove members on the cul-de-sac start OPEN FIRE.

The police return FIRE.

CJ looks over at Sweet, who already has an uzi in his hands.

SWEET

Get the fuck out of here, Carl!

CJ runs to the back of Sweet's house. A tall chain-link fence marks the border of all the backyards in the neighborhood and the dry flood canal.

CJ runs along the fence to an empty lot at the corner, where the fence ends. GUNFIRE and SIRENS can still be heard from the other side of the houses.

He runs down into the canal, the police chopper in pursuit.

EXT. CANAL -- CONTINUOUS

As CJ runs along the steep wall of the canal.

POLICE HELICOPTER
STOP WHERE YOU ARE!

CJ runs until he reaches a freeway overpass. He runs up the sloped wall of the canal to where it meets the overpass.

He reaches into a dark corner and pulls out a bulletproof vest. He puts it on.

On the other side, three police cars speed down the access ramp into the canal.

They hop out of their cars, guns drawn.

They start FIRING at CJ.

He draws his Desert Eagle and FIRES A FEW SHOTS back.

He looks around for a way out, then thinks of something.

He pulls out a molotov cocktail and tosses it.

It lands about ten feet in front of the cars, harmlessly setting fire to the canal floor.

The cops stop firing to laugh at CJ's failed throw.

Then in the distance, a SIREN. The cops stop smiling.

A firetruck explodes onto the scene, SIREN WAILING. It lumbers down the canal ramp, almost tipping over.

The hose mounted on the roof of the firetruck begins spraying water at the fire. The jet of water bowls the cops over.

CJ takes off running towards the side of the firetruck.

He pulls the door open and yanks the driver out.

The drenched cops get to their feet.

CJ hops in the drivers seat and floors it.

The cops SHOOT at the firetruck as it speeds down the canal channel that leads deeper into the city.

Police cars flood the canal after him, tumbling all over each other. The police helicopter follows the action.

EXT. WILLOWFIELD -- CONTINUOUS

CJ speeds up a ramp along the edge of the canal out to the street. A cop car waits at the top, trying to block his exit.

CJ PLOWS into the cop car, sending it flying into an open garage door across the street.

He straightens out the truck and heads towards Jefferson.

EXT. JEFFERSON -- CONTINUOUS

Four Ballas talk on the corner at the neighborhood convenience store across from the hospital. They all wear their rival gang's colors: purple and white. One is spraypainting over a Grove Street tag: "FRONT STREET BALLAS."

One looks up and sees the firetruck leaping over the crest of the hill in the road and heading directly towards them.

He draws an uzi and FIRES at it. The other three do the same.

CJ turns hard right and fishtails. The firetruck slides sideways, SLAMMING into the front of the convenience store, and crushing the Ballas in the process.

The firetruck doesn't even come to a complete stop and is already speeding down the road again.

An ambulance immediately arrives, and two EMTs jump out.

The army of police cars that was behind CJ is now catching up, and leaps over the crest of the hill.

The ambulance that just arrived, however, is parked in the road. The police cars PLOW into the ambulance.

Another ambulance arrives and CRASHES into the police cars.

EXT. LOS FLORES -- CONTINUOUS

CJ struggles to keep the cumbersome firetruck on the road, heading into the ghetto of Los Flores.

He SMASHES into traffic going in both directions, sending cars skittering off the road and into houses and other cars.

Pedestrians YELL OBSCENITIES, and Ballas FIRE as he passes.

The police helicopter ROARS overhead, speeding after CJ.

EXT. EAST LOS SANTOS -- CONTINUOUS

The firetruck speeds down an onramp (wrong direction) and gets on the crowded freeway in East Los Santos. Cars flash headlights and swerve as he drives through.

At least a dozen police cars and the helicopter follow.

Several of the police cars SMASH into oncoming traffic.

EXT. SAINTS BOULEVARD -- CONTINUOUS

CJ spots a roadblock set up at the end of the freeway.

He cuts hard right and drives off the side of the freeway, and down onto the cross street below, landing on three unsuspecting Ballas in the process.

He speeds by the stadium towards the docks.

EXT. OCEAN DOCKS -- CONTINUOUS

A jumbo jet SCREAMS about a hundred feet above the freeway by the docks as it lands: the airport is near.

CJ weaves the firetruck through traffic.

Traffic ahead is slowing down to a halt: another roadblock.

A Packer car transport truck comes to a stop at the roadblock.

CJ readies himself and FLOORS the firetruck.

He slices through traffic and drives up the ramp on the back of the Packer.

Airborne, he sails over the top of the fence into the airport.

EXT. LOS SANTOS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- CONTINUOUS

The firetruck SLAMS down on the tarmac with an awkward crash.

CJ takes out his cell phone and speed dials.

CJ
(into the phone)
Aight, I'm at the airport.

CESAR (VOICE ON PHONE)
There's a private jet on the runway
ahead of you.

CJ sees it a few hundred yards ahead.

CJ
I see it. Get it rolling. I gotta
drop some weight.

On the other side of the airport, the security gates open and allow about two dozen police cars to speed onto the tarmac. The police chopper ZOOMS in low above them.

The jet gains speed on the runway. CJ's firetruck pulls alongside of it. At least two dozen police cars follow.

The door to the jet opens. Cesar is there, waving CJ over.

CJ props a small oxygen tank against the seat to hold down the gas pedal.

At the end of the runway, the chopper lowers itself to block the jet's takeoff.

CJ gets the firetruck as close to the wing of the jet as he can, then leaps out of the truck onto it.

He carefully makes his way across the wing.

Cesar tosses him a rope.

The jet's engines SCREAM loudly as they reach the end of the runway. The firetruck still speeds alongside of them.

CJ grabs the rope.

The police chopper still blocks the way.

The firetruck hits a parked set of stairs, sending it airborne, just as the jet lifts off.

The firetruck sails through the air, right into the helicopter, and both EXPLODE into flames.

The jet flies through the fireball and SCREAMS into the sky.

INT. PRIVATE JET -- MOMENTS LATER

Cesar leads CJ into the luxury jet.

CESAR

I don't know who they are. But right after I got the call, I saw that shit was already going down.

CJ

Where's Kendyl?

CESAR

Don't worry, I got her to a safe place right after I talked to you.

CJ

Hey, the Grove used to be a safe place before just now. No cop in this state would have tried pulling shit like this without a reason. And for all we know, we might have just played right into it.

CESAR

Either way, I'd rather be up here right now than back there.

CJ

We'll see about that. Right now, I need someone to do some talking.

CJ walks into the passenger area and stops dead.

CJ (CONT'D)

Mother fucker.

Black screen.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- AFTERNOON

TITLE CARD: LIBERTY CITY

Then joining it:

TITLE CARD: SIXTEEN HOURS AGO

A haggard-looking DETECTIVE walks into the office attached to an interrogation room. His PARTNER is flipping through a thick file. OPERA PLAYS SOFTLY in the background.

DETECTIVE

It's no use. This guy ain't gonna talk.

We now see through the one-way mirror: a white guy of about 30, sits at the table, looking completely bored. This is CLAUDE. He has on a black leather jacket and green pants.

The LIEUTENANT walks in, craning his neck to see the suspect.

LIEUTENANT

Is this him?

DETECTIVE

Yep. Best of luck with him.

The partner hands the lieutenant the thick file.

LIEUTENANT

(reading)

Claude Speed.

(dubious, to the detective)

No shit?

DETECTIVE

Still checking into whether or not that's his real name. We're pretty divided on it, actually.

PARTNER

There's nothing concrete that says it is. It's not even one of his listed aliases.

DETECTIVE

Honestly, most of us just call him that out of habit now. It's easier than saying, "Hey, you know that guy that single-handedly crippled or drove out every major crime syndicate in the city and took over for himself?" every time.

LIEUTENANT

(looking at Claude)

Doesn't look like much.

The detective and his partner share a look and a smirk.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
 What happened to the cruiser he
 stole?

DETECTIVE
 (humorless chuckle)
 He roofed it.

EXT. RIVERFRONT -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Claude drives a police cruiser down the parkway, followed by three more cruisers. THE OPERA MUSIC can still be heard.

He veers off the road onto the grass.

Using a large stone pylon as a ramp, he sails over a pedestrian skyway in slow-motion. THE OPERA MUSIC SWELLS.

One of the cruisers follows and makes the jump.

Claude FIRES an Uzi out the rear window.

The cruiser in the air behind him buckles and EXPLODES, it's hulk SLAMMING into the side of the skyway.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The Lieutenant looks back out at Claude.

Claude looks up at the mirror and gives a small wave.

DETECTIVE
 Doesn't matter what he does anyway,
 nothing sticks! We bring him in,
 take away whatever guns he's packing,
 then he's back out on the streets
 in six hours. Every time.

LIEUTENANT
 Not this time. The call to bring
 him in came from pretty high up.

DETECTIVE
 Oh, yeah? How high?

LIEUTENANT
 High enough. Some of them are on
 their way down here right now. So
 as long as we just hang onto him
 for a little while longer--

The rear wall of the interrogation room EXPLODES, filling it with dust and smoke. An ALARM starts blaring.

Claude is on his feet and out through the hole.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

Claude emerges from the smoke and dust into the lot. The ALARM still blares from inside.

A Patriot (Hummer) SCREECHES to a halt in front of him.

The driver of the Patriot crawls out of his window and sits on the door, resting his hands on the hood. This is 8-BALL, 28. True to his name, he is black and bald. He wears a baseball jacket with a big exploding 8-Ball logo on the back.

8-BALL
(smiling)
Wassup, brother?

Claude relaxes when he sees him.

8-BALL (CONT'D)
(pointing to the hole in the wall)
You like that? Little something I mixed up just for you. Don't thank me, though. The Yakuza told me to tell you they were returning the favor. They also told me that you need to head to the airport now, and ask why later. Looks like you really pissed someone off this time.

SIRENS get closer and YELLING is heard from inside.

8-BALL (CONT'D)
Hop in.

Claude does, and 8-Ball slides back into his seat.

8-BALL (CONT'D)
(holds his hands out)
Now you finally get to see what these hands can do behind the wheel.

BANG! A gunshot smashes Claude's window and goes right through both of 8-Ball's hands. He yells in pain.

8-BALL (CONT'D)
Man, that's some shit!

A crowd of officers climbs out of the hole, guns drawn.

OFFICER
Get that guy!

Six cruisers and a black Sentinel (Beamer) SCREECH into the parking lot.

Four goons in black suits and sunglasses get out.

Claude and 8-Ball look at 8-Ball's hands, then each other.

Claude grabs the steering wheel with his left hand.

8-Ball FLOORS it.

Their Patriot speeds out of the rear driveway, onto the main drag, where several police cruisers are rushing to the scene.

EXT. BEDFORD POINT -- CONTINUOUS

Massive neon marquees and various jumbotrons light up the shops and clubs, and mobs of people fill the sidewalks.

The driving team of Claude and 8-Ball weave through traffic.

Pedestrians in the crosswalk SCREAM and jump out of the way.

Claude uses his free hand to scan through radio stations.

8-BALL
(anxious)
Is that really necessary right this second?

No sooner are the pedestrians back on their feet when the two other police cruisers ZOOM past.

One SMASHES into oncoming traffic.

An ambulance with SIRENS BLARING flies past Claude and 8-Ball in the direction they just came from.

Claude finds what he was looking for on the radio.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
Hey, Liberty City. This is Lazlow on Chatterbox 109.

8-Ball looks at Claude.

8-BALL
Talk radio?
(smiles and shakes his head, sarcastic)
Of course you listen to talk radio.
I mean, obviously.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
In a little while, we're going to have a special guest phoning in: former first lady and 2008 presidential candidate, Claire Langley. It's a large part of her campaign, so I'm sure she'll weigh in on tonight's topic: violence in the media. Is it really a big deal?

The T intersection ahead is blocked by police and SWAT vans.

Claude jerks the wheel and the Patriot hops onto the sidewalk and through a gap in the roadblock. Pedestrians SCREAM and dive for safety.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST) (CONT'D)
The soaring popularity and controversy over the video game "Super Larceny Brothers" has got a whole legion of parents, politicians,
(MORE)

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST) (CONT'D)
 community leaders and educators out
 to spoil the fun for the rest of
 us. Let's hear from one of them
 now. Go ahead, caller.

Another roadblock ahead forces them to turn again.

CALLER #1 is a raspy, middle-aged woman.

CALLER #1 (RADIO BROADCAST)
 Lazlow, that game has warped the
 mind of my son. I don't even know
 who he is anymore.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
 So you're against it?

CALLER #1 (RADIO BROADCAST)
 You're damn right! His teacher called
 me the other day and said that he'd
 jacked two other little boys'
 tricycles at recess.

They're forced into another T intersection, but both sides
 of the intersection are crowded with police vehicles.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
 Wait, tricycles? How old is he?

CALLER #1 (RADIO BROADCAST)
 Six. And he has a group of little
 girls in his class that he says are
 his hos. He tried to stab one of
 the girl's mothers with a broken
 beer bottle when she came to pick
 her up from school.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
 I'm sorry, why the hell did you buy
 this game for your six year old?

CALLER #1 (RADIO BROADCAST)
 Oh, well, the commercials are on
 all the time and he kept bugging me
 about it. I told him it was either
 the game or his flu shot. Which one
 do you think he picked?
 (coughs wildly)
 Heh. Kids.

Claude stares straight ahead.

The building straight ahead is the TW@ Internet Café. The
 entire place is floor-to-ceiling glass.

8-BALL
 Oh, man...

8-Ball floors it.

The Patriot SMASHES straight through the glass of the café.

After plowing through counters and PC stations, the Patriot SMASHES through the other side and onto the street.

CALLER #1 (RADIO BROADCAST)
I'm telling you Lazlow, I'm gonna sue the pants off the people that made this game for what they did to my little boy's brain.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
But don't you think it's your job as a parent to know what your kid is exposed to?

Another ambulance flies onto the scene as they drive past.

CALLER #1 (RADIO BROADCAST)
Hey, I got a life too. I don't buy a video game for my kid to teach him how to be a felon. I buy him a game to keep him busy while I do shots with the mailman.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
Hey, who can argue with that? Next caller, you're on Chatterbox.

EXT. BELLEVILLE PARK AREA -- CONTINUOUS

SIRENS gather in the distance as Claude and 8-Ball speed down the busy streets that surround Belleville Park, the massive central park of the city. The buildings in the area are expensive hotels and luxury high-rises.

CALLER #2 is a nerdy-sounding young man.

CALLER #2 (RADIO BROADCAST)
Hey, Lazlow. I think it's awesome that you're coming to the defense of your fellow gamers.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
Wait, my what?

CALLER #2 (RADIO BROADCAST)
We really appreciate it. Having a high profile celebrity on our side helps to dispel a lot of the stereotypes that--

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
I am not a gamer.

There is a CLICK on the line, followed by some DIALING TONES.

CALLER #2 (RADIO BROADCAST)
Hang on. Hello?

CALLER #2'S MOM (RADIO BROADCAST)
Hello? Charles? Is that you?

CALLER #2 (RADIO BROADCAST)
Mom? I'm on the phone!

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
Ha ha ha! Oh, man.

Three cruisers come from straight ahead.

Claude SCREECHES into a turn, past an Ammu-Nation store.

CALLER #2'S MOM (RADIO BROADCAST)
Oh, I'm sorry! I hope I wasn't
interrupting anything.
(whispers)
Is it a girl?

CALLER #2 (RADIO BROADCAST)
Mom, you're embarrassing me!

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
Oh, she can't possibly take all the
credit for that.

CLICK.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST) (CONT'D)
Wow, that was pretty painful. Might
want to post a suicide watch on
that guy's basement window.

The cruisers also SQUEAL into the turn to follow.

One loses it and flips onto the lawn of an apartment building.

EXT. NEWPORT -- CONTINUOUS

They head towards a T where the street meets the parkway.
Heavy traffic zips back and forth.

8-BALL
No. No. No.

8-Ball applies the brake.

Claude reaches his leg over and slams his foot on the gas.

8-BALL (CONT'D)
NO. NO! Aw, you motherfucker!

Cars SWERVE and HONK as the Patriot cuts across.

More SWERVING and HONKING as the Patriot hops the median.

An oncoming garbage truck clips the backside of the Patriot,
sending it into a spin like a top.

It vanishes over the edge of the parkway and out of sight.

Several cars SMASH into the garbage truck setting off a chain reaction and causing a pileup in both directions.

The pursuing cruisers head right for it, unable to stop.

EXT. DOCKYARD -- CONTINUOUS

About fifty feet below the parkway, the Patriot sits on its roof in a dockyard along the river.

Claude pulls 8-Ball out of the overturned Patriot.

8-BALL
Ow! Watch the hands, man!

SIRENS, SCREECHING AND CRASHES still occur up on the parkway.

8-BALL (CONT'D)
Think they're still after us?

SMASH! A cruiser goes sailing off of the side of the parkway, soaring through the air overhead.

With another SMASH, the cruiser lodges itself the windows in the upper floors of an apartment building.

Claude and 8-Ball's Patriot suddenly catches fire.

Claude helps 8-Ball to his feet, and they run for cover.

8-BALL (CONT'D)
Tell you what, brother--

The Patriot EXPLODES.

8-BALL (CONT'D)
How 'bout you take it from here?

INT. BELLEVILLE PARK AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

Claude runs up the empty road from the dockyard back into Belleville Park. SIRENS can still be heard faintly.

He reaches the intersection at the main road: traffic is heavy. He surveys it like a shark in the water.

He strides across the street, ignoring oncoming traffic as they swerve and HONK at him.

He walks up to a taxi stopped at the red light.

Claude opens the Indian CABBIE's door and yanks him out.

CABBIE
Get in the back-- AAAH!

A HONK from o.c. Claude and the cabbie both look.

Behind the taxi, a compact Stinger sports car HONKS again. The DRIVER of the Stinger leans out the window.

DRIVER
Get outta the road!

Claude just looks at him.

Quick cut: the driver sits on the pavement as his Stinger speeds away.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Do you know who I am?!

Three more police cars fly past the scene after Claude. A police helicopter zooms in low along with them.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
Next caller, you're on Chatterbox.

CALLER #3 is an older man with a deep voice.

CALLER #3 (RADIO BROADCAST)
Aren't you leaving someone out?

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
Excuse me?

EXT. BELLEVILLE PARK AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

The Stinger flies through the valet alley in the mall.

CALLER #3 (RADIO BROADCAST)
You said you wanted to know what all the parents thought, and what the teachers thought, and what the politicians thought--

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
No, I'm pretty sure I didn't.

Claude drives through an opening into the Park itself.

CALLER #3 (RADIO BROADCAST)
So aren't you leaving someone out?

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
Uh...

The Stinger and its three pursuers speed down a winding footpath. Joggers and pedestrians SCREAM and dive for cover.

CALLER #3 (RADIO BROADCAST)
Well, He's tried of being left out. He's letting us know what He thinks in His own way.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
(annoyed)
Aww, you're capitalizing those pronouns, aren't you?

The Stinger hits a hill at the park's edge and catches air.

CALLER #3 (RADIO BROADCAST)
 You can blame global warming for
 all the hurricanes and tsunamis
 like the damn hippies want you to--

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
 Along with any respected member of
 the scientific community.

CALLER #3 (RADIO BROADCAST)
 --or you can open your eyes, son!
 This is divine retribution for our
 sinful ways!

It sails over the street and directly down a ramp leading
 under a luxury apartment building.

EXT. BEDFORD POINT -- CONTINUOUS

The Stinger takes the ramp to the lower level of a bi-level
 highway by the Shoreside Lift Bridge.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
 So God is pelting us with adverse
 weather patterns and natural
 disasters because of video games?

CALLER #3 (RADIO BROADCAST)
 That's right! And the homosexuals.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
 And homosexuals?

It goes up on two wheels making the turn onto the highway.

CALLER #3 (RADIO BROADCAST)
 Yeah. And abortion.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
 Okay. Video games about homosexual
 abortion. Got it. It's a niche
 audience, but it may surprise you.

CALLER #3 (RADIO BROADCAST)
 ...No one asks what God thinks!

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
 Tell you what: I'll ask him next
 time his face is miraculously fried
 into my pancakes.

CLICK.

Claude weaves through the other traffic with skill. Up ahead
 is Liberty City Stadium, home of the Liberty City Gamecocks.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST) (CONT'D)
 Can't we have a caller that's not
 some one-dimensional archetype just
 regurgitating another cliché?

CALLER #4 is a young man.

CALLER #4 (RADIO BROADCAST)
LIBERTY CITY COCKS RULE!

CLICK.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
I think you guys hate me. I really
do. I'm going to regret this. Next
caller.

Claude cuts across the grass under the ramp up to the bridge.

More cruisers catch up as he drives up the spiral ramp.

EXT. SHORESIDE LIFT BRIDGE -- CONTINUOUS

A massive ocean freighter approaches the bridge. Traffic
stops and BELLS sound as the the vertical-lift bridge prepares
to raise its center segment.

CALLER #5 is a snooty-sounding woman.

CALLER #5 (RADIO BROADCAST)
Thank you, Lazlow. It's a pleasure--

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
Yeah yeah, whatever. For it or
against it?

CALLER #5 (RADIO BROADCAST)
Um, I'm sorry?

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
The topic: violence in video games.
For it or against it?

CALLER #5 (RADIO BROADCAST)
Uh, well, speaking as a parent, I
have to say that I'm against it.

The Stinger zooms into the empty oncoming lane of the bridge
to avoid the traffic stopped at the bridge.

The police chopper flies around the bridge to the other side.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
Ah, so you must be my reactionary
soccer mom. All I need now is the
self-righteous lawyer and I win at
attention whore bingo.

CALLER #5 (RADIO BROADCAST)
That's extremely disrespectful. Do
you know who I am?

Claude pushes the gas all the way to the floor.

All of the cruisers following do the same.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
Have you ever played this game?

CALLER #5 (RADIO BROADCAST)
Excuse me?

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
Super Larceny Brothers. Have you
ever played it.

CALLER #5 (RADIO BROADCAST)
No.

Claude stares forward, unwavering.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
Of course not. Because if you did,
you would have noticed that IT'S
COMPLETELY FAKE.

Just as the Stinger crosses the seam in the bridge, the
segment lifts. The Stinger's undercarriage SCRAPES against
the lifting segment, but then the back wheels catch on.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST) (CONT'D)
It's loaded with the most ridiculous
and over-the-top situations that
you could possibly imagine, and the
only people that would confuse it
with reality are people with serious
headwounds, or kids whose absentee
parents thought they were buying a
fifty-dollar babysitter.

Three of the police cars SMASH into the rising bridge segment.

Three more drive right through the opening where the segment
was and fall down into the river.

An ambulance clumsily speeds to the scene, SIREN wailing.

Unable to stop in time, it PLOWS into two of the smashed
police cars, sending them, and itself, over the edge.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST) (CONT'D)
So yeah, I know who you are. You're
the dipshit parent that sues someone
else because they forgot to teach
their own kids right from wrong,
and I'm the guy that ends up losing
out on something that I like to do
in my spare time because of it.

Claude speeds across the rising segment.

CALLER #5 (RADIO BROADCAST)
(gasps)
How dare you speak to me that way!

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
 What? Sorry, folks. My producer
 here is motioning for me to take it
 easy on our caller. Nope, not today.

The segment reaches it's peak. The freighter passes under.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST) (CONT'D)
 I've had it up to here with you
 idiots. People like you are why
 hair dryers have to be sold with a
 tag that says "do not use while
 sleeping." I've been listening to
 you rant about your stupid complaints
 for years, and I'm tired of keeping
 my mouth shut. Congratulations,
 ma'am. You've just ushered in a new
 era. What's your name?

The Stinger flies off the other end of the raised segment.

CALLER #5 (RADIO BROADCAST)
 Claire Langley. Former First Lady,
 and candidate for the Presidency of
 the United States.

It falls on the tail of the helicopter, SMASHING through it.

The chopper lurches backwards and spins out of control.

The Stinger tumbles end-over-end down to the road.

The Stinger SMASHES head-on into the pavement and tumbles
 down the road, finally coming to rest on its wheels.

It's completely trashed. It catches fire.

Claude, completely unscathed, opens the door and gets out.

He jogs away from the burning car.

Behind him, the chopper CRASHES into the bridge and EXPLODES.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
 And we're going to take a break.

Claude runs over to a Kurama (Stratus) stopped in traffic.

He yanks the driver out onto the pavement and hops in.

EXT. FRANCIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- MOMENTS LATER

Claude's Kurama BUSTS through the arm on the security gates,
 and speeds down the narrow access road to the tarmac.

His pager GOES OFF.

He the message running across the screen: "RUNWAY 19"

The engine REVS as he accelerates.

Around the corner, the access road opens to the wide tarmac. The mouth of the tarmac is blocked by no less than forty police and SWAT vehicles. Claude SLAMS on his brakes.

The cops all train their weapons on his car.

The Lieutenant from the police station gets on the megaphone. The Detective from the police station stands with him.

LIEUTENANT
(through the megaphone)
THIS IS THE LCPD. WE HAVE YOU
SURROUNDED.

Two cruisers come from behind and block the way he came in.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
(through the megaphone)
YOU HAVE TILL THE COUNT OF THREE TO
GET OUT OF THE VEHICLE AND LAY DOWN
ON THE GROUND, OR WE WILL OPEN FIRE.

Claude looks around: about fifty feet to his right is a large airline hangar. There's a small door on the side of the building towards the rear, next to some maintenance equipment.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
(through the megaphone)
ONE...

Claude ACCELERATES, heading for the side door on the hangar.

The police all OPEN FIRE.

Claude ducks down as bullets HIT the car, but doesn't stop.

He hits some of the equipment with his left wheels, sending the Kurama up completely on it's right side.

The Kurama, skidding along on its passenger door, SLAMS through the door into the hangar. The Kurama's roof is completely ripped off in the squeeze through the door, and its rear end gets stuck, effectively blocking it off.

INT. HANGAR -- CONTINUOUS

Claude hops out of the ripped-open top, unscathed.

He looks around and something catches his eye.

EXT. FRANCIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- CONTINUOUS

A few officers stand by the protruding end of the Kurama, shaking their heads at the Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT
Christ.
(to the Detective, pointing at the hangar)
Get these goddamn doors open. Now.
NOW.

The police all reposition themselves in front of the hangar.

Escorted by officers, an airport employee uses his keys and a keypad to open the hangar's massive front door.

The split door of the hangar slowly opens.

The captain signals for a few of the officers to go inside.

The officers rush to the partially open door.

An airplane engine REVS o.c.

The officers by the door suddenly dive for cover.

A small Dodo (Cessna) BURSTS through the hangar doors, chopping half of each of its own wings off.

The police OPEN FIRE as it taxis awkwardly onto the tarmac.

Claude speeds the plane across grass and runways. He sees a sign indicating where runway 19 is and taxis in that direction.

Several police cars have already begun pursuit.

He sees a private jet parked a few hundred yards up ahead on 19, and taxis ahead in that direction.

He looks behind him at the cruisers that are following.

Suddenly, they all break off.

His brow furrows. Looking behind, he doesn't see the jumbo jet coming in for a landing on the runway ahead of him.

He turns around and his eyes bulge: the jet has touched down about two hundred feet ahead.

He pulls back on the wheel.

The Dodo lifts off the ground and climbs almost straight up, just missing the jumbo jet as it passes under him.

After climbing a hundred feet, it levels off, then nosedives.

Claude strains to pull back again.

The Dodo awkwardly straightens out and lands on its wheels.

After taxiing a few more feet, it climbs straight up again.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

This guy is out of his fucking mind.

It peaks, then falls back down again.

The police all stand and stare.

After a sharp nosedive, the plane SLAMS against the tarmac.

Claude stumbles out of the smoking plane, now only a few feet from the private jet waiting on runway 19.

He stops and looks back at the army of police officers.

They all silently watch him.

Claude turns and gets onto the jet.

Door closes as its engines WARM UP.

The Lieutenant lights a cigarette and takes a long drag.

The Detective next to him goes for his radio.

DETECTIVE

I'll have a couple of cars go and
block the runway.

The captain snatches the radio out of his hand.

LIEUTENANT

Don't you fucking dare.

He turns to watch as the jet takes off.

We pull way back to an angled aerial view of the city: smoke, fires, SIRENS, HONKING, destruction and smoldering wreckage mark the path of Claude's escape all across the city.

LIEUTENANT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He's someone else's problem now.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRIVATE JET -- AFTERNOON

Claude sits with his head back and eyes closed.

CJ draws his gun.

Claude is only a half-second behind him in drawing his.

Cesar tries to get between them.

CESAR

Hey, guys, wait! CJ! Calm down,
holmes!

CJ

Do you know who this motherfucker
is?

Claude lowers his gun. He's angry, but he's also exhausted.

CESAR

Yeah, I know exactly who he is. My
cousin is a Diablo in Liberty City.
They won't even say this guy's name.

CJ

Man, fuck all that. You remember your batshit-insane cousin that you hooked me up with in Flint County?

CESAR

Catalina?

CJ

Yeah. These two fucked me over and left me with that piece of shit gas station in San Fierro.

(to Claude)

Yeah. So how about it? You two lovebirds get married? How'd you two end up?

EXT. ALLEY (FLASHBACK) -- DAY

The ALARM inside the bank is audible in the alley.

The back door is KICKED open.

Two figures run out, one male and one female.

POV: SECURITY CAMERA

A camera mounted above the door spots a third figure: Claude.

He turns and looks up at the camera (us), and SHOOTS it with his shotgun, making the screen go static.

The first two figures turn a corner down another alley.

Claude rounds the corner and stops in his tracks.

The female figure, CATALINA, is pointing two pistols at him. We focus on the guns leaving her face obscured. She speaks with a thick Colombian accent.

CATALINA

Sorry, babe. I'm an ambitious girl and you're just small time.

BANG! BANG! Both shots from her pistols fire simultaneously.

We immediately jump back to:

INT. PRIVATE JET -- CONTINUOUS

Claude opens his shirt: he has two gunshot scars on his chest.

CJ and Cesar look for a second, and then burst out laughing.

CJ

Yeah, that sounds like her.

Claude puts himself back together and sits back down.

CJ (CONT'D)
Oh, man. Then what happened?

KEN (O.C.)
He killed her.

They all point their guns at the shadowy figure in the doorway. This is KEN Rosenberg. His tone is almost robotic.

KEN (CONT'D)
Mr. Speed has proven himself to be a rather remarkable assassin. He managed to eliminate several Triad warlords, and the Don of the Leone crime family in an effort to reach Catalina within the Colombian cartel that she'd aligned herself with. The fact that the Yakuza were willing to help facilitate his escape from Liberty City indicates just how discreet he is. They seem to have no knowledge of how badly he crippled their operations as well. Quite impressive, really.

CJ
Aight, who the fuck are you?

KEN
Ah, Carl "CJ" Johnson. The man who turned the struggling Grove Street Families into the strongest criminal presence in the state of San Andreas. My employer believes that your leadership and focus under pressure will be most valuable.

CJ
Oh, your boss takes over my turf and I'm supposed to want to work for him?

KEN
I assure you that my employer is not responsible for the insurgencies in San Andreas or Liberty City. Quite the opposite, in fact.

CJ
Oh really. Who's your employer then.

KEN
He has made it very clear that only he is to discuss the matter with you. Rest assured that, when we arrive, any questions you have will--

CJ
Aight, enough of this Kobayashi shit.

CJ strides over towards him. Ken immediately begins to cower and whine, drawing his briefcase up against his chest.

KEN

Now wait j-just a-- Please. I'm not--

CJ flips on the light, illuminating Ken properly: glasses, receding hairline, tacky suit, and no more than 140 pounds.

CJ towers over him. He grabs Ken by the back of the neck and presses his gun into the top of his head.

A wet spot spreads across the front of Ken's pants.

CJ suddenly stops.

CJ

(recognition)

Rosenberg? Is that you? Are you fucking serious?

(annoyed)

Aw, man! This shit is fucked up. Am I on tv? Is there anyone else on this plane that's fucked me over?

CESAR

CJ, wasn't this fucking pendejo your accountant?

CJ

Yeah, until he skipped out on me about five years back. What the fuck gives, man?

KEN

(nervous rambling)

Now, I never fucked you over. I left, sure, but I didn't touch a dime. I swear to fucking God, CJ, you've gotta believe me.

CJ

I know. Calm down. Shit. Good to know you're alright. Where you at now?

KEN

Vice City, same as before.

CJ spots ring of white powder around Ken's nostril and glares.

CJ

Yeah, everything is the same as before, huh?

Ken sniffs and wipes it away.

CJ (CONT'D)

Is that where we headed?

KEN

Yeah.

CJ points his gun at him again.

CJ

You fucking me over, Rosie?

KEN

NO! No, no, Jesus Christ, no!

CJ

I'll toss you out of this plane,
Rosie, you know I will.

KEN

(terrified)

I know, I know...

CJ

If you're fucking me, you better
have sprouted wings.

EXT. ESCOBAR INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- AFTERNOON

The private jet lands.

EXT. ESCOBAR INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TERMINAL -- AFTERNOON

Ken leads them into the bright sun, where a limo is waiting.
Ken uses his briefcase to cover the wet spot on his crotch.

He leads them to a stretch limo.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)

Hey there, Vice City. This is Lazlow
coming to you to remind you to tune
in to my new show, Speakeasy on
WSHY is Midway.

CJ stops to admire two girls in bikinis walking by. They
smile at him and he smiles back.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST) (CONT'D)

And to think: none of it might have
happened if I had taken my anti-
depression meds properly instead of
accidentally mixing them up with
chewable children's vitamins. Thank
you, irrelevant cartoon character!

CJ catches up with Claude and Cesar and gets in the limo.

EXT. VICE CITY -- AFTERNOON

Pastels and neon, palm trees, wide beaches, and tiny
swimsuits: Vice City is a living time capsule of 1986 Miami.

EXT. VERCETTI MANSION -- AFTERNOON

The limo drives through the gates to a massive mansion on the bay. Guards with Hawaiian shirts and heavy firepower walk around the grounds.

Ken, CJ, Cesar and Claude all walk up the long front stairway.

Guards hurry back and forth, carrying crates of weapons and coordinating: they're preparing for something.

INT. VERCETTI MANSION (OFFICE) -- MOMENTS LATER

Tommy Vercetti's office is a massive mahogany room with tall windows offering a view of the bay. TOMMY, 42, sits behind a desk that's ten feet wide. He wears a periwinkle suit with the collar open wide.

The door opens, and Ken walks in with Claude, CJ and Cesar.

TOMMY

Gentlemen. Glad to see that you were all able to make your flights.

Claude sits on a couch in the corner and kicks back. Cesar stays standing. CJ grabs the large leather chair directly in front of Tommy's desk.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(noticing Ken)

Let me apologize for my attorney, Mr. Rosenberg. He gets excited when we have company. Jesus Christ, Ken, get yourself cleaned up.

KEN

Right, Tommy.

Ken leaves.

TOMMY

My name is Tommy Vercetti.

CJ

We know who you are.

Tommy senses the tension in CJ's voice, but ignores it.

TOMMY

Good. Then you also know that I'm not one to beat around the bush. In the past twenty-four hours, you've had massive power plays on your respective turfs.

CJ

The fuck you care, goomba?

Tommy just smiles.

TOMMY

From what I've been able to dig up, the muscle behind the push seems to be coming from the Carbone crime family out of Midway.

Cesar's eyebrows go up. Claude sits forward, but maintains the same expression. CJ is still stone-faced, watching Tommy.

CJ

Sorry, all you wops look the same to me.

TOMMY

I'm gonna let that go, homeboy, since we don't have a lot of time.

CJ

Time for what? Answer my question: why do you give a fuck about our business?

Tommy goes over to the windows and draws back the blinds.

TOMMY

Because now it's my business too.

Several Coast Guard and police boats clog up the docks behind the mansion, with two police helicopters hovering over the bay nearby.

CJ, Claude and Cesar get up and look out the other windows.

The streets leading up to the mansion have already been blocked off by SWAT trucks and police cruisers. Heavily-armed SWAT soldiers are securing the perimeter around the mansion's high walls, and finding ways onto the grounds.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(to CJ)

So I don't really give a fuck whether or not you like me, Carl. All that matters is that you're here now, and I'm the only way you're going to get out.

CJ hates it, but can see that it's true.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Now, the Carbone been around since the old days and they certainly have the means for a play like this, but this is the first time we've seen one from them since they were bootlegging booze back in '27. It's not really their style, either. Enzo Carbone is more like the unofficial mayor of the city than a Mafia Don.

Tommy picks up a mouthpiece from his desk.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I have some people looking into it, but it doesn't look like they're going to wait around for us to figure it out.

(into mouthpiece)

Hold your fire until you get my order.

GUARD (VOICE ON RADIO)

You got it.

He drops it back where it was.

CJ

This was your plan? This was why you brought us here? To put us right back in the shit?

Tommy goes over to a large gun cabinet and opens it. It's filled with large rifles and machine guns.

CJ (CONT'D)

We got to get back home, man! Our people need us there! Otherwise they gonna lose!

Tommy loads a SPAZ shotgun and tosses it to Claude.

TOMMY

Good. They need to.

CJ pulls his gun and points it at Tommy. Tommy doesn't flinch.

CJ

That's my family!

Tommy tosses Cesar an Mp5.

TOMMY

You're not going to beat these guys. Not like this.

CJ

And why the fuck should I listen to you?

TOMMY

Hey, I'm not real psyched about things, either. Due to some bad experiences, I try to avoid working with partners.

He tosses CJ an AK-47.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

This is a little different, though.

He grabs a carbine for himself and grabs the mouthpiece.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(into the mouthpiece)
We're ready.

INT. VERCETTI MANSION (MAIN HALL) -- MOMENTS LATER

All along the staircases and balconies of the wide main hall, Tommy's men are entrenched. Two massive M60s have been set up on tripods on the second floor balconies.

WHAM! The front door buckles after a hit from a battering ram.

WHAM! Tommy's men all train their weapons on the door.

WHAM! The front door SMASHES in, letting in a flood of SWAT soldiers.

The first waves are immediately cut down by GUNFIRE from Tommy's men.

SWAT troops SMASH through windows and other doors, pouring into the mansion from all sides. GUNFIRE is constant.

Tommy, Claude, CJ and Cesar all walk out of Tommy's office on the second floor.

Tommy begins FIRING almost nonchalantly as he walks and talks, bringing down SWAT troopers with incredible accuracy.

Claude, CJ and Cesar start taking down their shares as well.

TOMMY
Tell me I was the only one getting
a little bored.

Across the wide hall, several more SWAT troopers all SMASH through the glass onto the second floor balcony.

Tommy FIRES his gun dry at them.

Next to them, the guard manning the M60 turret is killed.

Tommy kicks the release on the turret and hoists the M60 from the mount.

He OPENS FIRE on the balcony across the hall, sending the SWAT troopers CRASHING back through the glass.

He tosses down the empty M60 and draws a silver Magnum.

Tommy leads them through a doorway to a stairwell.

INT. VERCETTI MANSION (STAIRWELL) -- CONTINUOUS

They all start climbing.

TOMMY

The three of us, we're all pretty much alike: we had shit, and we turned it into gold. But guys like us, we're not meant to just sit around, resting on our laurels.

He stops to fire down the stairwell at their pursuers.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

We're at our best when we're outnumbered, outgunned, and with our backs to the wall. You could look at this situation as a setback; an insult, even, and I sincerely suggest that you do when it comes to how you deal with these pricks.

They reach the narrow hall at the top of the stairs, and the door that leads out to the roof.

They go outside.

EXT. VERCETTI MANSION (ROOFTOP) -- CONTINUOUS

All four walk out into the bright sun. Tommy puts on his sunglasses.

Ken catches up with them, looking as skittish as ever. He's got a dusting of white powder under his nose.

A dozen or so of Tommy's men FIRE down at the police below.

Tommy walks over to a massive domed skylight at the center of the roof.

TOMMY

But you could also look at it as an opportunity to remind the world that no one pushes guys like us around, and to remind yourselves that starting fresh was the best part.

There's a post with a keypad on it. Tommy pushes some buttons.

The dome retracts revealing a large black gunship; an Apache/Blackhawk-hybrid. The rotors begin spinning.

CJ and Cesar look stunned. Claude looks as stunned as he is capable of expressing.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I got some friends at the DOD that helped me put her together. Hop in.

They all get in: Tommy in the cockpit, Claude and CJ on the machineguns mounted by each open side, Cesar stationed next

to CJ armed with the AK-47, and Ken strapped into a seat, clutching his briefcase tightly.

They lift off.

EXT. VERCETTI MANSION -- CONTINUOUS

Tommy brings the gunship to the front of the mansion. The army of police and SWAT troops in the street all look up.

Tommy pulls out a cassette tape and pops it into the player.

"Breakin' The Law" by Judas Priest starts PLAYING.

Tommy looks down at the barricade in the street and smiles.

He OPENS FIRE with everything the gunship has.

EXPLOSIONS rip through the cruisers and SWAT vehicles, sending them spiraling through the air in every direction. Cops and troops all run for cover.

Claude, CJ and Cesar all start FIRING down at targets on either flank.

KEN

(frantic)

CHRIST! What the fuck am I DOING here?

A bullet WHINES past CJ's head and HITS the inside wall next to Ken. He SCREAMS.

CJ looks out and sees a police helicopter hovering a few hundred feet away. A sharpshooter in the helicopter's open side is lining up another shot.

CJ turns his machinegun in the helicopter's direction and OPENS FIRE.

The heavy fire quickly shreds the helicopter, and it crumples and EXPLODES in mid-air, falling onto the street below.

TOMMY

Nice shooting, gangsta. Looks like that got them good and pissed off.

Tommy looks up ahead: two more choppers are heading in fast.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Alright, we're moving. Get yourselves strapped in.

Tommy starts the gunship heading northeast.

Claude and CJ both put on the cradle harnesses suspended from the ceiling.

CJ
Cesar, get in back and strap yourself
down, man.

CESAR
Hell no, holmes! This is the best
part!

As they pick up speed, Cesar hangs out of the open side of
the gunship.

CESAR (CONT'D)
WOO-HOOOOOO!

EXT. VICE CITY -- CONTINUOUS

Tommy eyes the two police choppers catching up to them.

He quickly pivots the gunship 180 degrees.

The sudden swing lifts both Claude and CJ off their feet,
saved only by the harnesses that they're strapped in by.
Cesar, however, loses his grip.

CESAR
WHOA, SHIIIIIIIT!

CJ
CESAR!

Cesar manages to grab CJ's leg and hangs on.

With the gunship now facing the two police choppers, Tommy
fires two missiles.

As they streak towards their targets, Tommy swings the chopper
back around again.

The swing lifts Cesar up and tosses him into the back of the
gunship next to Ken.

Wild-eyed and smiling, Cesar straps himself in.

CESAR
Ha ha! This shit is the best!

Ken nods nervously, still shaking and clutching his briefcase.

KEN
Yes, it's my most favorite thing.

CESAR
WOOOO!

As they speed away, both missiles HIT their targets, reducing
them falling fireballs.

Both flaming hulks land with a SMASH on the golf course.

EXT. DOWNTOWN -- MOMENTS LATER

Three fighter jets SCREAM across the sky above the buildings of downtown. The gunship weaves through the buildings beneath them, staying low.

TOMMY

Alright guys, we've stirred up the hornet's nest pretty good. Claude, CJ: head back and strap yourselves in with Ken and Cesar. Things might get a little hectic.

Claude and CJ do as their told.

EXT. LITTLE HAITI -- CONTINUOUS

The gunship stays low after leaving the taller buildings of downtown, speeding just above the factories, warehouses and ghettos of Little Haiti.

The pursuing jets reduce altitude to get behind the gunship.

EXT. LITTLE HAVANA -- CONTINUOUS

Residents of Little Havana look up with a start when the gunship ZOOMS less than a hundred feet over the neighborhood.

They all jump when the three jets SCREAM overhead right afterwards.

Tommy struggles to stay low as they pass Escobar International Airport and head towards the dockyards of Viceport.

The lead jet takes an opportunity to FIRE its machineguns at the gunship, and a few of the rounds HIT their mark, making the gunship trail black smoke.

Two mounds appear with heavy THUMPS in the wall next to Claude's head, but don't break through.

CJ

We're taking some heat back here,
T!

TOMMY

Working on it!

EXT. VICEPORT -- CONTINUOUS

Tommy weaves the gunship low over the stacked shipping containers and tall cranes of Viceport.

He's able to maneuver a turn that sends the jets blowing past the gunship and over the ocean.

As the jets circle back around, Tommy takes the opportunity to fly out to sea at top speed.

EXT. OVER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN -- CONTINUOUS

With the city shrinking behind them, the jets find their way back into pursuit over the open ocean.

CJ
Where we headed?

TOMMY
International waters!

The jets close in.

Tommy flies as fast and low as the gunship will carry them.

CJ
I don't think that's going to stop these guys from shooting us down!

TOMMY
It's not supposed to!

The "missile lock" alarm starts GOING OFF in the cockpit.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Here we go!

The lead jet fires two missiles at the gunship.

Tommy hops out of the seat and runs to the back.

Both missiles hit their target, and the gunship EXPLODES.

The jets circle back around, confirming the kill.

The charred remains of the gunship sink into the ocean.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FISHING BOAT -- EVENING

Black screen. THUMPING and MUFFLED VOICES can be heard.

Suddenly, evening sunlight streaks in: we're inside a box and the lid was just opened facing the sky.

Peering in are several Hispanic fisherman and COLONEL Juan Juan García Cortez. The Colonel is smiling.

Inside the box, squinting at the sun, is Tommy, Claude, CJ, Ken and Cesar, all strapped in as we last saw them in the armored container that was the rear area of the gunship.

COLONEL
Greetings, Mr. Vercetti, Mr. Rosenberg and various occupants of this big wet box. I trust this makes Mr. Vercetti and I even for his assistance with the troublesome French.

Tommy reaches out for a hand.

TOMMY

That depends on how cold your beer is.

We drop back and see the yacht anchored next to the fishing boat who's crane was used to pull the armored container out of the water. Both are silhouetted by the setting sun.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. YACHT -- EVENING

Tommy, Ken, Claude, Cesar and CJ all stand on the deck of the luxury yacht. They're all wearing dry linen clothes and sipping drinks. Staff moves around the deck preparing for dinner. Colonel Cortez gives instructions to one of his staffers, then moves over to join his five guests.

CJ

I ain't eating no motherfuckin' tiger.

TOMMY

The Colonel has a thing for dining on endangered species.

COLONEL

It is the only way to truly live. Besides, it is believed that eating the flesh of the tiger will endow a man with the will to fight like one. From what I understand about the task ahead of you, you will need just that.

TOMMY

Now that the Carbone family thinks we've been dealt with, we'll be a little freer to move around Midway.

CJ

That's where we're headed?

TOMMY

That's right. While their attention is everywhere else, we're gonna cut that bitch's heart right out. I've got a friend out there that will get us set up, but then it's up to us to figure out what we need to do to finish the job.

CJ

Then what?

TOMMY

We take back what's ours.

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(looks at all of them)
Promises don't mean a lot to guys like us, but we're in a unique situation. We all want the same thing and need each other's help to get it. What was mine stays mine, and what was yours, stays yours.

Tommy puts out his hand.

Claude grabs it.

CJ, after a pause, puts his in, too.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Alright. Let's eat. Tomorrow's going to be a busy day.

Tommy, Claude, Ken and the Colonel walk to the dinner table.

CJ hangs back and pulls Cesar aside.

CJ

I need you to do something for me, Cesar.

CESAR

Name it, holmes.

CJ

I need you to go back to Los Santos.

CESAR

C'mon CJ, you need my help with this.

CJ

You're right, but not here. I need you to make sure that Kendyl and Sweet are safe. Sweet's hot and his mouth'll get him in trouble. And Kendyl's going to need someone there for her if her big brother gets himself killed. I know what you got with her is real, so that should be you. They're the only family I got left. You my dog, and I know I can trust you with this.

CESAR

Aight, CJ. You take care, amigo.

CJ

You, too, man. Now, c'mon. Let's go eat some cat.