

EXT. WRIGHT INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT (MIDWAY) -- NIGHT

A quiet night in the parking area outside the terminal. A Sentinel is parked in a spot with a good view of the terminal doors. The car's two occupants, cookie-cutter goombas MIKE and MARIO, wait impatiently.

MIKE

No, he didn't want to get picked up.

MARIO

Why not?

MIKE

How the hell should I know? He's the Don's kid. He can do whatever he wants.

MARIO

Yeah, I've noticed that. A little too much lately, as a matter of fact.

MIKE

Hey, if you don't like it, you tell him.

MARIO

Yeah, right. Don't act like he doesn't creep you out. All that stuff about him being fucked in the head is true.

MIKE

Really. And how do you know that?

MARIO

Ever made eye contact with him? That's all I needed. Couldn't un-pucker my asshole for a week.

MIKE

Thanks for that. Doesn't matter. The Don just wants us here to make sure nothing happens.

MARIO

Heh. To who?

Mike can't answer and doesn't have to. Something catches his eye.

A young man of 24 walks out of the terminal carrying a small suitcase and garment bag, sipping on a take-out soft drink. He has blonde hair and icy blue eyes, and razor-sharp good looks. This is DADE.

He starts across the street in the drop-off area.

A taxi has to SLAM on its brakes to avoid hitting him.

Dade stops walking and turns to look, completely unfazed.

TAXI DRIVER
(sticks head out the window)
Watch where you're going you fucking
idiot!

Dade SLURPS the last of the soda.

DADE
Are you on duty?

TAXI DRIVER
Oh, you want a ride now? You want
to get in the car instead of under
it, genius?

Dade walks around the side of the car and bends over to talk
to the driver. His tone is very pleasant.

DADE
You seem very tense. I've been
studying physiology for a little
while, and you know what's
interesting?

TAXI DRIVER
The fuck you talking about, cracker?

DADE
Most people assume it's the neck
and shoulders that are the problem,
but it's not.

TAXI DRIVER
Man, just get in th--

With a blur of motion and a glint of light, Dade holds a
short knife in one hand and a small piece of flesh in his
other hand, pinched between his index and middle fingers.

The stunned taxi driver clasps his hand over his mouth.

A small trickle of blood drips out from between his fingers.

DADE
The tongue is what usually what
gets us into trouble the most.

Dade pops open the top of his soft drink and drops the piece
of tongue inside.

DADE (CONT'D)
Now, I can take you somewhere quiet
while you vomit yourself unconscious
from drinking too much of your own
blood, or you can drive me to the
(MORE)

DADE (CONT'D)
Roxy Hotel, forget this ever happened
and make a thousand dollars.
(smiles, SHAKES soft drink cup)
Plus tip.

The taxi driver just looks at him, then snatches the money.
Dade gets up and lets himself into the back seat of the cab.
Mike and Mario watch from their car, mouths agape.

The taxi driver, still holding one hand over his mouth,
scrambles to put Dade's luggage into the trunk of the cab.

MIKE
(starting the car)
I think he's fine.

Mario nods furiously in agreement.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MIDWAY -- MORNING

The sun is barely shining over the tops of the hills in the east. A train speeds through the woods and towards the massive metropolis.

INT. GILLETTE STATION -- MORNING

Tommy, CJ and Claude all walk through the wide terminal of historic Gillette Station.

EXT. GILLETTE STATION -- MOMENTS LATER

All three walk out of the station towards the street. The neighborhood is bleak, with old apartment buildings crammed one after another.

Claude walks towards a parked car and opens the door.

Tommy is there in a flash, SLAMMING the door back shut.

TOMMY
We don't want to attract any
attention just yet.

Claude just stares him down for a second. Tommy stares back.

CJ
(smiling)
Then why'd you wear that suit, man?

Tommy checks himself, not seeing anything wrong with his pastel pink linen suit.

TOMMY
What, is this no good? I stick
out?

We suddenly zoom way out till we're

EXT. MIDWAY -- CONTINUOUS

hovering about a mile away, looking down at the city. In the great mass of drab grays that make up Midway, one tiny pink dot clearly sticks out in the center: Tommy's suit.

CJ (V.O.)
Yeah, a little.

EXT. CARMICHAEL -- MOMENTS LATER

We follow a taxi driving through the Carmichael section of downtown. Still slum apartments, but they're getting taller.

Tommy and CJ ride in the back of the taxi, while Claude rides up next to the taxi driver: the same one that picked up Dade.

CJ looks out the window at much of the same: bleak slums, old markets, people wearing drab colors.

CJ
This town is a dump, man. The buildings are wall-to-wall.

TOMMY
There was a fire back in 1901 that destroyed almost the entire East side of the city. Left over a quarter-million people homeless, and drove them all here to the West side. By the time they rebuilt the East side, no one could afford to move back.

They come out of the tall buildings of downtown to where the Baxter Bridge connects the East side to the West side of the city across the wide Amherst River.

Across the river, where the Baxter meets the East side is a massive skyscraper, the tallest and brightest in the city: the Steiger Tower. There's a tunnel at its base so that cars have to drive under the tower to get into the East side.

EXT. STEIGER -- MOMENTS LATER

CJ is craning his neck to see the top of the Steiger Tower as they drive towards it.

A large waterfall cascades down the building originating from an opening on the 35th floor. The falling water is directed by bends and breaks in the architecture, which eventually split the falls into two streams falling on either side of the tunnel's mouth.

TOMMY
The Carbones control the entire West side, about two thirds of the city. The East side is off limits
(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

to them, though. Part of a deal
they have worked out with the mayor.

Just before they pass under the Tower into the bright tunnel, they pass a large billboard with a picture of a grinning man in his 50's. The words under his grin are "Hon. Mayor Jerome Steiger," and next to his head is a bright slogan in big letters: "The City of Midway: A Masterpiece...*In Progress!*"

CJ

For real? So then the motherfuckers
come knockin' on our door? Pfft.
Maybe we need to have our chat with
the mayor.

EXT. VALENTINE HIGHWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Just as the bridge becomes the tunnel, the tunnel becomes the elevated Valentine Highway, which slices directly into the heart of the East side. We can see that the other buildings in the Steiger district below, while not quite as tall as the Steiger Tower, have a heavy streamlined moderne-style, like a 1950's vision of the future.

TOMMY

Nah, the Carbones are the ones that
put him in office. His grandfather
was the developer that bought the
land that burned in the fire, so he
thinks the East side is his
birthright. So the Carbones get
their playpen, and Steiger keeps
the Feds out.

The citizens of the East side fit their sheltered Utopian setting: respectable suits, modest dresses, and smiles in the sunshine.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Not that it matters, anyway. The
only two things this town has to
offer are the pesto and the
Woodpeckers, and both of those are
on the West side.

TAXI DRIVER

(muffled from the gauze on his tongue)
Not anymore.

Tommy looks where the taxi driver is pointing.

FULL SHOT: MIABATSU STADIUM -- CONTINUOUS

A major league baseball game. A batter squares up at the plate. He has a Midway Woodpeckers logo on his jersey.

CRACK! He clobbers the ball and starts running for first.

Then, a businessman walks from right to left across the scene like nothing is happening.

Then another, this one from left to right.

Then another.

We start to pull back revealing the scene to be playing on a screen about forty feet wide along a downtown sidewalk. Words begin flashing across the scene: "MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL - THE MIDWAY WOODPECKERS", and under it: "COMING 2008 TO THEIR NEW HOME ON THE EAST SIDE: MIABATSU STADIUM!"

Pulling back further, we lift over the top of the fence (showing that the screen is paper-thin) and see the massive construction project underway to build the stadium.

EXT. SHERMER FARMS -- MOMENTS LATER

With the tallest buildings of the East side behind them, the taxi drives through the tract-home suburb of Shermer Farms.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Nestled away on the edge of the suburb is a dirt road to a rusted building attached to an abandoned farm.

The taxi stops in front.

CJ, Tommy and Claude all get out, and Tommy pays the driver.

CJ is in disbelief.

CJ
Man, what the fuck is this?

TOMMY
(smirking)
I said the fire destroyed almost
all of the East side.

CJ
Aw, fuck you, T.

INT. SAFEHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

The rusted door CREAKS open, shedding light into the massive, windowless slaughterhouse for the first time in a while. Long steel tables and cabinets line the walls and rusty chains and hooks hang from the ceiling. All three walk inside.

CJ
Place is probably all haunted by
pigs and cows and shit...

They start looking around.

Tommy props open the door and turns on a light.

CJ walks by a pegboard where several rusty cleavers and bone saws still hang. At the bottom rests an old and corroded (but still vicious-looking) chainsaw. CJ grimaces.

CJ (CONT'D)
Man, this sucks.

Claude digs through a bag of groceries, pulling out a brightly-colored box of Cok-O-Pops cereal.

TOMMY
(annoyed)
Hey, my guy did the best he could. Do you have any idea how hard it is to find a safehouse in this town?

CJ
Yeah. But it still sucks. Where's your boy Ken? Why ain't he rollin' out a cot with us here in cow hell?

TOMMY
He's working downtown. Checking into some of the Carbone's lines of business.

CJ
Oh, yeah. Fo sho. The only lines that cat's checking into are the kind you snort off a hooker's ass.

Tommy searches a large cooler, pulling out some bullet-proof vests and guns.

CJ (CONT'D)
(to Claude)
This place remind you of anywhere, loudmouth? Maybe a place that you and your batshit insane girlfriend stuck me with after I beat your asses in that race?

Claude just smirks a bit, munching on cereal out of the box.

CJ (CONT'D)
Yeah, you enjoy that for now. You an me are gonna talk about that again sometime, though.

Tommy tosses each of them a vest and puts one on himself.

CJ (CONT'D)
Aw, man. You see that big ole puff of dust that come out when I caught it? Look at this shit. Are these antiques?

TOMMY
Shut the fuck up and put it on.

CJ
 (puts it on)
 Just sayin'. Don't want to get it
 all shot up if it's worth somethin'.
 Sell this shit on Ebay.

TOMMY
 Alright, I know you're probably
 used to vests by Sean John or some
 shit, but we're a little strapped
 for resources, okay?

CJ
 Chill out, man. Can't we just buy
 some? They got Ammu-Nations in
 this town, right?

TOMMY
 Fuck you, then. Take it off.

CJ
 Look, the shit don't do us no good
 if it don't work no more. You put a
 hole in this thing and moths are
 gonna fly out, man.

TOMMY
 Shut the fuck up, Carl. I'm warning
 you.

CJ
 (angry)
 Oh, what the fuck is that? You
warning me? You'd best watch
yourself, goomba.

CJ and Tommy start walking towards each other, getting in
 each other's faces.

TOMMY
 From what, a punk little bitch like
 you?

CJ
 You damn right--

A quick, sharp WHISTLE from o.c. Tommy and CJ both turn to
 look at Claude.

Claude SHOOTS both of them in the chest, knocking them down.

Claude puts on his vest, like nothing happened.

Tommy and CJ both stand up, looking shocked and pissed.

Claude checks to make sure his vest is on correctly.

Then he opens his arms and shuts his eyes tight.

Tommy and CJ both pull their guns and SHOOT Claude in the chest, knocking him down as well.

Tommy and CJ both wheeze and check their vests: both shots were stopped safely.

Claude struggles to his feet and checks: his were stopped, too.

CJ still can't quite catch his breath, but he starts laughing.

CJ (CONT'D)
 (to Claude)
 You fuckin' crazy, dog.

Tommy, panting heavily, starts to smile, too.

Claude smirks a bit.

EXT. SHERMER FARMS -- MORNING

The houses are all identical, and identical-looking people are leaving them to get into identical-looking cars to begin their morning routine.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
 Hey out there, Midway. This is Lazlow coming to you from the 75th floor of the Steiger Tower. Glad to be here, but more specifically: glad to be out of Liberty City. Oh, man.

EXT. STEIGER -- MORNING

The bustle on the streets has picked up now that the morning commute has officially started. The sun shines brightly off the steel and chrome skyscrapers that line the Amherst River.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
 Seems like everywhere I go, people are out of their minds. Before Liberty, it was San Andreas. Before that: Vice City. What is it with people?

We close in on the elevated subway train that makes its way across the trestle from the East side to the West side.

EXT. CARMICHAEL -- CONTINUOUS

The L train crosses high above the parkways that run along the west side of the river, and slices into a narrow gap between tall buildings to get deeper into the city.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
 I just want a place where the people have morals, a sense of community, social responsibility... And aren't willing to beat you with a club for
 (MORE)

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST) (CONT'D)
 a good parking spot at the
 supermarket, y'know what I mean?

On the sidewalks and streets below the trestle, the West side's morning bustle has also began: shops and bakeries are open with their keepers sweeping their steps, vendor carts roost on busy corners, and blue collar folk come and go.

EXT. GILLETTE STATION -- MOMENTS LATER

A beat cop strolls along the sidewalk, surveying.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
 This truly is a beautiful city. I
 had no idea. Well, the East side of
 the river is, anyway. The West
 side... Hey, if buildings with no
 windows are your thing...

The cop walks up to a newspaper stand and starts to take a paper, but the older man running the stand slams his hand down on it to stop him.

The cop and the vendor stare at each other for a moment, and the vendor's eyes go down to the cop's cufflinks: they're gold shamrocks.

The vendor looks back at the cop and takes his hand off the paper, his expression never hiding his disdain.

The cop smirks and takes the paper.

The cop grabs a pack of gum from the rack, too. His smug expression is almost daring the vendor to try and stop him.

The cop walks off and the vendor just watches.

He walks right past an alley where three youths are savagely beating another young man like it's not even happening.

EXT. MORTON PARK -- MOMENTS LATER

The Morton Park district has a distinct feel to it, with old world-style shops and bistros, and a small and tidy park on the side of the canal.

An old baker trots out of his shop with a wax paper bag. This is SONNY.

He walks towards a long black limo, escorted by two Sentinels.

A squat but handsome Italian gentleman of about 60 gets out of the limo to warmly greet Sonny. This is Enzo Carbone, the Don of the Carbone family. DON CARBONE takes the bag.

DON CARBONE
 Grazi, Sonny. It smells delicious.

SONNY

It is a pleasure, Don Carbone.
What brings you this way?

DON CARBONE

(almost apologetically)
On my way to the game, actually.

SONNY

Oh. Today is the last one. Hm.
Such a shame our Woodpeckers are
moving to the East side.
(realizes, corrects himself)
Not that I doubt there was a good
reason for it.

DON CARBONE

It's okay, Sonny. I understand
that some people don't have as much
faith in my son's strategy as I do.
All I can ask is that people be
patient. He's young and headstrong,
just like I was.

SONNY

I remember your father and I having
a similar conversation. You know
that both you and your son have the
support of the Morton Park families.

DON CARBONE

(shaking his hand)
Thank you, Sonny. I appreciate that.

The motorcade drives off. Sonny watches them leave.

INT. BISTRO -- MOMENTS LATER

We slide back through the glass of a small bistro, where
Tommy, CJ and Claude are all drinking coffee. They all watch
he Don's limo drive away.

They turn away from the window and go back to their coffees.

TOMMY

The Yakuza have a wedge of turf in
the south end. Claude, you might
want to check that out. They probably
have work now that the Carbones'
attention is elsewhere.

Claude nods.

Looking out the window, CJ notices a discreet exchange between
a cop and a scummy-looking grifter. This cop also has a
shamrock cufflink.

CJ

The cops are dirty and they ain't shy about it. I'll see how deep they go.

TOMMY

I'm going to check out the factory. The Legacy Liquors distillery is the same building the Carbones used to bootleg in back in the Twenties. The fact that they use it as a base for a lot of their current operations is sort of an inside joke with them. Then I might go to the game. The Carbones owned a large portion of the Woodpeckers. Sending them to the East side is like blasphemy. It might be worth looking into.

The waitress drops the check on the table and walks off.

Tommy pays.

There's a heavy silence among the three of them.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Alright, this is it. When we walk out that door, we're strangers.

EXT. KELLY & HART -- LATER

Claude walks down the street by the busy intersection of Kelly and Hart, which marks the border of the south end and the industrial section.

TOMMY (V.O.)

We each need to find our own way in.

Claude sees something and stops dead.

A car dealership with gorgeous blue Banshee convertible roadster parked inside the showroom.

INT. AMMU-NATION -- LATER

CJ is at an Ammu-Nation gun store, talking to the scrubby-looking guy behind the scrubby-looking counter.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Be smart.

CJ points to what he wants and the clerk lays it all on the counter. So far, the pile consists of two pistols, an Mp5, body armor, and several boxes of bullets.

EXT. KELLY & HART -- MOMENTS LATER

The Banshee (with Claude behind the wheel) EXPLODES out of the showroom window, SCREECHES across the parking lot, and is on the road in a flash.

TOMMY (V.O.)
Be discreet.

INT. AMMU-NATION -- MOMENTS LATER

CJ walks out of the Ammu-Nation with a big bag.

TOMMY (V.O.)
And watch your asses.

The clerk watches him leave and picks up the phone.

EXT. FARNSWORTH FIELD -- DAY

A major league baseball stadium packed with at least 35,000 SCREAMING fans. Banners and paraphernalia repeat the sad truth: this is the Woodpeckers' last game at Farnsworth Field. Two ANNOUNCERS bring the audience at home up to speed.

ANNOUNCER #1 (V.O.)
It's a capacity crowd here at Farnsworth Field as the Midway Woodpeckers get ready to play their last game ever on the West side.

ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)
This bittersweet occasion has brought a number of famous faces out today, as well as third-generation Midway mayor Jerome Steiger.

INT. VIP BOX -- CONTINUOUS

Mayor Jerome STEIGER sits in his posh private box up with the press seats. He grins his winning grin as he fields questions from a small collection of REPORTERS.

REPORTER #1
Mayor Steiger, the previous owners of the team have never indicated any desire to sell the franchise since it's creation in 1932. What led to the sudden change of heart?

STEIGER
Oh, I can't say for sure, but I'll take a guess: good sense, maybe? I'm certain the Miabatsu Corporation made it very worth their while. Clinging to tradition just isn't smart business. Things are very different from how they were eighty years ago. Maybe someone in their organization finally recognized that.

The reporters all CLAMOR to be heard.

Steiger points to one.

REPORTER #2

Mayor Steiger, how do you respond to your critics that say this is just another example of your administration ignoring the needs of the neglected West side of the city?

STEIGER

Hey, whoa!

(sticks thumb at the window behind him)

I thought that glass was supposed to keep the hardballs out.

This gets a laugh out of the reporters.

STEIGER (CONT'D)

I'd remind them that I'm already working with the Midway Historical Society on ways to preserve Farnsworth Field so it can remain a part of our city's incredible legacy. And on the other hand, Miabatsu Stadium is going to offer a state-of-the-art event experience, and already has many exciting opportunities open to it for off-season concerts and performances.

EXT. MIABATSU STADIUM -- DAY

The task of building the Miabatsu Stadium is underway.

STEIGER (V.O.)

Even the stadium's construction itself has drawn worldwide attention. The revolutionary methods and technology used will allow Triton Construction to have the facility up and running in record time.

Teams of workers wearing the Triton Construction logo operate high-tech machinery to accomplish their tasks.

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

It's the only way the task could be accomplished mid-season. The Woodpeckers will have their new home ready for them right after the All-Star Break.

INT. VIP BOX -- CONTINUOUS

Back to where we were in the mayor's private box.

STEIGER

The revenue that this project brings in will benefit Midway as a whole in limitless ways, so I can't see
(MORE)

STEIGER (CONT'D)
 how this good fortune could be
 associated with neglect. Last
 question.

More CLAMOR.

Steiger smiles and selects.

REPORTER #3
 Mayor Steiger, who do you think is
 going to win today?

He chuckles and wags his finger at Reporter #3.

STEIGER
 Well, I think you all where my
 loyalties lie.

He stands up and goes to the window. To the reporters, he
 looks like he's staring out at the Midway skyline visible
 over the stadium walls.

STEIGER (CONT'D)
 However, I think the real winner
 today is clear.

We see that his eyes, though, are looking down to a section
 on the first base line filled with pinstriped suits.

His grin widens.

EXT. FARNSWORTH FIELD -- CONTINUOUS

Down on the box seating along the first base line is Don
 Enzo Carbone, and his capo Joseph MASON, a good-looking man
 in his 50's, surrounded by goons. The Don is watching the
 game, but Mason is craning his neck to see Steiger's box.

MASON
 Look at him. He's happier than a
 pig in shit up there.

DON CARBONE
 I'm trying to watch the game, Joey.

MASON
 Your boy didn't make any friends
 with this deal. Well, maybe one...

DON CARBONE
 I really hope you're not implying
 what I think you are.

MASON
 Steiger couldn't have asked for
 this to work out better. I mean,
 how long has he wanted to move the
 Peckers to the East side?

DON CARBONE

My son's decision to sell the Woodpeckers is part of a larger strategy that he has for the family. Just like the moves on Vice City, Liberty City, and San Andreas. Dade has spent the last eight years getting the finest education available and seeing more of the world than both of us put together.

MASON

I understand that Mr. Carbone, but with all due respect, maybe he should live here for a while before making decisions. Big changes and displays of power make people nervous. We're stretched thin right now. We're exposed.

DON CARBONE

Which is exactly why the last thing we want to show right now is weakness.

Mason looks down.

DON CARBONE (CONT'D)

I need your help with something, Joey.

MASON

Anything. You know that.

DON CARBONE

Dade is going to be married in just over a week. That night at the reception, I will make an announcement. I'm retiring.

Mason's jaw drops.

DON CARBONE (CONT'D)

I'm leaving full control of the distillery in your hands, but I'm handing my seat over to Dade.

MASON

(shocked)

Mr. Carbone, are you sure--

DON CARBONE

It's for the best. Times have changed. This isn't our world anymore. It's Dade's. And the family will need his leadership if it wants to survive. I need you to support me on this. I need to know that you'll support him, as well.

Mason is still dumbstruck.

DON CARBONE (CONT'D)
Joseph?

MASON
(snapping out of it, but not completely)
Yes, Mr. Carbone. Of course.

About fifty feet away, Tommy stands by the exit bay, munching on a bag of popcorn and watching.

EXT. GASOLINE ALLEY -- DAY

A seedy collection of homes and businesses on the edge of the industrial district. Tommy stands on the sidewalk, still munching the popcorn from the game. He's watching something across the street: BillyHop's Florist Shop.

Two suspicious-looking men walk out.

Tommy starts walking towards the shop.

INT. BILLYHOP'S FLORIST -- MOMENTS LATER

Inside the shop is anything you'd normally see in a florist's. BILLYHOP stands behind the counter. He's a well-dressed Middle Eastern man in his 50's.

Tommy walks up to the counter.

BILLYHOP
(thick Middle Eastern accent)
Can I help you, sir?

TOMMY
Well, I'm not really looking for flowers.

BillyHop just stares at him.

BILLYHOP
Then I really can't help you, sir.
Please leave.

TOMMY
It's Thursday. Do they still pick up on Thursdays?

BILLYHOP
I have no idea what you're talking about.

TOMMY
Flower shops don't buy rings like that.

BillyHop has a large ruby pinkie ring. He drops his hand out of sight.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Most of the people coming and going don't really look like the type to buy flowers for anything outside of a funeral, you know what I mean?

Tommy looks over and stops dead. BillyHop is pointing a large Magnum at him.

BILLYHOP

Okay, enough bullshit. Get your goomba wop ass out of here or it'll be your funeral they're buying them for.

The door JINGLES and BillyHop lowers the gun. In walks EUGENE. He's young, skinny and awkward, but he's still trying to dress and look the Mafioso part.

EUGENE

Hey, Billy. It's Thursday. Pickin' up.

BILLYHOP

Oh, and here comes this guy. Fuck you, too, buddy!

EUGENE

What the hell is up your ass?

BillyHop pulls the Magnum out and sticks it in Eugene's face.

BILLYHOP

I will tell you what is up my ass. All of you wop-dego goombas running around acting like king shits! You want me to pay protection, and yet I still got these other wop dego guinea wop goombas coming in here and giving me shit!

Eugene walks over to Tommy, trying to look tough.

EUGENE

You'd better get the fuck out of here, grandpa.

Tommy steps closer, putting only inches between their faces.

TOMMY

Or what, stringbean? You gonna throw your diaper at me?

EUGENE

Do you even know who the fuck I am?

TOMMY

Yeah. You're the guy that's gonna have to explain to everyone why
(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)
he's carrying around his balls in a
paper bag.

BILLYHOP
Okay, both of you guys, get the
fuck out of here. Go slowdance
somewhere else.

EUGENE
Hey, you still gotta pay up.

BILLYHOP
(waving the gun again)
GET THE FUCK OUT!

EXT. MINERVA -- DAY

Minerva is the cultural heart of Midway, containing all of
it's theaters, halls and stages, and an inordinate amount of
overpriced coffee houses.

CJ sits in an Admiral (Mercedes) sedan, blue lights flashing
in the rearview. A rotund cop, Officer TAPLEY, regards CJ
smugly.

TAPLEY
So, no ID, no registration, no
insurance, and you're from out of
state.

CJ
That's correct, officer...
(reads the badge)
Tapley.

TAPLEY
Well, things aren't looking to good
for you, son. I might have to have
this fine automobile impounded and
bring you downtown.

CJ
I understand, officer.

TAPLEY
That is, unless, we work out some
other arrangement.

He deliberately rests his arm on the door to show off the
shamrock cufflink.

CJ
No, that's okay. I'll just come
downtown with you.

CJ gets out of the car.

Tapley is obviously not used to things going this way.

TAPLEY

Uh... Are you sure about that?
There, uh, might be some other way
to settle this.

CJ

No, I understand that you have a
job to do. Feel free to search my
vehicle, officer.

TAPLEY

Maybe we're not speaking the same
language. I'd be willing to let you
go for a small consideration. Say,
five hundred dollars?

CJ

Oh, you mean a bribe?

Tapley looks around nervously to see if anyone heard.

CJ (CONT'D)

I wouldn't demean you in that way,
officer. I respect the police.

TAPLEY

Ugh. Okay, three hundred.

CJ

Especially not when some spook in
an unmarked car has an eye on you.

TAPLEY

Two fifty?
(suddenly turning around)
Wait, what?

An unmarked car is parked across the street. A hard-looking
man sits behind the wheel.

CJ

(turning around)
Don't look, man! Just cuff me.

Tapley puts CJ in handcuffs.

TAPLEY

(loudly)
I'm taking you downtown son!
(whispering)
That's Skinner. Shit. He's Internal
Affairs. He's been sweating us all
week.

CJ

So he's not dirty, like you guys.

TAPLEY

Right.

He realizes the stab and pushes CJ against the car.

TAPLEY (CONT'D)
Watch that, kid. Get in the car.

Tapley puts CJ in the back.

Tapley gets in the driver's seat.

Out of the corner of his eye, he watches Skinner start his car and drive away.

Tapley exhales.

CJ
You're welcome.

Tapley pulls out his cell and dials a number.

TAPLEY
Yeah, we'll see about that. What do you want?

CJ
New in town. Looking for some work.

TAPLEY
(into the phone)
Bostwick, hey. Just ran into Skinner. Five minutes ago. I'm over in Minerva. No shit, huh? No, I remember what today is. Oh, you bet your ass it's still on. Is everything all set? Great.
(looking at CJ in the rearview)
Yeah, I think I have the perfect candidate.

EXT. LEGACY LIQUORS -- DAY

The large and historic Legacy Liquors distillery and distribution center, located on the edge of the Kelly & Hart industrial district. The slogan is printed right on the sign: "It's Not Just Whiskey, It's A Legacy."

INT. LEGACY LIQUORS -- CONTINUOUS

Inside the mezzanine office, Eugene is telling his story to Mason and LUCY, a burly tower of a man.

EUGENE
The guy is a fucking nutcase. I go in there, and he's waving his gun at me and callin' me names. I nearly killed the fucker.

Mason and Lucy share a tired look and roll their eyes.

MASON
Jesus Christ, Eugene.

EUGENE

Seriously, we should cut the fucker loose. He ain't worth that much, anyway, and he's jumpier than the parking attendants at Marco's Bistro.

MASON

(had enough)

Alright, I'll make a deal with you: shut the fuck up.

EUGENE

What the fuck is that? That ain't no deal.

LUCY

I'd take it if I were you.

EUGENE

I'm tellin' you Mr. Mason, he's waste of our time. Small potatoes.

Mason walks to the window, running his hand through his hair.

MASON

Lucy?

LUCY

What Mr. Mason is trying to say is... Normally, when the people we have paying us for protection start telling us what's what, it sets a bad precedence, y'know what I mean?

MASON

So maybe you should go back over there and tell him what's what.

EUGENE

Yeah, and then he goes coo-coo for ca-ca again and I gotta shit in a bag for the rest of my life. Nah, I'm pretty sure my uncle wouldn't see things that way.

MASON

(furious)

Trust me, you're not my first fuckin' pick either, Eugene, but you know how stretched thin we are. All my people are in San Andreas and Vice and Liberty and who the fuck knows where! Who am I supposed to send?

A LIGHT KNOCK on the office door. They all turn. It's Tommy.

TOMMY

Excuse me.

Eugene sees Tommy and goes a bit white.

EUGENE

What the fuck are you doing here?

MASON

What, you know this guy?

TOMMY

I don't mean to interrupt, but I came about getting some work.

EUGENE

We ain't got any openings. Fuck off.

Eugene turns and gives a smug look to Lucy and Mason.

Tommy draws BillyHop's Magnum and SHOOTs Eugene in the back of the head. He crumples to the floor.

TOMMY

Got a big one now.

Lucy and Mason just stare, their expressions haven't changed.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Despite the mess, I get the feeling that I just did you a big favor.

MASON

Maybe you did, maybe you didn't. Eugene was a pain in the ass, but he was also my capo's nephew. By marriage, but still.

TOMMY

I think your capo would at least be proud to know he went down for the family.

Mason and Lucy just look at him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah. Saw the whole thing. BillyHop started giving him static, so he busted the joint up a bit. Then BillyHop saw it Eugene's way.

Tommy tosses a thick envelope of money to Mason.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

But then, that son of a bitch, he caps Eugene in the back of the head with that big fuckin' Magnum of his (holds up the Magnum) when he's walkin' out. Damn shame. So we torched the place.

Just then, a firetruck SCREAMS by.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Can't let something like that slide.
Sets a bad precedence, y'know?

Mason looks at Lucy, then back to Tommy. He smiles.

INT. THIRTEENTH PRECINCT -- DAY

CJ sits in the chair across from officer Tapley's desk in the busy police station. The shamrock symbol on the cufflinks the dirty cops wear is also the station insignia.

TAPLEY

IAD hasn't had the stones to come anywhere near us for years, but now we've suddenly got this asshole Skinner watching everything that happens on the West side.

CJ

(sarcastic)
Must be real tough on you guys.

Tapley gets up and walks over to CJ.

TAPLEY

Well, regardless of what you may think, me and the boys in the Precinct really are concerned with keeping the peace here in Midway. We just have a different way of going about it.

(points at something behind CJ)
Hey, what's that?

When CJ turns to look, Tapley shoots him in the back of the neck with a syringe gun.

CJ

(stands up, holding the back of his neck)
Ow! Hey, what the fuck was that?

TAPLEY

GPS tracker.

CJ

Man, I don't want one of them things in me!

CJ snatches the syringe gun out of Tapley's hand and shoots him in the arm with it.

TAPLEY

Ow!

CJ shoots him again, this time in the chest.

TAPLEY (CONT'D)

OW! Stop it!
(MORE)

TAPLEY (CONT'D)
 (snatches it back)
 Don't worry, it's temporary. You'll
 piss it out in a few hours. Plenty
 of time.

CJ
 Time for what?

EXT. THIRTEENTH PRECINCT -- MOMENTS LATER

CJ and Tapley walk out into the parking lot among dozens of
 parked police cruisers.

TAPLEY
 Through our various sources, we've
 got tips on twelve undesirables
 that are on the move today. Twelve
 people that are not interested in
 keeping our specific brand of peace.

CJ
 Aight, I got you.

TAPLEY
 As much as we'd like to deal with
 these folks ourselves, guys like
 Skinner get in the way of that.

CJ
 This is where I come in.

Tapley sits in a cruiser and fiddles with the radio.

TAPLEY
 Justice is served, without all the
 paperwork. There's a few rules you'll
 need to follow, but I'll explain
 that as you go.

Tapley gets back out of the cruiser, leaving the door open.

CJ
 Rules?

TAPLEY
 Yeah. Otherwise it's really hard to
 bet on.

CJ
 What?

CJ looks at the station. All of the windows are filled with
 police officers soundlessly cheering and booing at him.

TAPLEY
 What, we can't have a little fun?

CJ gets in the cruiser. Tapley leans over to the window.

TAPLEY (CONT'D)

I'll get you on the radio once you get moving. All set?

CJ

Yeah, I guess.

TAPLEY

Okay, count of three.

(draws his gun)

One, two... Oh, one more thing: what we're doing is entirely illegal and you're going to be hunted by the rest of the Midway police the entire time.

CJ

What?

TAPLEY

Three!

Tapley SHOOTS the cruiser's rear window, SHATTERING it.

CJ

AAH! What the fuck, man?

TAPLEY

(loudly, so he can be heard)

Stop where you are!

(smiles, whispering to CJ)

Good luck! You'll do great!

BANG! Tapley fires another shot into the trunk.

CJ floors it and drives out of the lot.

EXT. CARMICHAEL -- CONTINUOUS

CJ drives the cruiser out of the Precinct lot and into the busy traffic of the Carmichael district.

Tapley's voice comes on over the radio.

TAPLEY (VOICE ON RADIO)

Can you hear me now?

CJ grabs the radio.

CJ

You dickhead!

INT. THIRTEENTH PRECINCT -- CONTINUOUS

Tapley stands at his desk with a headset and mike on.

TAPLEY

Good! Sorry about that. We need to make it convincing. Anyway, down to business.

EXT. CARMICHAEL -- CONTINUOUS

TAPLEY (VOICE ON RADIO)
See that screen in the console?
Your twelve targets all have the
same GPS tracker in them that you
do, and they all show up there.

CJ looks down at the screen in the cruiser's center console. It shows a graphical representation of the city with him at the center, marked by a yellow triangle. Small red blips are scattered around the map.

CJ
(impressed)
No shit.

TAPLEY (VOICE ON RADIO)
Yeah, it's a little gadget we got
from the geeks on the East side.
But this means you need to stay in
police vehicles. Otherwise you can't
track them and we can't track you.

INT. THIRTEENTH PRECINCT -- CONTINUOUS

The entire precinct is gathered between Tapley's desk and a massive screen in the wall. The screen shows exactly the same thing that CJ's console shows. There's also a large marker board next to the screen, showing bets and odds. Officers loudly make and take bets.

TAPLEY
The trackers aren't going to last,
so you only have a little while to
hunt them all down.

EXT. CARMICHAEL -- CONTINUOUS

CJ looks down at the screen. His marker is coming up on a red blip. He follows the map towards it.

CJ
Coming up on the first one now. How
will I know who they are?

CJ's cruiser rounds the corner.

An old woman stands in the center of the intersection wielding a flamethrower. Cars burn and pedestrians all run for cover.

CJ (CONT'D)
Nevermind.

TAPLEY (VOICE ON RADIO)
We'd like to avoid trial with this
one.

She spots CJ's cruiser and shoots a stream of fire at it.

CJ

AHHH!

Unable to see anything but fire, CJ floors it.

WHUMP! The old woman flies up onto CJ's burning hood.

She bares her teeth at him and starts punching the windshield.

CJ swerves back and forth, trying to shake her free.

TAPLEY (VOICE ON RADIO)

How's it going?

CJ

Oh, it's fucking great!

CRACK! The windshield begins to crack under her punches.

CJ RAMS the cruiser into the guardrail along the riverbank.

The old woman is catapulted into the river.

BOOP! The red blip on the screen disappears.

CJ sits back and EXHALES deeply.

TAPLEY (VOICE ON RADIO)

Great job! Only eleven more to go!

EXT. LITTLE TOKYO -- DAY

Claude cruises through Little Tokyo in the Banshee, coming to an intersection where the options are left or straight.

He fiddles with the radio until he finds what he likes.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)

Today on Speakeasy, we're joined by Ruth McCaulley, leader of a media watchdog group comprised of concerned parents and general wet blankets who have filed suit against several media conglomerates over the subject matter of their products. Also included in the suit are several major retailers, production houses, advertising companies, and some restaurants that were charged with selling the plaintiffs food.

Just as he does, something in front of him gets his attention, making him slam on his BRAKES.

RUTH MCCAULLEY (RADIO BROADCAST)

Scenarios of extreme violence and the amoral characters that carry them out make entertainment like this completely detrimental to our

(MORE)

RUTH MCCAULLEY (RADIO BROADCAST) (CONT'D)
 society, and what led us to coin
 the phrase "entertainment terrorism."

In the street a foot from his bumper, a ratty-looking African-American man in his fifties is pushing an old-fashioned icebox across the intersection on a dolly. This is DOC.

He and Claude make eye contact as he passes by.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
 Oh, and I can see that you've
 enlisted the help of giga-attention
 whore Attorney Tom Jackson in the
 case.

RUTH MCCAULLEY (RADIO BROADCAST)
 Mr. Jackson understands the damaging
 effects this type of media has on
 our children.

Claude watches Doc reach the other side of the street, and take the icebox into a store on Claude's right.

He takes a left turn, getting back to business.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
 So you don't think it has anything
 to do with parents failing to instill
 a basic sense of right and wrong in
 their children?

RUTH MCCAULLEY (RADIO BROADCAST)
 To prove that I take full
 responsibility for my shortcomings
 as a parent, I've included myself
 in the suit.

He stops at a red light, putting the building Doc went into directly behind him.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
 You're...suing yourself?

RUTH MCCAULLEY (RADIO BROADCAST)
 That's right, Lazlow. But I've spoken
 to my attorney and he's very
 confident that I'm going to drop
 the charges.

BOOM! A fireball blows all of the store's windows outwards.

Pedestrians run to look. Claude turns around to see.

WHAM! The icebox slams into the street about twenty feet in front of Claude's Banshee.

Claude watches as the icebox's door flies open, and Doc gets out. He's grinning like a fool and clutching a satchel tightly to his chest.

Doc stumbles out of the icebox and pulls a gun. The gathering pedestrians SCREAM in surprise.

He sees the Banshee and points the gun at Claude.

He makes his way around the passenger's side of the car, never taking his aim off Claude.

DOC

Don't say a word, son. Just drive.

Doc looks at the burning building behind them.

Three Yakuza Stingers pull up in front of the burning store.

DOC (CONT'D)

NOW!

Claude FLOORS IT.

Three carloads of Yakuza speed after them.

EXT. GASOLINE ALLEY -- DAY

CJ, in his charred cruiser, chases a large sedan as it weaves down a long, wide alley.

SEVERAL SHOTS are fired from behind. CJ ducks down, looking to see where they came from.

Two motorcycle cops chase CJ's cruiser, SHOOTING at him.

CJ

Hey, can't you call these fuckers off?

TAPLEY (VOICE ON RADIO)

Nah, those guys work for tax dollars.

CJ slams on his BRAKES.

One cop SLAMS into the cruiser's rear, and flies off his bike onto the trunk.

CJ floors it, and the cop rolls off onto the street.

As CJ catches up to the sedan again, one of the passengers starts FIRING an AK-47 out of the shattered rear window.

Fire belches out from under CJ's cruiser's hood.

CJ

Oh, man. Not good.

CJ bails out of the car, rolling on the pavement.

The cruiser slams into the wall of the alley and EXPLODES.

The sedan SCREECHES to a halt.

CJ picks himself up, drawing two pistols.

All four doors of the sedan open up and four girls in bikinis get out, each holding an AK-47. They begin FIRING at CJ.

CJ dives for cover by a dumpster, FIRING from both pistols.

One shot hits the sedan's gas tank, and it EXPLODES. The four girls are thrown in all directions from the explosion.

The remaining motorcycle cop speeds onto the scene.

CJ's arm flies out from o.c. and clotheslines the cop right off of the bike.

CJ hops on the bike and REVS it.

CJ (CONT'D)

I need this more than you, I think.

CJ's bike leaps over the flaming hulks of the cruiser and sedan and speeds down the alley.

He hits the radio on the console of the bike.

CJ (CONT'D)

Tapley, you got me?

INT. THIRTEENTH PRECINCT -- CONTINUOUS

Tapley jumps when he hears CJ's voice in his earpiece. He immediately starts PECKING away at his computer.

TAPLEY

Hey, kid! I thought the NRA girls took you out.

CJ (VOICE ON RADIO)

Yeah man, what the hell was that about?

TAPLEY

You don't even want to know.

EXT. GASOLINE ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

The small screen on the bike comes to life showing CJ's map.

CJ

I'm praying that that's the weirdest thing I see today.

We zoom into the next red blip on CJ's map.

The graphic of the map becomes the real world.

The red blip becomes a soccer mom, complete with fanny-pack, holding a chainsaw over her head and SCREAMING.

INT. LEGACY LIQUORS -- DAY

The PHONE RINGS and Mason answers it.

MASON
Legacy.

DOC (VOICE ON PHONE)
Joe! I'm in a bit of a fix, here!

MASON
Doc?

EXT. LITTLE TOKYO -- CONTINUOUS

Doc talks to Mason on his cellphone in Claude's Banshee.

DOC
That little errand you had me run
this morning? Either that shop was
Yakuza turf, or it was about to be.

MASON (VOICE ON PHONE)
What? That place was supposed to
be clean!

DOC
Honestly, they seemed as surprised
about it as I was.

INT. LEGACY LIQUORS -- CONTINUOUS

MASON
But you got out?

DOC (VOICE ON PHONE)
Yeah.

MASON
So the icebox worked?

EXT. LITTLE TOKYO -- CONTINUOUS

DOC
(excited)
Yeah!

MASON (VOICE ON PHONE)
You crazy motherfucker. Alright,
I'm gonna look into it. You need me
to send someone?

Claude weaves through traffic at blinding speeds. The Stingers
keep up.

Claude glances in the rearview and up ahead.

He NICKS another car in the left-rear, knocking it to the
right side of the road, and into a pole that holds a traffic
light over the road.

The weakened pole tips under the weight of the hanging traffic light, dropping it into the road.

Claude drives under the arch of the pole as it falls.

One of the Stingers SMASHES into the traffic light lying in the road, flips end over end, and CRASHES down in the road on its roof.

DOC

No, I'm doing okay, actually.

MASON (VOICE ON PHONE)

You just get on back here.

Up ahead, road construction has closed off a lane at the intersection. A heavy truck is parked there, loaded with planks of metal propped against the back of it, creating a ramp. Claude directs the Banshee towards it.

DOC

(sees the ramp)

I'll call you back.

Doc hangs up and braces himself, looking excited.

The Banshee hits the ramp and sails through the air and over the intersection.

It lands on the elevated train trestle, which crosses over the top of the intersection.

Both Stingers follow.

One makes the jump and lands on the trestle as well, narrowly avoiding the train headed in the same direction.

The second Stinger sails into the side of the speeding train and deflects off of it, and into the side of a building.

The Banshee and the Stinger drive along the elevated track as the speeding train closes in behind them.

On the right side of the trestle, another train is oncoming.

Just before both trains converge, Claude swerves the Banshee over to the right side of the trestle, directly into the path of the oncoming train.

Just before impact, Claude swerves right again, sending the Banshee tumbling off the trestle down to the street below, spinning once and landing on its wheels. Back on the trestle, both trains cross, blocking the Stinger on the left side.

Claude turns right, leaving the trestle behind them.

DOC (CONT'D)

(harried but smiling)

I like you.

INT. THIRTEENTH PRECINCT -- DAY

Tapley still at his desk and watching his computer. All the cops watch CJ's progress and place bets.

TAPLEY

Hang on a sec, kid.

He presses a button on his phone to answer the incoming call.

TAPLEY (CONT'D)

Tapley.

CJ (VOICE ON RADIO)

Still me, dingleberry.

Tapley gets annoyed and presses a few other buttons.

TAPLEY

Tapley.

INT. LEGACY LIQUORS -- CONTINUOUS

MASON

(into the phone)

Tapley, I need you to explain something to me.

INT. THIRTEENTH PRECINCT -- CONTINUOUS

Tapley grimaces in annoyance when he hears who it is, pinching the bridge of his nose.

TAPLEY

Uh, I'm a little tied up right now, Joe. Maybe toss me an e-mail?

INT. LEGACY LIQUORS -- CONTINUOUS

MASON

I need to know how the FUCK the Yakuza knew about the Little Tokyo job.

EXT. TEMPLAR -- CONTINUOUS

The Templar district of Midway is the only "luxury" housing in the West side. It's mostly a long, steep hill in the southern tip of the city, lined with historic brownstones.

CJ drives down the street on his bike. Instead of putting him on hold, Tapley must have accidentally conferenced CJ in on the call, and now CJ can hear the whole exchange.

MASON (VOICE ON RADIO)

All your reports showed that they had no doings at that shop, but the three carloads of them chasing one of my guys right now leads me to think otherwise.

TAPLEY (VOICE ON RADIO)
Y'know, it's funny, but I was going
to be calling you today.

INT. THIRTEENTH PRECINCT -- CONTINUOUS

TAPLEY
IAD put some fucking wooden Indian
on us and now we can't take a shit
without him parking across the street
to watch.

MASON (VOICE ON PHONE)
IAD? They all get Christmas cards
from us. Got a name?

TAPLEY
Skinner.

MASON (VOICE ON PHONE)
Skinner? I thought he left the
force a few years ago.

TAPLEY
Well, he's back. You need to convince
him to give us a clean bill of health
and get the fuck out of town. Do
that and I'll make sure the Yakuza
don't hold a grudge about you playing
in their sandbox.

INT. LEGACY LIQUORS -- CONTINUOUS

Joe hangs up the phone and looks at Tommy, who is mopping up
the last of Eugene.

INT. THIRTEENTH PRECINCT -- CONTINUOUS

Tapley presses another button on his phone.

TAPLEY
How's it going, champ?

EXT. TEMPLAR -- CONTINUOUS

CJ
Oh, y'know. Not bad.

CJ drives his police motorcycle down the hill in full traffic.
He's chasing an ice cream truck. One of the targets, a man
in a Cluckin' Chicken uniform (a yellow suit, complete with
chicken head hat), is leaning out the side of the truck and
lobbing satchel bombs.

BOOM! CJ swerves to avoid a car caught in the explosion.

CJ (CONT'D)
How my odds looking?

INT. THIRTEENTH PRECINCT -- CONTINUOUS

TAPLEY

It's three to one on you getting through seven of them.

CJ (VOICE ON RADIO)

Only seven?

TAPLEY

That's not bad. Most of the guys we send out don't fall less than fifty to one on the first five. You're a ringer.

EXT. TEMPLAR -- CONTINUOUS

Another BOOM throws some parked cars into the street.

CJ pulls out an MP5 and starts FIRING at the ice cream truck.

As they pass a cross street, the road flattens out for a moment. CJ swerves into the oncoming lane and catches air as the road starts to slope downward again.

He drives the bike up and over the hood and windshield of a car, then lands on the hood of the car behind it.

He rides over five cars this same way, one after another, still FIRING at the truck.

The sixth car EXPLODES in front of CJ and he swerves right to miss it.

CJ

What's the odds on making it through all twelve?

TAPLEY (VOICE ON RADIO)

Heh. You don't want to know.

CJ

Put me down for a hundred.

The bottom of the hill ends in a T intersection at the edge of the river.

CJ FIRES at the truck's left tires, BLOWING them out.

CLICK! The MP5 is empty. CJ tosses it.

With both tires shredded, the truck begins to spin, its rims leaving a trail of sparks on the pavement.

CJ stops to watch the truck slide down the hill.

The truck flips on its side, still sliding down the hill and gaining steam.

It hits the T at the bottom, slides into the guardrail overlooking the river, and stops.

The chicken bomber apprehensively sticks his chicken head out of the serving window, which now points skyward.

CJ (CONT'D)

Shit.

CJ looks around.

A SIREN approaches from behind him.

An armored SWAT truck lumbers down the hill.

From inside the truck, we see the driver's door fly open, and the SWAT TROOPER driving get yanked out by CJ.

SWAT TROOPER

HEY! AHH!

Hanging from the door, CJ reaches over and puts the truck in neutral, the hops off.

The chicken bomber has a crazed grin on his face as he pulls himself upward out of the serving window. He has a sack of satchel bombs slung over his shoulder.

He hops down onto the street. His smile fades.

The unmanned SWAT truck barrels down the hill.

It rolls into the intersection and SLAMS into the chicken bomber, pinning him against the ice cream truck. All three go through the guardrail and over the edge.

Two satchel bombs knocked out of the chicken bomber's bag lay on the street. CJ speeds by on his police bike and snatches them up.

CJ's bike SCREAMS past SKINNER, who is walking out of a diner, making him spill his coffee.

SKINNER

What the hell...?

Skinner runs to an empty parking spot, and seems startled and infuriated by the fact that it's empty.

He digs out his cellphone.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Yeah, Betty? Skinner. Yeah, my car has been stolen. My car. YES. What? I'm in Templar. Morton Park? How the hell is it in Morton Park? It was just here! Towing it? Christ, tell them-- No! Tell them I'll be there in five minutes!

He hangs up and scrambles to the street, raising his hand.

SKINNER (CONT'D)
TAXI!

INT. THIRTEENTH PRECINCT -- DAY

On the graphic representation of the map, a red blip vanishes.

TAPLEY
(watching his screen)
Shit. We just lost one.

CJ (VOICE ON RADIO)
Don't worry, I got him.

EXT. FARNSWORTH FIELD -- CONTINUOUS

A port-a-potty is set up by Farnsworth Field. It FLUSHES.

The door opens, revealing a BUSINESSMAN toting a shotgun.

Something on the ground in front of him catches his eye.

A satchel charge sits on the sidewalk right outside the door.

Before he can react, the port-a-potty tips forward, falling door-side down over the satchel bomb.

BUSINESSMAN
HEY! HEY! AAAAH!

A slightly muffled BOOM lifts the port-a-potty off the ground for a moment.

CJ hops back on the police bike.

CJ
That's twelve.

TAPLEY (VOICE ON RADIO)
Slight change of plans. We have a late addition.

One more red dot appears on the map.

CJ
What? Fuck you, man!

TAPLEY (VOICE ON RADIO)
Kid, you really came through on this. You've made a lot of people very happy.

INT. THIRTEENTH PRECINCT -- CONTINUOUS

A line of cops walks by Tapley's desk, angrily tossing lost money down. He counts a large wad of it with a smug grin.

TAPLEY

This last one is a personal favor to me. I've got plenty of work I need done, I just need someone I can count on to do it.

EXT. FARNSWORTH FIELD -- CONTINUOUS

CJ looks down at his remaining satchel bomb and shakes his head angrily.

EXT. MORTON PARK -- AFTERNOON

A taxi pulls up along the side of the road in front of a café. A cruiser and a tow truck are parked around a wreck of a car: it's Skinner's cruiser. Two cops are standing by their car, filling out paperwork.

Before the taxi stops completely, Skinner is hopping out.

He jogs over to where his unmarked cruiser is. It's windshield is smashed, and a screwdriver is sticking out of the front tire. The entire car is covered in spraypaint. Skinner is shocked.

Furious, Skinner starts yelling at the two cops.

SKINNER

What the fuck are you people doing all day? How can you let this happen?

They glance up at him, but then go back to their forms.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Worthless dicks.

The tow truck's hook lifts the front of Skinner's cruiser.

Skinner, still furious, goes over to the tow truck driver. It's Tommy, dressed in a flannel and jeans, looking carefree.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Alright, turn that thing off.

TOMMY

You should be nice to those guys. They're the only ones that can help you out with this.

Skinner pulls out his badge and shows it to Tommy.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Oh, how 'bout that. Well, those guys have the report, so I still need their sayso. You know how it is: if they don't do it by the book, they'll have some office cop prick riding them about procedure.

SKINNER

(loud enough for the cops to hear)
Every police officer in this city
will be lucky to have their badges
tomorrow after what I've seen today.
Now turn this goddamn thing off.

Tommy looks to the officers for approval and they nod.

He presses the button and lowers the car back down.

TOMMY

Can't do much about the windshield
and paint job right now, but I can
help you change that tire. Got a
spare?

SKINNER

I don't know. Probably.

The trunk POPS open. Skinner's eyes go wide.

Eugene's body is lying in the trunk.

SKINNER (CONT'D)

Who the fuck is that?

TOMMY

Oh, you don't know?

SKINNER

NO!

TOMMY

Oh, that's a pretty amazing
coincidence, then.
(points to the café)
See this place? It's owned by
Gaetano Montibelli. He's one of Don
Carbone's capos.

SKINNER

I know who he is!

TOMMY

Well, good. This is his nephew.

The color drains out of Skinner's face.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

By marriage, but still.

Two car doors SHUT behind them, making Skinner jump.

They turn around and see the two cops driving away.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Guess you should have been nicer to
them, huh?

Tommy walks back to his truck.

Skinner scrambles after him.

SKINNER

Wait wait wait! Where the hell are you going?

TOMMY

You kidding? I'm leaving. You have a dead member of the biggest mafia family in the state in your trunk. You might want to advertise it a little less, too.

Skinner looks just as an old woman walking by is craning her neck to look inside the trunk.

Skinner dashes over and SLAMS the trunk shut.

He runs back over to Tommy, who is getting into the tow truck.

SKINNER

You can't leave me like this!

TOMMY

Why not? You might be the only cop in town with his badge by tomorrow, right?

SKINNER

Please.

TOMMY

Okay. I get the impression that you're not from around here.

Skinner nods.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

So you probably don't have a full understanding of how the Midway police do their job.

Skinner nods again, conceding.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

So it might be fair to say that you need to re-think your assessment of them. With that in mind, they should pass your evaluation with flying colors.

A Sentinel cruises by, its pinstriped occupants eyeing both Skinner and his cruiser.

Skinner scowls at Tommy.

Tommy just smiles.

EXT. MINERVA -- AFTERNOON

Claude and Doc cruise down the street. Doc is smiling and talking.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
If not the media, then what's to
blame for violent crime in our
streets?

We zoom a few blocks away to where CJ is speeding on his bike towards an intersection with the street Claude is on. Based on the speed and trajectory of each, Claude and CJ will be crossing at the intersection at almost exactly the same time.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST) (CONT'D)
Many people would say the
availability of unnecessarily
destructive assault rifles and
machine guns in retail establishments
such as the ever-popular Ammu-Nation
chain of stores. On the show today,
we have vice lobbyist and completely
legitimate businessman, Sammy
Luciano.

CJ secures the satchel around the console of the bike.

CJ maxes the bike's speed as he weaves through traffic towards the intersection.

SAMMY LUCIANO (RADIO BROADCAST)
Thanks for having me, Lazlow. Can I
smoke in here?

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)
Uh, no. So you don't think that the
prevalence and availability of
firearms contributes at all to
violent crime?

With less than a block to go till they converge, a busted-up Yakuza Stinger flies out of a sidestreet right behind Claude's Banshee.

SAMMY LUCIANO (RADIO BROADCAST)
Nah! C'mon. All firearms retailers
are doing is making their legal
product available to the American
people. They're just businessmen!
If it's their job to stop violent
crime, then what the hell are the
police for?

CJ hops off the bike, and tumbles on the pavement. It flies dead ahead like a missile.

Completely unaware, Claude's Banshee passes through the intersection.

The Stinger is seconds behind them.

CJ's bike skips on the pavement and flies through the air.

It SMASHES right through the driver's side window of the Stinger as it passes through the intersection.

The satchel bomb on the bike EXPLODES, taking the bike and the Stinger with it.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE -- EVENING

Out in front of the safehouse, Tommy wears a chef's hat and cooks on a charcoal grill. Claude sits on a lawnchair nearby, drinking a bottle of beer.

CJ pulls up in the Admiral he was driving earlier.

He gets out, looking exhausted.

TOMMY

Tough day at the office, dear?

CJ opens his jacket, revealing his body armor. About fifty mashed bullets fall out of it and onto the ground.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Alright then. Pull up a seat.

Tommy tosses CJ a bottle of beer, which he catches.

CJ

What the hell is all this?

TOMMY

We're celebrating our first day on the job.

CJ

Oh yeah? That's real interestin', because I just got off the phone with Cesar, and he says that Los Santos is still overrun with goddamn Italians. So I guess I don't feel a whole lot like celebrating.

TOMMY

Jeez. Don't get so hot, Carl.

Claude snorts a laugh, and covers his mouth to hold his beer in. Tommy snickers, too.

CJ

(walking away)

Fuck you guys, man. I'm going back to San Andreas where I can kill a few of these dickheads instead of kissin' they ass.

TOMMY

Hang on, Carl. Hear me out.

CJ stops walking.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I hear you made some friends down at The Precinct.

CJ

Where'd you hear that?

TOMMY

We made some friends, too. What did you find out?

CJ

Most of the city is dirty cops. Seems like the mafia is depending a lot on them since they spread kinda thin right now, and the cops know it.

TOMMY

Now that's some exploitable info. Especially when you factor in the internal stresses on the Carbone family business. Turns out most of the old folks don't care a lot for some of the choices the heir to the throne has been making.

CJ

Like what?

DOC (O.C.)

Like moving my Woodpeckers to the East side, for starters.

Doc walks from the safehouse with a tray covered in tinfoil.

CJ

Who the fuck is this?

DOC

The holder of the best ribs you're ever gonna eat, son.

TOMMY

CJ, I'd like you to meet our man on the inside. This is Doc. Claude had the pleasure of saving his ass earlier today.

Claude throws his empty beer bottle into the scrubby field.

DOC

Oh, that's some bullshit. My man Claude here just got my circulation going again.

Doc tosses Claude a fresh beer, and Claude accepts amicably.

TOMMY

Me and Doc did some time together back in the Seventies. He got out a few years before me, thanks to a large, smoldering hole in the wall of his cell.

CJ

Hey, that's great and all, but how we know we can trust a traitor to be anything but a traitor.

TOMMY

Watch that shit, CJ.

DOC

It's alright, Tommy. It's a fair question. The Carbones have done right by me for a long time, but the family I'm loyal to is already dead, thanks to that boy and the decisions he's been making.

TOMMY

Which includes the moves on our territory. Things are going to get very interesting. After the ceremony, the Don is announcing his retirement. Junior is officially taking over.

CJ

For real? So that's the motherfucker we gotta get to.

TOMMY

Maybe soon, but not yet.

CJ

What the fuck we waitin' for?

TOMMY

We need to fill in a few more blanks. The mayor seems to be making out okay with what this kid has been doing, so we need to know how involved he is. Ken is checking into that.

CJ

So what we do until then?

Tommy holds up a slab of smoking steak with his pitchfork.

TOMMY

We eat.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRISON (1975) -- MORNING

We coast along with a prison guard as he walks down the aisle past the cells. The prisoners we pass do the normal span of things: reading books, doing push-ups, staring blankly, etc.

DOC (V.O.)

You know what a deck of cards and a bottle of hand lotion have in common? A couple of things. First of all, both of them are pretty easy to get your hands on when you're in prison.

We pass another cell and we, as well as the guard, stop. The cell's occupant, a skinny African-American, is sitting on his cot with his back to us, hunched over. A bottle of hand lotion sits on the bed.

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

Second: having either one usually gets you left alone, since no one wants to watch you play with yourself.

The guard hurries past as the cell's occupant turns to look. It's a younger version of Doc.

We see what he's really doing: using an exacto knife to slice all of the red diamonds and hearts out of a deck of cards.

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY (1975) -- DAY

A Caucasian hand reaches into a cabinet and grabs a bottle of rubbing alcohol.

The same hand also grabs a small vial from a snake bite kit.

DOC (V.O.)

Then just make some friends in the infirmary, and what you have will get you out of prison faster than any old fancypants lawyer.

The same hand puts the alcohol and the vial down on the table.

Doc's hand puts down a pack of cigarettes with a twenty dollar bill tucked into the cellophane.

They exchange.

INT. PRISON (1975) -- AFTERNOON

On the floor of the cell, we see the half-empty bottle of alcohol next to a glass. The glass is half-full with it and the now-soggy hearts and diamonds. Doc reaches down and grabs the glass.

DOC (V.O.)

Your average prison guard doesn't know that the red diazo dye they used to print hearts and diamonds on cards with had a nasty habit of acting just like nitro.

Doc scoops the soggy hearts and diamonds out of the glass, and stuffs them into a small metal tube with the other end folded closed.

Doc squirts a few shots of hand lotion into the tube.

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

Nitro meets glycerin, and a dash of potassium permanganate brings it all together.

He also puts a few drops of the liquid in the vial in.

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

Now all you need is one thing.

Doc goes to his cell door with a cigarette in his mouth as the PRISON GUARD walks past.

DOC (CONT'D)

Got a light?

The guard lights his smoke.

PRISON GUARD

Them things'll kill ya.

The guard keeps walking down the aisle, and Doc disappears back into his cell.

After a second, a loud BOOM shakes the whole building and sends debris flying out of Doc's cell.

The guard runs back to see.

The back-right corner of the cell has been replaced with a large hole, and Doc is nowhere to be found.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE -- NIGHT

Tommy, Claude, CJ and Doc all sit around a fire burning in the grill, finishing their meals and listening to Doc's story.

TOMMY

All that, AND the finest ribs north of the Mason Dixon.

DOC

It's all recipes. Not too different in the end.

CJ

Yeah, well, if my ass explodes in a few minutes, you and me gonna have words.

Everybody laughs.

DOC

Maybe I should go into business. Doc's Cornbread. So good, it'll make your ass explode.

They laugh again.

DOC (CONT'D)

Should probably start thinking about it. Updating my resumé and all that.

CJ

This kid really enough to make you leave the family?

DOC

This kid is enough to make me leave the state.

(sighs)

'Spose I should let you boys know what you're up against.

INT. CARBONE ESTATE, BEDROOM (CIRCA 1987) -- NIGHT

Through a barely-opened door, one icy-blue eye peers in.

DOC (V.O.)

He probably woke up when he heard them fighting.

Across the room, the Don and a woman are locked in a loud and animated argument. She is younger than he is and quite beautiful. She also has icy blue eyes, but they're smeared with tears and mascara. She spills wine from her glass as she gestures wildly.

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

She was a Swedish model or somesuch. Not his first, or last, trophy wife. She was convinced that he was having an affair.

The Don walks out, leaving her.

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

He probably was.

She starts crying harder now, and falls onto the bed.

Young Dade walks the rest of the way into the room.

He stands there, watching her cry.

INT. CARBONE ESTATE, OFFICE (CIRCA 1987) -- MOMENTS LATER

The Don stands by the window, sipping cognac.

YOUNG DADE appears in the doorway behind him.

YOUNG DADE
Mommy says that her heart is broken.
Can you fix it?

The Don sighs, never looking away from the window.

DON CARBONE
I don't know, Dade. I'm not sure if
I can.

YOUNG DADE
Oh. Then will you help me put it
back?

He holds something up, but we're focused on the Don's face, so it's blurred. We only see Dade's arm is dripping red.

INT. CARBONE ESTATE, HALLWAY (CIRCA 1987) -- LATER

We follow a trail of blood from the door to the office, down the marble floor of the hall.

DOC (V.O.)
The family was able to keep her
death pretty quiet, but the details
found their way around.

The trail leads to the bedroom door, where police and EMTs mill about the area.

DOC (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The coroner was able to figure out
that her heart, before it's removal,
had given out on it's own thanks to
a mixture of alcohol and sleeping
pills, which was completely
believable for those of us that
knew her.

The Don stands outside with his hands on Dade's shoulders. Dade just watches all the commotion blankly.

DOC (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The part that chilled us was that
his fingerprints were the only ones
on the bottle.

Dade's hand fiddles with a medicine bottle in his pocket.

INT. CARBONE ESTATE, LOUNGE (CIRCA 1988) -- NIGHT

POV: THUG

Dade is staring right at us. His eyes are wide and blank.

POV: DADE

A large THUG sits at a table playing poker with the Don and several other family men. He keeps glancing back at us (Dade), the staring obviously making him uneasy.

DOC (V.O.)
He scared us. This little boy,
raising the hackles of trained
killers.

THUG
(tosses his cards down)
I'm out.

DOC (V.O.)
Mr. Carbone pretended not to notice.

EXT. STABLES (CIRCA 1990) -- MORNING

A younger version of Doc walks towards the stables at dawn.

DOC (V.O.)
As he grew up, that became harder.
The staff began having little
"accidents." Animals started
disappearing.

A younger version of Mason sees him and waves him over, but indicates to be quiet.

DOC (V.O.) (CONT'D)
One morning, the boys working in
the family stables called a few of
us over.

Doc hurries quietly.

INT. STABLES (CIRCA 1990) -- CONTINUOUS

Doc walks over to where Mason and the stable hands are standing, and looks to see what they're staring at.

Doc's eyes grow wide.

A large horse stands asleep in his stable.

DOC (V.O.)
Magistrate, one of the family's
most prized thoroughbreds, was
missing his front left leg. The
wound was cleaned, dressed and
anesthetized.

We see that the horse's leg is missing below the knee. The wound is bandaged and clean.

DOC (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Thing is, we all knew about it before
he did.

Magistrate is still asleep.

One of the hands slips a bit, making a NOISE.

The horse opens his eyes.

They all watch with surprise. We hear a startled NEIGH and a WHUMP from o.c.

EXT. ASHWORTH SCHOOL -- DAY

A chilly, gray afternoon. A limo pulls up to a large estate. A sign above the front door reads "Ashworth School for the Gifted."

DOC (V.O.)

Knowing that "gifted" is one of those adjectives that can mean quite a few different things, Mr. Carbone found Dade a school in Carcer City that would give him the attention he needed.

Dade looks out the window at the school.

He looks out into the grounds and sees that barbed wire has been attached to the top of the stone perimeter fence.

Dade is led up the front steps by a matron.

He takes one icy cold, blank stare back at the limo.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAFEHOUSE -- NIGHT

Back around the fire. All eyes on Doc.

DOC

Shortly after that was when Mr. Carbone sold the estate and moved into his suite at the Roxy. He set out to groom that boy as best he could, sending him all over the world to get the best education available. That boy got smart, though. Scary when you think about people like him getting that smart. He'd come back here from time to time on holidays and whatnot, but then head back off to India or Spain or wherever.

TOMMY

Did he ever seem normal?

DOC

Almost. But then after he'd leave, we'd hear about a few hookers turning
(MORE)

DOC (CONT'D)
 up looking like they'd been paid
 with a baseball bat, so I guess
 that depends on your definition of
 "normal."

Tommy, Claude and CJ all shoot each other a sheepish look.

DOC (CONT'D)
 But now he's home to stay, and
 getting married. Hoo!

CJ
 I hope she knows what she's getting
 into.

DOC
 I doubt it. He's just slick enough
 to charm her into it, the same way
 he's charming Mr. Carbone into
 thinking he's sane enough to take
 over the family business. And I
 don't mean cheap liquor. That's
 all this marriage is supposed to
 do.

TOMMY
 Carbone will buy it?

DOC
 Pfft, and no questions asked. He
 ain't stupid, he just really loves
 that boy. That's what makes the
 whole thing so damn sad. You boys
 best watch yourselves.
 (finishes his beer)
 Things are about to get pretty
 interesting around here.

INT. LEGACY LIQUORS (BASEMENT) -- NIGHT

A stark cement room. Tied to a chair in the center of it is
 Sonny. Dade is beating the snot out of him.

SONNY
 I told the Don! I told him that the
 families in Morton Park supported
 you!

DADE
 I know, and I appreciate it.
 Sincerely. But it came up in
 conversation because you obviously
 know about people not supporting
 me. You're going to give me some
 names, or I'm going to nail your
 thumb to your knee.

Sonny's look goes from pleading to one of disappointment.

SONNY

You are a disgrace to your family.
Your father--

DADE

My father ran this organization
like it's a god damn tourist
attraction. Power doesn't mean
anything unless there's someone
willing to wield it.

SONNY

A strong leader does not need fear
to earn support.

DADE

A strong leader does not need support
at all. You'll be my first example
of that.

Dade picks up a hunting knife from an old stove. The blade
is glowing.

SONNY

No! No! NO!