

EXT. MORTON PARK -- MORNING

A sunny morning in Morton Park. The shops and bistros that line both sides of the street have begun opening up.

Three cars pull over to the side of the street: a limo on one side, and two Yakuza Stingers on the other.

Two Yakuza get out of the limo, and three get out of the Stingers on the other side.

One more Yakuza emerges from the limo dressed in a perfect black suit and long coat. His long hair and confident stride make him stand out: he's clearly the leader. The other two Yakuza escort alongside of him the same as the cars slowly cruise alongside each set.

The voice of reporter ANDREA CASE comes in.

ANDREA CASE (RADIO BROADCAST)

In local and metro news, reports of an escalating gang war between members of the Italian mafia and the Japanese Yakuza increased following several brutal attacks this morning in Midway's Morton Park district.

The leader pulls out a grenade and pops the pin.

He throws it through the window of a bistro, SMASHING it.

They keep walking.

The grenade EXPLODES, sending glass and debris out into the street. Pedestrians SCREAM and run for cover, and cars driving by SWERVE and HONK.

Another EXPLOSION on the other side of the street: the other three Yakuza are doing the same thing.

ANDREA CASE (RADIO BROADCAST) (CONT'D)

Residents and witnesses believe the catalyst for the attacks was retaliation for a brazen daylight robbery in Midway's Little Tokyo district last week.

The leader throws a grenade through the window of a bakery as they walk past.

It EXPLODES, matched by another explosion across the street. More SCREAMS.

ANDREA CASE (RADIO BROADCAST) (CONT'D)

A spokesman for the Midway Police Department, Officer Marcus Tapley, had this to say on the matter:

A Sentinel pulls up and four Mafia goons get out.

TAPLEY (RADIO BROADCAST)

There is nothing in the evidence to indicate that this was anything more than a series of unrelated crimes occurring in rapid succession that happened to involve several heavily-armed members of two rival criminal organizations.

They start towards the three Yakuza, drawing their weapons.

The two other Yakuza walking with the leader pull out Uzis and mow all four goons down with a hail of GUNFIRE.

TAPLEY (RADIO BROADCAST) (CONT'D)

To assume anything more than that is purely speculation.

Unfazed and still walking, the leader tosses another grenade through another shop window.

A few more mafia goons show up, and these are cut down by GUNFIRE from a Yakuza hanging out of a window in the limo.

ANDREA CASE (RADIO BROADCAST)

Tensions between the two groups have also risen due to the alleged murder of Morton Park resident and business owner, Sonny Lombardi, but sources state that the Yakuza denies any connection to his death.

Matching EXPLOSIONS on either side of the street. GUNFIRE from the escorts on the other side of the street.

More SCREAMS.

Another Sentinel SCREECHES onto the scene.

Before any of the occupants can get out, the car is shredded by GUNFIRE from all sides.

It EXPLODES in the street.

Another matching pair of shops EXPLODE outward. The entire street is chaos except for the six Yakuza walking along the sidewalks and their four escort cars: they all move in perfect synch, dealing with whatever crosses their path.

Two more shops EXPLODE.

With almost the entire neighborhood destroyed and burning, and SIRENS growing in the distance, each set of Yakuza get into their respective cars.

The cars all speed away, the two Stingers escorting the limo.

EXT. FREEWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

The two Stingers take the front and rear escorts to the limo.

## ANDREA CASE (RADIO BROADCAST)

When asked about the violence today, the alleged Don of the Mafia crime syndicate in Midway and completely legitimate businessman, Enzo Carbone, was unavailable for comment, but Attorney Ken Rosenberg spoke on his behalf.

About three-quarters of a mile down the highway, Claude is perched on a billboard with a sniper rifle.

He levels it and peers through the scope at the oncoming procession.

POV: SCOPE

Claude trains the crosshairs on one escort Stinger as it weaves through the thick traffic.

## KEN (RADIO BROADCAST)

The Carbone family respects that the authorities are looking into the situation, and would never consider seeking their own retribution.

BANG! BANG! Two shots rip through the driver of the Stinger, making it veer sharply off the road.

It HITS a row of parked cars, flipping on top of them.

In the limo, the leader remains stonefaced, and his bodyguards draw their weapons.

The Yakuza all strain to look ahead to see where the shots are coming from.

## KEN (RADIO BROADCAST) (CONT'D)

The violence today in Morton Park was a heinous act, but the unfortunate accidents that befell the suspects shortly thereafter lack any evidence that would suggest anything more than a coincidence.

This is how the driver of the rear Stinger doesn't notice CJ barreling towards them in a Securicar (armored car) as they pass a cross street.

CJ's Securicar SMASHES into the side of the much smaller Stinger, and carries it along with it.

The Securicar SMASHES headfirst into the side of a building, completely crushing the Stinger against it.

The two bodyguards in the limo react with anxiety, and the leader shows a trace of anger.

From o.c.: a flat CLANK! rocks the limo and startles it's occupants.

The limo shifts lurches forward, making the occupants start yelling nervously.

A magnetic winch has fastened itself to the roof.

We follow the winch's cable up to a helicopter hovering above. Tommy is flying it.

The helicopter lifts the limo off the street, making its occupants protest wildly.

EXT. MIDWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

The helicopter brings the limo north to where the Amherst River empties into Lake Majestic.

ANDREA CASE (RADIO BROADCAST)

The recent insurgence of violence  
has elevated Midway to the position  
of second-most dangerous city in  
the country.

Hovering high above the water, Tommy begins to rock the chopper in a circular motion, swinging the limo around in a wide circular arc.

LAZLOW (RADIO BROADCAST)

So come on, people! We got a title  
to win!

Once the limo is a circular blur, Tommy releases the magnet.

The limo slingshots through the air for about a quarter-mile before landing in the Lake.

ANDREA CASE (RADIO BROADCAST)

This is Andrea Case, reporting for  
WSHY News.

Tommy flies off.

INT. THIRTEENTH PRECINCT (LOCKER ROOM) -- AFTERNOON

Tapley talks into an earpiece as he gets dressed in his formal police dress in front of the mirror.

TAPLEY

Hey, kid.

EXT. TEMPLAR -- CONTINUOUS

CJ cruises along in a modest sedan, talking on the phone.

CJ

Tapley. What you want?

INT. THIRTEENTH PRECINCT (LOCKER ROOM) -- CONTINUOUS

TAPLEY

There's a big shindig going on tonight at the Roxy Hotel in Carmichael. The wedding rehearsal for the Don's kid. We could use you on security in case the Yakuza decide to try anything.

EXT. TEMPLAR -- CONTINUOUS

He notices a sleek Cheetah sports car passing on his left.

CJ

Hang on.

CJ speeds up to get a little ahead of the Cheetah.

He cuts the wheel left and slams on his brakes, forcing both cars into a SCREECHING halt.

He gets out.

He opens the Cheetah's door and yanks out the driver, tossing him into the street.

He gets in and starts driving.

CJ (CONT'D)

(picks up the phone)

Aight, sorry bout that. Yeah, let me hit the Ammu-Nation and I'll be down there.

INT. LEGACY LIQUORS -- AFTERNOON

Mason anxiously paces the mezzanine office as he puts on his suit. Lucy sits in the corner, already dressed.

Tommy walks in. He doesn't notice the mild look of distaste that shows up on Lucy upon his arrival.

TOMMY

How's things, Joe? Lookin' sharp.

MASON

Oh, Jesus Christ. Now if I can just get out the door. I got health inspectors, EPA, building inspectors... Even the fucking elevator guy. All here today.

TOMMY

Good timing.

MASON

No shit, huh?  
(MORE)

MASON (CONT'D)

I don't get it. Up till now, most of these guys were perfectly happy getting an extra special Christmas card and staying home.

(checks watch)

Shit, I was supposed to be at the Roxy by now.

TOMMY

Get going. Me and Lucy can babysit these guys.

Lucy tosses another look at Tommy, the distaste more pronounced now.

MASON

As a matter of fact, I do need a favor. Mr. Carbone's son is down in the basement...

(searches for the words)

...addressing a problem in his own unique way. I need you to keep these guys out of there, then clean up. Not a glamorous job, I know, but--

TOMMY

It's taken care of.

MASON

You're a good guy, Tommy.

In walks Doc, dressed to kill in a sharp suit.

DOC

Hey, we leaving or what?

MASON

Yeah. Oh, Doc, like you to meet someone. This is Tommy...?

TOMMY

Vance.

He shakes Doc's hand.

DOC

Oh, right. You worked with an associate of mine handing out accidents to some Yakuza the other day. Joe says lots of nice things about you.

MASON

With the Yakuza being as bold as they've been lately, I don't know what I would have done without this guy over the past week. And once all this wedding bullshit is behind

(MORE)

MASON (CONT'D)  
us, I intend to show him my  
appreciation.

Lucy gives Tommy a resentful look.

MASON (CONT'D)  
Hey, come on down to the Roxy when  
things wrap up here and I can  
introduce you to Mr. Carbone.

Mason and Doc walk out.

TOMMY  
Will do.

DOC  
See you around, Tommy.

INT. AMMU-NATION -- AFTERNOON

CJ walks into the Ammu-Nation.

He stops dead. Instead of being dirty and dingy like before, the entire store is hospital white and brightly lit. It also appears empty: blank white walls, no people, and just a console that looks like a huge ATM marked "Payment Station."

CJ opens the door and peeks outside to make sure he's in the right place.

A robotic but pleasant FEMALE VOICE comes on, making CJ jump.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Welcome to Ammu-Nation, sir. We  
hope the recent improvements to our  
establishment make your shopping  
experience easier and more enjoyable.

Alcoves on the walls silently open up revealing pedestals. A different firearm hovers in a faintly-colored orb above each pedestal, rotating slowly for display.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
We have everything you need. Please  
let me know if you have any  
questions.

CJ  
I'll do that.

CJ cautiously walks over to one of the pedestals where an Uzi floats in a lavender orb.

He slowly reaches over to touch it.

The moment his finger touches it, the orb and Uzi disappear, leaving just an empty pedestal. When it vanishes, it makes a soft BLOOM noise. CJ snatches his hand back.

CJ looks all around. The voice comes back on, making him jump again.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Thank you.

CJ  
Aight, you gotta cut that shit out.

FEMALE VOICE  
Feel free to continue shopping.  
Your selection will be waiting for  
you at the payment station.

CJ's phone RINGS.

CJ  
What.  
(listens)  
Tommy?

INT. LEGACY LIQUORS (BASEMENT HALLWAY) -- CONTINUOUS

Tommy stands in a long narrow hallway next to a heavy metal door in the bowels of the factory.

TOMMY  
(hushed, into phone)  
CJ! Listen to me! I need you to get  
ahold of Doc!

INT. AMMU-NATION -- CONTINUOUS

CJ  
What? Where you--

The lavender Uzi-orb reappears on the pedestal.

CJ (CONT'D)  
(startled)  
AAAH!  
(annoyed)  
Fuck!

INT. LEGACY LIQUORS (BASEMENT HALLWAY) -- CONTINUOUS

TOMMY  
I'm at the factory! Doc just left  
to go to the Roxy, but you need to  
find him and get him back here!

CJ (VOICE ON PHONE)  
Why? What's going on?

We fly through the door into

INT. LEGACY LIQUORS (BASEMENT) -- CONTINUOUS

the same dark room we saw Dade and Sonny in.

Dade paces around wearing white tank top and dress pants, twirling his knife by the finger-hole.

DADE

I don't want you to think I'm passing judgment on you for the fact that you're a dirty fucking thief. No one is perfect; I understand that. The trick is just to make those little imperfections work for you. Take me, for example. My problem is that I'm too honest. I can't lie to you about the fact that I'm going to kill you, which, you would think, would make it harder for me to convince you to tell me what I need to know. I mean, why bother, right? But then I'll tell you that I can either make it quick if you tell me, or that I can make it last for weeks.

(leans over)

And you'll believe me, right?

We now see the man tied to the chair is Ken Rosenberg. His face is haggard, beaten and bloody. He nods.

EXT. ROXY HOTEL -- EVENING

The valet lane in front of the Roxy Hotel is packed with luxury sedans and limos. The red carpet is loaded with pinstriped suits, black dresses, and formal police uniforms.

Tapley stands out front, like he's waiting for something.

Doc walks over.

DOC

Not to worry, Officer Tapley. One of my men will be here any minute with a vast selection of affordable dates for you.

TAPLEY

Hey, Doc. Actually, I'm waiting for an associate of mine. He's coming to help with security.

DOC

Security? I'd love to see who the police call for security.

TAPLEY

Well, we're all here. Who do you call when you're all out of criminals?

DOC

Like you said: you're all here.

Tapley's face turns sour. He goes back to watching the road.

TAPLEY  
(spots something)  
This might be him.

CJ's red Cheetah hits the curb going about 90 mph.

It sails through the air, its wheels facing skyward.

It comes down with a THUNK, impaled on the statue in the middle of the fountain at the center of the Roxy's lawn.

CJ crawls out of the open window of the flipped Cheetah.

TAPLEY (CONT'D)  
Yep. It's him.

Doc just raises his eyebrows and smiles.

CJ casually jogs over to where Doc and Tapley are standing. The Cheetah has caught fire.

CJ  
Sorry I'm late.

TAPLEY  
Hey, no problem. I'd like you to meet Doc.

The Cheetah EXPLODES. Neither CJ, Tapley nor Doc pay any attention.

CJ  
Hey, nice to meet you.

DOC  
Likewise.

A charred car door lands a few feet away from them. They're still unfazed.

CJ  
(to Doc)  
Hey, can I talk to you for a minute?  
(to Tapley)  
It's a black thing. You know.

TAPLEY  
Oh, uh, right. Sure. Okay.

CJ starts to lead Doc away.

DOC  
Just do me a favor and keep an eye out for my man Claude with the entertainment.

TAPLEY

Hey, you got it. I hope he brings enough.

Just then, a city bus drives up on the curb and across the flowers on the hotel lawn.

It stops in front of Tapley.

The door opens with a HISS. It's Claude at the wheel.

TAPLEY (CONT'D)

Hey, you can't--

A steady parade of hookers walks off the bus past the agape Tapley.

We can see behind all this that Doc understands the gravity of what CJ is telling him.

More hookers walking off the bus and towards the hotel.

We see Doc instruct CJ to stay put, and then he jogs off.

Tapley is still watching more hookers walk off the bus.

INT. ROXY HOTEL (BALLROOM) -- MOMENTS LATER

Joe hurries into the Roxy, smiling and being polite to the people he passes, but never really slowing down.

He slices through the crowd to get to the Don, who is standing and chatting with guests.

MASON

Mr. Carbone, sorry I'm late.

They shake sincerely.

DON CARBONE

Joey, good to see you.

(introducing to the people he's with)

You all know Joseph Mason, right?

He's my operations manager at the distillery.

(back to Joe)

Everything alright?

MASON

Yes. Doc and I have taken care of security. He's got one of his guys here now, and Lucy and a new guy I've got working for me are watching the factory.

DON CARBONE

Good. Hopefully we won't need it. My son tells me that he's forged a temporary truce with the Yakuza.

MASON

Really. That'd be a first.

DON CARBONE

(smiling proudly)

I know. Those years he spent studying abroad have already begun paying for themselves.

Mason is about to say something, then thinks better of it.

DON CARBONE (CONT'D)

Where is Dade? He has his beautiful fiancée to unveil. Did he arrive with you?

MASON

He...had to take care of something at the factory.

The Don's smile deflates a bit.

MASON (CONT'D)

I've got a cleaner there waiting. It won't be an issue.

The Don nods, his smile entirely gone.

DON CARBONE

Thank you, Joey.

Joe walks away.

The Don pensively sips from his glass.

Mayor Jerome Steiger emerges smile-first from the crowd. The Don glances over at him.

DON CARBONE (CONT'D)

Jerome. Not used to seeing you on this side of the river.

STEIGER

Your son invited me. I figured it was the least I could do after all he's done for me lately.

DON CARBONE

Ah, the age-old family tradition of throwing the Steigers a bone to keep them useful. He learns fast.

STEIGER

I'm not so sure your boy is that willing to adopt your ideas of where your business is headed. He's not as fixated on wearing the anchor of family tradition around his neck.

DON CARBONE

That's especially funny coming from you. You and I aren't much different, after all. We both have a legacy to consider.

STEIGER

Yes, but the difference between us, Enzo, is that my legacy is worth protecting.

DON CARBONE

You owe my family everything. Do you have any idea what this city would be without us?

STEIGER

Better.

DON CARBONE

Don't test me tonight, Jerome. I may make you late for work in the morning.

STEIGER

I have one favor to ask: apologize to your son for me, if you wouldn't mind. I won't be able to attend the ceremony tomorrow. The former First Lady will be visiting our fine city. I hope you won't miss me.

DON CARBONE

If I do, I'll just reload.

INT. LEGACY LIQUORS (BASEMENT) -- EVENING

Dade is beating the snot out of Ken. He has a sick little grin on his face.

DOC (O.C.)

Don't you have somewhere that you need to be?

He stops and whirls around when he hears Doc's voice.

DADE

Nowhere more important than here.

DOC

So beating on a klepto junkie lawyer is more important than your rehearsal dinner?

DADE

Maybe not  
(punches Ken again)  
if that really is all he is.

DOC

He stole a laptop. We already know the pawnshop he sold it at and the yag dealer he visited afterwards.

DADE

He stole from me.

DOC

He didn't know it was yours. He stole it from Jerome Steiger's office in the Steiger building. And why would Dade Carbone's laptop be in Jerome Steiger's office?

Dade just glares at him.

DADE

Just get it back.

DOC

Say please.

DADE

You should be using every opportunity available to you to remind me why you're useful.

DOC

You ain't in charge yet, sonny.

INT. LEGACY LIQUORS (BASEMENT HALLWAY) -- MOMENTS LATER

The heavy door is KICKED open and SLAMS against the wall.

Tommy quickly turns his back and pretends to be on the phone as Dade storms out.

As he buttons his shirt back up, he sees Tommy.

DADE

Hey, there's a problem in there that needs taking care of.

Tommy nods without turning.

Dade looks at him suspiciously.

Dade starts walking towards Tommy.

Before he gets to him, Doc whirls Dade around by his shoulder.

DOC

Let's go, Cinderella. You're already late for the ball.

Dade and Doc walk down the hall.

Tommy closes his eyes and exhales.

INT. LEGACY LIQUORS -- MOMENTS LATER

Up in the Mezzanine, Lucy is putting his gigantic suit on.

He watches out the window as Dade and Doc get into Doc's car and drive off.

He's about to go back to dressing when something else catches his eye and makes his brow furrow:

Tommy coming out of another door with a badly limping Ken.

They get into Tommy's car and drive off.

INT. ROXY HOTEL (BALLROOM) -- EVENING

CJ and Claude stand in a stairwell attached to the ballroom. CJ talks into his cell phone and Claude keeps an eye on the crowd in the ballroom through the narrow window in the door.

CJ  
Cesar! No, I'm fine, man. Listen:  
shit's coming to a head. There's a  
few other things we need to do first.  
How soon can you get out here?

The MASTER OF CEREMONIES addresses the crowd from the stage.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
And the moment you've all been  
waiting for. Please welcome the  
future Mr. and Mrs. Dade Carbone!

Wild APPLAUSE, confetti and flashbulbs. The band PLAYS.

Claude's eyes widen.

Dade walks out onto the dance floor, arms linked with a woman, but her face is obscured.

The din of the APPLAUSE blends into

EXT. ALLEY (FLASHBACK) -- DAY

the ALARM BELL. The back door is KICKED open.

INT. ROXY HOTEL (BALLROOM) -- CONTINUOUS

Back to APPLAUSE. We see Dade and his fiancée, but again, her face is unclear, blocked by people in the crowd.

Claude's face starts to twist in anger.

EXT. ALLEY (FLASHBACK) -- CONTINUOUS

Claude rounds the corner and stops dead. Two pistols are pointed at him.

INT. ROXY HOTEL (BALLROOM) -- CONTINUOUS

Claude's face is rage.

Starting low, we climb up the fiancée's body.

EXT. ALLEY (FLASHBACK) -- CONTINUOUS

Starting low, we climb up Catalina's body.

INT. ROXY HOTEL (BALLROOM) -- CONTINUOUS

We pass the fiancée's arm linked with Dade's.

EXT. ALLEY (FLASHBACK) -- CONTINUOUS

We pass both pistols Catalina is pointing directly at us.

INT. ROXY HOTEL (BALLROOM) -- CONTINUOUS

CJ  
(into the phone)  
Yeah. As soon as you can. Thanks.

Claude is about to burst.

We finally reach Catalina's face. She is beautiful. She has an evil little smirk on her face.

EXT. ALLEY (FLASHBACK) -- CONTINUOUS

Same beautiful face, same evil smirk.

CATALINA  
Sorry, babe. I'm an ambitious girl--

BANG! BANG!

INT. ROXY HOTEL (BALLROOM) -- CONTINUOUS

She stands with Dade in the center of the floor as the crowd continues to CHEER.

CATALINA (V.O.)  
--and you're just small time.

CJ hangs up his phone.

CJ  
(to Claude)  
Aight, man. Best thing for us to do right now is lay low.

He looks over and sees Claude.

Claude is reaching back to lob a grenade out the door.

CJ (CONT'D)  
Hey man! What the fuck you doin'?

CJ grabs Claude, restraining him in a choke hold with one arm and trying to get the grenade with the other. Claude fights to get free.

CJ (CONT'D)  
What the hell is the matter with  
you?

Then CJ sees Dade and Catalina, center stage. His eyes bulge.  
CJ is dumbstruck.

Claude taps CJ on the arm that's around his neck.

CJ (CONT'D)  
Huh?

Claude points to the grenade clutched in his other hand.

CJ (CONT'D)  
Oh, shit.

In the ballroom, the music comes to a SCREECHING HALT after a muffled BOOM! comes from o.c.

GASPS from the crowd as everyone turns to look at the stairwell door.

Claude and CJ look down the stairwell at the staircases below that were charred and wrenched from the explosion.

CJ looks out the window in the door.

The crowd is watching the door. A few people are cautiously walking over.

CJ (CONT'D)  
Oh, that's just super. Now what the  
fuck are we supposed to do?

The sprinkler system kicks on, soaking them both immediately.

Various HOOTS and HOLLERS as the crowd in the ballroom is soaked by sprinklers.

The crowd scrambles to the main exit, forgetting about the stairwell door.

The Don and a few bodyguards stay where they are. The Don sips his drink, looking almost amused as he gets drenched.

Dade and Catalina stand there as well, looking far angrier.

Mason jogs over to the Don.

MASON  
There was an explosion downstairs.  
Smells like a bomb or a grenade.

DON CARBONE  
The Yakuza?

DADE  
Not possible.

Lucy walks up.

LUCY  
Mr. Mason.

MASON  
Lucy, what the fuck are you doing here? You're supposed to be back at the factory.

LUCY  
But I saw something that you should--

MASON  
Not now.

Mason starts escorting the Don out.

MASON (CONT'D)  
We need to get you out of here.

Lucy stands there, deflated.

DADE  
Tell me.

INT. SAFEHOUSE -- NIGHT

Tommy and Doc stand around Ken, who is laid out unconscious on a table padded with blankets.

CJ walks in.

TOMMY  
Did anyone notice you leaving the hotel?

CJ  
Uh, no. Pretty much everyone was leaving.

CJ sees Ken laid out on a table. He's cleaned up and bandaged, but still looks like hell.

CJ (CONT'D)  
Oh shit. He gonna be alright?

DOC  
Got a few busted ribs and needed some stitches, but he'll be okay.

CJ  
You a doctor or something?

Doc just turns and gives him a look.

CJ (CONT'D)  
Oh. Yeah.

CJ Goes over to talk to Tommy.

CJ (CONT'D)  
(hushed)  
Why the hell you bring him here?

TOMMY  
Where was I supposed to bring him?

CJ  
Not here! He's beaten pretty bad.  
Who knows what he told them.

TOMMY  
No, not Ken. He keeps his mouth  
shut. He's been doing this stuff  
for me for years.

CJ  
Man, look at him. He ain't cut out  
for this shit.

TOMMY  
Which is exactly why I send him. No  
one sees him coming. How do you  
think I got to know you?

CJ  
...Motherfucker.

TOMMY  
He was in San Andreas keeping an  
eye on the mafia operations out  
there for me. He got in trouble,  
but before I had to intervene, you  
showed up and helped him out.

CJ  
So he was spying for you when he  
was working for me?

TOMMY  
For a little while. But he  
appreciated what you did for him  
and didn't feel right about it. So  
I let him leave.

CJ  
Aw, you're so kind.

TOMMY  
When this shit went down with the  
Carbones, I told him I needed people  
to help me pull this off. Smart  
(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
 people that keep their cool through  
 an operation like this.

Claude storms in and grabs the chainsaw off of the counter.  
 He walks back outside with it. CJ and Tommy don't even look.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
 Your name was first on his list.  
 Look, if you're bent about it, fine,  
 but just put it aside for right  
 now. That's all I ask. Things are  
 about to--

The chainsaw FIRING UP from o.c. makes Tommy stop.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
 What the hell is Claude doing?

CJ  
 Oh, yeah. He's a little upset about  
 someone we saw at the party.

TOMMY  
 Who?

EXT. SAFEHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Claude is using the ROARING chainsaw to angrily dismantle  
 Doc's car.

INT. SAFEHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

TOMMY  
 She's alive? I thought he killed  
 her.

CJ  
 I remember seeing that shit on the  
 news. A chopper crashing into the  
 Cochrane Dam. It was Catalina's.  
 Ken said that Claude shot it down.

TOMMY  
 Shit. Is this going to be a problem?

CJ  
 Hell yeah. That bitch is crazy.  
 There's no situation in this world  
 that she can't make into a problem.

EXT. SHERMER FARMS -- CONTINUOUS

Up the dirt road away from the slaughterhouse, Mason watches  
 Claude through binoculars. Lucy stands there with him.

We see Tommy and CJ come out of the slaughterhouse and  
 convince Claude to STOP THE CHAINSAW and come inside.

Mason puts the binoculars down and sighs. Lucy can barely hide his proud smirk.

MASON  
Get some guys down here.

INT. SAFEHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Claude, CJ and Tommy walk back in. Claude looks furious.

CJ  
It's cool, man. We'll get her.

Claude angrily tosses down the chainsaw.

TOMMY  
Ken!

Ken is sitting up on the table.

CJ  
Shit, he's awake! You aight, man?

KEN  
I am now, thanks to my new best friend, here.

He gestures towards Doc, but then we see that he's grabbing a small bottle of pills.

KEN (CONT'D)  
Where have you been all my life?

EXT. SHERMER FARMS -- CONTINUOUS

A couple of large black SUVs pull down the path and turn off their headlights. Lucy flags them down.

MASON  
(into his phone)  
Yeah, out on the edge of Shermer Farms. I think Doc may have figured it out. His car is here.  
(pauses to listen)  
I hope so. I'll call you back.

He hangs up.

The SUVs park behind some brush.

He pulls out his gun.

He checks the clip and COCKS it.

INT. SAFEHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Ken is typing away at the laptop.

It goes to a screen with a password prompt and an error message saying "ACCESS DENIED."

KEN

See, this is as far as I get. He's got it all locked up pretty tight.

CJ

Don't even worry about it. Cesar's on his way right now with a cat that can crack that thing wide open.

EXT. SHERMER FARMS -- CONTINUOUS

Lucy and seven other heavies load up their weapons.

MASON

Listen to me: nobody does anything unless I say. One of our guys, my friend, may be in there. If something happens to him because someone got itchy, you're gonna see what Dade's room in the basement looks like. Understood?

They nod.

MASON (CONT'D)

Alright, let's go.

INT. SAFEHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Ken grimaces in pain as he reaches for his bottled water.

CJ

What the hell did you get yourself into?

KEN

(sheepish grin)

Ah, I'll be fine. Strong like bull!

He rips into a peal of COUGHS, which makes him grimace more.

CJ

What happened to getting clean and going legit? Having a real job with a wife and kids? I gave you that.

KEN

I thought about it, believe me. I knew a guy years ago that tried it. Marty Chonks. Went legit, got married, opened a business in Liberty. Dog food factory, I think. Couple years later, he winds up dead. Lucky for him he did: the cops had him for murder and fraud. Old habits, I guess. You can't go back, CJ. Not once your eyes are open.

CJ nods in understanding.

CJ

You did good out there for us, playa.  
Sorry I doubted you.

They shake.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The mafia heavies quietly make their way through the tall grass and scrub towards the slaughterhouse.

Unable to see it in the tall grass, one of the heavies steps on an empty beer bottle. It CRACKS and breaks.

Tommy opens the front door and looks around.

Mason, Lucy and the heavies all stop dead and duck low.

Mason watches Tommy at the door.

Tommy relaxes and pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

INT. SAFEHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Tommy props his foot against the door and puts a cigarette in his mouth.

He cups his hand in front of his mouth to light it, but speaks quietly instead.

TOMMY

We've got company.

CJ, Claude, Ken and Doc all look up from the laptop.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Mason sees Tommy being nonchalant and waves the crew on.

INT. SAFEHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

DOC

They make you?

TOMMY

Mm-hmm.

DOC

Alright, keep them on the hook.

Tommy goes back to smoking by the open door like nothing's going on.

DOC (CONT'D)

What do we have for weapons?

CJ

Aw, shit. Look, I was supposed to  
pick up for everybody at the Ammu-  
(MORE)

CJ (CONT'D)  
 Nation today, but the place looked  
 like a hospital on a spaceship,  
 then Tommy called... Fuck. We got  
 a few but not enough for everyone.

Tommy tosses the cigarette out and comes inside.

TOMMY  
 (to CJ)  
 Okay, you're fucking fired.  
 (to Doc)  
 You need to take Ken and get that  
 laptop out of here.

DOC  
 How? The front door is the only way  
 out.

TOMMY  
 For now.

Tommy smiles and Doc smiles back.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Mason and the heavies make a wide circle around the sides of  
 the slaughterhouse.

INT. SAFEHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Cok-o-pops cereal is hurriedly poured into a bowl by Doc.

DOC  
 How's it coming, CJ?

CJ stands on a table in the center of the room, head and  
 shoulders above the beams. Above him is a quivering roost of  
 bats. CJ is using a knife to scrape dried bat guano off of  
 the beams and into a bowl.

CJ  
 Oh, it's fuckin' super. Thanks for  
 asking.

Tommy has the chainsaw tipped upside-down over a large jar.  
 Gasoline drips from the saw into the jar, filling only about  
 a half-inch.

TOMMY  
 Not a whole lot left.

DOC  
 That's plenty.

Doc is mashing up the cereal into powder.

Claude brings some small, empty jars to the table, plus Doc's  
 first aid kit.

Doc takes a medicine dropper out of the first aid kit and grabs the jar of gasoline.

CJ brings his bowl of whitish powder and dumps it in with the cereal.

DOC (CONT'D)  
(to CJ)  
Mix that up.

CJ  
Batshit? For real?

DOC  
Saltpeter. Plus sugar, which is a decent substitute for sulfur, and carbon.

CJ  
This'll blow up?

DOC  
Not really, but it'll make a fantastic amount of smoke.

Claude is busy checking and loading what guns they have. He hands one to Tommy.

Doc puts a few drops of gasoline into a smaller jar.

He swirls the gas around in the jar enough to coat the inside.

He takes an old bottle of snake bite anti-venom out of the first aid kit.

He uses the dropper to put a drop of the anti-venom into the smaller jar.

He caps the jar immediately.

A small mist forms in the jar, then quickly pulls together into a small cloud in the middle of the jar.

Doc holds up the jar carefully.

DOC (CONT'D)  
This will blow up.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

With the slaughterhouse surrounded, Mason and Lucy quietly close in on the door.

Mason checks his men: they're ready.

He nods to Lucy.

Lucy KICKS the door open wide.

Thick smoke billows out of the door, making Lucy step back.

LUCY

Shit!

Mason and Lucy try to squint through the smoke into the dark slaughterhouse.

MASON

Doc?

A small RUMBLE.

A horde of bats, disturbed by the smoke, floods out the door.

A shiny glint flickers in the center of the wave of bats.

A rusty cleaver flies out the door and hits Lucy in the chest, knocking him down.

MASON (CONT'D)

JESUS!

Before any of Mason's men can react, the side wall of the slaughterhouse EXPLODES, blowing a wide open hole and sending three of Mason's men flying.

Before the smoke clears, Tommy, CJ and Claude all run out of the hole, guns drawn.

MASON (CONT'D)

There! Take them down!

The rest of Mason's men go after them, FIRING their weapons.

Claude, Tommy and CJ all FIRE back, but never halt their retreat into the tall grass and scrub of the field.

Mason pulls out his cell and barks into it.

MASON (CONT'D)

I need support down here now!

He and the rest of the men take off in pursuit.

Once they're gone, Doc and Ken carefully emerge from the hole carrying the laptop.

DOC

Joe...

EXT. FIELD -- CONTINUOUS

A thug closes in on Tommy, ready to fire.

Claude pops out of the tall grass FIRING and brings the thug down.

CJ throws one of the small bottles.

It EXPLODES in a bright flash, bringing down two more men.

Claude and CJ catch up to Tommy.

Tommy is stopped. They've reached a drop into a deep river.

CJ  
(ready to jump)  
Aight, let's go.

Tommy shakes his head.

CJ (CONT'D)  
What?

TOMMY  
I can't swim.

CJ  
Are you fucking serious?  
(to Claude)  
What about you?

Claude shakes his head.

CJ (CONT'D)  
Oh, man. That's just great.  
(looks at them ruefully)  
Aight, what we got?

Tommy smiles a bit.

They pop the clips out of their guns.

TOMMY  
I'm dry.

CJ  
Me, too.

Claude holds two bullets in his hands.

CJ (CONT'D)  
Great.

VOICES in the distance, closing in.

CJ (CONT'D)  
There can't be that many left. Maybe  
we can stealth them.

Just then, a helicopter ZOOMS overhead, its searchlight illuminating them clearly. Up against the bank of the river, there's nowhere left for them to go.

Reinforcements also close in: at least ten more.

The helicopter turns sideways revealing a sharpshooter hanging from the side.

The helicopter PILOT squints at something off in the distance.

A flying object comes into view: it's a red biplane.

As it closes in on the helicopter, we see that it's a remote-controlled plane, no more than two feet long.

PILOT

What the frick is that?

The small chain guns mounted on the biplane OPEN FIRE, killing the helicopter pilot.

The helicopter lurches and falls sideways into the field, its rotor kicking up dirt.

It EXPLODES in a ball of fire.

A TINNY ENGINE growls in the distance getting closer.

A dirtbike leaps over a ridge, its driver knocking down more of Mason's men with automatic GUNFIRE. It's Cesar. Clinging tightly to him is ZERO, a slight young man with glasses and a ballcap. Zero holds the radio control for the plane in his free hand.

CJ

CESAR!

CESAR

CJ! Need a hand, holmes?

He blazes by, FIRING at the thugs.

One of the big SUVs RUMBLES through the field.

The biplane swings low and STRAFES the SUV, SHATTERING THE WINDSHIELD with GUNFIRE, and punching bullet holes down the length of the vehicle.

It EXPLODES.

ZERO

DEATH FROM ABOVE! HA HA HA!

(grabs throat)

URK! Ugh. Cesar! Pull over! I swallowed my gum. Cesar!

Cesar swings by and tosses a sack to CJ.

CJ tosses a magnum from the sack to Tommy and an uzi to Claude. He pulls out a Desert Eagle for himself.

They start FIRING back at the rest of Mason's men.

The commotion DIES DOWN as the last of Mason's men go down.

Zero's plane lands smoothly in the grass.

Cesar stops the dirtbike and he and Zero hop off.

CESAR  
Hey, holmes. Looks like we got here  
just in time.

They shake and manhug.

CJ  
That's right you did, man.

CESAR  
See, I told you you'd need me.

CJ  
Wassup, Zero. Good to see you.  
Appreciate you coming out. You  
alright?

ZERO  
Heh, well. I got sand in my eye.

All that remains of the attackers is Mason, who Tommy catches  
off-guard.

TOMMY  
(pointing his gun at him)  
Stop.

Mason freezes.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Drop it.

He drops his gun. He's not doing anything to hide his anger.

MASON  
You fucking prick. You lying fucking  
prick.

TOMMY  
And I already feel bad enough about  
that, Joe, so don't make me shoot  
you as well.

MASON  
What did you do to Doc?

DOC (O.C.)  
Joe!

Mason turns to look. Doc and Ken are hurrying across the  
field towards them.

DOC (CONT'D)  
Tommy.

Tommy lowers his gun.

DOC (CONT'D)  
Joe, you alright?

MASON

You want to explain to me what the hell is going on?

EXT. SAFEHOUSE -- LATER

Smoke still puffs out of the ruined slaughterhouse. Bodies lay in the grass. Tiny fires still smolder in the scrub.

CJ, Cesar and Tommy salvage what they can from the slaughterhouse and the dead.

CJ

I still can't believe she's alive.

Cesar starts laughing.

CJ (CONT'D)

What?

CESAR

Man, if I believed for a second that

(points to Claude)

that cholo killed Catalina, I would have capped the fucker myself. I don't think that bitch can die. Hell just keeps spitting her back out.

Doc and Mason stand over Lucy's lifeless body, the cleaver still buried in his chest.

MASON

Tommy Vercetti. Jesus, you really know how to make me look like a god damn idiot.

DOC

I'm sorry Joe. I really am.

MASON

About which part? Turning your back on the family? Mr. Carbone, who picked us up when we had nothing? I came here because I thought you were in trouble! Now look! You think Lucy cares that you're sorry?

DOC

Joe...

MASON

And what about me? I'm supposed to be your friend! Who am I supposed to trust if not you?

DOC

Okay, then when were you going to trust me enough to tell me that Mr. Carbone was turning things over to the psycho?

MASON

That's not the same thing and you know it.

DOC

You kept your mouth shut to keep me here! This isn't the family I knew anymore. Not with him in charge. Tommy and those boys are here to take back what's theirs, an idea I can appreciate.

Mason just shakes his head.

DOC (CONT'D)

Joe, what do you think is going to happen to us after tomorrow? This is a whole new ballgame now. This is how our loyalty is repaid.

TOMMY

We need to get out of here. Is there someplace safe we can go? We need to give Zero a crack at that computer.

DOC

We're already dead men, Joe. All of us. But no one says we have to be quiet about it.