

VICE CITY

by

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Based on

Grand Theft Auto: Vice City

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FADE IN:

EXT. VICE CITY DOCKS - NIGHT

The grimy docks of Vice City, Florida, circa 1986.

No title card indicates the date, but it will be overwhelmingly implied by hairstyles, clothing, and background music throughout the film.

The docks are quiet save for the gentle lap of water. Moonlight provides the only illumination as well as a few low-watt lightbulbs scattered across the pier.

A MAN stands in the shadows against a wall. He is smoking a cigarette; the burning ash is very clear in the darkness.

The headlights of an approaching car begin to flood the area with light.

The smoking man is illuminated and we finally see him clearly: black, mid 30s, bald with thin facial hair. He is wearing a long, black leather coat with a high-collared shirt underneath. This is **VICTOR VANCE**.

The car comes to a stop.

Victor steps from the wall and flicks the cigarette away, awash in the headlights' glow. His chin is slightly raised and his facial expression is solid stone.

The car doors open and TWO MEN step out simultaneously: one from the front passenger side and one from the rear passenger side.

There is a beat of silence as they stare at Victor. Victor stands his ground, showing no fear.

After a moment the two men cautiously approach. They step in front of the headlights and are seen for the first time.

Of particular note is the MAN from the front passenger side: white, early 30s, sporting slicked back hair, stone-washed jeans and a teal Hawaiian shirt. He wears a cheap gold chain around his neck. This is **TOMMY VERCETTI**.

The other man, **NICKY**, has a similar sleazeball appearance. The car's driver remains seated; in the background, out of the light.

After a moment of silence, Victor reaches into one of his pockets.

Tommy and Nicky TENSE UP...

...but then Victor pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

VICTOR

(grinning)

Smoke?

Tommy and Nicky relax, shaking their heads.

NICKY

Sonny said you were a smart-ass.

VICTOR

(lights cigarette)

That motherfucker don't know me.

TOMMY

Knows you enough, I guess.

NICKY

Yeah... 'cept he don't *look* too smart to me.

Victor's eyes narrow at the insult.

VICTOR

(coldly)

Tryin' to get smoke in your face?

Nicky stares back.

TOMMY

Well, I think he means...setting up a meet in the middle of the night, in a really shitty part of town...

(gestures around him)

...and, you know...coming all by *yourself*.

Tommy SQUINTS IN MOCK CONFUSION and takes a step towards Victor. Nicky remains a step back with a smug grin forming on his face.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Did you think Sonny was gonna send *nice* guys?

VICTOR

I bet Sonny don't even *know* no nice guys.

Tommy laughs. Genuinely.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

First thing...
(gestures around,
imitating Tommy)
...I know Vice better than I know
my bitch's sweet spot. And second
thing...

For the first time, Victor makes a move. He steps up to Tommy until they are almost NOSE-TO-NOSE.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

...What the fuck makes you think I
came by myself?

Tommy's eyes lose their hard edge.

Nicky's smug grin disappears. Outside of the car's headlights it is almost PITCH BLACK.

NICKY

(softly)
Aw, shit...

Victor stares into Tommy's face.

VICTOR

Look at me, man.

He takes a step back without breaking eye contact, spreading his legs slightly and lifting the tails of his leather coat.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Did you think I had 20 k's of
Colombian up my ass?

Tommy continues to stare at Victor, but the hard look is gone; he is clearly worried now. Nicky's eyes shift in every direction.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

(gestures at Tommy)
And I notice you ain't holdin' no
money, neither.

TOMMY

It's in the car.

Victor glances over Tommy's shoulder. From his POV we see the driver silhouetted in the dark, still seated behind the wheel.

VICTOR

(looks back at Tommy)
Well, that does make sense.

No one speaks for a moment. Victor continues to puff on his cigarette. Tommy and Nicky stare at him with CONTEMPTUOUS, EXASPERATED EXPRESSIONS.

NICKY

So do you have the shit...or what??

Victor turns his head to the side.

VICTOR

(slightly raised)
Yo, you still there?

From the darkness, several guns cock and lock.

Tommy and Nicky's expressions become more strained. They are definitely NOT ALONE.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

(turns back around,
smiling)
Yeah, I got it...but first, the
money.

Tommy pats Nicky on the chest. Nicky jumps slightly at the touch.

TOMMY

(sighs)
Go get it, Nicky.

As Nicky turns and starts towards the car, Tommy grabs his arm.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Get it, and then get back here.

Nicky nods and walks off.

Tommy and Victor stare each other down. Victor takes one last drag and flicks the cigarette away.

VICTOR

(eyeing Tommy's wardrobe)
Nice shirt.

TOMMY

Nice jacket.

From the background, a car door opens and slams shut. Nicky re-enters the pool of light carrying a medium-sized suitcase. He looks unpleasantly at Victor as he clicks it open.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the suitcase's contents: several rows of green bills. Nicky slams it shut after an instant.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(to Victor)

Okay?

VICTOR

(nods)

Okay.

TOMMY

Okay.

VICTOR

(slightly raised, into the
darkness)

All right, do your thing.

A momentary silence...broken by GUNSHOTS and MUZZLE FLASHES.

Bullets rip into Nicky's body and he sinks to the ground, dropping the suitcase with a final bloody gasp.

Tommy stares at his fallen comrade in shock.

Victor, surprised, turns around quickly.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Yo, what the fuck are y'all doi...

He is cut short by another round of GUNFIRE. Bullets tear through his body and he hits the ground hard.

Tommy stands in the pool of light, bewildered for a moment. Then he comes to his senses and RUNS towards the car.

GUNSHOTS break the silence. Several MUZZLE FLASHES erupt from the darkness. Bullets whiz by Tommy and strike the ground around him.

He tears the passenger door open and leaps into the front seat.

The DRIVER, who we are seeing for the first time, is a skinny lackey with short, slicked hair similar to Tommy's and Nicky's. He looks scared shitless.

TOMMY

(screaming)

Get us the fuck out of...

A barrage of bullets EXPLODES through the windshield and tears the driver apart.

Tommy opens the driver's door and shoves his dead accomplice onto the docks. He moves into the driver's seat, puts the car in reverse and SLAMS his foot on the pedal.

The car races haphazardly down the docks, CRASHING into crates and trash barrels.

Tommy attempts a quick 180-degree turn as bullets perforate the car's chassis.

Miraculously, he completes the turn and SPEEDS AWAY as fast as he can.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICE CITY HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The car SQUEALS AROUND A TURN and onto a deserted highway.

Tommy drives drunk for a moment, speeding and weaving, before calming down. He shoots a worried glance behind him.

TOMMY

Oh goddammit, oh goddammit,
goddammit, goddammit...

The realization dawns. He SLAMS THE WHEEL over and over.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

*Goddammit, shit!! Shit shit
shit!!!!*

The car speeds down the highway into the distance. We can see the skyline of Vice City for the first time.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIBERTY CITY SKYLINE - DAYBREAK

The skyline of Liberty City, New York.

The camera races towards the buildings as an upbeat 80s pop song plays on the soundtrack. Closer and closer to a particular building: a large penthouse skyscraper.

As the camera nears one of the windows, a woman's EXCITED MOANS begin to be heard.

CUT TO:

INT. SONNY'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

An ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, naked, is pressed against a floor-to-ceiling mirror. Someone is pulling her hair and having rough sex with her from behind.

WOMAN

Shit shit shit shit!!

The MAN, covered in sweat, stares at himself in the mirror. He is white, early 40s, slightly overweight but muscular. His dark hair is pulled back in a small ponytail. This is **SONNY FORELLI**.

A KNOCK on the door, but it goes unheard amidst the screams and loud music. Another KNOCK comes, this one a bit louder.

The door opens a crack and a large man, **ZACK**, pokes his head in.

Zack admires the scenery for a second before shaking his head and clearing his throat.

ZACK

(loudly)

Uh, Sonny? Sonny!

Sonny glimpses Zack in the full-length. He turns his head around sharply.

SONNY

Come back in a minute!

He turns back to the mirror and resumes his business. The music continues to SWELL as the woman's screams become more ANIMAL.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIBERTY CITY SKYLINE - MORNING

A QUICK SHOT of Liberty City. Morning has come. There is no music and no more screams, which is in sharp contrast to the frenzy just moments ago.

CUT TO:

INT. SONNY'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Sonny walks across the living room in a silk robe, flossing. The furniture and artwork are the height of 80s affluence; he is clearly doing well for himself.

He crosses the room and Zack comes into view, standing near the front door.

SONNY

(gestures to the full-length mirror, mumbling)
You get someone to clean that mirror?

ZACK

Yeah, no problem.

SONNY

(mumbling)
Fuckin' females got no respect for decorum.

ZACK

(smiling)
Can't blame them though, eh Sonny?

Sonny stops flossing.

SONNY

(grinning)
No, I guess not.

ZACK

I mean, you *do* like the mirror.

SONNY

I *do* like the mirror, yeah.

Sonny plops down on the sofa and tosses his used strand on the glass coffee table. Quickly and efficiently, he begins to separate lines of cocaine.

SONNY (CONT'D)

He said he'd call back?

ZACK

(nods)
Yeah.

SONNY

And he sounded nervous about something?

ZACK

(nods again)
He did.

SONNY

What time did she leave?
(checks his watch)
Shit, it's been almost two hours already.

ZACK

(shrugs)
Maybe something came up.

Sonny glances up from the coffee table. After a beat, he wags his finger at Zack.

SONNY

(chuckling)
You're a funny fucker. That's why I keep you around.

ZACK

Thanks, Sonny.

SONNY

Don't stop bein' funny.

ZACK

I won't.

SONNY

I mean it. Don't stop bein' funny.

Sonny lowers his head to table and SNORTS a long line of coke. He sits up straight, white powder covering his nostrils. After a satisfied exhalation, he leans back on the sofa and crosses his legs.

SONNY (CONT'D)

So...

The TELEPHONE RINGS before he can begin his thought.

SONNY (CONT'D)

(surprised)
Goddamn, speak of the little devil.

Zack hurries across the room and picks up the telephone. It is quintessential 80s: large, brick-shaped, with a fat black antenna. He walks to the sofa and hands the phone to Sonny.

SONNY (CONT'D)
(wiping his nose)
Hello?

Silence for a moment. Sonny's brow begins to furrow in confusion, but then comes Tommy's quiet reply...

TOMMY (V.O.)
...Hello, Sonny.

SONNY
(brightly)
Tommy! Tommy, it's been too long.

No response.

SONNY (CONT'D)
I know, I know. You're just
overwhelmed with emotion.

CUT TO:

INT. OCEAN VIEW MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tommy sits on a motel bed, wearing the same clothes from before. His hair is DISHEVELED; he has been running his fingers through it. He holds the phone to his ear and stares uneasily at nothing in particular.

SONNY (V.O.)
Ten years...seems like only
yesterday.

TOMMY
I guess that's a perspective thing.

BACK TO:

INT. SONNY'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

SONNY
Hey, I know doing time isn't easy.
But we help those that help us,
kid.

No reply from Tommy. Sonny's brow begins to furrow again.

SONNY (CONT'D)

So how's the setup, anyway? You
gettin' some sun?

BACK TO:

INT. OCEAN VIEW MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tommy's eyes are blank; an expression of the damned.

TOMMY

Uh, yeah.

BACK TO:

INT. SONNY'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Sonny begins to look angry.

SONNY

And how'd the deal go down? You
sittin' on some white gold or what?

A beat of silence. Sonny's expression remains unchanged.

TOMMY (V.O.)

(softly)
Sonny...

SONNY

(softly)
...Tommy?

BACK TO:

INT. OCEAN VIEW MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tommy exhales loudly.

TOMMY

Sonny, we were set up.

BACK TO:

INT. SONNY'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Sonny blinks once but doesn't say anything.

TOMMY (V.O. CONT'D)

The deal was an ambush. Nicky and Mike are dead.

Sonny blinks again. His lips curl into a SNARL.

SONNY

(softly)

You better be kiddin' me, Tommy.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Look, Sonny...

SONNY

The money, Tommy. Tell me you still got the money.

BACK TO:

INT. OCEAN VIEW MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TOMMY

(sighs softly)

No, Sonny. I don't have the mon...

He is interrupted by a LARGE CRASH on the other end of the line.

BACK TO:

INT. SONNY'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Sonny has overturned the glass coffee table and it has shattered into jagged fragments. He gets to his feet, FURIOUS.

SONNY

That was *my* money, Tommy. *My* money!!!

He begins pacing like a caged animal. With his free hand he tears his hair out of its ponytail.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Sonny...

SONNY

You better not be fuckin' with me, Tommy.

TOMMY (V.O.)

No, Sonny. I...

SONNY

Because I am *not* a man to be *fucked*
with!!

BACK TO:

INT. OCEAN VIEW MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tommy stands up.

TOMMY

(quickly)

Sonny, you have my personal
assurance that I'm going to get
your money back. And the drugs.
And I'm gonna mail you the dicks of
those responsible.

BACK TO:

INT. SONNY'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Sonny's eyes are wide and his hair is out of control.

BACK TO:

INT. OCEAN VIEW MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tommy stands with the phone to his ear. He awaits Sonny's
response with an anxious expression.

BACK TO:

INT. SONNY'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Sonny speaks calmly, but his eyes betray his mood.

SONNY

If it was anybody else, you'd be a
dead man. But seeing as we got a
history...

Sonny glances across the room at Zack, who is standing by the
door and looking very concerned.

SONNY (CONT'D)
(into phone)
...I'm gonna let you handle this.

BACK TO:

INT. OCEAN VIEW MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tommy closes his eyes and breathes a small sigh of relief.

SONNY (V.O. CONT'D)
But I know you ain't no fool,
Tommy...

BACK TO:

INT. SONNY'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

EXTREME CLOSE-UP on Sonny's face. He is still holding back
INDESCRIBABLE RAGE.

SONNY (CONT'D)
(softly)
...Because neither am I.

TOMMY (V.O.)
Sonny, you got my wor...

Sonny hangs up and throws the phone onto the sofa.

BACK TO:

INT. OCEAN VIEW MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tommy stares at the phone, hearing the MONOTONOUS TONE of a
disconnected call. He hangs up slowly and sits back down
onto the bed.

After a moment of silence, he grabs the phone and flings it
across the room.

It CRASHES against the wall loudly.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICE CITY ALLEY - LATER THAT DAY

Tommy, sporting sunlasses and a fresh Hawaiian shirt, stands
in an alley examining his car.

Countless bullet holes. No more windows.

Shaking his head in disgust, he shifts the car into neutral and pushes it further down the alley. GRUNTING, he shoves it into an abandoned garage.

Picking up random garbage and newspapers, he throws them over the vehicle. The car is still visible, but now much more CAMOUFLAGED.

He nods grimly and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICE CITY STREET - DAY

An inexpensive, unappealing car pulls up to a red light.

The DRIVER bobs his head to an upbeat pop tune playing on the radio. He sings along and appears content with his life and where the day may take him.

The passenger side door opens and Tommy CLIMBS INSIDE.

The driver stops singing and looks over, startled.

DRIVER

(confused)

Um, what are you...

TOMMY

Shut up and get out of the car.

DRIVER

Excuse me??

Tommy lifts up his shirt, exposing a pistol tucked into his jeans.

TOMMY

(deliberately, through
gritted teeth)

Get the *fuck* out of the car and
don't make a scene.

The driver doesn't argue. He opens his door and climbs out.

Tommy scoots into the driver's seat and PEELS AWAY without waiting for the light to turn green.

The pop song fades into the distance as the driver, incredulous, stands in the middle of the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICE CITY DOCKS - DAY

The scene opens with a BRIGHT FLASH, followed by a shot of Nicky and Tommy's driver. His bullet-riddled body lays face-down on the docks.

ZOOM OUT slowly; the flash came from a crime-scene photographer's camera.

The entire area is swarming with cops. Nicky and Victor's corpses can be seen in the background.

The camera PULLS AWAY from the crime scene, tracking past the tire marks where Tommy performed his 180, until a MAN becomes visible in frame. He leans against a silver Lamborghini, watching the policemen from a distance.

A POV shot: two paramedics lifting Victor into a body bag.

A CLOSE-UP shot of the man's face: black, mid 30s, sporting a stylish haircut and moustache. He wears a high-collared shirt similar to Victor's. This is **LANCE VANCE**.

He doesn't say a word as Victor is loaded into an ambulance.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICE CITY HIGHWAY - DAY

Tommy cruises down the road in his stolen car and, for the first time, we see how LIVELY AND GLAMOROUS Vice City is.

Beaches filled with bikini-clad women roll by Tommy's window. Surfers and boogey-boarders ride the ocean's waves. Men resembling bodybuilders with bronzed chests walk the streets. Girls in skimpy outfits roller-skate down the sidewalks.

This is Vice City in the daytime; one of the most popular resort destinations on the eastern seaboard.

Tommy LAUGHS CYNICALLY as he admires the view, aware of the city's seedier element.

The stolen car continues its trip and enters a posh neighborhood. Tommy leans over the wheel and squints at street signs and mailbox numbers.

He pulls a rumpled piece of paper out of his pocket and studies it carefully.

TOMMY

(quietly, to himself)
33, 35, 37, 39...

Tommy does a DOUBLE-TAKE out the passenger window and SLAMS HARD on the brakes.

From his POV we see a gated driveway leading to a large mansion. There are marble pillars on either side of the entrance.

Tommy checks the rumpled piece of paper one more time.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(nods)
Gotcha.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY - DAY

Tommy walks up to the gate and studies it for a moment. He reaches out and grasps two of the bars, giving them a gentle shake.

An intercom on the wall BUZZES. Tommy jumps and lets go of the bars.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

Can I help you?

Tommy walks over to the intercom and bends down towards it.

TOMMY

(slightly raised)
Uh, yeah. I'm here to see Mr. Cortez.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

Push the button if you wish to speak, sir.

TOMMY

Oh.
(He presses the button and speaks again, slightly raised)
I'm, uh...here to see Mr. Cortez. Please.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

And you are?

TOMMY

(slightly raised)

I'm a...associate of Sonny Forelli.

Silence from the other end. Tommy stands with his arms crossed, waiting. Then, **IMPULSIVELY**, he presses the button again.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(slightly raised)

I'm just here to talk...about Victor.

After an uncomfortable amount of time passes, a **CLICK** is heard and the gate **SWINGS OPEN**.

Tommy heads up the driveway.

As he reaches the porch and passes between the pillars, the front door opens and a **MAN WEARING SAILOR WHITES** steps out.

Tommy stops walking.

The man speaks with an **ACCENT** that sounds Central American.

SAILOR

Would you remove any weapons from your person, please?

TOMMY

(shakes head
apologetically)

Oh shit. Yeah, of course.

(pulls out his pistol and
hands it over)

Here ya go. Sorry.

SAILOR

Thank you. It will be returned when your meeting with Mr. Cortez is done. Follow me.

The sailor turns around and steps over the threshold into the house. Removing his sunglasses, Tommy follows him inside.

CUT TO:

INT. CORTEZ MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The sailor leads Tommy into an expansive, high-ceilinged foyer with a curved staircase in the center. Priceless works of art adorn the walls and there is a grand piano in one corner of the room. Classical music is being piped in from somewhere.

Tommy is in silent awe of his surroundings.

In an adjoining room, a GORGEOUS WOMAN holding a pool cue and circling a red felt billiard table catches Tommy's eye. She is young, early 20s, with light-brown skin and dark hair.

Much to Tommy's enjoyment, she bends over provocatively to line up a shot. This is **MERCEDES CORTEZ**.

She strikes the cue ball. It sends a solid spinning down a pocket.

Tommy watches, impressed.

Mercedes looks over and sees him staring. Her lips form a wily grin.

Tommy grins back, politely but with SLIGHT SUGGESTION as well.

SAILOR

Mr. Cortez will be right down.

TOMMY

(still looking at Mercedes)

Thank you.

The sailor ascends the staircase and leaves Tommy alone in the foyer.

Tommy walks over to the pool table.

Mercedes lines up another shot. Once again, she sinks a ball with skill.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Pretty good.

She turns to face him with one hand on her hip. Her ACCENT is similar to the sailor: vaguely Central American.

MERCEDES

(smiles)
I have been playing since I was a
little girl.

TOMMY

Couldn't have been that long ago.

MERCEDES

Long enough.

Tommy laughs.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

My father encourages this game. It
keeps the mind sharp, he says. You
learn to see things...

(makes another flawless
shot with almost no
effort)
...from every angle.

TOMMY

(exhales)
Damn.

She walks over to Tommy, looking into his eyes. We can see
that he is attracted, but a little INTIMIDATED as well.

MERCEDES

Do you play?

TOMMY

(smiles)
I'm up to the challenge.

MERCEDES

But you did not come here for
games.

TOMMY

No...not for games.

He looks over to the foyer. There is still no one else in
sight.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(looks back at Mercedes)
I'd need some practice first,
anyway.

Mercedes turns back to the table, bending over to line up
another shot and pointing her ass in Tommy's direction.

MERCEDES

Remember to always think one move ahead...

(hits the cue ball, which sends a solid flying into a corner pocket before ricocheting back the way it came)

...otherwise you will be open to your enemy...

(the cue ball sails across the table and clips the last solid, sending it gracefully into another corner pocket)

...and you will never have a chance.

Tommy is speechless.

MAN (O.S.)

(loudly)

Mercedes!

Both Tommy and Mercedes turn towards the foyer in surprise.

The **MAN** who is spoke is descending the curved staircase. He is a dignified-looking gentleman in his 50s, wearing a short-sleeved brown suit. His hair is cut very short. This is **JUAN GARCIA CORTEZ**.

He looks at them seriously, but with no anger in his eyes. Clearly a businessman, and a very intelligent one at that.

MERCEDES

Yes, daddy?

Cortez crosses the length of the foyer and enters the billiard room.

He looks Tommy up and down before speaking. Not surprisingly, he also has an ACCENT.

CORTEZ

(to Mercedes)

Showing our guests the finer points, are you?

(to Tommy)

It is all about geometry. I'm sure she told you this.

TOMMY

Uh, yes sir, she did.
She's...really good.

CORTEZ

(smiling, to Mercedes)
You have captivated another young
man, my dear. It appears your work
here is done.
(to Tommy)
We have other matters to discuss
now.

He motions for Tommy to follow and exits the room.

Tommy starts after him...but then turns back to Mercedes.

TOMMY

Thanks for the tip.

Tommy leaves the room after Cortez.

Mercedes stands by the pool table, watching him go.

CUT TO:

INT. CORTEZ OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Cortez enters his office, followed closely by Tommy. There is a polished wooden desk in the center of the room and a massive picture window overlooking the ocean. A large yacht is visible behind the house.

Cortez points to two plush armchairs situated in front of the desk.

CORTEZ

Please have a seat.

Tommy sits down in one of the chairs.

Cortez circles the desk and gazes out the picture window. He stands with his back to Tommy, his hands clasped behind him.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

I understand you are here on behalf
of Mr. Forelli.

TOMMY

Yes I am.

CORTEZ

(turns to face Tommy)
Nicholas, is it?

Tommy shakes his head.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

Michael?

TOMMY

(shakes head again)
No...

CORTEZ

So you must be Thomas. Or Mr.
Vercetti, if you prefer?

TOMMY

Tommy's fine.

Cortez pulls out his chair. He sits down across from Tommy.

A beat passes as they look at each other.

CORTEZ

This is not standard protocol...but
it is nice to finally meet you.

Tommy cracks a wary smile.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

Mr. Forelli speaks highly of you.
He says you are a man to be
trusted.

TOMMY

(leans back, trying to
appear at ease)
I am.

CORTEZ

That is simple enough to believe...
(leans forward)
...but you *would* be a fool to admit
otherwise.

Tommy looks uncomfortable. He does not reply.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

Please, tell me what happened.

Tommy breathes deeply and rubs both hands over his face.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

I have been watching the news, but
there is only so much they can say.

TOMMY

(leans forward, pondering
a moment before speaking)
...I'm the only one left.

Cortez leans back in his chair, raising one hand to his chin.

CORTEZ

The *only* one.

TOMMY

(nods)
We went to the pier, like Sonny
told us. Victor was there and the
deal started off like normal. But
then...something got *fucked*. Nicky
and Mike got dropped...
(shakes his head in
revulsion)
...Can't believe *I'm* not dead.
They were shooting everywhere.

CORTEZ

'They?'

TOMMY

My first guess would have been
you...
(looks Cortez in the eye)
...'cept they killed *your* man, too.

Another beat passes as Cortez deliberates on what he has been
told.

CORTEZ

Your money?

TOMMY

Took.

CORTEZ

...And the merchandise?

TOMMY

(shakes head)
Fuck knows if it was even there.

CORTEZ

Someone knows.
(leans forward and
interlocks his fingers on
the desk surface)
Victor was alone, you say?

TOMMY

(shakes head again)
We thought so at first. He was
standing all by himself. But he
had back-up, out in the dark.
(sniggers grimly)
...Or at least he thought he did.

CORTEZ

I see.

Cortez pushes away from the desk. He stands up and walks
back to the picture window. Boats and jet-skis cruise by in
the background.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

An unfortunate set of
circumstances. For all involved.

Tommy nods in assent.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

Before you arrived, my proclivity
was to consider the meet a...loss.

From his POV we see people SMILING and SPLASHING, oblivious
to the trouble taking place.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

But now you are here. And it is no
longer that simple.

He walks away from the window and comes around the desk.
With a small grunt, he sits on its surface and rests his
hands on his knees.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

Mr. Vercetti...

TOMMY

Tommy.

CORTEZ

Tommy, I beg your pardon. Victor
Vance's passing is...regrettable.
He has performed many jobs for me.

(MORE)

CORTEZ(cont'd)

He could even fly a helicopter, did you know that?

TOMMY

(shakes head)

No, I only met him last night.

CORTEZ

Ah.

TOMMY

Sonny just told us what he looked like...and that he was a smart-ass.

CORTEZ

(chuckles)

I agree, he had an attitude. That *is* what makes a good soldier.

(leans closer)

But Victor was *merely* a soldier.

It is what he was built to be.

TOMMY

(brow furrows)

Okay...

CORTEZ

Such a soldier does not covet.

Does not...*long*.

(sighs)

...A share of this blame is mine.

I should have been more cautious.

Tommy still looks confused.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

Because you see, Victor was a soldier...

(a beat)

...His reinforcement was *not*.

Tommy's eyes narrow.

TOMMY

(coldly)

His reinforcement...

CORTEZ

A subordinate of mine, called Gonzalez. I had assumed him to be another casualty...until your arrival, that is.

TOMMY

(shakes head)
Victor was the only one.

CORTEZ

And yet Gonzalez has disappeared,
and if he was not also killed...
(looks at Tommy with
ominous expression)
...then all that remains is mutiny.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICE CITY STREET - DUSK

A **HOOKER**, pale and gaunt, stands on an isolated street corner. She fidgets uncomfortably, tapping her heels on the sidewalk.

A sparkling new Corvette turns onto the block, slowing to a crawl as it approaches the prossie. It stops in front of her and the driver's window rolls down.

Inside sits **GONZALEZ**, a stocky man in his mid 30s with dark skin, thinning hair, and a trimmed goatee.

GONZALEZ

So I'm looking to get my dick
sucked. Any suggestions?

HOOKER

Fuck off.

GONZALEZ

Oh what, you got principle?
(holds out a wad of cash)
It's the *money* that pays, sweetie.

HOOKER

Come back later, okay?
(sniffs)
I'm waiting for some stuff.

Gonzalez grins wide, revealing a solid gold molar.

GONZALEZ

Why wait, baby? I got just what
you need.

The hooker looks at him, interested.

HOOKER

What do you mean?

GONZALEZ

Mr. Coke, sugar. I know him...real well.

HOOKER

(expression lifts)

Really?

GONZALEZ

Oh yeah, we're like brothers.

(grins wider)

...and my brother is booming right now.

CUT TO:

INT. CORTEZ MANSION - DUSK

Cortez and Tommy descend the curved staircase leading to the mansion's foyer.

CORTEZ

Please understand I will have to initiate my own lines of inquiry.

TOMMY

Of course, Mr. Cortez.

CORTEZ

One should never jump to conclusions, especially where business is concerned.

They reach the bottom of the stairs.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

But I thank you for coming. And we will be in touch.

They shake hands.

TOMMY

You know where to find me.

CORTEZ

(nods)

I do now.

Cortez turns around and starts back up the staircase.

The sailor stands near the front door. He extends Tommy's pistol.

TOMMY
(to sailor)
Thanks.

He takes the pistol and sticks it back into the waist of his jeans. The sailor opens the door and stands aside.

Tommy is about to leave, but then a THOUGHT STRIKES HIM.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(raised, to Cortez)
Oh, uh...Mr. Cortez?

Cortez, halfway up the stairs, turns around.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
...You got a car?

CUT TO:

INT. CORTEZ GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The scene begins in a TRACKING SHOT across a long row of exquisite sports cars; different makes and models in assorted colors, every one spit-shined and spotless.

Tommy walks down the aisle and drinks it all in. He examines the key he is holding and makes a match to one of the vehicles: a sleek red convertible with a white stripe down the center.

TOMMY
(grins)
Oh, baby...

He approaches the convertible and inserts the key into the front door lock. Pulling the handle, the door POPS OPEN.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(still grinning)
Gracias, Mr. Cortez.

ANGLE ON: Mercedes standing in the garage entry way. She leans against the door frame with her arms crossed, watching Tommy.

MERCEDES
(slightly raised)
Going somewhere?

TOMMY

(spins around, caught off guard)
God-damn!!

MERCEDES

(giggles)
Is this a...how do you say...grand theft auto?

She walks across the garage towards Tommy, her heels ECHOING LOUDLY.

TOMMY

Your dad's letting me borrow this.

Mercedes raises her chin, as if to say "oh, really?" She reaches the car parked next to Tommy's convertible and sits down on the hood.

MERCEDES

You must be an important man.

TOMMY

(shakes head)
He just knows I won't fuck him, that's all.

MERCEDES

And he knows this how?

TOMMY

'Cause I'm a dog and he's the hand that feeds.

MERCEDES

He is the *what*?

TOMMY

(shakes head again)
Never mind.

Mercedes studies Tommy for a beat.

MERCEDES

So where are you going?

TOMMY

(grins)
What do you care?

Mercedes' wily grin returns.

MERCEDES

...I know where he lives.

TOMMY

Who?

MERCEDES

...Gonzalez.

TOMMY

(eyes widen)

Come again??

MERCEDES

Gonzalez. I know where he lives.

TOMMY

You were listening to us??

Mercedes nods.

MERCEDES

(whispers)

Don't tell daddy.

Tommy grunts and shakes his head. He looks at her with a mixture of IRRITATION and ADMIRATION.

TOMMY

Bad girl...

MERCEDES

That is a compliment, coming from you.

TOMMY

You think that rat bastard might still be at *home*?

MERCEDES

He is dumb enough to steal from my father, isn't he?

TOMMY

You know that for sure?

MERCEDES

I know Gonzalez.

Mercedes pushes off the car and strolls over to where Tommy is standing.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

I can show you.

TOMMY

Or you could just tell me.

MERCEDES

(shrugs)

He is familiar with *me*. You are just an angry stranger.

TOMMY

I bet he'd be familiar with me, too.

He gives her a stern expression, but she doesn't sway.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(sighs)

...All right, let's go.

MERCEDES

(smiles)

Gracias...Tommy.

He looks confused, but then remembers how she knows his name.

TOMMY

Oh man, give me a break.

She walks to the passenger side of the convertible. Tommy follows and opens her door. She slides in gracefully and he slams the door shut.

He returns to the driver's side and climbs behind the wheel.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Mercedes, right?

MERCEDES

(rolls eyes)

You try living with it.

The engine REVS and the tires SQUEAL as the convertible takes off down the aisle.

The automatic door rises, revealing a majestic orange sky. The car ZOOMS into the dusk light, leaving a whirlwind of smoke behind.

CUT TO:

INT. CORTEZ OFFICE - DUSK

Cortez sits behind his desk. His chair is swiveled around to face the large picture window.

CORTEZ

(into phone)

He left just moments ago...yes,
that is what he told me also...no,
the police have already found the
bodies.

A shot of Cortez's face, calm as always.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

(nods)

I'm afraid so...both the money and
the product.

CUT TO:

INT. SONNY'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Sonny, wearing a dark suit with pink lapels, stands at the window. He speaks into his large cell phone.

SONNY

And you let him walk out of there?

BACK TO:

INT. CORTEZ OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CORTEZ

(into phone)

He will be back. The matter is far
from resolved.

BACK TO:

INT. SONNY'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Sonny stares blankly out the window.

SONNY

(into phone)

...You believe him, then?

CORTEZ (V.O.)

The matter is very complicated.
Perhaps nothing is as it
seems...but yes. I believe him for
a time.

Sonny doesn't reply, nor change expression.

BACK TO:

INT. CORTEZ OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Cortez awaits a response, but hears nothing.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Mr. Forelli, you have known Tommy
much...

SONNY (V.O.)

(interrupts)

Tommy??

CORTEZ

...longer than myself. Your
opinion is much more assured.
Would you...believe him capable?

BACK TO:

INT. SONNY'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Sonny's blank expression remains.

SONNY

(into phone)

He's out for his own...like
everybody else.

BACK TO:

INT. CORTEZ OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Cortez's calm expression flickers.

CORTEZ

(into phone)

I am sure you are right. In this
case, however, accountability
likely lies with my organization.

Once again, there is no reply.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

(sighs)

I am sorry about your money. I hope this does not spoil our relationship.

BACK TO:

INT. SONNY'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Sonny's expression is vacant, but his eyes are SHIFTING RAPIDLY.

SONNY

(into phone)

...Just call me when you find the prick.

CORTEZ (V.O.)

Ahi nos vemos, Mr. Forelli.

SONNY

Yeah.

He disconnects the call and stares out at the cluttered metropolis.

After a moment, he turns to face a group of men who are busily assembling a new coffee table. A few others are sweeping up slivers of broken glass.

SONNY (CONT'D)

(nods)

Looks good.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICE CITY HIGHWAY - DUSK

The white-striped convertible ROARS down a busy highway. Night looms and the neon glow of Vice City is becoming noticeable.

As the convertible heads into the distance a silver Lamborghini can be spotted on its tail, matching its speed and changing lanes appropriately.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE-STRIPED CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

Tommy steers the car with finesse. Mercedes sits next to him, casual. The surroundings are a BLUR outside the windows.

TOMMY

Tell me about Gonzalez.

MERCEDES

He is one of my father's lieutenants. Good at math. Thinks he is good with a gun.

Tommy frowns.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

He has worked for daddy many years.
(shifts weight towards
Tommy)

And what about you? Do you work for him now, too?

TOMMY

On retainer, I guess. My boss up in Liberty is, uh, looking to expand.

MERCEDES

What does this mean...expand?

TOMMY

Make new friends. *Business* friends. That's why I'm here in Vice City.

MERCEDES

To deal with my father.

TOMMY

(nods)
Yeah.

MERCEDES

But it did not go as planned.

TOMMY

(sniggers)
No, not exactly.

MERCEDES

(looks out her window)
This town...*hijoley*.

Tommy looks at her.

TOMMY

Mercedes, what are we doing here?
(sighs)
Mr. Cortez would kill me if he knew
about this.

Mercedes stares straight ahead, the rushing neon lights
teeming over her smooth features.

MERCEDES

It is true...about Victor?

Tommy opens his mouth, but thinks twice and halts himself.

TOMMY

...Yeah.

MERCEDES

He made me laugh. He did not
deserve this.
(a beat)
Gonzalez...the way he sometimes
looks at me. I know. A woman
knows. He is swine.
(turns to Tommy)
...Treacherous *swine*.

BACK TO:

EXT. VICE CITY HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The convertible speeds along. The silver Lamborghini
continues to follow at a steady pace.

CUT TO:

INT. GONZALEZ APARTMENT - EVENING

A DEAFENING CRASH as Tommy kicks open the door to Gonzalez's
apartment. Splinters of wood, along with the doorknob, go
flying.

Tommy stands silhouetted in the doorway, ALERT and POINTING
HIS PISTOL into the room.

After a beat, it is clear no one is home. Tommy removes one hand from the pistol and fumbles along the wall until he finds a light switch. He flicks it on and the room BRIGHTENS.

The apartment is modest, though nowhere close to Sonny's penthouse. Still holding the pistol, Tommy walks into the room.

Mercedes pokes her head around the side of the doorway and peers into the apartment. Walking slowly, she enters and sticks close to Tommy.

TOMMY

Stay put for a second.

He breaks off and heads down the back hallway, turning on lights and checking rooms. Drawers are pulled out, mattresses are overturned, closets are ransacked. He even checks the toilet tank, keeping the pistol readied at all times.

Once Tommy's search is complete, he returns to the main living room.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Yeah, he's not here.

MERCEDES

Not so stupid, after all.

TOMMY

No money, no blow.
(kicks the sofa, which is
harder than he expected)
Sh-i-it!!

Mercedes cracks a smile in amusement. Tommy hobbles over to a chair and sits down, pissed off.

MERCEDES

Maybe he will be back.

TOMMY

(sarcastic)
Yeah, I'll just hold my breath and wait.

MERCEDES

(shrugs)
How long could it take to spend all your money?

TOMMY

(gives her a dirty look
and motions to his foot)
I'm not in enough pain here??

Mercedes ponders for a beat.

MERCEDES

Hmm...A score like this *would* be
cause for celebration, don't you
think?

TOMMY

(under breath)
That fuckin' bastard...

MERCEDES

Tommy, the day is not over yet.

He looks up at her, curious.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

(smiles)
...Take me to the Malibu.

CUT TO:

INT. MALIBU CLUB - NIGHT

The crowded dance floor of the Malibu. The air is thick with
smoke and lasers; mega-hits boom on the soundtrack.

The bustling club is populated with gorgeous ladies in
designer dresses and men outfitted in pastel suits.

The rest room entrance is practically a revolving door;
people going in and others coming out, glistening with sweat,
most looking PALE and WIRED.

ANGLE ON: a large corner booth occupied by several beautiful
ladies.

Seated in the middle is a young man, **KENT PAUL**; late 20s,
hair gelled into stylish spikes. He woos one of the ladies
in a thick, almost parodic COCKNEY ACCENT.

KENT

...an' you just popped up outta
nowhere. I been lookin' for a bird
like you for ages, mate.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALIBU CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

The white-striped convertible angles into a parking space. Its headlights shut off and the front doors open.

Tommy and Mercedes climb out and start towards the Malibu, which is lit with a pinkish glow. The sounds of music REVERBERATE from inside.

ANGLE ON: the silver Lamborghini, parked a few spaces down.

Lance Vance sits inside, a cigarette dangling from his mouth. He stares at the duo as they approach the club.

ANGLE ON: Tommy as he hangs back slightly, looking at the Malibu with a sour expression. He raises an eyebrow at Mercedes, who is a few steps ahead.

TOMMY

The place to be, huh?

MERCEDES

(over shoulder)

No metal detectors.

TOMMY

(ponders for a moment)

...That *is* a plus.

He quickens his step and catches up with her.

CUT TO:

INT. MALIBU CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The music on the soundtrack is once again THROBBING as Tommy and Mercedes enter the large dance venue. She MOVES HER BODY SLIGHTLY to the beat.

Mercedes scans the room and spots Kent, still hitting on the lady in the corner booth.

Mercedes turns to Tommy, who looks out of his comfort zone.

MERCEDES

(over the music)

Follow me.

She starts across the dance floor, doing a sort of DANCE/WALK as she weaves through the club patrons.

Tommy follows awkwardly, doing his best to avoid people. A male dancer bumps into him and Tommy **SHOVES** the man roughly.

We hear **OFF-SCREEN COMMOTION** as the man careens into several others.

ANGLE ON: Mercedes dancing her way through to Kent Paul. As she draws nearer, the music on the soundtrack goes from foreground to background and we are able to hear Kent continuing his advances.

KENT

(to woman)
...I'll treat you. Whatever you want, I'll get you, girl.

MERCEDES

(to woman)
He is not as smooth as he looks.

Kent's head jerks to the side. His eyes widen as he spots Mercedes.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

(to woman)
Trust me.

KENT

(to woman, laughing nervously)
Pay her no mind, lovely. A jealous tart from days past.
(returns his full attention to her)
But don't you worry about a thing, mate...

Tommy finally makes it to the table. He looks at Kent quizzically.

TOMMY

(to Mercedes)
This guy got something on me?

MERCEDES

(grins)
I doubt it.

They share a quick smile.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

He is Kent Paul. Calls himself a lady's man but a better understanding for you might be a...slimeball?

Tommy nods in understanding.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

(loudly, so Kent can hear)
And his nose is *always* up someone's ass.

KENT

(to Mercedes, exasperated)
Oi...can I *help* you??

MERCEDES

(to Tommy)
It comes very natural to him.

Tommy steps forward.

TOMMY

(to woman, respectfully)
Get lost, honey.

The woman licks her lips and smiles. She scoots out of the booth without giving Kent a second look.

KENT

(raises his arms in perplexity)
Oi oi oi oi!

The other women in the booth begin to file out until Kent is sitting ALL BY HIMSELF.

KENT (CONT'D)

(wide-eyed and mystified)
I'm the man that can sort things out! This place belongs to me! Din't anyone tell you that??
(to Tommy)
All me bonnie palones...gone.
Thanks for that, my man.

Tommy doesn't speak.

KENT (CONT'D)

(raised eyebrow)
Want to get us another drink, bruv?
(MORE)

KENT(cont'd)

Or were you fixin' to have a turn
yourself?

Mercedes slides into the booth on Kent's right side.

He glares at her and begins sliding towards the other end,
but Tommy slides in on the left and he is TRAPPED BETWEEN
THEM.

KENT (CONT'D)

Oh, bloody hell...
(flashes a phony grin at
Mercedes)
Always a pleasure, Mercy.
(turns to Tommy)
And who's this tosspot?

Tommy makes a QUICK SUDDEN MOVE and Kent pulls back, raising
his arms in defense.

KENT (CONT'D)

Joking! Joking! I fancy myself a
comedian, mate.

MERCEDES

Tommy is working for my father.

KENT

Is that right? Quite a gig, is it?
(interlocks his fingers on
the table, impersonating
a businessman)
Well then, Tommy...what the *fuck*
brings you here then?

TOMMY

(interlocks fingers and
leans close to Kent)
I'm missing 20 k's and a lot of
cash.

KENT

(scoffs)
Drugs, mate? It's a mug's game.

TOMMY

Mercedes tells me you're pretty
shit at minding your own
business...
(grasps Kent's sleeve and
pulls him close,
menacingly)
...so what do you know about it?

KENT

(eyes wide)
For fuck's sake, you don't think
that *I* would...

MERCEDES

Tommy...

Tommy looks at her. She shakes her head.

He lets up on Kent's shirt and sits back.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

No, Kent. We are just wondering if
you've seen someone.

KENT

(exhales)
Why din't you just say that? You
and your 400lb. gorilla...

MERCEDES

Gonzalez. Was he here tonight?

KENT

(expression lifts)
That's what you came to ask? Shit,
coulda saved a truckload...
(nods towards the dance
floor)
Fucker's over there. Out of his
mind by now, probably.

Tommy and Mercedes both turn their heads quickly.

From their POV we see a large group of people lingering near
the bathroom entrance.

One of them is Gonzalez, talking on a large, blocky cell
phone.

MERCEDES

(surprised)
That is him...talking on the phone.

TOMMY

No fuckin' way...

He starts to get up.

MERCEDES

(grabs his arm)
What are you doing??

TOMMY

(fixated on Gonzalez)
What the hell do you think??

MERCEDES

(through teeth)
You will *kill* him before we know
for sure.

TOMMY

(looks down at her)
But...you said...

She stares back with unwavering eyes.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Mercedes, he's still *alive*. That's
not proof enough??

He breaks free from her grip and starts to leave the booth.

MERCEDES

(worried)
Tommy!

He turns back around, seething.

Mercedes struggles for a moment, but finally a THOUGHT COMES.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

...Let me introduce him to you.

TOMMY

Huh?

MERCEDES

Stay here with Kent. I will talk
to Gonzalez...and then bring him
over here.

TOMMY

(vacillates for a second,
but then relaxes)
...All right.

He sits back down in the booth. Mercedes slides out the
other end.

MERCEDES

Be right back.

With a wink, she heads out onto the dance floor.

Kent leans back, comfortable, his arms slung over the booth-back.

With extreme effort, Tommy attempts a similar relaxed appearance.

KENT

(punches Tommy playfully
on the shoulder)
Hey, that's it. We're just
shootin' shit here, man.

Tommy sighs and shakes his head.

KENT (CONT'D)

So how long you been in Vice
anyway?

TOMMY

Three days.

KENT

Three days? And you're already
sitting at my table. Must be a
thrill, eh?

Tommy looks amused. They continue to watch Mercedes.

ANGLE ON: Gonzalez, standing in the foreground. He is wired and talking loudly, not noticing Mercedes drawing closer behind him.

GONZALEZ

(loudly, into phone)
Nah, not even close...shit, I could
shoot a full load and still have
enough left over...come on down and
see if you don't believe me...

He babbles on as Mercedes approaches. Her mouth is agape as she pretends to have just noticed him.

MERCEDES

(over the music)
Gonzo? Is that you??

Gonzalez turns around and his eyes widen in surprise.

GONZALEZ

(loudly, into phone)
Umm...I'll call you back.

He lowers the phone and grins uneasily, exposing his gold tooth.

GONZALEZ (CONT'D)

(over the music)

Mercedes! What are you doing here?

MERCEDES

(over the music)

What am *I* doing here? I heard you were dead, Gonzo.

GONZALEZ

(stammering)

No, uh...well, I was...

MERCEDES

(waves hand impatiently)

Tell me later. I am just so happy you are all right

(grabs his hand and hauls him towards the dance floor)

Come with me. There is someone I want you to meet.

GONZALEZ

(over the music)

Uh, I...well, okay...

He comes along obediently as she drags him towards Kent's corner booth.

From Gonzalez's POV we see Tommy sitting with his back to the camera, watching Kent articulate an anecdote with exaggerated hand gestures.

As they draw closer, the music once again ebbs into the background.

MERCEDES

Of course you know Kent.

GONZALEZ

(nods)

Que hubo.

Kent gives a small nod in return.

MERCEDES

And this is his friend Thomas. He is from Liberty City, I believe.

Gonzalez is ready with his gold-toothed grin as Tommy turns to look at him.

His eyes twitch as he sees Tommy's face, and then a look of DAWNING HORROR takes over.

TOMMY

(coldly)

What's happening?

Gonzalez instinctively takes a few steps back...but then goes for broke and TAKES OFF LIKE A ROCKET. He races across the Malibu, shoving anyone in his way.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Shit!

Tommy scrambles out of the booth and pursues Gonzalez.

Mercedes watches them go, her hands covering her mouth.

KENT

I guess we know for sure.

(scans the room)

...Where's that slut?

CUT TO:

INT. MALIBU KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Gonzalez bursts through the kitchen doors and runs headlong into a waiter.

They both stumble to the floor, sending glasses SHATTERING into shards. Gonzalez gets to his feet and continues running, bleeding now from a few small cuts.

ANGLE ON: Tommy as he bursts through the doors and almost crashes into the same waiter. He maneuvers awkwardly around him and heads further into the kitchen. Cooks and employees stare but, wisely, do not interfere.

He turns a corner and is almost smacked in the face by the large swinging door leading to the pantry. He raises his arms in time to protect himself.

Gonzalez stands behind the door and pulls its back, attempting to smack Tommy again.

Tommy grabs the door from the other side and initiates a brief STAND-OFF.

TOMMY

You piece of shit...

HEAVING, Tommy shoves the door as hard as he can and Gonzalez goes REELING BACKWARDS. Tommy takes this opportunity and jumps on him, circling an arm around his throat.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(breathing heavy)

The fuck you think you're going,
huh??

Gonzalez claws at Tommy, his EYES BULGING as Tommy chokes him.

He starts smacking Tommy in the head with his large brick cell phone. Tommy takes the beating as long as he can, but eventually RELENTS and lets go of Gonzalez.

For a moment the two men stand there...Gonzalez clutching his bruised throat and Tommy rubbing his injured head.

The respite does not last long; Gonzalez throws his cell phone in desperation and takes off running again.

The phone hits Tommy in the forehead and he CRIES OUT in pain. Blood trickles down his face as he stumbles after his pursuant.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALIBU BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Tommy SLAMS open the door of the kitchen and steps warily out into an alley. It is much darker than inside, illuminated only by a few dull light bulbs.

ANGLE ON: Gonzalez crouching down behind a dumpster, holding a gun in his hand.

ANGLE ON: Tommy walking further down the alley, scanning the surroundings as he goes. His shoes scrape the pavement as he reaches Gonzalez's hiding spot.

Gonzalez jumps out, HOWLING, and pivots his gun arm towards Tommy. Tommy grabs the gun and it discharges into the wall, BOOMING LOUDLY in the enclosed space.

He throws a hard punch into Gonzalez's nose and Gonzalez lurches backward, disoriented.

Tommy seizes the gun and stands triumphant. He points the gun at Gonzalez, who is bent over in pain.

TOMMY

(breathing heavy)

Nice to meet you too, asshole.

The door to the kitchen SLAMS open again.

Tommy jerks his head around, surprised...

...and sees Mercedes rushing out, holding Gonzalez's cell phone.

Gonzalez uses the distraction to his advantage and TAKES OFF down the alley.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(turns back around)

Goddammit!

He steps forward and FIRES THE GUN ONCE, TWICE.

The shots fly clear of Gonzalez as he gains distance. Pretty soon he is gone, SWALLOWED UP by the darkness.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

God-dammit!!!!

He bends down and rests his hands on his knees, shaking his head in frustration.

Mercedes walks up behind him, arms crossed, gripping the cell phone in one hand.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(breathing heavy)

Bad timing Mercedes.

Tommy returns his gaze to the alley.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(breathing heavy)

We were lucky enough to run into him here tonight...

(wipes blood from his mouth)

...and now we'll never see him again.

MERCEDES

(quietly, holding out the
cell phone)
He dropped this...

Tommy looks down at her outstretched hand.

TOMMY

Not exactly. He threw it at my
face.
(gestures to his busted
mug)
See?

Mercedes' frown morphs into a small smile.

Tommy sighs. He takes the cell phone from her hand and the
two of them walk back towards the Malibu's rear entrance.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(holds out Gonzalez's gun)
Here, take it. I already got one.

MERCEDES

Are you serious?

TOMMY

(shrugs)
This *is* Vice.

She takes the gun from his hand. They walk to the kitchen
door, side-by-side, in silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICE CITY ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Gonzalez stumbles down a gloomy alley, exhausted but still
alert. He checks over his shoulder several times to make
sure he is not being followed.

Once he is a ways away, he relaxes and checks his pockets.

His face sags when he remembers his cell phone is gone.

GONZALEZ

(to himself)
Mierda...

Suddenly...BRIGHTNESS washes over him. He looks up,
surprised.

There is a car at the far end of the alley. Gonzalez shields his eyes with one arm.

For a beat the car doesn't move, but then the TIRES SQUEAL and it SPEEDS TOWARDS HIM.

Gonzalez retreats a few steps, not sure what is going on.

GONZALEZ (CONT'D)

Hey hey hey...

The car bears down on Gonzalez, its headlights BLINDING now.

Gonzalez staggers back with one arm still raised. He is too tired to run and there's no room to dodge. He is TRAPPED.

GONZALEZ (CONT'D)

Hey hey hey hey hey!!

The car comes within a few feet of Gonzalez and then its brakes SCREECH DEAFENINGLY.

It HITS HIM hard enough that he is sent FLYING BACKWARDS, landing on the pavement with a loud thud.

Tire smoke wisps in front of the headlights. The engine purrs for a moment before shutting off.

The lights disengage and we see that it is the silver Lamborghini.

Gonzalez lay in the alley, groaning.

The Lamborghini's door rises and Lance Vance steps out. He strolls coolly towards Gonzalez.

LANCE

Shit, man...you all right?
(bends down and examines
his bumper)
Aw, just touched this bitch up,
too.

He sits on the hood and pulls a silenced pistol out of his pants.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Fucked you up, didn't I?
(waits for a reply, but
Gonzalez says nothing)
Can't even answer. The pain must
be pretty bad.
(MORE)

LANCE(cont'd)
(points the pistol at
Gonzalez)
Well...that ain't nothin'.

He squeezes the trigger and a MUFFLED SHOT rings out. A flap of skin and fabric is torn out of Gonzalez's shin.

Gonzalez screams in pain and grips the injured leg to his body.

LANCE (CONT'D)
(puts the pistol down and
lights a cigarette,
indifferent)
Boy, you just pissin' everybody off
today.
(blows smoke and picks up
the pistol again)
Like that cracker in the
club...chased you right out the
back door, didn't he? Now what
would make him do somethin' like
that?

Gonzalez doesn't answer. He is too pre-occupied.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Hey, Jose. I asked you a question.

Gonzalez writhes but doesn't say anything.

LANCE (CONT'D)
(sternly, pointing the
pistol)
Hey!

Gonzalez finally looks up. There are tears in his eyes.

LANCE (CONT'D)
...Motherfucker, I'm talkin' to
you.

Gonzalez shakes his head, having no clue what to say.

LANCE (CONT'D)
What, you rub against his woman?
(moves closer)
...Talk smack about his mama?
(flicks the lit cigarette
at Gonzalez)
...Snort his blow? *Steal* his
money??

He towers over Gonzalez with righteous indignation, pointing the pistol squarely at the man's head.

LANCE (CONT'D)

(quietly)

...Waste a few of his boys, maybe?

Gonzalez TREMBLES as he stares down the barrel of the gun, the chrome reflecting brightly off his gold tooth.

Lance lowers the pistol and squats down.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Am I getting warm?

GONZALEZ

(whispers)

...*What do you want?*

LANCE

Well, for starters...

(bares teeth)

...how 'bout my dead brother's white lady?

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The white-striped convertible pulls up to the gate of Cortez's mansion. Headlights fall over the iron bars and the car comes to a stop.

Tommy and Mercedes sit in silence. Tommy grips the wheel and stares blankly ahead of him.

MERCEDES

(softly)

...I'm sorry, Tommy.

TOMMY

(looking straight ahead)

Forget it.

MERCEDES

Are you...hungry or anything?

TOMMY

No, I'm fine.

MERCEDES

My father is probably still awake.
If we tell him what happened then
he might be able to...

TOMMY

(looks at her,
interrupting)
Are you fuckin' nuts?

She stops talking and closes her mouth.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(turns away, vaguely
apologetic)
It's...not your problem, you know.

She looks hurt, and then irritated.

MERCEDES

Just my father's...and Victor's.

TOMMY

Yeah...and *mine*.
(looks at her,
exasperated)
And we're in some serious shit,
don't you see that, Mercedes?
Don't you fucking *get* that?? Wake
the *fuck* up.

She turns away and a tear rolls down her cheek.

MERCEDES

(softly)
This is our business....our
lives...
(turns back)
...do not tell *me* what it is we are
doing.

She flings her door open and climbs out of the car. She
SLAMS the door closed, not once looking back.

Tommy remains in the car, furiously tapping the wheel.

From his POV we see Mercedes reach the intercom.

CUT TO:

INT. CORTEZ MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Cortez stands at an upper window. As usual, he appears calm and collected.

From his POV we see the driveway of the mansion. Mercedes pushes the gate open and walks swiftly towards the house.

The white-striped convertible backs into the street.

Tommy is visible in the driver's seat.

Cortez's gaze follows the convertible as it cruises away. He stands there, soundless, his expression never changing.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBERTY CITY BISTRO - NIGHT

Sonny sits at a table, still wearing his pink-lapelled suit.

He looks VERY DISTRESSED; a contrast to Cortez's calmness mere seconds ago. He appears deep in thought and rather oblivious to his surroundings.

MAN (O.S.)
(distant)
Sonny...Sonny...

The camera pushes into an EXTREME CLOSE-UP of Sonny's eyes. They are still SHIFTING FRANTICALLY.

MAN (O.S. CONT'D)
(loudly)
Sonny!

Sonny blinks and his eyes lose their vacant air.

ANGLE ON: Sonny gathering himself. He is in a restaurant across from an OLDER GENTLEMAN IN A PIN-STRIPED SUIT.

This man, **DOMINIC**, has white hair and tanned skin. His bodyguard **DONNIE** sits next to him; another bodyguard, **CHRISTIAN**, stands behind them.

Zack stands behind Sonny on their end of the table.

Aside from this meeting, the restaurant appears to be deserted; rows of empty tables are visible in the background.

SONNY

...What?

DOMINIC

(scoffs)

'What?'

(looks around at Donnie
and Christian)

Are you kiddin' me with this guy?

'What?'

(glares at Sonny
impatiently)

What do you think?? Are you we
gonna talk business here or what?
That's 'what.'

SONNY

Sorry...got things on my mind.

DOMINIC

Hey, we all got things on our
minds, guy. But priorities are
priorities. So get your freakin'
head out of your ass.

Sonny starts to look pissed, but catches himself. He nods
reluctantly in agreement.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

All right. Now, I know you still
got a handle on Trenton and the
Atlantic Quays. And St. Mark's is
still *my* bastion...God help any
misguided sonofabitch who tries any
dirt down there.

(pats Donnie on the
shoulder)

...Like that one prick who was
sellin' to our girls. Remember
him, Donnie? Stupid fuckin'
nigger...

Donnie smiles and cracks his knuckles.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

(to Sonny)

...But those Leones got Harwood
locked up *tight*. And now they're
callin' most of the shots in
Hepburn Heights, too.

SONNY

The Diablos run the Heights...

DOMINIC

Where the fuck have you been, kid??
The Leones are the Diablos. They
use 'em as mules; that way their
pinstripes stay clean.

Sonny looks distant.

Dominic, EXTREMELY ANNOYED, glowers at him.

Zack nudges Sonny's shoulder and brings him around again.

SONNY

(nods)
Right...their pinstripes. Right.

DOMINIC

(sighs)
I'm talkin' to myself, here.
(slicks his hair back,
straightens his tie, and
lays his hands on the
table)
Look...Mr. Forelli. I'm sure the
pussy you had last night was
terrific, but you're about to get
fucked in a different kind of way
here. The way that's no fun...the
way that makes you bleed.

This gets Sonny's attention. He stares back at Dominic.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

I know we're kings of Liberty, you
and me. But just because no one's
tried layin' hands on us for a
while doesn't mean we can start
taking shit for granted.

(grunts)
For Christ's sake, the Leones
didn't have a pot to piss in when
they first showed up. You remember
that?

SONNY

(shrugs)
I remember they called us daddy.

DOMINIC

Right, and we called them henchmen;
just another bunch of goons to use
against the Triads, and the Hoods,
and the Yakuza.

(MORE)

DOMINIC(cont'd)

(leans forward)

They were a non-threat, sure...only now look what's happened. We brought them into our operation, into our confidence. You see where its gotten us? Harwood, Hepburn Heights...they're *usurping*, Sonny. Right out from under our feet.

(looks him in the eye)

So think about that while you're off in dreamland, okay? Nothing lasts forever. Kingdoms always crumble. The Leones? They're *reform*. And soon...we'll just be standing in their way.

SONNY

I'd like to see them try...

DOMINIC

(sternly)

You are gonna see 'em try. And your boy Zack there is only gonna last so long. Bullets don't care how big you are.

Zack winces at the thought, but maintains composure.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

You think I want to go out like that? You think Donnie and Christian here want to go out like that? It ain't a pissing contest, you asshole. It's a simple matter of fucking *time*.

SONNY

Dominic, if you really think some worthless guinea immigrants are about to take over *my* town...then you can go to hell along with 'em.

Zack shoots Sonny a worried look.

Dominic sits silent for a moment, frowning in disappointment.

DOMINIC

(quietly, to Donnie and Christian.)

...Let's go.

He stands up and walks to the exit, followed closely by his two bodyguards.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

(turns back around)

Those dogs you sent down to Vice?
Better call 'em back quick. You're
gonna need all the friends you can
get.

It's Sonny's turn to wince.

Dominic opens the door and walks out with Donnie and
Christian behind him.

Sonny and Zack, alone in the restaurant, watch them go.

Zack walks out from behind Sonny and circles the table.

ZACK

(shrugs)

Why, man? I mean...what for?

SONNY

(shrugs back)

Needed to be said.

ZACK

Boss, are you kidding?? "Needed to
be said"?? Dominic's our *partner*.
He came to talk about a *plan*.

SONNY

Why should that loaded prick care
what happens? Things start to dice
and he could just hop the next
plane to San Paulo.

Zack sighs and plops down in Dominic's seat.

Sonny leans back in his chair, tapping the table surface with
his knuckles.

SONNY (CONT'D)

(quietly, shaking his
head)

First thing he does when he gets
out...

ZACK

Huh?

SONNY

(quietly, almost to
himself)

...After *ten years*.

(MORE)

SONNY(cont'd)

I send him down there and he fucks
this thing up. Last man standing.

ZACK

(leans closer)
Boss, what'd you say?

SONNY

(quietly)
Tommy. Tommy, Tommy, Tommy...
(looks Zack in the eye)
That's what Cortez called him, you
know. Not Thomas, not Mr.
Vercetti...

ZACK

(unsure)
Yeah....

Sonny continues to tap the table, deep in thought.

SONNY

...Maybe hopping a plane isn't such
a bad idea.

The two men sit on opposite ends of the table. The large
empty restaurant borders them on all sides.

CUT TO:

INT. OCEAN VIEW MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Tommy, wearing a white undershirt, bends in front of the
bathroom mirror splashing water on his face.

He dries himself off and studies his reflection, probing his
bruises with the tips of his fingers.

After the examination is complete, he walks into the main
bedroom. His Hawaiian shirt is thrown over a chair.
Gonzalez's cell phone has been placed on the night stand.

Wearily, Tommy goes over to the dresser; a bottle of Jack
Daniels rests on top.

He clutches one of the room's water glasses and pours a large
whiskey shot. He swallows it down immediately, squeezing his
eyes shut at the bitter flavor.

Without hesitation, he pours a second glass.

Careful not to spill his drink, he collapses onto the bed.
He throws an arm over his eyes and groans softly.

Gonzalez's cell phone RINGS.

Tommy jerks his head to the side.

...It RINGS AGAIN.

His eyebrows narrow. The phone RINGS A THIRD TIME. He reaches out and picks it up, unsure of how to proceed.

Finally, he answers the phone in MID-RING.

TOMMY

(mumbling, into phone)
...Hello?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

(Central American ACCENT)
Where have you been?

TOMMY

Wha?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Are you done with your fun?

TOMMY

Uh...si.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Then get back here and sit on this.

Tommy clears his throat and does his best GONZALEZ IMPERSONATION.

TOMMY

(phony accent)
Where are you now?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

I've been with the ya-yo, chucha.
Where do you think?

TOMMY

(phony accent)
Just tell me where you are.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAZ APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A **MAN**, skinny and wearing a bandana, sits on a sofa with his back to the camera.

A nearby muted television provides the only illumination. Ganja smoke wisps through the air and old-school hip-hop can be heard in the background.

The man is silent for a beat before answering.

MAN
...Who is this?

BACK TO:

INT. OCEAN VIEW MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tommy, holding the cell phone to his ear, says nothing. He grips the whiskey glass in his other hand.

BACK TO:

INT. DIAZ APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The man is still faced away from us.

MAN (CONT'D)
...Where is Gonzo?

BACK TO:

INT. OCEAN VIEW MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tommy abandons the phony accent.

TOMMY
(normal voice)
Gonzo's gone away for a while. He left me in charge.

BACK TO:

INT. DIAZ APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The man says nothing. A large cloud of smoke emits from his visage and he disconnects the call.

BACK TO:

INT. OCEAN VIEW MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tommy pulls the phone away and looks at it with a bitter expression.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Fuck!

He sets the phone on the night stand and leans back against the headboard.

Sipping his drink, his eyes continually dart back to the phone, hoping or expecting it to ring again.

There is a KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

Tommy looks up, startled, immediately forgetting about the phone.

ANOTHER KNOCK. Tommy swings his feet to the floor and opens the top drawer of the night stand. Producing his pistol, he sets the whiskey down and stands up.

ANOTHER KNOCK, a bit LOUDER this time. Tommy quietly approaches the door.

He peeks into the peephole.

His POV reveals Lance Vance, distorted through the fish-eye lens. Lance KNOCKS AGAIN, impatient.

Tommy moves back from the peephole, confused.

TOMMY

(raised)

Yeah??

A beat passes before we hear Lance's reply.

LANCE (O.S.)

(muffled through door)

...Thomas from Liberty City?

TOMMY

What??

LANCE (O.S.)

(muffled through door)

You Thomas from Liberty City?

TOMMY

Where'd you get that name??

LANCE (O.S.)

(muffled through door)

From the spic.

TOMMY

What spic?

LANCE (O.S.)

(muffled through door)

The spic you was *chasin'*, man.

Tommy, still gripping the gun, looks back into the peephole.

TOMMY

(raised)

What the fuck do you want?

From his POV, we see Lance. He stares straight into the peephole, AT US.

LANCE

(muffled)

If this is Thomas, then I want what you want.

(a beat)

...And I *got* what you was after.

Tommy moves back, his brow furrowed as he tries to make sense of this.

LANCE (O.S. CONT'D)

(muffled through door)

Think you could open the door? I'm not tryin' to beef with you, if that's what you're worried about.

TOMMY

(raised)

Trying to *what* with me?

LANCE (O.S.)

(grunts impatiently)

Look man, just let me in, okay?

Tommy looks again.

TOMMY

(raised)

You got what I was after? What does that mean?

From his POV we see Lance rummaging around in his pockets. He pulls out a small object and holds it close to the peephole.

Magnified by the fish-eye lens is a gold tooth, flecked with blood.

Tommy's eyes widen as the implication becomes crystal clear.

CUT TO:

INT. CORTEZ MANSION - NIGHT

Mercedes, wearing a silk robe that extends to her mid-thighs, circles the red felt billiard table with a pool cue in hand. Her hair is wet and tousled; she has just gotten out of the shower.

The surface of the table is covered with pool balls. She studies them carefully, but is obviously distracted.

She bends down, takes aim, and strikes the cue ball hard...TOO hard. It misses the mark entirely and soars into one of the pockets; a scratch.

She sighs and shakes her head.

Cortez enters the room, approaching slowly.

CORTEZ

...Buenos noches.

MERCEDES

(turns to him, smiling)

Hola, papa.

CORTEZ

Como estas?

MERCEDES

(shrugs)

Bien.

The rest of the scene is SUB-TITLED as they speak to each other in their native tongue.

CORTEZ

(Will you be busy tomorrow night?)

MERCEDES

(Why do you ask?)

CORTEZ

(Madam Poulet requests a re-supply. And I hoped that if you were available...)

MERCEDES

(a beat passes, and she
turns away)
(I suppose I will be.)

CORTEZ

(I am sorry to ask, my dear. But
Madam Poulet is very fond of you.
She thinks of you almost as
family.)

MERCEDES

(I am fond of her, too. It is no
problem.)

CORTEZ

(nods)
(Thank you.)

He watches her for a moment as she continues to play.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

(clears throat)
(The man from Liberty...)

She looks at him nervously, a flash of guilt crossing her
face.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

(...you were with him tonight.)

MERCEDES

(I was...worried he would steal the
car.)

CORTEZ

(So you decided to ride along.)

MERCEDES

(He would not steal it if I was
inside it.)

CORTEZ

(sighs)
(You rely too much on your charm,
Mercedes. It is not a panacea.)

She pretends to study the table. Cortez walks over and
grasps her arm.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

(sternly)
(He is a criminal.)

MERCEDES

(We are all criminals.)

CORTEZ

(A stranger, then. You have no idea what he is after...what he might take.)

MERCEDES

(So if you *know* someone...you also know what they are after?)

(slips from his grasp)

(Be concerned with your own company, not mine.)

She walks away and begins circling the table. Cortez, looking troubled, follows behind her.

CORTEZ

(I will not ask what the two of you discussed. But please listen to me, Mercedes.)

She stops walking and faces him, crossing her arms in a huff.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

(This matter concerns death. The man from Liberty concerns death. I do not want you involved.)

(reaches out and strokes her damp hair)

(Your mother would never forgive me...)

MERCEDES

Papa...

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

(...if something were to happen.)

She opens her mouth, but cannot find words.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

(I see her in you...)

He gives her hair one final stroke, then turns and walks away.

Mercedes watches him go, leaning against the billiard table.

She sits silently for a beat and then reaches into her robe.

Checking to make sure her father is gone, she pulls out the pistol that Tommy gave her in the alley.

It is grimy and too big for her small hand. Five bullets are visible in the chamber.

She studies it for a moment and then puts it back in her pocket.

Turning back to the table, she bends down and strikes the cue ball WITHOUT HESITATION. It breezes across the surface and slams into the eight ball, which disappears down a pocket in the blink of an eye.

CUT TO:

INT. POLE POSITION GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

The scene begins in mid-performance: a voluptuous nude woman twirling around a stripper pole, gyrating her hips and spreading her legs. Blue neon lights add a sexy mystique to the dance, making her bare skin GLISTEN.

ANGLE ON: a packed nightclub. Dancers work the poles and topless waitresses work the tables. The walls are adorned with checkered flags and race cars, establishing an obvious theme.

A waitress leaves the bar carrying a tray with two beers. Weaving through the crowd, amidst WHISTLES and CAT-CALLS, she walks up to a table and sets the beers down.

A hand reaches out to grab one and the camera FOLLOWS, revealing Lance.

LANCE

(grins)

God bless you, baby.

The waitress rolls her eyes and walks away.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Every man needs a little R & R once in a while, you know what I'm sayin'?

(looks over at Tommy, who is seated next to him)

How 'bout a lap dance? They'll squeeze you dry.

TOMMY

My wallet, you mean.

LANCE

Shit, that ain't all.

The two men drink their beers and watch the show for a moment.

TOMMY

(breaks the silence)
...How'd you know where to find me,
anyway?

LANCE

Come on, man. That pussy magnet
you're drivin' don't exactly blend
in with the background.

TOMMY

Not even in Vice City?

LANCE

(laughs)
Fair enough. They do love excess,
don't they?
(lights a cigarette)
Besides, I knew you was from out of
town. Didn't take as long as I
thought it would.
(blows smoke and leans
back)
So...Thomas from Liberty City.
How's the vacation so far?

TOMMY

One to tell the grandkids about.
Think I'll substitute my name with
someone else's, though.

LANCE

You can use mine if you
want... 'Lance Vance'. Parents had
a great sense of humor, huh?

There is an awkward beat of silence.

TOMMY

(unsure)
Um...sorry about your brother...

LANCE

(waves hand to cut him
off)
Save that shit, man. I know how
the game goes.
(MORE)

LANCE(cont'd)

Woulda capped him yourself for an extra dime or two, right?

TOMMY

Not if he didn't fuck me first.

LANCE

(scoffs)

So you say.

TOMMY

I didn't wish Victor dead, but it serves his ass right...trusting a piece of shit like Gonzalez.

LANCE

Who the fuck is Gonzalez?

TOMMY

He should have known the game, too...

LANCE

(interrupts)

Who the *fuck* is Gonzalez??

TOMMY

(confused)

That gold tooth you showed me...

LANCE

(guffaws, slaps his forehead)

Oh man, so *that* was his name. Gonzalez. Sounds about right.

TOMMY

Whoa.

LANCE

(shrugs)

What can I say? Shit got outta hand pretty quick.

TOMMY

He gave you *my* name, though?

LANCE

Yeah, he did.

(sips his beer)

...and Diaz.

TOMMY

(freezes, beer halfway to
his lips)
Who??

LANCE

Diaz. Said he was workin' with a
guy named *Diaz*.

TOMMY

Who the hell is that??

LANCE

What am I, his indentured servant?
How the fuck should I know?

TOMMY

Well, this is your *neighborhood*,
man. Try keeping your fucking ears
open.

LANCE

(shakes head)
This was *Victor's* hood, not mine.

Tommy looks confused and irritated. He stares at Lance,
awaiting an explanation.

LANCE (CONT'D)

(grunts)
My man called me up the other day
and told me to get my ass down
here. Said a big deal was ready
for the wrap.
(takes a drag)
Now I ain't in the game...but it's
hard to deny the benefits. That
dude he works for, uh...*Cortez*? He
makes *Scarface* look like a *punk*.

TOMMY

Tell me about it...

LANCE

So I show up, thinkin' the shit is
all done with. But naw, he says,
all that's left is the meet. *All
that's left*, he says, like the meet
ain't everything.
(stubs out the cigarette)
(MORE)

LANCE(cont'd)

Tells me it's goin' down at the docks, and I offer to ride along...I swear, he looked at me like I slapped our moms. 'Ease off, Lance, stop tryin' to be a gangster. Just think o' the green and I'll be back in no time.'

(begins crushing the butt in his fist)

A car picked him up...and I didn't even look at who was inside. Didn't even...fuckin'...look.

(the butt's mangled remains drop to the table)

Went down there this morning...just in time to see him bagged.

Tommy drops his gaze.

LANCE (CONT'D)

...So how'd he do?

TOMMY

Good, I guess...confident. I tried messing with him but it didn't work.

LANCE

(laughs softly)

That motherfucker...

For a beat the two men sit in silence, watching the show but not watching it.

TOMMY

(sighs)

Look...Lance, I need to find that money. The coke too, if any's left. You got a vested interest...how 'bout we watch each other's backs?

LANCE

(nods)

Two hombres in a strange town...

He holds out his hand. Tommy extends his own and they shake on it.

TOMMY

Thanks for silencing my lead, by the way.

LANCE

My pleasure.
(sips his beer)
...Let's see if we can do the same
to his.

Tommy and Lance sit at the table and drink their drinks. They are leaned back, comfortable, much more at ease than before.

CUT TO:

INT. DIAZ APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

The camera slowly TRACKS through an untidy apartment. Rays of sunlight pour through the blinds, highlighting the plentiful dust mites in the air.

MAN (O.S.)

Come on, baby...come on, baby...go,
baby, go...

As the camera tracks past the bedroom, two suitcases can be spotted on the unmade bed. One of them is open, revealing several bags of cocaine.

MAN (O.S. CONT'D)

Yeah...yeah...yeah!!

The camera enters the living room, where the **MAN FROM THE PHONE CALL** is sitting on the sofa. He is still faced away from us, wearing the same bandana from before. His skin is a dark brown. A blunt is tucked behind his ear. He is leaned forward excitedly, watching a horse race on television.

MAN (CONT'D)

No...No! NO!! Arrgghhh...

He stands up and kicks the television set. It crashes backwards loudly.

ANGLE ON: the doorway as TWO PEOPLE poke their heads into the room. One is **MATEO**, late 20s with a buzz cut. The other is **JULIANA**, late 20s with jet-black hair pulled back in a ponytail. Both have similar ACCENTS and brown skin.

JULIANA

Lost again, Ricardo?

The angry man turns to look at them and we finally see his face. He is late 20s, clean-shaven, with a perpetual scowl. This is **RICARDO DIAZ**.

DIAZ

(points to television)
I will chop that fucker's head
off...

Mateo and Juliana exchange glances and roll their eyes.

Diaz begins pacing the room. He pulls the blunt from behind his ear and sticks it in his mouth.

DIAZ (CONT'D)

(searching pockets
frantically)
Where is a fucking *light*??

Mateo tosses him a lighter. Diaz ignites the blunt, filling the air with thick smoke.

DIAZ (CONT'D)

Well...any word?

JULIANA

(shakes head)
No.

MATEO

...Gonzo is not coming back.

DIAZ

I know that. The gringo has his
phone. Do you think I am a *dumb
shit*??

(takes a long drag and
exhales a huge puff of
smoke)

...How the *fuck* did we *miss*??

Mateo and Juliana drop their gazes, looking embarrassed and slightly ashamed.

MATEO

If he worked Gonzo then he probably
knows...

DIAZ

(nods)
So *he* will find *us*...
(looks at them with
unstable eyes)
...and we can finish what we fucked
up.

He reaches into the back of his pants, producing a large magnum. The gun is enormous and immaculate, polished to perfection.

He looks at the broken television set. It shows only static snow.

DIAZ (CONT'D)

(snarling)

Never trust a goddamn horse.

He FIRES THE GUN and it DISCHARGES DEAFENINGLY. The television screen EXPLODES in a shower of sparks.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORTEZ ESTATE - AFTERNOON

Cortez, wearing a crisp white suit, stands on his terrace swinging a golf club in MID-STROKE. With a loud THWACK, a golf ball is sent flying.

A shot from Cortez's POV shows the ball sailing towards the ocean. It disappears from frame and a DISTANT SPLASH can be heard.

Cortez turns to face Tommy, who is standing nearby. Tommy is outfitted in yet another Hawaiian shirt.

CORTEZ

Diaz, you say.

TOMMY

(nods)

The cause of our mutual problem.

CORTEZ

And Gonzalez told you this?

TOMMY

(nods, touching the
bruises on his face)

Took a bit of...persuasion, but
yeah.

CORTEZ

Tell me...

(strokes the golf club in
a vaguely threatening
manner)

...how were you able to find him?

TOMMY

(shrugs)
Drove around, got lucky. He was at
a nightclub, can you believe that?

CORTEZ

That *is* lucky...
(looks him in the eye)
...since you did not even know what
he looked like.

Tommy doesn't reply.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

Victor's back-up...out in the *dark*.
(turns away and sets up
another golf ball)
Mr. Vercetti, I did not get where I
am today by being blind,
being...*naive*.

He swings the golf club with RAW FORCE. Another loud THWACK.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

(gazing after the golf
ball)
...And I do not appreciate
deception.

He turns from the ocean, eyeing Tommy with severe
disapproval.

TOMMY

(sighs, lowering his gaze)
...It wasn't my idea, Mr. Cortez.
She said Gonzalez liked her...that
it would be *easier* if she came
along.

CUT TO:

INT. CORTEZ MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Mercedes stands just inside the mansion, leaning against a
wall with her arms crossed.

CORTEZ (O.S.)

(angry)
Easier to what? *Persuade* him??
She is a *child*, Mr. Vercetti.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Yeah, a child that knew where that asshole lived.

CORTEZ (O.S.)

And you believe that fact excuses your behavior.

BACK TO:

EXT. CORTEZ ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Cortez and Tommy face each other. For the first time, Cortez is clearly upset. His calm demeanor has vanished.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

You have gone great lengths in making our complication worse.

TOMMY

(eyes narrow)

Worse 'cause I got us a name?? Or 'cause I took care of your fucking Judas?

CORTEZ

So now you wish me to *applaud* you for implicating my daughter in bloodshed.

(SLAMS golf club against the ground)

Do you think this is a *playground*? That your destruction brings no consequence?

TOMMY

What the hell are you talking about?? I got us a *name*...

CORTEZ

(interrupts)

And I told you *I* would handle this. I've no need for an avenging angel.

(gestures at himself)

I am a *businessman*.

The two men, BOTH ANGRY, glower at each other for an intense beat.

TOMMY

(coldly)

...And I'm just a soldier, right?

Cortez moves away and crouches down, setting up another golf ball.

CORTEZ

Your information will be accounted,
but our association is at an end.

(stands up, adjusting his
stance)

...I expect the car returned.

After standing silently for a moment, Tommy shakes his head and walks away, disappearing into the mansion.

Cortez continues to adjust the golf club, but exhales loudly and stops. He leans on the club with his hand to his waist, staring out at the vast blue.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Tommy walks down the mansion driveway and passes through the front gate. He crosses to the other side of the street where the silver Lamborghini is parked.

Lance sits in the driver's seat, smoking a cigarette and listening to an 80s R & B song on the radio.

Tommy climbs in the passenger side.

LANCE

(shrugs)

So?

TOMMY

(puts on sunglasses)

Just drive the car.

LANCE

You didn't talk to him?

TOMMY

Just drive the car.

Lance stares at him for a moment.

LANCE

It's about a woman, ain't it?

TOMMY

(sighs, leans head back)

Just drive the car, man.

LANCE

Drive *where*? You didn't come back with nothin'.

TOMMY

(ponders for a moment)
...The Malibu.
(looks at Lance)
I know someone else we can ask.

CUT TO:

INT. MALIBU CLUB - AFTERNOON

The scene begins abruptly as Tommy SLAMS Kent Paul against the bar of the Malibu.

KENT

Ow! Be careful 'round the jewels, bruv!

TOMMY

Spill it, Kent.

KENT

Do I look like a bloody ragdoll?
Let's share a drink, be *blokes*...

Gripping Kent's lapels, Tommy SLAMS him against the bar again.

KENT (CONT'D)

Okay! Okay! I get it,
mate...you're *alpha*. No need to
rub it in.

He wrestles out of Tommy's grip, rubbing the small of his back.

Tommy remains in Kent's face, awaiting a response. Lance flanks Tommy a few steps back, staring at Kent with humorless eyes.

KENT (CONT'D)

(looks at Lance)
Picked up a love bird, did ya?
(sees Tommy's aggravated
reaction and relents)
Oh Christ Almighty, I'm gamin' you!
Cut me some slack, all I got is me
humor!

LANCE

If you use it as a defense mechanism then that's the wrong way to go about it.

TOMMY

No more jokes. The sooner you give us something, the sooner we're gone.

KENT

(shakes head)

Just tryin' to get a bit o' randy, and she brings a *psycho* over to my table.

(sighs)

...Drugs, right? Charlie?

Tommy nods.

KENT (CONT'D)

Not into the scene missef, but it's a right daily bag for the lot of 'em...

(ponders for a moment)

This one wanker...he's been tryin' to make a name. Trafficking, you know. The plebes call him Mr. Coke.

TOMMY

Mr. Coke?

KENT

(shrugs)

Not the most *creative* alias, but it slams the point home, eh?

TOMMY

So this Mr. Coke...he might know something.

KENT

(laughs)

Oh, I bet he would. His...nombre?

(pauses for a beat,
grinning)

Ricardo Diaz.

TOMMY

Diaz??

KENT

(satisfied smile)
That's right.

LANCE

Where is he?

KENT

(sighs)
Bugger...first I'm a ragdoll and
now what? A *rolodex*??

TOMMY

(grabs Kent's lapels
again)
I said no more jokes. Where do we
find Mr. Coke??

KENT

(nervous)
He peddles out of Starfish Point,
okay?? The apartments near the
beach.

Tommy turns to look at Lance. Lance motions with his head
towards the front door.

TOMMY

(to Kent)
This better not be a goose
chase...or I'll be seeing you
around.

He lets go of Kent and walks swiftly to the exit with Lance
in tow.

Kent, alone at the bar, fixes his battered collar.

KENT

(quietly, to himself)
Yeah, that's right. Walk away, you
mug. I'll knock you spark out.
(loudly, to the bartender)
Get me a cooler!

CUT TO:

EXT. MALIBU CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Tommy and Lance cross the club parking lot. They walk with
intent; TWO MEN ON A MISSION.

TOMMY

So what are you thinking?

LANCE

Wait until it's dark, then head over there. If we can't find Diaz...

(looks at Tommy)

...then we find someone who can.

They continue to walk purposefully until they both leave frame.

CUT TO:

EXT. STARFISH POINT APARTMENTS - DUSK

Juliana leans against a wall. She is positioned outside an apartment door on a two-story complex's upper floor.

Her expression is VIGILANT. She turns her head from side-to-side, calmly surveying the environment.

The apartment door opens and Mateo steps out. He shuts the door behind him and looks to the sky.

MATEO

(to Juliana)

...Ready to get busy?

She nods.

MATEO (CONT'D)

I'll be around the way.

He walks away and descends a staircase in the background, exiting frame.

Juliana stays in place, resuming her silent lookout.

CUT TO:

INT. OCEAN VIEW MOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Tommy paces across his motel room, twisting his neck and wriggling his shoulders.

TOMMY

(under breath)

Where the fuck is it?...where the fuck is it?...where the fuck is it?

He pauses in front of the mirror.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(to his reflection)
...Where is it?

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. Tommy crosses the room. He grasps the door handle and takes a deep breath.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(opening the door)
All right man, time to do this...

Mercedes stands outside.

Tommy pauses for a beat, surprised.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Mercedes?

MERCEDES
(smiles hesitantly)
Hi.

TOMMY
How'd you know where I was staying?

MERCEDES
(taps her ear)
...Remember?

TOMMY
Right, right. Nothing gets by you.
(steps back)
Uh...come on in.

Mercedes enters the room. Tommy closes the door.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?

MERCEDES
(shrugs)
I was running an errand and you were right on the way. Don't worry...I can't stay long.

TOMMY
What kind of errand?

MERCEDES
(smiles)
A delivery, I suppose.
(MORE)

MERCEDES(cont'd)

Here, let me show you...
(reaches into her purse
and pulls out a joint)
...Just a small sample, of course.

Tommy looks dumbfounded.

TOMMY

You're one of your father's
pushers?

MERCEDES

No...not exactly. But I know this
client well.
(chuckles)
Believe me, it is practically
medicinal in her case.

Tommy grunts, shaking his head.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

Is this a *problem*?

TOMMY

Seems kind of hypocritical, that's
all.

Mercedes wrinkles her brow.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

What, weren't you listening? Mr.
Cortez and I are done. He didn't
exactly approve of our little
outing last night.
(exasperated sigh)
And now here you are...delivering
one of his packages.

MERCEDES

Daddy knows her, too. He would not
put me in dang...

TOMMY

(interrupts)
Like he knew Gonzalez?
(stares at Mercedes,
angry)
That shitbag traitor deserved what
he got and now your fucking daddy
wants to run me out of town.
That's it. Our business is over.
Sonny's gonna have to set up shop
somewhere else.

MERCEDES

(unsure)
Sonny...

TOMMY

My boss, remember? I told you,
he's looking to expand. But it's
not gonna happen now. Not *here*,
anyway.

(takes a deep breath)
I just want to salvage this
goddamned deal. To hell with your
father if he doesn't understand
that.

TENSION fills the room as they stare at each other from
opposite sides of the bed.

MERCEDES

Are you his enemy now?

TOMMY

(sighs)
I don't know.

A beat passes.

MERCEDES

(holds up the joint)
...While we are still friends?

Tommy glares at her for a moment, but then relaxes his gaze.
He nods.

The two of them sit on the bed and Mercedes fires up the
joint. She takes a hit and passes it to Tommy. Thick smoke
pervades the air.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

So after leaving last night...you
found Gonzalez.

TOMMY

I guess you could say that.

MERCEDES

And you killed him.

TOMMY

No, but he's dead.

MERCEDES

How do you know?

TOMMY

I just know.
(gives her a serious look)
Believe me, okay?

He takes another hit, exhaling smoke.

MERCEDES

Now you are going to...

TOMMY

...kill the rest of them.

MERCEDES

You will kill *all* the men who stole
from you?

TOMMY

(pauses for a beat)
...It wouldn't be the first time.

Mercedes stares at him, her interest piqued. She holds the joint, momentarily forgotten, between her fingers.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

He didn't tell you about me?

MERCEDES

He told me...you concerned death.

TOMMY

Well, that's an eloquent way to put
it. Would have gone with
'murderer,' myself.

(looks at her)

Sonny sent me up to Harwood once,
to sniff out some new buyers. I
was still new to the game...but
this was as routine as it got.

(turns his head away)

Got to this rust-bucket playground
in the middle of the night. The
meet hadn't shown up, so I leaned
back and waited.

Mercedes takes a trembling hit off the joint, her eyes never leaving Tommy.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

All of a sudden, this cocksucker
grabs me from behind. Throws a bag
over my head. He's laughing like a
hyena.

(MORE)

TOMMY(cont'd)

(winces)

I hear him say to somebody, 'Time to send those fucks a message. Make sure to grab his shit. Don't forget about his shit.'

(lowers his voice)

I'm not gonna lie...I was scared out of my mind. Remember thinking, 'This is it. Caught up sooner than I thought it would.'

(pauses for a beat,
reminiscing)

But then...I don't know, something in me went *off*. Had a gun with me, of course...don't know how I managed to get at it.

(gestures behind him)

First I shot the guy behind me, 'cause I *knew* where he was at. His grip started to loosen, but I didn't even stop to take a breath.

(slams his fist into his
palm repeatedly)

Every round I had, in *every...single...direction*. I heard the chamber click and started running for my life. Hauled ass for a few seconds...then realized no one was behind me.

(looks at Mercedes)

Took the bag off my head, turned and looked back...there were *five* of them that jumped me. And I'd laid them all down.

MERCEDES

(softly)

Dios mio...

TOMMY

Got ten years for that. I've only been out about a week...

(shakes head)

...and it's already happening again.

Mercedes doesn't speak. She is overwhelmed.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Mercedes...hardly anyone plays it fair. Whoever's the winner is whoever's still left standing.

(sighs)

(MORE)

TOMMY(cont'd)

I'm not a cheat, you know...but if it's between me or them? If they're standing in my way?

(turns away from her)

...These guys killed Mike and Nicky, and I'm dead if I don't get the stuff. I don't know if this is personal, I just know...it needs to get done.

He looks back at her.

A beat of silence as they stare into each other's eyes.

Then...a SUDDEN KNOCK. They both SNAP back into reality. Tommy gets up immediately and answers the door.

Lance stands outside. He looks over Tommy's shoulder and sees Mercedes.

LANCE

(to Tommy)

I'm not interruptin' anything, am I?

TOMMY

No. Are you ready?

LANCE

As ready as I'll be.

TOMMY

Okay...let's go.

MERCEDES

Tommy!

He turns to look at her.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

You are going right now?

(looks at Lance)

Who is he?

TOMMY

He's a friend, and we're leaving. Careful with that delivery, all right?

He starts to leave, but then halts. He faces Mercedes one final time.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I would have liked to work with
your father.

(brief pause)

...Sorry this had to happen.

He turns and steps out of the room, closing the door behind
him.

Mercedes sits on the bed, alone. She lowers her gaze to the
ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The mansion's front gate swings open.

A taxi cab enters the property and heads up the driveway.

The camera TRACKS AWAY from the taxi and onto the porch,
where the man in sailor whites stands waiting.

We HEAR THE TAXI DOORS OPENING OFF-SCREEN.

SAILOR

Would you remove any weapons from
your person, please?

The camera REVERSES ITS TRACK and the taxi patrons are
revealed...

...Sonny, who wears a loose-fitting pink shirt, and Zack, as
expected.

SONNY

(grinning)

...Nah.

CUT TO:

EXT. STARFISH POINT APARTMENTS - NIGHT

The silver Lamborghini pulls up to the curb across the street
from the two-story apartment complex.

Lance sits behind the wheel and Tommy sits next to him. For
a beat they don't speak as they canvass the apartments.

LANCE

...I'm guessin' he has dark skin.

TOMMY

Wow, you must be some kind of genius...*Lance Vance*.

LANCE

Hey. I got enough of that in school.

(looks at Tommy)

Just keep your eyes open, wise-ass.

There is a SUDDEN KNOCK on Lance's window. He jerks his head around, startled.

Juliana is standing outside, grinning flirtatiously at him.

He rolls the window down.

JULIANA

You lookin' for a date?

LANCE

Not tonight, girl.

JULIANA

(looks at Tommy)

How 'bout you, handsome?

TOMMY

Another time maybe.

(a THOUGHT strikes him,
and he leans forward)

Hey, let me ask you something...

Juliana rests against the window frame, looking curious.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You know Mr. Coke?

JULIANA

You trying to find him?

TOMMY

Yeah, I am.

JULIANA

(grins)

A date...a bit of information...

(extends her hand)

...same price.

Tommy nudges Lance's shoulder and nods towards Juliana.

Lance grunts irritably, reaching into his pocket.

LANCE

(pulls out his wallet)
Man, this is some bullshit...

He hands her a few folded bills.

JULIANA

It must be your lucky night. I know where Mr. Coke is. As a matter of fact...
(her EYES FLITTER to the side)
...I'll take you to him *myself*.

There is a SUDDEN TAP on Tommy's window, causing him to turn.

Mateo stands outside, pointing a gun through the glass.

BEWILDERED, Lance and Tommy look back at Juliana, who is now also pointing a gun. She giggles with excitement.

Mateo taps the glass again to get Tommy's attention and pantomimes rolling down the window. Shaking his head in disgust, Tommy follows the instruction.

As the window comes down, Mateo squints his eyes at Tommy.

MATEO

(smiling)
Hey, man. You know...you look real familiar to me.

CUT TO:

INT. AUNTIE POULET'S DWELLING - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: the SILHOUETTE OF A WOMAN, sitting at table surrounded by candles. The room is dark save for the flickering of the flames.

WOMAN

(thick CREOLE ACCENT)
De light is fadin'...and we be blinded by de limbo. Come in here now, child...sit down and rest your soul.

ANGLE ON: Mercedes as she pulls out a chair.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Do ya have somethin' dere for me, Mercy?

Mercedes sits down.

Vaguely visible in the background, a man holding a machine gun guards the door.

MERCEDES

Si, Auntie.

WOMAN

Did ya bring boo-coo? Me boys been shakin' der heads.

MERCEDES

Si...as much as you asked for.

WOMAN

Mesi, mesi...

The woman leans forward into the light. She is large, dark, and matriarchal; in her 50s, wearing a loose-fitting yellow housedress with matching kerchief. This is **AUNTIE POULET**.

AUNTIE POULET (CONT'D)

...it has de power of de *juju*.
Can't beat *dat* wid a stick.

Mercedes nods, although it is unclear if she understands.

AUNTIE POULET (CONT'D)

Have some tea?

MERCEDES

(shakes head)
Gracias, no.

AUNTIE POULET

What be on your mind, Mercy?

MERCEDES

(shakes head again)
It is nothing.

AUNTIE POULET

It is never nothin', my dear...not while we still breathin'. Even when de ends comes...

(snuffs out a candle and watches smoke fill the air)

...dere is somethin' comes wid it.

MERCEDES

(sighs)
The enterprise is dealing
with...difficulties.

AUNTIE POULET

(nods)
De big bad men from up north...

Mercedes' eyes widen.

MERCEDES

How did you know that?

AUNTIE POULET

Me granddaddy been chattin'. Tells
me tings when he visits. Tings
about us, ya know...and de ones who
wait for us.

The candlelight bounces off her features.

AUNTIE POULET (CONT'D)

Now, we all dead. All dead for a
long time. But you? Your papa?
(sympathetic frown)
...I would not be in your shoes.

CUT TO:

INT. CORTEZ MANSION - NIGHT

The camera TRACKS slowly down the curved staircase. Sonny
stands in the middle of the foyer, GLARING AT THE CAMERA.

ANGLE ON: Cortez descending the stairs; the tracking shot was
from his POV.

CORTEZ

Mr. Forelli...

SONNY

(emotionless)
How you doin', Juan.

CORTEZ

(looks over Sonny's
shoulder)
What have you done...

ANGLE ON: the man in sailor whites. He lays in a pool of
blood in the doorway.

SONNY

(glances over his
shoulder)
He wanted to take my gun. I
figured I might need it.
(looks back at Cortez)
That was Zack's doing, though.

CORTEZ

Zack...

SONNY

(nods)
He's around here somewhere.
Cleaning house, you might say.

Cortez doesn't reply.

SONNY (CONT'D)

(sighs, rubbing his face)
Look, I got some shit cooking in
Liberty, so I'll make this real
simple.
(pulls out a gun and taps
it against his thigh)
Where is my fucking money? Where
are the fucking drugs?

He grits his teeth.

SONNY (CONT'D)

...and where's your amigo Tommy?

CUT TO:

EXT. VICE CITY JUNKYARD - NIGHT

An abrupt scene opening as Tommy is PISTOL-WHIPPED ACROSS THE
FACE.

A LONG SHOT sets the location: an abandoned junkyard. Tommy
and Lance are backed up against a car crusher.

Mateo and Juliana, both armed, stand nearby.

TOMMY

(bent over, spitting
blood)
Just do it already, you pieces of
shit...

LANCE

(whispers)
Shut the fuck up, man!

TOMMY

You killed everyone else...what the hell are you waiting for?

DIAZ (O.S.)

Oh, don't worry, amigo...

Tommy and Lance both look up as Diaz emerges from the shadows, gripping his large magnum.

DIAZ (CONT'D)

...It is coming. Soon enough.

Diaz steps between Mateo and Juliana, fixing a twisted grin on the cornered duo.

DIAZ (CONT'D)

Welcome to death row.

Diaz approaches Tommy, maintaining a safe distance. He chuckles at Tommy's beaten-up face.

DIAZ (CONT'D)

You went to town on this white boy, Mateo.

MATEO

It wasn't all me. Gonzo must have busted him up, too.

LANCE

(quietly, to himself)
You should see *his* ass now...

Diaz turns his head towards Lance and looks him over, scrutinizing.

DIAZ

(sneers)
...Coulda sworn I iced a nigger that looked just like you.

Lance glares back in SILENT RAGE.

DIAZ (CONT'D)

What, you trying to *scare* me?
(chuckles, shaking his head)
Looking at me like it was *my* fault?
(MORE)

DIAZ(cont'd)

Hey man, I'm not the one who put my
back to the *wrong people*.

He SMASHES Lance in the face with the magnum. Blood spurts
from Lance's nose as he drops to his knees.

DIAZ (CONT'D)

That stupid fuck got what he had
coming. Letting me and Mateo and
Juliana on board with nothing but a
vouch from Gonzo.

(waves the magnum in
Lance's face)

You should be thanking us for
putting him out of his misery.
Would have happened sooner or
later...and we did it *quick*.

JULIANA

(licks her lips)

Such a waste, too...

Diaz leaves Lance cringing on the ground and walks back up to
Tommy.

Tommy looks weary; almost accepting of his fate.

DIAZ

Fuckers think you can take
everything...

Tommy stares back silently. His expression remains tired.

DIAZ (CONT'D)

...Coming into *my* city and trying
to run *my show*? And you thought
that no one would *care*?? We'd just
be one big happy dope family??

(EYES WIDEN with fury)

I'm doing what needs
doing...sending out a message.
Nobody, I mean *nobody*, fucks with
my business.

TOMMY

(quietly)

I don't understand...

DIAZ

(aims the magnum at Tommy)
Then let me spell it out.

TOMMY

...Why would Gonzalez sell out
Victor...
(eyes narrow)
...for a crazy asshole like you?

Diaz glares back, ENRAGED. His hubris gets the best of him
and he steps up IN TOMMY'S FACE.

DIAZ

'Cause he was afraid of me, you
fuck.
(points at himself with
magnum in hand)
He did whatever I told him because
he was *afraid*...

Tommy GRABS THE MAGNUM suddenly, twisting Diaz's arm.

A DEAFENING SHOT rings out and a gaping hole rips through
Mateo's chest.

Lance takes this sudden opportunity and RUSHES Juliana,
TACKLING her where she stands.

LANCE

(through bloody teeth)
Waste *this*, mama!

He THROTTLES HER NECK roughly, slamming her head against the
dirt. She tries to fight back, but is clearly out-matched.

LANCE (CONT'D)

And then you *rob* me, too??

Juliana gurgles, her eyes rolling back.

Diaz and Tommy GRAPPLE for control of the weapon, and ANOTHER
ROUND GOES OFF.

The bullet slams into the dirt near Lance and he RECOILS,
scrambling off of Juliana and running for cover.

Juliana lays on the ground, clutching her throat and gasping
for air.

Tommy PUNCHES Diaz in the gut and SMACKS the magnum out of
his hand. It flies through the air, landing on the ground
with a dull thud. Tommy sprints after it.

Diaz races over to Mateo's body and scoops up his gun. He
turns around and FIRES as Tommy is picking up the magnum.

The bullet glances off Tommy's shoulder and he BELLOWS IN PAIN. Gripping the magnum, he disappears into the cover of the junkyard.

DIAZ

Not again!!!

Diaz runs to Juliana and KICKS HER REPEATEDLY.

DIAZ (CONT'D)

Get up, you cunt!!!

JULIANA

(gasping)

Put a...

DIAZ

Get up now and fucking find them!!!

CUT TO:

INT. CORTEZ MANSION - NIGHT

Sonny and Cortez stare across the foyer at each other.

CORTEZ

This is not right, Mr. Forelli.

SONNY

No? Feels pretty right.

CORTEZ

It is ridiculous. *Why? Why* would I do such a thing?

SONNY

(glances around the large foyer)

...You're kidding.

(looks back at Cortez)

That was a stall tactic...*right?*

CUT TO:

INT. AUNTIE POULET'S DWELLING - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: Auntie Poulet, still illuminated by candlelight.

AUNTIE POULET

Dem Liberty boys is hungry...dey catch when catch can.

ANGLE ON: Mercedes, looking very anxious.

AUNTIE POULET (CONT'D)
God don' like ugly, and on judgment
dey will fall. But until dat time
is ready...

BACK TO:

INT. CORTEZ MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Cortez looks every year of his age.

CORTEZ
Do you wish for reimbursement? Is
that why you are here?

Sonny's eyes narrow slightly.

SONNY
Was that kindness?
(points gun at Cortez)
...Or a confession?

CORTEZ
(frowns)
The conspiracy is against us,
Sonny. They desired what we had.

The two men stand silently for a beat.

SONNY
Tell me where he is...and I might
just buy that.

Cortez keeps his gaze level. He does not reply.

BACK TO:

INT. AUNTIE POULET'S DWELLING - CONTINUOUS

Auntie Poulet leans across the table.

AUNTIE POULET
Can ya hear dem nasty proud
foofoos? Dey be callin' your
daddy's name...

MERCEDES
The Liberty boys...

AUNTIE POULET

(frowns)
Over and over...must want him bad,
don't ya tink?

BACK TO:

INT. CORTEZ MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Sonny holds the gun on Cortez.

SONNY

Don't make this worse, Juan.

CORTEZ

...The Ocean View motel.

SONNY

(brow furrows)
No new digs yet?

CORTEZ

No need. He wishes to pursue.

Sonny lowers the gun.

SONNY

...I guess we got a lot in common.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICE CITY JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Lance crouches in the shadows, hidden behind a large stack of tires.

FOOTSTEPS move towards him and he holds his breath, waiting.

Juliana inches into view with her gun arm extended. She looks around in every direction, her eyes DARTING NERVOUSLY.

As soon she turns away, Lance POUNCES from his hiding spot. He slaps his hand over her mouth and pins the gun behind her back.

LANCE

(whispers in her ear)
How 'bout that date?

She struggles. A MUFFLED SCREAM.

LANCE (CONT'D)

*I'm gettin' my money's worth after
all.*

Fighting for her life, Juliana KICKS HIM BETWEEN THE LEGS.

He loosens his grip, wavering, but stays on his feet.

Juliana turns around and aims the gun between his eyes.

LANCE (CONT'D)

(blubbering)

Please...please...please...

She smiles with superiority, savoring the moment.

JULIANA

He would have begged too if we had
given him the chan...

Lance ends his ruse with a sudden BURST OF MOVEMENT. He
grabs the gun with one hand and SLAMS HIS FIST against her
jaw.

Juliana's NECK SNAPS BACK and she crumples like a ton of
bricks.

Lance doubles over, feeling the delayed pain in his groin.

LANCE

(groaning)

Oh, man...

He looks down at her body and chuckles softly in spite of
himself.

LANCE (CONT'D)

(breathing heavy)

Can't...live...with 'em.

Relishing his victory, Lance is momentarily distracted. He
doesn't hear Diaz coming up quietly behind him.

DIAZ

Stupid prick.

(points Mateo's gun)

It must run in your family.

He FIRES, the bullet plunging into the small of Lance's back.

Lance pitches forward, dropping Juliana's gun.

DIAZ (CONT'D)
(moving forward)
Look what you did to my beautiful
Juliana.
(pauses for a moment, then
shrugs)
...No matter. I can buy a hundred
more.

Diaz LAUGHS DEMENTEDLY, centering his aim on Lance's skull.

His left shin EXPLODES in a cloud of blood and bone. He
teeters for a moment before collapsing onto his back.

DIAZ (CONT'D)
(gasps)
What...?

He stares at his mutilated leg, shocked, and then turns to
look behind him.

There stands Tommy, the magnum at his side.

DIAZ (CONT'D)
Die!!!

He UNLOADS Mateo's gun in Tommy's direction.

DIAZ (CONT'D)
Just...fucking...die!!!!

Tommy DIVES FOR COVER. Bullets speckle the surrounding area.

Diaz fires until there are no rounds left. The trigger
CLICKS REPEATEDLY.

Tommy steps back into sight, clutching his wounded arm. He
walks towards Diaz with the magnum held steady.

TOMMY
(raised)
Lance??

No response.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Lance!!

A beat of silence, but then...

LANCE
(weakly)
I'm here.

Lance struggles to his knees and clutches his back, grimacing.

TOMMY

You all right?

LANCE

Not really.
(exhales loudly)
Think I shit myself.

TOMMY

Can you stand?

LANCE

I think so.

TOMMY

Then get over here.

Lance picks up Juliana's gun and rises slowly to his feet. He staggers over to Tommy and Diaz.

DIAZ

(moaning)
How could you do this...

TOMMY

You put your back to the wrong people.

DIAZ

It was mine...mine...

TOMMY

(shakes head)
Never in a million years.
(to Lance)
You ready?

LANCE

(nods)
As ready as I'll be.

A shot from Diaz's POV. The two men aim their guns AT THE CAMERA.

LANCE (CONT'D)

This is for Vic.

They FIRE SIMULTANEOUSLY. MUZZLE FLASHES fill the screen and we...

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

The white-striped convertible pulls up to the mansion gate.

With the car engine still running, Tommy climbs out from the driver's side. He looks extremely **WORN OUT**; bloody, battered, and exhausted.

He walks up to the intercom and presses the button.

TOMMY

(raised)

Hello?

A beat passes, and then an **UNFAMILIAR VOICE**...

INTERCOM (V.O.)

...Yes?

TOMMY

(raised)

Uh...this is Tommy Vercetti. I'm returning the car.

Another beat of silence. Tommy stares at the intercom, suspicious.

Finally a **CLICK**, and the gate **SWINGS OPEN**.

Tommy gives the intercom another wary look before returning to the convertible.

Behind the wheel once more, he drives up to the porch. We can see from his **POV** that the front door is open.

CUT TO:

INT. CORTEZ MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Tommy enters the main foyer and sighs wearily at what he sees.

Zack sits on the curved staircase with a gun in his hand.

At the foot of the stairs lies Cortez, face down and motionless. A pool of blood has formed from the bullet wound in his temple.

ZACK

(nods)
Tommy.

TOMMY

...Zack.

ZACK

You look like shit, kid.

TOMMY

You're telling me?

Zack stands up, casually pointing the gun at Tommy.

ZACK

Nice of you to show up. There's someone wants to talk to you.

TOMMY

Really.

ZACK

Yeah, he *really* wants to talk. But first...

(motions with the gun)
...throw away whatever you got.

Tommy is too tired to argue. He pulls out the magnum and drops it to the floor.

ZACK (CONT'D)

(nods his head to the side)
Now move it. And watch your feet.

Tommy crosses the foyer. Zack follows closely, keeping the gun on his back.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION INDOOR POOL - CONTINUOUS

Zack ushers Tommy into a large open room where Sonny stands at the edge of an olympic-sized swimming pool.

Floating in the water are six bodies dressed in white apparel. One of them is recognizable as the sailor.

Sonny turns around and extends his arms.

SONNY

(brightly)

Tommy!

Tommy says nothing.

SONNY (CONT'D)

What? No big hugs for your old buddy?

TOMMY

I've had ten years out of the loop. I'm a bit rusty on family etiquette.

SONNY

Always angry, eh Tommy. Didn't I say your temper would get you into trouble?

(gestures at the bodies in the pool)

Reminds you of something, don't it? We were about to toss in Cortez before you got here.

TOMMY

(sighs)

You're a paranoid fuck...

SONNY

How many was it? Four...no, *five* men.

(chuckles)

The 'Harwood Butcher' himself. You know you're a fright story back home?

TOMMY

Just take the damn money.

SONNY

(eyes narrow)

So you do have it. I *knew* it.

TOMMY

Yeah, I got it *back*.

(coldly)

...But believe what you want to believe.

Sonny glares at Tommy.

SONNY

You know, Tommy? I did what I could for you. I pulled strings, called in favors...

(gestures at himself)

I was your *friend*. I hoped you'd see sense, see what was good for business. I *trusted* you, Tommy...and you disappointed me.

(shakes head)

After all this time...you never understood a thing.

TOMMY

I understand that I never should have come here in the first place.

SONNY

Well, I'm with you on that. Keep your friends close, after all.

(looks at the swimming pool)

And now you understand making a fool out of me is one mistake you'll nev...

A SUDDEN GUNSHOT.

A spray of blood issues from Zack's head and he falls to the ground in a heap.

Tommy and Sonny, BOTH THUNDERSTRUCK, turn towards the door.

Lance stands with his gun drawn, two suitcases at his feet. He points the weapon at Sonny.

LANCE

(to Tommy)

Okay?

TOMMY

(nods)

Okay.

LANCE

Okay.

SONNY

(eyes widen)

Wait...

Lance FIRES ONCE, TWICE, THREE TIMES.

Bullets pepper across Sonny's mid-section and he falls into the pool with a LOUD SPLASH.

After a moment he floats back to the surface, bobbing gently amongst the corpses. His eyes stare through the ceiling in a fixed state of shock.

The two men watch his body for a moment. A heavy silence fills the open chamber.

LANCE

...Sorry I'm late.

TOMMY

(grins)

You're a sick motherfucker, you know?

LANCE

That's my thanks for savin' your ass??

TOMMY

You owed me one, pal.

Tommy walks over and gives Lance a slap on the back. He looks down at the two suitcases.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

It was all there, huh?

LANCE

(nods)

Yup... 'cept what they run through already.

(looks over at the pool)

What the hell was that about?

TOMMY

Had a disagreement with a business associate. You know how it is.

With a groan, he picks up a suitcase. Lance picks up the other and they head for the door.

CUT TO:

INT. CORTEZ MANSION - CONTINUOUS

They trudge into the foyer, moving in slow, tired steps.

TOMMY

How's your back?

LANCE

Feels like I been shot.

TOMMY

We'll get you patched up.
(gently shakes the
suitcase)
I'm buying.

They walk over to Cortez's body, taking care to avoid the blood.

Holding the suitcases, they STAND OVER HIM, looking down at his lifeless remains.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Guy pissed me off...but he didn't deserve this.

LANCE

That's Cortez, right?

Tommy nods.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Vic told me he was the king of Vice City.

TOMMY

Not anymore, he's not.
(looks at Lance)
But he left one hell of a market behind.

Lance looks at Tommy, curious.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Mr. Coke is out of the picture...
(grins)
...and no more heat from up north.

LANCE

You still wanna play the *game*?

TOMMY

(shrugs)
Just saying there's a vacuum to fill.

LANCE

(looks around the large
foyer)
Damn...it's *hard* to deny them
benefits.
(looks back at Tommy)
What exactly were you thinkin'?

TOMMY

I was thinking...this could be the
beginning of a beautiful business
relationship.

The two men look at each other with assured, triumphant
smiles. Tommy gives Lance a friendly jab on the shoulder.

Then...a SUDDEN BURST OF GUNFIRE.

Several crimson holes appear in Lance's torso. His EYES OPEN
WIDE and the suitcase slips from his grasp. Blood trickles
from his mouth as he sinks to the ground.

Tommy stares at his fallen comrade in shock.

He starts to turn his head, but TWO MORE GUNSHOTS stop him
cold. He immediately drops the suitcase and falls to the
floor along with Lance.

The camera begins TRACKING AWAY, SLOWLY PANNING across the
foyer. It gets to the front door to reveal...

...Mercedes holding the grimy pistol.

She stares at the two men lying in a heap next to her dead
father. A look of horrified anguish stretches her face and
we...

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER DARK: WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF MERCEDES WALKING QUICKLY,
OPENING A CAR DOOR, SLAMMING IT SHUT, STRUGGLING TO FIT THE
KEY IN THE IGNITION, STARTING THE ENGINE, AND PEELING OUT
LOUDLY.

END CREDITS ROLL AS "LET THE MUSIC PLAY" BY SHANNON IS HEARD
OVER THE SOUNDTRACK.

CREDITS FINISH THEIR CRAWL, AND WE HEAR AUNTIE POULET'S
DISEMBODIED VOICE...

AUNTIE POULET (V.O.)

Dere dere, child. Ya did what
needed doin'. Remember we in Vice
now. *Always*, we be in Vice...

THE END.

(MORE)

(MORE)

