

GRAND THEFT AUTO

By

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Based on the video game created by Rockstar Games.

FADE IN:

SUPER-IMPOSE: "A ROCKSTAR GAMES PRESENTATION"

CUE CATCHY AND GTA-ESQUE OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE.

TITLE CARD: GRAND THEFT AUTO

FADE TO:

EXT. VICE CITY - DUSK

The sun slowly hides behind the silhouettes of the city's tallest skyscrapers in a typical sublime, tropical sunset.

SUPER-IMPOSE: VICE CITY, FLORIDA 1988

CUE SONG: [low playing] "WAITING FOR A GIRL LIKE YOU" by FOREIGNER (1981)

DISTANT SIRENS.

EXT. STREETS OF VICE CITY - DUSK

TWO POLICE VEHICLES speed past an apartment building -- blue light flashing in ONE SECOND STORY WINDOW. Palm trees in front. A provocatively dressed prostitute walks by.

SUPER-IMPOSE TEXT: WASHINGTON BEACH

ZOOM INTO the window--

revealing a young man, SEAN O'REILLY, 22, sitting against the base of his couch, playing on some 1980's video game entertainment system.

INT. SEAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sean stares at the television in a complete trans -- it's hard to tell what he is playing, but THE SOUND is definitely Mario Bros. He appears almost completely blue in the glare.

SEAN

(V.O.)

I love games. I love to pretend
that I'm a man on a mission. Like
that old show, Mission: Impossible.
I like to give myself little
challenges to overcome. The
challenges that society restrict.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SEAN (cont'd)
The challenges that one has to seek
for themselves.

He plays with a calm intensity. He's the skilled gamer in
this tiny, dark, one room apartment.

BUM-BUM-BAH!

SEAN
(V.O.)
Beat it. That's enough video games,
for now.

He reaches over and turns the game system off. He then
stands, the antenna TV now "snowy." He just stares at it
with lacking expression; no emotion. A hallow soul.

SEAN
(V.O.)
These games just aren't challenging
me enough, anymore. I need
something more thrilling. So
tonight, it feels time for a
special challenge. Like that song
from that movie -- it's time to
push it to the limit.

He turns off the TV, leaving himself in darkness before--

CUTTING TO:

EXT. ESPERANTO - NIGHT

CUE SONG: "PUSH IT TO THE LIMIT" by PAUL ENGERMANN (1983)

Sean rocks his head back and forth, his mullet hairstyle
blowing in the wind through the open window.

He speeds forward--

EXT. STREETS OF VICE CITY - NIGHT

Sean's car model sports an "Esperanto" logo.

It doesn't abide by a single traffic law -- speeding around
the cars traveling at the speed limit, waiting at red lights
and in line for a turn. The Esperanto is above the law.

DINK--

(CONTINUED)

SUPER-IMPOSE: A little MAP in the left bottom corner of the screen. Above and across, a small bubble with a fluorescent-like image of a FIST. His CASH BALANCE = \$2000.

The car passes by an exit sign: "VICE BEACH; STARFISH ISLAND; LITTLE HAVANA."

EXT. ESPERANTO - NIGHT

He grooves to the music and sings along with the chorus.

"Push it to the limit--"

SEAN
(sings)
Limeeeeeeeeeeeet!

He taps his fingers on the steering wheel, joyfully.

EXT. STREETS OF VICE CITY - NIGHT

The Esperanto jets right past THE MALIBU CLUB.

SUPER-IMPOSE TEXT: VICE POINT

In front of a VICE CITY HOSPITAL, an old black woman goes to cross the street when she glances to her side -- she becomes illuminated in headlights--

SHE DIVES BACK ONTO THE SIDEWALK

as Sean's car rips by. No honking. No slowing down.

EXT. STREETS OF VICE CITY - NIGHT

EEEEEEERRRRRRR--!

The car tears by a street full of large, abandoned and graffiti-ridden houses.

SUPER-IMPOSE TEXT: PRAWN ISLAND

It continues onto a BRIDGE--

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Esperanto cruises along the bridge, moving over the lines separating the two way road, moving in and out, around the slower vehicles in its path.

Boats bobble in the dark water.

EXT. ESPERANTO - NIGHT

Sean takes his eyes off of the road, reaching over.

INT. ESPERANTO - NIGHT

His foot presses down on the gas.

HONKS IN THE BACKGROUND AROUND HIM.

His eyes and hands digging into the glove compartment, he searches -- found them!

A black pair of uber-80's sunglasses fit onto his face.

EXT. STREETS OF VICE CITY - NIGHT

The car flies around a coach bus.

SUPER-IMPOSE TEXT: DOWNTOWN

EEEEEEERRRRRR--

The Esperanto makes a sharp turn around a corner--

CUTTING TO:

EXT. MOTORCYCLE BAR - NIGHT

END SONG.

Sean sits in his parked car across from a popping MOTORCYCLE BAR. The bikes are biked in a line right out front. He smiles, presumably not anything particular in sight. His head turns to the right, staring right at the spot--

A burly, biker dude and his ugly lady come outside, they make out up against the wall.

FOUR OTHER GUYS step out, noticing the couple, to their joking pleasure. The walk up to the bikes.

(CONTINUED)

One tattooed fella obnoxiously starts his engine--

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUM-BRRRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUM!

Sean turns his head back and stares at himself in the rear-view mirror.

SEAN

(V.O.)

Tonight, I challenge myself to a
rampage.

A GTA RAMPAGE SYMBOL APPEARS ABOVE HIS HEAD.

SEAN(CONT'D)

(V.O.)

How many of these low-life, good
for nothing drains on society do
you think I can take out before I
have helicopters chasing me? Since
I like to think of everything as a
game, let's think of my crimes in
terms of levels. How many of these
lame brain pieces of shit have to
die before I reach a LEVEL 3 wanted
level? In fact, let's think of the
wanted "level" as WANTED STARS.

DINK--

SUPER-IMPOSE: At the top right corner, SIX TRANSPARENT STARS
flash into focus.

SEAN(CONT'D)

(V.O.)

Each star represents how badly the
V-C-P-D wants to take me down and
how dedicated they will be to that;
their mission. I take the
challenge, since, well, I'm the one
who challenged myself. Couldn't
exactly make myself look like a
pussy to myself and then live with
myself, ya know? So I take the
challenge.

Sean gets out of the car. He walks around to the trunk where
he pulls out a big ass MACHINE GUN so big and heavy, it
requires the grip of both hands.

THE WEAPON ICON INSTANTLY CHANGES TO THE MACHINE GUN.

Without a much of a further action, he simply turns and--

(CONTINUED)

PR--!

FAINT SCREAMS -- citizens of Vice City scatter, terrified.

SHOT FROM BEHIND SEAN: bullets shoot across from left to right, taking down the four bikers and the couple.

BOOM! BOOM! -- Two motorcycles EXPLODE.

ONE STAR.

He zeroes in on bar -- shooting through the walls and broken windows. The door is ripped off by the bullets. The bar sign collapses right on top of the couple.

TWO STARS.

THE BULLETS END -- clink. Clink. Clink.

SIRENS.

He throws the beast weapon down.

Across the street, a severely injured BIKER 1 attempts to crawl away, bloody and rattled with bullets.

Sean walks across the two way street over to him.

BIKER 1

Ah... please...

Sean reaches down and sticks his hand in Biker 1's back pocket, pulling out his wallet.

SEAN

I need this!

CASH BALANCE = +\$457

A Vice City POLICE CAR tears onto the scene--

From his back, Sean rips out a HANDGUN and begins firing on the police vehicle as it races toward him. He doesn't budge -- just keeps firing until hitting one of the wheels--

The car spins out and zooms right past a rooted Sean whose feet remain in place.

It crashes into a storefront.

THREE STARS.

BIKER 1

Uuuhhh.

Sean glances down at him.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Executed.

MORE SIRENS GROW LOUDER.

Sean calmly walks across the street, getting back into his car and--

CUTTING TO:

EXT. STREETS OF VICE CITY - NIGHT

SIRENS BLARE AND FLASH IN BLUE AND RED.

A HERD OF POLICE CARS

are in heavy pursuit of Sean's Esperanto.

SUPER-IMPOSE TEXT: LITTLE HAITI

A POLICE HELICOPTER follows in the distance.

CLICK--

SUPER-IMPOSE TEXT AT TOP: WAVE 103

INT. ESPERANTO - NIGHT

CUE SONG ALREADY PLAYING ON THE RADIO: "GOLD" by SPANDAU
BALLET (1983)

Sean hums along to the song and basically dances in his seat as he drives.

He glances into his rear view mirror.

Out through the back windshield, the the police tail him.

He buckles his seat belt. His foot presses harder on the gas pedal before he flips the steering wheel all the way over--

EXT. STREETS OF VICE CITY - NIGHT

The Esperanto makes one of the sharpest turns ever--

EEEEEEEEERRRRRRRR--

and hightails it up the one of the back streets.

The police are not that far behind.

EXT. STREETS OF VICE CITY - NIGHT

Coming out of another sharp turn, the Esperanto loses control, but it is quickly regained before the police fly out from behind the corner.

SUPER-IMPOSE TEXT: LITTLE HAVANA

The chase continues down the shabby street of this Vice City ghetto. The neighborhood's attention is caught as they pass.

INT. ESPERANTO - NIGHT

Sean just can't contain himself with these catchy 80's songs, moving as if nothing is going on around him.

He stares out through his side mirror: Yup, they're still chasing him.

He turns the wheel.

EXT. STREETS OF VICE CITY - NIGHT

The Esperanto turns onto the sidewalk--

MOWING DOWN FOUR OF FIVE UNSUSPECTING GANG MEMBERS. There bodies are thrown everywhere.

The police cars spin into a STOP right before the mangled bodies.

One car behind slams into the backs of the two in front.

CLOSE UP ON GANG MEMBER 1's FACE

before the wheel of the police car rolls right at him--

CUTTING TO:

EXT. STREETS OF VICE CITY - NIGHT

The Esperanto comes turning onto another street before making yet another turn--

EXT. STREETS OF VICE CITY - NIGHT

Racing down another street in Little Havana, POLICE OFFICER 1 throws down a track of tire spikes--

POP-POP-POP-POP!

The Esperanto loses control, all tires flattened.

Coming to another intersection, the Esperanto is T-BONED by an oncoming police car.

THE ESPERANTO FLIPS OVER

smashing through the fence of a dilapidated bungalow.

CUT SONG.

POLICE OFFICER 1 comes running up the street.

POLICE OFFICER 2 and 3 spill out of the police car in the middle of the street -- airbags deployed.

Sean crawls out from under his totaled Esperanto. It catches fire.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Stop!

Unscathed, Sean stands and runs on the side of the house as the P.O. 1 begins firing his gun.

BANG! BANG!

Sean is hit--

SUPER-IMPOSE: A HEART and ARMOR SYMBOL appear above the wanted stars -- Heart: 100, Armor: 88.

SEAN

Ah!

SEAN

(V.O.)

Knew that would happen!

Sean disappears into the back of the house.

(CONTINUED)

The cops chase him when--

BOOM -- the car explodes!

P.O. 1 IS BLOWN TO PIECES, while the other two are thrown a painful distance.

EXT. STREETS OF VICE CITY - NIGHT

Sean hops the fence of the backyard, crossing into another.

FOUR STARS.

A HELICOPTER FLIES ABOVE HIM -- A SPOT LIGHT COVERING HIM.

HELICOPTER
(O.S./loudspeaker)
We see the asshole!

TINK-TINK-TINK-TINK--

The helicopter fires down at him, Sean running from side to side, dodging each bullet before--

BANG! He is hit again!

SEAN
Ah -- goddammit!

Sean rolls on the floor along the side of another house--
TINK-TINK-TINK-TINK!

They continue firing.

He looks up--

SEAN'S P.O.V.: The glare of the spotlight almost completely blinds him. He points his handgun toward the chopper.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

MORE AND MORE SIRENS--

EXT. STREETS OF VICE CITY - NIGHT

Three police cars and a "Cheetah" detective's car pull up in front of the house--

POLICE OFFICER 4
We got him!

BANG! BANG! BANG

(CONTINUED)

P.O. 4 DROPS DEAD

as the others hide behind their vehicles, firing away. The helicopter flies above.

Sean emerges from behind a palm tree, jumping down and flipping over.

DETECTIVE 1
You're fucking dead!

Detective 1 begins firing his semi-automatic--

DOOT-TOOT-TOOT-TOOT-TOOT-TOOT-TOOT!

Sean dives behind a parked car as a SWAT TRUCK flies down the street--

SLAMMING RIGHT INTO THE STOPPED POLICE VEHICLES--

DETECTIVE 1
Ah!

The detective is completely RUN OVER.

Sean sprints up the block as bullets chase behind him.

At the corner, a "COMET" vehicle comes to a stop at the sight of the commotion. A pretty blonde sits behind the wheel of this open-roof car.

SEAN JACKS IT--

he rips her out of the driver's seat as she screams.

SEAN
Now get lost!

VRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOOOOM--EEEEEEEEEEERRRRRRRRR---VRRRRROOOOOM!

He spins around and takes off down the street.

INT. COMET - NIGHT

The helicopter and police vehicles chase behind him.

MAURICE CHAVEZ
(O.S./on radio)
This is V-C-P-R and this is your
host, Maurice Chavez--

CLICK -- he changes the radio station.

(CONTINUED)

SUPER-IMPOSE TEXT AT TOP: FEVER 105

CUE SONG ALREADY PLAYING ON THE RADIO: "AND THE BEAT GOES ON" by THE WHISPERS (1980)

SEAN
(sings)
"And the beat goes on!"

Sirens all around, he turns the music up all the way.

A Swat Truck pulls along side of him--

EXT. STREETS OF VICE CITY - NIGHT

The Swat Truck turns into the Comet, knocking into the side of Sean's stolen car.

The Comet recovers quickly before the Swat Truck attempts it again as they reach a corner--

The Comet STOPS.

The Swat Truck speeds forward.

INT. COMET - NIGHT

Sean's foot presses on the gas.

He turns the wheel, going through the underpass of a bridge, still having a grand old time.

EXT. STREETS OF VICE CITY - NIGHT

Coming out of the turn and onto the main road, way up ahead is a POLICE ROAD BLOCK--

SWAT CARS ALIGN ACROSS THE TWO DOUBLE STREET.

INT. COMET - NIGHT

Sean bobs his head back and forth.

He places his hand on the gear shift.

SEAN
Let's do this.

He rips the gear back--

VERRRRRRRRUUUUUUUUM!

EXT. STREETS OF VICE CITY - NIGHT

The Comet speeds right toward the road block.

The safeguarded agents begin firing--

TOOT-TOOT-TOOT-TOOT-TOOT-TOOT-TOOT--

The Comet jets through the narrow opening between two trucks, smashing into the fronts of both and moving them enough to get through--

POP-POP!

The tires flatten on one side -- SPARKS.

The Comet continues forward.

LOOKING BACK: The Swat Trucks break off of the road block and continue the pursuit.

EXT. PAY N' SPRAY - NIGHT

In between two palm trees, an ICONIC PAY N' SPRAY stands.

SIRENS continues to monopolize the background under the music.

The Comet pulls into the garage.

INT. PAY N' SPRAY - NIGHT

Coming to a stop, Sean pokes his head out of the window--

SEAN
Bobby, it's an emergency!

POLICE OFFICER 5 COMES OUT OF NOWHERE--

POLICE OFFICER 5
Don't fucking move!

He stands with his gun drawn, pointed right at Sean.

The overweight BOBBY comes out from the back, sees this and disappears.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE OFFICER 5
Got you, you piece of shit!

SEAN
Alright. Alright. You win.

Sean raises his hands slightly above his head.

SUPER-IMPOSE TEXT: BUSTed!

ZOOM OUT as the screen fades to BLACK AND WHITE, before--

FADING TO: