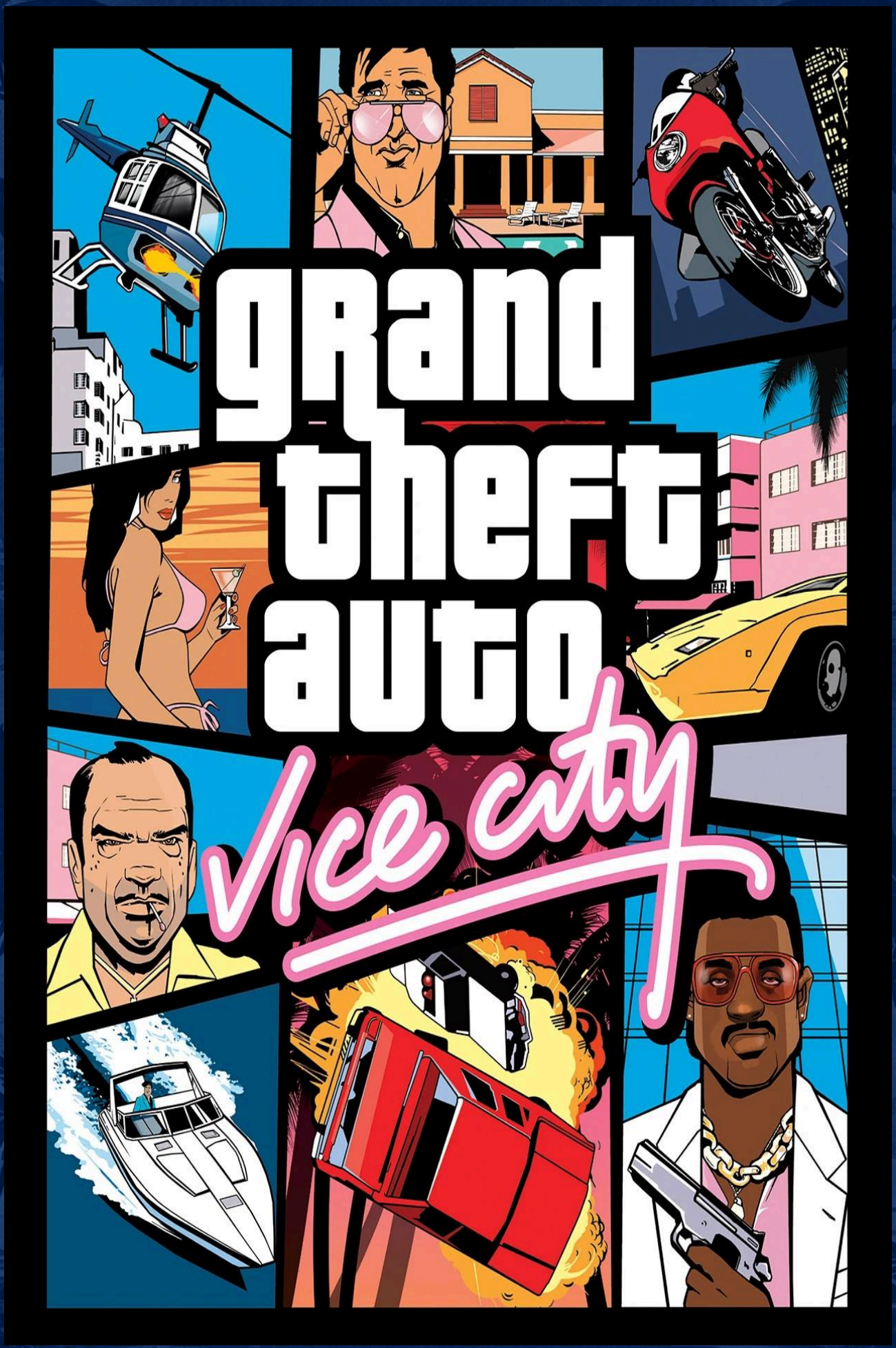

grand theft auto
vice city

Grand Theft Auto: Vice City

A jump by SpazzWave. Version 1.1

Welcome to 1986. Welcome to Vice City.

On the surface, this place is a playground for the rich and famous: a town of white sand beaches, luxury hotels, and fast Italian sports cars cruising down Ocean Drive. It is the decade of excess, and everyone is here to cash in. Look past the beaches and the VIP clubs, however, and you'll see what really pays the bills. This entire city runs on a mountain of cocaine, smuggling rings, and dirty money.

Right now, the underworld is crowded and ready to bleed. A paranoid cartel baron rules the local drug trade from his mansion on Starfish Island, while a retired foreign colonel uses his diplomatic immunity to broker shady deals from a private yacht. Across the bridges on the mainland, the Cubans and Haitians are tearing each other apart in a turf war, outlaw bikers run the downtown streets, and greedy real-estate moguls hire thugs to drive out the locals. To top it all off, the Northern Mafia has just sent an old hitman fresh out of prison down south to muscle in on the action - and when his first big deal gets ambushed at the docks tonight, the whole city is going to turn into a warzone.

It is a loud, violent, and unforgiving place, which makes it the best town on earth for an ambitious criminal looking to make a fortune. You are stepping into Vice City, and what you do here is entirely up to you.

You can help the new guy burn the old guard to the ground, put a bullet in his back and take the throne for yourself, or just kick back on the beach while the gangs wipe each other out. Whatever path you choose, you'll be calling this town home for the next ten years. To make sure you don't end up dead in an alley on your first day, you have **1000 CP** to spend.

Good luck!

Origins

You can freely choose your age and gender. Any origin can become a Drop-in. Perks for the origins are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Tourist

You just stepped off a plane at Escobar International with a suitcase, a camera, and zero local history. As far as anyone in town knows, you're just another clueless vacationer here for the beaches and the bars. Honestly, it's a pretty great cover. In a city full of paranoid gangsters waiting to get shot in the back, nobody looks twice at a harmless out-of-towner. They definitely don't expect you to start finding lost cartel stashes behind dumpsters, hiring hitmen out of your hotel room, or charming psycho drug lords over drinks. You've got no baggage, no bosses, and plenty of free time. Enjoy your vacation.

Ex-Con

You just did fifteen years up north for keeping your mouth shut and taking the fall for your bosses. Instead of a thank you, your old family got nervous about the heat and shipped you down to Vice City to set up a new operation out of their hair. The music is worse than it was in the seventies, and you're starting from scratch, but you haven't gone soft. You're the guy people call when a problem needs solving with a gun. This town is full of loudmouth amateurs, and you're about to show them how a real professional takes over.

Hustler

Working a real job is for suckers. You came to Vice City for the fast cars, the VIP clubs, and the easy money. You're a smooth-talking operator looking for your big break, whether you're flying choppers for smugglers, driving getaway cars, or running a two-man crew. You know how to dress like you already own the place, and you're great at making paranoid bosses think you're their most loyal guy. For now, you're happy riding shotgun and doing the legwork, smiling in your partners' faces while you wait for the right moment to sell them out and take the whole pie.

Kingpin

Getting into street shootouts and sticking up liquor stores is for low-level idiots. Whether you're a cartel baron, a Mafia capo, or a shady local mogul, you belong in the big chair. You know the underworld is really just business without the legal red tape. Why get blood on your own suit when you can throw cash at fifty armed goons to do the shooting for you? You've got the brains to manage smuggling routes, bribe the right officials, and squeeze your rivals until they go broke. You aren't here to share the city; you're here to own all of it.

Lawyer

Somehow you managed to pass the bar exam, even if everybody thinks you cheated. Instead of doing honest work, you opened up a sleazy office in Vice City representing the worst scumbags on the coast. Between bribing judges to let cop-killers walk and washing dirty cartel cash, your life is a constant panic attack fueled by cheap whiskey and desk-drawer cocaine. You aren't a tough guy, and everyone knows it. The upside? Paranoid mobsters actually trust you with their business because they think you're too much of a pushover to ever cross them. Just hitch your wagon to the right psycho, and you'll do fine.

General Perks

Swimming Lessons 101 [Free]

For some inexplicable reason, the water around Vice City is instantly lethal to most protagonists. Maybe it's the sharks, maybe it's the chemical runoff, or maybe they just never learned to doggy-paddle. You, however, are completely immune to this curse! Not only will falling off a pier or bailing out of a speedboat fail to instantly drown you, you are also actually an Olympic-level swimmer who never tires in the water! Go ahead, take a dip! While other tough guys sink straight to the ocean floor like a sack of wet cement, you can actually fall off a yacht and live to tell the tale.

Blips on the Radar [50]

When you're tearing down the boulevard at ninety miles an hour with a four-star wanted level on your tail, you don't exactly have time to pull over and unfold a tourist map from the glovebox. Thankfully, you possess a toggleable mental minimap in the corner of your vision that gives you a constant, top-down layout of your immediate surroundings. It automatically maps out streets, back-alley shortcuts, waterways, and building layouts within a few blocks of your position, updating in real-time as you move. Better yet, it tracks key points of interest with color-coded blips. It marks your allies in green, highlights active hostiles and pursuing cops in red (even shifting the icon to show if a gunman is on a floor above or below you), and marks your current objective or destination in bright yellow. Whether you're trying to flank a warehouse full of thugs or racing across town to make a drop, you always know where the threats are hiding and the fastest route to take.

Flash FM [50]

What's a high-speed getaway in Vice City without the right tunes? You now have a personal mental radio station that can play the entire iconic soundtrack of the 1980s (plus any music from worlds you've previously visited) in crystal-clear quality. Better yet, you don't have to keep the music strictly in your head. With a thought, you can hijack the speakers of any vehicle or building you're currently in to blast your favorite tracks out loud for everyone else to hear, complete with the hilarious local radio hosts and absurd commercials if you want the full experience.

On the Clock [100]

Who says you need a resume, background check, or training to make an honest buck? You can work almost any local job simply by walking in, throwing on the right uniform, or getting behind the wheel of the right vehicle. Hop into a cab, ambulance, fire truck, or pizza delivery scooter (or just slip into some medical scrubs or a work shirt), and the dispatcher will immediately start giving you assignments. Put out some car fires, drop off fares, or throw pizzas at customers, and cash rewards will instantly appear in your pocket the second the task is finished. Weirdly enough, this even applies to law enforcement. Steal a police cruiser or put on a cop uniform, and you can tap into the scanner to hunt down local criminals for massive vigilante bounties. Nobody will ever question who you are, ask for your ID, or wonder why you just hijacked an emergency vehicle or stole a uniform out of a locker room, so long as you are actively doing the job.

Passive Income [100]

Buying up legitimate fronts and shady rackets is the best way to get rich in this town, but actually collecting your cut can be a massive chore. Normally, a boss has to spend half his day driving from property to property just to pick up heavy duffle bags of cash, or trust some nervous courier not to run off with the daily take. You can skip the errands entirely. With this, you automatically receive the profits from every single business, property, and operation you own. The exact moment your nightclubs, cab companies, or counterfeiting rings turn a profit, that money is instantly and safely transferred straight into your personal bank accounts or deposited right into your pocket, whichever you prefer. Nothing ever gets lost in transit, rival gangs cannot rob your drop-offs, and greedy managers never get the chance to skim a single dime. You just sit back and watch the numbers go up.

Party Animal [100]

Vice City runs on fast money and bad habits, and you were practically built for the VIP room. You possess the kind of effortless, head-turning sex appeal that makes the biggest players in town trip over themselves just to get your attention. Whether you're a guy drawing in every bikini model at the nightclub, or a knockout beauty wrapping powerful mobsters and rockstars around your little finger, every set of eyes in the room is instantly glued to you. Of course, looking good is only half the fun; you also have a wild streak that is practically legendary. When it comes to the bedroom, you have the kind of unbelievable stamina and skill that puts professional adult film stars to shame. You can easily handle multiple partners at once without ever getting tired. Whether you are entertaining an entire touring rock band backstage or taking on a yacht full of eager party girls, you can keep going all night long, leaving everyone else completely exhausted and begging for mercy by morning.

Cash on the Barrel [100]

Buying real estate usually takes months of dealing with banks, credit checks, and endless mountains of paperwork. You don't have the patience for any of that bureaucratic nonsense. With this perk, you can buy any business, safehouse, or property on the spot, provided you have the correct funds. All you have to do is walk up to the front door, drop the cash, and the place is yours in an instant. It doesn't matter if you have no legal identity, a massive criminal record, or are paying for a multimillion-dollar mansion with a duffle bag full of unwashed twenties. You skip all the paperwork, waiting periods, and tax audits completely. The previous owners immediately pack up and leave, the deed is legally transferred to your name, and the staff instantly recognizes you as the new boss. From sleazy strip clubs to sprawling boatyards, everything in town is up for grabs.

The Big Score [200]

Any idiot with a ski mask can stick up a liquor store, but knocking over a heavily guarded bank vault takes a real professional. You possess all the master-level skills of a career heist planner. Simply by walking into a building or looking at its blueprints, you can case the joint in minutes, instantly spotting security blind spots, guard rotations, alarm systems, and the cleanest escape routes. Of course, a big score requires a crew, and you know exactly how to build one. You have a sixth sense for tracking down the right specialists for the job - whether you need a world-class safecracker, a fearless getaway driver, or a heavily armed lunatic to watch the lobby. Once you have your team, you can coordinate them effortlessly. Even if your crew is made up of unstable amateurs who hate each other, your leadership keeps them focused and on schedule. Under your direction, everyone hits their marks, sticks to the plan, and gets out with the cash before the SWAT teams even know what hit them.

Hands-On Management [200]

Around here, buying a business usually means you end up doing half the work yourself just to get the place off the ground. Fortunately, you are the ultimate jack-of-all-trades when it comes to your own investments. Whenever you own a business, you instantly gain the practical skills and knowledge required to operate any position within that company at a professional level. If you buy a sleazy film studio, you immediately know how to work the cameras and direct a blockbuster (or act in the movie yourself). Purchase a struggling taxi firm or a Chop Shop, and you can dispatch rides, balance the books, or rebuild an engine from scratch. Even if you take over a massive counterfeiting syndicate, you can walk onto the floor and work the printing presses yourself. You never have to worry about essential staff quitting or slacking off, because you can step into any role in the building and keep the money flowing.

‘’Keep Your Friends Close…” [200]

Vice City is a snake pit full of backstabbers, greedy mob bosses, and overly ambitious partners who get nervous when they think they aren't getting a fair cut. Trusting the wrong guy here usually ends with a shotgun blast to the back. Thankfully, you possess an infallible sixth sense for betrayal. The exact moment an ally, subordinate, or employer definitively decides to sell you out, you will know. You won't necessarily know the exact details of how or when they plan to do it, nor who they are working with, but you will instantly get a crystal-clear mental notification of who the traitor is. It doesn't matter how good their poker face is or how many miles away they are when they strike a deal with your enemies; the second their loyalty flips, the alarm goes off in your head. This gives you plenty of warning to load a heavy rifle, play along with their little ambush, and put a bullet in the rat before they can spring their trap on you.

Is That a Rocket Launcher in Your Pocket? [200]

...Or are you just really happy to see me? Actually, it’s definitely a rocket launcher, though how you pulled a fully loaded RPG-7 out of your tight trousers without leaving a bulge is anybody's guess. You possess a personal dimensional storage space specifically keyed to weaponry. At any given time, you can store one weapon of each general archetype (one melee weapon, one pistol, one shotgun, one SMG, one assault rifle, one heavy weapon, one thrown explosive type, and one sniper rifle) directly on your person. Even a massive minigun remains completely invisible and weightless in your pants until the exact second you whip it out. This hammerspace also stores all your ammunition for you. Better yet, if you manage to hoard enough bullets or rockets for a specific weapon slot that your reserve ammo count surpasses 9,999, the counter glitches out and locks in place, granting you completely infinite ammunition for that weapon type forever.

Out of Sight, Out of Mind [400]

Forensics, detective work, and long-term federal investigations might exist in the movies, but they sure don't apply to you. When it comes to the law, you only ever have to worry about the heat of the moment. You can get away with any crime completely free of consequences, provided you aren't caught red-handed or manage to escape the initial pursuit. If you rob a bank, gun down a rival gang in broad daylight, or blow up a city block, the authorities will come after you hard. However, the exact second you lose their tail, duck into an alley to change your clothes, or get your getaway car resprayed, the heat vanishes entirely. The police immediately call off the manhunt and seemingly suffer total amnesia regarding your involvement. Fingerprints, security cameras, ballistic matches, and eyewitnesses will never link back to you later. Once those flashing lights are out of your rearview mirror, you are officially an innocent citizen again.

100 Health, 100 Armor [400]

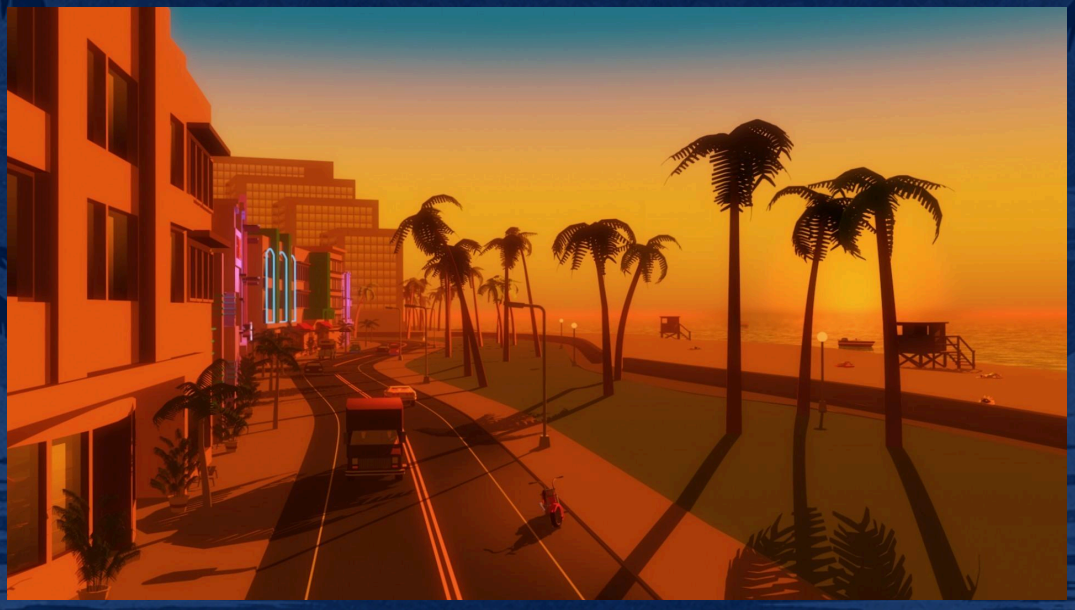
In the real world, catching a single bullet means a trip to the hospital or the morgue. You, however, run on pure action-hero logic. Your body treats physical trauma like a simple health bar. You can survive multiple gunshots, stabbings, or car crashes without taking any actual crippling damage. You won't bleed out or suffer broken bones, allowing you to run and shoot at peak performance right up until the moment you take a truly fatal hit. Put on a bulletproof vest, and it acts as a secondary shield that somehow protects your entire body (even your bare head) from harm. Better yet, you always have a mental readout of your exact numbers, so you know precisely how much health and armor you have left at any given second. And if you need to heal? Simply eating a greasy slice of pizza will instantly mend your gunshot wounds, and stepping into any safehouse or property you own to rest for a brief moment will completely restore you to peak physical condition, erasing all injuries instantly - and you can even choose to advance the clock a few hours in the process if you want to skip ahead.

Wasted [600]

In this line of work, eventually your luck is going to run out. Maybe you catch a stray rocket during a turf war, or maybe your sports car flips and explodes on the highway. Fortunately, what should be a trip to the morgue is now just a minor medical inconvenience. Once per month, if you die and have no other means of survival, you won't actually pass on. Instead, your vision will briefly fade out, and a few hours later, you will simply wake up outside the front doors of the nearest hospital, completely restored to peak physical health. Even if your body was blown to pieces or sunk to the bottom of the ocean, local paramedics will somehow have patched you back together without a single scar left behind. This miracle of modern medicine only costs you a hundred bucks in hospital fees and whatever weapons you had in your hands at the time - a pretty low price to pay for cheating the reaper.

Cheat Codes [1600]

Why play by the rules when you can rewrite reality with a few magic words? You have access to the classic Vice City cheat codes, activated simply by thinking the right phrase with that intent. Need firepower? Mentally mutter a command for your "Nutter Tools" to instantly manifest a chainsaw, heavy sniper, and a minigun right into your hands - and if you repeat the thought enough times, you'll get infinite ammunition. If the heat gets too heavy, a quick mental "Leave Me Alone" will make the cops instantly drop their pursuit, while "Aspirin" will heal your wounds and even fix your entire car instantly. Your control over the city goes as far as the old code list allows. You can drop a Rhino tank out of thin air, make cars drive over water, or blow up every vehicle on the block at once. You can even change the weather, turn your street gang into bikini-clad girls with M4s, or shapeshift to look like local figures. And don't worry about the irreversible codes - you can revert them whenever you wish, so using a code to make everyone riot won't permanently ruin your city once you've had your fun.



Ex-Con Perks

I Needed Some Sleep Anyway [100]

Fifteen years in prison is a long time, but if nothing else, it taught you a few things. You've got the kind of mental fortitude that's hard to shake, making you exceptionally resistant to intimidation, pressure, and the sort of mind games people like to play when they think they have the upper hand. You've also learned patience the hard way. You can sit on a plan for months or years if that's what it takes, waiting for the right opportunity instead of rushing in and screwing everything up. Your mind has gotten sharper too. You're good at reading people, noticing little details, keeping track of what's going on around you, and figuring out when something doesn't add up. Fifteen years behind bars may have taken a chunk out of your life, but it didn't break you. If anything, it taught you how to keep your head down, keep your cool, and come out swinging when the time is right.

A Man for the Job [200]

You didn't come to Vice City looking for work. Yet somehow, work found you. You have the sort of face and reputation that makes people take one look at you and immediately think, yeah, this guy can handle himself. It doesn't matter whether they're drug lords, corrupt lawyers, rock bands, or even taxi dispatchers with a very specific favor to ask; people seem to know your name before you've given it, and they all come looking for you when they need something done. The jobs themselves will always be suited to your talents. Maybe someone needs a problem solved with a gun, a car, a little intimidation, some creative thinking, or all of the above. Whatever it is, you'll have the skills and means to get it done, and there will always be another opportunity waiting once you're finished. More importantly, your work will be rewarded handsomely. People who hire you will have the means and inclination to compensate you generously, with payment appropriate to the danger, difficulty, and importance of the job. You won't be wasting your time running errands for pocket change - if someone comes looking for your help, there's going to be something worthwhile waiting at the end of it.

Harwood Butcher [400]

The reason you were in jail wasn't robbery, or extortion, or any of the usual reasons a man does time. It was murder, a dozen counts of it, and the truth the papers never printed was simple: a dozen professionals were sent to kill you in one room, and they were the ones who ended up dead. You're a man with dangerous skills, an entire one-man army wrapped in a single set of hands. You could walk into a cartel safehouse alone, clean it out room by room, gun down every man inside with cold-blooded precision, and walk back out without taking a single hit. In fact, such is your precision and talent for murder that you can wield two weapons at once, a pistol in one hand and a SMG in the other, without losing accuracy or effectiveness. Even a squad of SWAT breaching every entrance at once, flashbangs and all, buys itself nothing but a body count. Whoever's counting on numbers to bring you down hasn't done the math. A dozen wasn't enough the first time. It won't be enough again.

Hostile Takeover [600]

There's a right way to take over somebody's operation: the slow way, building loyalty, buying favors, and earning respect one deal at a time. Then your hotheaded partner goes and does something stupid, and suddenly it's up to you to do things the fast way: storm the mansion, eliminate the man on top, and take everything. Lucky for you, you possess a unique talent for usurping criminal empires. Whenever you personally take out the boss of an organization or business, you completely skip the messy power vacuum that usually follows. Instead, the remaining underlings see which way the wind is blowing and fall in line fast. Nobody comes looking for payback, and the operation doesn't miss a beat. From street crews to crooked cops on the payroll, everyone just goes back to work, except now they answer to you. Better yet, all of their assets automatically become your assets, right down to the very last dollar, front, and property deed.

Hustler Perks

Look the Part [100]

In a town like Vice City, image is everything. Fortunately, you have an effortless eye for style and a charismatic aura that commands respect. Whether you're wearing a tailored pastel suit, a Hawaiian shirt, or cheap denim, you always look like a serious high roller no matter what clothes you wear. Because of how you carry yourself, people naturally assume you have way more money, influence, and backup than you actually do. Even if you just got out of prison with empty pockets, this reputation opens doors to exclusive VIP clubs, private yacht parties, and high-level meetings with major crime bosses who would normally ignore common street trash. As a bonus, your clothes always stay miraculously crisp and stain-free, even right after a chaotic shootout in a muddy junkyard. You can walk through flying lead, grease, and blood, and still step into a penthouse looking like a million bucks, without a single wrinkle or spot on your favorite silk collar.

Grand Theft Auto [200]

You can't call yourself a real player in this town if you don't know how to handle a getaway ride. Thankfully, you are an expert pilot of virtually any vehicle you touch. You can handle high-speed sports cars on slick, rain-soaked asphalt with absolute precision, weaving through heavy traffic while the cops eat your dust. Take the action out to the water, and you're performing hair-raising stunts in speedboats without ever breaking a sweat. Even the skies belong to you, as you can maneuver helicopters through tight city alleys and underneath low highway bridges like it's nothing. Finding a ride in a pinch is never a problem, either. Forget looking for keys; you can easily bypass alarms and hotwire these vehicles in seconds, whether it's a parked supercar or a military chopper. Whether you're making a desperate escape or just cruising down the strip, if a machine has an engine, you can push it right to the absolute limit.

Compartmentalization [400]

In this line of work, smiling in a guy's face while figuring out where to bury him is just standard business. You have absolute control over your emotions, body language, and true intentions. You can calmly plan a man's elimination in your head while laughing genuinely at his terrible jokes over drinks, and he won't have a single clue. Even the most hyper-paranoid drug lords, seasoned federal agents, or lie detectors cannot sense any malice or betrayal from you until the exact moment you pull the trigger. Your poker face isn't just good; it's completely flawless. In fact, beyond just hiding your dark motives, you also have great luck at making sure people actively trust you. Whether you are dealing with a new boss or a rival crew, small circumstances always seem to work out in your favor, making you look like the most loyal, reliable partner in the room right up until you decide their time is finally up.

The Lance Vance Dance [600]

In this town, loyalty is just an expiration date waiting to happen. You've mastered the art of walking the razor's edge between reckless ambition and cold-blooded betrayal - and somehow, you usually manage to come out on top. First, you have an uncanny knack for surviving terrible luck and your own worst mistakes. When you bite off more than you can chew (like going off half-cocked and ending up tied to a chair waiting to be tortured), the odds skew heavily in your favor. Enemies tend to get talkative, executioners drag their feet with crude interrogations instead of shooting on sight, and word of your predicament has a funny habit of slipping out to the right ears. This buys a crucial, generous window for an ally, a heavily armed partner, or someone who still needs you breathing to catch wind of the mess and stage a rescue just in the nick of time. It won't save you if you dive headfirst into a meat grinder, but when things go sideways, you almost always get a fighting chance to be pulled from the fire. Then comes the real hustle. The universe will regularly deal you golden opportunities to sell out those very same allies for staggering, life-changing payouts. And unlike a certain loudmouth who choked on a mansion roof, you actually have the brains to pull it off. When you decide to turn on your friends, the betrayal goes off without a hitch - ensuring you survive the fallout, claim the massive reward, and walk away with everything they built.

Kingpin Perks

Hired Muscle [100]

A real boss doesn’t get blood on his own suit unless he feels like making a personal point. With this, you never have to fight your own battles if you don’t want to. You have an uncanny ability to attract capable goons, professional bodyguards, and ruthless enforcers wherever you go. Whenever you need backup, all it takes is spending money. Within hours of putting the word out (and spending thousands of dollars), you can quickly assemble a small army of competent, heavily armed thugs ready to go to war on your behalf. These aren't the usual street idiots who fold under pressure, either; they actually know how to take cover, handle heavy hardware, and protect your assets. Best of all, your payroll buys total compliance. Your hired muscle will follow your orders to the letter without ever questioning the legality or morality of the task. Whether you need fifty guys guarding your mansion or a hit squad to torch a rival’s business, just pay the fee.

Boss Material [200]

Any idiot with a gun can rob a liquor store, but actually running the show takes real brains. Thankfully, you possess all the foundational skills of a seasoned kingpin. You understand the business side of the underworld inside and out. Setting up smuggling routes, managing street-level distribution, and laundering dirty cash through legitimate fronts comes naturally to you. You know how to read a financial ledger just as well as you read a room. Beyond the numbers, you know how to manage people. You have a sharp eye for talent, easily telling the difference between disposable muscle and actual lieutenant material. You naturally project the kind of authority that keeps violent men in check, and you know the exact etiquette for negotiating deals with foreign suppliers or bribing local politicians. Whether you are already sitting at the top of a syndicate or building a new crew from scratch, you have the executive mindset required to be the boss.

El Jefe de Vice [400]

Why split profits with other crews when you can own the whole city? You have an immense talent for building monopolies. If there is a market (whether it’s drugs, weapons, or stolen cars), you know how to completely corner it. You possess the ruthless thinking and skills to carve out the competition for good. You know exactly which port officials to bribe to establish absolute control over supply lines, which rival trucks to hijack to starve out other gangs, and how to undercut their deals until they go broke. Once you squeeze everyone else out, you dictate the prices, and the streets have no choice but to pay. Better yet, rivals naturally crumble under your aggressive expansion tactics. When you start taking over their turf and hitting their stashes, they fail to mount a proper defense. Instead, their operations fall apart under the pressure, their suppliers flip to your side, and they get pushed out of the game entirely.

The Long Arm of the Boss [600]

It’s the eighties and cell phones are the size of bricks, yet somehow a mob boss sitting in a restaurant a thousand miles away knows the exact second a deal goes wrong down south. It almost looks like telepathy, and now you have that exact same unfair advantage. You possess a constant, remote awareness of every single business, front, and criminal operation under your control. Without needing reports or ledgers, you instantly know how much money your rackets are making, whether a manager is skimming cash, or the exact moment a rival gang attacks one of your warehouses. Better yet, you never have to physically show up to run things. With just a quick call, you can perfectly manage your entire operation with zero hassle. A thirty-second chat on a payphone is all it takes to effortlessly reorganize smuggling routes, deploy hit squads, solve massive logistical headaches, and instantly funnel profits straight into your accounts. Furthermore, these communications are completely immune to wiretaps or any kind of federal tracing, and your remote orders imbue your subordinates with peak competence, ensuring your will is carried out swiftly and flawlessly while you rule from your dinner table.

Lawyer Perks

Self-Medication [100]

Being a lawyer in Vice City is a stressful job, especially when your clients are complete psychopaths, which is why you turn to the city's favorite vice: cocaine. Thankfully, your body is remarkably resilient to the negative effects of extreme stress and heavy narcotics. When a deal goes bad and the mob is breathing down your neck, you can chain-smoke cigars, drink liters of cheap whiskey, and do lines of coke off your desk to keep yourself awake for days on end without suffering a heart attack. A bender like that would put a normal man straight into the morgue, but you will never overdose, ruin your liver, or drop dead from high blood pressure. Your bad habits will actually keep you standing and functional through any crisis. It won't make you look pretty, though - you will still be a paranoid, jittery, sweaty mess, just one that is guaranteed to survive until morning.

Too Pathetic to Whack [200]

In the criminal underworld, looking like a tough guy is the fastest way to catch a bullet. Ambitious men make paranoid bosses very nervous. You, however, have mastered the exact opposite approach: you are able to project the image of someone far too pathetic to ever be considered a real threat when it’s convenient. When dangerous people look at you, they don't see a rival; they see a nervous, harmless pushover who lacks the spine to pull a trigger or steal their crown. Ironically, this makes you the most employable guy around. Ruthless mob bosses and cartel leaders will eagerly hire you to handle their money, broker their deals, and manage their darkest secrets, simply because they believe you are too weak to ever cross them. Even rival gangs will usually spare you when the shooting starts, writing you off as a cowardly middleman not worth wasting bullets on. It’s the ultimate cover, letting you walk right into a syndicate's inner circle completely unbothered.

Walking Free [400]

The justice system in this city is completely broken, and you know exactly how to work it. You possess the absolute best skills of an underworld lawyer, operating on the kind of insane legal logic that keeps career psychopaths on the streets. Through a mix of obscure loopholes, lost evidence, and slipping envelopes of cash to the right judges, you can take almost anyone out of jail on anything. It doesn't matter if your client was caught red-handed with a trunk full of contraband; you will have them walking out the front doors of the precinct in hours. Even a man arrested for eliminating a cop can be freed on the very same day, minus a small fine and his confiscated weapons. Only the worst of the worst (the cases so absolutely ridiculous, public, and catastrophic that no one could possibly be saved) can stop your lawyer skills. For everything else, you are a walking get-out-of-jail-free card.

Privileged Counsel [600]

You don’t need to be a hardened trigger-man to rule this town; you just need to be best friends with the biggest psychopath on the block. You have an incredible knack for crossing paths with and befriending the most dangerous rising stars in the underworld: the unstoppable one-man armies destined to conquer the city. More importantly, once you offer them your services, they develop a permanent soft spot for you. It doesn’t matter how ruthless, cold-blooded, or paranoid they are with everyone else; they will always view you as a loyal friend and an indispensable advisor. Even when you panic, screw up, or get into deep trouble, they won't whack you; they’ll just roll their eyes and bail you out. While your terrifying new best friend goes out and slaughters rival gangs, storms mansions, and does all the violent heavy lifting, you get to safely ride their coattails straight to the top, taking a massive cut of the empire just for pointing them in the right direction.

Tourist Perks

Wallflower in Neon [100]

Turns out the best camouflage in Vice City is a camera around your neck and a sunburn. By default, people assume you're a completely harmless, clueless tourist, and it's hard to blame them. Unless you actively draw a weapon, pick a fight, or commit a blatant crime right in front of them, criminals, cops, and paranoid cartel bosses will overlook you as a threat. You can walk right through active gang territory or wander into the middle of a tense drug deal, and people will simply write you off, already looking past you for the nearest beach you must be lost on the way to. It won't save you if you start shooting or get caught red-handed doing something felonious, but as long as you keep your hands where everyone can see them and your intentions look as clueless as your outfit, you'll walk through the worst parts of Vice City like you're heading for an ice cream stand.

Hidden Packages [200]

You've heard the local legend: every cabbie and beat cop in Vice City swears the streets are seeded with treasure for anyone sharp-eyed enough to spot it. Locals don't see it, but you, a tourist? You will find out that you have an uncanny knack for finding valuable things that people have lost or hidden. Duffel bags of cash wedged behind dumpsters, guns ditched in storm drains after a job gone wrong, a brick of product still taped up in a gym bag nobody came back for, envelopes of photos some poor sap never should have let get taken, or even strange, unmarked adrenaline pills that briefly slow time to a crawl when you pop them. Just wander long enough and something worth having will turn up. Of course, don’t normally expect the weapon you found to be a rocket launcher or the leverage to be from someone really important, but these small treasures are useful and always convenient to your situation.

Will Work For Cash [400]

Every tourist trap has a guy: the one who "knows a guy," who can get you anything for the right price, no questions asked. You just didn't expect to become that guy's best customer within a week of landing. Turns out you have an unnatural talent for finding people willing to do absolutely anything, provided the money's right: hitmen between jobs, mechanics who don't ask where a car came from, ex-military types killing time between wars, corrupt clerks, informants, wheelmen, arsonists, the works. You barely have to look. Word just seems to travel, and sooner or later somebody's leaning against your hotel doorframe with a proposition and a price tag. You're not a crime boss, and nobody mistakes you for one (you're still just a tourist with a checkbook), but you've become a de facto mission-giver all the same. Need something stolen, someone tailed, a building burned, a rival roughed up, a shipment intercepted? You can find someone to do it, so long as you're willing to pay, and the going rate is never so steep it isn't worth what you're buying. What you can't buy is loyalty: these are hired hands, not friends, and they'll do the job as contracted and not one favor more.

Everybody's Best Friend [600]

There's a particular kind of charm that only works on vacation: the kind where a total stranger buys you a drink, tells you their life story, and calls you their best friend by the end of the night, no questions asked. You've always had a bit of that in you. You have a genuine talent for being instantly likable to strangers, the kind of first impression that makes hardened criminals, insane murderers, and paranoid coke barons decide, against their better judgment, that they like you. Somewhere out there, some coked-up lunatic like Ricardo Diaz is going to take one look at you and decide you're the most interesting person he's met all week. The first time you meet someone (anyone, such as a beat cop or a cartel lieutenant), they don't just tolerate you; they warm to you. Hostility drops to genuine friendliness, suspicion turns into an open door, and indifference into an actual favor if you ask nicely. People go out of their way for you on a first impression in a way they wouldn't for anyone else: sharing information, cutting you a break, or even vouching for you to somebody else. It won't stop them from turning on you the second you give them a real reason to, and it fades once the two of you have history (you can't charm the same person twice, after all), but that first meeting, every time, goes better than it has any right to. Nobody can quite explain it. You're just the tourist everybody wanted to be friends with.

Items

You have a 300 CP stipend to spend here. You can freely import items. Items destroyed repair themselves in three days. You have a blueprint of anything bought here. You can discount two items per price tier. Discounted 100 CP items become free.

The Ocean View Suite [Free]

Every out-of-towner needs a place to crash. You have a permanent, pre-paid penthouse suite at the Ocean View Hotel right on Ocean Drive, which will seamlessly insert itself into a beachfront or prime downtown location in future worlds. It's spacious, air-conditioned, and comes with a great view of the strip and a fully stocked bar. More importantly, the hotel provides the ultimate discreet room service. Leave torn, blood-soaked body armor or empty weapons on the bed, and housekeeping will quietly repair your vests and restock your ammunition by the time you finish a shower, no questions asked. Furthermore, resting in the suite for just a few minutes leaves you as refreshed and healed up as a full night's sleep. As a nice touch, any trophy or souvenir from your big exploits (like hockey masks from bank heists or posters) automatically appears around the room as decoration.

The Wardrobe [100]

If you're going to take over this town, you might as well dress for the occasion. Attached to any property or safehouse you own is a spacious walk-in closet containing the absolute finest in 1980s fashion. Everything inside is automatically tailored to your exact measurements and replaces itself the moment it gets ruined. You've got racks of classic Hawaiian shirts, sharp Italian suits, casual streetwear, and preppy country-club golf attire. More than just looking good, this closet is stocked with a wide variety of functional disguises - including bank-robber coveralls complete with hockey masks, union worker uniforms, and actual VCPD police uniforms. Stepping into this closet to swap your outfit takes only a second, and doing so while out of sight will immediately fool witnesses and low-level police patrols into thinking you're a completely different person, letting you walk right out of the place without anyone bothering you.

The Brick Phone [100]

Nothing screams eighties success quite like taking a business call on the beach. You are the proud owner of a massive, indestructible 1980s Motorola-style brick phone, complete with a handy carrying bag so you aren't lugging it around in your bare hand all day. In a pinch, the thing is heavy enough to crack a guy's skull open, and it never needs charging. Its infinite battery powers a signal that gets crystal-clear reception anywhere, even at the bottom of the ocean. Better yet, it comes pre-loaded with the private numbers of reliable local fixers and fences ready to buy your stolen goods or give you a tip. Should you find yourself in more modern or futuristic worlds down the line, the phone will automatically upgrade its shell and software to match the cutting-edge tech of the era.

Precious Protection [100/200]

Going into a Vice City firefight in just a silk shirt is a great way to end up in a body bag. With this, you have a dedicated, reinforced locker in your safehouse that stays stocked with top-of-the-line, military-grade Kevlar body armor. These vests are remarkably lightweight, fit seamlessly beneath your normal clothes without ruining your look, and can soak up a serious amount of small-arms fire and shrapnel before finally giving out.
For **100 CP**, the locker holds a dozen vests meant for your personal use and a few close companions. Whenever a vest gets shredded in a shootout, a fresh replacement will automatically appear on the rack the next morning.
For **200 CP**, your locker expands into a full-blown armory storage room containing hundreds of vests - more than enough to equip an entire street gang or private army. Your hired muscle and gang members will automatically wear them on the job, drastically increasing their survival rate during turf wars and police raids, and the supply will completely replenish itself every single week.

Tools of the Trade [100/200/400]

You aren't going to last very long in Vice City with empty hands. Stored in the trunk of your car or waiting inside your safehouse is a personal, self-replenishing arsenal of untraceable weapons and ammunition. The firepower you have access to depends on how much you are willing to spend:

For **100 CP**, you get the Thug's Tools: a solid collection of street-level hardware. This includes brass knuckles, baseball bats, machetes, standard 9mm pistols, pump-action shotguns, micro-SMGs like the Tec-9 and Uzi, and a box of homemade Molotov cocktails.

For **200 CP**, you upgrade to the Professional's Tools, keeping the previous tier and adding the genuinely good guns suited for serious bank jobs and cartel hits. You get heavy .357 Colt Pythons, combat shotguns like the SPAS-12, suppressed MP5s, Kruger and M4 assault rifles, high-powered .308 sniper rifles, and fragmentation grenades.

For **400 CP**, you unlock the Nutter's Tools, giving you everything above plus absurd, military-grade heavy ordnance. Whenever a problem requires total overkill, you can pull out M60 light machine guns, flamethrowers, RPG-7 rocket launchers, and a portable Minigun capable of shredding a fleet of police cruisers in seconds. If any of your weapons are ever lost, destroyed, or confiscated by the cops, fresh replacements will be waiting for you back at your property within the day.

Sweet Ride [100/200]

Stealing random cars off the street works in a pinch, but a real player needs a signature ride they can count on. You are the proud owner of a permanent, completely untraceable vehicle with a color of your choice that never runs out of fuel. You also have a dedicated mechanic's number on speed-dial: give it a quick call, and your ride will be delivered right down the block within thirty seconds. If your vehicle is ever lost, stolen, impounded, or blown to pieces in a shootout, it will magically respawn in pristine, factory-new condition inside your garage (or ready for delivery) the very next hour. This option may be bought multiple times.

For **100 CP**, you can choose any single civilian vehicle in the city to be yours. You might pick a blistering-fast Italian supercar like the Cheetah or Infernus, Lance's white Stinger convertible, a PCJ-600 sportbike, a Squalo speedboat, or a personal Maverick helicopter.

For **200 CP**, you can instead choose a heavy military or law-enforcement vehicle. This lets you claim a permanent, bulletproof Rhino main battle tank that blows up traffic on contact, or a Hunter military attack helicopter fully armed with infinite machine-gun ammo and heat-seeking missiles.

- **Custom Proofing [+50 CP per immunity]**

Just like the rare "mission-unique" vehicles hidden around Vice City, your signature ride can be discreetly engineered with special properties. For **50 CP each**, you may purchase any of the following upgrades for your chosen vehicle (or take **all five** for **200 CP**):

Bulletproof: Small-arms fire, machine guns, and sniper rounds bounce harmlessly off the chassis and glass without damaging the vehicle or passengers inside.

Fireproof: Flames, Molotov cocktails, and flamethrowers leave the paint unblemished and cannot ignite the engine.

Explosion-Proof: Rockets, grenades, and nearby car bombs deal zero structural damage, though the blast wave can still knock the vehicle around.

Collision-Proof (Damage-Proof): Crashing into walls, flipping over, or plowing through traffic at top speed causes zero mechanical wear or body deformation. Don't worry about inertia or the lack of crumple zones, either - this protection extends to everyone inside, completely negating the impact force so you and your passengers won't even get whiplash when hitting a brick wall at a hundred miles an hour.

Puncture-Proof Tires: Spike strips and gunfire will never pop or deflate your tires, ensuring you never lose traction during a high-speed getaway.

Top Fun Van [200]

Why walk into an ambush yourself when you can send in a plastic toy packed with high explosives? Parked outside your safehouse is an inconspicuous gray "Top Fun" utility van with tinted windows. The back of the van is a mobile command center equipped with long-range radio transmitters and a self-replenishing rack of remote-controlled vehicles: RC race cars, RC mini-helicopters, RC biplanes, and even RC boats. Despite looking like harmless hobby-shop toys, every single one of these RC vehicles comes pre-rigged with a powerful block of C4 - and the biplanes and the helicopters can even drop miniature bombs before detonating. You can sit safely inside the air-conditioned van from blocks away, piloting them through video monitors to drive under rival bosses' cars, fly through open office windows, or blow up entire gang meetings without ever putting yourself in the line of fire. If the van itself is ever destroyed or impounded, it respawns in your driveway the next day.

Supply and Demand [200]

Everything in Vice City starts with a handover: one guy brings the cash, the other brings the merchandise. Thankfully, you walked away with both halves of the score. This item consists of two heavy-duty, reinforced metal briefcases that belong strictly to you. Pop the latches on the first briefcase, and you'll find $100,000 in crisp, non-sequential, completely untraceable bills, ready to spend on weapons, bribes, or real estate. Open the second briefcase, and you'll find twenty kilos of the purest, highest-grade product in the world - cocaine by default, though in future worlds it can automatically change into an equivalent, ultra-valuable local contraband of your choice. Any buyer or boss who tests a sample will immediately recognize its unmatched quality and pay top dollar for it. Once every year, both briefcases will magically refill to the brim with fresh cash and pure product.

K. Rosenberg & Associates [200]

Tucked away near Ocean Beach is a sleazy-looking law office that belongs to you and your legal team. Despite the cheap furniture and questionable staff, this place acts as a complete financial black hole for the IRS and federal investigators. Any dirty money you funnel through this office's accounts (whether it comes from drug deals, bank heists, or extortion) is automatically and instantaneously laundered into 100% legal, tax-paid income with a bulletproof paper trail. Additionally, the firm's lawyers are on call 24/7 to bail you out of jail for a fee. If you ever get busted by the police, they will immediately step in to grease the right palms and bury the paperwork. The worse your crime, the higher the price tag, ranging from a few hundred bucks for grand theft auto to tens of thousands for gunning down a SWAT team. Still, for almost any crime you commit, as long as you can pay their fee, they will have you walking out the front doors of the precinct that very same day.

The Starfish Island Estate [200]

Why settle for a cramped hotel room when you can live like the undisputed king of Vice City? You are the proud owner of a massive, palatial compound on Starfish Island - the largest and most luxurious piece of real estate in town. The property is an eighties dream: it features sprawling marble foyers, dozens of guest rooms, two indoor swimming pools, a backyard hedge maze, a private dock for your speedboats, a multi-car garage, and a rooftop helipad. All of your utilities, maintenance, and high-end supplies (from gourmet food to the stocked bars) are permanently paid for in advance. The mansion also comes fully staffed with a team of loyal, discreet servants (including maids, private chefs, bartenders, and mechanics) who keep the place spotless and cater to your every whim without ever asking questions. Furthermore, the estate is a literal fortress. It comes equipped with state-of-the-art security systems and armed guards patrolling the grounds 24/7. More importantly, while you are on the premises, no gang raid or police force will ever bother you; the cops won't step foot past the front gates, and rival crews wouldn't dare try to storm the place. It is the ultimate untouchable throne room.

Vice City Real Estate [200]

If you want to make real, long-term money in this town, you have to invest in commercial property. With each purchase of this item, you gain full legal ownership of one major revenue-generating business or criminal front in Vice City, which will seamlessly insert itself into any future worlds you visit. The staff is already hired and completely loyal, the initial headaches are already solved, and the place immediately generates a steady, massive stream of daily profits for you. You have your pick of the city's classic establishments. You can grab the Malibu Club or the Pole Position strip club to rake in cash from the nightlife, or claim the Boatyard at the docks, Kaufman Cabs, or Sunshine Autos - complete with its own illegal street-racing ring and chop shop. You can even take over InterGlobal Films to shoot adult movies and blockbusters, the Cherry Popper Ice Cream Factory to push contraband out of ice cream trucks, or the Print Works to churn out either legitimate magazines or millions in flawless counterfeit cash. Alternatively, if you want something different, you aren't limited to the list above; you can purchase any other enterprise of a similar scale in the city - such as your own Ammu-Nation gun store franchise, a luxury beachfront hotel, a pharmaceutical plant, or a local construction company. Whatever racket fits your style, the deed is yours.

Diplomatic Passport [400]

How does a guy like Colonel Cortez park a yacht full of stolen military hardware and cocaine right off the beach without the feds kicking his door down? Simple: diplomatic immunity. Now you have the exact same cover. You possess a pristine, completely bulletproof set of credentials claiming you are a visiting foreign dignitary from a small, unspecified nation. While it won't let you gun down a crowd in broad daylight and walk away, it grants you incredible legal protection for everything else. Local police and federal agents are legally barred from searching your person, your luggage, your properties, or any vehicle you are riding in without a mountain of international red tape they will never bother to clear. Even if you are pulled over for reckless driving, trespassing, or carrying concealed weapons, flashing this passport forces the authorities to let you off with a polite warning.

Black Market Catalog [400]

Why waste time building underworld connections when you can just order what you need like room service? Sitting on your table is a thick, unmarked leather binder that updates itself in every new world you visit. Flip through the pages, and you'll find an exhaustive mail-order menu for the local criminal underworld. All you have to do is call the toll-free number listed inside, state your order, and wire the cash. Within ten minutes, a shady courier will quietly drop off your purchase at an alley or dump site just down the block. You can order almost anything for a remarkably fair price: crates of military-grade hardware, pristine forged identities, untraceable getaway vehicles, or even detailed blackmail dossiers containing secrets, schedules, and security weaknesses of local VIPs and crime bosses. Whatever tools you need to ruin someone's day, they're just a phone call away.

Top-Secret Chips [400]

Did you steal this from the French government? Colonel Cortez was willing to start an international incident over a package just like this, and once you pop the latches, it's easy to see why. You are in possession of a heavy, reinforced metal briefcase containing top-secret, cutting-edge military guidance technology and classified schematics. You have two ways to use this little prize. If you are just looking for a massive payday, any major intelligence agency, defense contractor, or high-level arms dealer will happily pay you millions of dollars (or trade you serious political favors) just to get their hands on it, and a fresh briefcase with new classified tech will reappear in your safehouse once a year. Alternatively, if you decide to install the chips into your own gear, it upgrades all of your heavy weapons and vehicle armaments with experimental military targeting systems, turning your standard rockets into unshakeable, lock-on guided missiles and giving your guns pinpoint, computer-assisted accuracy.

Companions

Recruit Anyone [Free]

Anyone you want to recruit in this world is free to join you as a companion if they agree.

Create/Import [50 CP for 1, 200 CP for 8]

You can create new Companions or import existing Companions. They get an Origin, with all freebies and discounts, along with **600 CP** to spend. They do not get Item Stipends or Drawbacks. They don't need to pay for Origins. You can also import any companion you bought here for a CP stipend. Alternatively, if you want, you can import all your companions for free, but they will only get their freebie perks from their origin.

The Harwood Butcher [50]

If you're going to take over a criminal empire, you couldn't ask for a better right-hand man than Tommy Vercetti himself. Fresh off a fifteen-year stretch in prison for slaughtering eleven hitmen who tried to ambush him, Tommy has been shipped down to Vice City - only this time, instead of working for Sonny Forelli, he has hitched his wagon directly to you. Tommy is the ultimate underworld package. He is a fearless, one-man army who can storm a cartel compound solo with an M4 or a chainsaw and walk out without a scratch. Beyond the muscle, he has a sharp head for business, an intimidating presence that keeps street gangs in line, and a sarcastic, no-nonsense attitude. More importantly, Tommy is a man of strict old-school honor. He kept his mouth shut in a cage for a decade and a half for a boss who didn't even care about him; so long as you treat him with respect and give him a fair cut of the action, he will remain fiercely, unshakably loyal to you. Whether you need a co-boss to help run your rackets or a terrifying enforcer to bury your rivals, Tommy gets the job done.

The Colonel's Daughter [50]

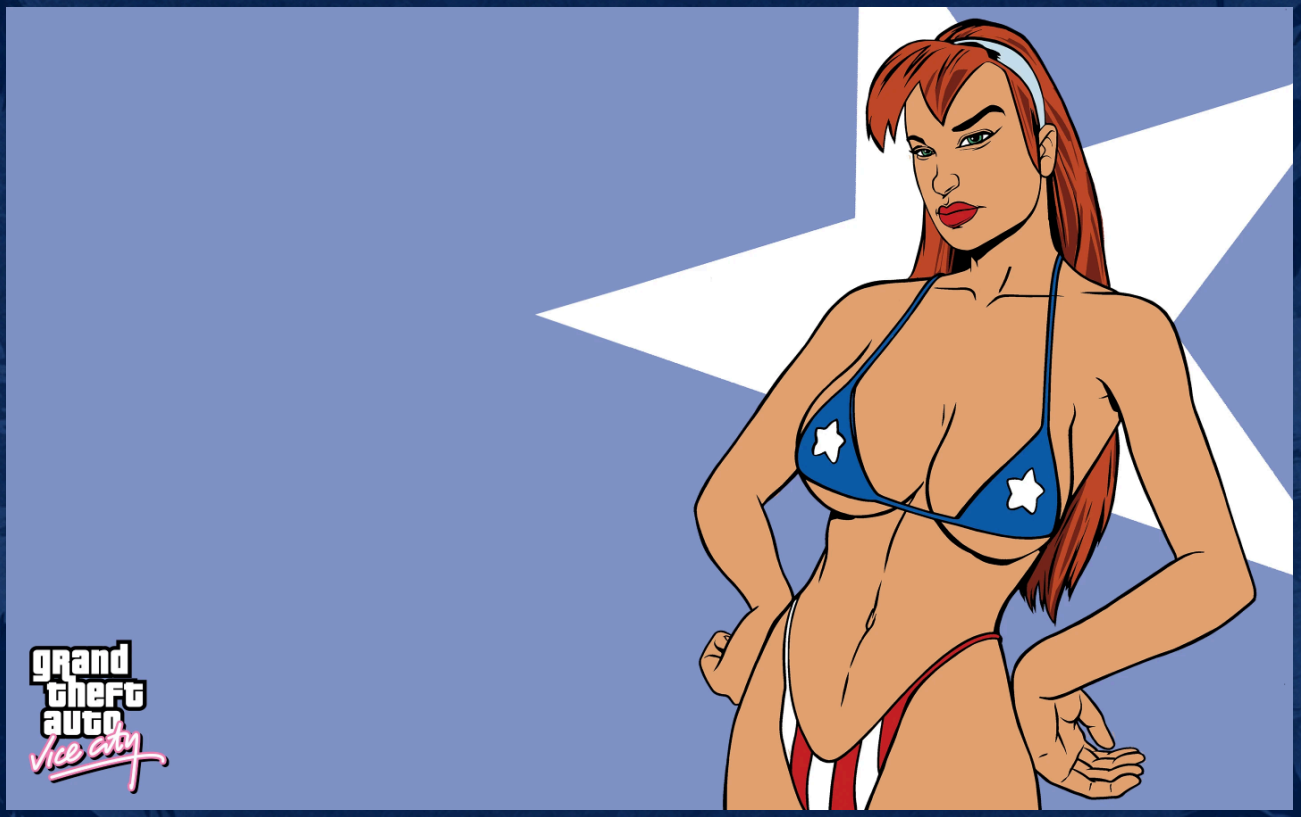
If you want an instant pass into the highest circles of Vice City's underworld, look no further than Mercedes Cortez. As the spoiled, rebellious daughter of Colonel Juan García Cortez, Mercedes has spent her whole life surrounded by powerful cartel bosses, crooked politicians, and washed-up rockstars. Now, she's decided that you are the most exciting person in town and has permanently attached herself to your side.
Don't write her off as just high-class eye candy. While she loves expensive champagne, wild yacht parties, and adult film shoots, Mercedes is a master socialite who knows the dirtiest secrets of every major VIP in the city. She can effortlessly charm her way past security, distract rival bosses, or set up backroom introductions that would normally take months to arrange. She's also completely unfazed by violence; you can drag her through a high-speed shootout, and she'll just laugh it off and ask where the after-party is. Whether you want a wild partner in the bedroom, a glamorous face to help run your nightclubs and film studios, or a well-connected insider to open doors for your empire, Mercedes is down for the ride.

The A-Team [50]

Every big score needs the right specialists, and finding reliable talent in Vice City usually means scraping the bottom of the barrel at a sleazy bar. Not anymore. You gain a loyal four-man crew of professional criminals who follow your orders without question. Unlike the usual washed-up drunks and unstable amateurs, each of these four goons possesses a genuinely world-class skill in an underworld trade of your choice.
You might pick an unbeatable getaway driver who can outrun police choppers in a station wagon, a master safecracker and electronics expert who can bypass any bank vault in minutes, a heavy weapons specialist who can hold off an entire SWAT team solo, and a brilliant counterfeiter to wash the dirty cash. They never botch their part of the plan, never demand an unfair cut, and will never rat you out to the feds, all while counting as a single companion slot.

The Adult Superstar [50]

If you want a companion who literally knows how to bring powerful men to their knees, look no further than Candy Suxxx. After you helped get her away from her sleazy pimp, the most famous porn star in Vice City - and her legendary pair of surgically enhanced assets - has decided to stick with you permanently as her new "manager." Don't let the airheaded bimbo act fool you; Candy is a walking goldmine and the ultimate honeypot. Put her to work filming dirty movies or stripping at your clubs, and horny locals will throw millions of dollars at you. Better yet, she has a talent for making powerful hypocrites (like Congressman Alex Shrub) beg like dogs behind closed doors. Send Candy into a hotel room with any judge, politician, or rival boss, and she will fuck their brains out until they spill all their dirtiest secrets, giving you all the kinky blackmail material you need to own them. And when she's off the clock? She has an insatiable appetite and is always eager to show off her professional skills in your bedroom, no cameras required.



Scenario

Keep Your Friends Close

Fifteen years in prison for the Forelli family, and this is how they pay you back. Shipped down to Vice City to play delivery boy, only for masked gunmen to ambush the deal at the docks ten minutes after you step off the plane. Now the drugs are gone, the Forelli family's money is gone, and Sonny Forelli is screaming at you over the phone, promising to skin you alive if you don't get both back fast. It is time to stop taking orders from up north and start building something for yourself.

Your Objective

For the duration of this scenario, you fully assume the position and history of Tommy Vercetti, or alternatively an ally of his, with both of you stuck in the same boat. You begin outside the Ocean View Hotel with zero dollars to your name, and any perks or items that grant you starting cash or businesses are locked until you earn your first million the hard way. First, you must work your way through the Vice City underworld (doing favors for crooked lawyers, retired colonels, and washed-up informers) to track down the man who ambushed your deal. Once you uncover the truth, you must storm Starfish Island, eliminate Ricardo Diaz, and claim his mansion and his turf for yourself.

But killing Diaz is only the beginning. Instead of sending the profits back to Liberty City, you must cut the Mafia out entirely and build your own empire. You must purchase and take full control of the city's major commercial fronts and rackets (from the Malibu Club and Kaufman Cabs to the Boatyard and the Print Works) until you own the local economy. Finally, when Sonny Forelli personally arrives in Vice City with an army of Northern Mafia hitmen to collect his cut by force (and a traitor in your own inner circle sells you out), you must hold the line at your mansion. You must slaughter the invading mobsters, execute Sonny Forelli and his rats, and successfully rule Vice City as its undisputed kingpin until your ten years are up.

The Rewards

If you can survive the ambush, conquer the city from scratch, and bury the Northern Mafia for good, you will receive rewards fitting for the undisputed Boss of Vice City:

Reward 1: The Vercetti Empire (Item)

Why leave your hard-earned territory behind? You are granted the choice of taking the entirety of your victorious Vice City criminal empire as a fiat-backed property that will follow you into all future jumps. This includes the Starfish Island Estate, every single business, front, and safehouse you took over across the city, a bottomless stream of tens of millions of dollars in clean monthly profits, and an army of hundreds of loyal, heavily armed street gangsters who patrol your turf. In future jumps, you can choose to have all of your properties and rackets seamlessly integrate into the local cities, or bring the entirety of Vice City itself along as a connected pocket dimension under your rule.

Reward 2: No More Up North (Perk)

Once you put Sonny Forelli in the ground, nobody ever gets to demand a cut from you again. You gain an absolute, fiat-backed guarantee of underworld sovereignty. First, your organization becomes completely immune to internal collapse or betrayal; your lieutenants, partners, and hired muscle will remain unshakably loyal to you, never skimming a dime or flipping to your enemies, no matter how much money or pressure is thrown at them. Second, no outside faction (whether it's a rival syndicate, a foreign cartel, or the government itself) can ever successfully extort, tax, or seize your operations. Any attempt by a "bigger fish" to muscle in on your territory or demand tribute is doomed to fail spectacularly, ensuring that whatever you build belongs strictly to you forever.

Working for the Weekend

Vice City might be famous for cocaine deals and bank heists, but somebody still has to keep the city running. While the gangsters are shooting it out over the Malibu Club, there are fires burning, patients bleeding out on the sidewalk, and hungry locals waiting on their pizzas. If you are willing to put in some honest (or borderline psychotic) blue-collar hours behind the wheel, the city will reward your work ethic with permanent, superhuman upgrades.

Your Objective

This scenario is divided into five distinct sub-scenarios, which you can take on in any order. You do not need the **On the Clock** perk to participate; for the duration of these challenges, hopping into the appropriate vehicle will automatically connect you to the dispatcher and start the job, and nobody will question your lack of credentials.

However, these shifts must be completed the authentic Vice City way: against a ticking clock, in a single unbroken streak, and without relying on out-of-jump superpowers or vehicle-repair cheats to bail you out. Each sub-scenario you complete grants its corresponding reward immediately, and completing all five will grant you a final completion bonus.

The Paramedic Shift:

Command an Ambulance and complete 12 consecutive levels of escalating medical emergencies. You must race across the city to pick up critically injured patients and get them back to the hospital before their time runs out - without accidentally running any of them over or flipping your top-heavy ambulance in the process.

Reward: Infinite Run (Perk)

You unlock permanent, boundless physical stamina. No matter how fast you sprint, how long you fight, or how heavy the gear you are carrying is, you will never get winded, tired, or suffer from muscle fatigue ever again.

The Firefighter Shift:

Hop into a VCPD Fire Truck and complete 12 consecutive levels of arson control. You must race to the scene and use the water cannon to extinguish burning vehicles (and the panicking passengers running out of them) as the fires multiply across the city.

Reward: Fireproof (Perk)

Fire has completely lost its ability to harm you. You are 100% immune to flames, extreme heat, Molotov cocktails, flamethrowers, and the thermal blasts of explosions. You can casually stroll through a burning building without so much as singeing your shirt.

The Vigilante Shift:

Steal a law-enforcement vehicle and complete 12 consecutive levels of street justice. Using the police scanner, you must track down and eliminate increasingly heavily armed carloads of fleeing criminals across Vice City before they escape, all while dealing with the regular police who don't appreciate your help.

Reward: 150 Armor (Perk)

Your personal protection goes past the limit. Any body armor, tactical vest, or defensive shielding you wear (in this world or any future one) is permanently enhanced to absorb 50% more damage than should physically be possible before breaking.

The Pizza Boy Shift:

Get on a Pizza Boy scooter outside a local pizzeria and complete 10 consecutive levels of high-speed food delivery. You can only carry six pizzas at a time, meaning you have to race through traffic, chuck boxes into customers' hands at forty kilometers an hour, and constantly head back to the shop to restock before the timer hits zero.

Reward: 150 Health (Perk)

Eating all those spare slices did wonders for your constitution. Your baseline physical vitality, health, and toughness are permanently increased by 50%, allowing you to shrug off gunshots and trauma that would easily put a normal man in the dirt.

The Cabbie Shift:

Get behind the wheel of a taxi and successfully deliver 100 fares to their destinations across Vice City. You don't have to do all 100 in a single sitting, but you must deal with impatient customers, crazy traffic, and rival cabbies trying to ram you off the road.

Reward: Super Boost Jump (Perk)

While this normally only upgrades taxis, your mastery of the road goes a step further. Whenever you are behind the wheel of any land vehicle (whether it's a rusted station wagon, a sports car, or a sixty-ton tank), you can mentally trigger a massive hydraulic boost jump, launching the vehicle six meters straight into the air to leap over traffic, rivers, or police barricades.

Grand Completion Reward: Employee of the Month (Item)

If you successfully grind through all five shifts, proving yourself to be the hardest-working maniac in Vice City, you will find a golden plaque hanging in your safehouse. This plaque automatically generates $5,000 in clean, untraceable cash every single day forever, and ensures that whenever you work any legitimate job in future worlds, you are paid ten times the standard wage and cannot be fired for property damage or reckless behavior.



Good Citizen Bonus

In a world literally built around grand theft auto, cocaine smuggling, and gunning down rival gangs in broad daylight, there is always that one guy who decides to do the most ironic thing imaginable: actually stop at the red lights. While every other maniac in Vice City is tearing up the sidewalks and robbing banks, you are going to conquer this town the hardest way possible: by being a strict, 100% law-abiding citizen.

Your Objective

For the entire ten-year duration of this jump, you must not break a single law. And that doesn't just mean avoiding murder and drug dealing; you have to follow the rules down to the letter. You must stop at every red light, obey the speed limit, never jaywalk, pay every single dime of your taxes on time, and only ever use legal force in self-defense. If you ever steal a vehicle, bribe a public official, or legitimately earn even a One-Star Wanted Level for committing a crime, you instantly fail the scenario.

Simply hiding in your apartment for a decade won't cut it, either. Before your ten years are up, you must become the richest mogul in Vice City (accumulating a net worth of at least $10,000,000 and buying out the city's major legitimate businesses) through purely honest work and clean investments.

Worst of all, the city itself will constantly conspire to tempt you and test your patience. Armored bank trucks will conveniently pop their back doors open right in front of you when nobody is looking. Cartel bosses will show up at your office offering you millions of dollars just to look the other way for five minutes. Idiot drivers will constantly cut you off in traffic to provoke road rage, and local gangs will try to extort your honest businesses, forcing you to deal with them through legal security and the courts rather than pulling a rocket launcher out of your back pocket.

The Rewards

If you can resist every temptation, survive ten years of Vice City traffic without running a single red light, and build a fortune completely clean, you will receive rewards fitting for the only honest man in town:

Reward 1: Crime Doesn't Pay (Perk)

Why break the law when going straight pays so much better? Any honest job you work or legitimate, law-abiding business you run now generates ten times the profit it normally would, easily out-earning the most lucrative illegal rackets without any of the heat. More importantly, so long as you are actively obeying the local laws of whatever world you are in, you are protected by the ultimate civic karma. Whenever a criminal, villain, or corrupt official tries to rob, extort, frame, or attack you, fate and the authorities will immediately drop on them like a ton of bricks - causing their guns to jam, their schemes to instantly leak to the press, and entire SWAT teams or local heroes to miraculously show up right on time to fight your battles for you.

Reward 2: The Key to the City (Item)

Presented to you by the Mayor himself, this heavy, solid-gold key sits in a velvet display case in your office. Aside from generating a "Good Citizen Bonus" of $10,000,000 in 100% tax-free, legal dividends every year, this key marks you as an untouchable pillar of the community in every future world you visit. Governments, courts, and law enforcement agencies will treat you like royalty. You can effortlessly get legal permits for anything (including heavy weaponry and military vehicles), bureaucratic red tape vanishes the second you show up, and your word is treated as absolute gospel in a courtroom. If you ever call the emergency line, the entire local police force and military will drop everything they are doing to defend your life and property at all costs.

Drawbacks

Supplement Mode [Free]
This jump becomes a supplement to another jump of your choice. Your CP will be separated between both jumps, and taking drawbacks in the supplement will affect the entire universe you are jumping to, but only give points for the supplement. You also have the choice of fusing both universes.

Extended Features [Free]
Anyone who has spent years with this city knows the original isn't the only version of it. With this toggle, Vice City has been through the hands of the modding community, and you can pick which mods are adapted here. Choose as many as you like. Drawbacks, scenarios, and your own purchases all work and adapt as needed on top of whatever you choose. If two mods contradict each other, you may pick one, or let the setting sort out the conflict itself.

Vice City Stories [Free]
Before Tommy Vercetti set foot in Vice City, the town was already rotten. Take this, and you start in the fall of 1984, two years early. The Diaz era hasn't happened yet. The city belongs to the Mendez brothers, a pair of coked-up criminals with a stranglehold on the drug trade. Every business and property is still for sale, just under 1984 owners who are less eager to hand over the deeds.

If you take *Keep Your Friends Close* with this toggle, the scenario starts the moment you arrive, and you choose whose boots to fill. As **Vic Vance**, you begin as an army corporal who is soon to be pulled into the Mendez brothers' business, with a brother who runs his mouth to the wrong people. You must rise through their ranks, tear the organization down from within, and build your own empire on the wreckage. Instead of cutting out the Mafia, your finale will be holding the city against everyone who wants it back. As **Tommy Vercetti**, you are released in 1984 instead of 1986, and the scenario plays out as written, only earlier and with the Mendez brothers still in charge. Lastly, you may instead choose to be an ally of either man.

Forty Years Late To The Wrong Party [Free]
Whether you stepped out of a plane, got off a boat, drove into town or something else, you're pretty sure you somehow ain't in Florida. Seems you might have taken a wrong turn and landed in a different Vice City that's strangely still the same in many ways. It's 2026, welcome to Leonida.

Extended Vacation [+100]
Ten years in Vice City was supposed to be plenty. Then you got comfortable. Maybe the weather was nice, maybe the beach was better than expected, maybe you lost track of the calendar between parties, or maybe there’s one more deal, one more score, one more guy who needs to be taught a lesson. Taking this adds another decade to your stay for each time you take this drawback.

Kent Paul Syndrome [+100]
Every rich man in Vice City appears to have a Kent Paul: a sleazy, fast-talking, perpetually coked-up man who swears he "knows a guy" and can't stop showing up. For the next ten years, you have one too. He attaches himself to you within a week or so of your arrival, begs for favors and loans, drags you to parties you didn't want to attend, and pitches you business ideas that range from questionable to flatly illegal. Every so often one of them may actually be good, which is how he keeps his job. He can't be bribed, scared off, or permanently shaken, and he always finds you again. Killing him doesn't solve anything either, since another like him will appear and latch on to you. Just keep him fed, keep him entertained, and keep him away from your safe.

Tourist Trap [+100]

Somebody in this town has decided you look like money. For the next ten years, everything costs you more. Ammu-Nation, safehouses, vehicles, hotel rooms, bribes, lawyers, and the guy selling hot dogs on Ocean Drive all raise their prices the moment you walk in, and they're all smiling about it. Haggling doesn't work, and sending somebody else to buy for you only works until the clerk figures out who they're buying for. This applies to anything you buy with money in this world, including Cash on the Barrel purchases, so that perk will still let you buy anything, but now the price tag is twice as large. It doesn't touch what you earn, only what you spend. If you want to keep your fortune intact, learn to steal.

Wasted/Busted [+100]

In Vice City, even death and handcuffs come with a bill. For the next ten years, every time you are arrested or wake up in a hospital, the system takes its cut. The cops confiscate every weapon on you, and the hospital bills you a chunk of whatever cash you're carrying. If you were arrested, you might get out quickly, but the loss is real and permanent. If you somehow have nothing on you, that's the best defense of all.

Wrong Number [+100]

Somebody gave out your number, and now everybody has it. For the next ten years, your Brick Phone, or any phone you pick up, rings constantly with pointless calls from crank callers, lunatics, wrong numbers, dispatchers with someone else's emergency, and men who want to talk about their ex-wives. If you don't have a phone, calls somehow find you anyway through payphones, hotel desks, and the occasional passing stranger. They never really stop, no matter how many numbers you change or phones you smash. Every so often, one of the calls is actually important: a tip, a job offer, or a warning that someone is about to kill you. You'll never know which until you pick up, and by then you've already wasted time listening to a man describe his lawn.

Hot Wheels [+100]

Vice City is a paradise for car thieves, and you're the one parking in it. For the next ten years, any vehicle you leave unguarded is liable to get stolen, tagged, stripped, or wrecked within the hour, no matter where you parked. Garages may get broken into, alarms can get ignored, and your car might be spotted driving past a few blocks away, usually with someone else behind the wheel. Your Sweet Ride is the one exception, and it will still respawn as normal. Everything else you drive or steal has to be guarded, locked in a secure property, or accepted as a loss. If you're feeling lucky, you can always steal one back.

Nose Candy [+200]

It’s the 1980s in Vice City, and you broke the cardinal rule of the underworld: never get high on your own supply. You arrive in town with a heavy, nagging addiction to the city’s favorite white powder. You aren't a helpless junkie in the gutter, but maintaining your habit is a constant drain on your wallet and your focus. If you go too long without a fix, you get irritable, sweaty, and jittery, making it much harder to aim a gun straight or keep your cool during a tense deal. You can fight off the addiction and get clean through sheer willpower and rehab, but in a city where every party, nightclub, and business meeting has lines laid out on the table, staying sober is going to be a long, brutal uphill battle.

Miami Traffic [+200]

Normally, you’re the only maniac on the road treating traffic laws like polite suggestions and using the sidewalk as a passing lane. Not anymore. It seems every single driver in Vice City has completely lost their mind. Civilians behind the wheel now despise traffic regulations just as much as you do. Commuters will floor it through red lights at 80 kilometers an hour, swerve across four lanes without looking, and happily plow straight through crowded sidewalks if pedestrians are in their way. Fender-benders instantly escalate into multi-car pileups and street shootouts, and simply crossing the street on foot is a genuine life-or-death gamble. Keep your head on a swivel, because the morning rush hour is now deadlier than a cartel turf war.

Cement Shoes [+200]

For someone living on a chain of islands, you picked a hell of a time to forget how to float. For the next ten years, you have the classic Vice City curse: water is lethal to you. It doesn't matter if you took the swimming perk above or possess aquatic superpowers from another world; while you are here, they are completely disabled. If you ever fall into the ocean, a canal, or even a backyard pool deeper than your chest, you are done for. Instead of swimming, you will immediately sink like a rock, flail around helplessly for three seconds, and drown on the spot. High-speed boat chases and dockside drug deals just became a lot more stressful, so drive carefully on the bridges and watch your step near the piers.

Unplugged VCR [+200]

Patience and careful planning are for people who aren't wired out of their minds. For the next ten years, you have inherited the catastrophic, hot-headed impulse control of Lance Vance and Ricardo Diaz combined. Whenever things don't go your way, an employee gives you bad news, or a piece of electronics stops working, your brain immediately skips past logic and goes straight to blind action. You will shoot your own television because you forgot to plug it in, scream at your partners in public, and execute useful subordinates over minor insults. Worse, you can't sit still when someone crosses you; like Lance, you have a nasty habit of rushing off half-cocked into obvious ambushes without backup or a real plan, just because your pride got bruised. Keeping an empire together is going to be tough when you are your own worst enemy.

Lost Luggage [+200]

Customs in Vice City isn't what it used to be. For the next ten years, you step off the plane with nothing but the clothes on your back and whatever the jump gives you. Your Warehouse, your pocket dimensions, and every item you brought from other settings are locked away and out of reach, no matter how clever you are or how nicely you ask.

Just Another Tourist [+200]

The city has a way of cutting everyone down to size. For the next ten years, every perk, power, and ability you bought from another world is switched off. You're left with what your body could manage as a normal person, plus whatever this jump gives you, so Vice City is going to be a very hard lesson if you were used to winning easily.

Glass Bumpers [+200]

Did someone replace your gas tank with nitroglycerin? For the next ten years, any vehicle you command in becomes an absurdly fragile death trap that will blow up at the mildest touch. It doesn't matter if you are driving a rusted compact car, an Italian supercar, or a heavily armored military tank - the moment you get behind the wheel or into the passenger seat, its structural integrity drops to zero. Bumping into a curb while parallel parking, tapping another car's bumper in slow traffic, or taking a single stray pistol round to the hood will immediately cause your engine to catch fire and detonate like a stick of dynamite five seconds later. If you still insist on driving around Vice City instead of walking, you better have lightning-fast reflexes on the door handle and a great health insurance plan.

Rampage Fever [+200]

Every so often, the city gets into your head and whispers a number. Kill fifteen people with a flamethrower. Blow up eight cars with a rocket launcher in two minutes. Run down twenty pedestrians in a stolen golf cart. For the next ten years, you suffer from an uncontrollable compulsion to complete these "rampages." Roughly once a month, a specific weapon, a target count, and a ticking clock will lodge in your mind, and a skull icon will float at the edge of your vision, pointing to the nearest weapon that fits the job. You can ignore it, but you won't enjoy it. Every hour you resist, the itch gets worse: your hands shake, your aim goes sour, and your temper frays until you start seeing "valid targets" in every crowd. Finishing a rampage scratches the itch completely for a few weeks, but the clock doesn't care who your targets are or whether they happen to be your clients, your staff, or the guys in a very expensive suit across the street. You also can't use out-of-jump powers to finish one early. If you fail the count, the fever gets worse, and the next rampage comes sooner. Try to schedule your massacres around your business meetings.

Bad Blood [+200]

Someone in this city has decided you're the problem. Maybe you stole their shipment, bedded their girlfriend, or just looked at them funny in a nightclub. Whatever the reason, one of Vice City's factions has put you at the top of their list. Choose any organization from the city, such as the Cubans, the Haitians, the Vice City Bikers, Diaz's cartel, Carrington's construction crews, or even a faction from elsewhere like the Forelli family. They want you dead, broke, or both. They aren't merely a nuisance. They will attempt to bribe your employees, send enforcers to your businesses, ambush your convoys, and burn your safehouses. Killing their foot soldiers only makes them send better ones, and they will escalate until they come at you with their full strength. The only way to end the feud is to destroy the faction's leadership or force a real, lasting peace. Simply hiding won't work: they seem to have eyes everywhere, and they never forget. You may take this multiple times, choosing a new faction each time. Just remember your enemies can also work together: if they have the chance, they will happily share intel or coordinate attacks. The more people who want you gone, the more they will pile on.

Persona Non Grata [+400]

Maybe it’s your face, your accent, or just the way you carry yourself, but every major player in Vice City seems to dislike you purely on principle. Whenever you meet someone who actually matters in the underworld (from paranoid cartel barons and retired colonels to gang leaders and sleazy lawyers) their immediate gut reaction to you is sour. They aren't going to pull a gun and shoot you on sight, but making friends, building alliances, and finding good work is going to be a massive uphill battle. Bosses will automatically treat you with cold suspicion, talk down to you, and offer you the worst cuts on deals, while potential partners will assume you’re either a rat or an amateur. Even your best attempts to turn on the charm will fall flat at the door; if you want anyone’s respect, trust, or cooperation in this town, you’re going to have to put your head down, work thrice as hard, and prove yourself the long, hard way.

Aggressive Redevelopment [+400]

It looks like your real estate sits right in the path of Texas mogul Avery Carrington’s newest construction plans, and he isn't interested in making a fair offer. For the next ten years, any property, business, or safehouse you own is under constant threat from a certain cowboy-hat-wearing developer who loves blowing up buildings to drive down land values. Whenever you buy or set up an operation, Carrington will endlessly send waves of hired goons, corrupt union strikers, and demolition crews to ruin your investment. One month you’ll have to deal with arsonists trying to torch your nightclub, and the next you’ll have to shoot down a swarm of remote-controlled toy helicopters trying to plant C4 on your support beams. If you don't actively defend your turf and foil his sabotage schemes on a regular basis, you’ll come back to find your favorite properties reduced to smoking piles of rubble.

Amateur Hour [+400]

Good help is impossible to find in this town. Every single subordinate, employee, and street thug working under you has apparently suffered a sudden case of brain damage. From your armed bodyguards down to the managers running your legitimate fronts, your people are shockingly incompetent at their own jobs, forcing you to personally step in and teach them how to do the most basic tasks from scratch.
Expect to waste months holding your counterfeiter’s hand and teaching him how to work his own printing presses, showing your mechanics which end of a wrench to hold, or explaining to your gunmen how to aim down their sights. Worse, if you don't actually have the skills or the patience to train them yourself, your entire empire is going to suffer for it - leaving your guards sluggish in a fight and your businesses, like the Print Works or your nightclubs, permanently stuck running at half capacity and generating half the profits.

Too Many Cooks [+400]

Word got out that Vice City is a goldmine, and now every major criminal syndicate in the world has shown up to fight over a slice of the pie. Instead of just dealing with Diaz and a few local street crews, the city has been flooded with heavyweight outside organizations looking to expand. Ruthless Mexican cartels are muscling in on the arms trade, the Chinese Triads are setting up counterfeiting and smuggling rings downtown, and all Three Families, such as the Leones, Forellis, and Sindaccos, have sent armies of made men down south to claim turf. With a dozen heavily armed syndicates crammed into one city, the streets have turned into an absolute meat grinder. Turf wars, car bombings, and massive three-way shootouts happen on every block; the competition for businesses and supply lines is ten times deadlier, and trying to carve out your own empire means stepping on the toes of international superpowers who have the money and manpower to bury you.

Public Enemy [+400]

Did you run over the Police Chief's dog on your way into town? Whatever the reason, the VCPD has a massive, personal vendetta against you. For the next ten years, you are permanently locked at a baseline Two-Star Wanted Level that never goes away. It doesn't matter how many Pay 'n' Sprays you drive through, how many police bribes you pick up, or what perks and disguises you use to clear your name - that baseline heat is permanent. You can never just casually walk down the street in front of the law. Whenever you enter a beat cop's line of vision, they will immediately recognize you, draw their pistols, and open fire on sight, while patrol cruisers on the road will actively swerve out of traffic to chase and ram you. Worse, because you are already starting at two stars of heat, if you actually get into a serious shootout with the police or pull off a major felony, the response will quickly escalate to three and four stars - bringing police helicopters, tire-shredding spike strips, and SWAT vans crashing down on your location much faster than normal. Good luck running an empire when every cop on the beat already wants you dead.

"I Sold You Out, Tommy" [+400]

Honor among thieves is a total joke in Vice City, especially when it comes to your crew. For the next ten years, there is a massively increased chance that the people working for you (even your oldest partners and most trusted lieutenants) will betray you. It doesn't matter how well you pay them, how fairly you treat them, or how terrifying your reputation is; sooner or later, greed and ambition will get the better of them. Accountants will skim millions from your fronts, bodyguards will leave the back door unlocked for hit squads, and your right-hand men will eagerly strike backroom deals with your rivals for a shot at your chair. Even your Companions aren't completely immune to the city's sleazy influence: while they won't fully stab you in the back or try to get you killed, they might still betray your trust in smaller ways - like skimming a bigger cut of a heist behind your back, going behind your orders to make shady side-deals, or leaving you to clean up their messes when things get too hot. Keep one eye on your enemies, and the other on your friends.

Harwood Butcher [+600]

You aren't the only ambitious killer who stepped off a plane with a plan. Tommy Vercetti, or a man cut from the same cloth as him, is racing you for Vice City: a fearless, resourceful, terrifyingly competent ex-con who ostensibly refuses to die with a handful of favors, a head start, and a talent for taking over rackets by killing the guys that own them. He is already working his way through the city's underworld by the time you arrive. He's going after the same prizes you might want, including the Malibu Club, the Boatyard, the Print Works, and Diaz's mansion, and he's not stupid enough to let you walk in and just take them. He'll beat you to deals, poach your contacts, hand you the blame for his work, or proceed to kill you if you get in his way. You can't simply murder him either. Any attempt on his life will be met with a fight that drags most of Vice City with it. If you take the Keep Your Friends Close scenario, your job becomes beating him at his own game, or getting rid of him before he does it to you.

Courtesy of the French Government [+600]

Did you perhaps steal some classified missile technology? Even if you didn't, the French intelligence agency is completely convinced that you are the one holding their stolen guidance chips, and they are not bothering with diplomacy. They are coming after you directly, and they are bringing the big guns. Wherever you go in Vice City, highly trained French secret service hit squads will regularly ambush you in the streets, shopping malls, and your own businesses. Unlike local street thugs, these guys are elite military operatives armed with heavy body armor, S.P.A.S. 12 shotguns, sniper rifles, and military hardware, and they won't stop coming just because you wiped out a few teams. The only way to permanently solve this before your ten years are up is to either track down the real stolen technology in town and hand it back to them, or hunt down and eliminate their local station chief. Neither option is going to be easy: the real chips are constantly moving between paranoid cartel bosses and heavily guarded compounds, and the station chief is holed up inside a literal fortress guarded by hundreds of commandos, armored vehicles, and attack choppers - making a direct assault harder than storming the Vice City military base.

Ending

Ten years go by fast when you're busy dodging bullets and counting money.

It's 1996 now. The eighties are officially dead, the music on the radio has changed, and the dust from the turf wars settled a long time ago. Against all odds, you didn't end up rotting in a federal prison or floating face-down in the bay. You survived Vice City, and by now, you probably own a pretty big piece of it.

With your ten years finally up, you have one last business decision to make:

Cash Out [Go Home]

You got what you came for. You're packing up your briefcases of cash, your arsenal, and every front and fortune you've built over the last decade, and heading back to your original world. Compared to the psychotic chaos of Vice City, whatever problems you left behind at home are going to feel like a walk in the park.

Retire in Paradise [Stay Here]

Why walk away from the throne right when you finally got comfortable? You bled for your mansion, your rackets, and your reputation, and you aren't about to trade beachfront living for the unknown. You decide to end your chain right here, kicking your feet up by the pool and ruling the underworld as the undisputed boss for the rest of your days.

New Territory [Move On]

Vice City was fun while it lasted, but you've squeezed every last dime out of this town. There are no more rivals left to bury, no more banks left to rob, and no more businesses left to buy. It's time to expand the syndicate. You load up your getaway ride, gather your crew, and hit the gas - heading straight into the next world to start a brand new takeover.

Changelog and Notes

V 1.0 - First Edition.
v 1.1 - Small fixes, added a lot of ideas from the readers, added a new scenario and a new companion.