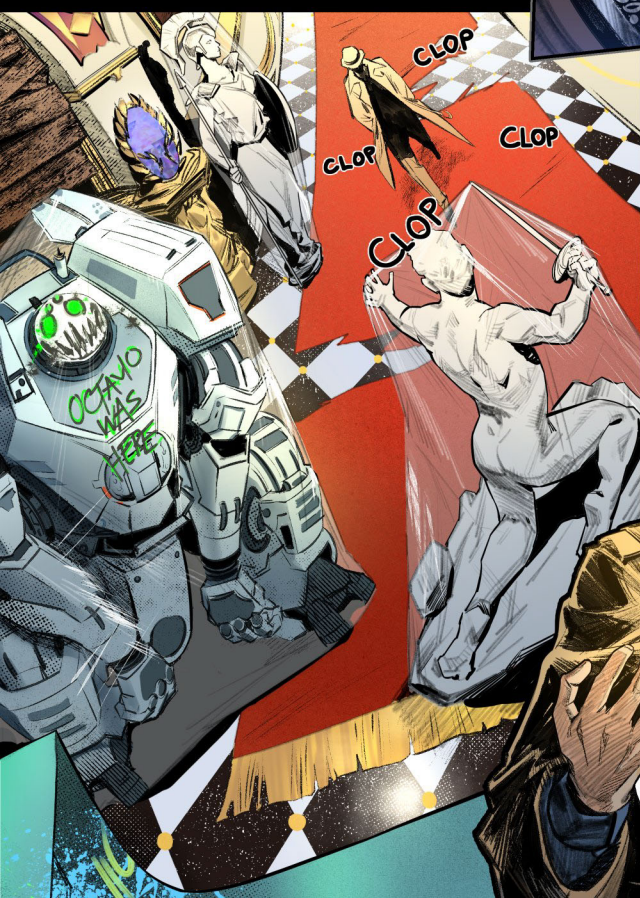




KEEP THE TRIDENT RUNNING. THIS WON'T TAKE LONG.

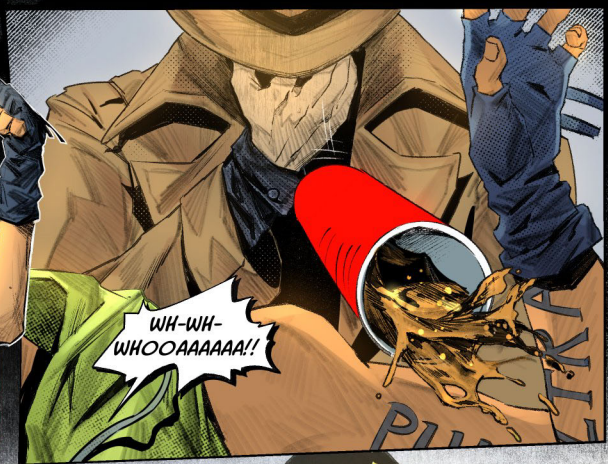



LOVE WHAT YOU'VE DONE WITH THE PLACE, OCTAVIO.

IT'S LIKE NOUVEAU RICHE MEETS A TOTAL LACK OF ACCOUNTABILITY.

MIRA! HE FINALLY SHOWS HIS FACE!

AY, PAPI! GOOD TO SEE YOU TOO! HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN, POPS?






IS THIS...
IS THIS WINNING?
WOW. LUCKY ME.
WHAT DO I GET?

NO MORE SPEECHES.
NO MORE DISAPPOINTMENT.
I SEE YOU, OCTAVIO.
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN
EITHER OF OUR LIVES...
I SEE WHO YOU TRULY ARE.
YOU WILL NEVER AMOUNT
TO ANYTHING.



I WAS SO CAUGHT UP IN
THIS FABLE OF MY ONLY
SON INHERITING MY THRONE,
I COULDN'T SEE THE TRUTH:
MY LEGACY WOULD BE
WASTED ON YOU. STAY
AWAY FROM MY COMPANY.
IN FACT, I WANT YOU TO
STAY AWAY FROM ANYTHING
ATTACHED TO THE
SILVA NAME.

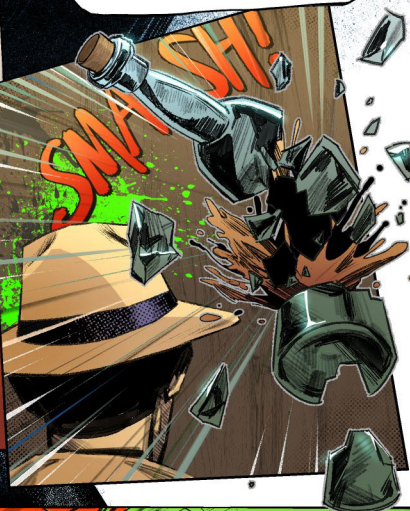


HANDING MY LIFE'S WORK TO
A RELENTLESSLY WORTHLESS
AND TERMINALLY UNGRATEFUL
CHILD WOULD BE AN
ASTRONOMICAL LAPSE IN
JUDGEMENT.

SECOND ONLY TO
THE ASSUMPTION THAT YOU
COULD EVER BE THE MAN I
HOPED YOU WOULD GROW INTO.
SO CONGRATULATIONS. YOU'RE
FREE. I'M SETTING MY SIGHTS
HIGHER THAN A RECKLESS,
LAZY, SPOILED...
BROKEN LITTLE PUNK LIKE YOU.

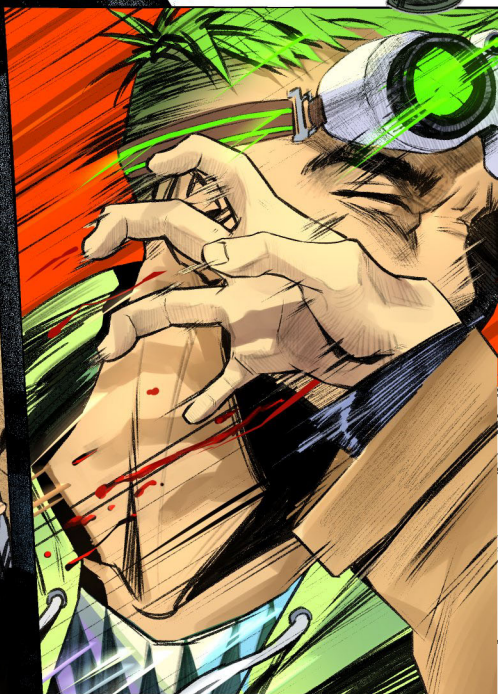


GOOD-BYE,
OCTAVIO.
ENJOY YOUR
ROOT BEER.



SET YOUR SIGHTS
HIGHER, HUH? YOU
SURE ABOUT THAT,
PAPI?

'CAUSE BASED
ON WHAT I'VE
SEEN, YOU'RE
SINKING LOWER
AND LOWER
EVERY DAY.





REMEMBER THAT NEXT TIME YOU WANT TO THROW A BOTTLE AT MY HEAD. IF YOU WANT TO ACCUSE ME OF SOMETHING, BOY, BE A MAN AND SPIT IT OUT.

NOW... IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WANT TO SAY TO ME?

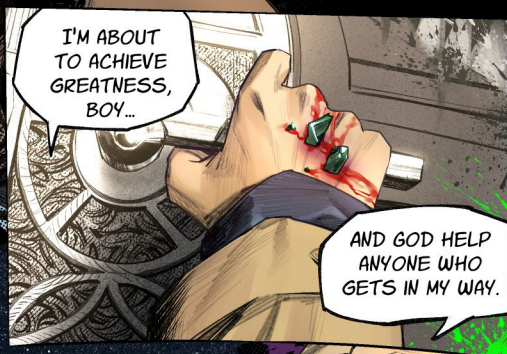


N-NO, SIR.

AND YOU WONDER WHY I HAVE NO FAITH IN YOU.



CHANGE IS COMING, OCTAVIO. AND WHEN IT DOES, I WANT YOU TO DO WHAT YOU DO BEST: ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.



I'M ABOUT TO ACHIEVE GREATNESS, BOY...

AND GOD HELP ANYONE WHO GETS IN MY WAY.



CHE?!

SILVA, CALL THE POLICE! TELL THEM WE HAVE THE MAN BEHIND THE MUSEUM HOSTAGE CRISIS IN MALTA

...AND THE OWNER OF THE ICARUS AND ITS FREAK SHOW FLEET.

LITTLE AJAY CHE...

...IS HOLDING A VERY BIG GUN, AND IS DONE WITH YUR LIES. THE ONLY WAY YUR LEAVING THIS HOUSE, MR. SILVA, IS IN HANDCUFFS OR A BODYBAG.