

Part I: The American Dream

Prologue - The Murder

[Police Radio]

Dispatcher: Stand by, 10-10, investigate a reported disturbance at Aesir Plaza.

Cop #1: 10-4 dispatcher, verify address...

Dispatcher: That's Aesir Plaza, repeat, Aesir Plaza.

NEW YORK CITY. PRESENT DAY. TWO HOURS AGO.

Cop #2: Shots fired on the rooftop. An assault in progress at Aesir Plaza. Repeat, an assault in progress.

Cop #3: It's a warzone down here. 10-85 dispatcher, need additional units, additional units now! Officer in danger, officer in danger.

Dispatcher: 10-5, please repeat. 10-5, all units, all units, emergency, officer in danger, Aesir Plaza, repeat, Aesir plaza, all units... [Fades Out]

Max Payne: They were all dead. The final gunshot was an exclamation mark to everything that had led to this point. I released my finger from the trigger, and then it was over. To make any kind of sense of it, I need to go back three years. Back to the night the pain started. I was still in the force back then. NYPD, Manhattan, Midtown North Precinct. Hell's kitchen.

Alex: So, when are you coming to work for me, Detective Payne?

Max: You'd make me work undercover in some hellhole. Sorry Alex, Michelle and the baby come first. See? My last smoke. It's bad for the baby.

Alex: That's you, Max, a regular boy scout.

Max: See you, Alex.

Alex: Still on for Poker thursday, right?

Max: Like taking candy from a baby.

Max Payne: Life was good. The sun setting on a sweet summer's day, the smell of freshly mowed lawns, the sounds of children playing... A house across the river, on the Jersey-side. A beautiful wife and a baby girl. The American dream come true.

Max: Honey, I'm home!

Max Payne: But dreams have a nasty habit of going bad when you're not looking. The sun went down with practiced bravado, twilight crawled across the sky, laden with foreboding.

NEW JERSEY. THREE YEARS AGO.

Max: Michelle, honey, anybody home?

Max Payne: I didn't like the way the show started. But they had given me the best seat in the house. Front row center.

[When you approach the graffiti on the wall]

Max: What the hell?!

[Press Action]

Max Payne: Something ugly had been tattooed on the wall, a map of things to come. It was a poison syringe, a magic tag full of diabolical meanings.

[The phone rings]

[Press Action]

Max: Listen! Someone's broken into my house, call 911.

The Other Voice: Is this the Payne residence?

Max: Yes, someone's broken into my house, they're still here, you have to-

The Other Voice: Good. I am afraid I cannot help you.

Max: Who is this?

[The other person hangs up]
KLIK!

Max: Hello?

[When you walk up the stairs something upstairs falls over]
[You hear arguing and a baby crying]

Max: Michelle!

[3 gun shots go off]

Michelle: No! No! No, Max!

[When you try to open the bathroom door]
Michelle: Auhh!

Max: Michelle!

Michelle: Please!...

[3 more gun shots go off]

Punk: I'm gonna hurt you! I'm gonna hurt ya! It's coming. Death is coming. You're gonna die!

[Guy comes through door]
Max: Freeze! NYPD!

[Max sees the baby cradle knocked over and blood everywhere]

Max: No! No, no, please God, no....

Next Punk: The flesh of fallen angels!

[Max sees Michelle dead]

Max: No, no, no God, no. Please, Michelle, oh baby...

Noooooooooooo!!!

Max Payne: That was three years ago. Everything ripped apart in a New York minute. The killer junkies had been high on a previously unknown designer drug. Valkyr. V. After the funeral, I told Alex I would be transferring to the DEA. It took us three long years to get a break in the Valkyr case. Then, finally, two months ago, a dime-dropper tipped us off that Jack Lupino, a mob boss in the Punchinello crime family, was trafficking. I went undercover, infiltrated the worst Mafia family in New York.