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SCARFACE

Introduction



Alright, welcome to my world, Jump-man. You think you've seen it all? You think you know what it's like to be at the top? For the next ten years, you're going to find out. You're stepping into my shoes, the shoes of Tony Montana, a Cuban refugee who came to Miami during the Mariel boatlift with nothing but a dream and a will of iron.

They say, "in this country, you gotta make the money first. Then when you get the money, you get the power. Then when you get the power, then you get the women". You're gonna live that creed. You'll build an empire, one bloody step at a time, from a nobody to the biggest drug lord in Miami, with all the glamour, the glitz, and the mountains of "yeyo" that come with it. You'll know what it means to have *The World Is Yours*.

But don't get too comfortable, amigo. When your time in my skin is done, when you've seen it all and done it all, I'll be waiting. And I'm gonna look you straight in the eye and ask you: Was it worth it? All that money, all that power, all those women? Was it worth the price? Let's see if you can handle being the "bad guy".

Here's 1000 Criminal Points.

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Origin & Location



Cuban Refugee in Miami

You think you tough? You think you ready? Okay, chico, let's see what you got.

You came off the boat with nothin'. No money, no papers, no family. Just the clothes on your back and a fire in your gut. You're a Cuban refugee, straight outta Havana, with a past full of Fidel's bullshit and a future you gotta carve out with your own damn hands.

Here's a new face(alt-form): handsome, sharp, Cuban through and through. You talk like you grew up in the barrio, Spanish and English both, but always with that Cuban bite. You remember the ration lines, the secret police, the whispers in the dark. You remember what it means to be hungry. To be angry. To want more.

You start at the bottom, just like me. But if you got balls, brains, and a little bit of luck? Maybe you climb. Maybe you build somethin'. Maybe you take it all.

In this world, chico, first you get the power... then you get the perks.

Special note: You get a free Cuban alt-form of yourself.

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Perks



Alright, Jump-man! You wanna talk deals? Listen up! You get a goddamn discount for each tier level, understand?! And the little 100 CP perk you choose? They're fucking free! Don't ever forget it, this ain't no charity.

And get this, when you Move On to some new damn adventure, to wherever the fuck you came from or where you're going next, these advantages, these perks you purchase here? They're gonna stick with you, amigo! They'll adjust themselves to fit whatever crazy world you land in, make sure you're ready for the next damn empire you build.



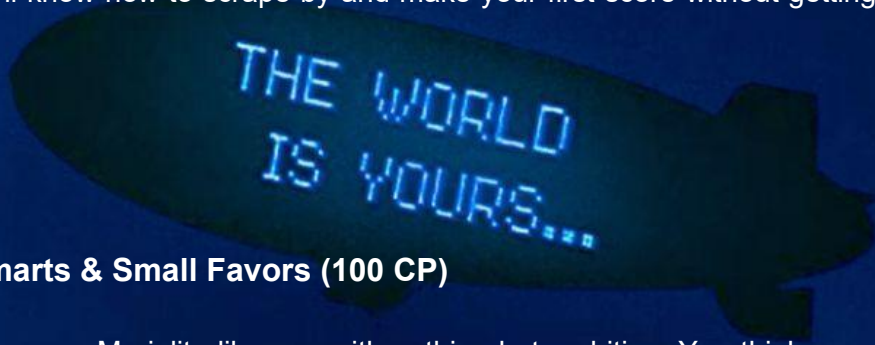
Marielito Hustle (100 CP)

Alright, Jump-man, you just landed, fresh off the boat, like I did, with nothin' but the clothes on your back and a hungry stomach. This ain't no damn vacation, this is the street. You gotta hustle. With this, you learn how to find the opportunities no one else sees, how to make a few bucks outta thin air. You'll sniff out the good spots, know who's worth talking to and who's just dead weight. You ain't gonna be no millionaire overnight, but you'll survive, scrape by, and maybe even get enough for a decent meal, just like I did workin' as a dishwasher. Think of it as street smarts on steroids, enough to make your first score without ending up like Angel, chopped up for parts in a damn shower.

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✂️ First Shot Survival (100 CP)

So, you just got off the boat, lookin' for a piece of the American pie, huh? But this ain't no pie, it's a damn jungle. Remember that chainsaw scene where Angel got cut up? You gotta be quicker than that, or you end up like him. This perk? It means you don't freeze up when the bullets start flyin'. You got a natural instinct for survival in a shootout. You'll know how to grab a piece, aim, and get off that crucial first shot that makes the other guy think twice, or takes him down. You ain't gonna be a hero, but you'll live to fight another day, which is more than most punks in this town can say. You'll know how to scrape by and make your first score without getting yourself killed, just like I did.



👤 Street Smarts & Small Favors (100 CP)

You just got here, a Marielito like me, with nothing but ambition. You think you can just walk in and push paper? Nah, amigo. First, you gotta learn the whispers, who's got a hungry look in their eye for a little extra cash on the side. This perk? It means you smell out the low-level grease like a pig finds truffles. You'll know how to slip a few bucks to the right customs agent to make a problem go away, or get a minor charge dropped. It ain't pretty, it ain't big-time, but it's enough to keep the heat off your back when you're just starting to scrape by, before you got a mountain of yeyo to worry about. You'll learn to grease the right palms to get your first breaks. This is how you survive on the streets.

🏪 The Dishwasher's Delight ~ Money Laundering I (100 CP)

You just got off the boat, Jump-man, fresh from Mariel like I was, nothin' in your pocket but a hole. You gotta start somewhere, even if it's scrubbing plates. But you're smart, you're lookin' for an angle. This perk? It teaches you how to take that first dirty dollar you make, that little bit of hustle money, and make it look like it came from selling hot dogs or washing cars. You'll learn to find those small, cash-only spots: a little diner, a laundromat, where you can run a few bucks through the books without anyone lookin' twice. You ain't gonna be buying no mansion yet, but you'll know how to blend in, keep a low profile, and make sure the small-time cops don't see nothin' but a regular working stiff. It's about getting your foot in the door, making your first dirty money look clean enough to spend without ending up back in a damn internment camp. Savvy?

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Building the Empire, One Brick at a Time (300 CP)

So, you got a taste, huh? Good. Now, it ain't enough to just sell a few grams. You gotta build somethin'. You gotta have soldiers, not punks. This here, it teaches you how to make people listen, whether they like it or not. You learn how to run a crew, how to expand your territory, how to move more product than those pathetic small-timers. You'll know how to cut out the fat, take out the competition, like Frank and Bernstein, when they tried to play me. You won't be Frank Lopez yet, but you'll be on your way to takin' over his whole damn business. And believe me, that's when the real fun starts.

Executive Decisions, Trigger Style (300 CP)

Listen, once you got a taste, you gotta expand. You're not just shootin' for survival now; you're shootin' for business. This perk, it ain't just about pullin' a trigger; it's about making those damn bullets count. You'll have an uncanny accuracy when it matters most, whether it's dropping a rat like Omar from a helicopter (even though Sosa did it, you get the idea) or taking out treacherous snakes like Frank Lopez and that dirty cop Bernstein. You'll find that perfect angle, that split-second timing to put down multiple threats. You'll move with a ruthless efficiency that makes your enemies piss themselves. It's about being in control of the chaos, amigo. You'll be on your way to takin' over, just like I was!

The Commissioner's Pocket (300 CP)

Now we're talkin' business. You ain't just bribing a beat cop no more; you're looking at Mel Bernstein types: the narcotics cops on the take, the ones who know everything. With this, you develop a sixth sense for dirty authority figures, whether they wear a badge or a fancy suit in city hall. You'll know exactly how much to pay, who to send it through, and how to make sure they stay bought. You'll be able to bribe police and politicians to look the other way, to give you intelligence on rivals, or to sabotage investigations that ain't about your business. You'll be cutting out the fat and eliminating competition, just like I got rid of that snake Bernstein after he came for me. They'll be on your payroll, or they'll be history. You got it?

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Rising Star of Montana Management ~ Money Laundering II (300 CP)

Listen, once you got a taste, you start thinking bigger. You ain't just scraping by anymore; you're building somethin'. Frank Lopez, he had his operations, but I learned from him, and I did it better. With this perk, you ain't just cleaning pocket change. You'll know how to establish real businesses: a legitimate club, a car dealership, maybe even some import-export deals, that act as fronts for your cash. You'll understand how to set up the books, how to deal with bankers like Jerry, to make those ledgers sing whatever damn song you want 'em to. People will start seeing you around town, not as some street thug, but as a sharp, rising businessman. You'll put on a good face, throw some money around, maybe even buy a nice suit. They might suspect you're tough, but they'll see the success, the flash. They'll start saying, 'Look at Jump-man, he's a self-made man!' You'll be on your way to setting up your own damn Montana Management, just like I did, putting honest money on paper so the real money can flow free.



The World Is Yours, Chico! (600 CP)

Look around, Jump-man. The world is yours! Or it can be, if you got the balls to take it. This ain't just about selling dope; this is about control, about respect, about being untouchable. You'll know how to set up international connections in places like Bolivia, how to grease the right palms: cops, politicians, anyone who gets in your way. You'll manage a fuckin' empire, from the supply lines to the streets of Miami. You'll have the vision to see the next big score and the ruthlessness to make it happen. People will fear you, respect you, and the money will just pile up like mountains. You'll even get to have your "standards," like not touchin' women or kids, even if it causes you trouble later. Just remember one thing, Jump-man: when you're at the top, everyone's gunning for you. And sometimes, even the bad guy like me... he can lose it all. But for a while, amigo, you'll be king.

Say Hello to My Little Friend! (600 CP)

Alright, Jump-man! You made it to the top! You got the money, the power, the women! Now, when they come for you, and they will come, you gotta show 'em who the bad guy is! With this, you become a one-man army, an implacable force that just won't go down! You'll wield heavy

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firepower like that M16 with the grenade launcher, my 'little friend', like it's a damn extension of your soul! You can take a hell of a lot of punishment and keep on blastin', coked out of your mind or not! When you're cornered, heartbroken, and everyone's gone, you'll still have the unholy rage to go on a roaring rampage of revenge! You'll be untouchable, feared by all, and even in your downfall, you'll go out in a blaze of glory, screaming at those sons of bitches! You'll be the king of the mountain, even if it's for your last damn stand. The world is yours, chico!

The Almost Teflon Don (600 CP)

You want power? Real power? It ain't just about the guns, Jump-man. It's about being untouchable, or damn near close to it. Remember how Sosa, that Bolivian kingpin, could make problems disappear with his government connections? This perk, it means you can do that, and then some. You'll have the contacts and the leverage to twist the entire legal system to your will. Money laundering charges, tax evasion, all that paperwork bullshit that caught me in the end. You'll know how to game it, circumvent it, or simply make it vanish. You'll have lawyers on retainer who are loyal to you, judges who see things your way, and politicians who owe you favors you can collect on anytime. When the FBI or the DEA come knocking, they'll find nothing but empty rooms and frustrated agents. You'll operate your empire with a shield, so long as you don't break your own damn rules like I did with that journalist. You'll be so big, so connected, that for a long time, they won't even be able to point their finger and say, 'That's the bad guy!'.

The World Is Yours and Your Finances Are Untouchable ~ Money Laundering III (600 CP)

Look around, Jump-man! The world is yours! You got the money, the power, the women. But none of that means a damn thing if the government can come in and take it all away. This, chico, this is about being untouchable when it comes to the books. You'll be a master of money laundering, setting up complex international schemes like offshore accounts in places like Bolivia, shell corporations from here to Switzerland, so deep and so twisted, the FBI won't know which way is up. You'll own a vast network of legitimate businesses, not just clubs, but real estate, major investments, all designed to make your dirty money vanish and reappear as clean profit. You'll know how to game the entire legal system, making sure any money laundering or tax evasion charges hit a brick wall. Like Sosa, with his damn government connections, you'll have lawyers on retainer, politicians in your pocket, and even judges who'll see things your way. You'll be a fixture, a public figure so respected and influential, people will look past the rumors and see only the image you project. They'll believe you're a damn titan of industry, even as your empire is built on cocaine. For a long time, they won't even be able to point their finger and say, 'That's the bad guy!' because your finances will be so damn clean, it'll make them dizzy. Say good night to the IRS!

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Items



Alright, Jump-man, you get a goddamn 100 CP extra for your items. Don't you dare waste it, understand?! This ain't no charity, chico, so make it count!

World Is Yours Statue (Free)

Look at you, huh? Big shot now. You made it through my world. Blood, yeyo, bullets, betrayal. And what do you get? This little statue. 'World Is Yours.' Cute, right?

Don't get it twisted, chico. This ain't no trophy. It's a reminder. Of what you did. What you lost. What you became.

Scarface: Jumper Edition (50 CP)

So they made a movie, huh? Ten years of your life, my life, directed by that Bryan De Palma guy. Starring some version of Al Pacino that looks like you. Real fancy. Real dramatic.

People watch it, they clap, they quote lines, they think they know. But they don't know shit. They never felt the heat, the paranoia, the pain. The horror of climbing to the top while everything you love burns behind you.

Let 'em watch. Let 'em talk. Fuck them. This ain't for them. This is for you, to remember what it cost to be king.

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Beretta Model 81 "Cheetah" (50 CP)

This is the piece I kept close, chico. Sleek, quiet, fits right in the small of your back. You pull this out when things get messy but you ain't ready to shout yet. It's got bite, like its name.

Magazine refills itself every ten minutes like magic when depleted, huh? Real cute. But don't get lazy. You still gotta aim. You still gotta pull the trigger. And when you do? You better mean it.

Chainsaw (50 CP)

A chainsaw, huh? This ain't for choppin' wood, chico. This is for when words ain't enough and you gotta make a point, a **real ugly one**, like they did to Angel. This leaves a bad taste man, but nobody forgets the message you carve with this.

Starting Money (100 CP)

Alright, Jump-man, you want some damn Money? You just landed, fresh off the boat, with nothing but the clothes on your back and a hungry stomach, just like I did. This ain't no mansion money, chico, but it's a small amount of cash. Enough to get your Marielito Hustle started. It's enough to scrape by, get a decent meal, and make your first score on these streets without getting yourself chopped up, just like a certain dishwasher did. It's the first damn step, understand?

Personal Yeyo Stash (100 CP)

This ain't street junk, chico. This is your private reserve. Pure. White. Beautiful.

You snort this, you feel like a king. Stronger, sharper, louder. Your heart pounds like a war drum, your fear? Gone. You walk into a room like you own it. 'Cause for a little while... you do.

But don't get stupid. This shit bites back. You ain't immune. You'll crave it. Need it. Love it. And one day, it might love you too much.

Special Note: More information in Addendum

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Arm Candy (200 CP)

So you got yourself a lady, huh? Real classy. Legs for days, eyes like ice, walks like she owns the damn beach. You think she's into you? You think she loves you for who you are? Ha! Don't be stupid, chico.

She's here for the money. The power. The lifestyle. You got the yeyo, the cars, the clubs. She's all over you like glitter on a dollar bill. But let that stash run dry? Watch how fast she disappears. Like a ghost in the Miami night.



Thugs (200 CP)

You want muscle? You got it. A crew of hard-faced bastards who'll move weight, break bones, and paint the town red if you say so. These ain't choir boys chico, they're street dogs with guns and no conscience.

They get things done. Fast. Dirty. No questions. But don't forget, you're a snake in a den of vipers. You think they're loyal? Ha! Ask Frank Lopez how that worked out.

My Little Friend (200 CP)

Say hello, chico. This ain't just a gun, it's your damn throne. M16A1, grenade launcher strapped underneath, like a Cuban cigar with a stick of dynamite. You hold this baby, you feel ten feet tall. Bullets fly, blood spills, and you don't blink. You're the last man standing, and you're laughing while the world burns.

Ammo? Don't worry about it. You scream 'Fuck You!' at the top of your lungs the clip reloads like magic. Two-minute cooldown, but hell, you'll be screaming anyway.

Grenades? Just yell 'Eat Shit!' like you mean it. Five-minute cooldown. Works as long as you got breath in your lungs and hate in your heart.

This ain't just firepower, chico. It's a statement. You're not running. You're not hiding. You're bringing hell to their doorstep and kicking it in.

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Companions



Import (200 CP)

Okay, okay. You pay your two hundred CP, you get to bring your whole damn crew. All eight of 'em. Your Companions. Your familia. Each one gets 600 CP to play dress-up, buy their little toys, pick their perks. They can take up to 400 CP in drawbacks too, if they think they're tough enough to handle it.

But let me tell you somethin', Jump-man. YOU THINK THIS IS A GAME !? You think you bring your people and everything's gonna be sunshine and palm trees? You ever watch your best friend die in your arms 'cause you couldn't keep your temper? You ever see your baby sister fall in love with the one man you trusted and then watch her bleed out on the floor?

So yeah, bring 'em. But remember what happened to Manny. To Gina. To Elvira. You think you're better than me? You think you'll do it different? Go ahead. Make your move, chico.

Export (100 CP)

You wanna take some locals with you? Some setting natives? Fine. You pay your 100 CP, you get their consent, and boom. They're comin' with you. That's it. No strings, no drama.

They're lucky. Lucky bastards. 'Cause most people? They don't get a choice. They get left behind. Buried. Forgotten.

You better be worth it.

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Drawbacks



Bitchin' like a little cockroach 'cause 1000 CP ain't enough for perks and items? Listen to me, chico. Power don't come cheap. You want more? You wanna be king? Then you better be ready to bleed for it.

🧠 Mindwipe (+100 CP)

Think you watched the movie, memorized the lines, figured out the game? Not anymore, chico. That knowledge? Gone. Poof. Like smoke in the wind. You walk into my world blind. Let's see how smart you really are without the script.

🏠 Warehouse Lockout (+200 CP)

You think you got a safehouse? Some magic box full of toys and friends? Forget it. That place? Locked up tighter than Fort Knox, and you ain't got the key. No Companions. No Followers. No little army to hold your hand. You walk into Miami solo, like a stray dog with no collar.

🚫 Perks Lockout (+300 CP)

You think you're special, huh? Got powers from other worlds, little tricks up your sleeve? Not in my town, chico. All that fancy crap? Locked down. Dead. Buried. You still got your body mod, sure. But this is Miami. You want respect? You earn it the hard way, like I did.

You want **more power**? You want **The World Is Yours?! Then you better be ready to carve yourself into a **GODDAM MONSTER**, a **PSYCHO!** The next sections, chico, are the tiered drawbacks. You pick your poison, **one tier per section**, understand?! Let's see how much guts you got, how far you're willing to go for **MONEY**, **POWER** and **WOMEN!****

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Coked Out of Your Damn Mind



Alright, Jump-man, you wanna talk about paying the piper, about the real cost of that white powder? You started dipping your nose in it, huh? Thought it was gonna make you a god, make you untouchable? Let me tell you, that stuff, it takes more than it gives.

The White Whisper (+100 CP)

So, you took a hit, Jump-man. You feel that *rush*, right? That *power*? Like you can see all the angles, like you're addiction-powered and nobody can touch you. But that's just the start, chico. This ain't no free ride. Now, that stuff, it's gonna be a constant whisper in your ear, a little voice telling you you need more, just one more bump to keep that edge. You'll find yourself getting a little **jumpy**, a little **paranoid** when you don't got your supply. You might snap at the wrong guy, make a "small mistake" out of pure irritability or a twitch. You're still in control, mostly, but the seed is planted. That little itch? It's always gonna be there, gnawing at you, making you see things a little different. Just a taste, but it wants more, and you're gonna start feeling it.

The Tony Tremors (+300 CP)

Now you're really in deep, Jump-man, playing with the big boys, and that powder? It's got its hooks in you, deep. You think you're still *made of iron*, walking through bullets and trouble, huh? Maybe. But that coke addiction, it's starting to *twist your head*. Your sanity? It's gonna slip, little by little. You'll start making **bad calls**, yelling at the wrong people, making public scenes where you air out all your dirty laundry, just like I did with Elvira in that damn restaurant, high as a kite, blaming Manny for everything. Your *judgment*? *It's compromised*. You'll be erratic, unpredictable, and that paranoia? It's not just a whisper now; it's a damn scream in your brain, making you trust nobody. People will start to look at you different, scared of your **uncontrollable rage**. This ain't just a habit anymore, Jump-man; it's *changing who you are*, making you alienate the very people you need to keep your empire afloat.

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The World Upside Down (+600 CP)

You did it, Jump-man. You followed my path straight to the bottom. You're **coked out of your damn mind** now, permanently. This ain't a temporary high; this is your *new reality*. Your *sanity is gone*, blown away like dust in the wind. You're gonna make the *ultimate tragic mistakes*, driven by a **villainous breakdown** that only ends one way. You'll find yourself alone, because you've pushed away, or even worse, killed the only people who ever mattered to you, the only ones you could trust, just like I did with Manny, my best friend, all because the coke had me seeing demons where there were none. Your empire? It's gonna **crumble around you**, you'll be too high, too **consumed by the addiction** to see the traps, to make the right moves.

Every decision you make will be fueled by *extreme paranoia* and *self-destructive rage*, leading you down a path straight to a bloody, **implacable last stand** where you might be able to dish it out, but you'll be too far gone to ever win. This is it, chico. This is the price of wanting **The World Is Yours** but losing your damn mind to get it.

Special Note: By taking the "The World Upside Down" drawback, dying in a Last Stand does NOT result in chain failure.

The Chainsaw Man



Alright, so you wanna play the "chainsaw man," huh? You want to know what it's like when the message ain't getting through, and you gotta be the one to carve it into 'em yourself? No underlings, just you and the saw? This ain't no game, chico. I saw what that saw did to Angel, man, right there in the bathtub. That was Hector the Toad's crew, the real animals. I witnessed that, but you want to be that guy? Fine, I'll tell you how that ugly task goes down, because I understand getting the point across, one way or another.

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The Ugly Message (+100 CP)

For a hundred, you're gonna have to get your hands dirty, and I mean dirty. Sometimes these two-bit punks, these wannabes or double-crossers, they don't understand words. Or maybe they think you're soft, like Frank Lopez thought he could play me. So, you gotta bring out the "saw" yourself. It ain't pretty, man, and it ain't what a kingpin usually does. You got underlings for that kinda grunt work, right? But with this, you gotta do it, no delegating. It's a few times, just to set an example, make sure the message sinks in deep. It's gonna leave a bad taste, make you feel a little sick, maybe you even gotta pop a little more white powder to steady your nerves afterward. But it gets the job done. It's an ugly reminder that you'll do whatever it takes to keep your empire from crumbling.

The Blood Stains (+300 CP)

Three hundred points, and this ain't just an occasional thing anymore. These maricones keep testing you, coming at you from all sides, and you're the one holding the damn saw more often than you'd like. The rivals, the backstabbers, they know your new signature. It's no longer just about getting the message across; it's about becoming the messenger itself. And this constant dirty work, this personal butchery, it starts to mess with your head, man. Your temper flares, you get more paranoid, just like I did when I was really coked up. I had my standards, you know? I didn't kill women or kids. But when you're the one forced to do this kind of work, those lines? They start to blur, chico. You start to lose a piece of yourself, losing your "noble demon" status, and that makes you even more dangerous, but also more alone.

The Last Cut (+600 CP)

Six hundred points?! You want the full damn show, huh? This ain't a tool anymore, it's practically part of your hand. Your reputation? It's not about being a smart businessman or a ruthless leader anymore. It's about being "the Chainsaw Man." Everyone, and I mean everyone, hears the whispers, sees the blood. Even other serious players, they start looking at you like you're a goddamn psycho, not someone to do business with, just someone to avoid or put down. This constant, personal, brutal violence, it consumes you. It's worse than the coke addiction, man; it's a permanent stain on your soul. Those "standards" I had, about not hurting innocents? Gone. Poof. They vanish, because this task forces you to break every rule you ever had. You become the pure villain, the monster everyone fears, and there's no turning back. This is the "tragic mistake" that leads to the final, bloody downfall, because you've driven everyone away and become completely isolated. You'll be alone, screaming at the world, in your own damn mansion, with only that chainsaw for a friend.

Special Note: By taking the "The Last Cut" drawback, dying in a Last Stand does NOT result in chain failure.

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The Monster of the Castle



Alright, Jump-man! You wanna talk about what happens when you climb to the top over a pile of bodies? You think it's all champagne and "yeyo"? Nah, chico, it ain't that simple. This ain't no game for softies, but even the baddest guy can get played by his own damn head.

The Ghost in the Corner (+100 CP)

So, you popped a guy, huh? Made a mess. What, you think it's gonna be easy? Sometimes, just sometimes, you're gonna feel a little something, a goddamn *shiver down your spine*. A flicker, a cold spot. A quick whisper like, "*What the fuck did I just do?*". It ain't real, just your mind playing games. A damn *pang*, a little itch you can't scratch. Don't worry, it passes. Mostly. Nothing a bump of "yeyo" can't fix, right?

The Night Terrors (+300 CP)

Now you're really in deep, Jump-man. You think you're sleeping? Nah, not anymore. Now you're seeing faces, man. **Their faces!** The ones you put down, they're in your damn head when you close your eyes. You're trying to rest, but it's a goddamn movie, the *chainsaw scene playing on repeat*. You hear their screams, their pleas, even the ones who didn't say a word. Your judgment? It's compromised. You wake up in a sweat, jumpy, *paranoid*. And that little voice? It ain't a whisper anymore; it's a **damn scream**. They're coming for you, in your dreams. And you can't stop 'em. Not even with all the "yeyo" in the world.

The Monster in the Glass (+600 CP)

You made it to the top, huh? King of the mountain, just like me. You got the money, the power, everything. But look at you now, mang. When you stare into that mirror, who the *fuck do you see?!* It ain't you, not anymore. That reflection? That's the **pure villain**. The **monster you became** by building this whole goddamn thing on dead bodies. Your *sanity? Gone*. Blown away like dust in the wind, just like mine was. You pushed 'em all away, killed the ones who mattered. Now you're alone, in your own damn mansion, and all you got is that thing staring back at you.

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That's the tragic mistake, chico. That's the price of **The World Is Yours** when you lose your damn soul getting it. You're beyond saving now, a **goddamn psycho**. Say good night to the bad guy, 'cause that's all you got left!

It's Lonely at the Top, Chico!



They tell you, 'The World Is Yours,' chico, but when you're at the top, you find out fast there ain't nobody left to share it with. Just a bunch of hypocrites pointing fingers, too scared to admit they want a piece of your damn pie, too.

The First Whisper of Silence (+100 CP)

So, you took the first step, huh? Making some money, buying some flashy shit. But you feel that little chill? That ain't the damn AC, chico. That's the first time you notice people looking at you... differently. Like you're too big for them, or maybe they're just waiting for you to trip. *You'll feel a little more isolated than usual*, see less smiles from the people you thought were with you. They still talk, sure, but the conversations... they ain't the same. It's just a whisper now, a little itch you can't scratch, telling you, you're on your own now, man. Don't worry, it passes. Mostly.

The Empty Room at the Top (+300 CP)

Now you're really in deep, Jump-man, playing with the big boys, building something real, an empire. You got the power, the glitz. But that whisper? It's a damn scream in your brain now, making you *trust nobody*. *You start looking at everyone sideways*, like they're trying to take a piece of what's yours. Your own crew, your closest friends, maybe even your damn family... they start pulling away, making moves you don't understand, or maybe they're just getting sick of your shit. Your judgment? It's compromised, man. You'll get erratic, unpredictable, lash out, push people away when you need 'em most, like I did with Elvira in that damn restaurant, high as a kite, blaming Manny for everything. You'll be in a crowded room, but you'll feel like you're all alone.

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The King of a Graveyard (+600 CP)

You did it, Jump-man. You followed my path straight to the damn bottom. You got The World Is Yours, but there ain't nobody left to share it with. Your sanity? Gone, blown away like dust in the wind, just like mine was. You're gonna make the ultimate tragic mistakes, driven by a **villainous breakdown** that only ends one way. You've pushed away, or even worse, killed the only people who ever mattered to you, the only ones you could trust, just like I did with Manny, my best friend. Your empire? It's gonna *crumble around you*. Every decision you make will be fueled by extreme paranoia and self-destructive rage, leading you down a path straight to a bloody, **implacable last stand** where you might be able to dish it out, but you'll be too far gone to ever win. This is it, chico.

This is the price of wanting **The World Is Yours** but losing your damn mind to get it. You'll be alone, screaming at those sons of bitches, with only your damn mansion and that statue for company. *Say good night to the bad guy*, 'cause that's all you got left!

Special Note: By taking the "The King of a Graveyard" drawback, dying in a Last Stand does NOT result in chain failure.

The Collapse of Empire



Alright, you want the ultimate drawbacks for your little game, huh? You wanna feel what it's like when the whole goddamn thing starts to fall apart, after you've climbed to the top? Fine, I'll tell you how it goes down, 'cause I've seen it, man. I lived it.

Slippin' on the Ladder (+100 CP)

You think you're smart, you build your thing up, you're makin' bank. But for a hundred chips, you're gonna feel the first little tremors, understand? This ain't no big earthquake, just enough to make you nervous. Your own people, these guys you brought up, they start gettin' greedy, makin' little deals on the side, skimmin' off the top, whisperin' behind your back. Maybe a small shipment gets pinched, or a cop on the payroll gets a little too bold and wants more. It ain't gonna sink the ship

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right away, but it's like a bad itch you can't scratch. You start lookin' at everyone sideways, wonderin' who's truly loyal and who's just waitin' for their chance. Trust me, chico, that feeling? It's the beginning of the end.

The Walls Close In (+300 CP)

So, you got a bigger empire now, huh? Feeling like the king of the world, like I did. For three hundred points, you're gonna feel those walls start to close in, just like they did on me. The competition gets ruthless, they're comin' at you from all sides, trying to take a piece of what's yours. And the real kick in the balls? Betrayal from those closest to you. That right-hand man you trusted, maybe a family member you tried to protect; they start making moves that mess up everything, either intentionally or because you're just driving 'em away. Your temper flares more often, your judgment gets clouded by all the pressure, maybe the white powder becomes more than just a party favor. You're getting paranoid, because everyone's a potential enemy now. This ain't just an itch anymore; this is a wound that won't stop bleeding.

Last Stand Requiem (+600 CP)

Six hundred points?! You really wanna go all the way, huh? You want the full damn experience of the downfall, the one that makes headlines, the one that makes you a legend.... THIS IS IT, MAN! You make that one fatal mistake, the one you can't come back from, maybe you refuse to compromise your "standards" when it matters most, and the biggest sharks in the game come for you. Your rivals, the feds, even the "friends" you thought you had, they all turn. Your empire doesn't just crumble; it explodes around you in a bloody, violent chaos. You'll find yourself alone, outnumbered, probably high out of your mind, in your own damn fortress, surrounded by enemies. The people you loved, the ones you tried to save or control, they're gone, often because of your own actions or the consequences of your life. You'll make a magnificent, defiant last stand, screaming at the world, telling them to "SAY HELLO TO MY LITTLE FRIEND!" as you go down. But it's the end, chico. The very end. There's no coming back from this. Your "world is yours" monument will just be a tombstone.

Special Note: By taking any of the "The Collapse of Empire" drawbacks, dying in a Last Stand does NOT result in chain failure.

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Conclusion



Alright, Jump-man. Ten years, huh? Ten years walkin' in my damn shoes. You saw it all, didn't you? The glamour, the glitz, the mountains of yeyo. But now, look me in the eye, and tell me... *Was it worth it, chico?* All that money, all that power, all those women. You built an empire, one bloody step at a time. So, tell me, *were you able to sleep at night after buildin' that whole goddamn thing on dead bodies?* And how long, really, *how long did the world belong to you?* Because, when you're at the top, everyone's gunnin' for ya. And sometimes, even the bad guy like me... he can lose it all. You saw my end, right? Alone, screaming at those sons of bitches.

But here's the thing, Jump-man. This is where I gotta be honest, even when I lie. I look at you now, and you know what? **I envy you, man.** You got a choice I never had. You can **go home** (+500 CP), back to wherever the fuck you came from. Or you can **stay** right here (+1000), in this crazy world, if that's what you want. Or you can **Move On**, to some new damn adventure. Me? I was stuck. You? You get to choose. Say good night to the bad guy, Jump-man. This ain't no charity.

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*“Say good night to the bad guy, Jump-man.
This ain't no charity.”*



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Addendum



You can download the Scarface movie from Archive.org [here](#).

When you take the higher valued (+300/+600) drawbacks in the tiered drawbacks section, you won't feel the full effects at the start of the jump, but these slowly fester, build up, then hit like a wrecking ball at full force towards the end of the jump.

Post-jump the Yeyo stash will no longer be addictive to you, companions or followers. It will only be addictive to jump setting natives. The 1-kilogram stash replenishes monthly.

Other less unhinged jumpchain works by /u/randalReps

[Wandering Witch: The Journey of Elaina](#)
[The Book of Mormon Broadway Musical](#)
[Space: Above and Beyond](#)
[Downton Abbey](#)
[Hinca-P's The Perfect Cell \(nsfw\)](#)
[Dilbert \(in progress\)](#)
[Full Metal Jacket](#)
[Inferno of Elegance: A Flamenco Odyssey](#)
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