

Every time you take a breath, you feel the stabbing pain of a broken rib or two sticking you in the lungs. You can hear the wheezing sound of the fluid pooling in your chest cavity. Your arms are tied behind you, pulled so tight that you can feel the muscles in your shoulders threatening to pop. The chair you're tied into is cold and metal. It sends a chill up your spine. The air around you is cold and smells of raw meat. You try to see but can't. You've been blindfolded.

"So big bad Soprano and cousin Amos," you hear a cultured voice drawl flavored with a South American accent. "You haven't done too good of a job investigating who killed my girl." You want to reply that you've been doing your best, but you can't until the duct tape that's been slapped over your mouth is yanked away taking a good chunk of skin and your facial hair with it. Then the blindfold is removed, the lights are brighter than you can handle, and you try to duck from them. When your vision clears you see this man –



"You've fucked up good man," he glares at you. "I figured a pair of big private dicks like you wouldn't have figured something out by now. But I guess my angel didn't mean anything to you, did she?" Carlos Vicente leans in close to Johnny, and drives a knife into his thigh twisting it slowly while he screams. "I'm going to give you 5 days, Soprano. Five days to find out who killed Lilly. That goes for you too Amos."

He takes a step back, and crooks his finger at a tall balding man wearing a white doctor's coat. "Do it," he watches and smiles while the man in white yanks out one of your molars without any Novocain. When you come back around, Vicente leans over you again. "Remember that you stupid fuck. You got five days, and if you don't find out who killed her. Dr. Sawyer will take out the rest of them one by fucking one. Comprende?"

You're both then taken, bloody and beaten to the desert, and left to find your own way back to Vegas.