

Generic Casting Couch

A comedy jump by SpazzWave

Welcome to Hollywood, the land of degeneracy and virtue signaling, where everyone's a fucking hypocrite.

This is the entertainment capital of the world, where billion-dollar studios pump out movies and TV shows while the executives are busy pumping their assistants. This is where the casting couch is simultaneously "a disgusting relic we've moved past" according to official statements, and also a piece of furniture that gets more ass than a proctologist's examination table. The industry's been swearing up and down for decades that casting couch culture is dead and buried, but we all know that's bullshit. Those couches are still getting plenty of use, they just lock the doors now and make people sign NDAs first.

You wouldn't be here if you believed their PR spin anyway. You know what this place really is. Here's **1000 WP** (Weinstein Points) to spend on making yourself into whatever kind of degenerate you want to be. Now fuck off and have fun.

When Do You Arrive

Hollywood's been fucking people over for a hundred years, so pick which decade you want to get fucked in.

The 1990s

Welcome to the golden age of being a complete piece of shit without consequences. This is Hollywood before social media, before everyone had cameras in their pockets, before anyone could Google your ass and find out you're a predator. This is peak Weinstein era, when "that's just how things work here" was an acceptable excuse for behavior that would get you lynched on Twitter three decades later. The parties are fucking legendary because nobody's recording shit. What happens at the Playboy Mansion stays at the Playboy Mansion because there's no goddamn footage. You can bury scandals with cash and NDAs because there's no internet mob ready to cancel you. You can be the biggest degenerate scumbag alive and as long as you're making money, the studios will cover for your ass. Basically heaven if you're a producer, hell if you're fresh meat.

The 2000s

Welcome to the clusterfuck transition period. Hollywood's changing from old media to new media and nobody knows what the fuck is happening yet. TMZ just showed up and started teaching celebrities that they can't hide their bullshit anymore. Paris Hilton accidentally proved that a sex tape can launch your career instead of ending it, which completely broke everyone's brains. The rules are being rewritten in real-time, which means you can get away with murder before anyone figures out how to regulate this shit. The parties are absolutely insane because people still think they have privacy even though TMZ is literally in the bushes with telephoto lenses. Everyone's fucking everyone and the gossip blogs are documenting all of it. Your scandal on Tuesday is old news by Friday because three other celebrities did worse shit in between. Still a pretty good time to be a producer, though the walls are starting to close in.

The 2010s

Welcome to the Instagram era where everyone's a fucking brand. Your follower count matters as much as your actual talent now, which is great if you're hot and terrible if you can actually act. Streaming services are changing the game and people are binge-watching shit instead of going to theaters. This is also the era building up to #MeToo, which means all the same predatory bullshit from the 90s and 2000s is still happening, but now there's social media leaving paper trails everywhere. Everyone knows which producers are creeps and which directors are abusive assholes, they just haven't been publicly crucified yet. The parties still happen but everyone's being careful now because smartphones are everywhere. Not a great time to be a producer unless you're smart about it.

The 2020s

Welcome to post-#MeToo Hollywood, where everyone claims they learned their lesson but really they just learned to cover their tracks better. This is the era of mandatory intimacy coordinators, harassment policies that nobody actually follows, and producers who've figured out how to phrase sexual coercion as "creative collaboration" so their lawyers can defend them. Social media is required, cancel culture is at maximum intensity, and throwing a party now requires three separate NDAs and confiscating everyone's phones at the door. Basically a nightmare if you're trying to be a producer doing classic producer shit. The fun police won, unfortunately.

Origins

Origins get a 50% discount on their perks and items.

Drop-In

Congrats, you showed up in LA with three months of rent money and jack shit else. No friends, no family, no connections, nothing. You're Nobody McFuckface from Nowhere, USA, which means you're either about to claw your way up through sheer balls and luck, or you're gonna be crying in your car in three months wondering why you thought you were special. You gotta build everything from zero using nothing but your personality and your willingness to show up to parties where you probably shouldn't be. The good news? Nobody knows what a loser you were back home. The bad news? Nobody gives a fuck about you here either. You're starting from the bottom in a town where the bottom is basically quicksand, but hey, at least your embarrassing high school years aren't following you around. That's gotta count for something.

Aspiring Star

You're charming, you're hot, and you want to be famous so bad it's honestly kind of pathetic. You rolled into LA with a pile of headshots, dreams bigger than your brain, and the kind of desperate energy that makes you either prey or a hustler depending on how this shakes out. You took some acting classes or whatever, but let's be real: nobody gives a shit if you can actually act. What matters is that you're fuckable, you're broke enough to be exploitable, and you're willing to get on your knees (literally and metaphorically) to make it happen. You knew the game was rigged before you got here, but you're playing anyway because going back to whatever bumfuck nowhere town you escaped from and admitting you failed is worse than whatever degrading shit you're about to endure in Hollywood. At least here you might end up famous. Back home you'd just end up working at Target.

Producer [200 WP]

You're a big deal, and by "big deal" I mean you're exactly the kind of scumbag that journalists love writing about when they need clicks. You got money, you got power, you got an office where the door locks and everybody knows what happens when it does. People kiss your ass because telling you to fuck off is career suicide, and hot women smile while you "audition" them on your couch because you can actually make their dreams come true (after you make yourself come, obviously). You climbed up by crushing everyone below you, and now you're at a level where desperate wannabes literally line up to let you exploit them. You're not Harvey Weinstein-level powerful, but you're powerful enough that one phone call from you can make or break someone's career, which means people treat you like a god even though you're basically a predator with a production budget. It's a pretty sweet deal, honestly.

General Perks

Clean and Controlled [100 WP]

You can't catch STDs and you control when babies happen, which is fucking essential if you're planning to sleep your way to the top. Doesn't matter how many people you fuck or what disgusting shit you do with them, you're not catching herpes or getting knocked up unless you specifically decide you want a kid. This is basically mandatory if you're going to be using your genitals as career tools, which let's be honest, you probably are.

Bisexual Flexibility [100 WP]

You're down to fuck anyone regardless of what's between their legs, and everyone wants to fuck you back. This is stupidly useful in Hollywood because opportunities come from all genders and you don't want to miss out on half your potential benefactors just because you're picky about dicks versus pussies. You appeal to everyone, you can bang anyone, and you're basically playing on easy mode while other people can only whore themselves out to one gender. Smart investment.

The Role of Your Dreams [200 WP]

Once a year, you can decide you're perfect for some specific role and reality will bend over backwards to make it happen. You'll hear about the casting at the perfect time, you'll get an audition even though they're not taking submissions, and the director will be mysteriously interested in you. This doesn't mean you automatically get cast, but you get your shot. And if you're willing to get on your knees (literally), the role is yours. We all know what "willing to do what's necessary" means in this shithole industry.

Industry Immunity [200 WP]

You can't get blacklisted, which is basically a superpower in Hollywood. Doesn't matter who you piss off, which bridges you burn, which producer you tell to go fuck himself at a party, you'll still get work. People might hate your guts, might talk shit about you constantly, might wish you'd fail miserably, but they'll still hire you because somehow you're too valuable to actually destroy. It's like having plot armor in real life.

Drop-In Perks

Natural Charisma [100 WP]

You're annoyingly charming and people can't help but like you even when they should tell you to fuck off. You talk your way past security, convince assistants to break rules for you, and make people do you favors for no goddamn reason. You're that asshole who crashes parties uninvited, gets caught, and somehow leaves with phone numbers and new contacts instead of getting thrown out. It's basically a cheat code for networking.

Party Animal [200 WP]

You can party like an absolute degenerate and never face consequences, which is honestly unfair. You can do blow off someone's ass at 3 AM and show up to work at 6 AM looking fresh. You can drink a whole bottle of vodka and wake up without a hangover. You can fuck three different people in one night and still have energy left over. This makes you the most popular person at parties because you're down for anything, you never embarrass yourself, and you somehow always come out looking cool instead of like the trainwreck you should be.

The Connector [400 WP]

You're supernaturally good at figuring out what people want and hooking them up with whoever can provide it, which makes you valuable as hell despite having no official job. You know how to connect desperate girls with the right producers for a cut, where to get the best coke, and which actors will do "private sessions" with rich perverts. You're basically a pimp but "connector" sounds less illegal. You could run an agency but why bother when you can do the same shit, keep all the money, and have zero legal responsibility?

Freak Offs [600 WP]

You can throw private parties that become legendary for all the wrong reasons, also known as the kind that don't get photographed, require multiple NDAs, and end with someone in jail two years later. You know exactly who to invite, who'll keep their mouth shut, and which people need to be kept separated or someone's getting a restraining order. You know how to create the perfect atmosphere for networking and debauchery, and you always have exactly the right drugs in exactly the right amounts. These parties are also blackmail goldmines, but I'm sure you'd never exploit that. Right? Right?

Aspiring Star

Hollywood Beautiful [100 WP]

You're not just hot, you're "people question their sexuality" hot. You've got the kind of face and body that launches franchises, sells magazines, and makes casting directors drool. This is the level of attractive where doors open, parties welcome you, and powerful people want to "discover" you (which means fuck you). You're so good-looking that people will overlook no experience, shit talent, or even a personality like cardboard. Talent is nice, but a face like yours? That's actual currency in this town.

Knows What It Takes [200 WP]

You're realistic about how this shitshow works. You don't have stupid ideas about "making it on talent" or "staying true to yourself." You get that success requires getting on your back, and you're fine with it. When a producer suggests a "private meeting," you know he means he wants to fuck you. When someone powerful hits on you, you see it as leverage. When you get invited to certain parties, you know what's expected. You're not naive, you won't be shocked, and you won't feel guilty afterward. You made your choices with your eyes open. No regrets, no victim bullshit. Just cold calculations about what you'll trade for success.

Detox [400 WP]

You can't get addicted to anything, which means you can do as many drugs as you want without turning into a junkie. You can do lines with producers to prove you're cool without becoming a cokehead. You can drink heavily at events without becoming an alcoholic. You can try whatever weird shit gets passed around at parties without worrying about addiction, overdosing, or frying your brain. This is genuinely useful considering how many actors end up dead or in rehab.

Permanent Youth [600 WP]

You're frozen at whatever age you pick (18-35) and you'll never age past it, which in an industry obsessed with youth makes you basically immortal. Your face stays perfect without Botox, your body stays tight without killing yourself at the gym, your skin doesn't wrinkle, and you just... don't age. While everyone else is desperately fighting time with surgery, crazy diets, and sketchy procedures, you wake up looking the same as you did ten years ago. Most actors get maybe 10-15 years at the top before they decline. You have forever. You beat Hollywood's cruelest rule.

Producer Perks

The Couch [100 WP]

You have an actual, literal casting couch in your office that everyone recognizes as THE casting couch. And here's the fucked up part: everyone just accepts that auditions happen on this couch like it's normal. Aspiring actors don't question why you're telling them to sit there. Agents don't wonder why their clients' auditions take three hours with the door locked. Studio execs don't investigate why your casting process involves "private callbacks." The couch makes everything that happens on it seem like standard industry practice. It legitimizes shit that would be crimes anywhere else, and everyone treats it like it's no big deal.

Perfect Casting [200 WP]

You have a creepy supernatural ability to attract exactly the type of person you're looking for. Need Latina MILFs? Three show up to audition. Want nerdy Asian girls? They're suddenly in your waiting room. Looking for jacked dudes? Guess who just walked in? This only works on people within traveling distance who can afford the trip, but if they can get to you, they will.

An Offer You Can't Refuse [400 WP]

You know exactly how to phrase shit to make people think fucking you is their best option. You talk about competition, about wanting to see their "range," about needing to know they're "serious," and somehow they convince themselves it's worth it and do whatever you want. You're not forcing anyone, you're just really, really good at making exploitation sound like opportunity. It's honestly impressive in a deeply fucked up way.

Mainstream Success [600 WP]

Everything you produce becomes successful and mainstream despite being sketchy as hell. That porno you shot in a warehouse? Becomes a cult classic. That exploitation film with questionable consent? Critics call it "daring" and "provocative." That reality show documenting uncomfortable shit? Huge ratings, multiple seasons. And this makes people who work with you more successful too, which means the next batch of desperate talent is even more willing to do whatever you want because they saw what happened to the last group. Success breeds compliance, and compliance breeds more success. It's a beautiful cycle of exploitation.

Items

You get 300 WP to blow on shit. Items that get destroyed come back in three days. You also get blueprints for everything because why not.

Headshots [Free]

Professional photos of you that are airbrushed to hell and back so you look way hotter than you actually are. Multiple angles, perfect lighting, makes you look famous instead of desperate. These magically update to always show you at your best, which is good because nobody wants to see what you really look like at 6 AM before you've had coffee and fixed your face. Essential for auditions, even though everyone knows the real audition happens when you're on your back.

Burner Phones [50 WP]

Constantly-replenishing supply of prepaid phones for conversations you don't want recorded. Completely untraceable, and new ones just appear in your pocket like magic. Perfect for arranging sketchy shit you don't want on your real phone.

Designer Wardrobe [100 WP]

A constantly-updating closet full of designer shit that makes you look rich even when you're broke as fuck. Everything fits perfectly, looks expensive, and makes you appear way more successful than you actually are. Fake it till you make it, baby.

The Personal Pharmacy [100 WP]

You've got a drug dealer who can get you any pill you want. Be Adderall to focus, Xanax to chill, Viagra to perform or Ozempic to stay skinny, they've got it all and they deliver to your door. No questions, no records, no judgment. Just give them money and they give you drugs. It 's beautiful.

Plastic Surgeon on Retainer [200 WP]

Unlimited access to one of LA's best butchers. They're talented, discreet, and willing to do procedures other doctors think are fucked up. Need to look younger? They'll cut you up. Want bigger tits? They'll stuff you. The procedures heal fast and look natural, unless you go overboard and end up looking like a plastic surgery horror story. Try to have some self-control.

Private Investigator [200 WP]

A PI on permanent payroll who specializes in digging up dirt on people. They're ex-cop with connections everywhere and zero morals. Need to know if someone's cheating? They'll get photos. Want background on someone? They'll find it. They'll do illegal shit like wiretapping and bribery if you ask, and if anyone questions them, they've never heard of you. Plausible deniability, baby.

Luxury Apartment [400 WP]

A nice apartment in the Hollywood Hills with a kitchen you'll never use and a bed big enough for whatever fucked up shit you're into. Rent's paid automatically, and it's close to studios and clubs so you can stumble home drunk without paying for an Uber. Living the dream.

Blackmail Suite [400 WP]

A complete spy kit for recording people without them knowing. Hidden cameras in pens, watches, glasses, audio recorders you can plant anywhere and all the good shit for recording the right people doing the wrong things. Everything's hard to detect and you get editing software to cut the good parts. Perfect for insurance or blackmail, depending on how much of an asshole you are.

The Yacht [600 WP]

A 100-foot yacht in Marina del Rey where you throw parties that destroy marriages and launch careers. Fully crewed, fully stocked, perfect for doing cocaine off glass tables while making industry deals. The crew is paid enough to forget everything they see. This is where the real shit happens.

The Black Book [600 WP]

A constantly-updating collection of dirt on everyone important. Be names, contacts, kinks, secrets, embarrassing encounters or evidence of crimes, it's all in here. Only you can read it, and it can't be stolen or copied. This is your blackmail bible and networking tool combined. Use it wisely, or don't, whatever.

The Fixer [600 WP]

A professional problem-solver who makes shit disappear. Killed someone drunk driving? They vanish the body. Someone threatening to expose you? They'll "convince" them otherwise. Scandal about to break? They bury it. They have connections everywhere and can make problems stop existing. Expensive as fuck but worth every penny when you need them.

Drop-in Items

Cocaine [100 WP]

Permanent weekly supply of high-quality blow. About 100 grams a week, which is enough to share at parties and do yourself. This is the real networking tool in Hollywood: offering someone a line does more for your career than actual talent ever will. Can buy multiple times if you want to be a drug lord.

Sports Car [200 WP]

A fancy sports car that screams "I'm compensating for something." It's fast, expensive, completely useless in LA traffic, but it makes you feel important. Paid off, insured, magically maintained. You'll look like a douchebag, but an impressive douchebag.

The Party Crew [400 WP]

A team of 10-15 hot people who work your parties. They set shit up, serve drinks, provide "entertainment" (wink wink), and keep their mouths shut about what they see. Several are aspiring actors who appreciate the money and networking. They're hot enough to make any party better, discrete enough to be trusted, and useful for other purposes, like loaning them out to executives who need attractive dates, or deploy them to other parties to gather intel. They're basically attractive prostitutes you can pimp out.

The Compound [600 WP]

A massive private estate in the hills with total privacy. High walls, professional security, and with soundproofing, which means what happens here stays here. This is where you throw the parties that require NDAs, the ones that don't get photographed, the ones that end with people in jail years later. Fully stocked, all utilities paid. Your fortress of debauchery.

Aspiring Star Items

Studio Apartment [100 WP]

A shitty apartment in the Valley. Small, bad AC, shit water pressure, you can hear your neighbors fucking through the walls. But it's yours and rent's paid. Better than sleeping in your car, which is where you'd be otherwise.

Waitressing/Bartending Job [200 WP]

A job at an upscale place where industry people eat and drink. Decent pay, good tips, and you meet the right people. Producers and agents come here, so you're in their field of vision. The job's flexible about auditions and you can't get fired. Basically perfect for a struggling actor/waitress cliché.

The Gay Best Friend [400 WP]

You've got a gay best friend who's super connected in the industry. Stylist, publicist, assistant to someone important - whatever. They know everyone, go everywhere, and they've decided you're their project. They give you fashion advice, tell you which parties to hit, warn you about creeps, and hype you up to important people. They're genuinely invested in your success because they collect successful friends. They also provide emotional support and won't fuck you over. The catch? You actually have to be their friend back. Fair trade.

The Viral Scandal [600 WP]

You're involved in a huge scandal. Think leaked sex tape, offensive comment, public meltdown, whatever. It's everywhere. TMZ won't shut up about it, you're trending, everyone has an opinion. But instead of destroying you, it launches you into fame. You become a household name, gain millions of followers, and studios want to meet you because you're the most talked-about person right now. What should've ended your career instead made it. The scandal dies down eventually but the fame sticks. You just Paris Hiltoned your way to success.

Producer Items

The Office [100 WP]

A professional office on a studio lot. Sleek desk, expensive chair, awards on the walls (real or fake, nobody checks), private bathroom, and most importantly: a very comfortable couch. Rent-free with utilities covered. The soundproofing makes people wonder what exactly you're "producing" in there. We all know.

Legal Shield [200 WP]

A lawyer on permanent retainer who specializes in making your problems legal-adjacent. They draft contracts, enforce NDAs, negotiate settlements when people threaten to talk, and keep you barely on the right side of the law. They're ethically flexible, which is a nice way of saying they'll do shady shit for you. They also won't testify against you because attorney-client privilege is magical. Worth every penny to stay out of jail.

Private Jet Access [400 WP]

Unlimited access to a private jet because you're too important for commercial flights now. Seats twelve, bedroom in back, full bar, crew that's paid to be blind and deaf about what happens onboard. You call, they fly you wherever. It's that simple. Welcome to the big leagues.

The Offshore Account [600 WP]

A secret bank account in some country that doesn't give a fuck about your taxes. Starts with $10 million and gets $500k monthly from "consulting fees" that are totally legit and not suspicious at all. The IRS can't find it, nobody can trace it, and you've got a banker who asks zero questions and can get you cash anywhere in 48 hours. This is your fuck-you money.

Companions



Your Personal Star [50 WP]

You can import any real actor or actress from Hollywood as your companion, and they're obsessed with you in ways that would make their actual spouse or partner lose their fucking minds if they knew. Pick whoever you want, be a megastar or that hot person from that one show you liked, and they show up looking exactly like they do in real life. If they've been working for decades, you pick which era. They arrive at peak career momentum, fully connected, with all their Hollywood experience, and they'll use every bit of influence and connection they have for your benefit. They're also down to fuck whenever you want because they're devoted to you specifically. Yes, this is pure wish-fulfillment so you can bang your celebrity crush. No, I'm not apologizing.

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 WP for 1, 200 WP for 8]

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

Drawbacks

Wrong Crowd [+100 WP]

You got involved with the wrong people, like small-time criminals, wannabe gangsters or scammers who think they're big shots. They're not powerful enough to be useful but dangerous enough to be problems. They drag you into schemes that could get you arrested, embarrass you at parties, and hurt your reputation with actual industry people. You're trying to climb but these idiots keep pulling you toward petty crime and stupid decisions.

Paparazzi Target [+200 WP]

The tabloid fuckers have decided you're interesting, which means your privacy is dead. They follow you everywhere, camp outside your house, chase your car, photograph your worst moments. Every embarrassing thing you do gets documented and sold. You can't have a breakdown privately, can't fuck up quietly, can't do anything scandalous without the world seeing it. Everyone's watching and judging constantly. Your life is a reality show you didn't sign up for.

The Dependent [+200 WP]

Someone from your past showed up in LA expecting you to take care of them. Family member, old friend, whatever. They're living off you, draining your money, and they're jealous as fuck about your success. They embarrass you in front of important people, show up at bad times, and threaten to reveal shit from before you were famous. You can't cut them off because they'll make a scene and damage your image. You're stuck supporting a leech who resents you for succeeding while they're failing. Fun times.

Viral for Wrong Reasons [+200 WP]

You went viral but not in a good way. You said something stupid on camera, got caught doing something embarrassing, had a public meltdown someone filmed. Now millions of people have seen you at your worst and you're a meme. You're the punchline. Casting directors Google you and find...that. You'll have to work twice as hard to be taken seriously because everyone's first impression is that viral disaster.

The Fake Friend [+200 WP]

Someone you trust is actually collecting dirt on you. They're documenting your fuckups, gathering evidence, planning to sell you out when it's profitable. Maybe a tell-all book, maybe tabloid exposé, maybe just keeping receipts until you're famous enough that exposing you is worth cash. You don't know who, but someone's absolutely planning to betray your ass.

Substance Problem [+400 WP]

You're actually addicted now. Pick a poison: coke, alcohol, pills or combine them all.You need it to function, to audition, to get through parties. Your behavior gets erratic, you look like shit, your judgment is fucked. You'll spend insane money on your habit, make terrible decisions while high, destroy relationships, and create scandals. Eventually you'll have to choose: get clean (good luck with that in Hollywood) or spiral until it kills you. Most people choose the spiral.

Federal Investigation [+400 WP]

The FBI is investigating the parties you attend because someone's building a case about trafficking, drugs, maybe worse. They think you have information. They're not wrong. You're being followed, phones tapped, finances audited. They'll haul you in with photos from parties and ask you to identify people and explain what was happening. Here's your problem: if you cooperate, you're a snitch and your career is over. The powerful people you'd testify against will destroy you. If you don't cooperate, you get charged as an accessory. You're fucked either way. The parties were fun though.

The Rival's Revenge [+400 WP]

Someone you fucked over on your way up has gained power and is coming after you. For Drop-Ins, they're blocking your networking and poisoning people against you. For Aspiring Stars, they're using influence to keep you from getting cast. For Producers, they're sabotaging your projects and stealing your talent. They won't stop until they've destroyed you like you destroyed them, and they've got the resources to do it.

The Baby Trap [+400 WP]

Someone you fucked is pregnant (or you knocked them up) and they're keeping it. You're gonna be a parent whether you want to or not. The other parent is either a disaster (unstable, manipulative, wrong) or someone powerful who now owns you through this kid. Either way, you're tied to them for at least ten years. This will complicate everything in your life. You're responsible for a kid now, so you gotta keep making money and avoid scandals that would fuck up custody. Congratulations, daddy/mommy.

Ending

Alright, your ten years of degeneracy in Hollywood are up. Time to decide what happens next.

Stay Here [+500 WP]

You can stay in Hollywood permanently if you want. Maybe you've made it big, maybe you're still grinding, maybe you've built a whole empire of exploitation and you're not ready to give it up. Either way, you get an extra **500 WP** to spend on making your life here even better. You can keep climbing, keep partying, keep fucking your way to the top forever. The industry will never get tired of you, your career will never fully die, and you'll always have opportunities as long as you're willing to do what it takes. Congrats, you're a permanent fixture in Tinseltown. Hope you don't get bored.

Return to Earth

You can go back to regular Earth, which is... basically the same fucking place you just were, just without your perks and items. This is the dumbest option available. Are you retarded? Why the fuck would you choose this? You spent ten years in Hollywood with supernatural advantages and now you want to go back to being a regular person on regular Earth? The one you probably came from in the first place? Are you stupid? This option exists for completeness but seriously, don't pick this. It's like winning the lottery and then asking for your old job at Walmart back.

Move Forward

You can leave this world behind and move on to your next jump. Your perks and items come with you (obviously), and Hollywood becomes a memory (hopefully a fun one full of questionable decisions and zero regrets). Maybe you're tired of the exploitation, maybe you've had your fill of parties and casting couches, maybe you just want to see what other fucked up worlds are out there. Fair enough. Pack your shit, grab your companions, and fuck off to the next adventure. Hollywood will keep spinning without you, and someone else will fill the void you're leaving. That's how this town works.

What? Were you expecting a heartfelt goodbye? Get the fuck out of here.

Changelog and Notes.

V 1.0 - First Edition.