WHO YA GONNA CALL?



BILL MURRAY DAN AYKROYD
SIGOURNEY WEAVER

GHOSTBUSTERS

COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS AN IVAN REITMAN FILM A BLACK RHINO/BERNIE BRILLSTEIN PRODUCTION

BILL MURRAY DAN AYKROYD SIGOURNEY WEAVER "GHOSTBUSTERS"

ALSO STARRING HAROLD RAMIS RICK MORANIS MUSIC BY ELMER BERNSTEIN "GHOSTBUSTERS" PERFORMED BY RAY PARKER, JR.

PRODUCTION DESIGN BY JOHN DE CUIR DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY LASZLO KOVACS, ASC VISUAL EFFECTS BY RICHARD EDLUND, ASC

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER BERNIE BRILLSTEIN WRITTEN BY DAN AYKROYD AND HAROLD RAMIS PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY IVAN REITMAN

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ALBUM ON ARISTA RECORDS

SONY make.believe

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Ghostbusters

A jump by SpazzWave. Version 1.1



Congratulations, you've just been drafted into one of the most financially irresponsible business ventures in the tri-state area. Somewhere between 1984 and 1989, New York City is about to have a very bad time with the supernatural, and you're going to be right in the middle of it: whether you're catching slime with a proton pack, running the numbers on an unlicensed nuclear accelerator, or just trying to survive long enough to see if the Twinkie really is that big.

This jump covers both **Ghostbusters** and **Ghostbusters II**, from the original bust in the New York Public Library all the way through a river of mood slime threatening to drown the city in negativity. Whether you want to strap on a proton pack and join the guys in gray jumpsuits, run the business side of things, or become one of the ghosts causing all this chaos in the first place, this jump has you covered.

You'll start with **1000 CP** to spend as you see fit, exactly one month before three unemployed parapsychologists get thrown out of Columbia University and decide, in their infinite wisdom, that hunting ghosts for profit is a viable career path. Pick your origin, spend your CP, and get ready, because whatever you decide to be in this city, the dead are already lining up to make your life difficult.

Origins

Any origin can be taken as a Drop-in.

The Frontman:

You might have a degree in parapsychology, but your real expertise is in people. You are the face of the operation, the one who talks to the press, negotiates the contracts, and charms the clients. You might be a bit of a sleazeball, but your silver tongue is just as valuable as any scientific gadget.

The Everyman:

You're just a regular person trying to make a living in a crazy city. Maybe you spent years driving a city bus, working a loading dock, or doing whatever odd jobs paid the bills before somebody handed you a jumpsuit and a proton pack and called it a job description. You lack the fancy degrees, but you make up for it with sheer reliability, common sense, and the kind of work ethic that shows up on time no matter how bad the hangover or how weird the job description gets.

The Scientist:

You are the brains of the outfit. You collect spores, molds, and fungi. You understand the complex physics required to capture and contain ethereal entities. While others are screaming, you are calmly taking readings and adjusting the particle thrower.

The Ghost:

You aren't among the living anymore. You might be a Class-5 full-roaming vapor, or the spirit of an ancient tyrant. You exist as a being of psychokinetic energy, feeding on human emotions, fear, or hotel room service.

The Skeptic:

You don’t believe in ghosts, but you do believe in regulations, permits, and the chain of command. You might work for the EPA or the Mayor's office. You are the grounding force of reality in a crazy world. People listen to you because you carry the weight of the government.

General Perks

A Shitty Movie? Not on my Watch! [Free, 100 to Keep]

Isn't it the worst, jumping into a movie only to find out there's a horrible sequel waiting for you down the line? Not anymore. You've got the power to erase that sequel (and other sequels of your choice) from ever having existed in the timeline you are in. As far as anyone's concerned, that miserable follow-up nobody asked for, the one that undid the characters, botched the tone, and generally made everyone wish they'd stayed home, simply never happened. Whatever mess a bad continuation would have made of your world never gets made in the first place, and the future of your stay stays a blank page, free to become whatever you actually want instead of whatever disappointment was originally in store.

A Touch of the Psychic [100]

Parapsychology has spent decades chasing something it could never quite pin down, and now you're proof it was onto something. You've picked up a minor psychic talent of your own, small, unremarkable, and utterly harmless in a real fight, but the kind of thing that makes everyday life a little easier. Maybe you can casually glance through a wall or a locked door within about ten meters of you. Maybe you can nudge a heavy object a few feet without lifting a finger, so long as it's under ten kilograms or so. Either way, it's not the kind of power that's stopping a possessed filing cabinet or squaring off with a full-torso apparition. It's just a quiet, convenient little edge that makes your life easier in ways nobody else will ever notice. This can be bought multiple times.

A Regular Ghost Magnet [100]

Something about you draws the dead in like a moth to a flame. Spirits that would normally stay put in their haunted houses or hidden corners find themselves inexplicably curious about you, drifting closer, lingering nearby, showing up more than statistically makes sense wherever you go. Restless, lonely, mischievous, doesn't matter the type, you seem to catch their attention easier than most. And who knows, spend enough time around the supernatural and you might just find female ghosts taking a particular interest in you, the kind that means a lot of fun.

We're Exterminators [100]

People tend to see what they expect to see. So long as you are wearing a work uniform (like a mechanic's jumpsuit) and carrying tools, people will assume you are just blue-collar workers doing your job. You can walk into luxury hotels, secure office buildings, or cordoned-off crime scenes, and as long as you act as if you belong there, nobody will question you or the unlicensed nuclear accelerator strapped to your back.

Wrong Place, Right Time [100]

You've got an uncanny habit of ending up exactly where things are happening. Need to catch ghosts for a living? You'll walk past a haunted brownstone on your day off, overhear the right rumor at the right diner, or just happen to be driving by the second something starts rattling windows three blocks away. Need to track down someone skirting a permit or breaking a code? Somehow you're already in the neighborhood. Hell, if you traded the proton pack for a cape, you'd probably still trip over a mugging every time you stepped outside. It's not luck exactly, or maybe it's all luck, but either way, relevant trouble has a way of finding you, and you have a way of being right there when it does.

Quickly, Think of Something Safe! [100]
Monks spend decades trying to reach true emptiness of mind, and you can do it on command, just by thinking it. Total mental blankness, no stray thoughts, no images bubbling up, no involuntary reactions. That same trick extends outward too, letting you help others empty their minds when it actually matters, like when some ancient, god-like entity is rifling through everyone's thoughts looking for whatever's going to manifest as a 50m catastrophe.

The Last Thing We Need is for Them to Sue Us [100]
A proton pack is quite powerful, and normally that means a fair share of collateral damage comes with the job: scorched walls, terrified bystanders diving for cover, your buddy standing two feet to the left nearly catching a stream meant for something else. Luckily for you, that stops being a problem. When you're firing a proton stream, swinging a trap, or unloading whatever nasty piece of equipment ends up in your hands, you simply don't hit what you're not aiming at. Innocent bystanders stay untouched, and your friends stay out of the blast radius even when they're standing right next to the target. You're still packing enough firepower to level a city block. You just never end up footing the legal bill for it.

Scarousing [100, free with There's Only Zuul]
Ask anyone who watched a possessed Dana Barrett, and they'll tell you fear and attraction aren't always so far apart. Who said that being scary can't mean attractive? Whatever unsettling, creepy, or outright terrifying powers you've got, it stops landing the way they used to. That bone-chilling voice, those glowing eyes, whatever ghastly transformation used to send people running and screaming, now leaves at least a few of them a lot more interested than terrified. You're just as dangerous as ever. People just don't seem to mind as much anymore. Good for ghosts who may still think of earthly pleasures even after dying.

Cold-Reading the Paranormal [400]
Everyone else in this business treats ghosts, demons, and eldritch horrors like physical hazards to be blasted, trapped, or avoided. You know better. Give it a minute of watching one - how it moves, how it postures, what it fixates on - and you've already got its whole psychological file built out in your head: the insecurities, the old grudges, the daddy issues, the god complex it's been nursing for three hundred years. Doesn't matter if it's an angry poltergeist or something ancient enough to have a cult, it's still got a wound somewhere, and you can find it fast. And once you've found it, you know exactly what buttons to push. A well-placed comment sends it into a blind rage right into your trap's line of fire. Another sends it spiraling into a monologue about its tragic backstory while you casually set up the shot. They came here to haunt someone. Instead, they got you and a free therapy session they never asked for.

Leaving a Legacy [200]
Every great institution needs someone willing to leave the door open behind them, and that's exactly what you're capable of doing. You can create a legacy of yourself: ensuring that there are others, whether that's a new team of Ghostbusters or something similar in spirit, who follow in your footsteps long after you've moved on, retired, or simply decided you're done. Better yet, you get a say in how that legacy actually takes shape: the values they carry, the methods they use, even the details of how they look and present themselves, right down to the jumpsuits and the logo on the side of the car. Who knows, with this, you might even manage to keep the next generation from being a bunch of total incompetent imbeciles.

Once It's Handled, It's Handled [400]

Once you solve a problem, it stays solved. Clear out a haunted building, and that's the end of it: no stray residual energy lingering behind the drywall, no ghost that "seemed" trapped but somehow phases back through the containment unit a month later, no landlord calling you back in the spring because the noises started up again. Fix a busted proton pack, and it stays fixed, no random meltdowns three jobs later because you missed a loose wire. Shut down a supernatural threat, whether it's a minor poltergeist or something old enough to have its own mythology, and the city never has to worry about a sequel or a copycat. You don't do temporary fixes or half-measures. When you close a case, it's closed.

Crossing the Streams [400]

Once per jump, you can turn a plan that should be a complete failure (or an outright catastrophe) into a total success, no matter how insane the plan actually was. Cross four proton streams together against every warning label on the pack, chase a multi-dimensional god back through its own portal, take on a twenty-story marshmallow mascot in the same afternoon? It will work, spectacularly, and you walk away having somehow saved the day with the worst idea anyone's ever had.

Frontman

Perks for Frontman are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Sleaze Appeal [100]

Look, you didn't study for this. You didn't do the reading. And yet somehow you're the one closing the deal. You have an almost supernatural ability to bullshit your way through literally any situation with nothing but confidence and a winning smile. Terrified clients whose house is currently levitating? You'll have them laughing and signing a contract before they remember to be scared. Skeptical bureaucrats who think you're running a scam? They'll walk away half-convinced they're the unreasonable ones. You can talk your way into restricted areas, out of tickets, into dates with women who should absolutely know better, and around the fact that you have no idea what you're actually doing. Your credentials are questionable at best, your methods are dubious, and your work ethic could charitably be described as "exists," but none of that matters once you open your mouth. People just... believe you. It shouldn't work. It works anyway.

We're Ready to Believe You [200]

New York didn't believe in ghosts until you made them. You know exactly how to work a press conference, how to get the local news van parked outside your firehouse, and how to make grainy footage of a green blob look like the most exciting thing to hit the city all year. People who'd normally laugh you out of the room end up calling your hotline in a panic at 3 AM, wallet already out. A skeptical reporter shows up looking for a takedown piece and leaves writing you a glowing headline instead. An angry mayor storms in, ready to shut you down, and walks out, shaking your hand for the cameras. Before long, you're on magazine covers and cereal boxes, even though the actual science behind what you're doing is held together with duct tape and hope, and none of your customers care. Be it spirit removal, slime containment, positive psychic vibrations off a river of muck, whatever you're calling it this week, the city lines up around the block for it.

The Magic Word [400]

Bureaucracy is your playground now, and you're the only kid who knows all the games. Be it legal trouble, impossible permits, judges who should absolutely know better by now, none of it stands a chance against a guy with your mouth. You talk your way out of lawsuits like you're ordering lunch, flirt your way past permit clerks who were supposed to say no, and somehow walk out of city hall with paperwork nobody else gets in under six months. Doesn't matter how ridiculous the ask is: dress up in a cape and cowl and start throwing hands with muggers downtown, and you'll still dig up some dusty city ordinance that makes it all completely legal. Judges come in ready to nail you to the wall for property damage alone and leave, dropping the charges, laughing despite themselves, half-convinced you did them a favor. Hand you a case that should end in handcuffs and a lifetime ban from practicing anything, and you'll walk out with a permit, a pat on the back, and maybe a key to the city while you're at it.

They'll Never Forget Your Name [600]
New York has the memory of a goldfish. It'll forget a hero by Tuesday and start booing him by Friday for something completely unrelated. Not you, though. Whatever you do for this city (or any city for that matter) - bust a ghost, save a wedding, stop a rogue marshmallow man from flattening midtown - it sticks. Cabbies bring it up unprompted. Bartenders won't let you pay. Old ladies pinch your cheek on the street, twenty years later, and thank you like it happened yesterday. Every accomplishment, every save, every ridiculous thing you pulled off gets carved permanently into the city's memory, and nothing - not scandal, not bad press, not the next big disaster stealing the headlines - knocks you out of it. You could disappear for a decade and come back to a parade. New York doesn't do gratitude. For you, it's making an exception.

Everyman

Perks for Everyman are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

If There's a Steady Paycheck... [100]
You didn't come into this whole ghost-catching thing for the glory. You came in because the ad said "no experience necessary" and the pay was steady. That mentality is your superpower now. You can work eighty-hour weeks on nothing but cheap coffee and cold Chinese takeout and never burn out: no crashing, no snapping at customers, no dozing off on the job. You stay sharp, patient, and functional through the whole shift, every time. And whatever job you walk into, you pick it up fast. Give you a mop and a job description you've never seen before, and within days, you know the ins and outs better than people who've been doing it for years. Doesn't matter if it's mopping a firehouse or wiring up a ghost trap at 3 AM, you clock in, you figure it out, and you get it done right.

I Have Seen Shit That Will Turn You White [200]
You've watched a bookshelf empty itself onto a librarian and had a stone dog try to eat you off a balcony, and you're still here, still sane, still clocking in Monday. Be it full-body apparitions, hellhounds, ancient gods possessing your coworkers, a hundred-foot marshmallow mascot stomping through midtown, none of it breaks your sanity, and none of it sends you into a panic. While everyone else is running in circles screaming, you're the one keeping a level head, calmly grabbing the trap, checking the readings, and figuring out the next move. What can you say? You've seen worse before lunch.

Blue Collar Brawn [400]
20kgs of unlicensed nuclear equipment strapped to your back is nothing but a Tuesday. You've got incredible physical strength, stamina, and endurance, to the point you could haul heavy gear up ten flights of stairs, wrestle something twice your size through a hotel ballroom, and run full calls back to back without slowing down. And when it comes time to actually use the damn thing, your aim's dead on. Be it tracking something that zigzags through the air at full speed, threading a shot between your partner's head and a chandelier, or keeping two streams a hair's width apart without frying everyone in the room, you make it look easy. You'll only cross the streams if you decide to, never because your hand slipped.

When Someone Asks If You're a God... [600]
You say yes. Every single time, without hesitation, and somehow it's always the right call. You've got an instinct for the exact words that defuse a situation before it turns into a disaster: the right joke, the right lie, the right confident nonsense that gets a terrified crowd, an angry official, or a giant demon dog to just stand down for a second. But every so often, no amount of talking gets you out of it, and it comes down to a fight - for your city, your friends, your business, whatever's on the line. When that happens, you gain a massive boost to luck, competence, and willpower. Shots that should miss find their mark. Plans you're improvising on the spot somehow come together perfectly. Fear, doubt, exhaustion - none of it gets a foothold in you until the fight's over. You don't go looking for the fight. But when it finds you, you're not losing it.

Scientist

Perks for Scientist are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Back Off Man, I'm a Scientist [100]
Everyone told you parapsychology wasn't real science, and you got the doctorates to prove them wrong anyway. You hold three PhDs, in fields of your choosing, from institutions that actually matter, all completely legitimate. You're published, peer-reviewed, and cited by people who don't even like you. Universities open their doors and their labs for you, grant committees actually return your calls, and colleagues across the field know your name and generally respect it. Walk into any academic setting, and you'll be treated like exactly what you are: a genuine, credentialed expert. On top of the paper trail, your mind actually backs it up now: your IQ gets a serious boost, putting you on par with any genius in your field, and your memory sharpens to nearly eidetic levels, letting you recall research, data, and obscure details on command. Of course, that respect lasts right up until you start explaining that you've spent the last six months building equipment to trap the dead in a box, at which point it evaporates instantly and you're back to being the crazy guy with three PhDs and a ghost trap.

Paranormal Ecology [200]
You get called out to bust a ghost, and before you've even finished unpacking the PKE meter, you already know half of what you're dealing with. You have a supernatural sensitivity to paranormal ecology: an intuitive grasp of the "rules" governing any supernatural entity, just from observing it. In a matter of seconds, you can deduce what a ghost feeds on - negative emotion, electrical current, rotting food, the wedding china nobody's touched in years - and you can read its emotional state as easily as reading a face, whether it's grieving, furious, territorial, or just plain confused about being dead. You can tell at a glance whether it's tethered to an object, a location, or a person, whether it can physically interact with the world or just phase through it, and what's likely to provoke it versus what'll calm it down. Where the rest of your team is still squinting at readouts and flipping through Tobin's Spirit Guide for a chapter that might apply, you've already got the profile built in your head. Post-jump, this applies to any supernatural entity that might not be a ghost.

Unlicensed Nuclear Accelerator [400]
Some people would argue inventions and science are the same thing, but you know that having a PhD is nothing compared to the pure genius of invention. With nothing but surplus parts scavenged from an army surplus store and whatever's lying around the firehouse, you can build, improve, and miniaturize highly advanced technology straight out of your own head, all by yourself, as fast as a team of engineers equipped with advanced tools. Want to build a backpack-sized particle accelerator, the kind the EPA would have a field day with? Just give you some time, a cluttered workbench, and your mind and hands will intuitively build the technology, no blueprints required, no failed prototypes, no wasted parts. Want to build something twice as complex, requiring specialized tooling most labs don't even have on hand? Doesn't matter, you'll make do with a soldering iron and spare wiring and end up with something that works better than the "proper" version anyway. The potential is limitless, bound only by your own ideas and some base scientific foundation (PhDs come in handy).

Ghostbusting Genius [600]
You've done what actual physics departments would call impossible: merged quantum mechanics with the occult into something that actually functions. You can put a number on a soul, weigh a ghost down to the atom, and read the underlying physics of something that, by every conventional law, shouldn't have physics at all. With this, building technology that interacts with and manipulates the supernatural is not only possible but almost second nature: traps, proton packs, ghost-sniffing PKE meters, containment grids, ecto-goggles, ghost vacuums, and cages capable of holding any supernatural entity, from a single ghost haunting an apartment to something ancient enough to have been worshipped as a god. Not only that, you also know how to make it so this technology can be mass-produced: streamlined into something standardized, reliable, and buildable at scale, instead of staying a fragile prototype that only you understand well enough to fix. Be it whole fleets of containment units, entire warehouses of traps, standardized gear that any half-competent tech can maintain without you standing over their shoulder, all of it becomes possible once you put your mind to it.

Ghost

Perks for Ghost are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Class 5 Free Roaming Vapor [100/400/600 - 600/1000/1200 for Others]
You are a ghost. No body, no pulse, no need for either anymore. In this form, you can fly, turn invisible, phase through solid walls, and perform minor telekinesis: throwing books, pulling out chairs, slamming doors. How strong all of this is depends entirely on how long you've been dead. For Free, you're a fresh ghost, only a few weeks into the afterlife, and you're already pulling off the classics: chairs yanked out from under people, doors slammed hard enough to crack the frame, whole rooms getting tossed around during a proper tantrum. Stick around a few decades **[400]**, and you're causing structural damage: walls cracking, furniture launched across a room, whole buildings shuddering when you're upset. Give it a century or two **[600],** and you start approaching something like Vigo the Carpathian territory: bending rivers of slime to your will, resurrecting ghosts to fight on your behalf, and making an entire city rethink its faith in a single evening. Time is the only thing standing between you and becoming a legend people write paintings about.

There is Only Zuul [200, Requires Class 5 Free Roaming Vapor]

Haunting is a favorite pastime of ghosts, but some can go even further. You gain the power of possession: by locking eyes with a mortal or simply overwhelming their willpower, you can force your spirit straight into their body, shoving them into the backseat of their own head. Once you're in, it's all yours. Their memories surface for you to sift through, their trained skills become instantly usable, their physical strength and reflexes are yours to command, all while they're left as nothing but a passenger watching helplessly. You wear them however long you like, whether that's a few minutes to slip through a locked door or weeks at a time living an entire life that isn't yours, and you give the body back only when you decide you're done with it. For an additional 200 CP (100 CP for Ghosts) you can, at will, manifest a terrifying, armored shell of dense, hyper-compressed ectoplasm over the victim's body, mutating them into a monstrous form of your own design, whether a hulking, red-eyed Terror Dog or a personalized apex predator. This ectoplasmic shroud grants the host vessel mild supernatural strength, enhanced speed, and enhanced durability capable of shrugging off modern small arms fire, shielding the fragile mortal meat-suit underneath from taking any of the physical damage you endure. This layer does have limits, though, and degrades from damage done to it.

Choose the Form of the Destructor! [400]

Ancient spirits have always had a flair for the dramatic, and this is yours. Reach into an enemy's mind and pull out whatever's waiting there - the thing that terrifies them most, or some completely harmless image they just happened to be thinking of - and manifest as a fifty-meter-tall, fully physical version of it. A childhood nightmare given mass and weight, or something absurd and harmless blown up to city-block scale, it makes no difference to you; either way, you tower over everything around you, solid and real. At that size, you carry the strength and durability to match: strong enough to level a building with a single blow, durable enough to shrug off firepower that would kill anything human, and heavy enough that the ground itself answers when you take a step.

Psycho-Magnotheric Incubator [600]

You feed on human emotions, and New York happens to be a buffet. By passively soaking in the negative feelings of a large population (the anger of gridlock, the fear of the nightly news, the general low-grade hatred everybody carries around just from living here), you can steadily grow in abilities, strength, and supernatural power. It doesn't take some ritual or a specific target. You just need people, and the more of them there are stewing in misery around you, the faster and bigger you get. Give it enough time simmering in a genuinely miserable city, and you stop being something a few Ghostbusters with proton packs can handle. Don’t worry, although you feed and grow on these emotions, they do not affect your mind in any way. Still, you become something closer to invincible, built entirely out of every bad mood the city's ever had.

The Skeptic

Perks for Skeptic are discounted 50%, with the [100] perk being free.

Master of Red Tape [100]

Somewhere in a filing cabinet, there's a code violation for everything, and you know every last one of them by heart. Be it building permits, EPA regulations, obscure zoning laws nobody's enforced since the Nixon administration, you can cite the exact clause that grinds an operation to a halt, stalls a project for years, or buries an enemy in litigation they'll never see the end of. Better yet, you don't have to do the dirty work yourself. Snap your fingers, and a small army of inspectors, auditors, and clipboard-wielding bureaucrats materializes on command, descending on whoever's crossed you like a swarm of very polite locusts. By the time they're done, your target won't know what hit them, just that it came with a stack of forms and a court date.

Shut It Down! [200]

You've got a badge, a clipboard, and a complete disregard for what happens after you leave the building. Give a direct, forceful order to a cop, a city inspector, or some poor lineman just doing his job, and he obeys instantly, no questions, no hesitation, no "wait, is this actually a good idea?" Doesn't matter if what you're ordering is completely insane, or if it means shutting down a containment grid actively holding back several dozen furious spirits because you didn't like the paperwork. He'll do it anyway, flip the switch, walk away proud of himself, and let the entire city find out the hard way why that grid was on in the first place.

I'm the Mayor of This City! [400]

Being a bureaucrat and a politician draws from the same well of skills, and you happen to be good at both. Something goes catastrophically wrong on your watch, and within hours you've got someone else's name attached to it instead - a rival department, a careless contractor, a predecessor who isn't around to defend himself - anyone but you, and it sticks, provided there's nothing concrete tying the disaster directly back to your own two hands. Beyond just dodging blame, you can actively flip the disaster in your favor: stand in front of the wreckage, smile for the cameras, and somehow walk away looking like the man who fixed it rather than the one who caused it. Officials who marched in ready to end your career leave the meeting shaking your hand instead, already talking about getting dinner sometime. Do this enough times, cultivate enough goodwill, and don't be shocked when people start floating your name for mayor.

This Man Has No Dick [600]

Your skepticism is a weapon, plain and simple. Stand in front of a camera, a review board, or a crowd of onlookers and start tearing an opponent apart - loudly, publicly, mercilessly - and it doesn't stay just words. Whatever you're debunking, mocking, or discrediting, whether it's a rival organization, a pompous official, or something ancient and supernatural, actually starts losing ground the moment you make it look ridiculous. Funding dries up overnight. Boards that once respected an organization start quietly distancing themselves. An official who walked in with a reputation walks out unable to get a serious meeting anywhere in the city. And supernatural entities, the ones that draw their strength from being feared, worshipped, or taken seriously, find that strength bleeding out of them the second a room full of people start laughing instead of screaming. The bigger the audience and the more thoroughly you gut their credibility, the faster they crumble: a minor bureaucrat might just lose his job, but something old enough to have once been called a god can find itself reduced to a pathetic, powerless joke if you embarrass it in front of enough people. This also gives you the words to actually make it happen in the first place: the perfect insult, the exact vulnerable spot to twist the knife into, the one line that turns a packed room against whoever you've decided deserves it. You don't need to be right. You just need to be devastating, and you always know exactly how to be.

Items

You have a 300 CP stipend to spend here. You can freely import items. Locations may be imported or recreated in future jumps as Warehouse attachments, if you wish. Items destroyed or lost restore themselves in three days. You also gain the blueprint of anything you buy here.

The Twinkie [100]

A box of Twinkies that never goes stale, never runs dry, and never stops tasting exactly like it should straight off the shelf. Eat one, and it restores a genuinely massive amount of physical energy, the kind that pulls you right out of exhaustion after a brutal shift or a sleepless night. It also clears out mundane fatigue entirely and patches up mild injuries, bruises, strains, and the aches of getting thrown around on a job, all gone with a few bites. Refills itself every three days.

Fully Stocked Laboratory [200]

A laboratory packed floor to ceiling with spare parts, scientific tools, and equipment for pretty much any experiment or invention you could want to run. Soldering stations, spare wiring, surplus components, precision instruments, all of it organized and ready to go the moment inspiration strikes, no scrounging around army surplus stores or waiting on a grant to come through first.

A Surprisingly Good Deal [200]

A surprisingly spacious, cozy, and incredibly cheap apartment right in the heart of the city, the kind of place that shouldn't exist at that price and yet somehow does. No matter how brutal the market gets, how much property values skyrocket around you, or how gentrified the neighborhood becomes, your rent stays exactly as dirt cheap as the day you moved in. It also doubles as a genuine safe house: supernatural entities and pushy bureaucrats alike simply cannot set foot inside without an invitation from you first, no matter how persistent, powerful, or legally armed they happen to be.

A Seat at the Table [200]

A genuine political position within the city government, official title, staff, letterhead, and all. It's a real seat that puts you exactly where decisions about zoning, funding, permits, and city policy actually get made. It doesn't hand you unlimited power or immunity from consequences; city politics still has its own rules and rivals, but it gives you a legitimate foothold inside the machine, along with all the access, information, and quiet favors that come with actually being part of it instead of just petitioning from outside.

A Very Large Statue [400]

The Statue of Liberty, fully yours, torch and all. Hidden inside is a reservoir of psychoactive Mood Slime, wired straight into the statue's frame, which means you can animate and control the whole thing however you wish, sending it striding through the harbor, raising that torch to smash through whatever's unlucky enough to be in the way. A gift from France, technically, but nobody's arguing with you about ownership once it starts walking.

Frontman Items

Items for Frontman are discounted **50%**, with the **[100]** item being free.

Zener Cards & Hip Flask [100]

A deck of cards printed with wavy lines, stars, circles, and squares, the exact kind used in decades of dubious ESP experiments, paired with a flask of genuinely high-quality spirits that never seems to run dry at the wrong moment. On their own, they're just a party trick and a good drink. Together, they're practically magic: pull these out on absolutely anyone, no matter how hostile, guarded, or actively trying to have you arrested they were a minute ago, and you've got an instant icebreaker. Ask them to guess the symbol, pour them a drink when they're wrong (or right), and watch as the whole conversation shifts from hostile to friendly, or friendly to flirtatious, without you having to do much of anything at all.

"World of the Psychic" Airtime [200]

A guaranteed, fully paid-for time slot on local public access television, or whatever passes for the equivalent broadcast medium in future jumps. Nobody's cutting your funding, nobody's bumping your slot for reruns, and nobody's asking too many questions about content. Doesn't matter what you actually put on air - predicting the end of the world with a chalkboard and a bad haircut, hawking cheap psychic merchandise, or just rambling into a camera at 2 AM - you will always pull together a cult following of loyal, easily swayed viewers who tune in every single week like it's gospel. Give it enough time, and you won't just have viewers. You'll have believers.

Exclusive Franchise Rights [400]

A beautifully framed, completely unbreakable legal contract, the kind of ironclad paperwork lawyers dream about, and regulators can't touch, no matter how hard they try. This document legally grants you a complete, government-enforced monopoly over one specific, niche industry of your choice in your current world: supernatural pest control, dragon relocation, whatever oddly specific service you've decided the world desperately needs, and nobody else gets to provide. Local governments won't just recognize your monopoly; they'll actively enforce it, sending actual law enforcement after any amateur or competitor stupid enough to try doing your job without cutting you a check first. Competition doesn't just lose business. It gets handcuffed.

Blank Check for City Damages [600]

A magical checkbook, tied directly into the city's or government's emergency fund, sitting in your coat pocket, ready for exactly the kind of day you're going to have. When you inevitably cause massive collateral damage while saving everyone's lives - blowing the roof off a hotel ballroom, flattening a row of police cars under a hundred-foot marshmallow mascot, turning a city block into a demolition site by accident - you just write a check from this book. Whatever the number, however many zeroes it takes, the authorities accept it without blinking, and the moment they cash it, you and your entire team walk away completely absolved: no lawsuits, no criminal charges, no angry mayor holding a press conference with your name in his mouth. The city eats the cost. You just have to remember to sign your name.

Everyman Items

Items for Everyman are discounted **50%**, with the **[100]** item being free.

Coveralls and Proton Pack [100]

Your standard-issue work equipment. The coveralls are nothing fancy, just a plain, official-looking jumpsuit that reads "professional doing his job" to anyone who glances your way, no questions asked. Strapped to your back is the actual tool of the trade: a proton pack, fully charged and ready to throw a stream powerful enough to wrangle anything from a mischievous Class 5 to a full-on nightmare, so long as you don't cross the streams unless you mean to.

The Ecto-1 [200]

A retrofitted 1959 Cadillac Miller-Meteor ambulance, converted into exactly the ride you'd expect a group of underfunded ghost hunters to show up in. Tracking antennas bristle off the roof, a siren wails loud enough to clear four lanes of traffic, and the back is packed with racks for traps, packs, and whatever other gear you're hauling to the next job. It never runs out of gas, never permanently breaks down, no matter how many backfires and dashboard warning lights suggest otherwise, and somehow always finds a gap through Manhattan gridlock that shouldn't exist, getting you to a haunting in record time, no matter how bad the traffic looks.

An Honest Day's Pay [400]

A steady, reliable paycheck, the kind of thing that makes the whole ghost-hunting gig actually worth it. Every week, a sum of local currency equivalent to a very generous hazardous-duty salary shows up, whether that's a direct deposit or an envelope handed to you by someone who never quite explains where it came from. Completely tax-free, completely legal, and immune to the usual ways money disappears: no government freeze can touch it, no financial crash wipes it out, no bank collapse leaves you checking a balance of zero. Whatever chaos happens to the economy or the city around you, your paycheck clears on time, every single week, no exceptions.

Hook & Ladder No. 8 [600]

You are now the proud owner of a fully renovated firehouse, exactly the kind of building that makes a ragtag ghost-hunting operation feel like a real business. It comes complete with a massive garage big enough to park the Ecto-1 and then some, full living quarters upstairs, an honest-to-god fire pole because you'd be a fool not to install one, and a receptionist desk out front for whoever's unlucky enough to answer the phones. Utilities and taxes are permanently paid off, so don’t worry about bills, liens, or surprise city inspections shutting you down. Tucked in the basement is a fully functional ecto-containment unit, ready to hold whatever supernatural nightmares you drag home in a trap. And the whole building comes warded against uninvited spirits: no ghost gets in without you saying so first, whether you're home or not.

Scientist Items

Items for Scientist are discounted **50%**, with the **[100]** item being free.

P.K.E. Meter [100]

A handheld device with blinking lights and a pair of antenna arms that rise and lower depending on how close you're getting to something. It flawlessly tracks Psycho-Kinetic Energy, leading you straight to hidden ghosts, invisible entities, or magical artifacts that would otherwise go completely unnoticed. It's an improved version too, skipping the guesswork of the original readouts - it tells you the exact distance in hard numbers and gives you a clear reading on the potency of whatever you're sensing, so you know exactly what you're walking into before you get there.

Ghost Trap [200]

A compact rectangular box, the same design Ghostbusters have used for decades, but with a serious improvement over the original: no foot pedal, no cable, none of the old fumbling to stomp down at exactly the right second while dodging attacks. This version opens and closes entirely on its own the moment it's needed, and its capture range extends to catch any entity in the near vicinity, not just whatever's dangling directly over the doors. Trigger it, and whatever you're after gets pulled in and sealed away, contained and harmless until you're ready to deal with it properly.

The Archive [400]

Shelves upon shelves of scientific journals, decades of research nobody outside a handful of universities ever laid eyes on, plus thousands of rare, out-of-print books and grimoires that most collectors would kill for. Whatever direction you want to take it, the library delivers. Dig into the scientific side, and you'll find enough dense, cutting-edge material to sharpen your own expertise well past anything a normal library could offer. Or go hunting through the older, stranger volumes, and you'll turn up detailed accounts on even the most obscure supernatural entity or forgotten historical event, the kind of information that usually takes decades of fieldwork to piece together, sitting right there on a shelf waiting to be read. Post-jump, the collection doesn't stay frozen in time, either: it updates itself with relevant texts, journals, and tomes from whatever new setting you land in next, keeping the archive just as useful no matter where you end up.

Slime Blower & Mood Slime Vat [600]

A massive backpack tank rigged up to a hose, paired with a 2000-liter vat for your base. Both constantly replenish themselves on their own, producing a steady, endless supply of Psycho-Magnotheric Slime, better known as Mood Slime, already positively charged and ready to use straight out of the tap, no waiting around for it to brew and no risk of ever running dry mid-fight. Blast it onto something, and you can animate the inanimate, whether that's a stone statue 30 meters tall or something considerably bigger, giving it the strength and will to actually move and fight on your behalf. Coat someone caught in the grip of a demonic possession, and it breaks the hold instantly, snapping them back to themselves without any of the usual exorcism theatrics. It also nullifies any type of negative energy, such as the energy of ghosts.

Ghost Items

Items for Ghost are discounted **50%**, with the **[100]** item being free.

Bottomless Food Cart [100]

A silver hotel room service cart, piled high with absolutely any type of food you could ask for, from a stack of pancakes to a five-course meal that'd make a five-star chef envious. No matter how much you eat, the cart instantly replenishes itself, fully stocked again the second you clear a plate, no waiting, no running out. And if you happen to be a ghost, eating off this cart comes with a bonus: it temporarily strengthens you, generating massive amounts of ectoplasmic slime with every bite, the kind of gluttonous feast that would make Slimer proud and leave you noticeably stronger for it (10%), at least until the meal wears off and you're hungry all over again.

Your Own Little Haunting Crew [200]

A group of twenty-five ghosts, fully loyal to you, provided you're a ghost yourself. Doesn't matter what kind - restless spirits, mischievous poltergeists, ancient things nobody's bothered naming - they answer to you and only you, ready to haunt, harass, or help however you see fit. And these aren't weak, half-formed apparitions barely holding themselves together, either. Each one hits the same weight class as the entities the Ghostbusters have actually had to suit up and fight: full manifestation, real telekinetic force, the kind of presence that puts dents in walls and sends grown men running. Consider it your own personal crew of the dead, following you wherever you go next.

The Haunted Portrait [400, Exclusive to Ghost]

A massive, ornate oil painting of yourself, framed like something that belongs in a wing of the Met. As long as this painting exists somewhere safe and reasonably cared for, be it a museum, a gallery, or simply a private collection that values it, your spirit cannot be truly destroyed, no matter what happens to whatever form you're currently wearing. The painting acts as a secondary phylactery, anchoring you to existence even if you're banished, dispersed, or outright annihilated elsewhere. And it's not just a passive anchor, either. You can project your consciousness and abilities straight out of the painting itself, watching, speaking, or acting through it as if you were standing right there in the gallery, no matter how far away your actual form happens to be.

Temple of Gozer [600]

An apartment building on the surface, purpose-built underneath to gather Psycho-Kinetic Energy from across an entire city, humming with far more purpose than any of its residents realize. In truth, it's also a portal to your own private pocket dimension, a full 100 kilometers of space carved out just for you, accessible whenever you need to disappear from the world entirely. The building doubles as an antenna for spiritual energy, too, constantly channeling ambient supernatural forces straight into you and supercharging your own powers the longer you're near it. On top of all that, it still functions as a perfectly normal, fully rented apartment building, quietly pulling in a steady stream of rental income from its residents every month, with all utilities and taxes already covered, so none of that income ever gets touched.

The Skeptic Items

Items for The Skeptic are discounted **50%**, with the **[100]** item being free.

Official Government ID Badge [100]

A laminated photo ID tucked into a sleek leather wallet, the kind that folds open with a practiced snap. No matter what universe or city you find yourself in, the badge adjusts itself to show you as a high-ranking inspector or investigator for whatever powerful local regulatory agency happens to matter there. Flash it at a checkpoint, and police tape lifts without a word. Flash it at a security desk, and you're waved past like you own the building. Demand to see the man in charge, and somebody scrambles to get him, no questions asked. Wherever you go, this badge makes you look like you belong in any restricted area, simply because, as far as everyone else is concerned, you do.

The Master Breaker Switch [200]

A heavy, industrial lever, the kind that looks like it belongs bolted to a wall in a basement nobody's supposed to enter. Mount it anywhere and pull it, and you can instantly and completely shut down the power grid, magical power, or containment fields of whatever single building or facility you're currently standing in, no permit, no override code, no authorization required, and legally binding the moment you do it. No security system, magical ward, or backup generator can stop the shutdown once you've committed to it. Just be warned: if what you're cutting power to happens to be a containment unit, whatever's been sitting inside it doesn't stay contained once the lights go out.

The Subpoena Stack [400]

A folder stuffed with legal summons, official-looking down to the last line of fine print. Hand one to someone, or just drop it in the mail, and they're legally and mystically bound to show up at a court of law or government hearing at exactly the time and place specified, no exceptions. Try to skip town, ignore the paperwork, or flee the jurisdiction entirely, and it doesn't matter how far they run, extreme bad luck starts following them immediately, the kind that turns every red light, missed flight, and broken shoelace into a not-so-subtle reminder that some things you just can't outrun.

City Hall Corner Office [600]

A beautifully furnished bureaucratic office, corner windows and all, that follows you along your Chain, no matter where you land next. It comes fully staffed with a loyal secretary who never quits, never gossips, and always knows exactly where you are, plus a bank of phones lined up on the desk for good measure. Best of all is the direct line built right into it, connecting straight to whoever sits at the top of the local power structure in whatever world you're currently in: the Mayor, the King, the Galactic President, doesn't matter the title. They'll always take your call. They might sigh first, they might roll their eyes, they might genuinely dread seeing your name pop up, but they pick up every time.

Companions

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 for 1, 200 for 8]
You can create new Companions or import existing Companions. They get an Origin, with all freebies and discounts, along with **600 CP** to spend. They do not get Item Stipends. You can also import any companion you bought here for a CP stipend. Alternatively, if you want, you can import all your companions for free, but they will only get their freebie perks from their origin.

Ectoplasmic Recruitment [50]
Any ghost you want can join you as a companion, whether that's an entity of your own invention or one pulled straight from the movies themselves - a mischievous green blob who's really fond of hotel buffets, a snarling rooftop dog, or something unique like a ghost train. They come exactly as capable as their movie counterpart (or as capable as you designed them, if original), fully willing and loyal to you from the moment they join, with the only limitation that they cannot be stronger than a ghost the Ghostbusters have ever faced.

The Secretary [50]
A heavily sarcastic, chronically overworked, but fiercely loyal receptionist, cut straight from the Janine Melnitz mold. They'll answer your phones at all hours, keep your appointments logged and organized better than you ever could yourself, and verbally dismantle any client rude enough to deserve it, usually with a cigarette in hand and zero patience for nonsense. Underneath all the eye-rolling and sighing, though, they're fiercely protective of your business and everyone in it, the kind of employee who'll go to bat for you against city hall, the press, or anyone else stupid enough to threaten what you've built.

The Boys in Gray [100]
A team of four highly trained, fully professional Ghostbusters, matching gray jumpsuits and all. If you'd like, this team can be the canon Ghostbusters themselves, Venkman, Stantz, Spengler, and Zeddemore, recruited to fight at your side instead. You'll get Venkman's constant sarcasm and wandering eye, Stantz's childlike enthusiasm for anything that goes bump in the night, Spengler's flat, deadpan analysis of whatever's trying to kill you, and Zeddemore's exasperated common sense holding the other three together. Fully equipped with their own proton packs, traps, and gear, they're ready to fall in beside you the moment things get supernatural, bickering the entire way there.

Drawbacks

The Ghost Origin can only gain points by taking Ghost-exclusive drawbacks.

Alternate Canon [Free]

There have been several movies, series, and continuities of this franchise, so why restrict yourself to only one? You may choose to set the jump's events in one of the numerous continuities/timelines, like the 2016 Reboot (if you are insane) or "The Real Ghostbusters" animated show.

"It's Showtime!" [Free]

Somewhere along the way, your world quietly stopped being just the Ghostbusters' New York and started sharing space with the Netherworld too. The rules haven't changed for you, ghosts, proton packs, ectoplasm, all still exactly as you'd expect, but now that same city, and the afterlife underneath it, is also home to every bureaucratic nightmare, sandworm, and shrunken-headed lunatic that comes with the Beetlejuice universe. Say the name three times, and you'll summon exactly who you'd expect, whether or not you meant to. The dead have their own overworked bureaucracy down there, too, an endless waiting room full of case files and lost souls stuck in line for decades. And somewhere out there, a certain self-proclaimed "bio-exorcist" is going to hear about the new ghost-hunting business in town and take a very personal interest in causing you problems.

Supplement Mode [Free]

This jump becomes a supplement to another jump of your choice. Your CP will be separated between both jumps, and taking drawbacks in the supplement will affect the entire universe you are jumping to, but only give points for the supplement. You also have the choice of fusing both universes.

Canon Replacement [Free]

You can replace any canon character you wish as long as they are connected to your origin.

Extended Stay [+100]

You can extend your time in the jump by ten years with this option. It can be taken multiple times, but you can only get **200 CP** total from it.

Hired Help These Days [+100]

You are saddled with a front-desk receptionist (or a personal assistant, if you aren't a Ghostbuster) who has absolutely zero customer service skills. They are incredibly sarcastic, constantly on personal phone calls, actively hostile to potential clients, and will loudly complain about having to do their job. They will occasionally lose important messages, misfile crucial paperwork, and hand you the wrong coordinates for an emergency call.

Ugly Little Spud [+100, Ghost-Exclusive]

You didn't get to come back as a suave phantom or a mysterious spectral lady. You look absolutely revolting. You are a hideous, blob-like, asymmetric monstrosity with horrifying proportions. You have zero physical charm, your voice is a gross, guttural garble, and anyone who looks at you is more likely to be deeply disgusted than terrified.

Can't Say No [+100]
You just can't say no to your friends' insane plans. Doesn't matter how badly thought out it is or how many city ordinances it violates, if one of your buddies gets it into his head that the best way forward is tearing up a busy street with a jackhammer instead of just taking the manhole ten feet away, you're grabbing a jackhammer too. You'll voice a token objection if you're feeling ambitious, but the second they wave it off, you fall in line, permits, safety, and common sense be damned.

Always Slimed [+100]
Slime has a way of finding you, whether or not there's actually a ghost around to explain it. A pipe bursts open at exactly the wrong angle, a passing spirit sneezes, a coworker trips carrying a bucket of the stuff, whatever the excuse ends up being, you walk away drenched in it at least once a week. It never seems to matter how careful you are or how far you stay from anything paranormal, something always conspires to leave you standing there, dripping, absolutely disgusted with yourself and the smell that isn't coming out anytime soon.

Slimer, You Little Shit [+100]
Somewhere along the way, you picked up a personal haunting of your very own, and unlike the professional threats you deal with, this one's just plain annoying. Some mischievous, low-level ghost has decided you're its favorite target, and it shows up constantly to prank you: doors slamming in your face, food disappearing off your plate, pulling your trousers down at the worst possible moment, whatever petty nuisance it can manage. It's rarely dangerous. It's just relentless, and it's not going anywhere.

"Back Off, Man, I'm a... Wait, Are You Really?" [+200]
No matter how legitimate you actually are, people just don't believe you. Claim you've got real credentials, real experience, or a real explanation for something, and they'll assume you're lying or exaggerating anyway. Tell them ghosts are real, even with proof standing right in front of them, and they'll look at you like you've lost your mind. It's not that you're bad at explaining yourself. People just have an automatic, gut-level distrust of you specifically, one that no amount of evidence, credentials, or reasonable argument seems to shake.

Do You Believe in UFOs, Astral Projections…? [+200]
You have absolutely zero poker face or filter when it comes to discussing the supernatural. When normal people ask what you do, you will compulsively launch into highly detailed, incredibly bizarre rants about spore collections, the end of the world, or ancient Sumerian deities. You come across as so profoundly eccentric and unhinged that normal people will actively cross the street to avoid talking to you.

A Hunger That Could Kill [+200, Ghost-Exclusive]
Maintaining a physical manifestation in the mortal realm takes a massive toll on your spiritual energy, and you have to recharge the only way a ghost knows how: by eating everything in sight. You are plagued by an insatiable, ravenous hunger for physical food. Because you are dead, you can't actually digest it; the food just vanishes into your spiritual mass, but you must constantly raid refrigerators, banquet halls, and hot dog carts. If you don't gorge yourself on mortal food every few hours, you become too weak to fly, phase, or manifest.

Something about TVs and Ghosts [+200, Ghost-Exclusive]
You are painfully sensitive to the ambient electromagnetic fields of modern technology. Walking into a room with a microwave, a television, or something similar gives you the spiritual equivalent of a splitting migraine and makes your ghostly form flicker violently. If you get within 5 meters of an active Proton Pack or a Ghost Trap, the high-frequency hum is so excruciatingly loud to your supernatural senses that it completely disorients you, making it incredibly difficult to flee or fight back.

Ectoplasmic Leaky Valve [+200, Ghost-Exclusive]
You have terrible control over your own spiritual form. Wherever you go, you leave a thick, sticky trail of ectoplasm behind you. You can't phase through walls without leaving a perfect, slimy outline of your body on both sides. This makes it impossible for you to hide, sneak up on anyone, or haunt a location subtly. Ghostbusters can track your movements with a PKE meter from blocks away just by following your literal slime trail.

Tethered to the Spot [+200, Ghost-Exclusive]
Unlike freer spirits, you are bound to a specific location (an old library, a historic hotel, a creepy mansion, or even the Ghostbusters' firehouse). You cannot travel more than a kilometer away from this designated anchor point without feeling your spiritual energy drain to dangerously weak levels. If you are forced outside of your boundary, you become sluggish, highly vulnerable, and will eventually fade into a comatose state until returned to your haunt.

Power Loss [+200, Can be Taken as a Ghost Origin]
All your out-of-jump powers, perks, and abilities are disabled for the duration of this jump.

Item Loss [+200, Can be Taken as a Ghost Origin]
All your out-of-jump items are disabled for the duration of this jump.

Warehouse Loss [+200, Can be Taken as a Ghost Origin]
Your Warehouse is disabled for this jump.

I'll Fix You, Venkman! [+200/+400]
There's one public official out there who absolutely despises you, for reasons that may or may not make sense, and they will spend every waking moment finding new ways to shut you down. Inspections, injunctions, smear campaigns, whatever bureaucratic weapon is available, they'll use it, repeatedly, with the kind of personal vendetta usually reserved for divorces. For 200 more points, they're a lot more effective at it than they have any right to be, actually pulling strings, winning over allies, and making real progress toward ending you for good, instead of just being an annoying thorn in your side.

Windy City [+200/+400]
Congratulations, you made the team! But New York isn't quite big enough for five Ghostbusters. Instead, you've been given the "honor" of opening up the Ghostbusters' first franchised branch, in Chicago! You're expected to turn a profit, deal with local politicians, and keep busting spirits and specters on a consistent basis, but you won't have Ray, Peter, Egon, and Winston to back you up. For an extra 200 points, Chicago's City Council and Mayor have enjoined you from hiring any more 'Busters; you might be able to bring in a temp or two for big jobs, but for the most part, this is a one-man show.

Sued for Every Cent [+400]

In this city, everybody has a lawyer, and they all know your name. Make even the smallest mistake on the job, singe a wall you weren't supposed to touch, scorch a rug during a bust, leave a client with a headache from all the noise, and you can count on getting sued for it. Even jobs that go well aren't safe, since a family you just saved will still find some reason to drag you to court anyway: a slime-stained carpet, a rattled nerve, the vague "emotional distress" of having seen a ghost in the first place. Whatever the excuse, it results in a mountain of legal paperwork, endless court dates, and aggressive process servers hunting you down in the middle of active hauntings just to slap a summons in your hand.

Old Enemies Never Really Leave [+400, Cannot be Taken as a First-Time Jumper]

Death, apparently, doesn't put an end to grudges. Every so often, an enemy from one of your previous jumps shows back up, except now they're dead, furious, and somehow more dangerous than ever. They're every bit as strong as they were in life, all their old skills, powers, and grudges fully intact, but now layered on top with whatever ghostly abilities come with being dead: flight, invisibility, phasing through walls, the works. They will show up at the worst possible moment, looking to finish whatever business they never got to settle with you while they were still breathing.

Ain't Afraid of No... Wait, Yes I Am [+400, Can be Taken as a Ghost Origin]

You are a ghost hunter who is absolutely terrified of ghosts. You possess a debilitating, hyper-ventilating phobia of the supernatural. Books floating off shelves, slime dripping from the ceiling, or a disembodied voice will cause you to scream, panic, and try to run the other way. You can eventually force yourself to do your job and stand your ground, but it takes an incredible, exhausting amount of sheer willpower to stop your knees from knocking every time the lights flicker. (If you are a Ghost, you are terrified of the living and Ghostbusters).

Unfinished Business [+400, Ghost Origin Exclusive]

You are shackled to this mortal coil by a convoluted, incredibly difficult-to-resolve geas or regret. Perhaps you need to ensure an ancient wrong is righted, or you need a specific, lost item returned to your family's descendants. Until this earthly task is completed, you suffer from a constant, aching spectral agony. You cannot ignore this; you are compelled to dedicate almost all your time and energy to fulfilling this task, forcing you to rely on terrified, uncooperative mortals to help you.

Committed [+400]

You start this jump locked up in a psychiatric ward, committed for insisting that ghosts are real. Nobody in the building believes you, and nobody's letting you out until one of a few things happens. You could convince the staff you no longer believe what you were saying if you're a good enough liar to sell it. You could find your own way to escape, assuming you can manage it from inside a locked ward. Or you could just wait it out until something so chaotic and undeniable happens that the whole city's forced to admit the supernatural is real, the same kind of citywide disaster that unfolded in the second movie. That last option works eventually. It also takes five years to actually happen.

The Vigo Influence [+400]
There is a massive, ambient well of negative psychomagnetic energy blanketed over New York, and it is actively feeding on the worst impulses of the populace. People are incredibly rude, short-tempered, and uncooperative, snapping at strangers over nothing and refusing to help even when it costs them little to do so. Fights break out constantly on the street, in offices, in line at the corner store, over the smallest slights imaginable. Local officials are actively hostile toward you specifically, more inclined to shut you down than hear you out. And underneath all of it, this negative mood constantly supercharges local spirits, making them faster, meaner, and considerably more aggressive than they'd otherwise be, turning every routine job into a fight with something that really wants to hurt you.

Not Quite Yourself [+600]
For eight hours out of every day, you're not the one driving. Some spiritual entity has taken hold of your body during that window and is running the show, using your hands, your voice, and your face for whatever it wants to accomplish while it's in there. You're not gone, exactly; you retain some awareness of what's happening, watching from somewhere in the back of your own skull, but you don't have control, and you don't get a say in what gets done with your body. It doesn't just let go on its own, either. You'll need to actually find a way to exorcise it yourself, whether that's tracking down a proper ritual, some artifact, or a hell of a lot of research, before you get your body back full-time.

"Cats and Dogs Living Together, Mass Hysteria!" [+600]
You are dropping into this world right as a major, apocalyptic spiritual convergence is reaching its peak. The barrier between the living world and the afterlife is paper-thin. Portals are opening in subway tunnels, ancient temples are rising out of apartment buildings, and the dead are walking the streets in broad daylight. The city is in a state of absolute, chaotic martial law, and you are right in the thick of it from day one without any prep time.

On Their Radar [600, Can be Taken as a Ghost Origin]
Apocalyptic entities like Gozer or Vigo now know exactly who you are, and worse, they know you might actually be capable of stopping them. That kind of attention doesn't come cheap. They'll start sending ghosts your way regularly, probing attacks meant to wear you down, distract you, or eliminate you outright before you ever get the chance to become a real problem for them. If you happen to be a ghost yourself, that doesn't earn you any exemption either; they'll come after you the exact same way, treating you as just another threat to be dealt with before it grows into something worse. And eventually, once the probing attacks stop working, they won't send anything else. They'll come to deal with you personally.

The Ultimate Pest Control [+600, Ghost-Exclusive]
You aren't just dealing with a few guys in beige jumpsuits anymore. Your presence has triggered a massive, government-funded escalation in paranormal defense. The city has contracted a highly trained, ruthlessly efficient, militarized division of elite Ghostbusters. They don't use clunky prototype gear; they have high-tech, automated grid traps, weaponized drone sweepers, and tactical proton rifles designed to neutralize and contain spirits in seconds. They are actively hunting you, they have blueprints of all your favorite haunts, and they will not stop until your file is stamped "Resolved."

Ending

You've spent your time in this jump getting slimed, chasing down apparitions, filing paperwork for property damage you definitely caused, and probably answering the question "who you gonna call?" at least once out loud, unironically. Or maybe you spent it on the other side of the trap, drifting through walls, rattling chandeliers, and personally making some poor Ghostbuster's career a living nightmare. Either way, it's time to decide what happens next.

Stay Here [+500]

New York's got its charm, once you get past the crime, the taxes, and the occasional dimensional god trying to bring about the end of days. If you've grown attached to this world, to the people, the business, the city itself, you're free to stay for good. In fact, here's **500 CP** as a gift for you. Everything you've built, everyone you've recruited, and everything you've earned stays right here with you. If you're a ghost, that includes the afterlife you've carved out for yourself here, haunted grounds, loyal spirits, and all.

Move On to Your Next Jump

The Chain calls, and there's always another world waiting on the other side of it. Take everything you've earned this jump, your perks, your items, your companions, and carry it forward into whatever comes next. If you spent this jump as a ghost, your condition carries with you, too, ready to haunt whatever world comes next, unless you'd rather find a body to call your own again. New York will still be here if you ever decide to swing back through.

Return to Earth

Maybe this was never meant to be a permanent stop, just one strange chapter before heading home. You can return to your original Earth, whatever universe or timeline that happens to be, bringing everything you've gained along with you, ghostly nature included, if that's still what you are by the time you leave. Whatever you built here stays intact in memory, even if the ghosts of New York have to learn to live without you.

Changelog and Notes

v 1.0 - First Edition
V 1.1 - Added a Power Loss, Item Loss and Warehouse Loss drawback.