
SCHWARZENEGGER
LAST ACTION HERO
COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS
A STEVE ROTH/OAK PRODUCTION A FILM BY JOHN McTIERNAN ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER "LAST ACTION HERO"
F. MURRAY ABRAHAM ART CARNEY CHARLES DANCE FRANK McRAE TOM NOONAN ROBERT PROSKY ANTHONY QUINN
MERCEDES RUEHL AUSTIN O'BRIEN
ROBERT E. REVEA · NEAL NORDLINGER
RICHARD GREENBERG
MICHAEL KAMEN
JOHN WRIGHT A.C.E. · RICHARD A. HARRIS
EUGENIO ZANETTI
DEAN SEMLER A.S.C.
ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER
ZAK PENN & ADAM LEFF
SHANE BLACK & DAVID ARNOTT
STEVE ROTH AND JOHN McTIERNAN
JOHN McTIERNAN

Last Action Hero

A jump by SpazzWave, version 1.1

Welcome to the world of Last Action Hero.

In a rough part of New York City, ten-year-old Danny Madigan escapes his hard life the way a lot of kids do: at the movies, watching Jack Slater tear through Los Angeles on-screen. Nick, the old projectionist who runs Danny's local theater, gives him something special: a golden ticket that once belonged to Harry Houdini. It's meant as a keepsake for a private early screening of Jack Slater IV. Partway through the film, during a car chase, the ticket does something no one expected: it pulls Danny off his seat and into the movie itself, dropping him in the back of Slater's car mid-pursuit.

From there, Danny is loose inside Jack Slater's Los Angeles: a city that looks like ours but runs on different physics. This is a world of movie logic, applied with total sincerity by everyone living in it. A veteran cop can shoot the wings off a fly at 50 meters and never once has to reload mid-fight, because the story doesn't care about his ammo count until the scene calls for it. A police captain can scream himself purple at his best detective for "not following procedure" every single time, and both of them will be back at their desks by the next scene like nothing happened. A cartoon cat can be a homicide detective, complete with a trench coat, and not one living soul in this LA finds that strange. Here, a lot of explosions happen, and ninjas in closets are commonplace.

Either way, you are entering this world, either as a native of Jack Slater's world or as an ordinary person in real-life, with a ticket in hand waiting to pull you through the screen when the moment comes.

You will be staying here for ten years, so here's **1000 CP** for you. Good luck!

Origins

Any origin can be taken as a Drop-in. You can freely choose your age and gender.

Sidekick (Kid) (Starts in Real-Life)

You're a kid, same as Danny: living an ordinary life full of ordinary problems, in a city that doesn't bend the rules for anyone. School. Chores. A home that might be steady or might not be. You've never fired a gun, never jumped a rooftop gap, never walked away from a fireball without flinching. What you have is a movie theater you know better than your own street, a head full of one-liners memorized from repeat viewings, and - somewhere in your future, if you don't already have it - a ticket that doesn't behave like paper should. You start this jump the way Danny started his story: outmatched, out of your depth, and about to find out that loving a genre and surviving inside it are two very different things.

Action Hero (Starts in Jack Slater's World)

You're cut from the same cloth as Slater: a cop, a soldier, a one-man demolition crew who treats gunfights like conversations and conversations like gunfights. Somewhere in your past is a dead partner, a betrayal, or a score that was never quite settled, and the whole city seems to know your name well enough to be either terrified of it or grateful for it. This is the starring role. Try to earn it.

Villain (Starts in Jack Slater's World)

Somebody has to lose, and this world decided it should be you, for now. You're the mob boss, the hitman, the mastermind with the perfect plan and the fatal weakness for monologuing right before it falls apart. You command henchmen who exist to be shot in single digits at a time, you've got a signature gimmick that will absolutely be used against you later, and you know, on some level, that the story isn't finished with you yet. But who knows, maybe this is the time you actually win. Maybe you find the seam in the screen before the hero does, or figure out an angle this world's script never accounted for. Every story thinks it knows how it ends. You're about to find out if you can prove it wrong.

Race

Boring, Normal Human [Free]

You're flesh, bone, and standard-issue biology, same as almost everyone else walking around either side of the screen. No hidden asterisks on your anatomy, no exemptions from what a bullet, a fall, or a bad week is supposed to do to a body. If this world is going to bend the rules for you, it'll have to be earned some other way.

Toon [200]

Somewhere between the animation cel and the live-action frame, you exist as a fully hand-drawn 2D character. Your toon form is yours to design: a stretchy cartoon version of yourself, an animal, or anything else you'd like to draw yourself as. Gravity is a suggestion you can choose to ignore until you look down. You can summon mallets, sticks of dynamite, anvils, and other props out of thin air. Anvils, falls, explosions, and other traditionally lethal mishaps leave you looking worse for wear rather than actually dead. You can stretch, squash, and reshape yourself the way only cartoons can. Nobody in Jack Slater's Los Angeles finds this remarkable: a cat can wear a badge here, and no one bats an eye. Outside a world running on the rule of cool, you might draw slightly more attention. (Becomes an Alt-Form after the jump is over)

Perks

Everybody's Gorgeous [Free]

This is an action movie, and action movies run on one unspoken rule nobody questions: everybody's hot. Doesn't matter what's happening, be it a shootout, a car chase, or a guy getting thrown through a plate-glass window, somehow everyone involved looks like they just stepped off a runway. First, you'll find out fast that you're a flat-out 10/10, having the kind of looks that make people do a double-take on the street, the kind that would get you cast as the lead without an audition. But it doesn't stop with you. The whole world around you gets the same treatment, dialed down just slightly so you still stand out: everyone's baseline attractiveness jumps to a solid 9/10. Be it the gas station attendant, the guy walking his dog, or the random pedestrian who gets flattened by a car mid-chase, all disturbingly good-looking. Go grab a coffee, and the barista's got the bone structure of a supermodel. Get pulled over, and the cop writing your ticket looks like he just finished a photoshoot. What can you say? In this world, even the extras got a glow-up. This can be toggled off.

Montage Time [100]

Every movie's got that scene: the hero flipping pancakes, jogging up steps, cleaning the apartment, all set to an upbeat track, and by the time the music fades, weeks of grinding, boring life stuff have somehow just... happened. Now you get that trick for real. Whatever tedious, everyday task is sitting on your plate, such as paying bills and doing your taxes, rebuilding a destroyed car, or simply cleaning an entire mansion all by yourself, all you need is to commit to it, and a short time later, it's done. Instantly, and all at the same time, like you spent the actual hours grinding through it (except you didn't). The montage handles the boring part so you don't have to live through it. Doesn't work on anything dangerous or dramatic, so no montaging your way through a fight or a heist. This is strictly for the mundane stuff nobody wants to spend real time on, and it wraps it all up clean, quick, and done right.

Genre Compliance [100]

Every world runs on rules nobody wrote down, and you've figured out how to read them like a cheat sheet. Lean into whatever genre you're currently standing in, and things start going your way: not through luck, but because you're playing the story the way it wants to be played. Drop into a noir? Talk in clipped, cynical one-liners, and suddenly informants trust you, femme fatales aren't quite as deadly to your specific heart, and the rain always seems to stop right when you need to see clearly. Land in a slasher flick? Follow the unwritten survival rules (don't split up, don't have sex, don't go check out the noise alone) and you become weirdly, suspiciously hard to kill. Step into a kung-fu epic and commit to the wisdom, the training montage, the master-student dynamic, and your body starts keeping up with the wire-fu nonsense everyone else is pulling off. The genre rewards you for playing along, and it rewards you generously.

Family Business [200]

Talent, in your family, isn't something you're born with. It's something that just... spreads. Whatever competence you've got, it doesn't stay contained to you. Your family inherits it too, no training montage required, and that goes both directions on the family tree. Got kids someday? They'll grow up moving like they've been doing this their whole lives, even if they've never thrown a punch before. Got siblings, cousins, an uncle who's never held a weapon in his life? Doesn't matter. If you're the kind of person who can put a bullet through a coin at two hundred meters, so, somehow, can they. And it goes upward too: your grandmother, sweet as she is, tea and cardigans and all, could pick up a pencil off the kitchen table and take out three armed men before they even register she's moved. The scaling works both ways, for better or worse: if you're an unstoppable action hero, your whole family is unstoppable right along with you. If you're just decent in a fight, well, so is everyone at Thanksgiving dinner. Either way, nobody's picking a fight with your family anymore.

180-Degree Betrayal [200]

Every action hero's got that one moment: the trusted partner, the old friend, the guy who's been standing right next to him the whole movie, suddenly pulling a gun with a look of "sorry, it's just business" on his face. Not for you. The instant someone close to you - a partner, a friend, a coworker, anyone you've let into your circle - decides to sell you out, you know. Doesn't matter how well they've hidden it, how long they've been playing the long game, or how convincing the loyalty act's been up to that point. The second the betrayal's locked in, it's on your radar, full stop. And when they actually try to spring the trap, you're already a step ahead. You'll have the drop on them before they even finish turning around, weapon raised, perfect angle, and naturally, the perfect line already loaded and ready to go right as you pull the trigger. Betrayal, as a plot device, simply doesn't work on you anymore. It just becomes the moment you get to look really, really cool.

No Vacancies [200]

Crime, in most stories, works like a hydra: cut off one head and two more show up wearing the same jacket. Not anymore. When you take a criminal off the board, that spot on the board just... stays empty. Nobody moves in to claim it. Bust a street-level dealer, and that corner doesn't get contested by the next guy up the chain. Take down an assassin, and that particular flavor of "guy you hire to make someone disappear" becomes a service nobody in the underworld can find anymore, like the profession itself took the hit right along with him. Bring down a whole cartel, a crime family, a supervillain's entire operation, and the vacuum that leaves behind doesn't get filled by an ambitious lieutenant or a rival syndicate smelling opportunity. It just stays gone. And the scale matters. Take out small-time crooks, and you'll clear out small-time crime, one narrow gap at a time. Take down something big - a crime lord, a cartel, an organization with its hooks in half the city - and the ripple goes out wide, leaving whole swaths of the underworld with nobody left willing or able to step up and take the throne. The bigger the fish you land, the bigger the hole it leaves, and the less anyone else can do about filling it. This works just as well if you're the one wearing a badge instead of breaking the law. Arrest a dirty cop, and the position stays clean. Take down a corrupt precinct captain, a crooked judge, a politician on the take, and nobody rises up to inherit that particular seat of corruption. Whether you're clearing out the underworld from outside it or rooting out the rot from inside the system, the effect is the same: once you take someone down, that exact kind of problem doesn't come back.

Did I Fire Six Bullets or a Hundred? [400]

If there's one thing action heroes and the endless waves of mooks they mow down have in common, it's this: nobody's counting how many rounds actually came out of that clip. Both sides have been quietly breaking the laws of physics with their magazine capacity for decades, and now you get to do it on purpose. Every gun you carry has infinite ammo, full stop. Doesn't matter if you're holding a pistol, a shotgun, a grenade launcher, or some absurd minigun you found bolted to the back of a truck in a villain's compound - if it fires, it fires forever. Spray down a hallway of goons, empty a clip that should've run dry three bursts ago, keep the trigger held down through an entire firefight, and you'll never hear that dreaded click at the worst possible moment. The only time you'll ever reload is when it's dramatically convenient: a tense beat of silence before the final showdown, a slick flourish while striding toward the camera, or just because slapping in a fresh mag looks cool right about now. Otherwise, the bullets simply don't stop coming, right up until the exact second you decide they should.

Narrative Override [400]

Every world runs on a set of unspoken storytelling rules, and you just found the dial that controls them. Push it one way and reality starts behaving like a big, loud action movie: colors get bolder, explosions get bigger, the rule of cool takes over, and every stunt that shouldn't work suddenly does. Push it the other way, and even the most cartoonish, larger-than-life setting gets dragged back down into gritty, unforgiving realism: punch a window, and you're the one bleeding, fall off a building, and there's no conveniently placed awning waiting to catch you. Take a perfectly mundane world and flip the switch, and suddenly, cars are exploding from a single gunshot, henchmen are lining up to fight one at a time, and every hero's one-liner lands exactly on cue. Or take a world already soaked in exaggerated action-movie logic and flip it the other way, and all of that stops working: bullets run out mid-fight, punches break bones the way they actually would, and the hero who was surviving on plot armor a minute ago suddenly has to deal with real consequences for the first time in his life. As you can imagine, this works just as well on worlds that were never playing by "normal" or "action movie" rules to begin with. Drop into a horror setting and dial it toward action logic, and suddenly the unkillable slasher can be gunned down like any other mook. Push a magical fairy-tale world toward gritty realism and watch the charming curses and talking animals get replaced by something a lot more grim. Whatever genre a world happens to be running on, you can control it. Just don't go flipping the switch on your own life expecting a happy ending: the dial changes how the story behaves, not who's writing it, and you're still just a character standing inside whatever rules you pick.

The Sidekick (The Kid)

Perks for The Sidekick are discounted 50%, with the [100] perks being free.

Unsupervised Minor [100]

Ever notice how in the movies, nobody bats an eye when a twelve-year-old is running around a murder scene? Congratulations, that's YOUR life now! Somewhere between "concerned adult" and "you" there's a giant invisible wall labeled NOT MY PROBLEM, and every authority figure on the planet just... respects it. Skip school for a Terminator marathon? Your parents shrug it off. Wander downtown at 2 AM past the kind of alleyways that usually come with a body count? Nobody even calls it in. Walk straight out of a police interrogation room like you own the place? The guard just holds the door. And the real party trick: walk up to any authority figure you like - a cop, a soldier, a fire chief, a shady government agent in sunglasses - and declare yourself their "new partner." And nobody will question it. They will just fold you into whatever they were doing, like you'd been there the whole time. Word of warning: this doesn't make you "safe", it just makes people stop reacting like you're in danger. So good luck, because you're going to need it.

Latchkey Kid Logistics [100]

You're twelve years old, tagging along with a shotgun-toting action hero through a war zone disguised as a city, and somehow your fridge is stocked, your laundry's clean, and CPS has never once called your house. Nobody knows how you pull it off. You barely know how you pull it off. You just do. You've got street smarts most adults would kill for. You know exactly which vending machine coughs up free snacks with one well-placed kick. You know how to hotwire a payphone for free long-distance like it's second nature. And whenever things get hot, you've always got a spot - some dusty attic, an abandoned clubhouse, a boarded-up garage nobody else remembers exists - ready to serve as HQ, no rent required. But the real talent is the universe just... helping you out. Need twenty bucks for arcade tokens or bus fare? There's a crisp bill tumbling down the sidewalk, practically begging to be chased down. Need a walkie-talkie to coordinate with your partner mid-chase? There's a perfectly good pair sitting in a dumpster behind the electronics store, batteries included. You might be a stray kid with no adult supervision and a whole bag of questionable life skills, but out here, in this world, that basically makes you a pocket-sized self-sufficient survival expert.

Movie Trivia Master [200]

You are the kid who's seen every movie on VHS twice, stayed up way too late watching Z-movie schlock on TV, and can quote entire scenes from memory - and now that's an actual superpower. Step into any fictional universe, whether you've watched it a hundred times or never even heard of it before, and your head instantly fills up with everything the world's biggest superfan of that movie would know. The villain's one hidden weakness that only gets one quick line of dialogue? You caught it. The secret hideout that's barely shown on-screen? You know exactly where it is. That side character's whole tragic history that the movie only hints at? You've got it memorized like you wrote the thing yourself. Be it a hidden passage, secret code, or some detail everybody in the audience missed, congratulations, you didn't miss it, because apparently, you've watched this movie more times than the director has. You won't know anything the story itself never established - so no cheating your way to secrets the movie never actually had - but if it's plot, character, or trivia, it's yours. Use it to save the day. Or use it to win every argument about "how the movie really ends." Your call, kid.

Finders Keepers [200]

Ever notice how in movies, the hero picks up some ancient, cursed doohickey and just... knows how to use it, no instruction manual required? That's you now, except better, because the thing actually listens to you. Any artifact, gadget, magic trinket, or even "do not touch, ancient evil" relic you get your hands on becomes yours the second you decide it is. Flip the switch mentally, and it's suddenly the world's most exclusive item: nobody else can so much as get it to hum unless you say so. Your buddy picks up the flaming sword of destiny and tries to swing it? Dead weight in his hands. You want him to use it? Suddenly, he's Conan the Barbarian. It's entirely up to you. And you don't need the wise old mentor to explain how it works, either: one look, maybe a dramatic close-up on your face, and you just get it. Ancient rune blade, alien death ray, cursed monkey's paw, doesn't matter, you'll know exactly which button to push or which magic word to say, like you built the thing yourself. Oh, and the part where these things usually come with a catch: the curse that slowly drives the wielder insane, the corrupting whisper in your head, the "power at a terrible price" clause every artifact contract seems to have? Doesn't apply to you. You get all the perks, none of the "and now you're slowly turning evil" side effects. Quite useful.

Rated PG-13 Armor [400]

You know how in every action movie, the hero's kid sidekick can stand five meters from a gas station exploding into a fireball and walk away without so much as a singed eyebrow? Yeah, that's you now. Turns out not being the main character has its perks. As long as nobody's specifically aiming at you, you've got full collateral-damage immunity. Building collapsing on top of you? You'll find the one perfectly-sized gap in the rubble. Hail of machine gun fire tearing up the room? Every single bullet somehow finds the wall six inches to your left. Massive explosion goes off right behind you? Congratulations, you get the cool slow-motion walk-away shot, not the body bag. Doesn't matter how chaotic the scene gets: if you're not the target, you're basically wrapped in plot armor thick enough to stop a tank. And if the bad guy actually does grab you? Relax. Movie logic kicks in immediately. Instead of just shooting you on the spot like the efficient professional he claims to be, he'll decide - for absolutely no reason a sane person could explain - that taking you hostage or locking you in a closet is a much better plan. Somewhere out there, a screenwriter is very grateful you're still alive to get rescued in act three.

I Believe In Jack Slater [400]

Every action hero's got that one scene: bottle in hand, staring at a photo of somebody he lost, ready to call it quits because the world's just too broken to keep fighting for. That's where you come in. You're the annoying, well-meaning kid who won't let him give up, and it turns out you're annoyingly good at it. You've got a way with words that cuts straight through even the most burnt-out, three-tours-too-many, "I don't believe in heroes anymore" exterior. Doesn't matter how jaded, cynical, or flat-out suicidal the veteran in front of you is: give him the right pep talk at the right moment and something in him cracks open. You can talk down the guy about to eat his gun, snap someone out of a flashback mid-breakdown, or take a grizzled killer who's stopped feeling anything and remind him what it felt like to actually care. Real trauma, the kind therapists spend years chipping away at, folds like wet cardboard against one good heart-to-heart from you. And when the credits are about to roll and the hero's flat on his back, out of ammo, out of hope, convinced this is finally the fight he doesn't walk away from? That's when you get to say the line. You know the one. And when you say it, something happens that shouldn't: he gets back up. Pushes past whatever his absolute limit was supposed to be, and finds one more burst of strength from somewhere that shouldn't exist. Call it movie magic, call it main-character energy - either way, you're the reason the good guy wins one more time.

Sidekick Chemistry [600]

There's always that one kid who ends up riding shotgun with the hero, and no matter how gruff, standoffish, or "I work alone" he acts at first, by the second act, he can't imagine doing this without you. That kid is you. Every time. Doesn't matter who the main protagonist is - grizzled cop, wisecracking mercenary, reluctant chosen one - you've got an easy, natural charm that wins them over fast. One good line, one moment of proving you're not just dead weight, and suddenly you're not the annoying tagalong anymore, you're the partner. The one they trust. The one they come back for. And once that bond clicks into place, you're not just riding along for the adventure - you're riding along on their luck, too. Every impossible dodge, every bullet that should've hit but didn't, every "how did that ledge hold his weight" moment the hero pulls off? That protection extends to you now. As long as you're standing next to your hero, the same absurd, story-bending fortune that keeps them alive through every explosion and gunfight is keeping you alive right along with them.

Script Doctor [600]

You've spent your whole life yelling at the screen, "Don't go in there!", "Just shoot him already!", "That would NEVER work!", and it turns out reality's been listening the whole time. You view the world like an audience member who's seen this movie a thousand times, and that gives you a bizarre kind of leverage: you can call out the plot holes and tropes in real life, out loud, and the universe scrambles to patch them your way. Watch the henchmen sweep the museum together in one smart, disciplined group, and gripe about it - "why are they even bothering to stick together? Bad guys always split up eventually" - and suddenly, for no good reason at all, they do. One by one, they peel off into different rooms, and now you and your hero can pick them off one at a time instead of facing them as a group. Call out the tired old cliché "the right-hand man always turns on the boss eventually", and watch paranoia creep in overnight, trust quietly rot, and your enemies start eyeing each other instead of you. Of course, you're not rewriting the whole script. You can't just yell "the hero wins" and have the credits roll. But nudge a scene, call out a cliché, point at a plot hole loud enough, and watch as reality itself rewrites around your complaints.

The Action Hero (The Star)

Perks for The Action Hero are discounted 50%, with the [100] perks being free.

Action Hero Academy [100]

Forget the police academy, you graduated top of a class that doesn't exist anywhere except the movies. You've got every skill a real cop needs: procedure, forensics, and the actual legal know-how to make an arrest stick. But layered on top of that is a whole extra curriculum real departments don't teach, because real departments don't have action heroes walking their beat. You've got surveillance work down cold: tailing a suspect, running a stakeout, spotting a tail on you before they even know you've made them. Hostage negotiation? You could talk a guy off a ledge or out of a bank heist with nothing but your voice and good timing. Criminal psychology, interrogation tactics, reading a liar from across the room? All second nature. Combine all of that with the instincts every good movie cop somehow has - knowing which alley the perp ducked into, which floorboard's hiding the evidence, which guy in the lineup is definitely lying - and you're not just a good cop. You're the cop every police captain wishes he had a department full of. Honestly, you could walk into any precinct in the country, sit every rookie down, and teach a masterclass on how to actually do this job right, including teaching the procedures, instinct, and the kind of movie-cop gut feeling that somehow always turns out to be correct. But let's be honest: you're not walking into any precinct to teach a class. You're walking in to kick down a door, quote a one-liner, and put two rounds in the guy the "real" cops were too busy following procedure to catch.

One-Liner Generator [100]

Every action hero's got that one skill you can't teach: the ability to stand over a smoking crater that used to be a bad guy and drop the perfect quip without even trying. Now it's yours. You will never, ever be caught fumbling for words in a moment that calls for one. Take out an enemy, walk away from an explosion that had no business letting you live, or just casually stroll into a room at exactly the right moment, and you will deliver a line so perfectly, aggressively cheesy that it should be physically impossible to say with a straight face - and somehow you'll nail it every time, deadpan and all. Enemies who hear it feel their morale crack a little, like some part of them realizes they were never going to win against a guy who talks like this. Your allies, meanwhile, get fired right up: nothing rallies the troops like watching their friend casually one-line his way through a life-or-death situation like it's nothing. You're not just funny. You're a weapon, and your ammo is puns.

Only A Flesh Wound [200]

Real people get shot in the shoulder and go down screaming. Action heroes get shot in the shoulder, grunt once, and keep running. Guess which one you are now. Take a bullet, a blade, a fall through three stories of scaffolding, whatever - your body treats it as a minor inconvenience instead of the medical emergency it clearly should be. Shoulder wound? You'll wince, maybe grit out a one-liner about it, and keep moving at full speed like nothing happened. Knife to the leg? Doesn't slow your sprint down one bit. Thrown through a brick wall by a guy twice your size? You'll stand up, dust off, and get right back into the fight like you just tripped over a curb. Injuries that would leave a normal person crumpled on the ground, screaming for an ambulance, barely register as a speed bump for you. You'll still bleed, you'll still feel it, and yeah, you'll probably need stitches eventually - but "eventually" is the key word. Right now, in the middle of the chase, the fight, the countdown clock ticking away? You've got places to be, and a little thing like a gunshot wound isn't going to be what stops you. The same rule applies to what's going on upstairs. Things that would leave a normal person with nightmares, flashbacks, or a lifetime of therapy bills just don't stick to you the way they should. You can watch a friend die, survive a massacre, or get thrown out of a burning building and walk it off with nothing worse than a grim stare into the middle distance. No PTSD, no lingering trauma, no 3 a.m. panic attacks, just the steady, unbothered nerves of a man who's seen it all before and is already planning his next one-liner.

Conan the Action Star [200]

Forget the gym membership, your body's already been sculpted by whatever action-movie training montage happens off-screen between cuts. You've got the endurance to run a full marathon without breaking stride, chase a car on foot longer than should be humanly possible, and still have enough left in the tank to climb a fire escape at the end of it. Your strength is the kind that laughs at physics: you can put a full-grown man clean off his feet with one solid kick, throw a punch that sends a henchman flying through a table, or rip open a jammed door as it owes you money. And your reflexes? Fast enough to snatch a thrown knife out of the air, dodge a swinging pipe by inches, or catch a dropped gun before it hits the ground, all without breaking a sweat or looking like you were even trying. And on top of all that raw physicality, you've got the kind of charisma and charm that only exists in the biggest, most larger-than-life action stars (especially a certain one): the type of screen presence that makes a one-liner land like a punchline and a punchline land like a threat. Doesn't matter if you're flexing a muscle or flashing a grin; you command a room just by walking into it. Basically, you're not just fit. You're movie-fit: the kind of physical peak that exists purely so you can run, jump, punch, dive through plate glass windows, and somehow still look effortlessly cool doing it.

Collateral Damage Budget [400]

You could total a freeway's worth of squad cars, level a city block with a stolen rocket launcher, and drive a bus straight through the mayor's living room, and none of it will actually stick to you. Every department's got a budget for this sort of thing, apparently, and yours is bottomless. Property damage that would bankrupt a city gets quietly absorbed and forgotten by the next scene. Civilians whose houses, cars, and storefronts got caught in the crossfire won't press charges, won't sue, won't even really seem all that upset about it once the dust settles. Internal Affairs can open a file on you as many times as they want: it'll sit in a drawer forever, unresolved, un-actioned. The absolute worst that ever happens is your boss - red-faced, veins popping, slamming a folder full of collateral damage reports on his desk - screaming that this is the last straw, that he's taking your badge, that you're done, finished, this time for real. He won't. He never does. Give it a scene or two, and you'll be back out there, doing exactly the same thing, and he'll be right back to yelling about it next time like it's the first time it's ever happened.

Rule of Cool [400]
You are now a complete action hero, full stop, and the universe has agreed to stop applying real physics to anything you do. If it looks awesome in a trailer, it just works. Point a gun at pretty much anything and put one well-placed shot in it, and congratulations, it's now a fireball: car, barrel, tank, doesn't matter, it's exploding. Behind the wheel, you can gun it toward a gap that's clearly, obviously too wide for any car to clear, and somehow you'll land it, dramatic slow-mo and all. Walk away from an explosion without looking back, and you'll do it perfectly on beat, no stumbling, no flinching, just a cool, unbothered stride while the fireball blooms behind you. And any maneuver you pull off in a vehicle - impossible drift, driving on two wheels, threading through a gap with a centimeter of clearance on either side - you'll nail it every single time, no matter what the car's actually capable of. Basically, if a move exists purely because it looks awesome and makes zero sense otherwise, you can do it. That's the whole rule. Cool wins.

Big Mistake [600]
Every action movie's got that moment: the bad guy crosses a line he really, really shouldn't have, and the hero stops being a hero and starts being a force of nature. Kill the cousin, threaten the kid, torch the favorite jacket, whatever the trigger is - congratulations, you just made the worst mistake of your life. The second it's personal, everything about you gets cinematically dialed up. Speed, strength, accuracy, endurance, all maximized. Doors that used to need a good kick now come off the hinges in one hit. Shots that would've been a near-miss on a normal day suddenly land dead center every time. You'll move through a room full of guys twice your size like they're barely an inconvenience, because right now, they are barely an inconvenience. This isn't cold, professional competence - this is white-hot, focused fury with a body count attached, and every single person standing between you and the guy who started this is about to learn exactly what that means.

Plot Armor [600]
Every hero's got that one invisible force keeping them alive no matter how insane the odds get, and now it's yours, permanently. As long as the story isn't over, neither are you. Fall off a building? You'll grab a ledge, a flagpole, a conveniently placed awning. Get shot at from every angle in a chaotic firefight? The bullets will find everyone else in the room before they find you. Corner yourself against an army of henchmen with no way out? A door will open, a rope will drop, a friend will show up right on cue. In fact, it's correct to say that no mook ever has a chance of killing you anymore. Faceless goon number twelve can unload an entire clip point-blank and somehow still miss. A whole squad of henchmen can jump you at once, and you'll walk out the other side without a scratch. It's not luck at that point; it's law. Only named main villain characters pose a genuine threat to your life. Be it the guy running the operation, his terrifyingly competent second-in-command, or anyone the story's actually bothered to introduce properly, those fights are real, and those hits can land. But the mooks? The mooks were never actually a threat. You just hadn't realized it yet.

The Villain (The Mastermind)

Perks for The Villain are discounted 50%, with the [100] perks being free.

Villainous Common Sense [100]

Action movie villains are afflicted with a terminal disease called "theatrics." They leave the hero in an easily escapable death trap with a laser slowly creeping toward their crotch. They monologue for ten straight minutes instead of just pulling the trigger. They walk away from the room before confirming the kill because hey, the hero's "probably dead." Not you. You've been blessed with an overwhelming, ruthless dose of actual common sense, and it's going to make you a nightmare to deal with. Got a gun and a clear shot? You shoot. You aim for the head. You double-tap to make sure it stuck, then you move on with your day instead of standing around waiting for a dramatic recovery that isn't coming. You don't leave the room while the torture device or the deathtrap is still running "to be safe later". You stay, you watch, you confirm the kill with your own two eyes. You clock an obvious bluff the second it's thrown at you, spot a wire on an undercover cop before he even finishes his cover story, and you feel zero urge to gloat, monologue, or explain your master plan until your enemy is confirmed, certifiably, dead. And it's not just you who benefits: you can pass this same ruthless clarity down to your underlings. No more mooks standing around in a loose semicircle waiting to attack one at a time. No more henchmen leaving their posts to investigate a noise alone. Once you're in charge, incompetence stops being an option, for you or for anyone working under you. Being a villain just got a whole lot more dangerous - for everyone else, that is.

Window to The Soul [100]

Every good action movie villain's got that one signature detail that makes him instantly memorable, and yours is a glass eye that does a lot more than just sit there looking creepy. Yours actually changes: the iris shifts to match your mood, cycling through whatever fits the moment. Feeling pleasant? Smiley face. Feeling unpredictable? An 8-ball. Feeling like today's the day somebody's luck runs out? Straight to a biohazard symbol. It's unsettling, it's theatrical, and it works exactly like you'd want it to. Beyond the intimidation factor, the eye's fully functional: Perfect 20/20 vision, and it can't be blinded by anything. Dust in your face, a flashbang going off point-blank, smoke filling the room, doesn't matter, you'll see clean through all of it. And if you lock eyes with someone while that iris is doing its thing, they will feel deeply, genuinely unnerved, even if they can't quite explain why. Best part: you can pop the eye out and swap it around whenever you like. Slide it across a table to make a point. Hand it over as a twisted show of trust. Or, if you're feeling especially theatrical, pop it out mid-conversation and just casually hold it up to whoever's talking. Either way, one thing's for sure: you'll never need to say "I'm watching you" out loud again.

Dead Eye [200]

Some villains have plans. Some have muscle. Some have enough money to buy their way out of any consequence. You have something simpler, and somehow far more terrifying: an aim that never misses. You can hit a target anywhere as long as it's ballistically possible for the weapon you're using, no matter the angle, the distance within that range, or how exposed the shot actually is. Fire blind over your shoulder at a man ducking behind a car, and the round finds him through the gap in the window. Put a bullet through a rope holding up a chandelier from across a ballroom without so much as glancing at it. Shoot the gun clean out of a hostage-taker's hand from a rooftop away, no room for error, no second attempt needed. This isn't a skill in the way other people have skills, something built through practice and repetition. It's closer to a law of nature that happens to apply only to you. The only thing that can stop the bullet from landing is something getting in its way first: the wind shifting hard enough, someone grabbing your arm, the target moving faster than physics should allow. Short of that, the outcome was decided the moment you pulled the trigger.

I Did It On Purpose! [200]

You've realized something wonderful about the "real world": Movies have rules. Heroes leap through windows the second a gun comes out. Bystanders scream, duck for cover, call it in immediately. Out here? Nobody's paying that close attention, and now that fact bends entirely in your favor. You could walk into a crowded street in broad daylight, shoot a man dead center, scream at the top of your lungs that you did it - "I've just shot somebody! I did it on purpose!" - and watch the world keep moving as you'd just commented on the weather. You radiate an aura of pure, unshakable bystander apathy. People rationalize what they just saw. They convince themselves it was staged, or it was someone else's problem, or maybe they just didn't really see what they thought they saw. As long as you're not going directly after a cop or the story's actual hero, ordinary people simply will not get in your way. Witnesses won't testify. Civilians won't intervene, won't scream, won't even really register you as a threat worth reacting to. The police won't get called until you're already three blocks away and long gone. Isn't this wonderful? A whole world full of people conditioned to mind their own business, and you're the one villain smart enough to actually take advantage of it.

"He's Gone!" [400]

The hero bursts through the double doors, guns blazing, ready for the final showdown - only to find an empty chair, a spinning ceiling fan, and a cassette tape player mocking him with a recording of your voice. You are the master of the clean getaway, and no confrontation with you ever ends the way anyone expects it to. Doesn't matter how tightly you're surrounded, how many cops have the building locked down, or how close the hero is when he finally corners you: the second attention flickers away from you, even for a fraction of a second, that's your window, and you're already gone. A sudden explosion, a smoke bomb, or even the hero's eyes drifting toward a hostage, that's all it ever takes. By the time anyone realizes what happened, you're already kilometers away. The confrontation was never really the confrontation. It was just the last trick you played before disappearing completely.

Gambit [400]
Stuffing a mobster's corpse full of nerve gas so he can be wheeled into his own funeral and take out an entire crime summit? In the real world, that's a logistical nightmare. In a movie, it's brilliant. And you've got the one talent that makes the difference: your plans just work, no matter how insane they sound on paper. Bury explosives in the most absurd possible locations, and they'll go off exactly on cue, no early detonation, no damp fuse. Synchronize a city-wide blackout down to the second, and every last variable lines up perfectly, no rogue backup generator ruining the moment. Rig a corpse as a walking chemical weapon, and the timing, the delivery, the whole macabre spectacle unfold flawlessly, right on schedule. The more elaborate, theatrical, and borderline-impossible the scheme, the smoother it runs. The real magic is what doesn't happen: the chemicals don't leak a minute too soon, the timers don't desync by half a second, and no random janitor wanders in at the worst possible moment. As long as the plan's got style, the universe will make sure it lands exactly the way you pictured it.

Villain Hotline [600]
Benedict figured it out the moment he realized what that golden ticket could actually do: the first move any smart villain makes is calling in reinforcements. And now you've got that same trick in your back pocket. Once per year, you can reach through the screen and pull a fictional villain out of any movie you've ever seen, straight into your world, ready to work. The catch - and the part that keeps this from being absurd - is that whoever you summon gets scaled to fit wherever they land. Pull Godzilla into a plain, mundane world with no superpowers or kaiju-sized problems, and he shows up about as dangerous as a very large mammoth. Summon him into a setting that can actually handle a 75-meter-tall atomic lizard (like a superhero one), though, and he arrives in full, world-ending force, atomic breath and all. Once you've made the call, that villain works with you for as long as the situation calls for. Just don't expect a refund if you summon someone unimpressive, expecting a bigger bang. You get what the setting gives you, and you only get to make the call once a year, so choose your guest star wisely.

Check The Breast Pocket [600]
Plot armor is the bane of every hardworking supervillain. You put a bullet dead center in the hero's chest, and wouldn't you know it, turns out he had a silver flask in his breast pocket, or a badge, or a Bible thick enough to stop a .45. Every time. It's infuriating, it's cheap, and as of right now, it's not happening to you anymore. When you decide you're done playing around and you actually want someone dead, that decision comes with a guarantee: none of their narrative luck applies. Your bullet finds the one gap in the Kevlar that shouldn't exist. Their gun jams at the exact moment they try to fire back. There's no dumpster, no awning, no pile of cardboard boxes waiting to break their fall this time. No ancient amulet, no timely intervention, no last-second save written in from nowhere. Whatever convenient miracle usually keeps a hero breathing through impossible odds simply doesn't show up when you're the one pulling the trigger. All you had to do was stop letting the universe cheat on their behalf.

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 can discount two items per price tier. Discounted 100 CP items become free. You also gain the blueprint of anything you buy here.

Magic Ticket [Free to Sidekick Origin/600 to Keep or Buy]

The crown jewel of movie magic, and for good reason. A glowing, golden theater ticket, once owned by Houdini himself. Hold it up to any screen (a movie theater's, a television, a laptop) and the ticket tears reality open right along the image, letting you step straight through into whatever world's being shown (be it a movie, a cartoon, an anime, whatever). It doesn't stop at getting you in. Reach through that same tear, and you can pull things back out with you: a character, a weapon, a monster, a car, anything the screen's currently showing, yanked clean out of fiction and dropped into the real world, whether it wants to come or not. There's a catch, though: whatever you pull through only comes out as strong as you are. Yank out Godzilla, and you won't get a 75-meter-tall apex predator; you'll get something scaled down to match your own level, no stronger than you could handle yourself. The ticket's generous, but it's not going to hand you something that could flatten you the second it steps through. And no matter how deep into the story you wander, you're never actually stuck. As long as the ticket's in your hand, home is only ever one tear away: flip it over, find a surface, and step back through whenever you're ready to leave the movie behind.

Your Filmography [Free]

Every Jump you've ever been through, someone out there apparently thought it was worth putting on film. This is the collection: a shelf of movies, one for each world you've lived in, cast and all, edited together like your life's been quietly getting the Hollywood treatment behind your back. Pop one in and watch your own story play out from the outside: the choices you made, the people you met, the parts you probably didn't even notice happening at the time. And whoever scored it clearly knew what they were doing, because even your worst days come with a soundtrack good enough to buy on vinyl. A good item to have.

The Bizarro Blockbuster [Free]

This is a massive, seemingly endless media library containing every single movie you have ever seen, plus a mountain of extra films, with a heavy emphasis on the glorious, action-packed golden age of the 1990s. There’s just one incredibly jarring catch: the casting choices are completely wrong. Every single actor in these movies has been swapped out for someone else. For some inexplicable reason, Sylvester Stallone is the one who played the Terminator, fought the Predator, and went to Mars in Total Recall. The rest of Hollywood is just as scrambled, too: the wisecracking cop is suddenly played by the guy who was supposed to be the villain, the villain's played by someone who spent the actual 90s doing rom-coms, and somewhere in the mess, a legitimately great actor got cast as a talking dog in a film that never should have greenlit a sequel, let alone a first movie. None of the movies themselves are any different, just wearing the wrong faces entirely. Makes for one hell of a confusing trivia night, and an even stranger way to spend a rainy afternoon.

Nick's Theater [100]
Every jumper needs a home base, and there's no better one than a run-down, single-screen movie theater tucked into a corner of whatever city you settle in. From the outside, it's nothing special: a faded marquee, a lobby that smells like stale popcorn no matter how much you clean it. But the books tell a different story. However few customers walk through the door, the theater always turns a steady profit, enough to comfortably support you and then some. Every utility bill - power, water, heat - is paid in full and on time, no matter who's supposed to be sending the checks. The concession stand never runs dry and never costs you a cent, restocking itself with whatever snack you're craving the moment you go looking for it. And the theater's next shipment of film always arrives a full month ahead of the official release, giving you an exclusive sneak peek at the future of cinema before the rest of the world even gets a trailer. It’s the ultimate place to hide out, count your unearned cash, and enjoy a movie in peace.

Classic Bicycle [100]
A sturdy, 1990s-era bicycle. Nothing special to look at. But hop on and pedal like your life depends on it, and suddenly you're keeping pace with sports cars and police cruisers doing eighty down the highway. It's not that the bike's fast. It's that you always seem to find the ridiculous shortcut: the alley that cuts two blocks off the route, the makeshift ramp off a stack of pallets, the fence gap just wide enough to squeeze through. Combine that with pedaling like your life depends on it, and somehow, against every law of physics, you're right there keeping pace with the chase.

Conveniently Placed Cardboard Boxes [100]
A warehouse's worth of plain, unlabeled cardboard boxes, delivered without explanation to wherever you happen to currently be fighting. Fall out of a ten-story building, land square in a pile of these things, and you walk away completely uninjured: no broken bones, no wind knocked out of you, nothing but a little cardboard dust on your jacket. Doesn't matter how far the drop is or how fast you were going. If there's a box pile anywhere in the vicinity, it'll catch you.

1969 Chevrolet Chevelle SS 396 Convertible [100]
Every action hero needs a good car, and this is yours. Cherry red, top down, engine growling like it's got something to prove. This vehicle is physically incapable of rolling over, spinning out, or suffering engine failure during a chase, no matter how hard you push it or how reckless the stunt. You can drive it down a flight of stairs, jump it over a half-open drawbridge, or plow it straight through a brick wall, and it'll walk away with nothing worse than a few cosmetic scratches. Best of all, it's got a built-in cassette player that automatically plays high-octane 90s hard rock, perfectly synced to your driving speed: a slow, moody riff when you're cruising, building into a full guitar solo the moment you floor it and the chase kicks into gear. Comes with infinite fuel.

The "Too Old For This" Hip Flask [100]
A rugged silver hip flask, wrapped in worn leather that's clearly seen a few too many rooftops and gunfights. Always full, no matter how many pulls you take off it, and always filled with the same high-quality, burning-hot whiskey: the kind that hits like a gut punch on the way down. Take a swig, and you won't feel drunk; you'll feel fine. The pain dulls instantly, broken bones snap back into place and knit as if nothing happened, and any fog from a concussion clears right up. Doesn't matter how banged up you are: one drink, and you're back on your feet, ready to limp your way through the rest of the fight. Just don’t forget to say the line too.

Gun In The Glove Compartment [100]
A tidy little arsenal that fits in a space no bigger than, well, a glove compartment. Be it pistols, revolvers, or even a shotgun if things are looking bad, whatever you need is already tucked in there, fully loaded and ready to go the second you pop it open. Store it in any vehicle you climb into: this car, that car, doesn't matter; the compartment stocks itself fresh every time. Additionally, nobody's finding it unless you want them to. Cops searching the car, thieves rifling through it, a curious passenger poking around, none of them so much as notice it's there.

The Action Leather Jacket [100]
Every hero needs a signature look, and this jacket is yours. Fits perfectly, makes your shoulders look broader than they have any right to, and comes with that classic movie-magic quality of self-repairing the moment the camera looks away. Get it shredded by broken glass, lit on fire, shot full of holes during a chase; it doesn't matter. Next scene, it's spotless and intact again, like nothing ever happened. Comes with a matching pair of cowboy boots, just as indestructible, because no hero's outfit is complete without the boots to match.

False Eye Collection [100]
Benedict's own private stash: a small velvet case holding a whole set of spare glass eyes, each one built for a different job. One's rigged to detonate on command, small but nasty enough to do real damage at close range. Another's a decoy loaded with a tiny noise emitter, perfect for faking a sound from somewhere he's not. One's fitted with a hidden micro-blade, tucked in tight enough to pass a pat-down. Another's hollowed out just enough to smuggle something small and valuable, like a key, a chip, a rolled-up note, past security nobody would think to check that closely. And one's just a plain, ordinary glass eye, kept around for the days he'd rather not draw attention at all. And then there's a whole row just for style: an eye with a crosshair for an iris, one with an 8-ball, another with a little smiley face, one with a cat’s eye, and much more. None of them does anything functional. They're just intimidating as hell, and Benedict's never been the type to pass up a little theatrical flair.

Attack Dogs [100]
You are now the proud owner of a pack of highly trained attack dogs, your choice of breed (though Rottweilers or Dobermans fit the vibe best). And when I say "highly trained," I don't just mean they'll rip an intruder's throat out the second you give the word, though rest assured, they're exceptionally good at that, too. I mean, trained to the point of absurdity: capable of taking someone down without hesitation, and then, five minutes later, forming a perfect cheerleader pyramid on your front lawn just because you felt like showing off. They're vicious when they need to be and completely, unshakeably loyal to you and only you.

Monster Truck [200]
Every action hero or villain needs a vehicle that announces their presence with absolute subtlety. This is that vehicle: a massive, black monster truck as tall as a grown man, flame decals licking up the sides as it drove straight out of a heavy metal album cover. It's built to demolish, and be it walls, fences, parked cars, chain-link gates, police barricades, all of it goes down without slowing you down, and the truck barely notices the impact. And it never needs a fill-up; the tank's effectively bottomless, so you'll never be stranded mid-chase wondering if you're going to run dry.

The Hand Cannon [200]
A beautifully maintained, absurdly oversized Desert Eagle .50 Action Express, the kind of gun that looks like it should require two hands and a permit just to lift. In the real world, firing this one-handed while leaping through the air would snap your wrist and send the shot nowhere near the target. But this isn't a real gun. It's a movie gun, and movie guns don't play by those rules. It possesses zero recoil, never jams, has infinite ammo, and has the kinetic stopping power of a freight train. One shot can flip a speeding car end over end, blast a man clean through a brick wall, or somehow, against all logic, detonate a completely non-explosive ice cream truck into a fireball. Doesn't matter what physics has to say about it, if you point this thing and pull the trigger, something dramatic is about to happen.

Convenient Key [200]
A plain little key, nothing remarkable about it until you actually need it. Conjure it into your hand whenever you're locked up, cuffed, or shut behind a door that shouldn't open, and it fits. Handcuffs, padlocks, prison cells, whatever the situation calls for, this key works. The only catch is it's a one-shot deal: once a week, and no more. Use it, and you're waiting seven days before you get to pull that trick again.

Nerve Gas [200]
Looks like Leo the Fart will pass gas one last time. This is a stash of nerve gas canisters you can plant anywhere you want, ahead of time or on the fly. Once they're placed, they sit there quietly and easily missable, waiting for you. Whenever you're ready, just activate the remote detonator, and they go off, killing your enemies in a particularly gruesome manner. Replenishes each week.

The Snitch's Address [200]
A slip of paper with a location written on it. Follow it into whatever world you're currently causing trouble in, and you'll find the same type of guy waiting on the other end every single time: some high-ranking mobster, made man, or lieutenant who's clearly punching above his intelligence. He's got the suit, the connections, the seat at the table, everything except the sense to keep his mouth shut. Corner him, threaten him, and the result's the same: he spills everything: names, meeting locations, the villain's actual plan versus the cover story everyone else believes, weak points in the operation nobody else would know to look for. He'll practically volunteer more than you asked for, just relieved someone's finally letting him talk. Every world's got one of these guys tucked away somewhere. This slip of paper is how you find him, every single time.

Leo The Dummy [200]
A highly realistic, life-sized silicone corpse of a mobster (or a generic henchman). It is incredibly durable, entirely scentless, and features a hollow chest cavity. It is the absolute perfect decoy. You can stuff it with C4, surveillance equipment, or tracking bugs. If propped up in a chair or placed in a car, enemies and authorities will always assume it's a living person until they get within arm's reach, making it the ultimate Trojan Horse.

ACME Dynamite Box [200]
A plain wooden crate stamped with the ACME logo. Crack it open, and it's full of dynamite: red sticks, twisted fuses, the works. Pull one out, and another's already there to replace it. Doesn't matter how many you take; the box never runs dry. Only catch: it's ACME brand. No guarantees the fuse burns at a reasonable speed.

The Badge [200]
A plain metal badge with no department name, no city, nothing pinned down about where it's actually from. Flash it in any world you land in, and you're instantly recognized as legitimate authority, whatever version of "cop" that world happens to have. Local police, federal agents, private security, fantasy guard, doesn't matter. They see it, they see you, and something in their head just clicks: this person's one of us. Nobody stops to wonder how long you've been on the force, because as far as anyone's concerned, you always have been.

The Roster [400]
A thick contact book packed with the phone number of every action-movie archetype you could ever need, no name attached, just a role and a number that always connects. Need an angry police chief who's two days from retirement and sick of your methods? There's a number. A hacker who can crack any system in under a minute and always, always says "I'm in"? Number's right there. A hot, brilliant doctor who patches you up and falls for you a little in the process? Covered. Make the call, and whoever you dialed shows up, fully in character, ready to help however that archetype naturally would.

The Armory [400]
Somewhere in your home, be it a converted basement, a hidden room behind a bookshelf, or a garage that's bigger on the inside than it has any right to be, sits a fully stocked arsenal covering every modern conventional weapon on Earth. Pistols, rifles, shotguns, SMGs, sniper rifles, miniguns, grenade launchers, rocket launchers, explosives, and enough ammunition to keep them all firing without ever running dry. Everything is maintained in perfect working condition, fully legal for you to own and use in whatever way this world's rule of cool permits, and replenishes itself between uses so you never show up to the next firefight running on empty. The armory travels with you wherever you call home for the duration of this jump, and can become a warehouse attachment post-jump.

The Screaming Police Headquarters [400]
A fully staffed 90s police precinct, exactly as loud and chaotic as it's supposed to be. The captain is always mid-shout, red in the face, one bad day away from a heart attack. The phones never stop ringing. Somewhere in the background, there's always a weirdo in handcuffs getting dragged past, like a guy in a chicken suit, someone screaming about aliens, or a pickpocket biting an officer's arm. You've got full administrative access to the whole place. Requisition weapons straight from the armory, sign out a cruiser whenever you need one, pull backup officers for a raid, all with a signature and zero pushback, no matter how little sense your request makes. It's your precinct now, chaos and all.

The Master Copy VHS [400]
A dusty, unmarked VHS tape, no label, no case, as it fell out of some editing room nobody remembers existed. Slot it into any player, and it doesn't play a movie; it plays your movie. Specifically, a "previously on" recap: a perfectly cut, twenty-minute montage covering everything important that's happened in the world before you ever showed up. Secret meetings, the villain thought nobody saw. The hero's tragic backstory, laid out in full, sad piano score included. The exact location of whatever MacGuffin everyone's about to spend the next two hours fighting over. All of it, edited together like some invisible crew's been filming the whole time just for you. Pop the tape in at the start of any Jump, and you walk away with total narrative context - every secret, every player, every stake - before the story's even properly begun. Comes with a VHS player and tv.

Box of Movie Theater Popcorn [400]
A bucket of movie theater popcorn, perfectly salted, perfectly buttered, and completely bottomless. Simple enough on its own, but eat a handful and something stranger kicks in: people stop noticing you. Not invisible, exactly, more like you've quietly slipped into the role of background extra, the guy in the audience nobody's paying attention to. Walk through a crowd, sit in on a conversation you shouldn't, linger somewhere you're not supposed to be. As long as you're munching, you're just part of the scenery. Of course, do anything too strange or chaotic - start a fight, scream, sprint through a crowd - and the effect breaks instantly. Popcorn keeps you unnoticed. It doesn't keep you unnoticed while you're causing a scene.

The Script (First Draft) [400]
A thick, bound stack of paper with your name printed right on the cover, as if someone handed you the shooting script for your own life. Flip through it, and you can read up to ten minutes into the immediate future: what the bad guys are about to say, where the sniper's actually posted, which floor tile is rigged to trigger the trap. Try to read further ahead than that, and the pages just go blank, or scrawled over with "UNDER REWRITE". But for short-term tactical planning, ten minutes is more than enough. It's a flawless cheat sheet, as long as you don't mind knowing exactly how the next scene plays out before you're actually in it.

The Ripper's Axe [400]
A massive fire axe. Just holding this thing changes the air around you: an aura of pure, gut-level terror that radiates off it and off you. People who lock eyes with you while you're carrying it freeze up, paralyzed, like their body's decided fighting or running isn't even an option worth considering. And the axe backs up the reputation. It'll cut through almost any physical barrier - car doors, reinforced walls, steel shutters - like they're drywall. Doesn't matter what's in the way. If it's between you and where you're going, this axe gets you there.

Villain's Mansion [400]
A sprawling estate worthy of a proper Hollywood crime lord, the kind that makes it clear the moment you drive up the front gate that whoever lives here does not lose. Equal parts luxury residence, fortress, and headquarters, because a real villain never has to compromise on any of the three. Comes with concealed passages behind the bookshelves and beneath the wine cellar, ready for a quick escape or a dramatic entrance, depending on the day. Lavish meeting rooms sit ready for tense negotiations, quiet betrayals, and the occasional monologue delivered over a very large table. A secure armory keeps enough firepower on hand for whatever the situation eventually calls for, and it always does. And of course, it comes fully staffed: a steady rotation of loyal, well-dressed henchmen who patrol the grounds, fill out the numbers in any given fight, and never seem to ask too many questions about how long their predecessors lasted in the job.

Bulletproof Vest [400]
This doesn't look like anything special hanging in the closet. But the moment an attack comes in that would actually kill you - a bullet, a blade, whatever - the vest snaps onto your body on its own, faster than you could ever put it on yourself, and takes the hit completely. It only works once a month. Use it, and you're back to being breakable until the next one recharges.

The Owner of Hollywood [600]
Why settle for being in a movie when you can own the entire industry? You now own the absolute entirety of Hollywood, locking down everything from the historic production lots and indie film studios to the global distribution networks and theater chains. This massive entertainment empire generates a truly obscene, downright vulgar amount of wealth for you, constantly dumping blockbuster-level box office profits directly into your bank account. You can use these state-of-the-art studios to greenlight absolutely any movie, show, or bizarre passion project you wish, which will be seamlessly broadcast and distributed across your current reality to a captive public. Best of all? The A-list stars, directors, and studio executives are all on your payroll now, and they will follow your orders to the letter, whether you're demanding a massive script rewrite at 3 AM, commanding a diva to play nice, or just telling them to fetch your dry cleaning. In future worlds, it automatically adapts to control the local equivalent of the dominant media capital, ensuring you remain the ultimate, untouchable puppet master of popular culture.

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.

The Cartoon Cat Detective [50]
Whiskers, a two-dimensional cartoon cat in a trench coat and fedora, looking like he wandered out of a black-and-white noir short and simply never left. Being a cartoon has its perks, as he can get flattened by a steamroller, dropped off a cliff, or blown sky-high, and he just pops right back into shape a second later, grumbling about the things he puts up with for you. He's also got a habit of reaching into nowhere - off-panel, off-screen, wherever cartoon logic keeps its pockets - and pulling out exactly the clue, tool, or prop the case needs, no explanation given, just a tired sigh and a "you're welcome." He's loyal in his own gruff, complaining way, always there when it counts. He's also, unfortunately, an absolute sleazeball around anything in a skirt: the second an attractive woman walks into frame, he's leaning on the nearest surface, cracking one bad line after another, utterly convinced he's charming. He is not. Nobody's ever told him. Somebody probably should.

Whitney Slater [50]
Jack Slater's beautiful, tough-as-nails teenage daughter grew up around gunfights the way other kids grow up around dinner table arguments, and it shows in everything she does. Being her father's kid means being a magnet for kidnappings, hostage situations, and home invasions, so somewhere along the way, she stopped waiting around to be rescued from them. She knows her way around a variety of firearms, can hotwire a car in under thirty seconds flat, and treats an ambush the way other teenagers treat a fire drill: mildly annoyed, thoroughly prepared, already reaching for whatever heavy gun is the nearest. She has a knack for attracting trouble - she'll end up in the crosshairs of whatever villain you're fighting sooner or later, that's just how this world works - but she's never been the one who needs saving once things go loud. She's sharp enough to spot a plot twist before you do, stubborn enough to insist on being in the room when the shooting starts, and loyal enough that once she's decided you're hers to protect, she won't be talked out of standing beside you and holding her own in the firefight.

Officer Austin (The T-1000) [100]
Remember the T-1000 walking out of the LAPD precinct in the background? Turns out Skynet's finest infiltrator took a wrong turn in the cinematic multiverse and got stuck doing background cameos. For **100 CP,** you can give him a new primary directive: protect and serve *you*.
He is a fully functional T-1000 mimetic polyalloy Terminator. He can shapeshift into anyone he touches, flatten himself into floors, slip through prison bars, and form stabbing weapons out of his limbs. He is cold, relentless, and completely immune to conventional gunfire. He doesn't talk much, runs incredibly fast with terrifyingly perfect posture, and has fully embraced his role as your ultimate bodyguard.

Drawbacks

You can only take +1200 CP of drawbacks.

Shorter Stay [Free]
You can leave the jump when the plot ends.

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.

The Stallone Recast [Free]
Somewhere in the multiverse, casting decisions went a little differently. If you take this drawback, Jack Slater is no longer played by Arnold Schwarzenegger: he is played by Sylvester Stallone. He’s got the sneer, the headband, and the heavy drawl. (Consequently, in this universe, Arnold Schwarzenegger is the star of Rambo and Rocky). Maybe you should file a complaint with Jump-chan about false advertising?

Choose Your Own Blockbuster [Free]
If Jack Slater's Los Angeles isn't quite the movie you had in mind, you don't have to settle for it. Instead, you can pick any action hero movie you like and spend your ten years there instead, subject to the same rule-of-cool logic and the same rules for entering, whether as a native or as an outsider stepping through the screen with a ticket of your own.

Jumper the Fart [+100]
You have a nickname that everyone knows you by, and one that everyone uses. The problem with this is, the nickname is something that you find both mildly offensive and incredibly humiliating. Doesn't matter how many times you correct people, how much authority you have, or how many villains you've taken down - the name sticks, gets used to your face, and nobody seems to think it's as big a deal as you do.

Family Friendly Edit [+100]
Looks like the studio wants a PG-13 rating to hit a wider demographic. Your entire life is now heavily censored. You are physically incapable of dropping an F-bomb (a passing truck horn or loud crash will miraculously drown you out every single time). Furthermore, violence around you is strictly bloodless. Enemies you shoot or stab don't die in cinematic, gory glory; they just fall over groaning, meaning you have to double-check that every single henchman is actually down for the count.

Curfew Countdown [+100, Exclusive to Sidekick]
The universe might not care about you skipping school, but it cares deeply about your bedtime. Every single night, regardless of how intense, life-threatening, or dramatic the current situation is, you must return to your designated "home" bedroom by exactly 8:00 PM. If you fail to do so, your physical coordinates are instantly pinged to every local authority figure, and an army of highly determined, incredibly loud patrol cars will descend upon your location to physically drag you back to bed, completely derailing whatever mission or stakeout you were in the middle of.

Voice Crack Crises [+100, Exclusive to Sidekick]
You are at that awkward age, and your vocal cords know it. Whenever you try to deliver a warning, explain a critical plot twist, or yell a dramatic line to the hero, your voice will suffer a hilarious, incredibly high-pitched crack. This completely ruins the gravity of whatever you're saying, causing the adult heroes to pat you on the head, chuckling enforcers to mock you, and villains to completely ignore your threats because you sound like a squeaking toy.

The Screaming Captain [+100, Exclusive to Action Hero]
Every action movie needs that one authority figure who absolutely despises the hero's methods, and congratulations, they are your direct superior. No matter how many times you save the city or stop a terrorist plot, this red-faced, constantly sweating official will drag you into their office to scream at you, demand your badge, threaten to fire you, and suspend you from the case. They will actively hinder your investigations purely out of spite and strict adherence to "protocol."

The Local Bully [+200, Exclusive to Sidekick]
As if international terrorists weren't enough of a problem, you have a completely mundane, oversized neighborhood bully who constantly torments you. They always show up at the absolute worst times to steal your gadgets, humiliate you in front of the hero, or accidentally ruin your stealth. The worst part? The hero refuses to just shoot them or beat them up because "they're just a kid," leaving you to deal with them yourself.

Compulsive Monologuing [+200, Exclusive to Villain]
You suffer from a terminal case of theatrical ego. Whenever you have an enemy dead to rights, or whenever you are about to execute a brilliant plan, you are completely physically incapable of just doing it. You have to pause, gloat, and explain your entire methodology out loud in agonizing detail. This guarantees that your enemies will almost always have exactly enough time to figure out an escape plan or wait for backup to arrive before you finally pull the trigger.

Power Loss [+200]
All your out-of-jump powers, perks, and abilities are disabled for the duration of this jump.

Ninja Infestation [+200]
For some reason, this universe has a serious ninja problem, and they've all decided your storage space is prime real estate. Open a closet, and there's a decent chance three of them drop out swinging. Crack open a chest, a cabinet, a trunk in the attic - same story. It's never explained where they come from or why they've chosen you specifically to ambush on a near-daily basis, but you'd better get used to fighting your way through a doorway before you can grab a clean shirt.

Exploding House Syndrome [+200]
At least once a year during your stay, your house will be rendered uninhabitable and a total loss. Maybe a criminal blows it up, maybe faulty wiring causes it to burn down, or an earthquake makes a sinkhole that swallows it, or a meteor hits it. Whatever the reason, you'll find yourself having to frequently move around, always missing where you put your possessions, and never feeling "at home" wherever you go.

Infinite Sequels [+200, Can be Taken Multiple Times]
You can extend your stay here for another ten years, but you will find out that sequels love to escalate. The villains come back sharper, the henchman count doubles, and whatever blew up last time gets outdone by something bigger this time around. The plot doesn't know how to scale down, only up, and it fully intends to keep raising the stakes for as long as you keep signing on for another installment. Take this drawback as many times as you like.

Wrong Genre Casting [+200]
So you just picked Action Hero as your origin, and you're ready to walk in, kick some ass, and roll credits on the bad guys. Except somewhere between the pitch and the premiere, the casting got switched. You've suddenly got henchmen taking orders from you (ones you never hired and don't remember recruiting), and you feel this persistent, deeply uncomfortable urge to monologue every plan out loud before you're anywhere near finishing it. Looks like the origins got switched: whatever you picked going in, you've randomly been recast as one of the other two, and there's no telling which one until it happens to you. So if you are a sidekick and just took this drawback? Be prepared to take a gun and deal with the urge to kick asses and take names despite having bought no combat perks. Good luck.

Collateral Accountability [+200]
Usually, heroes can drive a tank through a shopping mall, and the city just shrugs. Not for you. The universe holds you entirely, financially, and legally responsible for the property damage you cause. Every fruit cart you crash into, every plate-glass window you throw a henchman through, and every building that catches fire in your wake will result in a mountain of lawsuits, relentless insurance claims, and Internal Affairs investigations. You will spend half your Jump doing paperwork and appearing in civil court.

Traumatic Backstory [+400]
Like Jack Slater, you've lost someone close to you. He lost his son to the Ripper, and you've lost someone whom you swore to always protect and keep safe. Doesn't matter who they were to you, be it a partner, a sibling, a kid, or someone you loved; they're gone, and it happened on your watch. This jump starts with that wound still fresh, whether you want it to be or not, and the world seems determined to remind you of it: recurring nightmares, faces in a crowd that look just a little too much like theirs, a villain who somehow knows exactly which scar to press on. I hope the heartbreak is worth the points.

Favorite Second Cousin [+400]
The people in your life have a nasty habit of coming down with sudden cases of death, usually courtesy of crooks, hitmen, or the kind of freak accident that only happens to someone connected to the hero. No one you know and care about is safe: not for long, and never for a good reason. And just to make sure you can't dodge the pain by keeping people at arm's length, you've got a genuine, gnawing need to form close bonds with the people around you. You can't help getting attached. This world can't help taking them away from you once you do.

Random Screening [+400]
Nick's theater isn't the only screen with a habit of pulling people through it, and in this world, you don't get a say in which one grabs you next. At random, without warning, you'll find yourself yanked out of your own life and dropped into the middle of whatever movie the universe feels like showing that day, and you're stuck there for a full year before you're spat back out. Sometimes it's a slasher flick, and you're sprinting through a summer camp from a guy in a hockey mask who never seems to run out of energy. Sometimes it's a superhero blockbuster, and you're dodging collateral damage from two people in capes too busy monologuing at each other to notice they're using you as cover. And don't assume a gentler genre means a gentler year. Even the rom-coms find a way to threaten your life: expect a runaway tornado to level the wedding venue right as the vows start, a house fire during the cozy montage, or a car crash on the way to the airport to stop the big romantic gesture. No matter the genre, the story always finds room for something that could kill you.

I'm Getting Too Old For This [+400]
You physically feel the toll of the action movie lifestyle, even if this world insists on treating you like you're still in your prime. Your knees pop loudly every time you stand up too fast. Your back seizes the moment you dive for cover. And every time you get thrown through a window, tossed off a car, or slammed into a wall, you wake up the next morning stiff enough that just getting out of bed becomes its own action sequence. None of it is going to kill you, but the accumulated wear and tear steadily weakens you, dragging your physical stats down from whatever prime condition you started this jump by at least 50% in and leaving you running on a permanent undertone of fatigue and normal human physicality, no matter how many fights you win.

Slapstick Magnet [+400]
ACME physics applies to you, but only in the worst ways. If you try to throw a grenade, it bounces off a doorframe and lands right back at your feet. Steamrollers, forklifts, and runaway shopping carts develop a mind of their own and beeline straight for you at a speed no normal engine should manage. Anvils, pianos, and safes develop a sudden, personal interest in falling exactly where you're standing, dropped from heights that shouldn't exist in whatever building you're in. All these gags are completely dangerous, and there's no cartoon immunity waiting for you on the other side of the punchline. Get crushed, flattened, or run over by one of these bits, and you stay crushed, flattened, or run over, exactly like it would happen to anyone else.

Stormtrooper Aim [+400]
You couldn't hit the broad side of a barn from the inside. Your aim, regardless of your actual perks or skills, has been drastically reduced to action-movie-henchman levels. You will fire thousands of rounds of ammunition, completely destroying the walls, fruit carts, and cars around your target, while miraculously outlining their body without ever actually landing a lethal shot. You can only land a hit in point-blank melee range, so good luck.

Traitorous '*Friend*' [+400]
You have the damndest time telling when people are actually your friends, and when they're just keeping you around long enough to set you up for the fall. Someone in your circle - a partner, a confidant, someone you'd have sworn was loyal - is playing a longer game than you realize, and you won't see the signs until it's too late to matter. Doesn't matter how careful you think you are or how well you read people; this world has decided the betrayal lands regardless. It's especially egregious if you're a cop. In that case, expect it to come from exactly the person you'd trust with your life and expect to never see it coming until the gun's already turned on you.

My Second-in-Command's a Liability [+400]
You've been saddled with a right-hand man or partner, and the mismatch isn't the fun kind. It's the kind that gets people killed, or gets your carefully laid plans blown wide open. If you're a hero, maybe it's a rules-obsessed rookie who won't stop quoting procedure mid-firefight, or someone twenty years past retirement moving like it. If you're a villain, maybe it's a second-in-command who can't keep a secret, panics under pressure, or has a personal vendetta that keeps derailing the scheme at the worst possible moment. Whatever the specifics, they're required at your side for every major job, heist, or confrontation this world throws at you, whether they're remotely equipped to handle one or not. You can't ditch them, can't quietly reassign them, and can't simply leave them behind when things go sideways. All you can do is keep them alive (or keep them from ruining everything) through sheer competence, cover for their mistakes in real time, and accept that every job just got harder, because you're doing the work of two people while only one of you is actually good at it.

Michael Bay’s Wet Dream [+400]
The pyrotechnics department went completely insane, and everything around you is rigged with explosives. Mundane items react to kinetic force like they are packed with C4. If you shoot a fruit cart, it detonates into a fireball. If you kick a wooden door off its hinges, it explodes. If two cars bump into each other at 15 km per hour, they both erupt into towering pillars of flame. You have to navigate a world where a simple fistfight can accidentally level a city block, and all explosions are guaranteed to at least hurt you moderately, even if you somehow have immunity.

MacGuffin Madness [+400]
The plot refuses to let you rest. The universe constantly generates highly sought-after, incredibly dangerous items (a flash drive with nuclear codes, a magic ticket, a briefcase full of diamonds) and practically shoves them into your hands. If you try to throw the item away or ignore it, catastrophic bad luck will befall you until you retrieve it. You will spend your entire Jump fighting off mercenaries, spies, and mobsters who are constantly trying to kill you for whatever piece of junk the plot has decided is important this month.

The Fragile MacGuffin [+400]
Whatever valuable, irreplaceable object you need to protect, deliver, or steal in this jump (up to and including your golden ticket, if you're carrying one) has been quietly swapped out for a version made of thin glass, cheap plastic, or paper so old and dry it crumbles at a glance. Drop it, clip it against a doorframe, get shoved during even the most minor scuffle, and it doesn't dent or scuff: it shatters, snaps, or tears. So if you suffer just one bout of bad luck having the golden ticket, good luck trying to get back to the normal world, or trying to get into the action hero world in the first place.

Obligatory Annoying Kid Escort Quest [+400, Exclusive to Action Hero]

Somewhere along the way, you get saddled with a plucky young kid - maybe Danny himself, maybe some equivalent this world's cooked up specifically for you -and now they're your responsibility. You'll have to escort them, protect them, and even become their full-time guardian if necessary. They're resourceful, mouthy, and full of exactly the kind of confidence that gets a kid into trouble they can't get themselves out of. And if trouble doesn't find them on its own, they'll go looking for it: wandering off mid-crisis, talking back to the wrong henchman, or deciding they can help with the heist right when things are the most dangerous. Keep them alive and reasonably unharmed for the full ten years, and you'll have earned yourself a loyal companion by the end of it. Fail, and this world doesn't soften the blow just because they were a kid.

Terminate Hard: First Blood [+600]

You've been cast as this franchise's ultimate villain of the week, and the studio spared no expense hunting you down. Three A-list, multi-million-dollar action stars have been deployed specifically to end your story: each one running on maximum main-character energy, flawless plot armor, guns that never seem to run empty no matter how long the firefight drags on, and a complete, script-mandated refusal to lose. They'll survive falls that should kill them, walk out of explosions you were sure finished the job, and keep coming no matter how many times you think you've dealt with them for good. They can be killed (nothing here is truly invincible), but don't mistake that for an easy fight. They will scale to any perk you bought here, being a genuine, standing threat to your life as long as this jump lasts. Good luck.

Sun Tzu's Nightmare [+600]

Somewhere along the way, every criminal in this world got tired of losing to plot convenience and adapted. Gone are the days of a henchman pausing mid-fight to explain the plan, or a boss sparing your companion just to twist the knife later. What's left is a criminal underworld running on ruthless common sense and sharp strategic thinking: they shoot to kill the first chance they get, they carry high-caliber armor-piercing rounds instead of the standard-issue movie sidearm, and they coordinate flanking maneuvers with the kind of discipline you'd expect from a real military unit, not a mob of disposable goons. Even if you're a villain yourself, don't expect professional courtesy. The competition in your own line of work has gotten smarter, colder, and considerably less interested in giving you, or anyone, the dramatic showdown this world used to guarantee. Surviving this version of the underworld means being genuinely better than the people trying to kill you.

The Cinematic Crossover [+600]

The borders between movies have completely broken down, and the worst things put to film have noticed you. Every six months, a villain, monster, or threat from a completely different, much darker movie franchise will bleed into your reality with the sole objective of hunting you down. You might be solving a standard mobster crime one day, only to suddenly be hunted by a Xenomorph, a T-800, or a dream-stalking slasher villain the next. They bring all their native powers with them, and they do not care about the plot of the current movie. Good luck.

Ending

Ten years of car chases, one-liners, and explosions timed to your dramatic entrances have come to a close. Roll credits. But before they do, you've got a choice to make about where the story goes from here.

Stay

The projector shuts off, and this world becomes the only one that matters. Whatever you've built here - your reputation, your relationships, your place in Jack Slater's Los Angeles or the ordinary world beside it - becomes permanent. Your jumper origin ends, and you settle in for good as a full-fledged resident of Last Action Hero, rule of cool and all.

Return Home

You've had your run through the screen, and now it's time to step back through it for good. Take everything you've earned and go home to whatever world you started this whole journey from, movie logic and all, left behind you like a photograph from a trip you'll never forget.

Move On

The ticket's still warm, and there's another screen waiting somewhere. Take what you've gained here and step through to your next jump, ready for whatever story comes next. The credits roll on this world, but they're not rolling on you.

Changelog and Notes

V 1.0 - First Edition.
v 1.1 - Added Obligatory Annoying Kid Escort Quest drawback, limited how much CP you can gain from drawbacks to 1200 CP.