

80s Action Movies Jump

Welcome, Jumper, to the world of 80s Action Movies. This world is a lot like your own 1980s, but... a bit more explosive. There are Soviet plots around every corner, every crook has a rocket launcher, and the Secret Service had to fend off 163 attempts to kidnap the President's Daughter this year. There aren't any real superpowers in the offing, but there are an awful lot of useful skills, and who knows? The scriptwriters might like you...

Here's some bullets, er, Choice Points, to get you ready. +1000 CP

Backgrounds:

First, you gotta figure out who you are. These memories are sometimes vague and contradictory, but help determine your place in this world.

Drop-In: Free

You wake up one day in your bed... which promptly explodes. And then the people outside start machine-gunning your house. Best start finding some friends fast, because you have no memories of this world to guide you.

Arnold Schwarzenegger: 100 CP

You're a heavily muscled soldier with a very thick accent. You're part of a unit that eats Green Berets for breakfast, and you keep getting sent to fight wars in the jungle. Though you may be slow, you're almost unstoppable by conventional weaponry. Your muscles are so thick they serve as armor, and even if you are fought off once, you'll be back.

Bruce Willis: 100 CP

You're just a tough cop in NYC. Policing in the Big Apple is harder than you'd think, though, especially when every hoodlum seems to have backup and a machine gun. Ah, well. Keep your wits about you and you'll never truly be unarmed, even though you keep getting in fights while on vacation...

Sylvester Stallone: 100 CP

At a tender age, you learned the sweet science of boxing (or at least of hitting people in the face). Your excellent physical status got you drafted for the Vietnam War, where you served in some places

that nobody's allowed to talk about. Now you're back in the States, but without a job, you're just a drifter... until your country again has need of your services.

Age and Gender:

First, roll 1d8 and add 22. That's how old you are, even if that doesn't make sense for your current job (or pay 50 CP to choose your age). Then you can choose your gender; becoming male is free, and you can retain your current gender, or you can pay 50 CP to become female. You don't roll for locations here; you're just in America, somewhere.

Skills:

Not just anybody can be the star. Here are those skills you need to make sure that you survive a world of action, explosions, and car chases.

One-Liner: Free

You have a natural talent for one-liners. Sometimes intimidating your foes, sometimes daring them to battle, or just sarcastic responses to orders from your superiors, you have a good scriptwriter always able to help (or at least that's what most watchers think). You've got good pre- and post-mortem quotes for those you've killed, and, as a bonus, you have a badass name. Unfortunately, you can't prevent yourself from making those jokes, at least so long as you're here.

Bulging Muscles: Free

You are BUILT. You have muscles like a Mr. Universe competitor, or a long-time steroid user, but without any of the typical drawbacks. You're generally very fit and tough, and are quite strong in all areas of muscular strength. The only problem is that occasionally your muscles are TOO large or bulky. But that's not much of a tradeoff, is it?

Don't Look at Explosions: 100 CP, Free Drop-In

Big booms are your friends. When a large explosion happens, you just aren't as affected as everyone else, especially if you have time to prepare. If you turn away from an explosion and have put on a pair of sunglasses (or put down a visor) within the last 5 seconds, or if you are walking calmly away, you can be assured the worst that will happen is a light buffet.

Commando: 100 CP, free Schwarzenegger

You're a weapons expert. You could pass the hardest accuracy tests in the world with any weapon, while blind in one eye. You're able to make even spray and pray suppressive fire lethal, and are trained on pretty much any firearm and explosive device you can think of. Also, you're experienced enough you can make very fanciful and dramatic tricks while reloading, such as doing so one-handed.

Boxer: 100 CP, free Stallone:

You're a master at beating people up. Blunt trauma (with your hands, wrenches, pipes, and chairs) is your paintbrush, and other people's skulls are your canvas. You know just how to hit people for maximum effect, and can easily knock people out with a punch. Even more rare, you know how to pull punches to knock people out without causing any permanent injury, and you even know to the minute when they'll wake up.

Hidden Talent: 100 CP, Free Willis:

You have a hidden talent. You're an astronomer, a pop singer, or a cordon-bleu chef. It's at least a reasonable sideline for when you're suspended from the force, and you never know when it'll be useful. After all, that time in Bogota that you needed to serve as a wedding planner to get the cartel kingpin out of hiding still ended with him in cuffs, and that's all that matters.

Vehicular Mayhem: 100 CP

Anything you ride around in (or on) is unnaturally tough. You can send your car barreling through walls, and hide behind your truck's open door like it's a bulletproof wall. Anybody shooting at you in a vehicle will leave only holes in the windshield. However, when a vehicle finally does give up the ghost, it will do so in an explosive fireball (no matter how senseless that is). If your RIB gets punctured by a hail of arrows, best get off fast, because it'll still explode.

Ambidexterity: 100 CP

You're truly ambidextrous. It's useful for all those times that one pistol (or machine gun) just isn't enough. It's also a vital survival tool for all those times the angle just doesn't work, and when you've taken a dramatic shoulder wound so you can't use your primary arm.

Swim Like a SEAL: 100 CP

You're trained in pretty much every method of infiltration and exfiltration. A five mile swim is a day in the park, you can climb Everest without oxygen, and you're a HALO master parachutist. You're a runner, a rappeller, and can even ski and surf really well. If there's a method of getting to place to place that you can pretend your muscles make you good at, you're an expert.

Old Age and Treachery: 100 CP

No matter how old you are, you can still kick ass and keep up your muscle mass. Those cigarettes never really do you any harm, and you're always incredibly spry for a man your age. Up until literally your dying breath, you'll still be in peak physical condition as far as fighting and any stunts are concerned. Your wounds will cause pain in the winter, but don't expect arthritis to keep you from being a fast draw.

Explosive Environments: 200 CP, Discount Drop-In

The whole world is just a little more fragile around you, but usually in a way that helps. Even if you're not that strong, you can break down any door with one good kick, and even the toughest locks can easily be shot off. In a fight people you punch keep getting embedded in drywall or thrown through benches.

Ain't Got Time to Bleed: 200 CP, Discount Schwarzenegger

When your adrenaline kicks in, it really kicks. You have a truly insane pain tolerance, and you can keep going through almost lethal injuries through sheer force of will. Someone blows off your arm? Beat 'em to death with it! You don't actually heal any faster, but you can keep going when pain and shock would stop a lesser man.

Inventive: 200 CP, Discount Willis:

You have an eye for inventive combinations of environmental hazards and improvised weapons. You know the best way to fold a chair to beat people with it, and are an expert at breaking bottles to make weapons. You don't even cut yourself using shards of glass as a knife (well, you might, but it'll just be superficial and dramatic bleeding). Even bigger tools are fair game; there was one time you took out a helicopter with a car.

Ghost of the Forest: 200 CP, Discount Stallone

You are most at home in the woods. You're a master of trapping, tracking, and hunting, able to make traps and weapons with just a knife and some sticks. Your skills with a bow are impeccable,

and you never snap a twig you don't intend when you're stalking. If the limbs hold up to your weight, you can even brachiate!

I'm Just A Cook: 200 CP

Despite your bulging muscles and poorly hidden firearms, you're excellent at convincing people that you're harmless. You're skilled with your body language and facial expressions, and are able to present a façade of nonaggression that will convince almost anyone to ignore you. At least until you actually start shooting.

Theme Music: 200 CP

You have a leitmotif that mysteriously plays in the background whenever you do something awesome. It's perfectly to your taste, and others can hear it as well if you wish them to; you can also change your theme music with just a moment's thought. You may also begin to hear mysterious background music at other times, possibly warning you in general of what's about to happen if you pay close enough attention. By the time your ten years are up, you'll have a background track all the time that all can hear... unless you want to turn it off to sneak in somewhere.

Professor Jumper: 200 CP

Sometime in between all the explosions, you managed to get your Doctorate in Archeology. While you know the proper ways to identify and excavate a site, in this world you often end up... breaking the rules a bit. You're a master at identifying and surviving traps, whether made 1000 years ago or yesterday, and have uncanny skill with a whip. Also, you can identify most mystical artefacts you uncover!

Call Me Snake: 200 CP

Everyone's heard of you, but they've also heard somewhere that you're dead. You can usually bluff your way into and out of places just by using your real name (after all, he's not around anymore). Also, you're very intimidating; you can tell people that you'll kill them later and they'll actually show up. Even better if you're wearing an eyepatch.

Goddamn Sexual Tyrannosaurus: 600 CP, Discount Drop-In

You're irresistible. You have a natural animal magnetism that's unmatched, and incredible sexual endurance. You have the chops to seduce El Presidente's nubile daughter, the skills to convince her to join your rebellion, and the stamina to survive when it turns out she has 11 sisters.

Terminator: 600 CP discount Schwarzenegger:

You are even stronger than your muscles would demonstrate. You can lift a small car, though not over your head. Further, your muscle mass and strength means you can carry and fire any weapon smaller than a car, and fire huge guns one-handed without worrying about recoil. While you're not so accurate, who needs accuracy when you're firing anti-aircraft weapons one-handed?

Now I Have a Machine Gun, Ho Ho Ho: 600 CP, Discount Willis

You're good at stealing and repurposing the weapons of your enemies. Like, really good. You may not know how to use your own gun, but just by watching them use theirs you can be a better shot than they are. Even weird integrated weapons. Also, you always seem to find ammunition on the bodies of your enemies (even if you swear they ran out) and their stuff is never in too poor a state for you to use.

Expendables: 600 CP, Discount Stallone:

You can gather a crew of allies for "One Last Job." Only usable once a year, but 6-10 veteran soldiers of the setting will appear to aid you. They're expert killers, and have some other talents (piloting and demolitions are the most likely), so you can expect them to go through far more than their fair share of enemies, but they'll take losses as well. And you have to share the spotlight; they all want their fair share of "screentime."

If It Bleeds...: 800 CP:

You have a truly unnatural talent for killing. You can kill things that normally don't die. This perk doesn't grant any special weapons, or any other skills, but even things like gods and immortal beings will, for some reason, lose those protections in combat with you. If you can beat them in a fight, you can kill them. Permanently. Of course, you can't just wish them dead; you've got to do the deed with a handgun, a knife, or your bare fists. Some really big gods might die and stay dead if you kill them by ramming a ship into them or piloting a huge mechanical war machine, but it's gotta be a pretty fair fight; and you definitely don't want to find out you were wrong and they can still come back. If there's no dramatic tension or huge struggle, it's probably a sign that you messed up, and you'll have a very angry (and prepared) immortal after you soon.

Items:

Pick up some props... er, equipment... to keep you alive. You can win with your bare fists, sure, but sometimes a good gun is even cooler.

Bandanna: 50 CP, Free Stallone:

This bandanna looks very nice, in addition to holding back your hair. When worn, it lets you summon a slight and dramatic breeze to toss your wind/jacket/poncho in the air, and maybe make you a little harder to hit by people who aren't good shots.

Cool Shades: 50 CP, Free Schwarzenegger:

This pair of cool-looking wrap-around sunglasses is mirrored and polarized. The shades themselves are almost indestructible, and they make you look very imposing (and hide which way you're looking). Further, they have a small Heads-Up-Display showing how many casualties you've caused since the last time you reset them.

Muscle Shirt: 50 CP, Free Willis

You have a plain-looking white undershirt. It shows off your muscles to best effect at all times, and though it's thin you can still hide things beneath it (like a badge around your neck). While you'll get hurt plenty, the shirt itself is almost undamageable.

Weapon of Choice: 50 CP

Pick your favorite gun. It's better if it's large, manly, loud, and inaccurate, especially if it shoots huge bullets. Whatever gun it is, you now have one, tricked out to your specifications and with a sizeable number of reloads. Not that anyone's keeping track of ammo....

Place in the Mountains: 100 CP

You've got a nice place you can hide out, wherever you go. It doesn't have all the amenities, but it's in gorgeous terrain, and you have room for 10 friends (so long as they're friends) to come get away from it all. Your enemies would have to be psychic to find you here... you hope. Anyway, you've got backups wherever you are just in case your hideaway does get discovered.

KABAR: 100 CP

You have a large and impressive combat knife. It's up to a foot of hardened steel, and it may be blackened or have serrations to look really cool (though they don't compromise its effectiveness.). It's always sharp (though you keep sharpening it anyway) and will cut through nearly anything, as well as being balanced for throwing. Also, you keep being able to hide it when people really should know better.

Stunt Double: 100 CP

This guy is your perfect double, at least to the eye. He (or she) looks just like you, no matter what form you happen to be in. He's perfect to make a distraction or an alibi, but isn't very good in a fight, and doesn't gain the benefits of being whatever you look like. He can become a Companion if you wish, but he oddly won't mind dying for you again and again, probably due to his tendencies as a total adrenaline junkie willing to perform any stunt.

Arms Cache: 200 CP

At one point you were worried about the Soviet invasion, so you prepared. Now you've got squirreled away somewhere a few huge weapons dumps, with enough explosives and bullets to arm you for the next war. You do keep forgetting where you left them all, but you're pretty sure there's one in every city you're likely to visit... ever. Each with enough firepower to outfit a company.

Ammo Belt Armor: 200 CP

You have a huge belt of ammo. Despite the actual way guns work, this belt somehow accepts ammunition placed into it and then feeds to a belt-fed weapon, feeding without kinks or jams no matter how convoluted the belt. You can even wrap the bullets around yourself and use it as armor (about as effective as a normal bulletproof vest) and still feed to the gun.

Bulletproof Vest: 200 CP

This bulletproof vest will stop anything up to tank shells. For some reason, it even stops things like instant-death magic blasts, if they hit you in a covered area. Unfortunately, it's normally ruined after one use. The only way to keep using it is making sure it's safe after every time you're hit by ripping open your shirt to expose the vest and look down in wonder.

Endless Magazine: 200 CP

This magazine is literally bottomless. You can load it FAR past its capacity, and it just keeps accepting bullets. While you do have to actually have the bullets to begin with, your reloading days are over. Also, the magazine itself can easily be changed to fit any weapon that uses magazines.

Laptop: 200 CP

Some form of "Computer," you're not really sure how this thing works. You type on it and magic happens. If you have a sufficiently technologically adept friend, he or she can use it to work real magic. They have to type in binary, and it's just green and black, but this machine can hack into anything that vaguely runs on electronics.

Muscle Car: 200 CP

You have a very cool car. It's a classic of American Heavy Metal, but it's pretty fast, and surprisingly durable. It gets terrible gas mileage, but keeps running after almost getting blown up again and again. Also, has plenty of places to hide guns. Or girlfriends, or bodies.

Drawbacks:

You can pick up to three Drawbacks, totaling no more than 600 CP, to make your time here a little more interesting.

B-Movie: +0

There is something very weird going on. People seem like they're just not into anything they're saying, when what they were going to say made sense in the first place, and seem to forget what they were about to do. People randomly change size or shape when they get into fights, and explosions seem to follow a few seconds AFTER you fire a gun (or even before). Walls are made of paper (sometimes literally) and the world in general is just not 3-d. In general, life is like the most ridiculous 80s B-Movies.

PTSD: +100 CP

You have very crippling Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. Or at least it would be diagnosed as crippling; it doesn't actually affect you in combat situations. It just means you have to stay in a dark and broody mood, and don't sleep well at all.

Prop Weapons: +100 CP

While guns are very useful, yours seem to all have an unusual problem (even those you pick up from corpses). You can't seem to reload them! You've gotta just keep switching guns whenever one runs

out. You might be able to reload them later, in a moment of peace and silence, but in a battle? Once that magazine's out, better grab a new pistol.

Knowing is Half the Battle: +100 CP

Your whole life seems to turn into some Public Service Announcement. Every time you do anything "immoral" it turns out really badly for you, and you keep getting roped into doing speeches for kids on the benefits of "playing fair" despite your tendency for killing people with a knife. On the plus side, you can practically tell who's going to try to kill you next by who starts cursing or doing drugs.

Bad Script: +100 CP

Your one-liners fail. You just don't have proper timing, or you can't have the decorum to only make jokes when the BAD guys die, or you just sound like an idiot. Unfortunately, you can't keep from making them anyway.

Stormtrooper Academy Graduate: +200 CP

You just can't seem to hit what you aim at, despite being a brilliant special forces soldier with experience in dozens of warzones. You take hundreds of bullets to kill even the simplest of mooks, as you end up shooting their guns, the wall, the chandelier, a duck, the floor, and pretty much anything vaguely nearby; even a lethal weapon is pretty much just a hope that you get lucky. Best bring a lot of ammunition, as you'll need it.

Easy Way Out: +200 CP

Everyone you interrogate always has a cyanide pill, a hidden derringer, or some other way to kill themselves. You'll have to do actual sleuthing! And hope you don't have to interrogate any spies! At least you're apparently REALLY intimidating?

Suburban Hellhole: +200 CP

The whole world's in a sorry state. There are wars all over the place, the crime rate's risen 400% in the last year, and even honest citizens are having to carry to keep themselves alive. Expect gunfights to break out even quicker than normal, and you'll probably end up having to police the place somehow. There are rumors the government's even considered making some Mega-City, or blocking parts off to contain the crime....

One Riot, One Ranger: +300 CP

You're the only man the whole world can call on for help. No matter what the problem is, you get sent in alone. Gang riots covering the whole city? Call for Detective Jumper. Libya's on the warpath? Agent Jumper can handle it. Somebody's got a bunch of Soviet nuclear weapons? Send Colonel Jumper and his team... Oh, his team's already dead. Expect to have a lot of trouble.

Last Action Hero: +300 CP

While your jobs here are just as hard, the rest of the world doesn't seem to play by the Action Movie rules. If you get in a car chase, you WILL get suspended for a year, and if your top secret mission "happens" to cross into another nation's territory, you won't get absolved if you succeed; you'll get tried by the Hague.

"There Are No Friendly Civilians": +300 CP

EVERYONE seems to hate you. Cops want you run out of town for vagrancy, or generally suspect you of being a criminal; shopkeepers will charge you extra, and refuse to serve you on some silly "no shirt, no service" inanity; and even your superiors seem to want you gone ASAP, even down to giving you explosive time limits to complete your missions. You'll find no friends here, sir.

Get To Da Choppah: +400 CP

You have a special friend you must guard throughout your time here. She may be the President's daughter, your own 10-year old son, or a famous scientist, but in any case they're otherwise defenseless. Your enemies will find out about them if you're not careful, and if they get killed you fail. Your time in this world is now the most hated of things; an Escort Mission.

End:

So, you've survived ten years. Though you probably have a few more dramatic scars, you now have a choice to make. In any case, all of your drawbacks become a non-issue, and your memories implanted by a background are now just a bad screenplay. You keep all your items, abilities, and powers, no matter what you choose.

Box Office Flop:

It's time to go home. This world just doesn't hold your interest anymore, and there's no place left to go. You wake up at home in the real world.

Action Movie 2: Electric Boogaloo

Why would you leave? They love you here, you've got a nice love interest and you've handled most of the bad guys. The president even gave you a medal! You can just stay here and keep living the life of an 80s Action Hero.

Action Hero In Space:

On the other hand, you could just keep moving. There's always a new place to try out, and there are always more bad guys who need to be fed a lifetime supply of lead and explosions. Maybe you'll end up somewhere interesting?