

# Let the World Burn

Peter Fallesen

A Freeform Game for Fastaval 2012

A scenario by Peter Fallesen, originally for Fastaval 2012.  
Translated by Rasmus Husted Legêne, Lizzie Stark and Peter Fallesen

Thanks:

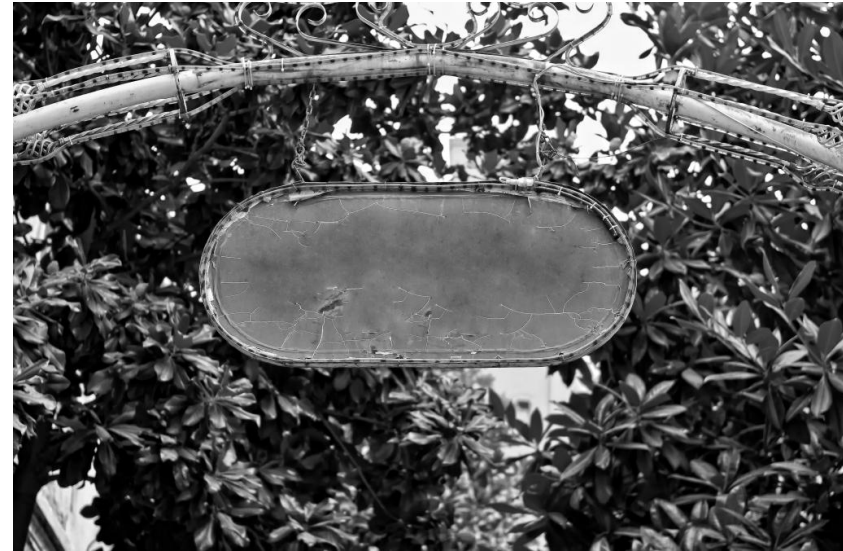
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Inspiration: «You, my You» by Christina Hesselholdt, «Wuthering Heights» by Emily Brönte, «In the Country of Last Things» by Paul Auster, and «Three Uses of the Knife» by David Mamet.

*Let the World Burn* is a planB-production - *This Revolution Will Not Be Televised*



# Contents

Preface for the English Version	3
Introduction	4
1 About the Game	5
2 Narrative, game-mechanics, and rules	8
3 Warm up	11
4 Running the game	14
A Soundtrack	21
B The Rules	22
C The warm up	23
D Overview of the game	24

## Preface for the English Version

This game was originally written for the Danish convention Fastaval. It was always my intention to translate the game after Fastaval was over, but we all know what the road to hell is paved with. Luckily, Lizzie Stark gave me the necessary kick over the shins that got me started on doing a proper translation (together with Rasmus Husted Legêne). The translation deviates slightly from the Danish original, since I deemed it necessary to explain certain aspects in more detail to international reader not necessarily familiar with the Nordic freeform tradition.

Let the World Burn is, in many ways, a very personal project. It started as a reflection upon my earlier games, but at some point it took on a life of its own. I hope you will enjoy it. Just don't ask me what the game is about, because, honestly, I don't know.

Peter Fallesen

Copenhagen, Summer 2012

# Introduction

*To love is to give something you do not have...  
...to someone who do not want it*

Love - defined as the fantasy about true LOVE - is impossible. It is giving something you don't possess, an absence in yourself. If you try to force LOVE into existence, you end up destroying the thing you wanted to enrich. Your gift is something the other does not want, something that is not lacking in yourself. Something which cannot exist is being forced upon the world. Such an act is fundamentalism at its purest. Let the World Burn is a story about what happens when fundamentalists burning with the fire of love refuse to accept the impossible nature of love, while the world crumbles around them. It is a game that emphasizes the experience of love and destruction and focuses on the interaction between the characters within a lingering, poetic setting.

The story in so many words:

P.E. has lost his beloved Q, but chooses to repress her death. Instead he ventures into an absurd cityscape to retrieve her. A small group caught up in his delusion follows him. Their search becomes an obsession that slowly crumbles the world around them. In the end they will be forced to either confront their actions in the ruins of reality, or destroy themselves and reality in denial of their loss.

From this point onwards, I do not provide any explanations or reasons for the structure of the game. I have my understanding of the scenario, you will hopefully, as game-master, develop your own, and the players will develop theirs. None of these will be wrong and none of them will be unequivocally true. The game belongs to you now; do with it as you see fit! But, please tell me all about it afterwards.

/Peter

# Chapter 1

## About the Game

Dear Game-master,

This chapter provides a short overview of the game, the setting, and the characters. Later chapters will go into detail with these aspects more thoroughly. The primary function of these pages is to provide you with a general idea about the form of the game, hopefully, so you won't need to rifle too much back and forth through the pages during the remainder of the read.

### To let the world burn

The fanatic does not question her belief. Instead she goes to her death for it, willing to take the rest of the world with her. That is the essence of letting the world burn: To hold such a powerful belief that nothing – not even reality – is allowed to stand in its way.

The characters in *Let the World Burn* (LtWB) believe in love and Q is the symbol of their belief. The characters will never – before the absolute end of the game – be able to realize that Q is dead. However, the players know this prior to the start of the game (it is your job as GM to tell them). The aim of the dualism between in- and off-game knowledge is to create a dramatic irony between what the characters do and say, and the knowledge the people playing them hold. Knowledge that will never be available for the characters.

### It is normal!

LtWB takes place in the *City*. It is not important where the City is located. It is a place similar to our world, yet different. Abstract notions like *(Tethered) Love* and *(Creational) Destruction* move around among its other citizens – sometimes expressed as animals or objects, other times as individuals, and sometimes just present

without body or form. This is all normal! Whatever the characters meet during their wanderings in the City, it is normal! When the wine bottle starts talking to them, it is normal. If the bartender behind the counter is (Tethered) Love, it is normal. When deceased individuals interact with the world through their non-existing bodies, well – it is normal. At the same time the City is slowly disappearing around the characters. This is problematic. This is dangerous. This is normal.

The players help construct the City in the start of the game, later having the option of tearing it all down. To what extent the players want to make the City surreal, or turn it into a place not unlike Copenhagen, London, New York or some other familiar place, is up to them and you as game-master.

**A few things in the City are not subject to change:** A river runs through the city, and on one bank is the old part of town. Besides that there is a graveyard in the old town.

### The City's destruction

The players each create a part of the city as a physical manifestation of their characters. The players (or, the characters) can change anything within the game fiction by narrating how something in their part of city disappears or is laid to waste. Every player can do it once in every act. If a player does it in the third act s/he has to narrate how the city-part collapses and/or is completely devastated. The game mechanic is detailed on page 9.

### The characters

There are five characters in LtWB. It is unclear how many of them are physical beings, and how many are mere figments of the imagination. Three of them are the lead cast in the story (P.E., C, and O.D.) and the two others are supporting cast ((Tethered) Love and (Creational) Destruction). This divide is only relevant for their position in the story. All five characters are equally relevant in regard to the game experience, screen time, and influence on the narrative. The difference is that primary interest for the lead cast is to find Q, while the supporting cast is more interested in how Q is found. The five characters are:

**P.E.:** The romantic suicide bomber. Believes that his love for Q is the very reason for his existence. Unreflected and uncompromising. Brutally honest. Frighteningly dangerous.

**C:** Suburbanly trapped yearning. Has lived the entire middle class package. Has in Q found a catalyst for the yearnings he has suppressed his life. C is dead and residing in P.E.'s pocket, in a matchbox with C's baby teeth. Moves around in the world in his non-existing body.

**O.D.:** Decadent hedonist. Believes in nothing and is hurling towards the edge at break-neck speed. Knows deep down that life is empty and meaningless. Is endlessly lonely. Sees Q as his savior and as the possibility of finding meaning in his life.

**(Tethered) Love:** Has lost his/her edge. Love has become soft - a self righteous hippie without the passion of yorn. A passion that once set entire nations at war over a stolen wife. Wants to show that love is far healthier when it is a steady warm flame than when it is a blazing fire. Sees Q as the anchor point for displaying this.

**(Creational) Destruction:** The good devil. Honest and direct. Knows that something must perish for something new to arise. Sees Q as a dynamo for change; a way to wake a slumbering world that has forgotten how to FEEL. The only one that knows that the world is disappearing.

#### The character's motivations:

**P.E.** - The love for Q is his everything

**C** - Q holds the possibility for him to realize his dreams

**O.D.** - Q can save him from the emptiness inside

**(T)L** - Q can become the stabilizing power

**(C)D** - Q is the necessary power of change

#### The gamemastering style

LtWB is meant to be a slow, poetic, and slightly peculiar game. As the GM you should convey this by making your descriptions cinematic: dwell upon details in the world and emphasize the small things that make the City a little peculiar and mystical. Cut scenes and cut between scenes shamelessly. Scenes need to be interesting, or else they should be cut. Note that interesting is not necessarily the same as loud or action-filled. There will be more examples in the chapter about running the game. Note also that the game has a soundtrack consisting of a single track - see page21.



## Chapter 2

# Narrative, game-mechanics, and rules

### The narrative

At the start of the game the character are gathered around a newly covered grave. The characters present the parts of the city and each other. After this act 1 starts.

The first act takes place partly at a wake at a bar and partly during the characters' search for Q the night before. The act explores the characters' relationships to Q and to each other. The act ends when the characters realize that Q is somewhere in the old part of town across the Bridge over the Past (which is an actual bridge).

The second act is set partly on the Bridge over the Past, and in five flashback scenes set by the players. Q has written a long letter to everyone and no-one on the bridge's deck boards. The characters can read from the letter while crossing the bridge. The bridge is precisely as long as the second act. At the bridge's end lies an old cemetery.

In the third act the character are back at the cemetery. A faceless crowd separates them from Qs calling voice that sound from deeper within the graves. A statue of an angel with a shattered face stands before them. The angel forces the characters to examine their love for Q and the pain that love has caused them. This is done by returning the characters to frozen moments from the flashback scenes. Behind them the bridge erupts into flames. In the end P.E., C, and O.D. have to decide whether it is (Tethered) Love or (Creational) Destruction that gets to determine if the search for Q should continue further beyond the borders of reality or if the search for Q (and with that love itself) must be abandoned. If the search continues the characters are forced to face Qs death while the world ends around them. If they abandon the search they return to the City while love forever leaves them.

## The Destruction System

Each player expresses his or her character as a part of the City in the prologue. The City-part is a resource that the players can use to change the game's narrative and reality. The players can change anything within the fiction - who is there, where they are, what has happened, they can dictate other character's action, etc. They can also change a scene that has just been played, retaking it under the player's new set of directions. It is not possible to bring Q back to life.

*The game mechanic works as follows:* The player interrupts whatever is going on and gives a short narration about how something in his or her part of the city breaks, disappears and/or are destroyed. Thereafter the player describes what it is s/he wants to change in the scene or in the story. The Destruction-system has a large impact on the story and the game - so make sure that the players are mindful of the responsibility inherent in using the game-mechanic. Earlier test-runs of the game have also showed that it is necessary to make the players feel secure using the game-mechanic. While they do have a responsibility for the joined experience, they should not be afraid to ruin the game - it is rather robust, but they should of course only use the game-mechanic when it enhances the experience.

The Destruction System has two purposes - one for the player and another for the character. The player can use it to enrich a scene or the story, the character can use it to further his or her own ingame

agenda. Each player can only use the Destruction System one time in each of the three act. When used in the third act, the player has to describe how his or her city-part are utterly destroyed.



## Rules for the acts

### First act

*It is all about Q.* During the first act all players must tell a story about their characters' experiences with Q. Whether they want to do it as a short narration or part of an ingame conversation is completely up to them. If the players do not start to this by themselves, prompt them by asking about their relationship with Q. The story has to be set in the players' own part of the city.

### Second act

*No one returns from the past unchanged.* Each players must set a flashback scene during the act. The scene should focus on some sort of conflict concerning Q, and start at the apex of the conflict. There shall be at least two of the characters present in the scene. Q can never be in the scene, but has always either just left or is about to arrive. Other players can play supporting roles if needed.

### 3. akt

*Love hurts.* The characters will in the third act revisit frozen moments from the earlier flashback scenes. Here they will be offered a final possibility for reflecting upon the impact Q has had upon their lives.



# Chapter 3

## Warm up

### Opvarmning

Start by explaining the basic concept of the game to the players. Make it clear that Q is dead, but that the characters don't know this, or refuse to acknowledge it. Tell them about the city. Make it clear that the shape of the game is theirs to influence, including descriptions and objects in the scenes. Explain how the game does not have to progress chronologically and that a few scenes are locked. Refer to the list on page 23.

Then take the players out on the floor and perform a few warm up exercises:

- Word association. Place the players in a circle, and tell the player on your right/left a word. S/he then tells the next in the circle the first word that pops into her or his head and so forth. Keep it running until everybody associates freely without pause.

- Mimicking. Still in the circle, the first player pulls a face and show it to the player adjacent. This player mimics the face, and then slowly transforms it into a new expression, that is showed to next player and so forth.
- Counting to ten. Still in the circle, the players have to count to ten as a group without talking to each other. Only one person is allowed to say a number at a time. If two or more say a number at the same time, they restart the counting from one.

After the exercises, turn to the game-specific warm up detailed below.

### Setting flashback scenes

In the second act, each player has to set up one flashback scene. It must contain at least two of the game characters, and it must focus on a conflict. Focusing the scene on a conflict means that whoever sets the scene makes it clear what the conflict is, and starts the scene at the apex of the conflict.

Example: Bo and Carsten are roommates, but they don't really like each other. Bo often sneaks into Carsten's room and reads his mail. We start the scene just as Carsten comes into his room and sees Bo sitting on the bed, reading a letter from Carsten's mom.

Let the players play five high school friends who haven't seen each other in four years, but with plenty of conflict waiting to surface. They can pick their own names. Now let them set scenes from their time in high school. Each scene must contain at least two characters, and *it has to focus on a conflict*. Let them play out one or two scenes.

Now switch out one of the roles so that s/he now plays *Envy* instead. S/he can decide for themselves whether the Envy appears as one or more objects in the scene, or as a concept with the ability to speak directly to the other characters. Let the players play out one or two scenes more.

Now introduce the destruction system and let one of the players use it by changing something in the scene they just played. Let the player use his childhood neighbourhood or town as example on the

place that it hit by the destruction. Emphasize that the system is a central part of the game, and that the players should never shy away from using it.

### Casting and character buildup

Now it is time to hand out the characters to the players. Give *(Tethered) Love* and *(Creational) Destruction* to the most mature players, those who have the easiest time creating something by themselves. C should go to the most extroverted person, or to the one who most likes acting. P.E. should go to the youngest player, or to the immersionist. Give O.D. to a player who is active without stealing the spotlight, otherwise the character easily dominates scenes. Let the players read the roles and answer any questions afterwards.

*Make sure that it is clear that (Tethered) Love and (Creational) Destruction are characters*, i.e. P.E. can easily tell (Tethered) Love to fuck off and so on. It is only their appearance that separates (Creational) Destruction and (Tethered) Love from the other characters - they can manifest in different forms, both characters, objects and concepts.

Now begin the last part of the warm up. Ask the players to imagine their character as an object. Once everyone has an object, ask them, one at a time, to describe their object through the absence of it and without using its name:

Eksempel: Example: My character is best described as a chair. I explain: “You enter a room where everyone is standing. They seem awkward because the table is too low for them to stand straight and reach the food. Several of them stand on shaky legs because it has been a long dinner. (And so forth).”

Everyone describes his or her object. Encourage long descriptions, several minutes each if possible. After this, let them tell what their object was. Now start the game.

Let the World Burn is driven by the interactions between the characters. Because of this, the scenes must be seen as a framework for character interactions, and as a tool for challenging the characters' thoughts and feelings concerning Q and each other.

## Chapter 4

# Running the game

Start by asking the players to imagine their character expressed as a part of The City. The part can be as big as they like and can be as ordinary or surreal as they want. It is entirely their choice. Put “Padraic, My prince” on the stereo while the players are given time to imagine their part of The City. Start the Prologue when the song ends.

The destruction system can entail that you have to deviate from the scene descriptions in this chapter. Keep the structure of the scenes intact in the acts, but changing Q from painter to a sculptor or letting The Bridge Across the Past be made from steel rather than wood, should never limit creativity.

### The Prologue

Start by letting the characters describe the city parts they created. Let (Creative) Destruction start, followed by O.D, P.E, C. and finally (Tethered) Love. Give them time to describe it in detail, and ask about it. Ask questions like “what happens after nightfall?”, “what do the citizens in the rooftop apartments dream about”, “what do you find in the alleys lining the main boulevard” and so forth. Ask questions that forces the player to consider details as you explore the hidden aspects of the city parts and characters. Let everyone tell about their city part.

*CUT*

Describe for the players how one, maybe three, maybe five shapes circle a freshly covered grave. Describe the cemetery as old, dilapidated and overgrown. It has large, rough looking

gravestones and a moss covered stone wall encircling it all. The grave is recently covered, the earth not yet sunk in. There is no gravestone yet, only a long row of burial wreaths cover the earthen mound. The one, maybe 3, maybe 5 shapes look at each other.

Ask the characters to describe each other. Make P.E. tell about C, C about (Tethered) Love, (Tethered) Love about O.D., O.D. about (Creational) Destruction, and (Creational) Destruction about P.E.

*Cut and go to act one.*



## Act 1

First act takes place at two different times between which we cross cut. One part takes place while the characters are at a wake in a bar. The other takes place the night before where they started their search for Q.

There is a rule for the Act: Everyone must tell one story about an experience they had with Q. The experience must take place in the characters city part. It can either be told ingame or as a narrative sequence - it is up to the individual player. Make sure to ask the players to talk about their experiences with Q if they don't remember it.

Start the act in P.E. and Q's apartment just as P.E. comes in through the door, C's baby teeth in his pocket and C's non-existent form at his side. O.D. stands in the middle of the apartment, everything overturned by a search. There is no trace of Q. Love and Destruction can decide for themselves if and how they appear in the scene. Tell, in a fitting moment, about how all the pictures of P.E. and Q. that used to be in the apartment are gone. *Cut to the wake when the scene ceases to be interesting.*

The wake takes place in a dark cellar bar. One, perhaps three, perhaps five shapes sit around a table. This part is to give the



players an opportunity to find their characters and each other, so give them space. Push them if they don't get to experiences concerning Q by themselves.

*Cut when the scene loses momentum.*

The hotel where Q works as a night porter. This is an atmosphere scene. Describe the hotel as a small, slightly sleazy place with only a single floor. The reception stands empty. In back, from the hallway with the rooms, one can hear the soft sound of weeping. What used to be white walls are now almost grey. On closer inspection it turns out that the walls are covered in tiny intricate writing. The writing tells incoherent stories of experiences during a war. "Tanks crunching pavement as they move through the streets", "Black birds that pass over the city, leaving their lethal droppings", "Children playing in minefields". Improve other small stories concerning the subject. The weeping can still be heard from the hallway where the rooms are.

As you move down the hallway you see that all the rooms are without doors. One the unkept beds are naked men, their crying keeping them from communicating. A light shines out of the room at the end of the hallway.

The room itself is empty - no furniture, no bed, just hundreds of small white notes. Notes that read: "Where are you?" On the street outside a car hits a streetlight. Nobody notices.

**NB:** Run this scene slowly and meticulously. Make it exactly as

weird as it seems and let the characters explore it without forcing them forward. *Cut when there is nothing more to had from the room at the end of the hallway.*

Go back to the wake and let the players absorb the new information. Give them room for some more play between characters and discuss the previous scene. Suddenly Q's voice is heard from a distorted radio. Her words are unintelligible aside from: "I...it...soon...dark." *Cut when the scene dies out.*

The characters are in Q's small loft. The innumerable self portraits that usually line the walls have all had their faces wiped away with turpentine. The stench of the turpentine drenched rags on the floor is pervasive. Let the characters move around in the loft. Brushes and tubes of paint lie scattered. Outside, on the other side of the street, a house crumbles into rubble.

As soon as the scene becomes uninteresting you let C discover a picture in a corner. It is the picture of a bridge they all know. It leads across the river, to the old part of the city. Above the bridge, where the named used to be, is painted: "The Bridge Across the Past". A yellow post-it sits on the frame. It reads: "I am this way".

*Cut.*

***End of Act 1***

## Act 2

This act takes place on The Bridge Across the Past as the characters move across it. On the deck of the bridge is written a letter from Q. It is addressed to no one, and everyone. As the characters move across the bridge five flashback scenes from their joint past will play out. The act starts at the beginning of the bridge. The players must set the flashback scenes - remind them of the warm up exercise if necessary.

### Rules:

Anyone can read from the letter at any time (That is, everyone has a part in deciding what it says on the deck).

All the players have to set one flashback scene. There must be at least two characters in the scene. The scene must focus on, and start at the apex of, a conflict concerning Q. Q is always on the fringe of the scene, having just left or about to arrive. (Tethered) Love and (Creational) Destruction play themselves and the absence of Q in the scenes.

Anyone can say *Cut* in the flashback scene.

The bridge is exactly as long as second act.

### The Flashback Scenes

It is important that the scenes focus on a conflict between the characters. Don't be afraid to ask the players to specify details, and remind them that they have the destruction system if they wish to change or amplify details.

In the third act the characters will return to two or three of the most intense moments from the flashback scenes so make a note of the best candidates. The best are the ones that provide the most narrative potential, or turning points for specific characters.

### The bridge as a framework

The bridge is built from brown woodwork upon which Q has engraved her letter. The wooden deck rests on stout pillars, also made from wood. It is dark around the characters, the river shrouded by fog. Make the bridge appear as an isolated, magical place in your descriptions. Let the characters hear strange sounds from the fog; see strange lights; let empty boats drift by, or let them hit the pillars of the bridge; and so forth. Keep the descriptions subtle, but give the players the feeling that their characters suddenly feel alone in the world. Make room for play between characters and the reading of segments from the letter in between flashback scenes. Let the characters begin to see the hints of light at the end of the bridge as the act moves to a close.

***End the act with the final sentence of the letter: "It grows dark, everything is dark, everything is over. Love, Q".***

**Act 3**

This act starts at the end of *The Bridge Across the Past*. The characters stand at the gate to a cemetery. Above the closed gate is the statue of an angel with a crushed face. Behind the cast iron gate is the outline of a faceless, pale crowd, frozen as if petrified. Something, maybe Q's voice, can be heard above the rustling of trees in the nighttime winds. The statue (Game Master) explains to the characters that reality stands on the edge the abyss because of the characters search for Q. It is up to P.E., C. and O.D. to decide what is to happen. But first they must reconsider their love to Q. The statue takes the characters back to two to three of the frozen moments from the flashback scenes in act 2. Here they can explore their feelings and the implications of the scene further. After this the three main characters (P.E., C. and O.D.) must decide whether it is (Creative) Destruction or (Tethered) Love that gets to decide whether the search for Q continues or if it is time to give up on it, and hence, on Love.

**Rules:**

(Creative) Destruction or (Tethered) Love is left with the final decision.

Start the act by describing how the characters step out of the fog onto the river bank, the final lines of Q's letter still clear in their

conscience. In front of them is an old cemetery surrounded by a stone wall. A cast iron gate bars the entrance, above it, a white marble statue of an angel with a crushed face towers. Behind the gate is a throng of humans, faceless, yet staring at the characters. Above the rustle of the wind is the sound of something that could be Q's voice calling out to them.

The angel (GM) starts speaking to the one, perhaps three, perhaps five, figures and explains how their search for Q has forced reality to the very edge of the abyss. The statue says that it cannot stop them, but it can force them to consider their love for Q one final time. It is up to (Creative) Destruction and (Tethered) Love to help O.D., P.E. and C to understand the influence Q has had on their lives. (Tethered) Love and (Creative) Destruction are to serve as interrogators, investigators and interpreters during these final trips into the past.

*Cut*

Here your job as gamemaster is to set two or three scenes as frozen moments from the highlights of the second act. Describe the scene as you would a picture, and make it clear for the characters that they are observing earlier versions of themselves. Explain to the players playing (Creative) Destruction and (Tethered) Love that they are to cut the scenes when they feel there is nothing more to get from them - and that their job is to make O.D., P.E. and C. consider what the situations meant for them. The frozen moments are spaces for the characters to explore motivations and consequences

of their shared past.

If the players are slow to start, try to encourage discussions by asking a character whether s/he agrees in what has just been told (or go as far as asking why they disagree, even if the player has expressed no such sentiment). Exploit that the characters have differing attitudes and relationships to Q by creating conflicts related to the interpretation and meaning of the situations in the highlights. Make them present differing versions of the consequences of, or reasons for, the scene, only to confront them with why they remember things differently. You can bring (Tethered) Love and (Creational) Destruction more into play by asking them to judge and weigh the situations.

*Cut*

We are back at the entrance to the cemetery. Behind the characters The Bridge Across the Past breaks catches fire. The statue turns to P.E., O.D. and C. It tells them that even though love is many things, able to raise individuals to immeasurable heights and tear down even the mightiest, it is now their job to decide what defines their individual and shared love for Q.: (Creational) Destruction or (Tethered) Love. Only one of the two can be their final guide. They must make a decision. Be aware that it is perfectly legal to use the destruction system to force the decision. The choice is made in character, not as a vote or discussion amongst the players. Now the statue explains that the chosen one, (Tethered) Love or (Creational) Destruction, has the final choice. Should the search

for Q continue into the cemetery, or is it time to finally give up on Love and return to the City and life in the real world. *The Act ends once the final decision has been made.*



## Epilogue

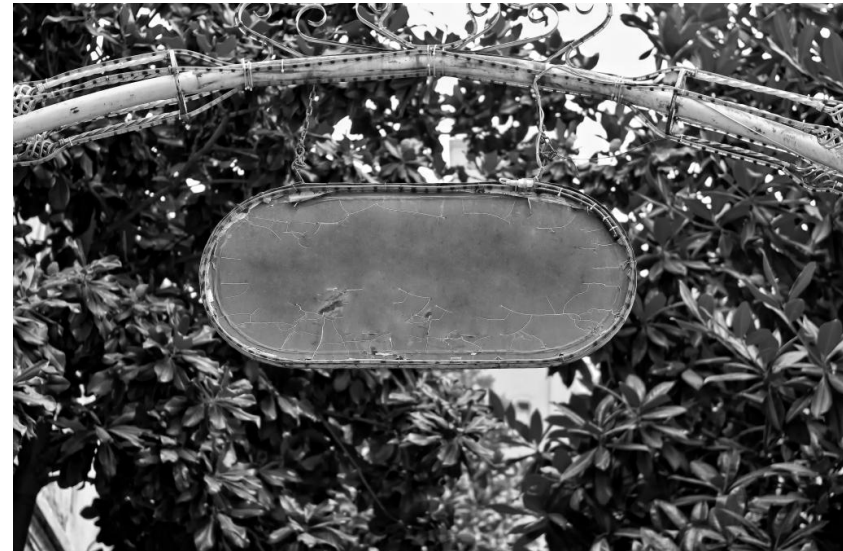
### If the search for Q continues

The gate to the cemetery opens and a light is lit somewhere in the darkness. The moment the characters cross into the cemetery, the faceless horde writhes in soundless screams before falling limply to the ground. At the same time the angel statue above them bursts apart. The graveyard is unnaturally quiet the only sound is that of the burning bridge behind them. The light remains sharp and white further ahead.

The light is a clean white marble gravestone, a stark contrast to the old granite stones that surround it. The stone stands at the end of a freshly covered grave, burial wreaths still fresh upon it. The only thing that breaks the monotony of the white surface is a perfect circle with a small curl in the bottom right - a perfect Q. The gravestone cracks from top to bottom. Everything darkens. Put “Padraic, My Prince” on the stereo again.

*Cut*

*The End*



### If the search for Q, and love, is abandoned

The statue points out across the river. A small row boat with an old man appears from the fog and puts in at the river bank next to the burning bridge. The old man motions for the characters to come on board. As the characters are carried across the river, the City slowly emerges through the mist. The cemetery vanished behind them. Q’s voice is heard one last time, a bare whisper on the wind before it fades away entirely.

Put “Padraic, My Prince” on the stereo again.

*Cut*

*The End*

# Appendix A

## Soundtrack

Prologue and Epilogue track: “Padraic, My Prince” by Bright Eyes

The number can be found on Spotify and Youtube.

<http://open.spotify.com/track/2mI4a89s5XvZDfmEVDdv8i> or

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KikndcmV5Fs>

# Appendix B

## The Rules

### The Destruction System

Can be used once per act per player. The player narrates how something in his or her part of the city are destroyed or disappears. Thereafter the player can change anything defined in the fiction; scenes can be retaken; other characters' actions dictated; etc.

### First act

All characters must tell a story about themselves and Q set in their part of the city.

### Second act

Everyone set a flashback scene about a conflict concerning Q. Q is always on the way or has just left.

Everyone can read from the letter on the bridge's deck boards.

# Appendix C

## The warm up

1. Explain the premise and form of the game
  - (a) Q is dead, but the characters can never realise it
  - (b) The game is not a linear story
  - (c) The players co-create the game-world
  - (d) Two of the characters are abstract terms, but they are still characters, just not confined to one body or form.  
*They are not co-game masters.*
2. Do the general warm up exercises to loosen the players up physically and mentally.
3. Explain how to set a flashback scene
  - (a) Play a couple of flashback scenes
  - (b) Let one player play *Envy*. Play a couple more scenes.
  - (c) Explain the Destruction System. Play a couple of scenes where everybody uses the system.
4. Hand out the characters
5. Let the players imagine their character as an object, and let them describe the object by its absence.



# Appendix D

## Overview of the game

### Prologue

- \* Ask the players to imagine their character as a part of the city.
- \* Start the music
- \* Lad the players in turn describe their part of the city.  
Order (C)D - O.D. - P.E. - C - (T)L
- \* Cut to the one, maybe three, maybe five standing around a grave
- \* Let the players describe each others characters:  
Order: P.E. - C - (T)L - O.D. - (C)D - P.E.

### First act

- \* At P.E. and Q's home. The apartment is trashed. O.D. is standing in the middle of it. All the pictures of P.E. and Q is gone.
- \* Wake at the bar
- \* The hotel where Q works. Writings on the wall about war. Naked crying people in rooms without doors. The room at the end of the hall if filled with Post-its asking "Where are you?" Car hits a street light outside.
- \* Wake at the bar. Qs voice over the radio.
- \* Q's loft studio. All faces have been wiped away. Stench of turpentine. A building crumbles outside. Painting of the Bridge to the Past, Post-it saying "I am this way."

**Second act**

- \* The beginning of the bridge. Letter from Q written on the board decks. Foggy. Dark.
- \* Five flashback scenes.
- \* Between flashback scenes. Mood descriptions via Q's letters and objects floating in the river in the dark.
- \* The other bank becomes clearer as the act progresses.
- \* End by reading the final part of Q's letter: "It grows dark, everything is dark, everything is over. With love, Q."

**Remember: Note down two to three intense moments to be used in third act.**

**Third act**

- \* Cemetery. Statue of angel over gate, shattered face. Faceless crowd. Q's voice over the wind.
- \* The characters are taken back to two-three frozen moments with (T)L and (C)D as investigators.
- \* The bridge erupts in fire.
- \* P.E., O.D., and C have to choose between (T)L and (C)D.
- \* The chosen one decides whether the search for Q goes on or is abandoned.

**The search continuous:** White light from the cemetery. Faceless crowd screams, falls down, angel explodes. White headstone, freshly covered grave, Q on the headstone. The stone cracks.

**The search is abandoned:** The angel points. Boat with old man docks. Sails across the river. As the City appears from the fog the cemetery disappears behind them.

**P.E.**

## P.E. AND Q.

“Q. is my world”

“She’s out there somewhere. Alone. She has to be alone. I wouldn’t be able to handle it if she was with someone else. Her absence burns inside me. A little, dying star of pain right where the butterflies used to live. My world has already ended when she isn’t here.”

P.E. loves Q. Not in the movie way, he really loves her. Truly. True love is painful, cruel. Love is giving something you don’t have, to someone who doesn’t want it. It is a constant inadequacy, an exhibition of your flaws. It’s a constant, minor shame. How can it not be tragic? How can it not be filled with pain?.

“Q. is sitting on the bed, naked. Despite her small hands, the gun looks petite and feminine. She raises it to her temple, her blond hair falling softly around the barrel. I laugh. Despite the circumstances, I get aroused by the thought of the bullet in the chamber.”

Q. has vanished, and with her, true, vivid love. It burns inside P.E., a quiet, bright flame of pure desperation. Love is all there is in the world. He has to get her back. Whatever stands between P.E. and Q. will be crushed. Nothing can stop him, not even death.

*“I am perfectly aware that my love for Q. is all about me”*

P.E. loves Q. for his own sake. Deep inside, he is a selfish human being. All the things he is willing to sacrifice for Q. are the same things he would willingly sacrifice for himself. Morally he has no problem with it. When your world rotates around love - when love is the only thing that really matters - the only way to be truly selfish, is through another. Like the suicide bomber who believes in his cause completely, P.E. believes in love completely. In the end he is willing - and eventually will - tear the world apart if it can help him find Q. He doesn’t know why she left. There was no letter, no message, no sign. Suddenly she was just gone. His world depends on finding her, and being with her once more. Without Q., he doesn’t live, he merely exists.

It would be easy to call P.E. a bad person, or a selfish child, but this wouldn’t be the truth. He has the flame of conviction burning inside. He is completely aware of the lengths he is willing to go to in the name of love. If his love had been aimed at his country rather than Q., he would have been the perfect soldier. But now that Q. - the object of his love - is gone, he is filled with a quiet desperation. The core of his existence is gone. His entire being revolved around Q.

P.E. is the romantic hero whose inner passion threatens to destroy himself and the entire world around him. Beneath his romantic surface lies violence. He is a man who would rather tear the world apart than compromise his ideals. At the same time, his soul yearns for answers - he wants to understand his passions and he does this

by challenging his passions and examining how he interacts with others, primarily O.D. and C. The search for Q. is his crusade, her welcoming arms his holy land.

### **P.E. AND O.D.**

P.E. and O.D. have moved, side by side, through the world for a long time. They make a strange pair, and this could be why their friendship is so strong. To P.E., O.D. is a locomotive who, fully aware, roars towards the abyss with his cargo full of hedonistic, faithless glee. O.D. allows P.E. insight to a lifestyle he doesn't fully understand, and definitely doesn't want to live. But P.E. needs the insight as a contrast, in order to better understand himself. To P.E., O.D. represents the areas which P.E. wants to stay away from. However, P.E. and O.D. are more alike than either wishes to acknowledge.

### **P.E. AND C.**

C. is dead, but pieces of him still linger. In P.E.'s pocket lies C.'s baby teeth, his brothers teeth. Two of the teeth are missing, they never came loose. This is possibly the most apt description of C.: He had baby teeth and wisdom teeth at the same time. He has the sensible, pragmatic mindset of an adult with the simplicity of a child. C. is rationality contrasting P.E.'s passion, compromise confronting the fanatic, boring against vivacious. They did have good conversations, P.E. And C., sitting in C.'s suburban backyard with



a cold beer in hand. Naturally they only saw each other because they were brothers, but then again, blood has value, obligations, stability.

### **P.E. AND (TETHERED) LOVE**

Clichés are clichés for a reason. Love really is all you need. The people who don't understand this are sad husks. But that shouldn't stop one from trying to understand the complexities of love. Love is still a riddle, and P.E. wishes to explore it further. Maybe the answer to where Q. is and why she vanished is somewhere in there. Love is the true, the mystical, and the enigmatic in P.E.'s universe.

But the love he sees around him is nothing like this. It's dusty, boring, it holds no challenges, no pain. It is too clean, as if something is missing. The love you find in art and the old tales is so much more. Romeo and Juliet died for each other - something you just don't see anymore. But what is life without the chance for such grand gestures, the opportunity to feel truly alive?

### **P.E. AND (CREATIONAL) DESTRUCTION**

P.E. has felt the power of destruction. Something in him has been destroyed or decayed by the absence of Q. Destruction is a part of life - a part of love - but P.E. is unsure whether or not he wishes to get acquainted with that part. It's like a dark room, you want to shed light on it to learn the contents, yet fear what you might find, hiding in the darkness. Destruction is obscene and alluring all at once. On the one hand P.E. wants to understand how destruction relates to love, but on the other hand he would rather live as if nothing was ever destroyed. And then there is that small part of his brain, all the way in the back. The part that wants to hit Q., just to see her react. The part that wants to pour coffee on C.'s non-existent white shirt. The part that wants to skew the world, just a bit, all to see it change.

### **WHY DID Q. LEAVE**

P.E. doesn't know why Q. left. But it was not because the love was gone - she told him how much she loved him, while she left to

never come back. Something else is behind it. A small voice keeps whispering to P.E. that Q. had other men. He tries to ignore it, but it refuses to vanish entirely, stalking him. It feeds on the doubt and jealousy in him, colouring his worldview in a deep, angry red. It makes him mistrust others. Was it O.D. who lured her away from him? Or did C. scare her off with his incessant moral preaching? Did Love promise her something better, or maybe, did Destruction take her to someplace dark? There are many possibilities, but one thing remains certain: P.E. loves Q., and Q. loves P.E.

### **KEYWORDS**

Fanatic  
 Romantic  
 Silent desperation  
 Uncompromising  
 Crusader

### **MOTIVATION**

Regain his real love incarnated in Q and understand why she left - no matter the cost.

**O.D.**

“You might as well smile all the way down.”

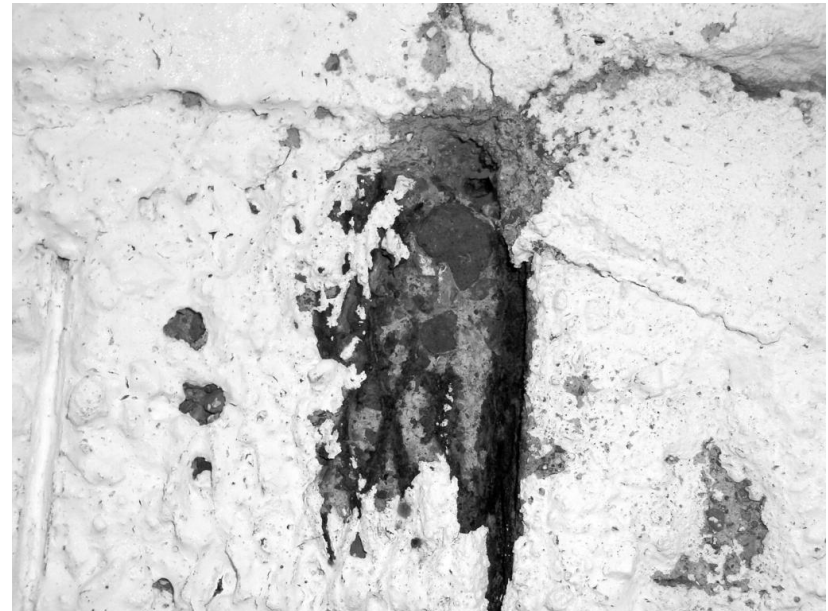
### **O.D. AND P.E.**

“I’m shaking my head as P.E. continues his sermon. He doesn’t even see that the girl only cares about his dick, not his opinions. Her friend seems to be bored out of her mind so I make my entrance, bottle in one hand, joint in the other. And an hour later I’m banging both of them in the bathroom. P.E. has vanished into the crowded party, but I know that neither of us will be leaving this place without the other.”

Anything is better than boredom. Put a hat on your head, a small crooked smile on your lips and fuck it all. You might as well smile all the way down. O.D. says he doesn’t believe in anything other than pleasure. Your time on this planet is short, and neither false morals nor fake gods will keep him from pushing the limits. The problem is, if you pass everything at breakneck speeds, it all swoops past you. You grasp what is right in front of you, but have no idea when a wall might suddenly appear.

P.E. and O.D. haven’t always known each other. Before that night, P.E. was just the guy who lived across the hallway. He was the guy O.D. nodded at, but would never have recognised on the street. This was how it was, at least until there was no more wine, and no one in the little black book answered their phone. That is, when the emptiness came sneaking through the shadows. O.D. always seemed to be good at being alone,

but it is really just a front. He is only good at it while errant thoughts keep the certainty of loneliness at bay. But there were no thoughts left that night. Nothing to guard against the shadowy thoughts that roam the very back of his mind. And finally he’d simply fled out the door. P.E. had been his rescue that night, and many night since. The loneliness and emptiness lurk deep inside O.D. - and they will catch up if he ever stops. P.E. assists in keeping them at a distance. O.D. talks quickly - he’s the center of the party - but only because he’s unsure how to react if he ever shuts up.





## WANNABE NIHILIST

“In a moment of sheer panic, I realise I can’t come. The girl elicits small pleasurable sighs. I’m unsure how long I’ve been pumping away inside her, but I just can’t finish. My teeth are clenched so hard together that my jaw is threatening to cramp up. I’m unsure how to handle the situation. The entire essence of this exercise is to spread my semen inside her. Sweat appears on my forehead. The first telltale signs of a cramp in my left calf. The panic attack happens so suddenly that I don’t even notice that my erection is gone.”

O.D. calls himself a nihilist - but deep inside, he knows this to be a lie. He is a lost soul, a soul that desperately searches for something that can help him understand himself. He is a veteran soul and young child all at once. He is the loudest laughter and the loneliest sob. He is everything and nothing. He is lonely.

## O.D. IN AS MANY WORDS

Devil may care

Existential crisis

Disconnected

Unimpressed

Desperate

Mourning

## O.D. AND Q.

“Q. is cool. Her and P.E. were made for each other. I remember thinking this while I was fucking her ass. It left me feeling empty. Not guilty, or emotionally pained, but empty. The certainty that I could cross that line without as much a glint of anger inside. I asked myself whether I was emotionally deficient, or maybe entirely inhuman. I never found an answer. That, that made me cry - a total lack of emotion managed to pull tears to my eyes. Q. comforted me without knowing what was wrong. She cried because of what she’d done to P.E., but I think she suppressed it in the end.”

Q. is the only person who has ever shown O.D. true compassion, and he’s unable to forget it. She has awakened a loss inside him that no one else has been able to fill. He is certain his own salvation lies with Q. Otherwise he is doomed to loneliness.

## C. - ANOTHER WORD FOR DRY

“You wanna know about C.? That guy is fucking boring. I’ve met dress store mannequins more lively than him. I honestly believe that the most interesting thing he has ever done was step in front of that car. It wouldn’t surprise me one bit if he did it on purpose. I mean, if I’d had his life with all its suburban ‘glory’ I’d have wanted to kill myself as well.”

C. was P.E.’s brother and the direct opposite to O.D. He was

serious, grown up and fucking boring. He always had rein on his financials, something which can't truly be said about O.D. C. was killed in a traffic accident, stepping in front of a car. Now he lives in his old baby teeth which are nested inside P.E.'s pocket. Even in death, C. is there to bore O.D. and point out his flaws. Unfortunately, despite how boring C. is, O.D. knows that some of what he says is true.

## THE LOST LOVE

“Lost love. That’s what love is, lost. It was heading somewhere, but it got turned around, and now we have this system of expectations and structure. All of it covered in fucking flowers, hearts and big ass stuffed animals. I don’t believe in this soft hearted illusion. Real love should be painful, should cause pain as it tears at your soul, ensuring that you feel alive. AND. THAT. IS. NOT. HOW. IT. IS. RIGHT. NOW. The shit is broken. Love has overdosed on whiny rock and crappy romantic comedy. It has turned into kittens with rounded claws, unlike the lioness it used to be. Once, love made countries declare war on each other. Now it has a hard time making one side raise its voice. And that, that is fucking sad.”

O.D. feels that there’s something wrong with love. Love thinks there’s something wrong with O.D. Chances are, the truth is somewhere in between.

## DESTRUCTION, OLD FRIEND

“It’s perfectly fine to tumble into the abyss, as long as you party all the way down. That’s how I see the world. Maybe it’s even my manifesto. Manifesto is an interesting word. To solidify something in the world, make it manifest. I’ve always tried to solidify the borders on limits. Which is a bullshit way of saying that I like to test limits, shift borders, change the world. And change comes from destroying the old, not slowly reforming it. The establishment doesn’t need correction, it needs to be burned to the ground so something better can be built from the ashes. Destruction is the first step in any creational process. But I’ve never created anything new.”

O.D. and Destruction are obvious allies. Creation through chaos. But deep inside O.D., is a weak voice that questions whether this is truly how the world works.

## MOTIVATION

Without Q, O.D.’s engine is about to run dry - his life is running out of excuses. With her, he could start anew, maybe even change things in his past for the better.

C

Life was a ship that I boarded in my sleep. I will still be sleeping when it sinks. This is what P.E. used to say when I was alive. And the little shit was right. Annoying - just a little bit.

I guess I should have looked one more time before I crossed the street, but that's not who I am. Or was, to be precise. Past tense/present tense gets confusing when you're dead but still around.

I have no idea why he kept my baby teeth. I didn't want them myself, no need for mementos of childhood. The past is something you leave behind. Only, now I'm trapped in it. Life is a fucked up thing, and death even more so.



I'm dead, lying in my brother's pocket, but still here. I move around the City on my non-existent legs, catching at the world with my non-existent hands, looking at things with my non-existent eyes. I'm still here. I'm still dead.

### C. ABOUT LIFE

“Emotions are something you shove away in a box and hide. You don't act on them, they just make things blurry. It is impossible to make good decisions unless you take a step back and study things carefully. O.D. used to call me the immovable - I just called him immature. It's important to take responsibility for your life - for your own and others sake. If you let emotions control you, life becomes uncontrollable, you hurt other people. The only thing you get from acting on your emotions is chaos. And what's the value of life without transparency anyway?

Plans. Structure. It may sound boring, but think about it. Our everyday lives is built from schedules, appointments, calendars. Why not embrace it, work with it rather than against it? We all know the romantic image of the artist living in the moment - but honestly nobody wants to live like that in the long run. No foresight, no surplus. I need security and predictability in my life. That is what satisfies me.”

*C. looks in the mirror*

Emotions was something I hid away in a box. I buried them deep inside myself and pretended I didn't feel when they were slowly clawing at the walls inside me. I suppressed their calls, their demands, locked in my conviction on how to behave. I had so much invested that I couldn't possibly change, even a little bit. And though I lived one life, I did fantasize about a different one. In secret, and to my shame, I did, after all, have everything I wanted. Security, a roof over my head, money in my account. Who was I to want something more, something different? At times I felt suffocated, without the courage to break free. Caught in a limbo of convenience, I was gently rocked to sleep. But my death woke something in me - perhaps a roar of change hides in my chest?

### **LIFE ON C.**

C. always did the rational thing. He got good grades, had nice, clean-cut girlfriends. He was well behaved, law abiding. He is a suburban citizen who acts and talks as one should. He is the man who eats a nice steak dinner, with a decent glass of red wine, at a tolerable price range, on a saturday night. He wears sensible shoes and polo shirts. He is the definition of middle class existence, and quite comfortable with it. He is content. Only, that's not really true. Something is missing. Deep inside he knows this. He can't word it, but somewhere inside him, there's an emptiness, a place that he's never even tried to fill. There's a small voice, all but inaudible, which he tries to

suffocate. Because decent people behave in a particular way - even if that doesn't necessarily make them happy. On the one hand, C. questions his feelings, burying them, but on the other hand he wishes he could learn to feel more sincerely. Maybe because this is quite literally his last chance, caught as he is in the 10 babyteeth secured in P.E.'s pocket.

### **THAT GUY P.E.**

"My younger brother. I mean, physically we look alike, but other than that we couldn't be more different. He was always away dreaming while I acted. He wrote poems as I made money. Fell in love while I had a steady girlfriend. And all the time, he kept insisting that his life had more meaning than mine. I tried to teach him how you couldn't eat dreams or love, but he never listened. And here he is, alone, with me in his pocket. And I love him for it, and I hate him for it. His sentimentality keeps my final remains alive. On the one hand he forces me along on his emotional joyride, but on the other hand he grants me this final chance to leave an impression on a world I never fully took part in."

### **O.D., THE ASSHOLE**

"P.E. and I are nothing alike, but we are family, and that means something. The same doesn't go for O.D. He is an empty shell hiding behind a rock n roll front. He is like my brother,

but without the heart and the childish faith in love. He is a hedonist heading for the abyss, fully aware of his fate and irreverent towards it. He's dangerous. He lives...more than I did. More than I do. More than I know how to. Dangerous and alluring. Everything I am not. Everything I don't want to be. Everything I wish I could be. Dammit."

### **Q. - FLAWED FANTASY, TERRIBLE DREAM, SOLE HOPE**

"I had a natural understanding of what P.E. saw in Q. She was beautiful, radiant. She was the kind of woman you'd turn around after on the street, just to see her from more angles. Only, that wasn't it. She was something different, something more. She was made to wake me, made for me, just for me. She is my brother's lover. She is made for me. She is my brother's lover. Slowly, she invaded my dreams, along with her invasion of my life. And no, the war metaphor isn't an accident. Q. is an invasion - not necessarily a hostile force, but an invasion. A terrible and horrifying superior force.

And now she's gone. My inner territories lie desolate behind her. Even though I have had this one chance, nothing can grow without Q. there to tend it. She woke my heart, but it cannot expand without her. In death I have found the contrast that was missing my whole life - only to lose it again."

### **(TETHERED) LOVE**

"Who are you, Love? P.E. always talked about you, but I have a hard time matching his depiction with your appearance. You look more like that which I have followed all my life. Something familiar, calm. None of the grand gestures my brother spoke off, but something warm, comfortable. Something that awakens your sympathy, a laughing boy in a sailor suit. A beautiful home, with a loving wife and lovely children. Everything I had. Everything I loved. Everything that Q. is not."

### **(CREATIONAL) DESTRUCTION**

"This is not creative chaos. It's just chaos. It's impressive how those who just want to destroy things always claim they are trying to build something new. You create something new by building on top of things, adding to them - not by destroying the old. It is a childish and foolish attitude. Naturally O.D. is seduced by it, talking reason to that man was always a vain endeavour - but I still believe P.E. is undecided. It would be better for everyone if I keep P.E. on my side of the line. Destruction is lethal - a terrorist that dresses in fancy words about passions and revolutions. Words that resonate to a frightening degree with my inner being."

## **MOTIVATION**

C. has another chance, but it would be pointless without Q. She awakens feelings inside him he never knew he would feel. For her, he is willing to erase the past and write it anew. But his old life, and old habits, still call out to him.

## **KEYWORDS**

Suburb

Sensible

Longing

Shame

Lust

Fear

**(TETHERED) LOVE**



“I used to be more. I burned so brightly that the flame of my existence was an unbearable pain. But now everything is better. Now I am peace. I have replaced the roaring flame with a quiet, warming glow. I found my tenderness, softened the edges, exiled the uncompromising parts. I’ve made the world a softer place, more harmonious.”

“I was more than I am today. I made nations crumble, sent magnificent armies across oceans, and broke great men like blades of grass in the wind. But one day you wake up, and you realise that all you’ve ever achieved is anger and hatred. The time for loud, outspoken feelings was gone. In its place, I’ve found the simple pleasures of life, the comforts of everyday existence. Some may call me weak - and some already have - but that is only because they don’t understand it. The man who, with a smile on his lips, goes home to his family after a day at work - he gets it. The boy who, with hungry eyes, searches through the crowds for another night of passion - he fails to get it. Happiness and joy comes from being at peace with yourself and the world around you.”

Love had been watching Q. for a long time - and through her, P.E., O.D. and C. In a strange fashion they are all connected to the world. Their moods and emotions change reality - sometimes for the better, but mostly for the worse. If the four of them would just live quietly, rationally, together, then all would be well. But they are all so full of desire, emotions and demands. They send waves throughout the city that fracture

everything, bringing pain and misery wherever they pass. It has to stop. They could all live in peace together, they don’t have to shout all the time.

“Q. is a shining star, burning just a little too brightly. It has been good for the three of them to be away from her for a bit. But it’s time to get things back on track.”

## ABOUT PLAYING THE TETHERED LOVE

Love is a supporting character in this story. This doesn’t mean that your role as a player is diminished, or that you should stay in the background. It means that your goals are different than those of the main characters (P.E., O.D. and C.) Their goal is to find Q. - yours is, that they find Q., and on the way, discover sides of themselves they may have forgotten. Love has become a touchy-feely hippie. S/he wants to cuddle humanity and the world around it. But s/he does worry about humanity, and tries to create a better world. S/he tries to make those in conflict find their harmony instead. Love wants, with all of her/his heart, for P.E., O.D and C. to find Q. - but they have to become better people on their journey or it will all be for naught. *It is important that you don’t see playing an emotion or force as something radically different than any other part. (Tethered) Love is a character, not a secondary gamemaster. The only thing you should be aware of is, that it is entirely your decision how (Tethered) Love appears in the individual scenes: s/he could be a friendly, fat, bartender in one scene;*

*a half-forgotten poem in the next; and a disembodied voice in a third. As already mentioned, it is entirely up to you how (Tethered) Love appears and to which degree s/he can affect the physical reality of the scene. It is also a possibility for you to describe events and items in the scene if they support your role.*

## **DESTRUCTION, A CHILD**

“S/he is a little child, wielding way too big a stick after having way too much sugar. S/he lacks manners, tipping over things to hear the bang. Deep inside, I’m sure s/he wants to do good, s/he has just never learned how. As things are s/he is a tiny devil sitting on the shoulder of people.”

Love never really took much notice of Destruction. S/he was the younger sibling you ignored. But, Destruction has grown in time (Or maybe Love has shrunk some). Love doesn’t really want to face it, but maybe, just maybe, Destruction has become as powerful a force as Love itself. Whenever Love slides off to sleep, dreaming of harmony, joy and quiet, Destruction ties itself slightly more into the fabric of reality. On the one hand, it’s hard for Destruction to see the big picture, but on the other hand he exists so much more firmly in the moment than Love does. But, Destruction is just a child, so why worry...

## **P.E., POTENTIAL BUT ROUGH AROUND THE EDGES**

“P.E. reminds me of myself when I was young. He is a crusader for Love, but his fervor is just a bit too much. It’s almost as if the fabric of reality around him can’t stand it, cracking at the edges. In the long run he could be a force for good, but so far he is still too young. But it is my firm belief that he can be set on the right path. He needs a guide. It’s good that C. has decided to live in his pocket. They never did see eye to eye as children but maybe now C. has a chance to lead him to the right path. I hope so, even believe it at times. It’s what I tell myself when thoughts about what P.E. is keeps me awake at night.”

Love would like to see P.E. as the prodigal son who is returning home. As one who is still rough around the edges but has the right general idea. The truth is that P.E. terrifies Love. P.E. is everything that Love was. It is hard to relate to a being that reflects that which has been surrendered, left by the wayside of forgetfulness.

## **C., A DECEASED, IRRELEVANT HERO**

“C. had found the right melody. He embodied the joy of a soft glow. He was a creation made in my image. It’s a shame he didn’t see the car coming. But, then again, at least he isn’t totally gone. The most important part of him is still here. It

actually surprised me that his death didn't affect me more." On paper, C. is everything Love feels you should be. But Love was never very interested in C. And even though Love tries to ignore it, s/he does wonder. Actually, the thought is so disturbing, that Love tries to keep away from it entirely. What does it mean for the theory, if the physical application is uninteresting? Even Love can see that C. is boring and miserable - but C. is still the best role model available in the current world. Sometimes, it's all you get. There is something different about C. though, apart from him being dead. There's a shine, right in the back of his eyes, something immaterial. But it is definitely there. Maybe he isn't as boring after all. Maybe all it took for him to realise it, was a car that forgot to brake.

### **O.D. - ANOTHER CHILD**

"A terrorist, that is what O.D. is. He doesn't understand that lust without love isn't just empty, but cruel. It diminishes the value of individuals. People like O.D. are tumors on the social structure. Naturally, you should never eliminate a human being, but it is tempting. Another solution may be to make him look inward, make him see his emptiness, the abyss inside him that his desires have spawned."

There are very few warm feelings between Love and O.D. O.D. soils all the beauty between P.E. and Q. Unfortunately it seems impossible to get around him. Maybe he can be retaught,

or at the very least one can limit the damage he does. If you could force him to look inwards, confront his inner abyss, then maybe, maybe there is hope. But Love wouldn't bet on it.

### **MOTIVATION**

To make P.E., O.D., C. and Q exist in peace and harmony, even if it requires a complete rewrite of the past.

### **KEYWORDS**

Aloof  
 Hippie  
 Know-it-all  
 Doubter  
 Loving

**(CREATIONAL) DESTRUCTION**

“They all live their lives in quiet desperation. One day at a time. Never rising above the grey mass of mediocrity. Way too self-obsessed to notice that the world is crashing all around them. They live in a glass dome until they catch the sight of a beautiful woman out of the corner of their eye. When that happens, I’m there to give them the final little push. Force some meaning into their existence. Make them hear the roar of their pulse. I don’t tempt. I don’t have to use manipulation, the truth is enough. This is me, the last honest man.”

“Who am I? The devil, of course. You look sceptical, and not that I blame you. The devil was a fucking amateur, I would have beaten Jesus in 10 minutes flat for one simple reason: I have truth on my side.”

The world started with a bang - and Destruction has been making that sound ever since. S/he is the true creative force in the universe, and at the same time, the force that crumbles the old to make room for the new. But now the world stands on the brink of the final annihilation - that from which nothing will rise again. Big Bang in reverse. It will all be nothing once more.

P.E. doesn’t know this, but he is the deciding factor. O.D. and C. are also a part of it. If they don’t reunite with Q. it will all come tumbling down. Nobody wants that. Unfortunately they are all complete morons, and they need help. This is where Destruction comes in. Q. is a catalyst for change. With her around them, P.E., O.D., even C. flourished like never before.

And that is something the world cannot afford to lose. Q. is conflict, but conflict begets change. If you don’t move forward, you stagnate and die. The world needs catalysts like Q. We have to find her.

## ABOUT PLAYING THE GOOD DEVIL

Destruction is a supporting character in this story. This does not mean that your role as a player is diminished, or that you should stay in the background. It means that your goals are different from those of the main characters (P.E., O.D. and C.) Their goal is to find Q. - yours, that they find Q., in a way that fits with the worldview Destruction represents. A worldview where Q. continues as a force of conflict between P.E., O.D. and C. Destruction is the devil because s/he tempts. But s/he only ever tempts with the truth. S/he tells you the things that you’re either too afraid to admit to yourself, or you just can’t see from inside yourself. Destruction is the big emotions; s/he is change, collapse, the temporary darkness from which light springs. S/he isn’t wrong, and never shies away from rewriting the world to fit this attitude.

*It is important that you don’t see playing an emotion or force as something radically different than any other part. (Creational) Destruction is a character, not a secondary gamemaster. The only thing you should be aware of is, that it is entirely your decision how (Creational) Destruction appears in the individual scenes: s/he could be a femme fatale with red nails*

*in one scene, a half-empty bottle of scotch in the next, or a tenement fire that destroys the home of someone in a third. As already mentioned, it is entirely up to you how (Creative) Destruction appears and to which degree s/he can affect the physical reality of the scene. It is also a possibility for you to describe events and items in the scene if they support your role.*

### **THAT EMOTIONAL RETARD, P.E.**

“The injured heart. How loudly it shouts across the rooftops, pained by the loss. How beautiful, how unproductive, how silly.”

“Look at P.E. and his obsession with love. He is blind to everything else, even to the true nature of love. Then again, it is a fact that those who believe that fervently rarely know, nor understand anything. But his heart isn’t only beating in his chest, it has become the heart of the city. The pulse of the city beats in rhythm with P.E. When P.E.’s heart is broken and it’s beatings irregular, the city and those in it, feel the pain. But P.E. has no understanding of this connection, how central he is to everything. Then again, his types never seem to get it. Which is why he needs Q. - she heals his heart and raises his pulse. Their sparring, the creation, the destruction and rebirth spread like ripples around his goofy smile. If only the smile could be turned into the wolfish grin of a predator.” P.E. is tightly connected to life in the city and hence, to De-

struction itself. The loss of Q. has made the world unstable, threatening the existence of Destruction. S/he has very little regard for P.E. but is forced to drive him towards Q. for matters of self preservation. S/he regards P.E. as a child - a child with a firm belief of love carved inside him. P.E.’s image of love is false - love is not the lifegiving, eternal, good force that he believes it to be. It is a hard and cruel thing that has taken the life of kings, empresses and nations. It is no accident that the human heart resembles a fist covered in blood. It is up to Destruction to show P.E. these things on his journey towards Q., preparing P.E. for the task of accepting the bloodied gauntlet when they find her again.

### **THAT RATIONAL RETARD, C.**

“If the world only consisted of men like him, I’d be out of a job. What was would never ever change. No new ideas or concepts, no wars, no revolutions. Suburban spirit raised to religion. Gods, I just wanna scream.”

“One would think that his death satisfies me, even with his ghost still living in P.E.’s pocket. Unfortunately, the world needs men of C.’s lacking capacity. Someone has to build and defend all that I want to change, otherwise the change has no value. It just sucks that you have to listen to them while this is going on.”

“C.’s fascination with Q. was predictable. In every suburban heart, and hearth, lives a tiny glow just longing for freedom,

no matter how repressed. It provides the tiniest crack of light. I'm actually surprised no one else saw it coming. No one saw that crack being blown apart so violently. And just like that, C. was part of what used to be P.E. and Q."

Destruction has no regard at all for C. He is in the way of big emotions and new beginnings. Yet, he does have his uses - hell laughs when a good man sins, and just think of the roar of laughter C. could produce on that account. Destruction intends the following for C. and the journey: to make C. abandon his suburban nature and admit his desire for Q. It may very well be a fruitless desire, but it is much better to desire something unattainable than to settle for the parts no one wants.

### **O.D., TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING**

"O.D. ought to be my right hand guy. Insane, with a foot on the gas and nothing but instinct to guide his way. But he only has about as much use as a suicide bomber. He's a blunt weapon and could do with some lessons in humility and consideration. Not that it will keep me from watching him closely. P.E. and O.D. are more alike than either of them think - they are just situated on each side of the apex. A push in one direction and O.D. would have been a crusader of love - a push in the other and P.E. would have been the terrorist of desire. If only there was a way to make O.D. see how alike they are, maybe, just maybe, they would grow into something

bigger."

### **THE FALSE PROPHET AKA. (TETHERED) LOVE**

"If this was a cartoon, a 2-dimensional world, Love and I would be sitting on each shoulder of a person. But this is not a cartoon, and the world isn't just black and white. I present things as they are while Love wraps half-truths in hippie crap and week-old roses. Once s/he was a giant, hundreds of me could have hidden in her shadow. But s/he is a mere husk now, a shell of her former self, disillusioned. Love, you were the greatest once - what happened to you?"

### **MOTIVATION**

Destruction wishes to maintain the conflict of interests that Q. created between P.E., O.D. and C. - but with a focus on their internal competition. S/he doesn't want them to destroy each other, but rather to keep them locked in an eternally shifting battle of recreation.

### **KEYWORDS**

The good Devil

Direct

Just

True

Fanatic of Freedom

Childish