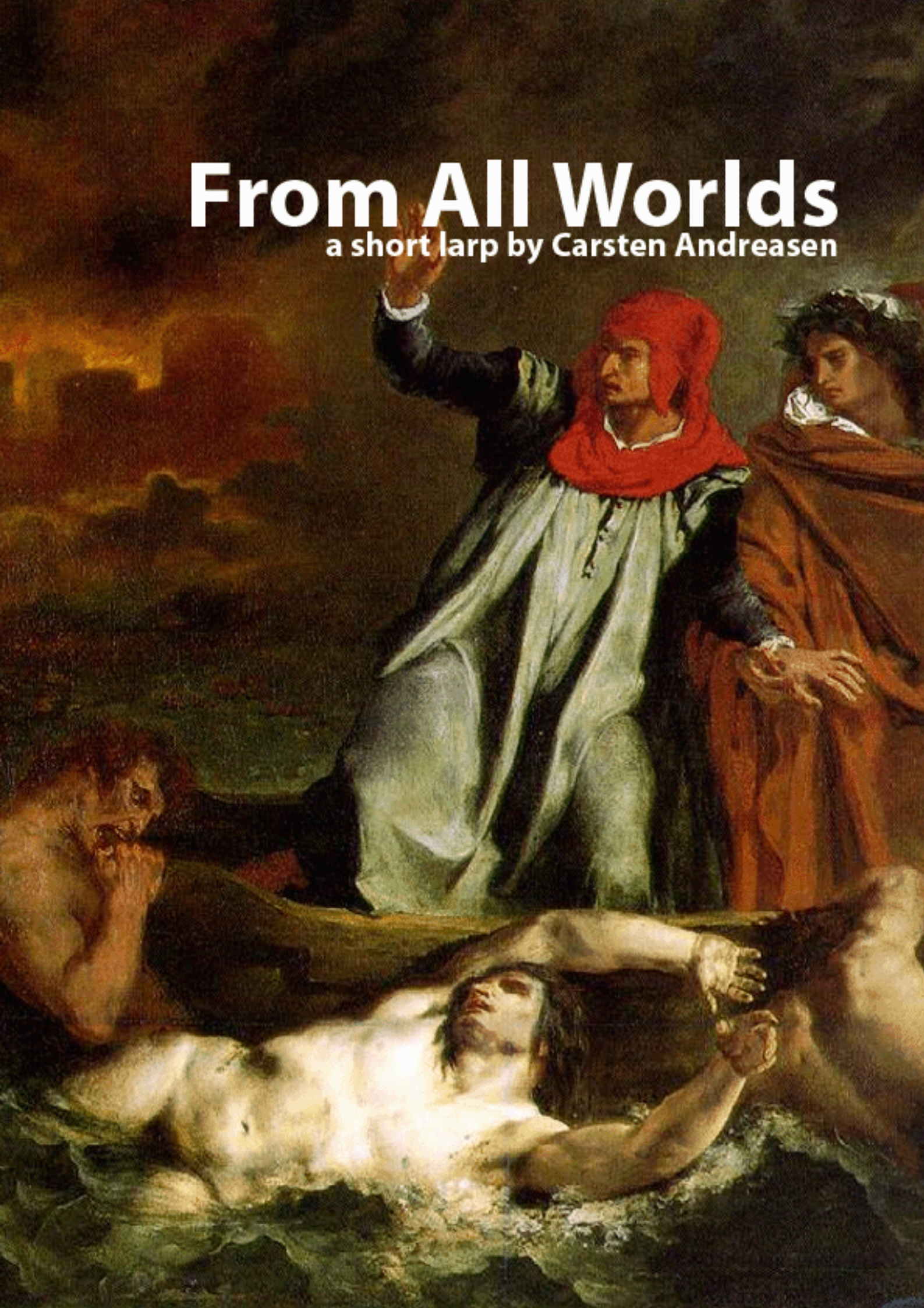


# From All Worlds

a short larp by Carsten Andreasen





## **Introduction**

This short LARP written was written for the Danish LARP convention 'Forum' in 2001 and later translated and slightly edited for the Nordic LARP convention 'Knudepunkt03' in Copenhagen in 2003.

I wrote the scenario for several different reasons. First of all I liked the situation that the LARP plays out. Secondly I like the idea of a LARP in a small dark room. No stage design or costumes are necessary. And last, but not least this LARP can be played without any gamemaster at all. Somebody has to organize it, but after that only the players need to be present. Actually the first time this LARP was played four different instances of the LARP started at the same time and I went to the bar...

*Duration: 60+ minutes*

*Number of players: 5 players. 2 female roles, 2 male roles and 1 unisex.*

*Genre: Artistic/psychological*

*Location: An elevator*

## **Instructions**

The players are placed in an elevator and asked to make it stop between two floors and shut the lights of. The LARP start at that exact moment. The LARP stops when the elevator moves again. The player playing role #1 will be in charge of getting the elevator to move again. He/she should do so in a manner fit for the elevator in question, e.g. call somebody and ask them to start it again, unfreeze it or whatever. A good solution is taking away people's mobile phones while letting the role #1 keep his/hers. This both solves a practical problem and makes for an excellent cinematic effect.

## **Thanks**

Thanks to Claus Raasted for proofreading and comments and a little piece of the Raasted-style.

To Ryan Hansen for comments and for setting up the LARP several times during the years.

To Jesper Bruun for setting up the LARP at Knudepunkt.

Have fun!

*Carsten Andreasen*

*Copenhagen 2003*

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## **Role #1 – This role can be played by both sexes.**

This LARP should be played as if it was a LARP made from an American remake of a French movie that was never made.

### **Setting**

It is a lukewarm afternoon in May in the beginning of the 21st century. During the last couple of days the weather has been oppressive and it's been raining heavily. Today it seems like spring has finally found its strength and the shining sun dominates the blue sky. Four people enter an elevator together in the 'First Bank of New York's busy headquarters. Somewhere between the 32nd and the 33rd floor the elevator stops with a small bump and the lights go out. For a few moments there is nothing but silence. The silence is broken by the sound of a small "puff" noise and suddenly the smell of sulphur reaches the nostrils. And here our game begins...

### **Belzebub – aka. the Devil**

You are here with one purpose. Make life miserable for everyone else. Today's little game consists of a giving one person everything he/she wants. And just to make it sporting you've chosen to let your victims create their own misery. Knowing as you do how the human mind works, there is no doubt that granting one person's wish will sow the seed of jealousy in the other three. And pretty much make their life miserable. God may say that humans are good, but you know better. They are weak and greedy, and making them even more so is just your idea of entertainment.

In short: Promise the four persons that one of them can have one wish fulfilled. They just have to decide whom.

But today it's entertainment with a twist. You've set limitations for yourself to make the pleasure that much greater. Human body, almost human mind, purely psychological warfare... oh, and of course malice.

The other people in the elevator are just random people. Bob Michaels is a crazy old Vietnam veteran. No money, big problems. His family is all dead except his cancer filled sister. Now he has taken the only reasonable choice. Kill himself...it will be a long drop from the roof. Wow! Down it goooooess. You might even want to see that. Laura Baily is soooo fucking boring...life insurance sales rep, does it get any worse...? And even one who actually believes in it... Barbara Shandler, nice blonde...cute legs. To bad she doesn't like being close to other people, you sure would like to get real close...How did she get involved it that scam...such a shame...ha! And she is getting even longer in prison tomorrow than she thinks... the last is Carlos Emmanuel Fertego, who's just a little kid and SO naïve. No chance in hell that he'll get that scholarship. He'll end up on the streets selling drugs like that friend of his called "Knight". And his mommy is going to cry so much...oh humans... all the trouble they create for themselves.

And it'll be even more fun now you're here to help them along - After all - YOU have all the time in the world...

### **Notes**

- You are not able to do any magic tricks or able to MAKE the other people in the elevator believe that you are who you actually are. Belief is up to them. So be convincing.
- Please break the silence with the following very bad joke: "Do you know the joke about the man walking home from his wife's funeral when a roof stone hits him in the back. He looks angrily at the sky saying. "Are you up there already?"
- Important: You will decide when the game ends. End it before it gets boring. The game ends when the elevator starts moving again. Please bring a phone or some other means to get the elevator to start again
- Just have fun - You are the big guy.

## **Role #2 – This role should be played by a male.**

This LARP should be played as if it was a LARP made from an American remake of a French movie that was never made.

### **Setting**

It is a lukewarm afternoon in May in the beginning of the 21st century. During the last couple of days the weather has been oppressive and it's been raining heavily. Today it seems like spring has finally found its strength and the shining sun dominates the blue sky. Four people enter an elevator together in the 'First Bank of New York's busy headquarters. Somewhere between the 32nd and the 33rd floor the elevator stops with a small bump and the lights go out. For a few moments there is nothing but silence. The silence is broken by the sound of a small "puff" noise and suddenly the smell of sulphur reaches the nostrils. And here our game begins...

### **Bob Michaels**

Explosions....blinded...smoke...screams...pain...smoke...pain...danger. Pain flows through you like a slow poison...Adam is lying before you, molested...his eyes are blurry - he calls for you to help him, everything fades to black again. The bombs... they are everywhere. The hospital, the doctors, all their talking, the pain and the noise, the helicopters...they are taking off. Where am I? The pain, the smoke.... sleep. Gunfire. You awake bathed in sweat in the small smelly apartment in eastern Bronx you call home. A monotone knocking is heard on the door. You know who it is. The landlord. He is there to collect his money. The money you spent on your sister's cancer operation.

The knocking stops... Nervously you count the last money, 354\$. They go into an envelope, just like all the others have. A short break before writing the address. The pain still comes and goes - especially when you are nervous. Serena Michaels, 43 Smiths Drive, 234 54 Staten Island. Today is the day. The final day. One last trip to the top, and down it will go, quickly and finally. It will all end. And the pain will go away.

### **Role #3 – This role should be played by a woman.**

This LARP should be played as if it was a LARP made from an American remake of a French movie that was never made.

#### **Setting**

It is a lukewarm afternoon in May in the beginning of the 21st century. During the last couple of days the weather has been oppressive and it's been raining heavily. Today it seems like spring has finally found its strength and the shining sun dominates the blue sky. Four people enter an elevator together in the 'First Bank of New York's busy headquarters. Somewhere between the 32nd and the 33rd floor the elevator stops with a small bump and the lights go out. For a few moments there is nothing but silence. The silence is broken by the sound of a small "puff" noise and suddenly the smell of sulphur reaches the nostrils. And here our game begins...

#### **Laura Baily**

Helping people is your mission. It has been so for eons, and not just metaphorically. Amongst your own you are known as Solar, but here you are called Laura Baily. Your emphatic abilities are enormous and you are extremely skilled at helping people find their way through life. You see life as a long series of bright, happy moments where you help people – though of course you can't help them all. Sometimes there is pain and suffering that you can't remove, sometimes there is failure. His agents are strong, and everywhere, and they are powerful.

But only once has this fight for good caused you real pain. Back in what humanity calls the 1920's you helped a young girl from drowning near a dam. The girl, Judith Kranz, grew up to become a famous pianist and now lives as a widow right here in New York.

#### **Notes**

- You are not able to do any magic tricks.
- Your cover is as a life insurance sales manager. You are on the way to a meeting with a Mr. Keri Guillaume, who is the newly appointed Human Resource Manager of the First Bank of New York.

#### **Role #4 – This role should be played by a woman.**

This LARP should be played as if it was a LARP made from an American remake of a French movie that was never made.

#### **Setting**

It is a lukewarm afternoon in May in the beginning of the 21st century. During the last couple of days the weather has been oppressive and it's been raining heavily. Today it seems like spring has finally found its strength and the shining sun dominates the blue sky. Four people enter an elevator together in the 'First Bank of New York's busy headquarters. Somewhere between the 32nd and the 33rd floor the elevator stops with a small bump and the lights go out. For a few moments there is nothing but silence. The silence is broken by the sound of a small "puff" noise and suddenly the smell of sulphur reaches the nostrils. And here our game begins...

#### **Barbara Shandler**

I hate elevators. Not only do they smell strangely of humans, but they are enclosed and offer no personal space. And what's with stopping and starting all the time. I want one-person elevators that take me where I want to go, not where strange looking, sweaty people want to go. A marvel of modern society. Ha! Just a communal steel coffin.

And tomorrow is the end of the great legal battle. To think that I'm involved in this! How was I to know? Four years in prison? No way. I'm blonde and have long legs, so of course I can get out of this. I have to. Because four years out of the calendar is too dreadful a thought to contemplate. It would ruin everything. And anyway, there's no way in hell the DA's accusations will be listened to. Not the ways she speaks (and dresses!).

## **Role #5 – This role should be played by a male.**

This LARP should be played as if it was a LARP made from an American remake of a French movie that was never made.

### **Setting**

It is a lukewarm afternoon in May in the beginning of the 21st century. During the last couple of days the weather has been oppressive and it's been raining heavily. Today it seems like spring has finally found its strength and the shining sun dominates the blue sky. Four people enter an elevator together in the 'First Bank of New York's busy headquarters. Somewhere between the 32nd and the 33rd floor the elevator stops with a small bump and the lights go out. For a few moments there is nothing but silence. The silence is broken by the sound of a small "puff" noise and suddenly the smell of sulphur reaches the nostrils. And here our game begins...

### **Carlos Emmanuel Fertego**

But how am I going to pay Knight that money? It was fucking stupid of me to borrow it. And Mom even discovered the dope and fucking threw it away. Shit. My source of income blow away in the wind. But I shouldn't be keeping dope in the house. Mom's always saying that, and she's fucking right. I love her, I fucking do. But no matter what I do, I always make her cry. It's time that ended.

I'm going to visit her, and tell that I'm going for that grant. I'm going to fucking school, and this time it is serious. I wanna do it. I really do. I'll make her so proud. I'll not end up like fucking Knight selling freaking drugs to stupid kids like me, or like Marco who ended up dead. What was that about anyway? Getting' stabbed by a street kid! That's no way to go. But I'm going to make Mom proud. I'm so looking forward to tell her. And that lady at the grant office seemed to like me. It's all gonna be alright, and Mom's going to be so proud of me.