

Plain Terror - Ideas

The player is sitting on a plane while it is hijacked by a Nazi terrorist. The terrorist orders all people just to sit down and shut up, so the player gets placed beside a retired air marshal.

>>>top view of the seats

The player tries to get a gang together to attack the terrorist. Therefore we have to build trust among the passengers (trust level per person as variable). We have only few dialogue lines to exchange with the other passengers.

Goal:

---convince the passengers, successfully attack the terrorist

Stake:

---terrorist finds out beforehand and shoots us

---we have too few attackers so we fail (critical mass)

Obstacles:

---the terrorist passing in the aisle and shooting people he catches talking

---the family child asking daddy not to act

---the family mother forcing her husband not to act

Arguments pro acting:

---be a hero for your country

---save all people on plane

---save lots of people (plane destined to crash into city)

---save wife

---save child

---be impressive

---we have an air marshal on our side

---he's trained and positive about acting

---we can use improvised weapons

Arguments against acting:

---Daddy, don't

---more terrorists

---we will die (we're gonna die anyway)

---maybe they just want money

Analyzing the terrorist

---while walking along the aisle (cigarette smoke – nervous, swastika symbol – Nazi fanatic, limping – can be subdued)

Plan the assault

---assemble your team via arguments

---get the family father to act

---organize improvised weapons

NP Characters:

---air marshal (as assistant, can suggest key words): motivates, forces us to act (++)

---(ex-)soldier (+)

---teenage hotshot (+)
---couple: man (-) and woman (+, acting as a lookout)
---family father (+/-), mother (-), child (-), teenage girl (+)
---old drunkard (+/-)
---grandma (-)

Improvised weapons:

---belt (strangle, neck)
---spray (face, eyes)
---pen (stick, stab)

negative ending: everybody dies
happy ending, tainted: more die, including player
happy ending: brother dies

finale_intro_unhappy:

„It's now or never. We have to act!“, the air marshal mutters. „Pray for luck.“
The terrorist has just walked past. You jump to your feet, shouting: „Now!“
You hear the gun being cocked.

finale_intro_medium:

„We have no more time, but this might work“, the air marshal mutters. „Everybody set?“
The terrorist has just walked past. Every one of you is tense. The situation seems right. With a small gesture of your hand you set your plan in motion.
Your hijacker looks surprised, but then raises his gun.

finale_intro_unhappy:

„OK, five to one is a perfect ratio“, the air marshal mutters. „Don't fear. It will be over in a minute.“
You recollect your thoughts and take a deep breath. The terrorist is standing right beside you. „Let's roll!“ Without hesitation you jump up and ram the pen in the terrorist's guts.
He screams and almost drops his gun.

finale_active_watchout: ... the woman behind you [IF BELT=TRUE throws the belt around the terrorist's neck and] tries to strangle him [IF BELT=FALSE with her bare hands] ...

finale_active_brother: ... your brother trips the hijacker ...

finale_active_hotshot: ... the teenage boy behind you punches the gunman in the kidneys ...

finale_active_hotshot:

finale_active_hotshot:

INTRO

Narrator:

August 24. Hot, humid and loud. Maybe it wasn't such a good thing after all to book your flight from Frankfurt to Amman with CCAA, the Cheapest Central Asian Airlines. After all you hate flying, and the turbulences, the arabian-dubbed Bollywood movie and the liquid that passes for Coke around here do nothing to lighten you up. Essentially you are pissed.

You decide to take a walk down the aisle, when all of a sudden a young man with short-cropped hair jumps up, smashes his portable DVD player and suddenly holds a gun in his hand.

„Sit down and shut the hell up, subhuman scum!“, he screams. „This plane is now under control of the Aryan Liberation Front!“

Before you risk getting shot, you drop into your seat again.

„Stay calm, we can get out of this situation“, the man sitting at the window beside you hisses.

„Trust me, I am an air marshal...“

Narrator as Air Marshal:

Essentially we need more people. Five would be best. Some improvised weapons too. I'm not active right now, so no gun, sorry. First we need someone to watch out for every move of the hijacker.

Best position seems to be the woman sitting right behind you. Ask her first.

OUTRO

finale_intro_unhappy (AL<5, Time>critical):

„It's now or never. We have to act!“, the air marshal mutters. „Pray for luck.“

The terrorist has just walked past. You jump to your feet, shouting: „Now!“

You hear the gun being cocked.

finale_intro_medium (AL6-8, Time>critical):

„We have no more time, but this might work“, the air marshal mutters. „Everybody set?“

The terrorist has just walked past. Every one of you is tense. The situation seems right. With a small gesture of your hand you set your plan in motion.

Your hijacker looks surprised, but then raises his gun.

finale_intro_happy (AL9-10):

„OK, five to one is a perfect ratio“, the air marshal mutters. „Don't fear. It will be over in a minute.“

You recollect your thoughts and take a deep breath. The terrorist is standing right beside you. „Let's roll!“ Without hesitation you jump up and ram the pen in the terrorist's guts.

He screams and almost drops his gun.

Narrator: A fight ensues ...

IF WATCHOUT FIGHTPOSITIVE=TRUE display finale_active_watchout: ... the woman behind you [IF BELT=TRUE throws the belt around the terrorist's neck and] tries to strangle him [IF BELT=FALSE with her bare hands] ...

IF BROTHER FIGHTPOSITIVE=TRUE display finale_active_brother: ... your brother trips the hijacker ...

IF HOTSHOT FIGHTPOSITIVE=TRUE display finale_active_hotshot: ... the teenage boy behind you punches the gunman in the kidneys ...

IF DAD FIGHTPOSITIVE=TRUE display finale_active_dad: ... the family dad jumps up and [IF FLAGON=TRUE empties the flagon of eau de cologne in the gangster's face][IF FLAGON=FALSE tries to go for the gangster's gun]

finale_intro_unhappy

Narrator: ... but to no avail. You hear the gun cracking, feel a sharp pain in your chest and then everything goes black. [or variant unhappy endings: see others die, plane wiring hit by shot ->plane crashes ...]

finale_intro_medium

Narrator: A shot rings out, then another, but finally the terrorist lets go of his gun, collapsing in the aisle, beaten to a bloody pulp. But your side has casualties too: The dad is clutching his thigh, and the air marshal's brain is splattered all over the window. [or variants: innocent bystanders hit, yourself injured ...]

finale_intro_happy

Narrator: After some intense seconds you manage to wrestle the gun out of the hijacker's hand. You almost shove it into the terrorist's face. „Desist!“, you shout, but all you get is a snarl and instead he tries to kick you again. You smash the handle of the gun between his eyes and he finally goes limp. [follow-up: you get a medal, you get a million-mile ticket, your story is bought by Hollywood, play national anthem of whoever ...]