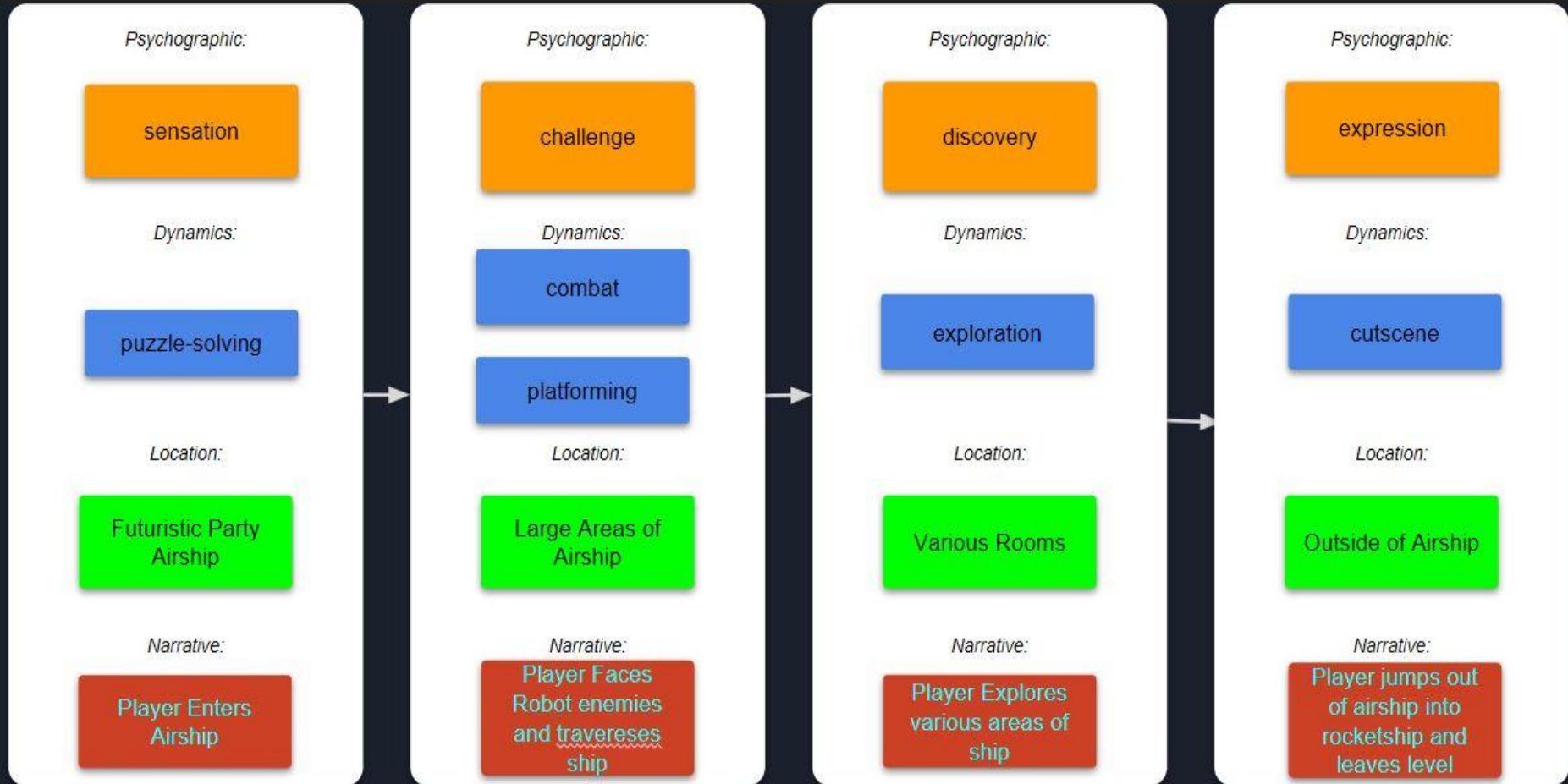


Rooftop Shooter Holocraft Level

Process Book

Experience Map



Moodboard

Blimps



Party / Futuristic Airships



Rooms



Club Setup



Club Color / Mood



Lore

Rooftop Shooter
Steven Launstein
10/17/2018
Game Lore

Holocraft

The Rise

“Welcome to the prestigious Holocraft, where your dreams come true,” the holographic tour guide began, as the new guest surveyed the area. He had entered into a beautiful, predominantly blue room where he was promptly greeted by an eerily realistic image of a gorgeous blonde stewardess. “Leave your worries on the ground and your money with us,” she continues, “if you would like the guided tour just say “Yes, please,” otherwise you may reach your room by entering the door in front of you by taking the club elevator to floor three. If you would like to explore the aircraft yourself, you will find many friendly staff members throughout the ship who will be happy to help you find your way around if you need help. Thank you and good luck.”

The new guest gave the host a puzzled look as she blinked out of existence, wondering if that last statement was odd, or if he was just being paranoid. This thought barely had time to take hold before he was distracted by the sound of music in the next room.

He entered the door opposite the airship entrance, and was amazed at what he saw. He had been to a couple of clubs in the past, but they did not come close to the scope and ambience of the area he had just entered. To his immediate right past the entrance was a very sleek, immaculately clean bar, with every kind of top-shelf and ultra-top-shelf liquor he had ever heard of, plus much more. As he took in the encompassing music and entrancing lights, he decided to sit at the bar and order a drink. He found the stool to be one of the most comfortable things he had ever perched onto. “If the bar stools feel like this, the beds must be made of clouds,” he said to the bartender before giving it a thought.

“Not far from it, actually,” the bartender said, smiling. “What would you like?”

“Whatever you recommend.”

“The Pitch Black Pucker it is then.” The bartender prepared the drink, his expensive-looking wedding ring flashing as he moved, while the guest tried to organize the questions he wanted to ask in his head.

The guest had never before been a rich man; in fact he technically lived at poverty level his entire life. Only two weeks prior he had been shopping at his local grocery store when he noticed a flashing abandoned lottery card on his checkout machine. He grabbed it, assuming it was a losing ticket, but he had decided it would be stupid not to check it before throwing it away.

He turned to the bartender as the drink was passed and in a near-whisper, said “I won,” with a look of wonder that seemed to say “I know you have to feel the same feeling of disbelief that I do.”

“Well, whatever it is that you won, I’m sure it’s worth drinking to,” the bartender replied. He retained his friendly grin, but a look of guarded nervousness came over his facade as the guest took a drink.

Noticing this nuance in the bartender’s face, the guest returned to the present with a visible shift in his face; his eyes coming into focus. He said, with a blush, “sorry, I’m not crazy, just trying to comprehend how my life led me here.”

The Holocraft was a retreat reserved exclusively for the world’s elite. The richest of the rich. The kind of people who own the big bosses of the world. The CEO’s and government officials who seemingly answered to no one in reality answered to the people who could afford to board this airship.

The thought had crossed his mind a few times that it had been odd enough to find a discarded winning lottery ticket, but the amount that the ticket was worth had been unheard of. Sure, people get insanely rich from those sometimes, but not that rich. Not elite-rich. But the shock of the win and the starry-eyed dreams of the things he could do with that money swiftly made him cease to care. As soon as the money flooded his account, he received a call inviting him to the prestigious cruise ship (Which didn't even strike him as odd by that point). He had heard rumors of such a ship many times, but had always assumed they were just myths, like flip-phones and Donald Trump.

Yet here he was. In this larger-than life bar with this bartender, who seemed to be the only taste of the familiar in this place. This thought made him realize that he and the bartender were the only two people in there. The only movements in the club were courtesy of the multi-colored lights and working bots rushing back and forth to do their duties. In his initial wonder these details had failed to register with him.

These robots were unlike anything he had seen before. The bots that he had encountered throughout his life were rudimentary things. They performed their programmed tasks in a somewhat clunky manner, and were limited to certain programmed responses to comments and questions. These bots were sleek and shiny, and didn't even require the use of heavy mechanical legs. They hovered around effortlessly, going about their tasks with seemingly impossible efficiency. They moved around one another with a speed and finesse that he had never even seen of humans before. The surrealism was intensifying. Beginning, in fact, to become uncomfortably intense.

He looked at his drink, half-empty (or half-full, as his ex-girlfriend would have insisted on him correcting), and back up at the bartender. "I never got your name," he said, realizing that his speech had begun to slur. This was odd, considering he had always been one hell of a drinker. He could drink almost anyone he had known under the table. And he was getting sloshed off of half a drink.

"It's Mac," he replies, his grin now underlined with what seemed like sadness.

"Nice to mee you Mac, I'm Scaburrrry," his mouth fumbled out.

"Well, it's good to meet you too, Scarburry."

"No, I'm Scarr... Scaaa... Shhhh..." His mind screamed *Scott! Your name is Scott! What's wrong with you!*

"I nuneedooo, Scott whispered as he tried to stand up. He realized he was about to go down, and he fixed Mac with a final questioning, pleading look before collapsing to the floor and falling into darkness.

The Spiral

Scott began to feel. He felt concrete. His body and his face seemed to be part of that concrete. His mind wandered to his home. *That's what this is. I'm on my sidewalk right now. How much did I drink last night?* The fact that he had no idea what had happened the night before only seemed to solidify this notion. Not to mention the horrific headache and sour stomach. *Why is the sidewalk wet? Was it supposed to rain today?* He pondered, feeling that these were perfectly legitimate questions to have at the moment. *Why am I flying? Did I learn to fly last night?* He moved his hand, and then noticed that it was hanging into water.

This prompted him to begin his mental journey back to reality. *I'm not flying. Of course not. I'm on concrete. The concrete is flying. And my hand is in water. Water?* Using considerable effort, he opened his eyes with meticulous care slowly blinking the world into focus, the light like blinding daggers piercing his retinas, Each successive blink brought the world into being a little more, one f-stop at a time. When his vision cleared enough to comprehend what he was seeing, he realized he was staring at concrete. *Well what else did you expect?* He asked himself.

With a loud, pained groan, he carefully turned his head toward the wetness that his hand had

been lingering in. A swimming pool. Of course. His subconscious mind surely noticed the strong smell of chlorine, but his conscious mind had not had the capacity to take in more details than he had been deciphering. His wavering reflection stared back at him, and his stomach took this as an invitation to lose what little content it had at the time. And he obliged, convulsively, into the pool.

After a violent session of regurgitation, Scott was finally fully awake. He still felt like he was in the late stages of decomposition, a zombie, who by the taste in his mouth, apparently fed on rotted shit instead of brains. But he was awake. And alive.

He looked around, finally truly seeing the area that he was in. It was the biggest swimming pool he had ever seen. Not only in person; he had never even seen a pool this size on a show.

Low beach chairs with large, colorful umbrellas lined the sides of the pool. On one end of the pool was a hot tub, which was itself the size of a normal pool, and a hatch in the ground just past the hot tub.

He turned his head to the left and saw a fancy Tiki bar, which housed something large inside of it, behind the bar table.

He walked toward the bar, and the shape steadily came into view. It was an oblong robot, similar to the other ones he had seen in this ship, but by far the biggest one he had ever witnessed. It appeared to have been the bartender for this particular bar. But it was unmoving, unresponsive. It had been deactivated for some reason.

He walked along the other side of the pool and looked over the edge. *Of course you were flying dummy, you're on an airship, he thinks. An empty airship. Where is everyone?*

He decided that he needed to find the bartender so he could get some answers as to what the hell was happening. He spotted a walkway past the bar and pool, and on his way to it something in the pool caught his eye.

He moved over to the water, noticing as he got closer that it had a slight red tint to it. He bent down to see what was in there, floating against the pool's edge. It was a hand. A person's hand. *How could someone just lose a hand?* Choking back the urge to vomit again, he surveyed the pool more closely, and finally noticed that there were many obscure, human-like shapes deep under the water. Dozens of them, underneath a cloud of pink.

His head swimming, he tread his path to the walkway and headed downstairs. He arrived in a gigantic kitchen, unsurprisingly the most prestigious kitchen he had ever seen. There were worker robots, some apparently cooks and other servers, scattered around the kitchen, frozen in the motions of carrying out their designated jobs.

Scott was done wasting time, he had to find Mac. He moved swiftly through the door, which opened into the dining room. Expectedly huge and very unique in its antique design, the beauty of the room was instantly extinguished by the horror scene depicted. Blood everywhere. Along the tables, on the chairs, the floors, and it somehow managed to make splotches on the walls in some spots.

There were a few server bots frozen in place, and apparently they had managed to take care of the bodies before their inexplicable shutdown. Except they hadn't; not entirely. Scott now noticed that there were a few fingers on the plates, a couple dozen unidentifiable pieces of flesh scattered around the table, chairs and floor, and on one chair, a human head. On closer inspection, it seemed that one of the server bots had been in the process of retrieving this head before shutting down.

With an involuntary cry of disgust, Scott sprinted to the next door, and ran through the long hallway, which was nothing but hallway and doors, if you ignored the blood splotches and frozen robots in the process of breaking down doors and other unknown activities. He moved faster than he ever had before, until he came to a set of twisting stairs. He took the steps two and three at a time, completely ignoring the danger of throwing himself down the staircase face-first.

By some miracle he managed to make it down the steps without incident, coming to a balcony which overlooked the club. He ignored the horrors he knew he would find there and descended the stairs to the main club area.

The scene in the club managed to give him momentary pause. Sure there was blood on the floor, and broken bottles scattered about (it seemed they had managed to finish the limb cleanup in this area), but that wasn't what really got to him at this point. "This is... no... just... no," No longer bothering to keep his thoughts to himself. He was in a state of shock at the sheer absurdity of the situation. The dance floor was full of unmoving robots, many facing each other and others seeming to have been circling around each other. They were dancing. Dancing in the blood, crimson running down many of them. Others were stuck around tables as if they had been chatting, and Scott could have sworn that one of them had its head tilted back in a laughing gesture. "Ha ha ha, did you see the look on the family's faces in room 53 when I said 'exterminate!'" Ha!"

His shock and confusion evolved to become rage. Scott ran to the bar in search of the bartender. Finding no sign of him there, he scoured the rest of the club, frantically looking for any sign of the traitor. He now understood that Mac had drugged him, for what purpose he didn't think he even wanted to know. All the same, he needed to know.

After several minutes of searching, he finally decided to move his hunt to the next room, the entrance lounge. On his way there, however, he happened to notice something strange amidst the blood-spattered liquor bottles behind the bar. Looking closer, he saw that it was a hand, wrapped around a bottle of Petron. Through all the blood, Scott could just make out the gleam of Mac's ring. So much for his only lead. What now?

He mindlessly wandered into the lounge room, into a small crowd of suspended lounging robots, and for some reason, upon seeing the projector for the holo-stewardess, something clicked into place in his mind.

"Dumbass! The pilot! He has to be there, the ship's still going!" He rushed to the only other door in there (The entrance door to the aircraft would only lead him to his doom), which took him to a ridiculously large mechanical room. Giant hi-tech machines everywhere, which he had no hope of ever understanding. Mechanic bots were hard at work on the machines, even up on the twenty-foot-high catwalk, when they mysteriously stopped. He searched the area for some time before finally coming across a hatch in the floor. Since there were no other exits to be found, he entered it.

He entered into an extremely long, narrow walkway, on a catwalk which overlooked various pipes and wires. "Even the filthy rich have to shit," he chuckled to himself.

After what seemed like decades of walking, Scott finally came to another hatch under the catwalk. He climbed down and the hatch shut above him, making a 'click' sound, as if it had locked itself into place.

As he entered the cockpit, he began to lose hope. He looked on in anguish at the body sprawled from the pilot's seat onto the console for the aircraft. The pilot was dead. The ship must have been on autopilot. A robot lay on the floor opposite the pilot, destroyed. Apparently the pilot had been the only one on the ship to put up a fight. But it had ended in a draw.

The pilot's hand lay next to the final button in a series. Above the buttons, there was lettering that read "Disengage." All of the buttons included rectangular lights, and each one was turned on except for the final one, the one next to the pilot's lifeless hand.

"You died trying to hit that final button, didn't you." Scott moved in close to the buttons, studying them. "What were you about to disengage?" Then it struck him, the final button was for the robot lying dead on the other side of the room. He just missed his chance to survive.

He moved the pilot's body up into the seat to try to find out what he could about the man. The pilot's name was stitched into his outfit. "Will Campbell," it said. "Well Will, I hope you're living the good life now, instead of serving rich snobs living their dream."

As Scott searched Will's pockets, the pilot's arm slid onto a lever, causing a loud rumbling noise in the room next door. Startled, Scott hurries across the room and peaks through the door. He looks on with a rush of dread and adrenaline as a gigantic hangar door opens on the other end. He just has time to see all of the expired passengers' belongings begin to slide toward the edge before the door slammed

shut.

With the sound of the cargo evacuating muffled through the shut heavy door, Scott could now hear the banging, screeching and pinging of the hatch door in the roof of the cockpit being attacked. It was almost unhinged.

He looked toward the pilot's seat, where Will was sprawled against the console. His arm was extended along the disengage buttons. All of them.

Scott leaped toward the console, rushing to reengage the buttons. He was struck in the back mid-leap. A sharp, hot, searing pain travelled from his back, down to his toes and up to his head simultaneously. He dropped to the floor, and looked up with dazed confusion at the mechanic bot which was enveloping his vision.

As the bot aimed at him, Scott received a sudden burst of strength through willpower and a heavy dose of adrenaline. He managed to roll out of harm's way just as the blast pierced the floor.

He jumped toward the hatch to the catwalk, and immediately saw that it was guarded by at least two bots, probably more that he couldn't see. The bot in the room with him hovered in front of the precious disengage buttons and reeled toward Scott.

With no other option, he worked on opening the cargo door, using all of his strength. After what seemed like an eternity, certain at each moment that the final blast was coming, the door opened reluctantly.

Without further thought he bolted through the door, and it slammed shut behind him as a muffled blast sounded through the thick steel.

He was sliding, on the floor, toward the mammoth opening, when his fingers found an opening in the floor. He held on for dear life, wondering what in the world he could do to save himself now.

On that cargo bay floor, Scott thought about his life. The girlfriend that he lost, the kids he never had, his mom who died when he was young and the dad who abandoned him. He thought of his meaningless dead-end job and his fair-weather friends. "You know what," Scott said to the deaf, uncaring room, "I was rich for a couple weeks. I lived the high life. It could be worse."

A look of certainty and peace came over his face as Scott unhinged his fingers from the floor and let the pressure have its way with him.

He slid out of the bay with haste, and fell. He kept falling. He began to wonder if this would be his eternity. Just falling. And, surprisingly, he didn't mind that idea. Not one bit. It was peaceful up here, just falling. Carefree. Serene.

He looked on with amused puzzlement when he saw what he could have sworn was a little spaceship flying by above him. This made him bark out a laugh. He wasn't sure why, but he didn't care.

Scott smiled, and let the abyss swallow him.

Lore Summary

Holocraft Lore Summary

Steve Launstein

10/18/2018

Area 1

Passenger Entrance / Lounge

Stories that happened in Area 1.	Evidence in environment that supports the story.
Scott entered airship	Entrance door
Scott was greeted by holographic guide	Holograph Projector
After - Scott saw lounging bots frozen on the couch and chair	A few bots to fight

Area 2

Club / Bar

Stories that happened in Area 2.	Evidence in environment that supports the story.
Scott talked to bartender Mac After - Mac died	Mac's ringed hand around bottle
Mac drugged Scott	None
Robots celebrated victory	Robots partying

Area 3

Pool / Tiki Bar

Stories that happened in Area 3.	Evidence in environment that supports the story.
Scott woke up and got sick	Nastiness in pool
Scott found body parts in pool	Body parts and blood in pool
Scott saw giant bartender bot behind tiki bar	Boss fight

Area 4

Kitchen

Stories that happened in Area 4.	Evidence in environment that supports the story.
Scott saw worker bots frozen in place	Chef, waiter and bus boy robots to fight

Area 5

Dining Room

Stories that happened in Area 5.	Evidence in environment that supports the story.
Scott finds more frozen staff robots	Waiter and bus boy robots to fight
Scott sees blood and body parts scattered around	Parts and blood still there

Area 6

Hallway

Stories that happened in Area 6.	Evidence in environment that supports the story.
Scott encountered security bots frozen in the process of searching and breaking down doors	Security bots to fight and broken doors

Area 7

Mechanical Room

Stories that happened in Area 7.	Evidence in environment that supports the story.
Scott searched for exit, and saw mechanic bots frozen and scattered around	Mechanic bots to fight

Area 8

Plumbing / Wiring Catwalk

Stories that happened in Area 8.	Evidence in environment that supports the story.
During cockpit altercation, Scott saw mechanic bots above him, trying to kill him.	Damage in catwalk area around cockpit hatch

Area 9

Cockpit

Stories that happened in Area 9.	Evidence in environment that supports the story.
Scott finds the pilot, Will, dead at the helm.	Pilot's body is still there
Will's body falls onto disengage buttons	Will's arm is still across the buttons
Scott saw destroyed robot behind Will	Destroyed robot is still there
Scott was attacked by a security bot	Fight with security bot, and damage in room from earlier shots, including the cargo hold door.

Area 10

Cargo Hold

Stories that happened in Area 10.	Evidence in environment that supports the story.
Scott was ejected from the airship	Cargo Hold door still open on entrance

Area 11

Outside

Stories that happened in Area 11.	Evidence in environment that supports the story.
Scott fell to oblivion	Body falling in distance during beginning cutscene.

Level Plan

Airship Plans

