

The Fifth Element Jump

Jumpchain Compliant

Fade in from black. Interior: Cab. The back seat is wide and plush, shaped more like a bench than individual seats. The smell of Indian food mixed with something unidentifiable, but surely rotten, hangs in the still air. Outside the windows an impossible landscape slides past. Skyscrapers jut from a layer of clouds far, far below and stretch up to heights that even the bravest would be wary of looking down from. Vehicles of all kinds zip past in all three dimensions in carefully orchestrated lanes that just barely keep them from crashing.

Your eyes glance over the center divider, closed and so clouded that it's hard to tell if anyone is on the other side of it. A license is crudely stuck to the window by a piece of gum that is barely holding on. Jump Coordinator, 15 points remaining, the other information refuses to register on your consciousness. You do notice that the Age box has been scratched out so as to be completely unreadable.

Suddenly, the divider clears and slams open. Sure enough, there's the entity itself, grinning over their shoulder at you. "Enjoying the view? Let me show you around a little, then we'll get to the real reason you're here." The cab pulls back into a climb that would do credit to a rocket taking off. It continues to talk to you, even as the G-forces press you back against the seat.

"This world is rather similar to the one you left, but also wildly different. It's the year 2214, counting from when you all crucified that good samaritan and then started arguing about his teachings. There are alien races. Hundreds of them, actually. Most of them are pretty nice. A few are jerks. A lot of them don't bother with Humans because they're on the Jerk list. Technology has advanced to the point that they can reconstruct a person from a single cell, travel between the stars in a matter of a few hours, and reconstruct food from tiny little pellets.

Still, there's war, crime, poverty... all those fun little vices you Humans seem so keen on indulging in. So don't expect a walk in the park. There's also this universe-ending disaster on its way in a several days, but that will take care of itself even if you don't poke your head into the matter."

As the climb finally levels off and the pressure lets off your chest, you realized that the gravity has vanished all together. You look outside to realize you're in low orbit over the planet. It's enough to make an environmentalist cry, but there are still patches of green here and there. You hear banging coming from the front of the cab and notice the Jump Coordinator giving a console some percussive maintenance.

"Come on you fragging... Ah! There we are."

The window pointed towards the ground below has come alight with glowing blue dots. Seven of them, as a matter of fact. A slowly spinning, virtual dice takes up the bottom right corner as well. Merely focusing on one causes it to dilate into a picture and a short description of the location. Focusing on the dice causes it to spin faster.

"You know the drill by now. Or maybe you don't. Take these first."

You gain 1000 Choice Points (CP)

“Okay, now then. You can do this one of two ways. You can pick a location by handing me back 100 CP. If you do that, you can also choose your age and gender for free. Otherwise you can keep your Points and roll the dice, then deal with it from there. Feel free to take a minute and consider the options. The meter’s running anyways.”

Locations

1. **The 5000 Block:** A minimal, but functional, apartment situated in the middle of a scummy portion of New York City. All the amenities are built into one wall on the right side of the apartment. There a bed, not quite large enough to be called a single, a coffee maker, several shelves for your knick-knacks, a refrigerator that exchanges places with a shower, and a single, uncomfortable, metal chair. The left wall is bare, save for the two large, yellow circles and the giant letters “Keep Clear” painted on the beige wall. Your block will be raided on a weekly basis by the police and you may be mugged each time you step outside. Oh, it’s not yours though. This one belongs to Korben Dallas.
2. **NYC Government Headquarters:** The seat of power for the current President of Earth, President Lindberg, and his odd cabinet of scientists, specialists, and religious leaders. Star charts line the walls and consoles are placed almost randomly around the room, usually with one or more people situated around them. No doubt important stuff is happening in this room. You won’t really be allowed to stay for long, not without some serious explaining or a reason for being around.
3. **Nucleolab:** Home to much more than just a single Regeneration Machine, this is a building dedicated to curing the diseases and plagues of the galaxy. Or, at least, that’s the goal. It is *the* place to be if you are interested in anything medical. They’re pretty protective of their secrets, though some of the architecture is a little silly. There’s a visitor’s badge at your foot that will allow you to wander the non-restricted sections for the rest of the day, if you want.
4. **Fhloston Paradise:** A hotel of a thousand follies, lollies, and lick ‘em lollies. A magic mounting flow of non-stop wine, women, and muchi-guchi-goo! Colorful Ruby description aside, Fhloston Paradise is a combination cruise ship/space ship that orbits the ocean planet of Fhloston. It boasts 12 swimming pools, with 2 more on the roof. They have 8 decks of restaurants to visit and over 200 beaches on the planet itself that you’re more than welcome to visit. Landing here includes a two week stay in a suite and admission to Diva Plavalaguna’s opera in two days. No refunds if the ship explodes.
5. **Space Port Terminal:** This spaceport sits on the southern coast of New York City. Inside, you can catch a flight to most of the known galaxy and rub elbows with all kinds of creatures. The bars are tended by robots eager (forced) to lend a sympathetic ear, though they don’t have much in the way of sage advice. Unfortunately, there’s a garbage strike and for some reason, they’ve chosen to pile bags of the smelly stuff. Right in the middle of the terminals. Well, it could be worse. You could have landed in the stuff. Oh... wait. So that’s what that damp feeling is. Yuck.

6. **Egypt:** At least it's warm. You're in the middle of a desert, somewhere in Egypt, next to a random clump of stone that someone carved a temple inside of. It feels like there's more to this place than the hieroglyphics on the wall, but without the key you'll have a hard time discovering the secret. There's a camel tied nearby with a single skin of water. He is not happy to see you.
7. **Priest's Closet:** A linen closet tucked in the corner of Victor Cornelius' set of apartments. Or are these robes? It's honestly too dark to tell. At least you're well placed to introduce yourself to a man who will soon become rather important to the fate of the universe.
8. **Free Choice:** Aren't you lucky? Go wherever you want. Have fun.

“Good enough. Hang on.” Your choice made, the Jump Coordinator leaps into action. Buttons are pressed, switches flipped, and the cab launches itself in the appropriate direction with a fresh onslaught of G-forces. While you’re concentrating on not blacking out a small, yellow envelope is tossed your way. You manage to peel it off your face and tear it open, only to be assaulted by a tiny, electronic voice screaming ‘You’re a winner!’.

*“Hey! Lucky you! You’re the winner of the annual Jumper Jumping contest! You get to pick your Background for free! You’ll have to roll for your age and you keep the same gender that you had in the last Jump. But for a small transferring fee of **50 CP** I’ll let you pick both.”*

Inside the envelope is a small, handheld tablet that lights up as you look in its direction. The screen presents five options to you. Again, each of them come with a short descriptive blurb and a small box for you to press to make your selection.

Backgrounds

Drop-In: You may as well have just been regenerated from a single alien cell for all anyone knows about you. You’re not registered in any database, no one has any idea who you are. You’ll simply be dropped at your chosen location and sent on your way. You might want to avoid the cops. They seem to have issues knowing what an appropriate response is to an unknown person causing trouble. **Age: 1d8 + 18**

Ex-Marine: Just six months ago you were the last surviving member of an elite, tactical response unit for the military. Excuse me, second to last. You may or may not be on good terms with Korben Dallas, but you at least know him. You’re still in excellent shape, know a thing or two about firearms, and absolutely hate your current job driving a cab. Don’t worry, you’ll be getting fired tomorrow. **Age: 2d8 + 24**

Radio Superstar: Your appearance and mannerisms are wild, outrageous, and the public just drinks up every minute of it. Saying you’re as popular as Ruby Rhod is a bit of an overstatement, but you’re still fairly famous for your radio talk show. You’ve got the time slot from 3 to 5 pm and you’re on in a few hours. Your fan base will forgive a few rocky episodes while you catch your feet. **Age: 3d8 + 16**

Corporate Giant: In this future, all it takes is a little greed, some ambition, and a unique invention or two to make your mark. You’re no Zorg, but with a little work you could be. For now you’ve got a promising start in the middle layers of a tower. Those in the know are watching for that one unique invention to launch you into true success but for now you’re struggling to pay the bills. **Age: 4d8 + 20**

Priest: A bit of an interesting choice here, but as you wish. You belong to Victor Cornelius’ order, passing down the teachings of the Fifth Element and somehow *not* being seen as a crackpot cult. It’s not a large order, nor is it well funded or widely believed in, but it is home to true believers. Alternatively, you could make up your own religion and belong to that if you wish. You’ll have to build it up yourself, but you’ll get a small set of rooms to start in at least. **Age: 5d8 + 20**

As soon as you make your choice, the tablet goes black and dead in your hand. The Jump Coordinator says nothing, only snickers to themselves before sliding the center divider back into place. This time, instead of mere fogged glass, it springs to electronic life. Green lines trace their way across a black background, leaving behind lines and columns of words and prices flickering in place. The glass responds eagerly to your touch, unfurling additional information about each ability as they are tapped.

Perks and Abilities

**Each background receives their 100 CP perk for free and
a 50% Discount on any perk in their category.**

Drop-In

“Senno Ecto Gammat!” (100 CP): People don't always understand exactly what you just said, but you find other ways of getting your point across. A threatening gesture, an imploring face, or a simple motion of your hand can say as much as a few sentences from anyone else. You could hold entire conversations without ever opening your mouth and have every “word” understood.

“She’s Perfect.” (200 CP): Aliens perfected the art of designing DNA at a time when early Humans were still trying to figure out fire. They used this knowledge to create a perfect being as a weapon against ultimate evil. You’re no Fifth Element, but you’re damned close. Your strength, endurance, agility, dexterity, intelligence, and physical beauty are now all the peak a Human could hope to achieve. Common sense not included.

“She’s Learning Our History...” (400 CP): The Human mind is a marvelous, adaptive biological machine as it stands, but now yours is capable of some truly impressive feats. Given time and access to information, you can absorb entire culture’s worth of data in a very short amount of time. Learning a new language takes only a few days, though correct grammar might require a few more. Given a few months of study you could access entire encyclopedias inside your own mind.

“And Here, A Weapon Against Evil.” (600 CP): The Fifth Element is the only being truly capable of channeling the essential essence of the primal four elements into a weapon against True Evil, but with this you gain the ability to touch lightly upon that power. By focusing your will, you are able to channel small blasts of the pure, white light of creation itself. As fancy as this sounds, it will only damage or banish evil, failing to harm innocents or those on the side of good. With practice, you may find ways to twist this ability and channel the light into new a variety of new uses, though as you grow this ability in power you will find that the power comes from outside of yourself, and has a cost.

Alternatively, you may twist this ability in the other direction, channeling the dark, destructive power of pure evil. It is unknown exactly what this power might entail but all sources agree to tread carefully. The source you are drawing this energy from will want repayment eventually. *[Note 07]*

Ex-Marine

“I’m a Meat Popsicle.” (100 CP): If you’re going to spend the next ten years in an action packed universe like this one, you might as well know how to talk the talk. Your insults always pack a little extra punch, blatant lies and excuses seems a bit more believable, and your semi-coherent speeches about love never fail to inspire.

“Four on the Right, Two on the Left.” (200 CP): Of course you know how to use firearms. What a silly question. You might not be a Perfect Being, but few would guess that from your deadliness with a gun in hand. A quick dive in and out of cover, a spray of bullets, and half a dozen enemies are down. In short, your hand-eye-gun coordination is better than pretty much everyone.

“At least I won lunch” (400 CP): Admittedly, life suck some days. You got mugged, fell in love, spent several hours getting shot at, and got fired from your job all before lunch. And that’s just a standard Tuesday for you. But then, you win lunch for free and the world seems just a little bit brighter. Minor miracles and lucky instances like this now follow you around, occasionally making your day brighter in small ways. Additionally, this allows you to stay more determined the next time life turns tough.

“He’ll calm things down” (600 CP): But first he’ll blow some more stuff up! You’ve mastered the art of Gun Fu to the point that you could easily count as a one-man army, if a small one. During any kind of pitched battle, your agility and dexterity skyrocket and your ability to feel pain is dampened. So long as the battle is raging and you’re able to continue fighting, you’ll be able to. Only truly, instantly fatal injuries will be able to make you stay down and even then you will still be firing as you fall.

Radio Superstar

“Quiver Ladies, Quiver!” (100 CP): You’re not just smooth. You’re fueled like fire! You’re hotter than hot, you’re hot, hot HOT! Vocally speaking that is. You’ve got a voice built for radio and a way with words that makes people shiver with desire. It doesn’t really matter what you say anyways. You could spout two hours of gibberish and millions of people would still tune in to listen if you say it with just the right amount of flare and sensual tones.

“But who cares!” (200 CP): Let’s face it, being a media sensation is a lot of work. It’s mentally exhausting to be on point all the time, so it’s understandable that when you’re off the clock, you’re a little grumpy. Thankfully, now your audience will not connect any of your off-stage actions with your on-air persona. I wouldn’t try to push this too far though. Major crimes would still be noticed, but sleeping with fans and not calling them wouldn’t be.

“He’s so green!” (400 CP): Like, oh my god, you have no idea. He’s so Green! Green like emeralds! And now, so are you! Okay, no, not literally. Green is a state of mind, or maybe it’s pheromones... then again, it could be simply your attitude. Whatever Green is, you’ve got it now. You can fascinate others with your voice and attitude, causing them to stop and stare as you perform whatever wild antics it has come into your head to perform today. This is doubly effective on women. Careful though, the fairer sex is prone to fainting if subjected to your Greenness in large doses. *[Note 02]*

“Right here from 5 to 7!” (600 CP): This is it. They’re counting down the seconds until broadcast. You’re all dolled up and ready to head out on stage. Are you nervous, scared of flubbing a line or making an accidentally racist comment? You shouldn’t be, not anymore. Now, as long as you’re on stage, performing in front of a crowd, you are always at your peak. Every line is flawless, every nuance slam dunked, each movement an expression of beauty. Whether you’re a screechy drama queen, a serious actor, or the straight man in a slapstick comedy routine, your act will always warrant applause. To complete the idol look, we present to you a furry pimp cane that doubles as a planet wide broadcasting microphone and a quartet of groupies of your very own. Now get out there and make that stage glitter! *[Note 03]*

Corporate Giant

“Let me explain.” (100 CP): You can’t be a success in the technological marketplace of today without knowing how all these futuristic gadgets work, can you? Of course not! So to get you started, we’ve got a lovely little educational package for you. It’s a Ph. D! What? Oh, silly me, I forgot to fill in what field you studied. Go ahead and do that yourself. You might get a bit of a headache as all that knowledge tries to fit itself into the stray corners of mind.

“Did you bring me what I asked you for?” (200 CP): Every giant corporation is going to have thousands, if not millions, of employees. Thankfully, you’ve become excellent at the managerial skill known as Delegation. You’ve learned how to place people where they will do the greatest good for your purposes. This, in turn, will make for happier, more loyal, minions... excuse me... *employees*.

“I AM VERY DISAPPOINTED!” (400 CP): Hey, it happens. Sometimes your plans are foiled because of an interfering protagonist or the bumbling idiocy of your minions. Or perhaps you owe a favor to a certain powerful being who is demanding you get off your ass right the hell now to grab that McGuffin. Whatever the case may be, you always know exactly how to elicit a rise in competence by those around you. It might be a public execution or a personal show of force. It could even involve you getting in on the action personally. Whatever the case may be, expect your Plan B to have a higher chance of working.

“Voila!” (600 CP): It’s not everyday someone comes around that can completely revolutionize a field of technology. Weapons that are completely undetectable, flying cars, instantly rehydrating entire chickens are just a few of the things that have appeared in the last few hundred years that changed the way people live. Now, with a little work, you can be one of them too. You gain a major boost to your creativity and inventiveness in general, opening your mind up to ideas you never would have considered before. They might not all work, or be safe, or even a good idea, but most of them are all three. You will have little trouble getting your name in the history books now.

Priest

“Time not important, only Life.” (100 CP): The first teaching of a faith is always the most important. A commandment that is easy to follow, simply to preach, but still deep and meaningful when examined closely. What it is, I leave for you to decide. It’s likely a path you’re already walking. This simply reaffirms it to yourself. Practically speaking, you can draw on this faith in times of need to bolster your determination, your will to survive.

“I will pass the knowledge!” (200 CP): The second most important aspect of a faith is the ability to pass down one’s teaching to the next generation. You must speak with vigor, yet couch your words in such a way that others will retain the information and its importance. Your ability to pass on learning and skills to others is now greatly enhanced. You could teach a room full of students who failed high school enough to pass a GED inside of a few months, or help someone learn the basics of a trade like blacksmithing within a few weeks. More advanced subjects, and stupider students, will increase the time it takes. *[Note 04]*

“Shooting Will Only Make It Stronger.” (400 CP): Evil begets evil, so the teachings say. Often the worst thing you can do in a situation is add more violence on top of the chaos going on around you. Now you have been granted a different path. Whenever there is violence in the air, you have the uncanny ability to hone in on that one, last, part of good that exists inside everyone. You will always know exactly what to preach to halt the violence, if only for a few moments. Additionally, when speaking to an individual, you can usually weave the conversation so that the person has the opportunity to reveal an issue that is troubling them. They may not always wish to divulge their problems, but you will always seem like a sympathetic ear to them.

“One... Little... Cherry.” (600 CP): Those that serve a faith learn early on that there are some events that are simply outside of their control. A greater will of one form or another exists and moves the universe to suit some grand design. Thankfully, you’ve gotten on the good side of the grand design and benefit greatly from its influence. You always seem to be in the right place at just the right time to suit your plans. Sometimes this is small and subtle and other times good luck literally falls out of the sky into your lap. This also works rather well in reverse. When you find yourself in a tight spot, friends and acquaintances come stumbling in to knock that cherry out of your throat or toss you those floor plans you really do need. Expect minor bits of good “luck” on a daily basis, with major “coincidences” kicking in once a week or so.

Undiscounted

“I love to sing!” (200 CP): And you should, with a voice like that. Your voice becomes an instrument on par with the Diva Plavalaguna herself. Whether talking or singing, your words throb with emotion, grace, and beauty. On choosing this perk, you may change your race to that of the Diva's for free. Even if you don't, feel free to take their dual-layered voice if you wish. *[Note 01]*. For an additional **100 CP**, a moderate amount of fame will attach itself to your voice in this Jump and continuing forward. You will always be known as a fantastic singer and be capable of selling thousands of seats to any show you perform at without blinking.

Before you can finish making your selection on the screen, the cab violently lurches to a halt. The pain in your nose is a rude awakening, causing you to glance around and take in your surroundings. An absolutely enormous, stylized yellow M on a red background floats just outside the cab to your left. A McDonald's, the fast food joint situated entirely inside the sign with a single drive up window. You can't help but think how impractical such a set-up must be.

Your musings are interrupted by the Jump Coordinator, who leans out the driver side window to pop its head in yours. It seems completely unconcerned with the mind-boggling drop it is only barely avoiding dropping into.

"Hey there, I'm grabbing lunch. You want anything? Just tell the girl here."

With a rude jerk of the thumb towards the individual in a clingy red outfit standing patiently inside the window, the Jump Coordinator returns to their seat. Glancing at the menu, you quickly realize that this is no ordinary McDonald's and your desire for a Happy Meal will have to wait. You decide against questioning the entire situation too much and instead examine the menu more carefully.

Items and Vehicles

Make-up Machine (50 CP): This small, rectangular device looks vaguely like a virtual reality eye-mask, but is actually quite a useful tool for those wanting to look their best. Place it against the face, just above the nose and covering the eyes, and hit the button on the side. With a flash guaranteed to make you blink and a puff of dust, you'll find your eyes and cheeks adorned with make-up. The device does its best to be flattering, but results are not guaranteed. Thankfully, it never needs refilling and this one can work on any size or shaped face.

Multipass (1 Free to All, 100 CP after that): This credit card shaped device is made to be easily slipped into the pocket and functions not just as a Driver's License, but as any form of identification that may be necessary. Social Security Number, Passport, Long Form Birth Certificate are all contained in the data held on this card. They seem oddly easy to fake in this universe though. This one will function Post-Jump as well, changing into whatever form is required to suit the world around you. Everyone is given one for their true identity for free, but you may purchase additional Multipasses that fit false/alternate identities if you wish.

Cleaning Robots (100 CP): So your place is a mess and you're too lazy to pick up that broom? Look no further! For today only, you can buy the one and only Zorg Household Cleaning Robots! They're not creatively named but they sure do work! These robots come in a variety of types to clean even the messiest Warehouses and even come with bright, flashing red lights so trip hazards are a thing of the past. What's that you say? Your Warehouse is huge and eight tiny robots aren't going to cut it? Well, stand back and allow Uncle Zorg to supersize your order when you buy now! This system comes with more than enough robots to clean even the largest abodes you could claim in your time wandering the Multiverse! However, you can't modify them. Zorg is very protective of his copyrights and has rigged all the robots to explode rather violently if you attempt to tamper with them in any way. *[Note 05]*

Cockroach Spybot (100 CP): Have you ever needed to spy on someone, but wanted to do it in a silly, high-but-low tech way instead of mucking about with all that magic? Well do we have a deal for you. This rather ordinary cockroach has been outfitted with a miniature camera and microphone, as well as has circuits implanted in its brain will allow you to control it from anywhere on the planet. We've even upgraded it to work on as a smartphone app instead of those silly, bulky controls Zorg designed his with. Act now and we'll upgrade your cockroach with a touch of immortality, allowing it to spring back into existence a mere hour after it has been destroyed. Watch out for the noise feedback when it is squished though. We're not to be held responsible for blown eardrums and loss of hearing.

Food Rehydrator/Dehydrator (100 CP): While we've got you here, perhaps you would be interested in this handy little homemaker's marvel? You might easily mistake it for an early twentieth century microwave but you couldn't be more wrong! This Food De/Rehydrator can store massive amounts of pre-cook, ready to eat meals as tiny pellets the size of a standard BB pellet. Simply make a meal, like a fully dressed Thanksgiving turkey, pop it in, press a button, and inside a minute you'll have a small pellet. Put it back in the device days, weeks, even years later and within two minutes it will have rehydrated, pipping hot and as delicious as when you first made it. We'll even include a small tube containing twenty such turkeys for free! Not to be used on cats, or any other living being. Use of this device on non-food-like objects is highly unadvised and will void your warranty.

ZF-1 Shipment (200 CP, Discount Corporate Giant): No one says it better than Zorg himself, so I'll just go ahead and read you the pamphlet provided.

It's light, handle's adjustable for easy carry, good for righties and lefties. Breaks down into four parts. Undetectable by X-ray. Ideal for quick, discreet interventions. A word on firepower. Titanium recharger, 3000 round clip with bursts from 3 to 300. With the Replay Button, another Zorg invention, it's even easier. One shot, and Replay sends every following shot to the same location. And to finish the job, all Zorg oldies but goldies. Rocket launcher. Arrow launcher, with exploding or poisonous gas heads. Our famous net launcher. The always efficient flamethrower, Zorg's personal favorite. And for the grand finale, the all-new Ice Cube System.

There's not much more to say about these deadly little firearms. For the price, you may have 3 crates, or 30 individual ZF-1s. You may have the little red button come pre-disabled or leave it intact if you wish. They each take a full week to recharge their ammo on their own and if you lose or destroy them, you won't be getting more. Zorg's warranty department is not very forgiving.

For an additional **100 CP**, your purchase comes with the blueprints for the ZF-1 as well as instructions on how to make the ammo for each system. You may, of course, purchase these blueprints separately for the same price. [Note 06]

Flying Cab (300 CP): Wait, wait, don't tell me... you're looking for something with a little bit more Oomph, aren't you? You feel the need for speed, the thirst for thrust. Well, this little beauty can give it to you. Don't be fooled by her looks. Sure, at first glance it looks like a rusted, worn-out flying yellow cab, but there's a sleeping demon under the hood. What? No, not literally. You hush and let me finish. As I was saying, this cab comes with a free license, allowing you to operate as a legal cabbie anywhere in the multiverse. The engine is top of the line, capable of out-running and out-maneuvering even the best cop cars on the planet Earth. It's also insanely durable, able to take insane amounts of punish and still make it back home to dock safely. This vehicle will have to literally come apart at the seams before it croaks. Even then, a few days worth of effort will have it running again.

Purchasing this comes with a free Garage that attaches to your Warehouse, if you don't have one already. Don't get cute. The Garage is just for this cab.

Floating Thai Eatery Ship (400 CP): Now this one is a little bit special. It... Hey! Old man! Get off the...! Give me that...! You can't just...!

*Ay yah! Grandfather can talk for himself! You! You look like you're a hungry one. Enjoy a good bowl of food now and then, eh? I make **the** best Thai food in any part of this galaxy or any other. I'll prove it to you! Buy out the lease on my ship and I'll follow you! I'll cook for you! I'll even dispense bits of wisdom when you need a bit of cheering up. Come on!*

Thank you, Mr. Kim. As I was saying, this Thai food restaurant looks like an ancient Asian-style boat that has been heavily modified to fly through the air. Delivering food directly to a customer's window is a surprisingly profitable business and Mr. Kim will turn a tidy profit each month even without your direct management. He will cook and run the place for you, giving you all your meals for free and possibly running small errands when business is slow. The restaurant and Mr. Kim will both follow you between Jumps, though you may choose to have him sit out a particular ten year stretch if you wish. Mr. Kim does not count as a Companion unless you turn him into one. If you do not, you cannot transform or alter him in any way. He will not age along the way, remaining himself no matter what happens in the world around him. Should an accident cause his death, he will reappear at the beginning of your next Jump as if nothing had happened to him.

Looking around, you notice that the passenger side window has changed when you weren't looking at it. Instead of showing the skyline of New York with the hundreds, if not thousands, of vehicles hovering past, a number of portraits have replaced the view. Some of them are no doubt familiar, others known only in this world. As before, the merest touch of your finger brings up further information to assist you in making your choices.

Companions

“How Nice to See You In The 5000 Block.” (50 CP for 1, 200 CP for 8): This is a fairly standard option, one you're probably used to seeing. You may import the Companions that are tagging along with you, either individually or as a group. Should you purchase the group option and not have enough Companions to fill all the slots, you are more than welcome to select whoever you want from the general populous. With the exception of those six listed below.

Each Companion imported or invented in this way may have a free choice of Background, as well as 400 CP each for Perks and/or Items. They may not take Drawbacks.

Korben Dallas (300 CP): Once Korben was a Special Forces soldier that worked for the Federated Territories. He spent much of his early life saving the day, earning awards, and generally being a badass with his fellow soldier. Unfortunately, he is the last surviving member of his unit, a fact that has caused him to retire six months ago despite his skills and excellent service record. Now he drives a cab, badly, and lives in a tiny one-room apartment situated near the worst slums in New York. He can best be described as gruffly friendly, but once the action starts he becomes blunt and lacks any trace of tact.

Should you select this option, you will meet up with Korben Dallas shortly after your insertion into the universe and he will take a shine to you. This will not guarantee he will come with you at the end of the ten years, but he will seriously consider it at least.

Korben Dallas comes with all the perks on the Ex-Marine Perkline, plus his own stockpile of firearms and ammunition.

Sweetie (50 CP): Sweetie is a short-haired white cat of indeterminate breed with yellow eyes. She is highly affectionate, with a penchant for watching television and enjoys Thai food over anything else. She will happily tag along with you on your adventures and doesn't take up a Companion Slot unless you want her to. She cannot be altered, augmented, changed, or Imported in any way unless you make her into a Companion. She is also functionally immortal, disappearing for a few days should she accidentally die only to reappear at your feet, purring.

Leeloominaï Lekatariba Lamina-Tchaï Ekbat De Sebat (300 CP): Just call her Lelu. It's easier that way. Lelu is the Fifth Element, a being designed several hundred of thousands of years ago. The Mondoshawans, a mechanical alien race, has been dedicated to her safekeeping and that of the stones necessary for destroying The Great Evil every 5,000 years. It is unknown if they created her or are simply caretakers. She meant to be sealed away until she is needed to save the universe, but events have conspired to revive her from her stasis and set her out into the world.

Lelu herself is a slim woman, physically perfect in absolutely every way. Very little is known about her as a person, as those records have long since been lost and the Mondoshawans refuse to release their own. She is straightforward to a fault, with her actions and words. She is also quite emotional and quickly acts on those emotions despite the consequences. She initially can only speak the Divine Language, the language that is said to be the source of all others, but will quickly learn given time and information to do so.

Should you select this option, you will meet up with Lelu shortly after her escape from the Nucleolab, or during it should you happen to start there. She will cling to you as the only stable and friendly thing she has seen in the recent hours, but needs to be handled with care if you want the friendship to continue.

Lelu comes with all the perks on the Drop-In Perkline.

Ruby Rhod (300 CP): If you don't know who Ruby Rhod, he'll tell you rather quickly. He is the host to an insanely famous radio show that over fifty billion people tune into every single evening. It's part reality show, part radio talk show, and honestly rather annoying to listen to. However, people love it and him to a degree that will make you doubt the intelligence and/or sanity of the residents of The Federated Territories. He is loud, aggressively sexual, with a rapidly changing hair style and a flamboyant way of dressing. He can also be quite self-centered and a coward when faced with danger.

Should you select this option, you will be invited onto Ruby Rhod's talk show a few hours after your insertion into the universe. The two of you will somehow put on an excellent show and the ratings boost will make Ruby want to keep you around. It will take some serious convincing for him to follow you on your strange journey, unless ratings take a sharp dive in the ten years you know him.

Ruby Rhod comes with all the perks on the Radio Superstar Perkline, as well as a massive wardrobe of women's clothing.

Father Vito Cornelius (300 CP): An older gentleman who was living a quiet, but comfortable, life as a spiritual leader for his community and an aide to the President of The Federated Territories. He has been trained his whole life knowing that The Great Evil will descend in his lifetime. This has made him far more capable than most would suspect, even if he does need to read his own literature a little more carefully. He is normally a caring and calm man who does not deal with rapid changes in events or drastic surprises well, but he manages to carry on no matter how out of hand a situation becomes. His successor, David, is a nervous, naive youth who should probably find something less stressful to do with his life.

Should you select this option, you will meet Vito Cornelius on the street shortly after your arrival, or immediately should you land in his Linen Closet. He will be initially suspicious, but if you can prove to him that you are willing to help him fight The Great Evil, he will be happy to have an ally in the cause. He will be fairly easy to recruit at the end of your ten years, as age and the fulfillment of his duty will make near immortality and the chance to help others seem a tempting offer.

Father Vito Cornelius comes with all the perks on the Priest Perkline, as well as his small condo.

Jean-Baptiste Emmanuel Zorg (300 CP): You wouldn't have met the man, but you would have heard about him. He founded and build Zorg Industries from the ground up, specializing initially in firearm innovations and eventually branching out until his company had a hand in everything from robotics to cab companies. He is a shady, amoral, unscrupulous man enjoys his work creating weapons of destruction and will stop at nothing to achieve his goals. He employs a private force of goons and rarely gets his own hands dirty, but if backed into a corner he can be a ferocious agent in the field. He knows how to use the firearms he creates as well as any seasoned soldier. He is a highly intelligent individual, but lacks some common sense that would make him a truly effective villain.

Should you select this option, your location will be changed to Zorg's Office. He will be choking on a cherry. Should you manage to save him, he will be very grateful and offer you a position as his personal bodyguard. At the end of your time here, if Zorg survives, it would likely be easy to tempt him into coming along with you.

Jean-Baptiste Emmanuel Zorg comes with all the perks on the Corporate Giant Perkline, with a Ph. D. in Electrical Engineering and a specialty in Firearms.

All of your choices made, decisions finalized, and with a smile on your Jump Coordinator's face, the rest of the trip to your drop location is smooth and comfortable. Light jazz music plays in the quiet interior as you gaze out the window simply to pass the time. Then, your cell phone rings. But, wait, you didn't have a cell phone, did you? Hesitantly, you reach for the device and connect the call.

A gravelly, hoarse rasp of a voice assaults your ear as soon as the line opens. It grunts and grumbles out words as if it was doing so for the first time. Hisses and sputters punctuate nearly every word and anger seems to radiate from the phone like a tangible wave.

"You... I can... Offer more... Power for... Small... Considerations. Won't even... notice. Don't... you want... More?"

The closed privacy screen crackles back to life, red letter this time, displaying penalties you can impose on yourself in exchange for more points to spend on whatever you wish. Just how much pain are you willing to endure?

Drawbacks

You may take a Maximum of 4 Drawbacks.

You may gain no more than 600 CP from Drawbacks.

Alternate Start Date (0 CP): Most Jumpers are inserted just a few days before the events of the movie start up. Taking this allows you to choose between two alternate dates. You may choose to either start five years before the events of the movie, or start just under ten years before The Great Evil rises. This Drawback does not take up a slot.

"Come on Ma!" (100 CP): You are tangentially related to Korbin's family, a cousin twice removed or some such. In any case, Korbin's mother has attached herself to you and will call you every single day without fail. She will take up at least an hour of your time each day, complaining about anything and everything that comes to her mind without letting you get a word in edgewise. Should you try to avoid her calls, she will show up in person. You really don't want this. Don't think you can just set the phone down and walk away either. This is another sure way to earn a visit.

"AAAAAAHHHHH!!!!" (100 CP): Your voice is, quite simply, shrill and annoying to the point that few will be able to listen to it for long without irritation. You will be unable to modify your voice for the duration of your time here and it does not matter what language you speak. You'll even manage to annoy people with non-verbal speech as well, somehow.

"Because He's Stone Deaf! (100 CP): Your hearing is all but completely shot. You're lucky if you can make out one word in three at the best of times. In crowds or with groups of people talking all at once, you do even worse. Should you find yourself in an action-packed situation, your hearing all but entirely gives out, leaving you only able to hear a high buzzing noise. You will be entirely unable to repair your hearing during your time here.

“You’re Gonna Have to Work on Those Communication Skills.” (100 CP): From the moment you first step out of the cab, you realize something is wrong. Opening your mouth to ask a question just unleashes a torrent of babbling language unlike anything you’ve heard before. For the duration of your time here, you and your Companions may only speak in the Divine Language. Only a very few people still understand it, let alone speak it. Any attempt to bypass this Drawback will lead to you only being able to speak in gibberish.

“Bring Da Heat Man!” (200 CP): Space travel is not without its own set of risks and perils. While FTL drives help make travel between the stars a quick and painless affair, there are things living in the vacuum of space that few realized in the past. Parasites that can survive the lack of an atmosphere and survive by absorbing radiation in any form they can find it. Normally they scrape by on the energy of a nearby sun, but a passing spaceship is a veritable buffet to these mindless creatures. Expect any ship you inhabit to become infested with these obnoxious pests. System failures will come by the dozen as power cords are chewed and the core rapidly drained of power. Bring a flamethrower and lots of extra wire.

“Let Me Show You Something.” (200 CP): The science here is pretty advanced stuff, so it’s no wonder you don’t know what they’re talking about all the time. Except... now you can’t understand anything they’re saying. What is a DNA Mammal Group anyways? Why does anything need 200,000 of them? In any case, the practical effect of this is you will be unable to comprehend any of the technology in this setting. Taking it apart to try and learn how something functions will just result in a broken machine. Blueprints and plans will seem to squiggle and squirm in your mind like useless noise.

“Aziz, Light!” (200 CP): While you’re not reliant on polished trays for light in this future world, you might have to resort to that. What is it with you and light sources anyways? Your mere presence causes light fixtures to flicker annoyingly or simply burn out entirely. Occasionally they will fail so spectacularly that they’ll catch fire or spray sparks wildly. Don’t think you can get out of this by relying on your special senses either. Those are locked off for the duration of the Jump. Everything from Low-light vision to Seismic senses are gone.

“You have 1 point left on your license” (200 CP): It’s no longer clear if you’re plagued by bad luck, are a horrible driver, or if everyone else has stopped paying attention, but you can no longer climb inside a motor vehicle without some kind of accident happening. Fender benders are a daily occurrence and at least once per week you will totally wreck a terrestrial vehicle of some kind. Try to aim for the McDonald’s trucks. At least you’ll get lunch out of the deal.

“I don’t know love” (300 CP): I’m sure you think lacking emotions is a great idea. No more pesky urges to get in the way of pure, cold logic. At first, yes, this is true. But quickly you will come to realize that you’ve lost the ability to feel nearly anything, even the emotions that matter. Your friends will slowly drift away from you, driven away by the unfeeling way you respond to their cares and worries. Maintaining anything but a working relationship with anyone will be all but impossible during your time here. Even Companions will be affected, avoiding you unless all but forced to interact with you. No matter what you do, you will be unable to experience any emotion, no matter what manner you may attempt to employ.

Should you already be bereft of emotions and see this as a benefit, the Drawback will reverse itself on you. You will feel emotions again, each one twice as strong as they would be for anyone else. Fear will make you shiver and quail. Anger will clench your fists until they bleed and cause you to lash out. Sorrow will steal the strength from your knees and break down your control. You will be driven for the entirety of your ten years by your emotions as even beings with great self control struggle to maintain control.

“You are fired!” (300 CP): Grandfather say, it never rain everyday. Except, for you, it does. Saying you have bad luck is similar to calling an ocean damp. Absolute bad luck will plague you for the duration of the Jump. Try to shave? You’ll cut yourself for sure. Go to make coffee? Hope you didn’t like that light fixture. Want to save the world? Well, it’s going to sound like I’m laughing, but that’s because I am. Any luck/fate manipulation perks you have are completely inoperable for the duration of your Jump. If you try to beat this Drawback by hiding out in your Warehouse and sending your Companions/Minions/Cosmic Horrors out to do things for you, your bad luck will shift to them.

“A Few Cells Are Still Alive...” (400 CP): Blackness has stolen into your mind and left nothingness in its wake. Within moments of you stepping out of the cab, a horrifying event occurred that all but instantly vaporized you. In the following chaos, you were taken to the Nucleolab and reconstructed from the few living cells that remained to the finger that was recovered. Confused reigned and you were quickly shoved out of the device to make way for some new sample on its way in. Now, dressed only in thermal bandages and with absolutely no idea who or what you are, you’ve stumbled your way out into the “streets” of modern New York City. Your powers are still there, but deadened from the trauma you have experienced. It will be up to you to rediscover them, though the amnesia will complicate that process considerably.

“We are lost...” (600 CP): The unthinkable has happened. Zorg’s sneak attack on the Mondoshawans was completely successful. Not only does he have all four of the stone, but they were unable to reconstruct Lelu at all. She is entirely dead and gone beyond the reach of science, magic, or any combination of the two. Should you arrive years before the crash, any attempt to subvert Lelu’s fate will only cause it in a new and much more disastrous way. Thankfully, the Mondoshawans are capable of putting together a backup weapon against the Great Evil, but it would require weeks that the universe no longer has. I really hope you have a secondary plan, because if the universe is overtaken by Evil, you’re going down with it and no one really knows what would happen then.

Notes:

01. No, I have no idea what the Diva's race is called or what they're like beyond their fantastic, dual-layered voice. Wank it, but keep it reasonable. A gut shot did kill her after all.

02. If you're not into Women, are a Woman, you can freely change this to affect Men more effectively instead. You cannot toggle this power back and forth though. Pick which gender you want when you take the power and that's it.

03. I'm sure you Jumpers can find a way to boost the microphone up to galaxy wide with a little work. The four groupies you attract are strictly normal people who do not follow you between settings unless you wish to use a Companion slot on them. You attract a new set shortly after you enter each Jump who are powerless, normal people.

04. Use your best judgment here. I'm not going to set down hard numbers, but it should make teaching a hell of a lot easier.

05. You have the option to install this system on any large spacecraft, Song Tower, Castle, or other property that follows you throughout your Jumps if you wish. But you can only install it in one location per purchase. I'm sure some of you Jumpers will get creative with Portals or space-time bending magic. Just use your best judgment if you decide to modify the area these machines can clean.

06. Corporate Giant can buy the Blueprints at a Discount.

07. Look, this ability is going to involve a little creativity on your own part. Just use your best judgment and don't brag too hard if you fanwank this into the sky, okay?