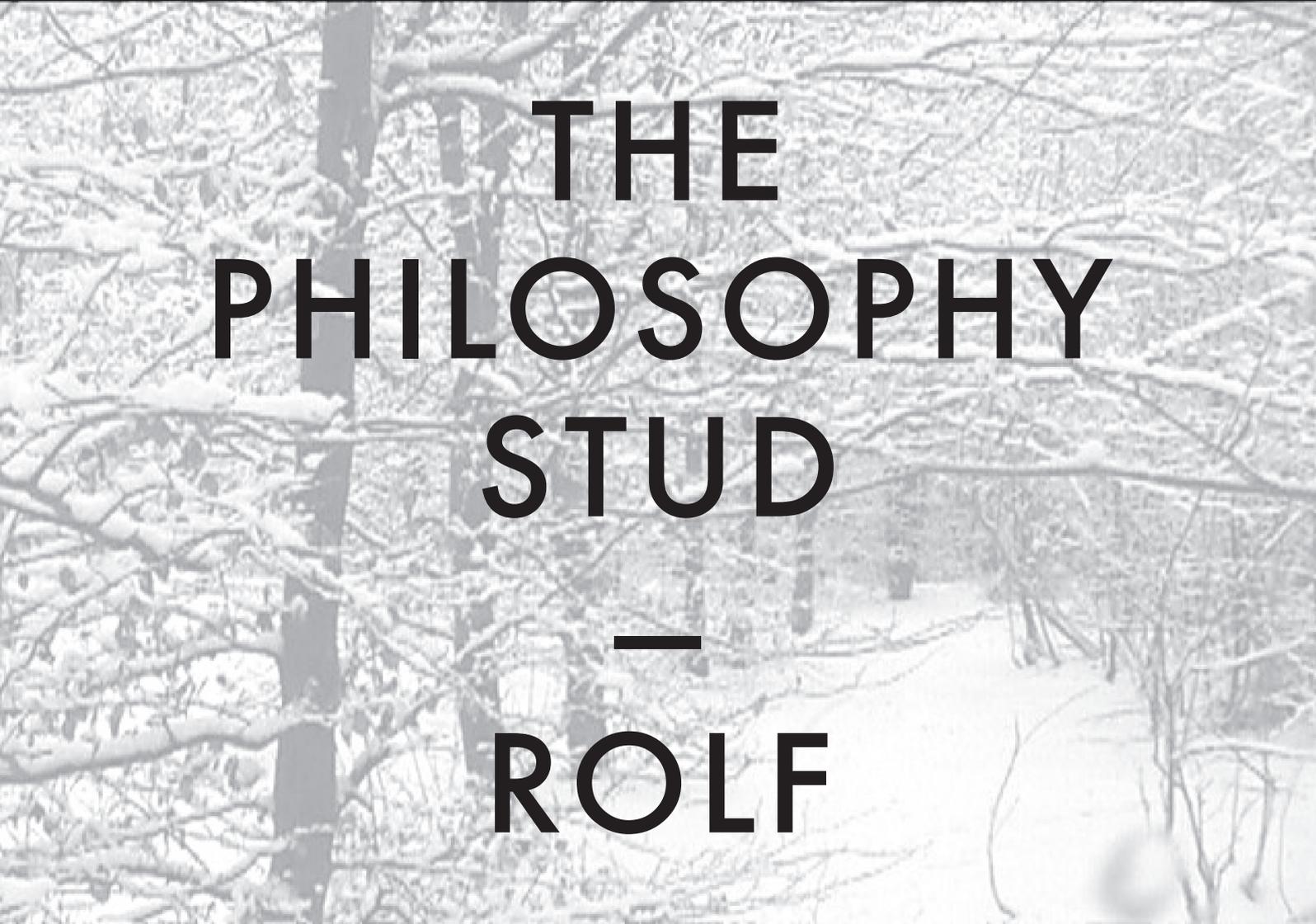


**THE
PORNWRIGHT
—
FREDRIK**



**THE
PHILOSOPHY
STUD
—
ROLF**

Welcome to Travellers!

This booklet contains everything you need to know about your character. The rest is up to you to create as long as it agrees with the story.

Except for your character, there are a lot of minor characters that are vaguely described on purpose. They may or may not correspond to things that will occur during play. You may choose to interpret this information pretty much any way you like, but read everything through several times before running away to get that last cup of coffee before you start playing. More important than remembering exactly what is described on these pages is remembering the general feeling so that when the game masters suddenly tell you that *you will now be playing a shop clerk*, you remember that there was something written with regard to that in your character booklet, and you can quickly look it up if you don't remember it exactly. Of course, the less you look things up, the fewer interruptions and pauses in the game. Your game master will either instruct you to read the entire character booklet through from the beginning, or she will tell you to read the characters as they come into play.

There will undoubtedly be paragraphs in your characters that you do not understand. Different things will hopefully become clearer as the story evolves.

Playing Travellers

In this scenario, you will not be playing a group of people that know each other. You will perhaps not even like each other, and most probably have different goals in life and have trouble agreeing on various subjects. There will be no quests, other than a few "meta-quests"—instructions from the game master to do certain things at certain times, not necessarily telling you why.

Style of play

I will briefly push for a way of playing that I think suits Travellers. You are likely to have your own style of playing which will probably work as well as what I am about to describe, but nevertheless, I encourage you to try this. This is probably not new to you anyway.

Make it a goal to be almost 100% in character all the time. Do not talk as a player to another. Do not ask the game master any questions. Instead, try to act everything out as you would in live action roleplaying. Do not use a table, but rather construct a car of four chairs etc. Imagine there is a door to the car and open it to get out. If you are new to this style of play, try to give voice to your thoughts as common in theatre or film so that the other

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players understand what is going on. This makes the game more agile and avoids breaks to communicate player-to-player.

Say, "What shall we do with the knife?" holding a pen in your hand—now the pen is a knife, and placed on the table, whoever takes the pen has the knife.

There will be no lists of equipment, stats, skills or die rolls in this game. There should be no or few situations where that would improve the story. Instead, you or the game master decide if you succeed in doing something or not. If the game master suddenly tells you that a tree falls down on you, she probably has got something in mind for the story, and thus, you decide that the tree hits you. But this game is not about performing actions, but about acting as your characters. Most of the situations are situations in ordinary life (albeit under unusual circumstances perhaps) and you will mostly talk—this is how you play Travellers. There are no lists of equipment—you decide to carry or not to carry something when the need arises. You may flesh out your character the same way; anything not explicitly stated may be changed to fit the situation and the way you play Travellers. Improvise and let all improvisation be guided by a very simple

goal: does it improve the story? If it does, and does not break anything else, go for it.

This can make the gaming very agile—you do not need to ask the game master whether the door is locked or not, you simply act as if you try to open it, you might even say to yourself, "I wonder whether it is locked", and the game master will indicate to you if it is or isn't. Small gestures, nods and subtle signals are very powerful tools that you can use to improve the play. The goal of the game is to create the best story possible, not to collect experience, or even survive.

Now, the game master will introduce you to the setting, somewhere along Highway 118 to Eternity in northern Sweden during the mid 80's. He will tell you about jumps in time and space and about playing multiple characters and doing voice-overs. Then the game is afoot.

Enjoy!

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“Hi, I’m Fredrik, play me”

*Does your prejudice tell you I’m foul-mouthed?
Just because I think like a pig, do I need to act like one?
Why would I like to boast about things?
Wouldn’t you tire of talking about sex all the time?
Why would money not make me happy?
Just because I’m not ashamed, do I need to be proud?
What do I do besides the things I’ve told below?
Is Pinter really better than Ron Jeremy? Was he ever?*

Fredrik

Of course it bothers me that I am here—it is fucking freezing outside! This was the reason I left this part of Sweden in the first place. I could never stand the cold. Heat, I can take: 40 degrees celsius in the shadow and enough moist in the air to render the vodka weak is no problem. People that say sand is just like snow weren’t born to live on this earth, and could probably never afford a nice vacation in a real country, with 90% beach and 10% tax instead of the opposite. Either that or they are completely bonkers. Not that I rather spend my time with poor people than with rich lunatics.

Dad died last week. He had been sick for a long time and was well above 60 so there wasn’t really a big surprise. I hadn’t spoken to him for a long time, though, which perhaps stings a

little, but he was mostly so confused the last few years anyway, so I wonder what good it would have done anybody if I had. No doubt *she* will criticise me for it when I get there, but she has always found ways of kicking me around, so it might as well be for a real reason for a change. Frankly I don’t give a shit, but I cannot tell her that or I’ll never hear the end of it. She’s like most old hags, I guess. I guess Dad wasn’t up for fucking some sense back into her for the last couple of years, but who can blame him. Admittedly, she looks a lot better than most old women. But that really doesn’t say much, does it? My sister don’t get along with her either, so I guess it’s not me for once.

Speaking of my sister, I haven’t seen her for quite some time either. I wonder how big the kid is, must be three, maybe four by now. Probably don’t remember me anyway, unless they have



Rolf

Why did I not try *more*? When I handed in three blank sheets of paper at last spring’s finals, I decided that this semester should be the one where I returned in style. But no. I dediced to pass all the exams, to study my ass off, literally. If I didn’t pass this last exam, I wont have enough credits to keep my student allowance, let alone my student apartment. And I can hardly commute these two thousand kilometers down to Lund from my parents.

In this little bag are the Christmas presents for my parents. A bottle of cheap wine for dad, and a doubtful perfume for my mother, both purchased on the tax-free shop on a boat trip to Åbo. I don’t exactly look forward to the old routine of lying about my studies, explaining and defending my subject before my illiterate father and listen to why philosophy is not *something*

befitting a real man. I wish he would understand that I’m never taking over that carpenter firm. I just wasn’t made for that stuff.

When I summarised my life in five minutes over a cup of calcium oxide coffee at the truck stop, I realised why Europe’s first welfare state also had the highest suicide ratings. I’m 29 years old, and perplexed by the fact that my life has never really begun. All my life, I have waited for things to take off, but it has never happened. Stuffing my numb face with the last sandwich, I wondered whether it would ever take off, or if it already had, and I had just missed the opportunity.

I’m 29 years old, and I’ve never had a proper girlfriend. I’ve had sex exactly four times. I have no “hip” friends, and I’m too old for the student union. I have the distinct feeling that my life is doomed to isolation and that I will be a constant onlooker for

been bugging him with pictures and talking about his uncle. Now there is one thing that makes me feel a lot older.

One good thing about being the constant culprit is that you know your place. You don't expect anything from no-one and mostly you don't get it anyway. They keep telling me what to do with my life, telling me to stop shooting movies and move on to "something serious". Well, They don't have to like porn, but they can all go to hell before telling me what is serious or not. Porn is porn. It will always make profit, it will always be around. There will always be new things to show that hasn't been shown before. People will always be crazy enough to pay good money to see people fucking each other in the ass. That's the way of the world, and if I can make money out of it, then why shouldn't I?

Society's view of porn is the same hypocrisy as all the lies about drugs. Not that I would use drugs, not that I think that there is no danger to it, but hell if cigarettes and alcohol are not both a lot worse. But nowadays you get shot for voicing such opinions, and it doesn't look like that situation is going to improve. Porn is still legal though, so I'm on the right side of the fence. I smoke, of course. And drink. But who doesn't these days.

People always ask me that question. "How did you get into the porn business?" It doesn't bother me. If you learn that someone is an actor or an author or a painter, you ask them too. "How did you become...?" Exotic trades are all like that. I

usually joke about fucking my way to the top, but people tend to take me seriously, so I've stopped. Of course I have had my share of action before the camera, but that was years ago. Two years at least, and it is not like my dreams of working with film ever included that, even if it is good money and a lot of fun. There are many great people working in this business. There are no mindless blue collar workers, and people are spontaneous and open minded. I like that.

In my spare time, I actually direct and produce an open theatre group, playing mostly stuff like Pinter and Sam Beckett, and that is great fun. One good thing about my job is that I can keep my own hours and need not work more than a week a month to get by. That way I can spend a lot of time at the theatre. Of course I can't spend any *big* money, but I don't have any expensive habits. Other than liquor and cigarettes, of course.

No, you are wrong. For some reason I actually do feel ashamed. I actually usually lie about it, say I'm a shop clerk or something, but in situations with strangers that I am unlikely to ever meet again, being honest costs so little. It is also good fun to see peoples' reactions. Most people become really interested—you can really feel they are getting a hard-on imagining it, and ask questions pretending to be polite or not really curious. But I can always tell. You are like that, by the way.

as long as I live. I'm a social vampire, living through observing others' happiness, closing my eyes and imagining it was my own. Crying over others' break-ups and reunions.

It is painfully clear that life was not made for solitude—it is only when you order at least two pizzas that the delivery is for free. So I do. I order two, thinking that my girl would have been a vegetarian. When they ring the doorbell, I shout, "honey, will you take that or shall I?" before opening. I make sure she got the right pizza before the guy leaves. I don't need to double check mine. I can eat anything.

My mother is *concerned*. She is expecting grandchildren. She is longing to show old crappy photographs to a young woman clinging to my arm telling me how cute I was when I was young. And dad will look her over, a little too long and a little too obvious, and elbow me in my stomach in a comradely fashion and

say "you did good, son". But that's never going to happen. In their world, I could as well have been gay.

You know, after a while, you get to know loneliness pretty well. You learn to interpret its many kinds of silences. At times you might even prefer it. But then, a woman will pass you by, or sit next to you on the bus. She will smell of sweat or perfume, she will breathe heavily having raced to catch the bus. She might even talk to you: "can I sit here?" A brief smile before looking away. At those times, the inferiority of loneliness is crystal clear. And you try really hard not to do something stupid. But your problem is *you never do*. You are your own prison guard.

I *am* an uninteresting person. They say there is no such thing, but I should know.

"Hi, I'm Rolf, play me"

Is an unhappy person necessarily a loser?

Can you always tell that a person is unhappy, from the outside?

Does lack of sexual experience have to make me an idiot around women?

Could it not be that I'm a poet?

What was your relationship to your parent's in your late 20's?

Does playing subtle have to be boring?

Do you think my life is really all I've told you?

Who said university studies was for everyone?

Instruction for the Future

During Truth or Dare—place yourself in a situation where you can play Truth against Ulrika and ask, “Tell me about your first sexual experience!” Also, play Truth against Rolf asking “What’s the worst story of your life?”

MONIKA

THE FATHER

Monika

You are a school teacher. You know nothing about what your husband and daughter is doing behind your back. You are jealous, and with good reason it seems. You have taken a cab home from your kick-off to get home earlier and help your daughter with her maths. You are the victim here.

How could she? With Rickard—her mother's husband, her own dad? How could she do this to you? How can you ever trust her again? How could your husband let himself be seduced by someone only a half-woman? How could you live if this became known?

Rickard

I am married to Monika. I have a wonderful daughter and lover, Ulrika. Ulrika and I are connected with a pure, strong love, that requires us to go beyond conventional wisdom and opinion on what is "right". I love to watch her body grow, her breasts are visible through her t-shirt now, and the smell of her sweat changed once she started getting her periods.

We have to be careful. The world is full of people who are incapable of understanding, who have been brought up unable to understand that this love is possible. I understand that most women will not be mature enough for such a great love at such a young age, but Ulrika is. Her body shivers under my hands. I sit behind her in the bed, untie her hair and cup my hands over her tiny breasts. They are getting larger and larger. Soon, they won't fit in my hands anymore.

Monika is away on a her annual kick-off for the school where she works as a teacher. Ulrika and I have the house to ourselves. I can hardly hold back anymore. How wonderful it is to be in love!

DR. HAGLUND

+

THE EX

9

“What’s the worst story of your life?”

ROLF

9

*You have two characters in this scene. You start as Dr. Haglund.
The ex, Monika, will be introduced when she is about to enter the scene.*

Dr. Haglund

You are just about to tell a young man that he has AIDS. This is a first for you, and for this region of Sweden. You just don't know how to handle it. AIDS is a disease that infects faggots and originally came from African monkeys. You know you can get it by letting someone come in you ass without a condom. It is a dirty disease. You will not shake hands with this man. You are actually scared.

Monika

I hate him. I truly do. I was shit-scared when I took all those tests, gave half of my blood to doctors in protective suits talking to me behind glass walls. People were afraid of the disease and I was treated like dirt. I hate him for fucking around as much as I hate him for putting me through this. The only reason for me to ever see him again would be to pull the plug on his life-support systems. I hope he rots away real slow.

Rolf

You are the storyteller. Use this power. You decide when to end the scene. The scene has at least the following parts:

- 1. Accompanying Samuel (played by Fredrik) to the doctor*
- 2. Samuel calls long-distance to Darlene*
- 3. Trying to convince Samuels ex-girlfriend to visit Samuel at the clinic*

End by saying that not much have changed since. Samuel died on the 4th of March this year and you were pretty much the only person at the funeral. Someone has written "faggot" all over your front door to your dormroom.

**THE
GOOD
COP**

**THE
BAD
COP**

Palmgren

It is my turn to play good cop today. I hate those days. Johansson plays a pretty good bad cop. Too bad he is a lousy driver.

Arresting that Robert guy was easier than I had anticipated. I guess he was tired and cold and hungry, whereas Johansson and I were well-rested, well-fed, locked and loaded. With this guy down, we are almost back to the situation before the mass escape from the prison last week. But this was way too easy. Makes me uneasy. The bastard looks like he is smiling. Fuck me if I haven't seen him somewhere before. Maybe at Lena's salon? What did she have to go and divorce me for? It is not like she was easy to live with either. I can't stand the thought of her hands through this guy's hair, rubbing in that sperm-looking shampoo. This divorce will be end end of me.

That this Robert guy is not involved in the killing of Claesson, my old colleague, is unthinkable. I still can't believe that they made it look like Claesson was on the take. If I was the law, I wouldn't think twice about driving this guy out into the pitch-black forest and treating him to a piece of lead. Prisons is just a damn waste of time on guys like this.

Johansson

It is my turn to play bad cop today. Those days are the best. Palmgren hates playing good cop more than I, but he does a much better job of it. The down-side is that I have to drive.

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That this guy is not involved in the killing of Claesson, my old colleague, is unthinkable. I still can't believe that they made it look like Claesson was on the take. Maybe breaking a finger or two would make Robert talk. I can even let Palmgren do it. We had to fight hard for this assignment and I'm not letting that go to waste.

THE MOTHER

THE FATHER

Monika

There is a God. Your rival is dying in AIDS. It has taken forever. Playing the grieving mother has proved a more difficult part than you first thought.

Rickard

Ulrika is dying in AIDS. There is nothing you can do. She asked to be put to sleep before the madness got hold over her. So there is actually something you can do. Ironically, it is the common cold, and not the cancer that will claim her. Unless you do something, of course. The something you can do. Just sign the paper. Come on, you can do it. You've written your name a million times. There! On the dotted line!