**Jonjd002 – Jakeb Jones**

**High Concept**

Game is going to be a dungeon crawler where the player must work their way out of the dungeon by defeating monsters, solving puzzles and finding loot.

**Game Treatment Design**

Game will be 2d top down Roguelike with story sections between levels, as well as an intro story section. All levels to be hard crafted, no random generation of levels. Grid based movement with teleportation between each grid cells. Guns spells and abilities for combat, no swords.

Movement will be “w” “a” “s” “d” based

Shooting will be left and right click

Game will end if the player runs out of health or escapes the dungeon

Game will feature an inventory system so that the player can hold items such as health potions and keys

**World Design Document**

The world of the game is going to be only dungeons that the player will explore, the initial dungeon will be an introductory level where the player can get a feel for the controls and the simple mechanics, the second level will be a larger dungeon that the player must find keys and switches to escape while also evading or killing monsters.

**Flow boards**

**Movement:**

Player presses key - > player moves - > players model updates (changes direction, sprite etc)

**Shooting:**

Player left clicks -> projectile spawns -> heads in the direction the player clicked-> destroy projectile on collision

**AI:**

Player moves near AI -> AI moves towards the player -> when near player, attack player

If hit by projectile -> dies

**Doors:**

If player steps on a trigger -> door opens ->update door collision

if door is locked -> if player approaches and has a key -> door open -> player loses the key

**Story**

a dame with a history, a private eye with no future, also cthulhu.

This game tries to combine film noir elements (specifically a blooding atmosphere, the private eye, the femme fatale, 1940-1950's setting) with cthulhulian cosmic type horror. Basically, it starts with the private eye, our protaganist getting a job from the femme fatale for a murder. He's desperate for cash, because he's due to be evicted from his office the next day -- and so he reluctantly accepts.

Following the directions on the mysterious folder, he arrives at an eerie monastery-on-the-hill type deal, and realizes he's getting more than he bargained for. Having no other options, he pushes on regardless. As he investigates the area, he begins to uncover the more supernatural elements of the story; elements such as monsters, cultists, portals to other dimensions, etc.

Hero:

Desperate for cash, is going to be evicted from his office, and his only source of income. Also has gambling debts

Drinks a lot

Turned to gambling after his wife ran off with another man while he fought in WW2

WW2 veteran trying to make a living after getting mentally ruffed up by the war

Before enlisting lived and worked in the monastary as a (teacher? any profession, really)

(Also needs some redeeming qualities, that make you actually like this character and want him to get out of the story intact)

Location:

Previously a church priory in a secluded location. The monastery was built in a small village, but this was abandoned once the monastery burnt down, with the remaining townsfolk moving back to the major cities to enlist or otherwise contribute to the war effort. The monastery itself burnt down (~20 years ago?) under mysterious circumstances. Conventional wisdom says it was an accident, but there were dark/spooky rumors that the clergy was gradually going insane, and the church burnt it down (because it was possesed by the devil or something)

Unbenownst to our protagonist,

Dame:

Previously a nun, discovered occult knowledge[

Driven by otherwordly forces, tore a rift into cosmos, monsters started getting out, needs the detective's help to shoot them

Pretty unstable after seeing all them cosmic terrors

Increasingly loses the plot as the story progresses

Eventually wakes an old one

Cultist

A house on a rotten hill in a god-forsaken land

A journey you've made a hundred times before

9:52 in the morning, that's when you'd started drinking. "can't pay-- can't stay" is all he'd said before an eviction notice had been shoved into your hands. Your detective business hadn't be going so well.

\*\* drinking scene ?\*\*

7:17 is when you seen it, slid under the door, no doubt missed during your revelry. A thousand dollars, a picture of a man, and a string-tie folder. On the front it read: "(1 Horror Name Hill). A thousand more once you're done. Tonight". On the back: "Bring your gun".

You had idly thumbed your revolver, thinking. You were a private eye, not a hitman, and you already had plans for today: gin for breakfast, gin for lunch, revolver for dinner.

"No name. Signed with a kiss." You looked closer at the lipstick: "This shade is... 'lady danger', huh? Hell of a choice."

You sighed, grabbing your things and shoving them into you coat pockets, then headed out to the street, dinner would have to wait.

8:40 is you had arrived, ...

Griping your gun tighter, your hand clinging to the iron in a white knuckled embrace, you knock once by way of slamming your boot into the lock

the door shatters, splinters shooting into your eyes and face one way, and flying into the pitch black abyss the other. Why couldn't a job ever be easy.

steeling yourself against the

and as you stare into that abyss, you feel it doesn't so much as stare back, as smile; it's been waiting.