

Where Do Alts Go

- About a guy who used to go out and fight crime but now doesn't.
- The mood I'm trying to capture here is one of helplessness.
- He wants to go out and fight crime, and he wants to stop the criminals, but for some reason he is unable to and he doesn't know why.
- From his point of view he's just stuck.
- He can't understand why he's not able to go out there anymore.
- But he does want to do it.
- It needs to start off with him doing some normal day to day stuff – making coffee etc.
- Then he's talking about what his life used to be like
- Maybe a memory of flying as that is very emotive.
- Then maybe move on to watching some criminals attacking a store or bank below where he lives.
- Something along the lines of him thinking about going and helping but he doesn't.
- Can end with some melancholy feel of "maybe tomorrow" "maybe I'll go out tomorrow".
- Mention some driving force that used to be there making him do things and now he doesn't.
- This would give that implication that there was something there previously.
- Leaves the impression of how he was controlled by someone and leaves an element of doubt about what is actually happening.