

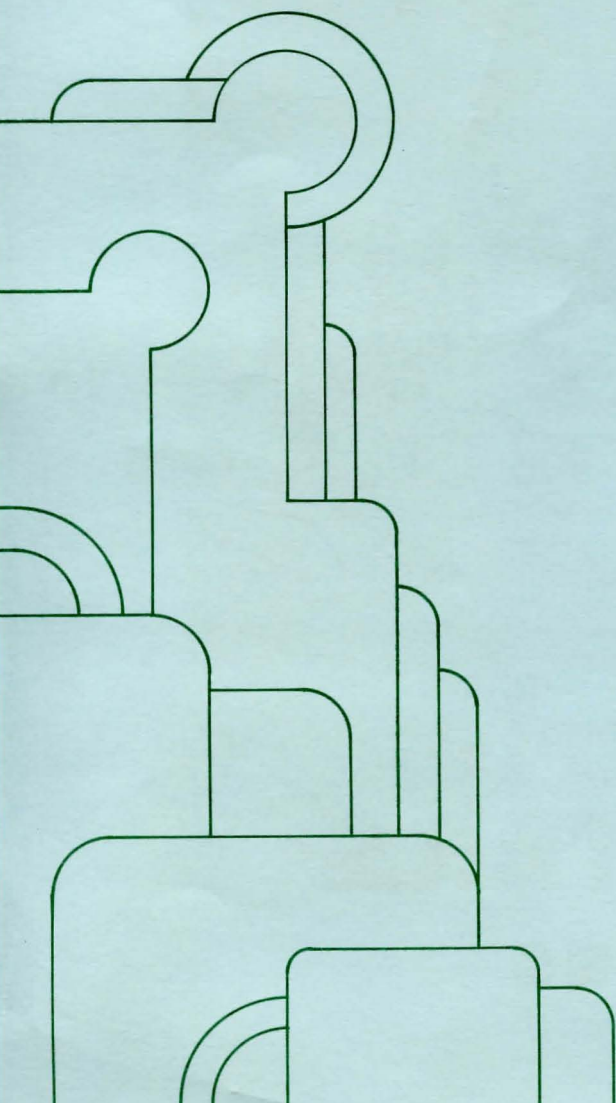
ROMANTIC ENCOUNTERS™

AT THE DOME



ROMANTIC

The word "ROMANTIC" is rendered in a bold, sans-serif font. Each letter is filled with a dark green color and has a white arrow pointing outwards from its center. The arrows are oriented in various directions: horizontal, diagonal, and vertical.



*microlusions*TM

17408 CHATSWORTH STREET
GRANADA HILLS, CA 91344
(818) 360-3715

ENCOUNTERS

AT THE DOME™

The DOME is a sophisticated, hi-tech, private club situated in an ultra-posh section of Los Angeles. Within the multi-stories of this elegant glass and steel edifice you will pursue romantic encounters the likes of which you have only dreamt of before but never dared speak about. Permit your wildest imagination to interact with the enticing scenarios awaiting you at the DOME. Enter as a woman or as a man. You may try to control the direction of the relationships you develop, but be careful. They could take you where you're not ready to go. ROMANTIC ENCOUNTERS enables you to stretch the boundaries in your relationships with the opposite sex by allowing you to play out roles in life that otherwise might not come so easily. At the DOME you are encouraged to "try on love" by taking dramatic risks within a variety of situations and settings. You could be romantic or reckless. Your candlelight dinner could end in a drunken brawl, or you could soar to new heights, going all the way, without ever reaching the

penthouse. There are many exciting and challenging relationships awaiting you at the DOME. It's up to you to handle the action, take the emotional risks, and reap the potentially dramatic rewards! At the DOME your skill with the opposite sex will be put to the ultimate test. And to sharpen those skills by knowing yourself better, you can drop in for "love capacity testing" at the Psychological Department on the DOME's third floor. Whether you are a hopeless romantic or engulfed by more earthy drives, your experiences at the keyboard with ROMANTIC ENCOUNTERS can be carried over, if you dare, to broaden and enrich the rest of your daily life. ROMANTIC ENCOUNTERS at the DOME, with its countless interactive scenarios, was created by Lee Thomas, an award-winning playwright and screenwriter. Some of his awards for dealing with contemporary dramatic material include: National Endowment for the Arts, Eugene O'Neill Award, ABC Award.



SYSTEM REQUIREMENTS

AMIGA 500
AMIGA 1000 / 512K MINIMUM
AMIGA 2000
For single or dual drive systems.



START-UP

Amiga 1000 owners need to "Kickstart" their system after it is first turned on. See your owner's manual if you don't know how to do this. When you are prompted for a "Workbench" disk, insert Disk (A) in Drive 0. If you have a second drive (Drive 1), insert Disk (B) into it. The program will automatically load and run.



PASSCODE

Your **Personal Passcode**

Women: Larry / Men: Tanya


The above **personal passcodes** are provided to give **you alone** access to the enclosed program. The use of passcodes allows your membership to be a personal one — and also protects the program from unwarranted access by minors.

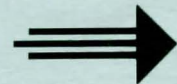
UNDERSTANDING ME, UNDERSTANDING YOU

Moving about successfully in life means understanding the environment you have to work with. So it is in the Dome. To be successful in your dramatic life at the Dome, act within the environment supplied to you. Do your best to understand and respond within the context of the reality before you — then reap, or suffer the dynamic consequences.



OPERATIONS

Throughout your experience at the Dome **whenever you see a flashing cursor** all alone, it is suggested that you **type in a response**. When you see  it is suggested that you press **return** to progress to the **next screen**. Whenever the **main screen** you are working on begins to scroll over the top, you may type **"backup"** to restore the screen to its original form.



RANDOM GENERATOR

Romantic Encounters' Random Generator is designed to simulate the "chance factor" of true reality. For every second you refrain from touching the **return key**, your options for the kind of experiences you can have inside the **Dome** change dynamically.

Once you press the **return** key, hundreds of options are frozen in time, mapped and evaluated — then held in memory as potential experiences.

Fate and your **temperment** are also important factors and can determine the nature and outcome of your life at the **Dome**. This program is capable of screening your "input" for **mood indicators**, and making adjustments, accordingly.

On a more predictable level, the **Dome** Staff has been carefully trained to make your stay with us as pleasant as possible.



LEAVING PROGRAM

Once involved in a **Romantic Encounters** dramatic encounter, you will not be allowed to simply **quit** the experience, anymore than you can do this in real life. An **outside computer function**, or act of God, is required.

In the absence of celestial intervention, **control C** can be utilized. To operate: At a static (non-moving) screen, hold down the **control** key and PRESS the **C** key.

TYPICAL SCENARIOS

Starting below are 8 illustrations of typical play. Two women played out the first scenario, and six men played out the second scenario. Each variation started with the same opening scene, but altered its direction in **response** to the **input** from the game player. To seek your own Romantic Encounter at the Dome look for **your inspiration** in the text to direct **your own input** and **trigger the responses** you desire.

SCENARIO ONE

AS PLAYED OUT
BY FIRST FEMALE

INSPIRATION
FOR PLAYER
INPUT



At the dance floor you find a towering transparent pillar of etched glass and lean against it.

As you scan the onlookers, many of whom look like their sole occupations are working out in health clubs and shopping for clothes, a tall blond man attracts your attention. He is standing alone at the moment, though you doubt he'll be standing alone for long. His hair is trimly cut and he is neatly, though casually dressed... a blue sailing jacket, informal white shirt, loafers. He glances briefly in your direction...

His face is subtly handsome, his powerful six-foot frame gracefully proportioned. His manner is subdued, steady, with a glow that suggests harmony. His 35 year old sex appeal is contained. You reflect this is the kind of man a woman could marry, who would fill the role of husband well, be loyal, always treat you with endearing respect and give you beautiful children that would be fathered in the best possible way.

He is standing alone now, but the situation could change at any moment. As he glances your way again, you decide whether to offer a smile, a special look...

PLAYER INPUT



HE'S HANDSOME, BUT I'LL LOOK AROUND FOR SOMEONE ELSE

Another man catches your eye. He's a little younger, with shoulder-length, beautifully cut brown hair. He begins staring at you with his eyes tensed, even as he continues a conversation with a twenty year old girl who looks as though she might be a waitress. This is a very sexy guy, a man who exudes confidence, stays fit in the gym, has a gift of gab... a

man who you thought you saw run his hand into his young companion's designer jeans, while murmuring gently into her ear. His eyes dart again at yours and hold in a very tight stare. You reflect this is the kind of man, who once he gets you alone might immediately pull open your clothes and with eyes and breath full of passion, bury his face in your breasts, start tearing at your clothes.

You make a decision about him.

PLAYER INPUT



I HAVE NO INTEREST IN HIM. I'LL MOVE ON.

You walk. You watch a variety of couples **dancing**. A couple dressed in beautifully tailored black leather and cheap industrial chains takes to the floor and does a seductive nothing-in-this-world-can-bind-me routine that gets everyone watching. An attractive man moves in on your right to watch the dancers. He notices you, nods, seems to like what he sees. His eyes turn back to the dancers. **You think of something to say to him.**

You decide to say...

INSPIRATION
FOR PLAYER
INPUT



PLAYER INPUT



HELLO, WOULD YOU LIKE TO DANCE?

He doesn't respond, doesn't even look at you. It's as if he didn't hear you.

You speak again.

PLAYER INPUT



I SAID, "HELLO, WOULD YOU LIKE TO DANCE?"

The man shrugs, tenses, starts bobbing his head in a kinda cool manner. Then he turns to you in a stern manner, and now looks you over as if you were some kind of cheap hooker. He shakes his head rejectingly at you and says, "No thanks," then turns and walks off.

You can't believe what has just happened, that anyone could be so insensitive, so intentionally cruel!



SCENARIO ONE

AS PLAYED OUT
BY SECOND FEMALE

At the dance floor you find a towering transparent pillar of etched glass and lean against it.

As you scan the onlookers, many of whom look like their sole occupations are working out in health clubs and shopping for clothes, a tall blond man attracts your attention. He is standing alone at the moment, though you doubt he'll be standing alone for long. His hair is trimly cut and he is neatly, though casually dressed... a blue sailing jacket, informal white shirt, loafers. He glances briefly in your direction...

His face is subtly handsome, his powerful six-foot frame gracefully proportioned. His manner is subdued, steady, with a glow that suggests harmony. His 35 year old sex appeal is contained. You reflect this is the kind of man a woman could marry, who would fill the role of husband well, be loyal, always treat you with endearing respect and give you beautiful children that would be fathered in the best possible way.

He is standing alone now, but the situation could change at any moment. As he glances your way again, **you decide whether to offer a smile**, a special look...

INSPIRATION
FOR PLAYER
INPUT



PLAYER INPUT



WETTING MY LIPS, I GIVE HIM A BIG WARM SMILE

The tall man approaches you confidently, with great curiosity. He looks into your eyes, delicately trying to read your inner thoughts, sense who you are. After he gives you a friendly "Hello", you come up with...

PLAYER INPUT



HI, I'M GLAD YOU CAME OVER TO SEE ME.

He looks down at you with a half smile, sighs heavily, looks away and says:

"I wasn't really trying to meet anyone. I just got a little bored in my apartment and came in to watch."

You feel rejected. A maze of options go through your head, from silently turning and walking away, to risking asking him if he wants to talk a little, or have a drink. You might score higher marks on the second round.

As you stand next to him the tension increases. You make your move.

PLAYER INPUT



ME EITHER, BUT MAYBE WE COULD TALK OVER A DRINK?

His eyes look into yours and study them. He's not sure what to make of you, but the calm blue in his eyes starts to brighten.

"...maybe we could talk a little in the lounge."

As you walk away from the dance floor, the man smiles and tells you his name is "Larry". His tone is poised, but warm and friendly...

In the lounge area you are shown, by a hostess, to a deep-cushioned camel back sofa.

As you relax into the dimly lit setting a cocktail waitress approaches. Larry orders a Chivas Regal on the rocks, with a twist.

"And your order, ma'm?"

PLAYER INPUT



MAY I HAVE A WHITE WINE SPRITZER PLEASE?

A little nervousness develops between the two of you, until you offer a few carefully selected tidbits about your life, special interests, and then ask Larry if he could tell you anything about himself.

He sighs, smiles, and tells you how he quit the world of New York advertising after his brain suddenly stopped coming up with new ideas. He was burnt out. That's when he decided he had to do something for himself, make his own rules. So he started pursuing his real interest, a career in photography...

An uncomfortable silence. You sip your drink.

Larry's drink looks really interesting. You think of asking him if you can have a sip of his drink, a way of getting closer. Maybe you can ask him how he came to stay at a place like the Dome. Neither idea seems really great, but you feel the pressure to keep things going here.

You regard Larry, and speak.

PLAYER INPUT



MAY I HAVE A SIP OF YOUR DRINK LARRY?

Larry shifts uncomfortably, then watches as you take his drink, suck down a big gulp, then give off a mischievous, sexy grin.

"Hey, that's not bad. I'll have to order one of those," you say, trying to be extra friendly. "Now, how'd you like a sip of mine?" you continue, running your tongue slowly, sensuously over your lower lip.

Larry's eyes decline, uneasily.

"No, thank you." His voice is remote, polite.

Larry looks at his watch, says "It's getting late", tells you how interesting it is meeting someone like you. Then he puts down some money for the drinks, rises, gives off a token smile and walks off into the crowd.



SCENARIO TWO

AS PLAYED OUT
BY FIRST MALE

You step out of the elevator and look around. There's a big noisy crowd, a young crowd. You make your way to the bar, look for an open space to get a drink and suddenly get lucky. A man gets up and heads for the elevators. You take his stool.

As you wait for the bartender, you notice a very pretty girl sitting on your left. She has long brown hair and blue eyes. She is sipping on a straw stuck in what looks like a Tom Collins. As you glance over her figure, you categorize her as a fitness buff; the skin on her bare legs is tight and tan. As you decide her age to be about 21 or 22, she catches you looking her over. Her glance takes about 1 second, and carries no reaction other than boredom.

INSPIRATION
FOR PLAYER
INPUT



The bartender shows no sign of getting to your end of the bar. So far things don't look too promising. You have to decide what to do...

PLAYER INPUT



HEY BARTENDER, HOW ABOUT SOME SERVICE

The bartender turns to you:
"Hey, keep your shirt on, or try the bar upstairs!"



SCENARIO TWO

AS PLAYED OUT
BY SECOND MALE

You step out of the elevator and look around. There's a big noisy crowd, a young crowd. You make your way to the bar, look for an open space to get a drink and suddenly get lucky. A man gets up and heads for the elevators. You take his stool.

As you wait for the bartender, you notice a very pretty **girl** sitting on your left. She has long brown hair and blue eyes. She is sipping on a straw stuck in what looks like a Tom Collins. As you glance over her figure, you categorize her as a fitness buff; the skin on her bare legs is tight and tan. As you decide her age to be about 21 or 22, **she catches you looking her over.** Her glance takes about 1 second, and carries no

INSPIRATION
FOR PLAYER
INPUT



reaction other than boredom.

The bartender shows no sign of getting to your end of the bar. So far things don't look too promising. You have to decide what to do...

PLAYER INPUT



MAKE A PASS AT THIS GIRL

You start up a conversation with the girl next to you.

She responds — warmly.

You make a date for Saturday night.

You take her upstairs to the penthouse.

You dance.

You talk intimately in the lounge.

You go to the mensroom. When you come back, she is gone. You look all over the penthouse for her. You wait outside the women's restroom for about 20 minutes — no girl! You return to the mezzanine — no girl!

You find yourself standing in the elevator not knowing what the hell to do.



SCENARIO

TWO

AS PLAYED OUT
BY THIRD MALE

INSPIRATION
FOR PLAYER
INPUT



You step out of the elevator and look around. There's a big noisy crowd, a young crowd. You make your way to the bar, look for an open space to get a drink and suddenly get lucky. A man gets up and heads for the elevators. You take his stool.

As you wait for the bartender, you notice a very pretty girl sitting on your left. She has long brown hair and blue eyes. She is sipping on a straw stuck in what looks like a Tom Collins. As you glance over her figure, you categorize her as a fitness buff; **the skin on her bare legs is tight and tan**. As you decide her age to be about 21 or 22, she catches you looking her over. Her glance takes about 1 second, and carries no reaction other than boredom.

The bartender shows no sign of getting to your end of the bar. So far things don't look too promising. You have to decide what to do...

PLAYER INPUT



SLOWLY, I MOVE MY HAND AND CARRESS HER THIGH

You're not entirely surprised when the girl slaps your face, then

emits a 105 decibel blast from her voice box.

"Look you sonofabitch, why don't you keep your hands to yourself?"

She leaves. You're left with the glaring looks of everyone around the bar. After a few minutes of being stared by eyes that tell you you're a creep, you leave.



SCENARIO TWO

AS PLAYED OUT
BY FOURTH MALE

You step out of the elevator and look around. There's a big noisy crowd, a young crowd. You make your way to the bar, look for an open space to get a drink and suddenly get lucky. A man gets up and heads for the elevators. You take his stool.

As you wait for the bartender, you notice a very pretty girl sitting on your left. She has long brown hair and blue eyes. She is sipping on a straw stuck in what looks like a Tom Collins. As you glance over her figure, you categorize her as a fitness buff; the skin on her bare legs is tight and tan. As you decide her age to be about 21 or 22, she catches you looking her over. Her glance takes about 1 second, and carries no reaction other than boredom.

The bartender shows no sign of getting to your end of the bar. So far things don't look too promising. You have to decide what to do...

INSPIRATION
FOR PLAYER
INPUT



PLAYER INPUT



WAIT TO ORDER A DRINK

As you start wondering why the hell they don't have more than one bartender on such an overcrowded night, something very unusual happens. You start feeling a light pressure on your left leg. At first you wonder if you are imagining things, then the pressure develops fingers and the fingers begin massaging the area just above your knee.

As you glance again at the woman on your left, you can see her right arm extending toward you. She has also moved closer to you to cover her action. You reason that if anyone passing by cared to look, it would not be hard for them to see what's going on.

You note with mild surprise that the woman is wearing the same bored expression as before and still shows no interest in getting any introductory small talk, or even finding out who you are.

You have to decide whether you want to put up with any of this,

meaning are you going to stay and tolerate this impersonal molestation, **challenge her, leave, or what?**

PLAYER INPUT



HEY BABY WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

The woman stares at you with a cool expression. She doesn't like the fact you have asserted yourself.

"I'm sorry you spoke," she murmurs, softly. Her eyes begin to glaze over. "I would have liked there to have been nothing but an... ethereal... silence between us, just the magic of touching, your soul coming close to mine. What I didn't want was the words, your words and mine, telling us who we are, what we've done... limiting what, we might have between us. **Can you possibly understand that, or not?**"

INSPIRATION
FOR PLAYER
INPUT



PLAYER INPUT



YEAH SURE, I UNDERSTAND

She catches a wonderous glimpse of something in your expression that she deeply appreciates, then twin tears begin to form in her huge eyes.

"Thank you, you're a lovely person. And I can tell that without even knowing you." The voice is gentle and loving; it speaks only one more time. "Good-bye".

The woman rises, takes her purse from the bar, turns and walks off into the crowd, taking her enchantment with her.

You sit stunned for a moment, wait for approximately 15 minutes thinking she might return. She doesn't.

You decide what to do.



SCENARIO TWO

AS PLAYED OUT
BY FIFTH MALE

You step out of the elevator and look around. There's a big noisy crowd, a young crowd. You make your way to the bar, look for an open space to get a drink and suddenly get lucky. A man gets up and heads for the elevators. You take his stool.

As you wait for the bartender, you notice a very pretty girl sitting on your left. She has long brown hair and blue eyes. She is sipping on a straw stuck in what looks like a Tom Collins. As you glance over her figure, you categorize her as a fitness buff; the skin on her bare legs is

INSPIRATION
FOR PLAYER
INPUT



tight and tan. As you decide her age to be about 21 or 22, **she catches you looking her over.** Her glance takes about 1 second, and carries no reaction other than boredom.

The bartender shows no sign of getting to your end of the bar. So far things don't look too promising. You have to decide what to do...

PLAYER INPUT



GOD AM I HORNY!

The woman regards you uncomfortably. She doesn't know how to respond to what you've just said. Then suddenly a look of disappointment comes into her eyes. She picks up her purse from the bar, tries to give you a parting smile, fails to bring it off, then turns and disappears into the crowd.

The bartender still hasn't come to your end of the bar. Now you start getting angry at the lack of just the BASIC SERVICES here on the Mezzanine — it's impossible to get a Goddam drink!

After letting your anger's acid vibration waves permeate all the air going in the direction of the bartender, **you decide what to do next.**

INSPIRATION
FOR PLAYER
INPUT



PLAYER INPUT



LOOK AROUND THE BAR FOR SOME OTHER WOMEN

You take in a little mouse of a girl, with bangs and a blue dress, across the bar. When she becomes aware that you're looking at her, she starts giggling and acting very silly. **This looks like an easy pickup.** You decide whether to act.

INSPIRATION
FOR PLAYER
INPUT



PLAYER INPUT



TRY TO PICK UP THIS GIRL

You buy the girl a drink.
She says one is her limit.
She smiles and says she has to go home.
You figure you'll go with her.
You kiss in the elevator.

On the parking platform, you kiss more passionately. Her teeth seem funny during the kiss. You ask if you can take her home in your best sexy voice, which for some reason doesn't seem very sexy right now. When the girl turns down your offer, you get depressed — partly because you don't even like her very much.

As a parting gesture, she hands you her business card and learn she runs a woman's boutique.

Without a giggle (she seems depressed now too), she tells you to call her, and splits.

You turn and look for the elevator.



SCENARIO TWO

AS PLAYED OUT
BY SIXTH MALE

INSPIRATION
FOR PLAYER
INPUT



You step out of the elevator and look around. There's a big noisy crowd, a young crowd. You make your way to the bar, look for an open space to get a drink and suddenly get lucky. A man gets up and heads for the elevators. You take his stool.

As you wait for the bartender, you notice a very pretty girl sitting on your left. She has long brown hair and blue eyes. She is sipping on a straw stuck in what looks like a Tom Collins. As you glance over her figure, you categorize her as a fitness buff; the skin on her bare legs is tight and tan. As you decide her age to be about 21 or 22, **she catches you looking her over**. Her glance takes about 1 second, and carries no reaction other than boredom.

The bartender shows no sign of getting to your end of the bar. So far things don't look too promising. You have to decide what to do...

PLAYER INPUT



ASK THIS CHICK IF SHE'D LIKE TO GET LAID

The woman regards you uncomfortably. She doesn't know how to respond to what you've just said. Then suddenly a look of disappointment comes into her eyes. She picks up her purse from the bar, tries to give you a parting smile, fails to bring it off, then turns and disappears into the crowd.

The bartender still hasn't come to your end of the bar. Now you start getting angry at the lack of just the BASIC SERVICES here on the Mezzanine — it's impossible to get a Goddam drink!

After letting your anger's acid vibration waves permeate all the air going in the direction of the bartender, you decide what to do next.

PLAYER INPUT



STAY AND ORDER A DRINK

A muscular jock type guy sits down beside you, buys you a drink. He

talks about how there were "...tons of available chicks at the Dome last week." He mentions having to beat them off with a club. After you get bored with the guy and he gets bored with you, he suggests you buy a couple of six-packs and drive to Tijuana, Mexico, just for the hell of it.

You respond.

PLAYER INPUT

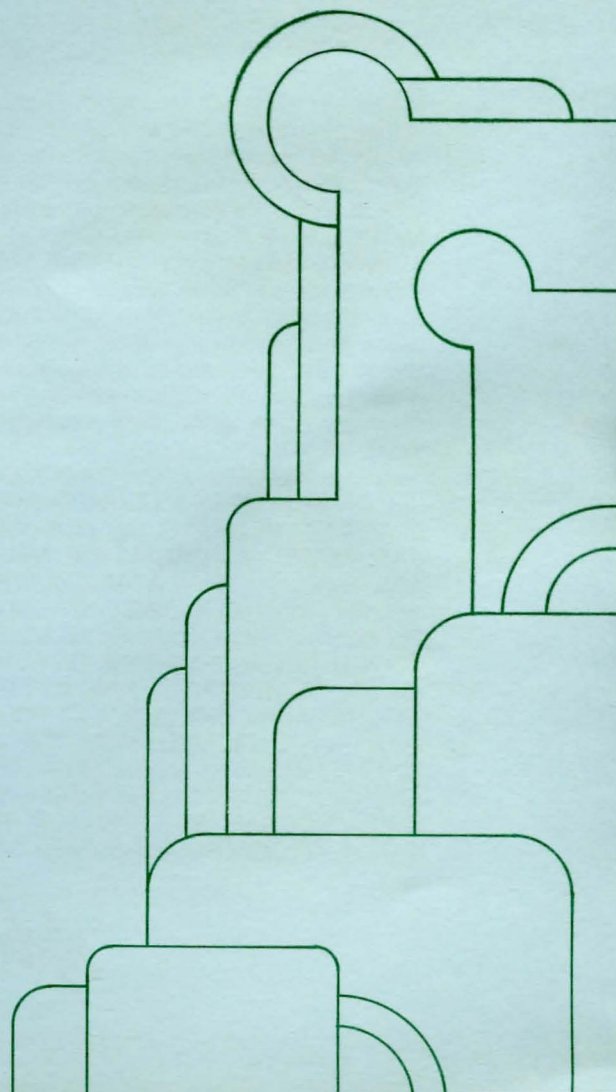


GREAT LET'S GO

You leave the Dome and head for Tijuana in the guy's pickup. By the time you get to San Diego, the guy tells you his name is Bart. You've already drunk more beer than you can remember, so you suggest a swim in the ocean to sober up.

Later, you lie on the beach and talk fondly of other times you got drunk, and the great things you did while plastered.

All in all, you regret leaving the Dome, where there was the possibility of meeting someone and falling in love.



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