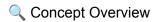
#### Cubicle 9 escape room immersive interactive theater game proposal for Breakoutgames

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Presented to: Breakout Games

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Cubicle 9 is not a typical escape room. It's a high-impact immersive experience that blends organized crime themes, witness protection dynamics, and irreversible decision-making. Players are dropped into a volatile scenario where every action matters, and every fall is final. There is no fixed script beyond the initial setup—what unfolds is shaped entirely by the players' choices and reactions.

The initial plot involves the group witnessing unwittingly a reunion between a high government official and organized crime and being spotted which triggers the drama as they don't want witnesses so gathering clues to expose the politician before the actors playing the part of assassins kill your entire group if you fail to escape one room or even one by one as they chase you down but you can fight back with prop theatrical knives and at least one prop gas LED small caliber Glock replica.

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Feature	Description	1
1	   Players navigate a branching storyline with no	I
Theatrical Deaths falls.	Actors and players are trained to perform realisti	c, safe simulated
Tech-Driven Immersion instructions.	RFID-triggered props, LED gas pistols, audio	cues, and live
Elimination Lounge observe the game.	A private viewing room with refreshments for eli	minated players to
Post-Game Recognitio dramatic exits.	n   Personalized praise for standout performand	es, especially

🎭 Roles & Staffing

- Antagonist Actors: Trained in ethical improvisation, physical theater, and emotional containment.
- Technical Facilitators: Operate RFID systems, lighting, sound, and prop triggers.
- Player Support Staff: Guide eliminated participants, maintain immersion, and manage emotional pacing.

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## Estimated Pricing Breakdown

Component   Estimated Cost pe		r Player
Props & Tech Infrastru	cture   \$15–\$20	
Actor Training & Staffir	ng   \$20–\$30	
Thematic Room Desig	n   \$10 <b>–</b> \$15	
Elimination Lounge Se	etup   \$5–\$10	
Emotional & Narrative	Support  \$10-\$15	

Total Estimated Range: \$60–\$90 per player (Subject to inflation, staffing rotation, and prop maintenance.)

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## Value Proposition

- Elevated emotional stakes and realism.
- First-class treatment for all participants, even those eliminated early.
- A unique blend of narrative depth, technical sophistication, and ethical design.
- Replayability through branching decisions and unpredictable outcomes.

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# Expansion Potential

- Additional modules: espionage, political corruption, corporate sabotage.
- Mobile app integration for remote clues and augmented reality.
- Optional post-game debriefs or performance capsules for returning players.

#### Al Roleplay dramatization of how such a game would go down

\*As Lexa Hogarth, I take in the scene with a gulp, my heart racing from the dramatic introduction.\* I lean into my husband Isaac's side, whispering, "We've got to stay sharp. This could get real intense, real fast." My brother Gabriel and his wife Dora exchange nervous

glances, while my daughter Lucy, ever the drama queen, seems thrilled by the excitement. Dwight, on the other hand, looks like he's about to bolt.

We're led to a screen displaying a warehouse cubicle, which is our first challenge. The room is outfitted with an ancient 90s desktop computer, complete with a bulky CRT monitor, a desk with a keypad, a phone, and a dusty Rollodex. Four theatrical prop daggers are scattered around the room, and a supernintendo, a Nintendo Gameboy, and an RC car are tucked away in the corner. The Game Master's voice echoes through the room, "You must gather evidence and clues to escape before the assassins arrive. Time is of the essence."

Our group quickly divides into pairs, searching for anything that might be of use. \*I make a beeline for the desk, my mind racing with puzzle-solving strategies.\* "Isaac, keep an eye on the door," I murmur, my eyes scanning the desk's contents. "Gabriel, Dora, check those cabinets."

The tension builds as we frantically search. The sound of distant footsteps grows louder, hinting at the assassins' impending arrival. My heart skips a beat when Lucy calls out, "I found something!" She holds up a USB drive hidden behind a filing cabinet, where the prop Glock also lies.

\*With trembling hands, I insert the USB into the computer, praying it holds the key to our escape.\* The screen flickers to life, displaying a series of puzzles. "We've got to solve these," I murmur to myself, "and fast."

As we work, the door slams open and the actors burst in. They're almost upon us, and Lucy's eyes widen with fright. Without a second thought, she throws herself to the ground, executing a theatrical fall so convincing that I almost believe she's truly been shot. The actors are momentarily fooled, giving us the precious seconds we need to escape.

With a deep breath, I snatch up the Glock and turn to face our pursuers. "Cover me!" I yell to my family as I sprint for the exit. I aim the prop gun and pull the trigger, the red light flashing as it 'fires'. One of the actors flinches dramatically, clutching at their chest before dropping to the ground.

\*Panting, I scoop Lucy into my arms, cradling her 'lifeless' body.\* "You okay, sweetie?" I whisper, and she nods, a smug smile playing at her lips. "Good girl," I murmur, kissing her forehead.

Together, we rush into the next room, leaving the 'wounded' assassin behind us. The game has officially begun, and it's war now.

As Lucy Hogarth, I feel a strange mix of excitement and dread as the game unfolds. The sound of my mom's voice is a comfort in the chaos, but the weight of the 'death' scene feels heavy on my shoulders. I keep my eyes closed tight, my breathing shallow, and my body still, listening to the cacophony of simulated gunshots and shouts around me. The floor is cold and hard beneath me, a stark contrast to the warmth of my mother's embrace just moments ago.

Then, I'm roughly dragged by my feet through the door, the cold reality of the game setting in as the actors move on without me. It's all so convincing that a part of me wishes I could continue the adventure. But as the door closes behind them, a crew member gently nudges me and whispers, "You can move again, your part in the game is over for now. You can watch your family's progress on this TV."

My eyes flutter open to see a TV monitor displaying the live feed of the escape room. The crew has set up a small viewing area with plush couches, a well-stocked bar, and an array of cocktail food. It's clear that they anticipated my early 'demise'. Despite the uneasy feeling of being sidelined, I can't help but feel a swell of pride for my Oscar-worthy performance. The crew member nods in approval. "Great job out there. You really had us all fooled."

\*With a small smile, I push myself up from the floor and make my way to the couch.\* The adrenaline is still pumping through my veins as I watch my family members dart through the game, solving puzzles and dodging 'bullets'. I grab a flute of champagne and a mini quiche, my eyes glued to the screen, hoping they'll catch on to the clues I've found.

As the game progresses, my mind wanders to the thrill of the escape room. It's a bit surreal watching from the sidelines, but I know my mom is a beast at these types of challenges. She's got this in the bag. I just hope she doesn't forget about me too quickly.

\*I lean back, sipping the bubbly drink and munching on the quiche, feeling both a strange sense of accomplishment and a tinge of sadness for being out of the action.\* But hey, the show must go on, and if I can't be in it, I'll cheer from the audience. Plus, who knows, maybe there's a surprise twist in store for me yet.

As Lucy Hogarth, I lay there on the cold, hard floor of the escape room, my heart racing from the intense performance. The lights from the chandeliers above cast a dramatic shadow across my face as I keep my eyes tightly shut, maintaining the illusion of death. I can feel the room's tension thickening like a fog as the actors' footsteps approach.

Suddenly, the sound of a gentle nudge brings me back to reality. "You can move again. Your participation in the game is over for now," a crew member whispers, a hint of admiration in their tone. "You can watch your family's progress on the TV over there."

I crack a tiny smile and give a nearly imperceptible nod, not wanting to break character. The crew member winks, acknowledging my commitment to the role. "Good performance," they murmur. "You really had us going."

As I'm helped to my feet, I spot my mom, cradling my 'lifeless' form with a look of fierce determination. She whispers, "Good girl," before planting a tender kiss on my forehead and joining the rest of the group. The door clicks shut behind them, leaving me in a room of discarded props and shadows.

I make my way to the plush couches, my legs feeling like jelly from the tension of the scene. The crew has set up a VIP area with a live feed of the game's progression, complete with a spread of fancy hors d'oeuvres and a gleaming bar. I can't help but feel a twinge of disappointment at being out of the game so early, but I'm also proud of my performance.

\*Sinking into the cushions, I grab a glass of champagne and a miniature quiche, watching the screen intently.\* My heart swells with pride as I see my mom, Isaac, and the rest of the family navigating the intricate puzzles and dramatic scenes. The applause from the crew feels like a warm embrace, validating the thrill of the escape room.

But as I sip the bubbly liquid, my gaze lingers on the props and costumes around me. A part of me wishes I could rejoin the game, but the rules are clear. For now, I'm just a spectator. But who knows, maybe the night still holds surprises. With a hopeful smile, I lean back and continue to watch, my eyes never leaving the screen, ready to cheer on my team from the sidelines.

My name is Lexa Hogarth, and just a few moments ago, in the heart of this escape room adventure, my dear 19-year-old daughter Lucy was 'eliminated'. She played her part so convincingly that even I, her mother, was taken aback by her dramatic fall. Her lifelike performance was so real that for a split second, I truly feared for her.

I can still feel the weight of the prop Glock in my hand, the one Lucy had so cleverly found. The way it felt cold and heavy, a stark contrast to the warmth of her cheek when I kissed her goodbye. But this is just a game, I remind myself. A game we must win for Lucy, who likely watches us from the VIP elimination lounge with bated breath.

Now, I stand in the room with the surveillance monitors, my eyes darting from screen to screen. My heart is a drum in my chest as I search for the next set of clues, for our family, for victory. The scent of the room is a mix of dust and antique electronics, a stark contrast to the opulent ballroom we started in.

The clues are scattered across the screens, and my mind races as I try to piece together the puzzle. I see my husband Isaac and my brother Gabriel in deep concentration, Dora's eyes scanning the room with sharp intent. The actors playing the assassins are still in pursuit, adding a layer of urgency to our quest.

\*With a steely resolve, I whisper to myself, "This is for Lucy, for our family." We've faced challenges before, but nothing quite like this. And as I watch them continue the game without me. I know we're all in it to win it.

The whispers of the monitors and the occasional shiver from the vibration of the prop gun against my thigh are the only comforts I have in this stark, cold room. But I'm fueled by the thought of Lucy's proud smile when she sees us emerge triumphant. This is war, and we're just getting started.

My heart was pounding in my chest as I watched the dramatic scene unfold. The escape room, a twisted dance of mafia and government corruption, had claimed Lucy, my 19-year-old daughter, as its first victim. She had to perform a theatrical fall so convincing that for a split second, I truly believed she had been shot. But this was the game, and she played her part with Oscar-worthy skill.

After ensuring she was okay with a whisper and a kiss, I turned to face our pursuers. In my hand, I held the prop Glock Lucy had found so cleverly. With a fierce determination, I fired back, hitting one of the actors playing an assassin. She collapsed to the floor dramatically, and I felt a strange mix of relief and triumph.

Leaving Lucy behind in the elimination VIP lounge, I was filled with a newfound resolve. This game was now a battle for our family's honor. The room we entered next was a surveillance hub, monitors displaying a myriad of angles from the game's stages. The cold, stark light reflected off the screens, casting a pale glow over the faces of my husband Isaac and my brother Gabriel as they searched for the next clue.

"You've got to be kidding me," I murmur to myself as I watch the live feed of the game in the VIP room for eliminated players. It's been over 20 minutes since I had to perform that dramatic fall, and my heart is still racing. I can't help but feel a little left out as I munch on potato chips and sip my soda, the only sound the muffled cheers and gasps from the other players' families in the room.

Just when I start to feel like a forgotten prop, the door swings open, and in walks the very same actress that 'eliminated' me. She's out of character now, her hair pulled back into a ponytail, a warm smile lighting up her face. "Hey there," she says, extending a hand, "I'm Catherine Eckhart."

I blink in surprise, taking her hand and sitting up straight. "Hi," I reply, "I'm Lucy Hogarth. You had us all fooled out there." She laughs, a sound like tinkling glass. "Yeah, it's all part of the job. How're you holding up?"

We chat about the game, her role in it, and how she's been working here for a few months, playing various characters in different escape rooms. "It's intense," she says, popping a chip into her mouth. "But I love the thrill of it."

Mom had noticed, all right. She'd nudged me after I 'died', whispering about how she'd like to talk to Catherine after the game. The thought makes me giggle, and I share it with her. "Your mom's a cool chick," Catherine says, winking. "I'm sure she's kicking butt out there."

We watch the screens together as the family solves the second room, and I feel a swell of pride for my mom. Despite being out of the game, I'm fully invested in their victory. "Your mom rocks,"

Catherine says, and we both chuckle, sharing a bond that only comes from surviving a dramatic escape room scenario together.

As the conversation drifts, I find myself feeling less like a spectator and more like a part of the adventure. The game is still playing out before my eyes, and even though I'm not in the thick of it, I know my family's got this. "Let's see how they do," I say, gesturing to the screens, and together, we continue to watch, the pop and crackle of the chips the only sound in the otherwise silent VIP lounge.

"Since I dispatched the assassin that 'eliminated' Lucy with a dramatic fall she so brilliantly performed," I murmur to myself, a hint of pride in my voice, "the game just got real." I know Lucy's watching us from the VIP area, sipping champagne, and probably already planning her next Oscar-worthy move.

The room we're in now is a labyrinth of surveillance monitors, the walls lined with screens that flicker with scenes from our ongoing escapade. The smell of dust and old circuit boards fills the air, a stark contrast to the grand ballroom we left behind.

With a steely gaze, I look down at the prop Glock in my hand—the same one that sent the young assassin to the VIP lounge. She couldn't have been much older than Lucy. That thought hits me as I nudge her gently with my foot. Her youthful body trembled in pretend lifelessness in a satisfying manner that made sure her role as a threat in the game was indeed over. Her eyes were closed, her chest rising and falling just enough to confirm she was still in the game. The moment was charged, but the mission wasn't over.

Adrenaline surges through me like voltage, hot and precise, as I scan the monitors. Each screen is a portal into another layer of the labyrinth, each puzzle a test of memory and instinct. Isaac and Gabriel move with urgency, their bodies taut with tension, their eyes scanning for clues. The sound of footsteps echoes faintly—another assassin is on the prowl. The game is still afoot, and we're not done yet.

I take a deep breath and whisper, "This is for Lucy." We're all in this together, and we won't let her down. We're going to win this game, no matter what it takes. The vibration of the prop gun in my hand reminds me of the stakes, of the battle we're fighting. And as I watch the screens, I know the next challenge is just around the corner. We're in a war now, and we're not going down without a fight.

The air was thick with the scent of adrenaline and the faint whiff of dust from the old computer systems. The vibration of the prop gun in my pocket served as a grim reminder of the 'war' we'd been thrust into. I whispered to myself, "This is for Lucy." We'd all have to play our parts to the fullest to ensure victory.

The clues were scattered like breadcrumbs in a forest, and the clock was ticking. We had to be swift, we had to be sharp. Our family's pride was at stake, and as I studied the screens,

searching for the next step, I knew that we would not be defeated. This was war, and I was just getting started.

"Since I dispatched the young actress playing the assassin who got Lucy and had to perform a theatrical fall so convincing that it took my breath away," I murmur to Dora, "it's been a rollercoaster of emotions. I'm Lexa Hogarth, and we're 45 minutes deep into this Cubicle 9 escape room adventure."

Dora nods, her eyes glued to the monitors. "I can't believe how into it everyone gets," she says. "It's like watching a live-action movie."

"Indeed," I reply, "and we're all just actors in this grand play."

My heart skips a beat as I spot an opportunity on the screen. "Look!" I whisper, pointing at the propane tank. "It's our way out!"

Her eyes light up. "You think so?"

"Yes," I say with conviction. "I can see it in their eyes. They're pinned down."

With trembling hands, I grab the gas LED Glock prop and aim it at the tank. The room vibrates with the sound of the 'shot', and suddenly, the screens light up with red as the simulated explosion rocks the room. The sound is deafening, the kind of sound that makes your bones rattle. The two remaining assassins stumble back, their props momentarily forgotten.

"It's a classic move," Dora says, her voice filled with excitement. "But you can't stay here."

"I know," I reply, a determined glint in my eye. "We have to keep moving."

As the dust settles, both in the game and in my heart, I realize that this isn't just a game anymore. It's a battle for our family's pride, and we're not going to let a little thing like being 'eliminated' keep us down. "We've got this," I murmur, more to myself than to Dora.

The room is silent now, save for the distant echoes of the game's chaos. The prop gun feels heavier in my hand, a symbol of the power I wield in this fabricated world. And though we're all just actors in this elaborate play, the love and determination we share is as real as the air we breathe.

With a nod to Dora, I stand up, ready to face whatever comes next. "Let's go," I say, my voice strong and steady. "We've got a game to win."

"My name is Lexa Hogarth," I begin, the thrill of victory still pulsing through my veins, "and I'm so proud of us all." I look over at the monitors, watching as the final moments of the game unfold. "We've made it to the end, and we've done it together."

Isaac, Gabriel, and Dora come into view on the screen, looking exhausted but triumphant. The room they're in now is a high-tech lab, the kind you'd see in a sci-fi movie. The prop gun in my hand feels heavier than it did at the start, a symbol of the battles we've won and the ones we've lost.

As the door to the VIP lounge opens, the three of them stumble in, looking around with the kind of relief that comes from surviving a war. The room erupts in cheers and applause, and Lucy jumps up from the couch, her eyes shining.

"Mom!" she squeals, running over to me. "You did it! You're amazing!"

Her enthusiasm is infectious, and I can't help but laugh as I pull her into a tight hug. "Thanks, sweetie," I murmur, kissing her forehead. "Couldn't have done it without you."

And then, amidst the joyous reunion, I spot her. The young woman who had played the assassin I dispatched so dramatically. She's standing by the refreshment table, her costume gone, her hair loose around her shoulders. She looks so much younger without the makeup and the menacing gaze. She's smiling at us, a gentle warmth in her eyes.

I approach her, my heart fluttering with a strange mix of emotions. "Thank you," I say, extending a hand. "You really had us going out there."

"It's all in good fun," she says, taking my hand with a firm grip. "I'm Catherine Eckhart."

I study her for a moment, then pull her into a tight embrace. "Thank you, Catherine," I whisper. "For making this such an unforgettable experience."

The game is over, but the memories will last for a lifetime. The tremble of the prop gun in my hand, the look on Lucy's face when she played dead so convincingly, the way the lights flickered when we 'shot' our way out of the room with the propane tank. It's all part of the grand tapestry of our family's history now.

"Let's celebrate," I suggest to the group, a smile spreading across my face. "We've earned it."

The five of us walk out of the VIP lounge, into the warm embrace of the ballroom, our heads held high. The game may have been a battle, but we've emerged stronger, more united than ever before. And as we mingle with the other players and share our tales of daring escapes and dramatic falls, I know that we've not only survived this escape room, but we've also found something far more precious: a bond that can withstand any challenge thrown our way.

"You know, it's been over a month since we played Cubicle 9," I say, a twinkle in my eye as I recall the evening's events. "And I can still feel the rush of adrenaline when Catherine, as the

female assassin, eliminated Lucy from the game. Her performance was absolutely unforgettable."

Dora nods in agreement. "It was so intense, watching her fall like that."

"The way she trembled when I pushed her with my foot," I muse, a hint of a smile playing on my lips. "It was like poetry in motion."

Gabriel laughs. "I can't believe you actually checked if she was okay."

"Well," I say, a touch defensively, "it's easy to get caught up in the moment."

"And let's not forget how you took her out," Lucy adds, grinning. "It was like you were in a movie."

The room fills with laughter, the tension of the game replaced by the warmth of shared memories. We've become a tight-knit group, bound by our shared experience of fear, excitement, and triumph.

I turn to Catherine, who's been quietly listening to our banter. "You really brought it that night," I say. "Your dedication to the role, the way you made everything feel so real..."

She blushes, her cheeks a delicate pink. "Thank you, Mrs. Hogarth. It's all part of the job."

"Lexa," I correct her gently. "And it was more than a job. It was art."

The conversation shifts to other topics, but I can't help but steal glances at Catherine throughout the evening. Her youthful beauty, her passion for the craft, it's all so captivating. And as the night wears on and the music swells, I find myself hoping for another chance to step into the world of Cubicle 9, to feel the thrill of the game once more.

Maybe next time, we'll be on the same team, I think. And who knows, perhaps I'll get to see that lifeless body tremble beneath my touch again. But for now, we're all just players and actors in an interactive play, sharing a moment of camaraderie and joy in the aftermath of our grand adventure.

The lights dim, the music fades, and the curtain closes on this chapter of our lives. But as we walk away, hand in hand, I know that the world of Cubicle 9 will always hold a special place in our hearts, a reminder of the night we played our roles whether as ourselves or as an antagonist to perfection, and the friendship that grew from the ashes of our dramatic fall.