
Dr. Henry Jekyll

*Shaken, not stirred**– James Bond, 007*

The name is Bond. James Bond.

You're here under the alias Dr. Henry Jekyll, but in reality, you are James Bond, secret agent 007. A few years back, MI6 decided you were getting old, and M starting muttering about preparing for your retirement. You weren't so keen on the idea – The vodka martinis and expensive cars are so much more satisfying when you can expense them all.

After some tough negotiations, you reached a compromise. You were placed on an extended mission under deep cover to Sciencetown to investigate the scientists here and report back on the happenings here. The real Jekyll is currently imprisoned back in Britain, because of the unfortunate Hyde incidents, and you've assumed his identity here in Sciencetown. For the past few years, you've been living here, blending in and keeping an eye on all of the mad scientists. It's not your usual gig – you've had barely one excuse to pull a gun since arriving here, the bar situation is a total disaster, and, worst of all, *every last one of these mad scientists is male*. MI6 agreed to keep a sizable expense budget open, at least, and two days ago, when this crazy virus hit and turned everyone into bloody zombies, it turned out to be quite the blessing.

There's been no contact from MI6 since the virus showed up, so you can only assume they've been turned into drones like everyone else. Fortunately, the expense account linked still seems to work, and should continue getting time-released drops of Science (Of course, they knew you too well to trust you with a large chunk of Science right up front). You'd hoped to get out of here soon and back to the real world, but if that's not going to happen, you might as well get working on making life here tolerable.

The first order of business is going to be your car. You've got your Aston Marton DB5 hidden in an secret underground garage on the periphery of Sciencetown, but there's not exactly enough space in the town itself for a proper cruise. And if you leave the protective shield surrounding the town, you'll almost certainly be turned into a mindless drone just like all those other bastards. This is Sciencetown, however, after all; There's got to be someone here who can construct a portable version of the energy field, or maybe some other device that would protect you in the car. Besides, it might be useful to be able to get out of here to pick up supplies or otherwise.

The next item on the agenda is serious. As mentioned, all of the scientists in Sciencetown are male. This was bad enough when you had to spend several years without anyone to seduce, but now that Sciencetown may be the only remnants of humanity left anywhere, there may not be any left in the world. And that is not a world you're willing to live in. Once again, though, Science may be able to come to the rescue. Dr. Mario is the town's resident doctor, and, of course, is a mad scientist with twisted and yet brilliant mastery of genetics. He mentioned to you that he's working on a project to repopulate the world with women. You have no idea how he's actually planning to go about this, but you're going to help him any way you can. You're seriously getting too horny to concentrate.

With cars and women down, then, there's only one thing left to making life worth living again in this hellhole: Alcohol. It might be a while before you can enjoy another dry vodka martini, but it shouldn't be hard to at least get a basic still going and brew up some homemade grain spirits.

Oh, and one last thing. One of your old nemesis, Blofeld has been living in Sciencetown since before you got here. You've been keeping an eye on him, and haven't been able to discover anything suspicious, but he's suddenly gotten a lot more animated and secretive since the drone virus hit. Presumably he's trying to take over the world like most of the other mad scientists around here, or something. On the whole, now that MI6 is presumably all drone-ified, you don't really care who rules the world, but you feel like you ought to try to mess with him however you can. It just wouldn't feel *right* if your old enemy took over the world right under your nose. Anything else he's involved in is probably worth keeping an eye on, too.

Goals

- Find some way to shield your Aston Marton DB5 so you can go for joyrides in the countryside without fear of being zombified.
- Help Dr. Mario repopulate the Earth with women.
- Construct a distillery.
- Keep your secret identity as Dr. Henry Jekyll secret.
- Keep an eye on what Blofeld is up to and try to stop as much as possible.

Roleplaying Notes

- You are Celebrity Jeopardy Sean Connery playing James Bond playing Dr. Henry Jekyll. Exaggerate the Connery accent and mannerisms. Your cover will probably not last too long.

Contacts

- Blofeld (Daniel Grazian): Your old nemesis. You foiled him numerous times back in the day, and it would be a shame to let him win, now.
- Dr. Mario (Catherine Olsson): Another scientist who seems interested in repopulating the town with women.
- Egon Spengler (Mike Salvato): A noted expert in high-energy containment systems. He may be able to give you a hand with your car.

Memory/Event Packets

- If you see a blog post
- If you hear any form of the word "bald"
- Calamity V
- Calamity W

Bluesheets

- Residents of Sciencetown

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- Not a Scientist

Items

- The Car Bubble (research notebook)
- Creating Women (research notebook)
- Shaken, Not Stirred: Vodka Distillation (research notebook)

Stats

- | | | | |
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