
Ernst Stavro Blofeld

Blofeld: "Open Crater!"
Henchman 1: "Open Crater!"
Henchman 2: "Open Crater!"
Blofeld: "Open Shutters!"
Henchman 1: "Open Shutters!"
Henchman 2: "Open Shutters!"

After your embarrassing defeat and capture at the hands of MI6 and James Bond, the British psychologists assigned to your case decided that you had spent all that effort establishing SPECTRE and rising to the top not because you wanted to rule the world or because you were evil but just because, being so much smarter than all your peers, you were simply bored with life. Finding no one around to match your amazingly intellectual prowess, you resorted to evil as a way to find new challenges for yourself, evidently. They recommended sending you to Sciencetown, in the hope that, pursuing Science with other "damaged" intellectuals like yourself, you might come to find better uses of your time.

Well, they were right about one thing. You *are* smarter than any of your peers. And you *are* going to rule the world, Sciencetown or not, even if you no longer have SPECTRE's empire to call upon. You've lost your empire, but your Scientific prowess is greater than ever before, and, with the world population transformed into mindless drones, you should be able to win the resulting battle and emerge as the sole ruler of the planet. If you can't succeed in ruling the entire world, you figure you can at least carve out a continent or so for yourself. You'd be particularly partial to Asia – The Yakuza disastrously double-crossed SPECTRE at one point almost a decade ago, and you've never really forgiven them.

The one concern, of course, is Bond. He has foiled you too many times for him to be allowed to live. With any luck, he's been turned into a drone like the rest of them, but that's no reason to allow him to live. You can never be too sure. He's probably still somewhere in England, alive or drone. The Sciencetown Satellite can aid you in scanning for his location.

World domination is all well and good, but you do also miss good old-fashioned politicking. You brought SPECTRE from nothing to the world-spanning criminal mega-organization through lots of legwork, bargaining, political maneuvering (and occasional healthy doses of blackmail, of course), and it was frankly a lot of fun. And so, you've decided to run for Mayor of Sciencetown in the upcoming election. You should have a good shot of winning if you play your cards right.

There's at least one small problem. No one, these days, will respect a ruler – mayor or world leader – without a full head of hair. With all of your plastic surgeries over the years to hide your identity, you've gone back and forth between various hair styles and the classic bald look. But now you're stuck with bald (Sciencetown unfortunately does not support the extensive facilities required for another total face transformation), in an era that just doesn't respect the bald look. You've founded The Bald Hairless Club for Mad Scientists with several other scientists, and together you are researching a way to grow your hair back.

There's another issue, a matter of pride, that you should take care of. It relates to your dear cat. Like all cats, she, of course, has nine lives. So, originally, you dubbed her "Nonopussy." A few years ago, there was a tragic accident involving some lasers and she tragically lost her first of nine lives. Since then, though, she's been happily named "Octopussy," a name you've grown quite fond of. A week or so ago, just after the drone virus hit, Dr. Claw's insane cat, MAD Cat, dumped a test tube of flesh-eating bacteria from the bio lab on poor Octopussy. The result was not pretty at all. But worst of all, you've had to rename the poor thing "Septopussy," and that's just not a name any cat deserves!

The The Cat Club has been trying to petition for greater freedom and respect for cats in Sciencetown (current regulations regard them as dangerous and restrict them to be by physically in their owners' possession whenever in public). However, while your own Septopussy is a perfectly respectable creature, as long as that MAD Cat is running around loose, and Dr. Claw refuses to apologize, there is no way you could support passing that motion any more. In addition. Dr. Evil is furious at your Septopussy for tricking Mr. Bigglesworth into falling into the tank of acid, and burning off all of his hair – again. You think the damned cat

looked better hairless, anyways, and just don't see that it's all that big of a problem.

Goals

- Take over the world. Barring that, seize Asia for yourself.
- Track down the location of James Bond or his drone and destroy him.
- Get elected mayor of Sciencetown.
- Find a way to grow your hair back.
- Get revenge for your poor Septopussy. Only then, help the cat club petition for more freedom for cats.

Roleplaying Notes

- You are bald, sinister, etc. Play it fairly straight. (Except that you've been drawn into this bizarre mixed universe where little makes sense.)

Contacts

- Dr. Claw (Daniel Kane): A fellow cat owner. He needs to control his damn cat better.
- Dr. Evil (Shawn Westerdale): Another cat owner, and a founding member of The Bald Hairless Club for Mad Scientists.

Memory/Event Packets

- Calamity V
- Calamity W

Bluesheets

- The Cat Club
- The Bald Hairless Club for Mad Scientists
- Residents of Sciencetown

Greensheets

- How to Take Over the World
- The Mayoral Election
- Killing Your Archnemesis for Fun and Profit

Abilities

- none

Items

- Septopussy (54624)
- Hair Recovery 101 (research notebook)
- Searchy Grid of Science (in-game document)

Stats

- | | | | |
|--------------|------------|-------------|------------------|
| - ψ : | 5, 6, 8, 8 | - π_T : | 8 |
| - ι : | 0 | - ρ : | 5 |
| - δ : | 7 | - | |
| - τ : | 10 | ♠: | ATGGCATGCATTAACA |

Dr. Claw

I'll get you next time, Gadget! Next time!

– Dr. Claw

At last, MAD Cat, our opportunity to rule the world has surely come this time! With the world in ruins, we shall rebuild it, with MAD at the forefront of the new world order. Whatever has decimated the world and turned humanity into drones will with any fortune have destroyed that damned Inspector Gadget, as well as his meddling niece Penny and that dog Brain!

MAD Cat: Mrrrr! Hiss!

Our first order of business is to eliminate any powers outside of Sciencetown that might get in our way. We shall use the Sciencetown satellite to track down Inspector Gadget, or his drone, and ensure that he shall never be thwart us again! AHAHA-HAHAHAHA!

MAD Cat: Yowl!

You see, MAD Cat, Gadget and his ingenious gadgets have escaped from every trap we have laid for him so far! But not even Gadget's Extendo-arms can reach far enough to escape from A BLACK HOLE! I have discovered documentation on how to construct that rarest of materials, **Infrared Matter**, a mere drop of which is capable of creating a black hole large enough to devour Manhattan! Once we have discovered Gadget's location, we shall load a payload of this infrared matter onto a missile and launch it at him!

MAD Cat: *(evil hissing laughter)*

Now, as for the situation within Sciencetown. We must rise to power here, and use the immense resources of Sciencetown to bolster MAD's powers! There is a mayoral election coming up, and I shall be victorious! As mayor of Sciencetown, I shall be in a position to control its resources! Sciencetown shall become a wholly-owned subsidiary of MAD corporation! With my iron-clad fists of power, I shall crush all other contenders!

MAD Cat: Rowr! Hiss!

Oh, I was just getting to that, MAD Cat! The other cats of Sciencetown have nowhere near your grace and intelligence! That idiot Mr. Bigglesworth has soiled itself in the Clawmobile, and it reeks of his excrement! We must construct a powerful deodorant to cleanse the vehicle, as well as extracting reparations from Dr. Evil! A formal apology submitted in public should suffice. If that is dealt with, then, perhaps, we shall see about that The Cat Club legislation those fools seek my assistance with.

Ahahahahaha! Together, MAD Cat, together, we shall rule this pitiful Sciencetown, and with its might at the hand of MAD Corporation, rebuild the world in our image! The MAD logo shall become the national emblem! MAD T-shirts will be mandatory for all citizens, and your face shall grace the new national flag! Those other pitiful fools who seek to take over this demolished world are sadly misguided. There is nothing left to rule! We shall start with Sciencetown, and then not take over the world, but rebuild it anew in our name from scratch!

Goals

- Win the Sciencetown mayoral election.
- Locate Inspector Gadget, if he is still alive.
- Construct an Infrared Matter missile to destroy Inspector Gadget.
- Resolve the situation with Mr. Bigglesworth's piss in the ClawMobile.
- If relations can be restored among the The Cat Club members, petition for greater rights for cats.

Psychlims

- You must keep MAD Cat within ZoC of you at all times, no matter whether cat-owner-friendly legislation is passed.

Roleplaying Notes

- You should be ruthless and sinister, and attached to MAD Cat. If possible, keep your face hidden from people, much like in the Inspector Gadget show.

Contacts

- Dr. Evil (Shawn Westerdale): Another cat owner. His damned cat has soiled your beautiful The Clawmobile.
- Blofeld (Daniel Grazian): Another cat owner, annoyed at you for some trifling reason or another.

Memory/Event Packets

- Calamity V
- Calamity W

Bluesheets

- The Cat Club
- Residents of Sciencetown

Greensheets

- The Mayoral Election
- Killing Your Archnemesis for Fun and Profit

Abilities

- none

Items

- MAD Cat (58344)
- The Deodorant of Science (research notebook)
- Searchy Grid of Science (in-game document)
- The Infrared Matter Missile (research notebook)

Stats

- | | | | |
|--------------|-----------|-------------|-------------------|
| - ψ : | 7,9,11,13 | - π_T : | 6 |
| - ι : | 0 | - ρ : | 2 |
| - δ : | 7 | - | |
| - τ : | 10 | ♠: | CATGTGCATATTCTCGG |

Dexter

“Time circuits on. Flux capacitor... fluxxing. Engine running. All right!”

– Marty McFly, Back to the Future

Your name is Marty McFly, and you're stuck in the past. It's been about a year since you Rutherforded¹ in the Arizona desert, on your way back to the future (2376, to be precise). You stoked² in New Hill Valley, City Division GW-121, and were on your way back from the Cretaceous Era checking out the dinosaur eggs when your Time Cube³ thirtied⁴, planked⁵, glaciered⁶, and finally polebushed⁷ in a shower of time sparks. (That is to say, like normal electrical sparks, except they travel through time.) All that remained was a vaguely cubic chunk of metal.

So anyway you Rutherforded in the Arizona desert in a cloud of quick⁸ and broken time cube parts. Step one in the HB⁹: ascertain your temporal-spatial coordinates. Translating from zarkfodder¹⁰, that's to figure out where you are, and when you are. You saw a huge shimmery dome in the distance, and started heading towards it, since that's where a bunch of slags¹¹ would be.

As you got closer, you saw the giant Van de Graaff generators towering over the city, and the gigantic laser-powered super-collider in the southeast. Yes, this had to be Sciencetown! The city that started the Science Revolution and remade the world into Scienceplanet! Most of the records had been lost in the interstellar war¹², but this had to be it!

Well, that just made things a whole lot better. Good to be stuck somewhere loofy¹⁴. Step two in the HB: get an alias, to pass among the locals. That was a little harder since you didn't know who was alive at this point, but there was bound to be some way to find out. Three minutes on the primitive, pre-Science-Singularity Viks¹⁵ and you discovered someone around your age who you could masquerade as. A teenager named Dexter; genius mad scientist, crazy accent, the spans¹⁶. Wouldn't stand out at all in Sciencetown, from what you know of the place.

Flash forward a chron¹⁷. You've been here since then, in the guise of Dexter, and you figure you're stuck here for the long haul, so you've been occupying your time reasonably productively.

First, you've been a good time citizen. I mean, it's hard not to be when everyone else is distracted with the recent drone shimsham¹⁸. But it's important not to let on that you're from the future. That's HB step three, of course: non-interference, don't change history, don't max the creek¹⁹.

That aside, you've got to keep yourself from being bored. Your zenkist²⁰ guitar is stuck back in the future, and you're starting to get pitchy²¹ with the lack of music in your life. You had an acoustic shipped in from some far away city, but it's broken now

¹landed, often in a destructive manner

²lived

³In an odd quirk of fate, the Time Cube theories proposed by Gene Ray in the late 20th century were vindicated by physicists in the early 24th century. In his honor, the standard models of time machines are now dubbed Time Cubes, even though many are now egg-shaped, not cubical.

⁴sputtered

⁵broke down

⁶stalled

⁷exploded

⁸dust

⁹The Time Traveler's Survival Handbook, an indispensable resource when dealing with the past.

¹⁰dweebazoid

¹¹people

¹²Against the aliens. I mean, buh¹³.

¹³duh

¹⁴cool

¹⁵Wikipedia

¹⁶the whole nine yards

¹⁷ π times 10^7 seconds

¹⁸hullabaloo

¹⁹catastrophically affect the time stream

²⁰totally sweet

²¹twitchy

(it's only broken since you smashed it, but that's not the point), and air guitar really doesn't cut it. Anyway, you've decided to create a new guitar in time for this year's Invention Exchange. It'll be bamboolean²².

Next up is a KOL²³ thing. The food and water supplies are running low, and the Mayor, Dr. Clayton Forrester, set up a Request for Proposals, to see if the brainpower of the mad scientists could put a good solution together, and you've totally got one: you'll purify the water with ultrasound! If you pulse enough high-frequency energy through the water it'll kill harmful bacteria, destroy impurities, leaving only the pure, sweet H-Twenty²⁴. Unfortunately the technology in this era just isn't up to par, so you're going to have to backflash²⁵ all of the tech you'd taken for granted.

And one more thing. You're posing as Dexter and that means you should keep up appearances. Some of the other mad scientists are taking this crisitunity²⁶ to destroy their drone-ified archnemeses. You should probably do the same for Mandark, putting him out of his mindless misery, to keep up your cover.

Goals

- Build a really awesome evil guitar, for the Invention Exchange.
- Purify the drinking water with ultrasound.
- Seek out and destroy your "archnemeses" Mandark.

Psychlins

- You must play air guitar anytime you hear music, for at least fifteen seconds or until it ends, whichever comes first. (Ignore it if it happens a second time within ten minutes. Wouldn't want people to abuse this.)
- You must use futuristic slang wherever appropriate. Which basically means all the time. Make it up.

Roleplaying Notes

- You're basically a hyperactive version of Marty McFly from *Back to the Future*, with the side benefit of being from the future. We're going to handwave that away by saying that while the 80's were laid-back, the future will be LOUD and have LASERS. Or something like that.

Contacts

- Dr. Clayton Forrester (Charles Hope): the mayor of the town. He's organizing the food and water efforts.

Memory/Event Packets

- Calamity V
- Calamity W
- If someone asks you about microphones

Bluesheets

- Residents of Sciencetown

Greensheets

- Killing Your Archnemeses for Fun and Profit
- The Invention Exchange

Abilities

- none

Items

- Broken Acoustic Guitar (85134)
- Searchy Grid of Science (in-game document)
- Purifying Water Through Ultrasound (research notebook)
- The Awesome Evil Guitar (research notebook)

²²rad

²³Kwality Of Life

²⁴water

²⁵reverse-engineer

²⁶crisis + opportunity + a pinch of Science

Stats

- ψ :	7,9,11,13	- ρ :	6
- ι :	0	-	
- δ :	9	\spadesuit :	TGCTTAGTAGTTACTA
- τ :	9	- ν :	3
- π_T :	2		

Dr. Doom

“Gee, Brain. What are we going to do tonight?”

“Same thing we do every night, Pinky: try to take over the world.”

“How we going to do that, Brain? Narf.”

“Last month, we sent a satellite into orbit. One that could pinpoint locations on the Earth. . . with lightning. We will use the satellite to destroy our enemies’ armies and rule the world!”

“Egads, you astound me, Brain!”

“That’s a simple task, Pinky. Now, let me focus. We shall begin our conquest with North America, where that confounded lab that held us for so many years was located.”

“Brain, I’m hungry. Narf.”

“Pinky, I’m trying to concentrate on programming the coordinates into our satellite. Faraday, n minus 2, 3.14159, Fibonacci. . .”

“I know! I’ll go make a sandwich! With roast beef and cheese and pickles and mustard—”

“Pinky, you imbecile, get your hands off those controls! We’re both in the same robotic suit, and I need the robot to be here in the Satellite Room while I program the coordinates!”

“Aww, but Brain, I wanna make a sandwich.”

“Wait a few minutes, Pinky, and stop talking so much, you’ll give away our disguise. Dr. Doom isn’t supposed to talk to himself.”

“Poit.”

Five minutes later. . .

“... 19 Kelvin, simultaneous oscillator waves, transmit the electricity vector, done! Now, Pinky, you may make your sandwich.”

“Egads, Brain! Narf. I just pull this lever, right?”

Dr. Doom’s robotic suit’s arm hits the wall with a loud crunch.

“Pinky, move away from the controls! You’ve destroyed our arm. I will drive. Sit back there.”

“Where, Brain?”

“Anywhere! Away from the controls!”

“Narf. . .”

Dr. Doom’s robotic suit clanks over to the kitchens, and starts clumsily picking up rolls and sandwich meats. One of its arms hangs limply by its side.

“I want the sandwich, Brain! Poit.”

“Fine. Push open the chest cavity and I will insert the sandwich.”

“This is great, Brain!”

“I am not devoid of culinary skill. Now be quiet, I need to work on my Rube Goldberg device for the Invention Exchange.”

“What’s that, Brain?”

“The Invention Exchange is a competition between myself, Dr. Clayton Forrester, and Dexter, to see whose powers of invention are superior. I plan to build a complicated device in the tradition of Rube Goldberg, using whatever I can find. I think I can at least acquire string, a small cart, perhaps some legos, a balloon... This will be much harder to assemble thanks to our broken arm, Pinky.”

“Well, that sounds very, um... narf.”

Dr. Doom’s robotic suit clanks towards the Lex Luthor Laser Laboratory

“Heheheheh! Brain, gimme those controls! Narf.”

“Oof! Pinky, what are you doing?”

“I’m going to change this sign! Look, now instead of the *Lex Luthor Laser Laboratory*, it’s the—”

“How crude, Pinky.”

“Heheheh, narf.”

“Stop wasting time, Pinky. We have a psychology meeting with Dr. Hannibal Lecter in just 20 minutes.”

“Poit.”

You are Pinky *and* the Brain, inside a human-sized robot, pretending (though not very well) to be Dr. Doom. One of your arms is completely functionless until you repair your robotic suit. You are attending psychology sessions with Dr. Hannibal Lecter to cure your “multiple personality disorder.” Good luck.

Pinky and the Brain’s Goals

- Attend psychology sessions
- Repair robotic arm

Brain’s Goals

- Take over the world with the Lightning Satellite. Make sure you at least control North America.
- Create a Rube Goldberg device and enter it into the Invention Exchange

Pinky’s Goals

- Make a sandwich
- Vandalize signs
- Have fun

Roleplaying Notes

- You are two mice in a robotic suit made up to look like Doctor Doom. On top of that, the two of you are constantly fighting for control in the cockpit. As such, your cover should not last very long.
- Switch between the two personas as you see fit. Possibly the best advice for this is to switch personas whenever it would be maximally inconvenient for the one in control.
- Alternate between Brain’s intelligent, deep, evil genius voice, and Pinky’s high-pitched, quasi-British accent. Hold conversations with yourself.
- Move as if you are inside a robotic suit. When Brain is controlling the suit, you may move fairly smoothly. When Pinky is in control, the suit is controlled very ineptly.

Contacts

- Lecter (Daniel Whalen): Your Psychologist.
- Egon Spengler (Mike Salvato): Another one of the psychology patients.

- Dr. Clayton Forrester (Charles Hope): Mayor of the town, and the host of the Invention exchange.
- Dexter (Nikolas Koutsopoulos): Another one of the competitors in the Invention Exchange.

Memory/Event Packets

- Calamity V
- Calamity W

Bluesheets

- Residents of Sciencetown

Greensheets

- How to Take Over the World
- Repairing Dr. Doom’s Robotic Arm
- The Invention Exchange

Abilities

- Vandalize

Items

- The Grilled Cheese Sandwich (research notebook)
- The Science Sharpie (research notebook)

Stats

- ψ :	7,9,11,13	- π_T :	0.2
- ι :	0	- ρ :	0.1
- δ :	2	-	
- τ :	0	♠:	ACACACACACACACAC

Dr. Evil

*When your name is Evil, that is good, or so you think
But you're so very wrong, it's evil.
But being wrong is right, so then you're good again
Which is the evildest thing of all.*

– *They Might Be Giants, "Dr. Evil"*

All you ever wanted was to be really, truly, utterly, amazingly frickin' evil. Money, power, sharks with frickin' laser beams on their heads – those were really all just nice little perks to keep you amused on the way.

Curse that damned Powers and that damned British government. After your much-celebrated “conversion” to the side of good when you “saved the world” with your supposed brother Austin, the governments of the world “generously” negotiated an agreement whereby you would “retire” to Sciencetown to pursue your long-time hobbies of exploring “laser” technology without posing a threat to the world.

They had you in a bit of a bind, though, and there wasn't really any way you could refuse. And in Sciencetown all of your mad scientific research has been carefully monitored and restricted to exist within the ScienceDome, making it impossible for you to carry out any of your grand plans to extort the world governments for trillions of gazillions of dollars. And such wonderfully grandiose plans they were. Plans to turn the moon into a giant orbiting ball of magma... bootstrapping an orbital laser onto the International Space Station... all of them doomed never to be.

So be it. Now that the world governments have all been mysteriously drone-ified, it's not like you'd be able to extort money from them anyways. It's the perfect time, however, to TAKE OVER THE WORLD. You've been using your spare time in Sciencetown to develop a breed of SUPER LASER SHARKS, which you will send forth to conquer the world in your name. At the very least, you're sure you can manage to take over Europe – those darn Brits foiled you too many times to let them go free. And you just love the accents.

But conquering the frickin' world is not the only thing your laser sharks are good for! The biologists of Sciencetown have Scientifically determined that the world was transformed into drones by means of some sort of virus, and somehow it's going to be necessary to obtain a pure water supply for Sciencetown. Dexter, Luthor, and Dr. Mario have their own schemes, but you're convinced that with a little more development, your laser sharks could be adapted into vicious water-purifying machines, swimming the waterways and destroying the drone virus with their head-mounted lasers. And of course, if you can persuade other people to devote Science to bettering your laser shark technology, it can only help in your battle to rule the world.

Now, there are a few other things you need to worry about, if you're going to properly rule the world as its rightful Evil overlord at the end of the day. The first thing on your mind is that frickin' Austin Powers. If there were any justice in the world, he would have been turned into a mindless drone like the rest of them, but somehow you doubt you were that lucky. If he's still around, he's probably somewhere in England shagging anything that's left still human, but you're sure he'll find some way to foil your brilliant plans. You can use Sciencetown's satellite to coordinate a search for him, and then kill him with a fricking missile from the satellite before he can stop you.

There are a couple of more mundane, but nonetheless important details to address. This whole baldness thing – it was all the rage for an evil genius back in the 90s, but it's just not the style these days. You really need a full head of hair for the kids these days to take you seriously. A number of other Scientists in Sciencetown are facing a similar predicament, and together you've formed the Bald Hairless Club for Mad Scientists. Together you will develop some way to regrow your luxurious flowing locks.

Finally, there's the issue of Mr. Bigglesworth. A number of cat lovers among the Scientists of Sciencetown have established a little cat club together to celebrate cats as assistants to mad scientists, but things have been a little rocky. You had just completed a highly experiment feline hair growth hormone to restore Mr. Bigglesworth's beautiful fur coat, when Blofeld's cat, Septopussy

tricked him into wandering into the Acid Tank in the chem lab. You managed to fish him out in time to save him, but his fur was irreparably seared off in the process. You're positive that damned cat did it on purpose, and you must exact reparations of some fair sort from Blofeld. There was also this incident where Mr. Bigglesworth pissed in Dr. Claw's The Clawmobile. You considered a minor insult, all things told – a small warning to Dr. Claw for encroaching on some of your Eeeevil territory – but he was seriously offended, and practically refuses to talk with you any more.

Goals

- Lead your army of laser sharks to take over the world.
- Persuade the Scientists of Sciencetown to help you create water-purifying laser sharks to ensure a clean water supply.
- Track down the location of Austin Powers, determine whether he survived, and kill him if necessary.
- Figure out some way to regrow your hair.
- Extract reparations from Blofeld for his cat's atrocious insult.
- Work for greater rights for cat owners in Sciencetown.

Roleplaying Notes

- You're Doctor Evil. Come on, seriously. You can find plenty of examples on YouTube.

Contacts

- Blofeld (Daniel Grazian): A cat owner. His damn cat is responsible for Mr. Bigglesworth's baldness.
- Dr. Claw (Daniel Kane): Another member of The Cat Club. He's kind of "pissed". Heehee – get it?

Memory/Event Packets

- Calamity V
- Calamity W

Bluesheets

- The Cat Club
- The Bald Hairless Club for Mad Scientists
- Residents of Sciencetown

Greensheets

- How to Take Over the World
- Killing Your Archnemesis for Fun and Profit

Abilities

- none

Items

- Mr. Bigglesworth (41034)
- Searchy Grid of Science (in-game document)
- Hair Recovery 101 (research notebook)
- Purer water through "LASER" SHARKS (research notebook)

Stats

- | | | | |
|--------------|-----------|-------------|------------------|
| - ψ : | 7,9,11,13 | - π_T : | $6i$ |
| - ι : | 0 | - ρ : | 3 |
| - δ : | 6 | - | |
| - τ : | 10 | ♠: | CATGTATTACTCGCAT |

Dr. Clayton Forrester

“Commander! I must speak to you, it is a matter of supreme importance and weee neeedd yooooour heeelp!”

– Mathesar, “Galaxy Quest”

Your name is Dr. Clayton Forrester, a member of Sciencetown. Well, you’re a member of the conehead race disguised as Dr. Forrester. You aren’t sure you’ve done a good enough job hiding that cone head. It was hard enough just *making* the cone head. . . because you’re *actually* Commander Mathesar (or should you say, Dr. Mathesar, Ph.D) of the Thermians, from the Klatu Nebula, *disguised* as a conehead disguised as Dr. Forrester.

Let’s start from the beginning.

Your real name is Mathesar. You grew up on a beautiful planet surrounded by the other Thermians. About 20 years ago, your people intercepted some historical documents from Earth. The most inspiring of these historical documents followed a brave space Earth space commander and his crew on their “Galaxy Quest” missions to explore new worlds. These historical documents were broadcast through space for a few years at regular intervals, and your people studied them carefully.

Using the historical documents as a guide, Thermians built a fully-functional space ship to be an exact replica of the one you saw Commander Taggart use in the historical documents. You developed teleportation technology, food synthesizers, a spaceship bridge with a large viewing/communication screen in the front, and even an exact copy of the “Omega 13” device you saw in Commander Taggart’s ship.

Not long after completing the ship and taking it out for a few warp-speed runs through neighboring star systems, you were attacked by an evil creature named Sarris. Thinking the Omega 13 device was a powerful weapon of warfare, he destroyed your home planet in a display of devastating military might and then demanded the Omega 13 device in exchange for the rest of your lives.

Faced with the prospect of Thermian genocide, the remnants of your people travelled to Earth and enlisted the help of Commander Quincy Taggart and his crew! He used a clever deception to outwit Sarris, claiming that the historical documents were make-believe lies. But you quickly discovered that this claim was a clever deception to put Sarris off his guard, as you saw Commander Taggart and his crew perform as admirably as they always had in the historical documents. They saved the remaining Thermians, taught you to be a commander of your own ship, and returned to Earth. It was a feel-good ending to your encounter with the crew.

You zoomed away from Earth at mach 5. You were celebrating your victory and racing off towards the alpha-9 sector to search for new adventures when you saw a friendly ship of aliens from the planet Marva, your neighbors in the Klatu Nebula. You sent out a transmission to greet them, and just as you got close to their ship, the area around their ship shimmered, and it became obvious that the ship was actually a cone-shaped ship of unknown origin. They had used cloaking technology to make themselves *look* like your Marvan friends. Before you had a chance to respond, the unknown ship emitted a strange beacon and you were teleported away from your ship and onto the cone-ship. The cone-ship sped away at a mind-blowing mach 22 before your crew could follow.

Your captors, a man and a woman who looked human other than their conical heads, introduced themselves as Coneheads from the planet Remulak. Not knowing what they wanted of you and fearing their malicious intentions, you knocked them out using the Mak’tar hammerfist strike. You stole the man’s uniform and ejected them out of a nearby airlock.

Next, you needed a disguise. Fortunately, one thing that you’d kept secret from most members onboard your starship was that you had received a doctoral degree in Space Science from Klatu University (Klatu U)! You thought you should be able to use science to construct a good disguise. You quickly formed a rough cone shape out of nearby objects (some paper, string, a funnel, and a large amount of tape) and attached it to your head. Then you donned the cone head and glanced at a nearby silicon

mirror. Perfect. Without another glance back, you strode into the corridor of teleportation dock D. If your fellow Thermians hadn't rescued you yet, then they had probably lost the cone-ship. You'd have to get by on your own for now.

No one seemed to notice your appearance – your crude disguise fooled them. You paused at a viewing window to sadly gaze out at the stars, wondering what your crew would be doing at that exact moment. Your second-in-command would lead your people well, but you missed the Thermian ship already.

Your introspection was interrupted by a group of Coneheads running down the corridor in your direction. You looked up anxiously, confused by the notion that they somehow saw through your disguise, but the leader promptly addressed you:

“Conehead minion! We heard commotion, some sort of fight. You're just standing here; which way did it come from?”

You pointed towards the teleportation dock where you had fought the pair of your Conehead captors. The group ran off. A few minutes later, they returned.

“Good ear – there were signs of a fight. It would appear that the man they were ordered to capture, Mathesar of the Thermians, is nowhere to be found. Great Leader was going to use Mathesar for a special spy mission to Earth, but since we can't find him anywhere, you get to take his place.”

The others laughed at your misfortune, but your ears perked up. Earth? You knew Earth! You worshipped Earth! Earth humans had inspired most of Thermian technology with their historical documents! Perhaps you could accept the mission and meet up with Commander Taggart again!

You let the Coneheads take you to the one they had referred to as “Great Leader,” a cone-woman who introduced herself as Prymatt. What Prymatt told you, though, made your heart sink. She told you how the Coneheads had been looking for a new world on which to settle, and they had chosen Earth. They had released a virus that was designed to convert the entire population on Earth into mindless drones that would offer no resistance to their conquest, and their plan had mostly succeeded. However, a small area had been protected by a shield of some sort. Your mission: to take down the shield and finish the job, for the glory of Remulak!

With difficulty, you used a trick called “lying” that you had first learned from your old enemy Sarris. You said that you'd take down this shield for the Coneheads. Secretly, though, you knew you'd do nothing like that. Humans were the reason your people were still alive; you would never genocide them! Now that they were the last hope for their race, you identified with them even more. You wanted to go to Earth, if only to get away from the Coneheads.

Prymatt said she'd killed off one of the residents of this bubble-world with a blastoray and prepared a disguise for you in his likeness. She gave you a green lab coat, some glasses, and a scruffy wig, and told you that your identity was “Dr. Clayton Forrester.” She said that the place you were travelling to was “Sciencetown,” and that investigations had suggested that Dr. Forrester was an important man in Sciencetown. You'd have to figure out the rest for yourself. You donned the disguise and affixed the scruffy wig to the top of your makeshift cone head, and you found yourself being teleported through space once again.

So here you are, under a strange translucent bubble, on planet Earth. The events of the last few hours have made you feel... significantly disoriented.

Fortunately, it would appear that Sciencetown is well-outfitted with test tubes, bunsen burners, a satellite room, a shark tank... everything you need to do *Science*!

Thus, first order of business: find some way to contact your Thermian ship. You know that they communicate on a frequency of 25.9 yottahertz, and you know the direction of the Klatu Nebula (space coordinates zeta-8, iota-5, tau-rho-96), the most likely location for your ship and crew. You'll have to build a signal amplifier of some sort in order to get your message all the way there, but it appears that Sciencetown is equipped with all the facilities to make such a device. Given all your experience studying the engineering of Earth through the historical documents, you should be able to adapt to the facilities in Sciencetown fairly easily. Once you contact them, they can come to Earth and you will be reunited. You can decide what to do from there.

Second order of business: build a turret gun to shoot down the cone-ship hovering above Sciencetown. This will prevent the Coneheads from trying to capture you again as you make your escape, and prevent the Coneheads from bothering peaceful races in the future. Once the turret has been used for that, it can be used to defend the last remnants of humanity from any other threats. You owe humans that much. You can name the turret “Commander Taggart” in honor of the commander who saved your people!

Third, since the rest of Earth is free of humans and your people don’t have a home planet anymore. . . maybe you could find some space for yourselves here! You’ve noticed that Sciencetown residents are vying for control of the unpopulated territory, so you might as well try your hand at it as well. From your study of Earth’s historical documents, you believe that the continent of Africa most resembles the climate of your home world, so even if you can’t claim all of Earth, at least get Africa. Once your people come to pick you up, you can try to set up life in Africa.

Fourth, while you’re waiting for your ship to come and get you, you might as well search for the drone bodies of Commander Taggart and his crew. You’re devastated at their loss, but perhaps you could still pay your respects. If you were to find their drone bodies, perhaps you could import them, burn them, and keep their ashes in a Thermian museum of human artifacts to pay tribute to Earth’s influence on Thermian life. Once your ship arrives, you should be able to use its teleporation capabilities to import the bodies of the fallen crew.

Make sure not to let your guard down while on Earth, though. The cone-ship is watching. Even after you shoot it down, you’re not sure how the residents of Sciencetown would react to finding an alien in their midst – surely they would try to do Science on you. Only after your Thermian ship arrives to pick you up can you truly let down your guard again. For now, it’s best to continue playing the part of Dr. Forrester, lest any watchful eyes become suspicious. In particular, you are supposed to be in charge of this place, so if anyone asks you to handle something, you had better do so.

And remember, to quote Commander Taggart: Never give up, never surrender!

Goals

- Build a signal amplifier to attach to whatever communication controls exist in Sciencetown and contact your ship.
- Build a turret to destroy the cone-ship!
- Take over as much of the world as you can for your people, but be sure to get Africa.
- Find the exact location of the bodies of Commander Taggart and his crew so that you can get them when your ship arrives and pay them respect.

Roleplaying Notes

- You speak in a Thermian accent. Search for YouTube videos if you haven’t heard this. Your voice is overly melodic. You are undercover as a Conehead, so you have a vaguely cone-shaped thing on your head. On top of this, you have a bizarre wig on top of that cone and are wearing bright green. Your cover as Dr. Forrester probably won’t last longer than five minutes; this is okay.

Memory/Event Packets

- Calamity V
- Calamity W

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- The Invention Exchange
- How to Take Over the World

Abilities

- none

Items

- Searchy Grid of Science (in-game document)
 - The Commandar Taggart Memorial Turret Gun (research notebook)
- Signal to Space (research notebook)

Stats

- ψ :	7, 9, 11, 13	- ρ :	1
- ι :	0	- \spadesuit :	$x\nabla)\diamond\hat{Q}\equiv\Phi\pi\nabla\ddagger\acute{Z}\$ \bowtie$
- δ :	1	$\epsilon\star D$	
- τ :	0	- α :	2
- π_T :	1		

Dr. Frankenstein

“You fool, Victor Frankenstein of Geneva, how could you know what you had unleashed? How was it pieced together? Bits of thieves? Bits of murderers? Evil stitched to evil stitched to evil. God help your loved ones.”

– Professor Krempe, “Frankenstein” (1994)

You used to have morals.

Back when you first started working on reanimation techniques, you had a family. You had friends. You were driven to create a reanimated human by pure scientific curiosity. You thought that such techniques could lead to prolonged human life and immortality. But when you finally succeeded one chilly October day, you were terrified by the creation you had unleashed. The monster was out of control. It stormed over your entire life, devouring your wife and every one of your children, and you were powerless to stop its actions. With nothing else to do, you retreated to your secret lair in the Swiss Alps and hid from your creation. Time passed in a blur, and days grew into weeks without notice. You lived almost entirely within your head during these weeks following the monster’s rampage, alternately crying and laughing maniacally. Sometimes, you wouldn’t sleep for days, and some days you wouldn’t wake up. Sanity retreated quietly into the distance.

Something changed within you. After some amount of time had passed, you left your lair for the first time in weeks to find that it was a midwinter evening. The landscape was appropriate – silent, monochromatic, dead. You wandered down the mountainside, wrapping a thick woolen coat around you, until you reached the outskirts of a village. Brushing the snow off a pile of newspapers, you discovered that the date was Friday, January 13. The main headline, “Monster Ravages Geneva Business Sector,” sprawled across the front page above a grainy photo of a marketplace in chaos. You stared at the photo emotionlessly for a moment, and then, for some reason, started to giggle. You tried to stop, and to feel sorrow for the innocent people dying, but every time you got yourself back under control, your eyes would fall onto the image again and you just started laughing again, laughing harder and harder until you were dancing in the middle of the deserted street, head thrown back, cackling ruthlessly to the starry sky.

You made a beeline for Geneva, stopping just once to attach a makeshift rope leash to a stray dog you found on a street corner. You walked straight into downtown Geneva and paused in the deserted city square. Your new pet sniffed curiously at pigeon droppings while you turned in a slow circle, trying to sense which direction would lead you to the monster. At length, having heard muffled crashes coming from the northeast, you pulled your dog away from the old sandwich he’d found under a bench, and followed the noise.

The sounds grew louder and the dog perked up its ears. Your breath quickened and you hurried forward. Finally, amid the screams of civilians’ screams, you heard the roar of the monster who’d haunted your dreams, your ticket to endless power. You heaved the dog onto your shoulder and hurried forward. When the monster’s hulking form came into view, you yelled breathlessly,

“Monster! Igor! My Igor! Your master has returned at long last!”

The monster, about to tear down a potter’s stand, paused. Its head turned toward the sound of your voice, its blunt brain working to place the familiar sound. The potter used the moment of distraction to leap out of his stand, stumble, and sprint away down an alleyway. All down the street, Genevans were escaping down side streets and slamming doors behind them. You yelled again,

“Igor! My beloved monster! Your master has returned with a gift!”

A connection clicked within the monster’s pathetic brain, it let out a roar of pleased recognition, and it began running towards you. The dog squirmed in your arms, but you took a firm hold of its legs, swung it around your body, and hurled it at the monster, who caught the barking dog within its arms and deftly snapped the neck.

The monster slowed to a walk as he approached you, chewing the warm dog flesh with a crooked smile. You stood unflinchingly still, staring into the monster's uneven eyes. The monster paused a meter away from you, and sputtered through a mouth of blood,

"Master give name?"

"That's right, Igor. You have a name."

Igor roared happily and ripped off a chunk of dog leg with its teeth.

"Igor, we are going to work together now. I will no longer stand in your way."

Igor stepped forward, spreading his bloody arms.

"No. None of that, Igor... I have no desire to hug you." *Giggle. You were losing it again.* "But... but you may hug anyone else in this city – *heh* – in this world! – *hahaha* – hug them... *TO DEATH!! MWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!*"

Following your lead, Igor threw back his head and roared an earth-moving roar that echoed down the now-empty streets.

* * *

You and Igor spent two months in each others' company. It felt like longer. It was a happy time. You located and overran an appropriately ominous castle for use as your Geneva lair, and from your lair you planned your conquests. Having never encountered a monstrosity as powerful as Igor, the government was uncoordinated and slow to respond. Targeting powerful government officials such as Baron von Einflussreich and Herr Güte, you overran the system of government and plunged Switzerland into anarchy for 3 weeks before England staged an intervention.

The bloodlust was stopped abruptly in March of that year. Armed with heavy artillery and a number of tanks, the authorities closed in on your lair, beating down your lesser creations along their way. You and Igor fought back as long as you could, but the armies of England eventually shackled you and threw Igor into a cage. The last you heard of your faithful sidekick, before a chloroform-soaked cloth was forced over your nose and mouth, was a long, melancholy howl.

* * *

It's been a few months since you were deported. You were brought here to Sciencetown, "a place where you will be protected from your research, and the world will be protected from you." You're slowly getting the hang of things, though Igor was left in Switzerland. You wake up, do research, eat, do research, sleep. There's the occasional election, therapy session, or outburst from fellow residents, but other than that it's basically Science, Science, Science. Not quite the life you led before. Less destruction. Less blood.

An exciting thing happened last week, though! The entire population of the world was converted into drones! Really, it's the first bit of good luck to come your way since you left your Geneva lair. Chaos in the world means a host of new possibilities. You might be able to get Igor back, for a start. Some of the protective fields might have worn off his cage, allowing you to devise some sort of teleportation mechanism to bring him to Sciencetown. You know Igor wouldn't be able to hurt anyone here due to the protective ScienceDome, but at least he could help you in the lab and impress the other scientists.

Honestly, the drone virus has shocked you back into productivity. Made you take stock of where you are in your evil life. And you've realized that your work has stagnated since coming here. You are nowhere near as powerful as you could be! You could be so much more respected! And feared!

Step 1: take responsibility for the greatest catastrophe the world has ever suffered – the near-complete destruction of the human race. You've completed this step. Shortly after the drone virus was deployed, you made an ostentatious announcement

to Sciencetown, claiming that you had singlehandedly invented the drone virus and *destroyed the human race!* HAHAAHAHAH-HAAAA!! ... Yes, that was a good moment. Got some of the old blood flowing. Unfortunately, your announcement means you're a little pressed for time to *actually* create the drone virus, lest someone call out your bluff. Better get working.

Step 2: Take over the world! (Of course. With the population converted into mindless drones, this is the perfect time.) With any luck, you'll soon have Igor back to help you, and taking over the world together would be just like old times. You're certainly not out of practice when it comes to animating corpses – you've spent nearly all your time here doing Science, after all. Most of all, you think it'd be fun to rule Australia. All those weirdo marsupials seem like they'd be so much *fun* to do experiments on! But if you can rule more of the world, even better!

Finally, there's one practical consideration to keep in mind. Sciencetown, now isolated from human contact and trapped within the ScienceDome, is running out of food and water. Dr. Clayton Forrester, the Mayor of Sciencetown, has put forth a call for help securing these resources so the residents of Sciencetown don't die out. You've agreed to help out by genetically engineering meat for food. You will call your product "shmeat." In all likelihood, shmeat will look gross and taste like Science, but it will keep you all alive! Maybe you can convince the other scientists that they owe their lives to you.

And so, you finally find yourself back in the mad scientist mindset, swamped with research that needs to be done, a world to conquer, and a henchman to teleport! The time is right for you to sweep through the world of Science once again and secure your reputation... forever! BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!

Goals

- Import Igor, your long-lost henchman!
- Invent the drone virus, in case someone calls out your bluff...
- Take over the world! Or at least take over Australia.
- Genetically engineer shmeat for food.

Roleplaying Notes

- You should speak in a German accent at all times.
- Yeah... roleplay that backstory accordingly.

Contacts

- Dr. Clayton Forrester (Charles Hope): The Mayor of Sciencetown, who has called for people to help engineer food and water for the community.

Memory/Event Packets

- Calamity V
- Calamity W

Bluesheets

- Residents of Sciencetown

Greensheets

- How to Take Over the World
- Locating your Henchman

Abilities

- none

Items

- Searchy Grid of Science (in-game document)
- Shmeat (research notebook)
- Import/Tame Drone Igor (research notebook)
- Drone Virus (research notebook)

Stats

- ψ :	7, 9, 11, 13	- π_T :	1
- ι :	0	- ρ :	9
- δ :	5	-	
- τ :	10	\spadesuit :	GGCTCTAATCTGATCG

Bill Nye the Science Guy

“Science rules!”

– Bill Nye the Science Guy

Science Rules! It’s the mantra you’ve been living your life by for nearly sixty years now, ever since you were dubbed Bill Nye the Little Science Guy in first grade. Unfortunately, sometimes the pursuit of Science has gotten you into some sticky situations. For example, there was the time that you created a replica Wright Brothers biplane and crashed it into the side of a mountain. Or the time you tried to travel to the moon to collect rocks and ended up stranded in space until you luckily drifted into the side of the Mir space station.

But, without a doubt, this is the worst situation you’ve ever been in, and that’s saying a lot. After the population of the world turned into mindless drones a week ago, you set out to see whether you could isolate the cause using your Microscope of Science. Unfortunately, somewhere along the line you found yourself contaminated with whatever caused it. Based on studies of the population, you probably only have four more hours to live before you turn into a drone, and you’re going to make the most of them, dammit.

You spent several years on TV helping kids learn about scientific principles, but eventually the show (as popular as it was) went off the air. You moved to Sciencetown shortly thereafter, telling the assembled media that you really wanted to get back in touch with your scientific roots. And you had. You had become quite the good citizen, and people liked you, dammit.

But now this. Now that you’re going to be gone soon, you really need to leave some sort of legacy. Something that you’ll produce in... the next four hours to leave for the children of the world.

Well, the things that people remember most about your show were the music videos. So, the answer is to create the Bill Nye the Science Guy Memorial Karaoke Station of Science, here in Sciencetown, where the entire remaining population of the world is! You’re sure that you could use the Podium of Science in Tech Square, but you’ll need some sort of microphone. Ask around to see who might know about that – you know that Dr. Horrible might be a good person to talk to, what with his constant singing and all, or you could ask around. And once the Karaoke Station is complete, you should ask Dr. Horrible to christen the new station with a song.

Except, well, you realized something shortly after coming up with the idea for the Karaoke Station. You want the children of the world to be able to use the karaoke station, but, uh, it turns out that the entire world’s population of children has been turned into drones, along with everybody else. That makes this whole plan kind of pointless... unless...

Huh. You wonder if, with the help of the other residents of Sciencetown, you might be able to kick off a cloning project to allow there to be children in the world again, and thereby provide a demand for your karaoke. No time to think of any better ideas, go go go!

Once you’ve got everything settled, the only thing left is to go out with a bang. You’re going to make the biggest baking soda and vinegar volcano the world has ever seen, and plunge yourself into it right as it erupts. You’ve got to gather the materials and research the proper proportions for something so large it would cause measurable earthquakes, but you’re confident you can do it.

Goals

- Set up the Bill Nye the Science Guy Memorial Karaoke Station of Science to leave your legacy for the future. Make sure it’s used at least once, with an audience, so that people know about it.
- Clone some children from Sciencetown residents.
- Create the world’s largest baking soda and vinegar volcano, and plunge yourself into it.

Psychlims

- Because you are slowly turning into a drone, you will be forced to act more and more drone-like as the deadline approaches. Drones basically don't react to stimuli or move at all. Lapse into that from time to time, then snap out of it after maybe ten seconds of unresponsiveness.

Roleplaying Notes

- You are hyperactive, although this will become less and less so as the dronifying process takes its toll on your body.

Memory/Event Packets

- Calamity W

Bluesheets

- Residents of Sciencetown

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- Drone Immunity

Items

- The Cloning-Children-in-a-Vat-o-Matic of Science (research notebook) - The World's Largest Baking Soda and Vinegar Volcano of Science (research notebook)

Stats

- ψ :	7,9,11,13	- π_T :	3
- ι :	0	- ρ :	9
- δ :	2	-	
- τ :	10	♠:	XCGTAVG?3RAYCTTQ

Dr. Horrible

“You’re late! Do you have no concept of time?!”

– Dr. Emmett Brown, Back to the Future

You’re Dr. Emmett Brown, and you’re from the year 2420. Well, you weren’t always called that. In your younger days you went by Marty McFly... but then came the Lost Year.

Your kleptomania had gotten the best of you, and you’d stolen a Time Cube and taken it back to the Cretaceous Era. On the return trip, with a variety of dinosaur eggs in tow, the Cube suddenly was hit with a tachyon pulse wave burst event, and it fell to pieces, so you were stuck somewhere in the past.

Long story short, you found your way to Sciencetown, the lost and oft-fabled City of Science, and lived there for a bit over a year disguised as a teenaged scientist named Dexter. But on the night of the annual Mayoral Election, an old man with wild hair came to you and brought you the futuristic parts needed to rebuild your shattered Time Cube. The two of you spent a frantic few hours putting it back together before the old man had to return to his own time.

Why is this even relevant? Well, as you’ve slowly come to realize, that old man was you. You find yourself in a time loop, and to make it stable, you’d have to go back and fulfill your own memories. So you spent the last few weeks preparing – learning about temporal physics¹, acquiring the megaservos and flux capacitance modulators and überconductors necessary to rebuild a Time Cube from shattered and mutilated parts, and finally when the time was right you set the timer for Science! and off you went!

Well of course all the parts were in your other bag, the one that you keep mistaking for a garbage bag and leave lying around all the time. And of course during the trip you’d hit another burst event (of tachyons!) and hit your head, causing your crammed knowledge of advanced time travel theory and flux capacitance and sandwich making to fly right out of your head. And of course your study materials were in the other bag. Murphy’s Law in action!

That’s not the worst of it, though. That is to say, you can spend time reinventing the time wheel, and use the Sciencetown labs (they must have labs) to construct the megaservos, and the flux capacitors, and the überconductors. No, the worst thing is that while being accidentally triggered the auto-return feature on the Time Cube, so in a bit over four hours it will automatically return to 2420, with or without you. That puts quite a damper on things. If you don’t finish the repairs before you return, you’ll have changed your own past, and who knows what would happen to the space time continuum then? Even worse, if the cube goes back without you... ooh, not a good thing to think about, oh no.

A better thing to think about is the state of your bank account. While you’re in the past it might be nice to, er, acquire some nice looking items. Sure, they might be common and junk here, but a well-preserved antique laser could fetch quintillions of Hyper-Credits at an antique shop. You should only grab three items at most, lest the natives get suspicious, but you can use your keen eye for value to figure out what you should take.

In addition to various artifacts, a real prize might be to bring back a real live animal from the past, one that’s since gone extinct in your time. In fact, there’s no reason to think small – you should shoot large and bring back a whole **whale**. Your standard-issue Time Cube Shrink-O-Ray attachment should be able to bring one down to a size where it can fit in your time cube, if you can get it into Sciencetown somehow.

The Time Cube landed near the town square behind a line of statues, and you quickly grabbed and drugged the first relatively-old scientist you saw, and put him inside the cube. Before he passed out, he sang the words “Don’t forget the State of Sciencetown meeting... in one hour.” In D Minor, no less, the saddest of all keys. Strange.

¹In an odd quirk of fate, the Time Cube theories proposed by Gene Ray in the late 20th century were vindicated by physicists in the early 24th century. In his honor, the standard models of time machines are now dubbed Time Cubes, even though many are now egg-shaped, not cubical.

From his ID card, this man was named Dr. Horrible, and he's the town blogger. He obviously has some weird thing about singing.

So, while you go about your main objectives (repairing the Time Cube and acquiring artifacts) you'll have to make sure your cover isn't blown, by assuming the personality and duties of this Dr. Horrible. First and foremost, you'll have to do the same singing thing he does. And you'll have to write some blog entries. (You should write one after any major event in Sciencetown, and you should write at least two more during your remaining time here.) It should be fun.

... except there's no time for fun and games! You've got to get your younger self back to the future!

Goals

- Rebuild your younger self's Time Cube.
- Take some precious artifacts home with you.
- Retrieve a whale.
- Keep up your cover as Dr. Horrible by singing and blogging accordingly.

Roleplaying Notes

- You must be over-the-top and frantic in everything you do, much like Doc Brown in *Back to the Future*. It wouldn't hurt to do up your hair all crazy as well.

Contacts

- Dexter (Nikolas Koutsopoulos): Your younger self.

Memory/Event Packets

- Calamity V
- Calamity W

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- Bloggity Blog Blog

Abilities

- Appraise Items

Items

- Time Cube (research notebook)

Stats

- ψ :	7, 9, 11, 13	- π_T :	4
- ι :	0	- ρ :	8
- δ :	4	-	
- τ :	9	♠:	TGCTTAGTAGTTACTA

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

- | | | | |
|--------------|---------|-------------|------------------|
| - ψ : | 9,9,9,9 | - π_T : | 9 |
| - ι : | 0 | - ρ : | 1 |
| - δ : | 8 | - | |
| - τ : | 10 | ♠: | TTCGAATAAAGTCTGG |

Dr. Hannibal Lecter

"I do wish we could chat longer, but... I'm having an old friend for dinner."

– Hannibal Lecter, "Silence of the Lambs"

Pry into people's minds, and you see who they really are. Dig into the secrets of their past, and you know them better than their friends do. Get them to reveal their fears and aspirations, and you can start to control them, or help them.

You were sent to Sciencetown because the police could not reliably confine you in their high-security prisons. You stayed here for the wealth of interesting minds in Sciencetown. And oh, how many interesting minds there are. Puzzles waiting to be unravelled.

Your training and unique talents have landed you the esteemed position of Psychiatrist of Sciencetown. You currently have two patients: Dr. Doom and Egon Spengler. Dr. Doom suffers from acute multiple personality disorder and seemingly random exclamations, which suggests elements of Tourette syndrome in combination with something else. Egon Spengler, on the other hand, seems to suffer from insurmountable social awkwardness. Asking the right probing questions and drawing connections will let you read them like books, and subsequently fix them.

You have files on both patients, and some incisive questions to ask. If you're curious about the psychological nature of any of the other mentally disconnected residents of Sciencetown, you can try asking any of them some questions in a psychiatry session.

Since you are the official Psychiatrist of Sciencetown, you are technically an employee of the town. As such, you are obligated to attend weekly "State of Sciencetown" meetings with the other employees: Dr. Clayton Forrester and Dr. Horrible. This meeting should occur at approximately T+0:30, but you should confer with the other employees to set an exact time and choose a place.

Fortunately, this weekly State of Sciencetown meeting should be more interesting than normal, given the upcoming elections. In the past, many of the Mayors have refused to give up power if they lose reelection. The most memorable of these events in recent memory involved Magneto declaring that if he couldn't be Mayor, then Sciencetown shouldn't exist. He went on a rampage through the labs, crushing metal work benches and sending shrapnel flying until the newly-elected mayor, Dr. Totenkopf, managed to detain him long enough to inject the rogue Magneto with a syringe of euthanasia. Then there was Dr. No, who refused to acknowledge that he was no longer Mayor. He went into shock, sitting in his "Evil Throne" for days on end, staring at the wall. He was eventually removed to an external mental institution.

Given the history of Sciencetown officials refusing to give up power, you should keep an especially close eye on Dr. Clayton Forrester. Might be best to pull him aside after the State of Sciencetown meeting to examine his mental state.

As the sole person nominally responsible for maintaining the sanity of the town, the Mayor has asked you to provide entertainment at various public events. With the mayoral election approaching, and public voting events on the schedule, you should be sure to have at least a few minutes of entertainment prepared.

"Storytime with Uncle Lecter" is another classic form of entertainment ("A census taker once tried to test me. I ate his liver with some fava beans and a nice chianti..."). Or, if you really want entertainment, you could just tell your audience, in a slow and melodious voice, how you'd love to marinate and roast their internal organs, if only Sciencetown didn't have security measures against such things. In the past, a few minutes of this "entertainment" has been enough to "amuse" your listeners.

If only these antics didn't make your mouth water so much...

Because face it, you're hungry. Not for the unlabelled glop at the cafeteria. Not even for the extra rare lamb chops they serve you on your birthday. You want something with a more... personal touch. A dish you could get to... know and love. Something with that... made-with-your-own-hands taste.

Due to security measures around Sciencetown, however, eating your fellow scientists is off-limits. You've tried killing them, but they always escaped your attempts at the last moment, against all possible odds. The drones outside of Sciencetown promise to be a limitless supply of food, if you can find a way to import them into the safety of the town's protective bubble.

Importing drones could potentially take a while. Meanwhile, you'd like some instant gratification. You can't kill or maim the members of Sciencetown due to security, but there are parts of people that can be taken relatively painlessly.

It pains you to sink to such depths, but you have developed a recipe for a fruity and refreshing toenail soup that could hold you over until you can capture some drones. It's relatively easy to prepare, you just need to take a few ingredients from the kitchens... and collect a hearty serving of toenails. 20 should be fine.

The soup just might turn out decently. And if the citizens of Sciencetown end up being men of good taste, you will be able to sit down for a quiet and satisfying dinner for the first time in months.

Goals

- Hold the scheduled psychiatry meetings. Try to solve their problems by asking probing questions.
- Attend the State of Sciencetown meeting.
- Check on the mental state of the Mayor.
- Provide entertainment events.
- Work on importing a few tasteful drones.
- While you wait for the drones to arrive, collect ingredients for and cook a batch of toenail soup.

Psychlims

- Every now and again, your hunger starts getting the best of you. If a conversation has gone on for a reasonable amount of time (your discretion), insinuate to the other party or parties that you'd like to consume part of their body.

Roleplaying Notes

- You should speak in a slow, melodic, and creepy voice.

Contacts

- Dr. Doom (JB Parkes): One of your patients, exhibiting multiple personality disorder and a strange form of Tourette syndrome.
- Egon Spengler (Mike Salvato): Another of your patients, exhibiting unsurmountable social awkwardness.
- Dr. Clayton Forrester (Charles Hope): Mayor of Sciencetown.

Memory/Event Packets

- Calamity V
- Calamity W

Bluesheets

- Employees of Sciencetown
- Residents of Sciencetown

Greensheets

- Psychology Sessions
- The Invention Exchange
- The Mayoral Election

Abilities

- Determine Deliciousness
- Psychiatric Therapy
- Clip Toenails

Items

- Toenail Clipper (10023)
- Importing Drones (research notebook)
- Toenail Soup (research notebook)

Stats

- ψ :	7,9,11,13	- π_T :	7
- ι :	0	- ρ :	4
- δ :	9	-	
- τ :	0	\spadesuit :	CCGGTATTTAGGGCGT

Lex Luthor

Lex Luthor: Now, call me foolish, call me irresponsible, but it occurs to me that a 500 megaton bomb planted at just the proper point would, uh...

Superman: Would destroy most of California. Millions of innocent people would be killed. The west coast as we know it would...

Lex Luthor: Fall into the sea. Bye-bye, California. Hello, new west coast. My west coast. Costa del Lex. Luthorville. Marina del Lex.

– Superman

Luthor Voice Log: Sunday, January 10, 19:01

I have been in the lab for three hours perfecting the latest prototype of the Kryptonite ray gun. I cannot raise Miss Teschmacher on the intercom and I fear this is the doing of Superman. Ready battle suit.

Luthor Voice Log: Sunday, January 10, 22:36

Things are worse than I first expected; every resident of Metropolis (save myself) seems to have been turned into a mindless, unmoving drone. The battle suit's isolation filters seem to be keeping out whatever did this.

Luthor Voice Log: Monday, January 11, 07:24

Data from the Luthor Satellite in polar orbit indicate that there is exactly one hotspot of activity still present in the United States: in the Arizona desert. It must be Sciencetown.

Luthor Voice Log: Wednesday, January 13, 00:06

I've detected an anomalous heat signature somewhere in Kansas, but it seems to have gone away now that I've landed. I wonder if it was just residual heat from an underground generator of some sort.

Luthor Voice Log: Thursday, January 14, 12:45

I have arrived at Sciencetown. Upon arrival, I announced my presence and asked to see the Mayor, a Dr. Clayton Forrester. I then made a deal: I would buy one quarter of Sciencetown (renaming it Luthorville) in exchange for one billion dollars. He wasted no time in accepting – the fool! – not realizing that the money was now totally worthless.

Luthor Voice Log: Thursday, January 14, 15:10

Despite buying enough of the city to have my own private laboratory, there are certain facilities that are only provided communally. One of these is the Satellite Room, which provides worldwide telemetry for surveillance and weapons targeting. This is the perfect way to find and destroy Superman once and for all – but the search will be slow since each resident can only get so much satellite time. Doesn't matter; I've got all the time in the world now.

Luthor Voice Log: Thursday, January 14, 20:10

That last entry may have been hasty. I've learned that Sciencetown is quickly running out of food and water. The mayor sent out a call for proposals to deal, so I have come up with one plan for each. For food, I would institute a plan for agriculture; to grow food crops in hydroponic tanks, which could then be expanded into terraforming the desert in the vicinity, to handle larger crops like wheat.

For water, well, as far as we know, the water on the moon hasn't been infected with whatever agent has caused the drone plague. It should be simple enough to create some sort of robotic water retrieval system to go to the moon and get some of it for Sciencetown's use.

I expect these plans to work out quite well, considering the imbecilic intellects I seem to be surrounded by.

Luthor Voice Log: Friday, January 15, 14:55

Was just approached by the The Bald Hairless Club for Mad Scientists. Damn them for reminding me of my Superman-inflicted deformity!

Luthor Voice Log: Friday, January 15, 15:06

Having blasted holes in several buildings in Luthorville, I feel much better. They seem to have a plan for dealing with the baldness; we shall see how much sense it makes.

Luthor Voice Log: Saturday, January 16, 09:30

Another day begins. Time to get my plans in motion.

Goals

- Locate and destroy Superman.
- Cure your baldness.
- Finalize your plans to provide Sciencetown with food via agriculture, and with water from the moon.

Roleplaying Notes

- Your role as Luthor should be modeled after Gene Hackman's portrayal in the *Superman* movies, though if you want to incorporate aspects from the comics, feel free. You are essentially a straight man to the insanity of Sciencetown.

Contacts

- Dr. Clayton Forrester (Charles Hope): The fool who sold you a quarter of Sciencetown. If he were to need help with anything and begged you pitifully enough, you might help him. He is also organizing the Request for Proposals for the food and water plans.

Memory/Event Packets

- Calamity V
- Calamity W

Bluesheets

- Residents of Sciencetown
- The Bald Hairless Club for Mad Scientists

Greensheets

- Killing Your Archnemesis for Fun and Profit

Abilities

- none

Items

- Searchy Grid of Science (in-game document)
- Hair Recovery 101 (research notebook)
- Agriculture (research notebook)
- Importing H₂O from the Moon (research notebook)

Stats

- | | | | |
|--------------|-----------|-------------|------------------|
| - ψ : | 7,9,11,13 | - π_T : | 8 |
| - ι : | 0 | - ρ : | 8 |
| - δ : | 8 | - | |
| - τ : | 10 | ♠: | TGATTTATACGGACTC |

Dr. Mario

Sergeant Simon: Name.

Mario: Mario.

Sergeant Simon: Last name.

Mario: Mario.

– Super Mario Bros.

You leapt through the air, and onto the big red axe on the ground that put up the quarantine wall around the castle.

“Thank you Mario! But our princess is... already a drone!”

“Mamma mia, noooooooo!” you screamed, and ran to her room to find her lying on her bed, gray and unmoving...

You woke up sobbing on a clean bed in Sciencetown. The Mushroom Kingdom had decided while you were out that you were too fragile in your current state and shipped you off back to Earth, to the only safe place left, and told you that they were closing the borders to keep the drone virus from getting to them, cutting you off from Peach forever. Those bastards. Those unbelievable bastards.

But you’ll make it back to her. Or, more accurately, you’ll make a *new* her. The drone virus has resisted all known treatments and, after all, even with your expertise, there’s no guarantee you can find a cure. No, no, the best way to do it is to recreate her from a lock of hair that you’ve kept in your possession for years. You’ve even got some help – you lied a bit and said you’d be repopulating the earth with women, and Jekyll seemed eager to help you out.

And, of course, once you’ve got your princess with you, you’ll need a world to bring her back to. With your pill bottles full of viruses at the ready, you’re all set to unleash them upon the world and conquer it in the name of Mario. Failing that, it’d be nice to be in control of South America, which is where some of the best supplies of those magical mushrooms you two used to enjoy so much are.

There were a bunch of refugees from the drone virus in those first few days in Sciencetown, and no one gave any respect to a short, fat, Italian plumber who looked like he was part of the maintenance staff instead of any kind of scientist. And you raged and demanded some respect, and swore you’d help out with the next town project to prove to everyone else you were as good as – no, better than – everyone else in town. Turns out it was a water purification project, to ensure that everyone in town survived the apocalypse. Not really something you want to work on. But you can’t go back on your word, and if you backed out now, you’d be even more humiliated. No, we can’t have that. So you’ll just have to figure out how to tailor your viruses to purify water as well.

That’s a lot of stuff on your plate, and it’s probably going to be stressful and annoying. In the past, to relax and unwind and make your mind work better, you’d go out and pick a couple of the “special” purple mushrooms that grow deep in the forests of the Mushroom Kingdom, but now you’ve run out. You’d identified the active components of the mushrooms some time ago, and were working on it, but all your previous notes were lost, and you’ll have to redo all your old work.

You’ve been in Sciencetown for just six days doing nothing at all, and that is six days too long to have waited. You’d better don your magic lab coat, turn into Dr. Mario once more, and get started.

Goals

- Clone Princess Peach.
- Take over the world. Failing that, take over South America.
- Finish your research on the Science Mushrooms.
- Make your water purification plan win over those of the other losers.

Roleplaying Notes

- You must speak in a bad Italian accent at all times.

Contacts

- Jekyll (Alex Kandell): One lackey for the Peach Project.

Memory/Event Packets

- Calamity V
- Calamity W

Bluesheets

- Residents of Sciencetown

Greensheets

- How to Take Over the World

Abilities

- Infect

Items

- Lock of Hair (55152)
- Viruses: Making Water Awesome (research notebook)
- Creating Women (research notebook)
- Science Mushrooms (research notebook)

Stats

- | | | | |
|--------------|--------------|-------------|-------------------|
| - ψ : | 7, 9, 11, 13 | - π_T : | 7 |
| - ι : | 0 | - ρ : | 3 |
| - δ : | 7 | - | |
| - τ : | 10 | ♠: | AACTGATTTCGAGCTAA |

Egon Spengler

Peter Venkman: What do you mean, “bad”?

Egon Spengler: Try to imagine all life as you know it stopping instantaneously and every molecule in your body exploding at the speed of light.

– Ghostbusters

After ten years in business, the Ghostbusters were closing up shop. You had clashed with the City of New York many times – they kept shutting you down for health violations, or suing you for property damage, or citing you for failures to pay property taxes (although that last one is on Venkman, that lazy b– b– barnacle). After a while it just got too tiring to keep working, and you all went your separate ways.

But with the closing of Ghostbusters, Inc., you needed a new place to perform your paranormal experiments. You applied for positions at Harvard, Princeton, Yale... all said no. So you took it down a tier, but still no. You were not going to go to the effort of even more tiring interviews just to land a position at a community college somewhere.

Fortunately, *deus ex machina* intervened, and you received an envelope in the mail addressed from a place called “Sciencetown”. An odd name for any kind of respectable research institution, but the documents in the envelope piqued your interest. You pooled your meager savings for a one-way ticket out to Arizona to check out the place, and found Utopia. Nirvana. Heaven... but with scientists and rationality.

So you never went back. Your landlord probably sold your possessions to pay your unpaid back rent, but there was nothing much there anyway, nothing you care about. As long as you stayed out of trouble in the outside world, Sciencetown would provide everything you needed to do your research – anything and everything! What a deal.

That was five years ago, and you hardly left your laboratory for the first few years, growing a grizzled beard and basically forgetting how to communicate on the few occasions you did leave.

Slowly your neighbors began to notice your problems, and they staged an intervention. With death traps. And lasers. And even some of your ghosts, your trusted friends. And they took you to see the town psychiatrist, a Lecter. This was a few months ago, and despite your continuing pessimism about the process you do feel a little bit better about yourself. You no longer stammer quite as much, you have stopped nervously tearing out your hair, and you no longer wet the bed. Your sessions have continued apace, and he is convinced that you can be cured, soon. In what he calls “compression therapy”, he is going to meet with you several times in the next day to see if the repetition helps uncover more.

As part of the process, he also signed you up – without your consent – to participate in the annual mayoral elections being held today. He figures that it will help you get over your issues with public speaking, but of course you are completely petrified. You are willing to give him the benefit of the doubt for the time being, but you should spend time rehearsing what you are going to say and do. You do not think you can win, but you should give it a try.

All of the psychological issues aside, you do have a few other things you would like to get done. There was a recent Request For Proposals from the mayor asking for ways to make sure Sciencetown was supplied with food and fresh water now that the outside world has gone just as mad. You immediately hit upon the idea of having your ghost buddies go out into the abandoned world outside and retrieve food from supermarkets, farms, whatever it takes. Then, they bring it back and Sciencetown continues on. The food acquired will spoil out there, but with advanced refrigeration technology that should not be an issue here. Yes, it could work. All you need to do is figure out how to get enough ghosts out there at once to retrieve tons of food, and train them to take only the things that are fresh or ripe or non-spoiled. It would not be so hard, except for the fact that ghosts perceive the world in vastly different ways and the translation will take quite a lot of work.

One more thing: Dr. Henry Jekyll approached you two days ago, asking for your expertise with shielding and containment – ghosts do have a tendency to pass through solid objects, after all. At the time you stammered and stuttered and eventually he

gave up. When relating the incident to Lecter, though, he suggested that you go back and offer to help out. It would provide you an opportunity to get back into the collaborative spirit that you had enjoyed so many years ago with the Ghostbusters. So now you have to go back and apologize, and offer to help out again.

Lots to do, little time, and little inclination. Still, sacrifices must be made in the name of self-improvement.

Goals

- Cure yourself of as many psychological problems as you can.
- Continue work on your project to have ectoplasmic projections (read: ghosts) retrieve food for Sciencetown from the abandoned outside world.
- Participate in the mayoral election.
- Help Dr. Henry Jekyll with his car upgrade project.

Psychlims

- You may not curse. If you are sufficiently annoyed or frustrated, you must instead stammer out the first sound of the relevant curse word and then replace it with a non-curse word starting with that sound.
- You may never initiate conversation with anyone. (Speaking from the The Podium of Science does not count as conversation.)
- You may never maintain eye contact with anyone for more than three seconds.
- You may not stay within ZoC of the same person for more than one minute. (If in a crowded area, you may move around to reset the timers.)
- You must speak in a low monotone at all times.
- You may not use contractions. (Possessives like “Jekyll’s car” are not contractions.)
- The Wire (69912) in your possession is part of your favorite childhood toy – it is part of a Slinky which you straightened out. Keep possession of it at all times. If you should ever lose possession of it, GET IT BACK.
- As a child, you were stalked by the Boogiemán, a supernatural creature who feeds on the fear of children. While you eventually defeated him during your tenure as a Ghostbuster, the experience left you with a deep agoraphobia. You may not stay in Tech Square for more than five minutes at a time if there is no one else present.

Roleplaying Notes

- In the movies, Egon Spengler is a rather nerdy, introverted guy, but pretty functional. In Sciencetown... he’s not. (You may have seen the gargantuan list of psychlims.) Good luck.

Contacts

- Lecter (Daniel Whalen): The town psychiatrist, who has been working on your case for the last few months.
- Jekyll (Alex Kandell): A man who for some reason wants your force field expertise.
- Dr. Clayton Forrester (Charles Hope): The mayor of the town; he is organizing the Request for Proposals for the food and water plans.

Memory/Event Packets

- Calamity V
- Calamity W

Bluesheets

- Residents of Sciencetown

Greensheets

- The Mayoral Election

Abilities

- Neutron-flux disruption

Items

- Wire (69912)

- Portable Ectoplasmic Container (97868)
- Ecto-Gun (08658)

- Ghosts Will Bring You Food to Eat (research notebook)

Stats

- ψ :

7,9,11,13

- ι :

0

- δ :

8

- τ :

10
- π_T :

5 minus number of
psychlims

- ρ :

7

-

♠:

TACTGATAACCCTCCC

Dr. T

"It takes a smart guy to play dumb"

Mr. T

You are Dr. T, formerly known as Mr. T, born Laurence Tureaud. After graduating from school and a brief stint as a military policeman, you got your career started working as a bouncer. It was during this time as a bouncer that you picked up your signature habit of wearing lots of gold chains and other gold jewelry. It started as a simple convenience – if a patron left some jewelry behind, you'd wear it as you stood guarding the door, so it was easy for them to figure out how to retrieve it when they came back. In time, however, you adopted it as a permanent style, the chains as a symbolic reference to the chains your slave ancestors were forced to wear.

You managed to play your success as a bouncer into a career as a bodyguard to well-known personas, with great success, which eventually got you noticed and started you on your acting career. The highlight of this brief career, of course, was your starring as Sergeant B.A. Baracus in the famous "A-Team" TV series. The downside, though, of that successful role was that despite B.A. being a mechanical genius, his direct, confrontational attitude earned him a reputation as a tough guy with no brains. And since his character was largely based on yourself, that reputation started to carry over. When a reporter asked during a press conference if you were as stupid as B.A. was in the show, you knew it was time to change something.

You left your successful acting career, and enrolled in a PhD program. Five years later, you emerged with a Doctorate of Philosophy in Science, with a thesis studying the effects of couma macrocarpa on aggression in rats.

After graduating, some old contacts from the military approached you with an offer to take part in a new endeavor that would uniquely take advantage of both your physical and scientific prowess. Inspired by the increasingly drastic fallout of various mad scientists' attempts to destroy and/or take over the world, the military was establishing a colony of sorts for these mad scientists to live together and develop their mad plans at relatively low risk to the outside world.

However, they feared that the mad scientists might have trouble adapting to their confinement and close quarters, and there would be severe danger of the scientists killing each other off. They needed a man on the inside to keep an eye on things and try to prevent the situation from getting too violent while they worked out kinks in the protective ScienceDome technology. This person would need to be a Scientist, to be able to associate with the other Scientists of Sciencetown, but also tough enough to break things up before they ugly. Naturally, you were a perfect choice, and you accepted, happy to be able to put your skills to use.

The first few years were rough. Despite your best efforts and the still work-in-progress protective ScienceDome, there were casualties. You made it through with most of the town intact, though, largely thanks to your pitying of foolish scientists trying to circumvent the protective ScienceDome.

As time went on, things quieted down, and your original protective and peacekeeping role is now mostly obsoleted by the ScienceDome and by the remaining scientists' uncanny ability to escape from trouble at the last possible moment. Frankly, you've been starting to grow kinda bored.

It's time to whip this bunch of doddering old mad scientists into shape. You need to assemble a crack research team to pursue your research agenda, one that's tough enough to follow you to fix this drone problem. You need a team that can follow you out into the world, pity some drone fools, and take back this planet in the name of Science. You need to assemble ... The Alpha Team. You'll need to figure out somehow which Scientists are up for being part of such an elite squad.

On another note, you've barely acquired any new bling since getting here, and your current supplies are getting old. With the rest of the world now ... less than functional, your options for getting more are increasingly slim. You figure that the best bet is to find some way to import existing gold jewelry belonging to drones outside of Sciencetown. Since you can't go out yourself,

you'll probably have to involve some sort of complex Scientific process.

Also, you're a bit worried that your brawling skills are getting rusty spending all this time here in Sciencetown with a bunch of old foggy Scientists. You could really use some practice kicking ass, but these old dudes aren't even a challenge, and even during practice sessions always manage to escape your strikes in the most improbable ways. Maybe if you managed to import some drones from outside, with their bling, you could kick their asses and get some practice in.

Also, you've got a real hankerin' for some bubblegum, and the Sciencetown kitchen doesn't seem to stock any. Surely with the power of Sciencetown there's some way you can manufacture some.

Goals

- Recruit a new Alpha Team of Scientific researchers from Sciencetown.
- Import more bling from outside Sciencetown.
- Manufacture a new bubble gum supply.
- Chew gum and kick drone ass.

Psychlims

- You must immediately put on and wear any and all bling you come into possession of in game. (Generally physrepped by yellow headbands)
- Use the phrase "I pity the fool" whenever even vaguely appropriate.

Roleplaying Notes

- You're Dr. T. Your role is to pretty much be loud, imposing, and belligerent, with a twist of Science.

Memory/Event Packets

- Calamity V
- Calamity W

Bluesheets

- Residents of Sciencetown

Greensheets

- Assembling the Alpha Team

Abilities

- Evaluate Pitude
- Assess Research Potential

Items

- Bubblegum (research notebook)
- Kicking Drone Ass (research notebook)

Stats

- | | | | |
|--------------|-----------|-------------|------------------|
| - ψ : | 7,9,11,13 | - π_T : | 11 |
| - ι : | 0 | - ρ : | 11 |
| - δ : | 5 | - | |
| - τ : | 10 | ♠: | ATTCGAAAACCTTGAT |