
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