
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

- | | | | |
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| - ι : | 0 | - ρ : | 3 |
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