
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, glaciated⁶, 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		