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**Dr. T**

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*"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

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|--------------|-----------|-------------|------------------|
| - $\psi$ :   | 7,9,11,13 | - $\pi_T$ : | 11               |
| - $\iota$ :  | 0         | - $\rho$ :  | 11               |
| - $\delta$ : | 5         | -           |                  |
| - $\tau$ :   | 10        | ♠:          | ATTCGAAAACCTTGAT |