

Doctor Marshall Fields

“Same thing we do every night, Pinky. Try and take over the world!”
-The Brain

They laughed at you at the university. They said such power could never be harnessed. They said nothing would come of your experiments. But you will prove them wrong, and toss aside their banal ideas of the universe aside like a used tissue. For you now have the power in your hands to- dare you say it?- rule the world!

As a chemistry professor in a small college in California, you knew that someday you would rule the world. You knew that someday you would unleash the kind of power that would allow you to rule mankind with an iron fist, lording over those people who are weak and worthless, and especially having a wonderful revenge against all of those bullies who beat you up for your lunch money in elementary school. You were obsessed with finding out the secrets that would allow you such power. Every day, after tossing off a lecture or two, you would rush back to your office and feverishly study as hard as you could, expanding your knowledge of the sciences in the hope, the faint glimmer of hope that somehow you would come across a secret that would give you the power to- dare you say it?- rule the world!

Nothing could dissuade you from your quest. Even when a rash of letter bombs killed off a number of graduate students, you ignored it, knowing that taking any time from your studies would make it that much harder to conquer all. Every night, late into the night, you would pore over old texts, sometimes chemistry, sometimes biology, sometimes physics, and sometimes (when you were really desperate) alchemy. Every iota of your being was focused upon the single goal of- dare you say it?- ruling the world!

Four years ago, a break finally landed your way. The government had established a Research Lab in Fort Lucas Rita, located in San Inguon, Arizona. The former head of the Chemistry department had passed on after an unfortunate accident involving formic acid and a milk truck, and the person in charge was desperate for new help. You came highly recommended, and were asked to take over the helm of the Chemistry Department. You jumped at the chance; it would allow you to attempt to test some of your theories rather than simply working them out on paper. And as much as you loved working at the college, the students of which had voted you “Most Likely To Be Devoured By One Of His Own Creations” three years running, you knew that you would never have another opportunity like this. An opportunity that would allow you to - dare you, oh okay, it’s getting repetitious.

Anyways, following your path towards destiny, you moved to San Inguon and took the Chemistry Department to extremes it had never seen before. You pushed the boundaries of chemistry (and sometimes good taste) with new and exciting experiments,

all designed for destructive power. Needless to say, the military loved it, and you are well respected. But still, the breakthrough never came. You would work all day at the Labs, then come home to study through the night, hoping for something that would show you what needed to be done. You haven't slept in over four years, and will never sleep until you finally have in your hands the means of ruling the world! Thank God for coffee.

Now, however, it seems that things will all work out for you. A month ago, a top secret package arrived for you from some friends in Washington. It contained a high-grade rocket fuel, which you have dubbed "Serum X." Its properties are absolutely astounding. As far as you can tell, it is a non-toxic, bio-degradable, dehydrated mono-nuclear hydro-oxium chain that has the faint taste of chocolate syrup. But even more astounding are its effects. The number of stimuli that activate it seem to be unlimited, and each stimulant evokes a different reaction! It took you two weeks just to narrow down a single, applicable stimuli. Apparently, when mixed with a certain percentage of a certain quality meat, if fed to iguanas, it causes them to grow to immense sizes! Why, with a giant army of iguanas, you could terrorize the town, destroy the military base, create wide-spread panic and chaos, and force the government to submit to your will before you unleash a stream of giant iguanas across California! Perfect!

You quickly moved your tests from the Labs to a large cave in the southern mesas. After all, if you continued the experiment at the Labs, it was feasible that someone might notice and try to stop you. It took a while to move the larger iguanas, hook up a sound system (you can't truly concentrate without Beethoven or Brahms at high volumes in the background; you've got a sound system at the Labs as well), and continue your experiments. Everything is now all set for your reign of terror. The iguanas are all housed in protective cages so strong it would take an earthquake to break them. You have implanted a small electronic device in the base of each of their spines, allowing you to control them from a distance via electric shocks. You have spent every night for the last week walking them to the top of the mesa, from where the town will get one good look at them before being crushed like the ants they are. At five o'clock tonight, at the beginning of the "presentation" where the other mealy-mouthed scientists will be preparing to explain how their new projects work, you will show the town your true power! Bwa-hah-hah-hah-hah!

It's a good thing that you've moved your experiments to the mesas. It seems as if everyone is closing in upon you at the Labs. When you first received the vials of Serum X, there were twenty test tubes. You used four for the first set of experiments, and another six have been used to grow the giant iguanas. But in looking over your lab this morning, you only counted seven! Someone is stealing Serum X from you!

You're sure that it's Dr. Forbes. Two weeks ago he asked you for your help in trying to find a dehydrated mono-nuclear hydro-oxium chain to help with his experiments. You told him that you knew of no such things. You were lying, of course. He was talking about Serum X. And you know that it was not a friendly question. No! Dr. Forbes is obviously on the same track as you, and has started to uncover the mysteries of Serum X!

It was obvious to you that he was mocking you, laughing at your attempt to rule the world when he was going to rule it first. He needed to be taken care of. So late that night, you snuck over to his house and cut the brake lines on his car. Unfortunately, he came down with the flu and it was his wife who first drove their car that morning. A pity; Rachael wasn't a bad person. But nonetheless, Dr. Forbes still lives, and you are sure that your attempt to kill him has only strengthened his will to take over the world before you can do so first! You'll have to do something about him; distract him, detain him, something. Killing is the obvious choice, but it's messy and not a guaranteed thing; and this close to achieving your dream, it is far too dangerous.

And there are others to watch as well. Someone has been stealing Serum X. Is it Dr. Forbes? Perhaps. But maybe it's Timmy, your lab assistant. He seems far too knowledgeable about science for the average high-schooler. And he's so nice and sweet. It must be an act; perhaps he's a trained Communist spy, disguised as a seventeen-year old boy, trying to steal your secrets so that the Soviets can rule the world before you do! Or maybe it's Dr. Bates. Certainly, he acts like a doddering old fool, but that act covers a keen, insightful intelligence, you know it. And Dr. Carroll? The fact that her superior left the Labs to go teach at college, opening up the position for her to fill, seems just a bit too convenient. And General Cork? Maybe the military knows exactly what you're doing. Maybe the military has its own secret arsenal of giant killer iguanas, and will eliminate you to keep the secret safe! Maybe they're all in it together! You must keep your eyes open and your senses acute; if people knew about your project, they'd try to stop you. And you can't let anything stop you. Not when you're this close.

Stock Quote: "With something like this, I could- dare I say it?- rule the world!"

Mannerisms: Dr. Fields is the standard evil scientist, paranoid, irascible, and absolutely obsessive. This is important- ignore everything around you unless it pertains in some way to your grand plan to take over the world. Unless it impacts your plans, it's unimportant.

People You Know:

Timmy Carroll: A local high-school student who helps out at the Labs. You think he's up to something, but you're not sure what.

General Hiram Cork: The commander of Ft Lucas Rita and the Research Labs. Does he know exactly what you're up to? Maybe he does. If so, you'd better take care of him.

Dr. Lawrence Bates: Head of the Physics Department, and Lead Scientist for the Labs. He plays the part of the absent-minded scientist well; too well, in your opinion. He must be up to something.

Dr. Gerald Forbes: Head of the Biology Department. He knows of your plans. You're sure of it. You'll have to find out exactly how much he knows, and take actions accordingly. He seems to be a dangerous opponent- be careful around him.

Dr. Sarah Carroll: Head of the Astronomy Department. Her rise to power seems too unlikely. She must be up to something.

Goals:

1. Rule the world. Your giant iguanas should be more than enough to take on the town, but just in case, keep your eyes open. If anything new comes up that might help you to rule the world, jump on it. Above all, don't let on that you're up to something until you're ready to deliver the death blow to this town. If anyone knew what was going on, they'd try to stop you, and you can't have that, now can you?

2. What else is there? Nothing! Rule the world! If it doesn't help you to rule the world, ignore it! Romance, office politics, newspaper reporters, it doesn't matter. If it doesn't obviously help you to rule the world, ignore it. Sure, you're a one-trick pony, but by God, what a trick it'll be!