KIJARA 2
ESCAPE FROM THE CLAN
CHARACTERS AND ORGANIZATIONS

PURGE
Police unit for the regulation of the genetically engineered. A unit of the European police force specialized in dealing with illegal GMI’s - people with unauthorized genetic enhancements that prevent them from becoming registered citizens. Illegals have no rights and no access to housing or work. Purge protects the European inheritance by sterilizing illegal GMI’s and shipping them off to the sun cities - special camps where these individuals can have a place to live and work, community and a meaningful existence.

THE CLAN
A mob-like criminal organization working in areas like prostitution, human trafficking, drugs and money laundering. Owners of a wide range of more or less shady night clubs. The clan is lead by the mysterious mastermind, the general along with the four coyote siblings - tank, viper, jazz and kijara. The clan attracts a lot of illegal GMI’s since these individuals are already marginalized from society because of their genetic enhancements. The clan does not support a peaceful unified Europe through the Purge programme.

KIJARA
Illegal GMI, former clan member and sister of the three coyotes recruited by Purge as a special agent. Has coyote DNA. Generally non-compliant and prone to violent outbursts. Gets on Darwin’s nerves a lot.

DARWIN
Illegal GMI and Purge agent. Leader of Team Beta and responsible for Kijara’s training. Escaped a secret military project and was adopted by Amanda when he was arrested by Purge at the age of 12. Quite the Casanova.

NAID
Illegal GMI and Purge agent. Has telepathic abilities, a strange accent and a past he doesn’t seem to want to share. Vegan and generally a calm and kind person, but not very adept at the finer aspects of social interaction.

AMY

AMANDA
Registered citizen and leader of Purge field missions. Darwin’s adoptive mother. Keeps Darwin on a short leash, but tends to spoil him with expensive cars and gear.

THE GENERAL
The mystery founder of the Clan and leader of the Coyote Pack. Presumably has a past in the European military.

TANK

VIPER
Illegal GMI with Coyote-DNA. Kijara’s older brother. Likes to make people hurt. Always neatly dressed. A bit too fond of his sister.

JAZZ
Illegal GMI with Coyote-DNA. Kijara’s twin brother. Prefers to just tag along and has a fairly short attention span.
UNION CITY, CAPITAL OF THE EUROPEAN UNION.
YOU CAN'T BE UP HERE.

WHAT'S WRONG? YOU SCARED I'M GONNA JUMP OFF THE ROOF AND FLY BACK TO THE CLAN?

YOU CAN'T LOOSE ME WITH THIS DAMN TRACKER!

COME ON BEFORE SOMEBODY SEES YOU AND I GET IN TROUBLE.

WE'RE GOING TO THE SHOOTING RANGE.
I hope you like the room.

You're not gonna fuck anything up here! You're my responsibility! If you fuck up...

I personally think you should've had the one in the basement.

Chill! You're not the only one who thinks this is a fucking bad idea!

With bars instead of a door.

And don't touch the tracker. It'll set off the alarm.

Look. I know how you feel, but since you're illegal, this is actually quite an opportunity for you.

You don't know shit!

Maybe I know more than you think.

Yeah, right? Mr. Perfect Citizen!

I'm actually illegally modified. Just like you.

Yeah, okay. It was said who told me to tell you. 'Cause it would 'create a foundation for a trusting relation'.

If this is some half-hearted attempt at making friends, it's not working.

But it's true, though.

And you're full of shit.

Jeez. This is gonna be a long day.

Fuck off.
This is a Beretta M9. Purse edition. You know it?

Sure! We had a whole pallet of those in a warehouse on 14th. 'Til your colleagues raided the place.

Right.

This is an exercise weapon. It has recoil and sound, but no bullets. It fires a harmless laser beam.

Whatever.

I don't like guns anyways.

Well...

My brother did try to teach me. Several times.

Okay, have a go then.

But can you shoot one?

No no!

Let me show you how to aim it.

Hey!

What was that about?
Allright. Fine. Give me the gun.

Legs apart as wide as your shoulders. Take your time and then squeeze the trigger slowly.

Your turn.

I told you it has recoil! You're too small to be an agent, you know! We have height requirements for a reason!

And do not close your eyes!

Blam

Blam

Blam

Blam

Blam

Blam

Blam

Blam

Blam
OH MY FUCKING GOD! YOU MUST BE THE ONLY GANG MEMBER IN TOWN WHO CAN'T SHOOT A GUN!

THIS SUCKS ASS!

IT'S SERIOUSLY NOT THAT FUCKING HARD!

YOU JUST POINT AND SHOOT!

Hey! Stop!

That's not fair! I bet you're genetically designed for this!

It's not all in the genes! It takes hard work and lots of practice!

I work! I just suck anyways! I suck at fucking everything!

Slam

You were pretty good at hand-to-hand combat at the lab. Maybe we should go to the gym tomorrow?

Yeah, because you didn't slice my throat. I do kinda appreciate that.

Even if you are really annoying.

Yeah! I sure got my ass kicked real good!

Let's go.