

CHIEF OBANHEIN

GBD

The Police Chief

You're the DC Chief of Police. Your job is to protect the people of your city from the scum of the earth. Unfortunately, there's a lot of overlap in those categories.

If a murder or a rape happens in your streets, you will do everything you can to find the culprit and see he gets his. If that means you and your men have to bang some heads together to find him, that's not your problem. You will protect your city. You never bought in to the touchy-feely policing methods. The only thing that works in a city like this is to have lots of cops out walking the beat and to bring in every asshole that thinks he can get away with stupid shit in your city and see him locked away. If he gets roughed up a little in the process, that's not your problem. You or your men are the ones who have to tell some poor woman her husband, or worse yet, her son isn't coming home. You will never forgive the assholes that put you through that over and over. You spent 12 years in homicide before moving up. You remember every next-of-kin visit. Every tear. Every scream. Every grieving woman cursing and throwing things at you just for being the one to bring the news.

In the past year, three of your men got suspended for excessive use of force. The problem is, the less lethal weapons you have just aren't good enough. Tasers don't really work on big men drugged out of their mind. Too many people know how to get around tear gas. And worse yet, you sometimes get in trouble even for using the less lethal weapons. You tase one motherfucker who happens to have a heart problem and die on you, and suddenly you're the bad guy. Even if the the guy just killed and raped his mother, if he didn't have a weapon right now, you're the bad guy.

You've heard that they are working on better less lethal weapons. They were trying out something new in Mississippi. Word gets around, cops talk. The army showed up with something new, and now no one's allowed to talk about it. You want it for your men.

Special Agent Epping is an FBI agent you get stuck working with from time to time. Epping is nearly the stereotype of an FBI agent. Nothing but a suit, follows everything to the letter, doesn't connect with people at all. For all that, Epping is damn good at the job, just hard to work with. If you have to deal with the occasional loony cults and terrorist cells that pop up in DC, there is no better person to have at your back.

Advisor Cahill is the National Security Advisor. Such a tame title for someone who can turn your whole fucking city upside-down with a word. Cahill understands security and the problems of that, but doesn't understand dealing with a city full of trouble-makers, most of whom you can't just lock up.

Reverend LaMont is a member of the House of Representatives from Mississippi, a real holy roller, and a stalwart support of justice. Sure, you go to church regularly, but you have no clue why LaMont has always seemed to take such an interest in you in particular. It is more than a little disturbing.

Director Mercer is the director of the FBI, and nothing but a desk cop. Mercer has never been anything but a paper pusher, and you can't respect someone like that. At least Epping gets out on the ground. You started on the pavement and worked your way up like a good leader should.

Dr. White is dangerous. Your department raided White's lab a few years ago after a hazardous waste leak. Your guys were quietly sent on their way by FBI agents, which didn't sit well with you.