

*"It takes a strong head to keep secrets for years and not go slightly mad."*

-- C.P. Snow

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DUSK

Roof. Fifteen stories of glass and steel. In the distance, the White House. But a thundering storm renders it a blur. Black and grey clouds bulge over each other like intestines. Rain whips *sideways*.

Leaning into it -- a MAN, late 20's, cadaverously lean.

The man struggles with two large duffle bags. Collapses in exhaustion. Glances over at the precipitous drop.

He opens a duffle to reveal an odd-looking welded metal tube. A homemade Livens Projector -- used to launch gaseous materials.

He unzips the second. Fingers pill-shaped metal CANISTERS. 8" in diameter with explosive bursters to disperse the chemicals inside. Yanks out a laptop...

On-screen app: *real time wind patterns and projections.*

Satisfied, he loads a canister into the Projector. Claws a detonator. With a push of a button -- THA-WHOOMP -- *the canister is launched.*

As it hits its 5,000 foot apex, the canister detonates and -- chemicals disaggregate in a light-green arc before getting sucked into the designated current of wind.

He fires another -- catching a different current. Another then another. In minutes, the sky above is awash in green mist. Adrift.

As he inserts the last canister, only -- the projector discharges prematurely -- causing the canister to puncture.

The man is covered. Contaminated. EXPOSED.

He stares at this hands. Dripping light green. He pauses at the sight. *Instantly resigned.*

No decision to be made as he walks to the roof's edge.

His lips part. Registering one last conspiratorial thought before...he leaps to his death.

OPENING CREDITS