

VESPUCCI SERIES 2 LATE-SEASON (S7E12 INSERT SCENE)

SCENE: THE ARCHIVE AND THE STRIKE

INT. VSI LOS ANGELES HQ SANDRAS PRIVATE LIBRARY ROOM NIGHT

A high-ceilinged chamber of quiet powerglowing bookshelves, slate walls, no noise except a faint hum from monitors on Sandras desk.

The thermal feed flickers on the center screen. It is the grey scale thermal used for modern drone ops. You can see a Truck outside of a building on the screen and head signatures inside of the building as the heat signatures are seen loading boxes into a truck.

Target IDs are shown on the screen on the right with thin lines connecting the IDs to the heat signatures.

SANDRA WARREN stands alone. Back straight. Watching.

The door slides open.

BENJI FAROUK enters. Not in a suit. Plain black zip-up. Tactical sneakers. He steps in like hes unsure if this is a reward... or a reckoning.

He closes the door gently behind him.

BENJI

(soft)

You called for me?

SANDRA

Youre not in trouble.

(beat)

Sit.

Benji doesnt move just yet.

BENJI

Then why am I here?

Sandra doesnt look away from the screen.

SANDRA

Because you were looking into something you didnt think Id notice.

You used the Level-2 backchannel off-grid.

You pulled old trigger-pattern archives, and the raw data on border activity from two decades ago.

(beat)

You dont usually break protocols.

Benjis shoulders tense. Not defensively reflexively.

BENJI

... I needed answers.

Sandra finally turns. Calm. Unarmed.

SANDRA

So I found them.

They were real. They never stopped.

(points at screen)

Thats them.

Saint Thomas of Nineveh was their next target.

They had detonation prep footage.

Aegis confirms full cell lineage.

Benji walks forward. Quiet. Grave.

BENJI

I didnt come to you because I didnt want this to be... official.

SANDRA

Its not.

(beat)

Its personal.

Thats why youre the one in the room.

She steps aside.

The screen is crystal clear: the flatbed, the thermal silhouettes, the candle ignition.

SANDRA (CONTD)

Draco Two is loitering at 12,000 feet.

Payload is single-target, kineticlow noise, zero secondary.

This is a legal ghost op. The decision is yours.

Not mine.

Not VSIs.

Yours. Your call commander.

Benji steps closer. Staring now.

BENJI

You really didnt mind me looking?

SANDRA

I minded that you waited this long.

BENJI

Fuck okay... Then yeah.

Kaboom.

On screen: the strike.

A white-hot blink. The heat map collapses.

No dramatics. Just absence. The IDs on screen turn red.

Benji watches it all.

BENJI (CONTD)

I thought I'd feel lighter.

SANDRA

You will. Later.

For now, drink this.

She slides a porcelain cup toward him.

SANDRA (CONTD)

Blood orange. Same as the day you were hired.

BENJI

Bit more scorched earth in the aftertaste.

He sits. The mug warms his hands.

They don't speak again.

Outside, Los Angeles glitters like static.

FADE OUT.

SCENE: THE HOUSE THAT SURVIVED

EXT. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SUBURBAN STREET MORNING

A quiet, warm day. Bougainvillea vines crawl up faded stucco walls.

A base-model VSI-plated sedan pulls into a tidy driveway. Two VSI general security SUVs are seen outside with guards sitting in them.

The car idles. BENJI steps out slowly.

No music. No voiceover.

He walks toward the door of a humble, one-story house. The security bars on the windows are decorative now. But they weren't always.

Benji passes the guards some takeout bags and opens the front gate, walks to the door, and enters.

INT. LIVING ROOM SEEN THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW

We stay outside, looking in.

A quiet family room. A couch. A religious icon on the wall. A single houseplant leaning toward the light.

Inside, we see BENJI standing before his MOTHER and FATHER. They are seated.

He speaks. We don't hear it. Not a word.

They lean forward. His mother's hand covers her mouth. His father grabs her hand tight.

And then they all break down. Not in anguish. In overwhelming, blinding relief.

His mother hugs him like he's returned from war. His father weeps silently into his own shirt sleeve.

Benji lets them hold him. His face doesn't crack until his mother kisses his temple.

Only then a single tear from him.

We stay outside the window. Respecting the silence.

CUT TO BLACK.