

VESPUCCI - Scene: The Reassignment Aftermath

Setting: A cozy, slightly divey karaoke pub in Ottawa's ByWard Market. **Time:** Late Night, after Anna's reassignment. **Characters:** Anna Sharma, two CSIS CO-WORKERS, and another lone agent, DAVID.

[SCENE START]

INT. KARAOKE PUB - NIGHT

The bar is warm, dimly lit, and smells of stale beer and quiet desperation. A TERRIBLE SINGER is murdering a Bon Jovi song on a small stage.

ANNA SHARMA sits at a sticky table with two CO-WORKERS from her old department. They all still have their CSIS ID badges clipped to their belts. There are a few empty beer glasses on the table. Anna is a little buzzed—not drunk, but loose enough to be trying to make light of her career implosion.

She's telling the story of her new assignment.

<center>ANNA</center>

(laughing, a little too loudly) So then he slides this file across the desk. A *threat assessment*.

And I'm thinking, okay, here we go, something big, maybe a foreign intel cell...

Her co-workers are leaning in, intrigued.

<center>ANNA</center>

And he tells me, with a straight face, that I'm being reassigned to investigate a micro-narcotics ring... in Nunavut.

One of the co-workers, a younger guy, looks confused. The other, a woman, gets the joke immediately and starts to smirk.

<center>ANNA</center>

(through another wave of laughter) No, no, no, oh my god, I swear you guys must think I'm a US spy or something, this is real...

The line hangs in the air. The younger co-worker looks offended. The woman's smirk fades. It was a bad joke. Too close to home.

<center>CO-WORKER 1</center>

That's not funny, Anna.

<center>ANNA</center>

(realizing her mistake, she tries to recover) No, I know, I know, sorry. But get this... the guy, the "kingpin"... he grows the *plants* in the igloos!

She's laughing hard now, the absurdity of it all hitting her.

<center>ANNA</center>

(wiping a tear of laughter) He lives in a single-wide! I have to write a ninety-day report on a pot dealer in an igloo!

Her co-workers exchange an awkward look. The conversation is dead. One of them checks their watch.

<center>CO-WORKER 2</center>

Well, hey, it's getting late... We should probably...

They make their excuses and leave, patting her on the shoulder with pity. Anna is left alone at the table, her laughter fading into a sad, tired smile. She takes a long drink of her beer. Her attempt to connect, to make it all a funny story, has failed completely. She's radioactive.

She scans the mostly empty bar. And then she sees him.

Across the room, sitting alone at the bar, is DAVID (40s). We recognize him as another agent from the office. He's got a beer in front of him and a look of quiet, weary defeat on his face that

perfectly mirrors her own. He's not looking at her. He's just staring at the TV above the bar. Anna watches him for a long moment. She doesn't know why he's bummed out. She doesn't know that he's the *other* analyst who got too close to VSI and was quietly sidelined. All she sees is a fellow traveler. Another lonely soul in the quiet war.

She picks up her beer, gets up from her table, and starts to walk toward him.

FADE TO BLACK.

[END OF EPISODE]