

## VESPUCCI - Scene: The Reassignment

**Setting:** Director Wells's Office, CSIS Headquarters, Ottawa **Time:** Late Afternoon, Mid-Season

**1 Characters:** Anna Sharma, Director Wells

**[SCENE START]**

**INT. DIRECTOR WELLS'S OFFICE - DAY**

The office is standard Canadian government issue: muted grey tones, sturdy but uninspired furniture, a large Canadian flag in the corner. DIRECTOR WELLS (50s, looks perpetually tired) sits behind his large, clean desk.

ANNA SHARMA stands before him. A thin file lies on the desk between them.

<center>ANNA</center>

...VSI is building a secessionist movement from the ground up. We don't know who their client is, or what their endgame is, but they are actively trying to break this country. We have to do something.

Wells is silent for a long moment. He slowly opens the file, glances at her flowchart tracing the money, and then closes it. His face is impassive, but his eyes are weary. He's heard this before.

<center>WELLS</center>

Thank you, Sharma. This is... thorough. I'll look into it.

The dismissal is so quiet, so bland, it's like a punch to the gut.

<center>ANNA</center>

"Look into it," sir? With respect, we're past that. They are operating on our soil, right now. We need to get warrants, freeze their assets, we need to launch a full-spectrum counter-intelligence operation before—

<center>WELLS</center>

(He holds up a single, placating hand, his voice still quiet but now with an edge of finality) I said I will look into it. That's all.

<center>ANNA</center>

But sir, the risk—

<center>WELLS</center>

The risk? You want to talk about risk?

He finally leans forward, the weariness in his eyes replaced by a flash of raw, political fear.

<center>WELLS</center>

The risk is a CSIS investigation into a major US-based corporation with deep ties to the Pentagon, at a time when our country is a powder keg. The risk is that half of Alberta would see it as Ottawa trying to crush their democratic rights, and a civil disobedience movement becomes a shooting war overnight. The risk, Sharma, is that you are right. And we are in a position where we absolutely cannot afford for you to be right.

He stands up, walks to the window, and looks out at the Peace Tower.

<center>WELLS</center>

Effective immediately, you're being reassigned.

He walks back to his desk and picks up a different, much thinner file. He slides it across the desk to her.

<center>WELLS</center>

We've had reports of a potential narcotics operation in the Qikiqtaaluk Region. An un-licensed horticulturalist.

Anna stares at him, confused.

<center>ANNA</center>

A narcotics operation? In Nunavut? Sir, my specialty is foreign interference, complex financial—  
<center>WELLS</center>

Your specialty is now whatever I assign it to be. The file is self-explanatory. Some old man is growing marijuana in his house and selling it to the locals. We need a full threat assessment. I want a report on my desk in ninety days.

Anna stares at the file, then back at him, stunned into silence. It's not just a reassignment; it's a joke. A punishment designed to humiliate her into submission.

<center>WELLS</center>

Don't make waves. That's all, Sharma.

Anna stands there for a beat, speechless. The fight drains out of her, replaced by a cold, dawning horror. She picks up the thin, pathetic file, nods once, a tiny, defeated gesture, and walks out of the office.

The door clicks shut behind her.

Wells stands at the window for a long moment. He rubs his tired eyes, then walks back to his desk. He picks up his secure phone, the one with a direct line to the Prime Minister's Office. He presses a button.

<center>WELLS</center>

(His voice is low, confidential) It's me... Yeah, another one. Sharma, this time. She's... very good. She got all the way to the shell corps. (He listens for a moment) No, no, it's handled. I've put her on ice. She'll be writing me a report on a pot dealer in an igloo for the next three months. But this is the second time. These embers keep catching. (He listens again, nodding) I agree. We need to go dark. Total radio silence on this from our end. But you need to understand... the fire is spreading faster than we can stamp it out. Just... be prepared.

He hangs up the phone and sits alone in his quiet office, the most powerful intelligence director in the country, completely and utterly powerless.

**[SCENE END]**