



**Series 1 Season 3 — Episode 11** (episode final scenes)

## **SCENE: “THE ARCHIVE AND THE STRIKE”**

### **INT. VSI LOS ANGELES HQ – SANDRA’S PRIVATE LIBRARY ROOM – NIGHT**

Low lighting. A room built like a quiet cathedral—leather, oak, glass, silence.

A 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 ID’s are shown on the screen on the right with thin lines connecting the ID’s to the heat signatures.

SANDRA WARREN (40s) stands still, arms crossed. Her face is unreadable.

The door *hisses* open.

BENJI FAROUK (30s) steps in. No tailored suit tonight. Just shadow-tone slacks and a lightweight VSI zip-up.

He closes the door behind him. Silence returns.

#### **SANDRA**

(soft)

They were planning to bomb a church.  
Saint Thomas of Nineveh.

Benji doesn’t move. His hands stay in his pockets.

#### **SANDRA (CONT'D)**

It’s the same arch your cousin was photographed under at his confirmation.  
Aegis made the match.

#### **BENJI**

And?

#### **SANDRA**

And I ran the strike through eight different ethics screens. No secondary targets.  
No women. No children.  
Just them.  
They’re lighting candles. For detonation.

She steps aside, revealing the full screen to him.

Benji walks forward slowly. The blue-black world on the display pulses with white-hot heat.

**SANDRA (CONT'D)**

You asked me to look into why your family left.

This is the answer.

But what happens next...

That's your call.

Benji blinks once. Eyes locked on the glowing silhouettes.

**BENJI**

Alék... You brought me in here to say the line, didn't you?

**SANDRA**

You earned it.

Beat.

**BENJI**

Kaboom.

A soft *PING* confirms target authorization.

On screen, a single bright *vertical streak* pierces down from space.

A thermal *bloom*. Then silence.

The signatures vanish.

Benji watches. Doesn't flinch.

**BENJI (CONT'D)**

That was the house across from ours.

The one with the assholes who kept throwing rocks and bricks at ours. They bombed our car... they killed our priest...

**SANDRA**

They're quiet now.

Beat.

**BENJI**

Good.

Silence returns.

Sandra walks to the counter, pours hot water into a pair of porcelain mugs. Slides one across the table to him along with a gold pre roll.

**SANDRA**

Blood orange. And a little moral ambiguity.

Benji exhales a quiet laugh. Takes the mug. Sits.

**BENJI**

Thank you.

Benji takes a sip of the tea but doesn't light the pre roll. Just slips it behind his ear.

**SANDRA**

For what?

**BENJI**

Not asking me to explain it.

**SANDRA**

They did the harm.its not my job to determine what that harm was to you. Just to fix it.

They sit.

The tea steams.

The room returns to quiet.

Outside, the city sleeps, unaware.

**FADE OUT.**



## **SCENE: “THE AFTERMATH, QUIETLY”**

**INT. BENJI’S PARENTS’ HOUSE – EARLY MORNING**

A modest single-story home in a Southern California suburb.

The kind that never makes the news.

Inside, it’s quiet. The kitchen clock ticks. A photo of Benji as a child sits next to a candle and a wooden crucifix on the wall.

Benji stands in the hallway. Just watching.

His MOTHER (60s, petite, kind eyes) is at the stove. She doesn’t see him yet.

He doesn't speak.

She hums softly—half melody, half memory.

He steps forward. She hears the floor creak. Turns.

Surprised. But not alarmed.

**MOTHER**

Benji?

He nods. Not smiling. Just... full.

She walks over. Hugs him tightly, head to his chest.

He holds her. Long. Unmoving.

Finally pulls away.

**BENJI**

There's coffee?

**MOTHER**

Fresh.

Sit. I'll get you a plate.

He sits at the old table. The same one from his childhood.

His eyes scan the room.

The dogs from across the street aren't barking anymore.

**FADE OUT.**

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Would you like this packaged into a production-ready PDF with sluglines and scene tags numbered for insertion? Or merged into a Series 2 Episode 12 extended cut master doc?

**You said:**

okay a new notes , lets have benji ask why he was called into her office and her note that she took what she CAUGHT him lookin into without her permission (shes fine with it though) and when he goes to his parents , lets not hear anything he says . we just see his car arrive at their place , him walk out of his car and into the houe and we view from the outside thru a window that he tells them something and they all break down in tears of releif.

**ChatGPT said:**

Perfect. I've revised both scenes accordingly—with added nuance in the dialogue between Benji and Sandra to include:

1. **Benji asking why he was called in,**
2. **Sandra revealing she saw what he was researching,**
3. Her deliberate choice to act on it without reprimanding him.

The **companion scene** has been adjusted to be *entirely silent*, visual-only—seen *through the window* like a private, sacred moment. No dialogue. Just emotional clarity.

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## **VESPUCCI**

**Series 1 Season 3 ep 11 — Late-Season (episode final scenes)**

### **SCENE: “THE ARCHIVE AND THE STRIKE”**

#### **INT. VSI LOS ANGELES HQ – SANDRA’S PRIVATE LIBRARY ROOM – NIGHT**

A high-ceilinged chamber of quiet power—glowing bookshelves, slate walls, no noise except a faint hum from monitors on Sandra’s 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 heat signatures inside of the building as the heat signatures are seen loading boxes into a truck. Target ID’s are shown on the screen on the right with thin lines connecting the ID’s to the heat signatures.

A live satellite feed glows on the central screen. Five heat signatures cluster near a truck in a Middle Eastern border village.

**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 he’s unsure if this is a reward... or a reckoning.

He closes the door gently behind him.

**BENJI**

(soft)

You called for me?

**SANDRA**

You're not in trouble.

*(beat)*

Sit.

Benji doesn't move just yet.

**BENJI**

Then why am I here?

Sandra doesn't look away from the screen.

**SANDRA**

Because you were looking into something you didn't think I'd 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 don't usually break protocols.

Benji's shoulders tense. Not defensively—reflexively.

**BENJI**

חייב תשובות ... I needed answers.

Sandra finally turns. Calm. Unarmed.

**SANDRA**

So I found them.

They were real. They never stopped.

*(points at screen)*

That's 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 didn't come to you because I didn't want this to be... official.

**SANDRA**

It's not.

*(beat)*

It's personal.

That's why you're the one in the room.

She steps aside.

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

**SANDRA (CONT'D)**

Draco Two is loitering at 12,000 feet.

Payload is single-target, kinetic—low noise, zero secondary.

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

Not mine.

Not VSI's.

Yours. Your call commander.

Benji steps closer. Staring now.

**BENJI**

You really didn't mind me looking?

**SANDRA**

I minded that you waited this long.

He nods slowly.

**BENJI**

Fuck okay...Then yeah.

Kaboom.

On screen: the strike.

A white-hot blink. The heat map collapses.

No dramatics. Just absence. The ID's on screen turn red.

Benji watches it all.

**BENJI (CONT'D)**

I thought I'd feel lighter.

**SANDRA**

You will. Later.

For now, drink this.

She slides a porcelain cup toward him.

**SANDRA (CONT'D)**

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.**

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## **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 SUV's 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 passess 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.**