

VESPUCCI

Season 1, Episode 2: "Acceptable Losses"

[SCENE START]

FADE IN:

INT. JANSEN HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

The day after the pilot. The morning light is bright, but the mood is heavy and grey. The air is thick with unspoken words from last night's argument.

MARK JANSEN (45) sits at the kitchen table, scrolling intently through his phone. He's not looking for jobs anymore. He's in the "Alberta Action Front" Facebook group. He's watching the view count on the video he shared tick up, a small, satisfied smile on his face. He feels like he's part of something.

SARAH JANSEN (30s) stands at the counter, making coffee. Her movements are tense, deliberate. She doesn't look at Mark.

On the counter, a tablet plays a local news report.

<center>NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)</center>

...an anonymous, slickly-produced video calling for Western independence has gone viral overnight, garnering millions of views and sparking heated debate across the province...

Mark looks up from his phone, a flicker of pride in his eyes.

<center>MARK</center>

See? It's working. People are waking up.

Sarah finally turns, leaning against the counter, holding her mug. Her expression isn't one of fear or deep concern. It's one of pure, exasperated annoyance, the way you'd look at a sibling who just spent their rent money on a pyramid scheme.

<center>SARAH</center>

Oh my god, Mark. You're not actually taking this seriously, are you? It's a Facebook video. It's a fad. Give it a few weeks and everyone will be onto the next thing. Outrage over the price of cheese or something.

Mark's smile vanishes. He puts his phone down, defensive.

<center>MARK</center>

It's not a fad, Sarah. It's real. People are pissed off.

<center>SARAH</center>

People are always pissed off about something. That's what the internet is for. You're letting yourself get worked up over nothing. Just... put it down, man. Go look for a job.

Mark's phone buzzes. It's a private message from one of the group's administrators.

MESSAGE: "Mark, great work getting the word out. Your voice is exactly what we need. We're having an organizers' meeting tonight. Can you be there?"

Mark's face lights up again. He's been seen. He's been chosen. He quickly types a reply.

<center>MARK</center>

(to himself, with a satisfied sigh) Damn right I can.

Sarah just shakes her head, a "can you believe this guy?" look on her face. She takes a sip of her coffee, completely underestimating the power of the "fad" her brother has just joined. For her, it's just another silly, annoying thing Mark is into this week.

CUT TO:

INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - SAME

Chaos. The whiteboard on her bed is warped from the heat. The room smells faintly of burnt plastic and ozone.

ANNA SHARMA (30s) is sitting on the floor, surrounded by the wreckage of her investigation...

(The rest of the scene plays out as written)