

VESPUCCI - SERIES PILOT

SCENE 1

-8 second news reel smash cut of canadian civil unrest and what looks like classic CIA style cold war ops -

EXT. MALIBU MANSION - NIGHT

A sheer cliff face against the churning Pacific.

Perched atop it is a starkly beautiful house of glass and dark wood—less a home than a private fortress.

INT. BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Glass half-wall railings provide an unbroken view of the black ocean. Through open glass doors behind, a vast study is visible. Floor-to-ceiling shelves are burdened with books on history, economics, and military theory. The air is still, silent save for the distant rhythm of the waves.

In a large, modern lounge chair, SANDRA WARREN (late 30s) sits perfectly still, her focus on the sea. She's in a simple

cashmere sweatsuit, the celebrated CEO persona completely shed.

This is her contemplative mode: "The Watcher on the Shore".

BENJI FAROUK (mid-20s) slides through the open doors onto the balcony. He moves with an easy, unimpressed grace, setting a steaming mug on a side table beside her.

BENJI

You're trying to solve the ocean again.

Sandra doesn't turn. Her voice is quiet.

SANDRA

It's a closed system. Predictable
patterns. Calming.

BENJI

Right. Tell that to the guys whose
container ships are at the bottom of it.

A secure tablet on the table flashes to life, its light harsh
in the darkness.

INCOMING CALL: J. MICHAELS - DNSA (SECURE)

Benji glances at the screen, his expression unchanging. He's the smoke detector in a room full of gas leaks.

The change in Sandra is immediate. The contemplative stillness evaporates. Her back straightens. Her focus sharpens. "The Architect" is now in control.

She taps the screen.

JOHN MICHAELS (50s) appears, his face pale and strained against the backdrop of a sterile government office. He looks exactly like what he is: a man out of his depth.

JOHN MICHAELS

(A tight, nervous voice)

Sandra. Apologies for the hour. A northern portfolio is... the term they're using is 'fraying.' There's a belief that proactive measures are now unavoidable.

Sandra's response is clinical, devoid of emotion.

SANDRA

'Fraying' is a political term, John,
not an operational one. It means your
polling has dropped and you're
worried about uncontrolled secession.
The U.S. views Canada as an evolving
socialist threat and needs a buffer
from Russia and China. This isn't
about fraying. It's about a strategic
imperative.

John flinches slightly at the brutal clarity. He is a man built
for bureaucracy, not this.

JOHN MICHAELS

The situation is accelerating. We need
to impose a structure. A managed
outcome. The objective is integration,
but it needs to be presented as
stabilization. A request for aid.

SANDRA

You need plausible deniability.
Understood. The plan for this has been

on our servers for four years. We call it Maple Leaf Downfall. We've already modeled the narrative. We won't mention socialism; that would expose your hand. The public narrative will be that Ottawa only serves Ottawa. We'll leverage existing frustrations with federal policy to do the work for us.

John just nods, his government's internal rationale played back to him as a simple, actionable plan.

JOHN MICHAELS

The finding is active. Full presidential authority. The account is funded. It's your shop, Sandra. Your call.

SANDRA

Acknowledged. I'm activating the plan. You'll have the updated prospectus by 0800. We already have the personnel assets flagged in Aegis. Environmental

shaping will begin by end of day
tomorrow.

She ends the call. The screen goes dark.

Silence returns, heavier this time. Sandra remains facing the ocean, the architect who just greenlit the demolition of a nation.

Benji watches her, his expression neutral. He is the only one who gets to see the person behind the power.

BENJI

(Quietly)

So. That sounded big.

Sandra finally turns from the water. The immense weight of her work, the cost of her control, is visible for a fleeting second in her eyes. She gives a slow, tired nod.

BENJI

My stash or yours?

SANDRA

Mine. The custom mix.

Benji nods, already pulling a small, practical metal case from his pocket. A quiet, ritualized act of care.

FADE TO BLACK.