

VESPUCCI — SERIES 1 — SEASON 4, EPISODE 1 — EARLY SCENE

INT. VSI LOS ANGELES HQ – SANDRA'S EXECUTIVE BALCONY – EARLY EVENING

The skyline glows with post-storm clarity. The sea beyond downtown is visible. The balcony is minimalist—plants, table, built-in heat lamps, two chairs. Sandra is crosslegged in one, exhaling a steady plume of smoke. Her laptop glows on her lap, screen open. Wind moves her hair slightly. Calm. Content.

Benji slides the glass door open behind her.

BENJI \ You smoked and didn't eat?

SANDRA \ Mhm. It was one of those days where food would have felt like a *distraction*.

BENJI (*heading outside with a bag in hand*) \ Alright, well, call me a distraction then. I brought that mushroom rice bowl you like. It's hot and not poisoned.

SANDRA (*not looking at him*) \ Appreciated. Was it the kind of day where ten minutes off guarantees you miss four fires?

BENJI \ You missed three proxy escalations, a digital detonation test, and Kalen from Aegis Cohesion had a... *moment*.

Sandra finally turns, still holding her joint between two fingers. She sits and pulls the laptop closer. Her eyes scan a memo on screen. Viewers see the bold subject line for half a second: \ "URGENT SO FUCKING URGENT OH MY GOD"

She skims it in silence, brows mildly lifted. Her face betrays nothing. Then—

SANDRA (*casually, like reading a shipping notification*) \ Oh! Aegis already scared the tea-drinkers off. They won't be joining.

BENJI (*setting down food*) \ God bless. That poor kid's gonna need six weeks of analog therapy and a hug from the microwave burrito he forgot in the breakroom.

SANDRA (*amused*) \ Tell HR to let him cry in analog. It's the only kind that works.

She takes a bite. Pause.

SANDRA (*surprised*) \ ...This is good. Did you make it?

BENJI (*mock offended*) \ Excuse you, I *procured* it. I am a logistics professional, not a line cook. But I told the girl at the counter you hadn't eaten in 26 hours and she double-wrapped it like it was going into orbit.

Sandra chuckles—barely audible, but real. Benji leans back in the chair opposite her, watching the skyline.

BENJI \ Anything else blow up while you were out here pretending you don't run civilization?

SANDRA *(smiling faintly)* \ Just the usual. Empires, democracies, the occasional intern's sense of security. \ break

(amused) Get the poor kid a new burrito. the good kind from that place we like.

BENJI \ And you're still standing. Damn. well sitting but you get the point.

*They sit together. Nothing urgent. Just the wind, the data glow, and the aftertaste of control. \ * **SANDRA** *(smiling faintly fighting laughter though eating.)*

Get the fucking burrito, Benji.