

[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, perpetually tired) sits behind his large, immaculate desk, aligning a stack of papers with precise, controlled movements.

ANNA SHARMA stands before him, her posture rigid with conviction. A thin file lies on the desk between them.

ANNA

...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 doesn't look up immediately. He finishes squaring his papers, then places a weighted paperclip on top. He opens Anna's file, his eyes scanning her flowchart tracing the money. He closes it softly, his face a practiced, impassive mask.

WELLS

Your passion is noted, Sharma. Thank you. This has been... thorough. We'll add it to the risk portfolio for the weekly intelligence digest.

The bureaucratic dismissal hangs in the air. Anna flinches, almost imperceptibly.

ANNA

Sir... the weekly digest? 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—

WELLS >

(He holds up a single, placating hand. His voice remains quiet, but now carries an edge of absolute finality)

I said it will be noted in the digest. That's all.

ANNA

But the risk—

WELLS

The risk? You want to talk about risk?

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

WELLS (CONT'D)

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 sees it as Ottawa trying to crush their democratic rights, and a protest movement becomes a shooting war overnight. The risk, Sharma, is that you are right. And in my world, being right at the wrong time is the most dangerous thing you can be.

 He stands, walks to the window, and looks out at the Peace Tower, his back to her.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Effective immediately, you're being reassigned.

He walks back to his desk and picks up a different file, this one almost comically thin. He slides it across the polished desk. It stops perfectly in front of her.

WELLS (CONT'D)

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

Anna stares at the pathetic file, then back at him, confused.

ANNA

A narcotics operation? In Nunavut? Sir, my specialty is foreign interference, complex financial—

WELLS

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 punishment designed to humiliate her into submission.

WELLS

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 file, gives a tiny, defeated nod, and walks out.

The door clicks shut behind her.

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

WELLS

(His voice is low, confidential, exhausted)

It's me... Yeah, another one. Sharma, this time. She's... very good. She got all the way to the shell corps.

(He listens, sighs)

No, it's handled. I've put her on ice. For the next three months, she'll be writing me a report on a pot dealer in an igloo. But this is the second time. These embers keep catching.

(He listens again, nodding slowly)

I agree. We go dark. Total radio silence 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 and sits alone in his quiet office, the most powerful intelligence director in the country, looking utterly powerless.

[SCENE END]