

**VESPUCCI SERIES 1 LATE-SEASON (S3E12 INSERT SCENE)**

**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.

A live thermal satellite feed glows on the central screen. In the grayscale image, five heat signatures cluster near a truck in a Middle Eastern border village. Target IDs are shown on the screen on the right, with thin lines connecting the IDs to the heat signatures.

SANDRA WARREN stands alone. Back straight. Watching.

The door slides open.

BENJI FAROUK enters. Not in a suit. Plain black V-neck tee, athletic pants, and running shoes. 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** 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 IDs 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.**

**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 SUVs 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 passes 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 shirtsleeve.

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.**