

## VESPUCCI - SEASON 2, EPISODE 5

"Minutia Construct"

[SCENE START]

INT. VSI LOS ANGELES HQ - SANDRA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is a cathedral of minimalist power. On a large, sleek wall screen, a muted news feed shows another protest erupting in a Canadian city—riot police, smoke, angry signs.

SANDRA WARREN (late 30s), dressed in a sharp, three-piece white suit with VSI gold accents, is pacing restlessly. She shuffles through a stack of dossiers on her quartz desk, her movements tight with frustration.

**SANDRA** (Muttering to herself) It has to be here. The preliminary brief is useless without the Aegis data...

BENJI FAROUK (mid-20s) enters. He glances from Sandra's stressed search to the silent, violent images on the wall screen.

**BENJI** What happens if we didn't get involved?

Sandra doesn't stop her search. Her reply is shockingly casual, delivered with the same tone one might use to discuss traffic.

**SANDRA** Oh, well, Aegis alerted us that they were going to collapse into a totalitarian dictatorship with years-long martial law and widespread human rights abuses. (She slams a folder shut, annoyed) Now, where the hell is the Aegis analysis on the Kremlin security docket?

Benji watches her for a beat, processing the immense gravity of what she just said. He then calmly walks over to a neat stack of documents on the corner of her credenza, a place she had clearly overlooked. He lifts the top folder.

**BENJI** (Voice tired, but caring) Here, Ms. Warren.

He passes the folder to her. She takes it with a relieved sigh, immediately opening it to scan the contents. As she reads, Benji's gaze drifts back to the chaos on the news screen, her offhanded comment echoing in his mind.

**BENJI (CONT'D)** (His voice trails off, struggling) So if that's what we stopped... holy shit... okay... um. I don't even know how to react to that.

Sandra looks up from the folder. Seeing his genuine shock, her expression softens from impatience into a kind of weary camaraderie. She leans against the edge of her desk, gesturing with the folder.

**SANDRA** (Her tone is now quieter, like a friend sharing a heavy burden) Well, unless you know a better plan to stop that shit and have it be legal, pass it by Aegis. I'd trust your suggestion. But for now... we take what we can get.

Benji looks from her to the folder in her hand, the weight of the moment seeming to sap the fight from him. He shakes his head slightly, lacking the confidence to offer an alternative to a world-ending problem. He defaults to the job, to the next crisis on the list.

**BENJI** Right. The Kremlin docket. Takeoff to D.C. is in twenty minutes.

**SANDRA** (Nodding, her focus shifting with him) Give me the abstract.

**BENJI** The Russians want to hire VSI General Security. Uniformed guards, public-facing, the whole collars-and-gold package. They want a permanent detail posted outside their embassy gates in D.C.

**SANDRA** For what? A show of force?

**BENJI** To monitor protests. Their words. They're getting hammered by demonstrations over the Ukraine annexations. They want our guys to stand there, look intimidating, and... I quote... "observe and report on any escalations." It's a glorified babysitting job with bad optics.

Sandra gives a short, mirthless laugh, closing the folder. She walks towards the window, looking down at the city lights.

**SANDRA** Bad optics are their brand. What's our angle?

**BENJI** Standard rate, plus a twenty percent "geopolitical inconvenience" fee. Legal says it's clean—we're just providing a visible deterrent. No engagement. It's a pure SSG contract, zero GSD crossover.

**SANDRA** It's a trap.

**BENJI** (Nods) Of course it is. They want VSI personnel on their doorstep so when some protestor inevitably throws a rock, it's our guard in the footage, not theirs. They want to borrow our legitimacy.

**SANDRA** And for a twenty percent markup, we'll rent it to them. Fine. Double the detail for the first month and bill them for a "personnel risk assessment." Make sure the guards are wearing the new body cams—the ones that stream directly to the Aegis public relations filter.

She turns from the window, her brief moment of stress completely gone, replaced by the familiar, chilling efficiency. She picks up the Kremlin folder from her desk.

**SANDRA (CONT'D)** Let's go. We can go over the fine print on the way.

She strides towards the door. Benji falls into step just behind her. They exit the office and move down a long, white marble corridor that feels more like a modern art museum than a corporate headquarters.

**BENJI** They also asked if the guards could be armed with more than standard-issue sidearms. Something with... "a more significant psychological impact."

**SANDRA** (Without breaking stride) Tell them no. And then offer them a premium "non-lethal acoustic deterrent" package for an extra half-million a quarter.

**BENJI** (A small smile plays on his lips) I already did. They're considering it.

Sandra glances at him, a flicker of genuine pride in her eyes. They arrive at a private elevator, the doors sliding open silently. As they step inside, the sterile white of the corridor is replaced by the warm, polished wood of the elevator car.

**SANDRA** Good. Never let them feel like they've been turned down without also being sold something better.

The doors close, and the elevator begins its smooth, silent ascent.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**[SCENE END]**