

hideout and stronghold.

GABRIELLE

I don't see many guards.

XENA

They're there. Well concealed. She always has an infinite regression of backup plans. It was almost impossible to beat her--even at a game of chance.

CUT TO:

20 INT. PALACE - DAY

20

They are led into a surprisingly feminine, uncluttered room, tapestries hang on the walls, many scrolls lie on a table, a loom stands by a window where a WOMAN sits in profile staring out at the sea, the breeze ruffling her long red hair.

SCILLA

Hello, Xena.

She speaks before she turns her head to look at them. She rises.

SCILLA

Beautiful, as always.

XENA

You're looking...well...as...well.

Scilla moves towards them, takes Xena's hands and warmly kisses her on each cheek.

SCILLA

It is good to see you. In spite of what you think.

XENA

Spite is a good word for it. You could've asked me to come instead of kidnapping us.

SCILLA

And would you have come? I don't think so. I apologize for your accommodations aboard ship.

XENA

And I'm far from finished with Dinonicus.

SCILLA

He's uncontrollable--out of my presence.

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