

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SHIPBOARD - NIGHT

TWO WOMEN on their knees, Xena and Gabrielle, lashed to a totemic mast that rises between them. Their heads on either side, they are facing, their arms wrapped around the pole and each other, bound tightly. Both are obviously exhausted, trying either to sleep in this uncomfortable position, or to stay awake. 1

GABRIELLE
(starts, jerks at
the ropes)

What?

XENA
Nothing's changed. Still sailing east.

Gabrielle looks above to a deep black sky split in half by the river of distant suns, the great spiral arm of the Milky Way.

GABRIELLE
I've heard there's a tribe that call it
the backbone of the night.

XENA
I like that. Pretty.

GABRIELLE
I'd tell you another story, but I'm hav-
ing trouble keeping my eyes open.

XENA
It's all right. Try to sleep. If it
makes you feel any better there's no one
I'd rather be with on a midnight cruise
in dark waters under a star-filled sky.

GABRIELLE
Cold Comfort. Very cold.
(she's shivering)

XENA
Don't lose heart. We'll be warm again.
I'll see to that. I promise.

FADE TO:

Complete darkness and into what must be a flashback,
a prelude to how they arrived in this situation.