

pauses to be petted absentmindedly by Circe then moves on. Xena acknowledges it with the slightest queasy ghost of a smile.

CIRCE

Now, Xena, a drink of my special brew to seal the deal.

A silent young woman servant appears at no discernible signal from Circe.

CIRCE

Go ahead, it's not poison. I see my reputation precedes me.

She quaffs her own cup.

XENA

(lifts the goblet)

To Odysseus.

She drains it all in one draught. Circe is impressed.

CIRCE

Well...and I assume you have Odysseus' trick of allaying my magic. Or you never would've tossed that off with such confidence and reckless abandon. Or would you?

XENA

You'll never know.

CIRCE

Just as you'll never know if it was a true potion or not, eh? I like you, Xena. I've never had much use for female companionship--my handmaidens are mere phantom reflections--don't tell anyone--but you're welcome to remain for a time if you wish.

XENA

Afraid I can't. But thank you for the invitation. I have a friend waiting for me. 'Enjoying' Scilla's 'hospitality.'

CIRCE

Another time then.

XENA

And...about Glaucus--

CIRCE

(shakes her head)

It's been too long. He wouldn't know

(CONTINUED)