

He casts a worried eye towards the command tent. Glaber darkens. What now?

INT. COMMAND TENT - ROMAN ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The command tent is richly appointed with expensive fabrics, divans, pillows, and an intricately carved DESK littered with maps and troop markers.

GLABER ENTERS,

his eyes adjusting to the gloom. He squints, barely making out a CLOAKED FIGURE dusted with snow, hood raised, lurking in the shadows.

GLABER  
You have some business with the Legate --

The Figure suddenly rushes Glaber. He's caught by surprise as the Figure leaps into his arms -- and kisses him. The Figure laughs, pulling down the hood to reveal

ILITHYIA,

Glaber's young wife. Early 20s, beautiful, with a body built for mischief. Rich. Privileged. Spoiled. Glaber is less than pleased.

GLABER  
*Ilithyia* --

ILITHYIA  
(laughs)  
What if I'd been an assassin? I'd be a widow. What's the respectful period of mourning before I could remarry?

Glaber casts a worried look at the tent entrance.

GLABER  
You overstep. Women are forbidden within the encampment.

ILITHYIA  
I was discreet.

GLABER  
**You?**

ILITHYIA  
Your Tribune helped whisk me through the sentries. After I threatened to run naked through the camp, screaming he laid hands on the Legate's wife...

CONTINUED:

She presses in close, kissing him. He can't help but respond.

GLABER  
Does your father know you're in Thrace?

ILITHYIA  
Please. He's too busy colluding with the other corpses in the Senate.

She drapes a perfectly manicured hand over a MARBLE BUST of a stern looking Roman elder. Her father, the Senator.

ILITHYIA  
He thinks I'm still lounging at the villa in Capua. Far too arid. Hasn't rained there since last forever. Bad for the complexion.

GLABER  
You should have written.

He moves behind her, tasting her neck.

ILITHYIA  
You would have told me not to come.

GLABER  
I'm in the middle of a **war**.

His hand finds her breast. She giggles, slipping from his grasp.

ILITHYIA  
I brought you a gift. Something to remind you of Rome...

She pulls an ornate JUG OF WINE from her bags.

GLABER  
Sestii!

ILITHYIA  
Let me fill your cup while you tell me about your little war.

She pours as Glaber indicates troop markers on the map.

GLABER  
Too brief a tale. Mithridates and his army of Greek whores presses the legion in the east by the Black Sea. And here I sit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GLABER (CONT'D)  
Protecting the northern border of the  
land of piss and shit from simple  
barbarian raiders.

Ilithyia hands Glaber his wine, eyeing the map.

ILITHYIA  
Mithridates. Victory against him would  
have your name on every Roman's tongue.

GLABER  
Cotta leads the assault.

ILITHYIA  
He steals your laurels.

GLABER  
He's the consul. Theft is his privilege.

ILITHYIA  
Father will be disappointed. He secured  
this position for you to shine. And here  
you sit. Eclipsed.

GLABER  
I'm doing what I can.

Ilithyia laughs, dismissing the matter. Almost.

ILITHYIA  
Of course you are. I just wish you were  
back home. Father's planning a munus! A  
full day of spectacles and gladiators!  
It's the talk of Capua.

Glaber chuckles, eyeing the bust of Ilithyia's father.

GLABER  
I hadn't realized elections were nearing.

ILITHYIA  
Never too early to campaign. If things  
were heading better, you could be at his  
side. Your praetorship would be  
guaranteed.

GLABER  
If.

Glaber's eyes fall to the map, his mood darkening. Ilithyia  
laughs, breaking the tension.

**SPARTACUS**

**Casting Sides - ILITHYIA: Scene 1**

**4.**

CONTINUED: (3)

ILITHYIA  
So serious! Bad for the humors. Come.  
You haven't tasted your gift yet.

Glaber eyes his cup, confused. Ilithyia giggles.

ILITHYIA  
That isn't your gift...