

TEASER

OPEN ON

The great yellow eye of the sun falling behind an array of glistening white peaks.

Below, hundreds of wool, linen and animal-hide tents fill a lush, bowl-shaped valley at the foot of the Alps.

PICK UP HANNIBAL

Riding through CAMP, passing a--

Column of fatigued Carthaginians returning from a drill.

A group of Spanish tribesmen gathered outside a mess.

A pack of animated Gauls gambling with bones and a nearby cluster of Numidians roasting a deer.

He stops his horse and surveys

A DISTANCE FIELD

where horses and elephants feed on the grassy countryside.

HANNIBAL

is pleased. His forces look rested, fit, ready to fight.

EXT./INT. HANNIBAL'S TENT - DAY

Hannibal rides up and dismounts. Enters the tent and stops in his tracks, thunderstruck by a woman who bears an uncanny resemblance to Imilce.

It is SHARMILA (20), his mistress from the opening scene. Young, dark, proud and beautiful, she pours wine for Maharbal who dines at a table.

Hannibal divests himself of his layers of clothing. Maharbal nudges Sharmila and she goes to help.

HANNIBAL

Who's this?

MAHARBAL

Your new personal slave.

Hannibal hands Sharmila his cloak and overshirt.

HANNIBAL

What happened to my old one?

MAHARBAL

He died of a chill. We found this one on a Roman's estate, a prize from some conquest. She's foreign, trained, speaks our language.

Sharmila helps Hannibal out of a soiled vest, her eyes widening at the sight of his many scars and powerful physique.

Hannibal moves to a tin bowl where he washes and towels off.

HANNIBAL

What's your name?

SHARMILA

Sharmila.

HANNIBAL

(unconvincingly to
Maharbal)

I'd rather a new cook.

Sharmila hands a clean linen vest to Hannibal.

SHARMILA

I can prepare meals, Master. If you so desire?

HANNIBAL

Is that so? And I can trust to eat what you prepare, or shall I require a taster?

SHARMILA

I would not burden my master with trust. I shall taste before you if you like.

Sharmila confronts Hannibal with an honest, dignified gaze that foils any further objection.

HANNIBAL

(eyes on Sharmila)
She'll do.

He looks at Maharbal who returns a crafty grin. Hannibal is about to comment when a breathless Gisgo enters the tent.

GISGO

Hannibal, come quick. A new Roman legion approaches from the south.

Hannibal and Maharbal follow Gisgo out.

EXT. HANNIBAL'S TENT - DAY

Gisgo leads them to a travel-stained SCOUT who ladles water from a barrel quenching a thirst. At the sight of Hannibal the scout drops the ladle.

SCOUT
 (out of breath)
 Sir, I rode like the wind to tell
 you. A large Roman force... two
 legions, at least... approaches along
 the coastal road.

Hannibal turns to Maharbal.

HANNIBAL
 Scipio?

MAHARBAL
 It has to be. Longus has called for
 help.

HANNIBAL
 (to the scout)
 How long before they arrive?

SCOUT
 At their current pace, no sooner
 than tomorrow morning.

Hannibal thinks.

GISGO
 We must flee, Hannibal. We can't let
 them catch us between them.

MAHARBAL
 Gisgo's right. If we delay, we'll
 have legions on both flanks. They'll
 cut us to pieces.

Hannibal takes the ladle tied to the barrel and fills it.
 Gives a drink to the parched scout.

HANNIBAL
 (rhetorically to the
 scout)
 Have we come all this way just to
 run at the sight of a few legions?

The scout, not sure if he should answer, takes the drink and
 smiles awkwardly. Hannibal looks to Gisgo and Maharbal.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
Issue orders. Prepare for a night
engagement.

Off the stunned looks of his commanders.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
I'm in no mood to run.

END OF TEASER

**Here ends the website excerpt. If you'd like to read the
full script contact: johnroyan@tahoefilmgroup.com**