

SCRATCH

Would you like to hear my less trivial version?

ELIZABETH

Would you like to deliver your less trivial version?

SCRATCH

I wouldn't mind the opportunity.

ELIZABETH

Okay, you're on.

Are they flirting? Both of them are enjoying the interaction and also wary of it. Scratch delivers his next pitch with the energy of flirtation.

SCRATCH

Okay.

Okay.

Okay: picture this. A sea of blood. A tsunami rises up. It too, is made of blood. The tsunami of blood crashes down on your village. Those who have scorned you? Taken your place in line at the well? Imagine their faces. Right before the blood wave devours them. They are crying out for help... and then they are gone. You were a victim. You were helpless in the face of their cruelty. Now... you are revenged.

(A moment)

Yes No?

ELIZABETH

Hm.

SCRATCH

Visual. Poetic.

ELIZABETH

Pitch it to me the way you'd pitch it to a man.

SCRATCH

That was—

ELIZABETH

“Visual poetic”? Nope.

You'd appeal to a different sense of self – wouldn't you? – than “visual poetic.”
(seeing that she's scored a point)

I'm standing here – I'm Sir Arthur. I run this town. I have the biggest balls you've ever seen. Pitch it to me now.

Game Time. Scratch gets a whole new kind of serious.

SCRATCH

Okay.
Sir Arthur.
It's nice to meet you. I've heard a lot about you.

ELIZABETH

("as Sir Arthur", but also, with steel)

Get to the point.

SCRATCH

The point – Sir Arthur – is I have something that you've always wanted.
And that is: the power to destroy.
It's possible that you think of yourself as a man who builds.
But there is nothing so fully entwined with creation, than the act of destruction.
If I might reference some who have gone before you:
Genghis Khan. A maker of culture and language, a destroyer of armies.
Alexander the Great. A maker of nations, and ultimately a destroyer thereof.
Odysseus. A maker of journeys, and yet a maker of war.
You, Sir Arthur, are not far removed from this lineage of men. Others might not recognize that within you. But I do.
You were made for greater things than you have yet achieved.
Man cannot be given greatness. He has it or he doesn't.
But he can be given power, with which to exercise his greatness.
And power, sir, is the thing that I bring to the table.

(pause)

After you shake my hand, whatever you do is up to you. There will just be you, and the long shadows cast by your forefathers, such as they are. Alexander, Genghis Khan, Odysseus – they didn't shy away from a grand adventure.
Here is yours, come knocking at your door.
Are you ready to say yes to history?

A beat. This has gotten electric and charged. Even though Scratch is giving his serious "man version" pitch. It moves Elizabeth in a fundamental way, to be addressed like this.

ELIZABETH

Yes, that is different.