

2M

TRUE COLORS

TIM: Seven years, my friend.

PETER: Unbelievable.

TIM: This stuff is a hell of lot more expensive than it was in '83, I'll tell you that much.

PETER: We may not get what we want, we may not get what we need...

Just so's we don't get what we deserve!

TIM: Congratulations, Congressman.

PETER: Thanks. [Phone rings.] Yeah. No no. I appreciate it. About fifteen minutes.

TIM: Where the hell's Palmeri?

PETER: Yeah, I thought he'd be here watching his race horse come in. He's going away tomorrow. Maybe he's figuring out which hundred suits to take.

TIM: And shoes to match. What do they do at the construction sites -- vacuum up before he gets there?

PETER: Yeah, if he ever gets there.

TIM: He's some piece of work.

PETER: Please, Timmy, you don't know the half of it.

TIM: How much do you know?

PETER: More than you. Let's see -- he's gotta hammer lock on a few union locals. You don't run a carting company around here without John as your partner. His wife's got a quote unquote catering service -- nice contracts -- half the hospitals in the state. Bitch wouldn't know jello from Salisbury steak.

TIM: I don't know how you do it, Pete. Me, I'd be nervous.

PETER: I can handle it. We have an arrangement.

TIM: Go along, get along?

PETER: He knows the parameters.

TIM: What if he wants to change them?

PETER: It's not going to happen. I'm not some puny local official taking envelopes from the guy.

TIM: What do you mean?

PETER: I'll tell you a story. A town supervisor somewhere -- I forget where -- renegs on giving John a variance for one of his developments. Comes home one night, finds his house burned to the ground. Didn't even let the dog out. Let's drink up -- I've got a lot of people to thank.

TIM: How'd he get so much money into the campaign?

PETER: Holding companies, his brothers-in-law. He's got a lot of friends.

TIM: And you owe them all.

PETER: Yeah, I owe them all. And now that I'm elected, I'll take care of them. In my own time, my own way.

TIM: Just leave the dog with the neighbors. What do you owe them right now?

PETER: What is this?

TIM: What?

PETER: What's with all the questions? What's with you not looking me in the eye?

TIM: Palmeri's being arraigned right now. And they're going to nail you for accepting kickbacks, conspiracy and obstruction of justice.

PETER: You son of a bitch.

TIM: You set me up at Justice. Why'd you do that to me?

PETER: Fuck you. That's a lie. I'll deny it, I'll deny we ever had this conversation.

TIM: Yes we did. Say cheese. [Points to camera behind two-way mirror.]

PETER: [*Goes after Tim and starts kicking his ass.*] Fuck you! Tell me about justice. Tell me this has nothing to do with me getting Diana. Tell me this isn't about me coming out ahead of you. You self-righteous son of a bitch!

TIM: It's so easy for you to screw people. You just tell yourself everyone's out to get you and it's okay.

PETER: I'm sorry about what I did to you. I didn't have a choice.

TIM: Of course you had a choice.

PETER: No, man, I had instinct and a few moves. Choice is for guys like you.

TIM: Diana married you, and you chose to make her regret it with everything you had. Stiles took you under his wing, and you chose to blackmail him. I was your friend, and you chose to betray me. You did this to yourself. Why?

PETER: I needed more than you were able to give. You, Diana, or any one person. They say great men are embraced by thousands of strangers. Well, I want to be great. So you sacrifice the few to reach to many. They believe in me down there. And you can't take that away. They won't let you.