

## COLORS

BOB

You better treat her right or her Mexican mama is gonna chop it off. Angel.

DANNY

I know.

BOB

Some pretty fancy drivin' you did.

DANNY

Well, you know, we had to try to catch 'em.

BOB

You saying I wouldn't have?

DANNY

If I was you, a year before pension, wife like that, kid,

BOB

Three kids. Bullshit.

DANNY

You want to get into this now?

BOB

I don't understand you. I really don't.

DANNY

You want to psychoanalyze me?

BOB

Where'd you get your fucking hard on?

DANNY

Ask me if I loved my mother.

BOB

You know, I used to get jacked up because I thought I needed that edge.

DANNY

Well maybe you don't. Maybe I do. Maybe we're just different.

BOB

What I remember most from that time is nothing but regrets. Let me tell you something, Danny. You can't prove anything out on the streets. It's fucking Bozo-land. What you do out there, it's a fucking job. You can try to be a professional, that's the best you can fucking do. Now in 19 years I've learned one thing; if you try to fight every jerk on the street, you'll be one sad, sorry, son of a bitch at the end of every day. You'll never last 20 years. And God forbid you ever get married and take it out on your wife. She will walk. She will fucking leave you. So why make it worse all the time?

DANNY

Is that one thing?

BOB

One thing. It's all one thing.

DANNY

First of all, about the other day . . .

BOB

This has nothing to do with that.

DANNY

Shut up. Do I get to talk?

BOB

Talk.

DANNY

I'm sorry about the car. I fuckin' wiped out. What can I say? You want me to say it's not gonna happen again? I know what you're saying. I know what you're trying to do, but I didn't volunteer for CRASH to play games and be nice to these assholes. Do you think you get respect? They just laugh and then go fuck somebody up. Well, I can't deal with that. If you don't think you can deal with me, well, I understand that, too.