House.of.Cards.S01E03

Page 43, section 7. We'd like some clarification.

Section 7 has to do with the evaluative measures--

"Evaluative measures."

What we're talking about here are performance standards,

plain and simple.

We can't have that. We open that can of worms--

- Gotta take it out, Frank. - The Administration wants it in.

Then we're all wasting our time.

Well, look, I can cut down the frequency of testing,

but it's got to be part of the overall--

That's the thin edge of a two-ton wedge.

- No way, non-debatable. - All right, hold on.

There's no harm in hearing them out, right?

Frank, what do you have in mind?

We adjust article 4. Hand me article 4.

We go every three years instead of two.

Frank, for us to even consider testing--

Marty, we can't negotiate time intervals here.

If-- I'm just saying if--

The frequency could never be more than five years.

Look, five is a little high, but if you can bend on that--

- Marty. - Wait, wait, wait. And it's not just frequency.

Veteran teachers would have to be exempt

if they have a proven record of excellence with the students.

Well, excuse me for a moment.

Corey, will you take the reins on this?

Right, so, article 4-- in terms of exceptions--

I've been saying for years that we should tear it down.

It's vulgar, it's an embarrassment to the county,

but time and time again Frank Underwood

has fought to keep it standing.

If it weren't for him,

the Peachoid would've been replaced ages ago.

And Jessica Masters would still be alive.

The congressman needs to answer for this tragedy.

What exactly happened?

A 17-year-old girl

ran off the road texting her boyfriend, and I quote,

"Doesn't the Peachoid look like a giant..."

- And then she lost control of the car. - Jesus.

Orrin's making a big fuss in the local press.

And he's pushing the parents to sue Gaffney.

Sue Gaffney? It's in his own jurisdiction.

It's worth throwing Gaffney under the bus

to drag you into the mess.

He's after my seat again.

Has he learned absolutely nothing?

It's a full-on smear campaign, boss.

He's out to destroy you.

With this? It's a peach, for Christ sake.

Let him make a fool out of himself.

No, he will make a fool out of you.

If he spins this right, gets national coverage--

National coverage? It's a joke.

And you will be the butt of it.

We can't afford that right now,

not when you're in the spotlight with the education bill.

This thing has caused me so much damn trouble.

- I know. - So who should I call, parents?

Phone call's not going to cut it.

- You need to go down there. - Can it wait until Monday?

We get on this thing right now, we can contain it.

We wait until Monday,

then there's no way to know how much this is going to blow up on us.

I can't go down to Gaffney. The unions have just--

- We postpone-- - They're gonna be livid.

Marty's reasonable, okay? He will explain to them.

And they're just supposed to understand and accept

that I had to get up from the negotiating table

because some two-bit county administrator wants to--

I don't want to interrupt you, sir,

but this is not just about Orrin.

It's about the parents.

Now, you think about the lawsuit.

What happens if you have to testify?

Subpoenas, depositions.

You get dragged into a court battle,

there is no education bill.

We can't ignore this.

I just hate this small-ball crap.

It's called the what? The peach what?

The Peachoid.

It's a giant water tower in the shape of a peach.

I just googled it. "The Peachoid."

She was 17, Linda.

You're right. I'm sorry.

- I need another week. - No, that's not going to work.

The president makes his speech on Tuesday.

We've already announced.

Speeches can be rescheduled.

We have to show some progress on education, Frank.

The first hundred days is almost over.

If we push back the speech,

it'll look like we're spinning our wheels.

All right, I'll work something out.

Thank you, Linda.

Frank, these are the heads

of the two largest teachers unions in the country.

- I understand. - They flew here on a weekend.

Doug will lead the charge.

Congressman Phillips is well vetted--

They flew here to see you, Frank.

You're managing this bill.

Put this in the other bag.

And I'll be in constant communication.

Anything big comes up, I'm a phone call away.

It's a 300-page document.

We need you in that room.

I would stay if I could,

but this is my home district.

Now, Marty, cut me a little slack here.

We'll get it done.

You and I go way back.

Have I ever let you down?

No, you haven't.

And I don't intend to start now.

Hello?

- Gillian? - Claire.

It's so nice to finally meet you.

Yeah-- I'm a little under the weather.

I don't want to get you sick.

Well, if you're feeling ill, we can--

No, no, no, I'm fine. It's just a cold.

Well, thank you for coming in.

Of course.

Shall we talk in my office?

These are really cool photographs.

Oh, thank you.

Adam Galloway took the pictures.

Have you heard of him?

No.

I met him at the Whitney biennial a couple years ago

and commissioned him to do these.

He just had a big show at PS1.

I'm not up to date on the art world.

That's all right.

We're not here to talk about photography. Are we?

My office is over here.

You run into any trouble, you call me.

I got it covered.

Gene Clancy know I'm coming?

Just spoke to him.

Get to it.

Your flight is booked, leaves in 55 minutes.

Ed will be joining you.

Where's Steve?

He went home sick about an hour ago, sir.

I'll be filling in.

What's your name again? Edward what?

- Meacham. - You drive fast, Meacham?

You wanted to talk to me?

Come on, Zoe. This is Mrs. Tilden, owner of--

She knows who I am.

Mrs. Tilden liked your profile on Catherine Durant.

No, I didn't. I loved it.

In depth, uncompromising.

Normally I don't read things before they go to print,

but Cathy's a friend.

Tell me how you knew she'd be nominated before she did?

You want my source?

Tom says you won't tell him.

I haven't told anyone.

Well, I own the paper.

And I'm very grateful to be working here.

So you're not going to tell me either.

Which do you want, my source or my integrity?

Tom.

Move Zoe's piece to the front page of Sunday's edition.

Let me think that over.

You think it over as much as you want.

Then put it on the front page.

I've worked really hard to gain a foothold with World Well.

Six years ago it was just me and a macbook.

I understand.

And I had to juggle two temp jobs just to pay the rent.

It's your baby. You don't want to let it go.

Well, I just--

And you wouldn't have to, Gillian.

All I want is for you to grow what you've already built.

I heard you fired half your staff.

Yes, I did.

That worries me.

I let them go to make room for you.

I'm just not sure we're the right match.

To be honest, I'm a little uncomfortable

working with someone who's commissioning famous photographers

when I can't even buy my volunteers bus fair to the office.

Do you know who Nicky Hemler is?

- No. - Nicky owns one of the biggest galleries in Chelsea.

She desperately wanted to represent Adam Galloway.

I delivered on Adam,

and in return

she contributes almost 40 grand a year to CWI.

That money goes to impact studies,

lobbying efforts, research.

World Well could benefit from that sort of money, Gillian,

and we can benefit from your expertise.

Can I think about it?

Of course.

We don't have to jump into anything.

I grew up here, in the up country--

Bibles, barbecues, and broken backs.

Everything gets just a little bit thicker this far south.

The air, the blood, even me.

I try to make it down here at least once a month.

Every trip is a reminder of how far I've come.

I hated Gaffney as a kid, when I had nothing.

but now I've come to appreciate it.

It's not as suffocating as it once was,

except when I have to deal with the sort of nonsense

that makes me want to hang myself.

Turn left on route one.

Don't listen to her. I know a better way.

Yes, sir.

We don't have the money, Frank.

The legal bills alone will kill us.

How about a settlement?

I'll look at the numbers.

What's it look like to you?

Like a peach.

No, I mean what does it really look like?

As mayor, I stick with a peach.

As a private citizen,

well, it looks like the sun is shining where it shouldn't be.

There's a better way to handle this.

Really, Frank? And what's that?

I'm not trying to start an argument here.

You make it sound like I'm in the wrong.

No, you know exactly what you're doing, Orrin.

You're using this poor girl's death

for your own political advantage.

You're the one that fought me

when the peach farmers bitched and moaned

about me tearing it down.

You're the one that took their money.

- It's a water tower. - It's ungodly.

- Orrin. - This is cut and dry, Frank.

I fought to tear it down.

You fought to keep it up.

That girl's blood is on your hands,

and I'm taking you to task for it.

All right, I'll tell you what.

Dick Peters is going to retire this term.

That means there's an open race in the fourth district.

How about I help you lock up that seat?

I'm not looking to make a deal, Frank.

It's not a deal.

It's an opportunity.

I'll be just fine.

You may despise me, Orrin,

but the classy thing to do

would've been to invite us up

for some of that iced tea.

What are you doing?

You shouldn't run here.

It's disgraceful.

Have you no respect?

The criteria is a starting point.

They're suggested, not mandated.

We assemble a council of experts

who will determine exactly--

Nowhere here does it say who these experts are,

how they'll be chosen.

The president selects the council.

What sort of oversight?

We'd like input on the selection.

Doug, check with Linda.

Calling her now.

Okay, so now can we talk about charter schools?

Charter schools are a no-go.

They have to be in there.

You keep them in, we walk.

The same goes for us.

Let's not jump to ultimatums.

Well, let's figure out a way to reduce non-public spending.

All right, give me a few minutes to think about that.

We can't move forward without addressing this point.

I understand, but this is the cornerstone of the bill.

Let's talk it out.

Give me five minutes, Marty. I'll call you right back.

No, no.

If we consider settlement as an option,

we need to be able to pay for it.

But if we offer a settlement,

- aren't we saying... - That's my point.

We're admitting that the town's responsible for this kid's death.

I say make the peach farmers cough it up.

Oh, man, talk about a shit storm.

Y'all mind catchin' me up?

Wayne and Travis want to go to court.

I don't think that's a good idea.

We can't be pouring money into a settlement

when we can barely afford to run the city.

What do you think, gene?

I think that we gotta worry about the peach farmers association.

If there is a hint that we're blaming the Peachoid,

they're going to raise holy hell.

Who gives a crap. They gotta suck it up.

Let him talk.

I'm just saying that we need to keep them in mind.

She was breaking the law. End of story.

You can't text while you drive.

Yeah, but all a jury's going to see

is a beautiful 17-year-old girl who's now dead.

No offense, Frank, but you just got here.

We've been dealing with this for the last week now.

And where's your solution?

What?

You think you know better than us?

I'm just trying to be realistic.

Frank, I know you want to swoop down and save the day,

but there's a principle at stake here.

We allow ourselves to be extorted because of this teenager--

When Orrin gets a jury to weep a river of snot over this dead girl,

when Gaffney goes tits up

because you can't afford to pay a seven-figure award in damages,

when you all get booted out of office

and I lose to Chase,

then you can chew my ear off about principles,

because we'll all have nothing but time on our hands.

Until then,

you either contribute,

or you keep it shut, Travis.

Now, here's what we're going to do.

Gene, how much can we pull together

- for a settlement if we had to? - About 150.

That'll work. Jamie, get your boys down to the hardware store

to build two billboards.

Put them out a mile out on either side of the tower.

Have them read, "Drive safely. No texting behind the wheel."

- Got it. - And get those up by tomorrow morning.

I'll issue the permits.

And let's stop lighting the thing at night.

The peach farmers aren't going to like that.

Well, how much does the electric cost?

4,100 plus change per month.

About 50,000 a year.

Jesus, you could put a kid through college on--

Let's use that money to start a scholarship fund in her name.

Meantime, you tell the association,

if they want it lit up, they can pay for it.

I'll deliver that message happily.

And do me up a budget and a plan for removing the sphincter.

The what?

He means the emergency valve.

That's interesting.

I always thought of it as a clitoris.

But it's on bottom.

I believe the clitoris is above the--

But if you imagine a woman on her belly--

Enough. I want it done.

And, Gene, give me everything you've got on road regulations.

County statutes, not municipal.

And do you remember that power line business

we pulled up at the last election?

Sure do.

Let's make sure we're rock solid on that.

Does this very expensive dinner

at least buy me an evening of mind-blowing sexual congress?

It was good, but I don't know if it was that good.

Fellatio good?

Hand job maybe. No promises.

Deal.

Okay, um, Peter, there's something I need to tell you.

I have been thinking lately.

You know, um, it might be good to work somewhere else.

So I did some interviews,

and the speaker's office offered me deputy LD.

Peter.

Christina, um--

I just thought it could be good, right,

if we're going to have any future,

to stop this boss-staffer thing and be a real couple.

We are a real couple.

I mean not have to hide it like we do at the office.

And it's a great opportunity.

The speaker?

Would you hate me if I took the job?

Baby, I want what you want.

I'm not-- I won't fight you on this,

not if this is what you feel you need to do.

- Really? - Yeah.

And you're right.

This is a great opportunity.

When do you have to tell them by?

There's no deadline. I don't have to decide right away.

Okay, well, when you decide,

just, you know, help me find a replacement.

You know, give me a heads-up.

Yeah, of course.

I haven't even decided if I'm going to take it.

We don't have to talk this through right now.

I just-- I just thought I'd bring it up.

- Should we get out of here? - Yes.

Let's go find the parents.

You hang back by the car.

It's a big crowd, sir.

If I get shot or stabbed consoling two grieving parents,

I'm a hero from now until the end of time.

Let's roll the dice. Shall we?

Sir, I can't allow you to go unescorted into all those people.

Allow me?

Let's get one thing straight, Meacham.

You are never to dictate what I can and cannot do.

The only two words I want to hear from you

when I ask you to do something

are "Yes" and "Sir."

Is that understood?

Yes, sir.

Good. Then we're gonna get along just fine.

Mr. and Mrs. Masters,

I'm Frank Underwood, your congressman.

I'm so sorry for your loss.

I cannot begin to fathom--

You're right. You can't. You have no idea.

Forgive me. I don't mean to intrude. I just--

- Well, you are intruding. - Dean, please.

What?

It's his fault. Isn't it?

Anyway, I just wanted to express my condolences,

and say if there's anything the two of you nee--

Dean, you don't want to be talking to him.

We got legal action pending.

Look, I know what Mr. Chase has been saying, and believe--

Nobody invited you.

Nobody wants your condolences or your excuses.

Frank, please.

You shouldn't have to put up with this right now.

I'm sorry.

Well, that went well.

Hang on a second.

Reverend.

Congressman.

Nice to see you again.

I wish it was under better circumstances.

Terrible, isn't it?

It's just terrible.

This is so thoughtful what you've organized here.

Least we can do.

Tell me, are the Masters in your congregation?

They are. They come every Sunday.

Do you think they'll be at the service tomorrow?

I'd be surprised if they weren't.

I'm wondering can you do me a favor?

Anything for you, Frank.

Oh, the blue toothbrush is yours, right?

Uh, yeah, the blue one.

- Hey, Peter? - Yeah?

Where do you keep the light bulbs?

The lamp in the bedroom is out.

In the kitchen, under the sink.

Here's what I think.

I wish I could be bigger than this, but I can't,

and I'm being selfish,

and I realize it's mostly about me, but fuck it.

I have to say it.

Please don't take that other job, Christina.

Anyway, that's how I feel.

I'm glad you told me.

Charters jeopardize our ability to organize,

which is reason enough,

but the bigger issue is

that measuring their success--

Charters schools have operated

under the same evaluative standards that every--

Apples and oranges.

No matter how you look at it,

you can't use the same standards to compare.

What, you're advocating a

more demanding criteria for charter schools than other schools--

Our point is simple, Frank.

Several funds should only go

- to public union school districts - Hold on a second.

Yeah, but we've already increased non-charter funding by 10%.

The amount going to charter schools is negligible.

It's the precedent, Frank, not the number.

We're setting a lot of precedents, Marty.

That's the nature of reform.

Well, some of them we can stomach. Some of them we can't.

All right, let's not get bogged down in abstractions.

Let's deal with specifics.

Corey, can you walk us through it?

There's a three-prong approach

to determining the amount of funding...

Miss me?

Maybe. A little.

What's it been, 15 hours?

Not even long enough to notice you're gone.

Tell that to Marty Spinella.

How's it coming?

It's coming. Slowly, painfully.

Hey, have we always had tulips in the front yard,

or am I slowly going insane?

I planted them last fall.

You did not.

When I was down with you for the campaign.

You've never gardened a day in your life.

Not true. I have gardened exactly one day in my life.

You were down in Spartanburg doing some sort of fundraiser.

Gene's wife came over with a bucket of bulbs,

and next thing you knew, I was down on my knees in the dirt,

earthworms and all.

I can't even picture it.

Neither can I, and I was there.

What else?

Distract me from giant peaches and dead teenagers.

What else?

Oh, I went for a run today,

and the strangest...

I-- I don't know. This woman...

- That's interesting. - What is?

- Oh, a text just came. Zoe Barnes. - Who?

Oh, that reporter from the herald you met one night.

Oh, her. I remember.

Yeah, go if you need to call her back.

No, she can wait.

I'm talking to my wife.

That's okay. I'm going to bed soon anyway.

See you tomorrow?

I hope so. Wish me luck.

Mm, bonsoir, my petite Peachoid.

Disgusting.

- Good night. - Good night.

Yeah, all right, that's fine, Corey. Marty?

Frank, let me explain it to you. Here's our problem.

Frank? Frank, did we lose you?

Uh, yeah, I'm here, Marty.

Look, we can talk ourselves in circles about charter schools,

but here's what I propose.

In your profile, you go into great detail

about the sexism Durant faced early on in her career.

That's right.

When she was first elected,

it was still an old boy's club in the senate.

Journalism used to be that way, too, not so long ago.

I feel really lucky.

I've had lots of trailblazers come before me.

For instance, my colleague Janine Skorsky

was the first woman at the herald

to become chief political correspondent,

and that was only five years ago.

Has it been those trailblazers

who've allowed you to rise so quickly?

You've moved up from the Metro pages

to the front page Sunday edition.

Uh, well, I don't know that that would be possible

if Janine hadn't already paved the way.

So does that mean that

the herald is not particularly progressive?

I think that they are. Tom is very open minded.

He's the reason Janine got promoted.

That's Tom Hammerschmidt, the executive editor.

Yes, we actually call him the hammer.

The hammer? Why?

Because he's tough.

How tough?

He's, uh-- Tom has very high standards.

I love him.

He's a-- he's a great mentor.

Um, it can be frustrating at times.

Um, he makes you double and triple-check things,

and you want to get the news out the moment you have it,

and he makes you rewrite until it's perfect,

but that's what makes the Herald the Herald.

Is that a workable model in the Internet age?

Our readers think it is.

Well, you have a declining readership.

But I don't lay that at Tom's feet.

I think that that's the times we live in, right?

Should newspapers adapt to the times we live in?

It's not that the Herald refuses to adapt.

We have an online presence.

Is that maybe not adapting fast enough?

I wouldn't argue with that statement.

We could do more.

We've got a special guest with us today.

He asked for the opportunity

to share a few words with us this morning--

Our very own congressman, Frank Underwood.

- Good morning. - Good morning.

Thank you, reverend,

and thanks to that choir for that beautiful hymn.

I want to read, this morning, from...

No.

You know what no one wants to talk about.

Hate.

I know all about hate.

It starts in your gut,

deep down here,

where it stirs and churns.

And then it rises.

Hate rises fast and volcanic.

It erupts hot on the breath.

Your eyes go wide with fire.

You clench your teeth so hard

you think they'll shatter.

I hate you, God. I hate you!

Oh, don't tell me you haven't said those words before.

I know you have.

We all have,

if you've ever felt so crushing a loss.

There are two parents with us today

who know that pain,

the most terrible hurt of all--

losing a child before her time.

If Dean and Leanne were to stand up right now

and scream those awful words of hate,

could we blame them?

I couldn't.

At least their hatred I can understand.

I can grasp it,

but God's wantonness,

his cruelty,

I can't even begin to--

My father dropped dead of a heart attack

at the age of 43-- 43 years old--

and when he died, I looked up to God

and I said those words,

because my father was so young,

so full of life, so full of dreams.

Why would God take him from us?

Truth be told I never really knew him

or what his dreams were.

He was quiet, timid, almost invisible.

My mother didn't think much of him.

My mother's mother hated him.

The man never scratched the surface of life.

Maybe it's best he died so young.

He wasn't doing much but taking up space.

But that doesn't make for a very powerful eulogy, now, does it?

I wept. I screamed, "Why, God?

How can I not hate you

when you steal from me the person I most love

and admire in this world?

I don't understand it, and I hate you for it.

The Bible says in proverbs,

"Trust in the Lord with all your heart

and lean not on your own understanding."

Lean not on your own understanding.

God is telling us to trust him,

to love him despite our own ignorance.

After all, what is faith

if it doesn't endure when we are tested the most?

We will never understand

why God took Jessica

or my father or anyone.

And while God may not give us any answers,

he has given us the capacity for love.

Our job is to love him

without questioning his plan.

So I pray to you, dear Lord,

I pray to you

to help strengthen our love for you

and to embrace Dean and Leanne

with the warmth of your love in return.

And I pray that you will help us fend off hatred

so that we may all truly

trust in you with all our hearts

and lean not on our own understanding.

- Amen. - Amen.

Your job is to report the news, not be the news.

I was promoting the paper.

You were promoting Zoe Barnes.

Is this about how I said we called you the hammer?

Because if that upset you,

- I apologize. - You're missing the point.

I don't want you talking about anything that happens here,

not nicknames, not how progressive we are,

not whether we are adapting to the Internet.

Any thoughts you have about this paper,

you keep them to yourself, or you bring them to me.

You don't get on national television and sp--

I'm sorry. I wasn't trying to--

Don't interrupt when I'm talking.

You can speak to me like an adult, Tom.

You don't have to lecture me like a little girl.

You haven't earned the right to be treated as an adult.

You think a few front-page stories and some face time on TV

makes you the next Judy Miller?

You've got a long way to go.

Don't be so arrogant.

Okay, so you think when a woman asks to be treated with respect,

that's arrogance?

Are you accusing me of sexism?

Just making an observation.

No TV for a month.

- What? - You heard me.

No interviews.

That's completely unfair.

You want to make it no TV indefinitely?

We're done. You can go now.

Hello?

Gillian, it's Claire Underwood.

Can I come up?

Have you seen a doctor?

Giardia's not so bad.

It'll pass in another week or so.

- You don't have health insurance, do you? - Nope.

I'll make an appointment for you to see my personal GP tomorrow.

Medicine doesn't really do much.

You have to let it run its course.

Well, we'll let it run its course under proper supervision.

I won't take no for an answer on this.

- Claire-- - I'll drag you to the hospital myself if I have to.

You're going to the doctor. No argument.

Thanks.

They're about to walk. They won't listen to a word I say.

- Both unions? - Yeah.

Put Marty on the phone.

Hang on. Marty.

Yeah. It's Frank?

This isn't working, Frank.

Marty, you have got to keep them in that room.

They lost their patience.

They're upset you're not in the room, Frank.

- I'll be back this afternoon. - No, it's too late.

Look, tell them

I'll come down on subsidies for charter schools.

Even so,

they're angry about the performance standards.

We're not even halfway through this thing.

There's so much in it that they--

Tell them that I'll roll over on performance standards,

five-year intervals.

It should be you telling them that, Frank,

you here, at this table.

I know that. I'm doing the best I can,

but I can't be in two places at once.

Now, look. I promise you,

if you keep them in that room,

we will get through this hump as soon as I get back.

Marty, you are their lobbyist.

You know what's best for them.

Save them from themselves.

Okay, I'll see what I can do.

Stamper.

Do not let Spinella out of your sight

and lock the goddamn doors if you have to.

You got it.

Here we go.

I know you're a busy man. I hope we're not keeping you.

No, no, no, I've got all the time in the world.

This is ham and these are turkey.

And there's some potato salad.

Shall we have a prayer?

Gracious loving God...

Have you had this before?

This is the third time. I'm used to it by now.

Well, I'm not used to it, but it beats malaria.

You've had malaria.

In Zimbabwe.

That took me out for a month.

You make a lot of sacrifices.

I don't see it as a sacrifice.

You turned down a six-figure salary at Google

to start your own non-profit.

People don't get malaria in Palo Alto.

You do your research.

When it's someone I care about.

Claire, I turned down that job

because I would've hated myself.

It was a lot of money, but for what?

So they could fulfill their diversity quota

with an Asian girl peddling a Stanford degree?

Not just any Asian girl.

A valedictorian.

Let me offer you what Google couldn't.

I know what it is

to be capable and beautiful and ambitious

and be on people like Sergey and Larry's

checklist of things that look good to have on a shelf.

I'm not trying to acquisition you.

What I see in you is a woman I admire,

which doesn't happen often.

I want to enable you.

I want to clear the way for you

so that you can achieve what you want to achieve,

on your own terms.

Thanks for the tea.

And I will send a car to pick you up for the doctor tomorrow.

When you're back on your feet,

do you think maybe we can work something out?

Yes, I think we could.

That's her at junior prom.

Beautiful.

Here she is in her letter jacket.

She made varsity as a freshman.

I remember the day she found out.

Coach called.

Jessie starts jumping up and down.

"Mom, guess what?"

I'm sorry.

Don't be. It's fine.

Why are we doing this?

Honestly, what's to be gained in dredging up all this stuff?

Remembering the good things helps sometimes--

Not when it puts my wife in tears.

I appreciate what you said at the church,

but it doesn't do us any good.

Neither does this.

Well, what can I do to help?

You can't do anything.

She's gone.

You're right. I can't change that,

but I can make sure

the city offers you a sizable settlement.

You mean buy us off?

No, I mean help you

avoiding years of court battles.

Jessica was going to go to Furman. Is that right?

On a volleyball scholarship?

Yes, a full ride.

Well, I spoke to the president of the university this morning,

and we'd like to create a new scholarship in your daughter's name.

If you'd like that.

It's entirely up to you.

But, most importantly,

we have to make sure that this never happens again.

We've got safety billboards going up,

we're going to stop lighting the tower at night,

and we're putting the guard rails in.

Should've done all that before she ran off the road.

Would you like me to resign, Mr. Masters?

Just say the word, and it's done.

If it will bring you any satisfaction.

I asked the reverend once,

"What are we supposed to do in the face of so much senseless pain?"

And he said to me,

"What else can we do

but take what seems meaningless

and try to make something meaningful from it."

He's right.

That's how God works--

through us.

Will you let me work for you?

What you have to understand about my people

is that they are a noble people.

Humility is their form of pride.

It is their strength, it is their weakness,

and if you can humble yourself before them,

they will do anything you ask.

Tell us more about the scholarship.

What are you doing?

- Working. - On what?

The, uh, BRAC commission stuff.

I'm behind on it.

It's Sunday.

So?

You don't usually work on the weekend.

Well, now I do.

There's, uh, coffee in the kitchen. You want some?

Peter...

Peter.

If I decide to stay,

it's because it's what I want, not what you want.

I understand.

Which draft are you reading of the written testimony?

The one you sent on Thursday.

I actually changed it on Friday.

Can I show you?

Yeah, I was thinking that we could start with job numbers

and then go to economic multipliers

instead of the other way around.

What do you think?

Let's see what it looks like.

Picture this--

A 17-year-old girl

traveling at 60 miles an hour

spins out of control in no traffic.

She hits a guard rail.

But if she's wearing her seatbelt,

which she was,

and her car doesn't roll over three times down a 20-foot ditch,

which it did,

then that young woman is still alive.

But you know what?

The county administrator didn't build those guard rails,

so now she's dead.

We looked up the statute.

Guard rails are under county supervision.

Are you trying to turn this around on me?

That's not all, Orrin.

Your easement.

You see, every couple of years the Piedmont Electric,

they apply to bring power lines through Gaffney.

The route comes right through your lot.

Now, Gene and I always fight them off.

But this year, if they were to reapply, hmm...

Eminent domain.

It would be such a shame to have to tear down this beautiful home.

Fuck you, Frank.

You can't just roll up on my property and act like you own it.

Oh, but I can.

We just did.

I've won this district 11 times.

Do you think that's just luck and a firm handshake?

But I'll tell you what. I'm not a vindictive person.

I don't like for anybody to lose if everybody can win,

so I'm going to help you get elected in the fourth.

You get to keep your house. I keep the fifth.

We put the Peachoid behind us, and everybody's happy.

What do you say?

Well, that's all right. You think about it.

I'm sure you'll do the right thing.

Oh, and I'm looking forward to having you in congress, Orrin.

It's always good to have friends on the other side of the aisle.

I've been offered a spot on Nightline.

You want my advice?

I don't want it. I need it.

Close your eyes.

Okay.

So 11:25. Nightline is about to come on.

Millions of people are watching.

Where are you, home?

No.

At the studio?

Yes.

And what do you see?

I see lights.

I see a camera.

And that little red dot goes on.

Tell me what you hear?

I hear my voice.

And those millions of people, what do they hear?

My voice.

And what do they see?

My face.

So you don't need my advice.

Hammerschmidt's going to freak.

You don't want to work anywhere

you're not willing to get fired from, Zoe.

Treading water's the same

as drowning for people like you and me.

Good luck. I'll be watching.

- Hey, wait. - Yes?

When do you get back?

When I get back, you'll know.

Hello, Nancy.

Welcome back, sir. Linda Vasquez called for you.

Tell her I'll call her in a couple hours with an update.

- Very well. - Sir?

Unless you need anything, Kyle has you covered.

No, go home.

You did well this weekend.

Thank you, sir.

Oh, and before you go home, can you do me a favor?

Would you swing by my house

and make sure these get to Claire?

Yes, sir.

And thank you, sir, for being so patient.

Okay.