

# BETTER CALL SAUL

"Chicanery"

Episode #305

Written by

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Directed by

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Production Draft  
FINAL - 11/21/16

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**BETTER CALL SAUL**  
"Chicanery"  
11/21/16

Cast List

JIMMY  
CHUCK  
KIM  
HAMLIN

LABORER #1  
REBECCA  
DOCTOR CALDERA  
BANK COMMISSIONER  
KEVIN  
PAIGE  
ALLEY  
CHAIRMAN  
COMMITTEE MEMBER #1  
COMMITTEE MEMBER #2  
PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR  
FRANCESCA  
CLERK  
HUELL  
COURT REPORTER

Non-speaking  
DAY LABORER  
OWNER  
KID  
MAN  
ONLOOKERS  
ASSISTANT  
SECURITY GUARD

OMITTED  
AUDIO TECH

**BETTER CALL SAUL**  
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Set List

Interiors:

CHUCK'S HOUSE  
    KITCHEN  
    DINING ROOM  
    GREAT ROOM  
    MUD ROOM  
VET'S OFFICE  
    LOBBY  
    EXAM ROOM  
STATE GOV'T BUILDING  
    LOBBY  
STATE BAR BUILDING  
    HEARING ROOM  
    HALLWAY  
    STAIRWAY  
KIM'S CONDO  
    BATHROOM  
    LIVING ROOM

OMITTED:

STATE GOV'T BUILDING  
    HEARING ROOM  
STATE BAR BUILDING  
    SIDE ROOM  
    ELEVATOR  
    LOBBY  
KIM'S CAR

Exteriors:

STATE BAR BUILDING  
    FRONT  
CHUCK'S HOUSE

OMITTED:

CHUCK'S HOUSE  
    GARAGE  
KIM'S CAR

TEASER

WHIRRR!

CLOSE ON: the blade of a LAWNMOWER, spinning. Chewing its way through the lawn of...

EXT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - DAY

Pushing the mower, a DAY LABORER has already cleared the shaggy green grass from more than half the lawn in nice clean rows. *Why is Chuck giving his house a makeover?*

In the b.g., JIMMY crosses from the direction of the garage, something small and black in hand. He goes into...

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - MUD ROOM - DAY

Ah! As he enters, we see he's carrying a BLACK TELEPHONE. It's not quite a rotary Bakelite, but it's the spiritual touch-tone successor: solid and defiantly corded.

Jimmy's in the lion's den? With electronics, no less? What mischief is he up to..?

None, actually: this is brown-suited, back-of-the-nail-salon era Jimmy -- we're in a FLASHBACK, roughly to the year 2001.

JIMMY

(calls)

Hey, I found a phone!

Two more LABORERS hang a large PAINTING over the circuit breaker boxes.

JIMMY

Looks like it's from 1967, but I think it'll work...

Jimmy squeezes by them and passes into...

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

We've never seen Chuck's house like this -- buzzing with activity. Two more LABORERS set the OVEN back in place. Another set of LABORERS perch on a ladder, re-installing the VENT HOOD. CHUCK is nearby, observing. He's dressed in shirtsleeves -- not planning on dirtying his hands.

(CONTINUED)

CHUCK  
Just a sec, Jimmy.  
(to the Laborers)  
Excellent. Thank you for being so  
careful!

Jimmy sets the phone down on the counter. Laborer #1  
descends the ladder, approaches Chuck.

LABORER #1  
Sir, we need to get in your attic.

CHUCK  
For what?

LABORER #1  
(gestures to the hood)  
The hook up.

CHUCK  
Oh, no. Don't bother. It's fine.

LABORER #1  
(mildly confused)  
Won't take twenty minutes, sir.  
Can't really use it if you don't.

Jimmy steps in to head off further questions.

JIMMY  
Yeah, we know. We won't. No prob.  
When you're done there, could you  
grab a couple more lamps from the  
garage? Thanks.

The Laborers look to each other. Who are they to argue?  
Both Laborers go into the Mud Room. Chuck walks to the  
Dining Room, and Jimmy follows after...

JIMMY  
All right, we got a phone. Front  
yard's half-mowed -- looking good.

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

HIGH ANGLE on Chuck and Jimmy as they enter. The CHANDELIER  
hoists into frame, lifted by another pair of LABORERS.

JIMMY  
... Most of the sockets and stuff  
look a-ok, but I'm gonna check one  
more time. Make sure I didn't miss  
any. Think we're getting there!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chuck nods, satisfied. His Potemkin Village is coming together. *But who's he trying to fool..?*

CHUCK

Good, good...

He turns to face Jimmy. Holds up his left hand. On his ring finger, he wears his WEDDING BAND.

CHUCK

So, what do you think? On? Off?

He pulls it off, puts it back on, modelling it for Jimmy. *Too desperate..?*

JIMMY

I think... off.

CHUCK

(nods)

Yeah. You're right. Off it is.

He takes it off and pockets it. Now we get what's going on here, and why he's cleaning up: *Chuck doesn't want his visiting ex to know he's sick!* Protecting his secret.

JIMMY

(gently)

Chuck... You sure this is the right way to go? I mean, the bigger the lie, the harder it's gonna be to dig out.

Chuck's eyes fix on the chandelier. Resolute.

CHUCK

(quiet)

I'll cross that bridge when I come to it.

Jimmy pats Chuck good-naturedly on the shoulder as he goes. Off Chuck, keyed-up and determined...

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: a match FLARES, lights a candle.

Chuck shakes the match out, takes one final glance around. No more bustling workers. The house is quiet; the stage is set.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Low, warm, inviting light: lanterns and candles artfully dot the room. None of the gloomy darkness we're used to in this space. It's a normal -- even romantic -- dinner setting.

Off Chuck, everything looking good...

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

BUBBLLLE! Chuck, in an apron, stirs a simmering yam purée (or similar) in a saucepan over a camp stove. He tastes it. *Too bland.* Hits it with salt.

Nearby, FISH rests on a platter -- dry rubbed with fresh herbs, salt, atop lemon slices. It's ready to hit the pan, then dazzle the tastebuds.

VOICES drift in from outside. A familiar WOMAN'S LAUGH. We can't make out their words, but one voice becomes clear: REBECCA BOIS, Chuck's now-ex-wife.

Chuck hears them and stiffens, galvanized. Unties the apron. Turns the burners low, covers the food. KNOCKING at the front door. Chuck steels himself. Then turns and crosses into...

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Chuck takes his apron off as he goes, sets it over a chair. Keeps moving toward the front door.

CHUCK  
(calls)  
It's open!

We hear the DOOR open. Rebecca still chuckles a bit.

JIMMY (O.S.)  
... Chuck?

Chuck gets to them just as they crest the Foyer. The house is softly-lit and welcoming. Chuck steps up to hug Rebecca, smiling. Thrilled to see her, but trying to play it cool.

CHUCK  
Rebecca. You look lovely.

REBECCA  
(kisses his cheek)  
Hi, Chuck. So good to see you.

(CONTINUED)

She's cordial, at ease, only slightly awkward. Whatever drove them apart, it didn't leave obvious wounds. She glances around, noting the unusual lighting. Curious.

Jimmy "notices" the dark room, too -- playing dumb.

JIMMY

Hey, what's with the candles?  
Why're you sitting in the dark?

REBECCA

I was wondering the same thing!

Chuck shakes his head, exasperated. Spins a tale...

CHUCK

Oh my god, the afternoon I've had!  
Two hours ago, I take the seabass  
out. No sooner is it prepped and  
resting then -- boom! -- power goes  
down. I get on the phone to the  
city and to make a long story short  
-- those bozos at PNM mixed up my  
payment! The deadbeat at Five One  
Two San Cristobal hasn't been  
paying his bills, and of course,  
I'm --

REBECCA

Two One Five!

CHUCK

Two One Five.

CHUCK

Exactly! They say they'll have it  
back on tomorrow at some point. In  
the meantime, I borrowed camping  
gear from the neighbors. Thus the  
rustic flair.

JIMMY

Jeez. Should we, I dunno, get out  
of here? Go to a restaurant? We  
could hit Seasons! Your treat.

Jimmy's playing his role to perfection. This is the first  
time we've seen the Brothers McGill pull a con. And you know  
what? They make beautiful music together.

CHUCK

Yeah... we could. But dinner's  
almost ready and the fish, I'd have  
to throw it out. All I have to do  
is toss it in a pan. What if we  
just... rough it? Would that be  
all right?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

The brothers look to Rebecca, expectantly. *Guest of honor gets to make the call.*

REBECCA

Why not? It'll be fun! A haute-cuisine camp out.

CHUCK

Great! Then it's settled. Here, let me get that...

Chuck takes her coat and hands it to Jimmy who takes her purse. *Could there be electronics inside?* Jimmy quickly moves them -- discreetly -- away from his brother. Off Chuck shepherding her in...

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

Chuck, Rebecca and Jimmy finish off their bananas foster. Each has a mostly empty plate, coffee cup and *digestif* glass. Everyone's in a fine mood after a perfectly pleasant dinner.

REBECCA

Oh my god. I couldn't eat another bite.

JIMMY

Cheers to the Galloping Gourmet!

REBECCA

(drinks)  
Mmm... this Calvados is perfect.

CHUCK

(smiles)  
You always liked it.

Jimmy looks from Chuck to Rebecca. He can read the room. Stands, starts to gather the dessert plates.

CHUCK

(halfheartedly)  
Jimmy, you don't have to...

JIMMY

Come on. The dishes are the least I can do. Gimme that.

*Fair enough.* Chuck hands him his plate.

CHUCK

Thanks, Jimmy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jimmy nods. He takes what he can carry into the kitchen.

Chuck and Rebecca are alone. They smile at each other at the same time, awkwardly. Chuck breaks the silence.

What follows is touching and fond. Chuck is light, friendly; Rebecca, receptive and warm. Almost like old times.

CHUCK

This worked out better than I thought. Still... sorry about the lights.

REBECCA

No, it's nice. Atmospheric.  
(lowers her voice)  
I still can't get over Jimmy as a lawyer.

CHUCK

Neither can I! Has his own shingle out and everything.

REBECCA

A real, responsible citizen. Who woulda thought?

She looks around at her old homestead. Wistful.

REBECCA

This place looks exactly the same. I thought you'd... I dunno, change it up. Move things around.

CHUCK

You have great taste. And if it ain't broke...  
(finding a new topic)  
How's the tour going?

REBECCA

Good. East Asia this Fall. China, South Korea. Vietnam! That'll be exciting. After Santa Fe, it's back to Central Europe.

CHUCK

And it's good?

REBECCA

It's a lot of hotels. In Budapest, I saw the inside of the concert hall and the Marriott.

(CONTINUED)

CHUCK  
There's a Marriott there?

REBECCA  
There is. Converted Soviet-bloc  
hotel. It's nicer than it sounds.  
Was there for three weeks. By the  
end, I knew my way from the lobby  
to the room to the ice machine and  
back. That was it for me and  
Budapest.  
(then)  
I shouldn't complain.

CHUCK  
You're not complaining; you're  
*observing*.

She smiles. Is this a thaw between them..?

CHUCK  
Did you finally get to see  
Salzburg?

REBECCA  
Not yet. Next month, after Vienna.

CHUCK  
You're really in Mozart country.

REBECCA  
Mmm-hmm. We're performing the  
*Requiem* at the *Neuklosterkirche*.  
I can't wait.

CHUCK  
Do you remember when we tried to go  
to Salzburg? That crazy old lady  
on the scooter who chased us out of  
the train station?

REBECCA  
(laughs, then)  
Oh, but that raspberry Linzer torte  
we got in Innsbruck? To make  
ourselves feel better?

CHUCK  
You said: "we'll never finish  
this!"

REBECCA  
And then we did!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Off them, strolling down memory lane...

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jimmy scooches back from the sink to peep into the Dining Room... Sees the happy couple. *Going great!*

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHUCK

And what's after Asia? Any stateside tours coming up?

REBECCA

Hopefully next year. Maybe even a residency. That'd be sweet. I like the planes and trains and buses fine, but...

(small shrug)

I miss having one place to hang my hat.

Chuck absorbs this. *Is it possible she wants to come back?* Before he can respond --

RINGGG! Rebecca's cellphone goes off like a tiny bomb in her purse, on the divan. Chuck flinches. Instantly rigid. Rebecca goes to retrieve the phone.

REBECCA

Sorry. I hate these things. It's like I'm on a leash.

(checks the screen)

Ugh... It's my conductor. I have to take this. Sorry!

(picks up)

Hey, Andre. No, I'm just at dinner. What's up..? Yeah, I'll do that at rehearsal. No problem... No, I know they've been coming in late on bar sixteen. Got it. I'll make sure to watch it...

She paces, going through orchestral shop-talk. From Chuck's POV, that damn phone at her ear is like a uranium rod. She paces near him with it and he can barely keep from flinching.

REBECCA

Hang on, let me get a pen...

She crosses away to her purse, but comes back with a note pad. Leans on the table. Awful close to Chuck.

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Shoot.

As she scribbles notes, Chuck can't take any more. He's on his feet and on the way to the kitchen.

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chuck wobbles, pale as a sheet, into the Kitchen. Jimmy stands halfway to the door -- he heard the phone ring and is at the ready. Chuck brushes past him, leans at the sink.

JIMMY

Chuck --?

Jimmy moves to support him. Chuck holds up a hand.

CHUCK

(quietly)

It's okay. I'll be okay.

He scratches in his distracted way at the arm and shoulder that was nearest to Rebecca's phone. Breathing hard.

But now Rebecca brings in a load of dishes, cradling the phone to her ear. She mouths "sorry." Jimmy tries to move away, but he and Chuck are corralled against the sink.

REBECCA

Want me to work the cellos separately?

Jimmy tries to get her attention, draw her into the Dining Room. Anything to get her away from Chuck!

JIMMY

Rebecca... *Rebecca...*

No use. While the electricity stabs at Chuck, she nods to him like she heard, holds up a finger and keeps talking.

REBECCA

It's not just him; it's the whole section...

JIMMY

(louder)

Rebecca.

REBECCA

(mouths)

One sec!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
(back into phone)  
Okay. Fine, but then --

Suddenly, Chuck's hand shoots out! Plucks the phone from her ear. And TOSSES it. It skitters away.

REBECCA  
Chuck!!! What the hell??

Rebecca goes after the phone, picks it up near the entryway to the Dining Room. Chuck's in a state of shock.

REBECCA  
Andre? Sorry, I -- I gotta call you back.

She hangs up, sets the phone down on the other side of the doorway, in the Dining Room. Wheels on Chuck, furious.

REBECCA  
What is your problem??

Chuck stands stock-still. Even he can't believe he did that!

JIMMY  
(nudges Chuck)  
Chuck... tell her!

REBECCA  
Tell me *what?*

A pregnant pause. Jimmy looks from Chuck to Rebecca. Rebecca's eyes shoot daggers into Chuck.

Maybe Chuck will come clean. Tell her of his infirmity, the reality of his de-lectrified home, all of it...

CHUCK  
Tell you that... it's incredibly bad manners to answer a cellphone in company. It's simply... rude.

Rebecca looks gobsmacked. Those're about the last words she expected to hear from Chuck's mouth. Utterly stunned.

REBECCA  
I -- I... I'm sorry. I didn't... know you felt that way. I didn't mean to offend you, Chuck.

Now that the phone's neutralized, Chuck's getting his head back together. *Oh no, what have I done..?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHUCK

(course-correcting)

I... I may have overreacted. That was very abrupt. I'm sorry.

REBECCA

No, I... understand.

But it's obvious: the spell is broken. The bit of hope for reconciliation has vanished. Rebecca lets out a breath.

REBECCA

You know, it's getting late. Thank you for the lovely dinner, but I should get back to my hotel.

JIMMY

Okay, gimme one minute and we can --

REBECCA

No, no. I'll call a cab. I don't want to put you out any more.

JIMMY

Please, let me.

REBECCA

No, really. A cab's much easier.

No arguing with her. She's done. She goes into the Dining Room, and orders a cab. Jimmy watches until she's out of hearing range, then turns to Chuck, whispering.

JIMMY

(urgent)

You have to do something. You can't just let her walk outta here! Tell her what's going on.

CHUCK

(dazed, half to himself)

No... No...

JIMMY

She'll understand! You think it's better she thinks you're a raging prick than she knows the truth??

CHUCK

No, I... I can't...

Chuck can't formulate a response. Not a proper one, at least. *She's slipping away..!*

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Okay. You won't tell her, then  
I'll tell her.

Jimmy takes a step toward the Dining Room. That wakes Chuck up! Now crystal clear, he grabs Jimmy's arm. He's intense, but not loud. Very aware of Rebecca in the next room.

CHUCK

No!

JIMMY

Chuck, please --

CHUCK

No. You will not tell her. You.  
Will. Not. Understand?

His severity shuts Jimmy up. Chuck means it. He's a cornered animal; if Jimmy pushes him, Chuck will bite.

Jimmy, beaten, gives the barest nod. *Okay. I understand.* Off Jimmy, watching Chuck's pride and fear drive away the love of his life...

END TEASER



ACT ONE

INT. VETERINARIAN'S OFFICE - LOBBY - PRESENT DAY (2003)

CLOSE ON: a GOLDFISH gulps mindlessly in a clear plastic bag. We RACK from the bag to a CAT in a carrier, its OWNER staring absently next to it.

The Lobby's got the usual clientele -- KID with a puppy, MAN with a snake, etc. [PRODUCTION NOTE: as much as we love cats and snakes, these are only suggestions.]

So who's got the fish? Why, it's none other than Jimmy! Patiently waiting his turn. Completely ignoring the fish.

CALDERA (PRE-LAP)

Ah, Jesus. What're you doing, man?

INT. VETERINARIAN'S OFFICE - EXAM ROOM - DAY

DR. CALDERA, our resident underworld vet, squints at the fish. Jimmy holds it up like a dirty diaper.

CALDERA

There's barely any oxygen in that bag! You're suffocating her!

JIMMY

"Her?"

CALDERA

Just because you don't see swingin' dicks doesn't mean you can't tell a boy fish from a girl fish.

Jimmy holds the bag up to his eye.

JIMMY

Oh yeah. Now that I look, I can see the lipstick.

CALDERA

(shakes his head)

This is a living creature, not a piece of furniture.

(stern)

You take her home, put her in a big bowl. At least a gallon. Get a good bubbler, maybe a plecostomus. And don't feed her too much! People get fat; fish just drown in leftover food.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

All right already, Jacques  
Cousteau! Point made.

CALDERA

Good.

(then)

I assume our crusty friend didn't  
refer you to me for ichthyological  
advice.

JIMMY

Yeah, look, I need someone with a  
*light touch*. I'm not talking some  
kid who's taking a five-finger  
discount on string cheese at the  
local Stop 'N' Shop -- I'm talking  
highly skilled, high end, discreet.  
A pro.

CALDERA

(considers, then)

You gotta fit him in a tight space?

*What an odd question.* But Jimmy takes it in stride.

JIMMY

Don't think so.

CALDERA

Then I got just the guy.

Off Jimmy, wondering what he means...

INT. STATE GOV'T BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

HIGH ANGLE looking straight down at the State Seal in the  
floor. A figure steps onto it. Paces. Agitated. NEW  
ANGLE: it's KIM WEXLER. Deeply worried.

Facing a moment she's been dreading.

The doors behind her open, and out come the familiar BANK  
COMMISSIONER from Ep. 209, along with KEVIN WACHTELL and  
PAIGE. All in high spirits, smiling and shaking hands.

The gang approaches Kim. The Commish extends his hand to  
her.

COMMISSIONER

Great job, Ms. Wexler. Very  
refreshing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)  
Believe me, we're happy to have  
this one off our docket.

KEVIN  
Not as happy as we are!

COMMISSIONER  
Again, great job.

KIM  
Thank you, sir.

He nods to them all and takes his leave. Kevin watches him  
go and when he's out of earshot...

KEVIN  
Ladies, dinner is on me!

PAIGE  
Kim, I knew you were good, but... I  
didn't know you were *this* good.

But their energy's not catching. Kim's still guarded.

KIM  
I'm glad you're happy.

KEVIN  
Couldn't have done it without you.  
I hope you realize that means you  
got a whole heap of work coming  
your way.

KIM  
That's... great.

KEVIN  
You don't sound like it's great.

KIM  
(picking her words)  
I hate to be a buzzkill. But  
there's something you need to hear  
before we get any deeper in.

Oh, this sounds serious. Kevin listens up.

KEVIN  
What's on your mind?

Kim, reluctantly, begins. She's absolutely precise -- every  
word carefully formulated. Only what's necessary.

(CONTINUED)

KIM  
It's about your former attorney.  
Charles McGill.

KEVIN  
(*Ugh. That guy.*)  
What about him?

KIM  
Charles is making some very... ugly  
allegations about his brother,  
Jimmy, with whom I happen to share  
an office space.

Kevin and Paige share a look, curious but not anxious.

PAIGE  
Allegations? Of what?

*Here goes.* She takes a breath and dives in.

KIM  
Charles thinks that Jimmy somehow  
got control of your documents,  
while he was working on them at his  
home. He believes Jimmy transposed  
the address numbers.

Kim's even-handed -- doesn't put any stink on it, but also  
doesn't do anything to hide how nuts it sounds.

PAIGE  
Transposed the numbers? How would  
he even do that?

KIM  
Charles contends Jimmy took the  
documents pertaining to the Rosella  
branch and, while Charles was  
indisposed, photocopied and  
doctored them.

KEVIN  
What for?

KIM  
According to Charles? To make him  
look bad. To blow the case. With  
the hope that you would bring your  
business back to my firm.

She's matter-of-fact but, under that, nauseous. Dreading  
each question they ask, every answer she has to give.

(CONTINUED)

PAIGE

That's pretty baroque.

KIM

The important thing here is that I think it could make some noise in public. Soon. I don't anticipate it will involve Mesa Verde, nor will it affect any of the work we've done or are doing. I'm telling you this in the spirit of full disclosure. I thought it was better you heard it from me.

(then)

If you have any reservations at this point, or if you're not comfortable staying with me... we can discuss options.

She's baring her throat, here. Perhaps kissing her one source of income goodbye...

Kevin's quiet. Does Chuck's story hold water? Is Kim more involved than she lets on..? Finally:

KEVIN

If there's one thing I cannot abide it's a man who won't own up to his mistakes.

He puts a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

KEVIN

Whatever mud McGill's slinging isn't gonna screw me out of the best outside counsel I've ever had.

KIM

(relief flooding)

I... I'm so glad to hear that.

KEVIN

Appreciate the heads up, but we can call that baby put to bed. Now the important stuff: dinner. Seven good for you?

KIM

Works for me.

KEVIN

We'll talk strategy -- do we move on Colorado or Utah next?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

With one last gregarious smile, Kevin turns and goes. Paige lingers. Not worried, exactly, but cautious.

PAIGE

This McGill thing. You're sure it's not a problem?

KIM

I am. Mesa Verde's not involved in any way, shape or form.

Paige nods. For the time being, she'll take Kim at her word.

PAIGE

Okay. Good. Then... I will see you tonight.

KIM

Yeah. See you then.

Paige follows after Kevin. Off Kim, a weight lifted, but her fears not completely laid to rest...

INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - HEARING ROOM - DAY

A stripped-down court room: witness chair, a lectern, a large raised dais with three seats and microphones. Bland, efficient, unremarkable. No one here.

We PULL BACK and land on a LIGHT SWITCH. A hand flicks the switch OFF. The fluorescents sputter and die, but there's plenty of light from the windows.

ALLEY

Okay, this is it...

An unassuming MAN steps into the room. This is the Disciplinary Counsel, ROBERT ALLEY -- the State Bar prosecutor who'll present the case against Jimmy. Alley's competence personified. A pure functionary, not a crusader.

Chuck and HAMLIN follow him in, looking over the space.

ALLEY

We can run without the overhead lights. And we'll collect all cellphones and hold them for the duration of your testimony.

CHUCK

(indicates)  
The court reporter...  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
would it be possible to move him or  
her farther from the witness stand?

ALLEY  
Umm... yeah, I think we could  
arrange having them in the back of  
the court.

Alley sees Chuck's glance up at the illuminated EXIT sign.

ALLEY  
I'm sorry I can't do anything about  
exit signs -- it's code.

CHUCK  
I appreciate all you're doing.  
Thank you.

HAMLIN  
Mr. Alley, I wonder if you could  
give us a moment? Just want to go  
over something with my colleague.

ALLEY  
No problem. I'll be outside when  
you're ready.

Alley steps back out. Chuck looks at Hamlin, curious.

CHUCK  
Howard..?

HAMLIN  
How are you feeling, Chuck?

*Where's he going with this?* Chuck's careful, now.

CHUCK  
I'll muddle through.

HAMLIN  
Because this is a lot to ask. And  
if you're not up to it, just  
throwing this out there -- maybe  
you don't need to testify at all.

Chuck cocks his head slightly: *whatchoo talkin' bout, Hamlin?*

CHUCK  
No. I do. I'm the only person who  
can adequately explain the context  
for that tape. On its own, the  
defense'll tear it to shreds.

(CONTINUED)

HAMLIN

It's already a solid case. There's Jimmy's statement from the Pre-Prosecution Diversion. There's my testimony and the private eye's. Maybe there's no need to put you through the wringer like this.

Chuck narrows his eyes. Hamlin's not being square with him.

CHUCK

This isn't about me or my health. This is about PR.

HAMLIN

(not mincing words)

We lost a client. And that happened because while you were incapacitated, your brother accessed documents that should have been secure at HHM. What Jimmy did is unconscionable, yes, but... One of my jobs is to safeguard the firm's reputation.

CHUCK

This is not a time to worry about how we look. This is about what's right and what's wrong. I'm not going to risk Jimmy getting, what? A year's suspension? Maybe two? He deserves *disbarment*, not some slap on the wrist.

(then)

No, Howard. There's only one way forward. Let justice be done, though the heavens fall.

Hamlin realizes it's hopeless to argue -- Chuck's said his piece. Chuck turns away and is out the door, back to Alley.

CHUCK (O.S.)

Sorry to keep you waiting. This'll do nicely.

Off Hamlin, about to follow him out, unsettled...

END ACT ONE



ACT TWO

Over BLACK, we hear ALLEY'S VOICE. Dry -- not rote, but also not attempting an inspiring oratory.

ALLEY (V.O.)  
Good morning. I'm Robert Alley for  
the State Bar.

We ADJUST, coming out of black onto...

INT. KIM'S CONDO - BATHROOM - MORNING

... A pair of TOOTHBRUSHES in a holder. Jimmy's hand grabs one. After a moment, Kim's takes the other.

They're side by side at the sink, now brushing their teeth in their morning clothes. When we've seen them like this before, it was playful. Now, they're halfway to somber.

Kim's all business -- teeth to brush and places to be. Jimmy more even. Calm. Collected.

ALLEY (V.O.)  
In the matter of James M. McGill,  
the State Bar intends to prove the  
following violations of the Ethical  
Code. 16-102: engaging in conduct  
the lawyer knows is criminal. Mr.  
McGill certainly knew breaking down  
his brother's door was criminal  
behavior.

Alley's voice continues with the "charges" over...

INT. KIM'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Kim sits at her Dining Table, paging through notes. Her lips move, slightly -- practicing her opening statement.

Behind her, Jimmy ties his tie, watches her. *Nothing says love like a woman who defends you at a Disciplinary Hearing.*

ALLEY (V.O.)  
16-804(B): committing a criminal  
act that reflects adversely on the  
lawyer's honesty or trustworthiness  
as a lawyer. Any reasonable person  
would agree that assaulting another  
lawyer in his own home reflects  
badly on Mr. McGill's fitness as an  
attorney.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After a moment, Jimmy squeezes her shoulders, then gently takes her papers. Tucks them in her black rolling CATALOG CASE. It's a comforting gesture and a nudge -- *you got this!* Now let's go face the music.

Off Kim, putting on her shoes, standing to go...

EXT. STATE BAR BUILDING - FRONT - DAY

The catalog case ROLLLLLLS along the asphalt as Kim and Jimmy cross the street to the imposing, semi-brutalist Municipal Building that houses the Disciplinary Hearing.

They cross past a PARKING CONE that marks off a space in front of the building, and enter...

INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Kim and Jimmy walk through the long hallway -- *dead man walkin'!* Her catalog case squeaks as it wheels behind her. They're shoulder to shoulder, looking straight ahead.

ALLEY (V.O.)

16-304(A): unlawfully altering, destroying or concealing material having potential evidentiary value. Mr. McGill broke into his brother's house and destroyed an audio cassette which contained a recording of a conversation between himself and his brother, Charles McGill. We will show this recording was evidence in an ongoing legal case.

They arrive at the door of the Hearing. Kim does a quick once-over on Jimmy. Picks a piece of lint off his jacket. *There. That's better.* They walk through the doors...

INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - HEARING ROOM - LATER

The empty room from Act One is now in full swing. On the dais, the CHAIRMAN, flanked by two other COMMITTEE MEMBERS, presides. To one side, the COURT REPORTER takes notes.

Chuck isn't here yet -- he's a star witness, but that's all. Hamlin sits in the gallery as Chuck's proxy.

Kim and Jimmy sit at the defense table, each maintaining a neutral, professional demeanor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alley stands at the center lectern, as the V.O. catches up with his statement in progress.

ALLEY

The State Bar believes once we have presented the facts, the Committee will agree disbarment is warranted for James McGill. Thank you very much.

He picks up his notes and sits at the prosecution table.

CHAIRMAN

Thank you, Mr. Alley. Ms. Wexler?

KIM

(rising)

Thank you, Mr. Chairman.

She grabs her notes. Jimmy gives her one last *go-get-'em-tiger* look. She steps to the lectern.

Like Alley, she's simple and dry-eyed. Not tipping her hand.

KIM

Good morning. I'm Kim Wexler, co-counsel with James McGill, for the defense. You've already read Mr. McGill's Pre-Prosecution Statement. We don't dispute James broke into his brother's house, an act he regrets deeply.

Jimmy listens, betraying no attitude. He's studiously neutral and relaxed. Attentive to the goings-on.

KIM

But there *is* another side to this story. One not about calculation and ill intent, but about two brothers. Whose relationship, after years of strain, finally broke. We believe when you have the complete picture, you'll understand James McGill is an asset to our legal community. And he should remain a full member of it in good standing. Thank you.

CHAIRMAN

Thank you, Ms. Wexler.

He confers silently with the other two Committee Members as Kim takes her seat.

(CONTINUED)

CHAIRMAN

Okay, if everyone's ready to begin testimony, Mr. Alley call your first witness.

Kim glances at Jimmy. He nods to her, gives a small but confident thumbs-up: *Great job, Kim!* Off their looks...

HAMLIN (PRE-LAP)

... BANG BANG BANG! Then he kicked the door in...

INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - HEARING ROOM - LATER

Hamlin's on the stand, facing Alley. Hamlin's polished, clear, smooth. His best lawyer-face on full display.

That said, he -- like all the other attorneys present -- isn't grandstanding. No firebrands -- a certain bland, bureaucratic efficiency is prized here at the Bar.

The PRIVATE EYE from Ep. 302 is in the gallery, as is FRANCESCA. One or two interested ONLOOKERS also attend this public hearing.

Jimmy's still got a poker face -- mildly confident, not Menendez-Brothers-cocky. Why isn't he tense? Hearing his crimes, you'd expect he'd be about to jump out of his skin...

HAMLIN

... Jimmy was very agitated. He was shouting. He demanded Charles turn over the evidence he'd collected --

Kim rises. Calmly professional, not leaping to her feet.

KIM

Objection. We have not established the tape is "evidence" of anything. The defense has only acknowledged it is a piece of property.

Smooth as silk, Hamlin walks it back.

HAMLIN

Allow me to rephrase. Jimmy demanded an *audio cassette* in Charles' possession. Which Jimmy proceeded, with the help of an iron fireplace implement, to *pry* from Charles' desk.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMLIN (CONT'D)

He then broke the cassette to pieces, and went on to confront his brother.

He looks at Kim -- he won that point. The more the Committee thinks of Jimmy as the kind of lawyer who tampers with evidence, the worse off he'll be.

ALLEY

What happened after the defendant smashed this tape?

HAMLIN

At that point, Mr. Brightbill and I --

ALLEY

That's the Private Investigator Charles hired?

Points to him in the audience. The P.I. nods, slightly.

HAMLIN

That's correct. He and I became concerned that Jimmy might strike his brother. So we stepped in.

ALLEY

Thank you, Mr. Hamlin. Nothing further at this time.

Alley sits and Kim steps up. Hamlin's face hardens. This is his former protégé, after all, throwing in with the enemy.

Kim is brisk and professional, not confrontational. Well aware Hamlin's loyalty to her is long gone.

KIM

You testified you've known my client for some time. How long exactly?

HAMLIN

Nearly ten years.

KIM

How did you come to know him?

HAMLIN

His brother asked to hire him in the mail room at our firm.

KIM

And you did.

(CONTINUED)

HAMLIN

Yes.

KIM

What was your opinion of him then?

Hamlin hesitates. Giving up as little ground as he can, yet avoiding outright lies.

HAMLIN

I thought... he had a lot of get up and go. He was a hard worker.

KIM

You had a nickname for him, didn't you?

HAMLIN

"Charlie Hustle."

KIM

"Charlie Hustle." How'd you feel when you found out he'd become a lawyer?

HAMLIN

Surprised. He put himself through law school and took the Bar Exam without telling any of the partners. Even Charles.

KIM

He bootstrapped his way into a law degree while working in your mail room. Did you consider taking him on as an associate?

Hamlin can see where she's going with this -- and he doesn't like it.

HAMLIN

We did. Briefly.

KIM

Sounds like you didn't hire him. Why not? With that kind of grit.

HAMLIN

The partners decided that it was best to avoid the appearance of nepotism. We felt hiring Jimmy might damage morale.

(CONTINUED)

KIM  
Nepotism. Your firm is "Hamlin  
Hamlin and McGill," right? Who's  
the other Hamlin?

HAMLIN  
My father.

*Ouch.* Point to Kim Wexler.

KIM  
And which partner was most  
concerned about "nepotism?"

HAMLIN  
Charles McGill.

KIM  
So Jimmy's own brother blocked him.

ALLEY  
Objection. How are the hiring  
practices of Hamlin Hamlin McGill  
relevant here?

KIM  
(to the Chairman)  
It's relevant to understand the  
relationship between these  
brothers.

CHAIRMAN  
We'll give you some leeway, Ms.  
Wexler, but don't stray too far.  
Charles McGill is not the subject  
of this hearing.

KIM  
Thank you.  
(to Hamlin)  
Did Jimmy know his brother was the  
one who prevented you from hiring  
him?

HAMLIN  
No, he did not.  
(then)  
Eventually he was hired at the firm  
of Davis and Main. I'd be happy to  
say more on *that*, if you'd like.

Taking a jab, just to fuck with her. She returns it, evenly.

(CONTINUED)

KIM  
No, thank you.  
(changes gears)  
When Charles' condition appeared,  
Jimmy took care of him, didn't he?

HAMLIN  
I believe so.

But Kim's going to make damn sure this point lands.

KIM  
Jimmy was struggling to build his  
solo law practice and yet every  
single day without fail, he brought  
his brother food, supplies -- even  
his favorite newspaper. Isn't that  
right?

HAMLIN  
(a concession)  
Yes, he did.

KIM  
Could you speak about the terms of  
Charles' leave of absence?

HAMLIN  
You know I can't. It was an FMLA  
leave -- anything more is  
confidential.

KIM  
But you can confirm it was due to  
mental illness, correct?

Alley rises to his feet with a bit more vigor this time.

ALLEY  
Objection! Charles McGill's mental  
health isn't at issue. This is a  
smear job on the State Bar's  
upcoming witness, nothing more.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #1  
This is not a competency hearing,  
Ms. Wexler.

CHAIRMAN  
Mr. Hamlin isn't a psychiatric  
professional. Do you have any  
questions that would be more  
germane to *his* experience?

(CONTINUED)



*Shit.* That's a blow. Kim deflates. Looks at her notes.

KIM  
... No. I have nothing further.

CHAIRMAN  
Thank you. The witness is excused.

Hamlin stands. As he passes Kim, we can tell he's disappointed in her for her part in this farce.

Alley approaches the lectern once more.

ALLEY  
At this time, State Bar would like to enter Exhibit Five into evidence. We ask that Charles McGill's recording be played.

Kim stands. She knows she's fighting a rearguard action on this point, but she's got to try.

KIM  
Respectfully, I'm renewing my objection. The probative value of playing this Exhibit is outweighed by how prejudicial it is.

ALLEY  
All due respect to Ms. Wexler, but the State Bar feels it's fundamental to hear. We don't want to leave any question as to the intentions of both parties.

CHAIRMAN  
Ms. Wexler, we already ruled this was fair game when we denied your Motion to Suppress.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #2  
I'd add that, the rough-and-tumble of your client's conduct aside, we need to know whether one lawyer attempted to tamper with another's evidence.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #1  
And we can't decide on the evidence tampering without knowing what the potential evidence *is*.

Kim sits, unreadable. Jimmy, though, still looks unfazed -- like he doesn't feel the noose tightening...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

The CLERK wheels in a stereo system on a cart. Alley supervises in Pocket Dialogue, as they fumble with patch cords, AUX inputs, etc. It's ungainly and inelegant.

Meanwhile, Jimmy glances around and spots Francesca in the gallery. Jimmy's puzzled, catches her eye and waves her over. She leans close. Both whisper:

JIMMY

What are you still doing here?

FRANCESCA

Flight's delayed.

JIMMY

How delayed?

FRANCESCA

Forty minutes, last I checked.

JIMMY

Shit. Okay. Keep me posted.

She nods, returns to her seat. Finally, Jimmy looks worried. If there were a word bubble over his head, it'd read "GULP!"

Audio BURPS through the speakers. The Clerk stops the tape -- they got it working. Nods to Alley.

ALLEY

(to the Committee)

Thank you for your patience. State Bar is ready to proceed.

Before he gets the go-ahead, Jimmy all but jumps to his feet.

JIMMY

Begging your pardon, but the defense would like a moment to review first. If we could?

The Chairman does a quick canvass of the panel. It's not an unusual request. They nod.

CHAIRMAN

(a tad impatient)

All right. When you're ready.

JIMMY

Thank you, Mr. Chairman.

At the defense table, Jimmy sits. He opens the transcript, starts leafing through. Not really reading, mostly skimming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

The room's quiet as a library; the only sounds are Jimmy turning pages and people shifting in their seats.

Kim leans close to Jimmy and whispers:

KIM  
What are we doing?

JIMMY  
Stalling.

With a tiny nod, she plays along and fakes reading. Off the two of them vamping while everyone in the hearing room looks on...

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - DAY

Chuck paces, quietly rehearsing his testimony. It's a lot like we've seen Jimmy prep: a poignant family resemblance.

CHUCK  
(sotto)  
Yes. My brother has many admirable qualities. In some ways, I could say I admire him...  
(considers, then)  
Too cold.  
(Another run at it)  
I love my brother. Ted Kaczynski's brother loved him, too. He wanted to help...  
(thinks)  
Sanctimonious...  
(then, starts over)  
I love my brother. He's a good person... He has good in him...  
But the law is too important...

KNOCK! KNOCK! Chuck looks toward the Mud Room.

CHUCK  
(calls)  
Be right there, Howard!

He takes a breath. *Go time.* He grabs his (normal, non-space-blanket-lined) suit jacket, slinging it on as he goes.

INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

We TRACK toward the Hearing Room. As we approach the door, we hear the muffled TAPE playing back the scene from Ep. 210.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY (O.S.)  
... I sure as shit wouldn't be  
telling you otherwise. But, yes.  
It's the truth.

CHUCK (O.S.)  
You'd go to such lengths to  
humiliate me?

We LAND on the door. The black LETTER BOARD reads: "James  
M. McGill Hearing." Through the door comes:

JIMMY (O.S.)  
I did it for Kim! She worked her  
butt off to get Mesa Verde..!

INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - HEARING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The assembled hang on every word. [N.B.: From here to the  
end, let's use as much of the complete Ep. 210 dialogue with  
as few artful, inconspicuous cuts as we can.]

JIMMY (V.O.)  
... She earned it, and she needs  
it. I did it to help her, but I --  
I honestly didn't think it would  
hurt you so bad.

For Kim, hearing how far Jimmy will go for her -- even if  
it's misguided -- is almost sweet. Were they anywhere else,  
she might touch his foot with hers under the table.

JIMMY (V.O.)  
I thought you'd just say, "Oh crap,  
I made a mistake," and go on with  
your life, like a normal person.  
But, oh no! Wishful thinking..!

But Alley, the Chairman, Committee Members, even Francesca --  
no one else sees a romantic gesture. They're hard to read,  
but they might be watching Jimmy morph before their eyes into  
a dyed-in-the-wool criminal.

JIMMY (V.O.)  
I'm gonna go call Howard.

CHUCK (V.O.)  
Jimmy. You do realize you just  
confessed to a felony?

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY (V.O.)  
I guess. But you feel better,  
right? Besides, it's your word  
against mine.

Alley presses STOP. SILENCE. After a moment, the Chairman  
lets out a deep breath. Shuffles in his seat. That was  
unpleasant to sit through.

CHAIRMAN  
All right. Uh, Mr. Alley, I  
understand we need to make  
accommodations for your next  
witness. Is that correct?

ALLEY  
Yes, Mr. Chairman.

CHAIRMAN  
(to the room)  
For those of you who don't know, we  
need a minute to prepare the room.  
The Clerk is going to collect your  
cellphones, watches, key fobs --  
any electrical devices. If you'd  
rather not, we ask you to please  
secure your items *outside* this  
room. Thank you for understanding.

The lights go OFF. Rolling out the red carpet for the king,  
making the room ready for Chuck. The main event.

The CLERK and an ASSISTANT circulate with plastic bags and  
sharpies -- put in your gear, write your name on it, seal and  
surrender it into their plastic bin. The more public, less  
honor-system version of HHM's routine.

The Clerk approaches the defense table. Kim writes her name  
on a bag, puts her phone in, hands it over. Jimmy does the  
same with his watch.

KIM  
Thanks.

CLERK  
Your phone, sir?

JIMMY  
I left it in my car.

The Clerk moves on. Jimmy watches as the Clerk's Assistant  
takes the battery-powered clock off the wall. Time ticking  
away, indeed. His nerves rising...

EXT. STATE BAR BUILDING - FRONT - DAY

CLOSE ON: a parking cone, lifting. A SECURITY GUARD moves it aside for Hamlin's car -- a special pre-arranged spot. [NOTE: It's physically the closest place to put a car, be it a space or a marked-off section of curb, location depending.]

Chuck and Hamlin get out, nodding to the Guard.

HAMLIN

Thank you.

They straighten their jackets as they stride inside.

INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - STAIRWAY - DAY

They climb a long, straight stairway. Focused. Chuck subtly fighting off the symptoms of his allergy through every irradiated step. A BIG GUY descends, glancing at a newspaper. *Kinda going down the up staircase there, guy...*

He causes a little traffic jam, forcing Hamlin and Chuck to go single file. Hamlin passes first, but the Guy gets in Chuck's way.

CHUCK

I... excuse me.

Waitamminute! Now we recognize the Guy as HUELL BABINEAUX, the nimble-fingered bodyguard from "Breaking Bad!" This must be the pickpocket that the Vet recommended to Jimmy.

There's an awkward do-si-do as they squeeze past one another.

HUELL

Sorry 'bout that.

CHUCK

No problem.

They keep climbing, but we linger for a moment with Huell. He slows. Stops. Looks back up at Chuck. *What just happened there??* Off that question, we...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

RAKING across the printed sign which reads "NO ELECTRONICS, PLEASE" posted on the door of Jimmy's hearing room.

CLERK (O.S.)

Do you swear to tell the whole  
truth, so help you God?

The VOICE of the Clerk carries us to...

INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - HEARING ROOM - DAY

... Chuck, swearing in. The fluorescents are turned off; the court reporter has moved -- all of Chuck's accommodations in place. Neither Francesca nor the P.I. are in the gallery, but otherwise the room is as it was at the end of Act Two.

CHUCK

I do.

Chuck sits. Even more than Hamlin, he's master of this domain. A lawyer among lawyers. Self-assured.

Throughout his testimony, Kim takes notes for cross. Jimmy keeps his emotions in check, watching his brother coolly. Besides, his real worry is that late flight...

ALLEY

Could you state your name?

CHUCK

Charles L. McGill. I am a senior partner at the law firm of Hamlin Hamlin McGill.

(louder)

Can the court reporter hear me?

COURT REPORTER

Yes, sir. I hear you fine.

ALLEY

Mr. McGill, I'll try to be brief. We don't need to dwell on the burglary or assault you suffered.

CHUCK

Thank you. I appreciate that.

(CONTINUED)

ALLEY

What I would like to hear about is this tape. What compelled you to make it?

CHUCK

I had a suspicion my brother had tampered with documents in a case I was working on.

ALLEY

Why would he do that? Doesn't sound particularly brotherly.

CHUCK

I believe his hope was that the tainted documents would cause the client to become disillusioned with my representation, and they would return to their previous attorney, Ms. Wexler. Which, I should note, is precisely what happened.

Kim doesn't bother standing for this one:

KIM

(dry)  
Objection.

CHUCK

(clarifies)  
I'm not saying Ms. Wexler knew what Jimmy was doing or had any involvement. I am only stating that it happened.

ALLEY

Did you have any evidence to support your suspicions about James?

CHUCK

No. My brother, whatever else can be said of him, can be quite clever. He did an excellent job of covering his tracks.

KIM

(stands)  
Objection. Speculation. The witness has admitted there's no corroborating evidence this supposed crime even *occurred*.

(CONTINUED)



COMMITTEE MEMBER #1  
I'd like to hear what he has to  
say.

CHAIRMAN  
We're going to continue.  
(off Kim about to object  
again)  
Ms. Wexler, we'll extend you the  
same latitude on cross.

Kim sags -- *dammit*. Jimmy shoots her a glance -- *it's ok*.

ALLEY  
Go on, Mr. McGill.

CHUCK  
Without physical evidence, I felt  
that a recorded confession -- if I  
could get one -- was my best bet.  
On its own, I knew the tape would  
be somewhat flimsy, but it was a  
start. A foundation for a more  
ironclad case.

Almost as an afterthought, he looks to the Committee. Chuck  
doesn't seem self-serving, just sadly matter-of-fact.

CHUCK  
I suppose Jimmy thought it was  
decisive evidence on its own,  
otherwise he wouldn't have broken  
in to destroy it.

KIM  
Objection! More speculation. How  
can he know what was going on in  
Jimmy's head?

CHAIRMAN  
Sustained. We just need to hear  
what happened, Mr. McGill.

But, of course, the point has been made.

CHUCK  
I apologize.  
(sums up)  
I recorded my brother to build a  
case against him.

(CONTINUED)

ALLEY

And at the time, would you say you were in possession of your faculties? All due respect, but you do sound somewhat unhinged in the recording.

Alley may seem adversarial, but actually he's heading off problems. A sapper blowing up mines before his case hits them. Chuck allows himself a tiny smile.

CHUCK

Yes. I understand that. But what you heard was... theater. A performance, play-acting.  
(simple)

I exaggerated the symptoms of my disease. To extract the truth.

ALLEY

On page three of the transcript -- there's a copy in front of you if you need it -- you say your mind doesn't work anymore. Did you mean that?

There's a shuffling of papers as the Committee Members examine the transcript. Chuck doesn't need to look.

CHUCK

No. That was a tactic. I pretended my disease was causing me to doubt myself, to lose my wits.

ALLEY

All right, can we talk about your disease for a moment? I'd like everyone here to be on the same page about it.

CHUCK

Of course. It's sometimes referred to as EHS, Electromagnetic Hyper-Sensitivity. I describe it as an acute allergy to electromagnetism. In my case, I'm especially sensitive to electrical currents.

ALLEY

It's not a common condition, is it?

CHUCK

(down-to-earth)  
I know this sounds strange. I do.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHUCK (CONT'D)

But thirty years ago, no one had heard of peanut allergies.

ALLEY

But you admit that no one -- no doctor -- has diagnosed you.

CHUCK

AIDS wasn't identified properly until 1981; HIV wasn't known as the cause until '83.

(simple)

These things take time to unravel. Even for doctors.

ALLEY

Would you say your illness affects your ability to think clearly?

CHUCK

No. It affects me physically; it causes me great pain. However, I'm perfectly lucid.

He *does* sound very rational. Believable. Chuck's winning the hearts-and-minds campaign, hands down -- we can see the Committee is clearly in his corner.

ALLEY

Thank you. I have only one more question, Mr. McGill.

(sympathetic)

Do you hate your brother?

CHUCK

(truly sincere)

Absolutely not. I love my brother. There's nothing malicious in Jimmy. He has a way of doing the worst things for reasons that sound almost... noble. But what he did was wrong.

(then)

I blame myself -- he should never have become a lawyer.

KIM

Objection.

CHUCK

(to the Committee)

I withdraw that. That's up to you to decide, now.

(smoothly)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CHUCK (CONT'D)

But what I know for sure is the law is too important to be toyed with. It's mankind's greatest achievement, the Rule of Law. The idea that no matter who you are, your actions have *consequences*. And the way my brother treats the law breaks my heart. That's why I did what I did. Not to hurt him, but to protect something I hold sacred.

Chuck's not on a soapbox. He seems genuinely moved. Alley knows he's not gonna get any better than that.

ALLEY

Thank you, Mr. McGill.  
(to the Committee)  
The State Bar rests.

Alley sits. Jimmy tugs on Kim's sleeve, whispers in her ear. She nods, then stands.

KIM

I'm sorry. My co-counsel and I... need a moment to confer?

CHAIRMAN

(grudging)  
Please be brief, counselor.

KIM

Yes, of course.

Kim sits. She and Jimmy shuffle around some papers and talk. (They're mounting another stall, but we won't privilege their Pocket Dialogue enough to really know.)

Chuck surveys the room from the stand, proud of the job he's doing nailing Jimmy's coffin tight.

Then, the main door opens. It's Francesca. She holds the door for... REBECCA!! They both step inside.

Chuck stares. Blood running to ice. She hasn't visibly changed at all in the two years since the Teaser. Still lovely. Still a piece chipped off his heart.

Rebecca catches Chuck's eye, smiles supportively. Francesca shows her to a seat near Hamlin, who's also surprised. He gives her a quick hug, and a greeting.

Chuck smells a rat: *what's going on here?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Jimmy follows Chuck's look, over his shoulder. Spots Rebecca. *Thank. God.* This is the mystery guest Jimmy's been waiting for! He gives her a small wave, which she returns. He rises and goes to her. Hamlin, ever discreet, steps away when Jimmy arrives. He and Rebecca chat, but we don't hear what they're saying.

Chuck's gorge rises, his anger building. *Goddamn Jimmy...*

CHUCK

Mr. Chairman, I'm sorry, could I take a moment? I'd like to get a breath.

CHAIRMAN

Of course, Mr. McGill.

(announcing)

Folks, let's call this fifteen. Everyone please be back and ready to go on the hour.

Most of those present head for the exits. Chuck steps down. Ready to wring Jimmy's neck.

Jimmy sees Chuck approach. With one tiny flicker of a fuck-you glance at Chuck, Jimmy and Kim leave Rebecca and head out to the Hallway. Rebecca looks expectantly at Chuck.

Chuck takes a deep breath. *Here goes...* He approaches cautiously. Keeping his rage in check. She meets him in the aisle.

CHUCK

Rebecca.

REBECCA

(warm but with kid gloves)

Hi, Chuck. Good to see you.

CHUCK

I have to say this is a bit of a surprise. Did you come all the way from Singapore?

REBECCA

No, I was in Portland visiting my Mom.

CHUCK

Did Jimmy... did Jimmy subpoena you? You're not on the witness list. You don't have to testify if you don't --

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA  
No. No, I'm not here for that.

CHUCK  
Then, what..?

She looks at him as if he were a child who'd just lost a pet.

REBECCA  
Chuck... I wish you had told me. I  
can't believe what you've been  
going through. How long has it  
been?

It sinks in. The tender, painful sadness. The look he never  
wanted to see on her face. She knows. And Chuck can, sadly,  
guess the rest.

CHUCK  
Ah. You're here to "help."  
Because all this is so stressful  
for me.  
(then)  
Is that what Jimmy told you?

REBECCA  
He's worried about you, Chuck. In  
spite of everything that's happened  
between you, he still cares.

In other words, Jimmy has told her all about the disciplinary  
hearing -- or at least his version of it.

CHUCK  
What exactly did he say?

REBECCA  
He told me... that you've been  
sick. Allergic to electricity? He  
sent me pictures of the house,  
Chuck, my god. And last time I was  
here! With the phone! I couldn't  
understand why you were acting like  
that, what I'd done... Why didn't  
you *tell* me?

Chuck chokes down his rage. Crushes it. It's turning into a  
razor-sharp diamond inside him. *Fucking. Jimmy.*

CHUCK  
(plain)  
I didn't want to upset you. To  
worry you unnecessarily.  
(a breath, then)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

CHUCK (CONT'D)

But now you're here. And now you know.

Though he's outwardly placid, Rebecca knows Chuck well enough to see he's pissed. She backs off.

REBECCA

Look, I came because I thought this was the right thing. I thought... I don't know, you might want me to. But I guess I'm a distraction.

(stepping away)

I'm in town for a couple days, and I'd love to spend some time with you... but right now, I think I should go.

She makes to step past him, but he stops her.

CHUCK

Please, no. I want you to stay.

REBECCA

Really? You don't seem happy to see me.

CHUCK

I am. I'm surprised, that's all.  
(firm but gentle)  
Stay. Please.

REBECCA

Are you sure?

CHUCK

Yes. I'm sure.  
(icy calm)  
You've been sold a bill of goods, Rebecca. And I want you to see what's *what*.

Chuck's not shaken anymore. He's a rock. Off Rebecca, convinced to stay for the fireworks...

INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

By the vending machine, Jimmy eats from a bag of chips. Kim sips a bottle of water. Kim looks back toward the door. [Note: we don't need to privilege it, but there is now signage on the door, something to the effect of "No Electronics Please."]

KIM

She's not what I expected.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY  
What did you expect?

KIM  
I'm not sure. Just not... *her*.

Jimmy shrugs, finishes the last of his chips. Kim looks at him. *Last chance to call this off...*

KIM  
You know... she's going to hate you  
when this is over.

He crumples the empty bag in his fist.

JIMMY  
(simple)  
Yep.

He throws the bag in the trash. Off Jimmy, starting toward the Hearing Room, ready for the fight of his life...

END ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - HEARING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: the still-glowing EXIT sign. BOOM DOWN to reveal the hearing getting back to business. Chuck on the stand. Everyone else in place.

CHAIRMAN

All right, Mr. McGill, I'll remind you that you're still under oath.

CHUCK

I understand.

KIM

(stands)

At this time, I'd like to turn cross-examination over to my co-counsel, James McGill.

If this takes Chuck by surprise, you'd never know it from looking at him. Jimmy stands, ready for the moment of truth.

Jimmy steps to the lectern. It's McGill v. McGill! Jimmy the affable common man versus Chuck the precise legal genius.

Jimmy takes his moment. Looks at his notes. Takes a breath. He's ready to come out swinging.

JIMMY

Y'know, there's been a lot of fuss about it, but you and I, we've never really *talked* about this tape you made.

CHUCK

We lost the opportunity when you burglarized my house to destroy it.

JIMMY

Fair enough. I was in the wrong there. But still. I'd like to see if I can follow your story about why and how you recorded it.

CHUCK

Oh, is this where you claim the tape is spurious? That it's not your voice?

JIMMY

No. That's me on the tape.

(CONTINUED)

*Whoa.* Chuck didn't expect Jimmy to admit that so readily! While he's off-balance, Jimmy presses his advantage.

JIMMY

But I still have questions. Like, the recorder -- man, that must've hurt like hell for you to touch.

CHUCK

There was a degree of discomfort, yes.

JIMMY

Where did you even hide it? It sounds pretty clear. It wasn't in the couch cushions, was it?

CHUCK

(not unhappy with himself)  
Tucked under a space blanket. Out of sight.

JIMMY

Wow. No chance I'd see that! Not with the state your place was in. Isn't that right?

CHUCK

(shrugs)  
Maybe so.

JIMMY

Could you set the scene for the Disciplinary Committee? Tell us what your house looked like when the recording was made.

ALLEY

Objection. Relevance?

Jimmy's done his homework -- he's crisp and authoritative.

JIMMY

The circumstances of the recording are materially relevant. How can you understand what the tape really means if you don't know what was going on when it was made?

The Chairman nods: *point taken.*

CHAIRMAN

Overruled. The witness can answer the question.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chuck doesn't flinch. He's ready. All the groundwork has been laid so that this part won't sound batshit crazy...

CHUCK

I had covered most of the walls with Foil-Scrim Kraft insulation. I also hung a number of space blankets.

(off Jimmy's look)

Compact mylar sheets. They insulate and protect against mild electromagnetic radiation.

JIMMY

What do they look like?

CHUCK

Silver. Somewhat like aluminum foil, but lighter.

JIMMY

So shiny insulation and space blankets -- all over the walls and ceiling. It was like being inside a disco ball.

CHUCK

Do you have a point?

JIMMY

I'm impressed by how much work went into entrapping me. You went all out.

CHUCK

I didn't entrap you. I provoked an admission in adverse interest. That's not the same thing.

Now Jimmy gets to his real point. He drops his voice, leans in closer.

JIMMY

How'd you know it would work?

CHUCK

What do you mean?

JIMMY

I mean, how'd you know your 'provocation' would work? Why would you think a bunch of shiny plastic would make me say anything?

(CONTINUED)

Chuck knows what Jimmy wants him to say -- that he knew it would scare Jimmy. But no way. Chuck's not admitting squat.

JIMMY

(presses)

Isn't it because you knew that was precisely the thing that would worry me so much I'd say *anything* to talk you down?

ALLEY

Objection.

JIMMY

Withdrawn.

Jimmy figured that wouldn't fly, but hopes maybe they heard him -- that's the thrust of his whole argument! He moves on.

JIMMY

Let's get back to your house, every surface covered in tin foil. Nothing crazy about that.

CHUCK

As I've said, I was playing up my condition. Usually, it's a perfectly normal house.

JIMMY

Really? You think your house is normal? Can I call your attention to Exhibit Twelve..? That's your house, isn't it?

Chuck flips through the thick BINDER of exhibits to Twelve: the photos Mike took. The ones Jimmy sent Rebecca.

CHUCK

Yes.

JIMMY

Huh... I mean, I see pulled wires. Camp stoves. Lanterns on top of newspapers... Would you say those are "normal?"

CHUCK

I'd say they were adaptations. As a prophylactic measure for a physical, *medical condition*.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Did the doctor who granted me a Guardianship for you think this is a "physical condition?"

ALLEY

Objection! You can't introduce a TEG as evidence. Besides which, the panel has already ruled Mr. McGill's mental health is not at issue.

Jimmy's feeling the heat, but he stays calm and professional as he addresses the Committee.

JIMMY

The State Bar opened the door to this on direct when the witness talked about his supposed "play-acting." Allowing me to follow up on cross is only reasonable.

ALLEY

We discussed his physical allergy, not a mental disability.

JIMMY

Potato, po-tah-to! Look, it comes down to this: in order for you to know what I was thinking, you need to see Chuck through my eyes.

(to the Committee)

You need to know if I believed that tape was *evidence*. And I say the only thing it's evidence of is the fact my brother hates me.

(simplifying)

He claims he lied to get me to tell the truth. *I'm* telling you I lied to make my brother feel better. Which of us you believe depends on how we all understand the mind of Charles McGill.

The Chairman nods. Jimmy makes a good case. Jimmy chews his lip, holds his breath. *If this doesn't go my way...*

CHAIRMAN

We did promise the defense some leeway. You may proceed --

JIMMY

Thank you, Mr. Chairman.

(CONTINUED)

CHAIRMAN

-- But watch yourself.

Jimmy nods to the Chairman, turns back to a seething Chuck.

JIMMY

Can we go back a little further,  
Chuck? I'd like to talk about when  
your symptoms first appeared. It  
was shortly after you were  
divorced, is that correct?

Jimmy doesn't take his eyes off his brother.

CHUCK

Yes.

JIMMY

Do you think the stress of the  
divorce might've brought on your  
illness?

CHUCK

I doubt it. It was an amicable  
split. My ex-wife and I are still  
on good terms.

JIMMY

In fact, your ex-wife is present  
here today, is she not? When was  
the last time you saw her?

ALLEY

(getting fed up)

Objection. This is not family  
court. We're not here to re-  
litigate the witness's divorce. I  
can't see what purpose this serves.

Chuck, though, is cool as a cucumber. He saw this coming,  
and he's ready to respond.

CHUCK

I can. I'll tell you why my  
brother brought my ex-wife to this  
hearing. 4,000 miles she came,  
lured by concern for me.

(a sigh)

What Jimmy's driving at is that the  
last time I saw her, I covered up  
my illness. I'd been suffering  
from it for some time, but I went  
to great lengths to conceal that  
fact from her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

He finds Rebecca's kind, caring face in the audience.

CHUCK

I'm sorry I deceived you, Rebecca.  
I didn't want you to think less of  
me.

He's simple, sad, but not weepy -- reliving the heartbreak of  
the Teaser. He looks back to Jimmy, eyes flashing.

CHUCK

Now Jimmy has outed me here in  
front of you. Do you know why? To  
rattle me. He knows I have a, a  
lot of... feeling for my ex-wife.  
He's hoping this will break me  
down. Split me apart at the seams  
like a murderer confessing in an  
episode of Perry Mason. Well, I'm  
sorry to disappoint you, Jimmy.

He locks eyes with Jimmy, full of cold fury. Curt.

CHUCK

Have I answered your questions to  
your satisfaction? Do you have  
anything else?

Looks like Chuck deflected Jimmy's big move! And he didn't  
crack at all. Jimmy looks suitably chastened.

JIMMY

Yes. I do. Earlier, you talked  
about some other diseases.  
Physical conditions, you said.  
Okay. So let's say you had, I  
dunno... lung cancer.

(quiet)

Would you have told Rebecca *then*?

Chuck blinks. Considers. *Would he have..?*

CHUCK

If that had been the case... maybe.  
I might have.

JIMMY

(genuinely perplexed)  
So... how is this different?

Chuck works his jaw, trying to find the words. But he can't.  
Jimmy didn't expect him to. He lets it hang, until:

(CONTINUED)

COMMITTEE MEMBER #2  
(a nudge)  
Mr. McGill. Move it along.

JIMMY  
You know what, you don't need to answer that.  
(brisk)  
Let's get down to brass tacks. I want to be very, very specific here. This illness, what does it feel like? You mentioned it's painful.

Chuck is quietly compelling as he explains.

CHUCK  
It is. There's a tightness in my chest. Difficulty breathing. And pain, burning pain. And the pain spreads... everywhere...

Jimmy considers this. He seems to empathize.

JIMMY  
Sounds horrible. Does it hurt right now?

CHUCK  
There's always some discomfort. Electricity is everywhere in the modern world.  
(to the Committee)  
But I very much appreciate the indulgence of the panel for their accommodation here today. I can handle this fine.

While Chuck talks, Jimmy nods to Francesca. She quietly leaves without drawing attention.

JIMMY  
The lights, the microphones. When they're off you don't feel them?

CHUCK  
If the current's not flowing, no.

JIMMY  
Sorry about the exit signs. Guess they couldn't kill those for you.

Chuck doesn't take the bait. (Meanwhile, Francesca re-enters discreetly with Huell and sits in the rear of the gallery.)

(CONTINUED)



CHUCK

It's fine. They're not drawing much current and they're far away. Intensity falls off with distance per the inverse-square law.

JIMMY

Whoa! Inverse-square! I'm no physicist. Could you dumb that down a shade for me?

CHUCK

The farther away it is, the stronger the source needs to be to have an effect.

JIMMY

Got it, got it. So if I had a small battery, from a watch or something -- if I got it close enough to you, near your skin maybe, you'd know?

CHUCK

Yes. I would feel it.

Jimmy moves closer to Chuck. Leaning near (but absolutely not touching) him, first on his left side, then the right. Pointing to different spots in the room, sussing it out.

JIMMY

Can you feel more current from any particular direction right now? Anything coming through the wall back there? Or over there? What about through the floor? Can you tell us where the nearest source is?

Although Jimmy's not telegraphing it, Chuck senses the trap. He narrows his eyes.

CHUCK

Jimmy. Have you got something in your pocket?

Jimmy stands still. Caught. He looks to Kim for support.

JIMMY

Uh... yes. I do, in fact.

Takes out his cellphone, holds it up. A MURMUR in the court.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

JIMMY

My cellphone. At this distance,  
you should feel it, shouldn't you?  
And you don't!

CHAIRMAN

Mr. McGill, you were warned to  
leave your electronics outside!

Chuck, though, is eerily cool, calm and collected.

CHUCK

It's all right. May I..?

He reaches out, steadily, and takes the phone! *Jesus!* Is he  
white-knuckling it here, or..?

Without the slightest wince, he opens the back of the phone.  
Looks inside. And holds it up: empty!

CHUCK

As I thought, there's no battery.  
You took it out. That's a sorry  
little trick, isn't it?

More MURMURS. Jimmy's impressed. He nods, seemingly rueful.

JIMMY

Yep. You got me, Chuck. Dead to  
rights. I took the battery out.

ALLEY

Objection!

The Chairman has just about had it with Jimmy.

CHAIRMAN

Sustained. You've taken all the  
leeway you're getting, Mr. McGill.  
Wrap it up fast.

Chuck's losing his patience for Jimmy's hijinks. Very aware  
of Rebecca's eyes on him. If he were a dam in a disaster  
movie, there'd be a crack forming...

CHUCK

God, Jimmy. You should know by  
now, this is real. I feel it.  
It's a physical response to  
stimuli, not a -- a quirk! What  
will it take to prove it to you?

JIMMY

I don't know, Chuck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

Jimmy reaches over and takes his phone back. He looks at the phone in his hand. Hefts it.

JIMMY

(plain)

Could you reach into your breast pocket? Tell me what's there.

Chuck sighs, rolls his eyes and reaches in...

CHUCK

What now? Did you --?

FUCK! His eyes go wide as his fingers strike metal. It's a cell phone battery.

He rips it out of his pocket. Like he's snake-bit, he FLINGS it down. Rebecca nearly gasps, puts a hand to her mouth.

JIMMY

Could you tell the court what that was?

CHUCK

(stunned)

It's a battery...

Jimmy picks it up. Chuck cradles the hand that touched the battery. Feeling the burn.

ALLEY

Objection!

Jimmy pays no attention, steamrolling on. *Nothing stops this train!* He points to Huell in the audience.

JIMMY

(relentless)

Do you recognize that man in the back? His name is Huell Babineaux - he's on our witness list. You remember, you bumped into him in the stairway. He'll testify he planted that fully-charged battery on you over an hour and a half ago!

By now, Jimmy has put the battery in the phone and powered it up. Its glow backs him up -- that battery's got juice!

HUELL

An hour and forty three minutes!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

CHUCK  
(overlapping, confused)  
No... It's a trick. Must be...

JIMMY  
Thank you, Mr. Babineaux. An hour  
and forty three minutes! And you  
felt nothing.

All of that happened fast enough that Jimmy could get away  
with it, but now Alley's on his feet, objecting.

ALLEY  
(to the Committee)  
Enough is enough! I submit, Mr.  
McGill's mental illness is a non-  
issue! If he was schizophrenic --

CHUCK  
(*what did he call me??*)  
Schizo --!

ALLEY  
-- it wouldn't change the fact that  
the *defendant* --

Hearing himself described -- here, at the Bar -- as "mentally  
ill" cuts Chuck to the quick. The dam gives way. All his  
rage, his hatred, his misery comes flooding out. *Enough!*

CHUCK  
(to Alley)  
I am not crazy!

He catches a glimpse of Rebecca's upturned face in the  
gallery. Literally the last person in the world he wants to  
see him in this light.

CHUCK  
(to Rebecca)  
I am not crazy.  
(to the Committee)  
I know he swapped those numbers! I  
knew it was 1216. One after Magna  
Carta! As if I would make such a  
mistake. Never. Never! I just,  
just couldn't prove it. He made  
sure of that! He covered his  
tracks, got that idiot at the copy  
shop to lie for him --

ALLEY  
Mr. McGill, please, you don't --!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

CHUCK

(over Alley)

You think this is bad, this, this chicanery? He's done worse! That billboard! You're telling me a man just happens to fall like that? No -- he orchestrated that! Jimmy!

ALLEY

(overlapping)

Mr. McGill, please--!

Chuck scratches at his hand, near to drawing blood he's digging in so. The faces of the Committee start to shift. Their outrage at Jimmy is turning to something else...

CHUCK

He defecated through a sun roof! I saved him, but I shouldn't have. Took him into my own firm! What was I thinking!?

He appeals to everyone and no one. Looking at Rebecca, Alley, Hamlin, Kim. Their faces all filling with that loathsome, awful pity.

CHUCK

He'll never change. Since he was nine, always the same! Couldn't keep his hands out of the cash drawer. But no, not Jimmy! It couldn't be precious Jimmy! Stealing them blind! And him a lawyer. What a sick joke.

He looks to the Committee. They've got to be on his side, right..?

CHUCK

I should have stopped him when I had a chance. You, you have to stop him! *You have to --!!*

The room's dead silent. Here is the Chuck Jimmy described: a sad case who can't hold it together in the presence of a tiny battery. A man unglued and unwell.

Chuck looks around. Taking a breath. Understanding at last that he has lost. Too late, he composes himself.

CHUCK

I apologize. I... lost my train of thought. Got... carried away.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (13)

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
(diminished, to Jimmy)  
Do... do you have anything else?

Jimmy looks at his brother. The man he just buried.

JIMMY  
(evenly)  
No. Nothing further.

Jimmy takes his seat, still watching Chuck. Kim looks at Jimmy, overwhelmed by the enormity of what she and Jimmy just did.

Chuck sinks down in his chair, spent. He stares at that damn EXIT sign. Still glowing.

The tiny HUM of it rises, slightly. Off this tableau, we...

END EPISODE