

# BETTER CALL SAUL

"Winner"

Episode #410

Written by

Peter Gould  
&  
Thomas Schnauz

Directed by

Adam Bernstein

EMMY FINAL  
5/08/18

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**BETTER CALL SAUL**

"Winner"

5/08/18

Cast List

JIMMY  
CHUCK  
MIKE  
KIM  
HAMLIN  
GUS

ERNIE  
BURT  
NICK  
ANDRE  
LALO  
DIEGO  
GUS'S TWO TRACKERS  
VICTOR  
SOUND GUY  
CAMERA GUY  
DRAMA GIRL  
RICH SCHWEIKART  
SIR FRANCIS  
JULIE  
WERNER  
MILO  
BAR ASSOCIATION CLERK  
WELL-DRESSED OLDER MAN  
BAR ASSOCIATION LAWYER  
VOUCHER  
VOUCHER #2  
MALE MOURNER  
FEMALE MOURNER  
FRED  
OLDER ATTORNEY  
FEMALE ATTORNEY  
CORDOVA  
LYNTON  
NOLAN  
DUNCAN  
MARCIE  
FRANKLYN  
KRISTY  
FEMALE BOARD MEMBER  
FRONT DESK WORKER  
CHAIRMAN  
TYRUS  
ARTHUR  
SAM

Non-speaking:

BAR ASSOCIATION VOUCHER  
BAR ASSOC LAWYERS-TO-BE (5)  
BAR ASSOC FAMILY & FRIENDS  
BAR ASSOC JUSTICES (5)  
HHM ASSISTANTS & STAFF  
WAITRESS  
MIKE'S GUY  
CUSTOMER  
RECEPTION LAWYERS  
SCHOLARSHIP BOARD MEMBERS (5)  
SCHOLARSHIP CANDIDATES  
PARENTS  
VACATIONERS  
COMMITTEE MEMBERS (3)

Omitted:

WOMAN (WITH KRISTY)

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Set List

Interiors:

BAR ASSOCIATION  
MULTI-PURPOSE ROOM  
KARAOKE BAR  
JIMMY'S ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT  
LIVING ROOM  
BEDROOM  
TRAILER  
WERNER'S BEDROOM  
TRAVEL WIRE OFFICE  
EMPLOYEE AREA  
UNIVERSITY LIBRARY  
HALL  
HHM  
CONFERENCE ROOM  
PARKING STRUCTURE  
ELEVATOR BANK  
KIM'S CONDO  
LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN  
BEDROOM  
POLLOS HERMANOS  
GUS'S OFFICE  
SUPERLAB CONSTRUCTION SITE  
STATE BAR BUILDING  
HALLWAY  
HEARING ROOM  
OUTSIDE HEARING ROOM  
SUV  
MIKE'S CAR  
LALO'S CAR

Exteriors:

CEMETERY  
ANONYMOUS WAREHOUSE  
FACTORY FARM  
TRAVEL WIRE OFFICE  
UNIVERSITY LIBRARY  
CONVENTION CENTER PARKING LOT  
ENTRANCE  
INTERSECTION  
HHM  
DULCE VEGA HOT SPRINGS HOTEL & SPA  
FRONT AREA  
REMOTE HIGHWAY  
ABANDONED SPEEDWAY  
DESERT  
STATE BAR BUILDING

TEASER

1

INT. BAR ASSOCIATION - MULTI-PURPOSE ROOM - DAY

1

The CAMERA starts on a uniquely New Mexican MURAL (something similar to the courtroom artwork of Ep. 305 "Chicanery") as a SLOW PULL BACK begins our opening ONER...

We TRACK BACK past a long table to find, sitting in the first seat: a WELL-DRESSED YOUNG MAN with hands folded. As we continue along, next to this fellow is a WELL-DRESSED OLDER MAN who stands up from his chair and clears his throat... then addresses someone OFF-CAMERA.

WELL-DRESSED OLDER MAN

Hello. My name is Kenneth Kazanjian, partner with the firm of Reeves & Green. I'm here before you today to vouch for Daniel Stark.

The older man nods at the proud fellow he just vouched for and sits back down. The CAMERA never stops moving as we continue to TRACK BACK, and...

We pass a SMARTLY DRESSED WOMAN in the third chair, who looks to the LAWYER seated to her right. He stands and also addresses the group OFF-CAMERA...

LAWYER

Your Honors, my name is Joseph Adamson, with Adamson, Field and Wright, and it is my pleasure to stand before you this afternoon to vouch for Gina Robles. Thank you.

We'll get a better sense of this room as the PULL BACK continues: there are rows of seats behind the table we're focused on, filled with FAMILY and FRIENDS, all here to see their loved ones sworn in at the New Mexico Bar.

Continuing our TRACK BACK, the next person we find is...

JIMMY MCGILL! This is a younger Jimmy, full of hope and promise, sometime in the year 1998. We might not immediately realize we're in a FLASHBACK, but we'll definitely know when we REVEAL the person next to him is...

CHUCK MCGILL! His confident and commanding presence is on full display as he stands and talks to the justices who oversee the ceremony.

(CONTINUED)

CHUCK

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm Charles McGill -- senior partner at Hamlin, Hamlin, McGill -- and I stand before you to vouch for my brother, James Morgan McGill. Thank you.

Jimmy looks up at his brother, beaming with pride. He also throws a glance back to the gallery, where...

KIM WEXLER, ERNIE and BURT (from the mail room) all sit in support of Jimmy. Kim flashes her THUMBS UP. Jimmy wants to return the signal, but he's on his best behavior next to Chuck.

Our TRACK BACK CONTINUES as we reveal another LAWYER-TO-BE and her VOUCHER...

VOUCHER

Hello, I am Diane Rourke with Bremmer and Bremmer, and I have the honor of vouching for my daughter, Samantha Rourke.

We go WIDE to see the line of TWELVE PEOPLE at this long table and the FIVE JUSTICES behind their judges' bench.

VOUCHER #2

Your Honors, Nathaniel Scott, solo practitioner, and I have the pleasure to stand and vouch today for Frances Yu.

Off the solemn tableau... CUT TO:

2 CLOSE UP OF ERNIE

2

ERNIE

(sings into microphone)  
*Forever's gonna start tonight!*  
*Forever's gonna start tonight!*

WIDER -- we are in:

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

Ernie is on stage SINGING his lungs out to "Total Eclipse of the Heart" as the lyrics flash across a SCREEN for him to read.

The GANG from HHM has brought Jimmy to celebrate his newfound lawyerdom.

(CONTINUED)

There are BALLOONS -- some in the shapes of gavels or scales of justice -- hovering over the HHM reserved tables. The folks here are mostly lower level ASSISTANTS and STAFFERS enjoying pitchers of beer and plates of chicken wings. Except...

Chuck. He sits alone with a cocktail, out of place, trying to seem like he's enjoying himself. Ernie's singing is not making it easy.

ERNIE

(sings)

*Once upon a time,  
I was falling in love,  
But now I'm only falling apart.  
And there's nothing I can do,  
A total eclipse of the heart.*

At their own table, Jimmy and Kim page through a large KARAOKE SONGBOOK, looking to pick which song they'll perform together.

JIMMY

That's the one--

KIM

No, pick something else. I'm not doing that.

JIMMY

Um, yeah, you're singing this with me.

KIM

I'm not doing Bohemian Rhapsody. You're singing your own song after Ernie, let me do one by myself.

JIMMY

Hey, this is my night. I'm a lawyer now. I've been barred a whole...

(checks watch)

Three hours. So I can sue you if you don't sing with me.

KIM

And I'll sue you right back.

JIMMY

Yeah? I'll double sue you.

KIM

That's not a thing.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

It could be, once my full power is  
unleashed. You willing to take  
that risk?

Ernie's voice cracks going for a high note, which draws their  
attention.

ERNIE

(sings)

*Turnaround bright eyes,  
Every now and then I fall apart!*

JIMMY

Wow, Ernie's really going for it.

Jimmy then notices...

Chuck at his table, finishing off his drink and refusing a  
refill from the WAITRESS. Then... he starts gathering his  
jacket, preparing to leave.

JIMMY

Uh-oh. Chuck's gonna bail.

KIM

Yeah, well, y'know... this isn't  
really his kinda place.

JIMMY

The guy never has any fun. I was  
hoping he would, y'know... "mingle"  
with some of the ladyfolk...

KIM

He will. When he's ready.

(Reminder for this time period: they're both referring to  
Rebecca's recent departure from their marriage.)

Chuck fishes in his wallet for a tip. Jimmy spots this and  
heads over.

JIMMY

(to Kim as he goes)

Okay, I'm goin' in.

KIM

Good luck.

JIMMY

Pick us a good song! Not this  
decade!

(CONTINUED)

Jimmy hurriedly winds his way through the tables and balloons, then...

He heads Chuck off as he's about to step away from his table.

JIMMY

Hey, buddy. You're not leaving already, are ya?

Chuck smiles politely.

CHUCK

Jimmy, it's been great fun, really it has, but... early morning meeting. You know how it is.

JIMMY

C'mon! Ten minutes. You can do ten more. Ten! That's nothing--

CHUCK

Jimmy--

JIMMY

You can't go. My song's up next! Stay. C'mon, look...

(off his hesitation)

If you go and everyone at work tomorrow is talking about my performance, you're never gonna forgive yourself for missing it.

Chuck doesn't want to be rude, and reluctantly nods...

CHUCK

I-- Sure, okay. I'll stay, just a little longer--

JIMMY

Great! You won't regret it--

Ernie's song FADES OUT and the opening piano chords for Jimmy's song starts: ABBA's "The Winner Takes It All."

JIMMY

Oh, that's me!

Jimmy bounds onstage and takes the microphone from Ernie.

Chuck does stay, as promised, but remains standing and holding his coat, ready for the quick exit.

ABBA LYRICS stream across the karaoke screen. Jimmy sings and (of course) is terrible, but he's really into it.

(CONTINUED)



JIMMY  
(sings into microphone)  
*I don't want to talk,  
About the things we've gone  
through,  
Though it's hurting me,  
Now it's history.*

Looking out at awkward and alone Chuck inspires Jimmy, and he yells into the microphone:

JIMMY  
Chuck! Come on up here!

Chuck is a deer in the headlights, and politely shakes his head "no."

JIMMY  
(sings)  
*I've played all my cards,  
And that's what you've done too...*  
(to the crowd)  
Chuck McGill everyone! Let's hear  
it!

Kim and the others clap for Chuck. Chuck isn't angry, but he really doesn't want to be drawn into this nonsense.

Jimmy comes down on the floor and puts the microphone in Chuck's face for the "Nothing more to say" lyric, but all he can get from his brother is:

CHUCK  
Jimmy... no...

JIMMY  
(sings)  
*No more ace to play...  
The winner takes it all!*

Microphone back in Chuck's face, he reluctantly responds...

CHUCK  
*...the loser standing small...*

JIMMY  
There ya go!

The HHM crowd goes nuts! *Whoooooooooooo!!!!*

Jimmy takes Chuck's coat and sets it down, guiding him onto the stage...

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY  
*Beside the victory,  
That's her destiny...  
I was in your arms...*

Chuck is hesitant at first, but gets more and more into showing off his voice (and he has a great voice).

CHUCK  
*Thinking I belonged there...*

JIMMY  
*I figured it made sense,  
Building me a fence...*

CHUCK  
*Building me a home...*

JIMMY AND CHUCK  
(singing together)  
*Thinking I'd be strong there,  
But I was a fool,  
Playing by the rules.*

Finally, Chuck pulls the microphone away from Jimmy and goes all out.

CHUCK  
*The gods may throw a dice,  
Their minds as cold as ice,  
And someone way down here,  
Loses someone dear.*

Chuck really takes over the stage, getting into the song, while Jimmy stands back and smiles. Kim is laughing, amazed - she's never seen her boss like this.

CHUCK  
*The winner takes it all!  
The loser has to fall.  
It's simple and it's plain,  
Why should I complain?*

Off Chuck, deep in the performance as his voice fills the room...

3 INT. JIMMY'S ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 3

This is a place we've never seen before -- a rental Jimmy lost some time before his move to the nail salon. Knotty wall-to-wall carpet, a hodgepodge of cheap furniture, sneakers and clothes strewn sloppily about, dirty dinner plates and empty beer bottles... a real bachelor's pad.

(CONTINUED)

Chuck uses the key to open the front door, and he helps an inebriated Jimmy inside. Chuck's a little buzzed, but nowhere near as bad as his brother.

CHUCK

Watch your step here. C'mon.

As Chuck looks around (his first time seeing the place) to locate the bedroom and guide his brother there, Jimmy has some stream-of-thought drunken ramblings:

JIMMY

McGill and McGill. The brothers McGill. I'm a lawyer... and you're a lawyer. How 'bout that? Two lawyers. M & M. Melts in your mouth, not in your hands.

CHUCK

Mm-hm.

JIMMY

Hey, you should talk to Howard about adding another "M" to the firm. It's more symmetrical. People love symmetricality.

CHUCK

I... can't argue with that.

They pass into...

4 INT. JIMMY'S ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 4

Chuck flops Jimmy into the unmade bed. He pulls off Jimmy's shoes and loosens his tie to make him more comfortable.

JIMMY

That's why God gave everybody two eyes. It's pleasing to look at. Two hands. Two feet. Thumbs. Two nipples. We could all get along fine with just the one nipple, but, c'mon. Two is obviously better. Am I right?

CHUCK

You may be more right about this than anything you've ever spoken about before.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Thank you. Four or six nipples...  
that's interesting, but,  
ultimately, I submit to the court,  
overkill.

Chuck moves a garbage pail from the bathroom next to Jimmy's  
bed (near his head), and then goes back to the bathroom sink  
to fill a cup with water.

JIMMY

H-H-M-M. "HMMMMMMMM." See, that's  
just better. Otherwise, it's only,  
"Hmph." You should be writing this  
down--

CHUCK

Jimmy... Jimmy. I put a trash can  
next to your bed. If and when you  
need it. Okay?

JIMMY

You... you think of everything. So  
smart.

Chuck sets the cup of water on the end table and then sits on  
the edge of the mattress.

CHUCK

And there's water for you, too.

We've seen many episodes with Jimmy caring for sick Chuck,  
but this is one of the few times we've seen Chuck nursing his  
brother. Jimmy is almost asleep...

JIMMY

Thank you. Thank you, Chuck.  
You're the best.

Chuck studies his brother a moment, as if he's about to get  
back up, but... he's tired. Then...

CHUCK

What do you feel like in the  
morning? Eggs or pancakes?

Jimmy's eyes are closed, but his eyebrows go way up.

JIMMY

Oh, pancakes. Make those pancakes  
you make.

CHUCK

Pancakes it is.

(CONTINUED)

Chuck kicks off his shoes, then lays down next to Jimmy.

CHUCK

Get some rest, Jimmy. You had a big day.

JIMMY

It was. It was a big day.  
(then)  
Good night, Chuck.

CHUCK

Good night.

The two are silent for a long beat. We seem to be going out on them, asleep, until...

Jimmy opens his lips.

JIMMY

(soft)  
*The winner takes it all...*

A slow smile crosses Chuck's face, and then:

CHUCK

*And the loser has to fall...*

We're HIGH ANGLE ON the brothers as they continue to quietly sing the song.

JIMMY AND CHUCK

*Beside the victory,  
That's her destiny.  
I was in your arms,  
Thinking I belonged there,  
I figured it made sense,  
Building me a fence,  
Building me a home,  
Thinking I'd be strong there,  
But I was a fool--*

Off this sweet moment, right in the middle of an ABBA lyric, we...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

5 CLOSE-UP of FLOWERS. A small group of red, pink and white carnations held in someone's hands. REVEAL: 5

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

It's Jimmy, dressed for mourning in black coat and tie.

WIDE: He stands alone in a picturesque cemetery -- a field of tombstones and tall trees in early sunlight. Jimmy hangs his head before a large granite GRAVESTONE in remembrance of Charles McGill (and we may or may not notice an extra spot on the plot that was reserved for his ex-wife, Rebecca).

*What's happening here?* Jimmy appears to be feeling sorrow over the loss of his brother in a way we haven't seen.

CLOSE ON Jimmy. His lips are moving, and we can just barely hear what he's saying, repeating two words, over and over...

JIMMY

Watermelon, pickles... Watermelon,  
pickles... Watermelon, pickles...

Wait... What?!? *Watermelon, pickles*?!? Is Jimmy short-circuiting?

Two PEOPLE with FLOWERS approach behind him, OUT-OF-FOCUS in the deep background. (What we'll soon come to realize is that, for the benefit of the two nearing MOURNERS, Jimmy is trying to appear as if he's talking to Chuck's spirit... or some higher power.)

Jimmy places the flowers down with care, and then leans a hand on the headstone. Under his breath, only we can hear:

JIMMY

One one thousand, two one thousand,  
three one thousand, four one  
thousand, five--

The two mourners (a MAN and WOMAN, a little younger than Chuck) wait, respectful, until Jimmy "notices" them.

JIMMY

Oh. Hi. It's so nice of you to  
visit.

MALE MOURNER

Of course. You're... Chuck's  
brother?

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

That's right. Jimmy.

MALE MOURNER

Ken Greenfield. This is Emily Reed.

FEMALE MOURNER

Hello. We've known Chuck since our time back on the Native Peoples Education Council.

JIMMY

Oh, sure. I remember. He spoke fondly of you both.

FEMALE MOURNER

(smiles)

That means a lot. I feel bad we lost touch for so long.

JIMMY

But... you came today, so...

MALE MOURNER

We saw the notice about the law library dedication this weekend, and that today was the anniversary of...

Jimmy nods solemnly.

FEMALE MOURNER

I can't believe it's been a year.

JIMMY

I know. It still doesn't make any sense.

(And here we're setting our marker: since Ep. 401 and post-time jump in 407, this is the one year anniversary of Chuck's death.)

All three face the engraved letters on the headstone reading "*Charles L. McGill*" for a respectful beat, and then, the Male Mourner takes a breath...

MALE MOURNER

Well...

With a nod, he places his flowers down next to Jimmy's, and the Female Mourner does the same. A sad smile to Jimmy...

FEMALE MOURNER

So nice to meet you.

(CONTINUED)

MALE MOURNER

God bless.

As they leave...

JIMMY

And bless you. Very thoughtful.

The pair return to their car. As they drive off and disappear, Jimmy looks around...

No one else coming at the moment. A deep exhale. *Shwoooooo.*

Birds chirp. A gentle breeze blows. Then...

Jimmy walks off. He passes a row of graves and makes his way around the bend to...

Kim. She waits in her parked car in the shade of a large tree. As he approaches, she lowers her window and asks:

KIM

You need water?

Jimmy shakes his head.

JIMMY

No. Coffee. And gimme one of those bear claws.

Kim passes a donut and thermos cup of coffee out the window.

KIM

Pace yourself. It's gonna be a long day.

JIMMY

Well, good sign we got customers this early, right? Wasn't sure anyone was gonna come.

(re: his interaction with mourners)  
How'd it look?

KIM

How'd it feel?

Jimmy considers.

JIMMY

It felt like I looked sad.

KIM

How's the headstone?

(CONTINUED)



JIMMY  
(a bite of donut)  
Howard picked a big one. Very  
tasteful.

In the distance, Jimmy sees a Dodge Viper (or some other distinctive 2003 vehicle) winding its way along the visitors' road. His eyes light up.

JIMMY  
Oh. I know that car. It's Judge  
Padilla. Padilla loved Chuck.

He passes the coffee and donut back to Kim and brushes the crumbs from his jacket.

JIMMY  
Gotta get back.

As Jimmy moves off, he turns back to Kim.

JIMMY  
Should I try for tears this time?

Kim manages to ignore how ridiculous that sounds.

KIM  
Jimmy, you... do whatever feels  
right.

He considers the advice, then nods.

JIMMY  
Yeah. Maybe best not to force it.

As Jimmy fast walks back to the gravesite, wanting to be in place ahead of the judge, Kim watches him go, thoughtful.

6 INT. TRAILER - WERNER'S BEDROOM - DAY (EXISTING FOOTAGE) 6

REPEAT ACTION from Ep. 409: MIKE EHRMANTRAUT slams open the door to find Werner's NOTE waiting on his neatly made bed.

**[NOTE: Because the Mike/Werner story takes place in a consolidated timeline, as opposed to the Jimmy/Kim story, which takes place over an extended period, we will be REPEATING ACTION at the start of every Mike run to help the viewer reset in time. This will allow us to cut back and forth between the two stories without confusing the audience.]**

*Off Mike, his anger growing as he reads...*

7 EXT. ANONYMOUS WAREHOUSE - DAY (NEW FOOTAGE) 7

Mike is a man on a mission, surrounded by his FIVE SECURITY GUYS (including NICK and ANDRE) who listen to his orders.

MIKE

He's got a three-and-a-half hour jump on us, but he started on foot, which gives us a fighting chance. He doesn't have his passport, so he's probably not headed for the airport. Doesn't know his way around town, but if he gets to a bus or taxi, that won't matter much. He most likely ran out toward the highway...

(points to two guys)

You two, head north and south, see if he's got his thumb out...

Those men immediately hustle to their cars. Mike points to Nick and another guy.

MIKE

You and you, get to the train and bus stations, use the cover story...

They race off. Then, to his last man, Andre:

MIKE

You, stay with the crew. Tell 'em they got the day off, and that their boss is gonna be back. Keep 'em on lock down.

ANDRE

You got it.

Andre quickly returns to the warehouse. Mike pauses a beat to exhale and assess... *this is the mother of all clusterfucks.*

But then, with an idea, Mike pulls out his phone and beelines to his car. Dials 4-1-1, then:

MIKE

(into phone)

Yeah, I need a number for Travel Wire. Just go ahead and connect me.

As he gets in his beater and starts the engine, phone pressed to his ear as he waits for the operator to connect:

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Yeah, hi, wondering if you could help. I arranged for my wife to wire me money from Frankfurt, Germany to the US, New Mexico... Right. Problem is she didn't tell me which branch, either in Albuquerque or somewhere nearby.  
(listens, then)  
Margarethe Ziegler. Last hour or so.

As Mike waits, he gets his answer.

MIKE

Albuquerque, branch on Fourth.  
Shoulda known. Thanks.

Mike hangs up, SLAMS the gas and peels out in a cloud of dust.

8 EXT. FACTORY FARM - DAY

8

A BINOCULAR POV of the FACTORY FARM: Nothing going on right now, just a few trucks and cars are parked in sight. A quiet VOICE sings a Spanish love song (something like "Solemente Una Vez") over the scene. WIDER:

It's LALO. He sits comfortably on a hillside, just behind a rise that gives him enough cover to be hidden. His binoculars are mounted on a small tripod.

Lalo has a NOTEPAD at the ready, with a hand-drawn MAP of the farm and notes documenting the comings and goings for the past five hours.

There is a small COOLER of drinks, and BEEF JERKY in his hand, with the wrappers of those he's eaten strewn about.

He continues his quiet singing and chewing, reaching into the cooler for a water, when something catches his eye. Leaning to the binoculars, he sees...

BINOCULAR POV: Several of GUS'S MEN (TYRUS, DIEGO and the TWO TRACKERS from Ep. 302) rush to their cars. And a beat behind...

VICTOR, walking at a steady pace to his SUV, and then the man himself, GUS FRING. He is focused -- determined.

Lalo watches intently. No mistaking it: something's up.

(CONTINUED)

As the cars burn away from the location, we can see in Lalo's subtle grin that he finds this an interesting turn of events.

Off of Lalo, standing to pursue...

A clerk with the name tag FRED is behind bulletproof glass. Fred finishes with a CUSTOMER in this small money transfer outlet, passing a receipt through the window to be signed.

The front door DINGS, and Mike walks into the establishment. He looks around the single room, noting a PAY PHONE, a wall MAP of ABQ, and a large rack of TOURIST PAMPHLETS for things-to-do/places-to-stay in New Mexico.

FRED

And just need you to sign there.

(takes top copy, returns bottom)

And that's your receipt. Just make sure your party has a valid ID when they pick up. Anything else today?

(off "no" shake)

Alright, you have a good day.

Once the customer exits out the *dinging* door, Fred turns his attention to Mike.

FRED

Can I help you?

Mike responds in a friendly, un-Mike like manner.

MIKE

Be wonderful if you could. I'm looking for a Werner Ziegler. Was he here in the last few hours?

FRED

I... I'm sorry. Even if he was here, it's not company policy to give out customer information.

MIKE

Even if he just walked in? I don't care about what he did...

FRED

Well... I really can't.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

(sighs)

He's my brother-in-law, and we're very worried about him. He's got early stage dementia, but on top of that, he's a diabetic. He doesn't have his medicine, and my wife is beside herself.

FRED

Oh no...

MIKE

Yeah. We talked long-distance with their sister, Margarethe, back in Germany. She said Werner called ranting and raving, wanting her to send money, and, well... she said she did. To this branch. I've got his insulin in a cooler in the car, so I'm hoping I made it here ahead of him...

Mike is telling a "story," but his genuine concern for Werner comes through. Fred, feeling for Mike's situation...

FRED

Look, yeah... he was here. But you missed him. Left about an hour ago.

MIKE

Oh no. No no no. Damn. He took the money and left?

FRED

Yeah. Well, not right away. He made a couple of calls on the pay phone, picked up his money, then left.

MIKE

Just wandered out on foot, or..?

FRED

He got in a car. I think one of his calls was for a cab.

MIKE

You see which company? A regular taxi or a car service?

FRED

I didn't see. I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

Mike points to something we may not have noticed: SECURITY CAMERAS.

MIKE

Any chance I can have a peek at your security video? Maybe see who got him?

Off Fred's ambivalent face, Mike answers for him.

MIKE

No no, I get it. "Not company policy." Well... look.  
(exhales - with dread)  
Can you tell me where the nearest hospital is?

Off Fred, understanding that this is a matter of life and death... TIME CUT TO:

10 INT. TRAVEL WIRE - EMPLOYEE AREA - MOMENTS LATER 10

Mike is behind the counter with Fred, who fast-forwards thru SECURITY FOOTAGE of Werner on a small MONITOR.

ON THE MONITOR (all at high speed): *Werner is on the pay phone, and stands in front of the pamphlet rack while he talks. This is a long call -- probably to his wife -- pacing and returning to the same spot in front of the rack.*

Mike watches closely, as Fred fills him in.

FRED

He was here a good half hour or so before his money order came through.

ON THE MONITOR (high speed): *Werner hangs up, and then fishes in his pocket for change. He picks up the phone and dials 4-1-1 (we're too far away to tell, but that's what he does), and (we may or may not notice) he throws a glance to the pamphlet rack. He nods to the operator, and then puts money in the phone.*

Mike squints, wondering what that call was...

ON THE MONITOR (high speed): *Werner approaches the counter, talking to Fred.*

FRED

He asked if the money came for him, but not yet...

(CONTINUED)

ON THE MONITOR: *Werner sits and waits, and waits... Finally Fred calls him over. Werner shows his ID and signs a receipt, collecting his money from the clerk. He goes back to the pay phone and picks up the dangling PHONE BOOK, finding the taxi service section. He calls and orders a cab.*

*More waiting... then Werner reacts to a BEEP outside.*

This is what Mike needs to see. He reaches his hand forward to gently take the controls from Fred.

MIKE

You mind?

FRED

Oh, um--

Mike slows the video and uses the controls to creep thru the frames, watching closely...

ON THE MONITOR (slow motion): *Werner exits, but there isn't a good angle to see a number or identifying mark on the taxi. All you can really see is a vehicle tire in the overexposed outdoors. Shit.*

FRED

That's bad luck. Can't see the car.

MIKE

(flat)

Yeah.

Mike stands up straight, frustrated, looking toward the front exit. He sees through the glass:

Victor -- waiting outside in the parking lot.

MIKE

(to Fred)

Thanks for your help.

FRED

Yeah. Good luck. Hope you find him.

Mike heads for the door.

MIKE

Me too.

Off his exit...

11 EXT. TRAVEL WIRE OFFICE - DAY 11

Mike steps outside and stands across from Victor for a beat. No words are needed. Victor walks to the waiting SUV, and Mike follows.

Victor opens the rear door, and Mike climbs in to find...

12 INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS 12

Gus. The two are silent, with Mike wishing he had better news to give his boss. Finally...

GUS  
May I see it?

Mike knows what Gus means. He reaches in his coat and pulls out Werner's NOTE, then passes it over.

Gus quietly reads the letter. After a few moments...

MIKE  
For what it's worth, I believe him.  
(then)  
He says he'll be back in four days,  
and he's not gonna go to any cops.  
This is about wanting to see his  
wife, plain and simple.

Gus finally looks up from the note.

GUS  
(as Mike predicted)  
She's on a Lufthansa flight.  
Landing in Denver nine hours from  
now.

Mike nods. Sizing up the situation:

MIKE  
And you'll have your men there.  
They'll follow her from the airport  
to wherever he's holed up. And  
then...

What's unspoken here: if those men track the wife to Werner, neither of them will be heard from ever again.

Gus's silence confirms this is true.

MIKE  
There's another way to play this.  
(off Gus's stare)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



MIKE (CONT'D)

If I can find him, before the wife gets here... let me bring him back in and finish what he started.

(off quiet Gus)

His crew can't do it without him. Ziegler disappears, you'll be left with the most expensive hole in the ground this side of the Mississippi.

Gus hears this, studies Mike.

GUS

You can find him?

MIKE

This is on me. I'll fix it.

Gus considers for a long beat, then nods. He's not agreeing to take Werner back. But let Mike find the German -- then the decision can be made.

Mike gets out of the SUV...

13 EXT. TRAVEL WIRE - CONTINUOUS 13

Mike stands outside the storefront as Victor drives Gus away. Frustrated, he gets on his phone and hits speed dial.

MIKE

(into phone)

Yeah, get everybody back in. Get them on the phone to every cab company and car service, make up a story, find out who picked up Ziegler from the Travel Wire on Fourth. And start calling hotels, here, Arizona, Colorado... He'd have to register under his own name, or his wife's name...

This pauses Mike. *His wife.* A thought occurs to him. He marches back inside...

14 INT. TRAVEL WIRE - DAY 14

*DING!* Mike stands in front of the PAMPHLET RACK, the spot where Werner stood while on the pay phone. Still talking to his man on the other end:

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Pull the transcript of his last  
call to his wife and read it to me.  
What'd they talk about?

As Mike waits to hear, he takes the pay phone off the hook  
and moves back to the spot, hoping to approximate Werner's  
view of the rack. Finally, his guy is back on the phone...

MIKE

Right. No, after that.  
(waits)  
After the dog. Uh-huh.  
(guiding his man)  
They talked about when he got home,  
they'd go on vacation. Right.  
(waits, then... nods)  
Baden-Baden. Natural springs.

Mike hangs up. Sets the pay phone back in the cradle. From  
the multitude of pamphlets, Mike pulls out several from the  
area where Werner was looking. Pamphlets that advertise "Hot  
Spring Spas" in New Mexico -- Santa Fe, Taos, etc... He  
grabs FOUR total.

Fred takes notice of Mike.

FRED

Hey, there. You find him? He  
okay?

Mike pays him no mind, and exits with his pamphlets. *DING!*

15 EXT. TRAVEL WIRE - CONTINUOUS 15

Mike heads to his car -- hopeful this is the break he needs.  
As he dials one of the numbers off a pamphlet... REVEAL:

A BINOCULAR POV OF MIKE -- now talking on his phone. *Oh  
shit.*

A BLOCK AWAY: It's Lalo -- tucked behind a corner and  
watching from an ND beater. He must have followed Victor and  
Gus from the farm to here, and now considers Mike -- a new  
player to him -- the more interesting target.

He watches Mike speed out of the lot. Lalo, softly SINGING  
his song from earlier, starts his engine and follows...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16 VIDEO INTERVIEWS

16

An OLDER ATTORNEY is interviewed on SHITTY VIDEO. Where is he? Hard to say, he's in front of a BOOKCASE and lit by the glare of a single camera-mounted QUARTZ LIGHT.

OLDER ATTORNEY

The mind. You had to admire the mind. It was as if the law was his Rubik's cube and he could twist and turn it to solve most any problem.

STATIC FLASHES and we CUT TO:

An older FEMALE ATTORNEY addresses the camera. In front of a different bookcase, also blasted from a camera-mounted light.

FEMALE ATTORNEY

If you had him on your side, you breathed a sigh of relief. If you were going up against him? Say your prayers.

Another BLAST of static and we CUT TO:

HOWARD HAMLIN looking down the barrel of the lens. And, of course, he's a natural.

HAMLIN

Losing him... hurt. We're all still recovering. As for the firm? I won't lie -- it's been a tough year, but I'm proud to say that Hamlin Hamlin McGill is back and going strong. It's his lasting legacy. That's why this couldn't be more appropriate...

He walks over to a TASTEFUL PLAQUE marking *THE CHARLES L. MCGILL READING ROOM*.

HAMLIN

I know it would have meant the world to him. It's a good and proper memorial for a man who was so many things, but always a lawyer first.

An O.S. VOICE interjects.

(CONTINUED)

SOUND GUY (O.S.)  
Well, on behalf of the whole  
school, we want to thank you.

Hamlin rushes to avoid taking unearned credit.

HAMLIN  
Me? No. I didn't donate any of  
this, I'm just a guest.

Hamlin glances around, what if the real donor hears this?  
Cutting WIDE to reveal...

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - HALL - DAY

A RECEPTION crammed with LAWYERS, the cream of the New Mexico  
legal world. Welcome to the GRAND OPENING of THE CHARLES L.  
MCGILL READING ROOM, an intimate space just off the larger  
rotunda. No sign of Jimmy.

CAMERA GUY and SOUND GUY interview Hamlin.

SOUND GUY  
Really?

CAMERA GUY  
Dude, I'm pretty sure I heard  
someone say you paid for all of it.

HAMLIN  
Well, I didn't. I wish I could  
take credit, but I can't.

NEW ANGLE -- following a WAITRESS threading her way through  
the crowd, carrying a TRAY. She pauses at a PAIR of LAWYERS,  
CORDOVA and LYNTON, who've overheard the exchange with  
Hamlin.

CORDOVA  
You hear that? The invitation says  
"anonymous donor."

LYNTON  
I assumed that meant HHM. Huh.

The waitress offers the lawyers hors d'oeuvres. And we  
realize... it's Jimmy's accomplice, DRAMA GIRL! She's now  
wearing a WAITRESS' UNIFORM.

DRAMA GIRL  
Baked brie?

CORDOVA  
Don't mind if I do.

(CONTINUED)

Drama girl glances around to make sure they're not overheard.

DRAMA GIRL

Actually, I happen to know that Mr. James McGill paid for the reading room himself.

LYNTON

Really? The brother did this?

DRAMA GIRL

I saw him write the check.

Drama girl moves on. The two lawyers look impressed. Maybe there's more to Chuck's brother than they knew...

Now we get it! Jimmy and Kim have planted the "Jimmy McGill players" around the room as ringers. The donor may be "anonymous" on the invites but the New Mexico legal community is going to know damn well who paid for the reading room.

Kim stands off to one side of the party, watching everything. RICH SCHWEIKART approaches her, drink in hand.

KIM

Hi, Rich.

SCHWEIKART

This is quite an event. Looks like half the attorneys in the southwest are here.

KIM

They came for Chuck.

SCHWEIKART

I heard someone say that Jimmy paid for all this himself?

KIM

He'd... prefer to remain anonymous.

In other words: yes. Schweikart's impressed.

SCHWEIKART

You know where he is? I was hoping to say hello.

KIM

He's around here somewhere...

The two of them scan the party. Schweikart points...

(CONTINUED)

SCHWEIKART

That's him out there, isn't it?

ANGLE THROUGH THE GLASS DOORS -- a lonely, melancholy figure stands outside. Turned away from the party. Jimmy.

SCHWEIKART

I guess... Even a year on, an event like this can be tough.

KIM

I'd better go check on him. Thanks for coming, Rich.

Kim puts her drink down and weaves her way across the party.

17 EXT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY 17

Kim pushes her way out of the glass doors and goes to Jimmy. He's smoking, staring at the concrete below. The party is visible behind them, still in full swing.

KIM

Almost time to go back in.

Jimmy watches ash flutter to the ground. Kim knows what's bothering him has nothing (directly) to do with Chuck.

JIMMY

Twenty-three thousand dollars. I can't believe I wrote a twenty-three thousand dollar check for this. You know how many phones I had to sell to make that money?

KIM

You had to do it.

Jimmy continues quietly venting.

JIMMY

For a plaque. It's not like they had to build anything -- the room was already there! "Naming rights." What a rip-off.

(then:)

Kim, I just don't think it's bang for the buck. I don't see anyone in there from the bar association.

KIM

We've got almost a week. Someone on the board will hear about this. And they'll believe it because they heard it from a colleague.

(CONTINUED)

They've had this conversation before.

JIMMY

"Word gets around." I get it. But  
I just think... We can do more.

Spirits rising slightly, he explains an alternative approach.

JIMMY

Picture this: Judge Papadoumian is  
in her chambers. She's working  
late. Everyone's gone home.

For the moment, Jimmy's caught up in his own idea.

JIMMY

She smells something... What is  
that? Could it be... something  
burning? She goes to the door,  
it's warm to the touch. She opens  
it -- her clerk's chambers are a  
wall of flames! She's trapped.  
But then... what's this? Through  
the fire and smoke, a figure  
emerges -- it's Jimmy McGill!  
Listen, I rescue a judge? That  
people are gonna talk about...

He trails off. Kim says nothing. She doesn't point out that  
this is pretty similar to the story "Pastor Hansford" told  
about Huell. She knows he'll talk himself out of this one.

JIMMY

Yeah. I know. That's not how I  
come back from "insincere."

Everything depends on the indirect approach -- a big,  
dramatic gesture is the last thing they need.

KIM

You wanna go back in? Get your  
money's worth?

Jimmy stubs out the cigarette.

JIMMY

I'm starving. Those little  
hamburgers are lookin' pretty good.  
(off Kim's look)  
I know, I know. I can pay for the  
food but I can't eat the food. Why  
can't sad people eat?

The two of them head back inside.

(CONTINUED)

NEW ANGLE -- through the glass doors. We stay outside. Drama Girl (still impersonating a waiter) approaches Jimmy with a tray. He waves it off, the modest, grieving brother.

18 EXT. TRAVEL WIRE - DAY 18

As in Act One, we're REWINDING, seeing a brief section of repeated action. The door bursts open. Mike hustles to his Chrysler, dialing his phone.

MIKE

Yes, I'm calling one of your guests. Werner Ziegler. That's right Z - I - E - G - L - E - R.  
(listening)  
You're sure? And there's no reservation with that name?

Mike gets into his car, still on the phone. Deep in the background, Lalo watches. Off Mike, pulling out hot...

19 INT. MIKE'S CAR (DRIVING) - DAY 19

NEW FOOTAGE. Minutes later. Mike drives fast, he doesn't know his destination but knows it's likely to the north.

MIKE

That's Z - I - E - G - L - E - R.  
(listening)  
He is?

That's a HIT! Mike has found Werner!

MIKE

You know if he's on the property at the moment?  
(listening)  
No, I don't need to talk to him right now. Thanks. No, no message. Have a nice day.

Mike hangs up. But now something catches his eye.

REAR VIEW MIRROR POV -- A car trails him from a discreet distance. Mike doesn't recognize it, but we sure do. Lalo.  
(NOTE: the idea here is to shoot this beat entirely from inside Mike's car, seeing only what Mike sees.)

Mike hooks a RIGHT and then checks again.

(CONTINUED)



19 CONTINUED: 19

REAR VIEW MIRROR POV -- Now there's a TRUCK behind Mike. Has he lost Lalo? But... peeking out from behind the truck... there he is. Still on Mike's six. Confirmation.

Mike doesn't know who's on his tail, but he can't afford to lead anyone to Werner. He flips open the glove compartment, revealing his holstered REVOLVER.

*Is Mike gonna shoot first and ask questions later?* But he's got something else in mind. Mike pushes the gun aside and pulls out a pack of CHEWING GUM.

Without taking his eyes off the road, Mike unwraps a foil-covered stick of spearmint and starts chewing. He glances up at the rear view mirror, calculating...

20 EXT. CONVENTION CENTER PARKING LOT - ENTRANCE - DAY 20

The side entrance to a larger lot. Mike pulls up to the entry. There's a single AUTOMATED EXIT nearby.

Mike takes a ticket. The arm rises and Mike drives in, the "severe tire damage" spikes go CLUNK-CLICK beneath his tires.

PAN TO REVEAL -- In the distance, Lalo pulls over.

21 INT. LALO'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 21

Mike disappears from view inside the lot. Lalo considers his next move. How close can he get without revealing himself? (Lalo has no idea that Mike has already spotted him.)

He drives forward. Keeping eyes on Fring's mysterious associate is worth the risk.

22 EXT. CONVENTION CENTER PARKING LOT - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS 22

Same gate Mike used. Lalo takes a ticket and drives carefully into the lot. He stops. Mike's PARKED several aisles away. Lalo pulls into a space and watches his quarry.

For some reason, Mike's just sitting there in his car.

23 EXT./INT. MIKE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 23

Unhurried, Mike unwraps another stick of gum. He turns his attention to the FOIL WRAPPERS that covered the gum. He's got two of these shiny rectangles now.

(CONTINUED)

Working with watchmaker focus, Mike carefully smooths out the foil wrappers. He spits the gum onto one wrapper, and covers it with the other, keeping the foil side facing out.

Mike presses down on the three layer sandwich, using the surface of the dashboard to work the construction flat-ish.

Mike examines his work with a critical eye. He seems satisfied... *But what's the point?*

Now something outside catches his attention. Mike tightens his seat belt. Shit's about to go down.

24 EXT. CONVENTION CENTER PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS 24

A sweet-faced everyman swinging a pair of "Hobby Proz" SHOPPING BAGS crosses the parking lot. Call him NOLAN. He's sipping from a Big Gulp size SMOOTHIE. Nolan's been on a shopping spree and he's feeling just fine.

Nolan gets into his MODEST SEDAN, hits the radio. Bobbing his head to music, he sips his smoothie and pulls out.

As he approaches the exit, an engine ROARS behind him --

*RRRRRT!* Mike drives at HIGH SPEED right at Nolan's car. Nolan barely has time to widen his eyes when...

At the last nanosecond, Mike burns rubber and SWERVES around the sedan, cutting in front of Nolan. He makes it with millimeters to spare. Steve McQueen would be proud.

Nolan fumbles, nearly spills his smoothie.

NOLAN

Jesus!

Mike waves, thanking Nolan for letting him in.

25 INT. LALO'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 25

Lalo steps on the gas, cutting through lanes to catch up with Mike. He's not worried about giving himself away. Mike's maneuvers tell him that, one way or another, he's been made.

26 EXT. CONVENTION CENTER PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS 26

ANGLE HIGH. It's laid out like a chess match. Mike's at the parking exit, Nolan behind him. And then Lalo speeds around the corner and stops behind the civilian.

(CONTINUED)

Mike puts his ticket in the machine (no payment necessary, first hour free). The parking arm rises. Mike could drive forward but instead he...

... Slides the chewing gum sandwich into the TICKET SLOT. The two wrappers are roughly the size as a parking ticket and, although the rollers don't yet grip it, the construction slides right in.

Mike exits the parking lot, the arm descends.

In his car, Lalo watches with building tension. Now that he knows Mike's aware of him, Lalo's going to use force. As soon as the moron blocking his way moves aside.

Nolan's turn. He drives forward and presses his parking ticket into the machine.

SPECIALITY SHOT -- inside the parking machine. Rubber rollers SQUEEZE Mike's silver construction flat. The pressure causes sticky CHEWING GUM to ooze out from between the silver wrappers.

Nolan's ticket is stuck halfway into the machine. Mike has literally gummed up the works.

Lalo blasts his horn, rolls down his window and yells.

LALO  
Get out of the way! Go!

NOLAN  
Sorry! It's just not working...

*Mike's getting away!* Lalo shoots a glance at the entrance. But, shit, as the signs remind him "Severe Tire Damage" waits for him in that direction. He leans on his horn.

LALO  
(Spanish)  
*Go, you ignorant bastard! Go!*

Flustered, Nolan stabs the parking machine intercom button.

NOLAN  
Excuse me, I'm at the north gate  
and the machine is stuck--

**THUD!** Nolan's car LURCHES forward! The Big Gulp TUMBLES, splashing Pepto Bismol-colored smoothie everywhere.

Lalo's locked his bumper to Nolan's car. He's stepping on the gas and SHOVING Nolan through the exit gate.

(CONTINUED)

Nolan hits the brakes but it's no good. Tires smoking, his sedan SMASHES the wooden parking arm.

NOLAN  
Shit! Shit!

Lalo stands on the gas, battering Nolan's econo-box out of the way. There's a CRUNCH as Lalo takes off most of Nolan's bumper and breaks free...

Lalo powers away into the distance. Off Nolan, splattered with smoothie, breathing like he just ran a 100 yard dash...

27 EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY 27

Lalo ZOOMS up to camera and comes to a screeching stop. He scans the area...

No sign of Mike. He could have gone any one of three different ways. Mike has outsmarted Lalo and Lalo knows it.

Lalo's eyes narrow in fury and frustration...

28 INT. HHM - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 28

The room is silent except for the sound of paper shuffling as the NINE MEMBERS of the Charles McGill Scholarship Committee (including familiar HHM attorney FRANCIS SCHEFF) page through a candidate's file. It's the Gucci loafers version of study hall. Hamlin's in his usual seat.

And Jimmy's here, too. He sits next to Hamlin, refreshing himself on one of the scholarship candidate's achievements. Jimmy tries not to show it, but he's a bit distracted. He cuts his eyes over to something nearby...

CHUCK MCGILL watches over Jimmy.

Well, actually it's an OIL PAINTING of Chuck, but it's as big as life and has something of Chuck's attitude. The painting meets Jimmy's gaze.

Jimmy looks away from the portrait. But he's very conscious it's there. Burning a hole through the back of his head.

Hamlin looks around the room, it's time. He gets up and goes to the big double doors at the front of the room.

HAMLIN  
If we're all ready..?

(CONTINUED)

No one gainsays. Hamlin opens the door and holds it for an anxious HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR, wearing a brand new dress shirt. Hamlin is warm and welcoming.

HAMLIN

Folks, this is Duncan Springer. Duncan is a senior at Mayfield High in Las Cruces. Have a seat, Duncan.

Duncan eyes the adults at the conference table as he sits. Jimmy tries to show the kid a friendly face.

HAMLIN

Duncan's editor of the school newspaper and his model UN delegation represents Kazakhstan. In fact, Duncan's delegation was selected for a trip to the real UN in New York City. Duncan, can you tell us what that was like?

Now it's Duncan's turn. He pulls in a breath to speak--

DUNCAN

Well--

But we ABRUPTLY JUMP CUT TO:

A NEARLY IDENTICAL ANGLE. Hamlin escorts a TEENAGE GIRL through the door and into the hot seat.

HAMLIN

Folks, this is Marcie Ramirez. Marcie's from Moriarty where she's captain of the debate team. Looks like you're going to the state finals this year. What's your strategy going to be, Marcie?

Marcie's nervous as hell. Who wouldn't be, under the circumstances? She takes a breath and--

MARCIE

I think--

Like Duncan, she's interrupted by an ABRUPT JUMP CUT TO:

SAME ANGLE. Hamlin escorts another young man, FRANKLYN, in. And now it's clear, these kids are on an INTERVIEW ASSEMBLY LINE. (POCKET DIALOGUE to come.)

(CONTINUED)

HAMLIN

-- what can you tell us about your  
play?

Of course, just as Franklyn starts his thoughtful answer...

FRANKLYN

It's about--

We rudely interrupt him with an ABRUPT JUMP CUT TO:

SAME ANGLE. ANOTHER STUDENT sits down.

HAMLIN

-- how did you get interested in  
Ethiopia?

The cuts come faster. Before the kid can reply, JUMP CUT TO:

SAME ANGLE. Hamlin closes the door while another female  
student takes the hot seat. This is KRISTY ESPOSITO.

HAMLIN

-- hospital. Kristy, what's it  
like working with elders?

Naturally, before Kristy can answer we JUMP CUT TO:

SAME ANGLE. A SIXTH STUDENT barely has the chance to open  
his mouth when we JUMP CUT TO:

CLOSE ON -- hands unfold sheets of paper, a pen jots on a  
legal pad. It's quiet again, the interviews are over.

Jimmy watches as Hamlin tallies the votes. Jimmy's got  
something on his mind, but he's here to help change his  
reputation, speaking up might not be the right move.

HAMLIN

All right. I think it's getting  
much clearer now.

The door opens, Hamlin's assistant JULIE peeks in.

JULIE

Can I let them go?

HAMLIN

Did they finish lunch?

JULIE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

HAMLIN  
(to the board)  
Unless there are any additional  
questions?  
(there aren't)  
And did they all get the..?

We'll find out later that he's referring to the HHM "goodie bag" each of the scholarship candidates will receive.

JULIE  
Yes, they did.

HAMLIN  
Great. Please thank them all for  
coming.

She leaves and Hamlin gets back to work.

HAMLIN  
Here's where we are. Raymond Chin -  
- six votes. Duncan Springer --  
six votes. Marcie Ramirez -- five  
votes. Teodora Moon, Franklyn  
Pickett and Tristram Bolger --  
three votes each.  
(Lastly:)  
And Kristy Esposito -- one vote.  
Does that math sound right to  
everyone? Francis?

Francis has been jotting numbers as Howard reads them off.

FRANCIS  
Yes. That adds up.

HAMLIN  
Well, looks like we've got three  
scholarships to give and three  
front runners. So, unless there's  
any disagreement, I think we can...

Jimmy clears his throat. Damn the consequences, he can't let this go without saying something.

HAMLIN  
Jimmy?

Jimmy's in earnest here, there's no hidden agenda.

JIMMY  
The one vote for Kristy Esposito?  
That's me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

And, for what it's worth, I think we should give her another look.

The board members shuffle through paperwork, finding the Esposito file. A FEMALE BOARD MEMBER speaks up.

FEMALE BOARD MEMBER

Esposito? That's the shoplifter?

*The shoplifter.* Of course, that's all they remember about her. Jimmy stuffs his irritation.

JIMMY

The shoplifter. That's right. Her grades are good -- maybe not quite as good as some of these other kids, but good. Her recommendations are solid. And, yes, she had some trouble. She was new in town and she made some bad choices. But that was sophomore year, she's had two really strong years since then.

Jimmy lifts his copy of her essay.

JIMMY

And her essay? I hope everyone read this. Turns out the experience got her interested in the law. It's good, it's really good.

Jimmy's getting more passionate than he intended. He's making the best lawyer argument he can.

JIMMY

My point is this. Maybe someone who's been in trouble, maybe someone who doesn't have a perfect record -- someone who's made mistakes and faced the consequences -- maybe she brings something the others don't. She's been tested and she came out of it. I think she deserves real consideration.

Jimmy's out on a limb here. But there's no question that the rest of the panel is taking him seriously. After all, he's the only McGill in the room.

Hamlin nods, thoughtful.

(CONTINUED)



HAMLIN

You make a hell of an argument,  
Jimmy.

(to the group)

How about we take another vote?

Off Jimmy, hoping he's made an impact...

29 EXT. HHM - DAY 29

TIGHT ON an HHM TOTE BAG bobbing along... and then another...  
and another...

WIDER. These are GOODIE BAGS carried by SCHOLARSHIP  
CANDIDATES pouring out of HHM. Most of the kids have a  
PARENT or two with them as they head for MODEST CARS.

WITH KRISTY. She's alone, trudging up the sidewalk, HHM  
growing smaller behind her. Kristy's carrying her BACKPACK  
and goodie bag. She looks very young, but there's an edge of  
steely determination in her eyes. A VOICE calls to her:

JIMMY

Kristy! Ms. Esposito! Wait up!

She turns around. Jimmy's half a block behind her. She  
watches him curiously as he jogs up to her, breathless.

JIMMY

Hi... I'm Jimmy McGill, we met  
inside.

She smiles at him -- now she recognizes Jimmy from the board.  
And for a moment she thinks she won the scholarship.

KRISTY

Oh, hi!

Jimmy pulls the band-aid off fast.

JIMMY

You didn't get it.

Her face falls. Damn, she looks vulnerable. But Jimmy owes  
her the truth -- that's the biggest gift he can give her.

JIMMY

Let me tell you something. You  
were never gonna get it. They  
dangle these things in front of  
you, they tell you you've got a  
chance -- but it's a lie. 'Cause  
they already made up their minds.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

They knew what they were going to do before you walked in the door. You made a mistake and they're not forgetting it, not ever. Far as they're concerned, your mistake is who you are. It's all you are.

*Jesus, that sounds bleak.* Kristy's crushed. But Jimmy's tone isn't gloomy. He's speaking from the heart, the ideas exploding out of him, saying things he's never said out loud.

JIMMY

I'm not just talking about this scholarship -- I'm talking about everything. Look, I read your essay. You can do it the way you're supposed to, you can work fifty times harder than the rest of them. Makes no difference. They'll smile at you, they'll pat you on the head -- but they're never, ever gonna let you in.

Kristy stares. A minute ago he seemed like an authority figure, but now he's talking like no adult she's ever met.

JIMMY

But listen. It doesn't matter. You don't need them. They're not gonna give it to you? So what! You're gonna take it.

Now Jimmy delivers Satan's own locker room speech. Kristy is taking it in, thoughtful. Jimmy's striking a chord.

JIMMY

You're gonna do whatever it takes. You're not gonna play by their rules. You're not even gonna try. Go the other way. Do what they won't. Be smarter. Cut corners. And win. They're on the thirty-fifth floor? So what! You're on the fiftieth floor looking down on them. The higher you climb, the more they're gonna hate you. Good. Rub their noses in it. Make 'em suffer. You don't matter all that much to them? Then screw them.

Consciously or unconsciously, Jimmy's repeating Chuck's words to him. The words that ended their final conversation.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY  
Winner takes it all.

The lyric from the teaser. Not hard to guess who's on Jimmy's mind. Kristy casts a glance over her shoulder.

KRISTY  
I've... gotta go get my bus.

JIMMY  
Do you understand what I'm saying to you?

She looks at him. Really looks at him. Maybe Jimmy's lit a spark.

KRISTY  
Yes. I think I do.

JIMMY  
Damn right you do. Go get 'em.

Kristy nods. How do you say goodbye under these weird circumstances? She has no idea. So she just turns and heads up the street, away from Jimmy.

Kristy takes one last glance back. Jimmy clenches a fist.

JIMMY  
(quietly)  
Winner takes it all.

There. That does it. Jimmy's grabbed some measure of victory from this shitty situation. The kid may not have gotten the scholarship, but could be he's saved her from wasting years of her life. Off Jimmy, heading back to HHM...

30 INT. HHM - PARKING STRUCTURE - ELEVATOR BANK - DAY 30

The elevator doors slide open and Jimmy walks out.

ANGLE ON the familiar trash can -- Jimmy's reflection swirls in the funhouse mirror of dented metal. Looks like HHM still hasn't replaced this thing.

31 INT. HHM - PARKING STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS 31

Jimmy climbs in the Esteem, puts the key in the ignition.

RRRRRRR-CLICK! Doesn't start. He tries again. RRRRRRRRRR.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY  
Come on. Damnit.

This is all he needs. He tries one more time. *Ah!* Third time's a charm. The engine catches. He puts it into gear, then...

He just sits there. Hands on the wheel.

Something just doesn't feel right... *And it hits him.*

Was it sitting in judgement of young people beneath his brother's portrait? Was it visiting his brother's grave? Was it that Chuck's approval was what he craved most in the world? Or maybe it's just an accumulation of everything...

Somehow all of Jimmy's angry confidence is gone. Instead, here's anger's shadow twin.

Pain.

Jimmy breaks down. He fights it. He doesn't understand it. He doesn't expect it. But the loss hits him like a freight train of anguish. Tears are coming.

JIMMY  
Damn. No. No. No.

It's a full-blown ugly snot-dripping, heaving cry. Welling up from within. Agony like being cut open by a hot knife.

JIMMY  
God... damn it!

His brother is gone. Burned to death. And Jimmy is alone.

WIDE. Jimmy's by himself in the little yellow car. Crying his eyes out. And on this we...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

32 INT. KIM'S CONDO - NIGHT 32

Keys rattle, the front door swings open. Jimmy stands there, framed in the doorway, wiping his shoes on the mat.

It's not so much that his shoes are dirty, more that he's taking an extra moment before entering the apartment.

There's no sign of tears now. Jimmy's pulled himself together, but he's in a very internal, thoughtful mood. Jimmy closes the door, walks into the apartment, drops his keys in the bowl at the threshold and enters...

KIM (O.S.)

Hey.

33 INT. KIM'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 33

Kim's hunched over the breakfast bar. Notes on legal pads and files are piled next to her, she's cleared a space for a series of 3 X 5 CARDS with bold words written on them.

JIMMY

Hey.

KIM

I think I've got something here.  
Take a look.

Jimmy comes over to examine Kim's cards. She's working on the structure of Jimmy's speech to the bar disciplinary board -- his appeal to get his law license back.

KIM

The problem might have been starting with "Remorse." I'm trying to work into it more gradually. "The Law." "Plans." Then "Remorse." Then "Brother." Then "Legacy." What do you think?

Jimmy just stares down at the cards.

KIM

Everything okay?

JIMMY

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

KIM  
How'd it go?

Jimmy's too wrapped up in his thoughts to share everything.

JIMMY  
We gave scholarships to three very  
bright young people.

KIM  
(re: the speech)  
We can work on this. I know it's a  
lot, but this is one time you don't  
want to wing it.

JIMMY  
Yeah.

Kim sees that Jimmy's having his doubts about their plan.

KIM  
Jimmy, the hard part's done. The  
scholarship, the reading room, the  
cemetery -- by now they've got to  
have heard about at least some of  
it. We've set up the dominos, now  
you knock them down.

But Jimmy's still troubled.

JIMMY  
How do we know for sure?

KIM  
We're close, I know we are.

JIMMY  
I can say whatever I want. To the  
board I'm still Jimmy McGill.

Jimmy's taking his own words to Kristy to heart.

KIM  
You've got to say something.

JIMMY  
What if... What if...

Kim has no idea what Jimmy's talking about. Gripped by an  
idea, he turns and heads into...

34 INT. KIM'S CONDO - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 34

Jimmy goes to the bookshelf. Kim watches as Jimmy opens books and shuffles through them until out of one ("The Time Machine") drops a LETTER. He holds it up. CHUCK'S LETTER. The letter Jimmy read out loud in Ep. 403.

JIMMY

What if Chuck does the talking for me?

Off Kim, starting to understand...

35 EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY 35

In REPEATED ACTION, Lalo's car ZOOMS up to camera and comes to a screeching stop. He scans the area...

No sign of Mike. At this intersection, he could have gone any one of three different ways. Lalo's eyes narrow in fury and frustration. Mike's outsmarted him and Lalo knows it.

ACTION CONTINUES. Fring's guy might be a wily bastard, but Lalo has one more card to play. Off Lalo throwing his car into a U-TURN, speeding back the way he came...

36 BLACK SCREEN 36

Lalo walks away from camera, tucking a gun into his waistband as he goes. We FOLLOW him as we see Lalo's returned to...

EXT. TRAVEL WIRE - DAY

Lalo pushes his way in through the glass door. DING!

37 INT. TRAVEL WIRE - CONTINUOUS 37

Lalo surveys the place, takes note of the payphone, the rack of travel brochures, the soda machine.

All he knows for sure is that Fring met with the mystery man who came out of this particular Travel Wire. And then once the meeting finished, the mystery man went back inside the building for a moment and then left in a hurry.

Lalo's looking for a clue, any clue about what's going on.

FRED

Can I help you?

Lalo does an excellent imitation of an ordinary Joe.

(CONTINUED)

LALO

My friend was in here earlier.  
Bald fellow. About so tall?

Lalo holds his hand up to indicate. It's a stab in the dark.

FRED

Oh, yeah. Did he find his brother-  
in-law? Is he okay?

*Brother-in-law?* That's a new one. Lalo's finally caught a  
break. But he's one smart dude -- from his reaction, you'd  
never guess he was just rolling with it.

LALO

No... We haven't found him yet.  
We're really worried.

FRED

Sorry to hear that.

LALO

I'm wondering if there's something  
that maybe my friend missed..?

FRED

I showed him everything I've got.

LALO

Show me what you showed him.

Lalo smiles, calm and non-threatening. Still, something  
about him makes Fred uneasy. Good thing there's a full two  
inches of bullet-proof glass between them.

FRED

Maybe you should just call your  
friend...

LALO

I did. He asked me to take another  
look. I'd really appreciate it.

FRED

I can't. I'm sorry.  
(end of conversation)  
You'd better just call the police.

Lalo backs up, holds his palms out. Non-threatening.

LALO

Sure. Sure.

The PHONE RINGS. Fred turns away from Lalo and answers.

(CONTINUED)



FRED

Travel Wire, this is Fred...  
Fourth street, nearest cross street  
is Lomas... Ten PM. Sure, no  
problem. Have a great day.

He hangs up and turns to find... Lalo is GONE. (NOTE:  
*Wouldn't it be cool for Lalo to vanish without cutting?*)

Fred's puzzled. If Lalo left, why didn't the door chime?

In fact, if we're looking closely, we might notice that the  
open/closed sign on the front door has been switched to  
"closed." *What can that mean?*

Something catches Fred's eye. Above the soda machine one of  
the acoustic tiles is pushed aside. *Was it like that before?*

There's a sound DIRECTLY above Fred. Lalo has climbed up  
into the FALSE CEILING. Fred's glance takes in the reality  
that the bulletproof barrier ends JUST SHORT of the ceiling  
tiles!

Fred steps back, just a fraction of a second before...

*THUMP!* Lalo drops through the ceiling. HOLY CHRIST!

In an instant he's in front of terrified Fred, his pistol in  
hand. Off this shock... HARD CUT TO:

38 INT. TRAVEL WIRE - EMPLOYEE AREA - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER 38

TIGHT ON the SURVEILLANCE MONITOR (High Speed): *Racing  
through a moment we've already seen -- Mike entering the  
store and talking to the clerk.*

Lalo stands behind the counter, near where he ambushed Fred,  
reviewing the video. *But... where's Fred?* We don't see him.  
The counter is in disarray, the chair is toppled. Signs of a  
struggle. Or something worse.

A CUSTOMER tries the glass front door. With eerie calm, Lalo  
shakes his head and points to the CLOSED sign. The wannabe  
customer gives up. Lalo pays him no attention, he's focused  
on the monitor.

Now we see that there's a torn MONEY TRANSFER RECEIPT next to  
the monitor. It's got the name "Werner Ziegler" on it.

Lalo had a long, uncomfortable conversation with Fred. We  
can guess that the clerk told Lalo everything that transpired  
with Mike before Lalo was finished with him. So Lalo knows  
Mike was looking for a "Werner Ziegler" but that's about it.

(CONTINUED)

Lalo leans forward, he's found the part he's looking for.

ON THE MONITOR (High Speed): *Mike leaves the store... and returns. Talking on his cell, video Mike goes to the rack of attractions and selects leaflets.*

Ah-ha. Lalo looks up from the video to the rack of tourist brochures. Makes the connection.

For the first time, we see there's a small BLOOD SPLATTER across one side of Lalo's face. It's not his blood.

39 EXT. TRAVEL WIRE - MINUTES LATER 39

PULLING Lalo forward as he emerges, wiping his face with a paper towel as he goes. Fingers of SMOKE curl from inside -- a FIRE glows behind the counter.

In classic Salamanca style, Lalo is burning the evidence. We can guess that Fred is still in there, somewhere. Lalo may be charming -- but he's also a cold-hearted murderer. Off Lalo, motel brochures in hand, hot on Mike's trail...

40 SHIMMERING BEADS OF WATER 40

Tremble in blinding sunlight. They're on the side of a MOJITO, complete with straw and lime slice.

A hand enters frame, touches a pair of cheap SUNGLASSES, then blindly runs fingers over a bottle of COCONUT BUTTER. *Nope, that's not it.* Finally, the hand finds what it's looking for: the Mojito. The hand lifts the Mojito's straw up to...

Werner's lips. He's got a small towel folded over his eyes. Werner's face gleams with sweat and coconut butter. He takes a long sip of mojito and then lets out a satisfied sigh.

WERNER

Aaaah.

After ten months in the dark, he's baking like a golden beef brisket -- and loving every second.

We hang with him for a good long moment until...

VOICE (O.S.)

Uh... is there a Mr. Ziegler here..? Mister Werner Ziegler...

Werner pushes the towel away from his eyes and sits up. His face is sunburned except for a bandit mask of pale that's been protected by the towel.

(CONTINUED)

WERNER

Ja. Yes... I am Ziegler.

Now we realize we are...

EXT. DULCE VEGA HOT SPRINGS HOTEL & SPA - DAY

Werner's by the pool at an unassuming hotel on the edge of the desert. Judging from his bathing suit and sunglasses, Werner must have done some light shopping on his way here.

There are a couple of other VACATIONERS around the pool, but it's far from crowded. Just what the doctor ordered. A FRONT DESK WORKER is at the edge of the pool area.

FRONT DESK WORKER

There's a call for you...

A call? Only one person knows where he is.

WERNER

Yes! I will be right there!

Off Werner, eagerly climbing off the deck chair...

EXT. DULCE VEGA HOT SPRINGS HOTEL & SPA - FRONT AREA - DAY

CROCKS flap along a pathway. Now in a bathrobe, Werner hurries to a HOUSE PHONE. It's off the hook, the receiver laid across the body of the phone. Werner picks up.

WERNER

(in German)

*Liebchen! Have you already landed?*

But it's definitely not Mrs. Ziegler who replies. It's Lalo.

LALO (V.O.)

This is Werner?

Werner's a little disappointed and a lot confused.

WERNER

Yes. Who is this?

Lalo continues to press his luck.

LALO (V.O.)

I'm calling on behalf of Gustavo Fring.

If Werner was disappointed before, now he's crushed. *So they found me... somehow.* And that means trouble.

(CONTINUED)

WERNER

Oh. I see... Is Mr. Fring very upset?

LALO (V.O.)

What do you think?

WERNER

Tell him I'm very, very sorry. Please let him know the work will continue. Did Michael show him my letter? I explained everything.

42 INT. LALO'S CAR (DRIVING) - INTERCUT - DAY

42

Lalo's standing on the accelerator as he talks to Werner.

On the seat beside him, there's a selection of the same brochures Mike took from Travel Wire. He also has that money transfer paperwork with Werner's name on it.

Mike may have a hell of a head start -- but Lalo decided to let his fingers do the walking -- he's going to get information any way he can. He's already got something interesting: another name. *Michael*.

LALO

No, Michael hasn't shared that with Mr. Fring.

WERNER

The letter has specific instructions. My men will be able to continue for a few days without me. The work will go on. Please ask Michael.

Lalo can sense that he's getting close to something hugely important. He chooses his words with watchmaker precision.

LALO

Michael's very busy. He asked me to speak with you. Can you remember what your instructions were?

WERNER

Certainly. They are to finish clearing the debris, and then begin the south wall.

Lalo's desperate to keep the conversation going. He's getting more clues -- but what do they add up to?

(CONTINUED)

LALO  
That's the south wall?

WERNER  
The south wall, yes. The concrete form is standing by. They can start pouring. It's very straightforward. Kai will know --

But at that moment a HAND lands firmly on Werner's shoulder. Werner stops cold. It's Mike. He peels the receiver out of Werner's hand and listens.

LALO  
The "concrete form..?" I didn't get all that, can you repeat that?

A long beat. Mike's hand doesn't budge from Werner's shoulder. He's staring right at Werner as he listens.

LALO  
Werner? Mr. Ziegler?

Mike says nothing. His spidey sense is tingling. And guess what? The feeling is mutual. A tiny smile creeps over Lalo's face. He's friendly, almost delighted as he hazards:

LALO  
*Michael?* Is that you?

Mike hangs up. END INTERCUT.

Werner doesn't understand what's going on, but he can tell from the look on Mike's face that he's in the shithouse.

WERNER  
I'm so sorry if I--

MIKE  
Get dressed.

WERNER  
Michael, I--

Mike's got no time to lose. Whoever was on the other end of the phone knows exactly where they are.

MIKE  
I don't wanna hear another damn word out of you. Go.

Werner nods. There's more he'd like say, but no one in his right mind would argue with Mike right now. Off Werner, rushing to comply...

43 EXT. REMOTE HIGHWAY - NIGHT 43

Mounted a fraction of an inch over the blacktop, highway races past, illuminated only by a pair of HEADLIGHTS.

44 EXT. ABANDONED SPEEDWAY - NIGHT 44

Right on the edge of the desert. Mike pulls over to the side of the road. Looks around -- this spot is in bumfuck. There may be the lights of civilization out there somewhere, but they're in the far distance.

Mike parks near skeletal, rotten bleachers.

Inside Mike's car. Finally, Mike looks over at Werner. The German hangs his head. Mike's trying to think of a way out of what comes next. But in his heart he knows he has only one move.

MIKE

You wait.

Mike takes the keys, leaves the headlights on. He gets out.

Mike walks away from his car. Takes out a burner phone and dials. When the other end picks up:

MIKE

I got him.

45 INT. POLLOS HERMANOS - GUS'S OFFICE - NIGHT 45

Gus is alone in his office. Talking to Mike on a burner.

GUS

Where are you now?

MIKE

Out by an old speedway off route five-fifty. About eight miles north of San Ysidro.

GUS

Where was he?

MIKE

A place called Dulce Vega Hot Springs, up in Jemez. That's gotta be where his wife is headed.

Mike wants to hold back this next bit. But he can't.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE  
Something else.

GUS  
Yes?

MIKE  
When I found him, he was on the phone with an interested party. Someone pretending to be one of your guys.

GUS  
What did he tell them?

MIKE  
Nothing useful.

GUS  
You're certain?

MIKE  
Yes. You have an idea who it was?

GUS  
I do.

MIKE  
I'll bring him in now.

GUS  
No. Keep him there. Wait.

Gus is sending executioners. Tonight Werner will die. And there's no point in endangering the operation further by moving him from place to place.

What argument can Mike muster? He's already vouched for Werner once -- only to have the German run. He's pointed out that the project will stall. And how can he argue that they can trust Werner now?

MIKE  
I'd go another way.

GUS  
That I know.

MIKE  
It'd be a mistake.

GUS  
This discussion serves no purpose. Wait where you are.

(CONTINUED)

Mike looks over at Werner, waiting in the car.

MIKE  
I'll take care of it.

This does surprise Gus. Mike's volunteering to kill -- something Gus has never asked of him.

GUS  
Are you sure?

MIKE  
Yes.

Mike hangs up. He just stands there for a moment. Every fiber of his being rebelling against what he's going to do. But, try as he might, he knows there's no other way.

MIKE  
(quietly, to himself)  
God. Damn it.

He strides over to the Chrysler. Opens the door.

MIKE  
Get out.

Werner climbs out. He has no idea of how much trouble he's in. Right now he's mostly thinking about how long it'll be before Mike will cool down and let him go back to the hotel.

MIKE  
I want to know your end game.  
What'd you think was going to happen?

WERNER  
I thought that I would come back and my friend Michael would be very, very angry. But, in time, he would understand and forgive.

MIKE  
It was never up to me.

Werner thinks Mike has cooled down. Time for sweet reason.

WERNER  
Michael, look. I know I've made trouble for you. I'm very sorry for the damage I caused. I will repair what I broke, with my own hands.

(then:)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



WERNER (CONT'D)

But please. Margarethe will land any minute. Soon she will be at the hotel. Take me back there. Let us be together for a little -- just until tomorrow. Let her see me and know that everything is okay.

Mike stares with hooded eyes. The German might be a brilliant engineer... but he's utterly oblivious.

WERNER

Please, Michael. I go back now, I go back in the morning -- what difference can it make?

MIKE

It's not going to happen.

WERNER

Let me speak to Mr. Fring. I'll explain everything. I will make him understand.

MIKE

You're not talking to Fring.

WERNER

Please, I know if I--

MIKE

Werner. Nothing you're gonna say or do is going to make anyone trust you again.

Werner gapes at Mike. Now, he's beginning to understand. Because if he can't be trusted... what's next for him?

WERNER

I will go home. I will never breathe a word of this. Ever.

Mike stays silent. Werner pleads for his life.

WERNER

The money. I'll give all of it back. I want none of it. I will tell no one. I swear. It will be as if none of this ever happened. Please, Michael. You know I will keep silent. You know it. Please.

MIKE

Your wife has a cellphone with her?

(CONTINUED)

Werner's taken aback by the question.

WERNER

Yes...

MIKE

I need you to call her now.  
(a glance at his watch)  
She landed an hour ago.

WERNER

But... she knows nothing.

MIKE

And you need to keep it that way.  
She's being followed.

The truth dawns, Werner's terrified.

WERNER

She's followed..?

MIKE

If she goes back to the airport  
nothing will happen to her.

WERNER

Surely, they could not, they would  
not...

MIKE

Pull yourself together.

WERNER

Give me the phone. I'll call her  
now, give it to me--

MIKE

Calm down. She can't suspect. It  
doesn't matter what you tell her,  
as long as she goes back where she  
belongs.

Werner nods. Mike hands him the burner and watches as Werner  
dials. Werner's wife picks up. We don't hear her side, but  
every bit of it is written on Werner's face.

WERNER

(subtitled German)  
*Schnuckiputzi... Yes! Yes!*  
*You're getting the car? Yes...*  
*Yes...*

He shoots a glance at Mike -- Margarethe is renting a car.

(CONTINUED)

WERNER

*Listen, my darling. No, listen to me. I have bad news. There was a problem at the site. I've been called back. No, no injuries. I know, I know... No. Listen. I'm not at the hotel. I'm not even in New Mexico. You're going to have to take the next flight home.*

HIGH AND WIDE. Small in frame, Mike and Werner stand in the little pool of light from the Chrysler's headlights. We can't hear Werner as he paces, cajoling, persuading...

ON WERNER. Margarethe's pushing back. There *must* be some way to see each other. Werner knows he has only one option: be an asshole. Werner turns away from Mike. This is agony.

Mike just watches. He doesn't need to be fluent in German to know how this is going.

WERNER

*My darling... My darling... Shut up. You must go back home.*

He pushes harder. Getting angry is the only way.

WERNER

*No! Out of the question. This is my work. I must do it. I don't have time for this. I don't wish to see you. Margarethe, you go home now. Now, Margarethe. Now.*

Click. Werner's wife has hung up.

MIKE

Will she do it?

Werner turns back to Mike.

WERNER

She's very angry... But, yes. She will go home.

Werner has another concern now. A fatalism has crept over him. The conversation with his wife has made his situation real. Now it's all about what he's leaving behind.

WERNER

Michael, if she doesn't hear from me, she will ask questions. She will go to the police.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

She'll get a story. An accident.  
Lawyers will visit. German  
lawyers. Her questions will be  
answered.

WERNER

This you swear?

MIKE

This I swear.

WERNER

And my men?

MIKE

They're going home. They'll be  
okay. They're trusted.

WERNER

And I could have quit and gone home  
also. If I'd asked. Before.

But the time for that has passed. Mike doesn't want Werner  
to dwell on the "what ifs." Mike's already tortured by what  
he could have done differently.

MIKE

Doesn't matter.

He means: *It doesn't matter now.* It's just too late.

WERNER

Is there no other way? Truly?

Mike says nothing. They both know where they stand.

Werner could run. But how far will he get? And what would  
it mean for his wife? Instead, he takes a deep breath.  
Turns away from the glare of the headlights and looks up at  
the sky. After a moment:

WERNER

There are so many stars visible in  
New Mexico. I will walk out there.  
To get a better look.

He doesn't look back at Mike, but instead takes a deliberate  
step into the scrub. He continues walking into the darkness.

Without taking his eyes off Werner, Mike pulls out his gun.

(CONTINUED)

Mike gaze lowers to the gun in his hand. Is he really going to do this? He's killed for revenge. He's killed as a soldier. But this will be a cold-blooded execution.

Still. If Mike doesn't do it, one of Fring's hoods will. And God knows what that will be like for Werner. Mike steps after Werner. The decision was made long ago.

46 EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS 46

Mike trudges along. Hating himself. Hating what he must do. Werner is ahead. Walking slowly, taking in the sky above.

A BREATH-TAKING WIDE SHOT. The lights of Mike's car on one side of frame. Two dark figures walk forward, silhouetted against the night sky. Werner leading, Mike following.

The second figure stops. Raises a gun.

There's a MUZZLE FLASH. Tiny in frame, just a spark. Werner drops. The CRACK of the gun comes to us a moment later, echoing over the miles of desert.

47 EXT. ABANDONED SPEEDWAY - NIGHT 47

HEADLIGHTS FLARE in the night. A pair of SUVs come in hot, kicking up dust as they skid to a stop.

Victor comes out of one SUV. Gun in hand. Tyrus barrels out of the other. Also armed, scanning the area, assessing. They zero in on a FIGURE emerging from the desert...

It's Mike. Unsurprised by the appearance of Fring's killers.

MIKE

Out there. About two hundred yards. Better clean it up.

Off Mike, headed to his car without looking back...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

48 INT. SUPERLAB CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY 48

CLOSE ON STONE as a HAND comes in to feel the texture of the rock. REVEAL the hand belongs to...

GUS. He's surveying the construction site, which is now empty of the machinery and workers that helped create it. It took a long time to get to this point, but it's very far from being completed. We're CLOSE ON Gus, his emotions contained, when we hear:

VOICE

Wow. I mean... it's incredible.

REVEAL the familiar voice is... GALE BOETTICHER, who marvels at the work around him.

He's carrying a familiar NOTEBOOK containing all of the lab's specifications.

GALE

I feel like we've been talking about it forever, and now... here it is! An architectural feat. Truly. Herculean.

Gale is full of wonder, but Gus does not share his enthusiasm. Gale can see Gus isn't happy and tries to lift Mr. Fring's spirits...

GALE

This is... this is... yeah. I can work with this. I mean... it's not exactly what we talked about, but... it has possibilities. Even unfinished.

(looking at ceiling)

Ventilation is the main hurdle at this point, but with a series of fans and the right equipment, I certainly would be able to do a rudimentary cook, at the very least.

But Gus, through clenched teeth, makes it clear:

GUS

Not until it's ready.

(CONTINUED)

The anger blind-sides Gale. He's never seen this side of Mr. Fring. Gale nods.

GALE

Oh, of course. We only want to do it if it's done right. I was just... exploring possibilities.

Gale clams up like a scolded schoolboy. Then, awkwardly...

GALE

I'm gonna go up... check the, uh...

He trails off. There's nothing to check.

GALE

Okay.

Gale walks off and ascends the metal staircase.

Near the top of the STAIRCASE, on an upper landing, Gale almost bumps into someone...

It's Mike. Gale smiles.

GALE

Oh, hello.

Mike barely acknowledges him. As Gale continues on his way and disappears, Mike stands at the railing and looks down into the pit, where...

Gus, alone at the bottom, stares back up at him.

There's a lot to talk about after the death of Werner -- but they remain silent. *Does Mike despise Gus after killing Werner? Despise himself? Does Gus blame Mike for the situation at hand? Or does he admire Mike for carrying through on the terrible task that needed to be done?*

There's so much to read within their stoic stares, but the fact that they're not talking lets us know: neither man is in a good place.

Mike turns and walks out, leaving us HIGH AND WIDE to look down on Gus, small in (as Mike predicted) the most expensive hole this side of the Mississippi.

Jimmy and Kim retrace their steps from Ep. 305 to the courthouse, on a mission to reinstate Jimmy's law license.

(CONTINUED)

They are without briefcase and roller bag this time -- it's only them, dressed in their courtroom best.

50 INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - DAY 50

In the LOBBY of the BAR BUILDING, Jimmy and Kim march up the stairs, also echoing the SHOT from Ep. 305. TIME CUT TO:

51 INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY 51

Jimmy and Kim lean quietly near the vending machines, just down the hall from the hearing room, waiting for the board to begin proceedings.

Jimmy is in his own head, preparing himself to stand up in front of the disciplinary board and be judged as "sincere."

Kim, showing more nervousness than Jimmy, looks at him.

KIM

Where do you have it?

Jimmy slides Chuck's letter out slightly from his inside pocket to show her. She nods -- *good*.

JIMMY

This should do it. Chuck wrote a good letter, right?

KIM

Chuck wrote a great letter.

But Kim is quietly concerned. She adds:

KIM

You know it's not just the words.  
It's how you read them.

Jimmy simply nods. He hears her. But will it be any different than his dispassionate reading in Ep. 403?

Kim looks at Jimmy, still in his reticent state, and says something she hopes connects. Heartfelt... with love...

KIM

Jimmy... whatever happens in there... I'm with you. You know that, right?

Kim is saying: whether Jimmy is a lawyer or not, she'll be at his side.

(CONTINUED)



Jimmy slowly stops looking inward and makes eye contact. He seems to have heard her. *Will it change anything?* Before he can respond...

A BAR ASSOCIATION CLERK comes out of the hearing room.

BAR ASSOCIATION CLERK  
Mr. McGill? They're ready for you.

Jimmy nods.

Kim straightens his jacket, gives him a look over. Then:

KIM  
You got this.

Jimmy nods, and they walk toward the doors. TIME CUT TO:

This is the same room from Ep. 305, but now with a different CHAIRMAN and THREE MEMBERS OF THE DISCIPLINARY BOARD waiting to pass judgment on James McGill. (The witness stand is missing from this set-up, and there's only a single PODIUM where Jimmy stands -- no prosecutor or defense tables in evidence.)

Kim sits in the sparse gallery, with a few other ONLOOKERS who are perhaps waiting for upcoming cases.

As the committee members shuffle through their papers...

CHAIRMAN  
Mr. McGill, we've reviewed all the facts... the same facts as the hearing committee. We've evaluated their findings. All that's left is for us to hear your prepared statement. So... whenever you're ready.

The chairman's tone says: they've made their decision, and it's not much different than the Hearing Committee's. It's on Jimmy now to change their minds.

Jimmy shifts at the podium, clears his throat.

JIMMY  
Thank you, your Honor. I, um... I actually don't have a prepared statement, but I do have this...  
(removes Chuck's LETTER)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It's a letter my brother, Charles McGill, wrote and, uh... he left it to me in his will, which I received after he passed last year.

Kim watches, hoping it will be different than what he delivered before, but as he starts, it sounds almost exactly the same:

JIMMY

"I left many things unsaid in our relationship through the years. Rather than allow these unspoken thoughts to die with me, I've chosen to record them here for you. I hope you will take my words in the spirit in which they are intended."

The board members listen, unmoved. Jimmy throws a quick glance to them as he moves into the second paragraph.

JIMMY

"I remember quite clearly the day you came home from the hospital. You can't imagine..."

Jimmy pauses. Stares at the page.

JIMMY

"Can't imagine the joy on mom's face..."

Jimmy stops cold again. A long pause. Sinking even deeper into thought, if possible. Finally...

JIMMY

I... I can't do this.

The board members look to each other, confused. Kim leans forward. *What the fuck is Jimmy doing?* Then...

JIMMY

I'm sorry.

Jimmy folds the letter closed. *Is he giving up?*

JIMMY

You know, I, uh... I was gonna move you all with my brother's eloquent words about me. Really pull on those heartstrings. But, uh... that...

(shakes head)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It's not right. It's not.

(then)

This letter's between me and him.

And it should stay that way.

Kim and the board members listen closely as Jimmy delivers an off-the-cuff, grammatically imperfect, emotional address... words that sound from the heart.

JIMMY

Besides, he didn't write this to me when I was a lawyer, so...

(pockets the letter)

Look, my brother loved me, in his own way. Loved me as a brother, but...

(sad smile)

He did not love me as a lawyer.

Kim looks to the board, wondering what their reaction to this will be. Jimmy doesn't seem to care what they think, almost as if he's unloading to the shrink whose number he flushed.

JIMMY

Big part of the reason I became a lawyer was... Chuck. He was the most brilliant man I ever knew. An incredible lawyer. And he knew exactly who he was. Exactly.

(reflecting)

And I wanted to make him proud. And, believe me, he was a hard man to make proud. Like climbing Everest without supplies. But if you were one of the few who reached the peak, made him proud even for a moment...

(smiles)

Wow. What a feeling. He let you know it. But if you weren't one of those people...

The panel is captivated by Jimmy's words, wanting to hear more about Charles McGill.

JIMMY

He was always polite enough to everyone, but he sure didn't suffer fools, y'know? He was judgmental. He was difficult. Knew how to get under your skin. And he could be a real son-of-a-bitch. Chuck was the one who was "always right." Always.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

And, honestly, he usually was.

(shrugs)

So, y'know, a guy like me... did lousy in school, lacked ambition, always cut corners... For me to live up to somebody like Charles McGill... heh, c'mon. Look at me. I'll never be as moral as him. Never be as smart. Never as respected. I'll never be as good as Chuck.

(a beat, then nods)

But I can try. I can try. And if you allow me to be a lawyer again, I'll do everything I can to be worthy of the name "McGill."

(a beat)

And if you decide I'm not a lawyer, then... y'know what? Doesn't change anything.

Jimmy looks back at Kim, who watches with tears in her eyes.

JIMMY

I'm still going to be the best man I can be.

The board members have been watching Jimmy, rapt as he bares his soul. One member at the end of the table wipes a tear from beneath his glasses, moved by his words.

JIMMY

Look, I'm lucky. I got this letter.

Jimmy pats his jacket where the letter is, over his heart...

JIMMY

I never wrote a letter to him. Never got a chance to say all the things I should've. I gotta believe, somehow, he knows...

Jimmy trails off, swallowing, holding back his own emotion. He looks at the silent, attentive disciplinary board.

JIMMY

I'm sorry. That's... That'll have to do it for me. I-- Thank you.

As we hang on the quiet scene for a moment, Jimmy's fate now in the hands of the board...

53 INT. STATE BAR BLDG - OUTSIDE HEARING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 53

Kim THROWS her arms around Jimmy! Smiling, laughing, crying... so moved by Jimmy's emotional performance.

KIM

I knew you could do it! I knew you had it in you...

JIMMY

(laughing)  
That felt... so good.

KIM

They have to reinstate you. They just have to!

JIMMY

(no kidding)  
Uh, yeah! God, didja see those suckers? I had them! And that one asshole at the end was actually crying? He had tears. Jesus...

Jimmy's incredulous at what he's pulled off. Kim pulls back a little -- *what did he just say?*

JIMMY

I mean, I started reading the letter, but I could just tell, I could see it on their faces it wasn't gonna be enough, so I just kinda went off on this... flow. This energy going through me, like it was improv, or jazz!

Kim doesn't interrupt him, but just listens -- stunned that he was faking. He fooled the board, and he fooled her, too.

JIMMY

Then I just -- pop -- sank the hook in. I had 'em, like a pied piper leading the rats right into the river. Y'know, I could see it, I could see the Matrix. Like I was invincible. I mean, God... I can dodge bullets, baby.

Jimmy shakes his head, amazed at how perfect it was. Then, he locks in on Kim.

JIMMY

And Kim, you were right, you were so right. It was all about Chuck!

(CONTINUED)

At that moment, as Kim is still trying to process the level of deception she just experienced, the clerk locates Jimmy in the lobby.

BAR ASSOCIATION CLERK  
Mr. McGill, you're still here.  
There's some good news--

Jimmy holds up his hand to stop her.

JIMMY  
Oh, I know. Believe me...

BAR ASSOCIATION CLERK  
Oh, good. Then... if you want to come with me to the office, there's paperwork for you to sign -- your Notice of Entry, and you can pay the reinstatement fee...

JIMMY  
Ab-so-lutely. Let's do this thing!  
(remembers -- to clerk)  
Oh, sweetheart, I'm gonna need one more form. A DBA. Turns out I won't be practicing under the name McGill.

BAR ASSOCIATION CLERK  
That shouldn't be a problem. Just down the hall, we have all the forms...

JIMMY  
Great!

Jimmy follows after the clerk as she heads toward the office, but he pauses and looks back at confused Kim.

KIM  
Jimmy... what?

JIMMY  
S'all good, man.

He winks and points a finger at her, strutting off after the clerk.

We PULL AWAY from speechless Kim, who now stands alone in the vast legal hall, wondering -- *what the hell just happened????*

Off of Kim (and us) witnessing the emergence of Saul Goodman, we...

END EPISODE