

BETTER CALL SAUL

"Plan and Execution"

Episode #607

Written & Directed by

Thomas Schnauz

Production Draft
FINAL - 7/12/21

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BETTER CALL SAUL
"Plan and Execution"
7/12/21

Cast List

JIMMY
MIKE
KIM
HAMLIN
GUS
LALO

MAIN
HECTOR
TYRUS
RICH SCHWEIKART
ERIN BRILL
MRS. LANDRY
CAMERA GUY
DRAMA GIRL
SOUND GUY
LENNY
JUDGE CASIMIRO
GENIDOWSKI
JULIE
CARY
CONCERNED STUDENT
REPORTER
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
NURSE

Non-speaking:

CLERK
UNM STUDENTS
ALVIN REESE
PHIL JERGENS
SANDPIPER IN-HOUSE ATTORNEY
SANDPIPER'S LEAD ACCOUNTANT
LAUNDRY WORKER
GUARD
TWO MEN (W/ TYRUS)
TWO MEN (W/ MIKE)
FOUR CHILDREN & THREE TRUSTEES
PARENTS & CLUB ONLOOKERS
PHOTOGRAPHER

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Set List

Interiors:

HIGHWAY REST STOP
PRIVATE SHOWER AREA

SEWER

UNM

LECTURE HALL

HALLWAY

DARK ROOM

HHM

CONFERENCE ROOM

HAMLIN'S OFFICE

WAITING LOUNGE

STAIRCASE

HAMLIN'S OUTER OFFICE

HAMLIN'S OFFICE

SAUL GOODMAN'S OFFICE

CASA TRANQUILA

FRONT DESK

HECTOR'S ROOM

SCHOOL GYMNASIUM

EQUIPMENT ROOM

KIM'S CONDO

RENTAL CAR

Exteriors:

EMPTY STREET

HIGHWAY REST STOP

CANDELARIA ROAD

BIG BOX STORE PARKING LOT

UNM CAMPUS

COURTYARD

STREET

INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY

Omitted:

UNM HALLWAY

TEASER

1

EXT. EMPTY STREET - NIGHT

1

A dark, quiet road in an industrial section of Albuquerque.

There are no moving cars, trucks or people beneath this stretch of sodium vapor lights. Just a few parked vehicles and the BUZZ of insects in the air.

So... *what are we looking at?* Nothing, really, until finally...

A MANHOLE in the center of the street shifts and slides, the heavy cast iron scraping slowly against the tarmac.

Once aside, a DARK FIGURE lifts himself out of the hole.

This man, wearing protective RUBBER WADERS, uses a MANHOLE COVER HOOK to reset the disc back over the opening. He gives it a shove with his foot to make sure it's flat.

As we move closer, we realize this man is no stranger to us...

It's LALO SALAMANCA.

He's back in New Mexico after his deadly fact-finding mission overseas. He looks around to make sure no one is watching as he walks to...

A parked RENTAL CAR (very average and un-Lalo like). He pops the trunk and tosses the hook inside.

Lalo peels off the waders, revealing his usual clothes underneath. He wipes his hands with a towel, then slips on a pair of FLIP-FLOPS (even though we may glimpse his LOAFERS, along with a coat and a bag of other clothes, inside the trunk).

All of this is very casual, with an occasional glance around to make sure he's alone.

Lalo climbs into...

2

INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

2

He starts the engine. The dashboard clock shines: **2:18 am.**

Lalo puts the car into gear and...

3 EXT. EMPTY STREET - CONTINUOUS 3

He drives away from the scene, leaving us to wonder...

What the hell is Lalo up to?!?

4 EXT. HIGHWAY REST STOP - NIGHT 4

Lalo motors through and parks in an isolated part of the lot, away from the larger trucks and eighteen-wheelers.

He steps out and walks toward the MAIN BUILDING.

A5 INT. HIGHWAY REST STOP - NIGHT A5

Lalo walks into this quiet ALL NIGHT CONVENIENCE STORE. He steps up to the CLERK behind the desk.

LALO

Shower.

Lalo pulls out twelve bucks and slides it over to the cashier, who hands back a KEY in return. All very routine, like he's done this before.

He walks under the sign directing him to the showers, and around the corner to the row of doors, grabbing a TOWEL on the way.

Lalo finds his door and unlocks it, going inside.

5 INT. HIGHWAY REST STOP - PRIVATE SHOWER AREA - LATER 5

Lalo stands with hands against the wall in the spray of water and washes off the stink of the sewer.

The bathroom is surprisingly clean for a truck stop, with fresh towels, mouthwash, soap and shampoo for travelers to use.

STEAM rises all around as we hold on this scene for a beat, then CUT TO:

6 INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT 6

Lalo SLAMS the door shut and sinks into the driver's seat (the car, of course, sits in the same spot he parked it at the HIGHWAY REST STOP).

(CONTINUED)

His shirt looks a bit fresher, as if he cleaned it in the sink and went over it with a hair dryer.

He reaches for the glove box and pulls out an EGG TIMER. He winds it the full hour and sets it on the passenger seat.

Lalo reclines his seat as far back as it will go and closes his eyes. We CREEP IN on Lalo, who seems to rest comfortably with the *TICK-TICK-TICK* of the timer.

CLOSE ON Lalo's eyes. We hold here, and after a few moments of being shut...

... they slowly blink open. Lalo takes a breath and...

BRRRRRRRR-ING! With a HIDDEN TIME CUT, the hour has passed, and we see Lalo instinctively wake up moments before the timer sounds.

He palms the ringer silent and raises his seat.

Keys into the ignition...

7 EXT. HIGHWAY REST STOP - CONTINUOUS 7

Lalo steps on the gas and pulls out of the truck stop.

8 EXT. EMPTY STREET - NIGHT 8

Lalo returns the car to the familiar industrial street, but parks in a different spot from before.

He climbs out and rounds to the trunk, where he changes back into the rubber waders. Once dressed...

Lalo grabs the manhole cover hook and shuts the trunk.

He strides to the center of the street, then pulls open access to the sewer tunnel below.

Lalo climbs down the ladder, then slides the manhole shut above him, bringing us right back to where we started the Teaser.

A quiet street. But now, we... CUT TO:

9 INT. SEWER - NIGHT 9

Lalo makes his way through the cramped, dark passage, a SMALL MAG LIGHT showing him the way.

(CONTINUED)

[PRODUCTION NOTE: Albuquerque does not have a traditional underground sewer system that people can walk through, so we're bending reality here for story purposes.]

Splashing through puddles of water, the tunnel seems endless, but Lalo knows where he's going. He finally arrives at...

A FOLDED LAWN CHAIR, which leans against the wall. A small KIT BAG hangs off of its arm.

The chair is right below a large cubbyhole-type ledge (about shoulder height) where street lights shine in from above through a SEWER GRATE. He sets down his hook, then rifles through the bag to find a pair of compact BINOCULARS and a pack of BEEF JERKY.

Lalo unfolds the chair and sets it on the ledge.

He climbs up into the tight space and takes a seat on the chair (the type that sits low to the ground). Settling in, he takes a breath and a bite of jerky, and then looks through his binoculars.

10 EXT. CANDELARIA ROAD - CONTINUOUS 10

In the street, we realize Lalo looks out of a curb storm drain, but he's hidden there in the dark. We see the slightest glint of his binoculars.

But what is Lalo looking at?

We PAN AWAY from the gutter to reveal, across the street...

LAVANDERÍA BRILLANTE! The industrial laundry that hides the German dig site for Gus Fring's future Superlab. *[PRODUCTION NOTE: With no usable sewer drain on the real location, this will be a visual effect in need of discussion.]*

Whatever happened after we last saw Lalo with Casper, it's now clear that Werner's man gave up every detail he knew about the Chicken Man's secret project.

Now Lalo is here... watching... waiting... and we can only imagine what his next move will be.

Off this surprising turn of events, we...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

11 EXT. BIG BOX STORE - PARKING LOT - DAY 11

A FIGURE in a SAFETY VEST moves amongst the parked cars, slowly collecting stray SHOPPING CARTS in front of a large but mostly quiet store (similar to Walmart or Home Depot).

Closer, we see that the fellow shagging carts is mustachioed LENNY, the actor Jimmy and Kim used (in Ep. 606) to match photos of Judge Casimiro. He's at his day job, quietly talking to himself.

LENNY

(low - recites)

"I'm not afraid of death. What can death bring that I haven't faced? I've lived. Life is the worst."

As we hear the words, we realize he's rehearsing a Roy Cohn scene from Tony Kushner's "Angels In America."

LENNY

"Listen to me, I'm a philosopher."

Unhappy with that reading, he tries a more matter-of-fact version.

LENNY

"Listen to me, I'm a philosopher."

(no, not right -- upbeat?)

"Listen to me, I'm a philosopher."

(thrown away)

"Listen to me, I'm a philosopher."

(happy with that,
continues:)

"Joe. You must do this. You must must must. Love, that's a trap."

As he continues linking carts together into a long train...

SCREEEEECH!

JIMMY MCGILL speeds his rental car through the lot and stops right next to Lenny and his row of carts.

JIMMY

Get in!

Lenny stares, confused.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

We gotta reshoot! Three hundred bucks for ninety minutes! C'mon!

Lenny looks at his watch.

LENNY

I have a break in an hour. Is it okay if--

JIMMY

You're not hearing me, it's FOUR hundred dollars if you get in the car now. I'll set your boss straight if he gives you any grief. In fact, I'll sue his ass for wrongful termination and age discrimination if he fires you!

Lenny still hesitates, glancing back toward the store. Desperate Jimmy tries to be upbeat:

JIMMY

Listen, how many chances do you get to use your craft and shine? Lose yourself inside the skin of another character and create magic that others only dream of?

(then:)

My advice? Don't live with the regret. Carpe diem, man!

Lenny considers for another long beat, and then...

He can't resist. From the end of his "Angel" monologue, he quotes:

LENNY

"Let nothing stand in your way."

Lenny jumps into the car with Jimmy.

JIMMY

There ya go! That's the spirit that takes people places. Just buckle up, okay? I don't wanna lose you through the windshield.

Jimmy SLAMS the gas and they race away, leaving Lenny's row of unmanned carts to slowly roll toward a parked car.

12 INT. UNM - LECTURE HALL - DAY 12

CAMERA GUY stands behind a table of VIDEO CAMERA EQUIPMENT (circa 2004, of course). He's in front of about EIGHTEEN UNM STUDENTS who watch him from the stadium seating.

Camera Guy picks up a VIDEO CAMERA and describes it with casual, smug confidence.

CAMERA GUY

This... is a Canon XL2. Three CCD, top-of-the-line, crème de la crème. Twenty-time optical zoom, but also has interchangeable XL lens capability. Image stabilization, built-in filters... Variable frame rates, multiple aspect ratios, your choice.

(then:)

Well... it *would* be your choice, if any of you were allowed to use it. This here is what professional videographers use. This is for art. This... is not for you.

Some of the students glance at each other, while one CONCERNED STUDENT raises his hand.

Camera Guy willfully ignores the raised hand, wielding the full power of his teaching assistant duties. He puts the Canon down and picks up a bulky Betamax camcorder.

CAMERA GUY

(re: Betamax)

This is for you. Three hundred and forty lines of so-called resolution... suitable for recording your sister's second wedding, local community board meetings or porn mit-out plot.

The Concerned Student finally speaks up.

CONCERNED STUDENT

Yeah, excuse me. Professor Tanis said we'd have access to the good cameras--

CAMERA GUY

(interrupts)

Oh. Professor Tanis said that. Well, Professor Tanis does not represent the views of the equipment center.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA GUY (CONT'D)

I represent the views of the equipment center. Okay? So... the "good" cameras? They're for the few. The proud. The auteurs. Capisce?

At that moment, the classroom door at the top of the stairs opens. It's Jimmy, tapping on his watch, urging Camera Guy to follow.

Camera Guy grabs a stack of Xeroxed depth-of-field charts and gives a handful to the student at the end of each row.

CAMERA GUY

Okay, these are depth-of-field charts. Study them. Don't get lost in the Circle of Confusion. Can't tell your story if you can't keep things in focus.

On his way up the stairs...

CAMERA GUY

Now, I have some very important responsibilities elsewhere on campus, but I'll be back. And, fair warning, there's gonna be a quiz later. Probably. Okay?
(then:)
Don't touch the equipment! I'll know.

Camera Guy exits with Jimmy out to...

13 EXT. UNM - MEDIA BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 13

The pair walk and talk as the CAMERA LEADS them...

JIMMY

What are you doing teaching a class? I told you, we've got zero time...

CAMERA GUY

Hope you have time to discuss my fee.

JIMMY

What do you mean "discuss your fee?" Your fee is your fee...

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA GUY

That's right, and in this emergency situation where I'm pulled from my collegiate duties, my fee is five hundred bucks.

JIMMY

Five hundred? I gave you one hundred last week for the same job.

Camera Guy stops walking.

CAMERA GUY

If you think this is the same, then feel free to go find another--

JIMMY

Fine! Five hundred! Jesus.

CAMERA GUY

Five. You pinky promise?

JIMMY

Yeah, pinky, all the fingers, anything. Just... don't tell the others.

Camera Guy continues walking with Jimmy...

CAMERA GUY

Right choice. You're paying for the best.

JIMMY

The best ass reaming.

CAMERA GUY

That would be extra.

They cross into...

14 EXT. UNM CAMPUS - COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS 14

Campus traffic is light as they head toward a director's chair where DRAMA GIRL (dressed like an EXOTIC ELF, for some reason) is almost done putting Lenny back in the same Judge Casimiro makeup as before. Jimmy motions to the benches...

JIMMY

(to Camera Guy)

We're just gonna shoot over there, trees in the background, throw it all way out-of-focus. That work?

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA GUY
I'll make it work.

JIMMY
(to Drama Girl)
How's our boy looking?

Camera Guy eyes Drama Girl's outfit as she responds to Jimmy.

DRAMA GIRL
I think better today! I used a foundation that matches his skin tone a little closer, and a spirit gum that isn't so gunky, so the moustache looks more natural--

JIMMY
I like it, that's good--

CAMERA GUY
(interrupts)
Yeah, hold on. You wander too far from the Shire?

DRAMA GIRL
We're in rehearsals. It's a live action musical tribute to "The Dark Crystal." I'm Kira, the Gelfling.

CAMERA GUY
Pretty sure it's pronounced "Barf-ling."

JIMMY
Would you leave her alone and go set up whatever it is you need to set up?

CAMERA GUY
Gotta go get my stuff, chief.

JIMMY
No, it's taken care of.

At that moment, they set eyes on SOUND GUY (wearing GYM CLOTHES and WRIST SWEATBANDS) who runs up holding several large padded CAMERA BAGS and a TRIPOD, to the dismay of Camera Guy.

SOUND GUY
I just grabbed everything. And three rolls of Tri-X and Plus-X 'cause I didn't know which one you'd want--

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA GUY

Wait, wait, wait... You touched my stuff? Nobody touches my stuff but me!

JIMMY

Truer words were never spoken.
(claps hands)
Let's get it in gear, people, we're on a deadline!

SCREECH! KIM WEXLER parks her rental car at the curb and jumps out, a PLASTIC BAG of just purchased MEDICAL SUPPLIES in hand (including SCISSORS and, for some reason, a FRISBEE).

JIMMY

Thank God...

Jimmy hurries to greet her, and they talk on the move.

JIMMY

You're sure? I mean *absolutely* sure?

KIM

We want it to look right, right?

JIMMY

Of course, but I can do it. I was around your cast almost as much as you were.

(stops her)

Here, gimme the bag. You get back on the road, bust the speed limit, you can still make the lunch.

Kim shakes her head, sure of her decision.

KIM

Jimmy. This is where I need to be.

Jimmy doesn't really agree. Still, he can't help but smile at her as they rush over to Lenny. Kim pulls the SCISSORS from the bag...

KIM

Lenny, hello, can I have your...
(to Jimmy)
Left arm?

JIMMY

Left arm.

(CONTINUED)

LENNY
Of course. What's..?

JIMMY
Your character has a broken arm
now.

Kim cuts his left sleeve OFF around the bicep, while Drama Girl continues to apply makeup. Camera Guy snaps on his utility belt and loads FILM into his STILL CAMERA. Sound Guy breaks off a nearby tree branch and fixes it to the end of his boom pole with tape. (This moves fast, with OVERLAPPING DIALOGUE of two separate conversations in the chaos of people trying to get things done in a hurry.)

LENNY
The plot thickens. This changes everything.

CAMERA GUY
(to Sound Guy)
Did you grab my NDs?

JIMMY
Actually, nothing changes.

SOUND GUY
I grabbed everything!

LENNY
I must have a new backstory.

CAMERA GUY
I don't see them.

KIM
Hold your arm still, Lenny.

SOUND GUY
Look in the side pocket...

JIMMY
Think of the broken arm more as symbolic. And you're clumsy.

CAMERA GUY
I got 'em, I got 'em. Never in the side pocket, they're glass, dude.

LENNY
Ahhhh, I see. Symbolism.

SOUND GUY
Noted.

DRAMA GIRL
(fixing moustache)
Try not to talk, Lenny.

CAMERA GUY
(checks LIGHT METER)
Going with the Plus X.

Kim takes TISSUES and ACE BANDAGES from her plastic bag, wrapping the padding like a cast around his arm. Jimmy pulls the TYVEK ENVELOPE (the same one seen by Howard in the previous episode) out of a PROP BAG.

JIMMY
Your motivation is still exactly the same. A covert mission receiving an envelope of great importance, but you don't want anyone to know what you're doing, so you act casual, but knowing.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

There's intrigue, mystery,
conspiracy...

(then:)

Probably best just to look sleepy.

(checks watch)

Jesus, Mary and Joseph, how we
doing, everyone?

KIM

Getting there...

CAMERA GUY

Not waitin' on me.

Camera Guy has a giant ZOOM LENS attached to his camera.
Sound Guy shows his boom pole with a bushy branch taped to
the end to Jimmy.

SOUND GUY

How's this?

JIMMY

It's a park in Albuquerque, not the
African bush, c'mon...

SOUND GUY

I'll thin it out.

DRAMA GIRL

(dabbing Lenny's face)

Last looks...

Camera Guy stares at Kim's awkward binding of tissue and
bandages on Lenny's arm.

CAMERA GUY

That supposed to be a cast?

Kim shoots him a look, then spins Camera Guy around and grabs
WHITE CAMERA TAPE off of his utility belt.

CAMERA GUY

Hey--

KIM

Thanks.

She wraps the white tape around Lenny's arm, recreating the
cast she used to wear on her own arm. Camera Guy watches
foot-after-foot of his precious tape peel away --

(CONTINUED)

CAMERA GUY

Dude, c'mon, that's cloth camera
tape from Rafik, thirty-six bucks a
roll!

KIM

Bill us.

She keeps wrapping and wrapping as we... CUT TO:

15 EXT. UNM CAMPUS - COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER 15

POV OF JIMMY THROUGH A TELEPHOTO LENS

Viewed through some out-of-focus foreground foliage, Jimmy
waits on the bench with his briefcase (and the TYVEK ENVELOPE
tucked next to it).

WIDER: With his camera on the tripod, Camera Guy has his
massive zoom lens pointed at Jimmy, who sits thirty yards
away. Sound Guy stretches his boom pole with the tree branch
out in front of the lens (to make the shot seem more covert).

Camera Guy calls over to Drama Girl, who holds a shiny round
REFLECTOR to bounce light across the scene.

CAMERA GUY

Keep it steady. Morning light.
(to Sound Guy)
Aces on the foli-áge.

Camera Guy nods *ready* to Kim, who stands right next to the
camera. She calls out to Lenny, who is a few feet away from
Jimmy, his "broken arm" in a sling (matching what Jimmy saw
on Casimiro in Ep. 606).

KIM

Okay, go! Action!

Lenny walks over and accepts the "payoff" envelope from
Jimmy. He takes it and conceals it under his sling.

Kim watches, bothered that the angle of the transfer obscures
the envelope.

KIM

Wait, hold on, you have to turn it!

JIMMY

(too far away to hear)
What?

(CONTINUED)

KIM
Turn! You have to--

Kim decides it's simpler to SPRINT the thirty yards across to them. When she's about halfway, she kicks off her dress shoes to make it easier to run fast.

Once she reaches the pair, she quickly directs the action, adjusting the envelope so the markings can clearly be seen.

KIM
Here, Lenny, walk behind the bench and, Jimmy, pass it back to him, but angle the envelope a little flatter to camera, but not too obvious. Okay?

JIMMY
Good, got it, go--

Kim turns and bolts back to Camera Guy, but as she passes her discarded shoes...

CAMERA GUY
Shoes! Shoes in the shot.

Kim stops short and turns to retrieve them, then dashes out of frame. Arriving at camera, catching her breath...

KIM
All ready? Okay, action again!

Jimmy hands off the envelope to Lenny as directed, and...

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-CLICK...

We MOVE IN ON the CAMERA LENS, which takes us to...

16 INT. UNM - DARK ROOM - DAY 16

CLOSE UP: A BLACK & WHITE IMAGE FADES UP on photo paper in a CHEMICAL BATH -- the staged scene of Jimmy passing his envelope to their Judge Casimiro lookalike.

WIDER: Jimmy and Kim pace in the RED LIGHT of this developing room. Camera Guy uses a pair of tongs to move the paper around. Jimmy glances at his watch...

JIMMY
What are we looking at?

CAMERA GUY
Can't rush the process.

(CONTINUED)

Camera Guy moves the photo over into the stop bath solution.

KIM

As long as there's an image, it
doesn't have to be perfect.

CAMERA GUY

Can't rush the process.

The couple look at each other, and then scan a row of TWELVE
8x10s clipped to a drying rack (we don't see what they see,
we only view the photos from behind).

JIMMY

(pointing to photos)
Okay, this one, this one, this one
and... this one?

KIM

Looks good.

Jimmy and Kim simultaneously snap on RUBBER GLOVES. Careful
not to leave prints, Kim takes the chosen PHOTOS off the rack
and puts them in a MANILA ENVELOPE. While she clips it
shut...

Jimmy removes a set of three DIFFERENT photos from the rack,
plus the one Camera Guy just pulled from the bath. He lays
all four on top of a plastic sheet on a table.

From his pocket, he pulls out a VIAL -- the same vial of
drugs they received from the vet. Jimmy quickly opens it and
WETS the surface of all four photographs. He uses a BRUSH to
spread the liquid evenly.

Camera Guy, as he wraps up his equipment, throws a half-
interested glance Jimmy's way.

CAMERA GUY

What's that?

JIMMY

Don't worry about it. You're "need-
to-know" on this one.

His hands vibrating with energy, Jimmy collects the photos
and pushes them inside a SECOND manila envelope (identical to
the one Kim filled). Once sealed...

Jimmy grabs both envelopes, and, with a quick kiss to Kim,
runs like a maniac out of the dark room.

17 EXT. UNM CAMPUS - STREET - DAY 17

Jimmy hauls ass with the two envelopes in his gloved hand, sucking air as he runs faster than he's ever run in his life.

JIMMY

Oh God oh God oh God...

He reaches the corner just as...

SCREE-EEEECH! A CAR pulls up with its passenger window down.

Jimmy doesn't hesitate, and THROWS the envelopes into the window of this mystery car.

JIMMY

GO!!!!

And who, exactly, did Jimmy toss the photos to? Viewers may or may not recognize the vehicle, but they'll definitely recognize the driver as Howard Hamlin's private detective, GENIDOWSKI. He gives a thumbs up to Jimmy and peels away.

Wait... What?!?!! How can it be that Hamlin's detective -- who's supposed to be following Jimmy -- is now working with him?

We'll have to wait for that answer as we leave Jimmy grasping his knees, trying to catch his breath, wondering if their crazy plan is going to succeed.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

18 INT. HHM - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

18

The room is empty at the moment. Notepads, pens and water glasses are set neatly in front of each chair, ready for a big meeting. After a moment...

HOWARD HAMLIN enters, checking to make sure the setting is up to HHM standards. One of the table lamps is slightly askew, and Hamlin adjusts it (not that anyone would have noticed).

Howard considers the seating a moment, then pulls one of the rolling chairs away from the table, leaving an empty spot (we'll know why later). Just then...

A young office assistant, CARY, enters at the far end of the room (the door by the large painting of Charles McGill). He carries a few CARDBOARD TRAYS of SODA CANS in his arms, and, startled by the boss, drops a few cans onto the floor.

CARY

Oh, excuse me, Mr. Hamlin. I was told I should restock the fridge before the meeting.

HAMLIN

No worries. Let me give you a hand.

Hamlin, the best boss ever, immediately moves to help the mortified kid pick up the fallen cans.

Hamlin places the sodas on the conference room table, while Cary moves to the giant console and pops open a wooden panel to reveal a SMALL REFRIGERATOR. *[PRODUCTION NOTE: This has not been established, so hopefully the console's lower right panel can be modified.]*

Howard watches Cary put some dropped cans into the fridge.

HAMLIN

Um, you're... Gary?

CARY

Cary. Anderson.

HAMLIN

Of course. Cary.
(polite)

Cary, what happens when you drop or shake a can of soda?

(CONTINUED)

Cary stops himself from loading the cans. Nods.

CARY
Right. Boosh.
(shakes head)
I'm sorry, I--I'm...

Hamlin smiles and takes one of the fallen cans.

HAMLIN
Here. Let me show you a little
trick.

Hamlin sets the ginger ale on the table and slowly rotates
the can. As Cary watches...

HAMLIN
Something about the centrifugal
force. It pulls the bubbles off
the side of the can, stops it from
exploding. Don't want our clients
to get a surprise now, do we?

CARY
That works?

Hamlin thinks a moment, then pops the lid on the can. No
explosion. Hamlin takes a sip. Cary is impressed.

CARY
Alright.

As Cary begins to rotate the dropped cans...

HAMLIN
Know who showed me that trick?

Cary has no idea. Hamlin points to Chuck's picture.

HAMLIN
He used to do it, out of habit.
Any time he opened a can, almost
unconsciously. I asked him about
it once. Just his way of being
prepared for anything, accidental
or otherwise.

CARY
Huh.
(then, embarrassed:)
I'm sorry, I'm kinda new here. I
have to ask... who is that?

Hamlin admires the painting.

(CONTINUED)

HAMLIN

Charles McGill. The "M" in HHM.
The greatest legal mind I've ever
known.

CARY

(impressed)

Wow. I hope someone says that
about me someday.

Hamlin keeps looking at Chuck's image, but his gaze turns a
bit introspective.

HAMLIN

Well... maybe there are more
important things.

Before Hamlin can expand on that intriguing thought, JULIE
pokes into the room.

JULIE

Mr. Genidowski is here.

HAMLIN

(surprised)

Now?

JULIE

I told him you have a meeting.

Hamlin checks his watch.

HAMLIN

All the parties are here?

JULIE

Rich Schweikart and his team are
running late. They just phoned,
about ten minutes out.

Howard considers.

HAMLIN

Genidowski say what he wants?

JULIE

Only that there's been a
development. Said you'd know what
he means.

Off Hamlin, definitely interested...

19 INT. HHM - HAMLIN'S OFFICE - DAY 19

A familiar MANILA ENVELOPE gets passed across Hamlin's desk from his Private Detective, Genidowski. *Holy shit, Jimmy and Kim's plan is underway!*

Hamlin opens the envelope and pulls out the four (staged) black-and-white photos of Jimmy and the Casimiro-lookalike.

Handling the pictures, Hamlin immediately feels the wetness on his hand. Genidowski (who has a SATCHEL in the chair next to him) notices...

GENIDOWSKI

Sorry about that. They're fresh out of the bath.

Hamlin rubs the dampness on his fingertips and thinks little of it (but of course we know it's the vet's drug now seeping through his skin and into his system).

HAMLIN

What am I looking at?

GENIDOWSKI

Took those about seven this morning. McGill sat on a bench in Trumbull park, then the subject you see there passed by and collected a package from McGill, tucked it in his sling. Didn't realize what it was until I saw the photos up close.

Howard looks harder at the pictures.

HAMLIN

Oh my God. That's...

He opens his drawer and pulls out the previous PHOTOS (received in Ep. 606) and matches them to the new set. It's the BANK ENVELOPE!

HAMLIN

And the man with the moustache?

GENIDOWSKI

I was hoping you'd recognize him.

HAMLIN

I don't, but...

(excited)

What can you do to find this man?

(CONTINUED)

GENIDOWSKI

I know he drives a silver Miata,
and I got a partial plate. Not
perfect, but enough. It'll take
some extra man-hours, and I might
have to grease some wheels over at
MVD--

HAMLIN

(interrupts)

Do it. Whatever needs to be done.

GENIDOWSKI

(confident nod)

I'm on it.

Genidowski gets out his cellphone and stands to dial. Off
pleased Hamlin, collecting the photos and sliding them back
in the envelope...

20 INT. HHM - WAITING LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER 20

This room is actually one we've been in before -- it's
Chuck's old office, redecorated with new art and furniture.

And who is sitting here on the couch with CLIFF MAIN? It's
MRS. IRENE LANDRY, Jimmy's sweet class representative for the
Sandpiper lawsuit (last seen in Ep. 310).

MRS. LANDRY

... and the secret to good potato
and leek soup is not the potatoes,
but the leeks. You have to leave
them a little bit chunky.

MAIN

Oh, well, I love leeks.

MRS. LANDRY

(nods, then:)

The garlic helps, too.

MAIN

That sounds delicious. I really
hope I get a chance to try it--

At that moment, Hamlin enters the room with Julie to
interrupt the conversation...

HAMLIN

Irene! How are you, my dear?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. LANDRY
Very good, Mr. Hamlin.

HAMLIN
Now, you know to call me Howard.
And you remember Julie, of course.

The two women smile and nod at one another.

MAIN
I was telling Irene that she's not
going to have to do or say
anything, and there's nothing to be
nervous about.

This is Cliff's secret plea to Howard to help calm Irene's
nerves. And, of course, Howard is perfect with her.

HAMLIN
Cliff is absolutely right.
(to Julie)
Julie, can you pour Irene a hot cup
of chamomile tea, a touch of honey?
(to Mrs. Landry)
That's how you like it, right?

MRS. LANDRY
Oh, yes, thank you.

Smiling, Julie moves to a table with a coffee/tea carafe
station, where muffins and other small bites are available.
(Also in evidence is a folded WHEELCHAIR.)

Hamlin turns his full attention to Mrs. Landry.

HAMLIN
Irene, let me walk you through
what's going to happen. You're
going to meet Mr. Schweikart and
his associates, who represent
Sandpiper's interests, and it's all
going to be very polite and
professional, and to make sure it
stays polite and professional, an
independent mediator is going to
keep things that way. Kind of like
a referee.

Howard looks to Cliff, who chimes in with:

MAIN
Yes, a very nice retired judge out
of Santa Fe, Judge Casimiro, I've
known for many, many years.

(CONTINUED)

Julie brings Mrs. Landry her tea and then exits the lounge.

MRS. LANDRY

Thank you, that's so sweet.

(to Hamlin)

Goodness, I'm just glad it's all going to be over soon.

Hamlin responds carefully and with an upbeat spin.

HAMLIN

Well, we all know the saying, "The wheels of justice turn slowly..."

(off Mrs. Landry's nod)

Things, probably, will not be over after this meeting.

(hopeful)

There's a chance, but... we're fighting very hard to get what you and your friends deserve, and the other side is fighting very hard for their clients, so this is one very big, very important... and very slow step toward justice.

(a breath)

Full disclosure, we're probably looking at... what, Cliff?

MAIN

Oh, I'd have to say at least one-and-a-half to two years, minimum.

HAMLIN

(nods, then:)

Of course, you are the class representative, and if you hear a deal to your liking today--

Mrs. Landry smiles and interrupts...

MRS. LANDRY

Oh, no, no, I'm not going to do anything you don't tell me to do.

HAMLIN

Well, we are going to advise you to the best of our abilities, I assure you that.

At that moment, Julie reenters to deliver some news. While she does, Howard rubs the dry spot on his fingers where he touched the detective's photos. *Weird.*

(CONTINUED)

JULIE

All the parties are here, and Erin has the out-of-state reps dialed in on the Polycom.

MAIN

Fantastic. And Judge Casimiro?

JULIE

In the waiting area, ready to come in once we're assembled.

HAMLIN

Excellent. Well, this is it, then.
(takes Mrs. Landry's tea)
We'll freshen this for you in the conference room.

Hamlin returns the tea cup to the coffee station, then grabs the wheelchair and brings it over to Mrs. Landry, who is just standing up.

HAMLIN

Now, let's get you down there in style.

MRS. LANDRY

Oh, I'm fine walking.

HAMLIN

Of course, but I'd feel better making this all as easy for you as possible.

Not to mention, showing off their sweet elderly client in a wheelchair to opposing counsel is a great tactic. As Mrs. Landry sits in the offered seat...

HAMLIN

Thank you for indulging me, Irene.
(then:)
Anything else we can do to make you comfortable? Are you hot?

MRS. LANDRY

I'm very comfortable.

HAMLIN

Huh.
(to others)
Anyone else hot?

MAIN

Ummm... I'm good.

(CONTINUED)

Howard *is* feeling warm, but shrugs it off. Of course we understand: this is the start of the vet's drug kicking in...

Smiles all around as Julie holds open the door and Hamlin wheels Mrs. Landry out into the hallway.

21 INT. HHM - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 21

Hamlin pushes Mrs. Landry, flanked by Cliff and Julie, marching with confidence toward the meeting.

But we see subtle discomfort in Hamlin as he swallows and gives a small tug of his collar. The slow acting drug is in his system, and he's beginning to feel it.

We TRACK BACK with the power walk for a few moments, watching Hamlin suppress and silently downplay his symptoms. *Throat a tad dry. Nerves? Really? I'm fine. All good. Breathe.*

At the last moment, Hamlin plasters a charming smile on his face as they enter...

22 INT. HHM - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 22

ERIN BRILL leans over the Polycom speakerphone, talking to the out-of-state class representatives who are listening (and she has a long LIST of rep names before her).

ERIN BRILL
... and I believe we're just moments away...
(sees the group)
And here they are--

HAMLIN
(enters)
Good afternoon, everyone!

ERIN BRILL
(into Polycom)
The team has just entered the room along with your class representative, Irene Landry.

RICH SCHWEIKART and his two associates, ALVIN REESE and PHIL JERGENS (seen in Ep. 108), stand up to greet opposing counsel. With them are two additional suits -- a SANDPIPER IN-HOUSE ATTORNEY and SANDPIPER'S LEAD ACCOUNTANT.

(CONTINUED)

SCHWEIKART

Howard. Cliff, good to see you.
You remember Alvin and Phil...
Daniela and Edwina from Sandpiper.

Smiles and handshakes all around. Everyone is very professional and pleasant.

MAIN

Of course, great to see you all again. Rich, I don't think you've met Irene Landry yet...

Hamlin rolls Irene into the spot at the table he cleared out earlier, just for the wheelchair. Schweikart notes the wheelchair, knowing it's bad for his side, but shows no sign of worry.

SCHWEIKART

I haven't, but finally nice to put a face to the name. Hello, my dear. Rich Schweikart.

MRS. LANDRY

Nice to meet all of you, there's so many...

HAMLIN

Julie, I think we're ready to invite the mediator in.

JULIE

Right away.

Julie exits the room as pleasantries are exchanged (POCKET DIALOGUE to come), as we FOCUS ON Erin.

ERIN BRILL

(into Polycom)

Hang tight, everyone, now that all the parties are here, the mediator will be inv--

A *BE-BOOP* sounds on the speaker. Erin pauses a moment, curious about what she just heard.

ERIN BRILL

Whoops, hello? We still have everyone?

A silent beat, as we...

23 INT. SAUL GOODMAN'S OFFICE - INTERCUT 23

Jimmy and Kim sit around a DROP PHONE, fresh out of its box (in evidence). They're on pins and needles after having just dialed in on the number obtained by Francesca (in Ep. 606).

ERIN BRILL (V.O.)
(from phone)
Hello? We lose anyone?
(beat, then:)
Ms. Valco in Provo, you still on
the line? Can you unmute and let
us know?

A stretch of silence... *are Jimmy and Kim going to be discovered?* They hold their breath, until...

MS. VALCO (V.O.)
(elderly VOICE)
Yes, I'm here, Miss Brill.

Whew. A sigh of relief...

24 INT. HHM - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME 24

... and Erin is satisfied.

ERIN BRILL
Okay, good. Well, if any of you
get disconnected, dial back on the
same number you were provided along
with the access code, then press
pound, the little tic-tac-toe
button, and you'll jump right back
in.
(sees Casimiro enter)
And it looks like our mediator has
been invited in, so let's get
started.

Erin slides the Polycom to the center of the table. The genial talk (continued POCKET DIALOGUE) amongst the lawyers fades as Julie shows JUDGE CASIMIRO to his seat.

JULIE
We've got you right there at the
head of the table. Is there
anything I can get you?

CASIMIRO
I'm absolutely fine, thank you.
I'm a pencil and notepad person.
All I need!

(CONTINUED)

Howard sets eyes on the man, his MOUSTACHE, his BROKEN ARM... and absolutely fucking freezes.

His brain tries to comprehend how the person he just saw in his detective's photos getting a payoff from Jimmy McGill is NOW HERE to mediate the Sandpiper negotiations!?!

Hamlin keeps his shit together with a stoic poker face while Casimiro takes charge of the proceedings.

CASIMIRO

I know we're all anxious to get things going, but you'll have to suffer through my traditional spiel, unfortunately.

(smiles)

My name is Rand Casimiro, and I am your mediator for these proceedings. Now, I'm happy to be here, but in the end, hopefully all of you in the room and...

(noting Polycom)

... listening in from various locations won't be happy with me. Now, why do I say that?

(a beat)

Because the best solutions mean compromise. Compromise from both sides. That's my goal.

(smiles)

But as my wife always says: compromising doesn't mean that I'm wrong and she's right. So let us move forward with the best of--

Finally, Hamlin can't help himself any longer, as he smirks and shakes his head.

HAMLIN

Shhhh-huh.

All eyes go to him.

MAIN

Howard?

Hamlin searches for the right way to broach this subject.

HAMLIN

I, um... wow. I-I'm sorry. I don't think we can proceed with these negotiations today.

Schweikart is confused.

(CONTINUED)

SCHWEIKART

Why not?

Hamlin considers.

HAMLIN

Let's just say... circumstances
beyond any of our control.

SCHWEIKART

I'm going to have to insist that
you be more specific.

Hamlin takes a breath.

HAMLIN

Well, our mediator here keeps using
the word "compromise" when he, in
fact, is compromised.

The judge locks onto Hamlin.

CASIMIRO

I beg your pardon?

Off the confused members of the meeting...

25 INT. SAUL GOODMAN'S OFFICE - INTERCUT 25

Jimmy and Kim are on the edge of their seats, listening,
hoping, praying, that this is all about to go their way.

HAMLIN (V.O.)

I think you heard me.

MAIN (V.O.)

Howard...

Jimmy mimes delicately reeling in a fish. RETURN TO:

26 INT. HHM - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME 26

Hamlin speaks with confidence to the judge.

HAMLIN

You drive a silver Miata, correct?

The judge is a little surprised to hear Hamlin knows this.

CASIMIRO

I do.

(CONTINUED)

HAMLIN

Mmm. And this morning, around seven a.m? You walked through Trumbull park, across town.

CASIMIRO

No.

HAMLIN

You didn't stop by the park this morning.

CASIMIRO

I didn't. I *did* get to Albuquerque early, but not at seven. And I never went to a park.

HAMLIN

You're sure.

MAIN

Howard, if the judge says he's sure, I--

CASIMIRO

I'm quite sure.

(shrugs to room)

If it matters, I arrived in town about ten. Stopped at a gas station. I went by a liquor store and bought a gift. I had a lunch salad and a very nice latte at the Flying Star on Menaul. I read Barron's. Then came here.

HAMLIN

Uh-huh. So you weren't in town to visit our mutual acquaintance. James Morgan McGill. Or maybe you know him as "Saul Goodman."

CASIMIRO

I don't know anyone by either of those names.

Cliff closes his eyes, feels the blood draining. *Uh-oh.*

Poor Mrs. Landry (who, of course, knows Jimmy) doesn't know what to think. And there, looming over the whole unfolding debacle, is the painting of Charles McGill.

HAMLIN

Okay. You want to go that way?
(to Julie)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HAMLIN (CONT'D)

Julie, go to my desk, please.
There's an envelope... with photos.
Can you bring them right away?

JULIE

O-Okay.

Julie hurries off. Cliff speaks low to Howard...

MAIN

Howard, can we have a sidebar about
this--

CASIMIRO

(confused -- interrupts)
I'm sorry, these photos. They're
photos of me?

Hamlin tugs his collar, warm, and again rubs the dry skin on
his fingers. Blinks. Small gestures -- no one notices.

HAMLIN

They show exactly what I'm
describing.

CASIMIRO

You were following me?

HAMLIN

I had a private investigator
following Jimmy McGill. You were
photographed receiving, what I
estimate to be, a twenty-thousand
dollar payoff in the park this
morning.

Casimiro is bewildered. Outraged. Schweikart leans forward.

SCHWEIKART

I-I'm sorry, this...
(a moment to collect)
You recommended the judge as
mediator, and we agreed, and now...
Jimmy... Jimmy McGill, who
originated this suit is...
(confused)
What?

HAMLIN

Admittedly, it all sounds a bit
baroque, but...
(assures him)
Once you see the photos, things
will be clearer.

(CONTINUED)

CASIMIRO

Well, I'm looking forward to that.

Off Hamlin and the judge staring at each other...

27 INT. SAUL GOODMAN'S OFFICE - INTERCUT 27

Jimmy and Kim's heads are about to explode with joy as they hear Julie return:

JULIE (V.O.)

(from phone)

I have the pictures, Mr. Hamlin.

They move closer to the phone...

28 INT. HHM - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME 28

Hamlin takes the envelope from Julie as the judge, Schweikart, Erin and the other lawyers all gather around behind to get a look.

HAMLIN

Thank you, Julie.

(as he opens envelope)

And now...

Hamlin pulls out the 8x10s for the presentation.

HAMLIN

Take a look.

The group looks down, confused, as we see...

CLOSE ON THE B&W PHOTO. It is not a picture of Jimmy and the judge, but a picture of Jimmy and SOUND GUY. Sound Guy wears a fake moustache similar to the judge, and is taking back a rogue FRISBEE... not the envelope... from Jimmy. This is why Sound Guy was dressed as a jock in the earlier scene.

The judge breaks the painful silence.

CASIMIRO

Is that supposed to be me?

Howard flips through the ridiculous series of mustachioed Sound Guy shots.

HAMLIN

I, uh...

(flipping through pics)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HAMLIN (CONT'D)

This-This is... this is not...
Julie, you got the wrong envelope.

JULIE

That was the only one on your desk--

HAMLIN

(snaps)
Look again.

Hamlin barely contains his panic and anger as Julie rushes out of the room.

HAMLIN

They--they've been switched.
Somehow he switched them.

MAIN

Howard--

HAMLIN

Jimmy, he snuck in somehow, or...
I don't know, but these are not the
pictures I saw.

Erin GASPS. She is the first one of the group to notice:

ERIN BRILL

Mr. Hamlin, are you alright? Your
eyes...

The drugs have definitely kicked into high gear as Hamlin's eyes are BIG BLACK SAUCERS (matching Jimmy's in the vet's office).

HAMLIN

I am fine! This is all something
that will be sorted out, I'm
confident.

Cliff attempts to lead Howard from the room.

MAIN

(to the others)
I think a recess is in order--

HAMLIN

No one go anywhere! Evidence has
been tampered with--

MAIN

(firm)
Now, Howard. Please.

(CONTINUED)

As Cliff finally gets Howard to the exit, Mrs. Landry looks around and then asks Erin:

MRS. LANDRY
Is this how these usually go?

29 INT. HHM - HALLWAY/STAIRCASE - DAY 29

Cliff can barely contain his frustration as he brings Hamlin out of earshot of the conference room.

MAIN
What are you doing?!

HAMLIN
I told you, this is a campaign by Jimmy to take me down--

MAIN
You are blowing this. You need to take a long, deep breath and apologize to everyone for what--

Agitated Howard fishes for his phone, not listening to Cliff.

HAMLIN
(realizes)
Of course. I'll call my P.I.
He'll have the negatives.

MAIN
Listen to me--

HAMLIN
The original photos will prove everything!

Howard dials...

MAIN
Howard--

HAMLIN
Just wait. You'll see.

Hamlin holds up an index finger to pause Cliff, but we can just overhear an automated "not-in-service" response from his receiver.

HAMLIN
Okay, this isn't...
(then:)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HAMLIN (CONT'D)

I'm going to figure out what the hell is happening...

Cliff watches helplessly as Howard hurries off up the stairs.

Behind Cliff, Schweikart holds open the conference room door for Judge Casimiro as he exits.

Cliff sees this and approaches as Casimiro walks toward the elevators.

MAIN

Judge...

(as the judge pauses)

I... I don't know what to say.

The judge takes a solemn beat.

CASIMIRO

I suppose... there really is nothing to say.

(then:)

Best of luck, Cliff.

The two take a silent beat before the judge continues on to the elevators.

As Cliff turns, he sees the rest of the Schweikart/Sandpiper team exit the conference room. Schweikart releases the door, and as it closes, we glimpse Erin apologizing to the class on the Polycom.

ERIN BRILL

Everyone please hang tight. The situation is... fluid here and we'll update you as soon as possible--

Schweikart steps up to Cliff. He's not here to gloat, downplaying how much he has the upper hand.

SCHWEIKART

We have... reconsidered our position. We're going back to our previous offer.

Cliff remains stoic, giving nothing away.

SCHWEIKART

That stands until end of day. Tomorrow, we reduce it by a million, and then another million the day after that.

(CONTINUED)

Schweikart definitely does not feel good about this, but being an excellent lawyer, takes the opportunity that's been presented. He nods goodbye to Cliff, but takes a moment...

SCHWEIKART
Our best to Howard.

Off Cliff, watching the S&C team leave...

30 INT. HHM - HAMLIN'S OUTER OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 30

Cliff approaches Julie at her desk, both a bit shell-shocked from watching Howard completely unravel.

After a solemn beat, he asks quietly...

MAIN
Did you call a doctor?

Julie nods.

JULIE
One is on the way--

HAMLIN (O.S.)
Cliff? Is that you?

Hamlin appears in the doorway, having heard their voices. His jacket off and tie loose...

HAMLIN
I'm not crazy. And I'm not on drugs.
(then:)
Please, come in...

Cliff throws a glance to Julie and follows after Hamlin...

31 INT. HHM - HAMLIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 31

Once inside, Howard explains...

HAMLIN
Somehow, somehow, that son of a bitch gave me something to dilate my pupils. I don't know what, but it's already wearing off. Look.

Howard shows his eyes to Cliff, and yes, they do look more normal again.

(CONTINUED)

MAIN

You're saying Jimmy McGill drugged you? How is that possible?

HAMLIN

The photos, they were wet with... with something.

MAIN

(flat)

The missing photos.

HAMLIN

Yes, my P.I, Genidowski. He had to have been in on it. He must have showed me one set of photos, then switched them after I left the office.

MAIN

Howard--

HAMLIN

(determined to prove it)

Three weeks ago, Julie got a call from our detective agency. They wanted to update their contact info -- so, of course, Julie changed the number in our system. Turns out: it wasn't them. That was Jimmy.

Cliff listens, but isn't really following the thread.

HAMLIN

So when I needed to hire an investigator to follow Jimmy, I called his fake number and his fake man. We just now dialed the old number, of course got the actual agency. And, no surprise, no one by the name Genidowski has ever worked for them.

(concludes)

I hired a con man. I got played every step of the way.

Howard finally looks at Cliff and the way he's eyeing him.

HAMLIN

I know how it sounds, but you have to believe me.

Cliff takes a breath -- he doesn't know what's true.

(CONTINUED)

MAIN

I-- It doesn't matter.

(then:)

Rich went back to the previous offer. Sixteen million. I'm going to recommend to the class that we take it.

HAMLIN

No. No way. We do not let Jimmy win this.

MAIN

Why would Jimmy do any of this? He's a profit participant, this means less money for him--

HAMLIN

Because he's a child. He wants his money now. He begged me months ago to settle. You know the things he does...

Cliff hears this, but shakes his head.

MAIN

Whatever the truth... we'll never get back to where we were before the mediation. We have to settle.

HAMLIN

(shakes head)

I'm lead attorney. I won't sanction that decision.

MAIN

Then I am obligated to go to the partners and explain everything I've seen. All of it.

Without saying it, he means the multiple prostitutes, the drug baggie, clients inferring he has a drug problem, the black-eyed meltdown in the conference room...

MAIN

You're going to be able to convince them it's all Jimmy McGill?

Howard knows, without any evidence, that's a losing battle. But he isn't ready to give up.

HAMLIN

Okay, then, we go to trial. Cliff, the case is incredibly strong.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HAMLIN (CONT'D)

I put this thing in front of a jury, then everyone will know--

Cliff shakes his head.

MAIN

I'm not thinking about you, Howard. I'm not thinking about Jimmy. I'm thinking about the time, the expense... The uncertainty. I'm thinking about our clients.

This stops Howard -- the reminder that the clients do, in fact, come first. Any long, drawn out fight to undo the mess that took place in the boardroom... it only takes away from the people they're fighting for.

Howard's shoulders slump. It's over, and he knows it. Off the two of them, standing here in silence...

32 INT. SAUL GOODMAN'S OFFICE - DAY 32

CLOSE ON Jimmy's drop phone, everything OUT-OF-FOCUS behind it. The CAMERA SLOWLY SHIFTS as we hear from the speaker...

MAIN (V.O.)

Hello, everyone. Thank you for your patience, and sorry for the wait. This is Clifford Main, lead counsel, speaking, and I'm here with some good news.

As the CAMERA CONTINUES TRACKING around the phone, we discover two bodies OUT-OF-FOCUS in the background, entwined and making out.

MAIN (V.O.)

An offer has been made and accepted by Mrs. Irene Landry which is going to make all of you, I believe, very satisfied.

It appears that, yes, Jimmy and Kim will both be very, very satisfied.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

33 BLACK. A GRAINY IMAGE in a 4x3 ASPECT RATIO with a DIGITAL 33
CLOCK rolling in the corner lets us know: we're looking at a
VIDEO SCREEN.

As Lalo Salamanca's GRAINY BLACK & WHITE face swings into
view and smiles right at us, we realize he's recording
himself on a handheld video camera down in the SEWER. In
SPANISH WITH SUBTITLES:

LALO

*¡Hola! Surprise, Don Eladio. It's
me! I'm alive! I'm here in
beautiful downtown Albuquerque.*

Lalo pans the camera around to show him the disgusting sewer.

LALO

*Been here... four nights? Now, you
might be asking, what am I doing
down in this shithole? Well, a
little Croatian bird told me a
secret. He put up a hell of a
fight, but he told me... wait...*

Lalo lifts the camera and points it out of the sewer grate
into BRIGHT SUNLIGHT, and the IRIS ADJUSTS (helping us hide a
transition from our fake sewer to the real location) to...

34 EXT. INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY - DAY - CONTINUOUS 34

VIDEO CAMERA POV: ZOOMS IN on Lavandería Brillante.

LALO (O.S.)

*See that? Right there. Fring's
secret.*

(then:)

*Now, I've been watching, and Fring
hides his guards very well. But
they're there, dressed like laundry
workers. See? That's one there.*

There is a LAUNDRY WORKER outside smoking a cigarette.

LALO (O.S.)

*They're hiding guns under the
uniforms, but I see. I have a
pretty good idea what I'm up
against.*

(CONTINUED)

The CAMERA SWINGS BACK TO:

35 INT. SEWER - CONTINUOUS 35

VIDEO CAMERA POV: Lalo talks directly to the lens again.
[PRODUCTION NOTE: This part will also be covered with traditional coverage outside of the video camera POV.]

LALO

I can tell you what's in there. A big hole where a German engineer, Werner Ziegler, designed the perfect place to hide the...

(in English)

Mother-of-All meth labs.

(grins - back to Spanish)

Well, that's my story. And Fring, Fring will have his story. A good one. And Bolsa will back him.

Because he's an...

(in English)

"Earner."

(back to Spanish)

So, tonight, I go in, I kill all the guards, show you the proof.

Then... you decide.

(winks)

Adiós.

Lalo folds up his camera, satisfied. He puts it away, then looks out of the sewer grate again, watching the laundry.

He thinks a moment, then checks his watch. There's a lot of time before nightfall, and there's something he's been wanting to do.

Lalo steps down into the main sewer and pulls out his CELLPHONE. He takes out a PIECE OF PAPER, checks it and dials...

INTERCUT WITH:

36 INT. CASA TRANQUILA - FRONT DESK - DAY 36

A lazy afternoon as the phone RINGS at the front desk. A NURSE picks up.

NURSE

Casa Tranquila.

We hear in SPANISH (with SUBTITLES):

(CONTINUED)

LALO (V.O.)
Good afternoon. Is this the front desk?

NURSE
I'm sorry, I'll need to find someone who speaks Spanish to help--

Lalo immediately interrupts in English (repeating the same trick he used in Ep. 601 to guarantee no one understands what he says to Tio in Spanish).

LALO (V.O.)
Oh, that's fine. I'm just looking to speak to one of your residents. Hector Salamanca? I'm a relative.

NURSE
Of course, just a moment.

The nurse pushes TRANSFER on the phone, and...

RETURN TO:

37 INT. SEWER - SAME 37

Lalo waits as HOLD MUSIC comes out of his receiver. Lalo listens and paces for a few moments, but then HEARS...

CLICK CLICK. Lalo freezes, more attentive as he presses the phone to his ear, holding a hand over his other ear so that all he hears is the phone...

Listening to the music... waiting... and again -- *CLICK CLICK* -- the type of noise you'd hear when a phone is being tapped.

Lalo hangs up. He stares straight ahead, silently piecing together what this means. Quietly pockets the phone.

Motionless while the anger builds, until...

Fuck! Lalo takes his chair and SMASHES it over and over against the sewer wall. The fury is intense as he keeps swinging the chair into the concrete until it is nothing but twisted, mangled aluminum in his hands.

He paces, mulling his next move. He climbs to look out the grate to the laundry. *Fucking Fring motherfucker.*

The phone tap can only be the Chicken Man, which means...
Fring knows Lalo is alive.

(CONTINUED)

LALO
(mumbles in Spanish)
*Clever Chicken Man. Clever clever
Chicken Man...*

Lalo steadies his breathing, deciding what to do next.

An idea forms. Lalo redials his phone.

NURSE (V.O.)
Casa Tranquila.

LALO
I'm sorry, I think I lost the
connection. I was trying to reach
Hector Salamanca.

NURSE (V.O.)
Yes, sorry about that. Let's try
that again, hold on...

HOLD MUSIC again, and again Lalo hears the phone tap...
CLICK CLICK. Lalo contains his anger.

INTERCUT WITH:

38 INT. CASA TRANQUILA - HECTOR'S ROOM - DAY 38

HECTOR SALAMANCA sits in his wheelchair (in a room that looks very much the same as the "Breaking Bad" Ep. 413 room where Gus meets his DING-BOOM end).

The Nurse picks up the RINGING room phone and tells Lalo:

NURSE
Here's Hector.

She places the receiver next to the old man's ear.

Lalo is cautious.

LALO
Hector?

Hector: DING!

LALO
It's me. Can I talk?

DING! Hector's rapid breathing shows he's overjoyed to hear his nephew's still alive.

(CONTINUED)

LALO

Wish I was calling with better news. I couldn't find proof.

(then:)

The Chicken Man... he covers his tracks well. That's the bad news. The good news?

(pause)

I'm going back to Plan A. He gets a surprise tonight.

DING-DING-DING-DING-DING! Hector does not like this plan.

LALO

Tio, Tio, Tio... No, Eladio won't be happy, but this is the way.

(sighs)

Love you, Tio.

RETURN TO:

39 INT. SEWER - SAME

39

Lalo hangs up mid-DINGING. He grabs his binoculars and returns to a position where he can spy the laundromat.

He waits patiently, wondering if his fake story to Hector will bear any fruit. When it seems like his call made no difference at all...

A GUARD in a laundry uniform comes outside and opens the GATE, just as an SUV speeds into the parking lot. TYRUS and two other MEN pile out.

LALO

Yeah. Let's see what you got.

Through the binoculars, his attention is locked as -- *holy shit* -- MIKE comes out of the building! He has TWO MEN flanking him as he stops briefly to talk to Tyrus.

LALO

Michael.

God damn it -- the place is more protected than Lalo thought, and by Gus's best man.

Lalo watches Mike and his guys drive away, while Tyrus takes his crew inside to guard the laundromat.

Fuck. If he had tried to go inside, Lalo would have walked straight into a trap.

(CONTINUED)

Lalo slumps against the wall, racking his brain, wondering what his next move could be. Thinking... *there must be a way... there must be a way...*

At that moment, his eyes shift, and he sees...

A COCKROACH skitters along a ledge.

Lalo watches, and for some reason, this little fella slowly ignites an idea in his head.

Yes.

With the inspiration he needs, Lalo gathers his things and moves off down the sewer tunnel...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

40 INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY 40

POP! POP! Flashbulbs illuminate GUS FRING as he stands with a group of FOUR CHILDREN and THREE TRUSTEES for the Boys and Girls Club of America. They hold up a JUMBO CHECK from Pollos Hermanos for \$28,500 in the corner of this gym.

A REPORTER raises a hand and directs the group to look at her PHOTOGRAPHER. PARENTS and other CLUB ONLOOKERS watch from behind the lens.

REPORTER

... and that's great, if you can all scooch in just a little more and look at my hand, big smile guys...

A few more FLASHES of the happy faces and...

REPORTER

That's great. Thank you everyone.

The ABQ EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR and the other TWO TRUSTEES immediately approach Fring to shake his hand. The reporter listens as the cameraman continues to pick up shots.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

Gustavo, we can't thank you enough for being such a friend to the Boys and Girls Club.

GUS

It's not only me. Every Pollos Hermanos employee is committed to giving these young people the opportunity to reach their fullest potential.

REPORTER

Can you say more about why you chose this organization?

Before he answers, we see Gus quickly note...

Mike -- alone, standing in an isolated part of the gym.

GUS

I think of the guidance I had as a child.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GUS (CONT'D)

If we can make an impact early, it not only helps the children, it helps the world.

(then:)

If you would excuse me, just a moment.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

Of course, of course...

Gus moves away from the proceedings and makes his way over to Mike.

TIME CUT TO:

41 INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - EQUIPMENT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 41

Gus and Mike stand where they won't be noticed by the others, but can still have eyes on the proceedings. LALO'S VOICE comes out of a MICROCASSETTE RECORDER in Mike's hand, the tail end of his phone call to Hector...

LALO (V.O.)

I'm going back to Plan A. He gets a surprise tonight.

Mike clicks off the tape as Gus considers.

GUS

When?

MIKE

Twenty minutes ago.

(re: donation event)

You need to cut this short. Too many civilians, kids...

(even)

I have guys sweeping outside right now, but this is an uncontrollable situation.

GUS

He wouldn't attack me here.

Mike raises an eyebrow.

MIKE

You wanna bet the farm on that?

(then:)

We need home court advantage, which is you in the safe house and him thinking you're alone.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MIKE (CONT'D)

You need to get in your car and drive calmly home, business as usual. We'll be hidden, but on you every step of the way. I've pulled guys off all the low priority targets to cover you.

GUS

(slight concern)
The laundry?

MIKE

Tyrus is there with his crew. Besides that, it's all hands on deck at your house. The trap is set.

(confident)

Salamanca shows up, he goes down.

A beat, then Gus nods in agreement.

Gus returns to the group to say his goodbyes. We STAY WITH Mike while he anxiously watches the boss. Off this...

42 INT. KIM'S CONDO - NIGHT 42

CLOSE ON A FLAME. A candle burns on Kim's coffee table, where an almost empty bottle of wine and the remains of take-out food sit.

Jimmy and Kim lounge on the couch, leaning into each other in absolute comfort while a classic B&W movie plays (such as "Sweet Smell of Success" or another approved film) on their television. This is true happiness.

As Kim snuggles a little deeper against Jimmy...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! An angry knock at the front door.

Jimmy and Kim are slightly startled, but then give each other a knowing look. Jimmy scratches his neck...

JIMMY

Y'know... we don't have to answer it.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Kim pauses the movie with the remote, then takes a breath. Nods.

KIM

We should get this over with.

Kim moves to answer, but Jimmy stops her.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Let me. Just in case Max Schmeling
comes in swinging.

Jimmy stands and pads to the door. We STAY WITH Kim as she
hears him unlock the security bolt. As the entrance opens,
we see the flame on the candle FLICKER from the change in air
pressure. A beat, then:

HAMLIN (O.S.)

Can I come in?

JIMMY (O.S.)

Yeah. Sure.

Howard Hamlin, an unopened bottle of Macallan 18 in his hand,
enters the room. He's not drunk, but he has been drinking.
Frazzled from the events of the day. He sees Kim, gives her
a nod.

HAMLIN

Kim.

Jimmy clicks the door shut, then follows in behind Howard.
Kim stands. She begins to gather and stack the remains of
dinner -- busywork to make herself look casual.

KIM

Howard. You doing okay?

Hamlin tries to play it cool through clenched teeth.

HAMLIN

I'm fine. Sorry to interrupt...
this...

(re: bottle)

But I brought you a gift.

Jimmy moves past Howard and next to Kim.

JIMMY

A gift? What's the occasion?

HAMLIN

Your brother and I, we'd always
have a meeting with "Mr. Macallan"
after a big victory. Usually some
brilliant summation by Chuck, which
goes without saying. So this...

(raises bottle)

This is for you. You earned it.
You won.

Jimmy and Kim give nothing away.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Won. What'd I win?

Howard smiles, nods.

HAMLIN

I get it. Of course you have to play it this way. You're both so good at it.

KIM

It's late, Howard. You wanna tell us what this is about?

HAMLIN

I was wondering that, too. What it's all about.

Howard opens the bottle of scotch as he crosses to the kitchen to search for glasses.

HAMLIN

I mean, what do you tell yourselves? What's the justification that makes it okay? Hmm? Because "Howard's such an asshole? He deserves it?"

Howard finds the tumblers, and holds up a glass to the couple as if to ask, "You want?" Jimmy shakes his head.

JIMMY

We're good.

Howard pours himself a drink as he continues.

HAMLIN

So... what is it? I sided with Chuck too often, or...
(to Kim)
I took away your office and put you in doc review? All of the above?
(thinks)
Howard's daddy helped him get to the top while you both had to struggle. "Howie has so much and we have so little, let's take him down a peg or two?"

Howard makes his way back to the couch area, passing Jimmy and Kim as his anger intensifies.

(CONTINUED)

HAMLIN

What allows you to do this to me?
Because this isn't just pranks.
No. This goes beyond throwing
bowling balls at my car. This took
planning. Coordination. How many
weeks? Or was it months? It
couldn't have been easy.

He turns and faces them, his back to the front door as he
locks in on the couple.

HAMLIN

So, tell me... why? Why go through
this elaborate plan in order to
burn me to the ground?

Jimmy's heard enough. Jimmy and Kim both know it's safer not
to say anything here, but Jimmy can't help it.

JIMMY

Burn you to the ground? Okay.
Come on. You're gonna be fine,
Howard. You always land on your
feet.

Howard smirks.

HAMLIN

Sure. The Sandpiper settlement?
HHM's share will be substantial,
absolutely. Even though I
humiliated myself. And my clients
and peers will whisper about how
Howard Hamlin's a drug addict...
you're right. I've worked my way
through worse. Through debt.
Depression. My marriage falling
apart.

Off their subtle reaction to "marriage falling apart":

HAMLIN

Yeah. I've been sleeping in the
guest house for a better part of
the year. So... just one more
thing ol' Howard has to work
through.
(then:)
And yes, I'll land on my feet.
I'll be okay. But you? Far from
it. You two... you two are
soulless.

(CONTINUED)

Jimmy and Kim don't believe that, but they just stand there and quietly allow an angry man to vent.

HAMLIN

Jimmy, I know you can't help yourself. Chuck knew it. You were born that way.

(to Kim)

But you? One of the smartest, most promising human beings I've ever known... and this is the life you chose.

JIMMY

(interrupts)

Okay, Howard. We're gonna call you a cab. You're too tight to drive, so let's just...

HAMLIN

Oh, good. Phony compassion. Very believable, but I'm far from done.

KIM

(gentle)

No, you are done. I'm sorry, but you need to stop this now and go home--

Hamlin interrupts, coming to a realization...

HAMLIN

You are perfect for each other. You have a piece missing. I was sure you did it for the money, but now it's so clear. Screw the money. You did it for fun. You get off on it.

(can't help but laugh)

You're like, like... Leopold and Loeb. Two sociopaths.

JIMMY

Enough, Howard.

HAMLIN

You know it's true but you don't have the guts to admit it!

KIM

Great, now you need to go--

(CONTINUED)

HAMLIN

It's going to be clear to everyone,
because I'm going to dedicate my
life to making sure everyone knows
the truth.

At that moment, the candle on the table FLICKERS, just like
it did the last time the front door opened.

Jimmy and Kim both note the subtle shift of the flame as
Howard keeps laying into them. A careful listener will just
barely hear the quiet CLICK of the front door.

HAMLIN

You can't hide who you really are
forever.

Behind Howard, someone strides quietly into the condo...

LALO.

Kim is frozen in shock, but at least she had Mike's warning
that Lalo was still alive.

But Jimmy... the air leaves his body. He sees a fucking
GHOST. Lalo was dead. But here he is, again, a shit-eating
grin on his face as he casually strolls into their home
behind Howard.

Jimmy's PTSD kicks in hard as he tries to comprehend what's
happening. He can only breathlessly eke out one word...

JIMMY

How?

KIM

Howard. You need to leave.

Howard, still full of righteous piss and vinegar, looks back
at Lalo.

HAMLIN

Who are you?

Lalo puts his hands in his coat pockets. Shrugs.

LALO

Me? Nobody. Just need to talk to
my lawyers.

HAMLIN

That right. Well, you want my
advice? Find better lawyers--

(CONTINUED)

KIM
(shaking)
Howard! Please, go. Just...
please, please--

LALO
(friendly)
No, no, no, no, no. Take your
time.

Howard looks back and forth between Lalo and the stunned couple, his Spidey-senses now rising.

HAMLIN
What's this about?

Lalo takes his hands out of his pockets. He looks down at a GUN in one hand, and a SILENCER in the other. As cool as ice, like he's taking out a pack of cigarettes.

Jimmy remains paralyzed, while Kim holds back tears.

KIM
(to Lalo)
Please. What do you want?

Lalo blows air through the silencer, making sure it's clear, and then screws it easily on to the barrel of the weapon.

LALO
Like I said. To talk.

Hamlin does his best to remain calm.

HAMLIN
I, um, I... don't know what I'm in
the middle of here, but... there's
really no need for--

Lalo raises the gun at Howard's head. *FTHHHT!* Blood SPRAYS from Howard's temple as he drops lifelessly to the floor.

We don't focus on the gory details of Howard's death, but in Jimmy and Kim's eyes we know it's more gruesome than we can imagine.

The single most horrific moment they've ever witnessed in their lives. And maybe the last thing they ever see.

JIMMY
No!

KIM
Oh God!

(CONTINUED)

Jimmy and Kim both want to SCREAM, but Lalo points the gun at them as he raises a finger to his lips.

LALO
Sh-sh-sh-sh-shhhhhh...

Jimmy and Kim hold each other, crying, shaking and numb, trying their best to do as Lalo commands.

When Lalo finally decides it's quiet enough for him, he nods.

LALO
Okay. Let's talk.

Off of Jimmy and Kim, with Howard Hamlin dead on the carpet between them and a ruthless killer, we...

END EPISODE