

BETTER CALL SAUL

"In The Game"

by

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TEASER

EXT. ABANDONED SPEEDWAY - DIRT TRACK - DAY

JIMMY, MIKE, and NACHO lean against their triangle of parked cars. They're unusually relaxed.

JIMMY  
Anyone know why we're here?

Jimmy and Nacho look at Mike.

MIKE  
Fring has news.

NACHO  
(to Jimmy)  
What's with the ice cream suit? You look like someone who sells used campers to Barbie Dolls.

JIMMY  
What?

NACHO  
You know, those pink plastic RVs, about yay big...  
(describes with arms)  
Folds open to show all these little rooms and furniture and tiny dishes.  
(on Jimmy's look)  
My cousin, she got one for her daughter for like eighty bucks. It's called a Magic something...

MIKE  
Magical Voyager.

Nacho and Jimmy raise an eyebrow at Mike. He folds his arms.

MIKE  
My granddaughter has one.

NACHO  
Okay, so, the front cabin detaches into this pink spy convertible...

MIKE  
It's a dune buggy.

Everyone looks at Mike again. He grins slightly.

Nacho turns back to Jimmy...

NACHO  
 So, does the dune buggy come standard, or is that part of an options package with maybe a vinyl top and spare tire?

Mike CHUCKLES. Jimmy doesn't.

JIMMY  
 You ever heard of Clark Kent? Well, this is my version of Super Lawyer incognito...without the glasses. I think it's pretty spiffy.

NACHO  
 So if I shoot you a bunch of times, like right now, the bullets will just bounce off, right?

Jimmy's retort is interrupted by the RAPID ARRIVAL and sudden braking of a BLACK ESCALADE.

GUS emerges and walks to the edge of the triangle. Whatever his news is, it's not good. Gus assesses the group.

GUS  
 Lalo Salamanca is still alive.

All three men are suddenly on HIGH ALERT.

NACHO  
 (to Gus)  
 What the hell happened?

Gus TURNS to Mike. Mike TURNS to Nacho.

MIKE  
 Maybe you tipped him off.

Nacho turns only a fraction...

NACHO  
 Maybe you hired duds.

GUS  
 (to Nacho)  
 Those men were no amateurs.

NACHO  
 (to Gus)  
 Lalo was a sitting duck when I left. There's no reason this...

MIKE  
 (over-riding, accusatory)  
 ...Well, he got the jump SOMEHOW.

Nacho angrily CHARGES just short of an unflinching Mike.  
Both are LETHALLY CALM.

NACHO (CONT'D)

By now, Lalo knows I betrayed him.  
You realize that, right? Otherwise,  
I'd be dead. As it is, I'm a dead man  
walking, but my father--he'll be the  
one to suffer first.

Gus approaches.

GUS

Your father is being watched.

Nacho TURNS to Gus.

NACHO

Why didn't you just pull him out as  
soon as you got word? He would have  
been safer that way.

Gus doesn't answer, and Nacho suddenly knows WHY.

NACHO

You're using my father as bait?  
(on Gus's look)  
My father is not a worm!

Gus offers no apology -- just his trademark ENMITY.

Jimmy JOINS the threesome to complete a FOUR-WAY STARE DOWN.

JIMMY

We're all worms now, aren't we? I  
mean, I've met my share of unsavory,  
uh, *fisherman*, and I can tell that  
Lalo is nothing short of a piranha  
whisperer. He's gonna think we're all  
in cahoots and cast out a noose with  
four neck holes.

MIKE

That's one way of putting it.

Everyone SCANS the area.

GUS

Lalo doesn't know who he can trust.  
We can assume he's laying low.

NACHO

Yeah...like a hungry tiger.

JIMMY

Gee, I was kinda hoping you'd say it wasn't as bad as we thought...or maybe that we could take comfort in knowing Lalo can only be in one place at one time.

GUS

The advantage is still ours.

Gus LOOKS at Jimmy.

Jimmy does NOT like that look.

GUS

He missed his court date, so he's a fugitive now.

JIMMY

If that's your not-so-subtle way of telling me to call in the bounty, I'm not doing it. I try to make it a point *not* to agitate sharp-toothed psychopaths.

NACHO

He will call in the cousins. Remember those guys, *Super Lawyer*?

JIMMY

Oh. Well. In that case, let me amend my previous statement to say I make it a point *not* to agitate psychopaths *with* sociopathic kinfolk.

GUS

It would be wise for all of you to leave town immediately...until Lalo is found. I will be in touch.

Gus returns to his Escalade.

The threesome watch Gus's car ZOOM away down the dusty road.

JIMMY

My wife is moving into her new office as we speak. It's a pro bono money pit, but it's her weeping, pooping baby. There's no way I'm gonna convince her to pack-up and skedaddle without an extra large pair of boxing gloves.

Jimmy MOCKS a quick battle that ends with a fist in his face.

JIMMY

I'd probably lose anyway.

MIKE

I just got my granddaughter and her mother settled into a new home and school they really love, so I'm not even gonna ask.

NACHO

My father doesn't like me very much right now, so he won't listen to anything I say. I'll probably have to shoot him just to keep him safe.

Everyone RETURNS to their cars and takes off.

**TITLE AND OPENING CREDITS (1 PAGE)**

EXT. DON ELADIO'S HOUSE - POOL DECK - DUSK

A manic Lalo walks swiftly across the deck, barely acknowledges the BIKINI ENTOURAGE, and approaches a perturbed DON ELADIO -- knife and fork suspended above a thick PORTERHOUSE.

LALO

(speaking Spanish,  
subtitled)

Forgive the intrusion, Don Eladio; this could not wait. My home has been attacked...with machine guns. My entire staff is dead. I should be dead. The killers were not so lucky.

DON ELADIO

(speaking Spanish,  
subtitled)

Machine guns? And you have no holes? You are bulletproof, Mr. Salamanca.

LALO

It was Fring. I am certain.

Shrewdly, Don Eladio studies Lalo.

DON ELADIO

Please. Sit.

Lalo is in no mood to sit, but he complies out of respect.

Don Eladio signals for a SERVANT to bring Lalo a drink.

A GLASS OF BOURBON is presented, and Lalo CHUGS it immediately.

The servant REFILLS his glass and returns to the bar.

Eladio CUTS himself a hearty bite and CHEWS thoroughly.

DON ELADIO

(mouth full)

You are a fierce warrior, Lalo Salamanca. Brave. Smart. Tenacious. I respect that. I also appreciate that you came to me first, as I am not ready to make war with Fring.

LALO

The chicken man cannot go unpunished.

DON ELADIO

A message must and *will* be sent, but we cannot afford any retaliation that interferes with Fring's operation. His trucks must keep running.

LALO

I heard the middleman's voice on the telephone. I know who he is. He is expendable.

DON ELADIO

How are you so certain?

LALO

I have studied Fring's operation. Closely.

Don Eladio cuts another bite of steak and assesses Lalo.

DON ELADIO

See. Smart. You will share your research with me.

LALO

Of course.

DON ELADIO

Good. You may send a message to the middleman only. Fring is not to be harmed.

(at Lalo's look)

For now.

EXT. EL POLLOS HERMANOS FACTORY FARM - LOT - DAY

A serious Gus STUDIES his perimeter fence as Mike approaches from his car, CLIPBOARD in hand.

MIKE

Why are we here? I don't think it's wise to expose ourselves like this.

GUS

Lalo will not cross Don Eladio, unless the Cartel finds another way to transport their product.

(Mike nods)

Until then, I am safe. If Lalo is watching, he will think we are simply boosting our security.

EXT. EL POLLOS HERMANOS FACTORY FARM - DISTANT HILL - DAY

POV THROUGH BINOCULARS -- Lalo watches as Gus indicates (to Mike) where FENCE and GUARD TOWER fortifications should be made.

It all looks fairly routine as Mike jots notes on the clipboard, then heads to his car.

Lalo CHUCKLES.

LALO

Stupid chicken man. No fence can keep out a hawk.

EXT. EL POLLOS HERMANOS FACTORY FARM - STREET - DAY

Mike scans the street in both directions then turns out of the lot.

TWO TRUCKS exit right behind him.

Nearby, Lalo sits up in his car and FOLLOWS the small convoy.

He is careful to stay hidden.

EXT. KAYLEE'S SCHOOL - STREET - DAY

Mike approaches and signals to turn into the lot.

He waits for a couple SCHOOL BUSES to pass the driveway, then turns in.

Lalo drives past at the same time, obscured by another passing bus.



EXT. RANDOM HOUSE - STREET BY KAYLEE'S SCHOOL - DAY

Lalo PEEKS OUT from inside a LARGE BUSH with BINOCULARS.

POV THROUGH BINOCULARS -- the lens is ADJUSTED until we clearly see Mike approaching Stacey.

She's surprised to see him, but pleased.

They sit on a bench to talk. The conversation is pleasant.

Mike asks Stacey (if he can take them to dinner).

Stacey nods and pats her belly in agreement.

LALO

Oh good. I'm hungry, too.

Kaylee RUNS out to greet Mike and Stacey with HUGS.

Kaylee POINTS at the playground (asking if she can play).

Stacey SHAKES her head, says (they are going out with Pop-Pop).

Kaylee is somewhat disappointed as she WAVES goodbye to her FRIENDS.

Stacey and Kaylee head toward Stacey's car, but Mike waves them over to his.

Mike OPENS the passenger doors for his precious cargo.

He SCANS the immediate area, including the ROOFTOPS, then climbs into the driver's seat.

INT. LALO'S BEATER - STREET BY KAYLEE'S SCHOOL - DAY

Lalo, crouched low, watches as Mike drives past (with Stacey and Kaylee).

Lalo lets a couple more cars pass before pulling out to follow.

Street after street...Lalo keeps a safe distance...only HALF-TRYING to be unseen.

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

REAR VIEW MIRROR POV -- Three cars back, Mike sees...A car peeking out then quickly retracting.

MIKE SPOTS KAYLEE in the mirror and forces a smile.

MIKE  
What do you have a taste for?

KAYLEE  
Fried chicken!

Two blocks ahead is EL POLLOS HERMANOS. Kaylee points.

KAYLEE  
Let's go there!

MIKE  
You got it.

REAR VIEW MIRROR POV -- Mike watches the same car peek out, and, again, speedily retract. Mike knows it's Lalo now!

Mike turns into the lot and PARKS next to a BLUE CAB.

Stacey and Kaylee exit the car, as Lalo's beater slowly approaches the lot.

Mike quickly grabs his GUN from the glove compartment, tucks it into his pants, and swiftly USHERS the girls inside.

INT. EL POLLOS HERMANOS RESTAURANT - DAY

At the counter, Stacey and Kaylee study the menu board.

Several CUSTOMERS get in line behind them.

Mike hands Stacey some CASH.

MIKE  
Order me a big basket and anything you two want. I'll find us a seat.

STACEY  
Alright.

Mike sits where he has an unobstructed ANGLE of his car and Lalo's.

Sure enough, Lalo emerges from his beater, looks around for watchers, then quickly ducks between Mike's car and the BLUE CAB.

EXT. MIKE'S CAR - EL POLLO'S HERMANO'S LOT - DAY

SPECIAL SHOTS -- We see Lalo's hand place a GPS TRACKER inside Mike's wheel well.

At the same time, he sneaks a SECOND TRACKER under the car.

INT. LALO'S BEATER - EL POLLOS RESTAURANT - LOT - DAY

Lalo gets into his car and turns on both TRACKING DEVICES.

A stationary light blinks on each. Lalo SMILES.

Lalo backs his car out and pulls into the DRIVE-THRU lane.

EXT. VINTAGE CAR LOT - DAY

Nacho hands cash to a SALESMAN, who hands him KEYS in return.

NACHO  
Twelve-hour hold. Not for sale. I'll  
be back tonight. Comprendo?

SALESMAN  
Yes, sir. Back tonight.

Nacho walks away.

SALESMAN  
I'll need your keys as well.

Nacho stops.

SALESMAN  
In case I need to move it.

Nacho turns to SCOLD the *shifty* salesman.

NACHO  
*Nobody* touches my car. I paid you to  
leave it right where it is.

The Salesman SALUTES...

SALESMAN  
You're the boss.

Nacho climbs into a 1969 VW CAMPER, REVS the engine, and  
takes off.

INT. LALO'S BEATER (PARKED) - STREET BY VINTAGE LOT - DAY

Lalo eats CHICKEN while watching Nacho drive out in the CAMPER.

With his FREE HAND, Lalo opens his PHONE and presses a button.

CLOSE-UP ON PHONE DISPLAY: "CHICKEN MAN"

END CLOSE-UP

GUS (ON PHONE)

Hello?

LALO

(speaking Spanish,  
subtitled)

All empires are created of blood and fire.

Lalo closes the phone against his leg, sets it down, and looks at the NEWSPAPER PHOTO taped to the dash.

CLOSE-UP OF PHOTO: It's Pablo Escobar!

LALO

That's a good line, Pablo.

(taps his chest)

Lo respeto. Next time, I'll think of my own.

EXT. EL POLLOS HERMANOS FACTORY FARM - LOT - DAY

Gus CLOSES his phone and warily looks around.

He knows what needs to be done, but he's having *second thoughts*.

IMPULSIVELY, he opens his phone and pokes out a MESSAGE.

INT. JIMMY'S RENTAL CAR (DRIVING) - STREET - DAY

CLOSE-UP ON PHONE DISPLAY: "CALL IN THE BOUNTY!"

END CLOSE-UP

Jimmy stares at his phone with dread, then calls Gus:

JIMMY

Isn't there any other card we can play that *doesn't* position me as archenemy number one?

INTERCUT TO:

EXT. EL POLLOS HERMANOS FACTORY FARM - LOT - DAY

GUS

I assure you, Mr. Goodman, we are all at the top of Salamanca's short list.

JIMMY

If that's true, I'd like my murder to be as minimally vicious as possible.

(beat)

(MORE)

JIMMY (cont'd)

See, I think there's a hierarchy of vengeance, and Lalo is the Emperor. He won't just rapid-POP the trigger like your garden variety psychopath.

(beat)

He'll cook up thirty vomit-inducing ways to mutilate my still-beating body, then chop me into snack-sized pieces so the giant python he no doubt keeps in his temperature-controlled bathtub can swallow me that much quicker.

Gus takes a moment to digest Jimmy's rant.

GUS

Have you ever played the game, Cat and Mouse?

JIMMY

I already know I'm the mouse.

GUS

Wouldn't it be better to be both?

Gus hangs up.

Jimmy SLAMS the phone shut against his leg and keeps POUNDING.

JIMMY

(angrily mocking Lalo)

*You wanna be a friend of the Cartel?* Sure, Lalo, let's be friends. In fact, let me show you what a good pal I am by trekking 36 piss-drinking hours through a heat-stroked sandpit of hell just to bail you out of jail.

(beat)

Oh! And maybe if you're not too busy hiding from the law, running a drug empire, and threatening to kill me and my wife, we could hang out, eat chicken wings, and talk football. Whaddaya think?

(puts phone to his ear)

*What's that, Mr. Fring?* You think I should take on the diametrically opposed personalities of Tom and Jerry just so me and my BFF have something more in common than chicken wings?

Jimmy opens his phone and FINGER-POUNDS the numbers.

JIMMY

Yeah, hi. This is Saul Goodman. My client, Jorge DeGuzman, is now a fugitive. He also goes by the name Lalo Salamanca.

INT. NACHO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Nacho rushes to fill a DUFFLE BAG with CLOTHES from his dresser and closet.

From his WALL SAFE, he removes CASH and TWO PASSPORTS and jams them into the duffle bag as well.

On his way out, he grabs a pre-filled DUFFLE BAG from the floor -- *a go-bag for his father.*

EXT. BIG WIGS COSTUME SHOP - PARKING LOT - DAY

Lalo parks and STUDIES the SALE POSTERS in the window.

One poster advertises: "GRATEFUL DEAD NOW IN STOCK" in the center of a Jerry Garcia silhouette.

Lalo enters the store.

EXT. KIM'S NEW OFFICE - STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

An "OPEN FOR BUSINESS" TRUCK is backed up to the curb.

KIM watches TWO MOVERS carry a MAHOGANY DESK down the ramp.

She's totally PUMPED about starting her solo practice.

KIM

That one goes in my office. Take a right and go straight back.

MOVER #1

You got it.

The movers disappear inside.

A moment later, Jimmy ZOOMS into the lot and stops right next to Kim. She's happy to see him.

KIM

Hey, Jimmy.

JIMMY  
Hey. You got time for a break?

The movers emerge and climb up the ramp. Kim points them out.

KIM  
Obviously not. What's up?

Before Jimmy can answer...

...KIM TURNS AWAY to watch the movers carry out a LAMINATE  
DESK.

KIM  
That one goes in the reception area.  
Put it right up against the open  
window.  
(sudden thought)  
On the far side! Not in the seating  
area. Okay?

MOVER #2  
Yes ma'am.

Kim pivots back to Jimmy, but she's too excited to notice  
his distress.

KIM  
It's really shaping up, Jimmy. I  
can't tell you how thrilled I am  
about this. It's like I'm finally  
where I truly belong. No more HHM. No  
more Schweikart. Just Kim Wexler at  
Law. Period. Francesca already has my  
entire afternoon booked. The whole  
week, in fact. It's crazy.

Jimmy musters just enough enthusiasm to quell his dread.

JIMMY  
Wow, Kim, you're really hitting the  
ground running. Lots of pro bonos out  
there chompin' at the bit.

KIM  
They're not *all* pro bonos, but yeah.  
I won't even have time to unpack. I'm  
literally only working with a legal  
pad and my laptop for the entire day.  
Thank God for the Internet. *And  
Francesca!*

The movers emerge again with PADDED CHAIRS, and Kim is ready...

KIM  
Set those and the little tables along  
one wall. Francesca will put `em  
where they belong.

The movers nod.

JIMMY  
Kim!

Kim turns, and NOW sees an exasperated Jimmy.

KIM  
*What?* Oh no. Please don't tell me  
you're getting all melancholy again  
about us not sharing the same office.  
C'mon Jimmy, this is not...

JIMMY  
...Lalo Salamanca is still alive.

Kim's eyes go wide with fear...then anger.

KIM  
You're shitting me, right? Jesus,  
Jimmy. I thought that nightmarish  
chapter was officially over...as in  
we had *nothing* left to worry about.  
And now...what's this? An epilogue?  
(on Jimmy's guilt)  
Wait a minute. Why are you here?

Jimmy does a cursory SCAN of the strip mall and street, tugs  
at his collar, tries not to appear as panicked as he feels.

JIMMY  
I know I have a knack for getting us  
off on the wrong foot, maybe one or  
ten too many times, but this time, I  
can honestly say, with full  
disclosure, that I had no hand in  
causing any of this.

Kim crosses her arms. She is no longer smiling.

KIM  
What the hell happened?

JIMMY  
See, guys like Lalo, they live by the  
credo that `once you're in, you're  
in.' It's not really a volunteer sort  
of undertaking, so much as it's a  
matter of being of particular use to  
their particular enterprise at a  
particular time...



KIM

...Stop tap-dancing, Jimmy!

JIMMY

We're in danger, Kim. The real serious kind. Like right now. Lois Lane is falling off a building, and Superman is at the bottom of the ocean with a kryptonite necklace.

(on Kim's hostility)

I know the timing is bad, but I can't over-stress the urgency of you and me making a *hasty* exit.

A stunned Kim STEPS BACK.

KIM

Uh uh. Do you see what's happening here, Jimmy? It's called a *new beginning!* There's no way I'm gonna let Lalo Salamanca uproot my life when I've just plunked my toes back into the dirt. He's not the all-powerful boogeyman!

JIMMY

No, but he is the kind of bad guy whose moral compass is slightly less functional than a Cracker Jack prize.

(on Kim's resistance)

Kim, you gotta trust me. If we don't leave soon, we may not live to see tomorrow.

KIM

I'm sorry, Jimmy, but I can't take this seriously. Not now. Not today. *Especially* not today. We didn't do anything to hurt that man, and we certainly didn't order the hit on his life. So no! I'm not leaving. I'm staying right here, and I'm gonna make sure each one of my new clients gets my undivided, *un-rushed* attention.

JIMMY

Kim, please. You're being unreasonable.

KIM

No, Jimmy, you are! Where are we gonna go that he won't find us? Do you even have a plan?

JIMMY

Mostly just leaving town.

KIM  
That's it?

JIMMY  
It gives us a better chance than  
standing still. We can figure out the  
rest on the road.

KIM  
That's not good enough, Jimmy.  
If you want to run aimless, that's  
your call. I didn't sign up for this.

The movers walk past carrying a MAHOGANY FILE CABINET.

MOVER #1  
Where do you want this?

Kim doesn't look. She's GLARING at Jimmy.

MOVER #1  
Ma'am?

KIM  
Ask Francesca!

The mock-fearful movers NOD and promptly head inside.

JIMMY  
You're right, Kim. This utterly  
defies the `worse' part of our  
marriage vows, so if you want a  
quickie divorce when we're out in the  
clear...I promise I won't be *too*  
greedy with the alimony.

Kim SOFTENS at the joke. Jimmy pulls her close for a hug.

JIMMY  
I don't want to lose you, Kim. Not  
ever, if possible. Can't you bend on  
this a little? *Please?*

Kim pulls back. Softened, but still angry.

KIM  
You really wanna leave?

JIMMY  
Yes.

KIM  
Then get to work on Sandpiper.

Kim breaks away to peek inside the truck. Jimmy follows her.

JIMMY  
*Sandpiper?* Kim, this isn't the time.

KIM  
 If you're serious about running,  
 we're gonna need more money.

JIMMY  
 I thought you had enough to carry us.

Kim POINTS toward the office and truck.

KIM  
 I had expenses.

JIMMY  
 Then we'll make do with whatever you  
 have left.

KIM  
 No, Jimmy. That money is earmarked  
 for rent, utilities, and Francesca  
 until I pick-up more paying clients,  
 and that's non-negotiable.

JIMMY  
 But Sandpiper is long term. We may  
 not see a dime from them for at least  
 a year or two.

KIM  
 You have to convince Irene Landry to  
 settle sooner.

JIMMY  
 She hates me.

KIM  
 Schweikart would rather settle now  
 with Jimmy McGill than stretch out  
 his neck for HHM to chop off.  
 (beat)  
 You're the only one who can get that  
 ball rolling.

Just then, a smiling HOWARD HAMLIN drives up and emerges  
 with a BIG PLANT for Kim. Kim and Jimmy break apart.

HAMLIN  
 Kim! Congratulations on your new  
 practice. I hope you'll accept this  
 peace offering with my sincerest,  
 best wishes.

Howard hands Kim the PLANT, which she momentarily admires  
 before setting on the ground.

KIM  
Thanks, Howard. This is...thoughtful.

JIMMY  
Yeah, Howard, you're a regular Mr. Congeniality.

HAMLIN  
Jimmy. I'm glad you're here.

Howard REACHES into his briefcase and hands Jimmy a DOCUMENT.

HAMLIN  
I need you to sign this. Normally, Chuck would have asked you, but I think he had other things on his mind.

JIMMY'S POV -- SUBSTITUTION ORDER FOR NEW COUNSEL -- Jimmy scans the page to see Howard's signature at the bottom, above "New Lead Counsel."

JIMMY  
If Chuck never signed a Substitution Order, then maybe he had second thoughts about kicking me to the curb.

Kim looks at the document as well.

KIM  
Jimmy's right. This isn't something Chuck would miss, distracted or not.

HAMLIN  
Sandpiper already signed on with HHM. You both know this.

JIMMY  
Yeah, but we all know how anal and meticulous Chuck was about the smallest details, including covering every square inch of his coo-coo cave with Mylar and foil tape.

HAMLIN  
The Substitution Order is just your acknowledgment that Sandpiper has opted for new counsel. It's not a debate.

JIMMY  
All due respect, Howard, but this is definitely a debate. And I'm not signing.

Jimmy hands the Substitution Order back to Howard.

JIMMY

In fact, I think I'll head over to Sandpiper right now.

Jim heads to his car. Howard and a SMILING Kim follow.

HAMLIN

What's the point, Jimmy? You've already burned all your bridges over there.

JIMMY

I may have *charred* the planks a bit, Howard, but I think, with a little shmoozing, Irene Landry can still be softened into thinking I'm the right man for the job.

Jimmy gives Kim a quick KISS goodbye.

JIMMY

(to Kim)

When the movers are done, you go inside and stay inside. I'll be back to pick you up later. Bye Howard.

Jimmy jumps into his car and takes off. Kim and Howard watch him.

HAMLIN

Please talk some sense into him. This doesn't have to be so difficult.

KIM

Jimmy worked his butt off to get Sandpiper, and you allowed Chuck to pull the rug out from under him. Chuck is gone now, so it's a new day.

HAMLIN

I offered Jimmy a job, and he *brazenly* told me to stick it up my ass.

KIM

Had you reinstated him as Lead Counsel, instead of taking it for yourself...

(points to document)

he may have given you a different answer.

HAMLIN

Jimmy wants to settle for two million dollars, but Sandpiper is easily an eight-figure lawsuit.

KIM

It's not always about the money,  
Howard. Thanks again for the plant.

Kim picks up the plant and heads inside.

Howard takes off in the same direction as Jimmy.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. PRYCE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Nacho arrives in the 1969 VW Camper and HONKS obnoxiously.

An annoyed Pryce quickly emerges and marches over to the open window.

PRYCE

What do you want? I thought our business was concluded.

NACHO

It was, and now we have *new* business.

PRYCE

I don't have any more pills if that's what you're looking for.

Nacho aggressively pushes his door open and steps out, forcing Pryce back.

NACHO

No pills. I have a job for you.

Pryce shakes his head vigorously...

PRYCE

I don't need a job, so whatever this is about, leave me out of it.

Nacho CHUCKLES and reaches into the camper.

PRYCE

What's so funny.

NACHO

That you think you have a choice.

PRYCE

I do. And I'm saying no.

Nacho hands him a PAPER with an address...

NACHO

You're taking *this* camper, to *this* address, as soon as I call you, so don't go far.

(hands him KEYS)

Ask for Manuel. Tell him you want to replace all of the upholstery by tomorrow.

PRYCE

Tomorrow? Is that even possible?

NACHO

What do you care? Just say it's a rush for your father's 70th birthday, and you're willing to pay extra.

PRYCE

My father is dead.

Nacho gives him the look, and hands him a STACK OF CASH...

NACHO

Whatever price he quotes, you pay. On the spot. Don't haggle! He hates that. And don't take no for an answer.

PRYCE

What if he says he can't do it?

NACHO

Your job is to get him to look inside the van. Understand?

Pryce STARES at the items in his hand...

PRYCE

That's all I have to do?

NACHO

That's it.  
(extends hand)  
Now gimme the keys to your SUV.

PRYCE

I'm not giving you my car!

Nacho exhales his penance.

NACHO

How else are you gonna get home?

EXT. BIG BANGERS FIREWORKS STORE - PARKING LOT - DAY

DEAD-HEAD LALO (in full wig, beard, sunglasses, and tie-dye shirt) parks and heads inside.

INT. SANDPIPER CROSSING - IRENE LANDRY'S UNIT - DAY

Jimmy arrives at the door (with COOKIES) and KNOCKS.

MARGIE (50s, no-nonsense) opens the door.



JIMMY

Hello. My name is Jimmy McGill. I'm Irene Landry's lawyer. Is she home?

Margie steps back, opens the door fully.

MARGIE

Come on in, Mr. McGill. I'm Margie, Irene's daughter.

Jimmy steps inside and sees OPEN BOXES all around.

CLOSE-UP ON BOX LABELS: Two say "KEEP," others say "DONATE."

END CLOSE-UP

JIMMY

Did I come at a bad time?

MARGIE

No. No. I'm just packing Mom's things for the Salvation Army. Thank God this is one of the *smaller* units.

(on Jimmy's puzzled look)

Oh, goodness. I'm sorry. You probably haven't heard. Mom died two weeks ago.

Jimmy SITS on the couch, grief-stricken *for other reasons*.

JIMMY

*Died?* But she was so healthy. She and I got along quite swimmingly...playing Bingo, mall-walking, drafting her will. I'm really gonna miss her.

MARGIE

I am, too. She and I used to be close like that, but we kinda had a falling out about five years ago.

JIMMY

How can that be? Your mother was such a sweetheart.

Margie studies a B&W FRAMED PORTRAIT of her much younger family and dusts it with a cloth.

MARGIE

She was sweet, but she was stubborn, too. I bugged her for years to make a will, which she shoulda done as soon as my father died, but then once she finally agreed, we argued about who she was giving all her stuff to.

JIMMY

Oh boy. I hope I didn't do anything to cause that rift.

MARGIE

No, no, Mr. McGill, we were quite capable of doing that all by ourselves. See, our biggest battle was over the house by Cochiti Lake. Mom wanted to split it three ways, thinking me and my brothers would just pick our share of weeks and keep it in the family, but that's not what we wanted.

JIMMY

I remember Irene talking about that.

Margie nods while WRAPPING the photo in BUBBLE WRAP.

MARGIE

Anyhow, I told her we'd probably just sell it. It was a great house with great memories, but it needed more work than any of us could afford. Mom did not like that at all. She couldn't get past the sentimental value and decided to stay mad at me, but not my brothers. Stupid, huh?

She sets the wrapped photo inside a box labeled "KEEP."

JIMMY

Which part?

MARGIE

Arguing over such petty things when I should have just pretended to go along with Mom's wishes and then sold the house when she was none-the-wiser.

JIMMY

You sound like a lawyer.

Margie CHUCKLES, picks up a SHOE BOX full of TRINKETS, and mindlessly FINGERS her way through them.

MARGIE

I like to argue. Mom did, too. Her favorite pastime was to scold me for sneaking cookies before dinner time, which I masterfully refuted, often, since my brothers never got yelled at for doing the same damn thing.

(tosses a hand)

I mean, what kind of crap is that? Honestly!

(MORE)

MARGIE (cont'd)

If she were still alive, you can bet I'd be giving her an earful about hiding her will like it was a freaking treasure map. I've searched for hours. ..and nothing. Do you have any idea where she may have hid it?

Jimmy looks around, then notices the cookies in his hand.

JIMMY

If I know Irene's love of sweets, I'll bet she kept it in the cookie jar.

Margie considers this, sets the shoe box down, and marches into the kitchen.

JIMMY

I was just kidding.

MARGIE (O.S.)

It's worth a shot.

We hear the TOGGLE of a ceramic lid and then...

MARGIE (O.S.)

Holy shit! You were right!

JIMMY

That only happens once-a-year.

Margie emerges, reading the will to herself.

MARGIE

Here it is...Cochiti Lake...oh my God, she called it `her little slice of heaven in the middle of the desert.' *Isn't that precious?* Let's see...

(scans further)

Here it is. *Oh my! What the hell!*

(now stunned)

*She left it to her church?*

Jimmy nods as though he remembers, then FREEZES at Margie's livid expression.

JIMMY

I take it that's not good news.

MARGIE

*It's the worst news!* She gave our only real inheritance to a bunch of bible-thumping criminals!

(MORE)

MARGIE (cont'd)

All she's ever done is give give give to that open-handed, bottomless pit on Satan-avoiders and now they're getting the last of her good will on a gilded platter. I shoulda seen this coming, but...

(CRUSHES the will)

*Fine, Mom! Let your precious, beloved, holier than everything church fix it up, burn it up, or fuck it up! You win. The last argument is all yours!*

Margie whips the balled-up will at the JESUS PORTRAIT still hanging on the wall, followed by a CERAMIC CROSS from the "KEEP" box. CRASH!

Jimmy stands (with the cookies).

JIMMY

Well, uh, I guess I'll be hitting the old dusty trail now.

MARGIE

Mr. McGill, wait a minute.

A worried Jimmy LOOKS for more religious paraphernalia.

From the shoe box, Margie pulls KEYS (attached to mini stuffed kittens) and dangles them for Jimmy.

MARGIE

These are the keys to that infernal slice of heaven. Would you mind dropping them off in the spirit of keeping me and my brothers from chains and a dungeon?

Jimmy takes the keys.

JIMMY

Sure. No problem.

MARGIE

Thanks again, Mr. McGill.

JIMMY

It was my pleasure, Maggie. Nice meeting you.

EXT. SANDPIPER CROSSING - IRENE LANDRY'S UNIT - DAY

Jimmy exits and the door closes. A moment later, we hear Maggie's MUFFLED RANT followed by a loud CRASH of glass.

JIMMY'S POV -- keys and kittens lying in his hand and then dangling from his fingers.

Jimmy considers them (like he has a plan) and drops them into his jacket pocket.

Jimmy SCANS the walkway in both directions and spots a hanging sign for the "BEAUTY SALON."

He ventures in that direction and PEEKS into open door units that are EMPTY and being cleaned by people in MASKS and GLOVES.

Jimmy enters the Beauty Salon with COOKIES.

JIMMY  
Hello, ladies!

INT. BIG BANGERS FIREWORKS STORE - COUNTER - DAY

Dead-Head Lalo sets his carry-basket loaded with FIRECRACKERS onto the counter.

The "real" Dead-Head at the register is mildly impressed.

DEAD-HEAD CASHIER  
That's quite the haul, man!

DEAD-HEAD LALO  
Got us a rat problem at the orphanage, Dude. They're like everywhere, even in the kids' beds.

DEAD-HEAD CASHIER  
Whoa, that's intense. You gotta protect them kids, Man.

DEAD-HEAD LALO  
Dude, that's why I'm here.

DEAD-HEAD CASHIER  
(leans in, whispers)  
Hey. Why don't I take that basket of *minis* off your hands and show you where the real bangers are.

EXT. EL POLLOS HERMANOS RESTAURANT - MIKE'S CAR - DAY

Mike opens the passenger doors for Stacey and Kaylee to enter.

He walks around to pull the TRACKER from the wheel well and stares at it with contempt.

He RAISES his arm to hurl it at the ground, then stops.  
The BLUE CAB catches his eye. He has a better idea.

INT. LALO'S BEATER - BIG BANGERS FIREWORKS LOT - DAY

DEAD-HEAD LALO ties M80 FIRECRACKERS to a detonation wire...  
like an arts and crafts project of *deadly tassels*.

He checks his TRACKING DEVICES and sees the blinking dots  
moving in different directions. He smiles.

DEAD-HEAD LALO

Ah, Michael. You're a tricky tricky  
minion. Now I know why Gus has you in  
his right hand.

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

POV IN REAR VIEW MIRROR -- Mike checks that Lalo is not  
following them.

He spots a subdued Kaylee looking out the window.

MIKE

Kaylee. You wanna see where Pop-Pop  
works? It has ping-pong tables.

Kaylee perks up.

KAYLEE

Ping-pong tables?

MIKE

You know, the game where you hit the  
white ball over the little tennis  
court.

KAYLEE

I like that game.

STACEY

Mike, Kaylee has homework to do.

KAYLEE

Just one game. *Please, Mom?*

Stacey looks to Mike for support.

MIKE

It won't take long.

STACEY  
 (to Mike)  
 One game, and then we go home.

Mike NODS, but stares straight ahead.

EXT. SANDPIPER CROSSING - BEAUTY SALON - DAY

A freshly COIFFED and jovial Jimmy exits--with a HANDFUL of YELLOW LEGAL PAD DOCUMENTS--WAVING and POINTING at the ladies...

JIMMY  
 Thanks again! Gladys, Marie, Barbara,  
 Betty--stay beautiful; Doris, Nancy,  
 Alice, Helen--love the colors; Rose,  
 Loretta, Edith, Shirley--Lana Turner's  
 got nothin' on you.

ALL WOMEN  
 (cheerful)  
 Thanks Jimmy!

Jimmy WAVES one last time, DASHES across the courtyard, sees HOWARD exit another unit, and brakes!

JIMMY  
 Well-well, if it isn't Howie Hustle  
 running uphill in boxer shorts just  
 to get the jump on the new Class rep.

HAMLIN  
 Guess I learned something from you  
 after all, Jimmy.

JIMMY  
 I'm still not signing.

HAMLIN  
 This doesn't have to be so difficult.

JIMMY  
 It's not difficult, Howard. It's  
 simple. Sandpiper is mine.

HAMLIN  
 I thought you'd say that.

Howard pulls a DOCUMENT from his briefcase and hands it to Jimmy.

Jimmy reads it.

JIMMY  
 This is for a hearing this afternoon.

HAMLIN  
I know. I scheduled it weeks ago.

JIMMY  
Think you coulda told me sooner?

HAMLIN  
I didn't have to notify you at all, Jimmy. I'm just giving you a chance to state your case now, so we don't have to do a spitting contest later.

JIMMY  
I need more time to prepare.

HAMLIN  
See you in court, Jimmy.

Howard walks away.

EXT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING - PARKING LOT - DAY

Mike leads a curious Stacey and Kaylee inside.

STACEY  
This place is bigger than it looks.

MIKE  
That's because part of it is built underground to hold giant chicken chillers.

KAYLEE  
How big is a giant chicken?

INT. JIMMY'S RENTAL CAR - STREET - DAY

Jimmy calls Kim, but gets her voicemail.

KIM (ON THE PHONE)  
*Hi. You've reached Kim Wexler. Please leave your message after the beep.*

BEEP.

JIMMY  
Kim, I've got good news about Sandpiper, but first I have to go toe-to-toe with Howard in court. You don't have to call me back. Just be ready to leave. I'm serious.



INT. KIM'S OFFICE - DAY

Francesca ushers in a new Pro Bono client--a weepy, young MOTHER (and angry FATHER)--and hands Kim a FILE...

FRANCESCA

Kim, this is Ava and Miguel. I moved them ahead of the others, because their baby girl was just taken into Child Protective Services. She's still nursing, so this is an emergency.

Kim NODS compassionately to the couple and takes the file.

KIM

Please, have a seat. Tell me what happened.

AVA

I took my Lillian to the hospital after she fell off the changing table, and now they think we abused her. I swear I didn't hurt my baby. I'm a good mother, Ms. Wexler. Please help us.

INT. LALO'S BEATER (DRIVING) - STREET - DAY

Lalo follows the BLUE CAB while attaching a SILENCER to his gun.

INT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING - NEAR SECRET LAB HOUSING - DAY

Mike concludes the tour by leading Stacey and Kaylee toward the ping-pong tables. He picks up a paddle. Kaylee grabs another.

STACEY

Just one game, and then we're going straight home. Right, Mike?

MIKE

Why don't you pick a recliner and get comfortable. This is where we'll be spending the night.

STACEY

What are you talking about?

MIKE

Look, I'm sorry for the deception, but I have to keep you here for a few days.

STACEY  
We are not sleeping in this warehouse  
like hostages, Mike! Take us home!

MIKE  
I can't. It's not safe.

STACEY  
(panicky)  
What do you mean it's not safe? What  
happened?

MIKE  
I'll explain later.

STACEY  
Explain now!

Mike BALLS his fist and sets the paddle down. He doesn't  
want to battle.

Mike heads toward the EXIT stairs.

MIKE  
I have to take care of one thing.  
It's important.

STACEY  
You're leaving us here alone?

MIKE  
There are guards outside.

STACEY  
When are you coming back?

MIKE  
Shortly.

EXT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING - STREET - DAY

A distracted Mike pulls out.

He doesn't notice Dead-Head Lalo passing in the BLUE CAB.

As soon as Mike TURNS a corner, Lalo PARKS where he can see  
the building.

LALO'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS -- he locates security guards,  
cameras, and entrances.

EXT. SAN FELIPE HOMES (GATED COMMUNITY) - PARKING LOT - DAY

Mike waits for the gate to open, then drives in.

He parks, watches the gate close, then heads into the OFFICE.

INT. LONE RANGER GUN SHOP - DAY

Jimmy SCANS walls full of big guns on hooks, shelves full of smaller guns, silencers, and ammo.

GUN CLERK  
Can I help you?

Jimmy points to a Glock in a display cabinet...

JIMMY  
What kind of vest would stop that  
kind of bullet?

The Clerk points to a LARGE BANNER above a doorway: "BULLETPROOF"

GUN CLERK  
Everything you'll need and then some.

EXT. EL POLLOS HERMANOS RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - DAY

Dead-Head Lalo, still in the BLUE CAB, parks.

EXT. LONE RANGER GUN SHOP - SIDEWALK - DAY

Jimmy exits with TWO LARGE GARMENT BAGS, wearing a THREE-PIECE SUIT and TIE that Howard Hamlin would envy.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. EL POLLOS HERMANOS RESTAURANT - DAY

Dead-Head Lalo carries a chicken basket and drink to a table near the back office.

He watches the MANAGER leave the office...

...and he SNEAKS in.

INT. LEONEL'S CAR - STREET - DAY

LEONEL and MARCO check their Glocks.

Marco grabs extra CLIPS from the glove box for both of them, and they drop them into their pockets.

INT. EL POLLOS HERMANOS RESTAURANT - OFFICE DOOR - DAY

A smiling, Dead-Head Lalo exits with a CD in his hand, TOSSES it into the garbage, and saunters out the front door.

EXT. EL POLLOS HERMANOS RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - DAY

MARCO and LEONEL approach as Dead-Head Lalo exits.

Lalo flashes them a PEACE SIGN...

LALO  
No survivors.

The cousins NOD to Lalo and enter the restaurant.

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

Howard and Jimmy stand behind opposing tables.

HAMLIN  
Your honor, we're here regarding a  
contested Substitution of Counsel  
Order in the case of Sandpiper  
residents versus Sandpiper Assisted  
Living Corporation.

(beat)

(MORE)

HAMLIN (cont'd)

HHM's former Lead Counsel, James McGill, is now operating as a solo practitioner and is, in fact, attempting to reinsert himself as Lead Counsel in light of the recent passing of the original Class representative, Mrs. Irene Landry.

JUDGE

Mr. McGill, I imagine you have a good reason for subverting this formality?

Jimmy checks his watch and takes a DEEP BREATH.

JIMMY

Your honor, the original agreement to substitute counsel was between me and my brother, Charles McGill--a founding partner of HHM--who thought Sandpiper was too big for a solo practitioner, but neither he nor I ever signed that document.

JUDGE

Why not?

JIMMY

Chuck knew that I had done all the legwork to bring in Sandpiper, and I believe he had second thoughts about using HHM's resources to muscle me out.

HAMLIN

HHM disagrees. The document was prepared, but in the, uh, confusion of Charles McGill's final days, I believe this was merely an oversight.

JIMMY

My brother was exceedingly meticulous when it came to the law, Your Honor, but never forgetful.

HAMLIN

Nonetheless, Irene Landry signed on with HHM, and now, HHM has an updated commitment from the next-in-line representative, Mrs. Celia Bloomfield.

Howard hands the DOCUMENT to the BAILIFF to give to the Judge.

Jimmy CHECKS the wall CLOCK and wipes his brow.

JUDGE

Mr. McGill, this document looks official.

(MORE)

JUDGE (cont'd)

With or without Charles McGill's signature, the Substitution Order is merely a formality. I don't see an opportunity for recourse here.

JIMMY

Your honor, Mrs. Landry signed on with HHM in the hopes of gaining and, hence, waiting for a larger settlement under the reasonable belief that she and her fellow class members would live long enough to reap that reward.

JUDGE

And this is no longer the case?

JIMMY

In fact, it's not. Throughout the past six months, a terrible flu has spread throughout all of Sandpiper's facilities, killing three dozen class members so far, including Mrs. Landry, and putting several more on ventilators in critical condition.

JUDGE

You're suggesting that many more of these residents will die?

JIMMY

Yes, Your Honor. Very soon.

JUDGE

Is this speculation or fact?

JIMMY

Doctors have informed me that contraction of this particular flu strain in elderly citizens--especially those whose immune systems are already compromised--is almost certain to be a death sentence.

JUDGE

Assuming this is verifiable, how do you factor into all of this, now that HHM has an updated contract?

JIMMY

Sandpiper's residents are now scared and feeling extremely vulnerable. I believe they deserve representation by an attorney that is acutely sensitive to the obvious ticking clock of their tragic situation.

HAMLIN

Mr. McGill has no evidence or authority to assert a greater sensitivity than HHM's.

Jimmy pulls DOCUMENTS from his briefcase and hands them to the Bailiff.

JIMMY

Your Honor, these are signed affidavits for my representation from several Sandpiper residents, along with copies of thirty-six obituaries--with dates--of the members that have recently passed.

The Judge takes his time, STUNNED at what he's seeing.

Jimmy CHECKS his watch again. He's getting ANTSY.

JIMMY

Your honor, could we...

JUDGE

...Your argument is compelling, Mr. McGill, however, Mr. Hamlin's updated contract with Celia Bloomfield is legally binding.

Jimmy nods as though he's conceding, then stands taller.

JIMMY

I believe the contract with Celia Bloomfield can and should be voided.

Howard GRITS his teeth, tries to remain calm.

JIMMY

In a medically-urgent case such as Sandpiper's, ONE representative should not have the power to decide on behalf of the collective-- on a moment's notice-- until a MAJORITY representation of the collective has been consulted regarding a significant change in the status quo, which has new bearing on when a settlement, including all appeals, should be reached... and which also necessitates further discussion regarding which attorney they believe will accommodate their amended wishes.

The judge is impressed. So is Howard...

HAMLIN

In light of the heightened urgency as presented in Mr. McGill's eloquent argument, HHM, as Sandpiper's contracted representative, will arrange a meeting to secure a consensus with several stakeholders from all of Sandpiper's facilities. Bearing in mind HHM's already substantial investment of time and resources, we respectfully request primary consideration.

The judge nods.

JIMMY

Your Honor, I respectfully request primary consideration for my role in bringing Sandpiper to HHM in the first place.

JUDGE

Wow. I've never seen such a dogfight over one lawsuit, but I understand... business is business.

(gathers documents)

Gentlemen, please have a seat. I'm going to take a short break to deliberate.

The judge SLAMS his gavel and RETREATS to his chamber.

INT. PRYCE'S SUV - STREET NEAR UPHOLSTERY SHOP - DAY

Nacho is parked. He receives a text message.

CLOSE-UP ON PHONE SCREEN --- "SHOP CLOSING EARLY!"

Nacho makes a call...

NACHO

Leave now!

Nacho hangs up.

VICTOR and TYRUS climb in to wait with Nacho.

VICTOR

I can't believe you're kidnapping your own father.

TYRUS

He's not gonna make it easy. You sure you wanna do this?



NACHO  
What choice do I have?

VICTOR  
If he fights, we'll have to get rough.

NACHO  
If you hurt my father, I'll hurt you.

EXT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING - PARKING LOT - DAY

Mike grabs a pile of GATED COMMUNITY BROCHURES from the passenger seat and exits.

EXT. UPHOLSTERY SHOP - BACK DOOR - DAY

Dead-Head Lalo--with WREATH of M80s around his neck--cracks open the door with a PRY BAR.

INT. SECRET LAB HOUSING - NEAR RECLINERS - DAY

Mike hands the BROCHURES to Stacey. She takes one look and WHIPS them at the floor.

STACEY  
Why isn't our home safe, Mike? What did you do?

Mike says nothing.

STACEY  
Don't pull that silent crap with me, Mike. This is not the time! I have a right to know why our lives are in danger.

MIKE  
It's better if you don't know anything.

STACEY  
You're still dirty. Drugs, maybe? Is that it? Is that how you paid for our house?

MIKE  
It's not what you think, Stace.

STACEY  
No? That only means it's worse.

Stacey STORMS away to sit in a recliner.

Mike turns to see a concerned Kaylee.

KAYLEE  
Drugs are bad, Pop-Pop.

MIKE  
This is not about drugs, Kaylee. I  
promise. I just want you and your mom  
to be safe.

Kaylee gives this some thought, then picks up a paddle.

INT. UPHOLSTERY SHOP - FABRIC ROOM - DAY

LOUD MEXICAN MUSIC is playing on the radio.

Dead-Head Lalo checks to see that everyone is gone.

He peeks out front to see MANUEL cashing out the register  
and checking receipts.

Lalo retreats back to WRAP his chain of M80s around each of  
the fabric bolts.

He CHECKS his watch as though he's waiting for someone.

A moment later, there's a KNOCK on the GLASS FRONT DOOR.

Lalo peeks. It's PRYCE! NOT the person he was expecting!

EXT. UPHOLSTERY SHOP - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Pryce PULLS on the locked door, KNOCKS, and peeks inside. He  
sees Manuel at the front counter.

PRYCE  
Hey! Can you open the door?

MANUEL  
We're closed!

PRYCE  
Are you Manuel?

Manuel LOOKS UP from his paperwork.

PRYCE  
I called earlier for an estimate. You  
said to come in anytime, so here I am.

MANUEL

I am sorry, Senor. This is not a good time. Please come back tomorrow.

PRYCE

Tomorrow is no good.

Pryce points to the BUSINESS HOURS posted...

PRYCE

According to these hours, you're supposed to be open right now. I think you should honor them.

MANUEL

I have a family emergency.

PRYCE

I have a family emergency, too. My father is turning 70 tomorrow, and I need to get his van reupholstered as his present. The whole shebang. Pronto. I'll even pay cash.

MANUEL

Por favor, Senor. Try another shop!

Manuel refocuses on his paperwork.

Pryce retreats.

INT. 1969 VW CAMPER - DAY

Pryce climbs into the driver's seat, defeated.

Nacho (hidden in back with Victor and Tyrus) peeks out...

NACHO

Try again!

Pryce is startled.

PRYCE

He says he has a family emergency. I don't know what else to say.

NACHO

Tell him you have a 1969 VW Camper, and you want to restore it to its former glory. Say, 'gloria antigua.'

PRYCE

(pronounces flat)  
Gloria antigua.

NACHO  
Say it again, with *feeling*.

PRYCE  
(slightly better)  
Gloria *antigua!*

NACHO  
Okay, good enough.

Nacho hands Pryce a THICK STACK OF CASH...

NACHO  
Show him the money and tell him  
you'll pay upfront.

INT. 1969 VW CAMPER - DAY

Nacho, Victor, and Tyrus WATCH as Pryce talks through the glass and PRESSES the money on the window.

A moment later, Pryce steps back, and Manuel exits with CLIPBOARD in hand, marching directly to the camper.

Nacho, Victor, and Tyrus HIDE behind a curtain.

INT. UPHOLSTERY SHOP - FABRIC ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Dead-Head Lalo peeks out to see Manuel open the driver's door of the camper and climb inside.

Lalo LIGHTS the fuse.

INT. 1969 VW CAMPER - DAY

As Manuel INSPECTS the interior and jots notes on his clipboard, A LOUD BOOM is heard.

He stops to listen to a succession of more BOOMS and then sees one of his shop windows EXPLODE outward!

Manuel DROPS his clipboard and runs out.

Nacho, Victor, and Tyrus BURST out the SIDE DOOR and pull Manuel back inside.

Pryce runs to his SUV, as more BOOMS are heard.

Nacho and a terrified Manuel look out the windshield just as FLAMES BURST from the fabric shop windows.

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

Jimmy PACES and CHECKS his watch, while Howard watches him from his chair.

HAMLIN

That was a heck of an argument, Jimmy.  
You really gave me a run for my money,  
and I'm not just saying that.

Jimmy stops pacing.

JIMMY

Do you think the Judge would be upset  
if I knocked on his chamber door and  
told him to hurry up?

HAMLIN

I'm sure he'll be out soon. What's  
the rush?

Jimmy CHECKS his watch and resumes pacing.

JIMMY

Kim and I have plans for the weekend.

HAMLIN

Finally taking your honeymoon, huh?

JIMMY

Something like that.

Jimmy stops pacing, picks up his BRIEFCASE, and ACTS like he's going to launch it at the chamber door. Howard is amused.

HAMLIN

Despite everything, my job offer  
still stands. HHM would be lucky to  
have you in our corner.

JIMMY

You just want a new McGill  
figurehead, Howard, and I'm not  
feeling real puppety right now.

HAMLIN

I'm the one who wanted to hire you  
when Chuck was still a partner.  
Remember? I thought that's what you  
wanted. What changed?

Jimmy sets his briefcase down and walks over to the chamber door to listen.

JIMMY  
Big conglomerates just aren't my  
thing anymore.

HAMLIN  
Well, then, what is your thing?

JIMMY  
Potato farming.

HAMLIN  
Come again?

Jimmy walks over to MOCK-PULL the FIRE ALARM...

JIMMY  
Potato farming. The seeds get planted  
in the dirt and grow in the dirt, then  
when you scoop `em out and clean `em  
up, they don't look so dirty.

HAMLIN  
Criminal law. That's what's you're  
talking about, right?

JIMMY  
Well, why not, Howard. They're about  
as honest as everyone else and a heck  
of a lot more fun to work with.

EXT. BLUE CAB - STREET - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP ON FRONT SEAT: a short chain of M80s.

Lalo LIGHTS the wick and drives away in his beater.

EXT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING - STREET - NIGHT

Leonel and Marco are waiting in their car when Lalo pulls up  
alongside them to speak SPANISH...

LALO  
You were not at the shop.

LEONEL  
You were not chasing chickens.

MARCO  
What happened?

LALO  
Nacho stole Manuel.

LEONEL  
That boy loves his papa.

LALO  
No kidding.

Lalo tosses a "BIG WIGS" BAG at Leonel.

LALO  
Get dressed. Quickly.

INT. SECRET LAB HOUSING - PING PONG TABLE - NIGHT

Mike and Kaylee play one point. Mike loses and RUBS his tummy.

MIKE  
I shouldn't have eaten so much chicken.

KAYLEE  
You're just saying that 'cause you're losing.

Mike sets his paddle down.

He POINTS to Stacey on a distant recliner with her arms crossed.

MIKE  
Go cheer up your mother while I use the restroom.

Mike RUBS his belly again and heads toward the RED HOUSE.

EXT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING - SIDE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A SECURITY GUARD stands watch. We hear MUFFLED POPS from a silencer, and the GUARD falls dead.

CLOSE-UP: Hands removing KEYS from the dead Guard's belt.

INT. SECRET LAB HOUSING - RECLINER - NIGHT

Stacey and Kaylee sit together on the same recliner, listening to music on HEADPHONES.

MEANWHILE...

LALO, LEONEL, and MARCO (all Dead-Heads) slither past the RED HOUSE.

A TOILET FLUSHES, and they FREEZE.

INT. RED HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mike exits the restroom and opens the FRIDGE.

He stares at a shelf full of LIQUOR BOTTLES and REACHES for a bottle in the back.

EXT. RED HOUSE - ALONG THE BACK SIDE - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Lalo, ear to wall, hears BOTTLES CLANG against one another and waves for Leonel and Marco to follow him.

INT. RED HOUSE - KITCHEN TABLE - NIGHT

Mike, now sitting, contemplates the AMBER SHOT in his hand. It's all too familiar and forbidden, and yet...

He brings it up to his lips.

INT. SECRET LAB HOUSING - RECLINER - NIGHT - SAME TIME

As the oblivious Stacey and Kaylee still listen to music... Lalo, Leonel, and Marco sneak closer, GLOCKS ready.

INT. RED HOUSE - KITCHEN TABLE - NIGHT

Mike downs his shot with satisfaction. And pours another.

INT. SECRET LAB HOUSING - RECLINER - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Lalo, Leonel, and Marco stop just behind the girls' recliner.

Lalo holds up THREE FINGERS and counts down 3-2-1...

BLACK SCREEN

POW! POW! POW!

INT. RED HOUSE - KITCHEN TABLE - NIGHT

Mike DOWNS his second shot and leans back to enjoy the buzz.



EXT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING - STREET - NIGHT

Lalo opens his trunk, looks around, and WHISTLES.

From the shadowy doorway, Leonel and Marco each carry a limp BLANKET-WRAPPED BODY over their shoulders and lay them in Lalo's trunk.

LALO  
You go. I got this.

The cousins NOD to Lalo and take off.

Lalo removes one blood-stained BLANKET, and we see -- a LIFELESS STACEY -- before he SLAMS the lid.

INT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING - RED HOUSE TO RECLINERS - NIGHT

Mike exits the red house with a slight smile.

ON HIS WAY to the recliners, he picks up a ping-pong paddle.

MIKE  
Hope you're still warmed up, Kaylee.  
Pop-Pop feels like a champ now.

Mike walks around the front of the recliners and sees TWO LARGE BLOOD STAINS and BULLET HOLES.

He DROPS the paddle, grabs his GUN from his jacket, and runs outside.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Mike RUSHES out, GUN at the ready.

He sees a MOUNDED BLANKET on the ground and rushes over.

CLOSE-UP ON BLANKET COVERED HEAD: Mike pulls the blanket back to reveal -- the DEAD SECURITY GUARD.

Mike lays the blanket over the guard and sees a large PHONE NUMBER written in BLOOD.

Immediately, he calls Gus...

MIKE

The tiger has eaten.

EXT. EL POLLOS HERMANOS RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Gus (holding phone) stands among lighted POLICE CARS, as PARAMEDICS roll out covered bodies into waiting ambulances.

GUS

What happened?

INTERCUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Mike (holding phone)...

MIKE

Lalo happened. He killed all the guards and took my girls.

GUS

Do nothing. A trap will be set.

MIKE

I can't do nothing! He left a bloody phone number! I may not have much time!

GUS

It's unlikely they are still alive.

MIKE

I have to chance it!

Mike HANGS UP.

He stares at the bloody blanket and DIALS the number.

INT. LALO'S BEATER (DRIVING) - DARK ROAD - NIGHT

Lalo answers his phone.

LALO  
(jovial)  
Michael! Long time no hear!

INTERCUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

MIKE  
Let `em go, Lalo. They're innocent.  
They've got nothing to do with this.

LALO  
You're in the game, so they're in the  
game.

MIKE  
Kill me instead.

LALO  
You're the fly. I'm the swatter. The  
swatter does not negotiate with the  
fly.

MIKE  
You must want *something*.

LALO  
If I live through this night, I will  
call you back.

Lalo hangs up.

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy stands just outside the judge's chamber, LISTENING.

Behind the door, a CHAIR SCRATCHES the floor, and the judge  
suddenly shuffles toward the door.

Jimmy HURRIES back to his chair.

Howard, flipping through documents, shakes his head.

The chamber door OPENS, and the Judge emerges...

JUDGE  
I apologize for the delay.

The Judge, reticent, returns to his bench.

JUDGE

I needed to consult with a colleague  
about this unorthodox situation.

Jimmy and Howard cast a wary glance at one another.

JUDGE

It seems the best course of action is  
to deny Mr. Hamlin's motion.

Howard and Jimmy JUMP to their feet...

HAMLIN

Your Honor, please...

JIMMY

Thank you, your Honor...

The Judge interrupts...

JUDGE

Gentlemen! I'm not finished.

Howard and Jimmy sit back down.

JUDGE

With respect to the man-hours already  
invested in Sandpiper, HHM will  
partner WITH Mr. McGill to expedite a  
settlement.

HAMLIN

Your Honor, HHM is quite capable...

JIMMY

...I don't need HHM's assistance...

JUDGE

...You're both welcome to appeal...if  
you feel that's in your clients' best  
interest.

Neither lawyer says a word. THE GAVEL DROPS.

JUDGE

Good night, Gentlemen, and good luck.

Speechless, Howard and Jimmy watch as the Judge disappears  
into his chamber.

Jimmy blinks, abruptly SHOVES all his documents into his  
briefcase, and hurries out...

HAMLIN

Jimmy. We need to talk about this.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Not right now, Howard.

EXT. MIKE'S CAR - WAREHOUSE BUILDING - NIGHT

Mike WALKS around his car, LOOKS underneath and FEELS inside each of the wheel wells.

He finds the SECOND TRACKER, tosses it onto the ground and SHOTS it.

INT. JIMMY'S RENTAL CAR (DRIVING) - DARK ROAD - NIGHT

Jimmy calls KIM again...

KIM  
(through the phone)  
*Hi. You've reached Kim Wexler, please  
leave a message after the beep.*

BEEP.

JIMMY  
Hey. I'm out of court now and on my way.  
Wrap up whatever you're working on,  
'cause we're leaving as soon as I get  
there. Bye.

Jimmy HANGS UP.

A moment later his phone RINGS.

He ANSWERS immediately.

JIMMY  
Hello?

Jimmy listens...

INTERCUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE BUILDING - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Mike (on the phone)...

MIKE  
Check your car for trackers, and get  
out of town ASAP, if you haven't  
already. Salamanca's close.

JIMMY  
Trackers? Are you kidding me?  
Nevermind. I'll check. Thanks.

Mike HANGS UP.

EXT. USED CAR LOT - NIGHT

Nacho (w/angry Manuel) trades KEYS with the salesman.

NACHO  
Nobody touched my car, right?

SALESMAN  
Are you sure you don't want to sell?  
One man was *real* interested. Like  
top-dollar cash interested.

NACHO  
My car is *not* for sale!

Nacho and Manuel climb into Nacho's car and drive away.

INT. NACHO'S CAR (DRIVING) - DARK ROAD - NIGHT

Manuel stares at Nacho with contempt.

MANUEL  
(speaking Spanish,  
subtitled)  
Take me home.

Nacho only dares a QUICK PEEK...

NACHO  
You can't go back, Papa. Not for a  
while. I'm sorry.

Manuel SLAPS Nacho's face.

MANUEL  
You have corrupted us both.

Nacho GRITS his teeth...

MANUEL  
Where are we going?

NACHO  
Canada.

INT. KIM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jimmy enters with a GARMENT BAG.

Kim offers a QUICK WAVE and continues ARGUING on the phone...

KIM

Your CYFD agent, a licensed city representative charged with protecting the well-being of endangered children, has inhumanely taken custody of a 3-month-old infant, WHILE she was nursing, mind you, which constitutes, by law, cruel and intentional child maltreatment and consequential physical and emotional neglect.

(beat)

Does any of that sound kind, respectful, or child-centric in any way that matches your obviously impotent mission statement?

Kim listens. Jimmy SIGNALS for her to HURRY UP.

KIM

No, we will not respect the CYFD's 48-hour window for assessment; it's Friday night, ma'am, which means that your slowest slug of family-bullying incompetence can hold that baby girl hostage until Tuesday afternoon--without just cause--which is unreasonable and categorically unacceptable.

Kim opens a bottle of ASPIRIN, SIGNALS for Jimmy to get water.

KIM

My proposal is that you return the child post-haste to her parents, and when I say post-haste, I mean RIGHT. FREAKING. NOW! Otherwise, I will be compelled to put your entire department under investigation, starting with having precious agent arrested on felony charges POST-HASTE!

Kim LISTENS while rubbing her temple.

Jimmy returns with the WATER.

Kim SILENTLY thanks him and takes her pills.

KIM

I have no right to speak to you in this manner? You have no right! Perhaps you'd like to review the very graphic and and well-focused five-minute video I have of your agent TEARING that screaming baby from her mother's protective arms.

Kim listens and CHUGS her water.

KIM

Yes, I said VIDEO, and I will have no problem adding kidnapping to the charges if that child is not in her own home within the hour. Are we clear?

Kim SLAMS the receiver down.

JIMMY

I'm utterly aroused. I had no idea you could be so brutally persuasive.

Kim smiles, STACKS the files on her desk, then drops them into her briefcase.

JIMMY

It's a good thing we don't share an office, because I'd never get any work done.

KIM

That's a nice looking suit. Expensive.

Jimmy pulls a DRESS from the "Bulletproof" garment bag.

JIMMY

This one's yours. Put it on. POST-HASTE.

EXT. KIM'S OFFICE BUILDING - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Jimmy and Kim exit in their BULLETPROOF OUTFITS.

Kim LOCKS the door, and they both look inside at Howard's plant.

KIM

I really like that plant. Darn it. Now, I have to send Howard a Thank You card.

JIMMY

Looks like we'll both be cozying up to the enemy.

KIM

What do you mean?

JIMMY

I'll tell you on the way to the lake house. We'll have time.



KIM  
Lake house?

JIMMY  
I'll explain that as well.

They TURN toward the parking lot and see -- LALO STANDING with a GUN AIMED AT KIM.

Immediately, Jimmy MOVES to SHIELD her.

JIMMY  
I know you think I was mixed up in what happened in Mexico, but I wasn't. I swear. And Kim knows even less.

LALO  
You knew something was planned, and you didn't say a word to me. That's not how friends treat friends.

LALO SHOOTS JIMMY in the chest, THEN KIM and they FALL to the ground.

Lalo JUMPS into his beater and TEARS out of the lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - EL POLLOS HERMANOS RESTAURANT - NIGHT  
Gus watches the LAST AMBULANCE leave with sirens blaring.  
He TYPES a message on his PHONE.

CLOSE-UP ON PHONE SCREEN: "500K DOA"

Gus presses SEND.

INTERCUT TO:

--PETE (50s, bitter ex-cop), hand-waxing a TIGER-STRIPED 1970 OLDSMOBILE 442 when his PHONE CHIMES;

INTERCUT TO:

--BOYD (40s, chain-smoking ex-con), outside a BIKER BAR, snuffing out the last of many cigarettes on the gravel when his phone CHIMES;

INTERCUT TO:

--JAKE and BLAKE (30s, identical, former Army rangers still in fatigues) playing a heated game of CHESS at a MAKESHIFT CAMP SIGHT when Jake's PHONE CHIMES; a frazzled Blake FLIPS the board onto the ground.

INTERCUT TO:

GUS's phone CHIMES THREE TIMES. He flips it open.

CLOSE-UP ON GUS'S SCREEN -- "IN THE GAME." "IN THE GAME."  
"IN THE GAME."

Gus BREAKS the phone and tosses it into the garbage.

His DRIVER (30s, serious) pulls up in his Escalade.

Gus climbs in and SCANS the YELLOW-TAPED TRAGEDY.

The Driver watches him in the rear-view mirror.

GUS  
Take me to the airport.

Gus reconsiders...

GUS  
No. Take me to Don Eladio's house  
instead.

The driver NODS.

Gus pulls the door closed, and they take off.

EXT. KIM'S OFFICE BUILDING - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Jimmy and Kim lie DEATHLY STILL on the sidewalk.

Seconds later, KIM WHIMPERS, and JIMMY'S EYE'S FLUTTER OPEN.

Jimmy turns toward Kim and REACHES out to SHAKE her.

JIMMY  
Kim.

Kim moans.

JIMMY  
KIM!

Kim's hand moves slowly to RUB the CENTER of her chest. She struggles to breathe.

KIM  
My chest hurts.

Jimmy CRAWLS OVER to look under her hand.

CLOSE-UP: Kim's slightly FRAYED, but un-punctured dress.

Jimmy PEEKS below the neckline and sees...

CLOSE-UP: A LARGE, BRIGHT RED SPOT, but NO BLOOD.

Jimmy HUGS Kim tightly.

JIMMY  
You're not bleeding, Kim. The dress  
stopped the bullet.

INT. JIMMY'S RENTAL CAR (DRIVING) - DARK ROAD - NIGHT

A shell-shocked Jimmy and Kim drive in silence, each lost in their own thoughts.

Jimmy PEEKS at the DAZED Kim, staring out her window.

JIMMY  
How're you feeling?

KIM  
Numb. Terrified. Pissed. Dumbstruck.  
I can't believe we're still alive.

JIMMY  
I can't believe the outfits actually  
worked. The salesman said they would,  
but...

KIM  
...Jimmy! Those were actual bullets!  
We could've died tonight!

Jimmy touches her hand, but she tucks it away.

JIMMY  
That's what I was trying to avoid.

KIM  
Why in the hell is Lalo Salamanca  
still alive?

JIMMY  
I don't know what went wrong, Kim,  
but I do know bounty hunters are  
looking for him as we speak.

KIM  
To catch him or kill him?

JIMMY  
Hopefully both.

KIM  
So, when he's dead...will all of this  
be over? Or will some other psychopath  
show up on our doorstep?

Jimmy hesitates...

JIMMY  
It's complicated.

Kim turns away to let this sink in.

They pass a SIGN: "COCHITI LAKE 25 MILES."

INT. NACHO'S CAR - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Nacho and Manuel ride in angry silence.

They pass a SIGN: "SALT LAKE CITY 220 MILES."

INT. LALO'S BEATER - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP: BLINKING TRACKER on the passenger seat.

Lalo passes a SIGN: "SALT LAKE CITY 480 MILES."

A CRY is heard from his TRUNK. (Stacey and/or Kaylee is  
still alive!)

END OF EPISODE