

BETTER CALL SAUL

"Telefono"

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TEASER

INT. DINER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK - 3 YEARS AGO)

Your typical American-styled diner. It's the kind one would expect to be able to order a wonderful home-made cherry pie in. Friendly, red, black, and white.

Two familiar patrons sit across from each other in one of the booths. A younger JIMMY and a younger KIM. They talk without hesitance, like close friends or something more.

JIMMY

You would have loved it. The man doesn't know a zip code from a phone number. And he's a lawyer.

They laugh together but Kim's chuckle subsides. She turns pensive. Something's up.

JIMMY

What is it?

KIM

So, I passed the bar...

JIMMY

Hence the celebration.

He jestingly gestures to the food in front of them. It's nothing too fancy but it's a lot. Among the food there's ribs, beans, fries, and two plastic cups with salad.

KIM

Well, there's more.

JIMMY

OK. Lay it on me.

KIM

Chuck's asked me to sign on with HHM. As a junior attorney, under him.

JIMMY

That's great, Kim! OK, now we're going to get dessert because you've earned it.

He waves over a bored WAITRESS.

JIMMY

What do you want? Actually, you know what, they have great cherry pie here. I promise you're going to love it. We're just going to get a full thing. It's irresistible.

(to the waitress)

Can we have your best cherry pie? A full pie. Not just two slices. She's a real lawyer now. With a job and everything.

The waitress glances at Kim who's smiling with embarrassment over Jimmy's excitement. Unimpressed, she leaves to do her job.

KIM

I'm starting at the bottom, Jimmy. You know, paperwork stuff. Nothing too impressive yet.

JIMMY

Kim, that's not the bottom. Janitor is the bottom. Then it's the mail room.

KIM

You could do it too.

JIMMY

Do what?

She gives him an unwavering look. *Oh.*

He doesn't want to have this conversation.

JIMMY

What? No way. I'm right where I'm meant to be. Got the best tongue for a stamp lick.

KIM

You're capable of so much more.

JIMMY

I don't know. The taste grows on you.

KIM

Jimmy.

She's serious. His jokes aren't making her laugh.

KIM

Maybe you can apply somewhere. What about Samoa? It's HHM's correspondence school. You can still work while you study.

JIMMY

It's a nice dream, sure. But it's not going to happen.

KIM

Why not? You're smart. You know a zip code from a phone number.

JIMMY

I've messed up too many times to become a good lawyer.

KIM

Your past shouldn't dictate your future.

JIMMY

Look, Chuck's the successful brother. He's the lawyer. I'm just the mail room guy. I'm lucky enough to be that.

KIM

You're no better or worse than him, Jimmy.

The waitress arrives with dessert. With it Jimmy reverts back to his chipper disposition.

JIMMY

Look at that! Man, I cannot wait to dig in. Why don't you have the first bite?

Kim looks at him blankly. She doesn't enjoy his emotional shift, but she does respect it.

Her shoulders ease up as she takes a spoon and presses it through the crisp crust. She eat it. Jimmy watches with a big ole smile on his lips.

JIMMY

Good, huh?

EXT. HHM OFFICES - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

INT. HHM'S MAILROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK - 3 YEARS AGO)

The office is crowded with papers, but Jimmy is fast at work. He's the mail room machine - used to and the best at the office routine.

Jimmy folds a pile of FLYERS FOR HHM SERVICES one after the other. He slides them into envelopes quickly.

FAST CUTS

The flyer pile decreases and the letter pile increases.

RESUME REAL TIME

Jimmy reaches the end of the pile where a manila folder sits under the last flyer. "JIMMY" is written on it.

He cautiously lifts it up and turns it over to see find it signed "FROM KIM." He smiles.

His fingers tear open the top of the envelope and he pulls out a

INSERT - BOOKLET

It's for the University of American Samoa's law program.

BACK TO SCENE

It catches him off guard. Then he chuckles.

BERT (O.S.)

What you got over there?

BERT, Jimmy's co-worker, leans over one of the tables to investigate Jimmy's delay.

Jimmy hides away the package.

JIMMY

Maybe the future.

BERT

Huh? That doesn't make sense.

Jimmy shrugs. He can't shake the grin on his face as he resumes work.

IN THE HALLWAY

unseen, Kim watches from behind the window. Her smile matches Jimmy's as she saunters off with purpose.

END OF TEASER

Almodros

ACT ONE

INT. HHM - CHUCK'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is dark. The windows are blinded and there are no bulbs in the ceiling. It's devoid of all electrical appliances and full of papers.

CHUCK moves to sit at the center desk. His hands go across it in order to become re-familiarized with the surface. A smile cracks his lips.

A KNOCK interrupts his comfort. It's Jimmy, standing guarded at the doorway.

CHUCK

Oh. It's you.

JIMMY

Yup. Good old me.

Jimmy delicately looks around the room.

JIMMY

So, you're back, huh?

CHUCK

That's right. Back at HHM where I belong.

JIMMY

Back where you belong...

CHUCK

Why are you here, Jimmy? I didn't think I'd see you again.

JIMMY

Kim told me about your miraculous recovery this morning. Said you were going right back into work.

CHUCK

Yeah, well, Howard took me back with gracious arms.

JIMMY

Of course he did.

Jimmy takes the seat across from Chuck. He stares his brother directly in the eyes as he looks for his words.

JIMMY

Don't you think it might be too soon to be back? Maybe see if this miracle lasts first.

CHUCK

I'm feeling perfectly fine. Anyway, I'm starting slow. I'll only be here a few hours at a time.

JIMMY

Well, what if someone accidentally turns on a light? Or... Or comes in here with a cell? These people love you, sure, but they don't know the extent--

CHUCK

Everyone has been given a protocol debriefing. There's no need for you to worry. After you left, my tolerance grew with the exercises I've been doing.

Jimmy responds with a dismissive laugh.

JIMMY

Right. After I left everything just became better.

CHUCK

(curtly)
Yes. It did.

There's a moment of prolonged silence. Jimmy clenches his jaw, looking away. A silent *fuck you*.

CHUCK

Why can't you be happy for me? You left me alone and my company had to pick up your weight. So, yes. I got better. I've been trying to for a very long time. You know that.

Without speaking a word, Jimmy stands and heads towards the windows. He twists them open so some light floods in.

JIMMY

You shouldn't work in the dark. Bad for your eyes.

He turns to leave, but pauses at the door frame and look back at a frustrated Chuck. Jimmy can't hide his grimace.

JIMMY

And you know what, Chuck? They aren't picking up my weight. They're picking up yours.

Chuck is left alone to reflect on Jimmy's remark.

INT. HHM LOBBY - DAY

Jimmy scurries down the stairs towards the doors. As he reaches the bottom a familiar voice calls out to him.

HOWARD (O.S.)

Jimmy.

Jimmy gives out a small wince as HOWARD approaches him. KIM walks alongside Howard. She's carrying two cups of coffee. Her presence eases Jimmy's tension.

JIMMY

Oh. Howard.

HOWARD

What are you doing here?

JIMMY

Came to see Chuck. I'm leaving now though. Have lots of work.

HOWARD

How did you know about Chuck? I thought he still couldn't use a phone.

KIM

I called Jimmy.

HOWARD

Ah. I meant to call, I just didn't have time with all the preparations we've had to make.

JIMMY

Look, I wasn't kidding about the work. I really do have to--

HOWARD

Of course. I just want to let you know that we've minimized the risks for Chuck here at HHM. We've even hired a in-office doctor.

(MORE)

HOWARD (CONT'D)

We're really happy to have him back,
but our top priority is his health.

JIMMY

Well, if that was the case, maybe you
should have had him cash out a while
ago. Don't you think?

HOWARD

Give him a chance.

Howard gives him a pat on the back and walks away.

Jimmy rolls his eyes and look at Kim with a look that reads
"Do you believe this guy?" But she's not playing.

KIM

I have to go, Chuck's coffee's
getting cold and you know how he
hates cold coffee.

JIMMY

Don't dote on him, Kim. You're
better than that. He's a grown man.

She ignores the statement.

KIM

I'll be keeping an eye on him all
day. I'll send you updates.

JIMMY

I really don't care either way.

KIM

He's your brother.

JIMMY

Tell him that.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR - DAY

Jimmy is in his shitty yellow Esteem. He's driving towards
Sandpiper homes. He speaks in a mocking tone that gets
progressively angrier.

JIMMY

(to himself)

Oh, Jimmy. I promise you we're
taking care of Chuck.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

We know he's really in no condition to work, be it a physical or a mental state, but he'll be fine. I promise. After all, I'm Howard Hamlin of Hamlin, Hamlin & McGill, the guy who's actually always been on your side. Though I never acted like it.

He hits the wheel.

JIMMY

Oh? You have work? Well, let me just hold you back and tell you more about how much I love your brother who's doesn't give two flying spits about you instead of letting you take these documents to your elderly clients who could die at any moment!

Jimmy aggressively points towards the passenger seat foot area, where he expects there to be a briefcase. There's nothing there. It take a moment for it to hit him.

JIMMY

Damn it! Briefcase!

He takes an abrupt U-turn that screeches like hell.

INT. SALON - DAY

The bell CHIMES as Jimmy enters, calling the attention of MISS NGUYEN. He talks straight towards the back.

JIMMY

Sorry, Miss Nguyen. I'm just here to pick up some papers I forgot. Silly me. It's been a day.

Miss Nguyen speaks as she is painting her customer's toe. She's not concerned with the volume of her voice.

MISS NGUYEN

There is client in your office. I tell him you're not here, but he won't leave.

JIMMY

What?

MISS NGUYEN

He's very handsome boy, but very intimidating. No change from last time.

Jimmy turns stiff. He's nearly holding his breath.

JIMMY

What do you mean last time?

INT. JIMMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy opens the door warily. It hits the corner of a mattress and he sees his cellphone and briefcase sitting on the top of his messy desk. He forces himself to squeeze in between the wall and the door.

He immediately finds NACHO sitting on the unmade sofa-bed holding a chilled glass of cucumber water.

NACHO

This place is a dump. Even more so than the last time I was here.

JIMMY

I was, um, in a hurry this morning.

NACHO

Yeah? What over?

JIMMY

Just things. You know, things happen. A thing happened.

NACHO

What things?

JIMMY

(cautious)

Things. A family thing. Just something that--

NACHO

Honestly? I really don't care.

Jimmy immediately shuts up with an obedient nod. He goes to his desk to retrieve his briefcase.

JIMMY

I really can't stay to help you, I have some clients waiting on me. And they can't exactly wait for long.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

They're all old people. Clock is ticking.

NACHO

You're going to stay, and you're going to listen.

Jimmy gulps.

NACHO

Remember your play when you almost got me thrown in the slammer? Well, in order to put that all aside, you're going to help me now.

JIMMY

I really think that what might be best for the both of us is that we don't exactly try to have anything to do with the other.

NACHO

Too bad. I own you. If you don't do what I say... Let's just say that no one is going to miss a half-assed lawyer who works from the back of a nail salon.

JIMMY

I, I think those lovely seniors might. Since, you know, they need me for their wills and stuff.

NACHO

Well, I hope you have your own will.

Jimmy's phone CHIMES. Before he can react, Nacho grabs it, flips it open and reads the text.

JIMMY

Hey.

NACHO

"Chuck is fine. He ate a bacon sandwich prepared on an open flame." From Kim. What the hell is this nonsense?

JIMMY

It must be a mistake.

NACHO

Are you messing with me?

JIMMY

It's, um, my friend. She's keeping tabs on my brother.

NACHO

Right.

Nacho is copying the phone number into his own cell. He then goes into contacts and copies down Chuck's number as well.

NACHO

Well, I'm sure you don't want to get them involved, do you?

JIMMY

What are you doing?

NACHO

You do as you're told, and I'll erase this Kim's and your brother's numbers. You don't, I'll wrap her and your brother into it.

Jimmy winces. He does not like Nacho using them as leverage.

JIMMY

Fine. What do you need?

Nacho reaches into his pocket and pulls out another cell.

NACHO

You know what this is?

JIMMY

It's a cell phone.

NACHO

It's a burner phone. A prepaid phone which is non-trackable. Completely under the radar. Even the NSA can't track this properly. You dump it after you use it.

JIMMY

OK.

He takes it. He studies it with his eyes and fingers.

NACHO

I'll call you on that. No one else knows the number. When I do, you're going to come meet me.

JIMMY

Meet you where?

NACHO

I'll tell you when I call you. Pick up immediately. I do not want to call twice. Until then, continue your life normally.

Nacho stands to leave. But Jimmy is slightly confused.

JIMMY

So what is it I'll be doing exactly?

NACHO

You're going to take my orders and not ask anymore questions. Understood?

JIMMY

Yeah.

NACHO

How much do you know about drug law?

JIMMY

Enough. I know the statutes.

NACHO

Federal drug law? RICO drug law?

JIMMY

Uh, not really. Never needed it.

NACHO

Well, brush up. Become an expert, if you know what I mean.

He exits. Jimmy is left stunned with fear and confusion.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SANDPIPER HOMES - DAY

Jimmy stands outside the retirement facility. His face twists as he pats the jacket pocket where the burner is sitting. He shifts it from one pocket to another. Then repeats the action.

GARY (O.S.)

Hello.

Jimmy's snapped back into reality and turns around to see an old man named GARY taking a small shaky step after shaky step towards the entrance. He wears a friendly smile that make his wrinkles look like they have a innocence of a child.

With a deep breath Jimmy collects himself. He brightly approaches the man.

JIMMY

Hey there. Let me help you.

GARY

Thank you, young man.

They head into the building together.

EXT. STACEY'S HOUSE - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

PRE-LAP with a DOG'S HEFTY PANTING.

INT. STACEY'S HOUSE - DAY

The dog is on the sofa. Its chest raises and lowers heavily. It does not look good.

STACEY paces back and forth in her nurse scrubs, keeping her eyes on the pooch. She's holding a phone up to hear ear as it RINGS.

EXT. COURTHOUSE PARKING LOT - DAY

MIKE sits the way he always sits in the ticketing booth. He's mindlessly reading a magazine. He glances at his watch and shuts the pages. As he stands he collects his things.

His PHONE RINGS. He pulls it out of his pocket and answers after checking caller ID.

As he walks out of the booth a worker taking the next shift passes him. He nods a greeting but Mike ignores him.

MIKE

(into phone)
Stacey?

STACEY (V.O.)

(from phone)
Hi Mike.

INTERCUT WITH:

STACEY

(into phone)
I'm sorry to call you during work,
but I was hoping you could do me a
favor.

MIKE

You know you can always call me. And
I just got off. What is it?

STACEY

Well, the dog is sick. It's
breathing really heavily and I have
work shortly and I was hoping that--

MIKE

You want me to take it to the vet?
I'm the one who gave it to you.

STACEY

Exactly. I'm worried about it.
Kaylee is spending time at her
friend's today after school. She's
become so attached to it, I don't
want her to worry.

A few seconds of silence pass. Mike's thinking about it.

STACEY

Are you still there?

MIKE

Yeah. Of course I'll help.

STACEY

Thank you so much. There'll be keys
under the mat. Just let yourself in.

MIKE

Sure.

He hangs up. END INTERCUT.

Stay with Mike as he crosses the parking lot, gets into his car, and drives off.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. SANDPIPER HOMES - DAY (MONTAGE)

Jimmy meets with an assortment of his CLIENTS in their various apartments.

INT. SANDPIPER HOMES - AN ELDER'S APARTMENT - DAY (MONTAGE)

He hands over a document to be signed by shaky hands. He does this a number of times.

INT. SANDPIPER HOMES (BATHROOM) - DAY (MONTAGE)

Jimmy's phone BUZZES. He shakily pulls out both phones. He checks caller ID. He's received a text from Kim.

INT. SANDPIPER HOMES (COMMON ROOM) - DAY (MONTAGE)

Jimmy is explaining what a will would entitle to a group of potential clients. They all nod, impressed.

INT. SANDPIPER HOMES (HALLWAY) - DAY (MONTAGE)

Jimmy checks his burner phone. No activity.

INT. SANDPIPER HOMES (COMMON ROOM) - DAY (MONTAGE)

His phone buzzes. Nerves hit. It's a text from Kim.

INT. SANDPIPER HOMES (AN ELDER'S APARTMENT) - DAY (MONTAGE)

He eats a biscuit an elderly lady offers him. Paperwork sprawled out in front of him.

INT. SANDPIPER HOMES (HALLWAY) - DAY (MONTAGE)

Burner phone. Nothing.

INT. SANDPIPER HOMES (AN ELDER'S APARTMENT) - DAY (MONTAGE)

Chatting with an old man. Taking notes.

INT. SANDPIPER HOMES - DAY (MONTAGE)

Jimmy rolls his eyes. Another text.

INT. SANDPIPER HOMES (COMMON ROOM) - DAY (MONTAGE)

Signing documents.

INT. SANDPIPER HOMES (BATHROOM) - DAY (MONTAGE)

Text. Nerves.

INT. SANDPIPER HOMES (AN ELDER'S APARTMENT) - DAY (MONTAGE)

Paperwork. He checks his phone.

INT. SANDPIPER HOMES - DAY (MONTAGE)

His phone buzzes.

END MONTAGE.

INT. SANDPIPER HOMES (SUE'S APARTMENT) - DAY

Jimmy checks his burner. Still no activity. He places the phone on the cluttered coffee table, besides his documents and other cell.

Jimmy is sitting with a sweet elderly woman named SUE FLETCHER. She's a bit of a hoarder - around them are piles of junk and papers. There's very little room. It's suffocating.

She's on her mobile phone and nods at Jimmy apologetically. He reassuringly smiles at her. As she turns away, his smile quickly disintegrates.

SUE

(into phone)

Okay, but honey, I think that's fair... Oh? You think it is too? I didn't know that... You've mentioned it three times? I'm sure you didn't... You did? Oh my... Well, the lawyer's here so I'll tell him... Love you, too. Don't forget to call me today.

She hangs up and places the phone on the table.

Jimmy whips himself into business mode. He's ready to talk law, but the breath in Jimmy's voice shows he's clearly been at it with this particular client for a while. He's patiently annoyed.

JIMMY

All right, so you want your son Bernard to receive forty percent as well as --

SUE

Who?

JIMMY

Bernard. Your son. You called him a moment ago to inform him.

SUE

Did I?

Jimmy nods.

SUE

What was it I wanted him to have?

JIMMY

Forty percent of what's in your account. And china set.

SUE

Oh. To who again?

JIMMY

Bernard, your son.

SUE

What is this for again?

JIMMY

Your will, Mrs. Fletcher.

SUE

Oh, that's important. Let's discuss who we want to put in it.

She rummages through the papers on the table, looking for a list of names. She pulls it from under a stack of romance books which topple over like Jenga blocks. The documents, phones, and various other things go flying about.

Jimmy immediately helps clean up the mess.

JIMMY

We've already done that. I have all the names written down. You don't need to worry.

She seems surprised and then ashamed. She realizes her memory is failing her.

SUE

I'm sorry, dear. This must be very frustrating for you.

JIMMY

No, not at all.

SUE

You're a sweetheart. Do you mind if we relocated to the kitchen? I think some tea may help sooth my mind.

JIMMY

Certainly.

He rushes to collect his scattered things and tucks them under his arm. He slips two cells into his jacket pocket. Jimmy then gives his hand to Sue and they walk to the kitchen together.

INT. HHM (CHUCK'S OFFICE) - DAY

Chuck is reading some paperwork with his reading glasses. Kim enters his office with some extras documents and a mug of coffee.

CHUCK

You know, you really don't have to check in on me so often. I'm fine.

KIM

I thought I'd just come by since you'll be headed out soon.

CHUCK

I think I might stay a bit longer.

KIM

Do you really think that's the best idea?

CHUCK

I don't see anything wrong with it. Like I said, I'm fine.

KIM

It's your first day back. You can take things slow.

CHUCK

(irritated)

Will people stop telling me to take things slow?

Kim doesn't reply to the outburst. She set the mug down.

CHUCK

I'm sorry.

KIM

We just want you to be comfortable.

CHUCK

I am. Just want to work on this project of mine.

KIM

OK. I'm leaving soon, but Howard will be here. Let him know if you need anything.

INT. BINGO HALL - DAY

The balls roll in the barrel. One shoots up and a hand grabs it.

JIMMY

And it's I27. I as in 'I' am so happy to be here with you all'.

He continues to entertain them by winking at a table. The LADIES at it blush and put on flirtatious smiles.

Just then, Jimmy hears a BUZZ. He drops the ball and it rolls towards a table. Tensely, he touches his jacket pocket. BUZZ. BUZZ.

The old man from earlier, Gary, reaches to take the ball that is at his feet.

GARY

N8!

Jimmy's brought back into it.

JIMMY

N8. N as in... N-nacho.

One of the flirtatious women, SARA, jumps up.

SARA

Bingo!

JIMMY

And we have a winner. You, young miss, get a nice plastic glitter cup. Congratulations.

He turns to the VOLUNTEER.

JIMMY

Can you take over?

Jimmy rushes to the corner of the room behind some balloons. With a quick swipe he pulls out both phones. The buzzing one is his regular phone. He relaxes.

KIM (V.O.)

(from phone)

Jimmy?

JIMMY

(into phone)

Kim. I may have never been happier to hear your lovely voice.

BEGIN INTERCUT:

INT. HHM LOBBY - DAY

KIM

(into phone)

Okay. I'm just calling to let you know how today went.

JIMMY

Because your hundreds of texts didn't?

KIM

I just didn't want you to be concerned.

JIMMY

I'm not concerned.

KIM

I thought you might want to know that Chuck is staying later at the office.

JIMMY

OK. He can do what he wants.

KIM

Why are you so agitated?

JIMMY

I'm not.

KIM

Seriously?

A pause.

JIMMY

Can you meet me later?

KIM

What?

JIMMY

I need to talk to you about something. Eight o'clock at my place, okay? Free spa night?

KIM

Uh, sure--

He hangs up. END INTERCUT.

INT. VET'S LOBBY - DAY

Mike sits with the dog besides him. It's still breathing heavily, pressing its body up against him.

He looks towards the NURSE who's filing her nails. Her nails are too long. She doesn't seem very concerned about the job.

The clinic door opens. A BULKY MAN steps out. He's wearing a leather coat that's too hot for the weather.

He's either someone's bad news or a guy trying to be bad news.

One arm is up against his side and a KITTEN no larger than a tea cup sits in his hand. He clearly has no idea how to hold something so delicately, though he's trying.

The bulky man looks at Mike, then his dog, nods, and leaves.

THE VET (O.S.)

Ehrmantraut.

THE VET stands in the door way, beckoning Mike in. He stands and takes the dog with him.

INT. VET'S OFFICE - DAY

The vet is finishing the check up on Mike's dog.

THE VET

There's not much for you to be worried about. This little guy's just had an allergy to his food.

The vet goes to his cabinet and pulls out a bottle of pills.

THE VET

Some of these and switch him to a different food, and he'll be back to normal shortly.

MIKE

Sounds good.

THE VET

Actually, I was wondering if I'd see you again. Client from before, Mr. Price, said he was really impressed with you.

MIKE

Right.

THE VET

Mentioned he'd like to take you up again. Same gig. Protection. Interested?

Mike stares at the vet with an unreadable face.

EXT. CHUCK'S HOME - DAY

Jimmy sits in his car and looks at the empty house.

He twists the ignition off and heads inside. On the way he opens the mailbox, ready to ground himself by putting both phone in, but then stops. He puts his belongings back into his pockets and closes the box.

INT. CHUCK'S HOME - DAY

The door opens and Jimmy steps in. It's emptier than usual with Chuck missing.

JIMMY

(to himself)

Sorry, Chuck. Just need to borrow some things.

He nearly tiptoes over to Chuck's study and looks at the books that line the shelves.

JIMMY

Federal drug and RICO law, huh?

He grabs a book. Then another. Then another. He looks close at the binds of one of them.

JIMMY

"Druggies and whether to defend them." Who named this? Well, I guess it can't hurt.

EXT. CHUCK'S HOME - DAY

NACHO'S POV

Jimmy exits the house in a hurry, carrying the books in his hands. He rushes to his car, gets in, and drives off.

BACK TO SCENE

Farther away, Nacho sits in his van watching Jimmy like a bobcat studying its small prey. It's impossible to read into those eyes.

Nacho pulls out a cell and punches in a number. His fingers hover over the call button. As the ROAR of Jimmy's car distances, he hits cancel and tucks the phone away.

Nacho starts his engine. He makes a turn to drive in the opposite direction from where Jimmy was headed.

END OF ACT TWO

Almodros

ACT THREE

INT. SALON - DAY (EVENING)

The sun is setting. The salon is clearing up, and Jimmy is helping Ms. Nyugen and her workers. He's constantly double-checking his phone and watch. After some time they exit one by one, until they finally leave Jimmy alone eating take out.

INT. SALON - NIGHT

He's in a massage chair, reading the materials he took from Chuck's. He's eating them up, consumed by their content.

There's a TAP on the glass. He looks over. Kim. He lets her in.

KIM

So what did you want to talk about?

JIMMY

Um... How's Chuck?

KIM

I know you didn't call me all the way over here about Chuck.

JIMMY

Yeah, but can't a brother ask?
You're the one who wanted me to take an interest.

KIM

He's good. He's acclimated well to being back on the job. It's almost as though he's never left at all.

JIMMY

That's not surprising. He is the great Chuck McGill.

She notices the books next to the salon chair and picks it up.

KIM

Doing some reading?

JIMMY

Uh, yeah. You can never learn enough.

KIM
About Federal RICO law?

JIMMY
OK. So you caught me.

KIM
What's going on?

JIMMY
Remember when the Kettlemans
disappeared and I got a client named
Ignacio?

KIM
Sure.

JIMMY
He wants to hire me?

KIM
What? You told him no, right?

JIMMY
Not exactly.

KIM
Jimmy. From what you told me about
this guy last time, you don't want to
get involved with that.

JIMMY
I also don't want to involve others.

KIM
What does that mean?

JIMMY
I just have to do him this one favor
and then he'll be off my back. I
think.

KIM
You think?

JIMMY
Finger crossed.

KIM
What's the favor?

JIMMY

To be honest, I don't know. He gave me a phone and--

KIM

A phone?

JIMMY

Yeah. A burner. Pre-paid phone. Non-trackable. Under the ra--

KIM

I know what a burner is.

JIMMY

Really?

KIM

What the hell, Jimmy? You took a burner phone from a drug dealer? You're digging yourself into a hole you're not going to be able to come out of.

JIMMY

That's actually what I'm trying to avoid.

KIM

It's not funny. Call the police.

JIMMY

I can't.

KIM

Yes, you can.

JIMMY

If I do that he's going to make honest on his promise which sort of involves life and death scenarios.

Kim sighs. She's frustrated but wants to help her friend.

KIM

OK. Where's this phone? Maybe we can find something on it that will help you. A way to trace it or, I don't know.

JIMMY

It's in my pocket.

Jimmy goes to his jacket that's resting on another chair and sticks his hand in the pocket. He only pulls out his regular phone first. Then he pulls out the other cell and hands it to Kim.

JIMMY

Go wild.

She flips it open and starts to navigate through it. The glow on her faces changes colors as she presses various buttons.

KIM

Luckily, your guy Ignacio is sloppy.

JIMMY

That doesn't sound like him.

KIM

Well, he didn't delete the call list or any contacts. Gary Whitefield. Ellen Richardson. Eliza Diaz. Johnny Hatch.

JIMMY

Wait, wait, wait. Let me see that.

He grabs the phone from Kim's hands.

KIM

What?

JIMMY

Most of these are my clients.

He clicks through rapidly.

JIMMY

Bernard Fletcher? Oh no.

KIM

What is it?

Jimmy tosses the phone onto the seat and rushes to grab his own cell phone. He flips it open and dials a number.

SILENCE for a moment. Then CAN'T HELP FALLING IN LOVE by Elvis ECHOES in the room. The other cell is flashing.

And then it hits him. *Shit.*

JIMMY

That is not the burner. I think I may have left it at a sweet, little elderly woman's apartment.

KIM

OK. So you'll go get it in the morning.

Jimmy throws the jacket to the side. He grabs his own face and tries to rub the tension out.

JIMMY

I have to get it now.

KIM

How?

He looks at her with concern. He doesn't want to tell her how.

KIM

How?

JIMMY

Kim, I need to go. Free spa day postponed?

KIM

Don't do anything else stupid. It's not too late to--

JIMMY

I know. It's not too late to call the police. But I can't.

She sighs, grabs her stuff, and heads to exit.

JIMMY

I'll be okay. Promise.

KIM

So, what are you going to do now?

JIMMY

I'm just going to go back to the home and get my phone back.

KIM

Disturb an old lady late at night?

He looks away.

KIM

Stay safe.

She leaves him alone.

EXT. SANDPIPER HOMES - NIGHT

Jimmy drives up to a closed office.

He slams his car door shut and runs up to the main entrance. Locked.

JIMMY

(to himself)

That would have been too easy.

Jimmy walks around the perimeter of the building.

He finds a gate. He gives it a tug or five. Locked. He resumes walking.

Jimmy tries hopping the park fence. It's too tall. He falls on his ass and winces.

He walks some more and notices a window slightly cracked. But it's a bit too high. He disappears for a moment.

WHEELS ROLLING ON ASPHALT echo through the night. Jimmy pulls along a dumpster and positions it under the window with difficulty.

Once it's in place he hops on the top and reaches for the window. He pushes the panel upward and pulls himself up and into the

INT. SANDPIPER HOMES - NIGHT

hallways of the facility. He lands with a THUD and freezes to hear for anyone that may have been alerted. He can only hear SILENCE.

He stands and quietly jogs down the hall until he reaches an apartment. The window is dark. He tests the door. Locked.

Frustratingly, he pulls out his wallet and takes a card. Squeezing it between the frame and the door, he passes it down the lock. He twists the doorknob and it lets him in.

INT. SANDPIPER HOMES (SUE'S APARTMENT) - NIGHT

Jimmy sneaks pass the hoards of junk to make his way to the table. He nearly bumps into a row of boxes but steadies it before it collapses.

He get to the coffee table. No phone. He lifts a bit off of the table just to check. Definitely nothing.

His eyes scan the dark room. A pile of electronics catches his attention.

He maneuvers towards it to find several boxes. Old gadgets and wires line the boxes.

Jimmy digs through trying to make as little noise as possible and failing. Then his hand touches something that SOUNDS LIKE PLASTIC. He pulls it up. A zip-lock bag with cellphones. Strange. And sitting at the top is his.

He opens it and reclaims the burner, replacing it with her phone.

But something catches his attention. A FLICK and a light illuminates under the door leading to a bedroom.

INT. SANDPIPER HOMES (SUE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Sue grabs the alert necklace around her neck and smashes her thumb into the button. It BEEPS LOUDLY and in her confusion she lifts it up to her ear like a phone.

SUE

Hello? I think someone broke into my apartment.

INT. SANDPIPER HOMES (SUE'S APARTMENT) - NIGHT

As the ALARM BLARES, Jimmy mouths "shit" to himself and scampers to leave. He's not careful about making noise now. Things CLING and CLANK together like a bad drum solo.

SUE (O.S.)

Please come quick.

He rushes out the door.

INT/EXT. JIMMY'S CAR - NIGHT

Jimmy runs across the parking lot and shakily gets into his car. His panic causes him to have to repeat actions, such as open the door properly.

He jams himself in and quickly drives away.

EXT. ALBUQUERQUE ROAD - NIGHT

He drives past police cars sporting a light show headed towards Sandpiper. He attempts to act normally and passes them without alert.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Mike stands with his hands behind his back at the same garage. No one else is around.

Then a van pulls up. The window rolls down and PRICE smiles familiarly at Mike.

PRICE

Hi there. Nice to see you again.

Mike says nothing. He opens the door and steps into the passenger seat. He notices movement in the rearview mirror and turns around to find a man in a suit sitting in the back seat.

This is JULIO. He is thin like a salamander and wears even thinner glasses. He's not the kind of man you'd expect to be involved with drugs but definitely with something skeevey.

MIKE

Who's this?

PRICE

His name is Julio. He'll be joining us.

Price begins to drive.

MIKE

Stop the car.

PRICE

Why?

MIKE

Stop the car.

Price obliges.

PRICE

What's up? We can't be late.

Mike opens his door and moves as though to get out.

MIKE

I thought this was the same job as last time. Clearly I was misinformed.

PRICE

No, no, no. It is. You're here to protect me.

MIKE

And what's he here for?

JULIO

That's between me and my client.

MIKE

Consider me out then. I don't like not knowing the whole score. You don't trust me, I don't trust you.

PRICE

Wait. I'll tell you, just come back in the car, yeah?

Mike turns around to meet Price's begging face.

PRICE

Please? I'll tell you on the way there.

MIKE

No. Here.

PRICE

OK.

INT. JIMMY'S CAR - NIGHT

Jimmy's pull himself over at a gas station. His head is kicked back against the car seat, staring at the ceiling. He's smoking a cigarette to relieve his stress.

JIMMY

(to himself)

Good thing old Sue Fletcher has a
poor memory.

As he tosses the butt outside the window, a 8-BIT MELODY starts. He glances at the passenger seat towards the glowing burner.

It's RINGING and lights flash up along with the melody.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Nacho is standing outside the diner, waiting for Jimmy who has just parked. As Jimmy gets out of his car he looks at the diner fondly.

NACHO

What's with you?

JIMMY

Sorry, I've just-- I've been here
before.

NACHO

Well, knock it off.

JIMMY

So what's the deal? Why am I here?

NACHO

Shut up.

He walks over to his van and opens the passenger door.

NACHO

Get in.

JIMMY

You know, considering what happened
last time I was in that van, I'm not
very fond of the idea of stepping
foot in it again. No offence.

NACHO

Yeah?

JIMMY

Yeah.

NACHO

Show me your phone.

JIMMY

Oh. Here it is. All ready for you to throw it away or whatever you'd like.

He hands him the burner. Nacho just stares at it.

NACHO

Your other phone.

JIMMY

My other phone? I don't think so. That's how I get my jobs that actually pay me. Cause I'm doing this pro-bono, right?

Nacho's tired of the exchanges. He grabs Jimmy, slams him against the van, and pats him down. Once he feels the location of Jimmy's personal cell, he grabs it from the pocket and slips it into his own.

NACHO

You get it back when the job's over. Security. Now get in the van or you'll associate it with a new, fresher memory.

JIMMY

Okay, okay. You don't need to be so aggressive. Sheesh. That really hurt.

Jimmy gets into the van rubbing his head. Nacho checks to see if anyone is looking around and then makes his way into the driver's seat.

They drive off.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. NACHO'S VAN - NIGHT

They're on a long desert road. The radio plays some LATIN MELODY that STATIC inconstantly interrupts.

Jimmy sits nervously. He keeps glancing over at Nacho who's not acknowledging him at all.

JIMMY

So this is a super secret job huh?
Even those in it can't know anything?

Nacho doesn't respond.

JIMMY

Do you know what it is?

Nacho doesn't respond.

JIMMY

I'm going to take that as a sign that you just aren't in a very talkative mood. Maybe you woke up on the wrong side of the bed. Happens to the best of us.

NACHO

Did you brush up on that law crap?

JIMMY

Yeah, I read up a little bit.
Borrowed some books. Interesting stuff.

NACHO

Anyone know you took those books?

Jimmy hesitates.

JIMMY

No.

NACHO

Not a soul?

JIMMY

No one.

NACHO

Good.

They sit quietly again for a few moments. Jimmy taps his finger on his knee with the rhythm of the music.

JIMMY

So, do you like Mexican food?

NACHO

What?

JIMMY

Do you like Mexican food? I figure this is going to be a long ride, we might as well talk.

NACHO

Are you kidding me?

JIMMY

Nope. I personally like Mexican food, but it can give me gas at times. And then it's not fun. I figure that maybe with your nickname you like Mexican food.

Nacho gives him a quick side glance. He finds the situation so ridiculous, he can't relax his brows.

JIMMY

And also maybe because of heritage. If that's where your family is from. Not that I'm saying that's where your family is from. Anyway, Nacho's a pretty good nickname.

NACHO

We are not having this conversation.

JIMMY

Okay. Just trying to start some small talk. Feel free to participate when you're ready.

An uncomfortable silence pursues. And then:

NACHO

Open the glove compartment. Take what's inside.

Which a questioning shrug, Jimmy opens it. A GUN sits inside. Jimmy freaks out.

JIMMY

What the heck? No.

NACHO

Take it.

JIMMY

There is no way I am even touching that. Do you think we're going to need these? Where the heck are you taking us?

NACHO

Just take it.

JIMMY

No way. And anyway, if I'm here for legal purposes you don't want your lawyer touching a gun.

NACHO

Your funeral. Just don't die before the job's done.

INT. CLIENT'S CAR - NIGHT

Price and Julio chat idles while Mike stares out the window. Julio turns to Mike, trying to start up a conversation.

JULIO

So you do this often?

MIKE

No.

JULIO

It's always a bit jarring the first few times. You'll be fine.

MIKE

Is it?

PRICE

Oh, Mike can handle it. This guy is tough.

JULIO

Yeah, are you?

Mike says nothing.

JULIO

Well, hopefully we won't have to see that in action, will we?

PRICE

That'd be nice.

MIKE

How long's this ride?

PRICE

We'll get there in the morning. The location is further out than last time. Sorry.

Mike adjusts his body to make himself comfortable. He's continues to look out the window.

JULIO

What are you doing?

MIKE

Resting.

Julio takes the hint. He backs off and leaves Mike to himself.

INT. HHM (CHUCK'S OFFICE) - DAY

It's morning. Kim enters Chuck's office to find him already at the desk and ready for the working day.

KIM

Oh. You're here already.

CHUCK

Excited for the new day.

KIM

That's good.

CHUCK

Kim, I wanted to thank you about yesterday. You've really been making sure that I'm okay. I'm sorry I snapped a bit. I just don't want to inconvenience anyone.

KIM

You're not. It's my pleasure. How are you feeling this morning?

CHUCK

Splendid. You keep in contact with Jimmy, correct?

KIM

Yes. I do.

CHUCK

How's he been doing?

Kim, not sure how much she can share, pauses. Chuck notices her hesitation but says nothing. A sly frown runs across his lips.

KIM

He's in a tough spot.

CHUCK

Well, he's always in a tough spot.

Kim doesn't react. The sentence turns her off.

KIM

Do you need anything this morning?
I'm headed to the break room for a
morning pick up.

CHUCK

A coffee would be splendid.

She nods and turns to leave.

CHUCK

By the way, you wouldn't happen to
know if Jimmy went to my place
yesterday and took something?

KIM

What thing?

CHUCK

Oh, I don't know. Reading materials.
My bookshelf seemed sparse last night
and he still has his key.

KIM

(lying)
I'm sorry. I don't know anything.

CHUCK

It may just be me. A new change of
scenery can make the old look
different.

He smiles at her. There's something fake to the way his
lips turn upward.

EXT. NEW MEXICAN DESERT - DAY

Nacho's van pulls into the barren desert landscape.

INT. NACHO'S VAN - DAY

Jimmy's asleep with his mouth open and his neck cranked.

Nacho shifts the car into a break. He hits Jimmy on the arm who wakes with a startle.

NACHO

We're here.

JIMMY

Great. Can I have any information about what we're doing here now?

Nacho jumps out of the car and slams the door.

JIMMY

(to himself)

Guess not.

He opens his own door and steps out into the

EXT. NEW MEXICAN DESERT - DAY

Jimmy makes his way to stand by Nacho's side. He sees another van pull up across from them. It parks and the door opens.

Price steps out. Then Julio. Mike is nowhere to be seen. He's watching from a tinted part of the vehicle.

PRICE

All right. Are we ready to do this exchange?

NACHO

Did you bring me good stuff this time?

PRICE

I promise its top notch quality. Best I could find.

NACHO

You said that last time.

PRICE

I bring you what I have. What you asked for.

NACHO

It's not high enough quality.

PRICE

It's not low quality.

NACHO

I don't think you understand.

Nacho pulls out his gun and points it toward Price. Price immediately shrinks into the mentality of a hunted animal. It's written all over his face.

Julio pulls out an old pistol and points it at Nacho.

JIMMY

Woah, woah, woah. Hold it. Hold it.

PRICE

L-listen to your guy.

NACHO

My guy listens to me.

JIMMY

Ignacio, you don't have to get so violent so quick. Just talk it out with this dude. He seems...

Jimmy looks at Price, trying to size him up.

JIMMY

Harmless enough. Very harmless, actually.

NACHO

He sold me some bad shit last time, mixed in with the good. I don't like being conned.

He cocks his gun. Julio mimics him.

PRICE

I wasn't conning you. I didn't know.

NACHO

Bull.

PRICE

I swear.

JIMMY

Let's just talk this out.

JULIO

You should listen to him. You don't want to make this bigger than it already is, do you?

NACHO

And who are you?

JULIO

My name's Julio. I'm just like your guy over there. A hire.

NACHO

Yeah? See, that's where you got this wrong. This here's my lawyer. He's going to get me the stuff I deserve.

JIMMY

(hushed)

You know, I'm not really sure the law is on your side here.

NACHO

Shut up.

JULIO

Like I said. Just like your guy over there.

PRICE

Julio's my lawyer. When I learned you were lawyering up, I lawyered up.

Jimmy scans the scene, trying to find something that can help them - an out of sorts.

NACHO

And who's in the car?

PRICE

My guy. He was here last time.

Jimmy notices a glimmer in Price's van. It's a window rolling down. Squinting, he sees Mike staring straight at him. And before he can react...

A GUNSHOT ECHOES in the air.

Nacho's is smoking. Price falls to the ground onto a bloody knee, SCREAMING OUT LOUD.

JIMMY

What the hell? What were we just saying cut the violence. There are two lawyers here for god's sake.

NACHO

How'd you learn I was lawyering up?

Price can't answer through his AGONIZING MOANS.

Nacho sends another shot onto the ground next to him.

NACHO

Huh?

Julio perfects his aim at Nacho and then swivels to point the pistol at Jimmy. He swings between the both of them several times, choosing.

Jimmy stares at him like a deer in headlights. He has no quick remarks, no fun pop culture references, just a lump in his throat.

TIGHT ON JIMMY

He shuts his eyes tightly.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Price's SCREAMS STOP.

BACK TO WIDE

Jimmy cautiously opens his eyes as Julio's body thuds onto the ground. His pistol is smoking. Both men are dead.

He turns quickly to look at Nacho, who's on the ground holding his chest. Blood smears on his hands and clothes.

Jimmy turns his head towards Price's van. Mike stands outside it. His hands are in his jacket pocket and he's headed towards Jimmy.

JIMMY

What just happened? What the hell just happened?

MIKE

You're going to need to calm down.

JIMMY

There are two dead people right in front of me, Nacho's injured, and you're here. Why are you here?

MIKE

I was hired.

JIMMY

To do what?

MIKE

Protection.

JIMMY

Well, you are really shit at your job.

MIKE

Take Ignacio there and put him into the back of his van.

JIMMY

What?

Mike walks over to Price and Julio. He moves their guns using a cloth and arranges their arms to look like they shot each other.

Jimmy watches in bewilderment until a HUFF from Nacho redirects his attention. He goes over and lifts him up with his weight.

NACHO

I can do it.

Jimmy ignores him and Nacho doesn't resist. Mostly because he can't.

JIMMY

(to Mike)

What do we do? This is bad. This is really bad.

MIKE

Put him in the van.

Jimmy does as he's told though he's unsure of his actions. Mike opens the back of the van and they help Nacho in.

NACHO

This hurts like hell.

JIMMY

Why did you shoot? We could have talked to them. Sorted things out for you. Taken the less illegal route.

MIKE

Get in the van.

Mike shuts and secures the back doors. He begins to walk around the vehicle.

JIMMY

We're just leaving them here?

MIKE

Yeah.

JIMMY

Two dead bodies?

MIKE

Yeah.

And without another word, Mike puts himself in the driver's seat and SLAMS the door behind him.

Nervous, Jimmy rushes to get inside the passenger's seat.

INT. NACHO'S VAN - DAY

Mike is driving silently. Jimmy taps on his arm rest at a rapid speed. He's never been this uneasy.

JIMMY

Okay. So, I need to know who shot who. Clearly, Nacho took the first shot but that wasn't fatal. It was just a graze on the knee. No biggie. It's not like the man could have died from that. But he did die. From a shot. That I didn't see.

NACHO

(in pain)
You were there.

JIMMY

Yeah, well, my eyes were closed because I'm not particularly excited to see a bullet rushing to my head.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

The grim reaper is not a friend I
want to be meeting any time soon.

An 8-BIT MELODY goes off.

Mike's eyes snaps towards Jimmy. Nacho soothes his
breathing as he leers at Jimmy. He's the center of
attention.

NACHO

What the hell is that?

JIMMY

I--

NACHO

Who the hell did you give that number
to?

JIMMY

No one, I swear.

NACHO

Pick it up.

Jimmy slowly reaches into his jacket and pulls out the
phone as though its a sensitive grenade.

He whips it open and takes it to his ears.

JIMMY

(into phone)

Hello?

INT. HHM (CHUCK'S OFFICE) - DAY

Chuck is sipping his coffee. The office door is closed.
He's privately alone.

CHUCK (V.O.)

(into phone)

Jimmy?

There's a phone on his desk, connected. It wasn't there
before. It's on speaker. Chuck is wincing slightly from
it being on. He sounds surprised.

INT. NACHO'S VAN - DAY

JIMMY

(into phone)

Chuck?

Every muscle in Jimmy's face freezes. The look in his eyes say only one thing: he's in deeper shit than he thought.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END