

BETTER CALL SAUL

Spec Script - "Deceased"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW MEXICAN DESERT - NIGHT

Darkness. Light from the stars illuminates the void just enough to see the outline of a small shack. CHIRPS from crickets break the silence.

A light flicks on in the shack. Three large SILHOUETTES stand in the window

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

CLOSE ON TABLE: A final Glock 19 lands with a THUD next to two other Glocks, two Remington 12 gauge shotguns and three M16 Assault Rifles.

Night vision goggles, bullet proof vests and a smattering of other tactical gear are laid out next to the artillery.

Everything seems slightly tattered, dirty and used.

A hairy, dust-laden hand reaches down and fingers bullet marks on one of the vests.

ROOST (O.S.)
What the hell is this?

WE PULL OUT to see three grizzly men looking over the gear. All are in their thirties with varying lengths of beard. A layer of grime sits on their faces.

ROGER "ROOST" BARNES pulls his hand from the damaged bullet proof vest. He's decked out in camo clothing. His belly threatens to burst a seam on his shirt.

ROOST (CONT'D)
I said get us gear, not get us
killed.

WILLY RANDOLPH'S face drops in confusion. He's the runt of the three, can't quite grow a beard yet.

He stands well under six feet in ripped jeans and a Carhartt T-shirt. He looks too innocent for this racket, maybe just because of his small, skinny frame.

WILLY

What're you talkin' about? I got everything we needed to get started.

ARIC DAVIS grabs the same vest and inspects the three or so bullet marks that are spread across the front.

Aric is the biggest of the three, built like a lineman. He wears a bandanna to hold back his long thick hair. His mouth, seemingly always slightly agape, shows two missing teeth.

ARIC

Ah hell, Willy. He's right, You can't reuse Kevlar.

WILLY

Why not?

ROOST

You just can't, it didn't work like that.

WILLY

Well that's bullspit. Grant said it was all top notch stuff.

ARIC

Grant's an asshole who doesn't know his dick from his face.

WILLY

He's the one who got us the gig, why would he screw us like that?

Aric tosses the Kevlar vest back to the table, disgruntled and picks up one of the Glocks to silently inspect it.

ROOST

Didn't want to waste the money. Damn fool thinks we're expendable. If we make it alive, great. If we don't, it wasn't that big of a loss.

WILLY

Oh come on, he doesn't think that.

Roost SMACKS Willy on the side of the head, halting any more argument from him.

ARIC

Guns probably don't even fire.

WILLY

I thought the guns were just for
show?

Aric pulls the trigger. The gun POPS off a shot that
disappears through the window. Willy and Roost drop.

EXT. NEW MEXICAN DESERT - NIGHT

The bullet THWAPS into the sand. Dust kicks up in the still
of the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BORDER SECURITY FENCE - NIGHT

A beat up ATV drives across the open desert. Lights off. The
border fence next to them is numbered, here in the 200's. It
consists of metal panels maybe ten feet high and ten feet
wide.

Roost, in the driver's seat, sits silent next to Willy. Aric
sits in the back.

The ATV slows to a crawl.

ARIC

It's marker 525. The spot ain't for
another mile or so.

Roost holds out a hand to shut him up. Aric SLAPS it away,
but stays quiet.

ROOST

(whispering)
Someone's up there.

Roost pulls off the Night vision goggles and passes them back
to Aric. After a quick glance through them, Aric sits forward
in his seat.

WILLY

(whispering)
What, you see something? Let me
see.

They both ignore him.

ARIC

Gear up.

Roost and Aric hop out of the cab and grab the artillery from the trunk bed. Willy lags behind, annoyed.

EXT. BORDER SECURITY FENCE - BREACH - NIGHT

One of the ten by ten panels from the wall lays flat on the ground. The path from Mexico to US soil is free and clear. A van is parked nearby.

ANTONIO MARTINEZ (40) stands next to the downed panel. He's a rugged, skinny Mexican with a cigarette burning bright between his lips. He's calm and collected.

He watches as FREDO MANTA (20s) struggles to lift the fence panel. Fredo, jumpy and nervous, has sweat running down his face.

FREDO

Ayúdame.

ANTONIO

Necesito echar una meada, wey.

Antonio walks off a few paces into the darkness.

FREDO

Putá.

Fredo gives up on lifting the panel. Instead he sits down on top of it and kicks the desert sand around.

A WHACK and THUD sound in the distance. Fredo looks off, on high alert.

FREDO (CONT'D)

Antonio?

As he starts to stand, Roost comes into view, barrel of an M16 pointed directly at Fredo. Fredo's hands shoot up.

FREDO (CONT'D)

Please, no.

The butt of the gun CRACKS the side of Fredo's face, knocking him out instantly. Aric is at the van. He can't peel his eyes away from the whatever is inside it.

ARIC

We hit the mother load.

Willy walks over to Aric. His eyes open wide with fear.

CLOSE ON BACK OF VAN: At least 20 kilos of drugs sit in the back.

Willy can only stare at the haul, dumbfounded.

WILLY

I thought we were jackin' money
going into Mexico. Not drugs.

ARIC

This shit here is money, it just
ain't green yet.

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. JIMMY AND KIM'S OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

Empty Lobby. FRANCESCA sits politely at the front desk trying not to eaves drop. SNIFFLES grow to SOBS.

A CHOKED VOICE fills the office. The woman's accent is heavy.

MRS. ALVAREZ (O.S.)
I just want my hijo back.

KIM (O.S.)
Mrs. Alvarez, I'm going to do everything I can for you, but you have to help me understand the situation first.

INT. KIM'S OFFICE - DAY

KIM WEXLER reaches across her desk, resting her hand near the crying CORTANA ALVAREZ (60s), homely and slightly overweight, but with the kindest face.

Mrs. Alvarez wipes her wrinkled eyes with a handkerchief.

Next to her sits an overweight TONY ALVAREZ(30s). He has the same green eyes as his mother. His high and tight and chinstrap beard try to make his face look thinner.

TONY
Mom, it's okay.

MRS. ALVAREZ
No, Tony he didn't do anything wrong. He can't go away again.

TONY
He did ma. We'll figure it out.

Tony places a hand on his mother's wrist, she quiets. Kim turns her attention to Tony.

TONY (CONT'D)
It's Fernando again. He got out a few months ago and was doing good, but...

Kim sits back. As she does, we spy countless folders and papers with the MESA VERDE logo scattered across her desk. She's inundated with work, but still takes the time for the Alvarez'.

TONY (CONT'D)

The police stopped him and found an unloaded gun. He's looking at twelve years.

At this Mrs. Alvarez starts to WEEP again.

KIM

Was it registered to him?

TONY

It was, but it violated his parole.

MRS. ALVAREZ

We don't know what to do.

TONY

The public defender said there's still a chance to get that lowered. Please.

KIM

Statements can be made at sentencing, but that's...

She doesn't know how to continue. With a quick glance to Mrs. Alvarez, Kim steels herself before she delivers the bad news.

KIM (CONT'D)

This is a very tough situation. A judge comes in with a good idea of how they plan to rule and there's not much that can change their mind. I'm sorry, I just don't know how much I can help.

MRS. ALVAREZ

Please Mrs. Wexler, you did so much for him last time. You know he meant nothing by it.

At least Tony is keeping it together. He again reaches for his mother's hand to calm her.

TONY

We are desperate. Fernando has the kids, a family. They need him.

Kim, the kind hearted person she is, can't say no. Her face is warped with guilt.

TONY (CONT'D)

He made a mistake, but twelve years.

Kim is just about to speak when a DOOR swings opens somewhere in the outer lobby. Quick FOOTSTEPS. Then a VOICE calls out.

JIMMY (O.S.)

You like everything bagels, right?
I hate the poppy seeds they get everywhere when you eat them, but I know you like em so I got you one.
Egg, sausage, no cheese and black coffee...

JIMMY MCGILL'S head pops into Kim's office. He straightens at the sight of the guests.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Excuse me, I didn't mean to interrupt.

He starts to back out when...

KIM

Actually, Jimmy, can you come in here?

Jimmy, confused, takes a few steps in and gestures to Kim.

JIMMY

It's rude to eat in front of clients, Kim.
(to the Alvarez')
This one, she's a handful.

He places the food and coffee on the side of the desk as Kim stands. Her serious, tight face demands Jimmy's attention.

KIM

Jimmy, this is Mrs. Alvarez and her son, Tony.

He spies the tearful Mrs. Alvarez and immediately reigns in his jokey attitude.

JIMMY

Sorry, the coffee makes me jumpy in the morning. Good to meet you both.

KIM
 (to the Alvarez')
 Jimmy and I were just saying how we
 would like to take on more pro-bono
 cases for the community.
 (to Jimmy)
 Weren't we?

She puts her hand on his shoulder and squeezes slightly. He
 doesn't miss a beat.

JIMMY
 Over dinner last night, hot dogs if
 I remember correctly. We treat
 ourselves. What luck that a case
 falls into our laps.

KIM
 I think this is the perfect way to
 start.

MRS. ALVAREZ
 It is? Thank you, thank you so
 much. I knew we could count on you
 Mrs. Wexler.

KIM
 Please, call me Kim.

Mrs. Alvarez is up, pulling Kim into a hug before Kim can
 finish. Tony runs his hand across his head, relieved.

TONY
 This is... Fernando is in good
 hands.

INT. JIMMY AND KIM'S OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

Jimmy holds the door open as Tony helps his mother out into
 the hall. Mrs. Alvarez turns and takes Kim's hand.

MRS. ALVAREZ
 Fernando will be thrilled.

KIM
 We're thrilled to help, really.

JIMMY
 Not another tear out of you, Mrs.
 Alvarez. It saddens me to see you
 cry and I don't like to be sad.

Mrs. Alvarez smiles at Jimmy's charm.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(to Tony)

You get her home safe for me, okay?

TONY

Thank you, I will.

Kim and Jimmy continue to stand in the doorway well after their new clients are gone. Kim leans on the door frame, staring at Jimmy.

KIM

I need you to take the lead on this.

JIMMY

Mesa Verde won't miss you for one day.

They look to Francesca who smiles. Kim leads Jimmy into...

INT. JIMMY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kim closes the door as quietly as possible behind them.

KIM

The prep. You know I'm swamped.

JIMMY

Tonight, we'll get the case file, order in burgers and get a bottle of wine.

KIM

I need you to take this seriously. I helped Howard defend Fernando when I was first starting out. It basically got me out of the mail room for good. I owe a lot to the Alvarez'.

Jimmy grows a little more defensive.

JIMMY

I am taking this seriously.

KIM

So go get the case files from the court house and get to work.

JIMMY

Look, we both know there's no way this sentence gets reduced. You did this as a favor. It's admirable...

KIM

There is a way and I know you can find it.

She puts her hand on the door handle. Stops and looks Jimmy square in the eyes. Her tone shifts when she realizes she possibly misspoke.

KIM (CONT'D)

There's a right way to do this. It's my name on the line here too, don't pull anything I would disapprove of.

JIMMY

Says the one who just roped me into a case without consulting me first.

She walks out leaving Jimmy stuck in place.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I have things to do too, you know.

KIM (O.S.)

I believe in you.

She's gone, into her office. The latchbolt CLICKS into place.

INT. COURTHOUSE - ADMINISTRATOR'S DESK - DAY

Jimmy sidles up to the desk and is met with the less than enthusiastic face of the receptionist, NADINE MARISSA. She waits, bored, for whatever Jimmy is going to spew today.

JIMMY

Nadine, you're looking as dashing as ever.

NADINE

What do you want, Jimmy?

JIMMY

I believe you have some files waiting for me, I'm just here to collect.

NADINE

Do I?

Before Jimmy can come back with a retort...

DAVID (O.S.)

Jimmy McGill?

Jimmy turns as DAVID MITRIA (50s) walks up. His suit is ever so slightly wrinkled and his thinning hair should probably just be shaved to save him the embarrassment of a comb-over.

DAVID (CONT'D)

David Mitria, Fernando's public defender.

Jimmy reaches a hand out, unsure. David takes it and shakes.

JIMMY

David, nice to meet you.

DAVID

We never had the pleasure of working together. I heard a lot about you though when I asked around.

He holds the folder up as evidence to his point.

JIMMY

Only good things I'm sure.

Jimmy takes the folder.

DAVID

Everyone was a bit surprised you were jumping on this. Pretty cut and dried case if you ask me.

JIMMY

Is that so?

DAVID

Goes away for breaking and entering, gets out and now breaking parole. Judge Merklin is coming down hard with the habitual defender act. He's facing twelve years.

The Judge's name doesn't sit well with Jimmy.

JIMMY

Judge Merklin, even better. I appreciate the hand delivery David.

Jimmy starts to turn.

DAVID

If you know Merklin, you know this is pointless.

Jimmy keeps walking and doesn't skip a beat.

JIMMY

As the great Wayne Gretzky once said, "You miss 100 percent of the shots you don't take."

EXT. ABANDONED CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

The half-built structure looms over IGNACIO VARGA. He stands, hands folded at his waist. His eyes are urgent, but his face is stoic.

A Chrysler Fifth Avenue rolls in, stopping a good distance away from him. It idles and then shuts off. Out steps MIKE EHRMANTRAUT.

With no sense of urgency, Mike walks to Ignacio. He stops a few feet short and waits. They have a silent stand off. Mike breaks.

MIKE

What is so important that you call me out here in the middle of the day?

IGNACIO

I need your help.

MIKE

I was worried you just wanted to see my smiling face.

Ignacio is not in the mood for jokes. He fidgets with anticipation and nerves.

IGNACIO

A shipment got intercepted coming across the border the other night.

MIKE

I don't know anything about that.

IGNACIO

I would hope not. We found a local dealer with a few kilos. Thought he could sling our own product right in our faces.

MIKE

Okay.

IGNACIO

It didn't take long for him to talk. I need to get the rest of the shipment back.

Ignacio shifts his weight. Mike stands stone still.

MIKE

Where?

IGNACIO

Near the border, just outside a small town called Columbus.

MIKE

Why are you coming to me? Don't you have men for this kind of thing?

Ignacio continues to have a stare off with Mike.

IGNACIO

I can't go to my men. They can't know about it.

MIKE

What are you doin'? Didn't you learn anything from your first little side business? I'm not always going to be there to bail you out.

IGNACIO

I don't need a lecture. Tío is in Mexico for three more days, I need the rest of my product back before he returns.

Mike silently considers the situation.

IGNACIO (CONT'D)

Twenty five thousand a head. Seventy five when all three are dead.

MIKE

That's a lot of money to cover your own stupidity.

IGNACIO

I don't have time for this. Can you do it or not?

MIKE

Fifty thousand and no bodies. I do it my way and you still get your product.

IGNACIO

I want them dead.

Mike turns and starts toward his car.

MIKE

Find someone else.

Ignacio waits as long as he can manage. The tension grows exponentially the closer Mike gets to his car. Ignacio relents.

IGNACIO

Fifty thousand and I have every ounce of my product in my hands in three days.

Mike walks back over to Ignacio, who holds back his frustration with pursed lips and clenched hands.

IGNACIO (CONT'D)

Because you're my only option. Don't screw it up.

MIKE

You wouldn't have come to me if you thought that was a possibility.

Ignacio pulls a manila folder from the his back waistband.

IGNACIO

The address.

Mike TAPS it twice with his free hand and takes his leave, this time for good.

With his hand on the door handle, Mike looks back. Ignacio has yet to move, but his shoulders have dropped slightly.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The case file is open on the coffee table. Jimmy sits on the couch staring at the papers. The TV flashes in the background.

He stands and TALKS out his argument.

JIMMY

Judge Merklin, Fernando Alvarez made a mistake. We've all made mistakes, nobody's perfect... If you lived in Fernando Alvarez' shoes for a day you wouldn't see gangs or drugs. You'd see family and the struggle to provide for them.

Jimmy Looks off in the distance and thinks.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Speak with anyone in Mr. Alvarez' life and you'll hear the same thing. He's a good man trying to do right by his family... Listen to anyone who...

Jimmy gets distracted by the TV.

CLOSE ON TV: Images of sick, beaten and battered dogs and cats fill the screen.

Jimmy stands a few feet from the screen, remote in his hand. The sound POPS on. A song similar to Sarah McLachlan's, "Angel" comes on.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(over TV)

Every hour an animal is abused. They're alone, scared and suffering.

Over Jimmy's shoulder, we see clips of dogs limping with scars on their legs. Clips of cats, shivering in the elements.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(over TV)

They're in need of your help. For only fifty cents a day you can help provide, food, health care and shelter for an animal. This is your chance to make a difference.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This is your chance to help end
their suffering.

The image of a dog and cat sitting next to each other is the last shot. Jimmy stares, enamored by the commercial.

ON JIMMY: He stares, enamored by the commercial.

INT. STACEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dinner is finished, the plates have only a few scraps of food left on them. Mike leans back folding his hands on his full stomach.

STACEY EHRMANTRAUT, Mike's daughter-in-law, sits across from him with a small smile.

MIKE
You outdid yourself tonight.

STACEY
Someone has to keep you fed.

From the other room, five-year-old KAYLEE comes bursting in, her toy pig in hand. She runs to Mike's side and holds it out for him.

KAYLEE
It stopped working.

Mike turns his attention to his granddaughter, instantly smitten.

MIKE
It did? Well let's take a look at
it.

He hoists her onto his lap as he looks at the bottom of the pig.

MIKE (CONT'D)
He might just need a little
surgery.

STACEY
We tried new batteries.

Mike inspects the toy as best he can, but doesn't have an answer.

MIKE

How about this, I take Mr. Pig with me to a friend who can fix it.

KAYLEE

You promise.

MIKE

Cross my heart.

She jumps down and runs back out of the room. Mike rolls the toy pig over in his hands.

STACEY

I tried getting her a new one, but she wanted you to fix it.

MIKE

I'll see what I can do, but it won't be for a few days. I've got to go to El Paso to see an old friend.

STACEY

Is everything okay?

MIKE

Nothing bad, a friend from years ago. I shouldn't be more than a day or two.

STACEY

Well, we can do this again when you get back.

MIKE

If you need anything just call, they'll understand a family emergency.

Stacey grabs her's and Mike's plates and heads to the sink. Mike follows with the left overs.

STACEY

You do too much for us. It's a few days, we can handle it.

He watches Kaylee play in the living room. His eyes deepen, unsure if it will be only a few days.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SANGRE DE CRISTO CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

The unimposing church is a single story adobe style building with a small spire at the apex of the roof over the front door.

WE PULL BACK through Jimmy's outstretched hands as he frames the best shot of the church.

Behind him stands the CAMERA GUY, lanky with a blank expression and JOEY DIXON, shorter, with a mop of brown hair. The equipment rests on the seat of a wheelchair.

JIMMY

Here's the shot. We hold on this...

JOEY

Long shot.

Jimmy, annoyed by the interruption, flicks his fingers to the air as if the word just came to him.

JIMMY

Long shot, with Tony in view.
Slowly we'll push in until we're
right in Tony's face.

JOEY

Close up.

JIMMY

Could you let me finish?

Jimmy begs an answer with his raised eyebrows. Joey doesn't move.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

We move until were in a close up on
Tony and can just get the spire
over his left shoulder. Maybe we
even spy a tear or two.

Joey looks around indignantly.

JOEY

Where's this Tony guy?

Jimmy looks at his watch.

JIMMY
That's a great question.

The Camera Guy nudges Joey.

JOEY
We need to discuss our fees.

JIMMY
Our fees? I pay you and you make
the video, like always.

JOEY
We want something else.

Jimmy waits. Nothing. He leans forward.

JIMMY
And that is?

JOEY
We want you to deal with our loans.

JIMMY
What do you think I'm doing? I pay
you, money pays off loans.

JOEY
We want you to get rid of them for
us.

JIMMY
(defensive)
Hey now, pretty sure that's
illegal. I don't deal in anything
like that. I'm a lawyer, I help
interpret the law, not break it.

Joey quotes an old phrase from Jimmy.

JOEY
"And listen, I don't ever want to
her the word permit again,
capisce?" Remember when you said
that? Pretty sure that's breaking
the law.

Jimmy does not like being quoted back to himself.

JIMMY

That's called bending the rules.
Now that is exactly what I'm paid
to do.

JOEY

No loans, no movie.

Joey lightly hits Camera Guy in the arm and they start
wheeling the wheelchair back toward Jimmy's car.

JIMMY

I drove you. Where are you gonna
go?

JOEY

You have to drive home eventually.

Jimmy is fed up with this. He opens his mouth to make another
point when Tony's Alvarez' car drives up.

Tony parks and out steps Mrs. Alvarez with Fernando's
children, TABITHA ALVAREZ (8) and MARTA ALVAREZ (10), in tow.

The family is all smiles.

TONY

I'm sorry we're late. Fernando
called from...

He looks down at the children not wanting to hammer the point
home. No need.

TONY (CONT'D)

And the kids wanted to talk.

Jimmy looks to Tony and then to Joey. He's being pulled in
both directions.

JIMMY

(to Tony)

You couldn't tear me away from a
phone call with my father. I'll
just be a second....

He puts a hand up in apology and focuses on Joey. TALKING
low, he continues his argument.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I can shoot this without you two.

JOEY

Not without a camera.

Joey pulls the wheelchair back ever so slightly. Jimmy looks back to the smiling Alvarez family.

JOEY (CONT'D)

You said you need this by next week?

JIMMY

I don't know the first thing about getting rid of students loans.

JOEY

You fake our deaths or something. That's what I read.

JIMMY

I fake... I'm not a miracle worker, how do you expect me to do that?

JOEY

Find someone who can.

JIMMY

Easier said than done. Have you thought of the consequences here?

JOEY

Yes. No loans, no movie.

Jimmy plays up his exasperation.

JIMMY

Fine, loans gone. I'll look into it when we finish this. If it costs, that's on you to cover it.

Joey nods and they shake on it.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Now let's get this thing shot, you punks.

EXT. SANGRE DE CRISTO CATHOLIC CHURCH - LATER

POV CAMERA: We slowly move up on Mrs. Alvarez, Tony and the children. The low angle catches the sun, right behind the spire. It's a beautiful shot.

Jimmy looks over Joey's shoulder at the overall set up of the shot.

JIMMY

Cut. Perfect.

Jimmy turns to the Alvarez'.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Okay, on the next one, Tony, I need to say, "Fernando comes here every Sunday." Not, "Fernando used to come here." Paint the picture like he's never had a misstep in his life.

JOEY

(interrupts)

Jimmy.

JIMMY

Hold on. Mrs. Alvarez, you're wonderful. Remember when I said I don't want to see another tear...

JOEY

(interrupting again)

Jimmy.

He turns to address Joey directly.

JIMMY

Can't this wait...

He looks up to see a PRIEST walking up to the scene. There's something not quite right about his look, the clerical shirt looks a little too new. Stiff.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Perfect.

Jimmy walks toward the Priest. They stop right in front of each other.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Freddie, how are you?

FREDDIE CARTER (50s) is a broad shouldered man. He's clean shaven with fair skin and chiseled jaw. His face is wracked with nerves.

FREDDIE

Good to see you Jimmy. Do I look all right? This work?

Jimmy looks him over, his mouth curling in question the harder he inspects the clothing.

JIMMY

Hey, it could be worse.

FREDDIE

I'm goin' to hell for this.

Freddie crosses his chest and points to the sky.

JIMMY

Have the money to pay me next time
and you won't owe me. You're
playing a pastor who's helped in
prisons and Fernando stuck out
because of how passionate he was in
helping other inmates.

Jimmy leads Freddie over to the Alvarez', not giving him any more time to argue.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

This here's Freddie. It's amazing
what a little call to the prison
church can do.

Tony wrinkles his face.

TONY

You know Fernando?

FREDDIE

Fernando is a great man. He helps
so many other inmates who are
struggling with their faith.

Mrs. Alvarez lights up at this and waddles over Freddie. Tony puts his arms around the two kids.

MRS. ALVAREZ

Bless you.

FREDDIE

Anything for the family, Mrs.
Albars.

Before anyone has time to process the mistake Jimmy steps in and takes Mrs. Alvarez by the hand.

JIMMY

Okay Mrs. Alvarez. Right back you
go. Can't waste the golden hour.

He leads her back to Tony and turns to shoot a brief, fierce look at Freddie.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO CAMPUS - DAY

Jimmy strides up the sidewalk toward the doors that sit beneath the signage: *Financial Aid*.

Halfway up the walk he stops and turns to JOSH LIMA (20), a skinny Mexican with a bushy beard and a UNM shirt on.

JIMMY

Hey, want to make fifty bucks?

INT. UNM CAMPUS - FINANCIAL AID OFFICES - DAY

The office has a line of teller windows, only one of which is occupied. DORIS LERNER (50s) sits at her window, her name plate displayed prominently.

She's overweight and looks like she doesn't do anything about that besides make it worse with more food. Her hair is short and unkempt, greasy almost. Her accent has a faded twang to it.

Jimmy approaches with Josh in tow.

DORIS

How can I help you gentlemen today?

Jimmy rests his hand on Josh's shoulder.

JIMMY

I'm looking to enroll my son here at UNM, but I just don't know if we can afford it. What options do we have?

Doris looks to Josh, eyes squinting in thought.

DORIS

This is your son?

Without skipping a beat.

JIMMY

Adopted. My wife always wanted to give a child in need a good home.

Josh looks to Jimmy like, "This is never going to work."

Doris holds her gaze for a minute, not sure what to believe, before she turns to a wall file on the side of her desk. She pulls out a small stack of forms.

DORIS

It's pretty easy, especially if you are you going to co-sign the loan Mr...

JIMMY

Johnson. Arthur Johnson. And no actually. I won't be co-signing. Gotta teach them about responsibility when they're still young.

DORIS

Well then, you will have your son start by filling out this form...

She looks to Josh again. He smiles.

JOSH

He's big on life lessons.

She gives an almost consoling smile. Josh looks to Jimmy who gives him a slight nod of approval.

DORIS

It's all of your personal and financial information that will decide how much you can be awarded. Then...

JIMMY

Let me interrupt you there, I do apologize. He's a little nervous about paying the loans back. I keep tellin' him work hard and you'll be fine.

DORIS

(to Josh)

Lucky for you, payments don't start until six months after you finish school.

JOSH

Perfect.

JIMMY

Six months, not a lot of time to get a job there, kiddo.

Jimmy rubs the Josh's head. He awkwardly accepts it.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Now, I hate to play Devil's advocate here, but his resume isn't the greatest. What happens if he's still in dire straights after those six months.

DORIS

There are a few other ways to defer your payments...

She grabs another sheet of paper without looking and SLAPS it on the desk.

DORIS (CONT'D)

Economic hardship, unemployment or even illness you may be eligible for a deferment of up to three years.

JIMMY

Looks like you'll have three years before you have to skip town, right?

Jimmy pats Josh on the back. Doris softens.

DORIS

Better be good at hiding if you're going to run. Oh, I'm playing around. They'd kill me if they knew I said that.

JIMMY

I promise we won't tell. Now, I have to get a little dark for a second. God forbid this little one has a tragic accident, do the remaining loans come to me. Just wondering. Have to be prepared for everything.

DORIS

Oh, goodness. God forbid. But it does happen. No, in that case the remainder of the loans would be discharged.

JIMMY

Well, I think that's about everything we needed to know.

Jimmy gathers the papers and guides Josh out.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Doris, you're a life saver.

EXT. UNM CAMPUS - FINANCIAL AID OFFICES - DAY

Jimmy peels off a fifty dollar bill and hands it to Josh.

JIMMY
Don't spend it all on booze.

Josh looks at Jimmy as if he's crazy and walks off.

INT. TOY STORE - DAY

Mike looks down a row of toys, everything from Nerf guns to light sabers. He walks toward another aisle. A full row of Barbie dolls on one side and plush bears on the other.

A few steps down he sees an Elmo toy strapped into a box with a big arrow pointing to Elmo's foot: *Press Here*.

Mike presses. The noise is SHRILL.

ELMO
Come on everybody! Let's do the
chicken dance with Elmo.

The songs starts as Elmo dances within the restraints. Arms out like wings, up and down they go.

JIMMY (O.S.)
Could that be any more obnoxious?

Mike looks up as Jimmy hovers a few steps away.

MIKE
It's for my granddaughter.

JIMMY
Grandpa of the year award right
here. That thing is going to haunt
her nightmares.

Mike doesn't care about Jimmy's quips.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I missed you at the courthouse
today, your replacement is...

MIKE
(interrupting)
Do you need something?

Mike is straight to business. Jimmy lowers his voice and looks around to make sure they're alone.

JIMMY
Right down to brass tacks. I need someone who can fake some documents. You think you can you point me in the right direction?

MIKE
I can make a call.

JIMMY
Great, can you do that for me now?

MIKE
No.

Jimmy is taken aback.

JIMMY
This is time sensitive, Mr. Grumpy. I need those documents yesterday.

MIKE
I will call when I'm done here. Now, do you mind?

JIMMY
Fine, get back to me as soon as you hear. And please spare your granddaughter the nightmares.

Mike takes the toy off the shelf not breaking eye contact with Jimmy. Jimmy shakes his head and takes his leave.

INT./EXT. CHRYSLER FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

Mike's car cruises down interstate 25.

He pulls off the road and heads into the desert. He drives across the hard sand, his tires leaving distinct tracks as he goes.

A phone RINGS. Mike looks to the passenger seat and grabs the flip phone that sits there next to the Chicken Dance Elmo doll.

MIKE
(into phone)
Hello... Thanks, I'll tell him.

He hangs up and tosses the phone aside as he slows to a stop at the bottom of a small hill.

INT. JIMMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy sits with his hands folded on his desk across from Joey and the Camera Guy.

JIMMY
Are we still doing this? I didn't stick my neck out for you just to have you back out.

The Camera Guy taps Joey on the arm. After a few beats Joey pulls a crumpled envelope from his pocket.

JOEY
Fourteen hundred and copies of our licenses.

JIMMY
You won't mind if I count it.

Jimmy pulls the \$1400 from the envelope and peels off the bills from the stack until he's satisfied.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
A lot of money for kids who claim to be in such dire straights.

JOEY
I put my VX2000 on hold.

JIMMY
All here. It was a pleasure doing business with you.

Jimmy smiles wide, the stack of money held tightly with both hands.

INT. COUNTERFEITER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A door slides open to reveal Jimmy. He pokes his head around and KNOCKS twice.

JIMMY

Hello. Jimmy McGill here. Had an appointment.

A small sliver of light shines from behind a closed door. Getting a little more confidence, Jimmy walks all the way in, leaving the door open behind him, just in case.

A toilet FLUSHES and light pours into the room as CORKY (60s) walks out from the bathroom. His voice is stern, but not angry.

CORKY

Gimme a damn second.

He looks up to see Jimmy standing a few steps in front of the entrance door.

CORKY (CONT'D)

Jimmy.

Unsure of who he's dealing with, Jimmy's voice wavers.

JIMMY

That's me.

CORKY

Close the door and come on over.

Jimmy reaches back and closes the metal door with a CLANG. He starts a slow walk to Corky.

Even in the darkness, you can see the scars on Corky's cheeks and neck. Despite them, he's still an attractive older man blessed with a full head of hair.

He adjusts his paint stained jeans and dons a pair of glasses as he sits at his work station. He flips a light on.

CORKY (CONT'D)

So you know Caldera?

JIMMY

Friend of a friend.

CORKY

You got referred, that's good enough for me.

Jimmy looks down at the desk.

CLOSE ON DESK: It's full of newspapers and other official looking documents... Marriage licenses, passports and ID's.

Jimmy scopes a newspaper. As he reaches for it...

CORKY (CONT'D)
Don't. It's not finished.

JIMMY
Fake newspaper?

CORKY
Everybody needs something
different. So what are you looking
for?

The more you look at him, the more Corky looks like an
average dad at his hobby station.

JIMMY
I was hoping to get some death
certificates.

CORKY
How many?

JIMMY
Two. I've got some...

CORKY
(interrupting)
I don't care what it's for.

Jimmy puts his hands up defensively.

CORKY (CONT'D)
I just need names. And cause of
death.

JIMMY
First, how much is this going to
run?

CORKY
Five hundred a form, your friend
should have mentioned.

JIMMY
He did, just making sure we're on
the same page.

Jimmy hands over two pieces of paper.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Scans of their driver's licenses,
that work?

Corky inspects the papers, burying his chin to look deep into the picture.

CORKY

It'll do.

JIMMY

Cause of death, car crash.

Jimmy starts peeling off bills. He hits the thousand mark, and pockets the extra cash. Corky takes his cut.

CORKY

Come back tomorrow.

EXT. NEW MEXICAN DESERT - NIGHT

Laying on his stomach like a sniper in battle, Mike is perched on the hill, his car near the bottom of the hill. Instead of a gun, he peers through a pair of night vision binoculars.

POV BINOCULARS: On the porch of the shack from earlier sits the three hillbillies, Aric, Willy and Roost. They drain the final swig of beer and toss the bottles onto the dirt.

Aric grabs another round from an ice chest and passes them out.

ON MIKE: He pulls the binoculars from his eyes. He places them neatly on the ground next to him. From a brown paper bag, Mike pulls a sandwich and unwraps it. He takes a bite.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Every surface is scratched and worn wood. Even the Judge's bench could use a remodel. The GALLERY is silent as they watch the proceedings.

Mrs. Alvarez sits close to Tony. She brings a handkerchief to one eye.

JUDGE NINA MERKLIN (40s) sits behind the front bench. Her black robes make her already imposing presence more foreboding. Her thick black hair frames her tight pinched face.

She looks down at the stand. LAURA WELLS (30s) sits in her full police uniform. It's pristine.

LAURA

I engaged the perp when I saw something stuck inside his back waistband.

JUDGE MERKLIN

And what did you find then?

LAURA

The gun was unarmed and legal, but the possession violated the perp's parole.

Jimmy, Kim and FERNANDO ALVAREZ (40s) sit at the defendant's bench.

Meet Fernando in a dark alley and you might fear for your life due to his imposing stature, shaved head and tattooed neck, but here, with his desperate expression, he looks like big teddy bear. He is dressed in a freshly pressed suit.

JUDGE MERKLIN

Thank you, Ms. Wells.

Laura takes her leave from the stand and walks to the prosecutors bench. She takes a seat next to PROSECUTOR MARTY ANDREWS (40s) a slender fellow in a slick suit.

JUDGE MERKLIN (CONT'D)

The defense has not entered in any witnesses, but do you have any final statements...

Jimmy stands, halting the proceedings.

JIMMY

Yes, your Honor...

Jimmy nods to the imposing BAILIFF (40s) with a shiny bald head.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Defense will be showing a video in place of calling any witnesses.

The Bailiff rolls a black TV strapped to a five foot cart to the front of the witness stand. Prosecutor Andrews stands, completely blind-sided.

PROSECUTOR ANDREWS

You Honor, this video isn't on the list.

JIMMY

Rebuttal witnesses of sorts.

PROSECUTOR ANDREWS

This is ridiculous.

Judge Merklin BANGS her gavel and sighs.

JUDGE MERKLIN

I'm calling a five minute recess for a sidebar in my chambers.

Fernando looks to Jimmy and Kim nervous and ashamed.

FERNANDO

Is everything okay?

KIM

Of course it is, don't you worry. Sit tight.

Kim and Jimmy follow Prosecutor Andrews and the Bailiff.

KIM (CONT'D)

(to Jimmy)

What the hell is this?

He shrugs and continues walking.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Judge Merklin's chambers is less than stately. She sits behind a small desk. Jimmy, Kim and Prosecutor Andrews stand in front of her.

PROSECUTOR ANDREWS

This is some grade-A bullshit, even from you, Jimmy.

JIMMY

(to Merklin)

I haven't done anything wrong here, your Honor.

Prosecutor Andrews continues his attack, this time in a mocking voice.

PROSECUTOR ANDREWS

What is this, sixth grade science. You make a little video?

JUDGE MERKLIN

(to Andrews)

Enough.

(to Jimmy)

Explain yourself.

JIMMY

Your Honor, let's not pretend your mind's not already made up. A man with a criminal past trips up again. You see the crime and slap a sentence to it, but you don't take into consideration the person.

JUDGE MERKLIN

I have and he's a habitual offender.

JIMMY

If we put Fernando Alvarez on the stand, everyone only sees a criminal, when there's so much more to him than that.

Prosecutor Andrews shifts his weight, biding his time

JUDGE MERKLIN

Get on with your point.

JIMMY

I could go out and get every single person in the Alvarez family. Then I could get every single person who attends church with them on Sundays and drag them up to the witness stand. I could waste our time and yours with the same account from a hundred people whose lives have been affected by Fernando Alvarez.

PROSECUTOR ANDREWS

(to Jimmy)

Did he rob them?

(to Judge Merklin)

Your Honor, this is classic Jimmy McGill.

JUDGE MERKLIN

I said, enough. Mr. McGill and I have a long history Mr. Andrews, I don't need you telling me your side of whatever problem you have with each other.

She turns back to Jimmy.

JUDGE MERKLIN (CONT'D)

Go on.

Jimmy pointedly turns to Marty.

JIMMY

As I was saying... Fernando Alvarez made a mistake. A bad one, don't get me wrong. But I could have everyone in his life tell you the same thing -- that he's a good man who just wants to support his family.

He let's this sink in and turns back to the Judge.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Or I could show you.

Judge Merklin leans back in her chair and turns to Kim.

JUDGE MERKLIN

Ms. Wexler, do you agree with this?

Kim does her best to cover the fact that she is as blind-sided as Prosecutor Andrews.

KIM
Wholeheartedly, your Honor.

Judge Merklin turns her attention to Prosecutor Andrews. Without saying a word, she let's him know now is the time to make his case.

PROSECUTOR ANDREWS
This is propaganda. It's manipulating everyone in the courtroom. How do we know anything in it is factual? What was left on the cutting room floor?

JIMMY
It's family and friends telling their stories of Fernando. Maybe your family would have to lie to come up with any redeeming story, but...

PROSECUTOR ANDREWS
Bring them all in. I've got time. One by one, I want them on the stand so I can hear them say the same thing.

JUDGE MERKLIN
Jimmy?

JIMMY
I've got a better idea. I'll go out and get everyone of them to submit a letter of character, which I presume you know is also completely legal. We can put those letters on the stand and let you cross those.

JUDGE MERKLIN
Okay, enough.

Jimmy gets in one final point.

JIMMY
I have every right to speak on behalf of my client.

JUDGE MERKLIN
(to Jimmy)
This should have been submitted before today. We wouldn't be having this conversation.

(MORE)

JUDGE MERKLIN (CONT'D)
 As displeased as I am about that...
 I have to allow it.

Jimmy doesn't dare break his eye contact with her. Prosecutor Andrews seethes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON TV: We slowly push in on the Alvarez' family at the church, the spire glistening in front of the sun. As we move closer...

TONY (V.O.)
 (over TV)
 Fernando was the big brother every kid hopes for. He was cool and good at sports and with the girls. Everyone loved him.

The video cuts to Tony sitting on the hood of his car. A house, bustling with activity behind him. He talks directly to the camera.

TONY (V.O.)
 (over TV)
 We shared a room until he was in high school. He taught me everything about life in that room. When our father left, I was only ten. He became the father figure I needed. I wouldn't be the man or the father I am today without Fernando.

The video cuts to Freddie. He slowly walks across the lawn of the church.

FREDDIE (V.O.)
 (over TV)
 When I first became involved in helping inmates learn about religion, they were apprehensive of an outsider. I met Fernando and there was just something different about him. He was charismatic, compassionate. He brought in others who were suffering and helped them find solace and peace where there usually is none.

The video cuts to Mrs. Alvarez sitting on her bed with Tabitha and Marta on either side of her, their heads resting against her.

TABITHA (V.O.)
 (over TV)
 Daddy calls every Sunday to talk to us.

Tabitha shyly nuzzles into Mrs. Alvarez who coaxes more out of her. A song similar to Sarah McLachlan's, "Angel" slowly fades in.

MRS. ALVAREZ (V.O.)
 (over TV)
 And what does he say?

TABITHA (V.O.)
 (over TV)
 He says that hearing our voices makes him happy. He says he loves us and to be strong for Grandma.

MARTA (V.O.)
 (over TV)
 He also says to help Grandma around the house and that he'll see us soon. I love you Daddy.

TABITHA (V.O.)
 (over TV)
 I love you more!

Mrs. Alvarez rubs Marta's shoulder as a tear runs down her cheek. Completely genuine.

MRS. ALVAREZ (V.O.)
 (over TV)
 It would be a bigger crime to take him away from his children and make them grow up without a father.

We slowly push in on the bowing head of Mrs. Alvarez before the screen cuts to black.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The lights are off, the room quiet, save scattered SNIFFLES. When the lights shower the room again, Prosecutor Andrews' eyes are still trained intently on the TV, hoping for more.

Even Judge Merklin's emotional barrier seems to have been broken.

INT. KIM AND JIMMY'S OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

Kim is a mix of shock and happiness. Jimmy is completely thrilled.

JIMMY

Two years, can you believe it? I thought Judge Merklin was just a dried up old hag.

Kim shakes out the shock.

KIM

I can't believe it. That was incredible. I can't believe you didn't tell me, but... wow.

Kim takes a breath and walks into...

INT. JIMMY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

She drops into one of the chairs near his desk. Jimmy slowly walks in behind her.

JIMMY

You said take the lead, I didn't want to detract from your Mesa Verde time.

KIM

Come on. How did you even think of that?

JIMMY

A magician never reveals his secrets and neither can I.

Kim stands and leans on the desk.

KIM

I gotta say I'm proud of you Jimmy. That was... Impressive.

The death certificates are right in front of her. She scans them over as Jimmy holds his breath. She turns back to Jimmy. He let's out his breath and smiles, relaxed.

JIMMY

So you're not mad? I thought you might be a little mad.

KIM

If it had blown up in our faces, I might be. What can I say? You didn't break the law and you got our client down to two years. I'd say that's a pretty damn good day in court.

She takes his hand and looks at him, silent. They hold the moment before she shakes it out, coming back to reality.

KIM (CONT'D)

I have to finish some stuff, but I'll see you tonight.

Jimmy stands there as she walks out. His shoulder collapse when she's gone. He puts the death certificates into a drawer and sighs relief.

EXT. OUTSIDE COLUMBUS - NIGHT

Mike is again sprawled on his stomach at the apex of the hill. He peers through his binoculars.

POV BINOCULARS: A smattering of beer bottles cover the porch. ROOST is passed out in a rocking chair. Aric leads Willy out from the front door. They stop at the sight of the sleeping Roost.

Aric grabs a bottle and smashes it on the ground next to Roost, who shoots up. When he composes himself, he grabs Aric by the shirt. A small scuffle starts, but cools quickly when Willy gets in the middle of it.

Willy leads the tense Aric from the porch to the ATV. The drive off. Roost kicks at a bottle and stalks inside.

ON MIKE: He stands and walks down to his car.

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

Roost shakes the beer bottles on the table, looking for anything still left. Nothing. He GRUMBLES incoherently to himself and sits on the couch, feet up on the table.

His head bobs, eyes closing. Asleep.

FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK

ELMO (V.O.)

Come on everybody! Let's do the
chicken dance with Elmo.

(sings)

I DON'T WANT TO BE A CHICKEN, I
DON'T WANT TO BE A DUCK, QUACK,
QUACK, QUACK, QUACK.

FADE IN:

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

Roost's eyes slowly open to the SHRILL sound of Chicken Dance
Elmo singing somewhere close.

ELMO (V.O.)

(over toy mic)

FLAP YOUR ARMS LIKE A CHICKEN, FLAP
YOUR ARMS LIKE A CHICKEN, QUACK,
QUACK, QUACK, QUACK.

He stands, confused, tired and probably drunk. Stumbling, he
starts toward the front door.

ELMO (V.O.)

(over toy mic)

MAKE A SOUND LIKE A CHICKEN, MAKE A
SOUND LIKE A CHICKEN, QUACK, QUACK,
QUACK, QUACK.

Elmo's SHRILL laugh makes Roost wince.

EXT. SHACK - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Roost shoves the door open sending beer bottles flying. With
blood shot eyes, Roost looks out into the abyss.

ELMO (V.O.)

(over toy mic)

Come on everybody! Let's do the
chicken dance with Elmo.

Roost's eyes narrow. Straight ahead, in the darkness there's
the dancing, yellow Elmo doll.

Roost finds his foot and lumbers down the steps.

ELMO (V.O.)
 (over toy mic)
 I DON'T WANT TO BE A CHICKEN, I
 DON'T WANT TO BE A DUCK, QUACK,
 QUACK, QUACK, QUACK.

Roost grabs the doll. He's about to rip the head off when Mike appears behind him. Like a flash of lightning, Mike swings the butt of his pistol down on the back of Roost's head.

Roost drops to the ground on his side, still holding the doll.

ELMO (V.O.)
 (over toy mic)
 FLAP YOUR ARMS LIKE A CHICKEN, FLAP
 YOUR ARMS LIKE A...

Mike peels the tape from Elmo's foot that was keeping him singing, finally stopping the incessant singing.

He stands there, looking down on his victim. The crickets pleasantly CHIRPING as if nothing is awry.

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

The single room is as run down as the tattered couch that Mike sits on. Silent and still, Mike's hands are folded over the gun on his lap.

He's the epitome of cool, calm and collected. Roost sits on the floor next to the couch, hands bound behind his back, feet tied. Gag in his mouth.

Although silent, he's the exact opposite of Mike. Terrified by the prospect of what might come. His eyes beg for freedom.

ARIC (O.S.)
 I'll see it when I believe it.

WILLY (O.S.)
 It's the other way around.

ARIC (O.S.)
 What is?

Mike turns to Roost who starts to squirm. Mike raises a finger to his lips for Roost to keep quiet.

WILLY (O.S.)
I'll believe it when I see it.

The FOOTSTEPS on the porch.

ARIC (O.S.)
That's what I said damn it.

WILLY (O.S.)
No...

The door knob starts to turn.

ARIC (O.S.)
Are you callin' me a liar?

Roost breaks.

ROOST
Mmmmmmmmm! Don hum in!

The voice on the porch stop. Mike grumbles silently, but let's it continue.

ROOST (CONT'D)
MMMMMMMMM! MOOOOOOOO!

The door swings open and Aric barges in. Willy follows closely behind. They are completely oblivious to the situation at hand.

ARIC
I ain't no fuckin' liar and I don't need to take shit from you.

WILLY
Oh screw you Aric. You always thought you were hot stuff, yet you're right here with us. Trollin' the border, pretending to be...

MIKE
Excuse me. Gentleman.

Both heads turn as the conversation comes to an abrupt halt. Mike raises his gun.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Let's talk.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

Mike's gun is trained on Aric, the bigger of the two. Willy doesn't dare make a move for Mike. Roost is silent, still bound on the floor next to the couch.

Aric starts to reach for the pistol in his holster.

ARIC

Who the hell are you?

MIKE

I wouldn't do that if I we're you.
I'm just a guy who wants to talk.
Can we do that?

ARIC

Fuck you.

MIKE

So we're gonna do this the hard
way? That's too bad.

Aric goes for his gun. It's just out of the holster when...

Mike pulls the trigger. The POP of the GUN SHOT ricochets off the walls. It silences the room until...

A THUD and SCREAMS of pain. The gun DROPS from Aric's hands and SLIDES to the wall as he crumbles in pain.

ARIC

God damn it! Ahhhhhh, shit. You son
of a...

Aric trails off, in too much pain to continue.

ARIC (CONT'D)

He shot me. You fuckin' shot me.

MIKE

(to Willy)
We good?

Willy nods.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Sit.

Willy sidesteps to the chair, over the fallen Aric who writhes in pain clutching the parts of his leg above and below the gunshot.

WILLY

Roost, you okay?

MIKE

He's fine. What's your name?

Willy's eyes stay trained on Roost, who nods once, the trails of blood from his head wound drying on his neck.

WILLY

Willy. Who are you?

MIKE

I work for the man whose drugs you stole.

WILLY

Ah, hell.

MIKE

You boys picked a bad truck to rob. You have any idea who you're dealing with?

WILLY

Are you gonna kill us? We didn't mean it, we just came across the truck.

ARIC

(through gritted teeth)
Shut it, dumb ass.

MIKE

No one is speaking to you. I'm talking with Willy here.

Aric seethes, but stays quiet.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm just going to assume you don't have any idea. The truck belongs to the Salamanca Cartel. What happens next is very simple.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

You give me the drugs and any money
you got for what you sold and our
business is done.

WILLY

And if we don't?

MIKE

Why don't you ask your friend Aric
what happens if you don't.

ARIC

Don't you fucking do it, Willy.

Aric reaches out and grabs onto Willy's ankle. Willy lurches with nerves, his eyes not straying from Mike's. Aric pulls himself up on Willy's leg, just enough to reach the arm of the chair.

ARIC (CONT'D)

We earned that money fair and
square.

His resilience is beyond admirable. Even with blood streaming down his leg, Aric continues to climb. He's up on his good knee when Mike rolls his eyes and stands.

MIKE

If that's your idea of fair and
square, then we've got problems.

ARIC

Like you're any better. You've got
the gun. You've put the bullet in
my leg.

Mike takes another step forward, not nervous, just taking a precaution. Aric leans all over Willy, blood from Aric's hands smearing on Willy's clothes.

MIKE

You should be happy I'm here. I'm
sure you've heard stories of how
the cartels deal with people.

Aric shakes his head, not having any of it.

ARIC

(to Willy)

Help me up.

Willy is in shock. He slides out from under Aric and steps aside.

MIKE

Even your friend agrees, it's not worth it. Stay down. I came here peacefully, you're the one who wanted the this.

ARIC

You're gonna have to kill me. You aren't leaving with our stuff.

Mike begrudgingly levels the gun to Aric's head. Instead of pulling the trigger, he takes his foot and presses it on the gunshot wound. Aric SCREAMS in pain.

MIKE

What's it gonna be?

Aric let's the question hang there. His eyes flick to the side.

WILLY (O.S.)

Drop it.

Mike turns and looks. Willy has a gun trained on Mike. Willy's face a mix of tears, dirt and fear.

MIKE

Willy.

WILLY

Drop the gun.

MIKE

I can't do that.

The gun shakes in Willy's hand.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Have you ever killed someone? You pull that trigger and there's no going back. You'll have the cartel come down on you before I hit the ground. Are you ready for that?

WILLY

Drop the dang gun!

Willy's VOICE is sharp and scared. It cracks from the pressure. Roost watches, eyes wide, shoulders up near his chin.

Mike presses down a touch more on Aric's knee. Aric lets out a long GRUNT through bared teeth.

MIKE

Looks like were going down together.

Mike's gun raises another inch, just make his point clear, it's still pointed at Aric's head.

ARIC

(to Willy)

Shoot. Him.

It's an eternity before Willy's arm drops to his side. The gun slips to the ground with a CLANK. Mike's gun slowly lowers from Aric's face.

Roost's shoulder's relax, his eyes droop, exhausted from the whole affair.

WILLY

I didn't even want the guns. They insisted.

Mike pushes off Aric's leg, ensuring he does so with enough force to keep Aric on the ground.

MIKE

That's a good choice.

EXT. SHACK - NIGHT

CLOSE ON MIKE'S TRUNK: A final kilo is paced into the back of his car. It joins what looks to be nearly 20 other kilos and trash bag that holds bound stacks of cash.

Mike closes the trunk and looks to Willy who bounces with nerves. He just wants this over with.

WILLY

They won't come for us will they?

MIKE

Not if you keep well clear of any of this in the future.

Mike looks out at his surroundings. Willy follows suit, trying to catch a glimpse of what Mike sees.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Don't hit any more trucks, no more drugs. You got it?

WILLY

Yes.

MIKE

Get your friends to a hospital and tell them it was an accident. Any of you say anything about tonight and you will be meeting the cartel.

Willy tenses up again.

WILLY

We don't know anything.

MIKE

You lucked out this time. Don't push it.

Mike climbs in the front seat of the Chrysler as Willy stands frozen in time. His gaze is out into the darkness. Even when Mike pulls off Willy doesn't move.

INT. JIMMY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jimmy sits at his desk, leaned back in his chair. He stares off, elbows resting on the chair arms, fingers interlocked.

Kim pokes her head into the office.

KIM

Dinner?

Jimmy comes out of his trance. Tries not to look guilty.

JIMMY

Uh, yeah. I'll meet you by the car. Just finishing something up.

KIM

See you out there.

She disappears. Jimmy waits for the lobby door to CLICK closed before he pulls a manila folder from his desk drawer.

He opens it and spies the death certificates. They are pristine. He holds one extremely delicately before he places it back in the folder and shoves the folder into his briefcase.

EXT. ABANDONED CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

The Chrysler is parked next to Ignacio's car. Both are just under the side of the half constructed building. Mike POPS the trunk and he and Ignacio look down upon the goods.

IGNACIO
Was it a problem?

Mike doesn't answer right away.

MIKE
They didn't have a clue what they did. They won't be giving you any trouble again.

IGNACIO
Good.

Ignacio walks over to his car and pulls an envelope from the front seat.

A silent MAN stands next to Ignacio's car, pretending not to care about the proceedings. He looks to be in his thirties, shaved head and wears a jacket despite the heat.

Ignacio hands the envelope to Mike who quickly counts the cash. Ignacio SNAPS his fingers to his man who grabs the trash bag and loads it into Ignacio's car. He continues this with the kilos.

EXT. STACEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Mike's car pulls into the driveway. The car IDLES for a few seconds before the engine CUTS out.

He steps out and walks to the front door, Chicken Dance Elmo doll in hand. He KNOCKS twice and puts the doll behind his back.

FOOTSTEPS. A CLICK and the door opens to reveal Kaylee's smiling face. Stacey stands a few steps behind her and warms when she see's Mike.

KAYLEE
Grandpa!

MIKE
I brought something for you.

He slowly pulls the doll around, watching as Kaylee's face light up.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I couldn't fix Mr. Pig, so I got
you another friend.

Kaylee Grabs onto Mike's waist and hugs tightly. He returns
it, stroking her hair as he does.

She pulls away.

KAYLEE

Can I play with him now?

MIKE

Of course you can.

He hands the doll to her and she bolts into the living room,
the obnoxious SONG already filling the house. Stacey CALLS
OUT to Kaylee.

STACEY

(to Kaylee)

Only a few minutes, then bed time.

Kaylee doesn't respond.

STACEY (CONT'D)

Did you bring me earplugs?

MIKE

You get used to it.

STACEY

I'm sure.

Her annoyance is just to rib Mike. The gesture means so much
to her and obviously Kaylee.

EXT. JOEY DIXON'S HOUSE - DAY

Jimmy's Suzuki Esteem pulls up to the front of a brown, run-
down house straight from the '60s. The gravel drive has weeds
poking up every few inches.

The windows look to be covered by ripped towels instead of
curtains. Jimmy steps out of his car with a grimace.

He walks up the drive stepping shards of glass and remnants
of fast food containers.

A few more steps and he's at the front door. He KNOCKS twice
and waits. FOOTSTEPS.

The door swings open to reveal Joey. His greasy hair sticks up in every direction.

JOEY

Yeah?

JIMMY

Yeah? That's all I get? That's fine, I don't want to catch something.

Jimmy peeks over Joey's shoulder into the home. Abject squalor. Joey follows Jimmy's gaze into the house, but doesn't respond.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You're officially dead. Congratulations. Loans should be cleared in no time.

JOEY

That's great, the death certificates worked?

JIMMY

Of course they worked.

Jimmy pulls out two papers. Joey tries to grab them, but Jimmy pulls them back.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

No chance I'm letting these float around. I just wanted to show you they're legit. The originals were sent to the school.

JOEY

Awesome.

JIMMY

The next part is very important. Like I said, UNM thinks you're dead, so absolutely no contact with the school. Ever.

JOEY

Sure.

JIMMY

Say, "That makes sense Jimmy. We won't do anything stupid and screw this up."

Joey adopts a slightly mocking tone.

JOEY

That makes sense Jimmy. We won't do anything stupid and screw this up.

JIMMY

Good. And as far as anyone is concerned the only reason I know you is because you have helped me in the past with video production.

JOEY

Got it.

Joey sticks out his hand and waits for Jimmy to take it. When he does...

JOEY (CONT'D)

Thanks.

JIMMY

(surprised)

You're welcome. Not a word, ever.

Jimmy let's go of Joey's hand. Joey is as serious as he's ever been. He nods his understanding. Jimmy holds up the certificates before he shoves them in his pocket and walks back down the drive.

END EPISODE