

BETTER CALL SAUL

"Liberty City"

Written by

Megan Danaher

megandanaher2974@gmail.com
(770)-820-2974

TEASER

EXT. SALAMANCA'S RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

NACHO VARGA, exits the restaurant and makes his way over to his car. He unlocks the door, climbs inside.

INT. NACHO'S CAR - NIGHT

He puts his key into the ignition and turns the key as his phone rings. He glances at the screen, then he answers.

NACHO

Nacho.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - BOOKING AREA - NIGHT

The holding facility is bright, and absolutely colorless. There are cops in the vicinity and MANUEL VARGA, stands in front of the telephone.

MANUEL

(in Spanish)

Nacho, it's your dad.

NACHO (V.O.)

(in Spanish)

Papa, where are you?

MANUEL

(in Spanish)

I got arrested.

NACHO (V.O.)

(in Spanish)

What happened --

Manuel grips the phone handle harder now.

MANUEL

(in Spanish)

I was just going about my business,
when these cops burst in demanding
to search the place. They found
your --

A GUARD late 20s, paces behind Manuel and three other men in holding.

GUARD
Five more minutes!

INT. NACHO'S CAR - NIGHT

Nacho grips the steering wheel in a tight vice.

NACHO
(in Spanish)
Dad, stop. I'll take care of this --

MANUEL (V.O.)
(in Spanish)
You better take care of this, or I
will.

NACHO
I'll get you out of this, just keep
your mouth shut and don't say
anything.

Nacho pinches the bridge of his nose in frustration and
anger.

NACHO (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)
For your own safety. Please.

MANUEL (V.O.)
(in Spanish)
Good bye, Ignacio.

The phone clicks and Nacho stares at the screen then throws
his phone on the seat. He hits the steering wheel twice.

INT. NAIL SALON OFFICE - NIGHT

JIMMY MCGILL, enters the small office. He tosses his brief
case onto his desk and sets the box of Chinese take out on a
coffee table. He opens up his file cabinet and pulls out a
bottle of tequila and a drinking glass. He pours himself a
glass. Sitting down on the couch, he checks his watch.

He takes a sip of tequila, he opens his phone again and taps
on the contacts tab, and pulls up KIM'S NUMBER. He hesitates
for a moment then puts his phone on the coffee table. He
picks up his food, takes out the chopsticks and digs into his
takeout. He digs into his food, when his phone vibrates
again. He glances at the screen where Nacho's name is
visible.

INT. NACHO'S CAR - NIGHT

Nacho is still sitting outside of the Salamanca's Restaurant in his car.

NACHO
McGill, I need your help.

JIMMY (V.O.)
Nacho?

NACHO
I have a job for you. My dad, he's in prison because of me. I need you to help get him out of there.

INT. NAIL SALON OFFICE - NIGHT

Jimmy sits up, clearly perturbed.

JIMMY
I don't want to get involved with you people again. Not after those kids.

NACHO (V.O.)
I get it, and I wouldn't be calling you if I could get him out of this myself.

JIMMY
You want me to --

NACHO (V.O.)
Represent him at the arraignment hearing, yeah.

Jimmy leans back into the couch, his interest clearly peaked.

JIMMY
(beat)
I can do it for two thousand.

NACHO (V.O.)
Why do I need to pay you? It's a hearing that lasts twenty minutes.

JIMMY
I need that money as an advance for defending your father at his trial -
-

NACHO (V.O.)
No, my father won't be going to
trial. But you'll get your money.

JIMMY
What do you mean he won't be going
to trial?

NACHO (V.O.)
You don't need to worry about the
how. I just need you to be at the
arraignment hearing.

Jimmy grabs a pen off of his desk and a sliver of paper.

JIMMY
I'll be there. What time?

NACHO (V.O.)
Tomorrow at nine AM.

Jimmy closes his phone and sits back. He stares at the
ceiling then looks at his phone. He sets the phone on the
coffee. He lays down onto the couch.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

MIKE EHRLMANTRAUT, stands outside of the warehouse. His phone rings, he checks the caller ID, he clicks accept.

MIKE

Yeah?

GUS (V.O.)

A situation has come up.

MIKE

What kind of situation?

GUS (V.O.)

I got word that there is going to be a surprise inspection at the laundromat due to a tip about illegal construction that was called in. It's happening tomorrow.

MIKE

I'll get a crew over there this afternoon to sanitize the place.

GUS (V.O.)

This needs to be seamless.

Gus ends the call. Mike puts his phone into his pocket and walks over to his car and climbs in.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - DAY

Mike closes the door and pulls out his cell phone. He dials and he listens to the ring tone.

MIKE

We have a location that needs to be swept.

INT. FARM AND TABLE RESTAURANT - DAY

This restaurant has a very warm and welcoming atmosphere. It has a rustic southwestern feel, with homely decorations and horseshoes on the walls.

KIM WEXLER enters the restaurant, and is greeted by a HOSTESS, 20s.

HOSTESS
Would you like a table?

KIM
No thanks, I'm looking for --

PAIGE NOVICK, comes up behind her, and taps Kim on the shoulder.

PAIGE
Kim!

KIM
Oh, hi there! Where is everyone?

PAIGE
They're already at the table.

Paige guides Kim through the restaurant to their table.

KIM
Nice, location.

PAIGE
Kevin wanted to find a nice brunch
place for the meeting today.
(quietly)
We got a new contractor and oh my
is he hot --

They make it to the table, and KEVIN WACHTELL, sits with another man, DAMON SMITH, 40s, attractive.

KIM
Kevin.

KEVIN
Kim, I would like you to meet Damon
Smith, he's a contractor who has
been helping with our expansion.
Thought we'd get some planning done
on the next branch.

Kim extends her hand to Damon.

KIM
Nice to meet you -- Kim Wexler.

DAMON
No, the pleasure is all mine.

Paige smiles and takes a seat, as she picks up her menu.

PAIGE
Well, lets get to ordering! I heard
they have wonderful huevos
rancheros.

INT. SALAMANCA'S RESTAURANT - DAY

NACHO sits down at one of the tables counting a DEALER's money. Nacho glances over his shoulder at LALO, seated behind him.

LALO
Is everything alright?

NACHO
I lost count.

Lalo walks up behind Nacho and sets his hand on Nacho's shoulder.

LALO
And?

Nacho looks back towards the money and picks it up. Counts again.

NACHO
Yeah, he's good.

LALO
Alright, good. We don't want to
have any *idiotas* running around
with our product do we?

DEALER
Am I good?

LALO
Get out of here.

The dealer stands up nervously and grabs his bag, nods his head to the two men, then gets the hell out of there.

LALO (CONT'D)
You know? My car has been sounding
a bit off. Your old man got any
openings to look at it?

Nacho tenses nervously.

NACHO
I can check with him later, see
what his schedule's like.

Lalo walks behind the counter.

LALO
Good, because it sounds really bad,
and I gotta see him soon.

He grabs a mango and a pairing knife, and begins to peel back the mangos skin. Nacho turns around and walks over to the counter.

NACHO
I could always take your car in for
you.

LALO
No, it's all good. Just make sure
your papa's schedule is loose.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Mike stands outside the building. He looks up.

A large white box truck pulls up to the laundry mat, a tall woman gets out of the front with a clipboard, followed by three other men. GRETCHEN, 30s, walks up to Mike and extends her hand.

GRETCHEN
Mike Ehrmantraut?

MIKE
Yes, that's me.

GRETCHEN
So where's the problem?

MIKE
It's inside. Follow me.

Mike nods his head as he motions for her and her people to follow him inside.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

MIKE
Yeah, we need this place to look
like we are renovating.
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

A building inspector is coming by tomorrow, and we need to get rid of any suspicions he may have.

Gretchen walks up to one of the machines, and opens the door. She grimaces, then shuts the door.

GRETCHEN

I see. Well I think, to get this place in working order again, I think it'll take us three days to install the --

Mike turns on a heel and stops her and her team.

MIKE

That won't work. It gets done, today.

GRETCHEN

Well in that case. We'll get started.

She and her people go back out.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

They exit and Mike follows. They open up the back of their truck and get a lift and begin to take out and start moving industrial sized washers towards the building.

GRETCHEN

We'll get started, you may need to call a trash company to take out the boxes and other waste that collects.

MIKE

That won't be an issue. Let me know if you guys need anything else to get this moving along.

Gretchen and the crew enter the laundromat. He watches after them. He swiftly takes out his phone and taps on the number pad.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Gus, the people are here, and I think we're going to make this place look like nothing ever happened. ... I will update you.

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

It's early morning for Jimmy. He walks through the doors with a briefcase, manila folder. He makes his way to the bench. A CLERK, 30s, sits behind the desk typing on a keyboard.

JIMMY
I'm here for the bail hearing
for...

Jimmy opens up the folder and looks for a name.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Manuel Varga, what room would he be
in right now?

CLERK
Manuel Varga? Give me a minute.

He puts the folder in the briefcase. She types on her computer, looks over her glasses at the screen, then back at Jimmy.

CLERK (CONT'D)
And you're the legal counsel?

JIMMY
Yes, it's James McGill.

CLERK
Mr. McGill, we'll have your client
brought up to room two-eleven.

JIMMY
Thank you ... m'am.

Jimmy exits the courtroom.

INT. COURTHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Jimmy makes his way down the hall and passes by some doors and finally he comes upon a door with 211 on the door. He opens the door then enters.

INT. COURTHOUSE - ROOM 211 - DAY

The room is brightly lit and very cold in tone. There is a desk and two chair for legal counsel. Jimmy puts the briefcase on the table, opens it up, takes out a file; an officer brings Manuel into the room. The officer uncuffs his and directs him to the empty chair.

Manuel is wearing a slightly oversized prisoners garb. He has dark circles under his eyes. Jimmy takes a seat.

OFFICER

Just, knock on the door when you are done.

The officer leaves the room, and closes the door behind him.

JIMMY

Mr. Varga? My name is Jimmy McGill, and I am here today to represent you at your arraignment hearing.

MANUEL

(in broken English)

Mr. McGill, I am no -- guilty.

JIMMY

I understand your concern, and I know how frustrating all of this can be.

MANUEL

No, I am no guilty --

Jimmy flips through the pages in the folder to look over what he knows already.

JIMMY

Mr. Varga, since we have very little time before your arraignment, I would like for you tell me about what happened at your arrest.

MANUEL

(in broken English)

It was a normal - day, when out of nowhere some *policía* came in, very angry. They demanded to look - around, and that's when they found something - that wasn't mine.

JIMMY

Ah I see. Well where was the... product? Where did they find it?

MANUEL

(confused; in broken English)

It was uh... in the tire pile where uh, the Salamanca --

JIMMY
 Alright, that'll be enough Mr.
 Varga.

Jimmy gets up and gathers his things.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 Well, Manuel, we'll get you out of
 here today. I've already contacted
 a bondsman who will post your bond
 today. Don't you worry.

Manuel nods. Jimmy walks up to the door and knocks. The
 officer opens the door. Jimmy exits.

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

Jimmy enters the courtroom and makes his way to the defense's
 table and sets down his belongings. There are a dozen people
 seated in the stands. The bailiff stands next to the judges
 podium. He looks around and there is the prosecution filing
 in.

BAILIFF
 All rise! The honorable Judge
 Smith, presiding.

The JUDGE, 40s, enters the courtroom, and takes her seat
 behind the bench. She grabs one folders off of the large
 stack of folders.

JUDGE
 Please be seated. The state of New
 Mexico versus Manuel Varga on the
 question of bail. Good morning,
 Mrs. Walsh.

MRS. WALSH
 Good morning, your honor.

The judge looks up over her paperwork at Jimmy and Manuel.

JUDGE
 Mr. Varga you have been charged
 with a serious felony for the
 possession of half a kilo cocaine.
 Who is representing the defense in
 this case?

Jimmy stands up at the desk, clears his throat.

JIMMY

Good afternoon, your honor James McGill appearing on behalf of Mr. Varga.

JUDGE

Okay, thank you.

Jimmy sits down. Mrs. Walsh approaches the microphone. Mrs. Walsh looks down at the prewritten figures that she has below.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Mrs. Walsh, your recommendation on bail?

MRS. WALSH

Your honor, the state recommends that Mr. Varga have bail set at two hundred thousand dollars, based off of the sheer quantity found on his person.

Jimmy stands up.

JIMMY

Your honor, if I may.

JUDGE

Alright Mr. McGill.

Jimmy moves to stand behind the microphone, folder and notes on the podium.

JIMMY

My client, Mr. Manuel Varga, has been a pillar of the community, servicing our cars and making sure we can get to point A to point B with ease. He owns his own business, his own home. I assure you that he is not a flight risk.

Jimmy palms the podium.

JUDGE

Well, what would you suggest?

JIMMY

A bail of fifty thousand, is more than reasonable.

JUDGE

Mrs. Walsh?

MRS. WALSH
I'll leave the decision to you,
your honor.

JUDGE
Fifty thousand it is, then.

The Judge nods her head and dismisses Jimmy. She sets down the file. Manuel is led from the courtroom. Judge Smith opens up another file.

EXT. FARM AND TABLE RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - DAY

Kim and Paige exit the restaurant, and Kim takes a cigarette and a lighter, and lights up.

PAIGE
Kim, I saw the google-y eyes Damon
was throwing your way! You think
he's going to ask you out?

Kim laughs.

KIM
I don't know, and even if he does,
I don't know if I am ready to go
out again.

PAIGE
Are you still with that guy? Oh,
what's his name --

KIM
Jimmy, and I don't know.

PAIGE
Well, if it's up in the air...? I
think you should.

Kim smiles, and Paige slugs Kim's shoulder lightly.

PAIGE (CONT'D)
I'll let you finish this up and
we'll have to --

Damon exits, he looks at Kim and Paige, and smiles.

KIM
Alright, Paige, we'll catch up
later.

Paige hurries back inside. Damon walks over to stand next to Kim.

DAMON

Do you have one to spare?

Damon motions to her cigarette.

KIM

Yeah.

Kim gives him a cigarette and lights it.

DAMON

How long have you been working with
Mesa Verde?

KIM

About a year or so now.

Damon smiles as he takes a drag of his cigarette and looks
her over carefully.

DAMON

You know, I've been wanting to ask
this all morning, but could I have
your business card?

Kim blushes and clears her throat.

KIM

Why do you need that?

DAMON

For a totally wholesome and
innocent work coffee later perhaps?

KIM

As long as that's your only
intention: of course.

Kim fishes in her purse for a business card and hands it to
Damon.

DAMON

I'll call you later then?

Kim nods lightly as she puts out her cigarette.

EXT. MANUEL VARGA'S HOME - DAY

Nacho sits on the stoop as a cab pulls up to the curb. Nacho
gets up and approaches the cab.

Manuel opens up the side door, and pauses as he stares
intently at Nacho as he approaches.

NACHO
(in Spanish)
How are you feeling? Are you okay?
I talked to momma, and she --

MANUEL
(in Spanish)
You say you're going fix this,
Ignacio?

Manuel pushes past Nacho and moves towards the front stoop.
Nacho follows after him.

NACHO
(in Spanish)
Of course I am. Just know I didn't
mean for this to happen to you.

MANUEL
(in Spanish)
But it did.

NACHO
(in Spanish)
I just have one last thing I need
of you.

Manuel emphatically unlocks the door, and opens the door.

MANUEL
(in Spanish)
What? Your not in a position to ask
me for anything.

NACHO
(in Spanish)
No, but Lalo wants you to work on
his car, and you can't say anything
about what happened to you.

MANUEL
(in Spanish)
Or what, they gut you?

Nacho approaches his father.

NACHO
(in Spanish)
They'll come after you and mom too.
This is more serious than it looks
on the surface, Papa... You gotta
do this.

MANUEL
(in Spanish - BEAT)
That is the last thing I will do
for you. You've run out of favors.

Manuel turns heel and slams the door closed behind him.

Nacho stands at the foot of the stoop, stares at the door intently. Then turns away.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Java Bean is lightly populated.

Damon and Kim sit at a small table in the corner. Damon and Kim both have cups of coffee in front of them. Kim drains her cup of coffee, then sets it down.

KIM
This has been lovely, but I really
think I should be getting home now.

DAMON
Alright, well, at least allow me to
walk you out to your car?

KIM
Sure.

They both stand and walk towards the exit, Damon following after Kim.

EXT. COFFEE HOUSE - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Damon walks beside Kim, as they arrive at her car.

DAMON
Tonight has been wonderful, thank
you for that.

KIM
That was some great coffee, for
sure!

Kim begins to open her door, but Damon reaches for it first opening it for her.

DAMON
We should do this again some time.

KIM
Yeah.

Kim sets her purse inside the car and as she turns around to Damon, he leans in to kiss her on the cheek, but goes for the lips. She reciprocates then pulls away abruptly.

KIM (CONT'D)
I shouldn't have done that.

DAMON
No, I'm sorry I --

KIM
No, no. It was my fault. I'll
just... talk to you later.

Kim ducks into her car, turns it on, then drives off quickly leaving Damon baffled in the parking lot.

INT. NAIL SALON OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Jimmy sits in his swivel chair. He has headphones on and is listening to jazz on a CD player. He gets startled and looks up and see's Nacho coming into the office.

JIMMY
Oh, hello there. Did you bring the
money?

Nacho scoffs. Nacho reaches within his jacket pocket and takes out a wad of cash.

NACHO
Yeah, here's your money.

Jimmy grabs the money and holds it for a minute, then pockets it. He motions for him to sit in one of the office chairs.

JIMMY
I know you said that your dad
wouldn't be going to trial, I think
it would be best if he did --

NACHO
He can't go to trial. This whole
situation is because of the
Salamanca's. My dad didn't have
anything to do with it.

JIMMY
(beat)
Well, the next best thing I have
for you is that you find a fall
guy. Someone to "take his place,"
if you will.

Nacho sits there, staring at him intently.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
(nervously)
You give me a guy, I can start
working discovery to build a case
for this other person.

NACHO
You can make this work?

JIMMY
Yeah, I'm Jimmy McGill. I can make
anything work!

Jimmy shift awkwardly, as he looks over.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Who will be your fall guy?

Nacho stands up and moves towards the door.

NACHO
That's not for you to worry about.
I'll be in touch.

Nacho exits.

EXT. LOS POLLOS HERMANOS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Nacho's car pulls into the Pollos Hermanos parking lot, he
gets out of the car and walks to the door.

INT. LOS POLLOS HERMANOS - GUS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Nacho enters the room and closes the door behind him. GUS
sits behind his desk, on the landline.

GUS
How much was the invoice? ...
Alright, I will get that sent out
tomorrow morning. Thank you, John.

Gus smiles as he hangs up and looks at Nacho. His smile
fades.

GUS (CONT'D)
What happened with your father.

NACHO

From my understanding, a tip was called into the police about drugs at the shop, and they found half a kilo.

GUS

I gathered as much, but why are you here?

NACHO

I need someone to take the heat for my dad.

Nacho approaches the desk and sits in one of the chairs.

GUS

That sounds like a personal issue, why come to me?

NACHO

If my dad is squeezed, he's going to take down the Salamanca's, and we both end up dead.

Gus eyes Nacho.

NACHO (CONT'D)

You need me. You know you do. All I need from you is a fall guy.

Gus stares at him intently.

GUS

Perhaps you are right. But on one condition, you will be responsible for taking care of the man's legal expenses.

NACHO

That is fair enough.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. NAIL SALON OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy wakes up on the fold out sofa bed and his phone vibrates. He checks his watch. 7:17 Jimmy grunt as he swings his feet over the bed and grabs his cellphone on his desk.

Jimmy stands up, stretches.

JIMMY

Law offices of Jimmy McGill, how
may I help you today.

NACHO

We have our guy. I'll be by later
to give you the information that
you are going to need on him.

JIMMY

Alright. I'll work up a scenario.

NACHO

Talk to you later.

The phone line clicks. Jimmy snaps the phone shut.

EXT. SALAMANCA'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Nacho and Lalo stand there, taking a delivery in the back alley. Lalo watches as the driver and his assistant unload ice cream and taking it inside.

LALO

Did you talk to your *Papi*, for me?

NACHO

Yeah he said he would have an
opening later today.

LALO

Aye, your old man is the best. I
wonder if he'll have the guys to
detail it for me like last time.

Nacho wipes some sweat off of his brow.

NACHO

Maybe, I just hope he'll figure out
what's wrong with your car.

LALO

Yeah, me too. I think there was some sort of mole that was digging around in my car. Maybe a desert hare.

Lalo takes out an ice cream from a box and begins to eat it.

NACHO

Whatever it was, my dad will fix it without questions.

LALO

Good, good. That's what I want to hear.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT - MORNING

Mike pulls up to the laundromat. Gretchen stands outside of the laundromat, smoking a cigarette as Mike walks up.

GRETCHEN

Ready to take a look?

Gretchen puts out her cigarette. Mike nods his head. They both walk inside.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Gretchen and Mike enter, and Mike takes a look around and inspects the place. There is large empty boxes and new machines installed. There are some new and some old machines still left in place to give the appearance of renovation.

GRETCHEN

Is this what you were looking for?

MIKE

Yeah. Just make sure to leave some of the boxes behind.

GRETCHEN

Of course. I'll send the invoice later today.

Mike nods. Gretchen leaves.

Mike opens his phone, he opens up contacts then pulls up Gus' number. His phones rings.

GUS (V.O.)

Mike, how does it look?

MIKE

I oversaw them cleaning it last night, and checked it this morning. You got your money's worth with them.

GUS (V.O.)

Well, call me when the inspection is over. I would be somewhat disappointed if it didn't go smoothly.

The phone clicks and Mike closes his phone. He takes a seat on a fold out chair.

INT. MESA VERDE COOPERATE OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Mesa Verde conference room, is decked out in rustic western themes, and the colors used represent those of a desert oasis. There is a long table with several chairs tucked into it, with warm lighting.

Kim sits beside Damon at the long conference table, and Paige across from them. Kevin sits at the head of the table looking at everyone.

KEVIN

I got everyone here today to talk about the last branch we are going to open for this year and the details about this. Kim, do you have the cities permits.

KIM

Yes, I have the forms, and they were approved, so I think it will be a breeze to get the go ahead on breaking ground in Willard.

KEVIN

And Damon, do you have our blueprints to present to the stockholders at the board meeting?

Damon grabs the large blueprints tube that is beside his chair and pulls out two large blueprints with possible floor plans.

DAMON

Yes sir, I brought two. One of which is --

He unfurls the blueprint onto the conference room table, and motions to the layout.

DAMON (CONT'D)
-- similar in layout to the other
branch locations. Where here is the
lobby, the counter, and directly in
the back here --

He motions to the vault.

DAMON (CONT'D)
-- is where the vault would be.

KEVIN
What is the other layout you have
for proposal?

Damon takes the old one down, and replaces it with a new layout.

DAMON
This one focuses on having a more
open, and client focused
experience.

Kevin grimaces.

DAMON (CONT'D)
This is a layout we executed in
Dallas, two years ago, and they
have been exhibiting amazing
numbers in terms of growth, based
solely off of their branch layout.

KEVIN
As well and as good as that may be,
I would prefer to stick with a
formula that has worked for us for
years.

Damon takes down the new design. And sits back down.

DAMON
Noted. The layout is ready for the
investors to see.

Kevin smiles. And Paige takes a few notes.

INT. MESA VERDE - LOBBY - LATER

Damon walks down the flight of stairs and up to where Kim is seated on a bench.

KIM
Did he have any final thoughts?

DAMON
Yeah, but we got it sorted.

Kim laughs.

KIM
We're all senile now. Stuck in our ways and such.

DAMON
Hey, I know you got a lot coming up, but is there any way that we can go out and grab a bite to eat?

Kim looks up at him and smiles.

KIM
Uh, sure; where you thinking?

DAMON
There is this Asian fusion restaurant downtown that I think you may like... And I promise to be a good boy this time.

Kim grimaces as she nods.

KIM
Okay.

DAMON
Send me your address and I'll pick you up at eight o'clock.

INT. LOS POLLOS HERMANOS - DAY

Nacho enters the restaurant. He walks past the counter where people are working.

INT. LOS POLLOS HERMANOS - GUS' OFFICE - DAY

Nacho enters the office, and sitting in one of the chairs is another man, JUAN 40s. Nacho walks in and Gus stands behind his desk.

GUS
Nacho, have a seat.

Nacho takes a seat next to the other man.

GUS (CONT'D)

Nacho, this is Juan. I have brought him in today to talk about the guidelines of the situation we are discussed.

NACHO

I'm listening.

GUS

Juan, is going to take the fall for someone else's crime.

Juan nods his head swift.

JUAN

Yes, I owe it to you for what you have done for me and my family.

Gus bows his head, the motions to Nacho.

GUS

This man here --

NACHO

Nacho.

Gus nods towards Nacho.

GUS

He's hired a very good defense lawyer, and at the worst, you would be in jail for four years. But with good representation, that could probably be brought down to two.

Juan nods his head again.

JUAN

You will take care of my family?

GUS

Of course I would. That wouldn't be an issue.

Juan puts his hands behind his neck.

JUAN

But what if --

GUS

There is no if, Juan. You need to do this, or someone gets hurt.

JUAN

Sí jefe.

He rests his hands in his lap and locks eyes with Gus. Gus stares at Juan for a moment, then looks to Nacho.

GUS

He's all yours. Nacho, I don't want any problems. This better go smoothly.

INT. DINER - DAY

The diner is vintage. There is a neon open sign, red booths, and a counter, with a pie in a glass case.

Jimmy McGill sits alone at a booth. A WAITRESS, 40s comes up in a white apron.

WAITRESS

Good afternoon, sir, what can I get you to drink today?

Jimmy looks out the window, but returns to looking at the waitress.

JIMMY

Uh, yes, I would like to get a cup of coffee. But I'm still waiting on someone right now.

WAITRESS

I'll get you a second set of silverware and that coffee.

The waitress smiles, and walks away from the table.

Nacho comes in through the front door. Jimmy and Nacho lock eyes, and Nacho makes his way over to the table.

JIMMY

Did you find your guy?

Nacho takes out a manila folder from within his jacket.

NACHO

Yeah, here's information on our guy.

Jimmy grabs the folder and begins to look through the information.

JIMMY

So it's Juan Rodriguez. Forty six,
two kids an ex wife. Uh... A rap
sheet, two prior drug offenses...

Jimmy flips the page.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Yeah, this works.

NACHO

What happens now?

The Waitress comes back and sets down the cup of coffee.

WAITRESS

Anything for you, sir?

NACHO

No, thank you.

She picks up their menus and leaves the table.

JIMMY

Now? We get to creating evidence to
frame this guy. We need to create
receipts, plant evidence, and
incriminate him, so it looks like
this really was a mistake.

NACHO

Alright. What angle are you seeing
this from?

JIMMY

Well, he was trying to dump the
drugs.

Jimmy looks down at the notes.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

This Juan, guy unloaded his drugs
at the nearest place he could think
of; your dad's garage.

NACHO

Why would he have chosen to stop
there?

JIMMY

His car was already there. He was
getting it serviced, and cops
pulled in, stared at his car.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

The cop goes into your dad's garage, all suspicious and such. Our guy start to get nervous, so he unloads the drugs there, behind the tires.

Jimmy looks down at the menu.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Are we going to plant the evidence on this guy?

NACHO

Yeah, I have some stuff. Can you work on the receipts?

JIMMY

Yeah, I got the samples you provided me, so I can get to work on that later today.

Nacho gets up from the booth and adjusts his jacket.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Not going to stay for pancakes?

NACHO

I have work to do, and so do you.

Nacho sets down an envelope, then turns on his heel and makes his way to the door.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

The building is dusty with tools all around. Aside from the wash drums looking old and worn down, the floors, walls, and halls look like the place is under renovation.

Mike enters the building and looks around.

MIKE

(under his breath)
I hope this is enough.

Mike flicks his wrist and checks his watch, it is 3:25PM.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

A Honda Civic pulls up to the front of the laundromat. From the car steps a man in a suit, Wayne Gratey, 50s. The man stops and checks a clipboard in his hands. He looks up then walks into the Laundromat.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Mike looks over at Wayne as he enters.

MIKE

Sir? How can I help you today?

WAYNE

Yes, indeed you can. I'm with the building inspectors office, and I'm here to do an inspection.

MIKE

Oh? I didn't know that there was one scheduled.

Wayne takes out his clip board and a pair of plastic glasses.

WAYNE

Well, I would be mighty suspicious if you did know. Now, are you the manager on duty?

MIKE

Yes, that would be me.

WAYNE

We just have a few things that we need to check off to begin. How long have you worked here?

Mike counts on his fingers.

MIKE

I think, ten months, yeah.

WAYNE

And to the best of your knowledge, has there been any construction here in the past year?

MIKE

No, there hasn't.

Wayne jots down a few notes.

WAYNE

If you would like to accommodate me on my walk through and point out things of note as I request.

MIKE

Of course.

INT. KIM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

She sits at her counter with a bottle of water, a stack of and some highlighters, working on some paperwork. Her phone vibrates, and she looks at the caller ID, it's Damon.

KIM

Are you here already?

DAMON (V.O.)

Yeah. You better hurry, some amazing Asian food is inbound!

Kim laughs as she hangs up the phone, and slips on some heels that are by the door as she exits her apartment.

INT. OFFICE MAX - AFTERNOON

Jimmy walks into the Office Max and walks up to the counter. The kid behind the counter yawns. Jimmy looks at the kids name tag, his name is GREG, 20s.

JIMMY

Hey, Greg, can I get --

Jimmy notices the kid is wearing head phones, so he rings the bell on the counter. The kid get startled, and rips his headphones off.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

There we go. Where can I get three reams of Carbonless CFB paper, in white? Oh and where could I find an exact-o-knife and some white out?

GREG

The paper will be on aisle three. The white out will be on aisle five and the exact-o-knife should be on aisle one.

JIMMY

Thanks, kid.

Jimmy turns on his heels, and makes his way down the aisles.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - AFTERNOON

Mike follows behind Wayne, as he rounds a corner.

WAYNE

So, where are the emergency exits?

MIKE

We have three of them. One at the front, which you came in at, and we have one here...

Mike motions to a door, and a glowing exit sign.

MIKE (CONT'D)

... and over there.

Mike motions to a glowing exit sign at the far end of the building.

WAYNE

I'm just going to try opening these doors to see if they are safe to use during an emergency.

Wayne walks up to the door, and tests it. The door opens without a hitch.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

And you said the third exit was down this way?

MIKE

Correct.

Wayne walks down a ways to the second exit and pushes on the door. It doesn't open. Wayne makes a note.

MIKE (CONT'D)

That door just needs a little WD Forty.

Mike walks up to the door and forcibly shoves it. It creaks open. Wayne makes another note.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Employee's have complained about that door on several occasions. I'll have to get that worked on.

WAYNE

Stuff happens, no need to worry about it too much.

Wayne looks down at his checklist one more time.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

We have two more things we need to check is the electrical wiring and the HVAC system.

(MORE)

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Very important near the desert, you
know what I mean!

Wayne laughs, as he makes his way around the corner.

MIKE

Yeah of course.

WAYNE

Which one is closer, the HVAC or
the electrical panel?

MIKE

The electrical panel is by my
office, down this way.

Mike leads the way down the way, and Wayne follows closely
behind him.

WAYNE

Wait a minute --

Mike stops. He closes his eyes for a moment, and turns on his
heel to look at Wayne.

Wayne is looking down on the floor where there is a red cloth
sticking out from the entrance to the underground lab.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

What's that?

MIKE

Probably just someones underwear
that missed the dryer.

Mike tries to smile. Wayne looks at Mike, then back at the
cloth. He pulls the cloth and door begins to open. Wayne
steps back and drops the cloth.

The door to the lab is slightly ajar.

WAYNE

What's this?

END OF ACT

ACT THREE

INT. LAUNDROMAT - AFTERNOON

The door to the underground bunker is open. Wayne looks to Mike as they stand in the doorway.

WAYNE

What is all of this?

Mike rubs the back of his head.

MIKE

This is a bunker that we had built,
so that we have a place for
detergents and --

WAYNE

That is all well and good, but
there is no documentation of this
ever being built. So that means
this was put in without a permit.

Wayne tucks his clipboard under his arm and pulls out his phone.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

I need to call this in.

Wayne begins to tap on his phone.

MIKE

Really, we can sort this out --

WAYNE

No, I need to --

Mike grabs Wayne's shoulders and shoves him.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

What the --!

Wayne is thrown down the steps, head first into the bunker.

INT. BUNKER - AFTERNOON

Wayne falls down the steel flight of stairs. He lands on his neck, there is an audible SNAP. His body crumples, body stills and is still like a rag doll.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - AFTERNOON

Mike looks down the stairs and frowns.

MIKE

We could have worked this out.

Mike takes his phone out and dials. The phone rings.

GUS (V.O.)

Was he satisfied?

MIKE

He's dead.

There is silence on the other side.

GUS (V.O.)

What do you mean, "he's dead".

Mike looks down the stairwell at the broken body.

MIKE

He was going to report us.

INT. KAI STREET FARE - NIGHT

The restaurant is busy, with waiters hurrying from table to table. The decor looks like a old fashion asian restaurant.

Kim and Damon sit at a table in the middle of the busy restaurant. They each have waters.

KIM

So, what about this place is so good? There are so many people here!

DAMON

From I've been told by coworkers that introduced me to this place, it's the only place to get authentic dim sum and Chinese street fare.

She smiles.

KIM

Hence the name then, right?

DAMON

Yeah, I suppose so.

A WAITER, 20s, thick Chinese accent, comes up to their table with two plates of food.

WAITER

For you I have the Chicken Dim Sum
and for the misses I have a ginger
salad.

The waiter sets down the plates in front of each of them.

WAITER (CONT'D)

Is there anything else I can get
for you?

KIM

No, that's all.

The waiter bows his head and leaves.

DAMON

You did a great job at the meeting
this morning.

KIM

Thanks, it wasn't my first rodeo.

Kim takes a sip of her water.

DAMON

I can see that, and honestly I'm
surprised you aren't working at
some big law firm by now.

Damon scoops up a spoonful of food.

KIM

I used to, before Mesa Verde,
actually.

DAMON

Tell me about it?

Kim looks at him annoyed.

KIM

I would prefer we not.

INT. NAIL SALON OFFICE

Jimmy sits behind his desk putting the finishing touches on his forgery. He dabs a little white out, then lightly blows on his work.

He opens up his copier, and places the paper onto the glass. It prints out a fresh copy.

JIMMY

Magnifico.

He places the paper work within the folder. He takes his cellphone out of his pocket and dials. The phone rings.

ANSWERING MACHINE/ NACHO

Nacho --

JIMMY

It's Jimmy, I --

Nacho's outgoing voicemail is heard.

ANSWERING MACHINE/ NACHO

Leave a message.

JIMMY

Dammit Nacho! Uh, well, I have the receipt made. Now all that's left for us to do is for you to give this piece of paper to your guy, and plant the evidence. Call me back.

Jimmy clamps the phone shut. He lies down on the couch.

INT. DAMON'S CAR - KIM'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Damon and Kim sit in his white BMW. Music plays quietly over the car's speakers. The two adults sit in silence.

DAMON

You know I had a really good time tonight.

KIM

Yeah, it was nice. I'll definitely have to go back some time.

Damon turns to look at her and she doesn't return the gaze. He leans in to kiss her again, this time, she stops him.

KIM (CONT'D)

What happened to, "I swear I'll be a good boy"?

DAMON

Come on now, Kim. You are beautiful, and I can see you are lonely. Why can't we just fill each other's --

KIM

No. I'm done. I'll see you at work on Thursday.

Kim opens the door.

EXT. KIM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She gets out and walks off.

INT. NAIL SALON OFFICE - MORNING

Jimmy wakes up to knocking on his office door, he squints as he looks at his watch.

JIMMY

Shit --

MRS. NGUYEN

Mister McGill, get up! There is a man to see you! Mr. McGill.

JIMMY

Alright, alright, Mrs. Nguyen, I'm getting up!

Jimmy swings his feet over the bed and slides on his loafers. He opens the door. Nacho stands in the hallway. Mrs. Nguyen looks between the two men then shakes her head then walks away.

NACHO

I got your message. Can I come in?

JIMMY

Yeah, sure. Just, uh, let me --

Jimmy moves back into the room and begins closing the sofa-bed.

NACHO

Look, just... grab your stuff and come with me.

JIMMY

Alright, I guess that works too.

Jimmy puts on his coat, and shovels a folder and some other papers into his briefcase. He closes it, then follows Nacho out of the tiny room.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Mike paces in front of the bunker door, as Gus enters and walks up to Mike.

GUS
Tell me honestly, what happened?

MIKE
The inspection was going fine, as
we passed by here --

Mike motions to the bunker door.

MIKE (CONT'D)
He saw a red rag, and someone
didn't close the door all the way
and --

GUS
Well it doesn't matter now. You
need to take the body out in the
desert, and create a happy
accident.

MIKE
I'll get on that.

GUS
If this doesn't happen as
seamlessly as I am imagining it
happening now, then he won't be the
only one ending up dead today.

Mike looks at Gus, then opens the door of the bunker, and enters.

EXT. STREET - MANUEL'S GARAGE - DAY (1:20:00)

Jimmy's car pulls up to the curb and lets Nacho out.

Nacho and Jimmy get out of Nacho's car and walk across the street towards the garage. Nacho is holding a large duffle bag, and as they approach the door, Jimmy goes towards the front office and Nacho goes towards the garage.

INT. MANUEL'S GARAGE - OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy enters the office, and Manuel sits behind the counter.

MANUEL

Jimmy!

Jimmy smiles as he walks up to the counter.

JIMMY

Mr. Varga, how are you doing? Those
cops treat you alright?

MANUEL

(in broken English)
Sí, thank you for letting me out of
there.

JIMMY

Of course that is my job.

INT. MANUEL'S GARAGE - GARAGE - DAY

Nacho walks all the way to the back of the garage to a large stack of old and worn out tires. He sets the duffle down on the floor and digs through it and pulls out a ziplock bag with a small keychain inside. The keychain has initials and a picture of a little girl on it.

He puts on a glove and carefully removes the keychain from the bag and set it on the floor inside the tires.

He takes the glove off, and zips up the duffle bag.

INT. MANUEL'S GARAGE - OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy leans on the counter.

JIMMY

I just came by today to tell you
that I am making headway on getting
you off.

MANUEL

(in broken English)
Oh? How is that going to happen?

JIMMY

Someone else is going to go away
for this. It wasn't your fault.

Manuels face falls.

MANUEL

I hope so.

Jimmy's phone vibrates in his coat pocket.

JIMMY

I have to take this. You and I will
talk about this later.

Jimmy answers the phone and exits the front office.

EXT. MANUEL'S GARAGE - DAY

Jimmy walks out and hangs up as he walks across the street to
where Nacho's car is.

JIMMY

Did you plant the locket?

NACHO

Yeah. Did you say anything about --

JIMMY

Yes I did, Nacho, he's going to
find out eventually.

Nacho grits his teeth.

NACHO

McGill, get in the car.

Jimmy puts his hands up, feigning horror.

JIMMY

I need to make a call first.

Nacho stares him down then gets into the car. Jimmy takes out
his phone and taps on the number. The phone dials.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Hi, who do I talk to about false
conviction of drug arrest? ...
Thank you. I will be by later. ...
Who is it? Ah okay, Mr. Liam
Warnock? ... Thank you.

He hangs up and gets into the car.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'm going to drop you off, then get
this ball rolling for your dad.

INT. DEA'S OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy comes into the Drug Enforcement Administration office and walks up to a OFFICE WORKER, 20s, behind the counter.

JIMMY

I made a call here earlier, and
would like to talk to a Mr. --

Jimmy sets down his brief case and reaches into his suit pocket and fishes out a post-it note.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Mr. Warnock?

OFFICE WORKER

Let me ring him really quick.

The Office Worker, reaches over to the phone, picks up the phone. As he dials, LIAM WARNOCK, 50s, walks past the front desk.

LIAM

James McGill?

JIMMY

Yes, that's me.

LIAM

Come with me and tell me about this
client you have.

END OF ACT

ACT FOUR

INT. LIAM WARNOCK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy and Liam sit across from each other. Liam sits behind a large faux-wood desk, and Jimmy sits in an uncomfortable, government issued guest chair. Liam has a stack of papers on his desk. He sifts through the stack of papers.

LIAM
So, your client...

Liam continues to look.

JIMMY
Manuel Varga --

LIAM
Ah, yes! Right here --

Liam grabs a folder, and glances at the tab.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Fifties, married, clean record --
found with half a kilo of coke in
his place of business?

JIMMY
Yeah, that's what I was saying.
When I talked to my client, he
didn't know anything about it.

LIAM
Through your discovery, have you
found any other probable suspects,
because here it seems in the
police's first comb through they
didn't find anything that would
point to anyone other than him.

Jimmy reaches for his briefcase and takes out a folder of his own.

JIMMY
Juan Rodriguez seems to be a person
of interest. Here is the
information that I've gathered on
him so far.

Jimmy places the folder on the desk and slides it towards Liam.

LIAM

Forty six, has a pretty lengthy rap sheet? Seems closer to who would have done it.

Liam leans back in his swivel chair. It creaks.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Did you find any solid evidence that can link him to your client?

JIMMY

I stopped by my clients garage, and I wanted to check receipts of people who were in there the day of or the day before, and Juan's name stuck out like a sore thumb.

Jimmy leans forward.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I looked into what other things this Juan guy did on the day of Manuels arrest, and I know he's our guy.

LIAM

Well, to move forward, we'll have to get a judge involved, and if we can find any concrete evidence of this other guy at the scene, then we can make some moves towards dropping the charges on your client.

Jimmy and Liam stand; they shake hands.

JIMMY

Thank you, I know my client is innocent. I know you hear that a lot, but this time, I know it to be the truth.

LIAM

Well, Mr. McGill, we shall see.

Jimmy smiles, then exits the room.

INT. WHITE BOX TRUCK - CABIN - AFTERNOON

Mike sits in the front seat of a white box trucks with noticeable noise in the back. Outside of the windows, hot desert terrain flies by.

Mike looks to his right and there is a gasoline tankard and some of Wayne's items. Mike reaches to turn the AC higher, but his phone rings. He fishes into his jacket pocket and pulls out his phone.

MIKE

Mike.

GUS (V.O.)

Are you almost to the coordinates I gave you?

MIKE

Yeah, I'll be there momentarily.

GUS (V.O.)

Keep your gloves on, and do this as seamlessly as possible. If you don't there will be --

MIKE

(agitated)

Consequences, I know.

The line clicks and Mike throws his phone onto the floor boards.

INT. KIM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kim lays on her bed as she reads a book. She closes it, and tosses it on to her bedside table. She picks up her phone and she clicks the contacts.

She pulls up Jimmy's number, she looks at it then clicks away and pulls up Damon's number. She pauses for a moment then clicks send. Her phone dials.

KIM

Hey, Damon, it's Kim.

DAMON (V.O.)

Oh, hi, I didn't think you would reach out, not after last night.

KIM

Yeah I didn't mean to come off so hostile.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Baby, who is that?

Kim sits up in bed.

KIM
Oh, sorry, I didn't --

DAMON (V.O.)
Shit, Kim, I can explain --

KIM
I see. Well, I'll see you at work
tomorrow.

Kim clasps the phone shut, and turns out the lights. Her phone vibrates. She rolls over.

EXT. NEW MEXICO HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Mike opens the back of the box truck where, inside, there Wayne's Honda Civic sits, idol. In the passengers seat is Wayne's lifeless body. Mike takes a deep breath then pulls out the treads of the car ramp.

He walks up the ramp and into the back of the truck.

INT. WAYNE'S CAR - NIGHT

Mike opens up the car door and gets inside. Mike closes his for a moment, and looks at the body beside him, then turns on the car. The engine turns on then Mike puts the car into drive, and coasts down the ramp. Then he parks the car.

EXT. NEW MEXICO HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Mike exits the car and walks around to the passengers side then moves Wayne's body to the drivers side. Walking back over to the truck, Mike takes out the gas can, and Wayne's personal effects.

Back at the car Mike places Wayne's items in the front seat, and opens the drivers side, back seat door and pours gasoline on the floor boards.

MIKE
I'm sorry I had to do this to you,
Wayne.

Opening the drivers side door, Mike takes out a pair of wire cutters from his jacket, and clipped two wires below the center console. The car begins to roll forward, faster then faster again. Mike closes the door. Wayne's car begins to go faster and faster, until up ahead, the car slams into a large rock off of the side of the road. Mike walks away from the side of the road to the truck.

INT. WHITE BOX TRUCK - NIGHT

Mike gets back into the car and pulls out his phone. He dials.

GUS (V.O.)
Is it done?

MIKE (V.O.)
I took care of our situation.

GUS (V.O.)
Good. I will see you soon.

Mike hangs up the holds the steering wheel for a moment. Then hits it once in frustration.

INT. COURTHOUSE - JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Jimmy sits in a room with Judge Smith, and a knock sounds at the door behind them. Liam Warnock enters.

JUDGE
Ah, Mr. Warnock just in time.

Judge Smith, motions for Liam to take a seat. He strides across the room and sets his brief case on the floor by his feet.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
So we are here to discuss the case of... Manuel Varga? Correct?

JIMMY
Yes, your honor. I have come in today to request that my client be relieved of the charges that were brought against him.

The Judge looks down at the paper work in front of her.

JUDGE
That being of possession of cocaine?

JIMMY
Yes. I have reason to believe, beyond any shadow of a doubt that my client is innocent and I think that there is a more dangerous person of interest out there who has more cause to be in possession of such things.

JUDGE

And the DEA's office is aware of
this individual?

Liam looks up, and nods.

LIAM

Yes, your honor. After the tip from
Mr. McGill, we have been looking
into this individual and reviewing
evidence from the crime scene.

Liam clears his throat.

LIAM (CONT'D)

We have found that almost none of
the evidence found at the scene had
any finger prints or physical proof
that the product was at all, Mr.
Varga's.

The Judge looks her glasses at Mr. Warnock.

JUDGE

So this very well could be a case
of "mistaken" suspect, if you will?

LIAM

Yes, your honor.

The Judge looks between the two men.

JUDGE

In that case. I want a full summary
of any new evidence found today, on
my desk by this afternoon so we can
get this sorted for Mr. Varga.

LIAM

Very well, your honor.

JIMMY

Thank you, your honor.

Jimmy and Liam both stand and make their way towards the
exit.

INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Liam and Jimmy exit to the hallway and Jimmy stops Liam.

JIMMY

Thank you for giving this man
another chance, not letting him go
away for something he didn't --

LIAM

If we find anything that links him to that product, he will go away. You mark my words.

JIMMY

Woah, okay. I didn't mean to touch a nerve. I'm just looking out for the needs of my client.

Liam jerks away from Jimmy and walks off.

INT. MESA VERDE CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Kim walks out of the meeting room with Paige following behind her.

KIM

Yeah, there was another woman on the line with him.

PAIGE

Jeez, I'm sorry. Men can be quite sleazy sometimes.

As they walk, Damon exits another conference room.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

Speak of the devil. Do you want me to talk to him for you?

KIM

No, but thank you though. I'll catch up with you later.

PAIGE

(whispers)

Alright, good luck!

Kim nods her head to Paige, as Paige walks off, and Damon approaches her.

KIM

Hello.

DAMON

Hi, didn't think it would feel this awkward to talk to you again.

KIM

Oh, of course not. I just hear you on the line with another woman, after you tried to make a pass at me. Seems kind of desperate honestly.

DAMON

Am I that easy to read?

Kim unintentionally laughs.

KIM

I guess I wasn't expecting much.

DAMON

You know, you really are a wonderful woman, Kim. I hope you find someone who can see that.

KIM

I appreciate that.

BEAT.

KIM (CONT'D)

Did your meeting go well?

DAMON

Not really. They said they are going to look for a different designer. So you won't have to worry about seeing me around.

KIM

Well, in that case, I wish you the best of luck in your endeavors.

DAMON

You too, Kim.

INT. JIMMY'S OLD OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy sits behind his desk, and a knock sounds at his little office door. He stands, and Nacho opens the door.

NACHO

So? What happens now?

JIMMY

We wait. I talked with the DEA and gave them my share of evidence so now we wait for them to go to your dad's garage, and find the evidence we planted.

Nacho paces.

NACHO

And if they smell something fishy?

JIMMY

We did our best. Look, we created a story and now we wait to see if they buy it.

Nacho stops and sits on the couch.

NACHO

When will we know?

JIMMY

I should get a call sometime by six o'clock this afternoon.

The two men sit in silence.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Is your fall guy ready?

NACHO

Yes. He won't say a word.

JIMMY

So about my money --

NACHO

You'll get your money when my dad is off the hook.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

Mike patrols around the laundromat. He is moving some of the empty washing machine boxes and generally cleaning. He stops when a man in a polo in khakis, enters. JERRY, 40s enters and walks up to Mike.

JERRY

Hi, I am with the building inspectors office.

Jerry takes out an ID and Mike looks it over.

JERRY (CONT'D)
We were wondering if a man by the
name of Mike came by here
yesterday?

Mike looks up into the air as if trying to remember.

MIKE
No, I don't believe so. The only
people here yesterday were the
electricians plugging in our
machines.

JERRY
Oh, alright. Well...

Jerry looks around then he grimaces.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Thank you for your help. You have a
nice day now.

MIKE
Yeah, you too.

Jerry takes a last quick look around and runs back out. Mike
watches after him, as he goes back to sweeping.

INT. JIMMY'S OLD OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy and Nacho sit in the office. Nacho has dozed off on the
couch and Jimmy sits behind the desk reading a news paper.
The land line rings.

JIMMY
Nacho, it's the DEA's Office!

Nacho startles awake.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Jimmy McGill. ... Yes, I can be
there in an hour. ... Should I
bring Manuel? ... Alright. ... I'll
be there.

Jimmy hangs up and looks towards Nacho.

NACHO
Well, what were they saying?

JIMMY
They got a warrant for Juan's
vehicle, and they found something.

NACHO

Ok, well, you better go.

JIMMY

I will call you with the details.

INT. COURTHOUSE - JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - AFTERNOON

Jimmy and Manuel walk into the chambers and Liam and Judge Smith are already seated. Jimmy motions for Manuel to take a seat and Jimmy follows after him.

JUDGE

Thank you Mr. McGill, Mr. Varga.

JIMMY

Thank you for getting back to us so soon, your honor.

The Judge looks to Mr. Warnock.

JUDGE

Mr. Warnock, you said you found some definitive evidence pointing towards the innocence of Mr. Varga.

LIAM

Yes, your honor. We got a warrant to search Juan Rodriguez's property after finding evidence of his at the garage, and in his car we found large trace amounts of cocaine that matches the same strain as the cocaine found at Mr. Varga's garage.

Jimmy looks over at Manuel.

JUDGE

So in terms of evidence, in the eyes of the DEA, where does that place guilt on Mr. Varga?

LIAM

In our eyes, there is a large lack of evidence to prosecute Mr. Varga.

JIMMY

For my client that means...?

LIAM

We are dropping charges against Mr. Varga. And pursuing a case against Juan Rodriguez.

Manuel smiles broadly.

MANUEL

Thank you, thank you!

JIMMY

Well, Mr. Varga, you are free to go.

JUDGE

Mr. Varga, Mr. McGill, you are both dismissed. On behalf of that state, I want to apologize for the time you spent in holding.

Jimmy and Manuel exit.

INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Jimmy and Manuel walk out into the hallway.

JIMMY

You get home safe, Mr. Varga.

Manuel nods and walks off. Jimmy takes out his phone. Dials Nacho.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Nacho. ... Your dad is headed home now.

END OF ACT