

# BETTER CALL SAUL

"Saul Gone"

Episode #613

Written & Directed by

Peter Gould

Production Draft  
FINAL - 1/19/22

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**BETTER CALL SAUL**

"Saul Gone"

1/19/22

Cast List

JIMMY/GENE/SAUL  
MIKE  
KIM

MARION  
WALT  
OAKLEY  
RAMEY  
ERICSEN  
JUNE  
KARLY  
CLAUDIA  
TAMMY  
JUDGE SMALL  
CASTELLANO  
MCCALED  
LESLIE  
PARK  
NOORYANI  
PATEL  
HERNANDEZ  
BRADDOCK  
HOMEOWNER  
OMAHA POLICE OFFICER  
OMAHA SECONDARY OFFICER  
PREGNANT CLIENT  
COURTROOM DEPUTY  
THICK NECK  
HUGE PRISONER  
FACE BANDAGE PRISONER  
SQUINTY PRISONER  
BEEFY C.O.  
BAKERY PRISONER  
BUS C.O.

**BETTER CALL SAUL**

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Cast List Cont.

Non-speaking:

BLANCA

OMAHA COPS

KITCHEN WORKER

PRECINCT COPS

EVIDENCE COPS

US MARSHALS (OMAHA)

DETENTION GUARD

SHOP FOREMAN

SENIOR COUPLE

ANOTHER US MARSHAL (ABQ)

COURT REPORTER

DRIVER (TRANSPORT BUS)

CORRECTIONS OFFICER (TRANSPORT BUS)

SHAGGY PRISONER (TRANSPORT BUS)

CONVICTS (TRANSPORT BUS)

SWEATY PRISONERS (PRISON BAKERY)

PRISONERS (EXERCISE YARD)

GATE C.O.

**BETTER CALL SAUL**

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Set List

Interiors:

MARION'S HOUSE

FRONT ROOM

GENE'S APARTMENT

NEAT HOUSE

DINING ROOM

COMMERCIAL ALLEYWAY DUMPSTER

LOCAL PRECINCT

BOOKING AREA

HOLDING CELL

OMAHA DETENTION CENTER

CORRIDOR

CONFERENCE ROOM

WAYFARER JETLINER

MODEST TRACT HOME

KITCHEN

PCS

BULLPEN

PRODUCTION FLOOR

KIM'S OFFICE

STOREFRONT LEGAL CLINIC

FEDERAL COURTHOUSE

PRISONER ACCESS CORRIDOR

FEDERAL COURTROOM

CHUCK'S HOUSE

KITCHEN

FEDERAL PRISON

BAKERY

INTERVIEW ROOM

GENE'S SATURN

TOYOTA PRIUS

PRISONER TRANSPORT BUS

**BETTER CALL SAUL**

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Set List Cont.

Exteriors:

DIRT ROAD (ARROYO AREA)

DESERT

WINDMILL AND STOCK TANK

MARION'S HOUSE

GENE'S APARTMENT BUILDING

ALLEY

NEAT HOUSE

BACK WAY

BACK YARD/SIDE YARD

FRONT/SUBURBAN STREET

SERVICE ROAD

COMMERCIAL ALLEYWAY

INTERSECTION

PARKING STRUCTURE ABQ

DESERT VISTA (FROM ABOVE)

INDUSTRIAL PARK/PCS

FENCELINE

STRIP MALL/LEGAL CLINIC

COURTHOUSE (ABQ)

RURAL COLORADO ROAD

FEDERAL PRISON

EXERCISE YARD

TEASER

1 EXT. DIRT ROAD - ARROYO AREA - DAY 1

Wind whistles over jagged hills. A big blue sky above. We're way out in the desert -- oh, and we're in COLOR.

There's a flash of YELLOW at the bottom of a GULLY...

Jimmy's wrecked SUZUKI ESTEEM, bullet holes and all. Flipped over like roadkill rotting in the hot sun. Just as Jimmy and Mike left it.

2 EXT. DESERT - VARIOUS - DAY 2

A SERIES OF STATIC LANDSCAPES. The sun glares over the desert's stark beauty. There's no sign of human habitation, no planes in the sky, no distant cars.

We've seen these views before: this is the terrain Jimmy and Mike traveled in Eps. 508 and 509.

*[PRODUCTION NOTE: Many of these tableaux will be drawn from existing footage.]*

And now, as if echoing in the distance, we hear the sound of an outgoing cell phone RINGING. A familiar voice picks up, filtered through a shitty connection.

KIM (V.O.)

Jimmy..?

Her voice crackles with emotion. We're back to the moment in Ep. 509 when Jimmy finally got into cell phone range. For the better part of a day and a night, Kim hasn't known if Jimmy was alive or dead.

Jimmy manages to croak through his parched throat.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Yeah... it's me. I'm okay.

KIM (V.O.)

Where are you?

JIMMY (V.O.)

It's hard to explain... I'm coming home. Today.

KIM (V.O.)

You're really okay?

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY (V.O.)

Yes. I'm coming back to you. I swear...

A SPACE BLANKET flutters in the hot breeze, tangled in scrub. The one Jimmy used to lure Tiburón into Mike's sniper trap.

Jimmy's voice ECHOES and vanishes into infinity...

3 EXT. DESERT - DAY 3

FOOTPRINTS in the sand. TILT along the haphazard trail to find...

TWO FIGURES trudging up a distant hill. JIMMY lugs the heavy MONEY BAGS, urine sloshes around in the Davis & Main SPORTS BOTTLE. MIKE follows, RIFLE CASE slung over one shoulder.

Timeline-wise, it's after the teaser of Ep. 509. Hours ago Mike killed the last of the mercenaries. Then Jimmy finally spoke to Kim. Now Jimmy pushes forward with dogged energy, his lips cracked with thirst, his skin red and blistering.

Come hell or high water, Jimmy's getting back to Kim.

Jimmy crests a rise and squints into the distance. *Is that real? Can it be?* He drops the money bags and stumbles forward at full speed...

4 EXT. DESERT - WINDMILL AND STOCK TANK - CONTINUOUS 4

A CATTLE STOCK TANK sits beneath a RUSTY WINDMILL. Judging from their condition, they've been out here for decades. Jimmy rushes over to the tank and...

SPECIALTY SHOT -- from the bottom of the stock tank, Jimmy PLUNGES his face into the life-giving well water.

Jimmy comes up gasping. He doesn't bother with his sports bottle yet, he just gulps water like a thirsty animal.

Mike takes his time coming over. He fills his canteen and drinks. All this while watching Jimmy with a jaundiced eye.

MIKE

Slow down. You'll make yourself sick.

Good advice. Jimmy slows down some. He shakes out the Davis & Main bottle and fills it with water.

Mike pulls out his FIELD GLASSES.

(CONTINUED)

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS (VFX) -- Mike's view scans the landscape and lands on a sign of life. Miles away, tiny in the distance, a tall TRUCK STOP SIGN shimmers like a mirage.

Mike lowers the binoculars, pulls out a DROP PHONE. Dials.

MIKE

Yeah. I got a new pick-up point.  
There's an Alejo truck stop off  
Highway 9... That's the one.  
Yeah. You got it? Okay.

He hangs up. Mike turns to see that Jimmy's already picked up the money bags again. Jimmy's ready to press on.

MIKE

Hold up.

Jimmy pauses.

MIKE

Rest. Next three miles can kill us  
just as easy as anything we've been  
through.

Jimmy can't argue the point. Off Jimmy dropping the bags again, TIME CUT TO:

5 EXT. DESERT - WINDMILL AND STOCK TANK - TWENTY MINUTES LATER 5

ANGLE HIGH -- with a rhythmic SQUEEK, the WINDMILL BLADES slowly turn in the foreground.

Mike and Jimmy sit on the money bags, backs resting on the cool metal wall of the stock tank. Jimmy stares into the distance, now that he's sure he's going to live through this, his mind is starting to wander.

JIMMY

You know... You and me... We're  
sitting on seven million bucks  
here. Literally.

MIKE

And..?

JIMMY

I say we split it fifty-fifty and  
take off.

MIKE

It's not ours.

(CONTINUED)



JIMMY  
It could be.

MIKE  
I know some people who'd have a  
problem with that.

JIMMY  
Them? Forget about them.

Jimmy's barely looking at Mike, it's as if he's seeing a  
vision, somewhere out there.

MIKE  
You feeling right?

Jimmy ignores Mike's question. He's exhausted, but somehow  
this is making him feel better.

JIMMY  
The first thing we do, we put six  
million bucks into building a time  
machine. Those people you're  
worried about? They're never gonna  
find us.

Mike's concern ratchets down. He knows pure bullcrap when he  
hears it. And the fact that Jimmy has it in him to spin a  
fantasy might just be a good sign.

JIMMY  
Where do you go first? Looking at  
you, I'm gonna say you're a history  
buff. The Civil War..? Ancient  
Rome..?

Amazingly enough, instead of telling Jimmy to shut his trap,  
Mike considers the idea. Facing death yet again has put Mike  
in a philosophical frame of mind.

MIKE  
December 8, 2001.

That's really specific. Not what Jimmy was expecting.

JIMMY  
Why?

Mike goes deep into himself. That was the day Matty died,  
it's never far from his mind. But now another thought  
occurs, the taproot of Mike's troubles.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

No. March 17, 1984.  
(then:)

The day I took my first bribe.

That is a confidence Jimmy never expected to hear from Mike.  
But Mike's not finished.

MIKE

And then... I'd go forward. I got  
some people I'd want to check on,  
five, ten years from now. Make  
sure they're doing okay.

Of course, he's talking about Stacey and Kaylee. He sits  
with this a moment and then his gaze cuts over to Jimmy.

MIKE

You?

A flicker in Jimmy's eyes, he thinks over his ocean of past  
mistakes. And, at the center of it all... Chuck.

But instead of matching Mike's honesty, Jimmy chooses  
something simpler:

JIMMY

Easy. May 10, 1965. The day  
Warren Buffett took over Berkshire  
Hathaway. There'd still be a  
million left over from building the  
time machine, I'd take my half and  
put it straight into Berkshire.

Jimmy savors the thought. He'd be getting one over on the  
whole world.

JIMMY

I'd pop back here and I'd be... A  
billionaire. More. Is there such  
a thing as a trillionaire?

MIKE

Money. That's it.

JIMMY

What else?

MIKE

Nothing you'd change?

Jimmy's not going there. Not now. Maybe not ever.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

I'm rested.

Jimmy stands up, he winces as he shoulders the money bag he was sitting on. Those straps are wearing grooves in his shoulders.

Mike watches him and then draws himself to his feet. The sooner they get going, the sooner they'll be in civilization.

Jimmy takes the other bag, they begin the long journey.

HIGH AND WIDE. Off the two men, tiny in frame, heading for the distant truck stop...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

6 A STORM DOOR SLAMS 6

We're in BLACK AND WHITE. SHOES pound on snowy gravel.

EXT. MARION'S HOUSE - DAY

GENE rushes up the driveway -- almost slipping as he goes -- headed for his Saturn Aura. We're picking up right where we left off in Ep. 612. Marion just called Gene's bluff, now he's gotta move fast.

Gene gets to the car, fumbles with his keys. They rattle to the ground. He scrambles to retrieve them, shooting a glance at the house to see...

A figure appears in the front window -- MARION, looking straight at Gene, unafraid.

A7 INT. MARION'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS A7

Marion's still talking to the LIFE ALERT DISPATCHER. The dispatcher's voice ECHOES from a base station.

DISPATCHER (FILTERED V.O.)  
Marion? Are you still there?

Marion raises her voice so the dispatcher can hear.

MARION  
Yes! It's a little car, beige -- I don't know the make. The license plate is...

Outside, Gene manages to get the car door open. He dives in.

Marion adjusts her glasses to get a better view. This bastard's not getting away if she has anything to do with it.

7 INT. GENE'S SATURN - CONTINUOUS 7

Gene jams the keys in the ignition. The car starts, he floors it, but...

8 EXT. MARION'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 8

The Saturn's front tires SPIN, churning icy gravel. Finally, the car LURCHES forward.

9 INT. MARION'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 9

Marion's reading off the license plate.

MARION

It's sixty-four, P. F. T...

She squints as the car disappears from view.

MARION

And I think... six. He's headed south, towards Curtis.

With unstoppable determination:

MARION

Get him.

Off the righteous fury of Marion...

10 BLACKNESS SPLITS INTO LIGHT 10

We're looking out of Gene's CONCEALED HATCH, the one inside his hallway closet. Still in his winter coat, Gene pulls the FLORSHEIM SHOE BOX out of his hiding place.

STACKS OF CASH scatter -- unspent profits from his "Rip-off a Rich Drunk" scheme.

INT. GENE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The POLICE SCANNER blares from the coffee table. Routine calls crackle over the speaker.

A CABINET DOOR YANKS open -- revealing a dozen brand-new DROP PHONES, still in factory packaging.

Gene grabs one of the phones and whips a FRESH BATTERY from the CHARGING STATION on the kitchen counter.

Suddenly, he stops COLD. WHAT did I just hear?! He turns to the police scanner.

OMAHA COP (OVER SCANNER)

Hey, dispatch. Repeating. On that ten twenty-nine V as in Victor, that's a Saturn Aura?

OMAHA DISPATCH (OVER SCANNER)

That is correct. Saturn Aura, Nebraska six four Paul Frank Tom six.

(CONTINUED)

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10 CONTINUED: 10

Gene creeps to the window, presses the blinds aside...

11 EXT. GENE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 11

Through the gap in the blinds, one of Gene's eyes widens at the sight of...

GENE'S POV -- A POLICE CRUISER idling on the street in front of the apartment building.

12 INT. GENE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 12

Gene steps back from the window, fighting panic. He stuffs the DROP PHONE, BATTERY and ROLLS OF CASH into his coat pockets. Off Gene, clearing out for good...

13 EXT. GENE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 13

The cops climb out of their cruiser, weapons at their sides. As they approach the building, PAN over to the ALLEY behind the apartments where, just out of the cops' view...

A14 EXT. GENE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ALLEY - CONTINUOUS A14

A WINDOW slides open. Out comes Gene, in parka and hat, the Florsheim shoe box under one arm. His Saturn is off limits, so he's going to have to do this the hard way.

He dashes up the narrow alley, hops on a parked PICKUP TRUCK and clambers over the WOODEN FENCE backing the property.

B14 EXT. NEAT HOUSE - BACK WAY - DAY B14

Walking swiftly, Gene passes closed garage doors and trash cans. He heads for a PADLOCKED BACK GATE.

14 EXT. NEAT HOUSE - BACK YARD/SIDE YARD - CONTINUOUS 14

Gene's head appears over the gate, Kilroy style. Okay. No one's around. He climbs over and awkwardly drops to the ground, almost spilling the shoe box.

Gene jogs up the NARROW SIDE YARD.

WOOF! WOOF! A throaty DOG BARK startles Gene (and us). His head whips around to find --

(CONTINUED)

The dog is in the NEXT YARD OVER. An angry GERMAN SHEPHERD is visible through the slats in the side yard fence. He's a big boy with a bark to match.

Gene presses on, keeping a wary eye on the dog...

15 INT. NEAT HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 15

A large man in robe and pajamas clears the remains of a family breakfast. Call this guy HOMEOWNER. His kids aren't around but their mess sure is. *Wait a minute!* There's a WINDOW over the dining room table, a window that looks right into the house's side yard.

Gene's focused on the dog, he doesn't realize there's danger on both sides. But now Homeowner STEPS in something next to a toddler's HIGH CHAIR.

HOMEOWNER

Come on.

He ducks out of sight to pick up whatever it is at the EXACT moment Gene passes by outside. Homeowner stands up, holding a soggy slice of FRENCH TOAST between two fingers.

Another millisecond and Homeowner would have spotted the trespasser. For once, Gene has caught a break!

16 EXT. NEAT HOUSE - BACK YARD/SIDE YARD - CONTINUOUS 16

Gene gets to the side yard gate, quietly slides it open. He's about to step into the driveway when...

SIRENS APPROACH. Gene steps back. Two POLICE CARS whip past. But this time the Homeowner spots Gene as he comes back into view. The big guy grimaces at the sight of a stranger on his property, he raps on the window.

HOMEOWNER

Hey! Hey!

*Shit!* Gene strides out into the driveway.

17 EXT. NEAT HOUSE - FRONT/SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS 17

No sign of the cop cars, sirens continue in the distance.

Gene fast-walks away from the neat home. The Homeowner comes barreling out his front door, still in robe and bare feet.

(CONTINUED)

HOMEOWNER

Hey! What're you doing in my back yard?!!! Yeah, you! I'm talking to YOU, asshole!

Gene walks on without looking back. Homeowner could follow, but he's barefoot and it's cold so he just keeps yelling.

HOMEOWNER

Oh, yeah -- keep going! You better keep going!

Off Gene turning a corner...

18 EXT. SERVICE ROAD - DAY 18

Gene slip-slides down a muddy embankment. He almost loses his footing but makes it down to a narrow, rarely traveled SERVICE ROAD.

He scouted this escape route, back in his early, paranoid days in Omaha. It's well thought-out, as far as it goes.

The sirens are farther away -- that's a good sign.

But now he slows and listens. *Uh-oh*. In the distance, the WHIP-WHAP of approaching HELICOPTER blades.

A hundred yards up, the road crosses under a bridge.

Gene runs FULL OUT for the bridge, like he's being chased by a pack of angry velociraptors. The helicopter gets LOUDER and LOUDER.

Gene makes it under the bridge's shelter.

A POLICE HELICOPTER (VFX) whips past overhead, FAST TILT to --

GENE'S SWEATY FACE. He leans on a bridge support, breathing hard. The helicopter continues on. No sign of it turning or orbiting. Is the chopper part of the manhunt? No way of knowing for sure.

Off Gene, still with the shoe box under one arm, he sloshes through a puddle of melting snow...

19 EXT. COMMERCIAL ALLEYWAY - DAY 19

CLANK! The lip of a GARBAGE CAN hits the rim of a DUMPSTER. Moldy vegetables, scraps of raw meat and gelatinous stuff come tumbling out.

(CONTINUED)



A KITCHEN WORKER shakes out the last of the food debris.

That done, he wheels the garbage can back into a building's service entrance. As he disappears...

A head pokes into view -- Gene. He's been waiting, out of sight. Casting a glance behind him, Gene walks up to the mouth of the alley. Cautious, he peers around a building...

20 EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS 20

*Shit!* OMAHA POLICE CARS block a nearby intersection. Several COPS stand ready to flag down passing traffic, one of them glances in Gene's direction.

21 EXT. COMMERCIAL ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS 21

Gene draws back in the alley. Gotta find a way around these cops. Gene looks behind him --

And another POLICE CRUISER glides past the OTHER END of the alley. He's boxed in. And no telling when that chopper might make another pass overhead.

Better lie low for a bit. Gene heads for the dumpster. He lifts the lid and gets a whiff. Not good. Dirty diapers, rotting food, a puddle of... *something*.

No other option. Gene scrambles inside, gently lowering the lid behind him.

22 INT. COMMERCIAL ALLEYWAY - DUMPSTER - CONTINUOUS 22

Winching at the stench, Gene wriggles around so his back is against the metal wall.

He balances the shoe box on his lap and shuffles through passports and family photos. Finds the BAND-AID BOX. Gingerly opens it. And there, among the DIAMONDS, he finds what he's looking for.

Gene's break-the-glass emergency exit -- the DISAPPEARER'S BUSINESS CARD. Gene raises the card into a slash of light that makes its way through a crack in the dumpster lid.

Gene barely makes a sound as he reads what's written there.

                    GENE  
                    (quietly)  
                    "Hoover Max Extract Pressure-Pro,  
                    model sixty."

(CONTINUED)

He puts the card in his mouth. Gene reaches into one of his parka pockets and pulls out the brand-new DROP PHONE.

He slides the drop phone out of the box and....

There's a hitch. The phone is encased in CLAMSHELL PLASTIC PACKAGING. Not so easy to open without a pair of scissors.

Gene tugs on it. No dice. He takes the business card out of his mouth, tries using his teeth. Nope.

Now he pulls harder, putting all his strength into it.

Eyes bulging with frustration, he struggles with the packaging and...

WHAAAAAAM! The clamshell FLIES apart. Everything goes ass over teakettle! All the precious stuff in Gene's shoe box goes FLYING! CLATTERING like BBs in a tin can, the diamonds hit the dumpster walls and disappear into the garbage.

FUCK! Gene stops moving. He doesn't breathe.

That was noisy. *But was there anyone outside to hear it?* He listens: the world is quiet. No sirens. No voices.

He gets to work, painstakingly gathering diamonds, one by one. He searches through coffee grounds, egg shells and something grey with flecks in it...

*Wait.* Was that a scuffing nearby? Could it be the sound of a shoe on concrete? He freezes again.

Is he safe or not? He's gotta know.

Gene puts the shoe box aside, braces himself. And sloooowly lifts the dumpster lid a millimeter.

GENE'S POV -- through the tiny gap he sees... FOUR GRIM-FACED COPS. Four GUNS aimed right at him.

OMAHA POLICE OFFICER  
(icy calm)  
How about we see those hands?

In silence, Gene slowly rises, hands reaching skyward. Scraps of garbage cling to his coat and hair.

After nearly a year on the run, Gene Takavic is under arrest.

23 INT. LOCAL PRECINCT - BOOKING AREA - DAY 23

Gene's handcuffed to a metal bench, gazing vacantly at the linoleum floor. All the fight is gone from him. He's at the end of the line. Last episode, Jeff called Gene from this very precinct. Now the shoe's on the other foot.

A FAMILIAR VOICE comes from somewhere nearby. Gene cranes his neck, looks past a tall desk, and sees...

A knot of COPS (including some of the arresting officers) gathered around a laptop, watching a series of SAUL GOODMAN COMMERCIALS. They know exactly who they've just busted.

Nearby, two EVIDENCE COPS go through the FLORSHEIM SHOE BOX, logging and bagging Gene's most personal possessions.

A VOICE  
Phone call?

Gene turns to see one of the arresting officers looming over him. The cop repeats herself.

OMAHA SECONDARY OFFICER  
You get your phone call?

Gene shakes his head. Off the cop unlocking him from the bench, TIME CUT TO:

24 INT. LOCAL PRECINCT - BOOKING AREA - FIVE MINUTES LATER 24

Gene stands there, staring at the beat-up WALL PHONE. *Who's left to call?* After that last conversation with Kim, she sure as hell won't want to hear from him.

Finally, he picks up and dials a number he knows by heart.

GENE  
Krista? Hi, it's Gene... Sorry I wasn't in this morning, did you open up okay? I'm fine -- listen, can you do me a favor? The week's rotation needs to be posted by three -- do you think you can take care of that?

Cinnabon!?! That's how he's using his one phone call?

GENE  
Great. Uh, one more thing, can you call the main office?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GENE (CONT'D)

The number's on the bulletin board, let them know you're going to need a new manager... No. Looks like I won't... Yeah, it is kind of last minute...

WIDE. The business of the police station goes on around him as Gene continues wrapping up Cinnabon business. Off this pathetic moment...

25 A BLURRY FIGURE 25

Paces back and forth behind scratched plastic. We're looking through a window placed in the door of...

INT. LOCAL PRECINCT - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Gene has been placed in a SMALL HOLDING CELL, it's not much larger than a phone booth. This thing is strictly short-term, for prisoners awaiting transport to the Douglas County Correctional Center, downtown.

Gene walks the three steps it takes to cross this space and then doubles back, murmuring to himself.

GENE

(quietly)

That's how they get you? That's how? That's how? Jesus! What were you thinking?

He's furious at himself. He knew that Jeff and Buddy weren't up to the job. What was so important about continuing to scam? It's almost like he wanted to get caught.

His rage is building. He's not angry at the world, not at the cops -- he's angry with himself.

GENE

What --

*Tap.* He touches the back wall with his balled-up fist.

GENE

Were --

*Tap.* He touches the door with his fist...

GENE

You --

*Tap.* Back wall.

(CONTINUED)

GENE

THINKING..!

But this time he loses a RABBIT PUNCH on the door. *WHAP!*

We've seen this guy kick trash cans and break a phone booth's tempered glass -- but this time is different. *GodDAMNIt!*  
*That HURTS!*

GENE

Shit!

He grits his teeth. Stands there and then...

Crumples to the floor.

Flat on his back on the dirty concrete. Rock bottom.

He stays like that for a long moment. And then...

Gene's gaze lands on something above him. Jagged words scratched into the ceiling: **MY LAWYR WILL REAM U ASSHOLES!**

And now Gene does something new and unexpected. He emits a small, sincere... LAUGH.

We watch Gene from BEHIND as he slowly uncurls and rises to his feet. He squares his shoulders, shoots his cuffs and steps to the cell door.

Now here's his face -- and he's different. This guy knows the score, he knows exactly what to do. It's halfway to a Jekyll and Hyde transformation; because the man in this cell isn't just a helpless felon...

... he's SAUL FUCKING GOODMAN!

As a fugitive, he was playing a game he didn't know. But now that he's in the system, his system -- he's like Kal-El waking up under a yellow sun. In this place he has superpowers!

Saul (*let's call him that, that's who he is!*) bangs on the door with his open palms.

SAUL

Hey! Another phone call! I need another phone call!

Off Saul pounding away, a man on a mission...

26 EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - TOP DECK - ALBUQUERQUE - DAY 26

A WOODIE STATION WAGON huffs up the ramp, pulls into a space.

A BATTERED DRESS SHOE lands on the hot cement. BILL OAKLEY climbs out, balancing a briefcase, file folders and sack lunch. He finishes a powdered doughnut as he hip-checks the car door closed.

Oakley's CELL PHONE buzzes. It takes him a moment to reorganize all his crap so he can pick up.

OAKLEY  
William Oakley and associates,  
"Trust experience, trust Oakley."  
Bill Oakley speaking.

In Ep. 611 we heard that Oakley left the DA's office. Now here he is, hustling like Season One Jimmy McGill.

Oakley hears the voice on the other end and freezes...

EXTREME WIDE FROM ABOVE. Oakley stands there, stunned. One of the folders slides out of his grip. Documents flutter away in the breeze -- he's too distracted to chase after them. We miss the beginning of the conversation (pocket dialogue to come), but soon we rejoin and...

27 INT. LOCAL PRECINCT - BOOKING AREA - DAY - INTERCUT 27

Of course, Saul Goodman's on the phone. When he called Cinnabon, he was sure he had no future. But now, in spite of everything, somehow it's blue skies ahead.

Saul leans against the wall as he cradles the phone, looking like he owns the place.

SAUL  
Keep up, Bill. You've hit the  
jackpot.

OAKLEY  
"Advisory counsel..?"

SAUL  
This puts you on the map, amigo.  
(pushing forward)  
Here's what you're gonna do.  
You're gonna grab a flight to  
Omaha, Nebraska, ASAP. There's  
nothing direct, you'll have to  
connect through Houston.

(CONTINUED)

OAKLEY

Who's paying for this?

SAUL

You are. Listen! You hear that?

OAKLEY

Hear what?

SAUL

Bang, bang! It's opportunity knocking! Get off your ass and open the door!

(back to business:)

On your way to the airport, you gotta make some calls. Find out which Assistant US Attorney's catching the case -- my money's on George Castellano. Whoever it is, tell 'em we're ready to talk. I wanna get on this before they extradite me to New Mexico. All hands on deck here in Omaha, no later than five o'clock tomorrow.

Oakley listens to this, wondering: *Does he really want to represent this asshole?*

OAKLEY

Wait, wait, hold on. Even supposing, hypothetically, I'm willing to take this on --

Saul's amused.

SAUL

"Willing?" Bill, this is a career-maker. Get real, you're doing this.

OAKLEY

The DA has a warehouse of evidence against you -- I can't even begin to imagine what the Feds are sitting on. No matter who your lawyer is -- you are screwed. So, I've gotta ask... Where do you see this ending?

SAUL

Where do I see this ending? With me on top. Like always.

(CONTINUED)

BETTER CALL SAUL        #613        "Saul Gone"        FINAL        1/19/22        19.  
27        CONTINUED:                                           27

Off Saul, shooting a grin at a passing COP. He may be surrounded by law enforcement but somehow he's utterly sure of himself...

END ACT ONE



ACT TWO

28 INT. OMAHA DETENTION CENTER - CORRIDOR - DAY 28

Jailhouse SLIPPERS stride next to SCRUFFED DRESS SHOES. Lettering on the back of a JUMPSUIT: DOUGLAS COUNTY DETENTION.

Two US MARSHALS escort Saul and Oakley through a corridor. Oakley clutches his briefcase, rethinking his life choices.

And... check it out! The tinted glasses and mustache are gone, Saul is CLEAN SHAVEN. He may be cuffed and in a jumpsuit, but somehow he doesn't seem bothered. Google the phrase "screw you confidence" -- that's him.

Saul catches a glimpse of some people on the other side of bars and bullet-proof glass.

SAUL'S POV -- A tall DARK-HAIRED WOMAN talks quietly to a man in a suit. We might recognize DEA SAC RAMEY, Hank's boss back in the day. As for the tall woman...

It's MARIE SCHRADER.

They may never have met face-to-face, but Saul recognizes her all the same. Saul marks her well, but seems unbothered. He continues up the corridor as we PRELAP:

PARK (V.O.)

RICO.

CASTELLANO (V.O.)

We have not five, not ten, but twenty-seven predicate violations.

29 INT. OMAHA DETENTION CENTER - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 29

Saul rubs his recently uncuffed wrists and glances around the large, heavily-used, low-ceilinged room. Conference tables are set into a large square with an open space in the middle.

Saul's sitting next to Oakley, across from a murderers' row of FEDERAL LEGAL TALENT: SARAH BRADDOCK (Assistant United States Attorney); ELIZABETH NOORYANI (Justice Dep't Trial Attorney); ZACHARY HERNANDEZ (FBI Agent); and two more government lawyers: NEEL PATEL and HILLARY PARK.

They all flank the dour, no-bullshit LEAD ASSISTANT US ATTORNEY (AUSA) GEORGE CASTELLANO. The federal prosecutor.

(CONTINUED)

Patel and Park read from files dotted with post-it notes. The space in front of Castellano is empty but for a water bottle. He knows this case cold.

The two marshals are here, seated off to one side. Make no mistake: Saul is still very much in custody.

PATEL

Federal conspiracy to manufacture and distribute a controlled substance.

CASTELLANO

On this scale? Life sentence, stat max.

He's using legal shorthand for "statutory maximum."

PARK

Money laundering.

CASTELLANO

Eight counts, twenty years each. One hundred sixty years, stat max. We'll argue for consecutive sentencing.

PATEL

Accessory after the fact to multiple murders.

CASTELLANO

Including two decorated federal officers. Fifteen years each. By our count that's life plus...

BRADDOCK

One hundred ninety.

CASTELLANO

Life plus one hundred ninety years.

That's Saul's life they're talking about. Any normal human would be shitting bricks. But not Saul. His attention has drifted over to the LARGE MIRROR built into one wall.

CASTELLANO

All right. I'm willing to extend a one-time, take-it-or-leave-it offer. Here's the headline: thirty years. Keep your nose clean, stay healthy, you have a shot at seeing daylight in your old age.

(CONTINUED)

Saul's still focused on that big mirror in the wall.

CASTELLANO

Mr. Oakley, your "co-counsel," is he here with us?

Saul turns and looks right at Castellano.

SAUL

Agent Schrader's widow is back there. Why don't you invite her in?

The last thing anyone in the room expected to hear.

OAKLEY

Uh, wait a sec --

Saul ignores Oakley, stays on Castellano.

SAUL

Don't you owe her that?

OAKLEY

She can't be present at a plea negotiation. It's completely inappropriate!

SAUL

Bill, she's already here. All parties agree. It's fine.

Oakley simmers. *So that's how it is.* The government would never negotiate directly with Saul, now it's clear to everyone Oakley's presence is just a pretext.

Castellano fixes Saul with a searching look. Hernandez (the FBI agent) slides a note over to Castellano. The AUSA reads it. He nods to someone on the other side of the mirror.

Oakley leans over to Saul and whispers.

OAKLEY

Why?

Saul just puts up a hand for Oakley. *Wait.* In comes Marie Schrader, followed by SAC Ramey. The lawyers shuffle seats, making spaces for them both.

Marie sits directly across from Saul. There's no sign of the lighthearted woman we met in "Breaking Bad." Her face is a mask, she's not giving this asshole anything.

(CONTINUED)

The room is dead silent. Everyone waits for Marie. She stares at Saul, roasting him with her gaze. Finally:

MARIE

They tell me they found you in a garbage dumpster. Well, that makes sense.

Marie's fury is unanswerable and intimidating.

MARIE

My husband was the best man I've ever known. He lived to help others. If someone was in trouble, no matter the time, no matter the place, Hank Schrader would be there. With a smile and a joke. He was kind, he was decent, he was strong.

Saul listens to every word, meeting her gaze. He's not defiant, not guilty, just... present.

MARIE

His partner, Steve Gomez... Steve and Blanca made a home that was warm and full of laughter. Three children. Three fatherless children. Hank and Steve... The good guys. Shot dead and left in a hole in the desert.

(then:)

And you. You helped the two-faced poisonous bastard behind it all.

She's talking about Walter White. She won't speak his name.

MARIE

For what? For money. You did it all for money. No matter what they do with you now, no matter where they put you or for how long... it'll never be enough.

Saul looks at Marie with real empathy.

SAUL

Mrs. Schrader, the loss you've suffered... It's... unspeakable. I met your husband a few times. He was very good at his job. He was a man who stood by his word. A straight shooter. You and he are victims.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAUL (CONT'D)

(then:)

And so am I.

"And so am I?!?!" Marie's eyes widen. Oakley's stunned. Did his client just compare himself with a murdered DEA agent? To his widow's face!!!

Saul continues with quiet sincerity.

SAUL

Two years ago a man came into my office. He told me his name was Mayhew. He wanted one of my clients to lie under oath. He offered me money. I refused. Any lawyer would.

Saul's dry-eyed and convincing.

SAUL

That night, as I was leaving my office, men attacked me. They shoved a bag over my head, hogtied me and drove me out to the desert. When they took that hood off, I was on my knees in front of an open grave. A gun was pointed at my head. That was my introduction to Walter White.

This is the first time anyone's spoken that name.

SAUL

Since that night, there hasn't been a minute that I wasn't afraid. You're right. I did help him. But only because I knew what he'd do if I refused. Over and over, I thought about going to the police, I even thought about going to Agent Schrader. But I knew that Walter White would kill me, no matter where I was.

The entire room listens in stunned silence. This is a revolting, satanic twisting of the facts.

SAUL

And I was right. October fourth, two thousand nine. Look it up. They murdered ten men in three prisons in the space of two minutes. Knifed. Throats slashed. A man was burned alive.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAUL (CONT'D)

They killed one of my colleagues,  
an attorney I knew very well.  
Daniel Wachsburger. He was  
cooperating with the DEA. The news  
said Danny was stabbed forty-eight  
times.

The facts are accurate, as far as they go, but this  
interpretation? Pure bullshit. No one here is buying a  
word. Still, Saul continues with quiet conviction.

SAUL

So when it all blew up... I ran.  
Not from the police. From them.  
Walter White might be dead, but  
Jesse Pinkman and the rest?  
They're still out there, somewhere.

Saul turns to Marie, she's staring at him in pure disgust.

SAUL

Mrs. Schrader, you're looking at a  
man who's lost everything. My  
profession. My freedom. My  
family. It's all gone. I have  
nobody. I have... nothing.

He lowers his head, defeated. *Does this man have no shame?*  
Remember how we once loved Jimmy McGill? Who could love this  
insincere, lying piece of shit?

Oakley can't believe he's stuck on the same side of the table  
as this monster. The AUSA just stares at Saul, unimpressed.

CASTELLANO

And you think jurors are gonna buy  
that?

Saul lifts his head, not so "broken" after all.

SAUL

One. That's all I need. Just one.

In other words, it's a game of chicken. Bringing this to  
trial is a gamble. For both sides.

SAUL

Bill Oakley tells me you've never  
lost a case, is that right?

Castellano doesn't reply -- but it's true. Saul continues,  
talking as if someone else's life were in the balance.

(CONTINUED)

SAUL

Quite a record. You gotta be proud of that.

("mulling it over")

Still... Juries. You never can tell. Always a roll of the dice.

(then:)

I'm hoping there's a little wiggle room here.

*Does Castellano want to risk his reputation? Is there a chance he'd lose to this lowlife with a mail-order diploma? That would be hard to live down.*

As the AUSA calculates the odds, Marie can't keep silent:

MARIE

(to Castellano)

You are not going to negotiate with this man. You're not.

Off Marie's outrage...

30 INT. OMAHA DETENTION CENTER - CORRIDOR - DAY 30

A BUZZER sounds and a DETENTION GUARD swings open an interior door, holding it for someone headed this way...

It's MARIE. She charges up the corridor, eyes blazing, holding back tears. She's getting the hell out of here.

Marie trusted the system, and now fucking *Saul Goodman* is getting the better of all of them.

31 INT. OMAHA DETENTION CENTER - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT 31

MOVING PAST styrofoam TAKE-OUT clamshells, stacks of greasy PIZZA BOXES, cans of SODA. The detritus of hours of negotiations littering the long conference table.

PARK (O.S.)

(reading)

Seventeen. After sentence has been imposed on the counts to which defendant pleads guilty as agreed herein, the government will move to dismiss Counts Three through Nine of the indictment.

MOVING PAST the government side. They've been dickering for hours. Ties are loosened. Eyes bloodshot. Hair drooping. Castellano sips cold coffee.

(CONTINUED)

SAC Ramey sits with his arms crossed, listening to Park read back the negotiated points from a LAPTOP.

PARK

Eighteen. Based on the facts now known to the government, the anticipated offense level is 35, which, when combined with the anticipated criminal history category of I, results in an anticipated advisory sentencing guidelines range of 85 to 90 months imprisonment, in addition to any supervised release, fine, and restitution the Court may impose.

LANDING ON Oakley and Saul. Oakley puts in eyedrops as he follows along with his handwritten notes on a legal pad.

Only Saul looks fresh and comfortable as he drinks in what he's pulling off here. The deal to end all deals. His final masterwork as an attorney.

SAUL

(philosophical)  
Seven and a half years.

CASTELLANO

Let's get this thing signed and get the hell out of here.

OAKLEY

We're good with that.

But Saul isn't quite finished.

SAUL

(dictating)  
"Nineteen. Term to be served at FCI Butner Low, North Carolina. Wing D."

Oakley and Castellano exchange a confused glance. Oakley scribbles a note and slides it over to Saul. *STOP PUSHING, YOU WILL RUIN THIS!*

Saul repeats himself, to make sure Park gets it.

SAUL

That's FCI Butner Low. Only federal institution with a golf program. It was good enough for Bernie Madoff...

(CONTINUED)



CASTELLANO

This is an actual request?

SAUL

You think I'm leaving it up to you?  
I know how you guys work, I give  
you half a chance, you'll throw me  
into gen pop in some hellhole. I  
visited a client in ADX Montrose  
once. "Alcatraz of the Rockies."  
Whoa. No way, my friend.  
Dealbreaker.

CASTELLANO

Bureau of Prisons decides where you  
serve your time.

Saul just gives him a look that says: Get real. Castellano  
wants to end this. He turns to Park.

CASTELLANO

FCI Butner, low. Wing...

SAUL

Wing D.

CASTELLANO

"Wing D."

Park types this. Castellano is at the end of his patience.

CASTELLANO

(to Saul)

And now we are done.

Saul ignores the warning in Castellano's tone.

SAUL

As Steve Jobs used to say: one  
more thing.

(dictating)

"Twenty. During incarceration,  
Defendant Goodman to receive one  
pint of Blue Bell mint chocolate  
chip ice cream every Friday without  
exception."

OAKLEY

Are you kidding?

(to Castellano)

He's kidding.

(CONTINUED)

SAUL  
(ignoring Oakley)  
You got that? "Blue Bell Mint  
Chocolate Chip." No substitutions.

Castellano has had enough, he turns to his people.

CASTELLANO  
Okay. That's it.

Park closes her laptop. The rest of Castellano's attorneys start putting legal pads and documents away.

SAUL  
Hold on. There's a way to oil  
everybody's locks.

CASTELLANO  
No more games.

SAUL  
I've got a sweetener. Nothing to  
do with anything we've talked  
about. New arena. And it's primo.

Castellano pauses. He looks to Ramey and Hernandez: they wouldn't be doing their jobs if they didn't listen.

HERNANDEZ  
Go.

SAUL  
Inside story on a previously  
unknown felony homicide. It  
concerns a prominent Albuquerque  
attorney who disappeared and is  
presumed to have killed himself --

A realization dawns on the government side. Nooryani blurts:

NOORYANI  
Howard Hamlin..?

CASTELLANO  
(to Saul, amused)  
You're talking about Howard Hamlin?  
That's your "sweetener?"  
(to his people)  
He's trying to sell us the Hamlin  
thing.

The Feds exchange smiles, enjoying themselves. Saul gapes, wrong-footed for the first time since he walked in here.

(CONTINUED)

HERNANDEZ

(amused)

He thought he really had something.

CASTELLANO

(to Saul)

Sounds like you and your ex aren't talking on a regular basis.

*Kim?* What does she have to do with this? Ramey answers Saul's unasked question.

RAMEY

Kim Wexler walked into the Albuquerque DA's office last month. She spilled her guts about Howard Hamlin -- on the record.

Saul's mind is racing. In a moment of anger he told Kim to turn herself in. And she DID it?!

CASTELLANO

You got nothing left to sell. Last chance. We have a deal or not?

Oakley's not going to let this slip through his fingers.

OAKLEY

Yes! Yes, we have a deal.

But Saul's barely paying attention. This revelation has taken the wind out of his sails. Off Saul, utterly rocked...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

BLACK.

Our view GRADUALLY SLIDES OVER to reveal, in CLOSE-UP:

SAUL GOODMAN in COLOR, staring at nothing, his mind far away. Saul looks very much as he did on "Breaking Bad." There's a tiny Band-Aid across the bridge of his nose.

Saul's eyes glitter in the darkness. It's the middle of the night but he hasn't slept for a second. He's lying on a cot of some kind. Where is he? A prison cell..?

Wherever this is, he's not alone. Springs squeak nearby. A voice rumbles to itself. Someone is tossing and turning O.S.

Saul side-eyes whoever it is, but says nothing. He'd just as soon be left alone with his thoughts.

STAYING ON SAUL as we hear the other occupant of this place climb out of a cot. Feet shuffle on concrete, the mumbling continues, there's a CLICK and --

*BLAM!* Light BLASTS Saul right in the kisser. He turns his head and squeezes his eyes shut against the brightness.

INT. BEST QUALITY VACUUM CLEANER - HIDDEN SAFE ROOM - NIGHT

That's right! This is the cinderblock-lined holding room beneath the Disappearer's vacuum cleaner store.

And the guy who just turned on the lights? None other than WALTER HARTWELL WHITE. His hand is bandaged, he's wearing a t-shirt, sweatpants and a glare that could melt solid brass.

We're back in the penultimate episode of "Breaking Bad." Soon Ed will be ready to spirit Saul away to Nebraska, but for the moment these two are roommates; stuck somewhere between *The Odd Couple* and *No Exit*.

Walt's a bundle of coiled rage. Hank's death, Jesse's betrayal, the unbridgeable rift with his flesh and blood... There's a world of unfinished business to do, yet he's trapped down here. For the moment.

As for Saul, he got out one step ahead of the cops. He should feel lucky, but he sure doesn't. The party's over.

Unspoken, this fact hangs over the scene: both men have lost everything.

(CONTINUED)

Walt presses a button on the water heater. He crouches down to peer into the burner area. Suspicion confirmed.

WALT  
(to himself)  
Of course.

*[PRODUCTION NOTE: Let's talk through Walt's improvised repair job. Bottom line: Walt knows what he's doing and the work is noisy.]*

Walt tries to shut off the gas. The valve is stuck. He grunts with effort and then grabs a napkin from one of the picked-over dinner trays. Saul watches all this, wary. He's like a man trapped in a cage with a hungry tiger.

SAUL  
Am I gonna be sorry if I ask what's going on?

WALT  
I'm putting a stop to it.

SAUL  
A stop to what?

Walt can't believe that Saul has to ask.

WALT  
To what? Just listen. Listen.

There's a soft *WOOSH-CLICK* from inside the water heater.

SAUL  
The click?

WALT  
("of course")  
The click. The flame is lighting and then going out. Either the thermocouple is corroded or there's a short.

*RRRRRRRRRR!* Using the napkin to grip the knob, Walt muscles the valve closed.

SAUL  
The thermocouple is corroded. Got it. We couldn't just pull the plug?

Walt searches for a tool, preferably a screwdriver. He goes into the BATHROOM and checks under the sink. Nothing but rolls of toilet paper and a plunger.

(CONTINUED)

WALT

I see no reason to stay here  
without hot water when I can easily  
fix it. I'm assuming there's not a  
pocket knife or screwdriver in one  
of those bags?

Meaning Saul's blue rolling luggage. Saul shakes his head.  
Walt settles for a steak knife from his dinner tray.

SPECIALTY SHOT -- from inside the heater. Walt reaches  
towards us with the knife to try to free the burner assembly.  
He manages to wedge the knife tip into a corroded screw head.  
Turning it makes a fingernails-on-blackboard *SCREEEEEEEEEEEECH!*

Saul winces. The metal frame of the water heater acts as a  
kind of echoing amplifier.

SAUL

Yeah. That click, you know, it's  
pretty quiet. Most people could  
sleep through something like that.

Walt gives Saul a look. He's "most people?"

SAUL

Yeah. "Most people." Got it.

*SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEECH!*

SAUL

(to himself)

You know... I haven't shared a room  
with another guy since I was  
twelve.

*SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEECH!* Of course, the "guy" Saul shared  
rooms with was Chuck. He spent many a night falling asleep  
to the sound of one of his brother's long-winded  
explanations. *Hold on!* Saul gets an idea. Here's another  
guy whose big brain is his pride and joy. If he gets Walt  
talking, maybe he'll lay off the noise. It's worth a try:

SAUL

So, I've got a question for you.  
You're a scientist, I've always  
wondered -- if people could fly,  
would you be able to fly as high as  
a jet? Or would it be too cold up  
there?

Walt turns away from the water heater. Puts down the knife.  
Walt can't resist treating Saul like one of his high school  
students. Saul tries not to show how this pleases him.

(CONTINUED)

WALT

Cruising altitude for a jet is thirty thousand feet above sea level. At that altitude, the temperature would be forty-four degrees below zero. Your skin would freeze in less than thirty seconds. But that's not the real problem.

SAUL

No?

WALT

Inside your lungs there are millions of alveoli, membranes that allow oxygen molecules to bind to hemoglobin.

(off Saul's blank look)

In your blood. These alveoli require air pressure to do their job. Higher altitude means lower air pressure. Lower air pressure leads to lack of oxygen in the blood, which leads to..?

SAUL

Thin blood?

WALT

Loss of consciousness. So, no. Even if you could "fly," long before you got to thirty thousand feet you'd pass out and crash.

Walt picks up the knife, ready to go back to work. Saul's mind races -- he needs another distraction! He lights on a topic he hasn't thought about in years: a conversation he had with Mike. Back when they were out in the desert, carrying seven million bucks in cash.

SAUL

What would you do with a time machine?

WALT

A time machine?

(CONTINUED)

SAUL

Yeah, a time machine. It can take you anywhere, forward, back -- you can go see the dinosaurs, kill Hitler, date Cleopatra -- okay, possibly the language barrier'd be a problem there -- but you get the idea. What're you gonna do?

WALT

Another meaningless question. Time travel, the kind of time travel you're thinking of, is a scientific impossibility. It would violate the Second Law of Thermodynamics.

SAUL

What about wormholes? I saw something on NOVA and Alan Alda seemed to think --

Walt winces. Nothing's worse than a layman who hangs on to a misunderstood fragment of knowledge.

WALT

Please. Quantum mechanics? Know your limitations.

Walt goes back to work. The screws are out, but the assembly is corroded in place. Walt works the knife back and forth under the metal. *KRACK-KRACK-KERAAAAAAAK!*

SAUL

I'm just saying, as a thought experiment...

*KERAAAAAAAK!*

SAUL

... there's gotta be something you'd go back and change. If you could.

Walt turns away from the water heater.

WALT

You're not talking about a time machine, which is both a real and theoretical impossibility. You're talking about regrets. If you want to ask about regrets, just ask about regrets and leave the time travel nonsense out of it.

(CONTINUED)



SAUL

All right. Then... Regrets.

For reasons of his own, Walt takes the question seriously.

WALT

Regrets. My regrets...

Walt gets up and sits on his cot. He glances over at his TAG HEUER MONACO, ticking away on a nearby table. A gift from that Judas, Jesse Pinkman.

*What's he going to say?* Gotta be something to do with cooking meth in the first place, right? Wasn't that when it all went wrong? Instead, his mind takes him elsewhere.

WALT

When I was a graduate student, I started a company with some... At the time, I thought they were my friends. Our goal was to commercialize discoveries I'd made. And then, at a certain point, I stepped away. I thought I was doing the gentlemanly thing. Little did I understand I was being artfully maneuvered into leaving my own creation.

(then:)

If I had stayed... Well, I wouldn't be down here with you.

Saul is spellbound. He smells opportunity.

SAUL

You started a company. It's still around?

WALT

Oh, yes.

SAUL

And it's successful?

WALT

Very.

SAUL

Why did you never tell me this!? We could have done something with this! Wrongful termination... intellectual property theft... patent fraud! I coulda gotten my teeth into this!

(CONTINUED)

WALT

You'd have been the last lawyer I'd  
have gone to.

Saul deflates. Of course. And what does it matter, really?

SAUL

Yeah. Sure.

WALT

And you? Regrets?

SAUL

Oh, yeah...

Saul almost forgot they were doing that. He takes a moment.  
Thinks of Chuck. But he can't go there. Not here, not now.

SAUL

When I first went out on my own, as  
a solo practitioner, I was looking  
for an office. I had two choices.  
There was a room over a copy shop --  
two hundred twenty-five a month.  
And there was the back of a nail  
salon. A hundred seventy-five.  
Fifty bucks is fifty bucks, right?  
I went with the nail salon. Giant  
mistake. You know the stuff they  
use on nail polish..?

WALT

Acetone.

SAUL

Acetone. That stuff, the smell  
gets up your nose and into the back  
of your throat and just stays  
there. I was breathing acetone all  
day, every day. For years. Still  
can't smell right.

So many things he could, he should regret -- and Saul chooses  
trivialities. Walt deadpans for all of us:

WALT

And that's your regret.

SAUL

(on a roll)

Wait, I got another. I was twenty,  
twenty-two, I pulled a slip and  
fall outside Marshall Field's.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAUL (CONT'D)

I was young and stupid and I wanted to show off, you know? So I took the ice as fast as I could -- I biffed it so hard that when I went down I heard this crack! And it wasn't the ice -- it was me, I actually hurt myself! My knees've never been the same.

WALT

"A slip and fall?"

SAUL

Yeah. That's how I put myself through bartending school.

Walt looks at Saul like he just scraped him from the bottom of his shoe.

WALT

So. You were always like this.

Saul shrugs: *Maybe so.* As far as Walt's concerned this has been a complete waste of time. He goes back to work on the burner assembly. *KERAAAAAAAAAAAAAK! KERAAAAAAAAAAAAAK!*

Saul's tried everything to keep Walt away from that goddamn water heater. He's just going to have to live with the noise. He lies back on the cot.

He's in hell.

LOOKING STRAIGHT DOWN on Saul from above. Our view gradually slides from RIGHT to LEFT, moving past his face as we DISSOLVE TO...

32 EXT. DESERT VISTA - FROM ABOVE - DAY 32

Back to BLACK AND WHITE. A spectacular AERIAL LANDSCAPE rolls past, far below.

33 INT. WAYFARER JETLINER - DAY 33

Saul sits in one of the plane's last rows, grimly surveying a hundred miles of open desert. He's on his way back to New Mexico. Kim's on his mind.

Saul's in street clothes, there's a windbreaker draped over his lap. He shifts in his seat and we glimpse a FLASH OF METAL at his wrists -- he's HANDCUFFED.

(CONTINUED)

The big guy in a sports jacket next to Saul is US MARSHAL MCCALED. Following procedure, McCaleb placed the windbreaker over his prisoner's wrists to keep from attracting undue attention. (*Commercial air travel is a routine method for transporting nonviolent prisoners.*)

Oh, and the headrest covers all sport the familiar WAYFARER AIRLINES logo. Looks like they're still in business.

Saul spots Oakley loping down the aisle, headed for the bathroom. The sight snaps Saul out of his funk.

SAUL  
Ssst! Bill!

Oakley hitches a finger towards the bathroom.

OAKLEY  
I'm just going to the...

McCaleb turns to Oakley. The movement opens his sports coat slightly, revealing his HOLSTER.

MCCALED  
Sir, this man is a federal prisoner, I'm a U.S. Marshal. I'm going to ask you not to speak to him.

SAUL  
(to McCaleb)  
He's my lawyer.

MCCALED  
Is that right, you're his lawyer?

Oakley's not proud of it, but he has to admit:

OAKLEY  
Yes.

MCCALED  
You'll have other opportunities to talk to your client. Please move out of the aisle.

Saul turns to McCaleb.

SAUL  
Hold on. Nothing I say in front of you is privileged, right?

*You bet your ass it's not privileged.* McCaleb has to admit:

(CONTINUED)

MCCALED

That's right.

SAUL

And if I talk to my attorney here,  
and we happen to let something slip  
that'd help the government's case,  
you could pass it on to the  
prosecution. Totally clean.

MCCALED

Yes.

SAUL

With that in mind, you're sure we  
can't say a few words?

McCaleb gives Saul an appraising look. If there's a chance  
he can make life more difficult for this scumbag's defense...

MCCALED

Make it fast.

SAUL

(to Oakley)

So she confessed. What's the DA  
gonna do with it?

OAKLEY

No witnesses, no physical  
evidence... If I had to guess...  
Most likely they sit on it.  
Permanently.

Saul's truly relieved. McCaleb's taking all this in, he'll  
remember every word.

SAUL

Okay.

OAKLEY

No, not "okay." Not for her. Her  
problem's not the DA.

SAUL

Then what?

OAKLEY

Apparently, Kim took her sworn and  
notarized statement and hand  
delivered it to Hamlin's widow.

SAUL

No.

(CONTINUED)

OAKLEY

Yeah. She opened herself to a civil suit. The widow could take her for everything she has and everything she's gonna have. In perpetuity.

Saul is beyond stunned.

SAUL

And is she? Suing?

OAKLEY

All I can tell you for sure is that Mrs. Hamlin is out lawyer shopping as we speak. Not that she bothered to call me. Can I go to the john now?

(off Saul's non-answer)

I'm going.

Oakley heads for the bathroom. Saul sinks into his seat.

Hearing that Kim turned herself over to the authorities was big news. But looking Cheryl Hamlin in the eye and telling her the whole story? *Cataclysmic*. Kim did the most difficult, courageous thing he can imagine.

McCaleb jots on a small NOTEPAD. He can't be sure if anything he just heard will be useful to the prosecution, but you can be damn sure he's relaying all of it.

STAYING ON SAUL for a long beat as he struggles. He got the deal of a lifetime, but is it sitting quite right?

And now he makes a decision.

It may seem that Saul has revenge on his mind. The truth is way more complicated. In fact we're watching a KEY TURNING POINT in this man's journey.

Oakley comes back up the aisle, zipping himself up.

SAUL

Bill! Hold up.

McCaleb's about to intercede, Saul flashes a grin at him.

SAUL

You're gonna love this.

(to Oakley)

The Hamlin thing? Government doesn't know the half of it.

(CONTINUED)

OAKLEY

Oh yeah?

SAUL

Soon as we land, let the other side know I've got more to trade. I just remembered something that'll make their toes curl.

OAKLEY

Okay, but anything that makes their "toes curl" is bound to jam Kim up. If it involves her.

SAUL

It involves her.

If we think about it, there's nothing that Saul can say about Howard Hamlin's death that Kim hasn't already confessed to. So whatever this is has got to be a fabrication.

OAKLEY

Listen, how much better's your deal gonna get? I mean Kim's already got a civil suit hanging over her head, you give the government more, maybe they bring the hammer down. You sure you wanna do that?

SAUL

You don't understand, Bill. It's really good ice cream.

Saul's nasty grin sends Oakley back to his seat, more disgusted with his client than ever.

HOLY SHIT! Saul has turned into the villain of the piece! He's really going screw over Kim Wexler for... *ice cream?*

The PILOT'S VOICE comes over the P.A.: "*Folks we're about fifteen minutes out of Albuquerque, blah blah blah...*"

As the pilot continues, Saul's smile slowly fades away. What is going on with this guy!? Off this enigmatic moment...

34 EXT. DESERT LANDSCAPE - DAY (VFX)

34

In the distance, the Wayfarer Jet scribes a contrail across the vast southwestern sky. A gentle MOVE pulls our view back until something JAGGED enters the bottom of frame...

Claws of RUSTY METAL reaching out of a desert gully.

(CONTINUED)

Again, we're seeing the remains of Jimmy's SUZUKI ESTEEM. But six long years of sun and desert rain have reduced the car to a twisted, rusty hulk.

Barely recognizable. Just like the man in the plane above.

There's a FAINT BUZZING, a mechanical sound that doesn't belong out here in the middle of nature...

35 INT. MODEST TRACT HOME - MORNING 35

MOVING PAST a row of small paintings of BIRDS hung on a wall. We might recognize them, Kim had these pictures hanging above the bed in her Albuquerque condo. The buzzing gets louder...

Now we reveal KIM WEXLER, framed in her bathroom door. She's half-dressed for work, the buzzing comes from her ELECTRIC TOOTH BRUSH. Kim's back home in Titusville, Florida.

Chronologically, the last time we saw Kim she was breaking down in the back of an airport car rental bus. But now Kim seems perfectly normal, there's no sign of inner torment. She's everywoman getting ready to leave for her McJob.

*[PRODUCTION NOTE: Much of this sequence revisits Kim's life in Ep. 612, let's consider block shooting.]*

36 INT. MODEST TRACT HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING 36

Coffee brews as Kim spreads chicken salad on white bread: her lunch for the day. Looks like Miracle Whip is part of her routine now.

37 INT. TOYOTA PRIUS - MOVING - MORNING 37

Kim drives to work, hands at ten and two. Central Florida palm trees and strip malls roll past.

38 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - PCS - MORNING 38

*SLAM!* Kim closes her Prius door. Toting purse and bagged lunch, she heads inside.

39 INT. PCS - BULLPEN - MORNING 39

Kim squares up a DOCUMENT while the Xerox spits out copies.



40 INT. PCS - PRODUCTION FLOOR - MORNING 40

Kim and the SHOP FOREMAN look over a DRAFT BROCHURE. As before, they're both wearing HEARING PROTECTION and it's too loud to hear their conversation.

*HOLD ON A MINUTE!* Watching all this is incredibly frustrating! How can she still be Stepford Kim? Didn't her confession to Cheryl Hamlin change anything? Is the Kim Wexler we knew and loved gone forever?

41 EXT. PCS - FENCELINE - DAY 41

Lunchtime. Kim sits at the picnic table with JUNE, KARLY and CLAUDIA. The four women pick at their lunches.

JUNE

It's either Red Lobster or that new middle eastern place -- the one over on Wickham.

CLAUDIA

Top something?

KARLY

Topkapi.

JUNE

That's it, Topkapi.

June turns to Kim.

JUNE

Glen took you there, didn't he?  
What'd you guys think?

Kim ponders the question. Was the restaurant good enough to recommend? Was it bad enough to give a thumbs down?

KIM

It wasn't...

JUNE

Not good, huh?

Kim back-pedals.

KIM

No, no. It was fine.

Kim is struggling here. She wants to express an actual opinion, but she's fighting years of habit.

(CONTINUED)

JUNE  
Would Josh like it?

KIM  
He might..?

Damned by faint praise. June has her answer.

JUNE  
Okay. Another birthday at Red  
Lobster. He can live with that.

LINGERING ON Kim as she goes back to her sandwich. There's a  
hint of something we haven't seen before... Could it be  
she's frustrated with herself?

42 INT. PCS - KIM'S OFFICE - DAY 42

Kim's talking on the phone with an unseen PRINTING VENDOR.  
She checks the specs against a document on her PC.

PRINTING VENDOR (OVER PHONE)  
So that's a run of four thousand  
seven hundred. Eight and a half by  
five and a half. Eighty weight  
paper. Good so far?

KIM  
Uh-huh.

PRINTING VENDOR (OVER PHONE)  
Gloss aqueous coating. Saddle  
stitched. Good?

KIM  
Uh-huh.

PRINTING VENDOR (OVER PHONE)  
What about that cover? Are we  
going with the blue stock or the  
green?

But this time Kim knows the answer instantly.

KIM  
Blue.

The vendor's not used to a fast answer from Kim Wexler.

PRINTING VENDOR (OVER PHONE)  
That's the blue stock? You don't  
need to check that?

(CONTINUED)

Does Kim need to check with someone? *Shit, no.*

KIM

It's blue.

PRINTING VENDOR (OVER PHONE)

Okay... and that will deliver...

(doing calculations)

Uhhhhh... Three weeks from today. Does that work?

But Kim doesn't reply right away. She heard the decisiveness in her own voice. That sounded... like her old self.

PRINTING VENDOR (OVER PHONE)

Kim. Three weeks from today, that okay with you guys?

KIM

I'm sorry. Sure. Three weeks is fine. Thank you, Carlo.

Kim hangs up. She glances around the modest office, takes in the humdrum activity in the bullpen outside.

Kim decides: It's time. She grabs her purse.

43 INT. PCS - BULLPEN - DAY 43

TAMMY is at her desk -- forwarding a call.

TAMMY

Seana, Donny from TPC Sawgrass, line four.

Kim walks out from the bullpen, purse over her shoulder.

KIM

Tammy, I'm leaving early. Will you let Ricardo know?

There's nothing unusual or strange about this -- everyone in the office trusts Kim Wexler.

TAMMY

Sure. No prob.

Kim moves off. The phone rings again.

TAMMY

Palm Coast Sprinkler. Watering your world since 1978...

(CONTINUED)

Off Kim striding out into the Florida sunshine...

44 EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY 44

A BLURRY WORLD. The Prius slides into the zone of focus, Kim's at the wheel. She turns the car off and stares at something O.S.

What comes next is an enormous decision, one she's been mulling over for months. And Kim's still not certain that she's earned the right to do this.

Still, she's here. Kim gets out of the Prius, squares her shoulders and strides towards...

A glass storefront nestled among the low-rent stores:  
*CENTRAL FLORIDA LEGAL AID. WALK-INS WELCOME.*

45 INT. STOREFRONT LEGAL CLINIC - CONTINUOUS 45

Kim enters a cluttered one-room law office. There are several desks stacked with files, but the only attorney here is LESLIE. Leslie is in her early 60's, a down-to-earth woman with no time for B.S. A good and decent person.

Right now Leslie's consulting with a YOUNG PREGNANT CLIENT. They're speaking in low tones to each other, we can't quite make out what they're saying (*pocket dialogue to come*).

Leslie raises a finger to Kim: *I see you, you need to wait.*

Kim takes in this place. The furniture is mismatched, everything's second and third hand. At the back of the room, paperwork is piled high around file cabinets.

The only other clients are a SENIOR COUPLE (70s), waiting patiently on plastic chairs that look to be salvaged from a bus station. A few much-used toys are scattered around the waiting area. The folks who come here are in great need.

This is a version of what Kim always wanted. Leslie is doing the tough work that Kim left behind. Consultation finished, Leslie walks her client past Kim and over to the door.

LESLIE

If he shows up, you keep that door locked. You call the police and then you call me. Any time, day or night. Okay?

PREGNANT CLIENT

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

LESLIE  
I'll see you Thursday. Let me know  
if you need me to pick you up.

Leslie watches her young client leave, then shifts her  
attention to the senior couple.

LESLIE  
Mr. and Mrs. Betteredge? It's  
right this way. Sorry about the  
heat, the AC's on the fritz.

As she escorts her clients to the desk, Leslie hands a  
clipboard and pen to Kim.

LESLIE  
Fill this out. And, before you  
ask, there's no charge. All our  
services are free.

A PHONE is RINGING nearby.

KIM  
Actually, I'm here to see if I can  
volunteer..?

LESLIE  
Can you answer a phone?

KIM  
Sure --

Leslie points to an unoccupied desk off to one side.

LESLIE  
Then there you go.

Without another word, Leslie goes to her clients. Kim heads  
over and answers the phone like the pro she is.

KIM  
Central Florida Legal Aid, how can  
I help you?

Off Kim grabbing a scrap of paper to jot notes...

46 INT. STOREFRONT LEGAL CLINIC - NIGHT 46

A file drawer SLAMS shut. Hours have past, Kim's at the back  
of the room, working her way through the stacks of paperwork.  
It already looks a little neater.

(CONTINUED)

Leslie's at her desk, hunting and pecking her way through a brief on a battered VINTAGE PC. She's wearing HEADPHONES, listening to opera. Leslie still has no idea there's another attorney in the room with her. Kim's not sharing that information until she's good and ready.

Right now Kim's deeply focused, enjoying the work of organizing the clinic's chaotic files. It's not that the task itself is fascinating -- but this is filing with a purpose.

Here's Kim Wexler making her first, tentative steps back into the work she was born for.

There's BUZZING nearby. It takes a moment for Kim to realize that it's coming from her own purse. Still holding one of the files, she retrieves her phone, glances at caller ID...

What she sees there hits her like a slap in the face. She takes a moment, steels herself and picks up.

KIM  
Hello.

ERICSEN (V.O.)  
Kim?

KIM  
Yes.

ERICSEN (V.O.)  
This is Suzanne Ericson.

The Albuquerque area code already told Kim that this wasn't going to be good news. Is it possible that Ericson is bringing charges against Kim? A personal phone call would be a strange way to start proceedings.

KIM  
(guarded)  
Hi, Suzanne.

47 EXT. COURTHOUSE - ALBUQUERQUE - EVENING - INTERCUT 47

Albuquerque DA SUZANNE ERICSEN makes this very private call while standing outside the familiar courthouse. She's been struggling, caught between the rules of her work and her own sense of right and wrong.

ERICSEN  
I want to make it clear this call is completely unofficial.

(CONTINUED)

Kim's still careful.

KIM

All right.

ERICSEN

I shouldn't be talking to you. But considering everything, I think it's only right you know what's going on.

(then:)

You've seen the news?

KIM

I don't think so.

ERICSEN

Your ex, "Saul Goodman"? He was arrested in Nebraska. He's been extradited to New Mexico.

Kim doesn't know how to feel. The last time Kim and Saul spoke it didn't end well. In fact, that conversation led to her Albuquerque confession tour.

KIM

When was this?

ERICSEN

Two days ago. But that's not why I'm calling. He's giving testimony that affects you. Personally.

This has got to be the "toe-curling" information Saul offered to the authorities.

KIM

What kind of testimony?

48 EXT. STOREFRONT LEGAL CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

48

WIDE. The clinic is a Hopper-esque illuminated box in the darkness. We don't hear the rest of the conversation but we can see Kim, framed in the plate-glass window. Her body language tells us all we need to know.

Saul's lies threaten to crush everything she's gained. Off this awful moment...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

49 INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - PRISONER ACCESS CORRIDOR - DAY 49

SLOW MOTION BLACK AND WHITE: WHITE LOAFERS stride across formica... A mirror-polished BELT BUCKLE... A crazy zig-zag pattern NECKTIE and clashing POCKET SQUARE...

Elements of a show-stopping SAUL GOODMAN OUTFIT. Saul sent Oakley out with a shopping list and the lawyer came back with the real deal. Oakley even found a WAYFARER MEMORIAL RIBBON.

Saul walks down the corridor in SLO-MO, flanked by McCaleb and another US MARSHAL. Saul actually looks kind of... cool.

This will be Saul Goodman's final court appearance. He's going to make it one to remember.

50 INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS 50

SLOW MOTION. A door swings open, the marshals bring Saul into the large, impressive courtroom.

There's no jury here -- it's not that kind of hearing -- but the gallery is dotted with visitors. The layout is similar to what we've seen before, but with one addition: a PODIUM equipped with a MICROPHONE front and center.

Still in SLOW MOTION, Saul scans the room, his eyes light on the person he was hoping would be here...

KIM. They haven't seen each other in almost six years -- not since the day they signed divorce papers.

Kim stares right back. Cold. Furious. She's only here because of Eric's call. As far as she's concerned, the man she loved is long gone. This guy is a repellent stranger.

There's another familiar face in the gallery. Marie Schrader sits with Steve Gomez's widow, BLANCA GOMEZ. Marie and Blanca are more than observers here. As victims, they will have the chance to speak.

At the defense table, Oakley eyes his client as Saul's released from his cuffs and takes a seat next to him.

Saul and Oakley are alone on their side of the room, but the PROSECUTION is packed. Castellano, Braddock, Nooryani, Patel and Park are joined by Ramey from the DEA.

(CONTINUED)



FBI agent Hernandez sits just behind the rest, in the gallery's front row.

They barely even glance at Saul. He's beneath contempt.

The SLOW MOTION ENDS as Saul mutters, almost inaudibly:

SAUL  
(quietly)  
Showtime.

Oakley gives him a confused glance but it's too late for questions, court is starting.

COURTROOM DEPUTY  
All rise for the right honorable  
Judge Samantha Small.

Everyone stands. JUDGE SAMANTHA SMALL enters. She's a formidable woman in her 60s, calm and matter-of-fact. This judge is confident enough not to rule with a heavy hand.

JUDGE SMALL  
Court's now in session. Please have a seat. Okay, item one on the calendar, CR 10-7253 United States of America versus... Defendant has requested to use the name Saul Goodman. So it's "United States versus Saul Goodman." Counsel, please state your appearances.

Castellano rises and runs through his killer team.

CASTELLANO  
Yes, your Honor. AUSA George Castellano. With me is Elizabeth Nooryani, Trial Attorney from the Drug Enforcement Section of the Department of Justice; AUSAs Sarah Braddock, Neel Patel and Hillary Park and Special Agent in Charge Austin Ramey from the DEA. Also in the courtroom: Zachary Hernandez, Special Agent in Charge of the FBI in New Mexico. I'd also like to note the presence of victims who are here this morning: Marie Schrader and Blanca Gomez.

Marie and Mrs. Gomez are stony-faced. Now it's Oakley's turn. He stands, a bit overwhelmed.

(CONTINUED)

OAKLEY

William Oakley appearing as advisory counsel. Saul Goodman appearing on his own behalf. Good morning.

JUDGE SMALL

The defendant still wants to represent himself?

OAKLEY

That's right, your Honor.

Judge Small notes this without any further comment. It's unusual, but nothing is normal about this defendant.

Saul looks over his shoulder at Kim. Again, she meets his gaze, but stays cold-eyed.

JUDGE SMALL

Okay. The parties have reached a plea agreement satisfactory to both sides. However, I've reviewed the government's sentencing recommendations and... well, I have questions. Mr. Castellano, can you come up to the microphone?

This is a break from routine, normally Saul would be called up and asked if he understands the agreement. Castellano goes to the podium, unsurprised but wary.

Oakley scribbles a note, slides it over to Saul. *DON'T WORRY. JUDGE S. ALWAYS FOLLOWS GOV SENTENCING RECS.*

Saul glances over the note. Doesn't matter. He knows what he's here to do.

JUDGE SMALL

Mr. Castellano, today we consider the sentence for a defendant who will be pleading guilty to multiple felonies, RICO offenses, money laundering, conspiracy, accessory after the fact to the murder of federal officers... And for these offenses the government's sentence recommendation is... seven years.

STAYING ON SAUL as the judge grills Castellano. For the first time, we can see stress in Saul's eyes. He's going to need all his courage to make his next move.

(CONTINUED)

CASTELLANO

Your Honor, I can assure you that my colleagues and I gave every aspect of this recommendation careful consideration.

JUDGE SMALL

Help me understand. Has the defendant provided substantial assistance to the government?

Of course, he has not. Before Castellano can formulate a reply that will skirt that fact, Saul speaks up. He's gotta do this now. Before he loses his nerve.

SAUL

Your Honor?

JUDGE SMALL

Mr. Oakley, please advise your client to stay silent at this time.

SAUL

Your Honor, with respect, Mr. Oakley is advisory counsel. I represent myself here today. May I say something that I believe will help the court fully understand the situation?

JUDGE SMALL

Mr. Goodman, you are the beneficiary of the most generous sentencing recommendation I've seen in twenty-two years on the bench. Any statement you make imperils that recommendation.

SAUL

I'm very aware, your Honor. But, if you'll allow me to speak, I can save the court's valuable time.

Castellano's just as pleased to have the judge's focus move to the defendant.

JUDGE SMALL

Go ahead. Briefly.

Saul takes Castellano's place at the podium.

SAUL

Two years ago a man came into my office.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAUL (CONT'D)

He told me his name was Mayhew. He wanted one of my clients to lie under oath. He offered me money. I refused.

Marie listens, disgusted. This is exactly the same criminally insincere bullshit Saul spun back in Omaha.

SAUL

That night, as I was leaving my office, men attacked me. They shoved a bag over my head, hogtied me and drove me out to the desert. When they took the hood off, I was on my knees in front of an open grave. A gun was pointed at my head. That was my introduction to Walter White. I was terrified.

So far, so familiar -- but now he takes a U-turn.

SAUL

... But not for long. Because that night I saw opportunity. A shot at the big money. I grabbed it and held on tight. For the next sixteen months, my every waking moment was spent building Walter White's drug empire --

*HOLY SHIT!* Castellano looks up from his notes, eyes wide. Even the impassive COURT REPORTER hitches at this. Oakley tugs on Saul's sleeve.

JUDGE SMALL

Hold on! Mr. Goodman! Stop right there. Consult with Mr. Oakley before you say another word.

SAUL

Your Honor, I believe I owe the court the whole truth.

JUDGE SMALL

You are contradicting your plea agreement's sworn factual basis.

SAUL

No offense, your Honor, but I'm pretty sure I know the law here better than you do.

The judge doesn't like this smartass attitude.

(CONTINUED)

OAKLEY

Your Honor, we'd like to request a recess.

Saul doesn't take his eyes off the judge.

SAUL

We don't need a recess.

*Never interrupt your enemy when he's making a mistake.*  
Castellano works to keep his tone disinterested.

CASTELLANO

We are satisfied for Mr. Goodman to continue.

Oakley's had enough. He's not going to be party to whatever crazy strategy Saul's trying.

OAKLEY

Your Honor, I'd like to petition to withdraw from this case.

The judge doesn't need time to consider. Leave Goodman with the argument that he wasn't properly represented? No way!

JUDGE SMALL

Denied.

OAKLEY

Respectfully --

JUDGE SMALL

Not a chance.

This asshole defendant wants to set himself on fire? Fine. The judge's going to make sure he burns to a crisp.

JUDGE SMALL

(to deputy)

Bobbi, swear Mr. Goodman in.

Kim watches this, certain her ex is running a scam on the justice system. Saul raises his right hand for the deputy.

COURTROOM DEPUTY

Do you swear that the evidence you shall give to the court in this matter shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth so help you God?

SAUL

I do.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE SMALL

Mr. Goodman, you are now under oath. Any false statement you make can be used in prosecution for perjury or obstruction of justice. Do you understand?

SAUL

Yes.

JUDGE SMALL

In the last 24 hours, have you used any alcohol or other drugs?

SAUL

No, your Honor.

JUDGE SMALL

Are you taking any prescription medications?

SAUL

No.

JUDGE SMALL

All right. Continue.

Saul made a decision on the flight to Albuquerque: he's going to speak the truth, the real truth -- whatever the consequences. But first, he has some business to attend to.

SAUL

Oh, yeah. By the way, I lied to the government about Kim Wexler. I sold them a load of b.s. about her involvement in Howard Hamlin's death. I lied because I wanted to get her to come here today. I want her to hear this.

That "toe curling information" he offered on the plane? That was just to get Kim here to witness this moment. Saul glances back at Kim and then plunges in:

SAUL

It's true, I wasn't present when meth was cooked. I wasn't there when it was sold, I didn't witness the murders.

(then:)

But I knew damn well it was happening. I was more than a willing participant, I was indispensable.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAUL (CONT'D)

I kept Walter White out of jail, I laundered his money, I lied for him, I conspired with him... And I made millions.

Utter silence in the room.

SAUL

If he hadn't walked into my office that day, Walter White would have been dead or behind bars within a month. And Agent Schrader, Agent Gomez and... a lot of other people would still be alive.

He can feel Marie and Mrs. Gomez's eyes burning holes into him. This is the confession they've been waiting for.

SAUL

The truth is... Walter White couldn't have done it without me.

And with a look at Castellano:

SAUL

You got that?

It's a mic drop moment and Saul knows it. He's fucked himself -- but it was his choice and no one here will ever forget this moment.

This was his plan: make a big splash, then sit back and watch the fallout. But now the moment has come and... he just stands there. Frozen in place, mind racing.

Saul glances back at Kim. She's unreadable, stunned by what she's just heard.

LINGERING ON SAUL as Oakley springs into action.

OAKLEY

Your Honor, we move to strike Mr. Goodman's comments.

JUDGE SMALL

On what grounds?

OAKLEY

(thinking fast)  
Speculation.

JUDGE SMALL

Speculation? He's testifying to his own actions.

(CONTINUED)

OAKLEY

Your Honor, he's describing how events would have transpired were he not present. How is that not speculation?

Saul interrupts. What's so important for him to say? Even he doesn't know, not exactly. He's following his gut.

SAUL

Hold on, I've got more --

JUDGE SMALL

Sit down, Mr. Goodman. Now.

The Marshals draw to their feet -- ready to restrain Saul if he disobeys the judge's orders.

SAUL

Please, your Honor. Please.

There's something different in Saul's tone: sincerity. Judge Small looks over at Castellano.

CASTELLANO

Your Honor, the Government urges the court to allow Mr. Goodman to continue.

JUDGE SMALL

All right, Mr. Goodman. Go ahead.

Jimmy McGill -- and let's be clear, he's truly Jimmy again -- speaks from the heart. Unpolished, feeling it out as he goes.

JIMMY

What happened to Howard Hamlin... that was... It was... I can't even...

He can't find the words. Anything he says will be inadequate, empty phrases.

JIMMY

After that, Kim had the guts to start over and I... Well, she left town but I'm the one who ran away.

There's a moment of silence. The fluorescent lights BUZZ. Saul thinks of his brother.

SPECIALTY SHOT -- shooting past a translucent EXIT SIGN. A visual echo of Jimmy McGill's "triumph" back in Ep. 305.

(CONTINUED)



JIMMY

And Chuck... My brother Charles McGill, some of you knew him.

There are a few nods: both Castellano and the court reporter crossed paths with Jimmy's older brother.

JIMMY

He was an incredible lawyer, the most brilliant guy I've ever known. But he was... limited. I tried. I should have tried harder. I could have. Instead...

Jimmy chokes up. Kim's eyes are wide, she finally recognizes the man she sees before her. This is the guy she fell in love with.

Oakley makes a last-ditch effort to stop this.

OAKLEY

Your Honor --

JIMMY

(to Oakley)

Shut up, Bill. Just let me get through this.

Kim leans forward in her seat. Jimmy's said so little about Chuck since his brother died, this is a revelation to her.

JIMMY

Instead, when I saw a chance to hurt him, I took it. I got his malpractice insurance canceled. I took away the one thing he lived for. The law.

(then:)

After that, he killed himself. It didn't have to go that way. And I live with that.

Kim is stunned. This puts a different light on everything that happened after Chuck's death.

Jimmy has one last thing to say:

JIMMY

Kim Wexler was a lawyer for all the right reasons. I hope she goes back to the law. She can still do some good.

(CONTINUED)

In silence, Jimmy goes back to the defense table and takes his seat. Oakley leans over.

OAKLEY

(whisper)

What was all that? The thing with your brother, that wasn't even a crime.

JIMMY

(quietly)

Yeah, it was.

The judge regains her footing.

JUDGE SMALL

Mr. Goodman, are you done?

JIMMY

The name's McGill, your Honor.  
Jimmy McGill.

And, you know what? It really is.

Legal pandemonium. Oakley springs into action -- but so does the government side.

OAKLEY

Your Honor, we'd like to request a recess -- Hold on, that was not a confession --

NOORYANI

Your Honor, in view of the defendant's confession, the Government withdraws our sentencing recommendation --

Castellano eyeballs Jimmy with a shit-eating grin: *I've got you by the short and curlies.* The greatest deal of Saul Goodman's career is dead and buried.

Jimmy barely takes notice. He turns to look back at Kim. Their eyes lock. She's the only one in the room who really understands what happened here today.

Off Jimmy and Kim, sharing a private moment in this very public place...

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

51 INKY BLACKNESS

51

All we see are murky shapes edge-lit in sodium vapor orange. We're in COLOR again. Keys RATTLE in a lock. A door SQUEAKS. A FIGURE enters this crepuscular limbo...

A voice ECHOES from another room.

VOICE

Did you ground yourself?

*Holy shit!!! That CAN'T be..?!*

JIMMY

Yeah, I did -- Crap!

The figure stumbles. CRASH! Metal objects hit linoleum.

WARM FLICKERING LIGHT reveals Jimmy on the floor, gathering CANNED FOOD spilled from GROCERY BAGS.

Jimmy's wearing a brown, double-breasted suit. The wall behind him sprouts a tangle of WIRES where, until recently, there were breaker boxes. As impossible as it seems, this can only be...

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

That light comes from a HISSING LANTERN carried by...

CHARLES LINDBERGH MCGILL.

Live and in person! We've missed him more than we can say -- and now here's the man HIMSELF!

CHUCK

I was starting to worry.

JIMMY

My car conked out on I-40. I almost got creamed by a cement truck.

Chuck and his house are as we first saw them, way back in Ep. 101. In fact, this scene takes place BEFORE then, just a few months after Jimmy started supplying his shut-in brother with the necessities.

(CONTINUED)

Chuck holds a PAPERBACK BOOK in one hand and the lantern in the other. He puts both down and goes to help Jimmy with the spilled groceries.

JIMMY

I got it, I got it.

Chuck settles for taking one of the grocery bags, he lifts it to the counter and begins to unload it.

JIMMY

They had the Fuji apples you like so I got a half dozen. And the newsstand on Central says they might start getting the Financial Times, so there's that.

Chuck takes this in: Jimmy remembered his every need and want. Truth is, Chuck is in an unusual mood tonight. A new train of thought has him reconsidering his opinion of his brother.

Jimmy goes to the sink and opens the valve on the COOLER. While water runs down the drain, he unloads more groceries. He realizes that Chuck is watching him.

JIMMY

What?

CHUCK

You know, I could hire someone to do this. I could get someone from the office.

JIMMY

I'm doing it.

CHUCK

Every single day? While you're trying to start a... practice? Why?

Chuck's trying to puzzle out why Jimmy's being so generous with his time. Does he have an angle that Chuck can't see?

JIMMY

Why? Because I'm your brother.  
Duh. You'd do the same for me.

That silences Chuck for a moment. Chuck is wondering if he's misjudged his younger brother.

(CONTINUED)

CHUCK

You could stay a bit. We could talk.

Chuck's reaching out. But years of experience with his brother makes Jimmy suspicious of this unusual invite.

JIMMY

Talk about what?

Chuck doesn't know for sure, so he just says:

CHUCK

Well, your cases... Your clients.

JIMMY

You want to talk about my clients? You want to talk about the grandma who was soliciting inside a Christian Science Reading Room? You want to talk about the kid who broke into a liquor store, drank five bottles of crème de menthe and passed out behind the counter?

CHUCK

They deserve a vigorous defense. Just like any other client.

JIMMY

Or maybe you just wanna tell me everything I'm doing wrong.

CHUCK

That's not what I have in mind.

Jimmy dumps ice from a plastic garbage bag into the cooler. And now they slide into their familiar pattern.

CHUCK

I'm hoping that wasn't stolen from a motel ice machine.

JIMMY

You can hope.

*Same old Jimmy.* Is Chuck disappointed or relieved?

JIMMY

I'll take a rain check on the heart-to-heart. One of my "deserving" clients just got picked up waving the weenie outside a Hobby Lobby.

(CONTINUED)

CHUCK

Hold on, you have to reimburse yourself.

JIMMY

This one's on me.

Jimmy heads for the door. Chuck is as direct as he knows how. In his own way, he's completely sincere:

CHUCK

Jimmy, if you don't like where you're heading, there's no shame in going back and changing your path.

All Jimmy hears is yet another condescending attack. There's something in Chuck that Jimmy's missing.

JIMMY

Oh, yeah? When have you ever "changed your path?"

There's a flicker in Chuck's eyes. *Should I have changed my path?* He dismisses the thought, it's not worth arguing with his brother.

JIMMY

Nothing comes to mind? Keep thinking it over, okay?

CHUCK

(almost to himself)  
We always end up having the same conversation, don't we?

JIMMY

See ya, Chuck.

Chuck watches him go, sadness in his eyes.

SHORT FOCUS as Jimmy heads out, Chuck's book in the FG. *Wait a minute! That's a paperback of HG Wells' THE TIME MACHINE!* In fact, it's the SAME COPY Jimmy's been reading all season. Chuck has time, consequences and regrets on his mind.

Chuck picks up book and lantern. As he heads back into the great room, DISSOLVE TO:

GOD'S EYE VIEW HIGH ANGLE -- a FEDERAL PRISONER TRANSPORT BUS winds its way through the Rocky mountains. We're back to BLACK AND WHITE.

53 INT. PRISONER TRANSPORT BUS - DAY (MOVING) 53

ANGLE LOW - under the bus seats, ankles are SHACKLED. The chains rattle with the movement of the bus.

The bus is less than half full. Up front, heavy METAL GRATING separates the DRIVER and two CORRECTIONS OFFICERS from the rear compartment.

PUSHING THROUGH THE BUS, past the sweaty faces of CONVICTS on their way to federal prison. Nobody says a word. The men are all lost in their private worlds.

Coming to a stop on...

... Jimmy. Like the rest, he's cuffed to a belly chain and ankle shackles. He's in a jumpsuit much too big for him (it's a one-size fits all situation). The word PRISONER is written on his back.

Jimmy stares out the barred window at the passing Colorado mountains. This obstructed view will be his last glimpse of the outside world for a long time.

What's waiting for him at the end of this bus ride? Jimmy's trying not to show it, but he's terrified.

Across the aisle there's a gangly, painfully thin prisoner. The man is folded over, head buried in his knees, checked out from depression or psychosis. A FILTHY BANDAGE covers part of his face.

54 EXT. RURAL COLORADO ROAD - DAY 54

The bus drives past a road sign: **FEDERAL PRISON ADX MONTROSE NEXT EXIT/DO NOT PICK UP HITCHHIKERS**. Jimmy's headed for the "Alcatraz of the Rockies."

55 INT. PRISONER TRANSPORT BUS - DAY (MOVING) 55

Jimmy's gaze lands on something a couple of seats ahead of him -- the back of a THICK-NECKED PRISONER'S bald head.

A DROP of sweat trembles on the man's shiny skin. Jimmy watches as the drop creeps down the man's scalp and over the roll of flesh at the base of his neck.

Thick Neck senses eyes on him. He turns to look back at Jimmy. Jimmy quickly looks away.

Thick Neck stares at Jimmy for a long beat.

(CONTINUED)

THICK NECK

I know you?

Jimmy doesn't react. Dissatisfied, Thick Neck turns away... and then twists around again.

THICK NECK

Hey. "Better Call Saul," right?

Jimmy shakes his head.

JIMMY

(quiet)  
McGill.

THICK NECK

Wha'?

JIMMY

I'm McGill.

THICK NECK

Don't gimme that, you're Saul!

Thick Neck leans forward and says something to a SHAGGY PRISONER seated ahead of him.

Jimmy pretends to be fascinated by the slit of passing landscape outside. From behind:

DEEP VOICE

Ssst! Ssst!

Someone RATTLES chains, trying to get Jimmy's attention. A DEEP VOICE speaks up:

HUGE PRISONER

Back here, yo. Back here,

How to play this? If Jimmy pretends not to hear, will he just piss these guys off? RATTLE... RATTLE... RATTLE...

Jimmy twists around. A HUGE PRISONER is right behind him, grinning around missing teeth. The other guys in the back seats are staring like Jimmy's the in-flight entertainment.

HUGE PRISONER

See! Toldja! It's Better Call Saul!

SQUINTY PRISONER

Who?

(CONTINUED)



HUGE PRISONER  
The lawyer, man! Better Call Saul!

Squinty has never heard of Saul, but he's going along with this. Remember: living in custody is many things, but most of all it's incredibly boring. This is the most excitement these guys have seen in weeks.

SQUINTY PRISONER  
Hey, Sal, you gonna get me outta here?

JIMMY  
Yeah. Sure.

The skinny guy with the bandaged face comes out of his haze and unfurls from his fetal position.

FACE BANDAGE PRISONER  
Who's he?

THICK NECK  
Dude, he's Better Call Saul!

FACE BANDAGE PRISONER  
All right! Better Call Saul!

Face Bandage RATTLES his chains in rhythm and chants.

FACE BANDAGE PRISONER  
Better Call Saul!

Now the other guys start RATTLING. The huge dude behind Jimmy joins in...

HUGE PRISONER  
Better Call Saul!

More and more guys start chanting and rattling. Is being the center of attention good or bad? Jimmy has no clue.

The C.O.s at the front of the bus don't like the commotion.

BUS C.O.  
All of you, shut up! Shut up now!

But now more guys are joining in. In summer camp it might be "99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall", but here it's...

**BETTER -- CALL -- SAUL -- RATTLE-RATTLE!!!**

The guys keep going, raising their spirits. (The cadence might remind us of "We Will Rock You.")

(CONTINUED)

And now Jimmy gets it. In his heart he may be Jimmy McGill. But no matter where he goes, no matter what he does, the rest of the world will always see him as Saul Goodman.

As far as the prisoners are concerned, Saul's the guy who knows all the angles. He's the *criminal* lawyer.

Jimmy plays his part, he smiles at the guys, drinks in the popularity.

Whatever else happens, he's going to survive. And if that makes him a cockroach? Well, goddamnit, he's a living cockroach. Off this strange moment of chaos...

56 EXT. RURAL COLORADO ROAD - DAY 56

The bus continues down the road, the noise of the chanting growing fainter. Off this, HARD CUT TO:

57 DARKNESS 57

*CLUNK!* A door slides open, we are INSIDE an INDUSTRIAL OVEN, looking out over a row of BREAD LOAVES.

Jimmy peers in at us. He's wearing a PLASTIC HAIR NET.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - BAKERY - DAY

Weeks have passed. With practiced movements, Jimmy uses a large metal SPATULA to lift out loaves two at a time. He sets them onto the shelves of a rolling RACK.

Jimmy's one of several SWEATY PRISONERS working in this hot, dilapidated, industrial space. A BEEFY C.O. appears on the other side of the bakery, he yells over the din.

BEEFY C.O.  
Saul! Lawyer's here!

The paperwork may say "McGill" but in here he's Saul Goodman to prisoners and staff alike.

Jimmy's unsurprised about the visitor. Gotta be Oakley with more bad news. Jimmy FIST-BUMPS another PRISONER and hands over the spatula.

BAKERY PRISONER  
Got ya, Saul.

Jimmy tugs off the hair net as he leaves.

58 INT. FEDERAL PRISON - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 58

The Beefy C.O.'s face appears briefly as he glances in through the tiny, REINFORCED GLASS WINDOW. There's a CLICK and the heavy door opens. The C.O. maneuvers Jimmy inside.

Jimmy stops in his tracks at the sight of...

... Kim Wexler. She's waiting for him.

BEEFY C.O.

Ma'am?

KIM

No cuffs. Please.

As the C.O. releases the cuffs, Jimmy stares at Kim. She's the last person he was expecting to see.

The C.O. leaves, the door lock CLUNKS.

Jimmy and Kim are alone. The fact that Kim has come here means everything to Jimmy.

KIM

Hi, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Hi.

Not a lot said now. The emotions stay beneath the words.

JIMMY

How'd you..?

How did she get in here as an attorney? Is what he's asking.

KIM

Turns out my New Mexico bar card doesn't have an expiration date.

Jimmy watches as Kim goes to the door. She glances out the window. Checks to make sure there are no guards watching. The coast is clear.

Kim digs in a BRIEFCASE and produces a CIGARETTE and LIGHTER.

She brings the cigarette to Jimmy. He takes it.

Jimmy puts the cigarette in his mouth. Kim tries to light it -- but her hand shakes as she raises the lighter. She's trying to keep it together but seeing Jimmy in here has upset her more than words can convey.

(CONTINUED)

Jimmy reaches out and puts his hand on hers. Together they light the cigarette. Jimmy takes a silent puff. They both lean against the wall.

These two aren't back together romantically. But they've been on a journey together that only they can understand.

Jimmy passes the cigarette over to Kim. The tip GLOWS RED. A tiny bit of color in a monochrome world.

KIM  
You had them down to seven years.

JIMMY  
Yeah. I did.

Jimmy savors the thought. *What a hell of a deal that was.*

KIM  
Eighty-six years.

JIMMY  
Eighty-six.

Jimmy takes the cigarette from her, the little dot of RED dancing in the black and white frame.

JIMMY  
But with good behavior... who knows?

Almost against her will, Kim cracks a tiny smile.

Kim and Jimmy stand side-by-side, passing the cigarette back and forth. Very much as we first saw them in the HHM parking deck.

CIGARETTE SMOKE curls toward the ceiling, SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

59 EXT. FEDERAL PRISON - EXERCISE YARD - DAY 59

SUNSHINE flickers through RAZOR WIRE.

LEADING KIM as she follows the Beefy C.O. along a narrow path between towering CHAIN LINK FENCES. She's on her way out of this place, struggling to keep her composure.

Kim senses someone looking at her, she glances over and there's Jimmy.

He's visible through layers of fencing, standing in an EXERCISE YARD. PRISONERS play basketball in the distance. Jimmy stands still, watching Kim.

(CONTINUED)

Time SLOWS DOWN. Kim meets Jimmy's gaze.

No matter what the future brings, there's something between these two that will never end.

Kim and the C.O. stop at a closed GATE. A GATE C.O. approaches from the other side, ready to open it.

Jimmy gives her a half smile and...

Shoots finger guns at her. A gesture they've both used before, one that can mean so many things.

Kim takes this in and then... Shoots 'em right back.

She blows imaginary smoke away from her "guns." The gate rattles aside. Time to go. Kim follows the Beefy C.O. through, she looks back at Jimmy one final time...

There's a tiny sparkle in Jimmy's eyes as he vanishes from view. Off this ambiguous moment...

CUT TO BLACK.

END SERIES