Cast List

JIMMY
CHUCK
KIM
HAMLIN
LABORER #1
REBECCA
DOCTOR CALDERA
BANK COMMISSIONER
KEVIN
PAIGE
ALLEY
CHAIRMAN
COMMITTEE MEMBER #1
COMMITTEE MEMBER #2
PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR
FRANCESCA
CLERK
HUELL
COURT REPORTER

Non-speaking
DAY LABORER
OWNER
KID
MAN
ONLOOKERS
ASSISTANT
SECURITY GUARD

OMITTED
AUDIO TECH
BETTER CALL SAUL
"Chicanery"
11/21/16

Set List

Interiors:
CHUCK’S HOUSE
  KITCHEN
  DINING ROOM
  GREAT ROOM
  MUD ROOM
VET’S OFFICE
  LOBBY
  EXAM ROOM
STATE GOV’T BUILDING
  LOBBY
STATE BAR BUILDING
  HEARING ROOM
  HALLWAY
  STAIRWAY
KIM’S CONDO
  BATHROOM
  LIVING ROOM

OMITTED:
STATE GOV’T BUILDING
  HEARING ROOM
STATE BAR BUILDING
  SIDE ROOM
  ELEVATOR
  LOBBY
KIM’S CAR

Exteriors:
STATE BAR BUILDING
  FRONT
CHUCK’S HOUSE

OMITTED:
CHUCK’S HOUSE
  GARAGE
KIM’S CAR
TEASER

WHIRRR!

CLOSE ON: the blade of a LAWNMOWER, spinning. Chewing its way through the lawn of...

EXT. CHUCK’S HOUSE - DAY

Pushing the mower, a DAY LABORER has already cleared the shaggy green grass from more than half the lawn in nice clean rows. Why is Chuck giving his house a makeover?

In the b.g., JIMMY crosses from the direction of the garage, something small and black in hand. He goes into...

INT. CHUCK’S HOUSE - MUD ROOM - DAY

Ah! As he enters, we see he’s carrying a BLACK TELEPHONE. It’s not quite a rotary Bakelite, but it’s the spiritual touch-tone successor: solid and defiantly corded.

Jimmy’s in the lion’s den? With electronics, no less? What mischief is he up to...?

None, actually: this is brown-suited, back-of-the-nail-salon era Jimmy -- we’re in a FLASHBACK, roughly to the year 2001.

JIMMY
   (calls)
   Hey, I found a phone!

Two more LABORERS hang a large PAINTING over the circuit breaker boxes.

JIMMY
   Looks like it’s from 1967, but I think it’ll work...

Jimmy squeezes by them and passes into...

INT. CHUCK’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

We’ve never seen Chuck’s house like this -- buzzing with activity. Two more LABORERS set the OVEN back in place. Another set of LABORERS perch on a ladder, re-installing the VENT HOOD. CHUCK is nearby, observing. He’s dressed in shirtsleeves -- not planning on dirtying his hands.

(CONTINUED)
CHUCK
Just a sec, Jimmy.
(to the Laborers)
Excellent. Thank you for being so careful!

Jimmy sets the phone down on the counter. Laborer #1 descends the ladder, approaches Chuck.

LABORER #1
Sir, we need to get in your attic.

CHUCK
For what?

LABORER #1
(gestures to the hood)
The hook up.

CHUCK
Oh, no. Don’t bother. It’s fine.

LABORER #1
(mildly confused)
Won’t take twenty minutes, sir. Can’t really use it if you don’t.

Jimmy steps in to head off further questions.

JIMMY
Yeah, we know. We won’t. No prob. When you’re done there, could you grab a couple more lamps from the garage? Thanks.

The Laborers look to each other. Who are they to argue? Both Laborers go into the Mud Room. Chuck walks to the Dining Room, and Jimmy follows after...

JIMMY
All right, we got a phone. Front yard’s half-mowed -- looking good.

INT. CHUCK’S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

HIGH ANGLE on Chuck and Jimmy as they enter. The CHANDELIER hoists into frame, lifted by another pair of LABORERS.

JIMMY
... Most of the sockets and stuff look a-ok, but I’m gonna check one more time. Make sure I didn’t miss any. Think we’re getting there!

(CONTINUED)
Chuck nods, satisfied. His Potemkin Village is coming together. *But who's he trying to fool...?*

**CHUCK**

Good, good...

He turns to face Jimmy. Holds up his left hand. On his ring finger, he wears his WEDDING BAND.

**CHUCK**

So, what do you think? On? Off?

He pulls it off, puts it back on, modelling it for Jimmy. *Too desperate...?*

**JIMMY**

I think... off.

**CHUCK**

(nods)

Yeah. You’re right. Off it is.

He takes it off and pockets it. Now we get what’s going on here, and why he’s cleaning up: *Chuck doesn’t want his visiting ex to know he’s sick!* Protecting his secret.

**JIMMY**

(gently)

Chuck... You sure this is the right way to go? I mean, the bigger the lie, the harder it’s gonna be to dig out.

Chuck’s eyes fix on the chandelier. Resolute.

**CHUCK**

(quiet)

I’ll cross that bridge when I come to it.

Jimmy pats Chuck good-naturedly on the shoulder as he goes. Off Chuck, keyed-up and determined...

**INT. CHUCK’S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

CLOSE ON: a match FLARES, lights a candle.

Chuck shakes the match out, takes one final glance around. No more bustling workers. The house is quiet; the stage is set.

(CONTINUED)
Low, warm, inviting light: lanterns and candles artfully dot the room. None of the gloomy darkness we’re used to in this space. It's a normal -- even romantic -- dinner setting.

Off Chuck, everything looking good...

INT. CHUCK’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

BUUBBBLLLE! Chuck, in an apron, stirs a simmering yam purée (or similar) in a saucepan over a camp stove. He tastes it. Too bland. Hits it with salt.

Nearby, FISH rests on a platter -- dry rubbed with fresh herbs, salt, atop lemon slices. It’s ready to hit the pan, then dazzle the tastebuds.

VOICES drift in from outside. A familiar WOMAN’S LAUGH. We can’t make out their words, but one voice becomes clear: REBECCA BOIS, Chuck’s now-ex-wife.

Chuck hears them and stiffens, galvanized. Unties the apron. Turns the burners low, covers the food. KNOCKING at the front door. Chuck steels himself. Then turns and crosses into...

INT. CHUCK’S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Chuck takes his apron off as he goes, sets it over a chair. Keeps moving toward the front door.

    CHUCK
    (calls)
    It’s open!

We hear the DOOR open. Rebecca still chuckles a bit.

    JIMMY (O.S.)
    ... Chuck?

Chuck gets to them just as they crest the Foyer. The house is softly-lit and welcoming. Chuck steps up to hug Rebecca, smiling. Thrilled to see her, but trying to play it cool.

    CHUCK
    Rebecca. You look lovely.

    REBECCA
    (kisses his cheek)
    Hi, Chuck. So good to see you.

(CONTINUED)
She’s cordial, at ease, only slightly awkward. Whatever drove them apart, it didn’t leave obvious wounds. She glances around, noting the unusual lighting. Curious.

Jimmy “notices” the dark room, too -- playing dumb.

**JIMMY**
Hey, what’s with the candles? Why’re you sitting in the dark?

**REBECCA**
I was wondering the same thing!

Chuck shakes his head, exasperated. Spins a tale...

**CHUCK**
Oh my god, the afternoon I’ve had! Two hours ago, I take the seabass out. No sooner is it prepped and resting then -- boom! -- power goes down. I get on the phone to the city and to make a long story short -- those bozos at PNM mixed up my payment! The deadbeat at Five One Two San Cristobal hasn’t been paying his bills, and of course, I’m --

**REBECCA**
Two One Five!

**CHUCK**
Two One Five.

**CHUCK**
Exactly! They say they’ll have it back on tomorrow at some point. In the meantime, I borrowed camping gear from the neighbors. Thus the rustic flair.

**JIMMY**
Jeez. Should we, I dunno, get out of here? Go to a restaurant? We could hit Seasons! Your treat.

Jimmy’s playing his role to perfection. This is the first time we’ve seen the Brothers McGill pull a con. And you know what? They make beautiful music together.

**CHUCK**
Yeah... we could. But dinner’s almost ready and the fish, I’d have to throw it out. All I have to do is toss it in a pan. What if we just... rough it? Would that be all right?

(CONTINUED)
The brothers look to Rebecca, expectantly. Guest of honor gets to make the call.

REBECCA
Why not? It’ll be fun! A haute-cuisine camp out.

CHUCK
Great! Then it’s settled. Here, let me get that...

Chuck takes her coat and hands it to Jimmy who takes her purse. Could there be electronics inside? Jimmy quickly moves them -- discreetly -- away from his brother. Off Chuck shepherding her in...

INT. CHUCK’S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

Chuck, Rebecca and Jimmy finish off their bananas foster. Each has a mostly empty plate, coffee cup and digestif glass. Everyone's in a fine mood after a perfectly pleasant dinner.

REBECCA
Oh my god. I couldn’t eat another bite.

JIMMY
Cheers to the Galloping Gourmet!

REBECCA
(drinks)
Mmm... this Calvados is perfect.

CHUCK
(smiles)
You always liked it.

Jimmy looks from Chuck to Rebecca. He can read the room. Stands, starts to gather the dessert plates.

CHUCK
(halfheartedly)
Jimmy, you don’t have to...

JIMMY
Come on. The dishes are the least I can do. Gimme that.

Fair enough. Chuck hands him his plate.

CHUCK
Thanks, Jimmy.

(CONTINUED)
Jimmy nods. He takes what he can carry into the kitchen.

Chuck and Rebecca are alone. They smile at each other at the same time, awkwardly. Chuck breaks the silence.

What follows is touching and fond. Chuck is light, friendly; Rebecca, receptive and warm. Almost like old times.

**CHUCK**

This worked out better than I thought. Still... sorry about the lights.

**REBECCA**

No, it’s nice. Atmospheric.

(lowers her voice)

I still can’t get over Jimmy as a lawyer.

**CHUCK**

Neither can I! Has his own shingle out and everything.

**REBECCA**

A real, responsible citizen. Who woulda thought?

She looks around at her old homestead. Wistful.

**REBECCA**

This place looks exactly the same. I thought you’d... I dunno, change it up. Move things around.

**CHUCK**

You have great taste. And if it ain’t broke...

(finding a new topic)

How’s the tour going?

**REBECCA**

Good. East Asia this Fall. China, South Korea. Vietnam! That’ll be exciting. After Santa Fe, it’s back to Central Europe.

**CHUCK**

And it’s good?

**REBECCA**

It’s a lot of hotels. In Budapest, I saw the inside of the concert hall and the Marriott.

(CONTINUED)
CHUCK
There’s a Marriott there?

REBECCA
There is. Converted Soviet-bloc hotel. It’s nicer than it sounds. Was there for three weeks. By the end, I knew my way from the lobby to the room to the ice machine and back. That was it for me and Budapest.

(then)
I shouldn’t complain.

CHUCK
You’re not complaining; you’re observing.

She smiles. Is this a thaw between them..?

CHUCK
Did you finally get to see Salzburg?

REBECCA
Not yet. Next month, after Vienna.

CHUCK
You’re really in Mozart country.

REBECCA
Mmm-hmm. We’re performing the Requiem at the Neuklosterkirche. I can’t wait.

CHUCK
Do you remember when we tried to go to Salzburg? That crazy old lady on the scooter who chased us out of the train station?

REBECCA
(laughs, then)
Oh, but that raspberry Linzer torte we got in Innsbruck? To make ourselves feel better?

CHUCK
You said: “we’ll never finish this!”

REBECCA
And then we did!
Off them, strolling down memory lane...

INT. CHUCK’S HOUSE – KITCHEN – NIGHT

Jimmy scooches back from the sink to peep into the Dining Room... Sees the happy couple. Going great!

INT. CHUCK’S HOUSE – DINING ROOM – CONTINUOUS

CHUCK
And what’s after Asia? Any stateside tours coming up?

REBECCA
Hopefully next year. Maybe even a residency. That’d be sweet. I like the planes and trains and buses fine, but...
(small shrug)
I miss having one place to hang my hat.

Chuck absorbs this. Is it possible she wants to come back? Before he can respond --

RINGGG! Rebecca's cellphone goes off like a tiny bomb in her purse, on the divan. Chuck flinches. Instantly rigid. Rebecca goes to retrieve the phone.

REBECCA
Sorry. I hate these things. It’s like I’m on a leash.
(checks the screen)
Ugh... It’s my conductor. I have to take this. Sorry!
(picks up)
Hey, Andre. No, I’m just at dinner. What’s up..? Yeah, I’ll do that at rehearsal. No problem... No, I know they’ve been coming in late on bar sixteen. Got it. I’ll make sure to watch it...

She paces, going through orchestral shop-talk. From Chuck’s POV, that damn phone at her ear is like a uranium rod. She paces near him with it and he can barely keep from flinching.

REBECCA
Hang on, let me get a pen...

She crosses away to her purse, but comes back with a note pad. Leans on the table. Awful close to Chuck.

(CONTINUED)
As she scribbles notes, Chuck can’t take any more. He’s on his feet and on the way to the kitchen.

INT. CHUCK’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chuck wobbles, pale as a sheet, into the Kitchen. Jimmy stands halfway to the door -- he heard the phone ring and is at the ready. Chuck brushes past him, leans at the sink.

JIMMY
Chuck --?

Jimmy moves to support him. Chuck holds up a hand.

CHUCK
(quietly)
It’s okay. I’ll be okay.

He scratches in his distracted way at the arm and shoulder that was nearest to Rebecca’s phone. Breathing hard.

But now Rebecca brings in a load of dishes, cradling the phone to her ear. She mouths "sorry." Jimmy tries to move away, but he and Chuck are corralled against the sink.

REBECCA
Want me to work the cellos separately?

Jimmy tries to get her attention, draw her into the Dining Room. Anything to get her away from Chuck!

JIMMY
Rebecca... Rebecca...

No use. While the electricity stabs at Chuck, she nods to him like she heard, holds up a finger and keeps talking.

REBECCA
It’s not just him; it’s the whole section...

JIMMY
(louder)
Rebecca.

REBECCA
(mouths)
One sec!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
Suddenly, Chuck’s hand shoots out! Plucks the phone from her ear. And TOSSES it. It skitters away.

REBECCA
Chuck!!! What the hell??

Rebecca goes after the phone, picks it up near the entryway to the Dining Room. Chuck’s in a state of shock.

REBECCA
Andre? Sorry, I -- I gotta call you back.

She hangs up, sets the phone down on the other side of the doorway, in the Dining Room. Wheels on Chuck, furious.

REBECCA
What is your problem??

Chuck stands stock-still. Even he can’t believe he did that!

JIMMY
(nudges Chuck)
Chuck... tell her!

REBECCA
Tell me what?

A pregnant pause. Jimmy looks from Chuck to Rebecca. Rebecca’s eyes shoot daggers into Chuck.

Maybe Chuck will come clean. Tell her of his infirmity, the reality of his de-lectrified home, all of it...

CHUCK
Tell you that... it’s incredibly bad manners to answer a cellphone in company. It’s simply... rude.

Rebecca looks gobsmacked. Those’re about the last words she expected to hear from Chuck’s mouth. Utterly stunned.

REBECCA
I -- I... I’m sorry. I didn’t... know you felt that way. I didn’t mean to offend you, Chuck.

Now that the phone’s neutralized, Chuck’s getting his head back together. Oh no, what have I done..?

(CONTINUED)
CHUCK
(course-correcting)
I... I may have overreacted. That was very abrupt. I’m sorry.

REBECCA
No, I... understand.

But it’s obvious: the spell is broken. The bit of hope for reconciliation has vanished. Rebecca lets out a breath.

REBECCA
You know, it’s getting late. Thank you for the lovely dinner, but I should get back to my hotel.

JIMMY
Okay, gimme one minute and we can --

REBECCA
No, no. I’ll call a cab. I don’t want to put you out any more.

JIMMY
Please, let me.

REBECCA
No, really. A cab’s much easier.

No arguing with her. She’s done. She goes into the Dining Room, and orders a cab. Jimmy watches until she’s out of hearing range, then turns to Chuck, whispering.

JIMMY
(urgent)
You have to do something. You can’t just let her walk outta here! Tell her what’s going on.

CHUCK
(dazed, half to himself)
No... No...

JIMMY
She’ll understand! You think it’s better she thinks you’re a raging prick than she knows the truth??

CHUCK
No, I... I can’t...

Chuck can’t formulate a response. Not a proper one, at least. She’s slipping away...!
JIMMY
Okay. You won’t tell her, then
I’ll tell her.

Jimmy takes a step toward the Dining Room. That wakes Chuck up! Now crystal clear, he grabs Jimmy's arm. He’s intense, but not loud. Very aware of Rebecca in the next room.

CHUCK
No!

JIMMY
Chuck, please --

CHUCK
No. You will not tell her. You. Will. Not. Understand?

His severity shuts Jimmy up. Chuck means it. He’s a cornered animal; if Jimmy pushes him, Chuck will bite.

Jimmy, beaten, gives the barest nod. Okay. I understand. Off Jimmy, watching Chuck’s pride and fear drive away the love of his life...

END TEASER

CLOSE ON: a GOLDFISH gulps mindlessly in a clear plastic bag. We RACK from the bag to a CAT in a carrier, its OWNER staring absently next to it.

The Lobby’s got the usual clientele -- KID with a puppy, MAN with a snake, etc. [PRODUCTION NOTE: as much as we love cats and snakes, these are only suggestions.]

So who’s got the fish? Why, it’s none other than Jimmy! Patiently waiting his turn. Completely ignoring the fish.

CALDERA (PRE-LAP)
Ah, Jesus. What’re you doing, man?

INT. VETERINARIAN’S OFFICE - EXAM ROOM - DAY

DR. CALDERA, our resident underworld vet, squints at the fish. Jimmy holds it up like a dirty diaper.

CALDERA
There’s barely any oxygen in that bag! You’re suffocating her!

JIMMY
“Her?”

CALDERA
Just because you don’t see swingin’ dicks doesn’t mean you can’t tell a boy fish from a girl fish.

Jimmy holds the bag up to his eye.

JIMMY
Oh yeah. Now that I look, I can see the lipstick.

CALDERA
(shakes his head)
This is a living creature, not a piece of furniture.
(stern)
You take her home, put her in a big bowl. At least a gallon. Get a good bubbler, maybe a plecostomus. And don’t feed her too much! People get fat; fish just drown in leftover food.

(CONTINUED)
JIMMY
All right already, Jacques Cousteau! Point made.

CALDERA
Good.
(then)
I assume our crusty friend didn’t refer you to me for ichthyological advice.

JIMMY
Yeah, look, I need someone with a light touch. I’m not talking some kid who’s taking a five-finger discount on string cheese at the local Stop ‘N’ Shop -- I’m talking highly skilled, high end, discreet. A pro.

CALDERA
(considers, then)
You gotta fit him in a tight space?

What an odd question. But Jimmy takes it in stride.

JIMMY
Don’t think so.

CALDERA
Then I got just the guy.

Off Jimmy, wondering what he means...

INT. STATE GOV’T BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

HIGH ANGLE looking straight down at the State Seal in the floor. A figure steps onto it. Paces. Agitated. NEW ANGLE: it’s KIM WEXLER. Deeply worried.

Facing a moment she’s been dreading.

The doors behind her open, and out come the familiar BANK COMMISSIONER from Ep. 209, along with KEVIN WACHTELL and PAIGE. All in high spirits, smiling and shaking hands.

The gang approaches Kim. The Commish extends his hand to her.

COMMISSIONER
Great job, Ms. Wexler. Very refreshing.
(MORE)
Believe me, we’re happy to have this one off our docket.

KEVIN
Not as happy as we are!

COMMISSIONER
Again, great job.

KIM
Thank you, sir.

He nods to them all and takes his leave. Kevin watches him go and when he’s out of earshot...

KEVIN
Ladies, dinner is on me!

PAIGE
Kim, I knew you were good, but... I didn’t know you were this good.

But their energy’s not catching. Kim’s still guarded.

KIM
I’m glad you’re happy.

KEVIN
Couldn’t have done it without you. I hope you realize that means you got a whole heap of work coming your way.

KIM
That’s... great.

KEVIN
You don’t sound like it’s great.

KIM
(picking her words)
I hate to be a buzzkill. But there’s something you need to hear before we get any deeper in.

Oh, this sounds serious. Kevin listens up.

KEVIN
What’s on your mind?

Kim, reluctantly, begins. She’s absolutely precise -- every word carefully formulated. Only what’s necessary.
KIM
It’s about your former attorney.
Charles McGill.

KEVIN
(Ugh. That guy.)
What about him?

KIM
Charles is making some very... ugly allegations about his brother, Jimmy, with whom I happen to share an office space.

Kevin and Paige share a look, curious but not anxious.

PAIGE
Allegations? Of what?

Here goes. She takes a breath and dives in.

KIM
Charles thinks that Jimmy somehow got control of your documents, while he was working on them at his home. He believes Jimmy transposed the address numbers.

Kim’s even-handed -- doesn’t put any stink on it, but also doesn’t do anything to hide how nuts it sounds.

PAIGE
Transposed the numbers? How would he even do that?

KIM
Charles contends Jimmy took the documents pertaining to the Rosella branch and, while Charles was indisposed, photocopied and doctored them.

KEVIN
What for?

KIM
According to Charles? To make him look bad. To blow the case. With the hope that you would bring your business back to my firm.

She’s matter-of-fact but, under that, nauseous. Dreading each question they ask, every answer she has to give.
PAIGE
That’s pretty baroque.

KIM
The important thing here is that I think it could make some noise in public. Soon. I don’t anticipate it will involve Mesa Verde, nor will it affect any of the work we’ve done or are doing. I’m telling you this in the spirit of full disclosure. I thought it was better you heard it from me.

(them)
If you have any reservations at this point, or if you’re not comfortable staying with me... we can discuss options.

She’s baring her throat, here. Perhaps kissing her one source of income goodbye...

Kevin’s quiet. Does Chuck’s story hold water? Is Kim more involved than she lets on...? Finally:

KEVIN
If there’s one thing I cannot abide it’s a man who won't own up to his mistakes.

He puts a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

KEVIN
Whatever mud McGill’s sling isn’t gonna screw me out of the best outside counsel I’ve ever had.

KIM
(relief flooding)
I... I’m so glad to hear that.

KEVIN
Appreciate the heads up, but we can call that baby put to bed. Now the important stuff: dinner. Seven good for you?

KIM
Works for me.

KEVIN
We’ll talk strategy -- do we move on Colorado or Utah next?
With one last gregarious smile, Kevin turns and goes. Paige lingers. Not worried, exactly, but cautious.

PAIGE
This McGill thing. You’re sure it’s not a problem?

KIM
I am. Mesa Verde’s not involved in any way, shape or form.

Paige nods. For the time being, she’ll take Kim at her word.

PAIGE
Okay. Good. Then... I will see you tonight.

KIM
Yeah. See you then.

Paige follows after Kevin. Off Kim, a weight lifted, but her fears not completely laid to rest...

INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - HEARING ROOM - DAY

A stripped-down court room: witness chair, a lectern, a large raised dais with three seats and microphones. Bland, efficient, unremarkable. No one here.

We PULL BACK and land on a LIGHT SWITCH. A hand flicks the switch OFF. The fluorescents sputter and die, but there’s plenty of light from the windows.

ALLEY
Okay, this is it...

An unassuming MAN steps into the room. This is the Disciplinary Counsel, ROBERT ALLEY -- the State Bar prosecutor who’ll present the case against Jimmy. Alley’s competence personified. A pure functionary, not a crusader.

Chuck and HAMLIN follow him in, looking over the space.

ALLEY
We can run without the overhead lights. And we’ll collect all cellphones and hold them for the duration of your testimony.

CHUCK
(indicates)
The court reporter...

(MORE)
would it be possible to move him or her farther from the witness stand?

ALLEY
Umm... yeah, I think we could arrange having them in the back of the court.

Alley sees Chuck’s glance up at the illuminated EXIT sign.

ALLEY
I’m sorry I can’t do anything about exit signs -- it’s code.

CHUCK
I appreciate all you’re doing. Thank you.

HAMLIN
Mr. Alley, I wonder if you could give us a moment? Just want to go over something with my colleague.

ALLEY
No problem. I’ll be outside when you’re ready.

Alley steps back out. Chuck looks at Hamlin, curious.

CHUCK
Howard..?

HAMLIN
How are you feeling, Chuck?

Where’s he going with this? Chuck’s careful, now.

CHUCK
I’ll muddle through.

HAMLIN
Because this is a lot to ask. And if you’re not up to it, just throwing this out there -- maybe you don’t need to testify at all.

Chuck cocks his head slightly: whatchoo talkin’ bout, Hamlin?

CHUCK
No. I do. I’m the only person who can adequately explain the context for that tape. On its own, the defense’ll tear it to shreds.

(CONTINUED)
HAMLIN
It’s already a solid case. There’s Jimmy’s statement from the Pre-Prosecution Diversion. There’s my testimony and the private eye’s. Maybe there’s no need to put you through the wringer like this.

Chuck narrows his eyes. Hamlin’s not being square with him.

CHUCK
This isn’t about me or my health. This is about PR.

HAMLIN
(not mincing words)
We lost a client. And that happened because while you were incapacitated, your brother accessed documents that should have been secure at HHM. What Jimmy did is unconscionable, yes, but... One of my jobs is to safeguard the firm’s reputation.

CHUCK
This is not a time to worry about how we look. This is about what’s right and what’s wrong. I’m not going to risk Jimmy getting, what? A year’s suspension? Maybe two? He deserves disbarment, not some slap on the wrist.

(then)
No, Howard. There’s only one way forward. Let justice be done, though the heavens fall.

Hamlin realizes it’s hopeless to argue -- Chuck’s said his piece. Chuck turns away and is out the door, back to Alley.

CHUCK (O.S.)
Sorry to keep you waiting. This’ll do nicely.

Off Hamlin, about to follow him out, unsettled...

END ACT ONE
ACT TWO

Over BLACK, we hear ALLEY’S VOICE. Dry -- not rote, but also not attempting an inspiring oratory.

ALLEY (V.O.)
Good morning. I’m Robert Alley for the State Bar.

We ADJUST, coming out of black onto...

INT. KIM’S CONDO - BATHROOM - MORNING

... A pair of TOOTHBRUSHES in a holder. Jimmy’s hand grabs one. After a moment, Kim’s takes the other.

They’re side by side at the sink, now brushing their teeth in their morning clothes. When we’ve seen them like this before, it was playful. Now, they’re halfway to somber.

Kim’s all business -- teeth to brush and places to be. Jimmy more even. Calm. Collected.

ALLEY (V.O.)
In the matter of James M. McGill, the State Bar intends to prove the following violations of the Ethical Code. 16-102: engaging in conduct the lawyer knows is criminal. Mr. McGill certainly knew breaking down his brother’s door was criminal behavior.

Alley’s voice continues with the "charges" over...

INT. KIM’S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Kim sits at her Dining Table, paging through notes. Her lips move, slightly -- practicing her opening statement.

Behind her, Jimmy ties his tie, watches her. Nothing says love like a woman who defends you at a Disciplinary Hearing.

ALLEY (V.O.)
16-804(B): committing a criminal act that reflects adversely on the lawyer’s honesty or trustworthiness as a lawyer. Any reasonable person would agree that assaulting another lawyer in his own home reflects badly on Mr. McGill’s fitness as an attorney.

(CONTINUED)
After a moment, Jimmy squeezes her shoulders, then gently takes her papers. Tucks them in her black rolling CATALOG CASE. It's a comforting gesture and a nudge -- you got this! Now let's go face the music.

Off Kim, putting on her shoes, standing to go...

EXT. STATE BAR BUILDING - FRONT - DAY

The catalog case ROLLLLLS along the asphalt as Kim and Jimmy cross the street to the imposing, semi-brutalist Municipal Building that houses the Disciplinary Hearing.

They cross past a PARKING CONE that marks off a space in front of the building, and enter...

INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Kim and Jimmy walk through the long hallway -- dead man walkin'! Her catalog case squeaks as it wheels behind her. They're shoulder to shoulder, looking straight ahead.

ALLEY (V.O.)
16-304(A): unlawfully altering, destroying or concealing material having potential evidentiary value. Mr. McGill broke into his brother’s house and destroyed an audio cassette which contained a recording of a conversation between himself and his brother, Charles McGill. We will show this recording was evidence in an ongoing legal case.

They arrive at the door of the Hearing. Kim does a quick once-over on Jimmy. Picks a piece of lint off his jacket. There. That's better. They walk through the doors...

INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - HEARING ROOM - LATER

The empty room from Act One is now in full swing. On the dais, the CHAIRMAN, flanked by two other COMMITTEE MEMBERS, presides. To one side, the COURT REPORTER takes notes.

Chuck isn’t here yet -- he’s a star witness, but that’s all. Hamlin sits in the gallery as Chuck’s proxy.

Kim and Jimmy sit at the defense table, each maintaining a neutral, professional demeanor.

(CONTINUED)
Alley stands at the center lectern, as the V.O. catches up with his statement in progress.

ALLEY
The State Bar believes once we have presented the facts, the Committee will agree disbarment is warranted for James McGill. Thank you very much.

He picks up his notes and sits at the prosecution table.

CHAIRMAN
Thank you, Mr. Alley. Ms. Wexler?

KIM
(rising)
Thank you, Mr. Chairman.

She grabs her notes. Jimmy gives her one last go-get-‘em-tiger look. She steps to the lectern.

Like Alley, she’s simple and dry-eyed. Not tipping her hand.

KIM
Good morning. I’m Kim Wexler, co-counsel with James McGill, for the defense. You’ve already read Mr. McGill's Pre-Prosecution Statement. We don't dispute James broke into his brother's house, an act he regrets deeply.

Jimmy listens, betraying no attitude. He’s studiously neutral and relaxed. Attentive to the goings-on.

KIM
But there is another side to this story. One not about calculation and ill intent, but about two brothers. Whose relationship, after years of strain, finally broke. We believe when you have the complete picture, you’ll understand James McGill is an asset to our legal community. And he should remain a full member of it in good standing. Thank you.

CHAIRMAN
Thank you, Ms. Wexler.

He confers silently with the other two Committee Members as Kim takes her seat.

(CONTINUED)
CHAIRMAN
Okay, if everyone’s ready to begin testimony, Mr. Alley call your first witness.

Kim glances at Jimmy. He nods to her, gives a small but confident thumbs-up: Great job, Kim! Off their looks...

HAMLIN (PRE-LAP)
... BANG BANG BANG! Then he kicked the door in...

INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - HEARING ROOM - LATER

Hamlin’s on the stand, facing Alley. Hamlin’s polished, clear, smooth. His best lawyer-face on full display.

That said, he -- like all the other attorneys present -- isn’t grandstanding. No firebrands -- a certain bland, bureaucratic efficiency is prized here at the Bar.

The PRIVATE EYE from Ep. 302 is in the gallery, as is FRANCESCA. One or two interested ONLOOKERS also attend this public hearing.

Jimmy’s still got a poker face -- mildly confident, not Menendez-Brothers-cocky. Why isn’t he tense? Hearing his crimes, you’d expect he’d be about to jump out of his skin...

HAMLIN
... Jimmy was very agitated. He was shouting. He demanded Charles turn over the evidence he’d collected --

Kim rises. Calmly professional, not leaping to her feet.

KIM
Objection. We have not established the tape is "evidence" of anything. The defense has only acknowledged it is a piece of property.

Smooth as silk, Hamlin walks it back.

HAMLIN
Allow me to rephrase. Jimmy demanded an audio cassette in Charles’ possession. Which Jimmy proceeded, with the help of an iron fireplace implement, to pry from Charles’ desk.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
He then broke the cassette to pieces, and went on to confront his brother.  

He looks at Kim -- he won that point. The more the Committee thinks of Jimmy as the kind of lawyer who tampers with evidence, the worse off he'll be.

**ALLEY**

What happened after the defendant smashed this tape?

**HAMLIN**

At that point, Mr. Brightbill and I --

**ALLEY**

That’s the Private Investigator Charles hired?

Points to him in the audience. The P.I. nods, slightly.

**HAMLIN**

That’s correct. He and I became concerned that Jimmy might strike his brother. So we stepped in.

**ALLEY**

Thank you, Mr. Hamlin. Nothing further at this time.

Alley sits and Kim steps up. Hamlin’s face hardens. This is his former protégé, after all, throwing in with the enemy.

Kim is brisk and professional, not confrontational. Well aware Hamlin’s loyalty to her is long gone.

**KIM**

You testified you’ve known my client for some time. How long exactly?

**HAMLIN**

Nearly ten years.

**KIM**

How did you come to know him?

**HAMLIN**

His brother asked to hire him in the mail room at our firm.

**KIM**

And you did.

(continued)
HAMLIN
Yes.

KIM
What was your opinion of him then?

Hamlin hesitates. Giving up as little ground as he can, yet avoiding outright lies.

HAMLIN
I thought... he had a lot of get up and go. He was a hard worker.

KIM
You had a nickname for him, didn’t you?

HAMLIN
“Charlie Hustle.”

KIM
“Charlie Hustle.” How’d you feel when you found out he’d become a lawyer?

HAMLIN
Surprised. He put himself through law school and took the Bar Exam without telling any of the partners. Even Charles.

KIM
He bootstrapped his way into a law degree while working in your mail room. Did you consider taking him on as an associate?

Hamlin can see where she’s going with this -- and he doesn’t like it.

HAMLIN
We did. Briefly.

KIM
Sounds like you didn’t hire him. Why not? With that kind of grit.

HAMLIN
The partners decided that it was best to avoid the appearance of nepotism. We felt hiring Jimmy might damage morale.

(CONTINUED)
KIM
Nepotism. Your firm is “Hamlin Hamlin and McGill,” right? Who’s the other Hamlin?

HAMLIN
My father.

Ouch. Point to Kim Wexler.

KIM
And which partner was most concerned about “nepotism?”

HAMLIN
Charles McGill.

KIM
So Jimmy’s own brother blocked him.

ALLEY
Objection. How are the hiring practices of Hamlin Hamlin McGill relevant here?

KIM
(to the Chairman)
It’s relevant to understand the relationship between these brothers.

CHAIRMAN
We’ll give you some leeway, Ms. Wexler, but don’t stray too far. Charles McGill is not the subject of this hearing.

KIM
Thank you.
(to Hamlin)
Did Jimmy know his brother was the one who prevented you from hiring him?

HAMLIN
No, he did not.
(then)
Eventually he was hired at the firm of Davis and Main. I’d be happy to say more on that, if you’d like.

Taking a jab, just to fuck with her. She returns it, evenly.
KIM
No, thank you.
(changes gears)
When Charles’ condition appeared, Jimmy took care of him, didn’t he?

HAMLIN
I believe so.

But Kim’s going to make damn sure this point lands.

KIM
Jimmy was struggling to build his solo law practice and yet every single day without fail, he brought his brother food, supplies -- even his favorite newspaper. Isn’t that right?

HAMLIN
(a concession)
Yes, he did.

KIM
Could you speak about the terms of Charles’ leave of absence?

HAMLIN
You know I can’t. It was an FMLA leave -- anything more is confidential.

KIM
But you can confirm it was due to mental illness, correct?

Alley rises to his feet with a bit more vigor this time.

ALLEY
Objection! Charles McGill’s mental health isn’t at issue. This is a smear job on the State Bar’s upcoming witness, nothing more.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #1
This is not a competency hearing, Ms. Wexler.

CHAIRMAN
Mr. Hamlin isn’t a psychiatric professional. Do you have any questions that would be more germane to his experience?

(Continued)
Shit. That's a blow. Kim deflates. Looks at her notes.

KIM
... No. I have nothing further.

CHAIRMAN
Thank you. The witness is excused.

Hamlin stands. As he passes Kim, we can tell he’s disappointed in her for her part in this farce.

Alley approaches the lectern once more.

ALLEY
At this time, State Bar would like to enter Exhibit Five into evidence. We ask that Charles McGill’s recording be played.

Kim stands. She knows she’s fighting a rearguard action on this point, but she’s got to try.

KIM
Respectfully, I’m renewing my objection. The probative value of playing this Exhibit is outweighed by how prejudicial it is.

ALLEY
All due respect to Ms. Wexler, but the State Bar feels it’s fundamental to hear. We don’t want to leave any question as to the intentions of both parties.

CHAIRMAN
Ms. Wexler, we already ruled this was fair game when we denied your Motion to Suppress.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #2
I’d add that, the rough-and-tumble of your client’s conduct aside, we need to know whether one lawyer attempted to tamper with another’s evidence.

COMMITTEE MEMBER #1
And we can’t decide on the evidence tampering without knowing what the potential evidence is.

Kim sits, unreadable. Jimmy, though, still looks unfazed -- like he doesn't feel the noose tightening...
The CLERK wheels in a stereo system on a cart. Alley supervises in Pocket Dialogue, as they fumble with patch cords, AUX inputs, etc. It's ungainly and inelegant.

Meanwhile, Jimmy glances around and spots Francesca in the gallery. Jimmy's puzzled, catches her eye and waves her over. She leans close. Both whisper:

**JIMMY**
What are you still doing here?

**FRANCESCA**
Flight’s delayed.

**JIMMY**
How delayed?

**FRANCESCA**
Forty minutes, last I checked.

**JIMMY**
Shit. Okay. Keep me posted.

She nods, returns to her seat. Finally, Jimmy looks worried. If there were a word bubble over his head, it'd read "GULP!"

Audio BURPS through the speakers. The Clerk stops the tape -- they got it working. Nods to Alley.

**ALLEY**
(to the Committee)
Thank you for your patience. State Bar is ready to proceed.

Before he gets the go-ahead, Jimmy all but jumps to his feet.

**JIMMY**
Begging your pardon, but the defense would like a moment to review first. If we could?

The Chairman does a quick canvass of the panel. It's not an unusual request. They nod.

**CHAIRMAN**
(a tad impatient)
All right. When you're ready.

**JIMMY**
Thank you, Mr. Chairman.

At the defense table, Jimmy sits. He opens the transcript, starts leafing through. Not really reading, mostly skimming.
The room’s quiet as a library; the only sounds are Jimmy turning pages and people shifting in their seats.

Kim leans close to Jimmy and whispers:

    KIM
    What are we doing?

    JIMMY
    Stalling.

With a tiny nod, she plays along and fakes reading. Off the two of them vamping while everyone in the hearing room looks on...

INT. CHUCK’S HOUSE – GREAT ROOM – DAY

Chuck paces, quietly rehearsing his testimony. It’s a lot like we’ve seen Jimmy prep: a poignant family resemblance.

    CHUCK
    (sotto)
    Yes. My brother has many admirable qualities. In some ways, I could say I admire him...
    (considers, then)
    Too cold.
    (Another run at it)
    I love my brother. Ted Kaczynski’s brother loved him, too. He wanted to help...
    (thinks)
    Sanctimonious...
    (then, starts over)
    I love my brother. He’s a good person... He has good in him...
    But the law is too important...

KNOCK! KNOCK! Chuck looks toward the Mud Room.

    CHUCK
    (calls)
    Be right there, Howard!

He takes a breath. Go time. He grabs his (normal, non-space-blanket-lined) suit jacket, slinging it on as he goes.

INT. STATE BAR BUILDING – HALLWAY – DAY

We TRACK toward the Hearing Room. As we approach the door, we hear the muffled TAPE playing back the scene from Ep. 210.
... I sure as shit wouldn’t be telling you otherwise. But, yes. It’s the truth.

CHUCK (O.S.)
You’d go to such lengths to humiliate me?

We LAND on the door. The black LETTER BOARD reads: “James M. McGill Hearing.” Through the door comes:

JIMMY (O.S.)
I did it for Kim! She worked her butt off to get Mesa Verde..!

INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - HEARING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The assembled hang on every word. [N.B.: From here to the end, let’s use as much of the complete Ep. 210 dialogue with as few artful, inconspicuous cuts as we can.]

JIMMY (V.O.)
... She earned it, and she needs it. I did it to help her, but I -- I honestly didn’t think it would hurt you so bad.

For Kim, hearing how far Jimmy will go for her -- even if it's misguided -- is almost sweet. Were they anywhere else, she might touch his foot with hers under the table.

JIMMY (V.O.)
I thought you’d just say, “Oh crap, I made a mistake,” and go on with your life, like a normal person. But, oh no! Wishful thinking..!

But Alley, the Chairman, Committee Members, even Francesca -- no one else sees a romantic gesture. They’re hard to read, but they might be watching Jimmy morph before their eyes into a dyed-in-the-wool criminal.

JIMMY (V.O.)
I’m gonna go call Howard.

CHUCK (V.O.)
Jimmy. You do realize you just confessed to a felony?
JIMMY (V.O.)
I guess. But you feel better, right? Besides, it’s your word against mine.

Alley presses STOP. SILENCE. After a moment, the Chairman lets out a deep breath. Shuffles in his seat. That was unpleasant to sit through.

CHAIRMAN
All right. Uh, Mr. Alley, I understand we need to make accommodations for your next witness. Is that correct?

ALLEY
Yes, Mr. Chairman.

CHAIRMAN
(to the room)
For those of you who don’t know, we need a minute to prepare the room. The Clerk is going to collect your cellphones, watches, key fobs -- any electrical devices. If you’d rather not, we ask you to please secure your items outside this room. Thank you for understanding.

The lights go OFF. Rolling out the red carpet for the king, making the room ready for Chuck. The main event.

The CLERK and an ASSISTANT circulate with plastic bags and sharpies -- put in your gear, write your name on it, seal and surrender it into their plastic bin. The more public, less honor-system version of HHM’s routine.

The Clerk approaches the defense table. Kim writes her name on a bag, puts her phone in, hands it over. Jimmy does the same with his watch.

KIM
Thanks.

CLERK
Your phone, sir?

JIMMY
I left it in my car.

The Clerk moves on. Jimmy watches as the Clerk’s Assistant takes the battery-powered clock off the wall. Time ticking away, indeed. His nerves rising...
EXT. STATE BAR BUILDING - FRONT - DAY

CLOSE ON: a parking cone, lifting. A SECURITY GUARD moves it aside for Hamlin’s car -- a special pre-arranged spot. [NOTE: It’s physically the closest place to put a car, be it a space or a marked-off section of curb, location depending.]

Chuck and Hamlin get out, nodding to the Guard.

HAMLIN
Thank you.

They straighten their jackets as they stride inside.

INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - STAIRWAY - DAY

They climb a long, straight stairway. Focused. Chuck subtly fighting off the symptoms of his allergy through every irradiated step. A BIG GUY descends, glancing at a newspaper. Kinda going down the up staircase there, guy...

He causes a little traffic jam, forcing Hamlin and Chuck to go single file. Hamlin passes first, but the Guy gets in Chuck’s way.

CHUCK
I... excuse me.

Waitaminute! Now we recognize the Guy as HUELL BABINEAUX, the nimble-fingered bodyguard from "Breaking Bad!" This must be the pickpocket that the Vet recommended to Jimmy.

There's an awkward do-si-do as they squeeze past one another.

HUULL
Sorry 'bout that.

CHUCK
No problem.

They keep climbing, but we linger for a moment with Huell. He slows. Stops. Looks back up at Chuck. What just happened there?? Off that question, we...

END ACT TWO
ACT THREE

INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

RAKING across the printed sign which reads “NO ELECTRONICS, PLEASE” posted on the door of Jimmy’s hearing room.

CLERK (O.S.)
Do you swear to tell the whole truth, so help you God?

The VOICE of the Clerk carries us to...

INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - HEARING ROOM - DAY

... Chuck, swearing in. The fluorescents are turned off; the court reporter has moved -- all of Chuck’s accommodations in place. Neither Francesca nor the P.I. are in the gallery, but otherwise the room is as it was at the end of Act Two.

CHUCK
I do.

Chuck sits. Even more than Hamlin, he’s master of this domain. A lawyer among lawyers. Self-assured.

Throughout his testimony, Kim takes notes for cross. Jimmy keeps his emotions in check, watching his brother coolly. Besides, his real worry is that late flight...

ALLEY
Could you state your name?

CHUCK
Charles L. McGill. I am a senior partner at the law firm of Hamlin Hamlin McGill.
(louder)
Can the court reporter hear me?

COURT REPORTER
Yes, sir. I hear you fine.

ALLEY
Mr. McGill, I’ll try to be brief. We don’t need to dwell on the burglary or assault you suffered.

CHUCK
Thank you. I appreciate that.

(CONTINUED)
ALLEY
What I would like to hear about is this tape. What compelled you to make it?

CHUCK
I had a suspicion my brother had tampered with documents in a case I was working on.

ALLEY
Why would he do that? Doesn’t sound particularly brotherly.

CHUCK
I believe his hope was that the tainted documents would cause the client to become disillusioned with my representation, and they would return to their previous attorney, Ms. Wexler. Which, I should note, is precisely what happened.

Kim doesn’t bother standing for this one:

KIM
(dry)
Objection.

CHUCK
(clarifies)
I’m not saying Ms. Wexler knew what Jimmy was doing or had any involvement. I am only stating that it happened.

ALLEY
Did you have any evidence to support your suspicions about James?

CHUCK
No. My brother, whatever else can be said of him, can be quite clever. He did an excellent job of covering his tracks.

KIM
(stands)
Objection. Speculation. The witness has admitted there’s no corroborating evidence this supposed crime even occurred.

(CONTINUED)
COMMITTEE MEMBER #1
I’d like to hear what he has to say.

CHAIRMAN
We’re going to continue.
(off Kim about to object again)
Ms. Wexler, we’ll extend you the same latitude on cross.

Kim sags -- dammit. Jimmy shoots her a glance -- it’s ok.

ALLEY
Go on, Mr. McGill.

CHUCK
Without physical evidence, I felt that a recorded confession -- if I could get one -- was my best bet. On its own, I knew the tape would be somewhat flimsy, but it was a start. A foundation for a more ironclad case.

Almost as an afterthought, he looks to the Committee. Chuck doesn’t seem self-serving, just sadly matter-of-fact.

CHUCK
I suppose Jimmy thought it was decisive evidence on its own, otherwise he wouldn’t have broken in to destroy it.

KIM
Objection! More speculation. How can he know what was going on in Jimmy’s head?

CHAIRMAN
Sustained. We just need to hear what happened, Mr. McGill.

But, of course, the point has been made.

CHUCK
I apologize.
(sum up)
I recorded my brother to build a case against him.
ALLEY
And at the time, would you say you were in possession of your faculties? All due respect, but you do sound somewhat unhinged in the recording.

Alley may seem adversarial, but actually he’s heading off problems. A sapper blowing up mines before his case hits them. Chuck allows himself a tiny smile.

CHUCK
Yes. I understand that. But what you heard was... theater. A performance, play-acting.
(simple)
I exaggerated the symptoms of my disease. To extract the truth.

ALLEY
On page three of the transcript -- there’s a copy in front of you if you need it -- you say your mind doesn’t work anymore. Did you mean that?

There’s a shuffling of papers as the Committee Members examine the transcript. Chuck doesn’t need to look.

CHUCK
No. That was a tactic. I pretended my disease was causing me to doubt myself, to lose my wits.

ALLEY
All right, can we talk about your disease for a moment? I’d like everyone here to be on the same page about it.

CHUCK
Of course. It's sometimes referred to as EHS, Electromagnetic Hyper-Sensitivity. I describe it as an acute allergy to electromagnetism. In my case, I'm especially sensitive to electrical currents.

ALLEY
It’s not a common condition, is it?

CHUCK
(down-to-earth)
I know this sounds strange. I do.
(MORE)
But thirty years ago, no one had heard of peanut allergies.

ALLEY
But you admit that no one -- no doctor -- has diagnosed you.

CHUCK
AIDS wasn’t identified properly until 1981; HIV wasn’t known as the cause until ’83.
(simple)
These things take time to unravel. Even for doctors.

ALLEY
Would you say your illness affects your ability to think clearly?

CHUCK
No. It affects me physically; it causes me great pain. However, I’m perfectly lucid.

He does sound very rational. Believable. Chuck’s winning the hearts-and-minds campaign, hands down -- we can see the Committee is clearly in his corner.

ALLEY
Thank you. I have only one more question, Mr. McGill.
(sympathetic)
Do you hate your brother?

CHUCK
(truly sincere)
Absolutely not. I love my brother. There’s nothing malicious in Jimmy. He has a way of doing the worst things for reasons that sound almost... noble. But what he did was wrong.
(then)
I blame myself -- he should never have become a lawyer.

KIM
Objection.

CHUCK
(to the Committee)
I withdraw that. That’s up to you to decide, now.
(smoothly)
(MORE)
But what I know for sure is the law is too important to be toyed with. It's mankind's greatest achievement, the Rule of Law. The idea that no matter who you are, your actions have consequences. And the way my brother treats the law breaks my heart. That's why I did what I did. Not to hurt him, but to protect something I hold sacred.

Chuck’s not on a soapbox. He seems genuinely moved. Alley knows he's not gonna get any better than that.

ALLEY
Thank you, Mr. McGill.
(to the Committee)
The State Bar rests.

Alley sits. Jimmy tugs on Kim’s sleeve, whispers in her ear. She nods, then stands.

KIM
I’m sorry. My co-counsel and I... need a moment to confer?

CHAIRMAN
(grudging)
Please be brief, counselor.

KIM
Yes, of course.

Kim sits. She and Jimmy shuffle around some papers and talk. (They’re mounting another stall, but we won’t privilege their Pocket Dialogue enough to really know.)

Chuck surveys the room from the stand, proud of the job he's doing nailing Jimmy's coffin tight.

Then, the main door opens. It’s Francesca. She holds the door for... REBECCA!! They both step inside.

Chuck stares. Blood running to ice. She hasn’t visibly changed at all in the two years since the Teaser. Still lovely. Still a piece chipped off his heart.

Rebecca catches Chuck’s eye, smiles supportively. Francesca shows her to a seat near Hamlin, who’s also surprised. He gives her a quick hug, and a greeting.

Chuck smells a rat: what’s going on here?

(CONTINUED)
Jimmy follows Chuck’s look, over his shoulder. Spots Rebecca. Thank. God. This is the mystery guest Jimmy’s been waiting for! He gives her a small wave, which she returns. He rises and goes to her. Hamlin, ever discreet, steps away when Jimmy arrives. He and Rebecca chat, but we don’t hear what they’re saying.

Chuck’s gorge rises, his anger building. Goddamned Jimmy...

CHUCK
Mr. Chairman, I’m sorry, could I take a moment? I’d like to get a breath.

CHAIRMAN
Of course, Mr. McGill.
(announcing)
Folks, let’s call this fifteen.
Everyone please be back and ready to go on the hour.

Most of those present head for the exits. Chuck steps down. Ready to wring Jimmy’s neck.

Jimmy sees Chuck approach. With one tiny flicker of a fuck-you glance at Chuck, Jimmy and Kim leave Rebecca and head out to the Hallway. Rebecca looks expectantly at Chuck.

Chuck takes a deep breath. Here goes... He approaches cautiously. Keeping his rage in check. She meets him in the aisle.

CHUCK
Rebecca.

REBECCA
(warm but with kid gloves)
Hi, Chuck. Good to see you.

CHUCK
I have to say this is a bit of a surprise. Did you come all the way from Singapore?

REBECCA
No, I was in Portland visiting my Mom.

CHUCK
Did Jimmy... did Jimmy subpoena you? You’re not on the witness list. You don’t have to testify if you don’t --
REBECCA
No. No, I’m not here for that.

CHUCK
Then, what...

She looks at him as if he were a child who’d just lost a pet.

REBECCA
Chuck... I wish you had told me. I can't believe what you've been going through. How long has it been?

It sinks in. The tender, painful sadness. The look he never wanted to see on her face. She knows. And Chuck can, sadly, guess the rest.

CHUCK
Ah. You’re here to “help.” Because all this is so stressful for me.
(then)
Is that what Jimmy told you?

REBECCA
He’s worried about you, Chuck. In spite of everything that’s happened between you, he still cares.

In other words, Jimmy has told her all about the disciplinary hearing -- or at least his version of it.

CHUCK
What exactly did he say?

REBECCA
He told me... that you’ve been sick. Allergic to electricity? He sent me pictures of the house, Chuck, my god. And last time I was here! With the phone! I couldn’t understand why you were acting like that, what I’d done... Why didn’t you tell me?


CHUCK
(plain)
I didn’t want to upset you. To worry you unnecessarily.
(a breath, then)
(MORE)
But now you’re here. And now you know.

Though he’s outwardly placid, Rebecca knows Chuck well enough to see he’s pissed. She backs off.

REBECCA
Look, I came because I thought this was the right thing. I thought... I don’t know, you might want me to. But I guess I’m a distraction.
(stepping away)
I’m in town for a couple days, and I’d love to spend some time with you... but right now, I think I should go.

She makes to step past him, but he stops her.

CHUCK
Please, no. I want you to stay.

REBECCA
Really? You don’t seem happy to see me.

CHUCK
I am. I’m surprised, that’s all.
(firm but gentle)
Stay. Please.

REBECCA
Are you sure?

CHUCK
Yes. I’m sure.
(icy calm)
You’ve been sold a bill of goods, Rebecca. And I want you to see what’s what.

Chuck’s not shaken anymore. He’s a rock. Off Rebecca, convinced to stay for the fireworks...

INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

By the vending machine, Jimmy eats from a bag of chips. Kim sips a bottle of water. Kim looks back toward the door. [Note: we don’t need to privilege it, but there is now signage on the door, something to the effect of “No Electronics Please.”]

KIM
She’s not what I expected.
JIMMY
What did you expect?

KIM
I’m not sure. Just not... her.

Jimmy shrugs, finishes the last of his chips. Kim looks at him. Last chance to call this off...

KIM
You know... she’s going to hate you when this is over.

He crumples the empty bag in his fist.

JIMMY
(simple)
Yep.

He throws the bag in the trash. Off Jimmy, starting toward the Hearing Room, ready for the fight of his life...

END ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

INT. STATE BAR BUILDING - HEARING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: the still-glowing EXIT sign. BOOM DOWN to reveal the hearing getting back to business. Chuck on the stand. Everyone else in place.

CHAIRMAN
All right, Mr. McGill, I’ll remind you that you’re still under oath.

CHUCK
I understand.

KIM
(stands)
At this time, I’d like to turn cross-examination over to my co-counsel, James McGill.

If this takes Chuck by surprise, you’d never know it from looking at him. Jimmy stands, ready for the moment of truth.

Jimmy steps to the lectern. It’s McGill v. McGill! Jimmy the affable common man versus Chuck the precise legal genius.

Jimmy takes his moment. Looks at his notes. Takes a breath. He’s ready to come out swinging.

JIMMY
Y’know, there’s been a lot of fuss about it, but you and I, we’ve never really talked about this tape you made.

CHUCK
We lost the opportunity when you burglarized my house to destroy it.

JIMMY
Fair enough. I was in the wrong there. But still. I’d like to see if I can follow your story about why and how you recorded it.

CHUCK
Oh, is this where you claim the tape is spurious? That it’s not your voice?

JIMMY
No. That’s me on the tape.

(CONTINUED)
Whoa. Chuck didn’t expect Jimmy to admit that so readily! While he’s off-balance, Jimmy presses his advantage.

JIMMY
But I still have questions. Like, the recorder -- man, that must’ve hurt like hell for you to touch.

CHUCK
There was a degree of discomfort, yes.

JIMMY
Where did you even hide it? It sounds pretty clear. It wasn’t in the couch cushions, was it?

CHUCK
(not unhappy with himself)
Tucked under a space blanket. Out of sight.

JIMMY
Wow. No chance I'd see that! Not with the state your place was in. Isn't that right?

CHUCK
(shrugs)
Maybe so.

JIMMY
Could you set the scene for the Disciplinary Committee? Tell us what your house looked like when the recording was made.

ALLEY
Objection. Relevance?

Jimmy’s done his homework -- he’s crisp and authoritative.

JIMMY
The circumstances of the recording are materially relevant. How can you understand what the tape really means if you don’t know what was going on when it was made?

The Chairman nods: point taken.

CHAIRMAN
Overruled. The witness can answer the question.
Chuck doesn't flinch. He’s ready. All the groundwork has been laid so that this part won’t sound batshit crazy...

CHUCK
I had covered most of the walls with Foil-Scrim Kraft insulation. I also hung a number of space blankets.

(off Jimmy’s look)
Compact mylar sheets. They insulate and protect against mild electromagnetic radiation.

JIMMY
What do they look like?

CHUCK
Silver. Somewhat like aluminum foil, but lighter.

JIMMY
So shiny insulation and space blankets -- all over the walls and ceiling. It was like being inside a disco ball.

CHUCK
Do you have a point?

JIMMY
I’m impressed by how much work went into entrapping me. You went all out.

CHUCK
I didn’t entrap you. I provoked an admission in adverse interest. That’s not the same thing.

Now Jimmy gets to his real point. He drops his voice, leans in closer.

JIMMY
How’d you know it would work?

CHUCK
What do you mean?

JIMMY
I mean, how’d you know your ‘provocation’ would work? Why would you think a bunch of shiny plastic would make me say anything?
Chuck knows what Jimmy wants him to say -- that he knew it would scare Jimmy. But no way. Chuck’s not admitting squat.

JIMMY
(presses)
Isn’t it because you knew that was precisely the thing that would worry me so much I’d say anything to talk you down?

ALLEY
Objection.

JIMMY
Withdrawn.

Jimmy figured that wouldn’t fly, but hopes maybe they heard him -- that’s the thrust of his whole argument! He moves on.

JIMMY
Let’s get back to your house, every surface covered in tin foil. Nothing crazy about that.

CHUCK
As I’ve said, I was playing up my condition. Usually, it's a perfectly normal house.

JIMMY
Really? You think your house is normal? Can I call your attention to Exhibit Twelve..? That’s your house, isn’t it?

Chuck flips through the thick BINDER of exhibits to Twelve: the photos Mike took. The ones Jimmy sent Rebecca.

CHUCK
Yes.

JIMMY
Huh... I mean, I see pulled wires. Camp stoves. Lanterns on top of newspapers... Would you say those are "normal?"

CHUCK
I’d say they were adaptations. As a prophylactic measure for a physical, medical condition.

(CONTINUED)
JIMMY
Did the doctor who granted me a Guardianship for you think this is a “physical condition?”

ALLEY
Objection! You can’t introduce a TEG as evidence. Besides which, the panel has already ruled Mr. McGill’s mental health is not at issue.

Jimmy’s feeling the heat, but he stays calm and professional as he addresses the Committee.

JIMMY
The State Bar opened the door to this on direct when the witness talked about his supposed “play-acting.” Allowing me to follow up on cross is only reasonable.

ALLEY
We discussed his physical allergy, not a mental disability.

JIMMY
Potato, po-tah-to! Look, it comes down to this: in order for you to know what I was thinking, you need to see Chuck through my eyes.

(to the Committee)
You need to know if I believed that tape was evidence. And I say the only thing it’s evidence of is the fact my brother hates me.

(simplifying)
He claims he lied to get me to tell the truth. I’m telling you I lied to make my brother feel better. Which of us you believe depends on how we all understand the mind of Charles McGill.

The Chairman nods. Jimmy makes a good case. Jimmy chews his lip, holds his breath. *If this doesn’t go my way…*

CHAIRMAN
We did promise the defense some leeway. You may proceed --

JIMMY
Thank you, Mr. Chairman.

(CONTINUED)
CHAIRMAN
-- But watch yourself.

Jimmy nods to the Chairman, turns back to a seething Chuck.

JIMMY
Can we go back a little further, Chuck? I’d like to talk about when your symptoms first appeared. It was shortly after you were divorced, is that correct?

Jimmy doesn’t take his eyes off his brother.

CHUCK
Yes.

JIMMY
Do you think the stress of the divorce might’ve brought on your illness?

CHUCK
I doubt it. It was an amicable split. My ex-wife and I are still on good terms.

JIMMY
In fact, your ex-wife is present here today, is she not? When was the last time you saw her?

ALLEY
(getting fed up)
Objection. This is not family court. We’re not here to re-litigate the witness’s divorce. I can’t see what purpose this serves.

Chuck, though, is cool as a cucumber. He saw this coming, and he’s ready to respond.

CHUCK
I can. I’ll tell you why my brother brought my ex-wife to this hearing. 4,000 miles she came, lured by concern for me.

(a sigh)
What Jimmy’s driving at is that the last time I saw her, I covered up my illness. I’d been suffering from it for some time, but I went to great lengths to conceal that fact from her.

(CONTINUED)
He finds Rebecca's kind, caring face in the audience.

CHUCK
I'm sorry I deceived you, Rebecca.  
I didn't want you to think less of me.

He's simple, sad, but not weepy -- reliving the heartbreak of the Teaser. He looks back to Jimmy, eyes flashing.

CHUCK
Now Jimmy has outed me here in  
front of you. Do you know why? To  
rattle me. He knows I have a, a  
lot of... feeling for my ex-wife.  
He's hoping this will break me  
down. Split me apart at the seams  
like a murderer confessing in an  
episode of Perry Mason. Well, I'm  
sorry to disappoint you, Jimmy.

He locks eyes with Jimmy, full of cold fury. Curt.

CHUCK
Have I answered your questions to  
your satisfaction? Do you have  
anything else?

Looks like Chuck deflected Jimmy's big move! And he didn't crack at all. Jimmy looks suitably chastened.

JIMMY
Yes. I do. Earlier, you talked  
about some other diseases.  
Physical conditions, you said.  
Okay. So let's say you had, I  
dunno... lung cancer.  
(quiet)  
Would you have told Rebecca then?

Chuck blinks. Considers. Would he have..?

CHUCK
If that had been the case... maybe.  
I might have.

JIMMY  
(genuinely perplexed)  
So... how is this different?

Chuck works his jaw, trying to find the words. But he can't. Jimmy didn't expect him to. He lets it hang, until:

(CONTINUED)
COMMITTEE MEMBER #2

(a nudge)
Mr. McGill. Move it along.

JIMMY
You know what, you don’t need to answer that.
(brisk)
Let’s get down to brass tacks. I want to be very, very specific here. This illness, what does it feel like? You mentioned it’s painful.

Chuck is quietly compelling as he explains.

CHUCK
It is. There’s a tightness in my chest. Difficulty breathing. And pain, burning pain. And the pain spreads... everywhere...

Jimmy considers this. He seems to empathize.

JIMMY
Sounds horrible. Does it hurt right now?

CHUCK
There’s always some discomfort. Electricity is everywhere in the modern world.
(to the Committee)
But I very much appreciate the indulgence of the panel for their accommodation here today. I can handle this fine.

While Chuck talks, Jimmy nods to Francesca. She quietly leaves without drawing attention.

JIMMY
The lights, the microphones. When they’re off you don’t feel them?

CHUCK
If the current’s not flowing, no.

JIMMY
Sorry about the exit signs. Guess they couldn’t kill those for you.

Chuck doesn’t take the bait. (Meanwhile, Francesca re-enters discreetly with Huell and sits in the rear of the gallery.)

(CONTINUED)
CHUCK
It's fine. They're not drawing much current and they're far away. Intensity falls off with distance per the inverse-square law.

JIMMY
Whoa! Inverse-square! I'm no physicist. Could you dumb that down a shade for me?

CHUCK
The farther away it is, the stronger the source needs to be to have an effect.

JIMMY
Got it, got it. So if I had a small battery, from a watch or something -- if I got it close enough to you, near your skin maybe, you'd know?

CHUCK
Yes. I would feel it.

Jimmy moves closer to Chuck. Leaning near (but absolutely not touching) him, first on his left side, then the right. Pointing to different spots in the room, sussing it out.

JIMMY
Can you feel more current from any particular direction right now? Anything coming through the wall back there? Or over there? What about through the floor? Can you tell us where the nearest source is?

Although Jimmy's not telegraphing it, Chuck senses the trap. He narrows his eyes.

CHUCK
Jimmy. Have you got something in your pocket?

Jimmy stands still. Caught. He looks to Kim for support.

JIMMY
Uh... yes. I do, in fact.

Takes out his cellphone, holds it up. A MURMUR in the court.

(CONTINUED)
JIMMY
My cellphone. At this distance, you should feel it, shouldn’t you? And you don’t!

CHAIRMAN
Mr. McGill, you were warned to leave your electronics outside!

Chuck, though, is eerily cool, calm and collected.

CHUCK
It’s all right. May I..?

He reaches out, steadily, and takes the phone! Jesus! Is he white-knuckling it here, or..?

Without the slightest wince, he opens the back of the phone. Looks inside. And holds it up: empty!

CHUCK
As I thought, there’s no battery. You took it out. That’s a sorry little trick, isn’t it?

More MURMURS. Jimmy’s impressed. He nods, seemingly rueful.

JIMMY
Yep. You got me, Chuck. Dead to rights. I took the battery out.

ALLEY
Objection!

The Chairman has just about had it with Jimmy.

CHAIRMAN
Sustained. You’ve taken all the leeway you’re getting, Mr. McGill. Wrap it up fast.

Chuck’s losing his patience for Jimmy’s hijinks. Very aware of Rebecca’s eyes on him. If he were a dam in a disaster movie, there’d be a crack forming...

CHUCK
God, Jimmy. You should know by now, this is real. I feel it. It’s a physical response to stimuli, not a -- a quirk! What will it take to prove it to you?

JIMMY
I don’t know, Chuck.

(CONTINUED)
Jimmy reaches over and takes his phone back. He looks at the phone in his hand. Hefts it.

JIMMY
(plain)
Could you reach into your breast pocket? Tell me what’s there.

Chuck sighs, rolls his eyes and reaches in...

CHUCK
What now? Did you --?

FUCK! His eyes go wide as his fingers strike metal. It's a cell phone battery.

He rips it out of his pocket. Like he's snake-bit, he FLINGS it down. Rebecca nearly gasps, puts a hand to her mouth.

JIMMY
Could you tell the court what that was?

CHUCK
(stunned)
It’s a battery...

Jimmy picks it up. Chuck cradles the hand that touched the battery. Feeling the burn.

ALLEY
Objection!

Jimmy pays no attention, steamrolling on. Nothing stops this train! He points to Huell in the audience.

JIMMY
(relestant)
Do you recognize that man in the back? His name is Huell Babineaux -- he’s on our witness list. You remember, you bumped into him in the stairway. He’ll testify he planted that fully-charged battery on you over an hour and a half ago!

By now, Jimmy has put the battery in the phone and powered it up. Its glow backs him up -- that battery’s got juice!

HUELL
An hour and forty three minutes!

(CONTINUED)
CHUCK
(overlapping, confused)
No... It’s a trick. Must be...

JIMMY
Thank you, Mr. Babineaux. An hour
and forty three minutes! And you
felt nothing.

All of that happened fast enough that Jimmy could get away
with it, but now Alley's on his feet, objecting.

ALLEY
(to the Committee)
Enough is enough! I submit, Mr.
McGill's mental illness is a non-
issue! If he was schizophrenic --

CHUCK
(wat did he call me??)
Schizo --!

ALLEY
-- it wouldn't change the fact that
the defendant --

Hearing himself described -- here, at the Bar -- as “mentally
ill” cuts Chuck to the quick. The dam gives way. All his
rage, his hatred, his misery comes flooding out. Enough!

CHUCK
(to Alley)
I am not crazy!

He catches a glimpse of Rebecca’s upturned face in the
gallery. Literally the last person in the world he wants to
see him in this light.

CHUCK
(to Rebecca)
I am not crazy.
(to the Committee)
I know he swapped those numbers! I
knew it was 1216. One after Magna
Carta! As if I would make such a
mistake. Never. Never! I just,
just couldn't prove it. He made
sure of that! He covered his
tracks, got that idiot at the copy
shop to lie for him --

ALLEY
Mr. McGill, please, you don’t --!

(CONTINUED)
CHUCK
(over Alley)
You think this is bad, this, this chicanery? He's done worse! That billboard! You're telling me a man just happens to fall like that? No -- he orchestrated that! Jimmy!

ALLEY
(overlapping)
Mr. McGill, please--!

Chuck scratches at his hand, near to drawing blood he's digging in so. The faces of the Committee start to shift. Their outrage at Jimmy is turning to something else...

CHUCK
He defecated through a sun roof! I saved him, but I shouldn't have. Took him into my own firm! What was I thinking!?

He appeals to everyone and no one. Looking at Rebecca, Alley, Hamlin, Kim. Their faces all filling with that loathsome, awful pity.

CHUCK
He'll never change. Since he was nine, always the same! Couldn't keep his hands out of the cash drawer. But no, not Jimmy! It couldn't be precious Jimmy! Stealing them blind! And him a lawyer. What a sick joke.

He looks to the Committee. They've got to be on his side, right..?

CHUCK
I should have stopped him when I had a chance. You, you have to stop him! You have to --!!

The room's dead silent. Here is the Chuck Jimmy described: a sad case who can't hold it together in the presence of a tiny battery. A man unglued and unwell.

Chuck looks around. Taking a breath. Understanding at last that he has lost. Too late, he composes himself.

CHUCK
I apologize. I... lost my train of thought. Got... carried away.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CHUCK (CONT'D)
(diminished, to Jimmy)
Do... do you have anything else?

Jimmy looks at his brother. The man he just buried.

JIMMY
(evenly)
No. Nothing further.

Jimmy takes his seat, still watching Chuck. Kim looks at Jimmy, overwhelmed by the enormity of what she and Jimmy just did.

Chuck sinks down in his chair, spent. He stares at that damn EXIT sign. Still glowing.

The tiny HUM of it rises, slightly. Off this tableau, we...

END EPISODE