

BETTER CALL SAUL

"Five-0"

Episode #106

Written by

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Directed by

Adam Bernstein

Production Draft

WHITE - 8/1/14

BLUE PAGES - 8/4/14: 18, 24, 30, 35, 37, 40

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BETTER CALL SAUL

"TBD"

8/11/14

Cast List

JIMMY

MIKE

STACEY

KAYLEE

DETECTIVE SANDERS

DETECTIVE ABBASI

FRANCISCO (formerly EDUARDO)

DR. CALDERA

OFFICER HOFFMAN

SERGEANT FENSKY (formerly T.O. FENSKY)

BARTENDER

Non-Speaking

ALBUQUERQUE DETECTIVE

APD UNIFORM COP

BETTER CALL SAUL

"TBD"
8/11/14

Set List

Interiors:

MIKE'S HOUSE
 KITCHEN
POLICE STATION
 HALLWAY
 INTERVIEW ROOM
ALBUQUERQUE STATION
 WAITING AREA
 OUTSIDE THE RESTROOMS
 WOMEN'S ROOM
 MEN'S ROOM
 STALL
VETERINARIAN'S OFFICE
 KENNEL AREA
 EXAM ROOM
STACEY'S HOUSE
 LIVING ROOM
MCCLURE'S BAR (formerly MCKINNON'S BAR)
SUZUKI ESTEEM
TAXI
POLICE CRUISER
 BACKSEAT
MIKE'S CAR

Exteriors:

COURTHOUSE PARKING LOT
STACEY'S HOUSE
 BACKYARD
 FRONT CURB
NEW MEXICAN DESERT
ALBUQUERQUE TRAIN PLATFORM
STACEY'S STREET
PHILADELPHIA STREET
MCCLURE'S BAR (formerly MCKINNON'S BAR)
EMPTY LOT

TEASER

1 EXT. NEW MEXICAN DESERT - DAY 1

Flat scrubland and dust. The Sandias crouch in the distance. Quiet. We're out past the eastern outskirts of Albuquerque, in the valleys that stretch away to Colorado and Kansas.

In the distance, a TRAIN races toward edge of frame.

CLOSER: it WHOOSHES past us.

Now the train carries us along with it, through...

A SERIES OF WESTERN BEAUTY SHOTS --

-- The desert unspools alongside the rails.

-- Roads cut long black arroyos to the horizon.

-- Wide-sky country giving way to the dots of houses, warehouses, suburbs.

We're approaching Albuquerque, rolling closer and closer to town. It's our version of the opening of "Bad Day at Black Rock", announcing:

Someone's coming.

2 EXT. ALBUQUERQUE TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY 2

The Rail Runner train SQUEALLLS to a stop on the line. The doors open and a smattering of passengers disembark. Blown-out overhead speakers announce the train's current station and its next stop (let's base all this on what Rail Runner actually does).

A black SHOE lands on the train steps. A passenger descending, a small duffel bag in hand: MIKE -- grizzled, travel-worn.

We're BACK IN TIME, at the moment he first arrived in Albuquerque, several months before episode 101.

Welcome to the Mike Ehrmantraut episode of "Better Call Saul." Like Mike himself, this episode is deliberate, thoughtful and emotionally economical. It doesn't wear its heart on its sleeve. But make no mistake: it will ultimately become very dramatic, nevertheless.

That duffel bag? It's everything he cared to take from whatever life he left behind.

(CONTINUED)

Still, Mike is Mike: a wolf in Sears clothing. There's no hesitation as he walks into...

3 INT. ALBUQUERQUE STATION - WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS 3

Mike scans the station. Spare, down at the heels but with Southwestern charm. Fairly empty -- a CLERK, a HOMELESS GUY asleep, a LISTLESS JANITOR sweeping.

No one else. He checks the clock: a little after noon. *She should be here.* Guess he'll get comfy.

Mike sets down his bag next to a bench and sits. A slight wince as he settles in, but could be he's just travel-sore.

WIDE ON MIKE: Portrait of a man, waiting.

He gives a glance toward the RESTROOMS sign across the way. He sits for a moment or two longer, then looks at them again.

Might as well hit the head while he has the chance. But now, he rises to his feet... He hears FOOTSTEPS.

Mike turns to see STACEY, the mystery woman from episode 105, walking toward him. She's dressed in health care worker's scrubs and white, velcro'd Reeboks. Coming off a shift. Worn down and world-weary.

Whatever joy Mike is feeling at this reunion is blunted. There's tension here. History.

STACEY
(forcing a smile)
Hey.

MIKE
(genuine)
Hey. Thank you for coming.

STACEY
Yeah. Of course.

A PAUSE, then she goes for a hug. Not a good hug, mind you: it's stiff, cool. The kind where only your shoulders touch.

She breaks it off.

STACEY
I'm just parked across the street.

She gestures toward the door.

(CONTINUED)

3

MIKE

Great. I was just about to hit
the...

(nods to the restrooms)
Just be a minute.

STACEY

Yeah. Sure. Meet you out front?

Mike nods, smiles. Clearly, he's happier to see Stacey than she is to see him -- and he recognizes this. Who is this woman? For now, all we know is she's Mike's ride. Mike watches her for a beat, then shoulders his duffel and heads to...

4

INT. ALBUQUERQUE STATION - OUTSIDE THE RESTROOMS - CONT. 4

Mike approaches two side-by-side corridors labeled MEN on the left, WOMEN on the right. Mike steps toward... the right, and calls into the women's room (after first ensuring that no one out in the lobby is close enough to witness this).

MIKE

Janitor! Anyone in there?

He listens for a response. No answer. Okay, then.

In he goes. What the hell?

5

INT. ALBUQUERQUE STATION - WOMEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 5

Mike does a quick check under the stalls. Nobody's here. On the wall next to the sink, there's a graffitied coin-op VENDING MACHINE -- super-generic, a gray metal box on the wall, no indication of what it vends.

He fishes in a pocket. Pulls out change. He dumps quarters into the machine. Turns the dial. KA-CHUNK.

CLOSE ON: the dispenser slot as a MAXI-PAD falls in -- generic, white, in industrial-grade plastic. Mike's hand GRABS it.

6

INT. ALBUQUERQUE STATION - OUTSIDE THE RESTROOMS - CONT. 6

Now, out comes Mike, exiting the women's room and immediately ducking into the MEN'S ROOM next door.

7 INT. ALBUQUERQUE STATION - MEN'S ROOM - STALL - CONTINUOUS 7

A stall door opens. Mike enters and closes it behind him, latches it shut. Mike takes his jacket off, hangs it on the door.

He carefully unbuttons his shirt, not hiding his pain now.

This hurts.

As the shirt comes open, we see that his shoulder is roughly bandaged, strips of gauze wrapped over a plain white pad.

Mike gingerly unwraps the gauze. When he gets down to the skin, we see BLOOD has seeped through the dressing, leaving a small bright stab of red on the pad.

Mike PEEEEELS it off revealing a neat blackish PUNCTURE WOUND. It's roughly stitched up, a self-done needle-and-thread job.

You don't have to be a doctor to figure: Mike got shot.

With his teeth, Mike tears open the maxi-pad. Strips the plastic cover off it. Presses the absorbent side to the wound, grimacing. Owww.

Gonna have to sew that up properly, and soon.

TIGHTER ON: the old gauze circling the arm. Efficient, professional. A competent field dress. He ties it.

WIDEN OUT: Mike starts to button up...

8 INT. ALBUQUERQUE STATION - WAITING AREA - DAY 8

Mike steps out of the men's room, fully dressed and squared away. Nothing out of place. Nothing shows.

He crosses the lobby, his duffel slung over his good shoulder. All his secrets are under wraps.

For now.

Off Mike, departing the station...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

9 BLUE SKY. Still in the teaser-era, about three months 9
prior to "Better Call Saul" Present Day.

An OUT-OF-FOCUS BLOB swings toward us in SLOW-MOTION. It resolves into a toddler's back (a la the opening shots of "Breaking Bad" 307).

RAMP TO NORMAL SPEED: it's KAYLEE EHRMANTRAUT, age five-ish. She's in her play clothes, GIGGLING, having a good time on the swings. Carefree kid stuff.

KAYLEE

Higher!

A NEW ANGLE reveals we're in...

EXT. STACEY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Swings, a sandbox, toys. Not huge, but a solidly middle-class backyard for a kid to play in.

MIKE

Higher? You asked for it...

She LAUGHS as her Pop-Pop pushes her higher. Mike looks every inch the attentive grandfather.

He's favoring that good arm, though. And holding the pain down in the one hanging at his side...

He glances over to where Stacey sits, arms casually folded.

MIKE

Okay, sweetheart. Pop-Pop's getting tired. Time to come down.

KAYLEE

Aww..!

MIKE

Don't "awww" me! A little break. Go on. Go play, I'm gonna talk with your Momma.

Kaylee scampers off. Mike walks over to Stacey, takes a seat in the lawn chair next to hers.

MIKE

Good kid.

(CONTINUED)

STACEY

Yeah. She is.

Kaylee tears into the sandbox. She's unaware of the subtle distance between Mike and Stacey -- she's a happy kid, building her childhood in the backyard.

STACEY

So, how d'you like it? Out here..?

MIKE

I like it.
(gestures)
Wide-open spaces.

STACEY

Yeah. It's different, anyway.

A beat. This conversation is not exactly catching fire.

Mike leans in. Getting down to the meat of it. Quietly concerned.

MIKE

How you doing?

How to answer that? She struggles to find words.

STACEY

(a half-shrug)
I'm... I'm okay. Y'know...
adjusting.

MIKE

And Kaylee?

STACEY

She's settling in. Still asks
about him. "Where's Daddy..?"
(then)
She just misses him.

MIKE

("Me, too")
Yeah...

They look at Kaylee again. Poor kid. Lost her Dad, Mike's son, Matt. Poor all of them.

Stacey represses the memory. Something else is bugging her.

STACEY

How long you in town for, Mike?

(CONTINUED)

MIKE
(as a comfort)
I'm *here*. For the duration.
Indefinitely.

She nods. Sizing him up. Measuring the situation. Not entirely thrilled.

Mike notices: his presence is not welcome news. And he knows why.

MIKE
(reassuring)
I'm better. I'm sorry it took me
so long but... I'm not...
("drinking anymore")
Like I was. I'm back. Solid.

He's back from the bottle, is what he's telling her -- back from a months-long grief-stricken bender.

MIKE
(sincere and plain)
I'm here for you and I'm here for
Kaylee. For my family.

Does she buy that?

Maybe so. God knows she wants to. Stacey lets her guard down a little. She and Kaylee could use all the family they can get.

STACEY
Good. That's good. Glad to hear
you're better.

She starts to go further, stops herself. More on her mind.

MIKE
What? What is it, honey?

STACEY
Mike, I gotta ask you... I mean, I
know I just need to, to move on
from this, but...
("fuck it")
I keep thinking about something.

MIKE
What?

STACEY

How... Before Matty died, like for a few weeks there, he was... different.

MIKE

Different how?

STACEY

I dunno. *Different*. Moody, y'know? Barely ate, wasn't sleeping. Snapped at me about the stupidest things. He'd step on one of Kaylee's dolls and he'd yell till you'd think he was gonna bust a blood vessel. Matty wasn't like that. He was... God, so not like that.

Mike's listening, a trace of concern on his face. He doesn't look shocked at any of this, though. More taking it all in.

STACEY

I thought maybe something's up at work, someone's sick, something like that. But he wouldn't talk to me. Clammed right up. "Nope. Everything's fine. Tired." "Tired," that's all I got from him.

MIKE

Cops aren't touchy-feely, y'know?

STACEY

No. They're not. But this wasn't the normal "tough guys don't cry" crap. This was *more*. Did you notice, did you feel anything like that? From him?

Mike rolls it around in his memory for a second. Then:

MIKE

Far as I remember, he seemed okay.
(qualifying)
To me, he seemed okay.

Stacey takes that in.

STACEY

I started to think... I don't know. I didn't know *what* to think.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STACEY (CONT'D)

But then, three days, four -- I don't remember -- but before he died, there was this... phone call.

Here we are. Approaching what she's been driving at.

STACEY

Two-thirty in the morning, I wake up and Matty's not in bed. I hear him talking. Downstairs. I go to listen, on the stairs where he couldn't see. He gets... intense. Like he'd be screaming if he wasn't whispering, y'know?

(baffled by the thought)

Matty didn't get worked up. He let things go. But this... he was angry. Really angry.

MIKE

What was he saying?

STACEY

I don't know. I couldn't make it out. Something about...

(gives up)

I don't know. I couldn't, couldn't hear it...

Her frustration is palpable. Self-flagellating: she should have gotten closer, listened harder...

STACEY

In the morning, I called him out. "What the hell was that about? What's going on?" He wouldn't tell me anything. Not who it was, wouldn't explain the sneaking around, nothing. "It was work." That's it. Complete stonewall.

Looks hard at Mike. That's the windup; here's the pitch:

STACEY

But I think... I think he was talking to you.

MIKE

(not quite a question)

Me.

STACEY

Yeah.

(a beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

STACEY (CONT'D)

I mean, who else? For one hot second, I thought maybe he was catting around, but --

MIKE

He wouldn't do that.

STACEY

(dismissing it)

No, I know. I know that.

(not getting off track)

But you... He knew he could call you any time if he had a problem. You were thick as thieves, the two of you. And there was something in his voice, how he was talking. It makes me think... it was you.

Mike's caring, but careful. All kid gloves with her.

MIKE

Stace... I don't think it was. There weren't any late-night heart-to-hearts with him I can recall. Not around then.

(then)

Maybe it was a C.I.? A case or..?

Stacey searches Mike's eyes. Inscrutable, unreadable Mike. She hopes to catch a crack in the façade.

MIKE

(gentle but firm)

Listen, I know what you're doing. Replaying it, over and over. Thinking "If I noticed this or changed that, maybe I could've done something." You think I haven't had those thoughts? I have. Every day.

Steady, even-keeled Mike. No cracks at all here. None on display.

MIKE

You can't beat up on yourself like this. Matty's gone. He's gone.

Mike sounds reasonable. But he's a little too measured. Too rational. Facing his daughter-in-law's questions, her grasping for closure... He shouldn't be this unmoved.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

That's really all there is to it,
Stacey.

Is Mike holding out on Stacey? Is there something he isn't telling her..? If so, she'll have to wait to find out. This stone is out of blood for today. He's dry. Done.

It's a tough pill to swallow, Mike shutting her down. But fuck if she'll show him that. She nods, tight-lipped:

STACEY

Yeah. I guess that's that.
(stands up)
Y'know... it's getting late. I
gotta get Kaylee her dinner, get
her to bed.

A brush off. If he's not going to help her find closure, then she doesn't need Mike cluttering up her life.

The truth, or get the fuck out.

MIKE

(getting the message)
Yeah. Okay.
(stands)
If you need me to come by, keep an
eye on her. Any time. I wanna
help.

STACEY

("when hell freezes over")
Sure. We'll see.

She doesn't bother with a hug. He's dismissed.

STACEY

We'll see you around.
(turns away)
Kaylee, honey...

She goes to her daughter, no second thoughts. Mike can see himself out.

Off Mike, looking on, cast out from the family scene...

10

EXT. STACEY'S HOUSE - FRONT CURB - LATER

10

WIDE ON: Mike sits on his bag on the curb. Waiting, again.

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED:

10

NEW ANGLE: Over his shoulder, we can see Stacey looking out from a window. She's not sneaky about it; just checking to see if Mike's still there.

He can feel her watching. He doesn't look back. Nothing more to say. Pure stubbornness.

The Cold War is on, Stacey and Mike each hoping the other side thaws first.

A TAXI rolls to a stop next to Mike.

He stands up, and the gunshot wound claws at his shoulder on the move. A flash of PAIN on his face.

Careful to keep his back to Stacey's house, he opens the door and slings the bag in with his good arm. Can't let her see he's hurting.

Mike gets in...

11

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

11

KA-CHUNK. Closes the door behind him. He looks under his jacket, gingerly: a couple inkblots of BLOOD dot his shirt. Bleeding through. *Shit.*

The CABBIE (FRANCISCO) flicks his eyes to the rearview. He can't see Mike's blood, by the way -- and even if he could, he likely wouldn't care one way or the other about it.

FRANCISCO

(rote)

Where to?

(PRODUCTION NOTE: The taxi does NOT drive in this scene.)

Mike quickly sizes Francisco up. To us, he looks like an average cabbie. A working stiff.

But from MIKE'S POV, we pick out details, things like:

-- A Lady of Guadalupe on the dash (a gang favorite).

-- His dead-eyed cab license photo. It reminds us of a mug shot.

-- The faded PRISON TATTOO on the web of his right thumb.

It paints a picture: Francisco's not totally on the straight-and-narrow. Mike studies him in the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

11

MIKE

Francisco.

FRANCISCO

Yeah.

MIKE

You know this town?

FRANCISCO

(shrugs)

Yeah, sure.

MIKE

(a quiet challenge)

How well?

Off Francisco, locking on to Mike in the rearview -- catching his drift -- we PRELAP the sounds of dogs BARKING...

12

INT. VETERINARIAN'S OFFICE - KENNEL AREA - AFTERNOON

12

TRACK PAST: rows of dogs in cages. Through a snazzy dissolve or the creative use of a fun cutting point or somesuch, we SEGUE from this tracking shot...

13

INT. VETERINARIAN'S OFFICE - EXAM ROOM - AFTERNOON

13

... To a matching TRACK to reveal MIKE. He sits staring off into space. His shirt is off and he's down to his wifebeater, which exposes his GUNSHOT WOUND.

WIDER. We realize we're in a veterinarian exam room. Mike is sitting on a stainless examination table built for man's best friend.

DR. JULIO CALDERA -- a middle-aged, morally flexible vet -- tends to Mike's shoulder.

CALDERA

You sewed this up yourself?

A barest nod from Mike. Local anaesthetic or no: ouch.

CLOSER and we see him stitching the wound, which he has liberally swabbed with reddish-orange Betadine. It's much cleaner and tighter than the job Mike did. This one'll stick.

(CONTINUED)

CALDERA

Not bad.

(making conversation)

I bet there's a story there.

MIKE

Isn't there always?

Caldera's eyebrows raise -- *true enough*. Caldera finishes up. As he ties off his final knot:

CALDERA

Little sting here.

Oh, yeah. We see the pain flicker in Mike's eyes, but otherwise he doesn't flinch. Caldera cleans off the stray blood.

CALDERA

O...kay. There. That oughta do it. You should take it easy. Keep it clean, keep it dry. Let it heal. There's a Walgreens a couple blocks over on Louisiana, maybe go get yourself a sling.

MIKE

You don't have one?

CALDERA

Sorry. I got a cone I can put around your neck. That's pretty close, right?

Mike pulls his shirt on. Still stiff and sore, but that feels better.

MIKE

So, five hundred?

CALDERA

Five hundred. I can throw in some pills for the pain. This stuff's essentially Vicodin -- I can give it to you for twenty-five a pill. Could cut that to fifteen for something a bit less human-centric.

Mike counts out five one hundred-dollar bills from his wallet. After that's gone, there's very little left. Maybe just a few tens and ones. Maybe Caldera notices..?

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

(hands him the bills)

I'm more of an aspirin man.

He's got grit, this guy. Caldera respects that. He throws him a freebie, shakes out a couple horse-pill-sized Vicodin.

CALDERA

A couple on the house. In case you change your mind.

Mike accepts the pills, pockets them. Nods his thanks. Caldera starts to clean up.

CALDERA

You're new in town?

MIKE

Yeah.

CALDERA

Sticking around or passing through?

MIKE

Why?

CALDERA

(easy, simple)

No reason. Just, if you're relocating to the Land of Enchantment, I know people.

(then)

I could get you some work.

Worldly Mike picks up what Caldera is hinting at. He shakes his head.

MIKE

I'm not looking for that kind of work. But thanks.

In other words, Mike is not in the gray-market, hired-muscle line. Not yet.

Caldera shrugs good-naturedly -- *suit yourself* -- and washes up. But the offer sticks with Mike, and us.

Who is this Mike? The guy with the broken family and the bullet in his shoulder? If he's not up for the rough-stuff-type-deals, how'd he get shot?

PAN OFF past-tense Mike, in profile, on to...

14 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - PRESENT DAY - DAY 14

PRESENT-DAY MIKE in answering profile, dressed as he was at the end of episode 105.

ABBASI (O.S.)

Don't know why we had to do it this way...

NEW ANGLE: Seated Mike coolly faces the cops from Philly, DETECTIVES KARIM ABBASI and GREG SANDERS, across an interview table. As per APD regulations, there is also an ALBUQUERQUE DETECTIVE sitting in on this session. He hangs back, arms folded. His job is simply to observe that these visiting cops play by the rules.

Abbasi, the younger of the two, takes a small NOTEPAD from his jacket -- spiral bound across the top, easy to pocket. He flips it open. Ready to write down what Mike has to say.

ABBASI

Coulda been friendly and talked at your house. You really want the formal treatment?

Mike simply stares into space, impassive. A stone.

MIKE

Lawyer.

SANDERS

Come on, Mike. We got a couple questions, is all. Ain't nothin' but a thing.

MIKE

Lawyer.

ABBASI

You're not under arrest. Anyone here say "arrest?" No. You wanna walk, walk... But I gotta say, I expected more cooperation from you on this. Cop to cop.

The appeal to the Thin Blue Line. Mike isn't impressed. Once more:

MIKE

Lawyer.

Leaning against the wall in the B.G., the Albuquerque detective shifts his weight a little. It's a subtle message: *Get this guy his lawyer.*

(CONTINUED)

Abbasi and Sanders grudgingly relent. So be it. The hard way, it is. Abbasi tucks his notepad back in his jacket.

ABBASI

Fine. What lawyer?

Mike reaches into his pocket and slides a familiar blue business card across the table. It lands in a nice CLOSE UP on our hero's new catchphrase: "Need a will? Call McGill!"

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

15 INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

15

We're in our familiar police hallway. Into view comes our very own JIMMY MCGILL, a take-out cup of COFFEE in his hand and a bounce in his step. Sure, doing wills for little old ladies is paying the bills of late... but this particular client call promises to be juicy! Jimmy (who is a familiar face here) calls out to the nearest APD UNIFORM.

JIMMY

Ehrmantraut. Who's got him, and where?

The uniform cop points to... Sanders and Abbasi, who stand cooling their heels outside the door to the interview room. (Their APD detective overseer waits a bit apart from them.) Jimmy beelines for them.

JIMMY

How you fellas doing? James McGill. Here to see my client.

These two aren't happy to see him, of course. Sanders gives Jimmy's white linen suit a deadpan once-over, raises an eyebrow.

JIMMY

What?

SANDERS

You look like Matlock.

JIMMY

No, I look like a young Paul Newman, dressed as Matlock. So where's my guy..?

16 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

16

Mike sits alone. Calm, unaffected. If he's worried, he's not showing it.

Sanders opens the door for Jimmy. As Jimmy enters:

SANDERS

Say hi to Don Knotts.

JIMMY

Wrong show -- but thanks for playing!

(CONTINUED)

Jimmy waits for the door to CLUNK closed. Then:

JIMMY

What, the Mayor didn't give you
enough stickers?

Mike's snappy rejoinder is a baleful, lizard-eyed look.

JIMMY

Are you gonna tell me what we're
doing here?
(sets down the coffee)
Here's your coffee. Hope it's good
to the last drop, 'cause I'm
billing you the full hour for it.

MIKE

Coffee's not for me, it's for you.

JIMMY

Aw. Thoughtful!
(straight-faced now)
Seriously..? So why'd you make me
bring it to you?

Mike lays out his plan as calmly as setting a table.

MIKE

Here's what's going to happen.
Those two cops out there are from
Philadelphia. They've come a long
way to see me. When they come in,
we're all going to have a chat.
And after it's over, the young one,
the one who's gonna be writing
everything down in his little
notepad... he's gonna put that
notepad back in his jacket. And
when he does, you're gonna spill
that coffee on him. A little
accident, that's all.

What?? Jimmy cocks his head. Is he hearing this right?

JIMMY

(flummoxed)
Uh... and why, pray tell, would I
do that?

MIKE

Because I'm asking you to.
(off Jimmy's disbelief)
It's the only reason you're here.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

I'm here because you want me to
assault a police officer.

MIKE

I want you to spill a few ounces of
lukewarm coffee on him. I very
much doubt that satisfies the
definition of "assault," but hey,
you're the lawyer.

JIMMY

Right, how silly of me. All you
want is for me to aid and abet you
ripping off the guy's notepad.
'Cause that's what this is about,
right?

(off Mike's stare)

What are you, nuts?! You can't be
serious.

One look tells Jimmy (and us) otherwise. Mike's as serious
as Type 2 diabetes.

MIKE

I hate to say "you owe me one," but
you do. That assist I gave you
with your missing persons
problem..?

(shrugs)

One good turn, and so forth.

Jimmy's pissed now. The nerve of this guy! Keeping his
voice low and even, so as not to be overheard by the
detectives out in the hall, he nonetheless lays into Mike.

JIMMY

You want a good turn? Here's your
good turn: I'm gonna behave like
an honest-to-God, law-abiding,
licensed attorney. 'Cause clearly
you need one, with whatever the
hell is going on here. Those
jokers out in the hall? I'm gonna
make sure they dot their I's and
cross their T's -- everything
square and above board. That's
what I'm gonna do. And you'll be
happy as hell that I'm here. But
this, this Juan Valdez bump-and-
dump? No. Way. Not gonna happen.

Did Jimmy convince him? Did Jimmy convince himself? Not
sure yet. But he turns from Mike, crosses to the door.

(CONTINUED)

BAM BAM! Jimmy knocks, signaling to the detectives outside.

JIMMY

Gentlemen! We're prepared to
indulge you.

Off Mike's Sphinx-like "we'll see, won't we?" expression...

17 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 17

CLOSE ON: Coffee being stirred. More vigorously than any
coffee really needs to be. Taking the brunt of Jimmy's
frustration.

WIDEN OUT to reveal the Philly cops are across the table from
Jimmy and Mike. That APD detective is back as well, standing
in his usual B.G. spot. Abbasi points him out to Jimmy.

ABBASI

Detective Escalara will be sitting
in with us, as per APD policy.
Okay with you, right?

JIMMY

(nods)
Fine with me.

Abbasi takes out his NOTEPAD, which Jimmy subtly clocks.
That's what all the fuss is about? Anyway, here we go.

ABBASI

Okay. You've got your lawyer,
Mike. Can we talk already?
(off Mike's nod)
Great. So, like we said, we're
looking into this Hoffman and
Fensky thing.

SANDERS

Whatever you can tell us. Anything
at all.

JIMMY

Hold on, hold on. "Hoffman?"
"Fensky?" Fill me in.
(off the detectives)
Assume I know absolutely nothing
about my client here. Start at the
beginning.

ABBASI

(impatient)
Jesus. Seriously?

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Look, don't be fooled by Mr. Ehrmantraut's dancing eyes and his bubbly, bon vivant personality. He's actually -- believe it or not -- somewhat taciturn.

(dry as toast)

Should I fan you gently so you don't go into shock?

(then)

Start at the beginning, fellas. I'm talking Book of Genesis.

Abbasi considers.

ABBASI

Okay, Mr. McGill. As you've probably gathered, we -- Detective Sanders and I -- work for the Philadelphia Police Department. As did Mr. Ehrmantraut for nearly thirty years.

JIMMY

Philadelphia. Go Eagles.

ABBASI

Mr. Ehrmantraut had a son, Matt. He too was with Philly PD. He was a rookie officer with about two years on the job.

SANDERS

(to Mike; pointedly)

He was a good cop.

ABBASI

Yes, he was. About nine months ago, he responded to a shots fired call in some westside rat trap. Matt went in with his partner, Officer Troy Hoffman. They had Sergeant Jack Fensky backing them up. Unfortunately, things got out of hand. The three of them were ambushed. And Matt didn't make it out.

Abbasi glances to Mike, feeling genuine sympathy for him. Jimmy looks to Mike, too. Studies him. *Jesus.*

Mike looks at no one. He's seemingly inert -- although we know that deep inside, his emotions must be roiling.

(CONTINUED)

ABBASI

Hoffman and Fensky returned fire,
but the shooter got away. We
chased a few leads, shook down the
usual suspects. Came up short.

The more he hears, the quieter Jimmy gets. *Where is this
going, exactly..?*

Jimmy looks again to Mike. Low and sincere:

JIMMY

Very sorry to hear it.

Mike gives a little nod, not looking at him. *Thanks.*

ABBASI

Anyway, we kept beating the bushes,
kept coming up dry. Until three
months ago. That's when Hoffman
and Fensky both turned up dead in a
vacant lot out in Nicetown. Again,
ambush of some kind, looks like.
And with whoever killed Matt out
there in the wind, we're
thinking... Well, our operating
theory is that maybe Hoffman and
Fensky were mixed up in something.
Some bad business. And maybe that
got Matt killed.

Curiouser and curiouser. The body count is mounting and it's
still not clear what -- or whom -- these detectives are
after. Not a good sign.

JIMMY

Sorry, I gotta do my lawyer thing
here. What does my client have to
do with any of this..?

Abbasi looks to Sanders -- *Tag in here, partner.* Sanders
leans in, eyeing Mike closely.

SANDERS

Mike, this is a Hail Mary. *Beyond*
that. But we wouldn't be out here
if we had any hard evidence or
leads. Anything you know about
what Hoffman and Fensky were into.
Anything about them at all.

ABBASI

Help us out, Mike. Help us catch
the bastard who killed Matty.

(CONTINUED)

They've made a good case. Jimmy waits to see if Mike will answer. Ball in his court.

Mike looks from Sanders to Abbasi. Some of the starch comes out of him. He'll throw them a bone.

MIKE

I don't know much about Hoffman and Fensky. They were Matt's people. I saw them around sometimes.

(a beat)

Saw them in a bar the night they died. McClure's? Maybe The Red Dog. Probably McClure's.

The cops nod. Apparently, they already knew that.

ABBASI

Were they drinking with anyone?

MIKE

It's a cop bar. They were drinking with everyone.

ABBASI

But did you see them with anyone in particular?

Mike thinks about it, shakes his head.

MIKE

Couldn't tell you. I was...
(trails off; then)
Well, you know how I was.

Drunk, he means. He says this specifically to Sanders, who nods. We sense a shared history between these two veteran cops. It's a history that Abbasi is left out of.

SANDERS

How you doing these days?

MIKE

(shrugs)

Feeling like I crawled up out of the bottom of a bottle. Working hard to stay out.

(half to himself)

Though I gotta say... dredging up the past like this surely doesn't help.

Abbasi glances down at his notepad, studies something.

(CONTINUED)

ABBASI

When'd you come out here to Albuquerque..? Couldn't have been much later.

MIKE

I'm pretty sure it was the very next day.

ABBASI

Yeah..? The day after Hoffman and Fensky died? Huh.

Abbasi says this very evenly; non-judgementally. Still, he kinda sounds just ever-so-slightly... suspicious.

Jimmy picks up on this. However, inscrutable Mike doesn't seem to. Not so's we can tell, at any rate.

ABBASI

You didn't think to stick around once you heard the news?

MIKE

I don't think I heard the news till I was west of Kansas City.

ABBASI

(nods)
Still, you... you didn't come back for the funerals, correct? Even though Hoffman was Matt's partner..?

Mike shakes his head -- *No, I did not.* Jesus, he's one cool customer. He's neither rattled nor offended by what Abbasi seems to be implying.

Before Abbasi might say something truly incendiary, Sanders speaks up.

SANDERS

Is there anything else you remember about that night at the bar? You talk to Hoffman and Fensky at all?

MIKE

Sorry. I got nothing. Like I say: they weren't my people.
(a consolation)
Sorry you guys took a flyer on me. Wish it woulda paid off.

We know it when we hear it: that's Mike's last word.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

That it? We done here?
(then)
I think we're done here.

They all stand up. Sanders extends a hand to shake Mike's. Mike takes it. Downright pleasant, it seems.

SANDERS

See, that wasn't so hard. Thanks,
Mike.
(friendly)
We'll probably kick around for
another day or two, in case you
think of anything. I've never been
out west before.

But Abbasi's not finished with Mike. He's looking at him. Into him. Too long for friendly-and-desperate. He's got ideas about Mr. Ehrmantraut...

Jimmy catches the look. Maybe Mike's in deeper than Jimmy even thinks. Maybe Abbasi is trouble. Real trouble.

Reluctantly, Abbasi stands, too. He tucks his NOTEPAD into his jacket. The signal!

Is Jimmy gonna go through with --?

Suddenly, Jimmy LURCHES forward, spilling his coffee smack dab down Abbasi's shirt and jacket. SPLOOSH!

ABBASI

Ah, shit!

JIMMY

Aw, jeez. Sorry! I'm so sorry...
Ah, dammit.
(to APD detective)
You guys got any paper towels?

The local detective exits to go find some. Meanwhile, we see that Jimmy surprised even himself with that gag. And he's not entirely happy about it. He half-heartedly dabs at the stain with his suit cuff.

MIKE

Here.

Mike coolly takes control of the situation. Steps forward, producing a cloth HANKIE from his pocket. He DABS Abbasi.

He gets in close. There. He's not near Abbasi long, but that brush up against the fabric is enough.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED: (6)

17

(As with Huell's magic fingers back in "Breaking Bad" 412, we don't see the details of Mike's lift. Let's just suggest that, with skill and aplomb, he got it done.)

ABBASI

(flustered, pushing back)

I got it. Thanks.

Abbasi takes the hankie from Mike and keeps sopping up the coffee. Fuming. He shoots a pissed glance at Jimmy -- *fuckin' idiot.*

Off Jimmy, looking from Abbasi to cucumber-cool Mike... and feeling uncomfortable as hell:

18

EXT. COURTHOUSE PARKING LOT - SUNSET

18

Ten minutes later. Jimmy and Mike walk into our familiar parking lot. Both deep in thought, but for different reasons.

MIKE

Could you give me a lift?

What's that? Oh... yeah. Jimmy nods distractedly.

Tense silence. Jimmy's stewing. It's been what, two days since he made a vow to be good to Chuck? Guilt setting in.

MIKE

Something on your mind..?

JIMMY

Nope.

Fighting it back, tight-lipped. Too stirred up to talk.

They get to the Esteem. Jimmy unlocks and...

19

INT. SUZUKI ESTEEM - CONTINUOUS

19

CA-CHUNK! The doors shut behind them.

Jimmy buckles up -- CLICK. Mike takes out the stolen NOTEPAD. FLIP. FLIP. FLIP. He pages through it.

Shit! What if someone sees?? Jimmy scans for cops.

JIMMY

Oh for the love of --! You gotta do that now? Right in front of me?!

(CONTINUED)

Jimmy's been compromised and doesn't much like it.

JIMMY

What's so important in there we had
to pull that third-rate Marx
Brothers routine?

MIKE

You really want to know?

Jimmy stares a beat. Ooh, he kind of *does*. Tantalizing...

But no, no. He can't. Cooler heads prevail:

JIMMY

And get a piece of an obstruction
rap? No, thank you.

Jimmy shakes his head. This coot's giving him an ulcer.

MIKE

Something else you want to ask?

Jimmy hesitates, choking down his self-loathing.

JIMMY

How'd you know? That I'd do it?

MIKE

Do what?

JIMMY

Don't --
(starts over)
How'd you know I'd spill the
coffee?

What shadow of Slippin' Jimmy did Mike see? How'd he know
that upstanding Jimmy had the seeds of Saul in him?

Mike's flicker of a shrug says: "Really? You need me to
tell you who you are?" Mike *sees* Jimmy. Down to the bone.
And Jimmy knows it. Exposed. Naked. It doesn't feel good.

JIMMY

What the hell is that?
(mimics the shrug)
What's that supposed to mean?

He gets even less out of Mike this time. Not playing along.

JIMMY

Fine, whatever. You're the strong
silent type, hurray for you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

But in case you missed it back there...

(leans in)

... Your friends from Philly think you killed two cops.

Jimmy thought that was the coup-de-grace. Mike, though, just flips the notepad closed. Bland as unbuttered toast:

MIKE

Yep.

Wow. It's hitting Jimmy how badly he underestimated Mike. Who the hell is this guy?? He knows better than to ask, now.

Off Jimmy, starting the car and pulling away...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

20 CLOSE ON: The NOTEPAD pages, flipping. We can't make 20
out too many details, but might catch glimpses of:

-- Names and ranks of officers interviewed, with dates.

-- The words "McClure's Bar," circled.

-- An abstract overhead diagram/schematic of Matt's shooting.

We don't linger, though. We WIDEN OUT to reveal...

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mike in his cave-like kitchen. It's even more Spartan than we saw it in "Breaking Bad." No Kaylee drawings. Mike is haloed in the single overhead light. Immersed in the notepad.

CLOSE ON: his eyes, flicking across each page.

It's going on twenty-four hours he's been awake, but he's not letting this go. He's intense, a consummate pro taking in everything.

Philly P.D. seems to suspect he's a murderer, and at this point, so do we. So what's he looking for?

He flips to a page. Slows down. His eyes narrow.

Impatient professionalism gives way to something novel.

Dismay.

Something here actually upsets Mike. Pains him. It's subtle, but it's clear.

FLIP. Another page. And another. *Dammit.*

He closes the pad. He takes his phone out of his pocket. Dials.

As he waits with it to his ear, we can see urgency building on his face. *Pick up, pick up.*

Finally, someone does. We don't hear their side of the conversation.

MIKE

Hey. It's me.

(a beat)

We need to talk.

(CONTINUED)

Off grim Mike...

21 EXT. STACEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

21

Twenty minutes later. The front door OPENS, revealing Stacey. She's dressed for bed in pajama bottoms and one of her husband's old T-shirts.

Mike stands at the doormat. Waiting. Quietly building a head of steam.

The old strain and distance Stacey feels toward her father-in-law is still apparent. However, if he's coming over this late, it's probably important. She's civil.

STACEY

Come on in.

22 INT. STACEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

22

Mike steps inside, gives a quick glance around in case little Kaylee is present (she's out of sight, asleep in her bed, of course). Stacey closes the door behind Mike.

NOTE: Throughout this scene (or most of it, anyway), both Mike and Stacey keep their voices low. No sense waking up Kaylee.

STACEY

So, what's up?

MIKE

Did you call the cops?

STACEY

What?

MIKE

Philly PD? Did you call them?

STACEY

I -- Yeah, I did. It was --

MIKE

Why?

STACEY

I told them I heard about Hoffman and Fensky and --

MIKE

And what?

(CONTINUED)

That's all the browbeating she's gonna take from Mike. She pushes back:

STACEY

You don't think it's strange?
First Matt, then not six months
later his partner *and* his Sergeant?
(unrepentant)
Yeah, I called them. To help catch
Matty's killer! Because -- Mike,
what if the same person, if the
same... What if the piece of shit
who got Matty got them, too??

She thinks this is a major revelation. It was a hard-won insight for her. Mike, of course, is way ahead of her.

MIKE

So what exactly did you tell them?

STACEY

I told them...

MIKE

That Matt was dirty? Huh? Is that
what you told them?

STACEY

I --

MIKE

How could you think that? He was
your husband! The father of your
child!

STACEY

... I didn't say that. I said... I
told them I found money. After
Kaylee and I moved here, when I was
unpacking. It was in the lining of
an old suitcase. Matt must've
tucked it away in there. And it...
This was cash. Five or six
thousand. From God knows where.
We were basically paycheck to
paycheck. So where the hell did he
get it?

MIKE

Why didn't you call? Ask me? You
should have come to me!

(CONTINUED)

STACEY

I couldn't! I knew what it'd do to you. First he's murdered. Then, for you to think he was...

("dirty")

It'd burn you to the ground. There'd be nothing left.

(a beat)

And you wouldn't talk to me! Every night, you were drinking yourself unconscious. Like you were the only one who lost him.

This hits home. She's right. But it doesn't cool him off.

STACEY

Look... I don't care. He was dirty, he was clean: I don't care. All I want is for whoever killed Matty to rot in a cell for the rest of their life. And then I want whatever's left of them dumped in the trash. That's what I want. I don't care where that leads, or what it uncovers. What difference would it make? If he was...

("dirty")

Anything? I'd still love him and I'd still miss him and he'd still be gone.

She's on the verge of tears. Mike? He's quieter now -- colder. The naked grief Stacey is expressing is something he can't allow himself. So he hides it, squashes it down tight.

MIKE

Matt. Wasn't. Dirty.

STACEY

So be straight with me, right now! This is it, Mike. What was that phone call? Before Matt died. Don't bullshit me. It was you, wasn't it?

Mike's fists are white-knuckled knots at his sides. Holding it together. Squashing down the grief.

MIKE

That was between me and my son.

STACEY

So you're admitting it was you!

(CONTINUED)

22

MIKE

HE WASN'T DIRTY! GET THAT THROUGH
YOUR HEAD! MY SON WAS NOT DIRTY!!

So much for trying not to wake Kaylee. The force of his own explosion startles Mike. It comes from all the pent-up rage and sadness he's been carrying throughout this whole episode, this whole series. He storms past Stacey, who's shocked into silence by the outburst.

SLAM! Mike's out the door.

23

EXT. STACEY'S STREET - NIGHT

23

TRACKING WITH Mike's back as he strides down the street. Feeling that devil at his heels. Fleeing the memories Stacey stirred up.

As he does, we COME AROUND off his back and onto his face, MATCH-CUTTING to...

24

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

24

MIKE dressed differently, in a jacket and gloves. We're back IN THE PAST, a few days before Mike's arrival in ABQ in the teaser.

Piles of dirty snow on both sides of the wet road. The residential ABQ neighborhood has been replaced by low brick buildings -- a commercial strip that's seen better days.

We're in Philadelphia, City of Brotherly Love.

(PRODUCTION NOTE: Mike will not be stealing the Liberty Bell or running up the Rocky Steps. Some sports bric-a-brac and the snow should do fine to Philly us up.)

Mike stands here a moment, surveilling something we can't yet see. Now, he starts off on foot. His pace is purposeful. On a mission. He approaches...

25

EXT. MCCLURE'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

25

The PPD badge on the door of a cop car -- "Honor, Integrity, Service" -- FILLS FRAME. We adjust off that image to see Mike approaching.

NEW ANGLE reveals there are several COP CRUISERS here, parked outside a blue-collar beer-and-whiskey joint.

Mike zeroes in on one in particular.

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

Checks to see he's alone. No one in sight.

Now, without fanfare, Mike expertly UNLOCKS the cruiser's driver's door. He does this without a key, and without any fancy lock pick equipment. (We're thinking, in fact, that he uses a length of twine with a small loop tied in it -- check out the YouTube videos of how easy this is to do. It'll scare you!)

Getting the driver's door open in fifteen seconds flat, Mike now unlocks the REAR PASSENGER DOOR. This is all he's interested in accessing. What the hell's he up to?

Off Mike, pulling open the rear door and taking a last glance around for witnesses...

26

INT. MCCLURE'S BAR - NIGHT

26

An hour later. CLOSE ON: a shot of whiskey CLUNKS onto the bar. Jukebox MUSIC plays.

BARTENDER (O.S.)

Here you go.

Mike rides a stool, alone, staring into his shot glass. He reaches to pick it up.

Is his hand shaking? Could be the alcohol, could be something else, but there's a subtle tremor. He wills it to go away, and it does.

Mike lifts the glass to his lips and drinks it down.

There's an unfocused glaze to his eyes that tells us this is definitely not his first round of the night.

He's lit.

He gestures to the bartender to set him up again. Mike glances over his shoulder. Checking out the bar.

Lotta COPS here. Off-duty PLAINCLOTHES mostly.

He eyes two in particular wearing uniforms, eating at a high top. The older of the two cops notices Mike. Nudges his buddy. They return Mike's gaze.

They nod, somber. Hoist their pints. A silent, respectful toast to the fallen.

Meet HOFFMAN and FENSKY. Matt Ehrmantraut's partner and Sergeant.

(CONTINUED)

Mike doesn't return the salute.

He climbs off his stool. Unsteady. Just a bit tipsy. He makes his way to them.

Fensky and Hoffman see him coming. Fensky says something to Hoffman -- in this noise, we can't hear a word of it. Neither of them take eyes off Mike. Bracing for his arrival.

Mike hits them with a big, affable SMILE. He's the sloppy king of the bar, bidding them: *Welcome, friends.*

Mike slings an arm around each. Seems like old times.

MIKE

Fensky! Hoffman! Come 'ere...

They politely suffer the excess affections of the drunk.

FENSKY

(a half-smile)

Hey, Mikey...

But Mike won't let go. He GRIPS them.

Keeping it "friendly," he yanks them in. His face close to theirs. Intimate.

MIKE

(whispers)

I know. I know it was you.

Oh. SHIT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

27 INT. MCCLURE'S BAR - LATE NIGHT

27

The Philadelphia-era PAST. Mike's the only patron left, and he's blitzed. The BARTENDER -- an old soldier like Mike -- wipes the bar.

BARTENDER
Closing time, Mikey.

MIKE
Yeah. Sure...

Mike stands, unsteady. Hand on the stool for support. He digs in his pocket. Slaps down a few bills to cover his tab and a decent tip, then heads for his coat.

BARTENDER
Lemme give you a lift home.

MIKE
Nah, 'm fine.

BARTENDER
Can't let you drive. Getcha a cab?

MIKE
(his most sober)
I'm good, I'm good. Don' worry.
Sold my car, so 'm walkin'.
(then)
Albuquerque, New Mexico. You ever
been..?

The bartender shakes his head no. With some difficulty, Mike gets an arm into his coat. Then the other one.

MIKE
Well. That's where I'm headed.

BARTENDER
(nods)
Tarantulas, they got. That's a big
minus, in my book.

MIKE
Mm. I will be on the lookout.

Mike pulls on lightweight dark leather GLOVES. Ready to go.

BARTENDER
You take it easy, my friend.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

Mike waves like Columbo, not looking back. The bartender lets him go. No point putting up a fight. He takes the cash and CHUNK! opens the register.

Mike totters out the door.

28

EXT. PHILADELPHIA STREET - LATE NIGHT

28

Mike staggers along. Obliterated.

This is what it looks like to hit bottom.

After a beat or two, we hear a soft WHOOSH of car tires. Headlights illuminate Mike's back.

Now, a COP CAR rolls up next to him (eagle-eyed viewers will note it's the same one that he picked the lock on earlier). Keeping pace.

The window rolls down. Hoffman pokes his head out.

HOFFMAN

Hey Mike. Mikey!

(no response)

Wanna ride?

Mike keeps walking. Mumbles something barely audible. It's a no.

Fensky nods to Hoffman. He pulls past Mike and then to a stop just ahead.

Fensky climbs out and casually waits for Mike to catch up to him.

FENSKY

Come on. Let us drive ya. It's colder than my ex-wife's tit out here.

Tries to take Mike's arm and guide him. Mike pulls it away.

MIKE

'M good. Just walkin'...

HOFFMAN

(keeping it friendly)

Don't be an ass. Get in the car.

FENSKY

Yeah, c'mon already.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fensky puts his arm around Mike now. He treats him with kid gloves, doesn't manhandle him. Mike tries to resist, but he's in no condition.

Fensky pops the back door.

FENSKY

Come on, there you go. Have you home in no time.

He gently bundles Mike in. Once Mike's sitting, Fensky deftly reaches to Mike's side. Frisking him.

MIKE

What're you..?

There we go -- Fensky's got it.

CLOSE ON: Mike's concealed carry coming out into the open. Fensky lifts the pistol carefully and swiftly away from Mike.

MIKE

Hey, that's... Gimme that back.

FENSKY

Later. Don't want you shooting your foot off, do we?

Fensky checks the safety, then tucks Mike's gun in his own coat pocket.

Closes the door on Mike. Going for a nice ride.

Fensky gets in front. Brake lights FLARE: getting in gear.

The car pulls away from the curb.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - LATE NIGHT

We drive through the neighborhood in silence (let's plan for this to be a green screen plate shot out the windows). Mike slouches in the back seat like a rag doll.

Fensky and Hoffman share a look, serious as a heart attack.
What are we gonna do here?

Fensky turns and peers back at Mike through the car's safety screen.

FENSKY

(cordial)

Mike... Mike, you with us?

(CONTINUED)

MIKE
(rousing)
Wha --?

HOFFMAN
You tied one on good, buddy.

FENSKY
Shit yeah, he did. Put it away
like they're fixin' to bring back
Prohibition.

A GRUNT, at best. Mike's not wasting breath on bullshit.

But Fensky needs a real answer to a real question. He soft-pedals it, a friendly chat between friendly friends:

FENSKY
Hey, back at McClure's, you were
talking out your ass. "You know it
was us..."

Eyes glued to Mike. Looking for him to give himself away.

FENSKY
What's that supposed to mean, huh?
You think you know -- what?

Still nothing from Mike. Fensky keeps up the nice-guy veneer.

FENSKY
You got something you wanna get off
your chest? Something you wanna
say to us?

Mike's head lolls a little as he tries to focus on Fensky.

MIKE
You killed him. Killed Matty.

Oh, he's got their full attention now. Hoffman's fingers tighten on the wheel.

MIKE
Killed him... for nothing. Just
because you were scared. Of what
you thought he might do.
("Here's how it went")
You got him in that crack house.
Staged it. Made it look like some
junkie with a gun. But it was you.

(CONTINUED)

Fensky turns forward slowly. Takes a deep breath. He locks eyes with a just-shy-of-pissing-himself Hoffman.

MIKE

I know it was you. And I'm gonna prove it.

There's only one thing to be done with a man like Mike. Only one way to handle this.

Best get it over with.

Off Fensky's knowing look to his partner...

30 EXT. EMPTY LOT - LATE NIGHT 30

WIDE ON: A deserted post-industrial wasteland. Desolate. No worry about witnesses or passers-by.

The cruiser pulls to a stop in an inconspicuous spot. The front doors OPEN.

FENSKY

Help me get him out.

Hoffman crosses around to the passenger side.

31 INT. POLICE CRUISER - BACKSEAT - CONTINUOUS 31

Left alone in the vehicle for this one brief moment... Mike reaches down between the seat cushions.

We go in CLOSE to reveal his hand finding a PISTOL. So that's what he was up to before! He stashed this here!

NEW ANGLE over Mike as the door opens. Mike quickly tucks the gun away on his person.

Hoffman and Fensky reach in to pull him out. Once more, Mike looks to all the world like he's catatonically drunk.

FENSKY

Here we go...

32 EXT. EMPTY LOT - CONTINUOUS 32

HIGH AND WIDE: The two cops practically carry Mike from the car. Fensky isn't as gentle as before. Now it's more like he's carrying a side of beef. He's all business.

(CONTINUED)

FENSKY

Come on, Mike. Let's go. One-two,
one-two...

They stand him against a street lamp. Lean him on it for support.

FENSKY

Now, you stay there for a second,
Mike. We're gonna work all this
out. Okay?

He steps a few feet away to Hoffman, whose anxiety's at full boil. They keep their voices low.

This is a veteran cop they've got here. Decorated and well-loved. And his is the second murder they've contemplated in the last few months.

HOFFMAN

So, what now?

Fensky's calm. He's washing bird crap off his car, that's all. No use getting worked up about it.

FENSKY

Hey. Grief. It's a bitch.

Fensky produces the GUN he removed from Mike earlier. He CLICKS the safety off.

FENSKY

He couldn't live with it. Matt
dying like he did. Too much for
the old man. So Mike here decided
to eat his gun.

(shrugs)

It's tragic, but anyone could see
it coming. He was drinking himself
to death. We're doing him a favor.

MIKE (O.S.)

Smart.

They tense. If this were "CSI," we could smash-zoom inside their bodies and watch their blood turn to ice.

They look over to the lamp post, where Mike's standing. No longer a drooping marionette.

He's got that gun. Pointed at them.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

(stone sober)

That's what I'd do. If I were you.

He's not drunk! They fell for it. Lock, stock and barrel.

And they. Are. Fucked.

A pregnant pause. It's a miniature version of the climax of the end of "The Good, The Bad and The Ugly" before the shooting starts -- all eyes darting one to the other.

The rest happens in QUICK succession:

Fensky aims Mike's own commandeered pistol and CLICKS the trigger -- but Mike's not the kind of a guy who would give an enemy a loaded gun. BLAM-BLAM! Mike nails Fensky twice, center-of-mass, right in the chest. Right in his body armor. It knocks Fensky off-balance. Meanwhile...

Hoffman draws. He's no slouch, but Mike has him dead to rights. Mike drops him with one clean headshot, spinning him to the ground, blood and brain flying.

This gives Fensky just enough time to draw his own sidearm and BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

One round NAILS Mike in his left shoulder, lodging there. The impact knocks him back a little, but --

BOOM! Mike returns fire. Fensky takes it in the neck. The carotid. He falls to his knees, then flops over onto the ground.

His gun spills from his hand. It CLATTERS across the frozen turf.

The sound of the shots ECHOES AWAY into the night.

HIGH AND WIDE ON: Mike, the last man standing.

NEW ANGLE: Mike touches his wounded shoulder. SHIT. CLOSE ON the blood blooming there. He's gonna have to take care of that right away.

He takes in the tableau of the aftermath:

Hoffman's body is still. A few feet away, Fensky is trying to crawl away. It's not a graceful maneuver.

Mike's gotta finish this up and move along. Time's wasting.

CLOSE ON: Mike's feet crunching along the hard ground toward Fensky. Closing in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LOW ANGLE: looking up as Mike looms over Fensky. The piece of shit who killed his only son.

Fensky clutches his neck with bloody fingers. The other hand he holds up defensively, warding off the angel of death he sees coming.

FENSKY

(begging)

Mike... I --

BLAM! Mike fires one more round into Fensky -- a head shot. As cold as we've ever seen him. Unflinching.

An execution.

MIKE'S POV: the bodies. Blood pooling underneath them, lightly steaming in the night air.

ANGLE ON MIKE: Good. He did what needed doing.

Satisfied they're not moving, Mike turns his attention to practical matters. Time to clean up.

Not much to do in that regard, really -- seeing as Mike planned this whole thing so well. He pockets the revolver he used to kill them. Then he picks up the pistol Fensky took off him and pockets that, too. That's it. Done.

In the B.G., Mike walks away, leaving it all there out in the open. As the dark of the Philly outskirts wraps around Mike, we hear a soft RUMBLING.

It's the PRELAP of an IDLING CAR ENGINE, carrying us to...

INT. MIKE'S CAR - NIGHT (THE PRESENT)

CLOSE ON: Eyes in a rearview mirror.

NEW ANGLE: Modern-day Mike sits in the driver's seat, staring into space. He's calmed down since his blow-up with Stacey.

That was ten or fifteen minutes ago -- but his head's 1,923 miles away. Turning his memories over and over.

He blinks away the ghosts. Reaches... KA-CLICK. Turns the car off. Another breath.

Another.

Okay. Enough. He knows what comes next. No point waiting.

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

Time to tear the bandage off.

He climbs out of the car, revealing we're...

34

EXT. STACEY'S STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

34

Still out in front of Stacey's. Mike's been sitting in his car since he stalked out of there.

WIDE ON: Mike, a tiny, beaten figure trudging up to the front door. He KNOCKS...

CUT TO:

35

INT. STACEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

35

Mike sits on a chair across from Stacey. A thousand-yard-stare. Gathering strength. She's waiting for him to break the silence.

Finally, he takes a deep breath. Dives in:

MIKE

Matt wasn't dirty.

(a beat)

I was.

Stacey can't quite believe what she's hearing.

MIKE

Everyone was, in that precinct. That's how it worked. You let some things slide, you looked the other way. A dealer gets busted with more cash than you'll earn in a lifetime, maybe it doesn't all make it into evidence. So what? You took a taste, and so did everyone else. That's how you knew you were safe. Like killing Caesar: everyone's guilty. Turn your buddy in? You're screwing yourself. You go along to get along.

STACEY

(half a question)

And you went along.

MIKE

... Yeah. I did.

(sick with it)

I did.

(CONTINUED)

She looks at him. Wow. That's not something she would've guessed of stand-up guy Mike.

STACEY

(sinking in quicksand)

Okay. But you said... Matt didn't.

MIKE

No. Not Matt. He...

(backing up)

Fensky got Hoffman going early. Kickbacks from some gang or other. Protection, basically. Hoffman came to Matty, offered to cut him in. Only fair, right? They were partners. And Matt... He did what you'd think. Agonized over it. Then he came to me. Wanted to go to I.A. To "do the right thing." Shut them down.

STACEY

Oh God... And you let him? That's why he got killed? Because he was gonna, gonna turn on those guys?

MIKE

No. I told him...

(how to explain this?)

You know what a cop fears most? More than getting shot, more than anything? Prison. Getting locked up with everybody you put away. You threaten a cop with that, you make him dangerous.

(a beat)

That's what I told Matt. I talked sense to him. No one was getting hurt here. And if he went to I.A... If it even looked like he was going...

("death")

He had a wife. He had a kid. Responsibilities. Take the money, use it for something good. I tried... But he wouldn't listen. That kid, he was stubborn.

(corrects himself)

He was strong.

Hard to describe the mix of grief and pride he's feeling at this moment.

(CONTINUED)

But that's short-lived. This next part he'd rather go to his grave without saying aloud.

MIKE

He was gonna get himself killed.
So I... I told him I did it, too.
Told him I was... I was like
Hoffman. Getting by.

(a beat)

That was what you heard, that
night. Me talking him down. Him
kicking and screaming till the
fight went out of him. He had me
up on a pedestal and I had to show
him... Show him I was down in the
gutter with the rest of them. I
broke him. For his own good. But
it was too late. He went to
Hoffman; he took the money. But
he'd hesitated. Even thinking
about doing the right thing? To
those two? Meant he wasn't solid.
Couldn't be trusted.

(summing up)

So, I got Matt to take the money.
And a couple days later, they
killed him.

Stacey's in shock at this point. Mike -- deadpan,
unbreakable Mike -- is now finally starting to crumble.
Quietly tearing himself to pieces with every word.

MIKE

He was the strongest person I ever
knew. He wouldn't have done it,
not even to save himself. I was
the only one who could've gotten
him to... debase himself like that.
And it was for nothing.

(a beat)

I made him lesser. I made him like
me.

(the enormity of it)

And the bastards killed him anyway.

Mike stops, overcome.

This is a Mike we've never seen before. Tears in his eyes.
Stripped bare. It's like finding a man inside what you
thought was a haunted suit of armor.

Stacey's completely floored. In a daze, she reaches out,
puts a comforting hand on Mike. A reflex. The only thing
she can think to do.

(CONTINUED)

Mike silently weeps.

As she's soothing him, she starts to piece together the full story. The money... Hoffman... The cops coming to ABQ... It's coming into focus. Sharp focus.

There's one question for Stacey still hanging. It's a doozy.

STACEY

Hoffman and Fensky. If they killed
Matty...
(still quieter)
... Who killed them?

Mike doesn't look at her. Here it comes. The million-dollar question.

STACEY

Do you know anything about that?

He doesn't answer, but his steel comes back. He refuses to waste a tear on those scum.

STACEY

Pop..? What happened?

Mike meets her eyes now. Holds her gaze. He's steady. Composed once more.

MIKE

You know what happened.
(a beat)
The question is... can you live
with it?

He's putting his cards on the table. This is what he's been shielding her from, all this time. Knowing about him. The things he's done. His failures. What it has cost them both.

Stacey looks at her father-in-law. Tough sonovabitch. Cop. Loving father and grandfather.

And the man who killed her husband's murderers.

Can she live with that? The question hangs. Off this tableau, we...

END EPISODE