

BETTER CALL SAUL by Vince Gilligan, Peter Gould & Gordon Smith

Jimmy: You gentlemen have had a busy week, huh? Bail has been denied. No mystery there. Okay, let's start at the beginning. Somehow you two are short on priors, so I think I can get the DA to knock the drug charges down to simple possession. We can lay responsibility for the felonies at the doorstep of your unfortunate dependence on hard drugs, but we're going to have to argue for rehab... Don't get all in a twist, okay? I've heard that there exists certain less than reputable establishments that will provide certification without the pleasure of your actual attendance. I could conceivably find such a place for an additional fee. You go, you don't go. That's between you and your God, but you got to tell the judge you'll go and you got to sound like you mean it.

All that's left is your many, many misdemeanors, which include graffiti, vandalism, littering, public urination. Be that as it may, even misdemeanors add up. So, if I can get you concurrent sentences, you're looking at 12 months. Now with good behavior and overcrowding, that takes it down to six, maybe five months. That's minimum security. It's going to be like taking a cruise, only less danger of drowning. That's down from five years consecutive or worse if they get this heavy stuff to stick. Now, come on. You do your months, you do a little community service, maybe a year probation and your gold pony boy. Sound good? Great.



So, all that's left is my fee. Okay, so for my time court costs, filing fees... you're looking at, let's say about four grand. All in. That is 50% off. Now my normal rate would be four K each. I'm sorry, free lawyer? You're saying that you want a free lawyer? Did you ever hear the phrase you get what you pay for? You know, nudnick, without me, they're going to lock you up and throw away the key. I'm sorry, did I say five years? You go ahead and play Russian roulette with a public pretender. You're going to end up doing a decade in Los Lunas. You twerps even know who I am? I am Saul Goodman. Okay? You think four K is too much? Yesterday I got paid eight-K just for the afternoon. That's how good I am! I am the real deal. You're lucky I'm even talking to you. You know what? *(he starts to leave)*

Okay, we're back on the same page though. Payment. Before you make my headache even worse, no, you cannot pay me with the money you stole. Okay? That cash is exhibit A for the prosecution. So relatives? Anybody you haven't already fleeced? Grandma? She's perfect. Okay, so you tell granny, the faster she gets me my money, the faster I work my magic. My wire info is on the back of that card. I look forward to hearing from her.

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