

[Tape recorder clicks]

CHUCK

Well, now do you believe me?

HOWARD

I don't even know where to begin. But yes, I believe you. Your brother is one world-class son of a bitch. No offense. I just I really wish you'd told me about these plans of yours before you went out and did it.

CHUCK

I know, Howard, and I regret misleading you. It's just that a certain veritas had to be established.

HOWARD

I'm not talking about the heart attack that you nearly gave me. Chuck, this tape I'm not sure exactly what it accomplishes. Look, you know evidentiary rules better than I do, but a secretly recorded tape with a problematic chain of evidence? You're gonna have a helluva time getting that admitted.

CHUCK

I agree.

HOWARD

And if you somehow put it in front of a jury, Jimmy'd call a dozen audio experts, say that voice isn't his, say the the tape had been edited.

CHUCK

He would, indeed.

HOWARD

Are you thinking about playing this for Kevin Wachtell at Mesa Verde? Because as much as I would love to, that ship has sailed. We're never getting them back, regardless.

CHUCK

Oh, I doubt we could even get in the door over there.

HOWARD

Chuck, if that tape is useless in a court of law and no help in the court of public opinion, what's the point? Because I can't think of a single use for it.

CHUCK

I can.