

# BREAKING BAD

"Full Measure"

Episode #313

Written by  
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Directed by  
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As Broadcast

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**BREAKING BAD**  
"Full Measure"

Cast List

WALT  
SKYLER  
JESSE  
WALTER, JR.

SAUL GOODMAN  
GUS  
MIKE  
BABY HOLLY  
CHOW  
FIRST MEXICAN MAN  
GALE  
GRANDDAUGHTER  
PENG  
REALTOR  
SECOND MEXICAN MAN  
THIRD MEXICAN MAN  
VICTOR  
FOURTH MEXICAN MAN (Non-Speaking)

**BREAKING BAD**  
"Full Measure"

Set List

Interiors:

WHITE HOUSE  
    BATHROOM  
    HALLWAY  
    KITCHEN  
    LIVING ROOM  
    MASTER BEROOM  
    NURSERY  
    WALTER, JR.'S ROOM  
SUPERLAB  
LOS POLLOWS HERMANOS  
    OFFICE  
SAUL GOODMAN'S OFFICE  
WAREHOUSE  
    BACK ROOM  
    FRONT OFFICE  
    HALLWAY  
GALACTIC LASER TAG  
    SNACK BAR  
CLUTTERED APARTMENT  
INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY  
WALT'S AZTEK  
MIKE'S BUICK  
SAUL'S CADDY

Exteriors:

WHITE HOUSE  
CORRAL  
    GRASSLANDS  
    SUBURBAN  
INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY  
QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD STREET  
WAREHOUSE  
SAUL GOODMAN'S OFFICE (STOCK)  
SUBURBAN STREET  
GALACTIC LASER TAG

TEASER

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The HEARTH fills frame.

We might not know where we are at first, because really... have we ever spent time thinking about our White house hearth? We've never focused on it. We've certainly never seen a fire inside it.

Nor is there one now. All that's inside the fireplace is one sad, dusty Duraflame log. It lies unburned atop the grate.

We PAN RIGHT, leaving the fireplace as we slowly take a tour of the room. Here's our dining room area... here's our kitchen... our hallway...

Yeah, we recognize where we are. We're in the White house, alright. Only, it's completely EMPTY.

We're not talking "empty" as in no people. Empty means no furniture -- not one stick. It means nothing on the walls, no bric-a-brac on the breakfast bar. It's like the Grinch Who Stole Christmas. What the hell happened here?

We continue slowly PANNING. The living room is just as barren. Walls, floor and ceiling -- that's all there is. But as we finish clocking around 270 degrees...

... We reveal the house's one inhabitant. Here's a MAN in a dark suit, standing with his back mostly turned to us. He's perusing a small notebook in his hands.

CLOSER -- he scribbles some numbers we can't make out. We're still mostly behind him till he glances our way, checking the place out. Scanning the ceiling, scanning the floor. We don't recognize this man. He looks clean-cut and athletic.

He's gotta be a cop, right? A detective, or maybe DEA? Jesus, what the hell happened here since 312 ended? Walt ran those Bulletheads over with his car, and now the entire house is empty! Is it a crime scene? Did the White family go into witness protection?

KNOCK-KNOCK! Someone's at the door. The man tucks away his notebook and opens the front door. Nice salesman's smile as:

REALTOR

Well, hello there.

Reveal he is addressing SKYLER -- whose hair is colored and styled differently than we're used to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And who is seven months PREGNANT. Right behind her is WALT -- who has no beard or mustache, but does have a full head of HAIR.

SKYLER

Hi, I hope we're not too late.

REALTOR

No, no. Perfect timing.

SKYLER

Okay. Stan, this is my husband Walt.

WALT

Hi.

REALTOR

Good to meet you, Walt.

WALT

Nice to meet you.

REALTOR

(he and Walt shake)

Sandia Laboratories, huh?

WALT

Yeah.

REALTOR

I hear some pretty fascinating stuff goes on out there.

WALT

(no big deal)

Yeah, well, you know...

REALTOR

Working on anything you can talk about? I'm picturing giant space lasers. Am I right?

Walt shrugs politely -- *I can't really talk about it.*

WALT

Honestly, what I do would bore you senseless. Giant space lasers? Now that sounds cool. I'll have to bring it up at our next staff meeting.

REALTOR

Well, just remember I get a cut!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALT

Alright. It's a deal.

Everybody chuckles good-naturedly. Walt glances around the living room. This is the very first time he's laid eyes on this place.

So here's the deal: we are watching a FLASHBACK to 1993. Our characters are sixteen years younger. Skyler, we can guess, is pregnant with Walter, Jr.

Wardrobe is of the period. Perhaps most striking is how Walt is dressed. No Wallabies or beige for our boy. With faded, well-fitting jeans, a bright rugby shirt and moccasin-style driving shoes with no socks, Walt is... dare we say it? Hip. He's got color in his face. He's youthful, vigorous.

He and Skyler are relaxed, happy newlyweds. Throughout this Teaser, they smile and stand close and touch one another without giving it a thought. Knowing, as we do, how cold and pinched their relationship will eventually become, seeing them this way is a bittersweet thing.

Anyway, back to it. This is the second time Skyler has toured the house, so she takes the lead here. To Walt:

SKYLER

So... this is it, honey.  
(off his polite nod)  
Whaddya say? Do you wanna take a  
tour

WALT

Sure.

SKYLER

Okay.

REALTOR

Uh, look. How 'bout, uh, I give  
ya'll some privacy?  
(thumbs over his shoulder)  
I'll, uh, go out to the car, make a  
few calls, and uh... take as much  
time as you need.

SKYLER

Okay, thanks.

WALT

Alright.

The Whites smile and nod. The man exits, leaving them alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SKYLER

He's actually a nice guy. He doesn't push.

WALT

(noncommittal)

Yeah.

Eyeing him subtly -- but closely -- Skyler takes Walt by the hand and leads him on a tour.

SKYLER

So, as you can see, there's a kinda flow going on here. It's a nice big living room. And this is the, um, dining area.

WALT

Ah, the dining "area." Right.

She pulls aside a sheer drape so Walt can glance out the patio door into the backyard (obviously we'll still need window treatments to hide the fact we're on a stage set -- but maybe they can be DIFFERENT ones).

SKYLER

*(tah-dah!)*Oh, and uh... it's got a pool...

WALT

Pool is nice.

*(eh)*

Backyard could be a little bigger.

SKYLER

And oh, there's uh, a breakfast bar kinda dealie here, which is nice. And um, the kitchen's really spacious, and you know... got good appliances, and

Taking no offense, Skyler steps out of frame, heads down the hall. Walt follows.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY/VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

We FOLLOW Sky and Walt as they tour the back of the house: the hallway; the nursery; Jr.'s room; the master bedroom. God help us, this will likely be STEADICAM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lighting-wise, though it's easier said than done, let's try and be prepared to have a continuous run of all these areas, and hopefully pull this off in one long ONE-ER. All of the following dialog plays on the MOVE as they tour.

WALT

How many bedrooms?

SKYLER

Three. Told you. They're all pretty good size.

(re: the nursery)

Oh, and this is the first one here. And there's--there's two more at the back.

WALT

Only three bedrooms? I think we're gonna need at least five, dontcha think?

SKYLER

(good-natured)

Five? What, do I look like I'm about to drop a litter?

WALT

(smiling)

No-no-no-no-no. We'll have three kids total, eventually. You know, but well need a spare room for a study so that I can work at home... and you can write...

(glances into back rooms)

Yeah, nah. TI don't think this is gonna be enough.

Skyler definitely likes the sound of a study for her writing. Three kids total, eventually, sounds fine too. Nonetheless:

SKYLER

Okay, um, about a wine cellar? I mean, we certainly cannot be expected to live without a wine cellar.

WALT

Very funny. I just think we need to set our sights high is all. At least higher'n here.

(CONTINUED)



SKYLER

Walt, this is a good neighborhood. It's got a good elementary, and supposedly a very good high school. And believe me, 'cause I have definitely looked everywhere -- for our price range, this is as good as it gets.

WALT

Well, then, let's stretch our price range. Truly. I mean why... why buy a starter house when we'll have to move out of in a year or two.

Skyler frown/smiles at him.

SKYLER

Did you win the lottery and not tell me?

They're back in the hall by this point. Walt grins and pulls her close. They are full-frame, in SILHOUETTE.

WALT

I'm serious. C'mon... why be cautious? We've got nowhere to go but up.

Jesus, he's confident, this Walt of old. Pragmatic as she is, Skyler loves it. Off them silhouetted, kissing...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. CORRAL - DAY

Against a blue sky with fat clouds stands a crooked, ancient FENCE POST. It supports a rusty curl of barbwire.

VARIOUS ANGLES now: an empty watering trough; the remains of a livestock pen; assorted junk and detritus. We're out in the middle of nowhere. For miles around, there's nothing but half-dead grassland and distant mountains.

This old livestock corral, unused for decades, is the only reminder of civilization. And beside it...

... Is parked Walt's AZTEK. Its GRILLE and FRONT BUMPER are broken and dented -- souvenirs of their recent impact with the Bulletheads.

INT. AZTEK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Walt waits out here alone. He keeps his eyes peeled, scanning the horizon ahead. He checks behind him in his mirror. He doesn't want anyone sneaking up on him.

He glances at his watch, stares back out the windshield. Nothing out here but the breeze, murmuring through the ruins of the corral. Making the tall grass dance.

Whatever Walt is out here waiting for... it's big. Like, Treaty of Versailles-big. He's nervous, but keeps his nerves in check.

Actually, for a man who murdered two people mere hours ago, all things considered? Walt has his shit pretty well together. No pangs of guilt or remorse.

He's here in the moment. He's calculating. In fact, maybe in a sense, this isn't even Walt we're watching. Maybe this is HEISENBERG, so long removed from the scene.

Always scanning, now he sees something. His eyes narrow, focusing on it.

Walt's POV -- a BLACK SPECK drifts into view, creeping along the horizon. Sunlight GLINTS off it as it moves.

It appears to be a Suburban or somesuch. It heads our way for awhile, then turns and travels laterally, keeping its distance. Finally it comes to a stop a couple of hundred yards out. We hold on it a beat, straining to see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walt wishes he had brought binoculars. He sits motionless, staring. Silence, save for the breeze. As we and Walt wait on pins and needles for something to happen...

... RING! Walt's CELL PHONE startles us. He fumbles it out of his pocket. He raises it to his ear as if it might bite.

WALT

(a beat)

Yeah.

MIKE (V.O.)

Walter, you see us?

WALT

Yeah. I see you.

MIKE (V.O.)

I'd like you to exit your vehicle and start walking toward us.

WALT

And then what?

(off the silence)

I'm gonna need some... some kind of assurance.

A faint, impatient SIGH. And then:

MIKE (V.O.)

I assure you I could kill you from way over here, if it makes you feel any better.

CLICK. The line goes dead. Walt closes his phone and considers, then climbs out of the Aztek.

EXT. CORRAL/GRASSLANDS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Walt shuts his car door and starts walking...

... And walking. The other vehicle is still just a black dot on the horizon. Walt moves at a measured pace. Not too fast. Not too nervous. Not visibly, anyway. Goddamned if he's gonna let these bastards see him sweat.

In the distance, a dark FIGURE climbs out of the Suburban. It walks toward us, moving at a similar, stately pace.

We alternately PULL Walt along, or FOLLOW high over his head and shoulders. We linger awhile on this long walk of his, the tension building. Think Sergio Leone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Is Walt a dead man? It's starting to feel that way. But if this is really it, maybe he's going out in a blaze of glory.

Ahead, the figure closes on us, revealing itself to be MIKE. Mike strolls with his hands in the pockets of his dark windbreaker. The sun is BEHIND him, putting him in partial silhouette -- good planning, that.

Twenty feet... ten... now Mike and Walt stand face-to-face, halfway between the two vehicles. Dry as toast, like always:

MIKE

Walter. You've been busy.

(then)

You wanna put your arms out to your sides for me, if you would.

Walt does as he's told, standing motionless as Mike gives him a quick yet thorough pat-down. Mike's an old pro at this.

All clear. Mike motions politely -- *after you* -- and the two of them head for the Suburban, walking side-by-side.

MIKE

You know I haven't slept since Thursday? I was out all night cleaning up after you. I need my sleep.

Mike isn't angry, just matter-of-fact. More than that, actually. Is he surprised? Is this grudging admiration? Today, he's seeing Walt in a whole new light.

WALT

You said no half measures.

MIKE

Yeah? Funny how words can be so open to interpretation.

(glancing back)

You get your car fixed?

WALT

Not yet.

MIKE

You're gonna wanna get your car fixed.

WALT

(his eyes on the Suburban)

Let's see how this goes first.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mike shrugs, nods -- *prudent*. They keep walking.

EXT. SUBURBAN - DAY

In b.g., Walt and Mike head our way as we ADJUST to find the Suburban in f.g. VICTOR climbs out from the driver's seat. He stands waiting beside the hood.

Inside the truck, we can make out the back of a third man's head. He sits motionless, watching Walt approach.

REVERSE to reveal this is... GUS. He, too, climbs out. He stands his ground. He does not look happy.

Walt arrives, standing before him. Silence. Then:

GUS  
Has your condition worsened?

WALT  
(a beat)  
Excuse me?

GUS  
Your medical condition. Has it grown worse?

WALT  
Not that I know of, no.

GUS  
Is there a ringing in your ears?  
(Walt shakes his head)  
Are you seeing bright lights, or hearing voices?

Walt stares. Gives the slightest shake of his head.

WALT  
I'm quite well, thank you.

GUS  
No, clearly you're not. No rational person would do as you have done.  
(*I'm waiting!*)  
Explain yourself.

Unlike Mike, Gus is angry. In control as always, we can nevertheless hear it in his voice -- he's downright pissed.

Nervous as he is, Walt stands his ground. Doesn't flinch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT

My partner was about to get himself shot. I intervened.

GUS

Some worthless junkie. For him you "intervene" and put us all at risk. Some contemptible junkie who couldn't keep the peace for eight hours.

WALT

That's right. He couldn't. He was angry because those two dealers of yours had just murdered an eleven year-old boy.

GUS

I heard about it. He should have let me take care of them.

WALT

Maybe.

(then)

Then again, maybe he thought it was you who gave the order.

Gus narrows his eyes a little. Stares. Low and ominous:

GUS

Are you asking me if I ordered the murder of a child?

WALT

(a long beat; then)

I would never ask you that.

Meaning what, exactly? Meaning *I myself don't believe it?* Meaning *what would be the point of asking?* Walt is playing it slippery here -- both he and Gus know it.

GUS

Where is Pinkman now?

WALT

I wouldn't know.

Gus shakes his head, not buying that.

WALT

A couple of time zones away, at least. Beyond that, I'd only be guessing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALT (CONT'D)

He has enough money to last forever, and he knows to keep moving. You'll never find him.

Behind Walt, Mike stirs a little.

MIKE

I dunno, Walt. It's what I do, after all.

Walt glances to Mike, then back to Gus.

WALT

He's out of the picture. I saved his life -- I owed him that. But now he and I are done. Which is exactly what you wanted, isn't it?

Gus sighs and stares off into the distance. We can't help but think this is that moment of silence before something really bad happens.

WALT

You've always struck me as a very pragmatic man. So if I may, I would like to review options with you. Of which, it seems to me, you have two.

(a beat)

Option A -- you kill me right here and now. Apparently I have made that very easy for you. You can kill me, no witnesses, and then spend the next few weeks or months tracking down Jesse Pinkman and you kill him, too.

(off Gus' stare)

A pointless exercise it seems to me, but that is Option A.

Victor subtly glances to Mike -- who stands with his head cocked, considering Walt closely. *The balls on this cat!*

Gus, meanwhile, gives nothing away. He just stares.

GUS

What is Option B?

WALT

I continue cooking. You and I both forget about Pinkman. We forget this ever happened.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WALT (CONT'D)

We consider this a lone hiccup in an otherwise long and fruitful business arrangement.

(then)

I prefer Option B.

Gus continues staring inscrutably. A? B? Who knows? This really feels like it could go either way. Finally...

GUS

You'd need a new assistant.

WALT

(nods -- yes)

I could get right on that.

GUS

No. This time I choose.

Walt may not love this, but he can't argue. He's lucky to be alive. He nods. *Agreed.*

Done with Walt, Gus turns and heads back to the Suburban. Victor does too, climbing behind the wheel.

Walt hesitates only a moment before he realizes he's been dismissed. He turns and starts off on the long walk back to his Aztek. We PULL him away from here.

As we pass Mike, he turns our way, calling after Walt:

MIKE

Your car. Get it fixed.

WALT

(never looking back)

Yeah.

Mike, too, climbs in the Suburban, which grows small in the distance as we PULL Walt away from it. The truck's engine roars to life and it turns and drives off.

Now that he has won his survival and the moment is over, Walt's face shows all the fear it's been masking. His knees are ready to buckle. Off our hero, chugging onward:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY - MORNING

It's a day or two later. The start of a new week. We PAN off the familiar laundry building, with its WORKERS streaming in for the start of their shift, to find...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

... Walt's Aztek motoring onto the property. As it drives toward us, its grille prominent in frame, we note that all the hit-and-run damage has been REPAIRED.

Walt parks it in his usual spot, cuts the engine and climbs out. He pauses to notice what's parked beside him.

It's a muddy Subaru Forrester with a mountain bike atop the roof rack and an old "Ron Paul for President" bumper sticker. As it's in Jesse's spot, we can assume this vehicle belongs to Walt's new assistant. Anyone care to guess who that is?

Walt already knows. He turns and heads for the laundry.

INT. SUPERLAB - MORNING

As seen through the small window in the lab door, Walt descends into view in the stairwell and pulls his key from his pocket. We hear it in the lock -- yet, judging by Walt's frown, it doesn't seem to work anymore.

Into view comes Victor, who opens the door. Hesitation as Walt considers stone-faced Victor, then steps past him onto the catwalk. Victor shuts and locks the door behind him.

WALT

Really?

NEW ANGLE -- Walt descends the spiral staircase. Girding his loins, he crosses the floor of the lab toward a MAN who stands waiting in f.g.

This man wears a yellow Tyvek cook suit. His back is to us, so we don't yet see his face. Walt forces a smile.

WALT

It's good to see you.

Yes! Reveal... GALE. Who smiles his own self-conscious smile. We'll remember Gale Boetticher as the perfect lab assistant whom Walt fired in episode 308.

Is he bitter? He doesn't seem to be. He shakes Walt's hand.

GALE

Thanks. It's good to be back.  
(glances around the place)  
Well. Shall we..?

WALT

(nodding)  
By all means, Gale. Let's cook.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walt shoots a quick glance up at Victor, who remains atop the catwalk, watching all. As we come to realize Walt's world has suddenly shifted in a major way, we...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - AFTERNOON

We're at the curb in front of a row of nice suburban houses. An n.d. Buick pulls past us into frame and parks. We can't make out who's inside -- all we see through the rear window are a dozen or more shiny MYLAR BALLOONS.

MIKE (V.O.)

What about that rhinoceros? You think he'd make a good pet?

GRANDDAUGHTER (V.O.)

No!

MIKE (V.O.)

No? Don't you think if you called to him, he'd come running for his supper? I'll bet he would.

INT. BUICK - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Mike sits behind the wheel, smiling down at his adorable little GRANDDAUGHTER whom we met briefly back in episode 302. She is safely seatbelted beside him. She half-frowns/half-beams up at her Pop-Pop in a way that just melts your heart.

MIKE

I'll bet he'd come running -- BOOM, BOOM, BOOM --

GRANDDAUGHTER

You're silly Pop-Pop.

MIKE

Well... a little. But he'd probably knock everything over. Plus, there's that big nose of his.

GRANDDAUGHTER

That's not a nose, that's a horn.

MIKE

Is that so?

GRANDDAUGHTER

His real nose is little.

MIKE

Huh. I learn all kinds of things being with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His granddaughter grins and sits tapping her toes together, feeling smart. Off Mike, unlatching her seatbelt for her:

EXT. QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - AFTERNOON

TIME CUT -- moments later. CLOSE ON the backseat door of the Buick as Mike pulls it open. Inside, the back is filled with all those metallic helium balloons from the ALBUQUERQUE ZOO. They bob against the roof, a rainbow of colors. Mike hands a few to his granddaughter, who stands by.

MIKE

Okay, Junebug, these are for you?

The little girl frowns up at the three measly balloons she's got, then points at the dozen more that are still in the car.

GRANDDAUGHTER

What about the rest?

MIKE

The rest are for me.

GRANDDAUGHTER

(smirks)

No, they're not. You're too old for balloons.

MIKE

Oh, you're never too old for balloons.

Mike shuts the door, serious about keeping them. He bends down -- *careful, bad back!* -- and gives her a hug and a peck on the cheek.

MIKE

Give me a hug. I see your Mom. Don't keep her waiting.

GRANDDAUGHTER

Bye, Pop-Pop!

MIKE

Bye, baby.

The girl prances off, headed up the walkway of a nearby house. A WOMAN in her thirties stands waiting on the porch. She waves to Mike, who waves back.

Ah, what a kind, sweet granddad Mike is. But what does he want with those balloons?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he rounds to his driver's door, climbing back in his Buick, starting the engine and driving away...

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A smallish, pre-fab warehouse squats on a cracked and weedy ribbon of concrete in what seems to be the middle of nowhere. Security lights surround it, glowing sickly yellow. A few cars are parked out front. No one is in sight.

We're looking upon this scene from maybe fifty yards away. PULL BACK to reveal Mike standing by his Buick, watching the warehouse from the cover of darkness.

REVERSE -- Mike stands with his hands buried in the pockets of his windbreaker. After a moment, he glances at his watch. *No time like the present.*

He's wearing black leather gloves. He unzips his jacket and reaches inside for something. We hear a few CLICKS of metal on metal as he performs some ominous task o.s. (what he's doing is threading a silencer onto an HK mk23 pistol, in case props needs to order one for us).

CHI-CHIK! Mike cycles the pistol's slide, still o.s., then tucks it back in his windbreaker. He opens the back door of his Buick and gathers all those colorful toy BALLOONS.

Grasping a fat fistful of strings, he wanders toward the warehouse looking like Luigi the Vendor. What the hell is his plan here? Some of us will begin to understand as Mike heads for... the POWER POLE that feeds the building.

It's a lone wooden pole with a transformer on it, sending several sagging cables down to the warehouse in the distance. Mike positions himself directly beneath it.

CRANE ANGLE -- we cut to a bird's-eye view from above, looking down at Mike far below. As we watch, he lets go of his balloons, which float straight up toward us until they envelop the power lines and...

... ZZ-ZZZAP! Short-circuited by the metallic Mylar, the transformer BLOWS with a blinding blue ARC-LIGHT FLASH and a huge shower of SPARKS.

INT. WAREHOUSE - BACK ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON a flatscreen monitor which is split by four live SECURITY CAMERA VIEWS of the outside of the building. BLINK! The monitor goes dead as we plunge into DARKNESS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Battery BACKUPS click on, half-lighting the place in dramatic, moody fashion. A hard-looking MEXICAN MAN steps into frame, glancing around overhead.

FIRST MEXICAN MAN  
(in Spanish)  
*What do you think?*

A SECOND MEXICAN MAN steps into frame, passing him.

SECOND MEXICAN MAN  
(in Spanish)  
*Only one way to find out.*

He pulls a PISTOL, checks that he's got a round chambered. The first man does the same. Both of them head for the front of the building.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Wide tableau -- up a short flight of steps, there's a door with a window. The faces of the two Mexican men appear in it, peering outside. The door eases open.

First one man, then the other, steps outside. Guns at the ready, they squint into the darkness, scanning for trouble. They don't see what we see. A mere ten feet away, hidden just around the corner of the building, waits Mike.

The first Mexican descends the steps, drawing closer to Mike without realizing it. The second man remains by the door.

Old Mike, cool as a cucumber, stays motionless. That is, until he... cracks his neck to one side. If you've ever seen "Yojimbo," you know that's what Toshiro Mifune always does right before he slices up a bunch of ne'er-do-wells with his samurai sword.

Hearing this faint SNAP, the Mexicans freeze. The man atop the steps whispers down to his partner.

SECOND MEXICAN MAN  
(in Spanish)  
*What was that? --*

Mike instantly steps around the corner and SHOTS the nearest man point-blank through the head. And what a shot! The bullet continues on into the second man, standing atop the steps. It even passes through him, SHATTERING the window in the open warehouse door beside him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two guys with one bullet! Mike doesn't wait for applause. On the move and headed up the steps, he aims without looking and -- THUP-THUP-THUP! -- puts three more rounds into the groaning second man, finishing him off before he disappears inside the building.

INT. WAREHOUSE - FRONT OFFICE - NIGHT

We may have already noticed it outside, but the name of this place is in MANDARIN. The front office is wood-paneled and seedy. Papers lie scattered across the floor.

Crossing the room, Mike hears a SOUND behind an employee counter. He raises his pistol, ready to fire. He pauses when he sees...

... A middle-aged CHINESE SECRETARY sitting on her butt on the floor, her feet splayed toward us. She holds up her hands, talking scared and fast. We don't have to speak CHINESE to realize she's begging for her life.

Mike raises a finger to his lips, employing the universal symbol for "shut the fuck up." Glancing down a darkened hall that leads to the back of the building, he considers a moment. He glances back to the secretary.

SECRETARY

Please... please...

Mike hunkers beside her and takes hold of her nearest foot. She stares at him saucer-eyed -- *what the hell's he doing?* He wiggles loose her PLATFORM SANDAL, gently... tugging it... off her toes.

Taking cover, Mike whips it underhanded, like a bocce ball. ZI-IIP! There goes that SHOE, noisily tumbling the length of the hall and drawing out --

-- A THIRD MEXICAN MAN. With a ferocious YELL:

THIRD MEXICAN MAN

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHH!! --

From the other end of the hallway, he runs STRAIGHT AT US, FIRING wildly. BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! Blinding bright MUZZLE FLASHES strobe the dark walls.

He overshoots (no pun intended) the end of the hall and comes skidding out into the front office -- passing Mike, who stands safe and sound against the wall. Mike raises his silenced pistol and THUP-THUP!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Turning his back on this freshest dead man before the dude even DROPS, Mike pads down the dark hall toward the far end of the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY/BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike's MOVING POV: lit by backup lights, we can make out stacks of STEEL BARRELS. Apparently, this is some sort of chemical supply facility. As we travel further down the hall, we have into view of...

... A plump CHINESE MAN. He sits at his rat's nest of a desk in a short sleeved Arrow shirt and clip-on tie. He stares at us wide-eyed, raising his hands in surrender. This is CHOW.

Mike pauses before he exits the hall. Some sixth sense tells him not to step any further. Maybe it's the way Chow sits frozen and unblinking, just staring at him.

REVERSE ANGLE -- popping WIDE past Chow, we get the whole picture now, seeing what Mike can't see. There is a FOURTH MEXICAN MAN hiding just on the other side of the hallway wall. Gun poised, he waits to ambush Mike.

Mike figures as much. Silently pressing the muzzle of his pistol to the sheetrock, he looks to Chow for confirmation.

With those raised hands of his, we figure Chow's too scared to do anything. Until... very gingerly, very subtly... he EASES his hands HIGHER.

Noting this, Mike correspondingly SLIDES his pistol HIGHER. Now it's a bit too high -- just over the bad guy's head.

Chow LOWERS his hands a bit, splitting the difference. Mike slides his pistol LOWER, glancing to Chow -- *good?*

Chow blinks and gives the teeniest little nod.

THUP! Mike FIRES through the sheetrock, nailing the hidden man right in the melon. A STARBURST of BLOOD paints the wall next to him. His legs go out like a marionette's with its strings cut. He slides down the wall, landing on his butt and slumping forward.

Mike cautiously (not nervously) peeks around the corner, noting dead guy number four. He looks to Chow, who keeps his hands in the air, having forgotten they're up there.

Gazing through those perpetually half-lidded eyes of his, Mike doesn't look happy. In fact, he's downright put-out.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MIKE

Chow. You have anything you wanna tell me?

CHOW

T-Thank God you're here! They keep me prisoner!

MIKE

They keep you prisoner.

CHOW

I don't do nothing for them ever!  
They try and make me, I say no!  
They steal my chemicals? I-I-I  
can't stop 'em! I am businessman!

MIKE

You're a businessman. The lady out front --

(calls down the hall)

Hey lady, are you still there?

(back to Chow)

Ask her if she's still there.

CHOW

(in Chinese)

*Peng, are you still there?*

Pends responds at length in Chinese off-camera.

CHOW

She says yes.

Mike nods.

MIKE

How's her driving?

Chow blinks, confused by the question. Helping him out, his gun still in hand, Mike mimes a steering wheel.

MIKE

Driving. Is she good behind the wheel?

CHOW

Good. She's good driver.

MIKE

Licensed? Dependable?

(CONTINUED)

CHOW

She has a Camry.

MIKE

Good.

Abruptly, Mike raises his pistol and -- THUP! -- puts one through Chow's raised LEFT HAND. AAAAAHH!

Chow grips his BLEEDING palm, his face contorted in agony. Mike turns his back on him, squats down to check the nearest dead man for ID. Over Chow's whimpers of pain:

MIKE

The trucks'll be here first thing in the morning. I strongly recommend that you return our calls next time.

(hearing no movement)

So..? Have her drive you to the hospital.

Holding his hand, Chow rises and stumbles toward the hallway. Just as he clears frame...

MIKE

She's gonna need her shoe.

Chow stumbles back into frame and picks up the woman's SHOE with his good hand. Seconds away from fainting, he plods back out of sight. Off icy Mike:

INT. LOS POLLOS HERMANOS - OFFICE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a desktop -- FOUR "LASER VISA" BORDER CROSSING CARDS get plopped down into frame. These are cards issued to Mexican residents by the U.S. Government, providing entry into the United States. These represent the four men Mike killed. We may recognize them from their PHOTOS.

A second hand reaches into frame, examining the visas. Reveal Gus. He sits at his desk, Mike seated opposite.

GUS

Where'd they cross?

MIKE

Laredo, looks like.

(shrugs)

They didn't exactly send their "A" players. But like you said, it's cartel, alright.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gus nods, poring over the faces on the visas.

GUS  
Probing for weakness.

MIKE  
Well. They didn't find any.

Gus doesn't seem so sure. His long, thoughtful silence makes Mike uncomfortable (if such a thing is possible).

In fact, if such a thing is possible, Gus looks troubled. Gus versus the cartel is Fischer versus Spassky. As skilled as he is, Gus intends to play this right.

Figuring it's time to leave, Mike rises from his chair. Gus glances up at him, onto a new subject.

GUS  
What about Pinkman?

MIKE  
I'm making inquiries.

Gus stares -- *find him*, his look says. Mike exits.

INT. SUPERLAB - DAY

CLOSE -- HEAT HAZE and VAPOR rise like steam coming off the world's biggest bowl of soup. It's an abstract image, this. We don't know where we are at first.

Two FACES materialize through the fog and heat. It's Walt and Gale, wearing respirators and tending to the enormous mix/cook tank. Into it, they scatter handful after handful of shiny ALUMINUM FOIL STRIPS, sprinkling them like confetti into the brew (though we likely haven't shown this till now, it's an honest-to-goodness step in our meth cook).

WALT  
That's two. Alright, let's close it up.

Done, Walt shuts the tank's heavy lid.

WALT  
Alright, bring it down. Ready?  
Okay, we're good.

The vapor quickly subsides, and he and Gale remove their masks. Looking to someone o.s., Walt indicates his own bare face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT

You can take your mask off now.

NEW ANGLE -- reveal VICTOR, seated across the way and wearing his own RESPIRATOR while reading the newspaper. Glancing at Walt, he pulls off his mask and continues reading.

Efficient, chipper Gale is already cleaning up the spilled foil (of which there's a lot). He sweeps it into a dustpan.

Gale nods -- he thought as much. Walt grabs a broom and helps sweep. As they work, Gale shoots a wary glance across the lab at Victor. He speaks sotto voce.

GALE

Does that guy ever leave..?

Walt shrugs, noncommittal.

GALE

When exactly did that start?

WALT

It's new. We had some, a uh...

(reluctant)

... We had a little drama with the person you replaced.

Gale frowns. He wants to ask, but decides against.

GALE

Sorry to hear that.

WALT

Nah, nah... it'll fine. Things'll continue to smooth out and... yeah. It'll be fine.

Walt says this like he's trying to convince himself. Gale notices. After a moment or two...

GALE

By the way, if you're at all worried about working with me --

WALT

-- No. I'm not.

GALE

-- Because whatever my shortcomings last time, I intend for things to go perfectly from here on out. So if there's --

(CONTINUED)

WALT

-- Gale, you're great. Seriously.

GALE

-- I just, however you like things to be done, is exactly how we're going to do them. Period. From here on out. So... uh...  
(quietly openhearted)  
Please. Teach me.

Walt smiles bittersweetly at this eager young man. A beat.

WALT

Okay.

Gale senses this is supposed to be an apology -- or at least as close to one as Walt can get. And he appreciates it.

Off Walt, head down, returning to his sweeping...

INT. CLUTTERED APARTMENT - NIGHT

VARIOUS CLOSE-UPS paint a picture for us. We see:

-- Overflowing shelves of BOOKS on science, art, photography, history, travel, philosophy, poetry, Stephen King, etc.

-- PHOTOS of world travels show us scenes of backpacking through Mongolia, Machu Picchu, Kilimanjaro, you-name-it.

-- A kit-built digital clock that runs on a POTATO (available at Edmund Scientific) tells us the time is 7:08.

-- A SNOWBOARD is propped in a corner. A fat Cassegrain TELESCOPE sits atop its tripod.

Under all of this, MUSIC plays on a stereo. It's something ITALIAN.

... GALE is SINGING ALONG to it. This is his colorful pad, and as he waters his many and various HOUSEPLANTS, he sings along in whatever language is being represented.

Talk about a guy who digs life. Gale's the happy-go-luckiest meth cook there is. As he hits a long high note with gusto, a KNOCK on the door turns his attention.

Hmm. Who could that be? Setting down his watering can and answering it, Gale is surprised to find...

... GUS. He stands alone in the hallway, smiling warmly.

(CONTINUED)

GUS

Gale. It's good to see you.

GALE

Mr. Fring. Wow, this is, uh...

GUS

I should have called first. I'm not interrupting anything, am I?

GALE

No, uh, not at all. Please, come in!

Gus steps inside.

GALE

Can I offer you something? A creme de menthe?

GUS

Oh, no... no, thank you. I'm sorry for the inconvenience --

GALE

-- Oh, no, no. It's no inconvenience.

GUS

I need to talk to you about something. Something rather pressing.

They're seated now. Gale is all ears. As it's a delicate subject, Gus considers how best to begin. Finally:

GUS

If push came to shove, I was wondering how soon you might be able to take over the lab yourself. You, and, uh, an assistant.

Gale thinks about this for a moment.

GALE

Why would...  
(forces a smile)  
Why would push come to shove?

Gus seems reluctant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GUS

Has Walter ever talked to you about why he got into this particular line of work..?

GALE

Uh... I guess I assumed it's because it pays so well.

GUS

Oh, it is. But specifically, has he ever spoken to you about his health problems?

(off Gale's frown)

I'm not surprised. He's a very private person.

GALE

What exactly are his health problems..?

GUS

He's dying of cancer.

Gale looks stricken. Never one for displays of emotion, Gus nonetheless (for Gale's sake) seems to share his pain.

GUS

It is why he does this. To provide for his family. Which he's accomplished. They will never want for anything -- he's seen to that.

GALE

Oh... how long does he have?

GUS

That is very much the question. He does not want to talk about it. And every time I bring it up with him...

(shakes his head; *bad*)

I don't know that he's fully accepted the reality of it. And, not to sound cold-blooded... but I am running a business here.

GALE

No, I... I understand...

GUS

I have a very large investment in this.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GUS (CONT'D)

There's so much overhead that I can't afford to shut down. Not even for a week. So you understand my concern.

(then)

And my desire for continuity.

GALE

I do. Absolutely.

GUS

Now, I intend to keep Walter on for as long as he wants, assuming he's physically up to it. But as he cannot or will not tell me how long that might be...

(regretful)

I must prepare for the worst-case scenario.

Gale nods. Silence for a moment -- then Gale realizes Gus is waiting for an answer to his original question.

GALE

Worst-case scenario... Uh, I suppose if we had at least a few more cooks together...

GUS

You don't think you're ready now?

GALE

Well, he is such a, a master. There's always more for me to learn. But I'm thinking that if we had say... one or two more cooks...

(off Gus' silent gaze)

One more, I guess, would do it. I suppose.

Gus pats Gale's knee -- *good boy*.

GUS

I believe in you, Gale. I know that when the time comes, you will be ready.

Off Gus, smooth, warm and genuine... and (though Gale doesn't know it) clearly planning Walt's demise:

END ACT TWO



ACT THREE

INT. SUPERLAB - MORNING

Reddish-brown GUNK fills frame. A gloved hand reaches into view, scrubbing away the gunk with a sponge and leaving shiny stainless steel in its wake.

Reveal Gale outfitted in his yellow Tyvek, scrubbing the big mix/cook tank. This is an activity we last saw in episode 310 -- the CLEANUP that precedes the cook.

Never one to shirk his duties, Gale is nevertheless kind of distracted this morning. He's not his typical chipper self. His scrubbing slows as he glances across at...

... Walt, who works the opposite side of the tank. Eventually feeling eyes on him, Walt glances up from his scrubbing. Friendly but quizzical:

WALT

What's up?

Gale forces a smile, shakes his head -- *nothing*. He throws himself back into his work.

After a moment, he changes his mind, looks up again.

GALE

Walt. Is there, um...

We can guess what's weighing on Gale: Walt's cancer. But whether or not he would have brought it up, we'll never know. Because now, as if on cue...

... Victor idly wanders into view. He sidles up beside Gale, glancing down into the tank. He doesn't even look at Gale, pays no attention to him. Yet, there's a message here.

Innocent as he is, Gale gets it. Covering nicely:

GALE

... any particular trick to purging the catalyst bed?

Appreciating Gale's interest, Walt shrugs, shakes his head.

WALT

No, it's pretty straightforward. I'll show you when we get there.

Gale nods, lowers his eyes and returns to scrubbing. Victor soon wanders off. Gale chews his lip. *Poor, sick Walt.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Speaking of Walt -- is he truly this tuned-out to the dangers posed by Gus and Victor? Hold that thought.

EXT. SAUL GOODMAN'S OFFICE - DAY (STOCK)

To establish. Lady Liberty gently bobs atop the roof.

INT. SAUL GOODMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON FEET. Shod in thin nylon dress socks, they rock side-to-side atop a familiar CHI MACHINE (last seen in 306). Kicked-off TASSEL LOAFERS lie nearby.

This is Saul, of course -- lying on the floor of his office, loosening up his spine. We ARC AROUND to a side view of him as a faint electronic CHIRP prompts him to answer his Bluetooth EARPIECE. Touching a finger to it:

SAUL

Yeah.

(listens; then)

Tell him I'm in conference.

He clicks off and shuts his eyes, enjoying the ride.

After a moment or two, we hear the o.s. DOOR open and close. FOOTSTEPS pad toward Saul. A SHADOW falls across him. Saul opens one eye, squinting up at this unwanted visitor.

SAUL

Can't you see I'm in conference?

Reveal MIKE stands over Saul.

MIKE

I'm looking to find a client of yours. I was hoping you could help me out with an address.

SAUL

Which client?

MIKE

Jesse Pinkman.

Saul frowns up at Mike, raising an eyebrow.

SAUL

"Jesse-Pinkman-In-The-Phone-Book"  
Jesse Pinkman? Hmm, how would one track him down, I wonder?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Saul snorts and closes his eyes. With the tip of his shoe, Mike clicks the power switch. Saul's Chi Machine goes dead.

SAUL  
(annoyed)  
You're still here..?

MIKE  
I'm gonna need your full attention,  
Saul. Jesse Pinkman. Current  
whereabouts. The sooner you tell  
me, the sooner you can get back  
to...  
(indicates machine)  
... Whatever the hell this is  
exactly.

SAUL  
What am I, eighth-grade hall  
monitor? "Current whereabouts?"  
Lemme tell you something --

Saul starts to rise in protest -- but Mike stops him with a warning hand.

MIKE  
Whoa. You are good right there.

Mike doesn't shove, nor raise his voice. There's no need. Saul... reluctantly... remains where he is on the floor. Mike takes hold of one of the client chairs, pulls it close.

MIKE  
Let's both get comfortable.

Mike parks the chair right next to Saul, who lies propped up on his elbows. Mike takes a seat, looming over Saul.

MIKE  
Now... when I say I'm looking for  
Pinkman, we both know why. Don't  
we? And you pretending otherwise  
only wastes my time and serves to  
annoy me.

SAUL  
(growing nervous)  
Look, Mike... there are rules to  
this lawyer thing.

MIKE  
Is that right?

(CONTINUED)

SAUL

Yeah. "Attorney-client privilege?"  
I mean, that's a big one! And  
that's something I provide for you!  
So, if I give up Pinkman... well,  
then you're gonna be asking "old  
Saul gives 'em up pretty easy.  
What's to keep him from giving me  
up?"

(shrug)

You see? So, then, where's the  
trust?

MIKE

I trust the hole in the desert I'd  
leave you in.

SAUL

(distantly)

Y-Yeah... that's an argument.

Mike leans a bit closer. Stays calm and conversational.

MIKE

Saul, don't make me beat you till  
your legs don't work. Now tell me  
where to find him.

(then)

You know it's the right thing.

Saul considers his options. From deep within, he finds his  
inner Clarence Darrow. His hidden strength. Gravely:

SAUL

I can't tell you, Mike. Alright?  
I -- look. If I was to tell you,  
well I just... I couldn't live with  
myself. I'm sorry.

Wow. Mike sighs and regretfully rises to his feet. He moves  
his chair, making room so he can kick the shit outta Saul.

And, just as quickly, Clarence Darrow goes away.

SAUL

(holds up his hands)

But who's to say I didn't write the  
address down in-in my day-planner?

Seeing where this is headed, Mike lets him up. Saul  
scrambles to his feet and rounds his desk, rifling through  
his scheduler. Not finding what he's looking for...

(CONTINUED)

SAUL

Or on a... scratch piece of  
paper... somewhere...  
(where the fuck is it?!)  
... Who's to say I didn't write  
down a location? Strictly for my  
own professional use.

Yes! Finding it written on a notepad, Saul tosses the pad  
atop his desk. He points a finger at Mike -- *NOW HEAR THIS!*

SAUL

Do NOT touch anything on my desk.  
(then; checks his watch)  
I'm gonna leave the room... uh,  
make myself a Nescafe.

Glad to be leaving on two good legs, Saul breezes out of the  
office, closing the door behind him. Mike steps around the  
desk and opens Saul's notepad. Checks what's scribbled.

Mike's POV -- "*Buckingham Trailer Court, Dillwyn, VA.*"

Off Mike, seemingly one step closer to Jesse...

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DRIVING - DAY

CLOSE ON a familiar license plate: "LAWYRUP," it reads.

We let it drift away from us, revealing the white Cadillac  
it's attached to. We're on the move, FOLLOWING BEHIND the  
Caddy as it cruises an n.d. commercial stretch.

Through the rear window, we can make out two occupants.

SAUL (V.O.)

I'm just looking out for you,  
that's all. I'm like a mother hen.

INT. SAUL'S CADDY - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Saul drives. Walt sits beside him. Both men stare out the  
windshield, not looking at one another.

SAUL

Believe me, money-laundering ain't  
what it used to be.  
(half to himself)  
God, do I miss the eighties.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT

You're wasting your time -- I'm  
buying the car wash. End of story.

SAUL

Well, one look at this place,  
you're gonna fall in love, so...

Our two guys ride on in silence.

EXT. GALACTIC LASER TAG - DAY

A deserted parking lot. The Caddy motors into view, crossing  
the lot and arriving at a closed-down (but intact) business.  
"LASER TAG," the sign blares.

Saul and Walt climb out, Saul proudly presenting the place.

SAUL

Huh? Was I right? Where else you  
gonna find a cash-only business  
that's this much fun? Unless  
we're talking massage parlor, and,  
uh... I don't see it!  
(dangles the keys)  
Shall we?

Hands on his hips, Walt studies the building, then nods.  
Saul steps past him, unlocking the front door.

So what's going on here, exactly? Cowardly Saul just gave up  
Jesse, and now he's all business-as-usual? Distressing.

We MATCH-CUT to a NEW ANGLE -- we're suddenly seeing Saul and  
Walt from a couple hundred yards away.

Into the f.g. of this shot drives... VICTOR.

Clearly, Victor followed them here. Just as clearly, he's  
keeping his distance, not wanting to be seen. Off him,  
raising a small pair of BINOCULARS and surveilling Walt and  
Saul as they disappear into the laser tag:

SAUL

You ever actually play laser tag?  
You know... it's good cardio. Plus  
you get to shoot at kids...

INT. GALACTIC LASER TAG - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Saul locks the door behind them. He and Walt stroll through the place, Saul flipping switches and turning on lights as they go. This joint is colorful, to say the least.

SAUL

You got your bumper cars over there down the way. Got your arcade right here -- all the latest video games. Snack bar's over there. Nothing stopping you from selling beer to the parents. That's a whole new revenue stream...

WALT

(glances over shoulder)  
... Alright, alright, alright already. We're-we're good.

SAUL

Holy Christ.

Saul stops dead, puts his hands on his knees and sucks in a deep, ragged breath. It's as if he's trying not to faint. With his eyes, he shoots Walt daggers.

SAUL

"We're GOOD?" This constitutes "good" where you're from? My car is bugged --

WALT

-- I said "maybe." Maybe bugged --

SAUL

-- I'm being followed?! What the hell have you gotten me into?! I got my very own PI threatening to break my legs! That's like Thomas Magnum threatening, that, that...

(can't think of it)

... Little prissy guy with the mustache...

Another deep breath. Recovering, Saul stands up straight.

SAUL

Over and above. Service-wise, this is over and above. You and I survive this? Oh, I'm seriously rethinking my pricing. Yeah.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAUL (CONT'D)  
(points at someone)  
And that goes double for you, Hip-  
Hop!

Who's he talking to? Reveal... JESSE, cautiously stepping into view from out of the darkness.

Hurray! Saul's not a Judas! He has, however, done his one good deed for the day, and with that...

SAUL  
My guy's no dummy, right? So, I give us maybe twenty-four hours before he figures out that address goes nowhere.  
(off the grim silence)  
You guys do your thing, make it snappy. I'll go... see if they have Tetris or something.

Shaking his head to himself, nervous Saul wanders off toward the arcade, leaving Walt and Jesse alone. A beat.

WALT  
How you holding up?

Jesse shrugs -- *not great, but okay.*

JESSE  
You..?

WALT  
I got my old job back.  
(wryly)  
At least, until they kill me, and Gale takes over.

Wow. So Walt does know Gus' plan! Jesse seems unsurprised. He too, apparently is up to speed. This is refreshing, given that for most of season three, our heroes have been a day late and a dollar short where Gus is concerned.

JESSE  
So, he's their boy, huh?

WALT  
(nods; heavy-hearted)  
He's their boy.

JESSE  
How long you think you've got?

Walt shakes his head, doesn't know.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

WALT

Well, he asks a lot of questions about the cooking process. I try to be as vague as possible, but I've got that guy Victor watching me, listening to every word I say...

Walt trails off, considers.

WALT

Y'know, it may be that the only thing saving me is Gale's fastidiousness. Once he feels confident that he knows my entire method...

Walt makes a half-hearted gesture -- *that's when they kill me*. Grim silence. Now, the million-dollar question:

JESSE

So, what do we do?

Walt has a plan, alright. He just has to work up the nerve to say it out loud.

WALT

You know what we do.

Jesse does -- and he hates it. Shaking his head...

JESSE

There's got to be some other way.

(almost pleading)

Maybe it's better for you to just go to the cops, alright? I mean, I can't believe I'm saying that and all. But for your family? I mean, the DEA would love you -- all the shit you could tell 'em? Federal witness protection, that's a good deal.

(off Walt's silence)

As for me? I'll-I'll hit the road, yo. I'll make it.

(then)

We had a, we had a good run. But it's over.

WALT

(softly; thinking of Hank)

Never the DEA.

(a beat; louder)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WALT (CONT'D)

The cook can't stop. That's the one thing I'm certain of -- production cannot stop. Gus can't afford to. So, if I'm the only chemist that he's got... then I've got leverage. And leverage keeps me alive. It keeps you alive, too. I think I can see to that.

(grim and meaningful)

If I'm the only chemist that he's got.

Oh, no. Is Walt saying what we think he's saying..?

JESSE

I-I can't do it, Mr. White. Like you said, I'm-I'm not a...

(can't even say it)

I can't do it.

WALT

I'll do it. I'm gonna need your help. I mean, they're watching me day and night. They never leave me alone with Gale, not for a moment. Hell, I don't even know where the man lives. He's not in the phone book, I can't find him on the Internet.

(ragged sigh)

I can't do it in the lab. Victor's always there. But if I could just... shake Victor, for even an hour one night, I think then that.... I may be able to...

(hates himself)

... Make it look like an accident.

Pregnant silence.

JESSE

There's got to be some other way.

WALT

I'm all ears. But when it comes down to you and me versus him?

(shakes his head)

I'm sorry. I'm truly sorry, but it's gonna be him.

Fierce tears shine now in Walt's eyes -- yet he's in control. Yes, he's a desperate man, but he's being completely rational here. Rational and pragmatic. Just like Gus.

(CONTINUED)

WALT

And you are the only edge that I've got, as long as they don't know that you're in town. But I need you to track him. Get me his address. And I'll do the rest.

(off his hesitation)

Look, I-I saved your life, Jesse. Are you gonna save mine?

Jesse looks up from the floor, fixing his gaze on his mentor. Off reluctant Jesse -- whose answer, we know, will be yes...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The HEARTH fills frame.

It's the exact shot which opened the Teaser. Except this time as we PAN to the right, we take in the PRESENT DAY. Skyler works in the kitchen, preparing dinner. Outside, it's magic hour, and the light is low and golden.

We continue PANNING until we find Walt seated on the sofa, Baby Holly in his arms. Recall that this is the arrangement Walt and Skyler made last episode, where Walt gets to have dinner with the family certain nights of the week.

Walt dearly loves his daughter -- but the way he's cuddling her suggests Linus with his security blanket. Walt is utterly preoccupied. It's as if there's the sound of a clock ticking in his head, getting louder and louder.

It's been a full day since his conversation with Jesse, and no news since. He's trusting an awful lot to his partner, and the waiting is driving him to distraction. But as he sits here...

... BRRRRPT. His cell phone softly VIBRATES. Hopeful Walt digs it from his pocket, checks the readout. Finally!

Praying for good news, Walt quickly but gently tucks Holly in her bassinet. Skyler pays no attention as he pads down the hall, out of sight.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Walt sits into frame on the edge of the tub, speed-dialing as he does so. Hunched with his elbows on his knees and his phone to his ear, he tries to stay patient. RING... RING...

JESSE (V.O.)

Yeah.

WALT

Please tell me you found him.

JESSE (V.O.)

(a beat)

Sixty-three fifty-three Juan Tabo Boulevard. Apartment six.

Walt runs a hand across his bald head -- *oh, thank god.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSE (V.O.)

You there..?

WALT

Yeah. Sixty-three fifty-three Juan  
Tabo, number six. Got it.

The sweet relief that is flooding in quickly runs its course, replaced by grim, cold reality. Now, Walt has to actually go through with this terrible plan of his.

WALT

He's home?

JESSE (V.O.)

Yep.

WALT

Anyone watching the place?

JESSE (V.O.)

No. Looks pretty much wide-open.  
(then)  
When you gonna do it?

WALT

(hesitates; considering)  
Tonight. Once it gets dark.

More silence. Walt's body language is that of a man with an anvil weighing down on his shoulders.

Jesse's voice is quiet, plaintive.

JESSE (V.O.)

Don't do this, Mr. White.  
Please..? Go to the cops.

Walt lowers the phone from his ear, gently folding it closed. He sits here overflowing with self-loathing, wondering how he can possibly murder poor Gale in cold blood.

Off Walt, wondering how his life ever got to this point...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

It's no more than ten or twenty minutes later. All's quiet. The front door opens and --

-- Walt exits into the night. On the move, he gives a quick glance around. No one's in sight. He crosses to his Aztek.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he stands fishing for his keys, there's a faint rush of TIRES and a sweep of HEADLIGHTS. An n.d. sedan pulls up twenty feet away, blocking the bottom of the driveway.

Walt's face drops. Oh god -- it's VICTOR! Vic's window powers down. Calling to Walt, just loud enough to be heard:

VICTOR

We got a problem. There's some  
kinda chemical leaking in your lab.  
You gotta come with me.

Caught off-guard, Walt doesn't know what to say. He glances behind him to the house. Struggling for a way out...

WALT

I'll, uh... I'll follow you.

Victor shakes his head -- *uh-uh*. Matter-of-factly:

VICTOR

They tell me to bring you, I bring  
you. C'mon, get in the car.

A chemical spill? Could be legitimate. Of course, Walt knows damn well it's not. It's an excuse to get him away from here so he can be murdered.

This must be the night Gus intends to do away with Walt once and for all. What miserable timing -- just as Walt was on his way to do the one thing that might have saved him!

What choice does he have? If he runs back inside the house, he dooms his entire family to get massacred alongside him.

No, he's finished. This is it.

Reluctantly, Walt does as he's told. He pads down the drive and climbs into the front seat beside Victor. The car pulls away out of frame, leaving the glowing windows of the White house behind.

INT. INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY - NIGHT

A gray steel truck door fills frame. Its electric motor whirrs to life and it noisily rolls upward, revealing...

... Victor and Walt, standing outside. Victor's sedan is parked behind them, its headlights left on and silhouetting them nicely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walt looks to Victor, who motions -- *you first*. Walt enters, walking toward the back of the building. Vic follows close.

Closed for the night, this place looks and sounds very different than what we're used to. There's no steam, no loud clank and hiss of machinery. There's only Walt's and Victor's SHOES scuffling on the concrete. Otherwise, this spooky, deserted laundry is quiet as a tomb.

Walt is the proverbial dead man walking. As they travel this aisle of huge, silent machinery, they are forced to duck beneath dripping, three hundred-pound bags of LAUNDRY which hang from a rail system overhead.

Walt's pace is deliberate. His mind is silently racing a thousand miles an hour -- *how am I gonna get out of this?!* An o.s. WHINE of HYDRAULICS suddenly focuses his attention.

Walt's MOVING POV: rounding the end of the aisle, we see MIKE waiting. He TILTS the enormous WASHER which hides the entrance to the superlab, opening it for us.

MIKE

I don't know if it's a barrel leak or what... but you got something mighty stinky down there.

(motions gallantly)

After you.

*Down in the lab -- that's where they'll kill me, thinks Walt. Make it look like an accident, for Gale's sake. No threats have been made, no guns are in evidence. But Walt knows if he goes down into that lab, he's done.*

Walt stares behind the enormous machine, breathing a little faster now. He's frozen. Mike, mild and even, as always:

MIKE

Walter. The sooner you figure out what this is, the sooner we all go home.

Walt does something surprising now. Something we probably don't expect.

He BEGS FOR HIS LIFE. Low and scared:

WALT

Please don't do this.

(off their silence)

Mike..? You don't have to do this.

(CONTINUED)

Victor shoots a glance to Mike, who sighs -- *shit, I was hoping this'd go easy.* Ah, well. No use pretending anymore.

MIKE

Yeah, unfortunately, I do, Walter.  
Downstairs.

WALT

I-I'll cook, I'll cook for free!  
And there won't be any more  
trouble! I promise you. If I  
could just talk to Gus, I know I  
can make him understand! Please!  
If I can talk to Gus, I can  
convince him...

MIKE

No... no...

WALT

Just let me, please. Please?!  
Please let me talk to him!!

MIKE

Shut up. Shut up. I can't do it.  
I'm sorry.

WALT

I'll give you Jesse Pinkman! --

Holy SHIT. WHAT did he just blurt? Even Mike is surprised.  
But now, Walt is on a roll and there's no stopping him.

WALT

Okay? Like you said, he's the  
problem! He's ALWAYS been the  
problem! Without him -- we would --  
(catching his breath)  
And he's-he's in TOWN, alright?!  
He's-he's not in Virginia or  
wherever the hell you're looking  
for him -- he's right here in  
Albuquerque! And I can take you to  
him! I'll take you RIGHT TO him!  
Huh?  
(swallows hard)  
What do you say..?

We're stunned. Flabbergasted. Walt may have become a lot of  
things these past three seasons -- but we never pegged him  
for a tremulous, traitorous coward.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

Mike finds this distasteful. He had respect for Walt, and now he's lost it. *Why can't this guy just die like a man?* Still... finding Jesse IS high on the agenda.

MIKE

Where is he right now? You give me an address.

WALT

(shakes his head)

I don't... He moves, he moves around. But if you let me call him. No, no... please. I just, my phone, it's just my phone. I'll call him and have him meet me. Alright? Okay? Okay?

Walt slowly, gingerly reaches in his jacket pocket with two fingers, producing his CELL PHONE. He holds it up to Mike, gives a desperate, hopeful nod -- *please?*

Deadpan Victor looks to Mike. Off wary Mike, considering...

INT. GALACTIC LASER TAG - SNACK BAR - NIGHT

Fluorescent paintings of imaginary worlds fill every wall. In f.g., two animatronic aliens slowly shake their heads from side to side as they pilot their flying saucer.

ADJUST off them to reveal Jesse, his back against the wall, sitting on the floor of this long-shuttered cafeteria.

His familiar sleeping bag lies nearby, along with a backpack full of clothes and a few other meager belongings. Empty snack food bags and soda bottles abound. It's enough to tell us Jesse has been living here for the past week or so.

His PISTOL is here, too -- within easy reach. Just in case.

What an existence -- hiding out, marking the endless hours till the heat dies down. Worse still is the one crutch that gets him through all this fear and loneliness.

Meth. Feeling lousy about himself, Jesse raises a GLASS PIPE to his lips and heats it with a jet lighter. He takes a deep hit, holds it, then exhales a cloud of white smoke.

*Oh, fuck. Fuck.* He sets the pipe aside, rubs his eyes and hugs his knees tight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRRRRPT. His phone VIBRATES, jitterbugging on the floor. Jesse reaches for it, checks the readout. Fearful, yet eager for news, he hurriedly answers.

JESSE  
(dreading the answer)  
Did you do it..? Mr. White? Did  
you do it?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

In f.g. is Walt's CELL PHONE, as Walt holds it to his ear.

Flanking him, mere inches away and listening to his side of the call, stand Mike and Victor.

Jesus. Is Walt really going to go through with this? Steeling himself, glancing briefly back at Mike, he answers.

WALT  
No -- I didn't do it. I can't now.  
It's gonna have to be you.

JESSE  
(a wide-eyed beat)  
What? No WAY, man! --

WALT  
Listen to me. You're closer than  
we are -- you'll have about a  
twenty minute lead.

Victor looks to Mike, whose eyes are beginning to narrow -- *this isn't sounding like what we discussed.* Walt, meanwhile, is suddenly NOT the pusillanimous little bitch he was a moment ago. Indeed, he sounds frosty. A man in control.

On his end, Jesse is bewildered, trying hard to follow.

WALT  
They've got me at the laundry and  
they're gonna kill me. Jesse, do  
it now! Do it fast. Do it, Jesse.  
Do it!

VICTOR  
-- Son of a BITCH --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- Victor YANKS Walt aside, spinning him out of the way as Mike grabs up the phone, considering it. He's about to say something into it, then stops himself.

On his end, Jesse blinks rapidly, having heard Victor and the struggle. It's dawning on him now. He understands what's going on... and what has suddenly become necessary.

Jesse launches to his feet. CLOSE ON his PISTOL getting snatched out frame as he sprints from sight.

Back at the laundry, Mike hangs up Walt's phone, pockets it. Quietly pissed, he turns to Walt, who stands his ground.

MIKE

Now, just what the hell was that,  
exactly?

Walt sets his jaw, gazes coolly. He doesn't answer. He even has the intestinal wherewithal to fix his crooked collar, just now pulled askew by Victor.

Strongly sensing he's been had, Mike finally draws a GUN from his jacket pocket (not the HK from Act Two, but something smaller). Victor does the same.

Amazingly, Walt doesn't flinch, doesn't quake. Far from it.

WALT

You might wanna hold off.

MIKE

(cocks the hammer)  
Yeah? Why?

WALT

Because your boss is gonna need me.  
(cold as ice)  
Sixty-three fifty-three Juan Tabo,  
apartment six.

Now... a slow-dawning Ohhh fuck on the part of Mike and Victor, who glance to one another uneasily. The silence doesn't last.

WALT

Yeah.

Almost immediately, Victor is RUNNING balls-out for the door.

Simultaneously, Mike snaps his pistol up to shoulder-height, holding Walt at gunpoint. With his free hand he fumbles for his own PHONE, yanking it from his pocket and speed-dialing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

While this goes on, we CREEP IN on Walt, who stands his ground, seemingly unflustered. He doesn't even bother raising his hands. He just stares at Mike. And stares.

Off Walt... or, should we say, HEISENBERG...

INT. CLUTTERED APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a CELL PHONE which VIBRATES atop a stack of books. This is something we SEE more than hear -- as some new piece of EXOTIC MUSIC that plays on Gale's stereo is masking the phone's sound.

An out-of-focus GALE passes the vibrating phone, not noticing it. He's on his way into b.g., to his kitchenette, where...

... A TEA KETTLE whistles on the stove. His hand dips into frame, pouring hot water into a mug.

Gale is here alone, enjoying his night off. As with his persnickiness about coffee, he's just as particular with tea: the exact temperature, the infuser ball. He wants it all just so. He's a man of precise and simple pleasures.

A loud KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK at the door cuts through the music. Wondering who this could be, Gale wanders through the living room, cutting off the stereo along the way.

The sudden SILENCE is striking. Another KNOCK-KNOCK, sounding louder this time. Gale opens his door to find...

... JESSE. Breathless and wide-eyed. Staring at him.

It takes Gale a second to place the face (remember, he only met Jesse one time briefly back in 308). Ever polite:

GALE

Hi.

(off Jesse's silence)

How can I help you?

Gale trails off as Jesse raises his GUN, taking aim.

GALE

Oh, oh... um --

Gale's hands go up. He gingerly backs off, not making any sudden moves. He's scared, no doubt about it.

Yet Jesse looks more scared still. He steps into the apartment, closing the small gap Gale has put between them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gale's cell is once again VIBRATING in b.g., though nobody pays attention. Otherwise, the quiet is profound.

GALE

Take whatever you want. I have money, I-I've got a lot of money... I have, um...

Jesse stays aimed. His pistol hand begins to TREMBLE, but his eyes never leave Gale.

He tries to swallow that sideways brick that's caught in his throat. This isn't him -- this thing he's doing now. This isn't who he is.

Gale realizes Jesse isn't here to rob the place.

GALE

Please don't do this.  
(softer still)  
You don't, you... you, you don't have to do this.

Yeah. He does.

Tears shining in his eyes, Jesse pulls the trigger.

BLAM! Off the muzzle FLASHING right at us, WHITING OUT most of the frame --

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END