

BREAKING BAD

"Sunset"

Episode #306

Written by
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Directed by
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As Broadcast

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BREAKING BAD
"Sunset"

Cast List

WALT
SKYLER
JESSE
WALTER, JR.
HANK
MARIE

SAUL GOODMAN
GUS
ASAC
BADGER
SKINNY PETE
FIRST COUSIN
SECOND COUSIN
CLOVIS
FRANCESCA
GALE
MANAGER
MOTHER
NURSE
OFFICER KEE
OLD JOE
REALTOR
SECURITY GUARD (Non-speaking)

BREAKING BAD
"Sunset"

Set List

Interiors:

WHITE HOUSE
KITCHEN
JESSE'S HOUSE
LIVING ROOM
SAUL GOODMAN'S OFFICE
SUPERLAB
RV
LOS POLLOS HERMANOS
WELL-APPOINTED CONDO
INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY
SCHRADER HOUSE
KITCHEN
MRS. PEYKETEWA'S HOUSE
HOSPITAL ER
WALT'S AZTEK
HANK'S JEEP COMMANDER
TRIBAL POLICE CRUISER

Exteriors:

JESSE'S HOUSE
LOS POLLOS HERMANOS
INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY
TOW YARD
CRUSHER YARD
PARKING LOT
MRS. PEYKETEWA'S HOUSE
NEW MEXICO DESERT
DESERT PLAIN
ALBUQUERQUE ROAD

TEASER

INT. TRIBAL POLICE CRUISER - DAY

CLOSE -- a SOUVENIR medallion hangs from a rearview MIRROR. Sunlight glances off the small laminated rectangle, which quivers slightly in the breeze from an open car window. Printed in BOLD TYPE on one side: "HOMELAND SECURITY." Just as we're wondering what this means...

... the medallion TWISTS in the wind, revealing its other side. An old PHOTOGRAPH of an armed band of Apache warriors, surrounded by more text: FIGHTING TERRORISM SINCE 1492 (*actually, this is a famous 1886 photo of Geronimo & Co.*)

An ironic commentary, you can't walk into a tourist shop in the Southwest without seeing a T-shirt or refrigerator magnet bearing this image. As WE HEAR a POLICE RADIO SQUAWK:

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
KDK-12, come in... KDK-12...

OFFICER KEE, a young Native American deputy is at the wheel. We realize this is a TRIBAL POLICE CAR -- the barren and beautiful landscape of a New Mexico RESERVATION can be seen outside his open WINDOW. He speaks into the mic:

OFFICER KEE
KDK-12.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Hey, Bobby. Need you to look in on Mrs. Peyketewa.

(Note: This is pronounced *peck-a-TEE-wa.*)

OFFICER KEE
Is she alright?

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Her daughter called from California. She hasn't heard from her in a while. Kinda worried.

OFFICER KEE
Will do.

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - DAY

A line of TELEPHONE POLES snakes off across a barren valley. SCRUB BRUSH quivers in HEAT LINES rising off the desert floor. Then... a FAN-TAIL of DUST rises up on the horizon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's the TRIBAL POLICE CRUISER making its way along a dirt RESERVATION ROAD. Slowing at an unmarked TURN-OFF. *Does anyone really live out here?*

Then we see it. A small HOUSE, brown as the landscape that surrounds it. A traditional outdoor adobe STOVE... a satellite DISH... an n.d. GRAY CAR... seems a pretty typical Reservation abode.

EXT./INT. MRS. PEYKETEWA'S HOUSE - DAY

The cruiser pulls to a stop near the car. The Deputy emerges, makes his way toward the front door. He glances about the place as his boots CRACKLE their way across the gravel drive. Nothing seems particularly out of the ordinary -- the place seems deserted, quiet.

The Deputy steps up to the front door, KNOCKS. Calls out:

OFFICER KEE
Mrs. Peyketewa? Hello?

No answer. The Deputy looks about, listens. KNOCKS again.

OFFICER KEE
Mrs. Peyketewa?

WEE-HO. The Deputy tries the door -- *locked.* Still not overly concerned, he heads around the place, looking for...

... WINDOWS. He finds one -- probably a bedroom. *Locked as well.* Can't see much through the old-fashioned BLINDS. The Deputy moves on to the back of the house. Coming upon... THE KITCHEN WINDOW. Where he sees something... *odd.*

HIS POV - A STEAMING CUP OF COFFEE

Sits on a Formica TABLE. As if Mrs. Peyketewa just poured herself a hot one. WE SCAN ABOUT, looking for the old woman. There's the percolator on the stove. A man's SHIRT on a drying RACK in a corner. But no sign of her. He TAPS on the window.

OFFICER KEE
Mrs. Peyketewa?

Nothing but the *WEE-HO.* So he MOVES ON to the next WINDOW... peering through the dusty glass into a small BREAKFAST NOOK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIS POV - A SANTA MUERTE SHRINE

Set up on a small table against the far wall. On the makeshift altar: a foot-tall, *Day of the Dead*-style female SKELETON SCULPTURE draped in white LACE. Before *La Nina Blanca*, money and various offerings. Items from victims?

It's a mini-version of the creepy shrine we saw in 301, replete with half-melted BLACK CANDLE and a sacrificial image of HEISENBERG (a NEW drawing) scrawled on a bit of PAPER.

REVERSE - THE DEPUTY

Thinks this is a bit weird. To us, it's goddamn *scary*. We know the dreaded Cousins can't be far behind.

The Deputy pulls his face back from the glass, continuing his wary circuit around the house. As he does so, he just misses what only we, in fact, see:

A FIGURE -- DARK and OUT-OF-FOCUS -- slips between us and the unsuspecting Deputy. Blink and you'll miss it.

Oh, that poor Deputy. We know something BAD is gonna happen to him. As he rounds the far side of the house, making for the next window through which to try and get a glimpse, he hears something now. It turns his head, gives him pause.

It's a BUZZING sound.... this is an insect-noise. *Flies*. LOTS of flies. A sound anyone in the hinterlands knows means one thing -- *carrion*.

His eyes fix on... a CLOUD OF INSECTS hovering near an old BEATER on blocks in the backyard.

THE DEPUTY slowly approaches the wreck... EASES around it... coming to a STOP at something that makes him CRINGE:

AN OLD INDIAN RUG

Rolled up, tossed haphazard in the weedy brush behind the beater. It looks somehow... *thicker* than it should, bulging with something more than just *rug*.

A PAIR OF LEGS. Elderly. Dressed in a single shoe. Sticking out of the rolled-up rug at odd angles. *Oh god...*

It's Old Mrs. Peyketewa! The gorge rising in his throat, the Deputy instantly turns to face the house, simultaneously drawing his SIDEARM. Scanning the immediate area with well-trained aplomb. *Nothing in sight.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Doesn't mean shit. He remembers the hot cup of java. *Somebody's close.* Smart, scared, the Deputy HUFFS it back the way he came, giving the house wide berth. He keeps his pistol aimed dead at every window he passes. Ready to FIRE.

Making for his cruiser, he slips around to the driver's door. He holsters his pistol, reaches in to POP loose his 12-GAUGE. Using his cruiser for cover -- CHIKKK-CHUK! -- he RACKS the pump, pointing the shotgun at the front door of the house.

Stillness. Silence. But the Deputy's not taking any chances. He reaches inside the car... grabs the HANDSET...

OFFICER KEE

KDK-12 here... Janet, *jesus*, we got a homicide...

DISPATCHER

Come again?

OFFICER KEE

Mrs. Peyketewa, she's dead. I need some backup out here --

DISPATCHER

Okay. On their way.

OFFICER KEE

Whoever's in there -- show yourself! Right now!

He drops the handset, leans out over the hood of the cruiser, keeping aim on the house and its vicinity. Again, all seems quiet. The Deputy in control of the situation. When...

CREAK. The front door slowly OPENS.

OFFICER KEE

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!!

We FOLLOW a SILHOUETTED FIGURE stepping out. We see the Deputy in b.g., hunkered behind his cruiser, aiming at...

ONE OF THE COUSINS

Yes, those inscrutable grim-reapers from down south, here to wreak vengeance on Walter White. Seems this is where they decided to crash while they were waiting for the go-ahead.

This Cousin steps out into the sunlight. Barefoot, dress pants and wife-beater T-shirt are his only attire. He stands, stoic, staring at the cop with the shotgun as if he were nothing more than a Girl Scout selling cookies.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER KEE
LET ME SEE YOUR HANDS... HANDS!

Though he never takes his cold gaze off the Deputy, the Cousin obliges, ever-so-slowly, casually, RAISING his hands face-high. Revealing... a shiny RED APPLE in his right fist. THE DEPUTY keeps a bead on the Cousin, taking no chances.

OFFICER KEE
Alright, down. On your knees!

So focused on the perp in his sights... the Deputy fails to notice MOVEMENT behind him. WE DO, though:

A FIGURE rises up from a hiding place in the near distance. Though *OUT-OF-FOCUS*, it sure looks like THE OTHER COUSIN. Also in wife-beater, he casually approaches the deputy, carrying something SHINY over one shoulder. *Oh god, it's THE FIRE AXE*. The Cousins' weapon of choice.

The Deputy is preoccupied with the first Cousin, who stands statue-still before the open door, hands raised.

OFFICER KEE
You understand me?? Do you speak English?? *¿Hablas Inglés?*

No response. Just a cold dead stare, a ripe red apple, the windmill WEE-HO, and the OTHER COUSIN approaching quietly, relentlessly, like a dust-devil across the desert floor.

OFFICER KEE
I SAID DOWN, ON YOUR KNEES! DOWN!
¡DE RODILLAS! -- DAMN IT! GET
DOWN. ON YOUR KNEES! DO IT!

THE FIRST COUSIN begins to MOVE. Though not the way the Deputy wanted. He slowly TURNS HIS BACK on...

THE DEPUTY, who TENSES, brandishing his SHOTGUN...

OFFICER KEE
ON YOUR KNEES OR I'LL FIRE!!

JUST AS the FIRST COUSIN brings the APPLE to his mouth... THE OTHER COUSIN takes the axe HANDLE in both hands, raises the BLADE HIGH over his head and...

--SKA...RUNCH!! THE FIRST COUSIN TAKES A JUICY BITE OF THE APPLE... AT THE SAME INSTANT THE OTHER COUSIN BRINGS DOWN THE AXE ON THE UNSUSPECTING DEPUTY!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The Cousin enjoys his APPLE as -- mercifully *OUT-OF-FOCUS* in background -- his counterpart BRINGS DOWN THE AXE AGAIN... and AGAIN... chopping so much human firewood...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

THE SANDIA MOUNTAINS

At sunset. Towering red rock under an azure sky. WE PULL BACK as WALT steps into view. We realize he's looking at a FRAMED PRINT hanging on a wall.

There's something about this painting that intrigues him. Jogs a memory. Maybe in us, too... but we're hard-pressed to recall where we saw this before. Truth is, this painting was the backdrop for a scene -- *the scene where it all began* -- in the doctor's office where Walt learned he had cancer.

Maybe Walt's mulling over everything that's happened since... or maybe he just likes paintings of the Sandia Mountains. We're not sure. He moves on now, making his way through...

INT. WELL-APPOINTED CONDO - DAY

Modern, open, this condo is tastefully furnished. It's a nice place in one of Albuquerque's better neighborhoods -- in other words, the *anti-Beachcomber*.

Just as we're wondering what Walt is doing there... RING. He pulls his "regular" CELL from a pocket, checks the CALLER I.D. with an unreadable expression, then answers:

WALT

Yeah.

SKYLER (V.O.)

I found the papers.

(a bit clipped)

Right where you left them, in the crib.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

SKYLER sits at the counter, phone in one hand, DIVORCE PAPERS spread out before her.

For Walt's part, he's more resigned than bitter (alright, maybe a tad bitter).

WALT

Yeah, well, you know best, right?
Anything else?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYLER

Do you have any thought about how we're going to approach this with Walter, Jr?

WALT

He's still my son. I mean, he will remain --

SKYLER

-- Of course. My point being -- the divorce.

WALT

Well... I, uh, I think he gets it, don't you? I mean, I... I think he saw it coming. He sees your unhappiness, and...

SKYLER

(bitterly sarcastic)
"MY unhappiness." My completely, out-of-the-clear-blue-sky unhappiness. Really?

WALT

(not wanting to engage)
Look, as you said. For the best.

Skyler checks her anger, regretting the conversation took this turn. Regretting the rise Walt just got out of her.

SKYLER

Yeah, okay... um... Last thing, and then I'll let you go.
(re: papers)
Um in the *Child Support Worksheet*... you list... *medical, dental, child care, transportation, housing, education, food, clothing*...

WALT

That's right. All of it.

SKYLER

Walt... no.

WALT

Skyler, you wanted me out, I'm out. But I will provide for my family.

(CONTINUED)

SKYLER

Not with that money! You'd be making us accessories after the fact!

Walt's eyes narrow. Pretty legalistic of her. He considers a moment. Answers mildly, yet coldly.

WALT

Skyler, how do you think we've been paying our bills these last six months?

Not a complete surprise to Skyler -- still, she doesn't quite know what to say to that. Before she can answer...

... WALT notices someone enter the room behind him.

WALT

I have to go.

Walt summarily hangs up. Turns to greet a smiling REALTOR.

REALTOR

Yep, I was right -- three units available, exact same floorplan. I can call over, get you in to see any of the others, if you'd like.

WALT

No, no this one's fine.
(considers; nods)
I'll take it.

The Realtor grins. *That was easy!* Except:

REALTOR

Now, unfortunately this one is the model, so...

WALT

Yeah, I like it. I like...
(the Sandia painting)
Everything about it. I'll-I'll take it as-is.

The Realtor grows a touch uncomfortable -- not wanting to say no and lose a sale. Walt sees this and smiles politely.

WALT

Name one thing in this world that is not negotiable.

(CONTINUED)

Off the steel will of Heisenberg, faintly peeking through...

EXT. LOS POLLOS HERMANOS - DAY

To establish. A couple CARS dot the parking lot -- it's mid-afternoon down-time (PRODUCTION NOTE: any fresh ESTABLISHING SHOTS we can get while we're here would be appreciated!)

INT. LOS POLLOS HERMANOS - GUS FRING

Businessman and secret meth kingpin, runs his MANAGER through the paces of a new SODA DISPENSER (or some other appropriate chicken joint machinery.)

GUS

So we try to clean them every night. But make sure it's off before you open the intake valve...

Gus watches patiently as his employee gives it a try.

GUS

Good. Now, I suggest that you add this to your Monday maintenance schedule...

MANAGER

Yes, sir. Now select freezing on... button off, press and hold auto-control until it beeps... main valve on, main switch on, give the compressor time for the needle to enter the green.

This all seems routine... until DING! A couple of fresh customers enter through the restaurant's glass door.

Gus doesn't notice yet -- folks come and go all the time -- but we do. It's the COUSINS, decked out in full regalia, including their skull-toed BOOTS (We may even catch a glimpse of the gray car they arrived in. It's poor Mrs. Peyketewa's.)

The Cousins head for a far booth. They take their seats BESIDE one another. Their gaze lingers our way a moment, focused on Gus. Soon, though, they're simply staring off into space. Sitting motionless.

Gus gets this silent message loud and clear -- these two are tired of waiting. They want Walter White. Now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Gus oversees his employee... he briefly glances back behind him at the Cousins in b.g., who watch HIM. Keeping the pressure on. Off this weirdly tense moment:

CLOSE ON - BLUE CRYSTAL

Light plays through the large, multi-faceted chunk -- it'd be pretty if we didn't know this was *Breaking Bad* and that was a crystal of meth...

When a GIANT HAPPY FACE looms into view. It's BADGER. WE'RE LOOKING UP at him, as he admires the sparkling blue-ness.

BADGER

Yo, for real..? This is all you?

INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

JESSE, SKINNY PETE and Badger sit around a glass-topped COFFEE TABLE set near the fireplace in Jesse's spacious LIVING ROOM. There's not much else furniture-wise in the room -- a dark SOFA, one CHAIR and a BOOM BOX plugged into a far wall -- Jesse's only worried about the essentials.

JESSE

(quiet pride)

All me.

Badger looks for confirmation. Skinny Pete grins and nods.

SKINNY PETE

"Heisenberg who?" That's what I say. My man Jesse can COOK!

(points to the crystal)

Check it, yo -- it ain't cloudy or dirty or nothing. Just the right shade of blue...

BADGER

(nodding)

Good shade.

SKINNY PETE

Check out the crystal size, yo. If that bitch was any bigger, it'd be a Jolly Rancher!

Skinny holds up a fist to Jesse, who laughs and bumps knuckles -- *right on!* Jesse nods, waves a hand at Badger.

JESSE

Be my guest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Oh indeed, Badger wants to. He fumbles in his pocket for a Bic lighter, crushes the crystal into powder with the butt end. However, lowering his head to take a snort, he pauses.

BADGER

You sure? I feel kinda dickish,
with you being in rehab and all.

JESSE

I can watch, yo. I can cook, and I
can watch.

SKINNY PETE

(off Badger's look to him)
Go for it. I tried it like last
week -- I'm still coming down!

Alright, fuck it. Badger grins -- *don't gotta tell ME twice!*
He drops his head out of frame and SNORTS a rail.

JESSE

Go easy.

When Badger raises his face back into view, it's like his
hair's on fire. In a good way. He's practically trembling.

BADGER

WaaaaaaaaaaaaAAAAAAAAAAAAAHH! --
(jumps to his feet)
Woo! Riverdance! Woo! RIVERDANCE!

Badger goes clomp-clomp-clomping across the broad, empty
living room, doing his best Michael Flatley. Skinny Pete
cracks up, shaking his head to himself.

JESSE

Hey, hey, hey stop marking on my
floor, dumbass. Come on.

BADGER

BOW BEFORE ME! I AM LORD OF THE
DANCE!! --
(stops jiggling)
Shit, I gotta try that again.

Jesse interjects himself before Badger can get back to the
powder for another hit.

JESSE

Uh, yeah, no -- I think you're
good.

(CONTINUED)

BADGER

That is AWESOME, Jesse! I feel like somebody took my BRAIN out and boiled it in, like, boiling hot...

SKINNY PETE

(to Jesse)

It's the bomb, man. Serious.

BADGER

... Like, like... anthrax!

Jesse really, truly smiles for maybe the first time this season. He's practically beaming. And why not? He's proud.

JESSE

Good. So, um. You ready to talk some business?

Badger and Skinny Pete share a wary look.

SKINNY PETE

You mean, this is not like just ... recreational?

The boys share another look -- this is a touchy subject. Combo's death-on-the-job is on everyone's mind.

JESSE

I know what you're thinking. But trust me, it's not gonna be like it was. Never gonna be like it was.

SKINNY PETE

How's that?

JESSE

We sell it safe. Alright? We sell it smart.

(then)

We don't get greedy, like before.

Badger glances sidelong at Skinny Pete, gauging his reaction.

SKINNY PETE

I dunno, man. Combo and all.

Jesse nods, misses him too. He holds up a fist -- they all bump knuckles in honor of their lost compadre.

A somber beat. Then Badger offers, cautiously:

(CONTINUED)

BADGER

Still. Man's gotta make his living.

(off Skinny's look)

If it's like Jesse says and we're not greedy? I mean, I guess I can see it.

Skinny Pete looks at him, considers. *Yeah, okay. Maybe so.*

SKINNY PETE

Had a good thing going 'fore we started pushing our luck.

BADGER

Yeah.

SKINNY PETE

If it can go back to being like that and all...

He shrugs. Nods reluctantly -- *I'm in.* Jesse smiles, nods.

JESSE

Hey. It will be. Step One, we build inventory. Badger, go see Clovis. Get the RV in shape. Tune up, oil change, brake lights and whatnot. Cops always pull you over brake lights. Not us. Cautious.

SKINNY PETE

Right on.

BADGER

You got it.

JESSE

Oh, and you know that buzzer thing?
(*what?*)
Leave the key in the ignition and it buzzes?

BADGER

Yeah..?

JESSE

Whatever. Just have him put in one of those, too.

Badger nods, though he doesn't know what Jesse's talking about. We do -- the lack of a *buzzer-thing* got Walt and Jesse stranded in Episode 209.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE
Skinny. You're in charge of
supplies. I'll get you a list.

SKINNY PETE
Right on.

JESSE
Yeah?

BADGER
Yeah.

JESSE
Alright.

Jesse's Posse, redux. Off this happy moment...

EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - DAY (LATER)

WE'RE OUTSIDE... in someone's LONG-LENS POV. Watching the
place from some distance up the road.

The front door OPENS. It's Jesse, saying farewell to his
departing crew. Though we can't hear what they're saying
from this distance, they're clearly JAZZED.

JESSE
So, uh, we're good?

BADGER
Yeah.

JESSE
Good?
(off Pete)
Alright

SKINNY PETE
Let's do this.

The trio stop to share an enthusiastic FIST BUMP, then Badger
and Skinny Pete head off down the walkway. As Jesse
disappears back into his house...

... REVEAL HANK. Hunkered down in his JEEP COMMANDER, his
eyes focused through small BINOCULARS. Drawls to himself:

HANK
Brandon Mayhew. I know you.
(then)
Small world, Albuquerque...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He lowers his binoculars, jots down license plates. Clearly, wiretap or no, he's ignored his boss about this case.

Off Hank, watching the house... knowing he's onto something:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

CLOSE - A CLOCK RADIO

BIG BLUE NUMERALS glow (and probably STROBE, but we'll deal with it), filling frame. 5:59 AM changes to 6:00 and --

-- BZZZZZZZZ! A man's hand reaches into frame, precisely and neatly turning off the alarm. No sleepy fumbling.

(PRODUCTION NOTE: if we keep this frame very TIGHT, we could shoot it most anywhere. The conceit is that it's the bedroom of Walt's new place... but if we shoot it elsewhere, we don't risk banging up the upstairs of the Executive Producer's new condo. So thank you.)

INT. WELL-APPOINTED CONDO - MORNING - VARIOUS CUTS

CLOSE ON a PB&J SANDWICH being constructed. It's done with all the OCD care and neatness we've come to expect.

WIDE -- Walt stands alone in the kitchen of his new place, dressed in Dockers and his undershirt. He cuts the crusts off his sandwich, fastidiously bagging it in Ziplock.

CLOSE -- a dry-cleaning bag is pulled off a crisp OXFORD SHIRT as it hangs from a curtain rod or somesuch. A couple more CLOSE ANGLES of Walt putting on his shirt, buttoning it.

CLOSE -- the BROWN-BAG LUNCH Walt just made gets set down atop the coffee table. How do we know it's Walt's? Because Walt has neatly printed "WALT" on it in black Magic Marker.

WIDE -- Walt sits here in his wrinkle-free new shirt, poised on the edge of the living room sofa, his bagged lunch before him. He checks his watch. He's nervous, anxious... but not in a bad way. In fact, he can't wait to begin work.

But he has to. It's way early yet. So, Walt simply sits here, staring into space. Willing time to pass.

It's gotta be time now, right? He checks his watch again. No, unfortunately. Off Walt, waiting in antsy yet motionless silence... champing at the bit to get to his new LAB...

Waiting for his life to start having meaning again...

EXT. ALBUQUERQUE ROAD - MORNING

VROOOOM! The AZTEK zips along, or past. *Finally, it's time!*

INT. WALT'S AZTEK - DRIVING - MORNING

Actually, judging by the fact WALTER, JR. is riding shotgun, Walt is clearly doing his parental duty prior to work.

Junior glumly stares out the windshield. Dad glances at him, keeps driving, glances once again.

WALT

You want to talk about it..?

WALTER, JR.

(a beat; finally)

Why? It's not like I get a vote.

As excited for his new job as Walt is... as chipper as he'd otherwise be right now... his son's pain pains him. Searching for something to say, something that will help:

WALT

You know... ironically, I think you're gonna see much more of me from now on. For sure.

(off Junior's snort)

Well, just as much of me, at least. I'm taking you to school, to and from, every day --

WALTER, JR.

-- What, I don't get a vote with that, either?! I gotta stop going with Louis just because you're feeling guilty?

Ow. Silence. Eventually, Walt speaks again. Very quietly.

WALT

I do feel guilty.

(a beat)

I am the man that I am, son. And... there is plenty that I would change about that, but... here we are, and this is just what it is.

He stares out the windshield, momentarily distant. Junior sneaks a glance... then goes back to staring forward, too.

More silent driving. Walt looks to his son, manages a smile.

WALT

You know what? Call me crazy. But I-I'm actually feeling very good about the future.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Junior would like to feel that way, too. Off father and son:

EXT. LOS POLLOS HERMANOS - MORNING

The LOT is fairly FULL, it's a busy morning. As a familiar VOLVO WAGON pulls into a far space, Gus emerging...

INT. LOS POLLOS HERMANOS - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER

Gus enters, makes his way across the noisy room... hesitating ever so slightly at the sight of two familiar BALD HEADS (we see them from behind, out of focus in f.g.). *Guess who.*

REVEAL... THE COUSINS. Back again. Seated at their booth. No food before them. Sitting arrow-straight, side-by-side (like on the end of Walt's bed in 302). They are not causing problems, not making a scene. And yet...

There they sit, both facing the door, simply staring at Gus. Lifeless stares -- like a shark's.

Gus continues toward the counter, making a point to pass the pair. His expression revealing almost none of the rage behind his eyes. *Almost none...*

He continues on, heading behind the counter. Stepping up to the Manager we met before. She speaks under her breath.

GUS

Ah... morning.

MANAGER

They're ba-aack...

She's just a touch nervous, but trying for light-hearted. The cool look Gus gives her makes her smile fade a little.

MANAGER

I-I'm just wondering if we should maybe call the police or something.

GUS

Why? They're doing nothing wrong.

And furthermore, I don't wish to discuss it -- that's the polite and subtle message here, which the Manager receives.

GUS

Okay, let's put this pepper here...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She nods, busying herself with her job. Off Gus, left gazing at the Cousins, who stare at him from across the restaurant:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY - MORNING

Its blinker flashing, the Aztek turns off the street and motors up the driveway to...

... The corrugated steel building which houses the familiar INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY. White steam rises from the roof.

Walt parks and climbs out, bagged lunch in hand. He stands here a moment, breathes deeply. Taking the place in.

Here he goes, headed inside. First day on the new job!

INT. INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY - MORNING

In what could well be shot as a ONER, Walt walks amongst various EMPLOYEES, who go about their business cleaning tons of LAUNDRY (we should use the folks who work at this place, as they know how to use the equipment).

Remember, these are Gus' folks -- they get paid to be deaf, dumb and blind, as it were. Walt has a smile and a nod hello for everyone. No one pays much attention to him. Whatever.

Walt reaches the machine that hides the entrance to his lab. Without having to be asked, an employee operates the hydraulics, swinging the huge machine up and away. Off Walt, nodding thanks and stepping out of sight beneath it:

INT. SUPERLAB - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER

Walt steps into view onto the second-story CATWALK that looks out onto our lab from above. And though he's seen it before, this place still gives him happy pause.

Even if you're not a chemist, you can't help but be wowed by it all. It's just so *shiny*... so *high-tech*... so *right*.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello there! Uh, Mr. White, I presume?

Walt looks down at a spot immediately beneath him -- notices a man seated at a workbench below. The man gives him a wave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT

Oh, yes, hi. I-I'm sorry, I'll
uh... I'll be right down.

Walt takes the spiral staircase, descending to the lab floor.
Where he meets...

GALE

Hi, Gale Boetticher.

They shake hands. GALE BOETTICHER (pronounced "BET-ick-er"),
is a thirty-something fellow with a smiling face that's open
and gentle. In his dated jeans and denim shirt, he could be
a post-doc scholar or a folk singer. Turns out he's neither.

WALT

Hi. You're my new lab assistant, I
take it.

GALE

Yes, I am. I suppose you'll want
to hear my qualifications.
(reaching for papers)
I have my, uh resume here for you.
I received my bachelor's degree
from UNM, my master's from the
University of Colorado. Organic
chemistry with a specialty in...
it's all right there.

He breezes through this stuff, not wanting to be a blowhard.
In fact, he's a touch nervous -- but it's not a nervousness
that stems from being unprepared. Indeed, this guy is aces.

WALT

(reads; impressed)
"X-ray crystallography..." Really?

Gale nods, smiles. In fact, his nervousness is borne of
respect. Walter White's reputation precedes him.

WALT

I could talk about that for hours.

GALE

Ah, I would love to.

WALT

But first, I'm curious about
this...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He nods toward a contraption atop the workbench. Constructed of a couple of flasks, a small pressure vessel and a few lengths of polyethylene tubing, it looks a bit like Mini-Me's version of a meth lab. BROWN LIQUID simmers inside it.

Gale smiles, self-conscious.

GALE

Uhhh... that's a-a little pet project of mine. See, in my opinion? It's all about the quinic acid level -- you want just north of 4800 milligrams per liter. But if you over-boil to get there, you're gonna leach your tannins, your bitterness. Yech. So...

(taps pressure vessel)

... I pull a mild vacuum. That way I can keep the temperature no higher than ninety-two C...

(grabs Walt a mug)

... judge for yourself.

Gale turns a tiny TAP that looks like it should be releasing liquid uranium or somesuch. In fact, fresh, piping-hot coffee pours out. Gale hands Walt his steaming cup of joe.

Gale watches with anticipation as Walt takes a sip. *Well?*

WALT

(softly, to himself)

Oh my god.

(another sip)

My god. That is the best coffee I've ever tasted.

GALE

Sumatran beans. And I also have to give credit to the grind, but uh...

(deep, quiet pride)

Thank you, Mr. White.

Need we even say it? Need we spell it out? This guy is the anti-Jesse. Walt smiles.

WALT

Walt. Please call me Walt.

(after another sip)

Why the hell are we making meth? --

Gale beams again. *Wow*. As he pours himself one, and Walt raises his own mug in a toast -- *Cheers!* -- WE BEGIN:

METH-COOK MONTAGE - TO MUSIC

Unlike any cooking montage we've ever seen -- even the music should be different. Maybe we're talking CLASSICAL here... or JAZZ... something *complex, inspiring, uplifting...*

Visually... slow-mo, elegant wipes, split-screen, 360 degree stop-motion stills, fancy dissolves, time-lapse... this should be a *celebration* of chemistry...

(NOTE: as we further define the Superlab process, the actor-action will expand, change, etc.)

-- Walt and Gale don Tyvek suits amidst a spirited conversation...

-- Walt carefully prepares some chemical concoction. As he reaches for a vial... he's pleasantly surprised to find Gale right there, handing it to him...

-- MORE SHOTS of the complex, high-end Thorium Process for crystallizing meth... in balletic SLOW-MO, giving it a lyrical beauty...

-- Walt works with a focused intensity... as Gale pat-dries Walt's FOREHEAD, like an attentive nurse...

-- Downtime, as our two cooks face off in an intense game of CHESS (WEARING THEIR RESPIRATOR MASKS while they play?)

-- Poisonous-looking, dirty YELLOW SMOKE gets sucked up into the air handling system overhead. Poof! Gone...

-- Up on the ROOF of the laundry, it comes out as filtered, clean white STEAM...

-- Gale now works the machinery... Walt looking on, admiration in his eyes... As the MUSIC ENDS...

INT. SUPERLAB - AFTERNOON - LATER

POP! A BOTTLE of red wine is uncorked. Nothing fancy, necessarily -- it's just a nice touch. Thought of by Gale, of course, who's the one popping it. He pours some into a couple of disposable plastic cups, hands one to Walt.

Though still in their Tyvek suits, they've removed their masks. It's the end of their first day. A job well done.

WALT

Hey...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GALE

Tell me, with the phenylacetic acid solution, you said 150 drops per minute for the first ten minutes, and then ninety for the remainder. Why is that?

Walt clearly enjoys such an eager pupil.

WALT

Well... my thinking is, by tapering the phenyl you get a oilier aqueous layer, and hence...

GALE

(getting it)

... better *benzene* extraction!

Walt nods, pleased. Gale offers a toast, they tap cups -- could this be any further from the Walt/Jesse partnership??

WALT

Exactly. But actually, I prefer *ether*.

GALE

... I'll-I'll have it for tomorrow.

Damn he's good. Walt considers the man.

WALT

Gale. I'm wondering. How you..?

Walt shrugs at this place. Gale picks up on his meaning.

GALE

... Ended up here?

WALT

Actually, I'm still wondering how I ended up here, but... yes.

(nods; with a smile)

I mean, I can't imagine we strike each other as criminals.

GALE

Well, there's crime and then there's crime, I suppose.

(then)

I'm definitely a libertarian.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GALE (CONT'D)

Consenting adults want what they want -- and if I'm not supplying it, they will get it somewhere else. At least with me, they're getting exactly what they pay for. No added toxins or adulterants.

Walt couldn't have said it better. However, sensing Walt wants more, Gale sips his wine, then continues.

GALE

Yeah, I was doing it the way you are supposed to. Pursuing my doctorate at Colorado. NSF research grant. I was on my way. Jumping through hoops -- kissing the proper behinds... attending to all the non-chemistry that one finds oneself occupied by.

(then)

You know that world.

Walt does, indeed.

GALE

That is not what I signed on for. I love the lab. Because it's all still magic, you know? Chemistry? I mean, once you lose that...

WALT

(very quiet)

It is, it is magic. It still is.

Gale smiles faintly, seeing Walt is touched by the same things he is.

GALE

And all the while, I kept about that great old Whitman poem.

(Walt doesn't follow)

"When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer."

WALT

I don't know it.

GALE

Ah. Anyway...

WALT

Well, can you recite it?

(CONTINUED)

GALE
(embarrassed to say)
Pathetically enough, I could.

WALT
Alright, well... No, no... come
on. Come on.

He looks to Walt -- *sure you wanna hear it?* Walt shrugs.

Gale snorts. What the hell?

GALE
*When I heard the learn'd
astronomer;
When the proofs, the figures, were
ranged in columns before me;
When I was shown the charts and the
diagrams, to add, divide, and
measure them;
When I, sitting, heard the
astronomer, where he lectured with
much applause in the lecture-room,
How soon, unaccountable, I became
tired and sick;
Till rising and gliding out, I
wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night-air,
and from time to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence at the
stars.*

Gale is no thespian -- he doesn't ham this up or otherwise fill it with Shatnerian import. It's just a simple recitation of a poem that has meaning for him.

Walt nods appreciatively. Gale shrugs, self-conscious.

GALE
Yes, I am a nerd.

WALT
Bravo!

GALE
Thank you.

Walt just smiles faintly. He's one, too.

INT. HANK'S JEEP COMMANDER - AFTERNOON

An empty FAST FOOD BAG (NOT Los Pollos), a folded NEWSPAPER, BINOCULARS and such are spread across the passenger seat. A Big Gulp-size drink is in the cup holder. Rising off all this evidence of a man who lives in his car, we come upon...

... HANK. Head way back on the headrest, he's fallen asleep behind the wheel. After a BEAT... he SNORTS awake. Gets his bearings. Finds the binoculars, taking a look at...

HIS POV - JESSE'S HOUSE

Jesse's car is still there. No movement. Nothing to see.

HANK (V.O.)
Come on, Pinkman...

HANK continues scanning as he murmurs to his unseen prey. Jesus, he's looking bleary. Tired. A bit more STUBBLY, too.

HANK
C'mon, you little rat-bastard...
get off your lazy ass and go break
the law.

He sighs and sets down the binoculars, takes a tug off his warm soda. Maybe rummages through an old food container for left-overs. As he does so, eyes still on Jesse's house...

... A froofy RING-TONE from his CELL. Not even looking, Hank instantly recognizes the SOUND of it. *Shit, not the greatest time to be calling here, Marie.* Still, he dutifully answers.

HANK
Hey, Baby.

MARIE (V.O.)
Are you ever coming home?

HANK
Marie, I'm working, alright?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SCHRADER HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Marie stands in their kitchen, talking on the cordless. She's still in her work clothes and white lab coat, having just gotten home herself. She pulls back on the frustration a little, not wanting to start a fight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARIE

Did you find it? The RV?

HANK

Nope. Working on it. So...

MARIE

Why can't you just arrest him?
Make him tell you?

HANK

Well, it's not that simple, Baby.
There's a little thing called The
Const --

MARIE

-- The Constitution, blah-blah-blah-
blah-blah.

She shakes her head, SO over it. On his end, Hank shakes his head as well... but for a different reason. A beat of exasperated silence, Hank watching the house, and then:

HANK

This kid? I swear to God -- I wish
I could just...

He sighs. *Nope. Never mind.*

MARIE

This is that Pinkman character?

HANK

That's the one. I'm positive that
little bastard's got an RV, I just
don't know where he keeps it. And
until he actually leads me to it --
or does something! -- I'm stuck
here, Marie. I'm sorry.

Marie stands there, glum. Feeling for her poor husband.
Considering. Something occurs to her now.

MARIE

Well, um, not to bring up ancient
history, but ...

(ah, what the hell?)

I, for one, can think of someone
who might know something.

(shrug)

Possibly. It's worth a shot.

(CONTINUED)

HANK

Yeah? Who?

OFF Hank, listening to a name which we don't yet hear...
though some of our audience might indeed GUESS:

INT. WELL-APPOINTED CONDO - AFTERNOON

Home from work for the day, Walt lounges in his new living room, reading. His bare feet are propped atop the coffee table. He's feeling pretty good.

We reveal... he's reading "Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman. His expression tells us he's sorta into it. *Good stuff.*

Lying nearby, his cell phone RINGS. Walt answers it.

WALT

Hello.

HANK (V.O.)

Oh, hey, Buddy. Hey. How you doin'?

WALT

Oh, hey, Hank. What's up?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HANK'S JEEP COMMANDER - HANK

Behind the wheel, on his cell. Still eyeing Jesse's house.

HANK

Listen, I hate to bother you. I just -- I just, uh, I just had a quick question.

WALT

Shoot.

Hank handles this delicately. No offense intended.

HANK

Now, I only ask this because I'm... I'm at a, you know, a dead-end here, potentially. Uh, I'm working a case, and, uh...

(starts over)

You gotta know that, I would never put you on the spot or make you uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walt sits up straight. What the hell is Hank on about?
Where is this headed?

WALT

Hank, you could just... cut to the chase.

HANK

Back when we... lost you? And I was trying to track you down through your former student, Jesse Pinkman? Now... YOU know that I know that once upon a time, he may have, uh, dealt you a little weed.

Walt is really listening now. Like, bionically.

WALT

Hank...

HANK

Just a little. And I SO do not care about that. As far as I'm concerned, you never inhaled, okay? Like you said, cut to the chase. Do you remember if this Pinkman kid ever had an RV?

(misreads Walt's silence)

You know, a-a recreational vehicle. You know, like a-a Winnebago-type deal? Brown and beige?

It takes a moment for Walt to recall how to breathe.

WALT

Uh... why?

HANK

Well, it's a long story, but I'm personally of the opinion that he's moved on from weed and has graduated to selling crystal meth. Using it as a rolling lab.

(off the silence)

Walt?

Off Walt, his good day quickly gone bad... VERY bad:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Jesse sits alone at the coffee table. No meth in sight, nothing but the yellow pad and a CALCULATOR before him. He's crunching numbers for his new *bidness* plan.

He taps the calculator... writes a result. Seems pleased with his projections, when... RING! It's his DROP CELL.

Jesse picks it up, squints at the CALLER READOUT before answering (we DON'T need an insert for this). He recognizes the incoming number immediately. *Mr. White is calling?! What's that douchebag asshole want?*

Frowning dyspeptically, Jesse's curiosity nonetheless gets the better of him and he answers. Unfriendly and casual:

JESSE

Yo.

DEAD AIR. Someone's there, but not speaking. We cut to WALT on the other end, his own cell to his ear. His mouth is all set to form words, and yet... something keeps him SILENT.

JESSE

What? Mr. White..?

CLICK. Walt hangs up. WE STAY WITH WALT now as he plots his next move. He moves into the living room, dials again. Ringing... ringing... *c'mon, c'mon!* ANSWER! Finally:

SAUL (V.O.)

How's my favorite genius?

WALT

Is this a secure line??

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SAUL GOODMAN'S OFFICE - SAUL

Lies flat on the floor of his office, talking on his hands-free EARWIG. His suit jacket hangs on the back of a nearby chair. Wearing socks, no shoes, his ankles are cradled by a weird little Chinese MASSAGE MACHINE that rocks his legs from side to side (usually available in the SkyMall, this thing looks dopey as hell... but actually feels really good).

SAUL

Is this a secure..? Yes, what's with the..?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAUL (CONT'D)
("what the fuck?" frown)
Hey, hello to you, too.

WALT
Listen, we've got a problem. A DEA
problem!

SAUL
(oh shit)
Okay, I'm listening.

WALT
It's my brother-in-law -- he knows
about the RV!

SAUL
What RV?

WALT
Our RV. The one which contains a
meth lab? Which is covered with my
fingerprints?! Ring a bell?

Saul sits upright, his butt on the floor and his ankles still
getting rocked side to side. *Yeah, this is bad.*

SAUL
Okay. Yeah... what exactly does
"knows about" mean? Does he have
it, has he searched it --

WALT
No. He knows it exists and he's
trying to find it! He has linked
it to Jesse and it's only a matter
of time before he tracks it down!
So --

SAUL
-- So get rid of it! What're you
doing sitting there talking to me
for?!
(quickly reconsiders)
Better yet, have Pinkman get rid of
it! Right? You don't you go near
it!

Walt shakes his head -- *no, no, no.*

WALT
No. Listen... My brother-in-law,
he is surveilling Jesse's house,
you understand?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALT (CONT'D)

So he might have tapped the phones,
or-or bugged his house...

SAUL

Jesus. Plan A, then. Go! Get to
it before the feds do!

WALT

(fear and exasperation)
And do what, exactly?! I mean,
what? The thing -- the thing is...
is the size of a-a... it-it's RV-
size! I mean, where do I go to
make an RV disappear. I'm not
David Copperfield.

Saul stands up now, racking his brain. His Chinese massager
rattles away, unattended.

SAUL

what do I look like, the RV
disposal people? Did you not plan
for this contingency?

WALT

No.

SAUL

Well... next time plan for it,
wouldja?! The Starship Enterprise
had a self-destruct button! I'm
just saying.

WALT

Okay... Shut up.

CLICK! Walt hangs up, realizing he's gotten all the help
from Saul he's gonna get. Off him, fighting back panic and
running for the door:

EXT. TOW YARD - AFTERNOON

The cluttered auto repair spot where Jesse has been housing
the RV. And THERE IT IS, parked off to one side within the
fenced-in yard.

Hood open, it's being worked on by Badger's cousin, CLOVIS --
although we only see his legs at first, as he's lying on a
mechanic's creeper and working beneath the engine. Badger
stands by, sipping malt liquor and talking through the hood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BADGER

... I'm just saying, you know,
you're good with tools and all.
why don't you invent a water-
powered car, y'know?

(Clovis doesn't answer)

If you did that, you would be
ROLLING in it!

CLOVIS slides out into view, snaps his fingers and points.

CLOVIS

Socket wrench. The big one.

Badger finds what he's asking for, hands it down. Clovis
rolls back underneath the engine.

BADGER

What, you scared of the Arabs?

A SQUEAL of tires catches Badger's attention. He looks as...

... WALT'S AZTEK makes a SHARP TURN off the nearby road,
BARRELLING into the yard and SKIDDING to a stop. Walt jumps
out, approaches the RV with a shocked look on his face.

Clovis rolls out from under, rising to his feet. Wary, he
doesn't know Walt from Adam. Badger recognizes him, but
doesn't have a clue why he's here.

WALT

Are you out of your minds? Why is
this out in the open?!

CLOVIS

Who the hell are you?

BADGER

(on the q.t.)

He's -he's Heisenberg...

The name means nothing to Clovis. Not that Walt cares -- he
peers under the hood, peppering Clovis with questions.

WALT

Is this driveable? Does it run?? --

CLOVIS

Yeah. I was just changing the oil.

(CONTINUED)

WALT

Well, finish it. Quickly. We'll wipe it clean and take it out to the desert. Come on, help me.

CLOVIS

-- hold up. What's this about?

WALT

The DEA -- the Drug Enforcement Administration -- you've heard of them, haven't you? I know you have!

(Walt means Badger)

They know all about this RV. And they're trying to find it, right now!

Badger's still processing all of this -- but Clovis sees the implications immediately. Tosses Walt the KEYS.

CLOVIS

I want this off my property NOW.

WALT

No, no, no, no, no. We have got to destroy the evidence! We gotta rig it to burn, wdo you understand?

CLOVIS

Not here, you're not! Just get it the hell outta here!

WALT

Now listen to me. I need your help, okay?! If I go down, we all go down. Do you understand?

Clovis has no argument. Either way, Walt's not taking no for an answer. Even though Clovis towers over him, Walt's INTENSITY -- quiet and tightly wound, yet threatening to utterly EXPLODE at any second -- intimidates this bigger man.

CLOVIS

Alright, just... I know a better way.

(off his look)

I know a guy that'll wipe this off the planet. No questions asked.

Walt nods. Sounds good.

(CONTINUED)

WALT

Call him.

Clovis nods, heads for the OFFICE -- Walt following.

BADGER

Hey.. what about Jesse?

WALT

What about him? --

Walt shakes his head in disgust, doesn't even slow to consider this. He and Clovis pass quickly out of sight. Badger stares after them, pondering. Troubled.

Better call it in. He pulls out his CELL, hits speed-dial and puts it to his ear. After a moment:

BADGER

Hey, it's me. Wanna hear something weird..?

EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Sixty seconds later. Jesse erupts out of the front door of his house, pulling on a jacket or somesuch. He's got his CELL propped to one ear, in mid-conversation.

JESSE

No... listen to me, you get that address...

(then)

... Badger, I don't care how, you find out where he's taking it!

Jesse HANGS UP. Climbs in his car and ROARS off, infuriated.

HANK

Oh, yeah.

... WE FIND Hank's COMMANDER in deep background. Still there, on watch. The truck STARTS UP, CHUNKS into gear and follows discreetly. As it PASSES US... we can clearly see HANK behind the wheel, happily on the hunt again.

INT. LOS POLLOS HERMANOS - AFTERNOON

A MOTHER carries a tray of food, young SON in tow, looking for seating. The place is PACKED, a busy lunch crowd. She slows at one particular table with NO FOOD on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOTHER

Excuse me... are you leaving?

NOW WE REVEAL who's seated there... *you guessed it...*

THE COUSINS. Still haunting Gus. They slowly GAZE UP at the unsuspecting woman... and give her a look that says, *no fucking way*. As the woman sighs, moving on...

... REVEAL Gus and the Manager behind the counter. The nice young Manager scowls at the Cousins -- she's had enough.

As she heads around the counter, Gus looks on, stoic. WE GO WITH the Manager as she steps up fearlessly to the Cousins.

MANAGER

Excuse me. Gentlemen, these booths are for paying customers, only.

The Cousins SLOWLY LOOK UP at her. Before things get ugly...

GUS (O.S.)

Cynthia, it's okay. I'll handle this.

Gus appears from behind. The Manager nods, returns to her post behind the counter. Now Gus steps up to the Cousins' table. This time, he speaks in *Spanish* (SUBTITLED).

GUS

What can I do for you?

FIRST COUSIN

You know.

The man says this quietly, not angrily... and yet, seeing as it's the FIRST TIME we've ever heard either of these Cousins actually SPEAK, well...

... It's memorable. Gus considers them for a beat. Then:

GUS

Sunset.

The Cousins seem to know what this means. One rises, then the other... EXITING without another glance at Gus. Who watches them go, his eyes hinting at an inner rage we've never seen before. OFF this...

EXT. CRUSHER YARD - AFTERNOON

Even more isolated than Clovis' place -- WE PAN through this graveyard of SCRAP METAL and rusty HULKS. The yard's most prominent feature... a massive CAR CRUSHER. Which GROANS and SCREECHES as it devours some large vehicle WHOLESALE.

WE CONTINUE until we find... JESSE'S RV parked nearby, pulled nose-in to a spot between piles of crushed CARS.

CLOSE ON - MONEY

Crisp HUNDREDS. Rapidly counted out into a wizened HAND.

WALT (O.S.)
... Ninety-six, ninety-seven,
ninety-eight...

INT. RV - AFTERNOON - WALT

Counts out bills to a wizened OLD MAN (JOE). A weathered desert-rat in his 70's -- he's clearly seen some mileage, his face as wrinkled as one of his crushed cars.

WALT
... Ninety-nine, one hundred.
(then, triple-checking)
Beyond recovery. Right? "Beyond
recovery" means --

OLD JOE
I get it. Beyond recovery.

WALT
Obliterated. No evidence.

OLD JOE
Hey. Don't worry. When we're
through with it, it's gonna be
about yay big, okay?

Joe indicates about four feet square.

OLD JOE
Then we flatbed it over to Long
Beach, ship it across the
Pacific... the Chinese turn it into
patio furniture. So. Mind at
ease.

Walt nods, finally beginning to calm down just a little.
Whew, this was too close. Finally:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT

Listen, can you do me a favor?
(re: the soon-gone RV)
I'm obviously gonna need a ride.
Could you call a cab?

Old Joe heads for the door.

OLD JOE

You got it. Pleasure doing
business...

WALT

Thank you. I'll be right behind
you. I just need to...

He indicates a quick look around. Joe nods, exits. Walt does one last once-over: checks the glove box, peers in corners, looks high, low and everywhere. He needs to see if anything important or particularly incriminating is getting left behind (most lab stuff is BOXED or TARPED, by the way).

Soon Walt realizes he's good. Safe. At which point this turns into a moment of bittersweet reflection.

It's an abbreviated moment, to be sure, as the heat is on. But after all, this RV holds a lot of meaning for Walt (and for us, as well). Bad days and good days were spent here. Lotta water under the bridge, as they say.

The place is amateur-hour compared to Walt's new superlab. Still... there's a whole lotta memories in this hunk of junk.

Suddenly... BANG! The RV door flies open (or maybe Old Joe never fully closed it). JESSE barges in, pissed.

JESSE

The hell you think you're DOING?!
Huh?! --

Taken by surprise, Walt is about to give it right back to Jesse -- when something DAWNS.

WALT

Me?

Fear grows in Walt's eyes. Jesse notices, is maybe a touch confused, but hey, he's on a roll and --

JESSE

This is mine just as much as yours!
You don't get to just -- just --

(CONTINUED)

WALT
Oh God. Oh God.

JESSE
What?

Before he finishes, Walt has already rushed past him to the BACK WINDOW. Peering through the shade, his eyes widen as his worst fears come true.

WALT'S POV -- glimpsed through the curtain, HANK'S COMMANDER is rounding into view into the yard (currently as far away as possible while still achieving the proper audience identification and impact). Oh, yeah -- it's headed our way!

WALT, of course, PANICS. He RUSHES around, slamming and locking the DOOR, shutting CURTAINS, closing the DRAPES that separate the cab. Jesse watches him, confused.

JESSE
What?

WALT
He's here.

JESSE
Who's here? --

Jesse peeks out the back window himself. Yeah, there's that same exact *Ohhh FUCK!*-look now. He turns to Walt, wide-eyed.

Walt is so dry-mouthed with fear that he's not even angry.

WALT
Oh, God. You led him right to us.

As it comes crushing down on Jesse how much shit they're in:

EXT. CRUSHER YARD - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

The Commander slows to a stop, idling. We can see the rear end of the RV REFLECTED in the WINDSHIELD... and through it, we see Hank behind the wheel, staring out.

WIDE. We, in turn, now reveal that Hank has parked his truck directly behind the RV, BLOCKING IT IN very nicely. (Jesse's red Toyota is parked here somewhere nearby, by the way.)

Like Ahab, Hank gazes out at his white whale, savoring this moment. Victory. It's been a long time coming.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. CRUSHER YARD - AFTERNOON - SECONDS LATER

We start HIGH OVER Hank's COMMANDER. As high as we can get. Looking down as Hank climbs out of his truck. Leaves the driver's door open for cover as he stands here appraising the situation.

Hank is going on forty-eight hours without sleep. Mentally and physically exhausted as he is, however, he's still a good cop. He knows Jesse is no match for him -- unless Jesse has a gun, or maybe a few friends around.

Therefore, Hank takes this cautiously (though perhaps not cautiously enough, as this is a "call for backup" situation, and not one he should take on alone). Still, he's not arrogant. He's careful, patient.

Which only makes it worse for our two boys inside the RV.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RV - AFTERNOON - OUR BOYS

Are silently shitting *bricks*. Piano-wire tense, not wanting to even *breathe*, Walt and Jesse stand their ground inside this darkened interior, sharing fearful looks.

Not much point looking out the window, is there? They know Hank is out there. Regardless, Walt wouldn't risk cracking a shade for a quick peek out, as Hank might SEE HIM. As it stands, right now Hank doesn't know Walt is here -- only Jesse. Walt may as well postpone the awful inevitable.

Jesse winces -- *oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck*.

Outside, Hank stands holding position behind his open truck door (reminiscent of how he stood talking to Tuco at the end of 202). No answer from inside the RV. Big surprise, right?

Hank shoots a glance around behind him. The rest of this junkyard is quiet. No others in sight.

Ready to proceed, Hank draws his GLOCK. CLOSE ON the back of his waistband as he subtly transfers it out of his paddle holster and into the side POCKET of his bomber jacket.

Now, keeping his right hand tucked inside his jacket pocket and his left hand free, he can have his pistol always in hand, yet completely out of sight. The dude is smooth.

Keeping his eyes on the prize, Hank cautiously walks to the RV. Nothing happening down the driver's side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hank takes a careful peek into a corner of the RV's REAR WINDOW -- but can't see inside due to the thick curtain. He rounds the passenger's side, keeping eyes on every window he passes.

For Walt and Jesse, Hank is like the shark in "Jaws," circling their little boat. Their DOOR suddenly JIGGLES. Walt and Jesse FREEZE -- hoping, praying it holds.

Walt reaches out a hand, silently GRIPPING the inside door handle. Subtly PULLING tight. Willing it to stay closed.

RATTLE-RATTLE, RATTLE... *locked and secure.* Whew. Walt's hand remains in place, though.

Walt and Jesse share an anxious look, when... BANG-BANG-BANG! Hank POUNDS on the door. AHH! JESUS! He then knocks on a WINDOW right by Jesse, who JUMPS, startled. As Jesse opens his mouth, about to blurt out some expletive at Walt --

-- Walt MIME-SHUSHES him with a look of wide-eyed terror. *Don't give away that I'm HERE, stupid!!*

HANK (O.S.)

Jesse Pinkman? You wanna add
"resisting arrest," we'll add it.

No skin off my ass...

(more *rattle-rattle*; then)

Last chance to do it the easy way.

Now... SILENCE. Which only increases their anxiety. Is that the faint sound of Hank's FOOTSTEPS trudging away from us? Where's he going? They strain to hear. Jesse ventures a tiny peek out the nearest window.

Outside, Hank has briefly stepped away to find a length of STEEL PIPE or somesuch. Something for breaking down RV DOORS. An object suitable to this task should likely be at hand -- this is a junkyard, after all.

Seeing what's coming, Jesse ducks from the curtain before -- KA-BOOOM! -- something HITS the door from outside, creaking the RV and scaring the PISS out of Walt, Jesse and us.

We continue this INTERCUT between Hank working to BEAT DOWN the RV DOOR and Jesse and Walt cringing just on the other side of it. ONE HIT... TWO HITS... it won't be long now. Our two guys are truly, utterly, in every glorious sense of the word, *fucked*.

BOOOOM! One more hit might do it. JUST as he's about to stave in the RV DOOR, Hank is paused by...

(CONTINUED)

OLD JOE (O.S.)
Got a warrant? --

Hank turns to find... OLD JOE standing behind him, arms folded, a few yards off.

Old Joe is clearly no physical threat to Hank, nor would he try to be (that'd be a good way to get arrested and/or shot). Instead, he just stands back, watching with sour disdain.

Inside the RV, Walt and Jesse listen with bated breath. Hank considers Joe warily.

HANK
Who are you, huh? Who are you and what do you know about this RV?

OLD JOE
I'm the owner of this lot, which means you're trespassing on private property. As far as the RV goes, seems to me that it's locked -- which means you're trying to break and enter. So I say again... you got a warrant?

HANK
Well, I don't need one if I've got probable cause, counselor.

It doesn't blow Old Joe's hair back. This dude has been around the block. Hank doesn't intimidate him.

OLD JOE
"Probable cause" usually relates to vehicles, is my understanding. You know, traffic stops and what-not.

HANK
(indicates the RV)
See these round, rubber things? Those are wheels. This is a vehicle.

OLD JOE
(indicates the RV)
This -- is a domicile, a residence. And thus protected by the Fourth Amendment from unlawful search and seizure.

(CONTINUED)

HANK

Look Buddy, why don't you just go out --

OLD JOE

-- Did you see us drive in here? How do you know it runs? Did you ctually witness any wrongdoing?

(before Hank can answer)

Seems to me you're just out here fishing.

(shrugs; mildly)

Don't see that holding up in a court of law.

In the RV, Walt and Jesse listen intently, daring to hope.

Hank snorts. *Goddamned jailhouse lawyer.*

HANK

Oh, yeah? Look at these.

Remember the FIVE BULLET HOLES in our RV door? The ones which have been here ever since the Pilot episode? Four of them are still covered by weathered strips of DUCT TAPE. The fifth strip dangles just a little, showing a GLIMPSE of HOLE.

Hank tugs at the tape, showing the BULLET HOLE to Joe. Hank pulls another strip loose, and another, revealing more HOLES.

HANK

What do those look like to you?

On the other side of the door, thin SHAFTS of LIGHT appear one by one, beaming through the darkness and the dust motes and landing hot on WALT'S FACE.

HANK

They sure look like bullet holes to me. Here's a firearm discharged inside this "domicile." I'm willing to bet there's a judge or two out there who'd see that as probable cause. But I tell you what, why don't you call the Albuquerque police --

Old Joe considers, deadpan yet momentarily stymied.

Off the silence, Walt figuratively steps into the breach. He bends close to Jesse, his lips practically brushing Jesse's ear. Whispering so as not to be heard outside:

(CONTINUED)

WALT

"How could you have known that they were there before you took off the tape?"

JESSE

(panicked whisper)
What?

WALT

"How could you have known that they were THERE before you took off the tape?" Say it! Say it!

Jesse shakes his head, not wanting to -- but Walt **SHOVES** him. *Do it!!* Jesse swallows hard, calls out **LOUDLY**:

JESSE

HOW COULD YOU HAVE KNOWN THEY WERE
THERE BEFORE YOU TOOK OFF THE
TAPE?!

Outside, Hank raises an eyebrow -- *how's that?* Old Joe nods and picks up this thread.

OLD JOE

That's right. Probable cause needs to be readily apparent.
(drawls; covering)
Huh. There's somebody in there.

Walt whispers again to Jesse:

WALT

"I'm in my own private domicile and I won't be harassed!"

HANK

-- I'll give you three seconds to get your ass out here. One, two...

JESSE

THIS IS MY OWN PRIVATE DOMICILE AND I WILL NOT BE HARASSED! BITCH!

Walt gives Jesse a look -- *idiot!*

Hank stares up at the RV, ready to rip Jesse a new one the moment he gets his hands on him. And yet...

... Take a deep breath, count to ten. Rethink, regroup...

(CONTINUED)

Hank turns back to Old Joe, considers him. Hank shakes his head half-admiringly, half-contemptuously. The hint of a crooked smile plays across his face.

HANK

Fine. You want your warrant? I'll have my guys bring it and deliver it to you on a little satin pillow. How's that?

(then)

I waited this long, I can wait a little longer.

Hank wanders back to his Jeep Commander, casually leaning against it -- placing himself where he can keep an eye on the RV's one and only DOOR. He pulls out his cell and dials.

HANK

(into phone)

Hey Vicky, yeah... Schrader. Get me Merkert, willya?

Inside the RV, Jesse looks to Walt. *We bought ourselves some time... but it ain't over yet. NOW what?*

INT. RV - AFTERNOON - LATER

Walt hasn't moved. He sits staring at the floor. *Is he despairing? Giving up?* Jesse seems to think so -- he paces, all nervous energy, shooting Walt the occasional glance.

JESSE

I say -- I say we just ram him, alright? We, uh we, we start her up, just ram the shit out of his truck... and make our escape! Right?!

Walt raises his eyes, staring flatly at Jesse... who groans, giving in and rejecting the idea. (BOTH their voices need to stay LOW and WHISPERED throughout this scene, of course!)

JESSE

Yeah, he'd, uh... he'd shoot me in the head. Yeah, he'd shoot me in the head.

(then; desperate)

So what do we DO, man?! Huh?!
What do we... what..?

(small and scared)

Please tell me you got something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walt actually does. He's been mulling it for a few minutes now, and it just might work. However, it's such a horrible method... so hateful and evil... that he's been sitting here debating with himself.

But finally, there's no other choice. And so, as if with a dark shroud of self-loathing hanging about him:

WALT

Yeah. I got something.

Jesse's all ears -- anything that gets them out of here is good news to him. *What? What is it, man?!*

Wearily, reluctantly, Walt pulls his cell phone from his pocket. With a heavy glance to Jesse, he hits speed-dial.

WALT

(into phone)

It's me. We need your help.

EXT. CRUSHER YARD - AFTERNOON - MINUTES LATER

Right where we left him, Hank leans against his truck, staring at the RV. Warrants and backup should be here soon. Then Hank will be a hero again, instead of a career-damaged agent who turned down the biggest promotion of his life.

Old Joe has disappeared, by the way. A beat of silence, then Hank's cell RINGS. He pulls it from his pocket and answers.

HANK

Yeah.

FEMALE VOICE

Is this Mr. Henry R. Schrader?

Hank frowns -- *weird. Who's using my full name?*

HANK

Yeah. Who's this?

FEMALE VOICE

Sir, this is Officer Elaine Tanner with the Albuquerque Police. Is your wife Marie Schrader?

Hank's heart suddenly lurches into his throat. There's only one kind of call this could be.

HANK

Yes. Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FEMALE VOICE

I'm sorry to inform you that your wife's been in an automobile accident. She's being airlifted to Los Ranchos Medical Center and should be arriving there shortly.

Hank blinks, swallows. His voice stays oddly quiet.

HANK

How is she..? What's her condition?

FEMALE VOICE

I don't, um, have the most current information, Sir, but I think you... might want to get there as soon as possible.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SAUL GOODMAN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Saul sits behind his desk. Looking surprisingly... *subdued*. Seems even Saul finds this despicable. As we REVEAL...

... FRANCESCA, Saul's secretary, standing by. She is talking on a cheap DROP CELL. She's "Officer Tanner," apparently. Saul only hears her side of the call, but it's enough.

Click. He hangs up, breathing fast. Back in Saul's office, Francesca takes the phone away from her ear, stares at it a short moment before handing it over. So this was Walt's plan. Francesca, speaking quietly, feeling very bad herself:

FRANCESCA

You're gonna have to start paying me more.

Uncomfortable Saul has a hard time looking her in the eye. He gets it, doesn't argue. Off him, taking the DROP CELL in both hands and BREAKING it backward, DESTROYING the evidence:

RESUME - HANK

Who's forgotten what he's doing or why he's here -- only one thing matters now -- *Marie*. He jumps behind the wheel, kicks his truck into reverse. As he FAN-TAILS it out of here, his Jeep receding in the distance and passing out of sight...

... A beat of motionless silence. Then, CREAK... the RV's damaged DOOR gingerly forces open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walt climbs out, moving like he's aged fifty years in the last hour. Jesse, descending into view behind him, looks the same.

Walt's added burden, however, is the stinging GUILT he feels for what he's had to do to his poor brother-in-law. This guilt presses down like an anvil on his shoulders.

Here comes Old Joe in the distance, making his way out of his office toward them. Off Jesse, studying Walt... and Walt, silently staring off into the distance after Hank...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ER - AFTERNOON - BOOM!!

HANK BURSTS through the emergency room DOORS of an ABQ hospital. This is the Admitting area -- to enter the actual Trauma Center, you must be escorted past a SECURITY GUARD.

Hank is frantic, brushing past several STAFFERS, finding an ADMITTING NURSE working a mouse behind her STATION.

Hank asks her about Marie, frantically. We don't hear any of the dialogue, just the panic in Hank's head.

The Nurse -- used to this kind of emotion -- checks her patient log. Hank's got no time for that shit, however (he's not being a bully or anything, it's just that he's scared).

He's starting to make a scene. The nurse tries to defuse.

Hank opens his mouth, about to show her "calm." But before things can turn truly ugly --

-- A familiar, FROOFY RINGTONE cuts through the fear and static in Hank's brain. Maybe it's been ringing for a few seconds already. Maybe WE noticed it before Hank did.

Recognizing it, Hank blinks, bewildered -- then fumbles in his jacket, pulling out his ringing CELL and answering it.

HANK

(hoping against hope)
... M-Marie?

MARIE (O.S.)

(typically breezy)
I'm just checking in. I'd love to have some idea of whether I should cook dinner or not.

Hank can barely breathe, let alone vocalize.

(CONTINUED)

HANK

You're okay..?

MARIE (O.S.)

(huh?)

Yeah. Why?

(off his silence)

Hank, what's up?

Hank stands here, relief flooding through him. And hot on the heels of it, a realization dawns -- he's been HAD.

Off the adrenalin practically leaking out of him now, making him light-headed... and a profound bitterness and anger sweeping in to take its place...

WIDE on Hank, a tiny figure in this hallway, his phone to his ear, staring at the floor. A sad, defeated tableau.

INT. RV - AFTERNOON

Just as we left it, only Jesse and Walt are noticeably GONE. It's strangely quiet, except for the distant GRIND of some kind of machinery. This GRIND is growing LOUDER.

When suddenly... CRASH!! Two huge, shiny steel FORKS come lancing in through the side! They cause a shower of BROKEN GLASS as labware and equipment get violently kicked around. The pierced wall STAVES INWARD, hit from the outside by some large o.s. FORCE (a diesel wheel-loader). Off the inside of our mobile lab, which seems to be IMPLODING...

EXT. CRUSHER YARD - AFTERNOON

SUNSET, if possible. To the painful sounds of BUCKLING STEEL and SHATTERING GLASS... we see our poor old RV is meeting its demise in a massive CAR CRUSHER. Old Joe works the CONTROLS, reducing our iconic meth lab to a load of scrap.

In reality, this complicated process takes a bit of time. Therefore, we will play this in MONTAGE with lots of ANGLES, which will allow us to shorten the process editorially.

Walt and Jesse stand watching it happen. They should really get the hell out of here... and they will, momentarily... but this is a hard sight to ignore. It's sad and melancholy.

Goodbye old friend. Off Walt and Jesse, staring...

EXT. EMPTY DESERT PLAIN - SUNSET

We TILT DOWN from (hopefully) a glorious SUNSET filled with fat red and orange clouds. We find ourselves in the middle of nowhere. A familiar Volvo wagon is parked off to one side of the frame. A gray n.d. sedan is parked on the other.

Between them, Gus stands facing the two Cousins. Apparently, this is what Gus meant by "sunset" -- a clandestine MEET.

Is Gus taking a big risk, alone out here with these homicidal lunatics? If he's nervous, he doesn't show it. He is quiet and in control, as always. He speaks SPANISH, SUBTITLED.

GUS

*I told you before. You will not
kill Walter White. Not until my
business with him has concluded.*

One of the Cousins responds quietly, also in Spanish. He doesn't glare or grimace or otherwise threaten -- really, he doesn't need to. These dudes are scary without even trying.

FIRST COUSIN

*We've waited long enough. We won't
wait any longer.*

GUS

*You'll have to. The decision isn't
yours to make.*

This doesn't go over well with these two. In fact, the body language all around feels a little like an Old West showdown. But before it can turn into the OK Corral...

GUS

*Explain to me -- why this man
White? He betrayed your cousin
Tuco, yes... but he's not the one
who murdered him.*

(off their stares)

*Was there not another man who
pulled the trigger?*

A beat. The first Cousin nods, speaks grudgingly.

FIRST COUSIN

*A DEA agent. Bolsa says DEA is off
limits.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUS

*North of the border is my
territory. My say.*

(then)

As a show of respect, I say yes.

The Cousins glance to one another, mild surprise showing in their faces. They didn't see this coming.

GUS

The agent's name is Hank Schrader.

(a beat)

May his death satisfy you.

Ice-cold. Off the Cousins, coming around to this bold new idea... and mild Gus, not so much as blinking...

And the red SUN sinking to the horizon behind them...

THE END