

BREAKING BAD

"...And the Bag's in the River"

Episode #102

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Production Draft

WHITE - 9/13/07
FULL BLUE - 9/14/07
PINK REVISIONS - 9/26/07: 5-6A
FINAL DRAFT - 10/9/07

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BREAKING BAD
"...And the Bag's in the River"
10/9/07

Cast list

WALTER WHITE
SKYLER
JESSE PINKMAN
WALTER, JR.
HANK
MARIE

GOMEZ
GRETCHEN
KRAZY-8
CARMEN
METH WHORE (Wendy)
SALES GIRL

Non-Speaking

CUSTOMERS
DRUG DEALERS
DEA ENTRY TEAM
MEXICAN GUY
UNIFORM COP
COPS
STUDENTS
TRIBAL POLICE OFFICERS
INDIAN GIRL
INDIAN GIRL'S MOTHER

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Set List

Interiors:

WHITE HOUSE
 SPARE BEDROOM
 KITCHEN
 MASTER BEDROOM
 LIVING ROOM
R.V.
RED ROOM
JESSE'S HOUSE
 BASEMENT
 BATHROOM
 UPSTAIRS LANDING
 STAIRS
 KITCHEN
 LIVING ROOM
 HALLWAY
LOS ALAMOS LABORATORY
BOUTIQUE SHOE STORE
YUKON
NO-TELL MOTEL
 MOTEL ROOM
HIGH SCHOOL
 CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM

Exteriors:

WHITE HOUSE
PASTURELAND
HIGH SCHOOL
JESSE'S HOUSE
 DRIVEWAY
JESSE'S NEIGHBORHOOD
BAD NEIGHBORHOOD CORNER
NO-TELL MOTEL
 PARKING LOT
HIGHWAY OVERPASS

BREAKING BAD
"...And the Bag's in the River"

TEASER

1 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON 1

A field of DARK RED. Some strange substance that looks like STRAWBERRY PRESERVES completely fills our frame.

As we watch, a SPONGE wipes a CLEAN SWATH we can see through. Then another swath and another... so that soon we're looking at a MASKED MAN.

"Masked" as in he wears a respirator and face shield -- although we recognize him as WALT. He's dressed in a long black rubber apron, elbow-length rubber gloves and rubber boots. Scrubbing away with his sponge, he clocks around on his hands and knees until he's upside-down in relation to us.

We realize we're looking STRAIGHT UP at Walt as he cleans an "invisible" floor (we'll once again need that sheet of Lexan we used for the tub gag in episode 101). There's a HOLE in the ceiling above him where the upstairs bathtub used to be.

VARIOUS ANGLES -- THE HALLWAY

Walt sops up the big red STAIN formerly known as Emilio. Covering a Miata-size stretch of polished wood floor, it eats its way through the lacquer finish. It's splashed across the baseboards and even a foot or two up the walls.

JESSE, dressed in similar protective gear, works a different patch of floor. The two partners scrub in silence. All we hear is the WHISH-WHISH of their sponges and the Darth Vader sounds their respirators make.

Continuity-wise, it's about an hour after episode 101 ended.

Each man has a plastic bucket into which they wring out their big plastic sponges. A dozen or more familiar orange boxes of Arm & Hammer Baking Soda lie scattered and empty. Walt tears open a fresh one and sprinkles it on the bloody goo (baking soda is an alkaline, which neutralizes acid).

CLOSE ON Walt's eyes, visible through his mask -- he's doing this awful job on autopilot, his mind a million miles away.

We CREEP IN ON HIM, as if we're getting inside his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. LOS ALAMOS LABORATORY - DAY (FLASHBACK) 2

WHITE FRAME -- we're TIGHT on a chalkboard. A fat line gets drawn down the middle in bright green chalk.

ADJUST to reveal Walt at the board. He's got a BEARD and his hair is long, but groomed. Dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, it's as if he's a different person. Hip, almost. Vigorous.

This is TWENTY YEARS AGO.

WALT
Hydrogen -- what's that come to?

This is a modern lecture hall built with federal money and lots of it. It's empty save for Walt and his lab partner -- a smart and attractive brunette we'll come to know as GRETCHEN (we'll formally meet her in episode 104 when we see her present-day).

GRETCHEN
(refers to a printout)
By mole? We're looking at, uhhh...
sixty-three percent.

WALT
Sixty-three. That's a big bite.

He writes "H" on the left of the line and "63%" on the right.

WALT
Next up's gotta be oxygen.

GRETCHEN
Oxygen 26%. Then carbon at 9%, for
a total of... ninety-eight percent.
Nitrogen, one point two-five
percent, that brings you to ninety-
nine and a quarter... which only
leaves you with the trace elements.
(smile)
Down where the magic happens.

Walt grins. It's clear these two really enjoy each other's company. He marks down "O/26%," "C/9%," and "N/1.25%."

WALT
Wait, what about calcium?
Calcium's not trace -- we got an
entire skeleton to account for.

INTERCUT WITH:

3 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

3

CLOSE ON shards of BONE, none bigger than a silver dollar. Thick rubber gloves struggle to pick them up. A jagged piece of SKULL gets tossed in the plastic bucket, as does a section of JAWBONE with what's left of a FILLED MOLAR still attached.

GRETCHEN

You'd think, right? Calcium's only... where'd it go? Calcium's only point two-five percent.

WALT

That low? Seriously? Damn. Never woulda guessed that.

Flashback Walt scribbles it on the board.

WALT

So what's iron, then?

CLOSE ON two slaggy hunks of metal which used to be PISTOLS before the acid whittled them down like bars of soap. They each get tossed in the bucket -- Ka-THUNK! Ka-CHUNK!

GRETCHEN

Iron. Wow. Point oh-oh-oh-oh four percent. Less than chlorine, less than sulfur... way less than magnesium.

WALT

No hemoglobin without iron...

GRETCHEN

Apparently, it don't take much.

More squeaky green CHALK on the chalkboard.

Modern-Day Walt dumps another box of baking soda, working it into the acid. He wrings his bloody sponge in the bucket.

WALT

What's sodium?

GRETCHEN

Point oh-four. Phosphorous... point one-nine.

CLOSE ON foamy water slowly draining between floorboards.

INTERCUT WITH:

4 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS 4

Water and acid hang in droplets from a ceiling joist. They DRIP, DRIP on the concrete floor, raising a tiny puff of SMOKE with each hit. A puddle of rusty pink water spreads.

Ten feet away, KRAZY-8 stands watching this. He remains captive down here, his neck fastened to a steel column with a motorcycle lock. He looks up at the ceiling, staring at a few thin rays of LIGHT which sneak through the woodwork.

Krazy-8 isn't scared... just patiently biding his time.

Flashback Walt is done writing on the board. Bright young scientist that he is, he does some quick math in his head.

WALT
The whole thing adds up to...
(writes the total)
99.888042. Huh.
(studies the number)
We are... point one-one-one-nine-
five-eight percent shy.

Gretchen frowns and checks back over her sheet of figures.

GRETCHEN
Supposedly that's everything.

WALT
Yeah? Sure feels like something's
missing.

Flashback Walt tap-taps his chalk, puzzling at this.

5 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - AFTERNOON 5

LOW ANGLE looking UP past the toilet -- Walt steps into frame, struggling with his plastic bucket, which is nearly full. We hear him COUGHING a little inside his respirator.

FLASHBACK WALT (V.O.)
Must be more to a human being than that.

Modern-Day Walt has a haunted look in his eyes. Off him, carefully recycling five gallons of former human being into the city's sewage system:

END TEASER

ACT ONE

6 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - AFTERNOON

6

The garage is open and Skyler's Grand Wagoneer is inside. Walt's Aztek isn't here -- but a shiny, new-model VW BEETLE is parked in the driveway. It belongs to Marie.

7 INT. WHITE HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

7

The top of the wall gets edged with green paint. SKYLER stands on a stepladder, reaching high with a trim brush.

She and WALTER, JR. are transforming Walt's home office into a nursery. The floor is tarped and the furniture piled in the center of the room. Walter, Jr. balances on one crutch while he paints with a roller.

Behind them, Skyler's sister MARIE sits atop a tarped desk. Off work from her job as an x-ray technician, she wears a white lab coat. She examines one of her nurse-type white leather Reeboks. Apropos of nothing:

MARIE

I really hate these shoes.

(a beat)

These shoes make me look like I should be changing bedpans.

(a beat)

Like I should be squeaking around bringing soup to some disgusting Old Person. Then take the bus home to my sixteen cats.

WALTER, JR.

(grin)

So why you wearing 'em, then?

Marie considers.

MARIE

I like the support. My arches happen to be extremely archy.

(sniffs; makes a face)

Ugh. Is that paint low-VOC?

Skyler, please tell me that it is.

Skyler isn't listening. Her mind is elsewhere.

WALTER, JR.

Low-what?

(CONTINUED)

MARIE
(to both of them)
Hello! VOCs? Something-something
compounds and their potential
health risks? Big article in
"Parade" Magazine?

Marie throws up her hands -- get with it! We hear a RING.
Walter, Jr. sets down his roller to answer his phone.

SKYLER
I know all about it, Marie -- this
is the safe stuff.

MARIE
Well, alright then. Just say so.

WALTER, JR.
(into phone)
Yo, what's up? Hey, call me back
in--two minutes, wouldja? Cool.

He hangs up and reaches for his other crutch, clicking out of
the room in search of some privacy.

WALTER, JR.
I gotta go--take this.

SKYLER
Female?

WALTER, JR.
(embarrassed)
Louis. Not like it's even any of
your business.

SKYLER
Just make it quick.
(as an afterthought)
And please stop saying "Yo" -- I
can't tell you how much I hate
that.

Good-natured Walter, Jr. snorts and shakes his head, exits.
Marie turns back to her sister. Frowns appraisingly.

MARIE
Should you be up on that ladder?

SKYLER
You know you're more than welcome
to take over for me here.

(CONTINUED)

MARIE
I don't see why you don't just get
Walt to do this.

SKYLER
(under her breath)
There's an idea...

(CONTINUED)

Done with this section of wall, Skyler climbs down off her ladder. With a glance to the door to make sure Walter, Jr. isn't within earshot, she says as casually as she can:

SKYLER

Listen... I'm working on this new short story? I've got this one stoner character I'm trying to, uh... well wait, lemme back up. You smoked your share of pot in college, right?

(off Marie's stonewall)

You at least tried it, didn't you?

(off the silence)

Come on.

MARIE

(a cagey beat)

I perhaps tried it. Why?

SKYLER

Do you ever remember it having an effect on your mood? Like... changing it in any major way?

Marie frowns, thinking hard about this.

MARIE

It made me more serious.

SKYLER

Yeah? Hm. See, I mostly remember it making me light-headed, but that's about it. I guess I'm just wondering if it could, uh...

(gives up; it's hopeless)

... Ah, little character-motivation thing I'm stuck on. Never mind.

Too late. Marie is rapidly putting two and two together -- and doing it wrong. She silently closes the door for privacy. Keeps her voice low.

MARIE

Walter, Junior's on pot?

SKYLER

What?

Marie shrugs expansively -- *obviously, that's what you're saying to me here!*

(CONTINUED)

SKYLER

No, no, no. Why would you even..?

MARIE

Where's he getting it from?

SKYLER

Marie --

MARIE

Seriously -- is it that "Louis" person? What are you gonna do about this?

SKYLER

Look me in the eye. I am asking strictly about a story I'm writing. That's all. Right hand to God -- Walter, Jr. is not on pot. Certainly not as far as I know.

The sisters stare at each other. Sly Marie narrows her eyes.

MARIE

Not as far as you know.

SKYLER

Marie...

Marie looks away, shrugs. Off her, convinced of her facts:

A box fan is propped in the open back door, airing out the house. Back here out of sight of the neighbors, we find Walt spraying Jesse with the garden hose -- rinsing off the yucky cherry Slurpy-looking crud that's on his protective gear.

With their long rubber aprons, boots, gloves and respirators, our two heroes look like a couple of latex fetishists. They each stand in their own individual CHILD'S WADING POOL.

Walt finishes spraying down Jesse and tosses him the hose. Now Jesse listlessly sprays down Walt.

The interior of the tub is cleaned up (all that's left is its four sides, the BOTTOM having been completely eaten by acid). A sheet of PLYWOOD is screwed in place underneath.

(CONTINUED)

Jesse enters and closes the door behind him. He's cleaned up and no longer wears his apron and gear. He's not here to use the facilities, however. With a shuddering, sidelong look to the tub, he drops to his knees and feels around up underneath the vanity.

He comes up with a quart-size Ziploc baggie containing about a pound of CRYSTAL METH. This is the stuff he and Walt cooked in the Pilot. *Helloooo, Sweet Baby!*

Jesse digs his glass pipe out of his pants. He plops down atop the shag toilet seat cover and dips into the baggie. Off him, carefully loading his pipe:

10 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

10

Krazy-8 sits on the floor hugging his knees. His eyes look clearer today -- less red-rimmed. His voice is still weak and froggy, but his overall health seems to be improving.

He stares across the basement at Walt, who is dealing with the five-gallon bucket Krazy-8 uses as his bathroom. Walt carefully dumps it into a basement toilet (we don't need to see any contents -- the SOUND of this is plenty).

Walt flushes, then sprays the bucket with Lysol. Like Jesse, he no longer wears his protective gear. But he's still got that haunted, automaton expression -- like a Buddhist who's finishing up his first 12-hour shift at the slaughterhouse.

Staying well out of reach of Krazy-8, Walt slides him back his toilet bucket. As Walt turns to head upstairs...

KRAZY-8

Look at me.

(Walt pauses)

Turn around and look at me.

Reluctantly, Walt does so. He slowly raises his eyes until they meet Krazy-8's.

This gangster doesn't raise his voice. He can't, due to the damage to his lungs. But the emotion is here -- and saying it softly only makes it hit harder.

KRAZY-8

This. This here?

(fingers his lock)

I wouldn't do this to my worst enemy. This is degrading.

(CONTINUED)

WALT
(a shamed beat)
I'm sorry.

KRAZY-8
You hope I'll make it easy on you
and just drop dead. Don't you?
(COUGHS a little)
Well, I won't. So either kill me,
or let me go.

Not a choice Walt knows how to make. Heavy-hearted, moving
slow, he starts up the basement stairs.

KRAZY-8
You don't have it in you, Walter.

Walt freezes, alarmed -- "Walter?"

WALT
How do you know my name?

KRAZY-8
Jesse told Emilio and me. When he
came to sell your meth.

Walt is troubled to hear this.

WALT
What did you do -- threaten him?
Beat it out of him?

Krazy-8 snorts -- *you're kidding, right?*

KRAZY-8
Not even close.

WALT
(a wary beat)
What else did he tell you?

KRAZY-8
Pretty much everything he could
think of. How you were his high
school teacher. How one time you
taught about carbon dioxide by
making grape soda in class. How
you've got a son who's retarded or
in a wheelchair or something.
(off Walt's rising dismay)
This shouldn't exactly come as a
news flash... but that partner of
yours has a big mouth.

(CONTINUED)

Walt looks up the stairs. He's angry. Feeling betrayed.

KRAZY-8

Walter, I don't know what you think
you're doing here. But trust me,
this line of work doesn't suit you.

WALT

So I should just let you go, then.
Just unlock you and... Adios.

KRAZY-8

I don't see what real choice you
have. If it's between that and
cold-blooded murder.
(nods at the ceiling)
Besides. Your real problem's
sitting upstairs.

Off Walt, reluctantly taking this to heart:

11 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - AFTERNOON 11

METH SMOKE hangs thick in the air, making the sunlight
through the window weirdly beautiful. Jesse blows the bowl
of his pipe cool and repacks it for another hit.

A BOOM-BOOM-BOOM on the door startles him.

JESSE

Occupied!

12 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS LANDING - AFTERNOON 12

Walt stands outside the bathroom door. He sniffs the air,
smelling meth smoke. Pissed, he KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCKS again.

JESSE (O.S.)

Yo, I'm trying to pinch one off!
Gimme some privacy, wouldja?

Walt grabs the knob, rattles it. Locked.

JESSE (O.S.)

Hey! --

Screw it. Having only seen this in movies, Walt rares back
and KICKS the door. Ouch. It splits, but holds.

JESSE (O.S.)

WHAT THE FUCK! --

(CONTINUED)

Walt backs off and KICKS it again, busting it OPEN this time. Inside the bathroom, Jesse pops up off his seat, the glass pipe in his hand wafting fresh smoke.

JESSE
What are you DOING, man?! --

Walt SMACKS the pipe out of his hand. It SHATTERS against the wall.

JESSE
You ASSHOLE! --

WALT
You told him my NAME!

JESSE
Says who?! Him?!

WALT
My NAME! Where I WORK! You told him about my SON! --

On that last one, Walt SHOVES Jesse hard into the wall.

JESSE
Don't you FUCKING touch me!

WALT
You goddamned junkie --

From its resting place on the vanity, Walt snatches the pound of METH in the Ziploc bag. Jesse grabs for it.

JESSE
Gimme that!

WALT
No way. No way, Jose -- this is going in the TOILET! Watch it go!

JESSE
That's worth forty grand, you stupid fuck! --

WALT
It's worth NOTHING when you SMOKE it all! --

Lots of keepaway, pushing and slapping -- it's not much of a fight, as each guy tries harder to protect himself than hurt the other. Jesse plops down atop the seat cover so that Walt can't toss away his dope.

(CONTINUED)

WALT
Get off that toilet! Get OFF the
TOILET! --

Walt manages to SHOVE Jesse onto the floor. Walt chucks the baggie in the bowl and hits FLUSH just before Jesse kicks a heel into Walt's abdomen, driving him backward with an OOF!

On knees and elbows, Jesse flips open the toilet seat and jams his arm in the swirling water. With his hand swallowed up past his wrist, he frantically feels around and...

... Victory! He comes up with the sealed bag of meth!

Walt blocks the exit. He's closing in when Jesse, thinking fast, TOSSES the dripping baggie out the bathroom window.

13 EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

13

The bag FALLS, smacking unharmed on the driveway (or getting hung up in a shrub or whatever else is down here).

Up above, Jesse and Walt crowd into the window, looking down. They glance at each other, then disappear from view as they both race downstairs.

14 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - STAIRS - AFTERNOON

14

Jesse, just plain faster, has the lead. Behind him, Walt is halfway down the staircase when he erupts in a fit of COUGHING. It's a bad one. It stops him dead in his tracks and makes him grab the railing for support.

COUGHING and RETCHING, Walt grips the rail tight in both fists and sinks till he's seated on the steps. He shuts his eyes and breathes deep, willing himself not to pass out.

He gradually recovers. Wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. Sits here panting and light-headed. And pissed.

VROOOM! -- the sound of Jesse's car starting up. Walt hoists himself to his feet. He staggers downstairs and toward the back door, sliding his hand along the walls for support.

15 EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

15

Jesse's Cutlass sits idling, its driver's door standing open. Jesse yanks open the wrought-iron gate so he can back the car out of the driveway. Walt intercepts him just as he's about to climb back into his car.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE
Back off, man! --

WALT
Where the hell you think you're
going? We got work to do!

JESSE
YOU! YOU got work to do! I did my
part!

WALT
You mean that obscenity I spent the
last two hours cleaning up? You're
calling that your contribution?!

JESSE
Yo, kiss my pink ass! I didn't ask
for ANY of this! How am I even
s'posed to live here now?! Huh?!
My whole damn house smells like
toe-cheese and dry-cleaning!

WALT
Because you didn't follow my
INSTRUCTIONS! --

JESSE
Well, Heil Hitler, Bitch!
(snaps the salute)
And lemme tell you something else --
we flipped a COIN, you and me!
Coin flip is sacred!

Jesse climbs behind the wheel of his car, simultaneously
pointing a finger at Walt -- *J'accuse!*

JESSE
Your job is waiting for you in that
basement. As per the coin!
(under his breath)
Fuckin' do it already.

With that, Jesse floors it backwards out of the driveway
and... SCREEECH! He takes off down the street, out of sight.

Walt watches him go. Off our hero, with a terrible job ahead
of him... a job he can't escape...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16 INT. BOUTIQUE SHOE STORE - AFTERNOON

16

We're in a little storefront boutique of women's shoes. Picture Nob Hill or somesuch -- kinda hip, kinda chic. There's only two or three CUSTOMERS, and one of them is Marie. She's still in her lab coat and nurse-type Reeboks.

She's studying a pair of sexy, strappy dress heels. They're three hundred bucks -- too much, but she's tempted.

She looks to the young SALES GIRL at the counter. Too cool for school with her tattoos and pierced nostril, this chick gabs on her store phone. Marie has a hard time catching her eye, which vaguely annoys her.

MARIE

Hello. Excuse me.
(the girl looks up)
Do you have this in black?

The sales girl smiles thinly and shakes her head, then goes back to her conversation. Marie eyes the girl a beat.

Marie's CELL PHONE rings. She fishes it from her purse, checks the caller ID. Answers it.

MARIE

Where've you been? I called you
two hours ago.

HANK (V.O.)

Real busy today, Baby. What's up?

MARIE

Well... a lot, really. And it's
sort of a delicate situation, so I
need you to --

HANK (V.O.)

-- SIT THE FUCK DOWN! SIDDOWN!

Marie cringes.

MARIE

Dammit, Hank!

INTERCUT WITH:

17 EXT. BAD NEIGHBORHOOD CORNER - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS 17

It's the aftermath of a DEA bust: four skeezy DRUG DEALERS sit on the ground, their wrists secured behind them with disposable zip-cuffs. A black Excursion idles nearby, as do a couple of Albuquerque Police cruisers.

Members of a DEA ENTRY TEAM come and go through b.g. in their black BDUs, toting rifles. Hank's partner GOMEZ confers with a UNIFORM COP. In f.g., Hank talks on his cell.

HANK
Cop. Sorry, Babe. Kinda in the...
middle of something here.

A fifth cuffed arrestee, a MEXICAN GUY who's high as a kite, staggers around mumbling to anyone who'll listen. Hank holds the phone to his chest as he bellows at the guy.

HANK
YOU COMPRENDE?! SIT YOUR ASS DOWN!

GOMEZ
(to Hank; casually)
Sientate.

HANK
(to the arrestee)
SIENTATE!

A couple of COPS force the guy to the ground. Hank turns his back on this melee, shaking his head.

HANK
(into the phone)
Hey, I'm back. What's up?

Marie frowns, then launches into it.

MARIE
Walter, Junior.

HANK
What about him?

Marie lowers her voice, so as not to be overheard.

MARIE
Marijuana. He's smoking it.

Hank considers this a moment. Makes a face.

(CONTINUED)

HANK
Bullshit.

MARIE
Uh, excuse me -- his own mother
seems to think so.

HANK
Skyler told you that?

MARIE
She inferred it.

HANK
She "inferred" it. Uh-huh.

MARIE
She very strongly inferred it.
Like, "Doctor, I have a 'friend'
who suffers erectile dysfunction?"
Please. Come on, already.

Hank chews this over, beginning to buy it.

HANK
Huh.

MARIE
I want you to talk to him.

HANK
Walt should talk to him. Hell,
Skyler, better yet -- she'll kick
his butt up and down the block.

MARIE
I think it ought to be you. Tell
him some horror stories. Maybe
show him a few autopsy pictures.

HANK
Autopsy of a pot overdose?
(dubious)
I dunno, Baby... I figure it's his
dad oughta be the one doing this.

MARIE
Hank, he respects you.

She's inferring Walter, Jr. doesn't respect Walt. This
troubles Hank... but he doesn't argue. Finally:

(CONTINUED)

HANK
Maybe I'll try and swing by their
place on the way home.

MARIE
Good. Scare him straight.

HANK
Yeah, yeah. So where's my sugar?

Marie makes a wet KISS SOUND into her phone, then hangs up
and tucks it away. Her mind's still on those fabulous shoes
she was just looking at. She sits down and pulls off her
nurse Reeboks. Just as she's about to try on the heels:

SALES GIRL
Excuse me, Ma'am. Ma'am?

Marie looks up. The sales girl is finally paying attention.

SALES GIRL
You need to be wearing footies
before you try those on.

MARIE
(indignant)
I'm extremely clean.

SALES GIRL
Yeah. Well...

Pointing her toward a box of Peds, the girl turns away again.

SALES GIRL
(into her phone)
Hey, sorry about that. Lemme go
check it for you.

She sets down her phone and disappears into the stock room.
Marie considers for a moment, then goes ahead and tries on
the \$300 heels sans Peds. She stands up, checking them out
in a floor mirror. They look and feel great.

Marie doesn't get mad -- she gets even. Leaving her despised
nurse shoes atop a display, she exits without so much as a
glance back. Off her, clicking away in her stolen heels:

18 EXT. NO-TELL MOTEL - PARKING LOT - SUNSET 18

Long, purple shadows cross the parking lot. The second story
glows brilliant red and gold. This is such a pretty sunset,
it almost makes this place look romantic. Almost.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

Seriously -- it's a shithole. \$29.95 a night, no questions asked. A few quick CLOSE-UPS set the tone: empty 40-ouncers propped atop an AC unit; a used condom ground into the asphalt; a shopping cart left abandoned in the weeds.

A black Yukon bumps into the lot. Hank is behind the wheel. Several skinny METH ZOMBIES, sensing 5-0 in their midst, make like cockroaches and skedaddle out of sight.

INTERCUT WITH:

19 INT. YUKON - CONTINUOUS

19

Hank idles dead-center of the lot. This allows Walter, Jr., riding shotgun, a drive-in movie view of the place.

HANK
Whaddya think?

WALTER, JR.
About what?

HANK
This look like a nice place?

Not at all sure why he's here, Walter, Jr. glances around. Grins and snorts.

WALTER, JR.
No. Not--particularly.

HANK
Think you'd like to live here?
(the boy shakes his head)
You wouldn't, huh? You sure?

WALTER, JR.
Uh yeah, pretty sure. I thought we were--going to Cold Stone Creamery.

HANK
Yeah, yeah. Little detour.
Figured we'd stop by and see how the other half lives.
(points at the motel)
This here we call the Crystal Palace. Know who lives in the Palace? Meth-heads. Skeevy, fuckin' meth-heads who'd sell their grandma's coochie for a hit.

Walter, Jr. snickers.

(CONTINUED)

HANK
Oh, you think that's funny?
Yeah? Well, I'll tell you what:
every last one of these miserable
wastes-of-skin got started how?
(Walter, Jr. shrugs)
How you think they got started?
(the kid shrugs)
What do you think it was they all
were doing before they graduated to
shooting meth into their dicks?
(the kid grins and shrugs)
A "gateway drug." That's what we
call it. Dollars-to-donuts, and I
shit you not -- that gateway drug
is marijuana. Every time.
Understand?

WALTER, JR.
Fine. Why you--telling me?

HANK
'Cause I love you, you lil'
bastard. Shit, I was young once.
But the world's a messed-up place.
Man, this one time --
(sees someone; instantly)
-- HEY! HEY, YOU!

Hank puts two fingers in his mouth and WHISTLES out his open
window. He motions to a METH WHORE who stands frozen in the
act of feeding quarters into a soda machine.

HANK
YEAH YOU, PRINCESS! GET OVER HERE!
DON'T MAKE ME GET OUTTA THIS CAR!

The woman glances around for an escape route. None presents
itself. With deep resignation, she shuffles to the Yukon.

HANK
(to Walter, Jr.)
Check this out -- you'll see what
I'm talking about.

METH WHORE
Hey, I ain't holding, okay?

HANK
Did I tell you to open your mouth?
Do not touch the vehicle. Other
side. Other side -- go around and
talk to my friend here.

(CONTINUED)

The meth whore shuffles around the front of the Yukon, headed for the passenger side. Wide-eyed Walter, Jr. recoils a bit as the woman leans into his window.

HANK
What's your name, Sweetheart?

METH WHORE
(a sullen beat)
Wendy.

HANK
How much you charge for a windy,
Wendy?

METH WHORE
(points to Walter, Jr.)
Hey, I ain't doing him! He's a
kid.

HANK
Jesus Christ, was that my question?
Don't think so hard -- you'll hurt
your brain. You on the needle or
the pipe?

METH WHORE
Nothing. Neither.

HANK
Ye-aaaah, let's see those teeth.
Show us those teeth, Wendy.

This woman looks mid-forties, though in actuality she may be much younger. She's too thin, though she'd probably be attractive if it weren't for her bad skin and greasy hair. Pissed and bored, she shows her teeth like a circus horse. They're dingy yellow-brown, the enamel eaten away.

HANK
Ohhh, yeah. Pipe. Big-time.
(to Walter, Jr.)
Got anything you wanna ask Wendy?

WALTER, JR.
N-Not--really.

HANK
Ever smoke anything else, Wendy?
Sausage don't count. Tell my
friend how you started. Bet you
used to be a Girl Scout, right?
Probably sang in a church choir...

(CONTINUED)

Barely listening, Wendy points out the FOREARM CRUTCHES propped beside Walter, Jr.

METH WHORE
What are you, like... handicapped?

HANK
Broke his leg playing football.
(mimes a pass)
QB. Got an arm like a howitzer.
Tell us, Wendy -- you smoke pot?

METH WHORE
Why? You got some?

Hank rolls his eyes -- *useless*.

HANK
Awright, hoof it. Get lost.
(to her back)
Fair warning. Next time, I'm busting you.

Wendy doesn't stick around to argue. Walter, Jr. stares after her, fascinated. Hank studies his young nephew.

HANK
So. Whaddya say about that?

WALTER, JR.
(a beat)
Cool.

The kid grins and nods. Not quite what Hank wanted to hear. He frowns and considers, then drives them out of frame.

20 INT. NO-TELL MOTEL - MOTEL ROOM - SUNSET 20

It's dark in here. The door unlocks and Wendy enters amidst a white-hot blast of sunlight.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Shut the door! Lock it!

We may recognize this voice. Wendy sullenly complies, setting the night chain. She plods over to where...

... JESSE sits on a chair pulled to the window. He peeks out through the crack in the curtains. He's high, and paranoid.

JESSE
Who was that? --

(CONTINUED)

METH WHORE

A cop and some football player,
messing with me.

Oh, shit! Jesse's eyes snap even wider.

JESSE

They ask about me?! --

METH WHORE

Nah. I think they just wanted pot.

Jesse is bewildered by this. Wendy backs up to him, dropping her panties from inside her miniskirt. She sits on Jesse's lap with all the enthusiasm of sitting on a toilet. Jesse never even looks at her -- just pulls down his pants while keeping his eyes peeled outside.

METH WHORE

Shit, I left my root beer.

Ah, romance. Off this:

21 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - EVENING

21

Walt sits on the toilet, pants around his ankles. He's got a yellow legal pad on his knees. Whatever it is he's writing, he's giving it his utmost attention.

CLOSE -- there's a line drawn down the middle of the page, creating two columns. The first is the "LET HIM LIVE" column. The second is marked "KILL HIM."

A true scientist, Walt is agonizing over this decision in a most logical, ordered manner. Precision thinking is the key.

On the "LET HIM LIVE" side, there are many reasons, such as: *"It's the moral thing to do; Judeo-Christian principles; You are not a murderer; Sanctity of life; You don't know for sure he'll seek revenge; He may listen to reason; You'd be haunted by the memory; Post-traumatic stress; Won't be able to live with yourself; Won't be able to keep it secret; Better to call police now?; Murder is WRONG."*

On the "KILL HIM" side, there's only one: *"He'll KILL YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY if you let him go."* We linger on this.

Walt chews his pen, nervous. Desperate. Glancing at his watch, he double-takes -- *Holy CRAP! Look at the TIME!*

22 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING 22

CUT TO Walt thirty seconds later -- pacing the room with his cell phone to his ear. We hear it RINGING on the other end.

SKYLER (V.O.)

Hello.

WALT

Hey Sweetie, it's me. I am so sorry. The time completely got away from me, and I just...

(sigh)

My fault. Bogdan kept me here late doing inventory, and I just shoulda... I gotta learn to say, you know. "No." But, uh...

(off the silence)

Skyler? You there?

INTERCUT WITH:

23 INT. WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING - CONTINUOUS 23

Skyler is alone in the house. She stands here with the cordless phone to her ear and her free hand hugging her chest. She gazes into space, quietly keeping it together.

SKYLER

You're at the car wash?

Hearing that tone in her voice, Walt hesitates.

WALT

Yeah.

SKYLER

I seriously doubt that, since you quit two weeks ago.

(off Walt's silence)

I called Bogdan, looking for you. Quite an earful, he gave me.

Walt swallows, his mind working fast. Not fast enough.

WALT

Listen, uh. Listen, I'll come home and we'll talk about it.

(CONTINUED)

SKYLER
I don't think so, Walt. Wherever
you are, why don't you just stay
there tonight.

WALT
Skyler --

CLICK. She HANGS UP on him. Walt lowers his phone, staring
hard at nothing in particular. Off this long silence:

KRAZY-8 (O.S.)
Walter...? Kinda hungry down here.

Walt rubs at his mouth. Feeling utterly hopeless, he turns
and plods to the kitchen.

24 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING 24

THWOP goes the fridge door as Walt opens it. He reaches for
the luncheon meat, the mayo, the bread.

Not knowing what else to do, Walt makes Krazy-8 a sandwich.
Quiet JUMP-CUTS of the sandwich going together. Walt looks
in the cupboard and finds a proper plate for it.

Walt even remembers to cut off the CRUSTS. He briefly turns
away to let out a ragged, phlegmy COUGH. Breathing hard now,
he picks off the last crust and tosses it in the sink.

25 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - EVENING 25

Walt carefully descends the stairs with the sandwich and a
handful of chips on the plate. On the way down, he starts
COUGHING again. He grabs the handrail, keeps going.

Just as he reaches the bottom of the steps, he breaks into a
full-blown COUGHING JAG. Across the way, Krazy-8, seated on
the floor, watches him closely.

Walt steadies himself, breathing fast and shallow. He wills
it not to happen... but now his eyes roll up and the sandwich
drops from his hand. The plate SHATTERS on the concrete.

Walt keels over. Off him, lying a mere couple of yards from
Krazy-8... who slowly rises to his feet:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

26 INT. RED ROOM - TWILIGHT

26

Just as he did the last time we saw him here (at the top of episode 101), Walt sits alone inside this strange Victorian room. Same green wardrobe as before.

The glass desktop mirrors his face upside-down. He stares intently at the wall opposite him.

The wall STRETCHES. Through it bulges one HAND, then TWO. Fingers held wide, these hands seem to reach for him.

We CREEP IN on Walt's face -- though his stare is impassive, his face seems to TWITCH ever so slightly and quickly (maybe we accomplish this by shooting it at 8 frames a second).

The HANDS in the wall try to PUSH THROUGH at us. But then they give up and slowly sink back out of sight. Off this...

27 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

27

Walt's body gives a little jerk. His eyes flicker, then open. He wakes to find himself face-down on the concrete, surrounded by potato chips.

Suddenly remembering where he is, Walt instantly lifts his head to look for Krazy-8...

... Who stands staring down at him. He's locked no more than six feet away, yet he couldn't reach Walt if he wanted to.

KRAZY-8

Damn. I didn't think you were coming back.

Walt relaxes a little. He painfully rises to his feet. Touches his forehead where he whacked himself falling down.

WALT

How long was I out?

KRAZY-8

Ten, fifteen minutes.

(a beat)

I never seen anybody knock themselves out just by coughing. You breathe that same shit you used on me?

(CONTINUED)

Walt leans down to pick up the mess he's made. He gathers all the pieces of the broken plate, the sandwich, the chips. He takes care, as always, to stay out of Krazy-8's reach.

Just when we think he won't answer the question...

WALT

I have lung cancer.

He says it without looking up. No emotion -- simple and quiet. Krazy-8 doesn't give much of a reaction.

Having picked up the mess, Walt heads for the stairs.

WALT

I'll make you another sandwich.

Up the steps he goes.

28 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

28

CLOSE ON the kitchen trash can -- Walt kicks the lid-pedal and dumps the broken plate. It lands with a porcelain CRASH.

Stepping to the sink, Walt runs some water in his hands and pats it on his face. He stares out the window. There's nothing out there except black night, but he stares.

There's no fear in his eyes now. No nervousness or tension or despair. It's like he's traveled beyond all that. Whatever he's thinking right now, it's a mystery to us.

Yet again, Walt yanks open the fridge and gathers sandwich fixings. Luncheon meat, mayo, bread. He pauses, considering a six-pack of BEER (cans, not bottles) that lies tucked away on the bottom shelf.

Fuck it -- Walt grabs the six-pack, as well. Off the fridge swinging shut with a THUMP:

29 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

29

Krazy-8 sits cross-legged with a brand-new plate in his lap. He picks up his fresh sandwich, the crusts cut off and everything. He's hungry as hell -- but as he's about to bite into it, he hesitates. Walt knows what he's thinking.

WALT

It's safe. No poison.

(CONTINUED)

KRAZY-8
Yeah? 'Cause that'd be the way to
do it. If you were gonna do it.

Walt shrugs.

WALT
I suppose it would.

KRAZY-8
I mean... you being a chemist and
all.

He lifts the top slice of bread for a peek inside. He eyes
Walt a moment... then commences eating.

Walt sits down on the floor about eight feet away. He tugs
two beers from his six pack. One he rolls across the
concrete to Krazy-8. The other he takes for himself, popping
it open and drinking. Krazy-8 watches him some more.

Wary silence. Krazy-8 pops the top on his own beer. We only
hear the sounds of eating and drinking. WIDE on these two,
sitting far apart, yet together.

Finally...

WALT
That name "Krazy-8" -- I'm sorry,
do I really have to call you that?
No offense, but it's just...
(sigh)
Don't you have a real name?

KRAZY-8
(a beat)
Domingo.

WALT
Means "Sunday," right?

Krazy-8 nods.

WALT
I'd rather call you that, if you
don't mind.

Krazy-8 shrugs and drinks.

KRAZY-8
Whatever. Though I can't say as I
ever liked it much.

(CONTINUED)

WALT
Where you from, Domingo? You from
here in town, or someplace else?

KRAZY-8
(smirk)
Walter, you getting to know me is
not gonna make it easier for you to
kill me. Not that I mind, you
understand.

Walt studies the floor as he responds.

WALT
You say I don't have it in me.
Maybe, maybe not... but I'm sure as
hell looking for a reason not to.
I'll take any good reason at all.
(looks straight at him)
Sell me. Tell me what it is.

Krazy-8 considers. He answers slowly, carefully.

KRAZY-8
I guess I'd start by promising that
if you let me go, I wouldn't come
after you. That you'd be safe.
I guess I'd say... what happened
between us was an all-around royal
fuck-up. And what's best for both
parties is we forget all about it.
(a beat)
But you know that anybody in my
situation would make promises like
that. And though in my case they
happen to be true... there's no way
you can be sure.
(off Walt's stare)
So what else can I tell you?

WALT
(very quiet)
I don't know. But you gotta
convince me. You're going nowhere
till you do.

Krazy-8 leans his head against the pole, thinking about it.

KRAZY-8
Yeah, I'm from here in town. ABQ,
born and bred. Never left.
Studied business administration at
UNM, got my degree.

(CONTINUED)

WALT

Yeah? Does it come in handy in the drug trade?

KRAZY-8

Doesn't hurt.

(a beat)

I was gonna study music originally. Maybe even try for Oberlin or Berklee, but my Pops talked me out of it. Said there wasn't any money in it unless you wind up some bullshit rock star, and I didn't have a snowball's chance of that.

WALT

What's your dad do?

KRAZY-8

He owns Tampico Furniture over on Menaul.

WALT

Oh god, I know that! With the, with the... the late-night --

KRAZY-8

-- The stupid commercials. Yeah, that's him. He's been doing 'em for like, thirty years.

WALT

How's it go? Wait, it's uh...

(he and Krazy-8 sing)

*Don't let shopping strain your
brain-O; Just sing this short
refrain-O; Our furniture is BUENO!
"Tampico" is the name!*

Walt can't help but chuckle at this. Krazy-8 gives a sheepish smile and a shrug.

KRAZY-8

Yeah, yeah. Pretty moronic, but what can you do?

WALT

It does tend to stick in your head. Did you write it, being the musician in the family?

(CONTINUED)

KRAZY-8

Hell, no. My crazy Uncle Alex.
He sings it at bars, trying to pick
up women. In his mind it's like
saying "Hey, I wrote 'Stairway to
Heaven.'"

WALT

Wait a minute. Tampico Furniture.

As Walt thinks about it, something dawns on him.

WALT

You know something? When my son
was born, I think we bought his
bassinet there.

KRAZY-8

We don't sell bassinets -- that's
more of a specialty item. But we
did used to sell cribs.

WALT

Yeah, okay. Maybe it was his crib.
But I seem to remember that. I
remember recognizing your dad from
his commercials. Although he
wasn't as friendly in real-life.

KRAZY-8

No shit. Did he try and sell you
the extended warranty?

WALT

Probably, yeah. And I was probably
dumb enough to buy it.

KRAZY-8

That's his big thing. Ask him for
a glass of water, he'll tell you
you need an extended warranty on
the ice.

Walt swirls the beer in his can.

WALT

You worked there, too?

KRAZY-8

Only my entire life. Up until the
day I yelled "fuck you" and quit.

Hearing this reminds Walt of his own recent history.

(CONTINUED)

WALT
How old would you have been sixteen
years ago?

Krazy-8 sees where Walt is going with this. He smiles.

KRAZY-8
If it was after school, I guarantee
you I was there. I might have even
helped ring you up -- you and your
extended warranty on a crib.

WALT
Small world.

KRAZY-8
That, it is.

WALT
The paths we take, huh?

Walt finishes off his beer. He pulls loose two more cans,
rolling another to Krazy-8, then popping the top on his own.

KRAZY-8
Jesse know you got cancer?

Walt shakes his head.

WALT
No one but you.

KRAZY-8
Not your family? Why not?

Walt doesn't answer immediately. He allows a faint, pained
smile.

WALT
Not a conversation I'm even
remotely ready to have.

Krazy-8 realizes something.

KRAZY-8
This is why you're cooking meth?
You want to be able to leave them
some money.
(Walt says nothing)
Hell, I'll write you a check right
now if you let me go.

(CONTINUED)

Walt smiles. Krazy-8 does, too. Throughout this scene, he seems to be gradually transforming before our very eyes: becoming less a fearsome criminal and more a human being.

KRAZY-8
Like I say -- wrong line of work
for you, Walter. Get out before
it's too late.

WALT
(a beat; quiet)
I don't know what to do.

KRAZY-8
Yeah, you do.

Walt takes this to heart. He ponders it for a long while, Krazy-8 eyeing him mildly the whole time.

Finally, the moment of decision. Walt rises to his feet.

WALT
I'll get the key.

He heads for the stairs, climbing them with his beer in his hand. Off Krazy-8, giving nothing away... watching him climb out of sight...

30 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 30

CLOSE ANGLE, LOOKING DOWN -- in f.g., a shiny KEY rests atop a high shelf. Walt reaches up toward us on tiptoes, blindly feeling for it until he grasps it in his hand.

Tucking the key in his pocket, Walt takes a last sip of beer, then pours out most of the can in the sink. He pauses a moment, crinkling the aluminum in his fingers -- *am I doing the right thing?* He can't help but be nervous about this decision. It's the biggest of his life.

Crossing to the trash can, Walt steps on the pedal, lifting the lid. But as he's about to toss his empty beer can, he hesitates. Something catches his eye. What is it?

Walt sets down the beer can, never taking his eyes off the trash. He kneels down and sticks an arm in the trash can, gathering up...

... The BROKEN DINNER PLATE. Careful to retrieve every bit of it, he sets it on the kitchen table. Working slowly, deliberately, he reassembles it like a jigsaw puzzle.

(CONTINUED)

LOW ANGLE -- we look up at Walt as he works. Whatever he's searching for here, he doesn't want to discover it... and yet he sees it coming a mile away.

Dread and inevitability. Once he's finished:

WALT
(under his breath)
Oh, no. No, no, no...

He's staring down at a jigsaw puzzle with one large piece missing. One big, jagged, DAGGER-SHAPED PIECE is conspicuous by its ABSENCE.

We needn't have spent time in the penitentiary to realize what's missing is an old-school SHIV.

WALT
(under his breath)
Oh, don't do this. Why you doing this..?

Walt isn't angry. He isn't scared. Sick is how he feels. Mournful. Resigned. He wishes so badly there were another way out of this nightmare. He finally realizes there's not.

31 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT 31

Walt descends the stairs, moving slow. The steps CREAK-CKEAK under his weight. As he crosses the basement floor, Krazy-8 rises to his feet.

They stand facing each other, just out of reach. Walt fishes in his pocket and holds up the shiny KEY in two fingers.

KRAZY-8
You're doing the right thing,
Walter.

Walt forces a smile.

WALT
Yeah.
(nonchalant)
Think the lock's on the back side.
You wanna..?

Walt spins a finger -- the universal sign for "turn around."
Krazy-8 smiles and rotates himself around the column until Walt is behind him.

(CONTINUED)

For the first time since he confined him down here, Walt steps within reach of his captive.

Walt slowly reaches out his hand toward the motorcycle lock. He gently closes his fingers around the crossbar. We're holding our breath now, because we know what's coming.

WALT
So you're not angry.

KRAZY-8
How you mean? Angry at you?
(tired sigh)
Live and let live.

WALT
That's pretty understanding.

KRAZY-8
Whatever, man. Goddamn, but I just wanna go home.

WALT
Yeah. Me, too.

CLOSE ON Walt's hand. Like a bull rider in the chute, taking a moment to cinch his grip around the leather strap, Walt squeezes the motorcycle lock till his knuckles go white.

Sensing his hesitation, Krazy-8 looks back over his shoulder.

KRAZY-8
Unlock me, Walter.

Watching him like a hawk, Walt notes that Krazy-8's right hand is currently inching toward the front of his waistband.

WALT
(quietly)
The moment I do, are you gonna stick me with that piece of broken plate?

Krazy-8's eyes narrow. The jig is up.

FAST -- he reaches for his waistband, pulling out the SHIV.

Just as FAST -- Walt YANKS the lock with ALL HIS MIGHT.

Krazy-8 makes a quite remarkable sound. It's a sucking kind of a THWWWAAAH! as his trachea crushes and his lungs get shut off from the outside world.

(CONTINUED)

He tries to jam his fingers under the lock. He WHIP-WHIPS his other arm back behind him, desperately trying to stab Walt with the shiv.

Both of them spin around and around the column like some satanic Maypole dance. Krazy-8 isn't wheezing -- there's no air going in whatsoever. His face turns from red to purple to black. Capillaries hemorrhage, turning the whites of his eyes red. This isn't like any strangulation we've ever seen in a movie. It's way more real than that. It's violent and horrifying and it takes fucking forever.

Krazy-8 fights like a tiger. Walt hangs on like a leech. Pulling with both hands now, he jams one foot against the pole and cranks back with all his weight.

Krazy-8 manages to STAB Walt in the calf -- once, twice. Blood flows. Walt doesn't flinch. He hangs on, gritting his teeth and straining with everything he's got.

Krazy-8 drops the bloody shiv. It RINGS OUT as it breaks against the floor. Both his hands go to the lock around his neck, but it's no use. He's weakening by the second.

The fight is over. CLOSE ON Walt's face as Krazy-8 slowly sinks down the pole like so much dead weight. Walt keeps on choking him -- he is not gonna stop until this is absolutely, positively finished.

But the entire time, he's numb with horror. Hating himself. His lips move, and we realize he's speaking. Gradually we make out what it is he's whispering, barely audible, over and over and over again.

WALT
I'm sorry... I'm sorry... I'm
sorry... I'm sorry...

Walt sinks all the way down with the dead body till he's kneeling on the floor. Finally he lets go, falling backward on his butt. BLOOD soaks through his trouser leg.

He sits here, arms hanging limp at his sides. He can't bring himself to look at the corpse. He can only sit here, numb.

Off Walt, panting hard and feeling damned, we...

FADE TO BLACK.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

32 EXT. JESSE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

32

VARIOUS ANGLES ON this upper-middle-class neighborhood: quiet, tree-lined streets; two OLDER LADIES gossip as they power-walk; a fan sprayer sways back and forth across a front lawn; An OLDER MAN unloads bags of groceries from his Cadillac; a wind sculpture lazily spirals in the breeze.

In other words, it's business as usual. Nothing out of the ordinary. Life goes on.

33 EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - DAY

33

A familiar red Cutlass motors along under the speed limit, not looking to attract attention. Jesse slows to a stop across the street from his house. He's being circumspect, in case the cops are here.

Nobody's here. Walt's Aztek is gone. The RV is still in the driveway, but the wrought-iron gate stands wide open.

Jesse wonders at this. He looks pretty ragged-out, by the way -- he's been awake four solid days and is ready to crash. At least he's no longer "sketching" like he was at the motel (meth slang for acting paranoid).

He considers, then parks his Cutlass in the driveway. He cuts the engine and climbs out, one hand on his car door, glancing around.

34 INT. R.V. - DAY

34

It's DARK until... CRE-EEAK... the door opens and Jesse peers inside. The sun that gets in lights up the interior, which is CLEAN as a whistle.

Jesse climbs in and looks around, surprised. The RV is completely empty. The floor is mopped, the trash has been collected, the labware and chemical paraphernalia are gone. You'd never know this place had been used to cook meth.

35 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

35

The door at the top of the stairs eases open, throwing Jesse's SHADOW down into the cellar. It stands motionless.

JESSE (O.S.)
Hello..? Anybody down there?

(CONTINUED)

No answer. Silence except for the faint gurgling of the water heater.

After a moment, first Jesse's legs then the rest of him descends into view. Moving with utmost caution, afraid of what he'll find, he hunkers low and peeks sideways over the railing. Once again, what he doesn't see surprises him.

He continues down the stairs, bringing us around to find...

... The basement is as spotless as the RV. No blood, no mess, no Krazy-8. Bleached and mopped and swept, this basement hasn't been this clean since the day it was built.

Jesse stands by the gray steel column where Krazy-8 was fastened. He glances all around, but there's nothing to see. Nothing but one lone item which his eyes settle on.

He steps over to pick up the MOTORCYCLE LOCK from where it rests on a shelf. He hefts it in both hands, studying it.

To be sure, Jesse is relieved there's been a cleanup. However, he can't help but be disturbed as he wonders what exactly went on down here last night.

Off Jesse, trying to picture it...

36 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY 36

WIDE on it in the far distance, to ESTABLISH.

37 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - DAY 37

There's a low BUZZ of conversation -- Walt's STUDENTS are restless. We see why once we reveal the front of their classroom:

There's no Walt.

These kids are pretty well-behaved -- no paper airplanes or Sweathog antics -- but they're all wondering what's going on. An assistant principal, CARMEN, enters carrying a DVD case. She takes Walt's spot at the front.

CARMEN
Everybody, I need you all to take
your seats. Settle down, please.
Guys? Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

Students gradually do as they're told. Pretty Carmen (we met her briefly at Walt's birthday party in the Pilot) crosses to an AV CART which sits in the corner. She muscled it to the front of the room as she talks.

CARMEN

Alright. I understand Mr. White is feeling a little under the weather this morning, so you folks are gonna be making do with me today. And we are all gonna watch a very interesting video on...
(checks the DVD box)
... Carbon. Very important stuff.
(glances around)
Is there a, uh... extension cord?

Clearly, Carmen found out only minutes ago that she'd be subbing today.

The sky is deep blue with big, puffy clouds (I hope, I hope). We TILT DOWN from it to reveal we're back in our red sandstone wilderness.

A fluorescent-lime lowrider sits out here in the middle of nowhere, both its doors standing open. We recognize it as Krazy-8's car, parked exactly where he left it. It faces a BURNED PATCH of weeds and scrub -- this being the result of the fire Emilio started (refer to Pilot for continuity).

This time around, things aren't so deserted. A tribal police cruiser is parked nearby. A couple of TRIBAL POLICE OFFICERS walk the area looking for clues.

A black Yukon is parked here, as well. Reveal Hank and Gomez studying this desolation through their sunglasses.

GOMEZ

Whaddya think?

Hank shrugs.

HANK

Cook site, gotta be. Nobody came way the hell out here just to buy.
(nods at burned patch)
Your fire there coulda started as an accident. Doesn't look like it was meant to destroy evidence.

(CONTINUED)

Gomez nods, agreeing.

GOMEZ
Got a set of dually tracks leading
away back to the road. So... what:
they're in some camper-slash-lab,
they accidentally start a fire,
then everybody F.O.'s?

HANK
Yeah, why not?
(a beat)
Except why would that hair-gelled
little shit leave his car?

Turning to the lowrider, Hank steps over and sits in the
driver's seat. He raps a hand against the hydraulics box.

HANK
Ai-yi-yi. It's a culture in
decline, Gomie.

GOMEZ
It's a rich and vibrant culture.

HANK
It's a car that jumps up and down.
What the hell? You people used to
be conquistadors, for chrissake.
(sniffs the air)
Ugh. Smells like the Drakkar Noir
factory.

Hank begins searching. He checks the glove box, the sun
visors, feels around underneath the seats.

GOMEZ
I already searched it.
(Hank keeps looking)
You're wasting your time.

Ignoring his partner, Hank lightly RAP-RAPS his knuckles
under the dashboard, sounding every inch of it.

GOMEZ
Man, give it up. If this here's a
trap car, it's gonna take more'n
your dumb white ass to find it.

HANK
Yeah? You're talking to the trap
car master. I'm like "Rain Man"
counting his toothpicks.

(CONTINUED)

GOMEZ

Yeah, you're like Rain Man --
retarded.

The engine is turned off, along with the electrical system -- yet Hank twists knobs and hits buttons on the stereo, the AC, the turn indicator, everything within reach.

A "trap car," by the way, is a tricked-out vehicle that has a hidden compartment for hiding drugs. Some of them are quite ingenious and elaborate, and certain clandestine craftsmen specialize in building them.

Hank twists the cigarette lighter. Something feels funny. He CLICKS IT IN and OUT a few times.

Bingo! A SECRET COMPARTMENT pops down beneath the dashboard.

HANK

YEAH, Baby! --
(faux opera singing)
Oh, su-uuuuuck my NU-UUUUITS...
Suck my nuts, you LO-OOSER...

GOMEZ

Asshole.

Gomez shakes his head, looking both sheepish and pissed. Though he comes across like a frat boy, Hank is pretty damned good at his job. Gomez too, for that matter.

Hank reaches in the compartment, withdrawing its contents -- one little baggie of METH. This is the sample of Walt's stuff which Jesse brought to Krazy-8.

HANK

Hello, Zippie...

Hank climbs out of the car and holds it up to the sunlight, he and Gomez peering at it closely. They both frown and tip down their sunglasses for a better view.

HANK

I'd say this looks like meth, only
it's too damned white.

Gomez nods, intrigued. Hank tucks the sample into a larger EVIDENCE BAG. Glancing around this empty wilderness, he sighs and smacks a palm against the abandoned car.

HANK

You know what I'm thinking, Gomie.

(CONTINUED)

GOMEZ

Yep. Somebody went and croaked our
snitch.

"Our snitch?!" Are they talking about Krazy-8? It sure as
hell sounds that way. Hank and Gomez definitely aren't happy
about it, either. It's a major setback.

Hank notices something in the distance. He yells offscreen.

HANK

YOU GOT SOMETHING? --

Gomez turns to look. Over on the dirt road, one of the
tribal officers is talking to a little INDIAN GIRL and her
MOTHER, who stand beside their idling pickup truck.

LONG LENS, TIGHTER -- we recognize this little girl from the
last scene of episode 101. She's the one who found Walt's
discarded RESPIRATOR. And indeed, that's exactly what her
mother has brought here to the tribal police.

The tribal officer examines the black gas mask in his hands.
In response to Hank's question, he HOLDS IT UP for us to see.
The faceplate glints in the sun.

This discovery can't bode well for Walt... wherever he is.

39 EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS - DAY

39

Up here we see for miles in either direction. Rugged hills
are in the distance. We're on the outskirts of Albuquerque,
and traffic roars beneath us at seventy miles an hour.

Here's Walt. His Aztek is parked up here on the shoulder of
the overpass. He sits behind the wheel, windows down,
staring out his windshield at nothing at all. From the look
of him, he may have been here for hours.

What does one feel after they've murdered another human
being? What's the overriding thought or emotion? For Walt,
it seems like maybe this is simply too big an idea for him to
wrap his mind around.

There's sadness and fear, of course. There's exhaustion.
Even a fair bit of relief. But mostly what Walt feels is...
overwhelming emptiness.

We CREEP IN on Walt's eyes as if to get inside his head.

INTERCUT WITH:

40 INT. LOS ALAMOS LABORATORY - DAY (FLASHBACK) 40

We're back in time twenty years -- picking up where we left off in the FLASHBACK from the Teaser. Walt stares at the percentages he's scrawled on his chalkboard. Hydrogen, Oxygen, Nitrogen, Calcium, etc, etc.

WALT
Something's missing. Not much, but something.

Gretchen studies him for a long moment, looking at him while his back is turned and he's unaware. She's smiling faintly. We get it. She's in love with him.

GRETCHEN
What about the soul?

He glances back at her and smirks, assuming she's joking. Seeing that she's not, he seems a little surprised.

WALT
The soul.

She shrugs -- why not? He crosses to her, leans low with his hands on the arms of her chair, nose-to-nose with her. Smiling. Wanting to kiss her. But before he does:

WALT
Nothing here but chemistry.

Modern-day Walt, older and a lot less full of life, sits in his car remembering this like it was yesterday. He gets no comfort from it, however.

There's no putting it off any longer -- it's time to go home. Walt turns the key in the ignition. He slides the shifter into gear.

Not even aware he's doing it, Walt WHISTLES a little tune under his breath. It's slower tempo than the last time we heard it, but we probably recognize it nonetheless. It's the advertising ditty from the furniture store.

Off Walt, rolling up his windows and driving out of frame...

41 INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 41

It's still the middle of the day. Walter, Jr. is at school. The front door quietly unlocks and Walt enters.

(CONTINUED)

He slowly moves through the living room, taking in his home as if he's never quite seen it before. Or maybe this is him seeing everything through new eyes.

Carrying his school briefcase, Walt sets it on the kitchen counter. He stands here motionless, his hand resting on it.

Working up his nerve, he slowly walks on out of frame down the hall toward the bedroom.

42 INT. WHITE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

42

The bed is made. Skyler sits on the foot of it, fully clothed. Her eyes are red. She's been crying. It was a rough night for her, too.

We sense Walt's silent presence as he eases into view behind her, totally out-of-focus in the bedroom doorway. She knows he's here, but she doesn't turn to look.

WALT
(a beat)
Skyler...

We don't think she'll acknowledge him. Finally, she turns. They stare at one another.

Skyler is on the verge of bringing up divorce. Walt sees it. He's got to explain himself. There's no other way.

Long, weighty silence. Then:

WALT
I have something I need to tell
you.

Off Walt, and this confessional cliffhanger...

CUT TO BLACK.

END EPISODE