

BREAKING BAD

"Full Measure"

Episode #313

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As Broadcast

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BREAKING BAD
"Full Measure"

Cast List

WALT
SKYLER
JESSE
WALTER, JR.

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

BREAKING BAD
"Full Measure"

Set List

Interiors:

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

Exteriors:

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

TEASER

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The HEARTH fills frame.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

REALTOR

Well, hello there.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

SKYLER

Hi, I hope we're not too late.

REALTOR

No, no. Perfect timing.

SKYLER

Okay. Stan, this is my husband Walt.

WALT

Hi.

REALTOR

Good to meet you, Walt.

WALT

Nice to meet you.

REALTOR

(he and Walt shake)
Sandia Laboratories, huh?

WALT

Yeah.

REALTOR

I hear some pretty fascinating stuff goes on out there.

WALT

(no big deal)
Yeah, well, you know...

REALTOR

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

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

WALT

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

REALTOR

Well, just remember I get a cut!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALT

Alright. It's a deal.

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

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

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

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

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

SKYLER

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

WALT

Sure.

SKYLER

Okay.

REALTOR

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

SKYLER

Okay, thanks.

WALT

Alright.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SKYLER

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

WALT

(noncommittal)

Yeah.

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

SKYLER

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

WALT

Ah, the dining "area." Right.

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

SKYLER

(tah-dah!)

Oh, and uh... it's got a pool...

WALT

Pool is nice.

(eh)

Backyard could be a little bigger.

SKYLER

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

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

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY/VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

WALT

How many bedrooms?

SKYLER

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

(re: the nursery)

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

WALT

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

SKYLER

(good-natured)

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

WALT

(smiling)

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

(glances into back rooms)

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

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

SKYLER

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

WALT

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKYLER

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

WALT

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

Skyler frown/smiles at him.

SKYLER

Did you win the lottery and not tell me?

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

WALT

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

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

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. CORRAL - DAY

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

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

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

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

INT. AZTEK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

WALT

(a beat)

Yeah.

MIKE (V.O.)

Walter, you see us?

WALT

Yeah. I see you.

MIKE (V.O.)

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

WALT

And then what?

(off the silence)

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

A faint, impatient SIGH. And then:

MIKE (V.O.)

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

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

EXT. CORRAL/GRASSLANDS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Walt shuts his car door and starts walking...

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

MIKE

Walter. You've been busy.

(then)

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

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

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

MIKE

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

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

WALT

You said no half measures.

MIKE

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

(glancing back)

You get your car fixed?

WALT

Not yet.

MIKE

You're gonna wanna get your car fixed.

WALT

(his eyes on the Suburban)

Let's see how this goes first.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

EXT. SUBURBAN - DAY

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

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

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

Walt arrives, standing before him. Silence. Then:

GUS
Has your condition worsened?

WALT
(a beat)
Excuse me?

GUS
Your medical condition. Has it grown worse?

WALT
Not that I know of, no.

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

Walt stares. Gives the slightest shake of his head.

WALT
I'm quite well, thank you.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT

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

GUS

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

WALT

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

GUS

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

WALT

Maybe.

(then)

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

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

GUS

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

WALT

(a long beat; then)

I would never ask you that.

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

GUS

Where is Pinkman now?

WALT

I wouldn't know.

Gus shakes his head, not buying that.

WALT

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALT (CONT'D)

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

Behind Walt, Mike stirs a little.

MIKE

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

Walt glances to Mike, then back to Gus.

WALT

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

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

WALT

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

(a beat)

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

(off Gus' stare)

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

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

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

GUS

What is Option B?

WALT

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WALT (CONT'D)

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

(then)

I prefer Option B.

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

GUS

You'd need a new assistant.

WALT

(nods -- yes)

I could get right on that.

GUS

No. This time I choose.

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

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

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

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

MIKE

Your car. Get it fixed.

WALT

(never looking back)

Yeah.

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

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

EXT. INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY - MORNING

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

INT. SUPERLAB - MORNING

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

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

WALT

Really?

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

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

WALT

It's good to see you.

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

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

GALE

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

WALT

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

END ACT ONE