

BREAKING BAD

"Half Measures"

Episode #312

Written by
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&
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Directed by
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As Broadcast

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BREAKING BAD
"Half Measures"

Cast List

WALT
SKYLER
JESSE
WALTER, JR.
HANK
MARIE

SAUL
GUS
MIKE
ANDREA
BABY HOLLY
BROCK
BULLETHEAD #1
BULLETHEAD #2
TOMAS
VICTOR
WENDY

DRIVER (Non-speaking)
JUNKIE (Non-speaking)

BREAKING BAD
"Half Measures"

Set List

Interiors:

WHITE HOUSE
 BATHROOM
 DINING ROOM
 HALLWAY
 KITCHEN
 LIVING ROOM
SUPERLAB
HOSPITAL
 HANK'S ROOM
 CORRIDOR
SAUL GOODMAN'S OFFICE
BAR
ANDREA'S HOUSE
 BEDROOM
FACTORY FARM
 OFFICE TRAILER
THE CRYSTAL PALACE
 WENDY'S ROOM
WALT'S AZTEK
JESSE'S TERCEL
VICTOR'S CAR

Exteriors:

WHITE HOUSE
BAR
FACTORY FARM
 OFFICE TRAILER
THE CRYSTAL PALACE
STREETCORNER
URBAN STREET
PLAYGROUND CRIME SCENE

TEASER

EXT. THE CRYSTAL PALACE - DAY

MUSIC STARTS -- a chirpy and cheerful mid-60s pop tune.
You'll recognize it immediately.

Under it, a familiar MOTEL SIGN stands out against the sky.

WIDE now to reveal the sign stands beacon before our infamous
"Crystal Palace" MOTEL -- last seen as the site of Jesse's
bust by the DEA in episode 203.

And in the parking lot of the Palace... a lone female figure.
A working girl. She glances over as an old beater comes
chugging into the lot.

CLOSE -- the working girl is WENDY, our lovable meth whore
(and Jesse's sometime-squeeze). It's been an unbelievable 22
episodes since we saw her last, and we missed her!

She flicks away her cigarette and falters over on her tall
platform heels, climbing in the passenger seat of the beater
which has pulled up before her. The DRIVER is some creepy
Tom Clancy-type, but hey, a job's a job.

The SONG which plays beneath is "Windy," by The Association.
It will run throughout our Teaser.

THE ASSOCIATION

(singing)

*Who's peekin' out from under a
stairway --
Callin' a name that's lighter than
air --
Who's bendin' down to give me a
rainbow --
Everyone knows it's Windy!*

"Who's bending down to give me a rainbow" should hit at just
the moment Wendy's head disappears from view beneath her
john's dashboard. Because after all, we can always use
another Peabody Award for Excellence in Television.

The pacing here is sprightly. Essentially, we're building a
music video that depicts a day in the life of Wendy.

Her existence centers around the Crystal Palace, so we'll
never stray too far from it (at least till Teaser's end).
Her main activity and source of income is giving quick,
around-the-block blowjobs -- which means all day long she's
getting picked up by different cars and trucks, driven around
the block, then let off right back where she started.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Throughout this set-to-music MONTAGE (for which we should provide on-set PLAYBACK), Wendy's pulse seldom goes above 60. Her blank, bored expression tells us she doesn't despise her life -- she simply doesn't think about it. She might as well be twisting bolts on an assembly line.

THE ASSOCIATION

(singing)

*Who's trippin' down the streets of
the city --
Smilin' at everybody she sees --
Who's reachin' out to capture a
moment --
Everyone knows it's Windy!*

Crucial to shoot is a HIGH AND WIDE TIME-LAPSE of the lot, with Wendy getting in and out of various vehicles. As clouds scud overhead in pixilated fast-motion, she goes around the block in ten or twelve cars (representing a timespan, at least in theory, of four or five hours). She doesn't get into every car that cruises her, as every now and then somebody doesn't like the price she's charging.

We intercut this time-lapse with scenes of downtime, as Wendy's day involves a lot of standing around or sitting on the stairs. Amongst these moments:

-- Wendy buys cans of ROOT BEER from the motel soda machine. As established, she's a big fan of root beer, so this is something we can keep cutting back to.

-- Wendy eats take-out Asian food from a white Styrofoam tray. She bends back one of the tines on her plastic fork and uses it to pick her teeth.

-- Wendy talks trash with our tattooed and horned DEVIL MAN (last seen in episode 213). Throughout all these moments we certainly might record production sound... but the conceit is that we're hearing MUSIC, not dialog.

-- Wendy stands idly smoking. She picks something off her tongue, peers at it. *Huh.*

-- Screaming at a customer who underpaid, Wendy throws her can of root beer at him as he drives off. It bounces off the back of his station wagon, jetting mocha-colored FOAM.

-- Around the side of the motel, Wendy squats behind the dumpster, taking a tinkle. She smokes, staring into space.

THE ASSOCIATION

(singing)

*... And Windy has stormy eyes --
that flash at the sound of lies --*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE ASSOCIATION (CONT'D)

*And Windy has wings to fly -- Above
the clouds, above the clouds, above
the clouds...*

-- Wendy talks more trash, then gets in a tug-of-war with a big TRANSVESTITE HOOKER (last seen in 205) over a rabbit fur coat. Wrestling outside her weight class, she loses.

-- Add to these moments whatever seedy/fun/evocative bits of business our director might add. Shooter's choice!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE CRYSTAL PALACE - WENDY'S ROOM - DAY

Inside her room here at the Palace (established in 102 and 203), we intercut Wendy taking regular meth breaks.

-- CLOSE ON her glass pipe as she fires it up, deeply inhaling white clouds of the stuff she's living her life for. Hands down, this is the best part of her day.

THE ASSOCIATION

(singing)

*... And Windy has stormy eyes --
that flash at the sound of lies --
And Windy has wings to fly -- Above
the clouds, above the clouds, above
the clouds...*

-- Wendy checks her stash, frowning at the fact she's running low. The 8-ball she's holding has maybe only three or four hits left. She taps it with a finger.

-- Wendy counts her cash. Getting close to enough. She tucks it back in some clever hiding place that other junkies hopefully won't discover.

-- Her tall shoes kicked off, Wendy lies propped on her bed with her knees up in front of her, smoking a cig and staring blankly at her television. What's on TV should not be seen, as we don't want to have to pay for it. Instead, the box throws flickering blue light throughout the darkened room.

Off this hellish, miserable existence, ironically set against a bubble gum SOUNDTRACK...

EXT. STREETCORNER - DAY

CLOSE ON Wendy's platform heels clip-clopping the sidewalk. We TRACK LOW, following behind them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE ASSOCIATION

(singing)

*Who's trippin' down the streets of
the city --
Smilin' at everybody she sees --
Who's reachin' out to capture a
moment --
Everyone knows it's Windy!*

CLOSE following behind the greasy FAST FOOD BAG that dangles from her hand.

Andrea's little brother TOMAS -- Combo's ten-year-old killer -- rides idle circles on his bicycle in f.g. as Wendy walks through frame in b.g. The kid is bored. He pays no attention to her, nor she to him.

WIDE to reveal a familiar intersection in a rough part of town. We saw it at the end of our previous episode, and before that in the Teaser of 211. This is where Combo died.

Wendy heads for an old muscle car parked inconspicuously across the way from the kid. Inside it sit our two familiar BULLETHEADS. They're the creeps who ordered Combo's murder. They know Wendy well, aren't surprised to see her. Likely, she's one of their best customers.

WENDY

Hey guys.

She hands them the bag of burgers (more on that later) and bends down to bullshit with them through the open driver's window. She's their very best friend in the world just as long as they're selling.

Wendy shoots a quick glance around for cops, then slips the guys a wad of her hard-earned cash. Off this close, objective angle...

INT. TERCEL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

... MATCH-CUT to the same activity as now seen in JUMPY, EXTREME TELEPHOTO. This long-lens view tells us we're inside someone's covert surveillance. We watch as the BULLETHEAD DRIVER takes Wendy's money and slips her an 8-ball of METH.

She tucks it in her pocket, keeps talking. The guys unwrap the burgers she brought them and eat. They keep their eyes peeled as they chew, though they never quite look our way. They seem to tolerate Wendy because she gives them food, and probably the occasional BJ.

Off this WIDE VIEW:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Reveal that it's JESSE slumped low behind the steering wheel of his parked Tercel. He's by himself, watching these dudes from a couple blocks away.

Jesse keeps staring out his windshield.

Off our Jesse, with hate in his heart, grim determination in his eyes... and now, a dawning IDEA...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. AZTEK - DRIVING - AFTERNOON

CLOSE -- hands on a steering wheel, properly situated at ten and two o'clock. ADJUST to reveal they belong to WALTER, JR.

Yes, our young man is growing up. He's DRIVING through the White's own neighborhood (some side street or other, so that we're not currently within sight of the actual house).

Keeping his eyes properly peeled through the windshield, he shoots a quick glance to the seat next to him. After a moment, he hazards another.

Walt's not nervous the way he was the last time he gave his son a lesson (back in ep. 204). Maybe it's because Junior is doing much better this time around. Or maybe it's due to the fact Walt has been through so much life-changing shit since then that a car crash is the least of his worries.

WALTER, JR.

So if it's okay, I was thinking I'd use this one for the test.

(off Walt's glance)

Mom's brakes are very sticky and you barely press down on them and it's like *screeech*.

WALT

Sure.

Walt nods. Fine. Another beat of silence, then:

WALTER, JR.

But I'm good?

WALT

Yeah, you're great. Why?

WALTER, JR.

Um... are my feet okay?

He asks this meaningfully. Walt glances down into the driver's side foot well.

Walt's POV: Junior has one foot on the GAS PEDAL and the other poised over the BRAKE. We may recall this was their big bone of contention last time. Walt hated it.

Before Walt can answer, Walter, Jr. is already explaining.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER, JR.

I looked it up -- New Mexico says
all I need is a note from a doctor.

(off Walt's shrug)

I-I know it's not the "right" way
and all. But once I get my
provisional, I can keep working at
it.

WALT

(a beat)

Well, as long as it gets you safely
from point A to point B, then who
am I to argue?

He says it matter-of-factly. He's resigned, but not bitter.
Walter, Jr. is more than a little surprised.

Is there something more to read into this? Has the fight
left Walt altogether? Is "Heisenberg" dead and buried?

Off Walt, okay with being driven and not driving...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON a LAPTOP SCREEN -- it shows a Wikipedia entry on
"MONEY LAUNDERING." We slowly scroll through it, reading.
Educating ourselves. This is the POV of...

... SKYLER, sitting at the dining room table, her laptop in
front of her. She steeps herself in the complexities of
criminal enterprises while breast-feeding BABY HOLLY.

SKYLER

(softly, to Holly)

Hi! You're a sweet girl... yes you
are... yes you are... yes you are.

(beat)

I know...

The sound of TIRES out in the driveway turns her attention.
She closes her laptop and gently disengages her daughter.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

The Aztek is parked in the driveway. The engine shuts off
and Junior opens his driver's door, retrieving his crutches
from the backseat. Walt rounds from the passenger side.

WALTER, JR.

Here you go... Got it.

(CONTINUED)

Walter, Jr. grabs his backpack, nods. Walt hugs him goodbye.

WALTER, JR.
So, nine AM Saturday.

WALT
Nine AM Saturday.

WALTER, JR.
So which means pick me up about
8:30..?

WALT
I'll be here with bells on.

WALTER, JR.
What?

WALT
Just a saying... Don't worry. I
won't be wearing bells.

Walt is ready to climb in his car and go. But just now,
Skyler exits the house (sans baby), headed their way.

SKYLER
Hey.

WALTER, JR.
Hey, Mom.

SKYLER
(to Walt)
Hi. Um, do you have a minute?
(off his nod; to Junior)
Could you, uh, go in and keep an
eye on your sister for me?

Walter, Jr. takes that as his cue to head inside the house.

WALTER, JR.
Yeah, sure. Alright, seeya, Dad.

WALT
Bye, Son. Hey, good work today.

WALTER, JR.
Thank you.

Walt gives him a smile and a wave. Skyler and Walt remain
standing here beside Walt's Aztek, Skyler waiting for Junior
to get some distance before she says what's on her mind.
Once she does, her voice stays low.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKYLER

Have you thought anymore about what we discussed?

WALT

"Thought anymore" meaning "reconsidered?" No.

She's not happy to hear it.

SKYLER

So, show me the flaw in it.

WALT

(with emphasis)

Uh, flaws, Skyler. Flaws plural, not singular. Where do you want me to start?

SKYLER

Hey, I don't love this situation, alright? That you put me in! However, let's just stick with what makes sense here: You took the seed money you won gambling, you invested it in the car wash that you helped run for four years. You hired your wife as a bookkeeper, because guess what? She's actually a bookkeeper. Now, that is a story an auditor can believe. So what am I missing?

WALT

You're missing that you should just take this money that I give you and not look too closely at it. So if, god forbid, I get caught... you maintain plausible deniability.

Skyler pins him with a withering look.

SKYLER

Okay, my estranged husband, who -- when he was working -- made forty-three thousand dollars a year, starts shoveling money at me. And when the police come, I'm supposed to say "Gee, I, uh, never thought about it, officers. Made sense to me!" Really? That, in your mind, is "plausible deniability."

(off his silence)

I tell you what, Walt...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SKYLER (CONT'D)

I'd rather have them think I was Bonnie what's-her-name than some complete idiot.

Walt considers her. Clearly, she's serious about all of this. She gives no sign of giving in or changing her mind. Walt mulls his options. *If you can't beat 'em...*

WALT

So you're promoting caution here. And you want a believable story.

SKYLER

That, it seems to me, is the safest way to make the best of a very bad situation, yes.

WALT

Ah. But I'm noting a little hole in your plot, though. Why would your "estranged" husband be doing all this for you?

Wary Skyler quickly sees where this is headed. Cocking her head and giving back as good as she gets:

SKYLER

Because he loves his family and desperately wants a reconciliation. Though it may be hopeless and futile... then again, he'd try anything.

WALT

I'm just not buying it. No, I-I think it would be better if the husband were no longer estranged. Maybe if he were back sleeping in his own bed...

SKYLER

Wow. Suddenly a fantasy story.

Realizing this is a battle he will only lose, Walt instead turns it into a negotiation.

WALT

I am at least going to be a part of this household. Dinner with the family, every night of the week.

SKYLER

Not every night, no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WALT

Six nights a week. You get one night off.

SKYLER

Dinner two nights. Not weekends. With twenty-four hours' notice.

WALT

(no fucking way)

Five nights a week, with no notice.

SKYLER

Three. Six hours' notice.

WALT

Five nights a week, with two hours' notice.

SKYLER

Four.

(as he opens his mouth)

Don't push it.

Walt considers, sighs... then nods (all of that horse-trading should play pretty fast, but not sitcom-fast).

WALT

And I want my own key to the house.

SKYLER

No.

WALT

(nodding; non-negotiable)

For emergencies, and for appearances, yes. I am going to babysit my own daughter, I'm going to help my son with his homework. I am going to be a part of this family. And that is how we'll sell your little fiction.

Off Walt, not backing down...

INT. SUPERLAB - DAY

A new day. We're looking straight up at bright lights and ductwork from INSIDE the huge stainless MIX/COOK TANK.

We hear a warning BEEP... BEEP... of machinery. A HISS of hydraulics.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Into view above us parks a steel chemical DRUM turned on its side. It's balanced on the business end of our stand-up FORKLIFT.

Jesse climbs into view, reaching to yank the CAP off the top of the drum with a beefy pair of pliers. Reddish-brown METHYLAMINE gushes down onto us, obscuring our view.

NEW ANGLE -- Jesse watches the chemical GLUG-GLUG out, his mind preoccupied by a great many things. He climbs down off a stepladder poised beside the vat. He steps back aboard the forklift and JIGGLES the now-empty drum with it, making sure to shake out the last few drops.

Walt wanders into view, scanning a clipboard he has in hand. While not exactly whistling here, he's likely in a better mood than usual, considering the inroads he has recently made with Skyler.

Jesse stands above, studying Walt a moment. Sizing him up. Reaching a decision:

JESSE

How 'bout we stop somewhere afterward and get a beer?

Walt glances up from his clipboard. Did he just hear right? Seems like a really out-of-the-blue request.

WALT

Uh. No thanks though. Maybe some other time.

JESSE

Seriously. Get a beer with me.

Sounds casual enough... only Jesse isn't asking. Walt stares up at the kid, confused. Jesse eyes him meaningfully, in a way that seems to say *Let's talk. Only not here, in this place you think may be bugged.*

Not waiting for an answer, Jesse expertly wheels the forklift around and goes driving off on it, putting away the empty barrel. BEEP... BEEP... BEEP. Off Walt, staring after him:

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

To establish -- this is an old-school neighborhood place, nothing fancy. Maybe we can grab this special, on the fly?

INT. BAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a glass of Coke. Teetotaling Jesse (remember, he's in recovery) is not drinking alcohol. He's not even drinking his soda, come to mention it. His mind is elsewhere.

Walt sits before him, a beer mug in hand. The two of them sit in a booth or somesuch -- some spot in this half-full place which affords them privacy.

Walt senses the kid has something big on his mind, and he's curious to hear it. He's patient, too, until finally...

WALT

What?

Glancing up at him, Jesse reaches in his pocket and pulls something out. He tosses it atop the scarred table between them. Walt frowns, recognizing it.

Walt's CLOSE POV -- it's a TEENTH baggie of BLUE METH.

Walt's hand slaps down atop it, obscuring it from sight. He shoots a quick yet subtle glance around the place -- *did anyone see that?* Relieved no one did:

WALT

What the hell are you doing? --

JESSE

That's ours, right?

(points)

Look at it and tell me if that's ours.

What the fuck?! Walt takes the briefest glance at the teenth under his palm, then shoves it back at Jesse.

WALT

Yes, it's ours. Now put it away.

What the hell is wrong with you?

(Jesse tucks it away)

Where did you get that? Did you take it from the lab?!

JESSE

I bought it from the two guys who killed Combo.

Walt settles down. Returns to being confused. Staring intently, Jesse quietly spells it out for him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSE

They had Combo shot down in the street, and now it's our product they're selling. Which means they work for our guy. Right?

Already not liking where this is headed, Walt tries to keep things reasonable. Even-keeled.

WALT

Wh-what is that? That's hearsay. Do you have any proof?

JESSE

I heard it from the sister of the kid who shot him.

(then)

You hear how I just said "kid?" This kid -- he's eleven years old. Shot Combo on orders. These two... scumbags. They got him dealing, they got him...

Jesse trails off, not wanting to say it again -- as the whole thing makes him emotional, and he's trying hard to stay calm.

JESSE

You know he's not the first. They use kids 'cause hey, why not? Easy to control. Easy to fool. All they get is juvie if they ever get caught. Hearts and minds, right? Get 'em young and they're yours forever.

(off Walt's silence)

These guys killed Combo. They used this little kid like some puppet. They used him to shoot my friend.

Jesse sighs raggedly and lapses into silence. He stares at the tabletop between them. A wary beat.

WALT

So why are you telling me this?

Jesse eyes Walt evenly. He's back in control of himself.

JESSE

I need your help.

WALT

(not wanting to know)
... How?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JESSE

I need ricin.

WALT

Oh my God. Uh... God.

Walt silently shakes his head -- *absolutely, positively not.*

JESSE

These two...

WALT

No.

JESSE

Hey, they gotta go, alright? I got the entire thing figured out.

WALT

No.

JESSE

The delivery method, everything. All I need from you is the poison, that's all.

WALT

No.

JESSE

Look. Otherwise, you don't haveta, you don't gotta lift a finger.

WALT

No. Listen, you don't even know what you're talking about. Not even --

JESSE

-- You don't get how right this is? You don't get how the whole entire world would be better off?

WALT

I know we're not even talking about this.

JESSE

I know a woman who buys from these two once or twice a week. Alright?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JESSE (CONT'D)

She brings 'em hamburgers 'cause they sit in their car all day and they get hungry, so she brings 'em food, and they knock a few bucks off her price. There's your delivery system right there. I can be a mile away.

WALT

(arguing despite himself)

Jesus. A meth-head you're trusting to do this.

JESSE

You know what? That meth-head stood up to your brother-in-law, alright? He questioned her five hours and she didn't give it up. You know how it is you know it? 'Cause you're not in prison right now!

WALT

Yeah, well I know I would be in prison after this. Prison or worse. And I'd be right alongside you.

(tries to make him see)

Jesse... you cannot be serious. This-this is a ridiculous idea.

JESSE

It's ridiculous? What, so you're saying it's not gonna work? How about back when it was YOUR plan? Back when we were gonna use it on Tuco?

WALT

Apples and oranges.

JESSE

Guy eats ricin -- two, three days later he gets the flu or a heart attack or something and keels over. That's what you said. Untraceable back to us!

(corrects himself)

To-to me. Not even that other scumbag we work for is ever gonna figure it out. Yo, it was a good plan back when it was Tuco, and it's a good plan now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WALT

Tuco... wanted to murder us. These guys... don't. Apples and oranges! Do-do I really have to sit here and explain the difference to you?

Jesse's eyes glow at Walt, but his voice gets low and even.

JESSE

Combo was us, man. He was one of us. Does that mean nothing?

WALT

(realizes something)
Why didn't you go after these guys two or three months ago? Huh?

JESSE

'Cause I just found out about 'em.

WALT

What's to find out? It's a dispute over turf, right? I mean, how hard could it have been for you to track them down on their turf and kill them months ago?

(before Jesse can answer)

Because back then you were too busy getting high. Feeling sorry.

Walt isn't being cruel. He's trying to connect, to help.

WALT

Now, murder is not part of your twelve-step program. This is not some... amends you have to make. What you are talking about here is pointless. This achieves nothing. It accomplishes nothing.

Jesse keeps staring at Walt for the longest time. He's not even angry at him. He's simply bewildered. Calmly, quietly:

JESSE

If you can't see what it accomplishes... then there's no way I can explain it to you.

Jesse reaches in his pocket, pulls his wallet and counts out cash. Walt wants to keep him here, keep him talking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

WALT

Jesse, listen to me... You are not a murderer. I'm not, and you're not. It's as simple as that.

Jesse drops some money on the table to cover their drinks. He's not acting petty or pissy about this, nor is he leaving in a childish huff. He's behaving like a proper grown-up. One who isn't going to waste his breath. He rises.

WALT

Jesse...

JESSE

I'm doing it. With or without you.

Serious as a heart attack. With that, he calmly walks out of the bar, never once looking back.

Walt twists in his seat to stare after him... then faces forward again once Jesse is gone. Off agitated Walt, wondering how in the hell he's supposed to deal with this:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HOSPITAL - HANK'S ROOM -- DAY

UP ON: a TABLE covered with a picked through chocolate assortment, hand lotion, wadded up Kleenex and a wilting stalk of purple flowers -- detritus of a long hospital stay.

NEW ANGLE: MARIE, HANK and WALTER, JR. are playing CARDS. Hank's sitting up, his guests perched on opposite edges of his bed. They use a serving tray for a card table.

Walter, Jr. picks up from the pile. Thinks a moment, then discards. Now it's Hank's turn. He picks up a card, shakes his head, disgusted, and almost immediately discards.

(Note: They're playing "knock rummy" here. In this game, if you think your cards will add up to the lowest score, you can knock and challenge the other players. Lowest hand wins.)

Marie's turn. She picks up a card and considers it... at length. Contemplating her next move like she was Boris Spassky. Hank sighs, impatient. *Sometime this year, maybe?*

Finally Marie makes her move, setting down her hand.

MARIE

Knock! Knock!

HANK

(irritated)

Chrissakes, you don't say "knock-knock", you...

Hank raps the tray table -- *knock-knock-knock*.

HANK

... like that.

MARIE

(not arguing, but not backing down either)

Well, I like saying it.

HANK

Yeah, well, that's not the rules.

He raps the table again, harder -- *knock-knock-knock-knock*.

HANK

Okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This isn't Hank teasing and being playful here -- ever since his "*time to leave the hospital and go home*" argument with Marie back in Ep. 311, he's been seriously cranky.

MARIE

Listen, you knock your way,
Groucho, I'll knock mine.
(triumph)
But look, see? I win!

WALTER, JR.

Not so fast...

Walter, Jr. grins as he sets down the real winning hand.

HANK

(rolls his eyes)
Christ, again? That's 3 in a row.
Frickin' Paul Newman over here.

MARIE

(suspicious)
Have you been playing cards with
your dad?

WALTER, JR.

(confused)
No. Why?

Marie checks herself. She promised Skyler: no one can know about Walt's gambling problem. Especially Hank.

HANK

How is your old man? He back
teaching?

WALTER, JR.

No. Uh, I don't think either of
them are working right now.

HANK

(surprised)
Yeah? How they swinging that?

WALTER, JR.

I dunno.

Marie jumps in. They're veering back into 'Sick Walt And His Dirty Money Secret' territory, so she changes the subject:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARIE

Hey, did you know that the doctors told your Uncle Hank that he can get out of here any time he wants to?

WALTER, JR.

Oh, yeah? That's great!

Smelling a set-up, Hank shoots Marie a look.

HANK

Yeah, we're not sure about that.

WALTER, JR.

Why not?

MARIE

(off Hank, innocent)

What? That's what they said.

HANK

(increasingly prickly)

That's what they said because they, uh, they want the room. Hit the sheets with Lysol, re-set the meter and wheel in the next slob. We went over this, Marie. Drop it.

Marie shrugs, pouts. Starts to tally the game scores.

WALTER, JR.

(carefully)

Are you not well enough?

HANK

(temper flaring)

Jesus kid, you too?! Do I look well enough? I'm shitting in pans, peeing in pitchers, can't move my legs! Got it?

WALTER, JR.

(stands his ground)

So... people in wheelchairs should be in hospitals? What about people on crutches? Maybe I should be in here too? Is that what you're trying to say?

Oops -- time for Hank to backtrack and apologize. Right?
Actually, no -- time to be more ornery than ever:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HANK

That's exactly what I'm sayin'.
Now deal, you little prick.

Off Marie: stewing. *How in the hell is she ever going to get Hank to leave? It's going to be really hard to pull off.*

INT. SAUL GOODMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON a HAND playing with the Scales of Justice. Pull back to show: Walt. Sitting on the couch, absently fiddling with Saul's garish, non-ironic coffee table CENTERPIECE. He sits anxiously, waiting, waiting...

NEW ANGLE reveals: Saul sitting at his desk, peering intently into his computer screen. Hmm... what could Saul be working on that's so important? An Ice Station Zebra spreadsheet? Updating his Facebook class-action page?

We COME AROUND to show: Saul's playing computer solitaire. Huh? What the hell? Why are these two just... *sitting here?*

SAUL

(re: game)

Bitch...

(finally glances over)

You know I'm hourly, right?

Walt checks his watch for the 39th time.

WALT

He promised me that he would be here.

SAUL

(dry)

Oh, he "promised"? Why didn't you tell me? Let's wait then.

Walt sits there, staring off, like he hadn't heard.

SAUL

That's a joke. The kid ain't coming.

Walt stands, begins to pace. Saul quits his game, stretches.

SAUL

Okay, so, what's Plan B?

WALT

(at a complete loss)

I don't know... I really don't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAUL

Well, let's brainstorm.

Saul leans back in his chair, steeples his fingers.

SAUL

You really think he's serious?

WALT

(shoots him a look)

That's why I'm here, Saul.

(half to himself)

The way he was talking..? He is going to do it. Or try, at least.

SAUL

Okay, so, what? We pay him off.

WALT

No, no. It's not about money... it's about getting him off the streets. Getting him to calm down...

Walt stops. A thought forming. A crazy thought...

WALT

Maybe..? What if we..? Maybe... could you get him arrested?

SAUL

(frowns, dubious)

You-you want your criminal associate taken into police custody?

WALT

No, no, listen. I know it sounds risky, but it wouldn't be anything that would get him into real trouble and nothing that could lead back to our business. Just some minor offense.

If it seems like Walt's reaching here, you're right, but sometimes desperate times call for half-baked ideas.

SAUL

(still not convinced)

Pinkman in jail? I don't know: I'm picturing it and my...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALT

I don't mean "jail" as in, *jail* jail. I'm talking about one of those... situations where you're in an orange jumpsuit, picking up litter along the highway.

SAUL

(smartass beat)

That's jail.

(catching on)

You're talking about a level 2 joint.

WALT

Something that keeps him off the street for say, 30 days? Then, by the time he gets out, tempers have cooled and hopefully we can move on.

Saul mulls it over. It's certainly not the most brilliant of Walter White plans (it's been awhile since we saw one of those) but Saul always enjoys a challenge.

SAUL

(thinking out loud)

Well, you know, Roswell Correctional's pretty low impact, you know. In the past, I've recommended Springer, but I'm hearing chancy things about their bathrooms since they renovated. So.

WALT

So it-it's possible?

SAUL

(shrugs)

Well, it falls under my Premium Services Package, but you can afford that.

Saul picks up his phone and dials.

SAUL

I'll call my P.I.

Off Walt: nodding, hopeful for this Plan B.

INT. CRYSTAL PALACE - WENDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: a HAND holding a bag of BLUE METH. Shake, shake. rustle, rustle -- its a lot of gack. Half pound. Maybe more.

NEW ANGLE shows: it's Jesse's hand. He's pulled a chair up to the bed where Wendy sits cross-legged, alternately deep-hitting on a cigarette and gnawing at her nails.

JESSE

(low, intense)

You understand what you have to do?

Wendy's looking away, she's actively not looking at Jesse and all that dope.... calling out her name...

JESSE

And you can never talk to anyone, right? I mean ever, understand?

WENDY

(quiet)

Yeah.

JESSE

I found this stuff on the internet. Takes days to kick in. Just keep quiet and this won't ever come back to you.

(off her silence)

You're okay with this, right?

Wendy shrugs -- she's obviously not okay.

JESSE

(steadying)

Just think of it like it's the same thing as always; you're just delivering some hamburgers.

WENDY

It's not just delivering hamburgers.

Ah, the refreshing moral clarity of a meth whore. But Jesse doesn't relent. He continues to gently push.

JESSE

Hey. You got a kid, right? What's his name?

WENDY

Patrick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSE

Alright, imagine these two guys had Patrick working as a mule. Making him kill people. Wouldn't you do anything to protect your kid?

WENDY

'Course I would. I do all kinds of things for him.

JESSE

Okay so, these guys using kids like that? They gotta go. Right?

Wendy gives a barely perceptible nod.

JESSE

Good.

He stands and drops the bag of meth on the TABLE -- *thunk*.

JESSE

Tomorrow. I'll be in touch.

Jesse leaves. Wendy continues to just sit there, not looking at the dope... not looking at the dope... not looking...

Outside we hear: TRUCK BRAKES. An eerie groan. Like a whale call.

Off Wendy: who turns and finally looks.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: BABY HOLLY. Sucking greedily on a PACIFIER. Walt's with her. He got his key from Skyler after their negotiations, and is now taking over some of the child care duties. He has Holly on a blanket on the living room floor, where she lies on her back.

WALT

(to Holly)

Yeah... I'll bet that tastes good.

There's a KNOCK on the door, interrupting this bonding time.

WALT

(to Holly)

Hey... come here, baby. Okay... here we go. Here we go...

Walt rises and walks to the door, checking who it is through the window... *What the--?* He opens to reveal...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE. Saul's "P.I."

WALT

(agitated)

What are you doing? If you need to talk, use the phone.

MIKE

(coolly insisting)

This isn't a phone talk, Walter.
Your wife's out, right?

Walt hesitates. He's not crazy about letting this guy inside his home, but this sounds serious. Walt stands aside, closing the door quickly after Mike enters.

MIKE

(smiling, re: Holly)

Aw, isn't she somethin'. I got a granddaughter a few years older.

Uneasy about these two worlds of his colliding, Walt picks her up and loads her into the bassinet.

WALT

('get on with it')

What can I do for you?

Mike sits on the couch. Walt remains standing, he's not gonna let Mike get settled in...

MIKE

Have a seat, Walter.

Nice try. Walt grudgingly sits.

MIKE

I spoke to Goodman about Pinkman and this plan of yours.

WALT

(impatient)

And?

MIKE

Well, I'm not gonna do it.

WALT

Why?

MIKE

Because it's moronic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALT

Saul said you've done things like this before.

MIKE

(shrugs, 'maybe')

That's not the moronic part.

WALT

(losing patience)

Okay. So? What's the problem?

Mike sighs. He's about to go out on a limb here for Walt. And not for the first time, either. For some reason, Mike's always kinda had a soft spot for him.

MIKE

The problem is... the Boss wouldn't like it.

WALT

Saul?

MIKE

My boss.

(adds meaningfully)

Your boss.

Mike works for Gus?! This is news to Walt. Troubling news. It's another sign of Gus' extensive, subterranean reach.

MIKE

This is a professional courtesy. No one knows I'm here. Understand?

Walt nods, numb.

MIKE

But our employer would find out. Like always. And, if Pinkman were arrested... he'd take it as a problem.

(level gaze)

Walt, you got a good thing going here. We all do. You want to risk it all on one junkie?

That's a good question. These days, *who* knows what Jesse will do? What he's capable of? Walt certainly doesn't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MIKE

Now, I realize you two have a history, but this kid's been on the bubble a while now. It's a long time comin'.

Walt gets a chill.

WALT

... what is?

The question hangs in the air a moment. Then, in that no-nonsense, matter-of-fact Mike style, he tells a story:

MIKE

Um... I used to be a beat cop, long time ago. And I'd get called out on domestic disputes all the time. Hundreds, probably, over the years. But there was this one guy, this one piece of shit that I will never forget. Gordie. He looked like Bo Svenson. You remember him? "Walking Tall?" You don't remember?

WALT

(quiet)

No.

Normally when underworld types come in his home, sit on his couch and break into storytime, Walt pays attention for about zero seconds. But it's hard not listen to Mike here.

MIKE

(nods, continues)

Anyway. Big boy. 270-280. But his wife, or whatever she was, his lady, was real small. Like a bird. Wrists like... little branches. Anyway, my partner and I'd get called out there every weekend and one of us'd pull her aside, and we'd say "Come on. Tonight's the night we press charges." And this wasn't one of those "Deep down he really loves me" set-ups. We got a lot of those, but not this. This girl was scared. She wasn't gonna cross him. No way, no how. Nothin' we can do but hand her off to the E.M.T.'s, put him in the car, drive him downtown, throw him in the drunk tank.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MIKE (CONT'D)

He sleeps it off. Next morning,
out he goes. Back home.

(then)

But one night my partner's out
sick. And it's just me. And the
call comes in and it's the usual
crap. Broke her nose in the shower
kinda thing. So, I cuff him, put
him in the car and away we go.
Only that night, we're driving into
town and this sideways asshole is
in my backseat humming "Danny Boy".
And it just rubbed me wrong. So
instead of left, I go right, out
into nowhere, and I kneel him down
and put my revolver in his mouth,
and I told him: *This is it. This
is how it ends.* And he's cryin',
going to the bathroom all over
himself. Swearing to god he's
gonna leave her alone. Screaming --
much as you can with a gun in your
mouth. And I told him to be quiet.
I needed to think about what I was
gonna do here. And of course he
got quiet. Goes still and real
quiet. Like a dog waiting for
dinner scraps. And we just stood
there for awhile. Me, acting like
I'm thinkin' things over, and
Prince Charming kneelin' in the
dirt with shit in his pants. After
a few minutes, I took the gun out
of his mouth and I say, *So help me,
if you ever touch her again, I will
such and such and such and such,
and blah blah blah blah blah...*

Mike trails off in disgust. Walt's trying to understand.

WALT

It was just a warning?

MIKE

Well, of course. Just trying to do
the right thing.

(then)

But two weeks later he killed her.
Of course. Caved her head in with
the base of a Waring blender. We
got there, there was so much blood,
you could taste the metal.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MIKE (CONT'D)

Moral of the story is I chose a half measure when I should've gone all the way. I'll never make that mistake again.

Walt looks away. Mike's message is terrifyingly clear.

MIKE

No more half measures, Walter.

OFF WALT: Staring off, stuck. Thinking the unthinkable...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. STREETCORNER - DAY

BINOCULAR POV: Our view searches, focus cranking back and forth... A glimpse of sky and distant buildings.

A BICYCLE WHEEL spins past. The rider is... Tomas. We're back where we started in the Teaser. The kid circles nothing in particular, bored. We might even be reminded of the way he circled Combo the first time we saw this particular street corner. No sign of the Bulletheads.

JESSE (O.S.)

Man I don't get this. I don't get this at all. All I'm seeing is the kid.

INT. TERCEL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Again Jesse's parked in his Toyota, using binoculars to watch the selling corner from a safe distance. In the passenger seat Wendy picks nervously at her hair.

JESSE

So where are they?

WENDY

I dunno. They're always around.

JESSE

Burgers are getting cold.

Wendy eyes the white fast food bag on her lap. The knowledge that the burgers are poisoned is freaking her out.

WENDY

So is it like... fast?

Jesse lowers the binoculars and looks over at her. The chunk of meth Jesse gave her is calling Wendy's name and she knows these drug dealers don't deserve to breathe... Still, she wants to get it over with before second thoughts set in.

JESSE

Don't sweat it, alright, you're just doing what you do. Hey, nobody's gonna know anything.

Wendy knows what she needs to settle her nerves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDY

Can I have another bump?

JESSE

Look, you had your bump. We get this thing done and then you can have all you want.

THWACK! A hand raps on the driver's side window. Jesse whips around to see a man bending down to peer at him.

It's Mike. Jesse takes a moment to place him. Then -- OH -- he remembers the PI from the terrible morning after Jane died. Jesse starts to roll down his window.

MIKE

Gonna need you to come with me.

Before Jesse can protest, VICTOR opens the passenger door and leans over Wendy.

VICTOR

Take a walk.

Wendy doesn't need to be asked twice, she rushes to climb out. The sight of Victor takes the wind out of Jesse's sails. If Mike is working with Gus' minion, Jesse's deep in the shit. Off Jesse getting out:

EXT. URBAN STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Knowing trouble when she sees it, Wendy hurries away. Victor's car (last seen in 304) is parked behind the Tercel.

Mike opens the back door of Victor's car for Jesse.

Has Walt given Mike the green light to get rid of Jesse? Is that what "no half measures" means?

There's no one around to help and no escape. Left with no recourse, Jesse climbs into Victor's car. Mike slides in after him, closing the door with a THUNK.

INT. VICTOR'S CAR - DAY - MOVING

PANNING ACROSS an abstract swirl of OUT OF FOCUS brown landscape until we're looking into Victor's affectless, dead eyes in a REAR VIEW MIRROR. He glances back at...

Jesse. He's in the back seat, jaw clenched. Mike rides next to him, as impassive as a bust of a Roman Emperor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSE

Where we going?

Mike gives him a lingering glance but says nothing.

Jesse knows he's riding to his execution. The next stop is an open grave -- what else could it be? But how did Gus find out about his plans to kill the Bulletheads?

Off Jesse, adrenaline surging, trying to hide his fear...

EXT. FACTORY FARM - DAY

Victor's car drives our way, raising a trail of dust. PANNING with the car as it passes the weathered buildings of GUS' FACTORY FARM. Jesse doesn't know this place, but we do.

No activity is visible; the trucks have departed for the day. It's the perfect isolated spot for an execution.

EXT. FACTORY FARM - OFFICE TRAILER - DAY

Victor parks next to Gus' Volvo. Mike climbs out and waits for Jesse. He gets out cautiously. Nobody has to push or shove him. Jesse knows better than to resist.

Jesse glances around the strange, deserted place and stops at the sight of Walt's Aztek parked nearby. His mind races.

Of course. Walt's been picked up also. They're both dead.

Mike curls a finger at Jesse. *This way.*

Jesse walks toward the trailer, keeping his head up high. He's terrified but he's not begging. The kid's got spine.

INT. FACTORY FARM - OFFICE TRAILER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jesse enters, surprise on his face as he sees...

Men sit around the table, waiting for Jesse's arrival. It feels like a cross between a mobster's sit-down and an intervention.

Jesse's POV: Walt's in the power seat next to GUS. He avoids Jesse's glance.

Far from being on the verge of execution, Walt made this meeting happen. This is his last ditch measure to keep the peace with Gus while saving Jesse's life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gus is beside Walt, calmly in control. But Jesse's gaze moves past the stranger (remember Jesse's never met Gus) to land on... THE BULLETHEADS. The thugs are sitting at the far end of the table, biding their time.

Moments ago Jesse was about to poison these assholes. Now here they are, watching him as if they've got all the cards.

GUS

Sit down.

Jesse takes the empty seat in front of him. Victor and Mike sit nearby, ready in case they're needed.

Gus begins with quiet authority. He states the case simply and accurately with an almost judicial detachment.

GUS

I understand that you have a problem with two of my employees.

Jesse's putting it together -- this is the guy, the "boss." The one he was never allowed to meet. Jesse doesn't quite have the nerve to meet Gus' questioning glance.

GUS

It is true that they killed one of your associates. It is possible they acted rashly. But, on the other hand, there was provocation. The man was selling on their territory.

(including the
Bulletheads)

There is blame on both sides.

(a hint more force)

This will go no further. It will be settled right here, right now.

But Jesse's looking at Walt. He can see Walt's not here against his will. And if that's true...

JESSE

(disbelief)

You told him?

Walt looks away. Gus narrows his eyes. *Is this junkie too stupid to understand that he's being presented with a chance to save his own life?* This dirty laundry shouldn't be aired in public. He turns to the Bulletheads, ice in his voice.

GUS

Wait outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

There's silence in the room as the Bulletheads follow Victor out, giving Jesse a prison-yard stare as they go. If Gus weren't here, Jesse would already be bleeding out. Mike stays put, watching everything that goes down.

Once Victor and the Bulletheads are gone, we see a new side of Gus. His mask of impartiality drops. He despises this kid, this insect, this junkie troublemaker.

Gus rises and stands over Jesse. He's quiet, he's controlled but this is Gus losing his temper.

GUS

Listen to me. You have one friend
in this room.

(pointing at Walt)

This man.

Walt stays seated --- and silent. The body language makes it clear; Gus is the boss here. There's no trace of "Heisenberg" now; Walt has become a submissive company man.

GUS

Those men outside are my trusted
employees. And when I learned what
you intended to do...

Gus can barely contain his contempt for the cowardice and stupidity of Jesse's plan. He lets his words trail off, not finishing his thought. But his meaning is very clear.

GUS

If it wasn't for this man -- and
the respect I have for him -- I
would be dealing with this in a
very different way.

Jesse cuts his eyes over to Walt.

GUS

You don't look at him. You look at
me.

(Jesse complies, then)

This is what happens now. My men
will come back inside. And you
will shake their hands and you will
make peace. And that will be the
end of this.

He doesn't need to say "or else." There's no choice here. Jesse must knuckle under to survive.

But... something won't allow him to go along. Something deep inside him rebels. He returns Gus' stare. And says simply:

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

No.

What the hell?! Even Mike shifts a little in his chair.
Walt's stunned. Jesse must take this deal.

WALT

Jesse --

Without looking at him, Gus silences Walt with a gesture.

GUS

(to Jesse)

Pardon me?

Jesse rises to his feet and forces himself to look right at Gus. As scared as he is, Jesse's not backing down. Even Gus is surprised by Jesse's quiet bravery.

JESSE

They use kids. These assholes of yours -- they got an eleven year old kid doing their killing for them. You're supposed to be some kind of a "reasonable" businessman. This how you do business?

Shit! Jesse's calling Gus out! Jesse turns to Walt.

JESSE

(to Walt)

You okay with this? You got anything to say here?

Surely Walt is going to stand up to Gus. Now he's got to side with Jesse. Heisenberg will be here any second, right? *Wrong.* Walt just stares at the table. A gutless wonder.

This is Walt's most cowardly moment.

Gus stares at Jesse for a long, charged beat. Most likely he's deciding the kid is going to be killed -- right now.

GUS

(to Mike)

Bring them back.

Mike goes to the door and signals to Victor. Jesse doesn't take his eyes off Gus as Victor leads the Bulletheads back in. The drug dealers don't go back to their chairs, they stand across from Jesse, waiting for Gus to give the word.

(CONTINUED)

GUS
(to the Bulletheads)
No more children.

Glances of confusion around the room.

GUS
Understand?

The Bulletheads glance at each other, pissed. Somehow Jesse talked the boss into muscling into their business. Still, they nod. An order from Gus is not to be questioned.

GUS
(to Jesse)
And you. You keep the peace.

Jesse nods. Not quite believing this outcome.

GUS
Say it.

JESSE
Yeah. I'll keep the peace.

GUS
Shake hands.

Jesse slowly reaches out and shakes the hands of each of Combo's killers in turn. Walt's relieved but also deeply humiliated. He's never stood up to Gus like this, never even imagined it. Off Jesse -- has he just won a victory?

INT. AZTEK - MOVING - DAY

Walt drives, stealing a glance at Jesse in the passenger seat. Jesse ignores him, staring out the window.

After Walt's betrayal, Jesse is through with "Mr. White." Whatever respect remained is gone. A long beat. Finally Walt can't stand it any more -- he's got to explain himself.

WALT
Jesse. Your actions... they affect other people.

In other words: *You gave me no choice.*

WALT
Sometimes... compromises have to be made... For the best of reasons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Translation: *I ratted you out to save your life.* Walt's trying to be mature and fatherly -- but every word rings hollow.

In Jesse's eyes, and in his own, he's lost his balls.

The Aztek slows. Before the car even stops, Jesse throws open the door and jumps out. He's had enough of Walt.

EXT. URBAN STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Turns out we're back where Mike and Victor picked Jesse up. Jesse charges to his Toyota without bothering to close the Aztek's passenger door. Walt rolls his window down, trying to get one last word in.

WALT

Jesse... Jesse...

THRUMM! Jesse burns rubber as he peels out. With a heavy sigh, Walt reaches over and pulls the passenger door closed.

NEW ANGLE -- on the Aztek from way up the street. A long lens compresses the space, in f.g. Tomas circles on his bike. Now that we're closer to the kid, we can hear he's humming a little tuneless song as he makes his wobbly figure-eights.

(If we haven't noticed them yet, now we get a good look at the distinctive, almost garish SNEAKERS on Tomas' feet.)

No matter how much this boy has seen and done, he's still just a kid. Maybe Jesse's bravery has saved Tomas and some other kids like him. In the b.g., Walt pulls the Aztek into a U-turn and heads in the opposite direction that Jesse went. Off Tomas, quietly humming to himself:

INT. HOSPITAL - HANK'S ROOM - DAY

TIGHT ON water droplets falling from a sponge. RACK to Hank eyeing Marie as she wrings the sponge into a bowl.

HANK

Marie, let the people who get paid to do this do this.

Marie pulls the top of the his gown aside and begins to gently sponge his shoulders and neck. Having Marie touch him like this just makes Hank feel more helpless.

MARIE

The people who get paid to do this do a lousy job.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marie moves more covers and starts on his biceps.

MARIE

(quieter)

So I guess this is what you want,
huh? Just lying in a hospital bed
getting sponge baths from nurses.

HANK

(not this again)

Marie...

MARIE

It's time to go home, Hank.

HANK

(for the millionth time)

How many times I gotta tell ya,
Marie? Not 'till I'm well.

Marie sponges in silence for a moment, trying to think of something to say that'll change Hank's mind. But she's tried all the words she can think of... *Wait a minute.*

Marie has an inspiration. Working her way down, she sponges Hank's body under the covers and goes lower... and lower...

And lower still... We can't see exactly what's going on, but Hank is mildly alarmed.

HAN

Hey, hey, hey, hey. Wha-wha-wha-
what'ya you doing?

MARIE

I'm just seeing.

This happens OFF SCREEN but from Hank's reaction it's clear that she's stroking him where it'll make the biggest impact.

HANK

Seeing what?

MARIE

Seeing what I see.

HANK

I'm not at my best here, Marie...

MARIE

We'll see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Staying TIGHT on Marie as she continues, a twinkle in her eye. All we can make out is the rhythmic motion of her upper arm but there's definitely an expert handjob in progress.

Hank's more uncomfortable and exasperated by the second.

HANK

Nothing's gonna happen.

MARIE

I say it will.

HANK

Nah. I'm in this bed for a reason.

(she's not stopping)

It's a waste of time. Besides, what if someone comes in?

MARIE

Let 'em. I don't care if someone walks in.

HANK

Marie, what is wrong with you?

MARIE

I tell you what. If I can get the groundhog to see his shadow --

HANK

(interrupting)

-- that's not gonna happen. I'm sorry.

MARIE

I'm betting it will. And if he does, you check out of here.

Hank feels self-conscious not to mention pissed. The woman is taking advantage of his diminished state! However, judging from the little we can see, Marie really knows what she's doing.

But it seems to make no difference to Hank.

HANK

I'm not gonna bet on whether I can get a boner. There's no bet, no bet here! No bet!

MARIE

You afraid you'll lose?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HANK

You know you're just, you're being foolish, you know? Come on. What's the point?

Now Marie goes all in. If she fails, she may never get him out of this hospital. She looks Hank in the eye.

MARIE

The point is you're not completely hopeless. We have a bet?

Hank considers. This is beyond the pale, but...

HANK

You know what? If it'll get you outta here quicker, you've got one minute.

MARIE

One minute? Alright. That's a cakewalk.

HANK

Yeah. This is just, this is just sad... I mean, I really feel sorry for you, Marie, you know, I really do. It's just, uh... it's pathetic.

The lady doth protest too much, methinks. Marie has him where she wants him and she knows it.

MARIE

That's good, keep talking. Protest. Struggle.

HANK

Marie... Give up... I mean, seriously. It's... not... gonna happen.

A look crosses Hank's face and he falls silent. Betrayed by his own dong. Off a glimmer of triumph in Marie's eyes...

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

A SPRAY OF PURPLE FLOWERS sways in front of Hank's pissed-off face. PULLING BACK to reveal he's riding in a wheelchair with one of the gift baskets balanced on his lap. For the first time since the shooting he's back in street clothes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A LARGE WARD ASSISTANT is wheeling Hank up the corridor. Following just a few steps behind is... Marie.

She's quietly delighted with herself as she cashes in on her winning "bet." Off Marie's pleased little smile...

INT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tight on a BEDSIDE RADIO playing soft MUSIC. A plastic INDIAN is perched on top of the radio, firing his arrow down at a cowboy on the bedside table. We follow a trail of injection-molded warriors from the bedside table... across crumpled pillows to...

Jesse and Andrea. They're having a quiet moment in bed. Jesse watches smoke curl from his cigarette, deep in thought. Andrea gently traces her fingertips over his tattoos. She knows something's going on with him.

ANDREA

Bad day?

Jesse thinks it over. All he can come up with is:

JESSE

I don't even know.

He's not being evasive, he's still trying to figure it out.

Jesse's still shaken by his brush with death. But he's also torn between pride in his small victory and disgust at himself for being part of Gus' operation.

He glances over at Andrea, a ghost of a smile for her.

JESSE

Anyway. It's better now.

He leans over and kisses her. She kisses back. Looks like Jesse really is going to keep the peace. *THRRRRRRP!* The moment is interrupted.

Andrea looks over at her bedside phone.

ANDREA

Uggggh.

JESSE

Tell 'em you're busy.

The phone is on Jesse's side of the bed. Andrea crawls over him. She perches on the side of the bed, back to Jesse, as she picks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREA

Hello... Grandma? Slow down.
Slow down. I can't -- Oh, God...
(a short breath, then)
...Oh, God.

The mood in the room has suddenly changed. Jesse's smile fades: sounds like something terrible has happened. Her grandmother, breathless and horrified, tries to explain. As Andrea starts to understand her voice breaks.

ANDREA

Oh my God.

NEW ANGLE -- Jesse and Andrea are framed in the doorway as he stubs out his cigarette, very worried. A small figure appears in f.g. -- it's Brock. He peers curiously up the hall as his mother cries. Off this heartbreaking image:

EXT. PLAYGROUND CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

Starting with impressionistic, nearly abstract images. BLUE LIGHTS bob and swirl rhythmically. Muffled VOICES and RADIOS Doppler and echo as if from very far away.

The lights drift into focus; ROLLERS on top of a pair of SQUAD CARS. We're FLOATING THROUGH a crowd of DARK FIGURES, following someone rushing ahead of us... She glances back -- it's Andrea. The sound keeps us strangely detached.

Now glimpses of slowly turning chains on a SWING SET and a silhouetted SEE-SAW tell us we're in a playground. But it's also a crime scene; evidence flags are planted over CHALK TRIANGLES on the asphalt.

The dreamy POV pushes forward (this could be one of our rare Steadicam scenes) -- chasing Andrea as she moves in and out of sight through a tangle of ONLOOKERS and COPS.

We catch up with Andrea. She slows as she arrives at the quiet center of the action in a SAND-FILLED play area. A FAMILIAR BICYCLE is upended nearby, wheel slowly turning...

A big-boned COP crouches over a SMALL FIGURE sprawled out on the sand. A sheet covers the body, but we can make out a little sneaker-clad FOOT.

Mercifully we don't see the body but that distinctive, almost gaudy sneaker leaves no doubt. It's Tomas, Andrea's younger brother, under that sheet. The Bulletheads have taken Gus' order about "no more kids" very literally.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREA

Tomas! Tomas!

Andrea cries out in anguish as GRANDMA rushes over to her.

PIVOTING around Tomas' bike to finally reveal JESSE. We've been in his POV up to now.

PUSHING CLOSE on Jesse, the bicycle wheel in f.g.

The sound comes RUSHING IN... the chatter of people, the squawk of walkie-talkies -- and the keening, heart-shattering sound of Andrea and her grandmother wailing.

Jesse's rocked, the world has turned upside down -- he's not thinking about who's responsible, he's not enraged -- that will all come later. Right now the sight of Andrea and her dead brother is his whole universe.

Off Jesse, overcome, the blue rollers flickering across his face. *What is he going to do about this?*

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. SUPERLAB - MORNING

... knee-high off the floor and tilted UP towards the lab door entrance. We RACK as Walt steps into f.g. wearing his Tyvek (minus mask). He checks his watch. He looks annoyed, for sure, but also a little... concerned.

He crosses to the wall PHONE, dials and gets...

JESSE (VOICEMAIL)

Hey. It's me. Wait for the thing.

Walt leaves a message. (*He's aware that the lab may be bugged and that Gus could be listening in, so Walt does his best to affect an air of controlled professionalism.*)

WALT

Jesse, you are now... 42 minutes late. I'm starting without you.

Walt hangs up, mutters. If Jesse wants to hold a grudge, screw him. Walt grabs a MASK and pulls it over his face.

We're HIGH and WIDE and LOOKING DOWN on Walt as he walks over to a cook vessel and turns a knob --

OFF: the "CO2 purge effect" that Mr. Freeborn details in his handout. "WHITE VAPOR" clouding out of the vessel, obscuring Walt from view -- *hssssssssss...*

EXT. GAS STATION - TIME LAPSE

Time lapse takes us from day to night.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Walt and Walter, Jr. on the couch watching TV. (*Baby monitor should be in evidence. Baby Holly's napping in the nursery.*)

Walter, Jr.'s pretty into Jeopardy, (following clip has been cleared) but Walt's only putting on a brave face. This family time is nice but he can't help from being a bit... *distracted*.

CONTESTANT (O.S.)

... what is "wasabi"?

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.)

Wasabi... right you are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONTESTANT

"4 Letter Word" for \$1200.

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.)

*Pilots and musicians know this word
derives from...*

Skyler calls in from the kitchen.

SKYLER

Dinner's almost ready, okay?

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.)

... for "harpoon." Kevin?

CONTESTANT #2

What is "solo?"

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.)

That's the word.

WALTER, JR.

This guy's good.

CONTESTANT #2 (O.S.)

Four letter word. 2000.

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.)

*A loud, harsh cry; Walt Whitman's
was "barbaric."*

WALTER, JR.

"Yell".

WALT

(quiet)

What is "yawp"?

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.)

Kevin?

CONTESTANT #2 (O.S.)

What is "yawp"?

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.)

"Yawp".

CONTESTANT (O.S.)

"Tokyo." \$1200

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.)

This crustacean...

(CONTINUED)

After Gale's gift to him in Ep. 307, Walt knows his Whitman. Walt can't help but wonder, *whatever happened to him?* Why bring him up? Maybe we'll see him again someday? Soon.

WALTER, JR.
(did you hear me?)
What the heck's a "yawp?"

WALT
(snaps out of it)
Uh... a "yawp" is a yell. I'll be right back.

WALTER, JR.
That's what I said!

Walt glances at his watch before rising.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY/KITCHEN - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Skyler's tossing a salad. Walt walks past, hesitates.

WALT
Uh... okay to use your bathroom, right?

Okay, now we understand Walt's need to be diplomatic. He doesn't want to give Skyler the impression he's overreaching on their new 'arrangement'. But asking permission to use the bathroom? Seriously? When the hell is our hero going to sack up and take command? *Where o' where is Heisenberg?*

SKYLER
(shrugs)
Yeah, okay.

He nods and continues down the hallway.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BATHROOM - EVENING

Walt enters, closes the door and turns on the sink. He takes out his phone and dials.

JESSE (VOICEMAIL)
Hey. It's me. Wait for the thing.

Walt scowls, snaps the phone shut. *Enough.* If Jesse wants to be a child and sulk, so be it. Walt's not going to feel guilty for saving this kid's life. That's absurd.

Beat. He re-dials.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE (VOICEMAIL)
Hey. It's me. Wait for the thing.

Walt sits on the edge of the tub. He'll try and pull off his Scolding Elder routine here but it comes off... *defensive.*

WALT
Look, I hope you're not waiting for an apology because I did not "rat you out"? I was looking out for your best interests as well as my own. And I stand behind my decision 100%, so we'll just have to agree to disagree. Anyway, just... call me back.

Walt hangs up. *Where the hell is he?*

Off Walt: sitting there with the sink running. Worried and feeling guilty.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Skyler finishes setting the table, shooting Walter, Jr. a look as he comes to sit.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
...surprise today as temperatures drop into the...

SKYLER
(good-naturedly)
So the TV turns itself off, huh?

WALTER, JR.
Yeah.

Walt enters. Walter, Jr. starts to turn around but --

WALT
Oh, I'll get it.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
...might just be the beginning of an early cold snap.

Walt goes into the living room, looking for...

WALT
Where's the remote?

Walt searches for the remote, pulling up couch cushions, finding it just as the TV goes to a NEWS BULLETIN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(Note: TV's already been established here so, audio only.)

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

But first... more details on our top story -- the murder of a young boy in the South Valley...

Walt turns around to face the TV, alarm bells ringing.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

... Police have yet to release a statement, but sources indicate that 11 year old Tomas Cantillo may have been the victim of a gang-related execution. An anonymous tip brought police to a playground in the forty seven hundred block of Eighth Avenue late last night. Paramedics were called to the scene but were unable to revive the boy. A gruesome crime.

SKYLER

Can you turn that off?

Walt doesn't hear her. He's fixated on the TV screen.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

And yet another casualty in what appears to be the city's ongoing struggle against drugs and the gangs that peddle them --

SKYLER

Walt.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

We'll be passing along details...

Walt clicks off the remote, keeping it together. *(It would be bad if Skyler suspected his business, if their business, was connected to the murder of an eleven-year-old. Really bad.)*

SKYLER

*(quiet, to Walter, Jr.)
... for your dad.
(beat, to Walt)
I'm sorry, it's just, uh, they've been talking about that all day.
And it's just...*

WALT

No... yeah...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Walt's stunned. He has no doubt this boy is the same one Jesse mentioned at the summit with Gus. Walt's got a good idea where Jesse is now. Or where he's headed, at least.

Seriously rattled, Walt joins his family at the dinner table. Like a truck driver fighting sleep, Walt's determined to stay focussed, to stay present. Here, with his family.

Try as he might, Walt's having an hard time staying engaged.

Brief, natural pause as they eat. Then --

SKYLER

Hey, uh, did you know your Dad and I are thinking about maybe starting a business together?

Walt, Jr. likes the sound of that. Yet another hopeful sign for the White family household.

WALTER, JR.

Seriously? Wha-what kind of business?

Skyler steals a look over at Walt before continuing:

SKYLER

Um, we're thinking maybe a car wash.

WALTER, JR.

What do you mean?
(to Walt)
Like the...?

Walt stares. Skyler and Junior continue; their conversation FADES into b.g. noise as we slowly MOVE IN on:

Walt. At war with himself:

... Jesse's going to kill those two guys...

... I did everything I could to help him...

... Take on Gus Fring..?! Is he out of his mind?...

... My family's all that matters... that and the money...

... And that's not wrong, either... not at all...

... I did everything I could...

... Absolutely everything...

(CONTINUED)

... *Right?*

TIME CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Walt pulls open the front door.

WALT

I'm sorry. I have to go.

Walt opens the door and leaves. Off Skyler and Walter, Jr: exchanging a look. *What just happened?*

INT. TERCEL - NIGHT

A strange yellow light washes across a pair of hands fumbling with a tiny plastic bag. The hands shake the contents of the bag out onto the surface of a scratched-up CD.

The hands use the butt end of a Bic lighter to grind the meth crystals. Who is this pathetic skell?

We TILT to discover -- Jesse. He's getting ready to take a bump of the meth he bought from the Bulletheads in 311.

Jesse stares down at the meth. Of course, he's not really going to do this. He's going to reconsider. But...

Jesse SNORTS THE LINE. When he said that he was through with drugs he believed it -- and so did we. But now Jesse's sobriety, so seriously undertaken, so hard won, is broken.

WOOSH! Jesse's head snaps back with the meth rush.

CUTTING WIDER. We're in Jesse's parked car. Sodium-vapor streetlights outside fill the car with an uncanny glow.

Jesse's breathing gets faster, there's a wild look in his eyes. The months away from the drugs make the ride sharper and stronger than ever.

Headlights from a passing car sweep over Jesse, illuminating the inside of the car for a moment. He doesn't want to be seen. He slumps back in his seat, watchful and resolute.

Why is he hiding in his car, bumping on meth in the dark?

NEW ANGLE, JESSE'S POV -- through the dirty windshield.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jesse's parked about a block away from the Bulletheads' corner. (He might be in the same spot as in the Teaser or some other location. Whatever works best for the sequence.)

The street is deserted except for a JUNKIE waiting to buy, stomping his feet in the cold.

EXT. URBAN STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Angle thorough the windshield PUSHING IN on Jesse. His eyes glitter in the dark as he waits. There's some kind of confrontation brewing... but what has Jesse got in mind?

Another car passes through the wide, desolate street. A beat and... HERE THEY ARE.

The Bulletheads' LOWRIDER slides out of the darkness, headlights off. A predator emerging from perfect camouflage. The junkie lopes over to the car and leans in, doing a buy. Without their underage kids, the Bulletheads are getting more hands-on in their work.

INT. TERCEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jesse reaches under his seat and pulls out a STAINLESS STEEL 9MM AUTOMATIC. This is no Saturday night special. Jesse's taken a big step up from the revolver he bought last season.

He needs one more thing. Putting the gun aside, he shakes the rest of the meth out of the tiny baggie, crushes it on the CD and takes another, even deeper BUMP.

Whooooooooo! Better. He's feeling the anger he needs for this. The meth-head's Dutch courage.

Back to the automatic. Working with focus, Jesse tugs the slide back and releases it. *Click-CLICK*. Now there's a round in the chamber.

Jesse looks back up at the corner. The junkie finishes his buy and slinks off. How much longer will the Bulletheads linger, now that their business is done?

Now or never.

Running on pure rage and blue meth, Jesse takes a deep breath. No matter what the consequences, he's going to make these men pay a price for what they've done.

Heart racing, knowing that this may be the last thing he ever does, Jesse gets out of the car.

EXT. STREETCORNER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

In the lowrider, one of the Bulletheads counts money. The other one taps him on the shoulder. *What's that?*

Bullethead POV: a silhouetted figure approaches without varying his pace. As he crosses through a pool of yellow light, Jesse's face is visible. He's not sneaking up on these skulls, he going to face off with them man-to-man.

ANGLE LOW behind Jesse. As he passes us, the STEEL AUTOMATIC glints in his hand. He holds it behind his back, flattened against his thigh. It's out of the Bulletheads' sight -- for the moment.

ANGLE LOW on the Monte Carlo. The doors swing open and the Bulletheads step out.

The Bulletheads exchange a glance and then begin slowly walking together towards Jesse. They keep their hands in their pockets.

If we haven't noticed before, now we see one of the Bulletheads is wearing a pair of OAKLEY SUNGLASSES around his neck on a lanyard (this will play in the next episode).

ANGLE LOW on Jesse's feet walking in measured steps over cracked asphalt.

CLOSE ON Jesse's 9mm. TRACKING with the gun as it moves steadily forward. Streetlights glimmer in the steel.

HIGH AND WIDE. The figures slowly converge. Their long, ruler-straight shadows slant across the desolate street.

Jesse's only about a half block from the Bulletheads.

ANGLE ON Jesse; he's breathing like he's climbing a mountain.

This is it.

Jesse allows his 9mm to come into view.

The Bulletheads pull their own AUTOMATICS.

Jesse raises his gun and --

SCREEEEEEEEH! Tires squeal nearby. The Bulletheads turn just a moment too late and --

RRRRRRROOOOOOOOAAAR!

HOLY SHIT! A vehicle SCREAMS out of nowhere, PLOUGHING into the drug dealers! A gut-turning CRUNCH of metal on flesh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Bullethead with the Oakleys slides UNDER THE TIRES. The vehicle actually rises slightly as it CRUSHES his sternum.

The other guy FLIPS over the vehicle's hood and goes FLYING. He hits the concrete face-first and lies there, limp.

Jesse is frozen in place. The vehicle is... WALT'S AZTEK.

Walt gets out of the Aztek and quickly scans the area for witnesses. As far as he can tell, there's no one out there.

We didn't see him but during Jesse's confrontation with the Bulleheads, Walt was parked nearby, watching from the darkness. Getting involved wasn't a calculated move -- if he'd had time to think about it maybe he wouldn't have done it at all.

But when he saw Jesse walking into a gun fight, Walt's instincts took over.

Walt glances back -- the guy under the Aztek's wheels is twisted at a weird angle. Blood pools around him. Definitely dead. But... SCRAPE-SCRAPE. What's this?

The second Bullethead is MOVING. His automatic landed about ten feet away from him and he's painfully inching his way over to it. The danger's not immediate; at this rate he'll be there sometime after the next Summer Olympics.

Walt goes over to the automatic and picks it up.

With tremendous effort, the wounded Bullethead heaves himself over onto his back. His face is a mess; landing on the concrete was like rubbing sandpaper on Jell-o.

Walt stares down at him. He knows what he has to do.

Without taking his eyes off Walt, the Bullethead pulls himself halfway up to a sitting position. The drug dealer's mouth is moving, he's struggling to say something. Maybe he's trying to threaten, maybe plead for mercy. No way to tell, all he can make are saliva bubbles.

Jesse hasn't budged since Walt arrived. He's watching, wide-eyed. His automatic dangles at his side, forgotten.

No half measures. Walt grasps the Bullethead's automatic and stands over the drug dealer. Is he really going to do this?

The Bullethead stares straight at Walt...

ANGLE LOW on Walt -- KRACKKK! The MUZZLE FLASH creates a towering, larger-than-life shadow on the building behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Blood sprays from the back of the Bullethead's skull as he drops to the concrete.

The gunshot ECHOES on the quiet street.

Jesse still hasn't moved, he's thunderstruck. Walt himself is shocked by what he's done. Neither of them can begin to know the consequences of what just happened.

Walt looks Jesse in the eyes and says one word:

WALT

Run.

You wanted "Heisenberg"? You got him.

CUT TO BLACK.

END EPISODE