

BREAKING BAD

"Ozymandias"

Episode #514

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BREAKING BAD
"Ozymandias"
4/1/13

Cast List

WALT
SKYLER
JESSE
WALTER, JR.
MARIE
HANK

FIRST DETECTIVE
FRANKIE
GOMEZ
HOLLY
JACK
KENNY
LESTER
NATIVE AMERICAN MAN
SECOND DETECTIVE
TODD

Non-Speaking

CUSTOMER
GANG GUY
UNIFORMED POLICEMEN (2)
FIREMEN (3-4)

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Set List

Interiors:

WHITE HOUSE
 KITCHEN
 MASTER BEDROOM
 HALLWAY
 JUNIOR'S BEDROOM
 NURSERY
 LIVING ROOM
 DINING ROOM
CAR WASH
 REGISTER COUNTER
 SKYLER'S OFFICE
RV
JACK'S COMPOUND
 THE PIT
TODD'S METH LAB
SINGLE-STALL MEN'S ROOM
FIRE STATION
 KITCHEN
 TRUCK BAY
GOMEZ'S SUV
CHRYSLER
SKYLER'S SUV

Exteriors:

WHITE HOUSE
CAR WASH
 PARKING LOT
TOHAJIILEE
 RV
 EXCAVATION SITE
 JACK'S TRUCK
 EXCAVATED HOLE
 CHRYSLER
 VISTA
 LONESOME HOUSE
JACK'S COMPOUND
JOHN ROBERT'S DAM
STREET
CHRYSLER

TEASER

1 BUBBLING LIQUID in a clear, Round Bottom BOILING FLASK. 1

INT. RV - DAY (FLASHBACK)

ANGLE ON a countertop littered with many and various CONTAINERS, MEASURING IMPLEMENTS, TIN FOIL. GLASS AND METAL BEAKERS simmer and steam.

Saffron colored light slants across. Dust particles swirl in the air. This is definitely a METH COOK, but where are we? It all seems very rudimentary and very... familiar.

A FACE wearing a black GAS MASK enters frame and we realize... it's WALT -- but he has hair! He checks the pH in a BEAKER... good.

Walt executes a final step and checks his CALCULATOR WATCH.

He pulls off his gas mask. Gone is his Heisenberg goatee. Walt's sporting the impotent MOUSTACHE he used to have back when he was an average citizen and his life was all about teaching high school and making ends meet.

As he straightens his glasses on his nose, we notice his BARE ARMS underneath his BLACK APRON -- he's not wearing a shirt.

JESSE steps up beside him and removes his own gas mask. He's wearing a RED SWEATSHIRT.

Now our suspicions are confirmed: we're in a FLASHBACK from the pilot episode, although we haven't seen any of this before (we're not reusing any old footage here, either).

This is Walt and Jesse's very first cook in the RV! Back in the bygone days of "cowhouses" when cooking meth in the short term mostly seemed like a good idea.

Silence. Walt cracks his neck -- cooking meth is tiring.

Jesse waits impatiently for Walt to disclose the next step. Jesse's been enduring this fucked-up situation and wants it over with -- his prissy-ass, know-it-all former teacher is working his last good nerve.

When no instruction is forthcoming...

JESSE
Yo, so... what's next?

WALT
We wait.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE
You don't got, like, eight more
anal things we gotta do first?

WALT
(isn't it obvious?)
The reaction has begun.

JESSE
(lying, defensive)
Yeah, I know that. How long?

WALT
(officious, teacherly)
Well, if we had a freezer, the
condensed liquid would cool more
quickly because, of course, this is
an exothermic reaction which means
giving off heat...

Walt's voice is like nails on a chalkboard to Jesse. He mutters under his breath as Walt continues his lecture.

JESSE
(to himself)
Just put me in a coma, why don't
you?

WALT
...And the desired product is in
gas form, so --
(didn't hear Jesse)
What did you just say?

JESSE
(cagey)
Nothin'.

But Jesse's disrespect is evident. They eye each other.

Walt decides to get some fresh air -- he needs a break from this knucklehead. As Walt heads for the door, Jesse pulls a pack of SMOKES from his pocket.

WALT
Not in here.

JESSE
Duh! Yeah, like I'm an idiot.

Walt couldn't agree more. He reaches for the door handle.

Jesse fake *COUGHS* into his hand:

(CONTINUED)

JESSE
Dickhead.

Walt ignores him and pulls on the latch.

2 EXT. TOHAJIILEE - EXTERIOR RV - CONTINUOUS 2

TIGHT ON THE EXTERIOR DOOR OF THE RV. No bullet holes.

PULL BACK as Walt opens the door wide.

The Tohajiilee vista is exactly the same as that first cook in the pilot (and the same place where the shoot-out occurs in Episode 513 where Walt has buried his money). Spectacular red rocks and rugged desert terrain surround the vintage RV.

Walt's light green SHIRT and tan PANTS dangle on hangers hooked to the side view mirror.

Walt heads down the steps. Jesse follows behind, lighting up a CIGARETTE.

Walt takes off his long black apron revealing that all he is wearing are his TIGHTIE-WHITIES, TAN SOCKS and WALLABIES.

Jesse averts his eyes before his retinas get seared.

JESSE
Jesus.

Grossed out, he meanders off into the terrain behind the RV.

Walt pulls on his shirt, buttons it. Reaches into his pants' pocket (still hanging) and retrieves his CELL PHONE.

He walks a short distance away from the RV for privacy.

Walt paces, muttering to himself. He seems to be practicing a conversation he's about to have.

WALT
Bogdan says I'm not doing the receipts right. Got this bug up his butt... stick up his butt... He's got a bug up his butt about the receipts.

Walt hones his story, clearly uncomfortable and unsure of himself -- a novice liar.

WALT
Anyway... So, anyway... he's insisting that I...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

WALT (CONT'D)

He's demanding that I stay to go over his "system" and I can't get out of it.

He sighs -- sounds plausible. *Good enough.* He flips open his phone.

INTERCUT WITH:

3 INT. WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

3

Pregnant Skyler (with longer hair) wrangles a TAPE GUN. She's sealing a porcelain CRYING CLOWN FIGURINE into a BOX -- it's her eBay business from back in the day.

The BUTCHER BLOCK containing knives is in the foreground (you'll know why we're establishing it here later).

The PHONE RINGS and she answers, continuing her task and cradling the phone under her chin.

SKYLER

Hello.

WALT

Hi, Honey, it's me.

SKYLER

Hi, you. What's going on?

Skyler is cheerful and light-hearted -- easy-breezy. God, we haven't seen her this way in so long.

Walt musters himself, then launches into his lie -- his very first major lie to his wife:

WALT

Nothing much. I, uh... I just called to say that I'm sorry, but I'm going to be late tonight. It's Bogdan, he's got a bug up his --

SKYLER

(interrupts)

That's okay, I don't have anything special planned for dinner. You won't be missing much.

Skyler's unconcerned -- she has no reason not to trust him -- Walt being late is no big deal.

Walt's relieved -- exhales some of his stress.

(CONTINUED)

SKYLER

In fact, I may ask you to take pity on us and bring home a pizza. They have a two-for-one at Venezia's. At this point, I could eat a whole one all by myself.

WALT

Sure, I can grab pizza. Hopefully Bogdan won't keep me too late.

SKYLER

He better not -- trust me, he does not want to piss off a hungry pregnant woman.

She tapes the box -- *BRRRRRAAAAP*.

WALT

What's that sound?

SKYLER

I just sold your favorite piece -- the hideous crying clown. Got nine bucks more than I paid for it, too.

In their respective locations, both of them smile.

WALT

Shows what I know about art.

SKYLER

Oh -- what do you think of Holly?
(off his confused silence)
For the baby's name. Do you like it? I think I really like it.

WALT

Holly. It's nice.
(considers)
Lemme think about it.

SKYLER

Just kinda feels right, you know?
It's my new favorite.

WALT

It's a frontrunner, for sure.

What's remarkable here is the fact that nothing is remarkable.

There's no tension between them, just an easy-going, rock-solid partnership.

(CONTINUED)

When we think of all that's transpired between them from this point forward, this ordinary conversation becomes poignant and bittersweet.

These are the days that will never return. We are reminded of all that's been lost.

IN THE BACKGROUND, some distance behind Walt, Jesse pointlessly *WHACKS* at a rock with a *STICK*.

Walt notices him and rolls his eyes. Harmless idiot Jesse.

Walt stands there, bare-legged in the desert near the RV, cooking his first batch of meth, enjoying his chat with his wife and feeling his first twinges of... guilt.

WALT

I was thinking it might be nice to have a little family time this weekend.

Skyler adds a SHIPPING LABEL to the box.

SKYLER

Oh, yeah?

WALT

Take a drive somewhere. The almost four of us.

SKYLER

Where do you have in mind?

WALT

Well, maybe we could head up the Turquoise Trail. Stop at Tinkertown, maybe grab lunch in Madrid --

SKYLER

God, we haven't been there in forever --

WALT

So why don't we do that? Take a little break.

SKYLER

(stretches her back)
Sold. Sounds fun.

WALT

(a beat; then)
Holly. It's growing on me.

(CONTINUED)

SKYLER

Me, too.

(then)

Alright, I'm gonna get this thing
in the mail. Just give me a call
when you're on your way, okay?

WALT

Will do. Love you.

SKYLER

Love you, too.

END INTERCUT.

Walt hangs up and stands there, pensive.

Cut WIDE and take in the whole tableau.

Behind Walt, amid the red rocks, the RV FADES AWAY and
disappears (the magic of Post).

Then Jesse FADES AWAY and vanishes.

Then finally, Walt FADES OUT and away. The past is past.

All we're left with is the empty, elegiac terrain.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

4 EXT. TOHAJIILEE - DAY 4

The SOUND of GUNFIRE and then... ominous silence.

FADE UP on the same red rocks. We're in the exact same location in the Tohajiilee desert, the exact shot from the end of the Teaser, but now... we DISSOLVE to the present.

UP COME all the VEHICLES from the end of Episode 513. They are exactly where we last saw them, but... we're in the aftermath of the shoot-out. For the moment, all is quiet. JACK, TODD, KENNY and Jack's THREE OTHER GUYS all remain where we last saw them, too. They are in positions of cover behind their vehicle doors, guns trained.

NEW ANGLE. The front end of GOMEZ'S SUV is shot-to-shit. Its driver's-side FRONT TIRE is flat and several windows are blown out.

Walt's CHRYSLER caught a couple of stray rounds and one passenger door is open. Jesse and Walt are nowhere to be seen.

All around, the ground glitters in the sun, littered with SHELL CASINGS and BROKEN GLASS.

REVEAL HANK. He's sitting on the ground, propped against one of the SUV's TIRES. He applies pressure to a nasty GUNSHOT WOUND in his thigh, blood seeping through his fingers. It's bad, but he'll make it. He looks over at...

GOMEZ. Hank's loyal partner and friend lies dead on the ground, arms and legs akimbo, lifeless eyes staring. His blood pools in the dirt beside him.

Hank chokes back emotion -- *no time for it now*. Instead, seeing as he's out of bullets, he needs to get to Gomez's SHOTGUN a few feet away. Hank's not done fighting.

He crawls toward the gun, teeth gritted -- he's in a lot of pain -- blood from his wound running down his leg and dribbling behind him, leaving a dark rivulet in the dirt.

Hank pulls himself along painfully, closer and closer... determined to reach that weapon regardless of his chances.

Just when his hand is mere inches from Gomez's shotgun, a familiar BOOT steps down on his wrist.

(CONTINUED)

REVERSE to reveal (from Hank's POV) Jack staring down at him, his BROWNING HI-POWER PISTOL pointed directly at Hank.

CUT TO:

5 Kaleidoscopic CRYSTALS shimmer. They are PIECES OF BROKEN 5 SAFETY GLASS blurring in and out of this very shallow focus. SOUND of jagged BREATH...

INT. GOMEZ'S SUV - DAY

Reveal Walt, lying on the floorboards in the back of Gomez's shot-up SUV, his hands CUFFED behind him. Shattered window glass on the carpet is Walt's CLOSE POV.

The jagged breathing is Walt's. Some serious shit just went down and Walt is terrified to move -- he flattened himself down here in a hail of bullets just moments ago.

6 EXT. TOHAJIILEE - DAY 6

Jack picks up the 12-gauge Hank was reaching for. He now holds a gun in each hand.

JACK
(laid-back, to Hank)
Simmer down, Sparky.

He lifts his boot off Hank's wrist and casually steps back -- *this guy's not going anywhere.*

Hank eyes him with undisguised malice. *Who the hell is this motherfucker?* He painfully rolls himself over.

KENNY
The hell'd we just walk into?

Jack shakes his head -- *no idea.*

Across the way, Todd peers into Walt's Chrysler -- having noted the open passenger door. The car is empty.

TODD
Hey, Uncle Jack? I don't see Jesse Pinkman. He was here before.

JACK
Anybody got eyes on Pinkman?

Jack's crew glances around, shakes their heads. This could be a problem.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Whaddya figure? He maybe headed
down that gully?

TODD
(shrugs; nods)
That's the way I'd go.

JACK
Frankie, Lester, go find him.

Two guys, FRANKIE and LESTER, jog away. Throughout this, Kenny has been checking out Gomez's body. Fishing through his jacket to find his ID:

KENNY
Jack? These guys are DEA.

7 INT. GOMEZ'S SUV - DAY 7

Walt has heard "DEA" and it snaps him out of his static state. He struggles to sit up. As he does, tiny broken pieces of safety glass slide off his back. He hefts himself awkwardly up onto the seat.

8 EXT. TOHAJIILEE - CONTINUOUS 8

ANGLE ON THE SUV. Walt's haggard face appears in the blown-out window. He reacts with horror at what he sees.

Jack calmly hands the 12-gauge to Todd. Jack checks that he's got a round chambered, then aims his pistol directly at Hank's head -- no rancor, just taking care of loose ends.

Hank stares up at Jack from the ground, more pissed than scared. *Is this really how it's going to end?*

WALT
NO!

Jack turns at the sound of Walt's voice.

Walt pounds his shoulder on the door -- he's still locked inside. Remnant chunks of safety glass drop to the dirt.

WALT
No! Jack! No!

Jack motions to Todd to let Walt out of the vehicle.

(CONTINUED)

Todd opens the bullet-riddled driver door, hits the *unlock* button, *SHUNK*, then opens the passenger door and helps Walt out. Walt half runs, half stumbles over to Jack.

WALT
Don't kill him!

JACK
The hell not? He's DEA.

WALT
He's family!

JACK
Say again?

WALT
He's my family! My brother-in-law!

This is news to Jack, and pretty fucking unwelcome news at that. He eyes Walt with suspicion.

JACK
Didn't cross your mind to maybe
tell us you had a DEA agent for a
brother-in-law?
(then, to Todd)
Did you know about this?

Todd shakes his head. He did not.

WALT
I called you off! Remember?! I
told you not to come!

JACK
Seems to me we did you a solid.

WALT
You weren't supposed to be here!

JACK
Too late now.

Hank painfully pushes himself up to one elbow, observes them.
So these two fuckers are in business together. Of course.

JACK
How's 'bout you tell me what was
going down out here?
(re: Walt's cuffs)
You and your brother-in-law don't
seem to be gettin' along too well.

(CONTINUED)

WALT
Doesn't matter. This doesn't
concern you.

Jack nods towards Gomez -- *he didn't die from food poisoning.*

JACK
We just wasted his partner here --
(indicates Hank)
And he's wearing a bullet, so I'd
say yeah, it does concern me.

WALT
This is between me and him.

JACK
No cavalry comin'?

HANK
You bet your ass the cavalry's
coming.

WALT
No. Hank --
(to Jack)
The DEA doesn't know. Yet. But
I... We...
(to Hank)
Hank, nothing can change what just
happened. But you can leave here
alive if you promise us you'll let
this go.

Hank offers a *snort* of derision. *You dumb fuck.* He glares daggers at Walt -- there's no love lost here. Hank despises Walt and this negotiation, even though it's on Hank's behalf. If he could spit in Walt's face, he would.

Jack observes Hank's response.

JACK
Yeah, thought as much.
(raising his pistol)
Sorry, man. There's no scenario
where this guy lives.

WALT
(a desperate idea)
I've got money!

As the words leave his mouth, Walt can scarcely believe he's uttered them, but he's wild, helpless, desperate to stop this execution -- his hands literally tied. He knows it's the only card he has left to play.

(CONTINUED)

WALT
It's here, buried right here!
(sickened)
Eighty million dollars.

This gets Jack's undivided attention -- and that of his entire crew. Hank himself looks a bit surprised.

WALT
Eighty million. And it's yours.
You can have it if you just let him
drive away.

We're shocked. This money means everything to Walt. It's the sum total of all that he's worked for, killed for, suffered for, and yet... he's willing to sacrifice it to save Hank's life.

JACK
So that's what got this party
started, huh?

Jack considers the proposition as he removes a PACK OF SMOKES from his jacket. Extracts one. Lights it up. Walt watches his every move -- practically holding his breath. Hank's life hangs in the balance.

JACK
That's a hell of an offer. But
this money of yours won't do me
much good in prison.

WALT
Hank, work with me here. Tell us
you'll let this drop.

Walt looks to Hank pleadingly. Hank gives him nothing.

JACK
(drags deep)
Plus we got all that Methylamine.
That's worth a hundred-and-a-half,
two hundred mil right there.

WALT
But you have to work to get it.
You have to turn it into cash.
This money? This you get for doing
nothing. What I'm offering you is
right here, right now.

Jack drags on his smoke. Walt paints the picture...

WALT

You'll be set for life. You and everyone you care about. You can go anywhere, do anything. Just think of it -- you can have any future you want.

(then)

Jack... Eighty. Million. But only if you let him go.

JACK

(to Hank)

What do you think, Fed? Would you take that deal?

Walt corrects him in order to humanize his brother-in-law.

WALT

Hank. His name is Hank.

Jack could give a shit. *Fine, whatever.*

JACK

So, how 'bout it, Hank. Think I should let you go?

Hank takes his time responding -- eye-fucks Jack.

HANK

My name is ASAC Schrader. And you can go fuck yourself.

Jack and his crew are amused -- *the dude's got balls.*

Walt works to stifle his desperation. He's trying to drive a hard bargain, a Heisenberg bargain, but he's close to falling apart. He exhorts his brother-in-law to give himself one last chance.

WALT

Hank, please. You've gotta tell him we can work this out. Hank...

Hank squints up at Walt -- he's in pain, but he's together.

HANK

What, you want me to beg?

(then)

The smartest guy I ever met, and you're too stupid to see? He made up his mind ten minutes ago.

(CONTINUED)

Hank's done talking to his scumbag brother-in-law -- forever. Hank and Jack meet eyes. It's clear Hank has spoken the truth.

Walt observes their interaction and pales -- *this can't be happening, it just can't.*

Hank is unflinching, balls of steel, brave until the end.

HANK
(to Jack)
Do what you're gonna do.

Without hesitation, Jack shoots Hank in the head.

BANG. The SOUND of this single shot reverberates off the red rocks.

As seen from a distance, Hank falls backward, flat on his back, lifeless.

It's as if all the life has left Walt, too. He crumbles to his knees, destroyed. Hank is dead, and he's responsible.

Crying soundlessly, Walt collapses onto his side, face in the dirt, tears streaming, snot dribbling. A husk of a man. Ozymandias.

Todd is uncomfortable at the sight of this man he respects suddenly laid so low. However, good soldier that he is to his Uncle Jack, he keeps quiet.

Not loving this unseemly display of emotion, Jack ignores Walt and contemplates the money situation.

He squints at the palm of his hand -- there are NUMBERS scribbled there in pen (recall we saw Jack writing the coordinates on his hand in Episode 513).

JACK
Pretty specific directions. Most people tell me to be somewhere, they say west on the 40, this or that exit, second gas station on the left, you know? This here... this is a whole other story.
(to Kenny)
That fancy phone of yours. Where's it say this is exactly?

Kenny strides over, pulling his CELL (a Smartphone -- iPhone or Droid or somesuch) from his pocket. Checks the readout. As if using a divining rod, he orients himself in a specific direction and slowly begins to walk.

(CONTINUED)

About to follow, Jack now notes a SHOVEL in the back of Gomez's SUV. He opens the back and grabs it.

JACK
Hey lookit this -- they even brought a shovel.

Way in the distance (fifty yards or so), and just within earshot, Frankie and Lester reappear. Frankie cups his hand around his mouth, yells out:

FRANKIE
Jack! No sign of Pinkman!

Not too concerned about it, Jack gives a *WHISTLE* and waves them back. He's got bigger, more lucrative fish to fry.

Jack and the crew follow Kenny and his GPS to a specific spot no more than 30 feet away. Todd hangs back out of deference to Mr. White.

KENNY
Says this is it. Right here.

Jack hands the shovel to Kenny.

Kenny thrusts the tip of the shovel hard into the dirt. *SHUNK*. Nothing. He tries again. And again. *SHUNK*. *SHUNK*. Then... *CLUNK*. *Bingo*.

Kenny turns to Jack. The other guys do, too. Jack shrugs.

JACK
So... dig.

Kenny grins and puts his back into it. As shovel upon shovel of dirt goes flying...

Across the way, the sound of digging begins to penetrate Walt's despair. Squinting through his tears, he recognizes the excavation site. He understands that he's not only lost his brother-in-law, but he's about to lose his fortune.

CLOSE ON WALT'S FACE. It's a mask of utter agony. He squeezes his eyes shut and lies here, paralyzed. What would be the point in protesting? There's no stopping this. Walt surrenders to his absolute defeat.

STILL HOLDING ON WALT'S FACE, we HEAR:

KENNY (O.S.)
Whuzzat? That look like a barrel?
Couple of barrels..?

9 EXT. TOHAJIILEE - EXCAVATION SITE - CONTINUOUS 9

Jack and his guys (minus Todd, who hovers near Walt -- although even he is growing curious now about the money) are gathered close around the site. Kenny's digging has exposed a BARREL and perhaps a portion of another.

JACK

Open it.

Kenny and one of Jack's guys work to pry off the lid. Finally, off it comes -- and the sight of the barrel's CONTENTS leaves them all breathless.

KENNY

Oh, Jesus. Oh, Jesus, wouldja look at that.

CLOSE ON THE BARREL -- STACKED MILLIONS in BANDED CASH.

The guys stare down at the barrel like it's the Holy Grail. After a reverent beat... JUBILATION kicks in. HOOTS, LAUGHTER, high-fives and back-slapping. Their ship just came in -- big time! Jack refocuses them on the task at hand:

JACK

Well, what're you waitin' for?!

The guys hustle to work. One of them grabs the LID, uses it to assist Kenny with the digging. The others dig with their hands. Jack lights up another smoke, enjoying the view.

10 EXT. TOHAJIILEE - TIME LAPSE 10

Purple shadows lengthen and grow, snaking down the side of rock formations. Hours have passed.

11 EXT. TOHAJIILEE - JACK'S TRUCK - DAY 11

PULL BACK from the open tailgate of Jack's truck bed. The last of Walt's precious barrels is being hefted in by a couple of guys. A total of SEVEN BARRELS fill the space.

12 EXT. TOHAJIILEE - EXCAVATED HOLE - DAY 12

TRACKING along a fresh trail in the dirt, we catch-up to lifeless Gomez being dragged by his ankles, arms trailing behind him. Two members of Jack's crew unceremoniously dump Gomez into the hole where the barrels used to be. It's clear Hank and Gomez will be left to rot in anonymity. An ignominious end to our heroes.

13

EXT. TOHAJIILEE - DAY

13

Two other guys grab Hank by the ankles and drag him past...

WALT. He still lies on his side in the dirt. Dust-covered BOOTS pass by frame followed by Hank's body. Walt's catatonic now, doesn't seem to notice. Tear-stained and weak, his breath makes little puffs of dust where he lies.

Walt stares straight ahead as if blind, seeing nothing.

Suddenly, his eyes narrow. Something's caught his attention, snapping him out of his despair.

Without moving, Walt stares straight ahead with new laser-like focus. He's peering at his very own Chrysler. But why..?

IN THE B.G., Jack's guys work at filling in the hole where the bodies are buried. One man uses the shovel while the others use their hands and boots to shove the dirt in.

Elsewhere still, Jack and Todd confer privately. We can't hear what they're saying -- but it appears that Todd is advocating for Mr. White's life.

Jack, against his better judgment, finally gives in. He *WHISTLES*. Calls out to all his guys at the burial site.

JACK

Pull one of those barrels off the truck. Load it in the Chrysler.

The guys give a glance at one another, not loving this idea.

LESTER

Seriously?

KENNY

Jack, that's like ten, eleven million, right there! You sure you wanna do that?

JACK

You gonna make me say it again?
(claps his hands)
Go! Chop-chop! Jesus, what's with all the greed here? It's unattractive.

A couple of the guys shoot each other looks, then do as they're told. They cross to Jack's truck. (As this scene continues, they'll unload one barrel, roll it over to Walt's car and try to figure out how to fit it inside.

(CONTINUED)

Ultimately, it will fit not the trunk, but inside the back seat. However far they get in this process before the next scene is not particularly important. However, the process itself should be laborious.)

Meanwhile, Jack strolls over to Walt, whose gaze is still fixated on his car -- staring straight ahead. He doesn't seem to notice Jack's presence beside him.

JACK

Hey.

No response. Jack bends down, *SNAPS* his fingers to get Walt's attention.

JACK

Hey. I'm leaving you a barrel --
the guys are gonna load it for you.
(then, to Todd)
You got the keys to these cuffs?

Todd does indeed -- digs Hank's pilfered KEYS from his pocket. He steps over to unlock Walt's handcuffs. Then he helps Walt to his feet, and offers a respectful (if strange and insufficient):

TODD

Sorry for your loss.

Walt absently rubs his wrists. He's weak, a little unsteady on his feet. Jack eyes him closely, assessing him.

JACK

My nephew here, he respects you.
He would never forgive me if
things... went another way. Also,
I'll be honest, you've caught me in
one helluva good mood. So here's
what's gonna happen. You're gonna
get in your car, and you're gonna
drive outta here, alright? No hard
feelings. You understand me?
(holds out his hand)
We square?

Walt simply stands there -- we're not sure he even heard the man. Still holding his hand out, Jack reiterates:

JACK

Hey. I gotta know we're square, or
we're gonna have to go that other
way.

(CONTINUED)

Slowly, as if sleep-walking, Walt raises his hand. They shake. Jack nods -- *good enough*.

As Jack and Todd turn to go, Walt utters a single word, drops it like a grenade:

WALT
Pinkman.

Jack and Todd pause.

WALT
Pinkman. You still owe me.

Jack considers -- *a deal's a deal*.

JACK
If you can find him, we'll kill him.

WALT
(beat; then, stone-cold)
Found him.

14 EXT. TOHAJIILEE - CHRYSLER - MOMENTS LATER 14

ANGLE ON THE GROUND UNDER WALT'S CAR.

The desert sun is so blinding it appears pitch-black under the car. It takes a second for our eyes to adjust...

In the shadows where we can barely see him, JESSE lies flat, pressed to the earth. This is what Walt has been focused on all this time.

Near Jesse, an almost unseen drip-drip-drip of LIQUID leaks from the undercarriage at the rear of the vehicle. Maybe it's way out-of-focus in the F.G. What is it, exactly? More on this later.

Jesse's eyes are wide, gleaming white and frightened like a lost dog under a porch.

Now... Jesse is dragged by the ankles from his hiding place! He resists, but it's futile -- Jack's guys have him firmly in their grasp.

JESSE
Get offa me! Get off!

Now that he's out in the open and up on his feet, Kenny shoves Jesse to his knees, rendering him suddenly silent -- aware he's about to take his last breath.

(CONTINUED)

Jack stands behind Jesse and raises his pistol, pointing it at the back of his head.

JACK
(to Walt)
Good to go?

Walt stands where he can see Jesse's face (though not so that he's in the path of the bullet). Walt has nothing but hatred in his eyes. As far as he's concerned, Hank's death is ultimately Jesse's fault.

Walt nods at Jack: *good to go*. With this, Jesse realizes: *Walt ordered his death*.

Jesse lowers his eyes. Shivers with fear. In his final moments, the sun seems extra bright, the wind crisp and alive. Jesse raises his face to the sky one last time.

TODD
Hey, Uncle Jack?

Jack looks to his nephew. Todd indicates Jesse.

TODD
He was out here with those Feds.
Working with 'em. Shouldn't we
maybe find out what he told 'em
first?
(troubled)
'Cause I mean, he had to have told
'em stuff that might not be so good
for us.

Jack cogitates. *Todd raises a good point*. Best to know if there's testimony out there that could get them all busted.

TODD
I bet we could get it outta him
back home. I mean, I could do it.
(then, mild)
Me and him, we got history.

Jesse reacts -- *holy shit, this is a worst-case scenario!*
Seems like a viable plan to Jack, however.

TODD
(to Walt)
And then, you know, we'd take care
of the job after that.

JACK
(to Walt)
Works for me. Work for you?

(CONTINUED)

Walt gets it -- understands that Jesse is being sentenced to die slowly after he's been tortured to extract information. He nods -- *fine by him*.

Jesse is yanked to his feet. He struggles, terrified. Knows he's about to suffer a fate worse than death at psycho Todd's hands.

JESSE

No! NO!

As Todd and Kenny drag Jesse to the waiting CROWN VIC...

WALT

Wait.

Everyone pauses. *Has Walt had second thoughts?*

Jesse is allowed to turn to look at Walt. He implores Walt with his eyes. *Will Walt stop this?*

Walt slowly walks towards Jesse. Stops in front of him. A long beat, then...

WALT

I watched Jane die.

It takes Jesse a moment to register what Walt's just said -- he can't quite believe what he's hearing.

Walt continues ruthlessly. Cold as ice.

WALT

I was there and I watched her die.
I watched her overdose and choke to death. I could've saved her, but I didn't.

This is not an apology -- not even close -- this is the consummate "fuck you". These are Walt's final words to Jesse and they cut deeper than any knife.

Now it's Jesse who has suddenly been hollowed out. This news is staggering. Jesse may as well be dust in the wind.

The guys shove Jesse into the Crown Vic as Walt watches impassively. Satisfied. *Justice*.

15 EXT. TOHAJIILEE - MINUTES LATER

15

Five or ten minutes have passed -- just enough time for Jack's guys to have moved their truck into position to tow Gomez's inoperable SUV. A CHAIN connects their TOW HITCH to the SUV's BUMPER.

With one man behind the SUV's wheel to help steer, this little entourage chugs out of frame, the shot-up SUV dragging through the dirt on its flat front tire.

Behind it, the Crown Vic is about to leave. In its back seat, Jack and Todd flank Jesse.

Jesse looks back over his shoulder and stares at Walt through the window, sheer hatred, pain and fear etched on his face. The car drives away.

And then... silence.

WIDE. Walt stands alone amid the majestic red rocks, just him and his Chrysler with the barrel in it. The terrain around him no longer glitters -- Jack's guys were thorough and no shell casings or broken glass remain.

Off this bleak tableau, we...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16 INT. CHRYSLER - TOHAJIILEE - DAY 16

It's moments later from the end of the previous act.

ANGLE FROM THE CHRYSLER'S BACKSEAT. We see over the top curve of the BARREL (it's wedged on its side in the backseat) to the DRIVER'S HEADREST. Walt gets into his car -- sits heavily, his back to us. We focus on his bald head as he sits motionless for a time.

His eyes cut to the REARVIEW MIRROR and we adjust to see his reflection. The remains of the day show on Walt's face and in his depleted demeanor.

He reaches up and adjusts the mirror. Positions it so he can see... dirt behind him. Specifically, the spot where Hank and Gomez are interred. It's not that the ground is visibly disturbed, but we know full well what lies beneath.

Walt is devastated, the outcome still unfathomable. His eyes well up and he struggles to breathe through his constricted throat. But... he must go on. Walt gathers himself, fishes his KEYS from his pocket and starts his car.

He carefully maneuvers a "K" turn so as not to drive over the burial site, and drives away.

17 INT./EXT CHRYSLER - TOHAJIILEE - DRIVING - DAY 17

Walt's car motors through the red rock desert. The car rides low, weighed down by the heavy barrel in the backseat.

The terrain is rough and the car bumps and groans, but Walt drives on at a reasonable speed -- he's not racing. He's oblivious to his surroundings, deep in thought, until...

DING...DING...DING... The car sounds a WARNING. Walt is puzzled -- *what the hell?* -- he's unfamiliar with the sound.

The Chrysler slows, jerking a little, chugging. *DING... DING...* Walt has no idea what's going on. Suddenly, the engine CUTS and the car rolls to a silent stop.

Walt peers at the dashboard.

ANGLE ON THE GAS GAUGE. A WARNING LIGHT is illuminated. The gas tank reads EMPTY.

ON slack-jawed WALT -- *you have got to be fucking kidding me.* This is a disaster. He opens his door...

18 EXT. CHRYSLER - TOHAJIILEE - CONTINUOUS 18

Walt climbs out of the car, kneels down and peers underneath the rear end.

ANGLE UNDER THE CHRYSLER. The last few DRIPS of GASOLINE fall and disappear into the parched earth under the car. Now we realize these are the drips we saw when Jesse was hiding beneath the car -- the GAS TANK has been leaking all this time! It's got a BULLET-HOLE in it from the firefight!

Walt hangs his head. A lesser man would admit defeat, but...

Walt stands and opens the rear passenger door. Off him, as he regards the BARREL wedged inside:

19 EXT. TOHAJIILEE - VISTA - DAY 19

HIGH AND WIDE on a John Ford vista.

Into it, the tiny figure of Walt rolls his barrel through the desert like a dung beetle. The journey is hard, slow and hellish.

CUT WIDER. AND WIDER... until Walt is just a tiny speck in the sprawling Tohajiilee landscape.

VARIOUS ANGLES OF WALT'S TRAVAILS. CLOSE ON: his HANDS tumbling the dusty barrel, his FEET scuffing along the red earth, SWEAT on his brow as, like Sisyphus, he labors the barrel over hill and dale. He brings us to something now... something which slides into frame. What is it?

CLOSE ON a moldering pair of weathered KHAKI PANTS.

Yes, they're Walt's airborne pants from the pilot -- now faded, frayed, practically mummified into a rock-hard part of the scenery. And yet, sharp-eyed viewers will recognize them for what they are.

Walt, however, doesn't notice them, just trudges right on by. The heavy barrel leaves a snail trail behind him, like the track of a "sailing stone" in Death Valley. Exhausted though he is, Walt's moving forward with dogged determination.

After traveling a great while, Walt stops -- he's spied something far ahead.

WALT'S POV. A solitary HOUSE in the distance. SMOKE rises from the chimney. The windshield of a PICKUP TRUCK glints.

20 EXT. TOHAJIILEE - LONESOME HOUSE - DAY 20

A WEATHERED screen door. We can't see inside behind it -- the interior is dark in contrast to the bright afternoon sun.

A MAN'S FACE appears from within, peers out. He is NATIVE AMERICAN, straight out of a Walker Evans photo. His eyes narrow, scanning the distance. He steps outside.

The screen door *BANGS* shut behind him. The property is humble, sun-baked but well-maintained -- you could say the same about the man. A beat-up old pickup truck is parked by the house. The native man waits, watching something

Over the man's shoulder we see Walt roll-roll-rolling his barrel towards us. It takes a while, but the man waits patiently. Walt finally manages to roll it to a stop right in front of him. Walt stands up straight to face him, wincing at the profound ache in his back. He catches his breath, then...

WALT

Hi.

The man is circumspect, but not unfriendly --

NATIVE AMERICAN MAN

Hello.

WALT

That truck belong to you?

NATIVE AMERICAN MAN

It does.

WALT

I'd like to buy it.

NATIVE AMERICAN MAN

It's not for sale.

Walt reaches into a pocket and extracts a WAD OF BANDED CASH. He offers it to the man who stands staring at it, stunned by the amount. Off this...

21 EXT. TOHAJIILEE - LONESOME HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 21

BOOM. The heavy barrel rolls into the bed of the truck, loaded in by Walt and the native man. As the tailgate *SLAMS SHUT*, we...

MATCH CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

BREAKING BAD #514 "OZYMANDIAS" FINAL 4/1/13 27.
21 CONTINUED: 21
22 The DRIVER DOOR of Marie's VW SLAMS SHUT. 22

EXT. CAR WASH - PARKING LOT - DAY

Marie has just stepped out of her car. She's parked at the CAR WASH.

Marie takes a moment to straighten her clothing and compose herself. She's a little nervous, but determined. Calm. There's a sense of purpose about her. She has an agenda.

23 INT. CAR WASH - REGISTER COUNTER - DAY 23

Skyler is on her CELL PHONE. She stands a little ways away from WALTER, JR. who is finishing ringing up a CUSTOMER at the cash register.

WALTER, JR.

Thank you. Please hand this to your car wash professional and have an A-1 day.

Skyler leaves a message for Walt -- she's a bit chirpy, attempting normalcy in case Junior is listening, but she's battling some serious nerves.

SKYLER

Hey, Walt, it's me. Just thought I'd try you again. We're just wondering what time you think you might be back. Give us a call and let us know, okay?

DING-A-LING. The entry door jingles open. Behind her, Skyler hears Junior's cheerful greeting --

WALTER, JR.

Hey, Aunt Marie.

MARIE

Hi, Sweetie.

Uh-oh. Marie is the last person Skyler wants to see right now! Skyler quickly hangs up, turns to face her. The two sisters lock eyes. Junior is unaware of the tension between them, but to us it comes through loud and clear.

WALTER, JR.

Whatcha been up to lately? Haven't seen you for a while.

(CONTINUED)

MARIE

Oh you know, this and that.
(breezy-yet-firm)
Your mom and I need to talk, so I
thought I'd stop by.

SKYLER

(masking anxiety)
I wish you'd called. This isn't
the best time.

MARIE

Well, Flynn looks like he can hold
down the fort. How 'bout we go in
your office.

As she says this, she's already heading there. Clearly,
Marie isn't taking "no" for an answer.

Skyler can't risk pushing it further in front of Junior --
she has no choice but to make the gallows walk with her
sister.

INT. CAR WASH - SKYLER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Marie sits motionless, gazing evenly at her sister,
appraising her.

Across the desk, Skyler does her best to hold up her end of
this staring contest, but she's disquieted -- it's harder for
her. After several beats of silence:

SKYLER

Marie, I've got nothing to say.

MARIE

(comes on strong)
Well I do, so you can just sit
there and listen.
(drops the bomb)
I got a call from Hank. He
arrested Walt three hours ago.

Skyler is stunned... and frightened, and... overcome by a
myriad of emotions. Marie is steadfast.

MARIE

It's over.
(proving it)
"Dead to rights," I believe is the
expression.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARIE (CONT'D)

Hank and Steve Gomez are working with a former associate of Walt's -- Jesse Pinkman, whom I know you know. Pinkman has supplied them with everything they need. Hank's booking Walt as we speak. And I, for one, couldn't be happier.

Skyler couldn't be more scared and ashamed. She begins to silently weep -- can't even meet her sister's eyes now.

Marie expresses her own state of mind with a measure of melancholy. The wounds are deep. But she doesn't break.

MARIE

I almost didn't come here. Christ, I barely even know who you are. And I sure as hell don't know if I can ever trust you again.

(beat)

But then I think about how upset you were with Walt, and that you wanted the kids out of the house, and... it all makes me believe that there's got to be hope for you. That whatever he did to you can be undone.

(then)

All I know, all I've been forcing myself to remember, is that you're my sister. So I'm here.

Skyler is further reduced to helpless tears.

SKYLER

Oh, Marie...

MARIE

Everything changes now -- and you've got to prepare yourself.

(then)

Hank will help you as much as he can, I know he will, and I'll support you through this, but I have conditions.

(more agenda)

I want you to give me every single copy of that *obscenity* that you two made to discredit Hank. That DVD. Every copy. Do you understand?

Skyler weeps with fresh shame. Marie presses.

(CONTINUED)

MARIE
Answer me. Do you understand?

SKYLER
(nods, whispers)
Yes.

She can't choke out another word. She sits there, compliant, terrified, trying to comprehend her new reality.

MARIE
(the last bombshell)
Now dry your eyes and get Flynn in here... because you are going to tell him everything. And I mean everything.
(off Skyler's alarm)
He deserves to know the truth from his family and not from a bunch of uniformed strangers.

For Skyler, this nightmare is getting worse and worse.

SKYLER
(despairing)
Marie, no. Please... I...

MARIE
You tell him or I will. There's no way around it. He has to know and he has to know now.

Off Skyler, knowing her sister is right, and anticipating what she's been dreading most of all.

25 INT. JACK'S COMPOUND - "THE PIT" - DAY 25

A dark space. Thin shards of light penetrate the gloom. High above, a DARK GREEN TARP rests atop a rusted steel grid that serves as a roof. There are a few small, ragged holes in the tarp and thusly the light shines through them.

TILT DOWN to reveal cinder block walls. Concrete floor.

We HEAR the *JINGLE* of CHAIN and see a GLINT of it.

In a slash of light, we can just make out... Jesse. One of his eyes is SWOLLEN SHUT and he has some ugly CUTS AND BRUISES on his face -- he's had the shit beaten out of him.

He's also SHACKLED at the waist with chains that attach to cuffs at his WRISTS and ANKLES -- prison-style.

(CONTINUED)

TODD
Yeah, we're on it.

Todd, with casual benevolence, helps Jesse to his feet.

TODD
Okay, here we go.

Off Jesse's mounting, wild-eyed dread...

26 EXT. JACK'S COMPOUND - DAY 26

JINGLE-JANGLE, CLANK-CLANK -- Jesse's shackled feet shuffle along in the dirt. Dead man walking. Todd guides Jesse, herding him as they walk beside a long, convex tin wall.

They approach a huge DOOR at the end of the building. Todd puts his weight behind it, sliding it open.

27 INT. TODD'S METH LAB - CONTINUOUS 27

REVERSE on Jesse and Todd -- two figures silhouetted in the doorway. Todd reaches over, flips a switch, and TUNGSTEN LIGHTS SNAP to life.

Jesse stares at the METH LAB (the lab previously established in Episode 513). Todd guides Jesse inside, then reaches up and grabs something that dangles nearby.

A METAL CABLE. From the end of it hangs an open PADLOCK. Todd uses it to clip the cable to the back waist of Jesse's chain. Then he UNLOCKS Jesse's wrists and removes his cuffs. As Jesse rubs his sore wrists...

TODD
Let's cook.

Todd crosses to retrieve a nearby set of protective TYVEK. He begins to suit up.

Jesse stays where he is, staring at the equipment he once helped design. Something affixed to the big steel COOK VAT catches his eye and sets off an internal alarm.

Jesse starts toward it but is held back by the cable -- he's stuck. Jesse looks up to see...

The cable is attached to a METAL TRACK that spans the length of a long steel armature that frames the lab area. We realize Jesse is attached to what amounts to... a DOG RUN.

(CONTINUED)

Jesse reaches up, grabs the cable with both hands and tugs it forward. The cable starts to move in its track, Jesse pulling on his "leash" as he heads towards the object of his focus.

As he gets closer, his worst fears become realized...

CLOSE ON a PHOTO OF ANDREA and BROCK (shot telephoto-style and clearly without their knowledge). It hangs, PAPER CLIPPED to some piece of metal or pipe that's attached to the vat.

Jesse pales, looks like he might be sick -- stunned by what he's seeing. He stands stock-still, mind reeling. The message to Jesse has been received loud and clear.

Off Jesse, knowing that he cooks or Brock and Andrea die...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

28 INT. CAR WASH - SKYLER'S OFFICE - DAY 28

CLOSE ON Walter, Jr. From his expression, it's clear the BOMB has DROPPED. He sits there, blinking, disbelieving. A beat or two of open-mouthed silence, then:

WALTER, JR.

You're completely out of your mind.

Eyes red from crying, Skyler speaks softly...

SKYLER

It's the truth.

MARIE

It is, Flynn.

WALTER, JR.

Then you're both out of your minds!
You're full of shit, is what you
are! Both of you!

(then, to his mom)

IF this is true... then how come
you kept it a secret? Why'd you go
along?!

SKYLER

(depleted candor)

I'll be asking myself that for the
rest of my life.

WALTER, JR.

(angry, blaming)

So you're saying, all this time,
you were lying about this. You're
saying you're a liar. I mean, you
just admitted that. So, were you
lying then or lying now? Which lie
is it?!

Skyler is beyond miserable -- his reaction is tough on her. She doesn't know what else to say and she doesn't have a leg to stand on. She accepts his rage -- he's entitled to it.

Marie steps in with support.

MARIE

Flynn, your mother's telling the
truth, right here and now. Believe
it.

(CONTINUED)

WALTER, JR.
You know what? This is bullshit!
(escalating)
This is bullshit! I wanna talk to
Dad!

MARIE
Your father's in custody. You're
not going to be able to talk to him
for a while.

WALTER, JR.
(fuck this)
Then I'm calling Uncle Hank!

He digs in his pocket for his PHONE, hits speed-dial.

MARIE
I've tried, but he's not answering.
I'm sure he's in the thick of it
with your father.
(then)
Flynn... Honey, I'm sorry. I know
this is a lot to process. I really
hope you can just breathe -- just
try to breathe --

WALTER, JR.
(interrupts, disdainful)
"Try to breathe?"

MARIE
(continuing)
And trust that everything will be
clearer in the next few days.
Okay?

Junior just shakes his head, utterly bewildered and
positively seething. And sure enough, there's no answer from
Hank. Frustrated, Junior hangs up.

MARIE
(to Skyler)
Why don't you take the kids home.
Just head home and regroup and I'll
come by later. I'll bring some
dinner, okay?

Skyler nods -- couldn't be more despondent. She looks over
at her son. Off Junior, hating the world...

29 INT. WHITE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY 29

WHAM! The MIRRORED DOOR of the White House bedroom closet slams open.

Walt frantically grabs CLOTHES -- his and Skyler's -- and tosses them willy-nilly into OPEN SUITCASES on the bed.

30 INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 30

ANGLE ON THE OPEN BEDROOM DOOR from the end of the hall.

THUNK! A SUITCASE is tossed into the hall. Then another.

31 INT. WHITE HOUSE - JUNIOR'S BEDROOM - DAY 31

Walt haphazardly packs his son's CLOTHES and MEMENTOS.

32 INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 32

A DUFFEL BAG is tossed out of Junior's room onto the pile.

33 INT. WHITE HOUSE - NURSERY - DAY 33

Walt scoops up handfuls of tiny HANGING CLOTHES from the closet.

Over this we HEAR: *DING... DING... DING...*

34 INT. SKYLER'S SUV - DRIVING - DAY 34

Skyler drives Walter, Jr. and Holly home in her new SUV. Holly's in her car seat in the back and Junior sits up front.

Walter, Jr. isn't wearing his seat belt so the car is *DINGING* a warning. Junior is oblivious, lost in dark thoughts.

Other than this intermittent sound, they drive in silent misery. Junior stares unseeing out the passenger window.

Eventually, Skyler makes a suggestion out of love rather than irritation, but she's almost afraid to talk to her son.

SKYLER

Flynn, could you put your seat belt on, please?

Junior's face expresses his disgust. *DING... DING... DING...*

(CONTINUED)

SKYLER
Please? It's not safe.

WALTER, JR.
You are shittin' me, right?

He doesn't make a move to fasten it. The *DINGING* continues.

They drive along for a time without further conversation. Finally, Junior speaks without looking at his mother.

WALTER, JR.
If all this is true and you knew
it... then you're as bad as him,
right?

It's more judgement than question. Skyler drives on, unable or unwilling to answer.

35 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY 35

The SUV slows to a stop in front of the house. Behind the wheel, Skyler's face reads concern -- *who's this?*

SKYLER'S POV -- The old pickup truck with the barrel in the back is parked in the driveway. We see this through the SUV'S WINDSHIELD -- we're parked directly behind the pickup, blocking it in.

SKYLER
Whose truck is that?

Sullen Junior doesn't know, but wouldn't answer if he did.

Just then, the front door opens and Walt hustles out encumbered by as many BAGS as he can carry.

Skyler can't believe her eyes -- she's frozen with fear and confusion -- it's like she's seeing a ghost.

Junior, however, is already jumping out of the SUV.

WALTER, JR.
Dad!

Walt sees his family and hurries to hurl the bags into the bed of the pickup. Junior heads straight to him.

WALT
I need you to come inside and pack.
Right now.

(CONTINUED)

WALTER, JR.

Dad, Mom and Aunt Marie, they told me you were arrested! They're saying you're some kind of drug dealer!

This is Walt's worst nightmare come true, but there's no time for discussion now. He dodges this conversational land mine and pushes forward with his agenda. He turns on his heel and heads for the house.

WALT

(to them all)

Inside! Everybody inside!

WALTER, JR.

What the hell is going on?!

Junior hurries inside behind his father.

Skyler, inner alarm bells now ringing loud, climbs out of the SUV and quickly opens the back door to retrieve Holly...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM - DAY

Seconds later. Skyler enters the house with Holly and the DIAPER BAG. She goes straight to the PLAYPEN in the living room, sets Holly inside it, drops the bag beside it.

WALTER, JR.

Dad, just stop and talk to me! Please!

WALT

The priority now is to pack --

WALTER, JR.

They said Uncle Hank --

WALT

We'll discuss all of this later --

WALTER, JR.

They said he arrested you!

WALT

Son, listen to me --

WALTER, JR.

Why won't you tell me what's --

(CONTINUED)

WALT
LISTEN TO ME! Go to your room
RIGHT NOW and grab whatever's
important.
(including Skyler)
Both of you! GO!

Skyler approaches him. She's wary, apprehensive.

SKYLER
Why are you here?

WALT
Will you please get your things
together? You and the kids. This
is our priority.

SKYLER
Hank had you in custody.

Walt grows tongue-tied -- knows Skyler will be hard to
navigate.

SKYLER
He wouldn't just let you go.
(then)
Where is he? Where's Hank?

WALT
(stammering)
I... I-I-I negotiated... I-I --

SKYLER
What does that mean? Negotiated.

WALT
(regrouping)
It's fine -- it means everything is
going to be fine, but now we need
to leave. Alright? Can you do
that?

WALTER, JR.
Why do we need to leave?

SKYLER
(quiet dread)
What happened? Where's Hank?

Walt's urgency increases with his mounting frustration.

(CONTINUED)

WALT

You have to trust me. I need both of you to please just work with me here! I promise you, I will explain everything later!

Skyler presses, her alarm growing, a cold suspicion sitting like a stone in her belly.

SKYLER

Where's Hank?

WALT

(selling)

Skyler, I have got eleven million in cash right outside. We can have a fresh start, whole new lives! All we have to do is go. We have got to go -- right now -- that's all we have to do!

Walt's optimism is a little too bright, too frantic. And just like that, Skyler knows. Her gut tells her.

SKYLER

You killed him. You killed Hank.

WALTER, JR.

What?!

SKYLER

You killed him.

WALT

No! No, I...
(losing it)
I tried to save him...

Walt's emotions overtake him as he remembers.

Skyler is rendered momentarily speechless.

Junior is shocked, horrified -- *this can't be happening*.

WALTER, JR.

Uncle Hank is dead?
(tearing up)
Mom, it's not true, right? It can't be true.

Junior looks from his father to his mom, saucer-eyed with *say it ain't so* bewilderment.

(CONTINUED)

Walt swallows back tears, collects himself, presses his family to action. Repeats his instructions like a crazed mantra.

WALT
We're going. We have to go.
Everything is going to be fine.

He strides down the hall to collect more bags.

37 INT. WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 37

Skyler can only stare after her husband. She goes cold all over. Numbly, she walks to the kitchen bar like she's underwater. She stands there, stares a thousand-yard stare -- all life seemingly emptied out of her.

She looks at the PHONE in front of her. Is she about to call the police? Then... the BUTCHER BLOCK catches her eye. Suddenly transfixed, she edges a hand toward it... pulls free a large BUTCHER KNIFE.

Stepping into the hallway now, she confronts Walt as he approaches carrying BAGS. She brandishes the knife, her voice filled with dark threat:

SKYLER
Get. Out.

Walt, astonished, sets the bags down where he stands.

WALT
Skyler... I promise you, we will --

Skyler isn't listening -- won't listen -- the cancer of corruption and deceit is ending here and now.

SKYLER
Enough.

WALTER, JR.
(noticing the knife)
Mom, what are you doing?

WALT
Skyler. Put it down. Please.
We'll figure everything out...

WALTER, JR.
Mom... Mom, put it down.

But Skyler's focus is deadly, and only on Walt.

(CONTINUED)

SKYLER
Get out of here. Now.

Walt moves towards her, placating, hands out.

WALT
Skyler...

SKYLER
GET OUT!

She lunges. SLASHES Walt's hand! Blood flows.

Walt recoils, stares at his bleeding hand, and then... goes on the attack -- he has to get that knife away from her!

Skyler slashes at him again, wild with fury.

WALTER, JR.
Stop it! Stop! Stop it!

Walt and Skyler struggle for the knife. Walt holds Skyler's wrist to prevent any further wounds -- he's not trying to hurt her. They fall to the floor in the scuffle.

WALT
Let go. Let... GO!

It's messy and awful -- Skyler flails and kicks at Walt as he tries to subdue her.

SKYLER
GET AWAY FROM US!

Junior, freaking out, comes to the aid of his mother. Tries to grab his father and drag him off Skyler.

WALTER, JR.
Dad, get off her! Stop it!

The three tussle -- it's a calamitous melee.

Finally, Walt, the victor, wrests the knife away.

He stumbles to his feet, takes a few steps back and pauses, panting, gripping the knife. Blood runs down his arm and hand, dripping off his fingers onto the floor.

WALT
(roaring)
What the hell's wrong with you?!
We're a FAMILY!

(CONTINUED)

Skyler sobs on the floor. Junior kneels next to his mother, shielding and protecting her.

They both stare up fearfully at furious, foaming, bloody Walt. To them he looks like a stranger, a dangerous intruder in their home.

Walt catches his breath, observes this tragic tableau -- his wife and son cowering, afraid of him. He suddenly sees himself as they see him.

In that moment, the fight goes out of him. He drops the knife -- it *CLATTERS* to the floor. Walt seems bewildered, almost dazed.

WALT
We're a family...

Staying where he is, Junior, never taking his eyes of his father, fumbles his CELL PHONE out of his pocket.

WALT
What are you doing? What are you doing?

Junior stares at his father with defiance (even though he's shaken and upset) as he connects with the emergency operator.

WALTER, JR.
Yeah, I need the police. My dad pulled a knife on my mom. He attacked her. He's dangerous and I think he might've killed somebody.

SLOW CREEP IN ON WALT. He stares at his family and realizes... he's lost them. There's no turning back -- they'll never again be a family.

WALTER, JR.
He's still here. He's in the house.

Walt is sick at heart. After a tortured beat, he makes a spontaneous decision -- one born of desperation. Walt turns and quickly exits.

Walt heads straight for Holly's playpen. In one motion, he lifts Holly up and under one arm and grabs the DIAPER BAG with the other. Holly is startled and lets out a CRY.

Walt bolts out the front door with his child.

(CONTINUED)

It all happens fast -- and out of sight of Skyler and Junior. And yet, hearing her daughter's cry, a flash of intuition hits Skyler. She stumbles into the living room in pursuit.

SKYLER

No. Oh my God... Walt, NO!

39 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY 39

Walt yanks open the driver door of the pickup and places Holly and the bag inside (Note: there are already some DUFFEL BAGS on the passenger floor and some COATS pushed up against the passenger window which will offer Holly protection).

Walt jumps in, slams and LOCKS his door. With bloody hands, he fumbles in his pocket for the KEYS.

Skyler comes running out just as Walt starts the engine. She tries the truck door -- locked. She POUNDS on the window.

SKYLER

No! No! You can't take her!
WALT! LET HER GO!

Walt jams the truck in reverse and backs out full throttle, SHOVING Skyler's SUV as he goes. CRUNCH! SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

Walt gains speed and the pickup pushes the SUV all the way across the street until the SUV bumps over a curb and comes to a cock-eyed rest.

Skyler runs down the driveway in pursuit. In the B.G., Junior appears as well, exiting the house as fast as he can go. Wanting to help his mom, but unable to.

SKYLER

NO! WALT! PLEASE! STOP!

Walt has no intention of doing so. He cranks the blood-smear wheel, turns the truck and speeds away.

Skyler runs a little ways after him down the street, sobbing.

SKYLER

Stop! Oh, God... Please...

But... it's futile. The pickup disappears in the distance.

Skyler stands in the middle of the street, stained with Walt's blood, breathless and weeping. Off Skyler's abject despair, we...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

40 INT. SINGLE STALL MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT 40

CLOSE. A "KOALA" CHANGING TABLE folds down, locking into place. Into this frame... Holly is lifted into view and set down on the table. Time to change her diaper.

WALT (O.S.)

Here we go. Let's get you all nice and clean.

WIDER. Walt and Holly are in a single stall men's room, at a gas station or somesuch. The door is locked and they have the room to themselves.

Walt's wrist and hand are crudely BANDAGED with DUCT TAPE. He probably found it in the glove box of the truck. Perhaps a little CONGEALED BLOOD has seeped through.

A few used, WET PAPER TOWELS are scattered on the sink and on the floor -- stained pink and red. It appears Walt has cleaned himself up in here. However, Holly's clothes may well have a bit of her father's DRIED BLOOD on them.

Walt chats with Holly as he expertly changes her diaper (he has what he needs from the diaper bag he grabbed).

WALT

Where's your belly button? Where is it? There it is! I see it.

Holly is calm, happy and unperturbed. They enjoy the regular ritual as if they were at home and everything hasn't changed forever. It's a sweet, quiet time between father and daughter.

WALT

Now, the next order of business is getting you a brand new car seat.

(then)

Who's all clean and dry, hmmm? I think I know who it might be... Is it Holly? Yes, it is...

When Walt is finished, he stands her up on the table.

WALT

Alrighty. Up we go.

Now he and Holly are face to face, eye to eye. Walt gets her clothing rearranged.

(CONTINUED)

40

WALT

There now. All better.

Holly smiles at him, maybe touches his face. With a clench of the heart, Walt realizes: this is the only member of the White family who still loves him. And suddenly... it all comes crashing down for Walt. He knows that it'll never be "better". He knows that this is wrong. He can't do this to his daughter.

Grief floods over him. Overwhelms him. He hugs Holly tight, tears streaming down his face. As we hold on this moment...

41

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

41

A PHOTO OF HOLLY dangles upside down.

It's in the hand of a plainclothes DETECTIVE. We only see his torso as he paces, talking on the phone.

FIRST DETECTIVE

I'm confirming the abduction.
Amber Alert. Holly White. Female.
Eighteen months.

We follow the man's torso which brings us to... Skyler. We stay with her as she sits hunched in a chair, drained.

FIRST DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Blonde hair, blue eyes. Last seen
wearing...

In the background we hear the low murmur of police conversation; the detective on the phone, policemen conferring -- there are two plainclothes detectives and two UNIFORMED POLICE. (POCKET DIALOGUE will be provided).

Skyler lifts her head, looks up and over at...

Marie and Junior, who sit on the adjoining sofa. Junior has his arm around Marie who sits, broken, eyes dull with despair. Clearly, she has heard the news about Hank. Whether she believes it yet, whether she can accept it, is another matter.

MARIE

(half to herself)
He was in handcuffs. Hank had him
in handcuffs...

Junior tears up. Hugs his aunt a little tighter.

(CONTINUED)

All three are existing in their separate, grim worlds as the cops around them work the case.

Throughout this, we don't fully see the cops, just bits of their bodies, not faces. That is until... the HOME PHONE RINGS.

FIRST DETECTIVE
(to Skyler)
Expecting a call?

Skyler shakes her head. Another RING or two and then the ANSWERING MACHINE picks up.

SKYLER'S OUTGOING MESSAGE
Hi, you've reached the White
family. Please leave a message.

BEEP. Walt's VOICE is heard:

WALT (V.O.)
Skyler, it's me. Pick up!

Every head in the room swivels to look at the phone. Skyler's heart jumps in her chest. She can barely speak:

SKYLER
(to the police)
That's him. That's my husband.

42 INT. WHITE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 42

The cops react -- they're fast, professional. First Detective motions for Skyler to hurry over to the phone. She does.

WALT (V.O.)
I need you to pick up the phone!

A SECOND DETECTIVE dials his CELL and moves away, speaking low.

SECOND DETECTIVE
Start a trace on a land line. The
number is 505-###-####. I need a
location on the incoming caller...

WALT (V.O.)
Skyler!

Skyler anxiously picks up the phone but doesn't yet answer.

(CONTINUED)

Beside her, First Detective pulls out a DIGITAL RECORDER, and stands near her to listen in -- intimate. He holds the recorder next to the receiver. He nods to her -- go.

WALT (V.O.)
Answer the phone!

Skyler clicks the button to answer.

SKYLER
Walt. Where's Holly?

We don't cut to Walt's side of the conversation yet, we just hear his voice.

WALT (V.O.)
Are you alone?

Skyler, surrounded by cops, isn't sure how to answer.

WALT (V.O.)
No police?

Skyler looks to the detective. He shakes his head.

SKYLER
No. No police. Where are you?
Where's Holly? Walt..?

WALT (V.O.)
(a beat; demeaning)
What the hell is wrong with you?
Why can't you do one thing I say?

SKYLER
What?

WALT (V.O.)
This is your fault! This is what
comes of your disrespect!

INTERCUT WITH:

Walt stands in the shadows next to his parked pickup truck out of the glare of a street lamp. He's talking on a brand new disposable CELL PHONE, trying to keep his voice down.

Inside the truck (the windows are rolled up) we PAN PAST the DISCARDED PACKAGING from the phone to discover... sleeping Holly. She's carefully covered with a warm COAT.

(CONTINUED)

Finally, we see Walt up close. He's struggling to act the villain. He continues his rant, amping up his faux anger.

WALT

I told you, Skyler, I warned you for a solid year -- cross me and there'd be consequences. Now what didn't you understand about that?

This doesn't sound like Walt at all. He's so witheringly abusive. Skyler senses something is really *off*. She struggles to focus -- all she knows is that she wants Holly back.

SKYLER

You took my child --

WALT

Because you need to learn!

SKYLER

Bring her back.

WALT

Maybe now you'll listen! Maybe now you'll use your damn head!

Skyler's confused -- *this isn't adding up*.

WALT

(a tirade)

You've never believed in me, never been grateful for anything I've done for this family.

(sneering, vicious)

You whine and complain about how I make my money. Just dragging me down while I do EVERYTHING.

(mocking her)

Oh, please Walt, you have to stop this -- it's illegal, it's immoral! Someone might get hurt!

Wow. We've never heard Walt like this. Skyler looks like she's been punched.

Walt has tears in his eyes as he acts the villain, intending to sound like a punishing monster. But it's killing him.

WALT

(hushed rage)

And now you tell my son what I do?! After I told you and told you to keep your damn mouth shut?!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WALT (CONT'D)
(low, scathing)
You stupid bitch. How dare you?

In spite of Walt's cruelty, Skyler starts to twig: Walt's making her seem like a helpless victim. And he's a monster. He must know the cops are listening.

She starts to subtly play along -- it's to her benefit and she's smart enough to take this gift he's giving her.

SKYLER
I'm sorry...

With that, Walt knows she understands that he's trying to protect her and take all the blame. He nods to himself.

Walt and Skyler enter into their last fiction together.

WALT (CONT'D)
You have no right to discuss
ANYTHING I do -- what the hell do
you even know about it?! Nothing.
I built this. ME!

SKYLER
You're right. You're right.

WALT
Mark my words, Skyler: tow the
line or you'll wind up just like
Hank.

Another "wow" moment. Walt is taking responsibility for Hank's death. Confessing to the one crime he didn't commit. Skyler can barely breathe. She glances over at her sister.

SKYLER
Tell me what happened. Where's
Hank? Please, we need to know.

At this, Marie rises from her seat, expectant.

WALT
Oh, you're never going to see Hank
again. He crossed me. You think
about that.

Skyler begins to weep, sobbing audibly.

Marie, reading Skyler's reaction, also starts to cry. She crumples. Junior helps her sit back down.

Walt hears Skyler's distress and his heart officially breaks. He's crying hard now, too, but continues his act.

(CONTINUED)

WALT
Family or no, you let that sink in.

SKYLER
(sincere)
Walt? I just want Holly back.
Please, Walt, please come home.

It takes all of Walt's inner strength to gather himself. When he finally speaks, it's the real Walt talking, the Walt who loves his family more than anything in this world. He answers sincerely, resolutely, with a heavy heart:

WALT
I still have things left to do.

END INTERCUT.

Walt hangs up.

He pulls the BATTERY from the phone, BREAKS the phone and tosses all of it.

He wipes his eyes and nose -- he's never looked more worn. He musters himself, digs deep within for one remaining ounce of fortitude -- he's about to make one of the hardest decisions of his life.

Walt peers in the truck window to check on Holly.

WALT'S POV. Holly sleeps peacefully under the coat.

Walt straightens up and looks across the street. Only now do we reveal that Walt is parked across from... a FIRE STATION.

44 INT. FIRE STATION - KITCHEN - NIGHT 44

A few FIREMEN kick back in partial uniform. For now let's say that they're in the kitchen. (We can determine their action according to whatever works best at the location).

Two firemen sit across from each other, frowning over a CHESS BOARD on the table while another COOKS at the stove.

Suddenly, they all notice RED LIGHTS flashing, reflected on a wall. They look at each other. That's odd.

45 INT. FIRE STATION - TRUCK BAY - NIGHT 45

One of the fire trucks sits parked with its RED LIGHTS silently FLASHING. Strange.

(CONTINUED)

One of the firemen goes to the cab to turn off the lights. He steps up, opens the door to reach in when he suddenly freezes, startled by what he sees.

FIREMAN'S POV. There sits serene Holly staring back at us, a NOTE pinned to her shirt.

If we look closely at the handwritten note, we can just make out her NAME AND ADDRESS.

46 EXT. JOHN ROBERTS DAM - EARLY MORNING 46

It's a new day. SLOW PAN ACROSS abutments that look like tombstones to find... the pickup truck. We recognize this bleak spot. This location was previously established in Episode 511 -- it's where Jesse was waiting to meet the "Disappearer".

The truck is empty -- no Walt -- and the tailgate is down. A few suitcases are still in the back -- not as many as before -- and the barrel is gone.

Reveal Walt waiting alone against the uninviting geometry of the place. The BARREL and a SUITCASE or two are next to him.

Now, here comes a familiar MINIVAN, the very one that we saw pass by looking for Jesse in #511. It pulls up in front of Walt. We don't see the driver (nor will we in this episode).

47 EXT. JOHN ROBERTS DAM - MINUTES LATER 47

CLOSE as the barrel is loaded into the side door of the van. Walt's suitcase (or two) is tossed in afterwards. The door *SLIDES* shut.

Walt opens the passenger door, climbs in.

We see his face, numb yet determined, in the SIDE VIEW MIRROR.

As it recedes away from us, the minivan driving off into the distance, we...

END EPISODE