

# BREAKING BAD

"Felina"

Episode #516

Written and Directed by

Vince Gilligan

Production Draft

WHITE - 03/08/13

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FINAL - 04/03/13

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**BREAKING BAD**

"Felina"

4/3/13

Cast List

WALT  
SKYLER  
JESSE  
WALTER, JR.  
HANK  
MARIE

BADGER  
ELLIOTT  
FRANKIE  
GRETCHEN  
HOLLY  
JACK  
KENNY  
LESTER  
LYDIA  
MATT  
SKINNY PETE  
TODD  
UNCLE JACK  
WAITER  
WAITRESS

Non-Speaking

DEA AGENTS (4)  
GANG MEMBER  
POLICE OFFICERS (8)

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Set List

Interiors:

WHITE HOUSE

    MASTER BEDROOM (previously shot)

    LIVING ROOM

SCHRADER HOUSE

JACK'S CLUBHOUSE

TODD'S METH LAB

GROVE RESTAURANT

DENNY'S RESTAURANT (previously shot)

LYDIA'S HOUSE

    MASTER BEDROOM

MANSION

    ENTRANCE HALL

    GREAT ROOM

WOODWORKER'S SHOP

SHABBY APARTMENT

    BACK BEDROOM

OLD VOLVO SEDAN

GOLD CADILLAC

EL CAMINO

Exteriors:

JACK'S COMPOUND

    MAIN GATE

    CLUBHOUSE

DENNY'S PARKING LOT (previously shot)

DESERT GAS STATION

    PAY PHONE

MANSION

    COURTYARD

    DRIVEWAY

LONESOME SANTA FE ROAD

BADLANDS

APARTMENT BUILDING

OLD VOLVO SEDAN

Omitted:

DESERT HIGHWAY

TEASER

1

A WHITE FRAME

1

Is what we're looking at. Pure white. That's all we see.

Alright, so maybe... if we stare at it long enough... we begin to make out a bit of detail. Some texture. A crystal structure in various shades of white and blue-white and gray.

O.S., we hear a muffled *plumph-plumph-plumph* of FOOTSTEPS. The vague shadow of a MAN appears, approaching us.

He stops before us, staring our way. All we see of him is a head and shoulders in ill-defined SILHOUETTE.

What the hell are we looking at? Is this one of our patented "Breaking Bad" shots, staring straight up through a fresh batch of crystal meth? Could be...

... Except it isn't. No, we TILT DOWN a little now, to an old-fashioned CAR DOOR LOCK. Remember these? If you do, you'll realize this one stands tall in the UNLOCKED position.

The silhouetted man reaches toward us, rub-rubbing at the field of white with a finger. He rubs off a little circle of SNOW on this CAR WINDOW we're framed upon.

He bends down, places a single EYE to this cleared-off patch. He peers in at us, noting the unlocked lock. Then --

-- CHA-CHUNK! He pulls open this DOOR. We are:

INT. OLD VOLVO SEDAN - NIGHT

WALTER WHITE climbs behind the wheel, setting down a familiar PACKAGE on the seat beside him. We'll recall this as the box of cash which we established in episode #515.

Same box, SAME CLOTHES. The sun has set, but we're picking up only an hour or two after #515 ended. We're still in New Hampshire, in the same small village.

Walt carefully shuts the driver's door. This is because for the moment, he'd like to keep in place the thick blanket of SNOW which covers the windshield and every window. It will afford him much-needed privacy for what he has to do next.

Please note that this Teaser will take place entirely within the confines of the Volvo. Except for the final shot, we will always be right here inside it with Walt.

(CONTINUED)

1 Whatever light there is comes from unseen streetlights filtering through the snow. When Walt opened the door just now, what little we saw outside was maybe the BRICK WALL of an alley or somesuch. That's all.

This is going to feel claustrophobic. It's supposed to.

(The plan here is for us to be able to shoot this on stage. We may need to refrigerate this set, as we'll want constant FREEZER SMOKE coming from Walt's mouth. Sorry, Bryan.)

Having closed the door, Walt rubs his hands and blows on them, desperately trying to warm up. He's shivering, teeth chattering -- he's been out in the cold too long, evading the local police (as per last episode). He's COUGHING now, too. Things aren't looking good. He's in bad shape.

First order of business is to start this Volvo -- to get the heat fired up and get the hell outta here before he's busted. No key in the ignition. Beggars can't be choosers.

Walt starts looking around and feeling around -- atop the dashboard, under the seats, in the backseat, in the passenger footwell. He yanks open the glove box and fumbles in it, coming out with... *what's this..?*

WALT'S POV -- AN OLD CASSETTE CASE

Is balanced half-open and EMPTY in Walt's fingers. It's "Gunfighter Ballads and Trail Songs" by Marty Robbins.

A classic. But it's not gonna help. Walt tries again, fishing deeper. And now -- *yes!*

A flat-head SCREWDRIVER. Excellent! Walt goes to work with it, prying at the steering column.

Has Walt ever hot-wired a car in his life? No, but how hard could it be? Especially an old model like this. Once he breaks this column open and frees the ignition cylinder, it's probably just a matter of touching together two little wires... two tiny little wires...

*Fuck! How do I get to those wires?!* Try as he might, Walt can't seem to crack this column open. What is this, Fort Knox? Who the hell designed this thing?!

He might have better luck on a warm and sunny, not-dying-of-cancer day. But in his reduced state, so thin and cold and coughy that he can barely grasp the screwdriver, Walt senses defeat... and begins to panic.

(CONTINUED)

1 He stabs at the column in frustration, embossing it with little rectangles. Straining with one final herculean effort, he slips and barks his knuckles. Aah!

Now he flops back and just sits here, freezer smoke jetting out of his mouth like one of those Clydesdales on a Budweiser Christmas commercial. But he's not giving up.

WALT

You want this. You wouldn't have brought me this far if you didn't.

Wait... is this a prayer? If so, to whom is it addressed? Your call. Regardless, it doesn't seem to pay dividends. Because now...

BLUE LIGHTS can be seen FLASHING through the thick snow of the windshield. They're growing BRIGHTER -- approaching us. An unseen POLICE CAR is headed our way.

We can tell it's cruising slowly, its headlights and rollers on but its siren off. And now it slows to a CRAWL... and finally STOPS a mere ten feet away.

Walt sits motionless. Wide-eyed and rigid.

This cop car (invisible to us save for its blue flashers) is so goddamned close that we can hear the squawk of its RADIO.

Instinctively, Walt's got that screwdriver gripped tight like a weapon. Otherwise, he doesn't move a muscle.

Do the cops know he's here? We hear no car doors opening, no shouted commands. But now, making Walt's sphincter pucker two stops tighter...

... A FLOODLIGHT kicks on, practically blinding us.

It sweeps back and forth, very mechanically. It's searching through the snow at us. Fishing.

Walt is scared... somewhat. But mostly, he looks angry. Under his breath and barely audible, the floodlight sweeping hither and yon, he continues his prayer.

WALT

Get me home. I'll do the rest.

The floodlight STOPS ON HIM. Walt sits stock-still, staring into it. He holds his breath. The last of the freezer smoke curls up and away.

But now -- snap. Just like that, the floodlight SHUTS OFF.

(CONTINUED)

1 With a last RADIO squawk, the cruiser eases off down the street. Its flashers disappear out the snowy rear window.

Walt shuts his eyes briefly, gives silent thanks. Something profound just occurred here. Walt now knows he's going to make it home. He's meant to finish what he started.

To that end, he assays his surroundings. *There's a solution here. It hides in plain sight.*

Staring up at the twin sun visors over the windshield, he notes something. The passenger visor is folded flush to the roof, while his own driver's visor HANGS DOWN an inch or so. It's a subtle distinction... but it's there if you look.

Walt slowly reaches up with that screwdriver still in his hand. He uses it to flip down the visor --

-- And a set of CAR KEYS tumbles out, landing with a faint CLINK in his lap.

Walt barely cracks a smile. Why bother? All is as it should be. He sticks the key in the ignition, gives it a twist.

The ice-cold Volvo lugs only once, then fires right up. When it does, the cassette deck kicks on. That great old Marty Robbins classic, "El Paso," is in mid-run.

MARTY ROBBINS  
*I saddled up and away I did go,  
Riding alone in the dark.  
Maybe tomorrow  
A bullet may find me.  
Tonight nothing's worse than this  
Pain in my heart.*

It plays as Walt searches for the windshield wiper switch.

2 EXT. OLD VOLVO SEDAN - NIGHT 2

WHITE FRAME, this time seen from the outside. SKWEEEE-SKWEK! A wiper blade sweeps through, plowing loose a pie wedge of fluffy snow. It reveals WALT behind it, staring at us, hands gripping the wheel.

Off our determined pawn of fate, ready to roll...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

3 OMITTED 3

4 EXT. DESERT GAS STATION - DAY 4

A lone pump island waits on the edge of the highway. Starting out as a shiny dot in the distance, the Volvo pulls off the road toward us. By the time it comes to a stop at the gas pumps, its windshield fills our frame. There's Walt, behind the wheel just like in the final shot of the Teaser.

After twenty-some hours of driving, all that New Hampshire snow has long since melted. (This Volvo is the same one from the Denny's in episode #501. Also, Walt has swapped his heavy parka for a familiar surplus jacket, and is now dressed exactly as he was in that flashforward.)

Walt cuts the engine and climbs out, stretching his stiff and aching muscles. He's exhausted, but he's not letting that stop him. He's a lone Blues Brother, minus the sunglasses -- on a mission from God.

CLUNK! CLOSE ON the gas inlet as a PUMP NOZZLE gets slammed home and clicked on.

As the Volvo's tank fills, Walt notes a nearby water hose -- the kind they provide so that folks can fill their radiators. Walt splashes some water in his face. COUGHING a bit now, he pats his pockets. *Where did I stash my meds..?*

Walt keys open his trunk -- revealing that it is absolutely BRIMMING WITH CASH. Here are the entire contents of that barrel. Seems Walt stopped by his cabin and packed a few choice items before he hit the open road.

There's a bit of room left over for a black overnight bag (again, something we established in #501), and Walt fishes in it for an amber PILL BOTTLE. He shuts the trunk, pops a pill and washes it down with water sipped from the radiator hose.

(By the way, there's no danger of anybody seeing this money. There are a couple of cars parked in front of the station's convenience store, and maybe we glimpse a LOCAL or TWO across the way. But where he's standing, Walt's got privacy. Nobody pays any attention to him.)

5 EXT. DESERT GAS STATION - PAY PHONE - DAY 5

A minute or two later. CLOSE ON QUARTERS getting shoveled in the coin slot of a sandblasted old pay phone.

(CONTINUED)



Walt is finished pumping gas and stands here by the edge of the quiet highway, the receiver to his ear. A beat, then:

WALT

Hi, this is David Linn from the New York Times. May I speak to Susan? Thank you.

Cool Walt peruses a hangnail, then blandly stares off at the horizon. The hell's he up to?

WALT

Hi, Susan, it's David again. I was just calling to see if --

(listens)

No, I figured we'd do the interview by phone, seeing as they're no longer in the city. But we'd really love a photo of Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz to go along with the article. We've got a stringer out of Albuquerque who we like a lot. When are they scheduled to return home? Think maybe we could --

(listens)

So, they're home tonight, then. Gotcha. Are they still at, uh... the address I have is Upper Canyon Road. Is that? --

(listens)

Oh, Tesuque. Is that near the Opera House? I hear that's very nice.

Pulling up his sleeve, Walt WRITES an ADDRESS on the inside of his forearm (let's find an address we can clear).

WALT

Okay, then. Lemme call my photographer, check out his availability.

(listens)

No, no, their call. Any day this week, we're at their disposal. I know the Schwartzes are very busy people. Listen, thank you so much for your time. You too. Bye-bye.

Whatever this is about, it does not sound like good news for Gretchen and Elliott!

Walt hangs up, quietly satisfied. Off him, REFLECTED in the steel casing of the payphone as he walks away from us, headed back to his car...

6 OMITTED 6

7 OMITTED 7

8 EXT. MANSION - COURTYARD - NIGHT 8

We TILT DOWN from night sky to find... a combed gravel parking area. It's backed by bosque which is landscaped and lit. Very serene and pleasing.

Into this frame drives a BENTLEY CONTINENTAL. It pulls up before us, its headlights flashing frame. It parks and its engine purrs off. Out climb...

... GRETCHEN and ELLIOTT SCHWARTZ. Just arrived home from their trip to New York, they both look like a million bucks. Happy and healthy. Masters of the universe.

Elliott pops the trunk and grabs their luggage -- expensive Brioni or somesuch, but the Schwartzes travel light. Meanwhile, they continue a good-natured argument.

ELLIOTT

Just saying, it's apples and oranges. There's no proper frame of comparison.

GRETCHEN

"No frame of comparison?" What's easier to compare than two restaurants?

ELLIOTT

No, no. I maintain... look, if I want pizza, I go to a pizza parlor. If I want Thai, I go to a Thai place. What purpose does it serve comparing pizza to Thai food? They're both... there's no --

GRETCHEN

Oh, please. This is different. Make a stand here. Make a stand!

ELLIOTT

You make a stand. I refuse to be self-limiting.

And on it goes like this, all smiles. This, as they head into their fabulous mansion. We PULL THEM ALONG, REVEALING this place gradually.

(CONTINUED)

First, we pass through two enormous WOODEN DOORS. These have been left open, as we're technically outside. This brings us into a long, walled COURTYARD.

GRETCHEN

Alright. The proper answer is...  
21.

(he shakes his head)

Yes. Because 21 has the history.  
I mean, come on -- Prohibition?  
"Sweet Smell of Success?"

ELLIOTT

And Per Se has Thomas Keller.  
Game, set and match.

We let the Schwartzes pass out of frame, HINGING on them to find a decorative FOUNTAIN. It is placed off to one side of the courtyard, trickling and peaceful...

... And behind it, on a cushioned bench, sits WALT.

Jesus! His presence startles us, so out-of-place is he. Unseen by the Schwartzes, Walt lazily rises to his feet.

9 INT. MANSION - ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS 9

We're looking out now through two more enormous doors. These have glass in them, through which we see Elliott set down his bags and unlock the deadbolt.

Entering the mansion proper, Elliott hits the LIGHTS and carries the bags on out of sight while Gretchen disarms the SECURITY KEYPAD.

GRETCHEN

Yeah, but see, that whole vibe fits so much better in Yountville, I think. Transplant it to Manhattan, it starts to feel... I dunno. You know what I mean?

ELLIOTT (O.S.)

You can transplant it to Islamabad, I'd still eat there.

In the deep background behind Gretchen, Walt appears. He's walking the opposite way. Where's he going?

To those two giant OAK DOORS. He CLOSES them... shutting us inside here. Creepy. Meanwhile, here in f.g., Gretchen shuts the inner door, too distracted by her conversation to even glance Walt's way. She too wanders out of frame.

(CONTINUED)

9

GRETCHEN  
You know, there's a thought.

ELLIOTT (O.S.)  
Islamabad?

GRETCHEN (O.S.)  
Napa. We really need to go back to  
Napa.

Their conversation CONTINUES OFFSCREEN (pocket dialog to follow). We HOLD here, looking through the glass of the inner door at Walt. He heads our way, taking his sweet time.

Now, here he comes through the front door like he owns the place. Unfortunately for Gretchen, she neglected to lock it.

Jesus, the balls on this guy! No tippy-toeing, no furtive glances. He closes the door behind him -- not slamming it, but certainly not being stealthy.

We FOLLOW Walt down a Getty Villa-length hallway which leads to the house's great room. He strolls along, his hands in his pockets... toward the SOUND of Gretchen and Elliott.

10

INT. MANSION - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

10

What a house. It's sleek and ultra-modern. There are a few science-related curios -- but in the main, it's uncluttered.

Walt drinks this place in, simultaneously admiring and envying it. *All this could have been, should have been HIS.* And while he's idly glancing around, here's the thing...

... Gretchen and Elliott are standing just around the corner in the kitchen! And Walt couldn't care less!

GRETCHEN  
I dunno. Two Thanksgivings ago?  
Jesus, two at least.

ELLIOTT  
I know. Way too long, right?

While Elliott cuts slices of Asian pear, Gretchen finds them a good bottle of wine.

GRETCHEN  
How's this?

ELLIOTT  
Perfecto. Hit the fireplace, would  
you?

(CONTINUED)

Gretchen pads into the great room now -- into the same room as Walt, who can't be more than fifteen feet behind her. And, focused as she is on the fireplace, she still doesn't see him! She grabs a special remote control off the coffee table, aims it at the gas logs in the hearth.

GRETCHEN

We could do it after the thirty-first, after the shareholder's thing. What's that first weekend of the month?

ELLIOTT

Mm. The third, I think.

GRETCHEN

We could call George and Delores, have them drive up from Marin. Oh, and Bill and Miriam Cohen!

POOF. The fireplace roars to life. Gretchen tosses the remote, turns back to her husband.

GRETCHEN

Then we could all --

And finally -- AAHH! Spotting Walt, Gretchen gives a gasp and stops dead, frozen in her tracks.

Seeing her reaction (but not what prompted it), Elliott hurriedly rounds the corner, that little KNIFE he's been using to cut pears in hand. He too freezes.

WALT

Hey, Gretchen. Elliott.

Having a guy who looks like the Unabomber suddenly appear in your living room is shocking enough -- but when the Schwartzes realize who this is, their eyes go even wider.

Walt is calm, relaxed. His hands never leave his pockets.

WALT

I like your new house.

Elliott slowly, protectively falls in beside his wife. They both stand in awe. It's like Dracula has materialized in their midst... and he's between them and the front door.

ELLIOTT

Walt..?

Turning away, Walt appraises a wall of floor-to-ceiling windows which face out onto a pool patio.

(CONTINUED)

WALT

Are we looking east? God, you must have one great view of the Sangre de Cristos.

GRETCHEN

W-What are you doing here?

WALT

I saw you on Charlie Rose.  
(then)  
You looked good. Both of you.

He's in no hurry to get to the point. Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz assume the worst. We sure as shit do, too.

GRETCHEN

Walt. If you're here to, to hurt us...

WALT

Actually, I'm here to give you something. It's in my car. How about the three of us take a walk to it? It's parked just a ways down the road. I couldn't get it past your gate.

No way do they wanna do that! Moving as if he's a sleepwalker, frightened Elliott eases in front of his wife, just a little. He slo-owly raises his knife.

Walt is singularly unimpressed.

WALT

Elliott, if we're gonna go that way, you're gonna need a bigger knife.

Flatly matter-of-fact. (And by the way, there's NO gun in evidence, ever. For all we know, Walt doesn't have one.)

Elliott considers... then lowers the knife. Off him, letting it CLATTER to the floor:

Thirty minutes later. This is a different VIEW from the one we saw originally -- this one includes the house. There's nobody in sight. But parked next to the Bentley, which hasn't moved, is the old white VOLVO. Its trunk stands open.

OVER THIS, in VOICEOVER:

(CONTINUED)

WALT (V.O.)  
Keep stacking. It'll fit.

12 INT. MANSION - GREAT ROOM - NIGHT 12

CLOSE ON a barrel's worth of CASH. It completely covers the top of the fancy square coffee table.

Gretchen and Elliott both stand here with arms completely full of banded CASH. This is the last of who knows how many trips from the Volvo to the great room, and they're tired.

WALT  
Just... yep. There you go.

Elliott is a bit more precise with his stacking. Gretchen, who's got more attitude, gives up at a certain point and DROPS what's left in her arms. Some falls on the floor.

WALT  
Get that wouldja, Elliott? Let's not lose any under the furniture.

Elliott does as he's told. Walt surveys their handiwork.

WALT  
Alright. That is nine million, seven hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

GRETCHEN  
Where did you get it? And why is it here?

Walt looks to Gretchen, mildly offended by the first part of her question. Surprised it would be a source of confusion.

WALT  
I earned it.  
(a beat)  
And you're going to give it to my children.

GRETCHEN  
What? Why?

ELLIOTT  
Walt, I don't know if, uh --

(CONTINUED)

WALT

On my son's eighteenth birthday, which is ten months and two days from today, you will give him this money in the form of an irrevocable trust. You'll tell him it's his to do with as he sees fit... but with the hope he'll use it for his college education and for the education of his sister Holly. That, and the general welfare and betterment of his family.

Gretchen looks to Elliott -- who smiles nervously.

ELLIOTT

Walt, I'm not sure we're following you here. Why would, uh... I mean, why in particular would we --

GRETCHEN

-- If you wanna give your children drug money, go do it yourself.

WALT

I can't. My wife, my son, they hate me. They won't take my money. And even if they did, the federal government wouldn't let them.

(then)

But two rich benefactors such as yourselves... two wonderful people who are known for their charitable endeavors, who think nothing of -- for instance -- writing a \$28 million dollar check to help victims of methamphetamine abuse... I gotta think your money would be very welcome. Like rain to the desert.

GRETCHEN

It wouldn't make any sense coming from us!

WALT

It certainly would. My children are blameless victims of their "monstrous" father -- whom you used to know. Call it a beau geste, call it liberal guilt. Call it what you want, but do it.

(quiet force)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



WALT (CONT'D)

And do not spend one dime of your money. If any taxes or lawyer's fees are owed, it comes out of this right here, you understand? They receive my money. Never yours.

Elliott sends a telepathic message to his wife: *don't argue.*

ELLIOTT

Okay, Walt. It sounds, you know. I guess that sounds reasonable.  
(nervous shrug)  
So, what happens next?

WALT

Well... I guess we shake on it, and then I leave.  
(mildly)  
Big day tomorrow. I've gotta get ready for it.

What does THAT mean? Whatever -- they just want him outta here! They shake his hand. First Elliott, then Gretchen.

WALT

Now, I CAN trust you to do this thing? Not just call the police once I'm gone..?

ELLIOTT

Yes, you can. You absolutely can.

Walt eyes them closely, making sure. "Satisfied," he nods.

He turns to those floor-to-ceiling windows which look out onto the patio. He lifts one arm, gives a wave. A signal.

Now, out of the darkness, two RED LASER DOTS appear! They shine on Elliott and Gretchen, hovering over their HEARTS. The Schwartzes see this, and freak. They back off, but --

WALT

Whoop. Stop, stop. Don't move. You don't want them thinking you're trying to get away.

It was bad enough when Gretchen and Elliott thought Walt was here ALONE! Paralyzed with fear, they do as they're told. Twin laser fireflies keep dancing over their torsos as...

(CONTINUED)

WALT

Just this afternoon, I had an extra two hundred thousand I would've dearly loved to leave atop this table. Instead, I gave it to the two best hit men west of the Mississippi. And whatever happens to me tomorrow, they'll still be out there, keeping tabs.

*(now listen closely)*

If... for any reason... my children don't get this money I've left you, then a kind of a... a countdown begins. And then, maybe a day later, maybe a week, a year, who knows? You'll be walking down the street in Santa Fe or Manhattan or Prague, wherever. Talking about your stock price, not a worry in the world. And you'll hear the scrape of a footstep behind you. And before you can even turn...

Mild, matter-of-fact Walt points two fingers -- like a gun -- at each of their temples.

WALT

Pop. Pop. Darkness.

The Schwartzes stand riveted. Again, Walt studies them closely. Another lesson taught -- never to be forgotten.

Walt turns to the window, gives another wave into the impenetrable night. One by one, the twin lasers BLINK OFF.

WALT

Cheer up, Beautiful People -- here's where you get to make it right.

With that, he heads for the door, never once looking back. Off Gretchen and Elliott, left sick with anxiety...

EXT. LONESOME SANTA FE ROAD - NIGHT

Deserted. Middle of nowhere. Into this frame, the white Volvo pulls to the shoulder. Its headlights FLASH -- off-on, off-on.

As it sits idling, its white exhaust smoke glowing red in the brakelights... TWO DARK FIGURES emerge from the woods. They hurriedly pile into the Volvo's backseat.

14 INT. OLD VOLVO SEDAN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 14

The men are dressed in black, head to toe. Walt, alone in the front seat, fishes in his jacket for two stacks of cash.

He doesn't glance back at these "two best hit men west of the Mississippi." And now that they skin off their balaclavas, we understand why.

It's SKINNY PETE and BADGER! Yay! We get to see them one last time! Without even looking, Walt holds a palm out, expecting something to be placed in it.

SKINNY PETE  
Oh, yeah. Right.

Two LASER POINTERS get handed over to Walt -- one from each "hit man." (Since we won't necessarily recognize what these are, maybe Walt can trigger one, accidentally or otherwise, before he tucks them away in his pocket.)

BADGER  
You know... I don't exactly know how to feel about this.

SKINNY PETE  
Me neither, yo. Whole thing felt kinda shady. Like, morality-wise.

Unruffled, Walt hands them each ten thousand dollars.

WALT  
How you feel now?

Skinny Pete glances from the money to Badger.

SKINNY PETE  
Better.

BADGER  
(nodding)  
Definitely improved.

Walt is about to put the car in gear and drive them away, but he remembers something. He pauses.

WALT  
What's this I hear about blue meth still being out there..?

SKINNY PETE  
What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

WALT

Have you heard that? Is it still  
being sold?

(Pete shrugs, nods)

By who?

Pete looks to Badger, both of them confused by the question.

BADGER

It's you, right? I mean, aren't  
you still cooking?

The way Walt looks back at them tells them clearly he's not.

SKINNY PETE

Damn, we was sure it was you --  
'cause that shit is CHOICE.

Better'n ever!

(not wanting to offend)

I mean, you know...

The gears are slowly turning in Walt's head. He comes to a realization which stuns him. *No, it can't be!*

WALT

Jesse..?

BADGER

Seriously..?

(to Pete)

Thought you said he moved to  
Alaska.

SKINNY PETE

S'what I heard. Right on, Jesse!  
Passing the TORCH!

Walt isn't listening to these two -- from here on, everything they say is simply noise to him. He's pondering the possibility that Jesse is ALIVE. And goddammit, he's PISSED.

Off Walt, chunking the Volvo in gear and driving off...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

15 INT. WOODWORKER'S SHOP - DAY 15

CLOSE ON a beautiful slab of exotic WOOD. We're talking something like blackheart or cocobolo or rambutan -- rare and gorgeous. It is held in a wooden shop vise.

Into frame comes an old-fashioned carpenter's plane. A man's hands go to work with it, planing wonderful, long curlicues.

This image begins a short MONTAGE. Break out the macro lenses, because most of this stuff is in CLOSE-UP:

-- The wood, now planed to perfection, gets cut with a hand saw. Pencil lines are followed with laser-like precision.

-- The wood, now nice and square, gets worked with a chisel. Neat dovetails are cut. This artisan, whoever he is, sure knows what he's doing. He's a pleasure to watch.

At this point, we may notice a familiar TATTOO on the back of his right hand.

-- A right-angle dovetail locks together as satisfyingly as a Swiss bank vault door.

-- The hands rub tung oil onto the now-assembled JEWELRY BOX. You *do* recognize that tattoo, don't you?

WIDER -- it's JESSE. Gently closing the lid on the box, he appraises his work with deep satisfaction.

He's smiling. Happy. His face is unmarred by beatings, and he looks well-fed. And we're confused -- because last we saw him, he was living in Beelzebub's Cinderblock Pit of Hell.

Nice shop he's got. It's not large or fancy, but it has every old-school hand tool Roy Underhill would ever need. And it's peaceful. SMOKY-GOLDEN LIGHT streams in through wide-open windows. This is the kind of a shop Bilbo Baggins would build for himself in the Shire.

Michael, if we'll ever light strictly for beauty on our show, now is the time. It's like Jesse is in heaven. But sadly, he isn't. As he begins to walk away, and his SHOP APRON gets CAUGHT on the vise handle --

16 INT. TODD'S METH LAB - NIGHT 16

-- MATCH-CUT to real-life Jesse getting pulled up short by the CABLE which is attached to his waist chain.

(CONTINUED)

That's right: Jesse has only escaped in his mind. As we see him mildly tug at his cable to get it moving, we realize he's still in his little wood shop even now.

Poor, hollow-eyed Jesse. All alone here in the Quonset hut, he makes meth instead of ornate boxes. We watch as he puts on a mask and opens the cook vat, sifting aluminum foil.

HIGH and WIDE -- off Jesse the myrmidon, his spirit apparently broken for good:

17 INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - MORNING (PREVIOUSLY SHOT) 17

A Grand Slam Breakfast fills frame. Hands finish rearranging the bacon into the number "52."

The cute young WAITRESS at the counter notices, gives a puzzled smile.

WAITRESS  
What happened there?

Walt glances up from his handiwork.

WALT  
It's my birthday.

WAITRESS  
Well, Happy Birthday.

This is, of course, our EXISTING FOOTAGE which opened episode #501. Welcome -- finally -- to where we began Season Five.

Off Walt, staring up at the waitress...

18 EXT. DENNY'S PARKING LOT - MORNING (PREVIOUSLY SHOT) 18

ANGLE ON a brownish-gold trunk lid being raised -- revealing an M60 MACHINE GUN and several boxes of TRACER AMMO.

Walt spends a moment assessing it, then chucks his familiar overnight bag inside. He slams the trunk. CUT TO BLACK.

19 INT. WHITE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING (PREVIOUSLY SHOT)

CLOSE ON fingers using a coin as a screwdriver, with which they remove the cover plate from an electric outlet. Inside the plate, there's that tiny vial of RICIN.

Walt pulls it loose and pockets it. (This is from #509.)

20 INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING 20

Please note that this is NOT previously shot footage. Yes, it would have been nice if we'd gotten this during #509. Sorry we writers couldn't think that far ahead!

However, here we are in that same living room, devoid of furniture and looking like a crack house. The wall which held the cupboard has "HEISENBERG" scrawled across it.

Walt rounds into view from the back of the house. He pads through this sad, darkened living room, intending to leave. But as he approaches the front door, he pauses.

He remains here a moment, remembering. And as he does, we CUT TO a quick flash of the PAST. In it, Walt's position is a MATCH to where he stands NOW in the present.

21 INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (PREVIOUSLY SHOT) 21

This is FOOTAGE FROM THE PILOT. It is Walt's fiftieth birthday party -- precisely two years ago to the day.

PARTYGOERS are gathered around the TV, watching a local news report about a DEA bust. SKYLER, JUNIOR and MARIE are here. And, of course, there's HANK -- alive and well. He's the party's undisputed center of attention.

HANK

Walt, just say the word and I'll take you on a ride-along. You can watch us knock down a lab. Get a little excitement in your life.

Walter, Jr. nods -- *you should go!* Innocent, fifty year-old Walt shrugs sheepishly.

22 INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING 22

Back to the present. For haunted, fifty-two year old Walt, this recollection cuts deeply. However, he doesn't have time to wallow. He's a man on a mission. He feels in his pocket for that RICIN, the thing he came for. Yep, still there.

He steps out through the pried-open front door. This will be his last visit ever to the old homestead, and he knows it. We can tell by the gentle way he closes the door behind him.

Off this image, our frame going dark...

23

INT. GROVE RESTAURANT - MORNING

23

This is that upscale-casual lunch spot familiar to us from many clandestine meets. It's a favorite of LYDIA's. And here she comes now.

We FOLLOW LOW behind her DROP BAG as she carries it at her side. It brings us to her favorite table -- the one we'll remember from episode #508.

Lydia sets the bag on the floor beside her, taking her seat at this little two-top. At this hour the restaurant is only about an eighth full. A WAITER promptly stops by.

WAITER

Hi, welcome to the Grove. Would you like to see a menu?

LYDIA

No thank you. Chamomile tea with soy milk, please.

WAITER

You got it.

The waiter goes about his business. Lydia, her eyes on the door, idly plays with a sugar bowl that's on the table. Along with a half-dozen packets of real sugar, there's ONE LONE PACKET of STEVIA. Lydia absently toys with it.

And now, just to point it out... there's a CUSTOMER in the background, sitting alone at a far table. His back is to us and he's a bit out-of-focus. But if you look real hard, you may recognize who this is.

Lydia isn't remotely focused on this person, regardless. She's looking instead to...

... TODD, who enters the restaurant and beelines her way.

It's likely Todd's been told to play it cool when he comes to meet Lydia for these money drops. Still, he can't help but smile as he takes his seat. The heart wants what it wants.

TODD

Hey. Howya doing?

LYDIA

Good.

TODD

How's things?

(pointing)

Hey, I like your, uh. The...

(CONTINUED)



LYDIA  
My blouse?

TODD  
It's nice, yeah, the color. That's  
a nice color on you.

Lydia gives him the barest of *thank you* nods while, under the table, she slides the DROP BAG toward him with her toe.

Simultaneously, that out-of-focus customer behind Lydia rises and heads our way. It's Walt.

TODD  
That's kind of a, I don't know  
exactly what you'd call it but it's  
kind of a... cornflower...

Before Todd and Lydia even know he's there, Walt has pulled up a chair and taken a seat at their table. Confused, Lydia starts to say something --

-- But stops herself when she realizes who this is. *Holy SHIT!* She's shocked. Todd is, too.

Walt barely glances at them. His eyes scan the door and the other customers. Unlike the alpha persona he displayed in Act One, now he seems nervous and uncomfortable. (Is he playing a role here?) He speaks under his breath.

WALT  
Before you say or do anything, just  
hear me out.

LYDIA  
W-Wh..?  
(then; *DO something!*)  
Todd?

WALT  
No one knows I'm here. Nobody.  
Just listen to me for two minutes,  
and then I'll leave.

*Fuck this!* Freaked-out Lydia starts to rise, but Walt presses a hand to her forearm, stopping her.

WALT  
Please -- two minutes of your time.  
(to both of them)  
You're running low on methylamine,  
aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

Todd looks to Lydia, who doesn't like this at all. Walt knows he's got to give them the sales pitch of a lifetime, and he's gotta do it fast.

WALT

Don't answer -- you don't have to.  
I can do the math. You've been at  
it long enough that you must be  
running low.

(then)

I've got a new method. It doesn't  
require methylamine, it doesn't  
require pseudo. It requires no  
Schedule 1 precursors whatsoever.  
It's cheap and it's easy -- and it  
will keep you in business. And  
Todd, I can teach it to you.

Todd looks to Lydia, wary as hell. In the past, he's liked  
and respected Mr. White and all... but this is just weird.

However, Lydia seems to be listening now. Her expression is  
guarded, to be sure... but she keeps her seat.

LYDIA

How did you know to find us here?

WALT

(shrugs; *simple*)

Ten in the morning every Tuesday,  
this is where you and I met.  
You're very... schedule-oriented, I  
guess. Look, I just --

With that, he erupts in a fit of COUGHING. Todd and Lydia  
sit here self-consciously, anxious for it to pass.

Soon, it does. Walt wipes his mouth on his sleeve.

WALT

I need the money. I've spent most  
of mine staying one step ahead of  
the police. I don't have long, and  
I-I simply...

(quieter now)

I don't have long.

TODD

(a respectful beat)

Mr. White, I don't think, uh...

Todd is already shaking his head, about to say *no deal*, when:

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA  
How much would it cost us?

Walt sits up a bit straighter in his seat, driving what he seems to consider a hard bargain.

WALT  
Nothing less than a million. And believe me, for this? That's giving it away.

Lydia considers, looks to Todd.

LYDIA  
I think Jack should hear this.

TODD  
Yeah, I dunno.

Walt nods, very much in agreement with Lydia.

WALT  
I can come by tonight, talk to him. I think he'll get it. He's still got that place..?

Todd hesitates, but Lydia nods yes. Walt is appreciative.

WALT  
Guys, this is a win-win.

Here comes the waiter, bringing Lydia her chamomile tea.

WAITER  
(to Walt and Todd)  
Hi, what can I get you two?

TODD  
I'm good.

LYDIA  
(points at Walt)  
And he's leaving.  
(briskly, to Walt)  
Good seeing you again. Take care.

Walt gets the message, rises to go. He got what he came for.

Before the waiter can depart, Lydia holds up that ONE STEVIA PACKET for him to see, adding:

LYDIA  
And I need more stevia.

(CONTINUED)

The waiter goes to get it. Walt crosses the restaurant and walks out the door without looking back. Todd watches him exit, no more comfortable than before.

TODD

No disrespect to the man, but doing business with him? Right now? That's not --

LYDIA

(*duh!*)

-- Of course we're not doing business with him.

(sees his surprise)

Todd, please don't make me walk you through this. He is way. Too dangerous. To have around.

Todd's no dummy -- he gets it. It's just that even Todd doesn't jump to the idea of murder quite as quickly as Lydia.

TODD

I guess. It's just...

He shrugs -- *I dunno*. Lydia tap-taps her stevia with one finger, getting it to fall to the bottom of the packet.

LYDIA

Jesus, did you look at him? You'll be doing him a favor.

With that, she tears open the packet and POURS IT IN HER TEA.

MACRO-CLOSE BIRD'S EYE of the TEA CUP: tiny white crystals cloud-bloom into the pale liquid. Stirred by the spoon, they rotate like a tiny, lazy tornado.

Off this, and us wondering why we're looking so closely at it (although you can guess, can't you?), we...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

24 EXT. BADLANDS - AFTERNOON

24

We're out on the prairie or the desert or somesuch. Maybe this is a great location we've visited before, or maybe it's someplace strikingly new. Regardless, no one's around for miles. No one except...

... What's that shining wa-aay in the distance? It's a CAR, parked all by itself. And next to it, a tiny FIGURE.

OVER THIS, we hear someone HUMMING a tune. It's a bit unfocused and meandering -- but we recognize "El Paso" when we hear it. This humming continues as we cut CLOSER.

At this point, we can make out the familiar GOLD CADILLAC. Its trunk stands open, as does its hood. Walt, all alone out here, is working beside it -- on what, we can't tell.

CLOSE ON the M60 MACHINE GUN -- it's on the ground behind the Caddy, resting on its bipod. Beside it is a photocopied instruction manual, its pages riffling in the breeze.

Other items are here, too. We see lengths of slotted angle iron. Boxes of nuts and bolts and washers. A tape measure and a hacksaw with a blade for cutting metal. A Milwaukee cordless drill. Hand tools. Wire spools. Etc, etc.

There are bags from Home Depot and Pep Boys. (Or Lowes and Advance Auto parts, whatever we can clear.) There are discarded boxes and packaging. Quite a shopping trip.

Prominent among these items is the box for a GARAGE DOOR MOTOR. Another package formerly contained an aftermarket KEYLESS ENTRY KIT, complete with REMOTE KEY FOB.

Mad scientist Walt squats on the ground beside his car, absently continuing to hum "El Paso" while he fine-tunes his creation. What the hell has he built over there?

We get a closer look. It's a framework of angle iron held together with nuts and bolts and putty epoxy. The garage door motor is attached to it somehow, as is a solenoid or two from the door lock kit. The whole thing is maybe two and a half feet long. But what does it DO?

Ready to test it, Walt rises to his feet, cracks his aching back. He clamps the black and red leads of a JUMPER CABLE to the Cadillac's battery.

*Here goes nothing.* Walt holds up the aftermarket KEY FOB, presses the panic button.

(CONTINUED)

Over on his handiwork, a solenoid pops with a CLICK while the garage door motor begins turning, sweeping the metal framework back and forth, back and forth.

Honestly, you've probably already guessed what this M60 machine gun-sized contraption is for -- but then, guessing is half the fun. At any rate, Walt is pleased. *Success.*

Walt turns it off and squats back down, adjusting something. As he bends over...

... His WEDDING RING slips out of his collar, dangling from the newspaper twine necklace (which we established in #515, and which Walt has worn ever since).

Walt reaches for the ring, gently worrying it in his fingers. This acts as a reminder -- not that he needs one. There's one last stop he needs to make before the Grand Finale.

Off Walt, tucking the ring back in his shirt and continuing his work...

... We PRELAP the RING of a telephone.

A PHONE is ringing as we MOVE THROUGH the living room of a cramped little apartment. We recognize most of these furnishings -- we've grown accustomed to seeing them in the White house for five seasons.

Remember those god-awful PASTEL FAMILY PORTRAITS which used to hang in the White house hallway opposite the kitchen? Well, here they are -- minus the portrait of Walt.

We realize this is now home for what remains of the White family. It's a two-bedroom that probably rents for \$750 a month. And though from it we get the sense that Skyler is trying her best, there's something shabby and sad about this place. It's "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

We DRIFT TOWARD that RINGING PHONE. It's atop a little kitchen table, at which sits... SKYLER.

Skyler stares at the caller ID, which says "MARIE."

Sky makes no move to answer the phone. Instead, she smokes a cigarette. These last six months have been hell on her. She's hollow-eyed. Used up.

Her machine picks up. No more cheery, personalized outgoing message. This is one of those creepily generic robot voices.

AUTOMATED VOICE

*Hello. We can't come to the phone  
right now. Please leave a brief  
message at the sound of the beep.*

BEEP.

MARIE (O.S.)

Hey. It's me. Truce, alright?  
(then)  
Skyler, I have news about Walt, and  
you need to hear it. Immediately.  
So if you're there, pick up.

Sounds urgent. Inscrutable Skyler blows a jet of smoke, then  
does as she's told.

SKYLER

What's up?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SCHRADER HOUSE - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Marie paces in her kitchen, her cordless to her ear. She too  
has changed since last we saw her -- maybe more than Skyler.  
Her hair is pulled up tight. That brittle way she had about  
her is gone. You're no longer brittle once you're broken.

Most striking about widow Marie is her clothing. It's all  
shades of ivory and beige. Absolutely no purple whatsoever.

MARIE

He's in town.

SKYLER

Yeah..?

MARIE

Right here in... Jesus...

(*where do I start?*)

First off, that car they thought he  
stole in New Hampshire? They found  
it in a Denny's parking lot right  
on Central. Right across from UNM.

Skyler is silent, which doesn't surprise Marie -- she's pretty  
fuckin' stunned herself, truth be told.

MARIE

Then, your old next-door neighbor,  
the one on the right? What's her  
name, Becky?

(CONTINUED)

SKYLER

Becky's on the left. Carol's on the right.

MARIE

Becky, Carol, whatever -- she saw him at your old house. Just this morning, plain as day! He's there walking out of your house and he calls her by name.

SKYLER

(more intense now)

Did he hurt her? Or threaten her?

MARIE

No, he was like... "Hey, Carol." Or Becky or whatever. Then he drove off, not a care in the world. And she said he looked just like the Unabomber -- but she's positive it was him.

(a beat)

Skyler, I've been talking to Ramey. And I shouldn't be sharing this, because you're still...

(ah, fuck it)

Hey, you know what? DEA, if you're listening, she needs to be warned. She's not a part of this!

(back to Skyler)

Skyler, they're getting phone calls all over town saying he's here, he's there, he's gonna bomb city hall. Saying he's got some manifesto and he wants to go on the six o'clock news. And it's just --

SKYLER

Who's making these calls? Him?

MARIE

Not all of them. It's at least two or three different voices. They don't know whether it's crank calls or people he put up to it... or whether it's actual anonymous tips. They gotta take it all seriously, and it's stretching them thin. Which maybe is the point. As far as I'm concerned -- and I told them this -- there's only three places he could be headed: to you, me or Flynn.

(CONTINUED)



SKYLER  
(a subdued beat)  
Right.

Marie peers out her kitchen window. Reminiscent of episodes #412 and #413, we glimpse TWO DEA AGENTS on guard out there.

MARIE  
They're watching the high school.  
And I'm sure they're watching your  
place. I mean, I know that's what  
Hank would do. So there's no way  
Walt's getting to you. They are  
absolutely gonna catch him. No  
doubt about it. That arrogant  
asshole thinks he's some criminal  
mastermind, but he's not.  
(then)  
But just... on the off-chance...

SKYLER  
Yeah.

MARIE  
On the million-to-one chance...  
you be on the lookout, okay?

SKYLER  
Yeah. I will.

Both women are silent a moment. Marie expects more from her sister -- some thanks, perhaps? More expression of concern? Boy, it seems these two have their issues. Their relationship is so damaged that it may never be repaired.

Finally, Marie continues -- a bit clipped and curt.

MARIE  
Alright. Guess that's it. You  
gonna call Flynn, or should I?

SKYLER  
I'll talk to him. Thanks.

MARIE  
(still wanting more)  
You got it.

Click. Marie hangs up. Off her, staring into space...

Skyler hangs up, as well. She stubs out her butt and lights another cigarette. She, like her sister, stares into space.

(CONTINUED)

Except... not really. She's not simply staring into space. We soon realize she's staring at someone offscreen.

SKYLER  
("you promised")  
Five minutes..?

REVEAL -- WALT. He's been here this entire time. He stands in the apartment's tiny kitchen, hidden from our initial view by a dividing wall or somesuch. He nods.

WALT  
Five minutes.

Walt studies his wife, his expression gentle. For her part, Skyler is certainly intimidated by this now-legendary criminal. Perhaps that's why she's not fighting or running, and why she didn't try to tip off her sister just now.

Or maybe it's because Skyler wants to hear what Walt has to say to her. There's no love left on her part, but he remains the father of her children. And besides... she's curious. Who wouldn't be?

SKYLER  
You didn't kill anyone sneaking in here, did you?

Walt shakes his head -- he didn't.

SKYLER  
You didn't hurt anybody?

WALT  
Didn't have to.

SKYLER  
(a beat)  
You look terrible.

WALT  
Yeah. But I feel good.

Skyler blows smoke. Seeing him drinking her in (not in a sexual way, just... he missed her), she shrugs.

SKYLER  
So, talk. Why you here?

WALT  
It's over, and I needed a proper goodbye. Not our last phone call.

(CONTINUED)

SKYLER  
You're going to the police?

WALT  
(tiny shrug)  
They'll be coming to me.

She misunderstands -- and she's concerned.

SKYLER  
Walt, if you're in custody, what's to stop those people from coming back? The people you worked with?  
(he doesn't follow)  
When I still had the house, three men came in the middle of the night, wearing masks. Threatening Flynn and Holly and me. Telling me not to talk about the woman I saw at the car wash. Once you're in custody and they know it --

WALT  
(pissed at this news)  
They're not coming back. Not after tonight.

SKYLER  
(afraid to ask, and yet)  
What's tonight..?

Walt doesn't answer. Instead, he pulls out his wallet.

SKYLER  
We don't want your money, Walt.  
I thought Flynn made that clear.

WALT  
He did. And I don't have any to give you. I spent the last of it getting here. All I have for you is this.

He offers her a familiar LOTTERY TICKET, wrinkled and worn from the many months it has spent in his billfold. Skyler warily takes it from his outstretched hand. Frowns at it.

SKYLER  
This a joke..?

*Nope. Far from it.*

WALT

Once I leave, call the DEA. Tell them I was here, that I forced my way in. Tell them... I wanted bacon and eggs on my birthday. And to see my daughter. And that I gave you that ticket.

(pointing)

The numbers are GPS coordinates.

SKYLER

For what?

WALT

A burial site.

(softer now)

That's where they'll find Hank and Steve Gomez.

Skyler stares at the ticket... and her eyes moisten. After all this time, she didn't know she had any tears left in her.

WALT

It's where I buried our money. The men who stole it, the men who have it now, they murdered Hank and Steve. They put them in that hole.

(a beat)

Trade that for a deal with the prosecutor. Get yourself out of this.

Skyler wipes away silent tears, then stares up at Walt again. Her anger at him is renewed. Relit. Walt accepts it, doesn't argue.

It's not that Skyler thinks Walt murdered Hank and Gomez. But what's the use in splitting hairs? If Walt hadn't transformed himself into Heisenberg, none of this would have happened. They'd still be a family. Hank would be alive.

WALT

Skyler, all these things I did... you need to understand why I did them.

SKYLER

(sick and bone-weary)

Oh, god. If you say one more time how you did it all for the family --

WALT

-- I did it for me.

(CONTINUED)

26

Skyler is caught off-guard by this sudden, quiet candor.

WALT  
I liked it. I was good at it, I  
was really...  
(then; simply)  
I was alive.

This is real self-knowledge. It is clarity born of Walt's many months spent alone. And he's at peace with it.

In some tiny, grudging way, Skyler appreciates the honesty. It changes nothing, but at least it shows respect.

SKYLER  
Flynn'll be home soon. You don't  
want him finding you here.

Sadly, Walt knows she's right. And yet...

WALT  
Before I go, may I see her?  
(chastened)  
Please.

Off Skyler:

27

INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - BACK BEDROOM - AFTERNOON 27

CLOSE ON HOLLY -- fast asleep. Not much sense in calling her "Baby Holly" anymore, as she's six months older than when we last saw her.

Walt stares down at his child, memorizing her. Silently saying goodbye. He gently strokes her back, not wanting to wake her.

This is bittersweet, to be sure -- but it's not nearly as wrenching as Walt's last glimpse of Holly back in episode #514. This is a proper farewell.

Skyler stands beside Walt. This is her bedroom, which she shares with Holly. The bed, nightstands, etc. are all from the old White house. They take up most of this small room.

Nothing left to say. It's time for Walt to leave, and he knows it. With a lingering look to Skyler, he walks out the door and is gone.

Off Skyler, considering the lottery ticket in her hand:

28

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - AFTERNOON

28

The bland, low-rent outside of this place matches the inside. Parked inconspicuously on this suburban street is an n.d. sedan with TWO MEN sitting inside it: undercover DEA AGENTS.

They are surreptitiously watching...

... A SCHOOL BUS, one quarter-full of KIDS. It drives into frame and pulls to a stop. WALTER, JR. gets off.

Backpack over his shoulder, he looks like he's carrying the weight of the world. He makes his way toward his apartment.

We REVEAL... Walt watching him from a distance.

Walt has concealed himself behind the apartment complex's laundry building. His gold Caddy is nowhere in sight. With the DEA out here looking for Public Enemy Number One, Walt has to be extraordinarily careful.

Regardless, one last glimpse of his son is worth any risk.

Walt watches him the entire way, until Junior enters his apartment. Then Walt buries his hands a little deeper in his coat pockets and turns to go.

Off heavy-hearted Walt, shuffling away from us, out of sight...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

29 EXT. JACK'S COMPOUND - MAIN GATE - NIGHT 29

CLOSE ON heavy CHAIN held together by a fat PADLOCK. In b.g. behind this, HEADLIGHTS appear, growing larger. They come to a stop only a few feet away, blinding us.

WIDER -- the gold Cadillac idles before the entrance to Jack's compound. The chain-link gate is a little island of light due to two sodium lamps which frame it. Otherwise, it's dark and lonely out here.

INT. GOLD CADILLAC - NIGHT

Walt is behind the wheel. He's all alone -- no backup -- and there's no sign of that M60. Like an anxious performer waiting in the wings, he takes a deep breath, holds it, then slowly lets it out. *Here we go. Showtime.*

He gives a short HONK. After a few moments, TWO FIGURES emerge from the darkness on the other side of the fence.

They take their time. One guy unlocks the gate and swings it open. The other -- KENNY -- wanders to the passenger side of the idling Caddy. Walt rolls down the window for him. He sticks his head inside, resting his forearms on the door.

KENNY

Damn, man. This thing's a classic.  
(glancing around)  
What block you got in it? The 500  
or the 425?

WALT

Couldn't tell you.

Kenny nods, checking out the backseat. Nobody hiding back there. He's acting casual. Friendly, even. But really what he's doing is giving the interior a once-over.

KENNY

500 -- that's the one you want.  
"There's no replacement for  
displacement."

Kenny pulls the door handle, climbs in the passenger seat.

WALT

Where to?

(CONTINUED)

KENNY  
Clubhouse.

He points. Walt clunks the Caddy into gear and drives.

EXT. JACK'S COMPOUND - MAIN GATE - CONTINUOUS

The car motors through the gate. Once it passes, the GANG MEMBER they left behind closes the gate and re-locks it.

30 INT. GOLD CADILLAC - DRIVING - NIGHT 30

We're in the backseat, looking past Walt and Kenny. Walt drives slowly -- no funny stuff. The clubhouse building grows larger in the windshield.

KENNY  
Just park it in front.

Walt does as he's told... except that he lazily loops the car ninety degrees to the left.

KENNY  
Straight in, man, just...  
(not worth the effort)  
Fine, here. Whatever.

The Cadillac pulls to a stop, its passenger side PARALLEL to the front of the clubhouse. Walt puts the car into "park."

CLOSE ON the ignition key -- and from it dangles a familiar REMOTE KEY FOB, gently swinging back and forth. Walt cuts the engine and pulls the keys, taking them.

31 EXT. JACK'S COMPOUND - CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 31

Pocketing his keys, Walt climbs out and heads for the building. However, two familiar gang members, FRANKIE and LESTER, intercept him near the car.

FRANKIE  
Hey, howya doing. Turn around and  
put your arms out like this.

Walt glances around at these big guys, then complies. Frankie pats him down thoroughly. No guns, knives or atom bombs. All he comes up with are Walt's WALLET and KEYS.

KENNY  
While you're at it, pull your shirt  
up. Give us a spin.

(CONTINUED)



WALT

"Give you a spin?" For Chrissake,  
I'm not wearing a wire.

Kenny shrugs -- *Hey, I'm asking nice.* Walt sighs, then does it. He shows off his white belly and back, sans wire.

The gang guys are satisfied. Walt tucks his shirt back in his waistband, then holds out a hand.

WALT

My wallet and keys..?

FRANKIE

You'll get 'em back. Relax.

*Oh, shit.* Walt needs that key fob -- and you can guess why. But he plays it cool. He's got no choice.

That gang guy who was in charge of locking the gate is just now arriving on foot. Kenny nods to him.

KENNY

Stay here. Keep your eyes open.

The guy nods. Kenny ushers Walt toward the clubhouse.

32 INT. JACK'S CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

32

In walks Walt, followed by Kenny, Frankie and Lester. Here, Walt comes face-to-face with UNCLE JACK.

Todd's here, too. He's looking a bit uncomfortable. Rounding out the group is MATT, stone-faced and intimidating.

JACK

Jesus, lookit you with that head of hair! Is that real?

WALT

(thrown by the question)  
Yeah.

JACK

That's not a wig..? Seriously?  
So what were you doing before,  
shaving it?

WALT

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Christ, that is one fine head of hair. I mean otherwise, you look like shit, but still...

WALT

Hello to you too, Jack.

Frankie idly tosses Walt's wallet and keys. CLOSE ON THAT KEY FOB as it lands with a JINGLE atop the pool table.

Walt subtly clocks this. It's beyond his reach, and guarded. Also, he can't help but note how he's surrounded by these scary fuckers. (Except for Todd, who hangs back a little.)

WALT

We gonna talk business..?

A beat. Jack glances to his nephew, then shakes his head.

JACK

I don't think so, no.

WALT

Did Todd tell you what I'm offering?

JACK

Yeah, he told me. Thing is, we're not really in the market.

Jack shrugs -- *sorry*. Walt's pulse quickens. This isn't going quite like he'd hoped. Selling harder now:

WALT

You're running out of methylamine. What happens then?

JACK

We get more. That Quayle woman's got her own set-up, she can break loose a barrel every now and again. It ain't broke, so why fix it?

WALT

Todd, explain things to your uncle, please. Explain to him the benefit of what I'm offering.

TODD

(a reluctant beat)  
You really shouldn't have come back, Mr. White. Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

Todd says this sheepishly. He's not enthusiastic about killing Walt, but it doesn't mean he won't go along with it.

Jack nods to Kenny -- *let's get this over with*. Kenny pulls a PISTOL, presses it to Walt's head. Walt cringes.

WALT

Jack --

KENNY

Where do you want it?

JACK

(sarcastic)

Gee, I dunno -- anywhere but my living room? Take him out back.

A couple of guys grab Walt, working to hustle him out of here. Walt struggles with them, his fear flashing to ANGER.

WALT

You OWE ME, Jack!

JACK

I owe you? What for?

WALT

For everything! Everything I built!

(angrier still)

For Jesse Pinkman! You swore you'd kill him -- and instead you partner up, you PARTNER with him?!

JACK

Whoa, whoa, whoa -- what?

(to his guys)

Stop, hold him still. Stop.

(to Walt)

"Partners?" What are you talking about?

WALT

He's alive, isn't he?! He's cooking for you! What, you're gonna LIE? You're gonna deny it?!

JACK

Him being alive is not him and me being "partners" -- not by a damned sight! What, you think I'd partner with a rat?

(then, to Todd)

Where is that little piece of shit?

(CONTINUED)

TODD

Finishing up a batch.

JACK

Go get him. Bring him here.

TODD

*(let's not do this)*

Uncle Jack...

JACK

No, no. This one here..? Calling me a liar? He just insulted you, me, all of us!

*(then, to Walt)*

I'm gonna show you just how wrong you are. Then I'm putting that bullet in your head myself.

*(half to himself)*

"Partners." Jesus.

Todd looks to Kenny, who shrugs -- *do it*. Todd starts out the door. Jack yells after him.

JACK

Hustle, c'mon! Let's get this over with!

*(holds out a hand)*

Here. Gimme.

Kenny hands over his pistol to Jack, who points it at Walt -- TAPPING his forehead with it and BACKING HIM UP.

JACK

Stupid -- you hear me? Huh?! How could you even say that to me?

Walt stumbles back a step or two, winds up braced against the pool table. Jack squints at him with contempt.

JACK

Can't believe we all felt sorry for you.

And there they are -- those CAR KEYS, resting atop the green felt of the pool table where Frankie dropped them. Perfect. Without looking, Walt smoothly slides his hand toward them.

CLOSE ON his fingers brushing the remote control KEY FOB.

Off lucky Walt, almost back in control... albeit secretly:

33 EXT. JACK'S COMPOUND - NIGHT 33

WIDE. Silhouetted by the sodium lights, two distant figures cross the compound, the first one hustling the second along by the elbow. This second figure shuffles as fast as he can, his wrist and ankle restraints JINGLE-JINGLING.

34 INT. JACK'S CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT 34

CLOSE ON Walt's hand CLOSING AROUND THE KEY FOB. Grasping it. TAKING IT. Neither Jack nor his guys notice.

The front door opens. Walt raises his eyes, looking to get his final glimpse of arch-enemy JESSE. With Jesse and Todd back inside the kill-zone, all will be right with the world. Walt can press that button, and his revenge will be complete.

Here comes Todd. And here, out of SILHOUETTE, comes Jesse.

Walt blinks, surprised. All those CHAINS! All those SCARS. That utterly lifeless, broken STARE.

Walt sees Jesse for what he is: a zombie. And Walt doesn't know what to make of it. He doesn't know how to feel.

JACK  
(to Walt)  
See what I'm talking about, you  
son of a bitch?

Jesse's gaze rises from the floor. He and Walt lock eyes. There's recognition here -- but if Jesse is feeling any particular emotion in this moment, we can't read it. So much has been robbed and beaten out of him.

JACK  
This look like a "partner" to you?!

Walt stares, and keeps staring. Up until fifteen seconds ago, he knew what he wanted to do to Jesse. He wanted to obliterate him. But now... but now...

... He dives at Jesse, TACKLING him! Knocking him to the floor, Walt lands on top of him. In that first instant, it simply looks like an angry attack --

KENNY  
Ah, man. Toddy, get him off --

-- But CLOSE ON Walt's thumb as it presses that PANIC BUTTON.

BUH-BUH-BUH-BUH-BUH-BUH-BUH-BUH! The entire room ERUPTS in MACHINE GUN FIRE!

(CONTINUED)

RED TRACERS rip through the walls like phaser beams right out of "Star Trek," cutting through Jack's gang like hot knives through butter.

Todd, who had knelt to separate Walt and Jesse, just misses getting shot. With everything exploding around him, he hits the deck, terrified. He covers his head.

35 EXT. JACK'S COMPOUND - CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 35

TRACERS spew from the side of the old Cadillac's trunk, mechanically sweeping back and forth -- and killing the gang member who's out here on guard duty. Maybe "killing" isn't the word. "Splattering," more like.

The trunk lid has popped open, revealing what's going on inside. That big M60 has been placed in here sideways, mounted atop the rig Walt built. It rattles away, sweeping back and forth like Satan's windshield wiper. Scores of hot SHELL CASINGS scatter hither and yon.

Bullets shatter the clubhouse windows and perforate the walls, raking right-to-left, left-to-right, right-to-left...

36 OMITTED 36

37 INT. JACK'S CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 37

Gang members drop like flies. Bullets whizz by at a height of three feet and punch through everything in their path. The room gets shot to ribbons. It's absolute chaos.

Walt is on hands and knees, covering Jesse. Keeping him safe on the floor. During this -- a quick cut of Walt's face -- he FLINCHES like he's been nailed with the pointy end of a fireplace poker. Uh-oh. He drops flat on his stomach.

Even after everyone is shot dead or dying, the FIRING still continues for a full 250 rounds. The mayhem goes on for half a minute or more, until finally...

... The M60 runs itself dry. Now, silence.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW. Walt painfully rolls off Jesse, both of them side by side and flat on their backs. All around them, bodies are sprawled. The floor is awash in BLOOD and GLASS.

Lying on his belly a couple yards away, Jack suddenly JERKS as if he's awakening. He begins to agonizingly crawl out of frame, making like a snail for the back door. He leaves a long, thick SMEAR of BLOOD behind him.

(CONTINUED)

37

CLOSE ON Jesse. He raises his head, blinking, glancing around. It's as if a fog is lifting.

Elsewhere, Todd is shell-shocked, but otherwise unharmed. Breathing hard, he carefully raises his head. He has no idea what the fuck just happened or who's behind it. For all he knows, the U.S. Marines just landed.

Focused strictly on the danger outside, Todd crawls on his belly to the nearest shot-out window. Venetian blinds hang in tatters, but still afford a bit of privacy. Rising to his knees, Todd peeks out a lower corner of the window.

38

EXT. JACK'S COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS 38

Todd's POV: glimpsed through broken glass, the Cadillac gently ROCKS where it's parked, the M60 still oscillating away. The rear quarter panel is neatly SHOT OUT where the bullets tore through it. FLAMES lick out of the hole.

39

INT. JACK'S CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 39

CLOSE ON Todd. His jaw goes slack as he puts two and two together. He doesn't take his eyes off that car.

TODD

Jesus. Mr. White..? W-What --

Just then, a CHAIN flashes over Todd's head, looping around his throat! It's Jesse, his wrists still cuffed -- and he's CHOKING the life out of Todd!

Todd stumbles backward, struggling to throw Jesse off. But Jesse, eyes bright and filled with rage, hangs on like a demon. Soon, they both tumble to the floor. The SOUNDS Todd makes are awful -- he's getting weaker. Jesse strains harder. Pulls tighter. Doesn't stop.

CLOSE ON Jack's dropped PISTOL, lying on the floor. A hand reaches into frame, picks it up.

Walt rises into view, gun in hand. With a wince, he touches his other hand to his side. He's hurting, but we don't yet see why. *Screw it -- he's got business to attend to.*

There's that snail-trail of BLOOD. Walt follows it to where he finds JACK lying half-hidden behind the ruined bar. Jack is trying to open the back door to escape... but the doorknob is so slicked with blood that he can't manage to turn it.

(CONTINUED)

Walt towers over Jack, coldly taking aim. Jack focuses on him, slowly raising his hands. Breathing fast and shallow, he manages a faint smirk.

JACK

Before you do that... want your money, right? Wanna know where it is..?

(off Walt's silence)

You pull that trigger, you will never find a single dol --

BLAM! Walt summarily puts one through his head. We can hear the empty casing bounce and CLINK on the floor.

Done thinking about that asshole, Walt lets the pistol dangle at his side. He turns and looks back at Jesse... who is just now finishing STRANGLING Todd.

CLOSE -- Jesse extricates himself from dead, staring Todd. He rifles through Todd's pockets, finds his KEY RING. On it is the key to Todd's El Camino. Also, a HANDCUFF KEY.

Jesse rises to his feet, hurriedly goes to work unlocking himself. CLOSE ON his wrist, ankle and waist chains all hitting the floor with a jingling, satisfying THUD.

Free now, Jesse turns to find Walt staring at him, gun in hand (though not pointed). Jesse stands his ground, unafraid... but expecting the worst.

Neither one of them moves. Until finally, after a long silence... Walt bends down and SLIDES the PISTOL across the floor. It arrives at Jesse's feet.

*Huh?* Jesse considers the pistol, picks it up. At about this time, we hear the muffled RING of a cell phone. Walt and Jesse glance down at dead Todd -- it's his.

It RINGS three or four times, then stops. Walt and Jesse ignore it, preoccupied by one another.

Jesse slowly raises the pistol, takes aim at Walt's heart. Walt gives a nod.

WALT

Do it.

(off Jesse's silence)

You want this. Do it.

Jesse is about to -- but there's something in the way Walt says this, so calm and accepting. Jesse looks from Walt's face to his abdomen.

(CONTINUED)



39

Jesse's POV: BLOOD seeps into view beneath Walt's jacket, soaking through the side of his shirt (let's put him in something light-colored so that we will see this).

Walt's been SHOT. He doesn't have long. That unseen phone starts RINGING again. Jesse considers Walt.

JESSE

Say the words. Say you want this.

(then)

Nothing happens till I hear you say it.

WALT

(a beat; quietly)

I want this.

Jesse figured as much. He lets the gun CLATTER to the floor.

JESSE

Then do it yourself.

With that, he turns and walks out the door. Walt stares after him. That damned cell phone starts RINGING yet again.

Walt takes a few steps toward dead Todd and the GUN. Is Walt going to pick up that pistol? No. Instead...

... He fishes the RINGING phone from Todd's jacket. (And perhaps, Thomas Golubic, the RING TONE of all these calls is a snatch of the old song "Lydia, The Tattooed Lady." This will help explain why Walt would bother answering it.)

Off Walt, studying the phone's caller ID:

40

INT. LYDIA'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

40

Lydia lies in bed, looking terrible. She's pale and her eyes are sunken. It's like she's got the world's worst flu. And yet she's driven to know what the hell is going on.

We see very little of this bedroom, by the way. One corner of a two-walled set would be plenty. We just want to give the impression of Lydia's house without actually seeing it.

Lydia has her drop phone pressed to her ear, listening to the ringing coming from the other end. Grumbling to herself:

LYDIA

Goddammit, pick up the phone. Pick up the --

(CONTINUED)

40

WALT (FILTERED V.O.)  
Hello.

LYDIA  
Is it done? Is he gone?

WALT (FILTERED V.O.)  
Yeah, it's done. He's gone.  
They're all gone.

Lydia frowns -- *wait a minute, whose voice is that?*

LYDIA  
Todd..? Is this...  
(alarmed)  
Who is this?

INTERCUT WITH:

41

EXT. JACK'S COMPOUND - CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

41

Walt now stands outside the clubhouse, having relocated here during the previous scene. Todd's phone to his ear, Walt talks to Lydia while he watches Jesse. Jesse unlocks Todd's El Camino and climbs inside.

WALT  
It's Walt. How you feeling? Kinda under the weather? Like you've got the flu..?  
(then)  
That's the ricin I gave you. I hid it in that stevia crap you're always putting in your tea.

LYDIA  
What..?

Lydia's eyes go wider still. *Ohhh, shit.*

WALT  
Goodbye, Lydia.

With that, he carelessly tosses the phone away. Off Lydia, left stunned and alone and dying...

Here at the compound, we hear distant SIRENS. The El Camino fires up with a ROAR.

Walt walks to it. He and Jesse share one last, long look, then Jesse chunks the car into gear and punches it.

(CONTINUED)

The El Camino goes squealing away into the night. Walt stands here watching it go.

42 INT. EL CAMINO - DRIVING - NIGHT 42

As seen from behind, from a camera mounted in the truck bed, Jesse speeds us toward the chained and locked GATE.

BAM! We SMASH THROUGH IT like it was nothing. We leave the compound behind.

CLOSE ANGLE -- JESSE. Grimly determined, fearing nothing, he speeds through the darkness. From here on, it's up to us to say where he's headed. I like to call it "something better," and leave it at that.

43 EXT. JACK'S COMPOUND - NIGHT 43

Walt is all alone. The SIRENS are gradually getting louder, but he still has time to make his escape.

However, he doesn't bother. This is it. It's finally over.

Realizing where he'd like it all to end, Walt wanders toward the distant Quonset hut. His pace remains unhurried.

44 INT. TODD'S METH LAB - NIGHT 44

CLOSE ON the COOK VAT of our familiar meth lab. A hand comes into frame, touching it. Patting it with affection.

WIDER -- Walt is back where he belongs. He's back with his True Love. Jesse left in the middle of a cook, so Walt continues it. He taps at gauges. He checks temperatures.

The SIRENS are DEAFENING now. As seen through the open door of the Quonset hut, FIVE APD POLICE CARS come ripping through frame, lights flashing -- into view, then out again. The cops don't know Walt's in here. Though we can't see them any longer, they are continuing on to the clubhouse.

We stay right here with Walt. He's at peace. The cook is going well. He taught Jesse well. All is as it should be.

Once more, CLOSE ON THE COOK VAT -- Walt's hand rests against it like a cowboy's hand rests on the neck of his horse.

And now... the hand relaxes and slowly slips down out of frame. It leaves behind a small smear of BLOOD.

(CONTINUED)

BIRD'S EYE VIEW: we look straight down on Walt as he tumbles into frame, lying flat on his back on the floor. His eyes stare up at us, lifeless. And yet, his final expression is one of faint satisfaction.

We slowly CRANE UP, UP and AWAY from him. Walt shrinks smaller and smaller in frame. POLICE OFFICERS approach him now -- four, six, eight of them. They move in cautiously, their guns aimed.

They're too late. He got away.

We continue SKYWARD, looking down on Walt, rising as high as we can go. Off this image, slowly FADING TO BLACK...

END SERIES