

TEASER

The TEASER which follows has already been shot. Hurray!
There's no need to schedule it.

1 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

1

In this, the fourth and final of our special BLACK AND WHITE COLD-OPENERS (the first of which opened Season Two), we get up to speed by RECAPPING previously seen footage. Namely:

Water drip-drips from a garden hose. A snail crawls atop an adobe wall. A wind sculpture hangs from a tree, lazily twisting in a faint breeze. We realize we are in the backyard of the White family residence. No one is in sight.

A plastic eyeball floats in the pool. Below it, in our one and only dash of COLOR... a PINK TEDDY BEAR, scorched and missing an eye, drifts like a corpse.

Now appears a man in a biohazard MOON SUIT. He fishes Teddy out of the water and deposits him inside an evidence bag. Other evidence bags are gathered, containing disparate household objects such as eyeglasses, nail clippers and such.

Teddy and these other items are put in a bin and carried around to the front of the White house. We note that the windshield of Walt's Aztek is BROKEN. We also see another man in a MOON SUIT who is tending to two white BODY BAGS which lie in front of the house. These bags are already zipped closed, mercifully -- but they are so lightweight and shapeless that we cringe to imagine their contents.

Here, finally, we move from previously seen footage to footage which is NEW to us. In a last piece of the puzzle (and this has been a puzzle for our audience, one which has lasted thirteen episodes), we reveal...

... Still more workers in MOON SUITS, a dozen of them, carefully picking through the neighborhood. They photograph, bag and tag various items. Evidence flags get pushed into the earth. All around us, dozens of these little flags flutter here and there in the breeze.

Several vans are parked here, as well. We CRANE UP to reveal the "NTSB" markings on their roofs. And finally, behind the White house we SEE...

... Miles in the distance, at the foot of the Sandias...

... Two pillars of JET-BLACK SMOKE stand ten thousand feet tall (VFX). Together, they look like a huge, crooked "11."

1 CONTINUED:

1

This smoke is evidence, along with these suited NTSB workers, of a recent AIR DISASTER. One which clearly has had a major impact on the White's house and neighborhood.

But what does an airliner crash (or TWO of them, as the smoke indicates) have to do with our story at hand? How does this relate to Walter White?

All will be revealed as we CUT to MAIN TITLES and --

END TEASER

5 EXT. JESSE'S DUPLEX - MORNING

5

It's no more than an hour later -- still early, but the world is awakening. An n.d. car cruises past on this side street. We reveal a tiny figure sitting across the street from us, worriedly watching it go.

CLOSER -- the figure is Jesse, sitting hunched on the front steps of his duplex, his mouth in his hands. Looking more miserable than we've ever seen, he's deep in his own private hell... yet nervous enough to fear every car that passes.

Now, the soft shushhh of TIRES rolling to a stop at the curb. Jesse's eyes fix on...

... A big American four-door SEDAN. We're talking something fifteen years old and forgettable. This is a car good for cruising around under the radar. A car with a big trunk.

It parks directly ACROSS THE STREET from us. Its lone occupant climbs out, shuts his door and heads our way.

Let's call this man MIKE. A solid, straightforward name -- nothing fancy. He wears sunglasses, so we can't see his eyes. And with his unremarkable clothes (dark brown slacks, tan button-up shirt, chocolate windbreaker) and his unremarkable haircut, you could pass him on the street without a second glance. Just like, say, D.B. Cooper.

That's the look he's going for. Because this is no average joe beneath this studiously average exterior. Ex-military, ex-cop, ex-CIA spook? Maybe all of the above. He's no athlete, that's for sure. He's in his mid-fifties probably, and gone to seed. But something about him tells us he can take care of business. He's no one to mess with.

Jesse is alarmed -- who is this stranger walking straight toward me, climbing my front steps?! Jesse lurches to his feet, backing off a little, but this guy keeps coming.

MIKE

Saul Goodman sent me.

With that, Mike steps past him, opening Jesse's front door and entering like he owns the place. No hurry, yet no hesitation, either. Cool as a cucumber. Soft-spoken.

Glancing back at nervous Jesse, he motions with his fingers.

MIKE

C'mon. Inside.

5 CONTINUED:

5

Mike disappears into the apartment. Jesse hesitates, glancing around out here. Reluctantly, he steps inside his place and closes the door behind him.

6 INT. JESSE'S DUPLEX - LIVING ROOM - MORNING - CONTINUOUS 6

Mike takes off his sunglasses, glances around. We can see his eyes now... and they're not exactly filled with the milk of human kindness. They're not scary or sadistic, either. They're unemotional, detached. They give nothing away.

MIKE

Latch the door.

Jesse does as he's told. CLICK goes the night latch.

MIKE

Where is she?

Jesse can't even bear to say it. Hugging himself, face lowered, he meekly motions with his head toward the back of the place. Not waiting for an invitation, Mike walks down the hall and into the back bedroom, leaving Jesse behind.

Jesse doesn't follow. He means to stay here in the front room and go no further. He can't bear to see Jane again.

7 INT. JESSE'S DUPLEX - BEDROOM - MORNING - CONTINUOUS 7

Mike enters the bedroom, assaying Jane's corpse. No emotion. This is simply a job. One he's done before.

Mike pulls on a pair of disposable, purple nitrile GLOVES. He clicks into full-on Winston Wolf mode and begins his EVIDENCE CLEANUP.

Throughout this, we can shoot LOW past Jane's corpse, keeping her in f.g. and out of focus... so that we can make do with a BODY DOUBLE, if need be.

Mike crosses to the back door, peers at the stoved-in DOOR PANEL. He pokes a gloved finger at the pathetic cardboard and tape which covers it. This is, of course, how Walt entered the premises last night. Whatever Mike may or may not suspect, he keeps to himself.

The duffel bag which contains the HALF-MILLION in CASH now garners his attention (AGAIN, CONTINUITY-WISE, THIS SHOULD BE EXACTLY WHERE WE LAST SAW IT IN EPISODE 212).

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

SKYLER

Apparently, they love you in
Canada!

WALT

Yeah. How 'bout that?

WALTER, JR.

"Hang in there!" They said it too!

Off Walt, grinning, being a good sport... but secretly hating
all these complicated lies he finds himself living:

12 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - MORNING

12

We're just around the corner and a few blocks up from Jesse's
place. A familiar Lincoln Aviator motors past us.

13 INT. LINCOLN AVIATOR - DRIVING - MORNING

13

DONALD, Jane's Dad, drives alone. He's not in a great mood.
Anxious, preoccupied, he's dreading this day -- one he's been
through before. Time to get his daughter back into rehab.

Speed-dialling his CELL, Donald puts the phone to his ear,
listening as he drives. We hear Jane's sassy MESSAGE.

JANE (RECORDED V.O.)

Hey. If you're trying to sell me
something, I've got four little
words for you: "Do-Not-Call-List."
However, if you're cool, leave it
at the beep.

DONALD

How did I know you wouldn't be
answering your phone?

(sighs; then)

I am on my way. I will be there
momentarily -- I expect you on the
porch, with your bag packed, ready
to go. No excuses this time.

CLICK. He tucks away his cell phone and speeds up a little.
No more Mister My-Daughter-Is-My-Best-Friend. From here on
out, it's gonna be tough love all the way.

NEW ANGLE -- we're over Donald's shoulder, looking out past
him through the windshield. As he turns the corner onto
Jesse's familiar street...

13 CONTINUED:

13

... What's that up ahead? Out in front of Jesse and Jane's duplex, what is that? Is that an AMBULANCE?

It is an AMBULANCE, double-parked right out front. No siren, NO flashing lights. No hurry.

There's no need for hurrying anymore. As we approach, we see two AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS taking their time carrying an EMPTY FOLDING GURNEY up the front steps to Jesse's apartment.

14 EXT. JESSE'S DUPLEX - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

14

His blood running cold, Donald pulls his SUV to the curb. Sitting here behind the wheel, he never takes his eyes off the attendants headed into the house.

Off Donald sitting here momentarily frozen, hoping against hope... but knowing what this ambulance might mean...

END ACT ONE

OMI INVESTIGATOR
Place of birth?

DONALD
Phoenix.

OMI INVESTIGATOR
Phoenix... Arizona...

While she writes, Don notices a piece of paper atop a nearby shelf or counter. He picks it up, examines it blankly.

ANGLE OVER Donald's shoulder -- this is the "APOLOGY GIRL" drawing that Jane gave Jesse back in episode 210.

Finished here, the investigator hands Donald a BUSINESS CARD.

OMI INVESTIGATOR
There's our address. Do you have
someone who can drive you?

DONALD
I can drive.

OMI INVESTIGATOR
Well, if you'd like to meet us
there, we can complete the intake,
take our samples, and then you can
make your arrangements. Okay?
(offers to Jesse)
Do you need a card? Will you both
be coming?

Jesse glances to Donald, who still barely notices him. Jesse looks back to the woman and shakes his head, shame-faced.

THUNK-THUNK as the two attendants emerge from the bedroom, noisily wheeling the gurney -- with the full, zipped-up BODY BAG atop it -- into the living room.

The body bag passes between Jesse and Donald on its way out the front door. Donald looks to the business card in his hand, then numbly follows.

Jesse watches Donald go... then looks to the investigator as she finishes up her paperwork, tears off a PINK COPY and hands it to Jesse. She starts to leave as well.

JESSE
Excuse me...
(she turns back)
... Uh. Now what?

OMI INVESTIGATOR
(shrug)
That's it.

She gives him a faint, supportive smile, then exits.

Off Jesse, standing grief-stricken and alone in his haunted house... we PRELAP a DING! and --

YES! -- WALTER, JR. (V.O.)

17 OMITTED

17

18 INT. WHITE HOUSE - WALTER, JR.'S BEDROOM - DAY

18

Skyler and Walter, Jr. (no Holly in sight -- she's down for a nap, apparently) sit riveted in front of Walter, Jr.'s computer. They're watching the website money trickle in.

SKYLER
I don't believe it.
(calling)
Walt, you have to come see this!

WALTER, JR.
(trying to pronounce)
Forty dollars from Terry...

SKYLER
Terre Haute.
(calling)
Walt! --

19 INT. WHITE HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

19

We start on a BLACK FRAME -- but then the white ceramic top above us LIFTS AWAY, and we realize we are INSIDE the TOILET TANK, looking straight up through an inch or two of water at WALT. He reaches down past the red float ball and snags a hidden ZIPLOCK BAGGIE...

... Which he pulls out dripping into view. It contains Walt's secret SECOND CELL PHONE, recently relocated from its old hiding place in the ceiling of his chemistry classroom.

NEW, NON-TOILET ANGLE -- Walt shakes the water off the Zippie bag and unseals it, pulling out the phone and powering it up. After a moment, he hits speed-dial and lifts it to his ear.

22 INT. DEA ABQ - BULLPEN - DAY

22

The black SILHOUETTE TARGET we established back in episode 202... the one that Hank tacked with Tuco's mugshot... fills our frame. It still says "MOST WANTED" atop it. Tuco's face, however, has long-since been removed.

Into this shot gets lifted a cut-out PHOTO of WALT. For a brief moment it's an inadvertent, yet ironic Juxtapose with the "Most Wanted" silhouette -- Walter White as Public Enemy Number One.

HANK (O.S.)

Now, some of you already know my brother-in-law...

Turns out this photo of Walt is taped to an empty pretzel jar (something made of clear plastic to show the handful of crumpled FIVES and TENS lining the bottom). Underneath Walt's face, a handwritten sign reads "WALT'S SURGERY FUND."

WIDE to REVEAL that it's HANK who holds this DONATION JAR. He addresses this bullpen full of AGENTS, many of them familiar to us from past episodes. GOMEZ is here, as well.

HANK

... For those of you who don't, ask anyone -- he's a good man. The docs are saying this operation has a real chance of helping him. 'Course, they're also sayin' they need to be paid in private islands, so everybody dig deep. Biggest donation... gets a six-pack...

Hank reaches behind him, holds up a familiar (from episode 205) six-pack of BEER BOTTLES with his OWN FACE on the side.

HANK

... Of my very own Schraderbrau!
Home-brewed to silky perfection.

GOMEZ

(arms folded)
Smallest donation gets two six-packs.

Everyone LAUGHS as Hank passes the donation jar and gets down to business, stepping over to the dry-erase board with its PYRAMID CHART of ABQ's meth trade. We've seen it before -- PHOTOS of familiar faces, most of them X'd over. Tuco... Krazy-8... Gonzo... No-Doze... Emilio. Ah, the memories.

SKYLER

YEAH!

They both HIGH-FIVE. This is better than Vegas! Distracted Walt sighs and pushes back from the dinner table, rising.

He wanders down the hall toward the bedroom. Skyler and Walter, Jr. are too busy celebrating to even notice.

24 INT. WHITE HOUSE - BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

24

The TOP is off the toilet tank and resting on the bathroom counter. The wet and empty ZIPLOCK BAG lies open atop it.

We ADJUST from this image to find Walt speed-dialing his SECRET PHONE. He presses it to his ear and paces as he waits for it to connect (if pacing is even possible in a bathroom).

NOTE -- we DON'T hear the other side of this call.

WALT

(urgent whisper)

Saul, what do you --

(listens; big relief)

Your guy found him?! Oh thank god.

Good, very good. That's --

As Walt listens, the relief ebbs away and the WORRY returns.

WALT

Where is he?

(listens a beat)

I don't care. Just tell your guy --

(listens; hardening)

Saul, shut up and give me the address.

Off Walt, his face dark, taking care of business...

25 EXT. CRACK HOUSE - AFTERNOON

25

CUT TO the ass-end of a decaying, two-story relic. If we thought Spooze's house back in episode 206 was bad... well, this place makes that one look like the Ritz-Carlton.

CLOSE ON Walt, who stares out at this vision of awfulness, his heart sinking. We reveal... Saul's guy MIKE beside him. He is NOT wearing his sunglasses (he will in his next scene).

MIKE

I don't recommend it.

Walt says nothing -- just keeps staring out in the opposite direction. WIDE to reveal both men sit in Mike's familiar sedan, parked in an alley behind the crack house.

There's privacy back here. Mike is a PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, by the way. If we don't glean that from this episode, so be it. We'll give him some back-story in Season Three.

Mike studies Walt, gives it one more low-key shot.

MIKE
APD's been known to sit on this place, keep an eye on the comings and goings.

WALT
Are they here now?

MIKE
I don't see any sign. But then, that's the point.
(then)
Police could be the least of it. You could just get mugged or shot. How 'bout you go on home, Walter? Let me handle this.

Walt shakes his head. This is his problem. Girding his loins, he opens the passenger door and climbs out of the car. Mike doesn't much care -- having warned Walt, he's done his bit. Either way, he's getting paid.

26 EXT. CRACK HOUSE - BACK DOOR - AFTERNOON

26

Walt steps around, over or under various garbage and detritus. He pauses here at the threshold. It's like the entrance to the Underworld. However, once he's ready, he cautiously steps inside without a glance back behind him.

27 INT. CRACK HOUSE - VARIOUS ROOMS - AFTERNOON

27

Windows are boarded up, as befits a condemned property. The only light comes from shafts of sun peeking in through the cracks. Walt's eyes work to adjust to the gloom. His nose works to adjust to... christ, that smell.

Piss, shit, puke, sweat, rot -- we're lucky we can't catch a whiff of it through our tv screens. However, the look of this place is a match for the odor.

Imagine someone took fistfuls of spent matches, spoons and candle nubs, used band aids, pen casings, mold-encrusted paper plates, milk cartons, milk crates, razor blades, pissed-in pants, shat-in underpants, used needles, crushed soda cans, twisted hangers and car antennas, vials, leaking batteries, baby bottles, baby pacifiers, bleach bottles, glassine baggies, dirty toothbrushes, cheap inflatable beach rafts, tubs of old mayonnaise, semen, vomit and ten thousand cigarette butts, then fed them through a wood chipper. While not a literal request, that's a key to the feel of this place (*Production Design and Set Dec* -- don't hold back. There is no way you can make this place too disgusting.)

There's human waste. There are piles of abandoned clothes.

As far as furniture goes, there is none -- just garbage. In the kitchen (if we pass through it) there's no stove, no fridge. Doorless cabinets.

Throughout, anything of any value whatsoever has long-since been picked clean. All that's left are bare bones tagged with graffiti and crusted with filth.

We've never seen anything quite like it. And the only thing worse than this house... are its horror-show OCCUPANTS.

The first one we see is a skinny wraith of a man, a SILHOUETTE mostly, who stands slouched against some interior doorway, slowly pick-pick-picking at the SCABS on the inside of his elbow. He stares at Walt with dead, soulless eyes.

Disturbing. Is he gonna be a problem? Walt hesitates, uneasy. The guy isn't making a move. He's just staring blankly. His mind... if he still has one... is unreadable.

Walt has to turn sideways and suck flat in order to ease past him through the doorway. The wraith makes no move to clear the way -- just cocks his head, tracking Walt.

Into another room now, things get weirder and more fucked-up still. Ten or fifteen JUNKIES, as many as we can get, lie curled on their sides or huddled in corners. Again, we see them mostly in silhouette. The gloomy darkness here doesn't so much hide the nastiness and despair as it allows us to amplify it in our imaginations.

And it only gets WORSE as we move from room to room with Walt, following OVER HIS SHOULDER. However many rooms we pick our way through (director's choice), it's like a mini-version of "Apocalypse Now." We're steaming up some fetid river toward the Heart of Darkness, looking for Kurtz.

Speaking of which, where in god's name is Jesse? Looking for his partner, squinting into every blank face he passes, Walt grows more silently freaked-out by the moment.

Walt doesn't call out for Jesse -- just as you yourself would keep silent if you were trudging through a cave filled with ten million sleeping BATS.

He never thought it could be this bad. He never imagined it quite like this. How could Jesse be in such a place..?

Oh, but wait, it gets worse still. At the end of our journey, we find ourselves in the blackest hole of Calcutta.

Walt has to physically STEP OVER the JUNKIES now. He's surrounded by the dead-eyed blinking of vampires. A LESION-COVERED WOMAN wanders past, wearing only bra and pantyhose. She doesn't know what planet she's on.

Walt doesn't, either. Jesus H. Christ! He works to stave off the rising panic he feels at just being here. Glancing through a last doorway now, his eyes widen. He's found who he's searching for.

28 OMITTED

28

29 OMITTED

29

30 INT. CRACK HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

30

Here's Jesse! Wedged between a wall and a cracked-open toilet, he's slumped over. Oh, no! Is Walt too late?

WALT
Jesse. Jesse...

Walt hunkers low, checking on him. Yeah, thank god -- Jesse's alive, at least. He stirs, lazily lifts his head.

WALT
Jesse, look at me, son. Wake up.

Walt completely throws that "son" away. He doesn't mean anything by it, not consciously.

Jesse doesn't notice it either. He's comfortably numb and doesn't want to be disturbed. He opens his eyes halfway, thinking Walt is some fellow user. Mumbling faintly:

JESSE
Ain't, I ain't got nothing for you
man...
(taps his arm, grins)
All gone. Ha!

WALT
Jesse, it's me. It's Walt.

JESSE
H-Huh. Yeah...

WALT
C'mon, let's get you outta here.

Walt puts his arms around Jesse in a pose that inadvertently may remind us how he helped Walter, Jr. try on the pants in the Pilot. It's not easy lifting dead weight, however. Jesse's butt never leaves the floor.

JESSE
No, no, no, no. Nah...

WALT
Jesse. C'mon, help me out.

JESSE
I'm good, I'm good, I'm good.
Here, man. Right here, right --

He manages to point down at the ground -- it feels good right here. Trying to save his own back, Walt settles down on one knee and means to lift Jesse without bending way over.

WALT
You're not good here, Jesse.
You're not good here at all.
C'mon, put your arms around me.
You're gonna stand up, we are gonna
walk out of here... right? We are
gonna take you someplace nice and
safe. Now here we go --
(Jesse reaches for him)
That's right, hang onto me here
and...

Jesse is hanging onto Walt now -- but not in an effort to rise to his feet. Unfortunately for him, his heroin buzz... the only thing keeping him together... has faded away.

Agonized with grief, Jesse leans into Walt, wrapping his arms around his waist and burying his face in Walt's stomach. Now, silently at first, his body begins to rack with SOBBING.

It startles us. It startles Walt, and freezes him. Jesse expects no comfort from this man. He's just so desperate, so needy at this moment that he'd cling tight to anybody.

What follows is a full-on, emotional collapse. Tears stream down Jesse's face. Through his ragged SOBBING:

JESSE
I killed her --

WALT
... What?

JESSE
I killed her! It was me, I got her back on!

WALT
You didn't kill anybody, Jesse.

JESSE
I loved her. I loved her more than anything! --

Bawling, he cries this with his face buried in Walt's chest. He misses the reaction on Walt's face. We, however, see it clearly.

Walt didn't know that. He wasn't prepared to hear it. "Love?" But Jane was just some junkie, some low-life who hooked Jesse on heroin. Was there more to it than that...?

Waves of guilt come crashing in once more. That sinking feeling of damnation weighs down on Walt, who kneels here staring into space while Jesse sobs and holds him tight.

Walt wants to comfort him, but what is there to say? The best he can manage is to gently rub Jesse's back... allow him to hold on...

It's cold comfort. Off Jesse and Walt, in their own separate, hot and cold, private hells...

31 EXT. CRACK HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Mike, back wearing his SUNGLASSES, stands by his sedan, leaning against it. Seeing something, he unfolds his arms.

ANGLE PAST HIM -- out the back door of the crack house here comes Walt, supporting Jesse. Walt hugs him upright with one arm as he walks him stumbling, eyes half-open, barely conscious, to Mike's waiting sedan.

ACT THREE

32 EXT. JESSE'S DUPLEX - DAY

32

Keys RATTLE on a familiar KEYCHAIN. Hands sort through them, finding the one KEY they're looking for.

WIDE -- Donald is outside Jane's apartment door, staring down at this single key in his hand. He absently fingers it a moment while he gathers his courage.

Donald is raw with pain, but he's showing the bare minimum. Maybe it'd be healthier if he were breaking down and crying. One thing's for sure... he'd never be here if he didn't have a specific reason. He takes his time with the lock.

The door CLICKS. He pushes it open. At last he steps in.

33 INT. DUPLEX - JANE'S BEDROOM - DAY

33

Donald enters view. He pauses, stands framed in the doorway, blankly taking a visual inventory of his daughter's room.

This is the first time we've seen the inside of Jane's place. It's neater and more girlish than we might have expected. There's no junkie mess -- instead, there's an old wooden drawing table, sketch books and art magazines. There's a simple bookshelf stuffed with novels and non-fiction, and there's a turntable and plenty of old-school albums. Life interrupted. It's as if she might be back any second.

There's a large, old photo of ELIZABETH BISHOP on one wall. Though we don't need to feature it, it's definitely something we'd like to see in b.g. There's a big, amazing MURAL Jane painted on the wall above the bed. A young girl falling through stars, it's the visual focal point of the room.

Studying the mural, Donald's eyes drift down to a throw rug. An edge is folded over, as if Jane's foot caught it as she got out of bed. Lost in a fog, Don bends down and tug-tugs the rug flat -- an unconscious impulse.

34 INT. DUPLEX - JANE'S BEDROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

34

DARKNESS. With the scraping of hangers, clothes PULL aside revealing we're INSIDE the closet, looking out into Donald's exhausted eyes. He's got his cell to his ear. We don't hear the other side of his call. We probably won't realize Don is talking to his sister, but that's what this is.

DONALD

I haven't given much thought to the programs, to be honest. I guess they should be, uh... you know...
(drawing a blank)

Ah. Just use your best judgement.

Donald flips through Jane's monochromatic wardrobe, picking out the last outfit she'll ever wear.

DONALD

This is all black and grey. I don't see any yellow dress here. When did you ever see her wearing a yellow dress?

(listens)

Margie, that was years ago.

(listens)

No, no... no, I'll find something. She needs to be wearing her own clothes.

Checking way in the back, Donald comes upon something.

DON

What about blue? Blue seems better than black, right?

(listens)

Not a dark blue. More like a... not super-bright really, but... I dunno. Blue is blue to me.

(listens)

No, no cleavage. It's got long sleeves. Yeah, it's nice.

NEW ANGLE -- Donald pulls the dress out of the closet and lays it out flat across the bed. Still on bland autopilot, he stares down at it.

DON

It's nice. It'll do.

Off the dress, spread across the bed as if a magic trick will cause Jane to materialize inside it:

35 INT. WHITE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

35

BABY HOLLY lies in a posture that's a near-match for the image of Jane's dress. She lies gurgling and happy on a changing towel atop Walt and Skyler's made bed. Walt stands over her, changing her diapers.

41 EXT. LUXURY REHAB - DAY

41

A rough-hewn granite fountain burbles water, quiet and soothing. We SLIDE off it to reveal, in b.g...

... An enormous, terra-cotta ONION. Or maybe "onion-shaped" would be the way to describe this unique piece of modern architecture. It sits under a blue New Mexican sky that's dotted with fat white clouds (I hope). In the distance are a couple of slow-walking PATIENTS in algae-green robes.

These grounds are nicely groomed, high-dollar fancy and serene. Although we don't bother to spell it out in signage, this is an expensive REHAB FACILITY -- the kind that charges sixty grand a month.

A41 INT. LUXURY REHAB - THE ONION - DAY

A41

WIDE. It's as interesting inside this building (which houses a pool or fountain) as it is outside. A handful of green-robed PATIENTS wander, or sit by themselves. No reading or chatting. Let's not play it like everyone's a zombie. Just that they're all a bit... medicated.

In here we find... WALT, seated next to green-robed JESSE. Jesse is a patient. Like the others, he's on methadone or somesuch. That, and the general misery which traps him like amber has him motionless, staring into space.

Out of his usual "Jesse-wear" he looks small and diminished. Walt sits here studying him, trying to get a read on Jesse's state of mind. Not sure what to say.

They sit for a long, quiet couple of beats. Finally:

WALT

Uh. Just so you know, I won't be back for awhile. I'm having my surgery on Friday.

Jesse doesn't respond. Is he utterly catatonic?

WALT

Most likely it'll go well. I'm hopeful. But. If not... Saul will take care of things. He has your money. He's keeping it for you.

Walt watches Jesse closely. Jesse occasionally blinks.

WALT
Listen, Jesse. Lingerin on things
doesn't help, believe me. Just...
try and focus on getting better.
Alright?

Another beat. Jesse finally speaks without looking at Walt.

JESSE
I deserve this.

WALT
What?

This is a bleak, detached Jesse we've never seen before.
He's numb -- not from drugs, but from hopelessness and loss.

JESSE
What you said in the desert. I get
what you meant.
(looks to him; simply)
I deserve whatever happens.

Oh, christ. Walt wants to assure Jesse that Jane's death
wasn't his fault. But that would mean telling the truth.
And Walt's going to have to face that particular truth all by
himself.

Off both of them, with nothing left to say to each other:

42 OMITTED

43 INT. AZTEK - DRIVING - DAY

Walt drives, staring out the windshield absently. Jesse's
words run through his mind, over and over -- *I deserve this.*

But if anyone deserves damnation, it's probably Walt... and
as he motors through his familiar NEIGHBORHOOD, this guilt is
what he's desperately trying to tune out of his head.

However, now he notices something which takes his mind off
things with one big, serious *OHHH, shit moment.*

ANGLE -- past Walt. As seen through Walt's windshield, a
TELEVISION NEWS VAN is parked on the street in front of the
White House! It grows larger in frame as we approach it.

What in the hell is *THAT* doing here? Off Walt, staring with
surprise and dismay as he pulls into his driveway...

SKYLER
They'll probably want me to take
your glasses.

WALT
Oh. Yeah, you better...

He reaches up and fumbles for them, just a tad uncoordinated.
Skyler gently takes the glasses off Walt's face.

SKYLER
Where's your phone?

WALT
Hmm?

SKYLER
Your cell phone? Did you bring it?

WALT
Which one?

That brings Skyler up short. There's more than one? She
looks at her husband, startled.

We'll remember this was an unsettling mystery for Skyler way
back in the beginning of our season. All the doubts she's
tried hard to put on hold now come rushing back.

Innocent Walter, Jr. isn't privy to any of this.

WALTER, JR.
I'm pretty sure he didn't bring it,
Mom.

SKYLER
(distracted)
Okay.

She doesn't take her eyes off Walt as she says this. She
studies him. His eyelids drooping, the sedative has dulled
Walt to the point that he misses what just happened.
Off Skyler, watching him...

48 INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

A field of SOFT-FOCUS GREY-GREEN fills the screen. Distant
VOICES mumble. Rubber squeaks on Formica, and Walt's face
slides in from the bottom of frame. We realize that we're
looking DOWN on the operating room floor.

STEW
Hey, uh... welcome back.

DONALD
Thanks. Good to be back.

Donald steps to the coffee maker, pours himself a mug. These guys aren't best friends or anything -- just associates.

STEW
Jesus. We uh... we were all so sorry to hear --

DONALD
Yeah, thanks.

STEW
Terrible thing. Just...

Donald nods. He focuses on his task. Wills this expected and inescapable exchange to end quickly. Girds himself for the fifty or so identical conversations he'll endure today.

STEW
We've all been thinking about you.
You, uh, you been doing okay?

DONALD
Doing okay. After a certain point the time off doesn't help. Figured I'd rather be here, you know? Focus on work.

STEW
Sure. Absolutely.

DONALD
Well...
(a brief smile)
See you inside.

CUT TO:

52 ALBUQUERQUE ARTCC - CONTROLLER ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON a large MONITOR -- what initially may look like gibberish to us is a graphical representation of dozens of AIRCRAFT in the skies over New Mexico.

NEW ANGLE -- we are inside the darkened nerve center of the ALBUQUERQUE AIR ROUTE TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER. This is one of two dozen or so "centers" around the U.S.

52

whose job it is to keep IFR traffic (in other words, the serious planes) at a safe remove from one another while they traverse the country.

No windows here. No distractions. Like a Vegas casino, it could be day, could be night. We PAN down three or four CONTROLLERS at their stations, all of them staring at their screens and talking softly into their headsets. A drone of indistinct conversations. Eventually, we FIND...

... DONALD at his own particular station, headset on his head and reading glasses on his nose.

Well, now we finally know what Donald does for a living. And here he is, back to work. Back to what's left of his life.

DONALD

November two six tango, descend and maintain one three thousand. Truth Or Consequences altimeter two-niner-niner-eight.

(a beat or two)

Pima three-eleven, contact Albuquerque Center, one-three-four-point-six.

(a beat or two)

Juliet five bravo, ident, say altitude.

(a beat or two)

Juliet five bravo, roger, clear direct to Winslow.

Like any good ATC, Donald speaks clear and fast, and keeps his voice an unemotional monotone. It's not robot-speak... this is simply the shorthand of a very demanding job.

Like a one-sided phone conversation, we don't privilege what is being said on the other side of his headset. Off Donald, staring into his glowing screen...

53 INT. WHITE HOUSE -- MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

Walt examines his beard in the mirror. Likes what he sees.

WALT

Think I may just keep this. Sky?
What do you think?

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54 INT. WHITE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE PROFILE -- baby Holly gets carefully placed in her carry-seat, which lies atop the bed.

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54 CONTINUED:

54

Skyler settles her in as she whispers intently to the baby -- or appears to. Either way, she's not listening to Walt.

SKYLER

(under her breath)

Do me the courtesy. Do me the courtesy, just once. Just once.

This is barely audible. If we can hear it at all, it may or may not dawn on us that what Skyler is doing is REHEARSING.

WALT (O.S.)

Doesn't look too bad, right?

Walt exits the bathroom, his fingers in his beard. His eyes narrow, noticing something now.

WALT

What are you doing?

REVEAL Skyler has an OVERNIGHT BAG sitting open on the bed next to the baby. A few personal items are laid out beside it. As Skyler begins to PACK them:

SKYLER

I'm going to Hank and Marie's for the weekend.

Walt frowns. Uhh... ok.

WALT

Since when?

SKYLER

I'm taking the baby with me. Marie will pick Walter, Junior up from school. You'll have the house to yourself for two days.

(off his confusion)

I want you to pack your things and leave.

Growing very uneasy, Walt tries to keep things calm.

WALT

And why would I do that?

SKYLER

Hank has offered to help since you shouldn't be doing any heavy lifting --

WALT

Skyler...

SKYLER

I want you gone by Monday morning.

Walt and Skyler stare at each other. In this small room they are miles apart. Skyler is stoic with determination.

WALT

(a beat; carefully)

Okay. Are you at least going to tell me why?

SKYLER

Because you're a liar, Walt.

Walt blinks, suddenly reluctant to speak. After hundreds of lies, to which one is she referring?

SKYLER

Two cell phones after all.

WALT

What?

SKYLER

Right before your surgery, I asked you if you'd packed your cell phone and you said "which one?"

WALT

What...? When? When I was lying splayed out on a Valium drip?

(one last lie)

Skyler, I was medicated. I could've said the world was flat.

SKYLER

Know what I think? I think you accidentally told the truth.

She continues to pack, moving with calm purpose around the room as she gathers necessary items.

WALT

Honey, we've been over this. Asked and answered. Right? There's no --

She continues her thought as if he hadn't spoken at all.

SKYLER

-- It got me thinking yet again about all the strange behavior. Not least of which was your disappearance.

(MORE)

SKYLER (CONT'D)

Out of my mind with worry, calling
hospitals, checking the morgue...

(a beat)

Your "fugue state." I had to
believe you, didn't I? I had to
find a way. I mean...

(stunned shrug)

... Who would lie about such a
thing?

This is a minefield. How is Walt going to get out of it
safely? Best not to lie anymore. Best simply to question.

WALT

You tell me, Skyler. You tell me
exactly what it is you think I'm
lying about.

(off her flat stare)

An affair. I'm having an affair --
is that what you think?

SKYLER

That's what I was thinking, yeah,
these last few weeks.

WALT

With whom?

(angry shrug)

Don't tell me this is just some
vague suspicion that you're willing
to destroy our family over. Who am
I having an affair with?

SKYLER

My guess was Gretchen Schwartz.

(off his snort)

Something was going on between you.
I just knew.

Walt shakes his head to himself -- ridiculous.

WALT

Gretchen. Jesus, Skyler. Get me a
Bible I can swear on, if that's
what it takes. I am not having an
affair with Gretchen!

SKYLER

I know you're not. I asked her.

She glances at Walt to gauge his reaction -- it's somewhat
satisfying, how quickly this pulls him up short.

As previously stated, we won't be hearing all this dialog, and it is not particularly important in and of itself.

What's important, as we CREEP closer and closer on Don, is that we subtly realize he's off his game.

What's important is that once we get in TIGHT on him... we note the SINGLE BEAD of SWEAT which appears, slowly rolling down Donald's TEMPLE.

All throughout this, Donald keeps on talking, keeps trying. He never out-and-out panics or zones out or gives up. Indeed, that's what makes this sequence all the more EXCRUCIATING.

He's doing his best. Only today, his best isn't good enough. Off Donald, swallowing hard, still at it, as we realize something truly TERRIBLE is in the offing...

59 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

59

We drift across the poolside concrete to find... WALT. He sits brooding by the pool like Michael Corleone at the end of Godfather II. The comparison is apt -- this is a man who lost his soul by trying to provide for his family.

A shell of a man, Walt has been here for hours. All is lost. All of it -- everything he did -- it was all for nothing.

A long BEAT or TWO...

... Then, out of the silence... BOOOOOOM! A LOUD, LOW RUMBLE jolts Walt from his zombie state. The windows of the house RATTLE. Thunder? No. Something else.

Walt cranes his neck, looks skyward. Suddenly, the tattered wreckage of his life is completely FORGOTTEN.

Oh... my... GOD. His mouth hangs agape. Faltering, he rises to his feet, never once taking his eyes off the sky.

LOW ANGLE looking up past Walt -- at the huge EXPLOSION that is going on ten thousand feet overhead. A giant orange FIREBALL is rolling. TWO AIRLINERS, having collided, are in the process of DISINTEGRATING before our very eyes.

It's like watching the Challenger disaster. Tiny, whirling pieces of wreckage stand out black against the clear blue sky. We ARC LOW around Walt as he stands here gaping heavenward.

59 CONTINUED:

59

By arcing around him, we keep what's left of the planes in frame as their momentum carries them onward in the direction of the Sandias.

It is an awesome sight. "Awesome" in the Biblical sense. If it weren't so horrifying, it would almost be beautiful. Walt stands transfixed.

NEW ANGLE - BALLOON-RIG SHOT

We're ten thousand feet in the sky, looking straight down on Albuquerque. We FALL toward the earth, which approaches faster and faster the closer we get.

Now we see Walt's neighborhood. Now we see his house and backyard. Now we make out his POOL. It grows larger and larger as we PLUMMET straight for it and --

RESUME - BACKYARD

SPLOOOOOSH! A cannonball of WATER erupts in the center of the swimming pool, briefly obliterating our view of Walt.

Horrificed, riveted, Walt slowly steps to the water's edge.

ANGLE LOOKING UP - UNDERWATER SHOT

MATCH-CUT to Walt stepping into view. As seen from down here, the pool's undulating surface makes Walt's figure shimmy and waver up above us. We PAN off Walt to REVEAL...

... A scorched, pink TEDDY BEAR. You know the one. It's familiar to us from the Teaser of our Season Two opener.

One-eyed and grinning, it lazily SINKS toward us, face-down.

Well, now the mystery is revealed. We finally know how this child's toy got into Walt's pool, and why its presence is so important to our story.

Off grinning TEDDY, the image which ends our season...

END EPISODE