

# BREAKING BAD

"One Minute"

Episode #307

Written by

Thomas Schnauz

Directed by

Michelle MacLaren

As Broadcast

SONY PICTURES TELEVISION INC.  
All Rights Reserved © 2010

No portion of this script may be performed, or reproduced by any means, or quoted, or published in any medium without prior written consent of SONY PICTURES TELEVISION INC. \* 10202 West Washington Boulevard \* Culver City, CA 90232\*

**BREAKING BAD**  
"One Minute"

Cast List

WALT  
SKYLER  
JESSE  
HANK  
MARIE

SAUL GOODMAN  
ASAC  
TIO  
MARCO (FIRST COUSIN)  
LEONEL (SECOND COUSIN)  
YOUNG MARCO  
YOUNG LEONEL  
GALE  
TRUCKER  
UNION REP  
OPR OFFICIAL #1  
ABQ DETECTIVE #1  
ABQ DETECTIVE #2  
PREPPIE SHOPPER - (Non-Speaking)  
FEMALE SHOPPER - (Non-Speaking)

**BREAKING BAD**  
"One Minute"

Set List

Interiors:

JESSE'S HOUSE  
LIVING ROOM  
SUPERLAB  
WALT'S CONDO  
SCHRADER HOUSE  
BEDROOM  
HOSPITAL  
JESSE'S ROOM  
HALLWAY  
DEA ABQ  
HANK'S OFFICE  
BULLPEN  
CONFERENCE ROOM  
ELEVATORS  
LOBBY  
TRACTOR TRAILER BED  
N.D. MOTEL ROOM  
HANK'S JEEP COMMANDER

Exteriors:

JESSE'S HOUSE  
WALT'S CONDO  
MEXICAN HACIENDA  
MALL PARKING LOT  
EMPTY LOT

TEASER

EXT. BLUE SKY

Harsh sunlight. It FLARES in our lens. We hear SOUNDS of a struggle OFF-SCREEN. The FIGURE OF A MAN darts in and out of frame, close to us... quick and out-of-focus... and upsidedown?

It's a few moments before we realize this man is... someone we know. Yes, it's famous '70s action figure: G.I. JOE!

WIDE TO REVEAL:

EXT. MEXICAN HACIENDA - BACKYARD - DAY

Two young, similar looking BROTHERS (age 9) are at odds over the plastic toy. One boy, MARCO, climbs high on a swing set, dangling the G.I. Joe out of brother LEONEL'S reach. Leonel is angry and crying... he wants his toy back, but Marco is a bully and is having too much fun being bad. They yell at each other in Spanish (without subtitles).

YOUNG LEONEL

*Give it back! It's mine!*

YOUNG MARCO

*Then take it from me. If you can!*

The yard they fight in is a nice piece of property -- not that the owner is super-wealthy, but he has money. With an O.S. telephone RING RING -- we are about to meet this man...

... but only the back of his head. We are behind an ADULT MAN, relaxing on a chair in the shade of his hacienda. He watches the kids roughhousing in the distance. The man dips his hand in a GALVANIZED WASH TUB filled with melting ice and beer, trying to stay cool.

RING RING! Our weary mystery man finally reaches and answers his cell phone... but not just any cell phone. It's one of those monstrous BRICK-SIZED mobiles from the mid-eighties (our first clue that this scene is a FLASHBACK).

As we slowly CIRCLE AROUND toward his face, he speaks in Spanish (with SUBTITLES).

MYSTERY MAN

*Mmm. Yes...*

*(listens; then)*

*Why? Why is this still under discussion? No. No, no, no. I don't like him.*

*(MORE)*

(CONTINUED)

MYSTERY MAN (CONT'D)

*I don't care who he knows. We're supposed to trust him with our product?*

*(derisive)*

*Big man. Big Generalissimo! Big fry cook is more like it... The 'Chicken Man.'*

It interests us to hear this is likely a discussion about our "Chicken Man," Gus Fring. But what's even more surprising is that this man doing the talking is...

TIO! Yes, Uncle Tio SPEAKS! He's about twenty years younger, without his wheelchair, oxygen tube and ever-present bell. So, if this is Tio, that means the young boys fighting over on the swing set are most likely...

THE COUSINS. Our cousins. Before they've grown into homicidal maniacs. Before they've left a fiery swath of death and destruction in their wake.

But now... they're just little kids fighting over a toy. Frustrated Leonel makes a leap for G.I. Joe, but Marco flings the doll to the ground and jumps on it -- CRUNCH!

Leonel looks on, stunned, as Marco holds up G.I Joe's SEVERED HEAD with a smile. *He broke it... for no good reason, he broke it!* Leonel turns and runs crying toward his uncle.

Tio is just finishing his call:

TIO

*You will do what you want. But you have my vote. Never trust a South American. Dirty, dirty people.*

Tio hangs up the phone, frustrated with whatever bullshit political haggling he has to deal with. He doesn't acknowledge the tearful boy waiting for an audience with him. But finally...

The stare is too much. Glancing out of the corner of his eye, he sighs, addressing the kid...

YOUNG LEONEL

*He broke my toy! He broke my toy!*

TIO

*He was just having fun. You'll get over it.*

YOUNG LEONEL

*No! I hate him! I wish he was dead!*

(CONTINUED)

*Wow. This kid is pissed.* But Tio barely reacts. He considers the statement. Rolls it around in his brain without emotion. Tio looks out at Marco...

... who is chucking pieces of doll out toward the horizon.

With a sharp *WHISTLE*, Tio gets Marco's attention. He motions for the boy to come over, which he dutifully does. Leonel stares daggers at him, waiting for punishment to be served.

But Tio's mind seems to be somewhere else. He gestures to the washbasin at his side, now filled mostly with water from the melted ice.

TIO

*Marco...*

YOUNG MARCO

*Yes?*

TIO

*Grab your old uncle a beer, would you?*

Marco kneels down and picks a bottle floating near the top, but he's quickly interrupted --

TIO

*No, no. A cold one.*

Marco realizes -- *oh, okay.* For a moment, he sees his own reflection in the water surface. As the boy reaches down into the depths of the tub, Tio suddenly and viciously grabs him by the back of the neck, and...

*SPLOOSH! Shoves the child's head UNDERWATER!* We see from INSIDE THE TUB LOOKING UP as the wide-eyed boy is submerged.

Leonel looks on, stunned... *freaked.* Tio gives him a casual glance, not easing up on Marco at all.

TIO

*This is what you wanted. Your brother dead. Right?*

Watching his brother drown, not knowing what to do, Leonel pulls on his uncle's arm. Locked in place, it won't budge. The kid might as well be shaking an oak tree. With mock concern, Tio advises...

TIO

*You're going to have to try harder than that. If you want to save him.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BREAKING BAD #307 "One Minute" AS BROADCAST 4.  
CONTINUED: (3)

TIO (CONT'D)  
*How much longer do you think he has  
down there? One minute? Maybe  
more, maybe less.*

Desperate to save his brother, Leonel hauls off and PUNCHES Tio in the shoulder. No effect. Leonel hits him again and again, in the shoulder, in the chest, until in desperation... *BAM!* Square in the face, hard! Tio's head snaps backwards. Blood trickles from his nose. And with that... Tio smiles.

*SPLOOSH* -- he releases Marco, who comes out of the water gasping and sputtering for breath. Leonel kneels next to him, making sure his brother is okay.

Tio stands up (yes, he walks too!), towering over the crying boys. His lesson for them? Delivering it with a conviction they'll never forget...

TIO  
*Family is all.*

And as this Guardian-of-the-Year candidate walks away, we FOCUS on the brothers' faces. Their stares are dead, but the message sinks in. Family is all.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP on a MATCH BEING LIT. The flame is brought to a black candle, beneath a familiar *Santa Muerte* SHRINE. The drawing of Walter "Heisenberg" White still attached. We are...

INT. N.D. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

The surroundings are too dark to tell where we are, as we REVEAL the (adult) COUSINS, kneeling in positions similar to how we left them as boys... but now on a mission. A mission to avenge the death of their blood cousin, Tuco Salamanca. *Family is all*.

But their vengeance, once aimed at Walter White, has a new target... as one cousin removes the drawing of Heisenberg and fastens something new to the death shrine...

A PHOTO OF HANK (a telephoto shot, perhaps taken by Mike and given to them by Gus).

Off Hank's picture, flickering in the candlelight...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - DAY

Quiet. Birds *CHIRP* in this pretty part of town. It's late in the day and the light is fading.

Jesse's Toyota putters to a stop in front, MUSIC pumping from the stereo. Jesse parks and drops his head back, letting the music play. He's fucking exhausted... *relieved*, after what happened just an hour or so ago (the events of 306). After he was trapped in the RV with Walt, and was *almost* caught by DEA Agent Hank Schrader... *Christ, it was close*.

But it's over... for now. He lost his RV, but that's for another day to figure out. Now it's time to unwind.

Jesse shuts off the car and climbs out. As he trudges to his front door, we hear the O.S. SOUND of a truck *RUMBLING* to a stop in the street. Jesse glances to see...

It's Hank. Okay, it's *not* over. Hank gets out of his Jeep Commander and makes a steady beeline for Jesse. Hank's been awake for two days now, running on fumes... the pain of being told his wife Marie was "dying in the hospital" fresh in his mind. The humiliation of being tricked by a punk like Pinkman leaving a putrid taste in his mouth.

Jesse holds up his hands, nervous, not wanting trouble... and yet with the slightest hint of a smirk on his face after getting over on Hank.

JESSE

Hey, you got nothing on me, yo.  
Alright? You can call my lawyer.  
Saul Goodman.

But Hank doesn't stop. He keeps coming at an even pace. Scary calm. Jesse's a little unnerved, but stays strong.

JESSE

Talk to my lawyer, alright? Hey,  
you hear me? I got nuthin' to say.  
(Hank keeps coming)  
I told you. You can call my --

But when Hank is near enough, still in stride while walking, he rears his fist back and...

BAM! - unleashes a hellish roundhouse square into Jesse's face! The impact sends Jesse hurtling backwards into...



INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

... sliding across the wooden floor (amid whatever crap was established there in 306 before Jesse left).

JESSE  
*Uuuuhh... Christ!*

Jesse is stunned, recovering from the brutal sting with enough time to look up and see...

Hank is still coming. One punch was not enough. Hank keeps attacking, straddling Jesse as he tries to back away. *BAM!*

HANK  
You had my cell phne number? You had my wife's name?!

The punches get even more intense. Jesse is defenseless as blow after blow finds its mark.

HANK  
How'd you do it? Talk! Who're you working with?!

But Hank doesn't give him a chance to answer. He's lost control. The torrent of punches will kill Jesse, until...

Hank's eyes zero in to focus. He soon realizes, the kid is out cold.

Breathing hard, Hank sees the blood, the limp body below him... *oh fuck.* What did he do? Hank knew going in that he was crossing a line, he just didn't know how far he'd go. He sees he completely obliterated the line.

Hank backs away... a flight instinct creeping in. The open door is right there. He can just walk out and drive away. Hank's going to leave... but before he crosses that threshold, Hank stops... catches his breath...

Off Hank, his eyes on the motionless Jesse...

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The rear door SLAMS on an ambulance as EMTs have loaded Jesse inside (we don't see what the damage is to Jesse just yet, but suffice it to say, it's pretty damn bad). The emergency vehicle drives away, red lights flashing.

(CONTINUED)

We find Hank sitting alone... sad and stoic in the face of this grim reality. The pain from his bruised hand just starting to creep in. He looks over to Jesse's front door, where...

His boss, ASAC MERKERT, speaks to two ABQ PATROL OFFICERS. Hushed tones, incomprehensible mumbles to our ears. But they're clearly recounting the events as the evidence seems to spell out. The ASAC gives them a nod and moves away, making his way toward Hank...

Hank sees his boss coming, and stands respectfully... but there's a sort of glaze over Hank's face. Lost. Beaten.

The ASAC takes a breath, feeling bad for Hank. He isn't angry or conspiratorial. His tone is straight-forward and supportive, wanting to make the situation as painless as possible.

ASAC  
(meaning the cops)  
If you're, ah... ready to talk,  
they want to get a statement. Your  
side of what happened here. Or we  
can hold them off 'til another  
time.

But Hank still doesn't respond, searching for the right words... until the ASAC provides:

ASAC  
Maybe you want to talk to a lawyer.

Hank hears the advice. Swallows and manages a nod.

Off subdued Hank, the idea of a lawyer front-and-center in his mind...

INT. HOSPITAL - JESSE'S ROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE ON A CEILING. An odd sight, but even odder as...

SAUL GOODMAN'S head slides sideways INTO FRAME, looking right at us. Examining, the lawyer raises a CELL PHONE and snaps a photo... *FLASH!* He looks at his screen: *oh yeah.*

SAUL  
There it is.

Saul proudly turns the camera screen toward us, revealing a PICTURE OF JESSE'S BRUISED FACE.

(CONTINUED)

SAUL

Yo, Adrian. Rocky called -- he wants his face back.

We REVEAL Jesse in his hospital bed, as horrible as the picture showed, and feeling a hundred times worse. Hank really did a job on him. He can barely move his jaw, and his left eye is SWOLLEN SHUT from a broken eye socket, his face BRUISED and DISTENDED from a broken cheek bone.

Jesse winces -- it hurts all over. He wants to say "fuck off," but it pains him too much to talk. Reactions slightly woozy from a concussion -- his head feels half-full of thick fluid.

SAUL

Come on, I gotta cheer you up.  
(re: photo)  
You see that? That's your "Get-Outta-Jail FREE" card.

Jesse's good eye follows Saul as he circles around to the other side of the bed. Saul couldn't feel more on top of the world...

SAUL

You understand "Get Out of Jail Free" card, right? I mean, just blink once if you're following...  
(moving on)  
The DEA's worst nightmare is that face out in public. They're gonna have to steer a wide berth of young Master Pinkman. For fear of the P.R. poop-storm that will rain down on them if this story ever gets out.  
(happy)  
I mean, this-this beating? Best thing for you. You're home free. Good, right?  
(beat)  
Right.

As Saul tries to get a response out of mute Jesse...

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - SAME

A minimum amount of activity in the hall as WALT appears, peeking around a corner. Secretive, nervous... he's taking a HUGE risk coming here. He moves cautiously, waiting for the coast to be clear. Not drawing attention, eyeing the I.D. numbers that mark each patient's door.

(CONTINUED)

Finding the right room, Walt turns his back on the door. Glancing left and right... *no one is looking...* he carefully slips into...

INT. HOSPITAL - JESSE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

But all of Walt's concern for himself slips away when his eyes fall on Jesse. Walt is stunned. Never believing that Hank could be capable of such violence. Softly...

WALT  
Oh my God...

Jesse's good eye rolls at the sight of Walt -- the last person he wants to see right now. Saul, to Walt:

SAUL  
You're now officially the 'cute one' of the group. Paul, meet Ringo. Ringo... Paul.

WALT  
This is... I... Jesse, I-I am... so sorry for this. This should not have happened.

JESSE  
But it did. No thanks to you...

Jesse stews as he eyes Walt. The apology not nearly enough for the pain he's endured. Walt tries to move past now...

WALT  
(rationalizes)  
But the plan *did* work. We would've be locked up right now if we didn't lured him away. But this... this, I-I just never saw this coming. So...  
(unsure; to Saul)  
What, uh... What happens now?

But before the lawyer can answer, Jesse speaks through his tight jaw.

JESSE  
What happens now? I'll tell you what happens now. Your scumbag brother-in-law is finished. Done. You understand? I will own him when this is over.

(CONTINUED)

Jesse's focused anger shocks Walt... shocks us. He's not yelling, but there's a quiet vitriol that makes us understand he won't rest until Hank is humiliated and destroyed.

JESSE

Every cent he earns, every cent his wife earns, is mine. Any place he goes, anywhere he turns, I'm gonna be there, grabbing my share. He'll be scrubbing toilets in Tijuana for pennies, and I'll be standing over him to get my cut. He'll see me when he wakes up in the morning, and when he crawls to sleep in whatever rat hole's left for him after I shred his house down. I will haunt his crusty ass *forever*, until the day he sticks a gun up his mouth and pulls the trigger just to get me out of his head. *That's* what happens next.

Walt is speechless. This is the new Jesse. A Frankenstein monster of Walt's own creation.

Saul tries to calm the situation. To Jesse:

SAUL

Uh, my advice? That's probably not a good strategy. I mean, they're scared of you right now. They want nothing to do with you. But if you hit them, they're forced to hit back -- hard. I mean, they will turn over every rock hither, thither and yon until someone spills the beans on you and-and anyone associated with you. Present company included.

Jesse hears this, and there's a subtle reaction... something clicking in his head. Meanwhile, Walt gently chimes in.

WALT

Yes. I think what Saul is saying makes a lot of sense. Jesse, move on with your life.  
(meaning crime)  
Leave it behind. All of it.

Jesse, having heard enough, finally responds.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

Nothing changes once I walk outta here. I get myself a new RV and go start *cooking* again.

Whoa. WHAT?! Walt and Saul look at each other.

WALT

How exactly do you think you're going to get away with that? They will catch you.

JESSE

So what?

WALT

What?

JESSE

I have a "Get-Outta-Jail Free" card.

SAUL

Hey, I may have overstated the, uh power of your face.

JESSE

Not this. If the cops catch me, I give them what they want most.  
(points to Walt)  
You.

Walt blanches, right in Jesse's cross-hairs...

JESSE

They nab me, I make a deal to give up the great "Heisenberg" and his million-dollar drug ring.

(confident)

You're my free pass, bitch.

Off Walt, now the target of Jesse's boiling anger, his scorched earth aggression...

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Walt and Saul exit the room, walking... but something holds Saul back. Walt knows what it is. Walt looks around... motions him into someplace private.

Walt shrugs to his lawyer, trying to comprehend what just happened in there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAUL

You're so sure.

WALT

Look, if he didn't give up my name while Hank was beating him senseless, he's never going to talk.

Saul is dead serious. It's his ass on the line, as well.

SAUL

What do you think that was in there? A bluff? He wants your brother-in-law. And there's gonna be a parade of lawyers creaming their Underoos for a case like that. I mean, I'd take it myself if it wouldn't cause so much collateral damage.

(even more serious)

And him cooking again? Hey, when -- not if -- he gets caught, and he's facing twenty years... what'll he do then? Believe me, there's no honor among thieves.

(then)

Except for us, of course.

Walt is stymied. Saul is right. Jesse is absolutely going to fuck them over.

WALT

(not fully believing)

No, he'll... He'll come around.

SAUL

(considers)

If he doesn't... there may come a time to talk options.

Said matter-of-factly... and yet this is darkly ominous.

WALT

Options.

Saul nods. He exits, leaving Walt to wonder... exactly what options? Since Saul has pitched jailhouse murder before, it seems horribly clear what he means.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. DEA ABQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - EARLY MORNING

WIDE in a conference room at DEA Headquarters. Hank, his UNION REP (a big burly retired officer, there to act as Hank's counsel) and his ASAC are at the table with two ABQ POLICE DETECTIVES. Again, not confrontational -- they're just gathering facts. And Hank calmly gives them...

HANK

... convinced that Mr. Pinkman was involved in the manufacturing and distribution of phenyl-2 methamphetamine, specifically what we're calling the "blue meth," I tracked him to a scrap yard, where he stored an early '80s camper... an RV. While waiting for a warrant to search this vehicle, which I believed to be a rolling meth lab... I received a phone call. Telling me my wife, Marie, had been injured in an accident.

Hank tells the story with no emotion, no embellishment... remaining professional.

HANK

Upon hearing the news, I left Mr. Pinkman and his vehicle to attend to my wife. After arriving at the hospital, I learned the emergency call was a hoax. My wife, fortunately, was unharmed...

Hank clears his throat and pushes on, past the embarrassment of being duped...

HANK

So, I immediately went back to the salvage yard, but the RV was gone. Most likely destroyed on site.

ABQ DETECTIVE #1

And it was at this point that you drove to the home of Jesse Pinkman.

Hank is about to nod and continue his story, but his Union Rep leans over and whispers in his ear. He hears the advice, letting his rep talk to the detectives now...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

UNION REP

I think we're done here. Agent Schrader needs to get home, get some rest.

ABQ DETECTIVE #1

That's fine. But just to confirm... you're taking the Fifth here.

Not a huge deal -- they just want to make sure. Hank gives a glance to his Union Rep.

HANK

Yeah, that's correct.

ABQ DETECTIVE #2

Okay. Well, we just want to give you all a heads up... Mr. Pinkman is pressing charges in this matter. He's given a detailed version of events. As he sees them.

UNION REP

The word of a *meth head*?

ABQ DETECTIVE #1

We know all about his history. We're well aware, but...

(regretful)

Toxicology on Pinkman... his blood is clean. He's not using.

ABQ DETECTIVE #2

Kid is even refusing his doctor-ordered pain meds, far as we can tell.

This is surprising as hell to Hank, though he barely shows it. Hank exhales, ready to get out of there.

HANK

So, um. Where do we go from here?

ASAC

Couple of gentlemen from OPR will come down, probably tomorrow morning. Janice will get us an exact time on that.

(to detectives)

And you men will be continuing your investigation. So... thanks for your time.

(CONTINUED)

Rising to leave, there's one more piece of business.

ABQ DETECTIVE #1

Right, we just... we need one more thing. A photo of Agent Schrader's hands. For the record.

Hank pauses. If we didn't notice before, there's a BANDAGE around his right hand (treated by medics at the scene).

HANK

Yes. Of course...

ABQ DETECTIVE #1

Bandage off, if you would.

Hank peels off the gauze wrapping, revealing the DARK BRUISING beneath. Where his knuckles met Jesse's face.

Detective #2 produces a small DIGITAL CAMERA. Hank holds out his hands, not sure what to do with them.

ABQ DETECTIVE #2

Ummm... on the table is fine. Flat on the table is fine.

Hank sets both hands down, on this table that's a little low, below normal reach. Just to make this humiliating act even more awkward, as he bends down to lay his hands flat.

The detective aims his camera, and -- *FLASH!*

INT. DEA ABQ - HANK'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Hank gathers his bag for the trip home. He absently collects a few papers, not even sure what he's grabbing. The time alone in here is a relief, and he's drawing it out.

But, it's time to go. He steels himself, and exits out to...

INT. DEA ABQ - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Hank moves through the bullpen... a long walk of shame. Hank shows nothing, says nothing, holds his head high... but the agents early for work give him subtle glances -- *the end of Hank Schrader? How the mighty have fallen. What a shame.*

Hank hangs tough, never making eye contact through the gallery of faces, all the way down to the ELEVATORS.

He pushes the call button. Hank's home free, until -- *DING* -- the elevator doors open to REVEAL...

(CONTINUED)

MARIE. She meets her husband's eyes, full of worry and concern. Hank almost cracks, but eases onto the elevator. The doors slide closed.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Alone, in the privacy of the elevator, Hank hugs Marie. In fact, he holds onto her for dear life, as if the elevator were in free fall. Tearful, the most emotion we've ever seen from Hank.

Marie embraces her man, no words spoken. Just a comforting hand against his back.

INT. DEA ABQ - LOBBY - EARLY MORNING

*DING!* The elevator doors open, and Hank is composed as if nothing emotional had just happened. Marie hides it less well than Hank, but she pulls it together.

MARIE

It's all gonna work out. You've been too good to them for too many years.

As they make their way toward the building exit, Hank speaks low, for only his wife to hear...

HANK

I hope it goes without saying...  
(meaningfully)  
We're not talking to anybody about this. Okay?

They keep walking, as...

MARIE

...o-okay.

There's just enough of a pause and meekness in Marie's voice to stop Hank in his tracks. His head lowers in quiet defeat.

HANK

Marie... who?

Off of Marie's guilty face...

EXT. WALT'S CONDO - MORNING

SKYLER rolls into frame (the obvious recipient of Marie's news). She parks her WAGONEER outside of Walt's new home (which he bought in 306).

Skyler turns off the car engine and readies herself. She dreads having to see him...

INT. WALT'S CONDO - MORNING

CLOSE UP -- A KNIFE, coming into frame, pressing down along the crust of a sandwich. It's the end of Walt's morning ritual, as he fixes his lunch for the day.

A sandwich wrapper and brown bag are nearby as Walt cuts the PBJ sandwich. Methodical. Hypnotic. Making it OCD perfect. Until... *BZZZZZZZ*.

Walt looks... *the doorbell?* His first visitor. He wipes his hands on a towel, taking it with him as he beelines to the front door. Opening to reveal...

Skyler. Surprised, off-guard... their first contact since he hung up the phone on her (in #306).

WALT

Hi.

SKYLER

Do you have a minute?

WALT

Sure.

Walt gives way to allow Skyler inside.

Skyler enters, and surveys the inside of Walt's new condo. Nice in here. Impressive. But Skyler can't help herself:

SKYLER

I guess crime does pay.

Any little bit of happiness Walt may have had upon seeing Skyler fades out like a dying light bulb. But he remains polite, neatly folding the dish towel in his hand.

WALT

I don't suppose you just came by to insult me.

Skyler takes her focus off the living space and looks at Walt.

(CONTINUED)

SKYLER

No. We need to talk.  
(then)  
You heard about Hank. About what  
happened with this, um, Jesse  
Pinkman.

Walt, so far beyond lying anymore, nods.

WALT

Yes. I know.

Walt crosses back to the kitchen area, wanting to hang up his  
towel.

SKYLER

Whatever Hank was investigating...  
Him trying to find an RV. Is there  
any danger that could lead back to  
you?

This question catches Walt (and us) a little off-guard. *Is  
Skyler showing concern for Walt's safety?* Walt doesn't think  
too much about it... she might just be nosy.

WALT

No. Why would it?

Not exactly a lie... but stretching the truth.

WALT

Is that why you're here?

SKYLER

I'm here to talk about Hank. You  
know what's gonna happen to him if  
this Pinkman presses charges.  
(off his look)  
Hank could lose everything.

Walt nods, somber. He agrees. *And so?*

SKYLER

I thought maybe, um... there's a  
way you could help him.

WALT

How?

SKYLER

Contact Pinkman. Get him to drop  
these charges.

Walt considers her a moment. Choosing his words carefully...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALT

Look, Skyler, I don't know what kind of relationship you picture me having with this person --

SKYLER

-- I'm not asking.

WALT

-- He was, he's-he's not my friend. I mean, it's not as if we were ever close.

SKYLER

I'm not asking. But there must be something you can say. Isn't it even worth a try? Hank is your family.

WALT

Not currently.

Ouch. Skyler lets this sink in -- *did she hear him right?*

SKYLER

What?

WALT

I said "not currently."

Wow. *Cold*. Skyler examines Walt, and he moves back to the front door, opening it for her to leave.

WALT

I'm late. I have to go.

He waits, clearly wanting her to exit before he leaves. Walt's a bit of a dick here, but this is exactly what she wanted -- to have him out of her life. Skyler sees it -- whatever emotional connection there was between them is completely gone. Stunned, she heads out...

Skyler eases outside... she might turn around, she might not, but Walt closes the door on her, not waiting long enough to find out.

Walt keeps a hand on the doorknob, the "options" over what to do with Jesse rolling around somewhere in his mind. Skyler's request... Saul's words... Jesse's threats...

*Somewhere in Walt's brain there's an answer...*

INT. SUPERLAB - DAY

Walt enters, deep in thought. *An answer in there somewhere.*

GALE (O.S.)  
(happy)  
Hello!

Walt looks to see his new assistant, GALE, paging through the New York Times. Gale brightens at the sight of Walt.

GALE  
Starting to get worried.

WALT  
Car trouble.

GALE  
Oh, that's a bummer. Y'should call  
me next time, I'll pick you up.

Walt moves to set down his lunch bag and belongings, as Gale shadows him (without crowding him). Gale, we may discern, is dressed less casually this episode. In fact... he's dressed a bit like Walt.

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and Walt subtly notices.

WALT  
No, uh... sandals today..?

Gale smiles, a touch self-conscious.

GALE  
I just thought... bit more  
professional.  
(then, upbeat)  
Well. Everything is on track --  
we've got our distillate. Just  
waiting to...

Walt gives a polite smile. *Uh-huh.* Walt moves to the "Clean Zone" area where they change their clothes (and a locker if we have it), and where the Tyvek suits are located.

WALT  
Let's get our trays ready... clean,  
no moisture.

GALE  
Done.

(CONTINUED)

WALT  
(testing him now)  
Is our, uh... our solvent filtered?

GALE  
(proud)  
I thought you might ask that.  
Done.

Walt nods -- Gale is the perfect assistant. A bit absently:

WALT  
That's good. That's good.

GALE  
Hand-in-glove -- that's what we  
strive for.  
(Bogart-lite)  
You know, this might be the  
beginning of a beautiful  
friendship.

Gale gets a good feeling over his "Casablanca" comment... but Walt pauses to consider the remark. Something isn't sitting right. As if a foul odor is wafting under his nose...

EXT. EMPTY LOT - DAY

The middle of nowhere. A paved over piece of land where someone maybe once considered putting a WalMart but then abandoned the idea. A lone TRACTOR TRAILER sits on the tarmac -- a big thirty-foot delivery rig. Inside:

A little Willie Nelson-looking TRUCKER relaxes behind the wheel -- bored, waiting... drinking coffee from his thermos. He checks his watch as...

A GREY CAR comes cruising across the blacktop at a casual pace. The trucker exhales -- *about fucking time*. He climbs out of his rig to greet...

THE COUSINS. They park and step out. Scanning the scene to make sure no one else is around. Just the trucker.

TRUCKER  
So. You the gentlemen?

The cousins nod. *Yes, they are.*



INT. TRACTOR TRAILER BED - MOMENTS LATER

The rear doors *CREAK* open, and the trucker climbs inside, followed by both cousins.

TRUCKER

Lucky you boys caught me. I got a load to pick up, I'm takin' the Forty straight through to Memphis.

The trucker (talking non-stop) leads the cousins down the large expanse of empty trailer. The roof has sections of opaque white Plexi, allowing light into the deep area.

TRUCKER

I can hammer it out in about fifteen, but there's this gal there. Named Lainie or Lolly or something... Maybe Fran. Anyhow, she's got one of these fetish things where she likes to get peed on? You know. So, I was hoping to see her tonight, but she's real strict about wanting to go to sleep before ten. So I want to wrap it up here A.S.A.P. 'cause traffic can be a wild card. You know, rubbernecking and such.

(afterthought)

The surprising thing is... the women who like to get peed on always tend to be from the warmer climates. You'd think the ones in the colder zones would be more inclined, but... I haven't met one yet. Maybe it's a shock to the system if the body's not properly acclimated. But, y'know... leave that for smarter minds than me. Science is a mystery.

When the trucker reaches the far end of the empty truck, he pulls out a little RATCHET from his pocket. Slips it into a tiny hole in the wall and cranks... *CLICK*. He opens...

A FALSE WALL. He swings two doors open to reveal...

A WALL OF WEAPONS, all neatly displayed -- assault rifles, Uzis, an array of pistols, plus more exotic weapons like samurai swords, throwing stars and other military knickknacks.

(CONTINUED)

TRUCKER

Well, take a gander. Prices are negotiable, buying in bulk gets you a discount. Running a special on these little honeys...

The trucker holds up a bullet for the cousins to see. An ECU shows us that this particular .45 caliber bullet is BLACK.

TRUCKER

JHPs. Hollow point bullets known by the natives as the "Black Death." Check it out...

He hands it to one of the cousins (Leonel)...

TRUCKER

You like that? So sweet you wanna lick it. Nickle-plated brass casing. Lubalox coat for panache. Sucker has six razor claws that expand on impact. *PTT-KYUUUuuu*. Shred your mama's head like a cabbage.

The cousin isn't really interested. He hands it back toward the trucker, who refuses.

TRUCKER

Keep it. On the house.

We take note as Leonel slips the bullet in his FRONT POCKET... to use for later.

TRUCKER

Anyhow... I've been windjammin' long enough. Why don't you boys tell me what you're looking for? What is it you want, what is it you need? What can I do ya for?

Finally, Leonel answers him... *in English*...

LEONEL

Vests.

TRUCKER

Vests? Hell yeah, we got vests! Right here...

The trucker pulls two BULLETPROOF VESTS out of a duffel bag, offering them out to each cousin.

(CONTINUED)

TRUCKER

Sleek, comfortable. Thermally bonded, non-interwoven Kevlar fiber. Stop a bullet like a soft wang against a Quaker girl. It just ain't getting through. And lightweight? Damn. So lightweight you'll forget you're wearing it.

That's all well and good, but the cousins look at him...

MARCO

They work?

TRUCKER

Sure as shit they do. I don't leave home without it!

The trucker pulls down his shirt collar, revealing...

He WEARS a BULLETPROOF VEST beneath. Big smile.

The cousins look at each other, a moment of understanding. Then... LEONEL PULLS HIS GUN, aiming it square at the trucker! *Holy shit!*

*BLA-BLAM!!!* The GUN BLAST knocks the trucker to the floor! He recoils, holding his ribs in pain.

TRUCKER

*Errrewewew-unnnnnnnnnnn!* WHAT THE HELL!

The cousins lift the trucker's shirt, peeling it back to reveal the vest, wanting to assess the damage.

TRUCKER

You broke my freakin' rib, you maniac son-of-a-bitch!

The cousins, satisfied with what they see, nod to each other. *Huh. It works.* Standing up, Marco pulls out a ROLL OF BILLS, counting off about eight Benjamins and letting them flutter to the floor. Leonel picks up the two vests.

Then, the cousins turn and... *walk away? Holy crap.* The surprising thing is that they *don't* kill this guy!

The trucker, finally silent, watches them go. But as the men climb out of his truck, disappearing from view, the trucker can't help himself. Flat on his ass, from deep inside the trailer...

(CONTINUED)

BREAKING BAD #307 "One Minute" AS BROADCAST 25.  
CONTINUED: (3)

TRUCKER  
You're WELCOME!

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SUPERLAB - DAY

CLOSE ON AN INDUSTRIAL THERMOMETER GAUGE. The needle hovering around 175 degrees centigrade, measuring the contents in a vat atop an electric heater. Walt's face is REFLECTED/DISTORTED in the glass as he moves in for a closer look. Squinting. His finger *TAP TAPS* the thermometer.

WIDE -- Gale is setting a series of digital timers at one end of the work space, while Walt studies the gauge. Both men are in full Tyvek bunny-suits, but without gas masks. Walt looks from the gauge to Gale, Gale to gauge... gauge to Gale.

What's on his mind? Impossible to guess. Finally:

WALT

Gale. What temperature did you set here?

GALE

Here? Station Five... seventy-five c.

Walt shakes his head... no. *No, no, no, no, no.*

WALT

I said EIGHTY-five. Eight five.

Gale is in the crosshairs, and tries to be polite, pathetically pointing to his clipboard.

GALE

No, I... I wrote it down. You said seventy-five. I-I wrote it.

WALT

Well, you wrote it wrong! That's not what I said. I said eighty-five, it's ALWAYS been eighty-five. Not seventy-five, not ninety-five. Eighty-five.

(then)

This is chemistry. Degrees matter.

GALE

(chastened)

Sorry.

(off Walt's stare)

I'm very sorry.

But Walt isn't satisfied.

(CONTINUED)

WALT

Great. You're sorry. Meanwhile,  
you just brewed fifty gallons of  
useless sludge. Congratulations.

(dour)

Dump it. Dump it all. This batch  
is ruined.

Walt shuts off the heating unit... walking past Gale. We  
hold on Gale, a little worried. *I didn't think I fucked  
up... but I guess... I did?* Poor Gale. As he moves to drain  
the vat...

We find Walt. The wheels turning in his head -- is he guilty  
he snapped at Gale? Did he not yell at him enough? We don't  
know what's going on... but pieces are connecting in his  
brain. *An answer in there somewhere...*

EXT. ALBUQUERQUE - MORNING

The sun rises slowly. A couple of beauty SHOTS show the  
beginning of a new day.

INT. SCHRADER HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING

Hank eases in front of the mirror, trying to get the knot  
right on his tie. He's dressed for his OPR hearing, in a  
sports coat and khakis. *Fuck it...* that's about as good as  
that knot's going to get.

Hank sits on the edge of his bed, checking his watch, trying  
to figure out the latest he can leave and still get in on  
time. He's dreading this fucking meeting. But he's going to  
face the music.

Marie appears in the open door way, still in pajamas. She  
quietly examines her husband, until:

MARIE

You look nice.

HANK

(shrugs it off)

Look like a TV weatherman...

MARIE

You want a coffee?

Hank pretends to consider momentarily, hiding his  
nervousness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK

Nah.

MARIE

I squeezed some orange juice. You want a glass of orange juice?

HANK

I'm alright.

There's a long beat. Awkward, until Marie finally gets to what's on her mind.

MARIE

What are you gonna tell them?

Hank considers the question, but he's already made up his mind. *The truth.* But before he can voice that to Marie...

MARIE

Here's what you're gonna tell them. He attacked you.

Marie pads over to Hank, sitting right next to him on the bed. Hank sighs, echoing her words below his breath, knowing he has to allow this fire to run its course before he can put it out.

HANK

... he attacked me.

MARIE

He-he swung at you with something...

HANK

... swung at me...

Marie is playing the whole scene out in her mind. She sees it so clearly.

MARIE

He attacked you with a pipe.

HANK

... a pipe...

MARIE

It happened fast. He resisted arrest, and muscle memory kicked in. And you had to disarm him.

HANK

Muscle memory.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARIE

Yes. It happens all the time. Years of training, and your body acted faster than your brain, you had no choice but to *hit* him, you had to fight back --

HANK

(soft -- stopping her)  
Marie... Marie... Marie. No. I'm not gonna go in there and lie.

MARIE

It's some low-life degenerate versus you. Doing the job you're supposed to! Why should you be the one who pays? For doing the right thing?

HANK

Baby, it wasn't the right thing. It's not what the job is. I'm supposed to be better than that.

MARIE

And you made one mistake --

HANK

No, it wasn't one mistake. I've been...

(then)

I've been... unravelling. Y'know.

(opening up)

I don't sleep at night anymore. I freeze... I freeze up. My chest gets all tight, I can't breathe... Just... I panic. Ever since that... Salamanca thing. Tuco Salamanca. If ever a scumbag deserved a bullet between the eyes...

(admits)

It changed me. And I can't seem to control it.

Marie listens, not surprised. Probably all things she's suspected for a long time now.

HANK

I tried to fight it. But then... El Paso. It's just gotten worse. What I did to Pinkman... that's not who I'm supposed to be. That's not me. All this...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

HANK (CONT'D)  
everything that's happened, I swear  
to God, Marie, I think the universe  
is trying to tell me something.  
I'm finally... ready to listen.

He finally gets to the conclusion he never thought he would  
say out loud.

HANK  
I'm just not the man I thought I  
was. I think I'm done as a cop.

The two sit silent for a beat, morning sunlight shining  
bright through the blinds. Hank nods to himself -- *Yeah.*  
*It's the only answer.*

Marie places a comforting arm around her husband, a head on  
his shoulder.

Off the two of them, quiet and alone, sitting on the bed...

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

In a location we can't place yet, Walt has his phone pressed  
to his ear. Eyes closed, hand on his forehead -- is he in  
pain? CLOSE ON WALT -- TELEPHOTO, perhaps similar to how Tio  
was shot in the Teaser:

WALT  
This is not an easy decision. But  
it is one that I have to make. I'm  
sorry. This whole Gale situation.  
He's-he's just not working out.

We don't hear the other side of the conversation, but Walt is  
clearly talking to Gus.

WALT  
Yes. Now, it may sound unorthodox,  
but I think our first best option  
is... Jesse Pinkman.  
(a beat)  
Hello?

Walt takes a second to listen to Gus...

WALT  
No, look, there-there's a-a  
shorthand that exists between us.  
Experience together. At a level  
that, frankly, I am just never  
going to reach with Gale.

(CONTINUED)

After a breath, Walt finds his most confident argument yet:

WALT  
Look, Mr. Fring... when I accepted  
your offer, I was told: the lab is  
mine. And I know best how to run  
it.

Walt listens, sitting up straight. Receiving the  
confirmation he had hoped for.

WALT  
Thank you. Thank you. Yes, I  
will. I will. Okay... goodbye.

Walt hangs up. He exhales, relieved, but scared... Did he  
really believe all the stuff he'd been telling Gus? We'll  
soon find out, as Walt stands up and walks...

We finally see where Walt is. Already inside the hospital  
where Jesse is admitted. Walt pads down the hall, toward  
Jesse's room, worried if he's doing the right thing.

INT. HOSPITAL - JESSE'S ROOM - DAY

Walt makes his way into the room. Still the last person  
Jesse needs to see.

Walt has a pitch...

WALT  
Listen. Something's come up, and I  
think... it's a good opportunity.  
(then)  
There's been a job opening. I need  
a new lab assistant.

Jesse's good eye narrows on him. *What the fuck is this..?*

JESSE  
I already did my time. Why don't  
you just go get yourself a monkey?

WALT  
I don't want a monkey. I want you.

JESSE  
Oh, gee, thanks. Well... Not  
interested. I've got my own thing  
goin' on. Nice try saving your  
asshat brother-in-law.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT

That's not why I'm here, Jesse.  
There's more.

Walt swallows. *Oh fuck -- I'm really going to do this.*

WALT

It's more than an assistant.  
Partners. We'll be partners again.  
Split everything. Fifty-fifty,  
just like before.

(here it comes)

One-point-five million dollars.  
Each.

Walt is sober, serious... no strings attached. Jesse considers in silence a long moment. An impressive offer. How can he pass it up? And then:

JESSE

No.

Walt is perplexed.

WALT

I don't think you heard --

JESSE

-- I heard you fine. I said no.

WALT

Let me understand this. You're  
turning down one and a half MILLION  
dollars? --

It's then that Jesse absolutely fucking EXPLODES...

JESSE

I am not turning down the MONEY, I  
am turning down YOU! YOU GET IT?  
I want nothing to do with you!  
Ever since I met you, everything I  
ever cared about is gone, ruined,  
turned to SHIT... DEAD! Ever since  
I hooked up with the great  
Heisenberg.

This is a volcanic eruption, loud enough for people in the halls to hear, aimed at hurting Walt. Walt absorbs the punishment, growing sadder and sadder with each blow to his psyche. Jesse doesn't even know *how* right he is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JESSE

I have never been more alone. I have nothing! No one. Alright? And it's all gone! Get it? No, no, no... why-why would you get it? What do you even care?! As long as you get what you want, right?

Walt stands to skulk out, moving toward the exit, the idea of getting Jesse to join him complete folly.

JESSE

You don't give a shit about me! You said I was NO GOOD! I'm NOTHING! Why would you want ME, huh? You said my meth is 'inferior,' right, right? Hey! You said my cook was garbage?! Screw you, man! Screw you!

Walt pauses in the door, unable to look at the kid. But he is able to say, with quiet sincerity:

WALT

Your meth is good, Jesse. As good as mine.

And Walt leaves, shutting the door. Jesse stews, coming down off the high the rage provided... but those last words from Walt, sinking in. *Bullshit.*

EXT. WALT'S CONDO - DAY

Walt pulls into his driveway and parks, sad and defeated, with Jesse's devastating tirade still weighing him down. He gets out of his Aztek, a long, sickening walk of despair ahead of him... which we play out. *Give it time... give it time... until...*

His phone *RINGS*. He drags it without energy from his pocket and looks, surprised... *it's Jesse?* (We don't need to see an insert.) Walt considers, then answers.

WALT

Yeah..?

JESSE (FILTERED V.O.)

(a beat; subdued)  
Fifty-fifty?

WALT

(a beat)  
Yes. Fifty-fifty.

(CONTINUED)

Walt holds the phone to his ear, waiting. Then...

JESSE (FILTERED V.O.)  
Okay. Partners.

A hint of a smile from Walt. Relief.

WALT  
Good.

CLICK -- on Jesse's end, a quiet hang-up. Walt hangs up his own phone, heartened. Maybe even happy.

INT. HOSPITAL - JESSE'S ROOM - SAME

We find Jesse in bed, holding his cell phone. We can't quite tell what he's thinking, almost in a state of shock.

As he thinks about what just happened, we MOVE OFF the beaten, swollen side of his face to the healthy side... the side that still looks like Jesse. He is emotionless, until his eyes find...

#1 Happy Face on the "Pain Chart." Off Jesse, who wants so much to feel like that...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. DEA ABQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A pregnant silence. Hank has just finished his extended statement to the OPR OFFICIALS. Like he promised Marie, he's told the whole truth, to the dismay of his union rep, and the sadness of his ASAC. Everyone sits watching him.

OPR OFFICIAL #1

And this is the statement you want to give.

HANK

Yes sir.

UNION REP

Hank, you don't have to do this.

HANK

No... I do. I'm good...

OPR OFFICIAL #1

So we understand, if we write it up like that, you'll sign it?

HANK

That's the way it happened.

(then)

And I accept the consequences.

There are glances between the gentlemen -- *he really wants to do it this way, then we're doing it by the book.* The OPR Officials look to the ASAC, as if to say, "You're up."

ASAC

(calm, even)

In the light of these facts... as of this moment, you are suspended without pay. I have to ask you to hand over your badge and your gun.

HANK

Yes sir.

Hank expected this, and pulls out his BADGE and GUN. He slides over both, very professional, without emotion. But we're freaking out -- *his GUN!?* If Hank knew what was waiting out there for him, he'd be freaking out, too.

Hank gives a nod to his ASAC. *It's done. And I'm okay.*

INT. DEA ABQ - ELEVATORS - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE - HANK PUSHES THE DOWN BUTTON

He waits for the elevator to arrive, when...

ASAC (O.S.)

Schrader.

Hank looks to see the ASAC approach.

ASAC

Hold up.

Hank takes a breath. Was hoping to get out of here without the "good-luck-to-you" speech. But Hank remains cordial.

HANK

Yes sir.

ASAC

I just wanted to tell you something... and to be clear, you didn't hear it from me.

(low)

I don't want you to get your hopes up, but word in the pipeline is... Pinkman isn't pressing charges.

Hank considers this, frowning. Confused.

HANK

Why not?

ASAC

Who the hell knows? Maybe you have a guardian angel.

With a pat on his shoulder, the ASAC moves off. Hank considers for a moment, stunned. The elevator doors open, and he gets on...

Hank pushes the button, thinks about what just happened. How is that for the universe talking to him? *Huh*. Hank shakes his head and... actually smiles.

Off the DING of the elevator, the doors closing shut...

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

MALL PARKING LOT. A massive shopping center with a variety of different stores.

(CONTINUED)

Hank exits with a small bouquet of fresh-bought purple flowers -- like lavender and roses. His cell phone pressed to his ear...

HANK  
(into phone)  
It went fine.  
(listening)  
"Fine." It means what it means.  
Look, I'll, uh... I'll tell you all  
about it when I get home.  
(pressed for details)  
Yeah, it's just... I don't know  
baby. I just think... I think we  
may be okay.  
(then)  
Okay. I love you too.

When he hangs up, we MOVE WIDE. We get a real scope of the sprawling complex. PEOPLE moving to-and-from the shops and their cars. And what a wide sea of cars it is. It'd be easy to get lost as Hank searches for his.

Hank finds his parked Commander wedged, nose in, sandwiched between a couple of cars in a long stretch of vehicles. BEEP-BOOP, he unlocks his Jeep and squeezes his way inside...

INT. HANK'S JEEP COMMANDER - CONTINUOUS

Hank sets the purple flowers down in the passenger's seat and puts the keys in the ignition. About to crank the engine, HIS PHONE RINGS. Hank answers.

HANK  
Schrader.

VOICE (FILTERED V.O.)  
I need you to listen very  
carefully. Two men are coming to  
kill you.

Hank freezes. What?

HANK  
Come again?

VOICE (FILTERED V.O.)  
They're approaching your car. You  
have one minute.

Hank's face turns to stone. This isn't even a bit fucking funny.

(CONTINUED)



HANK  
I don't get the gag, jag-off. Who  
is this?

VOICE (FILTERED V.O.)  
They're coming.

*CLICK.* What *the fuck* was that?

HANK  
Hello?

Hank looks at his phone display: *RESTRICTED.*

His eyes go to the dashboard CLOCK: 3:07 pm.

As Hank tries to make sense out of what he's heard, we play  
out this scene in excruciating REAL TIME.

A look around, and he hits SPEED DIAL on his phone. Listens  
to the ring, then...

HANK  
Hey...

But it's voicemail. He pauses to listen through, until...

HANK  
(into phone)  
Hey Gomie, this is Hank. I don't  
know what that call was supposed to  
be, but it was dumb even by your  
standards. So...

But Hank knows it wasn't Gomez's voice. Trails off...

HANK  
Call me when you get this...

He hangs up.

The clock. Still 3:07.

Panic begins to build -- Hank's PTSD. A wave is coming,  
about to hit hard. It's slight right now... the pendulum  
swings in his head from "*this is fucking bullshit*" to "*I'm a  
dead man*" rapidly and without reason.

His eyes dart to passing SHOPPERS, hard to FOCUS.

3:07.

Hank reaches for his gun, but...

(CONTINUED)

It's not there. He handed it in to his ASAC, remember? Hank looks down at his empty hand, the bruises on his knuckles.

His hand finds the dashboard, holding on for support -- as if trying to stop the spinning in his mind. PTSD really hitting hard now. Rapid breathing. A muffled RINGING in his ear. *God damn it, god damn it...*

A BLUR in his rearview -- someone crossing behind him! He turns. Just a WOMAN with a shopping cart, rolling along, checking her receipt...

A CAR cruises by... someone looking for parking...

Hank squeezes his eyes shut... *but what if this is real?* He needs to stay sharp. Beat this fucking thing. Open his eyes. The clock...

*3:07... 3:07... 3:08.*

Hank sees the digital number change. He looks around. Alright. *Alright, alright, alright.* This is all a joke, a fucking mind game, damn it!

As he starts to calm down, catching his breath, Hank sees...

Ahead of him, over the roofs of the cars, the tops of TWO BALD HEADS. He can't see their faces, but we know who they are. And Hank has a gut feeling: this is it. *Two men coming to kill you.*

The cousins, after their long and winding journey to achieve blood vengeance for their cousin Tuco, for their prayers to Santa Muerte to finally be answered... are only moments away.

Hank sees they are several rows ahead, but then...

They walk off in separate directions. *What the fuck...* It's then that Hank loses sight of them -- two shark fins briefly spotted, but then lost in the sea.

Looking around, *are they gone?* No. They're approaching from opposite directions behind Hank, down the alley of cars.

We still only see just the tops of their heads over the parked vehicles. Hank can't drive forward -- his only move is 'reverse,' as he's boxed in on all sides. Fuck!

Finally, behind him, one cousin (Leonel) eases into view, his GUN aimed at Hank! Hank CRANKS THE ENGINE, SCREECHING into reverse, as...

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - SAME

*BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!!!* Hank's rear window BLOWS! Bullets seem to come from everywhere as the cousins FIRE at will.

Hank's right bicep EXPLODES with blood as a bullet rips through him! Painful, through the back and out the front.

Pedal to the floor, the Commander arcs back and...

*SLAM!* He HITS Leonel, CARRYING HIM -- his body leaning in through the open rear window... until...

*SMASH!* -- the Commander rams into another car so this fucker is pinned between them.

The impact causes the cousin to drop his gun... inside Hank's truck. Hank sees the loose weapon RATTLE toward him, and he makes a desperate move for the gun, as...

*BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!* Hank's HIP is shot once as bullets pierce the driver's door of the Commander.

The other cousin (Marco) FIRES round after round into the Commander. Hank is out of his (and our) view as he is crawling in the back to get the loose gun.

The cousin stops shooting -- *where is Hank?* The cousin carefully approaches, looking into the window to see...

The back (passenger's) seat door open, and HANK IS GONE. A blood trail leading off from the scene...

Marco sees his brother slumped through the rear window, pinned between the cars. He yanks the Commander's gear shaft into 'Drive' and lets it roll away... drifting until it crunches to a stop against another car.

Leonel, free of the automobile vice, slumps to the ground. Both legs SMASHED and bloody above the knees, one so bad that it's completely TWISTED AROUND.

Marco kneels next to his brother, seeing his gruesome condition. No big emotions here, just weird steely calm. Intense, as Leonel looks to his brother...

LEONEL  
(Spanish - with SUBTITLES)  
... *finish him...*

Marco gives a simple, determined nod. *He will finish this.*

The cousin moves off, gun in hand, following the BLOOD TRAIL left by injured Hank through the winding expanse of cars.

(CONTINUED)

On the hunt... it's only a matter of time. The trail leads up ahead, between another set of cars. As he approaches...

MAN (O.S.)

Jesus.

A self-absorbed PREPPIE SHOPPER in iPod headphones walks into his path. Suddenly aware of this scary gunman, the preppie stops and raises his hands, as if to say: "Hey, I'm nobody," but...

*POP-POP!* A quick SHOT to the gut and forehead, and the bystander drops like a rock. Sudden... violent... it's over.

The cousin swings his gun, *something in his peripheral...* a FEMALE SHOPPER, looking right at him. He pulls the trigger, but...

The gun slide is LOCKED OPEN... HE'S OUT OF BULLETS! The woman runs off SCREAMING, her lucky fucking day.

Marco pulls a new CLIP out of his front pocket, and as he does, we see: the BLACK DEATH BULLET falls out (the one the Trucker handed him in Act Two).

The bullet tumbles and *CLINKS* to the ground next to his SKULL-TIPPED BOOT. Slow-motion. Dramatic. So we'll remember it for later.

His gun reloaded, the cousin continues to follow Hank's blood trail, around the car before him. *Where the fuck is he?!*

But we see something the cousin doesn't... behind him. Back near where he dropped the bullet, HANK rises up from behind the car! His GUN trained, locked on the cousin... *he's got him!* A breath to steady his aim, and then...

***BOOM!*** The first shot spins the cousin around. Then:

***BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!*** Three more bullets square in the fucker's chest! But... the cousin doesn't go down? WHAT?! Hank's gun slide is LOCKED OPEN. He's out of bullets. Hank sees...

The cousin takes aim. On Hank. Dead to rights.

***BOOM! BOOM!*** Sudden, violent shots IMPACT with Hank -- his right lung and lower left abdomen. Hank crumbles...

The cousin tears at his shirt in pain, revealing the BULLETPROOF VEST beneath. That's how he survived.

Marco makes his way over to Hank, a bloody mess on the ground, gasping for breath. The cousin stands over him, gun in hand.

(CONTINUED)

Hank is a dead man. His breaths short, throat tightening... Looking up at this gunman... *Who the fuck is this? Why?! This is how it ends?* Hank grips the gun tight in his hand... useless without any bullets. The slide lock open.

Marco looks down on his injured prey, ready to exact vengeance... the final death blow, until... *the cousin slips the gun into his waistband?*

MARCO  
(Spanish, subtitled)  
*No. Too easy.*

And then... HE WALKS AWAY?!

Wide-eyed, Hank watches him go...

ANGLE ON A CAR TRUNK. It pops open to reveal... a familiar, silver-headed AX. The cousin lifts it out...

BELOW THE CARS, Hank catches a glimpse of the ax as it touches the ground, making a horrible *SCRA-AAAAAAPE* noise as the cousin drags it along the tarmac. Hank's eyes focus, adjusting, as he also sees...

THE BLACK BULLET. The one dropped by the cousin!

HANK -- the gun in his hand, the slide open and the empty chamber... he needs that fucking bullet!

He reaches for it, rolling... crawling for his only hope... in horrible pain as he stretches.

The cousin keeps coming... *SCRA-AAAAAAPE*.

Hank gets his hand on the bullet, but it slips though his fingers. So much blood... hard to grasp the slippery metal. He's getting weaker, losing blood quickly...

*SCRA-AAAAAAPE*.

Time stretches on forever, as he finally gets a hold of the bullet, but now he has to get it into the open gun chamber.

*SCRA-AAAAAAPE*. The cousin lifts the ax off the ground, approaching Hank.

Hank is face down, so the cousin can't see that Hank is trying desperately to load his gun. In fact, we have no idea if the bullet makes it into the chamber!

Using his boot, the cousin wedges it under Hank and rolls him over. He wants to see Hank's face when the ax gets buried in his chest.

(CONTINUED)

BREAKING BAD #307 "One Minute" AS BROADCAST 43.  
CONTINUED: (3)

As Hank is rolled, we see he holds the gun, but the slide is still locked in the OPEN POSITION! *Did he load the bullet?!*

Marco slowly raises the ax over his head, milking this moment for all it's worth. He's going to fucking enjoy this. Revenge for Tuco. Revenge for his injured brother. *Family is all.* But then...

Gun against his chest, Hank CLICKS the slide release, which loads the bullet into the chamber. *KA-CHICK.*

HANK takes aim and...

KA-BOOM!!! We are above the cousin as the bullet RIPS through his skull, a fountain of BLOOD into our LENS.

The body collapses in a heap, as the ax pinwheels and plants -  
- *THUD* -- into the blacktop.

Hank lowers his arm to his side. Numb. His eyes on nothing but blue sky now. Peaceful. But fading from consciousness.

WIDE. Hank is still. A weird silence over the lot, until...

END EPISODE