

TEASER

EXT. COW PASTURE - DAY

Deep blue sky overhead. Fat, scuddy clouds. Below them, black and white cows graze the rolling hills. This could be one of those California "It's The Cheese" commercials.

Except those commercials don't normally focus on cow shit. We do. TILT DOWN to a fat, round PATTY drying olive drab in the sun. Flies buzz. Peaceful and quiet. Until...

... ZOOM! WHEELS plow right through the shit with a SPLAT.

NEW ANGLE - AN RV

Is speeding smack-dab through the pasture, no road in sight. A bit out of place, to say the least. It's an old 70's era Winnebago with chalky white paint and Bondo spots. A bumper sticker for the Good Sam Club is stuck to the back.

The Winnebago galumphs across the landscape, scattering cows. It catches a wheel and sprays a rooster tail of red dirt.

INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

Inside, the DRIVER's knuckles cling white to the wheel. He's got the pedal flat. Scared, breathing fast. His eyes bug wide behind the faceplate of his gas mask.

Oh, by the way, he's wearing a GAS MASK. That, and white jockey UNDERPANTS. Nothing else.

Buckled in the seat beside him lolls a clothed PASSENGER, also wearing a gas mask. Blood streaks down from his ear, blotting his T-shirt. He's passed out cold.

Behind them, the interior is a wreck. Beakers and buckets and flasks -- some kind of ad-hoc CHEMICAL LAB -- spill their noxious contents with every bump we hit. Yellow-brown liquid washes up and down the floor. It foams in a scum around...

... Two DEAD BODIES. Two freshly deceased Mexican guys tumble like rag dolls, bumping into each other.

Completing this picture is the blizzard of MONEY. A Von's bag lies leaking twenties. Fifteen, twenty grand in cash wafts around in the air or floats in the nasty brown soup.

CLOSE on the driver's eyes. He's panting like a steam engine. His mask FOGS UP until finally he can't see.

## EXT. COW PASTURE - CONTINUOUS

The Winnebago comes roaring over a berm and down into a deep gully. Too deep. BAM! The front bumper bottoms out, burying itself. WAAAAAAH! The rear wheels spin air.

The engine cuts off. Silence again. The Winnie's door kicks open and out stumbles underpants man. He yanks off his gas mask, lets it drop.

He's forty years old. Receding hairline. A bit pasty. He's not a guy who makes a living working with his hands. He's not a guy we'd pay attention to if we passed him on the street. But right now, at this moment, in this pasture? Right now, we'd step the fuck out of his way.

Underpants man looks at the RV. End of the line for that. He listens hard. Out of the silence, we hear... SIRENS.

They're faint, a few miles off -- but growing louder. Our guy knows he's boned with a capital B. He HOLDS HIS BREATH and leaps back inside the RV.

## INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

A chrome 9mm is clutched in the hand of one of the dead Mexicans. Underpants grabs it, tucks it in his waistband.

His unconscious passenger, still strapped in his seat, lets out a groan. Underpants leans past him, yanks open the glove box. He comes up with a WALLET and a tiny Sony CAMCORDER.

## EXT. COW PASTURE - CONTINUOUS

Ducking outside, he starts breathing again. A short sleeve DRESS SHIRT on a hanger dangles from the Winnebago's awning. Underpants pulls it on. He finds a clip-on tie in the pocket, snaps it to his collar. No trousers, unfortunately.

He licks his fingers, slicks his hair down with his hands. He's looking almost pulled together now -- at least from the waist-up. All the while, the sirens are getting LOUDER.

Underpants figures out how to turn on the camcorder. He twists the little screen around so he can see himself in it. Framing himself waist-up, he takes a moment to gather his thoughts... then presses RECORD.

## UNDERPANTS MAN

My name is Walter Hartwell White.  
I live at 308 Belmont Avenue,  
Ontario, California 91764. I am of  
sound mind. To all law enforcement  
entities, this is not an admission  
of guilt. I'm speaking now to my  
family.

(swallows hard)

Skyler... you are... the love of my  
life. I hope you know that.  
Walter Junior. You're my big man.  
I should have told you things, both  
of you. I should have said things.  
But I love you both so much. And  
our unborn child. And I just want  
you to know that these... things  
you're going to learn about me in  
the coming days. These things.  
I just want you to know that...  
no matter what it may look like...  
I had all three of you in my heart.

The sirens are WAILING now, on top of us. WALTER WHITE, the  
underpants man, turns off the camcorder. He carefully sets  
it on a bare patch of ground by his feet. Next to it he sets  
his wallet, lying open where it can be seen.

CLOSE ON the wallet -- a photo ID card is visible. Walt's  
smiling face is on it. It identifies him as a teacher at  
J.P. Wynne High School, Ontario Unified School District.

Walt pulls the chrome pistol from the back of his waistband,  
aiming it across the tall weeds. It glints hard in the sun.

Flashing red LIGHT BARS speed into view, skimming the tops of  
the weeds. Heading straight for us.

Walt stands tall in his underpants, not flinching. Off him,  
ready to shoot the first cop he sees...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

No president ever slept here. No millionaire ever visited. This is a three-bedroom RANCHER in a modest neighborhood. Weekend trips to Home Depot keep it looking tidy, but it'll never make the cover of "Architectural Digest."

We're in Ontario, California -- the Inland Empire. LEGEND:  
"ONE MONTH EARLIER."

INT. WHITE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark and silent. SKYLER WHITE, late 30s, sleeps peacefully. Beside her, her husband Walter is wide awake.

Walt reaches over and presses a button on his Sharper Image alarm clock. It projects the time in glowing blue numbers on the cottage cheese ceiling: 5:02 AM.

Walt lies motionless. Brain churning. He presses the button again, staring straight up. 5:02 turns to 5:03.

Close enough. Walt rises without waking his wife. He exits.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

We hear an o.s. SQUEAK-SQUEAK as we drift through this room. We pass an empty crib, Pampers, a baby monitor still in its box. There's going to be a new addition to the family.

We come upon the source of the SQUEAKING. It's Walt balanced on a Lillian Vernon stair-stepper, just three easy payments of \$29.95. Walt plods up and down in the darkness like he's marching to Bataan.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Walt sits down on the edge of the tub. We're watching his face in the bathroom mirror. He masturbates. Judging by his expression, he might as well be waiting in line at the DMV.

Walt double-takes, catching sight of himself. Distracted, he examines the sallow bagginess under his eyes. He draws at the loose skin under his chin.

Staring at himself long and hard, Walt loses his erection. He gives up trying, pulls up his sweat pants.