

# BREAKING BAD

"Cat's in the Bag..."

Episode #101

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**BREAKING BAD**  
**"Cat's in the Bag"**  
10/9/07

Cast list

WALTER WHITE  
SKYLER  
JESSE PINKMAN  
WALTER, JR.

KRAZY-8  
BEN  
OB-GYN  
EMILIO (Non-speaking)  
NATIVE AMERICAN MAN (Non-speaking)

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Set List

Interiors:

WHITE HOUSE  
  MASTER BEDROOM  
  BATHROOM  
  DINING ROOM  
  FRONT DOOR  
  GARAGE  
WINNEBAGO  
  CAB  
RED ROOM  
JESSE'S HOUSE  
  BASEMENT  
  KITCHEN  
  UPSTAIRS BATHROOM  
  LIVING ROOM  
  GARAGE  
  HALLWAY  
  STAIRCASE  
HIGH SCHOOL  
  CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM  
  CHEMICAL STORAGE  
WALT'S CAR  
\*HARDWARE STORE \*  
OB-GYN EXAM ROOM

Exteriors:

PASTURELAND  
HIGH SCHOOL  
JESSE'S HOUSE  
  DRIVEWAY  
JESSE'S NEIGHBORHOOD  
\*ALBUQUERQUE \*



5 EXT. PASTURELAND - DAY (1)

5

CLOSE ON an OPEN WALLET and a CAMCORDER -- they lie in the dirt exactly where Walt left them in the teaser of our PILOT. Walt bends down into frame and picks them up.

We're in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by red sandstone formations. Walt is wearing his green dress shirt, no pants.

JESSE PINKMAN is here, his left eye swollen shut. Their meth lab RV is stuck in the sand (established continuity).

Walt jams his wallet in his shirt pocket. He pops open the camcorder and retrieves its tiny DVD-R -- the one on which he recorded his confession to his family.

He hands the camcorder to Jesse. The DVD-R he BREAKS into pieces. Off Jesse, wondering at this:

6 EXT. PASTURELAND - DAY - AN HOUR LATER (1) 6

CLOSE ON the back of the Winnebago as a tow chain goes taut and the rear wheels slowly break free.

The RV gets pulled loose by a beat-up old backhoe tractor. In the operator's seat is a middle-aged NATIVE AMERICAN MAN.

Walt and Jesse stand watching. Unfortunately, Walt still hasn't found his pants. Their RV gets pulled through foreground, obscuring our two heroes.

7 EXT. PASTURELAND - DAY - MINUTES LATER (1) 7

The backhoe Indian is one big son-of-a-gun. He stands listening, impassive, as Walt and Jesse talk way too much.

WALT

You're a lifesaver. We can't thank you enough --

JESSE

-- Yeah, man. Mad props.

WALT

I coulda sworn the guy said south. Alla sudden we're off the main road and I'm trying to read the map while I'm driving -- real bonehead maneuver. Bam, right in the ditch.

JESSE

Bam. I'm like "What the fuck?!" --

Walt pulls his wallet from his shirt, opens it as he talks.

WALT

And my coffee, my travel mug? My travel mug of coffee? Spills all over my pants. What a nightmare.

JESSE

Dude, you so need GPS. For real.

There's no money in Walt's wallet. He looks to Jesse, who opens a damp brown paper bag he's been hugging to his chest. Jesse produces a few TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS, offering them.

The Indian takes the money in two fingers, frowning at it. These bills are SOAKING WET. They're actually DRIPPING.

Walt and Jesse look to each other. Jesse reaches back in his bag and hands the man MORE dripping money -- a LOT MORE.

WALT

We can't thank you enough.

The big Indian looks from Walt to the fat, wet wad of bills in his palm. Oh yeah... everybody understands each other.

8 INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY (1)

8

The carnage we saw in the pilot is still fresh back here. The floor is slick with spilled chemicals and littered with broken laboratory glassware.

Plus, here lie KRAZY-8 and EMILIO, the two drug dealers who intended to kill Walt and Jesse. A plastic tarp has been laid over them, but their SHOES peek out.

The door eases open. Walt and Jesse enter like they're walking on eggshells. They pull open the floor-to-ceiling CURTAIN that seals off the RV's cab. Walt climbs in the driver's seat. Jesse takes shotgun.

Jesse peers back behind them at the tarped bodies, studying them with his one good eye. His voice is low and scared.

JESSE

Can't we just dump 'em here?

WALT

What, then somebody finds them?  
Then what? People have seen us.

Jesse chews his lip, thinking. He reaches back and yanks the curtain closed, cutting off our view of Walt and him.

9 INT. WINNEBAGO - CAB - CONTINUOUS (1)

9

CLOSE ON the ignition as Walt turns the key -- RR-RRRRRRRGH. The starter turns over, but the engine doesn't catch.

WALT  
Come on, baby. Cooome on, baby...

JESSE  
You're gonna flood it.

WALT  
I'm not gonna flood it. She's not  
gonna flood.  
(tries again; RR-RRRRRGH!)  
-- Gonna, gonna stay positive and  
clean up this mess and get --

Another try -- RRRRRGGH-SKREEK! Jesse POUNDS the dashboard.

JESSE  
Goddammit, you FLOODED IT! --

Walt laces his fingers behind his head to keep from punching something. He struggles to calm down, breathing in through the nose and out through the mouth. Jesse shuts up, stewing.

Thick silence. Walt speaks with quiet intensity -- imposing his will on the RV, on Jesse, on the Universe Itself.

WALT  
Alright. Alright. RV's gonna  
start now. It is gonna start now.  
It is gonna start, and we are gonna  
drive it to your house --

JESSE  
-- My house?!

WALT  
-- We are gonna drive it to your  
house and park it overnight. And  
tomorrow --

JESSE  
-- Uh-UH, man! Not MY hous --

WALT  
-- SHUT! UP! SHUT UP!!

Jesse shuts up, startled. Walt breaks into a short fit of COUGHING. He regains his composure and continues, quietly.

WALT  
... Tomorrow, after we clean this  
up, you and I go our separate ways.  
Our paths never cross. We never  
speak of this. To anyone.

Walt glances sidelong at Jesse, waiting for him to agree.

JESSE  
Oh, what, I can talk now?  
(off Walt's stare)  
Fine. That goes double for me.

Walt takes a deep breath and slowly reaches for the IGNITION.  
Off Jesse, watching and praying...

10 EXT. PASTURELAND - DAY - CONTINUOUS (1) 10

WIDE ON the banged-up Winnebago: R-RRRRRGGGH... va-ROOOOM!  
It ROARS to life, spewing blue exhaust smoke.

JESSE  
YEEEEEE-HAH! --

In the cab, Jesse and Walt pump their fists and celebrate.  
Yet, in foreground, there's something they've forgotten.

We PULL BACK to reveal Walt's black RESPIRATOR lying in the dirt.  
We may remember that Walt threw it away in the PILOT.  
Doesn't matter if we don't remember -- either way, bad move.

11 INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY - CONTINUOUS (1) 11

Jesse whoops and hollers. Walt beats his hands rat-a-tat-tat  
on the steering wheel. The engine idles strong. It looks  
like our guys might just pull through this yet.

As they raise their hands to high-five one another...

... A weak COUGH-COUGH is heard offscreen. They both freeze.

Walt spins around in his seat and whips open the curtain,  
allowing us to see into the back of the RV. The two BODIES  
lie motionless beneath their tarp, just like before.

And yet... wait for it... one BODY begins to COUGH!

Jesse looks to Walt, eyes saucer-wide. Walt's face falls.

WALT  
Oh, shit.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

12 INT. RED ROOM - TWILIGHT (VISION 1) 12

It's always twilight in the red room.

What exactly is the red room? Hard to say. What it looks like is this: it's a vaguely trapezoidal drawing room without doors or windows. The walls are wine-red flocked velvet. The wainscoting and the dental moldings are black. The furniture is Victorian, also red and black.

This place is like a cross between "No Exit" by Sartre and Poe's "Masque Of The Red Death," with a little Disneyland Haunted Mansion thrown in. What light there is seems to come from below. It's an unnatural place. Unnerving.

And Walt sits in the center of it all. In his pale green suit and oxblood tie, he's the bright spot. He sits at a Victorian writing desk. Its glass top reflects his face.

Walt blinks a lot, but his face is completely expressionless. He sits staring at the wall. Waiting intently for something to happen.

Walt is completely motionless... however, the reflection of his FACE, seen upside-down in the glass-topped desk, suddenly VIBRATES, buzzing inhumanly fast (VFX). It's a quick shock. Blink and you've missed it.

CLOSE ON Walt. He's breathing a little faster now.

Walt's POV of the WALL -- the flocked red velvet is beginning to GROW. It is slowly BREATHING in and out.

Something DARTS behind the velvet, RIPPLING it. We briefly glimpse the shape of a HAND with LONG FINGERS. A FOREHEAD.

We hear faint o.s. COUGHING, tinny and echoing.

13 INT. WHITE HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING (2) 13

Real-Life Walt lies on his side, naked on the tile floor and COUGHING in his sleep. He spent the night here.

He coughs himself awake, opening his eyes to dully stare into space. There's a RAP at the door.

SKYLER (O.S.)

Walt. You coming out?

WALT

Yeah. Absolutely.

He looks around. Getting his bearings, he braces an arm against the toilet and hoists himself up out of frame.

14 INT. WHITE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MORNING (2)

14

Walt, Skyler and WALTER, JR. are halfway through breakfast. Strained silence. Walter, Jr. looks from his mom to his dad, realizing something is up between them.

Walt forces a smile. Tries to act like everything's normal.

WALT

Hey, you wanna hear something funny?

Skyler doesn't answer. Walter, Jr. shrugs yeah.

WALT

We had a, uh... we had a faculty meeting last Thursday and the topic was senior class photos and how we had instituted a new rule last year that seniors could have their photos taken by a photographer of their choice? Not necessarily the photographer the school hires? You know? And so, uh...

The cordless phone RINGS atop the nearby counter. As Walt keeps talking, it rings three or four times, then stops.

WALT

... So a lot of the senior girls have been going to Glamour Shots to get their photos taken. And now they're bringing us these photos, and Joan Epperman, who's the yearbook faculty advisor... Joan is suddenly having to turn down all these photos because they show cleavage.

Skyler sips her coffee and glances at her son.

SKYLER

Did you get enough pancakes?

WALTER, JR.  
Yeah, I'm good.

WALT  
Even the small-busted girls have cleavage. Apparently, there's some new type of brassiere or something.

WALTER, JR.  
The WonderBra.  
(to his mom)  
It's the WonderBra.

Skyler shoots him a wry look -- how do you know?

SKYLER  
Yeah? Okay.

Walt studies his wife, appraising her mood. Meanwhile, the phone is RINGING again. The answering machine picks up.

SKYLER'S VOICE  
*Hey there, you've reached Walt, Skyler and Walter, Junior. We can't come to the phone right now, so please leave us a message.*

BEEP. Then the next VOICE we hear:

JESSE'S VOICE  
*Hello, Mr. White, this is AT&T calling. Are you happy with your, uh, current long-distance service? 'Cause if you're not, I would definitely really, really love to talk to you as soon as possible about switching over to --*

Once he recognizes Jesse's voice, Walt is out of his seat. Feeling Skyler's eyes on him, he answers the phone as business-like as possible.

WALT  
Hello, Walter White speaking.

INTERCUT WITH:

15 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING (2)

15

Jesse paces in his kitchen, his old corded phone to his ear and his anxiety level high.

JESSE

You said he was practically dead!  
You said he'd die any minute! --

Needing to get out of Skyler's earshot, Walt wanders as casually as possible down the hall toward their bedroom. Speaking very mildly, he puts on an act for his wife.

WALT

Look, my family and I are eating breakfast, alright? I really don't appreciate these sales calls.

JESSE

Well, too bad -- 'cause guess what? He's still not dead! I went and put my ear to the RV? I can hear him, like, rolling around in there! I think he's awake, man! I think he's trying to get loose!

As he says this, Jesse opens a cookie jar and grabs a Ziplock bag from inside. He dumps the MARIJUANA and ROLLING PAPERS it contains onto the kitchen table, then packs the baggie with ice from the freezer. He holds this to his swollen eye.

JESSE

Where the hell are you?! I'm freaking out over here!

Now that he's down the hallway and can't be heard by Skyler, Walt's demeanor instantly hardens. Sotto voce:

WALT

Calm down, goddammit --

JESSE

You gonna help me clean this up?! We got loose ends here!

WALT

Calm. Down. I'll be there after school --

JESSE

After SCHOOL?! Are you shittin' me?! Ditch it, man! Call in sick!

Way in the b.g. behind Walt, Skyler rises from the breakfast table and busses her plate. It's an excuse for her to linger by the kitchen and try to eavesdrop on Walt's conversation.

WALT

After school.

(louder; for Skyler)

I'm sorry, we're not interested.

Please don't call us again.

Walt hangs up. He shrugs to Skyler, shakes his head -- *damned salespeople*. Skyler studies him, then disappears into the kitchen. Off Walt, barely keeping it together:

16 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MORNING (2)

16

It's fifteen minutes later when the front door opens and Walter, Jr. exits the house on his crutches, his school backpack over his shoulder. Walt is right behind him, briefcase in hand. Skyler sees them off.

SKYLER

(to Walter, Jr.)

You have a good day, Sweetie.

WALTER, JR.

'Kay, Mom -- you too.

Walt gives Skyler a quick kiss.

WALT

See ya, Honey.

SKYLER

Drive safe.

She watches him go. Wheels are turning in her head.

17 INT. WHITE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MORNING (2)

17

CLOSE ON the answering machine -- Skyler beelines for it. She lifts the cordless phone from its cradle, punching \*69. She takes a deep breath, listening as the computer dials.

INTERCUT WITH:

18 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (2)

18

Jesse peeks out a curtained window at the RV in his driveway. RING! -- goes his kitchen phone, startling him. He turns to face it, easing closer as it RINGS twice... three times...

His answering machine picks up. Skyler hears his OUTGOING MESSAGE, recorded by young Master Pinkman in cockier times.

JESSE'S VOICE

Yo, yo, yo -- 555-0 to the 1 to the  
7 to the 8, representin' the ABQ!  
What UP, BITCH?! Leave it at the  
TONE!

BEEEEEEEP! Skyler makes a face -- what the fuck is this?  
Leaving no message, she stands motionless, listening.

Across town, equally motionless Jesse stares at his answering  
machine. The open phone line gently HISSES with static, but  
nobody speaks. Jesse's eyes widen -- who the fuck is this?!

Off Skyler and Jesse, both of them weirded-out and growing  
more suspicious by the second...

19 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY (2) 19

J.P. Wynne High School -- Walt's employer. Establish Walt's  
shit-khaki Pontiac AZTEK parked in its HANDICAPPED SPACE.

(PRODUCTION NOTE: maybe we schedule this as a second unit  
day, as it requires no principal actors. However we do it,  
we'll need MANY ESTABLISHING SHOTS of this school -- multiple  
angles, different times of day -- which we'll use throughout  
the series. We'd best grab these soon, in case the Rio  
Rancho School System decides to bar us from its property.)

20 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - DAY (2) 20

Walt stands before his STUDENTS, mid-lecture. He glances  
down at his watch, preoccupied.

WALT

The term *chiral* derives from the  
Greek word for "hand." The concept  
here is that, just as your left  
hand and your right hand are mirror  
images of one another...

(holds up both his hands)

... See? Identical but opposite?  
Well, so too, organic compounds can  
exist as mirror-image forms of one  
another way down at the molecular  
level. And though they look the  
same, they don't always behave the  
same. For instance...

Walt briefly loses his train of thought. He reflexively  
checks his watch again.

WALT

... Uh, for instance, Thalidomide. The right-handed isomer of the drug Thalidomide is a perfectly safe medicine you can give to pregnant women to prevent morning sickness. But make the mistake of giving that same pregnant woman the left-handed isomer of Thalidomide... and her child will be born with terrible birth defects. That's precisely what happened in the 1950s.

(holds up his hands)

Chirality. Mirror image. Active, inactive. Good, bad.

Walt trails off, shrugs. A student in the front row, BEN, raises his hand. Walt points to him.

BEN

Will this be on the murder?

Walt blinks. Silence for a moment, then he finds his voice.

WALT

Come again?

BEN

Will this be on the midterm?

Realizing he simply misheard, Walt remembers to breathe. The BELL rings, ending class. As kids rise from their seats...

WALT

Chirality on the midterm. No. Well, maybe. Wait and see. It can't hurt to know it, right?

(cheery)

Knowledge is power!

Students shuffle out of his classroom. Off Walt, faking a smile and watching them go, desperate to get out of here:

21 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CHEMICAL STORAGE - DAY (2)

21

Lights click on, revealing a large inventory of CHEMICALS in various bottles and canisters. They're all safely locked away behind a security screen of heavy steel mesh.

Walt fumbles out his keys, unlocking the screen. He swings it open and reaches inside for one particular plastic jug.

CLOSE ON this container -- "HYDROFLUORIC ACID," it says. "DANGER! EXTREMELY CAUSTIC!" Walt steals TWO gallon-size jugs of the stuff. He shuts the locker with a ka-CHUNK!

22 EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - DAY (2) 22

This is a Mediterranean with character, situated in a nice old neighborhood. Parked inside its walled courtyard is the banged-up Winnebago, its windshield facing the street and its curtains pulled shut.

23 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - DAY (2) 23

Standing at the mirror, Jesse sets down his ice-filled baggie and studies his swollen eye (PRODUCTION NOTE: as episodes 101 and 102 both take place over one roughly 48 hour period, Jesse's eye will play as swollen shut throughout.)

Let's take a moment to describe the feel of Jesse's house. Because this place once belonged to his late Aunt and Jesse is too lazy to redecorate, we're left with an odd collision of STYLES: artsy old lady meets wannabe gangsta.

Dusty books on art and architecture share shelf space with a Sony Playstation and stacks of porn DVDs. A display of Hummel figurines has been shoved aside to make room for a kick-ass rear projection TV. Girly frills and feminine touches coexist with bongos, a BMX bike and a giant drum set.

Here in the bathroom, dirty clothes overflow the hamper and toothpaste is dried on the sink. Jesse leans close to the mirror and peers at his ugly, bruised eye. He gingerly prods it with a finger.

Not liking what he sees, he roots underneath the sink and comes up with a shoebox full of his Aunt's old COSMETICS. Riffing through the Maybelline and Merle Norman, he finds what he's searching for -- a tube of foundation. HUMMING a tune under his breath, he carefully feathers pink flesh color over his black and purple bruising.

We don't really see the point of this -- Jesse still looks like a refugee from a "Rocky" movie. Regardless, he nods to his reflection, seemingly pleased.

CR-RRREAK. What was that noise? It seems to have come from outside the house. Jesse steps to the open bathroom window, looking out through frilly curtains.

Oh, shit. Oh SHIT! Jesse's one good eye goes wide and his blood runs cold. He turns and runs out of frame.

24 EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY (2) 24

Jesse steps out the back door, peeking around the side of the house. He grips a baseball bat in both hands, ready to swing. Cautiously, he approaches the Winnebago...

... Whose DOOR is standing WIDE OPEN.

INTERCUT WITH:

25 INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY - CONTINUOUS (2) 25

Jesse slinks to the door and peeks in, Kilroy-style. The tarp is thrown back and now there's only ONE body left lying on the floor -- that of EMILIO, Jesse's former partner.

JESSE

Oh, no. No, no, no.

Yes. Krazy-8 is GONE. A few torn strips of DUCT TAPE lead like a trail of bread crumbs to the RV door.

Jesse picks up a long snake of duct tape from his driveway. It's got a hunk of BLACK HAIR stuck to it. Jesse glances around in desperation, but Krazy-8 is nowhere to be seen.

JESSE

(under his breath)

Not good, not good, not good...

He stands here shifting his weight from one foot to the other like he's gotta pee. Off Jesse, not sure what to do next:

26 EXT. JESSE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY (2) 26

The neighborhood is quiet. Nobody in sight -- only Walt's familiar Aztek, which motors toward us, swooshing past.

27 INT. WALT'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY (2) 27

The two containers of hydrofluoric acid rest in the footwell of the empty passenger seat. We're over Walt's shoulder, watching him drive. He notices something out the windshield at about the same time we do.

It's KRAZY-8, stumbling down the sidewalk! As we pass him, headed in the opposite direction, Walt's head turns like it's on ball bearings.

WALT  
WHAT the ffffff --

Staring over his shoulder back at Krazy-8, Walt nearly runs us into a parked car.

28 EXT. JESSE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS (2) 28

We TRACK with Krazy-8 as he gimps along, hands out in front of him. He can barely see -- his eyes are squinted shut and the skin around them is red like he's been tear-gassed. His clothes are stained with chemicals. A strip of duct tape hangs off his sleeve and another one drags from his ankle.

He RASPS and WHEEZES like a moose with asthma. Every labored breath is painful as his damaged lungs fight for air.

Way in the b.g., Walt's Aztek throws a hard, SQUEALY U-turn and drives back our way.

Krazy-8 doesn't seem aware of Walt's presence. For his part, Walt has absolutely no idea what to do now. Antsy as hell, he drives alongside the guy for a beat or two, trying to figure out his next move. Finally...

WALT  
Uh. Hey.  
(a beat)  
Hey, you.  
(yells)  
HEY! --

Startled, Krazy-8 BOLTS. Bad move, considering he can barely see. He makes it maybe twenty feet before BAM! --

-- He slams headlong into a TREE, knocking himself COLD.

Walt blinks, surprised. He pulls to a stop and puts the car in park, leaving it running.

WIDE ON this SCENE -- Walt, small in the distance, jumps out of his Aztek and pops open the tailgate. He glances left and right, checking for witnesses. Luckily, no one's around.

Working fast, Walt drags Krazy-8 to the back of the car and hoists him inside. He slams the tailgate and runs back around to his driver's door. Off the Aztek making yet another U-turn and cruising out of frame:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

29 INT. WHITE HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY (2) 29

A BLACK FRAME -- then the lid lifts open, revealing we are INSIDE the WASHING MACHINE, looking straight up. Skyler stands above us, sprinkling powdered detergent into lens. She drops DIRTY CLOTHES on us, obscuring our view.

Skyler is alone in the garage, sorting colors from solids when she comes upon a familiar GREEN DRESS SHIRT -- the one Walt wore during his RV meth lab misadventure. She holds it up and appraises it. It's dusty and stained.

Skyler's eyes narrow. A regular CSI, she checks the collar for stray hairs or lipstick. She sniffs the shirt and her nose crinkles -- *what's that chemical smell?*

She considers, then drops the shirt in the washing machine. She shuts the lid and turns it on.

30 A LAPTOP SCREEN (2) 30

Fills frame, displaying the GOOGLE website. "REVERSE PHONE BOOK" gets typed into the query box. We are:

31 INT. WHITE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY (2) 31

Skyler is at the bar that separates the dining room from the kitchen. She sits working at her laptop. With a few taps of the touchpad, she comes upon "*PhoneTrace.Com -- track down any name and address! All you need is a phone number!*"

Reading a number she's scribbled on a notepad, Skyler types 505 555-0178. Up comes "Pinkman, Jesse -- 9809 Margo Street, Albuquerque, NM 87104."

Skyler studies his name for a moment. She takes a sip of herbal tea from her mug that says "Boss Lady." Then she attacks Google with a vengeance.

WIDE ON Skyler, alone in the house. She types away for a beat or two. Bingo -- she hits pay dirt.

CLOSE -- here we have Jesse Pinkman's "MYSHOUT" PAGE. It's a doozy. Set against a background of dancing MARIJUANA LEAVES, we see various photos of Jesse clutching a forty-ouncer and flashing a gang sign; cuddling with a 45 year-old STRIPPER; trying some half-assed skateboard maneuver.

There's a DRAWING Jesse did of a naked Amazon wielding a sword and riding a unicorn. Though his choice of subject matter may be questionable, he's got artistic talent.

Skyler frowns at the screen. Why is Walt getting phone calls from a person like this? And why would he lie about it?

We scan Jesse's DETAILS. Status: *single, baby, single!*  
Here for: *hookups!* Body type: *lean and mean* Ethnicity:  
*I'm totally cool with ethnics. Black, Mexican, whatever --*  
*just so you're SMOKIN HOT, YO!*

Under GENERAL INTERESTS -- *Fine herbage. Keepin it real.*  
*Jiu Ryo Ki Kung-Fu (blue belt with shuriken certification).*  
*Banging the skins with my smokin band 'TwäughtHammer.'*  
*European Motocross (plan to attend Wheelie School in Vegas*  
*this summer). MILFS, MILFS, MILFS!*

Under EDUCATION -- *J.P. Wynne High School, DeVry University*  
*data systems management..... & THE STREETS, YO!!!!*

Skyler finds all of this increasingly disturbing.

32 EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - DAY (2) 32

Walt's Aztek is backed way into the driveway, crowded next to the RV. The driveway GATE is closed. All's quiet.

33 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY (2) 33

Dim lighting. Low ceiling. A concrete floor. Krazy-8 lies on the floor, unconscious -- a cut on his forehead is crusted with dried blood. His breathing is raspy and labored.

However, he is very much ALIVE. We PULL BACK to reveal Walt and Jesse, who stand over him, staring.

NEW ANGLE on Walt and Jesse -- still staring. Not looking at one another. Simply staring down at KO'd Krazy-8.

Silence for several beats. Finally:

JESSE

Now what?

Walt thinks about it. Doesn't know. He looks to Jesse, nodding toward the stairs -- not here. Jesse follows him up the creaky steps to the first floor.

34 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (2) 34

Walt gently closes the basement door behind them. He and Jesse head into the living room, where Jesse gives a nervous peek out the window. The room is darkened, gloomy -- lit only by a few brilliant beams of sun which sneak in between the thick curtains. Our guys keep their voices library-low.

WALT  
The other one, out in the RV?

Walt draws a finger across his neck, indicating "deceased."

WALT  
For sure?

Jesse nods.

WALT  
You're positive.

JESSE  
Hey, feel free to go check it yourself.

WALT  
Yes. Good idea. Maybe I should go do that before he too wanders off down the fucking street.  
(before Jesse can protest)  
Alright, alright --

Walt waves his hands -- *let's calm down*. He starts to pace.

WALT  
The one that's downstairs. Tell me about him.  
(off Jesse's shrug)  
Anything. Everything. Start with his name.

JESSE  
Krazy-8.

WALT  
Crazy eight? What does that mean?

JESSE  
I dunno, man! It means, like...  
Krazy-8. I dunno.

WALT

And you work with him regularly?

JESSE

Not him so much. His cousin,  
mainly. The... the one out in the  
RV. Krazy-8's one level higher.

WALT

One level higher.

JESSE

Yeah. Not street-level, you know?  
Higher. More like... like, you  
know how there's a Starbucks on  
every corner? Krazy-8 is sort of  
like the dude who sells all the  
Starbucks their beans.

WALT

He's the distributor.  
(off Jesse's nod)  
Is he, uh..? In other words...  
what's his reputation for violence?

Jesse blinks. He stares at Walt flatly.

JESSE

Well. Hmnnnnnnnn. He did try to kill  
us yesterday. So there's that.

WALT

I'm just saying, as a distributor.  
As a, as a businessman, a man of  
business -- it would therefore seem  
to follow that he's capable of  
acting out of mutual self-interest.  
I'm just saying... is it possible  
he's somebody who'll listen to  
reason?

JESSE

What kind of reason? You mean  
like, "Dear Krazy-8, if I let you  
go, will you promise not to come  
back and waste my entire family?  
No Columbian Neckties and shit?"  
That kind of reason? Nah, man...  
I can't say as I have high fuckin'  
hopes where that's concerned.

Overwhelmed, Jesse plops down on the sofa. He flops his head back and stares up at the ceiling. *How did EVERYTHING get so... fucked... UP?*

JESSE  
So. What do we do?

Walt tries to stay calm and think clearly. Jesse lifts his head -- he hears something we don't.

JESSE  
What was that?

WALT  
What was what?

JESSE  
Shhh --

Jesse raises a hand for silence. Both he and Walt freeze. We hear it now, vaguely... intermittently... but we don't know what it is. It could be a squirrel on the roof. It could be the water heater kicking on in the basement...

... Or, it could be the scrape of a SNEAKER on CONCRETE.

Our guys look to each other. They whisper, talking fast.

JESSE  
We didn't tie him up. Why the hell didn't we tie him up? --

WALT  
He's out cold.

JESSE  
What if he's faking it? Like, if it's me? I'd be all faking being knocked out, yo! Then when the coast is clear, I'd be up looking for weapons and shit -- waiting to pounce!

(realizing)  
I think I got, like, hedge clippers down there. And my uncle left his old chainsaw! I mean, it doesn't run or nothing, but still!

WALT  
Let's just keep our heads, alright?

JESSE

He's down there waiting to pounce!  
I'm telling you -- "Halloween,"  
man! Michael Myers!

Walt grows nervous despite himself. Well, technically, he was already nervous -- now he's holding back PANIC.

Jesse's BASEBALL BAT leans nearby. Walt picks it up and slowly heads for the basement door. Jesse lags, but follows.

35 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY (2) 35

Bat at the ready, Walt cautiously descends the CREAKY steps, trying to make them CREAK as little as possible. Jesse takes up the rear. Walt relaxes when he sees:

NEW ANGLE - KRAZY-8

He lies in exactly the same pose we last saw him. He hasn't moved -- he's out like a flounder. He's drooling, even.

Walt lowers his bat as he stares down at the unconscious gangster. Jesse's not so sure. Way under his breath:

JESSE

See, if it was me? And I couldn't  
find a decent-enough weapon? I'd  
lie back down and bide my time.

Jesse thinks of something. A man on a mission, he turns and runs upstairs. Walt stares after him.

36 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY (2) 36

DARKNESS, then RATTLING as up comes the motorized door, revealing where we are. As the door rises, Jesse's legs come into view. He ducks inside this cluttered garage, beelining for his red MOTORCYCLE (established in the PILOT).

He grabs his MOTORCYCLE LOCK. It's one of those Kryptonite models you see on bicycles, only much larger -- a U-shaped steel bar enclosed with a heavy locking cylinder.

Using himself as guinea pig, Jesse tries the lock on like a collar. It's a perfect fit -- it reaches around his neck comfortably and yet he can't pull it off over his head.

As Jesse nods to himself, satisfied, CUT TO:

37 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY (2) 37

CH-CH--CHIK! -- the motorcycle lock makes a satisfying CLICK as it locks around Krazy-8's neck. He's still unconscious, but upright, seated on the floor. The big lock pins his neck to one of the round steel columns that supports the house.

(This keeps him prisoner while allowing his arms and legs to remain unbound. As our story progresses, Krazy-8 will be able to sit, stand and circle the column while Walt and Jesse remain safe from him -- provided they stay out of his reach.)

Jesse locks the Kryptonite with his key while Walt holds Krazy-8 in place against the column. Once Walt gently lets go, Krazy-8 slumps a little and his head lolls to one side... but the motorcycle lock keeps him seated upright.

38 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (2) 38

Minutes later. Walt and Jesse sit across from each other, backlit by what sun makes it past the curtains. They both sit slouched with their elbows on their knees. Walt's face is in his hands.

JESSE

Now what do we do?

Walt slowly raises his head. He fixes Jesse with a gaze of incredulity.

WALT

You keep asking me that like you think I have some answer.

JESSE

Well, you gotta do something!

WALT

We. WE gotta do something. I am totally open to suggestions.

JESSE

Man, uh-uh! This whole thing was your deal! --

WALT

Don't you dare start that with me. You brought those two! They're YOUR responsibility!

JESSE

Yeah, like I came to you begging to cook! Like "Hey, nerdiest old dude I know -- wanna cook some crystal? Please?! I'd ask my diaper-wearing Granny, only I don't think I can fit her WHEELCHAIR in the RV!"

Jesse jumps out of his seat, pacing like he's got ants in his pants. He peeks out the window. Throws up his hands.

JESSE

What about the phosphate gas?

WALT

Phosphine gas. What about it?

JESSE

Could it maybe still kill him? Like, delayed reaction..?

Walt shrugs tiredly, doesn't know. No idea.

JESSE

You're supposed to be a scientist!

WALT

Look, this isn't even the issue that demands immediate attention.  
(off Jesse's confusion)  
We've got a body in that RV and it's 90 degrees outside.

Jesse frowns. Oh. Yeah.

WALT

We have to deal with it -- soon -- and in a way that nobody ever finds it. That last part is very, very important. Therefore, it seems to me our best course of action is... chemical disincorporation.  
(off Jesse's blank stare)  
Dissolving in strong acid.

He says this weakly. Delicately. Ashamed. Jesse blinks.

JESSE

Oh, man. That's fucked up.  
(off Walt's silence)  
You're not serious.  
(a beat)  
You're serious? Fuck! --

Jesse runs his hands through his hair, wanting to wake up from this nightmare.

JESSE  
So who's gonna do THAT? And don't  
look at me! --

WALT  
I guess we both do it together.

JESSE  
(whining)  
No! Mr. White, I'm not good with  
dead bodies!

WALT  
We're in this fifty-fifty. But I  
guess, uh... I guess...  
(clears his throat)  
I guess the only other fair way to  
go about this would be that one of  
us deals with the body situation...  
(slow inhale)  
... And the other one of us deals  
with the Krazy-8 situation.

Jesse isn't even whining now. He's simply scared shitless by the very thought.

WALT  
In a scenario like this, I don't  
suppose it'd be bad form to uh...  
(swallows)  
... To flip a coin.

Silence. Jesse seems almost frozen. Walt fumbles in his pocket for the longest time, finally coming up with a quarter. He stares at it in his palm. Jesse stares, too.

WALT  
Heads or tails?

JESSE  
(quickly)  
I'll do the body in the acid.

Walt shakes his head -- *you're not getting off THAT easy.*

WALT  
Heads or tails?

We think Jesse may not choose. But then, softly:

JESSE  
Heads. Heads.

Holding it like it's made of uranium, Walt carefully balances the quarter on his thumb. He and Jesse stand here a moment, forgetting to breathe, until...

... FLIP. Nearly up to the ceiling, spinning and spinning. Walt catches it in both palms with a gunshot CLAP, then smacks it down atop the back of his hand.

Jesse eases in close to look. Walt gingerly lifts his hand.

Jesse shuts his eyes and lets out a deep sigh, relieved. Walt stares down at the quarter. He swallows the brick in his throat and weakly goes for the joke.

WALT  
Best two out of three?

The blood is rushing in his ears. Off our Walt, with a terrible task ahead of him...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

39 EXT. ALBUQUERQUE - AFTERNOON (2) 39

Deep blue sky and puffy white clouds. The hazy Sandia Mountains in the distance. Various views, to establish.

40 INT. HARDWARE STORE - AFTERNOON (2) 40

Tall, wide aisles of merchandise. Around one of them strides Jesse, looking left and right. This is the spot he's been searching for -- the Rubbermaid section.

Jesse passes up the food storage containers, wastebaskets and such -- they're all too small. He goes right to the biggest plastic BINS he can find. He stands staring at them, scratching his chin in thought.

He's gonna need help with this. He pulls out his cell phone and dials.

INTERCUT WITH:

41 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON (2) 41

A long-neck bottle of beer sweats condensation. Fingers pick at the label, absently pulling it loose. Walt sits at Jesse's kitchen table, hunkered low and staring into space.

The kitchen phone RINGS. Not seeming to notice, Walt takes a deep swig of beer. We come to realize he's sitting here trying to work up his nerve.

After a couple of RINGS, Jesse's ANSWERING MACHINE picks up.

JESSE'S VOICE

*Yo, yo, yo -- 555-0 to the 1 to the  
7 to the 8, representin' the ABQ!  
What UP, BITCH?! Leave it at the  
TONE!*

Hearing this, Walt can't help but shake his head. BEEEEEEEEP!

JESSE

Hey, Mr. White, it's me. Pick up,  
I got a container question.  
Hello..? Mr. White, pick --

Walt picks up the handset. This phone is an avocado-green relic from the 70s -- another leftover from Jesse's Aunt.

WALT

Yeah.

JESSE

(squinting at the bins)

Yo. What kind of plastic?

WALT

Polyethylene.

JESSE

How the hell am I supposed to know that?

WALT

Look on the bottom for a little triangle stamped LDPE. It should be molded right into the plastic.

Jesse picks up the biggest bin available, flipping it over so he can check. There it is.

JESSE

LDPE. Right on.

(flexing the bin)

I dunno -- this feels kinda flimsy. Any decent acid's gonna eat right through this.

WALT

Not hydrofluoric.

JESSE

Why's that?

Walt is so not in the mood.

WALT

You skipped, clowned around or otherwise jerked off through every lecture I ever gave. Your chemistry education is over, far as I'm concerned.

JESSE

Oh, okay. Be a dick about it.

(a beat; softens)

Have you, uh... have you done the thing?

Long silence.

WALT  
I'm working up to it.

Jesse understands. He's sympathetic, in fact. Gently:

JESSE  
I bet you he never even wakes up.  
Not even if you took him to the  
hospital right now.  
(off the silence)  
If it was me? I'd try and think of  
it like I was doing him a favor.

CLICK. Walt softly hangs up. Jesse doesn't take this personally. He turns off his phone and tucks it away.

Jesse turns his attention back to the biggest plastic bin. He sets it on the floor, appraising it. A SHOPPER rolls her cart past.

Jesse waits till she's gone -- then steps into the bin, curling up tight and trying to JAM HIMSELF INSIDE it.

It's no use. The bin isn't quite big enough to fit a body. Frustrated, he climbs back out before anybody sees him.

Off Jesse, not sure what to do next:

42 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON (2)

42

Walt finishes his beer. He balls up the soggy label and flicks it away. His attention turns to the pile of loose MARIJUANA Jesse dumped on the tabletop back in Act One.

With a ragged sigh, Walt rises from his chair. Dead Man Walking. Two dead men -- one downstairs and one up here.

It's time to get down to the nitty-gritty. How does one go about this, exactly? Looking for a weapon, Walt sidles over to a countertop butcher caddy and fingers a large KNIFE.

No, no, no. Too messy. He glances around, opens a drawer. Finds a flashlight, a bag of plastic straws and a HAMMER.

Too violent. He shuts the drawer, then remembers something. He pulls down a white plastic grocery bag that's hidden atop a high shelf. Inside it is a .45 SEMIAUTOMATIC and a .357 REVOLVER (these are pistols belonging to Krazy-8 and Emilio which we established in the Pilot).

Walt considers them. No way -- too messy, violent and LOUD.

LOW ANGLE looking UP at Walt so that we see IT before he does: he stands suffering in quiet desperation, fiddling with the plastic grocery bag in his hands.

He glances down, realizing. The GROCERY BAG. Eureka.

Walt CRINKLES the plastic in his fingers. Yeah, this'll do. Girding his loins, he slowly exits the kitchen with it.

43 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - AFTERNOON (2) 43

DARK FRAME. The basement door eases open, revealing that we're staring up at Walt in partial SILHOUETTE as he stands at the top of the stairs. He swallows and takes a breath, then descends the softly CREAKING stairs.

His grocery bag is at the ready. He holds it open, gripping it in both white-knuckled hands.

As Walt alights on the basement floor, a STRANGLED VOICE:

KRAZY-8 (O.S.)  
Who's there? --

Walt freezes, wide-eyed. Across the gloomy basement, there sits Krazy-8. He's still securely fastened to the column... only now he's WIDE AWAKE.

He's squinting at us, trying to see through watery eyes that only half work. His larynx is so ravaged by phosphine gas that he can only speak in a CROAKING WHISPER (he can't yell for help). Even so, he sounds as much angry as scared.

KRAZY-8  
Don't you fuckin' play games with  
me! Who's there?!

The motorcycle lock CLANGS and stops him as he tries to rise. He tilts his head, managing to focus on petrified Walt.

KRAZY-8  
Yeah. I see you.  
(coughs; a beat)  
What are you gonna do?

Walt blinks. Shit. He panics and bolts back up the stairs.

KRAZY-8  
Hey. HEY! --

Krazy-8 erupts in a fit of savage COUGHING, his cycle lock CLANGING the pole with every spasm. Off the plastic grocery bag Walt left behind, which tumbleweeds through foreground...

44 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON (2) 44

Walt shuts the basement door behind him. He stands here cringing -- some murderer he is. Krazy-8's COUGHING can still be heard, fainter now. It finally tapers off.

Walt breathes fast. He struggles to compose himself.

KRAZY-8 (O.S.)  
Hey. I need water...

Walt puts his ear to the door, listening.

KRAZY-8 (O.S.)  
Hey, hello! Bring me some water,  
wouldja?  
(coughs a little)  
Please..?

Off Walt, his forehead in his hand:

45 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON (2) 45

CLOSE ON the fridge -- Walt reaches in and grabs a plastic gallon jug of water. He COUGHS a little himself now.

He stands here considering a moment. Then in addition, he grabs mayo, sliced ham and a pack of Kraft singles.

46 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - AFTERNOON (2) 46

A little while later. Krazy-8 sits slumped against the column. From out of frame, the jug of water comes sliding toward him. He grabs it and gulps it down.

Meanwhile, a second jug of water slides into view. Then comes a ham and cheese sandwich on a plate, with a side of potato chips. Then a five gallon white plastic bucket.

We assume this last item is meant to be used as a toilet -- because after it comes a fresh roll of toilet paper and a squirt bottle of hand sanitizer.

NEW ANGLE -- Walt prudently stays out of reach as he sends all this stuff Krazy-8's way. He lingers a moment, watching.

Krazy-8 finishes drinking, then picks up the sandwich and sniffs it. He opens it, checking the contents. Judging it safe, he works on pulling off the CRUSTS before he eats it.

WALT

Don't like crusts, huh?

Krazy-8 doesn't answer. After a time:

KRAZY-8

Where's my cousin Emilio?

(off Walt's silence)

He dead?

Walt thinks about it a long moment, then nods.

Krazy-8 raises his eyes, staring at Walt evenly. Not scared. Angry, but controlled. Calculating and biding his time.

Without another word, Walt turns and goes back upstairs. Krazy-8 stares after him the entire way.

47

INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON (2)

47

Walt sits back down at the kitchen table, squeezing his temples like he's got the mother of all headaches. Over and over he's thinking *what the hell am I gonna do?!* Once again, we can hear Krazy-8 intermittently COUGHING in the basement.

Chewing a thumbnail, Walt glances once more at the pile of MARIJUANA. Antsy and looking for something, anything that might calm him down, Walt considers for a beat, then...

... *Fuck it.* He busies himself rolling a joint.

Walt, already shaky to begin with, isn't exactly an old hand at this. He puts in too much weed so that it squeezes out of both ends. Then he rolls the whole thing flat-handed against the table, like he's making a Play-Doh snake. Not happy with the crinkles, he tries to finesse them out so that the finished cigarette might look more like a Marlboro.

TIGHT -- WHOOSH! A stovetop burner ignites with BLUE FLAME. Walt crouches close to it, lighting the joint. He stands up, inhaling deeply.

Off the sounds of Krazy-8 COUGHING o.s., and Walt COUGHING right here in front of us...

48 EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON (2) 48

Later. Jesse's red Cutlass finishes backing into the crowded driveway. Jesse hops out and shuts the gate, peering through it left and right. Good -- no prying eyes are watching.

49 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON (2) 49

BLUE SMOKE wafts up over the back of a sofa. We ADJUST to reveal Walt lying here staring up at the ceiling as he puffs the last of his joint. It hasn't really helped him relax -- his mind's still going a mile-a-minute.

Jesse enters the house in b.g.

JESSE  
Mr. White..?

Walt raises a hand into view, waving Jesse over.

JESSE  
Ohmigod. Are you smoking weed?  
(realizes)  
Wait a minute -- is that my weed?  
What the hell, man?! Make yourself  
at home, why don't you?

Walt sits up and grinds out his roach in a kitschy ashtray.

WALT  
What'd you end up buying?

JESSE  
Nothing. No store in town sells a  
plastic bin big enough for a body.  
Not even close.

WALT  
I don't suppose you could buy two  
bins, then...  
(his hand mimes SAWING)  
... Legs in one, torso in the  
other?

JESSE  
(gravely disturbed)  
I don't suppose you could kiss my  
ass.

Walt shrugs and waves a hand -- yeah, he doesn't like that idea, either. Jesse sits down beside him. Big sigh.

JESSE  
(quiet)  
So how'd it go?

Walt turns to Jesse, considering how to answer this, when...

... COUGH-COUGH-COUGH! We hear Krazy-8 start up again in the basement. Jesse's eyes go wide.

JESSE  
You didn't do it!

WALT  
N-Not yet, no.  
(checks his watch)  
Ah, damn. I gotta get outta here.

Walt rises and heads for the door.

JESSE  
WHAT? Come back here! --

WALT  
I'll do it tomorrow, I promise.

JESSE  
TOMORROW?!

WALT  
I'm really sorry. Doctor's  
appointment. I gotta go.  
(points toward basement)  
Stay away from him. He's awake.

AWAKE?! Off that news, Walt is through the kitchen and gone. Jesse can't believe this. He yells after Walt:

JESSE  
We flipped a COIN! --

Filling with dread, Jesse turns to stare at the basement door. More faint o.s. COUGHING. It's gonna be a long night.

50 INT. OB-GYN EXAM ROOM - AFTERNOON (2)

50

CLOSE ON an ULTRASOUND SCREEN -- the grainy, wedge-shaped image shows a five month-old FETUS. We make out a little arm. A fist with tiny fingers. A sleeping face.

We hear a HEARTBEAT, amplified. A female OB-GYN glides the ultrasound wand over Skyler's gel-coated belly. Skyler and Walt stare at the video, both of them rapt.

SKYLER  
(very softly)  
So... I mean. We're good?

The hopeful way she says this, the quiet yet deep concern behind the question, reminds us we're looking at a woman whose last child was born with a birth defect. Emotionally, Walt is right here with her.

The ob-gyn studies her screen, nodding and murmuring.

OB-GYN  
We are very good. We are  
excellent, I'd say.

Walt and Skyler smile to each other. Huge relief here.

Despite the hellacious afternoon he's had, despite the last few terrible days... for this one moment, Walt is happy. Life has beauty and meaning and hope. There's a point to it.

The doctor grins.

OB-GYN  
Would you look at that face.  
Smile, Peanut...  
(to Skyler, Walt)  
So. Who's up for knowing?

Walt and Sky look to one another. Walt smiles and shrugs -- your call. Skyler bites her lip and thinks a moment, then nods to her doctor.

OB-GYN  
Girl.

Skyler is delighted. Walt too -- he grins big.

SKYLER  
You're sure?

OB-GYN  
Pretty sure.

WALT  
Oh, wow. Wow. Can I tell you?  
That's exactly what I was hoping.

Walt squeezes Skyler's hand, kisses her. Skyler smirks.

SKYLER  
Yeah, you remember that when she's sixteen and starts dating.

Walt's smile falters -- just a little, so only we see it. He's not gonna be around for that, and he knows it.

OB-GYN  
Looking fabulous! Alriiight...

The doctor shuts off the ultrasound and glances through her patient file.

OB-GYN  
Lemme see if they're done with the blood sugar -- then we can get you outta here. I'll be right back.

She leaves, closing the door behind her. Now that Skyler and Walt are alone, the glow of good news fades a little.

Walt squeezes his wife's hand a last time and lets go, sitting down on a spare chair. He crosses his leg and stares at the wall, a somewhat fake-looking smile on his face.

Skyler studies him a moment. She weighs what she's about to say, then quietly lowers the boom.

SKYLER

Who is Jesse Pinkman?

For all he's been feeling it lately, Walt is getting better at covering up abject panic. He answers as mildly as he can.

WALT

Mm. Jesse..?

SKYLER

Jesse Pinkman. He called you just this morning, Walt -- please don't deny it. It says on his MyShout page he attended Wynne. Was he one of your students?

Her microscope eyes are on him. Walt doesn't look away.

WALT

Mm-hm. Yeah. Why?

SKYLER

(deadly quiet)

Who is he to you? Why is he calling? What's this big secret you seem to be discussing with some druggie burnout?

Walt stares at his wife. Neither one is gonna blink first.

SKYLER

You're out last night till two in the morning, you won't tell me where you've gone. You spent the entire night in the bathroom, Walt. The other day you practically get in a fistfight. Tell me what is GOING ON with you! Don't you think you owe me that?

(off his silence)

Who is this Jesse Pinkman to you?

There's no getting out of this. Walt better say something, and it can't sound like bullshit. Therefore he sits up straight, takes a breath and...

WALT  
He sells me pot.

Skyler blinks. A beat.

SKYLER  
He sells you pot.

WALT  
Marijuana. Yeah. Not a lot.  
Just... I dunno. Kinda like it.

He shrugs -- *that's it*. Skyler shakes her head in disbelief.

SKYLER  
Walt... are you out of your mind?  
What are you, twenty years old?  
Your brother-in-law is a DEA agent!  
What is wrong with you?!

WALT  
Skyler, I'm just not quite...  
myself lately. I guess.

SKYLER  
No shit! Thanks for noticing! --

Walt's eyes flash. Just a little. Slow, quiet build-up as:

WALT  
I'm not quite myself lately. But I  
love you, and nothing about that  
has changed or will change, so  
right now... I just need you to  
climb down out of my ass.  
(off her, taken aback)  
Can you do that? Can you do that,  
Honey? Can you just, please? For  
once? Get off my fucking ass?  
Huh?  
(big Jack Torrance smile)  
I'd appreciate it. I surely would.

Skyler is stunned. Off Walt, a guy who these days even  
manages to surprise himself:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

51 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - DAY (3) 51

Nice and quiet. The students are taking their midterm. All we hear is their faint scribble of pencils. Up at the front of the class, Walt sits with his head down, writing as well.

CLOSE ON his sheet of paper -- it's a list of GIRL'S NAMES. Holly, Gail, Karen, Melissa, Genny, Patty, Tracy, Jaye, Petra, Georgia, Jessica, Susan, Christina. Walt chews his pen and thinks, then writes down another contender.

He's trying to keep his mind off the very unpleasant task that awaits him at Jesse's. But apparently it isn't working, because suddenly, out of nowhere...

WALT  
(to himself)  
Stop.

Kids look up from their tests -- stop? Realizing he said that out loud instead of simply thinking it:

WALT  
No, sorry. Uh...

Walt stifles a little cough and points to his watch.

WALT  
Fifteen minutes.

His students return to their work. Walt rubs at his mouth, praying he can keep it together just a little longer.

52 EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - DAY (3) 52

Establish. The RV and Jesse's red Cutlass are the only two vehicles in the gated driveway.

53 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (3) 53

The Three Stooges are on the big-screen TV. RACK FOCUS to f.g., where a GLASS PIPE packed with CRYSTAL METH gets cooked with a torch lighter. Deep (o.s.) INHALE. Smoke drifts.

Jesse shuts his eyes and savors the rush. His pipe is a head shop one-off with two big TITS sculpted in blown glass.

A faint WHEEZING sound drifts up through the heat registers -- it's Krazy-8 in the basement, heading into another full-blown COUGHING JAG. Not wanting to hear it, Jesse reaches for the remote and turns up the TV.

Jesse's antsiness isn't being helped by the meth. Nodding and mouthing something to himself, he tries to focus on the Stooges, but can't. He scratches at his scalp.

JESSE  
(under his breath)  
Just meat, is all. Buncha meat...

He looks toward the kitchen and its back door. *Gotta do it, man... gotta DO IT!* Nutting up, he jumps to his feet and exits frame.

54 INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY (3)

54

We hear the faint BUZZ of FLIES. Emilio lies under his tarp in f.g., his sneakers sticking out. The RV door CREAKS open. Jesse gradually pokes his head into view, peeking our way.

JESSE  
Ah, Jesus.

He starts to close the door and retreat -- then rethinks.

JESSE  
Nah, nah. You're cool, you're cool. Z'all good, yo.

He climbs up into the RV. He eases toward us. *Baby steps, baby steps.* He pulls on an old pair of his Aunt's gardening gloves. They're pink and white, with a dainty flower print.

JESSE  
Z'all good in the hood.

Jesse hunkers down and takes hold of the edge of the tarp. He pauses a moment to steel himself before he YANKS it OFF the body --

-- Releasing a furious BUZZ of FLIES! (Possible brief VFX.)

JESSE  
Aaaaagghh...

Jesse manages to stand his ground -- cringing, grossed-out, eyes squeezed tightly shut. The BUZZ subsides.

JESSE

Keep the tarp. Tarp is good.

Off him, gradually reopening one eye, then the other:

55 EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY (3) 55

Moments later. We're underneath the Winnebago, shooting between the tires. Jesse's legs drop down into view. They walk backward as he drags something out the door of the RV.

BLOP! Emilio's body, tightly rewrapped in its tarp, falls out of the RV and hits the ground HARD. The legs stick out. Jesse drags the corpse by its ankles, struggling to pull it up the driveway toward the back of the house.

56 EXT. JESSE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - CONTINUOUS (3) 56

We're across the street, with a wide view of Jesse's place (we can't see the goings-on within the walled driveway).

A twenty year-old GRAND WAGONEER pulls into frame and parks. Behind the wheel is -- oh, shit -- SKYLER.

She's alone. She cuts her engine and stares at Jesse's, working up her nerve. Off her, climbing out of her truck...

57 EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS (3) 57

Jesse, grunting and sweating and having a hard time with one hundred-eighty pounds of dead -- really dead -- weight, pauses for a breather. He hunkers low, hands on his knees. He's got maybe twenty feet to go till he can round the corner of the house and reach the back door.

SKYLER (O.S.)

Excuse me!

*Who's that?! Jesse pops up -- sees Skyler halfway across the street and headed directly his way. She's staring right at him! Gives him a WAVE! Oh SHIT! He quickly turns away -- Saleslady? If I ignore her maybe she'll leave!*

SKYLER

Excuse me! You, yes. May I talk to you?

No dice. Here she comes, pushing open the wrought-iron gate that fronts the driveway! Entering the property! The only thing keeping her from seeing Emilio's dead body is Jesse's CAR, which right at this moment blocks her view.

If she keeps coming... DISASTER! Panicked Jesse springs into action, moving to intercept her.

JESSE

Whoa, whoa! Private property!

SKYLER

Just one minute, please. I'd like to talk to you.

JESSE

Nope. No. Not interested!

He grabs her by the arm, turns her around. She pulls loose.

SKYLER

Please don't touch me. Do not touch me! --

JESSE

(throws up his hands)

Alright -- not touching! Not touching here!

During this dance, they manage to SWITCH SIDES. Skyler now stands with her back to EMILIO. He's just over her shoulder.

If Skyler turns around she'll see him sprawled there. Jesse is desperate to keep that from happening.

JESSE

Look, Lady, I'm a very busy person. Whatever you're selling, I ain't buying, yo!

This guy may be a drug dealer, but to Skyler he looks like a skeevy punk. Her nervousness gives way to anger.

SKYLER

My name is Skyler White, yo.  
My husband is Walter White? Yo?  
(off Jesse's surprise)  
Uh-huh. He told me everything.

*Everything?!* The blood drains from Jesse's face.

JESSE  
(weak little voice)  
Seriously..?

SKYLER  
That's right.  
(low and firm)  
Just so you know, my brother-in-law  
is a DEA agent -- and I will not  
hesitate to call him about you.  
Not if I have to. Understand?

Jesse doesn't understand. His mouth works, but no sounds  
come out. All he can think of is that DEAD BODY a few feet  
behind Skyler. He sneaks it a glance, trying not to lead her  
around with his eyes -- *she KNOWS about THAT?*

SKYLER  
This is your one and only warning:  
do not sell my husband marijuana.

Hold up -- *marijuana?* Jesse's eyebrows crinkle.

JESSE  
Okay...

SKYLER  
I mean it. Don't call our house  
again. Stay away from him or you  
are gonna be one sorry individual.  
You understand me?

JESSE  
I... think so. Yeah.  
(nodding)  
No more marijuana. I can dig it.

SKYLER  
You can dig it. Wonderful.

Skyler steps past him, headed for her car. He follows her a  
few paces, ready to block her view of Emilio with his body in  
case she decides to turn back once more -- which she does.

SKYLER  
None of my business, but I suggest  
you find another line of work.

JESSE  
Okay.

Skyler steps through the driveway gate, headed for her Jeep.  
Off Jesse, gripping the gate and staring after her, numb:

58 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (3) 58

Minutes later -- another glass pipe full of METH gets heated. Jesse inhales it with a quick HUFF and shuts his eyes tight. Tarped Emilio lies in b.g. at the foot of the stairs.

CLANG, CLANG, CLANG! Down in the basement, Krazy-8 bangs his motorcycle lock against the column. He wants attention.

KRAZY-8 (O.S.)  
(voice weak and cracking)  
Need food down here! --

Jesse raises his head, overwhelmed. CLANG, CLANG, CLANG, CLANG! In response, Jesse STOMPS on the floor -- SHUT UP! Off all the STOMPING and CLANGING...

59 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY (3) 59

Minutes later. Sliiiiiide... CLUNK! Sliiiiiide... CLUNK! Jesse sits on the stairs, halfway between the first floor and the second. He braces one foot against the bannister and another on the handrail as he HOISTS Emilio up the staircase.

Emilio's skull CLUNKS against the edge of every STAIR STEP.

60 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - DAY (3) 60

Minutes later. Sweating and cursing under his breath, Jesse drags Emilio across the tile bathroom floor. He lets the corpse's legs fall with a THUD so jarring, it drops closed the shag-covered toilet seat.

NEW ANGLE -- INSIDE TUB, LOOKING UP

(NOTE: the following will require a fake tub with a clear Lexan bottom, beneath which we can place the camera.)

We're looking up at the bathroom ceiling as Jesse kneels low toward us and... OOF! He hefts Emilio, tarp and all, right at us into the tub -- obscuring most of the frame.

Throughout all this, Jesse mutters to himself as he works.

JESSE  
"Yeah, let's go to YOUR house.  
Makes perfect sense! Let's  
completely fuck up YOUR house so  
you'll never wanna spend another  
night in it!" Sure, why not?

Bracing a foot against the wall, Jesse yanks at the tarp, unrolling the corpse right out of it. We're left with Emilio's dead, staring face in extreme f.g. (luckily it's so out-of-focus that it practically registers as abstract art).

Over Emilio's shoulder we glimpse Jesse as he ties on a long rubber lab apron and dons elbow-length rubber gloves.

JESSE

"Then howsabout I send over my psycho-bitch wife to break your balls and threaten you? Yeah, that'll be hilarious! And the killer in the basement? The one who's completely MY responsibility? Hell, let's just let him LIVE down there! Just make sure you, like, feed him three times a day!"

Jesse tosses both PISTOLS in the tub, intending for the acid to do its work on them, too.

He pulls on a familiar black RESPIRATOR. He's still pissed and MUMBLING to himself, though we can no longer make out what he's saying through his mask.

Jesse uncaps a gallon jug of HYDROFLUORIC ACID. He very carefully pours the HF right at us, onto Emilio. Wisps of WHITE SMOKE instantly begin to rise.

JESSE

(muffled)

Aw, Christ. Ahhhhggggh....

Off our view, now completely obliterated by SMOKE and ACID:

61 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (3)

61

An hour later. SMOKE rises as Jesse hits yet another bowl of meth. His head sinks low between his knees. He makes for a sorry tableau here in his Aunt's old kitchen.

Walt walks in the back door, having arrived here straight from work. Jesse raises his head, glares at Walt accusingly.

JESSE

You got a BROTHER in the goddamned  
DEA?! --

WALT

What?

JESSE

You told me alls you were doing was  
some ride-along! Yes or no, man!  
DO YOU have a brother in the DEA?!

Walt hesitates a moment.

WALT

I have a brother-in-law...

JESSE

Oh! Well, there's a load off my  
mind! --

WALT

Where'd you hear that?

JESSE

Your freakin' wife told me when she  
was here getting all up in my shit!  
(off Walt's dismay)  
Yeah, that's right, man. She  
almost caught me moving Emilio!  
Good job wearing the pants in your  
family!

His mind working, Walt sits down at the kitchen table.

JESSE

Yo, why'd you go and tell her I was  
selling you weed? --

WALT

Because somehow it seemed  
preferable to admitting I'd cooked  
crystal meth and killed a man.

Despite his anger, Jesse can't find an argument for that.  
The two of them sit here in gloomy silence a beat.

WALT

What the hell's that smell..?

JESSE

(defensive)  
Maybe I just smoked a bowl. So  
what? My house, my rules.

Walt makes a disgusted face -- sighs and shakes his head.

JESSE

Ah, don't give me that. I held up my end! I already took care of Emilio and you're still diddlin' around trying to get your nut up.

WALT

Yeah, well boo-hoo -- I'm the one with the truly awful job here.

JESSE

Oh, you wanna talk awful? You wanna go THERE? Try dragging two hundred pounds of stink up a flight of stairs! I barely got him into the bathtub!

Walt blinks -- say what?

WALT

Bathtub. W-Whaddya mean "bathtub?"

JESSE

Yeah, and that's another thing -- why you got me running all over town trying to find some stupid plastic thing when I already got a perfectly good tub I can use?

Jesse's proud he thought of this. It takes him a moment to notice Walt's reaction -- one of growing horror.

Without a word, Walt hurries out of the kitchen.

JESSE

Hey --

Jesse rises and follows him.

62 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (3)

62

Jesse rounds into view, slowing and coming to a stop beside Walt... who stares up at something offscreen. Whatever it is, Jesse instantly sees it, too. Confused, his eyes narrow.

We hear a faint, rainy PITTER-PITTER-PATTER.

Their POV -- there's an oblong PINK STAIN on the ceiling. The waterlogged plaster is DRIP-DRIPPING rust-red liquid on the floor below. The flow rapidly grows HEAVIER.

Walt puts an arm out, backing them both off just as...

... Ka-BOOOOOOSH! A bathtub-size chunk of CEILING CAVES INTO THE HALLWAY! One hundred-eighty pounds of what looks like Smucker's Strawberry Preserves (along with clumps of hair, chips of bone and two severely melted pistols) comes KER-SPLASHING down at the feet of our two heroes.

None of it gets on them, luckily. Small consolation, that. Jesse stands here with his most slack-jawed "what the fuck" look. SPLOP-SPLOP-SPLOP comes the last of it, hanging from the ceiling in foamy, cherry Slurpy stalactites of gore.

NEW ANGLE -- BIRD'S EYE LOOKING DOWN

The jagged, dripping hole that used to be the upstairs bathtub frames the edges of our shot. The red and pink mess formerly known as Emilio covers the first floor below.

Walt and Jesse edge into frame, peering up at us. Finally, Walt speaks up, his voice oddly mild.

WALT

I'm sorry, what were you asking me?

(off the silence)

Oh, yes -- that stupid plastic container I asked you to buy. You see... hydrofluoric acid won't eat through plastic. It will, however, dissolve rock, steel, glass and ceramic.

(a beat)

So there's that.

63 EXT. PASTURELAND - DAY (3)

63

TILT DOWN off the SUN -- we find ourselves back out in the beautiful red rock country we last saw in our teaser.

We hear faint GIGGLING. Way in the distance, a little Indian GIRL and BOY chase each other, playing. They can't be much older than nine or ten.

NEW ANGLE -- CLOSER. Walt's discarded RESPIRATOR lies in the sand, its faceplate glinting sharply in the sun. A SHADOW falls over it. Tiny hands pick it up. Dust it off.

Off the red rocks... and the weird image of a skinny child in a dress and pigtails, wearing an oversized GAS MASK...

END EPISODE