

**"Breaking Bad"
Pilot**

**by
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Production Draft
March 18, 2007 Yellow
March 4, 2007 Pink
March 2, 2007 Blue
Feb 19, 2007 White

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TEASER

EXT. PASTURELAND - DAY

1

Overhead, deep blue sky. Below it, rust-red rock formations stick up here and there out of the dry blonde scrub grass. Various ANGLES on this beautiful desolation. All is silent.

Now, in slight SLOW-MOTION...

... A pair of TROUSERS come flying into frame.

Men's flat-front Dockers. Taupe. On a green plastic hanger. We're looking up at them as they lazily arc across the sky, coming from nowhere. While they tumble to the earth...

... VRRRRROOOOOOOM! We RAMP to regular speed just as an old, chalky-beige WINNEBAGO zooms past us into frame!

This RV speeds smack-dab through the pasture, no road in sight. A bit out of place, to say the least.

And what's this? Are those BULLET HOLES in the door?

INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

2

Inside, the DRIVER's knuckles cling white to the wheel. He's got the pedal mashed 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 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 a blizzard of CASH. Twenty grand in tens and twenties floats in the nasty brown soup.

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

EXT. PASTURELAND - CONTINUOUS

3

The Winnebago roars over a berm and into a gully. BAM! The front bumper buries itself. WAAAAAAH! Rear wheels spin air.

The engine cuts off. Silence. The Winnie's door kicks open and out stumbles underpants man. He yanks off his gas mask and FLINGS it in frustration.

He's middle-aged. Mild-faced. Pasty. He's not a guy who makes a living working with his hands. 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 around -- what to do? What to do?! Now, out of the silence, we hear... SIRENS.

Miles off -- but getting louder. There's no escape for our guy, who is boned with a capital B. He HOLDS HIS BREATH and scrambles back up inside the RV.

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

4

A steel .45 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. PASTURELAND - CONTINUOUS

5

Jumping out, he EXHALES big and starts breathing again -- which sends him into a short COUGHING fit.

A dress shirt on a green hanger dangles from the Winnebago's side-view mirror. Underpants pulls it on. No trousers, unfortunately -- they're a mile back behind us.

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 get LOUDER.

Underpants turns on the camcorder. Twists the little screen around so he can see himself. Framing himself waist-up, he takes a second to gather his thoughts... then presses RECORD.

UNDERPANTS MAN

My name is Walter Hartwell White.
I live at 3828 Negra Arroyo Lane,
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87104.
To all law enforcement entities,
this is not an admission of guilt.
I am 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 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 only had you in my heart.

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

CLOSE ON the wallet -- we see a Triple-A Club card, a Blockbuster card, a Mensa membership. A coupon for Outback Steak House. We glimpse an ID card that says "FACULTY."

Walt pulls the chrome pistol from the back of his waistband, stepping into the middle of the dirt road and taking aim. The pistol glints hard in the sun.

Walt's POV --flashing red LIGHT BARS twinkle into view, skimming along the top of a low berm. Heading our way.

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 - EARLY MORNING

6

No president ever slept here. No millionaire ever visited. This is a 70s-era three-bedroom in a modest neighborhood. Weekend trips to Home Depot keep it tidy.

It's still dark out. LEGEND: "ONE MONTH EARLIER."

INT. WHITE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

7

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 numerals 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.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

8

We drift past an empty bassinet, a baby monitor still in its box. COLOR CHIPS from the paint store are masking-taped to the wall. There's going to be a new addition to the family.

We find Walt standing motionless, staring at the far wall. This room used to be a home office until the Ikea desk got shoved way in the corner.

On the sheetrock, there's a few diplomas and such -- but one particular PLAQUE has Walt's attention. "LOS ALAMOS NATIONAL LABORATORY Hereby Recognizes WALTER H. WHITE, Crystallography Project Leader for Proton Radiography. Contributor To Research Awarded The 1985 Nobel Prize For Chemistry."

Wow. But that was a long time ago. Walt stares at his name, his expression kinda... faraway.

Walt climbs aboard a Lillian Vernon stair-stepper, just three easy payments of \$29.95. He plods up and down like he's marching to Bataan. He COUGHS a little, then plods on.

OMITTED

9

INT. WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

10

A plate of eggs and unusually BRICK-RED bacon gets set down, filling frame. The bacon is arranged in the number 50.

SKYLER

Happy Birthday!

Walt is dressed for work -- Dockers and a short-sleeve collar shirt courtesy of Target. He stares at his plate.

WALT

Oh, look at that.

SKYLER

That's veggie bacon, believe it or not. Zero cholesterol, and you won't even know the difference.

WALT

Huh.

Skyler is dressed for staying around the house. At five months pregnant, she's just beginning to show.

SKYLER

When'll you be home?

WALT

Same time.

SKYLER

I don't want him dicking you around tonight. You get paid till five, you work till five. No later.

Seventeen year-old WALTER, JR. enters the kitchen, dressed for school, hair still damp from the shower. The CLICK... CLICK of his forearm crutches precedes him into the room.

Walt and Skyler's son is a sweet-faced teenager who has cerebral palsy. He moves awkwardly, and grinds his teeth as he labors to talk. But he's a smart kid.

WALTER, JR.
Happy--Birthday.

WALT
Thank you.

Just seating himself at the table is a trial for Walter, Jr. His parents don't give him the slightest help. They treat him as if he were able-bodied, which is how he wants it.

SKYLER
You're late again.

WALTER, JR.
Wasn't any--hot water. Again.

SKYLER
You know, there's a real easy fix for that -- get up early and be the first one in the shower.

WALTER, JR.
Yeah? Buy a decent--water heater. How 'bout--that idea? For like, the millionth--billionth time.

Walt lets out a dry COUGH-COUGH-COUGH.

SKYLER
You take your echinacea?

WALT
Yeah. It's getting better.

SKYLER
You're definitely sounding better.

Walter, Jr. squints at the plate of food his mom plops down before him.

WALTER, JR.
What--the hell--is this?!

SKYLER
Hey!

WALT
Veggie bacon. We're watching our cholesterol. I guess.

WALTER, JR.
Not--me! I want--real bacon!

SKYLER
Too bad. Eat it.

Walter, Jr. sniffs at his breakfast, annoyed.

WALTER, JR.
This--smells just like--Band-Aids.
(smirks at his dad)
So how's it--feel to be--o-oold?

WALT
How's it feel to be a smart-ass?

WALTER, JR.
(a thoughtful beat)
Good.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

11

A campus surrounded by distant mountains. Into the faculty lot motors a tan Pontiac Aztek. It parks in a handicapped space. A handicapped placard hangs from the rear-view.

Walt climbs out from behind the wheel, checks his watch. He's late. Walter, Jr. struggles to get out of the passenger side. He fumbles with his crutches and backpack.

WALT

All set?

(off his son's nod)

Alright, see you at home.

Walt hurries to the building, leaving his son to work things out for himself -- which is, again, how Walter, Jr. wants it.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

12

Hours later. This is a chemistry classroom -- black-topped lab tables with gas spigots. Walt is lecturing to seniors.

WALT

Chemistry is the study of what?

STUDENT

(a beat)

Chemicals?

Snickers from the smart kids.

WALT

Chemicals. No. Chemistry is... well, technically, it's the study of matter. But I prefer to see it as the study of change.

(a beat)

Think about it. Electrons change their energy levels, molecules change their bonds. Elements combine and change into compounds. That's all of life, right? The constant...

(shrug)

The cycle. Solution, dissolution, over and over.

Gradually, we get the feeling Walt is talking more to himself than his students. Almost like this is a pep talk.

WALT
Growth, decay. Transformation.
It's fascinating, really.

Handsome CHAD sits slouched in the back with his hand jammed in the lap of his cheerleader GIRLFRIEND. He whispers to her and she giggles. Walt snaps out of it.

WALT
Chad, keep your hands to yourself please. Is there something wrong with your own table?

Chad sighs heavily and drags his stool back to an adjoining table. Doing so, he makes as much NOISE as he can.

WALT
Alright, ionic bonds. Chapter six.

OMITTED 13

EXT. CAR WASH - AFTERNOON 14

It's the late-day rush. Young Mexicans dry the cars by hand.

INT. CAR WASH - OFFICE - AFTERNOON 15

Walt's afternoon part-time job. He works the cash register.

WALT
-- Eight, nine, ten, and ten makes
twenty. Thank you. Come again.

A CUSTOMER wanders off with his change. Walt busies himself with record keeping. BOGDAN, the owner, argues on the phone. Bogdan's got some truly amazing EYEBROWS, by the way.

BOGDAN
No. Not -- that is not what I
said. What I said to you --

Bogdan switches to ROMANIAN. The conversation grows heated. Finally, he barks something and hangs up. He turns to Walt.

BOGDAN

Not coming. Says he quit.
(sighs)
I'll run the register.

WALT

Bogdan, no. We talked about this.

BOGDAN

I'm short-handed, Walter. What am
I to do? What am I to do?

Walt wants to argue -- but swallows it, instead.

INT./EXT. CAR WASH - AFTERNOON

16

The sun sinks low. Walt -- multiple degrees, Albuquerque Science Educator of the Year -- towel-dries cars alongside the teenage vatos. His slacks are spotted with soapy water.

He's grimly at work on a bronze-orange Corvette -- brand-new and beautiful. As he squats to Armor-All the tires, we hear:

CHAD (O.S.)

Hey. Make those tires shine!

Walt looks up to see handsome CHAD smirking down at him. Young master Chad is tickled pink. This is his Corvette, by the way. Chad's girlfriend giggles into her cell phone.

GIRLFRIEND

(into phone)

Oh -- my -- GOD. You are not gonna
believe who's washing Chad's car! --

She cups a hand over her mouth, turns away. If looks could kill, Walt would be charged with double homicide. But he says nothing. He needs this job. He just scrubs harder.

INT. WALT'S CAR - DRIVING - LATE AFTERNOON

17

We're in the back seat, looking forward at Walt as he drives alone. His middle-class neighborhood slides past out the windshield. We see his thousand-yard stare in the rear-view.

Walt COUGHS some. A dry little hack -- allergies, maybe. Glancing up at the HANDICAPPED PLACARD that hangs from the mirror, he suddenly plucks it down and glove-boxes it.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

18

A big OIL STAIN on the concrete driveway. Walt's shitball Aztek comes chugging in, parks over top of it. Walt climbs out, brushes his knees. He's dirty, dour and beat.

Walt unlocks the front door. He jumps when --

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

19

-- SURPRISE! TWO DOZEN PEOPLE scare the crap out of him. Crowded into this little room, they sing "Happy Birthday."

Skyler beams at Walt as she sings. Simultaneously she taps a finger to her watch -- you're friggin' LATE! Walt gets the message, fakes a smile. Once the applause clears:

WALT

Oh my god, this is. Wow. Guys...

A chant of "Speech, Speech!" goes up. Most of Walt's friends are balding science nerds with large Adam's apples. Nice guys, but a mild bunch. A lot of white wine is being drunk.

WALT

Okay, okay. Oh man, this is so...

Geez, fifty years. That's...

(does the math)

... 18,250 days. It is... 438,000 hours. It is, uhh... twenty-some million minutes. Help me out, Irv.

Uber-nerd IRVING squints at the ceiling, quickly calculating.

IRVING

Twenty-six million, two hundred-eighty thousand.

WALT

God, no wonder I feel like crap.

(laughter; clapping)

But because of friends like you... and of course, my beautiful wife and this handsome young guy here... I just wanna say that every last one of those minutes --

He's interrupted by a loud boop of SIRENS. BLUE LIGHT strobes through the curtains. People move to peer outside.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

20

Siren wailing, a big Yukon SCREECHES into the driveway behind Walt's Aztek. Blue wig-wag lights are flashing in the grille. An unmarked Crown Vic slides to the curb, a blue gumball spinning on the dash. Oh shit -- it's a RAID!

Actually, no. It's HANK, Walt and Skyler's brother-in-law. He climbs out of the Yukon, big and bad. Iridescent Gargoyle sunglasses hang around his neck. He's got a great smile.

A bottle of wine in each fist, Hank spreads his arms upon seeing Walt and the party-goers spilling out onto the yard.

HANK

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, YA SWINGIN' DICK!
LET'S GET THIS PARTY STARTED! --

MARIE, Skyler's SISTER (we see the resemblance), carries wrapped presents and frowns at her husband. Hank's crew of SUBORDINATE AGENTS pile out and join the festivities. Two guys hump a BEER KEG out of their trunk and into the house.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - EVENING

21

Later. Loud music, lots of laughing and drinking -- this is ten times the party it was before the feds arrived. A few nerd-types look nervous, but most everybody has a good time.

Skyler and Marie stand talking with another woman, CARMEN. Marie has a wine glass in one hand and her other arm folded over her chest in that way that suggests disapproval.

WOMAN

(to Skyler)

I'm serious, look at you! You're flat as a washboard!

(to Marie)

She's not showing at all, is she?

MARIE

She's showing a little.

SKYLER

(pained smile)

Carmen, this is my sister Marie.

Marie takes a sip of wine and shakes the woman's fingers. Carmen is thinking what a pill, but she's polite. Her gaze wanders to Walt, who steps past the three women. Carmen stares after him a brief moment.

Over in a corner, Hank sits in Walt's own "Archie Bunker" chair. Young Walter, Jr. perches on the hassock at his feet. It's clear the teenager worships his fire-pisser uncle.

Several white-bread science types crowd around Hank, who unholsters his SIDEARM. Reluctantly, Walt stands here, too.

HANK

Glock 22, that's my daily carry.
Unless you're talking Plus-P-Plus
loads, forget the nine mil -- I
seen one bounce right off a
windshield one time. I say bring
enough gun. Forty caliber's
definitely the way to go.

As he holds forth, he drops the magazine and jacks the round out of the pipe, catching it mid-air. Walter, Jr.'s eyes go wide as his uncle hands him his unloaded pistol butt-first.

WALTER, JR.

Whoooooa!

Walt can't help but notice his son's hero worship. Hank seems to be everything Walt isn't: bold, brash, confident.

Finished looking, Walter, Jr. offers the gun to his dad.

WALTER, JR.

Dad. Check--it out. Take it!

Walt awkwardly hefts the pistol. First time in his life.

WALT

Wow. Kinda heavy.

HANK

You get used to it.
(good-natured grin)
It's not gonna bite you, man!
Jesus. You look like Keith
Richards with a glass of warm milk.

Guys guffaw. Walt forces a smile. Taking back his gun and tucking it away, Hank abruptly WHISTLES, shutting folks up.

HANK

Hey! A toast to my brother-in-law!
Walt, your brain's too big, but
your heart's in the right place.
We love you, man. Na zdorov'e.

Folks clink glasses. Hank drains his beer, checks his watch.

HANK
Oh, hey! Turn on Channel Three!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FIVE MINUTES LATER

22

CLOSE ON the TV -- late local news. HANK, the man himself, is being interviewed at the scene of a bust. He wears a blue D.E.A. windbreaker. He sounds polished and official.

HANK (ON TV)
-- At which point we apprehended three individuals and placed them into custody. I'm proud to say the outstanding professionalism shown by my fellow agents of the Albuquerque District Office resulted in a substantial quantity of methamphetamine being taken off the street.

Throughout this, we PULL BACK from the TV to show that Walt's entire birthday party has been highjacked. The party-goers sit on the sofa, the floor, all of them politely watching the news. Such is the force of Hank's will.

FELLOW AGENT
Damn. The TV does add ten pounds.

HANK
(casually flips him off)
Ah-hah. Sit and spin, Gomez.

Guest of honor Walt, now forgotten, stands in the back. Losing patience, he heads for the kitchen to fix a drink... when something on TV catches his eye.

It's the spoils of this drug bust. Laid out on a table are several guns. But also... eight big SHOEBOXES full of CASH.

Walt stops in his tracks, watches. Despite himself...

WALT
Hank? How much money is that?

HANK
Almost seven hundred grand. Pretty good haul.

The TV lingers on fat rolls of \$20s. It's more currency than Walt has ever seen outside of a heist movie. He's amazed.

WALT

That's got to be unusual, right?
That kind of cash?

HANK

Mmm. Not the most we ever took.
(to the room)
Easy money... at least till we
catch you.

Hank flashes his great smile at everybody. He notes Walt's continued interest in the news report. Likes it.

HANK

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

Walter, Jr. nods -- *you should go!* Walt shrugs sheepishly.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

23

Lights are off. The party's over, the guests have gone home. Lots of empty bottles in the recycling bin at the curb.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT

24

Walt, dressed for bed in sweats and a t-shirt, checks himself out in the bathroom mirror. He's not loving what he sees. He rubs at a tenderness in his chest. He COUGHS a little.

In the bedroom, Skyler's in her nightgown, sitting at the computer. She's following the final moments of an auction on eBay. Walt pads into the room, sits down beside her.

WALT

Which one's this?

SKYLER

(eyes on the screen)
That faux-Lalique vase I picked up
at the Super-Swap.

WALT

How's it doing?

SKYLER

I met my reserve and there's still
two minutes.

Walt sits watching. Without taking her eyes off the screen, Skyler reaches over and slips a hand into Walt's sweatpants. Walt smirks, surprised.

WALT
What's up?

SKYLER
You tell me, birthday boy.

Skyler plays with him, out of sight below frame. A beat.

SKYLER
So what's on for Saturday?

WALT
Car wash. Bogdan says he needs me.

SKYLER
Until what? Noon? One o'clock?

WALT
More like... two, probably.

SKYLER
What about after?

WALT
Actually, I was thinking about, um. Driving up to Los Alamos. The visitor center's got this exhibit that's supposed to be just --

SKYLER
-- You're not gonna paint?

WALT
Yeah, I'll paint. But they've got this exhibition of Mars rover photographs. Supposed to be, the detail... just really amazing.

SKYLER
I just need you to paint at some point. Sooner we get the back bedroom finished...

WALT
I know.

SKYLER

I mean, I'll do it myself, except you said you didn't want me up on the stepladder. So...

WALT

I will paint. I'll paint.

Skyler glances over at Walt's crotch. Good-naturedly:

SKYLER

What's going on down there?
Is he asleep?

WALT

I'm just... you know. We gotta be careful of the baby.

SKYLER

Don't worry about the baby. This is for you. We're only doing you tonight.

Obscured by the computer, Skyler gives Walt a vigorous handjob with one hand and works the mouse with the other.

SKYLER

Just relax. Just... close your eyes and let it...

Skyler glances over at her husband. Apparently, there's no joy in Boner Town. No mighty oak sprung forth from whence the lowly acorn lies, as the poet might say.

SKYLER

... Just. Close your eyes.

Walt does so, concentrating. Trying his best. Tugging away, Skyler's attention drifts back to the computer. Completely.

SKYLER

... That's it. That's... it.
There you go. Keep going. Keep going. Keep it going. Keep...
(reacting to eBay)
Yes! Fifty-six!

Walt's eyes open. The thrill is gone.

INT. CAR WASH - DAY

25

Steam rises. High-pressure jets WHOOOOSH. Inside this big open space, the roar of MACHINERY is deafening.

Out of the darkness shuffles Walt, wheeling a handtruck that holds a blue plastic barrel of detergent. This damn thing weighs four hundred pounds. Walt really struggles with it.

It pops him up off the ground as he sets it down with a THUD, pausing to catch his breath. Walt rests here a moment, scratching at his chest. Pressing at it with his fingertips. He's looking like his last name -- a bit pasty and white.

His eyes wander to the front of the building. Where waits...

... A STUNNING YOUNG WOMAN. She's dark-skinned -- from India perhaps. Maybe she's even a model. She wears a bright green blouse that practically glows out there in the sunshine.

Jesus, she is amazing. She stands beside a dark green BMW, waiting for the vatos to finish with it. She peers off into the distance, leaning back on one shapely leg as she talks on her cell phone. She never once turns our way.

She's hard not to stare at. And Walt does -- still breathing hard. He keeps staring even as he COUGHS into his fist.

The longer he looks at her... the more wistful he becomes. We see fascination and even longing in his eyes.

BAM-BAM! Walt startles as Bogdan RAPS on the interior window behind him -- get back to work. Walt snaps out of his reverie, looking sheepish. He yanks back on the handtruck...

... Then THUD! He lets it fall forward again. He's COUGHING loud and ragged now. Whereas before it would quickly come and go, this jag is full-on, tubercular PERCUSSIVENESS.

Walt finally stifles it... but now he's WHEEZING for breath. He takes a couple of stumble-steps. He rubs his mouth, sneaks his fingertips to his carotid just under his ear.

Walt's eyelids flicker and close -- and he COLLAPSES.

WIDE on this scene: nobody even notices. The Stunning Young Woman climbs in her BMW and motors off into the sunshine, Walt lying face-down in the darkness behind her. Off this...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS - DAY

A26

A snaggle of overpasses, painted terra cotta and turquoise, stand out against the sky. Sirens wailing, lights flashing, an AMBULANCE trundles into frame like an ant on a branch.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

26

Walt is conscious again. He seems okay. And indeed:

WALT

This is so embarrassing.

(a beat)

I am fine. Honestly.

He lies atop the locked-down gurney, his shirt pulled open and various monitors attached to his bare skin. An EMT listens with a stethoscope to various places on his chest.

WALT

It's just some bug going around.
First my wife had it, then my son,
now me. It's just a chest cold.

(hopeful smile)

Couldn't you just... drop me on a
corner somewhere?

The EMT gives a good-natured snort.

EMT

Uhhhhh, no. Sorry.

WALT

(a beat; softly)

I don't have the world's best
insurance.

The EMT isn't really listening. He's busy trying to figure out something he's hearing through his stethoscope.

EMT

Take a couple of deep breaths for
me, please.

Walt does as he's told. Meanwhile, a RINGTONE can be heard. Walt reaches in his pants and fishes out his cell phone.

"HOME" is displayed. Walt considers... then SILENCES it. The EMT notices.

EMT

Is there anybody you need us to
contact for you?

WALT

Oh, god no.

That's the very last thing Walt wants. The EMT moves his
stethoscope to yet another spot. He listens, then frowns.

EMT

Mr. White, are you a smoker?

WALT

No. Never.
(a wary beat)
Why do you ask?

The EMT averts his eyes, says nothing. Off Walt, becoming a
little unsettled by the question...

INT. MRI SUITE - DAY

27

We're staring straight down at a swath of beige plastic track. With a WHIRR of electric motors, into frame slides Walt's head and shoulders, UPSIDE-DOWN.

He wears a yellow cotton gown. He stares straight at us. Even upside-down, we can gauge the concern in his eyes.

WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP! -- goes the machine, blanging like a trip-hammer. Terrifyingly loud. Off Walt, breathing deep:

INT. DR. BELKNAP'S OFFICE - DAY

28

Days later. Walt, in his street clothes, sits in a leather chair. He's staring almost directly into camera.

SILENCE. Up from it rises a faint sort of buzzy, shimmery TINNITUS sound. It's the RINGING in Walt's ears. It grows louder as we slowly CREEP IN on Walt's face. He stares at:

Walt's POV -- DOCTOR BELKNAP. Dr. Belknap is a balding man in his late fifties. On a good day, he's maybe avuncular. He's sitting behind his desk, looking right at us, talking in slight SLOW-MOTION. We don't hear a single word he's saying. We only hear the buzzy RINGING.

CLOSER POV -- we tilt down from Belknap's face, his moving lips, to his doctor's coat. On the pristine white of his lapel, there's a spot of yellow MUSTARD. We fixate on it.

Suddenly:

DR. BELKNAP

-- Mr. White? Are you listening?

We've snapped out of it. The SOUND in the room is normal. No more SLOW-MOTION. Walt looks up from the man's lapel.

WALT

Yeah.

DR. BELKNAP

Did you..? You understood what I've said to you?

WALT

Yeah. Lung cancer. Inoperable.

The doctor studies him very closely, waiting for a reaction.

DR. BELKNAP

I'm sorry, I-I... I just need to make sure you fully understand --

WALT

-- Best-case scenario, with chemo, I'll live maybe another two years.

(off the man's gaze)

It's just, you've got mustard on your... you've got mustard there.

Walt points. Belknap glances down at the spot on his lapel, then back up at Walt. He has no idea what to say to that.

Off Walt, looking very matter-of-fact... disconcertingly so:

OMITTED

INT. WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

30

A mortgage bill lies open atop the counter. Skyler stands talking on the phone.

SKYLER

Absolutely. I sent it to you on the third. It's number... wait a minute, let me get my checkbook.

She cups a hand over the phone, does nothing. After a beat:

SKYLER

Here it is. It's check number 1148. So my records show I paid that, and I certainly don't feel we owe any late...

(listens)

Alright. I'll check with my bank. I don't know, if the post office lost it or... alright then. Let me look into that. Thank you.

Walt enters on the last half of this. Skyler hangs up.

SKYLER

Hey.

WALT

Hey.

Having found a beer in the fridge, his fingers tremble a little as he twists off the cap. Skyler doesn't notice -- she's sifting through a stack of bills.

Walt sits at the table. He drinks deep, rubs his mouth.

SKYLER

(studying a bill)

Did you use the Mastercard last month? \$15.88 at Staples?

WALT

Uh.

(managing to focus)

Yeah. We needed printer paper.

SKYLER

Walt, the Mastercard's the one we don't use.

Walt nods, feeling overwhelmed. Clearly, Skyler doesn't know anything about his doctor's appointment. Even if Walt wants to tell her, something stops him. He sips his beer, stares.

SKYLER

So how was your day?

WALT

Kinda... you know. I dunno. Fine.

SKYLER

I got you a little something.

She briefly steps out of sight. When she comes back -- Clunk! Clunk! She sets down two big cans of PAINT.

SKYLER

How 'bout it, Walt? Is that bedroom gonna get painted in my lifetime?

Walt stares at the cans before him, too numb to object.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

31

Later. A drop cloth covers the floor. The furniture has been shoved to the center of the room. No paint is on the walls yet -- Walt is still taking down all his diplomas.

Behind him, Walter, Jr. clicks into frame in the doorway. The teenager watches unseen as Walt lifts his Los Alamos plaque off its hook and holds it in his hands, staring at it.

WALTER, JR.

Dad? Are -- you -- alright?

WALT

What?

(glancing over)

I'm fine. Yeah. Why?

Walter, Jr. shrugs and glances around the room. He's a perceptive kid.

WALTER, JR.

You, like -- want some help?

Walt stares at him a beat, then nods. Walter, Jr. steps into the room and his dad hands him a roller brush on a pole.

Walt kneels to pry open the paint can. Off him, glancing up once more at his son:

INT. CAR WASH - OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A32

A new day. No customers at the register. Walt is standing here on autopilot. The BUZZ has returned to his head.

Bogdan is in b.g., arguing on the phone in Romanian. The sound is muted. We barely hear him. We don't know what he's yelling about -- it's pointless, doesn't matter. We're on Walt, who simply stares into space.

CLOSER and CLOSER on Walt, who blinks now. Frowns. It's like the clouds are finally parting. The scales are falling away from his eyes. All those cliches. It fully, completely dawns on him now...

... His days are numbered. He is gonna fucking DIE.

What to do about it? How should he spend his remaining time? While he ponders this, Bogdan steps up behind him.

BOGDAN

Walter. Walter. Walter.
 (Walt turns and looks)
 I'm short-handed. I need you
 outside doing wipe-down.

WALT

What?

BOGDAN

I need you outside doing wipe-down.
 Are you here to work or to be
 staring into space? --

Walt stares at his boss. Finally, the dam quietly breaks.

WALT

Fuck you, Bogdan.

BOGDAN

(stunned)
 What?

WALT

Fuck you and your eyebrows.

With that, Walt turns on his heel. As he stalks out, he runs his hand down a long shelf of MERCHANDISE, knocking it onto the floor. Travel mugs, air fresheners, leather cleaner, the whole schmear goes bouncing off the tile as Walt strides out the door, never looking back.

Employees stand and watch. As seen through the windows, Bogdan goes jogging after Walt -- who is already in his car. Walt's Aztek backs into a towel cart before it goes banging down off a curb and screeching away at high speed.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAWN

32

Early morning. A faint glow in the sky. Silence except for the THWACK... THWACK of the NEWSPAPER GUY cruising past.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAWN

33

CLOSE ON the unnaturally blue water of a swimming pool. PLINK! A pebble breaks the surface, sinking to the bottom. Ripples radiate. PLINK! Another one hits and sinks.

WIDER -- this tiny backyard has an in-ground pool which takes up most of the space back here. It hasn't been swum in for months. Dead leaves plaster the bottom.

Walt sits alone at a patio table, bundled in an old bathrobe, absently flicking pebbles into the pool. Not watching where they land. He's been up all night, sitting right here.

He stares into space, deep in thought. Considering something very carefully. Chewing it over, but good.

Coming to a decision, he rises abruptly and steps inside the house. We hold on this empty frame a beat until he steps back out with the CORDLESS PHONE.

Walt dials and puts the phone to his ear. Standing by the edge of the pool, reflected in it, he speaks very quietly.

WALT

Hank? Hey, it's Walt. I didn't wake you, did I?

(a beat)

Good. Listen, I've been thinking about your offer of a ride-along.

EXT. COOKIE-CUTTER NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

34

A different morning -- these things take time to set up. We're in a neighborhood a bit higher-end than Walt's. Newer. None of the houses are more than ten years old.

A minivan is parked on the street. Inconspicuous.

HANK (O.S.)

Last house on the right. Not the two-story, the one next to it. Kinda... whaddya call that, green?

GOMEZ (O.S.)

Sage.

HANK (O.S.)

"Sage?" Whaddya, work at the fuckin' Pottery Barn? Jesus.

INT. MINIVAN - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

35

Hank sits behind the wheel. Agent Gomez sits beside him.

GOMEZ

"Sage." That's the word for it.
My fault the only word your dumb
ass knows is "green?"

HANK

"Cheese-dick." I know that one.

Smirking, Hank points out the TARGET HOUSE to Walt, who sits in the back seat in an ill-fitting bulletproof vest.

HANK

Anyways -- "sage." See it?

An unremarkable house, a block down the street. Walt nods.

WALT

So what tells you it's a meth lab?

HANK

Just our snitch. Says some dude
who goes by "Cap'n Cook" lives up
to his name in there. Got himself
a three pound flask and keeps it
bubbling day and night. Says he
always adds a dash of chili powder.

(to Gomez)

Ah, you exuberant Mexicans.

GOMEZ

Uh-uh. "Cap'n Cook?" -- that's a
white boy's name. Dopey as hell.

HANK

Yeah? I got twenty bucks says he's
a beaner.

GOMEZ

You're on.

The both pony up their money on the dash -- Hank a twenty,
Gomez two tens. A SCHOOL BUS chugs into frame, driving past.

HANK

Ah, here we go. Finally.

(into his radio)

School bus is clear. You got the
green light.

An affirmation comes back. Hank starts his engine.

HANK
 (smiling, to Walt)
 Watch this. This makes 'em shit.

Out of the distance, we hear a BIG ENGINE RUMBLING our way. A black Navigator cruises past with FOUR D.E.A. AGENTS -- black BDUs, Kevlar helmets, carbines, respirator masks, the whole nine yards -- standing on the running boards, two on each side. Not driving too fast. Cautious.

Hank follows in his minivan so that Walt can see. Hank hums *Ride Of The Valkyries*, channeling "Apocalypse Now."

Walt's POV: as seen through the windshield, the Navigator stops at the curb next door to the target house. The four agents -- plus the driver and one other guy in the front seat, making a total of SIX -- quickly stack up tight and move toward the house, rifles at depressed low ready. Extremely practiced. The last man lugs a battering ram.

HANK
 Meth labs are nasty on a good day --
 but mix that stuff wrong and you
 wind up with mustard gas.

WALT
 Phosphine gas, I think.

HANK
 Yeah, exactly. One whiff'll kill
 you. That's why the respirators.

Walt nods, watches the entry team move up on the house.

INT. TARGET HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

36

This house is completely DEVOID of furniture -- no dining room table, no sofa, nothing on the walls. Not even a fridge in the kitchen. Yet, empty as it is, it's still a shithole.

There's filthy clothes, overflowing garbage, rotting pizza boxes... along with stacked cannisters of plumber's lye and camp stove fuel. A rambling, Rube Goldberg lab of hoses and buckets stands out against the Formica of the kitchen.

A hard-faced man, EMILIO, sits hunched atop a five-gallon plastic bucket flipped upside-down. Bellied-up to a card table, he listens to headphones -- oblivious to the BLACK SILHOUETTES creeping past the shuttered windows behind him.

He's got an enormous mound of RED POWDER in front of him, and an even bigger pile of MATCHBOOKS on the floor.

He scrapes off the striker strips and collects the powder. This is a source of red phosphorus for meth production.

CRASH! The patio door SHATTERS behind him as a BREACHING SHOTGUN ruptures the glass. Feds pour in to the left, right and center, pointing rifles and breathing through their masks like Darth Vader. Emilio tries to run for it, but doesn't get far. The agents tackle him in the kitchen.

EXT. TARGET HOUSE - MORNING

37

Hank, Gomez and Walt wait in the minivan. The RADIO erupts.

AGENT (RADIO V.O.)
House is clear. We've got one suspect in custody.

HANK
Copy that. The suspect... might he be of the Latin persuasion?

AGENT (RADIO V.O.)
Uhhhh. Driver's license says "Emilio Koyama."

GOMEZ
Asian. Pay up, sucker.

Hank slaps his hand down on his own twenty before Gomez can grab it.

HANK
Uh-uh. First name "Emilio?" That's a half-a-beaner, my man. I'll let you off for ten.

Hank takes back his twenty -- plus one of Gomez's sawbucks.

HANK
Cheer up. You people still got J. Lo.
(to Walt)
Don't get me wrong -- crystal meth is democratic as hell. There's plenty of scumwad, white trash peckerwoods to go with all the Afro-Americans, Oriental-Americans, Hispano-Americans. I just like taking Gomez's money.
(big grin)
So how you doing back there, buddy?
(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

This sure beats the hell outta
clapping erasers, huh?

WALT

Hank? You think I might get to go
inside? See the actual lab?

HANK

Uh. Yeah, tell you what -- we're
gonna go peek our heads in, check
it out first. Stay here a minute.

Hank and Gomez exit the minivan, leaving Walt behind.

Walt's pleasant demeanor fades. Spending time with Hank gives him a headache. While feds come and go on the lawn, Walt's attention drifts to the house next door.

He double-takes, noticing... a high WINDOW get opened. It's out of sight of the D.E.A. agents. Only Walt can see as...

... A DUDE dressed only in underpants backs out the window. He slides down the porch roof, then tumbles to the ground.

This guy is white, late 20s. His sneakers come flying, hitting him in the head. Above him, a naked HOUSEWIFE leans out, boobs dangling, frantically tossing him his clothes.

The guy dresses at mach speed, peeking around the corner of the house. He's desperate not to be seen by the feds. Walt watches, jaw slackening. He recognizes this kid. Knows him.

WALT

(under his breath)

Oh my god. Pinkman..?

It's like a psychic connection -- at this moment, the kid, JESSE LEE PINKMAN, feels eyes on him. He turns and looks.

He frowns at Walt -- who the hell is that?! But then it finally dawns on Jesse who Walt is, and he's shocked.

Staring at Walt, Jesse swallows hard, puts a finger to his lips -- *shhh*. Keeping one eye on the D.E.A., he hurries to an old Daytona parked on the curb.

As it creeps away, Walt notes the license plate: "THE CAPN."

Nobody sees any of this but Walt. He climbs out of the back of the minivan, watching Jesse go. He can't believe it.

Hank surprises Walt, having walked up behind him carrying a shoebox in a big evidence bag. It's stuffed full of CASH.

HANK

Hey, check it out, Walt -- these
assholes like their shoeboxes
better'n Bank Of America.

Walt stares at all that beautiful green, turns and glances back down the street. The Daytona is gone.

HANK

Whatcha looking at?

WALT
 (a beat)
 Nothing.

HANK
 Wanna come meet a bad guy?

Walt nods, follows him to the house. Glances back one time. Clearly, he's not gonna tell Hank what he knows.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT 38

We're in an old neighborhood of big manses and gnarled trees right out of "The Wizard Of Oz." One particular house is a peculiar Mediterranean with a high wall around the backyard. It looks meant for a grandma with a whole lotta cats.

Headlights. The nose of an extremely ugly American car pulls into frame, parking at the curb. Walt climbs out, staring up at the house in silhouette.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN - BACKYARD - NIGHT 39

"THE CAPN" license plate gets covered -- Jesse Pinkman is out here in the darkness, hurriedly pulling a tarp over his car.

He's antsy as hell. Hearing FOOTSTEPS, he grabs a tire iron, crouches down behind the car. The FOOTSTEPS slow, stop.

WALT (O.S.)
 It's me. I'm alone.

Walt appears out of the blackness. Jesse slowly rises.

JESSE
 How'd you find me?

WALT
 You're still in our filing system.
 Your aunt owns this place, right?

JESSE
 I own it.

Walt nods. Whatever. He glances at the tarp.

WALT
 Nobody's looking for you.

JESSE
 Why you here? What do you want?

WALT

I was curious.

(a beat; shrug)

Honestly, I never expected you to amount to much. Methamphetamine, though. I didn't picture that.

(off the silence)

Lotta money in it, huh?

Jesse peers into the darkness beyond Walt, wondering who else is out there. His hand tightens around the tire iron.

JESSE

I don't know what you're talking about.

WALT

No?

JESSE

Not a clue.

WALT

Huh. Cap'n Cook? That's not you? Like I said, no one's looking for you. I didn't tell anyone.

Jesse grows more agitated. His voice stays low.

JESSE

I don't know what you think you're doing here, Mr. White. If you're planning on giving me some bowl winder about getting right with Jesus and turning myself in --

WALT

No. Not really.

JESSE

High school was a long time ago. You ain't "Welcome Back, Kotter," so step off. No speeches.

Jesse points the tire iron for emphasis. Walt should leave, but he doesn't. Instead...

WALT

Short speech. You lost your partner today. What's-his-name, Emilio? Emilio's going to prison. The D.E.A. took your money, your lab. You got nothing. Square one.

(MORE)

WALT (CONT'D)

But you know the business, and I
know the chemistry. I'm thinking.
Maybe you and I could partner up.

Long, pregnant silence. Jesse can't believe his ears.

JESSE

You -- wanna cook crystal meth.
(off Walt's nod)

You. You and me.

Walt means it. Jesse breaks into a crooked, spreading grin.
Before he can laugh out loud --

WALT

Either that, or I turn you in.

Jesse's smile fades. Off Walt, serious as a heart attack...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

40

Brown shipping tape gets pulled off its roll with a SKRRECK!
 Skyler seals a cardboard box, readies it for the post office.

The kitchen table is stacked with tschotskes and bubble wrap.
 Skyler's sister Marie helps pack. She holds up an item.

MARIE

What the hell is this?

SKYLER

Damned if I know. I described it
 as a "mid-century objet d'art."

MARIE

And somebody bought it?

SKYLER

Some guy in Minneapolis. Fourteen
 dollars plus shipping.

Skyler is tickled. Marie shrugs and bubble-wraps the objet.

MARIE

At this rate, in fifty or sixty
 years you'll be rich.

That's the dynamic -- Marie is constantly yitzing her older
 sister. She's just naturally negative. And competitive.

MARIE

So how goes the novel?

SKYLER

It's not actually a novel. Which --

MARIE

Wait, you're not writing a novel?
 You told me you were.

SKYLER

Short stories. I said if I
 eventually have enough good ones,
 maybe I'd try and publish a
 collection.

MARIE

Huh. Do those sell? I just think
 a novel would be easier to sell.

SKYLER

Yeah, well. Maybe so.

MARIE

You ever want me to read something,
I could critique it for you.

SKYLER

Uh, no. I think really I'm not at
the stage where... no.

MARIE

Open offer. Hey, what's up with
Walt lately?

SKYLER

He's fine. What do you mean?

MARIE

He just seems... I don't know.
Quieter than usual.

SKYLER

Turning fifty is a big deal. I
know I'm not looking forward to it.
(smirk)

You -- are gonna be a basket-case.

MARIE

So, it's a mid-life crisis.

SKYLER
No. He's just. Quiet.

MARIE
 (a beat)
 How's the sex?

SKYLER
 Marie! Jesus!

Marie holds up her hands. *Whatever.* Irked, Skyler runs her tape gun over the top of a box -- SKKKRRRECK.

MARIE
 (mumbles)
 Guess that answers that.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SUPPLY ROOM - AFTERNOON

41

School has ended for the day. Alone in here, Walt hurries around grabbing FLASKS, BEAKERS, TUBING -- anything he can get his hands on. He loads it all in a big cardboard box.

He pauses, hit by a ragged bout of COUGHING. He sniffs and presses his fist to the dull ache in his right side.

Walt hefts his box full of purloined school property. He carries it to the door, pauses to peek out. No witnesses.

Walt flicks off the classroom lights with his back. Out the door he goes. It hisses closed, leaving us in DARKNESS.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

A42

Walt hurries down the steps with his stolen booty. A quick COUGH and snuffle don't even slow him down now as he crosses the deserted quad, headed for his car.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN - BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

42

Jesse sits at a patio table, drinking a long-neck beer and glowering. Walt's Aztek puttters into view, reverses and backs into Jesse's driveway. Walt climbs out, jazzed.

WALT
 Hey. Look what I got.

Walt opens his hatchback. Jesse doesn't budge. Walt stares at him -- a teacher staring at a recalcitrant student -- until Jesse sighs and slouches closer.

Walt lifts a blanket, revealing his CARGO. Lots of goodies. Jesse peers at the stolen lab gear, pulls something out.

WALT

Ah. Kjeldahl-style recovery flask, 800 milliliters. Very nice. You got your Griffin beakers, you got your Erlenmeyer. But check this out -- the *pièce de résistance*. Round bottom boiling flask, 5000 milliliters.

Big. Jesse wipes his nose with his sleeve, refusing to be impressed. He points to something else instead.

JESSE

I cook in one of those. A big one.

WALT

This? This is an volumetric flask. You wouldn't cook in one of these.

JESSE

Yeah. I do.

WALT

No, you don't. A volumetric flask is for general mixing and titration. You do not apply heat to a volumetric flask. That's what the boiling flask is for. Did you not learn anything in my chemistry class?

JESSE

No. You flunked me, remember? Prick? And let me tell you something else -- this ain't chemistry. This is art. Cooking is art. The shit I cook is the bomb, so don't be telling me!

WALT

The shit you cook is shit. I saw your setup. Ridiculous.
(firm)

You and I will not make garbage. We will produce a chemically pure and stable product that performs as advertised. No adulterants. No baby formula. No chili powder.

Walt is simultaneously chastened and offended. Quietly:

WALT

Let's dispense right now with the name-calling.

JESSE

Oh, pardon me. I'm sorry I broke decorum at your little freaking... tea party, or whatever it is you think you're having here. Your fun and games.

(low and heated)

This here is an activity you take -- serious.

Walt suppresses his anger, stares at him evenly.

WALT

Life and death.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN - GARAGE - AFTERNOON

43

A bit later. Chemicals, labware -- the last of the carload of stuff Walt brought gets packed into a back corner of Jesse's messy old garage. Jesse covers it with a tarp.

JESSE

This doesn't stay more than a day.

WALT

What, aren't we gonna cook here?

JESSE

No, we're not gonna cook here. This is my house! I don't shit where I eat.

WALT

Then where are we going to work?

JESSE

You tell me. This is your deal, man. You wanna smoke it up, smoke it up at your house.

(off Walt's look)

Nah. I didn't think so. Oh, well.

Silence as Walt considers. Stubs at the dirt with his heel.

WALT

What if we rent a self-storage place? One of those little orange garages? Worked out of there?

JESSE

Nah, they're onto that. They got dogs that sniff around.

(grudgingly)

RV. That's what you want.

WALT

What, like a Winnebago?

JESSE

I know a dude wants to sell his. He just goes camping with it -- but a mobile meth lab'd be the bomb. You can drive way out in the boonies. Be all evasive.

(gauging Walt's interest)

Eighty-five hundred'd get you in.

Off Walt, already calculating how to swing this:

OMITTED

44

EXT. CREDIT UNION - AFTERNOON

A45

"Mesa Credit Union," it says on the sign. The automatic doors slide open and Walt exits into the sunlight carrying a fat BANK ENVELOPE. His whole life is right there in his hands -- his life savings, that is.

We PAN around with Walt as he heads across the lot to where his Aztek and Jesse's Daytona are parked side by side.

EXT. CREDIT UNION PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

45

CLOSE ON the fat envelope of CASH. Jesse quickly counts it. He sits in his Daytona, Walt standing beside his door.

JESSE

It's not even seven grand. My guy wants eighty-five.

Walt shrugs -- too bad.

WALT

It's all I've got in the world.
(a beat)

You're a drug dealer. Negotiate.

Jesse thinks about it, shoves the money in his pants.

JESSE

You're not how I remember you from class. I mean, like, not at all.

Walt checks his watch.

WALT

I gotta go.

JESSE

Wait. Hold up. Tell me why you're doing this. Seriously.

WALT

Why do you do it?

JESSE

Money, mainly.

WALT

There you have it.

JESSE

Nah. Come on, man! Some straight like you, giant stick up his ass... all a sudden at age, what, sixty he's just gonna break bad?

WALT

I'm fifty.

JESSE

It's weird, is all. It doesn't compute. If you're like...

(MORE)

SKYLER

Yeah, well. Maybe so.

MARIE

You ever want me to read something,
I could critique it for you.

SKYLER

Uh, no. I think really I'm not at
the stage where... no.

MARIE

Open offer. Hey, what's up with
Walt lately?

SKYLER

He's fine. What do you mean?

MARIE

He just seems... I don't know.
Quieter than usual.

SKYLER

Turning fifty is a big deal. I
know I'm not looking forward to it.
(smirk)

You -- are gonna be a basket-case.

MARIE

So, it's a mid-life crisis.

Walt stares at Jesse a long time, considers how to answer.

WALT
I am... awake.

JESSE
(a confused beat)
What?

Walt walks off.

WALT
Buy the RV. We start tomorrow.

Walt climbs in his old Aztek, starts it up. Off Jesse, confounded, watching him go:

INT. DRESSING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

46

It's tight in here. Familiar CRUTCHES lean against the wall. Walter, Jr. sits on a bench, struggling to pull a stiff new pair of off-brand jeans over his bare legs.

SKYLER (O.S.)
How you coming in there?

WALTER, JR.
Fine.

Anything but. Young Walter works at it valiantly, but the design of this room is giving him trouble. He won't ask for help and his folks know it. After a while:

SKYLER (O.S.)
You want me or your Dad?

WALTER, JR.
(gives up; annoyed)
Dad.

The door opens and Walt enters. Not a word is said as Walt leans down and his son wraps his arms around his neck. While Walter, Jr. holds on, his dad lifts him a little and works the jeans up onto his thighs and waist.

It's intimate in a way that's tough on a teenager, but Walter, Jr. keeps his dignity. Walt handles it well, too.

WALT
How do these fit? You like these?

Walter, Jr. shrugs, nods. Walt zips up his son, buttons him.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - LATE AFTERNOON

47

Minutes later. Not even a Sears or a Target -- this is some storefront bargain outlet. Walter, Jr. stands before a mirror, balancing on his crutches as he appraises his new jeans. Skyler and Walt are behind him. Walt's thoughts are distant as he watches his son.

SKYLER

Don't get 'em if they're too tight.

WALTER, JR.

They're--pre--shrunk.

SKYLER

They always say pre-shrunk, then they shrink anyway. You sure you don't want the relaxed fit? That's supposed to be the style now.

As Walter, Jr. considers, we hear a faint o.s. COMMOTION.

JOCK (O.S.)

Big boy pants. I got new big boy pants. Mommmeeee...

Walt snaps out of it, turns and looks. Thirty feet away, partially hidden by clothing racks, are three GUYS not long out of high school. They're laughing hard, making only a token effort to keep their voices low.

The biggest among them, a tall JOCK, is gimping around, playing "retard" and cracking up the other two. They glance our way -- it's clear they're making fun of WALTER, JR.

JOCK

Mommmeeee, zip up my big boy pants.

Choked LAUGHTER and WHISPERS. Walter, Jr. hears. He sets his jaw and ignores it, his face burning.

Skyler is livid. She's about to go give these guys bloody hell, but Walt touches a hand to her arm and stops her.

WALT

Don't.

Before she can ask why not, Walt walks off in the opposite direction. He disappears through a back doorway. Is he looking for the manager? What's he doing?

Skyler is frustrated he won't stand up for their son. Until:

NEW ANGLE -- the jock is still flogging the joke as WALT enters the front door behind him. Unbeknownst to everyone, Walt has quickly looped around the outside of the store, stalking up behind these guys.

JOCK

Oh no. Oh no. I pinched a loaf in my big boy pa--

WHAM! Walt kicks his heel into the back of the jock's KNEE, dropping the guy to the floor. Before the startled jock can get up, Walt stands full-weight on his CALF. Leverage.

JOCK

AAHH! Whu -- what are you DOING?!

WALT

What's the matter, Chief? You having trouble walking there? Huh?

JOCK

AAAHH! GET OFF ME! --

Walt finally raises his heel. The jock scrambles to his feet, towering over Walt.

JOCK

I'll mess you up, man!

The kid's nearly a head taller, 240. Doesn't mean jack-shit to Walt, who gets in his face. Walt looks slightly crazy.

WALT

Well, don't keep me waiting.

The jock hesitates, backs off. His two friends are spooked, as well -- tugging at him to leave.

JOCK

(under his breath)

Psycho.

B.M.O.C. limps off with his tail between his legs. Skyler and Walter, Jr. stand amazed. They've never seen anything like it. Certainly not from their husband and dad.

Standing here, Walt feels a kind of power -- one that's brought on by an absence of fear.

Off him, realizing more and more that he likes it:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. PASTURELAND - AFTERNOON

48

Familiar to us from the Teaser, the WINNEBAGO is parked off a dirt road. Middle of nowhere. Nobody around for miles.

The Winnie's door opens. Walt steps out, looks around. Breathes deep and COUGHS some. He's got a couple of green coat hangers he impatiently taps against his legs. Waiting.

High up behind him climbs Jesse, cresting into frame. Jesse calls out from atop a tall sandstone outcropping.

JESSE

Nothing but cows. Got some big cow-house way over that way, like two miles. But I don't see nobody.

WALT

"Cow-house?"

JESSE

(shrug)

Where they live. The cows. Whatever, man. Shit yeah, let's cook here.

While the kid scrambles down, Walt takes off his shirt and neatly hangs it on a hanger. Jesse wanders up in time to see Walt climb out of his PANTS. Jesse stops dead in his tracks.

JESSE

What. Are you doing?

WALT

These are my good clothes. I can't go home smelling like a meth lab.

Jesse shakes his head, weirded-out. Walt, stripped down to his UNDERPANTS, hangs his garments on the side-view mirror, then climbs up into the Winnebago.

WALT

C'mon, daylight's burning.

He disappears inside. Jesse considers, then reaches in his jacket for... a MINI-CAMCORDER (the one we remember from the Teaser). Grinning, he follows Walt into the RV.

BLACK SCREEN

49

With a DING, up comes a live VIDEO IMAGE of Walt, his back to us. He wears a lab apron, rubber gloves and safety glasses. His respirator is propped on his forehead. We are:

INT. WINNEBAGO - AFTERNOON

And we're watching Jesse's CAMCORDER POV of Walt at work. Walt is crushing scads of sinus pills in a mortar and pestle. This place is packed tight with lab equipment and supplies.

We hear Jesse SNICKERING o.s. He ZOOMS IN on Walt's underpants, which show through the back of his apron.

JESSE (O.S.)

This is a good look for you.
You're maybe only the world's
second-biggest homo.

WALT

Shut up and give me a hand here.

JESSE (O.S.)

Oh yeah, work it. Work it, Baby!

Walt glances back at us, notices the camcorder. *Shit!* He reaches straight into lens, tussling for it. It goes BLACK.

WALT (O.S.)

Gimme that damned --

The screen goes to BLUE. BAM! -- as we bring up MUSIC:

INT. WINNEBAGO - AFTERNOON - MONTAGE

50

Edited to the BEAT of some very hip, driving SONG, we see various ANGLES and JUMP-CUTS of Walt cooking meth, assisted by Jesse. Days are compressed into seconds here.

For those of us who grew up watching "The A-Team," this is that scene they'd always do where the A-Team builds a tank or a jet plane out of spare parts. Same feeling, same energy -- except here, our guys are making highly illegal drugs.

Without turning this into a how-to video, we watch as:

-- Powdered sinus tablets get soaked in a solvent, separated out as a paste and a liquid, then reduced down over heat.

-- Veterinary iodine is transformed into hydriodic acid.

-- Red phosphorus is combined with hydriodic acid and mixed with the pseudoephedrine culled from the sinus pills.

-- The whole mess gets cooked into freebase meth oil.

-- Salt, muriatic acid, and bits of aluminum foil are mixed in a gas can. It gets connected to a length of garden hose.

-- hydrogen chloride gas bubbles through the hose and down into a big bucket full of freebase. White methamphetamine hydrochloride crystals float to the top and get skimmed off.

Throughout all this, Walt is working with the utmost gravity and attention to detail -- as if he were a scientist on the Manhattan Project. As the cook progresses, we get little hints that Jesse is taking it more seriously, too.

Seeing the way Walt works, seeing that he really knows his stuff, Jesse acts more respectful. He even starts wearing his safety gear. Clearly, he's learning from Walt.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - AFTERNOON

51

The little RV sits dwarfed by a butte. Toxic YELLOW SMOKE wafts through a vent in the roof. It curls up into the sky, filtering through the red afternoon sunset.

End MUSIC. End MONTAGE.

INT. WINNEBAGO - EVENING

52

The cook is finally done. Walt sits in his apron, exhausted. He rubs at the red line around his face left by his gas mask, trying to make it go away.

They've made about a pound of fat, snowy white crystals. Jesse carefully dips into their product with a razor blade, lifting out a sample. He taps it onto a sheet of yellow paper, swirling it around. His eyes are wide.

He's a whole new Jesse now. Subdued. Awed. It's as if he's seen the Holy Grail.

JESSE

This is... this is glass grade.
You got... Jesus, you got crystals
in here a quarter-inch long.
Longer. This is pure glass.

(turns to him)

You're... you're an artist. This
is art. Mr. White...

He's run out of superlatives. He's actually tearing up.
Walt is surprised by his emotion.

WALT

It's just basic chemistry.
(off his awe)
But thank you, Jesse. I'm glad
it's acceptable.

JESSE

Acceptable? You're the goddamned
Iron Chef! Every jibbhead from
here to Timbuktu's gonna want a
taste! --
(dips some more)
Dude, I gotta try some of this.

Uncomfortable with that idea, Walt intercedes.

WALT

No. We only sell it.

JESSE

Since when?
(Walt puts it away)
Man, you been watching too much
"Miami Vice."

WALT

(checks his watch)
So, how do we proceed?

JESSE

We cook more tomorrow. Meantime,
I know just the guy to talk to.

INT. KRAZY-8'S HOUSE - DAY

53

High floor-to-ceiling windows look out over the Rio Grande.
This is a thirty year-old design house that has desperately
gone to seed. It's filthy, with mismatched furniture.

It's also got what has to be the meanest, throat-ripping-est,
satanic ROTTWEILER we've ever seen in our lives. This dog
growls and chomps at the leg of a leather TRAINING DUMMY
that's suspended from a pulley in the ceiling.

On the other end of the rope is this dog's owner -- KRAZY-8,
a young, hard-looking Mexican. He yanks the dummy skyward
while the rottweiler clamps down and hangs on tight. This
mutt is so badass, he means to rip out the dummy's throat,
pass it through his colon, then do it all over again.

While this goes on in f.g., Jesse wanders into view on the back deck. He cups his eyes to the screen and peers in through the open patio door. He calls out over the GROWLING.

JESSE

Yo, Kraze! How you doin', my man?
Whassup! --

Krazy-8 glances over flatly, then returns his attention to his killer dog. A beat or two as he keeps hoisting him.

JESSE

Hey, yo, can I come in?

Another beat of silence. Finally, without looking, Krazy-8 listlessly nods him inside.

Jesse bops into the house, all smiles. He's acting like he and this guy are tight -- which they are NOT. He tries to represent like he's not scared of the rottweiler, but he most definitely keeps his distance.

JESSE

Hey, right on man, you got a new dog? What's his name?

(no answer)

Yo, I had a dog like that once. Except maybe like, twice as big. Super-purebred. I got him from this dude in Germany? His great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great grandfather was Hitler's personal hunting dog. My dog, I mean -- not the dude. So that was pretty badass. Yeah, personally? I'd train him to go straight for the nutsack, myself. I could show you, if you want. Basically, you just rub a little bacon on the --

KRAZY-8

-- Shut your mouth and show me your money.

JESSE

I ain't buying, ese. I'm selling.

Jesse holds up a tiny BAGGIE. Shakes it. It's a "tina" -- one-sixteenth of an ounce of meth. One hit.

JESSE

Tell me that ain't the finest scante you ever laid eyes on.

Krazy-8 glances at the baggie, keeps hoisting his dog. Glances at it again. Lets go of the rope and snaps his fingers for the dog to heel. The rottweiler obeys perfectly, sitting at attention and awaiting the order to strike.

Krazy-8 snatches the baggie. He studies it closely.

JESSE

Go ahead. Try it.

Krazy takes a whiff of the open baggie, considers. He scoops a taste into his pinkie nail. Meanwhile, Jesse gingerly eases a hand toward the rottweiler.

JESSE

Hey poochie. Howya doing?

The dog GROWLS at him. Jesse quickly takes away his hand. Not giving a shit whether the rottweiler tears Jesse's arm off or not, Krazy-8 snorts the meth up his nostril.

JESSE

BOO-YAH! See? What I say?

Krazy squints his eyes, rubs his nose. *Jesus -- rocket fuel.*

KRAZY-8

That's alright.

(eyeing him)

So, what? You back in business?

JESSE

Hell, yeah I'm back! With a vengeance! Vato loco gots to make a living! And with your cousin gone away and all...

(changes gears)

And listen homes, about that. It really broke me up about Emilio. Dude is like my brother.

(mournful)

He okay? You talk to him?

KRAZY-8

Yeah, I talked to him. He says when the feds came, you were out stickin' it in some neighbor lady.

JESSE

(shrugs; smiles)

Hey, you know. I got lucky twice.

KRAZY-8

Yeah? I dunno, man. Emilio..?

(dark)

He thinks maybe you dined on him.

Jesse's expression clouds over, surprised and offended.

JESSE

That is bullshit. That is bullshit, Krazy-8! I should kick his punk ass for even thinking that. Next time you talk to Emilio, you tell him for me!

A TOILET FLUSHES o.s. Krazy-8 nods toward the sound.

KRAZY-8

He made bail this morning. Tell him yourself.

Into the room walks EMILIO, the guy we watched get busted. He looks bigger now, somehow. And angry.

EMILIO

Go ahead, pendejo. Kick my ass.

Jesse is suddenly none too comfortable. Emilio advances on him, but Krazy-8 shakes his head to his cousin -- hold up.

Krazy-8 turns to Jesse, dangles the baggie.

KRAZY-8

Where'd you get this? 'Cause I
know your punk ass didn't cook it.

Off Jesse, not so cocky now:

EXT. PASTURELAND - DAY

54

It's another day of illicit chemistry for Walt. He's out here alone with the Winnebago, having just arrived. He puts his coat hanger on the mirror and strips down, hanging up his good clothes. As he ties on his lab apron...

... A lime-green Cutlass arrives. Stops thirty feet away. Walt stands his ground watching it, wary.

Three men in the car. A little hard to see. Walt relaxes slightly when he realizes Jesse is one of them.

Driver's door opens. Krazy-8 climbs out, stands his ground.

KRAZY-8

Damn, man. You some kinda nudist?
(off Walt's silence)

That is some stone-fine tick tick
you been cookin', ese! How 'bout
you come work for me?

WALT

(a beat)

I'd be willing to sell to you.
If, uh... if the price is right.

As answer, Krazy-8 holds up a plastic bag filled with CASH -- gives it a slow SHAKE-SHAKE. He glances around, casual.

KRAZY-8

You out here all by yourself, huh?

Walt doesn't like the question. Doesn't answer. He's watching the Cutlass now -- wondering why Jesse, sitting in the back seat with the third man, hasn't moved.

The third man, EMILIO, climbs out now. He's got a look on his face that tells us he's just realized who Walt is.

EMILIO

Hey, you're that guy!
(to Krazy-8)

He was there when I got busted.
He's with the D.E.A! --

OFF Walt -- uh-oh. Confusion all around. Rising anxiety. Emilio turns on Jesse, still seated in the car.

EMILIO

You rata snitch muthafucker! --

Emilio reaches in his waistband for his gun. That's enough for Jesse -- he throws open the far door, takes off on foot.

JESSE

RUN, MR. WHITE! RUN!

As he yells this over his shoulder -- BAM! Jesse trips over a big rock. He sprawls face-down, knocked cold.

Walt doesn't go anywhere. Krazy-8 pulls his gun immediately, points it at him. Pistols drawn, the two cousins look back and forth between unconscious Jesse and Walt, who's got his hands up. Motionless silence. The cousins expect choppers full of feds to come swarming in at any second.

None do. The cousins relax a touch. Jesse softly MOANS.

EMILIO

(to Krazy-8)

I say cap 'em both.

Krazy-8 lights a cigarette, thinks about it. Walt stands nervous, but stoic. He's already living under a death sentence. He's not going to plead for his life.

Krazy blows smoke, studies Walt closely.

KRAZY-8

Yo. You really cook that batch?

Walt nods, his hands still raised.

KRAZY-8

You an artist. It's a damn shame.

He raises his pistol, about to fire -- Emilio, too.

WALT

I'll teach you my recipe! Whaddya say? Huh? You wanna cook like me?
(off their silence)

Let us both live... I'll teach you.

Emilio looks to Krazy-8, who's weighing it. It's attractive. Off Krazy, blowing smoke:

EXT. WINNEBAGO - MINUTES LATER 55

CLOSE ON Jesse, face-down and blotto. Emilio hog-ties his wrists, then gives him a KICK in the head for good measure. Emilio walks to the RV in b.g.

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS 56

Walt prepares his tools and materials. Krazy-8 stands behind him, arms crossed, gun in hand, watching his every move. Emilio climbs aboard, joins his cousin.

WALT

Put out the cigarette. Please.

Krazy-8 considers, then pokes his cig through the louvered slats of a window and flicks it outside.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS 57

CLOSE -- it lands behind the RV, a few red sparks flying. We CREEP IN on the butt as it lies smoldering in the WEEDS.

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS 58

CLOSE -- water BOILS in a glass beaker held in a heating mantle. Walt runs a finger across his neatly arranged jars of ingredients. He stops on one -- RED PHOSPHORUS.

Walt glances at... his RESPIRATOR. It's lying way at the other end of the RV. Walt gingerly sizes up the cousins.

Emilio reaches over, wig-wags Walt's earlobe with the muzzle of his shiny .45. Cold and menacing as hell.

EMILIO

Step to it, snitch.

Clearly, these guys are going to kill him once he's finished. Walt makes up his mind -- *it's now or never*. He unscrews the top off the red phosphorus bottle. He takes a long, deep, quiet breath... and HOLDS it.

He dumps the bottle into the beaker. It hits the boiling water with a sizzling WHOOF and smokes up. Walt RUNS.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

59

Walt makes it outside just ahead of the cousins. He slams the door in their faces, leans his back against it hard.

BOOM! BOOM! They're kicking the shit out of it from the inside, trying desperately to get out. We hear them COUGHING now. GASPING. The flimsy RV door won't hold up long.

Suddenly -- BLAM!-BLAM!-BLAM! BULLET HOLES puncture the door, zinging just above Walt's head. Still Walt stands fast, flinching and ducking lower. BLAM!-BLAM!-BLAM!-BLAM!

The firing stops. The CHOKING SOUNDS get louder, more tortured. Horrifying. Tiny thin curls of RED SMOKE waft out through the bullet holes.

We hear a heavy THUMP. Then ANOTHER. Two bodies hitting the floor. Silence now. Walt shuts his eyes, breathing hard.

Walt recovers, stumbles over and checks on Jesse, who's still breathing. Walt unties him. Thank God, they're both alive. Just as Walt gets Jesse loose...

... He smells SMOKE. He turns, sees it rising thick and dark from behind the Winnebago. He runs to see.

NEW ANGLE - BEHIND THE RV

Krazy-8's CIGARETTE has started a BRUSH FIRE. It's ten feet across. Walt tries to stomp it out, but that ain't working.

He yanks off his heavy lab apron, desperately tries to beat out the flames with that. No dice. In a panic, Walt stares up into the sky -- watches the SMOKE trail high overhead. Everyone within five miles can see it.

LOW ANGLE - JESSE

Lies drifting in and out of consciousness. Walt -- in his underpants -- runs to him. He yanks a RESPIRATOR onto Jesse's face, then drags him out of frame.

ANGLE - THE RV

The flames of the brush fire are licking the back bumper. The engine ROARS alive as the Winnebago lurches forward and takes off overland.

EXT. PASTURELAND - DAY

60

Walt's trousers fall off the Winnebago, tumbling into frame. We're now full-circle back to the Teaser as the RV galumphs across the landscape.

INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY (REPEATED FOOTAGE)

61

Walt drives in his underpants and his gas mask, his knuckles white on the wheel. Unconscious Jesse slumps beside him. Behind, the dead cousins slide to and fro amidst the sloshing ruins of the meth lab. Their CASH flutters in the breeze.

Walt hyperventilates. His mask FOGS UP. BAM! He crashes, violently JERKING FORWARD into lens. The frame goes BLACK.

CUT TO:

EXT. PASTURELAND - DAY - MINUTES LATER

62

We start on BLACK, then PULL OUT of the barrel of Walt's gun. We find ourselves where the Teaser left off -- Walt aims past us, standing in the dirt road in his shirt and underpants.

SIRENS are wailing. We see RED LIGHTS flashing just over top of the distant berm. They're racing our way.

Walt has second thoughts. What the hell is he doing? He's not going to shoot anybody. The ferocity leaks out of him. Despair settles into its place.

Sirens -- BLARING. Fuck it. He sticks the muzzle in his mouth, winces hard. He YANKS the TRIGGER.

Nothing. The safety's on. Walt fumbles with it, trying to figure it out. BLAM! He accidentally FIRES the pistol into the dirt! This startles him so much that he DROPS it.

All of this takes just long enough that...

... The sirens are revealed to be FIRE ENGINES. Not the cops. Three neon green trucks flash past us, one by one.

They roar on by, none of the firemen taking the slightest notice of Walt. They're heading for Krazy-8's brush fire a mile away. We can see the crooked column of SMOKE from here.

Walt stares stupidly after them as their SIRENS fade away. Gradually, the pasture grows quiet again.

Walt stands blinking, trying to figure out what the hell just happened. Pure, dumb luck. Beginner's luck.

As he stands here, the door to the RV opens behind him. Jesse stumbles out, pulls off his gas mask. Half his face is swollen like a balloon, but he'll recover.

Jesse wanders over, stands next to Walt. Dazed silence.

JESSE

What happened..?

(looks to the RV)

W-What did you do to them?

Walt is weirdly matter-of-fact.

WALT

Red phosphorus, in the presence of moisture and accelerated by heat... yields phosphorus hydride.

Phosphine gas. One good whiff...

He shrugs, trails off. Folds at the waist and THROWS UP.

Jesse stands staring at nothing in particular. Walt rises, wipes his mouth. He picks up his WALLET and CAMCORDER.

WALT

Gotta. Gotta clean this up.

He slowly wanders back to the Winnebago. Jesse staggers after him. Off our two new partners, who have barely survived their first week together...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - GARAGE - LATE NIGHT

63

DING, then a door opens -- revealing we're inside the clothes dryer, looking out. Twenty dollar bills flutter around, nice and clean. Bleary-eyed Walt reaches in and grabs them by the fistful. He picks loose a fabric softener sheet, tosses it.

It's late. The rest of the world is asleep. Walt counts his money. He squeezes shut his eyes, which are tearing up. Tonight's a night he sure as hell will never forget.

Fourteen thousand dollars and change. Walt wraps a rubber band around this fat horse-wad. Remembering something, he reaches in his pocket...

... And pulls out the tiny camcorder TAPE. On it, we'll remember, is his confession to his family. He thinks about it a moment, then fastens it beneath the rubber band.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

64

CLICK -- the light comes on. Since we last saw it, this room has been PAINTED.

It's now a rich, light shade of GREEN. Like Spring grass. Vibrant. All the diplomas and plaques that were on the wall are gone, as is the desk and stair-stepper. It's now fully a baby's room, ready and waiting for the blessed event.

Walt stands looking around, taking it in. He quietly moves aside the bassinet. He gets down on hands and knees and pulls loose a heat register. Inside it he carefully tucks the fourteen thousand, hiding it away.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

65

Skyler lies in bed, alone and awake. We hear the SHOWER turn off o.s. The RUSTLE of a towel. Quiet footsteps.

Walt gingerly climbs into bed, not wanting to wake his wife. He lies motionless, staring up at the ceiling. A torrent of thoughts rush through his head. Finally:

SKYLER

Where were you?

Walt doesn't answer. Skyler turns his way, stares at him.

SKYLER

Walt, I don't know what is going on with you lately --

WALT

Nothing. I'm fine.

SKYLER

-- Whatever it is, I'll tell you this. I do not like it when you don't talk to me. The worst thing you can do is shut me out.

WALT

I'm... I understand. I'm fine.

She stares at him in the darkness. He stares at her.

A strange feeling comes over him. It's relief to be alive, mixed with dread that life won't last. It's fear of being caught. It's the thrill -- for once -- of taking risks.

It's excitement, in many different forms. And since he can't talk about it, there's only one way to let it out.

Walt kisses his wife. Passionately.

SKYLER

Walt...

He keeps kissing her. Gently rolls her so that her back is to him. Out of sight under the covers, he fumbles with her panties, pulls them down.

Surprised as hell, Skyler nonetheless allows it. She feels around behind her.

SKYLER

Oh my God. Is that you?

It sure is. The mighty oak. Walt enters her -- Skyler's eyes pop wide, and we CUT TO BLACK. Over the sounds of HEAVY BREATHING and the SQUEAK-SQUEAK-SQUEAKING of bed springs...

... FADE UP CREDITS.

THE END