

BREAKING BAD

"A No-Rough-Stuff-Type Deal"

Episode #106

Written by

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Directed by

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Production Draft

WHITE (Issued as Writers Draft) - 10/26/07

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FINAL DRAFT - 11/26/07

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BREAKING BAD
"A No-Rough-Stuff-Type Deal"
11/26/07

Cast list

WALTER
SKYLER
JESSE
WALTER, JR.
HANK
MARIE

CARMEN
TUCO
NO-DOZE
GONZO (*Non-Speaking*)
DR. DELCAVOLI

REALTOR
JEWELRY STORE OWNER
POLICE LIEUTENANT
CONCERNED PARENT
SECOND CONCERNED PARENT
THIRD CONCERNED PARENT
BLOCKED PARENT
YUPPIE WOMAN
(Guy in) BASEBALL HAT
CHEMICAL PLANT GUARD
PHARMACY P.A. (Voice over Pharmacy P.A. system)

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Set List

Interiors:

HIGH SCHOOL
 MEETING ROOM
AZTEK
JESSE'S HOUSE
 BASEMENT
 KITCHEN
 HALLWAY
 GARAGE
R.V.
ONCOLOGY SUITE
 DOCTOR'S OFFICE
DRUG STORE
WHITE HOUSE
 KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM (Video Camera P.O.V.)
 LIVING ROOM
 GARAGE
 MASTER BEDROOM
 MASTER BATHROOM
MEDICI'S JEWELRY & GIFTS
 BACK OFFICE
PORTA POTTY
BOUTIQUE

Exteriors:

HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT
JESSE'S HOUSE
 DRIVEWAY
AUTOMOBILE GRAVEYARD
WHITE HOUSE
MEDICI'S
CHEMICAL PLANT
 FENCE
 PORTA POTTY
 STORAGE BUILDING
OVERLOOK
JESSE'S NEIGHBORHOOD

Interior/Exterior:

REALTOR MERCEDES/JESSE'S HOUSE

TEASER

1 GREEN LETTERS ON A BLACK SCREEN:

1

The words "METH = DEATH" read like a mathematical formula. A POLICE LIEUTENANT in a crisp APD uniform steps into frame, finishing his PowerPoint presentation.

POLICE LIEUTENANT

In closing, I can tell you we take this very seriously -- the APD as well as the DEA. Stopping the manufacture and sale of methamphetamine remains one of our highest priorities. And the theft of lab equipment from your school is receiving our full attention. Rest assured we'll leave no stone unturned in our search for the person or persons responsible.

2 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

2

WALT, the person responsible, sits listening in the darkness. "METH = DEATH" is reflected in his glasses. It seems this cop is talking directly to Walt until...

... The overheads FLICKER ON, revealing a PTA MEETING jammed with PARENTS. It's standing room only, Walt and SKYLER among the lucky ones with seats at the large conference table.

POLICE LIEUTENANT

Any questions, I'd be happy to --

HANDS instantly shoot up all around before he can finish his sentence. The cop nods and points to somebody at random.

CONCERNED PARENT

You're talking like you haven't caught anybody yet. What about this janitor who was dealing drugs at the school? --

Vice-Principal CARMEN quickly nips this rumor in the bud.

CARMEN

There's no indication that that individual was selling drugs. He was arrested for having a small amount of marijuana in his car -- not inside the school -- and he's since been fired.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON Walt -- feeling deep guilt for that turn of events.

CONCERNED PARENT

I heard his guy had a record. I want to know how he got a job here in the first place!

SECOND CONCERNED PARENT

Exactly! Why wasn't there a background check? --

The crowd murmurs in agreement, starting to get whipped up. Carmen struggles to keep the meeting on track.

CARMEN

There was one. Currently we're reviewing our, our hiring policies.

THIRD CONCERNED PARENT

You better be doing a lot more than that! This person was arrested right in front of my daughter!

CONCERNED PARENT

This guy must have been the one stealing the lab equipment, right?

POLICE LIEUTENANT

That's not our thinking at this time. We're looking into others who might have had access -- not limited to the maintenance staff.

Uh-oh. Walt listens, projecting nothing but sober concern. But, as we BOOM DOWN UNDER the table, we see another story.

Out of sight of the room, Walt's fingers reach for Skyler's KNEE. Silently they lift her calf-length skirt and stroke the soft skin of her thigh.

Skyler's eyebrows knit. *What the hell's going on down there?*

SECOND CONCERNED PARENT

Well, was this a break-in? And when exactly did it happen? Do we know if it happened during school hours?

POLICE LIEUTENANT

We haven't been able to establish a time or date, but there were no signs of breaking and entering.

(CONTINUED)

CONCERNED PARENT

So whoever took it had a key?
We're talking about an inside job?
Someone who's still at the school?

Double uh-oh -- yet Walt keeps on slowly feeling up his wife. There's no way she could realize it -- but we start to sense what this is: Walt is actually getting off on the DANGER. The risk of being caught turns him on.

Skyler flashes Walt a sidelong look, her hand closing around his wrist -- stop. Take this seriously! Yet he continues.

Skyler turns to Walt -- she's going to tell him to cool it. But he stares back at her with an intensity that stops her in her tracks. The SOUNDS OF THE FRANTIC PTA MEETING DROP AWAY.

Upset parents raise their voices, but Skyler and Walt are in a BUBBLE OF SILENCE. The only sound is Skyler's BREATHING.

In spite of herself, Skyler releases Walt's wrist... Walt's fingers wander... Skyler's thighs spread a millimeter.

Above the table, Walt and Skyler look away from each other, trying not to be obvious. And suddenly CARMEN IS SPEAKING WALT'S NAME. The SOUND RUSHES BACK IN.

CARMEN

... Walt? So good to see you here.
I know the timing is difficult.

All eyes go to Walt. Skyler looks like a teenager caught making out -- but Walt's cool like iced tea.

CARMEN

(to the room)

Walt is currently on medical leave.
But as he's the chair of our
science department, he made a very
special effort to be with us
tonight, and I want to thank him
for that.

Carmen claps -- starting an anemic round of APPLAUSE from the angry parents for this poor bald dude who's obviously in the middle of chemo. Skyler automatically claps some, too.

CARMEN

Walt, can you talk to us about your
missing equipment?

(CONTINUED)

WALT

Uh. Yes. Thank you. My, uh...
(refers to his paperwork)
My latest inventory shows that
we're missing one 5000 milliliter
round bottom boiling flask, one --

A VOICE pipes up from somewhere.

BLOCKED PARENT

Can't hear you! Can you stand up?

Walt rises, positioning a NOTEPAD to hide the (always o.s.)
boner in his pants. Skyler stares off into middle distance.

WALT

One Kjeldahl-style recovery flask,
800 milliliters, two full-face type
respirators, two condensers,
straight central tube type, two sep
funnels, one still head with
thermometer holder...

He drones on, dry as toast, boring the crap out of everyone
in the room. Off Skyler's look of innocent concern, CUT TO:

3 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT 3
Rows of cars. And, next to an unoccupied APD POLICE CRUISER,
a familiar beige Aztek... is ROCKING away. Then, it STOPS.

4 INT. AZTEK - NIGHT 4
Walt and Sky are tangled in the backseat, just now finished
having sex. Skyler's hair is caught in the rear shoulder
belt. They're both breathing hard. Post-coital bliss.

SKYLER

Wow. Where did THAT come from?
(half to herself)
And why was it so damn good?

WALT

'Cause it's illegal.
(off her raised eyebrow)
What we're doing -- on school
property? We just broke the law.

He seems dead-serious about this answer. Skyler smirks at
him -- studies his face closely to see if he's joking.

(CONTINUED)

SKYLER
Ohh-kay...

Walt shrugs. Smiles faintly.

WALT
Kinda nice, huh?
(studying her)
Maybe criminals have the best sex.

He's something of a changed man since last we saw him facing off with mad-dog Tuco in our previous episode (although he is back wearing his typical beige sweaters and such, for the most part). Off Walt, bold and confident...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

5 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY 5

Motes of dust dance in shafts of light from the ground-level windows. This is where Krazy-8 died. Not a happy place.

The upstairs door opens with a CREAK. SHADOWS cast across the wall. Footsteps. Is this the prelude to another murder? But then a SUNNY GOLD BLAZER comes into view. It's worn by a female REALTOR who leads a YUPPIE COUPLE downstairs.

REALTOR
The basement. Unfinished, of course, but just look at all this space! You have to think: rec room, media room? Just imagine all the things you could do down here!

6 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 6

The house is cleaner than we've ever seen it. The counters are clear of bong and pizza boxes. As the Realtor leads in the yuppie couple, we're wondering: where the hell is Jesse?

REALTOR
Huge, huge kitchen. With an island! Vintage appliances. Vintage tile.

The woman opens a cabinet-- it's jammed with FILTHY dishes.

YUPPIE WOMAN
Ugh!

Off the Realtor's smile, flickering slightly:

7 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 7

Three sets of FEET cross the wooden floor -- *smick, smack, smick!* As the Realtor leads this couple along, the yuppie woman frowns down at her shoes -- why is this floor sticky?

REALTOR
Remember, you're buying for this fantastic neighborhood. Big lawns and shade trees, walking distance to the country club --

The young man notices something above them. He taps his wife and warily points it out to her.

(CONTINUED)

YUPPIE WOMAN
What happened there?

They all stare up at the ceiling. The hole where the bathtub crashed through has been patched -- very poorly -- with an unpainted slab of DRYWALL. The Realtor shrugs, smiles.

REALTOR
Bit of a fixer, but this house has great bones. It's a blank canvas!

8 EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - DAY 8

A GOLD "FOR SALE" SIGN is staked in the yard. RACK TO Walt pulling into f.g. in his Aztek, warily taking in the sign and the Mercedes station wagon in the driveway. What the hell..?

Walt climbs out of his car. He cautiously walks up the driveway. Marching toward him, the undaunted Realtor leads the couple to her Mercedes, BEEPING the remote to unlock it.

REALTOR
Know what? We're zeroing in. I have another listing, brand new, just around the corner.
(noticing Walt)
It's by appointment only!

WALT
I'm here to see the owner.

REALTOR
Oh. I think he's in the, uh...

Not sure what to call it, the lady points to the nearby RV. An orange all-weather extension cord runs from the house into one of the RV's side windows.

Walt watches the Mercedes pull out of the driveway, then knocks on the RV door. No answer. He KNOCKS harder.

JESSE (O.S.)
Yo, it's appointment only!

Walt pulls open the door and climbs up into the Winnie.

9 INT. R.V. - DAY 9

Walt's eyes adjust to the cave-like darkness (the shades are pulled, as always). His nose wrinkles at the lived-in smell.

(CONTINUED)

WALT

Hey. It's me.

Jesse lies on an AIR MATTRESS -- one of those camping-type deals. It's set in the cleared-out middle of the RV. He's got other stuff here, too: a Coleman lantern, a hot plate, a dorm-style cube fridge, a small TV, a couple of lawn chairs. A BONG. Clearly, he's living here.

Jesse is bare-chested, his ribs wrapped with TAPE. He no longer wears the neck brace he had on the last time Walt saw him, which was several days ago in the hospital. Jesse looks better now, but clearly he's still recovering. Breathing hurts a little. Twisting at the waist hurts a LOT.

Jesse gazes up at Walt from his mattress, not particularly happy to see him. He makes no move to get up. The two partners stare at one another a beat.

WALT

How you feeling?

JESSE

(a grudging beat)

About as good as you look.

(nods at his bald head)

You look like Lex Luthor.

Walt glances around at the place. He takes a seat.

WALT

I visited you in the hospital. You were asleep.

JESSE

Skinny Pete told me you wanted Tuco's address. Acting like you were all out for blood.

(throws up a hand)

Here you are alive, so obviously you wised up.

WALT

No. I did go see him.

Jesse's eyes narrow.

JESSE

Bullshit.

WALT

(off on another subject)

You're selling your house?

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

Damn straight I am. Two dudes
turned into raspberry slushie and
flushed down my toilet? I can't
even take a proper dump in there.
Whole damn house has gotta be
haunted by now.

(changes the subject back)
You didn't actually go see Tuco.

As answer, Walt reaches in his windbreaker and pulls out a
fat manila envelope -- currency-size. He hands it down to
Jesse, who opens it to find it's overstuffed with CASH.

WALT

That's seventeen-five, which is
your half of the thirty-five
thousand. Plus there's an extra
fifteen in there. All yours.

(staring down at his feet)
You earned it.

Jesse thumbs through this money, staring at it in disbelief.

JESSE

You. You got money from Tuco.
He gave this to you is what you're
saying.

WALT

We made a deal.

JESSE

You made a...

Jesse shakes his head, makes a face -- *WHAT language is Walt
speaking?!*

JESSE

... You made a DEAL?! How?! And,
and -- WHY?! Why would you make a
deal with that scumbag?! You see
what he did to me?!

WALT

I think we can do business with
him. We came to an understanding.

JESSE

No WAY, man. NO understanding! --

(CONTINUED)

WALT

Look at that money in your hand.
Now imagine making that every week.
(off Jesse's look)
Yes. Two pounds a week, 35
thousand a pound, delivery Friday.
That's what we're going to produce
from here on out.

Jesse is on the verge of hyperventilating. He's on his feet
now, despite the pain.

JESSE

Two pounds a week. Without talking
to me, you told that insane ass-
clown dead-eyed KILLER we would
bring him TWO POUNDS? A WEEK?

WALT

I promise you, this will work.
We'll scale up the operation, we'll
put in a few more hours --

JESSE

Don't talk to me about hours! What
about the pseudo? Where we gonna
get that? The little red pills,
man?! You think the meth fairy
brings it? I spend all week long
getting this stuff, I'm driving all
the way to Las Cruces -- 200 miles
each WAY -- to go meet my smurfs,
and if they don't got enough I
gotta head to Durango --

WALT

Wait -- "smurfs?"

JESSE

Smurfs. My dudes who go to drug
stores, buy a couple of boxes at a
time and sell 'em to me. That's
maybe good for a half-pound worth,
and meanwhile this stuff's getting
harder to buy every day! That's
the bottleneck in your brilliant
goddamn business plan! Which you
would have known had you bothered
to ask!

Walt holds his hand up -- stop. His mind is racing.

(CONTINUED)

WALT
Alright. Point taken. I assume
you have some pseudo on hand?

JESSE
(a beat; grudging)
Enough for half a pound. Maybe.

WALT
Well, let's at least cook that.

Off Jesse, shaking his head -- exasperated, resigned, we're
BOTH gonna die...

10 INT. ONCOLOGY SUITE - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY 10

DR. DELCAVOLI smiles at Skyler and Walt, who sit before him.
Skyler is keyed-up, nervous, hoping to hear good news.

DR. DELCAVOLI
Well, here we are again.

SKYLER
Here we are...

DR. DELCAVOLI
Skyler, you look great -- you must
be, what, six, seven months? How
does it?

SKYLER
Great. Other than waddling to the
bathroom every five minutes.

WALT
The baby shower's next week. It'll
be good to...
(squeezes her hand; sighs)
... Good to have a day that's just
about Skyler. Good for both of us.
And god knows she deserves it.

Skyler is touched by this. Where exactly did that come from?
She certainly appreciates it.

DR. DELCAVOLI
Very nice. Well Walt, I see you've
committed to the hair loss. But
stay careful about sun exposure,
okay? How are you feeling?

(CONTINUED)

WALT
Okay. Pretty decent, actually.

SKYLER
His color is better, his energy.
He's even more... physical.

DR. DELCAVOLI
More physical?

Skyler glances at Walt, more proud than embarrassed (much more willing to talk about it than Walt is). This is the spark that flames her hope.

SKYLER
Well... sexual. Frisky, actually.
I mean that's gotta be a good sign,
right?

DR. DELCAVOLI
Sure, I'll take that. Right, Walt?

SKYLER
Couldn't that mean... that the
chemo is working?

Decavoli tries to let Skyler down easy.

DR. DELCAVOLI
Realistically, it may just mean
we've got the anti-emetics tuned
right. Truth is, until Walt's
finished with this round of chemo
and we look at a new PET scan, we
just can't say for sure.

Walt's more or less cool with this. But Skyler keeps
pushing, grasping at straws.

SKYLER
But is there anything else we could
be doing? I mean, I don't want to
sound all... whatever... as I'm
married to a scientist... but I've
been wondering about, you know,
alternative medicine. Eastern
healing. Holistic.

She shoots Walt glance. He tries not to show his skepticism.

SKYLER
I just don't wanna leave anything
out. We can't.

(CONTINUED)

DR. DELCAVOLI
Right, absolutely. Well, I can't
speak to its efficacy... but so
long as it doesn't interfere with
our treatment, anything that helps
my patient have a better outlook,
better comfort, is fine with me.

This nice-talk isn't what she hoped for. It disappoints her.

SKYLER
So you're saying it's all
psychological. It doesn't make any
real difference.

DR. DELCAVOLI
I wouldn't exactly say that.
Having the right outlook can make a
tremendous difference. But also,
it's important that we manage our
expectations.

More pointless nice-talk, as far as Skyler is concerned. The
hopeful mood she came in here with is rapidly ebbing away.

11 INT. DRUG STORE - DAY 11

TIGHT ON A COLORFUL CARD with a graphic of a Sudafed-type
cold medicine box and the words: SEE PHARMACIST TO PURCHASE
THIS PRODUCT - ID REQUIRED. It rests in Walt's hand.

We're back near the pharmacy counter. Walt stares at the
card, thinking about his pseudo shortage. Standing nearby,
Skyler glances at him.

SKYLER
Are your sinuses acting up?

WALT
No. I'm fine.

He sets down the card where he found it. They're here
waiting for a prescription to be filled. Skyler stares into
the distance at nothing in particular, feeling so worn-down
and blue. Quietly, apropos of nothing...

SKYLER
Maybe we should cancel the baby
shower.
(off Walt's surprise)
Or postpone it. I dunno.

(CONTINUED)

WALT
Why would we do that?

SKYLER
It's just the wrong time. I mean.
How can we? Now.

WALT
Because I want it.

Skyler looks to him. He sidles closer. Puts his arm around her and hugs her like it's gonna be alright.

WALT
It's a celebration of life. Of you
and the baby. And I can't wait to
see it.

Now there's a positive outlook. Skyler perks up a little.
A VOICE crackles over the PA system in the ceiling.

PHARMACY PA
Prescription ready for White.

Feeling better, Sky heads for the pick-up counter. Walt lags briefly, casting a last, covetous glance at the pseudo shelf.

12 EXT. AUTOMOBILE GRAVEYARD - DAY 12

NEARLY ABSTRACT CLOSE-UPS set a tone of danger and decay:
shattered HEADLIGHTS... WINDSHIELDS spiderwebbed with
cracks... Chrome FENDERS warped like funhouse mirrors...

Ending on BLOOD dripping in a puddle. At least that's what
it looks like until we TILT TO REVEAL the red liquid is
transmission fluid leaking from a crushed Buick. It might
even remind us of Walt's "red death" chemo medication.

Jesse's own Monte Carlo is parked here in b.g. Jesse and
Walt wait next to a WALL OF CARS stacked three high. They're
both wearing sunglasses, trying to look the part. Walt wears
a HAT -- maybe a black porkpie. It's to keep the sun off his
bald head, but it also looks kinda... dare we say "cool?"

They're nervous. They both keep their eyes on the horizon
throughout as Jesse shatters the "Miami Vice" vibe.

JESSE
A junkyard. Jesus. Lemme guess --
you picked this place.

(CONTINUED)

WALT
What's wrong with it? It's
private.

JESSE
This is like a non-criminal's idea
for a drug meet. This is like,
"Ooh! I saw this in a movie!"

WALT
(glancing to him)
So where do you transact your
business? Enlighten me.

JESSE
How about Taco Cabeza? Half the
deals I've ever done went down at
Taco Cabeza -- nice and public,
open 24 hours, nobody ever gets
shot at Taco Cabeza. Hell, what
about the mall? Wait at the Gap:
"Hey, look! Time for the meet!
I'll put down the flat-front khakis
and head on over, grab an Orange
Julius... just, you know, skip the
part where psycho lunatic Tuco
comes and steals my drugs and
leaves me bleeding to death.

A trail of dust scratches the near horizon. Seeing it headed
their way, it shuts them both up. Walt speaks quietly, not
giving Jesse grief -- quite the opposite. He understands how
the poor guy feels, having had the shit kicked out of him.

WALT
You don't have to be here for this.
(off Jesse's look)
Seriously. I'm okay.

JESSE
(considers it, then)
Nah, I'm no pussy. I'm good.

Jesse swallows hard, turns back toward the approaching
vehicle. Walt watches him closely. Silently respects him.

A BLACK LINCOLN NAVIGATOR with tinted windows comes into
view, wailing up the uneven dirt. It slows and pulls to a
stop a few yards from our heroes.

TUCO SALAMANCA lazily swings out of the shotgun door, joined
by his guys NO-DOZE and GONZO.

(CONTINUED)

TUCO
Mr. Clean! And his boy!

Tuco smirks at Jesse, gives him a little chin-nod. As he approaches, Jesse braces himself. Stands his ground.

TUCO
Sorry I hadda tune you up.
Respect, ese -- gotta give it to
get it.

Tuco offers his hand to Jesse. Jesse reluctantly reaches out to shake, but Tuco's hand becomes a FIST. He lashes out with whip-like speed toward Jesse's face. He pulls the punch as Jesse startles back, terrified. Even Walt twitches. No-Doze and Gonzo laugh. Tuco gives a nasty smirk, then:

TUCO
Just playin', man. We cool.

He punches Jesse's shoulder in a "playful" way, then turns his attention to their surroundings. Frowns at the junkyard.

TUCO
Hell we doing alla way out here?
What, they close the mall?
(claps his hands)
Heisenberg. Break it out.

Jesse glances sidelong at Walt -- "Heisenberg?" Walt pulls a half-pound baggie out of his jacket. Tuco's eyes narrow as he takes it with two fingers, like it's dirty.

TUCO
That's it? That all you got?

No-Doze laughs -- then quickly trails off as Tuco eye-fucks him. Tuco's mood has changed radically. Gone very dark.

WALT
We had... production problems.

Tuco tosses the baggie to Gonzo, who snags it in midair.

TUCO
(scornful)
I thought you was a player. You
tell me two pounds, then you go
waste my time with birdseed?

Walt blinks. Works to keep a stone-face. Tuco pulls out a massive bank roll, counts as expertly as a Vegas cashier.

(CONTINUED)

TUCO
17 and a half. Minus the half...
(removes five hundred)
... For wasting my time.

He thrusts the remaining cash at Walt. No more respect here.

TUCO
What, you gonna argue? You got
something to say? Doing business
like a couple lil' bitches?

Tuco shakes his head -- *pathetic*. He heads back to the Navigator. Thinking it's over, Jesse is relieved. Until:

WALT
Give me all of it. Seventy
thousand.

Jesse's eyes pop. Tuco turns back at Walt.

TUCO
What'd you say?

WALT
Consider it a loan.

TUCO
I look like Cash Call? I look like
little Gary Coleman to you?

NO-DOZE
(snorting)
Gary Coleman!

Tuco cuts an angry, sidelong glance that shuts No-Doze up.

WALT
You like the product. You want
more. Consider it a capital
investment.

A beat. Then Tuco turns and unzips his pants. Begins to pee on the bottom car of a three-car stack (we see the stream only, this scene carefully framed to remain 100% dong-free).

Taking the risk, Walt steps up and, without a glance at Tuco, unzips himself. Tuco's eyes narrow: *what the fuck?*

They both stand urinating side-by-side. Walt aims his pee at the door handle of the car -- higher than Tuco. Tuco can't allow this. He aims higher still, his stream of urine hitting the bottom of the back window.

(CONTINUED)

It's a literal PISSING CONTEST. While Jesse and Tuco's guys watch, slack-jawed, the arcs of urine scale the crushed cars. Finally Tuco's bladder is empty and his stream fizzles. Walt finishes a moment later, winning by a drip. They zip up.

Is Tuco angry or amused? Impossible to say.

TUCO
Loco bald motherfucker.

Tuco pulls out his fat bank roll. Holds it in Walt's face. As Walt reaches for it, Tuco pulls it away.

TUCO
Fifty-two and a half. Twenty-five points vig.

WALT
Vig?

JESSE
(going numb)
Interest. Weekly.

WALT
So it's \$65,625. With interest.
1.875 pounds.

TUCO
Two pounds. Next Friday. And no "production problems."

WALT
Can you handle four?

Wide-eyed Jesse is on the verge of hysterical diarrhea. Tuco leans very close to Walt, his grille flashing in the sun.

TUCO
Listen old man. Talk is talk. But owing me money? It's a bad thing.

He drops the roll at Walt's feet. Turns and heads for his truck. No-Doze and Gonzo follow. A beat. Out of earshot:

JESSE
What... did you... just... do?

Walt bends down, picks up the money. He doesn't look too sure himself. As they both watch the Navigator drive off...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

13 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

13

CLOSE ON JESSE -- Eyes wide with rage and panic.

JESSE

Four pounds? Four pounds? Two
pounds wasn't bad enough?! We're
talking two, three hundred boxes of
sinus pills! There ain't that many
smurfs in the world!

Walt doesn't look up from writing on a flowery scratch pad --
an item left over from Jesse's late aunt.

WALT

We don't need pseudoephedrine.
We're going to make phenylacetone
in a tube furnace, then we're going
to use reductive amination to yield
methamphetamine. Four pounds.

JESSE

No pseudo?

WALT

No pseudo.

Jesse sinks into a chair. Sweet relief washes over him.

JESSE

You do have a plan. Yeah, Mister
White! Yeah, science!

Walt tears the page off and hands it to Jesse.

JESSE

What is this?

WALT

A shopping list. Getting some of
these items may be challenging.

Jesse reads it with growing alarm.

JESSE

One Variac autotransformer? Six
liters ann... hydrous methyl...
methylmine? Two 35 M&M Hoskins
tube furnaces?

(CONTINUED)

WALT
Not "M&M" -- millimeter. One 70
millimeter would be fine, but
they're hard to come by.

JESSE
Whaddya handing this to me for?!

WALT
We need these things. You're gonna
procure them for us.

JESSE
Forty grams thorium nitrate?
Yo, I can't even pronounce half of
this shit!
(tosses the list)
Count me out, man. I'm leaving
town -- I'll move to, like, Oregon.

Walt won't take "no" for an answer. He firmly grabs Jesse's
shoulders with both hands. Looks him straight in the eye.

WALT
Jesse? Today is the first day of
the rest of your life.

JESSE
(re: hands on shoulders)
What are you doing, man?

Walt doesn't let go. Doing his best impression of a Vince
Lombardi do-or-die speech, he presses on.

WALT
This is the first day of the rest
of your life. What kind of life
will it be? Is it going to be a
life of fear? Of "Oh no, I can't
do this?" Of never once believing
in yourself?

JESSE
I dunno...

WALT
These items we need -- only you can
get them for us. Look at me, I've
never even gotten a parking ticket.
Buying on the black market? I
wouldn't know where to begin. But
you. You're a man of the street.

(CONTINUED)

Jesse starts to grudgingly buy this argument. But now his eyes drift to something behind Walt.

WALT
Jesse... I am counting on you here.
(clasps him tighter)
Do me right. Make me proud.

Noting his look, Walt turns. Behind him is the gold-blazered REALTOR who stands here in the doorway with an OLDER COUPLE. All three are uneasy, as if they just intruded on lovemaking.

REALTOR
Hi. Don't mind us!
(to her prospects)
The owner and his... friend. Huge,
huge, kitchen!

14 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 14

Moments later. We TILT DOWN from the patched ceiling to the older couple walking past and frowning up at it.

REALTOR
(quietly)
I know, I know. Generally gay
couples take better care of their
properties.

15 INT. WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY (VIDEO) 15

HANDHELD VIDEO POV -- Swirling around and then settling on MARIE in high spirits as she addresses the camera, playing MC. Behind her, mostly FEMALE GUESTS populate this shower.

WALTER, JR. (O.S.)
It's on. Go ahead.

MARIE
Hi baby! This is your Aunt Marie --
but of course you know that, since
when you watch this 20 years from
now I'll look exactly the same as I
do today. I know, it's amazing.
I've aged shockingly well, haven't
I? Anyway... welcome to your baby
shower, Esmeralda!

WALTER, JR. (O.S.)
"Esmeralda?"

(CONTINUED)

MARIE
Esmeralda! That's your name, you
heard it here first! That was your
wonderful, handsome, older brother,
by the way. Show her, bro --

The CAMERA WHIRLS around revealing that WALTER, JR. is
shooting this video. He makes a face inches from the lens.

MARIE (O.S.)
Not up the nose, please. Not up
the... alright, back to me.

CAMERA WHIPS back to Marie as she heads for the living room.
HANK ducks into frame, grabbing the foreground.

HANK
Over here's the movie star kisser!
Hey, stay in school! No tattoos!

MARIE
Your Uncle Hank. You probably
don't remember him due to the fact
he was mysteriously smothered in
his sleep just before you were
born. And over here, say Hi to
Mommy... hello, Mom...

Skyler sits talking to some FEMALE FRIENDS (Carmen included).
Marie pushes the lens down to take in Skyler's belly.

MARIE
And look! There you are Esmeralda!
Wake up baby! Time to party!

Skyler's hand reaches out and tips up the video camera to her
face. She smirks into the lens.

SKYLER
Believe it or not, "Esmeralda,"
shortly after this party ended, we
changed your name to "Holly."
Hank, wasn't that right around the
time we drove Aunt Marie to the
insane asylum?

CAMERA whips to Hank, beer in hand.

HANK
Yep. Dropped her at the curb.
Then I married Shania Twain and
lived happily every after.

(CONTINUED)

MARIE

Ah-hah-hah. Esmeralda, I can only hope in your future America, scientists have found a cure for nocturnal flatulence.

(a beat)

Oh, here's your Daddy!

We BEELINE toward Walt, who carries a tray of drinks out of the kitchen. He gets buttonholed by our CAMERA.

MARIE (O.S.)

Speak, Daddy! Say hello to your daughter!

Walt smiles and thinks about it. He's in a good mood, but not particularly a joking one. Our camera DRIFTS IN on him a little while he formulates his thoughts.

WALT

Holly, I'm very proud of you. I think about you all the time.

Guests go "awwww." But Walt isn't through.

WALT

Wherever you go... wherever you find yourself... always know you've got a family who loves you very, very much.

No more "awww"s now. Folks in the b.g. are respectfully silent... as it dawns on everybody that this might be the only thing Walt ever gets to say to his unborn daughter.

We hold here on Walt and his sad smile for an extra beat.

16 INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

16

Back to FILM. Estrogen overload. It's thirty minutes later and Skyler sits facing a coffee table loaded down with GIFTS. She just now opens one which contains a cute, fluffy pink SLEEP SUIT. She holds it up to the crowd, beaming.

SKYLER

Ohmigod! Sooo cute! --
(women ooh and ahh)
Carmen, this is adorable! I love it! Thank you!

CARMEN

You're so welcome.

(CONTINUED)

They hug. Still rolling video, Walt, Jr is fascinated by the cleavage on a FEMALE GUEST. Walt notices and gently pushes the lens upward, to her face. Marie hands Skyler a gift.

MARIE
From me. And Hank.

SKYLER
Ooh. Nice wrapping. Marie always finds the best wrapping paper...

MARIE
(to the crowd; meaning it)
I do.

Skyler opens the box and lifts out a TINY SILVER CROWN.

SKYLER
Oh, wow. It's... it's a tiara.
(studying it)
Marie, is this..?

MARIE
-- Sterling silver. About a carat's worth of diamonds, too.

As the women ooh and aah, we find HANK. He drinks his beer, looking troubled. His good-time persona is fading away.

SKYLER
Marie, you spent way too much on this! Wow, I don't know what to...
Thank you!

The sisters hug. Hank leans over to Walt, sotto.

HANK
Hey, buddy, you got anything stronger than beer?

17 INT. WHITE HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY 17

A BOTTLE OF BOURBON tilts and pours into glasses. Hank and Walt are sitting on dusty lawn furniture.

HANK
Sorry, man, but after the first 200 presents it gets kinda old.

Female LAUGHTER echoes through the closed door. Hank knocks back his glass. Something's got under his skin.

(CONTINUED)

HANK
Pour me another, willya? I got
just the thing to go with this.

Hank pulls out a pocket humidor and extracts himself a CIGAR.
Remembering Walt's respiratory situation, he stops himself.

HANK
Oh, sorry. I wasn't thinking.

As he starts to tuck away this little leather case...

WALT
No, it's okay.
(nods at the case)
Would you have a extra one for me?

HANK
Is that a good idea?

WALT
Hank, I already have lung cancer.

Hank considers, never even realizing that Walt on his best
day might want to smoke one. He shrugs and breaks them out.

HANK
Okay. You got me there.

Hank clips a cigar, gives it to him. Walt smells it -- *nice*.
He reads the ring and smiles wryly at his brother-in-law.

WALT
Cuban.

HANK
(shrug)
I did a favor for an FBI guy.

Hank hands him a fancy TORCH LIGHTER -- nicer, but not unlike
the ones Jesse uses to smoke his meth. As Walt lights up, he
keeps smiling to himself. He yitzes Hank.

WALT
Now... I was under the impression
these were illegal.

HANK
Yep. Forbidden fruit tastes the
sweetest, doesn't it?

Walt inhales carefully. A dry little COUGH-COUGH-COUGH
starts up, which concerns Hank -- but Walt waves him off.

(CONTINUED)

WALT
(once he recovers)
Funny, isn't it, the way we draw
the line.

HANK
Yeah? What line's that?

Walt raises his glass of bourbon to the light.

WALT
What's legal, what's illegal.
Cuban cigars, alcohol. If we were
drinking this in 1930, we'd be
breaking the law. A year later,
we're okay. Who knows what'll be
legal next year?

HANK
You mean like pot?

WALT
Sure pot, whatever.

HANK
Peyote? Heroin?

WALT
I'm just saying it's arbitrary.

HANK
You should go visit lock-up, you
hear a lotta talk like that. "Hey,
man, why're you busting me with
fourteen bails of ganja, it's all
going to be legal next year when
Willie Nelson's president."

Hank laughs. Walt gives a polite smile.

HANK
Shit, buddy, it don't always go one
way. Sometimes things are legal
that shouldn't be. I mean friggin'
marijuana used to be legal, used to sell
it over the counter in every
pharmacy in America. Thank God
they came to their senses on that
one.

Walt nods thoughtfully, smoke curling out his nose.

18 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT (STOCK) 18

The party has been over for hours. It's time for bed.

19 INT. WHITE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 19

A LAPTOP SCREEN fills frame, keys clicking as someone types the search "SWEAT LODGE NEW MEXICO." This is Walt, sitting on the bed in his sweats and t-shirt, hunched over Skyler's laptop. He glances up at the sound of the SHOWER running behind the closed bathroom door.

20 INT. WHITE HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT 20

Minutes later. Skyler, out of the shower and wearing her robe, brushes her teeth, preoccupied. Walt knocks and she pulls open the door for him. Walt steps inside behind her. Reaches around and strokes her tummy.

WALT

Nice party.

Skyler bends and spits.

SKYLER

A tiara. Can you believe it? A silver tiara for a newborn baby? It's from Medici's in Nob Hill! It must have cost, what? Five or six hundred dollars?

(a beat)

I'm thinking about returning it.

WALT

You sure? She's bound to find out.

Skyler shrugs. She knows this could get tricky. Still...

SKYLER

Well, maybe I'll just explain to her we need a Diaper Genie way more than a silver baby tiara.

Skyler rinses her mouth, hangs up her toothbrush. Walt eyes his wife in the mirror, carefully gauging her mood before:

WALT

I've been thinking about what you said to Delcavoli. About alternative medicine.

(CONTINUED)

SKYLER
Don't worry -- I'm done bringing
that up.

WALT
No. I mean, maybe there is
something to it.
(off her surprise)
They do this Navajo sweat lodge up
by Farmington. A healing ceremony.
Supposed to be good for the lungs.
I'm not saying I believe in it...
but it might be... an experience.

SKYLER
(delighted)
Really? You. In a sweat lodge.
This I've got to see. When?

WALT
This weekend. But the thing is,
it's male-only. I'd drive up
Friday and come back Sunday. I
mean, if you're okay with that.

SKYLER
Of course I'm okay with that!
Absolutely.

She kisses him, hugs him and holds him tight. Off Walt
catching a glimpse of himself in the mirror... feeling a
little guilty, yet so damned smoooth...

21 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY 21

CLOSE ON Walt's SUITCASE hitting the floor. RACK to JESSE
wrestling with a heavy HYDROGEN TANK in b.g.

JESSE
"Sweat lodge." Yeah, I'm sweating
already -- help me out here.

Walt steps over to assist. Between Walt's weakened chemo
state and Jesse with his broken ribs, neither one is a poster
boy for physical fitness -- yet together they get it done.

Jesse's gone all-out to get everything on Walt's list.
Hardware, glassware and packaged chemicals take up half the
garage. Jesse watches proudly as Walt examines everything.

(CONTINUED)

WALT
Seventy millimeter tube furnace.
Excellent. Good work. The thorium
nitrate?
(Jesse directs him)
Okay, good. Hydrogen.
Electrolytically produced, right?

JESSE
Like you asked for. This crap
wasn't easy to get. It was
expensive.

WALT
I don't see the methylamine, the
aqueous methylamine...

JESSE
Okay. Now that's where I ran into
some trouble.

WALT
What kind of trouble?

JESSE
Half this stuff I could just buy,
right? The other half I had to pay
premium prices -- this shit was
falling off trucks all over town.
But this methylamine? Not so easy.
They got it locked down tight. I
found some pros who'll rip it off
for us. But they want ten grand.

WALT
So what's the problem? You have
money.

JESSE
Had. I already spent almost the
whole wad! I got like two grand
left. I told you, all this crap,
it's expensive.

Walt stares into space, trying to think through this dilemma.
Eyes lingering on something, he reaches in a shelf and picks
up a dusty old Etch-A-Sketch toy. He gives it a SHAKE-SHAKE.

WALT
These thieves... where were they
going to steal it from?

(CONTINUED)

JESSE
Chemical supply place south of
town. They got guards and security
cameras. Big-ass steel doors.
That's why these dudes are charging
so much.

WALT
What if we steal it ourselves?

JESSE
(a beat; amused)
Yeah? How we gonna do that?

Walt holds up the Etch-A-Sketch.

WALT
With this.

Huh? Off Jesse -- and the audience -- feeling confused:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

22 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

22

Close on an ETCH-A-SKETCH. Hands use an electric screwdriver to unscrew the backing plate, then pull the halves apart. The guts of this device, a few ounces of shiny gray ALUMINUM POWDER, get dumped into a nearly full Tupperware container.

A DOZEN of these disassembled toys are piled atop the table. Jesse peers at Walt, watching him as he finishes this last one and weighs the container of powder on a DIGITAL SCALE.

JESSE

What's this stuff called again?

Mixing this aluminum with a pre-measured amount of RUST-BROWN POWDER (iron oxide, though let's not spell this out for all the terrorists out there), Walt speaks without looking up.

WALT

Thermite.

JESSE

And that'll cut through a lock?
'Cause this is supposed to be one
big-ass lock.

Walt dumps the mix in a big ZIP-LOC bag and shakes it up good (this isn't explosive, so he doesn't treat it gingerly). He speaks intently as he wraps it in layers of DUCT TAPE.

WALT

In World War II the Germans had an artillery piece, the biggest in the world. The Gustav gun. Weighed a thousand tons. The Gustav could fire a 7 ton shell and hit a target 23 miles away. This thing, you could drop bombs on it all day for a month without disabling it. But drop a commando, one man, with a bag of this, and he could melt right through four inches of solid steel and destroy that gun forever.

He holds up the completed THERMITE BOMB. Jesse is intrigued.

WALT

So, yes. This will cut through any
lock we're likely to find.

23 INT. MEDICI'S JEWELRY & GIFTS - DAY

23

We OPEN TIGHT ON the silver BABY TIARA. A middle-aged JEWELRY STORE OWNER holds it in his fingers, examining it closely. After a moment he looks to Skyler, who stands before him at the counter of this little mom & pop place.

JEWELRY STORE OWNER
You'd like to return this?

SKYLER
It's very nice. But yes.

The man stares at her kind of intently. She smiles at him.

SKYLER
It's from this store, isn't it?

JEWELRY STORE OWNER
Oh, yes. It's from this store.
Do you happen to have a receipt?

SKYLER
Uh no, I don't. It was a gift.

JEWELRY STORE OWNER
Uh-huh. A gift.
(motioning)
Mr. Wilson? Could you step over
here, please?

Mr. WILSON, who's about the size of a Sub-Zero refrigerator and is squeezed into a too-tight private SECURITY GUARD UNIFORM, steps over to join his boss.

JEWELRY STORE OWNER
Mr. Wilson, I'd like you to detain
this lady while I phone the police.

SKYLER
Whoa, whoa. Excuse me? --

JEWELRY STORE OWNER
Ma'am, this item is stolen. As I'm
sure you know.

Skyler's eyes grow wide. Off her glancing back at large-ass Mr. Wilson, who stands between her and the front door:

24 INT. MEDICI'S - BACK OFFICE - DAY

24

Minutes later. The owner stands not quite facing Skyler, talking to the APD on his store's cordless phone. Skyler sits knees together tight on the visitor side of the man's messy desk. Mr. Wilson is here too, guarding her.

JEWELRY STORE OWNER
(into phone)
Yes, I intend to press charges.
Please do. We'll be here.

He hangs up and glances at scared, angry Skyler -- who is struggling to keep it together. She makes her voice calm.

SKYLER
I have never stolen anything in my
life. Alright? I told you, I
received that tiara as a gift.
(indicates her stomach)
Baby shower gift!

JEWELRY STORE OWNER
So who gave it to you, then?

Mad as hell at Marie, but not about to give her up, Skyler bites her lip. Shakes her head.

SKYLER
I don't think I have to tell you
that.

JEWELRY STORE OWNER
Ma'am, you don't have to tell me
anything -- you can talk to the
police. And I can tell them how my
daughter-in-law remembers showing
this particular item to a tall
blonde woman... who, when her back
was turned, walked right out the
door with it. So there!

SKYLER
O-Oh, yeah? Well, I...
(thinking fast)
I can talk to Channel Three News!
I can tell them how you people,
without a, without a ghred, without
a modicum of evidence! Illegally
detained an innocent pregnant woman
in some dank storeroom!

(CONTINUED)

JEWELRY STORE OWNER
This is my office --

SKYLER
-- I feel I'm being held hostage!
Furthermore, I'm not getting enough
air back here! I-I just don't know
if I can -- I can breathe --
(fans her face)
-- Oh no. Oh god, I think I'm
going into labor.

Big Mr. Wilson's eyes bug wide. He looks to his boss, who is
just as alarmed. Off Skyler, panting fast and shallow...

25 EXT. MEDICI'S - DAY - MINUTES LATER 25

Skyler exits the store, a free woman. Mr. Wilson and the
owner stare out after her, relieved to see her go. Skyler
isn't going into labor, of course -- but she is pretty
goddamned upset. She fumbles her cell phone out of her purse
as she strides toward her old Jeep Wagoneer.

She speed-dials, fingers trembling. Puts the phone to her
ear. After a couple of RINGS...

MARIE (V.O.)
*Hi, you've reached Marie. Do the
beep thing.*

SKYLER
(off the BEEP)
Marie, it's Skyler. I just left
Medici's. I need to talk to you.
IMMEDIATELY.

She hangs up. We sense a shit-storm looming on the horizon.

26 EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT - NIGHT - BINOCULAR POV 26

From a distant vantage point, we search an industrial
landscape: white chemical tanks, barbed-wire fences...
finally discovering a SECURITY GUARD walking his rounds.

JESSE (O.S.)
Yeah. There he is.

27 INT. ASTEX - OVERLOOK - NIGHT

27

Jesse's in the passenger seat, scanning the chemical plant with an ancient pair of OPERA GLASSES. They belonged to his aunt -- she probably used them for birding. Walt pulls a full-face SKI MASK from a plastic bag. Hands it to Jesse.

JESSE
What the hell is this?

He holds up the mask. There's a big, droopy PUFFBALL on top.

WALT
It's all they had.

JESSE
Then you go to another store. If
this is all they have, you're in
the wrong place.

Distant movement catches Walt's eye. He reaches out a hand.

WALT
Give me the... whatever those are.

Jesse snatches away the opera glasses and looks through them himself. BINOCULAR POV -- we see the GUARD reach somewhere for a hidden MAGAZINE, then step inside a PORTA-POTTY.

JESSE
(deep breath)
Okay. I guess this is it.

28 EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT - FENCE - NIGHT

28

Their matching yellow PUFFBALLS bobbing with every movement, our heroes jog low to the fence line. Aside from their goofy ski masks, they're dressed all in black and wear black gloves. Jesse uses BOLT CUTTERS to clip the chain-link fence while Walt scans the area.

He realizes Jesse is cutting a MAN-SHAPED hole in the fence, complete with head and shoulders. It's taking forever.

WALT
(frustrated whisper)
Stop. Just... stop.

Walt shoulders him aside and shoves his way through the jagged opening. His puffball briefly snags on the wire.

29 EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT - PORTA POTTY - NIGHT 29

Working in silence, Walt and Jesse do a kind of maypole dance ENCIRCLING the porta-potty with green nylon rope. While Jesse pulls it tight, Walt ties a sailor's knot.

30 INT. PORTA POTTY - NIGHT 30

Sitting on the crapper, the Guard holds his Maglight between his neck and shoulder, aiming it at his copy of *Special Weapons & Tactics* magazine. He doesn't suspect a thing.

31 EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT - STORAGE BUILDING - NIGHT 31

The storage building's big metal door is secured with one of the beefiest PADLOCKS we've ever seen. Walt places his thermite bag on top of it. Jesse WHISPERS.

JESSE
Is it gonna be loud?

Walt lights a tiny propane torch with a blue-flamed WHOOSH. Keeping his distance, Walt aims the flame at the termite. It doesn't catch. Jesse chews his lip. What if it's a dud?

Suddenly, the thermite comes to life in a shower of BLUE WELDING SPARKS, hissing like sausages on a grill. It's too bright to look at, but it's not particularly loud. Walt backs off quickly, getting out of the way of the hot embers.

It's the world's greatest sparkler, liquid steel FLOWING DOWNWARD as the thermite MELTS through the lock. Walt and Jesse look like characters in a Frank Miller graphic novel as the blinding glare throws them into high-contrast relief.

Finally it's over. The sparks die. Walt kicks loose what's left of the heavy LOCK and he and Jesse hoist the rolling door. Once it starts to open, some connection gets tripped and a loud ALARM sounds. *Oh, shit.*

32 INT. PORTA POTTY - NIGHT 32

At the sound of the ALARM, the guard jumps to his feet, dropping his Maglight. He tries the door. It doesn't budge. The Maglight casts strange shadows from the floor as he shoulders the door with all his might.

- 33 EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT - PORTA POTTY - NIGHT 33
- The rope holds tight. But the door is only made of thin plastic, so the top half BENDS just enough for the guard's fingers to reach out and feel the nylon rope.
- The guard's hand disappears -- and then the gleaming blade of a KNIFE begins SAWING through the rope.
- 34 EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT - STORAGE BUILDING - NIGHT 34
- Walt and Jesse stand in the doorway, peering into the dark building. Row after row of drums. Big, heavy metal drums.
- WALT
Wait a minute. Where are the
gallon jugs?
- Jesse shakes his head, panicked. Fuck it -- they don't have much time. They rush to the nearest drum labeled "AQUEOUS METHYLAMINE" and try to muscle it outta here. Both of them combined can hardly budge the damned thing.
- 35 EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT - PORTA POTTY - NIGHT 35
- SNAP! Sawn through, the rope falls. The guard steps out of the porta-potty -- pistol in one hand, Maglight in the other.
- 36 EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT - STORAGE BUILDING - NIGHT 36
- The guard rounds the corner, leading with his .45. His flashlight plays over the open door, the puddle of molten metal. Seeing no one, he dashes off, yelling into a walkie.
- CHEMICAL PLANT GUARD
Jimmy, we got a break-in in south-
west two! Lock everything down!
- As he races away, two SHADOWY FIGURES emerge from behind a nearby tank -- ROLLING a barrel as fast as humanly possible.
- 37 EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT - FENCE - NIGHT 37
- The alarm is quieter here. Huffing and puffing, staggering and coughing and nearly retching, Walt and Jesse roll the barrel through the fence and up the embankment.

38 EXT. OVERLOOK - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER 38

Using a couple of old planks as a ramp, Walt and Jesse strain to roll the barrel up into the rear hatchback of the Aztek. The suspension GROANS as they barely manage to muscle it in. Walt SLAMS the hatchback, and they both run for their seats.

The AZTEK drives away. The weight of the barrel has pancaked the rear suspension -- SPARKS shoot out from the rear axle as this poor, beat-up SUV putters off into the night.

39 EXT. JESSE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - EARLY MORNING 39

TILT DOWN from sky. Peaceful. Birds tweet. A JOGGER passes Jesse's house. Then... a GRINDING SOUND breaks the reverie.

40 INT. R.V. - EARLY MORNING 40

CLOSE ON the ignition as Walt twists the key. The RV lets out a GROAN like the Millennium Falcon failing to kick into hyperspace. Walt and Jesse are bleary-eyed. They've been up all night packing the RV with fresh meth-cooking supplies.

JESSE

No, no, man. Come on. Let me try.

With a shrug, Walt slides out of the driver's seat. Jesse attacks the ignition as if he's trying to take it by surprise. And, amazingly enough -- the ENGINE catches.

JESSE

YEAH, baby! Eat it! I'm the KING!

Suddenly... KUH-KUH-KUH... KA-BOOOM! The engine BACKFIRES, startling them -- then GRINDS to a halt.

JESSE

Oh, damn. That didn't sound good.

41 EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - EARLY MORNING 41

Walt and Jesse climb down out of the RV to find... gray SMOKE curling from underneath. Not a promising sign. They look to one another, Walt tossing his head back at their shit luck.

WALT

This thing's not going anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

Well, we're not cooking in my damn driveway, I'll tell you that!

Way ahead of Jesse, Walt is considering every possibility -- and he comes to an uneasy conclusion.

WALT

You're right. We can't cook here.

JESSE

So where, then?

Off Walt, sighing wearily -- *you're not gonna like this:*

42 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - EARLY MORNING 42

Moments later. The door CREAKS open. Two SHADOWS on the wall. Walt descends while Jesse lingers on the stairs.

JESSE

No way. Absolutely not.

WALT

I don't wanna be down here any more than you do. But at this point it's our only choice.

JESSE

This place is bad ju-ju, man!
No WAY am I cooking down here!

WALT

Jesse, ask yourself what scares you more: this basement, or Tuco?

Off Jesse's deeply unhappy resignation, TIME-CUT TO...

43 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY - HOURS LATER 43

The BARREL OF METHYLAMINE rolls -- BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! -- down the rickety steps. It bashes off the wall, takes out part of the HANDRAIL, then rolls across the basement floor before it finally BONGS to a stop against a familiar metal column.

Walt and Jesse clomp downstairs after it. Apparently, it's the last item they need for their meth-cook: there's a huge PILE of EQUIPMENT they have previously brought down here.

Walt starts unloading the nearest box. Suddenly, he snaps his fingers, remembering something big.

(CONTINUED)

WALT
Your real estate agent! When's she
supposed to come back?

JESSE
Oh, shit. Yeah. I dunno.
(pulls out his phone)
I'll make damn sure she doesn't.

Jesse dials and puts the phone to his ear. He nods and grins
at Walt, gives him a thumbs-up.

JESSE
Good catch, yo!

Whew! Crisis averted. Off Jesse, his phone to his ear...

44 INT. REALTOR'S MERCEDES/EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - DAY 44

A CELL PHONE resting on the empty driver's seat BUZZES to
life, VIBRATING but not ringing. We TILT UP from it to the
realization...

... That this car is parked on the curb in front of JESSE'S
HOUSE. Visible just outside it, our familiar, gold-blazered
LADY REALTOR is busy adding a banner to the "FOR SALE" sign.

"OPEN HOUSE TODAY!" is what it says.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

45 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY 45

TIGHT ON THE TUBE FURNACE, liquid forming in the condenser. Jesse stares at it intently as it drip-drip-drips.

This basement is now an industrial-scale chemistry operation. Walt adjusts the pressure from the nitrogen tank to the reaction vessel. It's hot as an engine room down here.

WALT
Phenylacetone. Keep the temperature steady at 425 degrees. We'll need to run it two more hours to have enough to make four and half pounds.

JESSE
Four and a half? Not four?

WALT
Two pounds pays Tuco back. Four and a half pounds puts us forty-four thousand dollars ahead. Each.

JESSE
Right on, man. Right on.

WALT
With the amount of methylamine we got last night we could make four and a half pounds a week for... well, the foreseeable future.

JESSE
How long is that gonna be? I mean, in your...
(delicately)
... Situation. How much cash do you need?

Walt hesitates. He's never thought of a particular dollar amount. Finally...

WALT
More.

The moment of reflection is broken by a SHADOW crossing them. Now ANOTHER. What the hell..? Several pairs of LEGS are walking JUST OUTSIDE the ground-level basement windows!

(CONTINUED)

JESSE
(wide-eyed; whispering)
Someone's in my yard! --

WALT
Shhh. Listen!

They both freeze as above them, the wooden ceiling CREAKS.
Footsteps. Somebody is upstairs. LOTS of somebodies.

JESSE
What if... what if... Tuco..?

Walt heads for the staircase. Jesse waves him to come back.

JESSE
Don't! --

Not heeding Jesse, Walt silently mounts the stairs. At the top, he takes a deep breath, then cracks the door. What he sees puzzles him. He opens it a bit further.

46 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 46

A chubby FAMILY of FOUR wanders past. Trailing them is a LITTLE GIRL who's the only one who notices Walt peeking out of the basement. She smiles and gives him a wave. He nods to her, slowly re-closing the door.

47 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY 47

Walt descends the stairs, working to keep his voice even.

WALT
Jesse, was there, by any chance,
scheduled for this afternoon...
an open house?

Jesse squeezes his eyes shut -- *oh, FUCK!*

JESSE
I left her a message, man! It's
not my fault!

WALT
(grabs him by the elbow)
Go up there. Now. I don't care
how you do it, just keep them out
of here!

Off Jesse, nodding breathlessly and clomping up the stairs:

48 INT. BOUTIQUE - DAY

48

CLOSE ON A MIRROR as Marie models a pair of earrings, appraising herself. Suddenly, Skyler appears behind her.

SKYLER

You gonna steal those, too?

A bit startled, Marie turns to her sister. Frowns at her, like what are you doing here?

SKYLER

You can't duck me forever, you know.

MARIE

I'm not ducking you. Why do you say that?

SKYLER

I've left you at least fifteen messages. When I went to your office, you snuck out the back way!

MARIE

I didn't sneak. I went out for lunch. Geez Skyler, what are you --

SKYLER

-- Marie, I have never been so humiliated in my life. That tiara. They accused me at Medici's of shoplifting it.

She says this last part with her voice intense but low -- she doesn't want the other SHOPPERS in this place to hear.

MARIE

What were you doing at Medici's?

SKYLER

I was returning it.

MARIE

(hurt)

You were returning it? Why would you return it?

SKYLER

I was simply --

(sighs; stays on subject)

Marie, what is wrong with you?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SKYLER (CONT'D)

Can you please tell me that? Can
you tell me why you'd do such a
thing?

Marie thinks about it. Shrugs.

SKYLER

What does that mean? Does that
mean you don't know?

MARIE

That..?

(shrugs, demonstrating)

That means I have no idea what the
hell you're even talking about.

SKYLER

You have no idea what I'm talking
about. The shoplifting. No idea.

MARIE

No idea whatsoever.

Skyler stares hard at her sister. Marie stares right back,
not blinking... showing no sign of guilt. Marie could be a
Confederate general the way she's stonewalling.

SKYLER

Isn't there anything you want to
say to me? An apology?
(off the silence)

Marie...

(another beat)

You're not gonna admit this, are
you?

MARIE

I can't very well admit something
when I have no knowledge of what it
is I'm admitting.

Skyler stares at her sister, beyond exasperation.
Bewildered. Like she's a Martian. Confounded and hurt,
Skyler turns on her heel and leaves without a glance back.

Off Marie, staring after her... yet giving nothing away:

The open house is in full-swing -- PROSPECTIVE BUYERS
milling, our lady Realtor in selling mode.

(CONTINUED)

REALTOR
(to some newcomers)
Hi! Welcome! Would you care to
sign in?
(to a lady looking around)
Huge, huge, kitchen!

A prospective buyer sniffs the air, makes a face. Something
doesn't smell right. The Realtor sprays AIR FRESHENER.

50 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 50

Folks move through frame, coming and going -- and wondering
what the deal is with that big hole in the ceiling. A guy in
a BASEBALL HAT tries the basement door. It opens an inch and
then SUDDENLY SLAMS SHUT.

BASEBALL HAT
What the..?

INTERCUT WITH:

51 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 51

At the top of the stairs, Jesse holds onto the doorknob for
dear life. Below, Walt has his hands full cooking.

BASEBALL HAT
Excuse me, I just want to see the
basement.

No answer. Baseball Hat tugs the door -- hard. Jesse
wrestles it closed. A couple of other potential BUYERS hear
the commotion and wander over to see what's going on.

JESSE
Occupied!

BASEBALL HAT
"Occupied?"
(to the others)
The hell's going on down there..?

PUSH IN ON JESSE as he braces the door. These last 24 hours
have been stressful enough -- now he's starting to lose it.

BASEBALL HAT
For god's sake, I just wanna see
the basement! What's the big deal?

Fuck it. Jesse bursts out, SLAMMING the door behind him.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE
Yo, you ain't SEEING the basement,
BITCH! You got that? Is it
sinking in?
(to the others)
Beat it! All of y'all! House is
not for sale! Get the hell OUT!

Empowered by anger, Jesse HERDS them all out of here.

52 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY 52

Lots of o.s. YELLING from above. Walt, face shiny with sweat, pours milky liquid into a boiling flask and clamps it into what looks like a high-tech moonshine still. Steam rises in front of his face. Off him, working frantically... almost finished...

53 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT (STOCK) 53

To establish. Walt's Aztek is parked in the driveway.

54 INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 54

Walt enters the front door, dead on his feet. Carrying his suitcase. He hasn't slept since he left for the "sweat lodge," but the job is done. He plops down on the sofa.

A beat. CLOSE ON WALT -- from o.s., a hand offers him a glass of orange juice. Skyler leans down into this frame and kisses him on the forehead.

SKYLER
How was it? Was it an experience?

WALT
Yeah. It was definitely an experience.

SKYLER
(re: his clothes)
What's that smell?

WALT
Uh. Sacred Navajo herbs.
Everything okay?

SKYLER
Actually... no, not really. Not at all.

(CONTINUED)

Walt sits up, studying her. She sits down beside him.

SKYLER
The tiara Marie gave us. She stole
it. I nearly got arrested trying
to return it to the store.

WALT
Oh god, Skyler...

SKYLER
She refuses to admit it, she
refuses to apologize...
(helpless shrug)
I don't know what to do.
(off Walt's look)
I think Hank should hear about
this. I'm really thinking I should
tell him.

Walt remembers Hank's odd reaction at the shower. Something
dawns on him.

WALT
What if he already knows?

SKYLER
What? No. Please... he wouldn't
just turn a blind eye.

Walt shrugs. He's not so sure.

SKYLER
This is just so... I don't know how
I can respect her after this.

Hearing this strikes a chord in Walt. Troubles him a little.

WALT
It's not like her basic intentions
weren't good. More or less.
(Skyler makes a face)
I-I just mean... I dunno.
Sometimes... people do things for
their families.

For Walt, the conversation isn't only about Marie any more.

SKYLER
"People do things for their
families." And to you, that
justifies stealing?

(CONTINUED)

Walt shrugs -- *well yeah, maybe.* Skyler shakes her head.

SKYLER

Wow. That must have been some sweat lodge -- are you listening to the words that are coming out of your mouth? That has got to be the lamest rationalization ever.

WALT

What would you do if it were me?

SKYLER

What do you mean, if it were you?

WALT

If it were me. What would you do? Divorce me? Turn me in to the police?

Skyler smiles. The possibility of Walt breaking the law is too ridiculous for her to contemplate -- and therefore, it's easy to make a joke out of it.

SKYLER

You don't wanna find out.

She kisses him on the cheek and slowly rises off the sofa (difficult for a seven months' pregnant woman). Walt soberly watches her as she crosses out of frame.

SKYLER (O.S.)

Want something to eat?

Off Walt, wondering what she'd do if she knew the truth...

55 EXT. AUTOMOBILE GRAVEYARD - DAY

55

CLOSE ON a LARGE bag of METH. Four-and-a-half pounds' worth. It's a big one. It gets handed to...

... TUCO, who stands here looking frosty and hard. No-Doze and Gonzo have his back.

Walt and Jesse stand before them. Silence as Tuco hefts the bag in his hand, faintly impressed by the sheer weight. But then he takes a closer look through the plastic. Frowns.

TUCO

What is this? This shit is blue.

(CONTINUED)

And, in fact, it does have a faint BLUE cast. Jesse glances to Walt, who clears his throat and answers.

WALT
We used a different chemical process. It's every bit as pure.

JESSE
It may be blue, but it's the bomb.

Tuco pulls out his knife. He slices open the plastic, crushes a shard against the hood of a wrecked car and considers the METH RAIL he forms on it. With a wary look to Walt, he SNIFFS it up.

OUCH. His eyes water. Ohhhh, yeah -- he likes. The rush hits Tuco like a freight train, his head flopping forward. When he comes up, it takes a moment for his eyes to roll down from their whites.

TUCO
Whoooh! Tight, tight, TIGHT!
Blue, yellow, pink, whatever --
keep bringing me THAT!

No-Doze weighs the meth on a portable scale.

NO-DOZE
Four point six.

Tuco begins counting money, laughing to himself. Walt and Jesse share a glance -- this is working out.

TUCO
(to his henchmen)
What I say?! This bitch can COOK!
(to Walt)
You alright, man. You alright.
We gonna make lotta money together.

Walt nods, fakes a smile. Tuco hands him the wad of cash.

NO-DOZE
(points to Walt)
Just remember who you workin' for.

Walt and Jesse nod -- whatever. But now Tuco's smile fades.

He turns to No-Doze. Gives a questioning look.

TUCO
What'd you say?

(CONTINUED)

No-Doze, trying to flash a little muscle on Walt and thereby impress his boss, now starts to realize he said too much.

NO-DOZE
Just saying. They gotta know
they're working for you.

TUCO
Oh. Oh, okay.
(a beat)
Why wouldn't they already know
that? You sayin' they're stupid or
something?

NO-DOZE
Nah, I'm just saying --

TUCO
You're not saying they're stupid?
So I don't understand -- you saying
I'm stupid?

NO-DOZE
No, man! Hell, no! I'm just --

TUCO
-- You're just speaking for me.
Like I ain't got sense to speak for
myself. Is that right? Huh? Is
that what you doing?

This is getting really weird and tense really fast. Jesse shoots a nervous, sidelong glance to Walt, who doesn't like where this is headed.

WALT
Uh. Tuco --

TUCO
(eyes locked on No-Doze)
Yeah?

WALT
(shrugs)
Let's just... let's all relax, huh?

Tuco keeps staring at No-Doze, who's got his eyes on the ground, trying desperately not to provoke a fight. Finally:

TUCO
Heisenberg says "relax."

No-Doze and Gonzo both nod. Sounds good. Tuco nods, too.

(CONTINUED)

TUCO

That's me, ese. I am relaxed.

Still nodding, he kicks at an old HEATER CORE or somesuch (some part off some old car) that lies at his feet. He bends down, picks it up...

... And totally without warning, he HAMMERS No-Doze in the FACE with it! No-Doze falls like a tree, BLOOD spurting from his nose and mouth. And once he's down --

-- Tuco stays on him, BEATING him senseless.

As we hear the terrible SOUNDS that accompany this savage beating, we hold on Walt and Jesse, horrified. Unable to look away. Sounds of wet, fleshy hits, of cartilage cracking. Our guys flinch with each blow.

Walt starts to make a move to intervene -- but Gonzo, knowing better, shakes his head at Walt, stopping him in his tracks. All Walt can do is swallow hard and stand here, impotent.

His face a bloody mess of hamburger, No-Doze sinks to the ground, barely alive. Tuco tosses away the gore-soaked heater core. He wipes specks of BLOOD off his face, examining them in the palm of his hand.

TUCO

Damn, man. That's messed up.
(holds up his palm)
Lookit that!

He smirks at Walt, Jesse and Gonzo, showing them the smeared BLOOD. Walt and Jesse stand frozen. Deeply shaken.

TUCO

Okay, Heisenberg. Next week.

Tuco climbs in the shotgun seat of the Navigator, waiting for Gonzo to pull what's left of No-Doze to his feet and load him into the backseat.

Jesse turns his back on this sight. He is shell-shocked. Breathing hard. Suffering post-traumatic stress.

Off Walt, clutching his money tight... fearful of what fresh hell he's gotten both of them into...

END EPISODE