

BREAKING BAD

"Gray Matter"

Episode #104

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TEASER

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

TIGHT on an EMPTY CHAIR in front of a desk, in this pleasant but bland corporate office. A man wearing a SUIT AND TIE -- not as fancy as Hugo Boss, but something nice from Men's Wearhouse -- enters frame, visible only from the neck down.

As he sits into frame, we REVEAL that this well-dressed man is none other than JESSE. His eye is now completely healed and his hair is neatly combed. Without his usual knit cap and baggy clothes, he looks like a different person. Sharp, handsome... respectable even.

He's also a little nervous. He's got a piece of paper in his hand. He slides it across the desk toward us.

JESSE

(earnest)

My resume. I haven't worked in real estate before, but I do have a background in sales. I think I could be a major asset to your company.

REVERSE ON -- the MANAGER of this REAL ESTATE FIRM, sitting behind the desk, across from Jesse. He doesn't even look at Jesse's resume.

MANAGER

I'm sorry, but... this isn't a sales position.

Jesse stares at him, confused.

MANAGER

All of our brokers have at least two years' on-the-job experience, and usually a college degree.

JESSE

(embarrassed)

Oh.

MANAGER

What you would be doing is more like advertising.

As Jesse considers this, the manager goes to the window and opens the blinds, revealing...

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... a guy, across the street, wearing a goofy foam DOLLAR BILL COSTUME with the face cut out. He's holding a big cardboard ARROW-SHAPED SIGN that reads, "NEED A HOME? WANT TO SAVE \$? CONDOS FOR SALE AND LEASE." Like those guys you see on street corners, he is spinning his arrow sign to attract attention.

As Jesse realizes this is the shit job he was actually interviewing for, his face falls. Off Jesse, mortified...

EXT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DOWNTOWN - DAY

We're in downtown Albuquerque, surrounded by corporate buildings. Jesse emerges from the real estate office, bummed out by his job interview. He lights a cigarette and starts to head for his car when he hears:

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, Jesse! Over here!

Jesse turns to see the guy in the DOLLAR BILL COSTUME waving to him. The dollar bill starts to cross the street to join Jesse, his big Mickey Mouse-like feet clomping awkwardly on the pavement...

... when a car SCREECHES to a halt inches away from hitting him. He bangs his hand on the hood, glares at the driver.

DOLLAR BILL
Yo, watch it! Can't you see I'm walking here?!

The dollar bill continues crossing and comes up to Jesse, who recognizes his friend now that he's this close.

It's MARTIN JANOWSKI (25), a scrawny, scrappy dude, definitely not the sharpest crayon in the box -- but he's a fun drug-buddy, the guy who never says no to a party.

JESSE
Hey, Martin.

Martin shakes his head, gestures to the street.

MARTIN
Jesus -- you see that?
(then, re: Jesse's suit)
Nice duds.

JESSE
(smirks)
You, too.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Jesse and Martin, who's still in his dollar bill costume, are hanging out in the alley behind the real estate building, sharing a joint.

Martin has the head of his costume peeled back, exposing his longish greasy hair. His arrow-shaped sign is on the ground, leaning against a wall.

MARTIN

Why the hell would you want this stupid-ass job?

JESSE

You're doing it.

MARTIN

Only 'cause I'm on probation. It's better than prison... but only by this much.

Martin holds up two fingers an inch apart. Jesse's trying his best to look at the bright side.

JESSE

The pay isn't bad, considering all you gotta do is stand there.

MARTIN

Dude, you can't just stand there. You gotta spin the arrow. There are moves you gotta learn -- like the helicopter.

Martin picks up the arrow sign and SPINS it with great force above his head like a propeller. He quickly loses control and the sign goes flying. Jesse ducks.

MARTIN

See? That one's a bitch.

Jesse takes a last (discreetly shot) hit off the joint and hands it back to Martin.

JESSE

Thanks for the toke.

MARTIN

Any time.

(CONTINUED)

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Martin drops the roach on the pavement and grinds it out with his oversized foot.

MARTIN

Hey, speaking of which... think you could maybe hook me up with some crystal?

JESSE

(shakes his head)

I been out of business for a while now. Actually...

(floating the idea)

I'm thinking about retiring.

MARTIN

What?! I heard the stuff you made was unbelievable. Tweaker Bob said it was the best he ever had, and that's sayin' a lot.

Jesse nods, regretful, as he recalls his one shining achievement: the perfect batch of meth he cooked with Walt.

JESSE

(quietly)

It was pretty awesome.

MARTIN

So what happened?

Thinking about his "breakup" with Walt, Jesse becomes defensive, covering his hurt feelings like a jilted lover.

JESSE

Nothing. Just... I had this partner who was helping me cook. I mean, I did most of the work. The dude didn't know what he was doing, and things got fucked up. I had to let him go.

Martin sees an opportunity.

MARTIN

You wanna get back in business, I can hook you up with some pseudo. I got a connect. We could partner up.

JESSE

I dunno...

(CONTINUED)

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MARTIN

No pressure. Just think about it.
You know where to find me.

Martin pulls the top of his costume back into place, like putting on a hood. He grabs his arrow sign and heads back out toward the street, leaving Jesse to consider his offer.

INT. JESSE'S CAR - DAY

A few minutes later. Jesse gets in his Monte Carlo, parked in front of the real estate office. He sits there for a moment, staring out the window at Martin, who's back at his spot across the street.

As he watches Martin in that ridiculous dollar bill costume, spinning his arrow sign and working in some hip-hop dance moves, Jesse realizes there's no way he could ever do this job. It's just too pathetic.

Demoralized, he reaches over to the passenger seat and picks up the "HELP WANTED" ADS that he'd left there.

Five listings have been circled -- all menial jobs, no experience necessary. The real estate job is one of them.

Jesse scans the ads, searching for something better. But it's no use -- he's not qualified for anything better. Frustrated, he crumples up the paper and tosses it out the window. Then he starts his engine and drives off.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. WINDING ROAD - DAY

A road heading up into the mountains, somewhere near Santa Fe (possibly the Turquoise Trail, or looks like it). The scenery is beautiful, pristine. Walt's Aztek enters frame, chugging uphill.

INT. WALT'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

WALT drives. SKYLER is with him. They're both dressed up -- Walt in his best suit and tie, Skyler in a blue taffeta dress. She's wearing a little too much makeup and her hair is carefully arranged in an up-do.

Walt is anxious and preoccupied. A SMALL GIFT wrapped in colorful Hallmark paper, the shape and size of a paperback book (but lumpier), sits atop the dashboard.

WALT

It's a stupid present...

SKYLER

No, it's not. He's gonna love it.

WALT

What was I thinking? The invitation said "no gifts."

Walt scratches at his collar, fidgeting like a little kid in church. Skyler can read his body language.

SKYLER

We have to go, Walt.

WALT

I'm not complaining.

SKYLER

Yes, you are.

(then, quieter)

We need this. We've been through a lot lately.

As if Walt needed a reminder of the past few weeks since finding out he has cancer. Off Walt, staring at the road...

EXT. ELLIOTT'S MANSION - DRIVEWAY - DAY

This place is huge -- and it's no McMansion. You've seen houses like this on the cover of *Architectural Digest*. Inspired by Frank Lloyd Wright and the eco-conscious movement, it's both cutting-edge and tasteful.

There's lots of bustling activity at the entrance. Cars are arriving, pulling up to a valet station. Mercedes, Jaguars, Audis, BMW's, and a few Priuses -- all of them charcoal, steel or black.

... Then Walt's shit-beige Aztek putters into view, sticking out like a sore thumb.

Walt and Skyler get out. As Walt hands his key to a red-jacketed valet, Skyler gapes at the house and the wealthy, handsome guests ascending the front steps.

Though Walt and Skyler have been here before, it's still an impressive sight. This is not their milieu. They're clearly out of their league here.

INT. ELLIOTT'S MANSION - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Walt and Skyler enter, immediately feeling out of place. Walt carries his small, colorfully wrapped gift. He wilts when he sees...

A table ahead, displaying a lavish floral arrangement, is piled high with LARGE GIFTS, all professionally wrapped in silver and white.

SKYLER

(under her breath)

The invitation did say "no gifts," right?

Walt considers dumping his present, but there's nowhere to hide it. So, as nonchalantly as he can, Walt walks up to the table and tucks the gift in an inconspicuous spot.

As he and Skyler continue on, we see that the guests are dressed down in an insouciantly stylish, "you'd never guess this cotton shirt cost \$300" kind of way. One or two wear exotic garb (e.g. sari, dashiki) acquired on travels abroad.

By contrast, Walt and Skyler (pregnant belly aside) look like a couple going to the prom. Aside from the tuxedoed waiters, Walt is the only man in a suit. Sensing Skyler's self-consciousness, Walt gently rubs the small of her back.

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WALT

You look nice, honey.

Skyler smiles, appreciative. Then, peering past Walt --

SKYLER

There's Elliott. Is he talking to
Ali MacGraw?

Indeed, there's famous actress ALI MACGRAW, glowing with Hollywood glamour, chatting with the host of the party, the birthday boy, the master of this empire...

This is ELLIOTT SCHWARTZ (50). Though the same age as Walt, he exudes the energy of a younger man. He has a confidence gained through hard-earned success. Charming and generous, he's impossible to dislike.

Elliott's rocking the casual-chic look in a fitted black T-shirt, Levi's and Mexican huaraches, which contrast sharply against the dorkiness of Walt's polished Florsheims.

When Elliott spots Walt, his face lights up. He excuses himself from Ali MacGraw and heads straight over.

ELLIOTT

Walt -- you made it!

Elliott gives Walt a warm, genuine hug. Despite himself, Walt is sincerely happy to see his old friend. Thumps him heartily on the back.

WALT

Wouldn't miss it for the world.
Happy birthday, Elliott.

Elliott hugs Skyler and kisses her on the cheek.

ELLIOTT

Skyler, great to see you. You look
beautiful.

(to both Skyler and Walt, re:
pregnancy)
Congratulations.

SKYLER

Thank you.

Elliott spots his wife nearby and waves her over.

ELLIOTT

Gretchen -- look who's here.

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GRETCHEN SCHWARTZ comes over, elegant in her simple white dress and her long hair worn down around her shoulders. Attractive and highly intelligent, Gretchen is the wife that Walt might have had once upon a time, if things had gone differently. To him, she represents the ultimate "what if."

(Astute viewers will recognize her from the Teaser in Episode 102; in the Los Alamos flashback, she was Walt's lab partner.)

GRETCHEN

Oh my God, it's been ages.

WALT

Good to see you, Gretchen.

Instead of hugging her, Walt shakes Gretchen's hand. This choice of greeting is awkward, given their history -- but no one notices except Gretchen and Elliott. Walt pulls his hand away first.

Gretchen turns to Skyler, smiles graciously.

GRETCHEN

Hi, Skyler. Thanks for coming.

SKYLER

Good to see you -- we missed you the last time. I think you were in Rwanda or something...

ELLIOTT

And she just got back from Darfur.

GRETCHEN

The Foundation awarded a grant to the International Relief Fund.

Walt responds just a tad too enthusiastically -- again, imperceptible to anyone but Gretchen and Elliott.

WALT

That's so great.

(then, to Elliott)

Oh, and congratulations on the Nobel Prize. The research you've been doing... it's phenomenal.

ELLIOTT

(sincerely modest)

Thanks. We've got a first-rate team working their asses off. We're very lucky.

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CONTINUED: (3)

Elliott glances past Walt's shoulder, still in guest-greeting mode.

ELLIOTT

Sorry -- would you excuse us? We gotta say hello to some people. You two go grab a drink, mingle, make yourselves at home... We'll catch up later. We've got a lot to talk about.

WALT

Definitely.

GRETCHEN

See you later.

As Elliott and Gretchen move off to greet another guest, Gretchen makes eye contact with Walt for a split second. Then she's gone.

Walt stands there, recovering from the confusing emotions stirred up from the past. Skyler, unaware of Walt's history with Gretchen, doesn't notice. Nevertheless, Walt tries to cover for his weirdness. He looks around.

WALT

Oh my God. I count six Nobel laureates in this room.

Off Walt, feeling very small.

INT. ELLIOTT'S MANSION - LIBRARY - DAY

An hour later. CLOSE ON a framed NEW YORK TIMES ARTICLE titled: "*Gray Matter Technologies Closes In on Molecular Switch.*" There's a PHOTO of Elliott, with his team of scientists behind him, posing in a lab setting.

The article begins:

"The electronics industry wants their circuits small -- the smaller, the better. Many foresee a day when circuits will be as tiny as single molecules. This dream may not be so far-fetched, thanks to the research of chemists at Gray Matter Technologies in Los Alamos, New Mexico, led by company founder Elliott Schwartz."

Walt lingers in front of the article, studying it as he sips champagne from a flute.

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He's taken refuge from the party in this magnificent library. Everything's mahogany and leather. The walls are lined from floor to ceiling with serious old books, including scientific classics written by Newton, Galileo, Darwin, and Einstein.

This sanctum sanctorum is like heaven to Walt. A 400-year-old edition of COPERNICUS'S *DE REVOLUTIONIBUS*, printed in Latin, is propped open on a lectern. Walt reverently touches its yellowed pages.

In this private moment, Walt takes it all in. Jealousy, regret, the knowledge of what might have been, washing over him like a tidal wave.

A COUGHING JAG jolts Walt out of his reverie. Another reminder of how much his life utterly blows.

INT. ELLIOTT'S MANSION - ATRIUM - DAY

The party is in full swing. Guests are talking in clusters, hobnobbing over cocktails. Walt wanders in, alone and feeling awkward. Skyler's off mingling.

A SERVER approaches Walt with a tray of sushi.

SERVER

Kanpachi?

(off Walt's hesitation)

Very young yellowtail, on a bed of pickled daikon.

WALT

No, thank you.

The server moves off. Walt glances around and spots Skyler across the room, talking to Elliott. They're deep in conversation, looking rather serious. Curious, Walt starts off toward them...

... but he's intercepted by an old acquaintance, FARLEY HOM (48). Farley has the same successful air as Elliott, without the charm. He's conversing with a group of men who all look like scientist geniuses.

FARLEY

Walt? I thought that was you.

Farley gives Walt a firm handshake.

WALT

Hey, Farley. Long time no see.

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FARLEY

(to the group)

This is Walter White. Back at Cal Tech, this guy was the master of crystallography. One time we were stuck on this protein problem for weeks, and Walt just breezed right in and said, "Synchrotrons."

Walt forces a smile as the other men size him up.

WALT

They generate purer and more complete patterns than X-ray beams. Data collection takes a fraction of the time.

The men do not appear to be impressed.

FARLEY

(points to Walt)

This is the White in "Gray."

Everyone turns to Walt. Put on the spot, he reluctantly explains, giving them the short version.

WALT

Back when Elliott and I were in grad school, we came up with the name. Schwartz -- black. Walter White. Black and white make gray... Gray Matter Technologies.

Although Walt does a decent job of not sounding bitter, we can see how hard it is for him to tell this story.

FARLEY

(to the group)

Cute, huh?

One of the scientist geniuses, unaware of Walt's history with Elliott, is surprised and finally impressed.

SCIENTIST

So you're running the company with Elliott?

Walt is mortified, but covers.

WALT

Actually, no. I ended up going into education.

INT. ELLIOTT'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A couple of hours later. The guests are now gathered around Elliott as he opens his birthday gifts. Gretchen is next to him on the couch.

Amidst the torn wrapping paper we see top-of-the-line sporting equipment, rare Scotch, objets d'art...

Walt and Skyler are on the outskirts of the crowd, party smiles plastered to their faces as Elliott unwraps a shiny black ELECTRIC GUITAR. Elliott is tickled.

ELLIOTT

Oh, wow, a Stratocaster...

The gift-giver, an eccentric MUSIC PRODUCER akin to Phil Spector, pipes in:

MUSIC PRODUCER

Not just any Strat. That's one of Clapton's.

ELLIOTT

No way.

MUSIC PRODUCER

And he signed it for you.

Elliott takes a closer look to read the inscription.

ELLIOTT

"To Elliott. Sorry about the buckle rash. Eric Clapton."

Laughter from the crowd. Elliott flips the guitar over to see where the varnish was worn away by Clapton's belt buckle. Cool.

MUSIC PRODUCER

Next time you're in London, he'll give you a lesson.

ELLIOTT

Thanks, man. This is beautiful.

The music producer flashes him the peace sign. Everyone applauds in appreciation of this rad gift, which probably cost a small fortune.

Walt and Skyler are obviously uncomfortable amidst all this extravagance.

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CONTINUED:

SKYLER

(sotto, to Walt)

Why is he doing this in front of everyone? What is he, eight?

Walt doesn't answer. He's trying to figure out how to make himself disappear before Elliott gets to his gift.

But it's too late. The next gift Elliott reaches for is Walt's. The clumsily wrapped package looks like it could, indeed, be for an eight-year-old.

ELLIOTT

(reads the tag)

Ah, this one's from Walt.

Elliott scans the crowd, spots Walt hiding in the back. Walt is frozen with anxiety, fearing the most humiliating moment of his life.

CLOSE ON WALT, watching nervously as Elliott tears the wrapping paper off his gift, revealing...

... a package of RAMEN NOODLES. The kind that comes in a block and costs 25 cents. Boil 'em in water, add that nasty flavor packet, stir and enjoy.

A confused hush falls over the crowd. Walt wants to die.

ELLIOTT

Oh my God. Yum-Good Ramen!

Elliott bursts into a shit-eating grin. He rises to his feet, holding up the package of ramen for all to see.

ELLIOTT

This is what Walt and I ate for ten months straight while we were working on our thesis. They sold 'em at the campus store for ten cents a piece. It's a miracle we didn't die of malnutrition. To this day, I'm convinced these noodles were responsible for our success. This stuff was our lifeblood.

As Elliott gazes with affection at the ramen, it's clear that he sincerely loves this simple, sentimental present.

ELLIOTT

Where the hell did you find these? I thought they'd been outlawed.

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CONTINUED: (2)

Walt shrugs cagily and smiles, relieved and delighted by Elliott's reaction.

ELLIOTT

Thank you, Walt. I absolutely love it.

By now, all eyes are on Walt, who was a nobody two minutes ago, but has suddenly been swept into Elliott's inner circle. Walt smiles graciously.

WALT

For the man who has everything.

EXT. ELLIOTT'S MANSION - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Later still. The party has spilled out into the backyard. Its sprawling manicured garden resembles that of the Palace of Versailles. The trees are decorated with twinkling lights, a la Tavern on the Green. A CHAMBER QUARTET plays classical music.

In a GAZEBO, Walt sits across from Elliott, finally getting some face time with the man of the hour. Walt's enjoying himself now, a little buzzed, his tie loosened. We come in mid-conversation as they're reminiscing about old times.

ELLIOTT

And then there was your liquid nitrogen phase, when you started dipping everything under the sun into it to see what would happen --

WALT

At least I didn't destroy the microwave with my experiments.

Elliott and Walt are laughing, relishing this trip down memory lane.

ELLIOTT

Remember that professor who hated Robert Wilhelm Bunsen?

WALT

All you had to do was mention the Bunsen burner and he'd go off on a rant. "He didn't actually invent it, he just improved it." Easy way to kill fifteen minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

More laughter. At this moment, these two are no longer Elliott Schwartz the millionaire and Walter White the school teacher -- they're just a couple of friends geeking out.

ELLIOTT
I miss this, Walt.

WALT
(quietly)
Me, too.

ELLIOTT
I forgot how much fun we used to have just hanging out and brainstorming. Seeing where the conversation took us.

WALT
We should get together more often. Skyler would love to have you and Gretchen over for dinner sometime.

ELLIOTT
Yeah, sure, absolutely. But what I mean is... we should work together again.

Walt is caught off-guard. Smirks as if he thinks maybe this is some kind of joke.

ELLIOTT
Seriously. What's stopping us?

WALT
You want me to work for Gray Matter?

ELLIOTT
Why not? You'd fit right in. You're brilliant, you've got the experience...

WALT
Yeah, as a high school teacher. Can't even remember the last time I set foot in a real lab. I've been out of the loop for twenty years.

ELLIOTT
We'll get you up to speed.

It's dawning on Walt that Elliott is serious about this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALT

I wouldn't even know where to begin. You have no idea... I spend my day drawing atoms on a chalkboard. Making kids memorize the periodic table.

ELLIOTT

I understand. You're a little rusty. But you're not seeing the upside here -- it might really help us to have a fresh set of eyes. You know what it's like when you're trying to crack the same problem for months -- you get tunnel vision. But one person thinking outside the box? You may be exactly what we need.

Walt can't believe what he's hearing. But man, does he want to. For the first time in years, he sees a future that isn't bleak -- in fact, it's the life he should have had. This is his chance at redemption.

But bursting this beautiful bubble is the inescapable fact that... *Walt has cancer*. His days are numbered. As the reality of this sinks in:

WALT

Elliott... this is... this is very appealing. But you should know... I've got some... personal issues.

Quiet Walt, squashing down his emotions, has a hard time getting this out. Elliott lays a compassionate hand on Walt's shoulder.

ELLIOTT

There's nothing we can't work out.

WALT

It's complicated.

ELLIOTT

We can help you. We have excellent health insurance. The best.

Walt looks to him, surprised. *He knows I have cancer. How the hell does he know?* Glancing across the lawn, Walt sees...

... SKYLER standing with a bunch of guests, sipping a sparkling water.

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CONTINUED: (3)

She's not participating in conversation -- instead, she's looking over at the gazebo, curious about Walt and Elliott.

As their eyes meet, Skyler smiles as if everything's hunky-dory. But in this split second, Walt has figured it out: *Skyler told Elliott about the cancer.*

And suddenly he sees his whole conversation with Elliott in a new light.

EXT. ELLIOTT'S MANSION - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The party is winding down. Guests are leaving. The driveway is clogged with luxury cars.

Walt and Skyler are at the valet station, waiting for their car. Walt is quiet and weirdly expressionless. Skyler sneaks glances at him.

Walt's Aztek rumbles up behind an idling Rolls-Royce and jerks forward, coming dangerously close to dinging the Rolls. Exhaust spurts from the tailpipe.

Ignoring stares, Walt goes around to the driver's side. The VALET is having trouble putting the car into park.

WALT

You gotta jiggle it.

The valet jiggles the gear shift, to no avail. Walt, his frustration mounting, reaches in and does it himself. The hapless valet slides out of the car, and Walt gets in without giving him a tip.

As soon as Skyler gets in the passenger seat and buckles up, Walt hits the gas. The Aztek heads down the driveway.

INT. WALT'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

A few minutes later. Walt stares straight ahead as he drives. He hasn't said a word since they left Elliott's house. Trying to gauge his mood, Skyler makes a tentative attempt at normalcy.

SKYLER

Did you try the blinis, with the caviar and the little dab of creme fraiche? Oh my God. I must've eaten about thirty of those suckers.

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CONTINUED:

Walt doesn't respond. Just keeps staring at the road, brooding. After a few beats:

SKYLER
And that seafood table with the
lobster tails and crab legs and
oysters...

Skyler trails off, looks over at Walt. His silence is really unnerving her.

SKYLER
Walt?

At last, Walt turns to her and explodes -- not in a loud yelling way, but with a quiet rage that's much scarier.

WALT
What the fuck did you say to
Elliott?

SKYLER
(taken aback)
Walt --

WALT
-- You told him about the cancer,
didn't you?

SKYLER
(a little guilty)
We were talking and he asked about
you... I think he could tell
something was wrong. He wanted to
hear how you were doing... I didn't
know what to say.

WALT
How about "fine"?

SKYLER
I'm sorry. I didn't think you'd be
so upset about it. What did he say
to you?

WALT
("stop playing dumb")
Oh, please.

SKYLER
I don't know, Walt. Will you tell
me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALT

He offered me a job!

Silence for a beat. Skyler absorbs this.

WALT

That's what you wanted, right?

SKYLER

Walt. I swear to you, I didn't put him up to this.

WALT

Well, what did you think he was gonna do? You tell the man I'm dying --

SKYLER

(erupting)

-- I did not tell him you are dying! You are not --

WALT

-- Whatever. Whatever, alright?! He's a multi-millionaire! What's he gonna say, "Sorry, too bad, you're on your own?"

SKYLER

So he wants to help -- why is that a bad thing?

Walt, not completely sure why, struggles with this question, trying to figure it out for himself. Skyler waits for an answer, frustrated by his silence.

SKYLER

Walt, he wouldn't offer you a job if he didn't think you were qualified --

WALT

-- Oh yes, he would. Because when I turned down the job, he offered to simply pay for the treatment.

Another stunned silence from Skyler. At this point, she's as angry as Walt.

SKYLER

Please tell me you're taking the money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Walt doesn't say anything. She's got her answer. And she's utterly bewildered.

SKYLER

We need help right now, and Elliott
can help us. That money is nothing
to him. Why in the world would you
not take it?

Again, Walt doesn't have an answer. Off Walt and Skyler, at an impasse...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MORNING

Walt, Skyler and WALTER, JR. are eating breakfast in tense silence. Walt and Skyler, still upset from their fight, aren't even looking at each other.

The hostile energy is rubbing off on Walter, Jr. He's a teenager -- he's already got enough pent-up anger. He gulps down his orange juice and gets up to go.

Walt snaps out of his silence. Clears his throat.

WALT
Need a ride?

WALTER, JR.
I'm taking the bus.

Walter, Jr. exits. He's left most of his food untouched, which does not go unnoticed by Skyler. She rises, grabs Walter, Jr.'s plate, and stalks off to the kitchen.

Off Walt, alone at the table.

EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - MORNING

The RV is parked in the driveway. An '84 Pontiac Fiero pulls up to the curb.

Martin (who we met in the Teaser) climbs out. Without his dollar bill costume on, we can see his skinny frame. He grabs a duffel bag from the backseat and heads for the RV.

INT. RV - MORNING

Jesse is setting up meth-cooking equipment on the counter. Everything looks clean and organized. The door swings open and Martin enters.

MARTIN
I'm here -- let's fire it up!
(looking around)
Holy shit.

Wide-eyed, Martin drops his duffel bag and sidles up to the counter, ogling Jesse's setup.

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CONTINUED:

MARTIN

Niiice. Look at this beaker...
it's gynormous!

Martin picks up a ROUND BOTTOM BOILING FLASK, tossing it up and down to gauge its weight. Jesse snatches it from him.

JESSE

Careful -- it's fragile. And it's
a boiling flask, not a beaker.

MARTIN

(rolling his eyes)
Sorry, dude.

Jesse gently puts the boiling flask in its proper place. Points out the other equipment.

JESSE

This is a beaker. A Griffin
beaker, to be exact. This is a
volumetric beaker. Erlenmeyer
flask, Kjeldahl-style recovery
flask...

Martin is clearly surprised by Jesse's expertise. Jesse is starting to enjoy his role as meth-cooking guru. He points to a jar of red phosphorus.

JESSE

This is the key. We combine this
with hydriodic acid and your
pseudo, cook it, and -- voila --
freebase meth oil.

MARTIN

(impressed)
You really know your shit.

JESSE

It's just basic chemistry, yo. So
you got something for me?

MARTIN

Oh, yeah.

Martin picks up his duffel bag, unzips it and pulls out several cases of SINUS TABLETS. He tosses them to Jesse, who inspects them approvingly.

JESSE

Okay. Now we're in business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Martin continues to unpack items from his duffel: a six-pack of Pabst Blue Ribbon, a bag of Cheetos, several cans of Spam, a stack of *Maxim* magazines...

JESSE

Jesus, Martin. We're only gonna be out there a couple days --

MARTIN

Check it out.

Martin pulls out a WOODEN CROSSBOW and a bunch of CHROME-TIPPED ARROWS.

MARTIN

Desert Fox Longbow. And these babies have chrome tips with blood gutters.

JESSE

What're you bringing that for?

MARTIN

Hunting. We might see javelinas.

Martin cracks open a beer. It's nine o'clock in the morning, by the way. Jesse eyes his new partner warily. *What's he gotten himself into?*

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Walter, Jr. and two nerdy buddies, LOUIS (17) and SOREN (17), are hanging out in the parking lot. Walter, Jr. points to a baby-faced guy in a hooded sweatshirt, walking toward the entrance.

WALTER, JR.

What about him?

LOUIS

He looks younger than us. He's probably going in there to get a Slurpee.

A Honda Civic pulls up to the store. An average Joe in his 30's is behind the wheel.

SOREN

How 'bout that guy?

As the kids are sizing him up, the guy starts picking his nose with a vengeance. They react with disgust.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER, JR.

Eewww...

A Ford pick-up truck pulls into the lot. A friendly-looking man in a flannel shirt gets out and heads for the store.

LOUIS

This is our chance.

(nudges Walter, Jr.)

You're up.

WALTER, JR.

Why do I always have to do it?

LOUIS

Gimme the crutches and I'll do it.

Walter, Jr. rolls his eyes, but acquiesces and starts off toward Flannel Shirt. Louis and Soren hang back, trying to appear casual.

WALTER, JR.

'Scuse me?

Walter, Jr. catches up to the guy, making a big show of his forearm crutches. He pulls a twenty out of his pocket.

WALTER, JR.

We were wondering if you could do
us a favor and buy us a six of Bud
Light. We forgot our ID's.

Flannel Shirt sizes up Walter, Jr. and his friends.

FLANNEL SHIRT

You know, a minor could go to jail
for asking a cop to buy alcohol.

WALTER, JR.

(taken aback)

A cop?

Flannel Shirt produces his wallet and flips it open to his
POLICE BADGE. He's an OFF-DUTY COP.

Upon hearing this, Louis and Soren haul ass. They disappear
around the corner, leaving Walter, Jr. in the lurch,
standing there with the twenty dangling from his hand.

OFF-DUTY COP

Guess this is your lucky night.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Walter, Jr. is in the passenger seat, sullenly watching the off-duty cop talk to someone in the parking lot (this is shot in such a way that we can't tell who it is). They're wrapping up their conversation.

The cop comes over and leans in Walter, Jr.'s window.

OFF-DUTY COP

This is not how I wanted to spend
my night off. Consider this your
first and last warning.

WALTER, JR.

Yes, sir.

OFF-DUTY COP

You're lucky you got a good dad
here.

The cop gives Walter, Jr.'s "dad" a salute, then heads off. The driver's side door opens... and Walter, Jr.'s uncle HANK slides in. This is his black Jeep.

Hank lets out a disapproving sigh.

WALTER, JR.

I only got nabbed 'cause the other
guys ran.

Hank reaches over and pops him on the back of the head.

HANK

Not cool, man. Not cool.

WALTER, JR.

Sorry, Uncle Hank. I won't try to
buy beer again, okay?

HANK

No, not that. Why you calling me
and not your dad?

Walter, Jr. doesn't answer. Just stares out the window.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A distraught Skyler is clearing the dinner table. Her sister MARIE is helping her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The front door opens and Skyler turns to see Walter, Jr. coming in. Hank is right behind him.

Skyler addresses her son, her anger barely contained.

SKYLER

I don't even know what to say to you. Go to your room. I'll deal with you later.

As Walter, Jr. clicks off down the hall, Skyler sinks down at the table, at wit's end. Trying to be helpful, Marie holds out a glass of Chardonnay.

MARIE

(businesslike)

Here. Smell this.

But Skyler just buries her face in her hands. Hank takes a seat next to her, tries to console her.

HANK

He's just going through a phase. He finds out his dad's sick, and now he's acting out. First the pot, now this...

SKYLER

(looks up, confused)

The pot?

Hank shoots an accusing look at Marie.

HANK

You told me the kid was getting his doobage on.

MARIE

That's what Skyler told me.

(adds, to Skyler)

I mean, you might as well have.

SKYLER

(exasperated)

I wasn't talking about Walter, Jr.

I was talking about Walt.

Hank and Marie are both stunned. And Hank is a little impressed. He can't help but smirk.

HANK

No shit. Old man Walt's tokin' up? Did he even inhale?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Marie punches Hank's arm. He rubs it, annoyed.

SKYLER

I could hardly believe it either.
But he admitted it to me point-
blank. He was buying pot from a
former student of his... this
skeezy little shit.

HANK

Jesus. You sure the cancer hasn't
metamorphosized to Walt's brain?

Marie punches his arm again. Hank glares at her.

SKYLER

I don't know what to do. I can't
believe he could be so stubborn --
and stupid. Why would anyone in
their right mind choose not to get
treatment when it's completely paid
for? Why would he do this to us?

MARIE

I'm sure he has his reasons.

SKYLER

What legitimate reasons could there
possibly be?

MARIE

Have you asked him?

SKYLER

Of course! But you know Walt --
he's like a brick wall. He doesn't
talk about his feelings. Right now
we're barely on speaking terms.

(then, determined)

What we need to do is sit him down
and get all of this out on the
table. Make him see what he's
doing to this family.

MARIE

You mean, gang up on him. Like an
intervention.

SKYLER

No, just... a family meeting. A
safe place where everyone can voice
their concerns and be heard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HANK

Do I have to be there?

Once again, Marie glares at him. Hank gives her a warning look -- *don't you dare hit me again!*

SKYLER

Yes. I would like you both to be there. Please.

Hank and Marie aren't thrilled by the idea, but are trying to be supportive. Off Skyler, her gears turning...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The RV is parked in a clearing, surrounded by trees. CRICKETS are chirping. The RV's curtains are drawn and it's lit up inside. A cozy picture -- could be a family on a camping trip.

But it's not. It's two punks about to cook meth. We find MARTIN outside the RV, sipping a Rock Star energy drink as he takes a leak. He zips up and heads into:

INT. RV - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Martin comes in to find Jesse donning a LAB APRON and RUBBER GLOVES, the safety gear Walt taught him to wear.

MARTIN

(snickering)

Worried about dishpan hands?

JESSE

These chemicals are poisonous.
They can cause major damage --
trust me.

Martin picks up the RESPIRATOR, holds it up to his face. Breathes loudly into it, a la Darth Vader.

MARTIN

Luke... come join the Dark Side.
It is your... destiny.

Martin cracks himself up. Jesse impatiently tugs the respirator away from him.

JESSE

You gonna help me or what?

INT. RV - NIGHT - MONTAGE

HIP, INTENSE MUSIC comes up as we see a high-energy METH-COOKING sequence like the one in the Pilot. But this time, Jesse is in the Walt role, commanding the operation. Martin, clearly less capable, assists him.

Interspersed with shots of chemicals and procedures, we see Martin taking frequent breaks -- napping, snacking, goofing off. But Jesse is working the whole time. He's focused, in the zone.

EXT. WOODS - DAWN

Orange sunlight peeks up over the treetops. BIRDS are singing. The RV has been here all night.

INT. RV - DAWN

The cook is done. The RV is considerably less tidy than it was when they started. It's beginning to resemble a frat house after a keg party. Amidst the detritus we find...

... a GLASS TRAY filled with BIG, WHITE CRYSTALS. At first glance, it looks just like the batch that Walt and Jesse cooked in the Pilot.

Gripping a pair of tweezers, Jesse picks up one of the crystals and inspects it closely. Martin stares in awe at the tray of meth, drooling like a kid in a candy store.

MARTIN

You are a genius, bro. This cankinstien is unreal. When we get back, I'm gonna burn that stupid dollar bill suit -- 'cause this is gonna make us some mad dough!

Jesse, still eyeballing the crystal, shakes his head.

JESSE

It's not right.

MARTIN

Whaddya mean, "it's not right"?

JESSE

It's cloudy. It's not s'posed to be cloudy. The last time, it was glass. It sparkled like diamonds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN

What are you, a poet? This is by
far the best dope I've ever seen.
It's perfect.

JESSE

No. It's not.

Frustrated, Jesse drops the crystal back into the tray.
Then he picks up the whole tray and, pushing past Martin,
heads outside.

EXT. WOODS - DAWN

Jesse bursts out of the RV, carrying the tray of meth.
Martin follows on his heels.

MARTIN

What are you doing?!

Jesse flings the contents of the tray into the woods. The
crystals go flying and disappear into the brush.

MARTIN

Are you outta your gourd?! I
totally woulda smoked that!

JESSE

It's not for you, dipshit -- it's
for our customers. And they're
gonna demand a certain standard.
That stuff just didn't cut it.

MARTIN

So you throw it to the squirrels?
That is so not cool! My pseudo
ain't cheap, you know!

But Jesse is unfazed by his whining.

JESSE

We gotta do it again.

Jesse marches back to the RV. Martin glares after him,
pissed. Then he gets down on his hands and knees to search
for discarded crystals, now earmarked for his own personal
use. Waste not, want not...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Walt's coming home from work. He gets out of his car and walks up the driveway, carrying his briefcase. On his way in, he grabs the mail. Opens the door and heads inside.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Walt enters, flipping through the mail. He's halfway across the room when he notices...

... Skyler, Walter, Jr., Hank and Marie sitting there, waiting for him. Oddly formal. On the coffee table is an untouched PARTY PLATTER of assorted fruit and cheese, covered in Saran Wrap.

A beat as Walt takes in this tableau of serious faces... then Skyler reaches over and ceremoniously pulls the Saran Wrap off the party platter.

SKYLER

Sit down, Walt.

INT. RV - AFTERNOON

The second cook is done. The RV is even more of a mess now. Jesse and Martin are both exhausted and on edge. They're hovering over a new tray of meth.

Tense silence as Jesse picks up a crystal with his tweezers. While he inspects it, Martin stares at Jesse intensely, practically eye-fucking him.

This showdown seems to last forever... until finally, Jesse puts down the crystal and shakes his head.

JESSE

We can do better.

Jesse picks up the tray, getting ready to throw it out -- but this time, Martin grabs the other end.

MARTIN

Don't you dare!

Thus begins a tug-of-war that sends crystals flying everywhere. The tray falls to the floor and SHATTERS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Martin goes psycho -- he jumps on top of Jesse and tries to punch him. Jesse struggles to push him off. Neither of these skinny dudes is much of a fighter. They look like a couple of kids tussling at recess.

They fall to the floor and wrestle awkwardly, rolling over shards of broken glass.

JESSE

Get off me!

With much effort, Jesse manages to scramble to his feet. He grabs the closest thing -- the ROUND BOTTOM BOILING FLASK -- just as Martin gets up and lunges for him. Jesse whacks him in the abdomen --

-- THUNK! The boiling flask slams Martin like a bowling ball and falls to the floor -- CRASH! -- exploding into little pieces. Martin is enraged.

MARTIN

That's it -- you're dead!

Now it's no holds barred. The fight gets noisier and more ridiculous as Jesse and Martin try to hurt each other with various pieces of LAB EQUIPMENT. The RV is getting trashed.

Getting the upper hand, Jesse backs Martin up against the door. He kicks it open and shoves Martin out. Chucks Martin's duffel bag out after him.

Jesse slams the door shut and locks it.

EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

WIDE ON the RV as Martin pounds his fists on the door. The engine ROARS to life, and the RV starts to peel out of the clearing.

Fuming, Martin reaches into his bag and pulls out his BOW AND ARROWS. He stupidly shoots at the RV as it drives away. BOING! An ARROW gets lodged in the SPARE TIRE mounted on the back.

Martin pumps his fist. Bull's-eye!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

CLOSE on the PARTY PLATTER, now picked over. A hand enters frame, picks up a cube of cheese...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We PULL BACK to see a miserable Walt, as he pops the cheese into his mouth. The "intervention" has been going on for a while, and everyone looks worse for wear. Marie is skeptical, Hank uncomfortable, Walter, Jr. sullen.

Sitting in his favorite recliner, all Walt wants to do is pick up the remote, turn on the tube, and watch a little "Star Trek: Voyager." But no, he listens dutifully as...

... Skyler holds court. She sits on the couch, clutching a THROW PILLOW to her belly. The pillow is embroidered with the adage, *"Find Joy in the Little Things."*

SKYLER

The bottom line is that you're being selfish, Walt.

Skyler catches herself, then rephrases more carefully, in "intervention speak."

SKYLER

I mean -- I, personally, feel that the decision you're making is not in the best interest of our family unit. In my opinion.

WALT

I'm the one who's sick --

SKYLER

-- Uh-uh, it's not your turn yet. You agreed to listen to what everyone had to say first.

WALT

Fine.

Walt leans back, annoyed.

SKYLER

Elliott offered to help because he cares about you. I know you have issues with accepting help from others. But under the present circumstances, don't you think those issues are basically just... bullshit?

(correcting herself)

I mean, not valid?

A beat. Everyone's looking at Walt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALT

Am I allowed to answer?

SKYLER

No.

(continues her speech)

Here's how I see it. You're drowning in the ocean and someone throws you a life preserver. It's a no-brainer. You grab that thing and hold on 'til you get to shore. You don't say, "No thanks, I'd rather sink and get mauled by sharks."

Silence. We get the feeling Skyler's been rolling out the metaphors for hours.

SKYLER

Okay. I guess we can start going around the circle. You're all an important part of this family, and Walt should know how you feel. Hank, let's start with you.

Shit. Hank was just grabbing some grapes from the platter. He reluctantly puts them back.

HANK

Uhh, okay -- well --

SKYLER

Wait. Take the Talking Pillow.

Skyler passes the embroidered pillow to Hank, who awkwardly places it on his lap. He turns to Walt, struggling to think of something meaningful to say.

HANK

Look, buddy. I know I don't tell you often enough, but... I care about you... a helluva lot. And... this whole cancer thing... let's face it, you got dealt a shit hand of cards.

Marie's got a tight-lipped expression like she just knows Hank is gonna say something stupid. But Skyler gives him an encouraging nod.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HANK

But sometimes your luck can change.
Can't tell you how many times I
started with a shit hand and ended
up with a full house. The key is
to hang in there and keep placing
your bets.

Marie rolls her eyes.

MARIE

Hank, what the hell are you talking
about?

SKYLER

Come on now, let him speak. That's
what we're here for. Go on, Hank.

A beat while Hank tries to come up with more b.s.

HANK

Okay, Walt, look at it this way.
It's the bottom of the ninth, bases
loaded. You're up. But you got a
bum arm -- and you know you can't
hit a homer. So you can either let
the pinch hitter take the bat, or
you can hold onto your pride and
lose the game. You get what I'm
sayin'?

Walt, brow furrowed, shakes his head no. Hank exhales. The
poor guy's working up a sweat.

HANK

You got your pride. I get it. You
wanna take care of everything
yourself. But you don't have to,
pal. We're all here for you. And
if this Daddy Warbucks wants to
chip in... well, I gotta agree with
your old lady on this one. Take
the money and run.

Hank slumps down in his seat, out of gas. Holds up the
Talking Pillow.

HANK

Somebody take this, please.

Skyler takes the pillow and offers it to Walter, Jr., who's
been silent and glum this whole time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SKYLER

Walter, Jr.? I know there's
something going on up there --
now's your chance to spit it out.

WALTER, JR.

I have homework to do.

SKYLER

(firmly)

You can do it later.

Left with no choice, Walter, Jr. accepts the pillow. He
stares down at it, brooding.

SKYLER

Go ahead. Tell your dad how you
feel.

WALTER, JR.

(to Skyler)

Okay. I'm pretty pissed off.

SKYLER

Tell him, not me.

Walter, Jr. looks at his dad, and it all comes pouring out.
All the anger he's been bottling up.

WALTER, JR.

I'm pissed off at you. 'Cause
you're a coward. You get cancer,
and two minutes later you're ready
to give up. What if you'd given up
on me? Remember when I could
barely stand -- how you helped me
every day 'til I was able to walk?
Remember how hellacious that was?
And you're scared of a little
chemotherapy?

Despite Walt's stubbornness, this gets to him. It's
heartbreaking. Everyone is quiet, absorbing this.

Then Marie takes the pillow. Turns to Walt.

MARIE

I think you should do whatever you
want to do.

SKYLER

What?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MARIE

(to Skyler)

You wanted us to be honest about our feelings -- well, this is honestly how I feel. Walt's the one with cancer. This is his decision. It's not up to us.

SKYLER

Thanks a lot, Marie! Nice ambush!

MARIE

Hey -- I wasn't planning on agreeing with Walt. But after hearing all of you talk about his future like he doesn't even have a say in it --

SKYLER

-- He's not gonna have a future if he doesn't get the treatment!

MARIE

Easy for you to say -- you're not the one who has to do it. I'm a medical professional -- I see people in this situation all the time. Some of them don't want to spend their last months dying slowly in a hospital, picked over by doctors -- unable to get out of bed or go to the bathroom by themselves. Is that really what you want for Walt?

Swayed by this argument, Hank raises his hand.

HANK

Can I take back what I said before? I agree with Marie. Walt wants to die like a man!

Skyler panics, realizing this is all backfiring on her.

SKYLER

I don't want him to die at all! That's the whole point of this! That's why I asked you here --

MARIE

-- Oh, so we're not allowed to have our own opinions?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CHAOS ERUPTS as Skyler and Marie fight like... well, sisters... and everyone starts talking at once. (The following four lines of dialogue are OVERLAPPING.)

SKYLER

This isn't some game, Marie! This is my husband's life we're talking about! Why are you trying to sabotage us?!

MARIE

You've been doing this since we were kids! You'd throw a fit if you didn't get your way!

HANK

Girls, girls! Cool it, alright? We're supposed to be talking about Walt here.

WALTER, JR.

This is so stupid. He's not gonna change his mind, so we might as well save our breath.

Walt's been observing this clusterfuck with growing exasperation. It's like they've all forgotten he's even in the room. Fed up, Walt rises from his chair.

WALT

SHUT UP! SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Everyone stops talking. Walt reaches over and snatches the pillow from the couch.

WALT

I've got the Talking Pillow now.

Armed with everyone's attention, Walt calmly settles back into his chair. He addresses the whole group, but he is mainly speaking to Skyler.

WALT

I've listened to everything you had to say. And I appreciate how much thought you've put into my situation. But don't you think I've gone through all this in my head a thousand times and weighed all my options?

Walt turns to Skyler.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

WALT

You think taking a handout from Elliott is the answer. But nothing is ever "no strings attached." I'll never be able to pay him back. And after I die, you're gonna be indebted to him forever. Do you really want that hanging over you?

SKYLER

I don't care about that, Walt.

WALT

Well, I do. And I would prefer to die holding my head up high, rather than eating shit.

SKYLER

Please stop talking about dying --

WALT

-- Why? That's what this is all about, isn't it? You're trying to delay the inevitable by putting me through some experimental treatment that may not even work. It doesn't come with a guarantee. I could go through hell and still end up dead.

SKYLER

You're not the only one this affects, Walt. What about me and Walter, Jr.? What about...
(touches her belly)
Don't you want to see your daughter grow up?

Skyler is choking up. Walt is, too.

WALT

Of course I do. But you have to accept the fact that... it's not gonna happen. You heard the doctor. Best case scenario, even with the treatment... it'd be a miracle if I made it to her third birthday.

Silence. The whole family absorbs this terrible thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

WALT

What good is another year of survival if I'm spending that time undergoing chemo and radiation, too sick to work or have sex or even enjoy a meal? I don't want to take twenty pills a day. And -- no offense, Hank -- I don't want to lose my hair. And I don't want to feel like shit all the time.

SKYLER

I know you're scared. But you're not alone. We are gonna be there with you every step of the way.

WALT

I know that -- and that's the worst part. You and Walter, Jr. are gonna be taking care of me when I can't function anymore. You're gonna be sticking me with IV's and emptying my bedpan and cleaning up my puke. When I die, that is what you're gonna remember about me. And I'm sorry, but I don't wanna be remembered that way.

(a beat, then)

I didn't get a choice about getting cancer. This is the only choice I get to make.

For once, Skyler doesn't know what to say. Walt has clearly moved everyone with his argument. As they all sit quietly, letting his words sink in...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. WHITE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

The sun's just coming in through the curtains. Walt lies in bed, awake. He hasn't slept much. He rolls over and looks at Skyler's side of the bed -- empty. He can hear her pattering around in the kitchen.

On her nightstand, he sees her reading glasses, her moisturizer, a stack of books -- some about pregnancy, some about cancer.

Walt gazes at his wife's things, tenderness filling him.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Skyler, wearing her pajamas and a pair of rubber gloves, stands at the sink, vigorously scrubbing last night's dishes. She's really taking her frustration out on a skillet when Walt enters.

He comes up behind her and gently touches her shoulder.

WALT

Okay.

Skyler turns around to look at him.

SKYLER

Okay what?

WALT

I'll do the treatment.

A beat as this sinks in on Skyler... A mixture of relief and elation washes over her. Not bothering to take off her rubber gloves, she throws her arms around Walt and sobs into his shoulder. He hugs her back, murmurs in her ear.

WALT

It's gonna be okay.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

A windowless room with uncomfortable furniture, LeRoy Neiman prints and fake plants. The RECEPTIONIST sits behind the counter, typing at her computer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A few ELDERLY PATIENTS are reading magazines or watching TV. Walt is the youngest patient there. (Wardrobe note: All the patients are in their street clothes.)

Walt is flanked by Skyler and Walter, Jr. They're all anxious about what awaits Walt in the next room.

Walt tries to read a magazine, but is too distracted. He makes eye contact with Walter, Jr. who, miraculously, smiles at him. Touched, Walt smiles back.

A door opens and a MEDICAL TECHNICIAN in scrubs pokes her head in, consulting a clipboard.

MEDICAL TECHNICIAN
Walter White?

Skyler squeezes Walt's hand. He gets up from his chair.

INT. RADIATION SUITE - DAY

Bright, harsh light. We're looking down at Walt, naked from the waist up, lying motionless on a radiation table. He's on his back with his arms raised over his head -- his whole body embedded in a FOAM CRADLE.

For a few beats, nothing happens. It's disturbingly quiet. Walt grows more and more nervous...

Then we hear a SUCTION NOISE, like a very loud vacuum cleaner -- and the foam cradle CONFORMS to the shape of Walt's body as if he were a doll being packaged.

Off Walt, now completely immobilized...

INT. WALT'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Days later. Walt is by himself, driving through town, his destination unknown to us. His cell phone CHIRPS. He picks it up, checks the caller ID.

Walt hesitates a moment while he composes his thoughts, then answers the phone:

WALT
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. ELLIOTT'S MANSION - BACKYARD - DAY

Gretchen is on the other end of the line. She's sitting in the gazebo, talking on her cell phone.

GRETCHEN
Walt? It's Gretchen.

WALT
(cheerfully)
Hi. How are you?

But Gretchen doesn't want to make small talk. She's clearly very distraught.

GRETCHEN
Elliott told me everything. I'm so sorry, Walt. God... I don't know what to say.

WALT
I'm okay. Really.

GRETCHEN
You have to take this money. It's not charity, it's not even a loan -- we both know it's rightfully yours.

Silence as Walt absorbs this. Then:

GRETCHEN
(gently)
Is this about you and me?

Walt responds with a calm politeness that puts even more distance between them.

WALT
Absolutely not. And I appreciate the offer. But it turns out my insurance came through after all. The HMO is gonna cover a majority of the treatment. Guess the teachers union is good for something, huh?

Though Gretchen suspects he's lying, she decides to let it go. She's pained by the emotional chasm between them, but doesn't know how to bridge it.

GRETCHEN
Good. That's great news.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT

But thank you anyway. It was very kind of you and Elliott.

GRETCHEN

Keep in touch, okay?

WALT

Sure. And thanks for calling.

Walt hangs up, leaving Gretchen with this painfully formal goodbye. Then he pulls up to his destination. Jiggling the gear shift just so, he puts the car into park.

As he stares out the windshield, we REVEAL we're at:

EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

The familiar RV is tucked back in the driveway. Walt gets out of his car and walks up to the front porch. After a deep breath, he rings the doorbell.

INT./EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Jesse comes to the front door, peers through the peephole. Surprised, he takes a beat to process what he sees... then slowly opens the door to find Walt standing before him.

Jesse eyes Walt -- a little wary, but also curious. Walt didn't come prepared with a big Jerry Maguire-like speech. Instead, he says, simply:

WALT

Wanna cook?

And without further explanation, Jesse opens the door wider and lets Walt in. As the door closes on us...

CUT TO BLACK.

END EPISODE