

BREAKING BAD

"Crazy Handful of Nothin'"

Episode #105

Written by
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Directed by
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Production Draft

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BREAKING BAD
"Crazy Handful of Nothin'"
11/12/07

Cast list

WALT
SKYLER
JESSE
WALTER, JR.
HANK
MARIE

GOMEZ
SKINNY PETE
TUCO SALAMANCA
NORRIS "NO-DOZE" KITT
GONZO (*Non-Speaking*)
CARMEN
HUGO ARCHULETA
MRS. POPE
OFFICE MANAGER
STUDENT
PARTICIPANTS (in Cancer Support Group)

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Set List

Interiors:

R.V.
CHEMO-INFUSION ROOM
ONCOLOGIST'S OFFICE
 RECEPTION/WAITING AREA
HIGH SCHOOL
 CLASSROOM
 FACULTY RESTROOM
 STORAGE ROOM
JESSE'S CAR
CHURCH BASEMENT
CANTINA
 SECURITY CHAMBER
 TUCO'S OFFICE
 STAIRWELL
WHITE HOUSE
 DINING ROOM
 SHOWER
 KITCHEN
 MASTER BATHROOM
RECOVERY ROOM - HOSPITAL
WALT'S AZTEK
JEEP

Exteriors:

DESERT
 R.V.
STREETS (from Jesse's fast-motion montage)
PLAINS
 R.V.
HIGH SCHOOL GROUNDS
HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT
CANTINA
 STREET
CANTINA BUILDING

TEASER

OPEN ON:

A BLACK FRAME, punctuated by five randomly-arrayed PENCILS OF LIGHT. As if someone's shining a powerful flashlight through a blackened slice of swiss cheese.

Dust motes float listlessly across the light beams. We hear a LOCK SLIDE, a KNOB TURN. A door CREAKS open as...

A COLUMN OF SUNLIGHT floods in and widens, illuminating:

1

INT. RV - DAY

1

THE RV ENTRANCE from a LOW ANGLE. Blurred in the foreground, a chaotic assembly of BEAKERS, FLASKS, and JARS OF CHEMICALS. They SHARPEN as we PULL BACK, and we realize we're just looking at the BULLET RIDDLED RV DOOR from its dark interior.

A MAN is SILHOUETTED under the door frame. He flicks on the LIGHT, revealing... WALTER WHITE. As Walt steps up onto the RV floor, his face registers shock. Then disgust.

[Note to Production: this scene is a play-on from the last shot of #104; Jesse and Walt need to be wearing the same clothes.]

WALT'S POV: The RV has not been cleaned up since Jesse's brawl with Badger, and the meth lab is a total disaster. Glassware strewn haphazardly on the counters and stove. Jars of solutions and powders left open, some spilled. Flasks and beakers broken, others turned on their sides. Shards of glass on the floor. Pure blasphemy.

JESSE PINKMAN steps into the RV behind Walt. Detecting Walt's disapproval, Jesse rights a toppled flask. A futile gesture.

Walt surveys the aisle in tense silence. He stops at the sight of PORN MAGS and an ARROW -- remnants of Jesse's confrontation with Badger. Walt shoots Jesse a look, opens his mouth to probe. Then closes it. Better off not knowing.

Walt considers the mess a few more beats. Then, finally, he turns to Jesse...

WALT

Let's get something straight. This...

(gestures)

...the chemistry... is my realm. Out there, the...

(searching, rolls hand)

...street, you deal with that.

I'm in charge of the cooking. You sell.

FLASH CUT TO:

2 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY - FLASH CUT

2

A narrow set of stairs. CLOSE ON a pair of STRIDING SNEAKERS, slightly grimy with some kind of grayish residue. The steps they take are deliberate. Not panicked.

These sneakers are on the feet of a silhouetted BALD MAN whose face we don't see. He carries a CANVAS BAG -- more like a sack -- swaying heavily by his knees. If we look closely at it, we may note some rust-red BLOOD STAINS.

The man descends this squeaky, slightly smoky stairwell, headed for the landing below. A bare bulb, hanging overhead by its wire, swings like a pendulum, throwing shadows to and fro.

[Note to Production: Flash cuts in Teaser are glimpses forward in time/place to street sequence at end of episode.]

3 INT. RV - DAY

3

Jesse and Walt, where we left them. Walt is all business. Jesse leans against the counter, arms crossed. His body language, his expression, exude a kind of "whatever" sarcasm. But this is mostly to save face. Bottom line, there's money to be made with this guy, so he bites his lip.

WALT

We split the revenues fifty-fifty. There will be absolutely no selling to minors. And as far as our customers go, I don't want to know anything about them. I don't want to see them, I don't want to hear from them... I want no interaction with them whatsoever.

4 EXT. CANTINA - DAY - FLASH CUT

4

A STEEL DOOR swings open, revealing the sneakers of our mystery man. He strides out of the stairwell and onto a sidewalk. We hear a brittle CRUNCH as he steps onto a glittering carpet of BROKEN GLASS. Nearby lies a mangled A.C. WINDOW UNIT.

As he steps past us, we ANGLE AROUND and find ourselves on his back... And surrounded by a CROWD of twenty or thirty tough-looking hombres. However, these tough dudes stare at our mystery man with wariness and bewilderment. They back off, just a little, almost as if he were Clint Eastwood.

Off this silent, gawking crowd...

5 INT. RV - DAY

5

WALT
This operation is just you and me. And
I'm the silent partner. You got any
issues with that?

Jesse cocks his head. He shrugs.

JESSE
Whatever, man. It's all good.

Walt doesn't like Jesse's flip tone. With intensity...

WALT
No matter what happens, no more
bloodshed. No violence.

6 EXT. STREET - DAY - FLASH CUT

6

BACK to our bald mystery man. With eerie silence, the crowd
slowly backs off, gets the fuck out of his way.

The camera SWINGS AROUND. Finally, we see his face. It's
WALT. BALD AS A CUE-BALL. Wide-eyed with adrenaline. His
jeans and windbreaker (not his normal dockers and wallabies)
are sullied with grayish residue (just a touch -- not like a 9-
11 survivor). BLOOD TRICKLES from one nostril, which he wipes
on his sleeve.

Above and behind him, we see some kind of low-key building
with Spanish signage. The second floor windows are BLOWN OUT.
A few wisps of smoke curl out of them. A POLICE SIREN starts
to sound in the distance.

OFF BALD WALT, standing, bag clutched in his white-knuckled
grip. Whatever the hell just happened here, it sure seems to
fly in the face of Walt's "no violence" edict.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

BLACK FRAME

We hear the soothing SOUND OF WAVES. It gradually gets louder, as we FADE IN to...

7 OMITTED

7

8 INT. CHEMO-INFUSION ROOM - DAY

8

Walt, in a LAZY BOY, eyes fixated on a YELLOW LIQUID dripping from his IV MACHINE into a clear catheter. He stares at it with a mixture of resignation and dread. This is not the bald Walt we just saw at the cantina. It's almost four weeks earlier. This Walt STILL has his HAIR.

The yellow liquid is Walt's chemotherapy medication. It flows through the catheter into Walt's arm. The WAVE SOUNDS are a nature soundtrack intended to calm the patients.

PULL BACK to reveal SKYLER WHITE, sitting beside Walt. She rests her hand on top of his. Walt recently started chemo (simultaneous with radiation), and so far Skyler's insisted on coming.

Walt is one of many PATIENTS reclining in identical chairs, all being infused. A veritable assembly line of paying customers. No privacy here. Nonetheless, whoever designed the room went to great lengths too make it feel "homey" - flowering plants, pastoral Renoir prints.

On the wall above Walt, the words "PATIENCE COURAGE HOPE FAITH PEACE" are painted in that order. One wonders whether this is a statement of progression toward the inevitable ("peace") as much as an inspiration to fight it.

As Walt stares hypnotically at the falling drops, Skyler squeezes his hand, disrupting his trance.

SKYLER
Walt... you alright?

WALT
(snapping out of it)
Yeah. Yeah, I'm good.

Walt looks at her a long beat. In reality, he's miserable. But he's not going to show it.

WALT
You know, Skyler, you don't have to...

He trails off, sort of half-heartedly indicating her chair. Skyler reads his meaning.

(CONTINUED)

SKYLER
What? You want me to leave?

WALT
No, no. I just...

He shrugs. Skyler isn't offended or testy, but she does sit here waiting for him to elaborate.

WALT
I'm just saying. It's gonna be three more hours. Of just me... sitting here in a chair.

SKYLER
I don't mind.

WALT
I know you don't. But--

SKYLER
--I just like to be here with you.

WALT
Yeah. I'm only saying... I'd be okay with it-- really, if you want to go. I'd be fine.
(off Skyler's silence)
I would feel a little better knowing you were there when Walter, Jr. gets home from school.

A beat as Skyler considers this with conflicting emotions. Finally, she gives in and nods.

SKYLER
Okay... So you'll call me when you're through?
(off Walt's nod;
afterthought)
Have you been in touch with Elliott?
Because I haven't seen a check from him.

WALT
I got it.
(off Skyler's confusion)
It came last week. I put it in my credit union account.

This is really surprising to Skyler... Who studies her husband a little warily.

WALT
Honey, I'm taking care of it. We're good.

Walt has become quite a convincing liar. Off Skyler, starting to buy it...

9 INT. ONCOLOGIST'S OFFICE - RECEPTION/WAITING AREA - LATER 9

Post treatment, Walt stands, preparing to write a check to "Oncology Partners of New Mexico." A FEMALE OFFICE MANAGER sits behind the desk, perusing an ACCOUNT BOOK.

OFFICE MANAGER
It's Fourteen Hundred even.

Ouch. Walt writes the amount. Hesitates.

WALT
Could you not deposit this until Monday?

The woman nods.

OFFICE MANAGER
Call if the discomfort is too much.
Otherwise, see you next week.

Walt shoots a glance -- "gee, can't wait." Then leaves.

10 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - NEXT DAY 10

A new day. Different clothes. It's maybe a week or two since chemo started. Walt lectures to his students. He looks fatigued, pallid. He really should be home, but he's soldiering through it.

WALT
Chemical reactions involve change on two levels -- matter and energy. When a reaction is gradual, the change in energy is slight. You don't even notice the reaction is happening. For example, when rust collects on the underside of a car.
(a distracted beat, as Walt starts to feel ill)
But if a reaction happens quickly, otherwise harmless substances can interact in a way that generates enormous bursts of energy.

Walt stops -- a sudden wave of nausea welling up from his gut. He fights it back.

WALT
Can anyone give me an example of a rapid chemical reaction?

No takers. Walt taps the chalkboard, where he's previously written "Hg(ONC)2 -- MERCURY FULMINATE" and the formula for its decomposition into mercury, carbon monoxide and nitrogen.

WALT
Hint, hint.

(CONTINUED)

10

STUDENT
Like, an explosion?

WALT
Exactly. Explosions are the result of
chemical reactions that happen almost
instantaneously. The faster the
reactants -- i.e., explosives --
fulminate of mercury being a prime
example...the faster they undergo
change, the more violent...the
explosion...
(beat, the nausea again)
Um...why don't you start reading on your
own from the top of Chapter ??

11 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - FACULTY RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER 11

Walt BARGES through the door. Startling the custodian, HUGO
ARCHULETA (everyman, 40s), who's scrubbing the sink. Seeing
Hugo, Walt makes a run for the stall. But before he can make
it -- BRLLAAHH!! -- Walt ducks out of frame and VOMITS onto
the floor.

Walt gasps. Head bowed, he forces himself to breathe deeply.
When he finally looks up, he sees Hugo staring. Not out of
sympathy, more like respect for a man battling shit-for-luck
and giving his all. Hugo rips a few paper towels from the
dispenser, hands them to Walt. Walt wipes his mouth. As Walt
steps toward a BUCKET and MOP leaning against the wall:

HUGO
I got it, Mr. White -- don't worry about
it.
(off Walt)
You got kids to teach.

After a beat, Walt relents with an appreciative nod.

WALT
Thanks, Hugo.

Walt splashes water on his face. Towels off. Heads out the
door and back to class.

12 OMITTED 12

13 INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT 13

WIDE on CANCER PATIENTS and FAMILY MEMBERS in chairs arranged
in a circle. This is a Cancer Support Group.

Among them, Walt, Skyler, and WALTER, JR. As the new guy,
Walt looks the most vital. Others are emaciated and feeble, a
grim glimpse of what's ahead.

(CONTINUED)

One has a hole in her windpipe (ala those horrible TV ads). Another has a nasal cannula and a portable tank of oxygen.

Support group is Skyler's idea, she does most of the talking. Walt would rather be anywhere else. On the other hand, Walter, Jr. does pretty well here, for a teenager. He's just glad his dad is getting help. The group facilitator, MRS. POPE, looks at Skyler with empathy as she talks.

SKYLER

I keep suggesting that he take a, like a sabbatical from work. The administration knows, they've been really supportive. But so far, he just wants to gut it out.

Skyler looks to her husband, who says nothing. Skyler continues her monologue, downloading her concerns to the group.

SKYLER

What else? Uh...well, he's starting to lose weight and it's, ah...it's tough. To see that. To feel the difference when I put my arms around him. I'm willing to cook him anything -- meat loaf, pork chops, all the stuff he really loves. No more, you know, veggie burgers and salads. I mean, who's thinking about cholesterol now, right?

(nervous laugh, awkward silence)

He'd eat it. And I'm thinking, great, I'm helping in some way. Then I realized he'd been sneaking off to the bathroom to throw it all up. He never told me the chemo made everything taste like metal.

(beat, to Walt)

Honey, when you don't let me in, or tell me what's going on, I just feel so...useless. Sometimes I feel as if you don't want me around.

(bridles emotion)

Recently, these afternoons when you come home really late, and we're left wondering where you are...

She looks to Walter, Jr. who nods.

WALTER, JR.

Yeah, Dad. What's up with that?

Walt's not comfortable with public displays of emotion. Nor is he about to tell everyone he's been out cooking meth. He shifts nervously, glances sidelong at Skyler. He hesitates, then fumbles for her hand.

Skyler takes it, then in turn reaches for Walter, Jr.'s, an effort to achieve emotional solidarity.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. POPE
Thank you, Skyler...Walter, Jr. When a loved one gets cancer, the whole family gets cancer. Communication is crucial. We're warriors and it's our weapon. We gotta be brave, tell each other what we're feeling. Or the cancer will tear us apart. I know I sound like a broken record, but I can't say it enough -- We've got to...

PARTICIPANTS IN UNISON
(except Walt)
...SHARE TO BE FAIR.

MRS. POPE
Walt? Is there anything else you've been holding back from your family?
(beat, off Walt's silence)
Now's the time to share.

A beat. Everyone waits. Walt fidgets, exhales deeply.

WALT
Really...I like being alone.
(off Skyler's concern)
It's just...sometimes it feels better not to talk, at all. To anyone. About anything.

MRS. POPE
(beat, not liking it)
Alone time can be helpful. For some types. Maybe knowing what you do when you're alone might help your family be more accepting of...whatever it is you do. Alone.

Realizing he may just be able to spin this touchy-feely bullshit to his advantage, Walt continues.

WALT
I, um...I like to go on walks. A couple days a week, or more, after work. I enjoy...the nature. You know, birds and cacti. Lizards. That kind of thing. It's, ah,...calming. Therapeutic.

Skyler and Walter, Jr. consider this. It explains Walt's long absences after work (when he's been cooking meth). And if solo nature walks make Walt feel better, shouldn't they accept that? Off Skyler's reluctant resignation, we cut to:

Southwestern nature, not unlike what Walt just described:
SAGE BRUSH, SAND and ROCK stretching into the distance.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

Not exactly the Garden of Eden. Familiar yellowish SMOKE wafts from the parked RV. Beside it, Jesse kicks back in a foldable camping chair.

15 INT. RV - AFTERNOON

15

Walt stands over the counter, adjusting the burner under some vile, bubbling solution. He wears his RESPIRATOR, and a zip-up, GREEN disposable TYVEK COVERALL (which he's now adopted as his cooking outfit in lieu of his underpants). He's moving slowly, palpably exhausted, his eyelids batting under the respirator goggles. Suddenly, he swoons. In the process, he almost knocks a beaker of solution onto the floor, barely catching it before it spills.

WALT
(through respirator)
Dammit!...

He falls to his knees, chest heaving, fighting his vertigo.

16 EXT. RV - DESERT - MOMENTS LATER

16

Jesse dozes in his chair, working on his sunburn. He's roused by Walt stumbling out of the RV like a drunken sailor. Walt yanks off his respirator.

JESSE
Yo, you okay? Did you breathe that
shit?

Jesse rises from his chair.

JESSE
Sit down. Get some air.

Walt does so, shutting his eyes to keep the world from spinning. Jesse fans Walt's face with an "Over 40" porn magazine.

Walt unzips the top of his coveralls. The center of his chest is hairless and appears to be badly sunburned. In the center of the burn, a small, black-ink tattoo. You'd mistake it for a large mole, if you didn't know exactly what it was for.

Jesse crinkles his brow and ponders. Until it dawns on him.

JESSE
So when were you gonna tell me?

WALT
Tell you what?

JESSE
Cancer. You got it, right?

Walt opens his eyes, amazed.

(CONTINUED)

WALT
How'd you know?

JESSE
(pointing at it)
My aunt had one of those dots on her. To
target the radiation. What is it, in
your lung?
(beat, off Walt's nod)
I'm your partner, man, you shoulda told
me. Not cool. Not at all.

Walt stares up at him, not sure whether to be angry at this
kid or apologetic.

JESSE
What stage are you?

WALT
(hesitating)
Three-A.

Jesse nods. Knows it's bad. Under his breath:

JESSE
Gone to the lymph nodes.

Walt is truly surprised by Jesse's knowledge of this subject.
He and we start to sense that maybe Jesse was his aunt's
primary care-giver.

WALT
Your aunt. How bad was she when they
caught it?

Jesse shrugs, kicks at the sand. His eyes are on the ground
as he answers.

JESSE
Bad enough. She didn't last long.

WALT
How long?

JESSE
Seven months.
(beat)
I get it now. That's why you're doin'
this. You wanna make some cash for your
people before you check out.

WALT
That a problem for you?

JESSE
(considers, then shrugs)
You tell me. You're the one who looks
like he just crawled out of a microwave.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

JESSE (cont'd)
(off Walt)
You gonna be able to finish the batch?

WALT
Yeah. Sure. Just gimme a minute.

They both know he's not going anywhere. After a moment, Walt opens his eyes, fixing them on Jesse.

WALT
No.
(beat)
You do it.

JESSE
Me?

Walt nods. Forces a faint smile.

WALT
What happened to your "mad skills?"
(softly, serious now)
You can do it.

He offers Jesse his black respirator. Jesse considers... Unsure and apprehensive. It's a tall order, making meth as good as Mr. White. Still, maybe he's up to the challenge. Jesse takes the respirator and slowly heads for the RV.

WALT
Any questions, advice... I'm right out here if you need me.

Jesse nods. Glancing back:

JESSE
Yo, next time put an ice pack on your head during chemo. My aunt said it helped with the hair loss.

Walt manages a nod, silently appreciating the tip. Jesse disappears into the RV.

17 INT. RV - AFTERNOON

17

Taking his place here in Walt's domain, Jesse pauses a moment to glance around. His fingertip slides across an array of bottled chemicals. "Hell, yes -- you can do this," he silently tells himself.

Off Jesse, pulling on his gloves and mask and setting to work, cut to:

18 INT. JEEP - AFTERNOON

18

HANK SCHRADER is parked on an urban street. He's on a stakeout, though he's not doing much surveilling.

(CONTINUED)

Instead, he clutches a piece of CARDSTOCK in each hand. His eyes scan back and forth, comparing them. We don't see what's on them. But it's serious stuff.

At the sound of an approaching car, the camera SWINGS AROUND. We see ANOTHER black SUV cross from the opposite lane of traffic, and pull up so that the driver side window is adjacent to Hank's. The window rolls down to reveal GOMEZ. Hank shoots Gomez a look.

HANK
Two black SUV's window-kissing in the middle of the street. Might as well just scream it that we're narcs.

GOMEZ
Ain't nothing goin' down here.

After a beat, Hank shrugs -- "got that right". Gomez tosses him a bulky ENVELOPE (official-looking 14"x 20") through the window.

GOMEZ
Quantico finally came through.

Hank nods, still preoccupied by the two pieces of cardstock he's been studying. He holds them up for Gomez to see.

HANK
Whaddya think? Red or blue?

On the cardstock are DESIGNS for SHOULDER PATCHES, each displaying the slogan "OPERATION ICE BREAKER."

Each design is identical: an ICE-BREAKER SHIP with "DEA" emblazoned on its hull plowing through the desert, uprooting cacti and tumbleweed. In its path, a massive "iceberg" of crystal meth bridging the Rio Grande. Crossing the "methberg" (and thus the border) is a mustachioed Pancho Villa look-alike in sombrero and bandoleers, clutching a bubbling flask, with an AK-47 strapped over his shoulder.

The ONLY difference between the two designs is the background color of the patch - one is conservative navy blue, the other an eye-catching red.

GOMEZ
Neither.

HANK
Whaddya mean, "neither?" Pick a color, for Chrissake.

GOMEZ
No. I find it offensive.
(off Hank's reaction)
What the hell is that? What is that, the Prito Bandito? C'mon. It's offensive!

(CONTINUED)

Hank makes a face, genuinely confused.

HANK
No shit. Seriously?
(wonders at this)
Would that be offensive to normal people,
or just you?

Gomez shakes his head - "pathetic." He points to the big envelope.

GOMEZ
You gonna open that, or what?

Hank sighs -- yeah, yeah, yeah -- and tears it open. He pulls out a familiar, evidence-bagged BLACK RESPIRATOR and printed LAB REPORT which accompanies it. He reads the report. After a moment:

HANK
(murmurs)
Holy shit.

GOMEZ
What?

Hank double-checks the report to make sure he read it right. He opens the evidence bag and pulls out the respirator, peering at it closely.

HANK
This is that one we found way out in
the boonies, right? The cook-site?

Gomez nods.

HANK
Lab says they pulled up an imprint of
some old writing that used to be
inside. Old magic marker or
something.

GOMEZ
Yeah? So what's it say?

HANK
(reading the lab report)
"Property of J.P. Wynne Chemistry Lab."
(looks at Gomez)
Walt's school.

Gomez frowns. Off Hank, perplexed by this:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

19 EXT. STREETS - DAY/NIGHT - FAST MOTION MONTAGE 19

Edited to the theme song from the movie BRAZIL ("Aquarela do Brasil") we see various scenes of Jesse selling meth, in fast motion to give the impression of the hours speeding by.

Jesse's customers range from nearly homeless tweakers and low-life sells, to housewives and white-collar suits. Exhausted Jesse periodically recharges by lighting a pipe. When he does, the montage and Jesse's footsteps get a little faster. Using various angles and jump cuts, sequences include:

-- On an urban sidewalk Jesse approaches a group of hip-hop styled YOUNG MEN (early) from the burbs who came into town to score. They knock fists, follow him down a vividly muralled ALLEY, passing a sitting HOMELESS MAN and WOMAN.

CLOSE ON money and crystal changing hands. Jesse sells small amounts called "teenths" (sixteenth-ounce shards) in clear plastic baggies. As Jesse departs, the homeless woman begs. Jesse peels a few bills from his roll, drops them in her lap.

-- Jesse works a parking lot of a HOT DOG STAND [or some similar location] where tweakers in search of crystal are known to congregate. Skeevy jibheads surreptitiously wave him over to their cars. Others approach him on foot or on BICYCLES, scan for cops, before paying him and riding off.

-- In front of a LAUNDROMAT, Jesse meets a normal-looking HOUSEWIFE. They walk together through the lot and stop behind her Suburban. He takes her cash for meth, pulls up his hood and walks off.

-- Jesse stops in front of boarding house with signage "ALBUQUERQUE HOME FOR SOBER LIVING" -- a halfway house for addicts released from prison or rehab. Jesse loiters, while "recovering" addicts approach and score.

End MUSIC. End MONTAGE.

20 EXT. RV - PLAINS - AFTERNOON 20

Walt, still too fatigued to cook solo, waits for Jesse in the shadow of the RV. Jesse's car pulls up. With bounce in his step, he approaches with a prepaid cell phone still in its package.

WALT

We were supposed to start at three.

JESSE

I'm out there making fat stacks, man.
Chill.

(hands over the phone)
Prepaid cell phone. Use it.

(CONTINUED)

Before Walt can respond, Jesse reaches into his jeans pocket. Proudly pulls out a roll of bills, hands it to Walt. Walt looks at the roll, then glances up at Jesse. Unimpressed.

Jesse reaches into another pocket, pulls out another roll. Hands it to Walt. Walt weighs the two rolls in his hands.

WALT

How much is this?

JESSE

Twenty-Six big ones.

WALT

That's all? Twenty-Six Thousand Dollars?

JESSE

(beat, then scoffs)

That's Twenty-Six Hundred.

(grabs one back)

And your share is Thirteen. Minus Twenty-Five bucks for the phone.

Incredulous, Walt stares at the \$1275 stack in his hand.

WALT

How much meth did you sell?

JESSE

Nearly an ounce.

WALT

Last I checked, there were sixteen ounces in a pound. What'd you do with the rest? Smoke it?

JESSE

Yo, I been out there slingin' crystal all night. You think it's cake moving a pound of meth one tenth at a time?!

WALT

So why are you selling in such small quantities? Can't you just sell the whole pound at once?

JESSE

To who? What do I look like, Scarface?

WALT

(waves the bills)

This is unacceptable. I mean, I'm breaking the law here! This return is too little for the risk. I thought you'd be ready for another pound today.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE
You may know chemistry, man. But you
don't know jack about movin' dope.

WALT
Oh yeah? Well, I know a lack of
motivation when I see it!
(trying to inspire)
Look, be imaginative. Think outside the
box. We need to move our product in
bulk. Wholesale. How do we do that?

Jesse stews.

JESSE
You mean like to a distributor?

WALT
Yeah. You know anyone like that?

JESSE
I used to. But then you KILLED him!

Walt hates to be reminded of this. Still, he keeps his voice
low and even, striving to sell Jesse on the merits of his
plan.

WALT
Who took Krazy-8's place?

JESSE
Some dude named Tuco. Bad-ass, from what
I hear.

WALT
Tuco. So...go talk to Tuco.

JESSE
Right. Like, hello sir, you don't know
me, but may I interest you in a felony
quantity of methamphetamine?

WALT
Well...yes. With a little more
salemanship, perhaps.

JESSE
You don't get it, man-- this guy's O.G.

WALT
"O.G." What does that mean?

JESSE
Jesus. He's...
(sighs, losing patience)
He's upper-level, man. He's not gonna do
business with a dude he doesn't know.
(off Walt's impatience)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

JESSE (cont'd)

Look, you don't understand the way it works. You can't just bum rush a high level ice man and start cuttin' deals. It's risky. You need an intro. Someone to vouch.

WALT

Well, who introduced you to Krazy-8?

JESSE

Emilio. But only 'cause I knew him from, like, third grade. 'Course, now we can't talk to Emilio EITHER, 'cause...

Jesse throws up his hands, feeling no need to elaborate.

JESSE

I'm telling you, Mr. White. It's too risky. Look, we're making money here. Why can't you just be satisfied with the way it is?

Walt, who's been quiet, suddenly...explodes.

WALT

Jesus, grow some FUCKING BALLS!

This startles Jesse. Surprises and maybe even shames him. Off Walt, red-faced with anger.

21 INT. ONCOLOGIST'S OFFICE - RECEPTION/WAITING AREA - DAY 21

Walt stands at the counter, about to write another check. He flips through his BALANCE BOOK. Only Five Hundred Dollars and change left in his account.

A pained beat, as the burden of debt hits home. He rubs his temples, puffs out his cheeks. Writes a CHECK for Nineteen Hundred Dollars, again jotting "Wait to deposit". He hands it to the OFFICE MANAGER, who shoots him a knowing glance.

OFFICE MANAGER

Wait 'til Monday again?

WALT

Yes. Thank you.

22 INT. CHEMO-INFUSION ROOM - LATER

22

Walt stews in the lazy boy, HEADPHONES on, watching the chemo medication dripping into the catheter. He's stressed, his mind in turmoil. Not just over the cancer-killing toxin coursing through his veins, but over his financial predicament. What's he going to tell Skyler when she finds out he hasn't been paying his doctor's bills?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

A NURSE steps into frame, injecting a large syringe full of ADRIAMYCIN into Walt's catheter. Informally known as "Red Death," its deep scarlet color lives up to its name.

Off Walt, watching this poison course through the clear plastic tubing and into his arm...

23 OMITTED

23

24 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - FACULTY RESTROOM - NEXT DAY

24

ANGLE LOW on the closed stall door, the bottoms of Walt's wallabies visible underneath it, as we hear violent RETCHING.

A few beats later, the door swings open. Walt stumbles over to the sink, crossing past Hugo, mop in hand. Hugo hands him a stick of gum. Walt nods his thanks, pops it in his mouth. Off Walt, blotting his face in front of the mirror...

25 OMITTED

25

26 INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

26

It's after school. Walt, looking like shit, cleans up his classroom. He's moving slow and feeling terrible. In the midst of putting away some beakers, he falters and drops a couple of them on the floor. Luckily, they're plastic, so all they do is bounce around.

Fighting off another passing bout of nausea, Walt carefully bends down and picks them up just as his vice-principal CARMEN sticks her head in the door.

CARMEN

Knock, knock.

Walt forces a smile -- it's always nice to see Carmen, who's pretty and sweet. Seeing his pasty complexion, Carmen voices gentle concern (she knows he's got cancer).

CARMEN

How you feeling, Walt? Are you up for having a visitor?

Into frame behind Carmen steps Hank. Walt is surprised to see him.

WALT

Hey, Hank.

Hank nods to Carmen, who smiles at them both and exits.

(CONTINUED)

HANK

Hey, buddy.

(re: Carmen)

Oh my God-- she got an ass like an onion.
Makes me wanna cry.

WALT

Hah. What are you, uh..?

HANK

I just wanted to run a couple questions
by you. Work related. You feeling okay?
I can come back.

WALT

No, no. I'm fine.

(warily)

Work-related?

Hank opens a TAC BAG he carries, withdrawing the RESPIRATOR
Walt discarded in the Pilot, sealed in a clear EVIDENCE BAG.
He tosses it to Walt. Recognizing it instantly, Walt is hit
with a wave of anxiety. Thankfully, it's hard for Hank to
distinguish Walt's nerves from his weakened constitution.

HANK

Recognize that?

(off Walt's silence)

That was used to cook meth. Found it out
on Indian land about forty miles from
here.

(points to the mask)

Old label on the inside used to say "J.P.
Wynne Chemistry Department."

Walt's blood runs cold, but he hides it pretty well.

WALT

I don't understand. How could that come
from here?

HANK

I was hoping you'd help me with that. We
found it near an abandoned car that
belonged to one of our snitches.

Momentarily confused, it suddenly flashes on Walt -- Krazy-B?
A SNITCH?! FUCK! Still, he manages to stifle his reaction.

WALT

(weak)

A snitch...?

HANK

Yeah, one of our confidential informants
went missing a while ago. No body yet,
but we're pretty sure he's --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

HANK (cont'd)
(draws a hand across his
throat; "KKK-HH!")
Probably chopped into pieces and fed to
the buzzards.

Walt fights the sinking feeling he feels coming on.

HANK
Anyways... Any respirators like that turn
up missing lately?

WALT
No. I mean...not that I know of.

HANK
When was the last time your department
did an inventory?

WALT
Start of the school year. And, ah, we
sorta eyeball the supply room after lab
sessions.

HANK
I'll need that inventory. You mind if I
look in the storage room?

27 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - STORAGE ROOM - DAY

27

The door unlocks and opens, revealing Walt. Hank files in
past him, holding a CLIPBOARD of INVENTORY SHEETS. As Hank
looks around...

HANK
Who's got keys?

WALT
Science faculty. Staff. Carmen, the
vice principal, keeps the master. And,
ah, me.

HANK
Carmen that tasty brunette who went to
your 50th? I just saw her.

WALT
Yes, that's ah--Carmen. Nice lady.

HANK
I'll say. Got an ass like an onion.
Makes me wanna cry. What about students?

WALT
No, they don't have keys.

(CONTINUED)

HANK

Shit, I should hope not. My question is, do any of the little pissants know where you keep 'em?

WALT

I don't think so. And usually they're right here in my pocket, so...

Hank turns and peers at Walt. It makes Walt uneasy.

HANK

I know they're your students, Walt. But I wouldn't underestimate them. Big mistake.

(points)

Are these all of your respirators?

Walt nods, growing more and more uncomfortable. The respirators are stored on a shelf. Hank silently counts them and then double-checks his inventory clipboard.

HANK

Only got six here. Your inventory says eight.

Walt's mind races for something to say. Hank looks at him warily, then continues to walk through the room.

Suddenly, Walt's PREPAID CELL PHONE rings in his pocket. Knowing that it's his partner in crime, he doesn't answer. Hank finds the continuous ringing irritating, as he continues to inspect the storage locker.

Finally, the phone stops ringing. Hank points at a shelf.

HANK

This glassware seems kinda sparse.

WALT

Um..it does?

HANK

Yeah. Looks like you're missing a couple Erlenmeyer flasks. And, uh...

(refers to the inventory)

Yep. A 5000 millimeter round-bottom. Meth-heads love to brew in those babies.

Walt is impressed and intimidated by Hank's knowledge of lab equipment. Turns out good-time Hank knows his shit.

Walt's cell phone begins to RING AGAIN. Clearly, someone really wants to get in touch with Walt.

HANK

Aren't you gonna answer that?

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED: (2)

27

WALT
Nah, it's just... No.

HANK
(few more rings)
How do you know it's not Skyler in trouble or something? Shit man, don't ignore it on my account.

Under the pressure of Hank's unrelenting gaze, Walt fishes the phone out of his pocket and answers.

WALT
Yes, hello.

Hank, now satisfied, turns and continues inspecting the storage room. But he stays close, within earshot...

INTERCUT WITH:

A28

INT. JESSE'S CAR - STREET NEAR CANTINA - DAY

A28

Tight on Jesse sitting behind the wheel of his parked Monte Carlo, as he speaks on his cell phone. SKINNY PETE (SKINNY STONER from Episode #103) chills beside him in the shotgun seat.

JESSE
Sup, Mr., uh--
(catching himself; wary of Walt's "silent partner" rule)
..."Mr. W".

WALT
(acting like it's a stranger)
Speaking.

JESSE
What, bad time to talk?

WALT
(fake cheery)
Absolutely!

JESSE
Alright, so just listen. Remember the guy we talked about-- Tuco? Turns out my boy Skinny Pete was in the same cell block with him at Los Lunas. So, we got our "in." I'm haulin' a pound to the dude right now.
(beat, off Walt's silence)
You could be a little appreciative, seeing as I'm doing this shit against my better judgment.

(CONTINUED)

A28 CONTINUED:

A28

Walt works hard not to say or do anything that Hank, in the B.G., would find suspicious.

WALT

Okay, then. Thanks for calling!

He hangs up. Jesse shakes his head to himself, sighs and clicks off his phone.

Walt looks to Hank, feeling a need to say something.

WALT

My doctor. He's very solicitous.

Hank takes a last look at the inventory in his hands, unhappy with how it's reading. He steps closer to Walt. Keeps his voice low.

HANK

Look, buddy. Last thing I want to do is get you in hot water. But some meth-monkey had a feeding frenzy in here. You gotta keep better watch over your turf.

(beat)

We don't want people to start wondering about you, right?

Hank stares into Walt's eyes. Does he suspect something?

WALT

Right. I mean, absolutely not. I'm sorry about this. I uh...

Hank slaps Walt on the shoulder.

HANK

You got a lot on you these days. Now, give me the names of all the staff who have access to this room. Plus any students who might be, you know...setting off red flags for you. Know what I mean?

WALT

Students? Hank, aren't there rights issues?

HANK

Students got no rights. Make me a list, wouldja?

Off Walt, not feeling real good about any of this...

28 OMITTED

28

29 OMITTED

29

A30 OMITTED A30

30 OMITTED 30

31 EXT. CANTINA - DAY 31

Jesse climbs out of his Monte Carlo, staring across at a small, shabby, non-descript office building which houses a first-floor cantina. Over on the car's passenger side, Skinny Pete climbs out as well.

We're in a not-so-great part of town. A few BANGERS and DRUNKS loiter on the street.

JESSE
Sure you're tight with this guy?

SKINNY PETE
Two nuts in a ball sack.

They cross toward the building, Jesse looking a bit apprehensive. Skinny Pete's not a dude who inspires confidence.

Next to the cantina entrance is a steel door to the building's second floor. A LOOKOUT stands guard beside it, smoking a tiparillo and reading a Mexican paper. What a face he has -- wrinkled and hard.

Skinny Pete bops up to him like they're best buds or something.

SKINNY PETE
We're here to see Tuco.
(no reaction)
Here to see Tuco. Hello.

The lookout doesn't even glance up from his newspaper. Jesse and Skinny Pete share a look.

JESSE
Maybe he's deaf.

Skinny Pete snorts and tries to step past the lookout, reaching for the door handle. Mistake. Instantly, the man shoves him backward.

SKINNY PETE
Yo, man-- I'm Skinny Pete!

The lookout silently mad-dogs them. Mean, piercing eyes. Jesse nudges Skinny Pete.

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

JESSE
(under his breath)
Maybe this isn't such a good idea.

The lookout thrusts his thumb toward a VIDEO CAMERA mounted over the steel door. The meaning is clear -- line up for the camera. Hesitantly, Jesse and Pete do so. A long wait... Then a BZZZZZ as the door electrically UNLOCKS. The lookout opens the door for our guys, revealing a narrow staircase.

SKINNY PETE
Yeah, man. That's more like it.

Acting all hard, Skinny Pete enters the doorway and climbs the stairs. With a wary glance back to the lookout, Jesse follows.

The lookout shuts the door behind them, sealing them off from the outside world.

32

OMITTED

32

A33

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

A33

Skinny Pete and Jesse climb these narrow, creaky, creepy steps -- reluctant Jesse taking up the rear.

33

INT. SECURITY CHAMBER - DAY

33

In an anteroom facing another steel door, Pete and Jesse are met by gun-strapped henchmen "NO-DOZE" and "GONZO".

SKINNY PETE
Hey. Tuco's expectin' us.

Without speaking, No-Doze and Gonzo pat them both down. This doesn't help Jesse's nerves.

SKINNY PETE
No need, man. Me and Tuco go back.

Gonzo ignores this. He finds a one pound BAG OF METH on Jesse. Inspects it. Gives it back. Signals to No-Doze, who opens the other door, and ushers them inside.

34

INT. TUCO'S OFFICE - DAY

34

CLOSE ON a set of GRITTED TEETH donning a PLATINUM GRILLE, lips pulled back horse-like to show the bling.

We're looking into a round VANITY MIRROR propped on top of a DESK. The mouth opens wide, turns, and angles.

(CONTINUED)

The point of a BOWIE KNIFE -- aka an "Arkansas Toothpick" -- juts into the frame (and mouth), digging at tartar. Dentists everywhere will be horrified.

The teeth belong to TUCO SALAMANCA (mid-30s). Tuco makes Krazy-8 seem like an altar boy. Prison tats, shaved head, thick rec-yard guns (real, not "tone"), nose fist-flattened to a skillet: in short, one scary motherfucker. Not a guy you'd expect to get all bent over something in his teeth.

Jesse and Skinny Pete enter. The two henchmen hover behind. It's a large room with Tuco's desk, a money counter, a floor safe, a security camera monitor and wide screen TV. Windows are BLACKENED for privacy. Skinny Pete approaches, Jesse hangs back.

SKINNY PETE

Tuco! What's happenin', my brother?

Tuco tosses his chin. Skinny Pete holds out his fist. Tuco bumps it. Not very enthusiastically. Skinny Pete's head pivots around.

SKINNY PETE (CONT'D)

Sick crib, man. You been keepin' it real since you sprung. How long's it been, like a year?

TUCO

Never long enough. This your boy?

SKINNY PETE

Yeah, Jesse. The dude with the glass I told you about.

JESSE

Hey, man. Heard a lot about you.

Ignoring the compliment, Tuco points to some chairs. Jesse and Skinny Pete sit. Tuco shrugs.

TUCO

Break out the ice.

A beat. Jesse pulls out his huge baggie of meth. Tuco motions for Jesse to hand it over. Jesse complies.

Tuco reaches for his knife, still wet with his saliva. He cuts open the plastic, fishes out a few SHARDS. Pulverizes them with the butt of the knife. He scoops up a bit of the powder onto the blade. Reaches over and thrusts the point under Jesse's nose.

TUCO

Take a bump.

JESSE

No worries. I'm no cop.

(CONTINUED)

TUCO
I said, hit it.

Jesse peers nervously at the blade-point inches from his nostrils. He swallows hard. Very...carefully...he snorts the meth off the knife tip. His eyes water as it hits him. Fuckin' A.

Tuco stares at Jesse. Then drops his head and SNORTS up a HUGE RAIL. Tuco's eyes practically roll back into his head, as a rush of adrenaline slams into him. When he comes up...

TUCO
Booyaa!!...Kicks like a mule with its balls wrapped in duct tape. Where'd you get this?

JESSE
I cooked it.

TUCO
Bullshit. This ain't no bathtub crank. It's factory grade. Even tighter.
(leans closer)
Who you workin' for?

JESSE
Nobody, man. I mean, I got like a partner I cook with. That's it.

A suspicious beat. Tuco's wired mind races as he scrutinizes Jesse. Jesse shifts nervously. Finally...

TUCO
Alright then...You gotta deal.

SKINNY PETE
(excited, whacks Jesse)
Told you Tuco would hook ya up.

JESSE
Cool.
(beat, wait)
I haven't said how much.

WHAM! Tuco pulverizes more crystals. He bows his head, snorts up another FAT RAIL. He shrugs.

TUCO
Okay. How much?

JESSE
35 large for the pound.

Tuco throws the packet of meth onto a SCALE. Reads it.

(CONTINUED)

TUCO
You're a little light, ese. But don't
sweat it. It's all good. Now get outta
here.

What? Jesse looks at Skinny Pete. Then at Tuco, ampin' hard.

JESSE
What about my money?

TUCO
You'll get it. This is a consignment
operation.

JESSE
You want me to float thirty-five G's?

TUCO
(snaps)
You don't trust me?

A beat. Jesse tries to bridle his nerves.

JESSE
It's not that, man. It's just...I don't
do business that way, is all.

TUCO
Tough shit. Deal's done.

Jesse swallows. Turns to Skinny Pete, who is as surprised as
Jesse -- but who clearly isn't willing to help him fight his
fight.

JESSE
You said this was cool. Money for meth,
cash up front.

SKINNY PETE
Don't front. Tuco's good for it.

Suddenly -- THWAAMPP!! -- Tuco DRIVES the knife into the desk
in front of Skinny Pete with a powerful overhand chop, the
blade sinking deep into wood.

TUCO
I don't need your punk-ass to vouch for
me!

While Tuco stares down trembling Skinny Pete, Jesse
impulsively (and bravely) SNATCHES THE METH. He SPRINTS for
the door.

But the door is LOCKED, and before he can work the bolt, the
henchmen grab him under the arms and drag him back. Tuco
glowers at Jesse. Oh, shit! -- he's a dead man. But then,
unexpectedly, Tuco's face softens.

(CONTINUED)

TUCO

Alright, man. You brought me some clean crystal. If you really want your money up front...

Tuco grabs a CANVAS MONEY SACK from inside his desk (shaped like a pillow sack, but heavy-duty and rough-textured, used for transporting cash). He opens his unlocked safe, starts stuffing wrapped STACKS OF BILLS inside the sack.

TUCO

Hell, yeah. I'll give it to you...up front.

Thank God. Jesse breathes a sigh of relief. His eyes widen on the cash. It seems Tuco is stuffing more than 35 grand, but at this point, who's counting. Just glad to be alive.

Tuco approaches with the sack. He needs two hands. One dollar is a feather but this many bricks of small bills is nearly twenty pounds. Think of your LA phone book times five.

Tuco holds the sack out for Jesse. He's tweaking on speed, jumpy. He signals his henchmen, they let go of Jesse's arms.

A beat. Jesse takes a half-step forward, reaching for the bag. Just as Tuco steps back and SWINGS it like a mace...

THWUMP!!...right into JESSE's FACE. Jesse's head snaps back like a rag doll. He crumples to the floor, his nose bleeding. Skinny Pete stands jaw agape, frozen with fear.

Tuco towers over Jesse, shuddering with METH-RAGE fueled by Walt's super-pure speed -- like PCP but stronger. A side of meth we haven't seen yet: the reason why the Nazis gave it to their storm-troopers.

TUCO

No one moves crystal in South Valley but me, bitch!

THWUMP!...THWUMP!...THWUMP! Tuco slams the weighted bag into Jesse's torso like an axe. His blows getting faster, and faster, as he works himself into a frenzy.

Jesse tries to cover up, but it's futile. Ribs snap, as he's beaten into the floor. He rolls, crying out in pain, gasping, convulsing. Until he moves no more. And Tuco's just beating dead weight.

Finally, Tuco stops. Chest heaving, he drops the heavy sack. Turns and walks away.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

35 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL GROUNDS - MORNING 35

OPEN ON a FLAGPOLE, shot from its base. Striving for deep blue sky and wispy clouds.

We hear the sound of a WINCH being CRANKED. The STARS AND STRIPES cross the frame, as it's raised up the pole.

When the flag reaches the top, it billows slightly, and then falters in the dead, desert air.

PAN down to reveal Hugo, tying off the rope. It's morning, and he's moving like an automaton. But he's our automaton. Shows up to work each day, goes through the motions of his menial low-paying job, but still somehow, he's kept enough humanity in his heart to mop up Walt's vomit.

Hugo's attention is drawn by the sound of several CAR DOORS SLAMMING in close succession.

Hugo's POV: Hank and Gomez approach from their BLACK JEEP COMMANDER. Alongside them are TWO NONDESCRIPT UNIFORMS coming from an ABQ POLICE DEPT. CRUISER.

HUGO

Mornin'.

HANK

Mornin', Hugo.

Hugo pauses. He's flummoxed. Why do they know his name?

HANK (CONT'D)

You don't mind if I call you Hugo, Hugo?...

36 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - LATER 36

Gomez, wearing latex gloves, kneels in the open driver's door of Hugo's PICKUP TRUCK. Searching it, he comes up with a single MARIJUANA JOINT, which he holds up for Hank to see.

Hank nods and turns to Hugo, who stands flanked by the uniform cops. Hank, not too brusque but professional, turns Hugo around and HANDCUFFS HIM. In background, Walt's beige Aztek motors into view, in time to catch this.

AA37 INT. WALT'S AZTEK - CONTINUOUS AA37

As seen through the windshield, poor, scared Hugo gets cuffed behind his back and led to the waiting police cruiser. Walter, Jr., seated beside his dad, can't believe his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

AA37 CONTINUED:

AA37

WALTER, JR.
Holy shit. Uncle Hank is arresting Mr.
Archuleta!

CLOSE ON WALT, heart sinking, as he pieces it together. Off him, feeling every last ounce of guilt for causing this turn of events...

A37 INT. WHITE HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

A37

Walt, under the weather, leans against the sink, cell phone to his ear. He can hear Jesse's outgoing message.

JESSE (V.O.)
Yo, yo, yo -- 148-3 to the 3 to the 6 to the 9, representin' the ABQ! What UP, BITCH! Leave it at the tone!

BEEP. Walt speaks in a hushed, anxious voice:

WALT
Where the hell are you? Call me back, wouldja?

As he hangs up, he hears Skyler calling from the hallway.

SKYLER (O.S.)
Walt?... You okay in there? Hank's about to deal...

WALT
I'm coming.

He tucks the phone into his pants pocket.

37 INT. WHITE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

37

Moments later. The family sits around the table (clockwise as follows): Hank, Walter, Jr., Skyler, MARIE and Walt. They are playing Texas Hold 'Em. Hank is the dealer. Each player has two cards face down in front of them. Three communal cards are face up in the center of the table.

They each have a stack of POKER CHIPS in front of them. Red, white and blue. Some chips have been pushed into the center of the table - antes that have been paid into the pot. As they each peek at their cards:

MARIE
You're looking good, Walt. You're color's better.

WALT
Huh. Yeah, thanks.

(CONTINUED)

Skyler glances from Marie to Walt. Walt's color isn't particularly good, but these are the kinds of niceties people naturally find themselves spouting in these situations.

SKYLER

He's on the strong stuff now. Delcavoli suggested he think about taking a leave from work. But you know Walt...

Walt clears his throat.

WALT

Actually, um, I told Carmen this morning. They're getting a substitute for a few weeks.

Skyler is relieved. But also annoyed that he didn't say anything. Walt reads her disappointment.

WALT

I just... didn't get a chance to tell you yet, honey. Sorry.

Hank interrupts an awkward beat, turning to Marie.

HANK

Your bet, twinkle toes.

MARIE

Ten million.

Marie flips a red chip into the pot.

HANK

Red's 25 mill-- Blue is ten.
(to the others)
Blue is ten, right?

MARIE

Alright, so I bet 25 million. That's how I roll.

Walt and Hank both call, each adding the same. Hank flips a fourth communal card, face up. It's an ACE. Hank turns to Walter, Jr., who taps the table with his fingers.

WALT JR.

Check.

Bet's to Skyler. She taps the table as well. Marie's turn. She leans back without betting.

MARIE

Check's in the mail.

(CONTINUED)

WALTER, JR.
Hey, Uncle Hank. Why'd you arrest Mr. Archuleta at school the other day? He's a cool guy.

Hank looks at Skyler. Skyler nods - "you can tell him."

HANK
Well...turns out he has a record-- coupla old possession beefs. We figured maybe he was the guy who stole your school's chemistry gear. He had a key and fit the profile.

(peeks at his cards)
When we searched his truck, sure enough, found a big fat blunt. Which goes to prove-- huge Hugo ain't so cool after all, now is he?

(beat)
Your bet, Walt.

WALT
(throws in a red)
I'll go twenty-five.

The others react, "hmm."

SKYLER
I still can't believe the school system didn't know about this man's record. That is just scary.
(to Walt)
How can something like that slip through the cracks?

WALT
I don't know.
(to Hank)
But for what it's worth? Hugo doesn't really strike me as a thief.

HANK
No offense, Walt, but you wouldn't know a criminal if he were close enough to check you for a hernia.
(beat)
That said, we got a search warrant and practically tore ole' Hugo's house down. He's a major league pothead. But he didn't raid your chemistry set.

It's Hank's turn to bet. He looks Walt in the eye.

HANK
You hiding something?

(CONTINUED)

It takes Walt a moment to realize Hank is referring to his poker hand. Walt shrugs -- "nah". After a beat, Hank warily tosses a \$25 million chip into the pot, matching Walt's bet.

WALTER, JR.
(folding)
Well, I got nothing. I'm out.

SKYLER
(also folding)
Me too.

Hank looks at Marie. She throws her cards in too.

HANK
Yowza. When "holes-in-her-purse" bails out, you know you're in deep. That leaves just you and me, buddy.

Then Hank turns over the last (fifth) communal card. Lo and behold it's another ACE. Everyone "oohs." A pair of aces on the table. Hank smirks, looks at Walt, waiting for his bet.

Walt, however, seems more preoccupied with Hugo than the mano-a-mano contest at hand. He coughs a little.

WALT
So, ah, what's gonna happen to him...Hugo?

HANK
Hugo? Shit, is that all you can think about?
(shrugs)
He may do a coupla months in county 'cause it's not his first rap.

Walt peers down at the table, mortified. Hank studies Walt closely. Unsure how to read him. If Walt were trying to contrive a poker-face, he couldn't do it this well. His mind is truly somewhere else. On his guilt.

HANK
I'm waiting. You gonna man up or throw in the towel?

Walt pushes ALL his chips into the pot. We get the impression he's trying to erase his guilt with a swipe of his hand.

WALT
I'm all in.

Hank stares hard into Walt's eyes. At a loss, he shakes his head. Wags his finger and snickers...

HANK
You bad, bad, horrible liar. Waddya smokin' over there? Pocket aces?

(CONTINUED)

Walt continues staring at the table piled with chips. Expressionless. The women and Walter, Jr. watch in suspense. What's Hank going to do?... Finally:

HANK
No. Nope. I ain't fallin' for it.
FOLD.

Hank tosses down his cards. Marie looks disappointed.

MARIE
Talk about anti-climactic. Your cards
couldn't have been that bad.

Before Hank can stop her, Marie reaches across the table and flips over Hank's cards, exposing them to the group. He's got ONE ACE and a KING. Damn good cards for Texas Hold'em.

MARIE
You threw away an ace and a cowboy?

Walt cups his hands around the pile of chips and drags them into his stash. Marie reaches over and flips Walt's cards into view now. Walt doesn't try to stop her.

MARIE
Ouch. Handful of nothing!

Walt's got a TWO OF SPADES and an EIGHT OF DIAMONDS. Truly a shit hand.

Marie holds up her hand to high-five Walt. She cackles at Hank, who shakes his head and frowns. Walter, Jr. and Skyler both think this is pretty cool, too. Walt shrugs, not thinking much of it. As he's smitten by a cough, we cut to:

38 INT. WHITE HOUSE - SHOWER - MORNING 38

Walt stands in the shower, weary, as steaming water rains down on his head. His eyes are fixed at his feet.

We PAN DOWN to WALT's POV. Clumps of Walt's hair slowly swirl around the drain. Then disappear under the stopper.

39 INT. WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING 39

Walt, in his bathrobe, gets a can of ginger ale from the refrigerator. These days, the only thing he can drink.

He checks the clock as he takes a sip. Glances around surreptitiously and considers. Pulls his PRE-PAID CELL PHONE from his pocket and dials. We hear it RINGING...and RINGING.

Walt grows impatient. Finally, the ringing stops and someone answers. It's a voice we barely hear. Walt frowns, confused.

(CONTINUED)

WALT
Who is this? I was dialing Jesse
Pinkman.
(listens a moment)
Well, where is he then? And who is
this?

We hear only a faint MURMUR of words from the other end of the phone. But what they say has an immediate effect on Walt. Off him, going from confused and annoyed to surprised and concerned...

40 OMITTED 40

41 INT. RECOVERY ROOM - HOSPITAL - MORNING 41

Jesse lies in a hospital bed. He looks deceased until we realize he's merely asleep. His ribs are wrapped with tape and his neck is braced. His lip is bruised and cut and he's got a few small laceration scabs on his cheek and temple (he suffered mostly body blows). His breathing sounds ragged.

Skinny Pete hunkers down in a visitor's chair beside him, his elbows on his knees, text-messaging with someone on his cell phone (Jesse's own phone rests on a nearby nightstand). Skinny Pete glances up upon the arrival of Walt. They stare at each other a moment, both of them wary. Finally:

SKINNY PETE
Are you the guy?

WALT
(a beat)
Yeah. I'm the guy.

Walt looks from Skinny Pete to Jesse, lying there. He fights a surge of emotion -- guilt for what happened. Concern for his partner.

WALT
How's he doing?

SKINNY PETE
(shrug)
Got some busted ribs and like that.
Got messed up pretty good. I was
like, "Damn, Tuco-- chill, ese!" I
dunno what got into him. Seriously.

Walt edges a bit closer, his eyes on Jesse. He gingerly reaches out a hand, as if to touch Jesse's arm... but thinks better of it.

SKINNY PETE
He's out, man. Way out. They got him
doped up big-time.

(CONTINUED)

Walt nods, feeling terrible... but not about to share his emotions with this druggie burnout creep he finds himself forced to converse with. For his part, however, Skinny Pete finds Walt kind of fascinating.

SKINNY PETE
So you're the cook, huh?
(Walt gives no answer)
Yo, I didn't catch your name.

Walt doesn't intend to give it. Finally, he turns away from Jesse and puts his full attention on Pete. Moves closer to him. Stares at him so intently, it makes the dude uncomfortable. Walt speaks up, low and even and serious as a heart attack.

WALT
Tell me about this Tuco.
(a beat)
Tell me everything about him.

Skinny Pete doesn't look like a man with the will to say "no" - nor is Walt a man who'll take "no" for an answer. Off Walt, waiting to hear it all...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

42 INT. WHITE HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - MORNING 42

CLOSE ON an open MEDICINE CABINET full of pill bottles...

These are Walt's cancer drugs - pills to boost his white blood cells and his red blood cells, pills to decrease the blood-flow to his tumor, pills to boost the effect of the chemo, pills to diminish the side effects of the chemo, pills to ease the nausea... We get the picture. And it's grim.

PULL BACK to see Walt in his sweats and T-shirt, having just awakened. He stares at the bottles, overwhelmed. He shuts his eyes, takes a deep breath, summons his will. Then, almost snaps into action: grabbing bottles and popping two, three pills at a time. Chasing them with tap water. He moves like a robot, methodically, unthinking.

Finished dosing, Walt shuffles to the toilet to take his morning leak. He pulls down the front of his sweat pants (offscreen) and stands here trying to get things going. Silence -- nothing is happening, try as he might.

Finally, a sad little tinkle can be heard. Walt stares down, wincing slightly. He's unhappy -- yet not particularly surprised -- by what he sees.

NEW ANGLE -- Shot discreetly, past Walt's thigh, we see an unhealthy little trickle of bright red URINE. It's not blood - it's far too neon-bright. It looks more like mercurochrome, and dyes the white porcelain bowl orange. These are the nasty CHEMO CHEMICALS passing through his system.

Walt flushes and moves to the sink. He takes a hard look in the mirror. His hair is thinning. Splotches of scalp show through. He investigates, probing with his fingers, causing more to shed.

He stares at the dead hair in his fingers, then back into the mirror. As if he's watching his own decomposition in real time. Pathetic. Heart-rending. But, oddly, his mind seems somewhere else. And it is. On his guilt.

He fills the sink with hot water. Opens a drawer, fishes out a RAZOR and SHAVING CREAM. Works lather through his hair.

He takes a deep breath, runs the blade straight back from his forehead, shaving a stripe clean down to the scalp. A beat. He taps the razor on the faucet. Then does it again.

43 INT. WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER 43

Skyler and Walt Jr. sit at the table. Walt's place is set, but they've started breakfast without him. It's been getting harder and harder for Walt to wake up early.

(CONTINUED)

43

Skyler stares at her son, wanting to say something.
Finally...

SKYLER
Honey...people at school today are
probably going to ask you about your dad.
(a beat)
I'm sure they're going to know when he's
coming back.

Walter, Jr. shrugs and nods... Not sure what she wants him to
say.

WALT JR.
Okay.

SKYLER
Just tell them... soon. Okay? I just
need you to stay positive.
(nodding)
We need to do that. All of us.

Just then, Walter, Jr.'s eyes are pulled away. His jaw drops.
Skyler reads his expression. She turns, and sees...

WALT, completely BALD. Even aside from the shiny skinhead,
this is not the normal Walt. He wears jeans in lieu of his
typical khakis, a dark-colored T-shirt instead of his boring
Oxford, old black sneakers instead of wallabies.

He sits down at the table, acting as if his transformation is
nothing to note. Skyler and Walt Jr. are speechless.

WALT
Morning.
(to Skyler)
Pass the butter, please.

Skyler does it. Walt gobs butter on his toast. Lots of it.
Skyler and Walt Jr. share a look. Then...

WALT JR.
(appreciative)
Bad-ass, Dad.

As the new Walt, with his shiny bald head, forces food into
his mouth, willing himself to eat it:

44	OMITTED	44
45	OMITTED	45
46	OMITTED	46

A47 OMITTED (NO FORTHCOMING WALT AND SKINNY PETE SCENE) A47

47 EXT. STREET - CANTINA - DAY 47

Walt sits in his Aztek, parked a block from the familiar cantina building that also houses Tuco's headquarters.

Walt stares at the place, his eyes burning with an intensity we've not seen in him before. After a long beat, he reaches into the glove compartment...

48 INT. WALT'S AZTEK - CONTINUOUS 48

...and retrieves a large BAGGIE full of (what appears to be) crystal meth. He carefully tucks it into his windbreaker. Climbs out of the car and walks toward the cantina building.

49 EXT. CANTINA - DAY 49

Unsure of whom exactly he should approach, but not shy about trying, Walt asks everyone he comes upon in front of this cantina -- the guys who are out here drinking.

WALT
(to one guy)
Where can I find Tuco?
(to another)
Tuco?
(to another)
Tuco. *Donde esta?*

This last guy glances sidelong, then thumbs Walt toward the familiar lookout who stands by the steel door. Without hesitation, Walt beelines for the man.

WALT
Are you Tuco?

The lookout, who has kept an eye on Walt ever since his initial approach, stares at him with hostility and bewilderment -- "Who the hell is this weird old guy?" He finally shakes his head "no."

WALT
(low and even)
I want to talk to Tuco. And I'm not leaving until I do.

The lookout studies Walt. We get the impression there's not a lot this guy hasn't seen in life. And he knows the look of a man who won't take "no" for an answer. After a beat, he points to the SECURITY CAMERA.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

Walt positions himself in front of the camera. Steadily peers up into it.

Finally, to our surprise -- BZZZT. The door buzzes open. The lookout opens it for Walt -- "go on up."

50 INT. SECURITY CHAMBER - DAY

50

Minutes later. Walt is patted down by Gonzo while No-Doze stands by. The contents of Walt's pockets (keys, sunglasses, no wallet) are set out on a table, including Walt's baggie of meth. Satisfied Walt has no weapons, Gonzo nods to No-Doze.

NO-DOZE

Wait here.

Taking the bag of meth, No-Doze leaves through the door leading into Tuco's office.

51 INT. TUCO'S OFFICE - DAY

51

Tuco sits, feet up on his desk, occasionally feeding a fresh stack of greenbacks - BRRRRR! - through an automatic money counter. No-Doze enters with Walt's baggie of meth.

NO-DOZE

There's some freaky old white guy out there looks like Dr. Phil. Says you ripped him off.

Tuco shoots No-Doze a look. He spins around, flicks on...

A VIDEO MONITOR. On the screen, Walt stands stoically facing the door. Unmoving. Lips pulled tight in a resolute frown.

TUCO

Strapped?

NO-DOZE

Nope. All he had was this.

No-Doze holds out Walt's baggie. Tuco briefly holds the bag of crystal up to the light, then studies Walt through the video monitor again. Walt looks harmless enough. Actually, more than harmless. More like a fool.

TUCO

Guy some kinda retard or somethin'?

No-Doze shrugs. Smirks wryly.

NO-DOZE

Can't be too swift.

Tuco considers. Snorts and shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

TUCO
What the hell. Let's have some fun.

Tuco presses a button under his desk. We hear a faint BUZZING sound.

THROUGH TUCO'S VIDEO MONITOR, we see Gonzo escort Walt inside...

As Tuco and No-Doze wait for Walt, Tuco gets out his bowie knife, cuts a hole in the baggie. He needles the crystals with the knife point, inspecting them.

The door to the office swings open. Walt walks inside, Gonzo behind him. Though he moves slowly, Walt is steadfast, intense, but not without trepidation.

Walt crosses to the front of Tuco's desk. Tuco folds his arms behind his head casually. No-Doze and Gonzo stand to the side and behind Walt, so they could intercept him if he tried anything.

TUCO
So. What's your name?

WALT
(a beat)
Heisenberg.

TUCO
"Heisenberg?"
(smirks)
Okay, Heisenberg. Have a seat.

WALT
I don't imagine I'll be very long.

TUCO
No? Alright. Be that way.

Tuco sizes him up. Throws up his arms.

TUCO (CONT'D)
Your meeting. So how about you start talking -- tell me what the HELL you want.

WALT
Fifty Thousand Dollars.

Tuco scoffs.

TUCO
Fifty G's. How you figure?

(CONTINUED)

WALT

Thirty-five for that pound of meth you stole. And another fifteen for my partner's pain and suffering.

TUCO

Partner?...Oh yeah, yeah. I remember that little bitch. So then, you must be the daddy.

Tuco's henchmen smile. Walt stands, unblinking, somehow able to keep his nerve. Tuco's stare hardens.

TUCO (CONT'D)

Lemme get this straight. I steal your dope, beat the piss outta your mule boy, and now you walk in here and bring me more meth?

(laughing now)

That's one brilliant plan, ese.

NO-DOZE

(nodding)

Brilliant.

WALT

You got one part of that wrong.

Walt reaches to the table and picks up a fat shard of crystal from the bag. He holds it up between his fingers.

WALT

This isn't meth.

Huh? Off this, Walt throws the crystal onto the floor. There's a quick fizzle of flame, then...

AA52 EXT. CANTINA BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

AA52

All three second-story windows BLOW OUT with a KAABOOOM!! Tiny diamond shards of BROKEN GLASS rain down on us, falling on the lookout and outdoor cantina patrons, who duck and cover their heads. Two window A.C. UNITS break loose -- one tumbles to the sidewalk while the other dangles from its heavy power cord, swinging back and forth.

A52 INT. TUCO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A52

The sound MUTES, then gradually resolves into a high, buzzy RINGING -- the ringing in our ears. This office is awash with LIGHT now that the blackened windows are gone. A thin haze of gray SMOKE swirls through the place.

Other than the obliterated windows, there's really no other visible signs of damage. At least not to the inanimate objects in the room.

(CONTINUED)

A52 CONTINUED:

A52

No-Doze and Gonzo crouch, COUGHING and dazed. They rub their eyes. Blood runs from their noses. They fumble for their pistols, one guy briefly dropping his on the floor.

ANGLE ON TUCO, still in his chair, which has been blown back against the wall (it has wheels). Though he's startled, he is remarkably calm. His eyes are locked...

ON WALT, still standing in his same spot. The concussion has caused Walt's nose to bleed too. But he doesn't let that stop him. Now he picks up the WHOLE PLASTIC BAG of what we thought was meth (but is really highly explosive MERCURY FULMINATE CRYSTALS).

Walt is fully prepared to drop the entire pound onto the floor and blow everyone up, himself included. Tuco gestures to his crew to hold their fire.

TUCO
What are you fucking nuts!?

WALT
(cold as ice)
You wanna find out?

Standoff. Tuco would like nothing more than to signal his henchmen to shoot Walt dead, but Walt doesn't flinch. He could be bluffing, but he certainly doesn't show it. And even if they merely tackled him, the explosives might still hit the floor. In other words, mutually assured destruction.

Finally...

TUCO
You got balls. I'll give you that.
(beat)
Alright, man. I'll give you your money.

Tuco slowly gets up to open his safe (it's already unlocked). He hates losing. As he counts out stacks of bills and stuffs them into a money sack, he searches for a way to save face...

TUCO (CONT'D)
That crystal your partner brought. Shit
sold faster than ten-dollar ass in T.J.
(beat)
What do you say you bring me another
pound next week?

Not exactly what Walt expected. But it's really what he wanted. And, just as important, what he needs.

WALT
(a beat)
Money up front?

(CONTINUED)

A52 CONTINUED: (2)

A52

TUCO
(cocky shrug)
Okay... Up front.

Two handed, Tuco lugs the bag over to Walt, holds it out (just as he did before he clocked Jesse). Walt notices the faint blood stains on it. Glances up at Tuco.

TUCO (CONT'D)
Sometimes you gotta rob to keep your riches. But as long as we got an understanding...

They lock eyes for a tense beat, as Walt realizes it's Jesse's blood on the bag. A wave of dark emotion comes over him. He pauses, struggling with it. Until he finally takes the bag.

WALT
How about two pounds?

A beat. Tuco's lips curl into a subtle smirk -- "I like your style." And then he nods.

Walt turns toward the door. But then, as an afterthought, spins back around and TOSSES the baggie of EXPLOSIVE FAUX-METH. Tuco catches it, wide-eyed.

WALT
Fulminated mercury. If I were you, I'd very carefully soak it in water.

Tuco stands here frozen, glancing to his two henchmen. Walt turns and walks out without a look back. Cool as Clint Eastwood.

52 EXT. STREET - CANTINA - MOMENTS LATER

52

The steel door swings open. Walt exits onto the street. He takes a few steps, then slows to a stop.

We pull back to reveal the same CROWD of TOUGH HOMBRES who we saw in the Teaser. Drawn by the explosion, they gawk at Walt. In the background, smoke wisps out of the blown out windows. Walt's eyes are watchful. BLOOD runs from one nostril. He wipes it on his sleeve.

Money sack in hand, Walt strides into the crowd, which parts to let him through. A POLICE SIREN blares in the distance, and Walt picks up his pace.

Walt reaches his Aztek, unlocks it, and climbs inside. He rests the sack on the passenger seat. Plunges his hands into it, pulling up WADS OF BILLS. With a kind of incredulous euphoria, he lets them fall through his fingers.

(CONTINUED)

Walt peers out his windshield at Tuco's headquarters. He's charged with adrenaline, exhilarated, as if flying high on his own kind of meth.

His breath quickens. He pounds the steering wheel with his palms.

Then he does it again. And again... Until he's pounding over and over, harder and faster, the little Aztek gently shaking beneath him.

He doesn't yell, but his breath comes out in guttural grunts of exertion, punctuated by the sound of his hands slamming the wheel in rapid succession -- so that the whole thing becomes one clamorous, primal burst of energy that EXPLODES from the deepest recesses of his being -- I AM ALIVE!!!!

Suddenly, he stops. Chest heaving. Sweat streams down from his temples. He gasps for breath a beat. And then he drives away.

CUT TO BLACK.

END EPISODE