

BREAKING BAD

"Cancer Man"

Episode #103

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Directed by
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Production Draft

WHITE - 10/4/07

BLUE REVISIONS - 10/8/07: 1, 12-12A, 13-14, 20-22, 24, 27-28, 30,
35-36, 39-40, 42, 47

PINK REVISIONS - 10/16/07: 12, 13

FINAL DRAFT - 10/19/07

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BREAKING BAD
"Cancer Man"
10/19/07

Cast list

WALTER WHITE
SKYLER
JESSE PINKMAN
WALTER, JR.
HANK
MARIE

GOMEZ
DAD
MOM
SON/JAKE
DR. DELCAVOLI
CHUBBY STONER
SKINNY STONER
KEN
AGENT
BANK TELLER

Non-Speaking

DEA AGENTS
POWER WALKERS
BIKERS
HOLY ROLLERS
MEXICAN MAID
CUSTOMERS
HOUSEKEEPER
OLDER LADY
BYSTANDERS

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Set List

Interiors:

DEA DISTRICT OFFICE
BRIEFING ROOM
WHITE HOUSE
BATHROOM
KITCHEN
WALTER JR.'S BEDROOM
DINING ROOM
SPARE BEDROOM
HALL/LIVING ROOM
DINING/LIVING ROOM
FAMILY ROOM
JESSE'S HOUSE
HALLWAY
LIVING ROOM
WALT'S CAR
SUBURBAN BANK
PLEASANT HOUSE
DINING ROOM
GUEST ROOM
KITCHEN
JAKE'S ROOM
LIVING ROOM
HALLWAY
HIGH SCHOOL
CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM
ONCOLOGY SUITE
DOCTOR'S OFFICE
MEN'S ROOM

Exteriors:

WALT'S NEIGHBORHOOD
WHITE HOUSE
BACKYARD
JESSE'S HOUSE
DRIVEWAY
DESERTED ROAD
HILLTOP ROADSIDE
SUBURBAN BANK
UPPER-MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD
PLEASANT HOUSE
BACKYARD
HIGH SCHOOL
STREET CORNER
SUBURBAN GAS STATION

TEASER

1

A BLANK WHITE FRAME

1

Is all we see. In the midst of this, a squeaky MARKER PEN writes a word in green ink: "ICEBREAKER." ADJUST to reveal it's HANK doing the writing on a Dry Erase board.

HANK
"Operation Icebreaker." How we
liking that?

WIDE to reveal we are:

INT. DEA DISTRICT OFFICE - BRIEFING ROOM - MORNING

Ten DEA AGENTS sit in a space that reminds us of a classroom. Hank stands at the front, leading the briefing.

HANK
We never used it before, did we?

Hank's partner GOMEZ sits nearby, arms folded.

GOMEZ
Isn't that the name of a breath
mint?

HANK
What?

GOMEZ
(to the room)
"Icebreakers," right? Breath mint.

A couple of the agents shrug and nod. Hank makes a face.

HANK
Nobody's ever gonna think of that.
They're gonna be thinking of some
big-ass ship at the North Pole,
breaking ice.

GOMEZ
Says you. I'm gonna be thinking
"Operation Breath Mint."

HANK
Yeah? I'm thinking "Operation
Breath Mint" every time you and me
are on stakeout together. Your
breath would knock a buzzard off a
shitwagon.

(CONTINUED)

Annoyed, Hank grabs the eraser and obliterates "ICEBREAKER."

HANK

Alright -- "Operation TBD." Thanks
for nothing, Gomie.
(to the room)
Anyway. Say hello to Domingo
Gallardo Molina, AKA "Krazy-8."

He tacks up an old 8x10 MUG SHOT of the young dealer Walt
killed in episode 102.

HANK

Way smarter than your average
cheese-eater. I turned him out
back when he was street-level, but
this dude was like the Jeffersons:
movin' on up.

GOMEZ

(to the room)
Every small-time dealer he'd throw
us, he'd wind up snaking all their
customers.

HANK

And now he's missing, presumed
dead. His car was found way out in
the boonies. We put surveillance
on his house, but he hasn't shown.
(a beat)
Last guy he ratted out was his own
cousin -- one Emilio Koyama. We're
still not sure what that was about,
but here's his smiling mug.

Hank tacks up a second MUG SHOT, this time of frowning
Emilio. Near the back, an AGENT speaks up.

AGENT

You're thinking the cousin found
out and took revenge?

HANK

Could be. Turns out he's missing,
too.
(shrug)
Normally, I'd say somebody did the
world a favor. But our snitch's
car? We find about two grams of
meth in it, send it to the lab...
they come back and tell us it's the
purest they have ever seen.

(CONTINUED)

GOMEZ

Ninety-nine point one percent.

All around the room, agents react to this with surprise.
Somebody WHISTLES, impressed.

HANK

Yeah, right? I'm telling you, this
shit is like Ivory Soap. Our
chemist is blown away. He says he
doesn't think he could do any
better himself.

Concerned faces all around. Hank scans them, grim.

HANK

What's worse, it didn't come outta
some superlab in Mexico. We're
thinking it got cooked right here
in the Land of Enchantment.

Hank holds up a large evidence bag containing Walt's black
RESPIRATOR MASK.

HANK

Car was abandoned at what appears
to be a cook site. This was the
only other thing got left behind.
We're gonna send it to Quantico to
see what they can pull off it...
but meantime, our guys swabbed the
filter element and found that same
ninety-nine point one meth.
(off their reactions)
So be on notice: we got new
players in town.

We CONTINUE Hank's speech to his troops over the CUT TO:

2 INT. WHITE HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

2

Bare feet on tile. We ARM UP to reveal downbeat WALT,
standing at the sink in sweatpants and an old t-shirt.

HANK (V.O.)

We don't know who they are, where
they come from... but they possess
an extremely high skill-set.

Walt brushes his teeth. He spits and rinses, then curls his
top lip and checks his gums in the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: 2

HANK (V.O.)
Me personally? I'm thinking
Albuquerque just might have itself
a new kingpin.

Off kingpin Walt, sleepily flossing his teeth...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

3 EXT. WALT'S NEIGHBORHOOD - LATE AFTERNOON 3
WIDE ON the neighborhood, to establish -- THREE KIDS ride their bikes, a NEIGHBOR washes his car. A lazy Sunday.

4 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 4
Walt's Aztek is in the driveway, as is Hank's black Jeep (let's schedule as many establishing shots of this house as we can grab while we're here -- no cars in the driveway, Walt's car, Skyler's car, Marie's car, etc).

5 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATE AFTERNOON 5
CLOSE ON the FIRES OF HELL roasting a sweating, blistering, blackening CORPSE.
Alright, that's not exactly what we're looking at -- but it would be nice if it seemed that way at first. The tight lens we use, the abstract framing of the flames, the cherry coals, the heat haze should trick us, just for a moment...
... Before we realize that what we're looking at are CHICKEN BREASTS roasting on a CHARCOAL GRILL.
We're in WALT'S head when we see this. He mans the grill, staring down at the breasts but not really seeing them. Walt's not quite himself lately, as you would imagine. After all, he strangled a man to death just a few short days ago.
Walt wears a barbecue apron with "MMM! Something's COOKING!" in big, cartoon letters. While he stands here, his mind wandering, Hank sidles up behind him, beer in hand.

HANK
Jesus, Walt -- you're burning the
shit outta 'em.

WALT
Huh?

Walt snaps out of it and grimaces, realizing what he's done. He rushes to get the chicken breasts off the fire, but it's too late -- they're ruined.

WALT
Ah, dammit --

(CONTINUED)

WIDE to reveal the backyard -- a patio table is made up with five place settings. WALTER, JR. floats in the pool while MARIE sits on a lounge chair with a glass of wine and SKYLER exits the house carrying a casserole dish for the table.

HANK
Hey, Sky -- got any more chicken?
Emeril here might be needing a
fresh pack.

Skyler glances their way, then heads back to the kitchen. Hank slaps Walt on the back. Affectionate, not insulting. Walt forces a smile and shakes his head -- *dumb me*.

TIME CUT TO:

6 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATE AFTERNOON 6

Twenty minutes later. The family has just now sat down to eat *al fresco* beside the pool. Corn on the cob gets passed, and baked beans and cole slaw.

HANK
Mmm. Looking good!

MARIE
Is this low-fat mayonnaise in the
cole slaw?

SKYLER
Don't know. Store-bought.

MARIE
Oh.

Marie passes it along without sampling any. Walt rises from his chair.

WALT
Hank, you need another beer?

HANK
Does the Pope shit in his hat?

MARIE
I don't believe he does, Hank --
and everybody would really like it
if you'd stop saying that.

WALT
Marie? More wine, maybe?

(CONTINUED)

MARIE
I'm good, thanks.

WALTER, JR.
Hey, I wanna beer.

HANK
I want Shania Twain to gimme a
tuggle, but guess what? That ain't
happening, either.

Marie backhands Hank in the arm without even looking at him.
Walter, Jr. grins.

WALT
(to his son)
How about some more soda?
(off his nod)
Honey? Need anything?

SKYLER
No, Walt. Thank you.

Skyler barely looks at him. She's in a dark place today --
not angry, but worried. Preoccupied. Walt and Marie both
pick up on this. Walter, Jr. does too. Only Hank, busy
buttering his corn cob, doesn't notice.

We remember episode 102 ended with Walt telling his wife he
had a confession to make. Whatever it was he told her, she's
still reacting to it even now.

Putting on a good face, Walt heads inside the house.

7 INT. WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON 7

A can of soda and two beers get pulled out of the fridge.
Walt pauses here a moment, silhouetted by the sunlight
beaming in through the kitchen window.

Alone, his true mood surfaces. He lets out a ragged sigh.

He rolls the cold soda can against his forehead, cooling his
fevered brow. Off Walt... scared, haunted, wracked by
terrible memories... working very hard to keep things light:

8 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATE AFTERNOON 8

Halfway through the meal. Walt's back at the table, sipping
his beer. Walter, Jr. and Hank are in mid-discussion.

(CONTINUED)

WALTER, JR.

No.

He says this with an embarrassed smirk.

HANK

You're kidding me. You look like a damn movie star, man! Girls gotta be lining up left and right.

(to Marie)

Tell him how good-looking he is.

MARIE

He's adorable!

HANK

He doesn't wanna be friggin' adorable, he wants to be hot!

(to the kid)

Anyhow, see? Female perspective.

WALTER, JR.

She's s'posed to say that.

MARIE

Uh, excuse me -- despite the fact I married your Uncle, I am an excellent judge of the masculine form.

HANK

Nice.

Elbows on the table, Hank leans across toward Walter, Jr.

HANK

Besides, a guy doesn't gotta look like Charlton Heston -- I'm talking "Moses" days -- to get a girl. You just gotta, you know... confidence. Confidence and persistence, that's what I'm talking about. Shit, I chased your Aunt Marie all over creation. Kept bugging her to go out, she kept saying no...

(to Marie)

What, I musta asked you, like, fifty times?

MARIE

(to Walter, Jr.)

This was back before they tightened the stalking laws.

(CONTINUED)

HANK

Ah-hah. And what about your Dad here? That there's a nice story. Walt, tell him how you met Skyler.

Walter, Jr. has heard it before.

WALTER, JR.

Mom was a waitress in Los Alamos.
(to Skyler)
And Dad said that thing to you about, um... What was it? Mom?

He doesn't need to hear this again -- he's just trying to get his Mom to join the conversation. Everyone looks to Skyler, who picks at her food, barely here. She glances up at them.

SKYLER

What?

HANK

Jeez, Skyler -- quit yappin' so much, willya? Let somebody get a word in edgewise.

The joke falls flat. Hank's smile fades. Walt speaks up, worried about his wife's mood and hoping to brighten it.

WALT

Your Mom wasn't actually a waitress. It was a summer job where she was the hostess and she worked the cash register. I used to go there all the time, because it was close enough to the lab that I could ride my bike. And, uh... once I noticed her, it got so I'd only go on days I knew she was working. I'd try and sit a little bit closer every time.

(a beat)

When it was slow, she'd stand at the counter doing crossword puzzles, but kinda hide it? Pretend like she was working? So once I caught on to that, I'd do crossword puzzles while I ate my grilled cheese sandwich. And it got so at lunch every day we were both doing the New York Times Crossword Puzzle ten feet from each other. Eventually, I'd catch her looking at me every now and then.

(CONTINUED)

Walter, Jr. smiles at this story. Marie and Hank like it, too. They look to Skyler, who is staring at Walt, listening to every word. Her face shows no emotion... but her eyes are just now starting to tear up.

Something subtle passes between her and Walt, who gives her a tiny little nod -- it's okay.

WALT

So... I began to say... "Excuse me. Fourteen across, seven-letter word for blah-blah-blah? Can I ask what you put down?" That got us talking, and...

(faint smile)

Boy, I'm terrible at those puzzles. I don't think I ever actually finished one -- but your Mom could do 'em in ink.

HANK

Very smooth.

(to Walter, Jr.)

Betcha didn't think your old man had it in him. But you see what I'm saying? Persistence. Once you set your cap for something or somebody, man, you just gotta...

Hank trails off now as he notices, along with everyone else... that Skyler is silently WEEPING. Tears are streaming down her face.

HANK

Whoa. Sky...?

WALTER, JR.

Mom? What's the matter?

Full-on, racking SOBS now. The guys are alarmed -- don't quite know what to do. Marie steps around and puts a hand on her sister's back, leaning down to comfort her.

MARIE

Sshhhh. Come on, now. Honey, what's wrong?

Dabbing her eyes with her napkin, Skyler pulls herself together enough to nod toward Walt and say:

SKYLER

Ask him.

(CONTINUED)

With that, she's out of her chair and bolting for the house. All eyes turn to Walt, who sits here in the height of discomfort.

MARIE
What's she talking about?
(off his silence)
Walt...

Everybody is staring at him, waiting for an answer. They won't let him off the hook. Hank and Marie are wondering *is he having an affair? Is he beating her? What?*

Walt sighs and folds his napkin, sets it on the table. This is not the way he wanted to do this, but his wife has left him no choice. So, here goes:

WALT
I... have cancer. Lung cancer.
(off the silence)
It's bad.

Absolute stillness. Hank, Marie, Walter, Jr. are stunned. Floored. They can't believe it.

Off Walt, rubbing at a smudge on the table with his thumb...

9 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT 9

Dark outside. Streetlights are on. It's hours later. Hank's Jeep is still parked in the driveway.

10 INT. WHITE HOUSE - WALTER, JR.'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 10

Superhero and sports posters on the walls. Airplane models hang from the ceiling. We're on Walter, Jr.'s back as he sits on the edge of his bed, listening to music. All we can hear is a tinny, heavy metal riff that leaks out of his big HEADPHONES. He nods his head fast to the beat.

At first, it appears he's okay with the cancer news. Not so. As we COME AROUND on the teenager, we notice TEARS in his eyes. He angrily wipes them away with the back of his hand.

Walter, Jr. works hard to focus strictly on the music and put his mind off this terrible news.

11 INT. WHITE HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT 11

WIDE ON the adults as they sit around the family room.
Morose silence for a beat.

SKYLER

Ask him how long he's known.

Marie and Hank look to Walt, who shrugs and sighs.

WALT

About a month, maybe.

MARIE

For God's sake, Walt...

(to Skyler)

And we're just sitting out there
having a cookout like nothing's
going on?

Skyler shrugs big, as if to say *no shit!*

SKYLER

He made me promise not to tell.
Oh Christ, these last 48 hours...
And it's the weekend, so I couldn't
even get his doctor on the phone...

HANK

Buddy, why wouldn't you want to
tell anybody?

If Walt even has an answer for this, he doesn't give it.

SKYLER

(grasping his hand)

Walt, don't you see everyone just
wants to help? We're family. We
get through these things together.

Walt doesn't see that at all. However, he doesn't argue.

HANK

I don't... wait, I don't get...
lung cancer? How does that happen?
You don't even smoke.

SKYLER

I'm thinking what if this all
goes back twenty years to the
Applications Lab? Those chemicals
they had you working with?

(CONTINUED)

WALT
We always took the proper
precautions.

 SKYLER
You complained one time how they
hadn't given you the right kind
of... some ventilation hood or
something! And the headaches!

(CONTINUED)

WALT

-- No. Honey, that wasn't --

SKYLER

-- God-DAMN them! How is it they
think they can get away with this?!
We should, we should hire a lawyer!

Before Skyler's anger and despair can get the best of her,
Marie speaks up -- the voice of reason.

MARIE

First, let's deal with this.
What's next for Walt? Certainly a
second opinion, right?

Skyler wipes her eyes.

SKYLER

Right. Absolutely.

MARIE

First thing tomorrow, I'll ask my
radiologists -- we'll find you the
best. The oncology dream team.

SKYLER

Good. Yeah. Yeah.

Skyler hugs Walt. Holds him tight. He pats her hand and
finds a smile for his loving and supportive family.

SKYLER

Lemme check on Walt, Jr. Maybe I
can talk him into joining us.
(a beat; to everyone)
I really didn't mean for him to
find out that way.

She heads down the hall toward her son's room. Marie rises
and follows, leaving Walt and Hank alone.

HANK

Walt...?

Walt looks up at his brother-in-law. Hank speaks softly.

HANK

Whatever happens... I mean, I hope
this goes without saying, but...
(having a hard time)
Whatever happens... you know I'll
always take care of your family.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

Uh, yeah. Nah man, I'm thinking
the house is settling. Shit is
caving in left and right, hit me in
my eye... it's bananas.

SKINNY STONER

Yo, my Pops could fix you up. He's
like a contractor or something.

JESSE

Right on. I should definitely get
that number.

CHUBBY STONER

Say uh, Jesse...
(low and conspiratorial)
... You still cook a little
crystal?

Jesse smirks and juts his jaw out -- big man on campus.

JESSE

Could be. From time to time.

SKINNY STONER

I heard you lost your partner.
(off Jesse's confusion)
Emilio -- didn't he get locked up?

CHUBBY STONER

(answers for Jesse)
Nah, he's out, man -- his cousin
bailed him out. I heard he split
town or something. The both of
'em. Ain't nobody seen either one.

This conversation is making Jesse nervous, to say the least --
as he of course had a big hand in Emilio's disappearance.

JESSE

Yo, I dunno about any of that. I
kinda been doin' my own thing these
days, so...

CHUBBY STONER

But you maybe got some crystal?
'Cause I could seriously do with a
bowl right about now, you know what
I'm saying? Take the edge off?

SKINNY STONER

Hell, yeah. Sunday night bowl, yo!

(CONTINUED)

He and the chubby guy low-five. Jesse can't restrain himself from bragging.

JESSE
Well, as it just so happens... I might have recently cooked up the best batch EVER.

SKINNY STONER
Yeah?

JESSE
Oh, yeah. I came up with this whole new recipe. It's more like a formula. It's like way, way more chemically, uh... shit, it's the bomb.
(off their eager grins)
But I dunno, man. I'm thinking I maybe need to lay off awhile, 'cause... lately it's been making me kinda... paranoid. So.
(off their silence)
Just thinking health-wise I should maybe... lay off.

The two stoners glance to one another, not happy.

CHUBBY STONER
Yo, if you're not about sharing, just tell us to piss off. It's cool. Don't need no soap opera.

SKINNY STONER
Yeah, man. Whatever.

JESSE
Nah, nah, it's good. I'm just saying... I got plenty of pot.

The stoners look to each other. Uh-uh.

CHUBBY STONER
Yeah, well. I think I'll bounce.

SKINNY STONER
Yeah. Sounds about right.

The both of them rise and head for the door. Jesse jumps up, not wanting them to go.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

Yo, Homes, I'm joking! I am so
totally joking! You kidding me?!
Shit yeah, let's break it out!
(grabbing his stash)
Best scante ever. Seriously, just
wait until you try this...

The two stoners come back, smiling -- yeah, that's more like
it! They take their seats, leaning forward to watch as Jesse
loads a glass pipe with a few ivory crumbs of meth.

CLOSE ON Jesse, whose smile is clearly faked. The longer we
watch him, the more we realize... he's desperate for simple
human companionship. Even these two greedy losers will do.
Anything to keep him from spending the night alone in this
house where Krazy-8 met his end.

15 EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - MORNING 15

Day now. Sprinklers turn on across the street. A couple of
senior citizen POWER WALKERS truck on past, working their
neon-pink weights in their hands.

PAN to Jesse's house. A CURTAIN moves in the front window.

16 INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING 16

This room is even more of a wreck than it was last night.
Dirty clothes on the floor, a bag of tortilla chips scattered
across the coffee table. Empty bottles of malt liquor.

The two stoners are gone. All that's left is Jesse, who
hasn't slept a wink. Much like the way we saw him in episode
102 at the no-tell motel, he hunkers by the front window,
peeking out through the curtains.

MACRO-CLOSE on his glass pipe as he cooks it with the blue
jet of a torch lighter. We stay artfully on his back as he
sucks down a big hit of meth, then exhales white smoke.

Dark circles are under his eyes. CLOSE ON his good eye,
pressed to the crack in the curtain. Inside his head now, we
become aware of faint, unintelligible WHISPERS. Discordant
NOISES. CHAINS and ANIMAL SOUNDS. Creepy, low-volume shit.

The roar of two MOTORCYCLES cuts through all this wallah.
Jesse squints out at...

(CONTINUED)

... His POV: TWO HARLEYS race into view, PUTT-PUTTERING to the curb. The two biggest, baddest, scariest BIKERS we've ever seen check us out through mirrored sunglasses.

They climb off their bikes and stride toward us. They take their time. The lead guy tosses and catches, tosses and catches... what is that, a baseball?

No -- it's a HAND GRENADE! And the other dude has a MACHETE!

Eyes wide, Jesse breathes faster and faster. BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! The bikers KNOCK on the front door so LOUD it makes us jump. Jesse, too. He stumbles to his feet, silently backing away.

BOOOM-BOOOM-BOOOM! -- LOUDER. Jesse dashes across the room, sliding on his belly to where he's got the stash of METH he and Walt cooked. It's hidden in a stereo speaker. He grabs it and shoves it down his pants, then he's off like a shot.

17 EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MORNING 17

A first-floor window gets thrown open. Back here on the opposite side of the house from the front door, Jesse climbs out head-first, tumbling to the driveway beneath. Ouch. That had to hurt. But it doesn't even slow him down.

Jesse picks himself up, dives under the parked RV and crawls beneath it, coming out the other side. He climbs the wall into his neighbor's yard then takes off like Carl Lewis, sprinting tiny into the distance, out of sight.

18 EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS 18

CLOSE on the FRONT DOOR. KNOCK-KNOCK. Heard from out here, it's not nearly so loud. A fist withdraws. A FLYER gets hung on the knob -- "*Jesus Christ Is Your Answer*" it says.

REVEAL the two guys who stand here on the stoop. In Jesse's paranoid fantasy they may be scary bikers... but in reality, these are dorky WHITE BOYS in short-sleeve dress shirts and ties, black floods and wingtips.

They are HOLY ROLLERS. Off them, walking to the curb and pedalling their matching Schwinns into the sunrise...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

19 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - AFTERNOON 19
To establish. The Aztek is parked in the driveway.

20 INT. WHITE HOUSE - BATHROOM - AFTERNOON 20
Walt, dressed for teaching school and just returned home, sits on the edge of the tub with his trousers around his ankles. He gingerly pulls a strip of gauze off a deep, nasty GASH in his calf. The dried blood rips loose and reopens the wound, causing it to Ooze.

This is the wound Krazy-8 gave Walt when he stabbed him with the plate shard. Disposing of the evidence, Walt flushes the old bandage, tape and all. He dabs the cut dry and packs it with Neosporin... then, wincing, he pinches it closed and seals it shut with a layer of KRAZY GLUE (believe it or not, cyanoacrylate was first developed as a surgical adhesive).

JUMP CUT to Walt taping a fresh gauze bandage to his calf.

JUMP CUT to him pulling up his pants. As he buckles his belt, he notices a thumbnail spot of DRIED BLOOD which had previously soaked through his Dockers. He picks at it.

WALT
(under his breath)
Ah, dammit --

He undoes his trousers, dropping them again.

JUMP CUT to Walt, standing at the sink in his underpants. He carefully wets the blood stain on his trousers and scrubs it with his toothbrush. As he worries it clean, he begins to COUGH. HARDER now. Oh, shit -- is he gonna pass out again?

Rapid FOOTSTEPS approach. There's a KNOCK-KNOCK at the door.

SKYLER (O.S.)
Walt? Do you need some help?
(no answer; alarmed)
I'm coming in there --

The knob RATTLES, but the door is locked. Walt can't have his wife coming in and finding out about his leg. Through sheer force of will, he stifles his coughing.

WALT
I'm fine, I'm fine. Just...
privacy, Honey! Thanks!

(CONTINUED)

SKYLER (O.S.)
(a beat)
I'm right outside if you need me.

Walt shuts his eyes. He stands here, recovering.

21 INT. WHITE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON 21

A few minutes later. Skyler sits at the table, talking on the cordless phone. She sounds relieved.

SKYLER
Oh, that would be... yeah, any time
on Friday is absolutely fine.
Thanks so much for working us in.

Walt wanders from the back bedroom into the kitchen, where he pours himself a glass of water from the sink. We can see him through the breakfast counter behind her.

SKYLER
Can I put that on a credit card?
Just for... great. Perfect.

Walt glances her way, listening now.

SKYLER
Alright -- we will see you at 10:45
Friday morning. Thank you so much.
(hangs up; to herself)
Yes.

Skyler writes the appointment in her calendar. To Walt:

SKYLER
The best oncologist in -- not even
just New Mexico, but probably one
of the ten best in the entire
nation? His name is Doctor
Delcavoli, and we see him Friday.

Huh. WALT

SKYLER
Marie really came through! She got
her boss to call and...
(big, relieved sigh)
Okay. Good. From here on out,
things are gonna...

She nods to herself, willing good fortune.

(CONTINUED)

I don't want us even thinking about money right now, okay? Money is not the issue.

Walt nods -- not so much agreeing as wanting to avoid an argument. Skyler stands up and hugs him, holding on tight.

After a beat...

I'll take care of the deposit.

Yeah?

I'll borrow from my pension.

Skyler truly doesn't care about any of that -- she just keeps hugging her husband. Off unhappy Walt:

22

INSIDE THE AIR DUCT, LOOKING OUT -- a vent cover gets pulled loose, revealing Walt on knees and elbows. He reaches toward us, grasping for a rubber-banded roll of CASH.

NEW ANGLE -- Walt is hunkered on the floor in a far corner of this room, which has been transformed into a nursery.

The door behind him is closed. Still, Walt works fast and furtive. He pulls the rubber band off this fat bankroll (which is his ill-gotten gains from the Pilot), and hurriedly counts out five grand, which he shoves in his pocket.

What he's left with is maybe only six or seven hundred bucks. This doesn't please him, but what can he do? However, as he untangles the rubber band, meaning to replace it over his much-reduced nest egg...

... The AIR CONDITIONING suddenly kicks on, SUCKING these loose bills deep into the ductwork!

(under his breath)
FUCK! --

He dives after them, burying his arm up to the shoulder and feeling all around. No dice. And what makes it worse now is that the bedroom DOOR creaks open in b.g., startling him.

(CONTINUED)

Walter, Jr. stands in the open doorway, balancing on his crutches. No time to replace the vent cover -- all Walt can do is try and act nonchalant.

WALT
Hey, Buddy! What's up?
(points to vent)
Thought I heard mice. Boy, is that
the last thing we need.

The teenager just stands here staring at his Dad. Is he suspicious? What? Nervous Walt fakes a smile.

WALT
So what's up?

Turns out Walter, Jr. isn't suspicious -- he's distraught. And his fear and distress comes blurting out as anger.

WALTER, JR.
What the hell's wrong with you?! --
Walt is confused. Taken aback.

WALT
What?
WALTER, JR.
Why are you acting all... you're
all like...
(frustrated; points)
... Mice?! Who--cares?! Why are
you acting so... weird?!
Walter, Jr. has a hard time getting this out, he's so upset. Walt is no longer worried about being caught with the illicit cash. Now he's simply concerned for his boy. He slowly rises to his feet.

WALT
Son...
WALTER, JR.
You're acting like nothing's going
on! --

Walt doesn't know what to say to this. Breathing fast and close to crying, Walter, Jr. turns and exits.

Walt is left alone here, staring after his son. Somewhere between Walt and the door is a CRIB... and as Walt's mind wanders, his eyes gradually drift to it. Why is he staring at this crib? Why does it seem to trouble him?

(CONTINUED)

BREAKING BAD #103 "Cancer Man" FINAL DRAFT 10/19/07 24.
22 CONTINUED: (2) 22

REVERSE -- TIGHT PAST the crib to Walt in background. On the outside railing at one end of the crib is an emblem with the furniture company name: "TAMPICO."

If we didn't see last week's show, no harm done. But if we remember what this refers to... it'll hit good and hard.

Off Walt, OUT-OF-FOCUS in b.g., staring our way:

23 EXT. DESERTED ROAD - AFTERNOON 23

No stoplights, no cars and a nice long view into infinity -- we're out in the boonies (like, say, University Boulevard between the airport and the Q Studios).

Walt's diarrhea-beige Aztek is tiny in the distance, wending its way toward us like an ant on a string.

24 INT. WALT'S CAR - DRIVING - AFTERNOON 24

Walt drives, alone and deep in thought. Seatbelt buckled. Two mile per hour under the speed limit. Miserable.

Now, visible through his rear window behind him... FLASHING LIGHTS crest the hill a mile back. We make out a faint SIREN, growing LOUDER. Walt checks his rear-view mirror.

It's a white, red and blue Albuquerque POLICE CRUISER, and it is hauling ass. Eighty miles an hour, it comes speeding our way. Walt's eyes are glued to his rear-view -- *oh shit!*

Walt's mouth goes dry. *They know -- they're coming for me!* The best he can think to do is fumble in his pocket and pull out the five grand in cash. He leans down and jams it out of sight beneath the passenger seat.

Here comes the cop car, fast and relentless. Closer, closer... Walt swallows hard and pulls his Aztek to the SHOULDER. He's giving himself up.

VVVRRRRROOOOOCM! The cruiser WHIPS right past us, raising a small cloud of dust. It rockets over the top of this hill, quickly disappearing from view.

Walt lets out a ragged breath. Practically dizzy with relief that the cops aren't, in fact, after him, he pushes open his door and climbs out.

25 EXT. HILLTOP ROADSIDE - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS 25

Starting to COUGH again, Walt bends low as if he's going to puke. He manages not to. He stands here recuperating, his hands on his knees.

LOW ANGLE, LOOKING UP PAST WALT -- a huge JET AIRLINER quietly floats into frame, engines lowered to idle, on final approach into the Albuquerque Airport.

We're looking straight up at its belly. Impossibly large and close, it swoops right over Walt's head like a bird of prey.

Off this striking image...

26 EXT. SUBURBAN BANK - AFTERNOON 26

The sign says "Mesa Credit Union." The parking lot is busy.

Walt carefully motors through the lot, looking left and right for a parking space.

Seeing a pickup truck about to back out, he clicks his turn indicator to signal his intention, then backs off a little to allow the truck to leave.

But as it does... a SPORTS CAR whips into view from the opposite direction and STEALS Walt's space! Asshole!

Walt gives a HONK of his horn. This sports car is shiny and well-kept -- it can be a Porsche, Jag, Mercedes, whatever. Maybe it's a convertible. Just so long as it's expensive. The New Mexico vanity plate reads "KEN WINS."

Well-dressed yuppie jagoff KEN climbs out of the driver's seat, yapping on his Bluetooth earpiece. He strides right past outraged Walt without even registering his existence.

Walt sits here fuming. He putters on, searching for another parking space.

27 INT. SUBURBAN BANK - AFTERNOON 27

Minutes later. We're at the back of a line of CUSTOMERS waiting for a teller. Standing one n.d. person ahead of us is Ken Wins. He's still talking on his earpiece, which blinks blue. He's one of those guys who talks a little too loud. We're in the POV of...

(CONTINUED)

... Walt, who stands at the end of the line, stewing. Walt appraises this guy. Ken is handsome. Expensive haircut. Youthful and fit. Really full of himself.

KEN WINS

(into his phone)

-- And lemme tell you something else: I'm not doing this for charity, right? I'm hands-down the best he's got in that office, he knows it, I know it, and I expect to be paid to a level commensurate with my --

(listens a beat)

-- No shit he's lucky to have me! So I'm like, "Dave, you call forty grand a proper bonus?! That's not even ten percent of what I booked for you this quarter!" I'm not gonna sit there and be dis --

(listens a beat)

-- Oh, he's shitting bricks. You know he is. He lives in fear I'll go across town to, hell, I could go anywhere, Hoffman-Gordon-Bradley or Sorcher or even Goldberg-Wayne. They'd make me a partner at Goldberg-Wayne just for walking in the damn door, that's how ecstatic they'd be to --

(listens a beat; grins)

-- Hells yes, brother-man!

Walt is seemingly mesmerized by this rich white-boy jackass. As seen from behind, the bright blue light on the guy's earpiece BLINKS slow and hypnotic.

Ken doesn't skip a beat once he finally reaches the counter. He shoves his deposit at the middle-aged TELLER without so much as a glance at her.

KEN WINS

(into his phone)

Nah buddy, she's a cow. Stacey's a cow! We're talking major barnyard boo-hog. Roll her in flour and look for the wet spot before you go hitting that, know what I'm saying?

Walt stares, so hypnotized, so dismayed by this jerk, that...

BANK TELLER

Sir..?

(CONTINUED)

One of the three TELLERS is free. She motions to Walt, who snaps out of it and steps to her station.

Hi. WALT

BANK TELLER
Hi. What can I do for you today?

WALT
I have, uh...

Walt reaches in his pocket, pulling out the five thousand in cash. He slides it to the woman.

WALT
I'd like a cashier's check made out
in the full amount to "Oncology
Partners of New Mexico."
(as the woman writes)
O-N-C-O-L-O-G-Y... Partners.
Great.

Off Walt, polite to a fault but feeling anything but great...

28 EXT. UPPER MIDDLE-CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT 28

Nice neighborhood. Fairly expensive. Older, traditional houses. Big trees. More upscale than Walt's area.

The street is quiet. Lights glow in windows -- folks are home for the evening. We settle on one particular house: large and well-kept. A PRIUS or TWO is in the driveway.

29 INT. PLEASANT HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 29

MOM, DAD and their thirteen year-old SON eat dinner together in a tableau that could be right out of a Norman Rockwell painting. We're talking a proper home-cooked meal.

The key word here is "pleasant," as there's nothing displeasing about these folks whatsoever. Dad looks like he might manage an insurance agency. Mom is a homemaker who is active in the community. They could be Richie Cunningham's parents. Their son is thoughtful and bright.

DAD
I just don't understand why they're forcing you to choose between the piccolo and the oboe. You show so much promise with both.

(CONTINUED)

SON

(shrug)

They say they can't have any switching between woodwinds because no matter how they divide it up, somebody would be left out.

MOM

Well... rules are rules, I guess.

DAD

Sure, rules are rules and I'm all for that -- but I'm telling you, you really shine on that oboe. You have real talent, and I'm not just saying that.

SON

Thanks.

MOM

What about Mr. Pemberton? Has he been giving you enough individual attention?

SON

(thinks about it)

I'd have to say so. He tries to talk to each one of us at least once during every practice.

MOM

Well, that's good. Feedback is important.

DAD

It's key, I think.

This isn't trying to be boring or caricatured... it's just that these people are so very earnest and mild.

DAD

How was soccer practice?

Suddenly, a faint o.s. CRASH! What the heck was that? The family pauses, listening.

CLANG-CLANK-BANG! Mom and Dad look to one another.

MOM

That sounds like it's in the backyard.

(CONTINUED)

Dad rises from his chair and exits the dining room.

30 EXT. PLEASANT HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT 30

Dad clicks on the floodlights and steps out of the screen porch, cautiously descending into the yard. His son and wife appear behind him, hanging back a bit.

DAD
Who's there? --

We reveal a FIGURE in SILHOUETTE, his back to us. From this angle the FLOODLIGHTS are in our eyes (his too), and we can't make out who this is. The crash sound came from a patio table and umbrella he accidentally knocked over.

Currently, he struggles with one of the CHAIRS, which he has somehow managed to stick his leg through.

Seeing who this is, Dad, Mom and Son relax. Now they simply look bewildered.

DAD
What the hell are you doing out
here?

REVERSE -- from the family's perspective, we see this is JESSE, lit up bright. He shields his eyes from the floodlights. High as a kite, he stands here swaying.

JESSE
Hey, Dad. Hey, Mom.

He can barely talk, he's so fried. He tiredly motions at the chair stuck to his ankle.

JESSE
New patio furniture. Right on.

Off the prodigal son, returned home:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

31 INT. PLEASANT HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT/DAY 31

CLOSE ON a framed DRAWING -- it's of a monster truck chasing a screaming man. It's done in crayons, and is quite good for an eight year-old. It's signed "Jesse Pinkman, 1991."

CLOSE ON another framed drawing -- this one of the HINDENBURG exploding at Lakehurst, New Jersey. Nice use of red and orange Magic Marker to evoke the flames. "Oh, The Humanity!" is the title. "Jesse Pinkman, 1994."

We ADJUST to find grown-up Jesse asleep in his clothes. He is face-down, drooling and sideways across the double bed, lying atop the covers. This guest bedroom used to be his room, once upon a time -- we glean this from his drawings and a few other remaining vestiges.

This now becomes a LOCKED-DOWN, TIME-LAPSE SPECIALTY SHOT. As Jesse lies here, motionless...

... NIGHT gradually turns to DAY. SUNLIGHT and SHADOWS clock along the walls. Moving super-fast in pixilated TIME-LAPSE, Jesse's family comes in to check on him. Mom pulls a blanket over him; Dad nudges him, trying to wake him up; his kid brother peers at him from the doorway. A MEXICAN MAID vacuums the hall in b.g., then vacuums the guest room itself. Stuff like that. DAY gradually turns to NIGHT again.

Throughout, Jesse barely moves. Maybe he rolls over once or twice, but that's about it. If we didn't know he was coming down off a meth binge, we'd think he was dead.

32 EXT. PLEASANT HOUSE - NIGHT 32

Twenty-four hours later. A red Prius and a green Prius are parked side-by-side. A bumper sticker says "Radiate Peace."

33 INT. PLEASANT HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 33

Roasted red and green chili peppers get chopped up by Jesse's Dad. He's assisting Jesse's Mom, who's preparing dinner -- some traditional New Mexican meal.

While they work, they talk -- both of them keeping their voices low.

MOM

What do you think it could be?

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

That's cool. Maybe later.

Awkward silence. Jesse turns and wanders out of the kitchen.

Dad stares after Jesse, then turns to his wife.

DAD

We're not doing this again.

MOM

Adam...

DAD

No. We said we'd lay down the law,
we lay down the law. We... we just
have to be consistent about this.

Steeling himself for the unpleasant task of kicking his son
out of the house, he stalks out of the kitchen after Jesse.

34 INT. PLEASANT HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 34

Entering the dining room, Dad slows and pauses -- surprised
by what he sees. He stands here, watching in silence.

Jesse is setting the table. Four placemats. Linen napkins.
Salad fork, dinner fork, knife and spoon... he's carefully
doing it exactly the way Emily Post teaches.

Jesse's back is to his Dad, who watches unseen. Mom comes
in, joining her husband. Both of them are shocked.
Pleasantly so. It's bittersweet, too. They're reminded of
once upon a time when Jesse was a sweet, innocent little kid.

Dad's determination to confront his son fades. He glances to
his wife, lowers his eyes and exits.

This entire time, Jesse's back remains turned. And yet, we
now realize it from his expression... he knew his folks were
watching. He's playing them like a violin.

35 EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON (STOCK) 35

WIDE on Walt's school, surrounded by scrubby desert.

36 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON 36

School is over. Walter, Jr. is alone here. He balances on
his crutches, studying a periodic table on the wall.

(CONTINUED)

Walt enters with some photocopies. He's pleasantly surprised to see his son.

WALT
Hey there.

WALTER, JR.
Hey.

WALT
Not taking the bus?
(off the boy's shrug)
Alright. Gimme maybe another
twenty minutes and we'll get outta
here.

Walter, Jr. nods. Goes back to studying the chart. Knowing things are strained between them, Walt watches him closely.

Feeling like he's walking on eggshells, Walt very much wants to say something. Make things better. He tries to think of the words, but they're just not coming to him.

Giving up, Walt sits at his desk and goes to work grading papers. He's having a hard time focusing on them.

Walter, Jr. sneaks a glance at his Dad. He sets his backpack on a table and takes a seat, staring off at nothing in particular. WIDE TABLEAU of this big, deserted classroom -- the two of them sitting a good distance apart.

Finally, Walt raises his head.

WALT
You know, I just think...
(searching for it)
... Things have a way of working
themselves out.

Walter, Jr. stares at him flatly. Pretty lame -- and he and Walt both know it.

As far as Hugh Beaumont moments go, that's the best Walt can muster right now. Once again he gives up, returning his attention to his paperwork. Off both of them, feeling low:

CLOSE ON a brass plaque: "Most Distinguished MATHLETE -- JACOB PINKMAN -- L.C. Byrd Magnet Middle School, 2007."
Reveal Jesse studying this where it hangs on the wall.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE
When'd you get this?

WIDE -- Jesse and his kid brother Jake hang out in Jake's room. It's neat and well-kept. Scholarly. There's an oboe case in evidence. There's a poster of Winston Churchill.

Jake sits at his flatscreen Apple, writing a report on Simon Bolivar. He glances up.

JAKE
Last May at the year-end assembly.
They gave me that one, too.
(pointing)
The one on the end.

There are enough TROPHIES and RIBBONS atop the bookshelf that Jesse doesn't know where to look at first. Jake points him to a crystal paperweight, which he picks up and squints at.

JESSE
"Environmental consciousness
award." What's that mean? You
recycle cans and shit?

JAKE
I contacted the Albuquerque Journal
and asked what kind of chemicals
they use to bleach their paper.
They wound up writing an article
about it.

JESSE
Huh. Right on, little bro. Making
mad inroads with the business
community.
(taps his head)
Just remember: not all learning
comes outta, like... books.

Jake shrugs and nods. Jesse's covetous gaze lingers on all these trophies. He pokes at one with his finger, fiddling with a little bronze SOCCER PLAYER that's mounted atop it.

JESSE
We should hang out more often.
Just kick back and chill. Like, if
you ever need... I dunno... advice?
'Cause yo, I been through it all.
For real.

Jake nods, noncommittal. Jesse trying to be a wise old mentor is just a little bit sad.

(CONTINUED)

Drifting away from the awards, Jesse unlatches an instrument case, opening it to reveal a PICCOLO.

JESSE
Damn, man -- you play the flute?

JAKE
It's a piccolo, actually.

JESSE
(shoves it at him)
Dude! Play some Jethro Tull!

Behind him, a faint KNOCK-KNOCK, then the bedroom door opens. Mom sticks her head in, smiling anxiously.

MOM
Guys? How we doing in here?

JESSE
We're good.

Mom looks to her younger son. Studies him intently.

Jake? MOM

JAKE
Fine, Mom.

Mom nods, glancing around the place before she withdraws. She makes sure to leave the door propped WIDE OPEN.

This isn't lost on Jesse -- he understands she doesn't trust him to be alone with his younger brother. She thinks he's a bad influence. This hurts a little. It also pisses him off.

JESSE
What the hell?
(indicates the open door)
You see this? What am I, some
criminal or something?

JAKE
Whatever.

JESSE
"Whatever?" What, you think that's right? Like "Oooh, we can't let that scumbag warp the mind of our favorite son!"

(CONTINUED)

39

JESSE
Oh, SNAP! Awesome!

Jesse is quite a good artist, by the way -- he's got genuine talent. But now that he turns the caricature over to see what's on the other side, his smile fades.

CLOSE -- "Chem 101, 4th Period, Mr. White... Jesse Pinkman." This is an old CHEMISTRY MIDTERM EXAM, and it's graded with a big, fat, red F. "Ridiculous! Apply Yourself!" it says in Walt's red Magic Marker handwriting.

Jesse sits staring at this. Frowning. MACRO-CLOSE ON "Apply Yourself!" The very words seem to sting him.

As Jesse ruminates... BRRRRRPPPP! Over on the night stand, his CELL PHONE, set to vibrate, dances across the wood. Tossing the failed exam aside, Jesse rises and answers his phone. He keeps his voice low, so as not to wake his family.

JESSE
Yeah.

INTERCUT WITH:

40 EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 40

The CHUBBY STONER we remember from Jesse's living room stands on a dark corner, his cell phone to his ear.

CHUBBY STONER
Yo man, it's me. Hey listen, you know that, uh... that product? You got any more of that?

JESSE
Nah, I'm done giving out freebies -- you want charity, go ask the Salvation Army.

CHUBBY STONER
No charity! Uh-uh! I got this cousin, he's got him some rich friends? These dudes are in town looking to par-TAY. And your stuff is, like...
(kisses his fingers)
So sweet! Whaddya say -- you up for makin' some fat stacks? 'Cause they'll buy everything you got.

Jesse stands here, considering.

41 OMITTED 41

42 INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALL/LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON 42

We DRIFT through the house, which is empty... and yet we hear the sound of some sort of DRILL. It gets LOUDER as we drift closer. Entering the living room, we notice Walt's BUTT sticking out into view from behind a credenza.

CLOSE ON an ELECTRIC SCREWDRIVER loosening the last screw on an air conditioning VENT COVER.

Walt is on his knees next to the front door, unscrewing this AC return. He tugs it free and jams his hand inside, feeling all around the ductwork. Under his breath:

WALT
Oh, thank God...

He pulls out a fistful of CASH (we'll remember this money got sucked into the system). He reaches back in, making sure he's got it all, when a KNOCK on the door startles him.

Walt rises and peeks through the PEEPHOLE (I know, the door doesn't have a peephole -- well, now it does). Walt's POV: we're FISHEYE-WIDE on JESSE, who nervously bops up and down on his toes while he waits. He leans in close to our lens... which makes his head so enormous, he looks like a lollipop.

Walt's reaction -- what the FUCK?!

43 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

43

The patio door slides open and out comes Jesse, propelled by a shove to the back. Walt strides out after him, glancing around in case any neighbors might be within earshot.

WALT
What the HELL are you doing here?!

JESSE
Yo, I waited till the ballbuster left! No offense.

WALT
Who sent you?! Huh? --

Walt immediately begins PATTING down Jesse's chest and hips. Jesse shoves his hands away and jumps backward.

JESSE
Jesus! Homo! --

WALT
What, is this a setup? Are you wearing a wire?!

JESSE
You wanna wire? I got your wire!
(grabs his crotch)
Speak into the mike, bitch!

They both settle down -- take neutral corners.

JESSE
What the hell's wrong with you?!
"A wire." Jesus. Lay off the
"Walker, Texas Ranger" reruns.

WALT
Who did you tell about --

Walt cuts off, makes some motion with his hands. He can't even bring himself to say the words about Krazy-8's death.

JESSE
NOBODY! What are you, nuts?!

WALT
Then WHY are you HERE?! --

JESSE
I dunno! To like... touch base.

(CONTINUED)

WALT
"Touch base?"

JESSE
To like... whaddya call? Debrief.
I feel like we need to debrief.

WALT
"Debrief." Wow. Is that so? Is
that what we need?

JESSE
After what happened, it seems like
the thing to do, you know?
Kinda... talk about it. We can't
talk to anybody else.
(off Walt's silence)
Anyway... that, and I wanted to
tell you how much everybody digs
that, uh... that meth we cooked.
(more stony silence)
Seriously. I got dudes who'd give
their left nut for a little more of
that. I'm just saying, you know...
in case you ever saw your way clear
to, um... you and me maybe cooking
a little more.

Jesse is sheepish. Walt just stares -- utterly unbelievable.

WALT
Get off my property.

JESSE
What? I'm just saying --

WALT
GO! And don't come back! --

Walt means it. He advances on Jesse, who backs off. Jesse
reaches in his pocket, pulling out a big WAD of CASH.

JESSE
Alright, you know what? Four
grand -- your share from selling
that batch. That's why I'm here!
(off Walt's reaction)
Yeah, yeah, that's right. I didn't
smoke it all!

Pissed off, his pride hurt, Jesse throws the cash in Walt's
swimming pool. He turns on his heel and stalks off around
the far side of the house.

(CONTINUED)

Scores of floating bills spread across the surface of the pool. Walt stares at them, surprised. Glancing after Jesse, he grabs the skimmer net and fishes cash out of the water.

CLOSE ON Walt's face. He sits staring past us. Zoned out. We hear a faint BUZZING. A slowed-down MURMURING like a record being played at the wrong speed.

We ADJUST to reveal Skyler seated beside him, talking to an ONCOLOGIST who sits across the way. Skyler and the doctor are OUT OF FOCUS. Their lips move in SLOW-MOTION. They sound kind of like the unseen adults on a Peanuts TV special.

We're in Walt's head, of course. He simply isn't listening. That is, until:

SKYLER

-- Doesn't that make sense, Walt?

Walt snaps out of it, glancing at his wife.

WALT

Hmm?

SKYLER

To not automatically jump to making negative assumptions. To take this situation one day at a time.

WALT

Uhh. Yeah.

The oncologist, DR. DELCAVOLI, smiles warmly. He seems hip and youthful, anything but stodgy. His office reflects that, as it's basically a comfy sitting room. It's got no desk, just overstuffed club chairs surrounding a coffee table. There's sisal on the floor and tasteful ART on the walls.

DR. DELCAVOLI

Walt, I'll bet you give your students homework assignments. Well, that's my assignment to you.

WALT

(a wary beat)
Okay.

(CONTINUED)

DR. DELCAVOLI

Good. Now, keeping that in mind...
my diagnosis is non-small cell
adenocarcinoma. Stage IIIa, which
means that it has spread from the
lung to the lymph nodes. There's
no denying that it's very serious.

(*pronounced "ADD-NO-CAR-SIN-OH-MA")

SKYLER

(dry-mouthed)

But is it... it is... curable?

DR. DELCAVOLI

I prefer the word "treatable" --
but the treatments we have at our
disposal can be very effective.
Without making any promises, I can
tell you that the specific course
of radiation and chemotherapy I'm
going to suggest has been
successful. In certain cases, it's
prolonged the patient's life and
even resulted in remission.

Skyler looks to Walt, hopeful. She's still at the bargaining
stage of the grieving process -- Walt is much farther along.

WALT

What about side-effects?

DR. DELCAVOLI

They can be mild to practically
non-existent, or they can be...
pretty darn awful. It varies from
patient to patient. Typically,
there's hair loss, which begins a
couple of weeks from the start of
the chemotherapy. You may find
yourself unusually fatigued, not
much energy. You won't want to get
out of bed. You may lose weight
due to reduced appetite and certain
intestinal issues. Muscle aches
and pains, gums that get sore and
bleed, and of course there's always
the potential for nausea --
although we'll prescribe an anti-
emetic to try and counteract that.

We CREEP IN on Walt. He's not surprised by any of this, but
definitely he's not loving what he's hearing.

(CONTINUED)

DR. DELCAVOLI (O.S.)
Uh, what else? Possibly kidney or
bladder irritation. You may wind
up with increased bruising and
bleeding. There may be sexual side
effects. Your skin may become dry
and irritated and possibly even
undergo some discoloration...

We're back inside Walt's head as his mind starts to WANDER
again. The doctor's VOICE returns to that slowed-down,
incomprehensible DRONE. Walt's gaze drifts to...

... A particular SCULPTURE. It's a wire mesh imprint of a
nude female torso -- life-size, shapely and beautiful.

REVERSE -- through and past the sculpture's perfect BREASTS
to Walt in b.g., staring our way. This sculpture is more
tasteful than overtly erotic... but goddamn, Walt is really
eyeballing this thing. Taking in every curve.

Anything to get his mind off the miserable subject of cancer.
In full-blown rebellion against it, Walt suddenly rises to
his feet. To the doctor:

WALT
Excuse me, where's your restroom?

DR. DELCAVOLI
Just down the hall to your right.

Walt exits. Skyler, working really hard to think positive,
turns in her chair and watches him go.

Walt enters and pushes open a stall, disappearing inside.

Inside the stall, he stands facing the toilet. We hear him
unzip and fumble around down there. His free hand pressed to
the wall for support, his other hand goes to work. And
though it's framed discreetly and assayed in delicate and
subtle fashion by our actor...

... We get that Walt is SPANKING IT. Oh, yeah. Big-time.

CUT TO the outside of the stall. Off the SOUNDS of onanistic
lovemaking... which scares off some GUY who is finishing up
at the urinal...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

46 EXT. PLEASANT HOUSE - DAY 46

Establish. Aside from the red Prius, there's another car in the driveway -- a modest Hyundai or somesuch (maid's car).

47 INT. PLEASANT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 47

A middle-aged Mexican HOUSEKEEPER moves through the downstairs, cleaning with a feather duster.

48 INT. PLEASANT HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 48

Reaching on her tip-toes, the housekeeper dusts high up, attacking the crown molding (or some other spot which might make a suitable hiding place, as dictated by the location).

The feather duster knocks something loose, which falls to the floor. Staring at this item, the housekeeper bends down and picks it up in two fingers, raising it into frame.

Off the woman, frowning and troubled by this ROLLED JOINT:

49 INT. PLEASANT HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON 49

Hours later. CLOSE ON the JOINT as it lies atop the kitchen table. We TILT UP from it to Jesse, who sits at this table, staring down at the dope. He glances up at...

... His Mom and Dad, who sit side-by-side across from him, presenting a unified front. They both look concerned, disappointed, gravely serious.

Tense silence. Dad nods, indicating the joint.

DAD
Got anything to say?
(no response)
What do you know about that?

Jesse's eyebrows furrow a bit. He sits there, inscrutable.

JESSE
Nothing.

Dad looks to Mom, who shakes her head, bites her lip.

DAD
That's not gonna fly this time.

(CONTINUED)

MDM

How many chances have we given you?
How many times have we sat right
here and had this very conversation
where you look us in the eye
and-and plead ignorance and play on
our emotions and say anything and
everything so that we give you
another chance. Huh? You make us
feel like fools. Every time.

(tearing up)

Enough, Jesse. Enough.

She doesn't actually let the tears fall. She's too angry for that. Dad sighs raggedly. He looks to his wife, puts a comforting hand on her back. Speaking softly, with regret:

DAD

We're not having this in our house.
We need you to leave.

Jesse just sits here, very still. He looks from his Dad to his Mom. He considers arguing, but doesn't. After a beat, he pockets the joint, rises to his feet and exits the room.

His Dad glances after him. His Mom just stares into space.

50

EXT. PLEASANT HOUSE - AFTERNOON

50

Dressed once again in the hip-hop clothes he arrived here wearing, Jesse stands at the end of the driveway, his boyhood home looming behind him. His hands are in his pockets. He absently scuffs at the curb with his heel.

Behind him, the front door opens. Jake exits the house, crossing the front yard. He sidles up next to his older brother, who gives him a sidelong glance. There's some tension here. What's the story?

JAKE

(a beat)

Thanks for not telling on me.

Now we get it -- Jesse took the fall for his perfect little brother. Jesse shrugs, looks off down the block.

Jake glances over his shoulder back at the house, then:

JAKE

Can I have it back...?

(CONTINUED)

Walt lowers his voice, not wanting Walter, Jr. to hear.

WALT
There's the money discussion, I
think. Ninety thousand dollars,
out of pocket? Maybe more?

Skyler, working so very hard to be upbeat, isn't having it.

SKYLER
There's a way. There's financing,
there are installment plans --
there's always a way.

WALT
Alright, Skyler, say there's a way.
And say we spend that money and...

Not willing to say it aloud, he expresses it with an intense
stare, a shrug of body language -- *and what if I still die?*

WALT
(very low)
... I'm supposed to leave you with
that debt?

Skyler stares right back at him, just as intense. Deadlock.

WALT
I just don't want emotion ruling
us. Maybe... maybe treatment isn't
the way to go.

Before Skyler can react, across the room Walt, Jr. EXPLODES.
We thought he couldn't hear all this, but we were wrong.

WALTER, JR.
Then why don't you just fucking DIE
already?! --

Walt and Skyler look to him, stunned. Hurting, Walt, Jr.
turns back to face the television.

WALTER, JR.
Just give up and die.

Tears well in Skyler's eyes. She stares at Walt... who
doesn't know what to say. Off this:

52 INT. WALT'S CAR - DRIVING - AFTERNOON 52

Endless suburbia. Alone, Walt drives to take his mind off things. It isn't working. He feels so low. So powerless.

On top of all that, now he begins to COUGH.

Cough... cough-cough... COUGH-COUGH-COUGH. It starts slow, then gets really BAD. Dangerous. Wide-eyed Walt realizes he's got to pull over before he wrecks the car.

INTERCUT WITH:

53 EXT. SUBURBAN GAS STATION - AFTERNOON 53

The Aztek bumps into a gas station, pulling up fast on the concrete ribbon across the way from the pumps. WIDE ON Walt as he just manages to get it into park, then sits here COUGHING his guts up. Eventually, it passes.

Walt's head sinks low. He slowly raises it, breathing hard and fast. He takes his hand away from his mouth...

... Staring at the bright flecks of BLOOD on his fingers.

Goddamn it. Goddamn it. Life is so overwhelming -- it's so fucking unfair. As he sits here recovering, his eyes snag on something across the way.

Walt's POV -- a familiar SPORTS CAR rolls into our gas station. Headed for the nearest pump, it HONK-HONK-HONKS at an OLDER LADY who happens to be in its path.

This poor lady, who walks with a bad limp, is on her way back to her car. She painfully hurries up, afraid she'll be run over by this asshole... whose license plate reads "KEN WINS."

That's right -- this is that very same jackass who stole Walt's parking space at the bank. Pulling up to the pump, he climbs out and heads for the cashier. Just as before, he's talking on his earpiece. We get the feeling this is one single phone call which is lasting him his entire life.

KEN WINS

-- Whaddya think he said? He's all grovelling, like "Oh, Ken, what's it gonna take to make you happy?! We'll do anything to keep you happy!" I'm like, "Howzabout you gimme the corner office, bitch?"

(CONTINUED)

Ken disappears inside the gas station mini-mart. Walt sits here, open-mouthed. He can't believe his eyes.

At this point, the old Walt would simply shake his head and drive away. This new Walt? Different story.

Considering for a moment, Walt sets his jaw and climbs out of his Aztek. He strides toward the gas pumps, beelining for Ken's sports car.

Walt glances around... eyes a courtesy SQUEEGEE in its little tub of soapy water. He grabs it. What the hell's he gonna do, wash Ken's windows?

Nope. He reaches through the open driver window and pops the hood release. He lifts the hood of the sports car... then lays the back METAL EDGE of the squeegee across the BATTERY TERMINALS. They SHORT OUT with a hissing shower of SPARKS.

Leaving the squeegee spot-welded to the battery, Walt slams the hood and walks away. We TRACK ahead, pulling him along. He gets maybe thirty feet before, behind him...

... The hood EXPLODES OPEN, flopping backward over the car's windshield. Tempered windows SHATTER all around. A FIREBALL three feet in diameter puffs up out of the ruined engine compartment, which then begins to pour THICK BLACK SMOKE.

Walt doesn't flinch. Cool as ice, he doesn't even look back.

Our hero climbs into his Aztek, starts the engine and puts her in gear. He lets out a deep, satisfied sigh -- this is the best he's felt in WEEKS.

VERY WIDE -- jackass Ken comes running out to his smoking sports car, trailed by other BYSTANDERS. No one even notices the ugly beige Aztek which slowly motors out of frame in the opposite direction. Off this tableau...

END EPISODE