

BREAKING BAD

"Mas"

Episode #305

Written by

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Directed by

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As Broadcast

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BREAKING BAD
"Mas"

Cast List

WALT
SKYLER
JESSE
WALTER, JR.
HANK
MARIE

SAUL GOODMAN
GUS
GOMEZ
COMBO
SKINNY PETE
TED BENEKE
PAMELA
HOLLY
JANICE
MRS. ORTEGA
WAITRESS
MA KETTLE
PA KETTLE (Non-Speaking)

"Mas"

Set List

Interiors:

WHITE HOUSE
DINING ROOM
LIVING ROOM
HALLWAY
NURSERY
NURSERY CLOSET
SAUL GOODMAN'S OFFICE
DEA ABQ
BULLPEN
HANK'S OFFICE
SCHRADER HOUSE
KITCHEN
MASTER BATHROOM
TED'S HOUSE
MASTER BATHROOM
LOS POLLOS HERMANOS
GUS' OFFICE
SUPERLAB
INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY
STAIRCASE
LAW OFFICE
PAMELA'S OFFICE
MODEST HOUSE
COMBO'S BEDROOM
STRIP CLUB
CHAMPAGNE ROOM
MA & PA KETTLE RV
HANK'S JEEP COMMANDER
SKYLER'S GRAND WAGONEER

Exteriors:

RV
LOS POLLOS HERMANOS (STOCK)
INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY
SAUL GOODMAN'S OFFICE
PARKING LOT
TED'S HOUSE
RUSTIC CAMPGROUND
STRIP CLUB
PARKING LOT
MODEST HOUSE
MESA CREDIT UNION (PREVIOUSLY SHOT FOOTAGE)

TEASER

WALTER WHITE

Sporting a full head of hair and impotent moustache, he's as beige as his clothes. He utters the fateful words from the PILOT EPISODE, words that surprise even him:

WALT

I am... awake.

EXT. MESA CREDIT UNION - PARKING LOT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

JESSE, bewildered, sits in his low-rider and stares at Walt. (Note: *This section is from the pilot so is already shot. We may recut to suit our needs. No need to schedule!*)

JESSE

You-you are not like how I remember you from class. I mean, like, not at all.

Walt hands Jesse an ENVELOPE. Jesse pulls out the CASH, quickly counts it. Frowns. *Is this a joke?*

JESSE

This isn't even seven grand, alright. My guy wants eighty-five.

WALT

This is all the money I have in the world. You are a drug dealer. Negotiate.

Jesse's not amused. Walt strides over to his AZTEK.

WALT

Buy the RV. We start tomorrow.

Off Jesse. This whole situation sucks:

CLOSE ON: MONEY.

A FAT STACK. Hundreds of dollars in JESSE'S HANDS.

TIGHT ON JESSE as he FANS OUT the cash he's holding, counting it QUICK. We're not sure yet where he is, the background is dark. Music THUMPS. He must be buying the RV... right?

(CONTINUED)

(Note: this is NEW FOOTAGE FROM HERE ON OUT starting with the money, but Jesse should look EXACTLY as he did in the scene we just saw from the Pilot flashback: WARDROBE, MAKE-UP, EVERYTHING. Please match accordingly).

INT. STRIP CLUB - CHAMPAGNE ROOM - NIGHT

PULL BACK to reveal Jesse -- a shit-eating GRIN on his face.

TWO TOPLESS GIRLS in G-strings DANCE in front of him for his viewing pleasure. He raises his cash-filled hands high in the air, like he's KING OF THE WORLD and life is GOOD!

JESSE

YEAH!!!

Jesse's not buying an RV. He's paying for lap dances from STRIPPERS. With Mr. White's hard earned money.

Once upon a time this club aspired to swank, but long ago settled for seedy. Fortunately, mood lighting, music, booze and libido work wonders on perception. And even though we're in a private room, hopefully we can see a bit of the club beyond through a beaded curtain or a frosted door (*whatever we find at the location*) to give us a taste of where we are.

WIDEN to include SKINNY PETE, Jesse's new best friend due to the fact that Jesse's paying for everything.

SKINNY PETE

Work it! Work it, baby!

(to Jesse)

Yo, this is SICK, brother!

JESSE

TOTALLY. Uhn! God.

They grin, *clink* their BEER BOTTLES. They're both a little drunk and high.

NEW ANGLE

COMBO swaggers in, a GIRL under each arm. (*No, he's not risen from the dead -- we're still in FLASHBACK*).

COMBO

Yo, Jesse. I got these two fine ladies want to par-ti-ci-pate.

You, uh... got the funds?

JESSE

Oh, uh, I got the funds.

(grabs his crotch)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JESSE (CONT'D)

Hey, would you ladies like to meet
my fat stack.

The guys all crack up and bump fists -- *hilarious!* This is
shaping up to be the best night EVER.

Combo and the girls settle in -- the room is filling up --
four girls and counting. Jesse hails a passing WAITRESS.

JESSE

Hey, yo, yo! Yo, you got
champagne? None of that cheap
stuff. I want the expensive shit.
DON PER-IG-NON.

WAITRESS

It's four hundred a bottle.

JESSE

Oh well, in that case I'll only
have two. And-and I want the tall,
skinny glasses. I like those
skinny glasses.

She goes. Pete and Combo look at each other. *Damn!*

JESSE

That's what James Bond drinks,
mofos. I'm all about that.

COMBO

Yo Jesse, man, I gotta ask...
(on the down-low)
Where'd you get all the cheddar?

SKINNY PETE

Must be moving mad volume.

JESSE

(it's hilarious)
It's totally funny. Wanna know
what's funny?

SKINNY PETE

What's funny?

JESSE

(cracking up)
This old dude? He GAVE it to me!
He gave it to me. It's like his
ENTIRE life savings!

SKINNY PETE

What? Why?

(CONTINUED)

The waitress returns with TWO BOTTLES, EIGHT GLASSES.

JESSE

'Cause he's a DUMBASS, that's why.
Ohh... god.

Corks POP and the flutes are filled. Jesse counts out \$800 and tips the waitress a "C" note. Glasses are raised.

JESSE

Yes! Alright! Livin' large,
playas!

Combo pulls out his CAMERA to capture the memories (he'll do this a few times throughout the following sequence). *FLASH!*

FREEZE FRAME: Jesse attempts to drink from his glass which is wedged between AMPLE BREASTS (her hands cover her nipples).

(It should go without saying that even though we want to show the reality of a strip club, it's incumbent upon us to shoot this to air on our TV14 network. So, to be blunt: no pubic hair, no nipples.)

In between the flash photos that Combo snaps throughout are varying IMPRESSIONS of the guys partying hard all night long: perhaps some soft focus, some fast motion, some slow motion. The key here is for us to get the feel of the guys getting progressively drunk and high -- and so the audience feels like they're part of the fun.

The MUSIC CRANKS. Waitresses come and go with more bubbly.

FLASH! An ugly, hilarious SHOT: up Skinny Pete's NOSE as he looks up into camera after taking a sharp snort of METH.

A BOUNCER escorts more girls in and out. The guys indulge -- lap dances, booze, a covert meth bump or two.

FLASH! A terrible, blurry self-portrait of Combo wedged between two strippers.

Throughout... Jesse's fat stack DWINDLES.

FLASH! Final FREEZE FRAME:

Jesse, Combo and a stripper's GIANT BREASTS resting on their heads (*no nipples visible*). (*Note: This one photo should be a good, clean picture of both of our actor's faces -- you'll understand why at the end of the script.*)

EXT. STRIP CLUB - PARKING LOT - DAY

Early morning, dawn. Just a few cars, including Jesse's low rider. *(One of the cars will be some lame banger-mobile that belongs to Combo.)* A BOUNCER opens the door, holds it for our boys as they stumble out. It shuts behind them.

JESSE

Thank you. Yo! Thank you.

SKINNY PETE

That was --

He turns away, PUKES. It's quick -- one hurl -- we don't see it, just HEAR it. A second later he stands, wipes his mouth.

SKINNY PETE

(like nothing happened)

-- awesome, bro. Later.

No one cares or even really registers the vomit. That's just what happens. They fist bump, then Skinny Pete weaves away.

A thought dawns on Jesse now. He reaches in his pocket, pulls out his remaining CASH and counts it. He sobers up fast as reality suddenly hits him.

JESSE

Oh god. Oh, man. Oh, I'm so dead.

(off Combo's look)

I only got... ah, damn... I only got, like, 1400.

COMBO

(great news)

Waffle House, yeah!

JESSE

No, man.

(confesses)

I was supposed to use that dude's money to buy an RV.

COMBO

Whaddya want with a RV for?

JESSE

'Cause like... It's like...

(why bother?)

Never mind. Jesus! Maybe now I gotta, like, leave town or change my identity or something. Guy's blackmailing me. He's got, like a criminal mind, yo.

(CONTINUED)

Gloomy silence. Then a sly look crosses Combo's face.

COMBO

RV, huh?

(off Jesse's look)

I can hook you up, bro. I can totally get you a RV.

JESSE

No, I need it today. Now.

COMBO

No problem. Let's go.

JESSE

(dubious)

You're telling me you can get me an RV. For 1400. At six in the morning.

Off Combo's confident nod:

EXT. MODEST HOUSE - DAY

Dawn light. We're looking at an RV. OUR RV. A hero shot.

It's parked in the driveway of a low income home. No criminal vibe about this place. One would guess that hard working folk live here -- juggling two jobs and kids and Sundays are for family -- no time for flowers in the yard.

Jesse, cold and bleary-eyed, walks the length of the RV, finishes checking it out (*no bullet holes in the door yet*). Seems old but okay. It'll do. Especially now that echoes of the last few hours are banging on his brain like a burly landlord demanding late rent.

He stops near the door of the house. On the wall next to the door hangs a terra cotta SUN ORNAMENT. Seems to be leering at him in the half light. Creeps him out.

Combo, slightly breathless, hustles out the door, hands Jesse the KEY.

JESSE

Right on. So do I need to sign something or something?

COMBO

Nah. It's like, a no paperwork-type deal.

Jesse frowns, suspicious. Still... he hands Combo the MONEY.

(CONTINUED)

COMBO

Pleasure doing business with you.

Suddenly, LIGHTS flick on inside the house. Combo tenses.

COMBO

Come on, we gotta bounce.

(off Jesse's hesitation)

For REAL, yo! Get it out of here!

Combo bolts down the driveway and hops into his CRAPPY CAR.

Jesse doesn't argue -- this whole daybreak deal is definitely wack. He hurriedly FUMBLES with the lock on the RV's door, looks around nervously, finally opens it.

EXT. MODEST HOUSE/RV - MOMENTS LATER

The RV's engine CRANKS. It LURCHES, then BACKS DOWN down the driveway heading straight toward us.

As it backs across the street, the RV clips some TRASH CANS (those big, plastic "super" cans) -- loud, low THUDS -- leaves them sprawled like road kill in its wake.

Nearby unseen yard dogs appreciate the early morning ruckus and the chance to chime in -- they BARK furiously.

As the neighborhood wakes, the RV accelerates. Fishtails away down the street chasing Combo's car.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. TED BENEKE'S HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

PRETTY, BARE FEET on gorgeous slate tile. The toes wiggle.

SKYLER (O.S.)

Oh my god, I love this floor.

TILT UP to reveal SKYLER, fresh from the shower, (*her hair is not wet, or maybe just the tips*) wearing Ted's fluffy, white, posh hotel-style BATHROBE. She's looking down at her bare feet. Enjoying the feel of the floor, its yummy warmth.

We HEAR the SOUND of water running -- a SHOWER.

SKYLER

This feels fantastic. Can you control the temperature?

TED (O.S.)

(from the shower)

Yeah, there should, uh, be a switch right next to you there. It's the thermostat.

Sky glances over at it (*but let's not make a big deal of this switch*). Then she takes in his large, elegant bathroom.

SKYLER'S POV. Late afternoon light glances off the custom fixtures. Everything here is beautifully appointed -- a far cry from the pedestrian White house. We find her BIG PURSE sitting on the counter, distinctly marring the aesthetic.

She continues her rave review of the radiant heat.

SKYLER

Ted, this has gotta be the most amazing invention ever.

TED BENEKE steps out of the huge glass-fronted shower. He dries off with a white TOWEL. (*He should appear to be naked, stepping wet from the shower so we'll shoot him discreetly.*)

TED

I know. The contractor talked me into it. It seemed, uh, kind of extravagant, but I gotta tell ya, once you try it you can't go back.

Sky smiles, then looks at herself in the mirror. Her smile fades -- she needs some touching up. She rummages inside her purse, sighs with frustration as she digs through.

(CONTINUED)

SKYLER

I can never find anything in this
Buick.

She pulls out a couple of items -- not what she wants -- then produces her MAKE-UP BAG. Takes out CONCEALER. Ted approaches her with a fond solution.

TED

You know, you, uh, could leave a
few things here. If you want.

Off Skyler, considering his offer and its implications:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

CLOSE ON forks, knives, napkins being dealt with precision like a poker hand.

Skyler, on autopilot, sets the table for dinner. As she places the last of the flatware at Walt's usual spot she stops, surprised at herself. Surprised at how this action is in her DNA after everything that's happened. In spite of everything. Natural. Pensive, she straightens his fork.

WALTER, JR. ambles up, but just before he sits down...

SKYLER

Why don't you go get your dad.

For reasons she can't even explain to herself, she kinda wants a family dinner. Jr.'s pleased -- this is good.

WALTER, JR.

Sure.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - EVENING

Moments later. Walter, Jr. steps into frame and knocks on the closed nursery door.

WALTER, JR.

Hey, Dad?
(no answer)
Dad?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NURSERY - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

WIDE ON the cluttered room; the sad Aero bed and all Walt's scattered clothes and miscellany, but... no Walt. Then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT (O.S.)
(muffled, calling out)
Yeah?

WALTER, JR. (O.S.)
Mom's asking, wanna come to dinner?

Wait. Where is Walt? There's nobody in here. Then, the CLOSET DOOR cracks open and Walt pokes his head out.

WALT
Yeah, I-I'll be right there!

As he listens to Jr. clack away down the hall, we notice he's still UNSHAVEN (*like in episode 304*) and a bit dishevelled. Satisfied that Jr.'s gone, Walt shuts himself back in the closet. And we're back on the empty room.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NURSERY - CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Turns out Walt's in here for privacy, talking on his CELL. Slices of light from around the door illuminate his weird phone booth. Impatiently he shoves away tiny, pink hanging BABY CLOTHES that dangle in his face.

WALT
(heated whisper)
You're not listening to me. I
don't know.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SAUL GOODMAN'S OFFICE - SAME

Jesse's on the other end of the call. Incensed, he paces back and forth past SAUL, pausing on occasion for emphasis.

JESSE
Uh, yeah, right. Like you DON'T
KNOW.

WALT
What did I just say?

SAUL
Gimme the phone. Give it.

JESSE
(ignores Saul)
Like you didn't make some deal
BEHIND MY BACK!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT

Correct. I did not. I was sitting at a stop light, minding my own business, when the man... the-the kid threw a bag of money through my window!

JESSE

Whatever, man. You owe me that money!

SAUL

Lemme talk to him.

WALT

I owe you -- I owe you nothing. And I WILL get to the bottom of this, trust me.

JESSE

Trust you?! Trust you? That-that's a good one, yeah. Yeah, that's what I'm gonna do.

WALT

You wanna talk about trust, Jesse? Let's talk about trust? I told you NOT to cook my formula and you went ahead and did it anyway!

JESSE

'Cause I never said I wouldn't cook it! 'Cause it ain't yours, it's OURS! Plural, bitch!

Saul WHISTLES and gestures: *hand over the phone*. Again, he's ignored. He's growing concerned -- doesn't like where this is headed.

WALT

You did not have my permission --

JESSE

Alls I know is I got HALF the money I'm DUE and you got the rest!

SAUL

(warning, sotto)
Escalating. You're escalating.

JESSE

Y'know what? Escalate this.
(returns to his call)
My meth, my money!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JESSE (CONT'D)

I will be a one-man glass factory.
I'll rock that RV 24/7..!!!

Walt HANGS UP in frustration. Steps out of the closet. He stands there, stewing. Angry. Betrayed. Bewildered.

EXT. RUSTIC CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

Late. Silent. 4 AM. We're in a "Car Campground", where folks drive in and either pitch a tent or sleep in their RV. As we PAN various Winnebagos, Airstreams and cars we find...

Wait, is that OUR RV? An 80's Bounder. White and brown. Sure looks like it.

INT. HANK'S JEEP COMMANDER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

POV. The RV as seen from a distance through the windshield.

Reveal GOMEZ, sitting alone in the passenger seat staring intently at the RV. We were in his POV. He rubs his eyes, weary, but focused. Peers through NIGHT VISION.

GOMEZ'S GRAINY-GREEN POV. The RV's thick curtains are drawn but lights seem to be on inside. Near it, in the shadows, we glimpse a MAN. He moves with stealth around the RV, tries to see in one window... two windows... but clearly, no luck.

Reluctantly giving up, he jogs toward us and climbs into the driver's seat of our truck -- and now we realize, of course, this is HANK. Careful to be quiet, he gently shuts his door.

HANK

(frustrated)

It's buttoned up tight. Can't see
a damn thing.

GOMEZ

I ain't feeling it.

Hank is silent, mind racing, intent on finding an angle.

GOMEZ

No smoke, no smell, no waste.
There's no cook.

Hank eye-fucks the RV, assessing the enemy.

HANK

Could be they're setting up. I
heard movement inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GOMEZ

Then I say we call it a night, come
back with a search warrant.

Hank keeps staring at his prey, as single-minded as Popeye
Doyle in the French Connection.

HANK

I'm not letting this sucker outta
my sight. There's gotta be a way.
There's gotta be a way... There's
gotta be a way...

Silence. Then a GLEAM in Hank's eye as inspiration flashes.
He climbs out of the truck, silently heads back to the RV.
Gomez, puzzled and alert, tries in vain to wave him back.

GOMEZ

Hey, hey, hey...

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. RUSTIC CAMPGROUND - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Making his way to the rear of the RV, Hank climbs the
attached METAL LADDER. Takes great pains to make no sound.

In the truck, Gomez winces, shakes his head. Bad idea.

Hank climbs onto the top of the RV and pauses. So far, so
good. He gingerly crawls along the roof toward a source of
light: the open SKYLIGHT. Now we get what he's up to.
Could be a smart play. Or it could be disaster. Normally,
Hank would never risk this kind of caper -- but these days,
he's on a mission of Ahab proportions.

GOMEZ (V.O.)

What are you doing?

Hank cautiously progresses, his focus laser-sharp and his
movements silent. Inches away now, he's nervous but icy...
his face edging closer and closer to the yellow rays of light
escaping up through the cranked-open SKYLIGHT.

Gomez watches, motionless, holding his breath. Jesus, if
this IS a meth lab... his partner may just get himself SHOT.
The tension mounts.

Hank, holding his breath as well, peers down into the light.
Who the hell's down there?! He angles his head left and
right, silently jockeying for a better look. He sees...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RV - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Hank's POV: looking straight down into the living area of the RV, what we DON'T see is a meth lab. Far from it. Just typical mid-eighties Boudier accoutrements, with set dressing that's folksy and cozy. We ADJUST to REVEAL...

... A very large, fifty-something WOMAN sitting in her UNDERWEAR. She's playing Canasta with her still-older HUSBAND, also in his underwear. Maybe there's even a little DOG or TWO underfoot (or not -- director's choice).

Ma and Pa Kettle as nudists. While not in any way illegal... it's definitely not a sight meant for public view. And Hank's reaction to it is an exquisite blend of disappointment and revulsion. *Ohhhhh, fuck.*

Time to cut his losses and creep ignominiously back into the night. Only now, as Hank tries to do just that, the metal roof lets out a CRUNK as he shifts his weight.

The dog or dogs, if we have them, start to YAP-YAP-YAP-YAP. Ma Kettle looks up. Seeing Hank, her eyes snap wide and --

MA KETTLE

AAAAAAHHH! --

Pa Kettle bolts upright, sees what Ma is screaming about. *Oh, crap.* Freaked Hank holds up his hands -- *it's cool, it's cool, it's cool!*

As seen from Gomez's windshield POV, the RV door flings open and Pa comes out in his boxers with some sort of half-assed makeshift weapon in hand -- and there's Hank crouching on the roof above him, trying desperately to calm things down.

GOMEZ

No, no, no, no...

PA KETTLE

What the hell are you doing up there? You some kind of sick pervert?

GOMEZ

Ahhh, shit --

Gomez jumps out of the truck and runs to Hank's aid. Off the interior of the now-empty Jeep, its door left open and wobble-wobbling as we hear distant YELLING from o.s...

EXT. RUSTIC CAMPGROUND - DAWN

Later. The sun is now up, or thereabouts. We TILT DOWN from the lightening sky to find a small crowd of LOOKY-LOOS -- fellow RV owners and campers who have been drawn by the previous scene's excitement. Their attention is on Hank, who is talking to Ma and Pa Kettle (now dressed in bathrobes or such). We're wide and distant on this scene. From here, we can't hear what charming Hank is saying, but we can figure it boils down to "please don't sue me."

In f.g., Gomez leans against Hank's truck, arms and legs crossed. Shakes his head to himself. *Christ, what a night.*

Finishing up, Hank shakes the old man's hand and give his shoulder a friendly pat. He walks back to Gomez.

HANK

Go back to your trailers...
everything's okay.
(to Gomez)
Guy's VFW. He's cool.

Gomez says nothing. Masking his shame and desperation with humor and camaraderie, Hank refers to his NOTE PAD.

Gomez maintains his stoney silence. His partner is more and more baffling and unreliable. And something else weighs heavy on his mind.

HANK

Alright. I'll tell you what, we're gonna check out a couple more, then call it a morning. Okay, whaddaya say?

GOMEZ

Can't. I gotta get home.

HANK

What? You leave your balls in your wife's purse, or what?

Gomez finally says what he's been avoiding saying all night.

GOMEZ

Gotta pack.

This is the first Hank's hearing of this.

HANK

... Where you headed?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gomez, feeling like a heel, knowing the crushing blow one word will inflict on his partner, finally answers:

GOMEZ

Texas.

Off Hank, blind-sided, and trying to cover:

INT. SCHRADER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Early morning. LIGHT JAZZ plays. SIX SWEETENER PACKETS lie in a neat row on the kitchen counter.

MARIE, dressed for work, prepares her early morning O.C.D. coffee in her familiar to-go MUG. As she rips and taps, she HEARS Hank enter the house, front door closing with a *SLAM*.

MARIE

Hey there!

As she finishes up preparing her coffee, she HEARS him WALK RIGHT ON BY. As his footsteps fade...

MARIE

(frowns)

Hank?

(beat)

Hank?

Off Marie, her instincts telling her something's wrong.

INT. SCHRADER HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

Hank closes the door. Closes his eyes. His situation, his decisions, his future all weigh heavily on him. Warily, he undresses, longing for the solace the shower will bring.

Knock-knock. Marie's outside the door.

MARIE (O.S.)

Can I come in?

Before beleaguered Hank can say no... Marie enters.

Christ. Hank was really hoping for a few minutes alone.

HANK

(forces a smile)

Hey, baby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hank busies himself -- turns on the shower, adjusts it -- with any luck this chat'll be short and sweet. Marie makes casual conversation, trying to gage him.

MARIE

Hey. How'd it go last night?

HANK

Good.

MARIE

Catch the bad guys?

HANK

Nope.

MARIE

Want me to make you some breakfast?

HANK

Nah.

He sheds his t-shirt, climbs in the shower.

HANK

I'm gonna head back out after this.

MARIE

(concerned)

Now? You worked all night. Get some sleep, Hank. Those RV's aren't going anywhere.

HANK

They're recreational vehicles, Marie, that's what they do.

MARIE

You know what I mean.

Hank lets the water pound down on him. Wills her to leave. Marie, however, has an agenda. It makes her nervous, but...

MARIE

I spoke with Blanca. She said that Steven's going to El Paso?

HANK

(musters neutrality)

Yeah.

MARIE

I was... just wondering how you feel about that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Hank would rather chew glass than answer.

HANK

(clipped)

I turned it down. End of story.

Marie frowns, uncomfortable. They've been married a long time. Hank's good, but she knows when he's lying.

MARIE

Good. Good. Jesus, god knows I'm relieved...

HANK

Yeah, well, I needed some time here 'cause I'm deep into this investigation and I couldn't do both so I made a judgement call.

Marie musters her courage.

MARIE

You know that you can talk to me about things, right? You don't have to go through this alone.

Christ. Nightmare. Hank's having a hard time tamping down his disquiet. Can't keep the edge out of his voice.

HANK

(defensive)

Do you ask me which lead bib to put on someone before you nuke 'em? Jesus, Marie. I made a decision. I'm not "going through" anything, I'm doing my job.

MARIE

I would like --

HANK

I know, I know -- a condo in Georgetown, I know.

MARIE

(that's not it)

If you would let me finish, I was going to say I'd like to be included, that's all.

HANK

(pugnacious)

Don't you worry about my career. My career's just fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Ouch. Marie hesitates, breathes. Knows she needs to ask a minefield of a question, but she's desperate for an honest conversation. To feel close to her husband again.

MARIE

(carefully)

Did you not want to go?

He's silent. Can't answer without screaming. She intuits.

MARIE

(delicate)

I don't blame you. I just...

This is more than he can stand.

HANK

Aren't you late for work or something?

For Marie, she's in for a penny... Now or never.

MARIE

(takes the chance)

I mean, after what happened last time, it would make perfect sense for you to not want to go back.

That does it. Too close for comfort. He SNAPS.

HANK

(anger unleashed)

I'm onto important stuff right here, right now. And Mexico doesn't have a damn thing to do with it. And anybody who doubts that...

He trails off, leaving the allegation hanging in the air. Marie's unsure how to proceed in the face of his fury.

HANK

I'm doing some actual good out here and all I get are these BULLSHIT ACCUSATIONS!

Marie blinks. Speechless. This whole thing has gone terribly awry. Her feelings are pretty hurt -- Hank keeps shutting her out. Shutting her down. She leaves the room.

Unaware that she's gone, Hank continues his defensive tirade, lying now only to himself. As the shower beats down on him, he's an army of one against the world.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HANK

Everyone thinks I'm jerking off on
this thing? FINE. But I'm onto
something. I know it! YOU
UNDERSTAND ME?!

(beat)

HEAR ME?!

No answer. He pokes his head out and... his rage instantly evaporates as he realizes she's not there.

Hank stands again under the water. Something in his soul seems to sag. He rests his forehead against the wall under the shower head.

Worry and shame overwhelm him -- beat him down like the water. What the hell is wrong with him? Why can't he get out from under whatever this is?

And Marie is dangerously close to the secret he's kept for so long -- a secret he barely understands, let alone can admit.

Off Hank, battling his drenched demons, we...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. LOS POLLOS HERMANOS - ESTABLISHING - DAY (STOCK)

Walt's Aztek is parked in the lot.

INT. LOS POLLOS HERMANOS - GUS' OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON the cash-filled POLLOS HERMANOS BAG (from 304).

The bag sits on Gus' utilitarian desk between Walt and Gus. The small room is part office, part storeroom with floor-to-ceiling metal shelving stocked with restaurant supplies.

Walt is here to set the record straight once and for all. He will not be played. Silence as he eyes the bag, then Gus.

WALT

What exactly is this?

Always economical with words and movement, Gus makes the slightest *you tell me* gesture.

WALT

I'll tell you what I think it is. A ploy. A ploy to get me cooking again. And an obvious one, at that.

GUS

How do you mean?

Walt, with his own special brand of righteous indignation, articulates his theory to Gus.

WALT

As if I would seriously believe you would hire an addict.

("Come ON!")

Jesse Pinkman? Recovering or not --

Walt makes a gesture indicating how ludicrous this is.

GUS

You vouched for him previously. I took you at your word.

Walt takes the bait.

WALT

No-no-no, let me be clear. Let me be perfectly clear.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT (CONT'D)

Jesse was capable of working under my supervision. Trusting him with a... solo venture? Now that's quite another matter.

(it's ridiculous)

How he could possibly produce anything other than a mediocre product? At best?

Gus responds matter-of-factly.

GUS

I'm told his product was more or less consistent with the quality I had come to expect.

This COMPLETELY rankles Walt. Gets under his skin.

WALT

"MORE or LESS?" "More or less," really... wow, that is... talk about setting the bar low.

(the "ah-ha" point)

Except you don't do that. Set the bar low. Therefore, what conclusion am I left to draw?

Gus shrugs mildly -- *tell me*.

WALT

That you believe I have some proprietary kind of... selfishness about my own formula. Hmm? Some sort of... overweening pride, I suppose, that you think simply overwhelms me. Clouds my judgement.

GUS

But it doesn't.

WALT

Absolutely not!

(feels a need to add)

I simply respect the chemistry!
The chemistry must be respected!

Gus nods, considers.

GUS

I apologize for being so transparent.

Walt shrugs, sets his jaw -- *yes, well, you should be!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Silence for a moment. You don't have to be Freud to sense that mild, polite Gus is getting everything he wants out of this meeting, and then some. Time now to seal the deal.

GUS

Would you take a drive with me?

(off Walt's look)

I'd like to show you something.

Walt assesses Gus. He appears respectful, pleasant. Doesn't seem like he wants to put a bullet in Walt's head...

EXT. TED'S HOUSE - DAY

Big, nice place in an upscale neighborhood. The outside is a match for the inside which we've previously seen. Into this frame, Skyler pulls up alone in her old Grand Wagoneer.

INT. SKYLER'S GRAND WAGONEER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Skyler cuts her engine, sits here. It's time again for a little afternoon delight, only Ted isn't home yet -- we can assume they both left the office with a little time-delay between them for propriety's sake.

Baby Holly is not present. We'll see why in a minute.

Skyler sighs, sits here thinking. *What the hell has my life come to? Why am I even doing this?* Across the street now, Ted's black Beemer pulls into its driveway. Ted climbs out, smiling at us as he heads for his front door.

Skyler smiles faintly back at him. She, too, starts to climb out of her vehicle when the RING of her cell phone stops her. Glancing at its readout, she figures she'd better take it. She holds up a finger to Ted -- *one minute* -- then stays where she is in her car. He nods and goes on into his house.

Answering her phone, Skyler knows who she's talking to.

SKYLER

Hi. Is everything okay?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SCHRADER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON BABY HOLLY. She's being tended to by Marie, who holds her cordless phone to her ear with a shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARIE

She's already finished an entire bottle but she still seemed hungry. Then she fell asleep. I was thinking I'd give her another when she wakes up.

SKYLER

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Absolutely, absolutely. Fatten that baby up.

MARIE

(a bit distant)
Will do.

SKYLER

(off the silence)
Uh, was that it?

MARIE

So, where are you? Are you at work?

SKYLER

(hates the lie)
Yeah. I'm at work. I-I shouldn't be much longer. Is, uh, is that okay..?

MARIE

You know I love my little Pookums. You can leave her with me the next eighteen years, as far as I'm concerned.

SKYLER

Great. Thanks Marie.
(hesitates, then)
Are you sure you're okay?

More silence. On her side of the call, tears are silently welling up in Marie's eyes.

Sisters being what they are, Skyler can tell. And Ted is waiting for her inside that big house behind her. Still:

SKYLER

Sweetie... what is it? C'mon...

MARIE

(finally)
It's Hank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKYLER

Hank. What about him?

This is hard for Marie. Intimate stuff. But she's got Skyler's full attention, so...

MARIE

I don't know how to talk to him. I don't know what to say to him anymore. I don't know how to...

(then)

Ever since El Paso. Ever since... maybe before.

Skyler understands. Sympathizes.

SKYLER

Yeah. God knows he went through a lot down there.

MARIE

(no shit)

People blown up right in front of him. Blood everywhere...

(a beat)

And last week? El Paso said they want him back.

SKYLER

(worried to hear it)

Yeah..?

MARIE

He's not going. Steve Gomez is going in his place.

(then)

And I don't know how I feel about that.

Skyler speaks carefully, tentatively.

SKYLER

Well, he's certainly a lot safer up here, isn't he?

MARIE

Of course. And I-I want him safe. But I can't tell what he wants. He won't talk to me...

(exasperated)

He hardly even comes home. He works all day and all night, barely eats, barely speaks to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

This is all too familiar for Skyler. She knows all about living with a man who keeps secrets.

MARIE

It's like something's eating him away from inside. He's just not the same. He's not. Facing death, it changes a person. It has to. Don't you think?

(a beat)

I guess you've noticed a change in Walt.

Skyler is struck by the question. She hasn't thought about it that way in quite some time. Off her, ruminating...

EXT. INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY - DAY

WIDE. Gus' VOLVO travels along a driveway, pulls up in front of a big block of a building. Ordinary. Unremarkable. Trucks come and go from the loading docks. Giant ventilators spew white steam clouds into the blue Albuquerque sky.

SIGNAGE on the side of the TRUCKS: LAVANDERÍA INDUSTRIAL, indicates this is a commercial laundry facility.

Gus and Walt climb out of the car. Walt's uneasy -- not sure why he's here. What does a laundry have to do with anything?

Gus, ever courteous, ever inscrutable, invites Walt with a gesture to accompany him inside.

GUS

Please.

INT. INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY - DAY

Noise. Heat. Steam. Workers wrestle massive mounds of linens from huge rolling containers into giant rumbling washing machines and dryers. Walt takes all this in.

Gus guides Walt as they walk through this controlled chaos -- too loud to converse.

At a far wall, they arrive at a 3 TON WASHING MACHINE. It operates on giant hydraulics like a dump truck. Gus pushes a BUTTON and the massive hydraulics LIFT and TILT the machine on its side per its usual function to disgorge wet, heavy laundry. This reveals a LOCKED DOOR.

Gus opens the door with a KEY, revealing a descending STAIRCASE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They walk UNDER the machine, ducking slightly, and through the doorway. Gus closes the door behind them.

IN THE LAUNDRY, the massive machine tilts back to its original position, once again obscuring the door.

INT. INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY - STAIRCASE - DAY

Gus leads Walt down a flight of stairs. It's dark. Their footsteps ECHO. To Walt, it feels claustrophobic, nervous-making. What the hell has he gotten himself into?

They reach a landing, still in darkness. Gus FLIPS a switch. FLUORESCENT LIGHTS gradually FLICKER to life, revealing:

INT. SUPERLAB - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Incredible. Silent. Gleaming. Clean. Impressive. Like a micro-brewery on crack. Or, in this case, meth. Wow.

Walt stands here above it all, blown away. Awestruck.

WALT

What is this?

GUS

Your new lab.

Before Walt can respond, Gus starts down to the main floor. Walt follows.

They pass enormous vats, long metal tables laden with high-end equipment, HV/AC venting, a fire suppression system and a comprehensive first aid setup -- with emergency eye-wash station! Anything and everything a place like this would contain, based on chemistry and reality? That's what's here. And while there may be a few items currently crated or otherwise not yet installed... as this place is brand-new and never-been-used... still, this is one impressive facility. Truly an ambitious meth cooker's wet dream.

Walt can't help himself. He drifts amongst it all, touching, looking, murmuring half-aloud. He is deeply impressed.

WALT

My God... Thorium oxide... for a catalyst bed?! Look at the size of this reaction vessel? It's gotta be 1200 liters. Wow.

Gus watches Walt, pleased. Knows this is enticing stuff. Actually, he himself is pretty proud of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT

Where-where..? How did you know
how to put this all together?

GUS

I had excellent help. As will you.
(then)
Quite a lot of planning went into
this.

WALT

I would... say so.

Walt continues checking everything out as Gus elaborates.

GUS

The laundry upstairs, I've owned it
for years. It receives large
chemical deliveries on a weekly
basis -- detergents and such.
There's nothing suspicious about
it. And my employees, to be sure,
are well-trained. Trustworthy.

(indicates the lab)

The filtration system is state-of-
the-art. It will vent nothing but
clean, odorless steam. Just as the
laundry does, and through the very
same stacks.

Listening closely, Walt surveys the massive overhead DUCTING.

GUS

I need two hundred pounds per week
to make this economically viable.

Walt mentally calculates. With this set-up, totally doable.

GUS

You would choose your own hours, of
course, come and go as you please.
So long as the quota is met.

Walt's mind reels with cash and possibility. And yet...

WALT

(softly)
Sorry. The answer is still no.

Gus studies Walt. Reads his heavy regret. His remorse.
Walt feels he owes Gus an explanation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALT

I have made a series of very bad decisions, and I cannot make another one.

GUS

Why did you make these decisions?

Walt hesitates, uncomfortable. This is personal stuff.

WALT

For the good of my family.

GUS

Then they weren't bad decisions. What does a man do, Walter?
(off Walt's confusion)
A man provides for his family.

WALT

This COST me my family.

Gus chides Walt -- quietly, to be sure. And yet it's the first EMOTION we've ever seen from him. It's arresting, and intense, and it gets Walt's attention. And ours.

GUS

When you have children, you always have family. They will always be your priority. Your responsibility. And a man..? A man provides. And he does it even when he's not appreciated... or respected... or even loved. He simply bears up, and he does it. Because he's a man.

Walt, who's been grasping at the straws of his family life, desperately needs to hear this. He is moved, and very torn.

There's not one false note in Gus' pitch. And no wonder, as he's the very best sort of salesman -- the sort who utterly believes in what he's selling.

Off Walt, pondering what may be one of the last big decisions of his life...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. TED BENEKE'S HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

Skyler's BARE FEET on that warm slate floor. (*Note: this is a literal, intentional repeat of the act one scene -- same frame, same angle*). Skyler's again in Ted's bathroom making her few small post-tryst repairs.

Sky sighs deeply as she rubs away mascara smudges from under her eyes. This is not a proud moment. She's less and less sure she likes who she sees in the mirror.

CLOSE ON her feet. She SHIFTS from foot to foot on the warm floor. Uncomfortable. Not enjoying it.

She's clearly unhappy and unsettled. Her inner turmoil churns -- thoughts about her choices, her future. And suddenly everything that she liked about being here now rubs her the wrong way.

As before, she digs impatiently in her purse -- not having taken Ted up on his offer to leave things here. Ted intrudes on her thoughts. Calls to her from the adjacent bedroom.

TED (O.S.)

Any chance we could grab a quick bite? Thai place around the corner's pretty good.

Odd. Sky used to wish she could, but in this moment:

SKYLER

Um, I really gotta head home.

TED

Alright. Rain check, then.

And she realizes... she does. Home beckons like a beacon. Suddenly, all she wants is to get the hell out of here. And this warm fucking floor is obnoxious.

She grabs a TOWEL, drops it down on the floor.

ANGLE ON THE FLOOR. Her feet on the towel. Fuck radiant heat.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

CLOSE ON forks, knives, napkins again being dealt with precision. Yet again, it's dinner time and Skyler sets the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(Note: These images should have a purposeful, repetitive feel brought about by similar camera angles, etc. We want the audience to achieve a feeling of deja vu).

Except for one difference. This time, Skyler consciously sets down Walt's flatware without hesitation.

CLOSE ON Skyler as she finishes her task. Obviously, she's not having a problem with Walt being in the house. There's a lightness about her. Could it be that she's... softening..?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING - TIME CUT

It's 30 minutes later. WIDE on the whole White family, with Holly settled in her bassinet nearby.

The meal is half over and the mood is relaxed -- at least for Skyler and Walter, Jr. Walt, on the other hand, has a lot on his mind, but he's not adding any tension. This is, we realize, the first easeful family moment in this train wreck of a household in as long as we can remember.

Walter, Jr. is actually cheerful as he nears the end of a story he's telling.

WALTER, JR.

She said it was the tofu.
Whatever. She's still cute,
anyways.

Smiles all around. Walt fakes his. He's doing his best to listen, but his thoughts are elsewhere. Junior stuffs down his final bite.

WALTER, JR.

Um. Great dinner, Mom. Um, Can I
be, can I be excused?

SKYLER

To do homework or to play video
games?

WALTER, JR.

(mischievous)
I can multi-task.

SKYLER

Yeah.

Junior grins at his folks and goes...

... leaving Walt and Skyler alone. Sky sneaks a glance at Walt who appears lost in thought as he chews.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She searches Walt's down-turned face. Wants to say something, but... what, exactly? Probably a list of sentences each beginning with "I wish." She sighs, resumes eating.

Walt glances at Skyler -- she doesn't notice. He has a wish list that remains unspoken, too.

The *clink* of cutlery in the otherwise silent room.

A melancholy settles over the two of them. Makes us want to step in and fix it. It's so sad -- right when one of them wants to connect the other is far away. And neither of them will ever know. Ships passing in the night.

Baby Holly starts to fuss.

Both their heads turn to the baby. Walt makes no move toward her however -- Sky has made it clear he's not welcome to help with her care. His eyes return to his plate. Not angry, not cold -- accepting. How things are. He's reminded of what Gus said. Knows this child will always be his and he'll always love and provide for her, no matter the circumstances.

Skyler is about to tend to the baby when she stops herself. Makes a small query that speaks volumes:

SKYLER

You wanna take her?

Walt lifts his head. He would. He would very much, although he doesn't quite express it. Just nods.

Walt rises and carefully lifts the baby from her seat, places her over his shoulder. Tenderly, he rubs her tiny back, presses his nose to her sweet baby scent. Heaven. As he sways slightly, side to side, soothing her, she quiets.

Off Sky as she wistfully observes this moment of father and child...

EXT. ALBUQUERQUE SKY - NIGHT/DAY - TIME LAPSE

HANK (PRE-LAP)

(hint of desperation)

Gimme something, Andy. Come on.

INT. DEA ABQ - HANK'S OFFICE - MORNING

Hank's on the phone. He's agitated, really needing some good news. The list of RV's is in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSERT: The list. 29 RV's. As we PAN DOWN the list, we realize all of them are CROSSED OUT. All but ONE.

Chatter, bursts of laughter intrude on Hank's conversation. He glances toward the bullpen.

HANK'S POV: Through the blinds on his window he can see all the agents gathered in a cluster. An informal farewell PARTY for Gomez is in progress.

Hank focuses on his call and the list. His PEN is poised.

HANK

Welded onto the back of a house.
Well, that's classy. Christ.
Okay. Thanks.

He hangs up.

THE LIST. Reluctantly, Hank CROSSES OFF THE LAST RV.

Defeat washes over him like sea-sickness. Ahab can't find his whale. What the fuck is he going to do? A RAP on his window interrupts. An AGENT gestures: join the festivities.

Hank gives a nod. The hits just keep on coming. A WOMAN holding a CAKE walks past his open door.

HANK

Hey Janice? Janice!

She appears in his doorway. Stands there. This is Hank's previously un-established SECRETARY, JANICE.

Hank holds up the list, showing it to her. A hopeful look on his face. *Any chance there's another RV out there?*

She sees the lines drawn through all the RV's. Understands. Shakes her head "no."

JANICE

That the last one?

He nods.

JANICE

Sorry, Hank. That's all DMV had.
Twenty-nine early 80's Bounders
registered in New Mexico.

HANK

Could you check again?

(CONTINUED)

JANICE
(barely hiding her dismay)
Now?

He nods. She looks down at the cake in her hands.

JANICE
Can I do it after the party?

Hank can't disguise the reality of his situation. And in this moment, he almost looks small at his desk.

HANK
Janice, I'm, uh, I'm dead in the water here.

Janice would really like to join the party, but acquiesces.

JANICE
Okay. I'll check.

He nods sincere thanks. She walks out of sight.

Hank looks out his window at the party. Sighs. Gotta do the right thing here. With that, he grabs something off his desk (we don't see what) and heads out and into the fray.

INT. DEA ABQ - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Once out of his office, Hank turns it on like a pro. All smiles and bravado as he approaches Gomez, who stands talking to several fellow AGENTS.

HANK
Gomie! Time for the little bird to fly the nest, huh?

Gomez gives him a small smile. A good-natured nod.

HANK
They got the right guy for the job. 'Specially since the bean-speak comes natural and all, y'know.

GOMEZ
Wanna know how to say *get bent* in Spanish?

HANK
Just don't go native on me, alright?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They're doing their jocular best, but it's awkward. They both know this is killing Hank.

HANK

Oh, hey, uh, here.

Hank hands Gomez a little "going away" present. It's the bust of JESUS MALVERDE, patron saint of drug lords (*the one Hank was given in El Paso in episode 207*).

HANK

Know your enemy and all.

Gomez is touched, but plays it cool. Hank motors through, keeping it casual although both of them know better.

HANK

Fight the good fight, brother.

GOMEZ

I will.

The two old partners shake hands. Hank gives Gomez's shoulder a fond, reassuring slap, too. This gesture is all the more meaningful in light of their recent discord. And Hank's downwardly mobile career. Hank breaks the moment.

HANK

What do we got to drink around here?

He uses this cavalier question to extricate himself. Moves away from the crowd.

INT. DEA ABQ - BULLPEN - DAY - TIME CUT

A few minutes later. CLOSE ON THE CAKE being cut. (Janice doesn't cut it -- she's busy with Hank's task). We see now the cake is decorated with a CARICATURE OF GOMEZ holding a GUN in one hand and waving two colorful FLAGS made out of ICING -- one Mexico, one USA, in the other.

INT. DEA ABQ - BULLPEN - DAY - TIME CUT

Minutes later. Hank sits on the edge of a random desk, absently eating a slice of cake. He stares out the window. He's deliberately set himself a little apart from the group where Gomez and the other agents mingle.

Janice arrives. Holds out a PAPER to him. Hank fights to keep himself from lunging for it. Remains calm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANICE

Your hunch was right. One more RV.

(hands it over)

DMV said the registration wasn't renewed, but then they realized it was never filed as non-operational or destroyed. No police report, either.

Off Hank and his faint glimmer of hope...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Empty hall... until Skyler steps out from the master bedroom carrying a laundry basket, half-full. She steps out of sight into Junior's room. We hold a few seconds, and then she comes back into view, her basket a bit more full. It's laundry day, obviously, and she's on her way to the washer.

No one else is home. Passing the nursery now, Skyler slows. Reconsiders. A bit reluctantly... or maybe self-consciously... she turns and retraces her steps.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

Sky enters. Pauses. Feels a little weird about invading Walt's makeshift space. She hasn't been in here since he forced his way back into the house. She looks around. God, this used to be such a happy room.

She checks in with herself: *ah, the hell with it -- why not?* She's doing laundry anyway. Why waste the hot water? Might as well collect some of Walt's stuff, too.

She picks her way around the disorderly room. It's not that it's chaotic, it's just pretty crowded and congested what with the inflatable bed and all Walt's stacks of clothes, a SUITCASE, miscellany and a BOX or two. (*There should be a distinct incongruity between Walt's belongings and the nursery items*). Skyler gathers up Walt's dirty clothes.

The closet door is open. It's not that she's looking for it, exactly... but something on the TOP SHELF catches her eye.

It's the familiar BLACK DUFFEL BAG where Walt keeps his cash.

Skyler stares at it, then abruptly turns away. It has nothing to do with her. Nothing. She picks up a t-shirt.

In spite of herself, she turns back and stares again at the duffel. Thinks about its contents. All that cash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's just so unbelievable -- doesn't seem real. Maybe just a peek. No. Yes. She can't resist its siren call.

She sets down her basket. Hating herself, she reaches up.

ANGLE FROM ABOVE, INSIDE THE CLOSET as she reaches toward camera, toward the bag. She pulls at the bag -- holy CRAP, it's really heavy. Even though she's got a good grasp on it, the bag lands on the floor with a weighty THUD.

She kneels down and opens it -- ZZZZZZZZZZIP. Revealing:

THE MONEY. All of it. Some bills slightly charred.

On Skyler. Even though she's seen it once before, the sight of it now still freezes her.

Hard not to imagine what the future would look like with the ease this money could afford. Without the constant, wearying struggle to make ends meet.

She stares now with unseeing eyes. Deep in her thoughts, she examines her moral compass. Why is she feeling so ambivalent about Walt? Even this money? Is she weak, or just worn down? She's never been less clear.

Skyler jerks herself free from her troubling ruminations and comes back to the here and now. A little mad at herself.

She zips up the bag. Hefts it back up onto the shelf, carefully arranging it to look as if she never touched it.

ANGLE from the nursery door. Skyler, feeling almost ashamed, quickly picks up her laundry basket and leaves the room. The black duffel bag remains in our view, a dark, ominous character waiting, unmoving, like Poe's raven.

SKYLER (PRE-LAP)

I just don't know what the hell I'm doing anymore, y'know?

INT. LAW OFFICE - PAMELA'S OFFICE - DAY

Skyler sits across from her divorce lawyer, PAMELA. Confused. Isolated. She desperately needs to talk.

SKYLER

It's like I'm paralyzed. Like if I take a step in any direction I'm gonna make a spectacular mistake.

Pamela, impassive, listens. Sky's so uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYLER

God, I could go for a glass of wine about now. Do you wanna go -- sorry, never mind. Ech. Anyway.

(announcing, embarrassed)

The breaking news is I am sleeping with my boss and I don't know why.

PAMELA

(displeased)

Wow.

SKYLER

Yep.

Sky continues. Everything's been bottled up for so long.

SKYLER

That's a lie. I um... I do know why.

(Pamela is listening)

I mean, he's a lovely guy, he's-- he's--he's a really good person, but, I mean, it's like we're ever gonna...

(thinks; starts over)

Somehow, and I can't actually believe it, but, uh, my entire family sees me as some sort of...

("villain")

My own sister, my brother-in-law. My-my-my teenage son tells me I'm a bitch. And you say tell him the truth, tell him about his father -- but I can't. Ever. How could I?

(softer)

And this man that I'm seeing, you know, as wrong as I know it is... as much as I know I'm probably doing it just to make Walt leave me... it is the only thing in my day where I don't feel like I'm...

(searches for the word)

... Drowning.

PAMELA

So he knows about this other man?

(off Skyler's nod)

So then -- he'll sign?

Sky half-shrugs, half-shakes her head -- *probably not*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKYLER

Um, Walt says he's not going anywhere.

(hating herself)

So that's a, that's a really brilliant gambit on my part, yeah. Genius.

More silence as she considers making another big confession.

SKYLER

(tentative)

He keeps money in the house.

PAMELA

Your husband. The drug dealer.

(off Sky's nod)

How much money?

Skyler haltingly divulges what she knows.

SKYLER

I didn't count it. It's-it's heavy. The bag. Where he keeps it.

Pamela can't help but rub her suddenly aching brow. Jesus.

PAMELA

Are you asking my permission to spend this money?

SKYLER

No! God, no. I-no. God. I'm just trying to, just talk it through. That's...

PAMELA

Let me just say that I'm half as qualified and twice the price of a therapist. There is nothing to discuss here, Skyler.

SKYLER

I'm just saying, you know? We have a history. He's the father of my children. And maybe what he did, he did --

PAMELA

-- He did it for the family, right?
(off Skyler's nod)
Well, guess what. That is one enormous load of horseshit.

(CONTINUED)

SKYLER

Okay.

Skyler is taken aback -- *do lawyers actually talk like this?* She doesn't respond. Can't. So Pamela continues.

PAMELA

I'm going to spell this out as simply as I can for you. You are a fool to stay in that house one minute longer. If your husband won't leave, then you go. You are now an accessory after the fact. You are culpable. You, your children, you could lose everything you own -- do you understand? -- all courtesy of this criminal you refuse to divorce.

Skyler bristles a little, simultaneously defensive and chastened. A big part of her knows everything Pamela is saying is not only well-intended, but true. And yet...

SKYLER

(softly)

I didn't marry a criminal.

PAMELA

Well you're married to one now.

Off Sky, without a decent counter-argument... yet seemingly unconvinced..?

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The house is quiet. Empty. We HEAR the *JINGLE* of KEYS in the lock. The front door opens and Skyler enters. She's returning home from her lawyer's office. Ex-lawyer.

Maybe she drove around for a while trying to think things through, but to no avail. She's still in a preoccupied daze. Much to consider. Wrapped up in her thoughts.

She wanders through the living room, sets her purse on the dining room table. In a call back to Walt in episode 213, she tenderly touches her baby's tiny hand. She looks around with fresh eyes. Will this place ever feel like a home again? Is this still what she wants?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Skyler, still pensive, wanders down the hall. The nursery door is open and she glances in as she passes by. Suddenly, she stops short. Backs up a step. Looks into the nursery.

POV: The nursery is neat as a pin; no Aero bed, no clothes, no duffel bag... no Walt.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

Sky slowly enters, absorbing the reality of what she's seeing. Walt has finally left. He's gone. Something in the crib catches her eye.

ANGLE FROM THE CRIB. Skyler leans over, reaches in...

... and lifts up the DIVORCE PAPERS.

After a stunned beat, she quickly flips to the back page to find...

WALT'S SIGNATURE. There it is. Black and white. Walter H. White.

Sky stares at this. It's hard to believe. She's gotten what she wants... hasn't she?

EXT. SAUL GOODMAN'S OFFICE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Jesse's TERCEL is parked in the lot.

INT. SAUL GOODMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Saul and Jesse sit, waiting. Judging from the look of things, they've been here awhile. Jesse's knee bounces. His patience wears thin. With each passing second Jesse grows more aggravated.

Jesse sighs. Rises to his feet, ready to leave.

SAUL

Howsabout we run through this thing one more time. Especially the part where I do all the talking and you don't say jack.

JESSE

Oh, I'm gonna say jack. I'm gonna say plenty.

SAUL

Wha-what did we say about escalating? Huh? Who's got your back here? Me. Alright. I'm gonna take care of things.

But Jesse's chewing a thumbnail -- not really listening.

SAUL

Hey, what're the parameters of this sobriety thing you got going?

JESSE

What do you mean?

SAUL

Can you take a Xanax? Cause, I got a drawer full of 'em. I, uh, I get 'em from my --

(finger quotes)

-- "Chiropractor." Vietnamese. Five foot tall. She adjusts you to "completion." Her name's Kim Nu Suong. As delicious as it sounds. I should give you her card.

JESSE

(not even listening)

To hell with this. I'm outta here.

Saul's intercom BUZZES. He picks up. Shoots Jesse an *aren't I always right?* look. Jesse pauses.

INTERCOM VOICE

He's here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAUL

Send him in.

Walt enters. The two ex-partners face each other across the room. Jesse's tense, ready for a fight. Walt is... inscrutable. Saul hustles over and adroitly steers Walt, treating him as if their middle-aged fight never happened.

SAUL

Hello, Walt. Good to see you.
Please, uh... have a seat. Here.
(to Jesse)
Mr. Pinkman, if you will?

They each take a seat. Saul settles into a chair, ready to mediate. Jesse scowls at Walt, who seems impervious.

JESSE

You're late.

SAUL

Gentlemen. If we could come to some accommodation here, now. There's always a way to oil everyone's lock.
(to Walt)
This young man is prepared to offer you a sweetheart of a deal for doing precisely nothing.

WALT

Really.

SAUL

Ten percent of all future profits from his solo venture. That's money you get paid for simply walking down to the mailbox! --
(off Walt's silence)
Consider it a gesture of respect for your valuable contribution to the business thus far. I'm sure you'll agree that's fair.

JESSE

That's charity, is what that is. I do all the work, he sits around on his fat ass judging people --

Walt blinks at Jesse's line, but otherwise sits impassively.

SAUL

Hey-hey. Escalating. Stop.
(back to Walt)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAUL (CONT'D)

So there's that. Then there's one small detail: clearly a mistake was made on the part of our mutual associate when he paid you half of Jesse's earnings. He must not have realized that you two had come to a parting of the ways.

Before Saul can say any more, Walt pulls the POLLOS BAG from inside his jacket. Places it on the coffee table.

WALT

Take it. It belongs to you.

JESSE

You're damn right it belongs to me.

Jesse grabs it up and quickly counts it, double-checking that Walt hasn't shorted him. Saul is pleased.

SAUL

I knew I could count on you boys to play nice. That's -- that almost brings a tear to my eye.

WALT

(to Jesse)

Enjoy it. Spend it in good health.

(then)

That is the last money you'll ever earn in this business.

JESSE

What the hell's that s'posed to mean?

Walt enjoys delivering the news.

WALT

Well, I hate to break it to you, Jesse, but our --

(quotes Saul)

-- "mutual associate" was only using you to get to me.

JESSE

What are you talking about?

WALT

See, he needs someone with expertise. Someone who knows what he's doing. In other words, he needs me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Jesse sputters, not believing what he's hearing.

JESSE

You're telling me you're cooking again? --

WALT

Yeah. Let's see... how shall I put this? I'm in. You're out.

His revenge thus delivered ice-cold, Walt rises to leave. Jesse, stung, struggles to understand.

Saul, ever-attuned to opportunity, senses the shift in the winds of fortune. He stops Walt with:

SAUL

Whoa-whoa Walt. Hold on there! Hey. What was the offer, if I may ask?

Walt pauses. Usually closed-mouthed about such matters, he can't resist.

WALT

It's, uh, three million for three months of my time.

Saul's mouth goes dry. Like it's been stuffed with thousand dollar bills. He can taste them on his tongue.

Walt turns on his heel to go. Saul stops him again.

SAUL

Wha -- You-you're gonna need that money laundered, right? I mean, of course.

(needy; grasping)

What was our deal before? Seventeen percent? That's a shade high. Let's settle on an even fifteen. That's a nice round number.

WALT

(a beat, then)
Five percent.

SAUL

Fourteen's fair.

They negotiate rapid fire as if Jesse's not even in the room.

(CONTINUED)

WALT

Five.

SAUL

Thirteen.

WALT

Five.

SAUL

Twelve for old time's sake.
Twelve.

WALT

Five.

SAUL

I'm a reasonable guy. It's a short
term deal. Ten even. But I can't
go any lower and still respect
myself.

Walt turns to leave.

SAUL

(*ahhh fuck; finally*)

Five!

They shake. Saul got trounced but at least he's in.

Jesse slowly rises to his feet, mouth agape. Stunned with
anger and hurt. Can't believe what he's just witnessed.

JESSE

What in the hell just happened?
(to Saul)
You're my lawyer, not HIS! --

Saul's bravado falters a little. Is that a hint of guilt?

SAUL

That's the way of the world, kid.
You go with the winner.

Jesse practically trembles with rage, but his voice is clear.

JESSE

You think this'll stop me from
cooking?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

WALT

Cook whatever you like -- as long as it's that ridiculous "*Chili P*" or some other drek. But don't even think about using my formula.

Jesse's had enough. Shaking with rage and hurt practically to the point of tears, he storms out.

JESSE

Just try and stop me, bitch! --

SLAM. And he's gone. Walt stares after him. Experiences a touch of queasiness -- he was pretty nasty. No hero here.

Off Walt, coming down fast off his revenge high:

EXT. SAUL GOODMAN'S OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Moments later. WIDE. Jesse strides through the lot towards his car, thunder in his blood.

As we move in closer however, we see he's almost blinded by unwelcome, infuriating tears that well up in his eyes. Tears of bitterness, frustration, anger, humiliation. He hates feeling this storm of emotion. Hates everything, everyone. Especially Walter White.

As he approaches his Tercel, Jesse passes Walt's piece of crap Aztek with its gleaming new windshield, BLUE TAPE still on the edges.

Jesse can't stop himself from reaching down and picking up something HEAVY -- let's say it's a CHUNK of JAGGED CONCRETE from a broken parking space divider (*or something else he might realistically find in a parking lot*).

He HEAVES it as hard as he can -- *SMASH!* -- into Walt's new WINDSHIELD. SPIDERWEBS it good.

ON JESSE. This action was cold comfort. Didn't make him feel much better. He gets in his car and peels away.

EXT. MODEST HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON the SMILING TERRA COTTA SUN ORNAMENT. The same one we recall from the teaser. We realize we're in the POV of...

Hank. He peers at the ornament as he stands near the door of the house. Surveys the area, takes in the tidy, sun-baked yard and, glaring in its absence... no RV.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hank's shoulders sag a little with the expectation of defeat. He sighs, knocks on the door. Pastes on a pleasant face.

A sweet-faced, rotund, middle-aged HISPANIC LADY answers.

MRS. ORTEGA

Yes?

HANK

Hi there. Uh, Mrs. Ortega?

MRS. ORTEGA

Yes.

HANK

(friendly, charming)

Hi, I'm Hank Schrader.

No badge-flash -- too intimidating. He hands her his CARD.

HANK

With the Drug Enforcement Administration. We're interested in an RV that's registered to your name and address.

At the mention of the RV, melancholy flickers across her face, then vanishes. Hank notes this.

HANK

Um, do you -- do you have an RV?

Mrs. Ortega answers honestly.

MRS. ORTEGA

I did. It was stolen months ago.

HANK

(sorely disappointed)

Stolen, huh?

He pulls out his NOTE PAD. Checks his notes.

HANK

Well, then, I'm curious as to why the theft was never reported. I'm not seeing any record of it with the police or the DMV.

MRS. ORTEGA

I just... didn't get around to it.

Hank reads people well. He senses her mood, gently inquires.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HANK

May I ask why?

She hesitates. Hank makes seemingly idle conversation to put her at ease.

HANK

I mean, it's a -- it's a great way to get the family together for an affordable vacation. Must've been quite a blow when it went missing.

MRS. ORTEGA

It was.

Hank gently presses.

HANK

Do you have any ideas at all... who might've taken it?

She knows that answering is the right thing to do. She sighs. Tells the story with a quiet sadness.

MRS. ORTEGA

I didn't want him arrested. He ran with a bad crowd, but he was never a bad person. I thought he could turn his life around.

HANK

Who are we talking about, Mrs. Ortega?

MRS. ORTEGA

... My son.

Hank's pulse elevates. Finally, a break.

HANK

I'd really like to speak with him.

MRS. ORTEGA

He's passed away. He was shot. Two months ago.

Hank's detective brain kicks into overdrive.

HANK

What was your son's name?

MRS. ORTEGA

Christian.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Hank flips quickly through his NOTE PAD.

HANK

Christian Ortega...

(to her)

Was his nickname Combo?

Mrs. Ortega nods.

INT. MODEST HOUSE - COMBO'S BEDROOM - DAY

A few minutes later. Mrs. Ortega hovers in the doorway as Hank looks around Combo's room.

HANK

Thanks for this -- I really appreciate it.

The room is just as Combo left it -- his ever-grieving mom didn't have the heart to change it. Probably never will.

The room contains the usual items documenting an average boy's life. It also shows us this Mexican/American kid was into Hip-hop. There are POSTERS. A jumbo BOOM BOX, etc. It's a nice set-up for a grown son still living at home.

Hank makes his way around, firing on all cylinders, taking in the details. He stops. Something has caught his eye.

He hones in, crosses to a BUREAU. On it, a PICTURE FRAME -- COMBO'S GRAD PHOTO. Stuck into a corner of it is a SNAPSHOT. Hank reaches out, pulls it down:

INSERT: the final STILL PHOTOGRAPH from the teaser. Combo, the stripper's tits and, of course... Jesse Pinkman.

ON HANK, and a CONNECTION made. The hunt is ON as we:

END EPISODE