

BREAKING BAD

"Abiquiu"

Episode #311

Written by
Thomas Schnauz
&
John Shibana

Directed by
Michelle MacLaren

As Broadcast

SONY PICTURES TELEVISION INC.
All Rights Reserved © 2010

No portion of this script may be performed, or reproduced by any means, or quoted, or published in any medium without prior written consent of SONY PICTURES TELEVISION INC. * 10202 West Washington Boulevard * Culver City, CA 90232*

BREAKING BAD
"Abiquiu"

Cast List

WALT
SKYLER
JESSE
WALTER, JR.
HANK
MARIE

SAUL
GUS
BADGER
JANE
SKINNY PETE
ANDREA
BABY HOLLY
BROCK
GRANDMA
GROUP LEADER
PHYSICAL THERAPIST
TOMAS
BOGDAN (Non-Speaking)
BULLETHEAD #1 (Non-Speaking)
BULLETHEAD #2 (Non-Speaking)

BREAKING BAD
"Abiquiu"

Set List

Interiors:

WHITE HOUSE
 LIVING ROOM
 KITCHEN
 DINING ROOM
SUPERLAB
SAUL'S OFFICE
 LOBBY
HOSPITAL
 PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM
 HALLWAY
 HANK'S ROOM
ART MUSEUM
MEETING ROOM
ANDREA'S HOME
 BEDROOM
SUBURBAN HOUSE
 KITCHEN
 DINING ROOM
 LIVING ROOM
TACO SAL'S
JESSE'S TERCEL
SKYLER'S JEEP

Exteriors:

CHURCH
ANDREA'S HOME
STRIP MALL LOT
CAR WASH
SUBURBAN HOUSE
URBAN STREET

TEASER

AN ABSTRACT IMAGE. A black square against a field of white and grey. Quiet, still... kind of mesmerizing. We are looking at the 4'x7' Georgia O'Keeffe painting titled "My Last Door," a minimalist representation of the artist's patio door at her home in Abiquiu. This canvas hangs inside...

INT. ART MUSEUM - DAY

Many of us probably couldn't identify this work of art, but there's one person who *definitely* doesn't have a clue what it even is, and that is...

... JESSE, who steps into the shot, his back to us. He looks at it, his head tilting a little left, a little right. After a moment of silent contemplation...

JESSE

Yo, I thought I was gonna see some,
like, vaginas.

He tells this to a YOUNG WOMAN, who steps into frame next to him. A familiar silhouette against the lighted artwork, and we soon reveal this is...

JANE. Yes, Jesse's beautiful, dear, lost... *dead* Jane. Telling us this is another FLASHBACK, sometime after their planned Santa Fe visit in Episode #209, but before their downward drug spiral of #211.

JANE

I didn't say she actually painted
vaginas. I said some of her
paintings looked like vaginas.

JESSE

(re: this painting)
Uh, seriously? Not even close.

Jane smiles at his playfulness. He's just bored and wants to get under her skin. But Jane still makes an effort to educate him, whispering respectfully in the museum...

JANE

Georgia O'Keeffe painted all kinds
of stuff. Everyday items. Her
surroundings. Some of it evoked
an... erotic nature. It's who she
was.

Jesse squints at the square black hole in the painting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSE

Not like any vagina I ever saw.
(then)
This chick have medical issues?

JANE

This particular painting is of a
door.

Jane pads off, leaving Jesse to stare at the abstract portal.
He frowns, not convinced at all...

JESSE

Any other doors here we can check
out? Like, real ones, or...?

INT. JESSE'S TERCEL - DAY - LATER

The couple climb into Jesse's Tercel, a lit CIGARETTE in
Jane's mouth. Jesse is still a little dumbfounded, holding
his keys in his hand.

JESSE

Y'know, I-I-I don't get it. Why
would anyone paint a picture of a
door? Over and over again, like
dozens of times?

JANE

But it wasn't the same...

JESSE

Uh, yeah. It was.

JANE

It was the same subject, but it was
different every time. The light
was different, her mood was
different. She saw something new
each time she painted it.

Jesse's not buying into this artsy-fartsy bullshit.

JESSE

And that's not psycho to you.

JANE

Well, then... why should we do
anything more than once? Should I
just smoke this one cigarette?
Maybe we should only have sex once
if it's the same thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Meaning her. Romantic Jesse shifts over and gives her a kiss. Jane intentionally (playfully) doesn't lean in to make it easier for him to reach. She smiles as he moves back.

JANE

That was so sweet, I think I threw up in my mouth a little bit.

JESSE

(laughs)

You can't admit just for once that I'm right?! C'mon. That O'Keeffe lady kept trying over and over until that stupid door was perfect.

Jane smokes her cigarette -- shakes her head.

JANE

No. That door... was her home, and she loved it. To me, that's about making that feeling last.

Jesse watches Jane take a final satisfying drag on her cigarette, the filter stained with lipstick, and...

An ECU of the CIGARETTE being extinguished in Jesse's full ashtray. A remnant which we found last episode in #310, from a moment Jesse wishes would have gone on forever.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. HOSPITAL - PHYSICAL THERAPY ROOM - DAY

A PAIR OF FEET. Wearing hospital booties, lowering toward the ground with a motorized HUMMMMMMM. The feet belong to...

HANK. He is strapped into something called an Electromechanical Patient Lifter, which has him in a diaper-like harness attached to motorized cables that raise and lower him. A PHYSICAL THERAPIST guides him between a set of PARALLEL BARS. *(This area should be filled with as much high-end physical therapy equipment as we can get, probably in our big redressed Waiting Room).*

PHYSICAL THERAPIST

Okay, alright. Here we go. You ready?

Sweat drips off Hank's forehead as the weight shifts -- his feet touch the ground, but only his arm strength is supporting him. He's clearly having trouble, his breathing is labored... his legs have no power; little movement.

MARIE, SKYLER and WALTER JR. are here for moral support, off to the side. Full of hope that he can do this, but...

The pain is too much. He wants to stop.

PHYSICAL THERAPIST

C'mon, gimme a step. Gimme one step.

HANK

(struggling)

Nope. Nope. That's it. Take me up.

MARIE

You can do this, Hank.

(then)

C'mon, it's supposed to hurt. Pain is weakness leaving your body--

HANK

Pain is my foot in your ass, Marie.

Marie is a bit of a drill instructor here, and doesn't mind the abuse. Giving as good as she gets...

MARIE

Hey, if you can get your leg up that high, I say go for it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hank's arms shake. He's falling. He can't do it.

HANK

Take me up, take me up!

HUMMMMMMMM. The therapist slowly raises Hank back up, so his feet are dangling a little. Marie remains strong, not giving away any hint of disappointment. But Skyler gives her son a comforting rub on the back, knowing how important Uncle Hank is to Junior. The therapist remains positive...

PHYSICAL THERAPIST

Alright, coffee break. We're gonna let you rest for a minute, then we're gonna try it again.

HANK

Never mind about your "coffee break." Take me up. I'm done.

PHYSICAL THERAPIST

We'll just pick up where we left off.

Hank sees the concern and subtle pity on Sky and Junior's faces. It riles him even more. He looks at his wife...

But Walt Jr. tries to encourage and urge him on...

WALTER, JR.

C'mon, Uncle Hank. You can do it. How else are you gonna get out of here?

But something about this pisses Hank off even more. He locks in on Junior and snaps...

HANK

Don't you have any friends? I mean, Jesus. Find something better to do! I don't need everyone staring at me hangin' here like a camel's ball sac.

Hank is a little mean and petty, but Junior isn't hurt. He understands (going all the way back to the Pilot when it was awkward for him just to try on new pants).

SKYLER

Hank, he just wants to be supportive--

But Walt Jr. softly interrupts his mom and aunt...

(CONTINUED)

WALTER, JR.
It's alright.

Walt Jr. moves toward the exit. Both Skyler and Marie suppress the urge to lay into Hank, seeing him hanging there in his debilitated state. Hank knows he was out of line too, and part of him is sorry, but another part just doesn't give a shit.

MARIE
I'll be right back, okay?

Skyler and Marie quietly follow after Junior. As they're leaving...

HANK
(to therapist)
Gonna get me out of here sometime today?

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Skyler turns back as hesitant Marie brings up what is, for her, a delicate subject.

MARIE
Sky? We got our first bill. And, you know, if you're still insistent...

SKYLER
I am.

Skyler holds out a hand -- *let's have it*. Marie reluctantly produces a folded piece of paper, hands it over. It's Hank's HOSPITAL/THERAPY BILL.

MARIE
Prepare yourself.

Skyler unfolds the bill and locates the "Amount Due". We don't see the total, but judging from Skyler's reaction (underplayed for her sister's benefit), it's pretty damn big.

MARIE
They're gonna start coming in weekly like that, so...
(then)
You're sure you can do this?

Remember, this is the lie of "gambling winnings" Skyler told her sister in #309. It's Skyler's plan to take Walt's dirty drug money and use it for good.

(CONTINUED)

SKYLER

Yeah...

Skyler nods... but not a confident one, as the enormity of the situation hits her. Off her well-faked smile...

AN ABSTRACT IMAGE. A wavy SEA OF BLUE. We are in...

INT. SUPERLAB - DAY

We're looking straight up through a wavy, solid sheet of our BLUE METH. It may take a beat to figure out where we are, but once Jesse's FACE appears in his Tyvek suit, we'll probably know.

He looks down through the "glass," right at us, examining the fine workmanship. After a few beats of us feeling like pet fish in his aquarium...

Jesse raises a SCRAPER TOOL, and using the butt of it... *SMASH!!!* Meth spiders out into beautiful broken aqua shards. *SMASH-SMASH-SMASH* as he then breaks it smaller and smaller.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. SUPERLAB - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse transfers the product into the usual Rubbermaid... but as he works, he gets an odd feeling. He turns to see...

WALT -- watching him closely. Very closely. Creepy, like Walt's either going to kiss him or kill him. *Okay...*

Jesse goes back to his task. He seals the lid and moves this LAST OF FIVE BINS to the weigh station, but immediately, Walt steps in.

WALT

I'll do that.

JESSE

What the hell, man?

Jesse steps back, watching Walt zero out the scale and calculate the weight.

JESSE

What, I can't work a scale now?

But Walt says nothing, recording the weight onto a chart. Jesse slow-burns, wanting to know what the deal is...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSE

This is bullshit. Just say it.
Just say the words. You think I'm
stealing?!

Walt holds a finger to his lips -- *shhhh*. He motions around to the rafters, as if to say, "Bugs. They (Gus and company) might be listening. Don't use *that* word." Walt returns his attention back to the clipboard.

Jesse just shakes his head, full of mock outrage. Of course, we know he's stealing, but how dare this motherfucker accuse him! Off of riled Jesse...

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Establishing. Where Jesse attends his drug counselling. And yes, this maybe could be DUSK.

GROUP LEADER (V.O.)

"Walk with who you are."

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Jesse slips into a session already in progress. An average-sized group, including BADGER and SKINNY PETE, in their round-circle setting, listen to words of encouragement from the GROUP LEADER (last seen in #309).

GROUP LEADER

That was the phrase my sponsor used with me, back when I first started coming to meetings.

(scans faces)

It's probably just a different way of saying, "Be yourself." Right? But this idea of "walk" also tells me that I have to move forward.

Badger and Skinny Pete actually seem to be *into* this message. Listening carefully and nodding to these words of personal motivation. Are they just playing along? We're not sure.

GROUP LEADER

Always good advice, at least for me.

(scans group)

I see we have some new people here at Group. Couple of new faces. See some hands? First time?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Four hands go up around the circle, hesitant and unsure, their first experience in group. One new girl, ANDREA (early 20's, Latina) is the last to reluctantly raise her hand.

GROUP LEADER

Great. Welcome. Maybe we can go around, introduce ourselves. Say whatever's on your mind.

(points)

How about you? You want to start us off...

He points to Andrea -- pretty, alone, fragile. Jesse takes note of her when she's called upon. She's uncomfortable with all these new eyes on her, but she also has a toughness that finally gets her to, "Fuck it, I'll just do this..."

ANDREA

Yeah. My name is Andrea... and uh...

Not really sure what else to say, she gives a brief shrug of her shoulder. The Group Leader remains positive...

GROUP LEADER

We don't bite. No judgements. You can be as open and honest as you want to be.

ANDREA

Honestly..?

(then)

I don't want to be here.

She's not being bitchy, or a hard-ass. It's simply that he asked, and she answered.

GROUP LEADER

Alright, fair enough. Who else had their hand up?

As our group leader continues on, unruffled, we hold on Jesse. Off him, eyeing Andrea...

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

CLOSE ON doughnuts being picked over. It's after the meeting, and group members gather around the free coffee and snacks at a side table. Badger loads up as Jesse approaches him and Skinny Pete, pretending not to know them (as "cover" in their meth selling ruse).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSE

Hey. 'Sup. My name's Jesse.

BADGER

Well... *hello*, Jesse. My name is Brandon. And this is, I believe... Peter?

SKINNY PETE

Right. I'm Peter. How are you?

Jesse rolls his eyes at their suck-ass acting. He looks around, walking them out of earshot of the rest of the group.

JESSE

I just, uh, wanted to give you a heads up. It's gonna get a little slower smuggling product with, uh, Grandpa Anus watching every move I make.

(assures them)

Don't worry. I'll keep it flowing.

Badger and Skinny Pete don't show relief or enthusiasm over this news, just an awkward sideways glance.

SKINNY PETE

(faking it)

Great... Right on.

BADGER

Yeah.

JESSE

(glances around)

So, uh... how'zit selling? Mad volume?

The guys look at each other and kind of nod, slowly working their way down to...

BADGER

Yeah, it's uh... you know, it's uh...

(finally)

It's not so good.

JESSE

What do you mean? How much have you sold?

BADGER

I sold a tenth.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

One *teenth*?! That's it?
(glances around at group)
To who?

Badger points meekly to Skinny Pete.

BADGER

To him.

Pete shrugs sheepishly, gives a little "Yo"-type nod and wave. Jesse is stunned -- *you've gotta be fucking kidding!*

BADGER

Look, it's not so easy selling to these people. They're here tryin' to better themselves.

SKINNY PETE

Yeah, there's like... *positivity* and stuff goin' on here.

Jesse is outraged. He wants to bust a gasket and yell, but he can't do it here. Instead, quietly:

JESSE

I'm out risking my ass to get product for you two, and you're too pussy to sell?! You're *pathetic*.
(fuming)
Y'know what? I want it back. All of it. I'll sell it myself!

BADGER

C'mon, man. Don't be like that. Selling to these people... It's like shooting a baby in the face. It's not natural.

SKINNY PETE

Yeah, Jesse. It's not so easy like you think.

JESSE

I will show you exactly how easy it is...

Jesse turns and looks around the room, until his eyes land on...

ANDREA -- who is having her court card signed by the Group Leader. He's giving some last words of advice to a few of the newbies -- *stick with this, it's worth trying*. But Andrea is waiting to get her card back and split.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Jesse gives a last look back to his worthless salesman, and starts heading toward the exit. Just as...

Andrea gets her signed card back, also making her way toward the door.

Jesse watches her as she moves -- a lion tracking the weakest prey in the herd.

Jesse times his arrival at the door just ahead of Andrea. About to exit, he pauses and smiles, moving as if to say, "Ladies first."

JESSE

Oh, hey. Sorry...

ANDREA

No. Go ahead.

But Jesse doesn't go -- *he's much too sensitive a guy to push ahead of a woman.* Smooth, sweet, and to us... just evil.

JESSE

Andrea, right?

ANDREA

Yeah.

JESSE

Hey. Um, my name's Jesse, and, uh...

(private -- for them only)

I don't really want to be here either.

(beat)

Oh, uh... Sorry...

Off Andrea, heartened to meet someone who thinks like she does, and no idea of what awaits her...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

BLACKNESS. An unknown *RUMBLE* sound, muffled, like we're underwater. And it turns out, *yes*, we *are* underwater, as a lid comes off a metal pot -- we're LOOKING UP from the bottom through boiling water. Not in the Super Lab, but...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Skyler moves into view above us, her face looking down as she salts the water. After a beat, she dumps in a fistful of pasta -- *SPLOOSH!*

WIDER -- out of our specialty shot -- we see Skyler also has a pot of sauce and meatballs bubbling, a bowl of salad, and a loaf of Italian bread on a cutting board. She cranks a cooking timer as through the main room walks...

... Walter Jr. He eyes the dining room table, seeing there's THREE PLACE SETTINGS.

WALTER, JR.

Aunt Marie's coming to dinner?

Skyler wipes her hands with a towel, answering with carefully measured nonchalance:

SKYLER

No. Your Dad is.

Really? Off Junior, smiling at this unexpected surprise...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Two hours later. Empty sauce-smeared plates tell us that the dinner is well over, as we find Walt in his old chair with baby Holly cradled against his body.

WALTER, JR.

(playfully)

How'd you get her to sleep so quick? Are you that boring?

WALT

I'm "comforting." I'm a comforting presence.

As Walt rises to place sleeping Holly in her nearby bassinet, he shoots a smile to Skyler, who sits nursing a glass of wine. Sky is politely noncommittal. Just... even. But if we're judging by Junior's mood, the meal went well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walt, Jr. reaches in his wallet, pulls out his INSTRUCTIONAL PERMIT from the New Mexico DMV and holds it up for his folks to see (we do NOT need to show it particularly well -- we especially DON'T want to make out the date and year).

WALTER, JR.

Hey, so check it out. See what this means? Check out the date. Next Thursday is officially six months that I've had my learner's. Which means...

(hooray!)

... I can get my provisional and start driving by myself.

WALT

(returning to the table)

Since when? You don't turn sixteen for two more months.

WALTER, JR.

Doesn't matter -- it's a provisional. Look it up! They changed the law like, ten years ago.

Walt looks to Skyler -- *you onboard with this?* She already knew, and shrugs -- *yep*.

WALT

Well, I didn't vote for that.

WALTER, JR.

Doesn't matter if you voted for it. It's the law.

(again playful)

So both of you start thinking about what kinda car you wanna buy me.

SKYLER

Mmm.

WALTER, JR.

I think I'd be good with either an old IROC or a 'Stang.

SKYLER

Ah. A "'Stang," mm-hmm?

WALT

How about something with playing cards in the spokes? Makes a nice motor-y sound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

This is refreshing -- Mom and Dad together goofing around with Junior. It's been a long time since we've seen that. Walter, Jr.'s been kinda starved for it, in fact. Grinning:

WALTER, JR.

Ha, ha dad. You're not going to get off that easy.

Alas, all good things end. At this lull in the conversation:

SKYLER

Well, I think this is um... we should probably table this discussion for later. Your Dad and I have a couple things to talk about, so...

Junior sighs. He gets up, gathering his crutches and heading to his room.

WALTER, JR.

Okay. A 1971 Mach 1 fastback in Grabber Lime... with a shaker hood... 'Stang.

WALT

I'll write that down so we don't forget.

(fake-pats his chest)

A darn. No pencil.

Mom and Dad smile as their son exits... but then they make eye contact with each other. Walt's here for other business.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Reaching in a pocket of his own nearby jacket, Walt offers Skyler a plain white, unmarked ENVELOPE (unsealed). Skyler nervously nods thanks. Here's the moment of truth.

She opens the envelope and slides out a CASHIER'S CHECK (*we won't see the amount, but just in case, it's \$10,000*).

Skyler examines the check a moment, grateful, but then... curious. Confused. She finally has to break the silence.

SKYLER

What is "Ice Station Zebra Associates?"

Walt wasn't expecting questions, so he's a little thrown.

(CONTINUED)

WALT
It's a loan-out. It's fine.

SKYLER
Whose loan-out?

WALT
It's fine. Really. I have a guy.

Hmm. Skyler's radar is now WAY up.

SKYLER
Ohhh-kay... um, does your "guy"
know the tax code and regulations
for New Mexico? Cause, there's
very specific paperwork that has to
be submitted quarterly on this.

WALT
(nodding; *absolutely!*)
Yes. My guy is a TOP guy...

SKYLER
Who is he? What's his name? What
are his qualifications? Walt,
this...
(lowers her voice)
... money has to be *unimpeachable*
when it reaches Hank and Marie.

WALT
And it is. It will be.

SKYLER
But, how do I know that? I mean,
apparently you can't even tell me
the man's name.

Exasperated, Walt thinks he can call her bluff.

WALT
Jesus, Skyler. You really want to
know? I mean, d'you you really
want to know?! Really?

Big mistake. Off Skyler's resolute face -- *Absolutely*.

CUT TO:

INT. SAUL'S OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

In a snazzy ONE-ER, we PAN ACROSS a thicket of gang-bangers, cheats and troglodytes who are waiting for the legal services of Mr. Saul Goodman, Esq. to find...

... Walt and Skyler. Skyler is in a slight state of shock -- even *she* didn't expect it to be this bad. Off Walt, watching her closely out of the corner of his eye... realizing a bit too late that this is probably a HUGE mistake...

INT. SAUL'S OFFICE - DAY - LATER

CLOSE ON Saul's "University of American Samoa" diploma.

Skyler stands staring at it, deadpan and unimpressed. Behind her we find SAUL GOODMAN, definitely impressed (and slightly flummoxed) to be meeting pretty Skyler.

SAUL

Hell. Welcome. What a pleasure it is to have you! I'm just gonna call you Skyler, if that's okay. It's a lovely name. Reminds me of a... big beautiful sky. Walt never told me lucky how lucky he was... prior to recent unfortunate events.

Walt watches nervously as his two worlds collide -- Saul fawning over the tall-drink-of-water that is Skyler, and Skyler uneasy that she might accidentally pick up a social disease from the charged and shifty shyster that is Saul.

SAUL

Clearly his taste in women is the same as his taste in lawyers: only very best with just the right amount of dirty.

(laughs; off her stare)

That's a joke. That's a joke. It's funny because you are so clearly very classy. Here, please, sit down.

Saul pulls out a chair for her. When she's not looking, Saul gives a quick eyebrow-raise of approval to Walt for landing such a looker. Walt tries not to notice, taking his own seat as Saul rounds to the business side of his desk.

SAUL

So. Walt tells me that you have, uh, some concerns I can alleviate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Skyler scans the big "Constitution wall" behind Saul...

SKYLER

Uh, yes I do. I have... concerns.

No shit. Glancing sidelong at Walt, you don't have to be Kreskin to read her mind. *How the fuck did you end up with THIS guy?* Yet Skyler politely presses forward...

SKYLER

Um, if we're going to go down this road... and clearly we are, for the sake of my brother-in-law...

SAUL

I've heard about him. Uh, he's an American hero.

Nodding, Saul gives out with the cheesy sympathy like a discount undertaker. Skyler pauses flatly, then continues.

SKYLER

At any rate, I need some assurances that we're gonna go about this in a manner that is extremely safe and cautious.

SAUL

Fair enough. I'll walk you through the process. First step is something we like to call "money laundering." Alright, take you're money were represented by say... these jelly beans.

WALT

Uh, Saul...

Saul sets out a jar of jelly beans, meaning to pitch the same simplistic "Money Laundering 101" he gave to Jesse in #309. Walt tries to warn Saul with a quick shake of his head.

SKYLER

Y'know, I'm a bookkeeper -- so I actually, I know what money laundering is.

SAUL

Uh-huh.

(takes away jelly beans)

Well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKYLER

And as with most things, the Devil is in the details. So to begin with, what are we saying is the source of this money?

SAUL

That's simple. Walt here came up with a great story about gambling winnings. Blackjack, right? Some card-counting system?

WALT

(quiet discomfort)

Um, actually that was Skyler's idea.

Really? Saul's eyes widen at Skyler, impressed.

SAUL

Well. You grow more gorgeous by the minute!

(then; shrugs)

Well, there you have it. I'll generate false Currency Transaction Reports out the wazoo, as well as the necessary W-2Gs. I know a couple casino managers who will jump at the chance to report false losses. So, win-win for everyone.

SKYLER

But you can't sell that for very long --

SAUL

(interrupts)

Yeah, yeah. Way ahead of you. Uh, we declare just enough so as not to arouse suspicion. Then, Walt's one-time winnings become seed money for investment.

SKYLER

Investment in what?

SAUL

Drum roll please... wait for it...

(beaming)

Laser Tag.

Crickets. Off their non-reaction:

(CONTINUED)

SAUL

Laser Tag! Seven thousand square feet of rollicking fun in the heart of northern Bernalillo County!

Skyler is stone-faced.

SKYLER

Laser Tag.

SAUL

Yeah. There's guns and glo-lites, and kids wear the vests and run a round in teams--

SKYLER

(interrupts)

Yeah, I actually know what it is. It just that... in relation to Walt, it's, I mean, it doesn't make any sense.

Walt is a silent, sick observer as these two go at it. Saul's patience rapidly frays as she questions his methods. Trying to sound like he's joking:

SAUL

Makes more sense than you two being together! I'm still trying to figure out how that happened...

SKYLER

Do you even know Walt? I mean, how would he, of all people, buy a Laser Tag business? It-it doesn't add up.

SAUL

It adds up perfectly. Walt's a scientist. Scientists love lasers!

Skyler stares at him flatly. The wind leaves Saul's sails.

SAUL

Plus, they got bumper boats. So.

SKYLER

"Hey everybody, Walt suddenly decided to invest in laser tag! Just out of the blue!" Really? That's what we're supposed to tell people -- our family, our friends... the government...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SAUL

Okay. Let me bottom line this for you. You don't need to be involved. Okay? Because I've been doing this for a lot of years, successfully -- believe it or not, without your help!

(smiles)

So. Thank you for stopping by.

Saul is done. Skyler stares at him -- they're at stalemate. Off Walt, not wanting to make a move to remind either of them that he's sitting there...

EXT. ANDREA'S HOME - DAY

Establishing. A small house somewhere in the barrio.

INT. ANDREA'S HOME - DAY

Andrea's face appears near a lamp in her living room, reaching under to feel for the switch. She clicks off the light, leaving only the sun sneaking through the drawn curtains. Andrea plops on the couch next to...

Jesse. And the two start making out. Damn, our boy works fast -- he is in! As Jesse starts moving a little too fast, unbuttoning her shirt...

ANDREA

You want a beer or somethin'?

JESSE

(smiles)

Or somethin'? What do you mean?

Jesse kisses her neck as she laughs.

ANDREA

Like beer. I'm cleaned out of anything else. Even if I wasn't, we're not supposed to.

JESSE

Yeah. I've heard it... over and over and over again. Y'know, don't you think it's ridiculous that society says *beer* is okay, and a little hit of something... *sweet* is wrong?

She keeps gently kissing him, but he keeps selling...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSE

I mean, what's the point of shutting yourself off completely from something that... lifts you off the ground? I spend so much energy fighting the urge not to use, and I feel like crap 'cause of it...

ANDREA

I know. It's just...

JESSE

What?

ANDREA

I can't get caught using again.

Jesse looks her in the eyes. Something painful behind them. For a moment, it seems as if Jesse is going to soften... *maybe it's not easy to do this, like the guys said.* Then:

JESSE

The thing is... not to get caught.

(then)

You ever try that blue stuff that's going around? Just a little gas in the tank and... suddenly everything is interesting.

(half to himself)

Man. I wish I could make that feeling last.

Jesse is smooth in his seduction... and evil... as he builds up the desire for meth, tempting Andrea with each word.

ANDREA

Like I said. I got nothing here.

Jesse nods, waiting for the right moment to say...

JESSE

What if I could get some?

Andrea seems open to it. *Yes. What if?* But before Jesse can close the deal...

The front door OPENS. A FIVE-YEAR OLD BOY runs in, followed by Andrea's GRANDMA (50s), who carries two bags of groceries.

BROCK

Mommy! Mommy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jesse and Andrea quickly compose themselves as the boy, Andrea's son BROCK, runs to her.

ANDREA

Hey, baby. Your nana brought you home *early*.

(to grandma)

Grandma, I thought you were keeping Brock today?

Grandma eyes Jesse, not too pleased.

GRANDMA

I was, then I saw your car. I thought you had a meeting.

ANDREA

I did, but we changed the time.

(points to Jesse)

Grandma, this is Jesse. He's from the meeting. He's like a sponsor. Jesse, this is Grandma.

Jesse gives a half-hearted, uncomfortable nod and wave. Grandma sets down the groceries and leaves, muttering disparaging words in Spanish.

GRANDMA

(in Spanish)

I'm tired... tired of you all.

SLAM goes the door. Jesse adjusts in his seat to see... Brock at the edge of the couch, staring at him.

ANDREA

(feeling awkward now)

Jesse, this is Brock.

Andrea gathers the groceries and carries them into the adjacent kitchen, putting them away. Brock, a cute kid, keeps staring at Jesse.

JESSE

(to Andrea)

So... you, uh, you have a kid, huh?

She nods. Jesse and the boy stare at each other a moment, and a softer side of Jesse, the *old* Jesse, seems to come out.

JESSE

'Sup? Brock, huh. That's a cool name. Here. Give it up...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He holds out his fist to Brock, who takes a brief moment... but then gives Jesse the "fist bump" that he was waiting for. This really amuses Jesse, who we haven't seen smile this big in a long time. We can tell the kid likes Jesse, too.

ANDREA

Brock is almost six. You okay?
With kids?

JESSE

What? Yeah, yeah... He's cool.

Brock smiles. He likes being cool. Stepping back amongst them, Andrea takes Brock by the hand and guides him away.

ANDREA

Okay, Brock is gonna go play in his room while the big people talk. He's gonna go play with his Legos, and his cars... Say "Bye, Jesse."

BROCK

Bye, Jesse.

ANDREA

You have a good time at Grandma's..? Oh, I fixed your blue car, remember... the convertible one? Play with your toys...

Jesse gives the kid a smile and a wave. As Jesse is left alone, he rises, looks around. Maybe wondering what the hell he's doing here. Thoughts run through his head... about his own brother? About the red-haired boy from Episode #206?

INT. SKYLER'S JEEP - DRIVING - DAY

Skyler is behind the wheel, stewing. She and Walt are coming from their disastrous Saul powwow. Silence, until...

SKYLER

Safe and cautious, that's all I'm asking -- and that man is neither.

Walt sighs.

WALT

I'll admit he comes across like a circus clown... but he actually knows what he'd doing.

(adding)

And "safe and cautious" is you not being involved in this at all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYLER

Well, it's a little late on that.
This is what happens when you
decide to pay our bills with drug
money.

Walt considers her. *Screw it* -- he makes a big confession.

WALT

Skyler, this isn't just about what
happened *before*. My involvement in
this is... *ongoing*.

(stresses)

Understand?

Walt hasn't said this out loud to Skyler before, but makes it
crystal clear: he is still *manufacturing*. Skyler doesn't
really react. She knew already. How could she not?

WALT

I can't just quit. I have a...
something of a contract.

(off her glance)

It's all very safe and
professional. Structured. But I
can't simply quit.

Heavy stuff. What's Sky gonna say to all of that? Nothing
so far. She's inscrutably silent. At a stop sign, she puts
on her blinker -- *CLICK CLICK. CLICK CLICK*. Walt is a
little confused as she makes a turn.

WALT

Where you going?

But she speeds away in silence...

EXT. STRIP MALL LOT - DAY - MINUTES LATER

A big, empty parking lot at an old strip mall or somesuch.
Out of the distance appears the old Jeep, motoring toward us.
It pulls to a stop in f.g., Skyler and Walt staring out their
windshield past us.

Walt knows where he is -- he just doesn't know why he's here.
We don't see what he and Skyler are studying.

SKYLER

If you're gonna launder money Walt,
at least do it right.

Skyler climbs out. After a beat, Walt joins her to look at:

EXT. CAR WASH - DAY - CONTINUOUS

They are parked across from a CAR WASH. But not just any car wash. It's where Walt worked all the way back in the PILOT.

SKYLER

You worked here four years. It's a business you understand. It's a story people will believe. Not Laser Tag. This. This is what we buy.

Walt looks at her... *what we buy?*

SKYLER

You. This is what you buy.

She corrects herself without urging, but still... Skyler is at a level of acceptance Walt would have never dreamed could happen. Off Walt, eyeing this possible business venture, and an uneasy new stage in their relationship...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

A NEW DAY from the end of Act Two -- new wardrobe. Jesse leans against a wall, having a post-meeting cigarette. Several other GROUP MEMBERS mill about, doing the same.

Here comes Skinny Pete and Badger, exiting the meeting, Badger still munching on a big doughnut. The guys approach, a little wary to see Jesse -- *did he make his sale?* Automatically dropping into "We don't know each other" mode:

BADGER

Hey, uh...
(snaps; "remembering")
... Jesse, right?
(presenting himself)
Brandon... Peter. How goes it?
Hanging in there?

Jesse sighs and shakes his head, tiredly exasperated.

JESSE

Please, just..? Dumbass.

BADGER

Sorry, man. Just trying to keep it on the D.L.

SKINNY PETE

(glances around; hesitant)
So. You and that girl. You do the deed yet?

JESSE

Do *what*?

SKINNY PETE

You know. Sell to her?

He says it low. Jesse remains cool, shakes his head.

Jesse realizes -- they think he didn't have the balls to go through with slinging meth to Andrea. Irritated:

JESSE

What are you two even doing here? --

SKINNY PETE

What d'ya mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSE

You can't get your nut up to sell,
what's the point of even coming?

Pete and Badger share another look -- *isn't it obvious?*

SKINNY PETE

Homie, I'm on, like, Step Five --

This is totally sincere -- Skinny's really trying to do the right thing here. Jesse stares at him, open-mouthed. Then he looks to Badger -- *and you?*

Badger throws two fingers in what looks like a gang sign -- but what he's really saying is that he's at STEP TWO.

BADGER

Deuce, yo. I'm catching up.

Off of Jesse's disbelief, he spies... Andrea, emerging from the church, scanning for Jesse. He stubs out his cig, makes a bee-line for her.

JESSE

Whatever. Later.

Badger and Pete stare after Jesse as he catches up with Andrea. The boyz both watch as they slip casually into each other's arms and head off together.

ANDREA

Hey!

SKINNY PETE

Dude needs to come into the fold.

BADGER

Yep.

Badger and Pete nod, sad for Jesse and his evil ways.

INT. TACO SAL'S - NIGHT

Jesse, Andrea and young Brock are seated at a booth in this mom & pop eatery. Clearly, Jesse's not following through on his meth-selling. Instead... the trio are having a nice family-type dinner.

JESSE

Hey, you know what? I have magical powers. You wanna see? Ready?

Jesse does a small hand trick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROCK

That's not real.

JESSE

It is real. Alright, D'you want to see something that's real? Look at this. Watch this. Ready?

Jesse crunches down the PAPER WRAPPING off a straw into a small wad. Jesse makes sure Brock is watching, and he is. He's fascinated with Jesse. Andrea watches him too, a little wistful... maybe wondering if this is the guy who might be around for her son... but it's way too early to tell.

Jesse loads the straw with some water out of a cup (capping his thumb over one side to trap the water in). He drips some drops onto the paper wad, and...

The paper slowly EXPANDS like a worm. Brock smiles.

JESSE

You like that? That's science and stuff, makes it do that.

BROCK

Do it again.

Jesse smiles, wanting to please, but Andrea chimes in.

ANDREA

Let Jesse eat his dinner, Brock.

JESSE

It's okay... It's okay. Wanna see it again?

Andrea smiles at Jesse, having to be the mom.

BROCK

Can you do a trick with firecrackers?

JESSE

Firecrackers? Um, you know, I have any firecrackers on me. Who does a trick with firecrackers?

BROCK

Tomás.

Hearing this name, Andrea grows a bit uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

Tomás does tricks with
firecrackers, huh. Who's Tomás?

Andrea tries not to make a big deal out of it.

ANDREA

He's my kid brother...

JESSE

Yeah?

ANDREA

(lower)

And... we don't talk about him.

Andrea returns to her meal. Jesse doesn't press her -- it's her business, after all. But he can't help but be curious.

ANDREA

Come on... Eat your food, Brock.

JESSE

Can I have your chip? I'm gonna
steal your chip.

BROCK

Hey, that's mine!

As this pleasant dinner continues...

EXT. CAR WASH - DAY

CLOSE ON a "LAWYRUP" license plate. We RISE UP off it (it's the rear plate, of course -- no front plates in The Land of Enchantment) until we're looking through the rear window of a parked CADILLAC. The backs of two men's heads are visible within. The men stare out at the familiar CAR WASH in b.g.

SAUL

That's it? That's what you wanna
buy?

NEW ANGLE -- the Caddy is Saul's, of course. And here he is behind the wheel, Walt seated beside him.

The wary look in his eyes tells us Saul isn't loving the idea. For his part, Walt probably isn't doing the world's greatest job selling it -- this is Skyler's plan, after all. However, being a good devil's advocate, Walt shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT

People will believe it, at least.
I worked here four years.

Saul frowns, raises an eyebrow. Sounds sad.

SAUL

"Wax-on, wax-off" -- was that you?
(then)
Hey, how come you guys always give
with the air freshener? I
explicitly say I want no air
freshener and every time I drive
away smelling like an Alpine
whorehouse.

Walt's not listening. His attention is elsewhere.

Walt's POV -- a bushy-eyebrowed MAN stands in the wipe-down
area, berating an employee (we can't hear what he's saying).
Fans will recognize him as BOGDAN, Walt's former boss.

Walt's attitude here is hard to gauge. Sure he despised this
man and this place... but is there a certain nostalgia in his
eyes, a yearning for *simpler times*?

SAUL

All due respect, I don't see it.
So, I vote, I vote no.

WALT

It makes a better story than your
Laser Tag...

SAUL

Is that you talking... or Yoko Ono?

WALT

(stifles his annoyance)
She has a point. It makes more
sense that I invest right here.

SAUL

Based on her years of experience in
money laundering, I suppose.

(before Walt can argue)
Lemme tell you something -- if
you're committed enough, you can
make *any* story work. I once
convinced a woman that I was Kevin
Costner, and it worked because I
believed it. Alright? It has
nothing to do with the story!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Frustrated, Saul points out the window at the car wash.

SAUL

Besides, this dump isn't gonna work because it doesn't have a Danny. Okay? There's no Danny here!

WALT

What in god's name is a *Danny*?

SAUL

Danny runs the Laser Tag. Danny is the guy who had a vision. Where others saw a dirt lot, he saw black lights, rubber aliens, teenagers running around with ray guns, right? He was like Bugsy Siegel in the desert. And when the stock market took a shit and Danny got in trouble, he went searching for exactly the type of situation that we're offering. Okay, Danny will look the other way to keep his dream afloat. In other words, Danny can be trusted. Completely.

(points to Bogdan)

That guy? The guy with the, uh, the eyebrows-that-won't-quit? Is he a Danny?

Walt looks to Bogdan again. The answer is clearly no.

SAUL

You buy this place, all you got is a big building that squirts water. You got no Danny here.

As Walt absorbs this, and Saul starts the engine...

INT. ANDREA'S BEDROOM - DAY - LATER

CLOSE ON a cigarette getting stubbed out in an ashtray. It's Andrea, reaching across Jesse to get to the end table.

It's afterwards. She and Jesse are naked in bed (of course, this will be handled discreetly), as she lays her head down on his chest. Jesse smokes his own cigarette, propped up by a few pillows. Quiet. Maybe even wistful. Is he thinking of Jane? After a beat:

ANDREA

You wanna stay for dinner?

(CONTINUED)

JESSE
Yeah. Thanks.
(then)
What time is it?

ANDREA
(squints at clock)
Early still.

Both are quiet again. Andrea looks up at Jesse. She seems wistful, too. Pining not for someone... for something.

ANDREA
So...

Jesse misreads her -- smiles.

JESSE
What?

ANDREA
Thought... maybe if you're
holdin'... we can do somethin'.

JESSE
... what?

ANDREA
(sheepish)
You know. That blue stuff you were
talking about. Maybe you had a
line on some?

Jesse sits up, practically knocking her off his body a little. He mashes his cigarette in the ashtray, incensed.

JESSE
Wait, whoa... what? You said the
kid is coming home...

ANDREA
Yeah, in a few hours.

JESSE
And you seriously wanna get high?!

ANDREA
(taken aback; a beat)
I don't know what you're getting so
pissed about. You're the one who
brought it up the other day...

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

Yeah. That was before I found out you got a kid. What kind of mother are you?

That really hits Andrea hard.

ANDREA

What?

JESSE

You heard me. What kinda mom gets wasted with a little kid to take care of?

She rises, not caring she's naked (discreet glimpses only).

ANDREA

Nobody can say I don't take care of my son.

Jesse feels a touch of regret. But she's on a tear now.

ANDREA

You gonna come in my house and judge me? Like you got no responsibilities, so it's okay for you to get high?

JESSE

Look, I...

ANDREA

What do you know about me? I take care of my baby. I'll do anything for him. The day Brock was born, I swore...

Andrea trails off abruptly, feeling like she's shared too much -- and with a guy she's suddenly none too sure about. Glancing at him, she quietly -- and a bit self-consciously -- completes the thought.

ANDREA

I won't let what happened to Tomás happen to my son. I'll die first.

She's near tears now. Jesse feels bad for provoking this.

JESSE

Sorry. I-I just...
(half-heartedly)
Look, I'll-I'll get outta here if you want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Andrea grabs another cigarette and lights up.

ANDREA

That's what you wanna do, then go.

There's an awkward beat -- neither one of them wants to be alone, but they're too proud to admit it. Until...

JESSE

It's not what I want.

(then)

Look... I was outta line... talkin' about that stuff.

ANDREA

(considers; very quiet)

We both were.

Jesse settles back. He's going to stay. Andrea is quietly relieved that he is.

JESSE

You're right. I don't know what you've been through...

(then)

You can tell me if you want.

Andrea considers, takes a drag. Then:

ANDREA

This whole neighborhood's run by gangs. They run the drugs, control the streets. They sorta took Tomás in. No Dad around...

(ouch)

Eight years old, they Tomás slinging. Part of some crew. Then... when he was ten, for some initiation or somethin'...

(glancing briefly at him)

They made him kill somebody.

Jesse is silent. It's so horrible, there's nothing to say.

ANDREA

I heard the rumors. Didn't believe it at first. But then I saw him like a week later. And he told me, yeah, he did it. They gave Tomás a gun. Gave him a choice. Him or some dude. So he did it. Told me all about it like it was nothing.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

Who'd he say he killed?

ANDREA

Some dealer. From some outside crew. Right around the corner from here, over off of Central. Just rode up on his bike and shot him.

Jesse blinks. It's a horrible story, but now... something in it piques his interest. Hiding it, his voice even:

JESSE

Off of Central. Like, over by the train tracks..?
(she shrugs, nods; *maybe*)
When was this?

ANDREA

Few months back.

Jesse lets it sink in. Uneasy.

JESSE

What else did he tell you?

ANDREA

He shot the guy right through the neck. Shot him dead. Just 'cause he was working the wrong corner.

Andrea tells it matter-of-factly. It's heartbreaking, but she's been over it so many times in her head, it's numbing to her now. Jesse, however, is focused on something else.

A dealer shot in the neck a few months ago. Jesse puts these pieces together -- was it Andrea's brother who killed our COMBO?! (Ep. #211)

ANDREA

It won't happen again. Not to my son.

Jesse hardly hears her now, his mind reeling with questions. Is it possible he's found Combo's killer? And if so... what is he going to do about it?

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HOSPITAL - HANK'S ROOM - DAY

JELL-O quivers on a hospital tray. Untouched. Who can resist *Jell-o*? WE ARM AROUND to reveal...

HANK. He stares down at the *Jell-o* like it's a lump of dog shit. Obviously, this means more to him than a mere snack. *Jell-o is what sick people eat.*

Marie enters the room like a PURPLE ray of SUNSHINE. Trying to momentarily contain good tidings...

MARIE

Guess what?

She stands beaming down at him expectantly. After a beat, he speaks up, deadpan and sour.

HANK

People who say "guess what," and then actually expect you to guess? I hate those people.

She cocks her head, not about to let him rain on her parade.

MARIE

Well, I just heard about a certain patient... named Schrader-comma-Hank...

(enjoying this)

... Who is going to be released at the end of this week!

She's tickled beyond belief... until she sees the stolid look in Hank's eyes. Chiding him gently:

MARIE

Isn't that fantastic?

He lets out a derisive snort -- *not so much, no.*

HANK

They planning on rolling me out the front door, at least? Or put me on a greased plank and, uh, slide me out the window?

MARIE

Hey...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK

(off her confusion)

I don't care what any damned insurance company thinks -- I'm not leaving here till I'm well.

MARIE

Hank, this isn't about the insurance. I've talked to everybody -- and they all say that you are healthy enough to go home.

HANK

(bitter sarcasm)

Oh, I'm "healthy enough," huh? Yeah..?

MARIE

Hank. You get stronger every day. You don't need to be in a hospital.

HANK

In this condition, yeah. I do.

Mama Marie shakes her head -- *uh-uh*. Reassuring him:

MARIE

You'll be just as comfortable at home as you are here. You'll have all the same equipment.

Wrong thing to say. His eyes light up.

HANK

"All the same equipment?" What the hell does that mean?

MARIE

The... equipment. That you have here, that you need. Short-term. You'll do your p.t. at home, and it'll be great. Because you'll be home.

Hank listens, shaking his head, his frustration building. Marie, wonderfully supportive as she is, is unfortunately only digging this hole deeper, despite her best efforts.

MARIE

Wait till you see the bedroom. I had 'em move the plasma in. I know that's how you always wanted it -- you only had to get shot to get it, right? I got you a new bed...

(CONTINUED)

HANK
A hospital bed.

MARIE
Well...

HANK
You put a hospital bed in my
bedroom.

MARIE
(hearing his anger)
Hank... you'll be home.

Hank can't hold it any longer. It's a complete affront to his manhood. He'd bellow if he could, but it would hurt too much and he doesn't have the strength, besides. So, although his voice isn't particularly loud, it overflows with RAGE.

HANK
You get that out of my house. You
hear me, Marie? Today.

Marie looks at him, mystified, troubled and hurt. Why would he not want to be back at home?

MARIE
Hank --

HANK
I leave this hospital -- when I
WALK outta here. You understand?!
And not before.

He turns his face away from her, too angry to even look at her now. Off Marie, not sure how to handle this...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Walt and Skyler sit in the living room, their body language indicating Walt is still more of a tolerated guest than a partner. Mid-private-chat:

SKYLER
Wh-what's a "Danny?"

Walt does his best to explain -- *sotto* so Walt, Jr. (who is presumably home) doesn't hear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT

Danny's an accomplice. Someone who's in on the scheme, who knows about the laundering. Who's paid to look the other way.

Skyler considers, nods. *Makes sense.* Walt presses on.

WALT

And, while I agree with you that Laser Tag is a hard sell, without a Danny, the car wash isn't really an option.

SKYLER

And he can't get you another Danny to run the car wash.

WALT

(shrugs; *no*)
Easier said than done. If we're looking for someone trustworthy..?

They sit here a beat. It's settled. Laser Tag, it is.

But for Skyler... no, it's not. This is the last thing she wants to offer, but for the sake of keeping them safe:

SKYLER

What about me?

Walt is not sure he heard her right.

WALT

What about you?

SKYLER

Me. I'll be the Danny.

Walt, appropriately, *freaks*.

WALT

No, no, no. Skyler! That is not a good idea --

SKYLER

I'm perfectly capable of managing a small business --

WALT

A legal business! Not this!

SKYLER

Who else would we trust?

(CONTINUED)

WALT

No.

SKYLER

Walt, I'm in this, and if I'm in it, I'm gonna do it right.

WALT

You are not in this! You are NOT... IN this!

SKYLER

We're married. How am I not in this?

WALT

We are not married, Skyler, we're divorced!

(then; peering at her)

Right..?

SKYLER

(a bit sheepish now)

I never actually got around to filing the papers.

Walt is stunned. And god knows, Skyler is NOT sitting here saying she WANTS to be married to Walt -- not at all. Truly, she's got something else on her mind. Something imminently practical. Quietly, gravely:

SKYLER

Married couples can't be compelled to testify against one another. So there's that.

OFF Walt, head spinning, seeing Skyler in a new light...

INT. SUPERLAB - DAY

Another day's cooking. Walt and Jesse quietly go about their business, Jesse prepping one of the large stainless TANKS for venting, Walt testing ph levels on some vials.

Both are deep in thought, much on their minds, but Jesse is particularly lost with all that he's heard.

As Jesse works a lever (*or whatever is at hand, and makes sense*), Walt slips his mask on, knowing noxious fumes are about to be vented. He notices Jesse doesn't do the same.

WALT

Jesse... Jesse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jesse stops, looks to him. *What?*

WALT
Your respirator.

Jesse realizes his mistake. A dangerous mistake. But with his head mired in thought, Jesse doesn't stop to thank Walt or react to the error. He just nods.

JESSE
Right.

Walt eyes his partner -- *you okay?* Before he can probe Jesse further... *RING*. A loud industrial PHONE BELL goes off. Walt and Jesse share a look -- *never heard that before*.

RING... RING. They slip off their masks, looking around. Focusing on the wall-mounted PHONE. *RING*. Walt is particularly nervous, already paranoid about being listened to -- *who could be calling??*

His nervousness is infectious -- Jesse, too, looks a bit freaked. *RING*. They share another look -- *guess we should answer it*. Walt finally does.

WALT
... yes?

We don't hear who he's talking to... but from his attitude it must be someone important. Jesse grows more curious.

WALT
Uh... yes. Okay... okay. I'll be there.

Finally, Walt hangs up. Ponders this call.

JESSE
What was that?

WALT
An invitation.

Invitation to what? Off this mystery, we CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A DOOR. A flat composition, recalling the Georgia O'Keeffe painting that started the episode. Then... WALT steps into the shot, his back to us.

WIDE. We see Walt in front of a neatly kept home in a nice upper-middle-class suburban neighborhood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His Aztek parked out front. We realize this is the site of the mysterious invitation... but whose house is it?

Walt knows -- and seems quite wary. He steps to the door and KNOCK-KNOCK...

Walt waits. We hear approaching FOOTSTEPS... the door UNLOCKS. It swings open to reveal...

GUS FRING. Restaurateur. Meth kingpin. The man Walt now knows was behind the shooting of Hank. Gus smiles, wiping his hands on a dish towel as he greets Walt, looking every bit the kindly homeowner.

GUS

Ah, Walter. You're right on time.
Please... come in.

Walt gives a polite yet hesitant nod as he steps into...

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Walt glances around as he steps through the door -- *it looks normal enough*. No armed thugs, no *Scarface*-type decorations. It looks like... a home.

Gus shuts the door and faces Walt. Walt doesn't know what he's in for -- *did Gus find out about Jesse stealing? Will he be taken to task? Is this the end of Walter White?* Then...

GUS

I hope you like *Paila Marina*...

Gus walks off. Walt stands a frozen beat. As he follows...

GUS

It's a fancy name for fish stew.
It sounds like a cliché, but
indeed, it's just like my mother
used to make.

Moving with subtle caution, Walt follows after his host, taking in the sights of Gus's inner sanctum. Looking around, it's... tasteful, modest... god, it's... *normal*. Shockingly normal. Cozy even. As Walt moves, he sees...

On the floor of the living room, there's one or two children's TOYS (generic -- like a plastic riding toy or dolls, whatever we can get). Some of the cabinets and shelves may have family photos, but we never want to get close enough to see any details of faces (in case we want to cast these roles in later episodes).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's no sign of any other family members here currently, but the home certainly feels lived in. Can we be sure this home is actually Gus'... *who knows?*

GUS

Come on. You can help me cook.

Walt continues through the place, into...

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Gus washes vegetables at the sink as Walt enters this well-appointed kitchen. High-end pots and pans -- someone who loves to cook lives here. Dinner is halfway prepared.

GUS

This is a Chilean dish that I love, but... I never get to make it. Kids won't eat it. But, uh... You know how that is.

Expecting trouble around every corner, Walt is surprised he's not finding any. Nodding distractedly...

WALT

Sure.

Gus leaves the sink and reaches for a large and very sharp CHEF'S KNIFE.

GUS

Do you mind...?

He surprises Walt by HANDING him the blade, handle-first.

GUS

Would you slice the garlic? Very thin.

Walt examines the blade in his hand. He can SEE HIMSELF reflected in the shiny stainless.

Walt looks up from the knife, considers Gus... who has turned his back to attend to some shallots frying on the stove. It'd be so easy for Walt to plunge this knife into Gus. *Is this a test? Gus giving him the opportunity for vengeance to see what he will do? Or is this some twisted show of trust?*

Walt has to know -- and asks a simple question. Carefully keeping his voice even, not sounding too suspicious:

WALT

Why did you invite me here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gus gets that Walt is wary. No sense pretending he doesn't. Doing his best to put him at ease, he gives Walt a faint -- yet somewhat warm -- smile.

GUS

We're working together... why not
break bread together?

Walt considers. Nods. *Sounds... legit.* Gus, still smiling:

GUS

Now... the garlic?

Walt again glances at the knife in his hand and the garlic before him. Off him slicing it thin, just as he was told:

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

An hour later. Over their jointly prepared meal (*which looks quite good, Gus is no slouch in the kitchen!*), Walt is still on-guard, but less so. He knows Gus is a master chess player. But is there a move here? And what is it?

While they eat...

GUS

It always amazes me... the way the
senses work in connection to
memory.

(re: his plate)

This stew is simply an amalgam of
ingredients. Taken separately,
these ingredients alone don't
remind me of anything. Not very
much at all. But in this precise
combination? The smell of this
meal..? Instantly, it brings me
back to my childhood. How is that
possible?

WALT

(almost sheepish)

Basically it all takes place in the
hippocampus. Neural connections
are formed. The senses make the
neurons express signals that go
right back to the same part of the
brain as before. Where memory is
stored. It's, um, something called
relational memory...

(then)

Don't quote me on that. I-I'm
rusty on my biology.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gus is pleased to finally have Walt part of the conversation.

GUS

That's very interesting.

He probably really means this. Walt nods... but he still can't be comfortable. *What the fuck is this meal about?!* Sensing his discomfort...

GUS

Walter. I would like to help you, if I could.

WALT

Help me how?

GUS

Well, when I first started out, I made a lot of mistakes. More than I care to admit. I wish I'd had someone to advise me. Because this life of ours... it can overwhelm.

(a beat)

You're a wealthy man now. And one must learn to be rich.

(smiles faintly)

To be poor? Anyone can manage.

Gus sips his wine. Walt studies him.

WALT

What advice do you have for me?

Gus considers. Then, nodding to himself, satisfied that he's come up with a good one, he declares:

GUS

Never make the same mistake twice.

Said simply... delivered in a totally casual, friendly manner... and yet what does it mean?

Walt nods. Fair enough. But he can't shake the idea that there's something more to this. That maybe it's a *warning*.

Off Walt and Gus, eating...

EXT. URBAN STREET - DAY

We don't know where we are at first. Just some shitty, lesser-traveled part of ABQ. No place familiar, far as we can see. Into this frame drives...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

... Jesse's TERCEL, slowing to a stop before us. Parking.

Jesse looks out past us through his windshield. He climbs out, taking his time, surveying the area. Then, he casually makes his way across the street.

At which point we REVERSE, revealing (at least for those viewers with a good memory for such things) the STREETCORNER on which poor Combo was murdered.

And there, in the distance, a young Hispanic kid hangs out, tooling around in slow, aimless circles on his BMX bike. Jesse walks toward him, not too fast, hands in his pockets.

We may recognize this kid from Ep. #211 as COMBO'S KILLER. A touch older, a little harder... this is TOMÁS, Andrea's little brother.

JESSE

Hey.

The kid eyes him, putting on his best *gangsta* airs.

TOMÁS

Wassup?

JESSE

You, uh, you Tomás?

(off his non-answer)

I heard you were the man.

TOMÁS

Yeah? What you want?

Jesse, playing a part, shoots a quick, nervous glance around the neighborhood, keeping his eyes peeled for cops.

JESSE

Um, crystal. You think you could hook me up?

Tomás looks him over. Finally:

TOMÁS

Three hundred.

JESSE

For a teenth? Shit, c'mon, yo.

TOMÁS

Three hundred.

Jesse looks around. *Ahh, fuck it.* He exposes a wad of BILLS from his pocket -- Tomás slows him with a hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Put that away, man! Jesse is clearly playing this as if he were a naive white guy buying drugs in the barrio.

Tomás now NODS to a distant, familiar CAR parked around a corner. Which noses into view. It slowly motors our way.

It pulls up alongside Jesse, who does his best to look nervous (alright, maybe it's not all an act). Inside the old muscle car are two familiar BULLETHEADS -- the dealers who ordered Tomás to kill Combo.

JESSE

Hey, 'sup.

One of the Bulletheads shuts him down with a LOOK. Then the thug gives a quick "hand it over" flick-flick of his fingers. Jesse nods, counts out two hundred and hands it over.

The guy takes it, counts, glances to Tomás... and then the two Bulletheads drive off. They round right back to their opposite corner, the one they were parked on originally. Jesse blinks -- *where's my dope, yo?!*

JESSE

Hey! Yo!

Jesse glances back at Tomás behind him... who unceremoniously shoves a TEENTH BAGGIE in Jesse's hand. This is the set-up, apparently: the two Bulletheads hold the money while the underage kid holds the METH. If he gets busted, he's only a minor, while the two hardass creeps in the car likely skate.

His purchase gripped in hand, Jesse hesitates, staring down at young Tomás. The kid frowns up at him.

TOMAS

Bounce.

Jesse does as he's told -- for the moment. He turns and walks back toward his parked Tercel.

We PULL Jesse along, letting Tomás recede deeper and deeper into b.g. As we stay here on Jesse, Steadicamming him along...

... His expression DARKENS. To a cold place we've never quite seen before. As we desperately wonder what our Jesse is thinking... and planning...

THE END