

BREAKING BAD

"RESURRECTION"

by Phoebe Eaton (excerpt; request the rest!)

PREVIOUSLY ON *BREAKING BAD*:

WALT quits his job as science teacher to cook crystal meth full-time. His cancer in remission, Walt now presides over a superlab concealed underground inside an industrial laundry. His new employer is GUS FRING, a cerebral kingpin who discreetly runs the "Los Pollos Hermanos" fast-food chain as a cover.

This sweet arrangement soon sours: After Walt kills two of Gus's street dealers in an effort to protect his assistant JESSE, Gus secretly resolves to kill both Walt and Jesse and replace Walt with GALE, an effete science geek schooled in Walt's methods. Gus has Walt kidnapped but Jesse buys Walt time when he emerges from hiding and reluctantly kills Gale to preserve the status quo.

After a devastating incident in which the Mexican cartel gravely injures Walt's DEA-agent brother-in-law HANK, Walt considers buying a car wash at the suggestion of his estranged bookkeeper wife SKYLER. The idea is to launder Walt's drug money and pay Hank's rocketing medical bills. As season three wraps, Gus's north-of-the-border meth operation has managed to win its independence from one Mexican cartel family. But that doesn't mean competing families aren't looking to muscle in.

TEASER

EXT. BORDER DESERT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A train of PACK MULES led by TWO MEXICANS clip-clops through New Mexico's Hidalgo County boot heel. A SHOT RINGS OUT. The last mule in the line goes down. The others are hawing, PANIC-STRICKEN but anchored in place by their now dead caboose. TWO MORE SHOTS tear the night air, and the escorts TUMBLE FROM THEIR MOUNTS. On a nearby ridge, a man pulls night-vision goggles from his face. It is MIKE, henchman to Gus, superlab owner and Walter White's erstwhile employer.

Mike SCRAMBLES DOWN through the brush. But now, one of the Mexicans stirs. Pulling a bowie knife from his boot, the Mexican crawls over to the dead mule and HACKS IT from the line. As the freed mules bolt, the Mexican THROWS HIS KNIFE, which finds its mark in Mike's shoulder. STUNNED, Mike yanks the knife out and drops it. Now on top of the panting, scared Mexican, Mike effortfully raises his AR-15 and...BLAM!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BORDER DESERT - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

The sun rises and as the sky turns up its volume, the mules come into view, ambling unaccompanied across the horizon.

EXT. RANCH - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

The mules jog into a ranch where TWO NATIVE-AMERICAN RANCH HANDS shut a gate behind them. The men remove the packs and toss bags of crystal meth pulled from coffee grounds into a pile. As the mules feed, the men grind the crystal into spoons, adding water and cotton. After heating the spoons over a fire, they fill two syringes, tapping them to pop air bubbles. Looks like they're about to shoot up. But no.

RANCH HAND 1
(injecting one mule's bum)
Lovin' that chrissy aren't you boy?

RANCH HAND 2
Dumb animal.

Ranch hand 1 slaps the mule's ass, and it bolts away. Next!

RANCH HAND 1
Best GPS on the planet.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. LAW OFFICES OF SAUL GOODMAN - DAY

CLOSE ON a rubber band being snapped. We PULL BACK to reveal SAUL nervously snapping. WALTER WHITE is seated on his couch.

WALT
Might you stop doing that?

SAUL
What?

WALT
That. It's making me tense.

SAUL
That's the sound of a problem about to explode out of the lymph nodes. An insensitive choice of words, perhaps. But not untrue.

WALT
So we are in agreement.

SAUL
Listen, you're jumping the gun here. As it were.

WALT
You don't think Witness Protection is a viable option? This guy is a cold-blooded murderer.

SAUL
Well duh. He doesn't drive an ice-cream truck. He sells drugs.

WALT
I need to protect my family.

SAUL
So changing your name to Johnny Doe and moving everybody into a teepee in the woods somewhere is what you deem a solution.

WALT
I read they sometimes let you keep the money and property normally subject to government forfeiture -- you know, if you're a first-time, non-violent offender.

SAUL

Better hope nobody presents any compelling evidence otherwise.

Walt sits there in guilty silence, looking sheepish.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Look, maybe you could nail our mutual associate in court as a so-called kingpin. And maybe you could hang onto your house and some of the cash. You'll need it to pay me, of course -- before you're chauffeured off to some country-club prison.

WALT

After which I'd join my family in, I don't know, Idaho?

SAUL

Only if your delicate medical condition doesn't hijack the plane first. Look, I don't even want to know what happened to that lab rat who was sharing your cage over there at Ice Station Zebra -- any more than what I saw on the news this morning. I'm not your parish priest. But! The Mexicans had it right 500 years ago: A human sacrifice every once in a while shows you mean business, restores respect. Your leverage with El Boss Man just shot through the ceiling.

WALT

For the next five minutes, maybe.

BZZZZZ -- Walt's pocket buzzes and then beeps. He pulls out his phone and checks the readout.

SAUL (V.O.)

Sure. He's got those onerous production quotas to maintain --

Walt's POV of the phone -- the tiny screen reads "POLLOS."

SAUL

-- I bet his Mexy competitors are already rock-climbing his colon.

WALT

Third text in an hour.

SAUL
Your ex wants you back.

WALT
This is what I imagine being
electrocuted feels like.

SAUL
Listen, you should be demanding a
raise.

WALT
Have you heard anything I've said?

SAUL
Every pants-pissing word.

WALT
The other night he wanted me dead.

SAUL
That was before this, you know,
terrible tragedy befell your co-
worker. And now there's nobody down
there in the salt mines. Go back to
the salt mines, Walt, without
incident, and -- hello, hello -- in
time he will forget all about Jesse
Pinkman. Who needs to disappear and
stay disappeared.

WALT
(pause)
Okay. I'll meet with him.

SAUL
Great.

WALT
But on my terms. On my, you know,
turf.

SAUL
I'll transmit the message.

WALT
And I want that car wash. Whatever
it costs. Let's pull that trigger.

SAUL

As your counsel, I must caution you against jumping into bed on that particular project with your estranged wife. Woman needs a tranquilizer dart.

WALT

Skyler's just about the only person in this world I trust right now.

SAUL

She still jimmyjammin' that boss of hers?

WALT

We had a rough patch there. But I am in control of the situation.

SAUL

If there's one thing I've learned, you can never control somebody very very smart. Or very stupid --

EXT. LUXURY REHAB - THE ONION BUILDING - DAY - ESTABLISHING

JESSE (V.O.)

Yo man, you duckin' me?

INT. LUXURY REHAB - JESSE'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

JESSE is in green patient-wear, curled up in a fetal ball on his twin bed pushed up against the door. The curtains are drawn. His eyes betray a consuming misery. He's on his cell.

JESSE

Where you been? I'm buggin' out here.

WALT (O.S.)

I've been thinking Jesse. Just... thinking.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WALT'S AZTEK - WHITE HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

Walt is parked in his driveway, talking on his cell.

JESSE (O.S.)

Yeah well, I've been thinking, too. Check it, everybody out there thinks Gus is some great guy. Like some red-beans-and-rice Colonel Sanders. Be a walk in the cake to dime out that crazy uptight prick. Watch them haul that sonofabitch out of the Rotary Club in cuffs.

WALT

Now wait just a minute. Don't even think that's some kind of option. Our prints are all over that lab.

There's a knock at Jesse's door. He flinches.

NURSE (O.S.)

Jesse? You're going to be late for group.

JESSE

(through door)

Coming! Christ.

(beat)

You're gonna have to waste him Mr. White. You know that, right?

(pause)

He'll never, ever trust you. Not after the other night. What happened...what I --

WALT

Quiet, now --

JESSE

-- it only delayed what's coming. You comprehending?

WALT

And how do you propose I quote-unquote waste him? Huh? Go ahead. I'm listening. Now that I suppose you're some kind of expert.

JESSE

Oh, and you're welcome! You're sooo freakin' welcome! That was a one-off, yo. I saved your pale pink ass! And for what? I can't even go out for smokes without it being target-practice sitting-duck time. I'm the one being hunted like a fucking animal.

WALT

And I say I'm working on it --

JESSE

You know where he lives. You had that gay little dinner together.

WALT

Yeah. So?

JESSE

Toss his salad good this time. You could, like, blow up his car.

WALT

(sarcastically)

So you're suggesting, what? I detonate a car bomb with, I don't know, a garage-door opener? Think that'd do the trick? After all, it's just circuits and wires and switches talking to each other, right?

JESSE

Yeah. Wow!

(beat)

You for-realing?

WALT

You seem to think science has a solution for everything --

JESSE

-- Uh, yeah!

WALT

(checking his rear-view)

-- while blithely ignoring the fact that a ruthless drug lord is monitoring my every bowel movement.

JESSE

Look, all I want is the rest of my share. \$1.5 million. For services rendered. All right? Then I'm outta here so fast it's ridiculous.

WALT

And then what Jesse? Where to then?

JESSE

I'm thinking I could be like a whaddy call it. An herbalist.

(MORE)

JESSE (CONT'D)

Out West. Buy a farm. Grow medical
maryjane where there's no tweaker
scumbags waving guns in my face.
Like being a doctor. Helping
people. Nice. And calm. And mellow.
In a, you know, growth industry.

WALT

Look, just try to hang on there.
Okay? Don't do anything rash. Use
this time to decompress.

JESSE

(pause)

When you gonna go see him?

(beat)

Mr. White?

Walter doesn't say anything and snaps his phone shut. Jesse
snaps his shut, looking *in extremis*.

EXT. BORDER DESERT - DAY

The sun hangs over the carcass of a mule buzzing with flies.
UP-ANGLE - GOMEZ looms into view like a shimmying mirage.

GOMEZ

Jeez. Somebody call the ASPCA.

Gomez is here with fellow DEA agent FRANK WHITESIDE, 20s, as
green as they come and no substitute for Gomez's partner Hank
who is out on disability. They're joined by TWO POLICEMEN
investigating a pair of dead Mexicans and their hapless mule.

POLICEMAN 1

Been lying out on the beach here a
couple days now.

(squatting by body No. 1)

This'un caught it in the back.

WHITESIDE

We looking at rival gang action?

GOMEZ

We're not out here checking
passports, bro'.

(to body No. 2)

Now this was one determined *hombre*.
Blood trail tells the story.

POLICEMAN 2
(waving the frayed cord)
Reckon he cut her loose from the
others.

WHITESIDE
Then it was run Bambi run.

GOMEZ
Somebody found out this midnight
train was rolling.

POLICEMAN 2
Shooter was plenty p.o'd. Got right
up in his face.

GOMEZ
What's left of it. Rest of this
rodeo could be anywhere by now.

A K-9 drags his handler to the mule's saddle, yipping wildly.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)
Dog's got an opinion. Meth
probably.

Gomez and Whiteside start back to the car.

POLICEMAN 1
Took an injun down a few days ago.
Running Mexican ice outta one of
them blackjack tables over there at
the Dancing Eagle.

WHITESIDE
Cartel's awake again.

Gomez and Whiteside get in the car. Gomez turns the ignition.

GOMEZ
Yeah, looks like the home team's
declared war on the visitors.

EXT. MEXICAN COUNTRYSIDE - SUPERLAB - MORNING

CESAR, a guard with an M-16 rifle on his shoulder, and JORGE, uncomfotably suited up and smoking a cigar, stand outside a cinderblock barn. Cesar keys a giant padlock, and chains drop to the dirt as he slides the boxcar-like door open.

INT. SUPERLAB - MORNING

Just inside the door is a candled shrine to Jesus Malverde, Mexico's mustachioed narco-saint, strewn with plastic flowers and pesos. EIGHT MEXICANS are cooking methamphetamine in primitive conditions. On one long table is a row of 22-liter globe-shaped flasks connected by orange umbilical hoses. The workers are making busy, juggling tanks of hydrogen chloride and freon and jugs of solvent between industrial-plastic barrels. Tension is palpable as the overseers walk the line.

CESAR

So I says to the doctor, "Doctor, I think I caught something in my dick...."

Everything said is in SPANISH, SUBTITLED. Jorge grunts.

CESAR (CONT'D)

...and he says, "You mean, like a butterfly?"

(laughing darkly)

"Okay, so who you screwing?" he asks me.

JORGE

Listen Cesar, you gonna show me the product? Or what?

Cesar slips off his rifle and hands it to Jorge.

JORGE (CONT'D)

So you got me wondering. Who are you screwing these days?

Cesar turns his back and bends down to grab several packs of meth out of a box on the floor.

CESAR

Hector's youngest. Lupita. "Then you definitely got something," says the doctor.

Cesar's laughter rasps to a full-stop when he feels the tip of the rifle nosing his back. The BAGS DROP to the floor one by one. The room quiets except for the bubbling flasks.

JORGE

Hector's daughter isn't the only one you been screwing.

CESAR

What's she to you? Little whore.

Jorge GRINDS HIS LIT CIGAR into Cesar's neck as he brings him to his knees, WHIMPERING. Now we see the STIGMATA tattooed to the backs of Jorge's hands and also inside his palms.

JORGE

*What you are stealing from Don
Alonso is strictly for export. Let
the gringos pollute their brains
with crystal. Not our people.*

Tossing his cigar, Jorge knees Cesar flat to the ground and KICKS HIS ARMS OPEN on both sides, like a crucifixion.

CESAR

I shit on this vigilante justice.

JORGE

*Remember Christ promised the thief
on the cross next to his they would
meet again in Paradise.*

Jorge SHOOTS Cesar once in each hand. Cesar HOWLS IN PAIN. Jorge TOSSES THE RIFLE to the nearest lab worker.

JORGE (CONT'D)

(to the worker)

You. Take care of him.

LAB WORKER

Me, boss?

Jorge walks at a leisurely pace to the door.

JORGE

*So the others will see you have big
clanking balls.*

Peeling some bills off a roll, he casually tosses them at the Jesus Malverde statue -- as if leaving a tip at a restaurant.

JORGE (CONT'D)

*They must learn to show their new
guard respect. Tell your woman you
got a promotion today.*

EXT. SUPERLAB - MORNING

Jorge SLAMS THE DOOR shut and dusts off his suit. He hears THREE MUFFLED GUNSHOTS inside and casually strolls away.

INT. DON ALONSO'S BEDROOM - MORNING- TEN MINUTES LATER

DON ALONSO, 70s, is having coffee on a Spanish colonial bed in a bathrobe, cowboy hat, and shades, a TV remote clenched in his fist. Kinky black-velvet portraits of his hellcat wife glare down from the walls. There's a knock. Jorge enters.

DON ALONSO
Why are you in a suit?

Everything said is in SPANISH, SUBTITLED.

JORGE
Respect for the dead.

DON ALONSO
(chuckling aridly)
You won't need that where you're going.

JORGE
Where's that, boss?

Don Alonso returns his attention to the TV, hiking the sound.

DON ALONSO
(savoring each syllable)
Albuquerque.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. I-40 WEST - DAY

A chicken-logo'd Los Pollos Hermanos truck speeds by.

INT. LOS POLLOS HERMANOS TRUCK - I-40 WEST - DAY

Over the DRIVER's shoulder, the sign "Albuquerque 65" whizzes by. We see A GANG OF LEATHER-JACKET BIKERS passing the truck on the left. They recede into the distance, then vanish.

EXT. I-40 WEST - DAY - MINUTES LATER

The truck slows to a wiped-out motorcycle whose RIDER appears unconscious, starfished in the road. The trucker exits his vehicle to check on the biker. Suddenly -- BLAM! -- the biker SHOOTs the trucker in the chest. The trucker lands sprawled in the street. After autographing the hit with a SINGLE SHOT to each of the trucker's hands, the biker removes his helmet to reveal: Jorge. Jorge climbs in the truck and drives away.

INT. LAW OFFICES OF SAUL GOODMAN - DAY

CLOSE ON a man's hand grabbing a bottle of Scope out of a drawer and plunking it down on a desk. We PULL BACK to reveal SAUL gargling, then spitting mouthwash into his wastepaper basket. He calls his secretary on the intercom.

SAUL

Send her in.

SKYLER tentatively enters Saul's overwrought, paneled office.

SAUL (CONT'D)

(into headset)

You can always say on the stand you forgot.

(into headset)

You did suffer a grave brain injury.

Saul motions for her to sit as he pretends to be on his Bluetooth headset as some power play. Skyler's eyes drift to an award on the desk from The Personal Injury Lawyers Association, New Mexico Chapter. Lady Justice leaning on a crutch, engraved "Judgment of the Year/\$1.1 Million."

SAUL (CONT'D)

(into headset)

Look, they try offering a couple mill? I'm gonna tell them to go beat their baloney.

(into headset)

Because we can get three-five, that's why. They don't want those photographs going to a jury, believe you me. Catch you later.

Saul clicks off.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Well well well. Hello Mrs. White. It's still Mrs. White, isn't it?

SKYLER

Until further notice.

SAUL

Divorce court can wait. May I call you Skyler? Now that we're working together? I can confirm the Velvet Touch car wash is yours -- if the price is right.

SKYLER

The car wash was always the more plausible option for our needs.

SAUL

And Eyebrows the owner -- what's his name...

SKYLER

Bogdan.

SAUL

Bogdan. Turns out he's a man highly motivated to sell.

Saul picks up some papers, vainly holding a pair of reading glasses to his eyes without putting them on.

SAUL (CONT'D)

The facility is located at Albuquerque's seventh busiest intersection --

SKYLER

Easy to forget some actual clean money's coming in, too.

SAUL

-- 5,000-plus cars a month at approximately \$10 per, depending on how many people fall for the Armor All. Mainly cash. Revenue's \$637,000. Annual taxes \$62,000. Six-year-old Tommy system. Owner throws in two weeks' training.

SKYLER

May I...?

Saul hands over the document.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

(scanning)

Bada-bada-bada...priced to move at \$1.45 mill? Whoaaa. Yikes.

SAUL

Or we do a paper-bag deal.

SKYLER

Come again?

SAUL

Bogdan writes a contract for \$725,000, receives the balance, in cash, under the table of course.

SKYLER

Not loving the sound of that.

SAUL

Your husband pays me a percentage to think outside the box --

SKYLER

But under the table is where you do your best work.

SAUL

Sellers are as greedy as anyone else. I write a check to his attorney directly from escrow. Eyebrows saves on his taxes. Nothing's reported. No one's ever gonna know.

SKYLER

I know I would be more comfortable if what we do at the car wash totals one less count when the indictment's handed down.

SAUL

Yeah, I'd say the odds here are sixty-forty.

SKYLER

Sixty-forty in favor of what?

SAUL

You and me. Hitting it off. Being pals. Buds.

SKYLER

Before I forget, I've been doing a little informal research. Auditors examine the water usage at car washes. So we set the Tommy system to run through the night. We do 200 cars a day but bring the bank receipts for 3 --

SAUL

I can see why you were such a valued employee over there at Beneke Fabricators, Sky.

SKYLER

Excuse me?

SAUL

I bet Ted Beneke took it hard when you left. Real hard.

SKYLER

Mr. Goodman. Now that we're working together?

Skyler grabs her handbag and stands in preparation to leave.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

You're just the guy with the broom walking behind a parade of elephants right now. You might want to be a little more careful.

(beat)

Bud.

INT. LUXURY REHAB - THE ONION - DAY

Jesse is seated in a circle of ten, a listener, not a talker.

GROUP LEADER

Getting back to this notion of self-determination, you need to be who you were born to be. Who says you have to be the person you have allowed yourself to become? Don't let life and the world call your shots. That's not who you are. That's not who any of us are. Yvonne, you're giving me a look. Yes? No? Am I on thin ice here?

YVONNE, a still attractive MILF, looks like she's been rode hard and put away wet. Tattoos tell her biker-chick history.

YVONNE

People like you think it's so easy.

GROUP LEADER

We only know our own truths. Go ahead. Tell us. What's yours?

YVONNE

Look, most of us are only gonna leave here and go back to our busted-ass lives. Husbands who hit first, ask questions later. Kids who can't stay outta trouble. Nobody can just get into a rocket ship and fly to Mars or something.

Jesse is shaken out of catatonia by the debate.

GROUP LEADER

When you forgive yourself your mistakes, how to move on will present itself. Each of us makes our own path.

YVONNE

What if every path leads straight into a telephone pole?

EXT. LUXURY REHAB - DAY - LATER

Jesse and Yvonne exit the building for a smoking break.

JESSE

Hey. Light?
(lighting her cigarette)
Dude! Never seen anyone mess with fearless leader's head like that.

YVONNE
Only five more days to freedom --

JESSE
Lucky you. Right?

YVONNE
I just o.d.'d on the fortune-cookie
bullcrap. Still. Rehab beats the
hell out of the alternatives.

JESSE
'Least you got alternatives.

YVONNE
What do you, live here or
something?

JESSE
It's a, uh, situation.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a bottle of champagne popping and foaming.

SKYLER (V.O.)
So this is the surprise?

We PULL BACK to reveal Walt doing the honors.

WALT
Think Dom Perignon woke the baby?

SKYLER
We'll know soon enough.

She pick up the baby monitor and listens. Hears nothing.

SKYLER (CONT'D)
I just hope we haven't made the
biggest mistake of our lives.

Walt meets and holds her gaze.

WALT
What time is Walter Junior back
from the movies?

Walt walks over with two glasses, handing her one as he
envelops her from behind, nuzzling her neck. Skyler giggles.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING AFTER

Walt is eating cereal and reading the paper, a cat who swallowed a canary. WALTER JR. is jubilant at the sight of his estranged parents reunited by an obvious sleep-over. Skyler enters in a bathrobe, looking vaguely embarrassed.

WALT

There's eggs in the skillet. And fresh-brewed coffee.

SKYLER

Oh. Uh. Thanks.

WALTER JR.

So Dad told me you guys bought the car wash.

SKYLER

Sure did.

WALT

Feels good, being your own boss. What you get out exactly reflects what you put in.

SKYLER

Oh, really. That how it works?

Their eyes meet, given the shell game they're about to run.

WALT

First law of thermodynamics.

WALTER JR.

I was thinking. How cool would it be if I worked there after school?

Skyler glances at Walt as she sits down with her plate.

SKYLER

Honey I don't think that's such a good idea.

WALTER JR.

I need an extra-curricular for college applications. Not like I'm quarterback of the football team.

SKYLER

Can we talk about this later?

WALT JR.

Why not now?

SKYLER

I haven't had my coffee yet. I have no peripheral vision.

WALT JR.

But it's a no-brainer --

SKYLER

We need you concentrating on your studies. Right Walt?

WALT

Your mother's right. You've got college boards coming up. That's way more important than baby-sitting a cash register.

WALTER JR.

You did it for four years --

WALT

My worst nightmare is you standing behind there. Not happening.

INT. SCHRADER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Chinese takeout being pulled from a bag and arrayed on a coffee table. We PULL BACK to reveal HANK enthroned on a leatherette La-Z-Boy recliner in sock feet. There's a folded wheelchair propped against one wall. Hank opens a container and attacks the lo mein with a fork.

HANK

What's with everybody? Showing up with casseroles. Hams. Lo mein. Like there's a wake going on here. Didn't eat the gun yet, people.

Walt, Skyler, and MARIE are on the couch using chopsticks to eat from plates balanced on laps. Walt Jr. is in an armchair, crutches off to one side, eating at a folding TV table.

WALT

Good to see you out of bed, looking like a civilian --

HANK

Action's better downstairs, buddy.

MARIE

Walt, Sky, tell Hank the big news.

HANK

Big is such a relative term where relatives are concerned.

WALT

Well, uh. The Small Business Administration set up a table outside the Costco on account of the air disaster. With the object of stimulating recovery in local business and so forth --

SKYLER

Between a loan from the government and money from home equity credit lines and our 401Ks, we've been able to buy the car wash where Walt used to work.

HANK

Boy you're really rolling the dice.

SKYLER

We got a good price. We lucked out with a highly motivated seller.

WALT

The owner decided that body parts raining from the heavens was some kind of sign Armageddon was nigh.

HANK

Had a feeling my Einstein brother-in-law was up to something --

Walt is now rattled. Why would Hank say that?

MARIE

Just grabbing his share of the American Dream....

(then)

Who would have guessed the dream was running a car wash?

SKYLER

Marie! Car washes are a great business. Super-lucrative.

WALT JR.

If it's such a great business, why can't I work there?

MARIE

Because Mom and Dad don't even want you to think about working in a car wash when you grow up.

SKYLER

Jesus, Marie.

MARIE

Well it's the truth.

HANK

Junior here wants to stop playing with Barbie, punch the clock like the grown-ups --

WALT JR.

Oh bite me --

HANK

Bite this you little jerktard.

Hank simulates a blowjob with his fist and tongue in cheek.

MARIE & SKYLER

Hank!

HANK

Oh what's the big deal? Let him earn his allowance.

WALT

Let's see him ace his SATs first.

HANK

I worked at my old man's hardware store. You know you're bored when you sit around hoping some shoplifters show up.

SKYLER

Hey, before I forget --

Skyler gets up and hands off a shopping bag to Marie.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

Wish I had one of these when Walter Jr. was born. It's a lifesaver.

Marie pulls out a Fisher-Price Mom Response Baby Monitor.

MARIE

Sky, this is utterly fabulous. Hank can stop shouting like we're on an oil rig every time he needs me.

HANK

Lemme see that.

(seeing it)

Jesus what's next? A diaper bag? We don't need that around here. Back to Wal-mart it goes. Asap.

Hank sets his Chinese food down on the TV table to his left. The container tips over, and the fork hurtles to the carpet.

HANK (CONT'D)

Dammit to hell. Goddamn cocksucking...

UP-ANGLE - as seen from the carpet, Hank staring intently at the fork in the foreground. Then: Walt Jr. grabs one of his own crutches to drag the fork over his way.

HANK (CONT'D)

No, leave it. Marie! Get the fork.

WALT JR.

Who caaaares? It's just a fork --

HANK

I want Marie to do it.

MARIE

How about, Marie doesn't want to do it? Marie. Is not. The cleaning lady.

Marie puts down her white wine and storms out of the room.

HANK

Okay. Suit yourself.

(then)

I didn't want to say anything. But she's been hard to read ever since I got laid up.

INT. VELVET TOUCH CAR WASH - DAY

A Volvo V70 station wagon pulls into the entry port at the car wash. At the wheel, in profile, is GUS, owner of the superlab and Walt's most recent employer, who three weeks earlier ordered Walt's murder. Gus coolly turns his head and his eyes meet Walt's.

Walt is standing behind the glass wall that allows owners to monitor their car's progress through the wash. His hands are shoved deep in his jacket pockets -- that a gun he's packing?

Skyler steps out of the office into the passageway, catching sight of her husband through the glass just as he looks both ways before climbing into the back seat of a mystery car now pulling onto the conveyor belt. What's Walt doing out there?

INT. GUS'S VOLVO - DAY

WALT

Hands on the wheel.

We only see Gus from Walt's perspective, the back of Gus's head, the reflection of his eyes in the rear-view mirror.

GUS

A dramatic statement would hardly be advisable --

WALT

You mean, given you owe me money.

GUS

As I recall, we were almost square.

WALT

Price went up.

GUS

Really?

WALT

Instead of the \$3 million, you now owe me six. Call it severance. Call it whatever the hell you want. But it's a reasonable request, given the inarguably wrongful circumstances of my termination.

GUS

Precisely what I'm here to discuss.

WALT

What's to discuss?

GUS

Your replacement didn't work out. Thanks to you and your partner --

WALT

That's putting it mildly.

GUS
 -- Not that I'm looking to
 apportion blame.

WALT
 (sarcastic)
 No, that's not your style. My
 replacement was simply in the wrong
 business.

INT. VELVET TOUCH CAR WASH - GLASS PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Skyler tries to see what's going on as the Volvo is buffed by brushes and mitters. VICTOR, Gus's other henchman, steps into the passageway, ready to grab Skyler should things get out of hand. Victor nods at Skyler; she smiles obliviously back.

GUS (V.O.)
 But you're in the right business?

WALT (V.O.)
 I manage.

INT. GUS'S VOLVO - DAY

GUS
 Some of us, Walter, we wake up one
 day and realize it's only when
 we're dodging cars we feel alive.

WALT
 No. Not me. I don't have to almost
 die to feel alive.

GUS
 What if I offered you a percentage
 of the gross?

WALT
 You are quite possibly out of your
 fucking mind.

GUS
 You could have been the chairman of
 General Motors, right? You had the
 skills, the raw brain power. And
 now here you are. Running a car
 wash. Think about it, Walter.

EXT. VELVET TOUCH CAR WASH - DAY

The conveyor belt spits the Volvo out into daylight.

GUS (V.O.)
No is not an answer.

INT. GUS'S VOLVO - DAY

Spotting Victor behind his wife, Walt jumps out in a panic.

EXT. VELVET TOUCH CAR WASH - DAY

Victor calmly gets into Gus's car, which speeds away.

INT. VELVET TOUCH CAR WASH - GLASS PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Walt walks back in to see Skyler, arms folded, her back to the glass. She follows Walt to the office as he takes off his jacket and commences filing, avoiding eye contact. BOGDAN the owner is here training the couple to take over the operation.

SKYLER
Wasn't that the chicken guy,
whatshisname?

WALT
Gustavo Fring.

SKYLER
That was fast.

BOGDAN
No tire wax or seat shampoo or
nothing for him --

WALT
His kid had a soccer game.

SKYLER
Uh-huh.

WALT
He's thinking of maybe doing some
kind of benefit for Hank. You know
what a booster he is for the DEA.

SKYLER
Odd he comes to you and not Marie.

WALT
Well, I, he's South-American.
Chilean. It's a, you know, cultural
preference.

Skyler's antennae prick up. Walt is lying. Question is why?
Walt comes up behind her and puts his hand on her back.

WALT (CONT'D)
 Latin men prefer to deal with other
 men. A little runaway machismo
 shouldn't poison a worthy cause.

Skyler flashes him a tight smile and moves beyond his grasp.

INT. LUXURY REHAB - OFFICE - THE ONION - DAY

There's a knock, and Jesse lets himself in. He offers a fist to Group Leader at his desk that is hesitantly returned.

JESSE
 (as knuckles meet)
 Respect.

GROUP LEADER
 Sit down, Jesse.
 (then)
 So here you are, back in the house.
 As they say. Let me ask you a
 question. Why?

JESSE
 Why is anybody here? I'm getting
 better, yo. Sober living rules!

GROUP LEADER
 The nurses say you barricade
 yourself in your room. In the dark.

JESSE
 The paranoia, man. It sneaks up on
 you like that.

GROUP LEADER
 Look, I've seen your urine
 profiles.

JESSE
 Yeah?

GROUP LEADER
 Yeah. And you're clean.

JESSE
 The piss don't lie. I'm a poster
 child for the program!

GROUP LEADER
 Jesse, whatever's going on...you
 can't hide here.

JESSE

Hey, like, I don't know what you're talking about.

GROUP LEADER

No? This is a safe zone. We can't jeopardize the therapeutic environment for the others.

JESSE

Hate to break it to you, but your paying customers? Are a bunch of dope addicts, okay? They're afraid of me? Yo, I'm afraid of them!

EXT. LUXURY REHAB - LATE AFTERNOON

Jesse is sitting on the ground out front by the plate-glass entrance door, jacket in hand, his head buried in his lap, having an *Oh Shit* moment. Expelled from rehab. Where's he gonna go? A motorcycle roars up. A helmet comes off: Yvonne.

YVONNE

Need a ride?

JESSE

Just don't be crashing into any telephone poles, a'ight?

They don helmets. Jesse climbs on the back and they take off.

EXT. BANDIDOS CLUBHOUSE - DAY - LATER

Yvonne unlocks the door to a big beater house with maybe fifteen motorcycles parked outside. A wood-carved sign reads: "Two pit bulls and some guns live here."

INT. BANDIDOS CLUBHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The dogs as advertised gallop up to Yvonne, then circle Jesse growling. JERRY and WACK, grizzled bikers, are watching TV. There are arcade games, a pool table. Every surface wears a topcoat of miscellaneous junk and drug paraphernalia.

JERRY

Hey baby! --

JESSE

(whispering)
You sure this is cool?

Jerry laboriously gets to his feet and picks up speed as he closes in like some bear at Yosemite, dodging the dogs.

JERRY

Madison! Louisa! Bitches are always
in the way.

Jerry picks up giggling Yvonne by the crotch and mauls her.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Daddy's gonna commit a felonious
assault on Mommy's person. And
Mommy's gonna like it --

Wack ambles over. Jerry puts Yvonne down and her giggling tapers off as she surveys the mess.

YVONNE

This property oughta be condemned.
Jerry, this is Jesse. From rehab.

JESSE

Yeah, uh, hi. This a bad time? --

JERRY

(to Wack)
Wanna run him through the
metal
detector?

JESSE

-- Cause I could, y'know...

Wack throws Jesse up against a wall to frisk him. It's a surprise to all when he finds a gun and tosses it to Jerry.

JERRY

You on crack, bringing this here?

JESSE

Obviously I didn't know here was
going to be, you know, here.

Jerry empties the barrel of bullets, then smashes Jesse in the jaw with his gun. Jesse lands in a heap on the floor.

JERRY

Yvonne, when you gonna stop coming
home with strays like some little
bag whore?

YVONNE

I didn't know he had a piece, okay?

JERRY

Things get lonely there in rehab?
You spread your legs for this guy?

YVONNE

A corn dog's a better lay than you,
Jerry --

JESSE

Man, she's just, she's just messing
with you.

JERRY

This isn't the Angels, scumball.
(slugging Jesse)
My old lady don't get passed around
like a bag of Doritos.

YVONNE

Oh lay off. He's just a kid.

JERRY

Dump his ass later. After we eat.

Yvonne shoots Jesse a look like she's trying her damndest.

YVONNE

Take him to the garage maybe?

WACK

Garage is no vacancy.

YVONNE

Since when?

JERRY

Toldja. One of the cholos jacked a
truck. Toxic dump in there.

JESSE

Wait up, yo. You got chemicals?

WACK

What's it to ya, punk?

JESSE

Anything worthwhile out there? You
heard me, man.

WACK

As per a second ago...
(kicking Jesse)
...what's it to ya?

JESSE

Methyl phenylacetate? Acetic
anhydride? Or maybe some good old
acetic acid?

JERRY

You picked this dude up in rehab?

YVONNE

I didn't pick him up, asshole.

JESSE

Yo, you got the right stuff and
I'll cook you the purest primo tina
ever seen in this zip code.

YVONNE

Butthead and Butthead might just
change their minds about you.

JERRY

Shut up Yvonne.

Jerry pulls Yvonne over his way for a tense sidebar.

JERRY (CONT'D)

So what if Jesse from rehab is
really Jesse from the DEA?

YVONNE

Would you listen to your own
fuckin' eyeballs? He's just some
rich stoner kid looking for shits
and grins. He's harmless.

INT. BANDIDOS CLUBHOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Illuminated by a pair of bare bulbs, Jerry, Wack, Yvonne, and
Jesse are surrounded by wall-to-wall crates stamped "Los
Pollos Hermanos." Jesse looks like he's seen a ghost.

JESSE

So we all gonna stand here till our
pubes turn gray?

Wack attacks a crate with a crowbar. CLOSE ON Jesse. As we
hear Wack whacking away, all we see is the grin open on
Jesse's face as what we already know to be drums of chemicals
from Gus Fring's Pollos Hermanos operation reveal themselves.

END ACT TWO