

TEASER

INT. WINNEBAGO - MORNING

We hear the sounds of boilers and burners rattling all around us as we are CLOSE on a pot of something vigorously boiling. We go around the cramped RV, following the tubing and glass ware as the symphony of meth cooking goes on all around us. Before the sound of it all slowly fades out and we finally see Walt. He is slack jawed, staring blankly ahead. Hand in the middle of some part of the cooking procedure, some bit of liquid dripping out of whatever he is holding. Frozen, except for the slight shake to his hand.

The sound of everything around him fades back in and increases in intensity as some flask is screaming as it starts to boil over. Jesse walks in with a smack of the flimsy sheet metal door.

JESSE

Ey? Mr. White? How's it going in here?

Jesse takes a lazy look around before going a bit wide eyed and pointing at the flask.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Uh, I know I ain't the expert here  
Mr. White. But, I don't think that  
is s'posed to be happening.

Walter slowly turns from what he is doing to look at Jesse, only snapping out of it and coming back from whatever state he was in after a few moments. Walt springs into action.

WALT

Shit!

Walt quickly goes to turn off the heat, but the flask continues to boil over. We see him make a quick glance to the left before having a double take as he notices other flasks doing the same thing. He rushes around the room, turning off burners. Jesse goes from just standing confused and trying to stay out of Walt's way to trying to stuff some towels into the spouts of beakers. He is trying his best. But it is too late for just that to stop it. He goes to pour some smaller beaker into it, but he only gets a little in before he drops it.

WALT (CONT'D)

Get me the diluted lithium!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSE  
The... What?

WALT  
The blue plast-

Walt turns to see Jesse's confused expression as he stuffs beakers that continue to overflow.

WALT (CONT'D)  
(Growling)  
Just get out of the way!

He roughly pushes Jesse aside as he grabs a blue plastic tub and quickly pours some of it down the spout. It starts to go back to normal and Walt allows the briefest moment to breath a sigh of relief before he moves to the next flask. HE pulls out the cloth stuff in it by Jesse and takes a look at it before scowling and tossing it aside. He just starts to pour more in before he hears a crack. He looks down to see a tiny white break has formed on the glass. It stays for a brief moment before spidering outward with a series of pops. Getting louder as it expands.

WALT (CONT'D)  
(Almost inaudible over all  
the sounds going on)  
Get down!

Walt ducks below the counter to the floor. Before peeking up as he realizes that Jesse has not moved.

JESSE  
What!?

WALT  
(Slightly clearer)  
Now!

Walt jumps up from the floor before grabbing Jesse by the hoody and indelicately pulls him to the ground as we cut on the sound of shattering glass.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - DESERT - MORNING

We see the outside of the Winnebago and have a brief, pregnant pause, before... BOOM! The windows all explode, throwing glass everywhere. The door is blown open as the entire RV shakes. Rocking back and forth on its hinges. It quickly settles down as the ringing and echoing sound of the explosion is replaced with a the ringing of a car alarm. And smoke slowly starts to billow into the sky.

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CONTINUED:

We follow its trail as it extends upwards into the cloudless sky above the desert.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. WINNEBAGO - MORNING

We hear Walt coughing as we see the RV filled with blue smoke. Jesse gets up behind him as he does the same. They both stumble out of the RV before they slump down on opposite sides of the door.

JESSE

(Coughing)

Dude, what the hell was that?

WALT

(Coughing, softly)

I don't know...

Walt pauses for a moment, considering what he wants to say, before his expression hardens.

WALT (CONT'D)

Did you... Keep washing the  
glassware wrong after I told you  
what to change?

JESSE

I don't think a little extra soap  
made everything, you know, explode.

WALT

It certainly could. Not that you  
would know that. You couldn't even  
pass my chemistry class.

JESSE

Look, I may not know exactly what  
happened or how all this works. But  
I washed it fine. I know how to  
wash shit, alright?

WALT

Well, seeing what just happened I  
am not so sure.

JESSE

Alright, look ma-

WALT

Whatever, it doesn't matter who  
messed up. Lets just get in there  
and survey the damage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jesse looks for a moment like he wants to continue the argument. But he decides to drop it. Scrambling up before wiping himself down.

JESSE  
Fine, whatever.

INT. WINNEBAGO - MORNING

We are CLOSE IN on shattered meth, looking like glass as we look through it at Walt and Jesse looking down. Like the counter is transparent and we are looking up through it. Intermixed in the meth is actual glass. Walt holds it up to the light and looks frustrated as he sees how cloudy it is.

WALT  
Cloudy, flawed product. Glass in all the batches. Every, single, one. They're ruined.

Walt flips over the tray he is looking at in frustration. Leaning on the opposite counter and taking deep breaths.

JESSE  
All of it? No fucking way. Shit, shit, shit.

Jesse starts to pace around the room.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
The hell we gonna do. Tuco is expect two pounds, today. He is gonna straight up murder us.

WALT  
I guess we will just have to ask for... an extension.

JESSE  
(Jesse laughs)  
An extension? Like this is a book report for Mrs. Stepfield? Oh, Mr. Tuco, dog ate my meth can I turn it in tomorrow? God, we are so fucked.

WALT  
Well, it will only be worse if we show up empty handed. Better to tell him now.

JESSE  
Why don't we just not tell him at all? Skip town. Get outta dodge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT

Some of us have, you know, families. That is not an option.

JESSE

Alright, alright. But lets at least, like, not meat him in person.

Walt give him a confused look.

JESSE (CONT'D)

I think he mighta given me a burner.

WALT

Might have? How?

JESSE

I kinda... found it in my mailbox.

WALT

At your house? He knows where you live. Jesus Christ, Jesse!

JESSE

I know, I know. Not good. But at least we can hash this out without getting shot now.

Walt considers him for a moment.

WALT

Fine, give that to me.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - DESERT - DAY

Walt and Jesse are sat outside on lawn chairs. An upside down bucket in front of them acting as a table. It is the worlds saddest backyard patio set up.

Walt dials the one contact on the phone and it begins to ring. The phone rings over and over again and we can see the stress on Walt and Jesse's face as they think for the first time what they can do if he just doesn't pick up. We think it is just about to stop ringing when we hear a click.

TUCO

(from the phone)

Hey, well isn't it my favorite little bitch? Is daddy there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walt takes a look at Jesse. Who is mouthing "speaker, speaker". Walt presses a button and lays the phone down on the bucket table thing.

INTERCUT WITH:

We see No-Dose and Gonzo in the background patching up the windows after Walter's little explosive show from the last episode. Tuco is at his desk, lazily turning his knife on the table with one of his fingers.

TUCO (CONT'D)

Hey! If your gonna call me you  
better not waste my fucking time!  
Start, talking.

INTERCUT WITH:

WALT

This is Heisenberg.

Jesse gives Walt a look that says what the hell does that mean?

INTERCUT WITH:

TUCO

So, daddy is there. Now why the  
hell are you calling me?

INTERCUT WITH:

WALT

We have ran into some unforeseen  
production prob-

INTERCUT WITH:

TUCO

Wait, wait, wait. Shut up! Let me  
get this straight. We haven't even  
done one deal yet and you are  
already trying to short change me?

INTERCUT WITH:

WALT

We are not going to give you any  
less. We just need some extra time.  
There was some problems with-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TUCO  
 You talked a real big game to all  
 ready be giving such BULLSHIT  
 excuses Heisenberg.  
 (A beat, before he laughs)

TUCO (CONT'D)  
 You know what, ya'll are lucky your  
 shit is good. One last chance.  
 Twenty four hours. Bring me an  
 extra pound, no extra money, that  
 is just for wasting my FUCKING  
 time. Cause I am justa fair guy.  
 You got that?

INTERCUT WITH:

Walt and Jesse nod.

INTERCUT WITH:

TUCO (CONT'D)  
 I said do you pieces of shit got  
 that?!

INTERCUT WITH:

WALT  
 Yes.

JESSE  
 Yes.

INTERCUT WITH:

TUCO  
 Good, great. I better see you then.

INTERCUT WITH:

Walt and Jesse look at each other as the phone clicks off, a  
 look of desperation settling on their faces.

INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

Walt and Jesse walk in. Jesse sitting down, exhausted.

JESSE  
 How in the hell are we supposed to  
 make three pounds in a day with  
 this lab being all broken to shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walt is ignoring Jesse and frantically writing something on a piece of paper.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
Hey, you even sure nothing is going to blow up in here again.

Walt finishes writing.

WALT  
Yes...

He holds out a piece of paper to Jesse, who looks at it incredulously. Walt notices his hand starting to shake again and pushes the paper into Jesse's chest.

WALT (CONT'D)  
Take it.

Jesse grabs it reluctantly and looks it over.

WALT (CONT'D)  
This is all the equipment I need you to get. I don't care how you do it or how expensive it is, just do it quickly. And clean up this place before you go. I have to stop at home quick, meet me back here in two hours.

JESSE  
Whatta ya mean you have to stop by at home? We- you gotta get to work man.

WALT  
I... have been gone all weekend. If Skyler doesn't see me she will have questions.

JESSE  
I really don't think what your wife thinks is our biggest problem right now.

WALT  
Look, I just need to go. You get the glassware, clean up, and get back here ASAP. We'll be fine... we can do this.

Walt looks at Jesse for some form of reassurance, neither of them seem sure of what Walt has said. Getting nothing, Walt rushes out the door.

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CONTINUED:

Jesse lets out an exasperated sigh, kicking some glass shards on the floor around as he walks over the closet. He gets out a broom out and starts sweeping. He looks out the window at his car. He pulls out his keys for a brief moment, moving them around in his fingers, before putting them back away and getting back to sweeping.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

We flash through the various rooms of the White home, the living room, the almost set up baby room, the hallway. All the while we hear the sounds of rummaging going on offscreen. We see Walt in the kitchen, rifling through various draws, quickly and frustratingly looking for... something. Over his shoulder a very confused and worried looking Skyler trepidatiously approaches from behind.

SKYLER

...Walt?

Walt jumps and turns around, knocking around things in the cabinet he was rummaging in.

WALT

Uh... Skyler.

SKYLER

What are you doing?

WALT

I was just... Grabbing something before I left.

Walt looks over her shoulder at the clock, 9 AM, Monday. He turns around and starts looking through another cabinet.

SKYLER

Before you leave? You were just gone all weekend at that Caltech thing. And now you are leaving again? Where could you possibly be going?

WALT

A... Nature walk...

Walt notices Skyler's incredulous expression and stumbles before remembering the lie he had prepared for this.

WALT (CONT'D)

(over the sound of a dropped pan)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT (CONT'D)  
There are some amazing trails along  
the Rio Grande.

Skyler is not buying it.

SKYLER  
Walt, you have always hated hiking.  
What is really going on?

Walt gets up and Walks past Skyler, heading to the living room to keep searching for... Whatever it is he is looking for. Skyler looks on in disbelief.

WALT  
Well, sometimes being faced with  
your mortality gives you... A  
different perspective.

This puts Skyler on the back foot, which Walt takes as an opportunity to go deep on a bookshelf in the living room.

SKYLER  
Are you back to doing marijuana  
with that Jesse kid? Getting high  
and walking around the desert.

Walt tries to ignore her and continue his search, head deep in a large cabinet.

SKYLER (CONT'D)  
Is it even harder drugs? Cocaine,  
heroin, me-

WALT  
No, god Skyler no. Who do you think  
I am? Some addict, druggy? I smoked  
pot twice Skyler. Twice! Jesus!

Walt passes her to go search through the bathroom and Skyler goes from disbelief to outright anger, she stomps up behind him, her side of the conversation reflected in the bathroom mirror on the open cabinet. Walt's face hidden.

SKYLER  
Then what could you possibly be  
doing all day-

Skyler is interrupted by the sound of Walt accidentally dropping several things out of the bathroom cabinet.

SKYLER (CONT'D)  
Ok, seriously? What the hell are  
you looking for?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT  
Noth-

SKYLER  
Walter Hartwell White, cut the crap  
so I can help you find it and we  
can talk this out like adults!

Walt defeatedly closes the cabinet, revealing his face.

WALT  
(A beat, growling)  
Fine! Where are those stupid  
natural brain pill things you  
bought?

Skyler, not breaking eye contact, opens the cabinet, reaches past him, and sternly hands him a bottle.

SKYLER  
(Slowly more muffled)  
Now lets calm down, sit on the  
coach, and talk about this. I need  
to know why you need those pills...

Skyler starts to say, before we CLOSE IN on Walt as it slowly devolves into muffles, and we start to hear a ringing. We see Walt reading a very unscientific description of what this bottle is for. It reads: "Improve brain power! Fast! Never lose concentration! Feel like a new person!" The words slowly fade out one by one. Walt pushes past Skyler and starts heading towards the door, grabbing his coat from the coach and starting to put it on.

SKYLER (CONT'D)  
Walt, Walt!? Get back here and talk  
to me. I need to understand what is  
wrong with you. What do you need  
those pills? Walt!

Skyler approaches Walt before he quickly turns on her.

WALT  
What's the point of talking it out.  
You don't even believe me when I  
tell the truth. Just tell me what  
you want to hear, that is obviously  
the only thing that will satisfy  
you. You want me to say I am doing  
hard drugs, that I spend as much  
time away from my family as I can  
because I can't stand being around  
you? None of that is true, but it  
seems to be what you want to hear.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT (CONT'D)  
 So tell me what it is I have to say  
 Skyler, just tell me.

Skyler is stunned by Walt's outburst. She slowly lowers herself down unto a chair near her. She tries to say something but the words just don't come out. So she just turns away and tries to hold back tears.

We see a brief look of guilt on Walt's face as he sees the his wife's expression. But then we see his eyes wander to the clock. It is 10 AM, he doesn't have time for this. Walt takes one last glance at Skyler before exiting.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

We see Walt in his car. He takes a long glance at his house, possibly his last. He struggles to open the bottle before taking a handful of pills. He hesitates.

WALT  
 Stupid

He gulps them down, and then drives off in a rush, almost hitting the garbage cans that have been put out.

INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

Walt is writing out the last of some notes into a notebook. Bullet points, list of ingredients, steps, exact measures, a few chemical drawings. Real sciencey stuff. Walt gets stuck on the thing thing he is writing as Jesse walks in and starts quickly offloading new glassware onto the counters. Walt looks at what he is doing as he hears a loud clang and when he looks back the page is an impossible to read blur.

WALT  
 I've been waiting here for an hour.

JESSE  
 Dude, you know how hard it is to  
 get all this crap? I had to pay out  
 the ass for it.

Walt pauses.

WALT  
 You get everything on the list?

JESSE  
 Yeah, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT  
Including the Erlenmeyer flask?

JESSE  
(exasperated)  
Yes!

Walt goes back to writing.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
(Mumbling)  
Dude almost blows us up and accuses  
me of not being able to read.

WALT  
What was that?

JESSE  
Nothin'.

Walt sighs and gets back to writing.

INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

It's a few minutes later. The glassware has been replaced and set up. Walt and Jesse stand in front of the counter. A large flask in front of them. Walt stares at it, not moving.

JESSE  
Can I like, give you some help, Mr.  
White?

Walt considers for a brief moment.

WALT  
No, we don't have time for amateur  
hour. Now get out and let me cook.  
I'll tell you if you need to go get  
anything else.

Jesse looks a bit pissed off and ready to argue. But seems to decide against it.

JESSE  
Alright then, fine, I guess. Errand  
boy reporting for duty.

Jesse exits slowly. His eyes catch on a small but of shattered glass that must have been missed in the last clean up. He sweeps it into the trash before exiting the RV.

Walt takes a deep breath, and reaches out a shaky hand to light the burner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It bursts to life, its flames reflecting in Walt's glasses.  
We CLOSE IN on the fire as it slowly squeals louder and louder.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. WINNEBAGO - DESERT - DAY

Jesse sits in his lawn chair, reading a magazine. He is frequently interrupted by the sounds of Walt cooking and cursing in the background. Eventually he tosses the magazine aside and gets up to walk towards the door before stopping.

JESSE  
(mumbling)  
Amateur hour...

Jesse kicks the dirt, picks up his magazine, and goes back to his chair. He takes out some headphones and a mp3 player from his bag and puts it on to drown Walt out.

INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

We go through a montage of Walt cooking. Flasks and beakers being put on. Set ups for titration dripping away. Flasks becoming opaque with condensation. A well oiled machine. But, in the middle of this beautiful humming of a complex process humming along we get a crack. A shaky hand pours a little too much of something in, and from there we try to get back into the motion of the montage but more and more cracks start to show. Walt going back to the paper he wrote up again and again until the occasional breaks in the montage from mistakes just become the montage. Until the final shot of the montage is him dumping whatever is the result of all this in a garbage bag. Before leaning on the counter, panting. He crumples up his notes and throws them aside. He has been working all weekend, he did not sleep all night and it is mid day. He is exhausted. He lazily steps into the front of the RV and collapses into the passenger seat, ripping off his goggles.

He pounds the front console of the RV a few times in frustration before the glove box pops open, dropping most of its contents onto the ground. Walt begins to pick everything up, a gun that he throws on the drivers seat in disgust, an air freshener, some paper, but at some point he pauses. He puts the other items aside and holds in his hand a pill bottle. He slowly turns it to reveal the label: Adderall.

Walt turns it over in his hands for a few moments before turning it around to look at the listed side effects. Increased blood pressure, headaches, nausea, dizziness, anxiety, cardiac arrest, stroke, the list goes on. We stop on the words, only take if prescribed. His vision goes bleary and his ears start to ring.

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CONTINUED:

He ineffectively rubs his eyes before growing frustrated. He pops open the bottle and takes two pills.

Walt looks at his watch, sighs, and goes to clean up the mess he made of his cookware as he waits for the Adderall to take effect.

INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

It is 15 minutes later Walt is finishing up cleaning the cookware. We see him pick up his crumpled notes and initially they are blurry, like before, but it slowly comes into focus. Walt holds up his hands in front of his face as they slowly come into focus. They aren't shaking. He looks relieved. We see him put on his gloves and his mask, and he gets to work.

INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

We cut to mid way through the cook, everything humming away. Walt is moving one of the flasks when nausea and vertigo hits like a truck. Walt starts to pant, gag, and cough. He goes to put down the flask but trips and it shatters on the floor. He looks at it for a moment before retching. He runs outside, tears of his mask, and pukes.

Jesse gets up from his lawn chair and takes off his headphones.

JESSE  
Shit Mr. White.

Jesse gets Walt a water bottle before he goes to put on an apron, gloves, and a mask. Walt takes an exasperated sip before his notices what Jesse is doing.

WALT  
What do you think you are doing?

Jesse pauses, confused.

JESSE  
Finishing the cook?

WALT  
Who told you to do that?

JESSE  
Dude, you are out of it. Imma just  
finish it up. Like we did last  
time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT

Your not finishing anything. It is your shitty glassware that screwed thing up. I need some more. And... some cough medicine. We are close to out.

JESSE

Are you kidding me? Nothing wrong with the glassware man. Treatments giving you a bad day. Happens all the time. Just let me finish.

Walt starts to put back on his mask and apron.

WALT

This has nothing to do with the treatment, and we sure as hell can't afford anymore mishaps on your part.

JESSE

Yeah, we can't afford "any mishaps". We are running outta time! And I am not really looking to get shot up by Tuco!

WALT

Then do what I say. Get the glassware and the medicine. And make sure that it is lab grade this time. Lab. Grade.

Jesse realizes he would have an easier time arguing with a brick wall.

JESSE

Suit yourself man. Just... like... get it done. Ok?

Walt ignores him as he gets back in the RV, slamming the door behind him.

INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

We see Walt inside the RV as we hear the sound of Jesse's car driving off in the background. Walt takes a look at the garbage cans, filled with ruined glass ware and failed cooks. He takes off his apron and everything else involved in cooking, before grabbing his keys and exiting.

## INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

We see an overhead shot of a supermarket. The ringing of fluorescent lamps buzzing in our ear. We CLOSE IN on the placard for an aisle. It says PERSONAL CARE, NON-PERSCRIPITION MEDICINE, GROOMING. The buzzing gets far louder as we see this. We cut to Walt, wandering down the aisle. He quickly checks bottle after bottle. Putting them back quickly. He does this faster and faster until we see him almost run into an old lady with her cart. She looks at him incredulously.

WALT

Sorry.

She gives him a hmph before grabbing a pill bottle off the shelf and swerving past him. Walt starts to wander around the store, aimless. He ends up in the aisle with all the cheap papers backs and magazines. One of them catches his eye, "Improve your mental health" it says. He starts to look up and down the shelf. It is all self help trite. Improve your relationships, turn your life around, start a new career, be the new you, meditation to improve your work. He stops on that last one and picks it up off the shelf.

We see a middle aged man on the front, handsome, salt and pepper hair. He is cross legged, calm, and collected. At peace. Walt goes to open up the magazine before stopping himself. He looks up and down the aisle and looks back at the cover.

WALT (CONT'D)

Stupid.

He puts it back on the shelf, somewhat mangling it in the process. He walks out of the aisle, passing one of the supermarket workers.

WORKER

Anything I can help you with?

Walt ignores him and brushes past.

## INT. WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

We see Skyler on her knees in the living room. Reorganizing one of the cabinets that Walt messed up by rifling through. She grabs her stomach as she struggles to get up, a slight hint of pain on her face.

Skyler gets a phone call and takes it out of her pocket. She looks at the name and goes to lean on the counter before answering it.

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SKYLER  
Hey Marie, what's up?

We see Marie in the supermarket, not so subtly leaning around the corner of one of the aisles. We can see that she is looking at Walt, who is mumbling to himself.

MARIE  
Oh, nothing. Just checking in.

SKYLER  
You don't sound like you are just checking in. What is going on.

MARIE  
Nothing. So... How is the homebody life treating Walt? Everything going ok?

SKYLER  
Fine. Why are you asking?

MARIE  
No reason, anything else...?

SKYLER  
He is doing... fine. Would prefer to be back at work. What are you angling at Mrs. Nosey?

MARIE  
Rude. I just saw him around and-

SKYLER  
(too quickly)  
Where?

MARIE  
Oh! The supermarket... You sure everything is ok?

SKYLER  
Why do you keep asking that?

MARIE  
Walt, just looks a little out of it.

SKYLER  
In what way?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARIE

Oh, I don't know, just weird. Maybe just tired... Should I keep an eye on him?

SKYLER

No. No... Marie, he is not some toddler. He is fine. Keep your nose out of things for once.

MARIE

Ok, snappy much. Fine, fine. Tell me if you need any help. Always there.

SKYLER

Yes, thanks Marie. Bye bye. Wait Um, what- which supermarket was it again?

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

We see Skyler rushing out of the house, haphazardly slinging her bag over her shoulder. She gets into her car. We ZOOM OUT to see its exterior. The extremely conspicuous Jeep Grand Wagoner in all its glory. Deep red paint job, wood paneling. Not great for Skyler's purposes. Skyler gets out and half jogs across the street, knocking on her neighbors door. The door opens.

SKYLER

Hey, sorry, can I borrow your car for a little bit? Ours isn't starting and I need to pick up Walt from a doctor's appointment.

EXT. STREETS OF ALBUQUERQUE - DAY

We see Skyler behind the wheel of a none descript minivan. She is watching the outside of the supermarket. We see her perk up as Walt comes out and gets in his car. As he starts to peel out Skyler follows.

SKYLER

Now what are you up to?

We follow them as they turn down a few streets. As they take one of those turns. Walt notices the car and becomes a bit suspicious. He adjusts the mirror and catches the car again on the next turn.

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A few turns later they end up at a changing light with Skyler slowly approaching from behind. There are no cars between them and Skyler would be forced to get very close if she fully closed the distance. We CLOSE IN on the light as it goes from yellow to red. Walt's Aztec rolling to a stop as a wave of cars starts to cross in front of him.

As she rolls up she sees Walt go to check his mirror and she ducks down. Banging her head. Walt catches this quick movement and with the increased tension around already thinking he was being followed, he punches it. Running the red light and skidding with a harsh right turn.

Skyler gets up after bumping her head and catches this. The sound of the horns of the cars that Walt just cut off blaring in the background.

SKYLER (CONT'D)  
What the hell?

We see a final shot of the swerved cars in the intersection slowly getting back into motion.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - DESERT - SUNSET

Walt's Pontiac Aztec rushes into camera outside the RV. Kicking up dust as it suddenly breaks.

INT. WINNEBAGO - SUNSET

Walt barges into the Winnebago. He starts to peer out the windows, pushing down the blinds. Before he begins to pace.

We hear his phone start to ring. He takes it out and opens it up. He sees the name on the bright screen in the quickly darkening RV, its pallid blue green light contrasting with the orange hues of the sunset. Its Skyler. He tosses the phone in the corner and resumes pacing.

WALT  
Not now. Not now.

He goes to the front to peer out there, the orange glow of the setting sun reflecting off his face.

After a moment we cut to the gun sitting on the driver seat, Walt comes into focus behind it and looks down. He trepidatiously picks it up, turning it over in his hands. Lightly shaking.

He opens it up to count the number of bullets it has, and cocks back the hammer before resetting it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We cut on him looking down on the gun, a complete lack of certainty in his eyes.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. SUPERMARKET - SUNSET

Skyler is in the car outside the supermarket. A look of confusion painted on her face as she clutches the steering wheel. She takes out her phone and dials before putting it to her ear. It rings a few times.

SKYLER  
Come on, pick up. Pick up!

The phone continues to ring before we hear a click.

SKYLER (CONT'D)  
Walt?

We start to hear the sound of Walt's voicemail.

WALT  
(voicemail)  
Hey, sorry, couldn't get to the phone right now. Leave a message and I will, uh, get back to you.

Skyler tosses the phone aside and hits her hand into the steering wheel in frustration, accidentally sending out a loud honk. She is startled, but regains her composure before getting out of the car.

INT. SUPERMARKET - SUNSET

Skyler is in front of a kiosk near the entrance. We just see her face at this point as she scans what is in front of her. Before we see what she is looking at. Cartons of cigarettes. Her scanning finishes as she sees what she is looking for, probably the brand she is used to buying. She picks it up but is interrupted.

JESSE  
(mumbling)  
Always giving me shit, done with it man.

She looks up to see Jesse who is on the other side of the aisle and grabbing a totally not suspicious amount of cough medicine. He looks up at her and does a double take as he makes eye contact. He makes haste to speed walk away, dropping several boxes of cough medicine in the process. He stoops down to pick one up, accidentally kicking it into the waiting hands of Skyler, who looks at it and hands it back to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYLER

Mr. Pinkman. Have you seen my husband?

JESSE

No, no. You made your message clear lady. I stopped uh...

He looks back and forth for a moment.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Doing anything with Mr. White.

Skyler is not sure she buys it and studies his panicked expression. Jesse takes the opportunity to go dump off the medicine in his cart and grabbing the handles. Skyler interrupts him. She tries to act with conviction but she is just exhausted and the exasperation shows through in her voice.

SKYLER

Look, I... just want to know what is going on. W-Walt just won't talk to me, but I know something is wrong.

JESSE

Like I said I don't know anything about... Walt.

He pauses for a second like he is waiting for a response, though Skyler is unsure what kind to give. Jesse goes to push the cart away and is surprised when Skyler grabs on to it.

SKYLER

Please... Leaving without telling any one why. Driving like a madman.  
Doing drugs-

JESSE

Sorry, I don't know what you want from me lady. I really have to go.

Jesse continues to try and push that cart away and is surprised when Skyler does not budge. Actually, she shifts to impose herself directly in the path of the cart and puts a second hand on it. Leaning over the bars to get closer to Jesse.

SKYLER

(raising her voice)  
I don't know exactly what you are doing with all this cough medicine.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYLER (CONT'D)

But, unless you want me to get some one else involved. You are going to tell me what you know.

Jesse gulps.

JESSE

I-I ain't claiming I know anything about your husband. But, but I have had like... friends. You know? And when a friend started acting like that it was usually because they were getting involved in some deep shit. In over their head.

SKYLER

(loudly)

Are you saying Walt is in danger?

Jesse looks around more rapidly. He catches another shopper eyeing them over one of the set of shelves. He holds up his hands in a calming motion.

JESSE

(whispering)

No, no. Well maybe. I don't know anything about Walt. I am just talking from, previous experience. Nothing about Walt.

Jesse is a terrible liar, and Skyler can tell.

SKYLER

(louder)

Cut the crap Mr. Pinkman. Where is Walt? What do you know?

Jesse starts to back up, looking behind him. He is about ready to cut his losses on this whole situation. Get out of this store before he attracts any more unwanted attention from all this.

JESSE

Your, jumping to, like, conclusions. I-I don't know anything...

At this point they have attracted the glares of multiple onlookers.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Sorry, again, I really gotta-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Skyler can tell he is about to bolt. Before he can she reaches over and grabs his hand with both of hers. She raises it between them and looks Jesse in the eye. Jesse is very caught off guard as tears begin to form in her eyes.

SKYLER

My husband, father to my two kids, is who knows where dealing with who knows what. If you know something, please. Please tell me.

Jesse has been roped in.

JESSE

Look, Mrs. White, Skyler, whatever. I-I think you might be in danger. And maybe not just you. Y-you might want to prepare for the worst. Get ready to get out of her. Get ready to get help. Sometimes people you care about, people you trust... They get themselves in situations you can't fix. And you try to help them, you know? Of course you do. You try. But, they brush you off. And, at that point, what can you do?

He looks at Skyler with beady eyes.

JESSE (CONT'D)

All you can do- all you can do is not let yourself get dragged down with em'.

Jesse is looking for some reaction from Skyler as he finishes saying this. Hoping some of his mad ramblings got through. Not sure of what he is seeing he still has to move on.

JESSE (CONT'D)

I am really sorry, I have to go.  
Just, be safe, ok?

Skyler watches in shocked silence. Jesse takes this as his change to grab the cart and rush off. Leaving Skyler alone to process all this. Her just noticing the several sets of eyes that are looking at her.

## INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - SUNSET

Jesse barges through his front door and rushes through his house, only slowing down to make sure he does not step on the stain from the bathtub incident. He heads up the stairs two at a time, quite the feat with his baggy ass jeans. He gets into his room and pulls an overly large suitcase out behind the pile of clothes and other things that make up the bottom of his closet. He starts to load it with whatever clothes he can find. We see him smells one of the garments from a disposed pile to see if it is clean. After loading it up he sits on the top of the suitcase to keep it closed and zips it up. He drags it down the stairs uncarefully, causing a loud knock against the wood on each step. He pulls it out the front door, not even bothering to lock it and tosses it in the back of the Monte Carlo before slamming the trunk shut. He gets into the drivers seat and opens up the glove compartment. A short amount of rifling later results in him pulling out an envelope. From it he takes out a few bills.

JESSE

One, two, three, four, five, shit!  
 Stupid fucking Erlenmeyer flask.  
 Expensive as hell boiling flask.  
 Shit!

Jesse throws the envelope back in the glove compartment. Not even bothering to close it as he starts the car and speeds off.

## INT. WINNEBAGO - SUNSET

We see Walt, standing in the middle of the RV. Calm stance. Not moving much. He takes a deep breath.

WALT

Yes, Tuco. We have the product. All three pounds.

Walt pauses for a moment.

WALT (CONT'D)  
 No shortcuts. You can verify that.  
 I have a sample.

Walt reaches into his pocket. We see him fumble around for a moment before trying to draw his gun. It gets caught and he struggles for a brief moment before leveling it at the camera. The gun shakes in his hand. Barely pointing forward.

WALT (CONT'D)  
 Dead. I would be dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walt puts his hands to the side of his head and paces for a moment back and forth.

WALT (CONT'D)

Again.

We see a montage of Walt's attempts to do the quick draw correctly. Often failing. Fumbling with the gun. Dropping it. Struggling with his pocket. Messing up what he says. And through it all we have the constant shake of the gun even when he is successful. We see Walt in the middle of an attempt.

WALT (CONT'D)

No shortcuts. You can verify that.

I have- I have a sample.

He reaches into his pocket, and we hear the sound of the door being slowly opened behind him.

Walt turns to the noise, panicked. Pointing his shaking gun at... Jesse.

JESSE

Yo, what the fuck man!

Jesse ducks behind the counter. Walt pants for a moment before lowering the gun.

WALT

Jesse- What took you so long. I have been waiting for over an hour!

JESSE

Waiting for- dude! You just pointed a gun at me. What the hell is wrong with you!

WALT

Nothing. Just... being cautious.  
Where is the cough medicine?

JESSE

Outside. God.

Jesse brushes past Walt heading to the front of the car.

WALT

What are you doing?

Jesse digs through the glove compartment. Ignoring Walt.

WALT (CONT'D)

JESSE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSE

Piss off! I am taking my share and leaving. Done with all this shit.

WALT

What do you mean you are leaving?

Jesse starts to take bungles of cash from the glove compartment and loud them into a bag.

JESSE

I mean I am leaving! I am done with the exploding cooks. I am done with your crazy wife. I am done with Tuco. And I am extremely, absolutely, done with your shit.

WALT

Oh, you are just going to run? Give up? You know, some of us can't run. Some of us have to stay and do the work. Because I actually have people that care about me!

JESSE

Fuck you man! If I had any faith in you being able to do this. But I am done going on runs for glassware you are just going to blow up!

WALT

No faith in me? No faith in me? The high school junky that can't even accept his screw ups has no faith in me? Maybe you should go. It is not like you contribute anything to any of this. It is always my job to bail you out. It is always you that bring hell down on us! So maybe you should go. Fine. Get out. So I can save your ass one more time and you can come crawling back home.

Jesse looks furious. He gets up and harshly pushes past Walt to get out the door. Before he leaves he peeks his head back in.

JESSE

I hope your bullshit doesn't get your family killed you self righteous dick.

He slams the door before Walt can get in another word.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see Jesse outside. Tossing his bag of cash in his trunk. He grabs a few things from around his make shift patio on the outside of the RV and starts to throw them in the back seat of his car.

We go back to Walt, in a huff. He brushes off this whole conversation and goes back to his quick draw practice. As he does we hear the slamming of car and trunk doors in the background.

WALT  
(shakily)  
Yes, Tuco. We have the product. All  
three pounds.

Walt pauses for a longer moment then last time. Putting his hand at his side. Shaking.

WALT (CONT'D)  
No shortcuts. You can verify that.  
I have a sample.

Walt slowly move his hand to his pocket before quickly wiping out the gun and... dropping it.

WALT (CONT'D)  
Shit!

Walt gets down onto the floor. We hear the engine of Jesse's car rev up in the background.

Walt picks up the gun but cradles it in his hand and remains on his knees. He looks around the RV. We CLOSE ON the shattered windows. The pill bottle. The open baggy of Adderall. The trash can full of discarded meth and glassware. And the finally on Walt on the ground. Cradling a gun in hands that can't even hold still. We see the green clock on the dashboard. 6:59 PM tick over to 7:00 PM. They don't have much time. We hear the sound of the car engine revving up again.

WALT (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
Wait.

He just remains on the floor a moment.

WALT (CONT'D)  
Wait!

Walt gets up off the floor, dropping the gun. He rushes out the door slamming it open. We hear the sound of the car starting to move outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT (CONT'D)  
Jesse!

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. WINNEBAGO - DUSK

We come back to right where we left off. We see Jesse. Resolute. He adjusts his mirror before starting the engine. He shifts the Monte Carlo into gear before starting to drive off. Right before out from the edge of the frame comes Walt. Who sprints in front of the car.

WALT  
Jesse!

JESSE  
Get out of the way!

Jesse revs the engine.

WALT  
One more cook!

JESSE  
You are crazy! Piss off!

WALT  
Just one more cook!

JESSE  
I am leaving!

WALT  
What?! Are you going to run me over?!

JESSE  
Yeah!

WALT  
Well, get on it then. I am not moving.

Jesse is mad, but not that mad. He stops revving the engine.

WALT (CONT'D)  
Now, get out and talk to me.

Jesse angrily gets out of the car. Slamming the door. And getting right up in Walt's face.

JESSE  
So, start talking.

Walt sighs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT

One last cook. You do the manual. I help on the side. I even have notes for you to use.

JESSE

Why shouldn't I just go? We been messing up cooks all day. You think one more going to change anything.

WALT

How-how far do you really think you are going to get with twenty thousand dollars? Do you even have a plan?

JESSE

Far enough! And I have ideas. Not that it matters to you.

WALT

Jesse, trust me. You won't get far with a man like Tuco after you. And I know you have parents. You think he won't find them? Could you live with that?

Jesse stops looking at him and paces around him for a bit.

JESSE

Whatever! Now you want me to work! What happened to "amateur hour" and me being a drop out, and all that. You don't think I can do shit!

WALT

I-I...

JESSE

I am useless right? You just keep saying it. So why don't you just fix it?

WALT

I think with a little guidance-

JESSE

Cut the patronizing crap, man! If you think for some reason I can do it when you can't then say it!

Walt looks at Jesse, anger and annoyance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSE (CONT'D)

If you want me to help then I am going to need you to admit that you have been messing up. I don't know what is wrong and I don't care. Admit that you have been messing shit up and now you need me to bail you out. I ain't doing shit without that.

Walt rocks his jaw. Not able to say anything.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Guess not, I am out. Good luck.

Jesse moves to get back in his car.

WALT

I-I was not able to do my job.

Jesse pauses.

WALT (CONT'D)

I need your help.

Jesse turns back to Walt.

JESSE

Finally, nice to her you say i-

Jesse sees Walt's face as he turns around. Exhausted, beat down, defeated. And any sense of smugness he got out of Walt's admissions fades quickly.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Lets- Lets get to cooking.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DUSK

We see Skyler sitting at the kitchen counter. Again dialing Walt. And once again we get the long set of rings before hearing Walt's voice mail.

WALT

(voicemail)

Hey, sorry, couldn't get to the phone right now. Leave a message and I will, uh, get back to you.

As Skyler hears this we see her start to tear up a little. But she wipes off the tear and gets a little control before the beep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYLER

Walt, I don't know what you are doing. Or why you won't tell me about it. But please, just come home.

We see a shot of the clock 7:30. And we see it rapidly click over to ten. We follow Skyler as she gives more and more messages every fifteen minutes to half hour to Walt. As dusk moves over to the middle of the night.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

Who do you think you are making me worry like this? What are you doing with that Pinkman kid? Pick up the phone and talk to me!

SKYLER (CONT'D)

Walt, I just want to know you are ok. Can you please just call back so I know you are ok? I have not heard from you for almost a day. I don't know if something happened, or... or...

SKYLER (CONT'D)

If there is something that is going on then you know I can help right? We are a family. We work thing through together. Whatever it is we can fix it. There is nothing to bad. I know everything has been hard recently- I know. Just, god.

We catch Skyler at the end of a recording. Fully distraught.

SKYLER (CONT'D)

...at least pick up the phone.  
Please, Walt... I'm scared.

Skyler puts down the phone. Kind of just letting gravity take over her arms weight as it flops lazily to her side. She goes and drags the arm chair so that it is facing the door and sits down.

She takes out her phone again and hovers over Walt's name in the contact list. But after a brief pause there she moves down to Hanks. An overly loud beep accompanying each click. She wats there for a moment. We CLOSE IN on her face. Only lit up by the green blue light of her phone in the mostly dark room. Before the light disappears and we hear a click as she closes the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYLER (CONT'D)  
What could you possibly be doing  
Walt?

INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

We see Walt and Jesse in front of the counter. Jesse is smoothing out Walt's crumpled out notes and giving them a quick read through.

WALT  
Are you understanding all of it?

JESSE  
Man, it really only took you like  
two seconds to going back to being  
condescending. Yes. I am getting  
it. Its a cook man. Like reading  
your grandmas cook book. Nothing  
complicated.

WALT  
Grandma cook book, lord.

Jesse finishes reading and starts to arrange the glass ware. He grabs a few ingredients before pointing at the paper.

JESSE  
Which one is this?

WALT  
Diluted lithium? Blue plastic  
container, as I told yo-

Jesse just ignores the contempt fueled tirade. As he gets to work.

We see Jesse going about the process. Referencing the guide. We see a leak in one of the pipes he is setting up. Which Walt scolds him for.

WALT (CONT'D)  
You have a leak hear. Pay attention  
to your equipment.

But as the set up goes on we see Walt trying to interject with something Jesse messed up on only for him to catch it.

Walt walks over to a large flask and begins to speak.

WALT (CONT'D)  
You forgot to add the-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But Jesse comes up behind him before he is even done speaking and dumps something in. Giving him a side eye as he finishes and moves out of frame.

Later. Walt opens his mouth to say something again but closes it as he notices what Jesse is doing. Eventually he is just left to sit back and watch. Jesse with just occasional glances at the guide is doing the cook. Walt is left to just sulk in the corner. After a bit of this Walt looks at the clock. Midnight. He looks at Jesse competently doing the work and sighs.

WALT (CONT'D)  
What can I help with?

Jesse looks at him and hands him a bag before getting back to work.

We see a fast forward over head shot of the RV cabin as the two work. Flitting between stations and doing the cook. We see bits of glass ware being set up and moved. Trays, bags, and containers being moved around. In between this we flash to the green clock on the dashboard as the hours tick on. Gradually both of these things slow. As we ramp down to the two of them looking down at a tray. The clock goes over to 4:00 AM with a beep.

INT. WINNEBAGO - DAWN

We CLOSE IN on a shard of meth being delicately held by a pair of tweezers. The angle of the shard shifts to reveal Walt's surprised and pained expression in it. He is holding meth, Jesse's meth, and it looks great. It is pure glass.

We move over to say Jesse pick up a similar piece with his hand a begin to eye it up.

JESSE  
It-Its pure glass. Holly shit it is  
pure glass.

Jesse starts to celebrate in the background. Jumping around. Hooting and hollering.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
I made pure glass! We ain't going  
to die!

We go back to Walt, maintaining his expression. As Jesse comes over and starts vigorously shaking his shoulder with both hands in celebration. Seeming completely un-aware of what is goin on with Walt right now.

## EXT. JUNKYARD - DAWN

We see several shots of rolling hills of scrap metal and trash, looking like the rolling dunes of a desert. The metal reflects the amber sunlight in an almost pretty way, at least as pretty as a heap of refuse can look. In the background we hear early morning birds alongside the creaking of metal.

We CLOSE IN on Jesse's legs as he paces. Nervously walking back and forth. We ZOOM OUT to see him and Walt in a break between the trash hills. Jesse going in circles while Walt stands still, leaning against his car and struggling to stay awake. Walt is in his Heisenberg sunglasses and hat, though even that is not enough to hide that he is on his last leg after the past two days events.

They are both snapped out of what they are doing as the sound of a close by engine echoes from a little bit away. They watch as a large black SUV turns the corner and starts to approach. It skids to a halt, making sure to create as much orange dust as possible as it stops. Wafting over to Walt and Jesse, eliciting coughs.

Out steps Tuco along with Gonzo and No-doze. Tuco's energy contrasts with everyone as he is awake and up beat despite the early morning hour.

TUCO

Woo! Who is ready for some business?

Tuco looks over the two exhausted cooks.

TUCO (CONT'D)

Well, you two look beat to shit.  
Stay up all night? Like that dedication. Or maybe you just didn't want to get skinned like chickens?

Tuco lets that hang in the air for a moment.

WALT

We have all the product. All three pounds of it.

TUCO

Well, you fucking better have it.  
Come one. Show, show.

Walt looks at Jesse, who gives a nervous look back before going behind his car and picking up a duffle bag that he brings over to Walt. Walt takes the bag and hands it to Tuco.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tuco opens it up and takes out a baggie that he precedes to cut with an excessively large knife before sampling. There is a pause after his very exaggerated snorting, eliciting a fearful glance between Walt and Jesse, that is interrupted as Tuco finally reacts.

TUCO (CONT'D)

Woo! Yeah, shit might be even better the second time. Fucking kicks!

Relief washes over Walt and Jesse's faces. As Tuco recovers he motions to No-doze for a duffle bag, presumably full of money. He goes to hand it to Walt before dropping it. We see Walt grit his teeth before bending down to pick it up. At which time Tuco quickly brings a knee up to Walt face, knocking him to the ground. Tuco proceeds to kick him over and over, speaking in between the kicks.

TUCO (CONT'D)

Now don't-  
(kick)  
Ever even think-  
(kick)  
Of being late-  
(kick)  
Again!  
(kick)  
You gettin that?!  
(kick)

Jesse tries to rush up to Walt but is stopped by Gonzo who gets him in an arm lock before turning him to watch.

WALT

(wheezing)

Yes.

Tuco kicks him again.

TUCO

Be fucking specific about what you are getting!

WALT

(wheezing)

I won't be late again.

TUCO

Great to hear!

Tuco gives one last full kick to Walt's face. Leaving him with no hat, shattered glasses, and blood and bruising all over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TUCO (CONT'D)  
 Oh, looks like a cracked your  
 stupid fucking sunglasses. Sorry.

He picks up Walt's hat off the ground and dusts it off before dropping it to fall on top of him.

TUCO (CONT'D)  
 Don't forget your hat.

We CLOSE IN on Walt's pained panting expression as we hear Tuco and his men walk off, open and close the car doors, and drive away.

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAWN - MINUTES LATER

Walt is sitting side saddle outside the front door of his car. Everything is overwhelmed again by the ringing in his ears. He doesn't seem focused on anything and all his concentration is probably going into just staying up right.

A hand reach out from off screen and tries to dab Walt's face with some cotton balls, eliciting a wince. Walt tries to shew it off. We see Jesse with a med kit in hand, looking concerned.

WALT  
 Stop that.

JESSE  
 I am trying to... It is pretty bad  
 Mr. White.

WALT  
 I'll be fine.

JESSE  
 I don't know man, you should  
 probably go to the hospital.

WALT  
 (sighs)  
 No. Just. Stop the pity party.

Walt gets up out of his seat, brushing Jesse off. He goes and picks up the duffle bag of money, his face giving a hint of pain as he does so, and brings it over to the hood of the Monte Carlo.

He starts to divide the cash up into two piles.

JESSE  
 No need to do that right now...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Seeing that Walt is convicted about doing this right this moment, Jesse comes over and starts to help him divide it. In short order there are two even piles of several thousand dollars sitting on the hood of the car. The fruit of their labors, the thing they almost died for, despite how much it is it kinda looks small when laid out like this. They take a moment to just stare at it.

Walt grabs a few thousand dollars from his pile and drops them on top of Jesse before starting to load his pile into the duffle bag.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
Hey, wait man, what are you doing,  
yo?

Walt ignores him and continues to load up the bag.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
What are you thinking? We made it,  
were alive. Come on man, talk to  
me. Why are you doing that?

WALT  
I... You... I.

JESSE  
Dude, what?

WALT  
This whole day, we could have been  
killed...

JESSE  
We got out fine.

WALT  
That does not matter.

JESSE  
But, we got out fine!

WALT  
That doesn't matter!

JESSE  
Dude, that is all that matters.

Walt takes a moment to steel himself, a hint of anger coming to his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT

God, do you really need to make me say it? Just take it Jesse, please. You have to.

Walt stares intently at Jesse, who gives a gulp but does not say or do anything further. Walt takes this as an opportunity to stop the duffle bag in his car, get in, and rive off, leaving Jesse alone in the middle of this junkyard.

As Walt speeds off Jesse just looks at the pile of cash, before his gaze wanders over to the small pool of blood that Walt left on the ground.

EXT. HIGHWAY BRIDGE - DAWN

Walt sits in his Pontiac Aztec overlooking a mostly empty highway with only the occasional car speeding by. Walt holds his cellphone in his hand, and we can hear Skyler's voice on the other end of the line in voicemail form.

SKYLER

I just need to know what is going on, Walt. Don't I, don't we deserve that? There has been some things that, I have heard a few, I am just really... I am afraid and things aren't making sense. And you just won't pick up your phone. I am not sure what to do. Come home, or at least pick up the phone. Please, Walt... I'm scared.

Walt puts down the phone and stares out the windshield. He catches a glimpse of himself in the rear view mirror and grimaces. He takes off his broken sunglasses and grabs the bandages from the seat next to him before half assedly applies two or three to his face. Wincing each time. It does not look pretty, but it is at least covering it all up a little. He takes one last look in the mirror before shifting into gear and driving off.

INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - DAWN

We see the window in Jesse's bedroom as the bright light of morning just after dawn stream through, illuminating a bit of wandering dust in the air. Jesse slowly unzips his giant suitcase on the floor before pulling out a hoodie and just holding it there for a second. He tosses it out of frame and begins to unload the thing, placing his clothes back into whatever unknowable form he had them organized and put away before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After a few shots of him tossing things into draws and cabinets and piles on the floor and wherever else before we see him shoving the suitcase into the closet. We see from inside the closet with Jesse illuminated from behind by the morning light. Before he sighs and closes the sliding door.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAWN

Walt enters into the house, trying to be quite as he softly closes the door and step through the entry way. He only gets a few feet in before he sees Skyler who is in a chair facing the doorway. In a bathrobe. She has obviously been up waiting all night and she looks exasperated and exhausted.

Walt's face is obscured by the long shadows of these rooms that are barley lit. The only light being the lamp next to Skyler and the small amount of light streaming in through the window.

WALT  
Skyler... I-

SKYLER  
(whispering)  
Where the hell have you been? I am up all night waiting. After this morning with whatever that was, and you speed off in your car, like-like you are afraid of something, and all those cryptic things that Pinkman kid said-

Walt takes this opportunity to step into the light, revealing the sad state of his face to Skyler. Who lets out a gasp.

SKYLER (CONT'D)  
Oh my god, Walt.

She quickly gets up and walks over to Walt, tying up her robe. She reaches out to gently touch Walt's face, which results in a cringe from him as she touches a sore spot.

She turns to go away, probably to try and get some better medical stuff to treat Walt's face. But, he grabs her hand, preventing her from leaving, and she turns around.

WALT  
I-I have been having, trouble, with a lot of things. And... I try to fix it myself. And it doesn't work, it gets-. I can't do what I know I can, what I have to be able to.  
And-and-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKYLER

Walt, whatever it is. I am here to  
help. We are all here to help.

Walt's hand starts to shake as it is holding on to Skyler's. She looks into the pain in his eyes and pulls him in for a hug, smoothing out the hair on the back of his head.

We slowly CLOSE IN on Skyler's face as she holds Walt and he lets out a singular soft sob. A growing amount of tears and a look of fear form on Skyler face. She is not sure what to make of any of this. Or what she should do next.

THE END