

OVER DARKNESS:

SKYLER'S VOICE. SINGING a lullaby. "Hush Little Baby".

Quiet and sweet. Just like that time back in Ep. 212 when Walt was listening in on the baby monitor. (Actually, it's the very same moment we're hearing now.) Then --

UP ON:

A series of MICROSCOPIC CLOSE-UPS of:

-- surfaces and contours reflecting light to show intricate, geometric patterns

-- strange textures that shudder, sway or glisten

-- sudden pulsations of MOVEMENT -- flutter-flutter

Weird -- what are these images? We can't tell. We're simply TOO CLOSE to see. But there's something arresting and alien and kind of... beautiful about them.

The lullaby continues as we ADJUST and PULL BACK a bit. Just enough to reveal: the common HOUSEFLY. We've been moving through a progression of high-definition close ups.

(Note: we've already found footage that we like, and are hoping we can purchase it as STOCK.)

Now that we know what we're seeing, these images aren't quite so beautiful. They're actually creepy and disgusting.

The protruding, spongy mouthparts... the pixillated, compound eyes... the vein structure of the transparent wings... the delicate, hairy tendrils of the antennae...

Monstrous.

Why are we looking at this? What does this mean? We've no idea, but Skyler's soothing melody accompaniment only heightens the now nightmarish quality of our opening.

When her brief lullaby ends we simply ROLL CREDITS and begin a "Breaking Bad" episode unlike any other.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

A RED, GLOWING LIGHT

Fills frame. It BLINKS OFF. Darkness. After a beat, it blinks back ON. Pop WIDER to reveal we're looking up at...

The blinking LED LIGHT of a ceiling SMOKE DETECTOR. Turns out we are in the POV of...

1 INT. WALT'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT 1

WALT. He lies in bed, staring up at the blinking light.

He's deep in the disquiet of a sleepless night. On... off... on... off...

LOCKED-DOWN DISSOLVE from this wakeful 2 a.m. scenario to:

2 INT. WALT'S CONDO - BEDROOM - MORNING 2

6 a.m. Dawn light creeps in, as faded and weak as Walt. He sits slumped on the edge of the bed, weary and careworn, lost in thought. He's been sitting here awhile, having given up on any chance of slumber hours ago.

Beep-beep-beep-beep-beep-beep-beep-beep-beep...

His bedside ALARM ruptures the silence. This doesn't surprise him -- he's been waiting out the clock. He simply reaches out a hand and shuts it off.

CLOSE ON WALT, distinctly troubled. The bedroom might be silent... but if only he could somehow block out the relentless din in his head.

What's on Walt's mind? Any one of a dozen things could be plaguing him. Or all of them. Walt's share of guilt for Hank getting shot certainly springs to mind.

At any rate, this is the central question of our episode: What's the matter with Walt?

He reaches for his GLASSES, puts them on -- though perhaps he'd prefer the world to remain out of focus.

Off Walt, exhausted and perturbed, facing the day:

3 EXT. INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY - MORNING 3

Bright searing sunlight. The sky almost painfully blue.

WIDE on the facility as several cars enter. Walt's Aztek is already parked here.

We discover Walt sitting in his car. He still wears his SEAT BELT. He's unmoving, preoccupied, staring straight ahead.

But his tired eyes view only the past, not the present.

JESSE pulls up and parks his Tercel nearby. Jesse climbs out, takes a last drag of a cigarette -- savoring this last taste of the free world before entering the dungeon of the lab. He drops the butt, grinds it out.

He ambles to the Aztek and peers in, then RAPS on our window.

Walt startles a little. He grabs his brown bag lunch from the passenger seat. He tries to exit but gets SNAGGED by his seat belt -- didn't realize it was still fastened.

Chagrined, he unbuckles it.

Walt and Jesse join silent WORKERS entering the laundry.

4 INT. INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY - MORNING

4

CHUNK-CHUNK. Walt and Jesse pass expressionless men and women standing in line, some holding bag lunches like Walt's.

These folks dutifully punch in on the laundry's TIME CLOCK.

CHUNK-CHUNK. On the move, Jesse observes with bitterness.

JESSE

Surprised he doesn't make us do that.

Walt glances over, his expression inscrutable. Wordlessly, he disappears around the corner. Jesse follows on his heels.

5 INT. SUPERLAB - DAY

5

SH-SH-SH-SH. SOUNDS of SCRUBBING and the occasional GRUNT.

But as we TRACK the rows of equipment, the lab appears to be empty. WIDE on the entire place -- DESERTED. That is, until Walt stands up inside a giant VAT, revealing himself.

An OVERHEAD ANGLE reveals Walt and Jesse, wearing full WATERPROOF GEAR, each cleaning out a separate tank. They look

like sailors on a whaling ship. It's hard, boring scut-work, but it needs to be done before each new cook.

JESSE

The pack totally has a pecking order.

SH-SH-SH-SH-SH. Jesse scrubs unenthusiastically with a BRUSH, speaking intermittently during the small pauses when he stops. Just talking out loud, whatever's on his mind.

Walt works diligently, intently -- even in his fatigued state he finds the chore, and its results, satisfying. He's not conversing with Jesse. Not even listening, in fact.

JESSE

And the head hyena, he's the MAN, you know. All the other ones have to like, kiss his ass.

SH-SH-SH-SH-SH.

JESSE

I mean, literally. It's-it's so gross. They have to LICK his JUNK. I-I-I can't believe they even showed it on TV.

SH-SH-SH-SH-SH.

Walt clambers out of his vat and starts cleaning the outside.

From this position he can see GALE'S COFFEE CONTRAPTION.

Walt stares for a moment, then averts his gaze. Refocuses.

Jesse stands up into view, working his shoulder and cracking his aching neck. Sourly glancing around the lab:

JESSE

Yo, if this is s'posed to be all, like, Major League and all, we should have Equipment Maintainer Guys --

He sinks back down out of sight, keeps scrubbing. SH-SH-SH.

JESSE

-- and Water Boys, you know?
(example)
Yo, Gatorade me, bitch.

SH-SH-SH-SH-SH.

JESSE

Get us a couple of flunkies in here. Treat us right.

Walt moves on to another vessel and gets started. We begin a SEQUENCE of WIDE, LOCKED-DOWN DISSOLVES of the two of them cleaning all the equipment. A few examples:

-- Walt hoses down the inside of a tank. Water sluices and churns within the curved walls.

-- Jesse shoots compressed air through hoses in short bursts.

-- In the triple sink, Walt washes glassware in one sink full of suds. Rinses in the adjacent sink. Sets each item to dry in the third one. His own little assembly line.

-- Jesse climbs a ladder to clean inside a Settling Tank.

END SEQUENCE.

6 INT. SUPERLAB - AFTERNOON

6

CLOSE ON a white sheet of hand-written NUMBERS (not calculus formulae, but simply long columns of addition). The tip of a Number 2 pencil enters frame, scanning down their length.

It's hours later. The end of a very long day. Walt, now dressed in street clothes, frowns as he re-checks his math.

He sits at the WEIGHING/PACKAGING bench with PAPERWORK spread before him (NO meth here). A mug of untouched coffee goes cold. He's absorbed in his task -- the numbers perplex him.

Behind him, a cook is finally up and running, as we can tell by the SOUND EFFECTS, and maybe a bit of STEAM.

Jesse, his Tyvek half off with the sleeves tied around his waist, checks a few dials. He's satisfied by what he sees.

He sets a COOK TIMER (one of those palm-size digital deals).

He sticks it to the vat with a magnetic CLUNK, presses START.

JESSE

Okay. 15 hours starts... now.

(done for the day)

I'm gonna hit it if that's cool with you.

Walt, engrossed, doesn't answer. Jesse shakes his head -- what's up with him today? He crosses to the break room.

Walt studies his figures, pressing his pencil to his lips.

WALT
(muttering)
I don't understand.

Jesse is visible in the Break Room, shrugging out of his Tyvek and gathering his stuff.

JESSE
What?

WALT
These numbers. They just don't add up.

JESSE
Told ya. Dude's totally boning us.

WAL
Nah... it's not that. It's our output. We're off. We're point one-four percent off.

Jesse pulls on his hoodie or somesuch, unconcerned.

JESSE
Point one-four, that's like..? What does that --

WALT
-- It means, we should be netting more than we're netting.

JESSE
(glimmer of interest now)
So how far off are we?

WALT
It's not negligible. Ball-parking it, I'd say we're a quarter to a half pound shy.

Shit. These are the amounts Jesse's been stealing. Busted?

Damn Mr. White and his big-ass brain! Luckily for Jesse, Walt isn't looking at him or he'd have seen a quick flash of fear cross his face before Jesse composes himself.

JESSE
That's weird.
(a beat)
Well, what about spillage.

Walt looks up from his numbers for the first time.

WALT
Spillage?

JESSE
Yeah, you know. Just stuff gets spilled.

WALT
Nothing gets spilled.

JESSE
Little, maybe.

WALT
(stubbornly)
Nothing gets spilled.

JESSE
What about, um, evaporation?

WALT
That wouldn't account for this much. The materials aren't out that long.

JESSE
What about the, uh, the other one? The drops. Like on, um, on cold beer.

WALT
(faintly annoyed)
Condensation?

JESSE
Yeah.

WALT
No.

JESSE
What about the crap that gets left behind?
(off Walt's puzzled look)
You know -- all the gunk we scrape out of the vats. They add up like a gallon. Each. Didja work that in?

WALT
(considering)
Vestiges?

JESSE
Yeah. Vestiges.

Walt stares at Jesse for a beat. Blinks. Cocks his head, birdlike. Returns to his numbers.

Jesse's uncomfortable. Hopes he dodged that bullet. Now he just wants to get the hell out of there.

JESSE
Bet that's it.
(halfway to the stairs)
Bet that's totally it.

Walt is engrossed in his calculations. Jesse starts up the spiral staircase, then stops. Some instinct nags at him.

JESSE
Hey, Mr. White.
(no response, louder)
Mr. White.

WALT
Huh?

JESSE
Are you okay?

WALT
Yeah-yeah. Why?

JESSE
... Nothing.
(beat, then)
Are you coming?

WALT
(preoccupied)
Yeah. In a minute.

Jesse nods. He jogs up the spiral staircase, crosses the catwalk, opens the door and pauses. Looks down at Mr. White.

JESSE'S POV FROM ABOVE. Walt sits hunched over his note pad.

He looks small, shrunken and diminished. With his pencil and Wallabies, Walt looks like a relic -- incongruous with the gleaming enormity of the modern lab.

JESSE
Alright, see ya tomorrow.

Without looking up, Walt gives a little wave. Jesse goes.

The heavy door CLANGS shut behind him. Walt is left alone.

Walt re-re-checks his math. It's still not making sense for him. Silence while he struggles with it. Then...

... A FAINT BUZZ fades in, then out. Maybe we notice.

Tighter on Walt as he scribbles numbers. A beat. We HEAR the BUZZ again, a bit louder... this time moving past Walt's head in our wonderful Dolby Surround. Walt lifts his eyes, listens. More silence. He focuses once more on his task.

BUZZ-Z. Louder now. Right past Walt's ear! His head rises.

He glances around left and right above him. What the hell?

Just then, a FLY buzzes into view. It lands on the number-scribbled SHEET before Walt. His eyes narrow on it.

CLOSE ON this fat, black HOUSEFLY. Well-fed. Positivelyburly. Wings twitching, it grooms itself.

Walt squints at this insouciant intruder. A fly. In here?!

Unacceptable. He'll dispatch this pest posthaste.

Slow-ly, slow-ly, Walt reaches for a nearby note pad, raises it. Eyes on his prey. He slaps the pad down hard -- WHACK!

Fat chance. Unscathed, the fly buzzes off, circles and lands a few feet away on the adjacent COUNTER.

Still sitting, Walt readies, then LUNGES for it -- the wheels on his chair ROLL with his momentum -- and SWATS again with his note pad. WHACK! The metal surface RINGS.

As Walt optimistically lifts up the pad and peers underneath, the fly BUZZES past. Missed again.

WIDE now. Thus begins a FLY-STALKING SEQUENCE. Walt followsthe fly and swats it at every spot it alights.

Gradually quickening his pace... moving faster and faster...

... Walt soon grows heedless to everything but his pursuit and his deepening vendetta. In other words, his chase amps up as he follows this fly around the lab.

THWACK! Miss. THWACK! Miss. THWACK! Miss.

Eventually, he comes to a stop, breathing hard. Mad as hell.

WALT

Bastard.

He really wants to kill this pest. To Walt, this insect is an insult. An affront. And Walt WILL defeat it.

WALT

Sonofa --

One last missed swing -- then his eyes follow the fly UPWARDS as it buzzes toward the ceiling.

WALT

Damn it! Come on! Come on, come on.

ANGLE -- we see it up there. It has alighted on the ceiling next to one of many bell-shaped LIGHT FIXTURES 25 feet above.

ANGLE FROM ABOVE (FLY POV) -- Walt stands small far below, breathing hard, looking up, his gaze fixed our way.

Walt does the only logical thing. Logical if you're Walter White and determined to control ONE goddamned thing in your miserable, disintegrating life. Without taking his eyes off the fly, Walt removes one of his Wallabies. Taking careful aim... Walt LOBS the shoe straight UP AT US.

The shoe HITS us, MISSES the fly, and falls back uselessly to the floor with a THUD. Bounces a little.

Walt, disappointed but resolute, retrieves his shoe and tries again. Windmilling it around underhanded once, twice...

WALT

Son of a bitch.

ANGLE FROM ABOVE as the shoe flies up toward us. The brown suede grenade soaring up, up, spinning closer, closer...

Fly unharmed, the shoe drops back with an ego-bruising THUD.

Walt's frustration is palpable. He's officially seething with impotent rage. That fucking fly! It hasn't moved.

Hasn't even flinched. It's just sitting there, mocking us.

Walt picks up his shoe. Third time's the charm, he can feel it. He HURLS it hard with a grunt and --

-- SMASH! The LIGHT BULB in the nearby fixture SHATTERS as the shoe impacts it! GLASS SHARDS RAIN DOWN on Walt.

He ducks and covers, runs out of the way. He's unhurt.

From his new vantage point, Walt looks up to see:

The fixture swings back and forth, back and forth. And his shoe... is ATTACHED to it! Somehow the shoe lace or somesuch has managed to get caught on the bottom of the fixture and now the shoe DANGLES there. Stuck. The fly..? It's MIA.

WALT

That's great.

Walt shakes his head. Snorts. Calms down. After a moment, maybe he even manages to chuckle a little. What folly. This accident has shaken him loose of his fixation. Jarred some sense into him. He's feeling a little foolish now. What the hell was I thinking? Time to stop this nonsense.

Walt grabs a BROOM from the CLEANING CART. With one shoe on and one shoe off he walks with a slight limp. Walter White definitely came out the loser in this battle. Ah well.

He approaches the section of the floor where the broken glass lies in a glittery mess. Gives it a couple of swift sweeps.

Wait a minute. He'd better retrieve his dangling shoe first.

For safety, to avoid cutting his stocking foot.

Taking the broom, he mounts the stairs and tromps up, one footfall CLANGING on the metal staircase, one silent.

ON THE CATWALK, Walt leans against the RAILING and reaches out and over it with the broom to try to knock his shoe free.

He can't... quite... reach it.

Ever tenacious, he climbs OVER the railing to get a bit closer. Bad idea -- this can't be wise. Walt holds onto the railing with one hand, leans wa-a-y out over the lab as he wields the broom like a sword. Poke. Poke. Grunt. Poke.

Success! The shoe dislodges and falls to the ground below.

Walt's relieved, (we're relieved), and he's kinda pleased with himself. Good job. Just then, out of nowhere...

... the FLY buzzes right past his face. Walt's ire flares.

Even though he's still on the outside of the railing, he takes a WILD SWING at the fly with the broom. Miss.

The fly lands on the railing six feet away.

WALT

Bastard.

Walt, all concern for his safety, all reason cast aside in the face of this new taunt, fixates on his tormentor. He winds back, swings and SMASHES the broom down on the railing.

CLANG! The entire railing VIBRATES. The momentum of his swing plus the impact causes the broom to bounce up, flinging his arm... AH!

Losing his grip and his balance, Walt flails and... FALLS.

CRASH! Walt hits a tall METAL VESSEL on the way down. It breaks his fall, but doesn't stop it. He bounces off, falling to the ground...

... WHUMP! Walt lands hard. The broom CLATTERS next to him.

Both lay silent. Oh, shit. Is Walt dead?

No. He doesn't move for a moment... but Walt's not hurt.

Well, not seriously, anyway. Getting his wind back and groaning, he rolls onto his back. His EYEGLASSES are askew.

WALT'S POV -- as the world returns to focus, something DARK flits into his vision, coming in for a landing on our lens.

CLOSE ON Walt's glasses. The fly lands on one of his LENSES and sits there, nonchalantly preening its legs.

Walt's eyes widen, then narrow. Unbelievable. Off this insult to injury, we:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

OVER BLACK:

CHUNK-CHUNK. Up on:

CLOSE -- the TIME CLOCK punches a card. It reads 8:58am.

7 INT. INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY - MORNING

7

Another morning at the laundromat. The SAME expressionless laundry EMPLOYEES waiting in line to punch their time cards.

CHUNK-CHUNK. CHUNK-CHUNK.

We RACK past them to the open laundry ENTRANCE where Jesse is pulling into his parking spot. Walt's empty car is parked nearby (right where it was the day before).

8 INT. TERCEL - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

8

Jesse kills the engine, glancing over at the Aztek. Looks like eager-beaver company man Walt is already here. Great.

But Jesse's in no hurry. He's made it clear: big payday or no, this job ranks right up there with sushi and coal mining.

No, he's gonna take his sweet time and finish his cigarette.

After a puff, maybe two, he stubs out his smoke in the car's ashtray. The tray is overflowing with butts... and yet ONE catches his eye. He picks it up and examines the filter.

CLOSE -- RED LIPSTICK SMUDGES. From Jane's mouth. Her lips.

From Before.

Jesse sits here a moment, a sad silence filling the car.

Then he simply... carefully... places her cigarette butt back in the ashtray, gets out of the car and heads inside.

9 INT. INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY - BASEMENT LANDING - MORNING

9

The small length of HALLWAY outside the superlab ENTRY DOOR.

Jesse comes down the stairs from the laundry above. He pulls out his keys, unlocks and pushes open the door -- or at least tries to. The door opens a bit, then closes shut. Huh?

Jesse peers through the lab door WINDOW, trying to see what could be blocking the entryway when... he feels the hair atop his head FLUTTER... like it would in a breeze.

He looks down at his pant legs... they're FLAPPING from a WIND coming through the door cracks. Weird.

Jesse puts his shoulder to the door, straining. He's finally able to PUSH IT OPEN and step out onto...

10 INT. SUPERLAB - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

10

... The catwalk. Stumped, he stands here looking around as:

WALT (O.S.)
SHUT THE DOOR!

Here comes Walt, racing upstairs. He's in his clothes from yesterday and has a small BANDAGE on one side of his head.

JESSE
My ears are popping.

WALT
SHUT THE DOOR -- !
(annoyed)
Move.

Walt pushes him aside and SLAMS the door shut.

JESSE
It's like I'm on an airplane, yo.
What the hell's doing that?!

WALT
Positive pressure.

As he mutters this, Walt kneels down and quickly re-stuffs the RAGS and TYVEK he'd positioned around the door cracks.

JESSE
Positive what?
(fingers to his ears)
AHH! God, this frickin' KILLS, yo!

WALT
Just move your jaw around. Move it around.

JESSE
I am moving it around, alright!
It's not working!

WALT
Jesus. YAWN or something. Stop acting like such a baby.

Jesse finally gets his ears to "pop."

JESSE
Ah. Damn.
(then)
Wh-wh-what "positive?" "Positive what?"

Walt locks the door and double checks it.

WALT

Pressure. I've turned the ventilation up to keep the outside out.

(vague; self-conscious)

There's, uh, been a contamination.

(Note: as we've hinted at earlier in the season and in Act One, Walt has O.C.D. tendencies. Only now, his "tendencies" have blown up into an "obsession." This doesn't mean Walt is delusional or "crazy" here, he's still himself -- just crankier, more anxious, more self-conscious and distracted.)

With that, Walt simply heads off back down the stairs.

JESSE

Wait... WHAT?

Alarmed, Jesse hurries after him.

JESSE

Whoa, whoa, whoa, hold up!

WALT

Something got into the lab.

Walt moves out onto the lab floor with Jesse right behind.

JESSE

So, uh, what do we do? I mean, do we -- wait, wait -- I mean, shouldn't we be wearing MASKS?

WALT

(reluctant)

No, no it's not that-that kind of contaminant.

JESSE

So it's, like, not dangerous?

(needs way more facts)

Mr. White? Talk to me here!

WALT

Not... to us. Particularly. No.

Walt picks up a 3' long THING made out of duct tape and cellophane. It looks like a half-assed cross between a sword and a giant salad spoon. With it in hand, he squints up at the ceiling. Jesse frowns at the duct tape thingie.

JESSE

What the hell is that?

WALT

(again, vague)

This is, uh... I made it.

JESSE

... So, exactly what kind of contaminant are we dealing with here?

Walt sighs. He's fully aware of how this is going to sound to Jesse, but... let's just get it over with:

WALT

A fly.

Walt moves away, searching the heavens. Jesse puzzles.

JESSE

What do you mean? A fly like...
like what do you mean?

WALT

I mean a fly. A housefly.

Jesse stands here, blinking. Trying to understand.

JESSE

Like, uh... one fly? Singular?
(off Walt's nod)
What'd it DO?

WALT

It... got into the lab! And I'm
trying to get it OUT. Okay?
Understand?

Walt moves off again, resuming his fly search.

JESSE

No, man. Not really. I can't say as
I'm really following you here.
(now erupts)
Dude, you scared the SHIT outta me!

JESSE

You say "contamination," I mean, I'm thinking, like, a, like, ebola leak or something!

WALT

(derisive)

"Ebola?"

JESSE

It's a disease on The Discovery Channel where all your intestines just sorta slip right outta your butt.

WALT

Thank you, I know what Ebola is. Now tell me -- what would a West African virus be doing in our lab, hmm?

JESSE

(a perfect dry beat)

So... you're chasing around a fly, and in your world I'm the idiot.

Walt rubs his eyes. This is the EXACT reaction from Jesse he was dreading. But maybe he can get the kid to understand.

WALT

Jesse, this-this fly --
(rephrasing)
-- ANY fly -- cannot be in our lab. It's... it's a problem. It's a contamination, and that is in no way a misuse of the word. Okay? So, in terms of keeping our cook clean and our product unadulterated... we need to take this very seriously. Now, do you understand?

Jesse looks down at Walt's cellophane sword thing.

JESSE

So, is that your fly saber?

WALT

(self-conscious)

This is a swatter. And it happens to work quite well, thank you.

JESSE

Uh-huh.

(re: his bandage)

JESSE

Hey, uh, what happened to your-your head?

WALT

Nothing. I'm fine.

JESSE

You didn't hit it?

(serious)

Like really, really hard?

WALT

(losing patience)

My head is not the problem, Jesse.
The fly is the problem.

JESSE

(dead serious)

You didn't happen to maybe try our product, did you?

Walt scratches his neck. This is like trying to teach jazz to a chimp. But again, he checks his anger and explains:

WALT

Jesse, I know this seems unusual to you, a layman. A fly? I get it. Seems insignificant, right? But trust me: in a highly controlled environment such as this, any pollutant, no matter how small, could completely...

Walt simply trails off as if he'd finished his thought, then walks to the finishing tank and looks around and above it.

Jesse stands here hanging, bewildered.

JESSE

Hello?

WALT

What?

Jesse finally takes in Walt's appearance: the stubble, the red-rimmed eyes, the rumpled (and familiar) clothes.

JESSE

Were you here all night?
(then)

Have you even slept?

WALT

Jesse, look, I'm fine. So why don't you just please focus on --

Beep-beep-beep-beep-beep-beep-beep-beep-beep. It's the TIMER attached to the giant MIX/COOK VESSEL.

Walt steps over and turns it off. Time to assume control.

WALT

Okay, look. We're running late, so let's just get started, shall we? The sooner we do it, the sooner we're done.

JESSE

(mutters)

Frickin' finally.

(Note: as we all know, these super cooks take place over a couple of days. They're about halfway through the process here, with 2-3 more significant steps remaining.)

Jesse trudges a few feet to the storage shelves, grabs a SACK of SODIUM HYDROXIDE and crosses to the MIX/COOK TANK.

WALT

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. What are you doing?

JESSE

(re: the sack)

It's time to alkaline.

WALT

Have you not heard a word I said? NO COOKING until this fly is dealt with.

(off Jesse's disbelief)

Have I been speaking to MYSELF?

JESSE

The timer went off, yo! How long is this batch gonna be good for? An hour? Two?

WALT

The batch will be good for nothing
if we don't clear the contaminant!

JESSE

"Clear the contaminant?!" We're
making METH here, alright, not
SPACE SHUTTLES!

WALT

We're making NOTHING until we catch
this fly!

JESSE

WHAT fly?! Alright, where the hell
IS this fly? Not like I even seen
this thing! Maybe your "positive
pressure" blew it out the door or
something!

WAL

No, no, it is HERE. It is around,
okay? He's around. And I am not
going to expose this batch to the
open air and contamination. Period.
Now, you can leave me to deal with
this myself, or you can help me.
But you're right -- we are running
out of time, so I need your answer
right NOW.

Jesse's BAFFLED. They're gonna risk losing a fortune in drugs
over a fly?! Still, when it comes to Walt, he knows the path
of least resistance is almost always submission.

Jesse DROPS the sack. Let's fucking get this over with.

WALT

Okay.

TIME CUT TO:

11 INT. SUPERLAB - MORNING - LATER

11

One minute later? Five? Time seems to stand still down here
in this windowless prison. Walt moves slowly, searching
everywhere. Deliberate and methodical. Over on the other side
of the facility, Jesse is dragging ass, his newspaper hanging
limply from the end of his arm.

Jesse doesn't give a flying fuck about this fly -- provided
it's still here or even exists in the first place. He's
worried about the cook they're going to lose. He's keeping a

subtle eye on distant Walt, glancing at him as he moves in and out of view across the way.

Jesse is bewildered and annoyed by his mentor, to be sure... but add to that he's growing more and more concerned about Walt's state of mind.

Jesse checks his watch. Holds it up and taps it with a finger for Walt to see.

JESSE

Hey. Tick-tock, yo.

Walt does his best to disregard this pressing fact. As they both slowly wander, gradually circulating around the lab, Jesse tries a different tack.

JESSE

Look, I like making cherry product, but let's keep it real, alright: we make POISON for people who DON'T CARE. Alright? We probably have the most UN-PICKY customers in the world.

WALT

(rallying)

No-no-no. No... rationalizing. We'll find it any minute. Don't give up.

Jesse watches as Walt moves away. Something is DEFINITELY SKETCHY with Mr. White today. Maybe it's just your typical no-sleep jittery weirdness, but... strange.

It's now that Jesse notices his little tour around the room has brought him back to the mix/cook tank. He looks around: Walt's wandered off, OUT OF SIGHT.

Screw this. Jesse tucks the crossword section in his back pocket and begins to quickly unscrew the tank lid FASTENINGS.

(We're not sure there is anything like this, but we want to give Jesse a bit of business before he can open the tank.)

JESSE

(covering;
conversational)

Did you, uh, did you know there's, uh, an acceptable level of rat turds that can go into candy bars? That's the Government, Jack! Even

the Government doesn't care that much about quality.

The lid is unlatched. Jesse bends down, reaching for the bag of sodium hydroxide at his feet.

JESSE

Know what is okay to put in hot dogs, huh? Pig lips and assholes. I say have at it, bitches -- 'cause I love hot dogs! And uh, you know, see what I'm -- ?

Suddenly, like in a horror film, Walt APPEARS! Looking at Jesse through a gap between vessels (or somesuch).

WALT

What are you doing?

JESSE

(regains his composure)
Oh, hey. Lemme just top it off, alright, really quick. You know, a little sodium hydroxide, shut the lid -- no harm done. Then we're golden.

Walt stares, not blinking... so Jesse risks it. He reaches to lift the lid. But the second he opens it a fraction of an inch -- Walt reaches out and SLAMS it shut again.

WALT

It stays closed. That's an ORDER.

JESSE

You can't "order" shit, Adolf, alright? We're 50/50 partners, remember?

Jesse tries once more to open the vessel -- and Walt, without hesitation, SWINGS his swatter hard against Jesse's shoulder.

JESSE

OWWW! GAH -- what is your PROBLEM?

Jesse grabs his shoulder. That really hurt! Recovering, Jesse RUSHES Walt. They GRAPPLE in typical awkward white boy fashion. Finally, Jesse is able to SHOVE Walt back.

Jesse stands growling and rubbing his shoulder in pain.

JESSE

Frickin' PSYCHO! AHH!

WALT (O.S.)

Jesse.

JESSE

Like, hit bone.

WALT (O.S.)

(low, insistent)

Jesse. Jesse.

Jesse glances at Walt, double-takes. His pissed expression fades a little as he stands staring at...

... The FLY. It has come to rest on Walt's bald HEAD! Walt stands frozen, afraid to move. Terrified to lose it again.

WALT

(mouth barely moving)

You see it, right? You see it?!

JESSE

Yeah.

WALT

Get it.

For Jesse, this is one of those rare, slow-dawning moments that's just too good to be true. Sly, yet deadpan...

JESSE

You want me to get it?

WALT

Yes. Slow! Move slowly...

JESSE

I know. I'm moving slowly. Yeah. Absolutely. I'm just gonna need your "swatter" thing... Come on. Oh yeah. It's okay... come on.

Jesse slowly withdraws the big FLY SABER from Walt's hand.

WALT

Make it count.

JESSE

Yeah, no, no. I'm gonna, I'm gonna make it count alright.

Jesse carefully RAISES it high. Yeah, he's enjoying this.

Walt, eyes focused upward and standing motionless as a statue, is too preoccupied to notice.

WALT
Okay. Now, on three.

JESSE
Okay.

WALT
On-nne...

BAM! On his own timetable, Jesse SLAMS the big fly swatter down on Walt's head!

WALT
OWWW! MOTHERFF--

JESSE
You like that? Hurts, huh?

After a second to recover, his hand to his head, Walt checks his palm for fly guts. Finds none. Scanning the floor:

WALT
Did you get it? --

JESSE
(not lying)
I think so, yeah.

Walt checks the swatter. There's no fly corpse, no smudge (no insert needed here -- our actor's reaction will suffice).

WALT
Where is it?

JESSE
I don't know. What's it matter? Who cares? I got it.
(Walt drops to his knees)
Ah, Jesus. Seriously..?

WALT
Where is it?

They search. Walt on all fours, Jesse standing. Soon:

JESSE
It's, uh... oh! Right there. Look.
Look!

He points at a tiny, dark brown SPLAT that rests just under the edge of the tank, or perhaps in one of the nooks of a Sorbothane floormat. In other words, easy to miss.

JESSE

See? I told you I got it.

Walt picks it up.

WALT

This is a raisin.

JESSE

Look, I definitely got it, man, alright...

Bzzz-z. The FLY passes just overhead, right between them.

Walt slow-burns. The air leaks out of Jesse, as he truly did think he killed it. He stares after the fly.

JESSE

Ah, man.

(sheepish shrug)

He's got some skills, yo. I'll give him that.

Walt rubs his head with his hand, trying to master his emotions. He rises to his feet, faces Jesse. Outwardly quiet and calm... yet hinting at the roiling ANXIETY within:

WALT

Look. I feel like I'm running out of ways to explain this to you... but once more, I will try. This fly is a major problem for us. It will ruin our batch. And we need to destroy it and every trace of it so we can cook. Failing that? We're dead. There is no more room for error. Not with these people.

Finally, there's a hint of true CRAZINESS here. Not much... just a tad. Right now, it seems born of FEAR.

For Jesse, this is where the penny drops. Mr. White is not just being over-tired and douche-y this morning. Jesse comes to decide that the man has truly lost it.

Jesse considers him a beat. Nodding, speaking nonchalantly:

JESSE

How 'bout we go get some air?

WALT

"Get some air?" Your answer to
"We're sliding head-first into a
massive crap..."

JESSE

Mr. White, I understand that the
fly is a serious thing now,
alright. I'm onboard. I'm just
saying, you know, maybe if we went
and got some air, it would help us
come up with a plan on how to catch
it. Then come back down here and
subtract his ass.

Walt considers. A beat, then he sighs and nods, giving in.

Jesse smiles, relaxing a little. This is good. Good sign.

Jesse holds out an arm, offering "after you." He follows Walt
as they both mount the spiral staircase and climb it to the
catwalk above.

UP ON THE CATWALK, Walt moves wearily. He seems exhausted.

As they reach the door, he muscles it open against the breezy
AIRFLOW... then pauses, turning to Jesse.

WALT

Oh wait. D'you have your keys?

JESSE

Yeah.

WALT

You sure? Last thing we need is to
get locked out.

JESSE

Yeah.

True that. Good-naturedly, Jesse fishes his KEYS from his
pocket and jingles them in two fingers -- See? All good.

In a flash, Walt SNATCHES the keys, SHOVES Jesse out the door
and locks him out! Looks like Walt had a plan, too.

12 INT. INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY - BASEMENT LANDING - CONTINUOUS

12

Jesse didn't see it coming. Before he can turn around and
push back -- CLICK! -- the door is LATCHED tight. He stands
here stunned, peering at Walt through the door's tiny window.

JESSE

HEY!

WALT

(muffled through glass)

If you're not going to help, STAY
OUT OF MY WAY!

Walt turns and disappears. Off to battle the fly on his own.

JESSE

Hey!

Jesse POUNDS the steel door a couple times. Futile. What now? He's not eager to lose an entire cook -- but he's also, god help him, concerned for Walt's health.

Off Jesse, running up the stairs, out of sight:

13 INT. INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY - MORNING

13

Lots of STEAM and hot, HISSING equipment -- WOMEN and MEN work hard on the ironing side of this operation. Into frame jogs near-frantic Jesse. He heads for the nearest WORKER.

JESSE

Yo, does somebody got an axe I can
use?

The Worker glances at him blankly. Jesse opens up his questioning to the group. He mimes CHOPPING with both hands.

JESSE

El axe-o! Peligroso! El axe-o!

More sheep stares. Great. He looks around, heads for...

14 INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

14

Jesse jogs into this room (no one in here -- he's currently got the place to himself). His pace slows as he notes TOOLS galore. Jackpot!

He picks up a large BALL-PEEN HAMMER, tests its heft. Nice.

But wait -- a SLEDGEHAMMER! Better! Hold on... here's a CROWBAR. That'll come in handy. He's trying to figure out the best way to carry all this heavy stuff when...

... He notes a huge gray CIRCUIT-BREAKER BOX on a nearby wall. The sight of it pauses him. He wanders closer.

This thing is not the kind of deal you'd find on the side of your house. It is definitely heavy-duty INDUSTRIAL SIZE, with fat steel cable conduits about six inches in diameter.

Off Jesse, wheels turning... coming up with a better plan:

15 INT. SUPERLAB - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

15

Extreme LOW ANGLE UP past Walt as he MOVES THROUGH the lab, peering up into the bright LIGHTS high above. No sign of the fly right now. But Walt can hope.

NEW ANGLE. Suddenly, almost as if taunting him... BZZZZ-ZZ.

The FLY lands nearby. Low enough to reach.

Walt moves slow-wwly... pulse quickening... fly saber gently twitching... as our hero closes on his prey.

WALT

There we go... Say goodnight...

Raising the swatter over his head like a samurai, Walt is ready to... END THIS FUCKING THING! But just as he SWINGS --

-- THUNK! The LIGHTS GO OUT. Instantly, this is followed by an unseen CRASH as disoriented Walt loses his balance.

WALT (O.S.)

AHH! BITCH --

EMERGENCY LIGHTS click on. They don't do much down here --

but they allow us a few wall washes of murky eerie RED GLOW.

Just enough...

... To catch GLIMPSES of Walt in silhouette muttering angrily, KNOCKING things over as he tries to find his way around. He stumbles and barks his shin --

WALT (O.S.)

Son of a -- ! Dammit! --

-- Before he finally gets to where he wants to be. We hear DRAWERS thrown open and searched. What's he looking for?

A FLASHLIGHT -- it clicks on, illuminates his face. Briefly casting him in a sort of "insane warlock" glow (he doesn't exactly shine it under his chin, however, as that would be too self-consciously goofy).

His bright FLASHLIGHT BEAM dodging here and there around the big lab (and maybe we have just a hint of smoke in the air to really make it stand out?), Walt beelines for the spiral staircase. He hurries up it to the catwalk.

He's not heading for the exit. Instead, he's here to check the ELECTRICAL BOXES which line the catwalk wall. He wants to fix the goddamned power and get back to the business of killing flies. But before he can examine these boxes...

... There's a TAP-TAP on the lab door. Jesse smiles in at us through the little window (he's got LIGHT out there where he is, by the way). His voice is muffled through the glass.

JESSE

Need some juice, maybe?

Walt gets it now, and his face falls. He's been outfoxed.

Clever Jesse -- looks like he's got Walt over a barrel.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

THREE PLASTIC SHOPPING BAGS

Get set down into frame with a heavy THUNK. Reveal Jesse, freshly returned from a whirlwind shopping trip.

JESSE

Knock yourself out.

We are:

16 INT. SUPERLAB - BREAK ROOM - MORNING

16

A half-hour has passed since the end of Act Two. Walt quickly digs through the bags, hoping for something which may prove useful. With disdain, he holds up a FLY SWATTER.

JESSE

It's a REAL one.

Walt snorts and tosses it aside. Jesse's offended.

JESSE

Yeah, like yours was working.

Walt pulls out a can of BUG SPRAY. He frowns at his partner.

WALT

No... no... no...

(off Jesse)

Look, we're trying to decontaminate. You don't decontaminate by contaminating further.

Jesse rolls his eyes -- whatever, man. Walt pulls out more items: BUG BOMBS, GRANULAR FLY BAIT, an ULTRAVIOLET TRAP.

One by one, he summarily tosses them aside.

WALT

What the hell is all this?

Jesse reaches into an untouched bag, pulls out a "GOLDSTICK" FLY TRAP. The kind that one hangs like an unfurled roll of film. He DANGLES it enticingly in front of Walt.

JESSE

Here. How 'bout this?

Walt takes it from him, looks it over. Reading the label:

WALT

Non-toxic glue strips.

JESSE

Yeah, Baby! It's got PHEROMONES.

(dumps out a bagful)

Alright, I bought a whole buttload.

We can hang 'em up all over the place. It won't be able to resist.

Jesse's selling it, staying cheerful. Off Walt, considering:

17 INT. SUPERLAB - MORNING

17

Fifteen minutes later. TWO DOZEN FLY TRAPS dangle around the lab like so many nightmarish Christmas ornaments.

Walt perches at the top of a LADDER. Jesse stands below, hands up the last trap for Walt to hang.

Walt does so, all the while distractedly scanning for the fly. He's exhausted. We see the toll this is taking on him.

WALT

I sure hope we have enough.

Jesse glances at the ridiculous number of these trap things.

We're basically surrounded by them. (Maybe it's at this point -- for the line that FOLLOWS -- that we truly see how many of these things there are.)

JESSE

I'm gonna go out on a limb and say,
uh, yeah.

WALT

(re: the fly)
Do you see him?

Jesse shakes his head. Walt sighs and climbs down. Half to himself, as if not realizing he said this already...

Jesse studies Walt, worried for him. Trying not to show it.

JESSE

How long you think you've been
awake?

WALT

Why do you keep asking me that?

JESSE

Just figure you could use some
coffee, is all. I know I could.
(walks off, glancing
back)
How 'bout it?

Nice and nonchalant. Walt considers, nods. Jesse crosses the lab to Gale's science-y COFFEE MACHINE.

NEW ANGLE -- Jesse steps up to it, taps off a couple mugs of steaming java, glancing over his shoulder to Walt... who stands his ground, preoccupied. Walt's eyes cast around the lab for his elusive enemy, the fly.

Making the most of this moment, not knowing how long it may last... Jesse quickly pulls something from his JACKET POCKET.

JESSE

You take cream and sugar?

WALT

Black's fine.

It's a small BOTTLE of over-the-counter SLEEPING PILLS.

Quietly, Jesse unscrews it. He pokes a thumbnail through the protective FOIL (he bought this on his recent shopping trip - -obviously, this one purchase was the entire point of going).

CLOSE ON Jesse's hand as MANY PILLS pour into his palm. Too many. Half the bottle. Jesse hurriedly tips some back where they came from. Now he's got about SEVEN PILLS left in hand.

Jesse chews his lip a second, agonizing. Too many? Too few?

Finally... Screw it. Lucky number seven. He slips the pills into Walt's COFFEE. This is in no way nefarious. It's an act of compassion. Jesse stirs the concoction with a spoon.

JESSE

Why don't you just, uh, leave him be? Let the traps do the work.

Grabbing his own mug too, so as not to seem suspicious, Jesse crosses back to Walt, offering him his very "special" coffee.

Walt absently takes it.

JESSE

Those pheromones are supposed to kick ass. I bet we catch this mofo any second.

Walt can't help but stay on the lookout. Jesse continues to eye Walt closely, wanting to prompt him to drink up...

but knowing better than to do that. Soon, Walt absently takes a small SIP. No reaction to the taste. So far, so good.

Walt takes another sip. Lets himself settle down a little.

This is the first time he's been truly static in HOURS. He can't quite let himself relax, however. Still watchful.

Jesse hangs nearby, trying for nonchalance as he waits for the pills to kick in. Makes conversation.

JESSE

You ever have like, a wild animal trapped in your house?

Often for Walt, Jesse's questions are simply so much annoying background noise. This one's no different.

WALT

Not that I can recall, no.

JESSE

We did, this one time. Back when it was my aunt's house, back before she died of cancer. Was a possum. Big, freaky looking bitch.

(then)

Hey, since when did they change it to "O-possum?" What's up with that? When I was coming up, it was just "possum." "Opossum" make it sound like he's Irish or something. Why they gotta go changing everything? Whatever. It's just big rats anyways -- giant pink-tailed rats with their pink rat faces. Totally freaky, like, alien rats.

Walt heaves a heavy sigh, burdened by everything, including Jesse's stupid story. He sips. Keeps his eyes peeled.

Jesse keeps talking, hoping Walt will start to fade.

JESSE

And so, it's not so much that it got trapped but he was living there, you know? Under the house. You could hear him going from, like, room to room. Always, uh, scurrying around down there. Sometimes I'd see him outside at night and it'd just, you know, FREEZE.

JESSE

(indignant)

And it's like you're not looking RIGHT at it, right? I mean, it thinks it's FOOLING you. That's what they do -- I mean, they play DEAD or whatever. It's just so, SO lame.

WALT

(mostly just weary)

Is there a discernible point to this story? A point that you-you'll be arriving at some time in the near future?

Just so long as Walt keeps drinking coffee, Jesse is happy -- no point getting the old bastard riled up. He shrugs.

JESSE

It was just a total bitch to get out. Took forever. A guy came. Set all these traps and all. And he, he finally got him. But my aunt... you know, she didn't believe it. I

mean, she kept insisting she could still hear the thing. And you could not tell her any different. I mean, she started keeping an old umbrella, you know, by her chair. Man... She'd just bang on the floor and yell at it. Even gave it a name...

(remembers)

Scrabble. That was it. "Scrabble, just knock it off!" Bang-bang-bang.

(reflecting)

She got like that. Toward the end. Got obsessive about stuff, just got mad about stuff. We didn't know what was up. It wasn't like her, to, uh, be that way.

Jesse chews his lip, considering. He glances at Walt.

JESSE

Turned out that the, um, the cancer, had spread to her brain and that was why. It, um, metastasized. But it was good that was when we decided to, you know, take her to the doctor 'cause then we knew what was up. You know, got her some treatment. Meds.

JESSE

So she wouldn't be stressing all the time.

(the good news)

It was a lot better after that. Y'know, she was a lot happier.

A silent, expectant pause. Jesse, having made his point either accidentally or by design, watches Walt, hopeful he'll catch on.

Walt considers Jesse's words... and more than that, Jesse's concern. Once more, he looks to the ceiling. To himself:

WALT

Where the hell is he?

Leaving Jesse (and us) to wonder if Jesse's sudden suspicion is correct. Has Walt's cancer progressed? Is it the cause of his strange behavior? Does Walt even know?

Walt sips his coffee. His back is to Jesse, who watches him, unsure what to say or do now. In fact, Walt got the point

after all. Finally, he answers Jesse's implied question.

WALT

I've been to my oncologist, Jesse.
Just last week.

(off Jesse's look)

I'm still in remission. I'm
healthy.

JESSE

Okay, so, good. Great.

WALT

(to himself)

No end in sight.

JESSE

(sensing something)

That's great.

A beat. Walt is once more lost in troubling thoughts.

WALT

Well, I missed it.

(then)

There was some perfect moment, and
it passed me right by.

Jesse simply listens as it dawns on him where Walt is headed with this. Walt continues, more or less thinking aloud.

WALT

I-I had to have enough to leave
them. That was the whole point.
This doesn't make any sense if I
didn't have enough.

(a beat)

But it had to be before she found
out. Skyler. It had to be... before
that.

Walt is forlorn. Exhausted. Not just from all those sleepless nights, nor even the sleeping pills, but from something deeper. Jesse thinks he recognizes it.

JESSE

"Perfect moment?" For what -- to
drop dead?

(off Walt's silence)

What? You saying you wanna die?

WALT

(not the same thing)

I'm saying I've lived too long.
(a beat)
You want them to actually miss you.
You know? You want their memories
of you to be...
(shakes his head)
But she just won't, she just won't
understand. I mean, no matter how
well I explain it, these days she
just has this... this...
(trails off; then)
I truly believe there exists some
combination of words. There must
exist certain words in a certain
specific order that would explain
all of this. But with her, I-I
just, I just can't ever seem to
find them...

Maybe the pills are allowing Walt to let his guard down. He
wouldn't normally share this much with Jesse -- or anyone.

JESSE

Mr. White, how about you just sit
down?

WALT

(not hearing him)
I was thinking maybe before the
fugue state. But before the fugue
state I didn't have enough money,
so no, not then.

WALT

And, uh, plus, my daughter wasn't
born yet. It had to be after Holly
was born.

Jesse is hoping to coax Walt off this morbid topic.

JESSE

Mr. White..?

WALT

Definitely before the surgery. Oh
Christ, that damn second cell
phone. I mean, how could I
possibly..?

Jesse, sympathetic and discomfited, can't stop this train.

Something dawns on Walt now. The answer hits him.

WALT

I know the moment.
(turning to Jesse)
It was the night Jane died.

THIS gets Jesse's attention. He turns, stares at Walt.

WALT

I was at home and-and we needed
diapers. And, so I said I'd go, but
it was just an excuse. Actually,
that was the night I brought you
your money. Remember?

JESSE

(uncomfortable)
Yeah. I remember.

WALT

But afterward, I stopped at a bar.
It was odd. I never do that! Go to
a bar alone. I just walked in, sat
down...
(a beat; realizes)
I never told you.

JESSE

That you went to a bar?

WALT

I-I sit down and this man, this
stranger, he engages me in
conversation. He's a complete
stranger.
(stares at him intently)

WALT

But he turns out to be Jane's
father. Donald Margolis.

It takes a second for Jesse to compute this. His eyes narrow
in confusion. In wariness.

JESSE

What are you talking about?

WALT

(nodding)
Of course I didn't know it at the
time. I mean, he was just some guy
in a bar. I just, I didn't put it
together until after the crash and
he was all over the news.

Jesse blinks, can't believe what he's hearing.

JESSE

Jane's dad.

WALT

Think of the odds? Once I tried to calculate them, but they're astronomical.

(intense, driven)

Think of the odds of me, going in, sitting down, that night, in that bar, next to that man?

JESSE

What did you talk about?

WALT

Oh. Water on Mars.

(then, remembering)

Family.

JESSE

What about family?

Walt isn't so far gone that he doesn't get how important all this is to Jesse. He studies Jesse, takes him seriously.

WALT

I told him that I had a daughter, and he told me that he had one, too.

(half to himself)

And he said never give up on family. And I didn't. I took his advice.

Jesse stares, not sure what to say to this. Not sure if it's some figment of Walt's imagination. It unsettles him.

Walt stands here, haunted by his memories of that night.

Specifically, of what happened after he left the bar.

WALT

The universe is random. It's not inevitable, it's simple chaos. It's subatomic particles in endless, aimless collision. That's what science teaches us.

(then)

But what is this saying? What is it telling us, when on the very night

that this man's daughter dies...
(still quieter)
... It's me who's having a drink
with him?
(to Jesse; truly asking)
How can that be random?

Walt struggles with his heavy burden. He's managed to dance them to the edge of a very dangerous precipice. What will happen if he gives in and tells Jesse the truth about Jane?

Just then, Walt FALTERS a bit, nearly losing his balance.

The pills are kicking in. Jesse takes the mug from him. He stands by, ready with a steadying hand.

JESSE
Hey. Sit down.

Not fighting -- Walt simply shakes his head no. He's hanging in there. His thoughts come back full circle.

WALT
No. That... No, no... That was the moment. That night. I should never have left home. Never gone to your house. Maybe things woulda...

He trails off, not quite ready to completely spill his guts.

WALT
I was, I was at home watching TV. Some, some nature program about elephants. Skyler and Holly were in another room. I could hear them on the baby monitor. She was singing a lullaby.
(wistful)
Ah, if I had just lived right up to that moment and not one second more...

A faint BZZZZ. Walt glances up at the FLY, not surprised to see it. Oddly, its appearance doesn't throw him off-subject.

For Walt, the fly seems of a piece with all of this.

WALT
... That would've been perfect.

Silence as Walt and Jesse each ponder that particular night, each absorbed in his own thoughts.

The fly descends to alight nearby on top of a tall vessel, visible to Walt and Jesse in b.g. Off this static tableau:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

WE'RE MOVING. SPINNING... BANKING... CLIMBING. CATCHING brief glimpses of chrome, floor, electric light and two human beings. A kaleidoscope of SHADOW and LIGHT getting BRIGHTER as we move FASTER and FASTER and then, suddenly -- STOP.

We orient ourselves, revealing that we are:

18 INT. SUPERLAB - MORNING

18

It's mere seconds after the end of Act Three. We're on the ceiling. Looking DOWN upon Walt and Jesse, who stand in the middle of the lab, looking UP at us.

We REVERSE -- looking up LOW FROM THE FLOOR past Walt and Jesse to the FLY above. The fly's a dot on the high DUCTWORK an impossible twenty feet up. May as well be on the moon.

WALT

He's not coming down.

Walt steadies himself against a vat or tank or somesuch --

Jesse's sleep concoction is kicking in a little more now.

JESSE

Must be Thailand-hot up there.

That's why he likes it.

(turns to Walt)

Thailand's hot, right?

WALT

Yeah.

JESSE

Right. That's why.

Walt's flagging. All Jesse has to do is sit tight and wait for him to pass out. But Mr. White's been so fucked up and sad today... he kinda wants to do something for him.

JESSE

Hey, wait. Here...

WALT

He's not coming down. He's staying up there forever.

Staring at the man, he considers a moment. Deep sigh. Ah, the hell with it. Jesse goes into action -- glancing around McGyver-like, he rolls over twin stainless steel CARTS.

WALT
What're you doing?

JESSE
Whaddya think?
(determined)
I'm gonna get that bitch.

Jesse grabs the nearby ladder Walt was using in Act Three.

Arranging the rolling carts beneath the spot on the ductwork where the fly is lounging, he stacks the A-frame ladder atop the tall carts, one leg balanced on each. Looks dangerous.

Actually, it looks really goddamned dangerous. As Jesse carefully climbs it, Walt frowns, concerned.

WALT
No. You're gonna break your neck.

JESSE
Yeah, yeah...

Walt's long FLY SABER is clenched in Jesse's teeth as he climbs. The higher he gets, the WOBBLIER this whole arrangement becomes. Maybe it even ROLLS on its cart wheels a little. Walt quickly steps over to steady it.

WALT
Seriously -- you're... this is a bad idea.

High above, Jesse is nervous, but going for it. On the third step from the top, he's nosebleed-high, and yet...

... WHI-IFFF! -- the fly is several FEET out of reach.

JESSE
Dammit.

Walt softens as he watches Jesse way up there, taking on the fly for him, risking his neck. All in all, he's a good kid.

Jesse deserves the truth.

WALT

Jesse..?

JESSE

Just hold onto it. Hold it still.

Jesse carefully climbs one more step. Now he's precariously balanced on the LAST step from the ladder's very top.

And down below, Walt wants to come clean.

WALT

Jesse.

Jesse swings -- WHIFFF! Closer... but no cigar.

WALT

I'm sorry.

JESSE

Sorry for what? Being a lunatic?

Jesse stretches farther, swinging high, tip-toed and overhanded like a tennis serve. Closer still, but WHIFFF!

WALT

I'm sorry about Jane.

Jesse pauses, glances down at him. Then, his eyes return to the task at hand.

JESSE

Yeah. Me too.

WALT

(meaningful)

I mean I... I'm very sorry.

Even if Jesse kills him over it.

JESSE

It's not your fault.

(then)

It's not mine neither. It's no one's fault. Not even hers.

Fuck it. Jesse... carefully... mounts the ladder's very TOP STEP. Raising his long flyswatter slowly... gingerly... WHIFF! Inches away. Maybe if he stretches a bit further...

Walt stares up at him, barely breathing -- for more reasons than one. He so wants to believe what Jesse just told him.

JESSE

We are who we are, Mr. White. You know, two junkies with a duffel bag fulla cash? Like you said, we both woulda been dead within a week.

Walt reacts -- like I said? He can scarcely believe Jesse remembers that. That he actually takes stock in it.

Looking up, still fixated on that fly, just out of reach...

JESSE

(softly; to himself)
I miss her, though. God, I do.

Down below, Jesse's words have shifted something inside Walt.

Cleared his mind. Jesse hasn't (unwittingly) absolved Walt of guilt here -- not even close. But it's enough of a reprieve, enough of a mercy, to shake him loose a little.

WALT

(fading fast)
Jesse, come down.

JESSE

I'm so close.

WALT

Let it go. We need to cook.

Jesse turns and looks down at Walt, nonplussed.

JESSE

What about contamination?

Walt steps a few feet away, slumps into a nearby lab CHAIR.

WALT

It's all contaminated.

Jesse rolls his eyes, shrugs. Great. Let's cook. He tosses away his fly saber, starts to carefully make his way down the ladder.

JESSE

Alright. Definitely scared him.
He'll probably stay out of the way...

But NOW -- the fly lands on the ladder right in FRONT of Jesse's face. Shit! He tossed away the swatter! Idiot!

But he remembers: the crossword. He slo-wly reaches in his back pocket, pulls out the NEWSPAPER, lifts his arm and...

... THWACK! His swing NEARLY TOPPLES the ladder, but he steadies himself. And then:

JESSE

YEAH! --

His POV as the fly PLUMMETS in heroic, SLOW MOTION, like King Kong falling off the Empire State Building. Falling down... down... to the floor.

(Or honestly, if this shot as described is impossible to execute -- then simply JESSE'S POV of the already-dead FLY lying on the floor below. Maybe giving us one last TWITCH).

JESSE

Oh! Zzzzzap! Somebody got GOT, yo!
You see that Mister..?

Jesse looks over, noticing something now. His grin fades a little... soon replaced by a deeper form of satisfaction.

Walt missed it. He is slumped in his chair, fast asleep.

Finally. Off Jesse, silently pleased...

19 INT. SUPERLAB - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER

19

LOW and CLOSE on CHAIR WHEELS rolling.

Jesse PULLS Walt towards the Break Room by his ankles, rickshaw driver-style.

20 INT. SUPERLAB - BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

20

Jesse moves dead-weight Walt onto the couch. It's a bit of a struggle but he works gently, and manages. He covers Walt with his JACKET. Sweet.

Time to make the donuts. Jesse flips off the lights in the break room, letting Walt sleep...

... As Jesse walks into b.g. He dons heavy RUBBER GLOVES.

Off him opening up the mix/cook tank and pouring in the sodium hydroxide, thus continuing the COOK...

21 EXT. INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY - DAY - MANY HOURS LATER**21**

Out of blackness, SEARING BRIGHT SUN fills frame. We're walking out of the LAUNDRY BUILDING, glancing heavenward.

Squinting into the afternoon SUNLIGHT. We're in the POV of:

WALT, who is heading for his Aztek. Jesse walks alongside, heads for his Tercel. It's the end of one long and nightmarish shift -- yet Walt is looking better than when we last saw him. Sleep helped.

In fact, currently Jesse looks more tired than Walt. Walt can't help but ask, probably for the third or fourth time:

WALT
Bins are packed?

JESSE
(nodding; stays patient)
Bins are packed.

WALT
How's the yield?

JESSE
Two-oh-two and change. You okay getting home?

WALT
Yeah. Better.
(then)
Thanks.

JESSE
(nods; it's cool)
Mañana then.

Poker-faced Jesse fires up his after-work cigarette as Walt climbs in his Aztek. For a moment Walt just sits here, mulling something over. He rolls down his window and gestures to Jesse. Come here.

WALT
Jesse! Come here!

Jesse sidles over. Walt isn't angry, he's concerned.

WALT
I couldn't chance saying it inside.
For all I know, the lab's wired for sound.
(off Jesse's frown)

That half a pound I said we're off
by. Now, I'm not accusing you. But
if, you understand...

Jesse's face hardens. Walt hesitates. Quietly presses on.

WALT
... And if they ever found out...

Jesse simply stares at Walt. Stone-faced. Defiant.

JESSE
I didn't take shit.

WALT
(stares; now knows he
did)
I'm just saying that I won't be
able to protect you.

JESSE
Who's asking you to?

The sweet Jesse of earlier is gone. Walt finally gives in,
lets it slide. A problem for another day. A big problem.

Walt starts his car and drives away. Off the inscrutable,
hard-assed "new" Jesse of Season Three, watching him go:

22 INT. WALT'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

22

Late at night. Same as before. Red phantom eye of the smoke
detector still blinking. Only now, Walt is sleeping
peacefully, his demons banished back into his subconscious.

For the moment, at least. For this short moment, it's quiet.

Only the sound of Walt's measured breathing. Until...

... out of nowhere, as if prodded by nightmares, he AWAKENS
with a start. He lies here, staring up into the dark.

Listening. As... wait for it... BZZZ-Z. Another FLY.

It lands above us on the blinking detector. Sits there.

Off Walt, silently staring up at it...

END EPISODE