

HANK
A hospital bed.

MARIE
Well...

HANK
You put a hospital bed in my
bedroom.

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

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

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

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

MARIE
Hank --

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

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

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

SKYLER
Wh-what's a "Danny?"

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT

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

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

WALT

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

SKYLER

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

WALT

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

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

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

SKYLER

What about me?

Walt is not sure he heard her right.

WALT

What about you?

SKYLER

Me. I'll be the Danny.

Walt, appropriately, *freaks*.

WALT

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

SKYLER

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

WALT

A legal business! Not this!

SKYLER

Who else would we trust?

(CONTINUED)

WALT

No.

SKYLER

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

WALT

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

SKYLER

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

WALT

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

(then; peering at her)

Right..?

SKYLER

(a bit sheepish now)

I never actually got around to filing the papers.

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

SKYLER

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

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

INT. SUPERLAB - DAY

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

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

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

WALT

Jesse... Jesse.

(CONTINUED)