

CONTINUED: (2)

SKYLER

Have you thought anymore about what we discussed?

WALT

"Thought anymore" meaning "reconsidered?" No.

She's not happy to hear it.

SKYLER

So, show me the flaw in it.

WALT

(with emphasis)

Uh, flaws, Skyler. Flaws plural, not singular. Where do you want me to start?

SKYLER

Hey, I don't love this situation, alright? That you put me in! However, let's just stick with what makes sense here: You took the seed money you won gambling, you invested it in the car wash that you helped run for four years. You hired your wife as a bookkeeper, because guess what? She's actually a bookkeeper. Now, that is a story an auditor can believe. So what am I missing?

WALT

You're missing that you should just take this money that I give you and not look too closely at it. So if, god forbid, I get caught... you maintain plausible deniability.

Skyler pins him with a withering look.

SKYLER

Okay, my estranged husband, who -- when he was working -- made forty-three thousand dollars a year, starts shoveling money at me. And when the police come, I'm supposed to say "Gee, I, uh, never thought about it, officers. Made sense to me!" Really? That, in your mind, is "plausible deniability."

(off his silence)

I tell you what, Walt...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SKYLER (CONT'D)

I'd rather have them think I was Bonnie what's-her-name than some complete idiot.

Walt considers her. Clearly, she's serious about all of this. She gives no sign of giving in or changing her mind. Walt mulls his options. *If you can't beat 'em...*

WALT

So you're promoting caution here. And you want a believable story.

SKYLER

That, it seems to me, is the safest way to make the best of a very bad situation, yes.

WALT

Ah. But I'm noting a little hole in your plot, though. Why would your "estranged" husband be doing all this for you?

Wary Skyler quickly sees where this is headed. Cocking her head and giving back as good as she gets:

SKYLER

Because he loves his family and desperately wants a reconciliation. Though it may be hopeless and futile... then again, he'd try anything.

WALT

I'm just not buying it. No, I-I think it would be better if the husband were no longer estranged. Maybe if he were back sleeping in his own bed...

SKYLER

Wow. Suddenly a fantasy story.

Realizing this is a battle he will only lose, Walt instead turns it into a negotiation.

WALT

I am at least going to be a part of this household. Dinner with the family, every night of the week.

SKYLER

Not every night, no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WALT

Six nights a week. You get one night off.

SKYLER

Dinner two nights. Not weekends. With twenty-four hours' notice.

WALT

(no fucking way)

Five nights a week, with no notice.

SKYLER

Three. Six hours' notice.

WALT

Five nights a week, with two hours' notice.

SKYLER

Four.

(as he opens his mouth)

Don't push it.

Walt considers, sighs... then nods (all of that horse-trading should play pretty fast, but not sitcom-fast).

WALT

And I want my own key to the house.

SKYLER

No.

WALT

(nodding; non-negotiable)

For emergencies, and for appearances, yes. I am going to babysit my own daughter, I'm going to help my son with his homework. I am going to be a part of this family. And that is how we'll sell your little fiction.

Off Walt, not backing down...

INT. SUPERLAB - DAY

A new day. We're looking straight up at bright lights and ductwork from INSIDE the huge stainless MIX/COOK TANK.

We hear a warning BEEP... BEEP... of machinery. A HISS of hydraulics.

(CONTINUED)