

BREAKING
BAD

37.

~~DUPREE
Acting like some skippy little
bitch. Like this is fun and games.
This shit is shit you take --
serious.~~

Walt
+
Dupree

Walt suppresses his anger, stares at him evenly.

~~WALT
Life and death.~~

EXT. BUNGALOW - GARAGE/BACK YARD - AFTERNOON

Chemicals, labware, supplies -- the last of the carload of stuff Walt brought gets packed into a back corner of Dupree's messy old garage. Dupree covers it with a tarp.

Start →

DUPREE
This doesn't stay more than a day.

WALT
What, aren't we gonna cook here?

DUPREE
No, we're not gonna cook here.
This is my house. I don't shit
where I eat.

WALT
Then where are we going to work?

DUPREE
You tell me. This is your deal,
man. You wanna smoke it up, smoke
it up at your house.
(off Walt's look)
Nah. I didn't think so. Oh, well.

Silence as Walt considers. Stubs at the dirt with his heel.

WALT
What if we rented a self-storage
place? One of those little orange
garages? Worked out of there?

DUPREE
Nah, they're onto that. They got
dogs that sniff around.
(grudgingly)
RV. That's what you want.

WALT

What, like a Winnebago?

DUPREE

I know a dude wants to sell his.
He just goes camping with it -- but
a mobile meth lab'd be the bomb.
You can drive way out in the
boonies. Be all evasive.

(gauging Walt's interest)

Forty-five hundred'd get you in.

Off Walt, already calculating how to swing this:

INT. CREDIT UNION - AFTERNOON

The name on the wall says "Ontario Teachers Credit Union."
It's closing time. We find Walt standing at the counter,
doing business with a TELLER and a BRANCH MANAGER.

CLOSER -- crisp ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS get counted out.

TELLER

... Thirty-nine, forty. Four
thousand... ten, fifteen, sixteen
dollars and... sixty-four cents.

Walt stares down at the money, looking distant. Removed.
The manager doesn't feel good about this at all.

BRANCH MANAGER

Mr. White, are you sure you want to
do this? I'm thinking you'd
qualify for a home equity loan.

WALT

I've got two already.

BRANCH MANAGER

You do understand you are losing
nearly seven thousand dollars of
principal. And that this leaves
your pension account with a zero
balance.

WALT

Yes. I understand.

He's perfectly calm. The man stares at Walt, bewildered.

~~BRANCH MANAGER~~

~~I'm concerned you'll want this
money when it comes time to retire.~~

~~Walt shrugs and smiles, doesn't answer.~~

EXT. PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON a fat handful of CASH. Dupree counts it, impressed.

We're in a shopping center lot, mostly empty. In b.g. is the credit union. Dupree and Walt sit in Dupree's Daytona.

DUPREE

It's four grand. My guy wants
forty-five hundred.

WALT

You're a drug dealer. Negotiate.

Dupree thinks about it, shoves the money in his pants.

DUPREE

You're not how I remember you from
class. I mean, like, not at all.

Walt checks his watch.

WALT

I gotta go.

DUPREE

Wait. Hold up. Tell me why you're
doing this. Seriously.

WALT

(a beat)
Why do you do it?

DUPREE

Money, mainly.

WALT

There you have it.

DUPREE

Nah. Come on, man! Some straight
like you, giant stick up his ass...
all a sudden at age, what, fifty.
he's just gonna break bad?

Continue →

WALT
I'm forty-one.

DUPREE
It's weird, is all. It doesn't compute. If you're like... crazy or something... if you've gone crazy, or depressed. I'm just saying. That's something I need to know about. That affects me.

Walt stares at Dupree a long time, considers how to answer.

WALT
I am... awake.

DUPREE
(a confused beat)
What?

Walt pulls the handle, opens his passenger door.

WALT
Buy the RV. We start tomorrow.

Stop

Walt gets in his old Nissan, parked beside the Daytona.
Off Dupree, worriedly watching him go:

CUT TO:

~~INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT~~

~~It's tight in here. Familiar CRUTCHES lean against the wall. Walter, Jr. sits on a bench, struggling to pull a stiff new pair of off-brand jeans over his bare legs.~~

~~SKYLER (O.S.)
How you coming in there?~~

~~WALTER, JR.
Fine.~~

~~Anything but. Young Walter works at it valiantly, but the design of this room is giving him trouble. He won't ask for help and his folks know it. After a while:~~

~~SKYLER (O.S.)
You want me or your Dad?~~

~~WALTER, JR.
(gives up; annoyed)
Dad.~~