

BREAKING BAD

"Partners"

Episode #310.5

Written by
Tony Harkin

Directed by
Vince Gilligan

As Broadcast

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10202 West Washington

Boulevard * Culver City, CA 90232*

Breaking Bad

"Partners"

Cast List

WALT

JESSE

GUS

SAUL GOODMAN

HANK

STEVE GOMEZ

MIKE

MAN IN COUPLE

WORKER

SKYLER

BADGER

Breaking Bad

"Partners"

Set ListInteriors:

TORTILLA FACTORY-DAY
HOSPITAL ROOM-DAY
HOSPITAL BATHROOM-DAY
HOSPITAL BATHROOM STALL
GUS'S BASEMENT-NIGHT
WALT'S CONDO-DAY
WHITE HOUSE-DAY
SUPERLAB
LOS POLLOS-DAY
SAUL'S OFFICE
LOS POLLOS-NIGHT
WALT'S CONDO-NIGHT

Exteriors:

FACTORY-DAY
STRIP MALL-DAY
INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY-DAY
LOS POLLOS-DAY
MOTEL-DAY

TEASER

EXT. FACTORY-DAY

We think we are seeing the process of meth manufacturing. Two men pull into the driveway of a loading dock and carefully back in. When the driver gets out, his jacket slips, revealing a gun at his hip. He carefully looks both ways before sliding up the truck door, revealing unmarked white barrels filled with...something. The two men begin unloading the barrels, which are taken from them by more men. We follow a barrel as it moves past different lab equipment until it lands in front of a table of older Mexican women with masks. The women glare at the man as he places the barrel down.

MAN:

You know the drill! Come on, get to work. Vamonos, Vamonos!

The women roll their eyes. One reaches for the barrel and we see from above as she slowly opens it. We are expecting meth, or at the very least some chemical product. Eventually, the woman pries the lid off and dumps the contents, revealing...dried corn. The women take the corn and shovel it into smaller containers, then go off to their own workstations, where they begin to grind it into masa. We follow one woman, who after collecting masa from everyone, then walks into a giant industrial kitchen, where tortillas are being made. We then see SAUL GOODMAN and MIKE walking along the conveyor belt.

INT. TORTILLA FACTORY-DAY

SAUL:

Look, Mike I know I know, but come on, who doesn't love tortillas! It's loud, it's moving, it's fast, and it is just waiting for a kindly old man who fell into some money and wants to pursue their love of fine Mexicano cuisine by purchasing a tortilla factory.

MIKE:

You think Walt is going to want to own a tortilla factory to launder his money? I've never seen the man eat a taco.

SAUL:

Ok so, he found his love late in life, look come on Mike. Think of the free tortillas.

MIKE:

It's no good. He won't like it either.

SAUL:

Well. To the next one on the list.

MIKE exits, and after looking around to make sure no one is watching, SAUL reaches onto the conveyor belt and grabs a fresh tortilla. It is hotter than expected and he burns his hands trying to hold and eat it while following MIKE off.

MONTAGE of SAUL and MIKE visiting different locations for WALT to launder money at. We see snippets of laundries, big stores, a carnival amusement park (with a very unenthused MIKE and a very excited SAUL on a dinky rollercoaster.) Finally, we settle on MIKE and SAUL standing outside looking up at a storefront that we do not yet see. MIKE looks back and forth, confused at where he has been brought to.

EXT. STRIP MALL-DAY

SAUL:

Forget everything I said about the tortilla factory.

MIKE:

I did about four stops ago.

SAUL:

This is the one.

MIKE:

Kinda looks like a piece of shit.

SAUL:

That's why our friend is buying it. To reinvest capital into an industry that so desperately needs it.

MIKE:

It's for kids.

SAUL:

I'm going to rephrase that as "fun for the whole family." and he has a kid.

MIKE:
The kid is 16.

SAUL:
(almost underneath his breath)
16 year olds love laser tag.

We pan back and pull up to see what the two are looking at. It is a shoddy sign that says "Hinkle Extreme Lazer Tag: Lazer Base"

SAUL:
This is the one.

MIKE:
He's not gonna like it.

SAUL:
(walking back to his car)
He's gonna love it.

MIKE:
You're going to offer a meth maker, now working for potentially the most powerful distributor in America, a laser tag arena to launder his money with.

SAUL:
Yes, and he's going to love it.

MIKE:
(grumbling as he walks back to the car)
I never thought I'd miss Philadelphia.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM-DAY

HANK lies in bed. We see his chest rise and fall methodically as he breathes, with something blurry behind him. He lies painfully still, with no movement beyond the chest.

Behind him, the form comes into focus and we see WALT. His glasses are pulled down his nose and he is staring directly at HANK. There is a look on his face, part anger, part care, and part hunger. WALT is accounting in his head, muttering numbers under his breath as he tries to figure out how much this all might cost him. The door swings open, and STEVE GOMEZ steps into the room. HANK stirs at this.

GOMEZ:

Hey. Uh does he have a minute?

WALT:

You'll have to wake him.

HANK:

I could smell you a mile away Gomey. What are you bothering a sick man for?

GOMEZ:

I wouldn't do it unless I didn't think you'd want to hear this.

HANK:

I'm el presidente of the DEA and there are supermodels outside to congratulate me.

GOMEZ:

Better.

HANK:

Better than Adriana Lima out there for me?

GOMEZ:

Well it's good then.

HANK:

Eh

(waves at him to go on)

GOMEZ:

Just got word. Juan Bolsa was killed last night in a Federale raid.

HANK:

We got him?

GOMEZ:

No one is sure. It apparently got pretty messy down there and there were missed shots all over the place. Looks like it could have been us or his own men that took him out.

HANK:

Someone looking to move up the ranks?

GOMEZ:

Too early to say. But Bolsa is currently lying in estate in the fridge down there. That's gotta hurt Eladio.

(WALT is confused. He's heard these names before, but he can't place where)

WALT:

Who was killed?

HANK:

A little guy by the name of Juan Bolsa. Pretty nasty stuff, you don't want to hear.

GOMEZ:

C'mon Hank, this is big!

HANK:

Bolsa was under direct supervision of Don Eladio, who we believe runs the Juarez cartel.

WALT:

Juarez? That was Tuco's gang right?

HANK:

Yeah Tuco ran with them. Never ran too far up the ranks though, his uh personality tended to get in the way. But Bolsa is big. We think he ran the distribution of product

into America. They make it down there, and then run it up here, where it gets passed off and divided down.

WALT:

(wary, he knows he's pushing)

The blue meth you talk about. Was that them?

GOMEZ:

Nah, Hank thinks Heisenberg is up here somewhere. Places we find the blue doesn't match up with Juarez distribution.

HANK:

Well it didn't. But lately, that blue has been moving a lot, could be cartel.

GOMEZ:

Hank also forgets that we have a guy in prison already for Heisenberg.

HANK:

Yeah like it's that scumbag.

WALT:

So there was someone distributing meth from Mexico into America and now that person is gone?

GOMEZ:

Big chunk taken out of the trade overnight, this is great for us.

WALT:

No yes, of course. Congratulations! To both of you. And the DEA. Tell you what, I am just going to hit the restroom and I will be right back.

(WALT hurriedly exits the room, leaving Hank and Gomez alone.)

HANK:

No supermodels then?

GOMEZ:

Not this time, sorry bud.

HANK:

Eh, I'm used to you letting me down.

INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM-DAY

WALT bursts in the door, locking it behind him. He checks each stall to make sure that they are empty, before locking himself in a stall.

INT. HOSPITAL BATHROOM STALL

WALT sits on a toilet, before rummaging through his jacket and taking out his cell phone. He dials a number, and puts the phone back twice before actually calling.

WALT:

Hey Gus. It is 12:43pm on Saturday and I am calling to ask to speak to you soon. I just found out some developments that I think you should know about. If you don't know already. It could be good news, could be bad. Just call me back when you get this. I'd love to figure this out. Get some clear rules going forward on this. It is pretty big. Well, I know you're busy with all the...chicken so I will let you go. Have a Los Pollos Day! Is that what you guys say? Or is it something different. Anyways. Bye.

WALT hangs up the phone and slides it back into his pocket. He exhales deeply before sliding down to sit on the toilet. WALT stares at the back of the stall door as we slowly fade to black.

INT. GUS'S BASEMENT-NIGHT

In black, we hear heavy breathing and dull thumps. Chains rattle lightly. GUS is revealed, shirtless and wearing high boxing shorts. His hands are wrapped in tape and he is currently mercilessly attacking a full hanging punching bag. Sweat covers his body and drips down his forehead as his glasses fog up. He moves quickly, and with very very

good technique. The bag shifts and swings, and GUS dodges beneath it before throwing a tight punch. It is clear this is a man you do not wish to fight, even if the shorts do look a little silly. In the corner on a table where towels, water, and another set of clothes are laid out, GUS's phone vibrates, indicating that he has received a text message. GUS glances over, but continues his boxing. After a moment, his phone alarm goes off, indicating the end of his workout. He grabs a towel and water off the table, wiping his face down before taking a long drink. GUS picks up his phone and flips it open. Revealed is a text message from MIKE. It says two words, CALL ME. Gus's brow furrows, before he snaps the phone shut and places it down. He drinks from his water as he looks out. He places it down and begins to head for the stairs, but as he leaves he turns back to the bag, and absolutely wails on it. Not a sound escapes his lips, but we see him attack the bag as if it was his worst enemy. When exhausted, GUS leans over to catch his breath, and then looks up, frustration on his face. He gets his water and walks to the stairs as we fade to black.

INT. WALT'S CONDO-DAY

WALT is preparing for another busy day at the laboratory. He has just finished making his lunch, and we see him slide the crusts on his sandwich into the garbage. He methodically moves to breakfast, slicing peppers and onions very thinly and capably before putting them in an oiled pan. He cracks three eggs into a bowl and whisks them with a fork, pouring them into the pan. As he stares at the eggs, waiting for them to cook, his home phone rings. We hear his answering machine message and then Skyler's voice appears.

SKYLER:

Hi Walt, it is Skyler. I don't know if you are already at...work or if you just are screening calls but we need to talk about money for Hank and--

At SKYLER's voice, WALT lunges for the phone and fumbles with it before accepting the call.

WALT:

Hey Skyler, hey how are you? How's Walt Jr.?

INT. WHITE HOUSE-DAY

During the following phone conversation, we cut back and forth from Skyler and Walt in their respective homes.

SKYLER:

Are you screening your calls?

WALT:

No! I uh just was in the bathroom when I heard the phone ring, so it took a second to get over here--

SKYLER:

It doesn't really matter to me. Look, Marie said that Hank's bills are going to start coming in, and since they are going out of network for all physical therapy, that will be the brunt of the charges.

WALT:

And I suppose Marie went for the most expensive option?

SKYLER:

Marie went for the best option. For her husband. The DEA agent who currently can't go to the bathroom by himself.

WALT:

No yes, of course. Hank is family. Of course we will help. It's just.. I've been doing the math and

SKYLER:

I don't care about the math, Walt I'm just looking for the check.

WALT:

Yes, I figured I could drop it off once we know the amount. (Silence) Or I could mail it to the house, but that could be less efficient, and things get lost in the mail sometimes.

SKYLER:
You can drop it off.

WALT:
Great! That's great!

The two sit in silence for a moment.

WALT:
So about the amount--

SKYLER:
I don't care. And you will do this.

WALT:
I'm not saying I won't do this, I just want to make sure we are considering everything. It will likely be a very large sum, and the gambling story has some holes in it.

SKYLER:
Then we will fix the holes. We will make the story airtight. But they need this money and we have it.

WALT:
Now, the DEA isn't helping at all? Hank was a pretty well-respected guy.

SKYLER:
The DEA is saying that since he was not in the line of duty, married with the fact that he was on administrative leave at the time, precludes them from involving themselves. The people in Hank's office are petitioning the higher-ups, and they've raised some money themselves, but it isn't looking good. I don't think I need to remind you why he was on leave either.

WALT:
No, no you don't. I just want to make sure we have exhausted every option before giving our DEA family my drug money.

SKYLER:

You will use this drug money for good. And you will help our family. And Marie and Hank will receive as much money as they need for as long as they need. If not, I will go to the police, I swear to god I will. Do not push me on this. You won't like what you find.

WALT:

Alright. Sounds great. Let me know when you need the first check.

Skyler:

I will.

SKYLER hangs up, leaving WALT alone and angry. We hear the sound of the fire alarm going off, WALT has forgotten about his eggs.

WALT:

Damn! Damnit!

WALT deals with the eggs, dumping the lump of blackened mush into the trash. He waves a newspaper below the smoke detector until the sound stops. Eventually, he stands alone in his empty kitchen, in his empty apartment.

BLACK

ACT TWO

EXT. INDUSTRIAL LAUNDRY-DAY

The following is one shot.

Outside the laundry, a black car pulls up with tinted windows. It parks and GUS steps out. He carefully buttons his jacket and adjusts his glasses before entering the laundry. He moves serenely through the workers, saying greetings to them in Spanish. He arrives at the entrance to the lab and pulls the lever to open it. When the door lowers, he sighs deeply and steps through it.

INT. SUPERLAB

WALT and JESSE are hard at work making another batch of meth. JESSE is scrubbing the inside of a tank while WALT weighs the product. They both pause and look at GUS in silence as he walks on the balcony and comes down the staircase.

WALT:

Gus! I didn't realize you'd be visiting today.

GUS:

Consider it a random inspection.

WALT and JESSE are unsettled by this. GUS breaks the tension with a smile and small laugh.

GUS:

We have been so happy with your work as of late, that I figured I would come down and congratulate you myself. Furthermore, Walter and I have things to discuss.

WALT:

Oh yes. Uh, Jesse you can go I will finish up.

JESSE:

Is it something I should hear?

GUS:

No this is a conversation for just the two of us.

JESSE:

Whatever.

JESSE gets out of his hazmat suit and hangs it up, grabbing his belongings from the locker and heading up the stairs. GUS moves closer to WALT at the weighing bench, although the bench remains between them. JESSE pauses when at the top of the stairs.

JESSE:

I'm a part of this too.

GUS:

And we are very thankful for your contributions and reward you handsomely for them.

JESSE:

Yeah.

JESSE leaves.

WALTER:

I take it you got my message yesterday.

GUS:

Yes, I was going to respond but it seemed like something better handled in person.

WALT:

I found out yesterday that a man named Juan Bolsa was killed in a Federale raid in Mexico. Hank and Steve Gomez say this man was a part of the Juarez cartel and a leader in their meth operations.

GUS:

Yes, I am aware of Juan's death.

WALT:

Did you...did you know this man?

GUS:

I have directly partnered with him for a long while. He would bring me the meth and I would distribute it.

WALT:

Oh. I'm sorry for your loss.

GUS:

We were merely business partners. I was never a fan of the man.

WALT:

When did you stop working with him?

GUS:

We still had a variation of our partnership, but it was drastically shifted when I brought you on to produce directly within the states. It would have been dangerous to cut off our relationship with the Cartel entirely, but our need for them had decreased.

WALT:

Yes that seems understandable.

GUS:

Thank you for wanting to bring it to my attention.

WALT:

Yes, of course, anything for the business. They also mentioned that they aren't sure who killed him. It seems like it could have been one of his own men, a Federale, or someone who slipped in.

GUS:

Are you accusing me of something Walter.

WALT:

No! Never. Just wanted to make sure you had all the necessary info.

GUS:

Of course.

WALT:

So what happens to your partnership with the Cartel now?

GUS:

It is frustrating to lose some input, but we will be fine on our own.

WALT:

Actually I have some good news then.

WALT moves to another counter and brings back a notebook.

WALT:

I've been running some numbers, and I think with a few chemical changes and a new phosphylizer we could increase our production by up to 12% without losing a significant percentage of quality. Would that help mitigate the loss from Bolsa?

GUS:

That would be very helpful.

WALT:

Then...if we move in that direction, I think it is fair to ask for a raise. Preferably 5%.

GUS:

I didn't realize the \$3 million wasn't enough.

WALT:

That was a very generous offer, but my circumstances have changed. I will not be keeping nearly as much of the money as I thought, and I need more coming in.

GUS:

I will consider your offer. Thank you for bringing it to my attention.

WALT:

Of course of course.

GUS leaves, but pauses at the door.

GUS:

And Walter?

WALT:

Yes?

GUS:

Insinuation is a dangerous habit, and it is not wise to continue. That is all.

WALT:

Understood.

GUS leaves, when he is gone WALTER collapses into a chair and strokes his forehead.

EXT. LOS POLLOS-DAY

MIKE parks and walks into the restaurant.

INT. LOS POLLOS-DAY

The restaurant is bustling, with many patrons eating or waiting for food. MIKE walks up to the counter.

MIKE:

Can I have the cluck platter #2 with a Sprite. I'll eat here.

WORKER:

Of course! We will bring that right out to you when it is ready.

MIKE finishes the transaction and goes to a booth with no other customers near it. After a moment, a hand slides a tray onto his table. Pan up to reveal GUS. He slides into the booth and sits opposite MIKE.

GUS:

We are here. How can I help you?

MIKE:

Something isn't adding up with the production totals.

GUS:

Is it less than 200 pounds weekly?

MIKE:

No, it's typically a few pounds above actually. One or two. But the amount of materials they're using to make their meth doesn't make sense. I had a guy run some numbers, he's trustworthy, and the past few weeks they've gone through precursor and other supplies faster than they should be for the amount we are getting.

GUS:

How significant is the difference?

MIKE:

It's small. Couple pounds per week, if that. But more of the principle of the thing. I figured you'd want to know.

GUS:

Could it be chemical residue in the machinery?

MIKE:

You know how often Walt cleans those things? No way they're losing product to that.

GUS:

Then what do you think is happening?

MIKE:

I think they're skimming off the top to sell a little on the side.

GUS:

That does not seem like something Walter would do.

MIKE:

Sure does seem like something Jesse would though.

GUS:

That does feel more likely.

MIKE:

What do you want me to do?

GUS:

There is no proof yet, correct?

MIKE:

Not yet.

GUS:

You were once a police officer, Mike.
Investigate. I predict he will be using his
friends.

GUS slides out of the booth and walks away. MIKE takes a
long drink of his Sprite looking out the window.

ACT THREE

EXT. MOTEL-DAY

BADGER is outside the motel, trying to look inconspicuous, and failing completely. He is wearing oversized sunglasses and a hoodie. He continually checks his phone and shifts around. He looks down at his chest and realizes he is wearing a name tag that clearly says "Hi I am Brandon." He curses and awkwardly rips it off his chest, crumpling it up and throwing it on the ground. After he does that, he realizes he probably shouldn't have, and he picks it up and shoves it into a hoodie pocket, before actively making an attempt to look "cooler." MIKE's car pulls into the lot. He parks and uses binoculars to view BADGER, looking very carefully over his shoulders to make sure no one is watching. A couple walks by, and BADGER attempts to get their attention.

BADGER:

Hey, uh ay yo! Looking for that...good good?

MAN IN COUPLE

What? Uh. No not interested. In whatever that is.

BADGER:

Nah man, I hear that. Alright. You guys have a great day! Super cute couple!

MIKE grumbles to himself, and gets out of the car, walking over to BADGER.

BADGER:

Hey man what's up!

MIKE:

A teenth. Do you got it.

BADGER:

Pshhhh whattttttt. I don't know what you're talking about.

MIKE:

Meth. If you have some, I want some.

BADGER:
I'm getting a cop vibe coming off of you.

MIKE:
(snorting)
Trust me kid, I'm no cop.

BADGER:
It ain't cheap old man.

MIKE:
Call me old again, I'll knock out your
teeth.

BADGER:
Ok cool, cop vibe is definitely going away.

MIKE:
I'm looking for some of the blue stuff.

BADGER:
I don't know man, I mean I just met you.

MIKE:
Didn't you just call out to some strangers
walking by.

BADGER:
Strangers? No way man...uh that was Cody...and
Cody.

MIKE:
Well they're a beautiful couple. Look I got
the cash on hand.

MIKE pulls out and opens his wallet, revealing a heavy wad
of cash. BADGER nearly salivates at the sight.

BADGER:
No man, yeah cool cool I can totally get
some blue.

MIKE:
I want to see it now.

BADGER:

Yeah about that, I don't got any on me right now.

MIKE:

You came to a motel parking lot to sell meth and you didn't bring any meth.

BADGER:

It was another test man! And you passed.

BADGER moves in closer to MIKE, who is visibly displeased by this.

BADGER:

Check it out man.

BADGER pulls out a teenth bag filled with Walter's meth. MIKE recognizes it immediately.

MIKE:

Son of a bitch.

BADGER:

Looks good, right! This will get you next-level.

MIKE:

You are an idiot.

MIKE walks away back to his car furiously.

BADGER:

So are you not buying or what?

CUT TO:

INT. SAUL'S OFFICE

SAUL is sitting behind his desk, with WALT in a chair.

SAUL:

My favorite client! What can I do ya for today.

WALT:

We are having money issues.

SAUL:

How, you're making \$250,000 a week.

WALT:

Gross income. But after your fee and the laundering, we both know the number is significantly less.

SAUL:

I understand your frustration, but I'm putting in a lot of work over here, and I don't think it's fair to me to lower it.

WALT:

That is a whole other discussion. Look, Skyler offered to pay for Hank's treatment, and it looks like it is going to be a lot of money out of my pocket.

SAUL:

Wasn't this whole thing about family to begin with?

WALT:

Leaving something behind for them. I can't do that if this sucks up all of my money.

SAUL:

Indeed, quite a predicament.

WALT:

Look, is there anything we can do to lower some laundering costs?

SAUL:

I mean, look I can figure something out, but the less taken out, the more dangerous it becomes, and I have a feeling you'd rather not get caught.

WALT:

That assumption would be correct.

SAUL:

So I'm not sure how much further we can go with that line of inquiry.

WALT:

God, I should have been done months ago.

SAUL:

Well, things have a tendency to suddenly pop up when you're making meth as a full time job for an American kingpin.

WALT:

I asked Gus for a raise.

SAUL:

The cojones on you really astound me.

WALT:

Look, meth has a multiplicative cost down the supply chain. He's making significantly more off of my work than I am receiving.

SAUL:

Welcome to capitalism! The wonders of the free market.

WALT:

And I'm not an idiot, I offered him something in return.

SAUL:

What could you possibly offer him?

WALT:

I think I can raise our production totals without too much extra work on our part. And with his other input decreasing, that has to be favorable to him.

SAUL:

What other input?

WALT:

Juan Bolsa was killed, Gus no longer needs the cartel.

SAUL:

What? Who killed him?

WALT:

There was a raid, and he was apparently caught in the crossfire.

SAUL:

Who told you about that?

WALT:

I heard from Steve Gomez, when he was telling Hank. Then I confirmed the details with Gus.

SAUL leaps out of his chair and begins putting together a go bag.

SAUL:

Jesus Walt!

WALT:

What!

SAUL:

You think this was random? Gus gets you to make meth for him and then the person he used to get his supply from is killed?

WALT:

Wait wait, what are you saying?

SAUL:

I'm saying that the walls are closing and that we both underestimated him.

WALT:

Am I in danger? My family?

SAUL:

Not yet. Probably. He still has use for you. But look, it's capitalism, he'll find someone else always.

WALT:

No, Gus wouldn't kill me. I work for him.

SAUL:

Yeah and he worked with Bolsa for a decade, look how well that ended up.

WALT:
I'm sure there's nothing to worry about.

SAUL:
Then why did you start sweating?

WALT:
What?

SAUL:
I have an EXCELLENT sense of smell.

WALT:
He has never said anything to me that would make me fear for anything.

SAUL:
No shit! You think he called Bolsa and said "hey I'm gonna kill you"

WALT:
This will be fine, we have a great working arrangement.

SAUL:
You are working for very, very dangerous people. Do not pretend to understand them. And DO NOT make any assumptions

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

MIKE is in his home. He is dressed in all black, putting gloves on. He moves through his apartment, retrieving weapons from hidden locations. Finally, he is in front of his kitchen table with a black duffel bag placed on top of it. He tucks a handgun into his waistband and a knife around his ankle before revealing a sleek and clean hunting rifle, which he carefully dismantles, cleans, and puts back together, before putting it into the duffel bag.

MIKE:
(shaking his head)
Jesse, Jesse, Jesse

BLACK

Act Four

EXT. LOS POLLOS-NIGHT

MIKE pulls up outside the restaurant. The parking lot is nearly empty, the restaurant will be closing soon. He gets out of the car, pulls out his phone and sends a text, leaning against the side of his car as he waits.

We see GUS emerge from the restaurant, heading towards Mike. He stops a few feet away.

GUS:

I take it you have news.

MIKE:

Had a hunch the kid wouldn't be selling it himself. I followed his friend Brandon Mayhew, street name Badger. He has your meth. He's awful at selling it, but he has it.

GUS:

That is troubling.

MIKE:

You need to send a message.

GUS:

And what does your idea of a message entail.

MIKE:

I can do it now, stuff's in the trunk.

GUS:

Do not move so hastily

MIKE:

You're gonna let him disrespect you like that?

GUS:

This is just one more tool at my disposal.

MIKE:

The little shit has it coming.

GUS:

And how do you expect Walter to feel.

MIKE:

Jesse is stealing. That isn't good. I'm sure Walter would understand.

GUS:

You may be sure, but I am rather doubtful on that point. Walter sees the boy as a son. And we are not yet ready to lose him too.

MIKE:

Are you planning on losing him at some point?

GUS:

Not until a better option presents himself. He is safe until then.

MIKE:

You're not getting rid of me are you?

GUS:

I doubt I will develop plans for that.

MIKE:

Whatever you say boss.

GUS:

I refuse to authorize this.

MIKE:

What has that shit ever done for you?

GUS:

I may have use for him in the future. We can control him, and through that, control Walter.

MIKE:

So what, we just let him keep stealing.

GUS:

Of course not. I will add a camera into the lab. It need not connect anywhere, but

hopefully the threat alone will keep him from being too foolish.

MIKE:
And if he doesn't stop.

GUS:
Then we can consider more drastic measures. Not before then.

MIKE:
Ok.

GUS:
And for god's sake, don't bring guns near my restaurant.

MIKE:
I was being efficient.

FLY out on MIKE and GUS, with a drone shot lifting at a slight angle until we can barely see the two.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERLAB

WALT is working in a notebook, writing formulas and math. He is working on raising the production totals in line with what he proposed to GUS. GUS enters carrying a box. He moves to WALT over the following.

GUS:
Walter! Hello!

WALT:
Gus! Twice in a week, practically unprecedented.

GUS:
Well, I have just been so thankful for your work as of late. Including your offer to raise production.

WALT:

Just looking to help out.

GUS:

I have been thinking about your other proposal as well.

WALT:

Yes, well. I was out of line, i'm being compensated--

GUS:

I think 8% sounds better.

WALT:

I-uh. Well...thank you.

GUS:

And as a celebration for you, I brought a gift.

WALT:

Oh, you really didn't need to do that.

GUS:

I insist.

GUS lays the box on the table and opens it, revealing a medium bottle of tequila.

GUS:

Zafiro Añejo. Zafiro meaning sapphire and añejo referring to the aging process. Very rare in the states, and very very delicious.

WALT:

Thank you

GUS:

Don't drink it all at once, quite a kick to it.

WALT:

I'm sure.

The two stare at each other for a prolonged moment.

GUS:

I have other matters to attend to. Good day
Walter.

WALT:
Goodbye Gus.

GUS exits leaving WALTER in the lab alone.

CUT TO:

INT. WALT'S CONDO-NIGHT

WALT walks back into his condo, bottle of Zafiro in hand.
After dropping his keys on the table, he moves to the
trashcan and drops the tequila into it, shutting the lid.

BLACK
END OF EPISODE