

EXT JESSE'S HOUSE. WALT UNLOADS CHEMISTRY SUPPLIES FROM HIS TRUNK IN THE DRIVEWAY.

WALT  
You just gonna sit there?

JESSE RELUCTANTLY PUTS DOWN HIS BEER AND GETS UP TO HELP OUT.

WALT  
Look at this. Look at this. Kjeldahl-style recovery flask, 800 milliliters. Very rare. You got your usual paraphernalia, Griffin beakers, your Erlenmeyer flask. But the pièce de résistance... a round-bottom boiling flask, 5,000 milliliters.

JESSE  
I cook in one of those. A big one.

WALT  
One of these? No, this is a volumetric flask. You wouldn't cook in one of these.

JESSE  
Uh, yeah. I do.

WALT  
No, you don't. A volumetric flask is for general mixing and titration. (Incredulous) You wouldn't apply heat to a volumetric flask. That's what a boiling flask is for. Did you learn nothing from my chemistry class?

JESSE  
No. You flunked me, remember?

WALT  
No wonder.

JESSE  
Prick. And let me tell you something else. This ain't chemistry. OK, this is art. Cooking is art, and the shit I cook is the bomb, so don't be telling me.

WALT

Shit you cook is shit. I saw your setup. Ridiculous. You and I will not make garbage. We will produce a chemically pure and stable product that performs as advertised. No adulterants. No baby formula, no chili powder...

JESSE

No, no. Chili P's my signature.

WALT

Not anymore.

JESSE

Yeah, well, we'll see about that. What the hell is this?

WALT

Lab safety equipment. We're also going to have an emergency eye wash station. These chemicals and their fumes are toxic. In case you didn't know that.

JESSE

Well, you can dress up like a faggot if you want. Not me.

THEY MOVE THE BOXES/BAGS.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Listen, this stuff doesn't stay more than a day.

WALT

What? I thought we were gonna cook here.

JESSE

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

WALT

Well, then where are we gonna work?

JESSE

You tell me. This is your deal. You wanna smoke it up, smoke it up at your house. No, I didn't think so. Oh, well.

WALT

Well... what if we rented one of those self-storage places? You know, those little orange garages? Worked out of there?

JESSE

No, they're onto that. They've got dogs that sniff around. RV, that's what you want.

WALT

What, like a Winnebago?

JESSE

Yeah. I know a dude who wants to sell his. He just goes camping with it. But a mobile meth lab? That'd be the bomb. I mean, you can drive way out in the boonies. Be all evasive.

WALT GOES TO RETRIEVE SOME MONEY (FOR OUR PURPOSES WE'LL JUST SAY HE HAS IT IN A BAG). HANDS IT TO JESSE WHO COUNTS.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Dude, this isn't even 7 grand, alright? My guy wants 85.

WALT

This is all the money I have in the world. You're a drug dealer. Negotiate.

JESSE

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

WALT

Yeah, well... I gotta go.

JESSE

Wait, wait, hold up. Tell me why you're doing this. Seriously.

WALT

Why do you do it?

JESSE

Money... mainly.

WALT

There you go.

JESSE

Naw, come on, man. Some straight like you, giant stick up his ass, all a sudden at age, what, 60, he's just gonna break bad?

WALT

I'm 50.

JESSE

It's weird, is all. Ok, it doesn't compute. Listen, if you've gone crazy or something. I mean, if you've gone crazy or depressed, I'm just saying. That's something I need to know about. Ok? I mean, that affects me.

WALT

I am awake.

JESSE

(contemplates)

What?

WALT

Buy the RV. We start tomorrow.