

Walt, drunk, Harlan guiding him firmly into the shadows.

WALT

The Netflix guys, their
business affairs guy sent
over something, hard numbers
this time, and I think -

HARLAN

Walt.

WALT

- this is a window, it's not
going to last and you should
just look at these numbers

HARLAN

Walt.

WALT

Dad you put me in charge of our books
let me be in charge, let me do this!
Please.

HARLAN

They're not our books, son. They're
my books. And this is not how I
wanted to have this conversation but,
you're right, it's unfair of me to
keep you tethered to something that
isn't yours to control.

WALT

What?

HARLAN

I've done you a grave disservice all
these years, I've kept you from
building something of your own,
that's yours. You're not going to
run the publishing house anymore. You
are free of it.

WALT

Dad. Are you firing me?

HARLAN

We'll talk about details tomorrow.

But my mind's made up. Good boy.