

WALT

You just gonna sit there? This. Look at this. Kjeldahl-style recovery flask, 800 milliliters. Very rare. You got your usual paraphernalia: Griffin beakers, your Erlenmeyer flask. But the piece de resistance: a round bottom boiling flask. 5,000 milliliters.

JESSE

Well, I cook in one of those. The big one.

WALT

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

JESSE

Yeah, I do.

WALT

No, you don't. A volumetric flask is for general mixing and titration. 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. Now let me tell you something else. This ain't chemistry, this is art. Cooking is art. And the shit I cook is the bomb, so don't be telling me.

WALT

The 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 is 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 gonna 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. 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. Okay, 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 want to smoke it up, smoke it up at your house. Nah, 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 on to that. They 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, drive way out in the boonies. Be all evasive.

Dude, this isn't even 7 grand. 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

I gotta go.

JESSE

Wait, wait. Hold on. Tell me why you're doing this. Seriously.

WALT  
Why do you do it?

JESSE  
Money, mainly.

WALT  
There you go.

JESSE  
Nah, come on! Man, some straight like you, giant stick up his ass, all of a sudden at age, what, 60, he's just gonna break bad?

WALT  
I'm 50.

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

WALT  
I am awake.

JESSE  
What?

WALT  
Buy the RV. We start tomorrow.