

Walt nods, follows him to the house. He's not going to tell Hank what he knows.

EXT. BUNGALOW STREET - NIGHT

We're in an old neighborhood of Sears-Roebuck cottages up in the foothills. One particular bungalow is shabbier than the rest. Its paint peels off like sunburned skin.

EXT. BUNGALOW - BACK YARD - NIGHT

"THE CAPN" license plate gets covered -- Dupree is out here in the darkness, hurriedly draping his Daytona with a tarp.

He's antsy as hell. Hearing FOOTSTEPS, he grabs a tire iron, crouches behind the car. The FOOTSTEPS slow, stop.

WALT (O.S.)

It's me. I'm alone.

Walt appears out of the blackness. Dupree slowly rises. After a wary beat:

DUPREE

How'd you find me?

WALT

You're still in our filing system. Your aunt owns this place, right?

DUPREE

I own it.

Walt nods. Whatever. He glances at the tarp.

WALT

Nobody's looking for you.

DUPREE

What do you want?

WALT

I was curious.

(a beat; shrug)

Honestly, I never expected you to amount to much. Methamphetamine, though. I didn't picture that.

(off the silence)

Lotta money in it, huh?

Dupree peers into the darkness beyond Walt, wonders who else is out there. His hand tightens around the tire iron.

DUPREE

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

WALT

No?

DUPREE

No freakin' clue.

WALT

Huh. Cap'n Cook? That's not you?

(off his head shake)

Like I said, no one's looking for you. I didn't tell anyone.

Dupree grows more agitated. His voice stays low.

DUPREE

I don't know what you think you're doing here, Mr. White. If you're planning on giving me some bullshit about getting right with Jesus or something, turning myself in --

WALT

No. Not really.

DUPREE

You ain't "Welcome Back, Kotter," so step off. No speeches.

Dupree points the tire iron for emphasis. Walt should leave, but he doesn't. Instead...

WALT

Short speech. You lost your partner today. What's-his-name, Emilio? Emilio's going to prison. The D.E.A. took your money, your lab. You got nothing. Square one. But you know the business, and I know the chemistry. I'm thinking. Maybe you and I... partner up.

Long, pregnant silence. Dupree can't believe his ears.

DUPREE

You -- wanna cook crystal meth.

(off Walt's nod)

You. You and me.

Walt means it. Dupree breaks into a crooked, spreading grin.
Before he can laugh out loud --

WALT

Either that, or I turn you in.

Dupree's smile fades. Off Walt, serious as a heart attack...

END ACT TWO