

INT. APPLEBEE'S - NIGHT

Family night in this chain restaurant. Walt, Skyler and Walter, Jr. sit in a corner booth with Hank and his wife MARIE. Marie is Skyler's sister. We see the resemblance

HANK

This guy's name is Amir? Jesus.  
Call Homeland Security. I'm  
serious. Call the FBI, see if he's  
legal. Might not be. Ship his ass  
back to Camel-Land.

Hank shoots a winning grin at his nephew. Walter, Jr. snorts with delight as he chews a mouthful of hamburger.

HANK (CONT'D)

Or horse-land. Whatever. A towel-  
head is a towel-head. You're  
missing my point here. This guy is  
treating your husband like uh, you  
know. Door mat. Here Walt is, got a  
brain the size of Wisconsin and  
he's shampooing beer outta some  
teenager's back seat? You say the  
word, I'll go talk to this guy.  
I'll set him straight.

Walt gives a pained little smile, shakes his head.

HANK (CONT'D)

You sure? Happy to do it.

WALT

No. Thank you. Let's, please, let's  
change the subject.

Hank shrugs and drains his beer.