

BAKING BAD

written by

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Original Idea by Mr. Mullaney

INT. MULLANEY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

It is fifth block. The whole class including PETE, a slow brat, and BADGER, his studious friend, work at their lab tables.

BADGER

Dude, I promise you: if you just study you won't do that bad.

PETE

Oh, I know that.

BADGER

So, why won't you study?

PETE

'Cause chemistry is stupid. It's a waste of my time.

A VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me.

With an annoyed look on his face, Pete turns to see MR. MULLANEY, a mean chemistry teacher, looming behind him.

PETE

(trying to play it  
off)

Oh, hey Mr. Mullaney!

MR. MULLANEY

Don't try to fool me, Peter.  
Detention. After school. See you there.

INT. MULLANEY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Pete walks into detention. He doesn't see Mr. Mullaney. But he does see a jar of cookies on Mr. Mullaney's desk. He reaches his hand in...

MR. MULLANEY (O.S.)

You never learn, do you?

Pete turns around quickly to see Mr. Mullaney.

PETE

Okay, how do you keep doing that?

MR. MULLANEY

Take a seat, Peter.

Annoyed, Pete walks over and sits in a front row desk. Mr. Mullaney walks to the whiteboard and grabs a marker.

MR. MULLANEY (CONT'D)

Here's the agenda:

(begins writing)

you are going to write "I will  
not trash talk chemistry" ...

PETE

Okay.

MR. MULLANEY (CONT'D)

(finishes writing)

...six hundred times...

PETE

What!?!

MR. MULLANEY

(turns around)

...with your non-dominant hand.

PETE

Dude.

While walking towards the backroom, Mr. Mullaney says:

MR. MULLANEY

Get writing. You better be  
finished when I'm done grading  
these tests.

Annoyed, Pete takes out a notebook and looks up at the whiteboard. He takes a deep breath of exhaustion. But then, something catches his eye.

Through the window of the backroom door, Pete sees Mr. Mullaney--with his back facing the door--putting on goggles, gloves, and a breathing mask.

PETE

(whispers to self)

You're not grading tests.

Mr. Mullaney begins to turn around. Pete quickly diverts his attention to the whiteboard.

Then, a SHADY-LOOKING KID wearing a jacket and a beanie hat walks through the door.

PETE (CONT'D)

You got detention too?

The Shady-Looking Kid ignores Pete. He walks over and knocks on the backroom door. Mr. Mullaney--with his mask lowered and holding a brown paper bag--opens it.

SHADY-LOOKING KID

You got the goods?

MR. MULLANEY

(handing him the bag)

Here you go.

SHADY-LOOKING KID

How many grams?

MR. MULLANEY

As many as we agreed on.

Zoom in on Mr. Mullaney's gloved hand, which has some white powder on it.

Pete's face lights up. Using the Shady-Looking Kid as a distraction, he sneaks out the door.

INT. BADGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Badger relaxes on his bed while Pete paces back and forth, bouncing a ball.

PETE

Dude, I promise you, he's selling drugs.

BADGER

Of course he is.

PETE

Why don't you believe me, man? He sure as hell wasn't grading papers.

BADGER

Okay? There's still a million other things he could've been doing.

PETE

Really? Suspicious-looking kid wearing a beanie, goggles and a breathing mask, mysterious brown bag...

BADGER

Could mean anything.

PETE

And most importantly, there was white powder on his hand. White powder! He's probably making cocaine back there!

BADGER

Whatever helps you sleep at night, man.

PETE

And now, here's my plan. Tomorrow, we're gonna be bait.

BADGER

Dude, you sound like YOU'RE on drugs.

PETE

(ignoring him)

And if he goes for the bait, we'll get him to confess that he's a drug dealer. That way, Mr. Mullaney can never give me detention ever again.

Badger shakes his head with annoyance.

INT. MULLANEY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

The students, including Pete and Badger, work at their lab tables.

Pete eyes Mr. Mullaney who says to a nearby group as he shows them his big Periodic Table poster:

MR. MULLANEY

This may be my most prized possession.

Still watching Mr. Mullaney, Pete whispers intentionally loudly:

PETE

Man, this work is so stressful. I wish I had some DRUGS to calm me down.

With second-hand embarrassment, Badger looks at Pete, who still eyes Mr. Mullaney's position as he says:

MR. MULLANEY

People in this day and age often underrate just how important, and downright awesome, the Periodic Table really is.

Even louder, Pete whispers:

PETE

That reminds me. Hey, Badger, you wanna take some DRUGS this weekend?

When Badger doesn't respond, Pete nudges him and gives him a death stare. Reluctantly, Badger says:

BADGER

Sure, Peter.

Pete smiles as Mr. Mullaney begins to move on to a new group. Whispering louder than ever, he says:

PETE

The only problem is, where are we gonna get them? Who do we know that sells DRUGS?

Mr. Mullaney finally reaches their table.

MR. MULLANEY

Drugs are scientifically proven to stunt brain development and even be lethal in some cases.

Pete's smile drops.

MR. MULLANEY (CONT'D)

For now, I'll let you two off with a warning in the form of detention. But the next time I hear a conversation like that one, both of you are going straight to Mr. Imbusch.

Mr. Mullaney walks away.

BADGER

(whispering)

You idiot! He didn't offer to be  
our drug dealer! We just got  
detention!

PETE

(whispering)

No, don't you see? He can't offer  
us drugs in the middle of class!  
He's giving us detention so we  
can set up a sale!

Pete turns and watches Mr. Mullaney speak to another group.  
Smiling menacingly, he says:

PETE (CONT'D)

I got you right where I want you.

INT. MULLANEY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Pete and Badger walk in and take seats at front row desks.

BADGER

You better be right about this,  
man. I've never gotten a  
detention before in my life.

PETE

Badger, relax. As soon as he  
walks through that door, his  
whole "Ahhh drugs are bad" facade  
will be dropped immediately.

Mr. Mullaney walks through the door. Without acknowledging  
the two boys, he walks straight to the backroom door and  
closes it behind him.

Pete is confused.

BADGER

Told you so.

PETE

Wait.

Pete stands up and walks over to the backroom door. Badger  
shrugs and follows.

Pete peeks through the small window in the door. He sees Mr. Mullaney talking to MR. O'MALLEY, another chemistry teacher.

BADGER

What do you see?

PETE

He's talking to Mr. O'Malley.

BADGER

What are they saying?

MR. MULLANEY

(muffled)

This is the most quality product  
you'll find in Walpole.

MR. O'MALLEY

(muffled)

Could I get a taste?

MR. MULLANEY

(muffled)

Sure.

Pete turns back to Badger.

PETE

He said it's the best he'll find  
in Walpole. What else would he be  
talking about besides drugs? Then  
Mr. O'Malley asked if he could  
get a taste, to which Mullaney  
said sure.

Suddenly, they hear a THUMP.

Pete looks through the window. Mr. O'Malley lays on the  
floor, unconscious. Mr. Mullaney grabs his hands and begins  
to drag him away.

BADGER

What do you see?

PETE

(frozen and still  
looking through  
window)

Run.

BADGER

Huh?



Pete turns around.

PETE

Run! Now!

INT. SCIENCE WING HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The two boys run out of Mr. Mullaney's classroom and stop when they're a good bit down the hall.

BADGER

What happened in there? What did you see?

PETE

(stressing)  
O'Malley overdosed.

BADGER

What?

PETE

Mr. O'Malley overdosed and Mr. Mullaney is hiding his body as we speak!

BADGER

Oh my God! I'm calling the cops!

Badger takes out his phone and begins dialing 9-1-1. But out of the blue, Pete grabs the phone out of his hands.

BADGER (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

PETE

Think about it: what better victim of blackmail is there than a murderer?

BADGER

Dude, you sound deranged!

PETE

No, man! Selling drugs is one thing, but murder? Forget about no more detention. We could get hundreds on every test, college recommendations, money if we really want it!

BADGER

You're a psychopath!

PETE

A psychopath? Or an opportunist?

Pete winks. Badger is dumbfounded.

PETE (CONT'D)

Here's our plan: tomorrow, I need you to cause a distraction.

He leans in and whispers to Badger.

INT. MULLANEY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

The students, including Pete and Badger, all stand around their lab tables. Pete watches Mr. Mullaney speak to another group. He bumps Badger on the hip and gives him a "Go" nod.

Reluctantly, Badger walks over to Mr. Mullaney's big Periodic Table poster. He takes a deep breath and says:

BADGER

Here goes nothing.

He lifts up his hand to reveal an opened black Sharpie, which he begins using to draw all over the poster.

MR. MULLANEY

HEY!

As Mr. Mullaney runs to Badger's position, Pete quietly sneaks over to the backroom.

INT. BACKROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pete enters. He scans the room until he finds a tinfoil-covered sheet with some powder on it. Smiling, he walks over to it.

Pete lifts up the tinfoil. His face drops.

PETE

Oh no.

There are no drugs. Instead, the sheet is filled with delicious-looking powdered cookies.

INSERT FLASHBACK: Mr. Mullaney hands Mr. O'Malley a cookie.

MR. MULLANEY

Enjoy it. These are to die for.

Mr. O'Malley takes a bite. His face lights up.

MR. O'MALLEY

This is so good! I think I might  
pass out!

He falls to the floor.

BACK TO SCENE.

As the gears move in his head, Pete's eyes show his whole  
world exploding.

MR. MULLANEY (O.S.)

Well, well, well.

PETE

Oh, man.

Pete turns around to see Mr. Mullaney standing triumphantly  
in the doorway.

INT. BACKROOM - DAY

Pete and Badger wear heavy cooking gear, working on a batch  
of cookies. Pete grabs a sheet and carries it to the door.

Badger follows, carrying his own.

INT. MULLANEY'S CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pete and Badger bring the sheets to a BUYER, who takes them  
off their hands.

Pete takes a deep breath, exhausted. He looks up at the  
whiteboard. Written are the words: "I will bake 10,000  
batches of cookies for Mr. Mullaney."

BADGER

You couldn't have just studied,  
huh?