

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

TITLE

Written by

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CURB YOUR AMOROUSITY

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - COUCH - NIGHT

SCOTT and JAMIE(wearing full black) enter the apartment carrying a man DWAYNE, who has been duct taped from his hand, feet and mouth.They throw him on the couch

JAMIE

We gotta keep him in here till Tuco shows up, it might be a while

Scott nods, he then sits next to the hostage and while he's untying his shoes, he checks him out

Scott smiles at him, Dwayne responds with an awkward smile

Jamie notices this and takes him to a corner of the room next to the dining table

INT. NEAR THE DINING TABLE

JAMIE

Please.. do not mess this up man

SCOTT

(defensive)

Woahh.. what does that mean

JAMIE

I see the way you're looking at him Scott...just focus man

Scott nods

JAMIE (cont'd)

And PLEASE..PLEASE, for the love of god don't feel the need to go all Jamie Oliver on his ass,he's a hostage not the pope,bread and butter will do

Scott nods in disappointment

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - COUCH

Jamie and Dwayne are sitting on the couch with a space left in between for Scott

Jamie is holding a beer and Dwayne looks like he's playing a game of Edward 40 Hands (beer attached to his hand with duct tape)

Scott enters from the kitchen with a plate of danishes and takes his seat on the couch

SCOTT
(cheerfully)
I MADE DANISHES

Jamie rolls his eyes and disgust

JAMIE
what happened to bread and butter

SCOTT
A danish is both of those things
Jamie... and a whole lot more

Jamie looks pissed off

SCOTT (cont'd)
(to Jamie)
One for you
(To Scott)
and one for

Scott notices both of Dwayne's hands are occupied

SCOTT (cont'd)
(sheepishly)
Oh no.. guess I'll have to feed you

SCOTT (cont'd)
(flirtingly)
They say danishes are the ultimate
aphrodisiac of the french baking
industry

DWAYNE
(awkwardly)
Ok...

Scott proceeds to feed Dwayne

DWAYNE (cont'd)
This is... not that bad, thank you

Scott lets out the biggest grin while his face turns red, Jamie is cringing

SCOTT
(blushing)
wow.. I don't know what to.. thanks
Dwayne... or Dewy, yeah... I'll call
you Dewy

DWAYNE
Umm I'd prefer Dwyane, but it's your
call

SCOTT
Okay...(blushing)Dewy it is

Dwayne looks uncomfortable but forces a smile

Jamie nudges Scott and signals him to come to a corner

INT. NEAR THE DINING TABLE

JAMIE
What the hell are you doing man?

SCOTT
What..he's kinda cute that's all

Jamie looks at Dwayne who's laying on the couch with his
belly button visible and digging into the danish like a
monster

JAMIE
That dude?

SCOTT
(love struck)
Yeahh... he's like a sexy Patton
Oswalt

Dwayne burps

Scott smells the burp

SCOTT (cont'd)
Mmm. The sweet smell of freshly baked
patisserie

JAMIE
For the love of god, knock yourself
out of this... just promise me... no
more flirting with the hostage

SCOTT
Fine

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM COUCH

Montage begins: Cue the song "Bring a little lovin"

1. The 2 guys are taking a selfie while Scott holds a sign saying "He's my hostage" and he forces Dwayne to hold a sign saying "I'm his hostage", Dwayne looks like he'd prefer a bullet to the face

2. Scott feeds a danish to Dwayne and wipes the crumbs off of his mouth, Dwayne looks very uncomfortable but does not speak

3. Dwayne and Jamie are chugging down their beer as Scott is cheering on Dwayne

SCOTT
CHUG CHUG CHUG

Dwayne comfortably beats Jamie as Scott heads on over to embrace him, Dwayne's hands are still and barely touching Scott, while Scott gives him a bear hug

Montage ends

INT. NEAR THE DINING TABLE/COUCH - CONTINUOUS

Jamie gets off the phone. Presumably with Tuco

He calls Scott over to the corner

SCOTT
I'll be right back Dewy

JAMIE
His name is Dwayne, stop calling him Dewy

SCOTT
But he likes it when I call him Dewy
(to Dwayne)
Isn't that right Dewy

Dwayne does not know how to respond so just smiles awkwardly

JAMIE
Scott, I understand the nefarious can feel amorous at times, but-

SCOTT
(Looking confused)
The neo-furious wha-

JAMIE
Man just... haven't you like heard
the saying "a butcher shouldn't keep
a chicken as a pet"

Scott looks confused

SCOTT
Why... Salmonella?

JAMIE
No.. just.. you know what screw it
Tucos waiting for us anyway

Jamie heads towards Dwayne with his gun as Scott pounces on him

The 2 guys are rolling around the floor sloppily, Scott is on top of Jamie and is grabbing his neck

SCOTT
Why won't you let me be happy

JAMIE
You're being crazy, he doesn't like
you

Both the guys are still wrestling breathlessly

SCOTT
Yes he does, you're jealous he doesn't
like "street" food like funyuns and
doughnuts

JAMIE
(panting)
That's cop food, dumbass

Jamie and Scott are rolling over when a gun goes off

BAM

Reveal: Jamie's lifeless body with a bullet hole lodged through the chest, blood dripping

SCOTT
NO GOD NOOOO... WHAT HAVE I DONE

Scott notices Tuco calling on Jamie's phone, the gun is lying on the floor

SCOTT (cont'd)
(worried)
We gotta leave now, Dewy, Tuco's gonna kill me if he sees Jamie

He removes the duct tape off of Dwayne and runs across his apartment to get his keys, when he comes back Dwayne is standing with the gun pointed towards him

Scott looks confused

SCOTT (cont'd)
What you doin Dewy..the hard and uneven exterior of the gun won't compliment the soft and nourishing touch of your hands

DWAYNE
I'm sorry Ross

SCOTT
(offended)
What the... it's Scott, Dewy. SCOTT

DWAYNE
Yeah umm Scott, sorry Scott

SCOTT
(heartbroken)
But you ate my Danish Dewy... you love my danishes

DWAYNE
Actually.. I'm more of a croissant guy

Scott gasps loudly

SCOTT
(angry)
You take that back right now

Dwayne inches his finger towards the trigger

SCOTT (cont'd)
Please don...

BAM

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8.

Scott is on the floor losing consciousness as he sees
Dwyane slowly leave his apartment

SCOTT (cont'd)

(whispering)

I treated you how a french Patisserie
would treat his uncooked dough, but
you just treated me like I was a
Betty Crocker recipe

His eyes slowly close

FADE TO BLACK