

# TROIS COMPANIE

A very French adaptation of THREE'S COMPANY

by

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INT. JACQUES TRIPPER'S STUDIO - PARIS

JACQUES TRIPPER, early 30's, splattered in paint and strung out on drugs, answers the door. LE COMPTE DE FURLEY stands in a crushed velvet suit with frilly lace, fuming.

COMPTE

Jacques! Where are my paintings?

JACQUES

Monsieur Le Compte, what a welcome surprise.

COMPTE

I paid you two months ago for three canvasses! Do you think me a fool, Jacques Tripper?

JACQUES

Thought is a mule that must never be gelded, monsieur. Now, come inside. We'll tête-ê-tête.

Jacques and the Compte walk into the studio. It's empty except for a dirty mattress, rusty needles on the floor and two French prostitutes, JANETTE and CRÍSY -- lounging in their lingerie.

COMPTE

Mon Dieu!? Where are your paints and your canvasses? Where are the horse hair chisels of your ancient art?

JACQUES

I have sold them for heroin.

COMPTE

And the money I paid you?

JACQUES

More heroin.

The Compte pulls out his saber, throws Jacques to the floor and puts the blade to his neck.

COMPTE

Have you not even shame to repay me?

JACQUES

I have no shame. Just my whores.

COMPTE  
Then their bodies shall confer me  
restitution!

JACQUES  
So be it.

INT. JACQUES TRIPPER'S STUDIO - LATER

The Compte lies on the mattress with Janette and Crísy, smoking opium in a post-coital moment.

COMPTE  
Magnifique. Quel plaisir.

JANETTE  
Your touch is softer than the  
curtains of Talleyrand.

COMPTE  
Oh, Janette. I have never plunged  
such delights in all of my years.

JANETTE  
And I have never been plunged so,  
Monsieur Le Compte.

COMPTE  
I think, I am in love.

CRÍSY  
Beware, my Compte. Love is like a  
donkey show: many people speak of  
them but few have ever seen one.

JANETTE  
You risk your heart and another 50  
francs if you wish to continue down  
this road you call love.

COMPTE  
I am not a rich man, Janette, but  
I'd exchange all my treasure to the  
currency of pleasure that is  
printed between your legs.

CRÍSY  
And so it shall be.

Janette and Crísy's heads disappear under the covers. The Compte sighs.

INT. JACQUES TRIPPER'S STUDIO - DAY

Jacques answers a knock on the door. It's the Compte.

COMPTE

Jacques, where are the ladies? I must pepper my loins with the scarlet spice that cracks forth from their grinders.

JACQUES

They are engaged in commerce, my dear Compte.

Jacques tries to slam the door but the Compte stops it with his boot.

COMPTE

Please, Jacques. Do not deny me fuel for the heart. Here! Here are two hundred Francs. Four hours, no?

JACQUES

The price has risen, my royal swine.

COMPTE

Again?! This is usurious.

JACQUES

Usurious? Choose your words carefully, Compte, for usury is the province of the Jew. Good Christian markets and their natural forces are at work in this church of tainted flesh. You are one of many who pray at Aphrodite's unshaven altar. Just ask the Moroccan Field Marshal.

COMPTE

What? A beast from the dark continent plunders my soft, white wonders? I demand he withdraw from this cuckoldry, lest he face mine own pulsing blade!

Jacques gives the Compte an openhanded slap.

JACQUES

You, are not in a position to demand anything!

COMPTE  
 (pushing money into  
 Jacques' hand) Take this.

A 7-foot, 230 lb. TALIBAN SOLDIER pulls on his coat as he approaches Jacques and the Compte. He stops, chuckles and picks up a plane ticket by the door.

SOLDIER  
 I think they will need, how do you  
 French say, recuperation?

He cackles devilishly. The Compte rushes in to see the Janette and Crísy, asleep with looks of satisfaction on their faces. He is crushed.

INT. MONSIEUR AND MADAME ROPÉRE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The front door is wide open. MONSIEUR and MADAME ROPÉRE are dressed in bondage gear. Madame is whipping Monsieur on a rack. He screams like a banshee. The Compte walks by and peers in, horrified.

MONSIEUR ROPÉRE  
 Come in, young man. Please join us.

MADAME ROPÉRE  
 Young man! Young man, could you  
 help me fasten this genital clamp?

The Compte de Furley reluctantly enters the dark apartment. Sex toys and anarchist pamphlets litter the floor.

COMPTE  
 M'excuse. I do not believe we have  
 been formally introduced.

MONSIEUR ROPÉRE  
 I am Monsieur de Ropére: jailed in  
 '67 for raping a Bonapartiste,  
 exiled in '82 for radical  
 perversion, and now, strapped to  
 the rack, quenching my wife's  
 thirst for masochisme.

COMPTE  
 Compte de Furley.

MADAME ROPÉRE  
 Enchantée, Compte. Would you like a  
 Pepsi?

MONSIEUR ROPÉRE

Are you a Ducal spy!? If so I shall skin you alive and dine on your twitching flesh!

COMPTE

No, no monsieur. I was just on my way to see Janette and Crísy.

MONSIEUR ROPÉRE

Jacques Tripper's lusty maidens, eh?

COMPTE

Yes. You know Jacques and the girls?

MONSIEUR ROPÉRE

But of course. We are not only his landlord but patrons to his degeneracy. How do you think Jacques supports his addiction? On the income of two sickly harlots?

MADAME ROPÉRE

The man hardly pays rent!

MONSIEUR ROPÉRE

Silence, Madame!

Madame whips Monsieur who lets out a whimper.

MONSIEUR ROPÉRE (CONT'D)

Merci, Madame. Oui, Jacques Tripper is the man of the future. Nihilistic. Perverse. Untrustworthy. Not a bourgeois bone in that man's body.

COMPTE

I see.

MONSIEUR ROPÉRE

You see with the eyes of a blind bat, Monsieur Le Compte.

COMPTE

Perhaps I am a neophyte to the wizardry of the depraved. But a babe must crawl before he walks and so I must take leave, Monsieur Ropere. Janette and Crisy await. Adieu.

The Compte walks away as the sound of whipping and Monsieur Ropère's cries echo down the hallway.

MONSIEUR ROPÉRE (O.S.)  
 I warn you, Compte! Do not trust  
 those courtesan strumpets! Do not  
 trust them!

INT. COMPTE DE FURLEY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Overstuffed furniture, gilded moldings and flowing silk exude wealth. The Compte sits, talking on a gold telephone.

COMPTE  
 Oui, Marcel, that is the plan.  
 Quite simple, actually.  
 (pause listening)  
 Oui, I can assure you that Trippper  
 will take the bait. He cares only  
 for black tar Nixon y Frisco muff.  
 (pause)  
 Oui, I will give you the money  
 after I receive le package.  
 (pause)  
 Au revoir and bon chance, my petit  
 Marcel.

INT. MONSIUER AND MADAME ROPÉRE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Ropères are wearing rubber suits with the ass and crotch cut out. The Compte stands in front of their television.

COMPTE  
 Brace yourself, Madame and  
 Monsieur. What you are about to see  
 may shock you.

MONSIEUR ROPÉRE  
 By Jehova, I have witnessed scenes  
 of profligacy that would burn a  
 lesser man's eyes out. Roll tape,  
 Compte de Furley.

MADAME ROPÉRE  
 Oui, roll the tape.

The Compte presses play on the VCR. Snow turns to-

INSERT GRAINY CAMERA FOOTAGE:

We see a a hidden camera video of Jacques walking into a church. He sits and looks to be praying. The camera approaches Jacques while he asks for forgiveness. He acknowledges the man with the hidden camera who hands him a bible. It is clear to the audience, but not the Roperes, that this is a drug deal.

BACK TO APT:

MONSIEUR ROPÉRE

Heirs of Greystoke! With breath as  
my witness I declare revulsion in  
my soul.

MADAME ROPÉRE

The beast of Nazareth has infected  
poor Jacques!

MONSIEUR ROPÉRE

A bourgeois monster lurks in my  
house.

MADAME ROPÉRE

He seemed so true with needle in  
arm and trollop on leash.

MONSIEUR ROPÉRE

Jacques must take leave before this  
fresh disgrace dries on our walls  
like a bureaucrat's calculated  
discharge. Allez!

BENNY HILL STYLE MONTAGE:

The Compte and Ropéres storming Jacques Tripper's apartment. Lots of doors swinging open and shut, chasing and hiding in hampers. Janette and Crisy's bouncing tits everywhere. Finally, the Compte and Roperes succeed in tossing Jacques out on the street.

END MONTAGE

INT. JACQUES TRIPPER'S STUDIO

SUPER: One Week Later

The apartment has a few more decorations. The Compte, Janette and Crisy sleep peacefully under a bearskin blanket. The Compte dreams.

COMPTE'S DREAM: POV COMPTE

Smoke and darkness. Crisy appears in an orb of glowing light.

CRISY

You are my one and only love,  
cherie. Mon amour.

Crisy floats away, riding on a donkey. Smoke billows. Then lightning strikes. Thunder. Evil is upon us. A severe man dressed in a white tailored suit, LARRY MONT BLANC, points down into the Compte's POV.

LARRY

The time has come for me to collect  
what is mine.

COMPTE

I do not have them, Larry.

LARRY

Where are my paintings, dear  
Compte?

COMPTE

There was a petit probleme.

LARRY

I want my paintings!

COMPTE

Mon Dieu, Larry. Please.

LARRY

Promises and debts must be paid.

Larry looks past the Compte, who turns, seeing Crisy, lovingly brushing the donkey's mane.

COMPTE

No! Not her. Please, anything but  
her.

LARRY

You promised art, and you shall pay  
with flesh!

COMPTE

Noooooo!

The Compte wakes up in a full sweat, screaming. It was just a dream. Janette and Crisy awake, frightened.

CRISY

What is it, Compte? Have you demons of sleep?

COMPTE

Non, Crisy. It is the demons of the earth who invade my nocturnal refuge.

JANETTE

Are you not happy with our arrangement?

COMPTE

I am happier than sunshine, dear Janette. But my happiness has temporarily blinded me from the realities of the corporeal world. I am in great trouble. You must help me, Janette.

JANETTE

This is impossible, my dear Compte.

COMPTE

Impossible is nothing.

JANETTE

Soon you will be dead, Monsieur Le Compte. As will I.

COMPTE

Ma chérie, all children of God expire with the certainty of the stars but let us not speak of gravestones until our hairs turn to grey and our teeth to dust.

JANETTE

But you, Compte, shall be served sooner than later, for I am the sous chef of your demise.

COMPTE

Janette, why such foul words?

JANETTE

It's time you know the truth.

COMPTE

That you are the receptacle of my passions and the keeper of my heart. This is the only truth I need to know.

JANETTE

I am much more than your lover, my Compte.

COMPTE

Certainly, Janette. When we met, you were nothing but a common streetwalker with pupils the size of pinpricks. But soon your new station will equal your beauty.

JANETTE

Yes, I once was a whore. And I now am a mistress. But by the miracle of mother nature I will always be -- your daughter.

COMPTE

What? Don't make such jokes. Tis the folly of whores that make peaceful men war.

JANETTE

My mother's name was Colette. She worked the 16th Arrondissement next to the butcher Bruno.

COMPTE

I never knew any Colette.

JANETTE

No, you knew her as Cosette.

COMPTE

Cosette? Cosette? Ah, oui. You can't be her daughter. She died of Cupid's Disease.

JANETTE

She was one of your favorites until you learned of her syphilis and refused her pleading.

COMPTE

Of course, I refused. Her fleshy, peeling visage was the harbinger of a sickness I could neither witness nor touch, not even with the velvet glove of a nobleman.

JANETTE

And now you are ill with the same sickness, my liege.

COMPTE

What?

FLASHBACK: EXT. RUE DE LA PUTE - PARIS

A young girl, Janette, plays on the steps of WHOREHOUSE while WHORES sell themselves in the street.

JANETTE (V.O.)

I was raised by the prostitutes of her brothel until I was six. The madam then told me about the circumstances of my mother's death.

INT. WHOREHOUSE

JANETTE (V.O.)

How her best customer refused her money for penicillin and the clemency of modern medicine.

A crying COSETTE, holds the gloved hand of the Compte as he pulls away, his hand slipping out of the glove.

COMPTE (V.O.)

I remember that day. A bit windy. I ate a hot dog in the Tuileries.

INT. WHOREHOUSE - LATER

Cosette pukes into a bucket and puts her hand to her belly.

JANETTE (V.O.)

On that same day, she learned that she was pregnant with me.

END FLASHBACK

COMPTE

This is preposterous. You are not my daughter. You aren't so sick as to strike Thracian chords upon your father's skin flute.

JANETTE

I swore that I would kill my father by the same hand that took my mother...by the hand of the clap.

COMPTE

I won't believe this. It isn't true.

JANETTE

All Furleys have a genetic mark, no? A royal stamp befitting their sang froid. A birthmark of a fleur de lis just behind the ear.

COMPTE

But how did you know this?

JANETTE

With God as my witness and Themis as my jury, let these steel shears prove your crime.

Janette takes scissors and cuts off the hair behind her ear revealing -- a birthmark in the shape of a fleur de lis.

COMPTE

This can't be so!

JANETTE

It is so.

COMPTE

God! What have I done? I've fornicated with my daughter. I've tasted fruits forbidden by the laws of Solomon. I've defiled my only baby girl. And she has given me the clap!

JANETTE

Just desserts for an unjust man.

COMPTE

Oh, I can no longer go on living. What shame! What disgust! Death, take me now.

The Compte stumbles over to his jacket and pulls out a revolver.

COMPTE (CONT'D)

Adieu, Crisy. Adieu, Janette.  
 Forgive me. The pain of living has  
 become unbearable. A stronger man  
 might endure his punishment, but he  
 a I am not.

He draws the gun to his head. A tear streams down his cheek.  
 He pulls the trigger POP!

Blood splatters on the wall. It looks -- like art.

INT. JACQUES TRIPPER'S STUDIO

SUPER: Four Days Later

There is a knock on the door. Jacques, reinstalled, answers  
 it. Larry Mont Blanc, stands.

LARRY

Bonjour, Trip-pere.

JACQUES

Bonjour, Lar-ry.

LARRY

My colleagues and I are quite  
 pleased with your work. A murder  
 with no signs of foul play. Just as  
 requested.

JACQUES

The Compte was a bumbling twit but  
 death is a heavy price to pay for  
 one's foibles.

LARRY

Tripper, let us not forget that it  
 was you who put him in danger. It  
 was you who agreed to sell him the  
 forgeries and he who tried to sell  
 them to us as original. Life is  
 ironic.

JACQUES

Your reputation is without peer  
 among rogues and thieves.

LARRY  
 Furley would have compromised us  
 all. The auction house is your only  
 client and will continue to be so,  
 monsieur. Now, where are the  
 canvasses?

Jacques pulls out three small paintings -- landscapes of Euro  
 Disney.

JACQUES  
 These were not easy, Larry.

LARRY  
 Behold! The world's most collected  
 artist.

JACQUES  
 I am but a forger, Larry.

LARRY  
 And you are the best.

Larry hands Jacques a bundle of cash.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
 Au revoir, Jacques. We'll be in  
 touch.

INT. JACQUES TRIPPER'S STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Jacques walks back to the table where Janette, Crísy and the  
 Ropéres sit. He pulls out the wad of cash.

JACQUES  
 For my beautiful sisters, Janette  
 and Crísy, one thousand Francs for  
 you each.

Jacques drops money on the table.

JACQUES (CONT'D)  
 If there were audiences for your  
 craft, they would stand in ovation.  
 Bravo.

JANETTE  
 We are but players, dear brother,  
 in dramas penned on the stage of  
 life. Glory be damned. Give us  
 gold.

CRISY  
Precious gold!

Janette dips a rag into a glass of water and rubs behind her ear until the birthmark is rubbed off. Crisy palms the cash.

JACQUES  
And for my dear parents, whose womb  
and heavy hand forged this man from  
child, I present you five thousand.

Madame and Monsiuer pick up the cash and breath it in.

MONSIEUR ROPÉRE  
You are a fine son, Jacques.

MADAME ROPÉRE  
Praise these sagging breasts that  
suckled the damned.

Jacques grabs the bottle of absinthe on the table and fill five glasses to the brim. Jaques raises his in the air.

JACQUES  
A wise orator once said that an  
ounce of family is worth more than  
a pound of bullets. Today we  
transmute those words from mere  
conjecture to irrefutable proof,  
not by reason, not by faith, but by  
the bond of blood. The Compte felt  
our sting. Now the city shall feel  
our bite.

JANETTE  
Burn Paris burn!

EVERYONE  
Burn Paris burn!

Everyone raises their glasses and drinks.

FADE TO BLACK.