

THREE'S COMPANY - REAR WINDOWFURL

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Janet and Chrissy are on the couch watching the news.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Police aren't revealing the name of the young woman, but they are saying that all young, single women in their early twenties should be on alert.

CHRISSY

Do you think he means us?

REPORTER (V.O.)

Even if you think I'm not speaking to you directly, yes, you should be on alert.

JANET

Chrissy, we need to stay on alert. Keep our eyes peeled.

CHRISSY

Keep our nose to the tombstone!

JANET

Exactly. (in response to her mistaken cliché) Huh? (pause) Anyway, we can't let anyone catch us off guard.

Jack quietly walks up behind them while they're talking.

JACK

(loudly) What's going on ladies?!?

They scream.

JANET

Jack! There's a serial killer on the loose and he's after young single women!

JACK

Oh my god. (pause) Aside from the killing part, you just described everyone at the Regal Beagle.

CHRISSY

Ssh! They're saying more!

REPORTER (V.O.)

Police have released a sketch of the alleged killer and are advising people to be on the lookout for a man in his late 60s, who is thin, frail-looking and has slightly beady eyes. If you see this man, do not be fooled by his appearance. Call the police immediately.

As the reporter talks, we see a picture of the police sketch. It bears a strong resemblance to Mr. Furley.

JACK

There's something familiar about that guy.

JANET

Yeah, I don't know what it is.

CHRISSEY

Yeah, except for the fact that he looks exactly like Mr. Furley our landlord, I feel like I know him.

Jack and Janet do a SPIT-TAKE.

CHRISSEY (CONT'D)

What?

JANET

Chrissy, don't you see? That could be Mr. Furley!

She snorts/giggles. And then looks again, does a SPIT-TAKE and begins to panic with the other two.

CHRISSEY

OH NO! What do we do?

JANET

Yes Jack, what do we do?

JACK

What do you mean, yes Jack, what do we do? How should I know?

JANET

Well, because you're a man.

JACK

So? What about the Women's Lib movement, huh?

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
Aren't you gals supposed to be stronger and more independent?

JANET
We're still independent.

CHRISSEY
Yeah! We just need men to take care of us.

JANET
Right. No! That's not it. You know what? We don't need your help Jack. We can fend for ourselves against some silly serial killer.

JACK
This is serious Janet. Maybe you should let the men handle this one.

JANET
Oh please. The women can handle the tough stuff.

JACK
Oh yeah? The what can the men handle?

JANET
Themselves!

JACK
Oh ha ha. Alright look. We're getting all worked up over nothing. Whoever this guy is, may not even be Furley. So the last thing we should do is panic.

There's a knock at the door.

JACK (CONT'D)
IT'S HIM! HE'LL KILL US ALL
PANIC!!!

They run around. After a few moments, they pause and hold each other.

JANET
Now hang on a second. Let's just answer the door and see who it is. It could just be the mailman.

JACK
The Son of Sam was a mailman!

JANET
Ok, let's hope it's the milkman
then.

CHRISSY
If we all go together, it won't be
as scary.

Holding each other tightly, they make their way to the door.

JANET
Now hang on! We are independent
women and we can handle this.

CHRISSY
Yeah!

JANET
As an independent woman, I've made
a decision. Jack answer the door!

JACK
ME?!?

JANET
Yes you. But not because you're a
man. It's only because you're
closer to the door.

JACK
No I'm not.

In sync, Janet and Chrissy step further away, leaving Jack
closer. He sighs and fearfully makes his way to the door.

JACK (CONT'D)
(in a very high voice from fear)
Who is it?

MR. FURLEY (V.O.)
It's Mr. Furley from downstairs.

They all shiver. Janet goes to turn the knob.

JACK
WAIT! Don't answer it! What if he's
hear to kill us?!?

CHRISSY
Or worse, what if he wants the
rent?!?

JANET

Ok you guys, we're jumping to conclusions. This is Mr. Furley. There's nothing scary or menacing about him, right?

She opens the door. Mr. Furley is there, covered in what appears to be blood and looking very upset. They SCREAM!

MR. FURLEY

Hey! What are you screaming for?

JANET

Um, nothing.

CHRISSY

No, it's not like we think you're a serial killer or anything.

JACK/JANET

Chrissy!

CHRISSY

(to them, through the side of her mouth) I said "NOT." (She winks.)

MR. FURLEY

What? Oh, you're probably wondering why I'm covered in this mess.

JACK

What mess? Us? No, is there a mess? I just figured you were painting. (aside) With someone's arm...

MR. FURLEY

This is bloody mary.

CHRISSY

YOU MONSTER! HOW COULD YOU DO THAT TO MARY?!?

MR. FURLEY

Huh? I was making a bloody mary and the lid of the blender flew off and I got tomato juice everywhere.

JANET

Oh. See you guys? It's just bloody mary MIX.

They all laugh.

MR. FURLEY

Yeah. Say, that reminds me of why I came up here. (getting serious) Can I borrow a knife?

They all stop laughing and go quiet.

JACK

What?

MR. FURLEY

The sharper and larger, the better.

JACK

A knife? Why do you want to borrow a knife?

MR. FURLEY

Why do you want to know? After all, curiosity did kill the cat.

JACK

(frightened) Meow.

MR. FURLEY

I'm only kidding. I gotta cut up some fruit. (pause) No offense Jack.

JACK

Huh? Oh right. None taken.

MR. FURLEY

(creepily) Yep, I'd love to cut up something tasty, so I could really use that knife.

JACK

Um, ours are in the shop.

JANET

Yep, they're with the mechanic.

MR. FURLEY

You take your knives to the mechanic?

JACK

Don't you?

MR. FURLEY

Maybe I should. They're always breaking down on me...

The roommates shiver.

MR. FURLEY (CONT'D)

Well, I'll be seeing you. By the way, you ladies look lovely today.

CHRISSEY

Oh, thank you.

MR. FURLEY

Oh yeah. You're to die for. Have a good one!

They close the door and hold each other.

[COMMERCIAL #1]

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Back to the roommates again. They're panicking.

JACK

What are we gonna do? If Furley is a serial killer, he's gonna kill us all!

CHRISSEY

And me too!

Jack and Janet stare at her. The door opens and Larry enters. They all yell.

LARRY

Hey, good to see you too. What's all the hubbub bub?

JANET

We think there's a serial killer in the building.

LARRY

A serial killer! Are you sure?

CHRISSEY

Yes.

LARRY

Why would anyone want to harm Snap, Crackle and Pop?

JACK

Be serious Larry. We're talking about someone that's going after young, attractive women.

LARRY

That gets me so mad.

JACK

Thank you Larry.

LARRY

After all, that's my job.

JANET/CHRISSEY

Larry!

LARRY

Who is it?

JACK

Brace yourself. It's Mr. Furley.

LARRY

(shocked) MR. FURLEY?!? Excuse me for one second.

He turns away from the them and lets out a large laugh.

LARRY (CONT'D)

What's he doing, leasing them to death?

JACK

I'm serious Larry. We saw this report on the news and it matched his description.

LARRY

And how does he kill his victims? Strangulation by ascot? C'mon you guys, this is Mr. Furley we're talking about. This guy sat shiva for two days after he killed a family of ants!

JANET

I never thought I'd say this, but maybe Larry is right.

CHRISSEY

But how will we know for certain if it's him or not?

LARRY

(snaps his fingers) I've got it!
I'm dating this private eye I met
down at the Beagle, and she's got
this equipment. (Aside to Jack)
Plus, she's got a tape recorder (he
laughs. Jack is not amused).
Anyway, we could plant a small tape
recorder inside his apartment to
see if we notice any strange
behavior. And don't worry ladies,
we'll protect you.

JANET

Now hang on one second. You saying
we can't fend for ourselves?

LARRY

No...but you are so cute when you
make your wittle tough face.

JANET

Listen you two! If it turns out
Furley is a serial killer, it'll be
me and Chrissy that will be taking
care of you!

JACK

Oh good. So we're going to find out
if Furley is a serial killer just
to prove a point about feminism?

JANET

Yeah! (sheepishly) And to save our
lives.

CHRISSY

But mostly the feminism thing!

JACK

Fine! I have his spare keys. We
could go in later today while he's
doing his laundry.

LARRY

I'll get the tape recorder from my
bedro--I mean, apartment.

JACK

Ok, it's a plan.

CHRISSY

Wait, I just have one question.

JANET
What is it Chrissy?

CHRISSEY
Why was Mr. Furley so cold after
those ants died?

JACK
What do you mean?

CHRISSEY
Well, you said he was sitting
shivered.

[COMMERCIAL #2]

INT. MR. FURLEY'S APARTMENT-DAY

Using a spare set of keys, the roommates and Larry break into Furley's apartment. One by one they peek their heads in the door, stacking their heads on top of one another, like Scooby Doo.

JANET
Jack, I don't know about this.
Furley gave us those keys for an
emergency.

JACK
Well if you want the big strong man
to take care of things while you
eat Bon Bons, that's fine.

CHRISSEY
Yay! Bon Bons!

They enter the apartment.

JANET
Chrissy!!! Forget it Jack. We're
helping. Now listen, he could be
back any second, so we can't be too
loud.

JACK
Can't be too loud, got it.

LARRY
(whispers) Got it.

CHRISSEY
(whispers) Got it.

JACK
What?

CHRISSEY
(yells) I GOT IT!

They all ssh her.

CHRISSEY (CONT'D)
(whispers) Sorry.

JANET
Where should we hide the tape
recorder?

CHRISSEY
How about somewhere where it won't
be seen?

JANET
That's helpful Chrissy, thanks.

LARRY
How about behind the lamp?

Jack tiptoes carefully over to place it behind a lamp.

JANET
No, that's not good. It's too
obvious. How about over here behind
this picture.

Jack hurriedly tiptoes over to the other side of the room,
stepping quickly but very carefully so as not to make too
much noise.

CHRISSEY
No wait! How about over here
underneath the telephone table?

Jack makes his way to the other side of the room, again
moving quickly but very careful not to make too much noise.

LARRY
No! Over here beside the couch.

JANET
Who put you in charge? I say we put
it underneath the telephone table.

Jack hangs his head, and again slinks over to the other side
of the room.

LARRY

Now listen here ladies. I think the couch is a better place for acoustics.

Frustrated, Jack slinks back to where he was. Janet and Chrissy are paired together near the telephone table.

JANET

Telephone table!

Jack heads over to the girls.

LARRY

Couch!

Jack goes back.

JANET

Telephone table!

LARRY

Couch!

They keep repeating this, with Jack volleying back and forth between the two.

CHRISSY

How about-?

JACK

ENOUGH ALREADY!!

They both ssh him. He realizes he's too loud.

JACK (CONT'D)

Sorry. Larry knows acoustics, so we're placing it under the couch.

He bends over to the set the recorder. Just then, they hear Mr. Furley yell out to a neighbor, and begin to unlock the front door.

JANET

Oh no! It's Furley! He's back!
Hide!

They scatter around the house to hide. Jack can't figure out where to hide, so he dives under the couch. Furley walks in and walks over to the couch to sit down--right on top of Jack. He bounces for a minute. And then bounces again.

MR. FURLEY

What the hell is wrong with this couch?

He continues to bounce on it, noticing how lumpy it is. He gets up, about to check underneath...

The phone rings before he can check. He answers it.

MR. FURLEY (CONT'D)

Hello? Oh hey! Yeah, I'm looking forward to this weekend. I've been planning it for months. Oh yeah, I'm all ready. When I get done with them, they're not going to know what hit 'em. I'm gonna kill 'em, and then slay 'em, and then kill 'em some more. And just when I'm done killing 'em? I'M GONNA MURDER 'EM! Ha ha ha ha ha! Ok, I'll talk to you later.

He hangs up. The roommates are all in full-panic mode.

Furley sits down on the couch, bounces again, and remembers how lumpy the couch is.

MR. FURLEY (CONT'D)

Now what the hell is the problem with this damn couch.

He gets up, and starts working his way down to look under the couch. Jack is getting very nervous.

MR. FURLEY (CONT'D)

(getting angrier and angrier) I swear, if there is something wrong with this couch, I'm gonna just lose it. I mean it, I am just going to go insane and if I find out that someone did this I'll-

His watch alarm rings.

MR. FURLEY (CONT'D)

(completely changing his attitude)
Ooh! Dryer sheet time!

He leaves the apartment. They all come out of their hiding spots.

JANET

Did you hear that? He said he's going to murder 'em!

CHRISSEY

I know! What do we do now?

JACK

I don't know. But if this whole serial killer thing doesn't work out for him, the's a got bright future in massage.

[COMMERCIAL #3]

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

It's the next day. Larry enters with the tape.

LARRY

I've got the tape!

CHRISSEY

Ooh good! Is it the new REO Speedwagon album? Because I just love them.

JACK

No Chrissy, it's the tape of Furley.

CHRISSEY

Oh. Well, does he at least know "Can't Fight This Feeling"?

JACK

Larry, play the tape.

LARRY

You got it.

He presses play.

LARRY (V.O.)

Ooh, you got me!

WOMAN (V.O.)

You've got the right to remain sexy baby!

He quickly presses stop.

LARRY

(to the group) Must have forgotten to erase that part.

He presses fast forward, and then play.

MR. FURLEY (V.O.)

What kind of tenants are those? It just makes you want to take them out into the street and strangle them, doesn't it? I mean, who wouldn't want to kill them? I certainly do!

Larry hits stop.

JANET

Oh my god.

CHRISSEY

I know! It's a spoken-word album! You can't dance to that.

JACK

Mr. Furley is the serial killer!

JANET

We've got to call the police.

CHRISSEY

I'll do it!

She runs to the phone and begins to dial.

CHRISSEY (CONT'D)

9...oh no! Where's the 11 button?

Janet walks over to her.

JANET

Let me do that. It's 9-1-1.

CHRISSEY

Oh, why did they change it?

Janet stays on the phone.

JANET

Hello police? Hi. I think that we have the Malibu Serial killer in our apartment building.

There's a knock on the door.

JANET (CONT'D)

Wow, you guys are fast.

MR. FURLEY (O.S.)
It's Mr. Furley! Open up!

JANET
Oh no! He's here! What do I do? Uh huh. Ok. (to the group) He says to let him in and act normal.

JACK
Got it!

Jack runs to the door and opens it.

JACK (CONT'D)
(uber-casual) Hey there.

MR. FURLEY
Outta my way Tripper. I need to use your bathroom.

CHRISSEY
What's wrong with yours?

MR. FURLEY
The pipes are clogged. There's something... taking up a lot of space in my tub...

The roommates get scared.

JACK
It's all yours.

Mr. Furley goes to the bathroom.

JANET
Ok, he's in the bathroom. Uh huh. Uh huh. Ok, we can do that, I think. Ok, thank you. See you soon.

LARRY
What did he say?

JANET
He says they'll be here in 20 minutes.

JACK
20 MINUTES! That's plenty of time for the Furley the Ripper to chop us all up into little pieces!

JANET

The policeman said that the best thing to do is make him feel at ease, and we should be fine.

LARRY

How do we do that?

JANET

He didn't say.

JACK

I have an idea. In the Navy, when we didn't want our C.O. to know what we were up to, we always tried to look casual. To do that, we always had at least two guys seated, one guy laying down, one guy kneeling and one guy standing. If anyone changed positions, including the C.O., the others followed suit. It's easy, just follow my lead after I say the line, "Nice weather we're having, eh?"

CHRISSEY

Wait, why do you get to say that line?

JANET

Yeah Jack, just because you're a man doesn't mean that you're going to take the lead on this.

JACK

Oh would you give this Women's Lib thing a rest?

CHRISSEY

Janet's right. Why do the men get to do everything?

LARRY

Because we're bigger, we're stronger and we're smarter.

JACK

Yeah.

LARRY

Plus, we said so. Na na, na na na.

JACK
I'll say the line. Just be cool.

JANET
Fine. (sneakily) Say, I'm hungry.
Chrissy, what do you say we get
some food from the kitchen?

CHRISSEY
Finally I get some Bon Bons!

Janet grabs her by the arm and into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

JANET
Chrissy listen. We gotta show these
guys who is in charge. Furley is
probably going to stay seated, and
the guys are going to try to
control the situation.

CHRISSEY
Those guys. I swear, if there
wasn't a serial killer right
outside our door, this would be the
perfect time to teach them a
lesson.

JANET
Why should that stop us?

CHRISSEY
What do you mean?

JANET
Why should they get to say who sits
and who stands? I say that whenever
we want, we take over. Agreed?

CHRISSEY
Agreed. But one question.

JANET
What?

CHRISSEY
When do we get Bon Bons?

JANET
Get in there!

She pushes Chrissy through the door.

BACK TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Mr. Furley emerges from the bathroom.

MR. FURLEY
Thank you. I thought I was going to die if I didn't use the bathroom.

CHRISSY
(aside) At least it wouldn't be one of us for a change.

MR. FURLEY
Well, I'll be seeing you.

JACK
Wait wait! Mr. Furley, where are you going?

MR. FURLEY
To my apartment?

JACK
Well, I was just saying to the girls, it's nice weather we're having, eh?

JANET
Yes, I agree it's nice weather we're having.

They all strike a pose.

Structure for game:

1. Discuss the weather. Janet and Jack fight slowly over who will stand/take the lead in conversation. Larry and Chrissy react accordingly. After a few moments of this, Furley gets up to leave (group changes positions accordingly). Jack stops him by saying, "Hey, did you see the Angels game last?"

2. Furley says, "No, but I do love baseball" and resumes his seat on the couch. Jack and Janet resume their fight over standing/lead conversation, but do so more quickly. As such, Larry and Chrissy move faster.

They do this for a few moments, when the pacing has gotten faster, Furley says, "You know, I coulda been a ball player. In gym class, I was the best at squat thrusts." To which Janet replies, "Oh yeah, let's see."

3. Furley does two squat thrusts, throwing the group into utter chaos. After the first second, he does starts to question the order with which he's supposed to do the motions, and vacillates quickly between standing, kneeling and sitting. The rest of the group is now moving at 90mph. As he's rising from a squat thrust, he finally notices their antics and yells,

MR. FURLEY
WAIT A SECOND! WHAT IS GOING ON?

They all drop to the floor and lay down.

Suddenly, there's a knock on the door.

JACK
I'll tell you what's going on! Your reign of terror is over Mr. Furley!

CHRISSY
If that is your real name.

Jack opens the door. There is a police officer in the doorway.

OFFICER
Do you call about the Malibu Serial Killer?

JACK
Yes, he's right there officers.

MR. FURLEY
Right where?

CHRISSY
Right there!

Mr. Furley looks behind him. She turns him around to show that her finger is pointing right at him.

MR. FURLEY
ME?!? I'm not killer!

JANET
Yes you are!

OFFICER
No, he's not!

JACK
That's right he's--WHA??

OFFICER
We caught the Malibu Serial Killer
10 minutes ago. We've got
conclusive evidence that the man in
our custody is the killer.

JACK
Are you sure?

OFFICER
Well, we're fairly certain.
Although I mean, everyone is
innocent until proven guilty in the
eyes of the LAPD.

He pauses. And then he laughs.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
I'm just kidding, he totally did
it.

CHRISSY
But then what are you doing here?

OFFICER
My guess? A giant misunderstanding.
Well, you all have a good day now.

The officer exits. Everyone circles around Furley.

JACK
Well, nice weather we're having eh?

Chrissy drops to the ground and lays down. Janet picks her
up.

MR. FURLEY
Did you all think I was a serial
killer?

JANET
Well, yeah. We heard you talking
about killing this weekend.

LARRY
And then we taped you saying this:

MR. FURLEY (V.O.)

What kind of tenants are those? It just makes you want to take them out into the street and strangle them, doesn't it? I mean, who wouldn't want to kill them?

JACK

What do you have to say about that?

MR. FURLEY

That is my stand up act.

JANET

A ha! Wait, what?

MR. FURLEY

I'm emceeing the Malibu Landlord Conference this weekend and I've been working on my standup routine. Rewind that tape.

Larry does so and hits play.

MR. FURLEY (V.O.)

Do you ever notice how your tenants have no respect for your property? I mean, they just throw things anywhere they want. What kind of tenants are those? It just makes you want to take them out into the street and strangle them, doesn't it? I mean, who wouldn't want to kill them?

Furley is laughing at his material. The others look stunned, and also find the material not very funny.

MR. FURLEY

Tough room.

JACK

But wait, what about all that business about borrowing knives?

MR. FURLEY

I was having steak and my knife sharpener broke, so all I have is a butterknife. I had to spread my meat into my mouth.

They all look confused.

CHRISSEY

What about the "thing" taking up a lot of space in your bathroom?

MR. FURLEY

Oh, that. Well, if you must know, I've used a secret Furley recipe to unclog my tub drain and it involves 3 parts vinegar and 2 parts bleach, so it's a little hard to breathe in there. I'm a little embarrassed because I clogged the drain shaving my legs to stay competitive in the senior swimming circuit.

JACK

Oh. (thinking about it) Oh. (gags)
Oh.

MR. FURLEY

So, does that answer everyone's questions?

JANET

I guess so. I'm sorry we thought you were a serial killer Mr. Furley.

JACK

Me too. Clearly we've misjudged you.

JANET

And I'm sorry to you Jack. Fighting amongst ourselves certainly didn't help. Friends should just take care of friends, regardless of gender.

JACK

You're absolutely right. And I'm sorry if I ever made you think that you were inferior in any way. You're pretty tough for a woman. I mean, for a person.

She smiles.

CHRISSEY

I'm sorry too.

LARRY

What are you sorry for?

CHRISSEY

I'm sorry we didn't have any Bon Bons. And I'm also sorry for thinking you were a serial killer Mr. Furley.

MR. FURLEY

It's ok. Say, what was the description of the serial killer anyway?

JANET

They described him as in his late 60s, thin and wiry.

MR. FURLEY

(smoothly) And incredibly good-looking?

CHRISSEY

Didn't you hear her say he was in his 60s?

He's dejected.

MR. FURLEY

Well, it wasn't me. Although it does sound an awful lot like my brother Bart. But it can't be him. He's too much of a practical joker. Like the other day, he tried to get me by telling me how he had to leave town because he had done something terribly bad and that the police were after him. Isn't that silliest thing you ever heard? How crazy is my brother? Ha ha ha.

They all laugh. And then at once they all realize that Bart is the killer!

THE END