

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

Pilot Script

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Based on

Thames T.V.'s LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

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132 South Rodeo Drive
Penthouse
Beverly Hills, California

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR is a comedic examination of that ever growing American Phenomenon, the White and Black Neighbors. It is a series that essentially will deal with the fears, prejudices, and myths in both racial groups.

CHARLIE WILSON, the Union Man, is a Champion to Middle America. He is a fierce fighter for the underdog and philosophically is just short of socialism. However, like most Whites in his group, the Black Man still represents a threat -- economically, socially, and even sexually. But CHARLIE'S innate sense of decency not only keeps him from being a bigot but enables him to become a friend of his Black Neighbor -- JIM BRUCE.

JIM BRUCE is nine parts Senator Edward Brook and one part Huey Newton. Essentially he is a conservative who believes the races are coming closer together but he is still Black and the stings and slurs against his skin color are not taken lightly. JIM understands CHARLIE'S blind prejudices but inspite of them, he is still willing to be friends with his White Neighbor. He believes that eventually CHARLIE will come to know and understand the real Black Man.

PEGGY WILSON is an intelligent woman who is a liberal in the true sense of the word. Her judgement of people goes beyond any color or ethnic feeling. She loves EDDIE and knows that he is simply a product of his background. But he is a good man with warmth and sensitivity inspite of his loud, rigid attitudes on life.

JACKIE BRUCE is somewhere between ANGELA DAVIS and SHIRLEY CHISHOLM. She is a devoted wife and understands the problems of the Black Woman but, more importantly, the problems of the Black Husband. She has that rare wifely quality of knowing when to push her man and when to fall back. In short, JACKIE is the epitome of that phrase -- Black is Beautiful.

The intermingling of the races is the basis of this series, and it will provide conflict, strain, awkwardness, but, most importantly, human comedy.

In addition to the normal Black/White conflicts that will emerge between JIM and CHARLIE, there will be conflicts in many other areas. JIM'S job as plant efficiency expert aligns him with management in opposition to CHARLIE'S position as a Union Executive. CHARLIE being some years older than JIM will raise the inevitable generation gap problem. The fact that CHARLIE was a high school drop-out and that JIM is studying for a law degree at night will also pit the two in an educational competition, eventually motivating CHARLIE into getting his high school diploma. Politically the men are also on opposite sides, with CHARLIE the Democrat and JIM the Republican. The differences between the two men is more than the color of their skin and on all major issues their opposing philosophies will create the kind of natural conflicts that leads to the comedy.

A Black Couple moving next door to a White Couple provides an extra dimension in domestic comedy and the series will put to the test the ancient biblical tenet -- LOVE THY NEIGHBOR.

"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR"

TEASER

FADE UP:

EXT. STREET - DAY (FILM)

CHARLIE WILSON, A RUGGED LOOKING, WORKING MAN-TYPE IN HIS LATE THIRTIES, IS WALKING DOWN THE STREET. HE WEARS HIS SATURDAY CASUAL CLOTHES FROM 'ZACHARY ALL'. HE PASSES BY A MODEST SAN FERNANDO BUNGALOW WITH A SIGN ON THE LAWN THAT READS: SOLD CHARLIE HESITATES, LOOKS AROUND, THEN QUICKLY WALKS OVER TO A CORNER OF THE PORCH AND PICKS UP AN AZALEA PLANT. HE HURRIES OFF TO THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR, ENTERING THE FRONT DOOR.

INT. WILSON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHARLIE ENTERS, CARRYING THE PLANT. THE LIVING ROOM HAS A DINING AREA AND KITCHEN AREA. IT'S FURNISHED IN EARLY AMERICAN REPRODUCTIONS AND LOTS OF CHINTZ.

CHARLIE

(CALLING) Hi, Peggy!

PEGGY (O.S.)

I thought you were going to fix the
garbage disposal?

(MORE)

PEGGY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

All week long I hear the same thing
 -- "I'll fix it Saturday"... comes
 Saturday and you do your usual
 disappearing act...

PEGGY ENTERS THE ROOM. SHE IS IN HER MIDDLE THIRTIES, SLIGHTLY
 OVERWEIGHT, A PLEASANT FACE, AND, AT THE MOMENT, ANGRY. SHE
 WEARS FADED JEANS AND A MAN'S SHIRT. SHE STOPS WHEN SHE SEES
 CHARLIE STANDING WITH THE PLANT.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

(SOFTENING) ... Oh, Charlie, for me?

CHARLIE

(SARCASTIC) No, I'm taking it to
 the factory -- giving it to the
 foreman. Of course, it's for you.

PEGGY CROSSES TO CHARLIE.

PEGGY

I've always wanted an azalea plant...

(SHE TAKES PLANT) You're a doll.

(SHE KISSES HIM ON CHEEK)

CHARLIE

I know -- I've had my eye on this one
 for weeks.

PEGGY STARTS TO WATER PLANT IN SINK.

PEGGY

I smell bourbon.

CHARLIE

One drink!

PEGGY

Really? Don't breath on my azalea!

CHARLIE

We were at Lenny's Tap Room.

PEGGY

Now I know why you brought me a gift.

SHE CROSSES TO SINK WITH PLANT.

CHARLIE

Wrong -- union business. We had an emergency meeting of the executive committee.

PEGGY

How come you always have executive meetings at a bar?

CHARLIE

It's the only way we can get a quorum.

PEGGY

Want some coffee? I just made a pot.

CHARLIE

Thanks... (HE SITS)

PEGGY

This must be a big crisis to have a union meeting on Saturday. How could you give up the football games on T.V.?

CHARLIE

Peggy, there are times when you have to make sacrifices... management is trying to pull off another power play -- they've hired an efficiency expert.

PEGGY

Is that all.

CHARLIE

(JUMPS TO HIS FEET) Is that all!
Who wants a guy sneaking around with
a stopwatch clocking us in and out
of the john! ... We're not going
to sit still for that!

PEGGY

Not over five minutes, anyway.

CHARLIE

It's not funny, Peggy. This guy's
been hired so they can tell us we're
not producing enough then they can
turn down our raise.

PEGGY

Are you negotiating for a raise?

CHARLIE

Right.

PEGGY

How much?

CHARLIE

Well, we've asked for a 40% increase
-- they've offered three... we'll
probably split the difference and
settle for five.

PEGGY

Maybe the efficiency expert will
turn in a favorable report.

CHARLIE

No chance. He's a tool of management.

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS.

CHARLIE CORSESSES TO PHONE.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Hello... Hello, Harry
... Yeah, we had a meeting at Lenny's
... Well, we discussed a new pension
plan, medical benefits, pay raise,
possibility of a strike and Notre
Dame beat Purdue 21 to 7... Okay,
I'll be right over.

CHARLIE HANGS UP THE PHONE AND CROSSES TO HIS COAT.

PEGGY

I knew you couldn't miss a football
game. Your hero, Vida Blue, play?

CHARLIE

You don't know anything. Vida is
a baseball player... I got to go
over to Harry Mulligan's and fill
him in.

PEGGY

How come he wasn't at the meeting?

CHARLIE

He had hepatitis -- can't drink for
a year.

SOUND: DOORBELL

CHARLIE CROSSES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT. A MIDDLE-AGED MAN WITH A READY SMILE IS STANDING THERE. HIS NAME IS MR. PETERSON.

PETERSON

Hello, I'm Mr. Peterson, the real estate agent who sold the house next door.

PEGGY

Oh, hi, Mr. Peterson, come in.

PETERSON COMES IN.

PETERSON

I wonder if I could leave the key to the house with you, Mrs. Wilson. The people are moving in this afternoon.

PEGGY

Of course, Mr. Peterson.

CHARLIE

Who bought the house?

PETERSON

A very nice young couple from St. Louis. Their name is Bruce.

CHARLIE

Glad you sold the house to young people. The Hall's were a royal pain.

PEGGY

They weren't that bad, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Are you kidding! She was an old grouch and his Pacemaker loused up my TV reception.

PETERSON HANDS PEGGY THE KEY.

PETERSON

I left a note on the front door for the Bruce's, and thanks again.

PEGGY

You're welcome.

PETERSON

Here's my card. You might need a real estate agent sometime.

PETERSON HANDS HER THE CARD, TURNS, GOES TO THE DOOR AND STOPS.

PETERSON (CONT'D)

I'd appreciate it if you kept an eye on the house next door.

PEGGY

Of course.

PETERSON

Good. Somebody stole the azalea plant off the porch.

PETERSON EXITS. PEGGY GLARES AT CHARLIE.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE UP:

EXT. BRUCE'S FRONT DOOR

JIM AND JACKIE BRUCE, AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG, BLACK COUPLE ARE STANDING AT THE DOOR. JIM DRESSES AND BEHAVES LIKE A CONSERVATIVE, WHILE JACKIE DRESSES AND BEHAVES COOL. SHE IS HOLDING THE NOTE.

JACKIE

I'm glad he left the key there, it'll give us a chance to meet our new neighbors.

JIM

You go.

JACKIE

Come with me.

JIM

I'm too tired for the "Guess-who's-moved-in-next-door-scene".

JACKIE

I love to see the look on a white man's face when he finds out he's integrated... he rolls his eyes... his hair stands up...

JIM

(ALA MANTAN MORELAND) And then he says "feet do your stuff".

JACKIE

Actually, the Wilsons may be all right. Mr. Peterson said she's a housewife and he's a hard working blue collar man.

JIM

You show me a blue collar, I'll show you a red neck!

JACKIE

Sometimes, I think you're prejudiced.
(JACKIE GIVES HIM A KISS) If I'm not back in five minutes, call a Black Panther.

INT. DUNPHY LIVING ROOM

VACUUM IS IN MIDDLE OF ROOM. PEGGY SHUTS OFF VACUUM, CROSSES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT. JACKIE IS STANDING THERE.

JACKIE

Mrs. Wilson?

PEGGY

Yes.

JACKIE

I'm Jackie Bruce, your new neighbor.

PEGGY

Hi. Come in. I've got the key for you.

JACKIE ENTERS. PEGGY CLOSSES THE DOOR AND CROSSES TO THE TABLE.

PEGGY

I know what a drag moving is, so if you need some help, just holler.

JACKIE

Thank you, Mrs. Wilson.

PEGGY

Peggy... (HANDS HER THE KEY) Welcome to the world famous San Fernando Valley.

JACKIE

Thank you.

PEGGY

Outside of the mud slides, earthquakes and long hot summers, you'll learn to love it.

JACKIE

Mr. Peterson didn't mention those when he was showing us homes in this tract.

PEGGY

Bite your tongue!

JACKIE

What'd I say?

PEGGY

We never use the word 'tract' -- we live in Sherwood Forest Estates.

JACKIE

(LAUGHS) I'd forgotten that. I wonder how it got it's name.

PEGGY

The developer thought of himself as a Robin Hood -- only he stole from the poor and made himself rich.

JACKIE

I'd better get back.

PEGGY

The offer of help still goes.

JACKIE

Tell me something, Peggy. Did Mr. Peterson spread the word that blacks have come to Sherwood Forest?

PEGGY

Nobody knows. He didn't even tell me.

JACKIE

You didn't seem surprised to see me.

PEGGY

I had it figured out.

JACKIE

How could you suspect you were going to get black neighbors?

PEGGY

Mr. Peterson gave me his card in case we wanted to sell our house.

SOUND: DOORBELL

PEGGY (CONT'D)

That could be Peterson with an offer.

JACKIE

(SMILING) Grab it -- the smell of mustard greens will drive you crazy.

PEGGY OPENS THE DOOR AND JIM IS STANDING THERE.

JACKIE

Well, speaking of mustard greens,
come on in honey.

JIM WALKS IN RATHER STIFFLY.

PEGGY

I take it you're Mr. Bruce.

JACKIE

Jim, meet Peggy Wilson.

THE TWO EXCHANGE GREETINGS AND SHAKE HANDS.

JIM

Jackie, did you get the key, the
moving van is here.

JACKIE

(HANDS HIM THE KEY) Yeah. Peggy
and I were just getting acquainted.
I hope the rest of the neighbors are
as nice as she is.

PEGGY

They're not.

JIM

I assume we're not going to be greeted
with open arms.

PEGGY

No. This neighborhood is basic WASP
-- White-Anglo Saxon Pain In The Butt.

JIM

I'd better let the movers in. Nice
meeting you Peggy.

PEGGY

Likewise.

JACKIE

I'll be right there.

JIM EXITS.

PEGGY

I hope I didn't shake your husband
up.

JACKIE

Oh no, he knew what we were getting
into when we bought the house... Say,
why don't you and your husband come
over for coffee later? We should be
settled by dinner.

PEGGY

(HESITATES) Well...

JACKIE

He doesn't like black neighbors?

PEGGY

He doesn't know.

JACKIE

But you think he'll be upset?

PEGGY

I'm not sure of Charlie -- but you've
got one thing in your favor.

JACKIE

What's that?

PEGGY

He's in love with Vida Blue.

JACKIE

Hope we see you later.

JACKIE EXITS. PEGGY CLOSES THE DOOR, STANDS THINKING A MINUTE.

SOUND: TELEPHONE RING

PEGGY CROSSES TO PHONE AND PICKS IT UP.

PEGGY

(INTO PHONE) Hello... Oh, Hi
Ethel... I don't think we can tonight,
we're going next door to the new
neighbors... very nice, young couple...
I'm sure you'll like them -- But tell
me something Ethel -- were you an
'Amos and Andy' fan?

THE DOOR OPENS AND CHARLIE ENTERS. HE IS OBVIOUSLY UPSET.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Charlie's home, call you
later. (HANGS UP PHONE)

CHARLIE

Well, that does it.

PEGGY

Now that's the matter?

CHARLIE

They brought in that efficiency
expert behind our backs. He's been
spying on us for two weeks.

PEGGY

How do you know this?

CHARLIE

Because I've got my own spies.

PEGGY

Has he turned in his report yet?

CHARLIE

No, but he's doing everything I told you he'd do -- even checking on our time in the men's room.

PEGGY

How do you know that?

CHARLIE

We discovered a hidden camera in the roller towel.

PEGGY STARTS WINDING THE CORD ON THE VACUUM SWEAPER.

PEGGY

Who did they hire -- James Bond?

CHARLIE

I don't care who they hired. They're not going to get away with this. If they lay off one man, we're going to the mat with a strike!

PEGGY

Well, why don't you just relax, Charlie -- I met the new neighbors and they're very nice.

CHARLIE

Yeah, I saw the van outside.

PEGGY

They want us to come over tonight.

CHARLIE

I may have an emergency meeting at Lenny's. This is a showdown between labor and management.

PEGGY

That's what I admire about you, Charlie.

CHARLIE

What?

PEGGY

That you're always fighting for the little guy -- a champion of the underdog. Charlie, you're a true liberal.

CHARLIE

I am?

PEGGY

Yeah. So what do you say we drop by the neighbors after dinner?

PEGGY PICKS UP VACUUM SWEEPER AND EXITS DOOR TO BACK BEDROOM.

CHARLIE

I told you, I may have a meeting tonight... I'll run over and say "Hello" now.

CHARLIE EXITS QUICKLY.

PEGGY (O.S.)

Wait a minute, Charlie.

INT. BRUCE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

JIM IS STANDING WITH A WHITE MOVING MAN, JUST PUSHING A COUCH INTO PLACE.

JIM

(CALLING) Jackie...

JACKIE ENTERS FROM THE OTHER ROOM.

JIM (CONT'D)

Now you're sure this is where you want the couch?

JACKIE

Don't you think it looks better here than over there by the window?

JIM

I think it looks better here.

JACKIE

(TO MOVING MAN) What do you think?

MOVING MAN

I'm with him. I like it better over
by the window.

JACKIE EXITS. JIM GIVES A HELPLESS GESTURE TO THE MOVING
MAN. CHARLIE ENTERS THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR.

CHARLIE

Hi -- I'm Charlie Wilson, next door,
thought I'd come over and say 'hello'.

JIM SMILES AT CHARLIE, WHO WALKS RIGHT PAST HIM AND
EXTENDS HIS HAND TO THE MOVING MAN.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Welcome to Sherwood Forest Estates...
We call it "The Friendly Neighborhood."
(SHAKES THE MOVING MAN'S HAND)

JIM

Excuse me...

CHARLIE

Sorry, didn't mean to hold you up.
(TO MOVING MAN) You must come over
and meet the little woman.

MOVING MAN

You've got the wrong man, mister --
I'm the furniture man.

CHARLIE

What?

JIM

I'm your new neighbor, Mr. Wilson

ON CHARLIE'S SHOCKED LOOK, WE:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE UP:

INT. WILSON LIVING ROOM

PEGGY IS IN THE KITCHEN, BAKING.

SOUND: MIXMASTER BEATER

CHARLIE IS PACING THE LIVING ROOM, SHOUTING OVER THIS SOUND.

CHARLIE

(SHOUTING) ... and how about that creep, Peterson? He never told us who he sold the house to... real estate agents are all alike, they'll do anything to make a buck... (STOPS, CROSSES TO THE MIXMASTER AND SWITCHES IT OFF) You didn't hear a word I was saying.

PEGGY

Not true. I would say you could be heard as far as Kansas City. (PRESSES THE MIXMASTER BUTTON)

SOUND: MIXMASTER BEATER

CHARLIE

(ANGRILY SHUTS IT OFF) Peggy, this is more important than cooking dinner.

PEGGY

I'm not cooking dinner.

CHARLIE

Then what are you doing?

PEGGY

I'm making a chocolate cake for our new neighbors.

CHARLIE

Perfect!

PEGGY

You know, you're terrible. How can you call yourself a liberal?

CHARLIE

I didn't call myself a liberal -- you called me a liberal.

PEGGY

And all that crap about fighting for the underdog.

CHARLIE

I am fighting for the underdog -- me!

PEGGY

You?

CHARLIE

(NODS) Do you realize, in the last twenty minutes, the value of this property has gone down \$10,000?

PEGGY

You're out of your mind, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Believe me, Peggy, this is a crisis.

PEGGY

Then what do you want to do?

CHARLIE

Sell the house.

PEGGY

I have a better idea.

CHARLIE

What's that?

PEGGY

At midnight, tonight, we put on white sheets and burn a cross on their lawn.

CHARLIE

Come on...

PEGGY

Stand in the driveway with axe handles?

CHARLIE

You really think I'm a bigot, don't you?

PEGGY

Not at all. I just think you're a racist.

CHARLIE

I am not a racist -- I just believe in separate neighborhoods!

INT. BRUCE LIVING ROOM

JACKIE IS HANGING AN AFRICAN WARRIOR'S SHIELD, A SPEAR LEANING AGAINST THE WALL, AS JIM IS RANTING AND RAVING.

JIM

... and the look on his face -- it wasn't just disappointment, it was pure hatred -- what ever could have possessed me to move into a white neighborhood.

JACKIE

A very low down payment... are you just going to stand there screaming or are you going to help me unpack?

JIM

Unpack? We're going to sell this house.

JACKIE

Sell! We're still in escrow!

JIM

I don't give a damn.

JIM CROSSES TO JACKIE AND TAKES THE SHIELD OFF THE WALL.

JACKIE

Look, honey, why don't you just relax.

JIM

How can I relax when I've just been insulted by a honky.

JACKIE

So far all he's done is shake hands with the moving man.

JACKIE TAKES THE SHIELD AND STARTS TO HANG IT.

JIM

Oh, he knew who bought this house. That was just his way of putting me down.

JACKIE

I really think you're making too much out of this.

JIM

He didn't even acknowledge me -- walked right out of the house.

JACKIE

I still say you're overreacting.

JIM

I don't understand you, Jackie, I really don't... one day you're Angela Davis and the next day you're Aunt Jemima!

JACKIE

I'm only trying to keep the whole thing
in it's proper perspective.

JIM

So am I -- I'll put up the 'For Sale'
sign in the morning.

HE TAKES THE SHIELD OFF THE WALL.

JACKIE

You knew it was going to be tough when
you decided to move here.

JIM

And I suppose you were fighting to
move into Watts?

JACKIE

I wanted to move here as much as you
did, but I still say we should give
it some time.

JIM

It was all a mistake and I'll take
the blame.

JACKIE

But it's not a mistake.

JIM

Jackie, I know when I'm not wanted --
a ton of cotton doesn't have to
fall on my head!

JACKIE

But what about Peggy Wilson?

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

She couldn't have given me a warmer
welcome.

JIM

And her red neck husband would like
to tar and feather her 'Welcome
wagon'!

jacksonsupperco.com

INT. WILSON LIVING ROOM

PEGGY AND CHARLIE ARE STANDING IN THE SAME POSITION AS BEFORE,
THE MIXMASTER IS ON.

SOUND: MIXMASTER BEATER

CHARLIE SHUTS OFF THE MIXMASTER.

CHARLIE

Did you count how many beds they
moved in?

PEGGY

No. Why should I?

CHARLIE

You know their type -- they'll have
a dozen Sambo's sleeping in the living
room... he's probably rented the garage
already.

PEGGY

You're out of your mind.

CHARLIE

It won't be safe around here anymore.
How would you like someone to come in
and attack you in your bed?

PEGGY JUST SMILES AT HIM.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Let me put it another way -- it's a
question of economics. I'm not
asking them to step to the back of
the bus.

PEGGY

Look who's talking about economics!

CHARLIE

Well, I guarantee you the property
went down the minute they moved in.

PEGGY

Have you ever figured out how much
it went down the day you moved in?

CHARLIE

Okay, Peggy. I can see you don't want
to discuss this problem intelligently.

PEGGY

I just don't think we have a problem.

CHARLIE

Oh really -- I'm faced with a lay-off
at the plant... a blockbuster moves
in next door, and you say we have
no problems!

PEGGY

Tell me something, Charlie.

CHARLIE

What?

PEGGY

Would you feel the same way if Vida
Blue had moved in?

CHARLIE

Well, that would be a little different.

PEGGY

I thought so!

CHARLIE

If it was Vida, I'd go next door...
be friendly... get a couple of tickets
to the ballgame and then sell my house!

CHARLIE CROSSES TOWARD THE DOOR.

PEGGY

Where are you going?

CHARLIE

To see that jerk, Peterson, about
finding another house!

HE EXITS.

EXT. WILSON HOUSE

CHARLIE COMES OUT OF THE DOOR, TAKES A FEW STEPS, DOES A TAKE AND LOOKS TOWARD THE BRUCE HOUSE, WHERE JACKIE IS ON THE PORCH BENDING OVER TO PICK UP A BOX OF LINENS. CHARLIE GETS A GREAT VIEW OF HER SHAPELY, FULL FIGURE. JACKIE EXITS THROUGH THE BRUCE DOOR, NOT SEEING CHARLIE. CHARLIE STANDS A MOMENT, TURNS AROUND AND ENTERS HIS HOUSE.

INT. WILSON LIVING ROOM

CHARLIE ENTERS.

PEGGY

That was quick. Did you get a good price?

CHARLIE

I've been thinking -- maybe we're being a bit hasty about the new neighbors.

PEGGY

What?

CHARLIE

I mean, we're all brothers under the skin. What difference does it make what color they are -- they can't help it.

PEGGY

I knew deep down you'd really feel
this way.

CHARLIE

Yah -- I mean if we don't help our
black friends, they'll never be
civilized.

CHARLIE TURNS FOR THE DOOR.

PEGGY

Now where are you going?

CHARLIE

Next door to see if I can help 'em.

INT. BRUCE LIVING ROOM

JIM IS TAKING THE SHIELD DOWN FROM THE WALL.

JIM

I tell you it's not going to work,
Jackie.

JACKIE

But give it a chance.

JIM

I'm not going to live next door to
a racist.

JACKIE

That's heavy.

JIM

You can bet me if I was Harry
Belafonte, he'd be all over me!

JACKIE

If you were Harry Belafonte, I'd be
all over you!

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

JIM

Who could that be?

JACKIE

The lynching party.

JIM GIVES HER A LOOK.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

... But I don't hear the dogs!

JACKIE GOES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT. THERE STANDS CHARLIE.
HE IS OBVIOUSLY TAKEN BY JACKIE'S FACE AND FIGURE.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Yes?

CHARLIE

I'm... a... Charlie Wilson... your
new neighbor... I mean you're my new
neighbor... Peggy is my wife... I'm
her husband. I'm Charlie Wilson.
We live next door.

JACKIE

I'm pleased to meet you. I'm Jackie.

CHARLIE

You certainly are.

JACKIE

Can I help you?

CHARLIE

No, no, I came over to see if you
need help.

JACKIE

Excuse me, I'll ask my husband.

JACKIE LEAVES THE DOOR SLIGHTLY AJAR AND CROSSES TO BILL.

JIM

Who is it?

JACKIE

(LCW) Charlie Wilson. He wants to help us move in.

JIM

Only if we can help him move out.

JACKIE

Now don't be that way. He's obviously trying to be friends.

JIM

I don't want to be friends.

JACKIE

Now, Jim, if he's making an effort, you should meet him halfway.

JIM

Do I have to say 'yassuh boss'?

JACKIE GIVES HIM A LOOK AND CROSSES TO THE DOOR. SHE OPENS THE DOOR.

JACKIE

Please come in, Mr. Wilson.

CHARLIE ENTERS.

CHARLIE

Charlie...

JACKIE

CHARLIE

(SMILES APOLOGETICALLY) Hi...

CHARLIE THRUSTS OUT BOTH HANDS, PALMS UP IN THE BLACK FOOTBALL PLAYER GESTURE. AT THE SAME TIME THAT CHARLIE THRUSTS OUT HIS HANDS PALMS UP, JIM EXTENDS HIS HAND FOR A HAND SHAKE. THERE IS AN AWKWARD MOMENT AS THEY BOTH STAND THERE, HANDS IN MID-AIR. CHARLIE RECOVERS IN WHAT HE THINKS IS A SAVING MOVE BY CLASPING JIM'S HAND, THUMB-TO-THUMB IN THE 'SOUL BROTHER' SALUTE.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Cool.

JIM GIVES HIM A CONTEMPTUOUS LOOK.

JIM

Hello.

JACKIE

Can I offer you a drink?

CHARLIE

Oh, don't go to any trouble. I'm sure you haven't unpacked the gin yet.

JIM

We're Scotch drinkers... and Grand Marnier.

JACKIE

I'll put on some coffee. I just unpacked the pot.

CHARLIE

Thank you.

JACKIE EXITS TO THE KITCHEN.

JIM

Won't you sit down?

CHARLIE

Be glad to help you unpack.

JIM

We're almost finished.

CHARLIE AND JIM SIT.

CHARLIE

Nice little house you've got.

JIM

It will be once we get settled.

CHARLIE

Most of the homes in Sherwood Forest Estates are about the same.

JIM

That's what we've heard.

CHARLIE

The weather here in the valley is great. No matter how hot it is during the day, it's always cool at night.

JIM

That's nice.

CHARLIE

This your first white neighborhood?

JIM

(AFTER A PAUSE) You certainly say what's on your mind.

CHARLIE

That's the kind of guy I am.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I call a spade a spade. (REALIZES
HE'S MADE A FAUX PAS) I mean...

JIM

I know exactly what you mean.

CHARLIE

(CHANGING THE SUBJECT) Sure there's
nothing I can do for you?

JIM

No thanks, at the moment I... yes,
there is something you can do for me.

CHARLIE

That's what neighbors are for --
what is it, Jim?

JIM

Bring back my azalea plant.

CHARLIE

Oh. I was about to mention that.

JIM

Were you?

CHARLIE

A lot of stealing going around...

I wanted to keep an eye on it.

JIM

Very kind of you. Now I'll keep
an eye on it.

CHARLIE

(STANDS UP) Well, I'll go get the
plant.

JIM

(RISES) Thank you.

CHARLIE

And, once again, welcome to the neighborhood. This must be a proud day for you. You're a credit to your race.

JIM

I am?

CHARLIE

Well I mean, that you finally worked your way up to a place like this.

JIM

You mean I've finally managed to come down from the trees and out of the jungle?

CHARLIE

Well -- that's one way of putting it.

JIM

We have an old saying.

CHARLIE

You do?

JIM

Yes... You can take the boy out of the jungle, but you can't take the jungle out of the boy.

CHARLIE

What's that supposed to mean?

JIM

Means that every once in a while you
get that primitive urge... I think
it's coming over me now.

JIM CROSSES TO THE SHIELD AND SPEAR. PICKS THEM UP WARRIOR
FASHION AND LETS OUT A BLOOD CURLING YELL. CHARLIE BACKS AWAY
AS JACKIE COMES RUNNING IN FROM THE KITCHEN.

JACKIE

What's going on... oh, Jim, will you
stop acting like a nut!

JIM

(SHOUTS) SIMBA!

SOUND: DOORBELL

JACKIE CROSSES TO THE DOOR, OPENS IT AND PEGGY WALKS IN.

JACKIE

Hi, Peggy. Come in.

PEGGY

(ENTERING) I just wanted to see how
the fellows were...

SHE STOPS AND SEES CHARLIE COWERING IN FRONT OF JIM, POSED IN
A WARRIOR STANCE.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Oh, I see they hit it off great!

INT. PLANT - DAY

THIS IS A WORK ROOM AT TURNER ELECTRONICS COMPANY. WE SEE A WORK BENCH AND SEVERAL MEN ARE ASSEMBLING CLOSED CIRCUIT TELEVISION SETS. CHARLIE, WEARING A SMOCK AND CARRYING A CLIPBOARD, WALKS UP TO A MIDDLE-AGED MAN WORKING ON A SET. THE MAN'S NAME IS HARRY MULLIGAN.

CHARLIE

How's it going, Harry?

HARRY

Should have it finished in an hour.

CHARLIE

Not good enough.

HARRY

Are you out of your mind! My crew has assembled four more sets than the union quota.

CHARLIE

Look, Harry, you know there's an efficiency expert sneaking around here -- we've got to work so hard, ol' man Turner will have to give us that raise.

HARRY

If we work any harder, we'll have to strike for burial benefits.

CHARLIE

Well, hang in there, Harry. We're demanding a 5% raise and we've got to show 'em we're worth it.

CHARLIE REACHES OVER AND STARTS QUICKLY PUTTING TUBES IN PLACE, CONNECTING WIRES, ETC.

HARRY

What are you doing?

CHARLIE

(LOW) Big brother may be watching us!

TURNER (O.S.)

Charlie, can I see you a minute?

CHARLIE

(LOOKS OFF) Coming, Mr. Turner.

CHARLIE PICKS UP HIS CLIPBOARD AND TURNS QUICKLY AWAY AND IN HIS HASTE RIPS OUT HALF THE WIRING IN THE TELEVISION SET.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Harry.

HARRY

There goes the raise.

CHARLIE CROSSES TO MR. TURNER, THE PLANT OWNER, WHO IS A GRUFF, NO-NONSENSE, SELF-MADE MAN. HE IS STANDING IN FRONT OF AN OPEN DOOR TO HIS OFFICE.

CHARLIE

What is it, Mr. Turner?

TURNER

I don't have to tell you that our production has slacked off.

CHARLIE

Oh? I hadn't noticed that.

TURNER

I think our main problem is personnel -- we need fresh blood. That's why I've hired the new man I'd like you to meet. (CALLS TOWARD HIS OFFICE)
Jim...

JIM BRUCE COMES OUT OF THE OFFICE. CHARLIE STANDS IN SHOCK.

TURNER (CONT'D)

Jim Bruce, meet Charlie Wilson.

JIM OVERDOES A BIG SMILE.

JIM

Hi...

JIM EXTENDS BOTH HIS HANDS, PALMS UP IN THE SAME GESTURE CHARLIE DID EARLIER.

INT. WILSON KITCHEN

PEGGY AND JACKIE ARE IN THE KITCHEN. PEGGY IS FIXING DINNER.

JACKIE

I'd better get back, Jim will be home any minute.

PEGGY

So will Charlie. I wonder how they got along when they found out they're working together.

JACKIE

I've been listening to the radio and there hasn't been any race riots.

PEGGY

By now, they're probably the best of friends.

THE FRONT DOOR FLIES OPEN AND AN ANGRY CHARLIE ENTERS.

CHARLIE

Peggy!

JACKIE

Something tells me this is no place
for a black girl.

JACKIE EXITS HURRIEDLY. PEGGY CROSSES TO CHARLIE.

PEGGY

What's wrong?

CHARLIE

We're moving!

PEGGY

But, Charlie...

CHARLIE

It's no use. We're world's apart
-- we've got nothing in common and
never will have.

PEGGY

Now calm down.

CHARLIE

I've always been against him and his
kind -- they're the enemy, Peggy,
it's either them or us.

PEGGY

You ought to be ashamed of yourself,
Charlie -- talking like that because
Jim's black.

CHARLIE

I'm not talking about his color --
he's the damn Efficiency Expert!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

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TAG

FADE UP:

INT. BRUCE LIVING ROOM

CHARLIE, PEGGY, JIM AND JACKIE ARE GATHERED AROUND A TABLE.
JACKIE IS CUTTING A CAKE. PEGGY IS POURING COFFEE.

CHARLIE

I gotta level with you, Jim, when
I heard they hired an Efficiency
Expert, it burned me up. But now
I'm glad you got that job.

PEGGY

Especially since you recommended a
7½% raise instead of the 5% they
were asking.

CHARLIE

That only shows the man's qualified.

JIM

I'm glad to have your approval,
Charlie.

JACKIE

I'd like to thank you both for
this beautiful cake.

CHARLIE

It was her idea to make it chocolate!

PEGGY

Oh, Charlie. Actually, I think it's
nice that you're both working together
at the plant.

CHARLIE

May not be for long -- ol' man Turner's
probably sorry he hired him.

JIM

Not really, Mr. Turner and I see
eye-to-eye on most things, particularly
politics.

CHARLIE

Are you kidding! Turner is a hard-
headed old-fashioned conservative
Republican.

JIM LOOKS STEADILY AT CHARLIE.

JACKIE

Shake hands with the black Barry
Goldwater.

CHARLIE LOOKS TO HEAVEN FOR HELP AS HE GETS THIS FINAL BLOW.

FADE OUT.

THE END

ADDITIONAL
STORY LINES

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"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR"STORY OUTLINE

Despite the fact that CHARLIE, the Union man, and JIM, the Efficiency Expert are in conflict, they both agree about one thing -- they are against racial discrimination.

When JIM tells CHARLIE he was once refused a drink in a bar in that neighborhood because of his color, CHARLIE'S sense of justice and fair play is outraged, so he sets out with JIM to prove that the opposite is really the case.

In proving his case, they visit many bars and before the evening's over CHARLIE has a rude awakening. JIM has had no trouble being served, but poor CHARLIE has been refused because he becomes boisterous and drunk!

"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR"STORY OUTLINE

CHARLIE is having one of his weekly feuds with JIM and accuses JIM and all of his people of believing in voodoo.

To aggravate JIM, CHARLIE buys a black doll and begins sticking pins into it, letting JIM know what he is doing. JIM decides to go along with the gag and feigns sickness.

The wives and the boys at the factory join JIM with the put-on and they soon have CHARLIE convinced that JIM is dying.

CHARLIE finally confesses to PEGGY that whatever he did must have worked, but he has no idea of how to uncast the spell or withdraw it.

When CHARLIE hears that JACKIE has already talked to the undertaker and is looking for pallbearers, CHARLIE goes to see JIM -- sort of us to pay his last respects.

During this last visit, JIM tells CHARLIE there's only one way for the spell to be broken. CHARLIE must dance twelve times around an Oak tree at midnight -- stark naked.

In CHARLIE'S attempt to save JIM'S life he is of course arrested and it takes JIM to explain the whole situation to the police sergeant and to bail CHARLIE out. It was fortunate for CHARLIE that the police sergeant was black!

"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR"STORY OUTLINE

CHARLIE and JIM are getting along just fine until the Executive Committee of the union have to make their decision about this years company picnic. JIM has been elected to the committee and for the first time it is JIM'S suggestion that the men bring their wives. CHARLIE feels JIM wants to spoil it for everyone and that he is a troublemaker.

Matters get worse when JIM refuses to invite CHARLIE to their house warming and by the time JACKIE has convinced JIM to do so, CHARLIE'S nose is out of joint. He refuses to attend.

PEGGY does attend and CHARLIE sits at home hearing the music and laughter from next door. He begins to play the TV extra loud just to annoy JIM so JIM plays his music even louder. CHARLIE reacts by dialing the police and reporting the disturbance next door.

As a result of this feud, JIM finally decides to sell the house and move. CHARLIE is so thrilled that he decides to make up with JIM and throw a going-away party which is so successful that JACKIE and JIM realizing they have such good friends in the neighborhood decide not to move after all.

"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR"STORY OUTLINE

CHARLIE, the avid football fan, goes to buy a ticket to the Championship Playoff Game -- but the Black Ticket Agent tells him they're all sold out. When he discovers that JIM has a ticket, he is convinced that the Black Ticket Agent is saving the tickets for soul brothers. CHARLIE screams that this is racial discrimination!

JIM now gives CHARLIE a taste of what it's like to feel the sting of prejudice.

Eventually, JACKIE convinces JIM to give CHARLIE his extra ticket and the two neighbors go off to the game together.

"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR"STORY OUTLINE

CHARLIE thinks JIM is having an extra-marital affair. He finally confronts his neighbor with this, but JIM denies it. CHARLIE doesn't believe him and proceeds to try and break up the affair.

The Black Girl turns out to be trying to make her husband jealous and now uses CHARLIE. Convinced that he is wildly attractive to black women, CHARLIE goes to JIM for advice -- how do you get a hot-blooded soul sister off your back?

JIM comes to the aid of his friend before he becomes involved in a romantic triangle.

"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR"STORY OUTLINE

When the annual Union Dance comes up, JIM refuses to go. He will not be the only black man at the affair. The others try to convince him to attend and CHARLIE, the head of the Dance Committee, even hires an all-black Combo and all-white waiters

When JIM finally agrees, CHARLIE panics -- CHARLIE is the defending Dance Champion and knows about the extra bone in the black man's ankle that makes him a better dancer.

A game competitor, CHARLIE now secretly practices his dancing. The night of the dance, in a final tune-up, CHARLIE throws his back out. PEGGY joins JACKIE and JIM and the three of them say goodbye to CHARLIE and they go to the dance. Reluctantly, CHARLIE wishes JIM good luck in the dance contest. JIM now confesses the real reason he didn't want to go to the affair in the first place -- he can't dance a step and has absolutely no natural rhythms.