

"DJANGO  
UNCHAINED"

Written  
and  
directed  
by

Quentin Tarantino

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EXT - COUNTRYSIDE - BROILING HOT DAY

TS

As the film's OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE plays, complete with its own SPAGHETTI WESTERN THEME SONG, we see SEVEN shirtless and shoeless BLACK MALE SLAVES connected together with LEG IRONS, being run, by TWO WHITE MALE HILLBILLIES on HORSEBACK.

The location is somewhere in Texas. The Black Men (ROY, BIG SID, BENJAMIN, DJANGO, PUDGY RALPH, FRANKLYN, and BLUEBERRY) are slaves just recently purchased at The Greenville Slave Auction in Greenville Mississippi. The White Hillbillies are two Slave Traders called, The SPECK BROTHERS (ACE and DICKY).

One of the seven slaves is our hero DJANGO....he's fourth in the leg iron line. We may or may not notice a tiny small "r" burned into his cheek ("r" for runaway), but we can't help but notice his back which has been SLASHED TO RIBBONS by Bull Whip Beatings.

As the operatic Opening Theme Song plays, we see a MONTAGE of misery and pain, as Django and the Other Men are walked through blistering sun, pounding rain, and moved along by the end of a whip. Bare feet step on hard rock, and slosh through mud puddles. Leg Irons take the skin off ankles.

DJANGO

Walking in Leg Irons with his six Other Companions, walking across the blistering Texas panhandle....remembering...thinking...hating....

THE OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE  
end.

EXT - WOODS - NIGHT

1

It's night time and The Speck Brothers, astride HORSES, keep pushing their black skinned cargo forward.

It's a very pitch black night, with only a few stars in the sky to create a little top light. It's so dark, the Slavers use the creek bed to keep from getting lost. Both Speck Brothers carry a lantern up on their horse, as does Roy, the Slave in lead position on the chain gang.

It's also a bitterly cold night, with the breath of the seven slaves, two slavers, and two horses creating clouds in the air. In fact the seven chained together Slaves, with the lead one holding a lantern, and all of them chugging out smoky breath, and slightly moving in unison, resemble a human locomotive.

The Slaves shiver from the cold on their shirtless backs, both Speck Brothers wear rawhide winter coats with white fur linings, and white fur collars.

WHEN...

...A SOUND and a SMALL LIGHT appears ahead of them on the road. This makes the Slave Traders stop their human live stock, and ready their rifles for possible trouble.

A BLACK HORSE carrying a dressed in grey Rider, CLIP-CLOPS from the background to the foreground, illuminated by a glowing lantern that the Rider carries.

The RIDER appears to be a tenderfoot, due to his style of dress. A long grey winter coat, over a grey three piece business suit, and a grey bowler hat on his head.

DICKY SPECK  
Who's that stumblin around in the dark? State your business, or prepare to get winged!

THE RIDER  
Calm yourselves gentlemen, I mean you no harm. I'm simply a fellow weary traveler.

The Rider dressed in business grey pulls his horse to a stop in front of the two Slavers, and their Slaves, lifting the lantern up to his face. He speaks with a slight German accent.

THE RIDER  
(to the Slavers)  
Good cold evening gentlemen.  
(to the shivering Slaves)  
Good evening. I'm looking for a pair of slave traders that go by the name of The Speck Brothers. Might that be you?

ACE SPECK  
Who wants to know?

THE RIDER  
I do. I'm Dr. King Schultz, and this is my horse, Fritz.

Fritz, does a little bow with his head, a neat trick the doctor taught him.

DICKY SPECK  
You a doctor?

DR.SCHULTZ  
Affirmative.

DICKY SPECK  
What kinda doctor?

DR.SCHULTZ

Dentist. Are you The Speck Brothers, and did you purchase those men at The Greenville Slave Auction?

ACE SPECK

So what?

DR.SCHULTZ

So, I wish to parley with you.

ACE SPECK

Speak English!

DR.SCHULTZ

Oh, I'm sorry. Please forgive me, it is a second language. Amongst your inventory, I've been led to believe, is a specimen I'm keen to acquire.

(to the Slaves)

Hello you poor devils. Is there one among you, who was formerly a resident of The Carrucan Plantation?

Since Roy in lead position is the one holding the lantern, the second half of the slave centipede falls off into darkness. In the darkness a VOICE rings out;

DJANGO'S VOICE (OS)

I'm from The Carrucan Plantation.

Dr.Schultz moves Fritz forward towards the darkness, raises his lantern, illuminating our hero Django.

DR.SCHULTZ

Splendid! And what's your name young man?

DJANGO

Django.

DR.SCHULTZ

Wunderbar! You're exactly the one I'm looking for. So tell me Django - by the way that's a amazing name - during your time at the Carrucan Plantation, did you come to know three overseers by the name of The Brittle Brothers?

Django nods his head, yes.

Dr.Schultz is delighted.

DR.SCHULTZ

Big John, Ellis, and little brother Raj?



DJANGO  
Dem da Brittle Brothers.

DR.SCHULTZ  
So Django, do you think you could recognize -  
The Speck Brothers have been watching this tenderfoot engage their  
Slave in polite conversation...with a touch of disbelief.

ACE SPECK  
Hey, stop talkin' to him like that!

DR.SCHULTZ  
Like what?

ACE SPECK  
Like that!

DR.SCHULTZ  
My good man, I'm simply trying to ascertain -

ACE SPECK  
Speak English, goddamit!

DR.SCHULTZ  
Everybody calm down! I'm simply a customer  
trying to conduct a transaction.

ACE SPECK  
I don't care, no sale. Now off wit ya!

DR.SCHULTZ  
Don't be ridiculous, of course they're for  
sale.

Ace raises his rifle towards the German.

ACE SPECK  
Move it!

Ace cocks back the rifle hammer.

DR.SCHULTZ  
My good man, did you simply get carried away  
with your dramatic gesture, or are you  
pointing that weapon at me with lethal  
intention...?

ACE SPECK  
Last chance, fancy pants -

DR.SCHULTZ  
- Very well -

The doctor, throws his lantern to the ground, enveloping him in darkness.

The next FLASH OF LIGHT we see is the good doctors PISTOL out of his holster, and FIRING point blank into Ace Specks face....

...BLOWING the dumber dumb brother off his horse, dead in the dirt.

Before Dicky can maneuver either his rifle or his horse in the Germans direction.....

BAM...

Dr.SCHULTZ SHOOTs his HORSE in the head...

...The Steed goes down taking Dicky with him...

When the dead weight horse lands on Dicky's slightly twisted leg, we hear TWO DISTINCT CRACKING SOUNDS....

Dicky lets out a bitch like scream.

The Slaves watch all this. They've never seen a white man kill another white man before.

Dicky is pinned down under his ole paint.

Django watches in the dark, the German climb down off his horse, pick up Ace's discarded lantern, and walk over to the remaining Speck.

DR.SCHULTZ

Sorry about putting a bullet in your beast.  
But I didn't want you to do anything rash  
before you had a moment to come to your  
senses.

Dr.Schultz LIGHTS the lantern, illuminating himself, as he stands over Dicky's body.

DICKY SPECK

You goddamn son of a bitch, you killed Ace!

DR.SCHULTZ

I only shot your brother, once he threatened  
to shoot me. And I do believe I have.....

(counting out the  
Slaves)

....one, two, three, four, five, six, seven  
witnesses who can attest to that fact.

DICKY SPECK

My damn legs busted!

DR.SCHULTZ

No doubt. Now, if you can keep your caterwauling down to a minimum, I'd like to finish my line of inquiry with young Django.

(to Django)

As I was saying, if you were to see the Brittle Brothers again, would you recognize them?

DJANGO

Yes.

DR.SCHULTZ

Now I'm sure to you, all unshaven white men look alike. So Django, in a crowd of unshaven white men, can you honestly and positively point out The Brittle Brothers?

DJANGO SPAGHETTI WESTERN FLASHBACK

2

We're in his little shack at the Carrucan Plantation. It's PISSING RAIN outside. Django is making love to his wife Broomhilda, when she stops letting out a shout. The three overseers known as THE BRITTLE BROTHERS are outside peeking in through the window. They BURST in through the front door. Soaked to the bone, they rodeo bull their way into the shack, and make the two slaves continue fucking for their amusement.

As Django and Broomhilda are forced to copulate, they run their wet white hands down her chocolate leg...they fondle his ass...they squeeze her tit...they bring a belt across Django's backside to make him fuck faster...then they yank him off, as BIG JOHN climbs on top of Broomhilda..the other Brittle brothers whip Django with their belts, and make him sit in the corner, while they finish with his wife.

BACK TO DJANGO

1cont

DJANGO

I can point 'em out.

DR.SCHULTZ

Sold American! So Mr.Speck, how much for Django?

DICKY SPECK

I'm gonna lose this leg!

DR.SCHULTZ

Yes, unless you find a talented physician very quickly, I'm afraid that will be the end result. But back to business, how much do you want for Django?

DICKY SPECK

You go to hell!

DR.SCHULTZ

Don't be silly. How much for Django?

DICKY SPECK

800 dollars!

DR.SCHULTZ

Oh come now, I may not have the experience In the slave trade that you and your family does, but neither was I born yesterday.

The good doctor removes a pamphlet from his grey suit coat pocket.

DR.SCHULTZ

In this most helpful pamphlet that I picked up at The Greenville Slave Auction, it says that the going rate for African flesh - in particularly a field nigger - is sixty to eighty dollars. Now handsome no doubt as Django is, technically, he is a field nigger. Which according to this pamphlet here - and why would they lie - puts his price at eighty dollars. So in light of that, how bout a hundred and twenty five dollars for young Django here.

Dr.Schultz removes his long billfold from his pocket, and takes out a one hundred dollar bill, two tens and a fiver.

DR.SCHULTZ

And since your late brother won't be using it anymore, I'd like to purchase his nag.

He removes a twenty dollar gold piece from his pocket, and tosses it on Dicky's body. He bends down and puts the paper money in the saddle bags on Dicky's dead horse. With his hands in there, he roots around and finds the keys to the leg irons. He unlocks Django's leg irons.

Django is free.

DR.SCHULTZ

There you go Django. Give your ankles a good rubbing, then get up on that horse. Also, if I was you, I'd take that winter coat the dear departed Speck left behind.

Django removes the coat from the dead slaver. Puts on the warm jacket over his bare back, and climbs up on Ace Specks horse.

Dr.Schultz turns to Dicky on the ground.

DR.SCHULTZ

Mr.Speck, I am afraid I will require a bill of sale. Do you have one?

Dicky just curses him.

He says, removing a notebook from his pocket;

DR.SCHULTZ

I thought not. No worries, I come prepared.  
(as he writes)

This will serve nicely as a bill of sale.

(he stops, then says  
to Django)

Django is spelled with a silent "D", is it not?

DJANGO

Huh?

DR.SCHULTZ

Why not.

He writes it in his book with a silent "D", then stops to admire the way it looks.

DR.SCHULTZ

Yes, that does add a little character.

The German dentist lowers himself by the Speck brother pinned down under his horse, and hands him the notebook and pen.

DR.SCHULTZ

If you'd be so kind Speck, as to make your mark here.

The Hillbilly spits in the German gentleman's face. The good doctor wipes his face with a handkerchief. Then takes out a pocket knife. And whispers something that can't be heard in the slavers ear. He signs the bill of sale.

DR.SCHULTZ

Mr.Speck, I would like to say it was a pleasure doing business with you, but your customer service leaves a lot to be desired.

The good doctor climbs back up on Fritz, and looks to the six Slaves in leg irons.

DR.SCHULTZ

Now as to you poor devils.

He tosses to Pudgy Ralph the keys to the shackles.

DR.SCHULTZ

So as I see it, when it comes to the subject of what to do next, you gentlemen have two choices.

One, once I'm gone, you lift that beast off the remaining Speck, then carry him to the nearest town. Which would be at least thirty-seven miles back the way you came.

Or.....

....Two, you unshackle yourselves, take that rifle over there...put a bullet in his head, bury the two of them deep, and make your way to a more enlightened area of the country. The choice is yours.

He's just about ready to ride off, when the good doctor adds;

DR.SCHULTZ

Oh, and on the off chance that there's any astronomy aficionados amongst you, the North Star is THAT ONE. Tata.

He looks to Django, who doesn't know how to start his horse.

DR.SCHULTZ

Just give him a little kick.

Django does, and the horse responds by moving.

DR.SCHULTZ

See, it's not so difficult.

EXT - THE WESTERN TOWN OF DAUGHTREY - MORNING

3,4

As the citizens of Daughtrey wake up, Django and Dr.Schultz ride Fritz and Tony through the main street of town. Daughtrey looks like a million western towns we've seen before in movies. But to the TOWNSPEOPLE of Daughtrey, Django and the German don't look like a million other visitors.

DR.SCHULTZ

What's everybody staring at?

DJANGO

They never seen a nigger on a horse before.

DR.SCHULTZ

What's this bizarre obsession they have with you not riding horses?

DJANGO

You askin' me?

Dr.Schultz stops Fritz in front of a saloon, and dismounts. Django has a little trouble both stopping Tony and getting off him, but it gets done. Dr.Schultz keeps bombarding The Slave with questions.

DR.SCHULTZ

So what other archaic rituals are you people verboten to take part in?

As per usual with this White Man, Django thinks; "What"?

DR.SCHULTZ

I'm just trying to get a clear idea on what you can do, and what you can't do, and if you can't do it, why can't you do it? Like for instance, what if we were to walk in this saloon here, sit down at a table, order a drink, and drink it? Would the authorities frown on that?

DJANGO

Hell yeah, they gonna frown.

DR.SCHULTZ

What part would they find the most offensive?

DJANGO

All of it. I can't be walkin' in no saloon. I can't be sittin' my ass on no chair, at no table. I can't be drinkin' no drink. And I definitely can't be sharin' no drink, with no white man, in public.

DR.SCHULTZ

So if you and I did those things, that would be considered enough of a infraction to make the saloon keeper go get the sheriff?

DJANGO

You bet your sweet ass they get the sheriff.

The good doctor extends his hand towards the saloon entrance.

DR.SCHULTZ

Well in that case Django, after you.

DJANGO

Whoa - I ain't funnin, I can't go in there.

DR.SCHULTZ

Django you're going to have to learn to trust me, and as the man said; "There's no time like the present."

He takes Django by the arm and leads him into the entryway of the establishment.

(5)

INT - SALOON - MORNING

The nervous black slave and the confident German dentist walk into the saloon.

The SALOON KEEPER (PETE) is high up on a chair placed high up on a table, to change a candle in the saloons chandelier. His back is turned away from the two patrons.

DR.SCHULTZ

Good morning inn keeper, two beers for two weary travelers.

SALOON KEEPER

It's still pretty early, we won't be open for about a hour. But by then we'll be servin' breakfast -

He turns around and sees them.

SALOON KEEPER

Whoa! What the hell you think you doin' boy, get that nigger outta here.

TIME CUT

(6)

EXT - SALOON - MORNING

It's about five minutes later, and the Saloon Keeper comes running out of the bar to get the Sheriff.

When Dr.Schultz, sitting at a table with the young Django, calls;

DR.SCHULTZ

Inn keeper! Remember, get the sheriff, not the marshall. This wouldn't be the marshalls jurisdiction. This is just a infraction, on what I assume is a simple county ordinance, and that would fall under the domain of the Sheriff.

The Saloon Keeper runs away.

The two men sit by themselves in the empty saloon.

DR.SCHULTZ

It looks like we must act as our own bartender.

The German stands up, and walks behind the bar, and pours two beer's from the tap into mugs. Django remains seated, and after a beat, asks;

DJANGO

What kinda dentist are you?



This makes the doctor laugh, as he pours the beer's.

DR.SCHULTZ

I haven't practiced dentistry in five years - Not to say once I know you better, I wouldn't like to get a look at that mouth - I'm sure it's a disaster - But these days I practice a new profession..... Bounty Hunter.

This gets no reaction from Django.

DR.SCHULTZ

Do you know what a Bounty Hunter is?

The Black Man shakes his head, no.

As the good doctor, walks back to the table carrying the mugs of beer, he explains;

DR.SCHULTZ

Well the way the slave trade deals in human lives for cash, a bounty hunter, deals in corpses. The state places a bounty on a man's head. I track that man, I find that man, I kill that man. After I've killed him, I transport that man's corpse back to the authorities - and sometimes that's easier said than done. I show that corpse to the authorities - proving, yes indeed, I have truly killed him - At which point, the authorities pay me the bounty.

(lifting his beer)

Cheers.

The two men touch glasses, and take a drink.

DJANGO

What's a bounty?

DR.SCHULTZ

It's like a reward.

DJANGO

You kill people and they give you a reward?

DR.SCHULTZ

Certain people, yes.

DJANGO

White people?

DR.SCHULTZ

Mostly. A few Mexicans. Couple Chinamen.

DJANGO

Bad people?

DR.SCHULTZ

Badder they are, bigger the reward. Which brings me to you, and I must admit I'm at a bit of a quandary when it comes to you. On one hand, I despise slavery. On the other hand, I need your help, and if you're not in a position to refuse, all the better. So for the time being, I'm going to make this slave malarkey work to my benefit.

(beat)

Still....having said that, ....I feel guilty. So...I'd like the two of us to enter into an agreement. I'm looking for The Brittle Brothers, however in this endeavor I'm at a slight disadvantage, in so far as, I don't know what they look like. But you do.....dont'cha?

DJANGO SPAGHETTI WESTERN FLASHBACK

Django, back at The Carrucan Plantation, held down by Roger and Ellis Brittle, as Big John BURNS the "r" into his cheek with a BRANDING IRON.

BACK TO DJANGO

DJANGO

I know what they look like, all right.

DR.SCHULTZ

Good. So, here's my agreement. You travel with me till we find them -

DJANGO

- Where we goin'?

DR.SCHULTZ

I hear at least two of them are overseeing up in Gatlinburg, but I don't know where. That means we visit every plantation in Gatlinburg till we find them. And when we find them, you point them out, and I kill them. You do that, I agree to give you your freedom ....twenty-five dollars per Brittle brother - that's seventy-five dollars....your horse, Tony - even though I've already gave him to you - but once the final Brittle brother lies dead in the dust, I'll buy you a new saddle, and a new suit of clothes, handsome cowboy hat included.

Dr.Schultz's eyes go to the saloon window.

DR.SCHULTZ

And as if on cue....here comes the sheriff.

EXT - SALOON - MORNING

7

We see the sheriff, BILL SHARP, walk towards the saloon cradling a Winchester. Some TOWNSPEOPLE (like the Saloon Keeper) stand around to watch. A YOUNG BOY leads a herd of BABY GOATS through town.

Sheriff Sharp stands in the middle of the street.

SHERIFF SHARP

Okay boys, fun's over, come on out.

Both the doctor and Django stand up and walk to the front porch.

As they do, The Sheriff says;

SHERIFF SHARP

Now why y'all wanna come into my town, start trouble, and scare all these nice people? You ain't got nothin' better to do, then to come into Bill Sharps town and show your ass -

From his top step on the porch, Dr. King Schultz extends his hand toward the sheriff, as if to shake it.....

.....THEN.....

A SMALL DERRINGER - POPS into Schultz's hand from a metal sliding apparatus concealed under his jacket sleeve. Once in hand, the dentist FIRES one tiny bullet into the belly of Bill Sharp.

The tiny gun makes a tiny POP sound.

The shocked Bill Sharp lets out a ugly groan, and doubles over in the dirt.

The TOWNSPEOPLE are startled.

As is Django.

As Schultz walks down the porch steps, to the fallen sheriff, reloading his tiny pop shooter, a PEDESTRIAN yells out;

PEDESTRIAN

What did you jus' do to our sheriff?

Dr.Schultz answers him by putting another tiny bullet in the law man's skull, killing him dead.

In the background, ONE WOMAN faints. The Boy and his Goats scatter.

Dr.Schultz looks over at the Saloon Keeper, across the street.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Now you can go get the marshall.

TIME CUT

EXT - DAUGHTREY MAIN STREET - DAY

8

U.S. MARSHALL GILL TATUM snaps the MENFOLK OF Daughtrey to attention.

MARSHALL TATUM  
Move that buckboard over there long ways  
across the street from the saloon. And I want  
six men and six Winchesters behind it. And I  
want two men with two rifles on this roof, and  
two men with two rifles on that roof, with all  
barrels pointed at that front door. And  
somebody git poor Bill outta the goddamn  
street.

Cowboys with rifles climb up stairs to take position on the roof of the building across the street from the saloon.

The Marshall directs the buckboard being moved into place.

The last SNIPER on the rooftop takes his position.

WHEN....

COMING FROM THE SALOON....PIANO MUSIC.....

INT - SALOON - DAY

9

Dr.Schultz sits behind the piano playing a catchy little saloon number. He seems skilled enough to be a professional western saloon piano player. A terrified Django, who's sure his new master is a lunatic who's going to get them both killed, peeks out the closed curtains on the window.

Dr.Schultz's suit coat sits draped over a chair. All of his weapons, including his metal sliding rail Derringer contraption, lie on a table. He plays piano in his button down dress shirt and gray suit vest.

DR.SCHULTZ  
What are they doing?

DJANGO  
I think they wonderin' why you playin' the  
piana'.

DR.SCHULTZ

Good.

(pause)

But what are they doing?

DJANGO

A buncha white folks brought a buckboard around out front, now they hidin' behind it with guns. And a buncha other white folks are up on the roof, with rifles pointed down here.

DR.SCHULTZ

Damn, they got that organized fast. Is the marshall out there?

DJANGO

If the one I think is the marshall is the marshall, he's out there.

DR.SCHULTZ

What makes you think he's the marshall?

DJANGO

Cause he's the one ready to say somethin'.

MARSHALL'S VOICE

You in the saloon!

Dr.Schultz stops playing the piano.

MARSHALL'S VOICE

We got eleven Winchesters on every way outta that buildin'! You got once chance git outta this alive! You and your nigger come out right now with your hands over your head, and I mean, right now!

DR.SCHULTZ

First things first! Is this the marshall I have the pleasure of addressing?

MARSHALL TATUM

Yes it is, this is U.S. Marshall Gill Tatum.

DR.SCHULTZ

Wunderbar! So marshall, I have relieved myself of all weapons, and just as you have instructed, I'm ready to step outside with my hands raised above my head. I trust as a representative of the criminal justice system of The United States of America, I shant be shot down in the street, by either you or your deputies, before I've had my day in court.

MARSHALL TATUM

You mean like you did our sheriff? Shot 'em down like a dog in the street!

DR.SCHULTZ

Yes, that's exactly what I mean! Do I have your word as a lawman not to shoot me down like a dog in the street?

MARSHALL TATUM

Well, as much as we'd all enjoy seein' somethin' like that, ain't nobody gonna cheat the hangman in my town!

DR.SCHULTZ

Fair enough marshall, here we come!  
(to Django)

They're a little tense out there. So don't make any quick movements, and let me do the talking.

Django looks at him like, "as if..."

EXT - SALOON/MAIN STREET - DAY

10

A lot of guns are trained on the front door of the saloon.

Outside of range, the WHOLE TOWN watches the stand off.

The saloon doors open, and Dr.Schultz and Django, hands raised, step outside.

MARSHALL TATUM

You unarmed?

DR.SCHULTZ

Yes indeed we are. Marshall Tatum, may I address you, your deputies, and apparently the entire town of Daughtrey, as to the incident that just occurred?

MARSHALL TATUM

Go on!

DR.SCHULTZ

My name is Dr.King Schultz. And like yourself, marshall, I am a servant of the court.

The man lying dead in the dirt, who the good people of Daughtrey saw fit to elect as their sheriff, who went by the name of Bill Sharp, is actually a wanted outlaw by the name of Willard Peck, with a price on his head of two hundred dollars. That's two hundred dollars, dead or alive.

MARSHALL TATUM

The hell you say!

DR.SCHULTZ

I'm aware this is probably disconcerting news. But I'm willing to wager this man was elected sheriff sometime in the last two years. I know this because three years ago he was rustling cattle from, The B.C. Corrigan Cattle Company of Lubbock Texas. In my possession is a warrant made out by circuit court Judge Henry Allen Laudermilk of Austin Texas. You are encouraged to wire him. He will back up who I am, and who your dear departed sheriff was.

The Menfolk of the town with rifles, begin trading looks. Then Dr.Schultz delivers the coup de grace.

DR.SCHULTZ

In other words marshall, you owe me two hundred dollars.

CUT TO:

EXT - TENNESSEE COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

(11)

Django and Dr.Schultz, who by now have ridden quite a few miles together, eat beans and drink coffee at an early morning campfire on the way to Gatlinburg. Dr.Schultz is dressed in one of his nearly identical grey business suits, and Django is still dressed in his slave pants, Schultz's button down dress shirt, and Ace Speck's winter coat. Somewhere along the way a pair of shoes have appeared on his feet.

DR.SCHULTZ

One needs a plan, son. These are brutal times. A man who survives, is a man with a plan. A man who thrives, is a man with a good plan. So, having said that, what's your plan, young Django?

DJANGO

What'cha mean?

DR.SCHULTZ

Well, after this Brittle business is behind us, you'll be a free man, with a horse, and seventy five dollars in your back pocket. What's your plan after that?

DJANGO

Find my wife, and buy her freedom.

DR.SCHULTZ

Django, I had no idea you were a married man. Do most slaves take the institution of matrimony seriously?

DJANGO

Huh?

DR.SCHULTZ

Do slaves believe in marriage?

DJANGO

Me and my wife do.

DR.SCHULTZ

Where is she now?

DJANGO

I dunno. They put us in different boxcars, and sent us to The Greenville Slave Auction. She got sold two days 'fore me. But I don't know who to.

Dr.Schultz takes out a long stick of beef jerky.

DR.SCHULTZ

Care for some jerky?

DJANGO

Sure.

Dr.Schultz rips him off a piece. Django chews on it. As he chews, Schultz says;

DR.SCHULTZ

So your plan is to trackdown your wife, and purchase her freedom? Only you don't know where she is?

A chewing Django nods his head, yes.

Dr.Schultz, takes a big bite of jerky, chews for a moment contemplating the dilemma, then pronounces;



DR.SCHULTZ

Well that shouldn't be all that difficult. So how long ago did all this happen?

DJANGO

A few months ago.

DR.SCHULTZ

Three or four?

DJANGO

Three.

DR.SCHULTZ

So she came from the Carrucan Plantation, and she was sold at The Greenville Slave Auction to some unknown customer three months ago?

Django nods his head, yes.

DR.SCHULTZ

The bad part about slavery being a business, is it's immoral. The good part about it being a business is, they keep records. Somewhere in Greenville there's a book with your wife's name in it, and the name of the customer who bought her, and more then likely their address.

DJANGO

Where would I go first?

DR.SCHULTZ

Well in Greenville there should be some sort of a records office. You know when she was sold, you know where she came from, and you know her name.....What is her name?

DJANGO

Broomhilda.

Schultz reacts.

DR.SCHULTZ

Broomhilda?

Django nods his head yes.

DR.SCHULTZ

Were her owners German?

Now Django reacts, "How did he know that?"

DJANGO

Yeah, how did you know? She wasn't born on The Carrucan Plantation. She was raised by a German mistress, The Von Shafts. She can speak a little German too.

DR.SCHULTZ

Your wife?

DJANGO

Yeah, when she was little her mistress taught her so she'd have somebody to talk German with.

DR.SCHULTZ

So let me get this straight, your slave wife speaks German, and her name is Broomhilda Von Shaft...?

DJANGO

Yep. Mouthful, huh?

DR.SCHULTZ

I haven't spoken German in quite some time. I'd be rather curious to meet this wife of yours.

CUT TO

EXT - SERVANT UNIFORM STORE - DAY

12

A Servant Uniform Store in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Written on the wall is, "SERVANT UNIFORMS and HOUSE NIGGER UNIFORMS."

INT - SERVANT UNIFORM STORE - DAY

13

Surrounded by racks of Servant Uniforms, Dr.Schultz explains to Django;

DR.SCHULTZ

When we gain access to these plantations, we'll be putting on an "Act". And you will be playing a "Character". During the Act, you can never break Character. And your character is that of "The Valet". Now Django you may choose your character's costume.

TIME CUT

Behind a curtain, Django says;

DJANGO (OS)  
So you said I can choose my own costume?

DR.SCHULTZ  
Yes I did.

Django flings open the curtain.

DJANGO  
Then I chose this.

Django is dressed in a Powder Blue Satin Little Lord Fauntleroy outfit, that wouldn't be out of place in the Court of Marie Antoinette at Versailles.

This wasn't exactly what Dr.Schultz had in mind.

Django prims in a full length mirror, enjoying his reflected image.

DR.SCHULTZ  
While it's true you do look quite fabulous in that outfit...you might want to consider one.... I don't know - less ostentatious.

DJANGO  
It's my character, right?

DR.SCHULTZ  
Yes it is.

DJANGO  
And my character's The Valet, right?

DR.SCHULTZ  
Yes.

DJANGO  
Well MY VALET dresses like this.  
(beat)  
Besides, blue's my favorite color.

CUT TO:

EXT - BENNETT MANOR - DAY

14

We see Dr.Schultz, riding slightly in front of Django, dressed in his blue satin Little Lord Fauntleroy outfit, as they enter the property of BENNETT MANOR, a plantation in Gatlinburg, Tennessee.

As the two men ride their horses up the road that leads to the front steps of Bennett Manor, alongside the cotton fields, all the SLAVES stop picking cotton, and straighten their bent backs up to stare in wonder at this sight.

The patriarch of Bennett Manor, SPENCER "BIG DADDY" BENNETT, dressed in a fancy leisure suit of the day, emerges from the double doors of the mansion, and stands on the top steps, hands on hips, watching the white man and black man move from the background to the foreground.

While there are plenty BLACK MALES out in the cotton fields, the majority of the slave population of Bennett Manor is pretty BLACK FEMALES, fourteen to twenty-four, referred to as "PONY'S". The biggest money making crop of this farm, after cotton.

As Dr.Schultz and fancy pants Django, bring Fritz and Tony to a stop in front of Bennett Manor, they've drawn quite a crowd of SLAVES, BENNETT FAMILY MEMBERS, and WHITE WORKERS (OVERSEER'S).

Spencer Bennett keeps on the top step so he won't be forced to look up at the darkee on the horse.

SPENCER BENNETT

It's against the law for niggers to ride horses in this territory.

DR.SCHULTZ

This is my valet, and my valet doesn't walk.

SPENCER BENNETT

I said niggers -

DR.SCHULTZ

His name is Django, he's a free man, and he can ride what he pleases.

SPENCER BENNETT

Not on my property, around my niggers he can't.

DR.SCHULTZ

My good sir, perhaps we got off on the wrong boot. Allow me to unring this bell, My name is Dr.King Schultz, this is my valet, Django, and these are our horses, Fritz and Tony.

Fritz, does his head bow.

This makes the pretty PONY'S surrounding Bennett, giggle.

DR.SCHULTZ

Mr. Bennett, I've been led to believe you are a gentleman and a business man. And it is in these capacities that we've ridden from Texas to Tennessee to talk with you now.

SPENCER BENNETT

State your business.

DR.SCHULTZ

I wish to purchase one of your nigger gals.

SPENCER BENNETT

You and your Jimmie rode from Texas to Tennessee, to buy one of my nigger gals, no appointment, no nuttin'?

DR.SCHULTZ

I'm afraid so.

SPENCER BENNETT

Well what if I say, I don't like you, or your fancy pants nigger, and I wouldn't sell you a tinkers damn - what'cha gotta say about that?

DR.SCHULTZ

Mr. Bennett, if you are the business man I've been led to believe you to be, I have five thousand things I might say, that could change your mind.

This gets everybody's attention, not least of all Spencer Bennett. Spencer laughs.

SPENCER BENNETT

C'mon inside, get yourself something cool to drink.

The incognito bounty hunter, dismounts his steed, as does Django. Then the good doctor walks up the steps to Bennett Manor.

DR.SCHULTZ

Maybe while we discuss business, you could provide one of your loveliest black creatures to escort Django here around your magnificent grounds.

SPENCER BENNETT

Absolutely. Betina!

A pretty, fleshy, sweet jellied, twenty-two year old slave girl named BETINA, snaps to attention.

BETINA

Yes sir, Big Daddy?

SPENCER

(to Schultz)

What's your Jimmies name again?

DR.SCHULTZ

Django.

SPENCER BENNETT

Betina sugar, take Django around the grounds. Show 'em all the pretty stuff.

BETINA

As you please, Big Daddy.

Dr.Schultz lowers his voice, and says to the plantation owner;

DR.SCHULTZ

Mr. Bennett, I must remind you, Django is a free man. He cannot be treated like a slave. Within the bounds of good taste, he must be treated as an extension of myself.

SPENCER BENNETT

Understood, Schultz. Betina?

BETINA

Yes, sir?

SPENCER BENNETT

Django isn't a slave. Django is a free man. Do you understand? You're not to treat him like any of these other niggers around here, cause he ain't like any of these other niggers around here. Ya got it?

BETINA

You want I should treat him like white folks?

SPENCER BENNETT

No, that's not what I said.

BETINA

Then I don't know what'cha want Big Daddy.

SPENCER BENNETT

Yes, I can see that.

(he thinks)

What's the name of that peckawood boy from town works with the glass? His mama works at the lumber yard? He comes by and fixes the winda's when we have a problem?

The MAMMY OF BENNETT MANOR chimes in;

MAMMY OF BENNETT MANOR

Oh, you mean Jerry.

SPENCER

Yeah, that's the boy's name, Jerry.

(to Betina)

You know Jerry, dont'cha sugar?

BETINA  
Yes 'em, Big Daddy.

SPENCER BENNETT  
Well that's it then...just treat 'em like you would Jerry.

EXT - ANOTHER PART OF BENNETT MANOR - DAY

15

Away from the big house, Betina gives Django a tour of the grounds. Her in her slave get up, complete with handkerchief on her head, and him in his satin blue Little Lord Fauntleroy outfit, are quite the pair. She eyeballs him disapprovingly up and down.

BETINA  
What'cha do for your massa'?

DJANGO  
Didn't you hear him tell ya, I ain't no slave.

BETINA  
So you really free?

DJANGO  
Yes.

BETINA  
You mean you wanna dress like that?

Django fumes.

EXT - BENNETT MANOR (BACK PORCH) - DAY

16

Both Spencer Bennett and Dr.Schultz sit on the back porch drinking lemonade.

DR.SCHULTZ  
I've been told by those who should know, the most exquisite African flesh in the state of Tennessee is bred right here on your land. And from the looks of these black angels, my sources weren't wrong.

SPENCER BENNETT  
Oh I got my share of, coal blacks, horse faces, and gummy mouth bitches out in the field. But the lion share of my lady niggers are real show pony's.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Well that's what I'm looking for, a show pony for young Django.

So the only question that remains is, do you have a nigger here worth five thousand dollars?

SPENCER BENNETT

Dr.Schultz, five thousand dollar nigger, is practically my middle name.

BACK TO DJANGO AND BETINA

Betina and Django walk by a big tree on the plantation grounds. The cotton fields and the SLAVES picking it, in the background.

DJANGO

Betina, come over here, I need to ask you something.

He moves her by the tree for more privacy. Betina thinks this fancy pants wants to get all lovey-dovey, and she couldn't be less interested.

BETINA

What'cho want?

DJANGO

I'm lookin' for three white men. Three brothers. Overseers. Their name is Brittle. Do you know 'em?

BETINA

Brittle?

DJANGO

Yes, Brittle. John Brittle. Ellis Brittle. And Roger Brittle, sometimes called, Little Raj.

BETINA

I don't know dem.

DJANGO

They could be usin' a different name. They woulda' come to the plantation in the last year.

BETINA

You mean The Shaffers?

DJANGO

Maybe? Three brothers?

BETINA

Ah-huh.

DJANGO

Are they here?



BETINA

Ah-huh.

DJANGO

Can you point one of 'em out to me?

BETINA

Well ones over in that field.

She points to the cotton field, at an OVERSEER on top of a horse, 'whip in hand, eyeing the blacks at his mercy.

Django takes hold of a little bag slung over his shoulder, opens it, and takes out a shiny brass SPYGLASS, the type a sea captain might use. Obviously a prop from Dr.Schultz. He slides it open, places it against his eye, and points it in the direction of a figure out in the cotton field landscape.

SPYGLASS POV:

Astride his nag, the filthy hillbilly, who calls himself SHAFFER, but who Django knows to be ELLIS BRITTLE, donning a black eye patch, looks on, oblivious to Django's observation.

DJANGO SPAGHETTI WESTERN FLASHBACK

He remembers Ellis Brittle BURNING a "r" into Broomhilda's cheek with a BRANDING IRON.

18

BACK TO DJANGO AND THE SPYGLASS  
he lowers the glass.

17cont

BETINA

(innocently)

Is that who you lookin' for?

DJANGO

Yep.

He folds the spyglass back up, and puts it back in his purse.

DJANGO

Where's the other two?

BETINA

They by the stable, punishin' Little Jody for breakin' eggs.

DJANGO

They whippin' Little Jody?

She nods her head, yes.

DJANGO

Point me in that direction.

She points to a shed, and keeps pointing right.

BETINA

You go to that shed, and keep goin' that way.

Which means; "Go to the shed and turn right."

DJANGO

Go git that white man, I came here with.

He slaps her ass, to hurry her up.

Then looks to the shed, and begins crossing the distance between him and The Brittle Brothers.

EXT - STABLES - DAY

19

Little Raj Brittle, ties LITTLE JODY, a petite slave girl, to a dead tree stump.

Big John Brittle paces, taking a few practice CRACKS with his whip.

Little Jody begs The Shaffer Brothers/The Brittle Brothers for mercy.

As Roger ties her to the stump, he tells her;

LITTLE RAJ

Now Jody quit caterwaulin'. You know yourself it's for your own good. Niggers are clumsy. You break everything in goddamn sight, you weren't cured. And the only known cure for nigger clumsiness is a peelin'.

Little Jody begs to differ.

Roger finishes tying her up and steps back to watch the show.

BACK TO DJANGO

20

Django in his powder blue satin suit hurries across the grass to Little Jody and The Brittle Brothers.

BACK TO BIG JOHN BRITTLE

21

in position to take the skin off Little Jody's back.

BIG JOHN

After this we'll see if you break eggs again.

DJANGO

turns the corner to the stable, and stands behind them. They don't see him. Big John rears back to make the first WHIP LASH.....

WHEN.....

.....DJANGO'S VOICE, stops him;

DJANGO  
John Brittle!

Big John breaks his whip stride, looks up, and in a discarded full length broken mirror from the big house, laying abandoned against the stable wall, he sees Django, dressed in his powder blue satin Little Lord Fauntleroy outfit.

LITTLE JODY on her knees, tied to the dead tree stump, looks up and sees the same thing in the mirror.

LITTLE RAJ turns toward Django, who he still doesn't recognize.

DJANGO just stares back.

BIG JOHNS smile disappears. He recognizes Django.

So does Roger.

LITTLE RAJ  
Django?

Django crosses toward Big John, raising up his arm like he's going to shake his hand.....

DJANGO  
Remember me?

.....Django extends his arm, and Dr.Schultz's Derringer arm contraption, POPS the TIN GUN into his hand, and he FIRES a tiny bullet smack dab into BIG JOHN'S MERCILESS HEART.

BIG JOHN'S FACE  
goes into shock.....he falls to his knees...he looks up, clutching his heart, at Django.

DJANGO  
I like the way you die, boy.

Big John hears it...then tips over dead.

LITTLE JODY can't believe what she's just seen.

FOUR OTHER SLAVES who just happen to be walking in the background, see it.

LITTLE RAJ is stunned.....then comes to his senses, fumbling for the gun he wears on his hip, but since he's no gunman, in his haste, he gets it out of his holster, but drops it on the ground.

It goes off....BANG.

SHOOTING himself in the foot, he HOPS UP AND DOWN in pain.

DJANGO picks Big John's WHIP off the ground, and begins WHIPPING LITTLE RAJ across the face and chest.

MORE SLAVES gather.

DJANGO WHIPS HIM TO THE GROUND

whips him on the ground, then throws the whip to the ground, picks up Roger's pistol off the ground, and empties it (FIVE SHOTS) into Roger.

To say the slaves are flabbergasted, is an understatement.

Dr.Schultz rides his horse up quickly, rifle in hand. He sees Django, and then two dead bodies.

DR.SCHULTZ

Who are they?

DJANGO

That's John Brittle, and that's his little brother Raj.

DR.SCHULTZ

Where's Ellis?

DJANGO

He's the one hightailin' it across that field right now.

ELLIS BRITTLE riding his horse full out through the cotton field trying to make an escape.

SCHULTZ'S RIFLE

goes to his eye, he follows the rider with his rifle.

DR.SCHULTZ

Are you sure that's him?

Ellis gets further away....

DJANGO

Yes!

DR.SCHULTZ

Are you positive?

Ellis gets further away....

DJANGO

I dunno.

DR.SCHULTZ

You don't know if you're positive?

Ellis gets further away....

DJANGO  
I don't know what, positive, means.

DR.SCHULTZ  
It means you're sure.

DJANGO  
Yes.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Yes, what?

DJANGO  
Yes I'm sure that's Ellis Brittle.

BAM!

The German picks the middle Brittle brother off his horse.

The dead man WIPES OUT horribly in the thick cotton bush.

RED BLOOD splashes on WHITE COTTON.

The German and Django have the entire plantation's attention.

Spencer Bennett (with his rifle), SONS and his OVERSEERS, and some HOUSE NIGGERS come around like a ANGRY MOB.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Everybody calm down, we mean no one else any harm!

SPENCER BENNETT  
Who the hell're you two jokers?

DR.SCHULTZ  
I am Dr.King Schultz, a legal representative of the criminal justice system of The United States of America. The man to my left is Django Freeman, he's my deputy. In my pocket is a warrant signed by circuit court judge Henry Allen Laudermilk of Austin Texas, for the arrest and capture, dead or alive, of John Brittle, Ellis Brittle, and Roger Brittle.

DJANGO  
- They were goin' by the name, Shaffer.

DR.SCHULTZ  
You know them by the name, Shaffer. But the butchers real names were Brittle. These are wanted men. The law wants them for murder.

I reiterate, this warrant states dead or alive. When Django and myself executed these men on sight, we were operating within our legal boundaries. Now I realize passions are high. But I must warn you, the penalty for taking deadly force against an officer of the court in the performance of his duty is, you will be hung by the neck until you are dead.

This does put a momentary pause in the lynch mob's blood lust.

After his dramatic pause for effect....

....Dr.Schultz says;

DR.SCHULTZ

May I please remove the warrant from my pocket so you may examine it?

Resting his rifle over his shoulder, Bennett reaches for the paper.

SPENCER BENNETT

Gimmie.

Dr.Schultz removes the warrant from his jacket pocket, and hands it to the plantation owner. Bennett reads it silently to himself, resigned to what it says.

DR.SCHULTZ

Satisfied.

Bennett's eyes go from the warrant to the German.

DR.SCHULTZ

May I have that back?

Bennett hands Schultz back the piece of paper.

DR.SCHULTZ

We good?

SPENCER BENNETT

Get off my land.

DR.SCHULTZ

Post haste.

(to Django)

Load up the bodies as quickly as you can, and let's get out of here.

TIME CUT

All three dead Brittle Brothers lie over the back of the extra horse the bounty hunters brought with them.

Both Bounty Hunters are back in their saddles ready to leave.

With all the eyes of the plantation on them, the white and black men start to ride out, when Spencer "Big Daddy" Bennett, steps in their way for one final threat.

SPENCER BENNETT

Ain't nobody gonna touch you and your Jimmie while you on my property. But for lettin' a nigger kill a white man, and especially for lettin' a nigger kill a white man in a audience of niggers, y'all ain't gonna make it out of the county alive. Mark my words Schultz, by tomorrow morning your niggers gonna be stripped and clipped and hangin' from my motherfuckin' gate.

DR.SCHULTZ

I'm fully aware Bennett, that you and your regulator playmates aren't shy about killing for what you believe in. But mark my words Big Daddy, if you make a move towards Django or myself, you better be prepared to die for it.

The two men ride off.

The Black and White Audience watch them go.

CUT TO:

INSERT: Four sticks of DYNAMITE are taken out of Schultz's saddle bag

23

INSERT: The four sticks are wrapped up in a bright yellow bandana.

INSERT: Schultz sticks a key/lever into the tooth above the wagon. A little door opens up. He takes out his money, a lot of it. Then puts in the dynamite sticks. Closing the little door.

CUT TO:

CU SPENCER BENNETT  
lying on his belly in the grass.

24

SPENCER BENNETT  
That's them sonsabitches.

SPENCER'S POV:

We see the camp by the lake that Dr.Schultz and Django have set up. Both wrapped up in bedrolls. The dead bodies of the Brittle Brothers lie by them in a pile. A campfire slowly dims.

We Cut Back to Spencer Bennett lying on his belly with THREE OTHER RIFLE CARRYING MEN, TENNESSEE HARRY, RANDY, and O.B. observing the camp, from over a grade.

The Men sneak back down the hill the way they came....

Where about TWENTY-FOUR REGULATORS COME RIDING UP ON HORSEBACK, all of the riders heads are covered by FLOUR SACKS with eyes and mouth holes cut out. Some carry TORCHES, all carry RIFLES or SHOTGUNS.

Spencer mounts his horse. "Big Daddy" issues orders astride his steed..

SPENCER BENNETT

Now unless they start shootin' first, nobody shoot 'em. That's way too simple for these jokers. We're gonna whip that nigger lover to death. And I'm gonna personally, strip and clip that garboon myself.

Having said his blood thirsty words, he puts the flour sack over his head. He tussles with the sack for a bit, then from inside the sack;

SPENCER BENNETT

Damn, I can't see fuckin' shit outta this thing.

He sticks his fingers in the eye holes, and rips, trying to make the holes bigger, he only succeeds in making visibility more obscured.

WILLARD

We ready, or what?

SPENCER BENNETT

Hold on I'm fuckin' with my eye holes.

(rips)

Shit...I just made it worse.

He rips it off his head in frustration.

RANDY

I can't see shit either.

REDFISH

Who made this goddamn shit?

O.B.

Willards wife.

WILLARD

Well make your own goddamn masks!



SPENCER BENNETT

(to Willard)

Look nobody's saying they don't appreciate what Jenny did.

REDFISH

Well if all I hadda do was cut a hole in a bag, I could cut it better than this.

O.B.

How 'bout you Robert, can you see?

ROBERT

Not too good. I mean if I don't move my head, I can see you pretty good....more or less. But when I start ridin' the bag starts moving all over, and I'm riding blind.

Randy tears at his bag.

RANDY

Oh shit, I just made mine worse.

He puts it on...then says;

RANDY

Yep, it's worse.

He yanks it off his head.

RANDY

Did anybody bring any extra bags?

REDFISH

No, no one brought a extra bag!

RANDY

I'm just asking.

O.B.

Do we hafta wear 'em when we ride?

SPENCER BENNETT

Shitfire, if you don't wear 'em as you ride up, that just defeats the purpose.

Redfish takes off his bag.

REDFISH

I can't see in this fuckin thing! I can't breathe in this fucking thing! And I can't ride in this fucking thing!

Willard rips off his bag.

WILLARD

Fuck all y'all! I'm going home. I watched my wife work all day gettin' thirty bags ready for you ungrateful sonsabitches! And all I can hear is criticize, criticize, criticize. From now on don't ask me or mine for nothin'!

Willard rides off.

O.B. removes his bag, and yells after Willard.

SPENCER BENNETT

O.B., I tole you to keep quiet! They're asleep, not dead.

O.B.

But Willards riding off.

SPENCER BENNETT

Fuck Willard! Look, let's not forget why we're here. We gotta killer nigger over that hill. And we gotta make a lesson outta 'em.

RANDY

Okay, I'm confused, are the bags on or off?

Robert takes off his bag, and says;

ROBERT

I think we all think the bags was a nice idea. But, not pointing any fingers, they could of been done better. So how 'bout, no bags this time, but next time, we do the bags right, and then we go full regalia.

Everyone takes off their bag.

SPENCER BENNETT

Wait a minute, I didn't say no bags!

O.B.

But nobody can see.

SPENCER BENNETT

So?

RANDY

So, it would be nice to see.

SPENCER BENNETT

Goddamit, this is a raid! I can't see, you can't see, so what? All that matters is can the fuckin horse see! That's a raid.

Spencer puts on his sack, everyone else, reluctantly, does as well.

EXT - LAKE - NIGHT

(25)

The TWENTY-FOUR RIDERS, all with SACKS OVER THEIR HEADS, come riding over the hill, hooting and hollerin. Since nobody can see they ride haphazard into each other. Redfish falls off his horse hard on his fat ass. They surround the camp, and when the sleeping Schultz and Django don't react, they know something's up.

But since nobody can see, everybody and everybody's horse is confused.

WE HEAR A GROUP OF LINES FROM CIRCLING COWBOYS ON HORSEBACK WITH BAGS OVER THEIR HEADS: "Where are they, I can't see" - "They tricked us" - "Did somebody fall" - "Where the hell are they" - "Y'all, Redfish fell off his horse. He's kinda hurt bad,"

Then amongst the confusion....

WE SNAP ZOOM TO

A BIG TREE  
on the other side of the lake.

Then quickly cut into The Tree.

Till we're in a CU OF Dr.Schultz  
with a SCOPE SIGHT RIFLE up to his eye.

CU The Big White Tooth on the Spring.

TWO SHOT  
Dr.Schultz and DJANGO up in a tree.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Auf, wiedersehen.

He fires.

The Camp EXPLODES Blowing Horses and Riders Apart.

About fifteen of the men who can still ride, high tail it the fuck out of there. Whipped and whimpering like dogs.

SPENCER BENNETT  
on his horse with the other fleeing regulators RIDES for his life.....

SCOPE SIGHT POV  
We see the back of the fleeing Bennett smack dab in the cross hairs.

DJANGO  
Scope sight rifle up to his eye.

Schultz next to him, says;

DR.SCHULTZ  
He's getting away.

DJANGO  
I got 'em.

SPENCER'S HORSE  
his hooves race and rip up the grass.

SPENCER  
riding for his life....

DJANGO  
scope sight rifle up to his eye.

DR.SCHULTZ  
He's getting out of range.

DJANGO  
I got 'em.

INSERT: A black finger squeezes the rifle trigger.

SPENCER BENNETT  
we're behind him as he rides away, OFF SCREEN we hear the whistling of what sounds like an incoming missile.

SPENCER BENNETT  
we're in front of Spencer Bennett as he rides, when Django's bullet, RIPS THROUGH his CHEST.

DJANGO

DJANGO  
I got 'em.

SPENCER BENNETT  
falls from his horse, dead.

DJANGO  
scope sight rifle in his hand, big smile on his face, looks to Dr.Schultz.

DR.SCHULTZ  
The kid's a natural.  
(beat)  
Well, I think while they take this opportunity to lick their wounds, we should take this opportunity to get the fuck out of Tennessee.

They hop out of the tree.

CUT TO:

26

EXT - CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Django and Schultz sit around a campfire and eat beans.

DJANGO

How did you know Broomhilda's first masters were German?

DR.SCHULTZ

Broomhilda is a German name. If they named her, it stands to reason they'd be German.

DJANGO

Lotsa gals where you from named Broomhilda?

DR.SCHULTZ

No, not so much. Broomhilda is the name of a character in one of the most popular of all the German legends.

DJANGO

Really? There's a story 'bout Broomhilda?

DR.SCHULTZ

Yes there is.

DJANGO

Do you know it?

DR.SCHULTZ

Every German knows that story. Would you like me to tell you?

Django nods his head, yes.

DR.SCHULTZ

Well Broomhilda was a princess. She was the daughter of Wotan, the god of all gods. Anyway, her father is really mad at her.

DJANGO

What she do?

DR.SCHULTZ

I don't exactly remember. I think she disobeys him in some way. So at first he's just going to obliterate her -

DJANGO  
Obliterate....what does that mean?

DR.SCHULTZ  
Like blow up.

He pantomimes a explosion.

DJANGO  
Pheh, that's pretty mad.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Yes it is, and like most fathers, given a little time, he calms down a bit. He's still mad at her. He still wants to punish her. Just not.....blow her up. So instead what he does, is he puts her high on top of a mountain.

DJANGO  
Broomhilda's on a mountain?

DR.SCHULTZ  
It's a German legend, there's always going to be a mountain in there somewhere. So, he puts her on top of the mountain and he puts a fire breathing dragon there to guard the mountain. And then he surrounds her in circle of hellfire. And there Broomhilda shall remain, unless a hero arises brave enough to save her.

DJANGO  
Does a fella arise?

From now on as Dr.Schultz talks, he's beginning to realize something he wasn't aware of when the conversation started.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Yes Django, as a matter he does. A fella named, Sigfried.

DJANGO  
Does Sigfried save her?

DR.SCHULTZ  
Yes he does, and quite spectacularly, so. Now true, he is assisted in his triumph by a truly, truly, remarkable sword, still, having said that, Sigfried triumphs over all of his obstacles not just due to his sword, but due to his courage. He scales the mountain, because he's not afraid of it. He defeats the dragon, because he's not afraid of him. He walks through hellfire because Broomhilda's worth it.

After that last line of dialogue....the two men just let a moment pass as they nibble on their sandwiches.

DJANGO

I know how he feels.

DR.SCHULTZ

I think I'm just starting to realize that.

He pours Django and himself some more tea out of a fancy tea pot, as he thinks about what he's going to say next.

DR.SCHULTZ

Look Django, I don't doubt one day you will save your lady love. But I'm afraid I can't let you go to Greenville in a good conscious. Let me ask you a question, how do you like the bounty hunting business?

DJANGO

Kill white folks, and they pay ya? What's not to like?

DR.SCHULTZ

I hafta admit, we make a good team.

DJANGO

But I thought you were mad at me for killin' Big John and Rodger?

DR.SCHULTZ

Yes, on that occasion, you were a tad overzealous. But normally, that's a good thing. How'd you like to partner up for the winter?

DJANGO

What'd ya mean partner up?

DR.SCHULTZ

You be my deputy, for real this time. A lot of the big money is in outlaw gangs. Some of these fellas are worth fifteen hundred or three thousand a piece. With one man, anything over three men is a risk. But with a partner? Creating cross fire? It's fish in a barrel. A lot of these gangs hold up in the hills for the winter.

DJANGO

You makin' another agreement?

DR.SCHULTZ

Yes. You work with me through the winter, till the snow melts. I give you a third of my bounties. And while we're together, I'll teach you a few things you're going to need to know.

DJANGO

Can you teach me how to make Tony do that head bow thing that Fritz can do?

DR.SCHULTZ

That among other things. We make some money this winter, when the snow melts, I'll take you to Greenville myself, and we'll find where they sent your wife. I'm pretty good at finding people. Is it a deal?

No white man has ever done anything for Django, just to him. So understandably, he's a little suspicious.

DJANGO

Why you care what happens to me? Why you care if I find my wife?

DR.SCHULTZ

Well frankly, I've never given anybody their freedom before. And now that I have, I feel vaguely responsible for you. You're just not ready to go off on your own, it's that simple. You're too green, you'll get hurt. Plus when a German meets a real life Sigfried, it's kind of a big deal. As a German, I'm obliged to help you on your quest to rescue your beloved Broomhilda.

Django accepts that response.

They shake on it.

CUT TO:

What follows is a MONTAGE of Django getting his cool "DJANGO OUTFIT." Green Corduroy jacket, cherry brown cowboy boots, smokey grey shirt, tan skintight pants, and groovy cowboy hat. His new saddle with "the silent D" etched into it, and his gun. However, tellingly, he keeps Ace Speck's winter coat with Ace Speck's blood on it, as his winter coat when he goes up into the mountains. (27)

EXT SNOWY MOUNTAINS - DAY (28)

Django and Schultz, dressed in winter coats, ride their horses in the white frozen wilderness.



They ride...

Snow...

And more snow...

At some point Django sees Broomhilda as a vision amongst the snow...  
...he smiles at the vision, and rides forward into the white hell.

INT - SWISS CHEESE ROCK - NIGHT

29

Schultz and Django rest for the night in a cave.

While Schultz sleeps, Django thinks about his first "Bounty" (Murder for Money), that happened two weeks earlier.

He takes the murdered man's wanted dead or alive handbill, out of his back pocket, and reads it out loud.

WE DISSOLVE FROM THE SNOWY CAVE

To

THE SUNNY GREEN/BROWN SMITTY BACALL HILL.

The SUBTITLE APPEARS:

"TWO WEEKS EARLIER"

EXT - HILLSIDE - SUNNY DAY

30

We see Django and Dr.Schultz walking up a hill. Tony and Fritz have been left tied up downhill. Dr.Schultz carries his scope sight rifle in a long case. They get to the top of the hill. It overlooks a small farmhouse.

DOWN BELOW WE SEE

A LITTLE MAN struggling behind a plow, and his FIFTEEN YEAR OLD SON helping him by leading the horse forward.

On top of their perch on the hill top, Dr.Schultz says;

DR.SCHULTZ

Keep down or he'll see you.

DJANGO

Who that farmer? Who cares?

DR.SCHULTZ

Well since we came here to kill 'em, he just might.

DJANGO  
What? The little man pushin' that plow?

DR.SCHULTZ  
That little man pushing that plow, is Smitty Bacall.

DJANGO  
Smitty Bacall is a farmer?

DR.SCHULTZ  
No. Smitty Bacall is a stagecoach robber who's hiding out as a farmer, because there's a seven thousand dollar bounty on his head.

He hands Django the scope rifle case.

DR.SCHULTZ  
And he's all yours my boy.

DJANGO lays on his belly, with the Scope Sight up to his eye.

SCOPE SIGHT POV:  
on the Farmer struggling behind his plow, working hard with his horse and his son.

Django's finger on the trigger....but he hesitates.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Oh what happened to mister I wanna kill white folks for money?

DJANGO  
His son's with him.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Good. He'll have a loved one with him. Maybe even share a last word. That's better then most get, and a damn sight better then he deserves.

Django still hesitates.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Put down the rifle. Don't worry, I'm not mad at you. Take out Smitty Bacall's handbill.

Django removes the folded up handbill from the pocket of his tan pants.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Read it aloud. Consider it today's lesson.

DJANGO  
(Reading)

"Wanted, dead or alive. Smitty Bacall and The Smitty Bacall Gang. For murder and stagecoach robbery. Seven thousand dollars for Smitty Bacall. One thousand and five hundred dollars for each of his gang members. Known members of The Smitty Bacall Gang are as follows, DANDY MICHAELS, GERALD NASH, and CRAZY CRAIG KOONS."

DR.SCHULTZ

Well done. Bravo. THAT is who Smitty Bacall is. If Smitty Bacall wanted to start a farm at twenty-two, they would never of printed that.

(referring to the handbill)

But Smitty Bacall wanted to rob stagecoaches, and he didn't mind killing people to do it. You want to save your wife by doing what I do? This is what I do. I kill people, and sell their corpses for cash. His corpse is worth seven thousand dollars. Now quit your pussyfootin and shoot him.

Django SHOTS.

The Little Man down below behind the plow falls down.

The Young Boy doesn't know what happened at first. Then he figures out his father was just shot. He goes to him in the dirt.

DR.SCHULTZ

You need to keep that Smitty Bacall handbill.

DJANGO

Why?

DR.SCHULTZ

It's good luck. You always keep the handbill of your first bounty.

They begin walking down the hill, to collect Smitty Bacall's body, leading the extra body horse behind them.

As they walk down hill, they watch the little scene of Smitty Bacall's Son cradling his dying father in his arms, the older man speaking his last words to his son before he dies.

DR.SCHULTZ

See, they're having a tender little father son moment now. No doubt the most heartfelt one they've ever had.

31

EXT - SNOWY FOREST - DAY

It's now full on snowy winter in the hills.

Dr.Schultz teaches Django how to draw his gun.

DR.SCHULTZ

With a gun you go slow to go fast.

The good doctor demonstrates by pulling out his gun from his holster slow and smooth.

DR.SCHULTZ

You go slow to get smooth. Try it.

Django tries it.

Not bad.

DR.SCHULTZ

Hum, not bad.

DJANGO BY HIMSELF

Drawing out his gun from the holster on his hip...slow and smooth...

Again...SLOWER...SMOOTHER

Again...SLOWER...SMOOTHER...

TWO SHOT

Dr.Schultz And Django

DR.SCHULTZ

Until you get smooth you're more of a danger to yourself than you are to anybody else. Once you get smooth, then you get fast.

He demonstrates by quickly drawing and FIRING his GUN...BAM!

EXT - SNOWY FOREST - DAY

32

A outlaw gang known as The WILSON - LOWE GANG (five guys) ride through a snowy forest at night. When all five men are SHOT.

Django and Dr.Schultz, hiding behind rocks and trees catch the men in rifle crossfire and massacre them.

The bloody men fall off their horses into the crunchy white snow.

Django and Schultz

Emerge from behind their hiding place.

EXT - SNOWY FOREST - DAY

Dr.Schultz continues to teach Django the ways of a gunfighter.

DR.SCHULTZ

Smooth is more important than fast, and more important than smooth is accurate.

Dr.Schultz DRAWS FAST and FIRES.

A BOTTLE ON a WALL EXPLODES.

Dr.Schultz takes another bottle, and talks to Django as he replaces the bottle on the wall.

DR.SCHULTZ

Accurate, that's a new word for you.

DJANGO

Accurate?

DR.SCHULTZ

Well said.

DJANGO

What does it mean?

DR.SCHULTZ

For a gunman, accurate means hitting what your aiming at. And if you're a gunman, what you're aiming at is another man trying to kill you. You have to not only draw your gun out of its holster faster than him, you actually have to hit what your aiming at. And you have to not only hit him, but you have to shoot him dead... ...with one bullet.

Dr.Schultz QUICKLY DRAWS and FIRES

SHATTERING the BOTTLE.

With smoking gun in his hand he turns to Django;

DR.SCHULTZ

...Because you need the other bullets for the other guys sitting on horses behind him.

EXT - SNOWY FOREST - DAY

Django practices his quick draw against a SNOWMAN he's built. He sticks a BOTTLE in it, so the bottom of the bottle is where the snowman's heart would be.

He DRAWS....

Shoots the bottle heart!

As he does this he hears Dr.Schultz tell him on the soundtrack;

DR.SCHULTZ (VO)

You show me a man who can draw a gun pretty as you please, and shoot another man in the heart, anytime, anyplace, anyday...? That's a man that's got a chance.

He walks up to the SNOWMAN.

He hit the bottle pretty as you please.

Django's finger touches the bullet hole.

He smiles.

Dr.Schultz comes up behind him.

DR.SCHULTZ

Oh by the way, that's "Accurate!"

EXT - WINTER MOUNTAIN SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

35

The FLAKES continue to FALL HARD as Dr.Schultz and Django ride pulling poor Poncho who's FULLY LOADED DOWN with five corpses.

The local SHERIFF, DON GUS, watches the two men ride up, he knows them.

SHERIFF GUS

Doctor and Django, how the hell are ya, and who the hell ya got there?

DR.SCHULTZ

The Wilson - Lowe Gang.

SHERIFF GUS

Who the hell's The Wilson - Lowe Gang?

Dr.Schultz removes a handbill from his inside jacket pocket, and hands it down to the friendly peace officer.

DR.SCHULTZ

Bad Chuck Wilson, and meaner Bobby Lowe. And three of their acolytes.

SHERIFF GUS

Just leave 'em out here, they ain't goin' nowhere.

And if'in they do, God must love 'em, so who are we to say. Come outta the snowy snow and git yourself some coffee.

INT - SHERIFF GUS' OFFICE - DAY

36

The snow encrusted bounty hunters warm up inside the friendly lawman's office.

Dr.Schultz and Sheriff Gus sit at a little table and play backgammon. They both drink really big steaming cups of coffee.

Standing, Django warms himself by the potbelly stove, eats a plate of white birthday cake, and reads the wanted dead or alive handbills from off the wall.

DJANGO  
Warren Vanders.

Dr.Schultz Responds as he plays backgammon.

DR.SCHULTZ  
What did he do?

DJANGO  
Murder.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Bounty?

DJANGO  
Six hundred dollars.

DR.SCHULTZ  
What else?

Django puts down the cake and takes a handbill off the wall.

DJANGO  
Rocky Ryan.

DR.SCHULTZ  
What did he do?

DJANGO  
Murder.

DR.SCHULTZ  
How much?

DJANGO  
Same, six hundred.

Schultz to Gus.

DR.SCHULTZ

Don't you have any bigger fish up there than just six hundred?

SHERIFF GUS

I got one for two thousand up there.

DJANGO

Oh, wait a minute, I see it. Wanted Dead or Alive, two thousand dollars.

DR.SCHULTZ

Who is it?

DJANGO

Edwin Porter.

DR.SCHULTZ

What did he do?

DJANGO

Train robbery.

DR.SCHULTZ

That's the one.

As the winter has progressed, we see they've become a genuine bounty hunting team. And Django, a genuine bounty hunter.

EXT - AMBUSH CANYON - NIGHT

37

A FIVE MAN GANG, The EDWIN PORTER GANG, lies asleep in Ambush Canyon.

When from behind rocks, Dr.Schultz and Django RAIN RIFLE FIRE down on their sleeping bodies.

The gunfire of the rifles light up the night.

A couple of men get to their feet, but all are shot down dead.

Dr.Schultz And Django emerge from behind rocks.

Django executes with his pistol any wounded.

CUT TO:

EXT - SNOWY FOREST - DAY

38

Django by himself.



He Draws and FIRES three times in a row, each time faster than the last.

Each time blowing parts off of the Snowman.

Dr.Schultz Comes up behind him.

DR.SCHULTZ

I think it's safe to say you're faster than the snowman.

EXT - PRETTY MEADOW - DAY

39

The snow has melted, and it's SPRING. And inside this meadow Django practices his fast draw....

....Dr.Schultz throws a potato in the air.

Django, quick as a lick, he draws his PISTOL from his holster and FIRES.

He shoots the Potato, making it smaller.

He fires again...

The Potato gets smaller still.

He fires again...

The Potato gets much smaller...

He FIRES again...

The Potato is OBLITERATED.

Pretty impressive, not only that, Django made it look easy.

Django looks over to the German doctor.

DJANGO

Still think I'm too green for Greenville?

Dr.Schultz removes a pipe, sticks it in his mouth and says;

DR.SCHULTZ

Oh you're ready for Greenville.

He lights a match, then lights the pipe, puffing as he says;

DR.SCHULTZ

Greenville ready for you, that I'm not so sure.

He blows out the match....

WE GO TO BLACK

What we also saw in the above montage is Django shake off a lifetime of slavery. Django, in his green jacket, in his cowboy hat, on top of his steed Tony, with his gun hanging from his hip, has become his own man. He's not a slave anymore. He's a bounty hunter.

BLACK TITLE CARD

ACROSS THE SCREEN ONE LETTER AT A TIME STYLE (ala "Rocky" and "Flashdance")

MISSISSIPPI

CUT TO:

EXT - THE TOWN OF GREENVILLE MISSISSIPPI - DAY

40

The whole Main Street of Greenville is thick with five inches of shit brown mud that all the horse hooves, and wagon wheels, and slave feet have to wade through to get from one end of the town to the other.

We see Django and Dr.Schultz enter the town, and slosh their horses in the mud, down the main street of Greenville Mississippi. The buying and selling of slaves is what the whole town is built around.

BLACK MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN in BONDAGE are everywhere you look.

LINES OF CHAINED SLAVES being marched one way or the other, move through the muddy streets of Greenville. WHITE MEN on horses move them along.

BUCKBOARDS filled with DOMESTIC SLAVES (HOUSE NIGGERS), and pretty PONYS, driven by WHITE MEN roll through the street.

A YOUNG WHITE BOY (14 years old), a shepherd, leads a bunch of SLAVE CHILDREN through town. A SHEPHERD'S DOG, HELPS HIM OUT BY MOVING THE KIDS ALONG.

Impromptu slave auctions take place on almost every block.

A SUBTITLE APPEARS on the bottom of the screen:

GREENVILLE  
CHICKASAW COUNTY, MISSISSIPPI

Dr.Schultz takes in this African flesh market, where human beings sell other human beings, with disgust and a little bit of shock.

Django is neither disgusted or shocked, he knows first hand how Greenville operates.

As he rides Tony through town in his snappy duds, he looks at the BLACK MEN half dressed in chains. He REMEMBERS HIMSELF with his six Other Companions from earlier, being walked through the mud of Main Street by The Speck Brothers. On that day he might as well of been a steer. Today, with a gun on his hip, money in his pocket, in his snappy outfit, astride his steed Tony, he feels so different from these wretched half naked bastards it gives him a bit of a chill.

41

42

Django and Dr.Schultz on top of their horses, taking in the sight of Greenville.

DR.SCHULTZ

It's a spectacle out of Dante.

DJANGO

You should see it from the other side.

DR.SCHULTZ

Frankly, I don't know if I could endure this.

DJANGO

You'd be surprised what you can endure.

(beat)

Where to?

DR.SCHULTZ

Records office.

43

As Schultz rides off to find the Records Office, Django spots a bunch of SLAVES moved into the AUCTION HALL. He remembers being sold in that same building.

It's a bitter memory.

CUT TO:

INT - RECORDS OFFICE - DAY

44

Dr.Schultz and Django walk into a records office, lined with books.We watch through the store front window, the black man and white man enter, and Dr.Schultz present his business card to a Dickensian looking RECORDS OFFICE WORKER. As Schultz starts his spellbinding with words routine.....The CAMERA FADES TO BLACK.

EXT - MAIN STREET - GREENVILLE - DAY

45

We follow in front of Broomhilda being lead out of the slave pen by TWO WHITE MALE SLAVERS. Her bare feet slosh in the Main Street mud, and the leg irons scrap her ankles.

Up until now everything you've ever seen of Broomhilda, has only been in Django's Spaghetti Western Flashbacks. In other words, from his perspective, and memory. This is the only time the story will shift to Broomhilda's perspective. The strong but frightened girl is led out on to the hustle and bustle, and wagon wheels and horse hoofs of Main Street.

Broomhilda is not taken into that three story auction arena that Django was sold in at the beginning. Instead She's just lifted up on a parked buckboard wagon. Her SELLER (CLYDE) starts his pitch on the TWELVE or so BUYERS that watch this puny make shift auction.

BROOMHILDA  
looks down into the crowd of twelve ugly white men, and holds her breath which one will buy her.

As the auction gets under way, a fancy dressed man in a fancy GIG rides up and stops to watch the show.

The man is a Professional gambler from New Orleans named SCOTTY HARMONY. With his attire, wavy black hair, and handlebar mustache he looks exactly like John Carradine in John Ford's "Stagecoach."

The Seller makes her expose her breasts to the small crowd. Then her back, revealing her whip marks. Then pointing out a runaway "r" branded in her cheek.

Some of the crowd react with repulsion to the sight of the whip marks. The Seller assures the crowd, that niggers don't feel pain like white folks, and it only makes the women more gentle.

SELLER-CLYDE  
Fellahs, you ain't felt gentle, till you felt nigger gal gentle.

UGLY MAN  
Makes a bid.

BROOMHILDA  
Yikes.

UGLIER MAN  
Higher bid.

BROOMHILDA  
Reacts.

BIG GREASY FAT GUY  
Makes a bid.

BIG FAT GREASY BEAVER PELT COVERED TRAPPER  
Makes a bid.

A SEVENTY FIVE YEAR OLD INDIAN ON A MULE.

Makes a bid.

Scotty finally makes a bid.

Broomhilda notices this and makes eye contact with Scotty.

They look at each other as Mr. Harmony continues to bid.

Scotty Harmony wins the auction.

SELLER-CLYDE

Sold to the fancy man in the fancy carriage!  
What's your name, sir?

Scotty steps out of his carriage and says;

SCOTTY

Scotty Harmony of New Orleans.

From on top of the buckboard Broomhilda looks down at her new owner.

TIME CUT

EXT - GREENVILLE - MAIN STREET - DAY

46

Later they leave Greenville for her new home, The Harmony House. Scotty lifts Broomhilda (now dressed in a brand new attractive maid uniform, and all cleaned up) into the fancy buggy seat next to him. Then he hands her a little white bag.

SCOTTY

This is for you.

She opens the bag, candies of many colors sit in it.

SCOTTY

They're jelly beans. Try one.

She selects a yellow one and puts it in her mouth.

SCOTTY

Good huh?

She nods her head, yes.

As he looks up at her looking so pretty in her new outfit, he tells her;

SCOTTY

You know I came here to buy a girl. I just arrived. Hadn't even gotten out of my carriage. When I saw you up there being auctioned off.

And believe me when I tell you, I'm not the kind of man who makes a practice of buying the first one who comes along.

(beat)

But I heard the auctioneer say, going once. And then I heard him say, going twice. And I knew if I didn't raise my hand I'd regret it for the rest of my life.

He says this like a ham actor, who suddenly, quite by accident, feels a real emotion on stage.

He climbs in the buggy seat next to her, takes his riding whip and SNAPS the horses forward.

We see him drive the buckboard out of Greenville with Broomhilda eating her bag of jelly beans.

As they drive out of Greenville, the fancy dressed Broomhilda looks at the other non fancy dressed slaves slushing through the mud.

As they ride off, Dr.Schultz tells Django the story of what happened to his wife.

DR.SCHULTZ (VO)

It turns out Broomhilda was sold in a small auction here, about eight months ago.

EXT - THE HARMONY HOUSE - DAY OR NIGHT

(47)

We see the carriage with Broomhilda in it pull up in front of a nice two story house in antebellum New Orleans.

DR.SCHULTZ (VO)

She was bought by a well known New Orleans gambler named Scotty Harmony. And he took her to live with him in his home in New Orleans.

INT - THE HARMONY HOUSE - DAY OR NIGHT

(48)

Scotty leads Broomhilda inside her new home.

There's no other slaves, just her and him.

As she looks around her new home, Scotty, amused and charmed, smiles.

DJANGO (VO)

So she's in New Orleans?

DR.SCHULTZ (VO)

Well according to Mr. Wigglesworth at the records office, and the exchange of title I saw with my own two eyes, not anymore.

INT - THE HARMONY HOUSE - ENTRANCE AREA - NIGHT

49

There's a knock at the door. Broomhilda in her maid uniform answers the door.

FOUR WELL DRESSED MEN in hats stand on the front steps. The THIRD and FOURTH MAN stand a little back from the others, in the shadows, so they can't clearly be seen yet.

Broomhilda invites them inside.

Scotty walks into the entrance area with a big "How do you do."

SCOTTY

Ah gentlemen, welcome to my house of games. I hope you brought your money, your luck, and a good sense of humor when I strip you of them.

The White Men all chuckle at this, and enter the home, taking off their hats and handing them to Broomhilda.

New Orleans Business Man (BOB GIBBS) introduces Mr. Harmony to the guest still standing in the shadows.

BOB GIBBS

Scotty let me introduce you to our honored guest, and the man who suggested this game, Dixie's own, Calvin Candie.

The THIRD MAN, CALVIN CANDIE, steps out of the shadows, removes his hat from his head, and smiles at his host.

CANDIE

At your service.

SCOTTY

Scotty Harmony, it's my pleasure.

The guest and the host shake hands.

A FOURTH WHITE MAN steps out of the shadows, it's a tough looking Easterner (New Yorker), in a tight fitting suit, and bowler hat, his name is BUTCH POOCH.

This JOHN L. SULLIVAN type is Calvin Candie's bodyguard.

CANDIE

And this is Butch Pooch, my bodyguard.

Butch reluctantly gives his hat to Broomhilda, but doesn't say anything.

SCOTTY

Calvin Candie, you own Candyland, do you not?

CANDIE

Fourth largest cotton plantation in the whole state of Mississippi. Number one mandingo fightin' plantation in the whole world. But you knew that?

SCOTTY

Of course I did, I'm just being coy. Welcome sir, it's a honor to entertain you in my home.

CANDIE

The honor is all mine Mr. Harmony, as is the opportunity to sit across a poker table with such a renowned card virtuoso as yourself.

Scotty turns to the others and says;

SCOTTY

You know, I do believe I like this chap.

One of the LOCAL BUSINESS MEN (DEAN MAGOO), says;

DEAN MAGOO

Stop it. His head can hardly fit through the door, as it is.

Chuckle....chuckle....

SCOTTY

Just hand your hat to Broomhilda there.

Calvin Candie gets his first real look at the slave girl, in the pretty maid outfit, loaded down with hats. He smiles and hands her one more.

CANDIE

Well ain't she cute.

She smiles back at him.

CANDIE

What's your name again, girl?

BROOMHILDA

Broomhilda.

He thinks about the name Broomhilda for a beat, then states;



CANDIE  
I don't like that.

Her face changes, she don't like that.

Neither does Scotty Harmony.

CANDIE  
I think I'll call you Sugar Bear.

He makes her uncomfortable.

Scotty jumps in as host.

SCOTTY  
Well in that case, can Sugar Bear git y'all something to drink? We got bourbon, cognac, and ice cold beer.

The two other business men order beer, Candie orders cognac.

Scott Harmony leads the men through the house into the gaming room.

INT - THE HARMONY HOUSE - GAMING ROOM - NIGHT

50

In the gaming room a man sits at a piano playing soft almost not there lyrical mood music.

CANDIE  
(pointing at the piano player)  
Nice touch.  
(then saying, as if he just remembered)  
Oh Mister Harmony, my Pony's out in the carriage. If it wouldn't offend you, can I bring her in to join us?

This is not done.

Scotty and his two friends stop.

SCOTTY  
You want your Pony to join us?

CANDIE  
If it wouldn't offend.

SCOTTY  
In the room when we play poker...?

CANDIE  
At the table, sitting next to me.

SCOTTY

Doing what, may I ask?

CANDIE

Stickin' her tongue in my ear whenever I want,  
and puttin' her hand on my pecker whenever I  
say.

SCOTTY

I don't know...niggers and poker...?

CANDIE

Pony's and poker, not the same thing. You got  
your girl.

Singling out Broomhilda with his pointed finger.

CANDIE

She ain't goin' nowhere, least I hope not. I  
was countin' on Sugar Bear here, keepin' my  
glass filled all night long.

SCOTTY

That's hardly the same thing.

CANDIE

It ain't?

Candie looks to Broomhilda, her look tells him it IS.

SCOTTY

No it's not - never the less, this is my home -

CANDIE

- and this is your game, and your table, and  
your parish, and it's your decision. However  
the reason you gentlemen are playing this game  
in the first place is to try and get your  
hands on my money. So, unless you've made the  
decision you're not up to it, this is my game.  
And I'm afraid I must insist!

Scotty looks at his gambling friends, and says to Candie;

SCOTTY

As they say south of the border, my castle,  
your castle.

Candie is all smiles.

CANDIE

Splendid gentlemen! I'll go call her.

He runs to the door and yells out to the carriage out front.

CANDIE

Sheba, come on up 'ere!

We cut before Sheba enters the room, but before we cut, Candie looks to Broomhilda and says;

CANDIE

She likes cognac too, Sugar Bear.

TIME CUT

51

SHEBA. A beautiful chocolate woman, dressed to the nines, with a sense of self that would be two hundred years in the making.

She sits next to Calvin, who's playing poker with the other three gamblers.

The silent Butch stands in the corner, keeping his eyes on the men, the game, and the ladies.

Magoo deals the cards to the men. As he does, Bob Gibbs holds count;

GIBBS

Ultimately, despite differences we may have among each other, we Adamic men are all brothers, because we were all descended from the same parents...

(beat)

Adam and Eve.

(beat)

Not a APE. But two White People. And to offer as proof that Subhuman Species like the niggers are a subhumanity to our humanity one need only ask one question. Can the nigger possibly be descended from the blood line of Adam and Eve? And if the answer to no is no, then no must be the answer. Nature is nature gentlemen, pure and simple. Hummingbirds don't lay eggs and ostriches pop out. To consider the possibility of the descendents of Adam and Eve to produce a nigger, is to ask the question, can God blunder? And I say, no-he-can-not.

The cards have all been dealt.

We see Scotty has received a great hand. Being a great gambler, he doesn't indicate this. He simply stacks his cards face down on the table.

Calvin likes his hand too.

CALVIN

I'd like to start with a opening bid of three hundred dollars.

Pretty pricey.

All four men put the chips in the middle of the table.

Magoo, the dealer, deals out replacement cards.

CALVIN

Well Mr. Gibbs you seem to be a man of religion. I admire a man of faith. To believe in things you can't see touch or taste, that takes a lot of stubbornness. Myself on the other hand, I'm more of a man of science. Phrenology to be exact. Phrenology is the key to understanding both the human species and the subhuman species.

MAGOO (DEALER)

How many cards, Calvin?

CALVIN

One.

Whoa, he must have a good hand.

Scotty thinks, okay this is where I pick this buzzard clean.

MAGOO

Phrenology, that the study of skulls, ain't it?

CALVIN

Phrenologists - a group I consider myself part of - claim that certain bumps and protrusions can either indicate creativity or a propensity towards submissiveness.

GIBBS

I bid a hundred.

They all bid a hundred in the Pot, but Scotty goes bigger.

SCOTTY

Magoo, I'll see your hundred... and raise you four hundred more.

That folds Gibbs and Magoo.

Broomhilda stands in the doorway, watching the game.

Scotty indicates he needs more cognac. Broomhilda pours it.

While she's bent down pouring the liquid, he leans over and whispers in her ear;

SCOTTY

I win this hand.....I'll celebrate by taking you to Paris next month.

She looks at him, really?

SCOTTY

You bet.

CALVIN

Humm, looks like the man of the house has got 'em the hand of the game. Or else he just wants us to think he does. Do I acquiesce, do I challenge, or do I conquer? What to do, what to do? I'll see your four hundred and raise you a thousand.

The table catches its breath.

Scotty with a gambler's calm, throws in a thousand dollars worth of chips. Then takes all the remaining chips in front of him, and pushes them towards the pot.

SCOTTY

And five hundred more.

As Candie puts in his five hundred dollars worth of chips, Broomhilda pours cognac in Candie's glass.

SCOTTY

Call.

This is where Calvin Candie has waited to be all night.

CANDIE

(to Scotty)

Not so fast, boy.

(beat)

Pot ain't fat enough yet.

(to Broomhilda)

You kinda stingy with the booze, nigger?

Broomhilda, cognac in hand, stops.

Calvin Candie points at his glass;

CANDIE

Fill it.

She does.

CANDIE

Sheba baby, you want something to drink?

SHEBA

I'm tired of cognac.

CANDIE

Well what do you want?

SHEBA

Do they got pineapple juice?

CANDIE

No they don't got no pineapple juice. We got pineapple juice back home. Every place don't got pineapple juice.

(to Broomhilda)

Just make her some molasses water.

Broomhilda exits to get Sheba's drink.

SCOTTY

What do you mean, pot ain't fat enough?

CANDIE

I mean I ain't done raising.

SCOTTY

I'm all in.

CANDIE

Ain't that too bad.

Scotty doesn't intend to let this smiling Jack cheat him out of his pot, in his own house.

SCOTTY

My good man, I would think a southern gentleman of such renown as yourself, wouldn't have to resort to buying a pot in a sportsman's home.

CANDIE

Mister Harmony, I am a sportsman, and a southern gentleman. I don't buy pots, that's one. Two, the day I gotta buy a pot, in a coonass game in Louisiana, on that day, I cut my throat. One final raise, loverboy.

SCOTTY

All my money's on the table.

CANDIE

Who said anything about money. Seems to me you got a whole house of pretty things.

Candie casts an eye towards Broomhilda, she gets a chill.

SCOTTY

Well sure thing, look around, is there anything you see you want? That clock over there is from the Napol -

CANDIE

I don't want your goddamn clock:

SCOTTY

Well what'cha want?

Calvin writes on a piece of paper, then throws it in the pot.

CANDIE

One final raise.

Scotty takes the piece of paper, "What's this?"

CANDIE

It's Sheba's bill of sale.

SCOTTY

What? I don't want her.

Calvin and the whole table laugh.

CANDIE

Then sell her.

Broomhilda watches all this with tremendous interest, to say the least.

CANDIE

Where I come from, Chickasaw County, slaves are currency. And Sheba's worth about eight hundred dollars. I'm throwing Sheba in the pot. Match or fold?

Broomhilda gets it a beat before Scotty. Terror sits in her bones.

SCOTTY

I'm all out of money.

CANDIE

But we ain't playin' for money no more. We matchin' nigger gals. And a nigger gal you got.

Scotty looks to Broomhilda in the doorway.

SCOTTY

I can't bet Broomhilda.

CANDIE

Why not? I asked if she your Pony, you said no. So what is it? She something special, or she a servant? See where I come from, she's money. You wanna gamble Mister Gambler...? Pony her up or fold.

Good a hand as Scotty thinks he has, the New Orleans gambler finds himself experiencing emotional turmoil at the thought of losing Broomhilda.

CANDIE

I know what your problem is. You done caught yourself a big dose of Nigger Love. Now I understand, Nigger Love is a powerful emotion. It's like a pool of black tar, once it catches your ass, you caught. So if this lil' who-ha got ya all emotional, and when you think about her, in your heart of hearts, she more like a wife....? Then don't bet.

(beat)

Give up the pot. It's just money. Plenty more where that came from, big time gambler like yourself.

(beat)

But.....if you don't love her, and you don't mind getting use to fuckin' another one, and you think you're holdin' a hand that can punish me, then put her up and let's play poker.

Candie smiles.

Scotty's eyes go to Broomhilda...

She looks at him, she slightly shakes her head, no.

Scotty's eyes then go to the two New Orleans businessmen, Gibbs and Magoo. They watch him, interested in what he will do next.

Then Scotty's eyes go to Candie across the table from him.

CANDIE

I said, pony up or fold.

CUT TO:

52

EXT - GREENVILLE - MAIN STREET - DAY

Django and Dr.Schultz continue talking.



DJANGO

Well if she ain't in New Orleans, where is she?

DR.SCHULTZ

It would appear, Mississippi. A place called Candyland to be exact. She's now the property of one Calvin J. Candie.

CUT TO:

(53)

INT - GREENVILLE SLAVE AUCTION - DAY

Back inside the three story Auction Block domed room. The same room Django was sold in at the beginning.

Tons of WHITE BUYERS and SELLERS and BLACK SLAVES to be bought or sold fill the big hall.

ONE MANDINGO SLAVE (BIG FRED)  
stands half naked on the auction block.

The SELLER (SHELBY)  
Gives the crowd a sales pitch about Big Fred, and starts the bidding.

Many different UGLY WHITE MEN make bids on the big mandingo, including Calvin Candie.

Dr.SCHULTZ and DJANGO from a pair of OPERA GLASSES watch Calvin Candie from up above on the 2nd floor landing.

From Dr.SCHULTZ'S PERSPECTIVE:

We see Calvin Candie, and his bodyguard, Butch Pooch, dressed in his bowler hat, among the crowd of buyers at the auction block below.

Candie's lawyer LEONIDE MOGUY joins him.

DR.SCHULTZ

His name is Calvin Candie, and he is the owner of Candyland.

DJANGO

Candyland? The mandingo fightin' place?

DR.SCHULTZ

Oh, so you heard of it?

DJANGO

Ain't no slave ain't heard of Candyland.

DR.SCHULTZ

Well apparently, that's where your wife is, and apparently the repellent gentleman down there is the one who owns her.

DJANGO

So do we offer to buy her?

DR.SCHULTZ

And what if he says no?

Django doesn't have an answer.

DR.SCHULTZ

I'll tell you what, your goose is cooked, that's what. If you can't afford to be told no, you don't put yourself in situations where people can say it. We need her, and we need a bill of sale, or she'll always be his property.

DJANGO

So if we ain't gonna try and buy 'er, how do we get 'er?

Pointing at the mass of people in the auditorium.

DR.SCHULTZ

What's the one thing all these cretins have in common?

DJANGO

They're white.

DR.SCHULTZ

Aside from that.

DJANGO

They're American.

DR.SCHULTZ

Aside from that.

DJANGO

I dunno.

DR.SCHULTZ

They're all greedy. Greed. It's who they are and all they're about, and the reason for everything they do. This whole fucking place is a cathedral to greed.

(beat)

I like greedy enemies.

Greedy people tend to be easier to manipulate than non greedy people. Can you tell me why, Django?

DJANGO  
Because they're greedy.

Dr.Schultz answers him back in Italian.

DJANGO  
What?

DR.SCHULTZ  
That was, "By George, I think he's got it" but in Italian.

They exit the auditorium.

CUT TO:

EXT - GREENVILLE - BALCONY OVERLOOKING MAIN STREET - DAY

54

The White Man and Black Man talk on the auction hall balcony, while the Slave Parade on Main Street passes.

DR.SCHULTZ  
How much do you know about mandingo fighting?

DJANGO  
Not so much....A little ....Master Carrucan had a couple niggers he'd fight.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Can you play a mandingo expert?

DJANGO  
What?

DR.SCHULTZ  
Can you convincingly masquerade as someone who is an expert on mandingo fighting?

DJANGO  
Why?

DR.SCHULTZ  
Because when a man has one of the four biggest cotton plantations in Dixie, but the only thing that seems to ring his chimes is big sweaty black males, if WE want to get his attention, we better be talking about big sweaty black males.

So my character is that of a big money buyer from Dusseldorf, here in Greenville to buy my way into the mandingo fight game. And your character is the mandingo expert I hired to help me do it.

DJANGO

They call that "One-Eyed Charly."

DR.SCHULTZ

One-Eyed Charly?

DJANGO

That's what you call it when you buy a slave expert. If you wanna raise horses, but don't know nothin' about horses, you buy yourself a One-Eyed Charly who knows about horses. He teaches ya. You wanna plant tobacco but don't know nothin' about it, you buy yourself a One-Eyed Charly knows about tobacco.

DR.SCHULTZ

Why do they call it "One-Eyed Charly?"

DJANGO

You know, back on the plantation, my job wasn't historian.

DR.SCHULTZ

Testy. It's an unusual name. That's a perfectly legitimate question. So, can you convincingly play my mandingo One-Eyed Charly? Don't say, yes, if you can't.

DJANGO

You want me to play a black slaver? There ain't nothin' lower than a black slaver. Black slavers are lower than head house niggers, and buddy, that's pretty fuckin' low.

DR.SCHULTZ

Then play him that way. Give me your black slaver.

Django gets that.

DR.SCHULTZ

Can you do that?

DJANGO

That, I can do. What's next?

DR.SCHULTZ  
To get ourselves personally invited to  
Candyland by Calvin Candie himself.

CUT TO:

55

EXT - THE CLEOPATRA CLUB - NIGHT

Dr.SCHULTZ and DJANGO stand across the street from The Cleopatra Club. Which looks like a regular nice three story house, among other nice houses on an affluent residential block in Greenville Mississippi.

They open the tiny garden gate in front of the house, walk up the stoop steps to the front door. They ring the doorbell.

A pretty young black girl, dressed in a FRENCH MAID outfit opens the front door.

FRENCH MAID  
(southern accent)  
Bonjour.

DR.SCHULTZ  
(amused)  
Bonjour, mon petite femme noire. We are here to see Calvin Candie.

She's been taught to smile and say;

FRENCH MAID  
Enter.

The two men walk into the entrance way of the house.

INT - CLEOPATRA CLUB - ENTRANCE AREA - NIGHT

A beautiful mulatto HOSTESS greets the two men.

HOSTESS  
(speaking quite refined)  
Hello gentlemen, I'm Cleo, can I help you?

Dr.Schultz hands Cleo his guest card.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Yes I am Dr.King Schultz, and this is my associate. Django Freeman.

Upon hearing Django is a free man her eyes go to him.

DR.SCHULTZ

We're here for a appointment with Calvin Candie and Leo Moguy.

CLEO

Yes you gentlemen are expected. Please make yourself comfortable. I'll inform Monsieur Candie you've arrived.

(referring to the French Maid)

Can Coco get either of you two gentlemen a tasty refreshment?

DR.SCHULTZ

Not at the moment.

CLEO

Then Coco will entertain you while I inform Monsieur Candie.

DR.SCHULTZ

How charming.

Cleo leaves.

Django wanders over to the dining room, peers inside.

INT - CLEOPATRA CLUB - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

56

A lush fancy restaurant dining area inside of a house. The DINERS are made up exclusively of well dressed WHITE MEN, and pretty BLACK GIRLS (PONY'S) dressed in the most elaborate ladies fashions of the day.

Some appear to be on dates.

Some appear to be enjoying a special evening (birthday, anniversary, special treat).

Some are two men with two women.

Some are one man with two or three or more women.

The white mens ages range from their twenties, to old men.

The girls ages range from their twenties, to thirteen.

The bill of fare is a combination of French cuisine, and hearty beef driven American dining.

The dolled up, decked out Pony's eat rich French cuisine complete with elaborate sauces, and take their knives to thick cuts of steak.

The youngest little girls, usually eat ice cream with hot fudge, banana splits, and cookies.

While all the men drink whiskey or wine, the girls all drink sarsaparilla.

Dr.Schultz quietly moves next to Django and asks;

DR.SCHULTZ

Have you ever seen anything like this?

Django shakes his head, no.

Coco chirps;

COCO

(very country)

Y'all gonna dine, it's real good. You like catfish, we got good catfish. They use alotta butta. You like sand dabs, we got sand dabs.

LEO MOGUY descends from the clubs prominent staircase.

MOGUY

Dr.Schultz, good to see you again.

DR.SCHULTZ

Mr.Moguy, thank you for your assistance in creating the opportunity for this appointment.

MOGUY

Nonsense, it's my job.

(looking at Django)

So this is the One-Eyed Charly I've heard so much about.

DR.SCHULTZ

Yes, this is Django. Django, this is Mr.Candie's lawyer, Leonide Moguy.

MOGUY

Just call me Leo. Calvin's in the Julius Caesar room, follow me. Y'all want Coco should come along too?

DR.SCHULTZ

We would be quite lucky indeed if the charming Coco cared to follow.

Coco blushes.

MOGUY

You better watch out doctor, you gonna steal this little Pony's heart.

They walk upstairs to the Julius Caesar room. As they do they say;

DR.SCHULTZ

How long have you been associated with Mr.Candie?

MOGUY

Calvin's father and I were about eleven when we went to boarding school together. Calvin's father's father put me through law school. One could almost say, I was raised to be Calvin's lawyer.

DJANGO

One could almost say, you a nigger.

Coco can't believe what this snappy looking cowboy nigger just said to Mr.Moguy. We hear screams the higher up the staircase we get.

MOGUY

What did you say?

DR.SCHULTZ

Oh nothing, he's just being cheeky. Anything else about Mr.Candie I should know before I meet him?

MOGUY

Yes, he's a bit of a Francophile.

DR.SCHULTZ

What civilized people aren't?

They get to the two sliding doors that lead to the Julius Caesar room. Screams can be heard coming from the other side.

MOGUY

And he prefers Monsieur Candie to Mister Candie.

Dr.SCHULTZ says in FRENCH SUBTITLED ENGLISH;

DR.SCHULTZ  
(FRENCH)

Whatever he prefers.

This stops Moguy, and he turns to warn Schultz;

MOGUY

Oh he doesn't speak French. Don't speak French to him, it'll embarrass him.

The party enters the Julius Caesar room.



INT - CLEOPATRA CLUB - JULIUS CAESAR ROOM - NIGHT

The screams coming from the inside of the Julius Caesar room of the private club, belong to TWO BLOODY and torn up MANDINGOS having a rip and tear fight to the death. One of the slaves is the mandingo we saw Calvin Candie bid on during the auction, 'Big Fred.

This fight happens at one end of the room.

The SLAVES fight on the floor.

Placed around them are two love sofa's, with a bucket of champagne between them, as well as two little end tables to put refreshments on. With his back to the doorway, and his eyes on the fight sits Calvin Candie.

In the opposite love sofa sits an older European looking man, who's rooting for the mandingo that Calvin's not rooting for. His name is AMERIGO VASSEPI.

On the other side of the room sits a bar, a black male named ROSCOE acts as bartender. Sheba sits at the bar, back to the fight, drinking.

Calvin's bodyguard, the bowler hat in the house wearing Butch Pooch, plays snooker.

Into this room steps Dr.King Schultz, Django, and Mr.Moguy, who closes the double sliding doors behind him.

Before any introductions can be made, with his back to the new arrivals and his eyes on the black men fighting for their life, Calvin says;

CANDIE

Why do you want to get in the mandingo business?

That's quite abrupt and aggressive.

Dr.Schultz says, as if he's just been massively insulted;

DR.SCHULTZ

You don't intend to allow your 2nd...  
(referring to Moguy)  
....to make the proper introductions?

The two Black men fighting for their life are locked in grapple.

Without turning towards them, Calvin tells Schultz;

CANDIE

Quit stalling and answer the question.

The room is quiet...except for the fighting men.

DR.SCHULTZ

The awful truth?

(pause)

I'm bored, and it seems like a good bit of fun.

Candie takes this to heart. He'll accept it for now.

CANDIE

Well come on over, 'cause we got us a fight goin' on that's a good bit of fun.

(beat)

Break!

The Fighter's break, and retreat from each other to rest.

Dr.Schultz steps over to get a better look at the savage fight.

Moguy leads Django over by the bar.

Butch's distrustful eyes watch Django cross the room. Snooker cue in his hand.

Candie has gotten up and is speaking and coaching Big Fred.

CANDIE

Now I know this is your first fight, but c'mon now, you're much bigger than this nigger. You need to put him down and keep 'em down. When you go back in there you put him on the floor, and take them big ass thumbs of yours and pop out that niggers eyeballs. Right away...blind that nigger black.

Big Fred takes in his orders.

Dr.Schultz sits down on Calvin's love seat, and pours himself a glass of champagne.

Moguy tells Roscoe at the bar to;

MOGUY

Get Django here whatever he wants, and I'll have a ice tea with bourbon.

Roscoe looks to Django.

DJANGO

Mezcal.

Roscoe hops to it.

Django looks over to Sheba at the end of the bar.

She drinks by herself champagne from her very own bottle sitting in its very own ice bucket.

She glances at the handsome young black man in the spiffy green jacket.

SHEBA

You that one-eyed Charly the white folks are talkin' about?

DJANGO

Depends, what are they sayin'?

SHEBA

You gotta lotta snot in your nose for a nigger with a "r" burned into his cheek.

DJANGO

Sounds like me.

Amerigo is speaking Italian to his mandingo.

Calvin joins Dr.Schultz On the love seat.

Schultz has schooled Django on the importance of never BREAKING CHARACTER. Well now the good doctor must practice what he preaches. Which means not only must he watch the two men beat each other to death, he must appear to convincingly enjoy it.

CANDIE

The bigger nigger's mine. I just bought him today. What's his name, Moguy?

Moguy, hard ice tea in hand, joins the match standing and admiring.

MOGUY

Big Fred.

Big Fred gets ready.

Amerigo finishes talking to his tore up smaller fighter.

Amerigo joins them on his love seat.

CANDIE

The other nigger belongs to this disreputable rascalion to my right. Amerigo Vassepi.

(to Amerigo)

What's your nigger's name?

AMERIGO

Luigi.....

CANDIE  
(to Amerigo)

Ready?

AMERIGO

Ready.

To the fighters;

CANDIE

Fight!

The two black men attack each other.

Sheba drinks her champagne, sphinx-like.

Butch hits his snooker ball.

Moguy crunches ice in his mouth from his tea.

Big Fred puts his thumbs through Luigi's eyeballs.

POP.....

Luigi SCREAMS horribly.

The scream carries through;

Dr.Schultz's Reaction:

Horror. He's never seen anything outside of war so horrible.

Sheba's Reaction:

She looks back in the screams direction.

Butch's Reaction:

His eyes move up to the fight.

Django's Reaction:

He downs his shot of Mezcal.

Calvin Candie's Reaction:

He's out of his seat.

Big Fred has the helpless Luigi.

Calvin looks to Amerigo.

Amerigo grunts;

AMERIGO

Fine.

Calvin throws Big Fred, on the floor next to him, a HAMMER.

CALVIN

Finish him.

Dr.Schultz watches this.

Big Fred takes the hammer and hits Luigi with it in the head.

That's the end of the fight.

Candie, Moguy and Dr.Schultz cheer.

CANDIE

Arrivederci Luigi! Well, Mr.Vassepi, looks like you owe me ten dollars.

Amerigo ponies up the bet.

Candie sees Django across the room, sitting at the bar, his green jacket and back facing him.

CANDIE

Moguy, is that the one-eyed Charly people been buzzin' about?

MOGUY

That's him.

Candie turns his attention towards Django.

CANDIE

How 'bout you, boy? You find nigger fightin' a good bit of fun?

DJANGO

You seen one nigger fight, ya seen 'em all.

Candie chuckles at that response.

"He is a bright one," Candie thinks.

Candie turns his attention to Moguy and Big Fred.

CANDIE

Mr.Moguy, I want you to take care of my new boy here.

(pointing at Fred)

Get a doctor up here look after his cuts. Then find him a room with a soft bed. Then bring him up a pony to lick his pole.

(to Fred)

But you be ready to travel to Candyland tomorrow mornin', ya hear?

BIG FRED  
Yes sir, Monsieur Candie.

CANDIE  
(to Moguy)  
Before you go get Fred a beer.

He sends Fred on his way with Moguy. Then Candie turns his attention back to Django, coming up behind him.

Dr.Schultz watches.

Butch watches.

Roscoe watches.

Sheba watches.

CANDIE  
What's your name, boy?

Django turns around and faces Calvin Candie.

DR.SCHULTZ  
His name is Django.

CANDIE  
(to Schultz)  
Where'd you dig him up?

DR.SCHULTZ  
A fortuitous turn of events brought Django and myself together.

Candie faces Django.

CANDIE  
I've heard tell about you. I heard you been telling everybody that their mandingos ain't no damn good. And nothin nobodys selling is worth buyin'.  
(beat)  
I'm curious, what makes you such a mandingo expert?

DJANGO  
I'm curious, what makes you so curious?

Butch puts down his snooker pool cue, and turns to Django.

BUTCH  
What'd you say, boy?

CANDIE  
Calm down Butch. No offense given - none taken.

He looks at Django, smiles, then says;

CANDIE  
True enough.....you got me curious.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Monsieur Candie, I would appreciate it if you directed your line of inquiry toward me.

Candie turns to Dr.Schultz and says;

CANDIE  
One, you don't have anything to drink, can I get you a tasty refreshment?

DR.SCHULTZ  
Yes, I'll have a beer.

CANDIE  
(to Roscoe)  
Roscoe, beer for the man with the beard. And I'll have a Polynesian Pearl Diver and don't spare the rum.

(to Schultz)  
Doc, I'm a seasoned slaver, you are a neophyte. I'm simply trying to ascertain if this cowboy is taking advantage of you.

DR.SCHULTZ  
With all due respect, Monsieur Candie, I didn't seek you out for your advice, I sought you out to purchase a fighting nigger at above top dollar market price. I was under the impression when you granted me an audience, it would be to discuss business.

CANDIE  
No we weren't talking business yet. We were discussing my curiosity. Now according to Moguy here, if I do business with you...

Roscoe puts Candie's Polynesian Pearl Diver in a big coconut shaped cup on the bar. Candie takes it and drinks it.

CANDIE  
(pointing to Schultz)  
I'm doin' business with both of y'all.  
(pointing to Django)  
He does the eyeballin', you the billfold?

DR.SCHULTZ

Well you don't make it sound too flattering,  
but more or less, yeah.

None of the white men in the room have any respect for a white man who needs a nigger to tell him what time of day it is.

Candie turns his attention back to Django.

CANDIE

(to Django)

So Bright Boy, Moguy here tells me you looked over my African flesh, and were none too impressed.

FLASH ON

Django looking over THREE MANDINGOS.

(58)

BACK TO CLEO CLUB

(59)

DJANGO

Not for top dollar.

CANDIE

Well then we got nothing more to talk about. You wanna buy a beat ass nigger from me, those are the beat ass niggers I wanna sell.

DJANGO

He doesn't wanna buy the niggers you wanna sell. He wants the nigger you don't wanna sell.

CANDIE

I don't sell niggers I don't wanna sell.

Dr.Schultz takes a sip of his beer, and in a gesture worthy of Falstaff, wipes the foam off his curly mustache with his finger, and says mischievously;

DR.SCHULTZ

You won't sell your best. You won't even sell your second best. But your third best....you don't want to sell him....but if I made you an offer so ridiculous you'd be forced to consider it....who knows what could happen?

CANDIE

What do you consider ridiculous?

DR.SCHULTZ

For a truly talented specimen.  
...."The Right Nigger"....  
How much would you say, Django?



DJANGO  
Twelve thousand dollars.

Calvin Candie takes in the figure.

CANDIE  
Gentlemen, you had my curiosity. Now you have my attention.

INT - CLEOPATRA CLUB - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

60

Candie, Moguy, Django, Schultz, Butch, Sheba, and Coco eat dinner in the restaurant. All the men eat thick T-Bones. Coco eats Catfish. And Sheba uses her fingers to rip apart Crawdads.

Calvin is in the middle of a scientific conversation.

CANDIE  
Now you take the skull of some ole Joe Jugghead, and you place it alongside the skull of a talented nigger. Phrenology is the science that allows those bones to tell the tale. It's the poetry written in between the lines, but it's there. If you know how to read it. There's hope for the black race. However talented niggers, loyal niggers, bright niggers, that's about the highest level most Phrenologist's will apply to niggerdom. Where I part company with many of my Phrenologist friends is I believe there is a level above bright, above loyal, above talented, that a nigger can aspire to. The Exceptional nigger. All my life I've seen niggers come and go. Seen 'em live, love and die. And you know my favorite attribute of the Black Race? Them darkee's sure as hell can surprise you. And every once in a while, maybe, one in ten thousand, an exceptional nigger POPS UP, and does just that.

Candie raises his glass.

CANDIE  
To the exceptional nigger.

Everybody toasts.

CANDIE  
Call me a dreamer, but I do believe - given time - that the exceptional nigger can become, if not frequent, - more frequent. How ya like that meat, Bright Boy?

Django's eyes go to Calvin. He nods his approval.

CANDIE (TO COCO)  
How's your Catfish, dew drop?

COCO  
Real good Monsieur Candie.

CANDIE  
(to Schultz)  
You spend a lot of time around niggers aside from Freeman here?

DR.SCHULTZ  
Not so much.

CANDIE  
Well, if'in you did, you'd know what a treat this was for 'em. You feel special Coco?

COCO  
Yes sir, Monsieur Candie.

He looks to Sheba, who's licking her fingers from the Crawdads.

CANDIE  
Now Sheba always feels special. Dont'cha?

SHEBA  
Yep.

CANDIE  
How 'bout you Bright Boy, you feel special?

DJANGO  
(meaning Sheba)  
Not as special as her.

The table breaks out in laughter.

CANDIE  
Well we're leaving bright and early tomorrow morning, and moving the whole kit and caboodle to "Candyland." You oughta come with us.

Dr.Schultz and Django's eyes meet for a moment...so far...so good.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Well, that wasn't on the agenda. But I suppose I could be amenable to that. How far must we trek?

CANDIE

Oh hardly a ride at all. We'll still be in Chickasaw County. Five hours...tops. There you can get a look at my best specimens. Have dinner with my sister and I. Spend the night at Candyland as my guest.

DR.SCHULTZ

Splendid.

Django and Schultz trade looks and small smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT - COUNTRYSIDE MISSISSIPPI - DAY

61

It's the next day and a whole procession is making their way to "Candyland."

Calvin Candie and Leonide Moguy ride in a very fancy OPEN AIR CARRIAGE. Driven by a fancy DRESSED SLAVE WAGON DRIVER. FOUR OVERSEERS (BILLY CRASH, TOMMY GILES, JESSIE REDMAN, HOOT PETERS, AND BUTCH) ride horses.

FIVE MANDINGOS (Big Fred who we already met, plus JOSHUA, BANJO, SIDNEY JAMES, and TATUM) recently purchased at The Greenville Auction, walk to their new home, with small bundles of their personal possessions under their arms. They look like powerful warriors.

THREE OTHER MANDINGOS (RODNEY, CHICKEN CHARLY, CHESTER) WHO WERE THE MANDINGOS from Candy land that didn't sell at Greenville, are walking their small bundles of personal possessions under their arms. These poor devils know their fate is pretty dismal. Either they'll be sold to the LeQuint Dickey Mining Company, or they'll be put in some mandingo fight they can't win, like with Samson, or Stonesipher's dogs.

Dr.Schultz and Django on Fritz and Tony catch up with the Candie caravan.

Candie invites Dr.Schultz to join him in his carriage, which he does, tying Fritz up behind the carriage.

Django on Tony joins the overseers and works with them to keep the slaves moving forward.

As the carriage rolls along it never gets out of the eye of Butch Pooch on horseback.

Dr.Schultz asks Candie;

DR.SCHULTZ

Is it normal for you to need this much security?

CANDIE

That goddamn John Brown got us all on the prod.

DR.SCHULTZ

Who's John Brown?

MOGUY

Nigger lover, religious fanatic. Thinks God put'em on Earth to lead the niggers outta bondage.

CANDIE

That nigger lover don't believe in God anymore then I believe in talking dogs. He's just a cold blooded murdering bastard using slavery as an excuse to kill southern businessmen. He hung three slave traders up in Augusta last week.

DR.SCHULTZ

Excuse my ignorance, but who is this man?

CANDIE

Him, his sons and that whole nigger army that follows him, is a blight, a pestilence on the South, but when we make his ass dance a fandango at the end of a rope that'll put an end to his shenanigans toot sweet.

RODNEY

Walks along the road, looks up at Django riding his horse. All the slaves hate Django because they think he's a black slaver. But the three heading back to Candyland are even more resentful.

FLASH ON

Django with Schultz, earlier, inspecting and rejecting these three.

62

BACK ON RODNEY

Gives Django a bad eyeball look up on his horse.

63

DJANGO ON TONY

sees it. He's playing the role of a fucker black slaver, he can't let that shit stand.

He yells down at the powerless man;

DJANGO

Gotta problem with your eyeball, boy?

Rodney looks away.

RODNEY

No sir.

DJANGO  
You want a boot heel in it?

RODNEY  
No sir.

DJANGO  
Then keep ya damn eyeballs off me! Flash that bad look at me again, I'll give ya reason not to like me!

As this parade makes progress, Django keeps his emotions in check, but not without difficulty.

Schultz sits next to Mr.Moguy In the carriage facing Candie. Candie is facing forward. Schultz and Moguy are facing backwards. Schultz can see the slaves walking, and Django and the overseers riding their horses.

DR.SCHULTZ  
(to Candie)  
May we stop for a moment, so I may put a word in my mans ear?

MR.MOGUY  
Your one-eyed Charly?

DR.SCHULTZ  
Yes. I'm expecting to fall in love once I see the specimens at Candyland. So before that moment, it would be good if I could have a confidential strategy meeting with my confidant.

Candie smiles.

CANDIE  
How could anybody refuse a request asked for so nicely?

Candie halts his carriage driver.

Schultz signals to Django.

Django sees the carriage in front of him stop...he brings Tony to a stop.

So does Butch Pooch.

Dr.Schultz stands up, opens the little door on the side of the carriage, and steps out.

Django climbs off of Tony's back.

As Dr.Schultz walks up to Django (as everybody watches them), Django fishes around in his saddle bag, and pulls out a carrot.

As he feeds a carrot to Tony, Dr.Schultz Comes up to him, and they speak in a quiet tone.

DR.SCHULTZ

How do you like this side of the slave trade?

DJANGO

Not so much.

DR.SCHULTZ

Prefer the other side?

DJANGO

I didn't say that.

(beat)

May I ask what the hell do you think you're doing?

DR.SCHULTZ

Well we're almost at Candyland, I thought it would be a good time to have a strategy meeting.

DJANGO

In front of everybody.

DR.SCHULTZ

In plain sight is always the best place to hide. Now, I've confirmed Broomhilda's at Candyland.

DJANGO

Are you sure it's her?

DR.SCHULTZ

He didn't call her by name, but she's a young lady, whip marks on her back, and speaks German. Now while it's not wise to assume, in this instance, I think it's pretty safe.

As the two men chat, and Tony eats a carrot, the crew passes them.

Overseer Hoot Peters rides by and says to Django;

HOOT

The name of the game is keep up, not catch up nigger.

Django turns away from Tony to face the overseer.

Django without saying a word, walks up to the horse, grabs the reigns, and with a BIG YANK, throws the horse and the Rider hard on the ground.

Everybody sees this.

The mandingo's all see this.

Billy Crash, Tommy Giles on horseback see this.

Butch Pooch on horseback sees this.

Hoot POPS off the ground, ready for a fight. He goes for his gun...

...Django BEATS his hand so QUICK it STARTLES EVERYBODY.

Hoot stands there completely at the mercy of Django's pistol.

Both Butch Pooch and Billy Crash go for the guns on their hip.

DJANGO

Touch your guns and he dies.

Butch and Billy stop short of taking their guns out, which is easier for Billy than Butch.

Candie stands up in the carriage, and proclaims;

CANDIE

Everybody calm down! I saw the whole thing. No harm done. Hoot! Back up on your horse.

HOOT

Are you kiddin'? This nigger -

CANDIE

- I said, no harm done. Now get on your horse and hush up. And stop antagonizing my guests.

Humiliated, Hoot climbs back on his horse.

The other overseers see their boss take a uppity niggers side over one of their own.

Which makes them ferociously resentful. On one hand they think, "How dare he talk to us that way in front of the niggers." On the other hand they think, "Who the fuck is this nigger in the green jacket?"

Rodney and his group see it too. They don't know what to make of it. Butch doesn't calm down, he keeps on alert. Django climbs back on Tony.

Candie sits back down in the carriage, Dr.Schultz climbs back in and sits down.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Thank you for that, sir.

Like a naughty boy.

CANDIE  
I have to admit, they're going to be a little mad at me for awhile.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Who?

CANDIE  
Billy Crash, and the other overseers. Too bad.

Django rides up.

Candie says to him before the carriage starts up again.

CANDIE  
You got sand Django.  
(beat)  
I wouldn't think I'd like a nigger with sand...but I do. But I do admit, it does take a bit of getting use to.

He taps the carriage, and it's wagon wheels away.

Mr.Moguy, Schultz, and Candie ride together and talk.

Around now the audience may start noticing DOGS BARKING In the distance.

DR.SCHULTZ  
When do we reach your property?

CANDIE  
You been on it. I own the whole sixty miles 'fore we get to Candyland.

Candie gets annoyed at the barking dogs.

CANDIE  
Excuse me a moment, gentlemen.  
(yelling behind him at Billy)  
Billy Crash, git up here!

Billy Crash, a hillbilly overseer who's missing his two front teeth, rides up.

BILLY CRASH  
Yeah, Boss?



CANDIE

Find out what that goddamn commotion is up at the tracker shack!

BILLY CRASH

Right away, Boss.

Billy Crash TEARS UP AHEAD on his horse.

CANDIE

You know, confidentially, just 'tween us girls, worse things about this business, ain't the slaves. It's all the white trash ya gotta deal with. Like these peckawoods we got riding with us. These dumb, ignorant, sleazy sonsabitches ain't good fer nuttin, except kickin' a niggers ass can't kick back. Yeah, they holdin' the pretty part of the whip, but it's just a thin membrane separate 'em. And don't think they don't know it either. It's about the only thing these dumbass motherfuckers do know. But ya need 'em. Who the hell else ya gonna get to beat a niggers ass, other than somebody might as well be a nigger hisself. But these mountain boys I use as trackers for the runaways, they the worst. Nothin' but a buncha goddamn inbred hillbilly's. Now like that nigger gal we was talkin' 'bout. I'm sure it was a pain in the ass, but with a lot of patience, that German lady taught Hildi how to speak German. Now these inbred hillbilly's, on the other hand, they can barely speak English. I can't understand a damn word most of 'em say. You could teach a plow horse how to make a pot of coffee I 'fore you teach those fools how to use a knife and fork. I tell ya, if it wasn't for catchin' a nigger on the run, they'd be as useless as tits on a boar hog.

Billy Crash comes riding back.

CANDIE

What the hell's goin' on?

BILLY CRASH

They got 'em a runaway.

CANDIE

Who?

CUT TO:

EXT - TRACKER SHACK - DAY

A BUNKHOUSE for the SEVEN HILLBILLY TRACKERS (they track down runaway slaves) that live here about forty miles from the Candyland Plantation.

A little dog kennel, looks like a chicken coup, sits next to the bunkhouse.

The TRACKERS are a hairy, bearded, burly, buck skin wearing, dirty long haired lot.

Their leader is Mr.STONESIPHER, the other six are STEW, LEX, PEG (a girl), CATFISH (the older one), SONNY BOY, CHANEY (a hunchback) and JAKE. The six men could be brothers, or cousins, or father and sons, or just from the same hollow.

Lex holds two SNARLING GERMAN SHEPHERDS on a leash. Stew holds ONE SNARLING GERMAN SHEPHERD on a leash. And Mr.Stonesipher holds one SNARLING GERMAN SHEPHERD on a leash, the lead dog, that goes by the name of MARSHA.

A runaway slave named D'ARTAGNAN, lies belly down in the dirt, surrounded by the four vicious dogs, who BARK, GROWL, and SNAP at him.

One look at D'Artagnan tells you he's a mandingo who's been in one fight too many. One of his eyes has been poked out. Big BITES have been bit out of both his face and neck (by past fights, human bites, not the dogs), as well as three fingers have been bit off. Not to mention he's covered in cuts, like he's been drug through a briar patch.

The fourth Tracker, Jake, doesn't engage in the melodrama. He hangs in the background, CUTTING FIREWOOD with a big axe.

Calvin Candie, Dr.Schultz, Django, and the whole Candie caravan look down at the runaway slave, including the five new mandingos, and the three old mandingos who know D'Artagnan.

CANDIE

Well I'll be, D'Artagnan. Now boy, why do a fool thing like run off?

D'ARTAGNAN

I can't fight no more, Monsieur Candie.

CANDIE

Oh yes you can. You might not be able to win, but your ass can fight. - Mr.Stonesipher, shut these goddamn dogs UP, I can't hear myself think!

Mr.Stonesipher yells to Marsha;

MR.STONESIPHER

Hush now! Marsha! Marsha, hush up! Marsha,  
Marsha, hush up!

(to the other  
trackers)

Take these goddamn dogs away from this nigger.  
He's just makin' 'em hungry.

The other two YANK the dogs away from the fallen Black Man.

CANDIE

How long was he loose?

Mr.Stonesipher spits tobacco juice.

MR.STONESIPHER

A night. Day. Half the other night.

CANDIE

How far he git off property?

MR.STONESIPHER

'Bout twenty miles off prop. Pretty fer,  
considering that limp he got.

CANDIE

Moguy, who was D'Artagnan suppose to fight  
Friday?

MOGUY

(pointing behind him)

One of this new lot.

CANDIE

Well the way he looks now a blind Indian  
wouldn't bet a bead on 'em.

D'Artagnan starts begging.

CANDIE

Now now, no beggin', no playin' on my soft  
heart. You in trouble now, son. Now you need  
to understand I'm runnin' a business. Now I  
done paid five hundred dollars for you. And  
when I pay five hundred dollars, I expect to  
get five fights outta a nigga 'fore he  
rollover and play dead. You've fought three  
fights.

D'ARTAGNAN

I won every one.

CANDIE

Well, yes you did. But that last one, you muddled the line between winning and losing.

Calvin climbs down off his horse; and walks to the captured runaway on the ground.

CANDIE

But the fact remains, I pay five hundred dollars, I want five fights. So what about my five hundred dollars? You gonna reimburse me?

The Whites (except for Schultz) laugh.

This whole spectacle is making Dr.Schultz sick to his stomach, Not Django...he's seen this little drama play out many times before.

The three returning mandingos, Rodney, Chicken Charly, and Chester, watch their fellow doomed servant pay the price for running away.

The five new mandingos watch Calvin Candie's treatment of D'Artagnan to know what to expect from their new home.

The fancy dressed slave driving the carriage looks at the captured runaway like, poor bastard.

Calvin prods further.

CANDIE

You even know what reimburse means?

The Whites laugh.

Then SUDDENLY.....

....The German stands up in the carriage and says;

DR.SCHULTZ

I'll reimburse you.

All eyes turn to Dr.Schultz

Including Django's, whose eyes narrow at the doctor.

Calvin Candie uses the occasion to perform a slow dramatic turn in the direction of the good German.

CANDIE

You will?

Removing his long brown leather billfold from his suit jacket pocket.

DR.SCHULTZ

Yes.

CANDIE

You'll pay five hundred dollars for a one eyed Ole'Joe, ain't fit to push a broom?

Django's voice cuts through the Mississippi heat.

DJANGO

No he won't.

All eyes turn to Django.

DJANGO

He's just tired of you toyin' with him is all. And for that matter, so am I. But we ain't payin' a penny for that pickaninny, we ain't got no use for 'em. Ain't that right, Doc?

Dr.Schultz realizes he's just done the one thing he's always preached to Django you can never do...BREAK CHARACTER. The doctor puts his billfold back in his suit coat pocket.

DR.SCHULTZ

(to Candie)

You heard 'em.

The German doctor sits back down in the carriage. The Hillbilly Trackers stare up at the black man on the horse in the green jacket, slack jawed.

Even the one chopping wood in the BG stops his chopping.

CANDIE

You'll hafta excuse Mr.Stonesipher's slack jawed gaze. He ain't never seen a nigger like you ever in his life. Ain't that right, Mr.Stonesipher?

Mr.Stonesipher, SPITS.

MR.STONESIPHER

That's right.

Calvin steps up to Django on his horse. Looking up at the black man, Calvin challenges Django to a staring contest.

CANDIE

Well now since you won't pay a penny for this pickaninny, you won't mind me handlin' this nigger however I see fit?

DJANGO  
He's your nigger.

CANDIE  
Mr.Stonesipher....let Marsha and her bitches  
send D'Artagnan to nigger heaven.

MR.STONESIPHER  
Marsha...git 'em!

The other Trackers let loose of the leashes holding the German  
Shepherds back.

The DOGS CHARGE towards D'Artagnan on his knees....

The MANDINGOS  
all react to the sight of the dogs being let loose.

The DOGS ATTACK D'ARTAGNAN.....

As we HEAR the ATTACK.....

Candie staring contest with Django...

Django, who expected nothing less and has seen worse, doesn't blink as  
the runaway slave is torn to bits by canine teeth.....

The other Mandingos are scared sick at what they see.

The Hillbilly Trackers root the dogs on.

Dr.Schultz has never seen a man torn apart by dogs before, and he  
appears not to enjoy it.

Calvin, without blinking, shifts his eyes toward Dr.Schultz, then back  
to Django.

CANDIE  
Your boss looks a little green around the  
gills for a blood sport like nigger fightin'?

As D'Artagnan's SCREAMS and Marsha's GROWLS continue OFF SCREEN.

DJANGO  
Naw, he just ain't use to seein' a man ripped  
apart by dogs, is all.

CANDIE  
But you are use to it?

DJANGO  
Well, him bein' German an' all, I'm a little  
more use to Americans than he is.

Now Monsieur Candie, whenever you're ready, we rode five hours so you could show off your stock. Let's git to it. 'Cause as of now, if he's a example, I ain't impressed.

Calvin... BLINKS.....

Saying nothing, Monsieur Candie turns his back to Django, climbs up on his horse, then looks at the black man.

CANDIE  
Follow me.

The whole caravan rides off as the dogs continue to tear D'Artagnan apart.

EXT - THE GROUNDS OF CANDYLAND - DAY

65

The caravan starts to approach Candyland. Calvin Candie and his sister own the fourth biggest cotton plantation in the state of Mississippi. As the parade gets closer we see fields of cotton, and fields of SLAVES picking it.

The audience might of been expecting Candyland to be a hell on earth, Auschwitz, Andersonville, Yuma Prison, a Mexican prison in a Sergio Corbucci Spaghetti Western.....

INSTEAD.....CANDYLAND is very beautiful. The field of cotton, the way the trees hang green vines over everything. It's full of nature and natures vibrant colors, and a broiling hot sun to see it all in.

The Caravan enters the road that leads to the front of the Plantation, or The Big House as everyone calls it.

To the left of The Big House is a big wooden ARENA built for his Friday night nigger fights.

All the HOUSE SLAVES (the domestic slaves that work for the Candie family in The Big House), and WHITE WORKERS (overseers and stray farm hands) including two more overseers JOHNNY JEROME, and FLOYD RAY WILSON, come out to greet the caravan.

They all greet Monsieur Calvin Candie, who naturally leads the procession, as if he's Alexander the Great returning from the wars.

As the caravan comes to a stop in front of the Big House, it creates a huge dust cloud behind it.

Calvin's widowed sister LARA LEE CANDIE-FITZWILLY, an attractive fortyish, strawberry blonde southern belle, steps out on the porch of The Big House to greet her little brother.

Directly above Lara Lee, on the third floor balcony overhang, out steps...

STEPHEN  
eyeing Calvin and the approaching caravan.

Who's STEPHEN? Stephen is a very old black man, who with his bald pate, and tufts of curly white hair on the sides, looks like a character out of Dickens - if Dickens wrote about House Niggers in the Antebellum South.

Stephen was Calvin's father's number one slave. And Stephen has raised Calvin since the day he was born. And in (almost) every way is the 2nd most powerful person at Candyland. Like the characters Basil Rathbone would play in swashbucklers, evil, scheming, intriguing men, always trying to influence and manipulate power for their own self interest. Well that describes Stephen to a tee.

The Basil Rathbone of House Niggers.

The Old Man watches the caravan and the trailing dust cloud approach.

THEN.....

Out of the dust cloud... EMERGES DJANGO on TONY.

All the Candylanders see Django, dressed like he is, up on the horse, and for a moment don't know what to think.

Lara Lee, like her brother, is both surprised and intrigued.

As Stephen peers down from his perch at the nigger in the green jacket, it's hate at first sight. Stephen heads downstairs, he walks with a limp.

All the caravan riders are still up on their horses. Calvin, sitting in his carriage, sees Stephen limping towards them, and greets him with a big how do you do;

CANDIE  
Hello Stephen my boy!

STEPHEN  
Yeah yeah yeah, hello my ass - who's this nigger up on that nag?

CANDIE  
Oh Stephen, why so ornery, you miss me?

STEPHEN  
Yeah, I miss you like I miss a rock in my shoe. Like I said, who's this nigger, up on that nag?



DJANGO'S VOICE (OS)  
Hey Snowball.

Stephen looks up at Django on Tony.

DJANGO  
If you wanna know who I am, or the name of my horse, you ask me.

STEPHEN  
Just who the hell you callin' Snowball, horse boy? I'll yank your ass off that goddamn nag, so goddamn fast - in the mud.

CANDIE  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, Stephen, let's keep it funny. Django's a Freeman.

Stephen jerks a thumb up towards Django.

STEPHEN  
This nigger, here?

CANDIE  
That nigger there. Let me at least introduce the two of you. Django, this is another cheeky black bugger like yourself, Stephen. Stephen, this is Django. You two should hate each other.

Stephen uses the special privilege he and he alone enjoys amongst the blacks at Candyland.

STEPHEN  
Calvin, who the hell is this nigger you feel the need to entertain?

CANDIE  
Django and his friend in grey Dr.Schultz, are customers, and they are our guests Stephen. And you - you old decrepit bastard...are to show them every hospitality. Do you understand that?

STEPHEN  
I don't know why I gotta -

CANDIE  
You don't hafta know why, do you understand?

STEPHEN  
Yeah yeah yeah, I understand just fine.

CANDIE

Good. They're spending the night. Go up in the guest bedrooms and get two ready.

STEPHEN

(pointing at Django)

He's gonna stay in The Big House?

CANDIE

Stephen, he's a slaver. It's different.

STEPHEN

(incredulous)

In The Big House?

CANDIE

You gotta problem with that?

STEPHEN

I don't gotta problem, unless you gotta problem with burnin' the bed, the sheets, and the pillow cases once this black ass motherfuckers gone!

CANDIE

That's my problem, they're mine to burn. Your problem, right now, is making a good impression. And I want you to start solving that problem right now, and git them rooms ready.

The Old Man looks up at his Master, and says;

STEPHEN

Yes sir, Monsieur Candie.

Stephen limps away to the guest rooms, muttering to himself.

Candie opens the little door of the carriage for Dr.Schultz And Moguy to step out. He then leads the good doctor to the steps of the big house where stands...

Lara Lee and her ever present shadow, a SLAVE GIRL named CORA.

CANDIE

Dr.Schultz, this attractive southern belle is my widowed sister. May I present to you, Lara Lee Candie-Fitzwilly.

Lara Lee does a southern lady bow.

Dr.Schultz lifts his bowler hat, and nods in a grand manner.

DR.SCHULTZ

I am Dr.King Schultz, this is my 2nd Django,  
(Django tips his hat)  
and these are our horses, Fritz and Tony.

Both Fritz and Tony do the head bow.

DR.SCHULTZ

And it is our great delight to encounter this  
flaming rose.

LARA LEE

Well aren't you the charming gentleman. You're  
not from around here, are you?

DR.SCHULTZ

Actually I'm from a far off land, Dusseldorf,  
to be exact.

CANDIE

These two are in the market for a fightin'  
nigger. So I thought I'd invite 'em down, show  
'em my stock.

LARA LEE

We'll all have dinner tonight, right?

CANDIE

Half the reason I invited them. I thought  
you'd find them as intriguing as I do, big  
sister.

Lara Lee looks up at Django, and smiles.

All of a sudden THREE WHITE RIDERS ride up on horses, an older one, and  
two tough looking younger ones. The older one is the Cap't of the  
Overseers, ACE WOODY, and his two assistants DOLLAR BILL and JINGLE  
BELLS CODY. While Ace is dressed for work on a farm, both Dollar Bill  
and Jingle Bells Cody are peacocks who wear cool cowboy outfits.

As Calvin Candie watches the three riders approach, he turns to  
Dr.Schultz and Django, and says;

CANDIE

You know since I started fightin' niggers  
about eleven years ago, it's been a new lease  
on life, And the man ridin' up here now is the  
man responsible for all my success.

Ace and his boys pull their horses up, kicking up dust.

Through the dust Ace, Dollar Bill, and Jingle Bells Cody eyeball Django  
and Schultz.

CANDIE

Howdy Ace.

(to Schultz and  
Django)

This here is my Overseer Cap't, and nigger  
fight trainer extraordinaire, Ace Woody.

Pointing at the two shadows that flank Ace Woody.

CANDIE

And that's Jingle Bells Cody, and Dollar Bill.

(to Ace)

Ace, this here is Dr. King Schultz, and Django  
Freeman, they're big customers with big  
pockets wanna buy a big nigger. So I brought  
'em out here so you could give 'em a little  
display of our African flesh.

Ace takes off his hat, bows from his horse, welcoming them.

ACE WOODY

Welcome to Candyland, gentlemen.

Astride their horses, Dollar Bill and Jingle Bells Cody just make faces  
at Django.

Ace's attention goes to the five new mandingos just walked from  
Greenville to here.

ACE WOODY

These the new chickens?

CANDIE

Yes siree bob.

ACE WOODY

How many you get?

(he counts)

One, two, three, four, five.

CANDIE

Five real strong bucks.

ACE WOODY

How many you get rid of?

CANDIE

We still got three left.

Ace looks to see who came back from the auction.

Leo Moguy chimes in;

MOGUY

I already wired the LeQuint Dickey people,  
they'll be here tomorrow.

Ace turns to Dollar Bill.

ACE WOODY

Get 'em away from the others. Put 'em In the  
pen till tomorrow.

Dollar Bill with his horse, yells, chases, and herds the three men away  
into the slave pen.

Ace yells from his horse down to the five new mandingo arrivals, Big  
Fred, Banjo, Sidney James, Tatum, and Joshua.

ACE WOODY

y'all stand over there and make a line!

They do.

Ace climbs down from his horse.

Cody stays in his saddle, circling the black men with his horse.

Everybody, including Django and Dr.Schultz, watch the show.

Ace Woody walks up and down the line looking at the new men.

Candie asks;

CANDIE

What do you think?

ACE WOODY

I think you lookin' for niggers to push a  
plow, 'em your boys.

Candie rolls his eyes.

CANDIE

What's wrong with them?

ACE WOODY

Hold it...hold it, you done bought 'em, let me  
look at 'em.

Unimpressed Ace Woody continues to examine them.

ACE WOODY

Okay, how 'bout that one, did you buy that  
one?

CANDIE

Which one?

ACE WOODY

What do you mean, which one? The one I'm pointing at, that one.

CANDIE

Actually, that one was purchased by our Mister Moguy.

ACE WOODS

(to Moguy)

You bought him?

MOGUY

Yes I did.

ACE WOODY

Why?

MOGUY

I like his prospects.

ACE WOODY

His prospects? Now you know Mr. Moguy, I ain't a educated fella like yourself. Remind me again what prospects means?

MOGUY

Hope for the future.

Jerking a thumb towards the slave in question.

ACE WOODY

You got hope for his future?

MOGUY

I did.

ACE WOODY

Well I don't.

He yells over to the slave in question;

ACE WOODY

What's your name, boy?

The mandingo yells back;

SIDNEY JAMES

Sidney James, sir.

ACE WOODY  
So long Sidney James.

Ace draws his Peacemaker out of his holster smooth and quick and PLUGS poor Sidney James in the belly

Everybody reacts.

Especially the four other mandingos standing next to him.

Sidney James rolls in the dirt, screaming and holding his bleeding gut.

Till Cody puts a bullet in his head, putting him out of his misery. Moguy shakes his head, "typical," he thinks.

Django on his horse watches this. He thinks this guy Ace Woody's a bad combination, cruel and fast.

Ace looks up at his boss.

ACE WOODY  
Boss Candie, which one did you buy?

CANDIE  
Well to me the pick of the litter is Big Fred over there.

ACE WOODY  
(pointing at Fred)  
This one over here?

CANDIE  
Yes.

ACE WOODY  
(to Fred)  
You Fred?

A very scared Fred answers.

BIG FRED  
Yes, sir.

ACE WOODY  
Well good to meet 'cha Fred. I'm Ace Woody, I'm a man of influence 'round here. Now Fred am I mistaken, or were you already in a kurfuffle?

CANDIE;  
I had 'em fight one of Amerigo's niggers last night.

ACE WOODY  
How is ol' Amerigo.

CANDIE  
His nigger lost.

ACE WOODY  
(to Fred)  
Really? You won?

BIG FRED  
Yes, sir.

ACE WOODY  
Wup'ed his ass?

CANDIE  
Beat 'em to death.

Smiling impressively at Big Fred.

ACE WOODY  
(to Fred)  
Really?

CANDIE  
He did have eighteen pounds on 'em, but still,  
he still beat his ass to death.

ACE WOODY  
(to Fred)  
You did?

BIG FRED  
Yes, sir.

ACE WOODY  
You let a fella you had eighteen pounds on do  
that to you?

Pointing at Big Fred's face.

Ace gives Cody a slight head nod and Cody SHOOTs Big Fred in the back.

Candie acts out mock frustration.

The remaining three mandingos jump a mile.

CANDIE  
Now why did you do that?

ACE WOODY  
He won his last fight last night.

Ace puts his eyes en the three remaining mandingos.



ACE WOODY  
(to mandingos)

Those of you with exceptional ability will find it ain't so bad here. Those of you who don't possess exceptional ability, will wish you did.

Ace looks up to Cody on his horse.

ACE WOODY  
Run 'em over to the Arena. Git 'em doin' push ups. First one gives out, shoot 'em in the head. The other two, put 'em in a bed. Give 'em tomorrow off, and give 'em a pony to play with.

(to mandingos)  
Welcome to Candyland, boys!

Cody runs the terrified mandingos to the arena.

Candie leans over to Schultz and says;

CANDIE  
We only get about two out of every batch of five fighters we buy. But those two tend to be very lucky.

Ace Woody hops back up on his horse.

CANDIE  
You know Mr.Woody, I'm beginning to think that you don't trust my judgment?

Ace Woody just smiles at his boss, and says;

ACE WOODY  
Oh you know I always trust your judgment, Boss Candie... eventually.

He rides off.

Stephen limps back to the action.

CANDIE  
Ahhh, Stephen my boy, rooms ready?

STEPHEN  
All ready for your guest and his nigger,

Candie shakes his head in mock frustration.

CANDIE  
Stephen, you're incorrigible.  
(to Schultz and  
Django)

Gentlemen, let Stephen show you to your rooms.  
There you can lie down and rest up for a  
couple of hours, Then we'll have some  
lemonade, and I'll show off some of my finer  
specimens.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Splendid.

Django climbs down from his horse.

Candie looks to a black little stable boy of about eight named TIMMY.

CANDIE  
Timmy, boy, go take their horses for 'em. Fix  
'em up at the stable, give 'em a load of oats.

Django hands the boy the reigns.

DJANGO  
That's Fritz, this is Tony. You take good care  
of 'em now.

TIMMY  
Yes, sir.

Django takes an apple out of his saddle bag, and hands it to the boy.

DJANGO  
Once he's in the stable, give 'em 'that.  
He reaches back in the saddle and pulls out another one.

DJANGO  
Give that one to Fritz.

Timmy leads the horses away.

The two visitors start to follow Stephen to their rooms, when  
Dr.Schultz pretends to remember something;

DR.SCHULTZ  
Oh, Monsieur Candie, about that matter about  
the nigger girl we were talking about?

CANDIE  
Nigger girl?

DR.SCHULTZ  
I believe you said she spoke German.

CANDIE

Oh yes, Hildi, what about her?

DR.SCHULTZ

Do you think before the demonstration you could send her around to my room?

CANDIE

I don't see why not.  
(to Stephen)

Stephen, when you get through showing them to their rooms, go fetch Hildi, I want her cleaned up and smellin' nice, and sent over to Dr.Schultz's room.

Stephen has to be the bearer of bad news.

STEPHEN

Actually...Monsieur Candie.... there's somethin' we ain't told you yet.

CANDIE

What?

STEPHEN

Hildi's in The Hot Box.

This gets Django's, Schultz's, and Candie's attention.

CANDIE

What's she doin' there?

STEPHEN

What'cha think she doin' in The Hot Box, she bein' punished.

CANDIE

What she do?

STEPHEN

She ran away again.

CANDIE

Jesus Christ, how many people ran away when I was gone?

STEPHEN

Two.

CANDIE

When did she go?

STEPHEN

Last night. They brought her back this morning.

CANDIE

How bad did Stonesipher's dogs tear her up?

Django's hand falls to the butt of his smoke wagon. If they sicked those dogs on his angel, he's going to just kill all these motherfuckers right now.

STEPHEN

Lucky for her they were busy lookin' for D'Artagnan's ass. Bill and Cody went out lookin' for her and found her. She a little beat up, but she did that to herself. Runnin' through them damn bushes.

Django's hand moves away from his gun.

CANDIE

How long she been in the box?

STEPHEN

What'cha think, all goddamn day! Little fool got ten more days to go.

CANDIE

Take her out.

STEPHEN

(incredulous)

Take her out? Why!

CANDIE

Because I said so, that's why. Hildi is my nigger, Dr.Schultz is my guest. Southern hospitality dictates I make her available to him.

STEPHEN

But Monsieur Candie, she just ran away?

CANDIE

Jesus Christ Stephen, what's the point of havin' a nigger speaks German if you can't wheel 'em out when you have a German guest? I realize it's inconvenient. Still, take her out.

(to Cora and  
Lara Lee)

Lara Lee would you and Cora be responsible for getting her cleaned up and presentable for Dr.Schultz?

The overseers, Tommy Giles and Hoot Peters go to The Hot Box. While Billy Crash goes to the well to draw a bucket of water.

Django watches them walk to The Hot Box.

Dr.Schultz's eyes shift to Django, to watch him watch this.

Stephen notices Django's interest in both The Hot Box and whoever's sizzling in it.

The HOT BOX itself is a large IRON SOLITARY CONFINEMENT CELL DOOR (from Yuma Prison) built into the ground. They put a key in the lock; and the two men lift the heavy iron door open.

REVEALING: A naked Broomhilda broiling in a small coffin like iron box dug into the ground.

Broomhilda reacts to the sudden burst of blinding sunshine.

WHEN.....

Billy Crash TOSSES the bucket of water on her.

Django watches this.

DJANGO'S POV: From his wide shot perspective we see them yank the NAKED BROOMHILDA (incoherent) out of the hole.

REVENGE MUSIC PLAYS as we move into a Sergio Leone CU of DJANGO'S FACE.

Stephen breaks the mood.

STEPHEN  
(to Django)  
You comin', or you wanna sleep in that little box?

Django turns his back on the naked Broomhilda and follows Stephen and Dr.Schultz up the front steps of The Big House.

INT - THE BIG HOUSE - DAY

(66)

Stephen leads the two guests up the big prominent sweeping stairway in the entry way of The Big House.

As Stephen walks up the stairs, he sees a slave girl named VERONICA, and calls out to her;

STEPHEN  
Hey Veronica, come back here.

She stops.

VERONICA

Yes Mr. Stephen?

STEPHEN

What's this I hear about you sittin' on the furniture?

VERONICA

Furniture? Mr. Stephen, I don't know what you talkin' bout -

STEPHEN

Well, a little bird done tole me you had your black butt on the sofa in the cake eating room, that's what I'm talkin' bout.

VERONICA

Mr. Stephen, I don't know what y'all talkin' bout. I don't be sittin' on no furniture, no how.

STEPHEN

You wouldn't lie to me now, would ya?

VERONICA

No sir, no sir.

Django watches this play out. He's seen house niggers pull this shit on slaves his whole life.

STEPHEN

Well, I'm glad to hear that. Cause if I ever catch you sittin' on the furniture, if anybody else ever catches you sittin' on the furniture, your ass is out in the field, you understand what I'm sayin'?

VERONICA

Yes sir.

STEPHEN

Now why don't you go outside and take a good long look at those niggers in that field, and think about how much fun it would be to join 'em.

Veronica looks at the fancy black in the green jacket.

VERONICA

Who's he?

STEPHEN

None of your damn business, that's who. Now git back to doin' whatever it is you was doin', and be sure to curtsey when you go.

The three men move past her, she curtseys three times, and goes down the stairs.

Stephen shows Dr.Schultz his guest room. As he opens the door he says, referring to Veronica;

STEPHEN

(to Schultz)

Nigger gals....they lay all up on the sofa like cats, ya let 'em.

Schultz enters the room and shuts the door behind him. Stephen takes Django to the room next door, opens the door, and leads him inside.

INT - THE BIG HOUSE - DJANGO'S GUEST ROOM - DAY

(67)

A guest room with a big feather bed, and dresser with a flowery pitcher of water and basin on top of it. A little bedside table with a lamp and a tiny bell on it.

STEPHEN

This one's yours, boy. That bed's damn nice too.

Django walks over to the window, parts the curtains and peers out.

Broomhilda's gone. As he looks through the glass, snotty Stephen rattles on in the background.

STEPHEN

Feel free to touch anything you want, 'cause we burnin' all this shit once you gone. I'll have somebody knock on the door when the demonstration is ready.

Django sits down on the bed.

Stephen turns to leave.

DJANGO

Not so fast.

STEPHEN

I got more important things to do than jaw with you.

DJANGO

Nigger, when I say stop you plant roots.

Both the words and the tone stop Stephen dead. He turns around.

DJANGO

This tiny bell on this little table... ....is  
this for you? I ring this, you do fer me?

STEPHEN

Me or somebody.

Django reaches over and picks up the bell.

(a soft) DING-A-LING

STEPHEN

(unamused)

What'cha want?

DJANGO

I want you to pour some water in that bowl for  
my wash up.

Stephen does what he's told, but with attitude.

Django shuts the guest room door so the two men are alone.

Once Stephen's done, Django stands up from the bed.

DJANGO

Gimmie.

Stephen hands him the basin full of water.

Django takes it from him.

Then throws the water in Stephen's face.

The dripping wet old slave can do nothing against this free man.

DJANGO

Whatsamatter Stephen, you don't like that?

Django takes his hand and SLAPS the old man hard across the face,  
knocking him to the floor.

DJANGO

That's my kinda bell ringin'. Git up.

The old man timidly, slowly, and shaky rises off the floor - as soon as  
he does - Django SLAPS HIM TO THE FLOOR again.

Django sits back down on the bed, looking at the old man on the floor  
below his knees.



DJANGO

I've known me House Niggers like you my whole life. Play your dog tricks with your Massa'. Ya' lip off to him every now an' then, as long as ya' keep it funny. He rolls his eyes and puts up with it, and all the white folks think it's so cute. Meanwhile you got all these niggas 'round here hoppin' and jumpin' to stay on your good side. Well this time Snowball, you gonna listen to me. You got anymore sass you wanna sling my way, before they give us a mandingo demonstration, I'm gonna give this whole motherfuckin' plantation a demonstration, of ME beatin' the BLACK off your ass. I will make you drop your drawers, I'll take off my belt, and I will wup' your bare ass with it, in front of every nigga on this plantation. And after I do that, let's see you play the rooster 'round here.

STEPHEN

Calvin wouldn't let you do it.

DJANGO

Oh that's right, he gives you first name privileges....ain't that cute. Sass me again nigger, see what happen'.

Stephen lying on the floor, bites his tongue.

DJANGO

That's 'what I thought. Now git outta here.

With as much dignity as he can muster, Stephen stands up.

Before he leaves, Django tells him;

DJANGO

When I ring this bell. you better come a runnin'. You - not nobody else. While I'm on this property, you my nigger Snowball.

Stephen leaves.

Django lies down on the bed. He covers his eyes with his arm.

A door joins Django and Schultz's rooms. The adjoining door opens, and Schultz is standing there.

DR.SCHULTZ

Was that wise?

Django doesn't remove his arm from his eyes.

DJANGO

He ain't tellin' nobody 'bout that.

That's all that needs to be said.

INT - THE BIG HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

(68)

Lara Lee, Cora, and a traumatized, but cleaned up (she's dressed in a domestic maid uniform) Broomhilda stand outside Dr.Schultz's door.

Dr.Schultz opens the door.

DR.SCHULTZ

Hello ladies.

LARA LEE

Dr.Schultz, may I introduce to you, Hildi.  
Hildi, this is Dr.Schultz. he speaks German.

DR.SCHULTZ

(to Broomhilda)

I've been informed you do as well.

BROOMHILDA

(German)

It would be my pleasure to speak with you in German.

Schultz acts for the benefit of Miss Lara's astonishment.

DR.SCHULTZ

Astonishing.

(in German)

Please come inside Fraulein.

She does, and just as Lara Lee is to say something, Schultz says, "Thank You very much," and closes the door in her face. Miss Lara looks to her Mammy and the two women head off nonplussed.

INT - SCHULTZ'S GUEST ROOM (BIG HOUSE) - NIGHT

(69)

with the door closed, Schultz turns to the weak, frightened, disoriented girl.

He gives her a pleasant smile.

DR.SCHULTZ

They call you Hildi, but your real name is Broomhilda, isn't it?

BROOMHILDA

Yes. How do you know that?

DR.SCHULTZ

Stands to reason who ever taught you German would also give you a German name. Can I pour you a glass of water, Broomhilda?

Hearing her name being spoke properly for the first time in awhile, not to mention with a German accent, does have a bit of a calming influence on the frightened girl.

WE CUT TO DJANGO

on the other side of the adjoining door, listening, waiting for his cue to present himself.

BACK TO BROOMHILDA AND Dr.SCHULTZ

As Dr.Schultz calmly pours the young lady a glass of water, he begins talking to her in GERMAN SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH;

DR.SCHULTZ

(GERMAN)

I'm aware you haven't spoken German in a long while. So I'll talk slowly. I'm only speaking German to you now, Broomhilda, in case Candie's people are listening to us. Myself and a mutual friend of ours, have gone through a lot of trouble, and rode a lot of miles, to find you fraulein - to rescue you.

He hands her a tall clear glass of water.

She looks at him weird, rescue me?

DR.SCHULTZ

(GERMAN)

Please drink.

She absentmindedly obeys.

DR.SCHULTZ

(GERMAN)

Now it's myself and our mutual friend's intention to take you away from here forever.

BROOMHILDA

(GERMAN)

I don't got any friends.

DR.SCHULTZ

(GERMAN)

Yes you do.

BROOMHILDA

(GERMAN)

Who?

DR.SCHULTZ  
(GERMAN)  
I can't tell you. Our mutual friend has a flair for the dramatic; and he wants to surprise you.

BROOMHILDA  
(GERMAN)  
Where is he?

He points at the adjoining door.

DR.SCHULTZ  
(GERMAN)  
Standing right behind that door.

Her head moves in the direction of the door.

He looks to the young woman;

DR.SCHULTZ  
(GERMAN)  
Promise me you won't scream?

She nods her head, yes.

DR.SCHULTZ  
(GERMAN)  
Say, I promise.

BROOMHILDA  
(GERMAN)  
I promise.

Dr.Schultz moves to the door, and lightly raps on it.

The door knob turns.

The door slowly opens revealing.....

Her husband Django, but different, all cowboyed out and cleaned up.

He smiles at her, and says;

DJANGO  
Hey Little Trouble Maker.

Obviously a pet name between them.

Broomhilda goes into a bit of shock.....

.....first she loses strength in her wrist, so the glass tips over, and the water spills on the floor.....

... followed quickly by herself spilling on the floor in a dead faint.  
The two men look at the woman on the floor, then at each other;

DR.SCHULTZ  
You silver tongued devil you.

MONTAGE

WE DISSOLVE to later, as we see Dr.Schultz and Django explain what they're doing there, who they're pretending to be. and what their plan is to Broomhilda. (70)

We hear a woman whistle a soft pretty tune on the soundtrack. It's not a happy tune...per se. But it's pretty, and vaguely optimistic.....

WE DISSOLVE TO The SLAVE PEN

The doomed men who didn't sell at Greenville, brooding Rodney and Chester and Chicken Charly, spend their last night at Candyland sleeping under the stars in The Slave Pen. The same whistling tune continues over this scene. (71)

Rodney sees the whole slave selling and buying group, Django, Dr.Schultz, Candie, Butch, Moguy, Ace Woody, Bill and Cody, and the Overseers, walk across the plantation grounds on their way to The Arena. Laughin' and joshin' all the way. The hatred Rodney feels for that group of men burns inside him like a red hot poker.

A study in powerless fury.

DISSOLVE TO BROOMHILDA lighting the candles in THE CAKE ROOM She's all by herself as she goes through this duty. (72)

The whistling tune we've been listening to has been coming from Broomhilda whistling as she does her chores.

Suddenly out of the darkness of the background appears Stephen.

STEPHEN  
What you whistlin', girl?

Broomhilda stops whistling and spins surprised in Stephen's direction.

STEPHEN  
What was you whistlin'?

BROOMHILDA  
Oh nuttin'.

STEPHEN  
You weren't whistlin' nothin', you were whistlin' somethin'. What'cha whistlin'?

BROOMHILDA

I dunno. Somethin' I heard. I don't know no name.

STEPHEN

It's kinda pretty.

She doesn't say anything in return.

STEPHEN

That was a compliment.

BROOMHILDA

Thank you.

Stephen steps out of the shadows into the light closer to Broomhilda.

STEPHEN

I'm just sayin', two days ago you wus' in such misery here, you hadda run off. So you run off, we catch your ass an' drag you back. Then we stick your bare ass to sizzle in The Hot Box for 'bout ten hours. Now here you are two days later, whistlin' while you work. I'm just sayin', I wouldn't think you'd have a hellva lot to whistle 'bout. ....I m jus' say in'.

He watches the effect his words have on Broomhilda's face.

BROOMHILDA

I'm done here, may I be excused?

STEPHEN

Yes you may.

She moves off to another part of the house.

He watches her shuffle off.

INT - DINING ROOM (BIG HOUSE) - NIGHT

73

Later that evening, Django and a lot of other white people (Calvin Candie, Lara Lee, Moguy and Dr.Schultz) sit around the dinner table. They are being served by the black people we've come to know at Candyland (Stephen, Cora, and because Dr.Schultz likes her, Broomhilda).

Along with an army of DOMESTIC SLAVES acting as wait service.

Knowing Django's a slaver, and for his dinner table privileges, the Domestic Slaves despise Django.

Even Broomhilda will be shocked to hear him speak like a slaver, even though they obviously gave her a heads up on their masquerade.

We pick up the conversation in mid-negotiation.

DR.SCHULTZ

Look Monsieur Candie; they were all fine specimens, no doubt about it. But the best three, by far, were Samson, Goldie, and Eskimo Joe. - By the way, why's he called Eskimo Joe?

CANDIE

Oh you never know how these nigger nicknames get started. His name was Joe...maybe one day he said he was cold...who knows?

DR.SCHULTZ

Irregardless; we all know Samson's your best, and you'll never sell him and I can see why, he's a champion.

CANDIE

All three are champions.

Django contradicts, as he chews his steak;

DJANGO

Samson's the champion. The other two are pretty good.

All the Domestic Slaves around the table STIFFEN at Witnessing Django contradict Calvin Candie.

Including Broomhilda, who's Wielding the Gravy Boat. After Django says that, while in shock, she over pours beef gravy on Lara Lee's mashed potatoes.

LARA LEE

Hildi!

Broomhilda snaps back.

Instead of getting angry, Candie seems to reflect on that analysis, then looks down to see the frosty mint julep by his hand, and his faithful servant next to it.

CANDIE

Stephen, you're amazing. I haven't finished a drink in this house in twenty years.

STEPHEN

When a man likes a cold drink, a man likes a COLD drink.

Chuckle....chuckle....

Candie returns to Django's critique, then issues his own appraisal;

CANDIE

Can Eskimo Joe whip Samson, no. Can he take Goldie, probably not - Goldie's the best dirty fightin' nigger I ever saw. But as long as you don't put 'em against those two, Eskimo Joe will whip any niggers ass.

DJANGO

Maybe.

The Domestics FREEZE for a jerky second when Django says that.

DR.SCHULTZ

You must understand, Monsieur Candie, while admittedly a neophyte in the nigger fight game, I do have a bit of a background in the European traveling circus. Hence, I have big ideas when it comes to presentation. I need something more than just a big nigger. He needs to have panache. A sense of showmanship. I want to be able to bill him as The Black Hercules. I said, and I quote; "I would pay top dollar for the right nigger." Now I'm not saying Eskimo Joe is the wrong nigger - per se..... but is he right as rain.....?

Everyone waits for Calvin's response. He milks the moment by taking a sip of his mint julep, then says;

CANDIE

Dr.Schultz, I will have you know, there is no one in the nigger fight game that appreciates the value of showmanship more than, Monsieur Calvin J. Candie. But one must not forget the most important thing in the nigger fight game.

(beat)

A nigger that can win fights. That should be your first, second, third, fourth, and fifth concern. After you have that, and you know you have that, then, you can start to implement a grande design. In other words, first things first.

Broomhilda comes around with a bowl of string green beans.

Dr.Schultz says something pleasant to her in German.

She smiles, and says something pleasant back.



CANDIE

I see you two gettin' on?

Dr.Schultz breaks into a wide grin;

DR.SCHULTZ

Famously.

(dramatic pause)

Monsieur Candie, you can't imagine what it's like not to hear your native tongue for four years.

CANDIE

Hell, I can't imagine two weeks in Boston.

Everybody at the table chuckles.

DR.SCHULTZ

I can't express the joy I felt conversing in my mother tongue. And Broomhilda is a charming conversation companion.

As Broomhilda holds the bowl of green beans for Moguy, Lara Lee notices how Django and Broomhilda look and try not to look at each other.

Stephen enters the room with a fresh mint julep for Monsieur Candie.

LARA LEE

I don't know doctor, you can lay on all the German sweet talk you want, but it looks like this pony's got big eyes for Django.

Lara Lee has no idea how right she is, but when she said it, all three, Django, Broomhilda; and Schultz; involuntarily jerk.

AND.....

.....STEPHEN sees it.

Schultz covers the jerk with more of his verbal gobbilty gook.

Except for Stephen, no one else was the wiser.

Broomhilda takes her green beans and leaves the dining room for the kitchen.

Stephen watches her go, then looks at Django.

As the white folks chuckle, Stephen moves back into the kitchen.

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INT - STAIRCASE (BIG HOUSE) - NIGHT

Once Stephen exits the dining room his smile melts away, and he locks eyes on Broomhilda. He moves over to her.

STEPHEN  
You know that nigger?

She spins around.

BROOMHILDA  
Who?

STEPHEN  
Don't stall me bitch, you know who?

BROOMHILDA  
At the table? I don't know him.

STEPHEN  
You don't know him?

BROOMHILDA  
No.

STEPHEN  
You wouldn't lie to me now, would you?

She shakes her head, no.

Stephen looks at her skeptical.

STEPHEN  
Okay, if you say so.

BACK TO DINNER TABLE

pick it up again in mid-negotiation.

DJANGO  
Eskimo Joe's a quality nigger, no doubt about it. But if it was my money, I wouldn't pay twelve thousand dollars for him.

DR.SCHULTZ  
What would your price be?

DJANGO  
Well; if I was inclined to be generous, and I don't know why I would be inclined to be generous ....nine thousand...maybe.

Candie's lawyer chimes in.

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MOGUY

But the real question is, not how much he cost, but how much he can earn?

DR.SCHULTZ

Django?

DJANGO

In a years time, seven or eight fights - outside of Mississippi - where his Candyland pedigree weren't well known - Virginia... Georgia - all goes well... twenty to twenty one thousand dollars.

CANDIE

Precisely Bright Boy, good on ya. Any way you cut that cake, that spells profit. Not to mention a years worth of action at the big table in a blood sport with a winner nigger. However let me reclarify how this whole negotiation came about. It wasn't me who came to you to sell a nigger, it was you who approached me to buy one. Now that nine thousand dollar figure Bright Boy was banding about, ain't too far off from right. And if I wanted to sell Eskimo Joe for that, I could sell 'em any day of the week. But, like you said in Greenville doctor, I don't wanna sell 'em. It was only your ridiculous offer of twelve thousand dollars that would make me consider it.

Dr.Schultz considers Calvin Candie's words, then suddenly says;

DR.SCHULTZ

You know Monsieur Candie....you do possess the power of persuasion.

Candie smiles at that remark.

Then SUDDENLY Schultz SLAPS the table hard with his hand, and says;

DR.SCHULTZ

Why not! Monsieur Candie, you have a deal, Eskimo Joe, twelve thousand dollars!

The White people at the table get very happy.

Dr.Schultz continues;

DR.SCHULTZ

However, that is a tremendous amount of money. And the way you have your Mr.Moguy, I have a lawyer, a persnickety man named Tuttle.

And I would need my man to draw up a legal contract before I would feel comfortable exchanging that amount of money for flesh. Not to mention having Eskimo Joe examined by a physician of my choosing. So say I return in about five days time with my Mr.Tuttle. And then my Mr.Tuttle and your Mr.Moguy can hash out the finer points between themselves.

CANDIE

Splendid.

(calling to the kitchen)

Stephen, time for dessert!

Stephen, Cora, Broomhilda, and the other Domestic come out of the kitchen to clear away the dirty dishes.

Broomhilda goes to Calvin.

BROOMHILDA

Can I take away your dishes, Monsieur Candie?

CANDIE

Yes you may, Hildi.

She begins gathering the dirty dishes.

Candie looks up at her as she works.

CANDIE

So Hildi, how you like servin' at the big table in the big house?

BROOMHILDA

I like it a lot Monsieur Candie.

CANDIE

It's a lot better then sizzling in that hot box, or draggin' your ass through a bramble bush, ain't it?

BROOMHILDA

Yes 'em.

With Candie interrogating Broomhilda, Django tenses up.

Stephen clocks this.

Stephen decides to test Django's reaction.

STEPHEN

You know Monsieur Candie, the doctor might be interested in seein' Hildi's "peeled" back.

Seein' as he don't see many niggers where he from.

CANDIE  
(to Schultz)

When you was alone with Hildi here, didja just speak German, or did ya git her clothes off?

DR.SCHULTZ  
We just spoke.

CANDIE  
So you haven't seen her back?

DR.SCHULTZ  
No I haven't.

CANDIE  
Then Stephen's right, you would probably find this interesting. Hildi, take off your dress; and show us your back.

Django hears this.

Broomhilda instinctively shoots a look to Django.

Stephen clocks it.

LARA LEE  
Calvin, I just got her all dressed up and looking nice.

CANDIE  
But Lara Lee, Dr.Schultz is from Dusseldorf, they don't got niggers there. And he's a man of medicine. I'm sure it would fascinate him, the niggers endurance for pain. I mean Hildi got something like four lashes on her back. Lara Lee get one she'd lose her mind. These niggers are tough, no doubt about it.

LARA LEE  
Calvin, we are eating - dessert, no less. Ain't no one wanna see her whipped up back.

Django continues to watching this play out.

Stephen watches him.

Candie folds.

CANDIE  
Okay okay Lara. Maybe after dinner. During the brandies.

Broomhilda - dismissed - takes Calvin's dishes and heads back into the kitchen.

Stephen takes one more look at Django, and follows Broomhilda behind the warming room door.

INT - WARMING ROOM (BIG HOUSE) - NIGHT

In the warming room with the OTHER DOMESTICS, Stephen says to Broomhilda;

STEPHEN

I thought you said you didn't know him?

Broomhilda turns around.

BROOMHILDA

Huh?

Stephen approaches her, the other Domestic get quiet and watch.

STEPHEN

I said, you said, you didn't know him?

BROOMHILDA

I don't.

STEPHEN

Yes you do.

BROOMHILDA

Mister Stephen, I don't.

STEPHEN

Why you lyin' to me?

As tears begin to well in her eyes.

BROOMHILDA

I ain't.

STEPHEN

Why you cryin'?

BROOMHILDA

Because you're scarin' me.

STEPHEN

Why am I scarin' you?

BROOMHILDA

Because you're scary.

Things have become so tense and quiet in the kitchen, that the dinner table conversation begins to bleed inside.

We hear Dr.Schultz in the next room say;

DR.SCHULTZ (OS)  
...to speak German with Hildi this afternoon was positively soul enriching .

Stephen hears this, he's starting to get the idea.

His eyes go to Broomhilda.

STEPHEN  
You, stay right here.

Stephen moves to the kitchen door, swings it open, and watches Dr.Schultz prepare to proposition Candie for Broomhilda. Stephen knows these two jokers (Django and Schultz) are up to something, and now he's just figured it out.

INT - DINNER TABLE (BIG HOUSE) - NIGHT

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DR.SCHULTZ  
You indicated earlier you would be willing to part with Hildi?

CANDIE  
Yes siree bob I did.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Well in that case allow me to propose another proposition?

In full "Ole Jimmie" performance, Stephen BARGES in the room, INTERRUPTING Dr.Schultz.

STEPHEN  
- Monsieur Candie?

CANDIE  
Stephen, you just interrupted Dr.Schultz.

STEPHEN  
(to Dr.Schultz)  
Oh, I do apologize, doctor. My hearin' ain't worth a damn these days.  
(to Candie)  
Monsieur Candie; I need a word with you In the kitchen.

CANDIE  
What, you mean get outta my chair?

STEPHEN

If you could manage it. It's about dessert.

CANDIE

What about dessert?

STEPHEN

I would rather tell you in private.

CANDIE

We're having white cake, what sort of melodrama could be brewing back there?

Stephen bends down and whispers in his ear;

STEPHEN

Meet me in the library.

Well that's a horse of a different color. That means whatever Stephen has to say, hasn't anything to do with white cake. "Meet me in the library" is their secret signal.

CANDIE

Fine friend Stephen; I'll be along momentarily.

Stephen exits.

Candie stands up from his chair and addresses the table.

CANDIE

Well as you can see, talented no doubt as they are in the kitchen, from time to time, adult supervision is required. If you'll excuse me a moment.

Candie exits.

INT - LIBRARY (BIG HOUSE) - NIGHT

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A masculine sanctuary for Calvin Candie. Walls of perfectly bound books. Stuffed animal heads (deer, boar) that he's shot, sit mounted on the walls. There's comfy red leather chairs and a bar in the globe.

When WE CUT TO this room, we cut to Stephen sitting in one of the red leather chairs, drinking a brandy out of a brandy snifter.

Calvin enters the room, sees Stephen sitting in the chair, drinking his brandy, and doesn't bat an eye. It appears; in this room, Calvin's and Stephen's life long friendship exists on a different plane. Outside of outside eyes, in this room, all pretense of master and slave is dropped; and the number one and number two men of Candyland can talk turkey.



CANDIE

What's the matter?

STEPHEN

Those motherfuckers ain't here to buy no mandingos. They want that girl.

CANDIE

What the hell you talkin' about?

STEPHEN

They playin' your ass for a fool, that's what I'm talkin' bout. They ain't here for no muscle bound jimmie, they here for that girl.

CANDIE

What girl, Hildi?

STEPHEN

Yeah, Hildi. The niggers know each other.

CANDIE

He just bought Eskimo Joe.

STEPHEN

Did he give you any money?

CANDIE

Well not yet, but -

STEPHEN

- Then he didn't buy diddly, not yet no how. But he was just about to buy, who he came here to buy, when I interrupted him. Thank you Stephen - you're welcome Calvin.

CANDIE

Where you gettin' all this? Why would they go through all that trouble, to buy a nigger with a chewed up back, ain't worth five hundred dollars?

STEPHEN

Well they're doin' it cause Django's in love with Hildi. She's probably his wife. Now, why that German gives a fuck about who that uppity son-of-a-bitch is in love with, I'm sure I don't know.

CANDIE

If she's who they want, why the whole snake oil pitch about mandingos?

STEPHEN

Because you wouldn't pay no never mind to four hundred dollar. But twelve thousand got you real friendly.

Calvin thinks.....

.....as per usual, Stephen's right.

CANDIE

Those lyin' goddamn time wastin' sonsabitches!  
(louder)  
Sonsabitches! You just watch, I'm gonna fix their wagon but good! Stephen, We gonna have us a Candyland tar and feathering!

STEPHEN

Now Calvin...not that I wouldn't enjoy seein' something like that ....but why don't you sit down and let's talk about this.

CANDIE

I let a god damn nigger and nigger lovin' huckster insinuate themselves at my dinner table, and play this whole goddamn plantation for a fool!

STEPHEN

Calm-the-fuck-down, sit down, and let's discuss this.

A frustrated Calvin finally collapses in the chair.

STEPHEN

Now look, you knew, and I knew; there was something up with these two. We just didn't know what. But now we do. They don't want you to know how bad they want that girl. But these ole boys have rode a whole lotta miles, went to a whole lotta trouble, and done spread a whole lotta bull to get this girl. They must want her mighty bad. Way I see it, ain't nothin' changed. They wanna buy a nigger, you wanna sell a nigger. The only thing done changed is the advantage.

(beat)

Now we got it. So let's go back in there and bust these motherfucker's chops.

INSERT: FIVE HUMAN SKULLS sit in a glass display case in the library. Calvin Candie opens the case, and takes out one skull labeled "BEN."

78a

INSERT: He slips a mean looking HAMMER into the belt on his waist.

SERGIO LEONE CU BUTCH POOCH  
watches Calvin.

Calvin, holding the skull, passes Butch. Butch follows.

CU BROOMHILDA  
A BIG WHITE HAND covers Broomhilda's mouth hard. It's Butch Pooch.

INT - DINING ROOM (BIG HOUSE) - NIGHT

The Dinner Table Guests listen to Lara Lee Candie-Fitzwilly hold Court melodramatically....Till....Calvin Candie enters the-room from the kitchen door.

Lara Lee, oblivious to her brothers change in demeanor, blurts out upon seeing him;

LARA LEE

There you are! I was beginning to think you and that ol' crow ran off together.

He sits down in his chair at the end of the table.

CANDIE

That'd be a hellva note, wouldn't it. Lara Lee, I just looked out the big winda. Ace Woody's out there dealin' with some shady slaver sellin 'a passel of Ponys. Would you be a dear and go out there and give them gals an eyeball. That ol' boy knows everything to know 'bout mandingos, but he don't know diddly 'bout black puddin'.

Lara Lee excuses herself and leaves the room.

Calvin looks down the table at his guests, Dr.Schultz And Django.

The liars who are trying to outfox him and play him for a fool.

He places the HUMAN SKULL on the table.

Dr.Schultz gives a polite giggle.

Django glances at it.

Mr.Moguy thinks, "Oh no, Phrenology lecture again."

DR.SCHULTZ

(chuckle)

Who's your friend?

CANDIE

This is Ben. He's a ole Joe lived around here for a long time, and I mean a long damn time. Ole Ben took care of my daddy, my daddy's daddy, and until he up 'n keeled over one day, he took care of me. Growin' up the son of a huge plantation owner in Mississippi puts a white man in contact with alotta black faces. I lived my whole life here - Candyland - surrounded by black faces. And seeing them everyday, day in, day out, I only had one question...why don't they kill us? In my daddy's day, we had over a hundred and fifty slaves livin' in Shack Village. Eighty of 'em were male. Right out there on that porch, three times a week for fifty years, Stephen would shave my daddy with a straight razor. Now if I was Stephen, I woulda taken that cutthroat razor and cut my daddy's goddamn throat, and I wouldn't taken no fifty years to do it neither. But he never did. Why not?

He points at Ben's skull.

CALVIN

The science of Phrenology tells us there are certain areas of the skull that can determine a individuals character, and a races propensity to either lead or follow. In the skull of the African, the area associated with submissiveness is larger then any human or any other subhuman species on earth. Indians, for example, sub human to be sure, yet neither submissive nor docile. Not only that.

Calvin makes everybody jump, by taking out the hammer and SMASHING the skull on the table.

After everybody calms down from the shock of the skull smashing, Calvin picks up a large piece of skull.

CALVIN

If you examine this piece of skull you will notice three dimples. Now if I was holding the skull of a Galileo or a Isaac Newton those dimples would be found in the area most associated with creativity. But this is the skull of Ole Ben. And in the skull of Ole Ben, unburdened by genius, those three dimples exist in the area of the skull associated with servility. Why are niggers man's contented servant? Why don't niggers rise up and kill the whites?

CALVIN  
(pointing at the skull  
fragment)

These three dimples...that's why.

Then, turning his attention to Django down the table, as he holds the nasty looking hammer in his hand, Candie says;

CALVIN  
Now Bright Boy, I will admit you're pretty clever. But if I took this hammer and bashed in your skull with it you would have the same three dimples in the same place as Ole Ben. And that is why...despite all your lying, and trickery, and monkeyshines...you've failed to fool me.

Then the doors behind Django and Dr.Schultz SUDDENLY SLAM OPEN, and Butch Pooch is standing there with a sawed off shotgun pointed at both the White Man and Black Man's back.

He's backed up by Ace Woody, Dollar Bill, and Jingle Bells Cody.

CANDIE  
Now lay your palms flat on the table top.

They put their palms on the table.

CANDIE  
Now you lift those palms off that turtle shell table top, Mr.Pooch's gonna let loose with both barrels of that sawed off. There's been a lotta lies said around this table tonight...but that...you can believe.

(beat)

Mr.Cody, would you be so kind as to collect the pistols hangin' on those boys hips?

Mr.Cody does. Candie continues to hold court;

CANDIE  
Now where were we? Oh yes, I do believe you were just getting ready to make me a proposition to buy Broomhilda. Right?

DR.SCHULTZ  
Right.

CANDIE  
(yelling)  
Bring out Hildi!

Stephen enters the dining room through the kitchen door, holding; roughly in his grip, Broomhilda. He holds a small Derringer pistol against the side of her head.

Django and Schultz react.

CANDIE

Put her in that chair.

Stephen sits her down in a chair to Calvin's left. He keeps behind her with the barrel of the Derringer pressed against her cheek.

Candie continues.

CANDIE

So Dr.Schultz, in Greenville you yourself said, "for the Right Nigger you'd be willing to pay what some would consider a ridiculous amount." To which, me myself said, "What is your definition of ridiculous?" To which you said, "Twelve thousand dollars."

(beat)

Now it should be quite clear by now I know you're not here to buy no mandingos. Reason y'all came to Candyland, is y'all want Broomhilda. But y'all don't want me to know how much you want 'er. So instead, you waste my time with all this Eskimo Joe horseshit. Now considering you two have ridden a whole lotta miles, went to a whole lotta trouble, and done spread a whole lotta bull, to purchase the lovely lady to my left, it would appear that Broomhilda is, "The Right Nigger." And if y'all wanna leave Candyland with Broomhilda, the price is twelve thousand dollars.

DR.SCHULTZ

I take it you prefer the take it or leave it style of negotiating.

Candie continuing to hold the hammer continues.

CANDIE

Under the laws of Chickasaw County, Broomhilda is my property. And I can do anything with my property I so desire.

He brings the big hammer down hard on the dinner table, making everybody jump.

CANDIE

And if you think my price for this nigger is too steep, what I'm gonna desire to do is, take this hammer and beat her ass to death with it. Right in front of both y'all.

He SMASHES the arm rest of the chair Broomhilda's sitting in.

CANDIE

Then we can all examine the three dimples in Broomhilda's skull.

DR.SCHULTZ

May I lift my hands from the table top in order to remove my billfold?

CANDIE

Yes you may.

Dr.Schultz removes his long brown leather billfold from his gray suit jacket, and says;

DR.SCHULTZ

Easy come, easy go.

He slides the billfold down the table to Candie. The plantation owner takes out the money, does a quick count, then looks down the table at the seated Dr.Schultz, and says;

CANDIE

Pleasure doin' business with you.

TIME CUT

INT - CAKE ROOM (BIG HOUSE) - NIGHT

(80)

INSERT: Calvin signing over Broomhilda's BILL OF SALE.

Moguy signs as a witness.

Broomhilda stands next to Django, and watches her Master sign her freedom papers.

Dr.Schultz sits off by himself. He's very disturbed.

All the white people with Calvin Candie are happy and celebrate Candie's successes. Lara Lee, Ace Woody, Dollar Bill and Cody have joined the celebration.

For an experienced horsetrader, the just concluded transaction is a thing of legend.

He just sold a Pony, with a tore up back, and a runaway "r" burned in her cheek - ain't worth five hundred dollars - for twelve thousand.

Stephen smiles and laughs it up with everybody else.

The Other domestics bring around little plates of white cake, and buzz around pouring coffee for the white people.

Dr.Schultz, sitting by himself, keeps getting disturbing images in his head of D'Artagnan being attacked by the dogs earlier that day.

Butch Pooch eating a plate of white cake, getting the frosting on his mustache, notices Dr.Schultz's Inner turmoil. Even though Dr.Schultz Has done nothing with these people to indicate what a badass he is, at this moment Butch Pooch sees it.

Game finds game.

Dr.Schultz stands up and walks into the library room by himself.

Woody and his boys see this.

Butch Pooch watches this and throws a look to Calvin.

Calvin, just finished with signing the last of Broomhilda's papers, looks up and sees Dr.Schultz walk into his private library.

Dr.Schultz pulls a book down from the shelf and starts leafing through the pages.

All eyes turn to Calvin Candie to get his reaction.

Calvin picks up a plate of white cake and enters the library.

CANDIE  
(to Schultz)  
White cake?

DR.SCHULTZ  
(looking at the book)  
No thank you.

CANDIE  
Are you brooding 'bout me getting the best of ya?

DR.SCHULTZ  
Actually, I was thinking of that poor devil you fed to the dogs today, D'Artagnan. And I was wondering what Dumas would make of all this.



Calvin hands the doctor the two pieces of paper he needs. Broomhilda's bill of sale, and her freedom papers. As he says the following he examines the papers.

CANDIE

Dumas...?

DR.SCHULTZ

Alexander Dumas. He wrote "The Three Musketeers." I figured you must be an admirer. You named your slave after that novel's lead character. If Alexander Dumas had been there today, I wonder what he would of made of it?

CANDIE

You doubt he'd approve?

DR.SCHULTZ

Yes his approval would be a dubious proposition at best.

CANDIE

Soft hearted Frenchy?

DR.SCHULTZ

Alexander Dumas is black.

Schultz puts the papers in his back pocket, looks to his two companions, Django and Broomhilda, and says;

DR.SCHULTZ

We got it, let's go.

(to Candie)

Normally Monsieur Candie, I would say, auf wiedersehen. But since what auf wiedersehen actually means is, "till I see you again," and since I never wish to see you again, to you sir, I say, "goodbye."

Schultz begins to cross the room towards the exit.

When Calvin says to the German's back;

CANDIE

One more moment, Doc!

DR.SCHULTZ

What?

CANDIE

It's a custom here in the South, once a business deal is concluded, for the two parties to shake hands. It implies good faith.

DR.SCHULTZ  
I'm not from the South.

He turns to leave.

CANDIE  
You're in my house, doctor, I'm afraid I must insist.

This turns Schultz around.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Insist what...? That I shake your hand before I leave? Then I'm afraid I must insist in the opposite direction.

Calvin walks closer to the German doctor.

CANDIE  
You know what I think you are?

DR.SCHULTZ  
What you think I am? No I don't.

CANDIE  
I think you are a bad loser.

DR.SCHULTZ  
And I think you're an abysmal winner.

CANDIE  
Nevertheless, here in Chickasaw County a deal ain't done till the two parties have shook hands. Even after all this paper signin', don't mean shit you don't shake my hand.

DR.SCHULTZ  
If I don't shake your hand, you're gonna throw away twelve thousand dollars...? I don't think so.

Schultz looks to Django and Broomhilda.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Let's go.

CANDIE  
Mr.Pooch if she tries to leave here before this German shakes my hand. Cut 'er down.

Schultz looks to Django....then to Candie..

...and then with a smile on his face, and a twinkle in his eye, asks Candie;

DR.SCHULTZ  
You really want me to shake your hand?

Django gets it.

CANDIE  
I insist.

Dr.Schultz smiles.

DR.SCHULTZ  
Well, if you insist.

The German crosses toward Candie, offering him his hand...

Candie offers his hand to Schultz...

The small DERRINGER POPS into Schultz's outstretched hand....

POP!

He SHOOTS CALVIN CANDIE in the heart.

Candie has a look of shock as blood explodes from his heart, and he falls to the floor.

Everybody is stunned.

Schultz looks to Django.

Django looks back.

DR.SCHULTZ  
(to Django)  
I'm sorry. I couldn't resist.

Dr.SCHULTZ is BLOWN APART by BUTCH POOCH'S SAWED OFF SHOTGUN.

The room comes to its sense and attacks Django and Broomhilda.

FADE TO BLACK

We FADE UP FROM BLACK to see:

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The soles of Django's bare feet. A rope is tied around the ankles, and it's obvious he's been strung up, upside down.

INT - BARN - AFTERNOON

The CAMERA moves down his naked body, down his legs (we see his wrists are bound with ropes to his thigh), down his bare buttocks, down his whip scarred back, to the back of his head which hovers just about three inches from the barnyard wooden floor.

Just then head overseer Ace Woody walks in the barn.

Django, slightly swaying to and fro from the rope, looks upside down at Ace Woody, all dressed up in a black suit with a string tie, which makes him look a bit like Wyatt Earp.

ACE WOODY

So y'all bounty hunters, huh?

Django thinks, "How does he know?"

ACE WOODY

I knew there was something fishy 'bout, y'all. We found your wanted posters and book of figures in your saddle bags. I gotta say, ain't never heard of no black bounty hunter before. A black boy paid to kill white men? How did ya like that line of work?

Django retorts, upside down.

DJANGO

Well, it turns out I was a natural.

Ace Woody laughs.

ACE WOODY

Boy, people 'round here are cross wit you.

Ace Woody pulls up a tiny milking stool, and sits down on it, a body length from the hanging man.

ACE WOODY

See Boss Man was a rather beloved figure 'round here. Now he's dead as fried chicken, everyone 'round here blames you.

Ace Woody opens his black suit jacket, we see not only does he wear a gun and holster around his waist, he carries a HUGE BOWIE KNIFE in a shoulder holster. He removes the big blade from its sheath.

ACE WOODY

Yep, Boss Man's gone. Poor Calvin. Poor goddamn Calvin. We're burnin' him in a few hours. At sunset. Should be real pretty. However.... I don't think you're gonna be able to attend.

Ace takes the Bowie Knife and THROWS IT...

...IT LANDS stuck in the wooden barnyard floor, four inches from Django's face.

Ace Woody slowly rises up from the tiny milking stool, and slowly walks the length of the floor between him and Django, pulls the blade out of the floor, and walks back to his stool, and sits back down.

As he does this, he says;

ACE WOODY

Now I understand you didn't really have nuttin' to do wit it. It's that German sunbitch the trouble maker. You just wanted to git your girl, and hightail your nigger asses outta here. Now I appreciate that. But grieving folks 'round here need someone to blame. And I guess they figure if you hadn't brought your black ass 'round here in the first place, Boss Man still be alive. And you know what, they got a point.

He THROWS the knife again...

....this time IT LANDS in the floor two inches from Django's face.

He walks the same path from the knife and back to the tiny stool.

As he does he says;

ACE WOODY

Now when it comes to making a nigger regret the error of his ways, believe me when I tell you, I know every goddamn trick in the book. Now there's a lotta ass busters out there try an' git creative with the way they bust ass. But me....I always found the best methods are, tried and true.

He THROWS the knife again...

Django JERKS his head back.

Ace Woody stands up, walks the floor to the Bowie, yanks it out of the wood, and straightens up, standing right beside the hanging upside down naked black man. Ace talks confidentially to the bound man at his mercy.

ACE WOODY

You know Blackie, here at Candyland, I had me a real sweet deal. These last eleven years training Calvin's mandingos I made me more money I made my whole goddamn life. And no end in sight, neither.

(beat)

Then you came along. Knocked me right off that perch I was sittin' pretty on.

You think Miss Lara gonna be as interested in mandingos as her brother? Uuummmmm....I don't think so. What I think, is you done fucked up my good thang, that's what I think. So when it comes to you, Django boy, you could say I gotta axe to grind.

He grabs a handful of Django's genitals in his fist. He takes his big Bowie, and places the razor sharp BLADE against Django's nut sack.

Django dances at the end of the rope like live bait on a fishing pole.

ACE WOODY

How's the blade of that Bowie feel against your ball sack, Blackie? A Bowie right off the wet stone. Now that's what I call sharp.

Django dances some more.....

ACE WOODY

Yep nigger, I'm gonna snip them nuts.  
(breath)  
On the count of three.

Django screams:

DJANGO

NO!!!!

ACE WOODY

ONE.....

DJANGO

NO DON'T DO IT!!!!

ACE WOODY

Got ta do it, boy. TWO.....

DJANGO

NO!!!!

Just then Stephen appears in the entrance of the barn/blacksmith facility. He's holding Django's clothes in a bundle under his arm.

STEPHEN

Cap't, Miss Lara lookin' for you. She wanna talk about the Old Man's funeral. Oh, and she changed her mind 'bout snippin' Django. She gonna give 'em to the LeQuint Dickey people.

While still keeping a firm grip on Django's junk, Ace Woody says;

ACE WOODY

Well she didn't waste a minute tellin' me.

Ace Woody looks down at Django, both men get over the aborted emotion of what almost happened.

ACE WOODY  
(to Django)  
How disappointing.  
(to Stephen)  
Where she at?

STEPHEN  
She in the big house.

Ace turns to leave, Stephen goes over to a big fiery furnace in the blacksmith barn, and begins poking a LONG POKER which lies buried in the fire.

Django's clothes are dumped by the furnace.

ACE WOODY  
You gonna look after our friend?

As he plays with the poker in the fire, he says;

STEPHEN  
Oh yes sirree Bob, you know I am! Ol' Snowball and a certain naked ass upside down nigger we both know, gonna have us a big ol' chat.

He removes the big black poker from the furnace's fire, its RED HOT END GLOWS ORANGE.

STEPHEN  
Snowball's just makin' sure his talking stick is all nice and FROSTY.

Ace Woody chuckles to himself as he exits the barn.

Just Stephen with a red hot poker, and naked, bound upside-down Django, alone.

With the red hot poker in his hand Snowball approaches the naked hanging Django.

STEPHEN  
I bet you an' that German thought y'all was on easy street for awhile - didn't ya? Y'all track Hildi to the Old Man. You get the idea to go to Greenville - look up the Ole Man there.

(breath)  
That was a good idea. I bet y'all couldn't believe how easy it was. You meet Moguy, he buys your horseshit. Ya' git your ass invited to Candyland, no fuss no muss.

Ya' ride the whole way to the plantation, no one tho wiser. Then ya' ride in to Candyland - ride your goddamn horses right up to the motherfucking Big House.

(beat)

And that's where you met me. And that's when you knew your goose was cooked.

He TOUCHES Django's NIPPLE with the ORANGE HOT TIP of the poker.

Unlike a lot of movie heroes, Django doesn't take torture silently and stoically. This shit fucking hurts, so you best believe he screams his fucking ass off, and twists in agony when he gets touched by the orange tip of that red hot poker.

STEPHEN

Now that fancy talkin' white man of yours didn't know what's what. He still thought his ass hadda chance. But like the One-Eyed Charly you are, you always know the end is near 'fore the white folks.

With the ORANGE HOT poker, he BURNS OFF Django's other NIPPLE.

The smell of burned flesh smokes in the air. Stephen makes a show of breathing it in his nostrils.

STEPHEN

Damn Nigger, you smell good.

He walks behind Django with the poker.

STEPHEN

You know, when you was sittin' on that feather bed in the guest room in the Big House - After you slapped my ass to the floor - You were sayin' something 'bout my BARE BLACK ass, and how you were gonna BUST IT. Remember that, Bright Boy?

He places the HOT ORANGE END OF THE POKER hard against Django's BARE buttocks.

Django SCREAMS!

Stephen LAUGHS.

Stephen walks away and sticks the poker back in the fire. He goes through Django's clothes and pulls out his tan pants. He tosses them on the floor by the hanging man.

STEPHEN

You leavin', that's what you can take with you.



Stephen walks over to the hanging upside-down man, and as he talks to him, he begins fondling Django's genitals.

STEPHEN

Now you were quite the topic of conversation for the last few hours. Seemed like folks never had a bright idea in their life, was comin' up with different ways to kill your ASS. Now most of 'dem ideas involved fuckin wit your fun parts. But while that might SEEM like a good idea. Truth is, once ya snip a niggers nuts, most bleed out. Then I say; "Hells bells, the niggers we send to LeQuint Dickey, got it worse then that." Then, they're, "Let's whip 'em to death," "Throw 'em to the mandingos," "Feed 'em to Stonesipher's dogs." And then I say, "What's so special 'bout that? We do that shit all the time. Hells bells, the niggers we send to LeQuint Dickey got it worse then that.

He stops massaging Django's balls.

STEPHEN

So Miss Lara got the bright idea of givin' your ass to The LeQuint Dickey Mining Company. And as a slave of The LeQuint Dickey Mining Company, hence forth, till the day you die, you will be swinging a sledgehammer, all day, every day, turning big rocks into little rocks. And trust me when I tell you it's gonna be 'bout as much fun as it sounds. We sell 'em the mandingos ain't good for nuttin' no more. Like them three y'all came back with.

Stephen turns to leave.

DJANGO

Where's Broomhilda?

STEPHEN

She's all right for now. Miss Lara soft hearted on 'er. She gave her to Billy Crash. He was sweet on 'er. Now Billy Crash might not look or smell too good, but ain't nobody gonna bother her.

Stephen limps away.

CUT TO:

EXT - CANDYLAND - AFTERNOON

The Caravan coming from The LeQuint Dickey Mining Company comes riding up to the plantation. It comes equipped with one CAGE WAGON (from a prison), ONE white trash PECKAWOOD named FLOYD to drive the wagon, a 2nd white trash PECKAWOOD named ROY to ride lead horse, and a white trash PECKAWOOD named JANO to bring up the rear, riding horses ass, plus a pack horse that carries dynamite for the mine.

The three peckawoods, who all talk with thick Australian accents, have stopped the caravan and are having a pow-wow.

ROY

It's chaos 'round here. Some bastard shot the big boss. Let's git the niggers and git out.

The three mandingos who weren't sold in Greenville, Rodney, Chicken Charly, and Chester are walked to the wagon by overseers Tommy Giles and Broomhilda's new owner Billy Crash. All three slaves carry the bundles of personal belongings they've had since Greenville. Chester wears a hat, and Chicken Charly has a corn cob pipe in his mouth.

The wagon driver, Floyd, approaches them.

FLOYD

You blacks line up.

They do.

FLOYD

What's your names?

CHESTER

Chester.

CHICKEN CHARLY

Chicken Charly.

RODNEY

Rodney.

FLOYD

I'm Floyd, this is Roy, and that's Jano.  
(pointing at Chester's  
bundle)

What's that?

CHESTER

It's my stuff.

FLOYD

Throw it in the dirt.

All three throw their only belongings in the dirt. Floyd takes the hat off of Chester's head and sails it away. As well as ripping the corncob pipe out of Chicken Charly's mouth and tossing it in the dirt.

FLOYD  
(to Chicken Charly)  
You won't be doin' much smokin' mate.  
(to all three)  
You are now the property of The LeQuint Dickey Mining Company. Git in the cage.

This is going to be worse then the three even thought. They climb into the cage wagon. Floyd locks it behind them.

Roy, the head Aussie, pays Billy Crash for the slaves, when we hear Ace Woody call out;

ACE WOODY (OS)  
Hold on, we got another hammer swinger for ya.

Ace Woody comes walking out of the barn with Django, shirtless and barefoot (just like we met him at the beginning of the story), wearing his old tan pants, and his wrists bound by a rope.

ROY  
We don't got him on the manifest.

ACE WOODY  
We got an arraignment with Mr.Dickey to take punishment niggers from time to time.

ROY  
No one tole' me 'bout no arraignment.

ACE WOODY  
Well if Mr.Dickey ain't takin' you into his confidence, I'm sure I don't know why.

ROY  
Look, no one tole' me 'bout -

ACE WOODY  
- No, you look peckawood, this nigger got Boss Candie killed. And we want his ass punished. Now I know you need our bucks. So unless you wanna ride back to the mine, and tell Mr.Dickey how and why you fucked up our nice little business relationship, take this nigger and hush up about it!

Roy pointing his finger at Ace Woody.

ROY  
You lookin' to get knocked in the dirt, mate?

ACE WOODY

One, I can't understand a fuckin' word you say. Two, I ain't your mate, so don't point your fuckin' finger at me.

Floyd breaks up the confrontation.

FLOYD

Alright, alright git in the fuckin' cage! Jesus Christ Roy, fuck this guy, let's get out of here.

Django sees the three mandingos in the cage. They see him too.

Django stops Ace Woody.

DJANGO

Whoa whoa whoa, you can't put me in there with them. They'll kill me. What about all that - turning big rocks into little rocks - shit y'all was talkin' about? I mean that was the idea ain't it? You put me in there with them big ass garboons they kill me on the way. I mean if that's the idea, that's the idea, but I didn't think that was the idea.

Ace thinks; "The nigger's got a point" so he turns to Ray and Floyd.

ACE WOODY

He can't go in there with them.

FLOYD

Why not?

ACE WOODY

They'll kill him.

FLOYD

I don't give a damn.

ACE WOODY

Well we do! He killed the fuckin Boss Man, We want the mine to grind him to gravel!

ROY

Jano, you're ridin' horses ass, you take this black and make sure he keeps up.

JANO

Oh, I'll keep 'em up.

Jano takes the rope tied around Django's wrists and ties the other end around his saddle horn.

The LeQuint Dickey Mining Company caravan leaves Candyland.

Ace Woody watches Django leave.

Wherever Stephen is on the Plantation he watches Django leave.

Wherever Miss Lara is on the Plantation she watches Django leave.

Wherever Butch Pooch is on the Plantation he watches Django leave.

Wherever Broomhilda is on the Plantation she watches Django leave.

EXT - MISSISSIPPI COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

83

The Caravan makes its way down a dirt road in pretty Chickasaw County. Stoic Roy riding lead horse, Floyd driving the cage wagon, Rodney, Chester, and Chicken Charly bouncing around inside the cage wagon, Jano riding horses ass, and Django being led on foot behind him.

DJANGO  
(to Jano)

Hey boy!

Jano ignores him.

DJANGO  
I said, hey white boy!

JANO  
Keep your mouth shut black, you ain't got nothing to say I wanna hear.

DJANGO  
What's he pay you?

JANO  
Who?

DJANGO  
LeQuint Dickey?

JANO  
You gotta few more things to worry about black boy, then what I get paid.

DJANGO  
I ain't worried about it. I'm just curious. I mean, I'm the property of The LeQuint Dickey Mining Company, ain't I?

JANO  
Yeah.

DJANGO

And you work for The LeQuint Dickey Mining Company, dont'cha?

JANO

Yeah?

DJANGO

Well, I know how much I'm gettin' paid, how much you gettin' paid? I mean like for instance, how much you gettin' paid for today?

JANO

Look black, it don't work like that. Dickey paid for our passage from Australia to here. We get a little money to send back home, and pay him back for the boat trip.

DJANGO

How long you been here?

JANO

'bout two years.

DJANGO

And you ain't paid him back yet?

JANO

(defensively)

No, not yet!

DJANGO

(laughs)

You a slave too, peckawood. They just bought your ass for the price of a boat ride. At least they didn't charge us for our boat ride ....ha ha ha ha...

JANO

(yelling)

You shut up!

Jano's hand grabs his riding crop, and he brings it up to strike Django, when the black man says to him;

DJANGO

How'd you like to make eleven thousand dollars?

JANO

What?

Django steps closer to him.

DJANGO

How would you like to make eleven thousand dollars - eleven thousand five hundred, actually?

Roy, in the lead, yells back to Jano;

ROY

Goddamit Jano, stop fuckin with that black, and keep up!

DJANGO

Keep riding, just ride slower.

They move forward, with Django walking beside Jano on his horse.

DJANGO

Back at that plantation Candyland, there was an eleven thousand five hundred dollar fortune just sittin there, and y'all rode right past it.

JANO

You be damned, blackie. We're not bandits.

DJANGO

That's what's nice about this fortune, it's not illegal. You can't steal it, ya gotta earn it.

JANO

If you got something to say, say it.

DJANGO

The eleven thousand five hundred dollar fortune waiting for you back at Candyland, is in the form of a wanted dead or alive bounty on Smitty Bacall and the Smitty Bacall Gang.

JANO

Who the fuck is Smitty Bacall?

DJANGO

Smitty Bacall is the leader of a murdering gang of stagecoach robbers, The Bacall Gang. There's a seven thousand dollar dead or alive bounty on him. And one thousand five hundred dollars for each of his three accomplices, Dandy Michaels. Gerald Nash, and Crazy Craig Koons. And all four of them gentlemen are sittin back there at Candyland...laughin their ass off...cause they just got away with murder.

(beat)

But it don't hafta be that way. You and your mates could get that money.

JANO  
Who pays the money?

DJANGO  
The Court.

JANO  
The Court?

DJANGO  
The Austin Texas Courthouse. Oh, and by the way, the court don't give a damn about how you kill 'em. You can shoot 'em in the back, from up on a hill, in the back of the head, in their sleep - don't matter. Court doesn't care how you do it, just as long as you do it.

JANO  
They pay us to kill 'em?

DJANGO  
No. You kill 'em, and they pay you for the corpse. Get it?

JANO  
I think so....what did these jokers do again?

DJANGO  
Killed innocent people in a stagecoach robbery. I've got the handbill in my pocket.

Django digs into his tan pants and pulls out the folded up Smitty Bacall handbill that Dr.Schultz told him to hang onto for good luck.

He hands it to Jano.

JANO  
What's this?

DJANGO  
I told you, it's the handbill for Smitty Bacall and The Bacall Gang.

Jano looks at the handbill.

DJANGO  
Whatsamatter, can't you read?



JANO

I can read, I just don't have my glasses. I didn't take 'em with me, because I didn't think I'd be doin much readin' on a nigger run.

DJANGO

What about that cowboy fella in the lead?

JANO

Roy?

DJANGO

Can Roy read?

JANO

Look, get it straight black, I can fuckin read. I just don't got my glasses.

CUT TO:

EXT - BEAUTIFUL MISSISSIPPI COUNTRY TABLEAUX AT DUSK

84

The LeQuint Dickey Mining Co. Caravan has stopped, and pulled over to the side of the road.

IN THE CAGE

Rodney, Chicken Charly, and Chester sit in the cage, and watch through the bars this new turn of events without any clear comprehension of what they're watching.

What the three caged men are watching is the three Australian mining company employees and Django, off in the distance (where they can't hear what they're saying), having some sort of a discussion. That includes the still bound by the wrists Django showing the three men a piece of paper.

INSERT: SMITTY BACALL'S WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE HANDBILL

Roy holds it in his hand as he reads and Django talks.

DJANGO

I ain't no goddamn slave. Do I sound like a fuckin slave? I'm a bounty hunter. Yesterday as a free man, I rode into Candyland on a horse with my white German partner, Dr. King Schultz. We'd tracked The Bacall Gang from Texas all the way to Chickasaw County. Found them laying low at Candyland. We went in to get 'em, things went sour. My partner was killed, and Calvin Candie was shot. Everybody there decided to blame me, so here I am.

(to Roy)

You know I'm not on the manifest? All of you know I'm not suppose to be on this trip. But those four men, are still back there. They're still wanted. And that eleven thousand five hundred is still up for grabs. And the last thing they'd expect is y'all ridin back and gittin it.

Django is damn convincing.

ROY

What's your deal? You tell us who they are and we let ya go?

DJANGO

I ain't tellin' who they are. But, you give me a pistol, and a horse, and five hundred dollars of that eleven thousand five hundred, and I'll point 'em out to you.

He's got these greedy sonsabitches right on the hook...he just needs one little push.

DJANGO

Y'all wanna ask somebody if I'm tellin the truth, ask them mandingos. You can't put me in the same cage with them without them kill in me. Why ya think that is? Ask them am I a Candyland slave, or did I ride in there on a horse, with a white man, yesterday?

CUT TO:

ROY AND FLOYD

go to the Cage Wagon to talk with the three mandingos. As they walk, Roy continues to study the handbill.

ROY

(reading aloud)

"Wanted, dead or alive. Smitty Bacall and The Bacall Gang. For murder and stagecoach robbery. Seven thousand dollars for Bacall. One thousand five hundred dollars for each of his gang members." This is a real handbill.

FLOYD

Just because the handbill's real doesn't mean that other bunch of malarky is.

ROY

Why would a nigger slave have a wanted dead or alive handbill in his pocket?

Floyd doesn't have an answer for that one.

ROY  
That black's damn convincing.

They get to The Cage O'Men. Roy startles them with a direct question;

ROY  
(pointing behind him,  
at Django)  
That black ride into Candy land yesterday?

The Caged Men don't know what they're suppose to say.

Roy removes the pistol from his belt, cocks back the hammer and points the barrel at the cage.

ROY  
I'm gonna ask again, and remember I don't like liars. Is he a Candyland slave, or did he ride in with a white man yesterday?

CHESTER  
Yeah. They walked us from the Greenville Auction and he rode on a horse with a white man.

ROY  
This white man, was the black his slave?

RODNEY  
He weren't no slave.

FLOYD  
You sure about that?

RODNEY  
Damn sure.

Roy starts taking the possibility of an eleven thousand dollar windfall seriously.

ROY  
What happened at Candyland?

CHICKEN CHARLY  
Bunch of shootin, master got shot.

ROY  
Who shot 'em?

CHICKEN CHARLY  
The German.

ROY  
And why did he do that?

CHICKEN CHARLY

The nigger and the German were actin as if they were slavers, but they weren't.

ROY

What were they?

RODNEY

Bounty hunters.

Floyd is starting to get convinced.

FLOYD

Goddamn Roy, this could be big.  
(to the Slaves)

Do you know who Smitty Bacall is?

ROY

(barking at Floyd)

They wouldn't go by their outlaw names you idiot!

CUT TO:

Roy and Floyd walk back to Django and Jano.

ROY

Okay black, you gotta deal.

Jano reacts.

DJANGO

I got one more condition.

ROY

What?

DJANGO

When we get there, when the time comes, you let me help you kill 'em.

Roy whips out a big knife, and cuts the rope around Django's wrists.

ROY

(laughing)

You got a deal, black.

Django interrupts -

DJANGO

You gotta deal, mate.

Roy really laughs this time. As does Django and the other two Aussies.

ROY

You're all right for a black fella!

The CAGE

Rodney, Chicken Charly, and Chester watch the sight of the white men cutting the ropes that bound the black man's wrists, as well as them all sharing a laugh, with wonderment. "Who is this Nigger?"

BACK WITH THE LAUGHING QUARTET

ROY

We'll give you that pack horse.

DJANGO

What's them saddle bags filled with?

FLOYD

Dynamite.

DJANGO

I ain't ridin no horse with no goddamn dynamite on his back!

ROY

(chuckle chuckle)

Yeah, I can see why. Jano take those sticks off that horse, and stick 'em in the nigger cage.

Jano does this, lifting two out of four bags filled with dynamite off the pack horse, and walking to the cage wagon, unlocking the cage door, and placing the bags inside. The Black Men in the cage don't like this at all.

Jano removes the last of the dynamite filled saddle bags from Django's horse, throws them over his shoulders, and begins walking back to The Cage Wagon.

Django moves to his new pack horse, and says;

DJANGO

Where's my pistol?

ROY

Floyd, you got that rifle on the wagon, give 'em your gun and your belt.

Floyd unbuckles his gun belt, gun and all, folds it up, and walks over to Django handing it to him. Django accepts it.

About the pistol, Floyd tells Django;

FLOYD

Now don't drop it now. I just had the sights fixed last month, it's perfect.

Django holding the gunbelt in his hand.

DJANGO

That's good to know.

Without taking the pistol out of the gunbelt, DJANGO SHOOT'S FLOYD TWICE in the chest....

Roy turns around...

Django takes the gun out of the holster....

.....BAM...ROY is HIT in the UPPER BRAIN AREA and falls to the grass dead.

Jano goes for the gun on his hip.

Django SHOOTS ONE OF THE SADDLE BAGS over Jano's shoulder... KAHBOOM!!

Jano is BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS.....

The KAHBOOM knocks Django on his ass...

The CAGE WAGON

Rodney, Chester, and Chicken Charlie come down from the shock of the blast. The image outside the bars of their cage is of DUST and SMOKE in the air, obscuring all visibility....

THEN .....

A sudden GUST OF WIND comes and BLOWS all the smoke and dust away, REVEALING in bright color focus....

...DJANGO standing among the two dead Aussies, and whatever is left of Jano.

He's shoeless and shirtless, but Floyd's pistol an' gunbelt sit wrapped around his waist.

He locks eyes with the three men in the cage...

He then moves towards the wagon, and unhooks the mine company beast, and climbs aboard him bareback.

He leans over and snatches the RIFLE that Floyd kept on the wagon seat next to him.

Grabbing a fistful of the horses mane, he digs his heels into the beast's side. The pack animal SPRINGS TO LIFE under the new rider.

By now it should be apparent that Django brings the best out of horses, and horses bring the best out of Django.

From his high horse Django looks down at The Three Caged Men....

.....THEN.....

Using the rifle in a QUICK ONE HANDED MOVE he SHOOTs the lock on the cage door.

He looks at the three men, especially Rodney, then says;

DJANGO  
Throw up that dynamite.

Rodney grabs a saddle bag full of dynamite and tosses it to Django on his Horse.

Django wraps it around the Horse's neck, looks down at the three men in the cage, he throws down the rifle, turns the beast around, and without saying another word, rides back in the direction of Candyland.

The Three NOW FREE Mandingos, watch him ride away.

"Who was that nigger?"

CUT TO

A GORGEOUS BIG SKY, SOUTHERN PURPLE AND ORANGE SUNSET, WE PAN DOWN from the sky and see in small black silhouette the Funeral Procession of Calvin Candie carrying the Coffin of the former Master up the hill on Candyland that leads to the Graveyard.

A WHITE PREACHER walks out in front of the Procession.

Then comes Calvin Candie's Coffin carried by eight pallbearers, Stephen, Moguy, Butch Pooch, Ace Woody, Dollar Bill, Cody, and his best mandingos SAMSON and GOLDIE.

The first mourner in line is Lara Lee dressed in a fancy black dress, wide brim black hat, black veil, and ever present slave girl (Cora) crying at her side.

CORA  
The sky's real pretty Miss Lara. Monsieur Candie think it real nice.

LARA LEE  
Ah, bless you sweet innocent Cora.

WE CROSS CUT WITH SHOTS of Django RIDING THE HORSE on the way back to Candyland. The bare backed black man riding the horse bareback, a fistful of the horses mane in the other, hauling ass against a gorgeous SUNSET SKY, looks

86

like an Indian.

87

INT - TRACKER SHACK

The EIGHT TRACKERS are missing the funeral, hanging out in the bunkhouse wearing their beards. Lex, Chaney, Catfish and Sonny Boy are playing a mountain card game which looks like poker, except the way you get rid of your cards is different. Instead of chips they play with "NIGGER EARS" (yes, the ears of slaves). On a second viewing the audience may notice that some of the slaves at Candyland are missing one ear.

Jake, the biggest, is off by himself, pounding nails into a small delicate BIRDHOUSE he's making.

Peg, sits by herself in her little female section of the bunkhouse. Dressed in her normal buckskin, she lies on her bed looking at pictures in a 3-D VIEWER.

STEW cleans his pistol. The weapon is taken apart and laid out on the table.

Mr. Stonesipher sits naked in a big wood bucket on the floor - washing up.

EXT - WOODS OUTSIDE THE SHACK - NIGHT

88

INSERT: HORSE HOOFS walking then stopping. Django's bare feet jump on the ground.

INT - DOG KENNEL - NIGHT

89

The FOUR DOGS lay out....when, Marsha hears something, and raises her head....

SHIRTLESS DJANGO  
moves quietly through the woods.

MARSHA  
rises to all fours, to listen and smell out in the darkness, her three PALS continue to layout.

DJANGO BY A TREE  
he can see the bunkhouse entrance, the LONG HANDLE AXE buried in the chopping block, the kennel, and the one dog looking his way.

MARSHA

BARK!

The other Three Dogs wake up, and go on alert.



Django disappears.

INT - TRACKER SHACK - NIGHT

90

They hear the barking inside.

MR.STONESIPHER

Jake!

Jake building his birdhouse.

JAKE

Yeah?

MR.STONESIPHER

Check on Marsha.

Jake puts aside his hammer, and rises to check on them (these guys are very sensitive about their dogs).

EXT - TRACKER SHACK

91

As the BARKING gets louder, WE SEE A CLOSE UP of The Axe in the chopping block, and Django's hand REMOVING IT.

JAKE

walks around to the kennel, and he sees Django standing there with the axe.

Just as he reacts....

DJANGO.....THROWS THE AXE...

JAKE.....IT HITS HIM IN THE FACE.

Django climbs to the 2nd floor of the tracker shack.

He looks in the window, nobody there, dark, just their beds. He climbs in the window.

INT - TRACKER SHACK - NIGHT

92

Django can hear them downstairs, playing cards, taking a bath.

DOWNSTAIRS

everything as it was Lex, Chaney, Catfish and Sonny Boy playing cards.

Peg viewing her photos.

Stew cleaning his pistol.

Stonesipher scrubbing up.

Catfish (the older one) puts down his cards.

CATFISH

I gotta go git my tobacco fixins.

He stands up from the table, and goes to the stairs leading to the 2nd floor.

UPSTAIRS

Catfish walks up to the dark sleeping area. He goes to his pipe fixins box...

WHEN...

...Django jumps out of the shadows, grabs the old little man, and SLICES HIS THROAT.

The little man falls to the floor, gurgling, - unable to scream, looking up from the floor at his black executioner. Django keeps this black hand over Catfish's mouth as he dies.

Then from below Django hears;

LEX (OS)

Hurry up Catfish!

SONNY BOY (OS)

Yeah get your ass back down here old man.

Django takes the pistol out of his holster...

..AND...

...WALKS DOWNSTAIRS.

DOWNSTAIRS

as cool spaghetti western music plays Django walks down the stairs, with pistol in his hand. When he gets to the bottom floor, he stands there till the hillbillies notice him.

They do.

These hillbillies aren't strapped with firearms, but all have huge knives on their hip (except naked Stonesipher of course).

We see all their reactions.

Stew starts putting his pistol quickly together.

Mr.Stonesipher in his bucket says;

MR.STONESIPHER

Y'all attack 'em at once, that nigger can't  
git y'all.

Lex lifts up his machete.

LEX

I bet this Jimmie couldn't hit water if he  
fell out of a boat.

Django cocks back the hammer on the pistol.

DJANGO

Come ahead.

They do...ATTACK ALL AT ONCE..

Lex was wrong. Django shoots them all before they cross the distance  
between him and them.

The last one is Stew, who just got his gun together before Django put a  
bullet in his forehead.

EXT - The FUNERAL - NIGHT

93

The Funeral for Calvin Candie is under way. The Preacher reads some  
words over him.

Ace Woody hears the gunfire.

Stephen hears the gunfire.

Butch Pooch hears the gunfire.

So do Dollar Bill and Jingle Bells Cody.

What the fuck is that?

BACK TO SHACK

94

Lex, Stew, Chaney, Sonny Boy, and Peg all hit the floor dead.

Only naked Stonesipher remains....in the tub. And Django has one more  
bullet left.

Django looks down at him.

DJANGO

Attack 'em all at once. That was a good plan,  
general. Stand up.

The naked and wet and terrified Mr.Stonesipher stands.

DJANGO

Now let me see if I can remember your name.  
You're Mr.Stonesipher, aren't you?

The Hillbilly just stares back.

DJANGO

And if I remember correctly you're the man  
thinks it's funny to feed niggers to dogs.

Again the hillbilly doesn't say anything.

DJANGO FIRES the pistol, BLOWING STONESIPHER'S little DICK CLEAN OFF.

He falls to the floor screaming.

Django reholsters his pistol, takes a machete off the wall and bends  
down to the floor to talk to the dickless hillbilly.

DJANGO

Now what I'm gonna do is cut off your fucking  
head. Then I'm gonna stick it in that pot of  
beans back there, and I'm gonna feed it to  
them goddamn dogs.

He brings the machete down on Stonesiphers neck.

TIME CUT

INSERT: Django picking toadstools (poison mushrooms)

INSERT: Using one of the tracker's big knives to chop up the mushrooms  
like a chef.

He takes the poison mushrooms and puts them in the big pot of beans on  
the stove.

Then he takes Mr.Stonesipher's head and sticks it in the pot. It's too  
big to fit comfortably.

He takes it out, puts it on the table.

Takes the machete and CHOPS the head in half.

Picking up half of the head, and putting it in the pot.

EXT - MARSHA'S KENNEL - NIGHT

Django throws the pot of poisoned beans over the top of the kennel.

It lands on the ground with a PLOP.

95

96

97

The Angry Dogs, are nevertheless, still dogs, and greedily scarf up the beans and head.

Django watches them wolf down their ultimate agony with a smile.

DJANGO

You bitches wanna bite on something. Bitch, bite on that.

Django replaces his empty cartridge with a loaded one from Floyd's gun belt.

Climbs back up on the wagon horse, and heads to Candyland.

EXT - FUNERAL - NIGHT

98

The funeral is in full melodramatic bore.

INT - STABLE - BLACKSMITH - NIGHT

99

Django walks inside. He see's little Timmy.

TIMMY

Where you come from?

Django goes straight up to the stall housing Tony and says hello. Tony's happy to see him. Django feeds him an apple he picked along the way for him.

He turns and sees the body of Dr.Schultz lying in a heap.

He looks up and looks at Timmy.

DJANGO

Wanna help me out?

TIMMY

Sure.

DJANGO

My woman, Hildi, is with Billy Crash. You know where his shack is?

TIMMY

Sure do.

DJANGO

You show me?

TIMMY

Will I get in trouble?

DJANGO  
Not by the time I get through killin'  
everybody.

Timmy has never heard a black man talk like that. He believes him.

TIMMY  
I'll show ya.

DJANGO  
Saddle up Fritz and Tony.

Timmy just stares.

DJANGO  
Now, boy!

Timmy hops to work.

Django bends down over the body of Dr.Schultz, he takes Broomhilda's bill of sale and freedom papers out of his back pocket. He also searches for and finds Schultz's hidden DERRINGER, he keeps it in a holster around his ankle.

As Timmy saddles the horses, he asks;

TIMMY  
Do you feel bad for your friend?

Django rises from the body of his friend.

DJANGO  
Yeah, I do.

As Timmy saddles the horses he says;

TIMMY  
I know just how ya feel. I lost a white friend  
once. He drowned in the lake.

Django doesn't correct the difference between Dr.Schultz and a white friend, because there's nothing he could say to Timmy to make him understand.

He goes over to his pile of clothes, which still lie next to the furnace. He puts on his boots. His Green Jacket over his bare chest. And finally his hat.

EXT - THE FUNERAL - NIGHT

The service is over, everybody is hugging each other and holding hands, and beginning to leave.

INT - BILLY CRASH'S SHACK - NIGHT

Billy Crash is in bed fucking Broomhilda. She doesn't wail, she doesn't make any whimpering sounds, but her eyes constantly water.

As Billy's fucking her he says;

BILLY CRASH

It's gonna be real nice 'round here now that 'ol Calvin's gone.

(fucks)

Would you stop your galdarn cryin'!

He stops fucking in frustration.

BROOMHILDA

I can't.

BILLY CRASH

Now girl, I'm tryin' to be nice.

BROOMHILDA

I can't help it! I'm really sad!

He hops off her and yells at her.

BILLY CRASH

Well goddamit, you're a nigger! Life is sad for niggers! Git use to it!

(calming down)

Look you know me, Hildi. I'm an ass buster from way back. But you know I've always been sweet on you. I don't wanna bust your ass. So don't make me! Now I'm gonna go shit. You calm down.

He exits the shack to go to the outhouse, leaving Broomhilda alone.

WE MOVE INTO A CLOSE UP OF BROOMHILDA lying on the bed. She cries for Django, she cries for herself....

....THEN.....

She HEARS an IMPACT SOUND, and a MUFFLED "Oomph" SOUND.

And through the spaces in the wooden planks that act as walls in Billy Crash's shack, she sees a figure fall to the ground.

Then she sees another figure through the wooden planks move towards the front door.

CU BROOMHILDA

Her face, stained with tears, watches the door.

A soft "Knock, Knock" on the door.

BROOMHILDA  
(softly)

Yes?

The VOICE on the other side of the door, says;

DJANGO'S VOICE (OS)  
Hey Little Trouble Maker.

She hops out of bed, and throws open the door.....

THERE HE IS,  
she runs into his arms.

EXT - THE FUNERAL - NIGHT

102

The TWO OLD SLAVE GRAVE DIGGERS are throwing the first shovelfuls of dirt on Monsieur Calvin J. Candie's coffin.

The participants of this ritual, begin to move away from the grave. The funeral is a private affair, just the Candie Family Unit, some of the overseers, and the slaves. No one from town, except the Preacher.

The SLAVE MOURNERS begin to move towards their living area, all saying goodbye to Miss Lara. Miss Lara makes a big show of saying goodbye to them.

A little contingent of the Candie Family unit begin the walk off the hill back to the big house.

EXT - BILLY CRASH'S SHACK - NIGHT

103

Django with Broomhilda. Billy Crash lies dead in the B.G., Stonesipher's Buck Knife buried deep in his chest. He hands Broomhilda her papers.

DJANGO  
Here's your bill of sale, and freedom papers.  
No matter what happens to me, hold on to these  
and get out of the south.

BROOMHILDA  
What's gonna happen to you?

DJANGO  
Ain't nuttin gonna happen to me honey, I'm  
just sayin'. Now go to the stable, little  
Timmy's got our horses saddled. Your horse is  
named Fritz. He's a damn fine horse. Meet me  
around the side of the big house.



BROOMHILDA  
But what about you -

DJANGO  
- Don't worry about me. I'll see you, and the horses, by the big house.

He sends her on her way.

104

EXT - THE TRAIL BACK TO THE BIG HOUSE - NIGHT

The Family unit of The Late Calvin Candie and his sister Lara Lee walk back to The Big House for a drink. The Candie Family Unit consists of:

LARA LEE (unarmed) in her black flowing funeral dress.

CORA (unarmed) her mammy, walks with Miss Lara, holding her hand.

STEPHEN (unarmed) dressed in his fancy black velvet version of his normal House Nigger outfit, walks on the other side of his mistress Miss Lara, holding her other hand.

ACE WOODY (armed with a gun belt around his hip) dressed in his Wyatt Earp like funeral black suit, with the string tie, walks by himself.

LEONIDE MOGUY (unarmed) walks by himself.

DOLLAR BILL and JINGLE BELLS CODY (both armed with guns on their hips) both dressed slightly like cowboy peacocks, walk together.

BUTCH POOCH (armed with a gun on his hip)

and finally,

SAMSON and GOLDIE (unarmed) Calvin Candie's two prized mandingos wearing suits they borrowed from The Big House.

This CANDIE FAMILY UNIT walk to The Big House, and head for the front door.

Broomhilda with Fritz and Tony come along the side of the property by some shed. She sees The Candie Family Unit, all dressed in their darkest finery, walking towards the front steps of The Big House. The woman stops. But the group of enemies aren't looking their way.

The CANDIE FAMILY UNIT moves closer towards the front of The Big House.....with Mr.Moguy leading the way

WHEN.....

The front of The Big House  
EXPLODES!

knocking the Candie Family Unit flat on their collective asses.

BROOMHILDA  
can't believe her eyes.

WOOD - STONE - PLASTER - DIRT - DUST - GLASS - SMOKE - GUNPOWDER hang  
in the air.

The CANDIE FAMILY UNIT  
starts coming to their senses. Nobody was killed, or even seriously  
hurt (unless you count eardrums), just stunned.

As their minds try and grasp with what just happened, their eyes look  
up from the ground, and try and see through the smoke and dust.

The SMOKE and DUST thins a little, and we see inside the smoke the  
mansion has been obliterated, but The Big House front steps remain.

CUE cool MUSIC.

STEPHEN sees something in the smoke, squints.

ACE WOODY sees something in the smoke, squints.

DOLLAR BILL and CODY see something in the smoke, squint.

In the SMOKE and DUST we begin to see a FIGURE, walking towards them.

ACE WOODY squints at the FIGURE.

MOGUY sees the FIGURE.

CORA attending to Miss Lara sees the FIGURE, then MISS LARA sees it.

The FIGURE moves further out of the SMOKE and DUST.

ACE WOODY, on the ground, his hands starts to move towards the gun  
around his waist.

Then he sees The FIGURE is carrying something in his left  
hand.....it's Floyd's rifle, he raises it, and points it at Ace.

ACE WOODY's hand moves away from his gun.

The FIGURE steps out of the SMOKE. It's Django dressed in his DJANGO  
OUTFIT.

STEPHEN, ACE WOODY, MOGUY, LARA LEE, BUTCH POOCH, CORA, DOLLAR BILL and  
JINGLE BELLS CODY, SAMSON or GOLDIE...Nobody can believe Django's  
standing there.

He stands at the top of the front steps of The Big House, looking down at The Candie Family Unit, all lying on the front lawn, rifle held casually in his left hand. His right hand held casually by the gun on his hip.

THE CANDIE FAMILY UNIT

all on their ass in the grass, look up at Django with a mixture of Wonder, Fear, and Hate.

WE MOVE INTO A ROMANTIC CLOSE UP OF BROOMHILDA as she watches this.

As DJANGO looks out at the ten stunned enemies spread out on The Big House front lawn, and as they look back from the grass at him.

The black man in the cool green jacket says;

DJANGO

I bet I know what you're thinkin', Ace Woody? You're thinkin', why didn't I cut off that niggers nuts when I had the chance? Right?

ACE WOODY

I guess I shoulda'.

DJANGO

Yes you should of.

He points the rifle at the people spread out on the grass.

DJANGO

Everybody stand up!

It's now Django who gives the orders. They stand up quickly.

Django, with the rifle pointing at them, just looks at The Candie Family Unit. Enjoying their collective hatred.

THEN...

He tosses the rifle away.

Then moves his right hand by his gun belt in his holster, as he takes a SHOWDOWN STANCE.

EVERYBODY realizes DJANGO's intentions.

Even BROOMHILDA.

DJANGO looks down from his position at the top of The Big House steps at the ten people, and says;

DJANGO

All black folks, take ten steps away from the white folks.

DJANGO's eyes go to STEPHEN, who looks back at him.

DJANGO

Not you Stephen. You're right where you belong.

The Black Folks, Cora, Samson and Goldie, begin taking ten steps away from the White Folks and the gunfight.

LARA LEE can't believe Cora's leaving her.

CORA

I'm sorry Miss Lara, but I never did nuttin' to that nigger.

DJANGO

(to everybody)

Somebody give Miss Lara and Stephen a gun.

DOLLAR BILL gives LARA LEE one of his two guns.

DOLLAR BILL

(to Django)

Can I at least cock it for her?

DJANGO

Yep.

DOLLAR BILL cocks back the hammer of the peacemaker, and puts it in her hand, and points it towards the ground.

DOLLAR BILL

(to Lara Lee)

Okay Miss Lara, keep it pointed down till the shootin' starts. Then bring it up as fast as you can.

LARA LEE CANDIE-FITZWILLY can't come to grips with what she's in the middle of, who she's facing, what's in her hand, or what's about to happen.

JINGLE BELLS CODY gives STEPHEN one of his two guns.

The old man takes the huge looking weapon.

DJANGO

(to the six)

Make your play hillbillys.

The MUSIC SWELLS.

EVERYBODY, except for LARA LEE is READY:

DJANGO	ACE WOODY
STEPHEN	MOGUY
DOLLAR BILL	CODY
LARA LEE	BUTCH POOCH

The PEOPLE watching on the side:

SAMSON	BROOMHILDA
GOLDIE	CORA

EVERYONE'S ready, but no one wants to start this party TILL....

ACE WOODY starts to go for the gun in his holster.

But it's no contest.

As soon as Django saw any movement from the six in front of him, Floyd's Pistol was QUICKSILVER FAST in his right hand, as his left hand FANNED the Pistols Hammer, SHOOTING INSTANTLY all five White People (and Stephen) standing in front of him.

They all fall to the grass in different ways...

It was never any contest, they and WE (the audience) just didn't know HOW GOOD DJANGO was.

FLASH ON

DJANGO showing off his incredible FAST DRAW and ACCURATE MARKSMANSHIP to Dr.Schultz. (105)

DR.SCHULTZ  
(smiling)

You know what they're going to call you, my boy? "The fastest gun in the South."

BACK TO SHOWDOWN (106)

DJANGO stands on the top steps of what's left of The Big House, looking down at The Candie Family Unit, who all lay dead or dying on the Candyland front lawn.

The WITNESSES can't fathom what they just witnessed.

All the CANDIE FAMILY UNIT lies on the grass SHOT. But some are still alive.

WE HEAR MOANING coming from MISS LARA and CODY. WE HEAR SCREAMING and AGONY coming from MOGUY.

DJANGO sees this.

The black man replaces the empty cylinder in Floyd's pistol, with a full one in Floyd's gun belt.

He looks across the grass at Broomhilda watching him on Fritz.

He winks at her.

He crosses the lawn moving towards Broomhilda and Timmy.

He puts a quick bullet in Miss Lara lying on the ground.

Her moaning stops.

He puts a quick bullet in the fallen Jingle Bells Cody.

His moaning stops.

Then Django does a quick spin, FIRING and HITTING MOGUY behind him.

MOGUY gives one final CRY and dies.

The LAWN is SILENT.

DJANGO'S PISTOL goes back in its holster.

He heads over to where Broomhilda waits for him with Fritz and Tony.

As he walks up to Broomhilda, he says;

DJANGO  
Hey Little Trouble Maker.

BROOMHILDA  
Hey Big Trouble Maker.

DJANGO climbs aboard TONY.

He makes Tony do a few tricks to SHOW OFF in front of Broomhilda.

She giggles. Then he says to her;

DJANGO  
I tole' you ain't nuttin' gonna happen to me.

BROOMHILDA  
Yes you did.

DJANGO  
Girl, you're gonna hafta start trustin' me.

BROOMHILDA  
I'll keep that in mind.

He looks to Broomhilda on Fritz.

DJANGO  
You gonna hafta keep up, ya know?

BROOMHILDA  
You won't wait for me.

DJANGO  
Better not.

BROOMHILDA  
You won't.

DJANGO  
(smiling)  
Better not.

BROOMHILDA  
(smiling)  
You won't.

They kiss.

Then astride Tony, Django leaves Candyland having rescued his Broomhilda from her Mountain, her Ring of Hellfire, and all her Dragons.

WRITTEN and DIRECTED

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