

"DJANGO
UNCHAINED"

Written
and
directed
by

Quentin Tarantino

Last Draft
April 26th
2011

EXT - COUNTRYSIDE - BROILING HOT DAY

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.

AS The CREDITS play, DJANGO has a SPAGHETTI WESTERN FLASHBACK. Now Spaghetti Western Flashbacks are never pretty, it's usually the time in the film when the lead character thinks back to the most painful memory inflicted on him or his loved ones from evil characters from his past. In this instance we see Django in a SLAVE PEN at the Greenville Auction.

DJANGO

amongst many other shoulders and heads, sees through the bars of the cell door, his wife BROOMHILDA being led to the auction block. He fights his way to the door, and far off and obscure in the distance, he can see Broomhilda up on the auction block, and in the distance he hears the Auctioneer yell; "Sold." Then she's taken away to whereabouts unknown, never to be seen again.

As the sun continues to beat down on Django's head, he remembers;

DJANGO in the SLAVE PEN

with what seems like a one hundred and fifty Slaves in a cell designed for forty.

WHITE MEN yank him out of the cell, shirtless, shoeless, and lead him down a hallway, into a giant round pen, an audience viewing area circles the round pen floor on three different stories of the structure.

The ground floor is covered by the BIG MONEY BUYERS who stand in front of the auction block.

DJANGO

is moved into a line of SLAVES (The Black Men), and their MASTERS (their White Owners), and their SELLERS (the White Man actually doing the sales pitch on the auction block), as they wait for their turn on the block.

A SLAVE (ROBBIE), stand on the auction block in view of the room full of Buyers, The SELLER sells, and the OWNERS stand off to the side.

DJANGO

takes in the environment around him. Django has never cared for white folks, but these white folks are in particularly ugly.

It's DJANGO's turn ON THE AUCTION BLOCK

as the THEME SONG wails its tragic crescendo, Django is brought up on the auction block. He looks down at all the WHITE PEOPLE who want to buy Niggers, who look up to him.

His heart fills with poison.

BACK TO 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

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 SPEC
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

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

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 - MORNING TEXAS LANDSCAPE - SUNRISE

The DAWN BREAKS on a western landscape. The two men ride their horses
silently, horse hooves CLIP-CLOPPING among the rocks. Django wears
Specks winter coat, with one of Dr.Schultz's white button down dress
shirts underneath it. As they ride through the picturesque scene...
Dr.Schultz breaks the silence.

Dr.SCHULTZ

So, Django, what do you intend to name him?

DJANGO

Who?

Dr.SCHULTZ

Your horse?

DJANGO

What horse?

Dr.SCHULTZ

The horse you're riding.

DJANGO

This ain't my horse.

Dr.SCHULTZ

Yes it is.

DJANGO

No it ain't, it's your horse. I'm just riding
it.

Dr.SCHULTZ

Well, technically, yes - Wait a minute -
technically not. If it's my horse, I can
give it to you, and as of now, I'm doing such.
Django, you're now the proud owner of a horse,
congratulations.

DJANGO

I can't feed no horse. I can't put no horse
up in no stable.

Dr.SCHULTZ
(frustrated)

Don't worry about all that!

They ride a bit longer in silence...the good doctor composes himself...
then says with a smile;

Dr.SCHULTZ

So....now that that's settled....what do you
intend to name it? Half the fun of having
a horse is choosing his name. For instance
my steed is named Fritz. He's stubborn,
ornery, and prone to a bad disposition, but I
couldn't do without him.

(he pats Fritz's neck)

Anyway, the name of one's steed, isn't
something one does lightly. So once you've
thought about it for awhile -

DJANGO

- Tony.

Dr.SCHULTZ

- Tony what?

DJANGO

- I dunno, Tony the horse.

Dr.SCHULTZ

Oh, you mean you want to name your horse
Tony?

DJANGO

Yeah. That's what you jus' asked me, right?

Dr.SCHULTZ

When you're right you're right, indeed I did.
Why Tony?

DJANGO

I gotta tell ya? You didn't tell me I gotta
tell ya.

As they continue to converse, they start heading downhill toward a
western town. They pass by a sign that says; "WELCOME TO DAUGHTREY,
TEXAS"

Dr.SCHULTZ

Well I'm naturally curious, of course, but there's no reason you MUST tell me. In fact an air of mystery adds a dash of panache to any steed. And I do believe Tony wears it well. Good job Django, well done.

EXT - THE WESTERN TOWN OF DAUGHTREY - MORNING

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.

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

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.

Dr.SCHULTZ (CONT'D)

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

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

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

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!

Dr.SCHULTZ
(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

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.

Dr.SCHULTZ (CONT'D)

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

Django and Dr.Schultz, who by now have ridden quite a few miles together, ride their horses in the Tennessee countryside, 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.

But then Schultz seems to get second thoughts.

Dr.SCHULTZ

Still, seventy-five dollars in your back pocket is a pretty nice grub steak, but it's not going to get you very far in Greenville. Not to mention a slave auction town in Mississippi isn't the safest place you could visit. Free or not.

DJANGO

I'll have my freedom papers.

Dr.SCHULTZ

Yes you will. But say you show them to some rascals, and they take them from you and tear them up?

DJANGO

They could do that?

Dr.SCHULTZ

I'm not saying they would, but they could.

DJANGO

They do that I'll kill 'em.

Dr.SCHULTZ

Great! Now you get hung for killin' a white man. The point being is the place is just too dangerous for you.

DJANGO

Well I gotta go, when do I go?

Dr.SCHULTZ

When you get more dangerous.

EXT - CHATTANOOGA - DAY

Muddy and wet big city Chattanooga. We're in the back of a STORE that sells SERVANT/HOUSE NIGGER UNIFORMS. Django comes bursting out of the stores back door. He's very distressed. One glance at the outfit he's wearing explains the distress.

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.

Dr.Schultz comes trailing after him.

Dr.SCHULTZ

Django, you have to, it's part of "The Act". You're playing a character. Your character is The Valet. This is what The Valet wears. Remember what I told you. During the act, you can never break character.

CUT TO

EXT - BENNETT MANOR - DAY

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. Django leads a riderless horse, behind him and Tony.

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 lead 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

Absolutely. Betina!

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

BETINA

Yes sir, Big Daddy?

SPENCER

(to Schultz)

What's your Jimmies name again?

Dr.SCHULTZ

Django.

SPENCER

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

Understood, Schultz. Betina?

BETINA

Yes, sir?

SPENCER

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

Ya want I should treat 'em like white folks?

SPENCER

No that's not what I said.

BETINA

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

SPENCER

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

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

EXT - ANOTHER PART OF BENNETT MANOR - DAY

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 baby 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

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 look of these black angels, my sources weren't wrong.

SPENCER

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

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 Shaffer's?

DJANGO

Maybe? Three brother?

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 a 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, 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.

BACK TO DJANGO AND THE SPYGLASS

he lowers the glass.

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.

FLASH ON
A memory from The Carrucan Plantation; The Brittle Brothers giving his
wife Broomhilda, a peelin'.

PEELIN' : A punishment by bullwhip, across the back.

LITTLE RAJ makes a line in the dirt with the heel of his boot.
Making Django stand behind it, as he watches his wife being whipped.

BIG JOHN BRITTLE SLASHES the beauty of Broomhilda's back with his
BULLWHIP.

DJANGO, keeping behind the line, begs Big John for mercy.

DJANGO

Please Big John, she won't do it no more!
She's real sorry!

The WHIP RIPS her back.

DJANGO

(screaming)

Goddamit, Big John!

LITTLE RAJ

Whoa nigger, calm down, keep it funny.

Django gets on his knees, and on behalf of Broomhilda, begs Big John Brittle with everything he has.

BACK TO DJANGO

crossing the lawn towards The Brittle Brothers, like an express train.

FLASH ON

Big John Brittle standing over him, bullwhip in hand, saying to the kneeling Django;

BIG JOHN BRITTLE

I like the way you beg, boy.

EXT - STABLE - DAY

Little Raj Brittle, ties LITTLE JODY, a petite slave girl (eighteen) 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.

ROGER goes and sits on a old wagon wheel to watch the whippin'.

BIG JOHN BRITTLE

Now Jody quit your caterwaulin'. You know yourself it's for your own good. Niggers are clumsy. You'd 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.

BACK TO DJANGO

As Django in his powder blue satin suit hurries across the grass to Little Jody and The Brittle Brothers, he collects eight little friends who happily run along with the fast walking man. EIGHT LITTLE FRENCH BULLDOGS who bark, yelp, snort and breath at his heels. Django pays the little dogs no nevermind.

BACK TO BIG JOHN BRITTLE

In position to take the skin off of 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 see's DJANGO, dressed in his powder blue satin Little Lord Flauntleroy outfit, surrounded by his pack of little French Bulldogs.

LITTLE JODY on her knees, tied to the dead tree stump, looks up see's the same thing in the mirror.

LITTLE RAJ looks to his left at the sounds of the voice.

BIG JOHN turns toward Django, who he still doesn't recognize.

DJANGO just stares back.

BIG JOHN 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 TINY GUN into his hand, and he FIRES a tiny bullet smack dab into BIG JOHN'S MERCILESS HEART.

BIG JOHN 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.

The Bulldogs scatter at the sound of the BANG.

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 Roger's pistol off the ground, and empties it (FIVE SHOTS) into Roger.

To say the slaves are flabbergasted, is a understatement.

Dr.Schultz rides his horse up quickly, rifle in his hand. He sees Django, and the 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 WINCHESTER
goes to his eye, he follows the rider with his rifle barrel.

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 brush.

RED BLOOD splashes on WHITE COTTON.

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

Spencer Bennett (with his Winchester), his SONS and his OVERSEERS, and some HOUSE NIGGERS come around like a angry mob.

The German tosses his rifle in the dirt, and raises his hands.

Django does the same with his pistol.

Dr.Schultz addresses the ANGRY MOB.

Dr.SCHULTZ

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

SPENCER

Just who the hell are 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 a 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 Winchester over his shoulder, Bennett reaches for the paper.

SPENCER

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 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?

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 man start to ride out, when Spencer "Big Daddy" Bennett, steps in their way for one final threat.

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.

EXT - A TENNESSEE LAKE - NIGHT

INSERT: Dr.Schultz's SADDLE BAG, the doctor's hands remove THREE STICKS OF DYNAMITE from it.

INSERT: The doctor's HANDS bind the Three Sticks of Dynamite together.

INSERT: The Three Sticks are WRAPPED UP in a BRIGHT YELLOW BANDANA.

INSERT: The Yellow Dynamite Sticks, are buried in dirt about half way, with the yellow part protruding from out of the ground.

CUT TO.

CU SPENCER BENNETT
lying on his belly in the grass.

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 SIX OTHER RIFLE CARING MEN observing the camp, from over a grade.

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

Where about TWENTY-FOUR REGULATORS are waiting for them 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.

BRADSHAW
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 you own goddamn masks!

SPENCER
(to Willard)
Look nobody's saying they don't appreciate
what Jenny did.

REDFISH
Well if all I hadda do was cut a bag, I
could cut it better then 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?

TERRY
No, no one brought a extra bag!

RANDY
I'm just asking.

DOUG
Do we hafta wear 'em when we ride?

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

Redfish, fatter then some (but not all), takes off his bag.

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

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

O.B.
But Willards riding off.

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

TERRY
But nobody can see.

SPENCER
So?

TERRY
So, it would be nice to see.

SPENCER
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

The THIRTY 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.

SCOPE SIGHT POV
The Yellow covered STICKS OF DYNAMITE protruding from the ground, are inside the scope sight circle, Horse hooves step around it.

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

Dr.SCHULTZ
Auf wiedersehen.

He fires.

The Camp EXPLODES Blowing Horses and Riders Apart.

Dr.Schultz and Django lift up repeating rifles.

Dr.SCHULTZ
Let 'em have it!

DJANGO
I can't see nothin'.

Dr.SCHULTZ
Just fire into the smoke.

The two treetop killers let loose with rifle fire.

INSIDE OF THE SMOKE
pandemonium reigns. Horses and Men trip over bodies and pieces of bodies, of horses and men. Men with legs and arms blown off, yell bloody murder, hurt and scared Horses cry. Some struggle to get the sacks off their heads, while scared horses dance and buck in panic. Some are shot by the rifle fire. The rest of the men not blown up, and still on horseback, between the sacks and the smoke, still can't see worth a damn. And Men and Horses collide with one another, which causes more bucking and riders falling. 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
Like that, huh?

Referring to the scope sight rifle;

DJANGO
I like.

Dr.SCHULTZ
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.

MONTAGE
Dr.Schultz in a big city, buying Django a new saddle. Django gets his first initial "D" etched into it. The men go to different stores to purchase Django's wardrobe. The outfit bought, is selected by Django, with suggestions offered by Schultz. When he's done, Django looks damn handsome in his new duds. Brown cowboy boots, Green Corduroy Jacket, Smokey Grey Shirt, Tan Skin Tight Pants, and Light Brown Cowboy Hat. He looks a bit like Elvis in "Flaming Star" and a Little Joe Cartwright on "Bonanza". However, tellingly, he keeps Ace Speck's Winter Coat as his winter coat.

EXT - COUNTRY MEADOW - PRETTY DAY

Django, sitting on his new saddle, in his new duds, rides alongside the good doctor Schultz. The German carries a PICNIC BASKET.

Dr.SCHULTZ

But I'm serious son, Greenville is just too dangerous for you to go fucking around there. You're a freed slave, you should be in New York. You shouldn't be in Greenville, you shouldn't even be forty miles on any side of Greenville. You shouldn't be anywhere in Mississippi.

DJANGO

She's my wife, it's my job to look after her. If Greenville's where I gotta go to find out where she went, then I gotta go. Now you were sayin' where I gotta go first?

Dr.SCHULTZ

There should be some sort of records office. You know when she was sold, you know where she came from, The Carrucan Plantation, 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
To say the least.
(stopping the horse)
This looks like a very pretty place to have
our picnic. What'd ya say, here?

TIME CUT

EXT - PICNIC IN COUNTRY MEADOW - PRETTY DAY

The two men sit on a blanket with a nice picnic spread spread out.
Django eats a cucumber sandwich with the crust cut off, and drinks a
cup of tea.

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

Phew, 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.

Dr.SCHULTZ (CON'T)
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.

What follows is a MONTAGE covering the five months that Django and Schultz partner up as bounty hunters. Schultz wears his normal ensemble. Django wears his cool looking Green Jacket, unless it's really cold, which a lot of this Montage is. Then he still wears Ace Specks raw hide winter coat over his cool clothes.

WE SEE

A SCENE to be improvised (more or less), where Dr.Schultz teaches Django how to draw and shoot the pistol in the holster at his hip. By the end of the scene, after trial and error, we see Django's going to be good at this.

EXT - HILLSIDE - SUNNY DAY

We see Django and Dr.Schultz walking up a hill. Tony and Fritz have been left tied up downhill. Django leads a extra body HORSE (named PONCHO) behind him. 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 SHOOTS.

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.

EXT - SNOWY FOREST - NIGHT

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

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!

He DRAWS.....

Shoots the left coal eye.

He DRAWS.....

Shoots the right coal eye.

He DRAWS.....

Shoots the carrot nose.

Dr.Schultz comes up behind him.

Dr.SCHULTZ

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

EXT - SNOWY FOREST - DIFFERENT NIGHT

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

DJANGO AND SCHULTZ

up in a tree, FIRING DOWN ON them.

EXT - WINTER MOUNTAIN TOWN MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The FLAKES continue to FALL HARD as Dr.Schultz and Django ride down the main street of town, 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'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The snow encrusted bounty hunters come inside the lawmans office. They exchange pleasantries about the weather as the Sheriff pours them coffee. After the two frosty gentlemen have drunk some of the hot liquid, they get down to business. As Schultz and Gus discuss the bounties, Django reads the handbills aloud from off the wall. On the third one he reads, WARREN VANDERS, and a two thousand dollar bounty, "That one", Schultz says.

Django RIPS IT off the wall.

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

EXT - PRETTY MEADOW - DAY

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

....by Schultz throwing FIVE COINS in the air.....

DJANGO DRAWS FAST shoots three coins, FIRES again hitting another, then falls to the ground to get the fifth.

He looks up from the ground at Schultz.

As Schultz collects the coins off the ground, he says;

Dr.SCHULTZ
You're pretty confident aren't you?

Django nods his head, yes.

Dr.SCHULTZ
You have reason to be.

He holds out his fist, opens his hand, the coins lay in his palm. All the coins have bullet holes dead in their center. He drops them on top of Django.

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

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.

Django sees the towns railroad depot, and across from it a huge SLAVE PEN, like a STEER CORRAL. At the moment there's no train in the depot.

WE FLASH ON

The TRAIN, at a earlier time, pulling into the depot.

INSIDE ONE OF THE BOXCARS

amidst a boxcar full of shirtless BLACK MALES, Django watches the train pull into the station, from inside the wooden slates of the boxcar.

A hatch in the roof of the boxcar is NOISILY YANKED OPEN, and TWO WHITE SLAVE TRADERS (RUSS AND JUDD), peer down at their human cargo.

JUDD

Good god almighty these niggers stink!

RUSS
Niggers stink, where's the shock?
(to the Slaves
below)

Okay you bucks, listen up, and listen well, I'm only gonna say this once. There's a slave corral right across from this boxcar. We gittin ready to open these doors. When we do, y'all run as fast as you can, right into that pen. Anyone gittin off trail, gonna get hurt and hurt bad. Now you niggers better comprehend. And that goes for any African garboons amongst y'all can't understand english.....your American buddies better shove your ass in the right direction, or your trip to this country is going to be short, and pointless. Train to pen as fast as you can!

The boxcar door is slid open, and a HUNDRED AND FIFTY BLACK MALES run full out from the train to the steer corral.

We spot Django during the running.

Once inside the corral, the gate is closed.

COWBOYS with rifles act as prison guards.

INSIDE THE CORRAL
through the wooden posts, in the distance, Django watches them open up the boxcar holding the females. They do their run to their pen out of view.

Django catches a quick glimpse of Broomhilda running with the other LADIES, then she's gone from view.

BACK TO DJANGO (PRESENT)

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.

CUT TO

INT - RECORDS OFFICE - DAY

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.

BLACK TITLE CARD:

BROOMHILDA

INT - SLAVE PEN - DAY

The same shot we saw before of Django fighting his way to the bars of the slave pen, to get a better last look of Broomhilda.

Broomhilda, as before is walked by in the distance.

Then, as before Django loses sight of her.

EXT - MAIN STREET - GREENVILLE - DAY

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.

Among the ugly white men we see Mr.HARMONY (MIKE), not quite as ugly as the rest. An older well dressed, classy gentleman. Next to him is his twenty four year old overweight awkward son SCOTTY HARMONY.

Scotty in the audience, and Broomhilda on the wagon, THEIR EYES MEET, he nudges his dad.

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

Some of the crowd, including Scotty, react with repulsion at 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.

UGLIER BY FAR GUY
makes leap frog big bid.

BROOMHILDA
reacts.

BIG GREASY FAT GUY
makes a bid.

BIG FAT GREASY BEAVER PELT COVERED TRAPPER
makes a bid.

A GIGGLING LEERING GROUP OF BROTHERS
make a bid.

A SEVENTY FIVE YEAR OLD INDIAN ON A MULE
makes a bid.

Mr.Harmony makes a bid for his son Scotty.

Broomhilda notices that. And makes more eye contact with Scotty.

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

A LITERARY NARRATOR comes on the soundtrack.

NARRATOR (VO)

On that day, eight months ago, the auction was won by Mike Harmony, as a birthday present for his fat boy son Scotty.

Mr. Harmony congratulates his son.

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

Later they leave for the Harmony house. Scotty lifts Broomhilda up into the back of the buckboard. 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.

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

EXT - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The buckboard makes its way down a country road. Broomhilda in the back, and Scotty driving the wagon.

Scotty bought her, but he's too scared to talk to her.

Broomhilda's muddy bare feet dangle off the wagon. She's beginning to realize the young master is the shy type.

BROOMHILDA

Master Scotty....?

SCOTTY

Yes Broomhilda?

BROOMHILDA

I'm lonely back here. Can I come on up with you on that seat so we can talk?

SCOTTY

Please, I'd love that.

She climbs into the driver's seat. In more ways than one.

EXT - THE HARMONY HOUSE - DAY

A nice two story southern house. Very nice, but hardly a plantation. The household's FOUR DOMESTIC SLAVES. Broomhilda will be the fifth. The buckboard pulls up to the front of the house.

Scotty's mother, Mrs.HARMONY (MARY LOUISE), waits to meet her son, and his new bought nigger gal.

The older lady looks the black girl up and down and says to her;

Mrs.HARMONY
What's your name, gal?

BROOMHILDA
Broomhilda.

Mrs.HARMONY
Follow me into the kitchen,
(to her son)
You stay out here.

INT - KITCHEN - DAY

Mrs.Harmony brings Broomhilda in her kitchen. The TWO DOMESTIC SLAVES that were in there are chased out by the boss lady. Mrs.Harmony grabs Broomhilda by the wrist, and tells her;

Mrs.HARMONY
I want to have a word with you, wench. You met my boy Scotty. You can tell ain't no white girl gonna fool with him. And if they do fool with him, they fool with him for the wrong reason. Boy's twenty four, he still ain't a man yet. That's why you're here. Be nice to him. He's a very sweet boy. Play him right, he'll eat bird seed out of your palm. Play 'em wrong, you'll deal with me.

BROOMHILDA
I like Scotty. He's just shy is all. All he needs is a little confidence.

Mrs.HARMONY
And you'll give that to him?

BROOMHILDA
I'll do my best, mam. Scotty's a real sweet boy.

Mrs.HARMONY
He is, isn't he?

BROOMHILDA
Ah-huh.

The mother lets go of the young lady's wrist.

NARRATOR (VO)

Basically The Harmony's bought a slave bride for young master Scotty that day. And the two kids had a nice time playing house for awhile.

We see Scotty and Broomhilda catching butterflies in butterfly nets in the daytime.

At night they catch LIGHTNING BUGS together.

At night in Scotty's bed, while the young man lay fast asleep, Broomhilda looks at her jelly jar of GLOWING LIGHTNING BUGS.

NARRATOR (VO)

As Scotty's sort of defacto sweetheart, if no visitors were about, Broomhilda would even join the family at their dinner table.

We see them at dinner eating fried chicken and mashed potatoes and gravy.

NARRATOR (VO)

And pretty soon she was adopted into a member of the family.

Mrs. Harmony and Broomhilda sewing together.

The Harmony family and Broomhilda playing croquet in the front yard.

After dinner, Mrs. Harmony entertaining the family by playing the piano.

Mr. Harmony reading the women and his son a story from a storybook.

NARRATOR (VO)

Scotty was never happier.

Scotty and Broomhilda walking holding hands at Southern magic hour.

Broomhilda having sex with Scotty, baby talking with him, talking him through it, making him feel loved and secure.

NARRATOR (VO)

After three months of this bliss, Scotty decided to take Broomhilda for a romantic weekend in Greenville.

SCOTTY AND BROOMHILDA

drive through the Main Street of Greenville, dressed to the nines, in a fancy carriage. Broomhilda dressed in a beautiful white lace dress, complete with white lace gloves, fancy ladies hat, and white parasol. Scotty, very proud of his pretty Pony, is dressed in a fashion best described as plantation pimp daddy.

NARRATOR (VO)

White masters would take their pretty Ponys to Greenville for a treat or romantic excursion, for two reasons. One, seeing how bad the other slaves had it, always made the papered Ponys appreciate their privilege position, (just in case they'd forgot).

BROOMHILDA

holding her parasol, looking like a black Daisy Miller, watches the OTHER SLAVES march by in the mud. They watch her too.

INT - HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Broomhilda and Scotty, and their luggage, move into the fancy hotel lobby, and rent a room at the front desk.

INSERT: HOTEL REGISTRY

Scotty signs his name. The DESK CLERKS HAND checks the box on the registry book that indicates darkee female companion.

INT - GREENVILLE - NIGHT

Greenville at night is a little different. At night, RICH WHITE MASTERS showing off their Ponys (like Scotty), rule the streets.

NARRATOR (VO)

And two, there was a sliver of society that ran through Greenville at night that catered to white masters who were infected with a condition that was normally referred to as, "Nigger love." At night the streets, the bars, bistros, and buggy rides were ruled by rich white masters showing off their pretty Pony's.

EXT - CLEOPATRA CLUB - NIGHT

An establishing shot of the three story house that has been converted into private club called, The Cleopatra Club.

NARRATOR (VO)

But the crown jewel of all this interracial frivolity, was the members only, Cleopatra Club.

INSERT: GOLD PLAQUE

with the name, THE CLEOPATRA CLUB on it, next to it is a profile of Nefertiti.

INT - THE CLEOPATRA CLUB - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The interracial joint is jumping (as long as by interracial you mean white men and black women).

Scotty and Broomhilda are enjoying a fancy dinner in the clubs dining room.

We see across the dining room, the powerful white man, CALVIN CANDIE, sitting with some White Men and some Black Ponys, eyeing Broomhilda.

SCOTTY

I gotta tell you Broomhilda -
I don't care if I go to hell for this -
I love you. And if loving you means I go to
hell....Well then hello Mr.Devil.

That was actually kind of funny. Broomhilda was right, all he needed was a little confidence. She puts her hand on his.

NARRATOR (VO)

Then...speak of the devil and the devil
appears.

CALVIN CANDIE

appears at their table.

CALVIN CANDIE

Hello, my name is Calvin Candie, I own
The Cleopatra Club. And I would just like
to welcome an attractive couple like
yourselves to my favorite place on earth.

Scotty stands up and shakes hands with Calvin.

SCOTTY

Thank you so much, it's a great honor.
We love it here.

Pointing at a empty chair.

CALVIN CANDIE

May I join you?

SCOTTY

Please, by all means.

Calvin sits down.

Broomhilda gets a sinister chill from this smiling jack.

Scotty, as per usual, is clueless.

CALVIN CANDIE

How long have you been a member?

SCOTTY

We just joined this weekend.

CALVIN CANDIE

Well our little private oasis appreciates your patronage. Some may consider the dues excessive, but they're necessary for us to create this haven for the alternative lifestyle we've all become accustomed to.

SCOTTY

Well said, and money well spent.

He squeezes Broomhilda's hand.

Candie sees this.

CALVIN CANDIE

It would be my pleasure, your first weekend at the club, to join me and my friends at my table.

Broomhilda knows this is a man to be avoided.

But Scotty is swept away being courted by somebody like Calvin Candie.

She tries to imply they should stay where they are. He brushes her off with a, "Don't be silly."

We see Calvin introduce his table of friends to the couple, and they join the party.

Calvin Candie has his arm around a foxy Pony named SHEBA, whose dress is a little more revealing than the others.

They drink and talk, and the White Men have a forced good time. But Calvin Candie can't hide his sinister side from Broomhilda, and it keeps her uncomfortable, until she excuses herself from the table to go to bed. Scotty's having such a good time with his fancy friends he opts to stay behind. Broomhilda leaves in a bit of a huff, due to Scotty's disobedience. If these fancy fucking white men weren't around making Scotty feel so puffy chested, he'd never dismiss her that way.

We FOLLOW Broomhilda out of the club, across the street, to the hotel.

NARRATOR (VO)

After excusing herself, she walked across the street to her hotel room. She got her white dress dirty in the mud, but she didn't care, the night was ruined anyway. Some romantic weekend. Wait till she gets home and tells his mother how he ignored her. She'll fix his fat ass. Wait till he asks her to scratch his back next time. She's gonna scrape every pimple.

BACK AT THE CLEO CLUB

The now drunk Scotty is playing poker with Calvin and his friends.

NARRATOR (VO)

Back at The Cleopatra Club, as the night wore on, Calvin Candie suggested a friendly card game. As the game wore on, it came down to a two thousand dollar pot between Calvin Candie and Scotty Harmony. Luckily for him, Scotty was holding a inside straight.

Calvin holds his cards with Sheba draped around him. She whispers something in his ear.

CANDIE

(to Sheba)

Really?

(to Scotty)

You know what Sheba just tole me?

Scotty, thinking about his great hand, says;

SCOTTY

What?

CANDIE

She says she thinks you're cute.

SCOTTY

Really? Thank you Sheba, I think you're beautiful.

Sheba whispers something else in Candie's ear.

CANDIE

Sheba says she'd like to give you a little lip. Want some lip?

Scotty, is a little surprised.

SCOTTY

Well, she's your Pony...I mean...

CANDIE

Oh hush, what's a little nigger lip 'tween friends. Go on honey, give 'em some sugar.

Sheba walks over to Scotty's side of the table, and gives him a very lip intensive soul kiss. The table enjoys the show. Then Sheba goes back to Calvin's side of the table.

The game continues.

CANDIE

Okay loverboy, I think you're trying to out brazen me in my own club, and I won't have it. If you're really holding cards, time to pony up. I raise you five hundred.

Candie throws in his chips.

SCOTTY

I see your five hundred...
(throws in chips)
...and raise you four hundred more.
(tosses his last chips)
Call.

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

CALVIN CANDIE

Not so fast, boy.
(beat)
Pot ain't fat enough yet.

SCOTTY

I'm all in.

CALVIN CANDIE

Ain't that too bad.

Scotty doesn't intend to let this smiling Jack cheat him out of his pot, especially with him holding an inside straight.

SCOTTY

I would think a southern gentleman of such renown as yourself, wouldn't have to resort to buying a pot in his own club.

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

CALVIN CANDIE

One final raise.

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

CALVIN CANDIE

It's Sheba's bill of sale.

SCOTTY

What? I don't want her.

Calvin and the whole table laugh at that.

CALVIN CANDIE

You sure didn't look like you didn't want her.

More laughter.

CALVIN CANDIE

In Greenville slaves are currency. And Sheba's worth about eight hundred dollars. I'm throwing Sheba in the pot. Match or fold?

SCOTTY

I'm all out of money.

CALVIN CANDIE

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

SCOTTY

I can't bet Broomhilda.

CALVIN CANDIE

In Chickasaw County, she's money. Pony her up or fold. Somebody get him a piece of paper and a pencil.

Somebody does.

CALVIN CANDIE

Write out a bill of sale, or fold them cards.

Scotty makes a pressured decision.

He hurriedly takes the pencil and writes out a Bill of Sale for Broomhilda.

SCOTTY

Let me see your cards!

Candie lays down his cards, he has a FLUSH.

What Scotty's just done hits him like a ton of bricks.

SCOTTY

You cheated me.

After Scotty uses the "C" word, everybody quiets down.

CALVIN CANDIE

What did you just call me?

SCOTTY

I called you a card cheatin' son of a bitch, cause that's what you are!

Calvin calmly stands up from the table. He removes a small Derringer Gun from his pocket, and tosses it on the table in front of Scotty. Then takes out another one, and tosses it on the table in front himself.

Everybody in The Cleo Club quiets down.

CALVIN CANDIE

Scott Harmony. For calling me a card cheat
in my own club, as a southern gentleman,
I challenge you to a duel.

(to the Piano

Player)

Piano player, will you hit three separate
notes?

(to Scotty)

On the third note, pick up the gun and
try to kill me.

(to Piano player)

Piano player please.....

This is all going too fast for slow Scotty.

SCOTTY

Wait a minute...no!

FIRST NOTE.....

SCOTTY

I ain't dueling with you! I don't want
to duel!

CALVIN CANDIE

Then get out of here, get in your buggy
and get out of town.

SCOTTY

Sure. Let me just get my girl.

CALVIN CANDIE

You lost that girl, fat boy.

SECOND NOTE....

SCOTTY

Wait!....Look....Mr.Candie, I'm sorry I
called you a cheat. But...please...I can't
give you Broomhilda.

CALVIN CANDIE

Last chance fat boy, go home and get useta
to fuckin' another one.

(beat)

Or pick up that gun.

Scotty can't leave. He can't go home without her. He can't face his
parents. He can't walk out on her. No matters what happens he can't
leave.

THIRD NOTE....

Calvin Candie SHOTS Scotty Harmony dead.

INT - HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Calvin Candie and his entourage enter the hotel lobby and go up to the FRONT DESK CLERK..

CALVIN CANDIE
Hello Oliver.

FRONT DESK CLERK (OLIVER)
Hello Mr.Candie, good evening.

CALVIN CANDIE
Good evening to you as well, young Oliver.
Could you please inform me which room
your guest Scott Harmony is staying in?

INT - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Broomhilda is asleep in bed....

WHEN.....

....Calvin comes BURSTING in the room holding his belt in his hand. He YANKS OFF the sheets that Broomhilda sleeps under. Broomhilda lies naked under the covers. Candie brings the belt down around her legs and backside.

She hops out of bed.

INT - HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Candie CHASES her naked body with his belt, from the top of the stairs, down the stairs, and through the lobby, and out the front door.

All to the amusement of the WHITE HOTEL GUESTS.

EXT - GREENVILLE HOTEL - NIGHT

She RUNS out of the hotel naked, and then TRIPS FALLING INTO THE GREENVILLE MUD. She looks up from the mud, at Calvin Candie looking down at her.

CALVIN CANDIE
Welcome to Candyland.

We do a SLOW ZOOM into Broomhilda's face.

NARRATOR (VO)
That was four months ago.

CUT TO

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 (BANJO)
stands half naked on the auction block.

The SELLER (SHELBY)
gives the crowd a sales pitch about Banjo, 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 black slave bodyguard, BARTHOLOMEW,
always dressed in a slightly ill fitting three piece suit and 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.

TIME CUT

The White Man and Black Man find a cubby hole to talk in the auction hall.

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 fighters?

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 who 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 then a black slaver. Black slavers are lower then 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

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 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.

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 the 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 the dining room, and peers inside.

INT - DINING ROOM (CLEOPATRA CLUB) - NIGHT

A lush fancy restaurant dining area inside of this house. The DINERS
are made up exclusively of well dressed WHITE MEN, and pretty BLACK
GIRLS (PONYS) 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 men's ages range from early twenties to old men.

The girls ages ranges 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 Ponys eat rich French cuisine complete with elaborate sauces, and take their knives to thick cuts of steak.

The younger 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 before?

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.

Mr.MOGUY

Nonsense, it's my job.

(CON'T)

Mr.MOGUY
(CON'T)
(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 billiard
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 through the club to get to the billiard room, as they do they
say;

Dr.SCHULTZ
How long have you been associated with
Mr.Candie?

MOGUY
Calvin and I were about eleven when we
went to boarding school together. 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.

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?

MOGUY
That's why all the French ambiance. And
he prefers Monsieur Candie to Mister Candie.

Dr.Schultz says in FRENCH SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH;

Dr.SCHULTZ
(FRENCH)
What ever 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.

They get to the two sliding doors that lead to the billiard room.

Moguy slides the doors open.....

The party enters the billiard room.

INT - BILLIARD ROOM (CLEOPATRA CLUB) - NIGHT

Inside is Calvin Candie, his bodyguard Bartholomew (still dressed in the ill fitting suit), and the lanky sexy Sheba.

Also, at this moment, TWO MANDINGOS are having a bloody and savage fight to death in this closed room.

An older European looking man, who's rooting for the mandingo that Calvin's not rooting for, is also in the room. His name is AMERIGO VASSEPI.

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;

CALVIN 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?

Without turning towards them, Candie tells Schultz;

CALVIN CANDIE
Quit stalling and answer the question.

The room is quiet.

Dr.SCHULTZ
The awful truth?
(pause)
I'm bored, and it seems like a good
bit of fun.

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

CALVIN CANDIE
Well come on over, cause we gotta us a fight
go in on that's a good bit of fun.

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

The bigger mandingo is really hurting the smaller one.

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.

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

MOGUY
Big Fred.

CALVIN CANDIE
The other nigger belongs to this disreputable
Italian gentlemen to my right. Amerigo Vassepì.
(to Amerigo)
What's your nigger's name?

AMERIGO
Luigi....?

Candie looks over at Django, who doesn't walk over to watch the fight. Instead he walks over to a bar set up in the room. A slave bartender named, ROSCOE tends it.

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

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

CALVIN CANDIE
How'd you two like to try the signature drink
of the club?

Dr.SCHULTZ
We'd love to.

CALVIN CANDIE
(yelling to the
bartender)
Roscoe, two Polynesian Pearl Divers, and
don't spare the rum.

Roscoe makes the drinks in coconut shell glasses.

Big Fred kills Luigi.

Candie and his friends cheer.

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

Amerigo pays up the puny bet.

Django and Schultz get the fancy coconut shell drinks. They both take a
sip. Schultz hates it, Django loves it.

Candie turns his attention to Django.

CALVIN CANDIE
What's your name, boy?

Dr.SCHULTZ
His name is Django.

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

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

CALVIN CANDIE
(to Django)
I've heard tell about you. I heard you're a
real bright boy.
(beat)
I'm curious, what makes you such a
mandingo expert?

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

Bartholomew puts down his pool cue, and turns toward Django;

BARTHOLOMEW
What you say, boy?

Candie puts a calming hand on Bartholomew's shoulder.

CALVIN CANDIE

Calm down Bartholomew, gentle...gentle.

Dr.SCHULTZ

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

CALVIN CANDIE

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.

CALVIN CANDIE

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

(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, yes.

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.

CALVIN CANDIE

(to Django)

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

FLASH ON

we see Django looking over THREE MANDINGOS.

BACK TO CLEO CLUB

DJANGO
Not for top dollar.

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

CALVIN CANDIE
I don't sell the niggers I don't wanna sell.

Dr.Schultz chimes in thoughtfully;

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?

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN CANDIE
Gentlemen, you had my curiosity. Now you got my attention.

TIME CUT

INT - CLEOPATRA CLUB - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Candie, Moguy, Django, Schultz, Bartholomew, 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 CANDIE
How ya like that meat, Bright Boy?

Django's eyes go to Calvin, he nods his approval.

CALVIN CANDIE
(to Coco)
How's your Catfish, dew drop?

COCO
Real good Monsieur Candie.

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

Dr.SCHULTZ
Not so much.

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN CANDIE
You feel special Bartholomew?

BARTHOLOMEW
Yes sir, Monsieur Candie.

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

CALVIN CANDIE
Now Sheba always feels special. Dont'cha?

SHEBA
Yep.

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

DJANGO
(meaning Sheba)
Not as special as her.

The table breaks out in laughter.

CALVIN 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?

CALVIN 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.

WE CUT

EXT - COUNTRY SIDE MISSISSIPPI - DAY

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

Calvin Candie, Leonide Moguy, Dr.Schultz, Django, and THREE OVERSEERS (BILLY CRASH, TOMMY GILES, and HOOT PETERS) ride horses.

Bartholomew (now dressed in work clothes) drives a buckboard filled with supplies.

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

THREE OTHER SHIRTLESS MANDINGOS (RODNEY, CHICKEN CHARLY, CHESTER) WHO WERE THE MANDINGOS FROM Candyland that didn't sell at Greenville are walking back to Candyland, with their small bundle of personal possessions under their arms. These poor devil's 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.

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.

RODNEY

gives Django a bad eyeball look up on his horse.

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 to 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.

Dr.Schultz comes riding Fritz beside him.

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.

Dr.SCHULTZ
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.

DJANGO
Did you offer to buy her?

Dr.SCHULTZ
I opened the door to my possible interest. But naturally, sight unseen, I can only be so interested.

SUDDENLY.....

Calvin Candie comes riding up behind them....

CALVIN CANDIE
Am I intruding?

Dr.SCHULTZ
Of course not.

CALVIN CANDIE
(appraising the
two men)
I swear you two are cozier then a couple of cuttle fish.

Dr.SCHULTZ
You'd be surprised what a good conversationalist Django is.

CALVIN CANDIE
Oh by now, I don't think that would surprise me at all.

Candie gives Django a creepy smile.

Around now the audience may start noticing DOG BARKING in the distance.

Dr.SCHULTZ
When do we reach your property?

CALVIN CANDIE

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

Candie gets annoyed at the barking dogs.

CALVIN 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?

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN 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 inbreed hillbillies. 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.

Django hears her name himself. His head does involuntary jerk, but his emotions betray nothing.

CALVIN CANDIE
(CON'T)

Now these inbred hillbillies, 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, '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.

CALVIN CANDIE
What the hell's goin on?

BILLY CRASH
They got 'em a runaway.

CALVIN CANDIE
Who?

CUT TO

EXT - TRACKER SHACK - DAY

A BUNKHOUSE for the FOUR 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 skinned wearing, dirty long haired lot.

Their Leader is Mr.STONESIPHER, the other three are STEW, LEX, and JAKE. The four 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 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 have 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 on the runaway slave. Including the five new mandingos, and the three old mandingos who know D'Artagnan.

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN CANDIE

How long was he loose?

Mr. Stonesipher spits tobacco juice.

Mr.STONESIPHER

A night. Day. Half the other night.

CALVIN CANDIE

How far he git off property?

Mr.STONESIPHER

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

CALVIN CANDIE

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

MOGUY

(pointing behind him)

One of this new lot.

CALVIN CANDIE

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

(to D'Artagnan)

Boy, you done made yourself as useless as
a tail on a teddy bear.

D'Artagnan starts begging.

CALVIN 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 roll over
and play dead. You've fought three fights.

D'ARTAGNAN

I won every one.

CALVIN CANDIE

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

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

CALVIN 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.

Bartholomew on the buckboard looks at the captured runaway like, poor
bastard.

Calvin prods further.

CALVIN CANDIE

You even know what reimburse means?

The Whites laugh.

Then SUDDENLY.....

....The German Speaks;

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.

CALVIN CANDIE
You will?

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

Dr.SCHULTZ
Yes.

CALVIN 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 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.

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN CANDIE
But you are use to it?

DJANGO
Well, him bein' German an' all, I'm
a little more use to American's then
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...BLINK.....

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

CALVIN CANDIE
Follow me.

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

EXT - THE GROUNDS OF CANDYLAND - DAY

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 fields 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.

One of the cottonpickers in the field, DOBIE, looks up, and sees Django
in his cool green corduroy jacket, badass cowboy hat, on top of Tony.

He taps the shoulder of another cotton picker (ORWELL), and points out
Django.

All of a sudden all the bent over backs in the field, straighten up to get a better look at the black riding a horse.

Django looks back matching their stare.

EXT - SLAVE VILLAGE - DAY

The caravan rolls through the shack/cabin village the slaves live in.

As the parade rolls through all the SLAVES snap to attention, and bow (very formally) as Monsieur Candie rides past. A KING among his SUBJECTS, a PATRON with his PEONS, a FATHER amongst his CHILDREN, a SHEPHERD among his SHEEP.

KIDS playing in the dirt get up and run to Calvin on his horse.

Candie calls the kids by name, takes out a bag of jelly beans, and begins tossing them about.

The Kids scramble in the dirt for the bright colored candy.

This is Calvin Candie in his element, at his happiest.

THEN.....

....DJANGO rides by.

The CARAVAN moves from the slave village to the White Village the overseers and their family live in on the plantation grounds.

Other than the switch of white faces for black, it's pretty much the same village.

And they too see Django.....WOW!

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 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) 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 brother.

Directly above Lara Lee, on the third floor balcony over hang, 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 white curly hair on the sides, looks like a character out of Dickens - if Dickens wrote about House Niggers in the Antebellum South.

Stephen has been Calvin's slave since he was a little boy. 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...EMERGE DJANGO and SCHULTZ....on TONY and FRITZ.

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 sees Stephen limping towards them, and greets him with a big how do you do;

CALVIN CANDIE
Hello Stephen my boy!

STEPHEN
Yeah yeah yeah, hello my ass - who's
this nigger up on that nag?

CALVIN 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 of that goddamn nag, so goddamn fast - in the mud.

CALVIN 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?

CALVIN 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?

CALVIN 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 -

CALVIN CANDIE

You don't hafta know why, do you understand?

STEPHEN

Yeah yeah yeah, I understand just fine.

CALVIN 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?

CALVIN CANDIE
Stephen, he's a slaver. It's different.

STEPHEN
(incredulous)
In the Big House?

CALVIN CANDIE
You gotta problem with that?

STEPHEN
I don't gotta problem, unless you gotta
problem with burin' the bed, the sheets,
and the pillow cases once this black ass
motherfuckers gone!

CALVIN 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.

Lara Lee and her ever present shadow, a FAT MAMMY named CORA, comes up
to her brother on his horse.

CALVIN 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 gentlemen.
You're not from around here, are you?

Dr.SCHULTZ
Actually I'm from a far off land,
Dusseldorf, to be exact.

CALVIN 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?

CALVIN CANDIE
Half the reason I invited them. I thought
you'd find them as intriguing as I do
little sister.

Lara Lee looks up at Django, and smiles.

All of a sudden THREE WHITE RIDERS ride up on horses, a older one, and
two tough looking younger ones. The older one is the Cap't of the
Overseers, ACE WOODY, and his two assistants BROWN and JINGLE BELLS
CODY. While Ace is dressed for work on a farm, both Brown 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;

CALVIN 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, Brown, and Jingle Bells Cody eyeball Django and
Schultz.

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN CANDIE

And that's Brown and that's Jingle Bells
Cody.

(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 Brown 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?

CALVIN CANDIE

Yes siree bob.

ACE WOODY

How many you get?

(he counts)

One, two, three, four, five.

CALVIN CANDIE

Five real strong bucks.

ACE WOODY

How many you get rid of?

CALVIN 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 Brown.

ACE WOODY

Get 'em away from the others. Put 'em in the pen till tomorrow.

Brown 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 off 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, sitting comfortably up on his horse, says;

CALVIN CANDIE

What do you think?

ACE WOODY

I think you lookin' for niggers to push a plow, 'dem your boys.

Candie rolls his eyes.

CALVIN 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?

CALVIN CANDIE

Which one?

ACE WOODY

What you mean, which one? The one I'm pointing at, that one.

CALVIN CANDIE

Actually, that one was purchased by
our mister Moguy.

ACE WOODY

(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.

Ace walks over to the slave in question.

ACE WOODY

What's your name, boy?

The mandingo says;

SIDNEY JAMES

Sidney James, sir.

ACE WOODY

So long Sidney James.

Ace takes the peacemaker out of the holster on his hip, and SHOTS
Sidney James point blank 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 and Schultz, on their horses next to Candie, watch.
Ace looks up at his boss.

ACE WOODY

Boss Candie, which one did you buy?

CALVIN CANDIE

Well to me the pick of the litter is
Big Fred over there.

ACE WOODY

(pointing at
Fred)

This one over here?

CALVIN 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?

CALVIN CANDIE

I had 'em fight one of Amerigo's niggers
last night.

ACE WOODY

How is ol' Amerigo?

CALVIN CANDIE

His nigger lost.

ACE WOODY
(to Fred)
Really? You won?

BIG FRED
Yes, sir.

ACE WOODY
Wup'ed his ass?

CALVIN CANDIE
Beat 'em to death.

Smiling impressively at Big Fred.

ACE WOODY
(to Fred)
Really?

CALVIN CANDIE
He did have fifteen pounds on 'em,
but still, he still beat his ass
to death.

ACE WOODY
(to Fred)
You did?

BIG FRED)
Yes, sir.

ACE WOODY
Good job, boy. Got any more wins in ya?

BIG FRED
Yes, sir.

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.

CALVIN CANDIE
Now why did you do that?

ACE WOODY
He won his last fight last night.

Ace puts his eyes on 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.
(to mandingos)
Welcome to Candyland, boys!

Cody runs the terrified mandingos to the arena.

Candie leans over to Schultz and says;

CALVIN CANDIE
We only get about two out of every batch
of five fighters we buy. But those two
tend to be lucky.

Ace Woody hops back up on his horse.

CALVIN CANDIE
You know Mr. Woody, I'm beginning to think
that you don't trust my judgement?

Ace Woody just smiles at his boss, and says;

ACE WOODY
Oh you know I always trust your judgement,
Boss Candie...eventually.

He rides off.

Stephen limps back to the action.

CALVIN CANDIE
Ahhh, Stephen my boy, rooms ready?

STEPHEN
All ready for your guest and his nigger.

Candie shakes his head in mock frustration.

CALVIN CANDIE
Stephen, you're incorrigible.
(to Schultz
and Django)
Gentlemen, let Stephen show you to your
rooms.

CALVIN CANDIE
(CON'T)

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.

Both Dr.Schultz and Django climb down from their horses.

Candie looks to a black little stable boy of about eight named TIMMY.

CALVIN 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?

CALVIN CANDIE
Nigger girl?

Dr.SCHULTZ
I believe you said she spoke German?

CALVIN CANDIE
Oh yes, Hildi, what about her?

Dr.SCHULTZ

Do you think before the demonstration you could send her around to my room?

CALVIN 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 tole you yet.

CALVIN CANDIE

What?

STEPHEN

Hildi's in The Hot Box.

This gets Django's, Schultz's, and Candie's attention.

CALVIN CANDIE

What's she doin' there?

STEPHEN

What 'cha think she doin' in The Hot Box, she bein punished.

CALVIN CANDIE

What she do?

STEPHEN

She ran away again.

CALVIN CANDIE

Jesus Christ, how many people ran away when I was gone?

STEPHEN

Two.

CALVIN CANDIE

When did she go?

STEPHEN

Last night. They brought her back this morning.

CALVIN 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. Brown 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.

CALVIN CANDIE

How long she been in the box?

STEPHEN

What'cha think, all goddamn day! Little fool got ten more days to go.

CALVIN CANDIE

Take her out.

STEPHEN

(incredulous)

Take her out? Why!

CALVIN 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?

CALVIN 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

Stephen leads the two guests up the big prominent sweeping staircase in the entry way of The Big House. Then down the hallway with the guest rooms. Dr.Schultz is shown his guest room by Stephen. Schultz enters the room and shuts the door behind him. Stephen takes Django to the room next door, opens the door, and leads him in.

INT - DJANGO'S GUEST ROOM - DAY

A guest room with a big feather bed, dresser drawer 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 ready.

Django sits down on the bed.

Stephen turns to leave.

DJANGO

Not so fast.

STEPHEN

I got more important things to do then 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.

Then 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
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 room. The adjoining door opens, and
Schultz stands 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 - HALLWAY (BIG HOUSE) - DAY

Lara Lee, Cora, and a traumatized, but cleaned up (she's dressed in a
domestic maid uniform) Broomhilda stand outside Dr.Schultz's door,
after Calvin's sister raps on it.

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) - LATE AFTERNOON

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. 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.

Rodney sees, The whole slave selling and buying group, Django, Dr.Schultz, Candie, Bartholomew, Moguy, Ace Woody, Brown 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 SETTING THE DINNER TABLE

in the dining room of The Big House with its knives, spoons and forks. She's all by herself as she goes through this duty.

The whistling tune we've been listening to has been coming from Broomhilda whistling as she sets the table.

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' sayin'.

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

Later that evening, Django and a lot of other white people (Calvin Candie, Lara Lee, Moguy, and Dr.Schultz) sat 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 Sampson, Goldie, and Eskimo Joe. - By the way, why's he called Eskimo Joe?

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN 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 issues his own appraisal;

CALVIN CANDIE

Can Eskimo Joe whip Sampson, 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 up 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;

CALVIN 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, four, and fifth concern. After you have that, and you know you have that, then, you can start to implement a grande design. But since I enjoy oldest man at the table status - beating Moguy by one year for that honor - allow the old sage to advise, 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.

CALVIN 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 you native tongue for four years.

CALVIN 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 ponys 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 greenbeans and leaves the dining room for the
kitchen.

Stephen watches her go, then looks at Django, then hands Candie his
mint julep, and goes into a broad routine for the table's benefit.

CALVIN 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....

CALVIN CANDIE

Did you overhear that joke I said about
me spending two weeks in Boston

STEPHEN

(mock indignant)

You don't have any idea the work I do
to see food gets on the table.

CALVIN CANDIE

What does that hafta do with the price of
Tea in China?

STEPHEN

You think when I'm in that kitchen, I got
nothin' better to do then listen in here
to you tellin' unfunny jokes?

Chuckle....chuckle....

CALVIN CANDIE

(mock indignation)

What? They laughed!

STEPHEN

Of course they laughed, their parents
raised them right. When they're a guest
in somebody's house, and the master of
of the house thinks he's funny, you
suppose to laugh. They'd be rude not to.

Chuckle....chuckle....

They play their little comedy routine for all it's worth.

CALVIN CANDIE

No it was really funny,
(to table)
wasn't it?

STEPHEN

Now what do you expect these people to
say? What you need to do is stop
embarrassing your guest.

(to table)

Everybody don't laugh at him, you're being
polite, I understand, you mean well, but
it just encourages him.

Chuckle...chuckle...

As the white folks chuckle, Stephen moves back into the kitchen.

INT - KITCHEN (BIG HOUSE) - NIGHT

Once Stephen enters the kitchen, 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.

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...

(CON'T)

DJANGO
(CON'T)

Georgia - all goes well...twenty to twenty one thousand dollars.

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN CANDIE

Splendid.

(calling to
the kitchen)

Stephen, time for dessert!

Stephen, Cora, Broomhilda, and the other Domestics come out of the kitchen to clear away the dirty dishes.

Broomhilda goes to Calvin.

BROOMHILDA

Can I take away your dishes, Monsieur Candie?

CALVIN CANDIE

Yes you may, Hildi.

She begins gathering the dirty dishes.

Candie looks up at her as she works.

CALVIN CANDIE

So Hildi, how you like servin at the big table in the big house?

BROOMHILDA

I like it a lot Monsieur Candie.

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN CANDIE
So you haven't seen her back?

Dr.SCHULTZ
No I haven't.

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN 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
fifteen 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.

CALVIN 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 kitchen door.

INT - KITCHEN (BIG HOUSE) - NIGHT

In the kitchen 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 Domestics 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 to to Broomhilda.

STEPHEN

You, stay in the kitchen.

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

Dr.SCHULTZ

You indicated earlier you would be willing to part with Hildi?

CALVIN 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?

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN CANDIE

What, you mean get outta my chair?

STEPHEN

If you could manage it. It's about dessert.

CALVIN CANDIE

What about dessert?

STEPHEN

I would rather tell you in private.

CALVIN CANDIE

We're having rhubarb pie, 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 rhubarb pie. "Meet me in the library" is their secret signal.

CALVIN CANDIE

Fine friend Stephen, I'll be along momentarily.

Stephen exits.

Candie stands up from his chair and addresses the table.

CALVIN 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

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 sifter.

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.

CALVIN CANDIE

What's the matter?

STEPHEN

Those motherfuckers ain't here to buy no mandingos. They want that girl.

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN CANDIE
What girl, Hildi?

STEPHEN
Yeah, Hildi. The niggers know each other.

CALVIN CANDIE
He just bought Eskimo Joe.

STEPHEN
Did he give you any money?

CALVIN 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.

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.

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN CANDIE

I let a goddamn 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 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 busts these motherfucker's chops.

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.

Schultz and Django feel the change in their host's demeanor, as he
stares down the table at them.

CALVIN CANDIE

That'd be a hellva note, wouldn't it
Lara Lee?

(CON'T)

CALVIN CANDIE
(CON'T)

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, as she goes out,
Bartholomew, with his Sawed Off Shotgun, comes in behind Schultz and
Django.

CALVIN CANDIE
Can I ask you two gentlemen to look over
your shoulder?

Schultz and Django do, and see Bartholomew with his sawed off shotgun
pointing at them.

Calvin Candie removes his arm from behind his back, and in his hand
he's holding a big ugly hammer.

CALVIN CANDIE
Now lay your palms flat on the table top.

They put their palms on the table.

CALVIN CANDIE
Now you lift those palms off that turtle
shell table top, Bartholomew 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.Moguy, would you be so kind as to collect
the pistols hangin' on those boys hips?

Mr.Moguy does.

Holding the hammer in his hand, Candie continues to hold court.

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN CANDIE
(yelling to
Stephen)
Stephen! 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.

CALVIN CANDIE

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.

(to Stephen)

Stephen, put her in that chair.

Stephen sits the young lady down in Moguy's old chair.

With their palms against the table, unarmed, Django and Schultz silently watch Candie's next move.

Candie, still holding the hammer, continues.

CALVIN CANDIE

Now the way I see it, ain't nothin' changed. You still wanna buy a nigger, I still wanna sell one. So, with that in mind, in Greenville, Dr.Schultz, 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." 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.

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN CANDIE

Put up or shut up, Schultz. You wanna save this nigger bitch, you gonna pay my price.

Dr.SCHULTZ

May I lift my hands from the table top in order to remove my billfold?

CALVIN 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 Schultz, and says;

CALVIN CANDIE

Pleasure doin' business with you.

TIME CUT

INT - DINING ROOM (BIG HOUSE) - NIGHT

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 with glasses of Brandy. Lara Lee, Ace Woody, and Brown 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 out little plates of rhubarb pie, and buzz around pouring coffee for the white people.

Candie walks over to the seated Schultz, he carries a small plate of rhubarb pie with him.

CALVIN CANDIE
(to Schultz)
Rhubarb pie?

Schultz looks at the pie and the man.

Dr.SCHULTZ
No.

CALVIN 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 he papers.

CALVIN 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?

CALVIN CANDIE
You doubt he'd approve?

Dr.SCHULTZ
Yes his approval would be a dubious proposition
at best.

CALVIN CANDIE
Soft hearted Frenchy?

Dr.SCHULTZ
Alexander Dumas is black.

Schultz rises, 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;

CALVIN CANDIE
One more moment, Doc!

Dr.SCHULTZ
What?

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN 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.

CALVIN CANDIE
You know what I think you are?

Dr.SCHULTZ
What you think I am? No I don't.

CALVIN CANDIE
I think you are a bad loser.

Dr.SCHULTZ
And I think you're an abysmal winner.

CALVIN CANDIE
Never the less, 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.

CALVIN CANDIE
Bartholomew, 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.

CALVIN CANDIE
I insist.

Dr.Schultz smiles.

Dr.SCHULTZ
Well, if you insist.

Django goes to stop him...

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 Bartholomew's SAWED OFF SHOTGUN.

The room comes to its senses and attacks Django and Broomhilda.

FADE TO BLACK

We FADE UP FROM BLACK to see:

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.

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 barn yard wooden floor.

INT - BARN - AFTERNOON

Eight year old stable boy, Timmy, wipes the unconscious Django's face with a wet rag. They are all alone in the barn.

Django begins to come to.....

TIMMY
(shhh's him)

Act like you still sleepin'.

DJANGO
Where's Broomhilda?

TIMMY
Who?

DJANGO
Hildi, the slave girl that ran away a couple of days ago. They had her in The Hot Box.

TIMMY
I don't know 'bout no girl.

DJANGO
How 'bout that German white man I came here with?

TIMMY
Oh he's dead. His body's over there.

Django twists upside down on the rope, and sees the corpse of his friend King Schultz dead on the filthy barn yard floor. The sight of the lifeless carcass of the doctor fills Django with pain and anger.

Just then head overseer Ace Woody walks in the barn.

Upon seeing Ace, Timmy hightails it out of there, Ace throws an empty bucket at the fleeing boy.

ACE WOODY
Git on outta here, boy!

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 barn yard 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.....

...and the knife LANDS in the floor, right where Django's head was.

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? Uuummmm...I don't think so. What I think, is you done fucked up my good thang. So when it comes to you, Django boy, you could say I gotta axe to grind.

He grabs a handfull 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.

ACE WOODY
(to Stephen)
Where she at?

STEPHEN
She in the big house. The kitchen.

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 furnaces fire, it's RED HOT END GLOWS ORANGE.

STEPHEN
Snowballs 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 the wiser.
Then ya' ride in to Candyland - ride your
goddamn horses right up to the motherfucking
Big House.

STEPHEN
(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 hero's, 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. For them big garboons we get twenty a piece. They last 'bout six months. Skinny nigger like you, I give two or three.

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 powwow.

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 corncob 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 corn cob 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 beginning of the story), wearing his old tan pants, and his wrists bound by a rope.

ROY
 We can't use that skinny bastard.

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
 Fine, stick 'em in the goddamn cage.

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 knows he's right, so he turns to Roy 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 tired around Django's wrists and ties the other end around his saddle horn.

The LeQuint Dickey Mining Company caravan leaves Candyland.

EXT - MISSISSIPPI COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

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.

(CON'T)

DJANGO
(CON'T)

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 on to 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

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 killin 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 Candyland 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 SHOOTS 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 and 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 animals 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, 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, Bartholomew, Ace Woody, Brown, 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 black Mammy (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, holding the RIFLE in one hand, a fistful of the horses mane in the other, hauling ass against a gorgeous SUNSET SKY, looks like an Indian.

EXT - TRACKER SHACK/BUNKHOUSE - SUNSET

The same GORGEOUS SUNSET SKY over the same shitty Tracker shack -Bunkhouse that Mr.Stonesipher and his three obscure companions share.

The GERMAN SHEPHERDS (including Marsha) rest in the chicken wire kennel next to the bunkhouse.

INT - TRACKER SHACK - SUNSET

The FOUR TRACKERS are missing the funeral, hanging out in the bunkhouse wearing their beards. Mr.Stonesipher, Lex, and Stew 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.

EXT - WOODS OUTSIDE THE SHACK - SUNSET

INSERT: HORSE HOOFS walking then stopping. Django's bare feet jump on to the ground.

INT - DOG KENNEL - SUNSET

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 lay out.

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 - SUNSET

They hear the barking inside.

Mr.STONESIPHER

Jake!

Jake building his birdhouse.

JAKE

Yeah?

Mr.STONESIPHER

Check on Marsha.

Jake, the one not playing the game, puts aside his hammer, and rises to
check on them (these guys are very sensitive about their dogs).

EXT - TRACKER SHACK

As the BARKING gets louder, WE SEE A CLOSE UP of The Axe in the
chopping block, and Django's hand REMOVING IT.

JAKE
opens the bunkhouse door...he sees directly a hundred feet in front of
him, Django standing there with the axe. Just as he reacts....

DJANGO.....THROWS THE AXE...

JAKE.....IT HITS HIM IN THE FACE.

After letting go of the axe handle, Django RUNS FULL SPEED toward Jake. Before the other three have really registered what's happening, Django has crossed the distance, and is YANKING The Axe out of JAKE'S FACE.

And with AXE in hand, Django chases and fights with all three trackers, till after a point where he's CHOPPED DOWN TWO OF THEM, Lex, and Stew, and now there's only Mr.Stonesipher left.

But Mr.Stonesipher has managed to draw his gigantic BUCK KNIFE, and is able to fight back against Django. You know Stonesipher's great with a knife, plus his fighting style is like one of his dogs, attack attack attack.

Django uses the axe handle in a defensive position.

The expert Mountain Boy begins SCORING BLADE CUTS on shirtless Django.

The two men fight until they end up losing their weapons. Then it's just a fight of brute strength, and survival. Mr.Stonesipher is physically bigger than Django. But if Django's going to save Broomhilda, not to mention get revenge on all these Candyland motherfuckers, he has to take Stonesipher's ass out.

This Black Man who has been under the yoke of white man's domination all his life, and this White Man who feeds black people to dogs, fight each other for their life.

Django gets his arm around Stonesipher's neck in a headlock, but the mountain boy is big enough to lift Django. So like a rodeo rider holding on to bull for dear life, Django tightens his lock around his opponents neck. Django gets his hand on the HAMMER Jake was building the birdhouse with, and BRINGS IT CRASHING DOWN ON THE TOP OF STONESIPHER'S HEAD.

That weakens Stonesipher.

He HITS HIM AGAIN IN THE HEAD.

That drops Stonesipher to his knees.

He HITS HIM AGAIN WITH THE HAMMER ON THE HEAD.

That puts the mountain man down on his back.

He HITS HIM ONE MORE TIME WITH THE HAMMER TO keep him down for good.

The Trackers are all dead.

Only the dogs mad barking remains.

EXT - The FUNERAL - NIGHT

The Funeral for Calvin Candie is underway. The Preacher reads some words over him.

EXT - TRACKER SHACK - NIGHT

Django, half naked, splattered with blood from the axe murders, steps out of the shack. He takes a wash basin off the window sill, and walks over to the WATER PUMP.

Marsha and her three friends continue to BARK like mad.

He PUMPS a couple of times, and water explodes into the bowl. He begins washing the blood off of himself. As he washes, he says outloud;

DJANGO

What ya doin around here, boy?

Timmy steps from his watching place in the bushes.

TIMMY

I was just walkin' by.

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.

THEN.....

Django turns towards the barking dogs. He turns back to Timmy and asks;

DJANGO

You know what toadstools look like?

TIMMY

Sure do.

DJANGO

Go pick me a mess of 'em.

INSERT: TIMMY picking TOADSTOOLS (POISON MUSHROOMS).

INSERT: DJANGO stirring a big pot of BEEF STEW with a wooden spoon in the tracker shack.

Timmy comes in carrying a bunch of toadstools inside his shirt. Django takes the toadstools and Mr. Stonesipher's BUCK KNIFE and CHOPS the mushrooms into tiny pieces.

He tosses the tiny bits of poisoned shrooms into the beefy sauce, and mixes it up with the spoon.

EXT - MARSHA'S KENNEL - NIGHT

Django throws the pot of poisoned beef stew over the top of the kennel.

It lands on the ground with a PLOP.

The Angry Dogs, are nevertheless', still dogs, and greedily scarf up the stew.

Django watches them wolf down their ultimate agony with a smile.

DJANGO

You bit your last nigger, bitch? Bite on that.

Django lifts Timmy up on to the bare backed wagon horse.

DJANGO

First things first, boy. Take me to my horse.

EXT - FUNERAL - NIGHT

The funeral is in full melodramatic bore.

INT - STABLE-BLACKSMITH - NIGHT

Timmy brings Django to the stable on the Candyland grounds. 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.

And Schultz's horse Fritz in the stable.

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 the 'ol man's gone.

(CON'T)

BILLY CRASH
(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 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 "Ooomph" 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

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 cognizant of the Candie Family unit begin the walk off the hill back to the big house.

EXT - BILLY CRASH'S SHACK - NIGHT

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, with
Timmy and the horses, by the big house.

He sends her on her way.

Django looks up and sees the silhouettes of the funeral party walking down hill heading back for the big house.

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. This 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 (armed with a gun belt around his hip) walks by himself.

BARTHOLOMEW (unarmed) dressed in his tight fitting business suit, with his hat, walks alone.

BROWN and JINGLE BELLS CODY (both armed with guns on their hips) both dressed slightly like cowboy peacocks, walk together.

and finally,

SAMSON and GOLDIE (unarmed) Calvin Candie's two prized mandingos, wearing suits they borrowed from Bartholomew.

This CANDIE FAMILY UNIT walk to The Big House for a few post funeral drinks.

They enter the lawn in front of The Big House, and head for the front door.

Broomhilda on Fritz and Timmy riding on Tony come along the side of the property by some shed. They see The Candie Family Unit, all dressed in their darkest finery, walking towards the front steps of The Big House. The woman and little boy stop. But the group of enemies aren't looking their way.

The CANDIE FAMILY UNIT
moves closer towards the front of The Big House.....

WHEN.....

The front of The Big House
EXPLODES!

knocking the Candie Family Unit flat on their collective asses.

BROOMHILDA and TIMMY
can't believe their 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.

BROWN 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 hand 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 Winchester, 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, BARTHOLOMEW, CORA, BROWN and
JINGLE BELLS CODY, SAMPSON 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, Winchester
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 Winchester 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 and TIMMY.

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, Bartholomew, 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 is "I'm sorry Miss Lara, but I never did nuttin' to that nigger."

DJANGO looks to STEPHEN, and takes Schultz's hidden Derringer out of his pocket.

DJANGO
(to Stephen)
Let's see if you can handle this as well
as you can my nuts?

He tosses the Ole Man the tiny gun.

DJANGO
(to everybody)
Somebody give Miss Lara a gun.

BROWN gives LARA LEE one of his two guns.

BROWN
(to Django)
Can I at least cock it for her?

DJANGO
Yep.

BROWN cocks back the hammer of the peacemaker, and puts it in her hand, and points it towards the ground.

BROWN
(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-FITZWILLI 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.

DJANGO
(to the six)
Make your play hillbillies.

The MUSIC SWELLS.

EVERYBODY, except for LARA LEE is READY:

DJANGO ACE WOODY

STEPHEN MOGUY

BROWN CODY

LARA LEE

The PEOPLE watching on the side:

BARTHOLOMEW SAMSON BROOMHILDA

CORA GOLDIE TIMMY

EVERYONE'S ready, but no one wants to start this party.....

TILL.....

ACE WOODY starts to go for the gun in his holster, and STEPHEN starts to raise his Derringer.

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 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.

Dr.SCHULTZ
(smiling)

You know what they're going to call you,
my boy? "The fastest gun in the South."

BACK TO SHOWDOWN

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 LARA LEE, CODY, and MOGUY.

DJANGO sees this.

The Black Man reaches behind him and comes out with a DYNAMITE STICK.

He tosses it on the grass among the bodies.

He takes aim with his pistol, and FIRES.

It EXPLODES.

Finishing off what was left of the Candie Family Unit, not to mention, blowing the limbs off of many of them.

The LAWN is SILENT.

DJANGO'S PISTOL goes back in its holster.

Django walks down the front steps of The Big House, feeling tremendous satisfaction in the wrath he just wroth on Candie and Co.

He removes Dr.Schultz's tiny Derringer from Stephen's dead hand, putting it in his pocket. Then heads over to where Broomhilda and Timmy wait for him with Fritz and Tony.

As he walks up to Broomhilda on Fritz, he says;

DJANGO
Hey Little Trouble Maker.

BROOMHILDA
Hey Big Trouble Maker.

DJANGO
Down, boy.

Timmy hops off of Tony.

Django climbs aboard Tony. He says to Broomhilda;

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.

Django looks down to Timmy.

DJANGO
Thanks for the help, boy.

He reaches into his saddle bag, and pulls out an apple, and tosses it down to Timmy.

DJANGO
That's for you. Good luck Tim.
(he points to
the Northern Sky)
The North star, is that one.

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 Dragon's.

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