

# DJANGO UNCHAINED

Written by

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## I

### 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.

## 2

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

### 3

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

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

hat on his head.

**DICKY SPECK**

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

**THE RIDER**

front  
his  
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  
of the two Slavers, and their Slaves, lifting the lantern up to  
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**

taught  
him.  
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

**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?

**LE**

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?

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

their So Django, do you think you could recognize - i;½. The Speck Brothers have been watching this tenderfoot engage 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.Sch.ultz 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**

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

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.

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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



and on Dicky's dead horse. With his hands in there, he roots around  
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.  
jacket Django removes the coat from the dead slaver. Puts on the warm  
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?

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### DJANGO

Huh?  
Dr.SCHULTZ  
Why not..  
the He writes it in his book with a silent "D", then stops to admire  
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;

## 0

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.

**/1**

**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"**

**/Z**

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?

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**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**

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

**IT**

**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  
asks;  
from the tap into mugs. Django remains seated, and after a beat,

**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.

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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?

**1½. DJANGO SPAGHETTI WESTERN FLASHBACK**

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

**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**

a  
around to  
We see the sheriff, BILL SHARP, walk towards the saloon cradling  
Winchester. Some TOWNSPEOPLE (like the Saloon Keeper) stand  
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;

**1 2**

**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.

**LP**

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.

**) 9**

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.

**Z/**

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?

**ZZ**

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 U.S 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 trackdowri 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 shecamefrom the Carrucan Plantation,  
and shewassold at The Greenville Slave  
Auctiontosome :unknown customer three  
monthsago?  
Django nods his head, yes.

**Z3**

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**

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

**Z**

**DJANGO**

that is dressed in a powder blue satin Little Lord Fauntleroy outfit,  
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**

in his We see Dr. Schultz, riding slightly in front of Django, dressed  
property of blue satin Little Lord Fauntleroy outfit, as they enter the  
leads a BENNETT MANOR, a plantation in Gatlinburg, Tennessee. Django  
riderless horse, behind him and Tony.  
front As the two men ride their horses up the road that leads to the  
SLAVES steps of Bennett Manor, alongside the cotton fields, all the  
stop picking cotton, and straighten their bent backs up to stare  
in wonder at this sight.  
dressed in The patriarch of Bennett Manor, SPENCER "BIG DADDY" BENNETT,  
the a fancy leisure suit of the day, emerges from the double doors of  
white mansion, and stands on the top steps, hands on hips, watching the  
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.

stop As Dr.Schultz and fancy pants Django, bring Fritz and Tony to a  
in front of Bennett Manor, they've drawn quite a crowd of SLAVES,  
BENNETT FAMILY MEMBERS, and WHITE WORKERS (OVERSEER'S).  
look up Spencer Bennett keeps on the top step so he won't be forced to  
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 -

Z .ate`  
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.

i This gets everybody's attention, not least of all Spencer

Bennett.

Spencer laughs.

**ZG**

**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.  
and Her in her slave get up, complete with handkerchief on her head,  
quite him in his satin baby blue Little Lord Fauntleroy outfit, are  
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.

**ZY**

**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,  
in hand, eyeing the blacks at his mercy.  
Django takes hold of a little bag slung over his shoulder opens  
takes out a shiny brass SPYGLASS, the type a sea captain might  
Obviously a prop from Dr.Schultz. He slides it open, places it

whip  
it, and  
use.  
against

cotton his eye, and points it in the direction of a figure out in the field landscape.

**SPYGLASS POV:**

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

**DJANGO SPAGHETTI WESTERN FLASHBACK**

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

**BRANDING IRON.**

**BACK TO DJANGO AND THE SPYGLASS**

he lowers the glass.

3 0

**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**

him 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

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.

3/

**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.

**3 2-**

**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.

**3 3**

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?

**35;**

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 Lauder milk 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?

36

, - 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**

horse All three dead Brittle Brothers lie over the back of the extra  
the bounty hunters brought with them.  
Both Bounty Hunters are back in their saddles ready to leave.  
man With all the eyes of the plantation on them, the white and black  
their way start to ride out, when Spencer "Big Daddy" Bennett, steps in  
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  
letting 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**

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

**3 7**

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,

mouth all of the riders heads are covered by FLOUR SACKS with eyes and 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

sack; head. He tussles with the sack for a bit, then from inside the

**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?

3 7

**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!

**YO**

**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.SCHtJLTZ and DJANGO up in a tree.  
Dr.SCHULTZ  
Auf wiedersehen.

**L,**  
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  
panic.  
up, and  
see  
causes  
still  
like  
sacks off their heads, while scared horses dance and buck in  
Some are shot by the rifle fire. The rest of the men not blown  
still on horseback, between the sacks and the smoke, still can't  
worth a damn. And Men and Horses collide with one another, which  
more bucking and riders falling. About fifteen of the men who can  
ride, high tail it the fuck out of there. Whipped and whimpering  
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**

his  
to  
Django,  
damn  
Jacket,  
Hat.  
Cartwright  
Coat as  
his winter coat.

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

as he He pours Django and himself some more tea out of a fancy tea pot,

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?

**W7**

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 to be good at this.

going

**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.

**Y, 8**

**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:**

horse on the Farmer struggling behind his plow, working hard with his  
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.

**11:19**

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.

figures'out  
The Young Boy doesn't know what happened at first. Then he

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.

body,  
They begin walking down the hill, to collect Smitty Bacall's

leading the extra body horse behind them.

**50**

Bacall's  
As they walk down hill, they watch the little scene of Smitty

his  
Son cradling his dying father.in his arms, the older man speaking

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  
snowman's a BOTTLE in it, so the bottom of the bottle is where the  
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.

**571**

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 going 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.

**TNT - 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.

**5L**

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.

**53**

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!

**I F**

**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**

open up through the wooden posts, in the distance, Django watches them  
out of the boxcar holding the females. They do their run to their pen  
view.  
other Django catches a quick glimpse of Broomhilda running with the  
LADIES, then she's gone from view.

**BACK TO DJANGO (PRESENT)**

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

**675**

Dr.SCHULTZ  
Records office.

**CUT TO**

**INT - RECORDS OFFICE - DAY**

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

**BLACK TITLE CARD:**

**BROOMHILDA**

**INT - SLAVE PEN - DAY**

bars of           The same shot we saw before of Django fighting his way to the  
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**

by TWO           We follow in front of Broomhilda being lead out of the slave pen  
and               WHITE MALE SLAVERS. Her bare feet slosh in the Main Street mud,  
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.  
Django            Broomhilda is not taken into that three story auction arena that  
parked            was sold in at the beginning. Instead She's just lifted up on a  
TWELVE or         buckboard wagon. Her SELLER (CLYDE) starts his pitch on the  
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.

MEET,            Scotty in the audience, and Broomhilda on the wagon, THEIR EYES  
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.

**\$XT - 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.

'8

**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



grabs that were in, there are chased out by the boss lady. Mrs.Harmony

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.

**19**

**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.

yard. The Harmony family and Broomhilda playing croquet in the front  
piano. After dinner, Mrs. Harmony entertaining the family by playing the  
storybook. Mr. Harmony reading the women and his son a story from a

**NARRATOR (VO)**

hour. Scotty was never happier.  
him Scotty and Broomhilda walking holding hands at Southern magic  
Broomhilda having sex with Scotty, baby talking with him, talking  
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**

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

60

**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**

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

**INT - HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT**

hotel Broomhilda and Scotty, and their luggage, move into the fancy  
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**

MASTERS Greenville at night is a little different. At night, RICH WHITE 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**

converted into An establishing shot.of the three story house that has been 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**

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

**6!**

**INT - THE CLEOPATRA CLUB - RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

mean The interracial joint is jumping (as long as by interracial you white men and black women).  
dining Scotty and Broomhilda are enjoying a fancy dinner in the clubs room.  
CANDIE, We see across the dining room, the powerful white man, CALVIN sitting with some White Men and some Black Ponys, eyeing Broomhilda.

**SCOTTY**

needed 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 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.

her off

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

they

We see Calvin introduce his table of friends to the couple, and

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.

'3

**1½. 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 told 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.

**G**

**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.  
his Scotty doesn't intend to let this smiling Jack cheat him out of  
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  
Scotty. Gun from his pocket, and tosses it on the table in front of  
Then takes out another one, and tosses it on the table in front  
himself .

**66**

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.

his  
can't

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

**6 7**

**THIRD NOTE...**

Calvin Candie SHOTS Scotty Harmony dead.

**INT - HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT**

to the

Calvin Candie and his entourage enter the hotel lobby and go up

**FRONT DESK CLERK..**

**CALVIN CANDLE**

Hello Oliver.

**FRONT DESK CLERK (OLIVER)**

Hello Mr.Candie, good evening.

**CALVIN CANDLE**

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 ...**

He

.Calvin comes'BURSTING in the room holding his belt in his hand.

lies  
legs and  
YANKS OFF the sheets that Broomhilda sleeps under. Broomhilda  
naked under the covers. Candie brings the belt down around her  
backside.  
She hops out of bed.

**INT - HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT**

stairs,  
Candie CHASES her naked body with his belt, from the top of the  
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**

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

sold  
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  
fill the big hall.

**ONE MANDINGO SLAVE (BANJO)**

bidding.  
including  
stands half naked on the auction block.  
The SELLER' (SHELBY)  
gives the crowd, a sales pitch about Banjo, and starts the  
Many different UGLY WHITE MEN make bids on the big mandingo,  
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 Candle, 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**

**6R**

auction      The White Man and Black Man find a cubby hole to talk in the  
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 knows about tobacco.  
Dr'. SCHULTZ  
Why do they call it One-Eyed Charly?

70

**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 aregular 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.

**7)**

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**

DINERS  
A lush fancy restaurant dining area inside of this house. The  
BLACK  
are made up exclusively of well dressed WHITE MEN, and pretty

GIRLS (PONYS) dressed in the most elaborate ladies fashions of the day.

**72**

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;**

**COLO. -**

**(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)**

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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.

**7EF**

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;



7S

**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 Vassepi.

**(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.

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

/i;½. 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 Candle takes in the figure.

**CALVIN CANDIE**

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

**TIME CUT**

**TNT -- CLEOPATRA CLUB -- RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

dinner  
Candle, Moguy, Django, Schultz, Bartholomew, Sheba, and Coco eat  
Catfish.  
in the restaurant. All the men eat thick T-Bones. Coco eats  
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.  
filled  
Bartholomew (now dressed in work clothes) drives a buckboard  
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.

**J**

**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**

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

**RODNEY**

gives Django a bad eyeball look up on his horse.

**DJANGO ON TONY**

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

check, but 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  
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 meat 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?

**1?3**

**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  
inbred 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  
i;½, emotions betray nothing.

**PTE**

**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.

**O V5**

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?

**E 17**

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.Ston.esipher... .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  
i;½-. to Django.

**P9**

**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.

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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 hands) come out to greet the caravan. They all greet Monsieur Calvin Candie, who naturally leads the wars. procession, as if he's Alexander The Great returning from the creates a huge dust cloud behind it. Calvin's widowed sister LARA LEE CANDIE-FITZWILLY, an attractive i;½. 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.



horse,  
jacket,  
a,  
you do;

All the Candylanders see Django, dressed like he is, up on the  
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  
it's hate at first sight. Stephen heads downstairs, he walks with  
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

**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.

the Stephen uses 'the special privilege he and he alone enjoys amongst 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.

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**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

BELLS Overseers, ACE WOODY, and his two assistants BROWN and JINGLE  
Jingle CODY. While Ace is dressed for work on a farm, both Brown and  
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.

**915**  
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.Ring 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.

into Brown with his horse, yells, chases, and herds the three men away  
the slave pen.

Big Ace yells from his horse down to the five new mandingo arrivals,

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  
r 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.

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**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  
Sidney James point blank in the belly.  
Everybody reacts.

SHOOTS

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 Candid, 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 of Amerigo?

**CALVIN CANDIE**

His nigger lost.

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**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.

back.  
Ace gives Cody a slight head nod, and Cody SHOOTs Big Fred in the

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

1 00

**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.

**/O+**

**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?

,oz.

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 CANDLE**

sicked How bad did Stonesipher's dogs tear her up?  
Django's hand falls to the butt of his smoke wagon. If they  
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 CANDLE**

Take her out.

**STEPHEN**

**(INCRECULOUS)**

Take her out? Why!

**CALVIN CANDLE**

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 CANDLE**

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)**

While 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.  
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.

out. Django walks over to the window, parts the curtains and peers

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.

**)O'**

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.

**X07**

**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**

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

**DOG**

**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)**



looks 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  
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?

awhile, not Hearing her name being spoke properly for the first time in

influence to mention with a German accent, does have a bit of a calming

on the frightened girl.

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**WE CUT TO DJANGO**

his cue on the other side of the adjoining door, listening, waiting for  
to present himself.

BACK TO BROOMHILDA AND Dr.SCHULTZ

begins As Dr.Schultz calmly pours the young lady a glass of water, he

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.

!!0

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.

**1/1**

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.

**)/Z**

**STEPHEN**

It's kinder 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' 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.

"5.

Dr.SCHULTZ

Look Monsieur Candle, 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, Candle 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.

//

**F**

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 then 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 then, 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.

**Â»5**

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.

**1/6**

**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.

**TNT - 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?  
/i:½ She spins around.

**11 7**

**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)

11Y

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.

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**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 Candle?

**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 Candle.

**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 Candle, 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?

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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.

**BROOMBILDA**

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.

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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?

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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  
the  
has to say, hasn't anything to do with rhubarb pie. "Meet me in  
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.

**TNT - 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 R ..Y 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!



**FL5**

**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 CANDLE**

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 t6 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**

court  
from the  
out upon

The Dinner Table Guests listen to Lara Lee'Candie-Fitzwilly hold  
melodramatically ... . Till ... . Calvin Candie enters the room  
kitchen door.  
Lara Lee, oblivious to her brothers change in demeanor, blurts

**SEEING HIM;**

**LARA LEE**

he

There you are! I was beginning to think  
you and that of crow ran off together.  
Schultz and Django feel the change in their host's demeanor, as  
stares down the table at them.

**CALVIN CANDLE**

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

(CON'T)

1Z J

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

shotgun

hand

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!

Ix?

pistol

Stephen enters the dining room through the kitchen door, holding roughly in his grip, Broomhilda. He holds a small Derringer

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.

**IN**

**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.  
a For an experienced horsetrader, the just concluded transaction is 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.

**1 30**

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.

1310,

**CALVIN CANDLE**

I think you are a bad loser.  
Dr.SCHULTZ  
And I think you're an abysmal winner.

**CALVIN CANDLE**

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 Candle..  
.and then with a smile on his face, and a twinkle in his eye,

asks

**CANDLE;**

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...

**1 714**

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  
falls to the floor.  
Everybody is stunned.  
Schultz looks to Django.  
Django looks back.  
Dr.SCHULTZ

he

**(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!



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down  
which

Django, slightly..swaying to and fro from the rope, looks upside  
at Ace Woody, all dressed up in a black suit with a string tie,  
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**

body  
length from the hanging man.

Boy, people 'round here are cross wit you.  
Ace Woody pulls up a tiny milking stool, and sits down on it, a

**ACE WOODY**

wear a  
ina

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  
gun and holster around his waist, he carries a HUGE BOWIE KNIFE  
shoulder holster. He removes the big blade from its sheath.

**ACE WOODY**

walks  
out of

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  
the length of the floor between him and Django, pulls the blade  
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  
upside down  
wood., and straightens up, standing right beside the hanging  
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.

**IJS**  
He grabs a handfull of Django's genitals in his fist. He takes  
his big  
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 to 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.

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**ACE WOODY**

**(TO STEPHEN)**

Where she at?

**STEPHEN**

She in the big house. The kitchen.

the  
in  
Ace turns to leave, Stephen goes over to a big fiery furnace in  
blacksmith barn, and begins poking a LONG POKER which lies buried  
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 of chat.

HOT END  
He removes the big black poker from the furnaces fire, it's RED

**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.

Django,  
Just Stephen with a red hot poker, and naked, bound upside down  
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.

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**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 quest 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.

### **I31**

#### **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 JANNO 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.

**1 40**

the'hat All three throw their only belongings in the dirt. Floyd takes  
dirt. off of Chester's head and sails it away. As well as ripping the  
corncob pipe out of Chicken Charly's mouth and tossing it in the

**FLOYD**

into (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  
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)**

and Hold on, we got another hammer swinger  
for ya.  
Ace Woody comes walking out of the barn with Django, shirtless  
wearing his barefoot (just like we met him at beginning of the story),  
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.

**"H**

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 riclin' 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**

County. The Caravan makes its way down a dirt road in pretty Chickasaw  
Rodney, Stoic Roy riding lead horse, Floyd driving the cage wagon,  
Chester, and Chicken Charly bouncing around inside the cage  
wagon, Jano riding horses ass, and Django being led on foot behind him.

**J42**

**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.

**I"**

**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.

**R44**

**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**

**146**

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**

through Rodney, Chicken Charly, and Chester sit in the cage, and watch  
of the bars this new turn of events without any clear comprehension  
of what they're watching.  
mining What the three caged men are watching is the three Australian  
can't company employees and Django, off in the distance (where they  
men a hear what they're saying), having some sort of a discussion. That  
includes the still bound by the wrists Django showing the three  
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 rid.in 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.

**1Q7**

**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.

question; They get to The Cage O'Men. Roy startles them with a direct

**ROY**

(pointing, behind  
him, at Django)  
That black ride into Candyland yesterday?  
The Caged Men don't know what they're suppose to say.  
points Roy removes the pistol from his belt, cocks back the hammer and  
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**

windfall Damn sure.  
Roy starts taking the possibility of an eleven thousand dollar  
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?

**!Y,**

**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**

men  
them  
Rodney, Chicken Charly, and Chester watch the sight of the white  
cutting the ropes that bound the black man's wrists, as well as  
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.

!so

**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.

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**

over  
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  
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...  
of  
.DJANGO standing among the two dead Aussies, and whatever is left  
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**

l.rz  
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 horse's 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**

bunkhouse           The FOUR TRACKERS are missing the funeral, hanging out in the  
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"  
notice               (yes, the ears of slaves). On a second viewing the audience may  
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**

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

**IS3**

**INT - DOG KENNEL - SUNSET**

raises her           The FOUR DOGS lay out... . when, Marsha hears something, and  
head...

**SHIRTLESS DJANGO**

moves quietly through the woods.

**MARSHA**

three               rises to all fours, to listen and smell. out in the darkness, her  
PALS continue to lay out.

**DJANGO BY A TREE**

the                  he can see the bunkhouse entrance, the LONG HANDLE AXE buried in  
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.

risers to Jake, the one not playing the game, puts aside his hammer, and  
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**

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

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

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

Jake. After letting go of the axe handle, Django RUNS FULL SPEED toward  
Django Before the other three have really registered what's happening,  
FACE. has crossed the distance, and is YANKING The Axe out of JAKE'S  
trackers, And with AXE in hand, Django chases and fights with all three  
Stew, till after a point where he's CHOPPED DOWN TWO OF THEM, Lex, and  
and is and now there's only Mr.Stonesipher left.  
with a But Mr.Stonesipher has managed to draw his gigantic BUCK KNIFE,  
attack able to fight back against Django. You know Stonesipher's great  
attack knife, plus his fighting style is like one of his dogs, attack  
Django. Django uses the axe handle in a defensive position.  
it's The expert Mountain Boy begins SCORING BLADE CUTS on shirtless  
Broomhilda, The two men fight until they end up losing their weapons. Then  
he has just a fight of brute strength, and survival. Mr.Stonesipher is  
domination physically bigger then Django. But if Django's going to save  
fight all his life, and this White Man who feeds black people to dogs,  
the each other for their life.  
his Django gets his arm around Stonesipher's neck in a headlock, but  
mountain boy is big enough to lift Django. So like a rodeo rider  
holding onto bull for dear life, Django tightens his lock around

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  
outloud; begins washing the blood-off'of himself. As he washes, he says

**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?

**15-C**

**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.



**TNT - 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)**

**'SR**

**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.

**157**

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.

(60)

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.

**I6 I**

**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.

**ICZ**

**WE MOVE INTO A ROMANTIC CLOSE UP OF BROOMHILDA**

as she watches this.

Big

As DJANGO looks out at the ten stunned enemies spread out on The

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.

takes a

Then moves his right hand by his gun belt in his holster, as he

**SHOWDOWN STANCE.**

EVERYBODY realizes DJANGO's intentions.

Even BROOMHILDA and TIMMY.

steps

DJANGO looks down from his position at the top of The Big House

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.

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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.

16'F

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,  
left hand Floyd's Pistol was QUICKSILVER FAST in. his right hand, as his  
People (and FANNED the Pistols Hammer, SHOOTING INSTANTLY all five White  
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.

**/65**

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.

**Â°66**

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 Dragons.