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 JAN to bring up the rear riding horses ass, plus a pack horse that carries dynamite for the mine.

The three peckawoods, who all talk with thick Australian accents, have stopped the caravan and are having a powwow.

ROY
It's chaos 'round here. Some bastard shot the big boss. Let's git the niggers and git out.

The Three mandingos who weren't sold in Greenville, Rodney, Chicken Charly, and Chester are walked to the wagon by overseers Tommy Giles and Broomhilda's new owner Billy Crash. All three slaves carry the bundles of personal belongings they've had since Greenville. Chester wears a hat, and Chicken Charly has a corncob pipe in his mouth.

The wagon driver, Floyd, approaches them.

FLOYD
You blacks line up.

They do.

FLOYD
What's your names?

CHESTER
Chester.

CHICKEN CHARLY
Chicken Charly.

RODNEY
Rodney.

FLOYD
I'm Floyd, this is Roy, and that's Jano. (pointing at Chester's bundle) What's that?

CHESTER
It's my stuff.

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

**FLOYD**
(to Chicken Charly)
You won't be doin' much smokin' mate.
(to all three)
You are now the property of The LeQuint Dickey Mining Company. Git in the cage.

This is going to be worse than the three even thought. They climb into the cage wagon. Floyd locks it behind them.

Roy, the head Aussie, pays Billy Crash for the slaves, when we hear Ace Woody call out;

**ACE WOODY (OS)**
Hold on, we got another hammer swinger for ya.

Ace Woody comes walking out of the barn with Django, shirtless and barefoot (just like we met him at beginning of the story), wearing his old tan pants, and his wrists bound by a rope.

**ROY**
We can't use that skinny bastard.

**ACE WOODY**
We got an arraignment with Mr. Dickey to take punishment niggers from time to time.

**ROY**
No one tole' me 'bout no arraignment.

**ACE WOODY**
Well if Mr. Dickey ain't takin' you into his confidence, I'm sure I don't know why.

**ROY**
Look, no one tole' me 'bout -

**ACE WOODY**
- No, you look peckawood, this nigger got Boss Candle killed. And we want his ass punished. Now I know you need our bucks. So unless you wanna ride back to the mine, and tell Mr. Dickey how and why you fucked up our nice little business relationship, take this nigger and hush up about it!

**ROY**
Fine, stick 'em in the goddamn cage.
Django sees the three mandingos in the cage. They see him too.

Django stops Ace Woody.

Django

Whoa whoa whoa, you can't put me in there with them. They'll kill me. What about all that -turning big rocks into little rocks - shit y'all was talkin' about? I mean that was the idea ain't it? You put me in there with them big ass garboons they kill me on the way. I mean if that's the idea, that's the idea, but I didn't think that was the idea.

Ace knows he's right, so he turns to Roy and Floyd.

Ace Woody

He can't go in there with them.

Floyd

Why not?

Ace Woody

They'll kill him.

Floyd

I don't give a damn.

Ace Woody

Well we do! He killed the fuckin Boss Man, we want the mine to grind him to gravel!

Roy

Jano, you're ridin' horses ass, you take this black and make sure he keeps up.

Jano

Oh, I'll keep 'em up.

Jano takes the rope tired around Django's wrists and ties the other end around his saddle horn.

The LeQuint Dickey Mining Company caravan leaves Candyland.

EXT - MISSISSIPPI COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

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

Jano ignores him.

Django
I said, hey white boy!

Jano
Keep your mouth shut black, you ain't got nothing to say I wanna hear.

Django
What's he pay you?

Jano
Who?

Django
LeQuint Dickey?

Jano
You gotta few more things to worry about black boy, then what I get paid.

Django
I ain't worried about it. I'm just curious. I mean, I'm the property of The LeQuint Dickey Mining Company, ain't I?

Jano
Yeah.

Django
And you work for The LeQuint Dickey Mining Company, don't'cha?

Jano
Yeah?

Django
Well, I know how much I'm gettin' paid, how much you gettin' paid? I mean like for instance, how much you gettin' paid for today?

Jano
Look black, it don't work like that. Dickey paid for our passage from Australia to here. We get a little money to send back home, and pay him back for the boat trip.
DJANGO
How long you been here?

JANO
'bout two years.

DJANGO
And you ain't paid him back yet?

JANO
(defensively)
No, not yet!

DJANGO
(laughs)
You a slave too, peckawood. They just bought your ass for the price of a boat ride. At least they didn't charge us for our boat ride....ha ha ha ha...

JANO
(yelling)
You shut up!

Jano's hand grabs his riding crop, and he brings it up to strike Django, when the black man says to him;

DJANGO
How'd you like to make eleven thousand dollars?

JANO
What?

Django steps closer to him.

DJANGO
How would you like to make eleven thousand dollars - eleven thousand five hundred, actually?

Roy, in the lead, yells back to Jano;

ROY
Goddamit Jano, stop fuckin with that black, and keep up!

DJANGO
Keep riding, just ride slower.

They move forward, with Django walking beside Jano on his horse.
DJANGO
Back at that plantation Candyland, there was an eleven thousand five hundred dollar fortune just sittin there, and y'all rode right past it.

JANO
You be damned, blackie. We're not bandits.

DJANGO
That's what's nice about this fortune, it's not illegal. You can't steal it, ya gotta earn it.

JANO
If you got something to say, say it.

DJANGO
The eleven thousand five hundred dollar fortune waiting for you back at Candyland, is in the form of a wanted dead or alive bounty on Smitty Bacall and the Smitty Bacall Gang.

JANO
Who the fuck is Smitty Bacall?

DJANGO
Smitty Bacall is the leader of a murdering gang of stagecoach robbers, The Bacall Gang. There's a seven thousand dollar dead or alive bounty on him. And one thousand five hundred dollars for each of his three accomplices, Dandy Michaels, Gerald Nash, and Crazy Craig Koons. And all four of them gentlemen are sittin back there at Candyland...laughin their ass off...cause they just got away with murder.

(beat)
But it don't hafta be that way. You and your mates could get that money.

JANO
Who pays the money?

DJANGO
The Court.

JANO
The Court?

DJANGO
The Austin Texas Courthouse. Oh, and by the way, the court don't give a damn about how you kill 'em. You can shoot 'em in the back, from up on a hill, in the back of the head, in their sleep - don't matter.

(CON'T)
DJANGO
(CON'T)
Court doesn't care how you do it, just as long as you do it.

JANO
They pay us to kill 'em?

DJANGO
No. You kill 'em, and they pay you for the corpse. Get it?

JANO
I think so....what did these jokers do again?

DJANGO
Killed innocent people in a stagecoach robbery. I've got the handbill in my pocket.

Django digs into his tan pants and pulls out the folded up Smitty Bacall handbill that Dr. Schultz told him to hang on to for good luck.

He hands it to Jano.

JANO
What's this?

DJANGO
I told you, it's the handbill for Smitty Bacall and The Bacall Gang.

Jano looks at the handbill.

DJANGO
Whatsamatter, can't you read?

JANO
I can read, I just don't have my glasses. I didn't take 'em with me, because I didn't think I'd be doin' much readin' on a nigger run.

DJANGO
What about that cowboy fella in the lead?

JANO
Roy?

DJANGO
Can Roy read?

JANO
Look, get it straight black, I can fuckin read. I just don't got my glasses.

CUT TO
EXT - BEAUTIFUL MISSISSIPPI COUNTRY TABLEAUX at DUSK

The LeQuint Dickey Mining Co. Caravan has stopped, and pulled over to the side of the road.

IN THE CAGE
Rodney, Chicken Charly, and Chester sit in the cage, and watch through the bars this new turn of events without any clear comprehension of what they're watching.

What the three caged men are watching is the three Australian mining company employees and Django, off in the distance (where they can't hear what they're saying), having some sort of a discussion. That includes the still bound by the wrists Django showing the three men a piece of paper.

INSERT: SMITTY BACALL'S WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE HANDBILL

Roy holds it in his hand as he reads and Django talks.

DJANGO
I ain't no goddamn slave. Do I sound like a fuckin slave? I'm a bounty hunter. Yesterday as a free man, I rode into Candyland on a horse with my white German partner, Dr.King Schultz. We'd tracked The Bacall Gang from Texas all the way to Chickasaw County. Found them laying low at Candyland. We went in to get 'em, things went sour. My partner was killed, and Calvin Candie was shot. Everybody there decided to blame me, so here I am.

(to Roy)
You know I'm not on the manifest? All of you know I'm not suppose to be on this trip. But those four men, are still back there. They're still wanted. And that eleven thousand five hundred is still up for grabs. And the last thing they'd expect is y'all ridin back and gittin it.

Django is damn convincing.

ROY
What's your deal? You tell us who they are and we let ya go?

DJANGO
I ain't tellin' who they are. But, you give me a pistol, and a horse, and five hundred dollars of that eleven thousand five hundred, and I'll point 'em out to you.

He's got these greedy sonsabitches right on the hook...he just needs one little push.
DJANGO
Y'all wanna ask somebody if I'm tellin the truth, ask them mandingos. You can't put me in the same cage with them without them killin me. Why ya think that is? Ask them am I a Candyland slave, or did I ride in there on a horse, with a white man, yesterday?

CUT TO

ROY AND FLOYD
go to the Cage Wagon to talk with the three mandingos. As they walk, Roy continues to study the handbill.

ROY
(reading aloud)
"Wanted, dead or alive. Smitty Bacall and The Bacall Gang. For murder and stagecoach robbery. Seven thousand dollars for Bacall. One thousand five hundred dollars for each of his gang members...." This is a real handbill.

FLOYD
Just because the handbill's real doesn't mean that other bunch of malarky is.

ROY
Why would a nigger slave have a wanted dead or alive handbill in his pocket?

Floyd doesn't have an answer for that one.

ROY
That black's damn convincing.

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

ROY
(pointing behind him, at Django)
That black ride into Candyland yesterday?

The Caged Men don't know what they're suppose to say.

Roy removes the pistol from his belt, cocks back the hammer and points the barrel at the cage.

ROY
I'm gonna ask again, and remember I don't like liars. Is he a Candyland slave, or did he ride in with a white man yesterday?
CHESTER
Yeah. They walked us from the Greenville Auction and he rode on a horse with a white man.

ROY
This white man, was the black his slave?

RODNEY
He weren't no slave.

FLOYD
You sure about that?

RODNEY
Damn sure.

Roy starts taking the possibility of an eleven thousand dollar windfall seriously.

ROY
What happened at Candyland?

CHICKEN CHARLY
Bunch of shootin, master got shot.

ROY
Who shot 'em?

CHICKEN CHARLY
The German.

ROY
And why did he do that?

CHICKEN CHARLY
The nigger and the German were actin as if they were slavers, but they weren't.

ROY
What were they?

RODNEY
Bounty hunters.

Floyd is starting to get convinced.

FLOYD
Goddamn Roy, this could be big.
(to the Slaves)
Do you know who Smitty Bacall is?
ROY
(barking at Floyd)
They wouldn't go by their outlaw names
you idiot!

CUT TO

Roy and Floyd walk back to Django and Jano.

ROY
Okay black, you gotta deal.

Jano reacts.

DJANGO
I got one more condition.

ROY
What?

DJANGO
When we get there, when the time comes,
you let me help you kill 'em.

Roy whips out a big knife, and cuts the rope around Django's wrists.

ROY
(laughing)
You got a deal, black.

Django interrupts -

DJANGO
You gotta deal, mate.

Roy really laughs this time. As does Django and the other two Aussies.

ROY
You're all right for a black fella!

The CAGE
Rodney, Chicken Charly, and Chester watch the sight of the white men
cutting the ropes that bound the black man's wrists, as well as them
all sharing a laugh, with wonderment. "Who is this Nigger?"

BACK WITH THE LAUGHING QUARTET

ROY
We'll give you that pack horse.

DJANGO
What's them saddle bags filled with?

FLOYD
Dynamite.
DJANGO
I ain't ridin no horse with no goddamn dynamite on his back!

ROY
(chuckle chuckle)
Yeah, I can see why. Jano take those sticks off that horse, and stick 'em in the nigger cage.

Jano does this, lifting two out of four bags filled with dynamite off the pack horse, and walking to the cage wagon, unlocking the cage door, and placing the bags inside. The Black Men in the cage don't like this at all.

Jano removes the last of the dynamite filled saddle bags from Django's horse, throws them over his shoulders, and begins walking back to The Cage Wagon.

Django moves to his new pack horse, and says;

DJANGO
Where's my pistol?

ROY
Floyd, you got that rifle on the wagon, give 'em your gun and your belt.

Floyd unbuckles his gun belt, gun and all, folds it up, and walks over to Django handing it to him. Django accepts it.

About the pistol, Floyd tells Django;

FLOYD
Now don't drop it now. I just had the sights fixed last month, it's perfect.

Django holding the gunbelt in his hand.

DJANGO
That's good to know.

Without taking the pistol out of the gunbelt, DJANGO SHOOTS FLOYD TWICE in the chest....

Roy turns around...

Django takes the gun out of the holster....

......BAM...ROY is HIT in the UPPER BRAIN AREA and falls to the grass dead.

Jano goes for the gun on his hip.

Django SHOOTS ONE OF THE SADDLE BAGS over Jano's shoulder...KAHBOOM!!!!!
Jano is BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS.....

The KAHBOOM knocks Django on his ass...

The CAGE WAGON
Rodney, Chester, and Chicken Charlie come down from the shock of the blast. The image outside the bars of their cage is of DUST and SMOKE in the air, obscuring all visibility....

THEN.....

A sudden GUST OF WIND comes and BLOWS all the smoke and dust away, REVEALING in bright color focus....

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

He's shoeless and shirtless, but Floyd's pistol and gunbelt sit wrapped around his waist.

He locks eyes with the three men in the cage..

He then moves towards the wagon, and unhooks the mine company beast, and climbs aboard him bareback.

He leans over and snatches the RIFLE that Floyd kept on the wagon seat next to him.

Grabbing a fistful of the horses mane, he digs his heels into the beast's side. The pack animals SPRINGS TO LIFE under the new rider. By now it should be apparent that Django brings the best out of horses, and horses bring the best out of Django.

From his high horse Django looks down at The Three Caged Men....

......THEN....

Using the rifle in a QUICK ONE HANDED MOVE he SHOOTS the lock on the cage door.

He looks at the three men, especially Rodney, then says;

DJANGO
Throw up that dynamite.

Rodney grabs a saddle bag full of dynamite and tosses it to Django on his Horse.

Django wraps it around the Horse's neck, turns the beast around, and without saying another word, rides back in the direction of Candyland.

The Three NOW FREE Mandingos, watch him ride away.

"Who was that nigger?"

CUT TO