

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
muddied the line between winning and losing.

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

CALVIN CANDIE

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

The Whites (except for Schultz) laugh.

This whole spectacle is making Dr.Schultz sick to his stomach.

Not Django....he's seen this little drama play out many times before.

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

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

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

Calvin prods further.

CALVIN CANDIE

You even know what reimburse means?

The Whites laugh.

Then SUDDENLY.....

....The German Speaks;

Dr.SCHULTZ
I'll reimburse you.

All eyes turn to Dr.Schultz.

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

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

CALVIN CANDIE
You will?

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

Dr.SCHULTZ
Yes.

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

Django's voice cuts through the Mississippi heat.

DJANGO
No he won't.

All eyes turn to Django.

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

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

Dr.SCHULTZ
(to Candie)
You heard 'em.

The Hillbilly Trackers stare up at the black man on the horse in the green jacket, slack jawed.

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

CALVIN CANDIE

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

Mr.Stonesipher, SPITS.

Mr.STONESIPHER

That's right.

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

CALVIN CANDIE

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

DJANGO

He's your nigger.

CALVIN CANDIE

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

Mr.STONESIPHER

Marsha...git 'em!

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

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

The MANDINGOS

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

The DOGS ATTACK D'ARTAGNAN.....

As we HEAR the ATTACK.....

Candie staring contest with Django....

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

The other Mandingos are scared sick at what they see.

The Hillbilly Trackers root the dogs on.

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

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

CALVIN CANDIE

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

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

DJANGO

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

CALVIN CANDIE

But you are use to it?

DJANGO

Well, him bein' German an' all, I'm
a little more use to American's then
he is. Now Monsieur Candie, whenever you're
ready, we rode five hours so you could
show off your stock. Let's git to it.
Cause as of now, if he's a example, I
ain't impressed.

Calvin...BLINK.....

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

CALVIN CANDIE

Follow me.

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

EXT - THE GROUNDS OF CANDYLAND - DAY

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

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

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

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

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