

EXT - CANDYLAND - AFTERNOON

The Caravan coming from The LeQuint Dickey Mining Company comes riding up to the plantation. It comes equipped with one CAGE WAGON (from a prison), ONE white trash PECKAWOOD named FLOYD to drive the wagon, a 2nd white trash PECKAWOOD named ROY to ride lead horse, and a white trash PECKAWOOD named JANO to bring up the rear riding horses ass, plus a pack horse that carries dynamite for the mine.

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

ROY

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

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

The wagon driver, Floyd, approaches them.

FLOYD

You blacks line up.

They do.

FLOYD

What's your names?

CHESTER

Chester.

CHICKEN CHARLY

Chicken Charly.

RODNEY

Rodney.

FLOYD

I'm Floyd, this is Roy, and that's Jano.

(pointing at
Chester's bundle)

What's that?

CHESTER

It's my stuff.

FLOYD

Throw it in the dirt.

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

FLOYD

(to Chicken Charly)

You won't be doin' much smokin' mate.

(to all three)

You are now the property of The LeQuint Dickey Mining Company. Git in the cage.

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

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

ACE WOODY (OS)

Hold on, we got another hammer swinger for ya.

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

ROY

We can't use that skinny bastard.

ACE WOODY

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

ROY

No one tole' me 'bout no arraignment.

ACE WOODY

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

ROY

Look, no one tole' me 'bout -

ACE WOODY

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

ROY

Fine, stick 'em in the goddamn cage.

Django sees the three mandingos in the cage. They see him too.

Django stops Ace Woody.

DJANGO

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

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

ACE WOODY

He can't go in there with them.

FLOYD

Why not?

ACE WOODY

They'll kill him.

FLOYD

I don't give a damn.

ACE WOODY

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

ROY

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

JANO

Oh, I'll keep 'em up.

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

The LeQuint Dickey Mining Company caravan leaves Candyland.

EXT - MISSISSIPPI COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

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

DJANGO
(to Jano)

Hey boy!

Jano ignores him.

DJANGO
I said, hey white boy!

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

DJANGO
What's he pay you?

JANO
Who?

DJANGO
LeQuint Dickey?

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

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

JANO
Yeah.

DJANGO
And you work for The LeQuint Dickey Mining
Company, dont'cha?

JANO
Yeah?

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

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

DJANGO

How long you been here?

JANO

'bout two years.

DJANGO

And you ain't paid him back yet?

JANO

(defensively)

No, not yet!

DJANGO

(laughs)

You a slave too, peckawood. They just bought your ass for the price of a boat ride.

At least they didn't charge us for our boat ride....ha ha ha ha...

JANO

(yelling)

You shut up!

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

DJANGO

How'd you like to make eleven thousand dollars?

JANO

What?

Django steps closer to him.

DJANGO

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

Roy, in the lead, yells back to Jano;

ROY

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

DJANGO

Keep riding, just ride slower.

They move forward, with Django walking beside Jano on his horse.

DJANGO

Back at that plantation Candyland, there was an eleven thousand five hundred dollar fortune just sittin there, and y'all rode right past it.

JANO

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

DJANGO

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

JANO

If you got something to say, say it.

DJANGO

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

JANO

Who the fuck is Smitty Bacall?

DJANGO

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

(beat)

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

JANO

Who pays the money?

DJANGO

The Court.

JANO

The Court?

DJANGO

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

(CON'T)

DJANGO
(CON'T)

Court doesn't care how you do it, just as long as you do it.

JANO
They pay us to kill 'em?

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

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

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

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

He hands it to Jano.

JANO
What's this?

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

Jano looks at the handbill.

DJANGO
Whatsamatter, can't you read?

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

DJANGO
What about that cowboy fella in the lead?

JANO
Roy?

DJANGO
Can Roy read?

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

CUT TO

EXT - BEAUTIFUL MISSISSIPPI COUNTRY TABLEAUX at DUSK

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

IN THE CAGE

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

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

INSERT: SMITTY BACALL'S WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE HANDBILL

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

DJANGO

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

(to Roy)

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

Django is damn convincing.

ROY

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

DJANGO

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

He's got these greedy sonsabitches right on the hook...he just needs one little push.

DJANGO

Y'all wanna ask somebody if I'm tellin the truth, ask them mandingos. You can't put me in the same cage with them without them killin me. Why ya think that is? Ask them am I a Candyland slave, or did I ride in there on a horse, with a white man, yesterday?

CUT TO

ROY AND FLOYD

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

ROY

(reading aloud)

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

FLOYD

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

ROY

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

Floyd doesn't have an answer for that one.

ROY

That black's damn convincing.

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

ROY

(pointing behind
him, at Django)

That black ride into Candyland yesterday?

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

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

ROY

I'm gonna ask again, and remember I don't like liars. Is he a Candyland slave, or did he ride in with a white man yesterday?

CHESTER

Yeah. They walked us from the Greenville Auction and he rode on a horse with a white man.

ROY

This white man, was the black his slave?

RODNEY

He weren't no slave.

FLOYD

You sure about that?

RODNEY

Damn sure.

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

ROY

What happened at Candyland?

CHICKEN CHARLY

Bunch of shootin, master got shot.

ROY

Who shot 'em?

CHICKEN CHARLY

The German.

ROY

And why did he do that?

CHICKEN CHARLY

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

ROY

What were they?

RODNEY

Bounty hunters.

Floyd is starting to get convinced.

FLOYD

Goddamn Roy, this could be big.

(to the Slaves)

Do you know who Smitty Bacall is?

ROY
 (barking at Floyd)
 They wouldn't go by their outlaw names
 you idiot!

CUT TO

Roy and Floyd walk back to Django and Jano.

ROY
 Okay black, you gotta deal.

Jano reacts.

DJANGO
 I got one more condition.

ROY
 What?

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

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

ROY
 (laughing)
 You got a deal, black.

Django interrupts -

DJANGO
 You gotta deal, mate.

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

ROY
 You're all right for a black fella!

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

BACK WITH THE LAUGHING QUARTET

ROY
 We'll give you that pack horse.

DJANGO
 What's them saddle bags filled with?

FLOYD
 Dynamite.

DJANGO

I ain't ridin no horse with no goddamn dynamite on his back!

ROY

(chuckle chuckle)

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

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

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

Django moves to his new pack horse, and says;

DJANGO

Where's my pistol?

ROY

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

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

About the pistol, Floyd tells Django;

FLOYD

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

Django holding the gunbelt in his hand.

DJANGO

That's good to know.

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

Roy turns around...

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

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

Jano goes for the gun on his hip.

Django SHOOTS ONE OF THE SADDLE BAGS over Jano's shoulder...KAHBOOM!!!!!!

Jano is BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS.....

The KAHBOOM knocks Django on his ass...

The CAGE WAGON

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

THEN.....

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

.....THEN.....

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

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

DJANGO

Throw up that dynamite.

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

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

The Three NOW FREE Mandingos, watch him ride away.

"Who was that nigger?"

CUT TO