

~~Dr. SCHULTZ~~

~~Oh, and on the off chance that there's any astronomy aficionados amongst you, the North Star is THAT ONE. Tata.~~

~~He looks to Django, who doesn't know how to start his horse.~~

~~Dr. SCHULTZ~~

~~Just give him a little kick.~~

~~Django does, and the horse responds by moving.~~

~~Dr. SCHULTZ~~

~~See, it's not so difficult.~~

EXT - MORNING TEXAS LANDSCAPE - SUNRISE

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

Dr.SCHULTZ

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

DJANGO

Who?

Dr.SCHULTZ

Your horse?

DJANGO

What horse?

Dr.SCHULTZ

The horse you're riding.

DJANGO

This ain't my horse.

Dr.SCHULTZ

Yes it is.

DJANGO

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

Dr.SCHULTZ

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

DJANGO

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

Dr.SCHULTZ  
(frustrated)

Don't worry about all that!

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

Dr.SCHULTZ

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

(he pats Fritz's neck)

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

DJANGO

- Tony.

Dr.SCHULTZ

- Tony what?

DJANGO

- I dunno, Tony the horse.

Dr.SCHULTZ

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

DJANGO

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

Dr.SCHULTZ

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

DJANGO

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

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

Dr.SCHULTZ

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

EXT - THE WESTERN TOWN OF DAUGHTREY - MORNING

As the citizens of Daughtrey wake up, Django and Dr.Schultz ride Fritz and Tony through the main street of town. Daughtrey looks like a million western towns we've seen before in movies. But to the TOWNSPEOPLE of Daughtrey, Django and the German don't look like a million other visitors.

Dr.SCHULTZ

What's everybody staring at?

DJANGO

They never seen a nigger on a horse before.

Dr.SCHULTZ

What's this bizarre obsession they have with you not riding horses?

DJANGO

You askin' me?

Dr.Schultz stops Fritz in front of a saloon, and dismounts. Django has a little trouble both stopping Tony and getting off him, but it gets done. Dr.Schultz keeps bombarding The Slave with questions.

Dr.SCHULTZ

So what other archaic rituals are you people verboten to take part in?

As per usual with this White Man, Django thinks; "What"?

Dr.SCHULTZ

I'm just trying to get a clear idea on what you can do, and what you can't do, and if you can't do it, why can't you do it? Like for instance, what if we were to walk in this saloon here, sit down at a table, order a drink, and drink it? Would the authorities frown on that?

DJANGO

Hell yeah, they gonna frown.

Dr.SCHULTZ

What part would they find the most offensive?

DJANGO

All of it. I can't be walkin' in no saloon.  
I can't be sittin' my ass on no chair,  
at no table. I can't be drinkin' no drink.  
And I definitely can't be sharin' no drink,  
with no white man, in public.

Dr.SCHULTZ

So if you and I did those things, that would  
be considered enough of a infraction to make  
the saloon keeper go get the sheriff?

DJANGO

You bet your sweet ass they get the sheriff.

The good doctor extends his hand towards the saloon entrance.

Dr.SCHULTZ

Well in that case Django, after you.

DJANGO

Whoa - I ain't funnin, I can't go in there.

Dr.SCHULTZ

Django you're going to have to learn to trust  
me, and as the man said; "There's no time  
like the present."

He takes Django by the arm and leads him into the entryway of the  
establishment.

~~INT - SALOON - MORNING~~

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

~~The SALOON KEEPER (PETE) is high up on a chair placed high up on a  
table, to change a candle in the saloons chandelier. His back is turned  
away from the two patrons.~~

~~Dr.SCHULTZ~~

~~Good morning inn keeper, two beers for two  
weary travelers.~~

~~SALOON KEEPER~~

~~It's still pretty early, we won't be open  
for about a hour. But by then we'll be  
servin' breakfast~~

~~He turns around and sees them.~~

~~SALOON KEEPER~~

~~Whoa! What the hell you think you doin' boy,  
get that nigger outta here.~~