

The woods are lovely, dark and deep, and I have promises to keep, and miles to go before I sleep.
Do you hear me, Butterfly? Miles to go before you sleep.

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

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: No I don't. What you think I am?

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

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...

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

DR. SCHULTZ (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