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Casablanca

By Julius J. Epstein

FADE IN:

INSERT - A revolving globe. When it stops revolving it turns briefly into a contour map of Europe, then into a flat map. Superimposed over this map are scenes of refugees fleeing from all sections of Europe by foot, wagon, auto, and boat, and all converging upon one point on the tip of Africa -- Casablanca. Arrows on the map illustrate the routes taken as the voice of a NARRATOR describes the migration.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

With the coming of the Second World War, many eyes in imprisoned Europe turned hopefully, or desperately, toward the freedom of the Americas. Lisbon became the great embarkation point. But not everybody could get to Lisbon directly, and so, a tortuous, roundabout refugee trail sprang up. Paris to Marseilles, across the Mediterranean to Oran, then by train, or auto, or foot, across the rim of Africa to Casablanca in French Morocco. Here, the fortunate ones, through money, or influence, or luck, might obtain exit visas and scurry to Lisbon, and from Lisbon to the New World. But the others wait in Casablanca -- and wait -- and wait -- and wait . The narrator's voice fade away...

EXT. OLD MOORISH SECTION OF THE CITY - DAY

CUT TO:

At first only the turrets and rooftops are visible against a torrid sky.

The facades of the Moorish buildings give way to a narrow, twisting street crowded with the polyglot life of a native quarter. The intense desert sun holds the scene in a torpid tranquility. Activity is unhurried and sounds are muted.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A POLICE OFFICER takes a piece of paper from the typewriter, turns to a microphone, and reads.

POLICE OFFICER :

To all officers! Two German couriers carrying important official documents murdered on train from Oran. Murderer and possible accomplices headed for Casablanca. Round up all suspicious characters and search them for stolen documents. Important!

CUT TO:

EXT. A STREET IN THE OLD MOORISH SECTION - DAY

An officer BLOWS his whistle several times.

There is pandemonium as native guards begin to round up people .

A police car, full of officers, with SIREN BLARING, screams through the street and stops in the market.

Some try to escape but are caught by the police and loaded into a police wagon.

At a street corner TWO POLICEMEN stop a white CIVILIAN and question him.

FIRST POLICEMAN

May we see your papers?

CIVILIAN :

(nervously)

I don't think I have them on me.

FIRST POLICEMAN

In that case, we'll have to ask you to come along.

The civilian pats his pockets.

CIVILIAN :

Wait. It's just possible that I...

Yes, here they are.

He brings out his papers. The second policeman examines them.

SECOND POLICEMAN

These papers expired three weeks ago.

You'll have to come along.

Suddenly the civilian breaks away and starts to run wildly down the street.

The policeman SHOUTS "Halt", but the civilian keeps going.

JAN and ANNINA BRANDEL, a very young and attractive refugee

couple from Bulgaria, watch as the civilian passes. They've been thrust by circumstances from a simple country life into an unfamiliar and hectic world.

A shot RINGS out, and the man falls to the ground. Above him, painted on the wall, is a large poster of Marshal Petain, which reads: "Je tiens mes promesses, meme celles des autres . "

The policeman frantically searches the body, but only finds Free French literature.

CUT TO:

EXT. PALAIS DE JUSTICE - DAY

We see an inscription carved in a marble block along the roofline of the building: "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite"
We see the the facade, French in architecture, then the high-vaulted entrance which is inscribed "Palais de Justice".
At the entrance the arrested suspects are led in by the police .

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

A middle-aged ENGLISH COUPLE sit at a table just off the square, and observe the commotion across the way in front of the Palais de Justice.

The police van pulls up. The rear doors are opened and people stream out.

A EUROPEAN man, sitting at a table nearby, watches the English couple more closely than the scene on the street.

ENGLISHWOMAN :

What on earth's going on there?

ENGLISHMAN :

I don't know, my dear.

The European walks over to the couple.

EUROPEAN :

Pardon, pardon, Monsieur, pardon
Madame, have you not heard?

ENGLISHMAN :

We hear very little, and we understand even less.

EUROPEAN :

Two German couriers were found murdered in the desert... the unoccupied desert. This is the customary roundup of refugees, liberals, and uh, of course, a beautiful young girl for Monsieur Renault, the Prefect of Police.

EXT. PALAIS DE JUSTICE - DAY

CUT TO:

Suspects are herded out of the van, and into the Palais de Justice.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

EUROPEAN :

Unfortunately, along with these unhappy refugees the scum of Europe has gravitated to Casablanca. Some of them have been waiting years for a visa.

He puts his left arm compassionately around the Englishman, and reaches behind the man with his right hand.

EUROPEAN :

I beg of you, Monsieur, watch yourself. Be on guard. This place is full of vultures, vultures everywhere, everywhere .

The Englishman seems to be taken aback by this sudden display of concern.

ENGLISHMAN :

Ha, ha, thank you, thank you very much .

EUROPEAN :

Not at all. Au revoir, Monsieur.

Au revoir, Madame.

He leaves. The Englishman, still a trifle disconcerted by the European's action, watches him as he leaves.

ENGLISHMAN :

Au revoir. Amusing little fellow.

Waiter !

As he pats both his breast and pants pockets he realizes there is something missing.

ENGLISHMAN :

Oh. How silly of me.

ENGLISHWOMAN :

What, dear?

ENGLISHMAN :

I've left my wallet in the hotel.

ENGLISHWOMAN :

Oh.

Suddenly the Englishman looks off in the direction of the departed European, the clouds of suspicion gathering. Interrupting overhead is the DRONE of a low flying airplane. They look up.

CUT TO:

EXT. OVERHEAD SHOT - DAY

An airplane cuts its motor for landing.

CUT TO:

EXT. PALAIS DE JUSTICE - DAY

Refugees wait in line outside the Palais de Justice. Their upturned gaze follows the flight of the plane. In their faces is revealed one hope they all have in common, and the plane is the symbol of that hope. Jan and Annina look up at the plane.

ANNINA :

(wistfully)

Perhaps tomorrow we'll be on that plane.

CUT TO:

EXT. OVERHEAD SHOT - DAY

The plane SWOOPS down past a sign atop a building at the edge of the airport.

The sign reads "Rick's Cafe Americain."

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

As the plane lands a swastika on its tail is clearly visible. It taxis to a stop as a group of officers march into formation in front of it. Behind them stand a detail of native soldiers keeping guard.

In the group is CAPTAIN LOUIS RENAULT, a French officer appointed by Vichy as Prefect of Police in Casablanca. He is a handsome, middle-aged Frenchman, debonair and gay, but withal a shrewd and alert official.

With him are HERR HEINZE, the German consul, CAPTAIN TONELLI, an Italian officer, and LIEUTENANT CASSELLE, Renault's aide.

When the plane door opens, the first passenger to step out is a tall, middle-aged, pale German with a smile that seems more the result of a frozen face muscle than a cheerful disposition. On any occasion when MAJOR STRASSER is crossed, his expression hardens into iron.

Herr Heinze steps up to him with upraised arm.

HEINZE :

Heil Hitler.

STRASSER :

Heil Hitler.

They shake hands .

HEINZE :

It is very good to see you again,
Major Strasser.

STRASSER :

Thank you. Thank you.

Heinze introduces Strasser to Renault.

HEINZE :

May I present Captain Renault,
Police Prefect of Casablanca.
Major Strasser.
Renault salutes.

RENAULT :

Unoccupied France welcomes you to
Casablanca .

STRASSER :

(in perfect English, smiling)
Thank you, Captain. It's very good
to be here.

RENAULT :

Major Strasser, my aide, Lieutenant
Casselle .

As they acknowledge each other, Captain Tonelli barges in
front of Casselle and salutes Strasser.

TONELLI :

Captain Tonelli, the Italian
service, at your command, Major.

STRASSER :

That is kind of you.

But Tonelli gets no further than that as Strasser turns
again to Renault. They walk away from the plane, Heinze
following, with Casselle and Tonelli bringing up the rear,
engaged in a heated exchange of words.

RENAULT :

You may find the climate of
Casablanca a trifle warm, Major.

STRASSER :

Oh, we Germans must get used to all
climates, from Russia to the Sahara.
But perhaps you were not referring
to the weather.

RENAULT :

(sidesteps the implication
with a smile)
What else, my dear Major?

STRASSER :

(casually)
By the way, the murder of the
couriers, what has been done?

RENAULT :

Realizing the importance of the case, my men are rounding up twice the usual number of suspects.

HEINZE:

We already know who the murderer is.

STRASSER :

Good. Is he in custody?

RENAULT :

Oh, there is no hurry. Tonight he'll be at Rick's. Everybody comes to Rick's.

STRASSER :

I have already heard about this cafe, and also about Mr. Rick himself.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RICK'S CAFE - NIGHT

The neon sign above the door is brightly lit. Customers arrive and go in through the front door. From inside we hear sounds of MUSIC and LAUGHTER. The song is "It Had to Be You."

Again we isolate on the neon sign.

INSERT SIGN:

We follow a group of customers inside.

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Rick's is an expensive and chic nightclub which definitely possesses an air of sophistication and intrigue.

SAM, a middle-aged Negro, sits on a stool before a small, salmon-colored piano on wheels, playing and singing while accompanied by a small orchestra.

All about him there is the HUM of voices, CHATTER and LAUGHTER.

The occupants of the room are varied. There are Europeans in their dinner jackets, their women beautifully begowned and be jeweled. There are Moroccans in silk robes. Turks wearing fezzes. Levantines. Naval officers. Members of the Foreign Legion, distinguished by their kepis.

Two men sit at a table.

MAN :

Waiting, waiting, waiting. I'll never get out of here. I'll die in Casablanca .

His companion seems uninterested in his dilemma. Sympathy is evidently in short supply in Casablanca.

At another table a very well-dressed WOMAN talks to a MOOR. She has a bracelet on her wrist. No other jewelry.

WOMAN :

But can't you make it just a little more? Please.

MOOR :

I'm sorry, Madame, but diamonds are a drug on the market . Everybody sells diamonds. There are diamonds everywhere. Two thousand, four hundred.

WOMAN :

All right.

On to another table where two CONSPIRATORS talk.

CONSPIRATOR :

The trucks are waiting, the men are waiting. Everything is...

He stops abruptly as two German officers walk by.

A REFUGEE and another MAN converse at another table.

MAN :

It's the fishing smack Santiago. It leaves at one tomorrow night, here from the end of La Medina. Third boat .

REFUGEE :

Thank you, oh, thank you.

MAN :

And bring fifteen thousand francs in cash. Remember, in cash.

On the way to the bar we pass several tables and hear a

Babel of foreign tongues. Here and there we catch a scattered phrase or sentence in English.

SACHA, a friendly young Russian bartender, hands a drink to a customer with the Russian equivalent of "Bottoms Up." The customer answers with "Cheerio."

CARL, the waiter, is a fat, jovial German refugee with 10

spectacles. He walks, tray in hand, to a private door, over which ABDUL, a large, burly man, stands guard.

CARL :

Open up, Abdul.

ABDUL :

(respectfully)

Yes, Herr Professor.

Abdul opens the door and Carl goes into the gambling room.

INT. RICK'S CAFE - GAMBLING ROOM - NIGHT

There is much activity at the various tables. At one table TWO WOMEN and a MAN play cards. They glance at another table. One of them calls to Carl.

FIRST WOMAN :

Uh, waiter.

CARL :

Yes, Madame?

FIRST WOMAN :

Will you ask Rick if he'll have a drink with us?

CARL :

Madame, he never drinks with customers. Never. I have never seen him.

SECOND WOMAN :

(disappointed)

What makes saloon-keepers so snobbish?

MAN :

(to Carl)

Perhaps if you told him I ran the second largest banking house in Amsterdam.

CARL :

The second largest? That wouldn't impress Rick. The leading banker in Amsterdam is now the pastry chef in our kitchen.

MAN :

We have something to look forward to.

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CARL :

And his father is the bell boy.

Carl laughs.

The overseer walks up to a table with a paper in his hand. Then we see a drink and a man's hand, but nothing more. The overseer places a check on the table. The hand picks up the check and writes on it, in pencil, "Okay-Rick."

The overseer takes the check.

We now see RICK, sitting at a table alone playing solitary chess. Rick is an American of indeterminate age. There is no expression on his face -- complete deadpan.

There is a commotion at the door as people attempt to come into the gambling room. He nods approval to Abdul.

Then a GERMAN appears in the doorway. Abdul looks to Rick who glances back toward the open door and nods "no".

Abdul starts to close the door on the man.

ABDUL :

I'm sorry sir, this is a private room.

GERMAN :

Of all the nerve! Who do you think... I know there's gambling in there ! There ' s no secret . You dare not keep me out of here!

The man tries to push his way through the door as Rick walks up.

RICK :

(coldly)

Yes? What's the trouble?

ABDUL :

This gentleman --

The German interrupts and waves his card.

GERMAN :

I've been in every gambling room between Honolulu and Berlin and if you think I'm going to be kept out of a saloon like this, you're very much mistaken.

At this moment UGARTE, a small, thin man with a nervous air, 12

tries to squeeze through the doorway blocked by the German.

If he were an American, Ugarte would look like a tout.

He gets through and passes Rick.

UGARTE :

Uh, excuse me, please. Hello, Rick.

RICK :

(softly)

Hello Ugarte.

Rick looks at the German calmly, takes the card out of his hand, and tears it up.

RICK :

Your cash is good at the bar.

GERMAN :

What ! Do you know who I am?

RICK :

I do . You ' re lucky the bar ' s open to you.

GERMAN :

This is outrageous. I shall report it to the Angriff !

The German storms off, tossing the pieces of his card into the air behind him.

Rick meets Ugarte on his way back to his table.

UGARTE :

(fawning)

Huh. You know, Rick, watching you just now with the Deutsches Bank, one would think you'd been doing this all your life.

RICK :

(stiffening)

Well, what makes you think I haven't?

UGARTE :

(vaguely)

Oh, nothing. But when you first came to Casablanca, I thought --

RICK :

(coldly)

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-- You thought what?

Fearing to offend Rick, Ugarte laughs.

UGARTE :

What right do I have to think?

Ugarte pulls out a chair at Rick's table.

UGARTE :

May I? Too bad about those two German couriers, wasn't it?

RICK :

(indifferently)

They got a lucky break. Yesterday they were just two German clerks. Today they're the 'Honored Dead'.

UGARTE :

You are a very cynical person, Rick, if you'll forgive me for saying so. Ugarte sits down.

RICK :

(shortly)

I forgive you.

A waiter comes up to the table with a tray of drinks. He places one before Ugarte.

UGARTE :

Thank you.

(to Rick)

Will you have a drink with me please?

RICK :

No.

UGARTE :

I forgot. You never drink with...

(to waiter)

I'll have another, please.

(to Rick, sadly)

You despise me, don't you?

RICK :

(indifferently)

If I gave you any thought, I probably would.

UGARTE :

But why? Oh, you object to the kind
14

of business I do, huh? But think of all those poor refugees who must rot in this place if I didn't help them. That's not so bad. Through ways of my own I provide them with exit visas .

RICK :

For a price, Ugarte, for a price.

UGARTE :

But think of all the poor devils who cannot meet Renault's price. I get it for them for half. Is that so parasitic?

RICK :

I don't mind a parasite. I object to a cut-rate one.

UGARTE :

Well, Rick, after tonight I'll be through with the whole business, and I am leaving finally this Casablanca.

RICK :

Who did you bribe for your visa? Renault or yourself?

UGARTE :

(ironically)

Myself. I found myself much more reasonable .

He takes an envelope from his pocket and lays it on the table.

UGARTE :

Look, Rick, do you know what this is? Something that even you have never seen. Letters of transit signed by General de Gaulle. Cannot be rescinded, not even questioned. Rick appears ready to take them from Ugarte.

UGARTE :

One moment. Tonight I'll be selling those for more money than even I have ever dreamed of, and then, addio Casablanca! You know, Rick, I have many friends in Casablanca, but somehow, just because you despise me you're the only one I trust. Will you keep these for me? Please.

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RICK:

For how long?

UGARTE :

Perhaps an hour, perhaps a little longer .

RICK :

I don't want them here overnight.

UGARTE:

Don't be afraid of that. Please
keep them for me. Thank you. I
knew I could trust you.

Rick takes them. Ugarte leaves the table just as the waiter
comes up.

UGARTE :

Oh, waiter. I'll be expecting some
people. If anybody asks for me,
I'll be right here.

WAITER :

Yes, Monsieur.

The waiter leaves. Ugarte turns to Rick.

UGARTE :

Rick, I hope you are more impressed
with me now, huh? If you'll forgive
me, I'll share my good luck with
your roulette wheel.
He starts across the floor.

RICK :

Just a moment .

Ugarte stops as Rick comes up to him.

RICK :

Yeah, I heard a rumor that those
German couriers were carrying
letters of transit.
Ugarte hesitates for a moment.

UGARTE :

Huh? I heard that rumor, too. Poor
devils .
Rick looks at Ugarte steadily.
16.

RICK:

(slowly)

Yes, you're right, Ugarte. I am a little more impressed with you.

Rick leaves the gambling room and goes into the main room.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Rick makes his way over to Sam, who plays and sings the "Knock Wood" number, accompanied by the orchestra. The cafe is in semi-darkness. The spotlight is on Sam, and every time the orchestra comes in on the "Knock Wood" business, the spotlight swings over to the orchestra. During one of the periods when the spotlight is on the orchestra, Rick slips the letters of transit into the piano. FERRARI, owner of the Blue Parrot, a competing night spot, comes into the cafe, sits down, and watches Sam. Then he sees Rick and they smile at each other. At the end of the number Ferrari goes to the bar to speak to Rick.

FERRARI :

Hello, Rick.

RICK :

Hello, Ferrari. How's business at the Blue Parrot?

FERRARI :

Fine, but I would like to buy your cafe .

RICK :

It's not for sale.

FERRARI :

You haven't heard my offer.

RICK :

It's not for sale at any price.

FERRARI :

What do you want for Sam?

RICK :

I don't buy or sell human beings.

FERRARI:

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That's too bad. That's Casablanca's leading commodity. In refugees alone we could make a fortune if you would work with me through the black market .

RICK :

Suppose you run your business and let me run mine.

FERRARI :

Suppose we ask Sam. Maybe he'd like to make a change.

RICK :

Suppose we do.

FERRARI :

My dear Rick, when will you realize that in this world today isolationism is no longer a practical policy?
Rick and Ferrari walk over to the piano.

RICK :

Sam, Ferrari wants you to work for him at the Blue Parrot.

SAM :

I like it fine here.

RICK :

He'll double what I pay you.

SAM :

Yeah, but I ain't got time to spend the money I make here.

RICK :

Sorry .

Apparently satisfied, Ferrari walks away.

Back at the bar, YVONNE, an attractive young French woman,

sits on a stool drinking brandy.

Sacha, who looks at her with lovesick eyes, fills her tumbler .

SACHA :

The boss's private stock. Because, Yvonne, I loff you.

YVONNE:

(morosely)

Oh, shut up.

SACHA :

(fondly)

All right, all right. For you, Yvonne, I shot opp, because, Yvonne, I loff you. Uh oh.

Rick saunters over and leans on the bar, next to Yvonne. He pays no attention to her. She looks at him bitterly, without saying a word.

SACHA :

Oh, Monsieur Rick, Monsieur Rick.

Some Germans, boom, boom, boom, boom, gave this check. Is it all right?

Rick looks the check over and tears it up. Yvonne has never taken her eyes off Rick.

YVONNE :

Where were you last night?

RICK :

That's so long ago, I don't remember.

YVONNE :

Will I see you tonight?

RICK :

(matt er-of-f act ly)

I never make plans that far ahead.

Yvonne turns, looks at Sacha, and extends her glass to him.

YVONNE :

Give me another.

RICK :

Sacha, she's had enough.

YVONNE :

Don't listen to him, Sacha. Fill
it up .

SACHA :

Yvonne, I loff you, but he pays me.
Yvonne wheels on Rick with drunken fury.

YVONNE :

Rick, I'm sick and tired of having
19.
you --

RICK :

-- Sacha, call a cab.

SACHA :

Yes, boss.
Rick takes Yvonne by the arm.

RICK :

Come on, we're going to get your
coat .

YVONNE :

Take your hands off me!
He pulls her along toward the door.

RICK :

No. You're going home. You've had
a little too much to drink.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK'S CAFE - NIGHT

Sacha stands at the curb on the street in front of Rick's
and signals for a cab.

SACHA :

Taxi !

Soon one pulls up.

Rick and Yvonne come out of the cafe. He puts a coat over her shoulders and she objects violently.

YVONNE :

Who do you think you are, pushing me around? What a fool I was to fall for a man like you.

Rick and Yvonne approach the waiting cab.

RICK :

(to Sacha)

You'd better go with her, Sacha, to be sure she gets home.

SACHA :

Yes, boss.

RICK:

20.

And come right back.

SACHA :

(his face falling)

Yes, boss.

Rick stands and looks up at the revolving beacon light from the airport. It intermittently sheds its light on Rick's face .

Renault sits at a table on the cafe terrace, watching this evening's performance.

RENAULT :

Hello, Rick.

Rick walks over to him.

RICK :

Hello, Louis.

RENAULT :

How extravagant you are, throwing away women like that. Someday they may be scarce.

Rick sits down at the table.

RENAULT :

(amused)

You know, I think now I shall pay a call on Yvonne, maybe get her on the rebound, eh?

RICK :

When it comes to women, you're a true democrat.

As they talk, Captain Tonelli and Lieutenant Casselle walk by toward the entrance of the cafe. Casselle talks non-stop and Tonelli tries. They both stop, salute Renault, and walk into the cafe.

RENAULT :

If he gets a word in it'll be a major Italian victory.

Rick laughs.

Rick and Renault look up when they hear the BUZZ of a plane taking off from the adjacent airfield. The plane flies directly over their heads.

RENAULT:

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The plane to Lisbon.

(pause)

You would like to be on it?

RICK :

(curtly)

Why? What's in Lisbon?

RENAULT :

The clipper to America.

Rick doesn't answer. His look isn't a happy one.

RENAULT :

I have often speculated on why you don't return to America. Did you abscond with the church funds? Did you run off with a senator's wife?

I like to think you killed a man.

It's the romantic in me.

Rick still looks in the direction of the airport.

RICK :

It was a combination of all three.

RENAULT :

And what in heaven's name brought you to Casablanca?

RICK :

My health. I came to Casablanca for the waters .

RENAULT :

Waters? What waters? We're in the desert .

RICK :

I was misinformed.

RENAULT :

Huh!

EMIL, the croupier, comes out of the cafe and walks over to Rick.

EMIL :

Excuse me, Monsieur Rick, but a gentleman inside has won twenty thousand francs. The cashier would like some money.

RICK:

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Well, I'll get it from the safe.

EMIL :

I am so upset, Monsieur Rick. You know I can't understand --

RICK :

-- Forget it, Emil. Mistakes like that happen all the time.

EMIL:

I'm awfully sorry.

The three men enter the cafe.

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

CUT TO:

They pass Sam at the piano. He's playing "Baby Face". Rick pats Sam on the shoulder.

RENAULT :

Rick, there's going to be some excitement here tonight. We are going to make an arrest in your cafe .

RICK :

(somewhat annoyed)
What, again?

RENAULT :

This is no ordinary arrest. A murderer, no less.
Rick's eyes react. Involuntarily, they glance toward the gambling room.
Renault catches the look.

RENAULT :

If you are thinking of warning him, don't put yourself out. He cannot possibly escape.

RICK :

I stick my neck out for nobody.

RENAULT :

A wise foreign policy.
They start upstairs to Rick's office, passing Casselle who is still haranguing Tonelli.

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RENAULT :

You know, Rick, we could have made this arrest earlier in the evening at the Blue Parrot, but out of my high regard for you we are staging it here. It will amuse your

customers .

RICK :

Our entertainment is enough.

They go inside the office.

INT. RICK'S CAFE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Rick opens up the safe in a small, dark room just off the office. Only Rick's shadow can be seen getting the money out .

RENAULT :

Rick, we are to have an important guest tonight, Major Strasser of the Third Reich, no less. We want him to be here when we make the arrest.

A little demonstration of the efficiency of my administration.

Rick moves out of the shadows and into view.

RICK :

I see. And what's Strasser doing here? He certainly didn't come all the way to Casablanca to witness a demonstration of your efficiency.

RENAULT :

Perhaps not .

He gives the money to Emil.

RICK :

Here you are.

EMIL :

It shall not happen again, Monsieur.

RICK :

That's all right.

Emil departs.

RICK:

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Louis, you've got something on your mind. Why don't you spill it?

Rick closes the door to the office, then goes over to close

the safe.

RENAULT :

How observant you are. As a matter of fact, I wanted to give you a word of advice.

RICK :

Yeah? Have a brandy?

RENAULT :

Thank you. Rick, there are many exit visas sold in this cafe, but we know that you have never sold one. That is the reason we permit you to remain open.

RICK :

I thought it was because we let you win at roulette.

RENAULT :

That is another reason. There is a man who's arrived in Casablanca on his way to America. He will offer a fortune to anyone who will furnish him with an exit visa.

RICK :

Yeah? What's his name?

RENAULT :

Victor Laszlo.

RICK :

Victor Laszlo?

Renault watches Rick's reaction.

RENAULT :

Rick, that is the first time I have ever seen you so impressed.

RICK :

Well, he's succeeded in impressing

half the world.

RENAULT :

It is my duty to see that he doesn't impress the other half. Rick, Laszlo
25
must never reach America. He stays in Casablanca.

RICK :

It'll be interesting to see how he manages .

RENAULT :

Manages what?

RICK :

His escape.

RENAULT :

Oh, but I just told you. --

RICK :

-- Stop it. He escaped from a concentration camp and the Nazis have been chasing him all over Europe .

RENAULT :

This is the end of the chase.

RICK :

Twenty thousand francs says it isn't. They sit down to discuss the matter in earnest.

RENAULT :

Is that a serious offer?

RICK :

I just paid out twenty. I'd like to get it back.

RENAULT :

Make it ten. I am only a poor

corrupt official.

RICK :

Okay .

RENAULT :

Done. No matter how clever he is,
he still needs an exit visa, or I
should say, two.

RICK :

Why two?

RENAULT :

He is traveling with a lady.

26

RICK:

He ' ll take one .

RENAULT :

I think not. I have seen the lady.
And if he did not leave her in
Marseilles, or in Oran, he certainly
won't leave her in Casablanca.

RICK :

Maybe he's not quite as romantic as
you are .

RENAULT :

It doesn't matter. There is no exit
visa for him.

RICK :

Louis, whatever gave you the impression
that I might be interested in helping
Laszlo escape?

RENAULT :

Because, my dear Ricky, I suspect
that under that cynical shell you're
at heart a sentimentalist.
Rick makes a face.

RENAULT :

Oh, laugh if you will, but I happen to be familiar with your record. Let me point out just two items. In 1935 you ran guns to Ethiopia. In 1936, you fought in Spain on the Loyalist side.

RICK :

And got well paid for it on both occasions .

RENAULT :

The winning side would have paid you much better.

RICK :

Maybe. Well, it seems you are determined to keep Laszlo here.

RENAULT :

I have my orders .

RICK:

27

Oh, I see. Gestapo spank.
Renault stands up.

RENAULT :

My dear Ricky, you overestimate the influence of the Gestapo. I don't interfere with them and they don't interfere with me. In Casablanca I am master of my fate. I am captain of my --
He stops short as his AIDE enters.

AIDE :

-- Major Strasser is here, sir.
Renault starts to leave.

RICK :

Yeah, you were saying?

RENAULT :

(hurriedly)

Excuse me.

He hurries away. Rick smiles cynically.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Renault walks up to Carl.

RENAULT :

Carl, see that Major Strasser gets a good table, one close to the ladies.

CARL :

I have already given him the best, knowing he is German and would take it anyway.

Renault walks over to one of his officers.

RENAULT :

Take him quietly. Two guards at every door .

OFFICER :

Yes, sir. Everything is ready, sir.

The officer salutes and goes off to speak to the guards.

28

Renault walks over to Strasser's table as Rick comes down the stairs.

RENAULT :

Good evening, gentlemen.

STRASSER :

Good evening, Captain.

HEINZE :

Won't you join us?

Renault sits down.

RENAULT :

Thank you. It is a pleasure to have you here, Major.

STRASSER :

(to the waiter)
Champagne and a tin of caviar.

RENAULT :

May I recommend Veuve Cliquot
'26, a good French wine.

STRASSER :

Thank you.

WAITER :

Very well, sir.

STRASSER :

A very interesting club.

RENAULT :

Especially so tonight, Major. In a
few minutes you will see the arrest
of the man who murdered your couriers.

STRASSER :

I expected no less, Captain.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - GAMBLING ROOM - NIGHT

Ugarte stands at the roulette table. Two gendarmes approach
him from behind.

GENDARME :

Monsieur Ugarte?
Ugarte looks around.
29.

UGARTE :

Oh. Yes?

GENDARME :

Will you please come with us.

UGARTE :

Certainly. May I first please cash

my chips?

The officer nods. They follow Ugarte to the cashier's window. Ugarte puts his chips through the window to the CASHIER.

UGARTE :

Pretty lucky, huh? Two thousand, please .

Two more guards station themselves at the door in case there is trouble.

CASHIER :

Two thousand.

UGARTE :

Thank you.

Ugarte starts to walk out, followed by the gendarmes. When he reaches the doorway he suddenly rushes through and slams the door behind himself.

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

By the time the gendarmes manage to get the door open again, Ugarte has pulled a gun.

He FIRES at the doorway. The SHOTS bring on pandemonium in the cafe.

As Ugarte runs through the hallway he sees Rick, appearing from the opposite direction, and grabs him.

UGARTE :

Rick! Rick, help me!

RICK :

Don't be a fool. You can't get away.

UGARTE :

Rick, hide me. Do something! You must help me, Rick. Do something!

30

Guards and gendarmes rush in and grab Ugarte. Rick stands impassively as they drag Ugarte off.

UGARTE :

Rick! Rick!

We move to Strasser's table, who has witnessed the event.

STRASSER :

Excellent, Captain.

Back to Rick, still standing where he was, as a CUSTOMER walks by.

CUSTOMER :

When they come to get me, Rick, I hope you'll be more of a help.

RICK :

I stick my neck out for nobody.

Rick comes out to the middle of the floor. An air of tense expectancy pervades the room. A few customers are on the point of leaving. Rick speaks in a very calm voice.

RICK :

I'm sorry there was a disturbance, folks, but it's all over now.

Everything's all right. Just sit down and have a good time. Enjoy yourself .

Rick glances toward Sam.

RICK :

All right, Sam.

Sam nods and begins to play.

Renault, Strasser, and Heinze sit calmly at their table after witnessing the arrest.

Rick walks by.

RENAULT :

(calling to Rick)

Oh, Rick?

Rick stops and comes over to their table.

RENAULT :

Rick, this is Major Heinrich Strasser of the Third Reich.

31

STRASSER :

How do you do, Mr. Rick?

RICK :

Oh, how do you do?

RENAULT :

And you already know Herr Heinze of the Third Reich.

Rick nods to Strasser and Heinze.

STRASSER :

Please join us, Mr. Rick.

Rick sits down with them.

RENAULT :

We are very honored tonight, Rick. Major Strasser is one of the reasons the Third Reich enjoys the reputation it has today.

STRASSER :

You repeat "Third Reich" as though you expected there to be others.

RENAULT :

Well, personally, Major, I will take what comes.

STRASSER :

(to Rick)

Do you mind if I ask you a few questions? Unofficially, of course.

RICK :

Make it official, if you like.

STRASSER :

What is your nationality?

RICK :

(pokerfaced)

I'm a drunkard.

RENAULT :

That makes Rick a citizen of the world.

RICK :

I was born in New York City if
that'll help you any.

32

STRASSER :

I understand you came here from
Paris at the time of the occupation.

RICK :

There seems to be no secret about that.

STRASSER :

Are you one of those people who
cannot imagine the Germans in their
beloved Paris?

RICK :

It's not particularly my beloved
Paris .

HEINZE :

Can you imagine us in London?

RICK :

When you get there, ask me.

RENAULT :

Ho, diplomatist!

STRASSER :

How about New York?

RICK :

Well, there are certain sections of
New York, Major, that I wouldn't
advise you to try to invade.

STRASSER :

Aha. Who do you think will win
the war?

RICK :

I haven't the slightest idea.

RENAULT :

Rick is completely neutral about everything. And that takes in the field of women, too.

STRASSER :

You weren't always so carefully neutral. We have a complete dossier on you.

Strasser takes a little black book from his pocket and turns to a certain page.

STRASSER:

33

"Richard Blaine, American. Age, thirty-seven. Cannot return to his country . "

Strasser looks up from the book

STRASSER :

The reason is a little vague. We also know what you did in Paris, Mr. Blaine, and also we know why you left Paris.

Rick reaches over and takes the book from Strasser 's hand.

STRASSER :

Don't worry. We are not going to broadcast it .

Rick looks up from the book.

RICK :

Are my eyes really brown?

STRASSER :

You will forgive my curiosity, Mr. Blaine. The point is, an enemy of the Reich has come to Casablanca and we are checking up on anybody who can be of any help to us.

RICK :

(glances toward Renault)

My interest in whether Victor Laszlo stays or goes is purely a sporting one.

STRASSER :

In this case, you have no sympathy for the fox, huh?

RICK :

Not particularly. I understand the point of view of the hound, too.

STRASSER :

Victor Laszlo published the foulest lies in the Prague newspapers until the very day we marched in, and even after that he continued to print scandal sheets in a cellar.

RENAULT :

Of course, one must admit he has great courage.

34

STRASSER :

I admit he is very clever. Three times he slipped through our fingers. In Paris he continued his activities. We intend not to let it happen again. Rick gets up.

RICK :

You'll excuse me, gentlemen. Your business is politics. Mine is running a saloon.

STRASSER :

Good evening, Mr. Blaine. Rick walks away toward the gambling room.

RENAULT :

You see, Major, you have nothing to worry about Rick.

STRASSER :

Perhaps .

A couple comes in the front door. They are VICTOR LASZLO, the Czech resistance leader, and a very pretty young woman wearing a simple white gown, MISS ILSA LUND. She is so beautiful, in fact, that people turn to stare.

The HEADWAITER comes up to them.

HEADWAITER :

Yes, Monsieur?

LASZLO :

I reserved a table. Victor Laszlo.

HEADWAITER :

Yes, Monsieur Laszlo. Right this way.

As the headwaiter takes them to a table they pass by the piano, and the woman looks at Sam.

Sam, with a conscious effort, keeps his eyes on the keyboard as they go past. He appears to know this woman. After she has gone by Sam steals a look in her direction.

BERGER, a slight, middle-aged man, observes the couple from a distance.

The headwaiter seats Ilsa. Laszlo takes the chair opposite and surveys the room.

35

Strasser and Renault look up at them from their table.

LASZLO :

Two Cointreaux, please.

WAITER :

Yes, Monsieur.

LASZLO :

(to Ilsa)

I saw no one of Ugarte ' s description.

ILSA :

Victor, I, I feel somehow we shouldn't stay here.

LASZLO :

If we would walk out so soon, it

would only call attention to us.
Perhaps Ugarte ' s in some other part
of the cafe.
Berger walks up to their table.

BERGER :

Excuse me, but you look like a
couple who are on their way to
America .

LASZLO :

Well?
Berger takes a ring from his finger.

BERGER :

You will find a market there for
this ring. I am forced to sell it
at a great sacrifice.

LASZLO :

Thank you, but I hardly think --

BERGER :

-- Then perhaps for the lady. The
ring is quite unique.
He holds it down for their view. Carefully lifting up the
stone, he reveals...
INSERT - a gold plate in the setting underneath, an
impression of the Lorraine Cross of General de Gaulle.

LASZLO:

36
Oh, yes, I'm very interested.
Berger sits down with them.

BERGER :

Good.

LASZLO:

(lower voice)
What is your name?

BERGER :

Berger, Norwegian, and at your

service, sir.

Renault approaches the table from behind Laszlo. Ilsa tries to warn him.

ILSA :

Victor . . .

Laszlo understands.

LASZLO:

(in a low voice)

I'll meet you in a few minutes at the bar.

(in a louder voice)

I do not think we want to buy the ring. But thank you for showing it to us.

Berger, taking the cue, sighs and puts the ring away.

BERGER :

Such a bargain. But that is your decision?

LASZLO :

I 'm sorry . It is .

Berger gets up and leaves as Renault moves to the table.

RENAULT :

Monsieur Laszlo, is it not?

LASZLO :

Yes.

RENAULT :

I am Captain Renault, Prefect of Police .

LASZLO:

37

Yes. What is it you want?

RENAULT :

(amiably)

Merely to welcome you to Casablanca and wish you a pleasant stay. It is

not often we have so distinguished a visitor .

LASZLO :

Thank you. I hope you'll forgive me, Captain, but the present French administration has not always been so cordial. May I present Miss Ilsa Lund?

RENAULT :

I was informed you were the most beautiful woman ever to visit Casablanca. That was a gross understatement .

Ilsa's manner is friendly and reserved, her voice low and soft.

ILSA :

You are very kind.

LASZLO :

Won't you join us?
He sits down.

RENAULT :

If you will permit me.
(calls to the waiter)
Oh, Emil. Please, a bottle of your best champagne, and put it on my bill.

EMIL:

Very well, sir.

LASZLO :

No, Captain, please.

RENAULT :

No. Please, Monsieur, it is a little game we play. They put it on the bill, I tear the bill up. It is very convenient.
Ilsa glances off in Sam's direction.

ILSA :

Captain, the boy who is playing the piano, somewhere I have seen him.

RENAULT :

Sam?

ILSA :

Yes.

RENAULT :

He came from Paris with Rick.

ILSA :

Rick? Who's he?

RENAULT :

(smiling)

Mademoiselle, you are in Rick's and Rick is --

ILSA :

- Is what?

RENAULT :

Well, Mademoiselle, he's the kind of a man that, well, if I were a woman and I . . .

(taps his chest)

were not around, I should be in love with Rick. But what a fool I am talking to a beautiful woman about another man.

Renault jumps to his feet as Strasser enters.

RENAULT :

Excuse me. Ah, Major. Mademoiselle Lund, Monsieur Laszlo, may I present Major Heinrich Strasser.

Strasser bows and smiles pleasantly.

STRASSER :

How do you do. This is a pleasure I have long looked forward to. There is not the slightest recognition from either Ilsa or Laszlo. Strasser waits to be asked to seat himself.

LASZLO :

I'm sure you'll excuse me if I am 39. not gracious, but you see, Major Strasser, I'm a Czechoslovakia!! .

STRASSER :

You were a Czechoslovakia:!. Now you are a subject of the German Reich! Laszlo stands.

LASZLO :

I've never accepted that privilege, and I'm now on French soil.

STRASSER :

I should like to discuss some matters arising from your presence on French soil .

LASZLO :

This is hardly the time or the place.

STRASSER :

(hardening)
Then we shall state another time and another place. Tomorrow at ten in the Prefect's office, with Mademoiselle .

LASZLO :

Captain Renault, I am under your authority. Is it your order that we come to your office?

RENAULT :

(amiably)
Let us say that it is my request.

That is a much more pleasant word.

LASZLO :

Very well .

Renault and Strasser bow shortly.

RENAULT :

Mademoiselle .

STRASSER:

Mademoiselle .

Renault and Strasser walk away.

RENAULT :

A very clever tactical retreat,

40

Major .

Strasser looks at Renault sharply, but sees only a noncommittal smile on Renault's face.

Laszlo remains standing at the table as Strasser and Renault leave.

LASZLO :

This time they really mean to stop me.

ILSA :

Victor, I'm afraid for you.

LASZLO :

We have been in difficult places before, haven't we?

Ilsa smiles back at him, but her eyes are still troubled.

On the floor, CORINA strums a guitar and begins her number.

Meanwhile, Laszlo looks about with apparent casualness. He sees Strasser and Renault whispering together, then notices Berger at the bar.

LASZLO :

I must find out what Berger knows .

ILSA :

Be careful.

LASZLO :

I will, don't worry.

He rises and goes off.

We see Ilsa's troubled profile.

While Corina sings, Sam gives a worried glance in Ilsa's direction. Ilsa watches him.

At the bar, Berger sips a drink. Laszlo walks up and casually takes a place at the bar next to Berger.

LASZLO :

Mr. Berger, the ring, could I see it again?

BERGER :

Yes, Monsieur.

LASZLO:

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(to Sacha)

A champagne cocktail, please.

Laszlo takes the ring and looks at it.

BERGER :

(in a low voice)

I recognize you from the news photographs, Monsieur Laszlo.

LASZLO :

In a concentration camp, one is apt to lose a little weight.

BERGER :

We read five times that you were killed in five different places.

LASZLO :

(smiles wryly)

As you see, it was true every single time. Thank heaven I found you, Berger. I am looking for a man by the name of Ugarte. He is supposed to help me.

Berger shakes his head.

BERGER :

Ugarte cannot even help himself,
Monsieur. He is under arrest for
murder. He was arrested here
tonight .

Laszlo absorbs the shock quietly.

LASZLO :

I see .

BERGER :

(with intense devotion)

But we who are still free will do
all we can. We are organized,
Monsieur, underground like everywhere
else. Tomorrow night there is a
meeting at the Caverne du Bois. If
you would come...

He stops when Sacha brings the drink to Laszlo.

Corina finishes her song, and the crowd applauds quite
enthusiastically.

Ilsa sits alone at her table.

42

ILSA :

(to waiter)

Will you ask the piano player to
come over here, please?

WAITER :

Very well, Mademoiselle.

Renault comes up to the bar near Berger and Laszlo.

RENAULT :

How's the jewelry business, Berger?

BERGER :

Er, not so good.

(to Sacha)

May I have my check, please?

RENAULT :

Too bad you weren't here earlier,
Monsieur Laszlo. We had quite a bit

of excitement this evening, didn't we, Berger?

BERGER :

Er, yes. Excuse me, gentlemen.

LASZLO :

My bill.

RENAULT :

No. Two champagne cocktails, please.

SACHA :

Yes, sir.

Sam wheels in the piano to Ilsa's table. On his face is that funny fear.

Ilsa herself is not as self-possessed as she tries to appear. There is something behind this, some mystery.

ILSA :

Hello, Sam.

SAM :

Hello, Miss Ilsa. I never expected to see you again.

He sits down and is ready to play.

ILSA :

It's been a long time.

43

SAM :

Yes, ma'am. A lot of water under the bridge.

ILSA :

Some of the old songs, Sam.

SAM :

Yes, ma'am.

Sam begins to play a number. He is nervous, waiting for anything.

ILSA :

Where is Rick?

SAM :

(evading)

I don't know. I ain't seen him all night .

Sam looks very uncomfortable.

ILSA :

When will he be back?

SAM :

Not tonight no more. He ain't coming. Uh, he went home.

ILSA :

Does he always leave so early?

SAM :

Oh, he never... well...

(desperately)

he's got a girl up at the Blue Parrot. He goes up there all the time.

ILSA :

You used to be a much better liar, Sam.

SAM :

Leave him alone, Miss Ilsa. You're bad luck to him.

ILSA :

Play it once, Sam, for old time's sake .

SAM:

44

I don't know what you mean, Miss Ilsa.

ILSA :

Play it, Sam. Play "As Time Goes By."

SAM :

Oh I can't remember it, Miss Ilsa.

I'm a little rusty on it.

Of course he can. He doesn't want to play it. He seems even more scared now.

ILSA :

I'll hum it for you.

Ilsa starts to hum.

Sam begins to play it very softly.

ILSA :

Sing it, Sam.

And Sam sings.

SAM :

You must remember this,

A kiss is just a kiss,

A sigh is just a sigh,

The fundamental things apply,

As time goes by.

The door to the gambling room opens. Rick comes swinging out. He's heard the music and he's livid.

SAM :

And when two lovers woo,

They both say I love you,

On that you can rely,

No matter what the future brings,

As time goes by.

Rick walks briskly up to the piano.

RICK :

Sam, I thought I told you never to play. . .

As he sees Ilsa he stops short. Sam stops playing.

Two close-ups reveal Ilsa and Rick seeing each other.

Rick appears shocked. For a long moment he just looks at her.

Sam prepares to move the piano away.

45

Renault and Laszlo approach the table from the bar.

RENAULT :

(to Ilsa)

Well, you were asking about Rick and here he is. Mademoiselle, may I present --

RICK :

-- Hello, Ilsa.

ILSA :

Hello, Rick.

RENAULT :

Oh, you've already met Rick, Mademoiselle?
There's no answer from either.

RENAULT :

Well then, perhaps you also

ILSA :

-- This is Mr. Laszlo.

LASZLO :

How do you do?

RICK :

How do you do?

LASZLO :

One hears a great deal about Rick in Casablanca .

RICK :

And about Victor Laszlo everywhere.

LASZLO :

Won't you join us for a drink?

RENAULT :

(laughing)

Oh, no, Rick never --

RICK :

-- Thanks. I will.

Rick sits down.

RENAULT :

Well! A precedent is being broken.

46.

Er, Emil!

LASZLO :

This is a very interesting cafe. I congratulate you.

RICK :

And I congratulate you.

LASZLO :

What for?

RICK :

Your work.

LASZLO :

Thank you. I try.

RICK :

We all try. You succeed.

RENAULT :

I can't get over you two. She was asking about you earlier, Rick, in a way that made me extremely jealous.

ILSA :

(to Rick)

I wasn't sure you were the same.

Let's see, the last time we met --

RICK :

-- It was "La Belle Aurore."

ILSA :

How nice. You remembered. But of course, that was the day the Germans marched into Paris.

RICK :

Not an easy day to forget.

ILSA :

No.

RICK :

I remember every detail. The
Germans wore gray, you wore blue.

ILSA :

Yes. I put that dress away. When
the Germans march out, I'll wear it
again .

47

RENAULT :

Ricky, you're becoming quite human.
I suppose we have to thank you for
that, Mademoiselle.

LASZLO :

Ilsa, I don't wish to be the one to
say it, but it's late.

RENAULT :

(glancing at
his wristwatch)

So it is. And we have a curfew here
in Casablanca. It would never do
for the Chief of Police to be found
drinking after hours and have to
fine himself.

Rick and Ilsa look at each other.

Laszlo signals the waiter

LASZLO :

I hope we didn't overstay our welcome.

RICK :

Not at all.

WAITER :

(to Laszlo)

Your check, sir.

Rick takes the check.

RICK :

(to waiter)

Oh, it's my party.

RENAULT :

Another precedent gone. This has been a very interesting evening.

I'll call you a cab. Gasoline rationing, time of night.

Renault leaves.

LASZLO :

We'll come again.

RICK :

Any time.

ILSA :

Say goodnight to Sam for me.

48

RICK:

I will .

ILSA :

There's still nobody in the world who can play "As Time Goes By" like Sam.

RICK :

He hasn't played it in a long time.

Ilsa smiles.

ILSA :

Goodnight .

LASZLO :

Goodnight .

RICK :

Goodnight .

Rick and Laszlo nod goodnight to each other. Laszlo and

Ilsa start to the door as Rick sits down again and stares off in their direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK'S CAFE - NIGHT

Ilsa and Laszlo leave the cafe.

LASZLO :

A very puzzling fellow, this Rick.

What sort is he?

Ilsa doesn't look at him.

ILSA :

Oh, I really can't say, though I saw

him quite often in Paris.

They join Renault at the curb.

RENAULT :

Tomorrow at ten at the Prefect ' s

office .

LASZLO :

We ' ll be there .

RENAULT:

49.

Goodnight .

ILSA :

Goodnight .

LASZLO :

Goodnight .

They get into a waiting cab, leaving Renault on the curb, smoking and looking bemused.

The neon sign goes off and the doorway is now illuminated by the revolving beacon from the airport.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The customers have all gone. The house lights are out.

Rick sits alone at a table. There is a glass of bourbon on the table directly in front of him, and another empty glass on the table before an empty chair. Near at hand is

a bottle.

He fills his glass and drinks it quickly.

Rick just sits. His face is entirely expressionless. The beacon light from the airport sweeps around the room creating a mood of unreality.

Sam comes in and stands hesitantly beside Rick.

SAM :

Boss .

No answer, as Rick drinks.

SAM :

Boss !

RICK :

Yeah?

SAM :

Boss, ain't you going to bed?

RICK :

Not right now.

Sam now realizes Rick is in a very grim mood.

SAM :

(lightly)

50

Ain't you planning on going to bed in the near future?

RICK :

No.

SAM :

You ever going to bed?

RICK :

No.

SAM :

Well, I ain't sleepy either.

RICK :

Good. Then have a drink.

SAM :

No. Not me, boss.

RICK :

Then don't have a drink.

SAM :

Boss, let's get out of here.

RICK :

(emphatically)

No, sir. I'm waiting for a lady.

SAM :

(earnestly)

Please, boss, let's go. Ain't nothing but trouble for you here.

RICK :

She's coming back. I know she's coming back.

SAM :

We'll take the car and drive all night. We'll get drunk. We'll go fishing and stay away until she's gone .

RICK :

Shut up and go home, will you?

SAM :

(stubbornly)

No, sir. I'm staying right here.

Sam sits down at the piano and starts to play softly,

51

improvising .

RICK :

They grab Ugarte and she walks in.

Well, that's the way it goes. One in, one out. Sam?

SAM :

Yeah, boss?

RICK :

Sam, if it's December 1941 in Casablanca, what time is it in New York?

SAM :

Uh, my watch stopped.

RICK :

I bet they're asleep in New York. I'll bet they're asleep all over America .

Suddenly he pounds the table and buries his head in his arms. Then he raises his head, trying to regain control.

RICK :

Of all the gin joints in all the towns in all the world, she walks into mine.
He holds his head in his hands.

RICK :

What's that you're playing?

SAM :

Just a little something of my own.

RICK :

Well, stop it. You know what I want to hear.

SAM :

No, I don't.

RICK :

You played it for her and you can play it for me.

SAM :

Well, I don't think I can remember it.

RICK:

52

If she can stand it, I can. Play it!

SAM :

Yes, boss.

Sam starts to play "As Time Goes By."

Rick just stares ahead as orchestra MUSIC slowly joins Sam's playing.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE - PARIS IN THE SPRING

A) The Arc de Triomphe from a distance.

B) Rick drives a small, open car slowly along the boulevard. He puts his arm around Ilsa. The background scenery changes to a country road as she snuggles close to him and puts her head on his shoulder.

C) An excursion boat on the Seine. Rick and Ilsa stand at the rail of the boat. They seem to be transported by each other as Ilsa laughs.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S PARIS APARTMENT - DAY

Ilsa fixes flowers at the window while Rick opens champagne. She walks over and joins him.

RICK :

Who are you really? And what were you before? What did you do and what did you think? Huh?

ILSA :

We said "no questions."

RICK :

Here's looking at you, kid.
They drink.

INT. PARIS CAFE - NIGHT

CUT TO:

Inside a swank Paris cafe, Rick and Ilsa dance. They appear to be very much in love as the MUSIC plays.

CUT TO:

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INT. ILSA'S PARIS APARTMENT - DAY

Ilsa flips a coin, then tosses it over to Rick.

ILSA :

A franc for your thoughts.

RICK :

In America they'd bring only a penny. I guess that's about all they're worth.

ILSA :

I'm willing to be overcharged.
Tell me.

RICK :

And I was wondering.

ILSA :

Yes?

RICK :

Why I'm so lucky. Why I should find you waiting for me to come along.

ILSA :

Why there is no other man in my life?

RICK :

Uh huh.

ILSA :

That's easy. There was. He's dead.

RICK :

I'm sorry for asking. I forgot we said "no questions."

ILSA :

Well, only one answer can take care of all our questions.
They kiss passionately.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - NEWSREEL FOOTAGE OF THE GERMAN OCCUPATION OF FRANCE.

A) The rubble of a burned-out, demolished building. A sign with an arrow points to Paris.

B) German troops crossing a river.

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C) Tanks rolling down the road toward Paris.

D) German war planes overhead.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS CAFE - DAY

A man sells newspapers to people crowded around him. There is much excitement. Rick and Ilsa sit at a table. They buy a newspaper and begin to read it.

Nearby, a group of frightened French people cluster around a loudspeaker on a wagon. A harsh voice barks out the tragic news of the Nazi push toward Paris.

RICK :

Nothing can stop them now.

Wednesday, Thursday at the latest,
they'll be in Paris.

ILSA :

(frightened)

Richard, they'll find out your
record. It won't be safe for you
here .

RICK :

I'm on their blacklist already,
their roll of honor.

CUT TO:

INT. LA BELLE AURORE - AFTERNOON

A small cafe in the Montmartre. A shadow on the floor reflects the cafe sign "La Belle Aurore."

Rick, at the bar, gets glasses and a bottle of champagne.
He walks over to Ilsa and Sam at the piano.

Sam plays "As Time Goes By."

Ilsa seems unnerved. There is evidently something on her
mind.

Rick pours the champagne. His manner is wry, but not the

bitter wryness we have seen in Casablanca.

RICK :

Henri wants us to finish this bottle
and then three more. He says he'll
water his garden with champagne
before he'll let the Germans drink

55

any of it.

Sam looks at his glass.

SAM :

This sort of takes the sting out of
being occupied, doesn't it, Mr.
Richard?

RICK :

You said it !

(to Ilsa)

Here's looking at you, kid.

Suddenly a loudspeaker BLARES out something in German. Rick
and Ilsa look at each other, then hurry to the window.

RICK :

My German's a little rusty.

ILSA :

It's the Gestapo. They say they
expect to be in Paris tomorrow.
They are telling us how to act when
they come marching in.
She smiles faintly.

ILSA :

With the whole world crumbling, we
pick this time to fall in love.

RICK :

Yeah. It's pretty bad timing.
Where were you, say, ten years ago?

ILSA :

Ten years ago? Let's see...
(pause as she thinks a bit)

...Yes. I was having a brace put on my teeth. Where were you?

RICK :

Looking for a job.

Ilsa looks at him tenderly. Rick takes her in his arms, and kisses her hungrily. While they are locked in an embrace they hear the dull BOOM of cannons.

ILSA :

(frightened)

Was that cannon fire, or is it my heart pounding?

56.

RICK :

(grimly)

Ah, that's the new German 77. And judging by the sound, only about thirty-five miles away.

Another BOOM from the cannons .

RICK :

And getting closer every minute. Here. Drink up. We'll never finish the other three.

SAM :

The Germans 'll be here pretty soon now, and they'll come looking for you. And don't forget there's a price on your head.

Ilsa reacts to this worriedly.

RICK :

I left a note in my apartment. They'll know where to find me. Ilsa looks at Rick.

ILSA :

Strange. I know so very little about you.

RICK :

I know very little about you, just the fact that you had your teeth straightened.

He chuckles.

ILSA :

But be serious, darling. You are in danger and you must leave Paris.

RICK :

No, no, no, no. We must leave.

ILSA :

(seriously)

Yes, of course, we --

RICK :

-- The train for Marseilles leaves at five o'clock. I'll pick you up at your hotel at four-thirty.

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ILSA :

(quickly)

No, no. Not at my hotel. I, uh, I have things to do in the city before I leave. I'll meet you at the station, huh?

RICK :

All right. At a quarter to five.

(a thought strikes him)

Say, why don't we get married in Marseilles?

Rick chuckles again.

ILSA :

(evasively)

That's too far ahead to plan.

RICK :

Yes, I guess it is a little too far ahead. Well, let's see. What about the engineer? Why can't he marry us

on the train?

ILSA :

Oh, darling!

Suddenly Ilsa turns away and starts to cry.

RICK :

Well, why not? The captain on a ship can. It doesn't seem fair that... Hey, hey, what's wrong, kid?

ILSA :

I love you so much, and I hate this war so much. Oh, it's a crazy world. Anything can happen. If you shouldn't get away, I mean, if, if something should keep us apart, wherever they put you and wherever I'll be, I want you to know...

She can't go on. She lifts her face to his. He kisses her gently.

ILSA :

Kiss me. Kiss me as if it were the last time.

He looks into her eyes, then he does kiss her as though it were going to be the last time.

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Her hand falls to the table and knocks over a glass.

CUT TO:

INT. GARE DE LYON - NIGHT

It's raining very hard at the train station.

There is a hectic, fevered excitement, evident in the faces of the people that pass by. This is the last train from Paris. Rick appears in the crowd. He stops and puts his suitcase down and glances at his watch.

A conductor calls out "All aboard, last train leaving in three minutes."

Rain pours over his head and shoulders, but he doesn't seem to notice. He nervously checks his watch again.

Suddenly Sam appears.

RICK :

Where is she? Have you seen her?

SAM :

No, Mr. Richard. I can't find her.

She checked out of the hotel. But this note came just after you left.

Sam pulls an envelope from his pocket. Rick grabs it, opens it, and stares down at the letter.

INSERT LETTER:

Richard,

I cannot go with you or ever see you again. You must not ask why. Just believe that I love you. Go, my darling, and God bless you.

Ilsa

Raindrops pour down the letter, smudging the writing.

BACK TO SCENE:

A whistle BLOWS.

SAM :

(frantically)

That's the last call, Mr. Richard, 59.

do you hear me? Come on, Mr.

Richard. Let's get out of here.

Come on, Mr. Richard, come on.

Sam pulls a stunned, reluctant Rick to the train. The train starts to move just as he boards.

From the steps he looks off into the distance, then crumbles the letter and tosses it away as the steam from the engine clouds over him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Close-up of a glass on the table in the cafe. Rick's hand reaches for it and knocks it over. We now see Rick's face and he's very drunk.

Sam walks over to the table to pick up the glass and a fallen chair.

Just then the door opens and it's Ilsa. Rick stares at the doorway. Ilsa lingers a moment, then comes over to

the table.

ILSA :

Rick, I have to talk to you.

Her manner is a little uncertain, a little tentative, but with a quiet determination beneath it.

RICK :

Oh. I saved my first drink to have with you. Here.

ILSA :

No. No, Rick. Not tonight.

RICK :

Especially tonight.

She sits down in the chair before the empty glass. Her eyes are searching his face, but there is no expression on it except a cold and impassive one.

Rick reaches for the bottle, and pours himself another drink.

ILSA :

Please .

RICK :

Why did you have to come to Casablanca?

There are other places.

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ILSA :

I wouldn't have come if I had known that you were here. Believe me, Rick, it's true. I didn't know.

RICK :

It's funny about your voice, how it hasn't changed. I can still hear it. "Richard dear, I'll go with you any place. We'll get on a train together and never stop."

ILSA :

Please don't. Don't, Rick. I can understand how you feel.

RICK :

Huh! You understand how I feel.
How long was it we had, honey?

ILSA :

I didn't count the days.

RICK :

Well, I did. Every one of them.
Mostly I remember the last one. A
wow finish. A guy standing on a
station platform in the rain with a
comical look on his face, because
his insides had been kicked out.
He takes a drink.

ILSA :

Can I tell you a story, Rick?

RICK :

Has it got a wow finish?

ILSA :

I don't know the finish yet.

RICK :

Well, go on, tell it. Maybe one
will come to you as you go along.

ILSA :

It ' s about a girl who had just come
to Paris from her home in Oslo. At
the house of some friends she met a
man about whom she'd heard her whole
life, a very great and courageous
man. He opened up for her a whole
61
beautiful world full of knowledge
and thoughts and ideals. Everything
she knew or ever became was because
of him. And she looked up to him
and worshipped him with a feeling
she supposed was love.

RICK :

Yes, that's very pretty. I heard a story once. As a matter of fact, I've heard a lot of stories in my time. They went along with the sound of a tinny piano playing in the parlor downstairs, "Mister, I met a man once when I was a kid, " it ' d always begin. Huh. I guess neither one of our stories was very funny. Tell me, who was it you left me for? Was it Laszlo, or were there others in between? Or aren't you the kind that tells?
Ilsa gets up and leaves.
Rick's head slumps over the table.

CUT TO:

INT. RENAULT'S OFFICE - MORNING

A sign on the door reads: Captain Renault, Prefect de Police.
Strasser sits while Renault attends to some paperwork.

STRASSER :

I strongly suspect that Ugarte left the letters of transit with Mr. Blaine. I would suggest you search the cafe immediately and thoroughly.

RENAULT :

If Rick has the letters, he's much too smart to let you find them there .

STRASSER :

You give him credit for too much cleverness. My impression was that he's just another blundering American .

RENAULT :

But we mustn't underestimate American blundering. I was with
62

them when they "blundered" into
Berlin in 1918.

Strasser looks at him.

STRASSER :

As to Laszlo, we want him watched
twenty-four hours a day.

RENAULT :

(reassuringly)

It may interest you to know that at
this very moment he is on his way
here .

INT. PREFECTURE LOBBY - MORNING

CUT TO:

Laszlo and Ilsa make their way through the jam in the lobby
of the Prefecture.

Jan and Annina talk to an officer.

OFFICER :

(to Jan and Annina)

There's nothing we can do.

CUT TO:

INT. RENAULT'S OFFICE - MORNING

Laszlo and Ilsa enter Renault's office.

Renault bows to them both.

RENAULT :

I am delighted to see you both. Did
you have a good night's rest?

LASZLO :

I slept very well.

RENAULT :

That's strange. Nobody is supposed
to sleep well in Casablanca.

LASZLO :

(coldly)

May we proceed with the business?

RENAULT :

With pleasure. Won't you sit down?

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LASZLO :

Thank you.

They take their seats.

STRASSER :

(now as cold as Laszlo)

Very well, Herr Laszlo, we will not mince words . You are an escaped prisoner of the Reich. So far you have been fortunate enough in eluding us. You have reached Casablanca. It is my duty to see that you stay in Casablanca .

LASZLO :

Whether or not you succeed is, of course, problematical.

STRASSER :

Not at all. Captain Renault's signature is necessary on every exit visa.

(turns to Renault)

Captain, would you think it is possible that Herr Laszlo will receive a visa?

RENAULT :

I am afraid not. My regrets, Monsieur .

LASZLO :

Well, perhaps I shall like it in Casablanca .

STRASSER :

And Mademoiselle?

ILSA :

You needn't be concerned about me.

LASZLO :

Is that all you wish to tell us?

STRASSER :

Don't be in such a hurry. You have all the time in the world. You may be in Casablanca indefinitely... or you may leave for Lisbon tomorrow, on one condition.

LASZLO:

64

And that is?

STRASSER :

You know the leaders of the underground movement in Paris, in Prague, in Brussels, in Amsterdam, in Oslo, in Belgrade, in Athens.

LASZLO :

Even in Berlin.

STRASSER :

Yes, even in Berlin. If you will furnish me with their names and their exact whereabouts, you will have your visa in the morning.

RENAULT :

And the honor of having served the Third Reich.

LASZLO :

I was in a German concentration camp for a year. That's honor enough for a lifetime.

STRASSER :

You will give us the names?

LASZLO :

If I didn't give them to you in a concentration camp where you had more "persuasive methods" at your disposal, I certainly won't give them to you now.

The passionate conviction in his voice now reveals the crusader .

LASZLO :

And what if you track down these men and kill them? What if you murdered all of us? From every corner of Europe, hundreds, thousands, would rise to take our places. Even Nazis can't kill that fast.

STRASSER :

Herr Laszlo, you have a reputation for eloquence which I can now understand. But in one respect you are mistaken. You said the enemies of the Reich could all be replaced, but there is one exception. No one

65
could take your place in the event anything unfortunate should occur to you while you were trying to escape.

LASZLO :

You won't dare to interfere with me here. This is still unoccupied France. Any violation of neutrality would reflect on Captain Renault.

RENAULT :

Monsieur, insofar as it is in my power -

LASZLO :

-- Thank you.

RENAULT :

By the way, Monsieur, last night you evinced an interest in Signor

Ugarte .

LASZLO :

Yes.

RENAULT :

I believe you have a message for him?

LASZLO :

Nothing important, but may I speak
to him now?

STRASSER :

You would find the conversation a
trifle one-sided. Signor Ugarte
is dead.

Close-ups of Ilsa, then Laszlo, reveal their disappointment.
Strasser observes their reaction.

ILSA :

(softly)

Oh.

Renault holds a report.

RENAULT :

I am making out the report now. We
haven't quite decided whether he
committed suicide or died trying to
escape .

LASZLO:

66

Are you quite finished with us?

STRASSER :

For the time being.

LASZLO :

Good day.

Renault rings a buzzer and the door is opened for them.
As Ilsa and Laszlo leave, an OFFICER comes in.

RENAULT :

Undoubtedly their next step will be

to the black market.

OFFICER :

Excuse me, Captain. Another visa problem has come up.

RENAULT :

Show her in.

OFFICER :

Yes, sir.

Renault looks at himself in the mirror and straightens his tie.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK MARKET - DAY

The black market is a cluttered Arab street of bazaars, shops and stalls. All kinds and races of people mill about the merchandise which native dealers have on outdoor display .

Both men and women are dressed in tropical clothes. The canopies over the stalls give them some protection from the scorching sun.

On the surface the atmosphere is merely languid, but underneath lies the sinister workings of illicit trade. A FRENCHMAN and a NATIVE huddle together and talk in low tones .

NATIVE :

I'm sorry, Monsieur, we would have to handle the police. This is a job for Signor Ferrari.

FRENCHMAN:

67

Ferrari?

NATIVE :

It can be most helpful to know Signor Ferrari. He pretty near has a monopoly on the black market here. You will find him over there at the Blue Parrot.

FRENCHMAN :

Thanks .

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BLUE PARROT - DAY

Outside the cafe, a blue parrot sits on a perch.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLUE PARROT - DAY

The cafe is much less pretentious than Rick's, but well populated.

Rick enters and walks through the cafe toward Ferrari ' s office just as Ferrari emerges with Jan and Annina, who look very disappointed.

FERRARI :

There, don't be too downhearted.
Perhaps you can come to terms with
Captain Renault .

JAN :

Thank you very much, Signor.
Jan leads Annina away.

RICK :

Hello, Ferrari.
Signor Ferrari turns around. He's pleased to see Rick.

FERRARI :

Ah, good morning, Rick.
They shake hands .

RICK :

I see the bus is in. I'll take my
shipment with me.

FERRARI:

68
No hurry. I'll have it sent over.
Have a drink with me.

RICK :

I never drink in the morning. And
every time you send my shipment

over, it's always just a little bit short .

FERRARI :

(chuckling)

Carrying charges, my boy, carrying charges. Here, sit down. There's something I want to talk over with you, anyhow.

He hails a waiter.

FERRARI :

The bourbon.

(to Rick, sighing deeply)

The news about Ugarte upset me very much .

RICK :

You're a fat hypocrite. You don't feel any sorrier for Ugarte than I do .

He eyes Rick closely.

FERRARI :

Of course not. What upsets me is the fact that Ugarte is dead and no one knows where those letters of transit are.

RICK :

Practically no one.

FERRARI :

If I could lay my hands on those letters, I could make a fortune.

RICK :

So could I. And I'm a poor businessman .

FERRARI :

I have a proposition for whoever has those letters. I will handle the entire transaction, get rid of the

letters, take all the risk, for a small percentage.

69.

RICK :

And the carrying charges?

FERRARI :

Naturally there will be a few incidental expenses. That is the proposition I have for whoever has those letters.

RICK :

(dryly)

I'll tell him when he comes in.

FERRARI :

Rick, I'll put my cards on the table. I think you know where those letters are.

RICK :

Well, you're in good company. Renault and Strasser probably think so, too. Rick looks out of the window and sees Ilsa at the linen bazaar, then Laszlo walking toward the cafe.

RICK :

That ' s why I came over here to give them a chance to ransack my place.

FERRARI :

Rick, don't be a fool. Take me into your confidence. You need a partner .

Rick isn't listening to him. He looks through the open window in the direction of the linen bazaar.

Rick gets up.

RICK :

Excuse me, I'll be getting back.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BLUE PARROT - DAY

Laszlo reaches the entrance to the cafe as Rick comes out.
He stops and addresses Rick politely.

LASZLO :

Good morning.

RICK:

70
Signor Ferrari is the fat gent at
the table.
As he exits, Laszlo looks after him with a puzzled expression.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK MARKET - DAY

At the linen stall, Ilsa examines a tablecloth which an Arab
vendor is endeavoring to sell. He holds a sign which reads
"700 francs."

ARAB :

You will not find a treasure like
this in all Morocco, Mademoiselle.
Only seven hundred francs .
Rick walks up behind Ilsa.

RICK :

You're being cheated.
She looks briefly at Rick, then turns away. Her manner is
politely formal.

ILSA :

It doesn't matter, thank you.

ARAB :

Ah, the lady is a friend of Rick's?
For friends of Rick we have a small
discount. Did I say seven hundred
francs? You can have it for two
hundred.
Reaching under the counter, he takes out a sign reading "200
francs", and replaces the other sign with it.

RICK :

I'm sorry I was in no condition to

receive you when you called on me
last night.

ILSA :

It doesn't matter.

ARAB :

Ah, for special friends of Rick's we
have a special discount. One
hundred francs .

He replaces the second sign with a third which reads "100
francs . "

71

RICK :

Your story had me a little confused.
Or maybe it was the bourbon.

ARAB :

I have some tablecloths, some
napkins --

ILSA :

-- Thank you. I'm really not
interested.

ARAB :

Please, one minute. Wait!
The Arab hurriedly exits.
Ilsa pretends to examine the goods on the counter.

RICK :

Why did you come back? To tell me
why you ran out on me at the railway
station?

ILSA :

Yes.

RICK :

Well, you can tell me now. I'm
reasonably sober.

ILSA :

I don't think I will, Rick.

RICK :

Why not? After all, I got stuck with a railway ticket. I think I'm entitled to know.

ILSA :

Last night I saw what has happened to you. The Rick I knew in Paris, I could tell him. He'd understand. But the one who looked at me with such hatred... well, I'll be leaving Casablanca soon and we'll never see each other again. We knew very little about each other when we were in love in Paris. If we leave it that way, maybe we'll remember those days and not Casablanca, not last night.

RICK:

72

Did you run out on me because you couldn't take it? Because you knew what it would be like, hiding from the police, running away all the time?

ILSA :

You can believe that if you want to.

RICK :

Well, I'm not running away any more. I'm settled now, above a saloon, it's true, but... walk up a flight. I'll be expecting you.
Ilsa turns her head away.

RICK :

All the same, someday you'll lie to Laszlo. You'll be there.

ILSA :

No, Rick. No, you see, Victor

Laszlo is my husband. . . and was,
even when I knew you in Paris.

She walks away into the cafe as Rick stares after her in
stunned disbelief.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLUE PARROT - DAY

Ilsa and Laszlo sit with Ferrari.

FERRARI :

I was just telling Monsieur Laszlo
that, unfortunately, I am not able
to help him.

ILSA :

Oh.

LASZLO :

You see, my dear, the word has gone
around.

FERRARI :

(to Ilsa)

As leader of all illegal activities
in Casablanca, I am an influential
and respected man. It would not be
worth my life to do anything for
Monsieur Laszlo. You, however, are
73

a different matter.

LASZLO :

Signor Ferrari thinks it might just
be possible to get an exit visa for
you .

ILSA :

You mean for me to go on alone?

FERRARI :

And only alone.

LASZLO :

I will stay here and keep on trying.

I'm sure in a little while --

FERRARI :

-- We might as well be frank, Monsieur.
It will take a miracle to get you out
of Casablanca. And the Germans have
outlawed miracles.

ILSA :

We are only interested in two visas,
Signor .

LASZLO :

Please, Ilsa, don't be hasty.

ILSA :

(firmly)
No, Victor, no.

FERRARI :

You two will want to discuss this.
Excuse me. I'll be at the bar.
Ferrari gets to his feet and walks away.

LASZLO :

No, Ilsa, I won't let you stay here.
You must get to America. And
believe me, somehow I will get out
and join you.

ILSA :

But, Victor, if the situation were
different, if I had to stay and
there were only a visa for one,
would you take it?

LASZLO :

(not very convincingly)
74

Yes, I would.

Ilsa smiles faintly. She doesn't believe it for even a
moment .

ILSA :

Yes, I see. When I had trouble getting out of Lille, why didn't you leave me there? And when I was sick in Marseilles and held you up for two weeks and you were in danger every minute of the time, why didn't you leave me then?

LASZLO :

I meant to, but something always held me up . I love you very much, Ilsa .
She smiles again.

ILSA :

Your secret will be safe with me.
Ferrari is waiting for our answer.
At the bar Ferrari talks to a waiter.

FERRARI :

Not more than fifty francs though.
Ilsa and Laszlo walk up to him.

LASZLO :

We've decided, Signor Ferrari. For the present we'll go on looking for two exit visas. Thank you very much .

FERRARI :

Well, good luck. But be careful,
(a flick of his eyes
in the direction
of the bazaar)
You know you're being shadowed?
Laszlo glances in the direction of the bazaar.

LASZLO :

Of course. It becomes an instinct.
Ferrari looks shrewdly at Ilsa.

FERRARI :

I observe that you in one respect are
75

a very fortunate man, Monsieur. I am moved to make one more suggestion, why, I do not know, because it cannot possibly profit me, but, have you heard about Signor Ugarte and the letters of transit?

LASZLO :

Yes, something.

FERRARI :

Those letters were not found on Ugarte when they arrested him. There's a moments pause as this sinks in.

LASZLO :

Do you know where they are?

FERRARI :

Not for sure, Monsieur, but I will venture to guess that Ugarte left those letters with Monsieur Rick. Ilsa's face darkens. Laszlo quietly observes.

LASZLO :

Rick?

FERRARI :

He is a difficult customer, that Rick. One never knows what he'll do or why. But it is worth a chance.

LASZLO :

Thank you very much. Good day.

ILSA :

Goodbye, thank you for your coffee, Signor. I shall miss that when we leave Casablanca.
Ferrari bows .

FERRARI :

It was gracious of you to share it with me. Good day, Mademoiselle,

Monsieur .

LASZLO :

Good day.

As Ilsa and Laszlo leave the cafe, Ferrari nonchalantly swats a fly on a table.

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CUT TO:

EXT. RICK'S CAFE - NIGHT

Outside Rick's cafe, the sign is lit up and MUSIC filters out into the air.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

At the bar, the European has found another TOURIST.

EUROPEAN :

Here's to you, sir.

TOURIST :

Er, good luck, yes.

EUROPEAN :

I'd better be going.

TOURIST :

Er, my check, please.

EUROPEAN :

I have to warn you, sir. I beseech you . . .

The European picks his pocket.

EUROPEAN :

This is a dangerous place, full of vultures. Vultures everywhere!

Thanks for everything.

The tourist laughs.

TOURIST :

Er, goodbye, sir.

EUROPEAN :

It has been a pleasure to meet you.
He dashes off and collides with Carl.

EUROPEAN :

Oh, I 'm sorry .

As the European hurries away, Carl checks all his pockets
to make sure nothing is missing.

Sam and Corina play a number, accompanied by the orchestra.

77

Strasser and his crowd enter the cafe and pass Rick's table.
Carl brings Rick a bottle and glass.

CARL :

Monsieur Rick, you are getting to be
your best customer.

Carl leaves.

As Rick lights a cigarette, Renault shows up.

RENAULT :

Well, Ricky. I'm very pleased with
you. Now you're beginning to live
like a Frenchman.

RICK :

That was some going-over your men
gave my place this afternoon. We
just barely got cleaned up in time
to open.

He pours a drink for Renault .

RENAULT :

Well, I told Strasser he wouldn't
find the letters here. But I told
my men to be especially destructive.
You know how that impresses Germans?
(taking a sip)

Rick, have you got these letters of
transit?

RICK :

Louis, are you pro-Vichy or Free
French?

RENAULT :

Serves me right for asking a direct question. The subject is closed.

RICK :

Well, it looks like you're a little late .

RENAULT :

Huh?

Rick gazes at Yvonne and a GERMAN OFFICER approaching the bar.

RICK :

So Yvonne's gone over to the enemy.

RENAULT :

Who knows? In her own way she may constitute an entire second front. I think it's time for me to flatter Major Strasser a little. I'll see you later, Rick.

Renault gets up and strolls away.

At the bar, Yvonne and the German officer place their orders .

YVONNE :

Sacha !

GERMAN OFFICER :

French seventy-fives.

Yvonne is somewhat drunk already.

YVONNE :

Put up a whole row of them, Sacha... starting here and ending here.

She indicates with her hand where she wants them.

GERMAN OFFICER :

We will begin with two.

A FRENCH OFFICER at the bar makes a remark to Yvonne.

FRENCH OFFICER :

(in French)

Say, you, you are not French to go with a German like this!

YVONNE :

(in French)

What are you butting in for?

FRENCH OFFICER :

(in French)

I am butting in --

YVONNE :

(breaking in, in French)

-- It's none of your business!

GERMAN OFFICER:

(in French)

No, no, no, no! One minute!

(in English)

What did you say? Would you kindly

79.

repeat it?

FRENCH OFFICER :

What I said is none of your business!

GERMAN OFFICER :

I will make it my business!

They begin to fight.

YVONNE :

(in French)

Stop! I beg of you! I beg of you,

stop !

There are exclamations from people nearby. German officers at a nearby table rise, ready to join in. Rick walks up and separates the two men.

RICK :

(to the German)

I don't like disturbances in my place. Either lay off politics or get out .

FRENCH OFFICER :

(in French)

Dirty Boche. Someday we'll have our
revenge !

Renault, Strasser and the other officers sit down again.

STRASSER :

You see, Captain, the situation is
not as much under control as you
believe .

RENAULT :

My dear Major, we are trying to
cooperate with your government, but
we cannot regulate the feelings of
our people.

Strasser eyes him closely.

STRASSER :

Captain Renault, are you entirely
certain which side you're on?

RENAULT :

I have no conviction, if that's what
you mean. I blow with the wind, and
the prevailing wind happens to be
from Vichy.

STRASSER :

And if it should change?
He smiles.

RENAULT :

Surely the Reich doesn't admit that
possibility?
Renault lights a cigarette and puffs away.

STRASSER :

We are concerned about more than
Casablanca. We know that every
French province in Africa is honey-
combed with traitors waiting for
their chance, waiting, perhaps,
for a leader.

RENAULT :

(casually)

A leader, like Laszlo?

STRASSER :

Uh, huh. I have been thinking.

It is too dangerous if we let him go. It may be too dangerous if we let him stay.

RENAULT :

(thoughtfully)

I see what you mean.

Carl, bottle in hand, approaches the table of a middle-aged German couple, the LEUCHTAGS .

CARL :

(in German)

I brought you the finest brandy.

Only the employees drink it here.

He pours a drink for each of them.

MR. LEUCHTAG

Thank you, Carl.

CARL :

(as he pours)

For Mrs. Leuchtag.

MRS . LEUCHTAG

Thank you, Carl.

CARL :

For Mr. Leuchtag.

MR. LEUCHTAG

Carl, sit down. Have a brandy with us .

MRS . LEUCHTAG

(beaming with happiness)

To celebrate our leaving for America tomorrow .

Carl sits down.

CARL :

Thank you very much. I thought you would ask me, so I brought the good brandy and a third glass.

He produces a glass from a back pocket.

MRS . LEUCHTAG

At last the day has come.

MR. LEUCHTAG

Frau Leuchtag and I are speaking
nothing but English now.

MRS . LEUCHTAG

So we should feel at home ven ve
get to America.

CARL :

A very nice idea.

MR. LEUCHTAG

(raising his glass)

To America.

Mrs. Leuchtag and Carl repeat "To America." They clink
glasses and drink.

MR. LEUCHTAG

Liebchen, uh, sweetness heart,
what watch?

She glances at her wristwatch.

MRS . LEUCHTAG

Ten watch.

MR. LEUCHTAG

(surprised)

Such much?

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CARL :

Er, you will get along beautifully
in America, huh.

Annina meets Renault in the hallway as she leaves the
gambling room,

RENAULT :

How's lady luck treating you?

Aw, too bad. You'll find him
over there.

Annina sees Rick and goes to his table.

ANNINA :

Monsieur Rick?

RICK :

Yes?

ANNINA :

Could I speak to you for just a moment, please?

Rick looks at her.

RICK :

How did you get in here? You're under age.

ANNINA :

I came with Captain Renault.

RICK :

(cynically)

I should have known.

ANNINA :

My husband is with me, too.

RICK :

He is? Well, Captain Renault's getting broadminded. Sit down.

Will you have a drink?

Annina shakes her head.

RICK :

No, of course not. Do you mind if I do?

ANNINA :

No.

83

Rick pours himself a drink

ANNINA :

Monsieur Rick, what kind of man is Captain Renault?

RICK :

Oh, he's just like any other man, only more so.

ANNINA :

No, I mean, is he trustworthy? Is his word -

RICK :

-- Now, just a minute. Who told you to ask me that?

ANNINA :

He did. Captain Renault did.

RICK :

I thought so. Where's your husband?

ANNINA :

At the roulette table, trying to win enough for our exit visa. Well of course, he's losing.
Rick looks at her closely.

RICK :

How long have you been married?

ANNINA :

Eight weeks. We come from Bulgaria. Oh, things are very bad there, Monsieur. A devil has the people by the throat. So, Jan and I, we, we do not want our children to grow up in such a country.

RICK :

(wearily)

So you decided to go to America.

ANNINA :

Yes, but we have not much money, and travelling is so expensive and difficult. It was much more than we thought to get here. And then Captain Renault sees us and he is so kind. He wants to help us.

84

RICK:

Yes, I'll bet.

ANNINA :

He tells me he can give us an exit visa, but we have no money.

RICK :

Does he know that?

ANNINA :

Oh, yes.

RICK :

And he is still willing to give you a visa?

ANNINA :

Yes, Monsieur.

RICK :

And you want to know --

ANNINA :

-- Will he keep his word?

RICK :

He always has .

There is a silence. Annina is very disturbed.

ANNINA :

Oh, Monsieur, you are a man. If someone loved you very much, so that your happiness was the only thing that she wanted in the whole world, but she did a bad thing to make certain of it, could you forgive her?

Rick stares off into space.

RICK :

Nobody ever loved me that much.

ANNINA :

And he never knew, and the girl kept
this bad thing locked in her heart?
That would be all right, wouldn't
it?

RICK :

(harshly)

85

You want my advice?

ANNINA :

Oh, yes, please.

RICK :

Go back to Bulgaria.

ANNINA :

Oh, but if you knew what it means to
us to leave Europe, to get to
America! Oh, but if Jan should find
out! He is such a boy. In many
ways I am so much older than he is.

RICK :

Yes, well, everybody in Casablanca
has problems . Yours may work out .
You'll excuse me.
Rick abruptly rises.

ANNINA :

(tonelessly)

Thank you, Monsieur.

He quickly goes off, leaving Annina alone at the table.

She remains seated, too demoralized to move.

While Rick checks the reservation list, Ilsa and Laszlo enter
the cafe.

In the background we hear Sam playing, ironically enough,
"It Had to Be You."

Rick greets Ilsa and Laszlo.

RICK :

Good evening.

LASZLO :

Good evening. You see, here we are again.

RICK :

I take that as a great compliment to Sam.

(to Ilsa)

I suppose he means to you Paris of, well, happier days.

Laszlo looks around.

ILSA:

86

(quietly)

He does. Could we have a table close to him?

LASZLO :

And as far away from Major Strasser as possible.

RICK :

Well, the geography may be a little difficult to arrange.

Rick snaps his fingers for the headwaiter.

RICK :

Paul! Table thirty!

HEADWAITER :

(to Ilsa and Laszlo)

Yes, sir. Right this way, if you please .

RICK :

(to Ilsa)

I'll have Sam play "As Time Goes By." I believe that's your favorite tune .

ILSA :

(smiling)

Thank you.

Rick walks over to Sam and whispers something to him. Sam

stops what he is playing and begins "As Time Goes By."
He shakes his head as Rick leaves.
A waiter appears at Ilsa and Laszlo 's table.

LASZLO :

Two cognacs, please.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - GAMBLING ROOM - NIGHT

Jan sits at the roulette table. He has only three chips left and seems bewildered.

As Rick comes up the croupier speaks to Jan.

CROUPIER :

Do you wish to place another bet, sir?

JAN :

No, no, I guess not.

Rick stands behind Jan.

RICK :

(to Jan)

Have you tried twenty-two tonight?

I said, twenty-two.

Jan looks at Rick, then at the chips in his hand.

He pauses, then puts the chips on twenty-two.

Rick and the croupier exchange looks. The croupier understands what Rick wants him to do. He spins the wheel. Carl follows the proceedings, fascinated.

The wheel stops spinning.

CROUPIER :

(in French)

Twenty-two, black, twenty-two.

A winner. Renault, at a nearby table, takes notice of what is happening.

The croupier pushes a pile of chips onto twenty-two and Jan reaches for it.

RICK :

(not even looking at Jan)

Leave it there.

Jan hesitates, then withdraws his hands.

Carl continues to watch.

The wheel spins. Nobody speaks while it spins. It stops.

CROUPIER :

Twenty-two, black.

Another winner. The croupier shoves a pile of chips toward Jan .

RICK :

(to Jan)

Cash it in and don't come back.

Jan rises to go to the cashier.

A CUSTOMER complains to Carl.

CUSTOMER:

Say, are you sure this place is honest?

CARL :

(fervently)

Honest! As honest as the day is long!

Meanwhile, Rick has walked over to the croupier.

RICK :

How we doing tonight?

CROUPIER :

Well, a couple of thousand less than

I thought there would be.

Rick smiles slightly and goes toward the door.

Annina runs up to him and hugs him.

ANNINA :

Monsieur Rick, I --

RICK :

-- He's just a lucky guy.

CARL :

(solicitously)

Monsieur Rick, may I get you a cup
of coffee?

RICK :

No thanks, Carl.

CARL :

Monsieur Rick!

Renault, seeing that Jan has won, gets up from his table to follow Rick. Jan and Annina stop him on the way.

JAN :

Captain Renault, may I --

RENAULT :

-- Oh, not here, please. Come to my office in the morning. We'll do everything business-like.

JAN :

We'll be there at six.

RENAULT :

I'll be there at ten. I am very happy for both of you. Still, it's very strange that you won.

89.

He looks over and sees Rick.

RENAULT :

Well, maybe not so strange. I'll see you in the morning.

ANNINA :

Thank you so much, Captain Renault.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

At the bar, Carl whispers in Sacha's ear. Sacha says "No!" and runs to Rick.

SACHA :

Boss, you've done a beautiful thing. He kisses Rick on both cheeks.

RICK :

Go away, you crazy Russian!

Carl pours a brandy for Rick.

Pretending not to do so, Rick glances in Ilsa's direction. Renault comes up to him.

RENAULT :

As I suspected, you're a rank
sentimentalist .

RICK :

Yeah? Why?

RENAULT :

(chidingly)

Why do you interfere with my little
romances?

RICK :

Put it down as a gesture to love.

RENAULT :

(good-naturedly)

Well, I forgive you this time.

But I'll be in tomorrow night
with a breathtaking blonde, and
it will make me very happy if
she loses. Uh huh!

He smiles and walks away. Laszlo comes up to Rick.

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LASZLO :

Monsieur Blaine, I wonder if I could
talk to you?

RICK :

Go ahead.

LASZLO :

Well, isn't there some other place?
It's rather confidential, what I
have to say.

RICK :

My office.

LASZLO:

Right .

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Rick and Laszlo sit and discuss Laszlo's dilemma.

LASZLO :

You must know it ' s very important I get out of Casablanca. It's my privilege to be one of the leaders of a great movement. You know what I have been doing. You know what it means to the work, to the lives of thousands and thousands of people that I be free to reach America and continue my work.

RICK :

I'm not interested in politics. The problems of the world are not in my department. I'm a saloon keeper.

LASZLO :

My friends in the underground tell me that you have quite a record. You ran guns to Ethiopia. You fought against the fascists in Spain .

RICK :

What of it?

LASZLO :

Isn't it strange that you always
91
happened to be fighting on the side of the underdog?

RICK :

Yes. I found that a very expensive hobby, too. But then I never was much of a businessman.
Rick gets up, as does Laszlo.

LASZLO :

Are you enough of a businessman to

appreciate an offer of a hundred thousand francs?

RICK :

I appreciate it, but I don't accept it.

LASZLO :

I'll raise it to two hundred thousand.

RICK :

My friend, you could make it a million francs, or three, my answer would still be the same.

LASZLO :

There must be some reason why you won't let me have them.

RICK :

There is. I suggest that you ask your wife.

LASZLO :

I beg your pardon?

RICK :

I said, ask your wife.

LASZLO :

My wife?

Laszlo looks at him, puzzled.

RICK :

Yes.

Rick and Laszlo hear MALE VOICES singing downstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

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A group of German officers stand around the piano singing the "Wacht am Rhein."

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - BALCONY - NIGHT

Rick stands at the balcony outside his office and watches the Germans below.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

At the bar, Renault watches with raised eyebrow.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - BALCONY - NIGHT

Laszlo's lips are very tight as he listens to the song. He starts down the step.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Laszlo passes the table where Ilsa sits and goes straight to the orchestra.

Yvonne, sitting at a table with her German officer, stares down into her drink.

Laszlo speaks to the orchestra.

LASZLO :

Play the Marseillaise! Play it!

Members of the orchestra glance toward the steps, toward Rick, who nods to them.

Laszlo and Corina sing as they start to play. Strasser conducts the German singing in an attempt to drown out the competition .

People in the cafe begin to sing the "Marseillaise."

After a while, Strasser and his officers give up and sit down. The "Marseillaise" continues, however.

Yvonne jumps up and sings with tears in her eyes.

Ilsa, overcome with emotion, looks proudly at Laszlo, who sings with passion.

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Finally the whole cafe stands, singing, their faces aglow. The song finishes on a high, triumphant note.

Yvonne's face is exalted. She deliberately faces the alcove where the Germans are watching. She SHOUTS at the top of her lungs .

YVONNE :

Vive La France! Vive la democracie !

CROWD :

Vive La France! Vive la democracie!

People clap and cheer.

Strasser is very angry. He strides across the floor toward Renault who is standing at the bar.

STRASSER :

You see what I mean? If Laszlo's presence in a cafe can inspire this unfortunate demonstration, what more will his presence in Casablanca bring on? I advise that this place be shut up at once .

RENAULT :

(innocently)

But everybody's having such a good time .

STRASSER :

Yes, much too good a time. The place is to be closed.

RENAULT :

But I have no excuse to close it.

STRASSER :

(snapping)

Find one.

Several French officers surround Laszlo, offering him a drink. Renault thinks a moment, then blows a loud BLAST on his whistle. The room grows quiet, all eyes turn toward Renault .

RENAULT :

(loudly)

Everybody is to leave here immediately! This cafe is closed until further notice!

94

Clear the room at once !

An angry murmur starts among the crowd. People get up and begin to leave.

Rick comes quickly up to Renault.

RICK :

How can you close me up? On what grounds?

RENAULT :

I am shocked, shocked to find that gambling is going on in here!

This display of nerve leaves Rick at a loss. The croupier comes out of the gambling room and up to Renault. He hands him a roll of bills.

CROUPIER :

Your winnings, sir.

RENAULT :

Oh. Thank you very much.

He turns to the crowd again.

RENAULT :

Everybody out at once !

As the cafe empties, Strasser approaches Ilsa. His manner is abrupt but cordial.

STRASSER :

Mademoiselle, after this disturbance it is not safe for Laszlo to stay in Casablanca .

ILSA :

This morning you implied it was not safe for him to leave Casablanca.

STRASSER :

That is also true, except for one destination, to return to occupied France .

ILSA :

Occupied France?

STRASSER :

Uh huh. Under a safe conduct from me.

ILSA:

95

(with intensity)

What value is that? You may recall what German guarantees have been worth in the past .

STRASSER :

There are only two other alternatives for him.

ILSA :

What are they?

STRASSER :

It is possible the French authorities will find a reason to put him in the concentration camp here.

ILSA :

And the other alternative?

STRASSER :

My dear Mademoiselle, perhaps you have already observed that in Casablanca, human life is cheap. Good night, Mademoiselle. She looks at him, understanding what he means. He bows and exits as Laszlo arrives at the table. They start out of the cafe.

ILSA :

What happened with Rick?

LASZLO :

We'll discuss it later.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ilsa and Laszlo walk to their room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CUT TO:

Laszlo switches on the light as they enter. While Ilsa takes off some jewelry he walks to the window and peers

out into the darkness. Below and across the street, a man stands under an arch. Laszlo watches him, then draws down the shade .

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LASZLO :

Our faithful friend is still there.

ILSA :

Victor, please, don't go to the underground meeting tonight.

LASZLO :

(soberly)

I must. Besides, it isn't often that a man has a chance to display heroics before his wife.

He crosses to a table, takes a cigarette from a box, and strikes a match.

ILSA :

Don't joke. After Major Strasser's warning tonight, I am frightened.

LASZLO :

To tell you the truth, I am frightened too. Shall I remain here in our hotel room hiding, or shall I carry on the best I can?

He lights the cigarette.

ILSA :

Whatever I'd say, you'd carry on. Victor, why don't you tell me about Rick? What did you find out?

LASZLO :

Apparently he has the letters.

ILSA :

Yes?

LASZLO :

But no intention of selling them.

One would think if sentiment
wouldn't persuade him, money would.
Ilsa is now noticeably uncomfortable.

ILSA :

Did he give any reason?

LASZLO :

He suggested I ask you.

ILSA :

Ask me?

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LASZLO :

Yes. He said, "Ask your wife." I
don't know why he said that.

Laszlo turns off the light. Ilsa walks over to the couch and
sits down.

LASZLO :

Well, our friend outside will think
we've retired by now. I'll be going
in a few minutes.

He sits down on the couch next to her. A silence falls
between them. It grows strained. Finally...

LASZLO :

Ilsa, I --

ILSA :

- Yes?

LASZLO :

When I was in the concentration camp,
were you lonely in Paris?

Ilsa still cannot look at him.

ILSA :

Yes, Victor, I was.

LASZLO:

(sympathetically)

I know how it is to be lonely.

(very quietly)

Is there anything you wish to tell me?

ILSA :

(speaking low)

No, Victor, there isn't.

LASZLO :

I love you very much, my dear.

Ilsa finally turns to look at Laszlo.

ILSA :

Yes, Yes I know. Victor, whatever

I do, will you believe that I, that --

LASZLO :

-- You don't even have to say it.

I'll believe. Goodnight, dear.

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He bends down and kisses her cheek.

ILSA :

Goodnight .

She watches him go.

ILSA :

Victor !

She gets up and follows him to the door. He opens it. In the slit of light from the hall we see Ilsa's face, now strained and worried. She hesitates for a moment, then...

ILSA :

Be careful.

LASZLO :

Of course, I'll be careful.

He kisses her on the cheek and goes out the door. She stands there for a few seconds, then crosses to look out of the window.

The figure in the archway is gone. She sees Victor walking down the street and closes the blind again. Ilsa gets a cloak from the bedroom, and leaves the hotel room.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Rick and Carl sit by the bar and look over ledgers. Carl is busy figuring. He looks up at Rick.

CARL :

Well, you are in pretty good shape,
Herr Rick.

RICK :

How long can I afford to stay closed?

CARL :

Oh, two weeks, maybe three.

RICK :

Maybe I won't have to. A bribe has
worked before. In the meantime,
everybody stays on salary.

CARL :

Oh, thank you, Herr Rick. Sacha
will be happy to hear it. I owe
him money.
99.
Carl laughs.

RICK :

Now you finish locking up, will you,
Carl?

CARL :

I will. Then I am going to the
meeting of the --

RICK :

(interrupting)
-- Don't tell me where you're going.

CARL :

I won ' t .

RICK :

Goodnight .

CARL :

Goodnight, Monsieur Rick.

Rick walks up the stairs to his apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rick opens the door and goes inside the dark room. Light from the hall reveals a figure by the window. He lights a small lamp. Ilsa faces him, her face white but determined. Rick pauses for a moment in astonishment.

RICK :

How did you get in?

ILSA :

The stairs from the street.

Ilsa comes over to meet him.

RICK :

I told you this morning you'd come around, but this is a little ahead of schedule. Well, won't you sit down?

ILSA :

Richard, I had to see you.

RICK :

You use "Richard" again? We're back
100
in Paris.

ILSA :

Please .

RICK :

Your unexpected visit isn't connected by any chance with the letters of transit? It seems that as long as I have those letters I'll never be lonely.

ILSA :

You can ask any price you want, but you must give me those letters.

RICK :

I went through all that with your husband. It's no deal.

ILSA :

I know how you feel about me, but I'm asking you to put your feelings aside for something more important.

RICK :

Do I have to hear again what a great man your husband is? What an important cause he's fighting for?

ILSA :

It was your cause, too. In your own way, you were fighting for the same thing.

RICK :

I'm not fighting for anything anymore, except myself. I'm the only cause I'm interested in. He walks over to the window and Ilsa follows.

ILSA :

Richard, Richard, we loved each other once. If those days meant anything at all to you --

RICK :

(interrupting, harshly)
-- I wouldn't bring up Paris if I were you. It's poor salesmanship.

ILSA :

Please. Please listen to me. If you knew what really happened, if
101
you only knew the truth --

RICK :

(cutting in)

-- I wouldn't believe you, no matter what you told me. You'd say anything now to get what you want.

Rick walks over to a table and opens a cigarette box, but finds it empty.

ILSA :

You want to feel sorry for yourself, don't you? With so much at stake, all you can think of is your own feelings. One woman has hurt you, and you take revenge on the rest of the world. You're a, you're a coward, and a weakling.

There are tears in her eyes now.

ILSA :

No. Oh, Richard, I'm sorry. I'm sorry, but, but you, you are our last hope. If you don't help us, Victor Laszlo will die in Casablanca .

RICK :

What of it? I'm going to die in Casablanca. It's a good spot for it .

He turns away to light a cigarette, then back to Ilsa.

RICK :

Now if you -

He stops short as he sees Ilsa holding a small revolver in her hand. It's pointed directly at him.

ILSA :

-- All right. I tried to reason with you. I tried everything. Now I want those letters. Get them for me .

RICK :

I don't have to. I've got them right here.

ILSA :

Put them on the table.

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RICK :

(shaking his head)

No.

ILSA :

For the last time, put them on the table .

RICK :

If Laszlo and the cause mean so much to you, you won't stop at anything. All right, I'll make it easier for you .

He moves closer to her.

RICK :

Go ahead and shoot. You'll be doing me a favor.

Her hand drops down, and there are tears in her eyes again. She turns and walks away from him.

ILSA :

Richard, I tried to stay away. I thought I would never see you again, that you were out of my life.

Rick follows her and takes her in his arms. He presses her tight to him.

ILSA :

The day you left, if you knew what I went through! If you knew how much I loved you, how much I still love you!

Rick kisses her passionately. She is lost in his embrace.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - APARTMENT - LATER

From his window, Rick watches the revolving beacon light at the airport.

Ilsa sits on the couch. On a table before her rests a bottle

of champagne along with two half-filled glasses.
Rick walks over to her.

RICK:

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And then?

ILSA :

It wasn't long after we were married that Victor went back to Czechoslovakia. They needed him in Prague, but there the Gestapo were waiting for him. Just a two-line item in the paper: "Victor Laszlo apprehended. Sent to concentration camp." I was frantic. For months I tried to get word. Then it came. He was dead, shot trying to escape. I was lonely. I had nothing. Not even hope. Then I met you.

RICK :

Why weren't you honest with me? Why did you keep your marriage a secret? Rick sits down with Ilsa.

ILSA :

Oh, it wasn't my secret, Richard. Victor wanted it that way. Not even our closest friends knew about our marriage. That was his way of protecting me. I knew so much about his work, and if the Gestapo found out I was his wife it would be dangerous for me and for those working with me.

RICK :

When did you first find out he was alive?

ILSA :

Just before you and I were to leave Paris together. A friend came and told me that Victor was alive. They

were hiding him in a freight car on the outskirts of Paris. He was sick, he needed me. I wanted to tell you, but I, I didn't care. I knew, I knew you wouldn't have left Paris, and the Gestapo would have caught you. So I., well, well, you know the rest.

RICK :

Huh. But it's still a story without an ending. What about now?

ILSA :

Now? I don't know. I know that

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I'll never have the strength to leave you again.

RICK :

And Laszlo?

ILSA :

Oh, you'll help him now, Richard, won't you? You'll see that he gets out? Then he'll have his work, all that he's been living for.

RICK :

All except one. He won't have you. Ilsa puts her head on Rick's shoulder.

ILSA :

I can't fight it anymore. I ran away from you once. I can't do it again. Oh, I don't know what's right any longer. You'll have to think for both of us, for all of us.

RICK :

All right, I will. Here's looking at you, kid.

ILSA :

I wish I didn't love you so much.

She snuggles closer to Rick.

EXT. RICK'S CAFE - NIGHT

CUT TO:

Laszlo and Carl make their way through the darkness toward a side entrance of Rick's. They run inside the entryway. The headlights of a speeding police car sweep toward them. They flatten themselves against a wall to avoid detection. The lights move past them.

CARL :

I think we lost them.

LASZLO :

Yes. I'm afraid they caught some of the others.

CARL :

Come inside. Come.

105

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Laszlo and Carl enter and cross toward the bar, out of breath from their exertion.

CARL :

Come inside. I will help you. Come in here.

LASZLO :

Thank you.

Carl goes behind the bar.

CARL :

I will give you some water.

CUT TO:

INT. /EXT. RICK'S CAFE - APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rick and Ilsa hear voices below. Rick crosses to the door. He opens it just enough to see below, and turns off the light. Ilsa stands just in back of him. She makes a move as if to go out to the balcony but Rick's pushes her back. She withdraws behind the door.

Rick walks out to the balcony railing.

INT. RICK'S CAFE - BALCONY/MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Rick sees Carl attending to Laszlo, who appears to be injured.

RICK :

Carl, what happened?

Both Carl and Laszlo look up.

CARL :

(excitedly)

The police break up our meeting.

Herr Rick! We escaped in the
last moment.

RICK :

Come up here a minute.

Carl looks up wonderingly, then starts toward the stairway.

106

CARL :

Yes, I come.

RICK :

I want you to turn out the light in
the rear entrance. It might attract
the police.

CARL :

But Sacha always puts out that
light -

RICK :

-- Tonight he forgot .

CARL :

Yes, I come, I will do it.

Carl climbs the stairs.

INT. RICK'S CAFE - APARTMENT - NIGHT

CUT TO:

Carl enters Rick's apartment and sees Ilsa. He looks at
Rick and says nothing.

RICK :

(in a low voice)

I want you to take Miss Lund home.

CARL :

Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Rick comes down the stairs. Laszlo wraps one of the small bar towels around his cut wrist. Rick looks questioningly at the injured hand.

LASZLO :

It's nothing. Just a little cut.

We had to get through a window.

Rick walks to the bar, picks up a bottle, and pours a drink.

RICK :

Well, this might come in handy.

LASZLO :

Thank you.

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RICK :

Had a close one, eh?

LASZLO :

Yes, rather.

Laszlo takes a drink.

RICK :

Don't you sometimes wonder if it's worth all this? I mean what you're fighting for?

LASZLO :

We might as well question why we breathe. If we stop breathing, we'll die. If we stop fighting our enemies, the world will die.

RICK :

What of it? Then it'll be out of

it ' s misery .

Rick reaches in his jacket for his cigarette case, opens it, and takes out a cigarette.

LASZLO :

You know how you sound, Monsieur Blaine? Like a man who's trying to convince himself of something he doesn't believe in his heart. Each of us has a destiny, for good or for evil .

RICK :

Yes, I get the point.
Rick lights his cigarette.

LASZLO :

I wonder if you do. I wonder if you know that you're trying to escape from yourself and that you'll never succeed.

RICK :

You seem to know all about my destiny.

LASZLO :

I know a good deal more about you than you suspect. I know, for instance, that you are in love with a woman. It is perhaps strange that we both should be in love with the
108

same woman. The first evening I came here in this cafe, I knew there was something between you and Ilsa. Since no one is to blame, I, I demand no explanation. I ask only one thing. You won't give me the letters of transit. All right. But I want my wife to be safe. I ask you as a favor to use the letters to take her away from Casablanca.

RICK :

You love her that much?

LASZLO :

Apparently you think of me only as the leader of a cause. Well, I am also a human being.
He looks away for a moment.

LASZLO :

Yes, I love her that much.
Suddenly there is a CRASH at the door of the cafe, followed by the forced entry of several gendarmes. A French officer walks in and addresses Laszlo.
Mr. Laszlo?
Yes?

FRENCH OFFICER:

LASZLO:

FRENCH OFFICER :

You will come with us. We have a warrant for your arrest.

LASZLO :

On what charge?

FRENCH OFFICER :

Captain Renault will discuss that with you later.

RICK :

It seems that destiny has taken a hand.

Laszlo looks for a moment at Rick, then in dignified silence crosses to the officer. Together they walk toward the door. Rick's eyes follow them, but his expression reveals nothing of his feelings.

109.

CUT TO:

INT. RENAULT'S OFFICE - MORNING

Renault sits at his desk and smokes while Rick nervously fingers his hat. They're interrupted by an orderly.

Renault hands some forms to the orderly, who then exits, and the conversation continues.

RICK :

But you haven't any actual proof, and you know it. This isn't Germany or occupied France. All you can do is fine him a few thousand francs and give him thirty days. You might as well let him go now.

RENAULT :

Ricky, I'd advise you not to be too interested in what happens to Laszlo. If by any chance you were to help him escape --

RICK :

-- What makes you think I'd stick my neck out for Laszlo?

RENAULT :

Because one, you've bet ten thousand francs he'd escape. Two, you have the letters of transit, now don't bother to deny it. And, well, you might do it simply because you don't like Strasser's looks. As a matter of fact, I don't like him either.

RICK :

Well, they're all excellent reasons.

RENAULT :

Don't count too much on my friendship, Ricky. In this matter I'm powerless. Besides, I might lose ten thousand francs .

RICK :

You're not very subtle, but you are effective. I, I get the point. Yes, I have the letters, but I intend using them myself. I'm leaving Casablanca

on tonight's plane, the last plane.

RENAULT:

110

Huh?

RICK :

And I'm taking a friend with me.

One you'll appreciate.

RENAULT :

What friend?

RICK :

Ilsa Lund.

(pause)

That ought to put your mind to rest about my helping Laszlo escape. The last man I want to see in America.

RENAULT :

You didn't come here to tell me this. You have the letters of transit. You can fill in your name and hers and leave any time you please. Why are you interested in what happens to Laszlo?

Renault gets out of his chair and crosses to the front of his desk.

RICK :

I'm not. But I am interested in what happens to Ilsa and me. We have a legal right to go, that's true. But people have been held in Casablanca in spite of their legal rights.

Renault retrieves a fresh cigarette from a box on his desk.

RENAULT :

What makes you think we want to hold you?

Renault chain-lights his new cigarette with the old one.

RICK :

Ilsa is Laszlo's wife. She probably knows things that Strasser would like to know. Louis, I'll make a deal with you. Instead of this petty charge you have against him, you can get something really big, something that would chuck him in a concentration camp for years. That would be quite a feather in your cap, wouldn't it?
Ill

RENAULT :

It certainly would. Germany...
Vichy would be very grateful.

RICK :

Then release him. You be at my place a half hour before the plane leaves.
Renault sits back down in his chair.

RICK :

I'll arrange to have Laszlo come there to pick up the letters of transit, and that'll give you the criminal grounds on which to make the arrest. You get him, and we get away. To the Germans that last will be just a minor annoyance.

RENAULT :

(puzzled)
There's still something about this business I don't quite understand. Miss Lund, she's very beautiful, yes, but you were never interested in any woman.

RICK :

Well, she isn't just any woman.
Rick stares at the floor, then looks back up at Renault

RENAULT :

I see. How do I know you'll keep your end of the bargain?

RICK :

I'll make the arrangements right now with Laszlo in the visitor's pen.

RENAULT :

Ricky, I'm going to miss you. Apparently you're the only one in Casablanca who has even less scruples than I .

RICK :

Oh, thanks.

RENAULT :

Go ahead, Ricky.

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Renault presses a button on his desk, triggering a BUZZER. The door to Renault's office opens. Rick rises to go.

RICK :

And by the way, call off your watchdogs when you let him go. I don't want them around this afternoon. I'm taking no chances, Louis, not even with you.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLUE PARROT - DAY

A waiter brings tea to Rick and Ferrari, who sit alone at a table in a secluded nook off the main room.

FERRARI :

Shall we draw up the papers, or is our handshake good enough?

RICK :

It's certainly not good enough. But since I'm in a hurry, it'll have to do .

Ferrari pours a cup for Rick, who takes a sip.

FERRARI :

Ah, to get out of Casablanca and go to America! You're a lucky man.

RICK :

Oh, by the way, my agreement with Sam's always been that he gets twenty-five percent of the profits. That still goes .

FERRARI :

Hmmm. I happen to know that he gets ten percent . But he ' s worth twenty-five .

RICK :

And Abdul and Carl and Sacha, they stay with the place, or I don't sell.

FERRARI :

Of course they stay. Rick's wouldn't be Rick's without them.

RICK :

Well, so long.

Rick gets up, followed by Ferrari. They shake hands to seal
113

the deal .

He walks to the door, then stops and turns around.

RICK :

Don't forget, you owe Rick's a hundred cartons of American cigarettes .

FERRARI :

I shall remember to pay it... to myself .

Rick leaves. Ferrari picks up a fly swatter from the table and swats at a fly.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK'S CAFE - NIGHT

A car pulls quickly to a stop just outside the cafe.

On the door a huge placard reads:

CLOSED :

By Order of the Prefect of Police

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Rick sits at a table inside and reads the letters of transit.
He hears a KNOCK on the door and puts them away in his pocket.
He opens the door and Renault walks in.

RICK :

You're late.

RENAULT :

I was informed just as Laszlo was
about to leave the hotel, so I knew
I'd be on time .

RICK :

I thought I asked you to tie up your
watchdogs .

RENAULT :

Oh, he won't be followed here.
Renault looks around the empty cafe.

RENAULT :

You know, this place will never be
114
the same without you, Ricky.

RICK :

Yes, I know what you mean, but I've
already spoken to Ferrari. You'll
still win at roulette.

RENAULT :

Is everything ready?
Rick points at his breast pocket.

RICK :

I have the letters right here.

RENAULT :

Tell me, when we searched the place,
where were they?

RICK :

Sam' s piano .

RENAULT :

Serves me right for not being musical.
They hear the CRUNCH of tires as a car pull up.

RICK :

Oh. Here they are. You'd better
wait in my office.
Renault walks up the stairs to Rick's office.
EXT. RICK'S CAFE - NIGHT

CUT TO:

Laszlo pays the cab driver. Ilsa quickly walks toward the
entrance .

LASZLO :

(to driver)
Here .

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT
Rick opens the door. Ilsa rushes in. Her intensity reveals
the strain she is under. Rick grabs her by both arms and
pulls her close.

ILSA :

Richard, Victor thinks I'm leaving
115
with him. Haven't you told him?

RICK :

No, not yet.

ILSA :

But it's all right, isn't it? You
were able to arrange everything?

RICK :

Everything is quite all right.

ILSA :

Oh, Rick!

She looks at him with a vaguely questioning look.

RICK :

We'll tell him at the airport. The less time to think, the easier for all of us. Please trust me.

Ilsa pauses and looks at Rick, unsure for a moment.

ILSA :

Yes, I will.

Laszlo comes in and closes the door behind himself.

LASZLO :

Monsieur Blaine, I don't know how to thank you.

RICK :

Oh, save it. We've still lots of things to do.

They all walk towards the bar. Laszlo deposits his hat on a nearby table.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Renault opens the office door and peers down at the proceedings .

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

LASZLO :

I brought the money, Monsieur Blaine.
116.

RICK :

Keep it. You'll need it in America.

LASZLO :

But we made a deal .

RICK :

(cutting him short)

Oh, never mind about that. You won't have any trouble in Lisbon, will you?

LASZLO :

No. It's all arranged.

RICK :

Good. I've got the letters right here, all made out in blank. He takes out the letters.

RICK :

All you have to do is fill in the signatures . He hands them to Laszlo, who takes them gratefully.

RENAULT :

Victor Laszlo!

All three hear footsteps and turn to see Renault walking towards them from the bottom of the stairs.

RENAULT :

Victor Laszlo, you are under arrest...

(as he walks toward them)

on a charge of accessory to the murder of the couriers from whom these letters were stolen.

Ilsa and Laszlo are both caught completely off guard. They turn towards Rick, bewildered. Horror is in Ilsa's eyes. Renault takes the letters.

RENAULT :

Oh, you are surprised about my friend Ricky?

Obviously the situation delights Renault. He smiles as he turns toward Rick.

RENAULT :

The explanation is quite simple.

117

Love, it seems, has triumphed over

virtue. Thank --

Suddenly the smile fades. In Rick's hand is a gun, which he levels at Renault.

RICK :

-- Not so fast, Louis. Nobody's going to be arrested. Not for a while yet .

RENAULT :

Have you taken leave of your senses?

RICK :

I have. Sit down over there.

RENAULT :

Put that gun down.

Renault then walks toward Rick. Rick puts out his arm to stop him.

RICK :

Louis, I wouldn't like to shoot you, but I will, if you take one more step .

Renault halts for a moment and studies Rick.

RENAULT :

Under the circumstances, I will sit down .

He walks to a table and sits.

RICK :

(sharply)

Keep your hands on the table.

He takes out a cigarette case.

RENAULT :

I suppose you know what you're doing, but I wonder if you realize what this means?

RICK :

I do. We've got plenty of time to discuss that later.

RENAULT :

Call off your watch-dogs you said.

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RICK :

Just the same, you call the airport and let me hear you tell them. And remember, this gun's pointed right at your heart .

RENAULT :

That is my least vulnerable spot.

As Renault picks up the phone and dials, Rick takes back the letters .

RENAULT :

(into phone)

Hello, is this the airport? This is Captain Renault speaking. There'll be two letters of transit for the Lisbon plane. There's to be no trouble about them. Good.

CUT TO:

INT. GERMAN CONSULATE - NIGHT

Strasser is on the phone.

STRASSER :

Hello? Hello?

He hangs up the receiver and presses a BUZZER on his desk. An officer quickly enters.

STRASSER :

(to officer)

My car, quickly!

OFFICER :

(saluting)

Zu Befehl, Herr Major.

The officer exits and Strasser resumes on the telephone.

STRASSER :

This is Major Strasser. Have a

squad of police meet me at the airport at once. At once! Do you hear?

He hangs up the receiver and, grabbing for his cap, hurriedly exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

119.

The entire airport is surrounded by a heavy fog. The outline of the transport plane is barely visible.

CUT TO:

INT. /EXT. AIRPORT HANGAR - NIGHT

A uniformed ORDERLY uses a telephone near the hangar door. On the airfield a transport plane is being readied.

ORDERLY :

Hello. Hello, radio tower? Lisbon plane taking off in ten minutes. East runway. Visibility: one and one half miles. Light ground fog.

Depth of fog:

Ceiling:

He hangs up and moves to a car that has just pulled up outside the hangar.

Renault gets out while the orderly stands at attention. He's closely followed by Rick, right hand in the pocket of his trench coat, covering Renault with a gun. Laszlo and Ilsa emerge from the rear of the car.

RICK :

(indicating the orderly)
Louis, have your man go with Mr. Laszlo and take care of his luggage.

RENAULT:

(bowing ironically)
Certainly Rick, anything you say.
(to orderly)
Find Mr. Laszlo 's luggage and put it it on the plane.

ORDERLY :

Yes, sir. This way please.

The orderly escorts Laszlo off in the direction of the plane. Rick takes the letters of transit out of his pocket and hands them to Renault, who turns and walks toward the hangar.

RICK :

If you don't mind, you fill in the names. That will make it even more official .

RENAULT :

You think of everything, don't you?
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RICK:

(quietly)

And the names are Mr. and Mrs. Victor Laszlo .

Renault stops dead in his tracks, and turns around. Both Ilsa and Renault look at Rick with astonishment.

ILSA :

But why my name, Richard?

RICK :

Because you're getting on that plane.

ILSA :

(confused)

I don't understand. What about you?

RICK :

I'm staying here with him 'til the plane gets safely away.

Rick's intention suddenly dawns on Ilsa.

ILSA :

No, Richard, no. What has happened to you? Last night we said --

RICK :

-- Last night we said a great many

things. You said I was to do the thinking for both of us. Well, I've done a lot of it since then and it all adds up to one thing. You're getting on that plane with Victor where you belong.

ILSA :

(protesting)

But Richard, no, I, I --

RICK :

-- You've got to listen to me. Do you have any idea what you'd have to look forward to if you stayed here? Nine chances out of ten we'd both wind up in a concentration camp. Isn't that true, Louis? Renault countersigns the papers.

RENAULT :

I'm afraid Major Strasser would
121
insist .

ILSA :

You're saying this only to make me go.

RICK :

I'm saying it because it's true. Inside of us we both know you belong with Victor. You're part of his work, the thing that keeps him going. If that plane leaves the ground and you 're not with him, you'll regret it.

ILSA:

No.

RICK :

Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but soon, and for the rest of your life.

But what

ILSA :
about us?

RICK :
We'll always have Paris. We didn't
have, we'd lost it, until you came
to Casablanca. We got it back last
night .

ILSA :
And I said I would never leave you.
And y
a job
you c
do yo
I 'm n
doesn
probl
don ' t
this
under
ou n
to
an ' t
u ca
o go
't t
ems
amo
craz
stan

RICK:
ever will
do, too.
follow,
n't be an
od at bei
ake much
of three
unt to a
y world,

d that .

But I ' ve got
Where I'm going
What I've got to
y part of. Ilsa,
ng noble, but it
to see that the
little people
hill of beans in
Someday you'll
Now, now. . .

Ilsa's eyes well up with tears. Rick puts his hand to her chin and raises her face to meet his own.

RICK :

Here's looking at you, kid.

CUT TO:

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EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Major Strasser drives at break-neck speed towards the airport
He HONKS his horn furiously.

CUT TO:

INT. /EXT. AIRPORT HANGAR - NIGHT

Laszlo returns. Rick walks into the hangar and Renault hands him the letters. He walks back out to Laszlo.

LASZLO :

Everything in order?

RICK :

All except one thing. There's something you should know before you leave.

LASZLO :

(sensing what is coming)

Monsieur Blaine, I don't ask you to explain anything.

RICK :

I'm going to anyway, because it may make a difference to you later on.

You said you knew about Ilsa and me.

LASZLO :

Yes.

RICK :

But you didn't know she was at my place last night when you were. She came there for the letters of transit. Isn't that true, Ilsa?

ILSA :

^facing Laszlo!

Yes.

RICK :

(forcefully)

She tried everything to get them, and nothing worked. She did her best to convince me that she was still in love with me, but that was all over long ago. For your sake, she pretended it wasn't, and I let her pretend.

LASZLO:

123

I understand.

RICK :

Here it is.

Rick hands the letters to Laszlo.

LASZLO :

Thanks. I appreciate it.

Laszlo extends his hand to Rick, who grasps it firmly.

LASZLO :

And welcome back to the fight. This time I know our side will win.

On the airfield the airplane engine TURNS OVER and the propellers start turning. They all turn to see the plane readying for take-off.

Ilsa looks at Rick and he returns her stare with a blank

expression. He then glances at Laszlo, as does Ilsa.
Then Laszlo breaks the silence.

LASZLO :

Are you ready Ilsa?

ILSA :

Yes, I 'm ready .

(to Rick)

Goodbye, Rick. God bless you.

RICK :

You better hurry, or you'll miss
that plane.

Rick watches as Ilsa and Laszlo walk very deliberately
towards the plane.

RENAULT :

Well I was right. You are a
sentimentalist .

RICK :

Stay where you are. I don't know
what you're talking about.

Rick puts a cigarette in his mouth.

RENAULT :

What you just did for Laszlo, and
that fairy tale that you invented to
send Ilsa away with him. I know a
124

little about women, my friend. She
went, but she knew you were lying.

RICK :

Anyway, thanks for helping me out.

RENAULT :

I suppose you know this isn't going
to be pleasant for either of us,
especially for you. I'll have to
arrest you of course.

RICK :

As soon as the plane goes, Louis.

The door to the plane is closed by an attendant and it slowly taxis down the field.

Suddenly a speeding car comes to a stop outside the hangar. Strasser alights from the car and runs toward Renault.

STRASSER :

What is the meaning of that phone call?

RENAULT :

Victor Laszlo is on that plane.

Renault nods toward the field. Strasser turns to see the plane taxiing towards the runway.

STRASSER :

Why do you stand here? Why don't you stop him?

RENAULT :

Ask Monsieur Rick.

Strasser looks briefly at Rick, then makes a step towards the telephone just inside the hangar door.

RICK :

Get away from that phone .

Strasser stops in his tracks, looks at Rick, and sees that he is armed.

STRASSER :

(steely)

I would advise you not to interfere.

RICK :

I was willing to shoot Captain Renault, and I'm willing to shoot

125

you .

Strasser watches the plane in agony. His eyes dart towards the telephone. He runs toward it and desperately grabs the receiver .

STRASSER :

Hello?

RICK :

Put that phone down !

STRASSER :

Get me the Radio Tower!

RICK :

Put it down !

Strasser, one hand holding the receiver, pulls out a pistol with the other hand, and SHOOTs quickly at Rick. The bullet misses its mark.

Rick now SHOOTs at Strasser, who crumples to the ground.

At the sound of an approaching car both men turn. A police car SPEEDS in and comes to a stop near Renault. Four gendarmes hurriedly jump out.

In the distance the plane turns onto the runway.

The gendarmes run to Renault. The first one hurriedly salutes him.

GENDARME :

Mon Capitaine!

RENAULT :

Major Strasser's been shot.

Renault pauses and looks at Rick. Rick returns Renault's gaze with expressionless eyes.

RENAULT :

Round up the usual suspects.

GENDARME :

Oui, mon Capitaine.

The gendarmes take Strasser's body away and then drive off. Renault walks inside the hangar, picks up a bottle of Vichy water, and opens it.

RENAULT:

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Well, Rick, you're not only a sentimentalist, but you've become a patriot.

RICK :

Maybe, but it seemed like a good time to start.

RENAULT :

I think perhaps you're right.

As he pours the water into a glass, Renault sees the Vichy label and quickly DROPS the bottle into a trash basket which he then KICKS over.

He walks over and stands beside Rick. They both watch the plane take off, maintaining their gaze until it disappears into the clouds.

Rick and Louis slowly walk away from the hangar toward the runway .

RENAULT :

It might be a good idea for you to disappear from Casablanca for a while. There's a Free French garrison over at Brazzaville. I could be induced to arrange a passage .

RICK :

My letter of transit? I could use a trip. But it doesn't make any difference about our bet. You still owe me ten thousand francs.

RENAULT :

And that ten thousand francs should pay our expenses.

RICK :

Our expenses?

RENAULT :

Uh huh.

RICK :

Louis, I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship. The two walk off together into the night. FADE OUT.

THE END: