"Casablanca"

Screenplay by

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Director: Michael Curtiz

Producer: Hal Wallis

6/1/42
FADE IN:

1 LONG SHOT - REVOLVING GLOBE

As the globe revolves it becomes animated -- Long lines of people (in miniature) stream from all sections of Europe -- to converge upon one point on the tip of Africa. OVER THIS animated scene comes a voice of a Narrator.

NARRATOR
Refugees -- streaming from all corners of Europe towards the freedom of the New World -- all eyes turned toward Lisbon, the great embarkation point -- But now everybody could get to Lisbon directly -- so a Refugee Trail sprang up --

DISSOLVE TO:

2 ANIMATED MAP

which illustrates the trail as the Narrator mentions the points.

NARRATOR
(continuing)
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 --

DISSOLVE TO:

3 RELIEF MAP - OF CASABLANCA

showing the ocean on one side and the desert on the other. The voice of the Narrator COMES OVER.

NARRATOR
Here -- the fortunate ones through money -- or influence -- or luck -- obtain exit visas and scurry to Lisbon -- and from Lisbon to the Americas -- But the others -- wait in Casablanca -- and wait -- and wait --

As the Narrator's voice fades away --

CAMERA ZOOMS TO:
CLOSE SHOT - RELIEF MAP OF CASABLANCA
A street on the map.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT - GLASS SHOT - OLD MOORISH SECTION OF CITY - DAY
At first only the turrets and rooftops are visible against a torrid sky. In the distance is a haze-enveloped sky. The CAMERA PANS DOWN the facades of the Moorish buildings 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... Suddenly the screech of a siren shatters the calm. Veiled women run screaming for shelter. Street vendors, beggars and urchins melt into doorways. A police car speeds into the SHOT and pulls up before an old-fashioned Moorish hotel -- flop-house would be a better word for it.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR
of this decrepit hotel. Native French police officers run up the steps, crash into the doors of the various rooms, come out -- dragging frightened refugees.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - DOOR
as one police officer flings it open. The shadow of a man hanging by a rope from a chandelier is seen on the wall. The officer slams the door shut.

STREET CORNER
Two other policemen have stopped a white civilian and are talking to him.

1ST POLICEMAN
May we see your papers, please?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CIVILIAN
(nervously)
I -- I don't think I have them --
on me.

1ST POLICEMAN
In that case, we'll have to ask
you to come along.

CIVILIAN
(patting his pockets)
It's just possible that I -- Yes,
here they are.

He brings out his papers. The 2nd policeman examines them.

2ND POLICEMAN
These papers expired three weeks
ago. You'll have to --

Suddenly the civilian breaks away, starts to run wildly
down the street. The CAMERA TRUCKS with him. From off
scene we HEAR the policeman shout "Halt!" -- But the
civilian keeps going. A shot rings out, the man falls.

The CAMERA PANS to a --

MED. CLOSE SHOT

JAN and ANNINA BRANDEL are huddled in a doorway, the
dazed and frightened spectators to this casual tragedy.
They are an Austrian couple, very young and attractive,
thrust by circumstances from a simple country life into
an unfamiliar hectic world. Annina's hand clutches her
husband's arm as their eyes follow the police who are ex-
amining the victim.

CUT TO:

10

JAN AND ANNINA

They both speak with a Central European accent. At this
moment the police car sweeps past them on its way back.
Jan takes his wife by the hand.

JAN
The Prefecture must be this way.

They start off in the direction taken by the police car.
11 AN INSCRIPTION

"Liberte, Egalito, Fraternite".  
carved in a marble block along the roofline of a building.  
The CAMERA PANS DOWN the facade, French in architecture,  
to the high-vaulted entrance over which is inscribed:  
"Palais de Justice."  CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN DOWN to the  
entrance.  A queue of people of all ages and nationalities  
overflow from inside the building and down the steps.  
The CAMERA PANS OVER the line of waiting people extending  
into the square.  We PICK UP a babel of languages with  
only a few recognizable words such as, "visa", "Monsieur  
le Prefect", "Portugal", "a hundred francs", etc.  Suddenly  
the attention of the people is attracted toward the  
street.

12 THE SQUARE (FROM THE ANGLE OF THE WAITING LINE)

The square is typically French in its landscaping and  
architecture.  This is the center of the modern city of  
Casablanca.  The police car is just pulling up to the curb  
in front of the Prefecture.  A policeman opens the grated  
door at the back of the car and a nondescript assortment  
of refugees begin to pour out.

13 SIDEWALK CAFE ON ONE SIDE OF THE SQUARE

A middle-aged English couple are standing in front of  
their table for a better view of the commotion in front  
of the Prefecture.  A dark-visaged European smoking a cig-
arette leans against a lamp post a short distance away.  
He is watching the English couple more closely than the  
scene on the street.

ENGLISHWOMAN  
What on earth's going on there?

DARK EUROPEAN  
(walking over to  
the couple)  
Pardon, Madame...have you not  
heard?

ENGLISHWOMAN  
We hear very little -- and we  
understand even less.

(CONTINUED)
13 CONTINUED:

DARK EUROPEAN
Two German couriers were found murdered in the desert.
(with an ironic smile)
The...unoccupied desert.

14 INT. FRONT OF THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE (FROM THE ANGLE OF
THE CAFE)
as the refugees are unloaded from the police car.

DARK EUROPEAN'S VOICE
(over scene)
This is the customary roundup of
refugees, liberals and...
(as a young blonde girl
- the last to leave
the car - is herded with
the others in front of
the Prefecture)
Of course, a beautiful young girl
for M'Sieur Renault, the Prefect
of Police.

15 THE SIDEWALK CAFE

ENGLISHWOMAN
(puzzled)
I don't understand.

DARK EUROPEAN
As usual, the refugees and the
liberals will be released in a
few hours.
(smiling slightly)
The girl will be released later.

ENGLISHWOMAN
(horse-faced an
past middle-age)
Why, a woman isn't safe in this
wretched place!

DARK EUROPEAN
(shrugging)
To get out of Casablanca they say
one needs two dollars for an exit
visa and two hundred for the Prefect. Unless, of course, one is a
beautiful young girl. The rich and
the beautiful sail to Lisbon. The
poor are always with us.

(CONTINUED)
ENGLISHWOMAN
Dreadful...

DARK 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.

(puts his arms compassionately around the Englishman)

M'sieur, I beg of you, watch yourself. Take care. Be on guard...

ENGLISHMAN
(rather taken aback by this sudden display of concern)

Er -- er -- thank you. Thank you very much.

DARK EUROPEAN
Not at all.

(raises his hat politely)

Bon jour, Madame. Bon jour, M'sieur.

He walks OUT of the SHOT. The Englishman, still a trifle disco-concerted by the European's action, looks after him, mopping his brow with his pocket handkerchief.

ENGLISHMAN
(restoring his pocket handkerchief)

Friendly chap, wasn't he?

As he pats his breast pocket there is something lacking. He opens his coat, feels inside.

ENGLISHMAN
Silly of me...

ENGLISHWOMAN
What, dear?

ENGLISHMAN
Leaving my wallet in the hotel room...

He closes his coat, then suddenly he looks off in the direction of the departing dark European, the clouds of suspicion gathering. But now, overhead, the DRONE of a low-flying airplane is HEARD. Heads look up.
AIRPLANE FLYING OVERHEAD
- its motor cut for a landing.

PLANE
Showing the swastika on its tail.

TRUCKING SHOT - ALONG THE WAITING LINE OF REFUGEES
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. The CAMERA STOPS
at the last of the line far out on the street, just as Jan
and Annina appear and take their places at the very end.
Their eyes also follow the droning plane.

ANNINA
Perhaps tomorrow we shall be on
the plane.
(wistfully)

Jan smiles at his wife with superior knowledge.

DISSOLVE TO:

AIRPORT - THE PLANE

is swooping down -- past a neon sign on a building on the
edge of the airport. The sign reads: "RICKS".

GROUP SHOT

CAPTAIN LOUIS RENAULT, a French officer appointed by Vichy
as Prefect of Police in Casablanca, stands chatting with
other officers. He is a handsome, middle-aged Frenchman,
debonair and gay, but withal a shrewd and alert official.
Around him are clustered the German Consul, HERR HEINZE,
a young Italian officer, CAPTAIN TONELLI, and Renault's aide,
LIEUTENANT CASSELLE. Behind them is a detail of
French native soldiers. The officers watch the approaching
plane as it taxis toward them. The German and Italian

(continued)
CONTINUED:

detach themselves from the group and walk toward the place where the plane will stop. The German walks briskly a step ahead of the Italian, who appears to be making an effort to catch up.

THE PLANE – WITH THE SWASTIKA OVER THE DOOR

When the door is opened, the first passenger to step out is a large German, wearing heavy, horn-rimmed spectacles. He is bland-faced, with a perpetual smile that seems more the result of a frozen face muscle than a cheerful disposition. On any occasion when MAJOR STRASSER is crossed, the smile melts and the expression hardens into iron. Herr Heinze steps up to him with upraised arm.

HEINZE

Heil Hitler.

STRASSER
(with a more relaxed gesture)

Heil Hitler.

They shake hands.

HEINZE
(in German)
It is good to see you again, Major Strasser.

STRASSER
(in German)
Thank you, thank you.

Strasser turns to greet Renault and Casselle, who have come INTO THE SHOT. Herr Heinze makes the introduction.

HEINZE
(in English)
May I present Captain Renault, Police Prefect of Casablanca... Major Strasser.

The two shake hands.

(CONTINUED)
RENAULT
(courteously - but
with just a suggestion
of mockery underneath
his words)
Unoccupied France welcomes you
to Casablanca.

STRASSER
(in perfect English -
beaming on the
Frenchman)
Thank you, Captain. It is very
good to be here.

TONELLI
Captain Tonelli, of the Italian
staff, at your service, sir.

STRASSER
That is kind of you.

TONELLI
Our staff is anxious to cooperate.

RENAULT
Major, may I present my aide,
Lieutenant Casselle.

Casselle does not offer to shake hands. They merely sal-
ute and bow. Renault leads Strasser toward the edge of the
air field, where their cars await them. Heinz and
Casselle follow, with the Italian captain left to bring up
the rear.

TRUCKING SHOT - RENAULT AND STRASSER
walking toward the cars.

RENAULT
(again the suggestion
of a double-edged
inference)
You may find the climate of Casa-
blanca a trifle warm, Major.

STRASSER
Oh, we Germans must get used to
all climates - from Russia to the
Sahara.
(suddenly the smile fades
and the eyes harden)
But perhaps you were not referring
to the weather. 

(Continued )
CONTINUED:

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

STRASSE R
(casual again)
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.

Again Strasser looks at him sharply.

HEINZE
Captain Renault means that the round-up is a blind. We already know who the murderer is.

STRASSE R
Good. Is he in custody?

RENAULT
There is no hurry. Tonight he will come to Rick's.
(indicating the cafe at the airport's edge)
Everybody comes to Rick's.

Heinze shrugs to indicate that he can do nothing with Renault.

STRASSE R
I have already heard about this cafe -- and also about M'sieur Rick himself.

As they arrive at the car --

DISSOLVE TO:
ELECTRIC SIGN - "RICK'S" - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS DOWN TO:

ENTRANCE TO RICK'S

Rick's car drives up. People in b.g. enter cafe through the revolving door. From the cafe we HEAR SOUNDS of music and laughter.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S - BOOM SHOT

An expensive and chic night club which definitely possesses an air of sophistication and intrigue. The CAMERA PANS AROUND the room, soaking in the atmosphere.

A four-piece orchestra is playing. The piano is a small, salmon-colored instrument on wheels. There is a negro on the stool. He is dressed in bright blue slacks and sport shirt. He is playing and singing.

About him there is a 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 bejeweled. There are Moroccans in silk robes, Turks wearing furares. Levantines. Naval officers. Members of the Foreign Legion, distinguished by their kopis --

Across the room, stretching the entire length of the wall, is a tremendous, resplendent bar.

a) CAMERA HOLDS on Sam singing, with orchestra in b.g., then PANS TO CLOSEUP of customers.

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

b) CAMERA PANS to weeping woman.

   WOMAN
   I can't stand it.

   MAN
   There, there.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

c) CAMERA PANS AND HOLDS on Sam, as he finishes the number.

d) CLOSEUP - A WOMAN AND A MOOR - a very well-dressed woman talking 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
(distressed)
All right.

The Moor hands her the money - she gives him her bracelet.

e) TWO CONSPIRATORS are talking.

FIRST MAN
The trucks are waiting, the men are waiting.

f) TWO MEN are sitting at a table.

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

REFUGEE
Thank you, oh, thank you.

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

g) THE CAMERA DOLLIES to the bar. As the CAMERA PASSES the various tables we HEAR a babel of foreign tongues. Here and there we catch a scattered phrase or sentence in English.

Now we are at the bar.

CUT TO:
MED. SHOT — RUSSIAN BARTENDER

a huge, jovial looking person. He wears a silk smock. He hands a drink to a customer, with the Russian equivalent of "Bottoms Up". Then he calls out to a passing waiter:

SACHA

Carl --

The waiter stops, turns, walks to the bar. He is a small, mild-mannered man with spectacles. Sacha places several drinks on a tray, instructs Carl about delivering them.

CARL

 трей in hand, walking up to a private door, over which a burly man stands guard.

CARL

(to the burly man)

Open up, Abdul.

ABDUL

(respectfully — as he opens the door)

Yes, Herr Professor.

Carl goes in.

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT — INT. GAMBLING ROOM

as Carl comes in. The CAMERA TAKES IN the activity at the various tables; then —

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT — AT TABLE

A woman hands a check to the dealer. He, in turn, turns around and hands it on to a overseer, who looks at the check, then at the woman.

OVERSEER

(to woman)

Just one minute, please.

He walks towards a table.

CUT TO:
CLOSE SHOT - A MAN'S HAND

holding a drink. We SEE the Overseer's body come INTO THE SCENE. His hand places a check on the table. The other man's hand picks up the check. Obviously, the man is studying the check. Then his hand comes INTO THE SCENE and on the back of the check, in pencil, it writes:

"Okay -- Rick"

The overseer's hand takes the check as -

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO:

MED. SHOT - RICK

sitting at the table alone. He just sits staring at the drink. There is no expression in his eyes. He is a complete dead pan. Rick is an American of indeterminate age.

CUT TO:

TABLE - TWO WOMEN AND A MAN

The women are glancing offscene at Rick's table, fascinated. Carl is in the scene, preparing Turkish coffee.

WOMAN
(to Carl)
Will you ask Rick if he'll have a drink with us.

CARL
Madame, he never drinks with customers. Never unless he invites them to his table.

2ND WOMAN
(disappointedly - glancing towards Rick)
What makes saloon-keepers so snobbish?

MAN
(to Carl - holding out a bill)
Perhaps if you told him I ran the second largest banking house in Amsterdam...?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CARL
(shaking his head)
That wouldn't impress Rick. The leading banker in Amsterdam is now the pastry chef in our kitchen, and his father is the bellboy.

He takes the bill from the man's hand and walks away.
CAMERA PANS WITH him, disclosing:

MED. SHOT - RICK
(ALTERNATE SCENE NUMBER AS SHOT AND CREDITED - 38)

He is glancing towards the open door and indicating that the person seeking admittance is not to be let in.

There is a commotion at the door. A voice with a German accent is HEARD shouting.

GERMAN VOICE
Of all the nerve! Who do you think --

Rick gets up, and with no change of expression, walks across the floor to the door, CAMERA TRUCKING with him.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOOR - A RED-FACED GERMAN
(ALTERNATE SCENE NUMBER AS SHOT AND CREDITED - 39)

is protesting to Abdul.

GERMAN
I know there's gambling in there! There's no secret. You dare not keep me out of here.

Rick ENTERS SHOT.

RICK
(coldly)
Yes? What's the trouble?

SACHA
Er -- this gentleman --

CUT TO:
36  WED. SHOT - RICK AND GERMAN
(ALTERNATE SCENE NUMBER AS SHOT AND CREDITED - 41)

GERMAN
(waving his card)
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.

37  ENTRANCE TO RICK'S
(ALTERNATE SCENE NUMBER AS SHOT AND CREDITED - 40)

As UGARTE comes in. He is a small, thin man with a nerv-ous air. If he were an American, he would look like a
tout. He looks interestingly in the direction of Rick and
the German.

UGARTE
Er, er - excuse me, please. Hello,
Rick

Rick just looks at the German calmly, takes the card out
of the German's hand.

RICK
(to German - tearing
up the card)
Your cash is good at the bar.

GERMAN
(to Rick)
What -- Do you know who I am?

RICK
(coldly)
I do. You're lucky the bar's open
to you.

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

He turns away from the sputtering German, catches the ne-gro's eye at the piano. The negro, who while still play-ing has been watching the by-play, winks at Rick. Rick
acknowledges the wink with some friendly gesture. It
isn't quite a smile, but it is probably the closest thing
to a smile that Rick can manage. Anyway, it establishes
the fact that as far as Rick is concerned, the negro is a
privileged person.

Rick goes back into the bar.

CUT TO:
as Rick comes INTO THE SCENE. A moment later Ugarte follows him INTO THE SCENE. There is nobody near them.

UGARTE
(fawning)
Hub. You know, Rick, watching you just now with the Deutches Bank, one would think you had been doing this all your life.

RICK
(stiffening)
Well, what makes you think I haven't?

UGARTE
(vaguely)
Oh, nothing. When you first came to Casablanca, I thought --

RICK
(coldly)
You thought what?

UGARTE
(fearing to offend Rick - laughs)
What right have I to think?
(hastily changing the subject)
Too bad about those German couriers, wasn't it?

RICK
(indifferently)
They got a break. Yesterday they were just two German clerks; today they're the Honored Dead.

UGARTE
(shaking his head)
You will forgive me for saying this, M'sieur Rick, but you are a very cynical person.

RICK
(shortly)
I forgive you.
BARTENDER
(ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS SHOT AND CREDITED - 43)

coming INTO SCENE with two drinks, which he sets before
the men.

UGARTE
(bis eyes lighting up)
Er, thank you. Will you have a
drink with me, please?

RICK
No.

UGARTE
(sadly)
You despise me, don't you?

RICK
(indifferently)
If I gave you any thought, I
probably would.

UGARTE
You object to the kind of busi-
ness I do. But think of the poor
refugees who must rot in this
place if I did not help them. Is
it so bad that through ways of my
own I provide them with exit visas?

RICK
(staring at his drink)
For a price, Ugarte, for a price.

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

Rick turns to look at Ugarte

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

UGARTE
Well, after tonight I am through
with the whole business. Rick, I
am leaving Casablanca.

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

(continued)
CONTINUED:

UGARTE
(ironically)
Myself. I found myself much more reasonable.

(he takes envelope from his pocket - taps it on his hand)
Do you know what this is? Something that not even you have ever seen -

(lowers his voice)
Letters of Transit signed by Marshall Waygand. They cannot be rescinded, not even questioned.

Rick looks at him then holds out his hand for the envelope.

UGARTE
One moment. Tonight I will sell these for more money than even I ever dreamed of. Then -- farewell to Casablanca. Rick -- I have many friends in Casablanca, but because you despise me you're the only one I trust. Will you keep these Letters for me?

RICK
For how long?

UGARTE
Perhaps an hour - perhaps longer.

RICK
(taking them)
I don't want them here over night.

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

CUT TO:

40 MEDIUM SHOT - WAITER
(ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS SHOT AND CREDITED - 44)
coming INTO THE SCENE.

UGARTE
(to waiter)
Oh, waiter. I am expecting some people. If anyone asks for me, I will be here.  

(continued)
CONTINUED:
The waiter nods, leaves. Ugarte turns to Rick.

UGARTE
Rick, I hope you are more impressed with me. If you'll forgive me, I'll spare my good luck with your roulette wheel.

He starts across the floor.

RICK
Wait a minute --. Yeah.

Ugarte stops. Rick comes up to him.

CLOSE SHOT - RICK AND UGARTE
(ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS SHOT AND CREDITED - 45)

Rick's VOICE is barely audible.

RICK
I heard a rumor that those German couriers were carrying Letters of Transit.

Ugarte doesn't reply for a moment

UGARTE
Yes -- I heard that rumor, too. Poor devils.

Rick looks at Ugarte steadily.

RICK
(slowly)
You're right, Ugarte. I am a little more impressed with you.

Ugarte smiles and almost swaggers toward the gambling table. Rick starts for the door.

41a MED. SHOT - CAPE

Sam is playing and singing 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.

41b MED. SHOT - RICK

as he makes his way from the gambling room to Sam on the floor.

CUT TO:
41C MEDIUM CLOSE UP - AT PIANO

Rick comes into SHOT, and during one of the periods when the spotlight is on the orchestra, Rick slips the Letters of Transit into the piano, then exits towards the bar.

CUT TO:

41D MEDIUM SHOT - AT BAR

Rick comes in and watches Sam in his number.

CUT TO:

41E CLOSE SHOT AT SMALL TABLE - FERRARI

He sees Rick at bar, exits in his direction.

CUT TO:

42 MEDIUM SHOT AT BAR - RICK

Ferrari comes INTO SHOT.

FERRARI

(as he comes up to Rick)

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 sighs.

FERRARI

What do you want for Sam?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RICK
I don't buy or sell human beings.

FERRARI
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 let me run my business and you run yours.

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

RICK
Suppose we do.

NEGRO - AT PIANO

He has just finished his number. Rick and Ferrari come up to him.

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

SAM
Ah likes it fine here.

RICK
He'll double what I pay you.

SAM
Ah ain't got time to spend what ah makes here.

RICK
Sorry, Ferrari.

Rick looks at Ferrari, smiles, shakes his head; then he winks at Sam. Ferrari exits.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT - AT LONG BAR IN CAFE PROPER - YVONNE

is sitting on a stool, drinking brandy. Sacha, who

(CONTINUED)
is looking at her with lovesick eyes, is filling her tumbler.

SACHA
The boss's private stock. Be-
cause -- Yvonne -- I loff you.

YVONNE
(morosely)
Oh, shut up.

SACHA
(fondly)
For you, Yvonne, I shot opp.

Rick saunters into the scene, leans against the bar next to Yvonne. But he pays no attention to her. She looks at him bitterly, without saying a word.

SACHA
Oh, Monsieur Rick. Some Germans,
boom, boom, boom, gave this check.
Is it all right?

Rick looks check over.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT - SAM
is in the midst of a number.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT - RICK AND YVONNE
As only Sam is spotlighted at the piano, Rick and Yvonne stand in the gloom. Yvonne, who has never taken her eyes off Rick, finally blurts out:

YVONNE
Where were you last night?

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

Pause.

YVONNE
Will I see you tonight?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RICK
(calmly)
I never plan that far ahead.

Yvonne turns, looks at Sacha, extends her glass to him. As he is about to fill the glass, Rick turns, stops him with a gesture.

YVONNE
(to Sacha)
Give me another.

RICK
Sacha, she's had enough.

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

Sacha hesitates, looks at Rick.

SACHA
(putting the bottle down)
I love you, Yvonne, but he pays me.

Yvonne wheels on Rick with drunken fury.

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

RICK
Sacha, call a cab.

SACHA
Yes, Boss.
(he walks toward the cafe entrance)

RICK
(taking Yvonne by the arm)
Come on, we're going to get your coat.

YVONNE
Take your hands off me --

He pulls her along toward the ball door.

RICK
No. You're going home. You've had a little too much to drink.
STREET IN FRONT OF RICK'S - SACHA
stands at the curb signalling a cab. Finally one pulls up.

EXT. RICK'S (SHOOTING TOWARD THE ENTRANCE)

Rick and Yvonne come out of the cafe. He is putting a coat over her shoulders. She is objecting violently.

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

RICK
(to Sacha - as be and Yvonne approach the waiting cab)
You'd better go with her, Sacha, to be sure she gets home.

SACHA
Yes, Boss.

One on each arm, they help Yvonne in the cab. Sacha follows her in.

RICK
Sacha...
(Sacha looks out through the window)
Come right back.

SACHA
(his face falling)
Yes, Boss.

The cab starts off.

TRUCKING SHOT - RICK

as be walks back into the cafe. He lights a cigarette, hears Renault and walks toward him.

RENAULT
Hello, Rick

RICK
Hello, Louis.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RENAULT'S VOICE
(over scene)
How extravagant you are -- throwing away women like that. Some day they may be very scarce.

49

A TABLE ON THE CAFE TERRACE

Renault is sipping some brandy. His eyes are amused.
Rick walks into the SHOT.

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

RICK
(as he takes a seat at the table)
When it comes to women, you're a true democrat.

Renault laughs, pours Rick a drink. There is the SOUND of a plane warming up on the adjacent air field. Rick looks in the direction of the SOUND. Renault follows his gaze.

50

MED. SHOT - TRANSPORT PLANE

in the full glare of the floodlights, standing poised on the runway, its motors racing, ready for the take-off.

CUT TO:

51

MED. SHOT - RICK AND RENAUT

Rick is still looking steadfastly at the plane.

RENAULT
The plane to Lisbon -- (looks at Rick shrewdly) You would like to be on it?

RICK
(curly) Why? What's in Lisbon?

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

RENAULT

The Clipper to America.

Rick doesn't answer; looks at the plane warming up, but his look isn't a happy one.

RENAULT

I have often speculated on why you do not return to America. Did you abscond with the church funds? Did you run off with a Senator's wife? I should like to think you killed a man. It is the romantic in me.

RICK

(still looking at the plane - sarcastically)
It was a combination of all three.

RENAULT

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

The plane's motors grow louder.

RICK

My health. I came to Casablanca for the waters.

RENAULT

Waters? What waters? We are in the desert.

RICK

I was misinformed.

Renault shakes his head but can say nothing for the plane is speeding down the runway. Its lights shine on the faces of Rick and Renault. Rick cannot take his eyes from the plane. Now it leaves the ground and passes almost directly over them. He watches the plane until its lights disappear into the distance.

MED. SHOT - A Croupier - (EMIL)

so identified by the green visor over his eyes, comes INTO THE SCENE.

EMIL

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

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

RICK
(not at all perturbed)
Well, I'll get it from the safe.

CROUPIER
I am humiliated, M'sieur Rick.  
I do not understand how --

RICK
It's all right, Emil. Mistakes 
like that happen all the time.

EMIL
I'm awfully sorry.

Rick and Renault both rise and start in.

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

RICK
(not at all excited)
What, again?

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE

as Rick and Renault come in, Emil following.

RENAULT
This is no ordinary arrest. A 
murderer, no less.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - RICK

as his eyes react. Involuntarily, they glance toward the 
gambling room.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT - RICK AND RENAULT

They are starting for the steps alongside the bar.

RENAULT
(who has caught the 
look)
If you are thinking of warning 
him --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RENAULT (CONTD)
don't put yourself out. He
can't possibly escape.

RICK
(starting up the
steps)
I stick my neck out for nobody.

RENAULT
A wise foreign policy --
Renault starts upstairs after Rick.

RENAULT
(up the steps -
drink in hand)
You know, Rick, we could have
made this arrest earlier in the
evening at the Blue Parrot --

Rick enters a room on the landing.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S OFFICE

as he comes in, followed by Renault and Emil.

RENAULT
-- But out of my high regard for
you we are staging it here. It
will amuse your customers.

RICK
(opening a door)
Our entertainment is enough.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT - AT DOOR

to a small, dark room off the office where the safe is
kept. Rick goes in, starts to open the safe. Renault,
drink in hand, leans against the door jamb.

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 ar-
rest. A little demonstration of
the efficiency of my administration.

(CONTINUED)
RICK
I see. And what's Strasser doing here? He hasn't come all the way to Casablanca to witness a demonstration of your efficiency.

RENAULT
Perhaps not.

RICK
(to Emil)
Here you are.

EMIL
It shall not happen again, Monsieur.

RICK
That's all right.
(to Renault)
Louis, you have something on your mind. Why don't you spill it?

RENAULT
(admiringly)
You are very observant. 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 them. That is the reason we permit you to remain open.

RICK
(amiably)
I thought it was because we let you win at roulette.

RENAULT
Er...that is another reason...
There is a man who has 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?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: RENAULT
(watching Rick's reaction)
Rick, this is the first time I have ever seen you so impressed.

RICK
(casual again)
Well, he's succeeded in impressing half the world.

RENAULT
It is my duty to see that he does not impress the other half.
(now intensely serious)
Rick, Laszlo 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
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
(grimly)
This is the end of the chase.

RICK
Twenty thousand francs says it isn't.

RENAULT
Is that a serious offer?

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

RENAULT
Make it ten thousand. I am only a poor corrupt official.
(Rick nods)
Done. No matter how clever he is, he still needs an exit visa -- or I should say, two.

They start out of the room and down the steps. CAMERA TRUCKING WITH THEM.
57 CONTINUED: (2)

RICK

Why two?

RENAULT

He is traveling with a lady.

RICK

He'll take one.

RENAULT

I think not. I have seen the lady. And if he did not leave her in Marseille, nor in Oran, he will not leave her in Casablanca.

RICK

Maybe he's not as romantic as you are.

RENAULT

It does not matter -- there is no exit visa for him.

RICK

Louis, where did you get the idea I might be interested in helping Laszlo escape?

RENAULT

Because, my dear Ricky, I suspect under that cynical shell, you are at heart a sentimentalist.

(Rick breaks into a laugh)

Laugh if you will, but I happen to be familiar with your record. Let me point out two items. You fought with the Ethiopians against Italy, and you risked your neck with the Royalists in Spain...

RICK

(casually)

And got well paid for it on both occasions.

RENAULT

The winning side would have paid you much more.

RICK

Maybe.

(anxious for a change of subject)

Apparently you are determined to keep Laszlo here.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

RENAULT
I have my orders.

RICK
Oh, I see. Gestapo spank.

MED. SHOT – RENAULT

They are down now. As he speaks he faces the huge mirror over the bar.

RENAULT
You over-estimate the influence of the Gestapo, Ricky. I do not interfere with them and they do not interfere with me. In Casablanca I am master of my fate.  I am captain of my --

He stops short as his aide enters and speaks:

AIDE
Major Strasser is here, sir.

MED. SHOT – RICK AND RENAULT

RICK
Yeah, you were saying --

RENAULT
(hurriedly)
Excuse me --

He hurries towards Strasser. Rick smiles cynically, and exits.

CAFE

Renault is walking with Carl.

RENAULT
Carl, see that Herr Strasser gets a good table - close to the ladies.

CARL
I have already given him the best, M'sieur!
(sadly)
...Knowing he is German and would take it anyway.
as they enter from the hall. Renault beckons to a
NATIVE OFFICER who is apparently waiting for the word.
He approaches and salutes.

RENAULT
(in a low voice)
Take him quietly. Two guards at
every door.

NATIVE OFFICER
Yes, sir. Everything is ready, sir.

He salutes and starts toward the door of the gambling
room. The CAMERA TRAVELS with Renault, who walks to a
table on one side of the cafe where Strasser and Heinze
are seated. At the adjoining table are some German offi-
cers. Strasser beams as Renault approaches the table.

RENAULT
Good evening, gentlemen.

STRASSER
Good evening, Captain.

HEINZE
Won't you join us?

RENAULT
(sitting down)
Thank you. It is a pleasure to
have you here, Major.

STRASSER
Er - champagne and a tin of caviar.

RENAULT
Er - 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 this evening, Major.
(low voice)
In just a minute you will see the
arrest of the man who murdered
your couriers.  

(CONTINUED)
STRASSE
I expected no less, Captain.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - UGARTE
(ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS SHOT AND CREDITED - 69)

at the roulette table in the gambling room. Piled in
front of him is a huge stack of chips. He is having a
run of luck and his eyes are feverish as they follow the
marble that is bouncing on the wheel. The marble stops
on number 13. Exultantly Ugarte reaches for the chips
which the Croupier shoves on the table. But just then
another hand closes onto Ugarte's arm. A look of terror
crosses his face.

NATIVE OFFICER'S VOICE
(OVER SCENE)
You will come with me, Monsieur
Ugarte.

UGARTE
(in a low voice)
Allow me to cash my chips.

The native officer nods, follows Ugarte to the Cashier.

THE CASHIER'S BOOTH
(ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS SHOT AND CREDITED - 70)

The Cashier pays Ugarte the amount of his chips. Ugarte
thrusts the money in his inside coat pocket. As his hand
comes out of the pocket, it grips a small revolver,
pointed at the Native Officer. The Officer makes a jump
for Ugarte, and the gun goes off. The Officer clasps his
shoulder. A woman screams. People at the gambling
tables duck for cover. Ugarte runs toward the hallway.

QUICK FLASHES

a) Rick crossing the floor of the cafe, turns abruptly
toward the door to the gambling room.

b) A woman in a booth jumps to her feet, looks in the
direction of the sound.

(CONTINUED)
(c) A man at the bar is lifting his glass to drink. Abruptly he puts the glass down.

(d) The music stops as Sam's hands hold on the piano keys.

(e) Carl, behind the bar, flashes an expectant look toward Strasser's booth.

(f) Renault, Strasser and Heinze all jump to their feet.

HALLWAY BETWEEN THE ROOMS
(ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS SHOT AND CREDITED - 72)

Ugarte rushes into the hallway as Rick appears from the opposite direction.

UGARTE
Rick! Rick, help me!

RICK
(low voice)
Don't be a fool. You can't get away.

UGARTE
Hide me. Do something. You must help me, Rick. Do something!

RICK
Shut up!

Before he can finish, Renault, Strasser, Heinze and others rush in from behind Rick. Other police officers appear from the gambling room, grab Ugarte. Without a word, Rick pushes his way through the group to the cafe.

STRASSER
Excellent, Captain.

MAN
(half kiddingly, half earnest)
When they come to get me, Rick, I hope you'll be of more help.

RICK
I stick my neck out for nobody.
THE CAFE

Rick comes out on 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. Everything's all right. Just sit down and have a good time. Enjoy yourself.
(glances toward his piano player)
All right, Sam...

AT THE PIANO - SAM

Nods, begins to play.

Sam
Okay, boss.

Sam
Ol' Noah, what'd he do?
(he shouts at the audience)
C'mon folks --
(he starts again)
Ol' Noah, what'd he do?

He waits and plays the next phrase.

FULL SHOT

TAKING IN several tables. There is a half-hearted response from the people.

THE PEOPLE
Ol' Noah, what'd he do?

Sam
(grinning, playing louder and faster)
Dat's right. He built a floatin' zoo.
TABLES

The people, under Sam’s spell again, join in and sing. The gloom is somewhat lifted. We PAN OVER various tables, picking up all types of people during the course of the song.

STRASSER’S TABLE

The song is finished and the excitement has quieted down. Renault, Strasser and Heinzl are now back at their table.

RENAULT
(calls to Rick, who is off scene)
Oh, Rick...

Rick walks into the SHOT.

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

STRASSER
How do you do, Mr. Rick?

RICK
Oh, how do you do?

RENAULT
And you already know Herr Heinzel — of the Third Reich.

Rick nods to Strasser and Heinzl.

STRASSER
Please join us, Mr. Rick.

Rick sits down beside Heinzl, facing Renault and Strasser.

RENAULT
(changing the subject)
Rick, we are very honored tonight. Major Strasser is one of the reasons the Third Reich enjoys the reputation it has today.

(Rick nods)

STRASSER
(smiles)
You repeat “Third Reich” as though you expected there to be others.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

The waiter appears with drinks, begins to open the bottles and pour during the ensuing conversation.

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

RICK
(shrugging)
Make it official, if you like.

STRASSER
What is your nationality?

Rick looks at him a moment before replying.

RICK
(poker face)
I'm a drunkard.

Strasser looks closely at him.

CLOSE SHOT - RENAULT

RENAULT
That makes Rick a citizen of the world.

MED. SHOT - RICK, RENAULT AND STRASSER

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

STRASSER
(to Rick - very amiably)
I understand you came here from Paris at the time of the Occupation.

RICK
That seems to be no secret.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RICK
It's not particularly my beloved Paris.

HEINZE
(slight laugh)
Can you imagine us in London?

RICK
When you get there, ask me.

STRASSER
(digging into the caviar)
How about New York?

RICK
There are certain sections of New York. Major, that I would not advise you to try to invade.

STRASSER
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 takes a little black book from his pocket, rifles through the pages.

STRASSER
(to Rick)
You weren't always so carefully neutral. We have a complete dossier on you.

(reads)
'Richard Blaine. American. Age thirty-seven. Cannot return to his country.'

(looks up from book)
The reason is a little vague. We also knew what you did in Paris --

(Renault, very curious, tries to look over Strasser's shoulder)
Also, Mr. Blaine, we know why you left Paris.

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

(continued)
STRASSER
Don't worry. We are not going
to broadcast it.

RICK
(looking in
the book)
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
on anyone who can possibly be
of help to us.

RICK
My interest in Victor Laszlo's
staying or going --
(with a glance
toward Renault)
-- is only a sporting one.

STRASSER
In this case, you have no sympathy
for the fox.

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

STRASSER
Victor Laszlo published the foul-
est 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.

STRASSER
I admit he is very clever. Three
times he slipped through our fin-
gers. In Paris he continued his
activities. We intend not to let
it happen again.

RICK
(rises with a
slight smile)
You'll excuse me, gentlemen. Your
business is politics. Mine is run-
ing a saloon.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

STRASSER
Good evening, Mr. Blaine.

Rick walks out of the SHOT, toward the gambling room.

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

STRASSER
(his eyes following the direction Rick has gone)
Perhaps...

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT - AT ANOTHER TABLE

The dark-appearing foreigner we had seen in the opening sequence is busily engaged with a middle-aged prosperous-looking man.

DARK FOREIGNER
(his arms thrown solicitously around the other man)
I beseech you, my friend -- be on guard. Take care. Use every precaution.

SAM - AT PIANO

He is idling away at something sentimental. The people at the tables have resumed their chatter.

As he plays Sam glances casually around. Suddenly, as his eyes look toward the entrance, his playing falters, then stops altogether.

MED. SHOT - THE CAFE - (SHOOTING TOWARD THE ENTRANCE)

We SEE what Sam is staring at. A couple has just come in and we recognize them as Victor Laszlo and his companion whose face we saw in the car window outside of

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Ugarte's hotel. She wears a simple white gown. Her beauty is such that people turn to stare. The head-waiter comes up to them.

HEADWAITER

Yes, M'sieur.

LASZLO
(in quiet, even tones)
I reserved a table. Victor Laszlo.

CLOSEUP - BERGER

looking intently at Laszlo.

CLOSE SHOT - THE WOMAN

- who has been looking around casually. When she sees Sam, her face registers a startled surprise for just an instant.

HEADWAITER'S VOICE
(over scene)
Yes, M'sieur Laszlo. Right this way.

CLOSE SHOT - SAM

He sees her looking at him, turns his gaze away, resumes his piano playing.

TRUCKING SHOT - GROUP

- as the headwaiter takes them to a table. Although they pass right by the piano and the woman, (who is later to be identified as ILSA LUND), looks directly at Sam, the latter with a conscious effort keeps his eyes on the keyboard. Ilsa smiles slightly. CAMERA STOPS on Sam. After she has gone out of scene, Sam steals a look in her direction.
AT LASZLO'S TABLE

The headwaiter seats Ilse and goes OUT OF SHOT. Laszlo takes the chair opposite. He surveys the room with a sweeping glance.

LASZLO
Two coqteaux, please.

WAITER'S VOICE
Yes, Monsieur.

LASZLO
(to Ilse)
I see no one of Ugarte's descrip-
tion.

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.

MAN'S VOICE
(off scene)
Excuse me, but you look like a couple who are on their way to America.

A small blond man, later identified as BERGER, walks INTO SCENE.

LASZLO
Well?

The man reaches into his vest pocket, brings out a ring with a large aquamarine stone.

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 to their view, begins to twist the stone, which is apparently screwed into the setting.
INSERT - THE RING - IN BERGER'S HAND

The stone comes loose in his fingers. In the setting underneath, on a gold plate, is a faint impression of the Lorraine Cross of General De Gaulle.

LASZLO'S VOICE

Yes, I am very interested.

THE TABLE

BERGER

Good.

LASZLO

(lower voice)

What is your name?

BERGER

Berger... And at your service, sir.

ILSA

(looking o.s., gives Laszlo a signal)

Victor!

LASZLO

(to Berger, low voice as he comprehends the signal)

Meet me in a few minutes at the bar.

(in a louder voice, obviously for the benefit of someone off screen)

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

Berger takes the cue. He sighs, puts the ring away.

BERGER

Such a bargain. But if that is your decision --

LASZLO

I'm sorry. It is.

He bows and turns away. CAMERA PANS. As he walks away, he brushes by Captain Renault, who is approaching the table. He glances sharply at Berger as he passes. Then Renault beams as CAMERA PANS BACK with him to the table.

(CONTINUED)
Monsieur Laszlo, is it not?

Yes.

I am Captain Renault, Prefect of Police.

Yes. What is it you want?

(amiably)
Merely to welcome you to Casablanca and wish you a pleasant stay. It is not often we have so distinguished a visitor.

Thank you. You'll forgive me, Captaine, but the present French Administration has not always been so cordial. May I present Miss Ilsa Lund --

(bows)
I was informed you were the most beautiful woman ever to visit Casablanca -- that is a gross understatement.

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

You are very kind.

(motions to a chair)
Won't you join us?

If you will permit me.
(calls to waiter)
Oh, Emil.

(walking into shot)
Yes, Captaine.

A bottle of your best champagne, and put it on my bill.
CONTINUED: (1)

EMIL
Very well, sir.

LASZLO
No, Captaine -- please --

RENAULT
(bowing waiter away)
It is a little game we play -- they put it on my bill -- I tear the bill up. It is very convenient.

Ilsa laughs and glances off in Sam's direction.

ILSA
Captain -- the boy who is playing the piano -- somewhere I have seen him --

Sam?

RENAULT

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 -- er --

ILSA
Is what?

RENAULT
Well, Mademoiselle, he's the kind of a man that -- well, if I were a woman and I --
(tapping his chest)
were not around -- I would be in love with Rick. But what a fool I am -- talking to a beautiful woman about another man.

Reynault stops and looks off, then jumps to his feet as Strasser enters.

RENAULT
Er, excuse me.
(introducing Ilsa and Laszlo)
Mademoiselle Ilsa Lund -- Monsieur Laszlo -- may I present Major Heinrich Strasser. (CONTINUED)
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 Ilse or Laszlo. Strasser waits to be asked to seat himself.

LASZLO
I'm sure you'll excuse me if I am not gracious -- but you see Major Strasser, I'm a Czechoslovakian --

STRASSER
You were a Czechoslovakian -- now you are a subject of the German Reich!

LASZLO
I've never accepted that privilege, and now I'm 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
(to Renault)
Capitaine 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 rise, bow shortly to Laszlo and deeply to Ilse.

RENAULT
Mademoiselle. (CONTINUED)
CONTINUED (3)

STRASSER
Mademoiselle.
CAMERA PANS WITH RENAULT AND STRASSER as they walk away.

RENAULT
A very clever tactical retreat, Major.

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

CLOSE SHOT - LASZLO'S TABLE

Laszlo watches after Strasser and Renault. He turns back to Ilsa with a slight smile.

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?

He puts a hand over hers. Ilsa smiles back to him, but her eyes are still troubled. OVER SCENE comes an orchestra fanfare.

FULL SHOT - DANCE FLOOR

Sam stands up from his piano, holding his hands up for silence. Corina enters, lights go off and she starts number.

CLOSE SHOT - SAM

Sam plays last chorus and looks towards Ilsa, off.

LARGE CLOSEUP - ILSA

Ilsa watches Sam.
Laszlo looks about him with apparent casualness, finding himself unnoticed in the darkness of the room, he rises.

**LASZLO**
I must find out what Berger knows.

**ILSA**
Be careful.

**LASZLO**
I will -- don't worry.

Ilse nods. CAMERA PANS WITH LASZLO as he crosses the room in comparative darkness.

**86B MED. SHOT - DANCE FLOOR**
Corina continues her number, Sam accompanying her on the piano.

**86C CLOSE SHOT - SAM**
He gives a troubled look in Ilse's direction.

**86D MED. SHOT - LASZLO'S TABLE - FROM SAM'S ANGLE**
Ilse watching Sam.

**86E CLOSE SHOT - ILSA**
She continues to watch Sam.

**87 AT THE BAR - BERGER**
- is sipping a drink. OVER SCENE we HEAR THE SOUND of the Spanish entertainer. Laszlo walks into the SHOT, casually takes a place at the bar next to Berger.

**LASZLO**
Msr. Berger -- the ring -- could I see the ring?

**BERGER**
Yes, Monsieur.
CONTINUED:

LASZLO
(to Sacha)
A champagne cocktail, please.

As Sacha moves down the bar to make the cocktail, Laszlo takes out a cigarette. Berger leans over to give him a light.

BERGER
(low voice)
...I recognize you from the news photographs, M'sieur 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 time... thank heaven I found you, Berger. I am looking for a man by the name of Ugarte. He is to help me.

BERGER
(shakes his head silently)
M'sieur Laszlo, Ugarte cannot even help himself. He is under arrest for murder. He was arrested here tonight.

LASZLO
(absorbs the shock quietly)
I see.

BERGER
(with intense devotion)
But we who are still free will do all we can. We are organized, M'sieur -- underground like everywhere else. Tomorrow night there is a meeting. If you would come --

He stops as he sees Sacha bringing drink to Laszlo.

CLOSEUP - LASZLO'S TABLE - ILSA

ILSA
(to waiter)
Will you ask the piano player to come over here, please? (CONTINUED)
WAITER
Very well, Mademoiselle.

MED. SHOT - BAR - BERGER AND LASZLO

Renault comes up.

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.

ANGLE PAST ILSA TO SAM AND WAITER

Sam looks up, startled. Ilsa motions him to come over. Sam hesitates - starts to wheel the piano over.

CLOSE SHOT - AT TABLE

- as Sam wheels in the piano. On his face is that funny fear. And to tell the truth, Ilsa herself is not as self-possessed as she tries to appear. There is something behind this, some mysterious, deep-flowing feeling.

ILSA
Hello, Sam.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

ILSA
It's been a long time.

SAM
Yes, Miss Ilsa. A lot of water under the bridge.

He sits down and is ready to play.

ILSA
Some of the old songs, Sam.

SAM
Yes, ma'am.

Sam begins to play a number. He is nervous, waiting for anything. But even so, when it comes he gives a little start...

ILSA
Where's Rick?

Sam
(evading)
I don't know. Ain't seen him all night.

Ilisa gives him a tolerant smile. Sam looks very uncomfortable.

ILSA
When will he be back?

SAM
Not tonight no more. He ain't coming. He went home.

ILSA
Does he always leave so early?

SAM
He never -- I mean --
(desperately)
He's got a girl up at the Blue Parrott -- he goes there all the time...

ILSA
Sam, you used to be a much better liar.

SAM
Leave him alone, Miss Ilsa. You're bad luck to him. (CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:  (I)  ILSA

(softly)
Sam, play it once for old time's sake.

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

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

SAM
I can't remember it, Miss Ilsa!

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

ILSA
I'll hum it for you.

(starts to hum)

He begins to play it very softly.

ILSA
Sing it, Sam.

And Sam sings.

SAM
"You must remember this,
A kiss is still a kiss,
A sigh is just a sigh..."
Etc., etc.

ENTRANCE TO GAMBLING ROOM - RICK

- comes swinging out. He has heard the music and he is livid.

RICK
Sam, I told you never to play it!

He stops abruptly, stops speaking and stops moving.

FROM HIS PERSPECTIVE - SAM & ILSA
- at the piano.

CLOSER ANGLE - SAM & ILSA
Sam looks over his shoulder at Rick and stops playing. Ilsa knows why even before she turns and looks. She knows who she'll see when she turns. She turns slowly. She isn't breathing much.

CLOSEUP - RICK
- isn't breathing at all. It's a wallop, a shock. For a long moment he just looks at her and you can tell what he is thinking. He starts moving forward, his eyes riveted on her. CAMERA TRUCKS AHEAD OF HIM, keeping him in CLOSEUP as he moves across the cafe.
REVERSE ANGLE - TRUCKING SHOT

MOVING in the direction he is going, straight for the piano. Ilsa is looking directly at Rick, too. Sam is plainly terrified. He puts his stool on top of the piano and wheels the piano quickly away. Ilsa doesn't notice. She still looks at Rick.

(A couple of INTERCUTS.)

Renault and Laszlo are approaching from the bar.

CUT TO:

GROUP SHOT - AT TABLE

Renault moves INTO SCENE with Laszlo, arm in arm.

RENAULT
(to Ilsa)
Well, you were asking about Rick and here he is.

SIDE ANGLE - GROUP

-as Rick moves into scene.

RENAULT
Mlle., may I present -- er...

RICK
Hello, Ilsa.

ILSA
(under her breath)
Hello, Rick.

She offers her hand; he takes it.

RENAULT
Oh, you've already met Rick, Ilsa?
(no answer from either)
Well, then, perhaps you also --

ILSA
This is Mr. Laszlo.

LASZLO
How do you do.

RICK
How do you do.

(CONTINUED)
Ilse says "Laszlo" in a funny way - as if she's frightened to say it and yet would rather say it herself than have someone else. Rick measures Laszlo with a look, then looks at Ilse and smiles. You would say there is some mockery in the way he smiles.

**LASZLO**

One hears a great deal about Rick in Casablanca.

**RICK**

(looks back at him)
And about Victor Laszlo everywhere.

**LASZLO**

Won't you join us for a drink?

**RENAULT**

(laughing)
Oh no -- Rick never --

**RICK**

Thanks. I will.

**RENAULT**

A precedent is being broken. Er, Emil...

**LASZLO**

(he is making conversation)
This is a most interesting cafe -- I congratulate you.

**RICK**

And I congratulate you.

**LASZLO**

What for?

**RICK**

Oh -- your work.
(why does he look at Ilse?)

**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. (CONTINUED)
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, was it?

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.

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

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

RENAULT
(glancing at wristwatch)
So it is. And we have a curfew here in Casablanca. It would never do for the Chief of Police to be caught drinking after hours and have to fine himself.

LASZLO
(signalling the waiter)
I hope we haven't overstayd our welcome.

RICK
Not at all.

WAITER
(to Laszlo)
Your check, sir. 

(Continued)
RICK
(takes check)
Oh, it's my party.

RENAULT
Another precedent broken. This
has been a most interesting eve-
ning. I'll call you a cab.
(they all rise)

LASZLO
(to Rick as he helps
Ilsa on with her wrap)
We'll come again.

RICK
Any time.

ILSA
(extend her hand
to Rick)
Will you say goodnight to Sam for
me?

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 for a long time.

A pause. Ilsa smiles.

ILSA
Goodnight.

Goodnight.

Laszlo

Goodnight.

Rick and Laszlo nod goodnight to each other. Laszlo and
Ilsa start to the door. Renault with them.

CLOSE SHOT - RICK
-watches them go. The revolving door is HEARD turning.
103  EXT. CAFE - THE THREE

come out. Renault walks THROUGH SHOT to the curb and IS HEARD to blow his whistle. Laszlo lights a cigarette, speaks very casually...

LASZLO
A very puzzling fellow, this Rick. What sort is he?

ILSA
doesn't look at him. With an effort she keeps her voice steady.

ILSA
Oh, I really can't say, though I saw him quite often in Paris.

A cab is HEARD to draw up. Ilsa moves forward OUT OF SHOT. Laszlo follows her.

RENAULT
Tomorrow at ten at the Prefect's office.

LASZLO
We'll be there.

RENAULT
Goodnight.

ILSA
Goodnight.

LASZLO
Goodnight.

CAMERA PANS UP to the sign "Rick's".

DISSOLVE TO:

104  THE SIGN

now dark - illuminated only as the revolving beacon from the airport strikes it.

105  INT. RICK'S

The customers have all gone. The house lights are out. Rick sits at a table. There is a jigger glass of Bourbon on the table directly in front of him - and another glass empty on the table before an empty chair. Near at hand is a bottle from which this one drink, exactly, has been poured. Rick just sits, staring at the drink. His face is entirely expressionless.

(Continued)
During the following scene the beacon continues its gyra-
tion, PICKING UP first one and then the other in its
sweep around the room. (The EFFECT should be to create
a mood of unreality that will make the FLASHBACK a plaus-
ible device.)

Sam comes in. He stands hesitantly before Rick.

SAM

Boss --
(no answer, as
Rick drinks)
Boss -- !

RICK
(not looking at Sam)
Yes?

SAM
You goin' to bed, Boss?

RICK
(filling his glass)
Not right now.

Sam looks at Rick closely, realizes Rick is in a grim mood.

SAM
(lightly, trying to
kid Rick out of it)
You plannin' on goin' to bed in
the near future?

RICK
No.

Pause.

SAM
You evah goin' to bed?

No.

RICK
(still trying)
I ain't sleepy neither.

SAM
Good. Have a drink.

RICK
No. Not me.

SAM
Don't have a drink. (CONTINUED)
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. There's nothin' but trouble for you here.

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

SAM
Boss, we'll take the car and drive all night. We'll get drunk. We'll go fishin' and stay away until she's gone.

RICK
Shut up and go home, will yuh?

SAM
(stubbornly)
No, suh. I'm stayin' right here.

Sam sits down at the piano, starts to play softly. Suddenly Rick bursts out --

RICK
really drunk now
They grab Ugarte and she walks in. That's the way it goes. One in, one out --
(pause; he thinks of something)
Sam --

SAM
(still playing)
Yeah, Boss?

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

SAM
My watch stopped.

RICK
(drunkened nostalgia)
I bet they're asleep in New York. I bet they're asleep all over America --
(CONTINUED)
RICK (CONT'D)
(with sudden vehemence)
Of all the gin joints in all the towns in all the world she walks into mine --!
(irritably to Sam)
What's that you're playing?

SAM
(who has been
improvising)
A little somethin' 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
If she can stand it, I can. Play it!

SAM
Yes, boss.

Sam starts to play "As Time Goes By."

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - RICK
He pours a drink as Sam plays. From his expression we know that he is thinking of the past.

(MONTAGE AND FLASHBACK)

DISSOLVE TO:
FLASHBACKS:

106 PARIS (ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS SHOT AND CREDITED - 108) (STOCK SHOT)

DISSOLVE TO:

The following are SUPERIMPOSED on backgrounds of STOCK SHOTS

107 CHAMPS ELYSEES (ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS SHOT AND CREDITED - 109) - ON A SPRING DAY

Rick is driving a small, open car slowly along the boulevard. Close beside him, with her arm linked in his, sits Ilsa.

DISSOLVE TO:

108 EXCURSIONS BOAT - (ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS SHOT AND CREDITED - 110) - ON THE SEINE - NIGHT

An orchestra is playing French music. By themselves, at the rail of the boat, stand Rick and Ilsa. They are transported by the night, by the music, by each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

109 INT. RICK'S PARIS APARTMENT - (ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS SHOT AND CREDITED - 110a)

Ilsa at window fixes flowers. Rick opens champagne. Ilsa joins him.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RICK
Who are you really? What were you before? What did you do? What did you think?

ILSA
We said "no questions."

RICK
Here's looking at you, kid.

They drink.

110 INT. SWANK PARIS CAFE - (ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS SHOT & CREDITED - 110b)
Rick and Ilsa dancing.

111 INT. ILSA'S PARIS APARTMENT - (ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS SHOT AND CREDITED - 110c)
Rick and Ilsa on.

ILSA
A franc for your thoughts.

RICK
In America they'd only bring a penny...it'd be about all they're worth, I guess.

ILSA
I'm willing to be overcharged - come on -- tell me.

RICK
I was just wondering.

ILSA
Yes?

RICK
Why I was so lucky -- why I should find you waiting for me to come along.

ILSA
Why there is no other man in my life?

Rick nods.

ILSA
Mehk, that's easy. There was. He is dead.
CONTINUED:

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

ILSA
Well, only one answer can take
care of all our questions.

She kisses him.

THE STREET - (ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS SHOT & CREDITED - 113)

Stupefied people are staring from their windows, into the
street below. The CAMERA COMES TO REST on a loudspeaker
wagon, around which is clustered a group of frightened
French people. A harsh German voice is barking out the
tragic news of the Nazi push toward Paris. Parisians are
being told how to act when the conquerors march in.

TWO SHOT - (ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS SHOT & CREDITED - 114)
RICK AND ILSA

RICK
Nothing will stop them now. Wed-
nesday - 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
(smiles)
I'm on their blacklist already --
their roll of honor.

DISSOLVE TO:

A SMALL CAFE - (ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS SHOT AND CREDITED - 116) - IN THE MONTMARTRE

Sign over the cafe: "LA BELLE AURORÉ"
115 OMITTED
116 OMITTED
117 SAM

playing at the piano, "As Time Goes By", blending in with the background music. He looks happily over his shoulder.

PULL BACK TO:

118 MED. SHOT - SAM - AT THE PIANO

playing "As Time Goes By." Ilsa is leaning on the piano, listening. Nobody else is in the room -- everyone being in the street, listening to the loudspeaker. Ilsa's attitude, as she listens, is very distraught. There is evidently something on her mind -- and it isn't all concerned with the war. Rick, bearing a champagne bottle and glasses, comes into the scene. 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.
(pouring)
He says he'll water his garden with champagne before he lets the Germans drink any of it.

He hands a glass to Ilsa and Sam.

SAM
(looking at his glass)
This sorta takes the sting outa bein' Occupied, doesn't it, Mister Rick?

RICK
You said it! Here's looking at you, kid!

A shout is HEARD from the people in the street. Rick and Ilsa look at each other, then hurry to the window.

CUT TO:

119 MED. SHOT - AT OPEN WINDOW

as Rick and Ilsa come into the scene. The loudspeaker is blaring in German.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RICK
My German's a little rusty --

ILSA
(sadly)
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.

They are silent, depressed.

ILSA
(smiling faintly)
With the whole world crumbling
we pick this time to fall in love.

RICK
(with an abrupt laugh)
Yeah. Pretty bad timing.
(looks at her)
Where were you ten years ago?

ILSA
(trying to cheer up)
Ten years ago? Let's see --
(thinks)
Oh, yes. I was having a brace
put on my teeth. Where were you?

RICK
I was looking for a job.

Pause. Ilsa looks at him tenderly. Rick takes her in his
arms, kisses her hungrily. While they are locked in an
embrace the dull boom of cannons is HEARD. Rick and Ilsa
separate.

ILSA
(frightened, but try-
ing not to show it)
Was that cannon fire -- or just
my heart pounding?

RICK
(grimly)
That was the new German 75. And,
judging by the sound, about thirty-
five miles away --
(another booming is HEARD,
Rick smiles grimly)
And a little closer every minute.
Here. Here. Drink up. We'll never
finish the other three.
coming into the scene.

SAM
Dem Germans'll be here mighty soon. Dey'll come lookin' fer you...There's a price on your head.

ILSA reacts to this worriedly.

RICK
(drily)
I left a note in my apartment. They'll know where to find me.

Sam shrugs helplessly, goes. Ilsa looks at Rick.

ILSA
It's strange, Rick -- I really know so very little about you.

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

ILSA

RICK
No. No. No. We must leave.

ILSA
(without looking at him)
Yes, of course -- we --

RICK
The train for Marseilles leaves at five. I'll pick you up at the hotel at four-thirty.

ILSA
(quickly)
No, not at the hotel. 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?

(CONTINUED)
ILSA
(evasively)
That's too far ahead to plan --

RICK
(happy, excited at
the thought of leav-
ing with Ilsa)
Yes, that is too far ahead. Well,
let's see. What about the engi-
nee? Why can't he marry us on the
train?

ILSA
(laughing nervously)
Oh, darling.

RICK
Why not? The Captain on a ship
can. It doesn't seem fair that --

Suddenly Ilsa starts to cry softly.

RICK
Hey, hey, what's wrong, kid?

ILSA
(controlling herself)
-- I love you so much and I hate
this war so much.
(stops, looks
at Rick)
Oh, Rick -- it's a crazy world --
anything can happen -- If you
shouldn't get away -- If -- if
something should keep us apart --
Wherever they put you -- wherever
I'll be -- I want you to know that
I --

(she can't go on --
she lifts her face
to his -- he kisses
her gently)
Kiss me. Kiss me as though --
as though it were the last time.

He looks into her eyes, then kisses her -- as though it
were the last time. OVER THE SCENE Sam is again playing
"As Time Goes By."

DISSOLVE TO:
There is a hectic, fevered excitement evident in the faces we pass. This is the last train from Paris! The CAMERA STOPS on Rick, who is glancing at his watch, then up at the clock. It is two minutes before train time. Rain is pouring over his head and shoulders, but he seems not to notice. Suddenly Sam appears with an envelope clasped in his hand.

RICK
Where is she? Have you seen her?

SAM
No, Mr. Richard. I can't find her. She done checked out of the hotel, Boss. But this here note came just after you left.

Rick grabs the letter. He fumbles as he tries to open it. The envelope fights him. At this moment the train pulls into the station. There is a hub-bub among the crowd. Finally Rick gets the envelope open, stares down at the letter.

INSERT - THE LETTER
which reads:

"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."

SAM’S VOICE
(frantically - OVER SCENE)
Boss, dat's de las' call.
Boss, do you hear me?
Come on, Mr. Richard. Let's get out of here. Come on, Mr. Richard.

The rain drops pour down the letter, smudging the writing. The train gives a long, mournful whistle.

DISSOLVE TO:
SPECIAL EFFECTS SHOT

with the hour-glass changing into the drink. CAMERA PULLS BACK and MOVES UP to a CLOSEUP of Rick. He still stares at the drink. There is no sound of music now, utter sile- ence. Sam has gone home. The circle of light passes over Rick's face and sweeps OUT OF SCENE and only by a flicker on his face do we follow the light around the room.

The next time it passes, Rick's eyes are caught by the light and his head turns, following it. CAMERA PANS WITH the light. The circle reaches the door. Ilsa is stand- ing in the doorway. CAMERA REMAINS on her. The circle passes on and in the darkness it is hard to tell that she is still there.

RICK

is staring at the doorway. It is probably that at first he thinks it is imagination that is playing a trick on him. The light sweeps over him again. His expression hardens.

ILSA

at the doorway in the darkness.

ILSA

Rick.

as she starts forward the light passes over her. Her face is eager and pleading.

TABLE

Rick gets half to his feet as she enters scene. The light sweeps by.

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.

(reaches for bottle)

(CONTINUED)
ILSA
No. No, Rick. Not 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. He sits down, too, and reaches for his glass and half-gestures with it toward her.

RICK
Especially tonight.

He drains his glass and, reaching for the bottle, pours himself another drink. She watches this with a look which says that she wishes he wouldn't drink tonight.

ILSA
Please don't.

RICK
Why did you have to come to Casa-blancan? There are other places.

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

RICK
Funny about your voice. How it hasn't changed. I can still hear it -- 'Rick dear, I'll go with you anyplace. We'll get on a train together and we'll never stop'.

ILSA
Please don't. Don't Rick!
(she watches as he takes another drink)
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.
(takes another drink)
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.

(Continued)
ILSA
(after a pause)
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 beautiful world of knowledge and thoughts and ideals. Everything she ever knew or ever became was because of him. And she looked up at him and worshipped him with a feeling she supposed was love —

RICK
(definitely interrupting)
Yes, that's very pretty. I heard a story once. In fact, I've heard a lot of stories in my time. They went along with the sound of a tinny piano in the parlor downstairs. 'Mister, I met a man once when I was only a kid', they'd always begin.

ILSA, shuddering, gets up.

RICK
(as she walks away)
Huh. I guess neither one of our stories was very funny.

(then in a moment he adds)
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
tears in her eyes. She stops in the doorway, looks back at him, then she turns and walks out.

RICK
His head slumps over the table. Gradually his body sags over the table. The glass tips over, spilling its contents over the cloth. 

FADE OUT.
FADE IN:

129 INT. RENAULT'S OFFICE - DAY

Strasser is with Renault.

STRASSER
I strongly suspect that Ugarte left the letters of Transit with Herr Blaine. I would suggest you search the Cafe immediately and thoroughly.

RENAULT
If Rick has the Letters, he is much too smart to let us find them there.

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

RENAULT
Quite so. But we mustn't underestimate American blundering. (innocently) I was with them when they 'blundered' into Berlin in 1910.

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.

CUT TO:

130-132 OMITTED.

133 EXT. PREFECTURE OF POLICE

People are packed around the entrance. Laszlo and Ilsa make their way through the jam.

DISSOLVE TO:
134 MED. LONG SHOT

SHOOTING from in back of the desk, toward the door as it is opened by the Native Officer, who ushers in Laszlo and Ilse. Both Renault and Strasser, in the f.g., rise, facing the couple as they walk toward them. Renault moves forward to offer Ilse his hand.

RENAULT
I am delighted to see you both.

Laszlo bows to both men, but offers to shake hands with neither. Ilse bows to Strasser as Renault offers her a chair.

RENAULT
Did you have a good night's rest?

LASZLO
I slept -- Very well.

RENAULT
That's strange. No one is supposed to sleep well in Casablanca.

He laughs.

LASZLO
(briefly)
May we proceed with the business.

STRASSER
(Dow as cold as Laszlo)
Very well, M'sieur Laszlo, we will not mince words. You are an escaped prisoner of the Reich. So far you have been fortunate 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.

STRASSER
(turns to Renault)
Captain, would you think it is possible that M'sieur Laszlo will receive a visa?

(CONTINUED)
RENAULT
I am afraid not. I regret, M'sieur.

LASZLO
(casually)
Well, perhaps I shall like it in Casablanca.

STRASSER
And Mademoiselle?

ILSA
You need not be concerned about me.

LASZLO
(prepares to rise)
Is that all you wish to tell us?

STRASSER
(smiles)
Do not be in such a hurry. You have all the time in the world. You may be in Casablanca indefinitely...
(suddenly leans forward, speaks intently)
Or you may leave for Lisbon tomorrow. On one condition.

VICTOR
And that is?

STRASSER
(leaning forward, speaking intently)
You know the leader of the Underground Movement in Prague, in Paris, in Amsterdam, in Brussels, 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
(tongue in cheek again)
And the honor of having served the Third Reich!

LASZLO
I was in a German concentration camp for a year. That is honor enough for a lifetime.

(CONTINUED)
STRASSER

You will give us the names?

LASZLO

If I didn't give them to you in the 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 revealing the crusader)

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

STRASSER

M'sieur 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 could take your place in the event anything...er...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 will reflect on Captain Renault.

RENAULT

M'sieur, in so far as it is in my power...

LASZLO

Thank you.

RENAULT

By the way, last night you evinced an interest in Senor Ugarte.

LASZLO

Yes.

RENAULT

I believe you have a message for him.

(CONTINUED)
LASZLO
Nothing important, but may I speak to him now?

STRASSER
(wryly)
You would find the conversation a trifle one-sided.
(pause)
Senor Ugarte is dead.

Laszlo and Ilsa look at each other.

ILSA
Oh.

RENAULT
(picking up the papers on his desk)
I am making out the report now --
(coming around the desk)
We haven't quite decided yet whether he committed suicide or died trying to escape.

LASZLO
(after a pause)
You are quite finished with us?

STRASSER
(bows)
For the time being

LASZLO
Good day.

As Ilsa and Laszlo leave, the young officer comes in. When the door has closed on Ilsa and Laszlo:

RENAULT
(to young officer)
Undoubtedly their next step will be to the Black Market.

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

RENAULT
(happily, as he looks at himself in the mirror)
Show her in.

OFFICER
Yes monsieur.
FULL SHOT - THE BLACK MARKET

A cluttered Arab street of bazaars, shops and stalls. All kinds and races of people are milling about the merchandise 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 there is the sinister undercurrent of illicit trade.

The CAMERA MOVES ALONG the row of stalls toward a disreputable building at the head of the Market. Over the entrance of the building is a faded sign: BLUE PARROT CAFE.

OVER SCENE we hear the hypnotic sound of a single flute.

During its progress through the market place, the CAMERA PICKS UP the following fragmentary scenes:

(A) An American is talking to a food vendor:

The American looks a little confused. The CAMERA MOVES ON to -

(B) A rug stall. The dealer is holding up a small Persian rug in an effort to sell it to an English couple.

ENGLISHWOMAN
(doubtfully)
But are you sure this is perfectly legal?

DEALER
Madame, there is no rug in my shop that has not been smuggled in legally. You see, the authorities have been --

The CAMERA MOVES ON close to the BLUE PARROT CAFE. Near the entrance -

(C) A Frenchman and a native are talking together in low tones.

NATIVE
...But M'sieur, we would have to handle the police. That is a job for Senor Ferrari --

MAN
Ferrari?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

NATIVE
It can be most helpful to know
Senor Ferrari. He's pretty near
got a monopoly on the Black Market
here.

CUT TO:

OMITTED

ENTRANCE TO BLUE PARROT - SENOR FERRARI
comes out, looks impatiently up and down the street.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT - THE NATIVE AND THE MAN

NATIVE
You will find him over there at
the Blue Parrot.

MAN
Thanks.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT - SENOR FERRARI

He is about to go back into the cafe when Annina and Jan
walk up to him.

7/8/42

JAN
Excuse me -- you are Senor Ferr-
rari, are you not?

FERRARI
Yes?

JAN
We were told that you might be
able to help us?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Ferrari looks at them a moment before answering.

FERRARI

Come in.

He leads the way into the Blue Parrot.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT - FERRARI

His huge frame is rolling with laughter.

FERRARI

Five hundred francs for an exit visa...

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Jan and Annina standing like frightened children before Ferrari in his private office.

FERRARI

Young man, in Casablanca five hundred francs will buy you a pound of sugar, but not an exit visa.

ANNINA

But Senor Ferrari, that is all we have left. What can we do?

FERRARI

(shrugs)
Perhaps if you had a talk with Captain Renault --

ANNINA

(her lips tight)
We have already talked with him.

She takes her husband's arm, preparatory to leaving.

FERRARI

I am sorry. That is all I can suggest.

The CAMERA PANS with them as they walk to the door.

CUT TO:
141 INT. BLUE PARROT CAFE

much less pretentious than RICKS. The bar is well popu-
lated, but there are only a few people at the tables.
Rick comes into the scene, walks towards Ferrari. He is
wearing his usual dead pan.

CUT TO:

142 MED. SHOT - OUTSIDE DOOR TO OFFICE

As Rick comes into the scene, the door opens and Ferrari
comes out, ushering out Jan and Annina, who look very
downhearted.

FERRARI

(patting Annina's
shoulder)
There -- don't be too downhearted.
Perhaps you can come to terms with
Captain Renault.

JAN

Thank you very much, Senor.

He leads Annina away. Rick watches the couple as they
move toward the door. Then he walks in the direction of
Ferrari.

143 MED. SHOT - SENOR FERRARI

Rick walks into the SHOT.

RICK

Hello, Ferrari.

Senor Ferrari turns around, pleased to see Rick.

FERRARI

Good morning, Rick.

RICK

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

FERRARI

No hurry. I shall have it sent
over. Have a drink with me.

RICK

I never drink in the morning.
And every time you send my ship-
ment over, it's a little short.

(CONTINUED)
FERRARI
(chuckling)
Carrying charges, my friend, carrying charges...
(pulling out a chair)
Here--sit down. There's something I want to talk over with you, anyhow.
(Rick sits down--
Ferrari bails a waiter)
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.

FERRARI
(eyes Rick closely)
Of course not. What upsets me is the fact that Ugarte is dead and no one knows where those Letters of Transit are.

RICK
(dead pan)
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.

RICK
And the carrying charges.

(CONTINUED)
FERRARI
(smirking)
Naturally there will be a few incidental expenses --
(looking at
Rick squarely)
That is the proposition I have for whoever has those Letters.

RICK
(drily)
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
(shrugging)
Well, you're in good company. Renault and Strasser probably think so too. I came 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 --

But Rick isn't listening to him. He is looking through the open door in the direction of the linen bazaar.

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT - LINEN BAZAAR - ILSA AND LASZLO
have passed there in front of the linen bazaar. Laszlo leaves Ilsa and is walking toward the BLUE PARROT CAFE.

CUT TO:
MEDIUM SHOT — RICK AND SENOR FERRARI

RICK
(interrupting Ferrari, gets up)
Excuse me. I'll be getting back.

Ferrari nods, takes a long drink. CAMERA TRUCKS WITH Rick as he walks toward the door, where he meets Laszlo coming in. Laszlo stops, addresses him politely.

LASZLO
Good morning...

RICK
(with a jerk of his head, not pausing)
Senor Ferrari is the fat gent at the table.

He continues OUT OF SHOT. Laszlo looks after him with a puzzled expression.

MEDIUM SHOT — A LINEN STALL

— where Ilsa is examining a napkin set which an Arab vendor is endeavoring to sell. There is a sign on the counter by the display which reads: "700 francs". From Ilsa's manner it is apparent that she is aware of Rick's approach and is pretending to be absorbed in the article to escape his notice.

ARAB
...You will not find a treasure like this in all Morocco, Madem-ciselle. Only seven hundred francs.

Rick comes INTO SHOT.

RICK
You're being cheated.

Ilsa takes a split second to compose herself. When she turns to Rick, 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's we have a small discount. Seven hundred francs, did I say? You can have it for two hundred.

(CONTINUED)
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 visitors 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.

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

RICK
Your story left 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
Only one moment -- please.
(hurriedly exits)

There is a small silence between Ilsa and Rick. She 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
(quietly)
Yes.

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

She looks at him quietly.

ILSA
I don't think I will, Rick.

RICK
Why not? After all, I was stuck with one railroad ticket. I think I'm entitled to know.  

(CONTINUED)
ILSA
(slowly)
Last night I saw what has happened to you. The Rick I knew in Paris, I could tell him. He'd understand --
(pause, her eyes cloud)
But the Rick who looked at me with such hatred --
(shakes her head)
I'll be leaving Casablanca soon. 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 -- not Casablanca -- not last night --

RICK
(his voice low but intense)
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 --
(ironically)
Walk up a flight. I'll be expecting you.

Ilsa shakes her head.

RICK
All the same, someday you'll lie to Laszlo -- you'll be there!

ILSA
(tight-lipped)
No, Rick. You see, Victor Laszlo is my husband.

Rick stares at her.

ILSA
And was --
(pause)
Even when I knew you in Paris.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

She walks away into the cafe towards Laszlo and Ferrari. Rick stares after her - then exits scene in the opposite direction. The Arab rushes back, his arms loaded. He stops in consternation, looks from side to side, anguished.

He puts his burden on the counter, and, with a sad head-shake, puts away the sign "100 francs" and replaces it with the original, "700 francs".

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE - LASZLO, SENOR FERRARI AND ILSA

Ferrari is helping Ilsa into a chair.

FERRARI
I was just telling M'sieur Laszlo that unfortunately, I am not able to help him.

ILSA
(troubled)
Oh.

LASZLO
(to Ilsa)
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 M'sieur Laszlo. You, however, are a different matter.

LASZLO
Senor Ferrari thinks it might just be possible to obtain an exit visa for you.

ILSA
You mean - for me to go on alone?

FERRARI
And only alone.

LASZLO
I shall stay here, Ilsa and keep on trying. Perhaps in a little while...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

ILSA
(to Ferrari)
We are only interested in two visas, Senor.

LASZLO
Please, Ilsa. We mustn't be hasty.

ILSA
(firmly)
No, Victor.

FERRARI
You two will want to discuss this.
(getting to his feet)
Excuse me. I will be at the bar.

He bows and goes.

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

ILSA
(interrupting)
But, Victor -- if the situation were different - if I had to stay and there were only a visa for you -- would you take it?

Laszlo hesitates.

LASZLO
(not very convincingly)
Ye-es, I would.

Ilsa smiles faintly.

ILSA
Yes, I see. When I had trouble getting out of Lilles, 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
(with a wry smile)
I mean to, but something always held me up.
LASZLO (CONTD)
(reaches over, puts
his hand over hers)
I love you very much, Ilsa.

ILSA
(smiling)
Your secret is safe with me.
(she gets up)
Ferrari is waiting for our answer.

148 MED. SHOT - FERRARI - AT BAR
talking to the bartender.

FERRARI
Not more than fifty francs though.

Ilsa and Laszlo come into the scene.

LASZLO
We've decided, signor Ferrari. 
For the present we'll go on look-
ing for two extra visas. Thank
you very much.

FERRARI
(his manner indicat-
ing it is hopeless)
Well -- good luck. But be careful --
(a flick of his eyes
in the direction of
the bazaar)
You know you're being shadowed?

LASZLO
(not turning)
Of course. It becomes an instinct.

FERRARI
(shrewdly - looking
at Ilsa)
I observe that you in one respect
are a very fortunate man... M'sieur
I am proud to make one more sugges-
tion -- Why, I do not know. Because
it cannot possibly profit me, but...
have you heard about Senor Ugarte
and the Letters of Transit?

LASZLO
Yes, something.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FERRARI
Those letters were not found on
Ugarte when they arrested him.

LASZLO
(after a moment's pause)
Do you know where they are?

FERRARI
Not for sure, M'sieur. But I will
venture a guess — that Ugarte left
those letters with M'sieur Rick.

Ilse's face darkens. Laszlo quietly observes.

LASZLO
Rick?

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

LASZLO
(starts to rise)
Thank you very much. Good day.

They all get up.

ILSA
Goodbye, thank you for your coffee,
Senor —
(bravely)
I shall miss that when we leave
Casablanca.

FERRARI
(bows)
You were gracious to share it with
me. Good day, Mademoiselle...
M'sieur.

LASZLO
Good day.

Ferrari walks toward the entrance of his cafe. CAMERA
TRUCKS with Ilse and Laszlo as they start down the market-
place. He watches Ilse out of the corner of his eye as
they go along.

DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. RICK'S - NIGHT

The Dark European is entering the cafe, his arm around a prosperous male tourist.

INT. RICK'S CAFE - SAM AND CORINA

Sam is playing and Corina is singing. The tourist and the European enter.

MED. SHOT - BAR - DARK EUROPEAN AND TOURIST

DARK FOREIGNER

Here's to you, sir.

TOURIST

Er, good luck. Yeah --

DARK FOREIGNER

I'd better be going.

TOURIST

Er, my check, please.

DARK FOREIGNER

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

Yeah --

DARK FOREIGNER

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

TOURIST

Yeah --

DARK FOREIGNER

Thanks for everything.

TOURIST

Er, goodbye, sir.

(laughing)

DARK FOREIGNER

It has been a pleasure to meet you. Oh, I'm sorry.
Sam and Corina finish their numbers. Strasser and his crowd enter cafe, pass Carl and Rick and exit to bar. Camera stops at Rick's table, where Carl joins him, bringing him a brandy bottle and glass.

**CARL**

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

Carl exits, and Rick pours himself a drink.

**MED. SHOT - TABLE - RICK AND RENAULT**

**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 got it cleaned up in time to open.

**RENAULT**

I told Strasser we would not find the letters here. But I told my men to be especially destructive. You know how that impresses Germans.

(pours himself a drink)

Rick - have you got those Letters of Transit?

Rick looks at him a moment.

**RICK**

(steadily)
Louis -- are you Pro-Vich or Free French?

**RENAULT**

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

**RICK**

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

Huh?

**RENAULT**
Rick is gazing at Yvonne and a German officer approaching the bar.

RICK
I see Yvonne has gone over to the enemy.

RENAULT
Who knows? In her own way she may constitute an entire second front---
(out of the corner of his eye he sees Annina approaching---he gets up)
I think it is time for me to flatter Major Strasser a little. See you later, Rick.
(he strolls away)

Sacha!

YVONNE

GERMAN OFFICER
(arrogantly)
French seventy-fives.

YVONNE
(somewhat tight already)
Put up a whole row of 'em, Sacha.
(indicating on the bar with her hand)
---starting here and ending here.

GERMAN OFFICER
(cutting in)
We will begin with two.

In the background one of the French officers makes a remark which causes laughter from his group. We do not catch the words, but the remark is very evidently directed at the German officer and his French companion. The German officer turns toward the group, his face very sad. A French officer steps out from the group.

FRENCH OFFICER
(in French---to Yvonne)
Say, you, you are not French to go with a German like this.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

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 repeat it?

FRENCH OFFICER
What I said is none of your business!

GERMAN OFFICER
I will make it my business!

YVONNE
(in French)
Stop! I beg of you! I beg of you, stop!

The German officer raises his fist and the French officer prepares to defend himself. There are exclamations from the people nearby. Rick walks into the SHOT between the two men, addresses the German.

RICK
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!

CUT TO:

STRASSER'S TABLE

Renault, Strasser and the other German officers have settled back in their chairs.

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

RENAULT
Frankly, I have no conviction, if that is what you mean. I blow with the wind, and the prevailing wind is blowing from Vichy.

STRASSER
And if it should change?

RENAULT
(smiles)
Surely the Reich does not admit that possibility?

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

RENAULT
(casually, as he lights a cigarette)
A leader like...Laszlo?

STRASSER
(nods)
Umm, 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...

CUT TO:
They are a middle-aged couple. Carl comes into the scene with brandy.

CARL
(in German)
I brought you the finest brandy. Only the employees drink it here.

MR. LEUCHTAG
(in German)
Thank you, Carl.

CARL
(in German)
For Mrs. Leuchtag.

MR. LEUCHTAG
(in German)
A thousand thanks. Carl, sit down. (in English)
Have a brandy with us.

MRS. LEUCHTAG
(in English, beaming with happiness)
To celebrate our leaving for America tomorrow.

CARL
(pouring)
Thank you very much. I thought you would ask me, so I brought the good brandy and the glass.

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 even we get to America.

CARL
(handing them the drinks)
A very wise idea.

MR. LEUCHTAG
(raising his glass)
To America.

Mrs. Leuchtag and Carl repeat 'To America'. They click glasses and drink.
CONTINUED:

MR. LEUCHTAG
Sweetness heart -- what watch?

MRS. LEUCHTAG
(glancing at her wrist watch)
Ten watch.

MR. LEUCHTAG
(surprised)
Such much?

CARL
Er, you will get along beautifully in America, hub.

160A CASHIER'S BOOTH IN THE GAMBLING ROOM
(ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS SHOT AND CREDITED - 154b)

Annina is emptying her bag of bills, which she lays on the counter.

ANNINA
Two hundred francs worth, please.

The Cashier hands out the chips, takes in the bills. The CAMERA TRUCKS WITH Annina as she crosses to the roulette table, where Jan is bending over the spinning wheel. Annina watches breathlessly over his shoulder. The wheel stops. The Croupier takes in the chips. Jan wipes his forehead.

JAN
Black again...

ANNINA
(hand him the chips)
This is all we have, Jan. Do you think we should?

JAN
(bitterly)
We might as well have nothing as two hundred francs.

He begins to scatter the chips recklessly over the board. Annina looks at him for a moment, comes to a silent resolve, and walks toward the hallway.

CUT TO:

160B HALLWAY

Annina comes from gambling room, meets Renault.

RENAULT
How's lady luck treating you? Aw, too bad. You'll find him over there.
MED. SHOT - ANNINA

She stops, looks in Rick's direction, steelhs herself to approach him. Then, her mind made up, she makes her way to his table, CAMERA TRUCKING with her.

ANNINA

M'sieur Rick...

RICK

Yes?

ANNINA

Could I speak to you - just for a moment?

Rick looks at her.

RICK

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

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ANNINA

I came with Captain Renault.

RICK

(cynically)

I should have known.

ANNINA

My husband is with me, too.

RICK

He is?

(looks over to where Renault is seated)

Captain Renault is getting broad minded.

(to Annina)

Sit down. Will you have a drink?

ANNINA

No. Thank you.

RICK

Of course not -- Do you mind if I do...?

ANNINA

No --

(nervously as Rick pours himself a drink)

M'sieur Rick -- what sort of man is Captain Renault?

(CONTINUED)
161 CONTINUED:

RICK (shrugging)
Oh, he's just like any other man...
(pause)
Only more so.

ANNINA
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.
(pause)
Where's your husband?

ANNINA (warily)
At the roulette table - trying to
win enough for our exit visas.
Of course he is losing.

Rick looks at her closely.

RICK
How long are you married?

ANNINA (simply)
Eight weeks.
(Rick nods)
We come from Bulgaria. Things are
very bad there, M'sieur. 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 decide to go to America.

ANNINA
Yes. But we do not have much money,
and travel is so difficult and ex-
pensive, M'sieur. It took much more
than we thought to get here. Then
Captain Renault sees us and he is so
kind. He wants to help.

(CONTINUED)
RICK
I'll bet.

ANNINA
He tells me that he can get an exit visa for us. But...
(again she hesitates)
But we have no money.

RICK
Does he know that?

Oh, yes.

ANNINA
And he is still willing to give you a visa?

Yes, M'sieur.

Rick looks down at his drink for a moment.

RICK
And you want to know...?

ANNINA
Will he keep his word, M'sieur?

RICK
(still looking at his drink)
He always has.

There is a silence.

CUT TO:

RICK AND ANNINA
Annina is very disturbed.

ANNINA
M'Sieur, you are a man. If someone loved you...very much, so that your happiness was the only thing in the world that she wanted and... she did a bad thing to make certain of it, could you forgive her?

RICK
Nobody ever loved me that much.

(CONTINUED)
ANNINA
But, M'sieur, if he never knew... if the girl kept this bad thing locked in her heart... that would be all right, wouldn't it?

RICK
(harsly)
You want my advice?

ANNINA
Oh yes, please.

RICK
Go back to Bulgaria.

ANNINA
If you knew what it means to us to be able to leave Europe -- to get to America...

(pause)
But if Jan should find out -- He is such a boy. In many ways I am so much -- so much older than he is.

RICK
(getting up - non-committally)
Yes, well - everyone in Casablanca has a problem. Yours may work out. You'll excuse me.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - ANNINA
She looks down at the tablecloth, her lips are trembling.

ANNINA
(tonelessly)
Thank you -- M'sieur.

She remains seated.

CUT TO:

MED. CLOSE
Rick comes from Annina and crosses to desk.
dead-pan, as usual, walking among the tables. He stops
short as he sees someone entering.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT - AT REVOLVING DOOR - ILSA AND LASZLO
have just come in. Rick comes up to them.

RICK
Good evening.

LASZLO
Good evening. You see, we are
here again.

RICK
I take that as a great compliment
to Sam.
(to Ilsa)
I suppose to you Sam means Paris
of -- well -- happier days.

ILSA
(quietly)
He does. Could we have a table
close to him?

LASZLO
(who has been
looking around)
And as far from Captain Strasser
as possible.

RICK
Well, the geography might be a
little difficult to arrange --
(snaps his fingers
for the headwaiter)
Paul! Table thirty!

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - ILSA
as Rick confers with the headwaiter she looks at Rick
intently.

CUT TO:
FULL SHOT – RICK, ILSA, LASZLO AND THE HEADWAITER

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 think that's your favorite tune.

ILSA
(smiling)
Thank you.

She follows Laszlo to their table. Rick, CAMERA FOLLOWING, walks to Sam, bends over, whispers something to him.

LASZLO
Two cognacs, please.

Sam shakes his head, but starts to play "As Time Goes By."

Rick looks in Ilsa's direction, but she seems to be paying no particular attention. Rick saunters towards the gambling room. Annina, in b.g., rises and follows him.

INT. GAMBLING ROOM

Rick enters and approaches croupier.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT – AT ROULETTE TABLE
(ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS SHOT AND CREDITED – 157)

Jan's eyes are tragic. He has only three chips left. He seems bewildered. As Rick comes into the scene, the croupier is saying to Jan:

CROUPIER
Do you wish to place another bet, M'sieur?

JAN
No, no. I guess not.

(he juggles the remaining chips in his hands wryly)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Rick walks into scene, stands opposite Jan.

RICK
(to Jan; dead-pan)
Have you tried 22 tonight? I
said, "22".

Jan looks at Rick, then at the two chips in his hand.
Pause. He puts the two chips on twenty-two.

CUT TO:

SHOT - RICK AND CROUPIER
(ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS SHOT AND CREDITED - 162)

They exchange looks. Croupier understands what Rick wants
him to do. He spins the wheel.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - CROUPIER
(ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS SHOT AND CREDITED - 158 - 163)

Looking at Rick.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - CARL
in the background, looking at the wheel, fascinated.

CROUPIER'S VOICE
No more bets. Even and pass.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT - AT WHEEL
(ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS SHOT AND CREDITED - 165)

It stops spinning.

CROUPIER
(calling out)
Number twenty-two.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

The croupier pushes a pile of chips onto the number. Jan reaches for it.

RICK
(not even looking
at Jan)
Leave it there.

Jan hesitates. Annina looks at Rick.

Jan withdraws his hands. In the background, Carl draws a little closer. Rick spins the wheel. Nobody speaks while it spins. It stops.

CROUPIER
Number twenty-two.

In the background Carl gasps. The croupier shoves a pile of chips towards Jan.

RICK
(to Jan)
Cash it in and don't come back.

In the background the last two customers are seen walking out. One of them is complaining to Carl.

CUSTOMER
Say, you sure this place is honest?

CAFE
(fervently)
Honest! As honest as the day is long!

CLOSE TWO SHOT - JAN AND ANNINA - AT CASHIER'S DESK

CUT TO:

CLOSE TWO SHOT - RICK AND CROUPIER

RICK
(to croupier)
How we doing tonight?

CROUPIER
(drily)
Well - a couple of thousand less than I thought they would be.

Rick smiles slightly and exits towards bar.
176 INT. HALLWAY LEADING TO BAR

Rick enters from gambling room. Carl comes up to Rick as they walk towards the bar. Annina follows them, comes to Rick and kisses him.

ANNINA

M'sr. Rick -- I --

RICK

He's just a lucky guy.

CARL

(solicitously)
May I get you a cup of coffee, M'sieur Rick?

RICK

No, thanks, Carl.

177 MED. SHOT - RENAULT, ANNINA AND JAN

in a corner near the bar, Jan is pressing the bills upon him,

JAN

Captain Renault, may I --

RENAULT

Oh, not yet, 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.

(smiling broadly, but insincerely)

How happy I am for both of you. Still -- it's very strange that you won --

(he looks off)

CUT TO:
178 MED. SHOT - RICK
at the bar.

CUT TO:

179 FULL SHOT - RENAULT, ANNINA AND JAN

RENAULT
(seeing Rick)
Well, perhaps not so strange.
I'll see you in the morning.

ANNINA
Thank you so much, Captain Renault.

She and Jan, beaming with happiness, go off. Renault
looks after her, regretfully. Then he walks toward Rick

CUT TO:

180 CLOSE SHOT - CARL AND SACHA

Carl whispers in Sacha's ear. Sacha says, "no." Sacha
runs to Rick.

SACHA
Boss, you've done a beautiful thing.
(kisses Rick)

RICK
Go away, you crazy Russian!

180a HALLWAY

Renault comes from gambling room and exits to bar.

180b MED. SHOT - RICK

Pretending not to do so, he is glancing in llsa's direc-
tion. Renault comes up to him.

RENAULT
As I suspected, you're a rank
sentimentalist.

RICK
Yeah? Why?

(CONTINUED)
180b CONTINUED:

RENAULT
(chidingly)
Why do you interfere with my little romances?

RICK
Put it down as a gesture of love.

RENAULT
(good-naturedly)
I forgive you this time. But, I will be in tomorrow night with a breath-taking brunette. It will make me very happy if she loses. Uh huh!

He smiles, walks into the gambling room.

CUT TO:

181 OMITTED

182 LASZLO

approaching Rick.

LASZLO
M'sieur Blaine, may I talk to you?

RICK
Go ahead.

LASZLO
Well, isn't there some other place? This is rather confidential -- what I have to say.

RICK
(nodding towards it)
Come up to my office.

As they start up -

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

183 INT. RICK'S OFFICE - RICK

is seated at his desk.

(Continued)
RICK
There's no use our fencing around.
You've come about those Letters of
Transit, haven't you?

LASZLO
I have.

RICK
It seems to be the general impres-
sion in Casablanca that I have
those Letters.

LASZLO
(looking at him
very steadily)
Have you?

RICK
I don't want to do anything to
either bolster or dispel that
impression.

Pause.

LASZLO
Suppose we proceed under the as-
sumption that you have the Letters?

RICK
(shrugging)
Go ahead.

LASZLO
Right. You must know that it's very
important I get out of Casablanca.
(simply)
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.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (1)

RICK

What of it?

LASZLO

Isn't it strange that you always happened to be on the side of the under-dog?

Rick thinks a moment.

Rick

(rises)

Yes. I found that a very expensive hobby, too. But then I never was much of a business man.

LASZLO

Are you enough of a business man to appreciate an offer of a hundred thousand francs?

RICK

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

LASZLO

I'll raise my offer to two hundred thousand.

RICK

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

LASZLO

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

From the cafe we HEAR THE SOUND of male voices raised in song. Rick gets up.

RICK

There is. I suggest that you ask your wife.

Laszlo looks at him, puzzled.

LASZLO

I beg your pardon?

RICK

I said -- ask your wife.

LASZLO

My wife! (CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)
The SOUND of the male singing grows louder.

RICK

Yes.

(hears the singing)

He goes out, leaving Laszlo to stare after him.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE - TWO GERMAN OFFICERS

beer mug in hand, are standing by the piano, singing the "Wacht am Rhine." Sam, looking very uncomfortable, is accompanying them. Everybody in the room is looking at them. Suddenly Sam stops playing. An officer swears at Sam in German, grabs Sam and lifts him off the stool. The officers resume their singing.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT - AT BAR - A FRENCH OFFICER

starts forward. Sacha leans forward quietly and lays a restraining hand on his arm.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT - RICK - ON STEPS

He listens to the officers sing -- his expression dead-pan. Laszlo has come out of the room. His lips are very tight as he listens to the song.

CUT TO:

CRANE SHOT - OVER THE ROOM

The room grows deadly quiet. Strasser is on his feet, singing too. As the CAMERA PASSES the Dark European we see that he is singing the "Wacht am Rhine" too. But nobody else in the room is. Renault has come in from the gambling room, and stands by the door. We can't tell from his expression what he is thinking.

CUT TO:
FULL SHOT - GERMAN OFFICERS - AT THE PIANO

The officers singing the song.

CUT TO:

PAN SHOT

as Laszlo crosses floor to the orchestra.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT - LASZLO

as he reaches orchestra. He asks Sam something.

LASZLO

Play the Marseillaise!

Play it!

Sam looks towards the steps -- towards Rick.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - RICK

He nods almost imperceptibly.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT - SAM AND LASZLO AND ORCHESTRA

as they start to play the first few bars --

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT - YVONNE AND GERMAN OFFICER

She jumps to her feet.

YVONNE

(singing)

'Allons enfants de la patria -- '

CUT TO:
FULL SHOT - SAM, ORCHESTRA AND LASZLO

LASZLO
(singing with Yvonne)
'Le jour de gloire est arrive -- ' 

Someone in the back of the room adds his voice. A woman joins in. A French officer steps defiantly forward and stands beside Laszlo.

FULL SHOT - ROOM

as others stand at their tables, singing the "Marseileaise."

CLOSE SHOT - RICK

His expression hasn't changed.

CLOSE SHOT - RENAULT

is smiling faintly but we still can't tell what he thinks.

FULL SHOT - ROOM

Everyone has gathered together and is singing. The German officers at the bar, and Strasser at this table, are very conspicuous because they are so alone. The singing grows more fervent.

CHORUS

Others now join in from all parts of the room - guests, waiters, bartenders, native police, etc. The chorus swells. By now the German song can scarcely be heard.
MED. SHOT - THE GERMAN OFFICERS

For a few moments they try to compete with the other end of the room, but it's no use. The German song is smothered under La Marseillaise. One by one they stop singing, stare out resentfully toward the tables.

CLOSE SHOT - THE DARK EUROPEAN

He has edged away from the Germans. He is now singing La Marseillaise as fervently as he did the German song.

CLOSE SHOT - RICK

His expression hasn't changed.

CLOSE SHOT - RENAULT - AT DOOR TO GAMBLING ROOM

He is smiling faintly, but we can't tell what he thinks.

FULL SHOT - THRONG

as they sing. Their faces are aglow.

MED. SHOT - ILSA

singing at the table. Ilsa glances proudly at Laszlo.

FULL SHOT - SINGING PEOPLE

The MUSIC SWELLS as the song is finished on a high, triumphant note.

CLOSE SHOT - YVONNE

Her face exalted. She deliberately faces the show where the Germans are watching. She shouts at the top of her lungs.

YVONNE

Vive La France. Vive La Democracio.
AT ORCHESTRA PLATFORM

Several French officers surround Laszlo, offering him a drink.

CROWD
Vive la France! Vive la democracio!

MEDIUM SHOT - STRASSER

His looks are not pleasant. He strides across the floor towards Renault, CAMERA TRUCKING with him. He reaches Renault -- who is standing outside the door to the gambling room.

STRASSER
(under his breath, to Renault)
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 seems to be 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.

Renault thinks a moment, then he blows a loud blast on his whistle. The room immediately grows quiet. All eyes turn toward Renault.

RENAULT
(loudly)
Everybody is to leave here immediately! This cafe is closed until further notice!

An angry murmur starts among the crowd.

RENAULT
Clear the room at once! (CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Rick comes quickly up to Renault.

RICK
How can you close me up? On what grounds?

Renault throws open the door to the gambling room.

RENAULT
(pointing inside with a dramatic gesture)
I am shocked -- shocked to find that there is gambling 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.

CROUPIER
(handing Renault a roll of bills)
Your winnings, sir.

RENAULT
(putting the bills in his pocket)
Thank you very much.
(turns to the crows again)
Everybody out at once!

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT - ILSA AT TABLE

Strasser enters. His manner is heavily cordial. During this scene the cafe is gradually emptying. The scene should be played at a suspenseful, fast tempo.

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

Ilse motions to a chair. Strasser bows and sits down. She looks at him questioningly.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

STRASSER
That is also true. Except for one destination.
(leans closer to her)
To return to Occupied France.

ILSA
Occupied France?

STRASSER
Um huh. Under a safe conduct from me.

FULL SHOT - ROOM

as the crowd, prodded on by gendarmes, starts streaming out. They are murmuring disappointedly.

CUT BACK TO:

MED. SHOT - ILSA AND STRASSER AT TABLE

ILSA
(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 Ilsa, perhaps you have already observed that in Casablanca human life is cheap...

She looks at him, understanding what he means. He bows and exits as Laszlo arrives at the table.

STRASSER
Good night, Mlle.  

CUT TO:
213 MED. SHOT - ILSA AND LASZLO

Laszlo is helping her on with her wrap. They start out.

ILSA

What happened with Rick?

LASZLO (looking at her closely)

We'll discuss it later.

214 BAR

as people are hastily downing their drinks, and leaving. One of the German officers addresses Sacha.

GERMAN OFFICER

Think I'll have a quick one before I go. What's that you're mixing?

SACHA (looking at the slip of paper)

Some new drink --

GERMAN OFFICER

I'll have it.

He reaches over, takes it, drinks it. Then he throws some change on the bar, starts out, CAMERA TRUCKING with him. After a few steps a glazed expression comes into his eyes. He clutches convulsively at his stomach. He is running hell-bent for the door, as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

215 INT. DARK HOTEL ROOM

A door is HEARD to open and then the light is switched on, REVEALING Ilsa and Laszlo as they enter the room. Ilsa takes off her wraps while her husband walks over to the window and starts to draw the shades. There are no words spoken - and we sense a tension between the two. Ilsa's eyes follow him, but Laszlo apparently takes no notice. He looks out of the window.

216 LONG SHOT - MAN ACROSS STREET

- standing in the doorway of a house.
Ilsa enters to Laszlo, stands close beside him.

LASZLO
(as he draws the shade)
Our faithful friend is still there.

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

LASZLO
(soberly)
I must.
(adds with a smile)
And besides, it isn't often that a man has the chance to display heroics before his wife.

ILSA
Don't joke. After Strasser's warning tonight -- I'm frightened!

VICTOR
(with another quiet smile)
To tell you the truth, my dear, I am frightened, too. Shall I remain hiding here in a hotel room -- or shall I carry on the best I can?

ILSA
Whatever I 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?

Ilsa turns away to conceal her emotion. She sits on the edge of the bed. Laszlo follows her with his eyes. He is looking at her steadily and thoughtfully -- but in no way antagonistically.

LASZLO
But no intention of selling them. One would think if sentiment wouldn't persuade him, money would.

ILSA
(ill at once, trying to keep her voice steady)
Did he give any reason? (CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LASZLO
He suggested I ask you.

ILSA
Ask me?

He walks across to her and looks down at her.

LASZLO
He said -- 'ask your wife'. I
don't know why he said that.

Ille finds it impossible to look at him. She looks away.
Laszlo turns off the light switch, making the room dark
except for the dim light that comes from the shaded
windows.

LASZLO
Well, our friend outside will
think we have retired now. I
will go in a few minutes.

He sits down on the bed beside her. A silence falls be-
tween them. It grows strained. Finally --

LASZLO
(quietly)
Ille, I --

ILSA
Yes?

Pause.

LASZLO
Ille -- when I was in the concen-
tration camp -- were you lonely in
Paris?

Their faces are barely visible in the darkness.

ILSA
Yes, Victor. I was.

LASZLO
(sympathetically)
I know how it is to be lonely --
(pause; very quietly)
Is there anything you want to tell
me?

CLOSE SHOT - ILSA - IN THE DARKNESS

Her lips tremble as she controls herself.

(CONTINUED)
ILSA
(very low)
No, Victor -- there isn't.

Silence. Then...

VICTOR'S VOICE
I love you very much, my dear.

ILSA
(barely able to speak)
Yes. Yes, I know. Victor -- Whatever I do, will you believe that
I, that I --

LASZLO
You don't even have to say it.
I'll believe.

219 MEDIUM SHOT - THE TWO

After a moment he gets up.

LASZLO
(bends down, kisses her cheek)
Good night, dear.

ILSA
Good night.

He walks out of scene. She watches him, then...

ILSA
Victor! --

She gets up and exits after him.

220 MEDIUM SHOT - THE TWO - AT THE DOOR

He is just opening it. Ilsa enters to him. In the slit of light from the partially opened door, we can see her face, which is strained and worried.

LASZLO
Yes, dear?

She hesitates. After a pause...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ILSA
(in a tone which suggests this is not what she had been tempted to say)
Be careful.

LASZLO
Of course I'll be careful.

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

LONG SHOT - THE FIGURE IN THE DOORWAY
- has gone.

HOTEL ROOM - ILSA
- watches for a moment longer.

LONG SHOT - A WALL IN BACK OF HOTEL
Laszlo's figure is visible against the wall, going down the narrow street.

HOTEL ROOM - ILSA
- leaves the window and crosses the room to the place she dropped her wrap. She puts it on. Then, after a second's pause, she walks to the door and goes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RICK'S OFFICE - RICK AND CARL
- are bent over ledgers. Carl is very busy figuring.

CARL
(looking up)
Well - you are in pretty good shape, Herr Rick.

RICK
How long can I afford to stay closed?

(CONTINUED)
CARL
Oh, two weeks -- maybe three.

RICK
(gets up)
Maybe I won't have to. A bribe has worked before. In the meantime, everyone stays on salary.

He walks to the door.

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

RICK
(at door)
Now you finish locking up, will ya, Carl?

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

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

CARL
(with a smile)
I won't.

Good night.

RICK

Good night, Mr. Rick.

He goes out.

CUT TO:

BALCONY OUTSIDE OFFICE -- RICK
-- walks toward his apartment.

CUT TO:
JNT. RICK'S APARTMENT

It is dark. The door is opened by Rick, letting in some light from the hall. A figure is revealed in the room. Rick lights a small lamp. There is Ilsa facing 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.

RICK
I told you this morning you'd come around -- but this is a little ahead of schedule.
(with much politeness)
Won't you sit down?

ILSA
(as she takes the chair)
Richard, I had to see you.

RICK
So I'm Richard again? We're back in Paris.

ILSA
Please...

RICK
(lights a cigarette)
Your unexpected visit isn't connected by any chance with the Letters of Transit?
(Ilsa remains silent)
It seems while I have those letters, I'll never be lonely.

ILSA
(looks at him steadily)
Richard, you can ask any price you want. But you must give me those Letters.

RICK
I went all through 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.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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 any more -- except myself. I'm the only Cause I'm interested in.

A pause. Ilsa deliberately takes a new approach.

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

RICK
(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 you only knew the truth --

RICK
(cuts in)
I wouldn't believe you, no matter what you told me. You'll say anything now, to get what you want.

ILSA
(her temper flaring - scornfully)
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 your revenge on the rest of the world. You're a coward, and a weakling.

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

(continues)
RICK
What of it? I'm going to die in
Casablanca. It's just the spot
for it. Now, if you --
(he stops short
as he looks
closely at Ilsa)

CLOSE SHOT - ILSA
She is holding a small revolver in her hand.

ILSA
All right. I tried to reason
with you. I tried everything.
Now I want those letters.

CLOSE SHOT - RICK
For a moment, a look of admiration comes into his eyes.

MED. SHOT - ILSA AND RICK
ILSA
Get them for me.

RICK
I don't have to. I got 'em right here.
(reaching into
his inner pocket)

He has the Letters in his hand.

ILSA
Put them on the table.

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 yo, you won't stop at
anything. All right, I'll make

(CONTINUED)
230 CONTINUED:

RICK (CONT'D)

it easier for you, go ahead, shoot. You'll be doing me a favor.

231 CLOSE SHOT - ILSA

She rises, still pointing the gun at Rick. Her finger rests on the trigger. It seems as if she is summoning nerve to press it. Then, suddenly, her hand trembles and the pistol falls to the table. She breaks up, covering her face with her hands. Rick walks into the SHOT, stands close to her. Suddenly, she flings herself into his arms.

ILSA
(almost hysterical)

Richard, I tried to stay away. I thought I would never see you again... that you were out of my life. The day you left Paris, if you knew what I went through! If you knew how much I loved you... how much I still love you --

Her words are smothered as he presses her tight to him, kisses her passionately. She is lost in his embrace.

FADE OUT.
There is a bottle of champagne on the table and two half-filled glasses. We HEAR Ilsa talking as the CAMERA PANS to her and Rick. She is gazing into space as she talks. Rick is standing at a window looking out, but listening intently.

RICK

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 work. 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?

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 us.

RICK

Well, 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.

(sighing)

I wanted to tell you, but I didn't dare. 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. (CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RICK
Huh. But it's still a story without an ending.
(looks at her directly)
What about now?

ILSA
Now? I don't know.
(simply)
I know that I'll never have the strength to go away from you again.

RICK
And Laszlo?

ILSA
You'll help me now, Richard, won't you? You'll see he gets out?
(Rick nods)
Then he'll have his work -- all that he's been living for.

A pause.

RICK
All except one. He won't have you.

ILSA
I can't fight it any more. I ran away from you once. I can't do it again. 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
(in a whisper)
I wish I didn't love you so much.

She draws his face down to hers. Then Rick hears a noise. Putting his glass down, he goes to door. She follows. Rick exits.

232a EXT. ALLEY - LASZLO AND CARL

making their way through the darkness toward Rick's. The headlights of the speeding car sweep toward them and they flatten themselves against a wall to avoid detection.

(CONTINUED)
232a CONTINUED:
The lights move past them and they continue down the alley.

    CARL
    I think we lost them.

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

    CARL
    Come inside. Come.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

232b INT. RICK'S - LASZLO AND CARL
enter and cross toward the bar, out of breath from their exertion.

    CARL
    I will help you. Come in here.

    LASZLO
    Thank you.

    CARL
    I will get you some water.

CUT TO:

233 INT. RICK'S APARTMENT - RICK AND ILISA
as they hear voices below. Rick crosses to the door.

234 MED. SHOT - RICK - AT THE DOOR UPSTAIRS - ILISA
standing just in back of him. Her expression shows her anxiety for Laszlo. She makes a move as if to come out on the balcony but Rick's arm bars her way. She withdraws behind the door as Rick walks out to the balcony railing.

235 FULL SHOT - CAFE

    RICK
    Carl, what happened?

    CARL
    (CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Both Carl and Laszlo look up.

**CARL**

(excitedly)
Herr Rick, the police break up our meeting! We escaped in the last moment.
(indicates with his fingers the tiniest margin)

**RICK**

Come up here a minute.

Carl, who is just about to pour a drink, looks up wonderingly, then puts the bottle down and starts toward the stairway.

**CARL**

Yes, I come.

**RICK**

(to Carl, as he comes up the stairs)
I want you to put out the light at the rear entrance. It might attract the police.

**CARL**

But Sacha always puts out this light before...

**RICK**

(cutting in)
Tonight he forgot.

**CARL**

Yes, I come. I will do it.

236 **MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE BALCONY**

where Rick stands, as Carl climbs into the SHOT.

**RICK**

(low voice - jerks his head toward the door)
I want you to take Miss Lund home.

Carl's eyes grow enormous but he asks no questions.

**CARL**

Yes, Herr Rick.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

As Carl goes to the door, Rick starts downstairs.

CUT TO:

MED. CLOSE SHOT - LASZLO - IN FRONT OF THE BAR

He is wrapping one of the small bar towels around a cut in his wrist. Rick comes into the SHOT, looks questioningly at the injured hand.

LASZLO
It's nothing. Just a little cut.
We had to get through a window.

He buttons his cuff down over the towel to hold it in place as Rick walks in back of the bar, picks up a bottle of whiskey and pours a drink.

RICK
This might come in handy.

He shoves the glass across the bar to Laszlo.

LASZLO
Thank you.

Laszlo takes it in a swallow. Rick is now pouring one for himself.

RICK
Had a close one, eh?

LASZLO
Yes, rather.

RICK
Don't you sometimes wonder if it's worth all this?

(Laszlo looks at him, puzzled)

I mean what you're fighting for?

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

RICK
What of it? Then it'll be out of its misery.

(CONTINUED)
LASZLO
Do you know how you sound, M'sieur Rick? Like a man trying to convince himself of something that in his heart he doesn't believe. Each of us has a destiny. For good or for evil.

RICK
(drily)
Yes. I get the point.

With the bottle in his hand, Rick starts around toward the front of the bar, Laszlo's body turning as he presses Rick closely.

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 looks at Laszlo for a moment, then sits down at a table and begins to pour himself another drink.

RICK
(ironically)
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.

Rick has lifted his glass to drink. He puts it down, stares at Laszlo, who stands facing him from the bar.

LASZLO
(smiles just a little)
It is perhaps a strange circumstance that we should be in love with the same woman.

Rick straightens up in his chair, watches Laszlo closely. Laszlo walks over to the table.

LASZLO
I knew there was something between you and Ilona the first evening I came in this place. Since no one is to blame, I demand no explanations. I ask only one thing.

(CONTINUED)
He sits down. Their eyes hold across the table.

LASZLO
You will not 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 looks at Laszlo incredulously.

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... (looks away for a moment, then quietly) Yes, I love her that much.

At this moment there is a sharp knock on the front door of the cafe, followed by the entrance of several gendarmes. Rick and Laszlo rise as a French Officer walks into the lighted area, addresses Laszlo.

FRENCH OFFICER
Mr. Laszlo?

LASZLO
Yes.

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.

Laszlo looks at Rick who smiles ironically.

RICK
It seems "destiny" has taken a hand.

In dignified silence, Laszlo crosses to the Police Officer. Together they walk toward the door. Rick's eyes follow them, but his expression reveals nothing of his feelings.

DISSOLVE TO:
238 INT. RENAULT'S OFFICE - RICK AND RENAULT

RICK
You haven't any actual proof, and you know it. This isn't Germany or Occupied France. All you can do is give him a few thousand francs and give him thirty days.

(Renault shrugs)
You might just as well let him go now.

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

RICK
(cutting in)
What makes you think I'd stick my neck out for Laszlo?

RENAULT
Because one: You have bet ten thousand francs that Laszlo will 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 the ten thousand francs.

RICK
You're not very subtle, but you are effective. I get the point.

(grins)
Yes, I have the Letters, but I intend using them myself. I'm leaving Casablanca on tonight's plane...the last plane.

RENAULT
What!

(CONTINUED)
And I'm taking a friend with me.
(smiles)
One you'll appreciate.

What friend?

Ilsa Lund.

(an amazed incred-
ulity is written
on Renault's face)
That ought to put your mind to
rest about my helping Laszlo es-
cape. The last one I want to
see in America.

(shrewdly)
You did not 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 still
interested in what happens to
Laszlo?

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.

What makes you think we want to
hold you.

Ilsa is Laszlo's wife. She knows
a good deal that Strasser would
like to know. Louis, I'll make a
deal with you. Instead of the
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?

(CONTINUED)
It most certainly would. Germany...
(corrects himself)
Vichy would be grateful.

Then release him and be at my
place a half hour before the
plane leaves. I'll arrange for
Laszlo to come for the Letters of
Transit. That will give you crim-
inal grounds to make the arrest.
You get him, and we get away. To
the Germans that will only be a
minor annoyance.

(puzzled)
There's something I don't under-
stand about this business. Miss
Lund -- she's very beautiful, yes
...But you were never interested
in any woman.

Well, she isn't just any woman.

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

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

Ricky, I'm gonna miss you. Appar-
tently you're the only one in Casab-
blanca that has even less scruples
than I.

(drily)
Thanks.

Go ahead, Rick.

(he rises)
Oh, by the way, call off your watch-
dogs when you let him go. I don't
want them around this afternoon.
I'm taking no chances, Louis -- not
even with you.
INT. VISITORS' PEN

There is the wire netting that separates the visitors from the prisoners. Rick is seated on his side. There is nobody else in the room. Then a door opens and a guard leads Laszlo into the room. As Laszlo, looking coldly at Rick, seats himself, the guard leaves the room.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT - RICK AND LASZLO

facing each other across the netting.

RICK
(sotto voce)
I haven't much time. I've bribed a release for you.

LASZLO
(looking at him closely)
Thank you --

RICK
I've decided to let you have the Letters of Transit --
(Laszlo stares at him)
-- for a hundred thousand francs.

LASZLO
Very well.

RICK
Better get down to my cafe a few minutes before the Lisbon plane leaves.

LASZLO
They'll shadow me.

RICK
I've taken care of that.

241 RENAULT - IN HIS OFFICE

listening over a sort of a dictaphone.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

LASZLO'S VOICE
(coming through)
And Ilsa?

There is a pause. Renault strains his ears.

RICK'S VOICE
Bring her with you all ready to leave.

Renault smiles broadly.

CUT TO:

WED. SHOT - RICK AND LASZLO

LASZLO
(gratefully)
M'sieur Rick --

RICK
(curly)
Skip it. This is strictly a matter of business.
(he gets up and walks out)

DISSOLVE TO:

OMITTED

INT. FERRARI'S OFFICE - LONG SHOT - RICK AND FERRARI

at table. As the CAMERA MOVES UP to them we HEAR Ferrari saying:

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

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

(CONTINUED)
FERRARI

(shaking hands,
sighs enviously)
Oh -- to get out of Casablanca
-- to go to America...You are a
lucky man.

RICK
Oh, by the way -- my agreement
with Sam's always been he gets
twenty-five per cent of the prof-
its. That still goes.

FERRARI
I happen to know he gets ten per
cent. 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
So long.
(he walks to the
door, stops, turns)
Don't forget, you owe Rick's a hun-
dred cartons of American cigarettes.

FERRARI
(smiles)
I shall remember to pay it to my-
self.

Rick walks off.

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. SHOT - PLANE AT AIRPORT - NIGHT

A crew of workmen are giving it the last-minute inspection.
EXT. RICK'S

On the door a huge placard is pasted. It reads:

CLOSED
By Order of The Prefect of Police

Renault's hand enters and knocks on door.

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. SHOT - AT FRONT DOOR

as Rick comes into scene and opens the door to admit Renault.

RICK

You're late.

RENAULT

I was informed when Laszlo was about to leave the hotel, so I knew I would be on time.

RICK

I thought I asked you to tie up your watch-dogs.

RENAULT

He won't be followed here.

(looks around the empty cafe, sighs)

You know, this place won't be 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 smiles.

RENAULT

Is everything ready?

RICK

(tapping his breast pocket)

I have the Letters right there.

RENAULT

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

(continued)
CONTINUED:

RICK

In Sam's piano.

RENAULT
Serves me right for not being musical!

The SOUND of a car pulling up is HEARD.

RICK
Here they are. You'd better wait in my office.

As Renault walks toward the office -

EXT. CAFE - LASZLO

is paying the cab driver. Ilsa is walking toward the entrance.

LASZLO
(to cab driver)
Here.

INT. CAFE - AT DOOR - RICK

is opening it to admit Ilsa. She goes into his arms.

CLOSE SHOT - ILSA AND RICK

Her intensity reveals the strain she is under.

ILSA
Richard, Victor thinks I'm leaving 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.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Oh, Rick!

She looks at him with a vaguely questioning look.

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

Yes, I will.

FULL SHOT - THE CAFE

as Laszlo comes in.

M'sieur Blaine. I don't know
how to thank you.

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

I brought the money, M'sieur
Blaine.

Keep it. You'll need it in
America.

But we made a deal.

(cutting him short)
Oh, never mind that. You won't
have any trouble in Lisbon, will
you?

No. That is all arranged.

Good. I've got the Letters right
here. They're all made out in
blank.

(takes out the Letters)
All you have to do is fill in the
signatures.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

He hands them to Laszlo, who takes them gratefully.

RENAULT'S VOICE
(over scene)
Victor Laszlo!

They wheel toward the office door.

MED. SHOT - RENAULT

coming down the steps.

RENAULT
Victor Laszlo, you are under arrest...

MED. CLOSE SHOT - ILSA AND LASZLO

both caught completely off guard, and speechless. They turn toward Rick. Horror is in Ilsa's eyes.

RENAULT'S VOICE
(over scene)
...on a charge of accessory to the murder of the couriers from whom those Letters were stolen.

He walks into the SHOT, notices their bewildered expressions.

RENAULT
Oh, you are surprised about my friend, Rick? The explanation is quite simple. Love, it seems, has triumphed over virtue. Thank --

Obviously, the situation delights Renault. He is laughing as he turns toward Rick. Suddenly the laughter dies in his throat.

FULL SHOT - FAVORING RICK

In Rick's hand is a gun, which he is levelling at Renault.

(CONTINUED)
RICK
Not so fast, Louis. Nobody's gonna be arrested. Not for a while yet.

RENAULT
(staring open-mouthed for a moment)
Have you taken leave of your senses?

RICK
I have. Sit down over there.

Renault hesitates.

CLOSE SHOT - ILSA
as her belief in Rick comes back.

FULL SHOT - FAVORING RICK AND RENAUET

RENAULT
(walking toward Rick)
Put that gun down.

RICK
(not retreating a step)
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. Then he shrugs.

RENAULT
Under the circumstances, I will sit down.

He walks to a table, sits down and reaches into his pocket.

RICK
(sharply)
Keep your hands on the table...

RENAULT
(taking out a cigarette case)
I suppose you know what you are doing, but I wonder if you realize what this means?  

(CONTINUED)
RICK
I do. We'll have plenty of time
to discuss that later.

RENAULT
(reproachfully, to Rick)
Call off your watch-dogs, you said!

Rick takes a phone on a long cord, slides it across the
table to Renault.

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

RENAULT
(as he dials)
That is my least vulnerable spot.
(into phone)
Hello, airport? -- 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:

257 MEDIUM SHOT - STRASSER - ON PHONE - IN GERMAN CONSULATE

STRASSER
(jigging receiver violently)
Hello...hello...

He hands up the receiver momentarily, presses a buzzer on
his desk, then again lifts receiver.

STRASSER
(to officer entering door)
My car, quickly!

OFFICER
(saluting)
Zu Nofehl, Herr Major.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

The officer exits; Strasser resumes on the telephone.

STRASSER

This is 

Have a 

at the 

at once. At once! Do you 

Hanging up the receiver, and grabbing his cap, he 

burredly exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

LONG SHOT - AIRPORT - NIGHT

In the far b.g. the beacon atop of the radio tower slowly 
revolves its light, dimmed by a heavy fog. In the middle 
b.g. the outline of the Transport plane is barely visible. 
Near its open door stand a small group of people, attaches, 
etc.

A car pulls up near the open door of the hangar in the f.g.

MED. SHOT - A UNIFORMED ORDERLY

is at the telephone near the hangar door.

ORDERLY

Hello, radio tower...Lisbon plane 
taking off in ten minutes...Thank you.

He hangs up, crosses toward the car.

MED. SHOT - AT CAR

The Orderly salutes smartly as he recognizes Renault alight-
ing from the car. The latter is closely followed by Rick, 
hand in pocket, still covering Renault with a gun. Laszlo 
and Ilsa come from the rear of the car.

RICK

(indicating Orderly)

Louis, have your man go with 

Mr. Laszlo and take care of 

his luggage.

(CONTINUED)
RENAULT
(bows ironically)
Certainly, Ricky. Anything you say.
(to Orderly)
Find Mr. Laszlo’s luggage and put it on the plane.

ORDERLY
Yes, sir. This way please.

Renault nods curtly to the Orderly, who escorts Laszlo off in the direction of the plane. Rick takes the Letters of Transit out of his pocket, hands them to Renault.

RICK
If you don’t mind, Louis, you fill in the names.
(smiles)
That will make it even more official.

RENAULT
You think of everything.

He takes out his pen, spreads the papers on the fender of the car.

RICK
(quietly)
And the names are Mr. and Mrs. Victor Laszlo.

Both Ilsa and Renault look at Rick with astonishment.

ILSA
But why my name, Richard?

RICK
(still watching Renault)
Because you’re getting on that plane.

ILSA
(dazed)
But I...I don’t understand. What about you?

RICK
I’m staying here with him ’till the plane gets safely away.

(continued)
ILSA
(as Rick's intention
fully dawns on her)
No, Richard, no!...What's happened
to you? Last night we said --

RICK
Last night we said a good 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
Now you've got to listen to me.
Do you have any idea what you'd
have to look forward to if you stay
here? Nine chances out of ten we'd
both land in a concentration camp.
Is that true, Louis?

RENAULT
(as he finishes counter-
signing the papers)
I am afraid that Major Strasser
would insist...

260  LONG SHOT  -  STRASSER'S CAR

- speeding toward the airport.

CUT BACK TO:

261  ILSA, RICK AND RENAU
t

- as Renault is concluding...

ILSA
(turns to Rick)
You're saying this only to make
me go.
CLOSE SHOT - RICK AND ILSA

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.

For a moment she can't answer - she's that honest. Then she looks at him and her eyes are brimming.

ILSA
But what about us?

RICK
We'll always have Paris. We didn't have it - we'd lost it - until you came to Casablanca. We got it back last night.

ILSA
And I said that I would never leave you!

RICK
(taking her by the shoulders)
And you never will. But I've got a job to do, too. Where I'm going you can't follow -- what I've got to do - you can be no part of. I'm not good at being noble, Ilsa -- But it doesn't take much to see that the problems of three little people don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world. Some day you'll understand that. Not now. Here's looking at you kid.

At this moment...

LASZLO'S VOICE
Everything is in order?

(CONTINUED)
He walks INTO SHOT. Ilse stands hesitating. Rick cuts in before she can speak.

RICK
All except one thing. There's something you should know before you leave.

LASZLO
(sensing what is coming)
Monsieur Blaine, I do not 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 Ilse and me.

LASZLO
Yes.

RICK
But you didn't know that she was at my place last night when you were. She came there for the Letters of Transit. Isn't that true, Ilse?

ILSA
Yes.

RICK
(his voice more harsh, almost brutal)
She tried everything to get them. But nothing else worked. She did her best to convince me 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
I understand.

Rick hands him the letter.

RICK
Here it is.

LASZLO
Thanks. I appreciate it. Welcome back to the fight. This time I know our side will win. Are you ready, Ilse?
CLOSE SHOT - ILSA
As she looks at Rick for the last time.

ILSA
Yes, I'm ready.
(to Rick)
Goodbye, Rick. God bless you.

RICK
You better hurry, or you'll miss that plane.

MEDIUM SHOT
Ilsa and Laszlo leave in direction of plane.

TWO SHOT - RICK AND RENAULT

Renault regards Rick triumphantly.

RENAULT
Well, I was right! You are a sentimentalist!

RICK
I don't know what you are talking about. Stay where you are!

RENAULT
What you just did for Laszlo. And that fairy tale you invented to send Ilza away with him. I know a little about women, my friend. She went, but she knew you were lying.

RICK
Anyway, thanks for helping me out.

Rick's face reveals nothing. With his free hand he takes out a cigarette and lights it.

(CONTINUED)
RENAULT
I suppose you know this is not going to be pleasant for either of us...especially for you. I have to arrest you, of course.

RICK
As soon as the plane goes Louis.

Renault shrugs.

LONG SHOT - AIRPORT - MINIATURE
The plane's motors roar. It slowly taxis down the field.

MED. SHOT - NEAR HANGAR
A car comes speeding down the roadway toward Rick and Renault and screams to a stop.

OMITTED

MEDIUM SHOT
Strasser alights from the car and runs toward Renault.

STRASSER
What was the meaning of that phone call?

RENAULT
Victor Laszlo is on that plane.

He nods off down the field.

LONG SHOT - AIRPORT - (MINIATURE)
The plane has reached the far end of the field, is turning around, preparatory for the take-off run.
MED. SHOT - NEAR HANGAR

Strasser is dazed for a moment, then recovers.

STRASSE R
Why do you stand there? Why don't you stop him?

RENAULT
Ask M'sieur Rick.

Strasser makes a step toward the telephone which is visible just inside the hangar door. Rick pulls revolver from his pocket and points it at Strasser.

RICK
Get away from that phone!

Strasser stops in his tracks, looks at Rick, sees that he means business.

STRASSE R
(steel y)
I would advise you not to interfere.

RICK
I was willing to shoot Captain Renault...and I'm willing to shoot you.

LONG SHOT - AIRPORT - (MINIATURE)

The plane speeds down the field and starts to rise from the ground.

MED. SHOT - NEAR HANGAR

Strasser watches the plane in agony. His eyes dart toward the telephone.

CLOSE SHOT - RENAULT

He watches fascinated.

MED. SHOT - RICK AND STRASSE R

Strasser runs toward the telephone.
CLOSE SHOT - AT TELEPHONE

Strasser desperately grasps the receiver.

STRASSER
(over phone)
Hello... Hello...

RICK'S VOICE
(over scene)
Put that phone down!

STRASSER
(over phone)
Get me the Radio Tower.

MED. SHOT - RICK AND STRASSER

RICK
Put it down.

Strasser, his one hand with 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.

MED. SHOT - RICK AND RENAULT

Renault continues to stare off scene. Rick watches upward, as the SOUND of the plane becomes fainter.

LONG SHOT - SKY

The Transport grows smaller in the distance.

MED. SHOT - NEAR HANGAR

Rick continues to stare aloft. At the SOUND of a car approaching, both men turn.

LONG SHOT - A POLICE CAR

speeds in and comes to a stop near Renault. Four police hurriedly alight.
CLOSE SHOT - RENAULT

looking at Rick.

CLOSE SHOT - RICK

as he returns Renault's gaze. His eyes are expressionless.

FULL SHOT

The gendarmes run to Renault. Renault turns to them.

REENAULT

Major Strasser has been shot.

(Raises as he looks

at Rick, then to

the gendarmes)

Round up the usual suspects...

REENAULT

(saluting)

Yes, Captain.

He leads the other gendarmes off. The two men look at one another.

REENAULT

Well, Rick, you're not only a

sentimentalist, but you've

become a patriot.

RIIC

Maybe, but it seemed like a good
time to start.

REENAULT

I think perhaps you're right.

(lights a cigarette)

It might be just as well for you
to disappear from Casablanca. I

understand there's a Free French
garrison over at Bravayville. I

might be induced to arrange your

passage.

(CONTINUED)
RICK
(smiles)
My Letter of Transit?
(his eyes following
the plane, which is
now receding into
the distance)
I could use a trip... But it
doesn't make any difference about
our bet, you still owe me the
ten thousand francs.

RENAULT
And that ten thousand francs
should pay our expenses.

RICK
Our expenses!

RENAULT
Uh huh.

RICK
I think this is the beginning
of a beautiful friendship.

THE END