

PROMETHEUS PRODUCTIONS, INC

9708 CENTER WOOD ST.

LOS ANGELES, CA 90034

This screenplay is unpublished literary property held under common law copyright, and has been privately circulated to a limited number of universities in the United States for educational purposes only. No copies may be reproduced or any portion of this material published or circulated without the specific written permission in each case of Warner Bros. Inc., 4000 Warner Boulevard, Burbank, California.

"Casablanca"

Screenplay by

Julius J. Epstein & Philip G. Epstein
and Howard Koch

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:

4 CLOSE SHOT - RELIEF MAP OF CASABLANCA

A street on the map.

DISSOLVE TO:

5 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:

6 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:

7 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.

8 STREET CORNER

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

1ST POLICEMAN

May we see your papers, please?

(CONTINUED)

8 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 TRACKS with him. From off
scene we HEAR the policeman shout "Halt!" -- But the civi-
lian keeps going. A shot rings out, the man falls.

The CAMERA PANS to a --

9 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, Egalite, 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 cigarette 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 and
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 Pre-
fect. Unless, of course, one is a
beautiful young girl. The rich and
the beautiful sail to Lisbon. The
poor are always with us.

(CONTINUED)

15 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 com-
passionately around
the Englishman)

M'sieur, I beg of you, watch your-
self. Take care. Be on guard...

ENGLISHMAN

(rather taken aback
by this sudden dis-
play 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 disconcerted 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 puts 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 BOMB of a low-flying airplane is HEARD. Heads look up.

16 AIRPLANE FLYING OVERHEAD

- its motor cut for a landing.

17 PLANE

Showing the swastika on its tail.

18 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:

19 AIRPORT - THE PLANE

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

20 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 HEINZ, 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)

20 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.

21 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)

21 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. Heinze and
Casselle follow, with the Italian captain left to bring
up the rear.

22 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)

22 CONTINUED:

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

STRASSER
(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.

STRASSER
Good. Is he in custody?

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

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

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

As they arrive at the car -

DISSOLVE TO:

23. OMITTED.

24. ELECTRIC SIGN - "RICK'S" - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS DOWN TO:

25. 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:

26. 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 fuars. Levantines. Naval officers. Members of the Foreign Legion, distinguished by their kapis --

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)

26 CONTINUED:

- c) CAMERA PANS AND HOLDS on San, 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:

27 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.

28 CARL

tray 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:

29 LONG SHOT - INT. GAMBLING ROOM

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

CUT TO:

30 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:

31 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:

32 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:

33 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)

33 CONTINUED:

CARL
(shaking his head)
That wouldn't impress Rick. The
leading banker in Amsterdam is
now the pastry chef in our kit-
chen, and his father is the bell-
boy.

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

34 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 TRACKING with him.

CUT TO:

35 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 gentlemen --

CUT TO:

36 MED. 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 nervous air. If he were an American, he would look like a tout. He looks interestedly 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 negro's eye at the piano. The negro, who while still playing 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:

33 INT. SHOT - AT TABLE - IN GAMBLING ROOM:
(ALTERNATE SCENE NUMBER AS SHOT AND CREDITED - 42)

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

UGARTE

(sawing)

Huh. 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 cour-
iers, wasn't it?

RICK

(indifferently)

They got a break. Yesterday they were just two German clerks; to-
day 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.

39

BARTENDER

(ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS SHOT AND CREDITED - 43)

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

UGARTE

(his 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 business 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)

39 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 ever 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 MED. 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)

40 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 share my good luck with your roulette wheel.

He starts across the floor.

RICK

Wait a minute -- . Yeah.

Ugarte stops. Rick comes up to him.

41 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 - CAFE

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 MED. CLOSE SHOT - 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 MED. 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 MED. 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)

42 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:

43 MED. SHOT - AT LONG BAR IN CAFE PROPER - YVONNE

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

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

is looking at her with lovesick eyes, is filling her tumbler.

SACHA

The boss's private stock. Because -- 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:

44 MED. SHOT - SAM

is in the midst of a number.

CUT TO:

45 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)

45 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 loff 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 hall door.

RICK

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

46 STREET IN FRONT OF RICK'S - SACHA

stands at the curb signalling a cab. Finally one pulls up.

47 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 he 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.

48 TRUCKING SHOT - RICK

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

RENAULT

Hello, Rick.

RICK

Hello, Louis.

(CONTINUED)

48 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 RENAULT

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

(curtly)

Why? What's in Lisbon?

(CONTINUED)

51 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 - sardonically)
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.

52 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)

52 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:

53 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:

55 MED. 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)

55 CONTINUED:

RENAULT (CONT'D)

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:

56 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:

57 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)

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 concen-
tration 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. (CONTINUED)

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 Mar-
seilles, 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)

57 CONTINUED: (3)

RENAULT

I have my orders.

RICK

Oh, I see. Gestapo spank.

58 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.

59 MED. SHOT - RICK AND RENAULT

RICK

Yeah, you were saying --

RENAULT

(hurriedly)

Excuse me --

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

60 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.

61 CAFE

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 officers. 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)

61 CONTINUED:

STRASSER
I expected no less, Captain.

CUT TO:

62 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.

63 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.

64 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)

64 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.

65 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.

66 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...

67 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.

68 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.

69 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.

70 STRASSER'S TABLE

The song is finished and the excitement has quieted down. Renault, Strasser and Heinze 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 Heinze
-- of the Third Reich.

Rick nods to Strasser and Heinze.

STRASSER
Please join us, Mr. Rick.

Rick sits down beside Heinze, 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)

70 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.

71 CLOSE SHOT - RENAULT

RENAULT

That makes Rick a citizen of the
world.

72 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)

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, riffles 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)

72 CONTINUED: (1)

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 bound's point of view, too.

STRASSER

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

RENAULT

Of course, one must admit he has great courage.

STRASSER

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

RICK

(rises with a
slight smile)

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

(CONTINUED)

72 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:

73 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.

74 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.

75 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)

75 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.

76 CLOSEUP - BERGER

looking intently at Laszlo.

77 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.

78 CLOSE SHOT - SAM

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

79 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.

80 AT LASZLO'S TABLE

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

LASZLO
Two cointreaux, please.

WAITER'S VOICE
Yes, Monsieur.

LASZLO
(to Ilsa)
I see no one of Ugarte's description.

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

LASZLO
If we would walk out so soon, it would only call attention to us. Perhaps Ugarte's in some other part of the cafe.

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 thing --

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.

81 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.

62 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 scene)

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)

82 CONTINUED:

RENAULT
Monsieur Laszlo, is it not?

LASZLO
Yes.

RENAULT
I am Captain Renault, Prefect of Police.

LASZLO
Yes. What is it you want?

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

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

RENAULT
(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.

ILSA
You are very kind.

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

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

WAITER
(walking into shot)
Yes, Capitaine.

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

82 CONTINUED: (1)

EMIL

Very well, sir.

LASZLO

No, Capitaine -- 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 --

RENAULT

Sam?

ILSA

Yes.

RENAULT

He came from Paris with Rick.

ILSA

Rick? Who's he?

RENAULT

(smiling)

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

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.

Renault 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)

Captaine 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)

82 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.

23 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.

84 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.

85 CLOSE SHOT - SAM

Sam plays last chorus and looks towards Ilsa, off.

86 LARGE CLOSEUP - ILSA

Ilsa watches Sam.

86A MED. CLOSE SHOT - LASZLO'S TABLE

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.

Ilsa 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 Ilsa's direction.

86D MED. SHOT - LASZLO'S TABLE - FROM SAM'S ANGLE

Ilsa 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

Mr. Berger -- the ring -- could I see the ring?

BERGER

Yes, Monsieur.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

LASLO

(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 ever 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.

28 CLOSEUP - LASZLO'S TABLE - ILSA

ILSA

(to waiter)

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

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

WAITER
Very well, Mademoiselle.

89 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
Two champagne cocktails. Please.

SACHA
Yes, sir.

90- ANGLE FAST ILSE TO SAM AND WAITER

93

Sam looks up, startled. Ilse 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, Ilse herself is not as self-
possessed as she tries to appear. There is something
behind this, some mysterious, deep-flowing feeling.

ILSE
Hello, Sam.

(CONTINUED)

94 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.

Ilsa 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)

94 CONTINUED: (1)

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.

95 ENTRANCE TO GAMBLING ROOM - RICK

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

RICK

Sam, I thought I told you never
to play it!

He stops abruptly, stops speaking and stops moving.

96 FROM HIS PERSPECTIVE - SAM & ILSA

- at the piano.

97. 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.

98 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.

99 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:

100 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.

101 SIDE ANGLE - GROUP

- as Rick moves into scene.

RENAULT

Mile., 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)

101 CONTINUED:

Ilsa 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 Ilsa 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 case
-- I congratulate you.

RICK

And I congratulate you.

LASZLO

What for?

RICK

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

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)

101 CONTINUED: (1)

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, Mile.

LASZLO

Ilse, 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 overstayed our welcome.

RICK

Not at all.

WAITER

(to Laszlo)

Your check, sir.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

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

RENAULT
Another precedent broken. This
has been a most interesting evening.
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
(extending 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.

LASZLO
Goodnight.

RICK
Goodnight.

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

102 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)

105 CONTINUED:

During the following scene the beacon continues its gyration, 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 plausible 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?

RICK

No.

SAM

(still trying)

I ain't sleepy neither.

RICK

Good. Have a drink.

SAM

No. Not me.

RICK

Don't have a drink.

(CONTINUED)

6/13/42

105 CONTINUED: (1)

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

(drunken nostalgia)

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

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

RICK (CONTD)

(with sudden vehemence)

Of all the gin joints in all the
towns in all the world she walks
into mine -- I

(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:

105a 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 & 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 & CREDITED - 110a)

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

(CONTINUED)

109 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 - 110a)

Rick and Ilsa dancing.

111 INT. ILSA'S PARIS APARTMENT - (ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS
SHOT & CREDITED - 110c)

Rick and Ilsa on.

ILSA
A frame 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
Well, that's easy. There was.
He is dead.

(CONTINUED)

111 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 kissed him.

112 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.

113 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
score. It won't be safe for you
here.

RICK

(smiles)

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

Sign over the cafe: "LA BELLE AUBRE"

DISSOLVE TO:

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 beer! 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)

5/22/42

119 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.

120 MED. SHOT - SAM

coming into the scene.

SAM
Dem Germans'll be here mighty
soon. Day'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
But be serious, darling. You are
in danger. You must leave Paris.

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)

120 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 engin-
eer? Why can't we 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:

121 GARE DE LYON

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.

122 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:

123 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 silence. 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 standing 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.

124 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.

125 ILSA

at the doorway in the darkness.

ILSA

Rick.

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

125 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 Casablanca? 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 so bad, 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)

126 CONTINUED: (1)

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 Lazzlo - or were there others in between - or aren't you the kind that tells?

127 ILSA

tears in her eyes. She steps in the doorway, looks back at him, then she turns and walks out.

128 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.

6/9/43

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 Ilse 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 Ilsa. Both Renault and Strasser, in the f.g., rise, facing the couple as they walk toward them. Renault moves forward to offer Ilsa his hand.

RENAULT .

I am delighted to see you both.

Laszlo bows to both men, but offers to shake hands with neither. Ilsa 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

(now 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)

134 CONTINUED: (1)

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)

134 CONTINUED: (2)

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 certain 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 Senator Ugarte.

LASZLO

Yes.

RENAULT

I believe you have a message for him.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: (3)

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 stop 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.

DISSOLVE TO:

135 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 run 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 --

M'sieur

Ferrari?

(CONTINUED)

6/9/42

80.

135 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:

136 OMITTED

137 ENTRANCE TO BLUE PARROT - SENOR FERRARI

comes out, looks impatiently up and down the street.

CUT TO:

138 MED. SHOT - THE NATIVE AND THE MAN

NATIVE

You will find him over there at
the Blue Parrot.

MAN

Thanks.

CUT TO:

139 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 Fer-
rari, are you not?

FERRARI

Yes?

JAN

We were told that you might be
able to help us

(CONTINUED)

7/3/42

81.

139 CONTINUED:

Ferrari looks at them a moment before answering.

FERRARI

Come in.

He leads the way into the Blue Parrot.

DISSOLVE TO:

140 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:

7/8/42

141 INT. BLUE PARROT CAFE

much less pretentious than RICKS. The bar is well populated, 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)

143 CONTINUED:

FERRARI

(chuckling)

Carrying charges, my friend,
carrying charges...

(pulling out a chair)

Here -- sit down. There's some-
thing I want to talk over with
you, anyhow.

(Rick sits down -

Ferrari hails 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)

143 CONTINUED: (1)

FERRARI

(smiling)

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:

145 MED. 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.

146 MED. 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, Mademoiselle. 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)

6/13/42

146 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 con-
fused. 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)

146 CONTINUED: (1)

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 know 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 Casa-
blanca -- 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 Lazzlo -- 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)

146 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 headshake, puts away the sign "100 francs" and replaces it with the original, "700 francs".

CUT TO:

147 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)

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 get-
ting out of Lille, why didn't you
leave me there? And when I was sick
in Marseilles and held you up for
two weeks and you were in danger every
minute of the time - why didn't you
leave me then?

LASZLO

(with a wry smile)

I mean to, but something always held
me up.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED: (1)

LASZLO (CONT'D)

(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 looking
for two extra visas. Thank
you very much.

FERRARI

(his manner indicating
it is hopeless)

Well -- good luck. But be careful --

(a flick of his eyes
in the direction of
the barman)

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... Monsieur
I am proud to make one more suggestion --
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)

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.

Ilsa's face darkens. Laszlo quietly observes.

LASZLO

Rick?

6/13/42

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 Ilsa and Laszlo as they start down the marketplace. He watches Ilsa out of the corner of his eye as they go along.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENES 149-150-151 OMITTED.

152 EXT. RICK'S - NIGHT

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

153 INT. RICK'S CAFE - SAM AND CORINA

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

154 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 be-
seach you --

TOURIST
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.

155 MED. SHOT - INT. RICK'S CAFE

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

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

Carl exits, and Rick pours himself a drink.

156 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)

Luis -- are you Pro-Vichy 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.

RENAULT

Huh?

157 MED. SHOT - RICK AND 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)

158 MED. SHOT - AT BAR - YVONNE AND OFFICER

YVONNE

Sacha!

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)

158 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:

159 STRASSER'S TABLE

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

(CONTINUED)

159 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...like?

STRASSER

(nods)

Um, 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:

160 MED. SHOT - THE LEUCHTAGS - AT TABLE

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 when 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)

160 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, huh.

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 TRACKS WITH Annina as she crosses to the roulette
table, where Jan is bending over the spinning wheel. An-
nina watches breathlessly over his shoulder. The wheel
stops. The Croupier takes in the chips. Jan wipes his
forehead.

JAN
Black again...

ANNINA
(handing 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 re-
solve, 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.

161 MED. SHOT - ANNINA

She stops, looks in Rick's direction, steels 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.

6/5/42

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

(wily)

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, Monsieur. A devil has the people by the throat. So Jan and I, we...we do not want our children to grow up in such a country.

RICK

(wearily)

So you decide to go to America.

ANNINA

Yes. But we do not have much money, and travel is so difficult and expensive, 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)

161 CONTINUED: (1)

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?

ANNINA

Oh, yes.

RICK

And he is still willing to give
you a visa?

ANNINA

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:

162 RICK AND ANNINA

Annina is very disturbed.

ANNINA

M'Sieur, you are a man. If some-
one 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)

162 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

(harshly)

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:

163 CLOSE SHOT - ANNINA

She looks down at the tablecloth, her lips are trembling.

ANNINA

(tonelessly)

Thank you -- M'sieur.

She remains seated.

CUT TO:

163A MED. CLOSE

Rick comes from Annina and crosses to desk.

164 MED. SHOT - RICK

dead-pan, as usual, walking among the tables. He stops short as he sees someone entering.

CUT TO:

165 MED. SHOT - AT REVOLVING DOOR - ILSA AND LAZLO

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:

166 CLOSE SHOT - ILSA

as Rick confers with the headwaiter she looks at Rick intently.

CUT TO:

167 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 gambl-
ing room. Annina, in b.g., rises and follows him.

168 INT. GAMBLING ROOM

Rick enters and approaches croupier.

CUT TO:

169 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)

169 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:

170 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:

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

looking at Rick.

CUT TO:

172 CLOSE SHOT - CARL

in the background, looking at the wheel, fascinated.

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

CUT TO:

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

It stops spinning.

CROUPIER
(calling out)
Number: twenty-two.

(CONTINUED)

173 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?

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

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

CUT TO:

175 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

Mr. Rick -- I --

RICK

He's just a lucky guy.

CARL

(solicitously)

May I get you a cup of coffee,
Monsieur 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:

173 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.

181 ED. SHOT - RICK

Pretending not to do so, he is glancing in Ilsa'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 to 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)

163 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)

183 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)

183 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:

184 INT. CAFE - TWO GERMAN OFFICERS

beer mugs 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:

185 MED. SHOT - AT BAR - A FRENCH OFFICER

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

CUT TO:

186 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:

187 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:

188 FULL SHOT - GERMAN OFFICERS - AT THE PIANO

The officers singing the song.

CUT TO:

189- PAN SHOT

190 as Laszlo crosses floor to the orchestra.

CUT TO:

191 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:

192 CLOSE SHOT - RICK

He nods almost imperceptibly.

CUT TO:

193 MED. SHOT - SAM AND LASZLO AND ORCHESTRA

as they start to play the first few bars --

CUT TO:

194 MED. SHOT - YVONNE AND GERMAN OFFICER

She jumps to her feet.

YVONNE
(singing)
'Allous enfants de la patrie -- '

CUT TO:

195 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.

CUT TO:

196 FULL SHOT - ROOM

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

CUT TO:

197 CLOSE SHOT - RICK

His expression hasn't changed.

CUT TO:

198 CLOSE SHOT - RENAULT

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

CUT TO:

199 FULL SHOT - ROOM

Everyone has gathered together and is singing. The German officers at the bar, and Strasser at his 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.

200 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.

201 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.

202 CLOSE SHOT - RICK

His expression hasn't changed.

203 CLOSE SHOT - RENAULT - AT DOOR TO GAMING ROOM

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

204 FULL SHOT - THRONG

as they sing. Their faces are aglow.

205 MED. SHOT - ILSA

singing at the table. Ilsa glances proudly at Laszlo.

206 FULL SHOT - SINGING PEOPLE

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

207 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 Democracie.

208 AT ORCHESTRA PLATFORM

Several French officers surround Laszlo, offering him a drink.

CROWD

Vive la France! Vive la democracie!

209 MED. 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)

209 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 crowd
again)
Everybody out at once!

CUT TO:

210 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 Iaszlo to stay
in Casablanca.

Ilsa 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)

210 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.

211 FULL SHOT - ROOM

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

CUT BACK TO:

212 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 Lazlo 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.

217 INT. HOTEL ROOM - AT WINDOW

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.

LACZLO
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)

217 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.

Ilsa 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 between them. It grows strained. Finally --

LASZLO

(quietly)

Ilsa, I --

ILSA

Yes?

Pause.

LASZLO

Ilsa -- when I was in the concentration 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?

218 CLOSE SHOT - ILSA - IN THE DARKNESS

Her lips tremble as she controls herself.

(CONTINUED)

218 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 - What-
ever I do, will you believe that
I, that I --

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

219 MED. 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 MED. 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)

220 CONTINUED:

ILSA
(in a tone which suggests this is not
what she has 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.

221 LONG SHOT - THE FIGURE IN THE DOORWAY

- has gone.

222 HOTEL ROOM - ILSA

- watches for a moment longer.

223 LONG SHOT - A WALL IN BACK OF HOTEL

Laszlo's figure is visible against the wall, going down the narrow street.

224 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:

225 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)

225 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.

RICK

Good night.

CARL

Good night, Msr. Rick.

He goes out.

CUT TO:

226 BALCONY OUTSIDE OFFICE - RICK

- walks toward his apartment.

CUT TO:

227 INT. 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)

227 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.

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED: (1)

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)

228 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.

229 CLOSE SHOT - RICK

For a moment, a look of admiration comes into his eyes.

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

(CONTINUED)

230 CONTINUED:

RICK (CONTD)
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.