

"CASABLANCA"

Director:
Michael Curtiz

Producer:
Hal Wallis

6/1/42



University of Michigan • 2512 Frieze Building
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48109 • (313) 764-0147

Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

presents

"CASABLANCA"

Producer.....Hal B. Wallis
Director.....Michael Curtiz
Play.....Murray Burnett, Joan Alison
Screenplay.....Julius J. Epstein, Philip G.
Epstein, Howard Koch
Photography.....Arthur Edson
Film Editor.....Owen Marks
Sound.....Francis J. Scheid
Art Director.....Carl Jules Weyl
Makeup.....Perc Westmore
Set Decorations.....George James Hopkins
Gowns.....Orry-Kelly
Music.....MAX STEINER

Cast:

HUMPHREY BOGART
INGRID BERGMAN
PAUL HENREID
CLAUDE RAINS
CONRAD VEIDT
SYDNEY GREENSTREET
PETER LORRE
S.Z. SAKALL
MADELEINE LeBEAU
DOOLEY WILSON
JOY PAGE
JOHN QUALEN
LEONID KINSKEY
CURT BOIS

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 tranquillity. 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 (Cont.)

CIVILIAN:

(nervously)

I -- I don't think I have them --
on me.

1ST POLICEMAN:

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

CIVILIAN:

(patting his pockets)

It's just possible that I -- Yes,
here they are.

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

2ND POLICEMAN:

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

Suddenly the civilian breaks away, starts to run wildly
down the street. The CAMERA TRUCKS with him. From
off scene we HEAR the policemen shout "Halt!" -- But
the civilian 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 examining 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 OF 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?

ENGLISHMAN:

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

(CONTINUED)

13 (Cont.)

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 Prefect. Unless, of course, one is a beautiful young girl. The rich and the beautiful sail to Lisbon. The poor are always with us.

(CONTINUED)

15 (Cont.)

ENGLISHWOMAN:

Dreadful...

DARK EUROPEAN:

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

(puts his arms compassionately around the Englishman)

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

ENGLISHMAN:

(rather taken aback by this sudden display of concern)

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

DARK EUROPEAN:

Not at all.

(raises his hat politely)

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

He walks OUT of the SHOT. The Englishman, still a trifle 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 pats his breast pocket there is something lacking. He opens his coat, feels inside.

ENGLISHMAN:

Silly of me...

ENGLISHWOMAN:

What, dear?

ENGLISHMAN:

Leaving my wallet in the hotel room...

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

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 swooping 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 HEINZE, a young Italian officer, CAPTAIN TOPELLI, 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 (Cont.)

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 (Cont.)

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 coop-
erate.

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

Casselle does not offer to shake hands. They merely salute 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
Casablanca 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 (Cont.)

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 mur-
derer is.

STRASSER:

Good. Is he in custody?

RENAULT:

There is no hurry. Tonight he
will come to Rick's.

(indicating the cafe
at the airport's
edge)

Everybody comes to Rick's.

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

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 DOOR 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 fozzes. Levantines. Naval officers. Members of the Foreign Legion, distinguished by their kepis --

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 (Cont.)

- c) CAMERA PANS AND HOLDS on Sam, as he finishes the number
- d) CLOSEUP A WOMAN AND A MOOR - a very well dressed woman talking to a Moor. She has a bracelet on her wrist - no other jewelry.

WOMAN:

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

MOOR:

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

WOMAN:

(distressed)

All right.

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

- e) TWO CONSPIRATORS are talking.

FIRST MAN:

The trucks are waiting, the men are waiting --

- f) TWO MEN are sitting at a table.

MAN:

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

REFUGEE:

Thank you, oh, thank you.

MAN:

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

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

Now we are at the bar.

CUT TO:

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 BACCARAT TABLE

A woman hands a check to the dealer. He, in turn, turns around and hands it on to a tuxedoed 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:

(disappointed -
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 (Cont.)

CARL:

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

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

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 TRUCKING 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 gentleman --

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:

39.

MED. 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:

(fawning)

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 couriers, wasn't it?

RICK:

(indifferently)

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

UGARTE:

(shaking his head)

You will forgive me for saying this, M'sieur Rick, but you are a very cynical person.

RICK:

(shortly)

I forgive you.

(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 got 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 (Cont.)

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 Weygand. They cannot be rescinded, not even questioned.

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

UGARTE:

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

RICK:

For how long?

UGARTE:

Perhaps an hour - perhaps longer.

RICK:

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

UGARTE:

Don't be afraid of that. Please keep them for me. Thank you. I knew 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 (Cont.)

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.

41C. MED. CLOSE SHOT AT PIANO

21.

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)

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.

42A. 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 (Cont.)

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

SACHA:

The boss' 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 (Cont.)

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)

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)

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)

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:

54. 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)

RENAULT (Cont.)

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 arrest. 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 (Cont.2)

Why two?

RICK:

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
Marseilles, 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
Loyalists 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 (Cont.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 (Cont.)

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 (Cont.)

- (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 (Cont.)

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)

72 (Cont.)

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 know what you did in Paris --

(Renault, very curi-

ous, tries to look

over Strasser's shoulder)

Also, Mr. Blaine, we know why you left Paris.

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

(CONTINUED)

STRASSER:

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

RICK:

(looking in the book)

Are my eyes really brown?

STRASSER:

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

RICK:

My interest in Victor Laszlo's staying or going --

(with a glance toward Renault)

-- is only a sporting one.

STRASSER:

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

RICK:

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

STRASSER:

Victor Laszlo published the 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.

72 (Cont.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 lock 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 (Cont.)

Ugarte's hotel. She wears a simple white gown. Her beauty is such that people turn to stare. The headwaiter 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. TRACKING 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 think --

BERGER:

Then perhaps for the lady. The ring is quite unique.

He holds it down to their view, begins to twist the stone, which is apparently screwed into the setting.

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.

82. 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 (Cont.)

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,
Captaine, 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, Captaine.

RENAULT:
A bottle of your best champagne, and
put it on my bill.

82 (Cont.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 -- er --

ILSA:

Is what?

RENAULT:

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

(tapping his chest)
were not around -- I would be in
love with Rick. But what a fool
I am -- talking to a beautiful
woman about another man.

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

RENAULT:

Er, excuse me.
(introducing Ilsa and Laszlo)
Mademoiselle Ilsa Lind -- 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
Ilsa 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 Ilsa.

RENAULT:

Mademoiselle.

(CONTINUED)

82 (Cont.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.

83.

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)

SG-11256-4

"CASABLANCA"

June 1, 1942

REV. FINAL

PLEASE RETURN THIS SCRIPT TO PRODUCTION MANAGER
WHEN PICTURE IS COMPLETED

FORM 31

Received from Stenographic Dept.

1 SCRIPT

June 1, 1942

Title "CASABLANCA"

REV. FINAL

Signed

87 (Cont.)

LASZLO:

(to Sacha)

A champagne cocktail, please.

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

BERGER:

(low voice)

... I recognize you from the news photographs, M'sieur Laszlo.

LASZLO:

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

BERGER:

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

LASZLO:

(smiles wryly)

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

BERGER:

(shakes his head silently)

M'sieur Laszlo, Ugarte cannot even help himself. He is under arrest for murder. He was arrested here tonight.

LASZLO:

(absorbs the shock quietly)

I see.

BERGER:

(with intense devotion)

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

He stops as he sees Sacha bringing drink to Laszlo.

88. CLOSEUP LASZLO'S TABLE ILSA

ILSA:

(to waiter)

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

88 (Cont.)

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:
No. Two champagne cocktails. Please.

SACHA:
Yes, sir.

90-93. ANGLE PAST ILSA TO SAM AND WAITER

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

94. CLOSE SHOT AT TABLE

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

ILSA:
Hello, Sam.

(CONTINUED)

94 (Cont.)

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 Parrot -- He goes there all the time....

ILSA:

Sam, you used to be a much better liar.

SAM:

Leave him alone, Miss Ilsa. You're

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 AND ILSA

- at the piano.

97. CLOSER ANGLE SAM AND 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:

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

RICK:

Hello, Ilsa.

ILSA:

(under her breath)

Hello, Rick.

She offers her hand he takes it.

RENAULT:

Oh, you've already met Rick, Mlle.?

(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 (Cont.)

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 cafe --
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 (Cont.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, Mlle.

LASZLO:

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

RENAULT:

(glancing at wristwatch)

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

LASZLO:

(signalling the waiter)

I hope we haven't overstayed our welcome.

RICK:

Not at all.

WAITER:

(to Laszlo)

Your check, sir.

(CONTINUED)

101 (Cont.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

comes 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?

Ilse 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. Ilse 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 (Cont.)

During the following scene the beacon continues its operation, PICKING UP first one and then the other in its sweep around the room. (The EFFEC should be to create a mood of unreality that will make the FLASH-BACK 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:

God. Have a drink.

SAM:

No. Not me.

RICK:

Don't have a drink.

SAM:
Boss, let's get out of here.

RICK:
(emphatically)
No, sir. I'm waiting for a lady.

SAM:
(earnestly)
Please, Boss, let's go. 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 Casa-
blanca, 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 --

6/13/42
62.

105 (Cont.2)

RICK: (Cont.)

(with sudden vehemence)
Of all the gin joints in all the
towns in all the world she walks
into mine -- !

(irritably to
Sam)

What's that you're playing?

SAM:

(who has been
improvising)

A little somethin' of my own.

RICK:

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

SAM:

No, I don't.

RICK:

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

SAM:

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

RICK:

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

SAM:

Yes, boss.

Sam starts to play "As Time Goes By".

CUT TO:

106a. 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 - 109)
(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. EXCURSION 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 (Cont.)

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. STANK PARIS CAFE (ALTERNATE SCENE NO AS SHOT & CREDITED - 110b)

Rick and Ilsa dancing.

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

Rick and Ilsa on.

ILSA:

A franc for your thoughts.

RICK:

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

ILSA:

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

RICK:

I was just wondering.

ILSA:

Yes?

RICK:

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

ILSA:

Why there is no other man in my life?

Rick nods.

ILSA:

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

(CONTINUED)

111 (Cont.)

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

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

She kisses him.

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

Stupefied people are staring from their windows, into
the street below. The CAMERA COMES TO REST on a loud-
speaker 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. Wednesday -
Thursday at the latest -- they'll be
in Paris.

ILSA:
(frightened)
Richard, they'll find out your record.
It won't be safe for you here.

RICK:
(smiles)
I'm on their blacklist already --
their roll of honor.

DISSOLVE TO:

114. A SMALL CAFE (ALTERNATE SCENE NO. AS SHOT AND
CREDITED - 116) 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 bein' Occupied, doesn't it, Mister Rick?

RICK:

You said it! Here's looking at you, Kid!

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

CUT TO:

119. MED. SHOT AT OPEN WINDOW

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

(CONTINUED)

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 feintly)

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 trying 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 getting 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.
Dey'll come lookin' fer you...
There's a price on your head.

Ilsa reacts to this worriedly.

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

Sam shrugs helplessly, goes. Ilsa looks at Rick.

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

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

ILSA:
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 (Cont.)

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

RICK:
(happy, excited at the
thought of leaving with
Ilsa)

Yes, that is too far ahead. Well,
let's see. What about the engineer?
Why can't he marry us on the train?

ILSA:
(laughing nervously)
Oh, darling.

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

Suddenly Ilsa starts to cry softly.

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

ILSA:
(controlling herself)
-- I love you so much and I hate this
war so much.

(stops, looks at
Rick)
Oh, Rick -- it's a crazy world --
anything can happen -- If you
shouldn't get away -- If -- if
something should keep us apart --
Wherever they put you -- wherever
I'll be -- I want you to know
that I --

(she can't go on --
she lifts her face to
his -- he kisses her
gently)

Kiss me. Kiss me as though -- as
though it were the last time.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

121. GARE DE LEON

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.

126. 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)

126 (Cont.)

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 we had, honey?

ILSA:

I didn't count the days.

RICK:

Well, I did.

(takes another drink)

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

(CONTINUED)

ILSA:

(after a pause)

Can I tell you a story, Rick?

RICK:

Has it got a wow finish?

ILSA:

I don't know the finish yet.

RICK:

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

ILSA:

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

RICK:

(definitely interrupting)

Yes, that's very pretty. I heard a story once. In fact, I've heard a lot to 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.

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

127. ILSA

tears in her eyes. She stops 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.

6/8/48
74.

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 1918.

Strasser looks at him.

STRASSER:

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

RENAULT:

(reassuringly)

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

CUT TO:

130-132. OMITTED.

133.

EXT. PREFECTURE OF POLICE

People are packed around the entrance.

Laszlo and Ilsa make their way through the jam.

DISSOLVE TO:

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)

RENAULT:

I am afraid not. I regret, Monsieur.

LASZLO:

(casually)

Well, perhaps I shall like it in Casablanca.

STRASSER:

And Mademoiselle?

ILSA:

You need not be concerned about me.

LASZLO:

(prepares to rise)

Is that all you wish to tell us?

STRASSER:

(smiles)

Do not be in such a hurry. You have all the time in the world. You may be in Casablanca indefinitely....

(suddenly leans forward, speaks intently)

Or you may leave for Lisbon tomorrow. On one condition.

VICTOR:

And that is?

STRASSER:

(leaning forward, speaking intently)

You know the leader of the Underground Movement in Prague, in Paris, in Amsterdam, in Brussels, in Oslo, in Belgrade, in Athens.

LASZLO:

-- even in Berlin.

STRASSER:

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

RENAULT:

(tongue in cheek again)

And the honor of having served the Third Reich!

LASZLO:

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

(CONTINUED)

STRASSER:

You will give us the names?

LASZLO:

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

(the passionate conviction in his voice now revealing the crusader)

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

STRASSER:

M'sieur Laszlo, you have a reputation for eloquence which I can now understand. But in one respect you are mistaken. You said the enemies of the Reich could all be replaced. But there is one exception -- no one could take your place in the event anything... er... unfortunate should occur to you while you were trying to escape.

LASZLO:

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

RENAULT:

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

LASZLO:

Thank you.

RENAULT:

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

LASZLO:

Yes.

RENAULT:

I believe you have a message for him.

(CONTINUED)

LASZLO:

Nothing important, but may I
speak to him now?

STRASSER:

(wryly)

You would find the conversation a
trifle one-sided.

(pause)

Senor Ugarte is dead.

Laszlo and Ilsa look at each other.

ILSA:

Oh.

RENAULT:

(picking up the
papers on his desk)

I am making out the report now --
(coming around the
desk)

We haven't quite decided yet whether
he committed suicide or died trying
to escape.

LASZLO:

(after a pause)

You are quite finished with us?

STRASSER:

(bows)

For the time being.

LASZLO:

Good day.

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

RENAULT:

(to young officer)

Undoubtedly their next step will
be to the Black Market.

YOUNG OFFICER:

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

RENAULT:

(happily, as he looks
at himself in the mirror)

Show her in.

OFFICER:

Yes monsieur.

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 which native dealers have on outdoor display. Both men and women are dressed in tropical clothes. The canopies over the stalls give them some protection from the scorching sun. On the surface, the atmosphere is merely languid, but there is the sinister undercurrent of illicit trade.

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

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

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

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

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

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

ENGLISHWOMAN:

(doubtfully)

But are you sure this is perfectly legal?

DEALER:

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

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

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

NATIVE:

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

MAN:

Ferrari?

(CONTINUED)

6/9/42
80.

135 (Cont.)

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 Ferrari,
are you not?

FERRARI:

Yes?

JAN:

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

(CONTINUED)

139 (Cont.)

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 stand-
ing like frightened children before Ferrari in his
private office.

FERRARI:

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

ANNINA:

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

FERRARI:

(shrugs)

Perhaps if you had a talk with
Captain Renault --

ANNINA:

(her lips tight)

We have already talked with him.

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

FERRARI:

I am sorry. That is all I can
suggest.

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

CUT TO:

141. INT. BLUE PARROT CAFE

much less pretentious than RICKS. The bar is well 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 shipment over,
it's a little short.

(CONTINUED)

FERRARI:

(chuckling)

Carrying charges, my friend, carrying charges...

(pulling out a chair)

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

(Rick sits down - Ferrari 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 sorer for Ugarte than I do.

FERRARI:

(eyes Rick closely)

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

RICK:

(dead pan)

Practically no one.

FERRARI:

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

RICK:

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

FERRARI:

I have a proposition for whoever has those Letters. I will handle the entire transaction, get rid of the Letters, take all the risk -- for a small percentage.

RICK:

And the carrying charges.

(CONTINUED)

FERRARI:

(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:

144. LONG SHOT LINEN BAZAAR ILSA AND LASZLO

have paused 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)

Reaching under the counter, he takes out a sign reading: "200 francs" and replaces the other sign with it.

RICK:

I'm sorry I was in no condition to receive visitors when you called on me last night.

ILSA:

It doesn't matter.

ARAB:

Ah! For special friends of Rick's we have a special discount.

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

RICK:

Your story left me a little confused. Or maybe it was the Bourbon.

ARAB:

I have some tablecloths - some napkins --

ILSA:

Thank you. I'm really not interested.

ARAB:

Only one moment -- please.
(hurriedly exits)

There is a small silence between Ilsa and Rick. She pretends to examine the goods on the counter.

RICK:

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

ILSA:

(quietly)
Yes.

RICK:

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

She looks at him quietly.

ILSA:

I don't think I will, Rick.

RICK:

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

(CONTINUED)

ILSA:

(slowly)

Last night I saw what has happened to you. The Rick I knew in Paris, I could tell him. He'd understand --

(pause. Her eyes cloud)

But the Rick who looked at me with such hatred --

(shakes her head)

I'll be leaving Casablanca soon.

We'll never see each other again.

We knew very little about each other when we were in love in Paris. If we leave it that way, maybe we'll remember those days -- not Casablanca -- not last night --

RICK:

(his voice low but intense)

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

ILSA:

You can believe that if you want to.

RICK:

Well, I'm not running away any more. I'm settled now -- above a saloon, it's true -- but --

(ironically)

Walk up a flight. I'll be expecting you.

Ilsa shakes her head.

RICK:

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

ILSA:

(tight-lipped)

No, Rick. You see, Victor Laszlo is my husband.

Rich stares at her.

ILSA:

And was --

(pause)

Even when I knew you in Paris.

(CONTINUED)

6/13/42

88.

146. (Cont. 2)

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

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

CUT TO:

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 will 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, Sencr.

LASZLO:

Please, Ilsa. We mustn't be hasty.

ILSA:

(firmly)

No, Victor.

FERRARI:

You two will want to discuss this.

(getting to his feet)

Excuse me. I will be at the bar.

He bows and goes.

LASZLO:

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

ILSA:

(interrupting)

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

Laszlo hesitates.

LASZLO:

(not very convincingly)

Ye-es, I would.

Ilsa smiles faintly.

ILSA:

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

LASZLO:

(with a wry smile)

I meant to, but something always held me up.

(CONTINUED)

LASZLO: (Cont.)

(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 bazaar)

You know you're being shadowed?

LASZLO:

(not turning)

Of course. It becomes an instinct.

FERRARI:

(shrewdly - looking
at Ilsa)

I observe that you in one respect
are a very fortunate man... M'sieur
I am moved 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)

148 (Cont.)

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 148-150-151-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 BAN DARK EUROPEAN AND TOURIST

DARK FOREIGNER:

Here's to you, sir.

TOURIST:

Er, good luck. Yeah --

DARK FOREIGNER:

I'd better be going.

TOURIST:

Er, my check, please.

DARK FOREIGNER:

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

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:

Mrs. 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

94.

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 red. 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)

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!

CUE TO:

159. STRASSER'S TABLE

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

(CONTINUED)

STRASSER:

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

RENAULT:

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

STRASSER:

(eyes him closely)

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

RENAULT:

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

STRASSER:

And if it should change?

RENAULT:

(smiles)

Surely the Reich does not admit that possibility?

STRASSER:

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

RENAULT:

(casually, as he lights a cigarette)

A leader like....Laszlo?

STRASSER:

(nods)

Umm, huh, I have been thinking. It is too dangerous if we let him go. It may be too dangerous if we let him stay.

RENAULT:

(thoughtfully)

I see what you mean....

CUT TO:

SC. 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 clink glasses and drink.

(CONTINUED)

MR. LEUCHTAG:
Sweetness heart -- what watch?

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

MR. LEUCHTAG:
(surprised)
Such much?

CARL:
Er, you will get along beautifully
in America, 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 TRUCKS with Annina as she crosses to the
roulette table, where Jan is bending over the
spinning wheel. Annina watches breathlessly over his
shoulder. The wheel stops. The Croupier takes in the
chips. Jan wipes his forehead.

JAN:
Flack 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 resolve, and walks toward the hallway.

CUT TO:

160B. HALLWAY

Annina comes from gambling room, meets Renault.

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

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 (Cont.)

RICK:

(shrugging)

Oh, he's just like any other man ...

(pause)

Only more so.

ANNINA:

I mean -- is he trustworthy? --
Is his word ...?

RICK:

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

ANNINA:

He did. Captain Renault did.

RICK:

I thought so.

(pause)

Where's your husband?

ANNINA:

(warily)

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

Rick looks at her closely.

RICK:

How long are you married?

ANNINA:

(simply)

Eight weeks.

(Rick nods)

We come from Bulgaria. Things are very
bad there, M'sieur. A devil has the
people by the throat. So Jan and I,
we... we do not want our children to
grow up in such a country.

RICK:

(wearily)

So you decided 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 (Cont.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 someone loved
you ... very much, so that your happiness
was the only thing in the world that she
wanted and ... she did a bad thing to
make certain of it, could you forgive her?

RICK:

Nobody ever loved me that much.

(CONTINUED)

162 (Cont.)

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 know 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.

LAZLO:

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?

LAZLO:

(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, LAZLO AND THE HEADWAITER

HEADWAITER:

(to Ilsa and Lazlo)

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 Lazlo to their table. Rick, CAMERA FOLLOWING, walks to Sam, bends over, whispers something to him.

LAZLO:

Two cognacs, please.

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

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

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 (Cont.)

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. SPOT 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 AT WHEEL

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

It stops spinning.

CROUPIER:
(calling out)
Number twenty-two.

(CONTINUED)

173 (Cont.)

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 walk-
ing 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:

178. MED. SHOT RICK

at the bar.

CUT TO:

179. FULL SHOT RENAULT, ANNINA AND JAN

RENAULT:

(seeing Rick)

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

ANNINA:

Thank you so much, Captain Renault.

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

CUT TO:

180. CLOSE SHOT CARL AND SACHA

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

SACHA:

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

RICK:

Go away, you crazy Russian!

180a. HALLWAY

Renault comes from gambling room and exits to bar.

180b. MED. SHOT RICK

Pretending not to do so, he is glancing in Ilsa's direction. Renault comes up to him.

RENAULT:

As I suspected, you're a rank
sentimentalist.

RICK:

Yeah? Why?

(CONTINUED)

180b (Cont.)

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. LAZLO
approaching Rick.

LAZLO:

M'sieur Elaine, may I talk to
you?

RICK:

Go ahead.

LAZLO:

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)

183 (Cont.)

RICK:

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

LAZLO:

I have.

RICK:

It seems to be the general impression in Casablanca that I have those Letters.

LAZLO:

(looking at him very steadily)

Have you?

RICK:

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

Pause.

LAZLO:

Suppose we proceed under the assumption that you have the Letters?

RICK:

(shrugging)

Go ahead.

LAZLO:

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.

LAZLO:

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)

193 (Cont.1)

RICK:

What of it?

LAZLO:

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.

LAZLO:

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.

LAZLO:

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.

LAZLO:

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.

Lazlo looks at him, puzzled.

LAZLO:

I beg your pardon?

RICK:

I said -- ask your wife.

LAZLO:

My wife!

(CONTINUED)

183 (Cont.2)

The SOUND of the male singing grows louder.

RICK:

Yes.

(hears the singing)

He goes out, leaving Lazlo 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 EAR 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-pal. Lazlo 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:

189-190. PAN SHOT

as Lazlo crosses floor to the orchestra.

CUT TO:

191. MED. SHOT LAZLO

as he reaches orchestra. He asks Sam something.

LAZLO:

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 LAZLO 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)
'Allons enfants de la patrie --'

CUT TO:

195. FULL SHOT SAI, ORCHESTRA AND LAZLO

LAZLO:

(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 Lazlo.

CUT TO:

196. FULL SHOT ROOM

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

CUT TO:

197. CLOSE SHOT RICH

His expression hasn't changed.

CUT TO:

198. CLOSE SHOT REMAULT

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:

Contre nous de nos tyrannies...

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 GAMBLING ROOM

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

204. FULL SHOT TERONG

as they sing. Their faces are aglow.

205. MED. SHOT ILSA

singing at the table. Ilsa glances proudly at Lazlo.

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 alcove, 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 Lazlo, 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 Lazlo'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)

Fine 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 (Cont.)

Rick comes quickly up to Renault.

RIK:

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. SHOP 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:

Well, after this disturbance it is not safe for Lazlo 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 (Cont.)

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, prodded 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 Mlle, 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 Under-
ground meeting tonight.

LASZLO:

(soberly)
I must.

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

ILSA:

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

VICTOR:

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

ILSA:

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

LASZLO:

Apparently he has the Letters.

ILSA:

Yes?

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

LASZLO:

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

ILSA:

(ill at ease, trying to
keep her voice steady)
Did he give any reason?

(CONTINUED)

217 (Cont.)

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 (Cont.)

ILSA:

(very low)

No, Victor -- there isn't.

Silence. Then....

VICTOR'S VOICE:

I love you very much, my dear.

ILSA:

(barely able to speak)

Yes, Yes, I know, Victor -- Whatever
I do, will you believe that I, that I --

LASZLO:

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

219. 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 (Cont.)

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 (Cont.)

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. Sachs will
be happy to hear it. I owe him money.

RICK:

(at door)

Now you finish locking up, willya,
Carl?

CARL:

I will. Then I am going to the meet-
ing 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:

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 mock 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 (Cont.)

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 feeling. 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 (Cont.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 (Cont.)

RICK: (Cont.)

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.

232.

INT. RICK'S APARTMENT A LITTLE WHILE LATER
CLOSE SHOT ON A TABLE BEFORE A COUCH

There is a bottle of champagne on the table and two half-filled glasses. We HEAR Ilsa talking as the CAMERA PANS to her and Rick. She is gazing into space as she talks. Rick is standing at a window looking out, but listening intently.

RICK:

And then?

ILSA:

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

RICK:

Why weren't you honest with me? Why did you keep your marriage a secret?

ILSA:

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

RICK:

Well, when did you first find out he was alive?

ILSA:

Just before you and I were to leave Paris together. A friend came and told me that Victor was alive. They were hiding him in a freight car on the outskirts of Paris. He was sick; he needed me.

(sighing)

I wanted to tell you, but I didn't dare. I knew, I knew you wouldn't have left Paris, and the Gestapo would have caught you. So I -- well, well, you know the rest.

(CONTINUED)

232 (Cont.)

RICK:
 Huh. But it's still a story
 without an ending.
 (looks at her
 directly)
 What about now?

ILSA:
 Now? I don't know.
 (simply)
 I know that I'll never have the
 strength to go away from you again.

RICK:
 And Laszlo?

ILSA:
 You'll help me now, Richard,
 won't you? You'll see he gets out?
 (Rick nods)
 Then he'll have his work -- all
 that he's been living for.

A pause.

RICK:
 All except one. He won't have
 you.

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

RICK:
 Alright, I will. Here's looking
 at you, kid.

ILSA:
 (in a whisper)
 I wish I didn't love you so much.

She draws his face down to hers. Then Rick hears a
 noise. Putting his glass down, he goes to door. She
 follows. Rick exits.

232a. EXT. ALLEY LASZLO AND CARL

making their way through the darkness toward Rick's.
 The headlights of the speeding car sweep toward them
 and they flatten themselves against a wall to avoid

(CONTINUED)

232a (Cont.)

detection. The lights move past them and they continue down the alley.

CARL:

I think we lost them.

LASZLO:

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

CARL:

Come inside. Come.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

232b. INT. RICK'S LASZLO AND CARL

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

CARL:

I will help you. Come in here.

LASZLO:

Thank you.

CARL:

I will get you some water.

CUT TO:

233. INT. RICK'S APARTMENT RICK AND ILSA

as they hear voices below. Rick crosses to the door.

234. MED. SHOT RICK AT THE DOOR UPSTAIRS ILSA

standing just in back of him. Her expression shows her anxiety for Laszlo. She makes a move as if to come out on the balcony but Rick's arm bars her way. She withdraws behind the door as Rick walks out to the balcony railing.

235. FULL SHOT CAPE

RICK:

Carl, what happened?

(CONTINUED)

235 (Cont.)

Both Carl and Laszlo look up.

CARL:

(excitedly)

Herr Rick, the police break up our meeting! We escaped in the last moment.

(indicates with his fingers the tiniest margin)

RICK:

Come up here a minute.

Carl, who is just about to pour a drink, looks up wonderingly, then puts the bottle down and starts toward the stairway.

CARL:

Yes, I come.

RICK:

(to Carl, as he comes up the stairs)

I want you to put out the light at the rear entrance. It might attract the police.

CARL:

But Sacha always puts out this light before ...

RICK:

(cutting in)

Tonight he forgot.

CARL:

Yes, I come. I will do it.

236. MED. CLOSE SHOT THE BALCONY

where Rick stands, as Carl climbs into the SHOT.

RICK:

(low voice - jerks his head toward the door)

I want you to take Miss Lund home.

Carl's eyes grow enormous but he asks no questions.

CARL:

Yes, Herr Rick.

(CONTINUED)

236 (Cont.)

As Earl goes to the door, Rick starts downstairs.

CUT TO:

237. MED. CLOSE SHOT LASZLO IN FRONT OF THE BAR

He is wrapping one of the small bar towels around a cut in his wrist. Rick comes into the SHOT, looks questioningly at the injured hand.

LASZLO:

It's nothing. Just a little cut.
We had to get through a window.

He buttons his cuff down over the towel to hold it in place as Rick walks in back of the bar, picks up a bottle of whiskey and pours a drink.

RICK:

This might come in handy.

He shoves the glass across the bar to Laszlo.

LASZLO:

Thank you.

Laszlo takes it in a swallow. Rick is now pouring one for himself.

RICK:

Had a close one, eh?

LASZLO:

Yes, rather.

RICK:

Don't you sometimes wonder if it's worth all this?

(Laszlo looks at him,
puzzled)

I mean what you're fighting for?

LASZLO:

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

RICK:

What of it? Then it'll be out of its misery.

(CONTINUED)

237 (Cont.)

LASZLO:

Do you know how you sound, M'sieur Rick? Like a man trying to convince himself of something that in his heart he doesn't believe. Each of us has a destiny. For good or for evil.

RICK:

(drily)

Yes. I get the point.

With the bottle in his hand, Rick starts around toward the front of the bar, Laszlo's body turning as he presses Rick closely.

LASZLO:

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

Rick looks at Laszlo for a moment, then sits down at a table and begins to pour himself another drink.

RICK:

(ironically)

You seem to know all about my "destiny".

LASZLO:

I know a good deal more about you than you suspect. I know, for instance, that you are in love with a woman.

Rick has lifted his glass to drink. He puts it down, stares at Laszlo, who stands facing him from the bar.

LASZLO:

(smiles just a little)

It is perhaps a strange circumstance that we should be in love with the same woman.

Rick straightens up in his chair, watches Laszlo closely. Laszlo walks over to the table.

LASZLO:

I knew there was something between you and Ilsa the first evening I came in this place. Since no one is to blame, I demand no explanation. I ask only one thing.

(CONTINUED)

237 (Cont.1)

He sits down. Their eyes hold across the table.

LASZLO:

You will not give me the Letters of Transit. Alright. But I want my wife to be safe ... I ask you as a favor to use the Letters to take her away from Casablanca.

Rick looks at Laszlo incredulously.

RICK:

You love her that much?

LASZLO:

Apparently you think of me only as the leader of a Cause. Well, I am also a human being ...

(looks away for a moment, then quietly)

Yes, I love her that much.

At this moment there is a sharp knock on the front door of the cafe, followed by the entrance of several gendarmes. Rick and Laszlo rise as a French Officer walks into the lighted area, addresses Laszlo.

FRENCH OFFICER:

Mr. Laszlo?

LASZLO:

Yes.

FRENCH OFFICER:

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

LASZLO:

On what charge?

FRENCH OFFICER:

Captain Renault will discuss that with you later.

Laszlo looks at Rick who smiles ironically.

RICK:

It seems "destiny" has taken a hand.

In dignified silence Laszlo crosses to the Police Officer. Together they walk toward the door. Rick's eyes follow them, but his expression reveals nothing of his feelings.

DISSOLVE TO:

7/14/42
136.

"CASABLANCA"

Changes
in new ending

238. INT. RENAULT'S OFFICE RICK AND RENAULT

RICK:

You haven't any actual proof, and you know it. This isn't Germany or Occupied France. All you can do is fine him a few thousand francs and give him thirty days.

(Renault shrugs)

You might just as well let him go now.

RENAULT:

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

RICK:

(cutting in)

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

RENAULT:

Because one: You have bet ten thousand francs that Laszlo will escape. Two: You have the Letters of Transit... Now don't bother to deny it... And, well, you might do it simply because you don't like Strasser's looks. As a matter of fact, I don't like him either.

RICK:

Well, they're all excellent reasons.

RENAULT:

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

RICK:

You're not very subtle, but you are effective. I get the point.

(grins)

Yes, I have the Letters, but I intend using them myself. I'm leaving Casablanca on tonight's plane... the last plane.

RENAULT:

What!

(CONTINUED)

238 (Cont.)

RICK:

And I'm taking a friend with me.
(smiles)
One you'll appreciate.

RENAULT:

What friend?

RICK:

Ilsa Lund.

(an amazed incredulity
is written on Renault's
face)
That ought to put your mind to
rest about my helping Laszlo
escape. The last one I want to
see in America.

RENAULT:

(shrewdly)

You did not come here to tell me
this. You have the Letters of Transit.
You can fill in your name and hers
and leave any time you please.
Why are you still interested in what
happens to Laszlo?

RICK:

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

RENAULT:

What makes you think we want to
hold you.

RICK:

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

(CONTINUED)

238 (Cont.1)

RENAULT:

It most certainly would, Germany...
(corrects himself)
Vichy would be grateful.

RICK:

Then release him and be at my place a half hour before the plane leaves. I'll arrange for Laszlo to come for the Letters of Transit. That will give you criminal grounds to make the arrest. You get him, and we get away. To the Germans that will only be a minor annoyance.

RENAULT:

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

RICK:

Well, she isn't just any woman.

RENAULT:

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

RICK:

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

RENAULT:

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

RICK:

(drily)

Thanks.

RENAULT:

Go ahead, Rick.

RICK:

(he rises)

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

239. INT. VISITORS' PEN

There is the wire netting that separates the visitors from the prisoners. Rick is seated on his side. There is nobody else in the room. Then a door opens and a guard leads Laszlo into the room. As Laszlo, looking coldly at Rick, seats himself, the guard leaves the room.

CUT TO:

240. MED. SHOT RICK AND LASZLO

facing each other across the netting.

RICK:

(sotto voce)

I haven't much time. I've bribed a release for you.

LASZLO:

(looking at him closely)

Thank you --

RICK:

I've decided to let you have the Letters of Transit --

(Laszlo stares at him)

-- for a hundred thousand francs.

LASZLO:

Very well.

RICK:

Better get down to my cafe a few minutes before the Lisbon plane leaves.

LASZLO:

They'll shadow me.

RICK:

I've taken care of that.

241. RENAULT IN HIS OFFICE

listening over sort of a dictaphone.

(CONTINUED)

241 (Cont.)

LASZLO'S VOICE:
 (coming through)
 And Ilsa?

There is a pause. Renault strains his ears.

RICK'S VOICE:
 Bring her with you all ready to
 leave.

Renault smiles broadly.

CUT TO:

242. MED. SHOT RICK AND LASZLO

LASZLO:
 (gratefully)
 M'sieur Rick --

RICK:
 (curtly)
 Skip it. This is strictly a matter
 of business.
 (he gets up and
 walks out)

DISSOLVE TO:

243. OMITTED

244. INT. FERRARI'S OFFICE LONG SHOT RICK AND FERRARI

at table. As the CAMERA MOVES UP to them we HEAR
 Ferrari saying:

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

RICK:
 (getting up)
 It's certainly not good enough.
 But since I'm in a hurry, it'll
 have to do.

(CONTINUED)

244 (Cont.)

FERRARI:

(shaking hands,
sighs enviously)

Oh -- to get out of Casablanca --
to go to America... You are a
lucky man.

RICK:

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

FERRARI:

I happen to know he gets ten per
cent. But he's worth twenty-five.

RICK:

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

FERRARI:

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

RICK:

So long.

(he walks to the door,
stops, turns)

Don't forget, you owe Rick's a hun-
dred cartons of American cigarettes.

FERRARI:

(smiles)

I shall remember to pay it to myself.

Rick walks off.

DISSOLVE TO:

245. MED. SHOT PLANE AT AIRPORT

NIGHT

A crew of workmen are giving it the last-minute
inspection. Fuel is being pumped into its tanks.
On the fuselage is painted:

LISBON - CASABLANCA

As CAMERA MOVES across field -

DISSOLVE TO:

246. EXT. RICK'S

On the door a huge placard is pasted. It reads:

CLOSED

By Order of The Prefect of Police

Renault's hand enters and knocks on door.

DISSOLVE TO:

247. MED. SHOT AT FRONT DOOR

as Rick comes into scene and opens the door to admit Renault.

RICK:

You're late.

RENAULT:

I was informed when Laszlo was about to leave the hotel, so I knew I would be on time.

RICK:

I thought I asked you to tie up your watch-dogs.

RENAULT:

He won't be followed here.
(looks around the empty cafe, sighs)

You know, this place won't be the same without you, Ricky.

RICK:

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

Renault smiles.

RENAULT:

Is everything ready?

RICK:

(tapping his breast pocket)
I have the Letters right here.

RENAULT:

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

(CONTINUED)

247 (Cont.)

RICK:

In Sam's piano.

RENAULT:

Serves me right for not being musical!

The SOUND of a car pulling up is HEARD.

RICK:

Here they are. You'd better wait in my office.

As Renault walks toward the office -

248. EXT. CAFE LASZLO

is paying the cab driver. Ilsa is walking toward the entrance.

LASZLO:

(to cab driver)

Here.

249. INT. CAFE AT DOOR RICK

is opening it to admit Ilsa. She goes into his arms.

250. CLOSE SHOT ILSA AND RICK

Her intensity reveals the strain she is under.

ILSA:

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

RICK:

No, not yet.

ILSA:

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

RICK:

Everything is quite alright.

(CONTINUED)

250 (Cont.)

ILSA:

Oh, Rick!

She looks at him with a vaguely questioning look.

RICK:

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

ILSA:

Yes, I will.

251. FULL SHOT THE CAFE

as Laszlo comes in.

LASZLO:

M'sieur Blaine. I don't know how
to thank you.

RICK:

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

LASZLO:

I brought the money, M'sieur
Blaine.

RICK:

Keep it. You'll need it in
America.

LASZLO:

But we made a deal.

RICK:

(cutting him short)

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

LASZLO:

No. That is all arranged.

RICK:

Good. I've got the Letters right
here. They're all made out in blank.
(takes out the Letters)
All you have to do is fill in the
signatures.

(CONTINUED)

251 (Cont.)

He hands them to Laszlo, who takes them gratefully.

RENAULT'S VOICE:

(over scene)

Victor Laszlo!

They wheel toward the office door.

252. MED. SHOT RENAULT

coming down the steps.

RENAULT:

Victor Laszlo, you are under
arrest...

253. MED. CLOSE SHOT ILSA AND LASZLO

both caught completely off guard, and speechless.
They turn toward Rick. Horror is in Ilsa's eyes.

RENAULT'S VOICE:

(over scene)

...on a charge of accessory to
the murder of the couriers from
whom those Letters were stolen.

He walks into the SHOT, notices their bewildered
expressions.

RENAULT:

Oh, you are surprised about my
friend. Rick? The explanation is
quite simple. Love, it seems,
has triumphed over virtue. Thank--

Obviously, the situation delights Renault. He is
laughing as he turns toward Rick. Suddenly the
laughter dies in his throat.

254. FULL SHOT FAVORING RICK

In Rick's hand is a gun, which he is levelling at
Renault.

(CONTINUED)

254 (Cont.)

RICK:
Not so fast, Louis. Nobody's gonna
be arrested. Not for a while yet.

RENAULT:
(staring open-mouthed
for a moment)
Have you taken leave of your senses?

RICK:
I have. Sit down over there.

Renault hesitates.

255. CLOSE SHOT ILSA
as her belief in Rick comes back.

256. FULL SHOT FAVORING RICK AND RENAULT

RENAULT:
(walking toward Rick)
Put that gun down.

RICK:
(not retreating
a step)
Louis, I wouldn't like to shoot
you. But I will if you take one
more step.

Renault halts for a moment and studies Rick. Then
he shrugs.

RENAULT:
Under the circumstances, I will
sit down.

He walks to a table, sits down and reaches into his
pocket.

RICK:
(sharply)
Keep your hands on the table...

RENAULT:
(taking out a
cigarette case)
I suppose you know what you are
doing, but I wonder if you
realize what this means?

(CONTINUED)

256 (Cont.)

RICK:
I do. We'll have plenty of
time to discuss that later.

RENAULT:
(reproachfully,
to Rick)
Call off your watch-dogs, you said!

Rick takes a phone on a long cord, slides it across
the table to Renault.

RICK:
Just the same, call the airport
and let me hear you tell them.
And remember -- I've got this gun
pointed right at your heart.

RENAULT:
(as he dials)
That is my least vulnerable spot.
(into phone)
Hello, airport? -- Captain Renault
speaking. There'll be two letters
of Transit for the Lisbon plane.
There's to be no trouble about them.
-- Good.

CUT TO:

257. MED. SHOT STRASSER ON PHONE IN GERMAN CONSULATE

STRASSER:
(jiggling receiver
violently)
Hello... hello...

He hangs up the receiver momentarily, presses a
buzzer on his desk, then again lifts receiver.

STRASSER:
(to officer entering
door)
My car, quickly!

OFFICER:
(saluting)
Zu Befehl, Herr Major.

(CONTINUED)

257 (Cont.)

The officer exits; Strasser resumes on the telephone.

STRASSER:

This is Major Strasser... Have a squad of police meet me at the airport at once. At once! Do you hear?

Hanging up the receiver, and grabbing his cap, he hurriedly exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

258. LONG SHOT AIRPORT NIGHT

In the far b.g. the beacon atop of the radio tower slowly revolves its light, dimmed by a heavy fog. In the middle b.g. the outline of the Transport plane is barely visible. Near its open door stand a small group of people, attaches, etc.

A car pulls up near the open door of the hangar in the f.g.

259. MED. SHOT A UNIFORMED ORDERLY

is at the telephone near the hangar door.

ORDERLY:

Hello, radio tower... Lisbon plane taking off in ten minutes... Thank you.

He hangs up, crosses toward the car.

259-A. MED. SHOT AT CAR

The Orderly salutes smartly as he recognizes Renault alighting from the car. The latter is closely followed by Rick, hand in pocket, still covering Renault with a gun. Laszlo and Elsa come from the rear of the car.

RICK:

(indicating Orderly)

Louis, have your man go with Mr. Laszlo and take care of his luggage.

(CONTINUED)

259-A (Cont.)

RENAULT:

(bows ironically)

Certainly, Ricky. Anything
you say.

(to Orderly)

Find Mr. Laszlo's luggage and
put it on the plane.

ORDERLY:

Yes, sir. This way please.

Renault nods curtly to the Orderly, who escorts Laszlo
off in the direction of the plane. Rick takes the
Letters of Transit out of his pocket, hands them to
Renault.

RICK:

If you don't mind, Louis, you fill
in the names.

(smiles)

That will make it even more official.

RENAULT:

You think of everything.

He takes out his pen, spreads the papers on the
fender of the car.

RICK:

(quietly)

And the names are Mr. and
Mrs. Victor Laszlo.

Both Ilsa and Renault look at Rick with astonishment.

ILSA:

But why my name, Richard?

RICK:

(still watching
Renault)

Because you're getting on that plane.

ILSA:

(dazed)

But I... I don't understand. What
about you?

RICK:

I'm staying here with him 'till the
plane gets safely away.

(CONTINUED)

Changes
For New Ending

259A (Cont.)

ILSA:
(as Rick's intention
fully dawns on her)
No, Richard, no! ... What's happened
to you? Last night we said --

RICK:
Last night we said a good many things.
You said I was to do the thinking for both
of us. Well, I've done a lot of it since
then and it all adds up to one thing.
You're getting on that plane with Victor
where you belong.

ILSA:
(protesting)
But Richard, no, I, I --

RICK:
Now you've got to listen to me. Do
you have any idea what you'd have to
look forward to if you stay here. Nine
chances out of ten we'd both land in a
concentration camp. Is that true, Louis?

RENAULT:
(as he finishes counter-
signing the papers)
I am afraid that Major Strasser would
insist...

260. LONG SHOT STRASSER'S CAR
- speeding toward the airport.

CUT BACK TO:

261. ILSA, RICK AND RENAULT
- as Renault is concluding...

ILSA:
(turns to Rick)
You're saying this only to make me go.

262. CLOSE SHOT RICK AND ILSA

RICK:

I'm saying it because it's true. Inside of us we both know you belong with Victor. You're part of his work. The thing that keeps him going. If that plane leaves the ground and you're not with him, you'll regret it.

ILSA:

No.

RICK:

Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but soon, and for the rest of your life.

For a moment she can't answer - she's that honest. Then she looks at him and her eyes are brimming.

ILSA:

But what about us?

RICK:

We'll always have Paris. We didn't have it - we'd lost it - until you came to Casablanca. We got it back last night.

ILSA:

And I said that I would never leave you!

RICK:

(taking her by the shoulders)

And you never will. But I've got a job to do, too. Where I'm going you can't follow -- what I've got to do -- you can be no part of. I'm not good at being noble, Ilsa -- but it doesn't take much to see that the problems of three little people don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world. Someday you'll understand that. Not, now. Here's looking at you kid.

At this moment....

LASZLO'S VOICE:

Everything is in order?

(CONTINUED)

262 (Cont.)

He walks INTO SHOT. Ilsa stands hesitating. Rick cuts in before she can speak.

RICK:

All except one thing. There's something you should know before you leave.

LASZLO:

(sensing what is coming)

Monsieur Blaine, I do not ask you to explain anything.

RICK:

I'm going to, anyway, because it may make a difference to you later on. You said you knew about Ilsa and me.

LASZLO:

Yes.

RICK:

But you didn't know that she was at my place last night when you were. She came there for the Letters of Transit. Isn't that true, Ilsa?

ILSA:

Yes.

RICK:

(his voice more harsh, almost brutal)

She tried everything to get them. But nothing else worked. She did her best to convince me she was still in love with me, but that was all over long ago. For your sake she pretended it wasn't -- and I let her pretend.

LASZLO:

I understand.

Rick hands him the letter.

RICK:

Here it is.

LASZLO:

Thanks. I appreciate it. Welcome back to the fight. This time I know our side will win. Are you ready, Ilsa?

263. OMITTED

264. CLOSE SHOT ILSA

As she looks at Rick for the last time.

ILSA:

Yes, I'm ready.

(to Rick)

Goodbye, Rick. God bless you.

RICK:

You better hurry, or you'll miss that plane.

265. MEDIUM SHOT

Ilsa and Laszlo leave in direction of plane.

266. TWO SHOT RICK AND RENAULT

267:

Renault regards Rick triumphantly.

RENAULT:

Well, I was right! You are a sentimentalist!

RICK:

I don't know what you are talking about. Stay where you are!

RENAULT:

What you just did for Laszlo. And that fairy tale you invented to send Ilsa away with him. I know a little about women, my friend. She went, but she knew you were lying.

RICK:

Anyway, thanks for helping me out.

Rick's face reveals nothing. With his free hand he takes out a cigarette and lights it.

(CONTINUED)

266 (Cont.)
267

RENAULT:

I suppose you know this is not going to be pleasant for either of us ... especially for you. I have to arrest you, of course.

RICK:

As soon as the plane goes Louis.

Renault shrugs.

268. LONG SHOT AIRPORT (MINIATURE)

The plane's motors roar. It slowly taxis down the field.

269. MED. SHOT NEAR HANGAR

A car comes speeding down the roadway toward Rick and Renault and screams to a stop.

270. OMITTED

271. MEDIUM SHOT

Strasser alights from the car and runs toward Renault.

STRASSER:

What was the meaning of that phone call?

RENAULT:

Victor Laszlo is on that plane.

He nods off down the field.

272. LONG SHOT AIRPORT (MINIATURE)

The plane has reached the far end of the field, is turning around, preparatory for the take-off run.

273. MED. SHOT NEAR HANGAR

Strasser is dazed for a moment, then recovers.

STRASSER:

Why do you stand there? Why don't you stop him?

RENAULT:

Ask M'sieur Rick.

Strasser makes a step toward the telephone which is visible just inside the hangar door. Rick pulls revolver from his pocket and points it at Strasser.

RICK:

Get away from that phone!

Strasser stops in his tracks, looks at Rick, sees that he means business.

STRASSER:

(steelly)

I would advise you not to interfere.

RICK:

I was willing to shoot Captain Renault... and I'm willing to shoot you.

274. LONG SHOT AIRPORT (MINIATURE)

The plane speeds down the field and starts to rise from the ground.

275. MED. SHOT NEAR HANGAR

Strasser watches the plane in agony. His eyes dart toward the telephone.

276. CLOSE SHOT RENAULT

He watches fascinated.

277. MED. SHOT RICK AND STRASSER

Strasser runs toward the telephone.

278. CLOSE SHOT AT TELEPHONE

Strasser desperately grasps the receiver.

STRASSER:

(into phone)

Hello... Hello...

RICK'S VOICE:

(over scene)

Put that phone down!

STRASSER:

(into phone)

Get me the Radio Tower.

278A. MED. SHOT RICK AND STRASSER

RICK:

Put it down.

Strasser, his one hand with the receiver, pulls out a pistol with the other hand and shoots quickly at Rick. The bullet misses its mark. Rick now shoots at Strasser, who crumples to the ground.

279. MED. SHOT RICK AND RENAULT

Renault continues to stare off scene. Rick watches upward, as the SOUND of the plane becomes fainter.

280. LONG SHOT SKY

The Transport grows smaller in the distance.

281. MED. SHOT NEAR HANGAR

Rick continues to stare aloft. At the SOUND of a car approaching, both men turn.

282. LONG SHOT A POLICE CAR

speeds in and comes to a stop near Renault. Four police hurriedly alight.

283. CLOSE SHOT RENAULT

looking at Rick.

284. CLOSE SHOT RICK

as he returns Renault's gaze. His eyes are expressionless.

285. FULL SHOT

The gendarmes run to Renault. Renault turns to them.

GENDARME:

Mon Capitaine!

RENAULT:

Major Strasser has been shot

(pauses as he
looks at Rick,
then to the
gendarmes:)

Round up the usual suspects..!

GENDARME:

(saluting)

Yes, Captain.

He leads the other gendarmes off. The two men look at one another.

RENAULT:

Well, Rick, you're not only a sentimentalist, but you've become a patriot.

RICK:

Maybe, but it seemed like a good time to start.

RENAULT:

I think perhaps you're right.

(lights a cigarette)

It might be just as well for you to disappear from Casablanca. I understand there's a Free French garrison over at Bravville. I might be induced to arrange your passage.

(CONTINUED)

285 (Cont.)

RICK:

(smiles)

My Letter of Transit?

(his eyes following
the plane, which is
now receding into
the distance)I could use a trip... But it doesn't
make any difference about our bet,
you still owe me the ten thousand
francs.

RENAULT:

And that ten-thousand francs
should pay our expenses.

RICK:

Our expenses!

RENAULT:

Uh huh.

RICK:

I think this is the beginning of
a beautiful friendship.THE END