

C A S A B L A N C A

Released: 1942
Studio: Warner Bros.
Running Time: 102 minutes
Director: Michael Curtiz
Producers: Hal B. Wallis,
Jack L. Warner
Screenplay: Julius J. Epstein
Philip G. Epstein
Howard Koch

Based on the play EVERYBODY GOES TO RICK'S

by Murray Burnett, Joan Alison

When production began the script was only half completed, near the end of production the script was literally being written the night before, and in the final days of filming, the dialogue for some scenes was written while shooting was actually in progress and then rushed to the set. Dialogue for the final seconds of the film was even added well after production had been completed.

It is therefore accurate to say that no complete production script for Casablanca exists. The script that follows is therefore a synthesis of extant versions of the shooting script, the continuity script, and a close analysis of the finished film.

FADE IN:

INSERT - A revolving globe. When it stops revolving it turns briefly into a contour map of Europe, then into a flat map.

Superimposed over this map are scenes of refugees fleeing from all sections of Europe by foot, wagon, auto, and boat, and all converging upon one point on the tip of Africa -- Casablanca.

Arrows on the map illustrate the routes taken as the voice of a NARRATOR describes the migration.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

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

The narrator's voice fade away...

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD MOORISH SECTION OF THE CITY - DAY

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

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

POLICE OFFICER

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

CUT TO:

EXT. A STREET IN THE OLD MOORISH SECTION - DAY

An officer BLOWS his whistle several times.

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

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

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

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

FIRST POLICEMAN

May we see your papers?

CIVILIAN

(nervously)

I don't think I have them on me.

FIRST POLICEMAN

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

The civilian pats his pockets.

CIVILIAN

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

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

SECOND POLICEMAN

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

Suddenly the civilian breaks away and starts to run wildly

down the street.

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

JAN and ANNINA BRANDEL, a very young and attractive refugee couple from Bulgaria, watch as the civilian passes. They've been thrust by circumstances from a simple country life into an unfamiliar and hectic world.

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. PALAIS DE JUSTICE - DAY

We see an inscription carved in a marble block along the roofline of the building: "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite"

We see the the facade, French in architecture, then the high-vaulted entrance which is inscribed "Palais de Justice".

At the entrance the arrested suspects are led in by the police.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

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

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

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

ENGLISHWOMAN

What on earth's going on there?

ENGLISHMAN

I don't know, my dear.

The European walks over to the couple.

EUROPEAN

Pardon, pardon, Monsieur, pardon

Madame, have you not heard?

ENGLISHMAN

We hear very little, and we understand even less.

EUROPEAN

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

CUT TO:

EXT. PALAIS DE JUSTICE - DAY

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

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

EUROPEAN

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

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

EUROPEAN

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

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

ENGLISHMAN

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

EUROPEAN

Not at all. Au revoir, Monsieur. Au revoir, Madame.

He leaves. The Englishman, still a trifle disconcerted by

the European's action, watches him as he leaves.

ENGLISHMAN

Au revoir. Amusing little fellow.
Waiter!

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

ENGLISHMAN

Oh. How silly of me.

ENGLISHWOMAN

What, dear?

ENGLISHMAN

I've left my wallet in the hotel.

ENGLISHWOMAN

Oh.

Suddenly the Englishman looks off in the direction of the departed European, the clouds of suspicion gathering.

Interrupting overhead is the DRONE of a low flying airplane.

They look up.

CUT TO:

EXT. OVERHEAD SHOT - DAY

An airplane cuts its motor for landing.

CUT TO:

EXT. PALAIS DE JUSTICE - DAY

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

Jan and Annina look up at the plane.

ANNINA

(wistfully)
Perhaps tomorrow we'll be on
that plane.

CUT TO:

EXT. OVERHEAD SHOT - DAY

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

The sign reads "Rick's Cafe Americain."

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

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

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

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

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

Herr Heinze steps up to him with upraised arm.

HEINZE

Heil Hitler.

STRASSER

Heil Hitler.

They shake hands.

HEINZE

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

STRASSER

Thank you. Thank you.

Heinze introduces Strasser to Renault.

HEINZE

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

Renault salutes.

RENAULT

Unoccupied France welcomes you to Casablanca.

STRASSER

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

RENAULT

Major Strasser, my aide, Lieutenant Casselle.

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

TONELLI

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

STRASSER

That is kind of you.

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

RENAULT

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

STRASSER

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

RENAULT

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

STRASSER

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

RENAULT

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

HEINZE

We already know who the murderer is.

STRASSER

Good. Is he in custody?

RENAULT

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

STRASSER

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RICK'S CAFE - NIGHT

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

Again we isolate on the neon sign.

INSERT SIGN: "Rick's Cafe Americain".

We follow a group of customers inside.

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

Two men sit at a table.

MAN

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

Casablanca.

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

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

WOMAN

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

MOOR

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

WOMAN

All right.

On to another table where two CONSPIRATORS talk.

CONSPIRATOR

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

He stops abruptly as two German officers walk by.

A REFUGEE and another MAN converse at another table.

MAN

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

REFUGEE

Thank you, oh, thank you.

MAN

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

On the way to the bar we pass several tables and hear a Babel of foreign tongues. Here and there we catch a scattered phrase or sentence in English.

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

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

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

CARL
Open up, Abdul.

ABDUL
(respectfully)
Yes, Herr Professor.

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

INT. RICK'S CAFE - GAMBLING ROOM - NIGHT

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

FIRST WOMAN
Uh, waiter.

CARL
Yes, Madame?

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

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

SECOND WOMAN
(disappointed)
What makes saloon-keepers so snobbish?

MAN
(to Carl)
Perhaps if you told him I ran the second largest banking house in Amsterdam.

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

MAN
We have something to look forward to.

CARL

And his father is the bell boy.

Carl laughs.

The overseer walks up to a table with a paper in his hand.

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

The overseer takes the check.

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

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

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

Abdul starts to close the door on the man.

ABDUL

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

GERMAN

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

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

RICK

(coldly)

Yes? What's the trouble?

ABDUL

This gentleman --

The German interrupts and waves his card.

GERMAN

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

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

tries to squeeze through the doorway blocked by the German. If he were an American, Ugarte would look like a tout.

He gets through and passes Rick.

UGARTE

Uh, excuse me, please. Hello, Rick.

RICK

(softly)
Hello Ugarte.

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

RICK

Your cash is good at the bar.

GERMAN

What! Do you know who I am?

RICK

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

GERMAN

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

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

Rick meets Ugarte on his way back to his table.

UGARTE

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

RICK

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

UGARTE

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

RICK

(coldly)

-- You thought what?

Fearing to offend Rick, Ugarte laughs.

UGARTE

What right do I have to think?

Ugarte pulls out a chair at Rick's table.

UGARTE

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

RICK

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

UGARTE

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

Ugarte sits down.

RICK

(shortly)
I forgive you.

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

UGARTE

Thank you.
(to Rick)
Will you have a drink with me please?

RICK

No.

UGARTE

I forgot. You never drink with...
(to waiter)
I'll have another, please.
(to Rick, sadly)
You despise me, don't you?

RICK

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

UGARTE

But why? Oh, you object to the kind

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

RICK

For a price, Ugarte, for a price.

UGARTE

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

RICK

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

UGARTE

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

RICK

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

UGARTE

(ironically)

Myself. I found myself much more reasonable.

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

UGARTE

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

Rick appears ready to take them from Ugarte.

UGARTE

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

RICK
For how long?

UGARTE
Perhaps an hour, perhaps a little longer.

RICK
I don't want them here overnight.

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

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

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

WAITER
Yes, Monsieur.

The waiter leaves. Ugarte turns to Rick.

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

He starts across the floor.

RICK
Just a moment.

Ugarte stops as Rick comes up to him.

RICK
Yeah, I heard a rumor that those German couriers were carrying letters of transit.

Ugarte hesitates for a moment.

UGARTE
Huh? I heard that rumor, too. Poor devils.

Rick looks at Ugarte steadily.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Rick makes his way over to Sam, who plays and sings the "Knock Wood" number, accompanied by the orchestra. The cafe is in semi-darkness. The spotlight is on Sam, and every time the orchestra comes in on the "Knock Wood" business, the spotlight swings over to the orchestra.

During one of the periods when the spotlight is on the orchestra, Rick slips the letters of transit into the piano.

FERRARI, owner of the Blue Parrot, a competing night spot, comes into the cafe, sits down, and watches Sam.

Then he sees Rick and they smile at each other. At the end of the number Ferrari goes to the bar to speak to Rick.

FERRARI
 Hello, Rick.

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

FERRARI
 Fine, but I would like to buy your
 cafe.

RICK
 It's not for sale.

FERRARI
 You haven't heard my offer.

RICK
 It's not for sale at any price.

FERRARI
 What do you want for Sam?

RICK
 I don't buy or sell human beings.

FERRARI

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

RICK

Suppose you run your business and let me run mine.

FERRARI

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

RICK

Suppose we do.

FERRARI

My dear Rick, when will you realize that in this world today isolationism is no longer a practical policy?

Rick and Ferrari walk over to the piano.

RICK

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

SAM

I like it fine here.

RICK

He'll double what I pay you.

SAM

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

RICK

Sorry.

Apparently satisfied, Ferrari walks away.

Back at the bar, YVONNE, an attractive young French woman, sits on a stool drinking brandy.

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

SACHA

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

YVONNE

(morosely)
Oh, shut up.

SACHA
(fondly)
All right, all right. For you,
Yvonne, I shot opp, because, Yvonne,
I loff you. Uh oh.

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

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

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

YVONNE
Where were you last night?

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

YVONNE
Will I see you tonight?

RICK
(matter-of-factly)
I never make plans that far ahead.

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

YVONNE
Give me another.

RICK
Sacha, she's had enough.

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

SACHA
Yvonne, I loff you, but he pays me.

Yvonne wheels on Rick with drunken fury.

YVONNE
Rick, I'm sick and tired of having

you --

RICK
-- Sacha, call a cab.

SACHA
Yes, boss.

Rick takes Yvonne by the arm.

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

YVONNE
Take your hands off me!

He pulls her along toward the door.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK'S CAFE - NIGHT

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

SACHA
Taxi!

Soon one pulls up.

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

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

Rick and Yvonne approach the waiting cab.

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

SACHA
Yes, boss.

RICK

And come right back.

SACHA
 (his face falling)
 Yes, boss.

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

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

RENAULT
 Hello, Rick.

Rick walks over to him.

RICK
 Hello, Louis.

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

Rick sits down at the table.

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

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

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

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

Rick laughs.

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

RENAULT

The plane to Lisbon.
 (pause)
 You would like to be on it?

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

RENAULT
 The clipper to America.

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

RENAULT
 I have often speculated on why you
 don't return to America. Did you
 abscond with the church funds? Did
 you run off with a senator's wife?
 I like to think you killed a man.
 It's the romantic in me.

Rick still looks in the direction of the airport.

RICK
 It was a combination of all three.

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

RICK
 My health. I came to Casablanca for
 the waters.

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

RICK
 I was misinformed.

RENAULT
 Huh!

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

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

RICK

Well, I'll get it from the safe.

EMIL

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

RICK

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

EMIL

I'm awfully sorry.

The three men enter the cafe.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

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

RENAULT

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

RICK

(somewhat annoyed)
What, again?

RENAULT

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

Rick's eyes react. Involuntarily, they glance toward the gambling room.

Renault catches the look.

RENAULT

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

RICK

I stick my neck out for nobody.

RENAULT

A wise foreign policy.

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

RENAULT

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

RICK

Our entertainment is enough.

They go inside the office.

INT. RICK'S CAFE - OFFICE - NIGHT

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

RENAULT

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

Rick moves out of the shadows and into view.

RICK

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

RENAULT

Perhaps not.

He gives the money to Emil.

RICK

Here you are.

EMIL

It shall not happen again, Monsieur.

RICK

That's all right.

Emil departs.

RICK

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

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

RENAULT

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

RICK

Yeah? Have a brandy?

RENAULT

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

RICK

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

RENAULT

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

RICK

Yeah? What's his name?

RENAULT

Victor Laszlo.

RICK

Victor Laszlo?

Renault watches Rick's reaction.

RENAULT

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

RICK

Well, he's succeeded in impressing half the world.

RENAULT

It is my duty to see that he doesn't impress the other half. Rick, Laszlo

must never reach America. He stays
in Casablanca.

RICK

It'll be interesting to see how he
manages.

RENAULT

Manages what?

RICK

His escape.

RENAULT

Oh, but I just told you. --

RICK

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

RENAULT

This is the end of the chase.

RICK

Twenty thousand francs says it isn't.

They sit down to discuss the matter in earnest.

RENAULT

Is that a serious offer?

RICK

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

RENAULT

Make it ten. I am only a poor
corrupt official.

RICK

Okay.

RENAULT

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

RICK

Why two?

RENAULT

He is traveling with a lady.

RICK

He'll take one.

RENAULT

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

RICK

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

RENAULT

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

RICK

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

RENAULT

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

Rick makes a face.

RENAULT

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

RICK

And got well paid for it on both occasions.

RENAULT

The winning side would have paid you much better.

RICK

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

RENAULT

I have my orders.

RICK

Oh, I see. Gestapo spank.

Renault stands up.

RENAULT

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

He stops short as his AIDE enters.

AIDE

-- Major Strasser is here, sir.

Renault starts to leave.

RICK

Yeah, you were saying?

RENAULT

(hurriedly)

Excuse me.

He hurries away. Rick smiles cynically.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Renault walks up to Carl.

RENAULT

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

CARL

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

Renault walks over to one of his officers.

RENAULT

Take him quietly. Two guards at every door.

OFFICER

Yes, sir. Everything is ready, sir.

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

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

RENAULT
Good evening, gentlemen.

STRASSER
Good evening, Captain.

HEINZE
Won't you join us?

Renault sits down.

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

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

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

STRASSER
Thank you.

WAITER
Very well, sir.

STRASSER
A very interesting club.

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

STRASSER
I expected no less, Captain.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - GAMBLING ROOM - NIGHT

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

GENDARME
Monsieur Ugarte?

Ugarte looks around.

UGARTE

Oh. Yes?

GENDARME

Will you please come with us.

UGARTE

Certainly. May I first please cash my chips?

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

UGARTE

Pretty lucky, huh? Two thousand, please.

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

CASHIER

Two thousand.

UGARTE

Thank you.

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

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

UGARTE

Rick! Rick, help me!

RICK

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

UGARTE

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

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

UGARTE

Rick! Rick!

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

STRASSER

Excellent, Captain.

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

CUSTOMER

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

RICK

I stick my neck out for nobody.

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

RICK

I'm sorry there was a disturbance, folks, but it's all over now. Everything's all right. Just sit down and have a good time. Enjoy yourself.

Rick glances toward Sam.

RICK

All right, Sam.

Sam nods and begins to play.

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

Rick walks by.

RENAULT

(calling to Rick)
Oh, Rick?

Rick stops and comes over to their table.

RENAULT

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

STRASSER
How do you do, Mr. Rick?

RICK
Oh, how do you do?

RENAULT
And you already know Herr Heinze of
the Third Reich.

Rick nods to Strasser and Heinze.

STRASSER
Please join us, Mr. Rick.

Rick sits down with them.

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

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

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

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

RICK
Make it official, if you like.

STRASSER
What is your nationality?

RICK
(pokerfaced)
I'm a drunkard.

RENAULT
That makes Rick a citizen of the
world.

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

STRASSER

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

RICK

There seems to be no secret about that.

STRASSER

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

RICK

It's not particularly my beloved Paris.

HEINZE

Can you imagine us in London?

RICK

When you get there, ask me.

RENAULT

Ho, diplomatist!

STRASSER

How about New York?

RICK

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

STRASSER

Aha. Who do you think will win the war?

RICK

I haven't the slightest idea.

RENAULT

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

STRASSER

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

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

STRASSER

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

Strasser looks up from the book

STRASSER

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

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

STRASSER

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

Rick looks up from the book.

RICK

Are my eyes really brown?

STRASSER

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

RICK

(glances toward Renault)
My interest in whether Victor Laszlo stays or goes is purely a sporting one.

STRASSER

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

RICK

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

STRASSER

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

RENAULT

Of course, one must admit he has great courage.

STRASSER

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

Rick gets up.

RICK

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

STRASSER

Good evening, Mr. Blaine.

Rick walks away toward the gambling room.

RENAULT

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

STRASSER

Perhaps.

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

The HEADWAITER comes up to them.

HEADWAITER

Yes, Monsieur?

LASZLO

I reserved a table. Victor Laszlo.

HEADWAITER

Yes, Monsieur Laszlo. Right this way.

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

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

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

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

Strasser and Renault look up at them from their table.

LASZLO
Two cointreaux, please.

WAITER
Yes, Monsieur.

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

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

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

Berger walks up to their table.

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

LASZLO
Well?

Berger takes a ring from his finger.

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

LASZLO
Thank you, but I hardly think --

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

He holds it down for their view. Carefully lifting up the
stone, he reveals...

INSERT - a gold plate in the setting underneath, an
impression of the Lorraine Cross of General de Gaulle.

LASZLO

Oh, yes, I'm very interested.

Berger sits down with them.

BERGER

Good.

LASZLO

(lower voice)

What is your name?

BERGER

Berger, Norwegian, and at your service, sir.

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

ILSA

Victor...

Laszlo understands.

LASZLO

(in a low voice)

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

(in a louder voice)

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

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

BERGER

Such a bargain. But that is your decision?

LASZLO

I'm sorry. It is.

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

RENAULT

Monsieur Laszlo, is it not?

LASZLO

Yes.

RENAULT

I am Captain Renault, Prefect of Police.

LASZLO

Yes. What is it you want?

RENAULT

(amiably)

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

LASZLO

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

RENAULT

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

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

ILSA

You are very kind.

LASZLO

Won't you join us?

He sits down.

RENAULT

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

EMIL

Very well, sir.

LASZLO

No, Captain, please.

RENAULT

No. Please, Monsieur, it is a little game we play. They put it on the bill, I tear the bill up. It is very convenient.

Ilsa glances off in Sam's direction.

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

RENAULT
 Sam?

ILSA
 Yes.

RENAULT
 He came from Paris with Rick.

ILSA
 Rick? Who's he?

RENAULT
 (smiling)
 Mademoiselle, you are in Rick's and
 Rick is --

ILSA
 -- Is what?

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

Renault jumps to his feet as Strasser enters.

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

Strasser bows and smiles pleasantly.

STRASSER
 How do you do. This is a pleasure I
 have long looked forward to.

There is not the slightest recognition from either Ilsa
 or Laszlo.

Strasser waits to be asked to seat himself.

LASZLO
 I'm sure you'll excuse me if I am

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 stands.

LASZLO

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

STRASSER

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

LASZLO

This is hardly the time or the place.

STRASSER

(hardening)

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

LASZLO

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

RENAULT

(amiably)

Let us say that it is my request. That is a much more pleasant word.

LASZLO

Very well.

Renault and Strasser bow shortly.

RENAULT

Mademoiselle.

STRASSER

Mademoiselle.

Renault and Strasser walk away.

RENAULT

A very clever tactical retreat,

Major.

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

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

LASZLO

This time they really mean to stop me.

ILSA

Victor, I'm afraid for you.

LASZLO

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

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

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

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

LASZLO

I must find out what Berger knows.

ILSA

Be careful.

LASZLO

I will, don't worry.

He rises and goes off.

We see Ilsa's troubled profile.

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

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

LASZLO

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

BERGER

Yes, Monsieur.

LASZLO

(to Sacha)
A champagne cocktail, please.

Laszlo takes the ring and looks at it.

BERGER
(in a low voice)
I recognize you from the news
photographs, Monsieur Laszlo.

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

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

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

Berger shakes his head.

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

Laszlo absorbs the shock quietly.

LASZLO
I see.

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

He stops when Sacha brings the drink to Laszlo.

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

Ilsa sits alone at her table.

ILSA
 (to waiter)
 Will you ask the piano player to
 come over here, please?

WAITER
 Very well, Mademoiselle.

Renault comes up to the bar near Berger and Laszlo.

RENAULT
 How's the jewelry business, Berger?

BERGER
 Er, not so good.
 (to Sacha)
 May I have my check, please?

RENAULT
 Too bad you weren't here earlier,
 Monsieur Laszlo. We had quite a bit
 of excitement this evening, didn't
 we, Berger?

BERGER
 Er, yes. Excuse me, gentlemen.

LASZLO
 My bill.

RENAULT
 No. Two champagne cocktails, please.

SACHA
 Yes, sir.

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

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

ILSA
 Hello, Sam.

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

He sits down and is ready to play.

ILSA
 It's been a long time.

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

ILSA
 Some of the old songs, Sam.

SAM
 Yes, ma'am.

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

ILSA
 Where is Rick?

SAM
 (evading)
 I don't know. I ain't seen him all
 night.

Sam looks very uncomfortable.

ILSA
 When will he be back?

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

ILSA
 Does he always leave so early?

SAM
 Oh, he never... well...
 (desperately)
 he's got a girl up at the Blue
 Parrot. He goes up there all
 the time.

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

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

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

SAM

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

ILSA

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

SAM

Oh I can't remember it, Miss Ilsa.
I'm a little rusty on it.

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

ILSA

I'll hum it for you.

Ilsa starts to hum.

Sam begins to play it very softly.

ILSA

Sing it, Sam.

And Sam sings.

SAM

You must remember this,
A kiss is just a kiss,
A sigh is just a sigh,
The fundamental things apply,
As time goes by.

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

SAM

And when two lovers woo,
They both say I love you,
On that you can rely,
No matter what the future brings,
As time goes by.

Rick walks briskly up to the piano.

RICK

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

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

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

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

Sam prepares to move the piano away.

Renault and Laszlo approach the table from the bar.

RENAULT

(to Ilsa)

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

RICK

-- Hello, Ilsa.

ILSA

Hello, Rick.

RENAULT

Oh, you've already met Rick, Mademoiselle?

There's no answer from either.

RENAULT

Well then, perhaps you also ---

ILSA

-- This is Mr. Laszlo.

LASZLO

How do you do?

RICK

How do you do?

LASZLO

One hears a great deal about Rick in Casablanca.

RICK

And about Victor Laszlo everywhere.

LASZLO

Won't you join us for a drink?

RENAULT

(laughing)

Oh, no, Rick never --

RICK

-- Thanks. I will.

Rick sits down.

RENAULT

Well! A precedent is being broken.

Er, Emil!

LASZLO

This is a very interesting cafe. I congratulate you.

RICK

And I congratulate you.

LASZLO

What for?

RICK

Your work.

LASZLO

Thank you. I try.

RICK

We all try. You succeed.

RENAULT

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

ILSA

(to Rick)

I wasn't sure you were the same. Let's see, the last time we met --

RICK

-- It was "La Belle Aurore."

ILSA

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

RICK

Not an easy day to forget.

ILSA

No.

RICK

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

ILSA

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

RENAULT

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

LASZLO

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

RENAULT

(glancing at
his wristwatch)

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

Rick and Ilsa look at each other.

Laszlo signals the waiter

LASZLO

I hope we didn't overstay our welcome.

RICK

Not at all.

WAITER

(to Laszlo)

Your check, sir.

Rick takes the check.

RICK

(to waiter)

Oh, it's my party.

RENAULT

Another precedent gone. This has
been a very interesting evening.
I'll call you a cab. Gasoline
rationing, time of night.

Renault leaves.

LASZLO

We'll come again.

RICK

Any time.

ILSA

Say goodnight to Sam for me.

RICK

I will.

ILSA

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

RICK

He hasn't played it in a long time.

Ilsa smiles.

ILSA

Goodnight.

LASZLO

Goodnight.

RICK

Goodnight.

Rick and Laszlo nod goodnight to each other. Laszlo and Ilsa start to the door as Rick sits down again and stares off in their direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK'S CAFE - NIGHT

Ilsa and Laszlo leave the cafe.

LASZLO

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

Ilsa doesn't look at him.

ILSA

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

They join Renault at the curb.

RENAULT

Tomorrow at ten at the Prefect's
office.

LASZLO

We'll be there.

RENAULT

Goodnight.

ILSA

Goodnight.

LASZLO

Goodnight.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

He fills his glass and drinks it quickly.

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

Sam comes in and stands hesitantly beside Rick.

SAM

Boss.

No answer, as Rick drinks.

SAM

Boss!

RICK

Yeah?

SAM

Boss, ain't you going to bed?

RICK

Not right now.

Sam now realizes Rick is in a very grim mood.

SAM

(lightly)

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

RICK

No.

SAM

You ever going to bed?

RICK

No.

SAM

Well, I ain't sleepy either.

RICK

Good. Then have a drink.

SAM

No. Not me, boss.

RICK

Then don't have a drink.

SAM

Boss, let's get out of here.

RICK

(emphatically)

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

SAM

(earnestly)

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

RICK

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

SAM

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

RICK

Shut up and go home, will you?

SAM

(stubbornly)

No, sir. I'm staying right here.

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

improvising.

RICK

They grab Ugarte and she walks in.
Well, that's the way it goes. One
in, one out. Sam?

SAM

Yeah, boss?

RICK

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

SAM

Uh, my watch stopped.

RICK

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

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

RICK

Of all the gin joints in all the
towns in all the world, she walks
into mine.

He holds his head in his hands.

RICK

What's that you're playing?

SAM

Just a little something of my own.

RICK

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

SAM

No, I don't.

RICK

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

SAM

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

RICK

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

SAM

Yes, boss.

Sam starts to play "As Time Goes By."

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

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE - PARIS IN THE SPRING

- A) The Arc de Triomphe from a distance.
- B) Rick drives a small, open car slowly along the boulevard. He puts his arm around Ilsa. The background scenery changes to a country road as she snuggles close to him and puts her head on his shoulder.
- C) An excursion boat on the Seine. Rick and Ilsa stand at the rail of the boat. They seem to be transported by each other as Ilsa laughs.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S PARIS APARTMENT - DAY

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

RICK

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

ILSA

We said "no questions."

RICK

Here's looking at you, kid.

They drink.

CUT TO:

INT. PARIS CAFE - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

INT. ILSA'S PARIS APARTMENT - DAY

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

ILSA
A franc for your thoughts.

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

ILSA
I'm willing to be overcharged. Tell me.

RICK
And I was wondering.

ILSA
Yes?

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

ILSA
Why there is no other man in my life?

RICK
Uh huh.

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

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

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

They kiss passionately.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - NEWSREEL FOOTAGE OF THE GERMAN OCCUPATION OF FRANCE.

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

B) German troops crossing a river.

C) Tanks rolling down the road toward Paris.

D) German war planes overhead.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS CAFE - DAY

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

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

RICK

Nothing can stop them now.
Wednesday, Thursday at the latest,
they'll be in Paris.

ILSA

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

RICK

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

CUT TO:

INT. LA BELLE AURORE - AFTERNOON

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

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

Sam plays "As Time Goes By."

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

Rick pours the champagne. His manner is wry, but not the bitter wryness we have seen in Casablanca.

RICK

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

any of it.

Sam looks at his glass.

SAM

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

RICK

You said it!
(to Ilsa)
Here's looking at you, kid.

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

RICK

My German's a little rusty.

ILSA

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

She smiles faintly.

ILSA

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

RICK

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

ILSA

Ten years ago? Let's see...
(pause as she thinks a bit)
...Yes. I was having a brace put on my teeth. Where were you?

RICK

Looking for a job.

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

ILSA

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

RICK

(grimly)

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

Another BOOM from the cannons.

RICK

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

SAM

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

Ilsa reacts to this worriedly.

RICK

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

Ilsa looks at Rick.

ILSA

Strange. I know so very little about you.

RICK

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

He chuckles.

ILSA

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

RICK

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

ILSA

(seriously)

Yes, of course, we --

RICK

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

ILSA

(quickly)

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

RICK

All right. At a quarter to five.
(a thought strikes him)
Say, why don't we get married in Marseilles?

Rick chuckles again.

ILSA

(evasively)

That's too far ahead to plan.

RICK

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

ILSA

Oh, darling!

Suddenly Ilsa turns away and starts to cry.

RICK

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

ILSA

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

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

ILSA

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. GARE DE LYON - NIGHT

It's raining very hard at the train station.

There is a hectic, fevered excitement, evident in the faces of the people that pass by. This is the last train from Paris.

Rick appears in the crowd. He stops and puts his suitcase down and glances at his watch.

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

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

Suddenly Sam appears.

RICK

Where is she? Have you seen her?

SAM

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

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

INSERT LETTER

Richard,

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

Ilsa

Raindrops pour down the letter, smudging the writing.

BACK TO SCENE

A whistle BLOWS.

SAM

(frantically)

That's the last call, Mr. Richard,

do you hear me? Come on, Mr.
Richard. Let's get out of here.
Come on, Mr. Richard, come on.

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

ILSA

Rick, I have to talk to you.

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

RICK

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

ILSA

No. No, Rick. Not tonight.

RICK

Especially tonight.

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

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

ILSA

Please.

RICK

Why did you have to come to Casablanca?
There are other places.

ILSA

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

RICK

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

ILSA

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

RICK

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

ILSA

I didn't count the days.

RICK

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

He takes a drink.

ILSA

Can I tell you a story, Rick?

RICK

Has it got a wow finish?

ILSA

I don't know the finish yet.

RICK

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

ILSA

It's about a girl who had just come to Paris from her home in Oslo. At the house of some friends she met a man about whom she'd heard her whole life, a very great and courageous man. He opened up for her a whole

beautiful world full of knowledge and thoughts and ideals. Everything she knew or ever became was because of him. And she looked up to him and worshipped him with a feeling she supposed was love.

RICK

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

Ilsa gets up and leaves.

Rick's head slumps over the table.

CUT TO:

INT. RENAULT'S OFFICE - MORNING

A sign on the door reads: Captain Renault, Prefect de Police.

Strasser sits while Renault attends to some paperwork.

STRASSER

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

RENAULT

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

STRASSER

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

RENAULT

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

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:

INT. PREFECTURE LOBBY - MORNING

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

Jan and Annina talk to an officer.

OFFICER

(to Jan and Annina)

There's nothing we can do.

CUT TO:

INT. RENAULT'S OFFICE - MORNING

Laszlo and Ilsa enter Renault's office.

Renault bows to them both.

RENAULT

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

LASZLO

I slept very well.

RENAULT

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

LASZLO

(coldly)

May we proceed with the business?

RENAULT

With pleasure. Won't you sit down?

LASZLO

Thank you.

They take their seats.

STRASSER

(now as cold as Laszlo)

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

LASZLO

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

STRASSER

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

(turns to Renault)

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

RENAULT

I am afraid not. My regrets, Monsieur.

LASZLO

Well, perhaps I shall like it in Casablanca.

STRASSER

And Mademoiselle?

ILSA

You needn't be concerned about me.

LASZLO

Is that all you wish to tell us?

STRASSER

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

LASZLO

And that is?

STRASSER

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

LASZLO

Even in Berlin.

STRASSER

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

RENAULT

And the honor of having served the Third Reich.

LASZLO

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

STRASSER

You will give us the names?

LASZLO

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

The passionate conviction in his voice now reveals the crusader.

LASZLO

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

STRASSER

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

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

LASZLO

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

RENAULT

Monsieur, insofar as it is in my power --

LASZLO

-- Thank you.

RENAULT

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

LASZLO

Yes.

RENAULT

I believe you have a message for him?

LASZLO

Nothing important, but may I speak to him now?

STRASSER

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

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

Strasser observes their reaction.

ILSA

(softly)

Oh.

Renault holds a report.

RENAULT

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

LASZLO

Are you quite finished with us?

STRASSER
For the time being.

LASZLO
Good day.

Renault rings a buzzer and the door is opened for them.

As Ilsa and Laszlo leave, an OFFICER comes in.

RENAULT
Undoubtedly their next step will be
to the black market.

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

RENAULT
Show her in.

OFFICER
Yes, sir.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK MARKET - DAY

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

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

On the surface the atmosphere is merely languid, but
underneath lies the sinister workings of illicit trade.

A FRENCHMAN and a NATIVE huddle together and talk in low
tones.

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

FRENCHMAN

Ferrari?

NATIVE

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

FRENCHMAN

Thanks.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BLUE PARROT - DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLUE PARROT - DAY

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

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

FERRARI

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

JAN

Thank you very much, Signor.

Jan leads Annina away.

RICK

Hello, Ferrari.

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

FERRARI

Ah, good morning, Rick.

They shake hands.

RICK

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

FERRARI

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

RICK

I never drink in the morning. And every time you send my shipment over, it's always just a little bit short.

FERRARI

(chuckling)

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

He hails a waiter.

FERRARI

The bourbon.

(to Rick, sighing deeply)

The news about Ugarte upset me very much.

RICK

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

He eyes Rick closely.

FERRARI

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

RICK

Practically no one.

FERRARI

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

RICK

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

FERRARI

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

RICK
And the carrying charges?

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

RICK
(dryly)
I'll tell him when he comes in.

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

RICK
Well, you're in good company. Renault
and Strasser probably think so, too.

Rick looks out of the window and sees Ilsa at the linen
bazaar, then Laszlo walking toward the cafe.

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

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

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

Rick gets up.

RICK
Excuse me, I'll be getting back.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BLUE PARROT - DAY

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

LASZLO
Good morning.

RICK

Signor Ferrari is the fat gent at
the table.

As he exits, Laszlo looks after him with a puzzled expression.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK MARKET - DAY

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

ARAB

You will not find a treasure like
this in all Morocco, Mademoiselle.
Only seven hundred francs.

Rick walks up behind Ilsa.

RICK

You're being cheated.

She looks briefly at Rick, then turns away. Her manner is politely formal.

ILSA

It doesn't matter, thank you.

ARAB

Ah, the lady is a friend of Rick's?
For friends of Rick we have a small
discount. Did I say seven hundred
francs? You can have it for two
hundred.

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

RICK

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

ILSA

It doesn't matter.

ARAB

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

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

RICK

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

ARAB

I have some tablecloths, some
napkins --

ILSA

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

ARAB

Please, one minute. Wait!

The Arab hurriedly exits.

Ilsa pretends to examine the goods on the counter.

RICK

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

ILSA

Yes.

RICK

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

ILSA

I don't think I will, Rick.

RICK

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

ILSA

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

RICK

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

ILSA

You can believe that if you want to.

RICK

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

Ilsa turns her head away.

RICK

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

ILSA

No, Rick. No, you see, Victor Laszlo is my husband... and was, even when I knew you in Paris.

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

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLUE PARROT - DAY

Ilsa and Laszlo sit with Ferrari.

FERRARI

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

ILSA

Oh.

LASZLO

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

FERRARI

(to Ilsa)

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

a different matter.

LASZLO

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

ILSA

You mean for me to go on alone?

FERRARI

And only alone.

LASZLO

I will stay here and keep on trying. I'm sure in a little while --

FERRARI

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

ILSA

We are only interested in two visas, Signor.

LASZLO

Please, Ilsa, don't be hasty.

ILSA

(firmly)
No, Victor, no.

FERRARI

You two will want to discuss this. Excuse me. I'll be at the bar.

Ferrari gets to his feet and walks away.

LASZLO

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

ILSA

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

LASZLO

(not very convincingly)

Yes, I would.

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

ILSA

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

LASZLO

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

She smiles again.

ILSA

Your secret will be safe with me. Ferrari is waiting for our answer.

At the bar Ferrari talks to a waiter.

FERRARI

Not more than fifty francs though.

Ilsa and Laszlo walk up to him.

LASZLO

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

FERRARI

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

Laszlo glances in the direction of the bazaar.

LASZLO

Of course. It becomes an instinct.

Ferrari looks shrewdly at Ilsa.

FERRARI

I observe that you in one respect are

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

LASZLO

Yes, something.

FERRARI

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

There's a moments pause as this sinks in.

LASZLO

Do you know where they are?

FERRARI

Not for sure, Monsieur, but I will venture to guess that Ugarte left those letters with Monsieur Rick.

Ilsa's face darkens. Laszlo quietly observes.

LASZLO

Rick?

FERRARI

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

LASZLO

Thank you very much. Good day.

ILSA

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

Ferrari bows.

FERRARI

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

LASZLO

Good day.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK'S CAFE - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

At the bar, the European has found another TOURIST.

EUROPEAN

Here's to you, sir.

TOURIST

Er, good luck, yes.

EUROPEAN

I'd better be going.

TOURIST

Er, my check, please.

EUROPEAN

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

The European picks his pocket.

EUROPEAN

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

The tourist laughs.

TOURIST

Er, goodbye, sir.

EUROPEAN

It has been a pleasure to meet you.

He dashes off and collides with Carl.

EUROPEAN

Oh, I'm sorry.

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

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

Strasser and his crowd enter the cafe and pass Rick's table.

Carl brings Rick a bottle and glass.

CARL

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

Carl leaves.

As Rick lights a cigarette, Renault shows up.

RENAULT

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

RICK

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

He pours a drink for Renault.

RENAULT

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

(taking a sip)

Rick, have you got these letters of transit?

RICK

Louis, are you pro-Vichy or Free French?

RENAULT

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

RICK

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

RENAULT

Huh?

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

RICK

So Yvonne's gone over to the enemy.

RENAULT

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

Renault gets up and strolls away.

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

YVONNE

Sacha!

GERMAN OFFICER

French seventy-fives.

Yvonne is somewhat drunk already.

YVONNE

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

She indicates with her hand where she wants them.

GERMAN OFFICER

We will begin with two.

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

FRENCH OFFICER

(in French)

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

YVONNE

(in French)

What are you butting in for?

FRENCH OFFICER

(in French)

I am butting in --

YVONNE

(breaking in, in French)

-- It's none of your business!

GERMAN OFFICER

(in French)

No, no, no, no! One minute!

(in English)

What did you say? Would you kindly

repeat it?

FRENCH OFFICER
What I said is none of your business!

GERMAN OFFICER
I will make it my business!

They begin to fight.

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

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

RICK
(to the German)
I don't like disturbances in my place. Either lay off politics or get out.

FRENCH OFFICER
(in French)
Dirty Boche. Someday we'll have our revenge!

Renault, Strasser and the other officers sit down again.

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

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

Strasser eyes him closely.

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

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

STRASSER

And if it should change?

He smiles.

RENAULT

Surely the Reich doesn't admit that possibility?

Renault lights a cigarette and puffs away.

STRASSER

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

RENAULT

(casually)

A leader, like Laszlo?

STRASSER

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

RENAULT

(thoughtfully)

I see what you mean.

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

CARL

(in German)

I brought you the finest brandy. Only the employees drink it here.

He pours a drink for each of them.

MR. LEUCHTAG

Thank you, Carl.

CARL

(as he pours)

For Mrs. Leuchtag.

MRS. LEUCHTAG

Thank you, Carl.

CARL
For Mr. Leuchtag.

MR. LEUCHTAG
Carl, sit down. Have a brandy
with us.

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

Carl sits down.

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

He produces a glass from a back pocket.

MRS. LEUCHTAG
At last the day has come.

MR. LEUCHTAG
Frau Leuchtag and I are speaking
nothing but English now.

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

CARL
A very nice idea.

MR. LEUCHTAG
(raising his glass)
To America.

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

MR. LEUCHTAG
Liebchen, uh, sweetness heart,
what watch?

She glances at her wristwatch.

MRS. LEUCHTAG
Ten watch.

MR. LEUCHTAG
(surprised)
Such much?

CARL

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

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

RENAULT

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

Annina sees Rick and goes to his table.

ANNINA

Monsieur Rick?

RICK

Yes?

ANNINA

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

Rick looks at her.

RICK

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

ANNINA

I came with Captain Renault.

RICK

(cynically)
I should have known.

ANNINA

My husband is with me, too.

RICK

He is? Well, Captain Renault's
getting broadminded. Sit down.
Will you have a drink?

Annina shakes her head.

RICK

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

ANNINA

No.

Rick pours himself a drink

ANNINA

Monsieur Rick, what kind of man is
Captain Renault?

RICK

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

ANNINA

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

RICK

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

ANNINA

He did. Captain Renault did.

RICK

I thought so. Where's your husband?

ANNINA

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

Rick looks at her closely.

RICK

How long have you been married?

ANNINA

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

RICK

(wearily)

So you decided to go to America.

ANNINA

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

RICK
Yes, I'll bet.

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

RICK
Does he know that?

ANNINA
Oh, yes.

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

ANNINA
Yes, Monsieur.

RICK
And you want to know --

ANNINA
-- Will he keep his word?

RICK
He always has.

There is a silence. Annina is very disturbed.

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

Rick stares off into space.

RICK
Nobody ever loved me that much.

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

RICK
(harshly)

You want my advice?

ANNINA

Oh, yes, please.

RICK

Go back to Bulgaria.

ANNINA

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

RICK

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

Rick abruptly rises.

ANNINA

(tonelessly)

Thank you, Monsieur.

He quickly goes off, leaving Annina alone at the table. She remains seated, too demoralized to move.

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

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

Rick greets Ilsa and Laszlo.

RICK

Good evening.

LASZLO

Good evening. You see, here we are again.

RICK

I take that as a great compliment to Sam.

(to Ilsa)

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

Laszlo looks around.

ILSA

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

LASZLO
And as far away from Major Strasser
as possible.

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

Rick snaps his fingers for the headwaiter.

RICK
Paul! Table thirty!

HEADWAITER
(to Ilsa and Laszlo)
Yes, sir. Right this way, if you
please.

RICK
(to Ilsa)
I'll have Sam play "As Time Goes
By." I believe that's your favorite
tune.

ILSA
(smiling)
Thank you.

Rick walks over to Sam and whispers something to him. Sam
stops what he is playing and begins "As Time Goes By."
He shakes his head as Rick leaves.

A waiter appears at Ilsa and Laszlo's table.

LASZLO
Two cognacs, please.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - GAMBLING ROOM - NIGHT

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

As Rick comes up the croupier speaks to Jan.

CROUPIER
Do you wish to place another bet, sir?

JAN
No, no, I guess not.

Rick stands behind Jan.

RICK
 (to Jan)
 Have you tried twenty-two tonight?
 I said, twenty-two.

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

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

Rick and the croupier exchange looks. The croupier understands what Rick wants him to do. He spins the wheel.

Carl follows the proceedings, fascinated.

The wheel stops spinning.

CROUPIER
 (in French)
 Twenty-two, black, twenty-two.

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

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

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

Jan hesitates, then withdraws his hands.

Carl continues to watch.

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

CROUPIER
 Twenty-two, black.

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

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

Jan rises to go to the cashier.

A CUSTOMER complains to Carl.

CUSTOMER

Say, are you sure this place is honest?

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

Meanwhile, Rick has walked over to the croupier.

RICK
How we doing tonight?

CROUPIER
Well, a couple of thousand less than
I thought there would be.

Rick smiles slightly and goes toward the door.

Annina runs up to him and hugs him.

ANNINA
Monsieur Rick, I --

RICK
-- He's just a lucky guy.

CARL
(solicitously)
Monsieur Rick, may I get you a cup
of coffee?

RICK
No thanks, Carl.

CARL
Monsieur Rick!

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

JAN
Captain Renault, may I --

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

JAN
We'll be there at six.

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

He looks over and sees Rick.

RENAULT

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

ANNINA

Thank you so much, Captain Renault.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

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

SACHA

Boss, you've done a beautiful thing.

He kisses Rick on both cheeks.

RICK

Go away, you crazy Russian!

Carl pours a brandy for Rick.

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

RENAULT

As I suspected, you're a rank sentimentalist.

RICK

Yeah? Why?

RENAULT

(chidingly)

Why do you interfere with my little romances?

RICK

Put it down as a gesture to love.

RENAULT

(good-naturedly)

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

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

LASZLO

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

RICK

Go ahead.

LASZLO

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

RICK

My office.

LASZLO

Right.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Rick and Laszlo sit and discuss Laszlo's dilemma.

LASZLO

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

RICK

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

LASZLO

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

RICK

What of it?

LASZLO

Isn't it strange that you always

happened to be fighting on the side of the underdog?

RICK

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

Rick gets up, as does Laszlo.

LASZLO

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

RICK

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

LASZLO

I'll raise it to two hundred thousand.

RICK

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

LASZLO

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

RICK

There is. I suggest that you ask your wife.

LASZLO

I beg your pardon?

RICK

I said, ask your wife.

LASZLO

My wife?

Laszlo looks at him, puzzled.

RICK

Yes.

Rick and Laszlo hear MALE VOICES singing downstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - BALCONY - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

At the bar, Renault watches with raised eyebrow.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - BALCONY - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

Laszlo speaks to the orchestra.

LASZLO

Play the Marseillaise! Play it!

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

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

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

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

Yvonne jumps up and sings with tears in her eyes.

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

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

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

YVONNE

Vive La France! Vive la democracie!

CROWD

Vive La France! Vive la democracie!

People clap and cheer.

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

STRASSER

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

RENAULT

(innocently)

But everybody's having such a good time.

STRASSER

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

RENAULT

But I have no excuse to close it.

STRASSER

(snapping)

Find one.

Several French officers surround Laszlo, offering him a drink.

Renault thinks a moment, then blows a loud BLAST on his whistle. The room grows quiet, all eyes turn toward Renault.

RENAULT

(loudly)

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

Clear the room at once!

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

Rick comes quickly up to Renault.

RICK

How can you close me up? On what grounds?

RENAULT

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

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

CROUPIER

Your winnings, sir.

RENAULT

Oh. Thank you very much.

He turns to the crowd again.

RENAULT

Everybody out at once!

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

STRASSER

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

ILSA

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

STRASSER

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

ILSA

Occupied France?

STRASSER

Uh huh. Under a safe conduct from me.

ILSA

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

STRASSER
 There are only two other alternatives
 for him.

ILSA
 What are they?

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

ILSA
 And the other alternative?

STRASSER
 My dear Mademoiselle, perhaps you
 have already observed that in
 Casablanca, human life is cheap.
 Good night, Mademoiselle.

She looks at him, understanding what he means.

He bows and exits as Laszlo arrives at the table.

They start out of the cafe.

ILSA
 What happened with Rick?

LASZLO
 We'll discuss it later.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ilsa and Laszlo walk to their room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Laszlo switches on the light as they enter. While Ilsa
 takes off some jewelry he walks to the window and peers
 out into the darkness. Below and across the street, a
 man stands under an arch. Laszlo watches him, then draws
 down the shade.

LASZLO

Our faithful friend is still there.

ILSA

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

LASZLO

(soberly)

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

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

ILSA

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

LASZLO

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

He lights the cigarette.

ILSA

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

LASZLO

Apparently he has the letters.

ILSA

Yes?

LASZLO

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

Ilsa is now noticeably uncomfortable.

ILSA

Did he give any reason?

LASZLO

He suggested I ask you.

ILSA

Ask me?

LASZLO

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

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

LASZLO

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

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

LASZLO

Ilsa, I --

ILSA

-- Yes?

LASZLO

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

Ilsa still cannot look at him.

ILSA

Yes, Victor, I was.

LASZLO

(sympathetically)
I know how it is to be lonely.
(very quietly)
Is there anything you wish to tell me?

ILSA

(speaking low)
No, Victor, there isn't.

LASZLO

I love you very much, my dear.

Ilsa finally turns to look at Laszlo.

ILSA

Yes, Yes I know. Victor, whatever I do, will you believe that I, that --

LASZLO

-- You don't even have to say it. I'll believe. Goodnight, dear.

He bends down and kisses her cheek.

ILSA

Goodnight.

She watches him go.

ILSA

Victor!

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

ILSA

Be careful.

LASZLO

Of course, I'll be careful.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

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

CARL

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

RICK

How long can I afford to stay closed?

CARL

Oh, two weeks, maybe three.

RICK

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

CARL

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

Carl laughs.

RICK
Now you finish locking up, will you,
Carl?

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

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

CARL
I won't.

RICK
Goodnight.

CARL
Goodnight, Monsieur Rick.

Rick walks up the stairs to his apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

RICK
How did you get in?

ILSA
The stairs from the street.

Ilsa comes over to meet him.

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

ILSA
Richard, I had to see you.

RICK
You use "Richard" again? We're back

in Paris.

ILSA

Please.

RICK

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

ILSA

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

RICK

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

ILSA

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

RICK

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

ILSA

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

RICK

I'm not fighting for anything anymore, except myself. I'm the only cause I'm interested in.

He walks over to the window and Ilsa follows.

ILSA

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

RICK

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

ILSA

Please. Please listen to me. If you knew what really happened, if

you only knew the truth --

RICK

(cutting in)

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

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

ILSA

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

There are tears in her eyes now.

ILSA

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

RICK

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

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

RICK

Now if you --

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

ILSA

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

RICK

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

ILSA

Put them on the table.

RICK
(shaking his head)

No.

ILSA
For the last time, put them on the
table.

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

He moves closer to her.

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

Her hand drops down, and there are tears in her eyes again.

She turns and walks away from him.

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

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - APARTMENT - LATER

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

Ilsa sits on the couch. On a table before her rests a bottle
of champagne along with two half-filled glasses.

Rick walks over to her.

RICK

And then?

ILSA

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

RICK

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

Rick sits down with Ilsa.

ILSA

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

RICK

When did you first find out he was alive?

ILSA

Just before you and I were to leave Paris together. A friend came and told me that Victor was alive. They were hiding him in a freight car on the outskirts of Paris. He was sick, he needed me. I wanted to tell you, but I, I didn't care. I knew, I knew you wouldn't have left Paris, and the Gestapo would have caught you. So I... well, well, you know the rest.

RICK

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

ILSA

Now? I don't know. I know that

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

RICK

And Laszlo?

ILSA

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

RICK

All except one. He won't have you.

Ilsa puts her head on Rick's shoulder.

ILSA

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

RICK

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

ILSA

I wish I didn't love you so much.

She snuggles closer to Rick.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK'S CAFE - NIGHT

Laszlo and Carl make their way through the darkness toward
a side entrance of Rick's. They run inside the entryway.

The headlights of a speeding police car sweep toward them.

They flatten themselves against a wall to avoid detection.
The lights move past them.

CARL

I think we lost them.

LASZLO

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

CARL

Come inside. Come.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

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

CARL

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

LASZLO

Thank you.

Carl goes behind the bar.

CARL

I will give you some water.

CUT TO:

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

Rick and Ilsa hear voices below. Rick crosses to the door. He opens it just enough to see below, and turns off the light.

Ilsa stands just in back of him. She makes a move as if to go out to the balcony but Rick's pushes her back. She withdraws behind the door.

Rick walks out to the balcony railing.

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

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

RICK

Carl, what happened?

Both Carl and Laszlo look up.

CARL

(excitedly)

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

RICK

Come up here a minute.

Carl looks up wonderingly, then starts toward the stairway.

CARL

Yes, I come.

RICK

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

CARL

But Sacha always puts out that light --

RICK

-- Tonight he forgot.

CARL

Yes, I come, I will do it.

Carl climbs the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

RICK

(in a low voice)

I want you to take Miss Lund home.

CARL

Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

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

LASZLO

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

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

RICK

Well, this might come in handy.

LASZLO

Thank you.

RICK
Had a close one, eh?

LASZLO
Yes, rather.

Laszlo takes a drink.

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

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

RICK
What of it? Then it'll be out of it's misery.

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

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

RICK
Yes, I get the point.

Rick lights his cigarette.

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

RICK
You seem to know all about my destiny.

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

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

RICK

You love her that much?

LASZLO

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

He looks away for a moment.

LASZLO

Yes, I love her that much.

Suddenly there is a CRASH at the door of the cafe, followed by the forced entry of several gendarmes. A French officer walks in and addresses Laszlo.

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.

RICK

It seems that destiny has taken a hand.

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

CUT TO:

INT. RENAULT'S OFFICE - MORNING

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

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

RICK

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

RENAULT

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

RICK

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

RENAULT

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

RICK

Well, they're all excellent reasons.

RENAULT

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

RICK

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

RENAULT

Huh?

RICK

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

RENAULT

What friend?

RICK

Ilsa Lund.

(pause)

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

RENAULT

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

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

RICK

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

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

RENAULT

What makes you think we want to hold
you?

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

RICK

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

RENAULT

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

RICK

Then release him. You be at
my place a half hour before
the plane leaves.

Renault sits back down in his chair.

RICK

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

RENAULT

(puzzled)

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

RICK

Well, she isn't just any woman.

Rick stares at the floor, then looks back up at Renault.

RENAULT

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

RICK

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

RENAULT

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

RICK

Oh, thanks.

RENAULT

Go ahead, Ricky.

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

RICK

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

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLUE PARROT - DAY

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

FERRARI

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

RICK

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

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

FERRARI

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

RICK

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

FERRARI

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

RICK

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

FERRARI

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

RICK

Well, so long.

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

the deal.

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

RICK

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

FERRARI

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK'S CAFE - NIGHT

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

On the door a huge placard reads:

CLOSED

By Order of the Prefect of Police

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

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

RICK

You're late.

RENAULT

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

RICK

I thought I asked you to tie up your
watchdogs.

RENAULT

Oh, he won't be followed here.

Renault looks around the empty cafe.

RENAULT

You know, this place will never be

the same without you, Ricky.

RICK

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

RENAULT

Is everything ready?

Rick points at his breast pocket.

RICK

I have the letters right here.

RENAULT

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

RICK

Sam's piano.

RENAULT

Serves me right for not being musical.

They hear the CRUNCH of tires as a car pull up.

RICK

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

Renault walks up the stairs to Rick's office.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICK'S CAFE - NIGHT

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

LASZLO

(to driver)

Here.

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Rick opens the door. Ilsa rushes in. Her intensity reveals the strain she is under. Rick grabs her by both arms and pulls her close.

ILSA

Richard, Victor thinks I'm leaving

with him. Haven't you told him?

RICK
No, not yet.

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

RICK
Everything is quite all right.

ILSA
Oh, Rick!

She looks at him with a vaguely questioning look.

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

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

ILSA
Yes, I will.

Laszlo comes in and closes the door behind himself.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - OFFICE - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S CAFE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

LASZLO
I brought the money, Monsieur Blaine.

RICK
Keep it. You'll need it in America.

LASZLO
But we made a deal.

RICK
(cutting him short)
Oh, never mind about that. You
won't have any trouble in Lisbon,
will you?

LASZLO
No. It's all arranged.

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

He takes out the letters.

RICK
All you have to do is fill in the
signatures.

He hands them to Laszlo, who takes them gratefully.

RENAULT
Victor Laszlo!

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

RENAULT
Victor Laszlo, you are under arrest...
(as he walks toward them)
on a charge of accessory to the
murder of the couriers from whom
these letters were stolen.

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

Renault takes the letters.

RENAULT
Oh, you are surprised about my
friend Ricky?

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

RENAULT
The explanation is quite simple.

Love, it seems, has triumphed over
virtue. Thank --

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

RICK

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

RENAULT

Have you taken leave of your senses?

RICK

I have. Sit down over there.

RENAULT

Put that gun down.

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

RICK

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

Renault halts for a moment and studies Rick.

RENAULT

Under the circumstances, I will sit
down.

He walks to a table and sits.

RICK

(sharply)
Keep your hands on the table.

He takes out a cigarette case.

RENAULT

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

RICK

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

RENAULT

Call off your watch-dogs you said.

RICK

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

RENAULT

That is my least vulnerable spot.

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

RENAULT

(into phone)

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

CUT TO:

INT. GERMAN CONSULATE - NIGHT

Strasser is on the phone.

STRASSER

Hello? Hello?

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

STRASSER

(to officer)

My car, quickly!

OFFICER

(saluting)

Zu Befehl, Herr Major.

The officer exits and Strasser resumes on the telephone.

STRASSER

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

He hangs up the receiver and, grabbing for his cap,
hurriedly exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

The entire airport is surrounded by a heavy fog. The outline of the transport plane is barely visible.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. AIRPORT HANGAR - NIGHT

A uniformed ORDERLY uses a telephone near the hangar door. On the airfield a transport plane is being readied.

ORDERLY

Hello. Hello, radio tower? Lisbon plane taking off in ten minutes. East runway. Visibility: one and one half miles. Light ground fog. Depth of fog: approximately 500. Ceiling: unlimited. Thank you.

He hangs up and moves to a car that has just pulled up outside the hangar.

Renault gets out while the orderly stands at attention. He's closely followed by Rick, right hand in the pocket of his trench coat, covering Renault with a gun.

Laszlo and Ilsa emerge from the rear of the car.

RICK

(indicating the orderly)
Louis, have your man go with Mr. Laszlo and take care of his luggage.

RENAULT

(bowing ironically)
Certainly Rick, anything you say.
(to orderly)
Find Mr. Laszlo's luggage and put it it on the plane.

ORDERLY

Yes, sir. This way please.

The orderly escorts Laszlo off in the direction of the plane. Rick takes the letters of transit out of his pocket and hands them to Renault, who turns and walks toward the hangar.

RICK

If you don't mind, you fill in the names. That will make it even more official.

RENAULT

You think of everything, don't you?

RICK
 (quietly)
 And the names are Mr. and Mrs. Victor
 Laszlo.

Renault stops dead in his tracks, and turns around. Both
 Ilsa and Renault look at Rick with astonishment.

ILSA
 But why my name, Richard?

RICK
 Because you're getting on that plane.

ILSA
 (confused)
 I don't understand. What about you?

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

Rick's intention suddenly dawns on Ilsa.

ILSA
 No, Richard, no. What has happened
 to you? Last night we said --

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

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

RICK
 -- You've got to listen to me. Do
 you have any idea what you'd have to
 look forward to if you stayed here?
 Nine chances out of ten we'd both
 wind up in a concentration camp.
 Isn't that true, Louis?

Renault countersigns the papers.

RENAULT
 I'm afraid Major Strasser would

insist.

ILSA

You're saying this only to make me go.

RICK

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

ILSA

No.

RICK

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

ILSA

But what about us?

RICK

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

ILSA

And I said I would never leave you.

RICK

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't be any part of. Ilsa, I'm no good at being noble, 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. Now, now...

Ilsa's eyes well up with tears. Rick puts his hand to her chin and raises her face to meet his own.

RICK

Here's looking at you, kid.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Major Strasser drives at break-neck speed towards the airport.
He HONKS his horn furiously.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. AIRPORT HANGAR - NIGHT

Laszlo returns. Rick walks into the hangar and Renault
hands him the letters. He walks back out to Laszlo.

LASZLO
Everything in order?

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

LASZLO
(sensing what is coming)
Monsieur Blaine, I don't ask you to
explain anything.

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

LASZLO
Yes.

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

ILSA
(facing Laszlo)
Yes.

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

LASZLO

I understand.

RICK

Here it is.

Rick hands the letters to Laszlo.

LASZLO

Thanks. I appreciate it.

Laszlo extends his hand to Rick, who grasps it firmly.

LASZLO

And welcome back to the fight. This time I know our side will win.

On the airfield the airplane engine TURNS OVER and the propellers start turning. They all turn to see the plane readying for take-off.

Ilsa looks at Rick and he returns her stare with a blank expression. He then glances at Laszlo, as does Ilsa.

Then Laszlo breaks the silence.

LASZLO

Are you ready Ilsa?

ILSA

Yes, I'm ready.

(to Rick)

Goodbye, Rick. God bless you.

RICK

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

Rick watches as Ilsa and Laszlo walk very deliberately towards the plane.

RENAULT

Well I was right. You are a sentimentalist.

RICK

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

Rick puts a cigarette in his mouth.

RENAULT

What you just did for Laszlo, and that fairy tale that you invented to send Ilsa away with him. I know a

little about women, my friend. She went, but she knew you were lying.

RICK

Anyway, thanks for helping me out.

RENAULT

I suppose you know this isn't going to be pleasant for either of us, especially for you. I'll have to arrest you of course.

RICK

As soon as the plane goes, Louis.

The door to the plane is closed by an attendant and it slowly taxis down the field.

Suddenly a speeding car comes to a stop outside the hangar. Strasser alights from the car and runs toward Renault.

STRASSER

What is the meaning of that phone call?

RENAULT

Victor Laszlo is on that plane.

Renault nods toward the field. Strasser turns to see the plane taxiing towards the runway.

STRASSER

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

RENAULT

Ask Monsieur Rick.

Strasser looks briefly at Rick, then makes a step towards the telephone just inside the hangar door.

RICK

Get away from that phone.

Strasser stops in his tracks, looks at Rick, and sees that he is armed.

STRASSER

(steely)

I would advise you not to interfere.

RICK

I was willing to shoot Captain Renault, and I'm willing to shoot

you.

Strasser watches the plane in agony. His eyes dart towards the telephone. He runs toward it and desperately grabs the receiver.

STRASSER

Hello?

RICK

Put that phone down!

STRASSER

Get me the Radio Tower!

RICK

Put it down!

Strasser, one hand holding the receiver, pulls out a pistol with the other hand, and SHOOTS quickly at Rick. The bullet misses its mark.

Rick now SHOOTs at Strasser, who crumples to the ground.

At the sound of an approaching car both men turn. A police car SPEEDS in and comes to a stop near Renault. Four gendarmes hurriedly jump out.

In the distance the plane turns onto the runway.

The gendarmes run to Renault. The first one hurriedly salutes him.

GENDARME

Mon Capitaine!

RENAULT

Major Strasser's been shot.

Renault pauses and looks at Rick. Rick returns Renault's gaze with expressionless eyes.

RENAULT

Round up the usual suspects.

GENDARME

Oui, mon Capitaine.

The gendarmes take Strasser's body away and then drive off.

Renault walks inside the hangar, picks up a bottle of Vichy water, and opens it.

RENAULT

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

RICK

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

RENAULT

I think perhaps you're right.

As he pours the water into a glass, Renault sees the Vichy label and quickly DROPS the bottle into a trash basket which he then KICKS over.

He walks over and stands beside Rick. They both watch the plane take off, maintaining their gaze until it disappears into the clouds.

Rick and Louis slowly walk away from the hangar toward the runway.

RENAULT

It might be a good idea for you to disappear from Casablanca for a while. There's a Free French garrison over at Brazzaville. I could be induced to arrange a passage.

RICK

My letter of transit? I could use a trip. But it doesn't make any difference about our bet. You still owe me ten thousand francs.

RENAULT

And that ten thousand francs should pay our expenses.

RICK

Our expenses?

RENAULT

Uh huh.

RICK

Louis, I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

The two walk off together into the night.

FADE OUT.

THE END