



Characters

Rick, owner of Rick's Café Americain

Ilsa, married to Laszlo

Laszlo, renowned fugitive Czech resistance leader

Renault, French Prefect of Police

Strasser, Nazi Major

Casselle, Renault's Lieutenant

Annina, a young refugee from Bulgaria *

Narrator *

Heinze, German Consul *

Carl, waiter at Rick's *

Berger, of the underground *

Ugarte, a petty crook *

Sam, the piano player *

Ferrari, owner of The Blue Parrot, a rival café, Black market leader

Sacha, bartender at the rival café *

Jan, Annina's husband *

Croupier *

Loudspeaker voice *

Gendarme *

* These parts may be played by 3-5 actors.

Scene1

MUSIC: INTRODUCTION ... THEN BEHIND NARRATOR –

NARRATOR: Everyone knows that name today – Casablanca. Before the 2nd World War, Casablanca was just another small seaport, with its face to the Mediterranean and its back to the North Atlantic. With the coming of war, many eyes in imprisoned Europe turned hopefully, or desperately, toward the freedom of the Americas. Lisbon became the great embarkation point. But not everyone could get to Lisbon directly, and so a torturous, 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, bearing the seal of the Vichy government, and scurry to Lisbon, and from there to the new world. The others just waited – and waited – and waited. But not all who came to Casablanca were refugees. The German intelligence was always there when anything unusual occurred – as, for example, the murder of two Nazi couriers.

HEINZE: Major Strasser, may I present Captain Renault, police prefect of Casablanca?

RENAULT: Unoccupied France welcomes you, major.

STRASSER: Thank you.

RENAULT: You may find the climate of Casablanca a trifle warm.

STRASSER: We Germans must get used to all climates, captain – from Russia, to the Sahara. But perhaps you were not referring to the weather.

RENAULT: Oh, what else, my dear major?

STRASSER: The murder of the couriers. What has been done about it?

HEINZE: Captain Renault already knows who the murderer is.

STRASSER: Excellent. He is in custody?

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

HEINZE: That café, major. I pointed it out to you.

RENAULT: Everybody in Casablanca comes to Rick's. But this one will not leave.

STRASSER: Frankly, captain, I did not journey here simply to find an assassin. The real reason for my visit is – Victor Laszlo.

RENAULT: I thought as much.

STRASSER: Has he arrived yet?

RENAULT: Yes, this afternoon, with a very beautiful young woman. I met them.

STRASSER: Renault, Laszlo must not leave Casablanca. I have learned that he is prepared to offer a fabulous bribe for a visa to Lisbon.

RENAULT: I am prepared to refuse it.

STRASSER: Where is he staying? You know?

RENAULT: Major, I even know the time he intends to bathe.

STRASSER: I would like to talk with Laszlo. Can it be arranged?

RENAULT: Undoubtedly, he, too, will be at Rick's tonight. Everybody comes to Rick's! Or - or did I mention that before?

MUSIC: CAFE PIANO PLAYS A BRISK DANCE TUNE ... CONTINUES IN BG

CARL: Yes, monsieur?

LASZLO: I reserved a table. Victor Laszlo.

CARL: Yes, Monsieur Laszlo; just one moment please.

ILSA: Victor, are you sure we should have come here? So in public?

LASZLO: There's often a greater safety in what appears to be a risk.

ILSA: I see no one here of Ugarte's description.

LASZLO: Neither do I. He'll be here, though.

BERGER: (*approaches*) Excuse me. I have a ring here.

LASZLO: What?

BERGER: A ring. I'm forced to sell it at a great sacrifice.

LASZLO: Well, I hardly think that I —

BERGER: Perhaps the lady. The ring is quite unique. You see?

ILSA: (*low*) That's it, Victor.

LASZLO: (*up*) Yes, it's a very interesting ring. (*low*) What's your name?

BERGER: Berger, monsieur. I recognized you from the newspaper photographs. We read five times that you were killed in five different places.

LASZLO: As you can see, it's true each time. Thank heaven we found you, Berger. I am looking for a man by the name of Ugarte. He's supposed to help us.

BERGER: He's here somewhere. You'll need all the help you can get.

LASZLO: Yes. This time they mean to stop me.

ILSA: Oh, I'm so afraid for you, Victor.

LASZLO: We've been in difficult places before.

BERGER: Quiet, the waiter's coming back.

LASZLO: That's all, Berger. Meet us at the bar later.

ILSA: (*loud, for the waiter's benefit*) Oh, I don't think we want to buy the ring, but, uh, thank you for showing it to us.

MUSIC: CAFE PIANO, UP AND THEN LOW FOR A TRANSITION ...
CONTINUES IN BG

SFX: KNOCK AT DOOR ... NO ANSWER ... KNOCK AGAIN

RICK: (*behind door*) Yeah?

UGARTE: It's Franz, Rick. Franz Ugarte.

RICK: (*behind door*) Come in.

SFX: RICK'S OFFICE DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

MUSIC: CAFE PIANO CUT OFF AS DOOR SHUTS

RICK: All right, what do you want?

UGARTE: (*chuckles*) Nothing much, Rick. Uh, too bad about those German couriers, eh?

RICK: Oh, they got a break. Yesterday, they were just two clerks. Today, they're among the honored dead.

UGARTE: You will forgive me for saying this, Rick, but you are a very cynical person.

RICK: I forgive you.

UGARTE: (*chuckles*) You despise me, don't you?

RICK: Well, if I gave you any thought, I probably would.

UGARTE: But think of the poor refugees who must rot in Casablanca if I did not help them. Is it so bad that, through ways of my own, I provide them with exit visas?

RICK: For a price, Ugarte; for a price.

UGARTE: Oh, those poor wretches who cannot meet Renault's price, I get it for them at half. Is that so parasitic?

RICK: Well, I don't mind a parasite. I just object to a cut-rate one.

UGARTE: (*chuckles*) Well, after tonight, I'm through with the whole business. I'm finally leaving Casablanca.

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

UGARTE: Myself. I found myself much more reasonable. Look, Rick! Look! Do you know what these papers are? Letters of transit signed by Marshal Weygand. With his signature, they cannot be rescinded or questioned. Not even by Renault.

RICK: So?

UGARTE: So – I'm selling these for more money than I ever dreamed of. And then – goodbye.

RICK: What are you trying to say, Ugarte?

UGARTE: (*chuckles*) Rick, I have many friends in Casablanca. But because you despise me, you are the only one I trust. Will you keep these letters for me?

RICK: How long?

UGARTE: Mmmm, for an hour perhaps; till my client arrives.

RICK: Okay. But I don't want them here overnight.

UGARTE: Oh, thank you, thank you. No fear of that. Now, Rick, I hope you are more impressed with me. I'll go to share my luck now with your roulette wheel.

RICK: Hey, wait a minute.

UGARTE: Yes?

RICK: I heard a rumor that those Nazi couriers were carrying letters of transit.

UGARTE: (*too quickly*) No – (*catches himself, too sympathetic*) Yes, poor devils. I – I heard that rumor, too.

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

MUSIC: SAM'S PIANO ... CONTINUES IN BG

BIZ: CAFE BACKGROUND ... PATRONS MURMUR

RENAULT: Good evening, Rick.

RICK: Oh, hello, Renault.

SFX: PROP AIRPLANE FLIES PAST

RENAULT: Hear that plane, Ricky? It's going to Lisbon. You'd like to be on it?

RICK: Why? What's in Lisbon?

RENAULT: The clipper that goes to America. Rick, I have often speculated on why you do not return to America.

RICK: There's a roulette table inside for people who like to speculate.

RENAULT: I notice Ugarte just went in.

RICK: Yes. He'll come out poor.

RENAULT: What was it, Rick? Whatever brought you to Casablanca? Did you abscond with the church funds back home? Did you run off with somebody's wife? I should like to think that you killed a man. It's the romantic in me.

RICK: Well, I'll tell you. It was a combination of all three.

RENAULT: Someday I'll find out. Oh, Rick, before you came, I took the liberty of escorting a visitor to your best table. A German. Major Strasser. I wanted him to be on hand for the excitement – because tonight we're making an arrest here.

RICK: Again?

RENAULT: This time, a murderer. Please don't warn him, Rick.

RICK: Now, look. I stick my neck out for nobody.

RENAULT: And I'm staging the arrest here out of my high regard for you. It'll interest the customers.

RICK: And perhaps Major Strasser?

RENAULT: Perhaps. (*calls*) Casselle!

CASSELLE: (*approaches*) Yes, captain?

RENAULT: You will find Franz Ugarte inside at the roulette table.

CASSELLE: Yes?

RENAULT: Arrest him for the murder of the German couriers.

CASSELLE: Yes, captain.

RENAULT: Oh, he'll be carrying some letters of transit. Be sure you get them.

CASSELLE: (*moving off*) Yes, sir.

MUSIC: SAM FINISHES PLAYING THE PIANO

RICK: Louis? There's more than Ugarte on your mind tonight.

RENAULT: (*chuckles*) Oh, you're very observant, Rick. There are many exit visas sold in this cafe. But we know that you have never sold them. That is why I permit you to remain open.

RICK: Now, I thought it was because I let you win at roulette.

RENAULT: Oh, that's another reason. Rick, a man arrived today in Casablanca on his way to America. Right now, he's at the bar. He will offer a fortune to anyone who will furnish him with an exit visa.

RICK: What man?

RENAULT: Victor Laszlo. (*beat, surprised*) Why, Ricky! This is the first time I've ever seen you so interested.

RICK: Laszlo has succeeded in interesting half the world. I wonder how he'll manage it.

RENAULT: Manage what?

RICK: His escape.

RENAULT: He escaped from a concentration camp and the Nazis have chased him all over Europe. But this is the end of the chase, Rick.

RICK: Ten thousand francs says it isn't.

RENAULT: Make it five thousand; I'm only a poor corrupt official. No, no matter how clever he is, he still needs an exit visa. I should say two. He's traveling with a lady.

RICK: He'll settle for one.

RENAULT: Oh, I think not. I have seen the lady.

RICK: Now where did you get the idea that I might help Laszlo, hm?

RENAULT: Because I know all about you, Ricky. Enough at least to know you're more a sentimentalist than a cynic. I know that in 1935 you ran guns into Ethiopia. I know that in 1936 you risked your neck with the Loyalists in Spain.

RICK: And got well paid on both occasions.

RENAULT: The winning side would have paid you much better.

RICK: Maybe. Louis, why do you want to keep Laszlo here? Gestapo spank?

RENAULT: You overestimate the influence of the Gestapo. In Casablanca, I'm the boss. I do not interfere with them, nor they —

SFX: TWO GUNSHOTS!

BIZ: CAFE PATRONS SHOUT, HOLLER AND SCREAM IN PANIC

SFX: THREE MORE GUNSHOTS!

RENAULT: (*dry*) Casselle is a very noisy policeman.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

RENAULT: Monsieur Laszlo, Mademoiselle Lund – welcome to Rick's.

LASZLO: You welcomed us this afternoon at the airport, captain.

RENAULT: I welcome everyone everywhere. Oh, my profoundest apologies for the recent disturbance. Most unfortunate.

ILSA: Yes. For the poor man who was killed. Horrible.

STRASSER: Horrible, mademoiselle? But then, may I ask, why did you remain?

RENAULT: Oh, permit me. (*introductions*) Major Strasser. Mademoiselle Lund, Monsieur Laszlo.

ILSA: We've heard of you, major.

RENAULT: The major asks, why did you remain after the regrettable shooting?

LASZLO: We were here to meet someone. He's not yet arrived. Ilsa, I think perhaps we should leave now.

STRASSER: (*pointed*) It might be wise, monsieur. I do not think your friend will come. They just removed the body of Franz Ugarte – to the morgue.

LASZLO: Franz Ugarte?

RENAULT: Your friend.

LASZLO: I'm sorry, captain, but the name Franz Ugarte means absolutely nothing to me.

RENAULT: Oh ho, come now, monsieur. We know that you and —

STRASSER: (*curt*) This is enough for tonight. (*an order*) Tomorrow at ten, Monsieur Laszlo, in the captain's office. With mademoiselle.

ILSA: We're not under your authority, major. This is French soil. (*to Renault*) Captain Renault, is it your order that we come to your office?

RENAULT: (*diplomatic*) Uh, let us say it is my request.

LASZLO: Very well.

STRASSER: At ten o'clock in the morning. (*moving off*) Good night.

RENAULT: Sleep well, major. (*to Laszlo and Ilsa*) Now, my friends – after all this unpleasantness – a little relaxation. Sit down, please. (*calls*) Waiter!

CARL: Yes, captain?

RENAULT: A bottle of the best champagne. Put it on my bill.

ILSA: Oh, now, please —

RENAULT: (*dismissive, charming*) Oh, they put it on my bill; I tear the bill up. It's just a little game we play.

LASZLO: We shouldn't stay. We seem to be the only ones left.

RENAULT: I'm afraid Ricky will be very cross with me -- killing one customer and driving the others away. Oh, but that's no reason why you shouldn't be entertained. (*calls*) Sam!

SAM: (*off*) Evenin', cap'n.

RENAULT: Sing something nice for my guests, Sam.

SAM: (*off*) Sure, boss.

MUSIC: SAM'S PIANO, OFF ... ACCOMPANIES HIS SINGING "IT HAD TO BE YOU" ... IN BG, DURING FOLLOWING —

RENAULT: Mademoiselle, I had been informed you were the most beautiful woman ever to visit Casablanca. That is a gross understatement.

ILSA: Thank you. You are very kind. Captain, that man singing —?

LASZLO: He's been staring at you for the past five minutes, Ilsa.

ILSA: I've seen him before somewhere.

RENAULT: Oh, Sam? Oh, he came here from Paris with Rick.

ILSA: Rick? Who is he?

RENAULT: But, mademoiselle, you are in Rick's. And Rick is – Well —

LASZLO: Is what?

RENAULT: He is the kind of a man – Well, if I were a woman and I were not around, I would be in love with Rick. No offense, monsieur.

ILSA: If you, uh – If you both won't think me terribly rude, will you excuse me a moment? I want to talk to Sam.

LASZLO: To Sam? Of course, my dear.

RENAULT: Hurry back, mademoiselle.

SFX: ILSA'S FOOTSTEPS TO SAM ... HIS SINGING AND PLAYING GROW LOUDER AS SHE APPROACHES, THEN STOP AFTER SHE SAYS —

ILSA: Hello, Sam.

SAM: (*uncomfortable*) Hello, Miss Ilsa. Never expected to see you again.

ILSA: Been a long time.

SAM: Yes, miss.

ILSA: Where is he, Sam?

SAM: Why – who, miss?

ILSA: Rick.

SAM: (*unconvincing*) I don't know. I haven't seen him all night.

ILSA: Will he be back?

SAM: Not tonight, no more. He won't be coming. He went home.

ILSA: Does he always leave so early after a shooting? Oh, Sam. You used to be a much better liar.

MUSIC: SAM'S PIANO ... UNDER THE FOLLOWING —

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

ILSA: Sam? Play it once. For old time's sake.

SAM: Uh, I don't know what you mean.

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

SAM: I can't remember it, Miss Ilsa.

ILSA: Please. Sing it, Sam.

SAM: (*reluctant*) Oh, Miss Ilsa.
(*sings*) You must remember this,
A kiss is still a kiss.
A sigh is just a sigh.
The fundamental things apply
As time goes by.

And when two lovers woo
They still say —

SFX: SIDE DOOR OPENS, OFF

MUSIC: PIANO OUT ABRUPTLY WITH —

RICK: (*off, upset*) Sam! I thought I told you never to play that!

SAM: (*under his breath*) Now you've done it.

RENAULT: (*off, calls*) Oh, Rick. Come here. I want you to meet some charming people.

RICK: (*closer, composed*) Well, hello, Ilsa.

ILSA: Hello, Rick.

RENAULT: Oh. You two know each other. Then you also know Monsieur Victor Laszlo?

RICK: No.

RENAULT: Oh.

LASZLO: One hears a great deal about Rick in Casablanca.

RICK: And about you everywhere.

LASZLO: Won't you join us for a drink? This is a most interesting cafe, even without the gun play. I congratulate you.

RICK: And I congratulate you.

LASZLO: What for?

RICK: Oh, your work.

LASZLO: Thank you. I try.

RICK: We all try. You succeed.

RENAULT: Well, I can't get over you two knowing each other.

ILSA: I wasn't sure you were the same. Let's see. The last time we met – Wasn't it in Paris?

RICK: Well, that shouldn't be too hard to remember. It was the day the Germans marched in. The Germans wore gray. You wore blue.

LASZLO: Ilsa – I don't wish to be the one to say it but, it is late.

RENAULT: Yes, so it is. (*calls*) Carl? The bill.

RICK: Forget it, Carl. It's my party.

RENAULT: (*surprised*) Oh, it is? Well, all in all, a most unusual evening.

LASZLO: We'll come again.

RICK: Do that.

ILSA: Will you say goodnight to Sam for me?

RICK: Sure.

ILSA: There's still no one in the world who can sing "As Time Goes By" like Sam.

RICK: He hasn't done it in a long time. (*beat, pleasant*) Good night.

RENAULT: I'd like just one word with Rick, Monsieur Laszlo, and then, if you wish, I'd be delighted to drive you to your hotel.

LASZLO: Thank you. We'll wait outside.

SFX: ILSA & LASZLO'S FOOTSTEPS TO FRONT DOOR WHICH OPENS AND SHUTS

LASZLO: A very puzzling fellow, this Rick. Just what sort is he?

ILSA: I really can't say. I met him in Paris. (*beat, slowly*) We were once acquaintances.

Scene 2

MUSIC: "AS TIME GOES BY" ... MUSIC: FOR AN INTRODUCTION ... THEN BEHIND NARRATOR —

NARRATOR: It's hours later – and in Rick's Cafe, a solitary lamp still burns. Rick sits at a table, staring into an empty highball glass. And in the shadows, Sam fingers the keyboard quietly.

MUSIC: SAM'S PIANO, QUIETLY ... CONTINUES IN BG

SAM: Boss? Aren't you going to bed?

RICK: (*no*) Mm mm. (*drunk and melancholy*) Not right now.

SAM: Well, aren't you planning on going to bed in the near future?

RICK: No. Go on, keep playin', will ya?

SAM: Okay. (*beat*) Boss, let's get out of here. There is nothing but trouble for you here.

RICK: She's comin' back. I know she's comin' back.

SAM: Well, we could take the car, you and me, and drive till morning. We'll go fishing somewhere and stay until she leaves.

RICK: Ugarte died and she walks in. One out, one in. Of all the joints in all the towns in all the world, she walks into mine. Hey, what's that you're playin'?

SAM: Oh, just a little something of my own.

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

SAM: No, I don't.

MUSIC: PIANO STOPS

RICK: Ah, you played it for her, you can play it for me!

SAM: Yes, boss.

SFX: FRONT DOOR OPENS, OFF

SAM: Boss, listen.

RICK: What?

SAM: You've got company.

SFX: FRONT DOOR SHUTS, OFF

RICK: I was countin' on it

ILSA: (*approaches*) Rick, may I talk to you?

SAM: (*to Rick*) Uh, so long, boss. (*sotto voice, as he exits*) Miss Ilsa, you shouldn't have come.

RICK: Want a drink?

ILSA: No.

RICK: (*beat*) Why did you have to come to Casablanca?

ILSA: I wouldn't have come if I'd known you were here. Believe me, Rick, it's true.

RICK: Hm.

MUSIC: ROMANTIC ... "AS TIME GOES BY" ... IN BG

RICK: Funny about your voice. Still the same. "Rick, dear, I'll go any place with you. We'll get on a train together and we'll never stop."

ILSA: Don't, Rick; please don't. I understand how you feel.

RICK: How long did I know you, honey?

ILSA: Oh, I didn't count the days.

RICK: I did. Every one of 'em. Mostly I remember the last one. Paris. A wow finish. Guy waiting at a station in the rain with a marriage license in his pocket and a – a funny look on his kisser 'cause a sledgehammer just hit him between the eyes.

ILSA: Can I tell you a story, Rick?

RICK: Has it got a wow finish?

ILSA: I don't know the finish yet myself.

RICK: Okay. Maybe one'll come to you as you go along.

ILSA: It's – It's about a girl who met a man she's heard about all her life. A great and courageous man. And soon, everything this girl knew – or ever became – was because of this man. She looked up to him and worshipped him with a feeling she thought was love.

RICK: I've heard better stories in my time. Tell me, was he the guy you left me for? Was it Laszlo? Or were there a few others in between?

ILSA: Rick —

RICK: A lot of people ran away from Paris that day. I wonder if they all left notes. You left a note, didn't you? Sam brought it to me at the railroad station. I guess it was the love light in my eyes that helped him spot me in all that mob.

ILSA: Yes, I wrote you a note. I know it was cowardly, but I just couldn't face you.

RICK: "I cannot go with you or ever see you again." Remember? I must not ask why. "You just believe that I love you, and God bless you." That's a literal translation, Ilsa.

ILSA: I thought – I thought if I came here tonight and spoke to you, I could make you understand. (*moving off*) I'm sorry, Rick.

SFX: FRONT DOOR OPENS, OFF

RICK: Don't give up, honey. I'm just a slow study. Call again sometime and give it another whirl.

SFX: FRONT DOOR SHUTS, OFF

MUSIC: UP, FOR MELANCHOLY PUNCTUATION, THEN FADES OUT

RENAULT: We have searched Ugarte's apartment again, Major Strasser. No luck. Someone else must have those letters.

STRASSER: And I strongly suspect that "someone" is Rick. I suggest you continue the search in the cafe.

RENAULT: If Rick has the letters of transit, he is much too smart to let you find them there.

STRASSER: You give him too much credit. Just another blundering American.

RENAULT: We must not underestimate American blundering, major. I was with them when they blundered into Berlin in 1918.

STRASSER: As to Laszlo, we want him watched – twenty-four hours a day!

RENAULT: Yes. It's ten o'clock, major, and he and the girl are waiting now for us.

STRASSER: Send them in.

SFX: CLICK! OF INTERCOM

RENAULT: (*into intercom*) Send them in, Casselle.

SFX: CLICK! OF INTERCOM

RENAULT: I do not think we're going to get very far with Laszlo this morning.

STRASSER: Nevertheless, there's no loss in making him the obvious offers.

RENAULT: Only a loss of time.

SFX: RENAULT'S OFFICE DOOR OPENS

RENAULT: Oh, good morning, I'm delighted to see you both.

STRASSER: (*curt greeting*) Laszlo. Mademoiselle.

ILSA & LASZLO: Good morning.

SFX: RENAULT'S OFFICE DOOR SHUTS

RENAULT: Won't you sit down?

ILSA: Thank you.

STRASSER: Laszlo, we will not mince words.

LASZLO: Good. Let's begin by saying that I'm an escaped prisoner of the Third Reich – from whom no one ever escapes.

STRASSER: I do not deny you are an exceptional man. Monsieur, you say "Third" Reich as if you expected there will be others.

LASZLO: I take what comes, major.

STRASSER: So far, yes, you have been fortunate enough to elude us. You have reached Casablanca. I intend to make certain you stay here.

ILSA: (*chuckles*) Whether or not you succeed, major, is, of course, problematical.

STRASSER: Not quite. On all exit visas issued here in Casablanca, Captain Renault's signature is necessary. Captain, would you think it possible that Laszlo will receive a visa?

RENAULT: I'm afraid not, monsieur.

LASZLO: Well, perhaps I'll like it here.

RENAULT: And you, mademoiselle?

ILSA: You – you needn't be concerned about me.

STRASSER: As a matter of fact, you could both be on your way to Lisbon this very night.

LASZLO: But of course – under certain conditions. Well, major, what are your terms?

STRASSER: As leader of the underground movement, you know who the other leaders are – in Paris, Athens, Prague, Amsterdam.

LASZLO: And Berlin.

STRASSER: Furnish me their names and exact whereabouts and you will have your visa immediately.

RENAULT: And the honor of serving the Third Reich.

ILSA: Major, what if he did give them to you? What if you did track them down and kill them? From every corner of Europe, hundreds – thousands – would rise and take our places. Even Nazis can't kill that fast.

STRASSER: You make only one mistake. In the event anything unfortunate should occur to Monsieur Laszlo, no one could take his place.

LASZLO: (*cheeky*) Thank you!

ILSA: You wouldn't dare interfere with him here. This is still unoccupied France.

LASZLO: (*pointed, to Renault*) Any violation of neutrality will reflect on you, captain.

RENAULT: Monsieur, so far as it is in my power, that neutrality will be respected.

LASZLO: Are you finished with us?

STRASSER: For the moment, yes.

LASZLO: Then, good day. Come, Ilsa.

SFX: RENAULT'S OFFICE DOOR OPENS

RENAULT: Your next step toward securing a visa is what, monsieur?

LASZLO: I don't know.

RENAULT: Let me save you some time. Sooner or later, the man to see will be Signor Ferrari, and he operates the Blue Parrot Cafe across the street from your hotel. Good day, mademoiselle.

SFX: RENAULT'S OFFICE DOOR SHUTS

MUSIC: BRIDGE FOR THE BLUE PARROT

FERRARI: Hello, Rick. What brings you to The Blue Parrot today?

RICK: Just out for some exercise, Ferrari.

FERRARI: Yes, just another beautiful day in Cassablanca.

RICK: So, how's business at The Blue Parrot?

FERRARI: Fine, Rick. But I would like to buy your café.

RICK: It's not for sale.

FERRARI: I know. But you haven't heard my offer.

RICK: It's not for sale for any price.

FERRARI: Well, what would 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: My dear Rick, when will realize that in this world today isolationism is no longer a practical policy?

RICK: I do some business with you. I saw the supply truck come in and I thought I'd stop by for the American cigarettes.

FERRARI: But why yourself? My boy will bring them over.

RICK: Every time he does, the order's a little bit short.

FERRARI: Carrying charges, my friend; carrying charges. I'm glad you're here, Rick. I want to talk to you. The news about Ugarte upset me very much.

RICK: Now look, you don't feel any sorrier for Ugarte than I do.

FERRARI: Of course not. What upsets me is that no one knows where those letters of transit are.

RICK: Practically no one.

FERRARI: If I could lay my hands on them, I could make a fortune.

RICK: And so could I. And I'm a poor businessman.

FERRARI: I have a proposition for whoever has those letters. I'll handle the entire transaction, get rid of the letters, and take all the risk – for a small percentage. That's the proposition I have for whoever has those letters.

RICK: Well, I'll tell him when he comes in.

FERRARI: Rick, I think you know where they are.

RICK: Renault and Strasser think so, too. That's really why I came over here. To give them a good chance to tear my place apart.

SACHA: Excuse me, Signor.

FERRARI: Yes?

SACHA: There's a man who wishes to see you. Monsieur Laszlo.

FERRARI: I was rather expecting him. Send him in.

RICK: Is he alone?

SACHA: There is a lady, also. He said she would wait outside.

FERRARI: But she will not wait alone – eh, Rick?

RICK: Well, suppose you just concentrate on Laszlo – eh, Ferrari?

FERRARI: (*chuckles*) Send him in, Sacha – the back way. A little courtesy for Rick.

SFX: BLUE PARROT DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS ... RICK'S FOOTSTEPS TO
ILSA

RICK: Good morning.

ILSA: Hello, Rick.

RICK: Sorry about last night.

ILSA: Doesn't matter.

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

ILSA: Forget it.

RICK: You can repeat it now. I'm reasonably sober.

ILSA: I don't think I will.

RICK: Why not? After all, I got stuck with the railway ticket.

ILSA: All right. Victor Laszlo is my husband.

RICK: Well, what do ya know?

ILSA: And he was, even when I knew you in Paris.

RICK: I don't believe it.

ILSA: There seems to be so much you don't believe.

RICK: What about it?

ILSA: Happened almost a year before I met you. He loved me and I thought I loved him. Soon after we were married, he had to leave France.

RICK: And this time, he has to leave Casablanca.

ILSA: Yes, he must. Oh, you have so changed, Rick. The Rick I knew in Paris, I could tell him. But not you. I'll be leaving Casablanca soon, and I hope we'll never meet again. If we leave it that way, maybe we'll remember those old days and forget last night.

RICK: Well, I'm not leaving Casablanca. I'm settled now – above a saloon. You walk up one flight of stairs. (*moving off*) I'll expect you.

SFX: TRANSITIONAL PAUSE, MUSIC: BLUE PARROT MUSIC

FERRARI: (*fade in*) It will take a miracle to get you out of Casablanca, Monsieur Laszlo. And the Germans have outlawed miracles.

SFX: BLUE PARROT DOOR OPENS

ILSA: I got tired of waiting, Victor. Do you mind?

FERRARI: Sit down, mademoiselle, please. You see, as leader of all illegal activities in Casablanca, I am an influential and respected man. But I am helpless to do anything for Monsieur Laszlo. You, however, are a different matter.

LASZLO: He thinks it might just be possible to get an exit visa for you.

ILSA: To go alone?

LASZLO: Yes.

ILSA: We're only interested in two visas, Signor.

LASZLO: Please, Ilsa. You must get to America. And believe me – somehow, sometime, I'll join you.

ILSA: What if things were different? What if I had to stay and there was only one visa. Would you take it?

LASZLO: (*unconvincing*) Yes, I would.

ILSA: Then why didn't you leave me in Lille when I had trouble getting out of there? Or in Marseilles when I was ill and you were in desperate danger every second? Why didn't you leave me then, Victor?

LASZLO: I meant to. But something always held me up.

FERRARI: I, too, am a very sensitive man, monsieur. I know.

LASZLO: (*deeply*) I happen to love her very much.

ILSA: So, for the present, Signor, we'll go on looking for two visas. Thank you.

FERRARI: I am moved to make a suggestion. You are aware of Ugarte and the letters of transit?

LASZLO: Yes, uh, slightly.

FERRARI: I venture to guess that Ugarte left those letters in Rick's Cafe. He is a difficult customer. But it is worth a chance.

LASZLO: You've been very patient, Signor. Good day.

MUSIC: BRIEF BRIDGE

SFX: RIOTING! OF RICK'S CAFE CUSTOMERS ... TRANSITIONAL PAUSE

RICK: (*calmly*) Now what's all this about, Renault?

RENAULT: A near riot in your own cafe; you don't even bother to get up and see for yourself?

RICK: I've got other things on my mind. What happened?

RENAULT: (*a verbal shrug, then –*) Some German officers started to sing "The Watch on the Rhine." They wanted the customers to join in.

RICK: Well?

RENAULT: They did. Except what they sang sounded more like "La Marseillaise." Well, with my usual tact, I handled the situation perfectly. Oh, Rick?

RICK: Hmm?

RENAULT: My men gave this place a rather thorough "going over" this morning.

RICK: Yeah, we just barely got it cleaned up in time to open.

RENAULT: Yes, I told my men to be especially destructive. You know how that impresses Germans. (*beat*) Where are the letters, Rick?

STRASSER: (*approaches, angry*) You see, captain?! The situation is not as much "under control" as you believe! That song is verboten! How dare they sing it?!

RENAULT: Now, my dear major, we cooperate with your government, but we cannot control the feelings of these refugees.

STRASSER: Captain, are you entirely certain which side you are on?

RENAULT: (*lightly*) Oh, I blow with the wind, major. And right now, the prevailing breeze is from Vichy.

STRASSER: Hmph! Well, I have been thinking. It is too dangerous for us to let Laszlo leave Casablanca, but it may also be too dangerous to let him stay. We

know all of North Africa is honeycombed with traitors just waiting for someone to lead them.

RENAULT: Yes, it poses an intricate problem.

RICK: There's one man who could solve it.

STRASSER: Who?

RICK: He just walked in. Victor Laszlo. (*fades out*)

SFX: TRANSITIONAL PAUSE ... DOOR TO RICK'S OFFICE OPENS AND CLOSES.

RICK: (FADE IN) Have a seat, Laszlo. I'm a very bright boy; I figured you'd come here to see me and I figured you'd prefer seeing me in my office – alone.

LASZLO: You do nothing but bewilder me.

RICK: But you hope I may also be able to help you.

LASZLO: You told me once you knew of my activities. Then you must know how important it is that I get out of here – to help continue the work of a very great movement.

RICK: The problems of the world are beyond me, Laszlo. I'm just a saloon keeper.

LASZLO: My friends in the underground have told me differently. They mention Spain and Ethiopia, and the strange tendency of yours to be always with the underdog.

RICK: Well, I found it a very expensive hobby. But then I never was much of a businessman.

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.

LASZLO: Two hundred thousand?

RICK: Make it a million francs or ten francs, the answer's still "no."

LASZLO: There must be some reason why you refuse to sell the letters.

RICK: There is. I suggest you ask your wife.

LASZLO: I beg your pardon?

RICK: I said, ask your wife.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

ILSA: Are you leaving this evening, Victor? Where are you going?

LASZLO: Oh, I thought I mentioned it. There's a meeting of the underground.

ILSA: Oh, please don't go, Victor. I'm frightened. Look! Look out the window.

LASZLO: I don't have to, darling. I'm used to being trailed.

ILSA: What's going to happen, Victor?

LASZLO: Who knows, Ilsa dear? Strasser now threatens to find some excuse to put me quietly away in jail.

ILSA: All the more reason why you must stay here tonight.

LASZLO: I'm frightened too, Ilsa, but what can I do? Hide in our hotel room or carry on the best I can?

ILSA: Whatever I'd say, you'd carry on. Victor, why didn't you tell me about Rick? You saw him, didn't you?

LASZLO: Apparently, he has the letters.

ILSA: Yes?

LASZLO: But no intention of selling them. You'd think that if sentiment wouldn't persuade him, that money would.

ILSA: Did he give you any reason?

LASZLO: He suggested that I ask you.

ILSA: Ask me?

MUSIC: SNEAKS IN ... TROUBLED, BUT ROMANTIC ... CONTINUES IN BG

LASZLO: Ilsa, when I was in the concentration camp, were you lonely in Paris?

ILSA: Yes, Victor, I was.

LASZLO: (*sympathetic*) I know what it is to be lonely. (*beat*) Is there anything you wish to tell me?

ILSA: No. No, there isn't.

LASZLO: My dear, I love you very much.

ILSA: Yes, I know. Uhh, Victor? Whatever I do, will you – ? Will you believe me that I – ?

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

ILSA: Goodnight, Victor. Please be careful.

MUSIC: SOMBER. BRIDGE

SFX: VOICES OF CUSTOMERS AT RICK'S, FADING UNDER DIALOG.

RENAULT: Annina, how's Lady Luck treating you?

ANNINA: (*Shakes her head, nearly in tears.*)

RENAULT: Aw, too bad. You'll find Rick over there.

ANNINA: Monsieur Rick?

RICK: Yes

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

RICK: (*looks at her*) 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 quite broadminded. Sit down. Will you have a drink? (*Annina shakes her head.*)

ANNINA: Monsieur Rick, what sort 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: 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.

ANNINA: *(A silence. Annina is very disturbed.)* 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 in space.)* No one has ever loved me that much.

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

RICK: *(harshly)* You want my advice?

ANNINA: Oh, yes, please.

RICK: Go back to Bulgaria.

ANNINA: 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.

ANNINA: *(tonelessly)* Thank you, monsieur.

SFX: RICK ENTERS THE CASINO – SOUNDS OF ROULETTE
WHEEL AND GAMBLERS in BG.

CROUPIER: Do you wish to place a bet, sir?

JAN: (*dejected*) No, no, I guess not.

RICK: Young man, have you tried twenty-two tonight? I said, twenty-two?

JAN: (*looks at Rick, puzzled, and says*) Put it on twenty-two.

SFX AND BIZ: RICK AND THE CROUPIER EXCHANGE LOOKS AND A SLIGHT NOD. HE SPINS THE WHEEL. THE WHEEL STOPS SPINNING. RENAULT TAKES NOTICE.)

CROUPIER: Twenty-two, black, twenty-two.

RICK: Leave it there. (*Jan nods.*)

SFX: THE WHEEL SPINS, AND THEN STOPS.

CROUPIER: Twenty-two, black.

RICK: (*to Jan*) Cash it in. Leave and don't come back. (*to the croupier.*) How are we doing tonight?

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

RICK: I check with you again later. (*Rick smiles slightly and leaves the casino. Renault follows him.*)

SFX: CASINO SOUNDS END.

ANNINA: Monsieur Rick, I –

RICK: He's just a lucky guy. Now leave.

JAN: Captain Renault, may I –

RENAULT: On, not here, please. Come to my office tomorrow 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. *(looking at Rick)* Well, perhaps not so strange. *(turns back too Jan and Annina)* I'll see you in the morning.

ANINNA: Thank you so much, Captain Renault. Good night.

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

RICK: Yeah? Why?

RENAULT: Why do you interfere with my little romances?

RICK: Put it down to a gesture of love.

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

Scene 3

MUSIC: UP MUSIC: FOR A SOMBER INTRODUCTION ...
THEN INCREASINGLY SUSPENSEFUL BEHIND NARRATOR —

NARRATOR: For several hours after Victor Laszlo left for the meeting of the underground, Ilsa sat motionless in the drab hotel room. Suddenly, her mind made up, she takes an object out of her husband's briefcase, walks through the dark quiet night to Rick's Cafe, and up the outside stairs that lead to the second floor.

SFX: RICK'S OFFICE DOOR OPENS

RICK: I told you this morning you'd come around, but this is a little ahead of schedule.

ILSA: Rick, I had to see you.

RICK: That's what you said last night. All this has nothing to do with the letters of transit, has it? Seems as long as I have those letters I'll never be lonely.

ILSA: You can ask any price you want, but you must give them to me.

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 fought for the same thing.

RICK: Well, I'm not fighting for anything anymore except myself.

ILSA: Rick. Once you loved me. If those days mean anything at all to you —

RICK: I wouldn't bring up Paris if I were you. It's poor salesmanship.

ILSA: Listen. Listen to me, Rick. If you only knew the truth.

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

ILSA: You want to feel sorry for yourself, don't you? One woman has hurt you and you take your revenge on the rest of the world! Rick. Rick, please help us. If you don't, Victor will die in Casablanca.

RICK: Well, I'm gonna die in Casablanca, too. It's a good spot for it.

ILSA: All right, I tried. I tried to reason with you, Rick. Now I want those letters!

RICK: A gun, Ilsa? Is that really a gun in your hand?

ILSA: Where are the letters?!

RICK: Right here in my pocket.

ILSA: Put them on the table!

RICK: (*no*) Uh uh.

ILSA: For the last time, put them on the table!

RICK: All right, go ahead and shoot, Ilsa. You'll be doing me a favor.

ILSA: (*broken, increasingly tearful*) I can't. You know I can't. I've done nothing but make a fool of myself. Oh, I don't know what to do, what to say. I thought I would never see you again. The day you left Paris, if you knew what I went through. If you knew how much I loved you. How much I still love you.

RICK: (*beat, moved*) All right, I'm crazy. I'm crazy, but I believe you. You win. Ilsa, what happened? What was it? I've – I've imagined everything in the world and none of it very pretty.

ILSA: I tried to tell you. A few months after Victor left France, word came that he was in a concentration camp. And then, not long after, another message – that he was dead. Shot trying to escape. I had nothing. Not even hope. Then I met you.

MUSIC: "AS TIME GOES BY" ... SNEAKS IN, BEHIND —

RICK: Why weren't you honest with me then? Why didn't you tell me you'd been married, that he was dead or something?

ILSA: Victor wanted it that way. It was his way of protecting me. I knew too much about his work. If the Gestapo found out I was his wife, it would be dangerous for me and for those working with us.

RICK: When did you find out he was still alive?

ILSA: Just before you and I were going to leave. His friends came. They were hiding him in a freight car on the outskirts of Paris. He was almost dead; he needed me. Well, that's it, Rick.

RICK: Still a story without an ending. What about now?

ILSA: Now? I don't know. (*tearful again*) Except that I'll never have the strength again to run away from you.

RICK: And Laszlo?

ILSA: You'll help him, won't you? You'll see that he gets out. And then he'll have his work, all that he has been living for.

RICK: All except you.

ILSA: Oh, I can't fight any more. (*crying*) I don't know any more what's right and what's wrong. You'll have to think for both of us. For all of us.

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

ILSA: If only I didn't love you so.

MUSIC: OUT

RICK: (*tense*) Wait a minute.

ILSA: What's the matter?

RICK: (*low*) I just heard a door close. Quiet. (*calls*) Hey, Sam?! That you?!

SAM: (*off*) Yeah, boss.

RICK: What's the matter?!

SAM: (*off*) That Mr. Laszlo, I found him crawling through our cellar window.

ILSA: (*whispers*) Victor!

RICK: (*to Sam*) Come up here! (*to Ilsa*) Ilsa, does he know you're here?

ILSA: No. There was a meeting of the underground tonight. They must have been following him – Renault's men, Strasser's men.

RICK: So he picks my place to hide; that's fine.

SAM: (*approaches*) You got some iodine, boss? He cut his hand breaking the window and – (*sees Ilsa*) Oh.

ILSA: Hello, Sam.

SAM: Evening, Miss Ilsa.

RICK: Sam, I want you to take Miss Lund to her hotel.

ILSA: What about Victor?

RICK: He cut his hand, didn't he? I don't like blood on my floor. I'll go down and patch him up. And, Sam – ?

SAM: Yeah, boss?

RICK: Miss Lund'll prefer going out the back stairs.

SFX: TRANSITIONAL PAUSE

RICK: Laszlo, come up here.

LASZLO: (*fades in*) I'm sorry about this, Rick. I've had a little trouble.

RICK: Aw, forget it. Well, I guess that ought to take care of your hand.

LASZLO: Thanks. If it's all right with you, I'd like to stay here a few minutes longer.

RICK: Yeah. Don't you sometimes wonder if it's worth all this – 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?

LASZLO: You know how you sound, Rick? Like a man who is trying to convince himself of something he doesn't at all believe. Each of us has a destiny, for good or evil.

RICK: Hmm. I get the point.

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

RICK: Well, you seem to know all about it.

LASZLO: I know a good deal more about you than you suspect. I know, for instance, that you're in love with a woman. It's perhaps a strange circumstance

that we should both be in love with her. No one's to blame and I ask no explanation. I ask only one thing. You won't give me the letters of transit? All right. But I want Ilsa to be safe. I ask you, as a favor, to use the letters to take her away from Casablanca.

RICK: (*beat*) You love her that much?

LASZLO: Apparently, you think of me only as the leader of a cause. Well, I'm also a human being. Yes. I love her that much.

SFX: BACK DOOR OPENS ABRUPTLY

CASSELLE: You should not leave your back doors unlocked, Monsieur Rick.

RICK: (*dry*) Yeah, that's right, Casselle. No telling who might break in.

CASSELLE: Monsieur Laszlo? You'll come with us. We have a warrant for your arrest.

MUSIC: BRIEF BRIDGE

RENAULT: Ah, come in, Ricky, I advise you not to be too interested in what happens to Laszlo.

RICK: Oh, come on, stop bluffing. You haven't any actual proof and you know it. All you can do is fine him a few thousand francs. You might as well let him go now. Hey, what are you charging him with?

RENAULT: I haven't quite decided. Meanwhile, if by any chance you are thinking of helping him to escape —

RICK: And what makes you think I'd do that?

RENAULT: Because, one, you bet five thousand francs that he would, and, two, you've got the letters of transit; don't bother to deny it.

RICK: All right, get ready for a shock, Louis. Yeah, I have the letters, but I intend to use them myself. I'm leaving Casablanca on the last plane tonight.

RENAULT: What?

RICK: And I'm taking a friend with me. One you'd appreciate.

RENAULT: What friend?

RICK: Ilsa Lund.

RENAULT: Hm

RICK: Now, that ought to put your mind at rest about my wanting to help Laszlo escape. He's the last man I'd want to see get out of here.

RENAULT: You didn't come here to tell me this. Since you have the letters, you know very well you can fill in your names and leave any time you wish.

RICK: Yes. We have a legal right to go, but people sometimes are held in Casablanca in spite of their legal rights. Laszlo, for instance.

RENAULT: What makes you think I'd want to hold you?

RICK: Ilsa is Laszlo's wife. She knows things that would interest Strasser tremendously. Louis, I'll make a deal with you.

RENAULT: Go on.

RICK: If you could get something really big against Laszlo – something that would chuck him in a concentration camp for years – that would be quite a haul for you, wouldn't it?

RENAULT: Yes. Germany – er, Vichy would be very grateful.

RICK: Mm hm. Then release Laszlo now. You be at my place half an hour before the plane leaves. I'll arrange to have Laszlo come there to pick up the letters of transit. That will give you criminal grounds to arrest him. You take him – and Ilsa and I get away.

RENAULT: There's something about this I don't quite understand. You were never before interested in any woman.

RICK: Well, she isn't just any woman.

RENAULT: (*beat*) I see. How do I know that you'll keep your end of the bargain?

RICK: You got Laszlo inside? (*Renault nods.*) Well, let me see him alone now; we'll make the arrangements. Open up your microphones and you'll hear every word. You would anyway.

RENAULT: (*warmly*) Ricky. Ricky, I'm really going to miss you. Apparently you're the only one in Casablanca who has even less scruples than I.

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.

MUSIC: BRIEF BRIDGE

RICK: (*into phone*) Then it's agreed, Ferrari.

FERRARI: (*filter*) Shall we draw up the papers, or is our handshake good enough?

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

FERRARI: (*filter*) Ah, to get out of Casablanca and go to America! You're a lucky man.

RICK: (*into phone*) Oh, by the way, my agreement with Sam's always been that he gets twenty-five percent of the profits. That still goes.

FERRARI: (*filter*) Hmmm. I happen to know he gets ten percent. But he's worth twenty-five.

RICK: (*into phone*) And Carl and the others, they stay with the place, or I don't sell.

FERRARI: (*filter*) Of course they stay. Rick's wouldn't be Rick's without them.

RICK: (*into phone*) Well, so long. (*hangs up phone*)

SFX: DOOR TO RICK'S CAFÉ OPENS AND CLOSES.

RRICK: You're late, Louie.

RENAULT: Ah, Rick. Forty minutes and you'll be on your way to Lisbon.

RICK: Yep.

RENAULT: Rick's Cafe. Oh, this place will never be the same without you.

RICK: I just sold it to Ferrari. Oh, don't worry, he understands you're still to win at roulette.

RENAULT: Oh, thanks. You have the letters, Rick?

RICK: Yeah, right here.

RENAULT: Tell me. When we searched the place, where were they?

RICK: I dropped them in Sam's piano.

RENAULT: Serves me right for not being musical.

SFX: AUTO PULLS TO A STOP DURING ABOVE

RICK: Oh, here they are. You better wait in my office.

RENAULT: (*moving off*) Yes, a good idea.

SFX: FRONT DOOR OPENS

RICK: Hello, Ilsa. Where's Laszlo?

ILSA: Oh, he'll be right in. He's just paying the driver. Rick?

RICK: What?

ILSA: Haven't you told Victor yet? That he's going alone? He thinks I'm leaving with him.

RICK: I'll tell him later.

ILSA: But, uh – It's all right, isn't it? You were able to arrange everything?

RICK: Oh, sure, sure, sure.

ILSA: But Victor – ?

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

ILSA: Yes. Yes.

LASZLO: (*approaches*) I don't know how to thank you, Rick.

RICK: Save it. There's still lots of things to do.

LASZLO: I brought the money. It's in this briefcase.

RICK: Forget it. You'll need it in America.

LASZLO: But we made a deal.

RICK: Never mind that. Here, I got the letters. They're made out in blank and signed by Marshall Weygand. All you have to do is fill in the blanks.

RENAULT: (*approaches*) I'm sorry, Laszlo, you're under arrest again. Accessory to the murder of the couriers from whom those letters were stolen. (*beat*) You're surprised about my friend, Ricky. Well, the explanation is simple. Love, it seems, has triumphed over virtue.

RICK: (*casual*) Oh, now take it easy, Louis. Nobody's going to be arrested. Not for a while yet.

RENAULT: Have you taken leave of your senses?

RICK: Yeah. Now, sit down.

RENAULT: Aw, Ricky, Ricky, put down that gun.

RICK: Now, look. I wouldn't like to shoot you, Louis, but I will if you don't behave.

RENAULT: Uh – under the circumstances, then I will sit down.

RICK: Yeah, and keep your hands on the table.

RENAULT: I'm very unhappy, Ricky.

RICK: There's a telephone right next to you, Louis. Now pick it up and dial the airport. We don't want any trouble out there, either.

SFX: RECEIVER UP, ROTARY DIAL

RICK: Remember, Louis. This gun is pointed right at your heart.

RENAULT: That's my least vulnerable spot.

MUSIC: SNEAKS IN QUIETLY, BUILDS TENSELY UNDER FOLLOWING—

STRASSER: (*filter*) Hello?

RENAULT: (*into phone*) Hello, hello? Is this the airport?

STRASSER: (*filter, annoyed*) What are you talking about? This is Major Strasser.

RENAULT: (*into phone*) Captain Renault. I want to speak to the operations manager.

STRASSER: (*filter*) What? (*realizes*) Oh! Go ahead, Renault.

RENAULT: (*into phone*) Oh, monsieur. A man and a woman will arrive shortly at the airport.

STRASSER: (*filter*) Uh huh?

RENAULT: (*into phone*) They will go aboard the Lisbon plane. They carry two letters of transit.

STRASSER: (*filter*) Ahh!

RENAULT: (*into phone*) There is to be absolutely no trouble made for them. Understand?

STRASSER: (*filter*) I'll be there right away!

RENAULT: (*into phone*) Thank you.

SFX: PHONE DISCONNECTS

MUSIC: BUILDS TO A CLIMAX ... THEN OUT

SFX: AIRPORT BACKGROUND ... RUMBLE OF PLANE ENGINE

LOUDSPEAKER: Lisbon plane taking off in five minutes. This is the last call for passengers to please board the plane. Lisbon plane. Five minutes.

RICK: You gotta hurry now, Laszlo. Take care of your luggage; we'll wait here.

LASZLO: (*moving off*) I'll be right back.

RICK: Here's a fountain pen, Louis. I think it might look nicer if you filled in the names on the letters.

SFX: RATTLE OF LETTERS

RENAULT: You think of everything, don't you?

RICK: Yes. And the names are – Mr. and Mrs. Victor Laszlo.

ILSA: Rick? Why my name?

RICK: Because you're getting on the plane.

ILSA: I – I don't understand. What about you?

RENAULT: Yes, what about you?

RICK: I'm staying here.

ILSA: No. No, Rick, what's happened? Last night you said —

RICK: Last night I said I'd do the thinking for the both of us. Well, I've done a lot of it since then, and it all adds up to just one thing. You're getting on that plane with Laszlo.

ILSA: I won't leave you again, Rick; I won't!

RICK: Listen to me. Do you have any idea of what you'd have to look forward to if you stay here? We'd both wind up in a concentration camp.

RENAULT: I'm afraid Major Strasser might 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 that you belong to Victor.

ILSA: And what happens to you?

RICK: Well, I've got a job to do, Ilsa. And where I'm going, you can't follow. I'm sounding noble now; I'm not very good at it. But it doesn't take much to see that the problems of three little people – Well, they just don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world. Someday you'll understand that.

LASZLO: (*approaches*) Everything's in order.

ILSA: All except one thing. There's something you have to know before we leave.

LASZLO: Please. You don't have to explain anything.

ILSA: But I'm going to – because it may make a difference to you later on. You know about Rick and me?

LASZLO: Yes.

ILSA: But you didn't know I was with him last night at his place, when you were there.

LASZLO: No.

RICK: She came to get the letters. She tried everything to get them and nothing worked. She did her best to convince me she was still in love with me. But that was – over a long time ago. For your sake, she pretended it wasn't. Well, I let her pretend.

LASZLO: I understand.

RICK: Well, here are the letters. Good luck.

LASZLO: Welcome back to the fight, Rick. (*to Ilsa*) Are you ready, darling?

ILSA: Yes, I am. Goodbye, Rick. God bless you.

RICK: Here's looking at you, kid. Come on, get on; you better hurry, you'll miss that plane.

RENAULT: (*beat*) Well! There they go, Rick. (*chuckles*) Once again, you are a sentimentalist.

RICK: I don't know what you're talking about.

RENAULT: You know, I'll have to arrest you, of course.

RICK: Yeah, as soon as the plane takes off, Louis.

SFX: STRASSER'S AUTO PULLS UP, BRAKES SQUEALING TO A STOP, CAR DOOR OPENS

STRASSER: (*off*) Captain Renault?!

RENAULT: Oh, I may still win my bet, Rick.

STRASSER: (*approaches*) Renault, what was the meaning of that phone call?

RENAULT: Victor Laszlo is on that plane.

STRASSER: Well, stop him! Stop him! What are you standing here for?!

RENAULT: Because Monsieur Rick has a gun in my stomach.

RICK: I was willing to shoot Captain Renault. I'm willing to shoot you, too, major.

STRASSER: Are you crazy?! (*calls*) Guards! Guards!

RICK: Don't call anyone, major, or I'll shoot.

STRASSER: Stop it right there! Wait! Wait! The plane must not take off! The plane must – !

SFX: TWO GUNSHOTS ... JUST AS THE PLANE TAKES OFF ... PLANE ROARS OVERHEAD DURING FOLLOWING —

GENDARME: (*approaches*) What's happened here? Did someone shoot? What are you doing? (*sees Renault, surprised*) Oh, Captain Renault.

RENAULT: Someone has just shot Major Strasser.

GENDARME: Oh. (*sees the body, shocked*) Ohhh!

RENAULT: Telephone Lieutenant Casselle immediately. (*slowly*) And tell him to round up the usual suspects.

GENDARME: (*moving off*) Yes, captain.

RENAULT: Ricky? It might be a good idea for you to disappear from Casablanca for a while. There's a Free French garrison at Brazzaville. I could be induced to arrange your 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 five thousand francs.

RENAULT: Five thousand francs should just about pay our expenses.

RICK: Our expenses?

RENAULT: Mm hm.

RICK: (*realizes*) Oh. (*dry*) Louis, I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

MUSIC: FOR A FINALE

APPLAUSE