

227 INT. RICK'S APARTMENT

It is dark. The door is opened by Rick, letting in some light from the hall. A figure is revealed in the room. Rick lights a small lamp. There is Ilsa facing him, her face white but determined. Rick pauses for a moment in astonishment.

RICK

How did you get in?

ILSA

The stairs from the street.

RICK

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

(with much politeness)

Won't you sit down?

ILSA

(as she takes
the chair)

Richard, I had to see you.

RICK

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

ILSA

Please...

RICK

(lights a cigarette)

Your unexpected visit isn't connected by any chance with the Letters of Transit?

(Ilsa remains silent)

It seems while I have those letters, I'll never be lonely.

ILSA

(looks at him steadily)

Richard, you can ask any price you want. But you must give me those Letters.

RICK

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

ILSA

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

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED:

RICK

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

ILSA

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

RICK

I'm not fighting for anything any more -- except myself. I'm the only Cause I'm interested in.

A pause. Ilsa deliberately takes a new approach.

ILSA

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

RICK

(harshly)

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

ILSA

Please. Please listen to me. If you knew what really happened. If you only knew the truth --

RICK

(cuts in)

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

ILSA

(her temper flaring
- scornfully)

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

(breaks)

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

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED: (1)

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

228 CLOSE SHOT - ILSA

She is holding a small revolver in her hand.

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

229 CLOSE SHOT - RICK

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

230 MED. SHOT - ILSA AND RICK

ILSA
 Get them for me.

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

He has the Letters in his hand.

ILSA
 Put them on the table.

RICK
 (shaking his head)
 No.

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

RICK
 If Laszlo and the Cause mean so
 much to yo, you won't stop at
 anything. All right, I'll make

(CONTINUED)

230 CONTINUED:

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

231 CLOSE SHOT - ILSA

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

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

Her words are smothered as he presses her tight to him, kisses her passionately. She is lost in his embrace.

FADE OUT.

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

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

RICK

And then?

ILSA

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

RICK

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

ILSA

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

RICK

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

ILSA

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

(sighing)

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

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED:

RICK

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

ILSA

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

RICK

And Laszlo?

ILSA

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

A pause.

RICK

All except one. He won't have you.

ILSA

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

RICK

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

ILSA

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

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

232a EXT. ALLEY - LASZLO AND CARL

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

(CONTINUED)