

**CASABLANCA (1942) – Michael Curtiz**

**Transcript – Trascrizione dialoghi (Lux Radio)**

CAST:

The Lux Team:

ANNOUNCER

CECIL B. DEMILLE, your host

PEGGY

SUE

JIM (1 line)

LIBBY COLLINS, Hollywood reporter

SPRY ANNOUNCER

TRIO, of girl singers

Dramatis Personae:

RICK / ALAN LADD

ILSA / HEDY LAMARR

LASZLO / JOHN LODER

RENAULT, French Prefect of Police

STRASSER, Nazi major

HEINZE, German consul (3 lines)

CARL, waiter at Rick's

BERGER, of the underground

UGARTE

CASSELLE, Renault's lieutenant

SAM, the piano player

FERRARI, rival café owner

SACHA, at the rival café (3 lines)

LOUDSPEAKER (1 line)

GENDARME (3 lines)

ANNOUNCER:

Lux presents Hollywood!

MUSIC:

THEME ... THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER:

The Lux Radio Theatre brings you Hedy Lamarr, Alan Ladd, and John Loder in "Casablanca," with Edgar Barrier. Ladies and gentlemen, your producer, Mr. Cecil B. DeMille.

MUSIC:

THEME ... UP AND OUT

SFX:

APPLAUSE

DEMILLE:

Greetings from Hollywood, ladies and gentlemen. One bright January morning just a year ago, the city of Casablanca, in French Morocco, woke up and found itself famous. It had entertained many mysterious visitors from a world at war, but never before the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Great Britain. Within a few days, Warner Brothers had rushed their screen drama, "Casablanca," to the theaters of the nation, and people marveled at a Hollywood miracle. Actually, of course, the picture had been planned and filmed during the months previous, because "Casablanca" had an exciting story to tell even before the President and Prime Minister arrived. It's a story of love and hate in a background of adventure and sudden death.

Tonight we bring you that drama with a cast that producers dream about -- Hedy Lamarr and Alan Ladd and John Loder. Hedy came back to town last week from Texas with the applause of the soldiers at camp Hood still ringing in her ears, and so we borrowed her from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where she's just completed the picture, "Heavenly Body." Alan Ladd, of course, came to us from Paramount. I'm hoping to have Alan for my next picture, following "The Story of Dr. Wassell." Getting these players together in one drama is a talent scoop of the first magnitude in Hollywood and it's unlikely that it would ever happen in a picture -- because our stars are under contract at different studios and are kept so busy on their home lots that they aren't "loaned out," as the phrase goes.

We really should thank Lux Toilet Soap for making this occasion possible. Every bit of work and artistry that has gone into our production -- from the first word of the script on paper to the final dress rehearsal -- has been designed for your enjoyment. We might call it a "bonus" that you get when you buy Lux Toilet Soap, above and beyond the bonus of beauty that you expect. And we'll pay that bonus right now -- as the curtain rises on the first act of "Casablanca," starring Alan Ladd as Rick, Hedy Lamarr as Ilsa Lund, and John Loder as Victor Laszlo, with Edgar Barrier as Renault.

MUSIC:

INTRODUCTION ... THEN BEHIND DEMILLE--

DEMILLE:

Everyone knows that name today -- Casablanca. Before the war, Casablanca was just another small seaport, with its face to the Mediterranean and its back to the North Atlantic. But then, as the Nazi lash descended upon Europe, hordes of refugees, like the boiling waters of a burst dam, flooded into the sanctuary of its white walls. Those with money enough, or influence enough, obtained exit visas, bearing the seal of the Vichy government, and fled to Lisbon. And from Lisbon to the Americas. The others just waited -- and waited. But all who came to Casablanca were not 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 Russian, 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:

CAFÉ BAND 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:

CAFÉ BAND, 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:

CAFÉ BAND 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 leaving Casablanca. Rick, look!

RICK:

What?

UGARTE:

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:

CAFÉ 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:

Yes. I notice Ugarte just went in.

RICK:

Yes. He'll come out poor.

RENAULT:

What was it, Rick? What ever 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 café. 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 Nineteen Thirty-Five you ran guns into Ethiopia. I know that in Nineteen Thirty-Six 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:

CAFÉ 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 & 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) Sho', 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 that-- 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 STOPS 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 ain't seen him all night.

ILSA:

Will he be back?

SAM:

Not tonight, no more. He ain't comin'. 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 café, 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.

MUSIC:

"AS TIME GOES BY" ... CURTAIN

SFX:

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER:

In just a few minutes, Mr. DeMille presents Hedy Lamarr, Alan Ladd and John Loder in Act Two of "Casablanca." And now, here are two young workers in a busy office, getting ready to leave for the day.

PEGGY:

(AMUSED) Sue, you look in that mirror any harder, you'll break it. Why the anxious expression? No letter from Jim today?

SUE:

Yes, Jim wrote, and he may get a furlough next month. Say, Peggy--?

PEGGY:

Yes, Sue?

SUE:

Y'know, everyone used to say what a swell complexion I had. Guess it was my best feature. But lately, it doesn't look like anything.

PEGGY:

Lost the ol' sparkle, eh? And now you're worrying because Jim's coming home. You've been working all hours lately -- and neglecting your beauty care, I'll bet.

SUE:

Well, it is easier not to bother sometimes, I'll admit.

PEGGY:

Yes, and it's practically fatal to take that attitude about your looks. (PLAYFUL) Listen to your Aunt Peggy, Susie. She's gonna "prescribe" for you -- every day without fail -- an Active Lather facial.

SUE:

Active Lather facial?

PEGGY:

With Lux Toilet Soap -- the soap screen stars use. And believe me, it works! I know, because Lux Soap care helped my skin to look lots nicer. Now, here's what you do.

ANNOUNCER:

And this is the Lux Soap beauty facial Peggy told her friend to take.

PEGGY:

Cover your face generously with that nice creamy lather. Work it in gently, but thoroughly, too. Now, rinse with warm water, splash with cold, and dry with a soft towel. Easy, isn't it? Just try that every single day from now on.

ANNOUNCER:

And only a few weeks later, Sue said--

SUE:

(EXHILARATED) Oh, Peggy! I owe you and Lux Soap a world of thanks. What a thrill it was to have Jim tell me--

JIM:

Sue, darling, you look lovely. Prettier than ever.

ANNOUNCER:

Many a girl has found daily Lux Toilet Soap facials really make skin lovelier. Recent tests show that actually three out of four complexions improved with this care -- grew softer, smoother. Why not let this fine white soap give your skin protecting care it should have? Ask for Lux Toilet Soap tomorrow. And, if you find your dealer is temporarily out of stock due to wartime conditions, he's sure to have more soon. Remember, Lux Toilet Soap -- Hollywood's beauty soap -- is worth waiting for. (BEAT) And now, Mr. DeMille returns to the microphone.

DEMILLE:

Act Two of "Casablanca," starring Alan Ladd as Rick, Hedy Lamarr as Ilsa, and John Loder as Victor, with Edgar Barrier as Renault.

MUSIC:

FOR AN INTRODUCTION ... THEN BEHIND DEMILLE--

DEMILLE:

It's hours later -- and in Rick's Café, 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:

HAS CHANGED TO SAM'S PIANO ... CONTINUES IN BG

SAM:

Boss? Ain't you goin' to bed?

RICK:

(NO) Mm mm. (DRUNK AND MELANCHOLY) Not right now.

SAM:

Well, ain't you plannin' on goin' 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 ain't nothin' 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 mornin'. We'll go fishin' 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 somethin' 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 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 VOCE, 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:

ORCHESTRA ... 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. No luck. Someone else must have them.

STRASSER:

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

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 Café across the street from your hotel. Good day, mademoiselle.

SFX:

RENAULT'S OFFICE DOOR SHUTS

MUSIC:

BRIDGE

RICK:

Hello, Ferrari. 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 boy; 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

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 Café. 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 CAFÉ CUSTOMERS ... TRANSITIONAL PAUSE

RICK:

(CALMLY) Now what's all this about?

RENAULT:

A near riot in your own café; 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

RICK:

(FADE IN) I'm a very bright boy, Laszlo. I figured you came here to see me and I figured you preferred 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, 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 a 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:

UP ... FOR A CURTAIN

SFX:

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER:

We pause now for station identification. This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

MUSIC:

LUX SIGNATURE FILLS PAUSE

ANNOUNCER:

In a few minutes, Mr. DeMille and our stars, Alan Ladd, Hedy Lamarr and John Loder will return in Act Three of "Casablanca." And now, here's our Hollywood reporter, Libby Collins. Greetings, Libby! What's new?

LIBBY:

Well, for one thing, Mr. Kennedy, my hat. What do you think of it?

ANNOUNCER:

Your hat, Libby? Why, uh, it's nice. Very nice. Yes, I like it.

LIBBY:

Oh ho, come on now! Stop hedging. What do you really think of it?

ANNOUNCER:

To tell the truth, Libby, I hardly noticed the hat. I was looking at you.

LIBBY:

Well, Mr. Kennedy! That's a compliment. But just let me turn around. Now look.

ANNOUNCER:

Oh ho, I see. It's really quite a hat. Libby, that must be very new.

LIBBY:

It is! But-- Well, how would you know?

ANNOUNCER:

Well, it's so sort of simple. Not one of those dizzy numbers that looks as though it might fly off into space any minute.

LIBBY:

Mr. Kennedy, you're an observant man. This is the newest thing -- the Profile Cloche. It fits snugly on the head and it's meant to frame the face, not take attention away from it.

ANNOUNCER:

I think I begin to see why you wore that little hat tonight, Libby.

LIBBY:

Of course! To show that it's more important than ever for a woman to have nice smooth skin.

ANNOUNCER:

Sure! Because with that kind of headgear, the emphasis is less on the hat than it is on the face underneath it. Well, Libby, I guess many a woman is going to be mighty happy about her Lux Soap complexion care, then.

LIBBY:

Yes, this hat seems designed to set off a lovely Lux complexion. And it's going to be a popular style this spring.

ANNOUNCER:

Then daily Lux Soap complexion care ought to be more popular than ever, too. Because gentle Lux Toilet Soap really makes skin softer, smoother. Recent tests showed that Lux Soap beauty facials improved actually three out of four complexions, you know.

LIBBY:

Well, Mr. Kennedy, nearly every famous star in Hollywood is devoted to this fine white soap. Screen stars say the creamy Lux Soap lather is wonderfully kind to delicate skin.

ANNOUNCER:

And that's why, Libby, I'm going to urge every woman in our audience who hasn't tried Lux Toilet Soap, to get some of Hollywood's beauty soap and use it every day. Here's a thrift tip, too. It's patriotic not to waste soap. And because Lux Soap is hard-milled, you can use it down to the last thin sliver. It'll last even longer if you always put it in a soap dish that's dry. Moisten the thin leftover piece and press against your new cake of Lux Toilet Soap. (BEAT) Now, our producer, Mr. DeMille.

DEMILLE:

We'll report on the offstage doings of our stars after the play. But now, here's the curtain for Act Three of "Casablanca," starring Hedy Lamarr, Alan Ladd, and John Loder, with Edgar Barrier.

MUSIC:

FOR A SOMBER INTRODUCTION ... THEN INCREASINGLY SUSPENSEFUL BEHIND DEMILLE--

DEMILLE:

For nearly an hour, 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 Café, 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 any more 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. 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. Okay, I will.

ILSA:

If only I didn't love you so.

RICK:

Oh, Ilsa, I--

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) 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

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:

Ricky, I advise you not to be too interested in what happens to Laszlo.

RICK:

Oh, come on, stop bluffing. 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's 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 just isn't 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:

Yes. Well, let me seem 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.

MUSIC:

BRIEF BRIDGE

RENAULT:

Well, Rick. Forty minutes and you'll be on your way to Lisbon.

RICK:

Yep.

RENAULT:

Rick's Café. Oh, this place will never be the same without you.

RICK:

I 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, here. They're made out in blank and signed by General 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 two 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:

Come on, go on; you better hurry, you'll miss that plane.

RENAULT:

(BEAT) Well! There they go, Rick. (CHUCKLES) I was right. 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:

Hey, look, 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

SFX:

APPLAUSE

DEMILLE:

In private life, Hedy Lamarr is Mrs. John Loder. And so as we present our stars for a curtain call, I'll introduce them as Alan Ladd and Mr. and Mrs. John Loder. Although they've been married almost a year, it's our first chance to congratulate them.

LAMARR:

Thank you, Mr. DeMille. You know, he beats me.

LADD: (SHOCKED) What do you mean? (ANGRY, TO LODER) Come on take your coat off there!

DEMILLE:

(SIMULTANEOUS WITH ABOVE) Take off your coat, Mr. Loder! ...

LAMARR:

At gin rummy!

LODER:

You just saved me! ...

LAMARR:

We want your expert opinion on something, Mr. DeMille.

DEMILLE:

For you, Hedy? Anything. ...

LODER:

When a husband and wife are in one of your plays, do you recommend a little extra rehearsing at home?

DEMILLE:

Oh, definitely, John. Offhand, I can't think of anything more pleasant than, ah, going over a love scene with Hedy.

LODER:

If Mrs. DeMille is listening, he's only kidding.

DEMILLE:

Uh, we'd better drop this.

LADD:

Well, I'll change the subject, C. B., because there's something I want to say to Humphrey Bogart's fans. It was a privilege for me to play a part that he made famous, but-- Well, really, nobody could play it like Bogie. And I'd like to wish him--

SFX:

SPONTANEOUS APPLAUSE

LADD:

And I'd like to wish him all the luck in the world over there in the Mediterranean area where he's entertaining American soldiers.

DEMILLE:

Luck and a safe return. I suppose Alan has shown you the photographs of his new daughter, Hedy.

LAMARR:

Why, no.

LODER:

Well, how'd I miss you? It seems I just have a dozen or so around here. ...

DEMILLE:

Pure accident, pure accident. But, uh, her beauty reminds me of something that I must ask John, as man to man.

LODER:

Straight answer?

DEMILLE:

Yes, John. I want to know if Hedy sees that, ah, that you get the right kind of, uh, soap at home. ...

LODER:

(MOCK SURPRISE) Why, Mr. DeMille!

HEDY:

I'll answer that, Mr. DeMille. But I'm a little hurt you even ask. I have Lux Soap in my dressing room at the studio, and, naturally, at home, too. I've used it for years.

DEMILLE:

Lucky Lux to be on such good terms with you, Hedy. Now, let me tell you what we've planned for next week.

LADD:

What's the show, C. B.?

DEMILLE:

One of the big dramatic prizes of the past year -- the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer hit, "Random Harvest."

SFX:

AUDIENCE GASPS

DEMILLE:

And that isn't all -- because our stars will be Ronald Colman and Greer Garson.

SFX:

AUDIENCE GASPS ... SCATTERED APPLAUSE

DEMILLE:

They're the original stars of the picture, and next Monday night, we present them both in this powerful story of a soldier and the girl who loves him -- a great drama, made even greater by the artistry of Greer Garson and Ronald Colman.

LAMARR:

It's a wonderful picture, Mr. DeMille. I'll be listening. Good night.

LADD:

Good night.

LODER:

Good night.

DEMILLE:

Good night. Good night.

SFX:

APPLAUSE

DEMILLE:

That applause goes from coast to coast. (BEAT) Uh, ladies and gentlemen. There's a tiny island in the mid-Pacific called Tarawa. That pronunciation, incidentally, is from the National Geographic Society. That island will never be important economically. It is no rich source of raw materials. But the name of Tarawa has been written indelibly into American memory in the blood of American sons. Out of the first group of Marines who landed on Tarawa, more than half will never fight again. Is there anyone listening who can truthfully say, "I can't afford to buy any more war bonds"? That was just a tiny island. The continent of Europe is yet to come. The tempo of invasion is moving ever faster. That's why we have a Fourth War Loan Drive. That's why every American who deserves that name will buy at least one extra war bond now. We must not only back the attack, we must help our boys to lead it.

MUSIC:

LUX THEME ... THEN IN BG

DEMILLE:

Our sponsors, the makers of Lux Toilet Soap, join me in inviting you to be with us again next Monday night when the Lux Radio Theatre presents Ronald Colman and Greer Garson in "Random Harvest." This is Cecil B. DeMille saying good night to you from Hollywood.

SFX:

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER:

Alan Ladd appears through the cooperation of Paramount Pictures whose current production is "Miracle of Morgan's Creek." John Loder is currently seen in the Warner Brothers picture "Old Acquaintance" and is now making the Jules Levy production, "The Hairy Ape". Edgar Barrier is now seen in the Universal picture

"Flesh and Fantasy." Our music was directed by Louis Silvers. And this is your announcer, John M. Kennedy, reminding you to tune in again next Monday night to hear Ronald Colman and Greer Garson in "Random Harvest."

SFX:

APPLAUSE ... FADES OUT WITH--

MUSIC:

THEME FADES OUT

SPRY ANNCR:

Have you heard about Spry?

MUSIC:

GUITAR ACCOMPANIMENT FOR JINGLE

1ST GIRL:

(SINGS) Your ration points go farther--

2ND GIRL:

(SINGS) Go further!

3RD GIRL:

(SINGS) Go farther!

TRIO:

(SINGS) Your ration points go farther--

1ST GIRL:

(SINGS) Further!

TRIO:

(SINGS) When you're cookin' with Spry!

MUSIC:

OUT

SPRY ANNCR:

Yep, Spry is the shortenin' buy. Women everywhere are saying--

1ST GIRL:

A jar of Spry, please.

SFX:

CASH REGISTER

2ND GIRL:

A jar of Spry.

SFX:

CASH REGISTER

3RD GIRL:

A jar of Spry, please.

SFX:

CASH REGISTER

1ST GIRL:

Spry.

SFX:

CASH REGISTER

2ND GIRL:

Spry.

SFX:

CASH REGISTER

3RD GIRL:

Spry.

SFX:

CASH REGISTER

ANNOUNCER:

(PAUSE) This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.