Lux Radio Theater
Casablanca
Originally aired Jan 24, 1944
Transcribed by Ben Dooley for "Those Thrilling Days of Yesteryear" old time radio recreations. www.ttdyradio.com

Cast:
Announcer-
Cecil B. DeMille-
Herr Heinze (German consul) –
Captain Louis Renault, Prefect of Police –
Major Heinrich Strasser –
Carl, Rick's Cafe Manager (as S.K. Sakall) –
Ilsa Lund Laszlo –
Victor Laszlo –
Berger (Norwegian Underground Member) –
Richard 'Rick' Blaine, Owner Rick's Cafe American-
Franz Ugarte -
Kapfelle (officer) –
Signor Ferrari -
Sam –
Sascha, Bartender at Rick's Cafe
Loudspeaker announcer –
Gendarme (officer) –
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Peggy –
Sue –
Libby -
“Spry ladies” (TBA)

SFX:
Door
Gun
Plane
footsteps

ANNOUNCER: The Lux radio theater brings you Hedy Lamarr, Alan Ladd, and John Loder in “Casablanca”, with Edgar Barrier. Ladies and Gentlemen, your producer, Mr. Cecil B. DeMille.

CECIL B. DEMILLE: Greetings, from Hollywood, ladies and gentlemen. One by 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 a ta 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 the Prime Minister arrived. It’s a story of love and hate, and 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 just completed the picture, “Heavenly Buddy”. 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. But 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 play 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 Loda as Victor Laslo, with Edgar Barrier as Renault.

(MUSIC continues under dialogue)

Everyone knows that name today, “Casablanca”. Before the war, Casablanca was just another small seaport, with it’s face to the Mediterranean and it’s back to the North Atlantic. But then, as the Nazi lash descended upon Europe, hoards of refugees, like the boiling waters of a burst dam, flooded into the sanctuary of it’s white walls. Those with money enough, or influence enough, obtained exit visas, bearing the seal of the Vischy government and fled to Lisbon. And from Lisbon to eh 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.

MUSIC ENDS:

HERR HEINZE: Major Strasser, may I present Captain Renault, police prefect de 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 had been done about it?

HERR 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.

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

RENAULT: Everybody in Casablanca comes to Rick’s. But his one will not leave.

STRASSER: Frankly, Captain, I did not journey here simply to find an assassin.
   The real reason for my visit it Victor Laslo.

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, Laslo must not leave Casablanca. I have learned that he has
   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 Laslo. Can it be arranged?

RENAULT: Undoubtedly, he too will be at Rick’s tonight. Everybody comes to
   Rick’s. Oh, or did I mention that before?

(MUSIC: Nightclub style, plays under scene)

CARL: Yes, Monsieur?

LASLO: I reserved a table. Victor Laslo.

CARL: Yes, Monsieur Laslo, one moment please.

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

LASLO: There’s often the greatest safely in what appears to be a risk.

ILSA: I see no one here with Ugarte’s description.

LASLO: Neither do I. He’ll be here, though.

BERGER: Excuse me. I have a ring here.

LASLO: What?

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

LASLO: Well, I hardly think that I…

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

ILSA: That’s it Victor.

LASLO: Yes, it’s a very interesting ring. (UNDER) What’s you name?

BERGER: Berger, monsieur. I recognized you from the newspaper photographs.
   We read five times that you were killed in five different places.
LASLO: As you 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 is here somewhere. You’ll need all the help you can get.

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

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

LASLO: We’ve been in difficult places before.

BERGER: Quiet, the waiter’s coming back.

LASLO: That’s Berger, meet us at the bar later.

ILSA: Uh, I don’t think we want to buy the ring, but, uh, thank you for showing it to us.

(MUSIC SWELLS)

(SFX: KNOCK
(SFX: KNOCK AGAIN)

RICK: Yeah?

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

RICK: Come in.

(SFX: Door opens and closes.)

(MUSIC STOPS)

RICK: Alright. Wha’d d’ya want?

UGARTE: (chuckle) Nothin’ 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: Y… you will forgive me for saying this Rick, but you are a very cynical person.

RICK: I forgive you.

UGARTE: (chuckle) You despise me, don’t you?

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

UGARTE: What chance has the poor refuge 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, for those poor wretches that cannot afford Renault’s price, I get 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: 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 transfer signed by Marshall Veighgon. 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 – good bye.

RICK: What are you trying to say, Ugarte?

UGARTE: (chuckle) 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: Oh, for an hour perhaps. Until my client arrives.

RICK: O.K. 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’m going to share my luck 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. (then more at ease) Yes, poor devils, I...I heard that rumor, too.

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

(MUSIC: sound of piano)

RENAULT: Good evening, Rick.

RICK: Oh, hello Renault.

(RENX: sound of propeller airplane taking off heard under following dialogue)

RENAULT: Do you hear that plane, Ricky? It’s going to Lisbon. Would you like to be on it?

RICK: Why? What’s in Lisbon?

RENAULT: The Clipper! It 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.

(SFX: sound of plane engine disappears during this speech)

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. (charmingly) It’s the romantic in me.

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

RENAULT: Some day I’ll find out. Oh Rick, before you came… I took the liberty of escorting a visitor to your best table. A German. Major Strosser. 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: I’m staging the arrest here, out of my high regard for you. It will interest the customers.

RICK: And, perhaps Major Stasser.

RENAULT: Perhaps. Kapfelle!

KAPFELLE: Yes, Captain?

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

KAPFELLE: Yes?

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

KAPFELLE: Yes, Captain.

RENAULT: He’ll be carrying some letters of transit. Be sure you get them.

RICK: Louis. There’s more than Ugarte on your mind.

RENAULT: (chuckle) 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: Aw, I thought it was because I let you win at roulette.

RENAULT: (under his breath) 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. 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 Nazi’s have chased him all over Europe. But this is the end of the chase, Rick.

RICK: 10,000 francs says it isn’t.

RENAULT: Make it 5,000. 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 in 1945 you ran guns into Ethiopia. I know that in 1936 you risked your neck for 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? (Does the) Gestapo spank?

RENAULT: You over-estimate the influence of the Gestapo. In Casablanca, I’m the boss. I do not interfere with them, nor they with..

(speech interrupted with gunfire)

(shouts of alarm from the patrons, general scuffling and noise amid more gunshots)

RENAULT: Kapfelle is a very noisy policeman.

(Musical sting – into musical transition into the next scene)

RENAULT: Mr. Laszlo. Mademoiselle Lund, welcomes 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: However, Mademoiselle, Ben then, may I ask why did you remain?
RENAULT: Uh, Permit me (introducing)…Major Strasser. Mademoiselle Lund, Victor 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: (accent) It might be wise, monsieur. I do not think your friend will come. They just removed the body of Franz Ugarte…to the mall.

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 he is….

STRASSER: That is enough for tonight. Tomorrow at ten, Monsieur Laszlo, in the Captain’s office….With mademoiselle.

ILSA: We’re not under your authority, Major. This is French soil. Captain Renault, is it your order that we come to your office?

RENAULT: Uh, let us say it is at my request.

STRASSER: Very well. At 10:00 o’clock in the morning. Good night.

RENAULT: Sleep well, Major. Now, my friend…after all this unpleasantness… a little relaxation. Sit down, please. Waiter!

WAITER: Yes, sir.


LASZLO: Now, please.

RENAULT: Oh… they put it on my bill – I tear the bill up. It’s just a little game we play.

LASZLO: We… (polite chuckle) We shouldn’t stay. We seem to be the only ones left.

RENAULT: I’m afraid Ricky would 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. Sam!

SAM: Evening, cap’n.

RENAULT: Play something nice for my guests, Sam.

SAM: Sho’ boss.

(He plays and sings “It Had to be You” under the 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’s 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 offence, monsieur.

ILSA: If you uh… If you won’t both think me terribly rude…will you excuse me a moment. I want to talk to Sam.

RENAULT: To Sam?

LASZLO: Of course, my dear.

RENAULT: Hurry back, mademoiselle.

(Sam is still singing)

ILSA: Hello, Sam.

SAM: (interrupts his singing and stops playing) 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: 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.

(Sam plays a tune 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, Sam. “As Time Goes By”.
SAM: I can’t remember it, Miss Ils.
ILSA: Please. Sing it, Sam.
SAM: Oh, Miss Ils.
(Sam 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 .....
(sound of door opening and someone entering room)
RICK: Sam! (this stops the music) I thought I told you never to play that.
SAM: Now you’ve done it.
RENAULT: Oh, Rick. Come here. I want you to meet some charming people.
RICK: Well, hello, Ils.
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: Oh. What for?
RICK: Oh, you’re work.
LASZLO: Thank you. I try.
RICK: We all try. You succeed.
LASZLO: 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. (to waiter) Carl...the bill.

RICK: Forget it, Carl. It’s my party.

LASZLO: Oh, it is! Well, all in all…a most unusual evening.

RENAULT: 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 that can sing “As Time Goes By” like Sam.

RICK: He hasn’t done it in a long time. (short pause) (then pleasantly) Good night.

RENAULT: I’d like just one more word with Rick, Monsieur Laszlo. Then, if you wish, I’d be delighted to drive you to your hotel.

LASZLO: Thank you. We’ll wait outside.

(SFX: Sound of door opening, then closing)

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

ILSA: I really can’t say. I met him in Paris. We were once acquaintances.

(Music swells: ”As Time Goes By” short instrumental to end of scene)

ANNOUNCER: In just a few moments, Mr. DeMille presents Hedy Lamarr, Alan Ladd and John Loder in Act II of Casablanca.

And now, here are two young workers in a busy office, getting ready to leave for the day.

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

SUE: Yeah, 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 worried because Jim’s coming home. You’ve been working all hours lately, and neglecting your beauty care, I’ll bet.

SUE: Well, it is easy enough not to bother sometimes, I’ll admit.

PEGGY: Yes, and it’s practically fatal to take that attitude about your looks. (playfully) Listen to your Aunt Peggy, Suzy. Here’s what I 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 you 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: Oh, Peggy! I owe you and Lux Soap a world of thanks. What a thrill it was to have Jim tell me…

JIM/ANNOUNCER: 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 3 out of 4 complexions improve with this care…grew softer…smoother. Why not let this fine white soap give your skin the protecting care it should have. Ask for Lux Toilet Soap tomorrow. And, if you find your dealer is temporarily out of stock, due to war-time conditions, he’s sure to have more soon. Remember, Lux Toilet Soap – ‘Hollywoods’ beauty soap – is worth waiting for.

ANNOUNCER: And now. Mr. DeMille returns to the microphone.

CECIL B. DEMILLE: Act II of Casablanca...starring Alan Ladd as Rick, Hedy Lamarr as Ilsa, and John Loder as Victor. With Edgar Barrier as Renault.

(Music swells and continues under DeMille’s following speech)

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. (piano alone, now) And in the shadows, Sam fingers the keyboards quietly.

(piano music continues under the following)

SAM: Boss. Ain’t you goin’ to bed.
RICK: (cross between a sigh & a). (a little drunk) Not right now.
SAM: Well ain’t you planning on goin’ to bed in the near future?
RICK: No. Go on, keep playin’ will ya.
SAM: O.K. 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 ‘til mornin’. We’ll go fishin’ somewhere and stay until she leaves.
RICK: Ugarte died and she walks in. One out...and 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 somethin’ of my own.
RICK: Well, stop it. You know what I want to hear.
SAM: No I don’t.
RICK: You played it for her, you can play it for me!
SAM: Yes, boss.
(SFX: Door opens)
Boss, listen.
RICK: What?
SAM: You got company.
(SFX: Door closes)
RICK: I was countin’ on it.
ILSA: Rick, may I talk to you?
SAM: So long, Boss. (to Ilsa sotto voce) Miss Ilsa, you shouldn’t have come.
RICK: Want a drink?
ILSA: No.
RICK: Why did you have to come to Casablanca?
ILSA: I wouldn’t have come if I’d know you were here. Believe me, Rick, it’s true.
RICK: Hm (ruefully) Funny about your voice...still the same. ‘Rick, dear, I’ll go anyplace 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 ones. Paris. What a wild finish. Guy waiting in a station in the rain with a marriage license in his pocket…and a funny look on his kisser ‘cause a sledge-hammer just hit him between the eyes.

ILSA: Can I tell you a story, Rick?
RICK: Has it got a wild finish?
ILSA: I don’t know the finish yet myself.
RICK: O.K. 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 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.” A little translation, Ilsa.
ILSA: I thought…I thought if I came here tonight and spoke to you…I could make you understand. (she opens door to leave) I’m sorry, Rick.

(SFX: door opens)
RICK: Don’t give up, honey. I’m just a slow study. Call again, sometime and give it another whirl.

(SFX: door closes)
(Music Swells and out)

New Scene

RENAULT: They 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. 24 hours a day.

RENAULT: Yes. It’s 10:00 o’clock, Major. He and the girl are waiting now for us.

STRASSER: Send them in.

RENAULT: (to aide) Send them in, Kapfelle. (back to Strasser) I do not think we are 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: Door opens)

Good morning, I’m delighted to see you both.

STRASSER: (quickly) Laszlo. Mademoiselle.

ILSA & LASZLO: Good morning.

(SFX: 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 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 would 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: (chuckle) Whether or not you succeed, Major, is of course, problematic.

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 visas immediately.

LASZLO: ..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 Nazi’s can’t kill that fast.

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

LASZLO: (brightly) Thank you!

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

LASZLO: Any violation of neutrality will reflect on you, Captain.

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

LASZLO: Are you finished, with us?

STRASSER: For the moment, yes.

LASZLO: Then, good day. Come, Ilsa.

RENAULT: Your next step top securing a visa is fraught, Monsieur.

LASZLO: I don’t know.

RENAULT: Let me save you some time. Sooner or later the man to see is Senor Ferrare, and he operates the Blue Parrot Café across from your hotel. Good day, Mademoiselle.

(SFX: door shuts)

(MUSIC swells to bridge scenes)

RICK: Hello, Ferrare. Saw the supply truck come in, thought I’d stop by for the American cigarettes.

FERRARI: But why yourself? My boy would 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 who-ever 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 who-ever 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.

SASCHA: Excuse me Senor.

FERRARI: Yes?

SASCHA: There’s a man who wishes to see you. Victor Laszlo.

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

RICK: Is he alone.

SASCHA: 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 Ferrare?

FERRARI: (appreciative laugh) Send him in, Sajah…the back way. A little courtesy for Rick.

(SFX: Door open and close Rick’s footsteps as he walks out to see 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 a railway ticket.
ILSA: Alright. 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 loves 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 are 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 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. I bought a saloon. You walk up one flight of stairs. I’ll expect you.
FERRARI: (fade in) It would take a miracle to get you out of Casablanca, Monsieur Laszlo. And the Germans have outlawed miracles.
(SFX: 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?
FERRARI: Yes.
ILSA: We’re only interested in two visas, Senor.
LASZLO: Please, Ilsa. You must get to America. And believe me, somehow, someway, 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: Yes, I would.
ILSA: Then why didn’t you leave me in Ling?…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: (tenderly) I happen to love her very much.

ILSA: So, for the present, Senor, 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, Senor. Good day.

(MUSIC to bridge scenes)

(Noise of men shouting – sound of a ‘near riot’)

(SFX: door closes, crowd noise stops)

RICK: (calmly) Now what’s all this about.

RENAULT: A near riot in your own café, you don’t even bother get up and see for yourself?

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

RENAULT: (chuckle) 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 Marseilles”. But 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. Where are the letters, Rick?

STRASER: Now 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 entirely certain which side you are on?

RENAULT: Oh I blow with the wind, Major. And right now, the prevailing breeze is from Vicchy.

STRASSER: Hmph! Now I have been thinking. It is too dangerous for us to have 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. (fade out)

New scene

(fade in) I’m a very bright boy, Laszlo. I figured you’d come in 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 that 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 the, I never was much of a businessman.

LASZLO: Are you enough of a businessman to appreciate the offer of 100,000 francs?

RICK: I appreciate it, but I don’t accept.

LASZLO: 200,000?

RICK: Make 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 swells…and on to next scene)
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, Ilza dear? Strasser now threatens to come up with 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, Ilza, but what can I do? Hide in a hotel room, or carry on the best that 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 him. You’d think if his sentiment wouldn’t persuade him to sell them, that money would.
ILSA: Did he give you any reason?
LASZLO: He suggested that I ask you.
ILSA: Ask me?.
LASZLO: Ilza, when I was in the concentration camp…where you lonely in Paris?
ILSA: Yes, Victor, I was.
LASZLO: I know what it is to be lonely. (pause) 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 swells)
ANNOUNCER: We pause now for station identification. This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.
(short musical interlude)
In a few minutes Mr. DeMille and our stars, Alan Ladd, Hedy Lamarr and John Loder will return in Act III 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?


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

ANNOUNCER: To tell you 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, I see. It’s really quite a hat. Libby that must be very new.

LIBBY: It is! But... how did you know?

ANNOUNCER: Well... it’s so sort of simple. Not one of those dizzy numbers that looks like it’s going to 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 every 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. 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 improve actually 3 out of 4 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 it against your new cake of Lux Toilet Soap.

Now, our producer, Mr. DeMille.

CECIL B. DEMILLE: We’ll report on the offstage doings of our stars after the play. But now, here’s the curtain for Act III of Casablanca...starring Hedy Lamarr, Alan Ladd, and John Loder. With Edgar Barrier.

(MUSIC continues under 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: 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, does 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 those feelings aside for something more important.

RICK: Do I have to hear again what a great man your husband it, 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: (smiling) 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: 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. (holding back the tears) how much I still love you.

RICK: 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. I 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.

RICK: Why weren’t you honest with me then?

(MUSIC begins quietly under scene “As time goes by”)

Why didn’t you tell me that you were married, that he was dead or something?

ILSA: Victor wanted it that way. It was his way of protection 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. Well, that’s it, Rick.

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

ILSA: Now? I don’t know. (holding back the tears) 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 anymore. (tears coming through) I don’t know anymore what’s right and what’s wrong. You’ll have to think for both of us. For all of us.

RICK: O.K. O.K., I will.

ILSA: If only I didn’t love you so.

RICK: Oh, Ilsa, I…

(MUSIC stops)

wait a minute.

ILSA: What’s the matter?

RICK: I just heard the door close quietly. (calling) Hey, Sam! That you?

SAM: (distant) Yeah, boss.

RICK: what’s the matter?

SAM: That Mr. Laszlo, I found him crawling through our cellar window.

ILSA: (whispering) Victor.

RICK: Come up here! (to Ilsa) Does her know you’re here?

ILSA: No. There was a meeting of the Underground tonight. They must have been following him. Renault’s men, Strassers men.

RICK: So he picks my place to hide, that’s fine.

SAM: (approaching) You got some iodine, Boss? He cut his hand breaking the window and… 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 will prefer going out the back stairs.

(pause to change scene)

LASZLO: (approaching) 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 you 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 Ilse to be safe. I ask you, as a favor, to use the letters to take her away from Casablanca.

RICK: (pause) You love her that much.

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

(SFX: Door opens)

OFFICER CASSELL: You shouldn’t leave your back doors unlocked Monsoire Rick.

RICK: Yeah, that’s right, Cassell. No telling who might break in.

OFFICER CASSELL: Moiseur, Laszlo? You will come with us. We have a warrant for your arrest.

(MUSIC)

RENAULT: Ricky. I advise you not to interested in what happens to Mister Laszlo.

RICK: Oh, come now, 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: Now, what makes you think I’d do that?
RENAULT: Because one, you bet 5,000 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: Hmm.

RICK: 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 can get something really big against Laszlo, something that would check him in a concentration campo for years, that would be quite a haul, wouldn’t it?

RENAULT: Yes. Germany… 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 Laszlo to 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: I see. How do I know you’ll keep your end of the bargain?

RICK: You got Laszlo inside?

RENAULT: Yes. Let me seem him alone now, and I’ll make the arrangements. Open up your microphones and you’ll hear every word. You would anyway.
RENAULT: 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)

RENAULT: Well, Rick. Forty minutes and you’ll be on your way to Lisbon. Yep, 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 a winner 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.

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

RENAULT: Yes, a good idea.

(SFX: 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… 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: (approaching) 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. There’s made out in blank and signed by General Vegon. All you have to do is fill in the blanks.

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

RICK: Oh, now take it easy, Louis. Nobody’s going to be arrested. Nor for a while yet.

RENAULT: Have you taken leave of your senses?

RICK: Yeah. Now, sit down.

RENAULT: Oh, 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: phone dialing)

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

(MUSIC BEGINS QUIETLY UNDER SCENE)

RENAULT: That’s my least vulnerable spot.

STRASSER: Hello?

RENAULT: Hello, hello? Is this the airport?

STRASSER: What are you talking about? This is Major Strasser.

RENAULT: Captain Renault. I want to speak to the operations manager.


RENAULT: Oh, Monsieur. A man and a woman will arrive shortly at the airport.

STRASSER: Huh?

RENAULT: They will go aboard the Lisbon plane. They carry two letters of transit.

STRASSER: Ahh!

RENAULT: There is to be absolutely no trouble made for them. Understand?

STRASSER: I’ll be there right away!
RENAULT: Thank you.
(SFX: Phone hangs up)
(MUSIC Builds to climax)
(SFX: Plane engine)
LOUDSPEAKER ANNOUNCE: 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: (fading) 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.

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: But… 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 don’t amount to a hill of beans in this crazy world. Someday you’ll understand that.
LASZLO: (arriving) 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. Sahe 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 one, better hurry, you’ll miss that plane
RENAULT: 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.
(SFX: car arriving and squealing brakes)
RICK: Yeah, as soon as the plane takes off, Louis.
STRASSER: Monsieur Renault.
RENAULT: I may still win my bet, Rick.
STRASSER: Renault, what was the meaning of that phone call?
RENAULT: Victor Laszlo is on that plane.
STRASSER: Stop him, stop him! What are you standing around here for?
RENAULT: Because Monsieur Rick has a gun in my stomach.
RICK: I was willing to shoot captain Renault. I am willing to shoot you too, Major.
STRASSER: Are you crazy? 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: gunshot)

(SFX: Plane takes off)

GENDARME: What’s going on here? Did someone shoot? What are you doing? Oh, Captain Renault.

RENAULT: Someone has just shot Major Strasser.

GENDARME: Oh. Ohhh!

RENAULT: Telephone Lieutenant Cassell immediately. And tell him… to round up the usual suspects.

GENDARMEL: 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 5000 francs.

RENAULT: 5000 francs should just about pay our expenses.

RICK: Our expenses?

RENAULT: Mm, hm.

RICK: Oh. Louis, I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

(MUSIC SWELLS AND FINALE)

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

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

(overlapping each other)

JOHN: What do you mean, come on take your coat off there.

CECIL B. DEMILLE: Take off your coat there, mister!

HEDY: At gin rummy.

JOHN: You just saved me.

HEDY: We want your expert opinion Mr. DeMille.

CECIL B. DEMILLE: For you, Hedy? Anything.
JOHN: When a husband and wife are in one of your plays, do you recommend a little extra-rehearsing at home?

CECIL B. DEMILLE: Oh, definitely, John. Offhand, I can’t think of anything more pleasant than, ah, going over a love scene with Hedy?

JOHN: If Mrs. Demille is listening, he’s only kidding.

CECIL B. DEMILLE: Uh, we’d better drop this.

ALAN: I’ll change the subject CB, 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 can play it like Bogey. And I’d like to wish him all the luck in the world over there in the Mediterranean area where he is entertaining American soldiers.

CECIL B. DEMILLE: And luck in a safe return. I suppose Alan has shown you the photographs of his new daughter, Hedy.

HEDY: Why, no.

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

CECIL B. DEMILLE: Beauty reminds me there is something I must ask John, as man to man.

JOHN: Straight answer?

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

JOHN: Why, Mr. DeMille.

HEDY: I’ll answer that, Mr. DeMille. But I’m a little hurt you even asked. I have LUX soap in my dressing room at the studio, and naturally at home, too. I’ve used it for years.

CECIL B. DEMILLE: Lucky LUX to be on such good terms with you, Heady.

HEDY: Well good night.

(Overlapping each other)

ALAN: Good night.

JOHN: Good night.

CECIL B. DEMILLE: Good night.

APPLAUSE

CECIL B. DEMILLE: That applause goes from coast to coast. (After applause settles) Uh, ladies and gentlemen. There’s a tiny island in the mid pacific, called Tarawa. That pronunciation 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 to land 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.

(THEME MUSIC)

CECIL B. DEMILLE: Our sponsors, the makers of LUX toilet soap join me in inviting you to be with us again next Monday night. This is Cecil B. DeMille saying Good night to you From HOLLYWOOD.

ANNOUNCER: Alan Ladd appears through the cooperation of Paramount pictures whose current production is “Miracle at Morgan’s Creek”. John Loder is currently seen in the Warner Brothers picture “Old Acquaintance” and is now making the Jules Levery production, “The Hairy Ape”. Edger Barrier is now seen in the Universal picture “Flesh and Fantasy.” Our music was directed by Louis Silver. And this is your announcer, John M. Kennedy, saying good night from HOLLYWOOD.

SPRY ANNOUNCER: Have you heard about Spry?

SONG: “Your ration points go farther

    go further

    go farther

    Your ration points go farther

    Further

    When you go cooking with Spry.”

SPRY ANNOUNCER: Yep, Spry is the shortnin buy.

Women everywhere are saying

“A jar of Spry, please.”

(SFX: CASH REGISTER)

“A jar of Spry”

(SFX: CASH REGISTER)

“A jar of Spry, please.”

(SFX: CASH REGISTER)

“Spry”

(SFX: CASH REGISTER)
“Spry”

(SFX: CASH REGISTER)

ANN: This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.