

FADE IN:

INT. RICK'S APARTMENT - DARK

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

RICK
How did you get here?

ILSA
The stairs from the street.

RICK
I told you this morning you'd
come around, but this is a little
ahead of schedule.
(with much
politeness)
Won't you sit down?

ILSA
(as she takes the
chair)
Richard, I had to see you.

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

ILSA
Please...

RICK
(lights a cigarette)
Your unexpected visit isn't
connected by any chance with the
Letters of Transit?
(Ilsa remains
silent)
It seems while I have those
letters, I'll never be lonely.

ILSA
(looking at him
steadily)
Richard, you can ask any price
you want. But you must give me
those letters.

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

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

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

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

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

A pause. Ilsa deliberately takes a new approach.

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

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

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

RICK

(cuts in)

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

ILSA

(her temper flaring
- scornfully)

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

(breaking)

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

RICK

What of it? I'm going to die in Casablanca. It's just the spot for it. Now, if you --

(he stops short as
he looks closely at
Ilsa)

Ilsa is holding a small revolver in her hand.

ILSA

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

For a moment, a look of admiration comes into Rick's eyes.

ILSA

Get them for me.

RICK

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

He has the Letters in his hand.

ILSA
Put them on the table.

RICK
(shaking his head)
No.

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

RICK
If Laszlo and the Cause mean so
much to you, you won't stop at
anything. All right, I'll make
it easier for you, go ahead,
shoot. You'll be doing me a
favor.

She rises, still pointing the gun at Rick. Her
finger rests on the trigger. It seems as if she is
summoning never to press it. Then, suddenly, her
hand trembles and the pistol falls to the table.
She breaks up, covering her face with her hands.
Rick walks into the scene and stands close to her.
Suddenly, she flings herself into his arms.

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

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

FADE OUT.